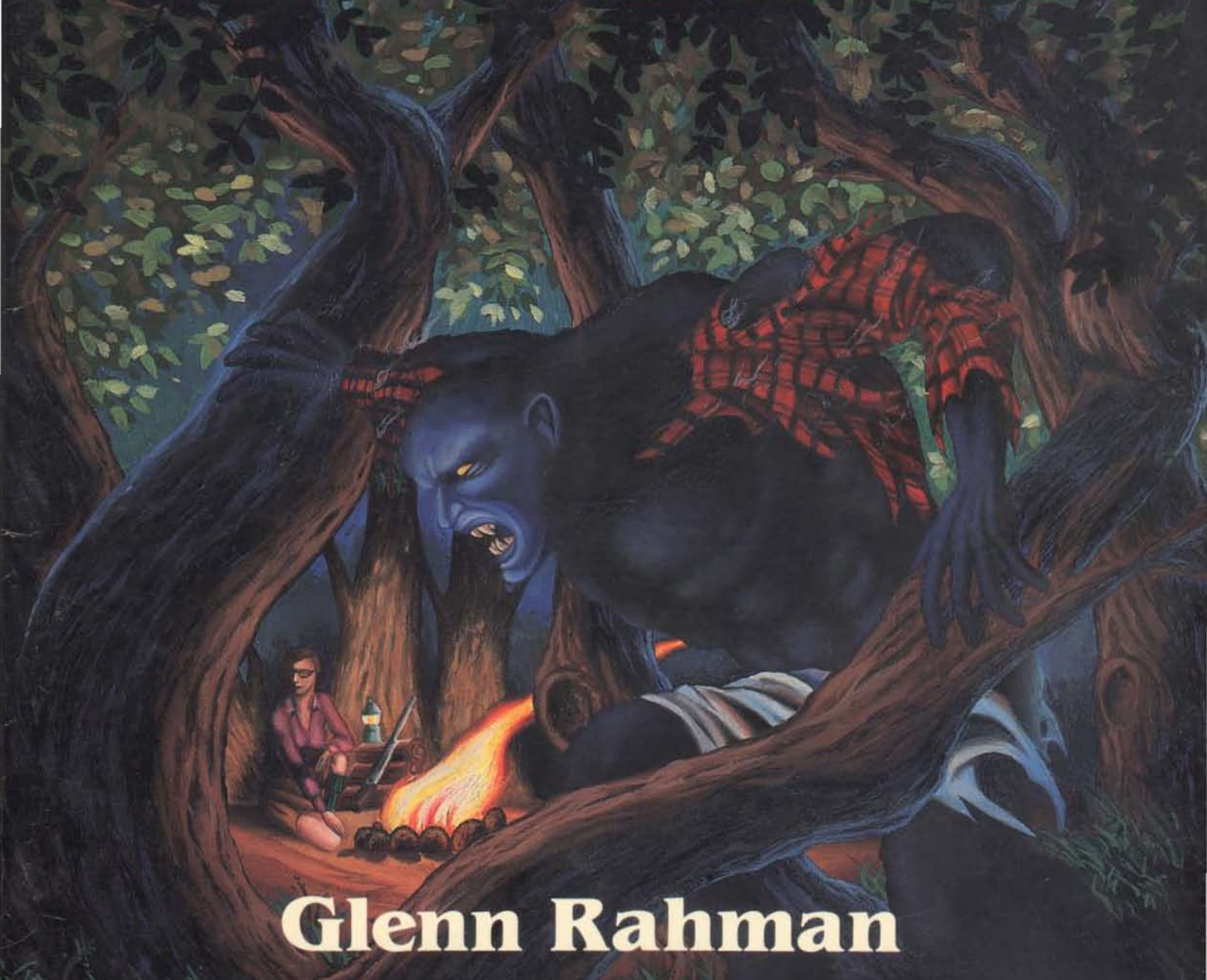


# Alone Against **THE WENDIGO**

## Solitaire Adventure in Canada's Wilds



# Glenn Rahman

**CALL OF  
CTHULHU**

ADVENTURE

a  
**CHAOSIUM INC.**  
publication



DAN + DAVID DAY '85

BY PERMISSION OF ARKHAM HOUSE

# Alone Against **THE WENDIGO**

## **Solitaire Adventure in Canada's Wilds**



*H.P. Lovecraft*

*1890-1937*

*written by*

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# **Dan & David Day**

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Jeff Okamoto

*silhouette, last page, by*  
Tom Sullivan



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# **CALL of CTHULHU<sup>®</sup>**

# Introduction

*Alone Against The Wendigo* is a *Call of Cthulhu* adventure designed to be played by a single person. In it, you the player assume the identity of L.C. Nadelmann, Ph.D., an anthropologist tenured at Miskatonic U., who goes to survey an unknown region in Canada's Northwest Territory.

As Dr. Nadelmann, you have the help of Charlie Fox-tail, a local Indian guide, and of Bernard, Sylvia, and Norman, your best graduate students from Miskatonic U.

Fittingly for devotees of H.P. Lovecraft, the adventures along the North Hanninah are guaranteed to be bizarre, dangerous, and mind-shattering. Your victory, should you survive, is determined by the number of Hanninah Mythos points which you can accumulate and return with to civilization.

Should your first Nadelmann succumb, then you may begin play again. There are many different outcomes, and many different adventures. Each time you begin anew, you may re-allocate Dr. Nadelmann's skill points. Your knowledge of the hazards ahead therefore improves, of course, but mere knowledge and skills are sometimes little help against the forces of darkness. You'll need courage, too, to go alone against the wendigo.

Two modified investigator sheets, with mark-offs for Hanninah Mythos points, fold out from this book, as does the page display for the player companions. If you are likely to send out waves of Nadelmanns, then photocopy the original investigator sheets to keep your work surface fresh (and the relative success of the Nadelmanns visible for comparison).

## HOW TO PLAY

### Dr. Nadelmann

As you desire, Dr. Nadelmann either may be male (Lawrence Christian) or female (Laura Christine). The characteristics vary slightly between the sexes.

Regardless of sex, you are the youngest Ph.D. to be tenured at Miskatonic University, in Arkham, Massachusetts. You are a rising star in the new field of cultural anthropology, and even your European counterparts are impressed by your cascade of learned articles. Your classes are always full, your students idolize you, your field trips are always successful, and your theories are exciting. Previous expeditions have been just sensational enough to draw the favorable attention of the press to the university in general, and to the department of anthropology in particular. Large private endowments for your specialty are rumored in preparation. Your department head and collegiate administrators often invite you to dinner.

Decide whether you are male or female. Your personal characteristics are given on the correct investigator sheet.

A skills worksheet appears near this paragraph. Some *Call of Cthulhu* skills are unused in this adventure. Of the 390 points which you may allot, at least 40 points must go to Anthropology. The rest can be distributed as you wish among the skills in the workspace, except that you may take no initial Cthulhu Mythos. The skills listed are the only ones useful in this adventure. No skill points may be saved for later allocation — all must be spent now.

### SKILLS WORKSPACE

Skill	Base Chance		Percentiles Allotted		Final Skill %
Anthropology	00% +		.....	=	.....
Boating *	10% +		.....	=	.....
Climb	40% +		.....	=	.....
Cthulhu Mythos	00%				
Debate	10% +		.....	=	.....
Dodge	32% +		.....	=	.....
First Aid	30% +		.....	=	.....
Geology	00% +		.....	=	.....
Hide	10% +		.....	=	.....
Listen	25% +		.....	=	.....
Make Maps	10% +		.....	=	.....
Pick Pocket	05% +		.....	=	.....
Psychoanalysis	00% +		.....	=	.....
Psychology	05% +		.....	=	.....
Sneak	10% +		.....	=	.....
Swim	25% +		.....	=	.....
Track	10% +		.....	=	.....
Woodcraft *	10% +		.....	=	.....
<i>Weapons **</i>					
Hunting Rifle	10% +		.....	=	.....
Fighting Knife	25% +		.....	=	.....
Club	25% +		.....	=	.....
Hatchet	20% +		.....	=	.....
Punch	50% +		.....	=	.....
Head Butt	10% +		.....	=	.....
Grapple	25% +		.....	=	.....
Kick	25% +		.....	=	.....

390 total

\* non-rulesbook skills

**BOATING:** characters use Boating for rafts, canoes, rowboats, and small motorboats — not for sailing craft. If a craft is controlled by more than one person, as a large canoe might be, each character in the boat must receive a successful Boating roll during a crisis. In this adventure, all of your party travels in one craft.

**WOODCRAFT:** a skill unique to this adventure. It represents the ability to travel in heavy forests without becoming lost, to make fires, and to find food, water, and shelter.

\*\* weapons do damage as given in *Call of Cthulhu*. A rifle may be used as a club, at the character's Club skill percentage. A real club can be carried by any character who does not have a rifle. The club must be dropped if the character fights with any other weapon. An unarmed character in any round of combat may snatch up a piece of wood as a club if he receives a successful Luck roll.

### Player Companions

In many paragraphs of this adventure, one or more companions accompany Dr. Nadelmann, as follows:

Bernard Epstein (New York City), grad student  
 Norman Falkner (Arkham), grad student  
 Sylvia Davison (Boston), grad student  
 Charlie Foxtail (Ft. McDonald), Indian guide

Statistic	Bernard	Norman	Sylvia	Charlie
STR	11	12	10	13
CON	14	16	12	17
SIZ	13	12	10	11
INT	11	13	12	10
POW	14	15	14	11
DEX	12	14	13	11
SAN	70	75	70	55
Hit Points	14	14	11	14
Luck Roll	70%	75%	70%	55%
Anthropology	40%	30%	25%	00%
Boating	30%	40%	30%	85%
Cthulhu Mythos	00%	00%	00%	00%
Climb	60%	45%	50%	80%
Dodge	24%	28%	26%	40%
First Aid	30%	35%	35%	50%
Geology	15%	20%	25%	00%
Hide	35%	45%	40%	80%
Listen	35%	30%	50%	70%
Make Maps	65%	10%	10%	10%
Pick Pocket	05%	05%	25%	05%
Psychoanalysis	00%	00%	00%	00%
Psychology	05%	25%	05%	05%
Sneak	30%	50%	40%	85%
Swim	40%	35%	40%	50%
Track	10%	15%	10%	80%
Woodcraft	10%	20%	10%	85%
Hunting Rifle (2D6+3 damage)	25%	50%	30%	70%
Fighting Knife (1D4+2)	35%	30%	25%	85%
Club (1D8)	25%	25%	25%	50%
Hatchet (1D6+1)	20%	20%	20%	80%
Punch (1D3)	55%	60%	50%	75%
Head Butt (1D4)	10%	15%	10%	30%
Kick (1D6)	30%	35%	25%	50%

Unless otherwise stated and only if the companion is present and not asleep, you may substitute a player companion's skill for a particular roll required of Dr. Nadelmann. For example, if the group is walking along, and a Listen skill roll is called for, that skill roll may be attempted by Nadelmann, or by any one of Nadelmann's companions (player's choice). The roll can be attempted only once, not once per character.

As Nadelmann, you may always attempt First Aid on yourself. Player companions may use First Aid only if they are not themselves in need of it. If a character attempts First Aid and fails, another character may attempt to help the same injured party.

Player companions may help Dr. Nadelmann in melee combat. Allot hits on your side as evenly as possible, though Dr. Nadelmann (stalwart to the end) may elect to take more. If possible, a player companion's hit points must not be reduced to fewer than two. If such a reduction becomes necessary, and if the paragraph does not give the option of a player-companion's death, he is assumed to have fainted at the level of two hit points and survives if Nadelmann survives the fight.

### Preparing For Play

Prior to starting play, you may want to refresh yourself with certain sections of the second edition rules for *Call of Cthulhu*.

- Simple Percentile Rolls, p. 14
- Resistance Table Rolls, p. 14
- Taking Damage, p. 16
- Shock, p. 16
- Drowning, p. 16
- Combat Skills, p. 17
- Fighting, p. 17
- The Impale, p. 17
- Using Melee Weapons, pp. 17-19
- Firearms, pp. 19-20
- Using SAN, p. 26
- Shock and Temporary Loss, pp. 26-27
- Indefinite Insanity, p. 28
- The Value of Insanity, p. 28
- Defeating Monsters, pp. 28-30

### Healing Time

Certain paragraphs represent significant amounts of passed time — time in which characters can heal. At such points, the entry number is followed by a prefacing sentence "Healing Time: add 1 hit point each to yourself and to any companions if you need healing." When you reach such an entry, each living character whose hit point total is less than individual maximum has 1 hit point added to his current total before the other action of that entry occurs.

### Swimming and Drowning

Often a set number of successful Swim rolls are necessary for a character to reach safety. If a Swim roll is failed, start CON rolls in a descending series (CON x 10, CON x 9, CON x 8, etc.). Once a CON roll is failed, immediately take drowning damage that round and each round thereafter until the character reaches safety or drowns.

Once drowning damage starts, no further CON rolls are made, but continue the Swim rolls. When drowning damage exceeds hit points, the character dies.

### Physical Shock

If Dr. Nadelmann suffers from shock due to injury (p. 16, *Call of Cthulhu* second edition), she is assumed to have fainted and to be left alone for dead, unless otherwise stated. When this happens, go to entry 191.

### Mental Shock

Mental shock is also known as temporary insanity (p. 26, *Call of Cthulhu* second edition). If this occurs, you are assumed to have run off in a mindless frenzy, and then to have fallen down exhausted.

When Mental Shock (temporary insanity) strikes, go to entry 39. Mental shock can pay unexpected dividends, for the victim can gain irrational insight into the Cthulhu Mythos. For the first onset of such shock, add 5 percentiles to your Cthulhu Mythos skill, and 10 points to your Hanninah Mythos skill total. For each subsequent onset, add 1 percentile to Cthulhu Mythos, and two percentiles to Hanninah Mythos.

### Indefinite Insanity

At all costs try to avoid Indefinite Insanity. It is unlikely Dr. Nadelmann can go mad in the wilderness and still survive to receive the necessary professional help. If this disaster occurs, always go to entry ~~364~~ 364.

### Permanent Insanity

It is all too possible for Dr. Nadelmann's SAN to drop to zero. If it does, being mad and lost in the Big Woods promises only death or worse. This supercedes Indefinite Insanity. When Permanent Insanity strikes, go to 550.

## THE OBJECT OF THE GAME

In *Alone Against The Wendigo*, you strive to gain as much information as possible about the secrets of the North Hanninah. Two types of knowledge are possible — Cthulhu Mythos points and Hanninah Mythos (HM) points.

For each entry which you leave with Nadelmann still alive, mark down the number of Hanninah Mythos points indicated at the end of the entry — 1 HM, 3 HM, 11 HM, etc. Entries which take place in the outer world, beyond the North Hanninah, bestow no HM. Most entries grant 1 HM. Some entries may grant both Cthulhu Mythos and Hanninah Mythos points; do not confuse them. Remember to lower SAN when gaining Cthulhu Mythos.

Unlike Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, knowing the Hanninah Mythos does not directly affect any character's

SAN. And, unlike any other skill, Hanninah Mythos may exceed 100 — there is no necessary upper limit to Hanninah Mythos.

You want to return to civilization bearing as much information as possible to the incredulous world. If anything happens to damage your credibility (criminal acts, insanity, academic incompetence), your HM total will be reduced.

While you are in Ft. McDonald or other civilized points, your HM total does not increase as you go from entry to entry, but it will if you return to the perils of the North Hanninah.

Should you die, your total accumulated HM is divided by 5 (round fractions up to the nearest percentile). The remainder represents the possibility that a future investigator finds your journal and uses it effectively.

## LEVELS OF VICTORY

HM at THE END	Meaning
30 or less HM	failure
31-60 HM	limited success
61-90 HM	modest success
91-120 HM	substantial success
121+ HM	stunning success

### Optional Investigators

If you prefer, you can use an investigator of your own rather than Dr. Nadelmann, keeping a HM running tally on scratch paper. This adventure can be a true test of his or her mettle, and any investigator daring the hazards should be allowed to reap any benefits of the experience. Previously-held Cthulhu Mythos points are not turned into HM points; new Cthulhu Mythos gained during the course of the adventure does add HM points. When the investigator leaves this adventure, he retains his Hanninah Mythos, though outside this adventure its only real use is to signal that your investigator has been alone against the Wendigo. He can enter 10 percentiles of Woodcraft, and retain that skill if later keepers allow.

If your investigator packs potent magic spells, strive to preserve the spirit of the game both in their castings and in their effects.

Each entry bears a consecutive number, from 1 to 654.

**56**

Healing Time: add 1 hit point each to yourself and to any companion if you need healing. Your party packs and falls in behind you. The peaks of the Ram Mountains loom in the direction of your objective. You advance under the staring eyes of frost-carved hoodoos, under the temples, buttresses, and steeples of the weathered peaks. The strange majesty of their shapes produces reverential awe in your companions. If these ancient mountains are a temple to forgotten gods, you can only hope that they do not judge your trespass as a blasphemy.

Succeed in a Listen and go to —84—; fail and go to —85— (158, 164, 409, 604) 1 HM

'Healing time' is always noted at the front of the text.

Entry text may be one or many paragraphs.

'Go to' tells the number of the new entry to which you should proceed. Sometimes you are directed, sometimes you may choose, sometimes you must roll to successfully use a particular skill, and sometimes you must roll for a random result. Preceding and following dashes always identify 'Go to' numbers.

Trace numbers indicate the numbers of entries from which you could have come in order to get to this entry. There may be one or many. To trace a route, pencil out trace numbers as you play.

## Format

Similar blocks are found to the outside of most entry pages. The numbers show which sequence of one hundred concludes a page: 1-99 is 0, 100-199 is 1, 200-299 is 2, and so on.

Immediately add the stated amount of points to your total on the investigator sheet. A few entries grant no points. A few entries grant Cthulhu Mythos points as well — be sure to add them on the investigator sheet, and to subtract equal SAN points. Hanninah Mythos points do not affect Sanity.

# CALL of CTHULHU

Name. LAURA CHRISTINE NADELMANN  
 Occupation ANTHROPOLOGIST Sex FEMALE Age 29  
 Nationality USA Residence ARKHAM, MA.

## INVESTIGATOR STATISTICS

STR. 14 DEX 16 INT 18 Idea 90  
 CON 18 APP 17 POW 17 Luck 85  
 SIZ 12 SAN 85 EDU 20 Know 100  
 Schools HARVARD, MISKATONIC  
 Degrees A.B., M.A., Ph.D.  
 Damage Bonus/Penalty +1D4

## MAGIC POINTS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

## HIT POINTS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21



## SANITY POINTS

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

## SKILLS

Anthropology (00) 70   
 Boating (10) 40   
 Climb (40) 40   
 Cthulhu Mythos (00) 85   
 Debate (10) 10   
 Dodge (32) 42   
 First Aid (30) 45   
 Geology (00) 20   
 Hide (10) 30   
 Listen (25) 50   
 Make Maps (10) 80   
 Pick Pocket (05) 35   
 Psychoanalysis (00) 00   
 Psychology (05) 20   
 Sneak (10) 10   
 Swim (25) 65   
 Track (10) 35   
 Woodcraft (10) 35

## HANNINAH MYTHOS POINTS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34
35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51
52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68
69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85
86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99			
100	200	300	400	500	600	700	800									

*INSTRUCTIONS: use this tally or scratch paper to record Nadelmann's Hanninah Mythos tally as it accumulates. Mark off the first 99 like this X then mark off 100, then start at 1 again and mark off the second hundred like this: X. Then mark off 200, etc. For the third hundred, circle the numbers like this: 200 and so on. The chances are slim that your Nadelmanns will be even this successful. Check-offs continue, however, to near the hypothetical maximum for the adventure.*

## WEAPONS

Weapon	Attk%	Damage	Impale	Parry%	Hit Points
30.06	40	2D6+3			12
FIGHT KNIFE	25	2D4+2			15
CLUB	25	1D8+1D4			20
HATCHET	30	1D6+1+1D4			12
KICK	25	1D6+1D4			—
HEAD BUTT	10	2D4			—
PUNCH	10	1D3+1D4			—

## SPELLS KNOWN, OTHER SKILLS, NOTES

.....  
 .....  
 .....  
 .....  
 .....  
 .....  
 .....

If in Physical Shock, go to -191-. If in Mental Shock, go to -39-.  
 If in Indefinite Insanity, go to -324-. If in Permanent Insanity, go to -550-.

# CALL of CTHULHU®

Name. LAWRENCE CHRISTIAN NADELHANN  
 Occupation ANTHROPOLOGIST. Sex MALE. Age 29.  
 Nationality USA. Residence ARKHAM, MA.

## INVESTIGATOR STATISTICS

STR. 17. DEX 16. INT 18. Idea. 90.  
 CON 18. APP. 15. POW 16. Luck 80.  
 SIZ 15. SAN 80. EDU 20. Know 100.  
 Schools YALE, MISKATONIC.  
 Degrees B.A., M.A., Ph.D.  
 Damage Bonus/Penalty +1D4

## MAGIC POINTS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

## HIT POINTS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21



## SANITY POINTS

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

## SKILLS

- Anthropology (00) .....
- Boating (10) .....
- Climb (40) .....
- Cthulhu Mythos (00) .....
- Debate (10) .....
- Dodge (32) .....
- First Aid (30) .....
- Geology (00) .....
- Hide (10) .....
- Listen (25) .....
- Make Maps (10) .....
- Pick Pocket (05) .....
- Psychoanalysis (00) .....
- Psychology (05) .....
- Sneak (10) .....
- Swim (25) .....
- Track (10) .....
- Woodcraft (10) .....

## HANNINAH MYTHOS POINTS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34
35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51
52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68
69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85
86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99			
100	200	300	400	500	600	700	800									

*INSTRUCTIONS: use this tally or scratch paper to record Nadelmann's Hanninah Mythos tally as it accumulates. Mark off the first 99 like this X then mark off 100, then start at 1 again and mark off the second hundred like this: X. Then mark off 200, etc. For the third hundred, circle the numbers like this: 200, and so on. The chances are slim that your Nadelmanns will be even this successful. Check-offs continue, however, to near the hypothetical maximum for the adventure.*

## WEAPONS

Weapon	Attk%	Damage	Impale	Parry%	Hit Points
30.06	.....	2D6+3	.....	.....	12
FIGHT KNIFE	.....	2D4+2	.....	.....	15
CLUB	.....	1D8+1D4	.....	.....	20
HATCHET	.....	1D6+1D4	.....	.....	12
KKK	.....	1D6+1D4	.....	.....	—
HEAD BUTT	.....	2D4	.....	.....	—
PUNCH	.....	1D3+1D4	.....	.....	—

## SPELLS KNOWN, OTHER SKILLS, NOTES

.....  
 .....  
 .....  
 .....  
 .....  
 .....  
 .....

If in Physical Shock, go to -191-. If in Mental Shock, go to -39-.  
 If in Indefinite Insanity, go to -524-. If in Permanent Insanity, go to -550-.

# Alone Against THE WENDIGO

## TO BEGIN

You, as Dr. L. C. Nadelmann, have long been fascinated by the prehistory of North America, particularly the Big Woods of the North. As unexplored as the Amazon Basin, the Canadian wild is said by hunters, trappers, and gold-seekers to still conceal aboriginal tribes unknown to science.

Alas, whatever truth these stories contain is masked by tall tales of lost prehistoric valleys, Indian demons, pygmy races, and other equally unbelievable fantasies.

Surely the time is right to cast the critical light of science on the Big Woods. The truth hidden there could confound travelers' yarns and be of immeasurable value.

For over a year you have importuned your department to finance a modest summer exploratory trip into Canada's Northwest Territory. Now, at last, your funding is approved and you make your preparations to leave at the end of the spring semester. Most of your graduate students are eager to go, but you can take only the most promising three.

You have chosen to explore the valley of the North Hanninah; in the local Sarcee Indian dialect, "Hanninah" means "the river of magic power." North Woods yarn-spinners have worked overtime on the legends of the North Hanninah. It is said to be haunted by invisible presences and mysterious headhunters. A part of the valley where a party of prospectors was found beheaded is still known as "Headsman's Glen."

Your small expedition takes the train into north-central Canada, then boards a chartered launch to Great Slave Lake and down the MacKenzie to Ft. McDonald, where an outpost of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police represents the sole power of civilization for scores of thousands of square miles of mountains, lakes, taiga, and swamp.

Ft. McDonald is a trading post for trappers and Indians. A single bark canoe of excellent make has been reserved for you, as well as all the basic gear that your summer trip requires.

Officials say that guides are reluctant to venture into the North Hanninah valley; the Indians have always shunned the region and most of the white men who dared to trespass upon the "river of magic power" never returned.

At last you locate a tough half-breed professional guide named Charlie Foxtail. He badly needs the high wages you are offering, in order to send his wife to Winnipeg for an expensive operation.

Finally all is in readiness.

Go to 1 to begin your adventure.

**1**

The best route into the valley of the North Hanninah is upstream by canoe from Ft.

McDonald, following the West Branch of the MacKenzie, to the mouth of the tributary you seek. The water swiftens at the junction, for the Ram Mountains loom grayly in the distance. The sun is uncomfortably hot on your face and the air is sultry. So short are the nights this far north that darkness gives the waterways no time to cool.

Each day on the paddle makes the students more adept at keeping time at the paddle with you and Charlie. Your supply of gasoline is by necessity limited, so you run the "kicker" (outboard motor) as seldom as possible.

The North Hanninah is a rougher river than the West Branch. Its floodplain is obstructed by sandbars, hills of driftwood, shingle islands, and forests of dead trees rooted in the mud. The current points all of them downstream, like arrows warning you to turn back.

The North Hanninah gushes through this desolation along a maze of small and large channels. Ahead, you hear the slowly building roar of rushing water.

This is the place of the splitting water," Charlie tells you. "Choose the right way and we shall make it through safely; choose the wrong . . ." He shrugs.

"You're the guide!" you protest. "Which is the right way?"

"The river is alive. Each day it makes itself new." he answers.

Succeed with a Luck roll and go to -2-; miss it and go to -3-.

(beginning)

1 HM

**2**

Your hard-taxed party spends the day working through the baffling network of waterways, sometimes forced to back down impassable channels to find an easier way, sometimes blundering across the heads of powerful chutes and being swept along with them. At certain points, your craft must be inched along by hand, while your party wades in waist-deep water.

You pass labyrinths of wooded islands, fast water, and drift. Finally you select a peaceful backwater in which to moor and make camp for the night.

Roll a die; even go to -4-; odd, go to -5-.

(1, 6, 25)

1 HM

**3**

The river batters your craft from every side at once. You've steered yourself into the river's trap. No matter which way you turn, it gets worse. The canoe bucks like a saddled buffalo, bounding over sets of snagging rapids, the peaks and teeth of which could tear out the belly of your craft.

To pull yourself through, succeed with a Boating skill roll and go to -6-; fail, and go to -7-.

(1)

1 HM



**4** You assume first watch that night, while the others sleep after the wearying ordeal of the day. The brief darkness is disturbed by the splash of beavers in the stream, the trilling of insects, and the hoot of a great gray owl. But is there something more?

Successfully make a Listen and go to -9-; fail and go to -8-.

(2) 1 HM

**5** The first night along the North Hanninah passes without mishap. Roll a die; even, go to -10-; odd, go to -11-.

(2) 1 HM

**6** Your skill and your party's earnest support saves the trip from an early disaster. Your group manages to pull the canoe out of the boil and cross over into another channel, where the passage proves much easier. Go to -2-.

(3) 1 HM

**7** The river strikes your fragile vessel with a titanic uppercut, upending it and hurling your party into the surging boil. Succeed in a Luck roll and go to -12-; miss it and go to -412-.

(3) 1 HM

**8** You hear nothing to disturb your watch and at midnight you yawn and cross the tiny circle of firelight to where Bernard Epstein sleeps. "Your watch, Bernie," you whisper. When the student makes no sound, you probe the shadows with the toe of your boot. You feel the sandy soil beneath the empty blankets.

Immediately concerned, you repeat Bernard's name sharply. Your voice is loud enough to bring the other members of your party scrambling out of their rolls, jabbering bleary questions.

"Be silent!" barks Charlie Foxtail as he takes a brand from the campfire and holds it aloft like a torch. He passes it low over the ground surrounding Bernard's blankets. Then he pauses as if he sees something. The brand trembles in his brown, leathery fist.

"Prints!" you mutter, staring down into the marks impressed into the earth. "What made them, Charlie? A raccoon?"

"Not a raccoon," the halfbreed whispers in an odd tone, but says no more.

To convince him to open up, succeed in Debate and go to -14-; fail and go to -15-.

(4) 2 HM

**9** As you listen, you hear a peculiar scurrying in the undergrowth. Something is moving just beyond the glow of the campfire. The sound vanishes near the spot where your graduate assistant, Bernard Epstein, is snoring faintly.

You pick up a weapon of choice and move stealthily through the silence. The mists do not let the moon or starlight shine through. It is only by a sudden flaring of the fire that you see the intruders. Tiny figures walking upright!

You have only an instant to decide to shoot at one of them (at half the normal chance to hit due to the surprise and darkness) or to do nothing. If you hit your target, go

to -16-; if you miss, are not carrying a rifle, or decline to shoot, go to -17-.

(4) 3 HM

**10** At dawn you are off again. Rapidly the day turns into a scorcher. The rocks in the stream are hot to the touch. But there is beauty under the shimmering heat, too. The wet sands by the water's edge are hidden under a vibrating carpet of blue - a host of small azure butterflies basking in the warmth.

Pausing a moment from your canoeing, you scan the shores for any sign of aboriginal life. Suddenly you catch a flash of someone standing by the rivershore, half-hidden by a bushy juniper. Before you can adjust your binoculars, the stranger is out of sight.

To paddle to shore to investigate, go to -18-; to continue on until camping time, go to -20-.

(5, 35, 492) 1 HM

**11** The faint stench of sulphur wafts out of the mouth of a narrow canyon on the shore. You have read about possible hot springs in the Hanninah region, and are tempted to become their formal discoverer.

To stop and explore, go to -19-; to continue on, go to -20-.

(5, 492) 1 HM

**12** Your four companions manage to hold onto the battered canoe and are driven by the current to a drift-strewn sandbar.

To join them, a successful Swim is needed. Make any number of attempts, but if one is missed, begin the Drowning procedure. When you Swim successfully, go to -13-.

(7) 1 HM

**13** You struggle to shore exhausted. If you took Drowning damage, a successful First Aid recovers 1D3 damage. Unfortunately, your group has lost much of its supplies and some of its weapons to the river. Your party's knives are all retained, but 1D3 of the hatchets are lost. Your group has at least one rifle, plus 1D3 additional rifles. Distribute the rifles as you prefer.

A search may find the lost items. Make a successful Luck roll and go to -25-; miss it and go to -22-.

(12) 1 HM

**14** Your firm persuasiveness breaks down the hunting guide's reticence. "Tell me what you think those tracks are!" you insist.

"Puk-Woogies," he murmurs ominously. "The Little Ones of the forest. They do evil magic, can turn invisible, walk through stone. Once my father saw a Puk-Woogie - the night a child vanished from our village. Around the cabin were tracks like these."

The guide babbles on about the evil fairies of the North for a moment, but you cut him short. "We have to make a search for Bernard," you declare. "Everyone, stay together, get your weapons. Charlie - lead the way!"

If Charlie succeeds in his Track, go to -23-. If he fails, go to -24-.

(8) 3 HM

**15**

"I know nothing! *Nothing!*" Charlie bellows, deeply agitated. You calm him with soft reassurances. When he quiets down, you turn to Norman, saying "We have to try to find out where Bernard went. He may have wandered off into the bushes and gotten lost."

You glance back at the sullen Charlie. You could really use his woodcraft skills. You wonder if you can depend on him. Try a Psychology roll. If you succeed, go to -27-; if you fail, go to -29-.

(8)

1 HM

**16**

With the explosion of your bullet, you hear a high-pitched squeal like a frightened piglet's. Awakened by your shot, your companions are struggling out of their bedrolls, all shouting at once.

"I shot something next to Ebstein," you explain hastily. The hunting guide plucks a flaming brand out of the fire and approaches the stunned and bewildered Bernard. Charlie passes him and pauses over something in the bracken. As he staggers back from it, shielding his face, you come up beside him and see what you have shot.

It is a spindly dwarf with a face like an African mask. Its skin is dusky dark, its fingers very long, and its feet handlike.

"A Puk-Woogie," Charlie babbles, "an evil Little One of the night! If there is one, there is more! We must leave this valley!"

To give Charlie argument, go to -30-; to agree with him, bury the dead dwarf, and return downriver, go to -165-.

(9)

7 HM

**17**

Startled by you, the apparitions vanish into the brush. "Everyone! Hurry! Get up!" you yell. Your comrades spring from their bedrolls, rifles in hand. "What is it, Doc?" gasps Ebstein. You explain that you saw small, upright, manlike beings standing over him as he slept.

Charlie lets out a startled sound. "We cannot stay here. We must leave the North Hanninah!"

He remains tight-lipped when you ask him to explain his fear. To talk him into unburdening himself, make a successful Debate and go to -35-; fail and go to -26-.

(9)

4 HM

**18**

While you steer the canoe to shore, Charlie warns you that there should be no one in this cursed and avoided valley and that it is folly to chase the devils that inhabit it. Shrugging off his admonishments, you moor the boat and check the gravel for tracks.

You find them. And there's a pair of feet in them. Roll a die: even, go to -36-; odd, go to -499-.

(10)

1 HM

**19**

After tying your canoe to the bank, you lead your party up the canyon. The stream that runs through the middle of it is warm and the rocks along its edges are heavily caked with precipitated minerals of white, gray, and yellow hue.

The further you advance between its narrow banks, the more desolate the scene. The vegetation struggles in youth and goes to an early sapling death. Gray dust coats the brittle sticks of strangled saplings. You kneel over a stone furred



THE NADELMANN EXPEDITION - (standing) Charlie Fox-Tail, Sylvia Davison; (seated) Norman Falkner, Bernard Epstein.

with yellow-and-white crystals and scrape a sample of the deposits into a small glass vial with your hunting knife. You suppose that they are nothing remarkable, though this is not your area of expertise. Finally you snap a few photos of the scene with your box camera.

To continue exploring, go to -64-; to return to your canoe and continue upriver, go to -20-.

(11)

1 HM

**20**

Healing time: add 1 hit point each to yourself and any companions if you need healing. Alternating between paddling and motor-boating, your determined group subtracts mile after mile from the distance intervening between you and your primary goal - Headsman's Glen.

The valley, when you find it, is crowded in by steep hills, small mountains, and rough stands of jack pines, black spruces, and balsam firs. Following Charlie's advice, your party sets up a semi-permanent camp, giving access to fish and game as well as a bit of refuge should the supposed Indian tribes of the valley prove hostile. In the days that follow, your party makes periodic excursions, seeking evidence of human inhabitants. It begins to look like you shall be disappointed.

