

FOR
**Call of
Cthulhu**
1920s

FATAL

EXPERIMENT'S



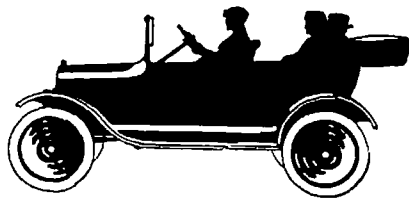
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*Three
Investigations
into the Sinister
and Macabre*



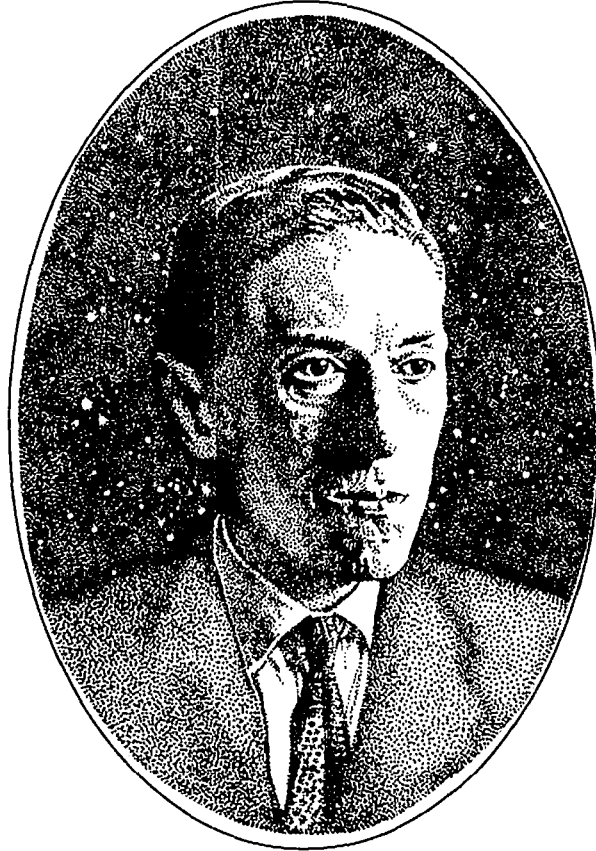
CHAOSIUM INC.

Gibbons



Fatal Experiments

Three Investigations into the Sinister and the Macabre



Howard Phillips Lovecraft
1890-1937

H.P. Lovecraft Centenary
1890-1990

FATAL

EXPERIMENTS

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Mr. Ken Pick created the original versions of the maps and plans for "Lurker In The Crypt."

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“We tirelessly debate and distinguish between the experienced investigator and the inexperienced, the learned and the unlearned, the stern and the sympathetic, the cunning and the naive, the ruthless and the civilized. But human advantage in this great struggle begins with persistence and courage.”

—E. C. Fallworth, THE UNIVERSITY LECTURES.

New & Old Weapons for Call of Cthulhu

Concerning obsolete firearms, inhumane ammunition, custom guns, and pawnshop curiosities—attic or machine-shop tools useful and tempting for foolish or desperate investigators, and their friends.

The firearms in this article are presented as 1920s artifacts likely to have been inherited or to have been found in second-hand stores, as examples of entire classes of obsolete weapons, or as intrinsically interesting exotic weapons. Some readers may be surprised at the damage an obsolete gun can wreak—that old hermit out by the swamp may not be so defenseless as he seems!

Keepers setting or expanding scenarios in poor areas or in areas of the world less wealthy than the United States of that era, or who are arming cultists who have carelessly ignored current advances in firearms also may find these notes useful.

Illustrations of and additional comments concerning many of the weapons in this article can be found on the fold-out pages nearby.

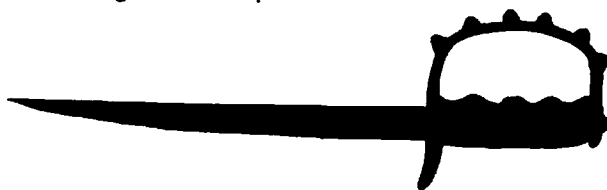
Firearms have received centuries of attention by engineers, scientists, craftsmen, and hobbyists, but no other technology proves so uncertain in benefit when applied to the creatures and entities of the Cthulhu Mythos. These death-dealing devices prove to be useful tools, like telescopes or automobiles, but not more decisive: the monsters take bullet, blast, and impale, and keep coming.

Given the promise and frustration inherent to *Call of Cthulhu* firearms, only the keeper may admit a new weapon into his or her game. The data in this article is offered as reasonable, but the keeper should modify it as desired: some keepers will not want to introduce any weapon capable of extraordinary damage, fearing player use of them will somehow control the game; others may consider it a moral lesson of the game that hyperphysical problems not

be solvable by mundane force, and so gleefully admit such devices, casually exhibiting the impracticality of weapons in the ensuing battle of wits; still others may discourage enthusiasm about mundane weapons as tedious and diversionary, since it is often true that only in encounters which the investigators should not have provoked do firearms prove decisive; others yet may see any re-evaluation or extension of firearm damages as undesirable, even though herein new weapons are added, not old ones changed.

Nonetheless, all of the weapons in this article were actually crafted and sold, and sometimes used. History should be understood, not evaded. Some keepers may want to encourage players to maintain judgement and use that which is best-suited to the situation, which occasionally means guns.

Additional firearms information can be found in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules in the game-system chapter and in the sourcebook section. See also *Cthulhu Now*, which contains an admirable chapter on 1990s-era weapons, a discussion useful in many ways to keepers presenting earlier epochs of the game. *Gaslight*, another Chaosium publication, contains a few additional general firearms statistics. The *Gun Digest* and *Shooter's Bible* annuals offer a wealth of data stimulating to most keepers.



Trench Knife, WWI

Black Powder Weapons

This section distinguishes two types of black powder firearm, the muzzle-loader and the breech-loader. Literally thousands of different hand and shoulder arms were made during some four centuries of experimentation; all comments must be read as necessarily general.

In the 1920s, many families still owned relic black-powder firearms of one or both types. Whether or not individual investigators are lucky enough to inherit or have access to such weapons (the year 1920 is only 55 years after the conclusion of the American Civil War), they could be purchased for a few to many dollars, depending on quality, individual condition, the presence of fancy chasework, and so forth.

An investigator with no other gun at hand, perhaps due to police confiscation, might find a black powder weapon to be his or her last resort. And an investigator who wished a very large caliber weapon for some special purpose might find a made-to-order black powder weapon his or her cheapest and quickest option.

Most guns presented in this article were made in the 19th century, and most of those in the second half of the century. In the 1880s, Colt and Winchester displaced the private gunsmith in the United States as metal cartridges became mass-produced. Until then, some guns were mass-produced but many were custom-made by local gunsmiths for individual customers. The speed and ease of guns firing metal cartridges with cordite charges crowded out black powder weapons almost overnight, and caused most gun-

smiths to switch from making guns to servicing the new mass-produced weapons.

Some continued to craft firearms, of course, and hunters today take pride in their reloads—especially shotgun reloads—made to individual standards.

As late as 1897, Sears Roebuck offered in its general catalog a shotgun version of the Springfield musket as well as two other muzzle-loading shotguns; there are also powder flasks. Pages of cartridge-style reloading equipment appear in the same book.

Black Powder Gun, a new skill

Allows a character to maintain, load, and accurately fire black powder weapons. This skill refers entirely to personal guns which require or allow gunpowder to be poured in by hand. Such guns do not fire the metal-clad cartridges familiar to 1920s characters, and may or may not accept paper cartridges filled with gunpowder. (Originally, paper cartridges—such as which contributed to the Sepoy Mutiny in India—were bitten open and the powder poured in.)

Generally each barrel of such guns provides a single shot, which having been fired must be carefully reloaded in procedures related in the next sub-section. Special technique and understanding are needed to load and fire such weapons. For the sake of simplicity, use the same skill for horse pistols, muskets, and shotguns, whether muzzle- or breech-loading.

Base chance for the skill in the 1920s is 5%, presumably reflecting the lore of fathers and grandfathers which the investigator remembers. A character born in later times would have to start from zero. Increases in this skill come only from use.

Allow an experienced black powder user to reload, aim, and fire every third round; penalize novices with an-

Definitions

CALIBER: in the United States, the nominal diameter of the projectile or barrel rifling as expressed in hundredths of an inch. Nations using the metric system express caliber in millimeters. Caliber is sometimes used as a rule-of-thumb indicator of relative stopping power, but amount and kind of charge, velocity, and chamber and bullet design also contribute vitally to the relationship.

GAUGE: the gauge of a shotgun indicates what proportion of a pound of lead the weapon is designed to fire. A 16-gauge shotgun fires 1/16th, or 1 ounce, of a pound of lead; a 20-gauge shotgun is designed to fire 1/20th of a pound. Lighter shot takes a lighter charge, so the recoils from shotguns lessen as their gauge numbers increase.

BLACK POWDER: or gunpowder, little changed in explosive speed and tell-tale smoke since the Middle Ages. In the 19th century and before, black powder was sometimes poured directly into some guns, though as time passed loading was more

frequently performed by using a variety of paper cartridges for muzzle-loaders and paper or paper and brass cartridges for breech-loaders.

SMOKELESS POWDER: originally formed from equal parts of nitrocellulose and nitroglycerine, forming a mostly smokeless propellant which burned at somewhat slower rates and much more completely than black powder, increasing muzzle velocity over even the most carefully prepared black powder. Sometimes called *cordite*, because it was prepared in a long cord which was then cut to shell length.

CARTRIDGE: a paper or brass cylinder containing gunpowder, or gunpowder, percussion cap or equivalent, and bullet. Using cartridges, precise amounts of gunpowder could be loaded quickly, allowing more accuracy where it might be called for, and (in battle) more massed volleys per minute. By the time of the American Civil War, cartridges permitted use of 'magazines' and 'clips' for massive increases in rates of fire. Powder, bullet, and any casing constitute a 'round.'

About Black Powder

Black powder is clearly not as effective a propellant as smokeless powder (cordite) on a per-weight basis, but for small arms it still achieved useful muzzle velocities with large cartridges into the late 1800s. Such modern small-arms designs as revolvers, single-shot and magazine-fed breech-loading or bolt-action rifles, and of course heavy weapons such as elephant guns and shotguns all initially seem to have used black powder, and continued to do so until something very much better arrived.

That improvement was cordite, the transition to which took place in the 1880s and later. Rigby, the British manufacturer of the .450 Express cartridge, went from black powder to cordite only in 1897; when the firm did, it was able to increase bullet weight and greatly increase muzzle velocity of the round at the same time! Recoil probably did not severely increase, since cordite recoil is supposedly slightly less than black powder, due to a less instantaneous explosive effect.

The nominal ratio of velocity achieved per weight of material is 1.5:1 or better in favor of cordite over black powder; cordite burns more slowly and more completely than black powder, creating more expanding gas and better projectile velocity since it accelerates the bullet longer.

For blowing up things (rocks, houses, bridges), black powder may be superior to cordite, since it does its work faster and thus more violently. Again, the difference is between an *explosive* and a *propellant*. (On the other hand, as an explosive black powder is greatly inferior to nitroglycerin.)

Starting in the 1860s, black powder was usually prepared in grain form, a technique called *corning*, which promoted slower and more complete burning. Thus late 1800s black powder differs from that raw black powder used in Napoleonic or earlier eras. Raw black powder is what one sees in a firework. Investigators who steal fireworks or who mix up a batch of gunpowder in an emergency would get a bad-quality powder, possibly unusable in late-1800s black powder weapons.

A note about smoke: black powder smoke is an interesting but minor problem—a single shot from a Civil War era rifle would produce a cloud of smoke about four feet in diameter in still or light-wind conditions. Only the repeated massed-volleys of troops in battle would produce eclipsing smoke. Interestingly, even in WWII there were noticeable differences in the amount of smoke produced by smokeless powders, to the dismay of Allied snipers.

other round or two of delay. It is true that veteran soldiers volleying on the field of battle could load and fire four or five times a minute, but in firing they took no time to aim at a particular target, being drilled for volume of fire, not accuracy.

THREE OPTIONS

LOAD-ONLY VERSION: in treating the rule, keepers may legitimately ask for a Black Powder skill roll in order that the weapon be loaded and primed, then allow the character's normal appropriate skill roll (rifle, handgun, shotgun) in order to aim and fire the weapon. Examine the problem, then choose the solution you prefer.

BAD CONDITIONS: consider reducing the success chance for Black Powder during wet or windy weather, or in dim lighting. How much depends on the conditions you depict, and on the character's skill with Black Powder. Halved percentiles of skill represents a convenient level of reduction.

CHARACTERIZING A FAILED BP ROLL: upon a failed Black Powder roll, roll 1D10 to explain the result:

- **1 - 7**, the character missed the target.
- **8**, the gun mysteriously doesn't fire, and the weapon must be unloaded and reloaded.
- **9**, with a *HANGFIRE* the weapon does not immediately fire but goes off 1D10 DEX ranks later—if the character decides to clear the round, call for a luck roll: with a failure, the character takes 1D3 points damage from flash or blast, and with a result of 00 is caught staring down the muzzle when the gun goes off.
- **10**, either [] *UNDERLOAD*, too little powder was put in—the ball bounces off the target or the gun makes a *pffff!*

sound and the ball rolls out of the barrel and drops to the ground; or [] *OVERLOAD*, too much powder was put in—with a *successful luck roll*, the player gets a bruised shoulder or is knocked backwards, but the overloaded shot causes 1D3 or so more damage or travels further. With a *failed luck roll*, the gun blows up, is ruined, and the shooter loses 1D10 hit points. The loss of an eye, or of fingers, or a nose may be a suitable characterization. With more powerful guns, death or serious injury could result at the keeper's option.

The amount and location of actual damage should depend on the weapon being fired, and the firing position. Try to see the situation from the character's point of view.

Muzzle Loaders

This sort of weapon is best loaded at home, then taken afield. To load requires gun powder, bullet molds, lead, perhaps greased cartridge paper and cloth, shot, percussion caps (which might be hard to get or might be an expensive specialty item), a crucible in which to melt the lead, etc.: depending on quantity, quality, and luck, an investigator can accumulate a complete black powder rig for 1D6 x 10 1920s dollars.

To load a rifle, first pour in the right amount of powder or insert a paper cartridge which contains a pre-measured amount of gunpowder. Put the bullet into a patch of greased cloth, which helps lubricate the barrel and keep it clean. Then use a ramrod to push the bullet and patch all the way down to the powder. Hold the gun horizontally and pull back the hammer. Finally, fit the metal percussion cap onto the firing port or pour priming powder into the flash-pan of flintlocks. The rifle is ready to fire.

To load a shotgun, the routine is the same, except that wadding goes in after the shot, to hold it securely. Remem-

ber that each barrel of a double-barreled shotgun must be reloaded—add two extra rounds for the second barrel.

Handle similarly pistols which fire one shot per barrel, charging two extra rounds to load each additional barrel.

Treat differently pistols with revolving chambers. For these, assume that reloading takes two rounds, plus an additional round for each bullet to be loaded, plus a final round to close the gun and prepare to fire. Thus loading one chamber takes four rounds, loading two chambers takes five rounds, loading three chambers takes six, and so on.

These weapons are not air-tight, as are many pistols today, and are very susceptible to moisture. The powder itself tended to absorb and retain humidity, so investigators should store gunpowder in air-tight containers.

Breech Loaders

Muzzle-loaders rarely will be encountered in *Call of Cthulhu* games; by the end of the Civil War they mostly were replaced by breech-loading weapons treatable more like modern firearms. They do not require the Black Powder skill to load and fire. The British film *Zulu* offers graphic testimony to the use and effect of the .45 Martini-Henry rifle, a breech-loader.

A breech-loaded weapon uses a paper cartridge—bullet and a pre-measured powder charge are wrapped in what amounts to tissue paper. To load, break open the gun, put the paper package inside, bullet facing the barrel. Close the breech. As the breech closes, it automatically cuts off the end of the paper wrapper, exposing the powder. Cock the trigger, fit on the percussion cap if it's not already in the cartridge, and fire.

In game terms, treat a breech-loader much like a break-open shotgun, except that the paper cartridges are more susceptible to moisture or breakage. Use normal game rates of fire for these weapons. As an option, a keeper might impose a penalty of 5 DEX ranks to account for proper placement of the cap.

Derringers & Derringers

In the mid-1800s, poor Henry Deringer invented and built the first of what was to become a new class of firearm, the tiny pistol that bore his name.

Unfortunately, Deringer never patented his novel design, and copycat

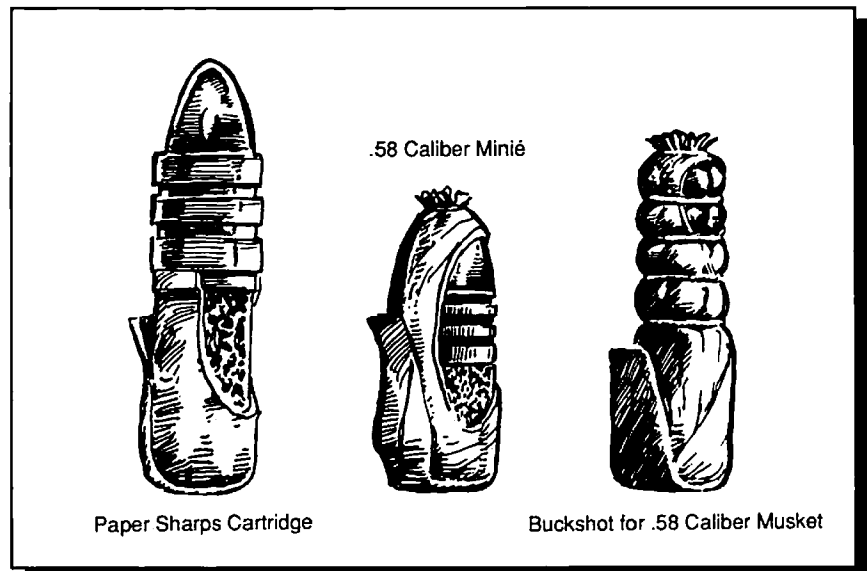
manufacturers freely imitated his work. The imitators, needing to distinguish their wares from his, simply spelled the name on the gun with a double R, and sold their work as his.

So many models and variants were subsequently made that it would be folly to list them. They share general characteristics:

- all are very small, since their purpose is to act as easily-concealed and easily-transported self-defense weapons;
- all have short barrels, and hence very short effective ranges—“across a card table” was usually good enough;
- though a derringer can be made for any caliber of bullet, and derringers exist which fired .45 ammunition or shotgun loads, the necessary smallness of the weapon argues for smaller rather than larger calibers;
- most had one chamber and one trigger per barrel, but there might be up to four barrels, all of which could fire at once, or might fire in succession, or in pairs of barrels, as the maker provided;
- all were cheap to buy, perhaps \$5-\$20 dollars for a sturdy, two-barreled model.

These simple guns rarely failed from other than dud rounds. One could hide such a pistol in boot, or wallet, or sock, or purse, or hat, or bodice. In the heavier calibers or fitted with several barrels, such a weapon could have reliable stopping power.

They continued to be made in the 1920s, and can be purchased today in the United States. In later periods permits for these eminently concealable weapons may or may not be easy to obtain from local authorities. In a major city, getting such a permit would be very difficult after World War II.



Before Metal Cased Cartridges

Heavy Shotguns

In the United States, modern shotguns get no heavier than 10-gauge because Congress, aiming to preserve wildlife and game, banned their use for hunting in 1898. Before then, gigantic shotguns down to 2-gauge (eight ounces of shot!) were manufactured.

Though one might still make them today, the only use of such awesome weapons was for “market hunting,” a practice which was then threatening much of American wildlife. Hunters had taken to killing certain animals, notably water and other fowl, *en masse*, and selling the meat to restaurants. The passenger pigeon was wiped out in this way; had it not been stopped, it is likely that ducks (a fashionable food item) would have been threatened with extinction.

The most common way to hunt ducks and geese for market killing was with extremely large shotguns mounted onto small boats known as punts—hence the term *punt gun*. These boats rode very low in the water, for better concealment, and remind the viewer of sculls or kayaks. Two men usually worked a boat together, both rowing out, and then one manning the gun while the other maneuvered to keep the weapon aligned along the bow. After creeping up on a settled flock, the hunters might fire while the targets were in the water, or perhaps make a noise to catch the birds as they lifted, since lifting fowl offered a more concentric target, wasting less of the shot than shooting them afloat in the water.

Given less pollution and more wetlands then, a flock might be very large. In one famous example, one which goaded Congress to action, a market killer claimed to have killed or incapacitated 138 ducks with one blast from a 2-gauge punt gun.

All of these larger shotguns were break-open guns; the 2-gauge punt gun apparently was always made as a single-barrel, single-shot weapon. Using a load of shot, its wide field of fire makes it impractical to investigators for anything but massed combat.

Though the 8-gauge shotgun was a shoulder weapon, the 4-gauge shotgun is heavy enough to require recoil rules: pit the shooter’s SIZ against the gun’s recoil of 15 per barrel on the resistance table. Success, and the shooter gets a bruise or a sore shoulder, but nothing more. Failure, and the keeper chooses from a variety of options: drops the weapon, is knocked down, loses 1D3 hit points with a sprained shoulder, or loses 3 or more hit points in fracturing a hand, wrist, or collarbone.

Hand-held firing of a 2-gauge gun—nearly the size of a small cannon—would be pure folly; the resistance table recoil is 25, knock-down is automatic, and the hit point penalties for failure increase to 1D6+1 and 6, respectively.

Heavy-gauge shotguns can still be manufactured by special order, or perhaps found as curiosities in gun shops or other private collections. Ordered from some fictitious overseas gunsmith or concern, the keeper would be within his or her rights to raise eyebrows at Customs—or perhaps from the FBI late in the 1920s, when gun control begins to be a Federal concern.

