



DEADWAVE

A Call of Cthulhu Tale
of Revenge Most Foul!

BY MARK MORRISON

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Author's Note

Some things get born no matter how much you try to stop them.

Here's the proof: Deadwave, the scenario that no-one wanted. I wrote this in a frenzy somewhere in the 1990s. My inspiration was, what if your worst enemy, the one you killed, came back from the dead? He would have no grand plan, no network of cultists, no ingenious design: all he would want is to cut you up. Slowly.

With that vindictive goal in mind, it pretty much wrote itself; the bus full of zombies came along for the ride. I playtested it with my regular players, dismaying them no end that Baron Hauptman was back, and that was nearly the end of its wild ride: the finest *Call of Cthulhu* editors of our generation declined to use it.

Looking back now, I can see why; there's no mystery here, no investigation, no cleverness, just raw spite and miscellaneous body parts. However, it did get published on Shannon Appelcline's legendary *Chaosium Digest*, a fine mailing list entirely dedicated to the discussion and love of Chaosium's games and worlds.

It's from that usenet obscurity that Dean has unearthed it. He's picked off the worms and given it a makeover that would do any funeral director proud, with the brilliant idea of duplicating the handouts across all three major time periods for *Call of Cthulhu*. I'm humbled that he has gone to such an effort to reanimate this old thing, and hope that you'll enjoy running it.

Your players, though, will probably hate my guts.

Mark Morrison
February 2012

CLEAR CREDIT

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Hatred and Revenge.

These are universal and timeless themes. They motivate many of the most familiar tales, both from fiction and from history. *DEADWAVE* is a Call of Cthulhu scenario fuelled by hatred and revenge writ large ... by the forces of the Mythos. It explores an unsettling notion: what happens when the cold and impersonal forces of Lovecraft's universe decide to rise from their detached slumber to take a personal interest in an Investigator who has thwarted them one too many times?

Because tales of revenge are inherently personal, and inherently relate back to events that happened in the past, this scenario differs in format to most published adventures. Rather than providing a rigid set of predetermined places, characters and events around which the plot is staged, this scenario expects certain key elements to be provided by the Keeper based on what has come before. The adventure is written in a generic way that provides a detailed sequence of (horrific) events into which these Keeper-supplied characters and situations are incorporated. You can think of it as a kind of "Scenario Template" from which a highly-customised crusade of vengeance against your players' characters can be easily produced.

SCENARIO CONSIDERATIONS

This scenario is not set in an unknown "Mansion of Madness", but in an investigator's own home. The events outlined below are revenge, enacted on one of the player characters. The horror comes to the victim's doorstep and encompasses their friends and family. Slow breakdown and madness are the inevitable result.

Use this scenario simultaneously with another if you can; let this one be a sleeper, something nasty for them to come home to at night.

This scenario targets one player character as the victim; most of the writing centers around this investigator (hereafter referred to capitalised, to avoid confusion). The scenario is, however, designed for group play. It is unlikely that the Investigator will get through without some stalwart friends.



REVENGE: A TIMELESS EVIL

The events which make up *DEADWAVE* are as timeless as the basic motivation for revenge. The Investigator's foe strikes at him or her through family, through a loyal pet, and through a former fellow investigator. All of these modes of attack, and their specific circumstances, work equally well in any of the game's settings. Specifically, you can run *DEADWAVE* just as easily in the 1920s "Classic Era", the 1890s "Gaslight Era", or the modern day. It would work just as well in the Delta Green universe.

The scenario makes use of a pair of newspaper articles as early clues. To make it easy to run the adventure in any of the settings mentioned above, three different sets of handouts are provided at the back, each with a "look-and-feel" appropriate to one of the settings (1920s, 1890s, modern).

When reading the scenario events, Keepers should take note of elements which need slightly modified description to make them period-specific. For example, the motorised bus stolen in a 1920s or modern-day version of the adventure would translate to a horse-drawn omnibus pilfered from the streets of 1890s London. Zombies work just as well in all settings (as a recent franchise of Jane Austen mash-up novels have proven).

Because of its assumption of newspaper clues, and other basic technology, adapting the scenario to settings such as *Cthulhu Invictus* or *Cthulhu Dark Ages* would require more wholesale changes.

KEEPER'S INTRODUCTION

Somebody is back from the grave. Somebody bad. Somebody the Investigator killed with good reason. Somebody who should have stayed dead. Somebody who didn't. Somebody who wants to get even. Somebody bad. For the purposes of this scenario this adversary is called "The Fiend" – the Keeper will decide on his or her identity.

THE BACK STORY

Nyarlathep, the Messenger of the Outer Gods, has doubtlessly suffered many indignities at the hands of the Investigator. Time and again, plans for the world's destruction are foiled (e.g. *FUNGI FROM YUGGOTH* and *MASKS OF NYARLATHOTEP*) or favourite servants are killed (e.g. Hesper Payne from *Season of the Witch* in

H.P. LOVECRAFT'S DREAMLANDS). This revenge is as much Nyarlathotep's as it is the Fiend's.

One dark and moonless night the great beast Nyarlathotep lands by the lonely grave of the Fiend. It scoops the lifeless corpse out of the earth, and gashes open the corpse's throat with one long nail. Into the wound it pours a quantity of its own black blood. The corpse stirs.

A bargain is struck. The black God has given the Fiend life only if it will destroy the Investigator. The Fiend, ignited with the bitterness of memory, agrees. Nyarlathotep enfolds it and launches into the ether, great dark wings beating. First they call at the grave of one of the Investigator's deceased former cohorts (aka "the Ex-Investigator") to retrieve the body for future amusements. Nyarlathotep then flies to the home town of the Investigator and sets the Fiend and corpse down. Terrible laughter rolls against the stars as the black shape wings away.

The Fiend exists for this task alone. It has the patience of the dead. It would be easy just to lie in ambush, catch its quarry, and eat it alive; too easy. It wants a more total victory, a complete levelling of mind and spirit. No deed is too foul in accomplishing this end.

It is diabolically clever. Every action is carefully thought through and judged against the possibility of discovery. The slow dead mind turns it all over and concocts the most appalling and cunning plans.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Before you run this scenario, you must identify a number of key characters. These have been given labels only, so that you can tailor them to suit the person you are going to harass. You must build these elements into your campaign first. No use telling the player that his or her investigator has a pet on the very day it disappears; introduce it a few games earlier, let the Investigator adopt it and have it follow the character around. Similarly, let the Investigator hear of a relative's sickness and quiet death a few weeks beforehand, so that it hits harder when the body is dug up and stolen.

Here are the things to settle on before you can begin:

The Investigator

This is obviously the first thing for you to decide: who. He or she should be a character who has been in play for a while, at least half-a-dozen scenarios, and preferably a full campaign. It's totally unsuitable for

a starting character. Here are three different methods for making your choice:

- ☠ the one who has done the most damage to the Mythos. He or she would be the logical choice for a vendetta.
- ☠ the one with the most Sanity Points. A pragmatic decision by you, the keeper, as lesser people might crack too early.
- ☠ the player in your roleplaying group who is the most quiet. This brings them to the fore, and gives them a good go for once amidst the rowdier and more outgoing players.

The Fiend

This is the villain of the piece, the one plotting revenge. Choose someone who the Investigator came up against in a previous scenario. It should be somebody who caused the Investigator much pain and grief whilst alive, somebody they remember with revulsion and loathing. It can be a major league evil (like Baron Hauptmann from *FUNGI FROM YUGGOTH*) or a minor league psycho (like Jerry from "Pickman's Student", from *H.P. LOVECRAFT'S DREAMLANDS*). Here are some criteria:

- ☠ its body must not have been totally destroyed (blasted to smithereens, melted by acid, crumbled to dust, etc.). It must be someone who it is possible to dig up and reanimate.
- ☠ the Investigator you've chosen to hound must have been instrumental in the fiend's death.
- ☠ the fiend must have been familiar with technology in life. For example, our Fiend steals and drives a bus (or horse-drawn omnibus if it's the 1890s); an insane Bedouin could not do that.

The House

Think about the Investigator's home. Is it an apartment? A house? Single story? Does it have a cellar? An attic? A back door? Have a map ready. Depending on the era and type of house, maybe something from Chaosium's *This Old Haunted House* pair of Monographs might suffice. Perhaps it has already been a feature of your campaign. Get the player's thoughts on it, but only when you need to; any player knows to get suspicious when the Keeper starts asking odd questions.



The general assumption in the scenario is that the Investigator has a house in the suburbs. If they live in an apartment, or upstairs above a pizza parlour, or whatever, you'll probably have to modify some events. Neighbours also figure in the scenario; you might like to draw up a little street map and identify the people that live in each house. This gives the player a sense of place and community, and shocks him or her more when death kicks open all the doors in their street.

If the Investigator lives out of town, on a large estate or in the old Van Laaden place or wherever, you may need to change events further still.

The Pet

The Investigator's pet: if they don't have one, introduce one. A dog is best, a cat is a good second, after that you can do a budgie or a hamster or something if you must, but it just wouldn't work too well. Fish are right out. How about letting them adopt a monkey in some Egyptian scenario? Whatever you use, make sure they have time to get fond of it.

The Dead Relative

This should be someone recently dead (although not necessarily). It can be an old person, say a grandmother or an uncle, or a young person, say a nephew or a cousin. Decide how they die, work it into the campaign, and have the Investigator attend their funeral. Their death should be sad, but apparently natural. A Sanity roll would still be appropriate for normal everyday grief, costing 1 point if failed.