Roll a die; even, go to -21-; odd, go to -40-.

(10, 11, 19, 37, 434, 459, 497, 532, 556)

1 HM

**21**

Following a day of fruitless exploration along the floor of the valley, your party fixes a hearty supper of stone-baked biscuits, jerky, and beans. Gnats and mosquitoes swarm, but the smoke drives

the worst of the pests away. While you eat, you notice Charlie is unusually sober-looking.

"Why so silent, Charlie?" you ask the guide. "A seasoned woodsman like you must have plenty of songs and hair-raising stories for a night like this."

"It is bad luck to speak of such things," he grunts. "The woods do not like to be mocked."

Before you can give answer, the halfbreed springs to his feet and looks nervously around the perimeter of the camp, sniffing the air as if he smelled dinner burning.

"Charlie-?" you begin.

"Moose . . ." he answers weakly, even before you can frame your question. "It is *nothing*. It is time we went to bed."

You draw in a deep breath, scenting nothing but the food, the smoke, and the fresh odor of the river. Nonetheless, Charlie's manner has affected the mood of your party and they are ready to call it a day.

Roll a die; even, go to -40-; odd, go to -46-.

(20) 1 HM

**22** A thorough search of the river shows that your missing supplies will stay lost. The canoe is too damaged to be repaired with the implements at hand. The weather turns against you; the thunderheads unleash lightning and stinging torrents of cold rain.

To wait out the storm, your party retreats into a cave which Charlie earlier found. As you sit on a chilly stone, soaking wet, you understand that the continuance of your field trip is in doubt.

Let your comrades and you cast votes to continue the expedition or to build a raft and float back down the river to the West Branch. You may vote as you choose. Roll a die for each of the others; an even result means an "aye" vote, to continue exploration; an odd result is a "no, let's go home." If the end result is "aye," go to -31-, if it is "nay," go to -51-.

(13) 1 HM

**23** Errorlessly trailing the subtle signs, Charlie leads your party along muddy ravines, over stony moraine ridges, and through dead-quiet stands of red pine. The air is musty with dampness and the smell of decaying wood. Thrusting up in thickets along the pathless route are the coiled new leaves of lady ferns, opening like fingers on unclenching fists.

Charlie sees Bernard first and freezes; Sylvia bursts out with a shrill scream. Bernard dangles between the two small aspens to which his wrists are tied. His head, cleaved off cleanly at the shoulders, is nowhere to be seen.

"The stories about the river," babbles Norman Falkner, "they're true!"

"We must get out of this valley!" declares Charlie. "We must go or all die like him!"

If adamant in seeking Bernard's killers, go to -137-; if you would flee the valley to save your lives, go to -32-.

(14, 28) 3 HM

**24** Either the trail of Bernard's abductors is too cunningly concealed, or Charlie has deliberately failed to track them because he fears to solve the mystery. You know you ought to continue searching, but the vastness of the Big Woods overwhelms your imag-

ination. To leave the valley in fear and defeat, go to -32-; to continue the search, go to -52-.

(14, 28) 1 HM

**25** By a miracle, the lost packs are found not far away, caught in a driftpile. All your useful weapons and supplies are restored. To press ahead with your exploration, go to -2-; to turn back, go to -513-.

(13) 1 HM

**26** Your best arguments and coaxing fall upon deaf ears. Charlie, if he talks at all, only will talk in his own good time. "I do not feel like sleep tonight, Doctor-Boss," the guide says. "I will stand first watch."

Something about his tone disturbs you. Make a Psychology roll. If you succeed, go to -410-; fail and go to -409-.

(17) 1 HM

**27** Your interpretation of Charlie Foxtail's behavior convinces you he wants to desert during the night. To anticipate him and argue him into a more rational state, succeed in Psychoanalysis and go to -28-; fail and go to -29-.

(15) 1 HM

**28** "You speak the truth, Doctor-Boss." Charlie shrugs weakly after a long talk with you. "The legends of my people cannot be true. I am civilized, like you." He offers to help you look for the missing student. If Charlie's Track skill succeeds, go to -23-; if it fails, go to -24-.

(27) 1 HM

**29** "No!" shouts the distraught Charlie. "I will not listen! We must leave this valley at once! It is madness to stay!" To accept defeat and go home, go to -32-; to let the superstitious guide sulk in camp while you lead the others in search, go to -52-.

(15, 27) 1 HM

**30** The discovery of a new species so excited you that you overlooked the implications of Charlie's distress. In the morning both the small cadaver and Charlie are gone - and with them the canoe. The faithless guide *has* left your group its share of the weapons and supplies, fortunately.

To continue your explorations without a canoe or guide, go to -604-; to try and follow the river bank down to the West Branch and civilization, go to -158-.

(16, 499) 1 HM

**31** Healing time: add 1 hit point each to yourself and any companions if you need healing. Having voted to continue the field trip, your party offers suggestions about the best way to proceed. Roll a six-sided die; 1 or 2, go to -50-; 3 or 4, go to -98-; 5 or 6, go to -434-.

(22) 1 HM

**32** With Charlie working the "kicker" and the rest of your group pitching in with paddles, you spend the first day of your return downriver peaceful-

ly. The next day out, a downpour turns the water wolverine, whisking you around a cliff-bound bend and down a mile-long sequence of rapids. Succeed in a Boating roll and go to -411-; miss it and go to -412-.

(23, 24, 29, 42, 44, 71, 73, 74, 155, 459, 523, 526) 1 HM

**33** Although your expedition has failed to produce any hard evidence, your reputation is such that Miskatonic University does not hold it against you. Your lack of results makes funding your projects harder in the ensuing years of the Great Depression. The bizarre stories you have to tell of the North Hanninah are greeted with as much skepticism by your colleagues as with enthusiasm by the sensationalist press. As things go, your career manages to survive your Hanninah experience.

(418, 430)

THE END

**34** Your party gets along a good distance, but then more trouble strikes. It is no one's fault, but the craft is suddenly raked over a sharp, submerged object. The river spurts through a gash in the bottom. Your party manages to get the supplies and the wreck to shore.

Soon you are chowing down on squirrel stew. But suddenly you hear a rattle among the iron utensils. You and the others glance quickly at the array and see the vessels shuddering, spinning around on the flat boulder on which they sit, tipping and bouncing to the ground.

"Earthquake . . ." mutters Norman. You shake your head. The water is untroubled in the stream, the trees register no shock. On a hunch you take the compass out of your pocket and stare at its face. The needle is gyrating like mad.

"It has to be some sort of magnetic disturbance," you offer hesitantly.

"Wendigo!" Charlie croaks. "Great Wendigo is near!"

Use Psychoanalysis to calm him down. If you succeed, go to -62-; fail and go to -61-.

(411)

3 HM

**35** You manage to make the distraught guide see reason. "You speak the truth, Doctor-Boss," he says. "The legends of my people cannot be true. I am civilized, like you." Afterwards he is able to talk about the source of his fear. "The tracks," he explains, "are like those I saw when I was a boy, the morning after a child of our village vanished." His reticence broken, he divulges a stream of information and legend. "When one is taken by the Little Ones — the Puk-Woogies — he does not come back — or he comes back with a terrible curse on him."

You listen to this primitive lore patiently, but skeptically. Talking it out has helped Charlie, however, and he is fit to go on to -10-.

(17)

4 HM

**36** A white man in a checkered coat lays under a bush, pale, bleeding from his mouth, and looking like he is at the point of death. Roll a die. Even, go to -37-; odd, go to -497-.

(18)

1 HM

**37** As you bend near the wretch, he shoots out a hand and grips your jacket collar. "Beware," he rasps, "little Indians . . . like midgets . . . up there . . . they got Jake . . . oh, God . . ." he dies.

To investigate the "little Indians," go to -498-; to go back, go to -20-.

(36)

2 HM

**38** Grieved over the loss of Sylvia, but unable to forsake this astonishing opportunity to explore the hidden valley, you lead Norman into its heart, to -63-.

(277, 483, 528)

1 HM

**39** When you come to, you are lying on a hard bed of pebbles beside a small, deeply-incised stream. Immediately your terror of the hideous, god-like figure comes rushing back to you. You sit bolt-upright, scanning the dense, skeletal stands of aspen and paper birch on either side of the ravine. As far as you can tell, you are alone and in no immediate danger.

Hurriedly you look for your weapons and find nothing but your hunting knife, still in its sheath. You decide to stay where you are until morning, in the faint hope that someone will find you. By the time the mists are burned off by the morning sun, you give up that hope. You are on your own. Go to -67-.

(72, 264)

1 HM

**40** That night you shiver in your sleep. The chill is brought home to you when Charlie reaches into your small tent and shakes you awake. "What is it? Why is it so blasted cold?" you moan.

"Doctor-Boss, come quickly," the guide pleads. You throw on your jacket and follow him. Outside the grass, the stones, the needles of the conifers, all are gray with a frosty rime.

"This is impossible," you declare. "It's still summer!"

"Look, Doctor-Boss," croaks Charlie, pointing to the spot where Bernard Ebstein had been sitting when he began his watch.

The graduate student lies curled up, half-hidden behind a stump. You draw up short. Ebstein has been reduced to a shrunken, flabby, whining, drooling thing. His bloodless forehead is caved in, like a deflated basketball. How he can still be alive in that condition is beyond your ken.

"Somebody get him a blanket!" you order. When Sylvia brings it, you wrap Bernard snugly. While you do so, you notice an indescribable, somewhat repugnant, odor in the cold air. When you grasp the young man's jacket, your fingers slip from a grayish grease which coats him.

To solve this mystery and get revenge upon whatever has committed this atrocity, go to -41-; to flee the valley in terror, go to -43-.

(20, 21)

4 HM

**41** You search the area for clues. You and Charlie find tracks around the camp, but what tracks! They follow a straight line, as if made by a one-legged hopper, or a thing of utterly alien physique. The prints are round and convex. Each gives off a faint bluish vapor of cold, and each is glazed with ice. You scratch around a track with your knife, to find out how deeply the ice extends. It's deep; frustrated, you start to

dig with the blade, only to find a rock-hard column of ice and sand that seems to have no end.

The warmth of the morning sun evaporates the rime surrounding the camp, but does not melt the ice in the tracks. Also, you feel an increasing headache, a complaint echoed by all three of your otherwise sound companions.

Following the round tracks out of camp adds to the mystery. Where they cross streams, they leave icy circlets at the bottom that the running water has not worn down.

The prints show that where the creature's feet touched solid matter, they annihilated it. In one place, where a track steps upon Bernard's hatchet, a circle of steel vanished, blinked cleanly out of existence. What in God's name are you up against?

Like a frightened waif, Charlie tags after you and babbles legends at you about the killer who comes with cold. "You do not want to find what you seek," he says. "I will leave this place! You and the young people must return with me to Ft. McDonald or I will go alone."

To search for the cold-killer and let Charlie go, go to -69-; to listen to his urgings, go to -42-.

(40) 5 HM

**42** This time you realize Charlie is talking sense. You go with Norman to Bernard's tent to move the wretch to the canoe. When you throw open the flap, you discover the graduate student is gone. His tracks lead down to the Hanninah and there vanish. Your hasty search turns up nothing and you assume he wandered away in delirium to drown.

Your group hurriedly packs the canoe and sets out for -32-.

(41) 2 HM

**43** You and the others quickly place Bernard and your hastily-gathered gear in the canoe. Charlie revs up the motor and burns fuel extravagantly in his eagerness to get himself and your party away from the haunted shore. With all eyes fixed on the forbidding banks of Headsman's Glen, no one sees Bernard's body quicken - until it is too late.

Sylvia shrieks as the stricken youth springs at her, clawing with his nails, snapping with his teeth, howling like an animal. His lunatic struggle threatens to capsize the canoe at any second.

You, Charlie, and Norman at once grab at Bernard. Those who successfully make a roll of DEX x 5 or less manage to seize him. The madman's strength is 20. Combine the STRs of all who were able to grab Bernard and go to the resistance table. If you overcome him, go to -44-; if not, go to -45-.

(40) 4 HM

**44** Your party manages to wrestle Ebstein away from Sylvia and chuck him over the side of the canoe. He sinks into the swift current. For an instant you are able to see him swimming with strange strokes near the dark bottom, then nothing. Sylvia is scratched and shaken by the attack, but is otherwise unharmed. Go to -32-.

(43) 3 HM

**45** As you fight, the canoe lists to the right, flinging Ebstein and the rest of you into

the cold waters of the North Hanninah. Charlie swims bravely to Bernard, who still clings to Sylvia, and wraps a choke-hold around the berserk student's neck. Ebstein lets Sylvia go and claws ferociously at the guide's eyes. Before any of your floundering party can help, both of them vanish under the surface, not to rise again.

The canoe is swept away, but some of the supplies are recovered on the nearby shore. Roll 1D3 each for the number of rifles, knives, and hatchets retained by you, Norman, and Sylvia when you crawl to shore and take stock of your equipment. Go to -324-.

(43) 3 HM

**46** Leaving Bernard Ebstein on watch, your party turns in, each to his own small tent. You throw your eiderdown roll over a mat of branches and upon this lay a sheet. You look around; the camp is all snuggled down and everything is in its place.

That night you dream of walking nude in a snowfield, your shivering getting more uncontrollable with every step you take. Then you wake in your sleeping roll and realize the temperature, at least, is no dream. You hear frigid branches cracking outside under frosty gusts. But you hear something else. It comes in two clear syllables, carried by a windy, whining voice, like the wilderness given speech: "*Eb-stein!*"

You try to control your surprise, imagining that it is only one of your companions calling the graduate student. But then it comes again, and you know it can be no earthly voice: "*Eb-stein!*"

Frightened, you rise, throw on your jacket, and seize your weapons. You are just in time to see Bernard answering his caller with an unintelligible shout and darting into the blackness of the encroaching trees.

To run after the student, go to -47-; to rouse the rest of the party first, go to -71-.

(21) 2 HM

**47** To let the boy run on is to lose him forever in the dark maze of trees and sloughs. You dash after him, crying his name, trying to bring him to his senses before he gets lost. Ahead you hear heavy feet running, breaking brittle brush and frosted grass. Frost! You do not understand the unseasonable cold snap, but you can spare no time to think on it. You now hear a second runner join the first - powerful thumping strides that nothing smaller than a moose could make. Suddenly the sounds of running end. You break into a clearing; under the faint moonlight you see it is empty.

Then a piteous cry rings forth from the sky overhead: "*Oh this fiery height! My feet! My burning feet!*"

To look up toward the shouter, go to -72-; to cover your ears, shut your eyes, and wait until the plaintive appeal is gone, attempt a Woodcraft roll. If you succeed, go to to -49-; if you fail, go to -48-.

(46) 3 HM

**48** Gradually the woods warm up but, by the time dawn breaks, you realize that you are lost in the Canadian wilds. You stay where you are for the remainder of the day, dining on blueberries. The fall of darkness and the arrival of a second dawn make your isolation clear. Go to -67-.

(47, 109) 1 HM

**49** Like a modern-day frontiersman, you readily find your way back to camp. The temperature has returned to normal and your anxious comrades greet you with admonishments and questions. What you tell them about Bernard shocks them deeply. Charlie in particular is affected.

"My people talked about the awful Master of the Woods, Great Wendigo, the Wind-Walker, Ithakwanni. He a mighty demon. Sometimes he takes a man, changes him . . ." The guide is unwilling to say more.

To persuade him to tell the whole story, roll your Debate. If you succeed, go to -73-; fail and go to -74-. (47) 2 HM

**50** Your group decides that the caves make an adequate shelter for as long as you wish to stay. Charlie volunteers to explore the rear passages and asks Bernard Ebstein to go with him. Meanwhile you, Norman, and Sylvia put together a rustic camp in the forward section of the cavern.

Uneasy about the loss of your canoe, the chance to prove themselves as *voyageurs* lightens the students' morale. Their light-hearted banter is suddenly ended by howls of terror echoing from deep within the caves.

With weapons ready and torches in hand, the three of you follow Charlie's carefully-marked route. The rocks underfoot turn slick and you discover a permanently-frozen ice cavern, the ice resembling flowstones and stalactites. Glittering with crystal hoarfrost is an unnerving sight - a litter of wild caribou bones. Dozens of animals had perished here, maybe drowning all at once, or dying here one at a time.

But you cannot think of caribou while that cavern holds more pressing tragedy: Charlie has vanished. Bernard Ebstein sprawls across a pile of bones, a small dart protruding from his shoulder. A quick inspection shows that Bernard is dead. You remove the dart. It ends in a small flint arrowhead, like the kind Indians used to make to hunt birds. It couldn't have killed him unless it was poisoned.

This fresh shock affects you strongly. You want to stay, want to plumb the valley's mysterious once and for all, but can you risk Norman's and Sylvia's lives?

To yield to your obsession, go to -75-; to return to civilization, go to -324-; to think to to -425-. (31) 2 HM

**51** Two days of work, using improvised tools and methods, produces a raft fit to dare the rough waters of the lower Hanninah. The five of you put your meager possessions upon it and pole out into the strong-flowing channel. In the days that follow, your party struggles manfully down canyons and rapids. Perhaps you get overconfident and dare more than you should, for in a particularly formidable patch of white-water, the raft is bounced by a surge, then plunges bow-first. Go to -165-. (22, 155, 160, 460) 1 HM

**52** After a fruitless search through the twilight bush, you and your students retire to camp, only to find that the canoe has disappeared! That part of the mystery clears up when Charlie also fails to appear. Go to -53-. (24, 29) 1 HM

**53** You now realize what a foolhardy thing it was to enter the valley of the North Hanninah so ill-prepared for the astonishing menace it contains. Your only hope is to escape it as soon as possible. Go to -324-. (52, 247) 1 HM

**54** The forage so far has been adequate to sustain the three of you, but it is no small undertaking to march over more than a hundred miles of unblazed virgin wilderness. Sometimes the banks of the North Hanninah are too swampy or too sheer to follow; your party must cross canyons and deep woods without losing its bearing. Go to -324-. (57, 58, 94, 110, 124, 132, 140, 147, 156, 651) 1 HM

**55** The legendary mists of the North Hanninah are all too real. The sun by day and the stars by night both are denied you. Some anomaly also affects your compass. Whether it is the proximity to the pole or some other reason, you cannot say, but your party has gotten itself lost, and you have no idea in which direction the river lies. Make a successful Luck roll and go to -413-; fail and go to -132-. (600, 601) 1 HM

**56** Healing Time: add 1 hit point each to yourself and to any companion if you need healing. Your party packs and falls in behind you. The peaks of the Ram Mountains loom in the direction of your objective. You advance under the staring eyes of frost-carved hoodoos, under the temples, buttresses, and steeples of the weathered peaks. The strange majesty of their shapes produces reverential awe in your companions. If these ancient mountains are a temple to forgotten gods, you can only hope that they do not judge your trespass as a blasphemy.

Succeed in a Listen and go to -84-; fail and go to -85-. (158, 164, 604) 1 HM

**57** The shots throw the sasquatches into a panic. They respond with piercing shrieks and then duck out of sight. They do not further impede your party's exit from the valley of prehistoric survivals. Go to -54-. (539) 2 HM

**58** You are not quite the woodsperson you thought you were; you lose the threads of Bernard's trail and are unable to pick them up again. Though you have lost your guide, your canoe, and one of your young charges, you still have the option of trying to accomplish something towards your original mission. To continue to search, go to -59-; to explore, go to -75-; to return to civilization, go to -54-. (57, 87) 1 HM

**59** You pick up the trail of tiny footprints and they look very fresh. Successfully make your least-skillful party member's Sneak and go to -86-; fail it, and go to -85-. (57, 58) 1 HM

**60**

Healing Time: add 1 hit point each to yourself and to any companions if you need healing. Because the North Hanninah runs through sheer chasms and uncrossable sloughs, your party is forced inland on many occasions and you run the risk of losing the river. On the second evening, your march stops at a well-drained knoll, where you pitch camp and take Bernard off to hunt.

While stalking a snowshoe hare under a mossy rock shelf, you hear a last-minute growl above and to your left. A wolverine with foam-oozing jaws leaps straight for your companion. To shoot it, make a normal Rifle shot. If you hit, go to -88-; if you miss, go to -94-.

(158, 604)

1 HM

**61**

"No!" Charlie screams hysterically, "Great Wendigo! Great Wendigo comes!" Before you know what he is about, he grabs his rifle and levels it at you and the graduate students. With a crazed expression, he backs toward the river.

"The white men never understand," he declares. "Go with Wendigo then!" He runs to the ruined canoe, takes his personal pack out, then dashes into the forest.

You shout after him, appealing to his reason and his sense of honor. But talk won't bring back the frightened guide. To next do your best to calm the frightened students, go to -95-.

(34)

1 HM

**62**

"I-I am sorry, Doctor-Boss," Charlie mutters abashedly, his dark eyes downcast. "Such a fool I am. But it is hard to be wiser than the wisest of my people."

With that difficulty resolved, you give the first watch to yourself, choosing as sentry post a small rise behind the tents. The night turns unusually cool, causing your teeth to chatter, but ending the attacks of the large local mosquitoes. The wind picks up; suddenly a sound like you never heard before drifts toward you. It is like a moan or an animal cry - or rather like all the distant animals of the Big Woods calling out at once. You fidget with the polished stock of your rifle.

The uncanny moan out of the darkness is echoed by one from Charlie's little lean-to. It is a gasp of fear which changes into a low sobbing. You get up, descend to the guide's tent, and listen.

He seems to be having a nightmare. You grimace, wondering whether you should shake him out of it. Just then you catch a new scent on the wafting breeze. It makes you think of moss - a heavy, oppressive blanket of moss. The odor is followed by a whining call: "*Char-lie . . . Char-lie . . .*"

A cold flake melts on your nose. Snow in summer? Impossible, even in the Northwest Territory.

While you stand bemused, a dark shape bolts past you at a crouch. Charlie! Barefooted, running at an amazing clip.

In an instant he will be swallowed up by the trees. To give pursuit, go to -107-; to first wake up your students, go to -109-.

(34, 527)

3 HM

**63**

It does not take much time to confirm your hypothesis that thousands of floral

and faunal species survive unchanged in this gigantic box canyon. There are weird shrubs and flowers and beasts whose outer-world ancestors live only in Africa or Asia - camels, rhinos, and elephants.

You can hardly believe it. Your Miskatonic colleagues will never believe it without conclusive physical evidence.

Make a successful Geology roll and go to -112-; miss and go to -213-.

(38, 312, 535)

6 HM

**64**

"Come on," you tell your companions, then continue forward. Up ahead the mineral deposits along the stream are no longer unspoiled. The rocks appear to be stripped of their brimstone and artful vermiculations. Succeed in a Listen and go to -65-; fail and go to -104-.

(19, 98)

1 HM

**65**

As the wind turns, you catch the sound of humming, as if from a motor - an unlikely prospect, considering where you are. Ordering your party to stay behind, you carefully advance up the ravine and cautiously peer around the bend. Try a SAN roll, going to -114- if successful; if unsuccessful, lose 1D6 SAN and go to -70- (if avoiding mental shock or indefinite insanity).

(64)

1 HM

**66**

Norman howls with fear and starts rolling away from the scene of ritual murder. You glance frantically down at the dwarfs, and see them laying hold of their spears, bows, and quivers.

Then Sylvia cries out. You turn your head and see Norman's heels as he leaps over a log in a mad, headlong flight. Sylvia is laying huddled in the next of leaves where Norman left her. You hurry to her and turn her over. With a gasp you observe the hunting knife which the berserk Norman has buried in her breast.

There is no hope for her; you must save yourself. Go to -116-.

(201)

1 HM

**67**

Healing Time: add 1 hit point each to yourself and to any companions if you need healing. Despondent over the loss of your companions and the prospects of the trek through the wildest stretch of Northwest Territory, you ram your way through the bush with heedless violence. Thunder rumbles in the western mountains like the echo of distant drums. The peaks fade into a lowering canopy of clouds. You wade a small river, then cross a pine ridge. The scenery blurs together as you go. In the days that follow you must try to fish with your bare hands, eat whatever you can kill, and take the berries that grow along the way. You are undergoing a test that would daunt a seasoned frontiersman.

Succeed with a Woodcraft roll and go to -513-; miss and roll 1D6: 1, -119-; 2, -427- 3, -494-, 4, -496-; 5, -126-; 6, -501-.

(39, 48, 111, 191, 223, 251, 284, 295, 302, 319, 327, 336, 337, 365, 377, 408, 415, 442, 473, 489, 491)

1 HM

**68**

You have lain in place for many hours, watching the sky turn dark, then light again. Pain like fire-heated nails courses through your bowels. Your tongue is swollen and protrudes from your

mouth. Dimly you remember starvation, and then a desperate feast on a strange wild fruit. The poisoning took you shortly after that.

Images of companions, adventures, and academic coups flash through your feverish mind as your eyes darken with death.

(120)

THE END

**69**

Armed to the teeth, you set out alone on the trail of the cold-killer. You have ordered Norman and Sylvia to stay at the camp and to keep alert. You have no right to endanger their lives. The peculiar trail of the creature makes it simple to track. The monotonous pattern of circular ice-patches recurs with relentless regularity. Incredibly, where they step on rock, they annihilate a convex track as cleanly as in soil.

Later, well past supper time, the air takes on a deep, penetrating chill piercing the hunting jacket that you wear. The moss and pine needles around you whiten with hoarfrost.

On the other side of a wooded knoll you catch the sound of a moving machine. With a bullet ready in the chamber, you begin to climb toward your foe.

To climb the hill and see what is on the other side, go to -121-; to lose your nerve and retreat the way you came, go to -122-.

(41, 462)

3 HM

**70**

Hideous! Unbelievable! Man-sized pink lobsterlike things ambling over the mineral-covered stones. You hear a madman's shriek and a moment passes before you realize the scream is yours.

You dash back to your comrades yelling: "Let's get out of here!" They race after you, to -143-.

(65)

1 Cthulhu Mythos, 3 HM

**71**

Wasting as little time as possible, you wake up Charlie, Norman, and Sylvia. You tell them your story and demand their help.

"No!" answers Charlie adamantly. "We must not seek the boy! He has heard the call of Great Wendigo. He is wendigo. We must flee!"

To insist upon pursuing Bernard, go to -521-. To take Charlie's advice, go to -32-.

(46)

1 HM

**72**

Your upcast eyes behold a gigantic horror running in the air. Try a SAN roll. If you succeed, lose 1D10 SAN and go to -39-; if the roll is failed, lose 1D100 SAN and go to -264-.

(47, 107)

1 HM

**73**

"The boy was taken by Wendigo the Wind-Walker, Great Wendigo, Ithakwanni, Father of the wendigos," begins Charlie Foxtail shakily. "When it pleases Great Wendigo, or when a shaman summons his power, he steals a man away, forces him to run with him across the sky so fast that the man's feet burn off. Then Ithakwanni gives him wendigo feet like his own. He becomes a wendigo, a creature who eats man-flesh."

"If the boy comes back, he will be wendigo; his heart will be ice. It must be melted to slay him."

You remember hearing something of the sort once, but Charlie's tale is fantastic — yet it is plain he believes in it

utterly. Accept Bernard's loss and go to -32-, or demand that Charlie help you search, to -521-.

(49)

2 Cthulhu Mythos, 5 HM

**74**

"No! The White Man never understands! To speak of Great Wendigo is to summon him near! We must abandon the North Hanninah!" says Charlie. To leave Bernard to his mystery, go to -32-; to demand that Charlie forget his superstitions and help the rest of you search, go to -521-.

(49)

1 HM

**75**

Healing Time: add 1 hit point each to yourself and to any companions if you need healing. Norman and Sylvia follow you passively. They do not say it aloud, but both doubt your sanity as you press on obsessively after losing Bernard and Charlie.

You do not try to explain yourself. All that matters is the success of the mission.

Along your trek you come upon a gorge and elect to follow it. A mile or so upstream you find a crevice in the mountainside, the source of the stream. Since the creek runs rapidly here, it will be hazardous to attempt to wade through the chasm in order to explore the valley beyond.

To pitch camp and rest before retracing your course, go to -124-; to try to wade into the hidden valley, go to -125-.

(50, 58, 94, 181, 425, 600)

1 HM

**76**

The shock convinces you that the sane thing to do is to get out of the wilderness as quickly as possible. Make a successful Woodcraft and go to -513-; fail and go to -324-.

(181)

1 HM

**77**

You and the others are making your beds in the decrepit shell of the old cabin. The sagging walls afford some shelter from the chilly wind, though the condition of the roof makes you hope it doesn't rain.

The frogs are noisy outside, but you think you hear something. You ask for silence and listen. It's the rustle of unsteady feet walking through the dead matting of the forest floor. You tell the students to arm themselves, then you step out the doorless exit.

Your rifle wavers uncertainly.

You see a white man. His beard is wild, greasy. He is naked except for rags wrapped around his feet and an animal hide tied about his waist. A crazed expression in his face warns you, but he carries no weapons.

To shoot the intruder, go to -78-; to put aside your gun and help the wretch to the fire, go to -175-.

(176, 413, 601, 654)

1 HM

**78**

You fire point-blank into the man's chest. Try a Luck roll: if you succeed, go to -81-; if you fail, go to -79-.

(77)

1 HM

**79**

With a grunt and a thunderstruck grimace, the stranger stumbles backwards from the bullet's impact and collapses, dead. You hurry to him; a brief examination confirms the worst. You have killed — murdered — an innocent man, probably a lost woodsman



or prospector. If you get back to civilization, Sylvia and Norman will be obliged to denounce your mad act. Even if circumstances allow a manslaughter plea, how many years will that mean in prison?

Try a SAN roll. Lose 1D6 if missed. If mental shock or indefinite insanity is avoided, go to -97-.

(78) 1 HM

**80** Your clumsy attempt would wake the dead, much less a sleeping man. Roll 1D6: if you get 1-4, go to -219-; if you get 5-6, go to -180-.

(178) 1 HM

**81** As you stand there, the stranger staggers backwards under the impact of your bullet, then straightens up, completely unhurt. Go to -127-.

(78) 2 HM

**82** You and Norman sleep near the fire while Sylvia stands watch, her rifle clutched in nervous hands. The loss of Bernard and Charlie have affected both the students. You hope that you can get them back to civilization before fear and hardship drives one or both over the edge.

Your sleep is ended by a hard shaking. "There was a noise!" babbles Norman. "Sylvia's gone!"

You spring to your feet, throw on your jacket, and pick up your rifle from the ground. Although still the small hours of the morning, the subarctic dawn is breaking.

A search of the surrounding ground turns up the tracks of Sylvia's abductors. They are not quite what you expect - bare human-like feet. To follow the tracks, go to -128-; to give Sylvia up for lost, go to -279-.

(124, 470) 2 HM

**83** The fact that the Canadian authorities do not blame you for the loss of any member of your party counts in your favor, but parents of the students rise up in arms and force a thorough review of your case. They impute that you are an incompetent crank willing to risk innocent lives to pursue off-the-wall theories. Your standing in the scientific community is imperiled. You stand on your record. Make a successful Anthropology roll and go to -418-; miss and go to -214-.

(430) 0 HM

**84** Hearing something you don't like, you whisper a warning to the students, who dodge into the undergrowth. To your surprise, a tiny man treads lightly out of the woody growth. He is barely three feet tall, thin of limb, large-headed, and has barely enough hair to gather into one central scalplock. His face reminds you of a Kwakiutl devil mask.

To hide until it is all clear, go to -129-; to accept the stranger as an exciting discovery, stand up and make contact at -130-.

(56, 163, 498) 4 HM

**85** The next thing you hear is Bernard's yelp of alarm. You turn toward the shout and see him in the grip of imp-like men whose figures are but shadows under the big trees. One of them flashes a blade.

To abandon Bernard and flee with Norman and Sylvia, go to -113-; to shoot at the dwarfs, go to -135-.

(56, 59, 89, 230, 231, 300) 2 HM

**86** As your party advances silently, you see movement ahead. When the shapes emerge from the evergreens, you see that one of them is Bernard, carried upon the shoulders of three swarthy dwarfs. To follow the dwarfs and their captive, go to -133-; to shout to scare off the dwarfs, go to -134-; to shoot at the dwarfs, go to -135-.

(59) 1 HM

**87** Try a Track roll to follow Bernard's killers to -136-. Miss it and go to -58-.

(137) 1 HM

**88** The beast squeals as your bullet pierces it. Missing the student by inches, the wolverine lands hard and squirms in the litter of brown pine needles. If this near-tragedy has made you rethink your strategy, you can try to go back to civilization at -232-; or push ahead at -604-.

(60) 1 HM

**89** Healing Time: add 1 hit point each to yourself and to any companions if you need healing. Your students grumble. They want to abort the trip, but you ignore their timid complaints. Make a successful Luck roll to go to -90-; miss it to go to -85-.

(299, 300, 424, 498) 1 HM

**90** Pressing forward single-mindedly, you discover a stream which pours out of a gorge. The canyon, you find, ends at a rock wall, from a fissure through which springs the stream. Coming closer, you glimpse a large valley beyond the fissure. Though the current is swift, it may be possible to wade through to the other side. To go forward, go to -91-; to go home, go to -158-.

(89, 604) 1 HM

**91** Fighting against the rushing, knee-deep water, you and the others inch your way along a submerged ledge. It narrows at the fissure, and there the hazard is greatest.

If Bernard succeeds in a DEX x 5 roll, go to -642-; if he fails, go to -643-.

(90) 1 HM

**92** The exhausted graduate student clings to a rock until Norman can inch back over the ledge and pull him out of the current. That was a narrow escape. You must seriously consider if you should risk further danger by exploring the chasm at -605-, or start for home, at -158-.

(643) 1 HM

**93** A single misstep causes Sylvia to be swept off the ledge and into the center of the churning stream.

To abandon her to drown, go to -534-. To attempt lifesaving, try to roll both a STR x 5 and a Swim. If you succeed at both, go to -533-; if you miss either or both, go to -536-.

(125) 1 HM

**94** Bernard's cry of pain and terror rips into your heart like the wolverine's claws and teeth rip into the student's body. As man and beast wrestle on the earth, you send a slug into the animal's lumpish body.

But the damage is done. Dragging the beast away, you see Bernard's neck wounds and copious bleeding. Frantically you call Norman and Sylvia to you, but First Aid is not enough to stop the bleeding. Unconscious, Bernard lingers all night, but gives up the ghost at dawn's first ray.

If you think you must continue your quest so that the youth will not have died in vain, go to -75-; if you are discouraged, go to -54-.

(60) 1 HM

**95** "What will we do now, Doctor?" Norman finally has the spirit to ask. Sylvia, seated next to him, watches for your answer expectantly, her ruddy, fire-lit face looking like a hopeful orphan's.

"When the sun is up, we'll try to pick up Bernard's trail. We can't abandon him here while there is any chance to find him alive."

At that moment, a clear cry rings from the sky. "Oh, so far up! My feet! My flaming feet! My heart!"