Heavy Shotgun Ammunition

Heavy-gauge ammunition would be hard to get in the United States. While it is not illegal to possess it in the 1920s, U.S. firms had not manufactured it for decades, since Congress outlawed its use in hunting. Investigators would need to obtain and load their own shells. The brass bases might come from antique dealers, or be machined by a local gunsmith—primers could be standard. Alternately, such shells continued to be manufactured by the British and could be special-ordered.

Slugs would need molds made specially. A 2-gauge shotgun barrel is reputedly wide enough that a 50-cent piece can be dropped down it without touching the sides. A slug for such a weapon would resemble a hen’s egg.

Unusual Weapons

Inventors, smiths, and tinkerers were not content merely to make larger- and smaller-than-normal guns.

For centuries, gentlemen sought to extend lifespans by having smiths conceal single-shot weapons within canes, pipes, belt buckles, clasp knives, buggy whips—any appropriately-sized object likely to be at hand when danger threatened. A 1920s gunsmith could do the same.

A black powder weapon not discarded until the 19th century, the duck’s foot pistol featured multiple, muzzle-loaded barrels spread fan-shaped for a wide field of fire. When the trigger was pulled, all the barrels fired as one, creating havoc for a few seconds.

In place of a momentary cascade of bullets, the later pepperbox revolver substituted the ability to sustain fire. These pistols rotated muzzle-loaded barrels rather than placing the rounds in a cylinder which rotated to a single barrel. To keep down weight, the pepperbox’s barrels were short. Most were four- or five-shot models, but no upper limit to the number of barrels existed except the pleasure of the maker—one version had 24 barrels arranged in inner and outer circles, and that one is shown in the illustration foldouts. Though the shooter had to move each barrel into position to fire, this weapon could still dominate any room or enclosed area.

The LeMát revolver, designed in the United States and mostly known here as a Confederate officer sidearm, of-

ferred an interesting combination of sustained fire and momentary blast. A black powder weapon, the LeMât featured a .44-caliber barrel fed by a 9-cartridge cylinder. Below the .44 barrel was mounted a single-shot .65 shotgun (about equivalent to a 20-gauge) with a barrel less than five inches long—very effective at point-blank range. Fewer than 3,000 were ever made, and its association with the Confederacy insures its value as memorabilia even in the unsentimental 1920s. Manual adjustment to the weapon was necessary to change from one mode of fire to the weapon.

Taking advantage of perfected metal cartridge technology, in the early 1890s Minneapolis Firearms and other companies sold thousands of the “protector-squeezer-type palm-pistol,” a gun held in the palm with the fingers wrapped around it. The short barrel protruded between the third and fourth digits, and the gun fired by squeezing. Its purpose was identical to a deringer’s. Using such a gun would be painful.

Many multiple-attack guns have been created over the centuries. The United States Navy once issued a combination single-shot pistol and short cutlass as a boarding weapon. Some later guns included a set of brass knuckles built into the handle and trigger-guard. The .22 knuckleduster listed in the weapons stats was apparently fired by inserting the middle finger through the finger hole, cradling the cylinder housing between thumb and forefinger, and firing by squeezing the firing button with the forefinger. Employed as brass knuckles, the user might need a luck roll to escape a broken middle finger, but perhaps it felt worse to be on the receiving end.

In World War One, the military developed a combat version of the Winchester 97 shotgun. It was a pump-action 12-gauge weapon with a shorter, but not sawn off, barrel. It had a very high rate of fire: the user could depress the trigger, pump the gun, and it would fire and clear as quickly

A Note About Laws

In 1934, Congress passed the National Firearms Act, which required sales registration of fully-automatic weapons such as the Thompson submachine gun, and banned the production of pistols that used shotgun ammunition, as well as sawed-off shotguns. The Federal Firearms Act of 1938 closed loopholes concerning unlicensed gun dealers, the shipment of weapons across state lines, and more.

These are federal acts, whose rulings supersede those of states, counties, and municipalities. Before 1934, many jurisdictions had undertaken their own gun control laws, prescribing lawful weapons, the legality of their concealment, and the legal terms of their use. Lacking any reasonable way for the keeper to know historical particulars of such jurisdiction, he or she should create the rulings. The investigators are still free to ask what laws obtain in particular locality.

as it was pumped. It is said that the gun was so effective that the German army imposed an immediate death sentence on any enemy soldier caught with one. Once known about, this is the sort of man-stopper that might prompt arrest or surveillance by any local police force.

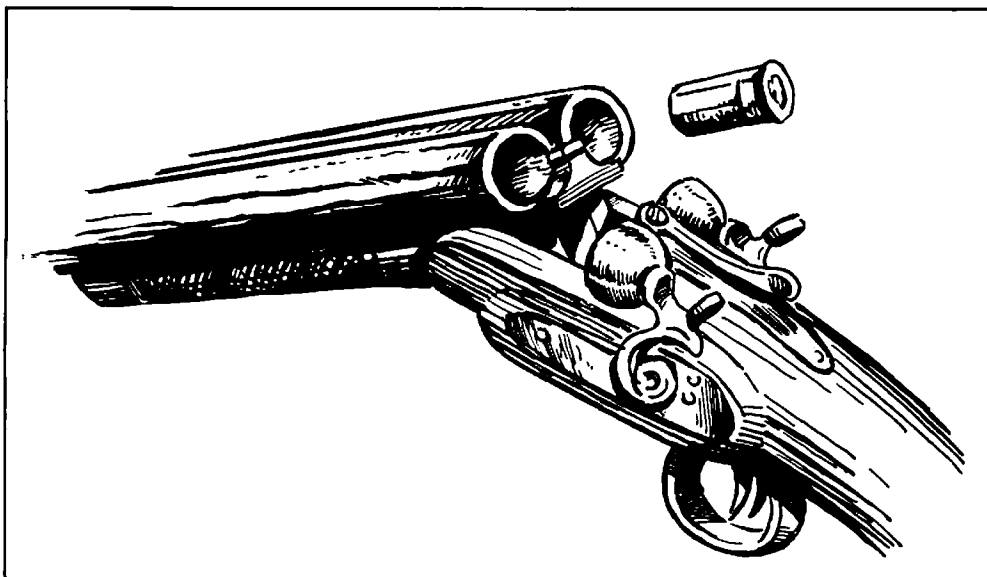
Later (see the nearby box), shotgun pistols were banned as dangerous, since poorly-made ones readily exploded, and because they made such effective and concealable murder weapons. The problem of concealment also explains why sawed-off shotguns were made illegal.

The shotgun pistol example provided in the weapons table is the Remington signal pistol. Remington made a special 10-gauge shotgun-type flare round for it, but this break-open weapon also could fire any 10-gauge shotgun shell, a useful capability in threatening circumstances.

The flare pistol, as could any Great War weapon, might be purchased overseas as surplus, or might be surreptitiously brought back as a souvenir by the investigator or by a relative or friend. Unexploded hand grenades and artillery shells also are popular and dangerous mementoes.

Drillings

A drilling is a personalized hunting weapon perhaps more popular in previous eras than in the 1920s, and rarely encountered today. The idea was most common in England, where no hunting seasons existed on the private estates of the gentry. Frequently a combination of rifle and shot-



How a break-open shotgun loads.

gun barrels, the drillings considered here would be of at least three barrels, all custom-made to the purchaser's specifications: the pheasant hunter could drop a fine fox or deer if the chance suddenly arose.

A common style of drilling had a rifle barrel in the center, flanked by a shotgun barrel on either side. The example given in the weapons statistics is of a power more suited to large game than might be common in the 1920s of the United States. But any arrangement of gauges and calibers could be machined.

The more barrels, the more weight. Such drillings were usually break-open reloaders, in the manner of double-barreled shotguns. The arrangement of riflings, calibers, and such was at the option of the purchaser. In the 1920s, a two-barrel drilling might be commissioned for a hundred dollars and up, depending on what the customer wanted, and for what the gunsmith was willing to work; a three-barreled drilling might cost twice as much.

Some drillings, likely all shotgun barrels, were four-barreled. Four-barrel drillings were rarer and more expensive—very high-quality work might drift toward a thousand dollars even in the 1920s. The idea of a four-barreled 10-gauge volley at point-blank range ought to frighten even the bravest deep one.

Over-under break-open varmint guns—hunting rifles typically made with a long-rifle .22 barrel on top and a separate .410 or 20-gauge shotgun barrel beneath—are still sold in the 1990s. Though there are plenty of police and military guns, and plenty of reason for them, varmint guns represent the only firearms which have a direct economic function in the United States. Everything else is sport or fantasy.

Unusual Ammunition

THE DRAGON'S-BREATH ROUND

I have only a verbal source about this round, though a collector has since corroborated its existence. If you were at Archon 13, and talked to a large, brown-haired person with a Van Dyke beard about this rare round, you have my gratitude.

Between WWI and WWII, the dragon's-breath round was apparently used by police somewhere in Middle or Eastern Europe. Shotguns were a favorite weapon to use against crowds then, because they were effective and cheap (this is long before superpowers handed out assault rifles like candy). To one local despot, even the deadliness of normal shotgun rounds was insufficient.

Put simply, a dragon's-breath round is an ordinary shotgun shell with the shot removed, replaced with powdered thermite. The result is a cross between a shotgun and a flamethrower.

The round may have been made in several different gauges. We can assume 10-gauge was among them, be-

cause that gauge was largest of the cheaply-manufactured shotguns, and therefore held the most thermite the most cost-effectively.

All kinds of conditions cause thermite to ignite, including heat, sparks, and moisture. Ignited, this stuff is incredibly hot and unquenchable; at rest, thermite is potentially lethal. Do not buy thermite. Do not try to build such a shell.

In game terms, to assemble such a shell a character would need to have a shotgun skill of some amount (say 30%, or at the keeper's option), access to normal reloading supplies and to thermite, and receive a successful Chemistry roll and a successful Mechanical Repair roll. Failure of either roll causes 1D4 hit points of burn damage to the artificer.

When fired, the round emits a conical blast of ignited thermite powder, doing 6D6 hit points of damage at base range (ignore the point-blank rule for this sort of round). It causes great surface damage but little penetration. Any sane person must receive a Sanity roll (0/1D6 SAN) if he or she uses such a round on another person, since the result is immediate and terrifying, like the effects of napalm—massive burns, eyelids seared off, blinding, lips burned away, lungs damaged from inhalation, mutilation, and scarring. The burns will be intolerably painful; seared survivors may be able to flee but unable to take subsequent action. Investigators hit from the front by such fire might or might not be allowed rolls to avoid permanent disfigurement or blindness.

The dragon's-breath round had a range of from 20 to 60 feet under the best of conditions. Its fire could be blown to one side, or even blown back by a head-wind, or splashed-back by a nearby wall.

Since the effect is momentary, it chars walls or sets them afire, but the blast does not penetrate walls or even a material like thickish leather. Its effects would be powerful against zombies, but almost no help against creatures with armor—indeed, keepers might want to employ a 2x or 3x multiplier in favor of armored creatures hit by such a round.

The high temperature and soot from thermite discharges rapidly ruins any shotgun. Since the heat is so extreme, firing consecutive thermite rounds from the same barrel greatly increases the chance of an unforeseen explosion. For the second and further shots from the same barrel in the same spate of combat, the chance for the round to ignite when placed in the chamber is 20%, accumulating 20-percentile increases each additional round fired. It will take several minutes for such a shotgun to cool enough to make this rule inapplicable. This should ruin the gun for normal fire.

If a dragon's-breath round goes off in the barrel, the firer may suffer only burned hands, but the gun is melted. An investigator dumb enough to use such rounds in a

Selected Weapons for Cthulhu

firearm	shots per round	damage per hit	base range in feet	ammo	nom. 1920s \$ cost gun / round	malfunction number
Muzzle Loaders						
Duck's Foot Pistol, 18th C.	(7)*	1D6+1	10	7	VR/.03	BPR
Flintlock Pistol, 18th C.	single-shot	1D6+1	10	1	R/.03	BPR
.75 "Brown Bess" Rifle, 18th C.	single-shot	1D8+4	40	1	R/.03	BPR
4-B Pepperbox Pistol, ca. 1850	1/2	1D10+4	15	4	VR/.03	BPR
.36 Colt Navy Pattern Rev., ca. 1851	1/2	1D8	15	6	VR/.03	BPR
.44 Colt Navy Pattern Rev., ca. 1851	1/2	1D10+1	15	6	VR/.03	BPR
.50 Beaumont-Adams Rev., ca. 1855	1	1D10+3	10	6	VR/.03	BPR
2-B Generic Shotgun, shot, ca. 1855	1 or 2	2D6/1D6/1D3	10/20/40	2	20/.03	BPR
• 2-B Generic Shotgun, slug,	1 or 2	1D10+3	30	2	10/.03	BPR
.58 Springfield Rifle, ca. 1863	single-shot	1D10+4	60	1	25/.03	BPR
Breech Loaders						
.40 Derringer Pistol, ca. 1850	1 or 2	1D10	3	2	20/cc	00
Colt .45 Revolver, 1860	1	1D10+2	15	6	R/cc	99
LeMât .42 Revolver, ca. 1861	1	1D10+1	12	9	VR/cc	99
• LeMât 16-gauge, shot	1	3D6/1D6/1D3	3/5/10	1	— /cc	99
.52 Spencer Carbine, ca. 1863	1/2	1D10+3	60	7	R/cc	99
.52 Sharps Rifle, ca. 1863	1/4	1D10+3	60	1	R/cc	99
.45 Martini-Henri Rifle, 1871	1/3	1D8+1D6+3	80	1	40/cc	00
Colt .45 Revolver, 1873	1	1D10+2	15	6	20/cc	99
Heavy Shotguns						
Sample 8-Gauge, shot, ca. 1890	1 or 2	4D6+6/2D6+4/1D10	10/20/50	2	30/.07	00
• 8-Gauge, slug	1 or 2	2D6+8	35	2	—/.05	00
Sample 4-Gauge, shot, ca. 1890	1 or 2	4D10+6/3D10+2/2D6	15/30/60	2	—/.07	00
• 4-Gauge, slug	1 or 2	4D6+8	45	2	R/.07	00
Sample 2-Gauge, shot, ca. 1890	1	10D6+10/6D6+5/4D6	20/50/70	1	—/.10	00
• 2-Gauge, slug	1	6D6+8	60	1	VR/.10	00
Contemporary Military Weapons						
.30 Springfield, 1903	1/2	2D6+3	100	5	50/.07	00
Model P08 Luger, 1908	3	1D10	20	8	70/.02	99
Lewis Gun, 1911	1/2 or burst	2D6+3	200	47 or 96***	NA/.10	99
Taisho '04 (Nambu) 8mm Pistol, 1915	2	1D6	15	8	R/.02	93
Browning Automatic Rifle, M1918	1/2 or burst**	2D6+3	90	20	NA/.08	00
Unusual Weapons						
.22 Knuckle-Duster Rev., ca. 1870	3	1D6	10	7	15/.01	99
.22 Knife-Pistol, ca. 1870	1	1D3/1D6	10	1	15/.03	00
.32 Palm Pistol Revolver, ca. 1891	2	1D8	10	7	25/.01	98
Signal Pistol, 10-gauge, shot, 1915	1/2	4D6+2/1D8	5/10	1	20/.04	00

• Signal Pistol, 10-gauge, flare	1/2	1D10+2	10	1	—/.50	00
Trench Gun†, 12-gauge, shot, 1917	1-3	4D6/2D6/1D6	10/20/50	5	NA/.04	96
• Trench Gun, 12-gauge, slug	1-3	1D10+6	30	5	NA/.04	96
Dragon's Breath round, ca. 1919	1 or 2	6D6/3D6/1D3‡	5/10/15	2	30/NA	90
Sample 3-B Drilling: 12-gauge, shot	1	4D6/2D6/1D6	10/20/50	1	CG/.03	00
• (3-B Drilling) .30-06 rifle	1	2D6+3	100	1	—/.08	00
• (3-B Drilling) 12-gauge, shot	1	4D6/2D6/1D6	10/20/50	1	—/.03	00

MALFUNCTION NUMBER: with any attack die roll result equal to or higher than the firing weapon's malfunction number, the shooter does not merely miss—his or her weapon does not fire. If the weapon is a revolver, break-open gun, or bolt-action rifle, the problem is merely a dud round. If the weapon is an automatic, semi-automatic, pump-action, or lever-action, the malfunction is a jam. [] Fixing a jam takes 1D6 combat rounds plus a successful Mechanical Repair roll or appropriate firearm skill roll (e.g., one's Rifle skill could fix a jammed rifle but not a jammed pistol or shotgun). The user can keep trying until succeeding, or until destroying the gun on a Mechanical Repair result of 96-00. [] When firing bursts, the reliability of a weapon decreases by 3 percentiles. Thus, when burst-firing a B.A.R., the gun jams on a D100 of 94-00; its malfunction number for burst fire is 94, not 97.

1/2, 1/3, 1/4, 1/5, etc. — can be accurately fired every second, third, fourth, fifth, etc., rounds.

2-B, 3-B, 4-B — two, three, or four barrels.

BPR — Black Powder skill roll; see that skill for special misses and malfunction table.

cc — custom-made cartridge in the 1920s; failing another amount, charge 15 cents per round.

CG — custom gun; 100 dollars + D100 dollars each for each additional significant feature, as determined by the keeper.

NA — not available commercially.

R — rare; one POW x2 roll per week to find; the price is 1D100+10 dollars, since the weapons will vary in quality and condition.

VR — very rare; one POW roll per month to find; the price is 1D100+60 dollars, since the weapons will vary in quality and condition.

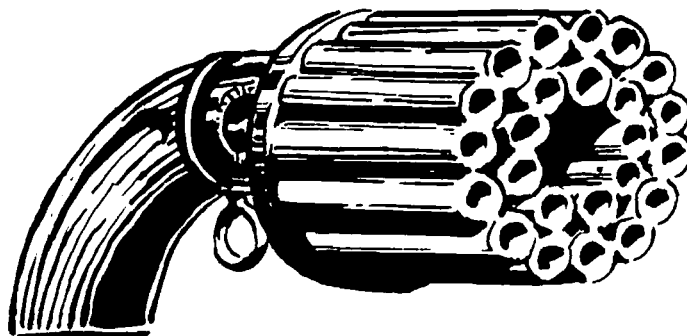
* has 7 barrels, triggered to simultaneously fire an arc of bullets; each barrel does 1D6+1; except at point-blank range, each hit on a particular target diminishes by 50% the chance for another hit on that target.

** WWI model lacked later bipod mount; a burst is 10 rounds.

*** two ammo drum sizes were available; first MG mounted on an aircraft.

† the short barrel may be illegal.

‡ assumes a 10-gauge gun. The round does not impale nor do penetration damage since the effect is mostly from searing gases.



24-Barrel Pepperbox

pump-action shotgun could suffer serious injury or death when they all went off.

Reputedly (and deservedly), the shell was denounced as inhumane. Military men tested it and rejected the idea—the dragon’s-breath round had pathetic range, limited penetration, and it was incredibly volatile. For suppressing peasants in backward lands, it was effective.

Whether this round has special effect on Mythos creatures is up to the keeper—much effect against viscous entities like shoggoths is certainly dubious.

TRACER AND SIMILAR ROUNDS

Tracer rounds leave a seeable path at night, allowing the firer a way to adjust his or her aim. A column of pyrotechnic material in the base of the round leaves a typically orangish streak of fire.

Spotting bullets, which contain some sort of agent producing smoke or a flash at the point of impact, have somewhat the same function. Such bullets might reasonably do extra damage, perhaps 1D2 or 1D3, though hit points lost from bleeding might actually be reduced.

Incendiary rounds would do additional damage, in the 1D3/1D4 range, but without an impale result do less than normal damage to targets of 2 points or more armor.

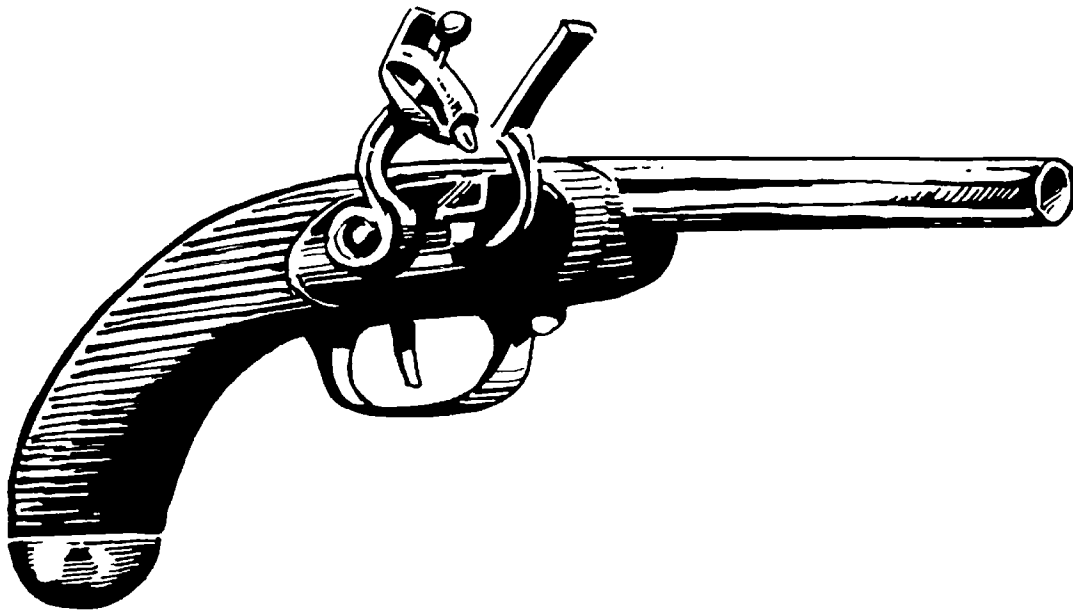
It is not clear that any of these rounds would be available to private customers in 1920s United States, or that they could be purchased if they were available, or that they were ever created for other than military calibers.

