



M.U.

Miskatonic University
LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

**MONOGRAPH
#0318**

*Miskatonic University
Library Association*

monographs are works in which the author has performed most editorial and layout functions. The trustees have deemed that this work offers significant value and entertainment to our patrons.

Other monographs are available at
www.chaosium.com



LEGACIES OF THE RENAISSANCE



A 1920s Scenario for
Call of Cthulhu





Scotland Yard – Victoria Embankment

Legacies of the Renaissance:

The Stone of Concordance

A Scenario set in the 1920's for Call of Cthulhu
Written by Alan Kissane and Dr. Robert Francis

[COPYRIGHT 2005]



Introduction

This scenario, set in Europe in 1928, sees the investigators travel between England and Crete and begins when the investigators receive a newspaper article along with a small note from their honoured friend William Tanislow. William, an English curator, has been recently commissioned to work alongside the famous biologist Dr. Harold Bantry. The photograph accompanying the article is dated late April 1928 and is of William smartly dressed and smiling. He is shaking hands with a portly gentleman who sports a finely shaped moustache. A striking feature of the photograph is a beautifully shaped necklace, the Stone of Concordance, hanging around Williams's companion's neck. The gentleman is the friendly British Foreign Minister Wilfred Forbes. After recently pushing the British government hard for William to receive the commission of working alongside Dr Bantry, the photograph of the pair shows his gratification at the outcome. Unknown to him and his only daughter Valerie, at the time of the photograph he is but ten days away from a most gruesome death.

The Stone of Concordance

During the 16th century, Doctor John Dee “created” the Stone of Concordance, which, along with his own Ritual of Conjunction, aided prolong the time during which he could communicate with angels and spirits. He placed magic's within a special crystal given to him by the Angel Uriel in 1581, the first of many angels that he and Edward Kelley would encounter. The stone consisting of two halves maintains a powerful balance that can cause both profound insight and mental imbalance to whoever has prolonged contact with it.

After Dee's death the stone became the property of a member of the Royal Court of King James I who was an ancestor of the famous English poet, Lord Gordon George Byron. The stone subsequently passed down through his families' generations and eventually into the hands of Byron himself, and for a long while his life flourished. Then, as all good things come to an end, late one evening in the year 1818, Byron decided to split the stone with Percy Bysshe Shelley who, with his wife Mary, was staying with him at the Villa Diodati on the shores of lake Geneva in Switzerland. Not knowing anything of its powers, Byron unfortunately gave Shelley what turned out to be, the red (positive) half of the stone and kept the blue (negative) half for himself. Shortly after, whilst sailing near Livorno in the gulf of Spezia, Percy Shelley died in a boating accident. When washed ashore some time later, his wife, Mary, took the stone still hung around his neck as a lasting memento and left for England.

Over the next one hundred years the Shelley half of the stone disappeared and reappeared, changing hands on numerous occasions. In 1913, it eventually found its way into the hands of Wilfred Forbes, who had purchased it at an auction for his late wife, Geraldine. Meanwhile, Lord Byron disillusioned with English society life travelled to Greece to fight in their war of independence against the Turks, but fell ill and died. A young Greek boy, Lukas Chalandritsanos, whom Byron had a great fondness for, took the stone at his bidding, fled the war and made his way to a refuge on the Greek provincial island of Spinalonga (adjacent to its more famous neighbour Crete). Hiding in the caverns beneath the small fort on the island, he became violently ill and depressed, eventually taking his own life. He was the first victim of the Stone of Concordance and his soul was the first to feed the stones horrific spawn, the Leprous One, an aspect of the Outer God, Yibb-Tstill.

The Beginning

The investigators are not the only ones to have seen the article and accompanying photograph, a British Aristocrat, Sir Lawrence Chantry did too. At the age of sixty-six Sir Lawrence is, and has been, dying of a slow and painful cancer, for the last ten years. Given only six months to live by all of the best modern doctors, Lawrence wasn't ready to accept his fate, and so during this time, has done all in his power to discover any possible cure. Eventually, one night, driven to the depths of depravity and murder, his prayers were answered. Sir Lawrence, an expert in languages and manipulation, tricked four men, all highly intelligent and respected academics pursuing useful research, into helping him in his arduous task. They were: Bronislav Raskolnikov, a Russian Professor of Radiometry from the Sorbonne, Samuel Gerhardt, an American Semite, Reader in

Legacies of the Renaissance

Oncology at University College London, Honman Ziegler, an Austrian and Professor of Antiquities at The University of Oxford, and finally Michele Zappori, Professor of Ancient Languages at Ca'Foscari University in Venice. Whilst never fully expressing the truth of his plan and after both poisoning them (with his own cancer) and forcing them into his scurrilous mindset, he imparted vile magic's to aid them and one, Honman Ziegler, revelled in his newfound role. Soon after, the aging Michele Zappori succumbed to the pressures of Lawrence and perished - a timely release.

And so, for over four years, the three, now with a personalised interest in Sir Lawrence's cause, scoured the best part of Europe to find what he desired, and it was that only one month ago, on a cold rainy night in Edinburgh, Scotland, that the three overheard two old priests debating a story, which had recently come to light. They were heatedly arguing the myth of a "magical" stone rumoured to heal almost all known diseases and grant the bearer longevity. The three followed the two priests back to their church before Honman, crazed by his newfound power, tortured and murdered them both. He then buried their bodies, along with most of the evidence, in the church's cellar. With this news, they returned to the increasingly desperate aristocrat. Lawrence, having read of this mysterious Stone of Concordance and its history, in an ancient copy of the *De Vermis Mysteriis*, sent the three to find as much information as possible about it and it wasn't long until they tracked it and its location to somewhere within the vast sprawling metropolis of London. And so it was that the fear in Lawrence, of a slow painful death, was given renewed hope when he saw the photograph, for he was in no doubt that this was the Stone of Concordance and nothing would stop him and his murderous desire to obtain it.

It is here that the scenario truly begins, for soon after the original letter containing the photograph has arrived, the investigators receive another communication, by telegram, from William asking for their help. His friend Wilfred Forbes has been brutally murdered and his daughter, and fiancée, Valerie is missing.

Please come to London stop my friend from the photograph stop has been murdered stop my fiancée Valerie stop is missing too stop signed William Tanislow

London

England and London in 1928

England and London in 1928 were in a state of evolution. The First World War had been and gone and for a while a brief economic boom ensued. Victorian values were beginning to diminish and a new middle class regime seemed to take hold. The British Empire had ended in 1926 and the country for a while became unaware of its gradual declining importance. Women were enjoying their newfound freedom and outnumbered men by three to one.

Their own personal walk in life affected the traditionally class-conscious English people and their behaviour. Hats are an important sign of class, with working men wearing cloth caps, middle class clerks wearing felt hats, managers in City firms wearing bowler hats, while the directors and partners such firms wear silk hats.

In dealing with different individuals the way the investigators are treated is largely down to their dress and education. Politeness is a pre-dominant feature of English society and books such as Jules Verne's "Around the world in Eighty Days" make light of the sometimes-stiff English character.

Meals in England are Breakfast, usually between 8 A.M. - 9 A.M., Lunch, anytime between 12 A.M. - 2 P.M., afternoon tea 4 P.M. - 5 P.M. and Dinner 8 P.M. - 9 P.M.

The British pound was still the strongest form of currency in the world during this time and twenty francs or two dollars were worth one British pound.

William Tanislow lives five minutes away from Charing Cross, a large train station on the banks of the Thames, which can be accessed by almost all of the city's public transports. His home, on a small side street flanked by small oak trees, is one of many, each and every one the same. Victorian in design, with a basement and two upper floors, entering through some ornate black iron railings, a set of large stone steps leads up from the cobblestone pavement to the large front door. Knocking, it takes a couple minutes for their friend to answer the door. The investigators are invited in and within minutes of their re-acquaintance William livens



somewhat, though is still clearly not in the right frame of mind. Given the chance, he proceeds to tell his story.

“I can’t tell you how happy I’ve been lately, everything has been going my way, with the commission and the fact that I’ve, well you know, fallen for Valerie. We were planning to get married, when all of this happened but now she’s disappeared. It was just over a week ago that Wilfred and I were posing for that damned photograph, and now he’s dead. Luckily the police have managed to keep how Wilfred was murdered out of the papers; the officer in charge told me that he was mutilated! Who would do that? He really was a good man; I just don’t understand it.

“No one has seen Valerie since the night he was murdered; it was a night that we both went to the opening of Piccadilly Theatre, to see the musical “Blue Eyes”. She left early and came home, said she wasn’t feeling well. Of course I said I didn’t mind, so I walked with her to catch a cab and said goodnight. Despite all of this, not seeing her and father’s death, she must be all right though, as she left this note. You have to understand how much I love her. I’m going out of my mind – where is she?”

The hand written note, personally delivered by Valerie a few nights after the murder reads, *“Don’t worry Willy, I’m fine. There are some things I need to do. I’ll be in touch soon when I figure out things in my head. Please don’t worry. V.”* William is suffering from a mild depression and none of the investigators can ever recall seeing him like this before. If asked he says the funeral has been postponed until sometime next week.

This is all that William can tell them about the events of the past ten days, except that he informed the police that he was going to hire some friends to look for Valerie, as they will most likely be concentrating on catching Wilfred’s killer; he holds little faith with Scotland Yard. William explains to the investigators that since the whole mess began, the only thing he has been able to do is to throw himself into his work at the British Museum, and should they need him; they will probably find him there. Valerie, he explains is a librarian at the British Museum herself, which is where they met, and her office hasn’t been disturbed since the tragedy. He can’t understand why she hasn’t said more or confided in him. The police themselves have made no new headway in their search for her, and say only that she’ll turn up in her own good time (they know of the note). She has, he adds, no other relatives in London and her colleagues cannot think why she hasn’t tried to contact any of them either.

The Truth

What William has told the investigators are truthful and accurate; Valerie, on her way home and feeling unwell, arrived home just after half past nine. Entering the house via the back gate, she heard an aggressive voice arguing with her father. Quietly and for reason she can’t explain, she hid in the garden.

Inside the study were two of the three men tricked by Sir Lawrence Chantry, Honman Ziegler and Bronislav Raskolnikov. On his knees in the centre of the room was her father. They were angrily questioning him about the whereabouts of the stone; the one from the photograph recently published in the paper. Denying ever having owned it, Wilfred acquiesced when violently threatened. “Gentlemen, I seem to recall having lost it, I am always losing small things, just ask my daughter.” Ironically, the stone was less than ten feet away from them in the garden; Valerie had in fact borrowed it from her father to wear to at the opening of Piccadilly Theatre. Wilfred continued to insist that he had lost the stone and promised, if the men were reasonable, to hopefully find it and pass on to them by morning. Honman, tiring of Wilfred’s falsehoods stated, “No amount of lies will help you now Mr Forbes, you are in no position to bargain. Tell me where the stone is or forfeit your life and that of your pretty young daughter.” Wilfred protesting wildly attempted to escape, but only the sounds of a struggle and muffled screams, were all his terrified daughter heard. Valerie, fearful of her own life, tried to run but upon reaching the street, saw that the third pawn of Sir Lawrence, Samuel Gerhardt, was watching the house. Carefully she retreated and waited once again in the shadows afraid and alone. Eventually, after the nightmarish scene had ended, Valerie pulled herself from her daze.

Entering through the French doors, she stared dumbly at the prostrate and motionless body of her father. Already dead and crudely mutilated, she kissed him a final time before taking flight and vowing to discover the truth behind the stone. Going directly to the British Library (inside the British Museum) to begin her research, she hid amongst the archives by day and studied in her office by night.

Scotland Yard

This red and white brick Victorian Gothic building is located on Victoria Embankment, SW1 adjacent to Cannon Row police station and was built specifically to be the new Police Headquarters in 1890. Preliminary research into Wilfred's murder or Valerie's disappearance is greeted by kindly but stern rebuffs. The officer in charge of both cases is the very rude and obese, Detective Inspector Edward Armstrong. He has no desire to be interfered with by anyone, but will with a successful **Credit Rating** roll unhappily see them once; he discloses no information from either case. It is a police matter in good hands, and no amount of persuasion or pleading can make him change his mind. The truth of the matter is, Armstrong has been paid off by Sir Lawrence to allow no outside interference into the case and eventually to steer it towards the familiar conclusion of, "murdered by person or persons unknown." Should any investigator get close enough to Armstrong then he or she will smell the stink of last night's alcohol; he is a recovering alcoholic, soon to plunge back into this vice. The investigators will be able to uncover and expose the Detective Inspectors corruption later in the scenario.

Fortunately though, help from within Scotland Yard is still forthcoming and after exiting the station following their disappointing interview, an untidy looking young man accosts the investigators. Fair-haired and athletic, Sergeant David Milton is Detective Armstrong's assistant in both ongoing cases and strongly dislikes his superior. Bullied into subordination every day of the week, David would like nothing more than for someone else to steal Armstrong's spotlight, namely himself. He slips them a card and tells them he will call on them that afternoon.

As good as his word, David arrives promptly at the arranged time. Sitting down, he orders himself a coffee and explains to them what a mutually beneficial friendship could achieve. A **Psychology** roll shows him to be genuine. "I do not like Detective Armstrong, never have and sure as hell am never going to. I can help you, but because of the personal risk involved, only if you agree to help me in return. I knew that that artist fellow William was going to bring in his own people and when I heard of Armstrong's anger, I knew it just might be to my advantage." David offers the investigators what little bit of information he has, and says that Armstrong is pretty much keeping all of the information to himself. "He won't let me investigate anything on my own, always keeping an eye on me, nothing slips by him or so he thinks, that's why I'll tell you something I know he doesn't."

"Lately Scotland Yard have been getting quite a few complaints, mainly from the older citizens, about young couples meeting in a local Cemetery, at Abney Park. Now it's roughly a stones throw from Forbes's house, and on the night of his murder two lovers who had met, overheard two men arguing about something like the "mess that had been made."

"Well anyway, it just seemed like a small misunderstanding at first, but then one of the men pulled out a knife and shouted, 'Shut up you dirty Jew bastard or I'll cut your throat!' Now there was a small scuffle before a third man, who was there throughout, separated them. Now comes the interesting part. One of the men (apparently the third), stepped forward and pacified the two men before the threatening man said, 'He asked for what was coming to him, he knew something about the stone and wouldn't tell us; so that's why I cut him, see? And you don't know anyway, you were waiting outside.' That's all that happened the couple said before they all split and went their separate ways. Oh, except that they all spoke in different broken accents, probably European."

It should seem a little strange at first for the investigators to see the significance of this, but then David points out that three men were seen leaving Forbes's house at around ten. "I've interviewed the old man who saw them but, except for actually seeing them, he was unfortunately next to useless." No other neighbours can be of help as most people living in the area were away enjoying the show at Piccadilly Theatre. He goes onto say that as Valerie has been missing since the night of the murder, she is being treated as a suspect - although David thinks it unlikely. He explains little about the state of Wilfred's body but says that if the investigators give him a couple of days, he may be able to provide them a copy of the coroners photographs. Oh, and what's the deal with this stone?



Legacies of the Renaissance

What David wants from the investigators is that they pass on, solely to him, any information they gather outside of normal police lines. He believes that Wilfred Forbes was murdered for political reasons, as there had recently been numerous frictions within the government in relation to granting passports to a few dubious characters (Wilfred being against it), and he sees it as the most likely angle. He passes on the details of the two lovers and asks the investigators if they could re-interview them to see if there was anything his contact missed. “You have my card and can contact me at my address anytime after eight P.M.” He finishes his cold coffee, smiles and leaves the investigators to their thoughts.

The Forbes Residence

The Trees, a large Victorian house, is located in Stoke Newington in Hackney Marsh, two minutes from Abney Park Cemetery. With three floors, the beautiful and classic structure is tidy although a little stuffy, and is a by-product of Wilfred’s hard work. William will telephone ahead for the investigators to explain that a few of his friends, helping with the investigation, wish to look around the home. He has arranged for Miss Jane Wallis (Valerie’s old spinster governess, whom Wilfred allowed to stay on) to be on hand for assistance should they need it. Jane, a robust and prosaic red-head has that special ability of talking when perhaps silence would be more appropriate. She answers any questions the investigators have and explains that the maid, Genevieve found the body the following morning – Wilfred had given all of the staff the night off (for no particular reason if asked – “the master was just a generous sort of man”). She says that the room in which Wilfred was murdered was found to be terribly messy, “like someone was looking for something.” If asked what this “something” could possibly be, she has no idea. Questioned, Genevieve answers nervously, saying only that she was doing her job and called the police right away.

Asking Miss Wallis about the stone from the photograph she says, “It is a very beautiful stone, I always admired it. It brought the best out of the master and it always, always looked very special on Miss Valerie. The night I last saw it last, now when was it... oh, well it was the night she went to the Theatre I think. That was the night master Wilfred was killed... She always wore it for special occasions and was forever borrowing it. It belonged to her late mother Geraldine.” Overcome with the emotion of discussing the disappearance of Valerie and the deaths of both her parents (Geraldine died giving birth), Jane asks to be excused, leaving the investigators alone for roughly twenty minutes.

Searching the house and the study in particular, **Spot Hidden** rolls uncover a number of things; the carpet has been cleaned but faint bloodstains can still be seen. Within Wilfred’s bureau is the original copy of the auctioneer’s sales ledger; a “rare red stone” cited as the “Stone of Concordance”, was sold to Wilfred Forbes at the cost of £115 (a vast amount - research into the auctioneers, a reputable firm in Manchester, uncovers nothing untoward; an anonymous English gentleman sold the stone in late 1913 to avoid bankruptcy). A successful **Law** roll uncovers a second clue which states that, Wilfred had recently been fighting hard against a few members of the British Government (not personally identified in the document) in his last few months, with reference to allowing a handful of Eastern European gentlemen citizenships of England. (This is a red herring, certain corrupt members of the Government would have benefited from dubious characters and their illicit dealings and contacts. Keepers are urged to expand this area of the scenario.) Lastly, and un-escapable to the eyes of the investigators are the numerous photographs of Wilfred and Valerie. Seeing Valerie develop from a plain pigtailed child into a beautiful young woman is astonishing. Wilfred however, over the span of the last ten years, appears hardly to have aged if at all, and all of the photographs are dated individually upon the back (this is noticed with an **Spot Hidden** roll). There are only two photographs featuring his late wife Geraldine and she is beautiful, if somewhat a little pale, with auburn hair; how her daughter has grown to be like her. There is nothing else to be found within the house.

The Lovers

Using the names and addresses supplied by David, the investigators can contact the two young lovers – they agree to meet the investigators at a local pub. Their parents do not approve of their illicit relationship and even less so of one with secret rendezvous’ in cemeteries. Philip and Leslie are happy to talk about their exciting experience, as they describe it, but cannot shed much more light onto it. They describe the course of events exactly as did David, when suddenly Leslie remembers that the man being addressed as the “Dirty

Jew” had the majority of his hair missing, if that helps at all? Not just a bald man in the normal sense, but more like it was falling out in patches. She remembers noticing it during the small scuffle when the mans hat was knocked off. Afterwards she saw loose tufts of hair on the grass. Nudging Philip he nods in jovial remembrance. They have nothing more to add and leave without paying for their drinks - to be young and in love.

The British Museum

Either London’s underground train service (or simply just “underground”) or any local hansom cab can easily reach the British Museum in Great Russell Street. Founded in 1753 to promote a better public understanding of the arts, natural history and science. It contains one of the world’s greatest displays of antiquities, documenting the rise and fall of civilisations from all over the world. The museum opened to the public in 1759, with the famous Rosetta Stone being presented to the museum in 1802, along with many other Egyptian antiquities. As well as the Rosetta Stone, the museum also houses many other famous objects, including the Parthenon sculptures, which are better known as the Elgin Marbles, and the Roman Portland Vase, which dates from the first century AD and is made of dark blue, cameo glass.

The magnificent British Library, housed inside the British Museum, holds tens of thousands of manuscripts and texts and those with readers’ passes are allowed access. Anyone who can prove that he or she is a serious researcher may be able to obtain a pass by written application. Admission is free and the library is open from 9am to 6pm.

Any research undertaken before finding Valerie will prove difficult unless they have been lucky enough to find the auctioneer’s sales ledger from amongst Forbes papers and research the Stone of Concordance. It takes three hours per clue and there are, initially, two to be found.

The first clue is discovered with successful **Library Use** and **Accounting** rolls. A catalogue of items is found belonging to an English lady by the name of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley (1797-1851), who is most famous for writing the gothic horror novel, Frankenstein. These items, placed on sale after her death, include various personal items such as an “ornate silver mirror”, a “beautifully crafted set of silver hair plates and bells”, personal papers, including memoirs from her final years, and an original first draft copy of her famous novel. Also amongst these trinkets is the description of a stone listed as “The Stone of Concordance -curious and perhaps of 16th century design, unblemished and of the deepest red. It is set in an ill fitting clasp of silver to form a pendent or necklace, value £78.”

The second clue is a few yellowing and worn pages from the last Will and Testament of Dr. John Dee, and are discovered with both successful **Library Use** and **Latin** rolls. They detail, like the first clue that, “A stone (cited as the “Stone of Concordance”) of wonderful craftsmanship. Both multicoloured and curiously translucent, it was crafted by the hand of Dee himself and was sold to solve mounting financial difficulties to an anonymous member of His Majesty’s Court.” A hand drawn picture of the stone is included; even though the drawing has faded, it is easy to see within the artist’s depiction, that there is both a dull blue side and a brighter red side. The investigators may choose to make further researches into Dee, although for now, they may not have the time. See deeper researches below.

Finding Valerie is time consuming but not too difficult (had the Police been bothered to try, Armstrong having so far neglected the search), and investigators watching her home learn nothing. According to the note sent to William, she is alive and well, and so watching the British Museum is another matter. With the library closed and staff vacating the premises by half past seven at the latest, watching the eastern exit – the one nearest the manuscript room - for the evening, combined with a successful **Luck** roll, enables them to see a slender hooded figure leave the building (they have not noticed this figure enter anytime previously) at roughly nine. Avoiding the glare of the many streetlights and keeping to unfrequented alleyways, the figure makes their way to a small Lyon’s café on a narrow cobbled street, where there are few customers here in this dark pocket of London. A thick fog has swept up from the Thames clinging to almost everything, providing the perfect cover for another, more sinister follower.

Upon removal of the hood, the figure is recognised to be no other than Valerie - the many photographs in her home doing her an injustice. Slim and beautiful with dark hair and eyes, she sits down, lights a cigarette and orders a glass of wine. The investigators will be aware, with a **Psychology** roll, that tact



Legacies of the Renaissance

will be needed when approaching her; clearly shaken, her hands are constantly twitching and she has spoken to no one other than the waiter at the café for the last week.

When approached Valerie is firstly surprised to be recognised, and secondly cautious and unsure of what to do. There is a flash of fear in her eyes. Who are you? How did you find me? Are you the men who killed my father? She does nothing, only sits and waits, believing that the few people within the café are enough of a guarantee for her life. A successful **Persuade** roll (or **Credit Rating**, famous investigators do sometimes have benefits) at this point soothes Valerie's fears, for she agrees to talk to them. Listening carefully to their tale of how William has hired old friend(s) to help with the police investigation, they see her slowly soften towards them. Any proof they have of their past associations with William is a bona fide way to convince her of their honesty. Despite all the talk the emotional barrier, which has been built up and fought back over the past few weeks, breaks down and Valerie overcomes with grief, cries for the first time since her father's death. A successful **Psychology** roll and a few sympathetic moments are enough to calm her down as she tells her awful secret.

"I guess William told you that I left the Theatre early on the night my father was murdered? I didn't feel well, and he said he wouldn't mind, so I took a cab home at around half past nine. When I arrived, I went to the house through the back entrance, thinking a little air would do me good. Then I, then...(breaks down)... I saw them, two men, dressed like gentlemen, they had their backs to me and so I didn't see their faces. I quickly hid behind something, I can't remember what, and one of them began shouting angrily at Father about a stone, and where it was. I couldn't believe what I was hearing but I was too afraid to move.

"They began to threaten him and then they said something about me. Father must have reacted badly because there were sounds of a struggle and he didn't seem afraid anymore, he was shouting and swearing at them. He threatened them with the police and said he would find out who they were and whom they were working for. I heard one of them laugh and proclaim that they had the police in their pockets. I didn't know what to do, so I ran to the street, somewhere to get help - anywhere, but I saw that there was another man watching the house. I froze... I couldn't do anything, there was...(breaks down)...they left after five or ten minutes and I went to see him... he...why... what had he done? I left, I couldn't make any sense of any of it, least of all this!"

Valerie removes her scarf to reveal the item that has already caused her so much pain. She tosses it wantonly upon the table and looks away. Spherical in shape, the polished bright red surface is beautiful to see up close and is untarnished. There is a silver clasp (not the original – which is noticed with a successful **Know** roll) and chain around its upper most edge. A **Know** roll recognises that it is only one half of a bigger stone.

She answers any questions the investigators have, but says she can spare them only a little time; she wants to return to the British Museum to continue her research. If questioned as to her whereabouts over the last week, she explains that she has been staying in some used rooms in the basement of the library (it's a large place). She has found a few small things about the stone but nothing she feels is concrete.

- She can confirm that the stone is called the Stone of Concordance, she found it mentioned in passing in the last Will and Testament of Queen Elizabeth's conjurer, Dr. John Dee.
- She seems to think that the stone grants the bearer some kind of longevity and/or resistance to illness. Having thought about it over the past week, Valerie says that she can't ever recall her father being ill since he bought the stone in an auction back in 1913.

If the keeper feels that the investigators have earned the trust of Valerie, she suggests that they may accompany her to the library, but under no circumstances does she agree to see William. He will most likely be working there, as he has been most evenings, but knowing him as she does, believes his emotional dependency on her is too much for her to handle at the moment. A **Psychology** roll denotes a trace of resentment in her voice. She retrieves the stone before leaving the café.

If Valerie is asked outright about her father's injuries, she is both hurt and distrustful of the investigators. If they ask at too inopportune a moment, she may well become extremely upset. Under no circumstances will she discuss it – it is too painful for her.