The Ex-Investigator

This is someone dead; someone who fought alongside the Investigator and died a horrible death at the hands of the Mythos. If you haven't got someone from the campaign you can use, deploy one of those famous 'dead friends' that many scenarios start up with (e.g. Jackson Elias from *MASKS OF NYARLATHOTEP*). As per the Fiend, they must have been buried with body intact.

PLAYER'S INTRODUCTION

There is no player introduction. There is no warning. When the Fiend is ready, it comes for them.

THREE STEP PROGRAM

The Fiend's crusade of revenge against the Investigator will be broken into three loose phases: preparation, subtle affliction, and the Deadwave – a none-too-subtle all-out assault. The tempo and severity of the Fiend's actions will increase throughout these phases.

The events that make up these three phases are described briefly below. Details of specific encounters are provided in sections following this one.

Phase One: Laying Pipe

Before going on the offensive against the Investigator, the Fiend will spend some weeks silently preparing. During this time it will be trying to stay below the radar.

However, several of the Fiend's actions will attract some notice from city authorities. Thanks to that, two odd newspaper articles appear in the local daily during this phase. On the surface, they appear unrelated, but each is bizarre enough to warrant some attention.

It is entirely possible that the investigators will mistakenly draw connections between these clues and whatever other Mythos terror they are currently pursuing. Do not discourage this. Any digging into the circumstances described in the articles will fail to connect them with their ongoing investigation; equally it will fail to unearth anything about the Fiend. Later, these events acquire more meaning.

Events in Phase One:

When	What
One Thursday Night	Dogs Begin to Howl
A Saturday Morning	The First Newspaper Article
A week and a half later	The Second Newspaper Article

Phase Two: Strange Things Happen

Once the Fiend has decided the time is right to begin its crusade of revenge, it begins with some subtle acts of fiendishness but quickly ramps these up to become more shocking and disgusting. None of them involve direct intervention by the Fiend: rather they rely on manipulating previously benign and harmless elements from the Investigator's own life. Coincident with these disturbing personal attacks are a series of bad dreams which seem maddeningly related.

Events in Phase Two:

These begin about a week after the second newspaper article and can follow whatever tempo the Keeper wishes.

- The Investigator's Pet Vanishes
- Strange Coincidences around the Investigator's house
- The First Bad Dream + Theft of the Dead Relative
- The Second Bad Dream + The Pet Comes back (Zombified)
- More Disturbing "Anonymous Atrocities" around the house
- The Third Bad Dream + The Ex-Investigator Arrives (Zombified)

Phase Three: The Deadwave

Eventually, the Fiend will decide it's time to stop toying with the Investigator via subtle means. That's when it decides to unleash its secret weapon – the army of zombies it has been brewing in secret – on the Investigator in his or her home. This is the Deadwave.

Assuming anyone survives this frontal assault, clues will point to the abattoir being used by the Fiend as a lair. This sets the scene for a final confrontation and hopefully a final resolution to the Fiend's crusade.

Further Ideas

This scenario is yours to shape and mould. By now you've got the idea; by plotting the past, home and family of the Investigator, you open up a lot of vulnerable spots. You can use more as needs be. Perhaps some of their living relatives might be kidnapped and killed, or their friends, lovers, workmates, etc. The Fiend has no scruples or mercy when it comes to getting revenge.

The reanimated non-player characters in the scenario have a particular balance and order of appearance; you may wish though to add more. The Fiend could be intact with its henchmen from life, now all dead and twice as unpleasant; more of the Investigator's relatives could come back from the grave, including the ones he or she never liked in life; and if the keeper really wants to go berserk, bring on every person the Investigator has ever killed, all eager for revenge.

LOCAL UNDERTAKER DISAPPEARS

Body of girl missing.

Man sought by police.

Police are seeking Mr Clem Baker, a local mortician. Baker (pictured below) was last seen at the funeral parlour of which he is a partner, Baker & Ratchett, on Thursday evening.

At six p.m. Baker had told his associate, Stephen Ratchett, that he would be staying behind to prepare the body of a local girl for burial on Friday. Mr Ratchett reports that working late was by no means an unusual practice, and had been done by both men many times in the past.

However, when Mr Ratchett arrived at work at eight a.m. on Friday morning, he noted that the lights were still on in the building. The company hearse was missing, and the body of the girl was no longer on the premises. Investigations have ascertained that Baker did not return to his lodgings on Thursday night. A number of tools and chemicals are also missing from the Lake Drive funeral parlour.

The name of the dead girl has not been released, to prevent further distress to her family.

Police are asking for anyone who knows the whereabouts of Baker, or who may have seen the hearse, to come forwards.

PHASE ONE EVENTS

The Dogs Begin to Howl

One Thursday night, all the neighbourhood dogs are set off. First one dog, then another, then a chorus, howling and growling. If the Investigator has a dog, it too raises its muzzle and wails and then, fur stiff and bristling, hides under the table. Outside, owners curse, and swear at the beasts. After about fifteen minutes they all quiet down.

The dogs are upset by the visitation of Nyarlathotep, who appears in town briefly to drop the Fiend.

The First Newspaper Article: Undertaker Disappears

An article appears in the local paper on Saturday morning under the headline "LOCAL UNDERTAKER DISAPPEARS". See the handout page relevant to the era in which the game is set (1890s, 1920s or Modern) and give the players Handout 1. The text of this article is repeated nearby.

What really happened: the Fiend hit town, and realized that the first thing it was going to need was a mortician. It was in need of embalming. It found Baker and made him do the job. It then revived the girl as a drone zombie. By this stage Baker had lost his mind and did what he was told in a kind of stupor. The three drove away in the hearse.

Curious investigators might look into the matter. Here are further sources of information, noted briefly:

The Funeral Parlour: they'll need the consent of the Police to get in (Debate or Law). A special Spot Hidden notes, in the preparation room, an unused .45 calibre shell rolled under a cabinet.

Baker's Lodgings: they'll need to break in or obtain police permission to inspect it (see above). It's a bachelor apartment. By the looks of it, Baker hadn't packed to leave.

The Dead Girl: it is hard to learn who she was. The police must be sincerely convinced (special Persuade) of the investigators' good intentions before releasing the name. Failing that, they could try to trick one of the officers (Fast Talk, with an INT x5 roll from the cop). She was Dianne Castille, of a middle class suburb. She was sixteen at the time of her death; she broke her neck when she dived in at the shallow end of a swimming pool. She had red hair and was about five foot six. Her parents are shocked senseless at the body's theft.

A Witness: in the day following the article, a cab driver contacts the police to say that he saw the hearse heading south, away from the funeral parlour. He maintains there were three people in the front seat. It is one of many reported sightings and associated crank calls, and the police do not pay especial attention to it.

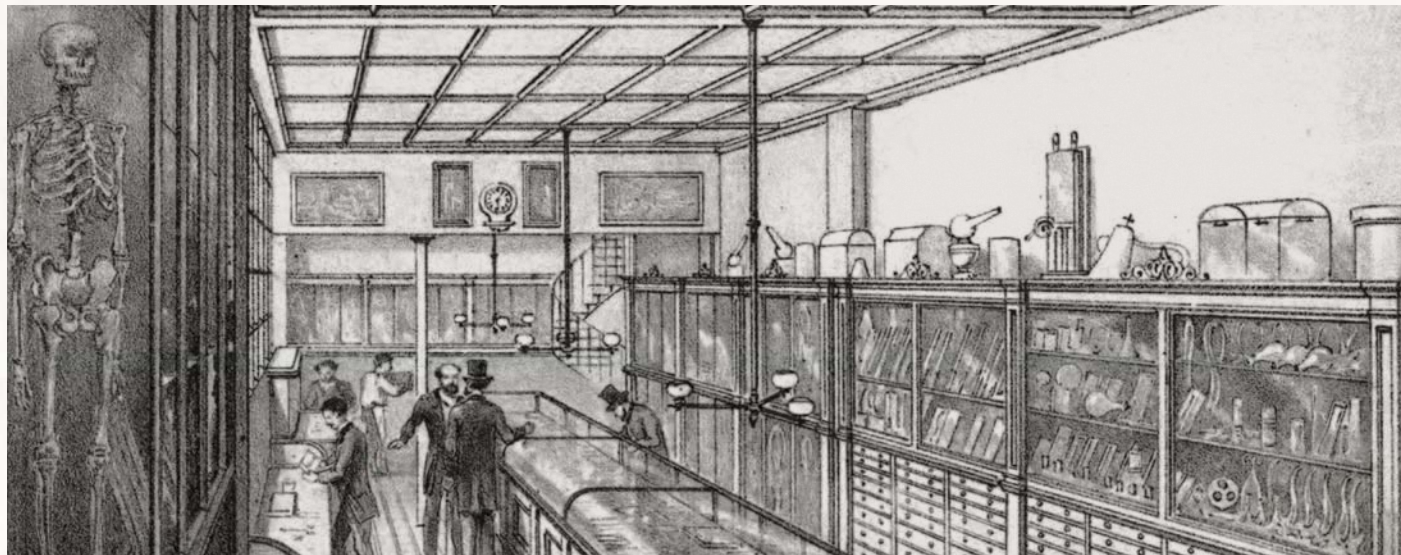
That's as far as the case goes. There are further newspaper reports, but no fresh information.

The Second Article: Bus Lost

About a week and a half later, a second disappearance is reported in the newspaper under the headline "Bus Lost".

Give the players Handout 2 from the sheet of handouts relevant to the era; the text of this article appears nearby.

What really happened: the Fiend has been busy. It has acquired some real estate: a disused abattoir. A workshop for fresh walking dead has been set up. Several vehicles are on site, including the hearse and a (stolen) delivery van (horse-drawn cart in the



BUS LOST

Driver and vehicle reported missing.