HOLLOW POINT ROUNDS

For game purposes, consider hollow point or soft point round, the dum-dum, and similar rounds to be the same. The hollow-point bullet is normal-seeming except for a deep concave cavity in its tip. The dum-dum round is filed flat, or incised in a cross-shaped manner. As a result, these rounds cause damage resembling that of a musket ball.

Such alterations reduce bullet mass slightly, but when striking a target, the bullet consequently splatters—reducing penetration drastically but increasing considerably surface tissue rupture and shock damage. Such a round does significant additional damage to organic targets (like humans): +1D3 for smaller calibers and (if the keeper wishes) +1D4 or even +1D6 for fatter high-velocity rounds. Conversely, though, the hollow point does less damage to armored targets, reduced perhaps by the same amount.

To keep the idea simple, however, add (or subtract if the target demands it) 1D3 universally; a niggardly benefit helps keep your investigators from constantly squatting to file bullets rather than investigating and experiencing the enjoyable horror that *Call of Cthulhu* conveys.



Charleville-style Flintlock Pistol

Tatterdemalion

Tatterdemalion: a ragged man, a ragamuffin; by extension, the void at the center of form; here, a scenario taking the investigators to the verge of cosmic madness.

This scenario was originally presented at Arcanacon 6, Melbourne Australia, in July of 1988. It has been substantially revised for Fatal Experiments.

Keeper's Introduction

This scenario is particularly suitable for investigators who pursue artistic occupations or presume some acquaintance with the theatrical arts in any major city, especially New York City: dilettantes, journalists, writers, agents, artists, actors and actresses, accountants, producers, dancers, delicatessen owners, and so forth. The protagonist, Anthony Carmichael, is deeply interested in the theater, and invites only those whom he believes have wronged him in his pursuit of fresh success.

Though good investigator skills are certainly a help, weapons are not. If they have determination and courage, beginning investigators may do well here because their Sanities are likely to be more uniformly high.

THE PROBLEM

Success in the theatrical world is episodic. Anthony Carmichael's previous plays were commercial successes and the producer-playwright was fêted by his contemporaries. Four months ago, press, public, and acquaintances vilified his latest work, *Sodom*, and it closed after two nights. Carmichael's unsteady psyche had reacted strangely in the past, and now the failure of *Sodom* plunged him into deep neurosis and nervous collapse; he committed himself to a private clinic. There a sudden interest in incunabula helped him recover, but also led him to track down and read a copy of the legendary *The King In Yellow*.

When this fabulously rare play, from the pen of the otherwise unknown author Castaigne, was published in Paris in 1893, the French government immediately moved to suppress it. A privately-printed English edition appeared within the year, however, and we may assume that a tiny private edition appears in some language every few decades. In whatever language, the work is always so brilliant and so terrifying that a single reading drives readers to

unutterable despair, to homicide, or to suicide. Authorities, appalled by the horrible effects, always rush to impound and destroy every copy.

Carmichael's copy pushed him into insanity and opened a pathway for The King In Yellow, an avatar of Hastur, an eternal force inimical to humanity, perhaps to all life. This entity has inspired Carmichael to strike back at those in the theater who have mocked and rejected him.

To this end, Carmichael has invited the brightest and best of the literary, artistic and theatrical circles of London and New York to what promises to be the social event of the season, a masked costume ball, concluded at midnight by his own production of *The King In Yellow*, calculated to drive the audience into the same mental void which now tortures Carmichael—a suitable revenge.

In rehearsing the play, Carmichael and his unfortunate cast have become almost mindless puppets to The King In Yellow, who especially seeks to enslave and corrupt minds capable of artistic sensibilities.

From his interstellar throne near Aldebaran, the Tatterdemalion King wishes to open a window to madness, giving over Carmichael's estate to a night of hysteria and horror: from dancing to chaos, from cheer to vengeance, from dream to dread the investigators must confront a mansion where the very air turns evil.

In the end they may travel from our world to a distant world, and there attempt to overcome the influence of the Tatterdemalion King.

TACTICAL NOTES

Two player handouts accompany this adventure. Keepers to whom the idea is agreeable should photocopy extras of handout 1, Carmichael's invitation, ahead of time and deliver each foreshadowing event at the same time as the copy of the invitation.

Handout 2 consists of the snippets in the "Newspaper Information" and "Library Information" sections, and

these may be handed out as earned; leftovers can be individual rewards for conversations during the ball.

Carmichael's secretary, Eustace Fische, is the keeper's designated wild card, available for volunteer duty as corpse, tour guide, cavalry-to-the-rescue, the brave fellow who jumps in front of the gun just in the nick of time, and so forth. Use him as desired.

Getting Started

One or more investigators have met Anthony Carmichael, a handsome dilettante with serious interest in the theater. Perhaps Carmichael and the investigators had business dealings together, or they met at some theatrical event, or shared a cab across town; most probably, they crossed paths at one or more of Carmichael's wild parties. If possible, work this earlier meeting into a previous scenario.

Further, each investigator remembers something unpleasant about the man, an interaction which might cause Carmichael to remember the investigator unfavorably in return. Have the players make up and relate these minor or annoying frictions to each other, to establish some slight motive on Carmichael's part for the events to come.

No investigator has seen or heard from Carmichael in many months. Hand-delivered, gilt-edged invitations arrive for them all.

Each card invites an investigator (and implicitly a guest by the standards of the day) to a gala masked ball at Carmichael's Long Island estate, the ball to conclude with a midnight supper and preview performance of the playwright's latest production, which is unnamed.

Upon receiving the invitation, each investigator has something bad happen to him or her: one person walks into a door while reading the invitation, another trips on a carpet, another knocks over a vase or a lamp, a fourth gets a paper cut from the thick, expensive envelope, and so forth. Prepare one annoying foreshadowing for each investigator.

Anthony Abbott Cabot Carmichael
Requests the Pleasure of Your Company
At a Masked Costume Ball,
To be Followed by a Gala Supper
And the Premiere of a New Theatrical Work.
At Withywindele, on Long Island
Eight O'Clock
Saturday Next.

— Player Handout #1

Newspaper Information

If the investigators research Carmichael, a successful Library Use or Fast Talk roll at the *New York Pillar-Riposte* uncovers one of the points below. One or more reviews of his plays from the next section can also be found here, if the keeper wishes.

Miss Magnussen ('Monkey Mabel' to those who know her) is librarian at the *New York Pillar-Riposte*.

Choose an investigator to be friends with her, if the keeper wishes, and thereby gain entrance to the morgue files and reporter notes.

This and the following sub-section make up player handout #2.

- Carmichael is descended from Boston stock who struck it rich in shipping and then in the American Civil War. He arrived in New York City in 1919, age 28, a Harvard man and wealthy dilettante. His parents and two sisters died years before in a yachting disaster off Bermuda while Carmichael was in an English public school.
- Rumors follow Carmichael wherever he goes—tales of drug abuse, scores of lovers of both sexes, of pseudo-satanic rites, degenerate parties, and so forth. No suits or arrests ever occur, lending credence to some who believe that he encourages these innuendos and juicy tales as a screen.
- Carmichael has written, directed, and produced five New York stage plays, four of them dramas verging on biting farce, and all but the last (a surrealist satire) commercially successful. See the next sub-section, "Library Information," for a few details concerning each production.
- Only a few know that he collects 17th and 18th century pamphlets and plays, especially plays from the time of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, the last distinguished British play before the newly instituted censor drove first-rate work from the London stage for more than a century. His private library holds a vast store of plays including Shakespearean portfolios, a never-reprinted tragedy believed by Christopher Marlowe, rare editions of many obscure playwrights, scurrilous or treasonous political and religious pamphlets, and bawdy to pornographic broadsides from the late 16th to the late 18th centuries.
- Carmichael is a solitary, eccentric man capable of sudden devouring enthusiasms. He has wit more than adequate to the theater, but lacks a sense of humor about himself and is therefore inclined to vengeance.
- Some months ago (the keeper may determine the appropriate dates), Carmichael committed himself to the exclusive private clinic of Dr. Frederick Archer, for nervous collapse after *Sodom* failed.



Anthony Carmichael, Esq.

- Subject and even the title of Carmichael's new production quickly becomes a matter of intense speculation, but nothing is known apart from the identity of the small cast. The keeper may invent as much outrageous gossip as desired.
- Carmichael's masked costume ball is already exciting much comment; big money and big talents from both sides of the Atlantic are sure to be there. The Chandlers, Rothschilds, and Carlyles are rumored to have accepted their invitations.

Library Information

With the first performance of his first work, *Beloved Dead*, Carmichael became famous. His blackly humorous vision of a world run to seed was presented in a titillating manner which left audiences amused even though its implications might violently polarize them.

This and the preceding sub-section make up player handout #2.

- *Beloved Dead* — "The hypnotic forcefulness of this piece cannot be denied, despite or perhaps because of the grotesque *amour fou* that is its subject." [Algernon Chambers, *New York Times*.] Original run: 188 performances.
- *His Master's Voice* — "Tediously derivative of Marlowe's *Faust*, the sole spark of originality in this work appears to have been spent in restaging Marlowe's play for modern audiences. The author has secured for himself the plum role of Viktor, head of a large arms-manufacturing firm. I found the acting forced and the drama trivial. The contention of a single bomb able to destroy a city is quite ridiculous." [Sergei Baranof, *Social Democratic Gazette*.] Original run: 501 performances.
- *Heart's Blood* — "Once again Mr. Carmichael has a sure hit on his hands, despite the production's total lack of artistic merit. This latest effort features laughable recreations of Druid life in ancient Britain, graphic on-stage murders, and an orgiastic climax in which the audience is endlessly invited to participate. No one did on opening night, or we should be sitting there still." [Hiram Downey, *New York Pillar-Riposte*.] Original run: 399 performances.
- *Poison'd Love* — "I found his previous work resonant with imagination, firmly grasping the essentials of plot and character, and demonstrating a subtle narrative voice. However, the continued success of *Poison'd Love* baffles me, and I must attribute its commercial success solely to those of prurient interest among the public who care to know family details unsuitable for discussion in this newspaper." [Algernon Chambers, *New York Times*.] Original run: 141 performances.
- *Sodom* — For once, the opening night audience seemed to agree with seasoned critics. Gallons of purple eye make-up and gratuitous innuendo cannot replace dialogue, plot, or sensible acting! Good riddance!" [Bosley Delapore, *New York Post*.] This play ran two performances only.
- Various library references reveal that Carmichael is worth about seventy million dollars, with heavy investments in South American shipping, Texas and Oklahoma oil, Man-

hattan real estate, and Saar basin industries. He continually adds to an excellent fine arts collection.

- Carmichael habitually gives generous donations to institutions of higher learning, but he has never given a cent to his alma mater, Harvard, noting only that his days there and in Boston were not among his most pleasant.

Investigators neglecting to scan the reviews before visiting the estate can still uncover them in a vast scrapbook in Carmichael's library, stuffed with clippings. Authors unfavorable to Carmichael have their names circled in thick black ink.

Madison Clinic

An exclusive establishment for the rich and famous run by Dr. Frederick Archer, the Madison Clinic is just north of the city, privately situated among well-tended trees and grounds. The clinic is large, well-appointed, and very discreet; it numbers as inmates many from important families whose reputations could be easily damaged.

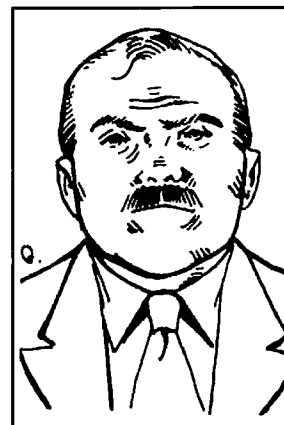
Dr. Archer accepts no potentially dangerous patient; most are addicted to alcohol or to cocaine, or are here because of stress—undefined and unprovable diagnoses like "nervous disorder," "nervous collapse," and "brain fever" rule in his notes. White-clad residents stroll impeccably manicured lawns among statuary and topiary, and engage in tennis and croquet. Archer is a businessman as well as physician, and his establishment functions at least as much as a friend-for-a-fee as it does as treatment center.

To speak to Dr. Archer, investigators need an appointment or a reference from someone important in New York Society. Because of the medical nature of the facility, the staff politely refuses to allow the investigators to wait until Dr. Archer has a spare moment to see strangers. His statistics occur at the end of this scenario.

Well-fed and confident, Archer has run the clinic for ten years, deserving his reputation for circumspect care. In that time, many lawyers, journalists, private investigators, and venal family members have offered large sums of money in return for information. But Archer is an honest professional who never discusses individual cases and never divulges personal details.

He makes an exception, of course, for qualified peers who have reasonable interest in his medical procedures. He speaks at length concerning his cases, but never reveals the names of the case examples, normal in medicine.

If the topic arises, Archer has been invited to the ball and intends to go. He has not seen any of Carmichael's



Dr. Frederick Archer

plays, but the ball is a social event.

Ask for a Spot Hidden. A success reveals a small bandage on Archer's right hand—an accidental cut which happened just after he received Carmichael's invitation.

With persistence—and here the keeper may elaborate indefinitely—the investigators learn that a clinic secretary, May McClintock, is not as honest as Archer, and will bring Carmichael's medical file to them for over-night perusal, in return for 1D100+20 dollars, or as the investigators bargain (her Bargain is 60%). A Credit Rating higher than Dr. Archer's also immediately convinces McClintock to betray her employer.

WHAT THE FILE SHOWS

Carmichael committed himself to the clinic on the advice of his secretary, Eustace Fische. Carmichael was a resident patient. Archer diagnosed "severe brain fever, resulting from emotional distress prompted by the failure of the patient's latest play. The patient has an obsessive, highly emotional personality vulnerable to overwork, a condition aggravated by drug and alcohol abuse." Archer's treatment is merely rest, massage therapy, and the elimination of opportunity for the patient to take stimulants or depressants.

Archer also diagnosed a morbid diversion of energies concerning matters sexual, and suspects that Carmichael is fully or partially an "invert" (a common period term for homosexual). Archer made tentative suggestions toward treatment in this area as well, ones which Carmichael angrily refused, ridiculing the idea of predilection as disease, and countering with arguments which Archer records with embarrassment as being unable to refute.

At first depressed and withdrawn, the playwright soon recovered. Perhaps coincidentally, parcels of old books and pamphlets arrived at that time from Carmichael's secretary (whom Dr. Archer unscientifically labels invert also, presumably a diagnosis by association). In the fourth month of his stay, Carmichael was cured, and checked himself out one morning, leaving a five-figure check in Dr. Archer's complacent hand.

Other Sources

The investigators have no particular reason to study Carmichael's past; if they do, they run into solid walls. He is an intelligent, acerbic man who is used to getting his own way, and who is often angry and occasionally vindictive when foiled. Keepers can make up what they like, but no event or situation should be particularly dramatic or overly cruel. Carmichael's staff at his New York townhouse and at his Long Island estate have long since learned not to talk about him to strangers. His lawyers and bankers are equally discreet. He has impeccable credit; the police value his generous contributions to their welfare fund; he privately aids good actors who have fallen on hard times. Gossip from society and demi-monde sources testifies only that he

has hurt some people and helped others. Carmichael is private by nature as well as by design; he does not hold court, and discourages bootlickers.

Dressing Up

Though investigators of APP 15 or more can simply wear masks and tuxedo or gown without effectively diminishing their Credit Rating at the ball, most investigators need costumes. They can rent them, make them themselves, or have them made.

Rented costumes (1D6 dollars each) are always cheaply made and ill-fitting, not at all the thing to cut a figure among the elite. Such a costume reduces the effect of the wearer's Credit Rating at the ball by 30 percentiles.

If an investigator has DEX 13 or more, and can convince the keeper of his or her skill at sewing, the resulting costume neither reduces nor enhances Credit Rating at the ball, and costs nothing to make.

If the costume is made by a professional, \$20 to a dressmaker buys a costume adequate to the night which does not change Credit Rating effect. For each additional \$100 spent, add 2 points of effect to the character's Credit Rating during the ball while the costume is worn.

The salon of any well-regarded designer can also quickly turn out a costume, but the work costs a minimum of \$500. In exchange, of course, the wear gains the +2 points per hundred dollars noted for dressmakers and the effect of another 10 points of Credit Rating by naming the salon. Thus a \$1000 salon costume adds the effect of 30 points to Credit Rating.

Though it's expensive, a visit to the salon of Bartleméo Fiorani introduces the investigators to party-goers who are described later in this scenario—Algernon Chambers, Jessica Barnfield, Sergei and Natasha Baranof, and Bianca Vindici. Fittings offer good opportunity to introduce and flesh out these characters. All want just the right thing for the Masked Costume Ball. This or a later visit is also a good opportunity for investigators to be introduced to a new investigator, or to meet a character who becomes important in a later scenario.

When the costumes are finished, be sure that each player has an opportunity to relate how gorgeously or how poorly his or her investigators have dressed, describing the costumes in enough detail that the other players can remember who's wearing what; and be sure to indicate what increases or decreases to Credit Rating each costume provokes during the ball. When death begins to stalk the halls, of course, everyone ignores the costumes and all Credit Ratings return to normal levels.

At The Estate

From Manhattan, Withywindele (Carmichael's Long Island estate) is an hour by car, 45 minutes by train and taxi from the Harmony station on Long Island.

The lights of New York glare to the west, but night on the Island is cold, clear, and black, with thousands of stars glaring down thick and swarming in the country sky. A thin ground fog swirls around the base of trees, fences, and the rare building, so that they seem detached, floating upwards towards the cloudless sky.

The moon rises as the Investigators near the estate, a bloated, swollen, amber, autumnal moon. It seems to follow them as they turn into the ornate, wrought-iron gates.

Four policemen guard the gate. A few annoying journalists stand nearby, attempting to snap flash-photos of attendees as the cream of society drives past.

Japanese lanterns hang from trees lining the avenue and surrounding the house, spilling warm yellow light on the misty ground. But what was that strange form scuttling away from the headlights, as though seeking refuge in the friendly dark? —a dog? a fox? a groundhog? Some of the trees have shed their leaves, so that the paper lanterns dangle like strange fruit from their branches.

Along the drive, hundreds of shiny and expensive limousines and town cars are parked, their chauffeurs gathered in groups, gossiping and sharing cigarettes. Around a curve in the drive, through the trees, the inviting lights of Carmichael's mansion become visible. The faint strains of a waltz can be heard. As their vehicle purrs up to the formal entrance, investigators glimpse an ornamental lake to the side of the house: out of its black, chill surface the reflected moon gazes like a drowned and bloated face.

The Carmichael Mansion

The mansion is patterned after an English country house. The structure is of stone, and the main steps lead to the second floor. Exterior ornamentation is sparse, but vines, mosses, and small trees soften the building's lines.

All the walls of the lower floors are thick enough for whatever secret rooms, hidden passages and stairs, spy holes, or revolving bookcases the keeper might desire. Once starting to use such devices, keep a record of location and whether or not they interconnect. Such walls also believably muffle screams of terror.

Keepers are warned that no plans for the mansion have been provided. This is deliberate, an attempt to authorize a casual, dream-like quality to the keeper's narration. A summary of house and grounds follows.

THE CELLARS

They contain a set of coal furnaces for heating and for hot water, water pumps, coal bins, hundreds of wine bins, and stacks of old furniture. Stairs connect them to the outside in the rear, and to the ground floor.

GROUND FLOOR

Here are servants' quarters, the kitchens, sculleries, a huge cold-storage locker, and ordinary storage for such as dishes, linen, and ordinary silver. Connects by stairs to the second floor, by dumb waiter to the second and third floors, and by door to the outside. A small freight elevator at the west end of the mansion connects ground, second, and third floors.

SECOND FLOOR

The great steps at the edge of the drive lead up to the second floor. Just within, past formal stairs to the third floor, is the great ballroom two stories high, occupying the heart of the house and opening to the back to a deep and broad stone terrace overlooking the lake and formal grounds. To the west are convenience rooms for guests, a billiards room (where smoking is allowed), and Carmichael's large library. To the east are pantries and the formal dining room (the great table seats 68), and beyond it an enormous drawing room and music conservatory with french doors to three sides of the mansion. Terraces abut the second floor to every side, and inviting doors lead out from every large room. Besides the formal stairs, various service stairs lead to the ground floor and the third floor, as do dumb waiters and the freight elevator.

THIRD FLOOR

Carmichael's suite of rooms fills most of the eastern end of the floor—luxurious bedroom, sitting room, bath, study. Another, similar suite (sparsely furnished) and six single lavish guest rooms and baths complete the floor. Formal and service stairs lead to the fourth floor; the freight elevator, formal and service stairs, and dumb waiters connect to the second and ground floors. Hidden stairs lead from Carmichael's suite to his library below.

FOURTH FLOOR

Here are 14 smaller furnished guest rooms, most of which share baths. Connects by central formal stairs and concealed service stairs to the third floor, and by narrow service stairs only to the attic.

ATTIC

The west wing contains 12 small bedrooms and two large baths, for additional servants or servants of guests as needed; furnishings are minimal and cheap, except for a fine armoire from which a mysterious sound of hoof beats seems momentarily to sound. The east wing is a set of rooms filled with rejected furniture, dusty and echoing

spaces filled with the junk of ages; winding narrow stairs lead to dead ends or to attic trap doors leading to the bleak and starlit night. Ceilings are low and the floorboards bare. There is dust and more dust.