The Photographs

When the investigators return to their rooms that evening, there is a plain envelope waiting in the reception area for them. David has called and delivered the morgue photographs of Michael Pontairre. The photos, although grainy, show a clearly recognisable figure. His shirt has been torn from him and is soaked in blood beside him; thin strips of skin have been crudely cut from both arms and his chest. His eyelids have been methodically removed and the eyes themselves are rolled back, bloodshot, in their sockets. Both legs have been lacerated badly and his throat has been cut from ear to ear. **Sanity** Loss for viewing the photographs is 0/1.

Returning to the British Museum

After the investigators left the office of Detective Inspector Armstrong earlier that afternoon, the stalwart pillar of justice quickly made a secret phone call to his anonymous “financial sponsor”, informing him of new players into the Forbes murder saga. Ever since then, the investigators have been followed by Samuel Gerhardt, one of Lawrence’s reluctant pawns. He has seen everything; the investigators watching the Museum, their following and meeting with Valerie at the café and more importantly, their immediate return to the library. Because of the immediate return though, he has had no time to inform his two fellow conspirators. So, keeping a safe distance, he follows them once again.

As the investigators and Valerie twist their way through the myriad of narrow cobblestone streets, the fog quickly dissipates and it begins to rain. Avoiding the ever-growing puddles, they reach the British Museum in less than ten minutes, unaware of the individual following them. Valerie takes them towards the eastern side door – the one she came out of - and quietly lets them in. It is dry and humid inside the office and turning on a small desk lamp, Valerie moves quietly toward the inner door. Faint sounds of Gershwin’s *Rhapsody in Blue* can be heard in the distance. There are two guards working the night shift and it is either testament to her subterfuge skills or their lack of awareness that she hasn’t been spotted before. It soon becomes clear that they haven’t heard anything again this evening (one guard is asleep and the other is smoking cigarettes whilst listening to the library’s gramophone records). She beckons for them to follow and leads them into the vast domed reading room. It has a beautiful white ceiling that is trimmed with golden motifs, and the huge windows allow a reasonable amount of moonlight through. Many desks, each with its own lamp, are set out methodically around the circular room. Thousands upon thousands of books line the shelves, and Valerie quickly shows the investigators an area that she feels may be more likely to bear fruit, before setting about her own work quickly and methodically. The area is dark and bathed in shadow, and hopefully the investigators thought to bring flashlights – either that or a lot of legwork is needed. Valerie only has one and has taken it with her – others are locked in the library’s storerooms, and cannot be accessed.

William is once again working this evening and is organising the specimens to be moved from the Old Spirit building to the new, as part of the second phase of the Darwin centre. He will stumble upon a random investigator sometime during the evening when taking a break (see the text box below).



William and a somewhat important visitor

The investigators will have only enough time to find a single piece of information in the library tonight and will have to be extremely quiet or their chance may be lost. **Sneak** rolls must be made during the search, with failure only occurring on a fumble; an investigator either drops a pile of books, or trips, drawing William to them. Otherwise he stumbles on them all after roughly forty-five minutes.

Taking a break from the Darwin centre's preparations (he is working with Dr. Harold Bantry this evening), William wanders aimlessly around the museum and library; he is very surprised by their presence, asking how the devil they got in and opens up into a tirade of questions. He continues anxiously until he hears a familiar voice; turning, he runs to embrace Valerie. She doesn't look surprised by this, more annoyed, but as they embrace she becomes tearful before explaining why she has been hiding and what she has been doing. A quite relieved William makes no attempt to hide his emotions. She asks the investigators if they wouldn't mind continuing the research, whilst she and William have a moment alone.

Two cumulative successful **Library Use** rolls and a single **German** roll by investigators working together in the same section, uncovers the following excerpt taken from the diary of Klaus Felhiem, a German Merchant, dated 1587, Trebon.

"I found Him kneeling upon the floor along with that fellow Kelley I'd seen him arrive in town with. They were staring at a strange coloured stone, which was set upon a wooden pedestal in the centre of the room atop a small ornate table. There were beautiful draperies hung all around the room and a large fine carpet, with arcane symbols sewn upon it, covered most of the floor. The strangest thing that I noticed were five small heads of statues each spaced equally around the room and, all like the stone, were sat upon wooden pedestals. At first they didn't see me so I watched silently, intrigued as to what kind of witchcraft I was about to witness, when Dee turned suddenly aware of my presence. He shouted at me in that foul English of his and I fled the room. His wife looked extremely distressed as I left their home and she will have realised that the ambassador takes a firm hand with such blasphemous and heretical crimes. Witchcraft is not a thing to be tolerated in Trebon, despite what these two Englishmen think!"

After Williams arrival, the investigators and Valerie will no doubt share whatever information they find and she in turn finds something that could be useful? "Rumour has it", she explains, "That the last gentleman known to have owned the stone before my father, was Lord Byron, the English Poet. But he died in Missalonghi in Greece in 1824, so I'm not entirely sure that that is of any use. According to my research though, he is buried at St. Mary Magdalene's Church in Hucknall Torkard in Nottinghamshire. Maybe we could find something out if we made a few calls?"

A successful **Listen** roll at this point makes the investigators aware of another presence in the room. A sharp intake of breath is heard as Valerie hands over the Stone of Concordance for William to see. Turning, the investigators catch a glimpse of a man dart behind a desk roughly ten feet away. It is Samuel Gerhardt; he has followed them again before breaking in and gaining entry. There are too many people for him to attack single handily, so he has decided to cause as much confusion as possible, giving him a chance to steal the stone. He doesn't wish to hurt anyone, but like Lawrence is becoming increasingly desperate and may do if cornered. As the investigators give chase, dust is scattered everywhere as he makes his way up to the upper levels of the room, knocking items from shelves, with many priceless pieces irrevocably being destroyed. Books are thrown to confuse pursuers and only a **Luck** roll keeps the investigators on track.

It is at this point that more sounds are heard and heavy footsteps enter from the inspection room (toward the main entrance). A large silhouette stands in the doorway shining a torch into their eyes and all are temporarily blinded, allowing the pursued to escape. Holding a small pistol (unloaded, but they don't know that) the guard shouts angrily about trespassing and points it at them. As they devise some kind of explanation a suffocating fog begins to form.

The investigators are unable to act for a round as their mouths quickly become dry and shock registers. Samuel is using the Create Fog spell as a last resort. The guard drops his light and clutches his throat uttering curses, as macabre shadows dance upon the walls. Samuel darts forward out of the fog, reaching for the stone. Unseen to his right however is her protector, and he is surprised when William, striking him across the face knocks his hat from his head. Revealed is his flaking pale skin and large patches

Legacies of the Renaissance

of missing hair, investigators succeeding in a halved **Spot Hidden** roll notice this through the fog. Regaining his composure he steps back and draws a small hooked knife. As the fog begins to dissipate Samuel and William jump into a frenzied hold. Valerie begins to scream wildly as the act of another loved one in mortal danger is played out before her eyes. Moving swiftly is paramount for the investigators as Samuel is both desperate and afraid, giving him the edge; William is soon pushed back against the railings of the balcony. Any investigator joining the fray and failing a **Hand-to-Hand Attack** roll must succeed in a **Luck** roll to avoid being flung over the edge. Anyone falling over the edge of the balcony suffers 2d6 points of damage and the chances of breaking a limb are also high. Any firearms attempts are made at half, due to the slowly dissipating fog and the two struggling figures. The investigators have only one round to act before William himself is thrown from the balcony. Samuel, then realising that the odds are against him, decides to flee.

Create Fog Spell

The spell takes five combat rounds to cast and has two versions. Firstly, using a handful of water as a component, the spell create a dense water-based fog, roughly 20' x 20'. The second version is far more dangerous to all concerned, including the caster. Any material can be used as a component as long as it is not too densely packed i.e. dust or sand. This creates a thicker fog, of the material component used, which causes 1 point of damage each round after the first that it is inhaled. The area affected is the same as the water-based version of the spell and lasts for the duration of caster's concentration. Both spells cost five magic points each but the second also costs 1d4 **Sanity** points.

The keeper is urged to do all within his power to allow escape for Samuel, as a far more gruesome death awaits him. Making his way to an available ground floor exit, he flees into the cold night air.

Whatever the outcome of this little melee, the investigators will have learned one vital clue and more importantly will have found Valerie alive and well. The guard demands an explanation for these events but waives all concern when he realizes that young lady Valerie is indeed safe and sound. The investigators may want to attend to any injuries but will surely lend a hand sorting out the problem of any destroyed manuscripts, books and papers.

Westminster Abbey

In Parliament Square. An architectural masterpiece of the 13th to 16th centuries, Westminster Abbey also presents a unique pageant of British history – the shrine of St Edward the Confessor, the tombs of kings and queens, and countless memorials to the famous and the great. It has been the setting for every Coronation since 1066 and for numerous other royal occasions. So it should come as a surprise when an urgent message arrives in the very early morning arranging that the investigators make haste to meet David there.

Arriving at the main west entrance, the investigators find the Abbey nearly deserted. Only David is there, sat on a bench reading a newspaper and smoking. It is freezing cold. All seems calm, and at first the reason for the abrupt summons is unclear. He beckons to the investigators, stubs out his cigarette and stands. “Come, I have something to show you, but please, say nothing.” If told about Valerie being found he is happy but distracted. He leads them round to the eastern side of the Abbey, between the Chapter House and Poets Corner, to a small enclosure behind some stout iron railings. A few bare trees overhang, dropping occasional leaves onto the ground that swirl beneath a cool breeze. A single figure stands to attention next to a large brown blanket and a quick nod of dismissal, from David, allows the officer to leave.

After looking around for a final time, satisfied, David pulls back the blanket to reveal the body of an aged man. He is fully clothed; his shirt is torn, and is either unbelievably thin or shrunken in some strange manner. His greying face is taut and stretched, and in some places cracked; there seems to be no excess fat or skin on any of the body. Across his back and chest, and twice upon his face, are strange circular bruises, akin to powerful suction marks – the body has been drained of all blood. **Sanity** cost to view this scene is 0/1D3.

“My man Johnson was on duty patrolling the area about an hour ago. He heard of a disturbance from a gentleman's servant out walking his dog. He decided to do the decent thing and take a look around but unfortunately found this body here. He quickly ran to the nearest telephone and got hold of me. I made my way here to find him, not surprisingly, more than a little shaken... I told him to go straight home when I'd

Legacies of the Renaissance

contacted the forensic department, which he believes is you, and returned. It was lucky him calling me first, as Armstrong doesn't know about this yet, which gives us chance to have a look around." As the investigators conduct their research, David remains with the body, and therefore may give them any clues on the body that they may miss. **Spot Hidden** rolls uncover the following:

- A single passport, alongside a discarded shoe, is found behind the stone supports of the Chapter House, which bears the name Samuel Gerhardt - a forty-year-old American Semite. Details on the passport include that he had been researching Oncology at University College London for the past twenty years. The only address relating to London is that of a run down hotel in Soho.
- A tiny silver key - there are no clues to indicate what it may open.
- A few personal trinkets, a hat, gloves and a walking stick that seem to have been thrown as if at random.
- Inspecting the body reveals a number of interesting things. Turning the head, large patches of hair can be seen to be missing and a handful falls out easily into the investigators hands. A **Know** roll can confirm that the assailant from last night's attack had similar, if not identical patches missing. His body is bruised (old injuries) and is blackened at the joints. Inspecting his feet, finds faint traces of gangrene. His gums are found to be lacerated and appear to have bled painfully in the past. A successful **Biology** roll notes that these injuries are symptoms of leukaemia or blood cancer. A second successful **Biology** roll also notes that an incision has been made upon his chest and that one of his lungs is missing.

David calling the investigators back, quickly asks them what they have found. A patrolling officer has just been by and has gone to fetch Detective Inspector Armstrong. David has been instructed to stay with the body until he arrives; things he says are not going to be pretty, so they had better get going. "I'll meet you tonight at the Café des Paris, in Leicester Square at eight o'clock. Try and follow up on anything you can."

After arriving, severely reprimanding and dismissing David, Armstrong puts through another call to Lawrence, stressing that a second murder wasn't part of their "deal". He begins to rue his decision to involve himself with his murderous "sponsor", and consoles himself with a day of heavy drinking - thinking of possible ways to distance himself, and his knowing acquiescence, from the Forbes murder and the murder of Samuel Gerhardt. He has in truth only made matters worse as Honman, after instructions from Lawrence, plots the downfall of David Milton.

What really happened at Westminster Abbey? Samuel Gerhardt after escaping the library rang Honman and Bronislav, who contacted Lawrence, all arranged to meet at dawn outside the Chapter House. Explaining his findings of the whereabouts of the stone, the re-emergence of Valerie and the involvement of the investigators, Samuel thought he had brought at least some good news. Lawrence, confined temporarily, to fatigue, to a wheelchair, was in fact of the opposite opinion and incensed by his actions screamed wildly him. In a desperate act of self-preservation, Samuel tried to explain. However Honman interposed, and after blaming him for the failure of Wilfred Forbes's interrogation, Lawrence began uttering a series of strange words and sounds. All three were silenced by his actions and wondered what was happening, had Lawrence lost his mind? A few moments later, a strange shift in the currents swirling beneath the Chapter House, signalled the arrival of an unseen foe. A Star Vampire, summoned by Lawrence, had come to dispose of one now deemed surplus to requirements. Quickly taking hold of Samuel, its attached pseudo pods shook him violently (thus accounting for the loss of personal affectations and bruises) slowly draining away his life's fluids. As the creature drew more blood and quickly became visible, Bronislav looked on in horror, whilst Honman smiled with maniacal glee. Wishing to waste no more time Sir Lawrence ordered himself wheeled away. As Bronislav and Lawrence departed, Honman remained until the creature had completed its terrible kill. It was then he took his chilling trophy, the lung of Samuel, to be found by the investigators.

Soho

A dirty, grimy pocket of London frequented by thieves and prostitutes. Dark alleyways lead into seedy clubs and filthy drinking establishments (pubs); anyone seeking entertainment will find it here. The recently changed (from gas to electricity) streetlights flicker on and off and make it one of the most unwelcome places

Legacies of the Renaissance

an investigator could find himself. Samuel Gerhardt's room lies in one such street, with many small shops and market stalls dotted up and down. The ill named hotel, "The Grand Palace" is found half way down and bears a small-dilapidated door with peeling paint. As the investigators enter, they can't help but smell the stench of urine and a sweaty receptionist who grunts in acknowledgement. Asking him about Gerhardt brings a dismissive shrug of the shoulders, but a simple bribe of five shillings or more allows them to see his room. He explains in broken English that he doesn't know the man personally, only by sight. No one came by to see him last night, "well, not that I saw". He has nothing more to add.

Room 17 is situated on the third floor and after breathing in and squeezing past a large man on the narrow stairs, the wider corridor is a welcome change, although the decorative motif of peeling paint is still apparent. Inside the small box room is a bed, and a single chair and table; tucked away in the corner is an old used and badly scratched wardrobe. Searching the room takes only a couple of minutes and with successful **Spot Hidden** rolls, two things can be found. In a small iron bin tucked away in a corner of the room, beneath the beginnings of desperate personal letters, is a shredded black piece of cloth containing a dried rubbery husk. A **Biology** roll recognises this as Samuel's missing lung. **Sanity** loss for the unsettling find is 0/1. The other clue, a complete if undelivered letter, is found tucked inside a small locked Bible (which must be broken open unless they found the small silver key) alongside a plain silver wedding band – both are found inside a hollow, behind a small painting on the wall. Inside the front cover, it bears the inscription, "To Samuel, I shall love you always, Helena." All other personal effects have been recently and hurriedly removed. There is nothing else to be found here. The letter reads as follows:

April 4th, 1923

My Dearest Helena,

Although I have been forbidden to write, I nevertheless feel that I must set down in writing some of my circumstances, in the hope that you will be able to obtain some comfort following my sudden disappearance two weeks ago. Please believe me when I say that my reasons have nothing to do with you, the children or my work. Rather, I have been ensnared into the trap of an individual who wishes only to serve his own selfish ends and who needs my skills to achieve his aims. He is a powerful, ruthless and even bloodthirsty man – I dare not put any more in this letter, as he has already threatened to kill me and anyone else who discusses our business outside of our immediate company (for I am not alone). This is not to say, however, that I am being held here entirely against my own will – the machinations of this man have ensured that it is in our mutual interest to work together. Although, I have to say, I have nowhere near his level of callous indifference to our work.

I fear you will not understand any of this, and I suppose I am rambling. Let me therefore attempt to reassure you by saying that I will love you, Jack and Anna for the rest of my days, and I sincerely hope to see you again someday soon. Do not fear for me, for I will do my best to stay alive and healthy here in Europe (you may rest assured that I am suitably insulated from the war, as much as anyone can be). Do not tell anyone that I have contacted you, and discourage anyone who may wish to search for me. This is for your own protection as well as mine. I will return as soon as I am able. Your picture is in my wallet and I whisper sweet words to it each night before I fall asleep, to remind me of our happy life. Indeed, I did not know how happy I was, until things changed. Know that I love you with all my heart, and always will.

*Your loving husband,
Samuel.*

University College London

Investigators checking up on Samuel Gerhardt's recent history at the University College London will, with a successful Persuade or Fast Talk roll, be able to obtain the following information from a member of administrative staff at the College.

Legacies of the Renaissance

“We were all very surprised at the disappearance of Dr. Gerhardt. He was engaged in very important and well-regarded research here, and was on the verge of publishing some potentially seminal papers – he had given them to his secretary to type up the last night before he left. He never came to work again. His wife told us that he came home late that night and seemed preoccupied and reticent. Then he left for work the next morning and was never seen again. His wife moved back to America, I think. This was back in 1923. There’s been no sign of Dr. Gerhardt since – it’s all very peculiar.”

There is nothing else to find here.

The Café de Paris

Opened in 1924, the popular Leicester Square nightspot has recently drawn the likes of the Prince of Wales, and with him the cream of European Society. The café is eloquently decked and has a beautiful rialto roof, with large plush balconies and staircases. It is reminiscent more of a large theatre than a restaurant and has excellent service, both prompt and of the finest quality. Its growing reputation draws a large crowd almost every evening to witness the many modern cabaret acts; tonight is the turn of the six piece band, “The Lyricals” – proving hugely popular over the last few weeks, the light hearted and entertaining band play a variety of piano, clarinet, sax, trombone, viola and vocals.

Upon arrival, an impeccably dressed waiter attends to the investigators and takes them to their seats. They order their drinks and marvel over the delights on offer on the menu.

After a polite interlude and service, eight fifteen comes and goes and David still hasn’t arrived. The waiter approaches the table and asks if he can take their orders, when at the same time, the headwaiter also approaches. “Gentlemen, if I may intrude on you for but a moment?” He holds what appears to be a small round cake box. “This has just arrived with compliments from your absent friend David Milton. He sends his deepest apologies, and has asked me to explain that he will be unable to dine with you this evening.” With a curt nod and an apologetic look, both men leave the table. An envelope containing a note, which is addressed to each one of the investigators by name, is attached to the top of the box. In a tall spidery hand that will unfortunately become all too familiar to them, it reads:

“Good evening gentlemen, allow me to introduce myself to you, albeit in a somewhat ambiguous fashion. It seems that our paths have been destined to cross, and that I, through your direct interference in my aims, needed to learn a little more about you and your plans. Therefore, it is pleasing for me to say that our mutually conversant friend, David Milton, has passed along all of his knowledge regarding our private affair. Indeed he really was very helpful when we met this afternoon and I hope he will continue to be so. I thank you for your time and hope that, along with passing on my deepest sympathies for Mademoiselle Valerie’s loss, you will accept my little gift to you.”

The note, composed by Lawrence, is left unsigned and the investigators should be thankful that they haven’t yet eaten. For inside the box are the nose, eyes and tongue of David Milton along with his blooded identification card. **Sanity** loss is 0/1. After receiving a call this afternoon purportedly from an eyewitness to the West Minster murder, he, upon arrival at the address given, was ambushed by Honman. David is not yet dead but his life, should he survive, will be full of pain. The investigators will probably have lost their appetite by now and as they leave the restaurant, they are given another apologetic look from the headwaiter for the upsetting news they have clearly just received.

Investigating the traitor

At any time during the beginning of the scenario, but most likely after the disappearance of David (someone must have known that David was dealing with the investigators and who better than his superior?), the investigators may want to do some checking into the traitorous and greedy Detective Inspector Edward Armstrong. Finding his home is fairly simple and either asking David or following him there is the most likely way of obtaining this information.

His typically elegant and modern Edwardian house can be found in Chelsea, an extremely expensive and affluent area of London. Found on an elongated arcing cobblestone street, the house is fronted by beautiful birch trees and ornate streetlights. A narrow street flanks the side of the house and access to the walled garden may be gained by quickly climbing over. Well kept and tidy, the garden leads to an unlocked back door.

Although beautiful and expansive, no plans have been provided in this scenario for the house. Investigators are free to search any of the rooms by day (that is before David's disappearance, afterwards Armstrong is found in a drunken stupor in his room on the second floor) as Armstrong is most likely away at work, or by night when there is only a 40% chance that he will be there (he spends most of his time drinking at a local bar).

The house itself is large and well furnished with expensive and tasteful items; perhaps a little too well furnished for the meagre wage of a Detective Inspector. Armstrong has made a successful career out of turning a blind eye and accepting bribes. There are a few noteworthy points in the house.

The study contains many books and papers detailing myriad topics from astrology to zoology. An antique roll-top desk is fashioned from expensive mahogany and has a delicate lock, **Locksmith** roll to open; inside, it contains extremely incriminating papers, many which would serve to incarcerate Armstrong for life. A successful **Accounting** roll shows substantial payments into his personal bank account dating back years, noted only as "bonus". A **Library Use** roll may uncover any other useful papers or photographs relating to any number of unsolved crimes in London and the keeper may develop this thread as he or she sees fit. As it is however, there is no incriminating correspondence between Armstrong and Sir Lawrence Chantry in this room, and only a snippet of compliance between Armstrong and the two can be found, with a **Spot Hidden** roll in the master bedroom. Hidden beneath a chest of drawers, where scratches mark the wooden floor, there is a portion of flooring that may be lifted to reveal a small recess containing a few papers and roughly two hundred British pound sterling. The papers include a small note in **English** in Lawrence's hand:

"Having learnt of your somewhat shady past Inspector, I have decided to call upon you for a favour. In the near future, a high profile case shall come to light; one that you shall endeavour to take charge of, and one you will proceed to unfortunately and against all the odds fail to solve. Take the enclosed gift as a token of both my trust and seriousness. I shall be in touch again soon."

The note is undated and the only link between Armstrong and Forbes's murderer is in the handwriting (it is identical to the note sent to them at the Café de Paris). There is no more to be found in the house, unless the investigators make their search after David's disappearance.

Whatever time they arrive after David's disappearance, Armstrong will be in the house (see below). However, when they break and enter, to all intents and purposes, they will believe it to be empty. Found in the kitchen is a small neat package containing the blooded scalp of David, next to this is a half eaten plate of food covered in vomit. Discarded on the floor is another small note in Lawrence's hand stating, *"You are too involved now to go back on your word inspector, remember our deal."*

Armstrong, having called in sick at work since the arrival of his macabre package, is found in his bedroom unconscious from a recent drinking binge. Three empty bottles of assorted spirits lay beside him. Should he be roused from his deplorable state he will mumble a few choice words of denial, before suffering a nervous breakdown. He cannot answer any questions and his previously arrogant and unhelpful attitude has disappeared completely, leaving him virtually silent. Never before has he been the co-conspirator of the mutilation of a fellow officer. Should the investigators turn Armstrong in, he will, after the events of the scenario, be tried and found guilty on all counts of treason and manslaughter, as well as a multitude of other smaller charges. He will eventually be admitted to an asylum.

A pause for thought

After this horrific turn of events, the investigators maybe at a loss - the mutilation of David is indeed a terrible blow for them but was in truth, unavoidable. This should give them pause, as a powerful force is clearly intent on them making no further headway into their investigations. A fact un-escapable to them is of the overriding



implication that David is still alive. If they could perhaps find him then they may be able to go some way to repairing the damage already caused by this affair.

The funeral, now that Valerie is alive and well, is to be held in roughly a week at Abney Park Cemetery and preparations are well under way involving several government officials. With no time to continue her research, she now places her complete trust, and the safe keeping of the Stone of Concordance, into the hands of the investigators. She expresses her desire for them to catch the person(s) responsible for her father's murder and the true history of the "damn stone". She does however urge them not to let the stone out of their sight, and may suggest that they take the stone with them when embark on their journey to Nottinghamshire – there maybe someone there who knows of it's past. Valerie offers to pay any expenses the investigators incur and urges them to search as far a field as is necessary for the truth. Fortunately though, a kindly politician, a good friend of Wilfred Forbes's, has agreed to let Valerie stay with him under a tight police guard until the murderer is found.

If William was injured during the attack in the British Museum then he spends a few days bedridden in convalescence. If not he flatly refuses to leave Valerie's side, much to her relief. **Keeper's note:** the remainder of the scenario is written assuming William survived the attack at the British Museum.

In continuing their research into the stone, following the desperate attacks on themselves and David, time seems to be a luxury they cannot afford. The only place left to go is unfortunately for now, back to the library where further clues and links to the vicissitudes of the stones past can be found. It is soon that a dramatic shift in the weather is due to occur, and will do so part way through the second phase of the London researches - blizzards and winds, the worst for thirty years, hit the British shores without remorse.

Lawrence has, with the involvement of the investigators, decided to hold any further attacks off until he sees how much of a threat to his plans they will be. Despite this though, and knowing a little of their intentions from Samuel, he does have them followed by his most capable and sadistic associate, Honman Ziegler.

Deepening researches

After their previous researches, investigators should have secured reading passes to the vast wealth of knowledge on offer at the British Library, if not kindly keepers may have allowed Valerie to do so for them. Sitting within the reading room, beneath the famous circular domed ceiling, they are allocated a seat and any relevant books or materials required for study are brought to them. Areas that the investigators will want to primarily research will be Dr. John Dee and Lord George Gordon Byron, and subsequently Alias Ashmole and Sir Godfrey Kneller. If the investigators missed the clue from Klaus Felhiem's diary the night they were attacked, allow them a second chance to uncover it.

Dr. John Dee

John Dee was born in 1527, the son of a minor court official. He became one of the leading figures of the Elizabethan Renaissance and collected one of the biggest libraries of the time, numbering thousands of books. Educated at Cambridge, he was a scholar of philosophy, mathematics, architecture, and cartography amongst other subjects.