The plaintive cry cuts off abruptly and you hear something heavy crashing down through the treetops, breaking branches as it plummets.

"Get your guns," you tell the others. You stand up over the fire, a nervous finger on your trigger. Hours pass. Then something comes out of the bush with a slow, twig-snapping gait. You may shoot at the first sight of the figure (normal range), at -138-; or let it come closer, to -101-.

(61, 123, 461, 524) 3 HM

**96** The figure yelps and falls. You light a match and approach the wounded stranger. You drop the match with a moan. You have shot down Bernard Ebstein, the young man whose life you had sworn to save. Think of his family! Think what people will say about you! You may face prison when you return to civilization.

Something in your mind is ready to snap. Make a SAN roll, losing 1D6 SAN if missed. If mental shock or indefinite insanity is avoided, go to -97-.

(100) 1 HM

**97** Somehow you hold yourself together. Two students depend on you to get them home safely. Once that is done, then you can face the consequence of your action. You get Norman and Sylvia to carry the body to the fire. You examine it, particularly the feet. They are almost destroyed by exposure - bleeding, dark purplish, and - burnt? How he could have walked on them is beyond you.

Go to -105-.

(79, 96) 2 HM

**98** Deciding that the nearby cave makes a good base for further exploration, your party settles in, then joins you for a preliminary search of the environs. You work your way through a rough stretch shaded by fragrant black spruces and balsam firs and at the foot of a stream-dug ravine catch the wiff of sulphur.

You place your hand in the water and feel its warmth. It must drain almost directly from a hot spring.

Your group is game to find from whither the stream originates, so you follow its course upstream. The further you go, the heavier are the mineral deposits on the stones around the creek.

Go to -64-.

(31) 1 HM

**99** The figure is knocked down. You are certain you hit him, but he sits up. You light a match and stare in disbelief. It's Bernard Ebstein! Thank the Lord you missed him - that is, you *must* have missed him. Go to -101-.

(100) 1 HM

**100** Your rifle roars. Roll a die; even, go to -96-; odd, go to -99-.

(138) 1 HM

**101** You drop the gun. "Good Heavens, Bernard! We thought . . . thought that you . . . I mean, what *happened* to you?" you blurt out. "How did you get here?"

He takes a couple of oddly-balanced steps forward. Something about his stride is weird. Is he limping? You glance down at his feet. They are hidden under a shapeless wrapping of rags from his shirt and jacket. Nagged by irrational doubts, but trying to be logical, you say: "You must be freezing. Quickly, come over by the fire."

"Bernard . . . is that really you?" quavers Sylvia. The figure chortles, his voice maniacal.

Something inside you cringes as he walks up to the fire. His skin is sallow, his features hang slackly on his skull. It almost seems as if something bestial is peering out through the holes of a human mask. Intellectually, you want to accept this being as Bernard; emotionally, you cannot.

Try a Hanninah Mythos roll. Succeed and go to -102-; fail and go to -139-.

(95, 99, 138) 2 HM

**102** No matter what it looks like, this entity cannot be Bernard Ebstein. Whether it is his shell possessed, or a purely demonic imposture, you do not know. But you now remember what you heard about the *wendigo*. This thing must be destroyed.

But you, a scientist, cannot think such thoughts. Surely you are sick of mind even to entertain them.

Go to -177-.

(101) 4 HM

**103** You draw a sharp-pointed, burning brand from the campfire, then steal up behind the supposed wendigo. As he starts to turn his head, you stab for his heart, your hands strengthened by a rush of adrenalin. He lets out an awful shriek, clutches at the end of the brand, then falls.

In examining the body, you realize you have made a terrible mistake. Carried away by wild imaginings, you have murdered a perfectly ordinary person.

Make a SAN roll, losing 1D6 SAN if it fails. If you do not fall into mental shock or indefinite insanity, go to -105-.

(177) 1 HM

**104** Your party rounds a bend and comes face-to-face with horror. Make a SAN roll and lose 1D6 SAN if you fail. If you do not go into mental shock or indefinite insanity, go to -468-.

(64)

1 HM

**105** After many days and hardships, you and your party return to Ft. McDonald. There you confess your guilt, and the Canadian authorities subject you to psychiatric tests. Try a SAN roll. If you succeed, you are judged to have suffered from temporary insanity - which means deportation and disgrace, as well as loss of your position at Miskatonic. If you fail, you are found a psychotic criminal. By the time you are freed, no one remembers your name nor your claims. Lose 4/5 of your Hanninah Mythos skill.

(97, 103)

THE END

**106** You take a sharp-pointed, burning brand from the campfire, then creep up behind the supposed wendigo. When he begins to turn his head, you strike -

The wendigo's DEX is 15. Match your own DEX vs. his on the resistance table to determine the chance of a successful attack. If the attack succeeds, go to -140-; if it fails, go to -141-.

(177)

2 HM

**107** You dart after the fleeing guide and in a minute you are out of sight of camp. Even under the shadows of the fir and spruce, you can tell by the pallidness of the ground that snow has fallen.

"Charlie!" you yell at the top of your lungs, only to be startled by the raucous echo which answers you. Feeling helpless before the vastness of the woods and its darkness, you are turning away when a wail comes from above.

*"The hell-blazed trail! My feet, how they burn!"*

To look up in the sky, go to -72-; to cover your face and ears until the impossible crier goes away, go to -109-.

(62)

3 HM

**108** The prehistoric woods gives way to a span of meadowland upon which supposedly-extinct herd animals graze. At the edges of the meadows, wolfish creatures and saber-toothed cats stalk in hope of prey. In fact, some of their kind are already enjoying good hunting. A young cameloid is already half-devoured, while condors wheel above, anticipating the scraps. You fire a couple of rounds over the animals' heads, careful not to wound any of them. The predators lope off, and you and Norman are able to claim the half-eaten corpse.

"I think my colleagues would be convinced by the remains of this poor beast that such creatures still live," you say, then hack off the cameloid's head. "Now let's see if we can get home." Go to -361-.

(213, 647)

2 HM

**109** At last all is quiet. You know how foolish it is to try to find your way through the Big Woods at night, so you sit down on a log and wait out the last hour of the short subarctic night. Succeed in Woodcraft and go to -142-; fail, and go to -48-.

(62, 107)

1 HM

**110** Your party struggles back the way they came, but before anyone reaches the beleaguered Bernard, he hits his head on a pointed crag. Maybe he dies on impact; you will never know. He is swept away. To enter the fissure, go to -125-; to give up and go home, go to -54-.

(643)

1 HM

**111** Out of sight, hidden behind an ancient glacial moraine, you see the dusky savages hurry past. When they are well-gone, you speed away through the underwood at a tangent to their route. Try a Luck roll; succeed, go to -513-; fail, go to -67-.

(116, 494)

1 HM

**112** Not too far from the fissure which admitted you and Norman into the lost land - Nad-elmann's Lost Land, as you fancy naming it - you find a broad-leaved plant which you recognize as identical to an archaic species of beech described by a Miskatonic colleague, Ivan Kurtov. You gather samples of leaves, stems, seeds, and roots. You think you have the proof you need; go to -361-.

(63)

4 HM

**113** You shout a warning to your companions, then push them ahead of you. In an instant you are all running as quickly as you can, ignoring the way the thickets tear at your clothes and scratch your flesh.

The movement rate of your party is 8, that of the dwarfs is 7. Go to the resistance table, and match your speed against the dwarfs to determine whether your party outdistances them. If it does, go to -147-; if not, you must go to -146-.

(85, 218, 238, 648)

1 HM

**114** The sight is awesome. Several pinkish lizard-crustaceans are working mechanical equipment, sweeping the rocks of the stream. That is why the stones below were bare. The creatures must be intelligent, though they don't look it - too ugly even for seafood. Fungoid growths bedeck their bodies. Buzzing can be heard over the hum of their mineral-gathering machines. You came to this place looking for unknown races, and have been rewarded beyond your wildest dreams!

You watch them until your companions get restive. You must decide what to do next.

To stand up and greet the alien things, go to -252-; to avoid contact, try a Sneak. If you succeed, go to -159-; fail and go to -115-.

(65)

2 Cthulhu Mythos, 6 HM

**115** Your foot slips on a rock, and you plummet face-first into thigh-deep stream water. The sudden silence of the mineral-gathering machines warns you that you have been spotted. You scramble out of the stream and dash back to your comrades, shouting "Run for it!" Go to -143-.

(114)

1 HM

**116** The shrieking warparty pursues you. The movement of the dwarfs is 7; yours is 8. Match these speeds on the resistance table. If you are swifter, go to -111-; if they catch up, go to -117-.

(66, 118, 240, 495)

1 HM

DAN  
DAY  
/45



*the crustaceanoid fired its Y-shaped object . . .*



**117** The little savages gain on you despite your longer-legged stride. Suddenly you hear a whirring sound and something bangs into your shins. Snared, you fall face-first. A Canadian bolas!

The little men seize you, bind you, and carry you away. Roll a die; even, go to -263-; odd, go to -265-. (116) 1 HM

**118** Both students simultaneously shriek their horror to the forest, which catches and throws it around in eerie echoes. Both blindly flee. You glance down at the savages. They are arming themselves. It's pointless to chase the students. Save yourself, by going to -116-. (201) 1 HM

**119** Day by day, the spectre of starvation shadows your trek. You fail to find sufficient food, and are wracked with hunger spasms and become weakened and lethargic. As you trudge along the gameless shores of the North Hanninah, you suddenly feel a presence. This sensation yields no comfort, for it is an oppressive thing, evil and stifling. It saps your last strength and forces you to your knees in the pebbly sand.

Something, some spirit of the wilderness, is trying to crush your will, make you its own. The POW of the psychic attack is 4D6. Work out the results of the attack on the resistance table vs. your own POW. If your POW prevails, go to -120-; if not, go to -162-. (67, 126, 597) 1 HM

**120** Of a sudden, the psychic pressure of the evil spirit evaporates, but you still face death by hunger. Roll your POW x 3. If you succeed, go to -161-; if you fail, go to -68-. (119) 6 HM

**121** Gritting your teeth and steeling your heart, you sink to your hands and knees and crawl to the top of the rise like a forest lynx. You peer over the top and see the thing which has attacked Bernard.

Try a SAN roll. If you miss it, lose 1D6 SAN. If mental shock or indefinite insanity do not strike, go to -166-. (69) 1 HM

**122** It's no use; your fear has gotten the better of you. You are not thinking about Bernard when, with a faint whimper, you slide down the rise, your eyes burning with tears, hoping against hope that the thing on the other side will let you get away.

Try a Luck roll. If you succeed, go to -171-; fail, and go to -172-. (69) 1 HM

**123** Suddenly Charlie grabs his rifle and points it at your heart. "You don't know what you do!" the guide cries. "I will not tempt the power of Great Wendigo." Keeping you covered, he backs away, then turns and runs. You follow at a safe distance, only to find that he has taken the canoe, a share of the supplies - and vanished. Go to -95-. (521, 525) 1 HM

**124** Sylvia takes first watch while you and Norman sleep. With luck, the night will be uneventful. Try a Luck roll. If you succeed, go to -54-; if you fail, go to -82-. (75)

**125** To enter the canyon beyond the fissure, you must follow a submerged ledge over which the water turbulently flows. Make a Luck roll: succeed and go to -174-; fail and go to -93-. (75, 110) 1 HM

**126** The berries, game, and other eatables seemingly have abandoned the shores of the North Hanninah: you face imminent starvation.

While wandering the shoals of the riverside, vainly attempting to spear fish with a sharpened pole, you find an abandoned canoe. To use it to dare the rough water ahead, go to -242-; to leave it behind, go to -119-. (67, 597) 1 HM

**127** The man's face changes into a fiend incarnate's mask. Three times he belches out a raucous shriek and at each he grows and changes. With the third cry he is a man no longer, but a demonic giant all ice and tatters. To attempt to fight the creature, go to -184-; to attempt to flee, go to -187-. (81, 141, 206, 207, 209, 219, 220, 222) 6 HM

**128** With Norman beset with misgivings but bravely following, you do your best to follow the trail of Sylvia's abductor. Make a successful Track and go to -188-; fail, and go to -190-. (82, 233, 565) 2 HM

**129** The sinister face of the small primitive discourages you from treating him like an ordinary aborigine. You remain in hiding. Try a Hide for each party member. If none is missed, go to -195-; otherwise, go to -416-. (84) 2 HM

**130** Your heart aflutter with excitement, you stand up before this representative of an unknown race with hands held out in peaceful poise. The pygmy lurches in surprise, then darts off, trilling an alarmed cry.

To follow the frightened primitive, go to -196-; to clear out of the area before he brings back his friends, go to -131-. (84) 1 HM

**131** You and your group move away swiftly, trying to leave as little trail as possible. Succeed in a Luck roll, go to -195-; fail, go to -648-. (130, 200, 202, 416) 1 HM

**132** The worst fear of the northern wayfarer has befallen your hapless group - hunger. You do your best to forage for food, but the pickings are scant when it comes to filling three bellies. Make a successful Luck roll and go to -54-; fail and go to -197-. (55, 324) 1 HM

**133** Keeping low amongst the thickets, you follow the scant trail left by the dwarfs. At last you spy a flicker of light ahead and cautiously draw near to it. Bernard is kneeling between two young trees, to which he is tied by the wrists. The light is not a campfire, but an inexplicable blue-white glow coming from a swirling cloudlike mass — a miraculous form of light which the dwarfs evidently have made — or conjured up.

One of the dwarfs now steps towards Bernard with a moon-shaped sickle. His two comrades crouch and keep up a trill.

To remain silent and watch, go to -199-; to fire at the dwarfs, go to -135-.  
(86) 3 HM

**134** You leap from cover and scream "Yeeeeeaaah-yeeeeeaaahh!!" The dwarfs whirl, their mouths dropping open in surprise. Make a roll of POWx4. If you succeed, go to -200-; if you fail, go to -201-.  
(86) 1 HM

**135** Each of your party who has a rifle fires. Anyone receiving a successful DEX x 5 roll gets a second shot. If your party scores two hits (normal range), go to -202-; if not, go to -201-.  
(85, 86, 133) 1 HM

**136** The rage you feel has awakened the primitive in you, for you track as you never did before. You keep the trail until a soft glow before you warns your party that the reckoning is at hand. You crawl on your belly, your rifle carried in the crooks of your arms, until you overlook the source of the glow.

Make a SAN roll. Lose 1D6 SAN if you fail. If mental shock or indefinite insanity is avoided, go to -203-.  
(87) 1 HM

**137** Without warning, Charlie suddenly raises his rifle and trains it on you. "You will not listen! White men never listen! Be killed, if you must, but Charlie will save himself!" Then the irrational guide runs to the canoe, throws in some supplies, and shoves off.

Left without riverine transportation, you may now track Bernard's killers, at -87-, or give up and try to take your remaining charges out of this evergreen wasteland on foot, by way of -324-.  
(23) 1 HM

**138** If your Rifle attack succeeds, go to -100-; if not, go to -101-.  
(95) 1 HM

**139** Take it easy," you warn Norman and Sylvia, trying to suppress the quaver in your own voice. "Bernard's been hungry, lost. Hardship like his changes a man. Get him some soup!"

Sylvia ladles up a bowlful and reluctantly proffers it to Bernard. The prodigal's face twists in horror and he bats the warm broth away, spilling it on the gray-green lichen.

"It's . . . too cold to have hunger," Bernard mumbles. "I will sleep."

"All right," you say, "that may be for the best. Take him some bedding," you tell Norman.

"No," Bernard rumbles, "I will rest there" He points to a dark corner away from the fire. You say nothing and let him stretch out on the chill moss.

Perturbed by Bernard's behavior, you keep your eyes on him while you stand watch. Those bandages on his feet bother you. You should have changed them. He may be in need of first aid.

To creep up on the sleeping student and examine his bandages, go to -204-; to leave him to rest in peace, finish your watch and go to -179-.

(101) 1 HM

**140** The impaled wendigo gives out a gurgling cry and then goes stiff. As you watch in amazement, his body shrinks, collapses in upon itself. Soon nothing is left but the bones, as though he had no real flesh to him.

Gain 1D6 SAN for triumphing over the wendigo. In the morning you, Norman, and Sylvia must begin the long retreat back to Ft. McDonald, by way of -54-.  
(106, 205) 11 HM

**141** The wendigo-cursed man is too fast for you. He swats away your smouldering weapon, then stands up, glaring coldly across at you. Go to -127-.  
(106, 205, 212) 1 HM

**142** By the time you get back to camp, Norman and Sylvia are frantic. You explain as best you can what happened, but the story only frightens Sylvia and makes Norman stare at you doubtfully. You shake your head and swallow a mouthful of chest-warming coffee.

To remain in the area a day longer, looking for some trace of Charlie Foxtail, go to -144-; to give him up for lost to resume your journey on the morrow, go to -324-.  
(109) 1 HM

**143** A streak of cold stabs past you, leaving a frosty mist in the air like a flashlight shining through fog. Even the near miss leaves a rime of frosty needles on your cheek and hair. You throw a quick glance over your shoulder and see the pink creatures with objects of twisted metal in their claws, evidently weapons. Norman and Sylvia have made the safety of the bend ahead. That leaves you, Bernard, and Charlie to get clear.

Try a Dodge. If you fail, you are hit, and must go to -332-. If you succeed, try Dodges for both Charlie and Bernard. If Charlie is hit, go to -148-; if Bernard is hit, go to -149-; if both are hit, go to -150-. If nobody is hit, start checking for Dodges all over again, beginning with yourself, and then proceeding to Charlie and Bernard. Someone is certain to get hit. The only question is who.

(70, 115, 252, 468) 2 HM

**144** As you stand watch, the wind comes up. Its icy blast makes you shiver in your summer jacket. Suddenly there comes the sound of a metallic jangle and rattle. Alarmed, you scan the camp, but see nothing. Moving boldly towards the source of the sound, you are surprised to find tools, utensils, and metal implements of all kinds, bouncing around where they sit or



hang. It's incomprehensible, but you refuse to give in to superstition. So near the north pole, some magnetic disturbance could well happen.

"Oh, this fiery height! The hell-blazed trail!" comes a spectral shout from overhead. You hear the sound of a falling weight breaking through needled boughs and impacting with a thump *somewhere out there*.

Your hand is shaking so badly that you cannot keep a steady aim in the direction of the disturbance. All at once something large moves in the shadows.

You may shoot at the emerging figure at -206-, or let it approach, to -207-.

(142) 6 HM

**145** The dwarfish men carry you, Norman, and Sylvia into their camp. Despite your distraught condition, you notice that this must be a temporary encampment, for no immature specimens are about. The shelters are crude lean-tos.

More imposing than these is a strange upright rock in the camp clearing. In the bad light you cannot tell if it has been chiseled by hand or if it is a natural hoodoo, but it resembles a giant. Symbols cut into its foot remind you of a tracing of a frieze which you once saw in Prof. Armitage's office at Miskatonic. Naturally, right now you are more interested in what the pygmies intend to do with you and your surviving party members.

Roll a die; even, go to -210-; odd, go to -211-.

(146, 229) 4 HM

**146** With numbing pain, something bangs into your shins. Your legs are snared by a kind of bola, and you fall face-first into a layer of decaying pine needles. A dazed glance tells you that Sylvia and Norman are similarly trapped.

Go to -145-.

(113, 243, 247) 1 HM

**147** Your heedless flight through the darkling woods has served to shake off your pursuers. Alas, now only Sylvia and Norman remain with you. To find your way from this accursed valley, go to -54-.

(113, 151, 574, 585) 1 HM

**148** A guttural cry warns you that Charlie's been hit. You glance over your shoulder, see him stagger on stiff legs, propelled by his momentum, then fall. Behind him the creatures scramble forward.

To stop and help Charlie, go to -332-; to race on with Bernard, go to -157-.

(143) 1 HM

**149** A gasp from the rear warns you that Bernard's been hit. You glance over your shoulder, see him stagger on stiff legs, propelled by his momentum, then fall. Behind him the creatures scramble forward.

To stop and help Bernard, go to -332-; to race on with Charlie, go to -153-.

(143) 1 HM

**150** Twin cries from the rear warn you that both Bernard and Charlie have been hit. You throw a quick glance over your shoulder. Charlie is down and Bernard staggers only a couple of steps on stiff

legs before falling forward to earth. Behind them the creatures quickly scuttle.

To pause to help them, go to -332-; to race on alone, go to -151-.

(143) 1 HM

**151** You rejoin Norman and Sylvia, and even outstrip them. Finally, the three of you pause for breath. To circle back and try to find out what happened to Charlie and Bernard, go to -152-; to put as much distance between you and the creatures as possible, go to -147-.

(150) 1 HM

**152** You carefully lead your companions back to the alien miners. Suddenly you see a dusky procession snaking its way through the jack pines and raspberries. To your astonishment, they are a band of dark-skinned dwarfs, led by a Caucasian crone dressed in an old deerskin robe.

The procession forms a circle and commences a shuffling dance accompanied by a chirping chant. Suddenly another of the pink tentacled miners emerges from the woods, carrying the severed head of Bernard. The old woman takes it, lifts it high, and cackles an invocation to the gods. Now more of the pink fungus creatures come sailing out of the sky!

"Cover your eyes!" you whisper - but it's too late for you. Make a SAN roll; lose 1D6 SAN if you fail and go to -238-, assuming you do not succumb to mental shock or indefinite insanity. If your SAN roll succeeds, go to -173-.

(151, 154) 2 Cthulhu Mythos, 4 HM

**153** The four of you hurl yourselves into the woods. "Wait!" you cry. "We've got to find out what happened to Bernard!"

Charlie turns, wild-eyed. "That is madness! My people tell stories of the Fishers-From-Afar. They terribly punish those who spy upon them."

To insist upon circling back to help Bernard, go to -154-; to agree with Charlie, go to -155-.

(149) 1 HM

**154** Charlie levers a bullet into the chamber of his rifle and backs away. "No! Go back if you must, but Charlie goes home!" In his state of mind, you dare not follow him. It is clear that you are going to be without a canoe and without a guide.

But you cannot think of that now. Bernard needs your help. Go to -152-.

(153) 1 HM

**155** If the canoe was previously destroyed, go to -51-; if it was moored safely, go to -32-.

(153) 1 HM

**156** The craft strikes a whirlpool without warning and Charlie is pitched over the side. He strikes his head on a jagged rock and is carried away like a rag doll in a flood. You and the others hold on a moment longer, until a boulder hits the vessel amidships and breaks it into pieces.

You, Norman, and Sylvia avoid drowning by clinging to the floating wreckage. After a battering ride down the rapids, you are deposited on a peninsula of drift.

There are only the three of you now. Roll 1D3-1 each for the number of hatchets, knives, and rifles still retained by the group. Discouraged, the three of you want only to leave the valley as soon as possible, by way of -54-.

(165) 1 HM

**157** You and your three graduate students race madly away from the alien miners, which fortunately do not seem to be very swift on their feet - or, rather, claws. When you think you are safe and have rested, you discuss your next course of action - which is to leave the valley.

If your canoe was previously wrecked, go to -158-; if it was safely moored, go to -163-.

(148) 1 HM

**158** Healing Time: add 1 hit point each to yourself and to any companion if you need healing. You and your students follow a circuitous route back to Ft. McDonald. Roll 1D6: 1, -60-; 2, -56-; 3, -461-; 4, -233-; 5 or 6, -552-.

(30, 90, 92, 157, 195, 231, 232, 299, 300, 409, 424, 442, 498, 594, 603, 604, 606, 607, 613) 1 HM

**159** The five of you run a great distance through mud, moss, and lichens. At last you sense that you are not being followed and pause in the deep forest to catch your breath. This last experience has convinced Charlie that the North Hanninah is no place for him. He insists on going home.

To argue to stay and continue your explorations, go to -164-; to agree to end the expedition, go to -160-.

(114) 1 HM

**160** If your canoe was previously destroyed, go to -51-; if not, go to -165-.

(159) 1 HM

**161** When your senses clear, you find yourself wrapped in heavy pelts, confined, surrounded by dark presences. You blurt out an alarmed cry, but strong hands and reassurances in broken English steady you: "We find you wandering in woods. Rest; soon we shall reach fort of Mouties. You be safe there."

Your rescuers are Indian hunters. You lay in the bottom of a canoe, which the Indians paddle swiftly downstream. You rest quietly, too weak to ask questions.

As they promise, you eventually reach Ft. McDonald. The Mouties listen to your story and ask you what happened to your companions. Go to -433-.

(120, 505) 1 HM

**162** You seem physically unhurt, but your thoughts are hard to focus. Such images that do come are bizarre and surprising, as though your own mind has become a stranger to you. There are new cravings, instincts, and drives you cannot yet sort out. But you know a hunger, an all-consuming need to gorge yourself on you-know-not-what.

Beneath your feet, you see a thick carpet of moss. You kneel, tear up a huge clout and stuff it into your mouth.

It takes the edge off your torment, but you crave another food.

Stagger off into the cool, beckoning woods, at -215-.

(119, 234) 1 HM

**163** To your surprise and dismay, your canoe has been chopped to an unfloatable ruin. You and your students study the scene of the vandalism, but there is nothing to be found except tiny hand-like tracks on the ground around the wreckage.

"These prints are fresh," you say. "The perpetrators can't be far."

Go to -84-.

(157, 532) 1 HM

**164** "You are mad!" the guide cries, raising his weapon threateningly. "Let the Doctor-Boss stay! Charlie goes home!"

He runs off toward the river. If you haven't lost your canoe yet, now you do. Yet you have made your decision and will stand by it.

Go to -56-.

(159, 410) 1 HM

**165** On so treacherous a river, your party cannot afford many mistakes. Make a Boating roll for each party member. If at least three rolls are successful, go to -513-; otherwise, go to -156-.

(16, 51, 160, 499) 1 HM

**166** You gaze down upon alien horror - a monster belched by cosmic accident from the dimension of Nightmare. Somehow your sanity holds and you can study it.

The side of your body which faces it feels cold - as if the creature sucked heat energy out of its environment as a kind of nourishment. It is all starfish-like legs and one malignant eye at the center of the body. It is something like a wheelless set of spokes on edge.

To fire at the creature, go to -167-. To lay face down and hide until it goes away, make a successful Hide and go to -171-; miss it and go to -169-.

(121) 2 Cthulhu Mythos, 4 HM

**167** Feeling like an avenging Ahab who has found his whale, you lift your rifle to your shoulder and fire into the central eye of the cold-killer. If you miss, go to -170-. If you hit, go to -168-.

(166) 1 HM

**168** The creature trembles under the impact of the bullet, but does not show any trace of a wound. It was mad of you to assume that an entity whose touch annihilates matter might have been harmed by a lead projectile. Nonetheless, you seem to have startled it, and it rolls away. Gain 1D6 SAN; go to -171-.

(167) 1 HM

**169** The creature seems to react angrily and starts rolling straight for you. You get up and try to run, but an intense wave of cold stiffens your limbs. You run like a man on wooden crutches, then stumble and lay numbly.



The cold-killer comes to a halt beside you and its single central eye twinkles evilly. You experience an intense pressure around your forehead. Then all is dark.  
(166, 170, 172) THE END

**170** The bullet misses the eye, but strikes one of the thing's knobby limbs, leaving no sign of a wound. Go to -169-.  
(167) 1 HM

**171** Glad to have escaped the cold-killer, you rejoin your comrades in camp. Go to -649-.  
(122, 166, 168) 1 HM

**172** You hear a stir behind you, like an eruption in the snow. You turn and catch a flash of a one-eyed, wheel-like, revolving entity following you, pausing at the top of the rise. Go to -169-.  
(122) 1 HM

**173** To continue watching the abominable ritual below, go to -253-; to flee from it while your sanity lasts, go to -250-.  
(152) 1 HM

**174** The three of you make it through the fissure safely. At your first breath of the interior air, you pause in wonder. Only in the tropics have you smelled air like this. There is humid heat and the odor of rapid decay. It takes no more than a few yards walk to see that the foliage around you is lush and utterly different from the growth of the taiga.

You have heard theories - crank, you thought - that there existed a boxed-in valley which trapped the warm chinook winds, which was irrigated and additionally heated by volcanic waters. Under such special conditions, the climate might be held stable for millenia. That would account for the strangely-surviving prehistoric flora. Could pre-ice-age mammals also endure here?

To leave the valley in hopes of raising a serious expedition, go to -216-; to gather some specimens now, go to -225-.  
(125) 11 HM

**175** "Bring our visitor some hot soup," you tell Sylvia. While you stand looking at the stranger, unease hits your stomach. His face is repulsive, and oddly-proportioned. If you make a successful Hanninah Mythos roll, go to -176-; if you fail, go to -179-.  
(77) 1 HM

**176** In a flash you remember the legends of the wendigo - the men who go mad in the Northland and become possessed by cannibal demons of the wild. You shake your head; you must be going woods-happy to start crediting such nonsense.

At that moment Sylvia returns from the campfire, carrying a bowl of broth for the stranger. He glances into the steaming bowl with a look of disgust and pushes it away, spilling some of the hot stuff on the young woman's pantsleg.

That cinches it! The wendigo is a creature of ice, you remember. It dares not drink anything so hot as the broth.

If you need more proof that the man is a wendigo, go to -178-; if you try to slay the stranger immediately, go to -177-.  
(77, 175) 1 HM

**177** Roll 1D6: if 1-4, go to -106-; if 5-6, go to -103-.  
(102, 176) 1 HM

**178** The wendigo, legend says, has strange feet. You let the suspect sleep. When you think he is deep in slumber, you creep toward him. To get the proof you need, you must merely examine his feet, hidden by his bandages, without waking him.

Succeed at Pickpocket, and go to -204-; fail and go to -80-.  
(176) 1 HM

**179** Something about the wretch chills you, but you put the subtle wrongness of him down to the effects of long privation. You take the first watch while the students roll up in their blankets. As you sit on a rock, the first hour of the watch passes quietly.

Roll 1D6: 1-4, go to -194-; 5-6, go to -193-.  
(139, 175) 1 HM

**180** Peering beneath the bandages, you are moved to pity by the terrible bruised, cut, and infected condition of the sleeping man's feet. You immediately clean the wounds and change the bandages.

Go to -181-.  
(80, 204) 1 HM

**181** Despite your efforts to help, the sufferer's infection spreads from his foot wounds; his legs turn gangrenous. Soon his wasted body gives up the ghost and you lay him in a forest grave.

To go home, go to -76-; to continue exploration, go to -75-.  
(180, 193) 1 HM

**182** Your medical knowledge helps the stranger briefly to rally. He tells you his name, Jacob McCarthy, and some of his story. He was prospecting in the valley, but was set upon by "midget Indians." He fled, but got lost and started to starve. He still carries the map of his gold discovery.

Knowing he is dying, he gives you the map out of gratitude. After burying him, you are even more anxious to get home. Make a successful Luck roll and go to -513-; fail and go to -429-.  
(193) 1 HM

**183** The map you bring back to the states allows your expedition of the following spring to make the biggest Canadian gold strike of the decade. A Sudbury-based mining company buys out your share of the claim for a large fee. Henceforth you are able to devote your life to privately-financed research.

The Hanninah never really becomes developed, however. Trouble plagues the mining company. The increased human penetration of the area does not dispel the stories of hauntings, menaces, and doom, but increases them. The

mine closes at the onset of the Great Depression and does not reopen.

(545, 546)

THE END

**184** You swing your rifle barrel around and squeeze off a shot at his heart. Roll your Rifle skill (point blank range); if you hit, go to -185-; if not, go to -186-.

(127)

1 HM

**185** The hot bullet pierces the wendigo's heart dead-center. It hunches over and dashes away. You remember from preparatory reading that the wendigo will die if its icy heart is melted. Your lucky shot must have placed the creature in fear of its unnatural life. Gain 1D6 SAN. Take Norman and Wylvia to -224-.

(184)

3 HM

**186** A sweeping paw knocks the rifle from your grasp. The wendigo gropes at you as you leap away and prepare for its attack. Its attack is 40% and it does 1D8+1D6 damage. It has 17 hit points. Mere force cannot kill the monster, but if it is reduced to less than 3 hit points it must flee.

Try a SAN roll for each of Norman and Sylvia. If missed, the student faints and becomes unavailable. If successful, the student helps to fight the wendigo.

If knives or hatchets are at hand, the fighters of your party may use them. Usable clubs may be found by a fighter if he makes a Luck roll (one try).

If the wendigo is defeated, gain 1D6 SAN and go to -224-; if the wendigo defeats you, this is THE END.

(184)

4 HM

**187** "Run for it!" you tell your thunderstruck students. But it is too late for them. As you run you hear their cries; throwing a glance over your shoulder, you see bloodied snow and the wendigo ripping at their bodies.

Your cowardly hope is that the wendigo will be sated and not pursue. Succeed at a Luck roll to go to -336-; fail to go to -304-.

(127)

1 HM

**188** The trail occasionally fades over rock and scree, or disappears entirely when the abductor wades through sloughs and ponds. Even so, your tracking skill is up to every obstacle. The manner of creature which you follow fills you with wonder. Its feet are huge. From heel to toe the track measures 15 inches. You remember legends of a gigantic apeman haunting the Northland.

But whatever else the giant is, he is a tireless marcher. Twice you have to sleep along the trail. Only an occasional rag of clothing or a scratched word in the sand keeps you from losing hope.

At long last you and Norman come to a stream-cut canyon enclosed by the Ram Mountains. The tracks parallel the creek and seem very fresh. You follow them eagerly, but are disappointed to come to a fissure in a rock wall, through which the stream spurts and the tracks vanish.

It will be hard to wade safely through the fast water to enter the hidden valley beyond the cliffside, but you must if you hope ever to rescue Sylvia.

To turn back, go to -279-; to continue on, make a successful DEX x 5 roll and go to -226-; fail it and go to -189-.

(128)

2 HM

**189** Your strength fails and an eddy sweeps you off into the fastest part of the stream. You are battered on the rocks. Things go dark.

Hold your breath for 1D6 rounds or take Drowning damage. Now roll your Swim; if missed, hold your breath or take damage another round and try again. If you go into physical shock, you perish. If you succeed with a Swim, go to -191-.

(188, 217, 227, 540)

1 HM

**190** When the tracks climb a slope of jagged talus, the trail vanishes. The remainder of that day fails to locate it. Finally you realize that Sylvia is just as lost as Bernard. You must try to return with Norman to civilization, by way of -279-.

(128)

1 HM

**191** It is later. You don't know how much later. You stir and then moan with pain. You realize you have taken a lot of damage. Try First Aid on yourself. If successful, add 1D3 hit points to your current total. Now try to roll your CON x 5. If successful, you are able to travel, go to -67-; if not, it is . . . THE END.

(189, 376)

1 HM

**192** You and Norman follow the original apeman trail. It leads you to a hollow in the mountain thickets. The pervasive odor, the tracks and litter, indicate to you that the apemen - the sasquatch - had camped here but an hour ago. Word of their scouting party's route must have forced retreat as you drew near.