Police were notified late last night of the apparent disappearance of a town bus. Neither bus nor driver returned to the depot on the conclusion of the night's service.

The bus was license number B-039, and was on route 19. The driver is Mr William Marsh. Marsh was last seen setting down a passenger and collecting one at ten minutes to eleven p.m. at Stop 33 on Long Road; since then there has been no sighting.

The police urge any citizen who may have seen the bus to contact them immediately. Door-to-door enquiries along Long Road and the surrounding district are presently being undertaken.

1890s). The Fiend also saw a need for a bus (or a Gaslight-era horse-drawn omnibus) and hijacked this one at gunpoint. Marsh, the driver, was forced to drive the bus to the Fiend's hideout, where it has been hidden in a shed. Marsh was killed and subsequently brought back to life.

Again, the investigators might follow this up. They learn:

The Bus: is just your standard bus.

The Route: is just your standard suburban route. It's a fairly quiet area South of the central business district.

The Driver: William Marsh was about as reliable as the next man. He wasn't a workaholic, but he did his job. His wife has no idea where he is and is a little cynical about it - she thinks he's just cleared off. If the investigators ask the Marsh's neighbours, they learn that the two fought like cat and dog.

The Last Passenger: the police can point them to this person (Persuade or similar to get the name and address, or Law to get a copy of his statement). He is Rudolph Zymenski, a factory worker. He was coming home on the bus after doing a late shift. He got off at his stop as usual. The passenger waiting outside was dressed in dark clothing, and wore a hat. Zymenski said that he had a bad smell about him. If they interview Zymenski, a Psychology roll detects that he is uncomfortable about talking about the man. If asked why, he answers that he doesn't know; he just felt uneasy. In truth, once he was out of the bus, he ran all the way home.

Like the undertaker affair, nothing else comes to light in the bus case.


PHASE TWO EVENTS: STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN


About a week later, the Fiend is ready. Bad things start.

Use the order given below. Some events may need to be reshuffled or modified in response to the investigators' actions. You need not use every one; some you simply may not be able to implement, others won't be appropriate. Think of them as examples to conduct your own campaign of terror. Add to them.


The major thing to remember is that although the Fiend is cunning, it is not invisible. Once the Investigator gets vigilant, they might stake out their own house. Give credit where credit is due; it may be the only way they'll catch their tormentor.


Here are some simple precautions the Fiend generally takes:

 **Disguise.** It occasionally dresses up as a postman, a pregnant woman, a repairman, etc. (To be precise, it gets the undertaker to dress it.) So it may be around when they are looking for it, but in an unexpected form.

 **Distraction.** When the investigators are getting wise to it, it arranges bluffs. For example, if the Fiend wants to do something in their front yard, it creates a ruckus in the back yard to draw them away, even if it's only pitching a rock over the roof. If it wants them away from the back of the house, it might get one of its dead to make a phone call (or send a telegram) to draw them into the hallway. (Of course, the dead have nothing to say, so any phone conversation isn't a long one.)



 **Parking a street or two away.** It won't just lob up to the front door generally; it parks the vehicle and sneaks around. Sometimes, it prefers to make a bold entrance (see below).

 **Means of escape.** It likes to keep a rescue vehicle handy, or something that will create a distraction while it gets away.

This scenario is a mystery that your players aim to solve, so play fair, but play mean.

FIENDISHNESS

Space these as you see fit. The first ones should be a couple of days apart each; then the pace picks up.


THE INVESTIGATOR'S PET VANISHES


Their Pet vanishes quietly. No sign of a struggle or anything like that. It wants to be let out one night and doesn't come home again.


If they think to ask their neighbours, no-one saw anything, although at the third house they make enquiries at, someone recalls hearing a heavy car (or hansom cab, if it's the 1890s) in the street that night.


COINCIDENTAL CRUELITIES


The Fiend starts popping by in the night, or while the Investigator is out, and doing little odd jobs. At first these seem just bad luck. Some examples:

 Their rubbish bin is overturned, presumably by a dog, they think. Their rubbish is strewn across the street. If they think to Track, a successful roll discovers boot prints around the bin, not paw prints.

 Snails eat all the mail in the letter box. A Natural History roll indicates that perhaps the letter box is a bit too dry for comfortable snail habitation.


 Pickets from their fence go missing, as if someone was taking them for firewood.

 (for 1920s and modern settings) Their newspaper stops being delivered. The newsagent maintains they had word that the Investigator wanted the paper cancelled. It must have been a mix-up, they apologize.

 (for 1890s or 1920s settings) Their daily delivery of ice ceases inexplicably under the same circumstances as described above.

INSANITIES

Appropriate insanities arising from the course of this scenario include: fear of death; fear of being buried alive; the conclusion that everyone else in the world is dead; and good old catatonia (sometimes it's easier just to shut down).

 A van (or horse-drawn cart) pulls up, and two men get out and deliver an incredibly ugly and heavy piece of furniture. They ask the Investigator to sign for it. They refuse to manhandle it back into the van (cart); even if it is a mistake, this is the correct address, the item is paid for, and it's their lunch break. The item has no actual significance, but unless the Investigator can convince the men to take it away (Fast Talk, or a bribe), it remains on their porch, making getting in and out of the front door inconvenient.

BAD DREAMS

The Investigator suffers three bad dreams, each of which herald some new horror when they wake. These are legitimate dreams, so the Investigator has no control over them. The keeper may employ change of perspective, inability to act, and inexorable motion, all of the things which make real nightmares so claustrophobic and disturbing.

THE FIRST BAD DREAM

One night, they dream the following. They are being chased. They can't see what is chasing them, but they know it is just behind them. They can hear its shambling pursuit. It seems close enough to breathe on them, but they can hear no breathing. They are running along corridors, down stairs, through darkened rooms. Finally, in a room with a window, they feel they have lost their pursuer. Then there is a great shattering of glass and an arm through the window and a voice hissing "I'm back"...

A Present

...and they toss in their bed, head fouled with sleep, sheets roiled with sweat. Time for a Sanity roll, costing 0/1. Their throat is dry, their limbs are trembling. A time to remember the empty space on their bed where their Pet should be sleeping.

The Investigator sure could use a glass of water. As they move around the house, they see that the breaking glass of their dream was reality. A front window has been smashed inward. There is an object lying on the floor. Another Sanity roll for the blending of dream and reality, losing 0/1 again.

There is a sudden pounding on the front door. It is a neighbour; he heard the breaking glass; is everything okay?

When they get to inspect the object, it is some manner of artefact thematically linked with the Fiend in life. That is to say: if the Fiend is Lang Fu (from *FUNGI FROM YUGGOTH*) it could be a Chinese puzzle box; if the Fiend is Jerry (from "Pickman's Student") it could be a heavy ankh; if the Fiend is Baron Hauptmann (from *FUNGI FROM YUGGOTH*) it could be an odd pair of binoculars. If the Investigator does not make the connection, let it be an enigma. They'll discover the truth soon enough.

The object was thrown from a moving vehicle. Again, if they ask around, on a Luck roll they find a neighbour who saw it, briefly. They had the impression it was a long black automobile/carriage (the hearse, in fact).

THE DEAD RELATIVE IS STOLEN

The next morning, a ringing telephone wakes them. It is the police. The grave of their Dead Relative is unearthed and is now vacant. Could they come down to the station to help with enquiries? A Sanity roll should be made as they put the phone down, costing 1/1D3.

The facts of the theft are simple. Someone broke into the cemetery overnight and excavated the grave. The coffin has been broken open, the body is gone. The police can't do much. They are obliged to tell the Investigator about the theft and ask if they have any ideas. They express their shock and outrage and promise to work on the case day and night. Nothing further comes of it.

An Oratory or Law roll can get the police to confess that this is the latest of a series of exhumations. They have lost a half-dozen bodies in the last fortnight, from various places. They are keeping details of the cases out of the newspapers for fear of widespread panic.

If the Investigator presses the point, they can learn who these missing people were (Persuade). All had been dead less than a month. See nearby box.

The grave-robbing continues and a few days later the police are forced to reveal the situation. Citizen watches are posted in the cemeteries in town. Thefts are then reported in outlying districts. No-one is seen or caught.

Missing Bodies

Joe Plimsoll, 42, mechanic, cause of death: skull fracture from rolling truck/carriage.

Edna Delaware, 34, nurse, cause of death: fell down flight of stairs.

Randy Thompson, 24, student, cause of death: football injury.

Klaus Tod, 31, labourer, cause of death: falling masonry.

Bess Kellerman, 43, stenographer, cause of death: struck by automobile/hansom cab.

THE SECOND BAD DREAM

That night the Investigator dreams he or she is walking in a graveyard. Mist swirls around everything. Softly, someone can be heard calling their name. The Investigator follows the sound and arrives at the graveside of the Dead Relative. Arms burst out of the earth and pull the dreamer down.

Change of perspective. The Investigator is now in the coffin, buried. The dreamer can smell his or her own rot and putrefaction. Then there is a bump on the coffin lid ... and another: a shovel, digging down, striking the top of the box. A rasping voice from above, "You can't hide in there". The shovel hitting the lid. Bump. Bump...

The Pet Comes Back

...Bump. Bump. The Investigator wakes up. Roll Sanity for the dream, losing 0/1. The bumping sound that wakes the dreamer is real. It comes from the front door. If the Investigator peeks out to see who's there, initially he or she sees nobody, not at head height anyway; it is their Pet, returned, bumping at the door, wanting in.

If the Investigator opens the door, the animal walks in. It is home, safe and sound. The Investigator's joy soon sours, as it becomes plain that the animal is not well. It moves stiffly. It collides with the furniture. It is totally silent. It smells awful.