Dee was also interested in mystical matters. From a Welsh family, he claimed to be descended from an ancient British prince, and thought highly of the Arthurian legends. He styled himself as a Christian Cabalist, communicating with angels and making a keen study of alchemy, numerology, and astrology.

In 1583 he left to tour the European continent with his assistant Edward Kelley, an alchemist of dubious reputation who once pilloried forgery. Together they travelled Europe, conducting séances and crystal gazing. Dee wrote widely in this time and even invented his own language, Enochian.

At home storm clouds gathered. Months after he left, a mob pillaged his house at Mortlake and much of the library was destroyed. The Leicester and Sidney families who had supported him at Court were decimated by the Armada conflict of 1588, while other friends, such as Sir Walter Raleigh, fell from favour.

Dee returned to England in 1589, to find himself in far less favour than he had been, and facing accusations of witchcraft. James I became King in 1603, and the Witchcraft Act passed in 1604 did little to augment Dee's position. Dee petitioned the King to clear his name, but found himself poor, shunned and

friendless. The leading philosopher of the English Renaissance died in illness and poverty in his Mortlake house in 1608.

All of this information can be found easily in a couple of hour's time and is the generally accepted version of Dee's life. In-depth research takes longer, but is the bearer of much greater fruits. Relevant excerpts from Dee's diary can be found; one per three hours research with both successful **Library Use** and **Latin** rolls.

"I have had my first séance with Edward Kelley. Closing myself away from my family, I had hoped that we should fair better than I did with Saul. We waited for I know not how long before I felt a stirring from within the room. Edward, in an unparalleled trance, spoke into the water and a presence revealed itself. He introduced himself as Uriel, an Angel mentioned several times in the Pseudepigrapha. Elated, I asked to him many questions of which he gave answers most revealing, things which I never thought I would ever come to understand ..."

– **Dated 1582**

"...After two long years, the Angel Uriel has once again made himself present. I was surprised, as lately Edward and myself have suffered with our séances due to our travels. The Angel Uriel answered my many questions as he had on numerous occasions before, but this time offered to us a gift. A stone, both light red and dark blue in colour, which is formed of two parts, creates a perfect sphere. Uriel has instructed both Edward and I to use this perfect vessel for our crystal gazing. The stone itself, I believe, is of immense power. The longevity that the stone provides will aid us in our task. The months ahead leave me filled with anticipation." – Dated 1585

The second clue is dated 1586.

"I have completed the stones magicks and with Uriel's wishes have named it "The Stone of Concordance." I have also developed a ritual that is to be performed with the stone, which allows me to easily contact the spirit world. Unfortunately, a few of our séances have called forth darker beings and for this I am more than a little wary. I have separately written down both the Ritual and its annulment on several spare canvases and have hidden them away in my secret place..."

A third clue relating to Dee can be found. It is found in a large book compiled by Dee's first biographer, Elias Ashmole (see below). It details a horrific visitation during one particular séance, which was the eventual catalyst of Dee and Kelley's spiritual downfall. It will, in learning, be of use to the investigators when facing the Leprous One in the Crete Chapter. It is dated January 1587, only a month before Kelley disappears to Prague, never to be seen by Dee again.

"Horror... Kelley and I were visited by a dark spirit, desirous of the stone. I fought it back with the powders of Dandelion, Pipsissewa, Sweetgrass and Wormwood, but nothing worked for long. It took Edward for a time and he became of spasm and violently emetic. Only when I removed the stone from its pedestal and pressed it against his head was it finally vanquished... this event has been truly frightful and relations between us ebb at their lowest... I feel our great adventure may be drawing to a close..."

Other details contained in Dee's diaries are related to his happy family life and travel around Europe. Notes on Krakow, Trebon, Prague, and Amsterdam are the more illuminating. Arguments and disagreements between Dee and Kelley are often laboriously written down and highlight the gradual breakdown of their relationship.

Elias Ashmole

Any amount of research by the investigators into Dee and his life is undoubtedly met with many references to Elias Ashmole. Born in 1617 at Lichfield, Ashmole was an English antiquarian, alchemist and herald. He also became the first biographer and translator of works of Dee in the 17th century. Ashmole practiced as a

Legacies of the Renaissance

solicitor in London, but at the outbreak of Civil War moved to Oxford where he studied physics and mathematics. He also had an interest in astrology and magic. He later founded the Ashmolean Museum, the first public museum in Britain.

A single clue can be found relating to Dee and his personal belongings, as well as his disagreement with Godfrey Kneller in his memoirs, which were published in 1717. It is found amongst the notes on Dee, but is only seen to be relevant with an hour's research and both successful **Library Use** and **History** rolls. It is written in **English**.

"I have recently purchased all of the items from a wonderful find! A stroke of luck placed me in the path of a man called Wale. His wife had, through her first marriage, bought a cedar chest (that which he always referred to in his diaries as his secret place) belonging to no other than Dr. John Dee! I am ecstatic..."

"...The bastard! Kneller refuses to sell me the canvases. Wale the fool, sold at least three priceless pieces belonging to Dee for the German idiot to paint on! What am I to do when he refuses to acknowledge their historical significance? Will he not listen to reason?"

Other items relating to Godfrey Kneller are fleeting; Ashmole soon chose to forget the canvas, becoming immersed in a variety of important translations of the time. This points the investigators in the direction of Kneller's painting and the truth of the "Ritual of Conjunction."

Godfrey Kneller

A German-born painter, Godfrey Kneller (originally Gottfried Kneller, 1646-1723) settled in England and became the leading portraitist there in the late 17th and early 18th century. Establishing a workshop-studio in London with a team of specialized assistants, Kneller organized the mass-production of fashionable portraits. In 1687, after his career had flourished, he set down what some describe as his masterpiece, "The Chinese Convert." With what is described by Ashmole as "one of the greatest thefts of English heritage and history in the last

The History of "The Chinese Convert"

Robert Jones, a confectioner living in Lombard Street, London, in 1642 goes with his wife to buy household goods and coming across a joiner's shop finds a "Chest of Cedar wood, about a yard and a half long." The lock and hinges were of "extraordinarily neat work". Jones decided to move the chest, and in doing so heard a rattle from its bottom right hand corner. Upon investigation a "small crevice" or slit was found. Sticking a knife into it, a hidden drawer popped out. Inside he found a collection of books, papers (finely crafted canvases with symbols and diagrams and years of fading diary entries) and a small casket containing beads and a wooden cross. Unable to read these, he once again replaced them and they were forgotten until 1672 when Susannah Jones, recently remarried as Mrs Wale (Robert died in 1664) showed her new husband the items. Realizing the potential value of the lot, Wale showed all, except the fine canvases, which he sold to a young artist by the name of Godfrey Kneller, to Elias Ashmole. Ashmole furious at Wale, attempted to persuade Kneller to sell the canvases to him but he refused and a strong feeling of ill will grew between the two men. This did not deter Ashmole though as he continued with his research into Dee and his life.

Kneller discovered upon the canvases in fine Latin, the original detailed plans for the "Ritual of Conjunction" and its reverse. Believing it to be a hoax of some kind, and being a strong atheist, Kneller stored the canvas away for future use. The year was 1687 when he finally used the canvas to great effect in his dark and macabre painting, "The Chinese Convert." As Kneller moved into his final year of life, he believed the painting's secrets were not ready to be forgotten. And with this he wrote in his diary the secret truth of "The Chinese Convert." The painting resides in London's Tate gallery. This more detailed information maybe discovered at the Keeper's discretion.



Legacies of the Renaissance

fifty years”, Kneller purchased three fine canvases from Wale and inadvertently came to possess Dee’s “Ritual of Conjunction.”

But with it there came a price. For in the final year of his life, Kneller suffered from a nervous breakdown. Wracked by dreams forever linked with the arcane symbols upon the reverse of his painting, “The Chinese Convert”, Kneller became increasingly isolated and tormented by his own mind. And so it was that he turned to the only friend willing to listen to his ravings, his diary. Each clue takes two hours and successful **Library Use** and **German** rolls to uncover. The first is dated November 1722.

“I can no longer sleep and I am afraid to close my eyes. Ever since the dreams began, the images from in my painting haunt me. Sometimes in the day, I see them on the walls, and in my reflection. My friends all comment on how pale I’ve become. My only remedy is to write to my diary, my truest, most honest friend. Maybe then the reasons for this will become clearer to me?”

The second excerpt is dated a few months later, February 1723.

“How Ashmole must laugh in his grave. I can see his face now, twisted and ravaged by the quiet release of death. How I wish for death; the symbols taunt me wherever I look, I can barely read the words I write. What drove Dee to create such blasphemy, such magicks, have I not paid enough for my destruction? How I curse my youthful stubbornness, my greed has cost me dear. I only wish to had the strength to undo my wrong.”

What is referred to as “destruction” by Kneller has in fact a double meaning. Although clearly repentant at hiding away such magics indefinitely, he drove himself to the brink of madness by another more haunting crime. In his fateful decision to trim the canvas, when framing the painting, he lost vital information contained in the Ritual of Conjunction and it is these arcane symbols that haunt him.

The final clue is discovered after another hour and is dated on the day of Kneller’s death, April 16th 1723.

“How my recalcitrant youth has condemned me! How small insignificant things can cause a man to destroy himself! Lord, I have turned to you in my final hour. Absolve me. Give me peace. I, like my painting have converted to you, in earthly body and immortal soul. Please release me from my torment as I kneel before you. Please Almighty God let my death be swift!”

A **Know** roll is needed for them to realise that the painting they in fact seek is the “The Chinese Convert,” and either a successful **Art** or **Library Use** roll informs them that the painting currently resides at the Tate Gallery. Should the investigators attempt to find any clues referencing the “two” other canvases purchased from Wale, they find nothing. They have been either lost to history or destroyed.

Lord George Gordon Byron

Byron was born in London on January 22nd 1788 and after a turbulent youth of lost loves and excessive upheavals soon grew to be a young man admired and idolised by many of his elders and contemporaries. He was a reckless spirit, but one with a beautiful mind capable of capturing the most intimate and touching words in poetic verse. His great works include *Don Juan* and *Childe Harold* and are believed (rightly so) to be partly biographical. Along with a growing public fascination for Byron, he inspired amongst other feelings, anger, surprise and adoration, and he repetitively challenged the long-standing and well-established views of the time. Alongside his scandalous lifestyle and disastrous marriage to Annabelle Millbank, he openly refused the idolatry of the English aristocracy and the conformity of London’s regency in the early 19th century.

Fuelled further by financial difficulties and tumultuous rumours, he soon looked to move abroad for solace, and did so in self-imposed exile in 1816. Travelling and writing his greatest works during this period, he conjured up the now legendary status of being the very first “Cosmopolitan Bard”, being compared to such greats as Shakespeare and Chaucer. He died at Missalonghi, Greece on April 19th 1824, after months of deteriorating health, fighting for Greek independence against the brutal Turkish occupation; a heartfelt issue from his earlier excursions into Eastern Europe, during his early twenties. His embalmed body was eventually



Legacies of the Renaissance

brought back to England, and after being refused a burial at Poets Corner, Westminster, was finally laid to rest with some treasured possessions at the family vault at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Hucknall Torkard, Nottinghamshire.

As Byron still held a strange fascination for the British (and European) public, all of this is common knowledge in poetic circles and literary commentaries of the time. Investigators with either a successful **History** or **Library Use** roll will find the majority of this information within a few hours. References to the Stone of Concordance are few and far between though, and only one solid connection can be found. A few vague descriptions relating to Byron wearing a "strange blue stone" can be found amongst the many letter writers of the time. His more notable antics, such as pederasty and numerous illicit affairs; including an incestuous one with his half sister Augusta, drew far more attention than an unimportant (as they saw it) stone.

The single clue relating to the stone will take at least five hours' research and both a successful **Library Use** and **Italian** (or halved **Latin**) roll. It is a personal letter sent from Teresa Guiccioli, his long-term lover from Venice and Ravenna. It is dated January 1823.

"The enigmatic Lord George paid me a visit at my rooms this morning. The manner in which he swept into my parlour, like a tiger ready for the kill, thrilled me. We spoke of many things, as do we always and at once became intimate together. I believe that I upset him though, when I questioned him about an odd jewel that he wore. I had never seen it before; it was a strange aquatic blue in colour and rather vulgar to my refined eye. I asked him to remove it as to provoke him, but he became defensive and refused to. He explained his obstinacy and pride of his heritage and promptly denounced my feminine ways. Truth be told I believe I said these things only to irk him, and after his explanation felt it fit to let the matter drop... Oh how my heart has been broken, how I wish I had never vexed my love, for then came the news that I could not bare the sound, nor idea of. He is leaving Ravenna and departing for Greece."

This clue's only relevance is that Byron was still in ownership of the stone in 1823, a year prior to his death whilst in Missolonghi, Greece. The significance behind this information will later become clearer when the stone, during the Ritual of Conjunction, curses the investigators. They are pointed toward Hucknall Torkard and Newstead Abbey in Nottinghamshire for further information.

The investigators arrival at the Tate coincides with the dramatic change of weather. Outside, the temperature drops to 9°C (16°F) in the evening but stays roughly a few degrees higher during the daylight hours. It is only a few hours before a gentle snow begins to fall.

The Tate Gallery

Arriving at the Tate, the enthusiastic curator Edward Castington, a man in his late fifties with dark hair, fleshy hands and an out-dated sense of dress, meets the investigators and answers any questions they have relating to Godfrey Kneller and his painting, “The Chinese Convert.” At their request, he shows them the painting in a large well-furnished room towards the back of the gallery. It shows an Oriental male dressed in dark robes, holding a wooden crucifix. His face is turned away to his right and has a look of assuredness in the eyes. He stands next to a drape overhanging a table. Atop the table is a small book. (Did Kneller subconsciously already know that the fate of the painting and its history lay in his diary?) The painting has been magnificently executed in oils and a successful **Art** roll reveals the quality of the portrait is quite masterful. Gentle murmurs of appreciation escape the lips of Edward Castington, and he says little, viewing the portrait as if for the first time. After some moments he turns to the investigators and asks of their interest in this particular work. “I know it to be a magnificent piece, but in my fourteen years here, I have never known anyone to express such an interest in Kneller or his works. A forgotten master indeed, though many pass through our doors merely for the likes of William Blake and Joseph Turner.”

Being honest with Edward is a good way of accessing the secrets of the portrait but he is surprised at their suggestion that there may be any inscriptions upon the reverse, and is more than flabbergasted should he indeed see it. A **Fast Talk** or **Persuade** roll, along with either an **Art** or **History** roll, will convince Edward that their presence is genuine and that they pose no threat to the gallery and its security. Maybe a small donation for the gallery may secure a viewing? Allow the investigators whatever means are at their disposal to acquire the painting for a short period of study. Theft of such a valuable item will cause outrage in the art community, and the gallery will have no option but to call in Scotland Yard. There are two guards on watch nightly and two permanently there during opening hours.

Removing the original wooden frame, the investigators see that the thick canvas has a yellowed outer edge. Viewing the portrait’s reverse, they see strange markings and symbols relating to Dee’s Stone of Concordance. An **Occult** (or **Cthulhu Mythos**) roll recognises this as some form of ritual of summoning. An eloquent hand has inscribed in Latin the process of the Ritual of Conjunction and its annulment. A second part, unmentioned in Dee’s diary, is the actual process of binding the Stone’s two pieces together.

Unfortunately for the investigators, the Ritual of Conjunction outlined in Kneller’s painting is fatefully flawed. Nearing its completion Kneller, after incorrect calculations, needed to trim the canvas for it to fit into the frame, thus depriving them of the information noting the importance of the five statues’ heads. They may notice that the Latin text stops too abruptly for it to be complete but what the missing canvas contained, they may never know...

Events outside of London

Discovering the Ritual of Conjunction from Kneller’s painting is paramount for the continuation of the scenario and the keeper is encouraged to help them discover this if possible. Alternative methods of obtaining the ritual may be found, and are briefly detailed below.

The trip to Newstead Abbey and subsequently to Byron’s tomb in Nottinghamshire, which the investigators will need to undertake, will take at least a couple of days. A successful **Know** roll will alert the investigators to the imminent and drastic weather change.

During the next section of the scenario, the keeper may want to introduce Dr. Ryan Maynard and Lord Gordon Sedgwick, perhaps aboard the train journey from London. They have been sent directly from the Home Office to witness the opening of the Byron family vault. For more detailed information on these two, see the ‘Opening of the Byron Family Vault’ section below.

Alternative ways of discovering the Ritual of Conjunction

There may be two other ways for the keeper to introduce the Ritual of Conjunction to the investigators, ensuring that they become cursed and for the continuation of the scenario. Both are outlined below.



Legacies of the Renaissance

- The investigators, during their researches into Dr. John Dee, may meet a private collector, who, unwilling to sell his collection of Dee manuscripts, has in his possession a small incomplete diary written in Dee's own hand, detailing an earlier flawed version of the ritual. It will, if ever cast, curse the investigators and fail completely – there will be no meeting with Raphael and only the visions will be the by-product of their attempts.
- Sir Lawrence Chantry, after sending his reluctant pawns to Edinburgh, came into possession of a version of the Ritual of Conjunction, but unlike the first (see above) complete. He does however lack one vital ingredient to ensure the rituals success – a half of the Stone of Concordance. So, in his macabre humour, he sets about providing the investigators with the ritual – be it left in their room, with a mutilated body etc, so that they may cast it and lead him to both parts of the stone and freedom from his disease.

The keeper should only use these methods (or others of his own devising) if the investigators have missed any of the vital clues, ensuring the scenarios continuation.

Hucknall Torkard

Leaving Kings Cross station aboard the London and North Eastern Railway (LNER), the investigators arrive at the busy station of Birmingham; visible signs of light snowfall can be seen all around. After a quick they board the connecting train to Nottingham.

Roughly seven miles north west of Nottingham, Hucknall Torkard is a large village and parish, consisting principally of one long street. The surrounding area is mainly arable, with a large majority of the population owning small farms. Set in a small square in the town's centre is a fine box tree, upwards of 450 years old, which is said to be the oldest in England. Another connecting train brings the investigators to its small station.

St. Mary Magdalene's, the final resting place of Byron, is a small neat church set in a peaceful yard overlooking the market place in the centre of the town. The building itself is built on the site of an Old Saxon church and rumours of strange ghosts, clad in medieval attire are rife amongst the superstitious population. Standing in the small 14th century wooden porch and knocking upon the door, they are greeted by a large buxom lady with dirty hands and a stained apron. She attempts to shoo numerous cats away from the entrance and stares confusedly at her afternoon callers. Asking about Byron and/or his vault or any other questions for that matter, brings about a more confused look. Quickly holding up a quieting finger, she closes the door. A moment or two later, maybe after repeated knocks, a thin languid gentleman of religious type, perhaps forty or so, opens the door and invites them in.

Walking slowly through the cold south aisle of the church and into a small side door, he apologises for his sister Genevieve's behaviour, and explains that she was born a mute. He introduces himself as Reverend Thomas Gerard Barber, and due to severe physical weakness seeks to lean on anything close to hand for support. He invites them into a sparsely furnished living area, where his sister is kneeling and scrubbing hard at the ancient stone floor. Reverend Barber is hospitable and makes the investigators comfortable, answering any questions as best he can. When asked about Lord Byron, he answers pleasantly as he has done hundreds of times before. Investigators with a successful **Psychology** roll deduce that the Reverend is decidedly apprehensive about this subject, but if pressed, denies anything to be wrong. Investigators looking back after the vault's opening, will realise this to be the cause of his apprehension. The Reverend says the following:

“It was 1824, and many debates raged as to whether Lord George's body should be returned home at all. Happily it was; and it was eventually decided that it should be brought to the family vault here, at our very own church of St. Mary Magdalene. On that day, roughly six weeks after his death, the body was carried here from London, and at times the funeral procession reached up to three miles in length. He was buried with many dignitaries and obituaries being sent via empty carriages; Lord George, it seemed, had upset many important people in England, but in view of their forgiveness, sent these empty carriages filled with wreaths as a way of saving face. And so, here he has lain undisturbed for over one hundred years.”

Legacies of the Renaissance

A short walk through the church, across the Nave and towards the Chancel, which sits beside the Lady Chapel, brings them before the altar. Religious investigators quickly kneel and make the sign of the cross as does the Reverend. Roughly ten yards in front of the altar to its right, sits a small marble plaque that reads ‘Byron, Born January 22nd 1788, Died April 19th, 1824.’ The plaque was donated in 1881 by the King of Greece for his gratitude to Byron for his efforts on behalf of the Greek people. It is black and white and displays the image of a laurel wreath. The Reverend explains that it lies directly above Byron’s coffin in the family vault below. Plaques from figures such as Keats and his daughter Ada Lovelace, adorn the upper walls of the Chancel. Just east of the Lectern a few feet away, a pair of iron rings is attached to a stone slab. This is the entrance to the vault below. The Reverend says that unfortunately this is all he can show them.

An old friend

Honman Ziegler, Austrian professor of Antiquities watches the investigators throughout their trip to Nottinghamshire, but is under strict instructions from Lawrence to only observe, much to his murderous annoyance. Even so, he manages to play a few potentially fateful games with the investigators. Honman will be present in some form at the opening of the Byron family vault and should be used as the keeper sees fit, but always, if possible, out of sight. Following their departure for Newstead Abbey, Honman tails them and bestows upon them an unsettling gift. Allow the investigators to meet Honman, if it presents an interesting role-playing situation. See Honman’s notes at the end of the scenario for more information.

The Reverend knows nothing about the Stone of Concordance if asked, and re-fuses them entrance to the vault. He is surprised at such a question

and will not change his mind under any circumstances. He explains that none of Byron’s belongings are here at the church; his friends John Cam Hobhouse (travelling companion) and John Murray (his long suffering printer) burnt all personal documents after his death (this is not in fact completely true but further elaboration is unnecessary to the plot of the scenario). He finally says that perhaps a visit to Charles Ian Fraser at Newstead Abbey may give them more pertinent information. He bids them farewell and wishes them good luck in their research.

Newstead Abbey

“...a straggling, gloomy, depressive, partially-inhabited place the Abbey was. Those rooms, however, which had been fitted up for residence were so comfortably appointed, glowing with crimson hangings and cheerful with capacious fires, that one soon lost the melancholy feeling of being domiciled in an extensive ruin.”

—William Harness, friend of Lord Byron



As to the whereabouts of the Abbey, directions can be ascertained from Reverend Barber or by asking in the village. Either way, they are pointed in its general direction roughly four miles away. Walking, though not normally a problem, is severely hampered by the snow that has begun to settle on the ground (being three to four inches deep already) but is their only option. No taxis or transport can be hired, as most locals are abandoning work for the day due to fear of being snowed in. It takes roughly an hour to find the Abbey and its ancient house and they enter the Abbey’s grounds through two grandiose pillars bearing a rusting iron gate; to their right is a small-unused guardhouse. Walking down a long winding road, flanked by trees and



Legacies of the Renaissance

wild flowers (there is sufficient shelter here), for perhaps a mile, they finally see the large farmhouse and stables to their right and a large beautiful lake (another is situated behind the house) frozen over just behind it. Passing a small green to their left, which is home to the famous oak tree bearing the etchings of Byron himself, they round the final corner to see the 13th century Abbey and its adjacent home. Everywhere is covered in a thick white coat of snow.

A large ruinous place with barely any inhabitable rooms, Newstead Abbey is a mass of fallen timber and masonry that has slipped into no more than a memory of what was. In a dark niche atop the skeletal façade of the Abbey, sits the Virgin Mary cradling her child. There is a reminiscently romantic look about the place with only sparse lights visible in the few remaining glassed windows. A large bell hangs beside the studded entranceway and upon ringing; an immaculately dressed butler promptly answers the door. He invites them into the hall and inquires as to their business. “Yes, master Charles is at home, I shall go and see if he is available to see you, if you’d just like to wait there one moment gentlemen. May I take your names? Thank you.” The butler makes his way out of the door to their right and the investigators view their surroundings. The hall is well furnished, with a small divan for visitors resting by a tall hat and coat stand. Through a door to their right, grandiose stairs, devoid of carpets, can be seen leading up to the more habitable areas of the house. Boxes and miscellaneous furniture are stacked neatly within the entrance hall and a locked door is opposite.

Taken through the door to their right and upstairs through the draughty great hall, out onto the west gallery, through the window they can see the Abbey’s Cloister, which has been transformed into a typical Victorian herbalists garden. After a brief stop to gaze at the view, they are shown into the library. With only a few chairs and a table for comfort in the room, the majority of the books having been stored away, the investigators meet Charles Ian Fraser. The grandson of William Frederick Webb, an explorer of Africa who purchased the Abbey from Thomas Wildman; Wildman himself having bought the Abbey from Byron back in 1818, to help free him of his escalating debts. An averaged sized man; Charles has light brown hair and is in his mid-thirties. He still retains a certain boyish charm. He speaks slowly and distinctly, and has a tendency towards being a ladies’ man, attempting to flatter and charm any female investigators. He asks his guests politely to sit down, giving up his own chair for any woman present. Standing beneath the large fireplace and a famous picture of Byron, Charles explains that he is in the process of moving from Newstead back to London and apologises for the mess. The Abbey is to be sold once again, this time to Sir Julien Cahn, who in the future hands the Abbey over to the Nottingham Corporation in 1931.



“Down to brass tacks then gentlemen. Sorry to be blunt, but one has to get moving I’m afraid. I’m leaving for London in the early morning and still have plenty to organize, you know, papers and such like, but I do hope you understand one’s position?” No doubt the investigators do and quickly ask about Lord Byron and his personal belongings, but Charles says he knows little to nothing about him. He inherited the place from his grandfather William Frederick Webb back at the beginning of the century. “I say, how about we call in Tresilian, he might just know a bit more than I, he’s been here donkey’s years. Drink anyone?”

Before being given the opportunity however, Tresilian demurely knocks and enters the room, carrying a disturbingly familiar item. “Sir, my apologies and if you’ll excuse my interruption gentlemen, but I have just received this package from Gwenda, one of the maids. She says that it has just arrived. My apologies once again Sir and if there’s anything I can help you with whilst I’m here?” Setting a small box down on the table, Tresilian waits for Charles’s reply. A **Know** roll identifies this box as identical to the one seen in the Café de Paris restaurant. If they ask Tresilian about Byron’s past or belongings, he says that if the gentlemen wouldn’t mind, he has a few important tasks to oversee in preparation for his master’s departure, which unfortunately cannot be trusted to anyone else, but that he would not mind answering any questions they have prior to their own departure. He leaves the room with a well-versed air of servitude.