"Look!" cries Norman, pointing to a standing, denim-clad figure across the hollow. "It's Sylvia!" You run to her.

Roll a die; even, go to -395-; odd, go to -357-.

(481)

1 HM

**193** Sylvia relieves you and you check on him before turning in. His condition seems to deteriorate hourly. Make a successful First Aid and go to -182-; fail, and go to -181-.

(179)

1 HM

**194** Sitting here in the dark, thinking, you are belatedly aware that the woods have grown unnaturally quiet. Succeed at Listen and go to -220-; fail, and go to -221-.

(179)

1 HM

**195** Your party is unnoticed by the evil-faced forest dwarfs. Return to civilization, at -158-, or go forward, at -604-.

(129, 131)

1 HM

**196** "Wait here for me," you tell your students, then dash off on the track of the fleeing primitive. "We mean no harm! We come as friends!" you cry in the regional Indian tongue.

Go to the resistance table, matching your own movement of 8 vs. the dwarf's movement of 7. If you prove

swifter than the dwarf, go to -228-; if not, go to -230-.  
(130, 416) 1 HM

**197** Starvation sets in. Like wan ghosts, the two students stagger after you, day after day. The hungry, inactive nights are the worst of all. As the three of you lie in misery on your beds of cut boughs, you sense a Presence in camp - a thing of spirit which cannot be seen or touched. The temperature drops precipitately, frosting the needles of the tamaracks around you.

Make a roll of POW x 5 for each member of your party, first yourself, then Norman, then Sylvia. If your roll fails, go to -234-. If Norman's roll fails, go to -235-. If Sylvia's roll fails, go to -237-. If no roll fails, go to -198-.  
(132, 471) 3 HM

**198** The entity's powerful psychic attack is in vain. But its disappearance is small comfort to your hunger. Sylvia becomes too weak to proceed the next day; you can only try to keep her comfortable until the end. You and Norman have no choice but to go on your weary way alone, to -297-.  
(197) 2 HM

**199** Few scientific researchers have had to face your position. It is natural that you hesitate. Alas, while you do, the aborigine with the blade swings it with surprising strength. Bernard hardly makes a sound before his head drops with a roll to the moss carpet under his body.

Make a SAN roll. If you succeed, go to -239-. If you fail, lose 1D6 SAN and, if indefinite insanity is avoided, go to -238-.  
(133) 3 HM

**200** Each of the terrified dwarfs leaps a foot off the ground and dashes off into the brush without a backward glance. Hurriedly, you and the others rush from cover and cut Bernard free. Go to -131-.  
(134) 1 HM

**201** Although startled, the blade-wielder has the presence of mind to complete his deadly work before running. Bernard's head drops free before the doomed boy knows what's happened.

Make a SAN roll for each party member. If you miss yours, lose 1D6 SAN. If you avoid shock or insanity and both students succeed in their rolls, go to -246-. If Norman misses his, go to -66-. If Sylvia misses hers, go to -241-. If both students miss their rolls, go to -118-.  
(134, 135) 1 HM

**202** You hurry from cover and put the last, mortally-wounded dwarf out of his misery. Then you and the others cut Bernard free. Go to -131-.  
(135) 1 HM

**203** The light is not a fire, but a kind of captured glowing gas swirling low to the ground in a small clearing. Gradually your stunned eyes comprehend the scene. There is dancing around the fire, but such dancers! - grotesque, dwarfish primitives and five-foot-high crustaceans, larger than the largest-known species inhabiting the seas. The crustaceans have a mass of short

tentacles for a head, and large, membraneous wings folded upon their backs. Fungoid growths mar their pink shells.

Hoarsely you whisper that the students must not come forward. If they did, they surely would lose their minds. Transfixed, you watch. One of the pygmies kneels servilely before a fungus-crustacean and extends the severed head of Bernard Ebstein to the creature's groping tentacles. Near the creature is a hinged box, into which it places the head. The creature performs some sort of subtle manipulation, which you cannot descry.

To begin firing down at Bernard's murderers, go to -240-; to hide until it is safe, try a Hide for each party member. If all succeed, go to -248-; if one or more fails, go to -254-.  
(136) 3 Cthulhu Mythos, 7 HM

**204** To part the bandages without waking the sleeper, roll 1D6; 1-4, go to -205-; on a 5-6, go to -180-.  
(139, 178) 1 HM

**205** He has no human feet! Only fantastic hooves! He is not whom he appeared to be, but a fiend in human form. He must be destroyed, before he destroys the rest of you. You remember the legends that you have heard about the wendigo. Its icy heart must be melted if it is to be truly killed. Carefully, you steal back to the fire, take a sharp-pointed burning brand out and creep back to the monster.

Succeed at Sneak and go to -140-; fail and go to -141-.  
(204) 5 HM

**206** You squeeze off a shot without thinking. The figure bucks under the impact and falls down. With a shock you realize it is Charlie Foxtail, your missing guide. Your dumfounded look changes to horror as your glance falls to the man's feet. They are not human, but corroded black stumps! Charlie used to talk about the woods-demons, the wendigos, who race on malformed hooves above the treetops in the train of their monstrous master, the Father of Wendigos. Now something evil in the wilderness has transformed him into that which he feared most.

Charlie gets up; his look is crazed and dangerous . . .  
Go to -127-.  
(144) 6 HM

**207** "Charlie," you blurt out. "the last time I saw you . . . Good Heavens! What's wrong, man?" You lower your gun uncertainly. It looks like Charlie, but there is something that you don't like about him. The half-breed returns your stare with eyes that chill your blood. Yet you sense confusion, not malice, in the man. You speak reassuringly. If you successfully roll POW x 4, go to -208-; if you fail, go to -127-.  
(144) 1 HM

**208** Charlie drops his eyes guiltily, as he did when you would challenge his superstitions. He speaks with an echoing gusty roar, impossible to a human throat. "I have been with Great Wendigo. See," he tells you, pointing to his feet.

You glance down and nearly drop your rifle in shock. His lower legs are blackened, corroded-looking stumps, with red-glowing cracks and horrible hoof-like feet.

Attempt a SAN roll, losing 1D6 SAN. If you fail, if you avoid shock or insanity, go to -209-.

(207) 4 HM  
**209** "Now you see it," whines the monster in Charlie Foxtail's shape. "You see my burning feet. Help me before the rest of me changes, too."

"How?" you cry.

"I cannot tell! The demon is too strong. He hungers!"

Make a successful Hanninah Mythos roll and go to -212-; miss it and go to -127-.

(208) 1 HM  
**210** A figure in a deerskin cowl hobbles into the clearing. It pauses before you and drops its hood. Unveiled is an old white woman whose haglike face is transformed with a witchlike intensity.

"We are the Keywanema," she says in English.

"Keywanema?" you wonder.

"That is our name. Others call us the Little Ones, or the Mamagweeso, or the Puk-Woogies. Our ancestors were once tall like yourself, and they ruled this continent before the age of ice. But we practiced too long the elder magic, and slowly it changed us. We grew smaller, weaker, less handsome."

"Why do you call yourself a Keywanema?" you ask.

She cackles with glee. "You see a woman of your own race, but millenia ago I was mother-queen of the Keywanema. As the power of our stock diminished, we decided that one - myself - should pass in soul into the body of a woman untainted by the old magic. Since then I have taken many bodies. Each I use till it is corrupted by sorcery, then I take another. This body is almost used up. I require another."

If Dr. Nadelmann is a woman, go to -255-; if a man, go to -260-.

(145, 568) 1 HM  
**211** The pygmies take Norman and Sylvia, force each to kneel between two small trees, and affix one wrist per tree. Then the dwarfs dance in an ungainly fashion. The light at the focus of their ritual repeatedly changes colors. The dance continues for some time, but soon you notice a dwarf who holds a crescent blade on a handle. When the dance ends and the pygmies commence to leap and shriek, the blade wielder approaches Norman.

"No!" you scream as the blade is swung and Norman's head is struck off. Sylvia turns white and faints. Her head is severed next, while still unconscious.

Roll a die; even, go to -263-; odd, go to -265-.

(145) 1 HM  
**212** The answer comes to you. Charlie is asking for his death. Once he himself told you that one who becomes a wendigo has a heart of ice - a heart whose melting slays him.

Charlie is trembling, tottering precariously on his charred feet-stumps. He is doing battle with the monster in his soul, trying to give you time to act. But the humanity in Charlie's face has faded. His eyes now shine with a cold, evil light.

Match your movement (8) against Charlie's (9) on the resistance table. If you are the swifter, go to -651-; if not, go to -141-.

(209) 6 HM

**213** Unable to recognize any plants, you go seeking an animal specimen. Roll 1D6; if the result is 1-2, go to -314-; if 3-4, go to -315-; if 5-6, go to -108-.

(63) 1HM

**214** Your academic standing is weighed. Rumor suggests that you gained your position at the Miskatonic by falsifying records of your experience and qualifications, but no formal investigation is made, since you have already embarrassed the institution enough. You are politely asked to tender your resignation and are left no choice but to comply.

Needless to say, the scandal has ended your serious scientific career. For a while you try to expound your theory in books and magazines, but the best journals ignore you. Writing for the more popular, sensationalist market encourages sloppy work and exaggeration.

Your lack of success in bringing your discoveries to scientific study penalizes you half of your HM. Round down any fractions.

(83) THE END

**215** You look up and behold an awesome shape. It is He whom you know is your master. You hear his name in your mind, Great Wendigo, Ithaqua! He is immense, a god filling the heavens, *your* god.

You hear his dark call in your soul and start running toward him. Ithaqua races ahead of you, across the snowy ground. You fear you will lose him, but his aura fills you with strength and quickens your legs with speed. As he bounds in ever-greater arcs, so do you. Finally, Ithaqua takes a bound so great that he does not come down. You spring into the air and join him. Your feet light on the stream of ether left behind.

The friction of your journey through the sky is tremendous. You can feel your feet beginning to burn and peel away. Simultaneously, a hard weight in your breast tells you that your heart has changed to ice. The pain is tremendous. You feel impelled to cry out.

Suddenly, Great Wendigo's presence is gone. You plummet out of the sky, through the layers of ether, breaking the branches of spruce, fir, and tamarack which intervene between you and the ground. You strike the earth hard, but rise unhurt.

You peer at your feet. They have been transformed. What was human about them has been burned away, leaving only corroded, black, stump-like hooves. Ithaqua has given you feet better suited to following him above the treetops. You know this is only the beginning and that, each time you fly with Great Wendigo, more of your human form will mutate, until finally no portion of you remains recognizable.

Unconscious of time or distance, you wander through the forest, the forest which is now your home, the forest which fills every particle of you with its evil spirit. Your craving hunger returns, a hunger which leads you along like a famished beast on a leash.

Suddenly you see a campfire burning ahead. Only now do you fully realize what hideous repast you crave. Horrified, a part of you which is still human revolts against your demonic needs.

Succeed in rolling POW x 3 and go to -266-; fail, and go to -267-.  
(162, 264, 550) 1 HM

**216** Your monumental discoveries within the lost valley of the Ram Mountains will have to wait until you have the equipment and the trained personnel to investigate it properly.

Roll 1D6; 1-2, go to -217-; 3-4, go to -293-; 5-6, go to -483-.  
(174, 275) 1 HM

**217** To exit the valley, the three of you must dare the dangerous fast-water fissure which brought you here. You lead the way, followed by Sylvia and finally Norman.

Try a DEX x 5 roll for each member of your party. If everyone succeeds, go to -324-. If you miss it yourself, go to -189-. If Norman alone misses it, go to -223-. If Sylvia alone misses it, go to -540-. If both Norman and Sylvia miss it, go to -473-.  
(216, 269, 291) 1 HM

**218** One morning as you, Norman, and Sylvia range along a birch-shaded brook, spearfishing, something suddenly twangs into the papery bark beside your head. You glance at it automatically and see that it is a small dart of some kind. Immediately a shrill series of whoops rings from the foliage. You are under attack by savages - savages only three feet tall!

Go to -113-.  
(324, 600, 601) 1 HM

**219** Your inept finger-work wakes the sleeper, but not before you have seen the hoof-like feet hidden under his rags. Go to -127-.

(80) 1 HM

**220** Your keen hearing warns you of movement across the dry lichen which carpets the campsite. You turn and lift your rifle. Go to -127-.

(194) 1 HM

**221** Your hearing dulled by sleeplessness, you perceive nothing before powerful hands grab you from behind. As you drop your rifle and seize the hands that hold you, you are astonished to touch their coldless, their icelike feel. Suddenly you remember the wendigo legend.

The attacker has you in a successful grapple. You must overcome the attacker's STR on the resistance table or take 1D6 damage each combat round. The attacker's STR is 18. If you break the attacker's grip before you die, go to -222-; if not, this is THE END.

(194) 1 HM

**222** By applying precise force against the attacker's hulking grasp, you slip out of the death grip and stumble away. You turn and behold him who came out of the forest ... but he has changed!

Go to -127-.  
(221) 1 HM

**223** Norman can't hold on and begins to slip. Sylvia grabs him, but she too is pulled into the water. The turbulence is too great; they are stunned by the rocks; without your help both will surely die.

To try life-saving, go to -227-; to do nothing at all, go to -67-.  
(217) 1 HM

**224** After so narrow an escape, you and the students are anxious, even desperate, to get home. But by your recent terror and suffering, you seem to have paid your debt to the gods of the forest. Go to -513-.

(185, 186, 250, 257) 1 HM

**225** You quickly confirm your discovery of a redoubt of unprecedented prehistoric survival. Animal tracks attributable to no modern beast of the north abound in the sand and bubbly mud. Alas, your specialty is anthropology; your paleontological studies have been incidental.

Try your Geology. Succeed and go to -269-; fail and go to -275-.  
(174, 395) 6 HM

**226** Your and Norman's determination to rescue Sylvia from her abductor gives you both the added strength you need to get safely through the torrent. But afterwards, wearied by your ordeal, you must crawl from the stream and rest upon the black sand around it.

As soon as you have caught your breath, you notice that the atmosphere is more like Florida than Canada. The flora is completely strange. Gone are the bearberries, the firs, the sub-arctic shrubs. Tales come back to you, yarns of an enclave warmed by hot springs and the chinook winds. Does the legend have root, branch, and trunk, in fact? But for now Sylvia's rescue is paramount. Try a Track. Succeed, and go to -276-; miss to go to -277-.

(188) 6 HM

**227** To rescue a graduate student from the wild stream, divide your Swim by 2, add your STR, and roll that sum or less on 1D100. If you succeed, go to -251-; if not, go to -189-.

(223, 319) 1 HM

**228** Your longer legs decisively outstrip the tiny aborigine. You reach out for him, clench him firmly around the arm, and yank him off his feet. You fall, winded, atop him.

The little man snarls and comes at you, punching and kicking. He has a STR of 10. His attack skills are Punch, 65%, Kick 35%, Head Butt 50%. Roll 1D6 each round to determine what type of attack he makes (1-2, punch; 3-4, kick; 5-6, head butt). If the dwarf hits and does damage, roll 1D4 and subtract it from the damage done, because of the dwarf's small size. To take him alive, you

must successfully Grapple him. If you can Grapple and hold him (overcoming his STR with your own) for three consecutive rounds, go to -281-; if you are knocked unconscious or suffer physical shock, go to -229-.

(196)

1 HM

**229** You come to, aching and dazed. The brush teems with tiny men. Bernard is nowhere to be seen, but the others have been captured. Your reckless quest for academic glory has imperiled all your lives. Go to -145-.

(228)

1 HM

**230** You become entangled in the undergrowth while the little aborigine speeds nimbly on to freedom. What will happen when the fugitive reaches his tribe? Will they hide from your expedition? Will they form a vengeful warparty?

To press on and search out the tribe, go to -85-; to flee their territory, go to -231-.

(196)

1 HM

**231** You lead your group away from the possibility of peril. Succeed in a Luck roll and go to -158-; fail, and go to -85-.

(230)

1 HM

**232** The way home is much more taxing than the journey inland by canoe had been. Succeed in a Luck roll and go to -513-; fail and go to -158-.

(88)

1 HM



*the dire wolves have your scent*

**233** Subsisting on the scant provender which you can shoot or pick up from the forest, each day's walk grows harder than the one before.

One night as three of you sleep and Bernard stands watch, you are suddenly awakened by Norman's shaking. "Doctor! Bernard is dead! Sylvia is gone!"

It's true. Bernard's corpse lays near the fire, his skull broken by a heavy piece of wood, which lies beside him. Strange tracks in the moist earth lead into the darkness.

To follow the tracks, go to -128-; to give Sylvia up for lost, go to -279-.

(158)

1 HM

**234** You awaken alone. You are not at your last campsite. Norman and Sylvia are nowhere to be seen. Have you wandered away in delirium? Such questions have little meaning to you now. You feel altered somehow. Your hunger is still with you, but it too has been changed, to a dark craving.

The evil Spirit of the Wild has taken possession of you. Go to -162-.

(197)

1 HM

**235** Norman suddenly falls into convulsions; he cries out, his hands beat at the air, as if he is trying to drive away an invisible attacker. You and Sylvia fight to subdue his thrashings. As you struggle, the young man goes limp and comatose. All your efforts fail to awaken him. Weak as she is, Sylvia helps you make a dry bed for him and builds up the fire, hoping that warmth will help. Go to -236-.

(197)

1 HM

**236** Through your watch the student lies as quiet as a mannikin. You finally wake Sylvia and turn in. Sometime before dawn, a cry breaks your sleep. You raise your bleary head and peer across the campsite. Terror forms a rock in your throat.

Make a SAN roll. If you fail, lose 1D6 SAN. If mental shock or indefinite insanity is avoided, go to -282-.

(235)

1 HM

**237** Sylvia suddenly falls into convulsions; she cries out, her hands beat at the air, as if she is trying to drive away an invisible attacker. You and Norman fight to subdue her thrashings. As you struggle, the young woman goes limp and comatose. All your efforts fail to awaken her. Weak as he is, Norman helps you make a dry bed for her and builds up the fire, hoping that warmth will help. Go to -283-.

(197, 245)

1 HM

**238** Your scream of horror gives your presence away to the little men, who at once grab for their weapons. Go to -113-.

(152, 199)

1 HM

**239** In benumbed silence you watch Bernard's headless trunk bleed into the earth. Despite your shock, you must decide what to do. To fire vengefully down upon the murderers, go to -240-; to remain in hiding, go to -248-.

(199)

1 HM

**240** Like one possessed, you start firing wildly down at the depraved celebrants, watching them rout into the bush, relishing the sight of those who writhe wounded on the mossy ground.

"Doctor!!" shouts Sylvia, tugging at your sleeve. "They're coming around behind us!"

You shove the friendly hand away and empty your magazine at the sounds approaching through the thickets. Suddenly you notice that your companions have fled. Not wanting to become separated, you dart after them, but sounds of angry dwarfs in your way force you to veer and retreat down a ravine.

Roll one die; even, go to -284-; odd, go to -116-.  
(203, 239) 1 HM

**241** Suddenly Sylvia lets out a high-pitched yowl and dashes off madly into the verdure. To let her go and escape with Norman before the savages rally, go to -279-; to catch her, go to -243-.  
(201) 1 HM

**242** You climb aboard the canoe and set out down-river. At your next rest spot, fish and game abound; a good meal does wonders to restore you. At last you come to the treacherous segment of the river which Charlie Foxtail called "the place of splitting water."

Succeed in Boating and go to -513-; fail and go to -514-.  
(126) 1 HM

**243** You hurry after the hysterical girl. Try a Luck roll. Succeed and go to -244-; miss and go to -146-.  
(241) 1 HM

**244** Running blindly through the wild raspberry whips, Sylvia gets snared, and you are able to catch and subdue her. Roll a die; even, go to -324-; odd, go to -245-.  
(243) 1 HM

**245** You pick Sylvia up off the ground. Her eyes look vacant; she doesn't recognize you. You frown concernedly. The shock must have been too much for her. Once encamped, roll a die; even, go to -324-; odd, go to -237-.  
(244) 1 HM

**246** Both Norman and Sylvia are able to hold onto their wits while gazing down on the scene of mayhem. "We can't stop to bury Bernard," you tell the pair with a hollow voice. "The tribe will soon be back for vengeance. We have to get out of here."

Go to -247-.  
(201) 1 HM

**247** With the hunting cries of the savage dwarfs audible in the distance, the three of you run pell-mell through endless stands of virgin timber.

You must use your Track to disguise your trail if you hope to avoid capture. Succeed in Track and escape to -53-; fail and go to -146-.  
(246, 250, 254) 1 HM

**248** While you hug the earth, more dwarfs enter the glen — and so does a taller figure, a five-and-a-half-foot tall, spindly shape cloaked in deerskin. The little men form into a circle and commence a slow, shuffling dance around the light. The dwarf who performed the sacrifice reverently picks up the fallen head and offers it to the cowed figure. The latter lets her wrap fall away, to stand revealed as an old Caucasian woman of frightful and imposing aspect.

She takes the head from the shaman and rasps a wavering chant. While so doing, she slowly lifts the bleeding trophy over her head and accepts its blood as a hideous libation upon her hoary locks.

Now new terror intervenes; you hear a rhythmic crinkling sound mixed with buzzing in the air overhead. To look up, go to -249-; to close your eyes and crawl away, go to -250-.  
(203, 239) 6 HM

**249** Flying fungoid things! Tentacled crustaceanoids with twenty-foot wings! Make a SAN roll. If unsuccessful, lose 1D6 SAN. If mental shock or indefinite insanity is avoided, go to -253-.  
(248) 1 Cthulhu Mythos, 3 HM

**250** To leave the area without attracting attention, make a Sneak for each member of your party. If none are missed, go to -224-; if any roll fails, go to -247-.  
(173, 248, 253) 1 HM

**251** Swimming strongly, you reach one of the students — Norman. Sylvia has already been swept far out of reach. You grab him by the collar of his leather jacket and drag him after you to shore.

Norman has lost 2D8 hit points from drowning damage. If he is still alive, you can restore 1D3 hit points by a successful First Aid.

If Norman is dead, go to -67-; if he lives, start for Ft. McDonald at -279-.  
(227) 1 HM

**252** You stand up and lift your arms in a non-aggressive posture. The miners switch off their mineral sweepers, drop them, and lift curious twisted Y-shaped devices.

"Do you understand me?" you ask — as a sheet of cold flares forth from one of the Y-shaped tools. The cold misses you, but your right ear is left numb, and frost spicules appear over your right side.

The creatures are obviously hostile. You duck around the bend and rush back to your companions, shouting: "Monsters!" Go to -143-.  
(114) 1 Cthulhu Mythos, 3 HM

**253** The minds of many would have cracked, but you hold your voice to a harsh whisper and warn the students, "Don't look! Whatever you do, don't look!"

Now the flying horrors are settling down into the glen. After folding their membranous wings, they rear up on their hindmost pair of limbs and begin to dance around the light in unison with the dwarfs. One pink creature and the old woman separate themselves from the dance and

the former produces a box. Then it takes the head from the woman and puts it into the box. After a brief manipulation, the alien steps aside. Bernard's head shows through the aperture, but — his eyes are blinking! His lips, his jaws are moving. It's as if Bernard is aware and trying to scream, but lacks lungs and vocal cords to give himself voice.

The fungoid devils have cheated Bernard even of the peace of death! It is almost too much for the mind to bear!

Attempt a SAN roll. If you fail, lose 1D6 SAN. If mental shock of indefinite insanity is avoided, go to -250—.

(193, 249) 2 Cthulhu Mythos, 5 HM

**254** A member of your party, in changing position, shakes the bush next to you. The dance below stops. A pygmy points directly at your hiding place. He shouts something that causes the flying crustaceans to scuttle off into the woods. The dwarfs grab for their weapons.

"Run!" you cry. Go to -247—.

(203) 1 HM

**255** "You will provide a suitable shell for my essence, Woman-Doctor," the crone gloats. "Prepare her, my children."

The little men bind your wrists and ankles to stakes in the earth. One of them, with a bone fixed in his tiny hairlock, forces you to drink from a clay beaker. The liquor makes you feel light, entranced. You are only partially aware of the savages around you, holding crude tapers, shaking rattles, maintaining a chattering chant.

The hag laboriously kneels on rheumatic knees behind your head. She places her clawlike fingers on your temples and prays loudly: "Iä Nyarlathotep! Iä Rebathoth! Iä Ithaqua! N'ehye n'grkudlu'lh!"

The queen priestess's psyche commences a deadly assault upon your own soul; it feels like a foul, clawing thing, trying to overwhelm and replace you.

Resist with POW vs. POW on the resistance table. The crone's POW is 18. If you win out, go to -256—; if not, go to -259—.

(210) 1 HM

**256** Suddenly the attack upon your will ceases. You hear the hag collapse on the earth behind you. The tribesmen stop chanting, a hush coming over them. They break from the ring and gather over the old woman.

"Duga hooda ruh!" says the one with the bone in his hair. Instantly the Keywanema gather up their dead or unconscious queen and carry her swiftly away. They leave you and the students still bound. Go to -257—.

(255) 3 HM

**257** One of your party must get out of your bonds. Try a DEX x 3 roll for each party member. If anyone succeeds, your party is released and goes to -224—; if all fail, go to -258—.

(256, 261) 1 HM

**258** Until far into the hours of darkness, your hapless party futilely struggles against the cunning knots of the binding thongs. About midnight, with a moon staring down like an eye behind a misty cataract, the beasts of the forest start to move in. You tell

yourself that wild animal attacks upon humans are unheard-of. No one will hear of this attack either.

(257, 563) THE END

**259** Abruptly, there is no more struggle, only unity. You turn your head as far as you can. The crone lies lifeless on the ground behind you. You sneer. She was weak, ugly. But you are young, vibrant, full of power.

"Ipsdrib-tpofmaut!" you hiss impatiently. Your words of power turn your thongs to ash and you can stand up. You survey the Keywanema in the glen, who stand attentively. They bow reverently to you, putting their foreheads in the dust. You glance back at the bound Norman and Sylvia, who gape at you with waxing horror.

Your thinking is confused for a moment. Images of academic glories and New England social engagements mix with scenes of pagan frenzy and gods walking the endless forests. You straighten your shoulders. The bargain must be kept. The Keywanema owe obligations to others greater and much older than even you, the immortal queen-priestess of their race.

You point to the student-captives, but address the Keywanema. "Cugla mulo zungi," you say.

It simply means, "Cut off their heads."

(255) THE END

**260** "The body of the girl Sylvia shall be an ideal lodgment for my soul," the crone gloats. "Prepare her!" she tells her deformed people. The Keywanema drag Sylvia to a ready spot where four stakes are driven into the ground. She is bound, spreadeagled between the stakes.

The Keywanema force Sylvia to drink from a clay beaker, a draught that seems to put her into a drugged trance. The other dwarfs gather around her, chattering a cadence, holding crude tapers of animal fat in their tiny fists. The queen-priestess kneels behind Sylvia and presses her talon-like fingers to the girl's temples, praying: "Iä Nyarlathotep! Iä Rebathoth! Iä Ithaqua! N'ehye N'grkudlu'lh!" As the old woman kneels, strong tremors pass through her body's frame. Sylvia's face takes on an expression of terror, but she is unable to otherwise move. Some kind of psychic struggle is taking place between the ancient witch and the young woman.

Match Sylvia's POW against the witch's (18) on the resistance table. If Sylvia wins the struggle, go to -261—; if she does not, go to -262—.

(210) 1 HM

**261** Abruptly the contest ends. The hag collapses to the ground. Apparently this alarms the Keywanema, because they cease their chants and one hurries to the old woman's aid. She may be dead, certainly she is inert. "Duga hooda ruh!" he shouts.

The tribesmen cluster around their hideous queen and pick her up. They hurry away with her, leaving the three of you bound, but alone and unguarded, in the glen.

Go to -257—.

(260) 3 HM



**262** Abruptly the contest between Sylvia and the old woman concludes. When the hag collapses dead on the ground, momentarily you think that Sylvia has won.

But then the young woman speaks a meaningless phrase: "Isdrib-tpofmaut!" A sudden blaze of licking flame from nowhere turns the bonds holding her to powder. She stands up. Outwardly, she appears unchanged, except for the charismatic fire ablaze in her eyes and her strange expression. Her movements are utterly unlike the Sylvia you have known for many months. The witch's spell has taken possession of her.

The tiny men now grovel on the ground before the girl's calfskin boots. She accepts their homage, then turns a withering stare towards you and Norman. She gives an order in an unknown tongue.

Roll a die; even, go to -263-; odd, go to -265-.  
(260) 4 HM

**263** The dwarfs carry you out of the glen to a lonely spot. Here a houndtooth rock stands under the gnarled evergreens, marked with carvings and painted symbols. They tie you to the rock and then frenetically dance around you. Several with bones in their hair make commands over what seems to be an old firepit. A glowing vapor curls out of it, then swirls into a tight mass of great brightness.

As the pygmies cavort, they launch ecstatic shouts to heaven. You glance up. The mists have parted to show with stark clarity the Hyades' stark clarity in the head of Taurus. Suddenly the wind gusts icily. As you shiver, you get the impression that the sky - a terrifying void just a moment ago - is now crowded, rushing down on you.

Then, inexplicably, the little men cut your bonds and flee, as if in terror. You fall free to your knees under the stone. Go to -264-.  
(117, 211, 262) 2 HM

**264** *Na-del-mann! Na-del-mann!* the raw wind seems to cry directly into your brain. With the cry comes the compulsion to run towards the source of the sound, the sound that seems to come from the wintry sky. You suddenly want to look up, to merge with whatever is up there. Inextricable from the summons is an offer - the offer of existence wilder than life, of death that conquers death, of change that transcends immortality. To resist the call, match your POW vs. the POW of the summons (4D6) on the resistance table. If you succeed, go to -39-; if not, go to -215-.  
(72, 263, 455) 6 HM

**265** The diminutive warriors seize you and drag you away. They force you to kneel between a pair of young birches and tie a wrist to each. One, carrying a moon-shaped blade on a pole approaches. The start of a chant causes you to look towards the other tribesmen. You see their sets of little, red, fanatic eyes. Out of the corner of your eye you see the pole-blade move in a blur. An icy pain sears your throat. Then blackness comes.

Go to -417-.  
(117, 211, 262) 1 HM

**266** An exercise of incredible willpower momentarily has leashed the demon in you. In that interval, you know what you must do. You stride into the camp, making no attempt to hide your monstrous feet. The men in the camp - Indian hunters - reach for their rifles. The demonic cast of your features and the deformed stumps under you freeze them with superstitious awe. "So, you see me and know me for what I am," you croak with bitter laughter. "What shall you do? Let me stand here until I hunger?"

You must restrain yourself long enough to allow the hunters to gather their pluck; attempt a POW x 3 roll. If successful, go to -285-; if not, go to -267-.  
(215) 1 HM

**267** This encounter means death. The human core of you longs for your own extinction, but the drive which Ithaqua has given you is stronger, and it yearns for the death of others.

You rush into the heart of the camp, like a bobcat springing into the center of a covey of quail. The Indian hunters howl with terror and flee in all directions. Only one has the courage to stand for a few seconds and fire a round at you. The force of it knocks you off your feet, and you can feel the painless gouge it has ripped clear through your belly, but, unharmed, you rise again.

Go to -268-.  
(215, 266) 1 HM

**268** The Indians, bleating with sheeplike terror, scatter into the forests. The memory of your human life blinks out forever. You crave human flesh, and Ithaqua endows you with the power to obtain it. You cry out. You start to walk; your pace quickens into a run. You sense the warm, flowing blood of the fleeing Indians, and you follow the beckon unerringly. Soon you reach the edge of a ravine and hear frightened breathing below. An Indian has fallen into it and broken his ankle. He futilely throws a rock at you. You easily glide through the air to the bottom and float toward him. He cries out as your iced-over claws close about his throat, as your frigid breath turns his face black. Your freezing fangs sink into his warm flesh. Soon you will eat again, and continue to change into a creature ever-more repulsive. Such is the curse of Ithaqua, the way of a wendigo.

Lose 4/5 of your Hanninah Mythos (round down any fractions).  
(267, 285) THE END

**269** While exploring a prehistoric glade, you chance upon a stand of plants of the very species described in detail by your Miskatonic colleague, the paleobotanist Ivan Kurtov. The species was supposed extinct before the Pleistocene glaciations. Yet here it is, all around you, still flourishing. You can easily take leaves, roots, cuttings, and seeds to convince Miskatonic's geology and botanical departments to sponsor a major expedition. Deciding you are now able to leave the dangerous enclave, you pack your specimens and lead your companions without mishap back to the outer valley of the Hanninah. Go to -217-.  
(225) 16 HM

**270** The stricken wolf falls away from Norman and you turn swiftly toward Sylvia, but it is too late for her. In a rage, you attack the beast and drive it from its kill.

If Norman has taken wounds, First Aid can add 1D3 hit points. Now go to -278-.

**271** If you have a rifle, you may fire at the wolf attacking Norman (point-blank range) or help Norman fight it hand-to-hand. If the wolf dies before Norman does, go to -270-; otherwise, you may next kill the wolf which has slain Sylvia and bury the hapless students. Then go to -365-.

**272** Satisfied that they can depend upon your observations, an expedition is sent off under Ivan Kurtov. Unavoidable circumstances make it necessary for you to rendezvous with the expedition at Ft. McDonald, instead of accompanying it all the way, but when you arrive, you find that the ambitious, overzealous Kurtov has started it without you.

This may be for the best, because it vanishes without a trace. You are forced to return home alone and argue for a second effort. The Great Depression makes such a project out of the question.

You leave the university in anger and argue your case to the public. Your books and articles about the lost land attract a cult following, but the existence of "Nadelmann's Lost Land" is not proven in your lifetime.

(274) THE END

**273** Since animal life is a surer means than plants to argue the existence of the prehistoric valley, you decide to try to trap or kill specimens. Unfortunately, two can play that game.

While you and your students stalk the bushy fringes of a large meadow, the woods reverberate with the wavering call of hunting beasts both large and fierce, as well as available in very large numbers.

To prepare to shoot a specimen from where you stand, go to -286-; to run for a tall tree, go to -288-.

**274** The physical evidence you produce embarrasses even the most biased opponents. The university brings the topic under serious discussion, while you are interviewed by radio, newspaper, and radio.

Go to -272-.

**275** While plants of all shapes and sizes grow around you, you fail to recognize any that are definitely prehistoric. To return to Arkham empty-handed, go to -216-; to seek for physical proof of your discovery, go to -551-.

**276** The creature, by wading along a shallow stream, nearly shakes you off its trail, but you are too canny to be foiled by such a trick. The pursuit takes you and Norman up into the high ground.

The prints get fresher as you climb.  
Succeed at Sneak, go to -290-; fail, go to -289-.

**277** By accident or cunning, the creature's trail vanishes into a stream. Try as you might, you cannot pick up the spoor.