How does the Investigator first find that their Pet is actually dead? There are many clues. It has no interest in food or water; the flies hover around it, and yet the animal makes no attempt to brush them off; a Listen roll detects that it does not breathe; a Spot Hidden notices that it has no pulse.

When the truth comes, Sanity loss is 1D3/1D8. Whatever violent emotional response is wrought from the Investigator, the Pet has no reaction whatsoever, but stands dumbly and looks on.



When the Investigator recovers from the shock, he or she must decide what to do about it. The faithful owner can leave it be, but the animal takes to following him or her around everywhere, smelling worse and worse. Each day it is around costs an automatic 1 point of Sanity. Or the Investigator can kill it, which takes a couple of blows. The animal just stands there and takes it. This is just as upsetting, and costs an automatic 1D4 points of Sanity.

The distraught owner will then probably bury it. When he or she picks the body up, a Spot Hidden notices a scattering of red dust in the animal's matted fur (this is from the abattoir yard). A Geology roll notes that this red dust is common around the South-Eastern fringe of town, mostly industrial suburbs. It blows across many of the yards and back lots there.

If the Investigator heads off on a random search for dusty red yards, the magnitude of the task is overwhelming. He or she has only a 5% chance per day of stumbling across the right place by this method, but the keeper should drag out the exploration of a few innocuous sites first (graveyards, rubbish tips, quarries).

ANONYMOUS ATROCITIES

The small inconveniences become twisted and inexplicable, and it is clear that they are not ill luck or coincidence. Some examples:

☠ Two bottles of milk are left on the step as usual. Except instead of two white bottles, there's one white and one red. One pint of milk, one pint of fresh human blood. (Sanity loss 0/1D3)

☠ A letter is delivered. The envelope contains a small clump of human hair. An Idea roll indicates that

the colour is the same as that of the Dead Relative. Caught along the gum sealing the flap are a few grains of red dust (see above). (Sanity loss 0/1D2)

☠ Overnight the front yard is filled with frogs and toads. Some are mildly poisonous. All are disgusting. (Sanity loss 0/1)

☠ A neighbour cheerfully delivers a small package 'mistakenly' delivered to them (the addressee has written the name of the Investigator but put down the wrong street number). The package contains a bundle of old, rusty spent bullets. A note is affixed: 'HAVE THEM BACK'. (These are bullets which the Investigator or their friend shot at the Fiend, which it has gouged out of its flesh. Only use this if they gunned down the Fiend back when it was alive.) (Sanity: no loss, unless they've guessed the Fiend's identity, in which case 0/1)

☠ Washing left on the line is crawling with flies. If the insects are all brushed away, traces of excrement are found smeared on the material. (Sanity loss 0/1)

IF THE INVESTIGATOR LEAVES HOME

It would be a wise move around now for the Investigator to leave. An unknown villain is in pursuit — why stay around and be easy prey?

Abandoning one's home though is a drastic move and signals both victory to their unknown persecutor and the end of their former life. Moving out costs the Investigator 1 point of Sanity.

Where does the Investigator relocate? A hotel? A friend's house (putting that friend at risk too)? The back seat of their car/carriage? Another town?

If he or she leaves totally, the scenario is, for now, over. But the patient dead Fiend tracks its prey down eventually. You will need to extend and modify the scenario, but, somewhere, a bus-full of dead people roll through the night on the Investigator's trail.

If he or she stays in town, the Fiend will try to find its hated enemy. You must judge how long this will take, judged on the ingenuity of the Investigator's smoke screen.

As soon as it becomes apparent that its prey has left, the Fiend places an ad in the Personal Notices:

"[Investigator's Name], Please come home. I know we can work it out. Things will only get worse if you stay away, much worse. Believe me. Much worse. Please come home. [Fiend's first initial]."

IF THE INVESTIGATOR STAYS AWAY

The Fiend means it. If the Investigator doesn't return in two days, it breaks in. It leaves one of its drone zombies to stand guard in the shadows in the front yard. It then goes around and quietly breaks in the back door. It artfully arranges a large sack full of body parts, in varying states of decay, all over the house: as decorations, in the icebox, in the umbrella stand, in the bed, in the wardrobes, all over. It then leaves via the back door, after unsnibbing the front door and leaving it ajar. When the coast is clear it calls away the drone zombie.

The Fiend then rings the police, and reports a break-in. The police come around, see the open door, and step in. Discoveries are made. **GRISLY DISCOVERY IN SUBURBAN HOUSE** reads one headline the next morning. **CANNIBAL HOUSE OF HELL** screams another. Sanity loss for opening up the morning paper and copping this is 1/1D3.

The Investigator's face is everywhere. Even if he or she reports to the police immediately to provide an exonerating story, people in town always recognize the alleged slasher with a shudder. Normal folk have as little to do with the Investigator as possible. Of course, if he or she *doesn't* immediately surrender to the authorities, the allegations are assumed by all to be true. Life becomes impossible. And the Fiend is still on the Investigator's trail.

THE THIRD AND FINAL BAD DREAM

The Investigator may well have given up sleeping at night now; if so, he or she must roll CON x3 to avoid nodding off in the long watches of the night. If the fiend's victim manages to stay awake, proceed to the section below, when the Ex-Investigator drops in.

In the final dream, the Investigator wanders in a dark place. There is a warm and fetid smell of blood and death. In the darkness he or she can hear the ponderous shuffle of beasts and heavy things swinging slowly on chains. He or she can hear the weighty, meaty thunks of heavy objects squarely striking unyielding flesh.

Suddenly an overhead light swings across, a naked bulb dangling from a hanging wire (or a hanging oil lamp if it's the 1890s). The Investigator is in a large concrete room. The floor is swept but bloodstained. Drifts of reddish dust congeal in the corners. The roof overhead is corrugated iron. There seems to be someone standing by a table off to the left-hand side.

As the Investigator approaches, a figure can be seen wearing a bloody apron, holding a meat cleaver. The

Some Zombies

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7	#8	#9	#10
STR	21	11	16	18	21	18	15	16	18	24
CON	20	15	29	11	18	15	12	21	09	21
SIZ	10	14	16	15	09	13	11	17	09	15
DEX	03	05	04	06	08	07	06	07	05	04
Attk	15	25	20	30	40	35	30	35	25	20
Claw	D4	D4	D4	D6	D4	D4	D4	D6	D4	D6
Bite	D2	D2	D2	D3	D2	D2	D2	D3	D2	D3
HP	15	15	23	13	14	14	12	19	09	18

light never swings high enough to show the face. On the table lies the Dead Relative. The figure gestures to it, rasping "Which portion would you like?" And it lifts the chopper and swings it downwards...

The Ex-Investigator Arrives

...Thunk. The Investigator wakes. Sanity loss for this dream is 0/1D2. Thunk. The sound echoes again. It is someone knocking slowly and heavily on the back door.

It is the Ex-Investigator, who probably hasn't aged well. It is probably green and grey, with parts of its dead flesh hanging limply from its rotted torso. It croaks the Investigator's name. "Let me in." Sanity loss is 1/1D6, or 1D3/1D8 for those who knew the person in life.

The Ex-Investigator was exhumed by the Fiend. The corpse was retrieved from wherever it lay and, with the aid of Nyarlathotep, brought to this town. The Fiend animated it and kept it imprisoned at the abattoir. During the frenetic activity at the Fiend's base leading up to the coming attack (see below), it slipped away and has shambled across town to warn the Investigator.

The Ex-Investigator is desperate to get inside and pushes past if necessary. Three things drive it: terror at the fact that the Fiend is probably after it; the urgency to tell the Investigator of the imminent attack; and a mixture of self-pity and self-disgust at finding itself alive again. These conflicting desires make its speech garbled. It also has the less-than-endearing habit of clutching the Investigator with both hands and staring him or her in the face. It is likely that the Investigator finds this gesture abhorrent (Sanity roll for 0/1), so the conversation probably unfolds as the Ex-Investigator shambles after its former colleague from room to room. Reddish dust drifts from its soiled clothing in small crimson puffs. Smaller quantities of sawdust trickle from cuffs and wounds.

Meet The Fiend

THE FIEND,

Dead Villain from a former scenario

STR original $\times 1\frac{1}{2}$

CON original $\times 1\frac{1}{2}$

SIZ original

INT original

POW 01 *

DEX original $\times \frac{1}{2}$

APP original -12, -1/each year dead

HP equal to (not the average of) new CON + orig SIZ **

* Being dead, the Fiend has no spirit or soul. It has no magic points, no POW, and cannot cast any spells.

** The Fiend has double hit points, by virtue of its sheer hatred. Even if reduced to 0 hit points, it must be utterly annihilated to stop it from continuing its attack.

Armour: 1 point of armour (for mummification) for every year it has been dead.

Weapons:

Claws, DEX $\times 5\%$, 2D3 †

.45 automatic, DEX $\times 5\%$, 1D10+2.

† Once it hits, it continues to throttle for 1D6 per round.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos (as life + 25)%, Dead Sense 75%, Mesmerize 90%, Other Knowledge Skills (as life)%, Other Physical Skills (as life $\times \frac{1}{2}$)%.

Notes: All weapons used against the Fiend do half-damage except impaling weapons (including bullets), which only ever do 1 point of damage.

The Fiend prefers not to resort to hand-to-hand combat, but if absolutely everything else fails, it springs on the Investigator and chokes him or her to death.

Sanity loss: it costs 1/1D8 to view the Fiend. If anyone had seen it when it was alive, cost is 1D4/1D8. The designated Investigator loses 1D6/1D10.