With a surprised look, Charles reads aloud the names on the envelope. The investigators quickly realise that the box is in fact addressed to them. Clearly surprised by such a strange coincidence, Charles

hands over the box. Opening it, a fetid stench washes over the room and Charles stares at his guests. Inside the box are the foot and genitals that have been roughly hewn from an unfortunate source - most likely that of David Milton. The blood has dried, sticking the genitals to the box and the foot has started to rot where it was once attached to the ankle. A heavily stained picture, detailing the Great Fire of London, has been strangely placed within the box (it is a vague clue relating to the whereabouts of David's deformed body. This will only become apparent later however). **Sanity** loss is 1/1D3.

Charles is horrified, and rings the servant's bell. Tresilian enters the room at a nominal speed, and only when he sees his master's distress does he move more quickly. He attends immediately to his needs and those of the investigators by fetching brandy. The investigators will have to explain themselves quickly or will have no option but to sever all chances of aid from Charles or Tresilian. Successful **Fast Talk** or **Persuade** rolls allow the investigators time, which prevents them and their macabre package from being thrown out there and then. Explaining either the truth or at least a believable lie (and with another successful **Fast Talk** or **Persuade** roll), the investigators regain Charles's friendliness and he may even go so far as to say, admittedly after a few quarts of brandy, that he is willing to help in any way he can. "If you gentlemen need a place to stay this evening, with this blasted weather outside, then one doesn't mind, how about one last roll of the dice before I leave the old place, eh?"

What Tresilian Knows

Tresilian knows a little of the Byron heritage at Newstead Abbey and can impart any knowledge about the place that the investigators may have missed (he knows that not all of Byron's belongings were destroyed). After Byron's death, he believes that perhaps a few of his personal items were buried with him at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene. A successful **Psychology** roll shows that he is perhaps not telling everything he knows and either a successful **Persuade** or **Fast Talk** roll urges him to explain that there have recently been rumours in the village with regards to the Byron family vault. If asked specifically what these rumours are, he explains that he also is in the dark, just as much as they are, but maybe Reverend Barber knows more about it. If quizzed about the Stone of Concordance, Tresilian asking them to describe it shows them a replica portrait in one of the rooms of Lord Byron (see above). Looking enigmatic, thoughtful, and elusive, Byron captures the viewer's eye like only a great man can. Hanging loosely around his neck is his blue half of the stone. Tresilian knows little or nothing of the Stone and what became of it.

Charles, after pouring another drink, orders Tresilian to bring food and to remove the offending package. He begins a monotonous monologue of his life but soon tires. The alcohol certainly dulls his charm and he quickly falls

asleep in his chair. Tresilian arrives soon after, as if on cue, and offers to show the investigators to their rooms. The house, like the hallways and library, are sparsely decorated but comfortable nonetheless. Despite the darkness outside, the snow can still be seen falling heavily from the windows.

A fateful possibility

During the late evening, or perhaps when they can't sleep, one of the investigators looks out of one of the windows to see a bobbing light weaving between the trees of the garden. A poacher is on hand attempting to steal one of Newstead Abbey's many pheasants but the investigators will surely ask themselves, is someone watching us? Their fears will no doubt be heightened since the arrival of their macabre package. The snow, still falling evenly, is even thicker now and is at least a foot deep in places. Subsequent investigation into the mysterious light is impossible without a successful **Tracking** roll, which, with difficulty, picks up the tracks of the poacher. Shining a light into his face, should they find him, reveals him to be no more than a terrified boy in his teens. The outcome of this little scene is that it draws the investigators to a frozen pond surrounded by hedges, a little under a kilometre away from the Abbey. Completely covered by snow, the pond is unnoticeable except with a **Natural History** roll. Around the pond stand five statues, each on the edge of a well-traversed but covered pathway. A small marble bench sits alone, oppressed and beaten down in this white abyss. A perfect place, should it dawn on the investigators (if they attained the clue about the five statue heads), for the casting of the Ritual of Conjunction. An **Idea** roll may suggest the same anyway.

The following day Charles leaves for London whilst leaving the final preparations of departure to Tresilian, but he allows the investigators to stay on and look around the Abbey. They may use this



Legacies of the Renaissance

opportunity to search for any items that relate in any way to Lord Byron, his past and the Stone of Concordance.

Searching the whole house will take a full day and opening long forgotten wardrobes, climbing disused attics, up-rooting ancient stones and timber, glancing through abandoned chests, perusing an (nearly) empty library, locked cabinets, servants quarters and recalcitrant cupboards, unveils but a single clue and only with a **Luck** roll at that. An old newspaper, dating back to March 13th 1815 (during the final year of his stay at Newstead) contains in one of its margins, a small poetic stanza. Written in an eloquent hand, it reads,

*As I dream, darkness fills my heartbeat,
So without quarrel the light! As I die overcome,
When will the sun disappear so discrete
Behind the darkening cloud, my fears undone?
As I render the memories of my past I am sure,
His fate is undecided. Tied to pestilence, alone
Is the boy I befriended, afraid on the shore
And hidden away, tied to my stone.*

Byron wrote these poetic lines that strangely predict his fate when he was enjoying his happiest years. The stone gave him a glimpse of the future and refers to his final hours before his death, and his generosity of giving the Stone of Concordance to the Greek boy Lukas Chalandritsanos. Unfortunately, it also predicts the boy's incarceration and consequent death in the leprous caves after cowardice overtook him. There is nothing else to be found at Newstead Abbey.

Two Choices

The players ultimately decide the order of events over the next couple of days; but one event (possibly two) is destined to occur whilst they remain here in Nottinghamshire. The family vault of Lord Byron is to be opened and the investigators may cast the Ritual of Conjunction on the frozen pond.

The True Opening of the Byron Vault

It is here in the scenario that the Keeper bends history. Byron's vault was indeed opened when rumours circulated around the town that the body was not there at all. This was however, in 1938. The Reverend T. G. Barber of this scenario did in fact gain permission from the Home Office to open and examine the contents of the vault. Many more people than have been presented in the scenario were present at the opening but this has been modified due to the difficult challenges imposed upon the keeper of controlling between fifty and sixty non-player characters at once. Moving the strange event backwards ten years poses no serious historical problems and who's to say they didn't reopen it again in 1938? Maybe everyone died the first time round?

The most likely event to happen first, should the investigators discover the pond, is the casting of the Ritual of Conjunction. This is simply because of its location, with travel between Hucknall and Newstead being extremely difficult at present. Keepers should alter the scenario as they see fit.

If they're either to dumb or to clever

Should the investigators never discover the clue relating to the five stone heads in the Ritual of Conjunction, thus not seeing the possibilities of the pond, they may decide to conduct the ritual in one of the rooms at Newstead Abbey or, alternatively, somewhere else entirely. If this is the case, then the investigators will become cursed due to the failure of not positioning the stone heads at each point of the pentagram. Should particularly astute investigators discover the clue of the five heads and still resist the possibility of casting the ritual upon the pond, the keeper must engineer a way for the ritual to become disrupted, thus cursing the investigators. It is paramount to the scenario's continuation that they become so; see alternative ways of discovering the ritual below.

The Ritual of Conjunction

Whatever time of day the investigators cast the ritual, it is at least overcast and preferably dark. The heavy clouds loom silently overhead and their white falling offspring cease for the time being. It is as if nature knows that something profound is going to occur. Honman is stationed nearby in hiding and is ready to summon a Flying Polyp to disrupt the ritual, thus cursing the investigators.

Arriving at the pond everything is as before, undisturbed and tranquil, their previous tracks covered. Walking on the pond is safe for now and as before only a successful **Natural History** roll will deduce that they are indeed walking on ice, unless they already know; a good foot of snow covers the surface. Should the total **SIZ** points ever exceed that of 60, the ice will break and anyone failing a **Luck** roll, will slip beneath the surface and suffer 1D4 points of drowning damage per round, until either fished out or dead. **Sanity Loss** for seeing a fellow investigator wide eyed and staring lifelessly through the ice is 0/1D3. Only a **DEX x3** roll by the rescuing investigator can pull a drowning investigator free. Should an investigator survive the water he must succeed a **CON x3** roll or contract Pneumonia. Should this occur, only bed rest for 1D4+3 days will allow the investigator to survive. Following this, a **CON x5** roll must succeed everyday or the day's convalescence is wasted, requiring another to become fully fit. Should three days ever be consecutively failed, the investigator dies.

The five statues surrounding the pond are similar in design and are relatively new, all being made within the last century. All detail famous Greek intellectuals: Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Sophocles and a rotund Epicurus. There are small bronze plaques on each statue's base identifying the individual. The faces are aligned, their gazes criss-crossing to form an invisible pentacle. An **Occult** roll notes this and the investigators may wonder if the statues had been positioned this way for another purpose.

Beginning the ritual requires the Stone of Concordance to be placed roughly at the centre of the pentacle. Uttering the ritual's strange syllables, the investigators' hair begins to stand on end, unseen electricity building up in the air around them. After roughly ten minutes, the heavens once again open and heavy snow begins to fall. Towards the end of the ritual, faintly luminescent lines begin to shine between the eyes of the statues, creating the previously imagined pentacle. A transcendent and beautiful male form appears above the Stone and begins to fluctuate in and out of reality. Slowly and deliberately it speaks; the investigators hear the words only in their minds (as does Honman). Ethereal in voice and presence, the Angel warns them of impending danger; another force is at work here. The lights between the eyes of the statues shimmer at their brightest now, and the investigators are given the opportunity to ask any three questions they desire (As with confronting the Leprous One near the end of the scenario, investigators must succeed a **POW x3** or become enraptured, allowing no movement or actions towards the Angel for 1D4 rounds). The keeper is urged to remain elusive, answering questions with questions and giving vague answers wherever possible (should any investigator choose to ask the Angel its name, he replies simply, Raphael. Any later researches uncover that the Angel Raphael is mentioned several times in the book of Tobit in the Apocrypha, meaning "new things").

It is now that Honman decides to strike. Suddenly, a mass of freezing air blasts over the pond and through the circle of statues; any light sources the investigators are holding either blow out or explode (due to the magical presence of the summon/bind spell). A **DEX x5** roll is needed for investigators to stay on their feet, otherwise they are sent sprawling onto the ice. The ritual ends in catastrophe. As the Angel disappears, leathery flapping sounds are heard, accompanied by a cacophony of broken guttural cries and a high-pitched monotonous whistling, all seeming to emanate from everywhere. **Sanity Loss** is 1/1D8, as something unseen is silhouetted grotesque and shapeless against the white of the falling snow. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll identifies their attacker as a Flying Polyp. Failing a **Luck** roll, a nauseous dripping tentacle catches an investigator across his/her chest, causing 1D10 points of damage. As the screams of the Polyp move away into the blizzard (Honman dismisses the creature almost immediately), the statue of Socrates is knocked over, breaking the line of contact between the statues (thus ruining the ritual and cursing the investigators) and also the surface of the ice. Either a **Luck** roll or **DEX x4** is needed (whichever is lower) to avoid slipping beneath the surface. A halved **Spot Hidden** roll allows any investigator currently not in peril, to see a figure through the blizzard staring at them, then quickly turn and leave. Recognition is nearly impossible and only an **INT x1** will reveal it to be their travelling companion from London. A **Listen** roll catches traces of hollow laughter fading in the distance. There is no chance to follow Honman as the weather is very much against them and no



Legacies of the Renaissance

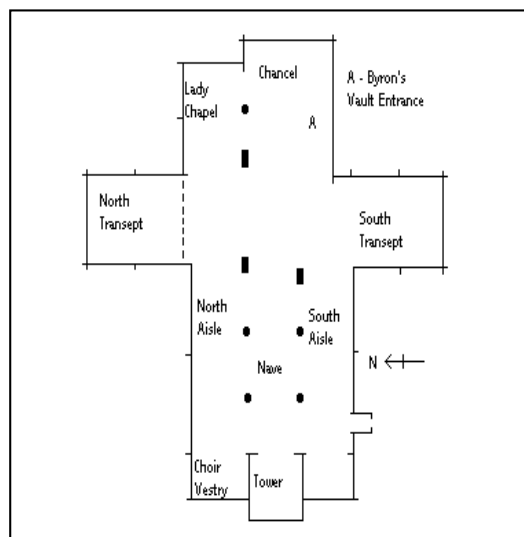
tracks are left whatsoever. They will probably want to return to the Abbey as quickly as possible to attend to wounds or the dead, and to be free of this nightmare. The curse takes twenty-four hours to take effect and will begin on their return journey to London.

The Opening of the Byron Family Vault

The Reverend Gerard Barber, keen to squash rumours circulating that Lord Byron's body does not in fact rest at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, has sought and been consequently granted permission to open the family vault, from the Home Office. Two officials, Dr. Ryan Maynard and Lord Gordon Sedgwick have been entrusted with carrying out the job with minimum of fuss and maximum of secrecy. They arrived at Hucknall Torkard on the same train as the investigators and may have made some initial impression on their fellow travellers (after arriving they made their way directly to a pre-booked hotel thus avoiding the investigators when they visited the church). Sedgwick is an aging British Empiricist who has serious doubts about such sacrilegious undertakings and views the whole affair as a "waste of time". A devout Protestant, he argues on many occasions with Dr. Maynard. Maybe the investigators overhear them and are aroused by their topic of conversation?

However the investigators learn of the mysterious events surrounding the vault, through either Tresilian or Dr. Maynard and Lord Sedgwick, is unimportant. Whichever night the actual opening of the vault occurs, it is paramount that the investigators are present. During what stage of the opening they arrive though is at the keeper's discretion.

The events at the church start in the late evening; it is still snowing lightly and picturesque icicles hang dangerously from the roof edges. Any investigators hiding in the vicinity and watching the entrance of the church (the market place is deserted but has enough cover to use) see the two men from the train being ushered quickly in by Reverend Barber. Four other people, all in black, enter soon after. All are prominent political figures from the area and have been sworn to secrecy. Investigators will be forgiven if they believe a macabre ritual is about to commence. What vile god do these village heathens worship? Let the investigators worry and do nothing to soothe their fears.



Getting into the church will prove to be the biggest problem and the investigators must devise a plausible way to do so. After everyone has entered, all of the doors are locked. Possible ways into the building include, scaling the church tower (just over seventy feet) with two successful **Climb** rolls. Checks are made at 30 and 60 feet, and should either fail, 1D6 points of damage are taken per ten feet fallen. A safer way however, can be found after a quick search of the church and its grounds with a halved **Luck** or **Spot Hidden** roll. A broken window (plain, not stain glassed) is hidden by a large pillar in the Choir Vestry, as part of a dare by a group of recalcitrant youths, has been covered by a single wooden board until more suitable repairs

Legacies of the Renaissance

can be conducted. A successful **Sneak** or **DEX x4** roll is needed to quietly move the board and climb through. Either way, the investigators enter the church at the opposite end from the Chancel, thus providing them with cover and giving them the perfect position to view the unfolding events.

After a few minutes of consultation, all seven men kneel on the floor in prayer, asking Almighty God to forgive them for trespassing upon the deceased Lord Byron in this, his house of worship. Lasting only a few minutes, each man is blessed by Reverend Barber. Investigators may miss this whilst trying to get in and should they interrupt, the following events occur regardless.

Reverend Barber and Dr. Maynard stand and approach the Altar. To their right are the two iron rings attached to the stone slab seen earlier by the investigators. After a struggle, they soon heave it open and lean it delicately against the Chancel wall. A strong sepulchral stench fills the church, and most of the men utter grievances at the smell but continue to look on with anticipation. The Reverend Barber, Dr. Maynard and Lord Sedgwick proceed to disappear down the stone steps, where they remain for some five minutes. After they re-emerge, they converse quietly amongst themselves and the four other men go down. The stillness and tranquillity of the church may seem unsettling to the waiting investigators and only when the four men re-emerge do things begin to move forward. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll, by one of the investigators, notices that one of the four men, turning away from the others, quickly slips something from his hand into his pocket.

After a proclamation of satisfaction (Byron it seems, does indeed reside within the vault), Reverend Gerard Barber seems to signal the end of the affair, when suddenly the church and its very foundations begin to shake. A crescendo of bells toll a cacophony of terror, candles are quickly snuffed out and many of the precious stained glass windows (all on the south side) shatter, spraying deadly shards everywhere. Anyone one failing a **Luck** roll is injured for 1D3 points of damage; any fumbles indicate a more serious injury, with 2D4+1 damage suffered instead.

Should anyone be brave enough to look outside, a huge twisting formless shadow is seen silhouetted against the falling snow (**Sanity** loss 1/1D8) and wailing guttural voices and a high pitched whistling echoes within the church. Honman has summoned a Flying Polyp to terrorise the investigators (maybe for a second time), as his frustrations get the better of him. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll identifies the creature as a Flying Polyp. It has been bound to use its Wind Blast Attack against the church and will do so once more. The investigators have one round to act. Ask them for their exact locations within the church. Anyone caught within ten feet of the southern windows suffers 3D6 points of damage as the wind blasts through once again. Anyone caught in the blast radius has their skin dehydrated, scorched and flayed from their bones. As they flake away into nothing, any witnesses roll or lose 1/1D6 **Sanity** points. The thief and Lord Sedgwick are unfortunately caught in the blast and die instantly; all others are severely injured, except Reverend Barber who despite being left unconscious is left miraculously unscathed. Honman dismisses the Polyp and once again flees. A **Listen** roll hears traces of hollow laughter fading in the distance. As the stunned investigators stumble through the debris of the church, they may search the Byron vault, flee the scene or administer first aid to the injured Dr. Maynard and others.

Searching the dead thief uncovers six small pearls (later discovered to have been taken from Byron's coffin's coronet). Helping the injured flee the building, to the quickly growing crowd outside, brings few cheers of gratitude. Helping Reverend Barber gives them the best chance of searching the vault. Quickly regaining his senses, he attempts to pacify the crowd giving them their opportunity. If however, they go down of their own accord, there is a 50% chance that they are caught red-handed by locals braving the confusion and looking for the injured. They are hauled from the vault to await criminal charges (probably being found in possession of the pearls from the coronet). Remember, this whole affair was a closely guarded secret and the locals will not take kindly to the iconic hero being crudely pillaged.

Approaching the vault, all the noise and activity of the past few moments seems to disappear into the background, becoming nothing more than a muffled sound. A new calm washes over them as they descend the eleven steps into a small rectangular chamber. Coffins are placed upon one another, the three top ones being those of Byron, his daughter Ada, and the third of Lady Frances Byron, the second wife of William, the fourth Lord of Newstead. A small leaden coffin (perhaps a child's) lies parallel with the bottom step. Atop this is a small chest, and next to that an urn, belonging to the late Lord Noel Byron.

Byron's coffin, furthest left, is made of solid oak and is in a very good state of preservation. Originally covered with purple velvet, only fragments remain beneath the brass-headed nails. The sides of the coffin are beautifully decorated with funerary ornaments. On top of the coffin near the head, is a coronet. It



Legacies of the Renaissance

had consisted of a rim with six pearls set directly into it, with the cap of the crimson velvet lined with ermine, which was surmounted by a gold tassel. All of the pearls are now missing. Upon closer inspection of the coffin, the now open outer case is seen to house another wooden coffin – the lid of which has never been fastened. Raised, the embalmed body of Byron is in as perfect condition as it was when placed in the coffin one hundred and four years ago. His features and hair are easily recognisable from his many portraits. His feet and ankles are uncovered, and it is possible with a successful **Biology** roll to establish that he suffered from lameness in his right foot. There is nothing other than Byron himself in the coffin. A quick search of the vault uncovers nothing, unless specifically looking in the chest. There are two clues to be found, and the first is a flowing script, found amongst trivial papers, receipts of purchases, household affairs etc, with a **Spot Hidden** roll. The hand is conspicuously Byron's, and can be recognised as such by anyone who has seen an original document written by Byron – Reverend Barber or Dr. Maynard can confirm this if necessary (should the investigators choose to show them their finding). Torn from the pages of a journal it is dated July 18th, 1822 several days before Shelley's death. In faded brown ink, the following reads:

"I am still recovering from last night's excesses. P [ercy] and I spent the afternoon riding out into the woods on the outskirts of Pisa. I appear to have lost my muse for the moment. I believe I am still distraught at the death of A [llegra] and how her damnable mother C [laire Claremont] is continually damaging my reputation for her own ends. In an attempt to relax myself, M [ary], P and T [eresia] spent last night smoking the poppy, and for a time were happy, weeping with laughter over the simplest things.

"A curious thing I did last night, I am really not sure why; I took the stone that I always wear about my neck – a legacy from my uncle – and I separated it in two. Breaking the delicate silver casing, I was surprised to see that inside the metal lace globe was not one stone but two, each one interlinking, which together made a sphere, linked together by a silver plate. One half of the stone appeared a dull blue, while the other half is a much deeper red with a brighter more attractive quality. I have often fancied that the stone seems to pulse like some great heart when light shines on it, because of these streaks and the quality of the craftsmanship. I almost felt that when I separated the stone I was killing something in some strange, abstract way. Romantic (or febrile?) nonsense though, I am sure. Regardless, I gave the red half to Percy and kept the blue half for myself, so that we shall ever be two halves of the same precious jewel for humanity – that of poetry. He appeared to appreciate the gesture. Unfortunately, I seem to have mislaid the silver casing (I really must stop smoking the hop so much)."

Written besides this text in a different kind of ink (one which has proven more resistant to fading over the years) are the words: *"This may have been my greatest folly – if I can escape from this war I must amend this great mistake before all is lost. Percy..."* The silver casing, after separating the two pieces, slowly faded away, leaving the stone's two halves more susceptible to fate's vicissitudes. Byron was to suffer a particularly painful end; being bled for days before his death, to stem his fever, losing copious amounts of blood. Shelley, in contrast, died in a tragic boating accident along with Edward Williams, a young officer from the British colony of India, and not even the positive magics of his half of the Stone could protect him from the terrible gale.

The only other piece of information is written in **Greek** and is found with a **Spot Hidden** roll. It is a note returned after Byron's death, urging the young Lukas Chalandritsanos, of Byron's dying affections, to make his way to a refuge in Crete and Spinalonga.

April 11th 1824

Dear Lukas,

Please forgive my inept attempts at flattery; I owe you more than I will perhaps ever say. As a man lies dying, he should perhaps be more grateful for the love he has received and the friendships he has bore, but then again, Greed was always a weakness of mine... It is with a heavy heart that I write these words... dear Lukas I implore you to flee! I know of a refuge on a small island near Crete where I, should you choose to leave, have organised for you to go. You will be safe there and will serve your mother and sister better for being alive... my final gift to you is my stone; it will bring me comfort knowing that you have it... Should you

Legacies of the Renaissance

survive the war, and God willing you shall, sell it and make good your own life... It is my final deed of friendship in this world before I am welcomed into the gates of St. Peter... you will go with me Lukas, in my heart, you will.

With love,

Lord George Gordon Byron

Research, after the investigators return to London, into the “refuge” adjacent to Crete that Byron speaks of, is found with a successful **Library Use** roll, and is discovered to be a small island called Spinalonga. It was set up by the Greeks in 1824, to house many a man incapable of fighting – however, it quickly failed as many of the refugees stationed there died at the hands of the Turks, who quickly took the island for themselves. Should the investigators be confused by the word leprosy in their visions (see below), they may be pleased to know that the small island of Spinalonga was transformed from a Turkish outpost into a Leper Colony in 1904.

A burning question

Though the investigators might well wonder who is conducting the attacks on them, there is no way for them to know and is for now, something to be fearful of. You as the keeper should not do anything to soothe their fears - allow them to believe that another attack may be waiting around the corner.

Leaving Nottinghamshire

The only thing left for the investigators to do is to make sure that they are not responsible for any deaths or damages caused in either Hucknall Torkard or Newstead Abbey. If nothing can link them to any criminal charges, the locals are happy enough to see them leave. If the visit went smoother than this, then the investigators with either a **Fast Talk**, **Credit Rating** or **Persuade** roll may learn that a man fitting Honman’s description was seen within the village in the last few days. He hasn’t been seen since yesterday morning (the day after the opening of the vault) and has fled (on a stolen horse) to catch a train back to London from Nottingham. They will not catch him, but even he has been delayed and will be onboard the return train with the investigators.

If the investigators helped any of the injured during the church disaster then Reverend Gerard Barber blesses them, gives his thanks and sees them off. He has kindly arranged a quiet young friend with a large cattle truck to take them to Nottingham (all trains from Hucknall have been cancelled); not the comfiest of transports but surely they do not have the heart to turn it down? They arrive at the large train station only to be told by the porter that they will have to wait a couple of hours. The LNER line to London is being cleared and the stationmaster will alert the ever-growing crowd when any news breaks through. With a couple of hours to kill they will probably want to rest and recuperate. A small newsstand sits outside the station’s bustling smoky café.

As the investigators take a seat, a small plump woman with her hair tied loosely in a bunch approaches the table. She hands them a coffee-stained menu and takes their orders. The investigators will no doubt talk about possible “next moves” when suddenly cries of murder are heard. From outside the young news seller is shouting and causing a stir. Two bodies have been discovered mutilated in Edinburgh, Scotland. Buying a newspaper, cost 10d, they see for themselves what the “stir” is about. Found on page two of the Times is the following article:

The Times

One month ago two parishioners, visiting St. Cuthbert's Parish Church Edinburgh, were concerned to find that the local Reverend Timothy McCarran was missing. For over a month his disappearance, and that of Reverend Kenneth Tavistock, has baffled local police. They were both last seen the night before the visit of the two parishioners to leave "The Vaults", a small quiet drinking establishment, where they had enjoyed an evening of conversation. That is until yesterday. Both men were found by Reverend Thomas McMillan to be murdered in the church's cellar. Placed haphazardly behind a few small stacks of old furniture, were the mutilated bodies. Police refused to comment on the nature of the injuries, but a local source claims that "whoever done it, cut the skins right from their eyes." A spokesman for the Church denies the accusations and has refused to comment further.

The article details the two dead Priests, whom were murdered prior to the beginning of the scenario. There are no clues to be found in Edinburgh, and should the investigators attempt to get there, the porter or the stationmaster apologetically explains that the line between Nottingham and the North has been more severely affected by the snow than that of the South. It will be days before the line is clear again. Also with them having to return to London for the funeral, there is no time. Investigators will no doubt put two and two together and relate the death of Wilfred Forbes to that of the priests, and this should be used to unsettle them. Their unseen foe's hand reaches far.