THE ROOF

Gently sloped, but of slippery, mossy slate: movement rate across the slate is eight feet per round; receive a successful Climb roll every four rounds or slip off, down 60 feet to a stone terrace. Three dormer exits are on the roof, 40 feet apart. The roof has no railings or hand-holds: workmen and chimney-sweeps always use safety ropes (stored in an out-building).

Inside The Mansion

Even though the scheme of the mansion should be clear to the keeper, let the investigators be awed and mystified by side doors, meandering halls, changes in floor levels, and deep dark linen closets—this is a huge house of nearly 100 rooms; there can be a maze of corridors, staircases, and echoing rooms. At the front steps, and within the warm hallway servants bustle, cheerful and harassed. The full heat and noise of the party hits the investigators outside the main doors, where dozens of Pagliaccis, Carmens, Brunhildes, Sir Launcelots, and Napoleons idly watch to see who's coming next. To one side, a refined female photographer takes flash-photos of those who wish their faces circulated to the selected daily press. It should go without saying that no working journalist has been invited to the party and that their kind never would be allowed to mingle familiarly with guests under the guise of equality.

Within the ballroom, shouts and laughter echo all around; crystal and chandeliers and diamonds sparkle everywhere, though tonight rhinestones have almost as much cachét. A jazz band strikes up a lively tune, the rhythm banjos prodding the dancers across the floor. Already at least 200 people fill the ballroom; the dazzling night is well-underway.

Servants dressed plainly in black and white and without masks lead the investigators upstairs to freshen, if they wish, or to change into their costumes if they have them tucked under arms or toted by servants. Domino masks are provided for those who neglected other, more interesting arrangements. Already all the bedrooms on the second floor seem to be occupied for one reason or another; the investigators must trudge up to the third floor to rooms at the end of the hall, if they wish to change.

Original Expressionist art, and a smattering of Impressionist sketchwork line paneled corridors. One landing has nothing but new Futurist pieces. The corridors of the third floor are narrower and darker; if the investigators explore, the halls of the fourth floor are narrower and darker still, and there the floors are uncarpeted and squeak ominously.

Like the halls and rooms, the portraiture also changes by floor. On the third and fourth floors, less well-known and definitely less-cheerful Carmichaels and members of related clans make their appearance, gazing somberly out from age-blackened frames.

Investigators will doubtless be glad to return to the warmth and light of the second floor, where, unbeknownst to them, terror waits patiently.

In The Ballroom

The ballroom is huge, with broad entries and french doors opening to the terraces and gardens beyond. Ornate cut-crystal chandeliers splinter the light into thousands of gleaming reflections streaming down from gilt-frame mirrors which line one wall and extend the already enormous room. It is a dancing, drifting, gossiping, laughing, drinking, guzzling throng. Hundreds of gorgeous costumes and masked faces swim in a human sea, all ages and all times flung together in unholy confusion. Lambs dance with vampires, Egyptian pharaohs and Indian nautch girls, queens with cowboys. Body heat, rich scents, and the babble of a hundred conversations shouted over the music rise up in almost painful pandemonium; to sensitive investigators, the music and people strain too much for merriment and, overshooting, the revellers become brittle and shallow. But they are so rich, and their diamonds glint like beacons!

The dance ends to applause; the band immediately swings into another snappy number, and some of the costumed hordes continue to dance one-steps, foxtrots, two-steps, black-bottoms, charlestons, and less decipherable steps while others descend upon an army of waiters proffering chilled champagne. Everybody is laughing, gossiping, seeing and being seen. There is ample chance for character interaction here; brief notes for a dozen characters are offered below. Add to, subtract from, or otherwise change them as desired, noting however that most of them are scheduled to die. Some of them may add tidbits of information which the investigators have so far failed to learn.

A Cast Of Characters

The following characters can be encountered during the party, in the ballroom or elsewhere. Ignoring Fishe, Carmichael, the Morgansterns, and Reston, each instanced guest has some reason for believing that Carmichael specially invited him or her. Let that belief be known to the investigators, either when meeting the guest or when viewing the guest's corpse later on, during the hide-and-seek episode.

As the investigators enter the ballroom, they see the host, Carmichael, and his secretary, Eustace Fishe, forming an unofficial but nonetheless observant greeting line.



"Your name, please — for the Death List!"

EUSTACE FISHE

A square-built freckled redhead, placid and thorough, Fishe has worked for Carmichael for six years. Despite his employer's eccentric behavior and extremes of temper, Fishe enjoys his job, not least because he would not recognize sarcasm if handed to him on a plate. His statistics occur at the end of this adventure.

With Carmichael's illness, Eustace has taken on more work than normal, so much so that he has been unable to keep an eye on his employer. Fishe knows Carmichael is up to something but not what—to limit his due, Fishe is thinking more in terms of spiked punch or nitrous oxide in the balloons.

Fishe is the keeper's wild card in this adventure. Though Carmichael's secretary, he is a decent young man, not under Carmichael's sway. If the investigators need help or information, he is a likely candidate, one who knows the mansion completely, and most of the guests. If he is of no use in the adventure, his corpse can turn up, or he may be another mesmerized member of the audience at the play, as the adventure concludes. Keep him in mind. His statistics occur at the end of the scenario.

As Death, complete with hooded cloak and scythe, Eustace ceremonially ticks off entering guests, though he has no guest list. Anyone who has passed the police at the gate (and whose clothes and style pass Eustace's swift glance) have the run of the place for the evening. "So glad you could come," he says vaguely, while eyeing the clarity of the champagne.

ANTHONY CARMICHAEL

Clad in ragged multi-colored, multi-layered jester's motley, complete with tri-cornered hat, and an inflated pig's bladder on a stick. Carmichael takes advantage of his masked anonymity to goose, harass, and mock passersby. It is not hard to guess who is behind the angelic mask of the Fool—Carmichael's yellow curls, loose mouth, and wry, lazy voice are well-known, and his tremendous charisma remains potent.

The old Carmichael could be an intelligent and urbane conversationalist, capable of deep enthusiasm, quick affection, and cool contempt. Prolonged bouts of hard work and high spirits alternate with periods of utter sloth and profound depression. His is a difficult, talented personality with a wide circle of acquaintances and no close friends.

Beneath the sway of *The King In Yellow*, Carmichael is changed, but his consummate acting ability makes the change hard to notice. A successful Psychology roll finds in him a taut, feverish excitement, perhaps explainable as first-night nerves.

His statistics occur at the end of the scenario.



Algernon Chambers



Jessica Barnfield

ALGERNON CHAMBERS

Dressed as a pirate, complete with eye patch and stuffed parrot on his shoulder, the vain and pompous *Times* theater critic has a believable piratical arrogance. He is a thin, hawk-faced man of 63 years, with a Barrymore-like profile of which he is excessively proud. He believes he has been invited to the party as a bribe, so that his review of Carmichael's next play is favorable. No statistics for him are needed.

JESSICA BARNFIELD

She's wearing an insipid fairy costume, one wing of which already has been crushed. Currently unengaged, as theater people sometimes say, Miss Barnfield is shy, pretty, not particularly intelligent, and of substantial religious faith. She was to have starred in *Sodom*, but withdrew when she comprehended the play's wickedness. Her decision enraged Carmichael, who was unable to find anyone else of such unqualified naiveté. Her escort, a foolish slick-haired young man in an Arab jellaba, has already abandoned her in favor of a rum bottle. Miss Barnfield believes that Carmichael now understands how rude he was and has invited her to his ball as a token of apology. No statistics for her are needed.

THE BARANOVs

Two slinky alley cats, about 35 years old each, in immodestly tight black silk body suits, each with rhinestone collar, eared skull cap, painted whiskers, and short mobile tail. Sergei and Natasha are Russian emigrés, husband and wife, and theatrical critic and dancer-actress. Sergei demolishes important people with his sharp tongue and acid wit; Natasha smooths things over and then



The Baranovs



Signorina Vindici



Dr. Frederick Archer



Dafydd ap Donal



Lucinda Arbuckle

borrows cash from his victims. The Baranofs believe that Carmichael invited them here to renew a weekend menage of a year or so ago. No statistics for them are needed.

SIGNORINA BIANCA VINDICI

Dressed as Queen Elizabeth, and in imminent danger of bursting her bodice, she is arrogant, aging (55), overweight, and overpaid. Vindici constantly complains, backstabs, and lies, yet her vigorous *coloratura* still receives favorable notices. She loves flattery and young men. Her escort, impresario Klaus Rubitnik, is talking business on some terrace or other. Signorina Vindici believes Carmichael invited her to the ball to offer to back the tour of the American West which Rubitnik is planning. No statistics for her are needed.

DR. FREDERICK ARCHER

He is dressed as a pudgy Egyptian mummy covered with magical symbols; the investigators may already have met this gentlemen, but if they have not he has had one glass too many of champagne, and is in the mood to spill a secret or two about their host—if the investigators earlier learned nothing from Archer before, now's their chance. May McClintock, whom the investigators also may have met, accompanies him; perhaps she slips them Carmichael's file tonight. Archer believes that Carmichael invited him out of profound gratitude for the excellent care he received at Madison Clinic. Statistics for Dr. Archer occur at the end of the scenario.

DAFYDD AP DONAL

A sweaty, sour-looking vampire in peasant costume, and red cape, ap Donal is 26 years old, a precocious age for a society portraitist with pretensions to art. He has produced several canvases for Carmichael's walls, and did the sets for *Sodom*. Like his canvases, ap Donal broods—tonight because there are so many people who have no chance to notice him. He's not actually Welsh, and a successful Linguist roll spots this—he took ap Donal as an atmospheric name; he's really Arnie Glotch from Brooklyn. He cheers

up if approached by an appreciative art enthusiast or attractive female investigator. He believes that Carmichael has invited him in order to apologize for comments of "Sabotage! Treachery!" which the man made on opening night concerning the *Sodom* sets. No statistics for him are needed.

LUCINDA ARBUCKLE

Clad as a shepherdess in the mode of Marie Antoinette, Miss Arbuckle has abandoned her crook for the hands of suitor after suitor who whisk her around the floor. She is a charming woman full of gossip and wit and, as an eminent ballerina, an exquisite dancer. Her escort is a muscle-bound Austrian who has disappeared upstairs with someone. She dislikes Carmichael, and turns down his every offer of a production vehicle. She believes he invited her here tonight as a tacit apology for his tantrum after she refused work in *Sodom*. No statistics for her are needed.

FAITH & SYLVIA MORGANSTERN

Dressed as the tragic and comedic muses, they wear loose white dresses, vaguely like those of Classic Greek statuary; one holds the mask of Tragedy, and the other the mask of Comedy. They are beautiful identical twins, blonde and willowy, 27 years old. Occasionally they laughingly swap



Faith Morgenstern



Sylvia Morgenstern



Adrian Reston

masks, to further confuse suitors, though gossip hints that they have eyes only for one another. They are in the cast of the new play Carmichael presents tonight, and their costumes are from the play. They persistently accompany Carmichael, draping themselves about him, and rescuing him from boring repartee. Their behavior does not indicate insanity, but the masks thoroughly hide their expressions. They do not respond to overtures from the investigators. Statistics for one occurs at the end of this scenario.

ADRIAN RESTON

Dressed as a Roman centurion, complete with breastplate and sword, Reston also wears what at first sight seems a simple domino mask (a black and white checked mask). He is 29 years old. Conversation or a successful Spot Hidden roll reveals that the domino pattern is painted or tattooed onto his skin, and is somehow also ingeniously reflected in his eyes, perhaps with cunning glasses. Reston is also in the cast for tonight's production. It is hard to calculate Reston's sanity: he answers all questions readily except about the play, about which he promises "a great surprise." Rumor suggests that he is rival with the Morganstern twins for Carmichael's affections. Statistics for Reston occur at the end of the scenario.

A HUNCHED GENTLEMAN

Now and again the investigators glimpse a cloaked and hooded figure, the thick black fabric of its costume tattered and dusty, its baroque mask mostly hidden by shadow. They never see the figure for long. Noticing the reflection in a mirror, it has disappeared when they turn. The bowed, hunched back may be visible in the crowd but then it turns into a room or hall, only to have vanished when the investigators get there. Perhaps the merry crowd gives way before him, expressions beneath their fixed masks of mirth momentarily dissolving to fear as the form passes. The Hunched Gentleman is an aspect of the terror to come: as madness overtakes the house, so the Hunched Gentleman becomes more real, until the thing within is capable of any action. The seemingly hand-carved wooden mask of an insanely staring face actually is the entity's face. Statistics are provided at the end of the scenario.

OTHER GUESTS

Whatever guests the keeper desires can be here—choose leading lights of the 1920s from the sourcebook section of the rules, add characters or villains from your own cam-

paign here to further mysterious or dark ends, or invent new characters on impulse.

Hide And Seek

As the night grows older, the scintillating gathering swells, as even the most fashionable arrive. Fine imported champagne and spirits flow freely—no Prohibition here! The police outside do not raise an eyebrow; they know that Prohibition, like so many other laws, is not intended for the rich. Platters of hors d'oeuvres and savories pass through the rooms, with promise of an opulent supper to come. The dancers whirl faster; scent, sweat, cigarettes, and alcohol flavor the air.

A few minutes after eleven, investigators see Carmichael gesture sharply to servants, who immediately leave the room (they and others go to various prearranged posts around the mansion, ostensibly to help guests but actually to be out of earshot of each other when they collapse from the drug Carmichael has given them). Soon thereafter, Carmichael leaps up onto the bandstand, and the music dies abruptly. He spreads his arms wide, and beams at the assembled guests.

Investigators who look about the room see the Hunched Gentleman, his face still averted, emerge from behind an open door and scuttle across the room, stirring that part of the crowd. The figure exits through french doors onto a terrace. The perfumed scents from hothouse flowers drifts into the ballroom, but with a fragrance somehow more charnel than sweet. A cool wind springs up, and the chandeliers tinkle uneasily. Meanwhile Carmichael speaks.

"Dear friends and guests, many thanks for honoring me with your presence. The last months have given me much to think about, not least of which are all those small, meaningful things people have done for me over the years.

"Soon you shall witness the premiere of my new play, a token offering which I hope helps repay you all as you so richly deserve.

"But, before our supper and before the play begins and before the stripping-away of masks at midnight—stripping is something I know most of you just *crave*—I thought a short romantic interlude in order. My friends, you shall all 'Hide,' and hide well else we extract some amusing forfeit—for Eustace, my cast, and myself shall 'Seek.'

"Roam the house as you will. We won't look outside, so you cheaters can just go out there now and have a smoke. Of course we'll lock the doors, so you can't get back in—ha, ha, ha! At any rate, do stay in the house—you came all the way out here and we shall have a better time together.

"Should we fail to find you, the chiming of the midnight bell recalls the lucky remnant to supper and to the performance which follows. You have till the count of fifty to exuent left, right, center, front, up, and down. Dear

guests, take care in your footing, because now it's *lights out!*"

The lights everywhere die, except for candelabra held high by servants at each exit. Fishe begins to shout out the numbers from one to fifty. The guests chatter, then slowly scatter, giggling drunkenly or lecherously. Feet race away, muffled voices begin to suggest hiding places, flappers squeal in with mock fear of the dark, and the room empties while the count continues.

The rest of the events at the Mansion assume that the investigators sensibly go upstairs, where they can hide in comfort.

What Just Happened

As created by the Yellow King, a bubble of time and space has formed around the house, in most ways isolating the mansion, terraces, and all within from the world beyond.

Electrical devices in the house are inoperable, since no electricity is reaching the house, nor is any telephonic communication in or out possible. There is an emergency generator in the basement, but Carmichael has already taken an axe to it, and the machine is irreparable. Though there's a large holding tank for water in the attic, drains and sewers are severed by the bubble (as the investigators learn to their dismay if they try to hide in the basement).

Persistent people can still push their way through the bubble into the house; the experience is like fighting one's way through a sudden vicious wind (STR 12), disorienting enough to cost each bewildered entrant 1D3 SAN, and draining enough to cost half of one's available magic points.

Breaking through, he or she enters a mansion suddenly darkened and depopulated—the one that the investigators now know.

Those inside cannot get out. Waving to chauffeurs accomplishes nothing—the mansion cannot be seen as it is, only as it and its occupants were hours before. Physical displacement also occurs: moving down the front steps brings the escapee 180° to the back terrace steps moving *up*, toward the mansion. Digging out of the cellar one breaks through to the slippery roof sixty feet above (hold on!). Attempting to swing out by rope from a corner window, the escapee takes a ten-foot fall into the opposite corner of the basement.

It is possible to get out by magical means (if someone is toting around a Gate Box, for instance) or to communicate telepathically, if someone has such power, but the bubble itself cannot be broken by physical means or ordinary magical attack.

Cat And Mouse

CAMILLA: *You, sir, should unmask.*

STRANGER: *Indeed?*

CASSILDA: *Indeed it's time. We all have laid aside disguise but you.*

STRANGER: *I wear no mask.*

CAMILLA (terrified, aside to Cassilda): *No mask, no mask!*

—1.2. *The King In Yellow.*

The game begins; hide-and-seek, Carmichael said, but instead he chooses cat-and-mouse, a more interesting game, with certain guests the prey.

At first the hunters are obviously human, and the hiders many. More than once they hear Carmichael speak to some discovered person, "Your forfeit is to return to the ballroom, and to wait there to accept and perform one command from me."

As time passes, the investigators find themselves in less-frequented parts of the house. Sound seems to die. As hiding places are found and isolation begins, the hunters become less well-defined, until the players are unsure of pursuit. At times it may seem that the hunter is the house itself.

To begin with then, people run everywhere, giggling, hiding, laughing, groping drunkenly in gardens and dim landings.

The early part of the hunt should be spooky, and should give the occasional pleasant thrill of fear common to hide-and-seek games. Then the atmosphere should become sinister, and finally horrific.

Ask the investigators whether they are splitting up or sticking together. Though you should mostly let them make their choices and then resolve the silence and inaction, record their decisions and keep them in mind if employing one or more of the following incidents.

- an investigator heads for a hiding place only to find it occupied;
- an investigator catches sight of a stealthy movement on the other side of a dark room—it is his or her own reflection in a mirror;
- an investigator must receive a successful Sanity roll or else scream out loud when scared by someone already hidden (*boo!*);
- an investigator is stalked by Adrian and the Morganstem sisters: he or she seems to see knives in the hands of the seekers but, at the last moment, they pounce on someone else and carted them off, laughing and safe;
- an investigator is followed everywhere, and cannot shake off the follower—it seems to be the mysterious Hunched Gentleman;
- in a patch of moonlight, an investigator sees two nude humans entwined—at the other side of the room, he or she notices more faces, also intently watching, but these faces look ominously alien and distorted;
- an investigator hears a flapping sound from behind a closed door—the door opens to an open window and curtains flapping in the wind;



As dead as his parrot.

- an investigator sees a door open slowly, though there is nothing in the room beyond, and should he or she close it, the door slowly opens once again;
- an investigator hears scratches on windows upstairs. There are no trees near enough to be responsible.

As the minutes pass, the house soaks up hundreds of people, leaving only shadowy figures who dart down stairways and do not respond to calls, footsteps or breathing which fade away as soon as heard, and distant laughter that ends in tears or stifled screams.

When they begin to move around the house again, the only people that the investigators now see are servants, slumped awkwardly on the floors, unconscious from the drugs Carmichael forced upon them, whom the investigators cannot wake.

The Bodies

Adrian, the Morganstern sisters, and Eustace are seeking honestly, demanding from those they find a forfeit to be collected in the ballroom. Investigators may receive Sneak or Hide rolls to evade them, and watch as they capture other hiders. Carmichael, however, is hunting specific people, and he has supernatural aid to direct him. Investigators should soon start to stumble across the evidence of his work; judge for yourself when the investigators are sufficiently prepared for the first body.

THE FIRST CORPSE

An investigator hears, perhaps only with the benefit of a successful Listen roll, muffled giggles from behind a closed door. Entering, they find a sitting room with floor-length draperies shielding the windows. There is no light unless the investigators carry their own.

With some searching, the investigators can detect or make out with a Spot Hidden a pair of shoes protruding from beneath the drapes, where someone hides.

Drawing the curtains lets in the glare of the orange moon, revealing the slowly-swinging body of Algernon Chambers, theater critic. His bare feet dangle almost a foot above the floor, his glazed eyes bulge, and his purple tongue lolls swollen from his blue-tinged face. His shoes and socks have been neatly placed beneath his body, as the investigators first saw them. Sanity loss to see is 0/1D3 SAN.

(A successful Know roll, now or later, brings to mind that Chambers had attacked Carmichael's last two plays in ways that Carmichael might think treacherous.)

Having found poor Chambers, the investigators may either go for help or continue a now-ominous and dangerous tour of the mansion. If looking for help, they find none. The servants are mysteriously absent, or in a drugged sleep. A few other guests run away, drunken and giggling, not heeding frantic pleas. The most they hear is a distant



Dead Jessica

snicker, not traceable, of “Pull the other one, it’s got bells on.”

A sumptuous cold supper with more chilled champagne, to be served by the guest themselves, has been set up in the candlelight of the ballroom. There a solo pianist softly improvises while the captured guests chatter and speculate about their forfeits. Streamers litter the floor and stir gently from a draft skittering along the polished boards;

the doors to the outside are closed.

The main fuse box is in the butler’s pantry, located just off the great dining room. The installation is operable, but the circuits have no power, interrupted by the bubble of time and space that now surrounds the mansion. Muffled laughter taunts attempts at repair. A successful Electrical Repair roll indicates there is nothing wrong with the box—it is not getting any electricity to distribute.