NEW SKILLS and ABILITIES

Dead Sense

This is the perception of the dead and includes Spot Hidden and Listen. It is the skill by which the undead unerringly find their way in the dark, and no human can truly understand it. Certainly the enticing aroma of the fresh brains of the living is one of the prime ways that zombies track their prey.



Mesmerize

The dead exude a sickly fascination. Successful use of this skill holds the victim at bay, as per the Fast Talk skill, for as long as the dead person takes no violent or harmful action to them. If the victim is aware of what is happening, or can see plainly that the user is in fact dead, they receive POW $\times 5\%$ chance to snap out of it each round.

The Blood of Nyarlathotep

This baleful black ichor flows sluggishly in the dried veins of the Fiend. By opening the jugular of a corpse and dripping in a few drops, the Fiend can cause that body to animate and has command over it. These drone zombies are mindless and can only be used to perform menial tasks (e.g. "lift that", "stand there", "attack"). Drone zombies have a craving for raw meat, hot blood, fresh intestines and living brains.

By pouring a larger amount of black blood in, the Fiend can bring that person wholly back from the dead, again under the Fiend's power. These are full memory zombies. The revived person can fight against the Fiend's control, but the effort wracks them with pain as the black blood turns to acid inside them. They take 1D4 damage per round until either they do the Fiend's will or their body is destroyed. However, after three rounds of resistance they must roll CON $\times 3$ to be able to go on withstanding the agony of the boiling blood. If they fail, they revert to the Fiend's control, too exhausted to try again for another 24 hours.

The Fiend has the equivalent of its SIZ in pints of black blood inside it. One pint animates up to 5 drone zombies or 1 full memory zombie. Keep track of the amount of black blood it has used in this fashion. It must retain at least one pint to stay functional itself.

This is the information it imparts. This speech is hacked out in great gobs, gasps of pain which spit particles of grey matter out onto the floor.

“[Investigator’s Name] - we always knew that it might lead to death - but not beyond - I am awful - it is him - he is back - he was dead too - no longer - he wants you - he wants you to break - then he will kill you - and worse - this night - he is coming for me - for you - they are all coming - here - he hides by day - not far - in an ab - an ab - aba - ABABABAB-”

This last is stuttered as it starts to heave to and fro. Its agony is obvious and intense. The Fiend has ordered the black blood to quit the cadaver, and it pitches around the room, smashing glass and gouging wallpaper and toppling furniture. Its scream gapes wider as its mouth rips and tears, and in a torrent the blood sprays out, spewing the investigator with an acidic gout. Lifeless again, the Ex-Investigator slumps to the floor. Sanity roll for this end is 0/1D4.

In the sudden silence, a Listen roll detects the sound of a large vehicle idling out front (its horses clip-clopping impatiently, if it’s a Gaslight game).

PHASE THREE EVENTS: DEADWAVE & CONFRONTATION

The Fiend decides it’s time for a direct approach: zombie apocalypse.

It has driven up to the house in the bus. The bus is full of passengers, and they all start to alight. They’re all dead. Moaning and grunting, they reel and stagger across the neat suburban lawns like drunkards. Most flood towards the Investigator’s house, but a few lurch off for other, softer prey.

Anyone stationed on guard while the Ex-Investigator was breaking down sees the bus pull up. A Spot Hidden realizes that it’s no ordinary bus, and they can get off two rounds’ gunfire as the passengers file out.

There are forty zombies. They knock down fences, trample gardens, batter down doors, smash through windows, rip and rend and tear their way in. They do not stop until obliterated.

These are the missing corpses, plus extras not reported yet, plus others who perhaps weren’t dead when they went missing. They are mostly robust specimens, chosen for build and strength. Their number includes (Spot Hidden) the bus driver William Marsh, and the

missing dead girl Dianne Castille; but not the Dead Relative or the undertaker Clem Baker.

The Investigator and friends can barricade themselves in, or they can flee out the back door and over the back fence. Hunkering down probably gets them killed, as by weight of numbers and sheer unstoppable, the dead will get them. The zombies come faster than it takes to reload. Use the map you’ve prepared of the Investigator’s house to show where they start getting in. Give them a couple of early chances to escape, but if they stay put, they’re finished.

If they flee immediately, they can probably get away easily. The shrieks and screams are just starting up and down the street as the zombies fan out and start to feast.

There is no effective way to save everybody. There are too many zombies. Some citizens do their best to defend their families and their homes; some manage to hide. Most die. Eventually the first emergency vehicle arrives. Not trained or equipped to deal with this, they die as well. But more and more police units are called in, and after bitter and desperate fighting, they eventually exterminate the last of the monsters. The entire area is cordoned off. The official story is hooligan attack. People try to forget what they see. Many survivors go mad or commit suicide not long after. After an initial reporting frenzy, the more the papers learn of the **MURDEROUS RAMPAGE IN CITY STREETS** the less they have to say about it.

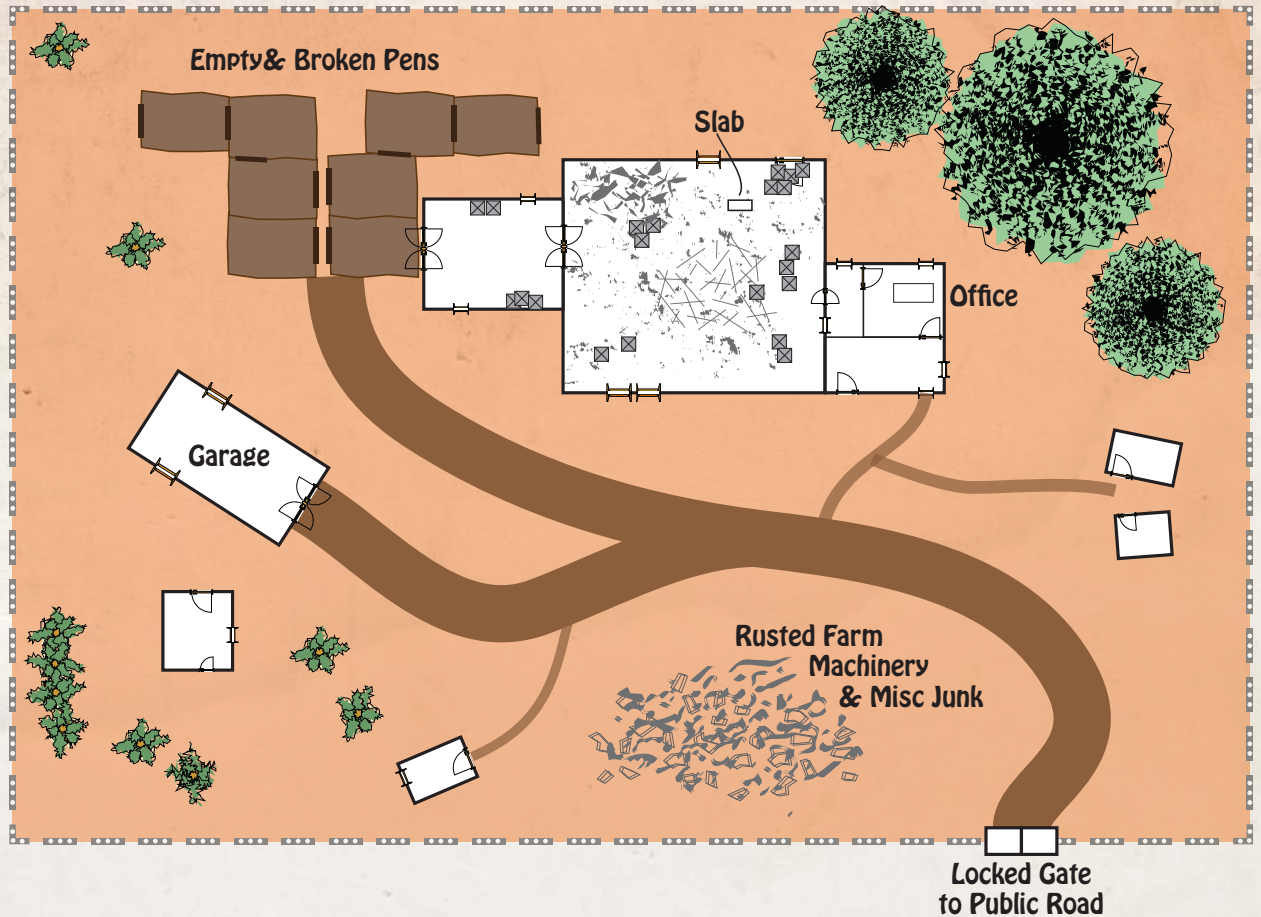
Sanity loss for when the bus pulls up is 1/6 points (there are lots of them). Sanity loss for fighting them is 0/1 each combat round. Sanity loss for fleeing is 1D3/1D10 as the carnage starts behind them (all their fault, after all). If they stayed to take a few shots, and called the police, in other words if they did what they could, Sanity loss is 0/1D6 instead.

The Escape of the Fiend

Once everyone is off the bus, the Fiend drives away. If the Investigators are quick they could pile into a car (or carriage) and give chase, but it’s likely that they’ll have to mow down some zombies to get out. The Fiend drives for half a mile to where the hearse is waiting. It gets in. The undertaker is waiting at the wheel. They drive off. Bus Number B-0309 is left for the Company to reclaim. The upholstery is in need of work, though.

The undertaker drives like a madman (which he is), and three Drive rolls are needed to stay on the tail. The hearse returns to the abattoir. On a Luck roll from the Investigator, a police car joins the chase.

THE ABATOIR



TRACKING DOWN THE FIEND

The Investigators should now be able to find the Fiend. They know that its lair is in the Southern suburbs, presumably on an industrial site; and the combination of the dream and the Ex-Investigator's warning should suggest an abattoir. All they have to do is get out and go looking for it.