To abandon the quest and return to civilization, go to -278-; to give up the search, but explore the lost valley, go to -38-; to search randomly for Sylvia, go to -292-.

**278** Heavy-hearted over the loss of Sylvia and your own inability to do what had to be done to save her, you and Norman bleakly follow the submerged ledge that leads to the outside world. Go to -279-.

**279** Healing Time: add 1 hit point each to yourself and to any companions if you need healing. The way promises to be long and hard for both you and Norman. Roll 1D6: 1, -296-; 2, -295-; 3, -297-; 4, -298-; 5, -280-; 6, -595-.

**280** While trying to keep a parallel course to the North Hanninah, you and Norman are forced to cross through hot springs and ravines. Suddenly you hear a humming sound around a bend.

To go forward and investigate, go to -474-; to retreat into a nearby cave to hide, go to -333-.

**281** With Bernard and the others helping to hold him, the little man is bound with leather shoelacings. Later, in camp, you examine him thoroughly. He is dwarfed, but that may be consistent for his kind. His face is formed like a Kwakiutl devil-mask, his scalp nearly bald. What hair he has is gathered into a stringy hairlock. His arms are proportionally longer than a normal man's, with long, claw-like fingers. His skin is dusky, almost gray in the forest light.

Every attempt to communicate with the aborigine fails. He is so withdrawn as to seem entranced.

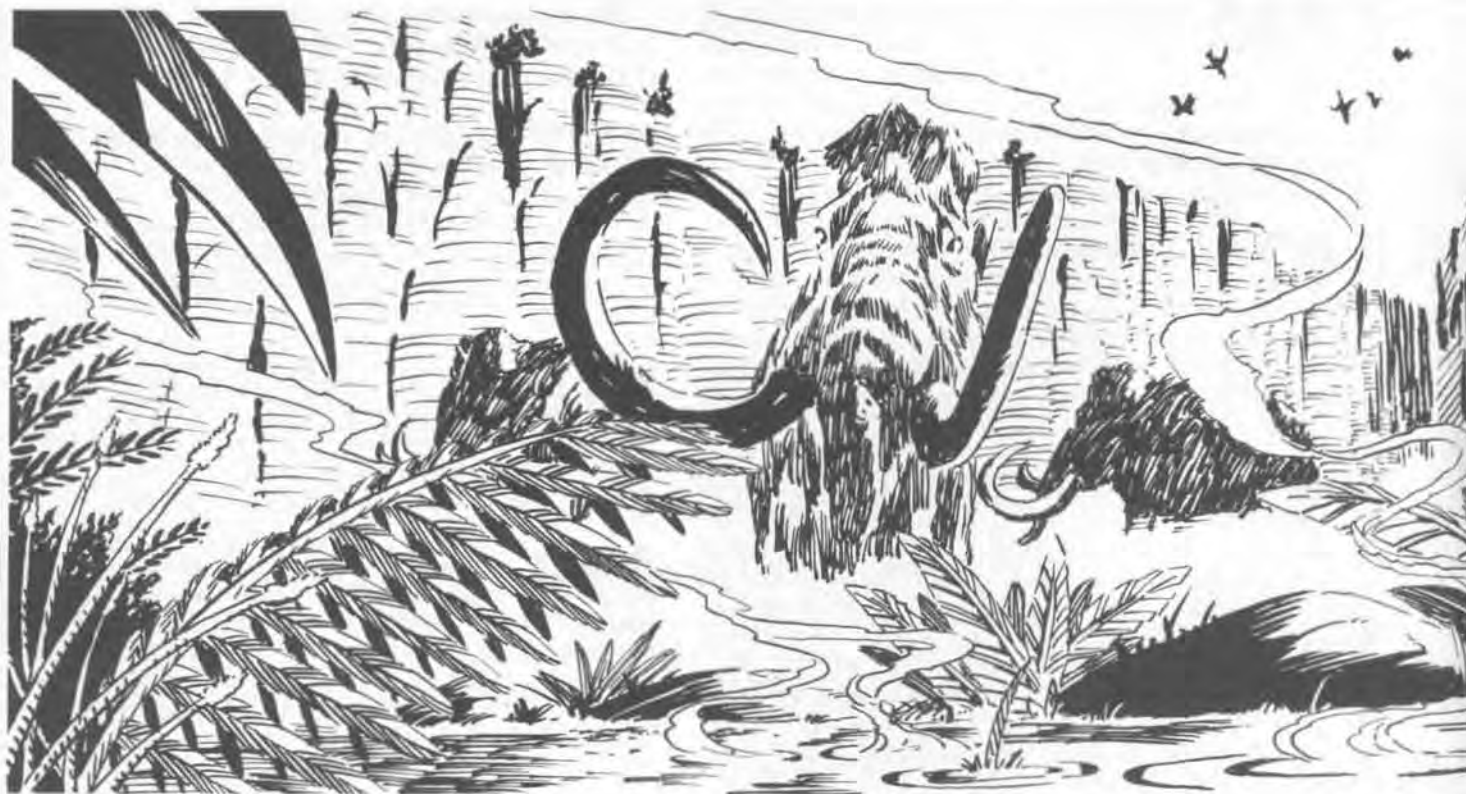
To start back for home with the little man as a specimen-captive, go to -299-; to release him, go to -300-.

**282** Sylvia sprawls lifeless in Norman's arms. He is like a beast surprised in his feast. And the observation is not far-fetched, for there is blood all over the girl, from terrible wounds. Go to -328-.

**283** "Doctor!" comes Norman's alarm, waking you up. "Look!"

Sylvia is no longer comatose. Would that she was! She is squatting on her blanket, her face changed - terribly.

Successfully roll Sylvia's POW x3 or less and go to -305-; fail and go to -306-.



**284** You outdistance the pygmies, but at the end of the chase you are all alone. You have no way of knowing whether Norman and Sylvia also got away, or where they are if they did. To locate the lost students, try a Luck roll. Success sends you to -316-; failure, to -67-.

(240)

1 HM

**285** Your taunt impressed at least some of the Indian hunters. 1D6 hunters hold you, while one brings a vat of boiling fat from the cookfire. If forced to drink that, your icy heart will surely melt, and you will die, though in agony.

The demon survival instinct resurges. You start to struggle against your captors. Each hunter who holds you has a STR of 12; your STR is half-again normal (round up fractions). Go to the resistance table and match your STR against their combined STR. If you win the struggle and break free, go to -268-; if not . . .

(266)

THE END

**286** "Get ready," you tell Sylvia and Norman. You take position behind a bush heavy with orchidlike blossoms and wait for the yelping beasts to burst into view.

And they do, 2D6 of them - wolflike creatures resembling reconstructed museum specimens of dire wolves, but much more terrifying in the flesh. There is no way to avoid this encounter.

Each member of your party who is rifle-armed may fire twice before the wolves are upon you. If all the wolves are hit, or if the number of wolves hit equals or is less than

the result of a roll of 1D10, the pack is driven off (proceed to -287-); otherwise the unwounded wolves attack you at -307-.

(273)

3 HM

**287** Surveying the slaughter, you judge that a dire wolf's head is not too heavy to carry back to civilization as proof of your astounding discoveries.

Go to -652-.

(286)

3 HM

**288** Fearing that the baying animals might be too much for your party to handle, the three of you sprint for a large, climbable tree standing alone in the center of the meadow.

Behind you rush a pack of wolflike creatures, their long jaws trailing slaver across the heads of the flowering meadow grass.

Your party's movement is 8, the pack's is 10. Match your movement against the pack's on the resistance table. However, since you have quite a head start, add 20% to your chances for success. If you outstrip the beasts, go to -308-; if not, go to -307-.

(273, 317)

3 HM

**289** You follow a gully up into the oak-covered slopes. You notice a hircine odor. When you look up, you see that both rims are occupied!

Try a SAN roll and, if failed, lose 1D6 SAN. If mental shock or indefinite insanity are avoided, go to -309-. If they are *not* avoided, go to -310-.

(276, 292)

2 HM



*the prehistoric valley - Nadelmann's Lost Land*

**290** You silently guide Norman through the prehistoric landscape. Suddenly you hear the bushes crackle, and cautiously pull the student down into a crouch. Something – something *big* – is moving through the undergrowth.

You see it!

Try a SAN roll for both you and Norman; lose 1D6 SAN if not successful. If you suffer from mental shock or indefinite insanity as a result, go to -310-; if only Norman misses his roll, go to -312-; if neither of you miss, go to -311-.

(276, 292)

1 HM

**291** By coming so far into the unknown, the three of you have compounded its dangers. Roll 1D6: 1 = -370-; 2 = -371-; 3 = -294-; 4 = -217-; 5 = -293-; 6 = -317-.

(395, 396, 400, 614, 627, 628, 635)

1 HM

**292** You and Norman search desperately for signs that Sylvia has gone this way. But while seeking, you may also be sought. Roll 1D6: 1-2, go to -289-; 3 = -290-; 4-5 = -315-; 6 = -314-.

(277)

2 HM

**293** You, Norman, and Sylvia elude the menaces of the prehistoric landscape and soon exit successfully from the lost land. Go to -324-.

(216, 291, 344, 406)

2 HM

**294** The sky darkens with building thunderheads. The roar across the heavens promises

a bad storm. There is a flash and a jarring crack which brutalizes the eardrums. "Wow!" says Sylvia. "That one must have hit near by!"

It did. Smoke rises from the dry brush up the hill.

Roll a die: even, go to -402-; odd, go to -403-.

(291)

2 HM

**295** Many days of hungry walking ensue. One morning you wake to find Norman missing. A day of searching fails to turn him up. In the end you have to admit you are alone. Go to -67-.

(279)

1 HM

**296** The threatening chorus of wolves out in the pine forest has Norman jumpy. You decide to halt at a cave for the night, since it protects against predators both real and imagined.

The two of you build a fire in the entry and settle down inside your ragged blankets. Suddenly something stirs in the back of the cave. Its breathing is loud, and betokens something huge. Its odor comes to you, a sickening stench you can hardly bear.

To shoot at the unseen creature, go to -325-; to wait and see, go to -326-.

(279)

1 HM

**297** The game trails are empty, the berries which earlier were so abundant have withered and dropped off the branches. The threat of starvation is real.

Make a Woodcraft roll and go to -513-; miss it and go to -331-.

(198, 279)

1 HM

**298** Norman's nerves are worn to the snapping point. The baying of the wolves has upset him. To humor him, you elect to stop at a cave which you chance upon for the night. He should feel more secure inside. Luck seems to turn up when you are able to kill a snowshoe hare for supper. But while dining, the woods fall silent. The owls, the crickets – even the wolves – cease their calling. A menace, yet unseen, pervades the twilight.

To stoke the flames higher, to ward off the threat, go to –329–; to kill the flames to help you hide, go to –333–. (279) 1 HM

**299** The little man refuses to walk, so your party carries him along the march. By noon he seems to have fallen unconscious. You order camp to be set up and try again to feed the captive. It's to no avail; he seems to be actually willing himself to die. By morning it is all over. His corpse rots strangely rapidly. It is all you can do to try to carry it with you. Even the bones fall apart and crumble to gray dust in only a few days. Perhaps if you had proper preserving equipment . . .

To continue your homeward march, go to –158–; to try to reverse course and explore the North Hanninah valley, go to –89–. (281) 2 HM

**300** "If we let him go," Bernard argues, "he'll bring his tribe down on us!" Nonetheless, any other course of action would be criminal, you finally agree. You unbind the little man and stand back. With surprising speed he dashes away and vanishes.

"Now let's see if we can leave this area before Bernard's prophecy comes true."

Try a Luck roll. If you fail, go to –85–. If you succeed, you may either continue exploring, at –89–; or head for home, at –158–. (281) 1 HM

**301** You grab your rifle and fire point-blank into the chest of the monster which was once your research assistant. If you hit, go to –302–; if you miss, go to –339–. (303, 305) 2 HM

**302** It's a hit! the wendigo howls with fear and clutches at its heart. Its heart is its most vulnerable organ, you now remember the legends saying. You aim for the same target and fire again, but the creature has had enough and bolts from the camp.

Now you must face the forest – alone. Gain 1D6 SAN and then go to –67–. (301) 6 HM

**303** The staggering fact comes home: Norman has been possessed by the cannibal spirit of the North. He is a wendigo!

Try a SAN roll, if missed, lose 1D6 SAN. If mental shock or indefinite insanity are avoided, you either dash off into the woods, at –304–, or fight the creature, at –301. If they are not avoided, you stand there stupefied until . . . THE END. (328) 6 HM

**304** You race for the cover of the deep woods. The monster follows determinedly. The Big Woods is home to its kind. Your movement is 8, its movement is 9. Go to the resistance table. If you outdistance the wendigo, go to –336–; if not, go to –337–. (187, 303, 306) 2 HM

**305** "No," rasps Sylvia, "come no closer. Evil is in me! Flee! Flee while you still may! I crave. Oh, I crave!" You take a quick look at Norman – who speeds away in blind terror. If you hesitate, you may never find him again.

To try to talk Sylvia out of her madness, go to –306–; to try to shoot her, go to –301–; to join Norman in flight, go to –338–. (283) 4 HM

**306** Sylvia gives a shout, a terrible cry of hideous triumph. As she shouts, she seems to change. Patches of dark ice appear on her flesh. You are witnessing the attack of the wendigo. The Indian demon has taken possession of her.

Try a SAN roll; lose 1D6 SAN if unsuccessful. If mental shock and indefinite insanity is avoided, speed to –304–; if they are not avoided, you stand stupefied until it is . . . THE END. (283, 305) 1 HM

**307** The wolf-pack hits your group and scatters it. One-third of the 2D6 attack each party member. Apportion the wolves in your favor. If there are less than 3 wolves, you may help a student fight his, at –271–, or run to –340–.

The dire wolves are too close to shoot. They have attacks of 30%, do 1D8+1D4 damage, and have 15 hit points each. If you are unwounded by the fight, go to –340–; if you are wounded, go to –347–. If you faint from physical shock you are eaten . . . THE END. (286, 288) 1 HM

**308** Your party reaches the tree and you help your students up into the limbs. You must climb after them. If the students make their Climb, they have time to help you up (add 10 percentiles to your Climb for each student who succeeds in his roll).

Succeed at your Climb and go to –344–; fail and go to –345–. (288) 2 HM

**309** Incredible! Huge, apelike men! A score of them are all around you. They appear quite excited, waving clubs and rocks in their huge paws. Hemmed in the gully, you are very vulnerable.

To fire a shot to scare them off, go to –346–; to stay calm, go to –348–. (289) 6 HM

**310** Colossal drooling apemen! Horrible! you're trapped! Doomed! You faint dead away. If you have gone into indefinite insanity, go to –364–; if your problem is simply shock, go to –350–. (289, 290) 2 HM

**311** Somehow both you and Norman remain silent at the sight of the huge, apelike man who lumbers out of the bushes. You have heard of this creature, the sasquatch, and you had doubted many other things before this trip.

He stands over seven feet tall, and is completely covered by a short coat of dark brown hair, flecked with white — or maybe flakes of mud. Heavily built, particularly in the legs, the sasquatch's limbs are both proportionally longer and thicker than a man's. It displays a sagittal crest, like a male gorilla. Such a feature, you know from your anthropological studies, virtually disqualifies it as a close relative of Man. The man — as you think of it, rather than as an animal — moves with a peculiar shuffle, letting its great arms dangle. Threads of drool hang from its lips.

When it passes on, you suggest to Norman that you follow the sasquatch. Fear dilates his eyes, but he has no choice but to agree.

The lay of the land well suits continued surveillance. The sasquatch travels directly to a primitive camp where more sasquatches of all ages and both sexes mill about. The campsite is filthy and very unsanitary. You see no fire, no huts, no sign of tools . . .

Suddenly you pick out a small figure in faded denim, a girl walking with nervous steps between towering sasquatches. Sylvia!

To start firing into the camp to frighten the apemen away, go to -353-; to give Sylvia up for lost, go to -360-; to wait till darkness to steal into the camp for a quiet rescue, go to -359-.

(290) 3 HM

**312** The student gasps out a short, shrill yelp. You only get a glimpse of the thing in the bushes — a giant ape — or apeman. It must be a creature similar to that which carried off Sylvia!

To follow the creature's tracks, go to -362-; to leave the lost valley, go to -360-; to swallow your grief for Sylvia, but keep exploring, go to -63-.

(290) 3 HM

**313** The lost valley holds many dangers, as you and Norman discover. Roll a die; even, go to -314-; odd, go to -315-.

(360) 1 HM

**314** While crossing an open meadow full of grazing beasts — stock representing earlier species of horse, elephants, camels, antelope, and other such animals — a shadow glides over the flowering grass ahead of you. The animals let out with frightened trumpets and bleats. Whatever the flying thing is, it terrifies them! To look up into the sky, go to -318-; to get out of the open, go to -363-.

(213, 292, 313, 647) 3 HM

**315** Unlike the mammal and plant life, the bird population contains species quite familiar to you — terns, curlews, geese. As you cross a slough heavily grown with sedge, rushes, and reeds, you reflect that "Nadelmann's Lost Land" shall not add many new species to the science of ornithology.

But you are mistaken. A powerful, harsh caw, startles the two of you. A head stabs out from the swamp growth.

It's a bird, as tall as an ostrich, with a heavier neck and breast muscles. Its talons are long and curved; its beak is like an eagle's. A giant carnivorous bird! It looks like it could kill and eat a buffalo if it wanted to!

Each armed member of your party may shoot at the bird, at -366-; or you may run from it at -369-.

(213, 292, 313, 647) 2 HM

**316** A swift stream cuts across your path. You guess that if Norman and Sylvia ran this way, they would be forced to remain this side of such a barrier — perhaps even follow its course. You walk parallel to the stream and soon you see the boot prints of your missing students in the moist soil.

You hurry on, until suddenly you hear your companions' frightened shouts. Running toward the source of the yells, you see Sylvia on the edge of the steep ravine. Norman has fallen over the edge and only Sylvia's waning strength prevents him from plummeting into the roaring waters! Your reaching them in time depends on Sylvia.

Match Sylvia's STR against Norman's SIZ on the resistance table. If Sylvia wins, go to -322-; if Norman "wins," go to -319-.

(284) 1 HM

**317** You have carefully retraced the route you took to enter the lost land and are getting close to the rock wall exit, when an ominous beast-sound rises from the tall grass, at -288-.

(291) 2 HM

**318** Ghastly! Horrible! Make a SAN roll. If you fail, lose 1D6 SAN. If mental shock or indefinite insanity is avoided, go to -320-; if not, you cringe immovably as the animals of the range stampede over your broken body . . . THE END.

(314) 1 HM

**319** Too late! Sylvia slides over the edge! As you reach the brink, both the students are being battered by the turbulence. To watch them drown, go to -67-; to try a rescue, go to -227-.

(316, 469) 1 HM

**320** No wonder the animals want to stampede! You want to as well, upon seeing the tentacled fungoid abomination gliding through the air overhead. Go to -321-.

(318) 1 Cthulhu Mythos, 3 HM

**321** You and Norman race for the woods. The panicked herds crash through the grass right behind. The movement of the stampede is 15; your party's is 8. Go to the resistance table, and subtract 30 percentiles from your rolled result because you have a head start. If your party outruns them, go to -323-; if not, take 4D6 damage each. If you are not killed, and do not sustain physical shock, go to -347-; if you are killed, then it is . . . THE END.

(320) 2 HM

**322** You grab Sylvia's feet just as she begins to slide down after Norman. In a moment you have both of them safely up on the cliff beside you. Your

party can spare little time to celebrate its preservation. The odds are still against your getting safely home again.

Succeed in a Luck roll to go to -513-; fail to go to -324-.

(316, 469)

1 HM

**323** You and Norman reach the trees and swiftly clamber up the gnarled limbs. The bleating, bawling stampede passes harmlessly under your lofty perch. Go to -278-.

(321)

1 HM

**324** Healing Time: add 1 hit point each to you and your companions if you need healing. You and the two students travel over trackless woods on short rations and under a climate that increasingly cools as the short summer declines into the rugged subarctic autumn. Roll 1D6: 1 = -132-; 2 = -218-; 3 = -557-; 4 = -469-; 5 = -470-; 6 = -654-.

(45, 50, 53, 54, 76, 137, 142, 217, 244, 245, 293, 322, 404, 425, 442, 465, 533, 594, 599, 650)

1 HM

**325** You fire at the source of the breathing. Calculate a shot at half chance, to allow for the darkness and echoes. If you inflict 8 points of damage or more, go to -373-; if you miss, or score less damage, go to -376-.

(296, 493)

1 HM

**326** Holding your trigger finger steady, you allow the reeking hulk in the rear of the cave to shuffle out into the light of your night fire. It is a gigantic biped with the face of an ape.

Try a SAN roll. If you fail, lose 1D6 SAN. If mental shock or indefinite insanity is avoided, go to -493-.

(296)

3 HM

**327** You return elated; you have killed a Canada goose and will be able to restore the ailing Norman with a good meal, if it isn't already too late. Successfully roll Norman's CON x 3 and go to -543-; fail, and he perishes, leaving you alone, to go to -67-.

(331)

1 HM

**328** Norman, whom you thought moments from death, suddenly sits up. You look into his face, then drop your eyes. He has changed somehow; he is like a rabid wolf hiding behind the mask of a man. Go to -303-.

(282, 331)

2 HM

**329** Instead of repelling the creatures out there, the fire serves as a beacon to bring them in. The mat of twigs and brown pine needles rustles with their strange tread. Go to -335-.

(298)

1 HM

**330** Flushed from the cave, intent upon personal survival only, you dive for the thickets to escape the strange attackers. Succeed in a Luck roll and go to -336-; miss it and go to -516-.

(335, 515)

1 HM

**331** As the pair of you starve, Norman's strength gives out first. You wrap him in a ragged blanket and make one more discouraged attempt to find food. Roll a die; even, go to -327-; odd, go to -328-.

(297)

1 HM

**332** You run right into a blast of cosmic cold. You stumble helplessly to earth, too stiff to shiver. From the position you lay in, you see the many-legged creatures with their weird weapons scuttling like giant spiders from the bush. Then darkness. Go to -417-.

(143, 148, 149, 150, 476, 478, 511, 516)

1 HM

**333** Under the cloak of the dank darkness, the two of you hide from the creatures outside. You hear their many pairs of strange-sounding feet scuttling close by. Both you and Norman try to Hide. If both succeed, go to -334-; if either fails, go to -335-.

(280, 298)

1 HM

**334** After minutes like eternities, the steps depart. The owl hoots once more, the cicadas buzz. Even so, you do not relight the fire for the rest of the night. Go to -513-.

(333)

1 HM

**335** They know that you are in the cave! you hear a hissing crackle and feel a numbing blast of cold. To fight it out with these bizarre attackers, go to -380-; to bolt from the cave, abandoning Norman, go to -330-.

(329, 333)

1 HM

**336** You run until you fall, utterly spent. You look back, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. Having escaped your pursuers, you sigh with relief. But now you must face the Big Woods alone. Go to -67-.

(187, 304, 330, 338, 339, 476, 485, 510)

1 HM

**337** You cannot run anymore, but you feel the cold breath of the wendigo on your back. It reaches out. You feel its touch.

*It has you!*

Exhausted as you are, your STR is halved (round down). You must fight for your life. The wendigo has a 40% attack, does 1D8+1D6 damage, and has 3D6+6 hit points. If you defeat the wendigo, you gain 1D6 SAN and can try First Aid to repair 1D3 hit points of damage taken in the fight, and go to -67-. And if you fail to defeat the wendigo, you come to a particularly sticky . . . THE END.

(304, 338, 339)

6 HM

**338** The pursuing wendigo crashes through the woods. The wendigo's movement is 9; yours and Norman's are both 8. Both you and Norman must individually attempt to overcome the wendigo's movement on the resistance table with your own. If both of you escape, go to -513-; if you escape, but Norman doesn't, go to -336-; if you don't escape, go to -337-.

(305)

1 HM

**339** Your shaking gun arm spoils your shot. The wendigo springs at you, knocking the rifle far out of reach. Then, emitting a series of blood-

chilling shouts, it attacks. To run, match your movement (8) against the wendigo's (9) on the resistance table. If you win, go to -336-; if not, go to -337-.

(301)

1 HM

**340** You break free of the pack, which gnaws on the bodies of your hapless students. That grisly diversion allows you to get a good head start before a few of the predators break off from their repast to give chase. Match your movement (8) against the pack's (10) on the resistance table. Subtract 25 percentiles from your rolled result because you have a head start. If you win, go to -356-; if you don't, it is . . . THE END.

(307)

1 HM

**341** After burying Norman's body, you return to the dead apeman in the cave. What a specimen it represents! Try First Aid to regain 1D3 hit points if they were lost in the last entry. Take the creature's head as a trophy or leave it behind, then go to -377-.

(376)

1 HM

**342** Your wounds swell, discolor. Your entire body flames with fever. You lapse into longer and longer periods of delirium. When the end comes, you don't even know it.

(347, 392)

THE END

**343** There must have been some penicillin in that moldy fruit you found on that tree near your sickbed, for you rally strongly. Gain 1D3 hit points and go to -365-.

(347, 392)

1 HM

**344** With a determined jump, you reach the higher limbs. Just in time! The primordial beasts leap, growl, and snarl, but the cruel fangs can't reach you. At last they must leave to search out more attainable game. Your narrow escape emphasizes that you are ill-equipped to effectively explore this land. Go to -293-.

(308, 370, 616)

1 HM

**345** Your boots slip against the tree trunk and your legs fall back to earth, a tempting offering to the wolves bounding in for the kill. Gunfire resounds, as the students above try vainly to save you, but nothing quells the pack's bloodlust. In a moment your wounds are so terrible that the students cease firing at the wolves and instead direct merciful shots into your chest.

(308)

THE END

**346** You fire at the apemen. Roll 1D6; 1-4, go to -519-; 5-6, go to -481-.

(309, 362)

1 HM

**347** You awaken painfully; you turn your head agonizedly. The remains of your companions twitch beside you. You yourself are bleeding and every part of you not numb is hurting. Succeed in a roll of your current hit points x5 and go to -343-; fail and go to -342-.

(307, 321, 355, 363, 371, 391, 406, 519, 616)

1 HM

**348** Despite superficial appearances, these creatures are closer to men than to apes. You use your anthropological training to mollify their potential hostility. Succeed at Anthropology and go to -349-; fail and go to -376-.

(309, 362)

4 HM

**349** A few of the largest sasquatches tentatively descend from the ridges. You use what you hope are universally-acknowledged gestures of submission. Warily the creatures advance by stages. Suddenly one reaches out and tucks you under his arm. Go to -350-.

(348)

3 HM

**350** Held firmly by the apemen, you and Norman are soon brought to their encampment. "Doctor!" Norman cries and points. You turn. It is Sylvia. Make Sylvia's SAN roll. If she succeeds, go to -352-; if she fails, go to -351-.

(310, 349, 390)

2 HM

**351** By the vacant look in her staring eyes, by the white streaks in her once-auburn hair, you realize sadly that Sylvia has gone mad from her ordeal. The sasquatch place her under the same rock overhang which shelters you. Every attempt you make to get her to speak fails. Go to -389-.

(350)

1 HM

**352** "Doctor!" she shouts, rushing to your arms. Even Norman, though almost unhinged by the situation, rises to embrace her. Sylvia is haggard from the physical and psychological ordeal of her abduction, but has proven tough enough to survive. She explains that she has been fed by the sasquatches and not harmed. For a time she was not allowed to leave the rock overhang, but by showing kindness and consideration to the young sasquatches, she soon was permitted to roam around the vague limits of the encampment. She thinks that it would be possible to escape, but before you came, she feared to be alone in the lost valley and the Big Woods around it.

You and she plot escape.

Try an Idea roll. Succeed and go to -387-; fail, and go to -389-.

(350)

3 HM

**353** The shrill piercing screams of the sasquatches bounce off the rocks as you rapidly fire several rounds above their heads. Succeed in a Luck roll and go to -500-; fail and go to -354-.

(311)

1 HM

**354** The creatures are running all right - directly at you, and around your flanks. They're like charging delivery trucks. You can't stop them with rifle fire. You and Norman turn and run.

The sasquatches' movement is 7. Yours and Norman's is 8. Both you and Norman must individually try to overcome the sasquatches' movement with your own on the resistance table. If the sasquatches outrun you, go to -355-; if Norman is outrun, but you get away, go to -356-; if both of you outstrip the apemen, go to -358-.

(353)

1 HM



**355** Powerful hairy hands clamp on your shoulder as you run, throwing you down. Foul-smelling, hulking bodies close in, biting and clubbing you with fists and pieces of wood. Take 1D10 damage. If you survive this, go to -347-; if not . . . THE END. (354) 1 HM

**356** You hear Norman's ghastly wail of fear. Sobbing with helplessness, you race on. Go to -365-. (340, 354, 367, 616) 1 HM

**357** You look into Sylvia's waxen face with pity. An emptiness has replaced the vitality of her eyes. Her dark auburn hair is streaked with white. She looks on the pair of you without recognition. Her ordeal has destroyed her mind.

You lead her away from the sasquatch camp. She follows with passive, mechanical steps. When, the next day, you reach the swift-flowing stream that leads through the fissure to the other world, she falls into the churning rapids. Not attempting to swim, she is swept along like a wooden doll. Go to -542-. (192, 398, 500) 1 HM

**358** For a great distance the two of you hear the apemen in the rock and woods behind you, smashing through the underwood. At last all is quiet to the rear.

The fright you have just undergone has been profound. Ashamed, sick at heart, the two of you agree that rescuing Sylvia is beyond your powers. Having no stomach to explore the valley under such a load of guilt, you want to leave as soon as possible. Go to -361-. (354) 1 HM

**359** You and Norman sneak into the encampment, fully recognizing that the sasquatches may be nocturnal and have hearing and smell of animal sharpness. Try a Sneak for each of you; if neither Norman nor you miss, go to -393-; if either misses, go to -390-. (311) 1 HM

**360** Having avoided so many dangers on your way into the lost valley, now you and Norman have to try to bypass them all again on your way out. Try to succeed at half a Luck roll or less (round fractions down). If you succeed, go to -361-; if not, go to -313-. (311, 312) 1 HM

**361** Miraculously eluding additional dangers, you and Norman make it back to the exit from the lost land. The swift water gives you some nervous moments, but you cross safely. Go to -279-. (108, 112, 358, 360, 363, 369, 399, 641) 1 HM

**362** Pursuing the alerted sasquatch was no brilliant idea. He has led you into a cul-de-sac surrounded by a horde of large and angry tribes. To fire at the creatures to frighten them off, go to -346-; to make no motion to incite them, go to -348-. (312) 1 HM

**363** It's a good thing you wasted no time in getting out of the meadow, because the animals are so terrified that they have started a stampede. Your movement is 8; the stampede's is 15; consult the resistance table. Subtract 50 percentiles from your rolled result, because of your head start. If you outrun the stampede, go to -361-; if not, take 2D10 damage and go to -347- if you live. (314) 1 HM

**364** You are struck mad. If you have never suffered mental shock before, you now gain certain mad insights to the Cthulhu Mythos, adding 5 percentiles (plus 10 HM). If you have previously suffered temporary insanity, increase your Cthulhu Mythos knowledge by 1 percentile (plus 2 HM).

Roll 1D6; 1-4, go to -550-; 5-6, go to -549-. (310, 371, 645) 1 HM

**365** You cross the landscape of the lost world, little thinking of the fame that will be yours if you take the report of it back to civilization. Grief is what you take with you, and the regret of failure as a leader. You finally find the way out of the lost valley and leave it behind. Go to -67-. (271, 343, 356, 368, 384, 392, 397, 646) 1 HM

**366** Each of you may get off one shot per rifle at normal range, plus a bonus shot at point-blank range if the shooter succeeds in a DEX x 5 roll. If you inflict 10 or more damage points, go to -399-; if not, go to -367-. (315) 2 HM

**367** With a spring the bird-monster leaps between you and Norman. You duck its cruel eagle beak and race away in different directions. Your only chance is if the creature decides to chase Norman. Roll a die; even, go to -356-; odd, go to -368-. (366, 369) 1 HM

**368** The bird is after you. In the swampy ground you can't make a good run, but neither it. Your movement here is 6, and the bird's is 8. Consult the resistance table. If you overcome the bird's speed, go to -365-; if not . . . THE END. (367) 1 HM

**369** In the mud of the slough, your running speed is catastrophically reduced, as is the bird's. Your party's movement is 6, and the bird's is 8. Go to the resistance table and determine if you outrun it. If you do, go to -361-; if not, go to -367-. (315) 1 HM

**370** As you and the two students cross a meadow, thunderheads rapidly build above the Ram Mountains. You start moving toward a tall, wide-spreading tree for shelter, past many supposedly extinct species of herd animals feeding on the long, flowering grasses. Suddenly there is a blast like a cannon-shot and a blinding flash. A mighty bolt of lightning has hit the exact tree you were running toward. The tree breaks in half and a fire flashes in the shattered trunk.

You are thinking you have had a near escape, when the bleating, neighs, and trumpeting of the fabulous animals around you warn you of danger.

The terrified beasts are starting to stampede!

"Head for the woods!" you yell to your party.

Go to -616-

(291)

2 HM

**371** Approaching the exit from the lost valley, the fissure by which you entered the incredible enclave, a large rock suddenly falls from the sky and hits the boulder beside you with a loud clack. You look up and are stunned to see a host of hideous apemen on the ledges overhead, tossing crude granite missiles down at you.

Try a SAN roll, and, if failed, lose 1D6 SAN. If both mental shock and indefinite insanity are avoided, go to -400-. If mental shock is not avoided, you stand in the open and are hit by a rock for 1D10 damage, then go to -347-. If indefinite insanity is not avoided, go to -364-.

(291)

4 HM

**372** The Canadian authorities are convinced upon examination that the skull of the sasquatch was in fact an animal, not a deformed human being. You and your specimen are released. Your return to the Miskatonic - considering the circumstances - is an important triumph and vindication.

After your harrowing experience, you decline to return to the North Hanninah as early as the next summer, when the Miskatonic expedition under Ivan Kurtov is ready. Unfortunately, the expedition heads north and vanishes without a trace.

You continue to enjoy popular support for a while, but jealous scientists publish various "debunkings" against your specimen. The lack of new, hard evidence allows armchair scoffers to keep the existence of the American ape-man a controversy for the remainder of your life.

(374)

THE END

**373** Something screams and falls down upon the flowstone at the cave's rear. And such a thing! Gain 1D6 SAN for destroying a monster. Go to -379-.

(325, 423)

4 HM

**374** The Mounted Police require that a coroner examine the head to determine whether or not a murder has been committed. After all, the head might just be that of a particularly ugly or deformed Indian, not the monkey-man you claim it to be.

Try a Luck roll: go to -372- if you succeed; miss it and go to -375-.