Finding out any further information about the two dead priests will be difficult and only by having friends within either the British Government, who are willing to contact the local Scottish police, will they discover more. At the keeper's discretion, any telegrams sent have a small chance of uncovering useful information. Honman murdered the two priests, much to the disgust of Samuel and Bronislav, and mutilated them in a similar fashion to that of Wilfred Forbes. The only piece of information not included in the paper was that the church had also been robbed. A few religious items that were dear to both Reverend McCarran and the church were taken. Only with a **Luck** roll does the investigator's informant discover that the items stolen were an ornamental golden cross of the crucifixion and a 4th century Codex Palatinus Bible, a priceless artefact.

[**Keepers note:** Should the investigators not be cursed at this time, then the following scene may be run at anytime later on in the scenario.] After an hour of enjoying relaxation and recuperation, things begin to move in the train station. A muffled tannoy rings out across the platform and the porter hurriedly moves from one passenger to the next, explaining that the train will be ready to leave in roughly twenty minutes time. Gathering up their belongings, the investigators feel a little queasy and begin to have strange feelings; everything here is not how they remember it. The curse of the Stone of Concordance and its debilitating effects begin as they exit the bustling café and plunge out onto the platform in silence and darkness. It is only a few seconds since they have exited, but the light and warmth of the café are gone - all other passengers, sounds and semblance of life have disappeared. They are completely alone. Shades of dark blue black is everywhere; walls reflect the wan light of the waxing (or is it waning?) moon, crumbling buildings with broken glass stand desolately where proud ones stood before (is this the past? Surely this is the future?), the slow moving sky (is the Earth rotating in an anti-clockwise direction?) all reds and dark hues, creaks as the Earth's axis threatens to break. Mysterious smog creeps up over the walls, its dreary shuffling gait and almost humanoid form wandering ceaselessly, randomly, both towards and away from this horrible scene's captives. The investigators are awake, stranded in a region between life and death and space and time, a parallel world with our own which is hauntingly familiar but uniformly different. Is this what the gods have planned for us should we fail or disappoint them? **Sanity** loss for these paradoxical feelings is 0/1D2.

Searching the platform uncovers nothing; a few newspapers blow gently along the platform and, if read, are found to contain recent stories, but a few of the more salient facts have been altered. There are no dates or names (people and places) on any of the pages. Only if the investigators venture upstairs, does this short but harrowing scene begin to move forward. As they move upwards, toward the enclosed bridge that connects the two main platforms, do they hear the faint sound of wheezing - the sound of someone struggling to breathe. As they reach the top, looking down the arched passageway, a dark skinned young man can be seen moving alongside the wall. He is struggling to stand and his hands grip the railing tightly as his legs look

Legacies of the Renaissance

likely to buckle at any time; his face is contorted in agony. A successful **History** roll denotes that the strange uniform he wears is of Greek design and dates back to the early nineteenth century. Carrying a small leather *sabretache* (a small satchel), he is wearing a tasselled cap and shoes, white stockings and a *fustanella* (a shirtwaist with pleated skirt of white fustian). As they watch, the figure collapses onto the floor muttering expletives and dies. As they approach him, his body contorts even in death, and his body begins to crumble. Parts fall away and the ageing effects of leprosy are seen in an instant. **Sanity** loss is 0/1D2. Finally, as the investigators check the still remaining clothing for clues, the smog from beneath the bridge seeps through the walls and the floor to finally assume a humanoid shape; evil and angelic, it quickly engulfs them. The Stone's inner evil has been glimpsed, although they will not realize this until later. As they panic, the smog quickly clears and the investigators find themselves stood on the platform being beckoned by the porter to board the train. "Please sir, we are already behind schedule." This is the first vision of the stone and depicts the figure, representative of Lukas Chalandritsanos, who was given the negative half of the Stone of Concordance from Byron (although Lukas Chalandritsanos did not die of leprosy, Byron's half of the stone has produced a somewhat twisted vision; combining the dying lepers and Lukas into one). They may link this with the short stanza Byron wrote, foretelling the Lukas's death or a successful **Know** roll can also reveal this. They may also place the vision, rightfully so, at the door of Byron's letter to Lukas from his deathbed. Boarding the train, the investigators sit themselves in a comfortable cabin and perhaps finally enjoy an uninterrupted return journey to London?

It is entirely at the keeper's discretion as to whether the investigators have any kind of confrontation with Honman, who is also aboard the train, or not. Possible events may include an onboard chase where, if realizing that the odds are stacked against him he, like Samuel Gerhardt, attempts to flee - even up to the point of throwing himself from the train to evade capture. Of course, the investigators may not know that Honman is responsible for the attacks, so may in fact present himself coincidentally with one excuse or another. Either way he attempts, if possible, to stay out of sight for as long as possible. Maybe the investigators spot something familiar - a laugh perhaps? If he survives Honman will reappear in the penultimate scene of the scenario, attempting for a final time to thwart the investigators.

An Unhappy Return to the Capital

Arriving once again at a snowy Kings Cross, the station is as busy as when they left a few days previous. Quickly hailing a taxi, the investigators will probably want to go and see Valerie and William at the home of the friendly politician, Sir Benjamin Holdsworth. Arriving in the affluent Strand area of London, the investigators are greeted by a stuffy looking police officer. Invited into a decorative and spacious living room, a lachrymal Valerie looks nervous and afraid and the bags beneath her eyes are testament to the fact that she hasn't slept for days. William too, looks tired and distracted. They explain that Sir Benjamin is away working and that the police officer outside has been stationed there for her safety. Delicately asking why she and William are so distraught, she stares wide-eyed attempting to find the words. Motioning for silence, she points to a small item atop a nearby table; atop it sits another all too familiar cake box. Handing it over to the investigators, Valerie bursts into tears. Opening the lid, a similarly awful stench, like that experienced at Newstead Abbey quickly fills the room; found within are two severed hands and a short note. It merely states: "*Find the flames of Christopher Wren and you shall find David Milton.*" A **Know** roll will recognise this as the monument created by Christopher Wren in honour of those who died in the Great Fire of London in 1666. Valerie has so far refused to inform the police of the horrific package due to her ongoing fear of corruption. (Should the investigators ever choose to look into the manufacturer of the cake boxes, then they will be found to be mass produced, and thus untraceable.)



Jumping into a taxi, or having William drive, the investigators travel east and arrive at London Bridge in just over twenty minutes. The monument is located near the Syndicate bank between Monument Street and Fish Street Hill, and the large Doric column stands at an impressive 202 feet - the exact distance



Legacies of the Renaissance

from the baker's house where the fire tragically began. It has an impressive base with decorative motifs in Latin that divulge the tragic history of the fire. Beneath a vast plaque on the eastern side sits a plain wooden door with a set of iron railings; approaching investigators see that it is slightly ajar.

With a struggle the door can be forced, slowly creaking open to reveal a set of stone steps winding upwards. Climbing the steps (there are 311 in all), investigators need to be careful, as a slip could prove fatal; there are no handholds to grab onto. Reaching the top, another small door leads out onto a railed balcony area (to stop people committing suicide). Stepping out onto the narrow slippery walkway, the cold night air hits the investigators. Beneath them are the vast streets of the former Empire, and many beautiful buildings of varying styles. They can see out over all of London and both Tower Bridge and the Houses of Parliament can be gazed in the hazy night.

Rounding the golden flames and in rags upon the floor, is the bleeding and soaked, cold and deformed body of David – clearly in severe mental and physical anguish. Both hands and his right foot have been severed, his nose and eyes have been removed, and his once beautiful blonde hair has been ripped forcefully from his scalp. His genitals and tongue have also been removed but cannot be seen. **Sanity** loss for this horrific scene is 2/1D6+1. Small packets of half eaten food and a bowl of muddy looking water seems to be what has kept him alive, and his sadistic captors have roughly sewn and bandaged his injuries. If Valerie has come with them, she screams and faints. William turns and vomits down the side of the monument and collapses palely to the floor. The body of David begins to shake and a successful **Psychology** roll denotes an un-incomprehensible sense of fear gripping him. What have his captors come to do to him now? Remember he can't see nor speak. **Sanity** loss for this new and heartbreaking of insight is 1/1D3. A small note has been slipped into his coat pocket.

“My dearest friends, I honestly believe that it would be within your best interests to give up what you are attempting to do. Think how you would feel should a similar fate to that of David befall Miss Valerie Forbes?”

“You do, I feel, have a dilemma now, do you not? How do you deal with our dear friend David? If it was I, I should think it best for you to put him out of his misery, but then again, I quite enjoyed seeing him this way. Anyway, you've come this far, so I no doubt feel that you will no doubt carry on regardless of my words of advice. So I expect we shall meet soon.”

What the investigators choose to do with the disfigured David is a choice no one should ever have to make, but they must realise that in no way will he ever enjoy a happy existence again. He has become irrevocably insane, due to his torture and an inability to communicate in any way.

More effects of the stone

Investigators should be chosen at random, and the keeper should use the following scenes as visions, daydreams or hallucinations. These scenes are an important way for the investigators to make the connection between the Stone of Concordance and the Leper colony on the Island of Spinalonga.

- An investigator suddenly becomes terrified during a random conversation; the face of his companion begins to droop slowly under the left eye and then parts of his face slip and fall into pieces on the floor. Their subconscious hears the real conversation, but their mind sees the horror. **Sanity** loss 0/1D2.
- Looking out of a window, an investigator sees the passing caucasian crowds slowly tan. Their clothes fall away into rags and they stoop and struggle from the growing blisters and sores upon their bodies. The voices of the diseased mass can be heard, and a **Know** roll identifies it as Greek. **Sanity** loss is 0/1.
- An investigator begins to sweat heavily despite the cold. He has no option but to remove his outer garments until wearing nothing more than a thin shirt. Between blinking, he sees flashes of rocks, palm trees and small dusty square buildings. Closing his eyes to focus makes the visions disappear. There is no **Sanity** loss for this vision.
- An investigator when either looking into a mirror or handling anything, sees thick pustules and sores appear on their hands and face. **Sanity** loss is 0/1D2.

Legacies of the Renaissance

- Whilst walking across a room, a street, a garden etc., an investigator sees himself nearly slip into a small crevice, between crumbling gravestones. The floor has become dusty and strewn with stones and rubble. The vision only lasts for a few seconds before fading. Should the investigator remember any of the names upon the gravestones they can be recognised as both Turkish and Italian.
- The investigators become plagued by words heard repetitively, subconsciously. At times they can hear nothing else and communication becomes impossible. Words later remembered and translated include, Crete (Krlit – *Κρήτη*), Island (Ailand - *νησί*) and Leper Colony (LEper - *λεπρός, χανσενικός*).

Should the investigators fail to make the link between the Stone of Concordance and the islands of the lepers, allow them an **Idea** roll to do so.

The Funeral

The funeral of Wilfred Forbes will take place a couple of days after the investigators return to London. It will serve as an introduction between them and their adversary, Lawrence Chantry, who appraises the investigators who have learnt so much at his time and expense.

Held ironically at the Abney Park Cemetery where the investigators first gathered their clues, the cemetery is beautiful and elegant at this time of year. Huge birch and oak trees overhang the tombs and headstones, keeping a watchful eye upon its ever-growing populace.

Greeted by many mourners, Valerie recognises people from years gone by, old friends of both her and her father, local government officials and politicians; even an old teacher of hers. It seems that Wilfred was indeed highly loved and respected. Describe to the investigators the masses; small, large, poor, elegant, some seem to see this more as a social event than a funeral, a myriad of different personalities dressed in black, all expressing the same sentiments, repetitively, relentlessly. It's as if the dead are amongst them, zombies following the same routines, all vying for Valerie's attention. It maybe come apparent that should anyone wish to do her harm, then this would be the ideal place, amongst the throng of well wishers. Investigators may realise this with a successful **Idea** roll.

The funeral itself is as expected, a sombre and quiet affair. The pale sunlight shines for a final time on the life of Wilfred Forbes, and Reverend Gerald Warren gives a moving Protestant service. William remains close to Valerie throughout the service at her insistence (if not, she asks the investigator with the highest **APP**, to be chivalrous and accompany her). Clutching William's arm tightly, she is fighting off her emotions well. It is clear for all to see though, that she is putting on a brave face.

After the funerals conclusion, everyone is invited to the home of Benjamin Holdsworth for the wake, and no expense has been spared, for which Valerie is truly grateful. The keeper will now need to use the wake as a means to an end - to unsettle the investigators. Use any remaining visions for the investigators and create more if needed as the London section is coming to a close; it is important that they understand where it is next that they need to go.

Valerie is constantly being drawn aside and now it is amongst this confusion of solace that Lawrence decides to strike. Wheeled over by a young male nurse, the aging aristocrat is a pitying sight. His face is blotchy in patches and he has lost most of his hair - his hands twitch uncontrollably. He sits at an awkward angle, which he attributes to chronic back pain and explains if asked, that he is dying of blood cancer (Leukaemia). He is truly sorry to have outlived such a youthful and likeable fellow such as Wilfred Forbes and Valerie greets Lawrence with slight surprise (she believed him to be long dead and has not seen him for nearly five years, since his retirement from office). Successful **Spot Hidden** and **Psychology** rolls also note that a man stood near by looks amazed by this new interlopers presence. Never one to be rude though, Valerie sits down next to Lawrence and gives an old dying man her time.

Suddenly Sir Lawrence's plan begins. Steven Johnson, a young and scruffy looking reporter bounds into the room loudly exclaiming the farcical cover-up over Wilfred's death. Rudely barging past guests and mourners, he walks directly to Valerie and begins asking invasive and obtrusive questions. How do you feel about the police cover up? Who are these "private investigators" that have been hired to find her fathers murderer? What of the missing police officer? Etc. Lawrence becomes angry and attempts climb from his chair; wildly swinging his walking stick. He asks for the investigators to remove this man, surely they

Legacies of the Renaissance

acquiesce. A silence hangs awkwardly over the room and Steven doesn't go without a fight. The investigators will have to physically remove him from the premises. Lawrence, taking decisive action, orders his nurse to wheel him away. He is taken into an empty room, along with Valerie and William, and locks the door. (Alternatively the keeper may decide that an investigator maybe better suited to take the role of chaperone.)

Outside, Steven argues relentlessly, yelling personal rights, and the right to the freedom of speech. After five minutes allow the investigators a **Listen** roll to notice certain discrepancies in his story - the keeper should invent exactly what. Threatened with violence Steven explains that it was all a joke, a hoax, call it what you will and that he was paid to be a nuisance. He doesn't know who hired him, having never met anyone; he received a letter containing the questions he asked (he can show this to the investigator, but it is typed and unhelpful) and was instructed to call a local telephone number (he cannot remember the number, but later investigation will show it to be disconnected) for further information, which he did. How is a young reporter supposed to make ends meat? It will probably irk the investigators to see that not once does Steven show remorse for his disruptive actions and any investigator administering physical retribution, receives a modest cheer from the gathering onlookers. With nothing else to add, the investigators will no doubt in a panic, dash back to the small side room where Lawrence and the others had retired too.

The thick oak door is locked and shouting to those within brings about no response. Two investigators may attempt to combine their strengths on the resistance roll table against **STR 20** to break down the door. As the door clatters to the ground, the investigators are horrified at the sight. Lawrence has been pulled out of his chair and thrown, like a rag doll, across the room onto the floor. William has been left unconscious (see below) and Lawrence's nurse has been murdered, his throat slit. Blood lies in dark pool in the centre of the room. Valerie is nowhere to be seen and the French doors leading out onto the lawn are open. There are a few different sets of footprints found within the gardens flowerbeds; a **Tracking** roll notes that one of the kidnappers had a limp. The tracks soon fade and are not traceable.

What really happened?

Sir Lawrence hired Steven Johnson merely as a distraction, someone to cause confusion, giving him time to slip into the empty room, where Bronislav and Honman lie in wait. Quickly knocking out William (or the investigator) with a dose of chloroform and grabbing Valerie, the nurse fatally jumped to her aid. The last thing William saw was the nurse being grappled before having his throat slit. After all other witnesses were incapacitated; Lawrence was also "attacked", with chloroform, to add to the theatre.

To resist the effects of the Chloroform, a roll against POT 25 should be made on the resistance roll table. If failed the investigator is knocked unconscious for 2d6+2 rounds, and feels the effects of sickness and light-headed-ness for roughly an hour after waking.

As William comes too, he is surrounded by a multitude of different people and a man with thick blonde hair and moustache is stood directly over him. Wearing a finely tailored black jacket, the man removes it and places it beneath his head. Introducing himself as Dr. Simon Reynolds, he explains that they may feel queasy and sick for the next hour or so due to the use of chloroform on him (a small rag is "coincidentally" found beneath the sofa, confirming Dr. Reynolds's theory). Lawrence is awake and leant precariously up against a bookshelf; he looks aged and ragged and his breathing is heavy. He too is a little queasy and there is a small stain on the carpet to his left where he has been sick. A single blooded sheet covers the dead nurse. Everyone stares at William waiting for answers.

After William explains what he knows, Lawrence joins in. Feeling well enough, he carries on from where the narrative left off.

"They got our good friend here and Valerie first. Steven gallantly tried to defend her but was caught in a short struggle before...before... I tried to move toward the door but they got me and put something over my mouth, that's all I can remember. Only now do I wish that I could have done something, anything! What a fool I feel, Valerie is gone, Steven is dead, and I did nothing!"

Legacies of the Renaissance

As the investigators leave the room, a successful **Listen** roll over hears Dr. Reynolds giving Lawrence the once over. He surprisingly mentions Lawrence's strength of constitution; and even goes as far as saying, "I thought you'd have left us years ago after the cancer scare Lawrence. Obviously, you've the will of a hundred men..." This shouldn't mean anything to the investigators and the keeper shouldn't draw more attention to it than necessary; this is just their first glimpse into Lawrence's evil plan (should the investigators feel the need to research Sir Lawrence Chantry at this point of the scenario, allow them to learn snippets of information from his background, as to satisfy their curiosity – but they should find nothing suspicious at this point in the scenario).

What now?

As the funeral guests filter away, police have been and taken statements, the investigators may feel that all is lost. The only positive left is that they still have possession of the Stone of Concordance. Allow them time to research any hunches that they have, **Idea** and **Know** rolls helping them piece together any loose ends. They will now know that they need to travel to the small leper colony on the island of Spinalonga, just off the east coast of Crete.

As the investigators take steps towards organising their trip to Greece, they receive a short note back at their rooms in the handwriting that they have come to dread over the past few weeks. Its content is of the most disturbing nature, and the investigators will realise the importance of finding the other half of the stone.

"Dear friends,

It seems that I am always one step ahead of you, and that you have neither the ability nor the capacity to save those closest to you. I will however throw you a lifeline. I have in my most esteemed company, our good friend Valerie Forbes. She will, and I state in no uncertain terms, be murdered by my own hand should you fail to bring me both halves of the stone within a month. I will contact you once again when I feel that you have completed what I ask of you. For now think of nothing but your goal, and remember it is not only your life with which you now bargain."

Goodbye fair London

[**Note:** keepers may wish to gloss over the journey between Paris and Venice if they have run or plan to run the Chaosium campaign "Horror on the Orient Express". In this instance, the journey will be completely uneventful and arrive ready for research in Venice itself.]

The most obvious way to travel such long distances in the early 1920's was by either, steamship or the preferred choice of the upper classes, the train. Many different railway companies offer the option of a train service between England and Greece, but none more luxurious (or speedy) than the Orient Express. However, the journey, which the investigators will take, will be a combination of the two and finding this particular route is fairly simple as any local travel agent will be able to point it out. The investigators will travel aboard the Orient Express from Paris (firstly, they will catch a train from London to Dover, before boarding a small passenger ferry and another connecting train to Paris) as far as Venice, where they will board the steamship, *Il Brezza Marina* (The Sea Breeze), which will take them directly to Iraklion, the capital of Crete. A short journey of a couple of hours then leads the investigators to the small port town of Elounda.

Pulling out of Paris's Gare de Lyon at around seven the following evening, the beautifully crafted engine of the Simplon-Orient Express and its trailing cars slowly move away. Sophistication and elegance are bywords of the famous steam train and the investigators are soon out of the Parisian suburbs and charging through the rural countryside of France. They can enjoy fresh foods and wines in the dining car, enjoy a relaxing nap in the sleeping car, or just take in the beautiful scenic views. There are plenty of other passengers aboard the train, whom they may wish to talk to, and notes on a handful of diverse and multi-national passengers will be provided at the end of the scenario for use in this section, and the return journey.

Across the cool French countryside, the train passes villages in turn both bleak and beautiful and the service then after a time steadily climbs into the snowy mountains. The police check all visa and passports at



Legacies of the Renaissance

Frasne, before passengers are allowed to leave the country. One man is reprimanded in custody creating a temporary delay, although it is not clear why? Normality and efficiency soon resume and after travelling through a long tunnel of several miles, the train emerges near the Swiss industrial town of Vallorbe. It is a Franco-Swiss checkpoint. Swiss police then board the train and travel to the town of Brigue, checking once again all passenger's passports and visas.

After roughly another couple of hours of travel, the Simplon-Orient Express pulls into Lausanne, a small French-speaking city. Many passengers disembark, and other new and fresh-faced passengers alight for a taste of this marvellous journey. Wines and other drinks are taken onboard here. Departing Lausanne at the designated time, the train heads towards Motreux, a small town made up of resort communities, which is located four miles along the eastern shore of Lac Lemman. The 13th Century Chateau de Chillon is nearby, and investigators with a successful **Know** roll will remember this to be very same Chateau made famous by Byron's poem, "Prisoner of Chillon", read during their researches. The town of Motreux itself is a fashionable tourist and health retreat, and a terminus for the mountain railway service. Around it, the mountains gleam with snow.

Plunging up the alpine valley of the Rhone, either side glacier-carved granite peaks soar, with many towering above 10,000 feet. The snug valley villages, nestled along these steep, tree-covered slopes, form surprisingly comforting and welcoming pictures. Eventually reaching Brigue after a few more peaceful hours, the town is found to be medieval and beautifully preserved; its heart is the old mansion of von Stockalper, with its three towers and arcaded courtyard. Only a few thousand people, mostly speaking German or Italian, live here. Coal and water for the engine are taken onboard, as is fuel for the heaters in the cars. This is another Swiss customs checkpoint. The Italian police now board here and travel to Iselle to check passenger visas and passports.

The Simplon-Orient Express once again gets under way, and it is not long before darkness encapsulates the whole of the train. Passing through twelve miles of pure granite, the investigators find themselves speeding through the Simplon tunnel. At a mere 2300 feet above sea level, the Simplon tunnel is the longest and lowest alpine rail tunnel; the Simplon road in comparison must first rise and then descend almost another vertical mile. The tunnel ends well inside Italy, and follows the plunging Diveria River down toward Iselle. More Italian police board to check the now customary measures. As the train departs Iselle, it is but a short journey before they are insight of the picturesque boarder town of Domodossola, the chief town in the Valle D'Ossolla. The town square, the famous Piazza del Mercato, dates from the 17th century. The train stops only momentarily before once again making haste toward the plains of Lombardy. In place of the Swiss towns, passengers note outgoing Italians along the railway lines, the backs of houses, and lines of washing after the snow line is crossed.

As the passengers arrive at Milan, the biggest city in northern Italy, the train stops to take on supplies for the entire train. According to the travel manifesto, all travellers not disembarking will have roughly four hours to while away before boarding the train for the trip to Venice. This gives the investigators ample time to sample the myriad fruits of Milan. They may well wish to visit Da Vinci's "The Last Supper", located in the Santa Maria Delle Grazia, a ten-minute tram-ride from the Piazza del Duomo. Alternatives include the Duomo Cathedral, a splendid piece of gothic architecture, with over 4,000 sculptures throughout, dating from the 14th century. One of Italy's finest art galleries, may also be an option, and is found within the Brera Palace, dating from the 17th century. It has amongst its permanent collection, several paintings by great Italian masters, including Titian and Giotto. Investigators may well indulge in other such pass-times as the acquisition of yesterday's newspaper (there is always at least a days delay), or simply indulge in a quiet cappuccino in the La Galleria Vittorio Emanuele. Whatever the investigators choose to do, allow them 1D2 points of recuperative **Sanity** points due to their tranquil and peaceful journey.

However, the hustle and bustle of the Stazione Centrale brings them back down to earth as the train porters, desperate passengers and mountains of luggage, all attempt to board the train at what seems like, the exact same moment. Steam swirls about the station and the investigators board the train just in time to see their temporary home pull away into the plains of Lombardy once again. This time they are headed for Venice.

Venice

The investigators arrive in Venice after roughly four hours, having traversed the Italian countryside; at first in glorious sunshine, only to see it fade away into a light drizzle and eventually to a heavy downpour. They arrive at the Santa Lucia station and disembark with their entire luggage intact; quickly hailing a water taxi (a Gondola) they make their way to their hotel. The *Il Brezza Marina* isn't due to sail for a couple of days, thus giving the investigators chance to either relax or do some research.

There are many libraries dotted around the city including the Libreria Vecchia and the Biblioteca Marciana and either can provide the investigators with information regarding Crete and Spinalonga. This is in truth the best place to search, as Venice during its height of political expansion ruled over the small island of Crete and surrounding isles. With a few hours of research and two successful **Library Use** rolls, providing the investigators have an Italian translator to hand or basic Italian skill, then they can learn all of information contained in the box below:

The History of Crete and Spinalonga

After the glory years of the Minoan Era (3000BC-1100BC), trade flourished within Crete and techniques of developing tools, weapons, pottery and art created what is deemed as one of the first great "civilizations". Then catastrophe struck. No one knows for sure why, but earthquakes, tidal waves, and a volcanic eruption have all been blamed. For whatever reason, the towns and halls once revered became empty. And so it was that the curtain closed on this chapter of history. Passing through the Iron Age, the Archaic, the Classical, and the Hellenistic periods, the next event of historical note was the war between the people of Crete and the Romans. First defeating their invaders, the Romans later returned, and from then on went on to occupy the island for the next 800 years. Around 63-66 AD, Christianity arrived in Crete and the first Christian church was established.