The search takes 1D4 hours. Whether the slaughterhouses are operating or not depends on what time they undertake their search. Finally they find one which has CONDEMNED slapped over the business sign. Another sign proclaims SOLD. It is apparently closed up and locked.

The Fiend is waiting for them, of course. It is confident that the toll on their sanity has already been extreme, and feels the satisfaction of a job well done.

As the car pulls up, the Fiend kills the undertaker, and reanimates him so fast he doesn't even know he's dead.

The Abattoir Yard

A leaning wooden fence topped by a coiled wreath of old barbed wire surrounds the yard. A wire gate is padlocked, although a Tracking roll notes recent use.

Looking into the yard, the lot is very dusty - the prodigious red dust. There is one large main cement-and-tin building with a few sagging annexes. There are a few outbuildings, one large enough to take vehicles. Empty pens stretch to the left and around behind the great shed.

Getting through the fence is no great problem. The lesser sheds contain nothing of interest, though the largest one holds the hearse and a delivery van/cart. It is big enough to park a bus in.

Entry into the Main Building

There are three points of entry into the main building, but two are blocked. To the left, enormous double doors give access from the cattle pens, but these are seriously padlocked. A back door looks good, but heavy equipment has been piled up against it. The front door is the way in. It leads into the annex to the right of the building. It is unlocked.

The Office

The front door opens into the office. It is a crude and dusty affair, a sordid room of fading calendars and crooked filing cabinets. A large map of the city is tacked up on the wall. Someone has marked all the graveyards with red crosses. Coloured pins further define the ones that have been raided so far.

Garbed in stiff and crusted black clothing, the undertaker sits at the desk, nonchalantly reading the paper. His eyes are shot through with red. A Psychology roll detects his absolute madness. He inquires politely as to their business. Whatever it is, he thinks they should see the manager. "Walk this way" he invites, and shuffles to the door that opens onto the main building. Blood courses slowly down his legs from inside his trousers, pooling into his shoes and overflowing, leaving red smears as he walks. A Sanity roll for this, 0/1D6. A Spot Hidden confirms that this man does not breathe: he is dead. A Psychology roll hints that he doesn't know it (another Sanity roll for 0/1D3).

Slaughterhouse

The main shed is huge and badly lit. The Investigator recognizes it from their dream, although it is not exactly as they dreamt it. It stinks, abominably (CON x3 to stifle a gag).

It may once have been organized, but now it's in chaos. The more they see of it, the less they like it. Nothing moves in the jumble of meat and equipment. Here are some of the sights:

Great winches for suspending the animals; rusty tools, sledgehammers and axes; a forest of meat-hooks overhead, long lines of them dangling, with the occasional decayed human torso or miscellaneous body part swaying from it; slop buckets with offcuts and entrails; cutting tables smeared with congealed blood and gristle; clouds of black flies; an open mortician's bag from which stained and filthy instruments protrude; bottles and jars of embalming fluids, some tipped over and running together; bonesaws and sawed bones.

Sanity roll for just being in here is 1/1D4.

The Fiend Speaks

As the Investigators move around taking all this in, a voice quietly addresses them from one dark corner. They can stealthily approach, but the voice shows no concern, droning on. It is a rasping whispered voice, familiar to the Investigator from their dreams, but also familiar from somewhere else.

"Welcome to my house. I have often visited yours, as you know. Is it not more peaceful here? A fit place for the dead. That reminds me, Clem, you're done here now. Thanks for everything."

Zombie Statistics

Calculate each zombie's statistics by their original stats, as follows:

STR orig $\times 1\frac{1}{2}$

CON orig $\times 1\frac{1}{2}$

SIZ orig

INT none *, or orig $\times \frac{1}{2}$ **

POW 01

DEX orig $\times \frac{1}{2}$

APP orig -12, -1/each year dead

HP average of new CON + orig SIZ

* Drone zombies have no INT, and do not speak. They growl sometimes.

** Full memory zombies have half of their original INT. They are capable of slow rasping speech. Those with an original INT over 13 are aware that they are back from the dead; those with lower INT are not aware, but know that they feel ill, tired and confused.

Weapons:

any tool, DEX $\times 5\%$, + damage bonus

Claws, DEX $\times 5\%$, 1D4

Bite, DEX $\times 5\%$, 1D2 and hangs on

Notes: Weapons do half damage, impaling weapons do 1 point only.

Depicting the Walking Dead

Zombies are disgusting. They ooze, stagger, lurch, grunt, and drip. Without mind or soul, possessed of demoniacal hunger and incredible strength, only by battering them to pieces can you prevent their hideous assault. There are plenty of zombie films available on video for keeper inspiration.

Suddenly lifeless, the undertaker folds to the floor, the same black blood they saw come from the Ex-Investigator crawling slowly and easily away from him. No Sanity roll for this one; it has a macabre gentleness to it. The voice continues on.

"I'm glad we meet again at last. You killed me once, so I have killed you in turn. We have killed each other. The difference between us is that you are dead in life, and I am alive in death. Come here. Let us be together, for the very last time."

By now they will have moved through the jungle of hooks and equipment, and get their first close glimpse of it.



FACE TO FACE WITH THE FIEND

The Fiend stands easy beside a slab on which lies the Dead Relative. It holds a .45 revolver. (If the investigators open up on it, it fires back. It is far more bulletproof than they.)

This is of course the full realization of who their tormentor is, not to mention its horrific appearance: the wasted body with old wounds still gaping, the leering dead expression of studied hatred and poised madness. Time for that Sanity roll, costing the victimized Investigator 1D6/1D10. Others lose 1/1D8, or 1D4/1D8 if they knew it in life.

The Fiend speaks to the corpse, "Don't just lie there [first name of Dead Relative], say hello to [first name of Investigator]." The Dead Relative slowly sits up. "Hellllloooo dearrrr." This costs others 0/1 (they've seen many dead people by now, and this one is in relatively good shape), but the related Investigator loses 2/1D6.

The Fiend Wins

If the Investigator looks unhinged during this whole encounter, either in despair or anger, the Fiend feels it has achieved victory. It acts calmly.

First it pulls a lever under the table. This causes a murderous flight of hooks suspended high above to fall on the area around it in a twenty foot radius, striking each character for 2D6 damage. Any character who makes a Listen roll hears it coming and may attempt a Dodge. The hooks also smash down on the Dead Relative; headless, it falls back onto the slab. The Fiend then shoots the Investigator in the leg to bring him or her down. It then turns its attention to the others, carefully shooting to kill.

If brought down in the ensuing combat, it is still assured of victory. "As I was then, as I am now, you are dead," it gurgles at the Investigator.

If it wins the fight (and it may; bullets don't harm it, and its massive strength makes wrestling its gun away unlikely) then when the others are all downed, it goes to each one delivering the coup de grace. It then reanimates them all one by one. It walks away, bloody procession in tow, chuckling "See you in hospital." It telephones for an ambulance for the wounded Investigator on the way out. Sanity loss for the sole survivor is 1D6/1D20.

The Fiend's Final Fate

The final fate of the unnaturally resurrected Fiend depends entirely on how well the player characters weather and overcome its crusade of revenge.

If the Investigator goes permanently insane: the Fiend fades into the background. It lurks in the shadows of society and pops in at the asylum from time to time to taunt the victim, subject to Visiting Hours.

If the investigator is killed: a satisfied grin crosses the Fiend's face. The grin cracks, and its jaw drops off. Unable to curse "You tricked me, Nyarlathotep!" because of the lack of a lower jaw, it can do nothing but gurgle in protest and outrage as the black blood floods out of it and into the ether. The Fiend collapses, lifeless once more, as do all of its zombie cohorts.

The Fiend Loses

If the Investigator acts rationally and coolly through this encounter, the Fiend loses its composure. "Break, damn you, break! I have destroyed you, don't you see?" it rages, letting the gun fall, springing at its nemesis, "DON'T YOU SEE?," locking its hands around his or her throat. "Seeee whatttt, dearrrr?" inquires the Dead Relative muzzily.

Without the revolver, having forgotten about the suspended hook trap, and not paying attention to anyone but its quarry, the others should be able to finish it off before it can throttle the Investigator. Its last words are incoherent blustering.

THE END

This scenario has been a long and vicious attrition to health and sanity. Stiff rewards are called for.

Gauge player emotion. If they look wasted, drained and despondent, dejected in their victory and numbed by the overall horror, they gain 1D20 Sanity Points. The Fiend has won. However, the Investigator should regain a minimum of 10 points from the roll, for sheer survival.

If the players look confident, exuberant, flush with victory and ready to strive onwards, they gain 2D20 Sanity Points. The Investigator should get back at least 20 points.

Notwithstanding that, remember that their house has been wrecked, and the police may have them down as suspects in the suburb horror. Moving on to a new town could be part of the healing process. Before they go, reburying their Dead Relative or the Ex-Investigator gains them an extra 1D4 Sanity Points per ceremony.

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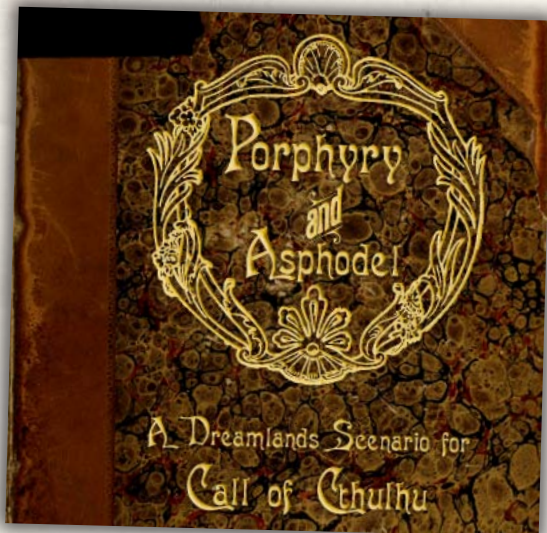
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AN ONLINE RESOURCE FOR RECYCLED CALL OF CTHULHU SCENARIOS & STUFF

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Cthulhu Reborn currently hosts four different custom-designed character sheets for *Call of Cthulhu*, each designed for a different era of play and decorated in a style evocative of that era, whether it be the Art Nouveau of the 1890s, the Art Deco of the 1920s, the classical Romanesque look particular to *Cthulhu Invictus*, or the retro-futuristic look reminiscent of the 1950s "Atomic Age".