(529)

0 HM

**375** The judgment of the medical examiners is that you have shot a human being, perhaps a poor unfortunate Indian who, because of his deformities, was cast out from his tribe. Your evidence that the skull is, in fact, from a completely different species than *Homo sapiens* is discounted. Your case comes to trial and attracts great notoriety. The scientific community is badly divided; both sides of the case have their pick of learned men willing to swear to absolutely incompatible positions.

You are adjudged guilty of manslaughter and must spend a year in a Canadian penitentiary before parole. While you languish there, the obtuse provincial authorities bury the head in a graveyard. A week later it is stolen by graverobbers. Several specimens purported to be the "Sasquatch Head of Dr. Nadelmann" are circulated through the states and Europe by traveling shows.

While in prison, you do extensive writing about your trip and your theories. When you are able to return to the U.S., you eke out a marginal living as a popular science writer. In particular you argue the evidence for the existence of the sasquatch.

(374)

THE END

**376** The creature screams shrilly with rage, then charges like a locomotive. Its attack is 30%, and the damage it does is 2D6. It has 18 hit points (minus any damage you have already delivered to it). You and Norman may fight it with available weapons (except that it's too close-in for shooting).

If both you and Norman survive the fight, go to -378-; if Norman is killed, roll 1D10; if the result is less than the number of hit points you have lost in this entry, go to -191-; if greater, go to -341-.

(325, 348, 423, 493)

2 HM

**377** Alone, you seek to return to civilization. Try a Luck roll. If you succeed, go to -513-; miss it and go to -67-.

(341)

1 HM

**378** You and Norman help one another shake off the worst effects of the fight, your First Aid restoring 1D3 hit points to each of you, if you lost that many. You examine the corpse of the thing you killed. Go to -379-.

(376)

1 HM

**379** You raise a torch to illuminate the body on the floor of the cave. It is a man-ape of incredible musculature. Your examination satisfies you that this must be what northern legend calls a sasquatch. You have the physical evidence here to prove your discovery. Decide whether or not to take the sasquatch head as a specimen, then go to -513-.

(373, 378)

1 HM

**380** Your party and the alien entities exchange salvos. It seems they must come quite close to use the full effect of their cold-beam projectors. Each of you that is rifle-armed may fire three times at normal range before you become too numb from the indirect fire of the alien weapons. If you score three hits between the two of you, go to -381-; if you do not, you are rendered unconscious, and must go to -417-.

(335, 475, 478, 479)

1 HM

**381** Finally the fight is over and you've won. You go out to check the bodies and find them to be pink, fungoid crustaceanoids of great size. From the way they fought, they must have been intelligent indeed. What specimens they would make back home!

Unfortunately, a strange deterioration sets into the bodies. By midday there is nothing left of them but slime.

Gain 1D6 SAN and go to -513-.  
(380, 479)

1 HM

**382** The sasquatches make you walk with them up a high trail. You peer down from the narrow trail and see a deep-looking lake gleaming below. The climb continues and something tells you that you'd better not be around when it is over.

To suddenly spring from the trail and dive into the lake far below, go to -383-; to continue climbing with your captors, go to -386-.  
(389)

1 HM

**383** To survive the foolhardy high dive, you must succeed in Jump and Swim. If both succeed, go to -384-; if either is missed, go to -385-.  
(382)

1 HM

**384** You knife into the water like an Olympic star and, coming to the surface, stroke mightily to the bank. The sasquatches above hoot and scream in frustration, but it would take them an hour to climb down the cliff for pursuit. Go to -365-.  
(383)

1 HM

**385** You hit the water wrongly, instantly stunning yourself. Take 1D8 in drowning damage. Then try to Swim to shore. Each time a Swim roll fails, take another 1D8 damage. If you survive, go to -397-; if you drown, that's the breaks . . . THE END.  
(383)

1 HM

**386** You weakly accompany the apemen to the top of the cliff. You sit waiting for a long time. It occurs to you that you have climbed out of the lost valley and that the forest near you is part of the Big Woods that you have crossed before. Do you dare hope of escape?

To try and make a run for it, go to -485-; to trust that the sasquatch are essentially gentle creatures not intent upon harm, go to -488-.  
(382)

1 HM

**387** You notice that the brush around the sasquatch camp is dry and form a plan. You loan Sylvia the matches you have in your coat pocket and let her cross the camp and duck into the thickets, where she will start a diversionary blaze. It ought to be a good trick, since the sasquatches have no knowledge of fire.

Try Sylvia's Luck roll. Success takes you to -401-; failure, to -388-.  
(352, 644)

1 HM

**388** No sooner is Sylvia out of sight than you hear the annoyed cries of the sasquatches. A large male (an outguard, no doubt) carries her back, a helpless teddybear in his arms. Go to -389-.  
(387)

1 HM

**389** The three of you remain in the overhang all night. At dawn the sasquatches come to

you and seize you by the arms. Inexplicably, they drag you from camp. Go to -382-.

(351, 352, 388, 544, 644, 653)

1 HM

**390** A high-pitched scream erupts in the shadowed camp, echoed by alerted sasquatches on every side. There is nowhere to run.

To assume a submissive posture and allow yourself to be seized, go to -350-; to make a fight for it, go to -391-.  
(359, 396, 398, 420, 421)

1 HM

**391** Blocking your route of retreat are 1D3 sasquatches. Each has an attack of 30%, doing 2D6 damage, and 18 hit points. If you have a rifle, you may fire once at point-blank range, but then you must depend on whatever weapon choices you have. You can surrender at any time during the fight.

If at least 9 points of damage are inflicted on every opposing sasquatch, you may slip away, alone, to -392-; if you are beaten, but alive, go to -347- if there are two in your party, or to -544- if there are three.  
(390, 653)

1 HM

**392** You run like a lunatic, then fall exhausted when you think you are safe. If you have taken no new wound in the last entry, go to -365-; if wounded, there is a chance of infection. Roll your current CON x 5 or less on 1D100 and go to -343-; fail and go to -342-.  
(391)

1 HM

**393** There seems not to be many of the creatures around the camp. Probably the bulk of them are foraging. You creep stealthily to the spot where you last saw Sylvia and whisper her name.

Roll a die; even, go to -394-; odd, go to -420-.  
(359)

1 HM

**394** "Wha-?" gasps a voice unmistakably Sylvia's. You calm her with a whisper and she joyfully hugs you. She seems in good shape, considering. You explain that you must steal from camp at once.

Try a Sneak for each of your three party members. If none miss it, go to -395-; otherwise, go to -653-.  
(393, 422)

1 HM

**395** You, Norman, and Sylvia finally are able to breath sighs of relief. Only now, when the first brilliant rays of the dawning sun break over the Ram Mountains, are you able to appreciate the wonders of the lost valley.

To explore the lost valley, go to -225-; to try to leave the valley and start for home, go to -291-.  
(192, 394, 402)

1 HM

**396** "Here she is!" whispers Norman from the shadows. You creep over to him and look down at the pale shape he has found.

"Sylvia!" you hiss, shaking her gently. "She must be demented," you say. "Who can blame her?"

You pull on her arm, she gets up like a somnambulist. "Leave her behind, Doctor!" warns Norman. "We'll never get out of here if we have to drag her along like a zombie."



Dave + Dan Day '85

Sylvia, in the arms of a sasquatch

It's true that the odds are poor to sneak from camp saddled with Sylvia, but can you callously abandon her?

To leave Sylvia behind, try Sneaks for yourself and Norman, going to -291- if both are successful, or to -390- if one or both of you fail. To take Sylvia along with you, go to -398-.

(422)

1 HM

**397** You crawl upon the beach, your body aching from the punishing high dive. It takes you a long time to catch your breath - surely they think you have been killed by the terrifying leap. You decide that you can perform First Aid on yourself. If you succeed, add 1D3 hit points. Then go to -365-.

(385)

1 HM

**398** While any spark of life remains within her, you cannot abandon Sylvia to these creatures. You remember her keen intellect, her loyal and enthusiastic work for you, her joyous participation despite the doom which seems to dog this expedition. You lead her by hand through the camp of sleeping sasquatches. Try a Sneak for every party member. Sylvia's is currently 15%. If everyone succeeds, go to -357-; if anyone misses, go to -390-.

(396)

1 HM

**399** "Rawwkh!" the bird monster squawks and topples into the mire, spasmodically kicking as it slowly dies. Taking the head of this long-thought-extinct carnivore can provide evidence of your discovery if you are lucky enough to get back to civilization.

You have done everything you can in the lost valley with your limited resources, so start back, at -361-.

(366)

1 HM

**400** The apemen - sasquatches - are trying to block your escape from the lost valley. The stones they throw are small, yet the fall is so great that any of them might do the damage of a powerful bullet. To try to rush through the hail of rocks, go to -406-; to stand where you are and try to frighten off the sasquatch with gunfire, go to -539-; to retreat into the valley and return to the exit after the apemen have gone, go to -291-.

(371)

1 HM

**401** While you watch from your guarded spot, you observe the flicker of the fires which Sylvia has just set. In a moment you see red forks of flame.

The guards around the encampment scream out the alarm. In seconds all is pandemonium, with sasquatches running in every direction. The guards near you join in the panicked flight, allowing you and Norman to scramble out. Sylvia comes running to join you.

To dart for freedom, succeed in a Luck roll and go to -402-; miss it and go to -403-.

(387)

2 HM

**402** The fire is short-lived. When the brief night is over, nothing can be seen of it except a fading mist of smoke on the hilltop. Go to -395-. (294, 401) 1 HM

**403** Unexpected danger! The wind picks up, fanning the flames into a roaring holocaust, which sweeps down through the scrub of the hillside and into the forest through which you are making your way. The sparks, driven through the air overhead, spread the conflagration all around you. You are soon racing blindly through the smoke, trying to find a way out.

Succeed in a Luck roll and go to -404-; miss it, and go to -405-. (294, 401) 1 HM

**404** By a miracle, your party chanced upon a cave deep enough to shelter you from the smoke and heat on the surface. For over a day the fire keeps you underground. When you can finally get out, you survey a lost land in devastation. The probable damage to the valley's unique flora and fauna sickens you.

Over a carpet of smoldering embers and ash, through endless stands of whitened spikes and blackened logs, you make your way to the fissure by which you now leave the lost land. Go to -324-. (403) 1 HM

**405** A flaming tree comes crashing down on your party. You manage to get out of the way, but Sylvia is crushed and Norman is trapped on the other side of the inferno. It is impossible to get through to him and live. He stops trying after a few seconds and dashes off another way, trying to avoid the terrible heat and encroaching smoke. You have no choice but to race on alone.

Succeed in a Luck roll and go to -408-; miss it, and go to -407-. (403) 1 HM

**406** As the rocks fall, try a Dodge for each member of your party. If everyone succeeds, go to -293-; if Sylvia is hit, go to -278-; if Norman is hit, go to -490-; if you are hit, lose 2D6 hit points and go to -347-. If you escape personally, but both Norman and Sylvia are hit, go to -491-. (400) 1 HM

**407** The loss of your companions torments you like the parade of memories of a drowning man. That is appropriate, because to get out of the fire you must make four successive CON rolls, as per the drowning rules. If asphyxiation is avoided, go to -408-; if not... THE END. (405) 1 HM

**408** As if a higher power had decided you should not die, you see the mouth of a cave. You plunge inside and discover that the cave is deep enough to save you from the smoke and heat.

The next day you emerge into a devastated wasteland, a catastrophe. Your personal grief crushes you and your scientific curiosity is exhausted. You want only to leave

the smoldering ruinscape and return to the outer world via the stream-cut fissure. Go to -67-. (405, 407)

**409** Charlie insists he is not sleepy and wishes to stand the first watch to give himself a chance to think. What he finally thought of doesn't do him much credit, for in the morning you find him gone, along with the canoe and his share of the supplies.

This places your group in an awkward position. You may try to return home on foot, at -158-; or try to continue your explorations, at -604-. (26) 1 HM

**410** Your interpretation of Charlie Foxtail's behavior convinces you that he plans to desert in the night. To anticipate this and argue him into a more rational state, succeed at Psychoanalysis and go to -492-; fail, and go to -164-. (26) 1 HM

**411** Your party's boating skill pulls you through without mishap. Succeed in a Luck roll and go to -513-; miss it and go to -34-. (32) 1 HM

**412** The screams of your floundering companions are the last things you hear before water fills your ears. The turbulence pummels your body like a heavyweight boxer.

You need four successful Swim rolls to get to shore, holding your breath all the way. See the Drowning rules. If you survive, you pull yourself to shore, at -415-. (7, 32, 471) 1 HM

**413** By a stroke of luck, your party stumbles upon an abandoned cabin stocked with rusty but edible tins of food. Your happy discovery solves for the time-being your food problem. There is no trace of who built the cabin - probably a prospector or hunter who fell victim to the hazards of the valley.

Roll a die; even, go to -77-; odd, go to -470-. (55) 1 HM

**414** You wait, wondering if the aliens will return. Roll a die; even, go to -518-; odd, go to -515-. (507) 1 HM

**415** Alone on the shore, the last survivor of your party, you may attempt First Aid on yourself if you have taken drowning damage in the last entry. If successful, add 1D3 hit points. Then go to -67-. (412) 1 HM

**416** The inadvertant sneeze of one of your party sends the pygmy off on a dead run, his shrill cries loud enough to arouse the whole forest. To pursue the little man, go to -196-; to flee the area, go to -131-. (129) 1 HM

**417** Would that the blackness remained forever, but it does not. You detect a faint light

through your closed eyelids, you hear garbled sounds. Your whole body seems filled with prickly discomfort.

You open your eyes with an effort. For an instant, what you see makes no sense. Diseased-looking fungoid things, pinkish creatures with tentacles and claws extending from their thoraxes. Several of them scuttle around the field of your vision.

Terror brings a scream to your mouth, but no sound. You cannot even feel the air moving in and out of your lungs. Of a sudden, you realize that you don't have any lungs — nor any body, in confutation of the illusory feelings which you had upon waking. Your body lies discarded on the ground not far away. It has no head. You *are* its head.

You are fixed in a box, with tubes running into your neck. The alien monsters want to preserve your living brain — for God knows what purposes.

Plunging into madness, you try to scream again. One of the creatures, annoyed by your grimacing, shuts the lid of the box which contains you, blocking out all light.

Lose 4/5 of your Hanninah Mythos (round down any fraction).  
(265, 332, 380, 517) THE END

**418** The board of inquiry dismisses charges against you. With that behind you, you settle back into the academic community, at -33-.  
(83) 0 HM

**419** The hairy creature takes the piece of food you offer from your hands then moves its brows in a wondering manner. As you stare at it, you realize that such a specimen would make your scientific reputation, but can you shoot the peaceful-seeming creature? Is it a kind of man?

To fire at the creature at point-blank range, go to -423-; to let it step warily around you and shuffle off into the forest, go to -513-.  
(493) 1 HM

**420** Sylvia does not answer. Is she not here? Is she soundly sleeping? To abandon the search go to -421-; to try again to find her, succeed at Sneak and go to -422-; fail at Sneak and go to -390-.  
(393) 1 HM

**421** It's useless to continue risking your own and Norman's lives; all the odds are against rescuing the girl. Carrying your private burdens of regret, you and Norman try to get out of the camp the same way you got in. If both of you succeed at Sneak, go to -528-; if either of you fail, go to -390-.  
(420) 1 HM

**422** To attempt to locate Sylvia, roll a die; even, go to -394-; odd, go to -396-.  
(420) 1 HM

**423** You point the rifle at its brow ridge and fire. If your shot inflicts 9 or more points of damage, the sasquatch is killed or knocked unconscious and you can finish it off safely, at -373-; if you inflict less damage, it gets mad, at -376-.  
(419) 1 HM

**424** If you can justify pressing on into the wilderness without Charlie Foxtail, go to -89-; if not, go to -158-.  
(532) 1 HM

**425** If you can justify pressing on into the wilderness after the loss of both Charlie Foxtail and Bernard, go to -75-; if not, go to -324-.  
(50) 1 HM

**426** Apelike faces stare stupidly at you out of the darkness. Your fevered mind races. Sasquatch! the legendary hunter of the Canadian wild!  
With a shout of fear, you spin and run to -485-.  
(496) 2 HM

**427** During the days of your lonely travel, you spread your tattered sleeping blanket on many an anonymous rock, little interested in anything about it, except its dryness. This night, this place, as far as you know, is like any other. Succeed at Geology and go to -428-; fail, and go to -513-.  
(67, 597) 1 HM

**428** As your glance passes indifferently over the ledge of quartz pegmatite where you spent the night, a glitter in it catches your eye. As you look closer, you get an idea, and, taking out your knife, scratch out a bit of the mineral deposited in the vein. It is! It must be! It's gold! Go to -513-.  
(427) 1 HM

**429** Unfortunately, your map little-coincided with official maps of the area. The authorities admitted many gaps in the knowledge of the region you claimed to have gone through, but . . .  
You had no trouble getting a grubstake and a party of eager partners. The season is getting late, though, and the weeks you have spent seeking your "lost ledge of gold" have been fruitless.

The disappearance of one prospector and the finding of another beheaded is the last straw. Your partners call off the hunt and it's a surly and quarrelsome group that heads back for the fort. Go to -433-.  
(182, 545, 546) 0 HM

**430** If your party has lost any graduate student, go to -83-; if not, go to -33-.  
(529) 0 HM

**431** If you have brought back evidence for the existence of a lost land, go to -274-; if not, go to -432-.  
(529) 0 HM

**432** Your story of a lost land earns you the epithet "Woods-Happy Nadelmann." You have become an embarrassment to the university, and subtle pressures encourage you to resign.

After two frustrating years, you quit the university in order to be free to fund-raise for a private expedition. Unfortunately, the Great Depression impoverishes your sponsors and the effort dies. You keep a small cadre of sup-

porters, but enemies in the scientific community place the indelible label of "crank" upon you.

(431)

THE END

**433** If you have lost any members of your party or have confirmed their death, multiply the number of such losses by 15. Roll 1D100 greater than the product and go to -530-; roll equal or less, and go to -531-.

(161, 429, 589, 593)

0 HM

**434** The five of you climb up a ridge and into the valley on the other side. Across its wide expanse drift thin, blue, water-vapor clouds from the nearby hot springs. Through the haze the mountains beyond look dreamlike and unreal. The many waterfowl promise supper for the next few days - mallard and butterball mostly, and an odd golden-eye.

Suddenly you see a butterball wobble in the air, then drop like a stone. A moment later the same thing happens to a mallard in the same spot. You heard no shot. The range made an arrow kill unlikely. What is happening down there?

To investigate, go to -435-. To forget it, if you still have a canoe, go to -20-; but if your canoe is destroyed, go to -458-.

(31, 497)

2 HM

**435** As you cross hill and ravine toward the phenomenon, there is an eerie, uncanny feel to the woods that cannot wholly be accounted for by the silence of the place. A broad vale opens, removed from all the rush and turmoil of fast water, sheltered by dark, old trees with long, grey-green streamers of moss. The moss sways in a ghostly fashion at the faintest whisper of a breeze.

Your companions sense the uncanniness, too - you can see it in their faces. They, like you, do not say a word. You start feeling a weird disorientation, like a slight touch of vertigo. Was it something like this which took the birds out of the air? If so, what causes it?

The dizziness is pronounced by the time you master a small rise and look down upon the arrangement of stones below. Succeed in a Luck roll and go to -448-; fail, and go to -436-.

(434)

1 HM

**436** Charlie screams suddenly and falls to his knees, trying to fight off an invisible attacker. Before you realize it, he is streaming with blood, as wounds inexplicably open in his body. You stand there in terror; you can think of nothing to arrest the bizarre assault.

"Tuonela! Tuonela!" the tormented guide cries. You recognize the word as local Indian dialect for an invisible, vengeful demon summoned by sorcerers. The Navajo had the same idea, and called their demon the *chindi*. "Run!" Charlie cries.

To abandon Charlie to death, go to -437-; to stand by him, go to -443-.

(435, 554)

3 HM

**437** Your terrified party races away from the scene of the awful poltergeist attack. But can mere distance save you from a devil?

Bernard must succeed at a POW x 4 roll to go to -442-; if he fails, go to -438-.

(436, 444, 456, 547, 555)

2 HM

**438** Bernard screams and is covered with blood. The devil still pursues you. Roll Sylvia's POW x4 or less and go to -442-; fail, and go to -439-.

(437)

1 HM

**439** Sylvia screams and is bloodied by terrible mutilating wounds. Successfully roll Norman's POW x 4 and go to -442-; miss it and go to -440-.

(438)

1 HM

**440** You hear Norman's awful cry and see him go down in blood before the attack of the poltergeist. Successfully roll your POW x 4 and go to -442-; miss it and go to -441-.

(439)

1 HM

**441** As you race away, too horrified to grieve at the loss of your party, you feel a cold streak of agony that speeds from your shoulder blade to your waist. Immediately a hot well of blood follows it.

You fall over and you feel your skin and flesh parting in many bloody wounds. A bitter cold in the air surrounds you. Whatever is killing you, it is spirit which cannot be touched.

Blood-loss and shock finally bring your ordeal to . . .

(440)

THE END

**442** The remainder of your party keeps running in blind terror until the lack of second attack gives you hope that the devil - the invisible killer - is tied to the stone formation where you encountered it.

If your canoe is undestroyed, you are unable to find your way back to it. Therefore, if you are alone, go to -67-; if your party contains two members, go to -279-; if three, go to -324-; if four, go to -158-.

(437, 438, 439, 440, 446, 447)

1 HM

**443** Just when you expect Charlie to collapse dead of his wounds, he stops struggling and raises himself to his knees. He cannot stand, for one of his legs has been ripped off in mid-shin. For an instant you suppose the blood-frenzied entity has departed, but then you look into Charlie's eyes.

He has no eyes. Only vacant holes in his head, like windows through a mask behind which is only a swirl of red, glowing vapor. Charlie kneels there, a horror of bloody mutilation, while wisps of the red vapor curl from his eye sockets.

Try a SAN roll. If you fail, lose 1D6 SAN. If mental shock or indefinite insanity are avoided, go to -444-.

(436)

6 HM

**444** Though you can hardly believe it, Charlie must have been possessed by some other-worldly entity. To try and communicate with the entity,

to learn the secrets of the valley, go to -445-; to run from the spot, go to -437-.

(443)

4 HM

**445** "What are you?" you say, "Tell me your nature!"

"You cannot compel me to speak!" the thing that was Charlie rasps (with a voice that sounds like a sledge dragged over stones).

To compel him to speak, roll your POW x 4 or less and go to -447-; roll too high, and go to -446-.

(444)

2 HM

**446** The spirit-possessed ruin of Charlie gives an inhuman scream and grabs his hatchet.

Like a rabid puma, he springs at your frightened, gaping party. He closes too fast for shooters to snap off more than one shot (at point-blank range). Afterwards he must be fought with other weapons on hand. His current hit points are 30; he must be reduced to 0 to stop his attacks of 35%, doing 2D6+1 damage. Reducing his body to 0 hit points represents literal dismemberment.

If he is destroyed, the survivors must get away as fast as possible, lest the freed demon attack again. Go to -442-.

(445)

1 HM

**447** The horror that was Charlie shudders. His torn lips move as if forced to speak against his will. "If you would know what the Tuonela know, go where the Tuonela go! Speak the word that protects! *Hallapjora-syojatar*."

With that strange utterance, Charlie's mangled corpse falls over and all is still within the formation of stones.

To hurry from the megalithic site, go to -442-; to guess the Tuonela meant for you to go into the temple of the wheel formation, do so, speak "*Hallapjora-syojatar*," and go to -450-.

(445)

3 HM

**448** Astonishing! Who would have expected to see such a thing in this most primitive of lands. It is a gigantic circle, over 240 feet in circumference, made of huge slabs of limestone and boulders, placed with great engineering skill to form a wheel. From the center of the wheel, twenty-eight stone spokes radiate in precision to a well-defined perimeter. At the center of the structure is what appears to be a small ceremonial building shaped like a beehive.

The strange dizziness increases as you slide down the slope and cross the outer ring of stones. You begin to hear a ringing in your ears, and a roll like the crash of distant waves, like the strike of mighty thunderbolts upon echoing mountainsides.

To leave your fainthearted party behind and go inside the little building, go to -449-; to decide that this phenomenon is both evil and dangerous and head back the way you came, try a Luck roll. If you succeed, go to -457-; if you fail, go to -554-.

(435, 553)

6 HM

**449** You step inside the little structure. There is a narrow, archlike door on three sides of it. Your head swims from the aura of the place. You feel a

sudden incredible surge in your mind as a tide of towering proportions rushes into the tiny confines of your skull.

Try both a SAN roll and a roll of POW x 5. If the SAN roll is failed, lose 1D6 SAN. If the POW roll is failed, lose 1D3 POW. Now go to -450-.

(447)

1 HM

**450** The phenomenon is incredible! It is as if you stand in a high window, from which you watch the crashing waves of past, present, and future all breaking upon one another.

Below all the chaos, there are streams of sense, of real information. As you stand reeling, you try to attune yourself to these streams and let the knowledge fill your tormented mind. Then you see. *Then you see . . .*

*Ancient days. This place. A race of tall, lean, gray-skinned, evil-faced men. They are not Amerind stock. They are older, terribly old. They have a name. Keywanema. Their spirit is upon the land. They rule from terrible antiquity. This continent is theirs. They defend it with mighty magic, awesome powers. The ships of Atlantis burn; the hosts of Mu can gain no foothold. The world has three powers, and the Keywanema are not the least. Oh, evil, dark is the night of the sway of the Keywanema. They have gods! They sacrifice to awful gods! Rebathoth! Yog-Sothoth! Zathog! Shub-Niggurath! So many nightmare gods! To each a temple is built - some like wheels of stone. In the great heart of their domain, a temple. A temple of the Wendigo! Iä Ithaqua! Eh-ya-ya-ya - e'yaya . . . ngh'aaa ngh'aaa . . . h'yuh . . .*

If you do not fear to stay and learn more, make a SAN roll and a POW x 4 roll. If you miss the SAN roll, lose 1D6 SAN. If you miss the POW roll, lose 1D3 POW. Then go to -451-. To leave the temple, rejoin your group at -532-.

(447, 449)

5 Cthulhu Mythos, 10 HM

**451** As you stand before the roaring currents of time and space, your mind drinks in greater and more terrible truths.

*The Keywanema! Like fiends are seen. Unbearable holocausts of evil are produced! Souls are but sparks to feed their roaring gods and sorcerers! Bodies blasted! Souls blasted! Awesome curses laid! Fury, fury against those who stand upon their continents as tall as Keywanemeia is tall. Men must die! Civilizations must die! The rocks they stand upon must die! Hatred without end! The temples fill with blood! Souls hurtle screaming through the gateways to the Elder Ones. Offerings without end are produced and the Keywanema prosper. The gods are pleased. Their power is directed. Headlands break! Continents crash into the sea! Every element turns upon Atlantis, upon Mu. They are no more. Though the Keywanema's curse takes ages to work, it is relentless and fatal. Mu and Atlantis are no more. There is only Keywanemeia! Keywanemeia and its thirsting gods!*

If you do not fear to stay and learn more, attempt a SAN roll and a 1D100 roll of POW x 3. If you miss the SAN roll, lose 1D6 SAN. If you miss the POW roll, lose 1D3 POW. If you miss both, go to -456-; otherwise, go to -452-. If you would leave the temple, rejoin your group at -532-.

(450)

6 Cthulhu Mythos, 12 HM



**452** The knowledge of ancient things that floods into your brain surpasses belief!

*Glee! Glee in Keywanemeia! Keywanemeia alone stands! Their enemies were destroyed. Though Keywanemeia is impoverished by the efforts, though the Keywanema themselves are stunted, blasted by the spells, their foes are lifeless, buried beneath the heartless sea. Magic ceaseless! Every Keywanema a sorcerer! Magic that corrupts! Magic that blackens, withers! The cold. The ice. Unrelenting spread. A sick, stunted people is unable to withstand the spread of the glaciers or the people the ice brings with it . . . the Inutos. Sterility. Glaciers. Cities ground to dust! Weakness prolonged and never recovered from. Powerless. The cold. The death. Now, red tribes come from the south. Slaughter! Ithaqua demands! Ithaqua makes his summons! Wendigo! Hearts of ice! Runners on the wind! Y'kaa haa bho-ii!*

If you do not fear to learn more, make a SAN roll and a roll of POW x 2 or less. If you miss the SAN roll, lose 1D6 SAN. If you miss the POW roll, lose 1D3 POW. If you miss both, go to -455-; otherwise, go to -453-. If you now wish to leave, rejoin your group at -532-.

(451) 7 Cthulhu Mythos, 14 HM

**453** Darker impressions now rush through your fevered senses.

*The Earth fondled in seething currents of foulness. How They crowd upon the world. So close. So short to reach! They walk unseen and foul in lonely places. The wind gibbers with their voices. The earth mutters with their consciousness. Their habitation and Man's are one! The sphere meets at the veil! They once ruled where Man rules now. And they shall rule again. Azathoth! Tsathogua! Cthugha! Ghatanothoa! Abhoth! Ubbo-Sathla!*

You can bear no more. Roll 1D100. If the result exceeds your POW x 5, go to -454-; if it exceeds your POW x 4 (but not POW x 5), go to -455-; if it exceeds your POW x 3 (but not POW x 4), go to -456-; if it is less than POW x 3, go to -532-.

(452) 10 Cthulhu Mythos, 20 HM

**454** A burst of darkness and you are sucked into the howling, crashing vortex. The earth is not below you! The sky is not above you! Everywhere the roaring tides of Otherwhen whirl. You have been swept through the veil! There They swim. *No, no - not that! They come! They come!*

(453) THE END

**455** A wind from Chaos blasts you from the temple of Ithaqua. It does not cease when you leave, but roars with hurricane fury. So cold, so cold!

You look at your companions; the winds tear at them, the winds scream their malignance. Norman! Bernard! Everyone! They are picked up, thrown into the sky like dry leaves in a dust devil. The sky darkens. It fills with a crushing, oppressive presence. A god from Beyond!

Go to -264-.

(452, 453) 1 HM

**456** Suddenly the veil to the dimension beyond is slammed shut. But you are not alone. Something came out of the rift before it closed. You sense them in the prickling of your skin. You know them as the

vermin of Otherwhen. You saw them vaguely, heard their name in the currents of chaos: *Tuonela!*

Suddenly, an ice-lipped wound opens in your body. You take 1D6 in damage and a rich flood of blood gushes forth under your clothes.

The horrors can destroy you by their mere invisible presence! Can you escape?

You dash out of the temple and shriek, "Get away from here!" Your companions have learned that such warnings should not be lightly taken on the North Hanninah. They wheel and stamped back the way they had come.

If there are five people in your party, go to -547-; if there are only four, go to -437-.

(451) 1 HM

**457** With a feeling of terror which is far from inexplicable, you turn and dash from the rock wheel, exhorting your party to follow. Already edgy, they ask no questions as they stamp along beside you.

If your party consists of four persons, go to -513-, if five, go to -556-.

(448) 1 HM

**458** Perhaps you have been over-cautious, but your quest has been disappointing so far. The morale of your party drops day by day to such a level that you will have to do something decisive very soon.

Succeed in a Luck roll and go to -459-; fail and go to -460-.

(434, 532, 556) 1 HM

**459** As if in answer to your party's needs, Bernard and Norman call you down to the river one foggy morning and display their catch: it's a large, strong canoe in need of a few minor repairs. There is no sign of an owner. Now you must make an important decision. You may return downriver at -32-, or proceed deeper into the Hanninah country at -20-.

(458) 1 HM

**460** Your party's misgivings and discouragement are contagious. You decide the best thing to do is to build a raft and drift back downriver to civilization. Go to -51-.

(458) 1 HM

**461** One night, leaving Bernard Ebstein on watch, your party turns in, each to his own small tent. Over a mat of branches you throw your eider-down roll. Upon this you spread a sheet. You look around; the camp is all snugged down and everything is in place.

That night you are awakened by a cry in the darkness: *Eb-stein! Eb-stein!* No one in your party could speak with such a voice. Worried, you rise, throw on your jacket, and seize your rifle. You are just in time to see Bernard answering his caller with an unintelligible shout and darting into the black forest.

Just then, Norman and Sylvia join you, jabbering questions. You explain what you've just seen. Go to -95-.

(158, 604) 2 HM

**462** That night you shiver in your sleep. The frigidity of the air is brought home to you when Sylvia shakes you awake. "Doctor Nadelmann!" she says urgently. "It's Bernie! He's been hurt!"

You scramble out of your blankets and follow her at the run, to where Norman is standing, looking like he's ready to jump out of his skin. "Look, Doc!" he shudders.

Bernard lies curled-up, half-hidden behind a stump. He has been reduced to a shrunken, flabby, whining Thing. His forehead is caved in like a deflated basketball. How he can survive in that condition is beyond your ken.

Approaching Bernard and going on past him is a set of round tracks. They follow one another in a straight line — and each is convex, coated with a glaze of ice which gives off a blue vapor, incongruous in the summer night's heat.

*Something* is in the woods. To seek it out, go to -69—; to attempt to flee the haunted wood, go to -463—.  
(552) 3 HM

**463** It is impossible for Bernard to walk in his condition but, since life somehow lingers in his ruined body, he will have to be carried. While you and Norman are trimming saplings into poles to make a litter . . .

Succeed at Listen and go to -464—; miss and go to -467—.  
(462, 649) 1 HM

**464** You hear a tiny yelp of alarm, quickly cut off. It is so brief that you almost convince yourself that it is an animal call, nothing more. Almost.

Walking swiftly back to camp, and then running, you finally break through the screen of undergrowth and see that you haven't come a moment too soon.

Twenty minutes ago, Bernard lay almost comatose. Now he stands erect in the middle of camp with a stranglehold on a weakly-struggling Sylvia.

You give him a hard kidney blow; he doesn't even turn his head. In his dementia, he seems to have no feeling at all.

He has inflicted 1D6 damage on Sylvia already. To save her life, you must break his hold (your STR and Norman's combined against his STR of 22 on the resistance table). Each combat round in which you fail, Sylvia takes another 1D6 damage. If you save her in time, go to -465—; if not, go to -466—.  
(463) 2 HM

**465** Bernard's grip is broken. You throw him to the ground while Norman sees to Sylvia. You brace for a renewed attack, but instead the mutilated student leaps to his feet and, as fleetly as a jackrabbit, dashes for the river. You hesitate a minute between firing at him, following him, or checking on Sylvia. At the water's edge, Bernard jumps in headfirst and does not emerge.

You go to Sylvia and Norman. She's had a rough time of it. Succeed at First Aid to restore 1D3 hit points to Sylvia. Then go to -324—.  
(464) 2 HM

**466** Bernard's grip is broken. You throw him to the ground while Norman sees to Sylvia. You brace for a renewed attack, but instead the mutilated student leaps to his feet and, as fleetly as a jackrabbit, dashes for the river. He dives in.

"Doctor!" yells Norman. "Sylvia — I think she's dead!"