In 824, because of its geographical position Crete had become the slave-trading capital of the East Mediterranean and therefore a constant threat to the Byzantine Empire. It was now that, not for the last time, Arab raiders invaded and ravaged the island. The Christians on the island had been all but wiped out, but small pockets of resistance remained and it took until the year 1204 for the Byzantine Empire to be divided, and after the brutal sacking of Constantinople during the fourth Crusade, for Crete to find a new sense of direction, albeit an unhappy one for a time. Crete was bestowed to Boniface of Monferat who proceeded to sell the island to Venice. Christianity and hard labour ensued and the inhabitants once again had to learn, like so many times before, to conform to their new masters' whims. The land was taken from the people and given to Venetian knights, with the former owners becoming slaves. Tax and labour obligations made life very difficult. The Venetian occupation could not be accepted and fierce revolts continued for many years, bringing hard repression and cruel tortures. It was in this period that the fort at Spinalonga was built as a defensive outpost for the Venetian navy. The origin of its name is from the Italian *SPINA* (meaning thorn) and *LONGA* (long, big). However, after two hundred years, the Venetians and Cretans finally learned to live in peace, and while it lasted, the island saw cultural and economical growth.

1669, the Turks captured the towns of Hania and Rethymno, and Candia (the Venetian name for Iraklion) soon fell after. Here came the most brutal occupation the island had ever known: killings, rapings, unbearable taxation, violence and slavery, meant that revolts became a way of life. The revolutions and endless wars continued until 1898, when the four Great Powers; England, France, Russia and Italy imposed as a solution to the Cretan problem, the autonomy of Crete under Ottoman suzerainty, and under the terms, the complete withdrawal of the Turkish army from the island. In 1908 the army of the four Powers left the island, and at the insistence of Crete, it became an integral part of Greece in 1913.

It was now that Prince George I (1845-1913) succeeded in 1903, after the final few Turks had left the small island of Spinalonga, in persuading the Cretan people to agree to a resolution. The resolution stated that all Lepers from Greece and its surrounding islands were to be concentrated solely on Spinalonga, where they would live, with support from the Government, for the rest of their lives. The first Lepers were brought to the island on 13th of October 1904 and will stay there until, with the help of medical science, 1957. The investigators will probably be concerned to know that only Lepers occupy the island, as the view of Leprosy during the 1920s was that of fear and misunderstanding. After enjoying perhaps another paradoxical day of emotions, relaxation and the worry (over whereabouts of Valerie), the ship finally sets sail for Crete.



Onto Crete

Taking roughly three days, the sight of the approaching land is a comfort to the less than sea-worthy investigators and finally landing in the port and capital of Crete, Iraklion (now Heraklion), they will be glad to disembark from of the Il Brezza Marina. The journey after leaving the rain of Venice turned out to be an uneventful one and keepers may allow the investigators to meet any of the characters that they are scheduled to meet on the return journey. Organising transport between here and the small port of Elounda isn't a problem as tourists of any kind are swamped with offers and assistance as soon as they arrive. Investigators may buy any supplies they need from Iraklion, including water and any suitable clothing they may not have brought with them. The weather in Crete in the spring (Anixi), although certainly not overbearing, may rise to as high as 25°C.

Greece and Crete in 1928

Highly fortunate in the outcome of the First World War (having not ever really given their full allegiance to the Allied Powers although professing sympathy with their cause), the Greeks, through Eleftherios Venizelos, managed the negotiation of excellent terms with the French, British, Italians and Russians. This left the country in a more stable position than before the war, and after many political upheavals between the King and the Liberals, King Constantine and Queen Sophie, returned to Athens in the throes of enthusiasm from their subjects. After the unsuccessful war against Turkey in 1923, the Republic once again replaced the mistrusted and out-of-favour Monarchy.

The currency of Greece and Crete in the 1920's is the Drachma, and despite being in short circulation, stands at 142 drachmas to the pound sterling. Denominations are 100 leptons to 1 drachma, with 5, 10, 20, 50 and 100 value notes.

The backbone of the island are the moderately sized "White Mountains", which arc through the centre of the island, bearing many wild flowers at their bases. Sparse habitation is seen as most of the farms and agricultural lands within Crete (which produce such goods as olives, wool and fruit) are located in the less arid areas such as the Katharo plateau, a specially cultivated farming land located 1200 feet above sea level in eastern Crete. The variety of wildlife here will be somewhat different to what the investigators will have encountered in either England or France, and the Lamergeir and Griffon vultures along with the Golden eagle are fairly common birds. Mammals include the Cretan ibex or kriki (small horned mountain goat), the badger and the wild cat.

There is an abundance of flora and fauna within Crete due to its unique geographical location, and its vegetation varies across the whole of the island. There are numerous sub-tropical plants (i.e. olive trees) at the southern ends and varying Mediterranean plants such as the *Allium hirtovaginatatum* and the *Ferula communis*, native only to Crete. The land itself is mostly arid and dusty, with many rocky outcroppings and mountainous terrain, including a multitude of both large and small gorges.

The language barrier

It is possible for the investigators to hire a Greek interpreter, unless of course one of them speaks the language fluently, who is willing to travel to Elounda with them from Iraklion, but the prices are very steep, starting at 200 Drachmas for a week. There is no chance of finding a guide in Elounda itself, unless the Keeper is feeling kindly, as it is too isolated from any English speaking areas and is an unnecessary language for the locals to learn given their circumstances.

A short trip by any hired van crosses the rocky coastal terrain of Crete in five to six hours, depending on the luck of the driver. Punctures and fallen rocks blocking the roads are common occurrences.

Arriving at the small port town of Elounda, which sits in the picturesque Merambelic bay, the investigators find a small partially dilapidated town. In decline from its former heights of mining the local salt mines, Elounda now awaits the forthcoming boom of tourism in the seventies. The town during the twenties survives solely on the fishing industry, and the investigators may be tempted to try samples of local catches at one of the many taverns. Sitting partially on the remains of the Greek city of Olous, many locals are still superstitious of the ancient city's demise. In truth it was in fact due to the rapidly sinking ground within the

Legacies of the Renaissance

bay, and during favourable conditions the investigators maybe able to glimpse the sunken domain, with many complete buildings and streets still visible.

Locals act wearily if questioned about the city of Olous (which the investigators may learn of either in passing or by research into the small port town), and only a successful **Persuade** roll coaxes one local fisherman, whom they may find in one of the local taverns, to explain how one night during the late winter, when the bay was particularly rough, he spotted a strange luminous presence beneath the surface of the water. It followed him from the shallow waters of Spinalonga back to the seashore here at Elounda. He doesn't know what it could have been, only that he was terrified. At his insistence, he believes only his many prayers to God saved him. Shaking and nervous, the pale fisherman quickly orders another drink of tsipouro. After calming himself he also explains how the town is in dismay at the settling of the Lepers on the small island of Spinalonga. A **Psychology** roll also notes that he too is afraid of this, as he sees it as a terrible threat to the local people. If asked about possible transportation to the island, he quickly declines and leaves. What the investigators make of this tale is up to them and they could, after their encounter with the Leprous One, place this strange event firmly at its door.



Fortunately, help is at hand. A small boy, no older than twelve or thirteen, collecting glasses from the tables overhears their conversation with the fisherman and sits down at their table. They may be a little surprised by this and more so by the huge scar upon the boy's face. Starting from just beneath his hairline on the left hand side of his face, it continues vertically down ending at his mouth. His eye is badly damaged and is only partially open, but again to the young boy's credit, seems not to dull his openly friendly attitude (the boy slipped on wet rocks when younger and no sinister event can be associated with the injury). He speaks English and explains that his father is a local fisherman, and he thinks that he will be able help them. "If you don't mind waiting for an hour or so he'll be back then. Another drink?"



Legacies of the Renaissance

The boy's father returns to the tavern after roughly an hour. He enters wearily and in a foul mood, shouting at the boy to fix him a drink. He smells strongly of fish and of the sea, and sets himself down at a table near the bar. The boy beckons to the investigators to wait until he finds a moment between angst and emotion to get a word in. Finally given the opportunity, the boy talks to his father and they see him looking over towards them, appraising them of their potential worth, before he nods his head and sends the boy away. He stands up, removes his coat and approaches the seated investigators where he places himself down beside them, offering a crooked yellowing smile. His son translates his heavily accented Greek: "So my friends, you want to go to the leper island eh?" He waits for his or her answer before explaining that it is illegal for anyone to visit the island without government authority or an official medical pass, which is recognised on the island. "There is only one main route onto the island, but this is guarded by a gate. It is an old Venetian fort where the dead all live, but I do happen to know of a place where, if anyone wished to go to the island, then they could be dropped off unseen. The only thing is, that it wouldn't be worth my shipping license would it my friends?" He too is unsettled by the conglomeration of Greece's lepers onto their small fortress island. Looking at the investigators, he waits for them to offer to reward him handsomely for his troubles. He will accept no less than two English pounds, but makes an offer of five to begin with. Match the investigator's **Bargain** and **Fast Talk** skills against the man's (both 65%) to see if they can reduce his price. When both parties are satisfied, the man happily introduces himself as Demas, and instructs them to meet him here tonight at nine o'clock. He insists however, that no one else shall be taken to the island (except the people present at the meeting now) and that they must tell no one of what has passed between them.

A persistent annoyance?

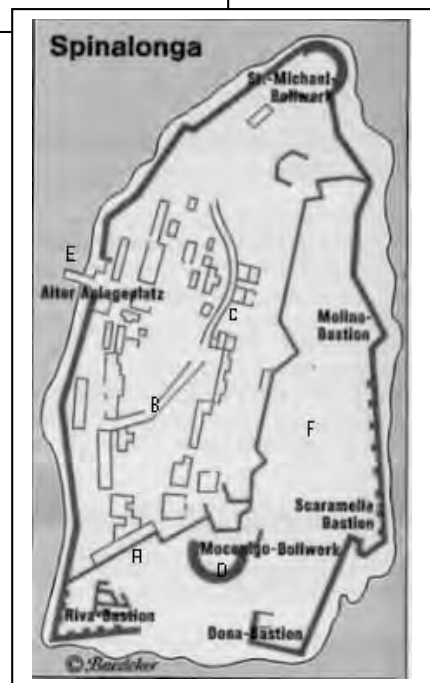
Lawrence has once again sent another one of his three "pawns" to follow the investigators to the island of Crete: Bronislav Raskolnikov, a Russian Professor of Radiometry who was tricked like both Samuel and Honman into helping Lawrence in his quest for a cure. The cancer has affected Bronislav more severely than it did Lawrence and Honman and gives him severe pains when he moves. He suffers from a limp, previously mentioned in the Chantry Funeral section. He will follow the investigators on their journey to Crete and should the investigators meet a gaunt old man, with greying skin and extremely thinning hair, then it might well be Bronislav. He will attempt no actions against the investigators on the way there, and will make only one attempt on the return journey. He is towards the end of his life and has nearly given up hope of finding a cure. Whilst they visit the island of the lepers, he waits within the village of Elounda for their return, unsure of their next move.

Nine o'clock

Meeting Demas, and his son, the investigators are quickly taken to the small harbour and hidden below deck. He raises the anchor and sets off on the short journey to the island, which will take roughly forty minutes. When sufficiently far enough away from the bay, Demas allows the investigators on the deck. He explains to them that he will drop them off at a small rocky out-cropping near the rear of the island. "As you know, the island is a leper colony now and so no one should be on the look out or expecting you, so you have nothing to fear... except the walking dead, my friends..." The boat moors and the investigators have a few moments to disembark. "I will return in four hours my friends..." Demas turns the boat around and disappears into the darkness, heading back toward the living (as he puts it), and back towards Elounda.

Spinalonga: The Island of the Leprous one

The small island is roughly four hundred metres long and just over two



Legacies of the Renaissance

hundred metres at its widest; it rises fairly steeply to a tip, where a large sprawling garret sits overlooking the whole of the bay. Narrow pathways with stone arches and palm trees, snake throughout the western side of the island, in stark contrast to the more natural rocky east side. The small, once impenetrable fortress is largely dilapidated now, with many crumbling walls and buildings. Walking is hazardous except in the cleared habituated street areas and dust and stone is strewn about; tonight the island really does seem that it is the home of the dead. No noise is heard and only a gentle lapping of the waves against the rocks breaks the silence.

Only when the investigators enter the small community proper will they see signs of life. The lepers on the island are seldom visited by anyone and fortnightly drops of supplies are their only link with the outside world. After being forced to take refuge in the abandoned Turkish homes in 1904, (as there were no new homes built for them) they felt then and still do now, extremely degraded, unloved and forgotten by healthy outsiders who, including many family and friends, betrayed them and left them here alone to fend for themselves. Even so, in isolation, a small well-knit community has emerged on the island, with shops and a small market being visible on what will become known as “the street of pain” during the day.

Leprosy

Leprosy or *Lepra tuberculosa* was the most feared of all illnesses in ancient times, and was only thought of as a disease in 1873, when Norwegian Physician Armauer Hansen found the Leper bacterium or bacillus. Through the work of Armauer Hansen, the world began to learn that Leprosy is contagious through “respiratory droplets” or sweat, but more likely through an open wound, and that any healthy person in close contact with a Leper may well contract the disease.

The earliest sign of Leprosy is commonly a spot on the skin that may be slightly redder, darker, or lighter than the person’s normal skin. The spot may lose feeling and hair. In some people the only sign is numbness in a finger or toe. If left untreated, Leprosy has serious effects on the body, including:

Hands and feet - Leprosy bacteria attacks the nerves in the hands and feet causing them to become numb. A person may get cuts or burns on the numb parts and not know it, leading to infections which cause permanent damage. Fingers and toes maybe lost to infection. Serious infections in the feet may require amputations. Paralysis may cause the fingers and toes to curl up permanently.

Eyes - Leprosy Bacteria causes the loss of the blinking reflex (which protects the eye and moistens the surface). The eye becomes dry and infected and blindness may result. Because of the numbness of the eye, the person cannot feel dirt or scratches in the eye.

Face - Damage to the internal lining of the nose causes scarring and eventual collapse of the nose.

In game terms, any investigator unfortunate enough to be in close contact with an infected Leper may roll his or her CON against POT 20 on the resistance roll table or contract the disease. At this time, this will be a mortal fear for the investigators, as they know that the chances of being accepted by society, should they become infected, are very low. As the debilitating effects take place, investigators will lose 1D3 points of DEX and APP per year, at which time a CON x3 roll must be made or a limb will be lost to infection. You as the Keeper should decide if an investigator is in a possibly contagious situation, or you may allow the player to make a Luck roll instead, applying any modifications you feel are necessary.

The investigators find themselves stood on the northern tip of the Island, just outside of the fortress’ walls. They must use their wit and ingenuity, as well as the horrific visions imposed upon them by the Stone of Concordance, to find the cave of the Leprous One and the Stone’s other half. It is located at the eastern Sacremella Bastion area of the map (**F**), where a small graveyard can be found.

Keepers are encouraged to build a sense of tension with the investigators. Not a great deal was known about Leprosy during the 1920’s; testament to the fact that they have all been shut up so rapidly on the island. Even if they are unafraid of a Mythos threat at present, the threat of contracting the disease should be omnipresent in their thoughts. Let them be wary, but also let them explore the island. There are a few small



Legacies of the Renaissance

encounters, which may make memorable role-playing experiences. They should be encouraged to take their time, but they must also remember that they have only four hours to find the other half of the stone. Use the visions as a reminder whenever the pace needs to be quickened.

Shortly after seeing Demas leave, the investigators feel their way along the outer wall of the fort, where they find a gap large enough for them to pass through. Rapidly ascending up a stony hill to a small, unused stone hut, the investigators see a multitude of brick houses beneath them. Upon closer inspection, some of the houses will be found to have small wooden balconies and doors. All have wooden shutters, with only a few having gardens. The smallest houses are no bigger than a single room. Living accommodation is decided on a case-by-case basis, as per the individual leper's needs. There are small families on the island, and over the entire history of the island, twenty children will be born. There is no hierarchy on the island, except for the doctor and the priests. Moving down along the dusty track towards the main street, an **Idea** roll gives one of the investigators a faint recollection of being here before. There are key points on the map of Spinalonga (above), which are detailed below.



A – A large semi-circular passageway with wrought iron gates at either end. Arcing to the right, it passes beneath the main body of the fortress and was formally used as an alternative route for the shipping of goods. Now it is used for storing such goods that are delivered to the lepers fortnightly.

B – The street that will be later more famously known as the “street of pain.” It is the main through fair on the island, and where the majority of the lepers live. Candlelight can be seen in a few of the windows and occasional chatter can be heard; this is not the island of the dead after all. The wan moonlight aids the investigators traversing the street, but light sources are still needed as many stones and pebbles still line the streets making footing difficult. Large palm trees dot both sides of the street and stone archways are common throughout. There is a sense of claustrophobia about the place, perhaps giving the investigators pause.

Any investigators passing more than halfway down the street of pain hear faint sounds coming from within one of the larger houses. What seem like muffled screams and religious chanting can be heard emanating from within its walls.

A leper is in the final hours of his life and many of the community have come to say their goodbyes. The investigators may be concerned by this, believing there to be something more sinister taking place. The door to the home quickly opens and slams and a hooded figure emerges heading towards them. Investigators easily dodge out of sight allowing the Leper to pass. The individual's clothes are worn and dirty and they walk with a slow gait, dragging their right foot along the floor, leaving a line of dust behind them. As the figure nears, the moonlight passes from beneath a cloud to highlight a pair of violently shaking hooked hands. Passing within inches of the hiding investigators, wheezing and muttering, the figure moves on oblivious. Luckily for them they cannot see his face. Continuing further on down the street, the leper enters another house. Should they remain hidden for more than a few minutes then they will see the figure re-emerge to return to the house of the dying man. This leper is Pelagia Andreoulakis, an aging doctor from the Athens, who is in severe pain himself from an advanced stage of leprosy. Should the investigators be found on the island, they will be brought before him. Although not the island's head in title, he is both revered and looked up to as a leader due to his age and profession. He will not judge them harshly, but will say only that he is

Legacies of the Renaissance

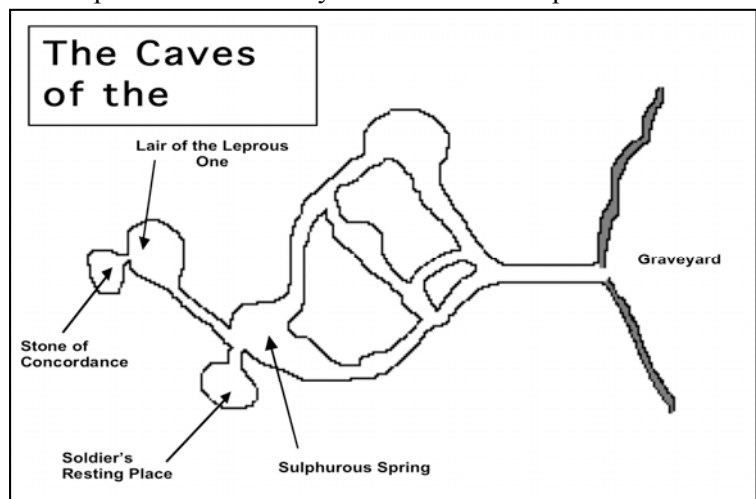
hurt, as are the other lepers, at such malign subterfuge. Investigators will have to explain their presence on the island before being removed the following day.

C – A small Christian church sits a few yards from the end of the street of pain looking out over the edge of the island. It is roughly square with a crescent shaped roof running parallel along its centre. A small iron-cross sits atop the entranceway. Inside the church, religious frescoes adorn the walls and the ceiling is dominated by a large set of candelabra. The altar takes pride of place at the rear of the building set against a large cross; otherwise the building is plain. No one is here when the investigators arrive (all attend the dying man) unless there has been a disturbance in the street, at which time there will be 1D4 Lepers in varying stages of the disease present. **Sanity** loss for seeing un-hooded lepers is 0/1D4+1 (this sanity check is applicable only once on the island). Opposite the church are two small vegetable houses and a small-cultivated garden. They are complete with running water and a drainage system.

D – The main area of the fort, looking out to sea. The fort itself has virtually crumbled and broken rocks and pebbles comprise the once complete stairway; a **DEX x5** roll is needed here to avoid slipping and a potential sprained ankle (**Luck** roll). Should the investigators mount the stairs before finding the graveyard, they will see it down to their left, on the island's east side. An equally treacherous pathway can be found down to the graveyard.

On their descent, the investigators see a solitary figure heading upwards towards them. A young girl, Cassiopeia, is unfortunately at the beginning of her life of suffering; after recently contracting the disease from her dying grandmother, she appears to be in every way a normal beautiful teenage girl. Only a **Medicine** roll will notice a mild stiffness in her hands and that she is never seen to blink. She has been on the island only a short while and has gone for a walk to contemplate her fate. Calling out, Cassiopeia spots and approaches one of the investigators. She is desperate to leave the island and will use her considerable charm to persuade one of the investigators into aiding her in her escape. It is at the keeper's discretion as to how this little drama plays out. Remember though, the beautiful girl (**APP 17**) does have leprosy and any contact with the investigators brings with it the chance of infection.

E – The main entrance and exit from the island. A small stone wharf juts out into the sea, with room for at least a dozen boats to be moored. All visitors normally enter through the large stone archway, which is set at the end of the wharf and guarded by a large studded gate. Just inside the gate on the right hand side is the disinfectant room, where all visitors are shown upon arrival. All visitors (the pre-arranged ones that is) are disinfected with a mild silver protein (MSP) cream when they enter and once again when they leave the island. MSP was used widely during the 19th and early 20th centuries as an anti-microbial agent and can be found in a few sealed metal containers in the storage area of the room. Other medical supplies are on hand including chlorine bleach, betadine scrub, hydrogen peroxide, sanitary napkins, gauze pads and bandages. Old usable surgical equipment is also stored in the antiseptic room to the rear of the building, which includes Iris scissors, haemostats, suture needles, splinter forceps etc. These may be used as weapons should the



Legacies of the Renaissance

investigators need them. The room is well organised and the papers of all those, alive or dead, who were relocated to the island after the 1903 resolution are to be found here. The disinfectant room leads out onto the street of pain.

F – The dusty graveyard is small and neat and holds surprisingly few headstones. The few that are to be found date back only as far as the 17th century. A few barely legible Italian and Turkish headstones can be found dotted around. It is now that the bearer of the stone feels a strong presence when walking through the graveyard and he or she is drawn towards an area of dry dense foliage near a small crumbling wall. Quickly hacking away the foliage, the investigator sees a wide fissure in the rock, which allows access to the caves below. One or more of the investigators will recognise this from the visions from the stone's curse.

A few stone steps lead down to a small narrow corridor that is surprisingly light (no light source will be needed throughout the caves until the Leprous One reveals its true form). The whole network of tunnels that the investigators now find themselves in has been cloaked in illusionary magics and the Leprous One, who knows of the intruders' presence, waits in deceptive but glorious form to accept these new fools into his twisted sepulchral world. The Leprous One, also known as The Angel of Pestilence, is an aspect of Yibb-Tstll that has manifested itself through the negative effects of the Stone of Concordance and by consuming the trapped spirits of the dead, from within the graveyard on the island. In his final hours of torment, Lukas vividly dreamt of the God, drawing him to him and becoming the first of the stone's victims. Yibb-Tstll, deciding that the Stone of Concordance would be a perfect vessel of pestilence and disease, foresaw the future and the colony of the lepers; but it is only within the last twenty years, much to its delight, that it has taken on its truly hideous form by its consumption of the rotting corpses and souls of the tormented dead.

The walls of the cave drip with clear water and investigators step occasionally through dark pools of (salt) water. A successful **Natural History** roll or a halved **Know** roll indicates something rather odd – there is no flora or fauna of any kind in the cave – no animals, no lichens, no moss and no plants. Only when the Leprous One reveals his true nature will the horror of the caves manifest itself. The system of caves and tunnels are not extensive and keepers should encourage the investigators to wander as they please. Should they keep going in circles, it will add to the perception that the cave is more labyrinth-like than it in fact is.

After aimlessly wandering, the investigators will stumble upon several areas of interest. At the intersection of two corridors, a large salt-water spring leaks up through a tiny fissure in the floor, creating a roughly waist-high pool that must be waded through to reach a small ledge opposite. Moving up and onto the ledge, the investigators find that it quickly opens out into a large cavern. The cavern is roughly circular and houses the bones of soldiers in rotting uniforms; many are dressed in a similar fashion to the one seen in the vision at Nottingham train station. It seems that this was once a haven for the coward and for the afraid from many long forgotten conflicts. Older more varied uniforms can also be found, with many different styles and designs of helmets, swords and firearms lying rusted and useless all around. The investigators will no doubt search this area for the Stone of Concordance but it is not here. It will take roughly twenty minutes to search all of the bodies and only a few coins and the weapons, valuable only to museums, can be found.

As they exit the cave and lower themselves back into the salt-water pool, it is now that they notice a faint blue glow coming from a previously unnoticed dark recess in the chamber. The Leprous One has sensed their presence and is using the glow to attract the soon-to-be-damned. As they approach, the glow becomes stronger. Only as they make their way down a sharp descent, do they see a glorious figure in the midst of the light. It is a human figure, but taller than a normal man and with two large wings, like those of an eagle, folded behind him. His whole body emanates with this striking bluish glow that seems like it should be blinding but is not at all painful on the eyes. He is dressed in ornate bronze armour with shield and helmet and holds a small bronze short sword in his right hand; he is truly beautiful. Investigators instantly recognise this being as similar to the one they encountered, if they previously used the stone to summon a spirit, and all viewers must make a **POW x2** roll or become enraptured for 1D4 rounds. Individuals enraptured can take no action other than reverence, until they are either attacked by the true form of the Leprous One or make another successful roll (one per round, but increase their chances, first round **POW x2**, second **POW x3** etc). The investigators have a few moments to ask any questions in the presence of the Angel/Leprous One before things go horribly wrong.