Gaslight



1920s



MRP *Cthulhu Invictus*



Atomic Age

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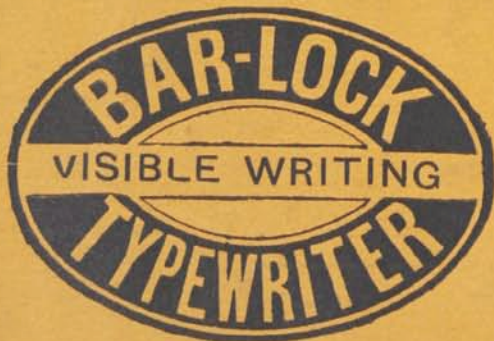
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From THE TIMES, May 26th, 1891.

THE CENTRIC PEN.—We have received from Messrs. John Walker & Co., of Warwick Lane, an assortment of "Centric Pens," which deserve to be mentioned as possessing several advantages over ordinary steel pens. The nib is so inserted into the holder that its point is in a line with the axis of the holder, like the point of a lead pencil—an innovation which certainly facilitates the act of writing. More important is the exceptional flexibility of the nib, which is mainly due to the fact that, except where the metal is curved for the retention of the ink, the nib is flat, and is consequently elastic throughout its whole length. This is an improvement which common sense seems to recommend, as everyone will admit who has to use his pen continuously for any length of time. The Centric Pens, which require a special holder, are made, of course, in every variety of thick and thin points.

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DEADWAVE

PLAYER HANDOUTS



1890s Set

1920s Set

Modern Set



One of the unique features of *DEADWAVE* is that it can be equally-well run in either the default “classic setting” of Call of Cthulhu (1920s), the Cthulhu By Gaslight Setting (1890s England), or a modern setting.

Because the “look-and-feel” of handouts differs markedly between these different time-periods, *DEADWAVE* provides completely different handout sets for each of these three periods. These are located on the following pages. For any given game, you will only need one of them – simply locate the handout page relevant to the time-period of your game and discard the other two pages.



LOCAL UNDERTAKER DISAPPEARS

BODY OF GIRL MISSING

Man Sought by Police

POLICE ARE SEEKING Mr. Clement Baker, a local mortician. Baker (depicted below) was last seen at the funeral parlour of which he is a partner, Baker & Ratchett, on Thursday evening.

AT SIX O'CLOCK P.M. Baker had informed his associate, Stephen Ratchett, that he would be staying behind to prepare the body of a local girl for burial on Friday. Mr. Ratchett reports that working late was by no means an unusual practice, and had been done by both men many times in the past.

HOWEVER, when Mr Ratchett arrived at work at eight o'clock a.m. on Friday morning, he noted that the lights were still on in the building. The company hearse was missing, and the body of the girl was no longer on the premises. Investigations have ascertained that Baker did not return to his lodgings on Thursday night. A number of tools and chemicals are also missing from the Lake Drive funeral parlour.

THE NAME of the dead girl has not been released, to prevent further distress to her family.

POLICE ARE ASKING for anyone who knows the whereabouts of Mr. Baker, or who may have seen the hearse, to come forwards.



Mr. Baker, local undertaker sought by police



Deadwave (Gaslight) Handout:
Newspaper Clipping 1

EXPLOSION ON SOUTHWARK BRIDGE.

OMNIBUS LOST

Driver and Vehicle Both Missing

POLICE WERE NOTIFIED late last night of the apparent disappearance of a town omnibus. Neither 'bus nor driver returned to the depot on the conclusion of the night's service.

THE OMNIBUS was license number B-039, and was on route 19. The driver is Mr. William Marsh. Mr. Marsh was last seen setting down a passenger and collecting one at ten minutes to eleven P.M. at Stop 33 on Long Road; subsequent to this occurrence there has been no sighting.

THE POLICE URGE any citizen who may have seen the omnibus to contact them immediately. Door-to-door enquiries along Long Road and the surrounding district are presently being undertaken.

How The World Wags

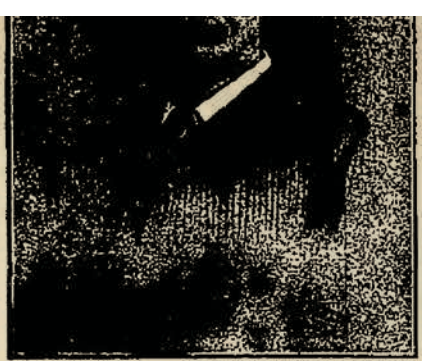
HER MAJESTY, prior to the re-opening of Parli-

Deadwave (Gaslight) Handout:
Newspaper Clipping 2

dep. 10 p.m. arr. 10 a.m. 10 a.m.

Tickets at on the

to be following offices. 23. Hays and manager.



Colonel Sir Edward Bradford, the New Chief Commissioner of Police.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Debenham and Gould, Glen View Studio, Bournemouth.

For the sake of the peace of the Metropolis, it is sincerely to be hoped that the able new Commissioner of Police, Sir Edward Bradford, K.C.S.I., will receive the hearty support of all who are interested in the preservation of good order in London. The capital is a nation in itself. It is of the highest importance that the millions of peace-loving citizens in the metropolitan area should be safeguarded, as they have been hitherto, by a zealous and devoted Police Force, whose reasonable demands for the consideration of their lot, presented with due regard to discipline, will, without doubt, I should think, receive that favourable consideration which they deserve from the powers that be. Colonel Sir Edward Ridley Colbourne Bradford is spoken well of by all who have been associated with him. It is in the prime of life that he succeeds Mr. James Munro, the esteemed Chief Commissioner, whose resignation has been so much regretted. The Indian career of Sir Edward Bradford was traced in these pages last week, so it is only necessary for me to say that he is a son of the Rev. William Bradford, Rector of West Meon, Southampton, that he was a Colonel in the Madras Staff Corps, that he took a serviceable part in the Persian Campaign of '57, and in the military operations which crushed the Indian Mutiny, and subsequently acted as agent for the Governor-General at Rajpootana. Sir Edward Bradford's tact and bonhomie were made known to the Prince of Wales during H.R.H.'s visit to India, and also during the Indian tour of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, to whom Sir

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TORPID LIVER.

Sick Headache.

Small Pill.
Small Dose.
Small Price.
Forty in a Vial.
Sugar Coated.
Purely Vegetable.
Cure Torpid Liver
Without Pain.
Of all Chemists, Is. 11 d.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



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GOLD MEDAL 1891. PATENT BROAD REED.

The Best Musical Instruments for the ParLOUR, the Concert-Room, and the Dancing Party. They have Organ and Celestial Tone and Charming Bell Accompaniments. No home should be without one. The Solemn Psalm, the Soul-stirring Hymn, the Cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance can all be played on these charming instruments.

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[It was from Box H called attention to on BOX HILL-

rough-and-ready way But this is impossible the country would Government that su suffer defeat, if not i the country. This the last few weeks, t very serious thinking in the House on fin committee-headed Scottish lawyer, Mr. Mr. Philip Stanhope and other members of has drawn up prog graduated income tax and a step, at all e breakfast table. T u a very probabic re the Exchequer could on the men who enable him to relie indirect taxes. Yet the worst and most u system, and it shou late Lord Iddesleigh Everybody, for insta ten, a tax which pr exports, to 6d. per pi But a good deal of % even less, so that t is one of 50 per cent gentleman or gentlew for tea is only taxed. Equally unjust is the

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LOCAL UNDERTAKER DISAPPEARS

Body of Girl Missing

Man Sought by Police

Police are seeking Mr Clem Baker, a local mortician. Baker (pictured below) was last seen at the funeral parlour of which he is a partner, Baker & Ratchett, on Thursday evening.

At six p.m. Baker had told his associate, Stephen Ratchett, that he would be staying behind to prepare the body of a local girl for burial on Friday. Mr Ratchett reports that working late was by no means an unusual practice, and had been done by both men many times in the past.

However, when Mr Ratchett arrived at work at eight a.m. on Friday morning, he noted that the lights were still on in the building. The company hearse was missing, and the body of the girl was no longer on the premises. Investigations have ascertained that Baker did not return to his lodgings on Thursday night. A number of tools and chemicals are also missing from the Lake Drive funeral parlour.

The name of the dead girl has not been released, to prevent further distress to her family.

Police are asking for anyone who knows the whereabouts of Baker, or who may have seen the hearse, to come forwards.



Mr Baker, local undertaker sought by police

The H.F. SUHR CO.
"Distinctive Funeral Service"

2919 Mission St. — Phone Mission 98 or 99

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BUS LOST!

Driver & Vehicle Reported Missing

Police were notified late last night of the apparent disappearance of a town bus. Neither bus nor driver returned to the depot on the conclusion of the night's service.

The bus was license number B-039, and was on route 19. The driver is Mr William Marsh. Marsh was last seen setting down a passenger and collecting one at ten minutes to eleven p.m. at Stop 33 on Long Road; since then there has been no sighting.