THE SECOND CORPSE

Whether the investigators run screeching for help or grit their teeth and begin to look for the murderer, they immediately notice someone huddled behind a sofa in the hall. Approaching, they recognize Jessica Barnfield (if already introduced or acquainted) grinning at them from behind the overstuffed back. She doesn’t respond to questions.

If the investigators move the sofa, or if they try to assist her to rise, she proves decidedly understuffed herself, for glistening loops of intestines spill from slashes in her belly, and her grin is a wide, wet, smile beneath her chin, stretched ear to ear. Sanity loss to see her is 0/1D3 SAN.

(A successful know roll, now or later, recalls that Miss Barnfield refused a lead in *Sodom*, a decision Carmichael greatly resented.)



Dead Signorina

THE THIRD CORPSE

Just before reaching the stairs leading to the first floor, the investigators see a soft pink light, reassuring perhaps after the cold and alien glow of the moon, spilling out of the first door to their left.

A successful Listen roll detects a flapping sound in that direction, as if from huge membranous wings. And a cold breeze suddenly licks around them, blowing a rich,

coppery scent from the half-open door.

Once they enter the room, a sumptuous bedchamber, the source of the breeze is made plain. Cold night air pours through a broken window, in which the body of Bianca Vindici hangs, impaled upon a long tooth of thick glass. She has back-stabbed her last time. Still-warm blood runs down the glass beneath, staining the moonlight crimson.

An examination of the corpse reveals several deep, murderous slashes in her flesh, but whether caused by glass or claws, none can say. Turning to leave, investigators see the glint of several long shards of glass embedded thirty feet distant in the opposite wall—the body was thrown against the glass from the balcony beyond. This gives the scene added shock: Sanity cost to see this is 1/1D4 SAN.

Helping Hands

As the investigators reach the first floor, they hear the sounds of revelry which they have longed for, as footsteps and laughing voices come near. Enter Carmichael, accompanied by a handful of disheveled guests. With the exception of Carmichael, all are roaring drunk, although the shock of seeing a corpse would sober them up.

When investigators tell him what is happening, Carmichael blanches, visibly shocked. (If any investigator wishes to refrain from telling Carmichael about the murders, he or she must first receive a successful luck roll to avoid blurting out the terrible story.) If accused, Carmichael denies all knowledge of the deaths. A successful Psychology roll cannot testify that he is lying, since he is a competent actor, but neither does it indicate that he tells the truth.

Sending his captives to the ballroom on their own recognition, Carmichael asks the investigators if anyone else knows of the deaths. He requests that they tell no one, for fear of panic. He leads the Investigators to a concealed drawing room telephone (most of the visible phones have been disconnected for the duration of the party), allegedly to call for help. The dead phone leaves no one more stunned than their host. Pulling open a drawer, Carmichael grabs a revolver and leaves, telling investigators to stay put “so I know where you are,” in reasonable and rational tones.

A successful Psychology roll now characterizes their host as shocked, surprised and worried. He is—the investigators’ unforeseen initiative presents a problem.

If they let him leave by himself, he locks the door behind him (STR 9); investigators who wish to can merely exit via the terrace and re-enter the mansion at some other point.

If the investigators desire to accompany him, Carmichael agrees, saying that there is indeed safety in numbers. No matter how near him they start, however, between one shadow and the next Carmichael is gone, as if the house had swallowed him.

THE NEXT CORPSES

Minutes or perhaps seconds after the dilettante leaves them, the investigators hear two short, sharp reports—gunshots. A successful Listen roll leads the investigators to the source of the sounds, a corridor junction. The bodies of that nice Russian couple lie there, pathetically huddled together on the floor. Both have been shot in the back, possibly proof of Carmichael's guilt! Sanity loss to see this is 0/1D3 SAN. (A know roll with respect to the late Sergei recalls his snide review of *Sodom*.)



Dead Baranofs

Outside

By now investigators will be considering the small army of chauffeurs, servants, guards, and police strung out along the drive between the Carmichael mansion and the gate at the highway. These worthies have noticed nothing. Outside the bubble, they see the mansion as it was hours earlier—lights glaring, band blaring away, swells in fancy dress posing on the terraces.

See the sub-section above, "What Just Happened," for a description of the effects of the bubble.

THE SIXTH CORPSE

As mentioned before, the back terrace is broad, with many low hedges, benches, and small trees creating dozens of intimate spaces. In the shadows, the investigators stagger past pale statues who smile with cold, marbled perfection. Do they hear faint flapping from above, or is it wind in the branches?

Something does flap down, soft fibers across someone's cheek. It's a bandage. Impaled on the spear of a statue of Zeus, the headless body of Dr. Frederick Archer, still dressed as a mummy, twists sickeningly in the wind. Sanity cost to see this is 0/1D3 SAN. Keepers who like that sort of thing can put Archer's head elsewhere, for later discovery. A successful know roll, now or later, emphasizes that Dr. Archer treated Carmichael.



Dead Dr. Archer

The Horror In The Library

As the investigators stalk or retreat from Carmichael,

shadowy and horribly ill-defined shapes close in, always on the periphery of vision, always disappearing when looked at directly. Doors and windows begin to open and close of their own accord, and gusts of warm, fetid air blow randomly in investigator faces. From adjoining rooms, perhaps from the shadows themselves, voices murmur and moan. Something scuttles down a corridor towards them, vanishing before they see it; outside, a white moth with four-foot wings buffets the window.

At this point in their movement they come upon Carmichael's library. If the investigators ignore the hints in the library, hereafter the mansion changes rapidly. Corridors and rooms lead nowhere; stairs spiral into blank walls or into entirely new floors and wings, halls extend for miles, and rooms interconnect in a convoluted maze which, despite all the Investigators' frantic efforts, disgorges them into the library again and again. The library is the center of the insanity.

AN OPTION

If the keeper wishes to wrap loose ends at this point, answering player questions about what's going on, and otherwise freeing his or her narrative to deal solely with the impending Carcosa section, describe the library as below, but insert a set of leather-bound diaries and journals on Carmichael's desk, which can be examined first to supply any additional information necessary at present. They have mostly been written in the past two months, and constitute Carmichael's experiments with the play and his cast, and his mental experiences with the Yellow King. That done, the draft and stench of the terrifying book with the yellow sign can be detected and presented without interruption.

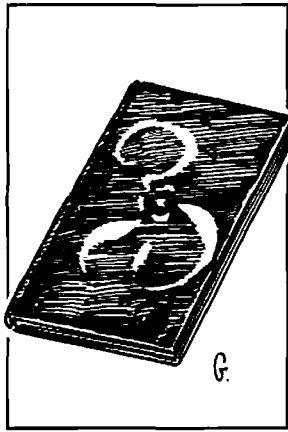
THE LIBRARY

This great room stretches upwards in places to two stories, connecting by open stairs to Carmichael's suite of rooms on the third floor. Other doors on both levels lead off into other parts of the house. Two iron balconies run the library's length. The room is a place of doors and shadows, ornate balustrades and railings, worn wooden steps and ladders, and above all, books, a profusion of leather covers stuffed with the thoughts of dead men.

Antique oil lamps stand about on polished oak tables waiting to send their mellow glow filtering throughout the room, welcome to eyes lately staring wild in the dark.

With light, the shadows cower behind brass-bound cabinets containing theatrical curiosities and within the visors of ancient suits of armor. A huge grandfather clock, in a plain case of polished mahogany ticks slowly, impassively. The scents of leather, parchment, rotting paper, and ancient ink fill the room, together with a certain staleness, heavy and unpleasant.

If and when the investigators produce a naked flame, be it candle, lamp, or match, the flame bends and flickers from



Castaigne's *King In Yellow*

the presence of wind. The draft gently blows from the direction of a nearby bookshelf.

The odorous wind is traceable to a particular book, a black-bound volume embossed with a single canary-colored symbol on its cover, one which costs 0/1D6 SAN to see who have not seen it before. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll even at this point identifies the volume as Castaigne's *The King In Yellow*.

In pulling the book from the shelf, the odor thickens to an overpowering stench, and the shadows make a brief menacing return accompanied by faint whispers. (A nearby

box discusses the effects of the book and summarizes the play.)

Any open flame pulls away from the book. With some dismay, perhaps, the investigators realize that the unceasing wind comes from the book they hold in their hands.

The King In Yellow is a play of such compelling and beautiful evil that its very existence casts a pall of despair across the world. To read it is to invite madness, for few who start its fascinations can stop eager study until it is far, far too late.

Most pages of this copy have notes handwritten in the margins. Those familiar with Carmichael's handwriting recognize it as his; the notes appear to be abbreviations or code, but a successful idea roll lets investigators identify many notations as stage directions. Some entries refer to people: *me*, *Faith*, *Sylvia*, and *Adrian*; each such entry is written next to a particular character in the play, and a successful idea roll should not be needed for the investiga-

The King In Yellow

Along the shore the cloud waves break,

The twin suns sink behind the lake,

The shadows lengthen

In Carcosa.

Strange is the night where black stars rise,

And strange moons circle through the skies,

But stranger still is

Lost Carcosa.

Songs that the Hyades shall sing,

Where flap the tatters of the King,

Must die unheard in

Dim Carcosa.

Song of my soul, my voice is dead,

Die though, unsung, as tears, unshed

Shall dry and die in

Lost Carcosa.

— Cassilda's Song, *The King In Yellow*.

This data was originally written mostly by Kevin Ross.

The single known English edition of *The King In Yellow* is a thin black octavo volume whose binding is relieved only by a large embossed Yellow Sign on the cover. If an investigator has not seen the Yellow Sign, it costs 0/1D6 now to see. This poisonous symbol seems to twist out of the binding, reaching hungrily for the viewer.

Within is a play, readable in 25-EDU hours, an English translation of the French original. The title page lists no date, author, or publisher. The reader of this book loses 1D6+1 SAN, adds 1D6-1 Cthulhu Mythos, and understands that Hastur, *The King In Yellow*, and the Yellow Sign are closely related.

In other ways, however, the play offers ambiguous and contradictory information, so allegory-ridden that two readers seldom glean equivalent meanings from it.

Each reader invariably singles out a character in the play as representative of himself or herself, usually to the reader's horror when that character's doom becomes clear.

A Summary of the Play

The work deals with the inhabitants of a decadent alien city, apparently called Yhtill, adjacent to Aldebaran which is prominent in the night skies.

The main characters belong to the royal family of this city (the Queen, Cassilda, Camilla, Uoht, Thale, Aldones, and Alar), and most of the play deals with their squabbles over the line of succession to the throne of Yhtill.

During one such squabble the royal folk hear of a stranger in a Pallid Mask who openly wears the abhorred Yellow Sign and who, carried by winged demons, recently arrived in the city. (A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll infers that these creatures are byakhee.) Coinciding with the stranger's arrival are visions of an illusionary ghost-city on the opposite shore of the lake of Hali, a city whose uppermost towers appear to be obscured by one of the planet's two moons.

The Queen and her children summon the stranger before them, and their haughty questioning of the masked being elicits much confusing allegory but few coherent answers. He claims to be an emissary of the dreaded mythical entity called *The King In Yellow*, or *Last King*. Later, at a masked ball honoring the royal family, everyone un.masks except the stranger, who reveals that his Pallid Mask is no mask at all. The offended queen and her high priest Naotalba imprison and torture the Pallid Mask, who also calls himself the *Phantom of Truth*, to no avail.

As the Pallid Mask dies, the true *King In Yellow* arrives from across the lake of Hali. Those who aren't immediately driven mad with fear notice that the dead city across the lake is no longer there. The hoary, tattered Yellow King informs them that only one city now exists on the shores of Hali, and that city is Carcosa, once known as Yhtill.

The play ends with *The King In Yellow* having settled the problem of succession, and with everyone fearfully awaiting their imminent demise.

Paradoxically, Hastur is referred to separately as a character and as a place.

tors to guess that Carmichael's mysterious new play is to be *The King In Yellow*, in which the four have leading roles.

Any investigator who has now read a page of the book, or read enough to recognize the cast, is hooked, and cannot pull away without a successful POW x1 roll or less.

If an investigator has a pre-made Elder Sign, placing the Sign on the book breaks the connection between the Yellow King and Carmichael, and erases the bubble of space and time which isolates the mansion. Though Carmichael and cast still attempt to present the horrible play, their presentation grows increasingly incoherent, robbed as they are of the Yellow King's support, and they collapse into drivelling insanity. Once the bubble of time and space has been erased, the police learn of the corpses infesting the house and grounds, and the party is broken up with great scandal. There is not enough time to create from scratch an Elder Sign in the library, as succeeding paragraphs show. If an Elder sign has been deployed, see the concluding subsections of this adventure. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll can make clear the proper conditions for the Elder Sign.

Investigators who do not read the play can try to stop their companions' study, but the efforts are fruitless; even if they succeed, or tear pages from the book, the Tatterdemalion King's baleful influence is most powerful here, where it broods most upon. The pages of the book do not burn; the holder of any page must succeed in a luck roll to refrain from involuntarily reading and comprehending what is written there.

As the stinking wind suggests, the book itself is a Window through which the Yellow King's malefic power pours, a portal which now draws those in the room who have read even a single page, even such as the poem quoted in the nearby box.

The room spins, the stench overwhelms, and the shadows cover everything—then those selected find themselves not in the library, not in the house, not even on Earth.

For reasons of convenience, the keeper may wish to transport all of the investigators—readers or not—to Carcosa; if all the investigators do not go, the keeper is forewarned that the Carcosa section may take some time to present, thereby bifurcating the narrative.

Where's Everybody Gone?

If some investigators are not in the library when *The King In Yellow* is read, the remainder of their night is different. In place of Carcosa's spires, they face the shifting halls of Carmichael's house. As the time for presentation of the play begins, voices can be heard echoing along once-silent corridors, and footsteps soon become ordinary. Oil lamps begin to light the halls, and servants begin to appear, each perhaps burdened by guilt or bewilderment at the slumber which mysteriously came and passed. Of the corpses, no trace remains.

The guests roll like waves to the ballroom and the presentation of the new play. The effect of the play upon its audience, and just what the investigators can do to prevent it, form the climax of this adventure, which cannot occur until the unlucky ones sent to the stars return.

Lost Carcosa

Investigators sucked through the Window to Carcosa regain consciousness as they roll across cracked and worn flagstones of an ancient courtyard. The library shelves are gone, replaced by ruined walls of crumbled yellow stone.

Each investigator has lost a single magic point during the journey of nearly seventy light years, arriving on a hideous twilight planet near the star Aldebaran. They find no sign of a Gate, nor anything that tells they can ever return home.

The travelers are scattered around a dry fountain in the center of the courtyard, in the center of which stands a winged figure carved from stone. The mouth once spouted water; now it gapes open as if to say something, the eroded lips crumbling sideways to devour one cheek, the face worn to blank suggestiveness.

Approaching it is disorienting; touching it transfers the toucher back to Earth—see the "Fountain-Window" subsection below.

The remains of the surrounding buildings, doorless, empty, filled with dry dust, echo the ruin of the fountain. Blocks of sandy-colored stone have tumbled amongst leached and withered grasses. The same odor as noticed in the library here rides the moaning wind.

The courtyard and buildings huddle on the edge of an eroding cliff, whose pitted face plunges hundreds of feet down to a rocky shore where lap the oily waters of a vast black lake, the lake of Hali.

Some miles away a city crouches dimly by the shore, its many spires silhouetted against setting suns. One, vast and bloated red, fills half the sky with its dim light; its brilliant companion sun is far smaller, glaring with eye-stabbing green. As the investigators watch, the smaller star is rapidly setting, leaving only thin, tenuous red—little more than a gray—by which to see. Overhead, the whirling sky takes domination; it is roiling, heavy and wet, an idiot mouth sucking at the stars; a swollen cyanotic mass of a thousand oily alien hues.

A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the far-off city as Carcosa, but attention turns to the cloaked and cowed figure which capers and dances upon the beach below: it is the Hunched Gentleman, last seen at the masked costume ball. He is scuttling toward Carcosa, and pays no attention to shouts or gestures.

What Is A Window?

A Window is a hyperphysical construct kept open solely by the will (minimum POW of 25) of a god or great sorcerer. Though the actual procedures are quite different, in game terms the openings are created and operated mostly identically. No instructions to make one exist on Earth (though such information may exist elsewhere, perhaps in the great library near the star Celaeno). Some differences between Gates and Windows follow.

(1) A Window is powered by magic points as is a Gate, but the requisite magic points may be drawn from a source other than those who go through the Window. Consequently one's personal POW does not form an effective upper limit to the distance traveled (to reach the vicinity of Aldebaran by Gate would require 14 magic points from a traveler).

(2) No signs or symbols need be drawn or exist to create or to keep open a Window. The process is purely mental, and may open or close as the creator wishes, once creation has occurred. A Window might, for instance, be open only between 1:30 and 2 A.M. on Tuesday, should the caster desire.

(3) A Window may be one-way or two-way, as the creator wishes.

The lake's waters heave sluggishly in the last of the light, as if something beneath it wakes. The remaining red sun dims, without seeming to changed position. Out of the sickly colors overhead, black stars appear one by one and cast diseased gray light across the land. It bleaches each investigator's skin to the color of bone.

Strange moons creep across the heavens. A cold wind blows. If the investigators are pausing to take stock, assess their Sanity now: 1D3/1D10 SAN.

With a successful Spot Hidden, one investigator sees a flickering blue light from the highest tower of the far-off city. It is a shade unwholesome and tenuous, but it is the only sign of life now visible in this desolate land.

The Fountain-Window

Though this function is for the keeper to decide, the dry fountain in the courtyard can contain now or in the future a Window back to the Carmichael mansion library.

In the base of the statue a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll reveals worn symbols which seem to title the statue, "She Who Brings Life."

If investigators step toward it, they feel the stones beneath them begin to move slowly in an anti-clockwise direction. No matter how closely they examine their surroundings and each other, the movement cannot be seen, just felt. Within a few feet of the statue in the dry fountain, the feeling of movement becomes a sucking, spiraling force, dragging downward.

At this point a roll of DEX x3 is required to stay upright, otherwise an investigator would appear to throw himself to the ground with great force (lose one hit point). It is likely



The Hunched Gentleman

the investigator grabs the statue for support. Touching the statue, of stone as warm to the touch as fresh blood, activates the Window and transfers the one who touches the statue back to Carmichael's library.

There is no way for the investigators to know whether or not the Window demands a lethal amount of magic points to return; the safest thing to do would be to remain here a day, so that all magic points can be renewed. Do any of the investigators have a watch?

Time on Carcosa and time on Earth differ; when and if they return, perhaps after seeming days of adventures, they find that Earth time has advanced only to midnight.

The Cliff

Investigators who do not find the Window, or who fear fatal loss of magic points to use it if they do, or who come to trust the accessibility of the Window can remain in the courtyard, walk along the grasslands at the cliff-top (which stretches dreary and crumbling to the horizon) or descend the steep slope to the beach as the Hunched Gentleman did and follow him to the city.

The grasslands are full of sudden burrows within which unseen strange animals weirdly chatter, mumble, and boom. Days of walking uncover nothing different in the grasslands.

More attractively, perhaps, the Hunched Gentleman is still in sight, leaping and cavorting in the dimness, almost beyond vision but never quite, on his way to the brooding city.

The climb down the cliff—a steep incline of about seventy feet—is easy. The ocher rock is soft and putty-like, so that foot- and hand-holds are easily made. Keepers who call for Climb rolls should allow luck rolls to find a handhold to stop any fall, and halve any fall damage to reflect the gooeyness of the rocks below.

The cliff face is inhabited, as the investigators understand part-way down. Their passage is likely to disturb these clam-shell-like natives, flattish rock creatures with sharp edges and senses unknown on Earth. They are skippers, able to levitate through the air for short distances, bouncing from point to point along the cliff. Some skip away from the investigators; some skip toward them, sensing prey and emitting shrill chirping sounds. Allow enough attacks to be ominous, but not enough to seriously hamper the investigators—worse things are to come: perhaps 1D4-1 attacks per investigator or perhaps no more than 3 hit points of damage



Aldebaran Skipper

per investigator. Since our heroes are climbing, do not allow them to dodge these things. Skipper statistics and an attack note occur at the end of this adventure.

—*thumbnail of Aldebaran Skipper about here*—

A Moonlit Stroll

The beach shelves gently from the cliff-edge some fifty yards to the shore of Hali. The beach is composed of slick, irregular shale outcrops which make footing difficult and progress discouraging.

The lake is much more ominous up close than when studied from the cliff top. Whatever strange substance composes it is not water; viscous waves swell and roll heavily, sucking and slurping at the stones, seeming to move with the investigators as though trying to catch them unawares. A black mist broods above the surface, a sluggish spray that refuses to settle. Now and again something too large to sanely contemplate sighs and shifts within Hali, stirring sluggish convulsions in the waves.

Where lake and beach meet, a slick black mass shimmers, a tidal wrack of giant tadpole-like things with teeth, swarming in the gelid foam, devouring one another and being devoured in turn by a thick, sentient mat of ooze which rides the waves.

As the investigators make their way along the shore, the vast bulk of Aldebaran slowly diminishes beneath the horizon. A foul breeze blows for a while, then dies. Only the gray light of the black stars seeps down, a thickening gloom but one which offers enough light by which to see.

No matter how the investigators strain their aching muscles, the Hunched Gentleman still capers further and further ahead, moving faster than anyone should be able to, the cold wind flapping his tattered black cloak like wings. And far off, from the highest tower of the city, flicker stabs of eldritch blue light.

The investigators at last reach a broad black road, paved with octagonal stones which interlock perfectly. This is impossible—Sanity cost is 0/1 SAN to notice the phenomena. The road runs from the megalithic remains of a wharf to the black gates of the black city. Just ahead of the investigators, entering the gates as they approach, is the Hunched Gentleman. Has he been waiting?