Legacies of the Renaissance

One investigator per round will be summoned by the Angel to kneel before him and be blessed, match **POW** on the resistance roll table to avoid this. If enraptured it is impossible to resist. Whilst the illusion continues the investigator kneels before this great being to accept its blessing and as he or she does so, it is now that they (and only they) see the true form of the Leprous One. The cries of anguish ring out like the joy of laughter. As it rises up with its sword to bless, its murderous sickle strikes down upon the investigator, partially severing their neck and infecting their entire body with its black pestilence. The body is wracked in agony, and pain shoots through their entire body and fills their mind. All memories of pain ever suffered during their life, including Mythos encounters, flash before their eyes. A **Sanity** roll of 1D4/1D10 must be made. The damage of the Sickle for this particular attack is only 1D4+2. As their diseased skin blackens, their body collapses to the floor, as the blood from the neck wound turns sour, dripping unwholesome ichor. A single hit point will be lost every round until death, unless saved by the Stone of Concordance. To all enraptured onlookers, they see their fellow investigator blessed with a smile and dignified grace.

A **Cthulhu Mythos** roll (or **INT x3** roll for the bearer on the stone) allows any investigator to see through the illusion before the Leprous One strikes. Those investigators that do see through the illusion have one free round to act. Their greatest hope is to reveal the Stone of Concordance, subduing the Leprous One for 1D3 rounds. Their only chance of knowing this particular use of the stone is by finding Dee's entry in his diary, relating to the visitation by Yibb-Tstll when Edward Kelley became possessed.

What lies beneath the angelic illusion of Yibb-Tstll, is the twisted vengeful figure of disease. Dressed in a black and tattered undulating cloak, the aspect's face has rotted away, revealing yellowing teeth and cheekbones. The skin constantly falls away in stagnant pieces before quickly reforming to repeat the process. It has pale rheumy eyes, and a few strands of lank hair hang over the taut flaking skin of its forehead. Instead of a spear, the figure holds a dark murderous sickle.

Should the Leprous One's Angel form fail to enrapture any of the investigators, it will answer any questions the investigators have before revealing itself. If asked where the other half of the Stone of Concordance lies, it will instruct him or her to pass into the next chamber. In this small-untouched area, is the partly mummified corpse of a young man. A **Know** roll identifies it as the same man seen on the platform at Nottingham train station. Around his neck is the red half of the Stone of Concordance on a simple leather band. There is nothing else to be found. As soon as all or most of the investigators are in this chamber, the Leprous One reveals its true form and attacks.

The Leprous One (AKA The Angel of Pestilence - Aspect of Yibb-Tstll)

STR 20 CON 20 SIZ 18 INT 10 POW 20 DEX 14 Hit Points 19 Move 6

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapon: Sickle 70% 1D8+1 + damage bonus

Armour: Magical Resistance, all attacks do half damage

Special: Enrapture + Black Pestilence (see text for full description)

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D10 to see true form

Spells: Any the keeper wishes

Once the true form of the Leprous One is unveiled, the horror of the caves is revealed. The smooth floor becomes a swathe of jagged rocks; all **DEX** manoeuvres are made at half. The clear water dripping from the walls takes on a darker hue and is revealed to be a stagnant putrid ichor. The illusionary lights end and the small network of caves and tunnels are plunged into darkness. The large pool of salt-water reveals itself to be a stinking vat of sulphur; wading through it, investigators must succeed a **CON** x4 roll to avoid violent vomiting; a fumble indicates that the investigator passes out from the fumes, use drowning rules as per the rulebook.

Escaping out into the graveyard halts the threat of the Leprous One and the simplest way to banish it is to take the stone and flee the caves – once the stone passes the entrance, the malevolent spirit will dissipate and return to the Dreamlands. It will only re-materialise should the stone be returned to the cave. Outside, the night is nothing like the horrors just witnessed and is calm and quiet, only the gentle lapping of the waves can be heard. The investigators will probably want to make their way directly to the northern tip of the island,

Legacies of the Renaissance

where Demas will be waiting. Pleased to see a friendly face, the investigators will be shocked when Demas takes out a shotgun and points it at them. "Please my friends, this is a precautionary measure only. I have taken the liberty of bringing soap, which is there beside you. You will wash before you board my boat or you will not board at all." A single large bucket of disinfectant sits upon the rocks and Demas is as good as his word, refusing to allow any of the investigators aboard unless fully stripped and washed. Once this is done, he offers his apologies, but makes plain the necessity; should any of the investigators have not returned to the boat, he offers a small prayer before setting sail once again for Elounda in silence. The moon begins to disappear behind a few clouds and for a moment the investigators see something torn and ragged flash across its face. They have banished the aspect of the Leprous One and the soul of Lukas Chalandritsanos may finally be at peace.

Farewell disease and death

The investigators now have what they came all of this way for and have nothing to keep them here in Crete. The urgency of returning to England should be fresh in their minds, as they no doubt will have many lingering questions about who has kidnapped Valerie and where she is being held. Demas, for a small fee, will be able to organise a trip directly back to Iraklion that day if the investigators feel they have no time to lose. They may want to wait until tomorrow when a sweaty, weekly bus is due to return there.

When the investigators return to the capital of Iraklion however, the *Il Brezza Marina* is a full day away from its scheduled return journey. This being the case, the investigators will probably want to rest and recuperate (as it is impossible for them to organise a quicker return to Venice and consequently London) and they may mourn the loss of fallen comrades. Another task omni-present in their thoughts will be the re-joining of the two parts of the Stone of Concordance and their curse that, unless removed, will continue to linger. Whilst they organise and attempt to collect the necessary components for the ritual they find that they cannot find all of the requisite components. Unfortunately, they shall have to wait until they return to Venice where all of the items are readily available. Whilst the investigators are occupied in doing so, Bronislav, their aging and seemingly harmless travelling companion plots their downfall.

A sneaky adversary

Whilst the investigators were away on the island of Spinalonga, Bronislav stole into the home of Demas and mesmerised him into explaining what the investigators had told him. He now believes (rightly so) that the investigators have the stone that Lawrence so desires. He has begun to formulate a plan of retrieving it, which he will put into action on the return journey.

After a dusty wait in the city, the time to leave the island of disease and death comes and boarding the ship brings a sigh of relief; the wait for a comfortable bed and a good nights sleep is over. As the boat departs, Bronislav in his confusion becomes increasingly nervous, his active role in this murderous story is about to become reality. Had the investigators met him previously on the outward journey, they may notice him to be a lot quieter than before. A sullen and quiet Bronislav looks out to sea, praying to God for forgiveness; his faith is the only reason that he is still sane.

An important new friend

Aboard the *Il Brezza Marina's* return journey, it is important that the keeper allows the investigators to meet a self-assured and ebullient young man called Robert Abercrombie, an English palaeontologist. He travels to from Athens to Venice to conduct research along the Veneto (the local mainland) and the city itself. "Strange things have been found, but an English gentleman shall never reveal his chance of fame and fortune, until completely sure of his chances." The investigators will see more of Robert in the second scenario from the "Legacies of the Renaissance" aeries, and the keeper is encouraged to develop the association with him. Robert should be invited to the select group of diners and may have been met earlier on, overhearing a small snippet of trivia puzzling the investigators and coming to their intellectual aid?

Keepers will need to have planned out each of the investigators sleeping arrangements in advance and they may find out that Bronislav is staying in an adjoining room. Rooms aboard the *Il Brezza Marina* hold up to three people, containing both a bunk for two and a single bed. However, with all of the excitement of the last couple of days, weary investigators may have decided upon the more expensive single rooms. After perhaps a short nap or a stroll about the deck, the investigators are invited by a few friendly fellow passengers to dine in the ballroom. Bronislav, the much-respected elder of the party has also been invited. It seems that their young friends plan to enjoy themselves as much as possible on their return journey to Venice. Over the following couple of nights, the investigators become intimate with a number of the passengers. The group includes; Eleanor Porter (formerly named Buckle), a brash American actress; Robert Abercrombie, an intelligent English palaeontologist; an Austrian couple, Patrick Faerber, a successful printer based in Amsterdam and Klera Fuster, his childhood sweet heart; a middle aged English gentleman, Alfred Murray, returning from active service from Athens and a demure Russian Countess by the name of Oleysa Kerta.

The night before disembarkation

Amongst the vast and wonderfully candlelit ballroom, dancers glide along to fine music by Ravel and Delius, waiters automatically fill and refill glasses, and any number of sweet meats and exotic sauces are on offer. Cigar smoke fills the room and only an occasional cool breeze blows through the doors leading out onto the deck. As the evening progresses, most of the party seem to be enjoying themselves; all except Patrick that is, who believes his fiancée Klera is paying too much attention to one of the investigators. With this in mind he proceeds to drink far more than is becoming and will, if given the opportunity, pick a fight with the smallest investigator (even if he is not the one whom Klera has an apparent interest in, their friendly association is enough). Should this happen then Klera, distraught at Patrick's foolish actions, bursts into floods of tears and collapses into a chair. It is apparently not the first time that something of this nature has happened. After throwing a few wild punches, Patrick is swiftly removed by a couple of waiters and left outside to cool off and calm down. Oleysa and Eleanor give sympathy to the distraught Klera and the investigator in the middle of the fray can't help feeling at least a little responsible. Unfortunately for the disrupted group of diners the trouble is just beginning.

Sitting down once again, hopefully to resume their pleasantries, the investigator embroiled in the fray begins to get a headache. Have the investigator roll against his **CON x3** (a slight subterfuge on the keepers part, as the scene will play out regardless), but try not to draw attention to it too much, explain that tiredness and worry may be a contributing factor. Perhaps a similar effect upon another diner may help ease their mind, "maybe it is something we ate?" Allow the evening to continue, music, conversation, perhaps a dance?

Suddenly, clutching his throat, the investigator collapses from his chair pulling the tablecloth and the table's contents onto the floor. He can feel what seems like an abnormal amount of fluid quickly rushing up on his insides, finding somewhere, anywhere to get out. Before the investigator has chance to do anything, a thick red bile, like clotted blood begins to seep from every orifice. Panic sets in; hearing disappears, sight becomes blurry, his breathing becomes almost impossible. Thick red bile bursts forth out on to the floor soaking everything. Members of the table stare in horror as the investigator writhes around on the floor, kicking out wildly and screaming. Lately a few other diners try to help. The bile, seemingly alive, washes gently over everything it touches and slides horrifically from the investigator towards the American actress Eleanor Porter, who slipping over, bangs her head and cries out. Screams echo throughout the vast room as everyone stands motionless, seemingly alone and afraid. Enveloping her quickly, the bile crawls inexorably up her clothes, before entering her mouth, nose and eyes. After suffocating Eleanor, the thick red bile dissipates in a bubbling mass on the floor. **Sanity** loss for the harrowing scene (the investigator concerned only) is $2/1D6+1$. Should the investigator go even temporarily insane from this event, he will forever suffer from *Hemophobia*, a fear of blood.

The stone's curse has struck once again and forewarns of the guardian of Lawrence's basement. However, other than suffering a panic attack, the investigator is physically fine. Eleanor did indeed slip, but only on red wine and as she did so, more splashed across her beautiful white dress, ruining it. She is suffering from mild concussion, but will recover with a good night's sleep. The biggest worry for all was the embarrassing scene that all diners found themselves in. Robert Abercrombie, quickly coming to the investigator's aid, picks him up and returns him to his quarters.



Legacies of the Renaissance

As the pale looking investigator sits on his bed, confused faces stare at him. What the hell happened? After a shaky explanation and a well-earned rest, the headaches disappear and signal the end of the vision.

After describing the effects of what happened, the investigators and an intrigued Robert Abercrombie soon put two and two together, attributing the unsettling vision to the Stone of Concordance. No more events shall befall the investigators before they have time to cast the Ritual of Conjunction once again. Alternatively, the magic of the stone could be used to provide any missed clues, albeit in less than obvious ways.

Bronislav Raskolnikov

During the disturbance at dinner, any investigator watching Bronislav will have noticed his extreme intrigue by the event. He will if spotted blush and turn away, affecting a weak stutter if spoken too. A **Psychology** roll will denote nervousness about him, but they can't put their finger on what it could possibly be. If questioned about his profession, Bronislav will skirt around the subject, saying only that he is within the field of science. Pressed, his embarrassment is evident, but he reluctantly explains that he is pioneering research into radiometry. This may make the investigators suspicious toward him, but allow them to make the link.

The attempt

That night, playing upon the fears and uncertainty of the investigators, Bronislav makes his move. He plans to sneak into their rooms, injecting them one by one with Opium, until he finds the stone. He attempts not to provide a fatal dose, but in his mental instability he may have over-measured his doses. Any investigator injected must roll against his **Luck**, failure results in a lethal dose causing death in five to ten minutes.

At roughly two in the morning Bronislav, checking that the corridor is clear, sneaks from his room. Approaching their door he makes little noise in trying to pick the lock, and only a quartered **Listen** roll will stir sleeping investigators. Carrying a single candle and syringe, Bronislav steps gently up to the bed of one of the investigators. With shaking hands he composes himself; the nerves of his endeavour torture the God-fearing man. Investigators within the room are once again allowed a quartered **Listen** roll to stir in time; otherwise the attempt is successful (on this occasion non-lethal - roll **Luck** for all other attempts). Only when all investigators are under a drugged stupor will he search the room. Stirring investigators see shadows flicking off the walls and the twisted face of an old man at odds with himself. As the figure lunges forth, either a successful **Dodge** or **DEX x4** roll will allow the investigator to avoid the attack. Should he fail, Bronislav cries out in distress (he knows he will quickly be overpowered and has wasted his opportunity) waking any other sleeping investigators. Held down, Bronislav is overcome with tiredness and emotion. Giving no resistance he falls limply into his captor's hands sobbing in **Russian**, "*I am sorry, please forgive me, sorry, so sorry*"

How they deal with Bronislav, who has slipped into temporary insanity, is at their choosing and is not detailed in this scenario. With months of rehabilitation, Bronislav may once again join society and his family. He gives up all research into cancer and radiometry and intends to live out his life in peace. Killing him will result in a **Sanity** loss of 1D3 points when they learn the truth of the pacifist scientist and talking to him gently and humanely is the best way to achieve results. Successful **Psychology** and **Psychoanalysis** rolls will garner enough of his garbled language, providing the investigators speak Russian, to understand his remorse and his wishes for the investigators to forgive him (alternatively they may, with a convincing plan, be able to consult Countess Oleya Kerta). He meant them no harm. Between more unintelligible mumblings, he manages to piece together the words, "*the letter, the letter, find it...help me...please*", which is hidden amongst the things in his room. He wishes for the investigators to find a letter implicating Lawrence and for them to dispose of him. Investigators affected by the opium injection will take 1D6+1 x10 minutes to recover. Until then, all skills are quartered.

The door to Bronislav's room is unlocked and upon entering they find a room similar in all respects to their own. It is a thoroughly modern affair with elegant furniture, a large comfortable bed and vast amounts of unused storage space. A beautifully tiled personal bathroom complete with bath and bidet completes the room. Bronislav's clothes have been folded meticulously within his wardrobe, and everything in the room is set to order. A small wooden cross rests upon the pillow and personal articles such as an engraved silver

Legacies of the Renaissance

pocket watch, a faded photograph and letters of correspondence (all in **Russian**) can be found in the decorative bedside cabinet. Little can be made of these letters, although a quick translation determines that some years ago a sponsor made Bronislav an offer of a research grant that he couldn't refuse. It seems that, on instruction, he upped and left his position and that his correspondence, akin to that of Samuel Gerhardt, faded away into regret and anger. He describes longing to return to, as he describes it, "the path of the righteous" and avoiding the "belly of the Devil in which I now find myself." With a **Spot Hidden** roll, the implicating letter is found within the ripped lining of a small and battered leather briefcase. It is written in **English** and is detailed below.

Raskolnikov,

Now that you have become so completely embroiled, albeit against your will, into my affair, I shall not relinquish or aid you until the stone is recovered. After the disappointment of Gerhardt and the wayward thinking of Honman, it is to you I now look to help our mutually debilitating cause. These foolish friends of the girl know where the other half of my precious stone is.

Follow them and take what is mine. Be wary though; contrary to what I told you before, I will butcher the girl and your entire family should you fail. Your futile God will not save you. Remember your God is weak.

L. C.

The investigators maybe horrified at this, others may have loosely guessed the truth, but none will have guessed the complete and malign duplicity of the English Aristocrat. Should the investigators not guess that L.C. stands for Lawrence Chantry, allow an **Idea** roll to do so. It will not be difficult for the investigators to discover Lawrence's address and this will surely be the final port of call. The return train to London aboard the Simplon Orient Express is caught roughly an hour after disembarkation, and is due to arrive in two days time.

The final push

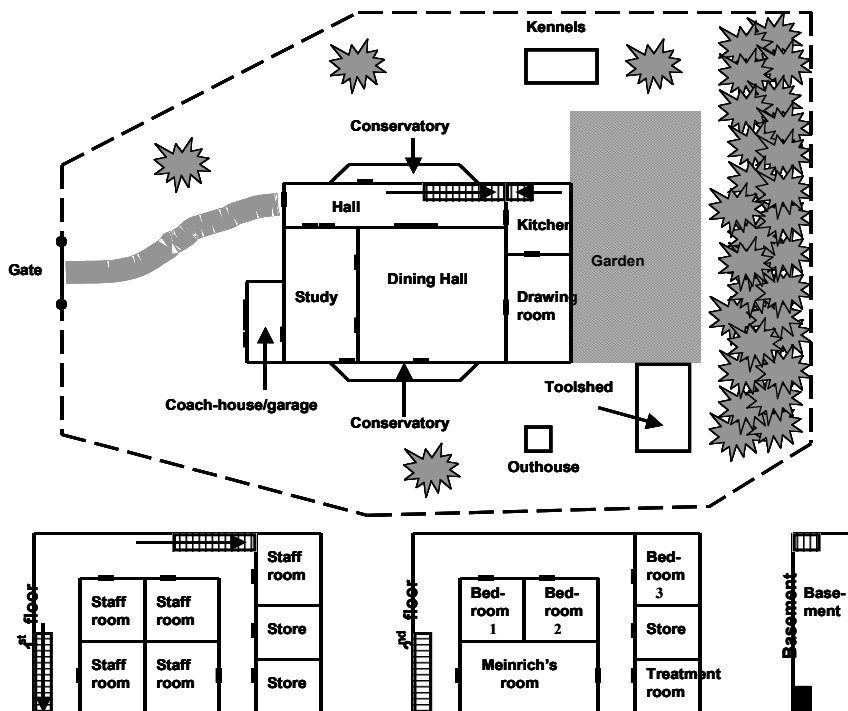
This final section of the scenario should be played at pace, starting from when they find the letter from Lawrence until its conclusion. Allow the investigators no respite or time to think. The final scenes see Honman Ziegler waiting in the wings to take the Stone of Concordance for himself. A variety of horrors both human and Mythos-related stand between the investigators and their ultimate goal.

The Chantry Estate

Situated on the edge of the London's suburbs, Sir Lawrence Chantry's residence stands in the middle of a picturesque pastoral estate like the grand but ramshackle and slightly neglected home of a gentleman landowner. Constructed of dark timber and with a blackened slate roof, the building looks imposing, somewhat gothic and even slightly sinister from a distance, but otherwise could be the home of any prominent and wealthy gentleman. A well-maintained 5m high fence borders the land around the house, and the only entrance is the large gate to the front of the property. Sweet chestnut trees are scattered around the grounds and line the long gravel driveway leading up to the front door; a screen of poplar trees at the back of the house prevents anyone snooping from the next estate. Pheasants roam where they please, and there are several wooden outbuildings housing tools, machinery, coal and wood. A large garage sits next to the main house. If approached during the night, lights can be seen shining in several of the windows and occasional silhouettes are seen passing to and from many of the upstairs rooms. During daylight, plumes of smoke trail from two chimneys at either end of the house permanently, and if observed various members of staff can be seen going about their daily business.



Events Inside the House



At whatever time the investigators arrive, Lawrence will be located in his personal surgery receiving his regular cancer treatment. He has found a particularly nefarious method to prolong his life: using a magical technique described by early physicians in sections of *De Vermis Mysteriis*, he has learnt to channel the cancerous cells in his blood into the blood flowing from a fresh wound. Once per week, he opens a long cut on his right arm, and then channels the cancerous cells into the blood that flows from this wound, thus ‘cleansing’ his circulation for a limited period. Not all the cells are removed, but the cancerous effect is lessened. The magic is truly malign, however, and for the technique to work the blood has to be placed into another living human so that the cancer can fulfil its natural destructive role. Over the past ten years, Lawrence’s henchmen have succeeded in abducting people from the streets of London, keeping them drugged in his extensive basement, and transfusing his blood into their bodies. The horrific treatment’s effects mean that it takes approximately six months for a person to die from the slow and debilitating effects of the tainted blood; so far twenty people have perished from the treatment. The withered corpses were then thrown unneeded into a furnace in the basement to burn. The twenty-first is now about to die, and the soon-to-be superfluous Valerie is lined up to be victim number twenty-two. This is the fate that awaits her should the investigators fail in their rescue attempt.

The draining of blood from Lawrence’s body is a long and painful process, and gives the investigators some time in the house so that they should not have to face the sorcerer’s wrath directly should they make their presence known. Lawrence employs several complicit servants who will be more than enough of a challenge, if the investigators are not subtle enough in their entry and exploration of the house. If at any point Lawrence is made aware of their presence, the treatment will stop and within five minutes he will have the energy and presence of mind to begin using his dark magics against them. Until this time, he will be highly vulnerable.

Breaking and Entering

Other than the front door (which the investigators are unlikely to try as an entrance point), the only other way into the house is by either the garage window (which is left open) or the kitchen door (unlocked during the day, locked at night); both are located at the rear of the house. If the house is approached at nighttime, guard

dogs prowl the grounds and will need to be distracted or disposed of in some way. During the day the dogs are kept in kennels towards the northern edge of the grounds or are being exercised in the woods or the nearby countryside – the investigators will just have to avoid members of the household (they should be aware that they may be easily seen once they are inside the grounds).

Dining Hall

Furnished in a rather archaic style, the trappings of the dining hall are grandiose: a large mahogany dining table spanning over half the length of the hall, bordered by chairs supporting slightly mouldering velvet cushions. Old tapestries and paintings line the walls, but despite the efforts of the staff the room gives off an air of neglect and disuse. There is nothing of interest in the room, other than a few portraits of Lawrence's ancestors. A cleaner can be found here if the investigators enter during the day, who will immediately scream and run for help.

Hall

An extensively carpeted entrance hall with several expensive landscape paintings lining the walls, and occasional standing tables with pot plants. Entrances lead to the study, dining hall, conservatory and kitchen, and stairs lead up to the first floor.

Study

A large study that displays its owner's tendency for neatness and order but which nevertheless looks used and reflects the many hours Lawrence and his comrades have spent here poring over the many texts, ancient and modern, lining the bookshelves along the walls. Various object *D'arts* and historical artefacts from various times and civilisations are standing on the several tables and desks within the study. A large bust of Shakespeare is positioned on a table in the middle of the room, and dominates it to some extent. The bust is actually hollow but looks heavy and immovable. It is here that Lawrence hides his copy of *De Vermis Mysteriis*. The bust can be unlocked with a clasp at the back (found with a successful **Spot Hidden** roll), or it can be smashed open, should more than **5 points** of damaged be achieved with a single blow. Several shelves along the walls are lined with approximately ten years' worth of medical journals such as Nature, the Lancet, Cancer Science, The British Journal of Pharmacology and Chemotherapy, and several others.

Kitchen

If entered during the daytime, the large and functional modern kitchen in a state of disarray (the cook is here with one of his helpers, preparing a meal). During the evening it is neat and deserted.

Drawing Room

A very comfortable room stocked with plush chairs and an extensive drinks cabinet, this room is opulent but shows signs of neglect, despite regular cleaning. Lawrence hasn't entertained for years, not since ensnaring his academic accomplices. Two revolvers can be found hidden in a locked drawer in a bureau next to the drinks cabinet, along with several false passports Lawrence has had made for emergencies. A bottle of chloroform can also be found in the drawer.

Staff Rooms and Stores

The bedrooms are all made to the same designs – a single bed, a dresser with a mirror above it, a wardrobe, a chest and a wooden chair. The keeper should feel free to insert whatever personal effects are required in each room, should the investigators search. Nothing important is found in any of these rooms – most of their occupants are innocent, ordinary people. The stores contain general household items, which can also be



determined by the keeper as required. In an emergency several general items can be located that may be used as weapons.

Lawrence's Room

The door to this room is locked – there are two keys, one kept by Lawrence and one by his nurse. A large bedroom which is much more opulent than all the others, the room is dominated by a large double bed, which is where Lawrence has increasingly had to retreat to in his weakened state. A few books and other general interesting objects from around the world lie scattered around the room, although a clear path runs from the door to the bed, where Lawrence is occasionally wheeled backwards and forwards. On the bedside table stands Lawrence's journal. A quick scan of the pages locates several of the following entries – reading it for an hour locates them all.

Lawrence Chantry's diary

August 2nd 1918

I am distraught, terribly and utterly in despair. I do not know what recourse to take. This afternoon I had an appointment with Dr. Reynolds regarding my recent weakened state, and he has diagnosed leukaemia. I am simply stunned – I had somehow, naively thought that I would live on indefinitely – an aging man's foolish whimsy, but don't we all secretly hold that belief? To fully contemplate mortality is to be entirely afraid, especially for I, who know what oblivion awaits; and I cannot bear that. No, I must find some way to beat this – there are ways to overcome death, I know of it – the ancient texts I have examined speak of it, if only I could see into the depths of their secrets. I will not be beaten on this.

December 4th 1920

I have found a solution, albeit limited and temporary. De Vermiis Mysteriis holds a method for transferring diseased blood into a living human recipient. After a few false starts, I have found the technique to work, following some initial experiments on subjects taken from the poorer areas of Paris. I am already feeling better following the process, although it is painful and needs to be repeated every 6 months at least – in the meantime, my condition is still declining. I am slowly becoming weaker and weaker, and fear that I will soon be confined to a chair. I have removed those staff I feel I cannot trust absolutely, and all those remaining are now complicit in my scheme. My search for a complete cure continues, however.

December 8th 1920

I can no longer bear the solitude of my search, and have decided to recruit some of the leading scientists of Europe to aid me. I will make my search and select three or four comrades and 'persuade' them to help me via a variation of my blood transfusion technique. I will make their problem my problem. A problem shared...

March 23rd 1923

I have selected my comrades. Bronislav Raskolnikov, a Russian, Professor of Radiometry at the Sorbonne. Samuel Gerhardt, an American Semite, Reader in Oncology at University College London, Honman Ziegler, an Austrian and Professor of Antiquities at The University of Oxford, and finally Michele Zappori, Professor of Ancient Languages at Ca'Foscari University in Venice. I will invite them to the house and make offer to be a monetary benefactor for their research. While they are here I will supply them with some 'enriched' wine in a variation of the transfusion technique given in De Vermiis Mysteriis. It will not ease my pain, but it will give us a common interest.