The police urge any citizen who may have seen the bus to contact them immediately. Door-to-door enquiries along Long Road and the surrounding district are presently being undertaken.

SURPRISE UPSET

busy Broadway.
All for 40c—11 to 2 Daily

Mutual Drug Stores
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are cordially bidden to greet him. Mrs. W. P. Dougherty will assist the members of the Poetry Club in receiving.

Witchcraft Has Important Part In Murder Trial

By MORRIS DE HAVEN TRACY
United Press Staff Correspondent
YORK, Pa., Aug. 3.—The matter of witchcraft broke into the York murder trial today with a rush.

Clayton Hess, son of the Hess family which thought it was bewitched, testified that John Blymyer, who is on trial for the murder of Nelson Rehmeyer, told him they must get a lock of Rehmeyer's hair to lift the spell.

The State objected to the testimony. "You left the door open when you let him mention the matter of a witch yesterday," the court told the district attorney.

Rehmeyer's widow and two daughters again were in the front row of the courtroom and beside the youngest daughter sat the mother of John Curry, 14-year-old boy also under indictment for the Rehmeyer murder.

Blymyer maintained the attitude of an interested but detached spectator as Hess tried to tell how he and Blymyer had met the night of the Rehmeyer murder.

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Trick photography in the movies has become so common that the public has come to believe that almost anything can be accomplished by the camera man, and the most remarkable examples of juggling the films are accepted matter of factly. In the picture "Changing Husbands" that was shown at the Plaza theater not long ago Leatrice Joy played two parts. In many of the scenes she was shown talking to herself and the pictures were so cleverly made that it was not possible to distinguish the line between the two exposures. One side of the film was exposed and then the other. But in one scene where Miss Joy as "Gwynne" was talking to herself as "Eva Graham" she reached across her own body and laid a mirror on a dresser. That was carryin double exposure to the ultimate and one wonders how they did it.

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In a comedy that was shown at the Plaza a man appeared to shrink until he was a real Lilliputian. He then climbed up the leg of a chair, into the seat, and finally up the back of the chair to the top. The chair was many times the size of the man, who did not come to the first run, when he was standing on the floor near the leg up which he climbed. That was some more trick photography that was very clever. There is a lot of this in the modern films and the camera man of today does things that would have been regarded as utterly impossible a few years ago.

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A man never knows what kind of a man will attract a woman. The kind of a man who is admired by men may not appeal to women at all. At least that is the Rambler's observation. What suggested the subject was thought of a man on the Cunard liner Lancastria on which the Rambler went to Europe last summer. This man was the chief purser and to the Rambler he was one of the handsomest men he has ever seen. He was big and clean looking and had clear blue eyes and a way of looking about that impressed one. Yet the women on the boat seemed not to be a bit attracted by him. None of the women passengers seemed to get a bit excited over him; in fact did not take a second look at him unless they had business to transact with him. And several times when the Rambler remarked that the purser was one of the handsomest men he had ever seen the women did not know which one of the crew was referred to. That man would have made a hit in the movies in a sea picture. He is the kind of a man about whom the Rambler, were he a woman, would

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LOCAL UNDERTAKER DISAPPEARS

■ Body of Girl is Missing ■ Police Search Underway

By Stacy Manfred, Staff Reporter

Police are seeking Clem Baker, a local funeral director. Baker (right) was last seen at the funeral parlour of which he is a partner, Baker & Ratchett, on Thursday evening.

At 6 PM Baker had told his associate, Stephen Ratchett, that he would be staying behind to prepare the body of a local girl for burial on Friday. Ratchett reports that working late was not an unusual practice, and had been done by both men many times in the past.

However, when Ratchett arrived at work at 8 AM on Friday, he noticed that the lights were still on in the building. The company hearse was missing, and the body of the girl was nowhere to be found on the premises. Investigations have learned that Baker did not return to his lodgings on Thursday night. A number of tools and chemicals are also missing from the Lake Drive funeral parlour.



WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN Clem Baker and the Lake Drive Funeral Parlor from which he is believed to have disappeared.

The name of the dead girl has not been released, at the family's request.

Police are asking for anyone who knows the whereabouts of Baker, or who may have seen the hearse, to come forwards. ■

Someday, This Funeral Director May Save Your Life

study of 10,071 people

The study followed people from 1986 to 2008 and monitored changes in body mass index (BMI) - a weight/height

In women, marriage increased the risk of a small increase in weight (up to a three point increase in BMI) by 33%. There was a 48% higher risk of large weight gains (more than a three point BMI increase). ■

ONE OF OUR BUSES IS MISSING!

■ Driver & Vehicle Vanish ■ Transit Authority Baffled

By Meredith Stapleton, Crime Reporter

Police have been left scratching their heads after the apparent disappearance of a town bus late last night. Neither bus nor driver returned to the depot on the conclusion of the night's service.

The bus was license number B-039, and was on route 19. The driver is Mr William Marsh. Marsh was last seen setting down a passenger and collecting one at 10:50 PM at Stop 33 on Long Road; since then there have been no sighting of the ill-fated vehicle.

The police urge any citizen who may have seen the bus to contact them immediately by calling the Crimestop hotline. Door-to-door enquiries along Long Road and the surrounding district are presently being undertaken. ■



NEXT STOP NOWHERESVILLE A town bus of the same variety as that which disappeared without a trace last night near Stop 33 on Long Road.

SMOKING REDUCES WEIGHT

(one lung at a time)

CANCER PATIENTS AID ASSOCIATION

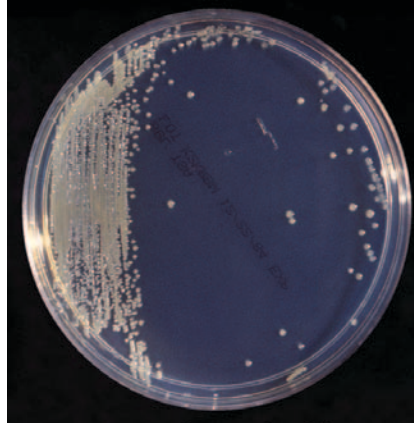
IARI RECALLS INFANT ULA AFTER BABY DEATH

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products — and the
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and is "working with
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of this infant's in-
fection," according
to Perille. The
U.S. government
has reportedly
made no recall of
the product.



Trypticase containing Cronobacter sakazakii bacteria. (source: CDCP)

The Missouri Department of Health and Senior Services has referred the infant formula to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention and the Food and Drug Administration for examination and has advised parents that "powdered infant

Local Under- taker, Body of Girl Missing

PAGE 2

Four dead as gunmen attack ambulance

PAGE 5

Study: Fish reduces Alzheimer's disease risk

PAGE 6

individuals murdered twelve people in the Adelaide area.

To this day the crimes remain the worst serial killings in Australian history and Kurzel's film reflects a deeply unsettling portrait of a group of almost universally reprehensible characters.

Sixteen year-old Jamie Vlassakis (Lucas Pittaway) lives with his mother and two younger brothers in a deprived Adelaide suburb. Regularly subjected to abuse at the hands of a local child molester, their lives improve when their mother begins a relationship with John Bunting (Daniel Henshall), an outspoken bigot who believes that people should take the law in to their own hands when it comes to dealing with sex offenders.

Bunting appears to offer a solution to the family's problems and Jamie is immediately drawn to his sense of conviction as he goes about delivering his own form of tough justice. Over time, however, Jamie witnesses an even darker side to Bunting's twisted worldview, and before long he is inescapably drawn into a malicious world of bigotry, self-righteousness and murder.

From the outset, Snowtown offers little in the way of a reprieve from its bleak outlook. The bloodletting is minimal throughout and, rightly, Kurzel doesn't seek to revel in violence. But the film's ominous tone and, in particular, the looming threat of violence are unremitting, building to a disturbing climax that makes for extremely distressing viewing.

Whilst performances are strong throughout – Henshall in particular delivers one of the most chilling performances of the

The end result is a film that lands itself in a moral grey area, comprised of characters that can only really be defined as perpetrators and victims. Kurzel's intention is to depict the events that took place rather than offer judgement but he treads a dangerous line between explaining Vlassakis' involvement and, to an extent, vindicating him for it.

SUMMARY: Australia's worst serial killings realised on film. A perpetually ominous tone with prolonged scenes of torture. Thought provoking, but leeringly nasty and deeply unsettling. This is one that will linger with you for days.

★★★ 3 Stars

Paul Weedon (littlewhitelies.co.uk)



Independent Australian Film, Snowtown, causing a stir at Film Festivals and DVD Sites world-wide Available now from Amazon.com, ArthouseFlix.com, dvd.co.uk and madman.com.au

THE DEADWAVE IS COMING!



THE DEADWAVE IS COMING!



THE DEADWAVE IS COMING!



Somebody is back from the grave.

Somebody bad.

Somebody who was killed with good reason.

Somebody who should have stayed dead.

Somebody who didn't.

Somebody who wants to get even.

Somebody bad.

Somebody with a terrible plan – The Deadwave.



Deadwave is a classic *Call of Cthulhu* scenario of zombie-fuelled revenge from beyond the grave. Designed to be woven into the fabric of an ongoing campaign, it offers a detailed yet flexible template from which a Keeper can easily create a customised, deadly adventure.

This time, it's not in some terrible Mansion of Madness that the horror will be found . . . it will come for the Investigators in their own homes!

Deadwave can be run in any of the three major *Call of Cthulhu* eras — classic 1920s, Gaslight-era London, or modern day. Separate hand-out sets are provided for each, capturing the look-and-feel of the era.

Somebody is back from the grave ... with a dark plan for revenge.

A CTHULHU REBORN PUBLICATION

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