You examine her, check her pulse, her breathing. It's true. After a heavy-hearted burial in the sand dunes

and a few words spoken over her grave, the pair of you hurry down along the North Hanninah River.

Go to -279—.  
(464) 2 HM

**467** About twenty minutes later, you and Norman return to camp with the poles you cut. Near the firepit you see Sylvia stretched out in an ungainly position. You run to her side, kneel down, and turn her over. Her eyes are wide-open in horror, bulging, her face discolored. Purple marks mar her throat. She's been strangled.

You think immediately of Bernard; he is not on his bedding. There are tracks in the sand; from the scuffle marks around Sylvia's body, Bernard's bare feet lead down to the riverside. The last tracks are deep into the wet gravel, flooded. They go nowhere else. He must have dived in.

After a heavy-hearted burial in a deep sand dune and a few words spoken over her grave, the pair of you hurry from the accursed spot on the Hanninah that has brought you so much grief. Go to -279—.  
(463) 1 HM

**468** Many five-foot-long crustacean-things! They clutch mechanical devices in their forward tentacles and claws. Their activities stop as the startled creatures turn off their machines — and reach for other devices near at hand.

The screams of terror from your party form a chorus behind you. They don't need your leadership to know what to do — they flee from the alien conclave as swiftly as their legs will carry them. Go to -143—.  
(104) 2 Cthulhu Mythos, 4 HM

**469** There is a tang of autumn in the air. This worries you that it will be an early fall — which means early snow in the northland. Every effort must be made to move things along without delay.

Geography thwarts you, alas, because a narrow but deep ravine cuts across your way, and the rushing stream below it taunts your swimming ability.

"Look," says Norman, pointing. "A tree's fallen across it over there. We can use it for a bridge."

On closer examination, you shake your head. "No, it's rotten. It might not hold up our weight."

Norman is petulant, but you insist. It's late, so you make camp in the vicinity. As you open your eyes to the morning light, you hear a great cracking sound like a tree falling over. Immediately there comes Norman's baritone cry and Sylvia's shriller one.

You race toward the wound and espy the students. Norman hangs over the edge of the ravine, held from falling by no more than Sylvia's willowy arm. Those kids! Despite your warning, they tested the strength of the tree-bridge, and it collapsed.

Whether you can prevent tragedy depends on how long Sylvia can hold on. Match Sylvia's STR against Norman's SIZ on the resistance table. If Sylvia wins, go to -322—; if Norman "wins," go to -319—.  
(324, 600, 601) 1 HM

**470** If your party has already visited the valley of prehistoric survivals, go to -471-; if not, go to -82-.  
(324, 413, 601) 1 HM

**471** For the last few days, the game trails you have found have proven empty, and the fish are likewise elusive. If you go on in this way, you face starvation. You pray for a change of luck.

It may have come. As your party of three hikes sore-footed along the flank of the troubled and troublesome North Hanninah, Sylvia pokes you in the ribs and exclaims with undisguised glee, "Look! A canoe! Somebody must be around here!"

Well, not exactly. A search satisfies you that the owner is nowhere near. You hate to steal a canoe, but you're hungry and a canoe will speed you downriver much more swiftly than you can walk. But are you good enough boaters to pass the rapids?

To continue on foot, go to -197-; to dare the river run, attempt a Boating roll. If you succeed, go to -472-; if not, go to -412-.  
(470) 1 HM

**472** The canoe is the answer to your problems. After you pass a series of rapids, the game and wild fruits become much more common. You continue on swiftly day by day, until a rock holes the canoe's bottom, forcing you to abandon it. Nonetheless, you have already reached frequently-traveled trails. Go to -513-.  
(471) 1 HM

**473** First Sylvia, then Norman are swept off the ledge and flushed down the wild stream. You struggle back to solid ground and run down the narrow canyon, trying to keep them in sight, but long before you are close enough to think of life-saving, they are no longer to be seen.

You linger in the area for a day or two, searching, hoping one or both of them got out by themselves, but then you give up. Go to -67-.  
(217) 1 HM

**474** What you see is not what you expect. Try a SAN roll for both you and Norman. If neither misses, go to -477-; if either misses, that person loses 1D6 SAN and you must go to -475-.  
(280) 1 HM

**475** The sight of hideous gigantic fungus-things laboring like rockhounds along the stream bed wrenches an exclamation of horror from your party. The aliens drop their mineral gathering tools and reach for twisted silvery objects which just might be weapons. To flee, go to -476-; to shoot it out with the aliens, go to -380-.  
(474) 1 Cthulhu Mythos, 2 HM

**476** As you turn and run, a sheet of cold lances over your shoulder, close enough to numb your ear and cheek and form tiny razor-sharp ice-crystals over the side of your head. Try a Dodge roll for each of your party. If both of you succeed, go to

-513-; if Norman fails, but you don't, go to -336-; if you fail, go to -332-.  
(475, 478, 480) 1 HM

**477** Neither of you cry out; perhaps you're too astonished to do so. A short distance up ahead, a band of alien creatures toil, using machines held in delicate claws to suck up mineral deposits precipitated on the rocks bordering the hot-springs-fed stream. The aliens resemble pink, five-foot-high crustaceans infested with fungus growths, and they could not have originated on this planet.

To stand up and greet them in a friendly manner, go to -478-; to try to sneak away unobserved, go to -480-; to open fire upon them, go to -479-.  
(474) 2 Cthulhu Mythos, 4 HM

**478** As you raise your hand in a peaceful gesture, the aliens grab for twisted metal growths (or are they devices?) laying near at hand. A buzzing rises to a pitch that makes your skin crawl.

To stick by your peaceful intentions, step out from behind your rock, at -332-; to decide the aliens are hostile, and flee, go to -476-; to decide they're going for weapons and you'd better shoot it out with them, go to -380-.  
(477) 1 Cthulhu Mythos, 2 HM

**479** Each party member with a rifle starts blasting away at the aliens. One of them grabs a twisted silvery device and points it at you. As its beam strikes the rock you crouch behind, the surface of the rock is suddenly coated with ice crystals and parts shatter off with a loud crack. You hit that alien in its middle, and it falls.

If you and Norman can hit twice more in the next four shots, you may drive off the aliens before they can get to their weapons, going to -381-; otherwise, go to -380-.  
(477) 1 Cthulhu Mythos, 2 HM

**480** To escape the aliens, both you and Norman must succeed at Sneak. If both of you do succeed, you may resume your trek home, at -513-; if either fail, you'd better start running, at -476-.  
(477) 1 HM

**481** They must never have heard gunfire before, because the first blast stops the rock-throwing. The apemen's yells are a muddle of fear and confusion as they disappear into the woods and rocks as suddenly as they appeared. Go to -192-.  
(346, 539) 2 HM

**482** Norman stumbles over some deadwood masked by the tall grass. The motley herd of prehistoric beasts thunders right behind him. Sylvia hesitates, then turns and runs back to help the youth.

"No!" you bellow over the bawling and bleating of the terrified animals. Before your startled eyes, a mastodon knocks down and tramples upon the hapless pair. Sobbing with remorse, you run into the woods. When it is safe, you make for the valley exit. Go to -491-.  
(616) 2 HM

**483** Of necessity, your party pauses on its way and Sylvia steps out of sight momentarily. After several minutes you get concerned over her absence, and call her name. There is no answer.

You search the bushes thoroughly, but find nothing except her tracks commingled with those of . . . a giant.

To follow the tracks, go to -484-; if you abandon her you may leave the valley, at -278-, or explore the valley, at -38-.

(216, 551) 3 HM

**484** To follow the trail of Sylvia's abductor, succeed at Track and go to -276-; miss it and go to -277-.

(483, 609) 1 HM

**485** Your movement is 8 and that of the sasquatches is 7. Match these on the resistance table. If you outstrip the apemen, go to -336-. If not, you feel their hairy grips clench tightly upon your shoulders and you are caught. Roll a die if caught; even, go to -486-; odd, to go -487-.

(386, 426) 2 HM

**486** The sasquatches toss you from one to the other. Suddenly you understand that they are not angry, but that they are playing with you. Finally they let you fall exhausted to the ground.

Their roughhousing has cost you 1D6 damage. Go to -489-.

(485) 2 HM

**487** There is a stir amongst the apemen. One points with his great palm outward against the sky. There in it are several black specks - flying things which steadily grow larger.

You cannot believe your eyes. Flying crustaceanoids, with tentacles in their forward parts. The sasquatch release you and cower and shriek their submission to the flying horrors.

With a scream of terror, you turn and flee, to -510-.

(485, 488) 1 Cthulhu Mythos, 2 HM

**488** For the intentions of the sasquatches, roll 1D6: 1-4, go to -487-; 5-6, go to -489-.

(386) 1 HM

**489** At last the sasquatches get restless, and they cease to pay attention to you. You remain seated as the band shuffles off. At last you are alone.

Truly alone.

Go to -67-.

(486, 488) 1 HM

**490** A gasp warns you that Norman has been hit - crushed by a twenty-pound rock cast from great height. As Sylvia turns back to help him you cry - "No! Don't! He's a goner!"

It's too late. A fragment of basalt hurled from the cliff strikes Sylvia on top of her head, bursting it like a melon.

Go to -491-.

(406) 2 HM

**491** With a moan of remorse, not caring whether or not the torrent carries you off, you dash through the fissure and out of the valley of prehistoric survivals, alone. Go to -67-.

(406, 482, 490) 1 HM

**492** Charlie hangs his head. "Of course you are right, Doctor-Boss. It is foolish to believe the stories the old Indian men tell of the Little Ones. I am civilized, like you. I will be wiser from now on."

Roll a die; even, go to 10; odd, go to 11.

(410) 1 HM

**493** Before your wondering eyes appears a gigantic hairy shape which you first mistake for a gorilla - but your anthropologist's second glance tells you that it's a species never before described scientifically. To offer it food as a gesture of friendship, succeed in a Luck roll and go to -419-; fail and go to -376-. To shoot it, go to -325-.

(326) 2 HM

**494** As you wander the banks of the North Hanninah alone, you hear the crackle of walkers in the woods ahead. At first your heart leaps at finding other people, but then you remember the cruel lessons of the Big Woods. They may not be friendly!

You hide and wait for them to pass into sight. A moment later a party of dwarfs enters the field of your vision - small, evil-faced, dusky-skinned men. Some have bones in their scant hairlocks, and one holds the severed head of a white woodsman!

You duck your head, hoping the savages will not see you. Succeed at Hide and go to -111-; fail and go to -495-.

(67, 597) 2 HM

**495** After your physical and mental ordeals of the last few weeks, you're in terrible shape. An involuntary spasm, caused by your tension, causes your leg to jerk in the dry leaves. The murderous dwarfs call out shrilly and point your way. You must run for it.

Go to -116-.

(494) 1 HM

**496** Wandering alone along the shores of the river, the drizzle chills you. Chancing upon a cave opening, you duck into it for shelter.

You stop short one pace in. The stench coming out of the cave is overpowering. Now you sense heavy breathing in the darkness. Suddenly the reeking breathers step into the gray light.

Try a SAN roll; lose 1D6 if failed. If mental shock or insanity are avoided, go to -426-.

(67) 1 HM

**497** You shudder as the wretch turns his face toward you. His eyes, rolling wildly, are starkly mad. "Beward . . . the stone wheel . . . the temple of Ithakwanni . . . over the ridge . . . don't go . . ."

A spasm shoots through him and his speech makes even less sense: "The wind gibbers with Their voices, and the earth mutters with Their consciousness . . . As a foulness ye shall know them . . ."

Another convulsion stills his rasping. His heart has failed.

He said that a stone wheel, whatever that is, and a temple lay just over the ridge. Delirious, probably, but what if . . . ?

To investigate, go to -434-; to return to the canoe, go to -20-.

(36)

2 HM

**498** "No, Doctor-Boss," protests Charlie. "My people tell stories about the Little Ones. My father has seen their tracks. It is death to see them. Worse than death."

You chide the superstitious half-breed, your excitement in encountering a lost tribe making you very abrupt. "Get the rest of the packs from the canoe," you tell him, "and be quick about it!"

He goes to the vessel muttering in anger. The next thing you hear is the slap of the paddle against the water of the river as the disgruntled, myth-fearing guide abandons you and steers for home in the stolen canoe.

To carry on the investigation of the "Lost Indians," go to -84-; to go forward on foot, go to -89-; to head for home on foot, go to -158-.

(37)

1 HM

**499** Beside a bush, a tiny man lies wounded, with a hole in him the size of a shotgun slug. He is, incredibly, still alive. When you approach, he tries to crawl away. You try a simple phrase in the dialect of the closest known tribe, but the little creature only hisses. He is an amazing specimen - grotesque of face, dusky of skin, of odd proportions in hands, and with prehensile feet. If he is not unique, his race departs more from the statistical norm than any which you have ever studied. His species may not even be human!

You lay blankets over him; you try to spoon him broth. He refuses to eat, lapses into unconsciousness and - by dawn - dies. All through this, Charlie acts strangely.

"It was a Puk-Woogie," he mutters when you press him, "an evil Little One of the night. If there is one, there are more. We must leave this valley!"

To give Charlie argument, go to -30-; to bury the dead dwarf in accordance with Charlie's wishes and return downriver, go to -165-.

(18)

6 HM

**500** As the sasquatches scatter into the rocks and brush, you and Norman dash down into the encampment to rescue Sylvia. Roll a die; even, go to -395-; odd, go to -357-.

(353)

2 HM

**501** You trudge on alone, ever alone. Weary, hungry, footsore, you are blind to the bleak splendors of the lonely, remote forests through which you pass. You sense your tiny insignificance as well as the merciless and terrible quality of the tangled wilderness.

Succeed at Listen to go to -502-; fail, to go to -506-.

(67, 597)

1 HM

**502** You hear a buzz from a hollow beneath the bank where you stand. Hopeful that you have found others, but made wary by the strange sound,

you creep close to the edge of the bank and peer through the fringe of scraggly junipers.

Try a SAN roll, losing 1D6 SAN if you fail. If you avoid shock or insanity, go to -503-.

(501)

1 HM

**503** Pink, lobsterlike creatures five feet long crawl through the forest litter below. The buzzing continues. Suddenly, a human cry slices through the noise. The source is coming down a ravine into the hollow. You see a man in a hunting jacket being dragged behind two of the abominable pink things. When they drop him, he tries to crawl away, but one of the creatures plays a Y-shaped object over him and a streak of blue mist covers the escaping man with an icy fog. He silences and falls on his face, shivering. Ice crystals cover his jacket and trousers, as well as his hair and beard.

The creatures' buzzing takes on a more terrible tone as they fall in behind one another and scuttle around the human victim, as if engaged in a dance.

But one does not dance; he rears up over the man and holds out a kind of tube, like a dark soda straw. Before you can even wonder, a red beam shines as precisely as a pencil line and bloodlessly separates the man's head from his body through the neck.

The dance ceases and an alien passes a capsule of some sort to the Surgeon, who takes the head into his forward limbs. He performs a manipulation, and holds the now-encapsulated head up for his fellows to behold.

Your brain is heated to fever by horror, but when the severed head's eyes change their expression, when his jaws move, it is too much to endure.

Try a SAN roll, losing 1D6 SAN if failed. If shock or insanity are avoided, go to -504-.

(502)

3 Cthulhu Mythos, 6 HM

**504** Trembling, you crawl away from the vantage-point to Hell. Sneak successfully and go to -505-; fail, and go to -506-.

(503)

1 HM

**505** Sickened by what you saw, hoping that most of your experiences within the valley have been hallucinations, you flee into the heavy undergrowth and hide there until fright renders you insensible.

Go to -161-.

(504)

1 HM

**506** As you go noisily through the thickets, a vast shadow passing overhead causes you to look up. Try a SAN roll and lose 1D6 SAN if failed. If shock and insanity don't get you, go to -507-.

(501, 504)

1 HM

**507** A ghastly pink fungoid Thing! It sees you! The thing glides clumsily; it wobbles away while you frantically dash into the deep forests. Suddenly you come upon a cave entrance. Its moss-felted rocks yawn open like a mouth and green teeth. You slip inside and huddle near the opening.

Peering outside you see, to your terror, a fungus-thing wavering through the bushes through which you ran. Did it see you? If you have a rifle, you may shoot at the alien

at -508-; if not, or if you just want to lay quietly, go to -414-.  
(506)

1 Cthulhu Mythos, 2 HM

**508** You fire at the alien horror. If you hit and score at least 12 points of damage against the creature, you may automatically slay it while it lies stunned (gain 1D6 SAN) and may go to -509-; if you inflict less damage, it drops out of sight and you must trust to your heels, at -510-.  
(507)

1 HM

**509** Fearing to touch the repulsive carcass, you use a dead branch to lever it into a ditch. You cut some shrubs to cover it and then return to the cave. By morning it appears safe to continue on your way.

Go to -513-.  
(508)

1 HM

**510** Your every instinct tells you that the woods are alive with alien senses, that they are closing in on you. Roll a die; even, go to -511-; odd, go to -336-.  
(487, 508)

1 HM

**511** A streak of misty vapor stabs past you and you feel the sting of frostbite. Aliens! On three sides of you! You are penned against the river: your only hope is to try to swim it, even though the water flows rapidly and swirls with treacherous eddies.

Succeed at Dodge, and go to -512-; miss it, and go to -332-.  
(510, 516)

1 HM

**512** You dive into the water. It takes four successful Swims to get across. You can try as often as you like but, if one is missed, you must make CON rolls for drowning on each subsequent attempt.

If you get across, you elude the aliens and may try a First Aid to recover 1D3 hit points if you took drowning damage. Then go to -513-.  
(511)

1 HM

**513** It is time to decide the course of your expedition. The fort lies within your reach, at -593-; you may go there and end your adventure. Or, if you choose to explore more, go to -594-.

(25, 67, 76, 111, 165, 182, 224, 232, 242, 297, 322, 334, 338, 377, 379, 381, 411, 419, 427, 428, 457, 472, 476, 480, 509, 512, 514, 517, 518, 543, 564, 567, 572, 577, 580, 587, 589, 591, 595, 596)

1 HM

**514** The whirlpools take charge of the canoe and throw it across a snag, tearing the craft open and throwing you into the boil.

To reach the safety of the bank, you need four successful Swim rolls. You can try as often as you like, but if you miss one roll, you must make CON drowning rolls for each subsequent attempt.



the sacrifice

If you make it to shore, go to -513-; if not, it is  
... THE END.

(242)

1 HM

**515** A bolt of freezing energy streaks over your head. The dank stone wall behind you shatters and chunks of ice-covered rock rain over you, as you feel the temperature of your hiding place fall twenty degrees. You peer outside: a number of pink aliens waddle through the shadows. That scout did see you!

They fire again. In a few minutes the cave will be so cold you will be helpless.

To try to drive off the aliens with gunfire (if you are armed), go to -517-; to make a run for it, go to -330-.

(414)

1 HM

**516** Bad luck. The alien fungi are hemming you in. Roll a die; even, go to -511-; odd, go to -332-.

(330)

1 HM

**517** The aliens seem content to kill you by indirect fire, but the close-set trees require them to come quite near. Roll 1D6+1. The result is the number of hits you must make with your rifle to drive away the aliens. You may fire any number of times until the cold renders you stiff. Roll your CON x 8 after the first shot, CON x 7 after the second, and so forth. If any CON roll fails, you lose consciousness. If you drive off the aliens, go to -513-; if you go unconscious, go to -417-.

(515)

1 HM

**518** You hide in the cave all night, undisturbed. In the morning you continue your journey, to -513-.

(414)

1 HM

**519** Wrong move! The apemen respond with angry whistles and an avalanche of thrown stones. You pass out from the blows and the rocks keep coming down. Take 2D6 damage and go to -347-.

(346, 539)

1 HM

**520** It's every man for himself as the three of you run before the pounding hooves of death. You hear a cry of "Doctor!" and throw a glance back at Sylvia. She has fallen way behind. There is nothing you can do. The next instant, when you look back again, you see the girl bowled over by a woolly rhinoceros. Choking back the tears, you and Norman reach the low-hanging limbs of the wood's edge and clamber up them like gymnasts.

The bleating horde rushes harmlessly below. Afterwards you and Norman are too heartsick to do aught but set your feet for home.

Go to -278-.

(616)

2 HM

**521** To argue with Charlie, attempt a Debate or Psychoanalysis (your choice); if successful, go to -522-; miss it and go to -123-.

(71, 73, 74)

1 HM

**522** "Okay, Doctor-Boss," Charlie says irascibly, "Men who live in this land all their lives can never know its ways so well as professors from other countries. We shall search for the boy." Trying to ignore Charlie's sarcasm, you and the others fall in behind the reluctant hunting guide.

Roll 1D20 to represent the degree of Charlie's reluctance and subtract it from his Track skill. Then try to roll his modified Track. If he succeeds, go to -525-; if not, go to -523-.

(521)

1 HM

**523** Come midday, Charlie professes to have lost the trail and you are just about fed up with his treachery. To send him back to camp and Track yourself, go to -524-; to accept Bernard as lost, and your expedition as a failure, go to -32-.

(522)

1 HM

**524** Your fruitless attempts to pick up Bernard's trail last until the twilight. You suspect that Charlie led you so far from the boy's tracks that you will never find them again.

Your worst opinions of him are confirmed when you return to camp and find Charlie, the canoe, and a share of the supplies all missing. Go to -95-.

(523)

1 HM

**525** Bernard's tracks go on for a considerable distance. They are soon joined by those of some large animal - or what you suppose was an animal. It has hooves of a kind, large round ones showing an irregular edge, but no split of any kind. The farther your party goes, the more agitated Charlie becomes. At the last, just before the tracks vanish completely, the creature's and Bernard's strides become unbelievably long. And - terrible to say - Bernard's last prints in the melting dust of snow alter, so that at the end they are nothing but round impressions - identical to those of the "animal."

"Ayiiie!" Charlie cries, no longer able to contain his welling fear.

"Easy, Charlie," you say. "It's just the melting of the snow that's distorted and erased the tracks - it's nothing to do with the wendigo legend."

It won't be easy for the guide to swallow that. Succeed at Psychoanalysis and go to -526-; miss, and go to -123-.

(522)

1 HM

**526** With difficulty, you quell Charlie's fears and return to camp. Now you must decide the future of your expedition. To remain in the immediate area, hoping to solve the mystery, go to -527-; to abandon the expedition, go to -32-.

(525)

1 HM

**527** Although you fail to find any sign of Bernard, you and the students look long every day. Charlie manfully takes the burden of the tragedy and one day approaches you to apologize. Go to -62-.

(526)

1 HM

**528** You and Norman silently depart the drowsing sasquatches. You may attempt to explore this strange lost valley, at -38-; or leave the valley by way of -278-.  
(421) 1 HM

**529** You must choose the most important results of your explorations in the valley of the North Hanninah: (1) to take credit for discovering the valley of prehistoric survivals, go to -431-; (2) to claim the discovery of Sasquatch on the basis of a head-trophy you have brought back, go to -374-; (3) to use the map you have of the golden ledge to establish your fortune, go to -545-.

If you can legitimately claim more than one such achievement, take your choice. If you fulfill none, go to -430-.  
(530) 0 HM

**530** When your report of your party's misfortunes is analyzed by the Canadian authorities, they absolve you of any wrongdoing or neglect.  
Go to -529-.  
(433) 0 HM

**531** When your report of your party's misfortunes is analyzed by the Canadian authorities, they formally charge you with wrongdoing and neglect. Go to -538-.  
(433) 0 HM

**532** With understandable haste, your party dashes away from the megalithic wheel and speeds back to the riverside. If your party consists of five, go to -20- if your canoe was left safely moored, or to -458- if it has been destroyed already. If your party consists of only four, go to -163- if your canoe was left safely moored, or to -424- if it has been destroyed.  
(450, 451, 452, 453) 1 HM

**533** Safe on shore, you become discouraged. For what purpose do you risk your lives? To enter what is probably an empty box canyon? Your expedition is in shambles. It's high time you ended it.  
Succeed at First Aid rolls to restore 1D3 hit points to both Sylvia and yourself, if needed. Go to -324-.  
(93) 1 HM

**534** You and Norman follow the turbulent stream for a great distance, and finally recover Sylvia's body. While you bury her, you are torn between trying to enter the hidden valley again and (by your exploratory accomplishments) make her death meaningful, or to admit failure.  
To press ahead, go to -535-; to go home, go to -279-.  
(93, 537) 1 HM

**535** Your purpose grimly set, you and Norman again dare the swift stream which obstructs entry into the hidden valley. You are no sooner through than you are aware of the strange, tropical scent to the air. The conifer forest of the outer world exists no longer. You see a landscape resembling something out of the early Cenozoic.

You remember wild tales you have heard — of a lost Canadian valley warmed by Chinook winds and hot springs, a valley where prehistoric animals still exist. Could this be it?  
Go to -63-.  
(534) 1 HM

**536** The turbulence batters at you and tears Sylvia from your grasp. But you cannot think of her; your own life is at stake. You must succeed at Swim twice to escape the current. Roll as often as necessary, but after each failure take 1D6 damage from drowning and battering.  
If you survive, go to -537-; if not . . . THE END.  
(93) 1 HM

**537** As you grope for a handhold on the bank, Norman seizes you and pulls you to land. If either of you succeed at First Aid, you regain 1D3 of the hit points lost in the last entry. Go to -534-.  
(536) 1 HM

**538** Following a trial lasting weeks, you are convicted of gross negligence and contributory manslaughter. You spend a year in a Canadian penitentiary, then are paroled. Once you are free to leave Canada, you return to a ruined career in the U.S.A.

You have lost your position at Miskatonic University. The evidence you brought back from your expedition has been neglected during your trial and confinement. All the most important has been lost or ruined. Your attempt to publicize your findings only draws yellow-press attacks, characterizing you as a moral cretin willing to sacrifice human life for selfish scientific glory.

You vanish from public notice with the dawning of the Great Depression.

To represent the dubious reception of any work you do, reduce your Hanninah Mythos by half; round down any fractions.  
(531) THE END

**539** You bounce off rounds from the rocks near the sasquatches. Roll a die: 1-2, go to -481-; 3-4, go to -519-; 5-6, go to -57-.  
(400) 1 HM

**540** With a single misstep, Sylvia loses her precarious footing and is swept off the submerged ledge into the fastest part of the stream. She vainly tries to swim as the waves and rocks batter her.  
To try lifesaving, succeed at both a STR x 5 and a Swim roll and go to -541-; fail either and go to -189-. To let her drown, go to -542-.  
(217) 1 HM

**541** You seize the unconscious Sylvia by her hair and drag her to the rocky bank, where Norman frantically helps you get her ashore. You camp in the ravine until Sylvia is fit to travel, at -54-.  
(540) 1 HM

**542** You follow Sylvia's body, swept down the raging stream. Beyond the mouth of the ravine, the corpse washes up on a sandbar. You recover it and bury it nearby.



Bitterly, you reproach yourself for her death. Can you even manage to get yourself and Norman back safely? Go to -278-.  
(357, 540) 1 HM

**543** Improved food puts Norman back on his feet. Go to -513-.  
(327) 1 HM

**544** Both Norman and Sylvia are badly injured. You do what you can for them - and for yourself, once the apemen put you all away for the night in a guarded overhang.

Succeed at First Aid and add 1D3 hit points against any damage taken in the last entry. Then go to -389-.  
(391) 1 HM

**545** It is time to test the quality of your goldmine map. If you received the map from a stranger, go to -546-; if you drew it yourself, succeed at Make Maps and go to -183-; fail and go to -429-.  
(529) 0 HM

**546** Only by using the map can you find out if the maker knew what he was doing. Succeed in a Luck roll and go to -183-; fail, and go to -429-.  
(545) 0 HM

**547** You expect any second to feel another sear of pain, but it is Charlie who cries out. You see the guide roll to the ground, bleeding profusely. You can't fight such a thing; your only hope lies in flight. Go to -437-.  
(456) 1 HM

**548** You scream maniacally and rush for the deep woods. With the fleetness that madness brings, you escape that which affrighted you. It is as a crazed, berserk creature that you roam the valley alone for days - or maybe it is weeks or years. Feeding on carrion, digging roots with your fingernails, your physical aspect would horrify anyone who saw you.

The sight of any large animal brings back hideous fears. One day such a flight causes you to run over the edge of a canyon, into the rapids below. Your wretched existence ends in drowning.  
(550) THE END

**549** When you are next yourself, years have passed. An inmate in a Winnipeg asylum, you have lived there since found by a missionary, living with a remote Indian tribe as a sacred Mad One.

With the recovery of your memory, you rapidly recuperate. You return to Arkham, and there try to pick up the threads of your life. Long-presumed dead, you have been replaced in your position at the Miskatonic. Your estate was apportioned among your heirs; only litigation restores everything that is yours.

With time, your attacks of night-fears diminish, but you are able to get only second-rate teaching jobs. You publicize your memories of the Hanninah trip but, without documentation or physical evidence, and with your history of insanity, you convince no one except an eccen-

tric occult fringe group. Lose half of your Hanninah Mythos (round fractions down).  
(364) THE END

**550** The results of your madness are very unfortunate. Roll 1D6: 1-4, go to -548-; 5-6, go to -215-.  
(364) 1 HM

**551** You seek unusual animal life and are all too successful. Roll a die; even, go to -273-; odd, go to -483-.  
(275, 614, 627, 628, 635) 2 HM

**552** If you have already visited the Temple of Ithaqua, the great wheel of stone, go to -462-; if not, go to -553-.  
(158, 604) 1 HM

**553** Forced by the sloughs along the riverside to cross the ridges above them, the four of you laboriously hack through brambles and thicket. Suddenly, as your group passes close to the lip of a slope, Bernard catches your elbow, saying: "Look there, Doctor!" You gaze down from your lofty perspective and your lips part in a gasp. Go to -448-.  
(552) 1 HM

**554** If your party consists of four persons, go to -555-; if of five, go to -436-.  
(448) 1 HM

**555** Only a few steps along the slope, Bernard suddenly moans and falls - or rather is thrown - to the earth. "What is it?" you ask urgently.

"Something hit me," the youth begins, dazed. "It - yih!" His hand goes reflexively to his cheek, and hot blood flows out between his fingers. You are reluctant to believe in spirits, but . . . "Quick, let's get out of here!" you exclaim, helping Bernard up to his feet.

Go to -437-.  
(554) 2 HM

**556** If your party left your canoe safely moored, go to -20-; if it was previously destroyed, go to -458-.  
(457) 1 HM

**557** Avoiding a riverside marsh, your party follows you through a forest of mature larch. Succeed at Track and go to -558-; fail, and go to -569-.  
(324, 600, 601) 1 HM

**558** You notice slight tracks through the woods. You bend closer to the ground and decide that they were left by moccasin-clad humans. You guess that the travelers were Indians - probably ones with little contact with white traders.

To follow the tracks, go to -559-; to attempt to avoid the Indians, go to -572-.  
(557) 1 HM

**559** Having followed the Indian trail for almost a mile, you finally hear a mutter of voices. Crawling up to a mass of bearberry bushes, you part them enough to see the other side.

There, in the shadow of the larches, you observe several Indians. Anthropologically, you judge them members of the Sarcee tribe, apparently a very isolated group, since their skin shirts, leggings, and woodland-style moccasins indicate minimal contact with the outside. You see nineteenth-century rifles, several single-shot weapons among them.

To stand up and greet the Indians, go to -560-; to stay where you are and watch a while longer, succeed at Hide and go to -576-; fail, and go to -573-.  
(558) 1 HM

**560** At the first sight of you the Indians raise their weapons and advance. To make a peace-sign and stand your ground, go to -561-; to run, go to -574-.  
(559, 576, 588) 1 HM

**561** You make no move to defend yourself as the Indian hunters close in around you and take the rifle from your hand, the knife from your belt. More hurry past you; the protests of Norman and Sylvia mark their seizure.

"Not so roughly," you admonish. "This is the twentieth century, not the wild frontier."

"Silence!" rumbles one of the Sarcee in his tribal tongue, of which you have a smattering. Then your captors take the three of you down to the spot where you first saw them.

Go to -562-.  
(560, 573, 575, 584, 591) 1 HM

**562** When you arrive there, you observe that you are not the only prisoners of the band. An Indian girl, seemingly also of the Sarcee, rests behind a tree-trunk, bound hand and foot.

The leader of the hunters fires some gruff instructions to his men. His words are too rapidly spoken for your faulty knowledge of the dialect, but the subsequent actions are clear.

The girl is quickly freed of her bonds. Rubbing her wrists to restore the circulation, she is wordlessly accepted back into the clan's ranks as a member in good standing.

Roll a die; even, go to -571-; odd, go to -566-.  
(561, 570) 1 HM

**563** Whatever the reason, the Indians are most interested in young Sylvia Davidson. They seize and bind her. Angrily you bark a curse at the sinister crew and try to throw off those holding you. Your reward is a hard buffet across the face which costs you a bloodied nose and 1 hit point.

Now well-secured, Sylvia is placed up against a tree and tied to it, like some sort of offering to the forest. "Doctor!" she cries, but you can do nothing. The Indians shove you and Norman ahead of them as they gather their gear and leave the spot. Forced to accompany them, you listen with misery while Sylvia's sobs fade with the distance.

Once you are well away from the spot, the Indians lose interest in you. They tie up you both, and vanish into the twilight forest. Generously, they leave your weapons nearby.

Desperate to get back to Sylvia before who-knows-what fate befalls her in the darkness, you and Norman struggle with your rawhide bindings.

Add your STR and DEX, then roll that sum or less on 1D100. If you fail, Norman may make an attempt. If one of you succeeds, go to -564-. If both of you fail, you each may try one more time. If you succeed this time, go to -565-; if neither of you does, go to -258-.

(571) 1 HM

**564** One of you quickly slips out of his bonds and frees the other. You had carefully kept your bearings in arriving here, so you are able to retrace your path before the failing light makes it impossible.

Sylvia is still where the Sarcee had left her. Weeping, trembling, she falls into your arms as Norman cuts her bonds. Somehow fearing that something might not be right with a place which Indians choose to sacrifice maidens in, you hurry your group away.

With the dawn, you move with deliberateness.

To continue exploring the region, go to -600-; to retreat toward civilization, go to -513-.

(563) 1 HM

**565** It takes a long time to get free of your bindings. When you finally do, full night is upon the forest and the wolves are maintaining a threatening chorus.

"We'll never find our way back by night," you tell Norman, and retire to a natural shelter in case of animal attack.

With the dawn, you track your day-old trail back to the place where you left Sylvia. Only you do not find her there.

The rawhide cords are broken - snapped by a strength far greater than Sylvia's. And her tracks do not leave the tree. Instead someone - something - else's do.

To follow the tracks, go to -128-; to give Sylvia up for lost, go to -279-.