Legacies of the Renaissance

August 15th 1923

I secured the last one today – now each of these leading academics has a vested interest in finding a cure along with me. I have prepared rooms in the house for them, and they will have left their families and jobs and be living and working here together by the end of the year. I feel that success is assured.

June 7th 1925

I am furious – the Italian has succumbed already. He was almost as old as me, but I did not think he was so weak. He collapsed in the laboratory this morning and had stopped breathing by this afternoon. Damn him! He was working on a promising ancient text he had found in an Italian monastery in the Alps – it will take the others and myself weeks to associate ourselves with it. Regardless, Michele has been sent to his maker via the furnace, the same as my many blood vassals. I believe his family already thought him dead, after his sudden disappearance. That at least is a relief – I do so hate loose ends that need tying.

April 10th 1927

I have found a most promising lead – there lies somewhere in London a stone which, according to a script I have in Dr. Dee's own hand, may increase spiritual power and even grant otherworldly powers to its owner. I have a diagram of the stone, and I have called a halt to the less profitable lines of enquiry we have so far been following so that we may focus more fully on this. I hope that this at least may give me hope – I am becoming weaker, so much so that writing itself is an effort. I believe that, were I not so scared of dying; I would have passed away a long time ago; even with the many lives that have been sacrificed to prolong mine. I must send Samuel out in the morning to procure another homeless wastrel. At least I am doing my bit to limit the expansion of the lower classes.



April 27th 1928

I am so close to the stone – it has something to do with Forbes’s daughter I am sure, if only I could locate her. But she seems to have acquired some friends – several strangers have been sniffing around the library and were responsible for her escape from Samuel. Nevertheless, his failure was intolerable and I have taken steps to amend this – I have the feeling that he was near death from our mutual illness anyway. I am sure he would have been grateful for a swift death in the end. I have similar plans for Valerie’s friends if they do not prove to be useful in some other capacity.

The Captive’s Room (Bedroom 1)

This room is largely empty, and a set of thick curtains block out any daylight whatsoever; the door to this room is always locked (**Locksmith** roll to open). The most notable aspect of the room is Valerie, who lies on the bed in a drugged stupor, barely conscious and certainly unaware of her surroundings or of what is happening. Nevertheless she is tied to the bed with stout twine, which cuts painfully into her wrists (the innocent staff do not know she is here – she has been kept in a permanently drugged state and is fed only with soup when she is semi-conscious). She will require six hours after rescuing before she begins to come round. She looks weak, pale and thin, enough to cause concern to the investigators. In her weakened state she has only five hit points and if harmed is highly likely to be fatally wounded. This should add impetus to the investigators escaping the Chantry estate either once he is dead, or if they have found her before he is killed. Getting Valerie out alive is their main priority, after all.

Honman’s Room (Bedroom 2)

This room is the most austere of the staff bedrooms, and the careless scattering of Honman’s personal effects reflects his current unstable state of mind. Various books and journal articles lie around the floor and over the bed, which looks un-slept in (Honman is now an insomniac and can only sleep for a few hours at a time – he usually falls asleep in the study). Several occult symbols are scrawled on the walls in chalk. There are no family photographs; no diary, no journal; and in his now insane state, Honman has essentially removed all evidence of his past and his former self. Aside from several suits and pairs of shoes in the wardrobe, the only other items of note in the room are a box of bullets in the bedside table (but no gun – Honman is carrying it) and several small sharp knives.

Bronislav’s room (Bedroom 3)

Bronislav’s room is neat and tidy and he is the member of the group who has most retained a normal life and some measure of sanity. Pictures of his family sit on the bedside table, and several paintings adorn the walls. A much-thumbed bible lies on the pillow of the small, neat bed. Several novels line the shelves, and a search of the wardrobe turns up several well-kept sets of clothes and, hidden in a sock, a large stash of money that he has been saving (he is kept alive by hope and faith).

Attic

The large undisturbed attic doesn’t seem to have been entered for many years. Boxes and dust sheets hide away a variety of miscellaneous items, and several valuable paintings thought lost during the great war are found with a **Spot Hidden** roll, in a disused water tank.

Lawrence’s Basement

The basement is entered via a heavy steel door, which is securely locked at all times. Only four of Lawrence’s staff (his nurse, butler and two general “handymen”, used for security) know what lies behind this door; the others all believe that their eccentric employer keeps something very valuable inside, and indeed rumours are rife amongst the staff as to what treasures might be secreted there. The door may be picked with

Legacies of the Renaissance

a halved **Locksmith** roll, or has **Resistance 35**, which can be matched on the resistance table by two investigators. The easiest (and quietist) way to get in is to obtain one of the keys from either Lawrence or the four complicit staff members.

The basement is in total darkness, and if the investigators have neglected to bring a light source, then they will have to wait until their eyes become accustomed to the gloom before locating the gas lamps and lighting them. The air in the room is close and is permeated by the earthy odour of damp soil and the iron tang of blood. What they eventually see (by gaslight or torchlight) should give them ample cause for concern, both for themselves and for Valerie (unless she is already rescued).

The basement looks relatively normal for the most part – various chemistry-related paraphernalia lie scattered around amongst tools and various household items, but in one corner a figure is slumped in an old wicker chair (a successful **Spot Hidden** roll will notice above the doorframe, newly written chalk runes and symbols – see Lawrence’s ward below). A grey rubber tube runs from a catheter in the figure’s left arm upwards into a glass jar filled with blood, clamped to a large metal pole fixed to the floor. The figure’s right arm is the same, expect that this jar is much smaller and appears to be filled with water with a faint green tinge to it. Upon closer inspection, the figure seems to be a filthy and unkempt middle aged man, dressed in the soiled rags of a hobo; he is alive but completely unconscious, in a coma-like state. His breathing is weak and his skin is covered in dark black spots that seem to weep thin, clear pus. If the man’s eyelids are lifted, his eyes are rolled back in his head, and if the head is moved the tongue lolls lifelessly around the yawning mouth, trailing drool.

The man is in the last stages of terminal cancer, transfused to him by the sinister spell Essence Transference and the tainted blood of Lawrence. The second catheter is supplying water enriched with protein and vitamin sources to prolong the captors’ life. **Sanity** loss for this scene is 0/1D2. The investigators will not be able to save him. Next to the figure is a furnace (currently cold), and propped against the closed door is a large fire-axe with a blade stained dark with blood. An **Idea** roll will suggest that the axe has been used to dismember bodies in the past, which were then burnt in the furnace. The magical technique requires certain precise conditions to continue, and the investigators being here is a highly dangerous situation for Lawrence.

Lawrence’s Ward

Lawrence has placed a ward spell over the basement door (marked by a chalk insignia), which is activated when the first investigator steps over the threshold. Unseen over in the corner, thick coagulated blood begins to seep from the furnace and ooze slowly across the floor. The investigators will have to find the gas lamp or use one of their own light sources to see it. If they don’t notice the blood or move across to stand in it, it immediately soaks into the clothes of anyone in contact with it and eventually spreads over the face and into the nose and mouth. Use rules as per drowning. The only way to defeat the blood is to either place the reunited stone into the blood, causing it to dissipate, or to wipe away the chalk warding insignia above the door lintel. The investigators will either have to learn fast or die; the choice is theirs.

Investigators paying attention to the details of the basement will discover that the chair in which the nameless hobo is seated stands within a circle gouged deeply into the floor – the edge of the circle is inscribed with various occult symbols and characters from an ancient language. This represents the eternal conduit between Lawrence and the occupant of the circle. Quite simply, if the human vassal for his cancer is removed from the circle before it is dead, the spell is broken and the conduit is reversed, instantly and fatally. At this advanced stage, the hobo will die instantly (a further loss of 0/1D2 points of **Sanity**), but the reversal will also restore the ten years’ worth of cancer that has so far evaded Lawrence’s withered body, causing his immediate and horrific death. If this occurs while he is still undergoing his transfusion treatment, the terrified reaction of his nurse will be felt throughout the house (although the investigators will not know what the cause of the noise and confusion is). If Lawrence is already dead, removing the hobo from the circle will have no effect other than his silent and peaceful death.

Any investigator who happens to be in the presence of Lawrence when he dies, witnesses blackened, congealed blood gushing from every orifice; his skin tightens over his face and body as the reversed aging



Legacies of the Renaissance

components of the spell drag him in excruciating pain into the present, and then he regurgitates a thick translucent bile and expires, his bones cracking into the foetal position. This costs the viewer 1/1d6+1 points of **Sanity**. The body will drain of this putrid blood for hours, soaking into the floors and walls of the house and sending any of the staff that are not complicit in Lawrence's macabre plot running for help. Within two minutes of any disturbance (including removing the hobo from the circle) the two hired "handymen" reach the basement to confront any intruders – the investigators will either have to flee or fight their way past them. The nurse is driven insane by witnessing Lawrence's death and will be found catatonic and drooling if the bedroom is entered after his death.

The old enemy

Once Lawrence is dead, the already thoroughly insane Honman sees all hope of being saved slipping away and seizes his one chance to save himself from a terrible death. He dashes to Valerie's room with a scalpel and awaits the investigators there (if she is not found there, he will confront them, fighting until death). Once they arrive (fighting past or avoiding Lawrence's staff where appropriate), he presses the scalpel to Valerie's neck threatening to cut her throat there and then unless the investigators hand over the stone. A successful **Psychology** roll reveals that he is desperately insane and capable of anything. If any investigator makes a move to attack him, he will kill Valerie first before defending himself, and if the investigators delay without coming up with some truly believable dialogue (successful **Fast Talk** or **Persuade** at half), he will also kill Valerie and attack the investigators. He will not be averse to using any of his spells or summoning a fog to aid in his escape and he will fight until killed. The more likely outcome is that the investigators give him the stone, at which point he tells them to back off. Walking quickly towards the garage with Valerie still in tow, Honman escapes the estate and heads for Dover and the English Channel, throwing Valerie out somewhere in the Kent countryside.

Conclusion

Should the investigators successfully rescue Valerie and recover the Stone of Concordance allow them 1D6 points of sanity. What they choose to do with the stone is entirely their decision, but the keeper should be encouraged to allow Valerie to retain it in memory of her father. They are reimbursed for any losses incurred on their travels and they have secured a beautiful life long acquaintance. If Lawrence and Honman were both disposed of, allow a further 1D4 points for each. Should Bronislav have been killed, prior to learning the truth, affect a loss of 1D3 points, or alternatively 1D3 points gained should he have survived. Should the investigators have dispatched the aspect of Yibb-Tstll allow them a further 1D6 sanity points. Further sanity awards are at the keepers' discretion.

If in the unlikely event that Honman escaped with the stone, allow them no immediate sanity loss, but should they in a few months time hear of murders and mutilations similar to that of Wilfred Forbes and David Milton, then guilt will rob them of a further 1D3 points. The keeper may affect another scenario dealing with the subsequent recovery of the stone and disposal of their newest adversary.

After a particularly rough ride, any investigators surviving the entire scenario is surely deserving of a good rest, but should they have become acquainted with Robert Abercrombie, they will be assured at least one more European encounter sooner than they could have possibly imagined. Their good friend the palaeontologist is due to discover, any day now, one of Great Cthulhu's very own children. The remains of a Star Spawn will be found during the cleaning of one of Venice's world famous canals, opening up the tale of an age-old cult and its new wave of followers. What they choose to do about it though is entirely up to them...

Statistics

Lawrence Chantry

STR 6 CON 8 SIZ 10 INT 17 POW 17 DEX 7 SAN 30 Hit Points 9

Damage Bonus: -1D4

Weapon: None

Skills: Anthropology 15%, Archaeology 30%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Credit Rating 65%, English, 65%, Fast Talk 40%, French, 70%, German 85%, History, 55%, Library Use 75%, Occult 40%, Persuade 65%,

Spells: Create Fog*, Wither, Summon/Bind Flying Polyp*, Animate Statue*, Essence Transference*, Curse of Transference* and any other spells of the keeper's choosing

Sir Lawrence was born on March 3rd 1862 in Maidstone, Kent, to a wealthy but lesser aristocratic English family. A bright but somewhat nervous child, he was something of a loner during his formative years and he has always had a rather amoral approach to law and society, combined with a profound indifference to other people. Originally marked by his parents as a doctor, when he entered his teenage years he exhibited a notable talent for foreign languages and as such was sent to read French, English, Latin and Spanish at Oxford. He revelled in the scholarship and decadence of life in Oxford, his indulgences paid for by his family, and after graduating toured Europe, making connections with important families and agencies across the continent. His skill with languages outweighed his general distaste for other people, and using his connections and characteristic ruthlessness he quickly engineered his advancement in diplomatic circles and increased his family fortunes through shrewd business dealings. He was diagnosed with cancer in 1918 and immediately retired to focus on trying to find a cure. He has no surviving family and no close friends.

During his student years he became interested in the occult and spent some time with like-minded colleagues in Oxford searching for occult tomes and hidden lore, but he quickly became bored and moved onto other entertainments. It was only ten years ago, when confronted by the likelihood of imminent death from leukaemia and the cessation of his privileged lifestyle, that the potential for the occult to offer some kind of solution spurred him into action. He was fortunate (or not, as the case may be) in that he quickly located several books that enabled him to learn some key magic and offered insights into the Cthulhu Mythos that have allowed him to maintain some hope that he may be able to prolong his life indefinitely. His recent discovery of the existence of the Stone of Concordance has been the development he has been waiting for, and he will stop at nothing to obtain it. His amoral nature allows him to perform quite evil acts without consideration of their morality, and although he is not technically insane, he has a very warped view of reality.

At the start of the scenario he is aged 66, and he is now quite desperate for a cure – without the aid of the stone, he will be dead within two years. Lawrence is frail and slight as an old man and should be played as having very little physical strength, but with great presence of mind and a burning, hungry intellect. His years of socialising in high society have allowed him to develop an erudite and almost charming personality, and he is always extra polite and particularly gracious to any female characters. He also makes a great deal of his physical weakness and frequent confinement to a wheelchair, as it reinforces the perception of him as a harmless old man.

Honman Ziegler

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT 18 POW 14 DEX 8 SAN 10 Hit Points 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapon: Revolver 1D8 30%, Knife 1D4+1D4 65%

Skills: Anthropology 25%, Archaeology 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 11%, Drive Auto 60%, English 55%, French 50%, German, 70%, History, 75%, Library Use 65%, Occult 35%

Spells: Create Fog, Summon/Bind Flying Polyp* plus any other spells the keeper desires.



Legacies of the Renaissance

German by birth, Honman Ziegler showed great promise as an intellectual and academic at Oxford and his knowledge of Classical Antiquities was almost unsurpassed when ensnared by Lawrence. He has since become irreversibly insane and depraved due to his circumstances, and lives in a world of his own making, where he cannot remember whom he once was, can do as he pleases without reprise, and has developed a penchant for sadism. This does not mean that he is not logical and careful however, and he is very aware of the dangers that he faces. He will do anything to get the stone and the cure he hopes it will provide, particularly if Lawrence is killed. He is the most dangerous of Lawrence's 'colleagues,' and will probably become more of an immediate threat than Lawrence himself as the scenario progresses.

Samuel Gerhardt

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 17 POW 16 DEX 10 SAN 60 Hit Points 14

Damage Bonus: 0

Weapon: Hooked knife 1D4 + DB

Skills: Anthropology 15%, Biology 75%, Chemistry 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 3%, Drive Auto 40%, French 60%, History, 40%, Library Use 60%, Occult 10%, Knife 35%

Spells: Create Fog*

Samuel Gerhardt was immensely enjoying life with his family and was performing important cancer research in London before being infected by Lawrence. Of all of Lawrence's forced colleagues, Samuel took the absence of his family the hardest and quickly became disillusioned and depressed. His lack of progress and pessimistic outlook made him unpopular with the other members of the group and is partly responsible for his gruesome murder by Honman.

Bronislav Raskolnikov

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 18 POW 15 DEX 10 SAN 55 Hit Points 10

Damage Bonus: None

Weapon: Knife 1D4, poison

Skills: Biology 75%, Chemistry 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 8%, Drive Auto 50%, English 70%, French 70%, German 35%, History, 30%, Library Use 70%, Knife 50%, Occult 14%, Physics 60%, Russian 85%

Spells: Create Fog*

Bronislav Raskolnikov has worked in France since obtaining his doctorate in Moscow while still a young man. At the Sorbonne he was pioneering research into radiometry as a possible technique to treat illness, and his speciality and locality made him Lawrence's first choice for obtaining unwilling allies. An accident as a young boy serves as the reason he suffers from lameness in his left leg; a large plank of wood fell shattering his bone, whilst helping his grandfather in his workshop.

Of all the researchers, Bronislav has retained his sanity and his desire for a relatively unsullied life the best, although of course he is as desperate as the others for a cure. The investigators should be encouraged to feel some empathy towards this character, as he does evil by necessity rather than choice. If encouraged in the correct way, he may be persuaded to try to escape Lawrence and if he is still alive when Lawrence dies, he will return to his wife and flee Paris, living the rest of his life in Belgium. It is Bronislav who has stolen both the ornamental cross of the crucifixion and the Codex Palatinus Bible from St. Cuthbert's Parish Church in Edinburgh.

Secondary characters

Dr. Robert Abercrombie

Originally of aristocratic descent and Oxbridge through and through, Robert is nevertheless very sincere and charming, if a little unintentionally condescending at times. He assumes that everyone has the same level of intellect and knowledge that he has, and is always slightly disappointed when he finds out they haven't. Should anyone possess equal education credentials (doctorate or equivalent) or profess a deep interest in palaeontology, they will make a friend for life in Robert. He is a young lecturer at The University of Cambridge, England, but is presently travelling Europe looking for field sites for his research. He has just been sent information about a possible Megasaurus find in Venice, Italy, which is discussed more in the second Legacies of the Renaissance scenario, and is travelling there post haste. He has some understanding of the Mythos (though he has only touched upon it lightly) and may find items of interest in any overheard



Legacies of the Renaissance

conversation amongst the investigators. He also speaks several languages, including French, Italian, German, Egyptian and Latin.

Ms. Eleanor Porter neé Buckle

Tall, svelte and fair-haired, Eleanor is a striking figure who is sure to be noticed almost instantly by male investigators. She is just emerging onto the American movie scene, and has the annoying self-belief common to people who are constantly being assured that they are wonderful. Despite being quite dull and having an annoying braying laugh, she is actually rather friendly and genuinely caring, in moderation. She also has a moustache fetish, and any investigator possessing one and having an appearance of 14 or higher is guaranteed some attention.

Mr. Patrick Faerber

A printer of novels based in Amsterdam, Patrick is a nervous individual who is also highly superstitious, and attributes all of his success to being a clean living and God-fearing Christian. He won't do anything that he feels might earn him God's disapproval, and consequently can be tiresome though well-meaning company. He is however quite conservative, and is sometimes quick to temper when his fiancée Klera gets too romantic/sentimental, taking the tenth commandment rather literally.

Ms. Klera Füster

Ms. Füster is Patrick's sweetheart, and has known him since she was a teenager. She is deeply in love with Patrick, who she perceives (through a slightly unrealistic but romantic mental veil) as being the closest thing to a chivalric knight that can be found in the 1920s. She is deeply romantic, almost to the point of mental illness, and loves any kind of highly sentimental gesture, no matter how misplaced. She is often enamoured (in an innocent enough way) with any charismatic strangers, particularly those who display any noble sentiment. This sometimes gets her into trouble with the highly-strung Patrick.

Sgt. Alfred Murray

Tall and tanned, Alfred is an English gentleman who fought in Belgium towards the end of the First World War and was subsequently given a position in charge of troops stationed in Athens following the war. He has difficulty breathing following a mustard gas attack in Belgium that he only just survived, but which left his lungs ravaged. After serving at the Athens barracks for several years, and having reached 40, he has decided to take early retirement and return to his estates in England (currently being kept in order by his younger sister Sarah). He is pleasant company but rather quiet and sombre (he was not prepared for the horror of the war and it has made him a sober and serious man). He will talk of the war if encouraged, but his real passion is the breeding of racehorses.

Ms. Oleysa Kerta

A Russian Countess, Oleysa is in fact in voluntary exile. Stunningly pretty and attractively petite she has always been an object of desire and when still a teenager was continually wooed by many of the most rich and handsome men in Kiev. However, it was a young servant who actually caught her eye and, one abortion and a swift execution by firing squad later, Oleysa found herself something of a pariah. She therefore decided to travel around Europe until high society in Kiev was ready to forgive her. Her father sent a chaperone with her to ensure that similar misfortunes did not befall her, but she cunningly gave him the slip several weeks ago and he has been forced to return to Russia without her. She has no doubt that her father will send someone to find her again soon (especially as he has a record of where she has been due to her constant withdrawals of money), but in the meantime intends to see what she can of Europe while nursing her broken heart and consoling herself with opium (she is at the start of an addiction). The investigators, should they choose to search her room may become suspicious, although she is in fact innocent with her drug habit.

* New Spells

Create Fog

The spell takes five combat rounds to cast and has two versions. Firstly, a handful of water can be used as a component to create a “normal” dense water-based fog, roughly 20’ x 20’. The second version is for more dangerous to all concerned, including the caster. Any material can be used as a component as long as it is not too densely packed i.e. dust or sand. But this creates a thicker fog of the material component used, which causes 1 point of damage, each round after the first that it is inhaled. The area affected is the same as the water-based version of the spell, and lasts for the duration of caster concentration. Both spells cost five magic points each, with the second also costing 1d4 sanity points.

Summon/Bind Flying Polyp

Calls forth a single Flying Polyp. The magic point cost varies; for each magic point sacrificed increase the chance for a successful cast by 10 percentiles; a result of 96-00 is always a failure. Each casting of this spell costs 1D3 sanity points. The spell requires an enchanted whistle, which recreates the piping sounds made by the creature. Increase the chance of success by 10 percentiles per point of POW stored within the whistle. The Polyp maybe summoned either day or night, but will be invisible if there is a bright source of light at its summoned location.

Animate Statue

Reciting long forgotten syllables, the caster invokes the pure essence stored within all universal particles and kick-starting the catalyst, brings the inanimate to life. Anything maybe animated, from small bricks to massive structures, such as the statue of Rames at Aswan. The caster must spend a single magic point per 2 SIZ points of the target object, and the spell costs 1D2 points of sanity.

Essence Transference

The caster must have secured a (like for like – i.e. human for human) sentient being within a carefully designated magical area. The caster then proceeds to drip feed the restrained being, any diseases (non-magical only) or afflictions, such as cancerous cells or tumours. The caster does not have to be within the same magically affected area as the recipient being, as a magical thread is created linking the two together. The actual transference is not seen, only its effects, such as hair loss or bruising. The magically affected area must be free of any electricity or other magic’s, and the caster must permanently expend 2 points of POW to create the desired area.

Each time the caster wishes to make a transference of his particular affliction, 1D3 magic points must be spent per hour undergoing treatment; each hour entitles the caster to one full day of reasonable health, although each hour spent in transference temporarily reduces the CON of the caster by a similar number, creating a vicious circle. This spell may never fully eradicate a life-threatening affliction, but will indefinitely postpone its effects. The spell costs 1 point per transference and none on creation of the designated magical area. Should the recipient being ever be removed from the magical area, the caster will receive back all transferred effects of the spell instantaneously, possibly causing a horrific death.

Curse of Transference

A variant on the Essence Transference spell; the caster imbues either a liquid or food with a portion of his said affliction. The afflictions strength is equal to one per magic point sacrificed in casting, which maybe matched on the Resistance Roll table. The food or liquid will remain potentially harmful for only twenty hours after casting.



The Stone of Concordance

Two halves, which make a small but perfect sphere, one half of the stone is blue, whilst the other is red. The colours fluctuate in hues when directly stared at, and are strangely intermingled when together, giving the appearance of being just a single stone. The stones are flawless and fit together snugly even though there are no clasps or grooves of any kind. Placed in clear still water, the stone creates a swirling effect giving off beautiful colours revealing its magical nature.

The Stone of Concordance has only a few specific powers, but the ones that it possesses are truly exceptional. The bearer of both parts of the stone is immune to any disease or afflictions and regenerates hit points at twice the normal rate. This does not affect any pre-contracted diseases or afflictions (nor does it prevent death by injury), but it does halt any further deterioration. The stone grants an indefinite extension to the bearer's life, as it did Dee – who had lived far beyond expected, but who died shortly after selling the stone to ease financial worries. Casting any summoning or binding spells is done so with a percentile advantage of 25% per attempt.

Should any individual have in their possession the red positive half of the stone, as did the investigators, it allows a 10% bonus to all **Luck** rolls (the bearer only), and grants a bonus of 10% to the casting of any summoning or binding spells. Ownership of the blue negative half, subtracts 10% from all **Luck** rolls and also from any summoning or binding spells. The only other drawback of the negative half of the stone is that lost hit points are regenerated at half the normal rate.

Bibliography

Thank you to all at both Newstead Abbey and St. Mary Magdalene's church Nottinghamshire, for the leaflets and valuable information pertaining to Lord Byron and his history.

Byron: life and legend by Fiona MacCarthy.

The Queen's Conjuror by Benjamin Wooley.

Chaosium for numerous books, including "Horror on the Orient Express", "Strange Aeons", "The London Guidebook" and the "Call of Cthulhu" rulebook.

Various Internet websites; too many to list, but with thanks to each and everyone of them.
Notable websites include:

www.kramersfineart.com

www.thebritishmuseum.ac.co.uk

www.englishhistory.net/byron/images

www.tate.org

www.paris.org

and many, many others.

All rights reserved by their respective owners. Copyright 2005.

LEGACIES OF THE RENAISSANCE

...

A note accompanies the newspaper article concerning your friend, an English curator. The photograph illustrating the article is dated late April 1928 and shows the curator shaking hands with the British Foreign Minister, a portly gentleman who sports a finely-shaped moustache. Strikingly, the photograph also reveals a beautifully wrought necklace, the Stone of Concordance, hanging around the companion's neck. He is but ten days away from a most gruesome death.

ISBN-10: 1-56882-293-6
ISBN-13: 978-1-56882-293-8

51295



Find other treasures at
www.chaosium.com