Carcosa

The cyclopean charnel city is built of ancient black and pitted stone. It towers over the investigators, dwarfing them like fleas. The open gates are a hundred feet wide and a hundred feet high, weighing hundreds of tons.

The atmosphere of the city conveys its taint, a stench not just physical. As they breathe in the air of the Yellow King's attention, the investigators slowly absorb the same madness that has already engulfed Carmichael and his cast: for so long as the investigators remain in the city, the

keeper may begin to remove single individual points of Sanity from them at dramatic intervals, or rhythmic intervals roughly corresponding to an hour of perceived time.

Within, the streets wind confusingly, malevolently. Blank openings in empty buildings leer. Sometimes the walls turn thin and greasy to the touch; from these places a pale nacreous glow emanates. Apart from the gray light that streams from between the stars, fitful and pestilent, this is the only light.

There are no tourist maps or street signs. Unless investigators have a way to mark or map their way, they rapidly become lost. Even maps and marks may fail, since the city's shape is anything but stable, and the things that live there inclined to malice. Tall towers and buildings loom, grotesque, turreted, inhuman: stairs are too narrow and steps too shallow and too high to be built for human feet; four-walled rooms have nine corners; strange shadows drift down dry canals; investigator shadows take on mocking lives of their own; statues of horrible creatures crumble as they pass and then reform; their very footprints dissolve, and leave unbroken dust where they walk.

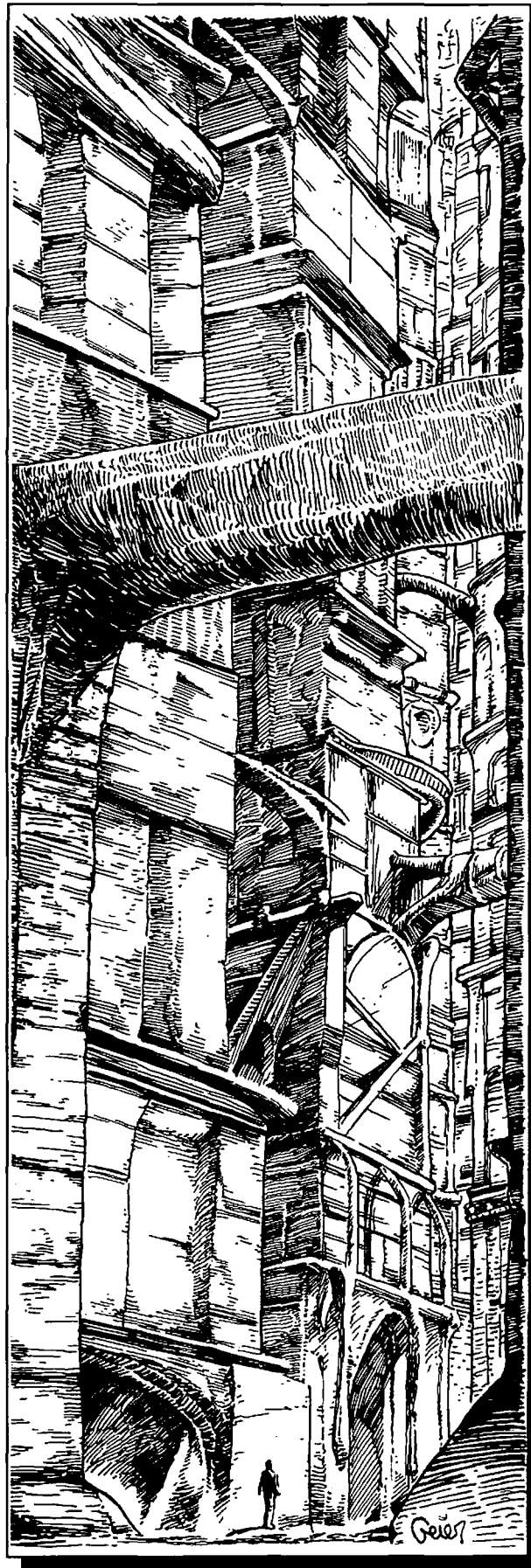
Choosing dim passageways leading down, the city betrays its heritage. Carcosa is built on previous cities, each city in turn plunging the ancestral vaults of the previous city into poisonous endless night. These necropolises extend downward without end—always another stair goes lower. Foul things stir and skitter across the dank, lightless stone. In perverse sepulchers, the grim and vengeful dead stir as the gentle keeper wishes.

Nightflyers flap over the city. What they are cannot be made out, but they veer from the sinister high tower which periodically stabs the darkness with baleful, bluish beams.

For a while the investigators meet no one in the streets, though they hear scratching, scabbling, running, and tittering, and might once or twice dodge a falling stone.

Attempting to go directly to the tower of the blue light proves a remarkably elusive goal; only if they dog the heels of the Hunched Gentleman do they reach that goal: at the keeper's choice, this might require successful Track, Listen, and Spot Hidden skills. Whatever their choice of action, the eventual outcome is the same: as they progress, it becomes apparent that the Hunched Gentleman is leading them towards the tower.

Carcosa becomes more maze-like and surreal. Stairwells plunge straight ahead and down at impossible angles into darkness, only to leave the investigators stranded in a high tower, or perhaps return to the same street a few feet behind from where they entered. Stairs take inexplicable twists: investigators following them look down to see their companions staring up at them aghast, apparently on the ceiling or the wall, as gravity shifts—who is on the floor, and who is on the ceiling? The group which fails more luck rolls starts falling.



In Carcosa.

After great fear and confusion, one hopes, they round a corner to see their goal: the tower looms gaunt and threatening against the ebon stars, a black bulk blocking the dreadful gaze of those glaring points, reaching a height which forbids rational contemplation of its structure or of how deep its stone roots stretch into the unclean earth.

As they advance toward the center of the square in which the tower is built, the Hunched Gentleman turns and enters the narrow doorway of the tower, his cloak fluttering behind him.

The Tower

Within, the circular column is bare save for a narrow stair, two feet wide, without banister or rail, mortised to the dank exterior wall. The investigators must follow it, winding into the gloom above, presumably all the way to the top. Investigators keen of hearing notice a clatter of running footsteps and a faint echo of breathless laughter. The investigators can climb the torturous stair, or flee the tower and drift about Carcosa—drift and become inhabitants.

Those to whom height is a terror may wish to remain at the entrance to the tower—remain, remain in Carcosa.

The stone steps are firm, though worn in their centers. Up and up they spiral, easily 2500 steps to climb; investigators will need rest every CON x10 of the foot-high steps. The echoes of their breathing seem to fill the whole tower with rasps and gasps, and the beats of their laboring hearts.

Surely the tower cannot be this high: perhaps it is growing around them, even as they climb, carrying them to some unknown end. Perhaps even the most sensible investigators have begun to crawl, rather than walk. After all, one misstep now sends someone screaming down to death.

Finally the stairs end at a small platform. There is a door off this landing, opening through the outside wall of the tower.

The Court of the Yellow King

Slick and glistening, the door is fashioned of no substance known on Earth. Carved deep within the soapy, amber-like stuff, the hideous glyph of the Yellow Sign writhes, evoking madness, nausea, and despair. As the investigators gaze at it, the sign twists into new and more abominable configurations. Sanity loss for those who have not seen this before is 1/1D6 SAN.

The door opens by itself, slowly and quietly, its steady movement pregnant with terror. If the investigators enter and do not leave someone in the doorway itself, the door closes softly, then vanishes into the blank stone which surrounds it.

A hall stretches beyond, vast and echoic, too high, too wide, too wrong to possibly exist at the top of a tower. A vaporous yellow mist drifts across the floor, in gusts as high as the investigators' knees, while a familiar bluish

aura from no obvious source flickers wraith-like through the thickening air.

Everything about this place disturbs; sounds echo flatly, shapes dart at the edge of vision, perspective is twisted. Those arched windows, behind which winged creatures flap and chuckle, are they tiny and close-up, or vast openings made small by their distance from the floor? The walls, are they high? —close above the fog? —incredibly distant? Perhaps the walls are in truth the floor, and the investigators stand upon the real ceiling, impossibly, like flies. Sanity loss to be in such an awful place is for the moment a bargain—only 1/1D4 SAN.

In the middle of the room, obscured in the dimness until investigators close on it, is the grandfather clock from Carmichael's library. Its hands are almost at midnight.

Against the far wall is an obsidian pyramid fifty feet high, made of two-foot obsidian cubes. Atop it is a throne, of human proportions.

Slumped upon the throne, limbs dangling limply, is a figure clad in a thousand scraps of yellow cloth. A successful Spot Hidden determines that the figure does not move or even breathe, and that its face is fully covered by a mask, pallid as the belly of a dead fish rotting on a dead shore.

If investigators make no movement towards the throne, the light fades until only the figure sprawled across the throne can be seen, spotlighted by a single shaft of hazy light.

If the investigators take the challenge, and climb the steps towards the throne, the fog begins to thin and the light around them begins to lift toward the throne.

Climbing investigators who look down are in for a shock, for as the last veil of vapor disappears, they can that the floor has disappeared, as have the walls or ceiling—it is as if the room never existed. Those who climbed the pyramid find themselves perched on the last of the tower stairs, which they now perceive as spiraling around the outside of the tower!

Thousands of feet below stretch the horror-haunted rooftops of dread Carcosa, separated from the investigators only by empty air and the numbing wind.

Those who waited at the door or at the base of the pyramid find themselves at various points further down the spiraling stairs. For the shock of this displacement, charge the investigators 0/1D3 SAN each and check for pertinent phobias.

Even as they watch, something grows at the base of the tower, an engulfing shadow-tower whose ragged insubstantial edges speed up towards them. From it, on a successful Listen roll, can be heard faint sounds of applause. The chimes of a clock striking midnight comes from somewhere nearby. In the center, coming nearer and nearer is a swirling yellow eye growing more and more intense. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies it as another Window in space-time, through which the King pours aid to

Carmichael as the performance of *The King In Yellow* nears.

The King In Yellow

Persistent investigators reach the precarious throne where the lifeless figure lies slumped, its yellow rags battered by the wind.

The smooth surface of the Pallid Mask is unbroken by recognizable human features. Not once does the figure move, or breathe, or stir upon its throne as the investigators approach. Spot Hiddens reveal neither whether the being is male or female, or even human. It can hardly be seen where its body ends and its robes begin.

A foolhardy investigator can find out, at least about the face, by removing the mask. The King's eyes snap open as the mask is pushed aside, the being's trance disturbed. Beneath are inhuman eyes in a suppurating sea of stubby maggot-like mouths; liquescent flesh, tumorous and gelid, flowing and reforming: 1D3/1D10 SAN to have chosen unnecessarily to witness this horror. If any investigators linger, perhaps to administer physical attacks, The King has a number of responses. Its favorite comes from its face, which explodes a spray of pustulant pseudopods, slamming into the target and burrowing into his or her flesh, skull, brain, and spirit; damage is 1D6+1 POW lost per round. One such attack can be made per round.

Examine the King's statistics; he has other attacks available, should the keeper wish them.

Foiling The King

Several ways exist to stymie the Yellow King. Keepers are encouraged to read this sub-section completely, since each entry contains unique considerations.

AN ELDER SIGN ON THE BOOK

As considered at the end of the Mansion section of the adventure, if an investigator is carrying a pre-made Elder Sign, placing the Sign on the copy of *The King In Yellow* in the library breaks the connection of the Yellow King with Carmichael and erases the bubble of space and time which isolates the mansion. Placing the object there, the Yellow Sign boils, writhes visibly, and quickly evaporates.

Carmichael and cast will attempt to present the horrible play, but their presentation grows increasingly incoherent, robbed as they are of The King's support, until they collapse into drivelling insanity.

Once the bubble of time and space has been erased, the police learn of the corpses infesting the house and grounds, and the party is broken up with great scandal. There is not enough time in the library to create an Elder Sign. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll can make clear the proper conditions for the Elder Sign.

KILLING THE YELLOW KING

Without profound magiks, the investigators have little chance to destroy the King. If they manage this feat somehow, the Windows to Earth close quickly and permanently (kindly keepers may allow the investigators enough time to leap through). Carmichael and his followers, bereft of the controlling will of the Yellow King, collapse into purposeless insanity.

Though the party guests are saved, the investigators are likely trapped in Carcosa. They cannot long survive there. Keepers might provide a magic crystal or mirror through which they can have the satisfaction of seeing the party guests being saved before their own doubtlessly horrible deaths. Dying, they become wraiths haunting dead Carcosa forever.

Investigators who can Create Gate and who have 14 magic points to spare for the journey, can be saved, as can those who can Brew Space Mead and Summon Byakhee or other hyperphysical transport. If the investigators stand any chance of making good their return, let them try. If the adventures become elaborate, then the affair at the Carmichael mansion concludes without them, and their return is their reward.

CLOSING THE CARCOSA WINDOWS

Both Windows to Earth, the one in the fountain where the investigators arrived and the larger one at the tower, must be shut with Elder Signs; one must be placed upon the fountain, the other tossed through the Window atop The King In Yellow's tower. With both Windows closed, the power and guidance of The King is blocked, and Carmichael and the cast collapse into purposeless insanity, as above.

Closed Windows trap the investigators in Carcosa until they can find a way back to Earth. Perhaps the Hunched Gentleman offers them safe return in exchange for some new, hair-raising adventure in some unimaginable place. Whatever the keeper decides, investigators who have gone to the trouble and sacrifice of creating two Elder Signs deserve consideration and praise, and quiet deaths from old age.

STOPPING THE PLAY

Perhaps their easiest option, as well as the one requiring the least investigatorial self-sacrifice.

A Cthulhu Mythos or Occult roll can suggest the dire consequences to the audience of sitting through the entire *The King In Yellow*; the investigators may already understand the need to stop the play as early as possible.

The return to Carmichael's estate can be a quick one if the investigators have the nerve to jump into the semi-transparent Window a few thousand feet above the Carcosan square; failing that, retracing their steps to the Window in the dry fountain in the cliff-top courtyard may be

obvious, or perhaps an idea roll or a Cthulhu Mythos roll can indicate the usefulness of doing so, or perhaps the Hunched Gentleman could chase them into one or the other.

While the fountain gate also transports them back to Earth, play-it-safe investigators choosing this route back should experience a fuller exposure to the perils of Carcosa and the Yellow King; the wind screams and tugs at them; inhuman things erupt from the rock to clutch at the investigators' heels; the black lake boils as unspeakable somethings sluggishly rise from unfathomable depths; wind-borne blasphemies (byakhees at the very least) swoop shrieking from the cloud-slicked sky; the Hunched Gentleman, enlarged and horrible against the dark sky, stalks forward on bony legs fifty feet high.

Terror-struck and staggering, their brains spinning in their fevered skulls, the investigators at last scramble onto the cliff-top, run frantically to the leering, lurking statue, and are whisked away.

Return To Earth

Regardless of how the investigators choose to return, the experience going back is somewhat more dramatic: a swirling blackness shot through with streaks of yellow light passes before their eyes, and each investigator feels a remorseless and ravening hunger at the edge of consciousness, searching anxiously, waiting to pounce. A flute plays a fearful melody which costs 0/1D3 SAN just to hear. All the investigators feel themselves pulled, twisted, and stretched, each taking 1D6 damage from tendrils of the Yellow King's power. Then a rushing blast of energy sweeps them into merciful unconsciousness.

Waking, the investigators have returned to the library in Carmichael's mansion; each loses a point of Sanity just for having made the trip. Frost ices hair and clothes; all the investigators shiver from the cold between the stars.

The first thing the investigators notice is the grandfather clock in the corner. Although they have been in Carcosa for hours or days, its hands show five minutes after midnight.

Whoever first opens the library door is greeted by a whirling cloud of yellow—not the tatters of the Yellow King but a mass of yellow handbills blown by the draft, handbills for Anthony Carmichael's new play, to be performed at midnight—*The King In Yellow*.

With the door open, investigators hear the sound of voices echoing through the house, rising and falling in alien cadences. Pursuing the sources, the voices prove to be those of Carmichael and his three associates, and yet are

not theirs. Something seems to speak with them and through them.

If the investigators have closed the Windows, or if they have somehow eliminated the Yellow King, then they return as the restorers of sanity: before them extends a horror of illusion, distortion, and death, but (as they move through it) behind them they leave an ordinary mansion filled with ordinary corpses, one no longer separate from the world.

It's not hard to follow the voices, since where they're located is also the only source of light, a very yellow light of course.

If the investigators have not broken the Window link or destroyed the Yellow King, they make their way down polished halls and echoing stairwells, and begin to hear other sounds, faint at first, but gradually rising to a tumultuous clamor—moans, sobs, wailing screams, the cries of the damned and dying, a pitiful sound which causes all those who hear it lose 0/1D3 SAN point.

Yet as loud as the tumult grows, the voices of the actors are clearer, and that of the other alien voice clearer still. At last the investigators arrive at the ballroom doors, from behind which the cacophony swells.

Stopping The Play

CASSILDA: I tell you, I am lost, utterly lost!

CAMILLA: (terrified herself): You have seen the King?

CASSILDA: And he has taken from me the power to direct or escape my dreams.

— II.6, *The King In Yellow*.

This sub-section assumes that the investigators have not broken the link to Carcosa nor destroyed the Yellow King. If they have achieved one or the other, skip this sub-section and go to the next one, "Dissolution."

The ballroom has been transformed: mirrors are now covered by thick folds of yellow velvet; rows of plush chairs are lined like soldiers across the floor facing the stage; unmasked clowns, cowboys, princesses, and pantomime horses sit in rigid attention; the jazz band has been replaced by painted backdrops and Grecian columns; the musicians' places are filled by the Carmichael players, giving the best performance of their lives.

Waves of words spill from them and burrow squirming into the investigators' minds, liquescing into pools of horrible blackness, stirring up all their memories of humiliation, defeat, and despair.

The play has begun to affect the audience. Party-goers, arrayed in lavish, disheveled costumes, watch mindlessly, their faces reflections of the madness performed before them. Those who were close to insanity already have slipped over; some scream, some sob, some wail silently. An artist, driven to lunacy, paints scenes in his own blood upon the walls; a poet plucks out her eyes rather than see



The King In Yellow

the horror; husband and wife tear at each other with tooth and nail, caught up in a destructive, lustful frenzy.

Caught up in the evil brilliance of the play, no one notices the investigators' entry. If they do not act quickly, the play will catch them too.

THE HUNCHED GENTLEMAN

As the investigators enter the ballroom, the Hunched Gentleman enters behind them, tapping the last investigator on the shoulder. The apparition is undeniably solid and real. He has no face, only a mask of ornate and hideous countenance, which then smiles: 1/1D4 SAN to see it.

Though any kind of magic attack dispels him, physical attack does nothing: unless attacked with magic within a few rounds, the Hunched Gentleman grabs the investigator with the highest POW and slowly begins to ascend in the air; as he does, both figures begin to become transparent.

After a few more rounds without magical attack, both figures disappear—returning to the horrible tower in lost Carcosa, leaving behind only a tattered black cloak and a mask. If an investigator keeps the mask, it gives him or her unremitting nightmares until destroyed.

ART OF DARKNESS

To save themselves and the rapt hundreds in the audience, the investigators must stop the performance. A number of courses seem likely.

- Covering one's ears does nothing; the meaning of the play vibrates through everything within the bubble of time and space.
- They could try to flee the house and the horrors it contains, but the bubble of time and space remains intact; soon the force of the Yellow King drives them mad, no matter to where in the house they flee.
- Attempting to stop the play by violence is useless; the mortal actors may be knocked out or killed, but the voices of the cast, now alien, sibilant, and disembodied, gain strength and conviction, and the play continues.
- With successful skill rolls, however, the investigators can use art to defeat artifice—Credit Rating, Orate, Debate, Fast Talk, Sing, or other skills of communication and presentation—drowning the vileness of The King In Yellow with human words and homely capabilities. Agreeable keepers might accept a DEX x3 roll, for instance, to prove dancing skill, or a POW x3 roll to prove depth of feeling while reciting poetry.

To accomplish this last, they must go where the audience is looking—the stage. Their entry on-stage is unopposed, but the cast, like robots, continues to present the play around them.

If it amuses the keeper, mere investigator proof of skill is not enough: have the player recite the poem, make the oration, or perform the dance. To add some tension, limit the number of skill rolls possible, dependent on the number

of conscious investigators and the likelihood of their final success.

With each successful skill roll, approximately one-quarter of the audience stirs, faces losing looks of dazed voyeurism in favor of self-loathing, panic, and (finally) understanding. Singly, or in sheep-like clusters, people start to flee the room as a threat to their sanity.

In opposition, any investigators currently insane attempt to stop the interference (pass the relevant player or players notes to inform them of their duties). Don't have the insane investigators try to do magical or physical damage, but they may, for example, may try to pit their own Debate or Orate against the investigator trying to release the audience.

The play defends itself; for each round the investigators are on the stage, the investigators automatically each lose one Sanity point. Whether they win or not depends entirely on their own skills: losing, they end the night mad or dead; winning, they break the play's grip upon the audience.

Once three-quarters of the audience have fled, the actors lose confidence, hesitating and stumbling over their lines. One by one, they drop to the floor, empty of thought, crying softly. The investigator loss of Sanity stops. With the fourth successful skill roll, a terrible noise shrieks through the ballroom, a raging and impotent loss echoing from all the empty spaces between the stars. The King In Yellow appears briefly, its tatterdemalion rags flapping insanely in a gale no one can feel. Then it blurs and vanishes.

As the vision fades, the bubble of time and space vanishes as well, and the investigators hear the screams, the running feet, the useless attempts to start automobiles. Miraculously, the lights return. Somewhere a telephone rings. The police arrive, to begin to clean up this disaster. The investigators give their statements, perhaps thoughtfully omitting the hyperdimensional episodes. As the sun rises, they head back to town. The adventure is over.