(563) 1 HM

**566** The Indians next produce enough cords to bind all three of you, then place you each against a tree. You are each in turn lashed tightly to a trunk. Then, their mysterious work done, the Sarcee warriors and the maid pack up their simple gear and abandon the spot. They are out of sight for a long moment before any of you tries his fastenings.

Whatever reason the Indians have for leaving you, chances are that it is not for your own welfare. Your best hope is to work your way free before whatever it is they anticipate for you happens.

If any of you succeed at a DEX x 1 roll, go to -567-; otherwise, go to -568-.

(562, 571) 1 HM

**567** One of you works wrists loose of bindings and, freed, frees the others. Too wary to stay at the spot of your captivity, the three of you decide your next course of action.

To continue exploring the region, go to -600-; to head home, go to -513-.

(566)

1 HM

**568** The clever knots the Indians put in their binding cords foil your party's best attempts. You have no choice but to wait where you are as the night falls and passes.

Then, in the gray light of dawn, you see them. What incredible stealth! They are suddenly just there before you.

Dwarf aborigines! They have dark gray skin and grotesque, almost sculpted, features. They carry bows and sets of thongs with wooden balls attached, some sort of bola. Some have bones tied in their scant hairlocks. They cut you free, but put you back into constraints of their own. Half-carrying, half-dragging, the little wildmen bustle you away with them. In a clearing, they finally pause.

Go to -210-.

(566)

6 HM

**569** Seeing nothing unusual, your group travels on unsuspectingly. Try a Listen. Succeed, and go to -581-; fail, and go to -570-.

(557, 572)

1 HM

**570** Suddenly a gruff voice barks, "Drop guns!" You hear the click of rifle levers and look up to see several Indian hunters on either side of you with weapons leveled. There is no possibility to resist. Not trying anything foolhardy, your party lets itself be disarmed.

By their looks, the Indians must be an isolated clan of the Sarcee tribe, as their old-fashioned leather clothing and vintage nineteenth-century rifles suggest.

"What is this?" you protest.

"Be silent!" the leader of the Indians grunts and nudges you with a rifle barrel. Taking the hint, you follow where your captors lead.

Soon you reach a secluded spot. Go to -562-.

(569, 586)

1 HM

**571** If your party has already visited the valley of prehistoric survivals, go to -566-; if not, go to -563-.

(562)

1 HM

**572** Succeed at Luck and go to -513-; fail, and go to -569-.

(558)

1 HM

**573** An uncontrollable urge to cough gives away your hiding place. You try to get up and run, but the snarled bushes delay you until the Indians are all around, rifles held steady on you.

Go to -561-.

(559)

1 HM

**574** You spin, cursing yourself for your carelessness. Norman and Sylvia, waiting a few yards away, do not need to be told to follow the leader.

The Indians' movement is 8, like yours. Match your movements on the resistance table. If your party prevails, go to -147-; if not, go to -575-.

(560)

1 HM

**575** The shots behind and the thumps of the slugs into the mossy earth ahead ruin your rhythm and you stumble. In an instant the Indians are on every side. Go to -561-.

(574, 585)

1 HM

**576** You silently motion Norman and Sylvia to stay behind and get under cover, too. You observe the Indians for a moment, trying to decide whether they may be approached.

One of them goes up to a nearby tree and yanks a bound girl to her feet. You had not noticed her until now. She is plainly an Indian, of the Sarcee tribe also, unless you are very mistaken. Puzzled by this rough treatment of one of their own, you watch the Indians lash her to a tree-trunk with rawhide thongs.

When they are done, they gather their gear and depart from the hollow.

To shout after them, go to -560-; to let them go before you run down to the girl, go to -577-.

(559)

1 HM

**577** Resolved on action, you slide down the slope into the hollow where the girl is tied. She watches you come, with a jaw set firm with fear and suspicion.

Pausing in front of her, you ask: "Why have they done this to you? Will you let us help you?"

She stares at you sullenly for a moment, then answers with a mixture of Indian and English words.

"My people fear the strange ones of the forest. Each year at this time one is chosen to be given to them so they will not bewitch all the people. Go."

She is stubborn, and seemingly invites her immolation. To leave her where she is, go to -513-; to cut her loose and force her to come away from the dangerous spot, go to -578-.

(576, 583)

1 HM

**578** You compel the Indian maiden to go with your party. Roll a die; even, go to -579-; odd, go to -580-.

(577)

1 HM

**579** Once out of her society, the girl no longer wishes to be taken by the mysterious demons of the forest. Grateful for her rescue, she speaks easily and you gain many stories and myths of the North Hanninah valley.

It has long been her wish to see the towns of the white men. If you want to end your journey, accompany her to -593-; if you want to explore more, let her find her own way to town, while you head for -600-.

(578)

11 HM

**580** The Indian maid remains sullen and angry. Rather than let her endanger herself by returning to where you found her, you tie her to a tree for the night.

Sylvia, on watch that night, shakes you awake. "The girl! She's gone! She gnawed her rope apart when I wasn't looking and vanished!"

Sylvia's story seems to be the case. You did your best. You shrug and go back to sleep. Go to -513-.

(578)

1 HM

**581** "Someone is coming!" You and your party take the warning and duck behind a large fallen tree. Several men emerge from the trees to the west — Indian hunters by their look — probably Sarcee tribesmen. Their rifles are antique and their gear has little of civilization about it. Probably they are of an isolated and primitive group.

To stand up and greet them, stride out of cover and go to -560-; to stay hidden, let your poorest-rated Hider attempt a Hide, going to -582- if successful, and to -584- if not.

(569) 1 HM

**582** To follow the Indians secretly, go to -586-; to backtrack and see where they have been, go to -583-.

(581) 1 HM

**583** Your Track skill is sufficient to lead you back to a nearby hollow. Looking down into it, you see a pathetic sight — an Indian maiden tied to a tree, as if staked out for the wolves. Go to -577-.

(582) 1 HM

**584** A bee darts up and bounces off the face of a party member, who instinctively swats at it, making a noise that the passing Indians cannot fail to notice. Now that the jig is up, you may step out to greet the redmen peacefully, at -561-; try to run for it, at -585-; or display your rifles (if you have any) as a warning to the hunters to make no threatening move, at -590-.

(581) 1 HM

**585** "Quick!" you exclaim, shoving Norman and Sylvia up to their feet. The three of you sprint for the deep woods.

The Indians' movement is 8, as is yours. Match these rates on the resistance table. If you elude the redmen, go to -147-; if not, go to -575-.

(584) 1 HM

**586** Your party moves carefully after the trail of the departing Sarcee Indians. To track these practiced woodsmen will not be easy. Let the least stealthy member of your party try a Sneak. If he succeeds then go to -587-; if not, go to -570-.

(582) 1 HM

**587** After walking several miles, the hunters make camp. Some of them go off into the woods with their rifles, probably to shoot some supper. The others rest around the fire.

Now that you've successfully tracked the Indians, you wonder what you ever hoped to gain by it. You may either steal away to -513-; or approach the Indians, at -588-.

(586) 1 HM

**588** The Indians look up in surprise as you and your party come out into the open with a hand raised in peace. Succeed at Anthropology and go to -589-; fail, and go to -560-.

(587) 1 HM

**589** One Indian, who seems to be the hunt leader, returns your greeting warily. A brief exchange of questions gains you the information that the Sarcee are part of a hunting party, as you guessed. Their speech is a mixture of their native dialect peppered with English words for your benefit. They shun contact with the white authorities, and never go to the fort. They do, however, admire your rifle.

If you wish to leave the wilderness, the Indians will guide you to within sight of Ft. MacDonald in exchange for your firearm.

To make the trade, go to -433-; to thank them but decline, continue on your way, at -513-.

(588, 592) 1 HM

**590** In the face of your firearms, the Indians hesitate for a moment. Roll 1D6; 1-4, go to -591-; 5-6; go to -592-.

(584) 1 HM

**591** One Sarcee brave rears his rifle up before his shoulder and fires. The others follow suit. The number of attacking riflemen is 1D6+2. They all have 20% skills with their obsolete rifles, which do 2D6 damage and are capable of impaling. Your group may exchange shots with them until at least half of the Indians have been hit, or until wounds or good sense forces your party to surrender.

When half or more of the Indians have been hit, they flee. Your party may attempt to heal up by use of First Aid, then go to -513-; if you surrender, wave a white handkerchief and stand up during the ensuing lull. And go to -561-.

(590) 1 HM

**592** The redmen exchange concerned glances, then one of them lowers the muzzle of his old-time rifle to the moss underfoot. Warily, you stand up and hail the hunting party with an upraised hand.

Go to -589-.

(590) 1 HM

**593** Passing the "place of splitting water" with no more than ordinary difficulty, you reach the calmer waterways of the West Branch. The foraging is ample now, and for the rest of the way to Ft. MacDonald. Go to -433-.

(513, 579, 598, 599, 602, 603) 0 HM

**594** If you would take a sidetrip from your general course toward Ft. MacDonald in hopes of learning as much as possible about the North Hanninah Valley, you may:

Go to -597-, if you are alone.

Go to -279-, if you have one companion.

Go to -324-, if you have two companions.

Go to -158-, if you have all three graduate students with you, but not Charlie.

Go to -598-, if you have Norman, Sylvia, and Charlie with you.

Go to -602-, if you have all your companions.

If your party consists of at least three people (including yourself) it is still possible to strike out toward the

depths of the valley in search of information, instead of making a mere sidetrip as described above.

If your party numbers three, go to -600-.

If your party numbers four (you and the three graduate students), go to -604-.

If your party numbers four (you, Norman, Sylvia, and Charlie), go to -598-.

If your party numbers five, go to -602-.  
(513) 1 HM

**595** After a hard day's trek, having kept your eyes open for the various dangers and oddities of the valley, you and your graduate student withdraw for the night under a granitic overhang and light a fire of twigs and pine needles. Try a Geology roll, and if you succeed, go to -596-; fail and go to -513-.  
(279) 1 HM

**596** Despite the gloom which overhangs the days and nights of your expedition's remnant, your geological training draws your attention to the glitter in the seams of rock behind your back. A six-inch vein of large quartz crystals wavers along the rock face. Within the vein are patches of darker color and different texture.

It's gold.

If you can only get back alive to Ft. MacDonald, you and Norman will be set up for life!

Make a map, then head for civilization. If you succeed at a Luck roll, go to -513-; if you don't, go to -279-.  
(595) 1 HM

**597** Despite the risks, you diverge from the direct route to Ft. MacDonald, determined to solve as much as possible of this mystery before you give up. Roll 1D6: 1 = -119-; 2 = -427-; 3 = -494-; 5 = -126-; 6 = -501-.  
(594) 1 HM

**598** When you make known your preferences, Charlie looks at you like you have lost your mind.

"It is mad to return to that evil place. I will not do so."

To give over your idea and return to civilization, go to -593-; to remind Charlie who pays him when the trip is over, go to -599-.

(594) 1 HM

**599** Your threat impressed Charlie - so much so that rather than end up with nothing for the trip, he sneaks off during his watch at night, taking the canoe and a share of the supplies as settlement for his efforts to date.

You may start back upriver with Norman and Sylvia, at -600-, or take a circuitous route back towards the fort, keeping an eye peeled for new discoveries, at -324-; or you can be discouraged over Charlie's desertion and go directly to the fort, at -593-.

(598) 1 HM

**600** If you have already visited the valley of prehistoric survival, go to -601-; if not, roll 1D6: 1 = -55-; 2 = -218-; 3 = -557-; 4 = -469-; 5-6 = -75-.  
(564, 567, 579, 594, 599, 650) 1 HM

**601** Perhaps possessed by foolhardiness, you lead your two graduate students upriver. Roll 1D6: 1 = -77-; 2 = -218-; 3 = -557-; 4 = -469-; 5 = -55-; 6 = -470-.  
(600) 1 HM

**602** When you make known your preferences, Charlie looks at you like you have lost your mind.

"It is mad to return to that evil place. I will not do so!"

To give up your idea and return to civilization, go to -593-; to remind Charlie who pays him when the trip is over, go to -603-.

(594) 1 HM

**603** Your threat impressed Charlie - so much so that rather than end up with nothing for this trip, he sneaks off during his watch at night, taking the canoe and a share of the supplies as settlement for his efforts to date.

You may start back upriver with the three graduate students, at -604-; or take a circuitous route back to the fort, keeping an eye peeled for new discoveries, at -158-; or you can be discouraged over Charlie's desertion and go directly to the fort, at -593-.

(602) 1 HM

**604** If you have already visited the valley of prehistoric survivals, go to -158-; if not, roll 1D6: 1 = -60-; 2 = -56-; 3 = -552-; 4 = -461-; 5-6 = -90-.  
(30, 88, 195, 409, 594, 603) 1 HM

**605** Undaunted by his hairs-breadth escape, Bernard is game to follow you into the enticing mystery of the hidden canyon.

Everyone makes it through safely and all of you are staggered to realize the size of the hidden valley you have discovered. Your group commences an excited preliminary exploration.

It does not take long to confirm that you have discovered a redoubt of unprecedented prehistoric survival. Animal tracks that fit no modern beast of the North abound in the sand and mud. You wish now that you had studied more paleontology than you did.

Succeed in an INT x 3 roll and go to -606-; fail, and go to -607-.  
(92, 642) 6 HM

**606** While exploring a prehistoric glade, you chance upon a stand of plants of the very species recently described in detail by your Miskatonic colleague, the paleobotanist Ivan Kurtov. The species was supposed extinct before the Pleistocene glaciation. Yet here it is, all around you, still flourishing. You can easily gather leaves, roots, cuttings, and seeds - everything you need to convince Miskatonic's geology department to finance a major expedition.

Deciding you are now able to leave this dangerous enclave, you pack your specimens and lead your three companions without mishap back to the outer valley of the North Hanninah.

Go to -158-.  
(605) 16 HM

**607** Although many varieties of plants grow near at hand, your knowledge of paleobotany is too meager to allow you to intelligently choose samples as proof of discovery.

You reason that a trophy of a supposedly-extinct animal offers the surest proof to your colleagues at home. But you instinctively feel that you subject your party to grave hazard if you remain in this uncanny valley.

To leave the valley without physical proof of your visit, go to -158-; to seek evidence, go to -608-.

(605) 2 HM

**608** Resolutely, you and the others advance up the lost valley. Roll 1D6: 1 = -609-; 2 = -610-; 3 = -617-; 4 = -620-; 5 = -621-; 6 = -630-.

(607, 636) 2 HM

**609** The humid heat of the valley tires Sylvia, so you let her rest and leave Bernard to keep her company while you and Norman continue scouting.

About two hours later, the pair of you return to an appalling sight. Bernard lies dead in the grove where you left him, his head broken by a blunt object - a bloodied piece of wood lies beside him. Frantically you search for Sylvia, but she is not to be found. Instead you find some footprints - those of a giant.

To flee the valley in fear for your own safety, go to -278-; to follow the tracks in hopes of finding Sylvia, go to -484-.

(608, 618, 625, 633) 2 HM

**610** The sight, sound, and smell of the four of you defeats your attempts trying to stalk game. The animals are too wary. You leave Norman and Sylvia at the foot of a rocky hill and take only Bernard to trail the prints you have found in the clay.

It appears to be a big feline predator; you follow it for an hour, hoping for a major kill. Succeed at Listen and go to -611-; miss it and go to -615-.

(608, 618, 625, 633) 2 HM

**611** You hear the soft lope of padded feet and whirl your rifle around just in time to see a monstrous lion with sabre-toothed fangs spring to the top of a rock chimney above you and then leap, jaws wide.

You get one shot at the saber-toothed cat at point-blank range. Try a DEX x 3 roll for you and for Bernard (if he is armed). If a character is successful, he gets a second shot at point-blank range.

If a total of 12 points of damage are inflicted on the cat, you may take it for a trophy and leave the valley at -613-; if less is inflicted, go to -612-.

(610) 2 HM

**612** The arching cat passes over your head as you reflexively duck, but its huge claws bury themselves in the chest of Bernard, who stood behind you.

You may fire point-blank after Bernard loses 1D10 hit points. If you fail to inflict 12 points of damage (total cumulative), Bernard is killed and the cat bounds away.

If you kill the cat, take its head for a trophy, and if Bernard still lives you may attempt First Aid and go to -613-; if he dies, go to -614-.

(611, 615) 2 HM

**613** Having judged that the four of you should leave the valley while you are still able, go to -158-.

(611, 612, 618, 620, 625, 633, 636) 1 HM

**614** You grieve over Bernard's death, but must decide whether to continue exploring the valley or to take your two surviving students out.

To explore more, go to -551-; to leave the valley, go to -291-.

(612) 1 HM

**615** You do not see the saber-toothed cat until it springs, at -612-.

(610) 2 HM

**616** Your party members have a movement of 8 each; the stampede has a movement of 15. Roll for each party member on the resistance table to elude the stampede. Subtract 40 percentiles from the rolled result for each party member's chances, because of your long head start. If everyone gets a successful result, go to -344-; if Norman fails it, go to -482-; if Sylvia fails it, go to -520-; if both Norman and Sylvia fail it, go to -356-; if you fail it, you lose 2D10 hit points. If you survive that damage, go to -347-.

(370, 619) 2 HM

**617** The valley opens into grassy meadows, upon which numerous herds of hoofed mammals graze - while predators skulk nearby, hoping to cut out one who is old, young, or sick.

Despite your limited paleontology background, the sight of these creatures astonishes you. One need not be an expert to recognize that early varieties of horse, camel, and bison, as well as elephant, rhinoceros, and beasts with no close modern relative exist here now as they did in earlier epochs.

Suddenly a shape bounds out of the high grass in front of Bernard. You glimpse a humpless camel about the size of a large deer, doubtless flushed from the meadow by a carnivore. Impulsively, Bernard lifts his rifle and fires. The beast gives a squeal of pain and lurches away. Rather than lose his kill and the trophy you need, Bernard bounds after it.

So excited is he that he does not realize his shot has fallen like a thunderclap among the animals of the plain. Their frightened cries echo through the air and they start to run without direction. Stampede.

Only too late does Bernard realize that he stands in the path of a charging herd of long-horned bison. He spins and races back the way he came.

Despite his danger, the rest of you cannot pause to help him. You all are imperiled. Only the nearby woods afford refuge from the tide of horns, antlers, and hooves.

Bernard's movement is 8; the stampede's 15. Consult the resistance table, subtract 20 percentiles from the actual rolled result, because Bernard had a head start. If Bernard wins, go to -618-; if the stampede overtakes him, go to -619-.

(608, 625, 633) 2 HM

**618** The adrenalin of terror gives fleetness to the New Yorker and he is not far behind

the rest of you when you scramble up into the snarled, low-hanging boughs of an oak. The stampede rushes around the sturdy bole, leaving the group of you unharmed.

You admonish the young man for his recklessness, then decide what to do next.

To give up exploring this dangerous place, go to -613-; to remain for a while, roll 1D6: 1 = -609-; 2 = -610-; 3 = -621-; 4 = -630-; 5-6 = -620-.

(617) 2 HM

**619** Bernard's scream, sharply cut off, rings out behind you. You glance to the rear and see him no longer. Go to -616-.

(617) 2 HM

**620** The meadowland in the heart of the valley is the home of many supposedly extinct grazing beasts. But you refrain from using your rifle in fear of provoking a stampede which might prove ruinous. If you are going to take a trophy, you are not going to be careless about it.

You place your group among the isolated trees which grow in the open and, by yourself, take up a position overlooking a patch of meadow.

Along toward evening feeding time, the animals have lost some of their wariness of the unusual human scent. Finally your patience pays off. A prongbuck with black and white markings, obviously not present elsewhere in North America, races into the space near you, hyena-like hunters nipping at its legs. A pair of strong jaws snaps shut on the creature's heel, bringing it down. The rest of the pack pounce upon it, tearing and ripping.

You fire a few shots, to drive off the hyenas. The noise sends other, more distant, grazers running, but a stampede does not develop.

You and the others climb down from the trees and claim the trophy. Here is all you need to interest the powers-that-be back home. Go to -613-.

(608, 618, 625, 633) 1 HM

**621** In search of physical evidence of your discovery, your party leaves the floor of the valley and climbs into a series of rocky, wooded hills.

Suddenly something moves along the game trail you have been following. You swallow a gulp of air. It's a hoofed beast, a tawny animal more like an antelope than anything else you've ever seen. But it has six Y-shaped horns sprouting along the sides of its head. If you brought this head back to civilization, no one should doubt the importance of your discovery.

At the first whiff of your unfamiliar scent, the hexacorn spins and runs bawling down the trail. The group of you race in pursuit, all too heedlessly, for Bernard trips over a dead branch and suffers a bad spill.

Since the chase is futile, the rest of you stop and help Bernard to rise. He has a slight ankle sprain, nothing too serious if he takes it easy.

But he may not be able to.

"Doctor! Look!" gasps Norman, pointing up the ridge.

You stare with astonishment: gigantic, hairy apemen!

Succeed at a SAN roll and go to -623-; fail, and go to -622-.

(608, 618, 633) 3 HM

**622** Lose 1D6 SAN; if you suffer from mental shock or indefinite insanity, go to -645-; if not, go to -623-.

(621) 1 HM

**623** With an effort of will, you are able to keep from fainting. Bernard has not held too steady. Terrorized, he hobbles away frantically on his injured ankle. To join him, go to -624-; to stand firm with Norman and Sylvia and greet the creatures as if they were primitive men, go to -626-.

(621, 622) 3 HM

**624** The three of you bound after Bernard and, since he is hampered by his pain, you quickly get ahead of him. The apemen behind are incited by your scent of fear and run after you. Despite their size and bulk, they move swiftly.

Their movement is 7; Bernard's is, too. Compare these rates on the resistance table and go to -625- if Bernard wins, and to -628- if the apemen do.

(623) 2 HM

**625** Perhaps not so determined as you thought, the apemen fall back; your party of four makes it out into the meadowland at the foot of the hill.

If you want to give up your dangerous quest, leave the valley at -613-; or continue exploring. To explore further, roll 1D6: 1 = 609; 2 = -610-; 3 = -617-; 4 = -630-; 5-6 = -620-.

(624) 2 HM

**626** The beast-men advance down the slopes warily. They are fully upright, quite man-like despite their muscular bulk and apish crests. When they get close, you start to cough. Their stench is overwhelming.

Use your training to pacify and mollify the sasquatches. Succeed at Anthropology and go to -627-; fail, and go to -629-.

(623) 5 HM

**627** The sasquatches approach without overt threats. Holding your breath against their odor, you allow them to peer like curious children into your face, and to touch your garments with clumsy fingers. They wear puzzled expressions, as if unable to decide if the cloth is a strange kind of colorful skin. After a few minutes of this, the creatures lose interest and shuffle slowly away.

Afterwards, you search for Bernard, but the lost valley seems to have swallowed him up.

To explore the valley without him, go to -551-; to leave the lost valley, go to -291-.

(626) 3 HM

**628** "Yaaah!" cries Bernard from behind. You look back and see the student crumpled on the ground, the men-beasts pummeling him with rough clubs and hand-held stones. Their obvious fury and strength of blow clearly doom Bernard.

Since the creatures are preoccupied with him, the rest of you are able to make it to safety in the meadowland below.

Heavy-hearted over Bernard's gruesome demise, you may either explore the valley without him, at -551-; or leave it at -291-.

(624)

3 HM

**629** Whatever you do, it incites the sasquatches. They seize you and the two students who stood by you, and drag all of you away with them into the hills. Before long you reach their encampment. They seem ignorant of any art or craft, including fire. There are traces of skins and feathers, the remains of former meals, but otherwise it could be a rest stop for a family of gorillas.

They shove you under a rock overhang and post a couple of big males outside as guards. As you survey the situation, you begin to wish you had taken to your heels as Bernard did. Go to -644-.

(626)

3 HM

**630** Walking through the meadowland in the heart of the lost valley, seeking a trophy to take back home, your group is startled by a vast shadow that glides across the grass around you. You glance up, thinking that it must be a surviving giant condor from its vast wingspan, but then you get a better look.

Make a SAN roll and lose 1D6 SAN if you fail. If mental shock and insanity are avoided, go to -631-; if not, go to -645-.

(608, 618, 625)

2 HM

**631** A fungoid crustacean as long as a man! Dozens of writhing limbs! Somehow you stave off collapse. Suddenly a sheet of cold stabs close to you. The grass turns white from frost. The creature is holding a device of some kind. It is attacking!

To run for cover, go to -637-; to stand and fight, go to -632-.

(630)

1 Cthulhu Mythos, 2 HM

**632** Any of your companions armed with rifles may attempt a SAN roll. If successful, he may fire his weapon; if not, he stands stupefied while the others shoot.

If two or more shots hit the creature after all the shooters have fired once, go to -633-; if not, go to -634-.

(631)

1 Cthulhu Mythos, 2 HM

**633** The mortally wounded flyer makes a rapid corkscrew spiral and crashes into the meadow grass. Your party runs up to it and beholds its uncanny aspect. You chop off a few parts to serve as trophies and then hurry to leave the valley. Before you reach the exit, you discover that the creature's limbs have deteriorated to a slimy ichor in your packs.

Each party member gains 1D6 SAN. You may leave the valley, at -613-; or try to search more, by rolling 1D6: 1 = 609; 2 = 610; 3 = 617; 4 = 621; 5-6 = 620.

(632)

1 Cthulhu Mythos, 2 HM

**634** Bad marksmanship allows the creature to make a shallow dive and blast Bernard with the full force of its weapon before gliding away.

You rush to Bernard's side. He lies on the ground, covered with ice. The terror of the encounter and the freezing blast have placed the youth in danger of his life:

Successfully roll Bernard's CON x4 and go to -636-; miss it, and go to -635-.

(632)

1 Cthulhu Mythos, 2 HM

**635** You, Norman, and Sylvia carry Bernard to the shelter of the glade and try to bring him around. It does no good. He enters a coma and dies at dusk. To continue exploring the valley, go to -551-; to leave it, go to -291-.

(634, 640)

2 HM

**636** The cold blast did not hurt Bernard as badly as you feared. Helped to the shelter of a nearby glade, he rapidly recovers his strength. You now may explore the valley further, at -608- (and risk the return of the mysterious flying being) or leave it, at -613-.

(634, 639)

2 HM

**637** As the four of you run, the creature seems to zero in on Bernard. Attempt a Dodge roll for Bernard. If successful, go to -639-; if not, go to -638-.

(631)

1 Cthulhu Mythos, 2 HM

**638** The creature's cold blast strikes Bernard squarely in the back. He gives a little stifled cry and falls on his face. The flyer doesn't pause, but turns its attentions to Sylvia. If Sylvia succeeds at Dodge, go to -640-; if not, go to -641-.

(637)

1 HM

**639** The creature's last blast just grazes Bernard, who falls flat. But something makes the alien give up and glide off, over the treetops.

Go to -636-.

(637)

1 HM

**640** The thing changes its mind at the last minute and pulls up. You pause and watch it sail away over the treetops, then your group rushes to Bernard's aid. Go to -635-.

(638)

1 HM

**641** Without a sound, Sylvia goes down under the freezing energy of the alien's projector. Just then, you and Norman make the cover of the trees and don't stop running until danger is long past. Slowly recovering your courage, you creep back to the wood's edge, but neither Sylvia's nor Bernard's body is to be found. To explore the valley with Norman, go to -647-; to leave it, go to -361-.

(638)

2 HM

**642** The current almost proves irresistible when Bernard missteps, but he recovers himself in time. Go to -605-.

(91)

1 HM

**643** The irresistible current suddenly sweeps Bernard off his feet and his cry is lost in the surge. If Bernard succeeds at Swim, he reaches shore at -92-; if he fails, go to -110-.

(91)

1 HM



**644** Soon you notice that the sasquatches regard Sylvia differently than you and Norman. They let her out of the overhang and allow the girl to wander around the camp. The sasquatch cubs approach her shyly or playfully.

When she returns to your and Norman's side, you wonder if this state of affairs can be turned to your advantage.

Succeed in an Idea roll and go to -387-; miss it, and go to -389-.  
(629) 2 HM

**645** If mental shock is your problem, go to -646-; if it is indefinite insanity, go to -364-.  
(622, 630) 1 HM

**646** You must have fainted at the mindboggling sight, for when you wake up, it is twilight. Worse, your party is nowhere to be seen. You shout the names of your vanished companions, but no voice raises in answer. Instead you hear the frightful calls of prehistoric nightstalkers.

When morning comes and you are still alone, you lose hope. Go to -365-.  
(645) 1 HM

**647** Roll 1D6: 1-2 = -314-; 3-4 = -315-; 5-6 = -108-.  
(641) 1 HM

**648** Suddenly *they* are in the bushes all around you. A flurry of darts rain in on your party as you alternately fire back and retreat. Bernard cries out, clutching the dart in his breast. He falls and you rush to his aid. He is paralyzed; the darts must be poisoned. You cannot stay and you cannot carry him. Go to -113-.

(131) 1 HM

**649** Your two still-fit companions run toward you. Roll a die; even, go to -650-; odd, go to -463-.  
(171) 1 HM

**650** Norman and Sylvia meet you rather abashedly. "One minute Bernard was lying by the fire, unconscious, like you left him. The next minute he was gone," says Norman. "We followed his tracks to the river; they go in and don't come out, as far as we can tell." A search confirms this report. You can do nothing but attempt to go home, via -324-; or continue exploring, despite all, at -600-.  
(649) 1 HM

**651** In its fury to overtake you, the wendigo slips at the edge of a ravine and skewers itself on the splintered trunk of a lightning-blasted tree.

The impaled wendigo gives out a gurgling cry and then goes stiff. As you watch in amazement, his body shrinks, collapsing in on itself. Soon nothing is left but the bones, as though he had no real flesh to him.

Take 1D6 SAN for triumphing over the wendigo. In the morning you, Norman, and Sylvia begin the long trek back to Ft. MacDonald, by way of -54-.  
(212) 11 HM

**652** Norman tugs at your arm. Your mood of triumph vanishes when you turn and see Sylvia expired on the ground, a slaving dire wolf still worrying her neck. Your first shot kills the beast, but it is too late for Sylvia. Go to -278-.  
(287) 1 HM

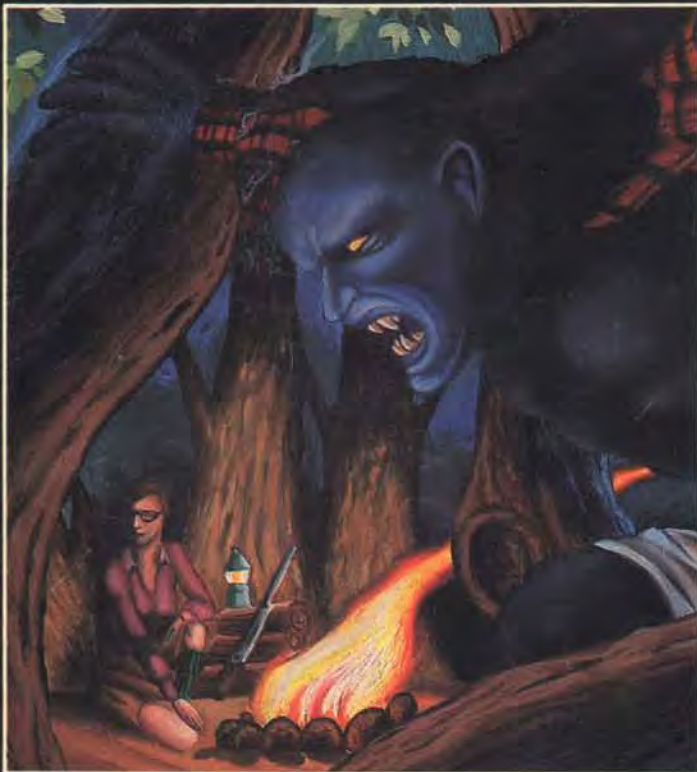
**653** A high-pitched scream erupts in the shadowy camp, echoed by alerted sasquatches on every side. There is no place to run. To assume a submissive posture and allow yourself to be seized, go to -389-; to make a fight for it, go to -391-.  
(394) 1 HM

**654** By a stroke of luck, your party stumbles upon an abandoned cabin stocked with rusty, but edible, tins of food. Your happy discovery solves for the time-being your food problem. There is no trace of who built the cabin - probably a prospector or hunter who fell victim to the hazards of the valley.  
Go to -77-.  
(324) 1 HM



*Ithaqua still rushes across the sky*

# ALONE AGAINST THE WENDIGO



- Special Fold-Out for Easy Use.
- Modified Investigator Sheets for Your Nadelmanns
- 654 Entries – Many Sub-Adventures and Final Outcomes
- Trace Numbers for Convenient Backtracking

*Deep in the Big Woods of Canada, you canoe up the "River of Power," the mysterious North Hanninah, in search of the unknown. An anthropologist, you have brought your best students, and an Indian guide. It will take all of your combined skills, ingenuity, and luck if any of you are to survive after daring the forces of the North.*

**ALONE AGAINST THE WENDIGO** is a deadly solo adventure for **CALL OF CTHULHU** role-players. In it you become L. C. Nadelmann, dashing young professor from Miskatonic U.

Characteristics for all the expedition members are specified, as are the skills for your player-companions. You allot the skill points for Dr. Nadelmann at the start of each attempt to uncover the secrets of the mysterious valley.

The final tally of your Hanninah Mythos points determines relative success of each trip to the valley, but the real success is in just surviving – for the fame and fortune so deservedly yours, so tantalizingly out of reach, is sternly guarded by unfathomable entities.

Life is risky, alone against the wendigo.

Each entry bears a consecutive number, from 1 to 654.

'Healing time' is always noted at the front of the text.

## 56

Healing Time: add 1 hit point each to yourself and to any companion if you need healing. Your party packs and falls in behind you. The peaks of the Ram Mountains loom in the direction of your objective. You advance under the staring eyes of frost-carved hoodoos, under the temples, buttresses, and steeples of the weathered peaks. The strange majesty of their shapes produces reverential awe in your companions. If these ancient mountains are a temple to forgotten gods, you can only hope that they do not judge your trespass as a blasphemy.

Succeed in a Listen and go to –84–; fail and go to –85–.  
(158, 164, 409, 604) 1 HM

Entry text may be one or many paragraphs.

'Go to' tells the number of the new entry to which you should proceed. Sometimes you are directed, sometimes you may choose, sometimes you must roll to successfully use a particular skill, and sometimes you must roll for a random result. Preceding and following dashes always identify 'Go to' numbers.

Trace numbers indicate the numbers of entries from which you could have come in order to get to this entry. There may be one or many. To trace a route, pencil out trace numbers as you play.

Immediately add the stated amount of points to your total on the investigator sheet. A few entries grant no points. A few entries grant Cthulhu Mythos points as well – be sure to add them on the investigator sheet, and to subtract equal SAN points. Hanninah Mythos points do not affect Sanity.

## Format

Similar blocks are found to the outside of most entry pages. The numbers show which sequence of one hundred concludes a page; 1-99 is 0, 100-199 is 1, 200-299 is 2, and so on.