Dissolution

This sub-section assumes either that the investigators have broken the link to Carcosa, or that they have destroyed the Yellow King. Returning to the mansion, their odyssey is nearly completed.

As the investigators enter, the Hunched Gentleman enters behind them, tapping the last investigator on the shoulder. He is undeniably solid and real. He has no face, only a mask of ornate and hideous countenance, which then smiles: 1/1D6+1 SAN to see it. But he crumples up if any physical or magical attack is made upon him—even a successful Debate roll will roll up the Hunched Gentleman once disconnected from the Yellow King. It leaves behind only a tattered black cloak and a mask. If an investigator keeps the mask, it gives him or her unremitting nightmares until destroyed.

If the investigators proceed through the audience toward the stage, their passage ripples through the consciousness of the audience; people blink and stir, but the hold of the play is still not quite broken.

The investigators must interrupt the play in some decisive manner—walking on-stage is one way, shouting and carrying on is another, as would be a gunshot in the ceiling, flash guns going off, a sock to Carmichael's jaw, or an order to disperse. Without the support of the Yellow King, the players have no potency and can be swept aside as easily as the Hunched Gentleman. Soon after the play is halted, the audience stirs; they have lost Sanity, but only those already insane continue to suffer.

The police arrive. They see to the babbling Carmichael and his cast, who are taken away in strait jackets. Statements are taken, photos made, corpses covered and carried off. The adventure is over.

Conclusion

Should the investigators fail to prevent the play reaching its ghastly conclusion, the bubble of time and space then dissolves, and those present re-enter the world, free to spread the insanity now blighting their souls. Though not noticeable to any single individual, corruption, treachery, and cruelty increase in New York, bringing closer by some minute fraction that prophesied time when the stars are right. Surviving investigators lose 1D10 SAN each for the failure.

If the presentation of the play is foiled in some way, newspaper columns in the days to come discuss rumors of riots and murders among the social elite. Indictments for murder soon appear, though all the principals (including Carmichael) suffer from amnesia and mental collapse; prosecutors speculate that some heinous drug was responsible for such behavior.

As for the investigators, their memories of the affair remain all too clear; reward each survivor with a maximum of 2D10 SAN. In the years to come, dark dreams haunt them, and some are nightmares from which they can never quite awake.

Statistics

DR. FREDERICK ARCHER, Age 59

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 10 INT 16 POW 13
DEX 9 APP 14 EDU 22 SAN 65 HP 11

Damage Bonus +0

Weapon: none.

Skills: Accounting 40%, Biology 50%, Chemistry 40%, Credit Rating 85%, Debate 55%, Diagnose Disease 62%, Fast Talk 30%, First Aid 75%, Internal Medicine 75%, Library Use 45%, Pharmacy 47%, Psychoanalysis 20% Psychology 45%, Treat Disease 55%, Treat Poison 25%.

EUSTACE FISHE, Age 26, Personal Secretary

STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 11
DEX 14 APP 15 EDU 16 SAN 55 HP 16

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapon: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4

Skills: Accounting 30%, Administration 30%, Bargain 40%, Climb 50%, Credit Rating 60%, Debate 15%, Dodge 35%, Drive Automobile 60%, English 78%, Fast Talk 30%, Flatter 35%, French 30%, History 30%, Jump 45%, Law 15%, Library Use 45%, Listen 60%, Pose 55%, Psychology 40%, Ride 25%, Swim 50%, Throw 55%.

ANTHONY ABBOT CABOT CARMICHAEL, Age 35

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 15
DEX 11 APP 17 EDU 15 SAN 0 HP 13

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapon: .32 Revolver 50%, damage 1D8

Skills: Acting 76%, Accounting 45%, Bargain 65%, Credit Rating 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 6%, Dodge 31%, Drive Automobile 30%, English 85%, Fast Talk 65%, French 15%, Hide 28%, Library Use 40%, Listen 52%, Oratory 20%, Psychology 70%, Ride 28%, Seduce 65%, Sing 65%, Sneak 77%, Spot Hidden 50%.

FAITH & SYLVIA MORGANSTERN, Twins, Ages 27

STR 9 CON 11 SIZ 8 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 14 APP 17 EDU 15 SAN 0 HP 10

Damage Bonus +0

Weapon: none.

Skills: Acting 65%, Dance 73%, Elude Lecher 35%, Sing 76%.

ADRIAN RESTON, Actor, Age 29

STR 16 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 12 POW 8
DEX 10 APP 16 EDU 10 SAN 0 HP 11

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapon: none.

Skills: Acting 70%, Dance 60%, Sing 70%.

ALDEBARANEAN SKIPPER

STR 3 CON 20 SIZ 1 DEX 10 HP 10

Move 10 (skip)

Weapon: Kinetic Whack* 50%, damage 1

* *The creature skips itself into a target to cause kinetic damage, then licks up any blood left behind on the rocks.*

Skills: Burrow 60%, Hide 70%, Whistle Unnervingly 90%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1 SAN.

HUNCHED GENTLEMAN, Harbinger of the Yellow King

STR 25 CON 30 SIZ var. INT 30 POW 25
DEX 25 HP infinite*

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: Grasp 100%, damage is transport to Carcosa costing 1 magic point.

Armor: * linked to Yellow King by Window, immune to physical attack but dispelled by any magical attack for the caster's POW in minutes. Unlinked to Yellow King, it collapses under even a skills attack.

Spell: Evoke Window.

Skills: Grow/Shrink 100%, Scuttle Ahead 100%, Threaten 100%, Titter 100%, Unnerve 100%, Vanish Mysteriously 100%.

Sanity Loss: none, unless seen to smile; then 1/1D6+1 SAN.

The King In Yellow (throne form, avatar of Hastur)

Description: to humans it is usually human-seeming and of human height, clad in tattered yellow rags and wearing the Pallid Mask. The flapping rags are extensions of the entity's flesh, while the Pallid Mask covers horrible pseudopods which can attach to a target and drain its POW. Above all, the Tatterdemalion King possesses a loathsome plasticity of shape, able to stretch and change shape at will.

Notes: in the long-dead city of Carcosa, built eons past by the inhuman living and the human dead, the King In Yellow waits patiently. It has no organized cult; worshipers most often are solitary madmen, artists, poets, and the like. Those driven mad by reading *The King In Yellow* become followers, inspired by the play's cruel beauty to create works of art that render human experience meaningless. By viewing such pieces the Yellow King's following spreads.

Those driven mad by sight of the King or by those things connected to it become worshipers of the Yellow King only upon reaching permanent insanity. Induced to temporary or indefinite insanity by the Yellow King or by its presentments, the sensibilities of the afflicted person become heightened, and his or her personality takes on a morbid and perverse quality, becoming addicted to unusual pleasures and sympathies. Otherwise his or her life remains as it was, and no choice of insanity or phobia is necessary. With the agreement of the keeper, allow the player to choose the morbidity or perversity; the investigator is never cured of the condition even after returning to sanity.

At close range, the Yellow King may attack by removing the Pallid Mask, or with magic. But the entity also may

choose a hypnotic dance of inhuman power which makes glorious art of madness.

Powerful investigators may defeat the Yellow King with magic. He is not necessarily destroyed, and may return at a later time, at the will of Hastur.

THE KING IN YELLOW, Throne Form, Avatar of Hastur

STR 25 CON 106 SIZ 14 INT 50 POW 35
DEX 27 HP 60

Move 15, or as it will

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapons: Dance* POW vs. POW roll, damage 1D4 per round of attack.

Face Tentacle 100%, damage 1D6+1 of the victim's POW per round.

Grapple 90%, 1D6+1D6+special Gaze **

* the viewer must succeed in a POW vs. POW resistance table roll with The King In Yellow, or become mesmerized. In the round following mesmerization, the tattered filaments of the King's body take on life as it whirls out in a razor-edged yellow maelstrom against the mesmerized target, condemned to stand motionless; the target loses 1D4 hit points per round from the attack. Once each succeeding round, the target can attempt to break free by receiving the result of another POW vs. POW roll on the resistance table.

** GAZE OF THE KING IN YELLOW: the King induces paroxysms of fear in an opponent by touching and staring at the target, costing him or her 1D6 SAN points per round. Each round of the attack costs the King 3 magic points. To avoid the Gaze in a particular round, the victim must receive a D100 roll of less than his or her POW x2. In determining insanity, a sequence of these attacks against a single target still constitutes a single episode. The King can inflict ordinary Grapple damage while Gazing, if he so wishes. The Gaze is a sure way to convert a follower.

Armor: none.

Spells: All Call, Contact, and Summon/Bind spells, as well as Cast Bubble of Time & Space, Create Gate, Evoke Window, and whatever other spells the keeper desires.

Sanity Loss: viewing the King In Yellow in throne form with mask in place costs no SAN; any other mode costs 1D3/1D10 SAN.



The Songs Of Fantari

Wherein our heroes visit the idyllic Mediterranean island home of the Fantaris; there local fishermen have puzzlingly disappeared, and the islanders are uneasy.

Scenario Considerations

This adventure is well-suited to beginning players and in-experienced investigators. No special knowledge or skills are needed; if useful, the keeper can even postulate that the Count has taught English to everyone on the island. Judge your players: if they're reasonably adult, treat problems of language, time, class, and religion with due emphasis; for immature players, choose one topic (language is best) as the friction of reality with which the investigators must contend.

If the investigators are seasoned hands, and particularly if they tote much magic, this scenario will not be much challenge unless the deep ones are augmented. Examine their statistics and attempt to effect a balance, particularly in how much magic they use.

If the keeper wishes to expand or extend the scenario action, the open-ended characters Father Matthias and Maria Cellani can focus sub-plots.

Keeper's Information

Six fishermen and a beachcomber have disappeared under mysterious circumstances from the Italian island of Fantari; more disappear during the course of the investigation. The disappearances are caused by a group of deep ones who have returned to caverns beneath Fantari, and there are currently conducting basic scientific research on humans.

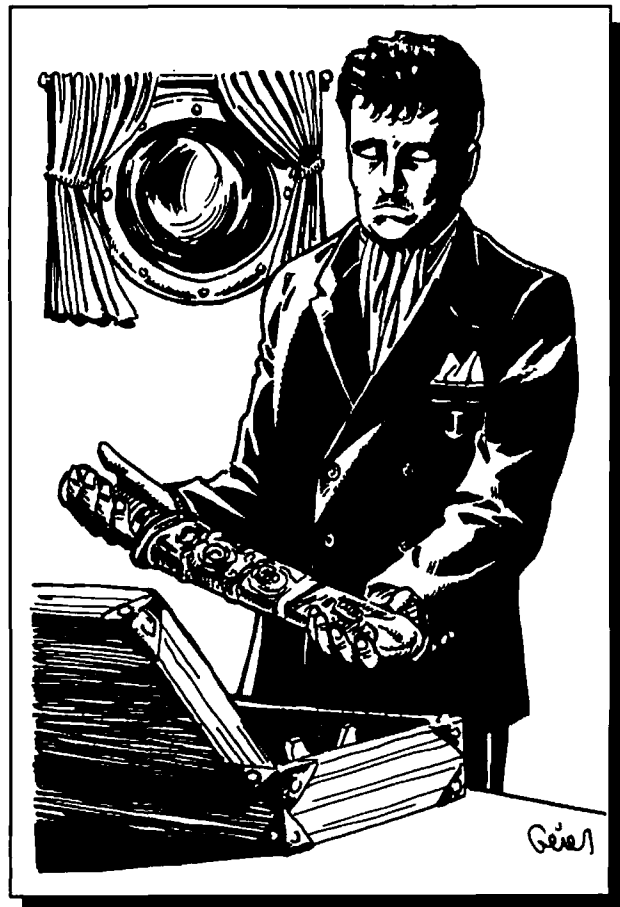
As the investigation progresses, the investigators are exposed to the lure of the deep ones, and may be collected themselves.

Investigators' Information

Count Vito Fantari, an Italian nobleman and sole landholder on the isle of Fantari approaches the investigators.

He wants them to investigate the mysterious disappearance of fishermen from his ancestral home.

Count Fantari explains that the tiny individual boats of the fishermen were found adrift, and that no storms or strong winds or other unusual conditions offer easy expla-



"Nicolò's dagger — a precious heirloom."

About Count Fantari

The fabulous Fantari fortune began in the thirteenth century when Nicolo Fantari alternately threatened and plundered the rich city-states of Northern Italy. Nicolo was the second son of the hereditary 'Prince' of Fantari, whose colonial title derived from grants by Dimocles of Athens and Dionysus I of Syracuse, recognized first as a jest by the Roman Senate and then absent-mindedly confirmed by Pope Sergius II in 844 A.D.

Political realities reduced the Fantaris to mere counts, but in the thirteenth century Nicolo raised the Fantaris to fiscal glory. Acceding to the title after the dubious death of his elder brother, Nicolo and then son Garigo shuttled gold across Europe. For a few decades the Fantaris were as influential as the famous Augsburg banking house of Fugger.

Reverses and then the Reformation confined the Fantaris to the arena of Italy and the Mediterranean until the Industrial Revolution, when great profits were accumulated first in Scotland and England, and then in American and Argentinean railways. As the scope for capital widened under a succession of wise managers, Fantari money poured like water from one cup to another, always increasing, spreading its benefits, reaping its profits.

The Count

He is a kind-hearted, somewhat flamboyant man genuinely concerned for all those who live on Fantari. He has strong pride in his family's ancient roots, which reach back in legend to one Alcibiades of Ephesus, the legendary settler of Fantari.

The current Fantari mansion is built on previous foundations that reach back into Classical times; the famous cellars mosaic is a relic of the era.

Although the Count enjoys the privacy that comes with island life, he is no hermit, and always leaves Fantari during the heat of the summer and the isolation of the winter. He spends several months of each year in Rome and other financial and cultural capitals, but the Fantaris always return to Fantari, "where life is pure," as the family saying goes.

—Player Handout #1—

nations. Since a beachcomber has also vanished, the people of Fantari have added rumor upon rumor, fueling superstitious terror.

The Count knows the investigators by reputation, or by reference—a relative if any investigators are Italian or of Italian descent, or perhaps a European or American friend for whom the investigators have done previous service.

Count Fantari wishes the investigators to visit his island, find the missing men or determine the true cause of their disappearances, and to return Fantari to its former placidity.

Count Fantari is of ancient and very wealthy stock, and it is a mark of his virtuous consideration for his tenants and servants that he offers each investigator \$1000 in gold to make a good-faith effort. He provides lodging, table, and travel as well.

Fantari is short, muscular, and precise; his deft, confident movements suggest a man useful in a fight. A success-

ful Psychology roll identifies him as a trustworthy ally. The Count's statistics can be found at the end of this adventure.

On Fantari Island

From wherever their current location, the investigators can take commercial transportation to the island.

At the keeper's option, Count Fantari's private yacht takes everyone there. Detail Fantari's 50-meter-long steam yacht as desired. It plays no necessary part in the adventure, though it may be operated as a mobile reserve—there are certainly trained crewmen aboard, perhaps chosen in part for their loyalty and their fighting prowess.

Presumably the investigators have treated the Count's request respectfully and expeditiously, and they sail to Italy soon thereafter, arriving at Fantari Island without incident.

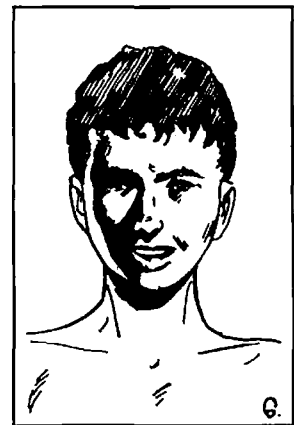
Fantari is a small rocky island, off Sicily, north of Palermo. The hilly terrain affords good pasturage most of the year, but except for a few olive trees and the plantings around the village, little greenery larger than bushes grows on the island. Cactus can be found in many locations. Of wild animals there rabbits and other small rodents, and sea birds which nest in the coastal cliffs.

Many caverns are known in the hills, but they are reputedly dangerous, sometimes wet, and occasionally full of poisonous insects or snakes. Few locals venture explore them except as trysting places, and no one ever braves the black depths beyond the mouths.

The inhabitants live on Fantari at the sufferance of the Count, and they work directly or indirectly to serve and support his needs. Some supplement their existences by selling dried fish and goat cheese to a Palermo trader, whose craft docks every other week to deliver and pick up mail, supplies, freight, and passengers. The next boat to Palermo is due nine days after the investigators arrive.

If no investigator speaks Italian, the keeper may cause Count Fantari to accompany the investigators as they move around the island, or the Count may assign an eager youth, Cristofolo Coppolo, age 15, to be their interpreter. Besides the Count and Cristofolo, only Giovanni Badoglio speaks English on Fantari Island.

Once the investigators settle into their luxurious rooms in Fantari Mansion, they'll want to question the Count, Father Matthias (the only other man on the island of significant intellectual capability), the staff, and other inhabitants. They learn as much of the following as the keeper cares to supply; additional opportunity to learn this information exists at other times as well.



Christofolo Coppolo

- **RUMOR, FALSE:** Fantari legend reports frequent sightings of sea serpents, great reptilian beasts scores of feet long. Nothing like this is actually reported earlier than 1309 A.D.
- **RUMOR, FALSE:** Maria of the One Eye, an old woman who died less than a year ago, was an outcast from the village, and widely regarded as a witch. For her sins, she was refused confession by Father Matthias, a dismaying vindictive deed. Her tiny hut in the hills was burned. Investigators going over the bare ground find nothing of interest but broken crockery and a cooking pot, but the teller of the tale says that Maria of the One Eye swore a deathbed vengeance, and says that now the oath has taken hold of the island.
- **RUMOR, TRUE:** in ancient times, Fantari's waters were home to sea-devils who seized unwary sailors and fishermen. Fantari's family fought them, and commemorated the event for posterity. (An ancient mosaic in the cellars commemorates the event.)
- **RUMOR, FALSE:** the ghosts of Austrians who died at sea near here during the Great War have chosen to take vengeance on loyal Italian subjects; this idea was prompted after a ten-liter gasoline tin washed ashore, bearing the German word *BENZIN* stenciled on its side.
- **RUMOR, FALSE:** the French (or the Turkish) navy is experimenting with a new submarine, ruthlessly eliminating witnesses to the trials. Though nearly everyone repeats this rumor, successful Psychology rolls suggest that no one really believes it.

The Count himself ordered this last rumor spread, hoping to provide a logical explanation to the villagers which would quell their fears. He glumly confesses that his effort failed totally.

- **TRUE TESTIMONY:** members of the Count's household, herders, and villagers agree that three small fishing boats were found drifting close to shore, abandoned, and that a man who roamed the beaches searching for driftwood has also vanished. There were no signs of struggle, or clues to the causes of the disappearances.

On Fantari, fishermen are usually male; no significance may be attached to the exclusively male disappearances. One section of the coast, opposite the village and Fantari Mansion, is always the place where the boats are found, and the beachcomber was believed to have gone to this area,

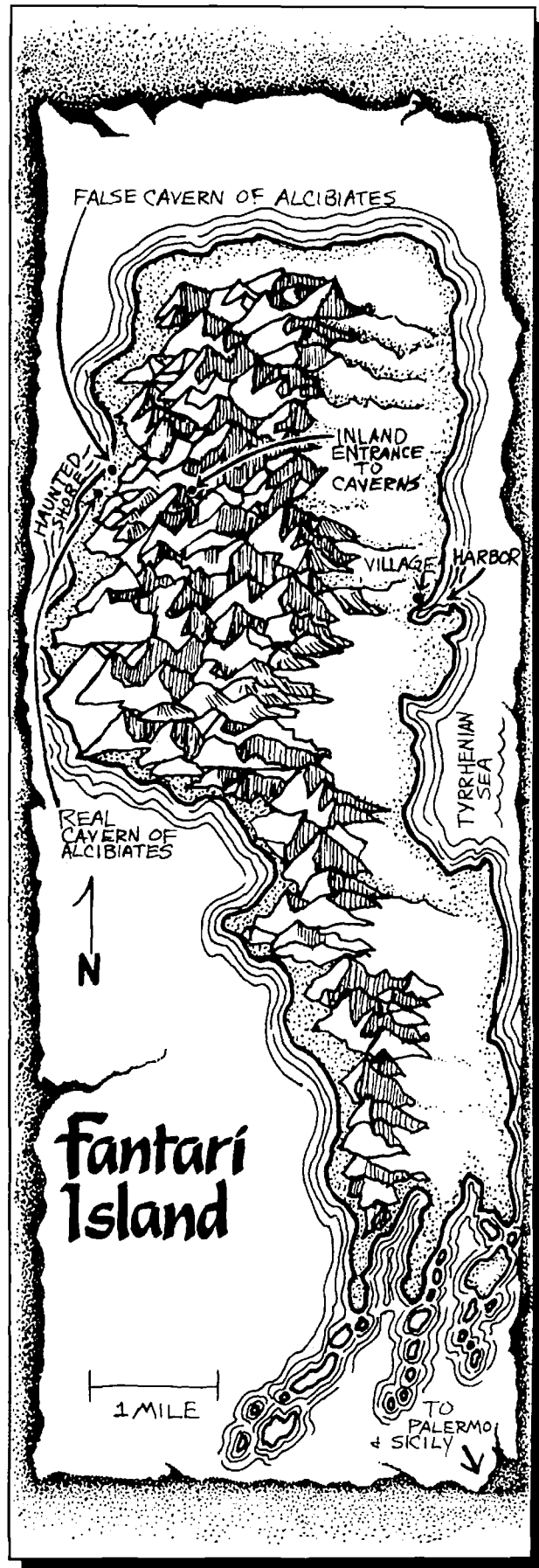
where the currents converge and toss up wood and flotsam and jetsam.

Father Matthias

He has been preacher, confessor, and teacher to Fantari for a half-century. Once vigorous, kindly, and outgoing, his declining health has affected his emotional balance, and he has become narrow, stubborn, and occasionally cruel. After Count Fantari and his wife (who is absent in Milano — a



Father Matthias



shopping trip? —a separation? —a difficult pregnancy?), the Father is the most important person on the island. Yet, when he walks slowly down the street to the new church which he wheedled out of the Count, no one calls to him or smiles, and people move quickly from his path.

Concerning the disappearances, Father Matthias restates the fantasy with which he currently belabors the villagers: those lost were chosen as examples to remind all of Fantari of the sins which pollute their lives daily. To avoid death, he recommends fasting, prayer, and mortification.

A successful Psychology roll suggests that Father Matthias both believes and disbelieves his own words: when repeating what he has said many times previously, he is swept by venomous emotions, and does not question those emotions; when he must think to examine some situation or proposition, then the emotion fades, and he becomes more open.

When the investigators leave, he falls to his knees and begins earnest prayer, hoping to master the hate and disappointment within himself.

Father Matthias plays no further part in the adventure, unless the keeper finds him useful. Matthias, like Fantari, is able to command the villagers to unified action, even though they are reluctant.

An Interruption

At some point in the investigation, a well-groomed young man rushes in, clearly excited. He is Giovanni Badoglio, in charge of mansion maintenance and grounds, a key position on the island. He brings upsetting news: five more men and a single woman have disappeared.



Giovanni Badoglio

Four men were aboard the island's largest fishing vessel, found wrecked on the same coastline where the other boats washed up. The other man and the woman were fishing together after the man's terrified partner had refused to put to sea. Their boat was found along the same shoreline.

The discoveries were reported by another fisherman, Paolo Renzeni. Interviewed, this ordinary man has no other information to offer, except to

swear he will not again put foot in the sea.

Badoglio, of considerable intelligence and able to read and write well, is also steeped in local legends and island superstitions, and the current wave of disappearances is to him spectacular confirmation that the local legends have reality. He is wary of what the islanders call the 'haunted shore' even on foot.

If asked to accompany the investigators to the area, he will go if aboard the big yacht (since it seems invincible), but not if aboard a smaller boat. He will go afoot or on horseback, but will not touch foot on the sand in that area.

The Village

A shady cluster of small brick and tile houses make up the tidy little village, which centers around the quiet square which contains the well. Rainwater is also stored in cisterns up the hill from the village, cool pools of clean water which the Count proudly shows, part of his plan to make Fantari a paradise for all its inhabitants.

A narrow beach of sand and rock leads down to the protected harbor; the remainder of the island's small fishing boats are drawn up onto the beach.

Several dozen inhabitants stand beside one forlorn craft, little more than a rowboat, upon the stern of which are painted red roses and the name *Rosa*. The boat, still seaworthy and its oars shipped, was towed in a few minutes before.

- Close examination of the craft detects nothing out of the ordinary: nets, weights, encrusted fish scales, a tie rope, an awning against the sun. A successful Spot Hidden notices that the paddles of both oars are freshly splintered, as though smashed several times against some object, and that the paddle of one oar actually contains a serious crack. Like the splintered area, the crack is fresh.
- Some islanders murmur that Roberto and Helena DiGeorgio have been fishing all day; perhaps they too have been killed.

Personal Testimony

As the investigators examine the boat or talk to the villagers, an argument breaks out in the village. A middle-aged woman is swinging a length of driftwood at a young man. Her strength and agility are excellent, and the out-classed young man is desperately dodging and trying to flee into the hills. Failing that, he turns toward the beach and runs toward the investigators, falling at their knees before them, begging protection.

The woman pursues, not daring to risk investigator wrath, but angry and certain of her purpose.

In the exchange that follows, the investigators learn that she is the mother of the woman who disappeared. Most of her words currently rail against "the coward Vincenzo" who trembles before her, a worthless being who deserves every stroke of the beating she administers.

Vincenzo had refused to go out with his partner, Rosa's husband, and Rosa took his place. Now both Rosa and her husband are missing and presumed drowned. The middle-aged woman is Maria Cellani, Rosa's mother, a strong woman of considerable dignity and intelligence. Upon learning of the investigators' purpose on Fantari, Mrs. Cellani volunteers to be their guide, saying that though



Maria Cellani



Helen DiGeorgio

Cristofolo is a fine young man, she knows the waters and currents as well as any man on the island. To this last statement the villagers nod general assent.

Just turned 50, Mrs. Cellani is a fisherman's widow, long used to hard work and the risks of the sea. In her youth she accompanied her husband on fishing trips much as her daughter Rosa has done, which makes Rosa's loss to her more poignant. Unlike the rest of the village, she is willing to travel to the haunted shore.

The Survivor

It's a busy day for the investigators. At some point there is a second fuss in the village; near sunset would be a good time, since it precludes action until the morning.

This time the calls come from the harbor, and feet run toward that place.

In the harbor, a dark object is floating in on the evening tide. Several villagers—or perhaps the brave investigators—tentatively row out to examine what it is. Their fear turns to shouts of joy when they reach the object: it is Helena DiGeorgio, Cristofolo's 26-year-old sister, who with her husband Roberto put to sea before dawn, and disappeared.

She is alive, but exhausted. She tore strips from her clothing to lash herself to floating jetsam, another ten-liter *BENZIN* can. After rest and attention, she able to relate what has happened to a room crowded with listeners. Her statement exists in a nearby box.

She has no other information than that contained in her statement, and there are no associated clues.

(If they put their mind to it, the investigators can trace the gasoline cans to a Maltese trawler whose captain ordered 43 such cans put over the side eleven days ago, off Agrigento.)

The Mosaic

The investigators will want to understand Helena's reference to "sea demons." Count Fantari is the best person to ask.

Helena DiGeorgio's Statement

The sun was just rising. We were catching plenty of fish, and Roberto joked that the fishing was good without competition from other fishermen. There was nothing to be seen, though we were not far from shore.

Then a woman's voice called to my Roberto. She was singing, and he was listening. I could see no one. As soon as her song began, he knelt perfectly still, as though clubbed like a fish. Then his face filled with an unholy lust, and he seized the oars, and rowed like a madman toward the haunted shore.

I tried to stop him, but he struck me and threw me aside. He had never beaten me, but now he was possessed or bewitched. He cried out that rowing was too slow, then dropped the oars and jumped into the sea, swimming toward the rocks. I followed, but he swam very fast. Once he reached shore, someone moved from behind a rock to embrace him. Then they moved away, out of sight, and I lost vision of my Roberto. He was gone. *[Pause]*

O Count Fantari, when will you act? Your great ancestor saved Fantari from sea demons—will not you attempt his great deed? For the love of God, return Roberto to me! *[Pause]*

There's not much else to tell. I do remember wondering how Roberto knew she wanted him, since her words were not Italian, and he spoke nothing else. Her song was strange, like nothing I have ever heard. It was musical, like a flute, but I could not understand it, since the words were not meant for me.

Then things came toward the boat, things that swam well, like fishes, and began to rock and strike the boat. I dove overboard and swam out to sea; perhaps they let me go because they thought I would drown, and so I would have except for what was drifting in the sea.

— Player Handout #2 —

He says that in legend his Greek forebears landed on Fantari and there encountered a cavern filled with sea demons and their human slaves. Alcibiates sought and received aid from King Dionysius of Sicily, and their joint armed might returned to the cavern and there exterminated the monsters and their slaves.

He leads the investigators to the cellars of Fantari Mansion, to the famous Mosaic of Fantari, executed in the Roman era of Octavian.

Ordering that the electric generator be turned on to provide the best possible light, the Count shows them the mosaic, occupying nearly thirty feet of the cellar wall. Later Fantaris treated the mural as an important part of their heritage, and though new villas and castles replaced those of earlier times, the mosaic was always carefully preserved.

MOSAIC OF FANTARI: the mosaic reads left to right, with later events always to the right. It begins with beautiful nude women singing to men in a galley, then a mixture of humans and horrible sea demons consorting with the galley crew, whose faces exhibit pleasure and contentment. Then Alcibiates sneaks from the cave and sails to Sicily, where he entreats the great King Dionysius to come to his aid.

Dionysius apparently agrees, for many galleys sail to Fantari. There warriors stop their ears with wax, arm themselves, and march to the cave.

They slaughter the sea demons, and on the beach burn a great pile of demons and human slaves. Alcibiates looks on approvingly from the right edge of the mosaic.

The Count himself notes the resemblance between Helena's story and what is portrayed in part of the mosaic, though he finds the resemblance incredible. He suggests that the investigators may want to accompany him on a trip to Alcibiates' Cave.

The Haunted Shore

Let the investigators make their preparations for the rest of the evening; the group can set out in the morning. Count Fantari's gun collection has enough shotguns and rifles to arm the whole island, if the investigators did not bring weapons.

Since Fantari Island boasts only a single five-ton utility truck, there are no roads except near the village. A five-mile trail suitable for horses (the Count has six in his stables here) takes a gentle route to the opposite coast of the island, and a three-mile trail suitable only for hikers offers a shorter, steeper route. Cliffs block the shore at several places along the island's circumference.

The island is hot, dry, dusty, and rocky. Twice the party encounters tiny springs amid grass and small trees, but much of the land is almost as inhospitable as the Sahara Desert. At the high point of the trail, a dim flat gray line can be glimpsed to the south—the mainland of Sicily. No other land or island can be seen.

Approaching the so-called haunted shore on the west side of the island, the accompanying villagers to hold back.

They are afraid to proceed further. The Count may convince them, or may be unable to, dramatizing their fear (and their uselessness—if captured investigators think about such rescuers, their despair should increase).

Though the island is riddled with caves, the Cave of Alcibiates is well-known; it is just above the mean high-tide line. It is wide-mouthed and deep, easily seen from far off-shore. Approaching it, investigators see that the tide has erased all tracks in the sand which could lead to or away from it.

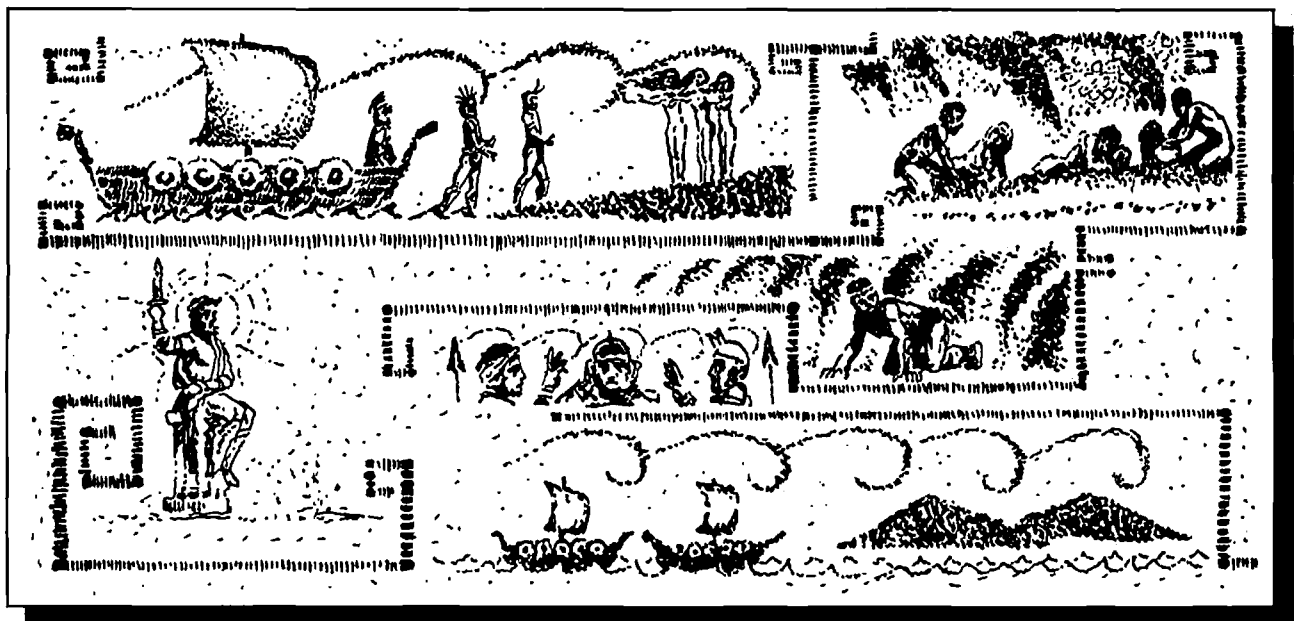
Inside the cave, which slopes gently upward, a successful Track roll finds no new tracks at all. After about 40 feet, there are no tracks at all, just flat smooth sand; no one has been this way in a long while.

Let the investigators explore the cave as they will, and make it as deep or shallow, plain or bizarre as desired; this is the wrong cave.

The inhabitants long ago decided that only a magnificent cave could have been the scene of Alcibiates' triumph; the location was shifted from the genuine cranny-like entrance to this wonderfully theatrical one. For nearly 2500 years, this modification to truth has made no difference, but truth does tell, eventually.

- A successful Geology roll discerns that this coastline is rising, and that though the cave now called Alcibiates' existed when the original Fantari did, it was then wholly underwater. If it was at the Mediterranean's edge, as shown in the mosaic, the real Cave of Alcibiates is now at least thirty feet above today's mean tide line; this simple information shortens any subsequent search for the real cave to a few hours.

- If no one has sufficient geological skill, then any search for the real cave takes the rest of this day and the beginning of the next.



- If the investigators abandon the search and return to the village, that night the Fantari yacht mysteriously explodes, taking with it the only radio communication to the rest of the world. The incidents related in the optional sub-section "Consolidation" occur in mid-morning the next day.

Consolidation

This sub-section is optional, perhaps useful if the investigators decide to duck the encounter in the caverns by fleeing or by doing nothing.

Sometime in the night, deep ones invade the Count's wonderful steam yacht, stealthily slaughter captain and crew, stoke the boilers, jam the safety valves, and blow her sky-high in a blast noticed in Sicily.

A rain of rock, coral, teak decking, glass, twisted metal, and bits and chunks of humanity showers the area, incidently holing or destroying every boat drawn up on shore.

The fishing boats can be repaired in 1D3+1 days each, or sooner if the keeper desires, and the Palermo trading ship calls nine days after the investigators arrive on Fantari, but there is no radio transmitter on the island, and no other form of communication to reach anyone else.

A bit before mid-day, the singing starts; one by one, stupendous lust seizes everyone, even Father Matthias, and they stumble into the water to follow the melodies of incredible promise. If some investigators have sealed their ears and attempt to restrain the islanders, they respond violently.

No singer is much visible, only dark heads in the water. Using binoculars, investigators can clearly make out deep one heads bobbing about in the light swell.

One by one the singers lead the mesmerized swimmers around the island to the true Cave of Alcibiates.

Though the sea is calm, the swim is a long one, and everyone is compelled by magic to be singled-minded; two

CON rolls are needed to complete the trip. Those receiving failing rolls can choose to drown or to stumble ashore suffering extreme hysteria. Of the latter, each wanders the island for 1D3 days searching to exhaustion for the magical singer who must—*must*—be so near. At the end of that time, the individual recovers and returns to normal. His or her only memories of this time are of emotions, of great longing and anticipation. No matter how much time passes, thereafter he or she wakes occasionally in the middle of the night, sure that a siren has just sung.

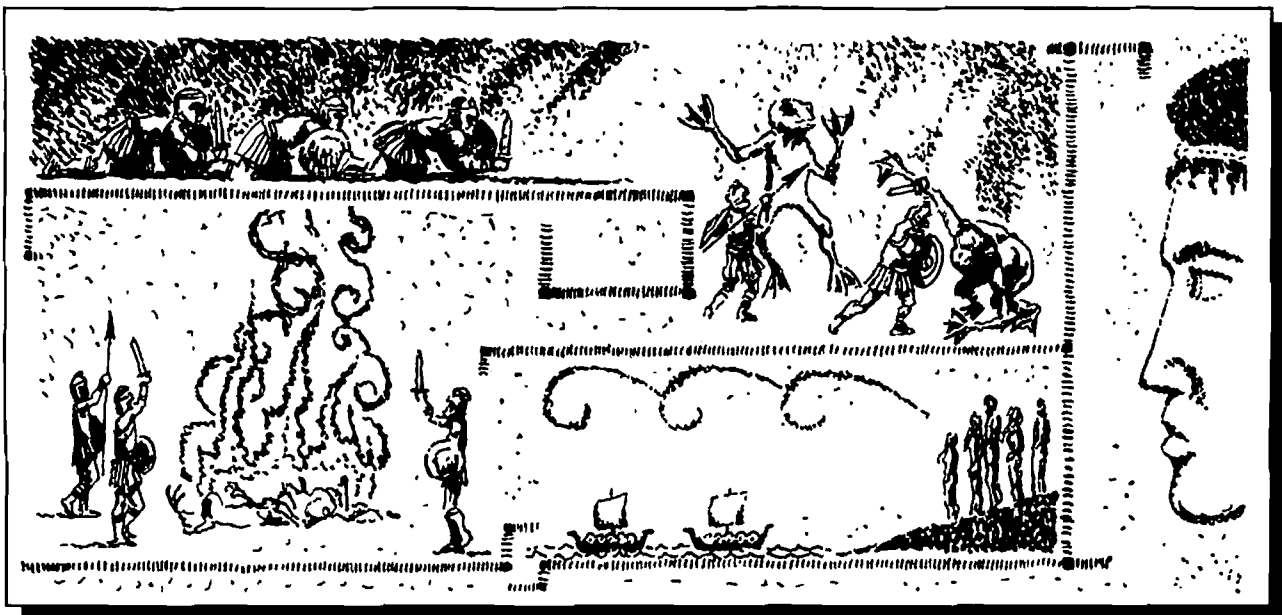
Those who reach the correct cave are taken by the deep ones, and matters proceed thereafter as per the sub-section further below, "Capture." Whether or not compelled to swim, investigators notice that deep ones systematically help women and girls, while ignoring drowning men.

The Second Cave

The real Cavern of Alcibiates is south of the false cave, around a bluff and isolated from the south by the collapse of a cliff in 1649 A.D.

The investigators may come upon it while searching from the land or the sea; if from the sea, consider a Siren Song attack upon them, but judge investigator (and player) capabilities when doing so—the deep ones assigned to the task can inspect the boat or yacht from close range with no chance of discovery. They will not woo a party obviously prepared for them, or one dangerously armed. It should go without saying that a waterborne party is exceptionally vulnerable to attack by these sea intelligences, and that little can be done to prevent the holing and sinking even of Count Fantari's steam yacht.

Once the investigators enter the cavern, of course, spring the trap outlined below.



Player Handout #3 — The Mosaic

Siren Song, a new spell

Attracts and binds those who hear it to the will of the singer. The caster must sing the spell, and the target or targets must hear it. The spell costs 1 magic point and 5 Sanity points to cast. If it can be heard directly, this spell always succeeds against humans when sung by a species analogous to human in physiology.

This spell is presently known only to deep ones.

Hearing Siren Song, a human believes the promise of whatever his or her soul most deeply craves, and remembers the song as being sung in tones so beautiful that the hearer knew joy and tears in equal measure.

The Siren Song spell requires keeper administration. Each time the spell affects a target, make a secret roll of 2D6+20 to learn how many hours the spell actually affects each target. When the time is up and the spell has not been recast, the character suddenly wakes to the truth, and is completely free to act. Being free of the spell does not prevent a subsequent application from taking effect.

Humans who use Siren Song against other species must receive a successful POW against POW roll on the resistance table to affect the target or targets, since other species are less susceptible to hypnotic effects. For the second and each additional magic point sacrificed to the spell, raise the caster's POW by one for each resistance table roll during the attack. Thus a singer of POW 17 who sacrificed 11 magic points has the equivalent of POW 27 (not 28, because 1 magic point powers the spell) for all the resistance table rolls in the attack.

Human or not, each individual target in a casting is attacked by the same resistance-table equivalent POW, and each combat is resolved individually.

There is no upper limit to the number of targets which can be affected by a single casting, but target and singer must be of species analogous in physiology—a human caster could affect humans, sand dwellers, deep ones, or serpent men, for instance, but not shoggoths, flying polyps, or elder things. The keeper always has the option of ruling that the spell does not work at all on a non-human species, with the exceptions of the three examples in the previous sentence.

Two or more casters can sing at the same spell, but only the one with the highest POW plus magic points affects the target.

Entities of INT 21 or greater are immune from Siren Song and unaffected in any way.

The spell has an absolute physical range of 1000 yards; telephones, radios, loudspeakers, and so forth do not transmit the spell. Each singing of a spell takes six combat rounds to become effective; the spell's effect lasts 2D6+20 hours.

During the time the spell is in effect, the caster's will is paramount. The target does whatever is commanded or suggested, unless doing so harms the target or those or that to whom he or she has an emotional attachment. In that case, the contradiction causes the target to break down in tears and become immobile.

One caster may claim the allegiance of another caster's victims with a successful cast of Siren Song.

Those who hear the Siren Song have no memories of the time spent beneath the spell, only feelings of great longing and great loss. No matter how much time passes, thereafter he or she wakes occasionally in the middle of the night, sure that something wonderful has just occurred, and unable to remember it.

There are three ways into the caverns. Each entrance requires a successful Spot Hidden or Track roll to find. Unless the investigators specifically look for alternate entrances (and mount a convincing search), they should be able to find only the entrance thirty feet up the hillside from the sea.

- an underwater entrance about twenty feet underwater, not usable by humans without special diving apparatus;
- a land entrance thirty feet up a hillside and 200 yards south of the putative Cave of Alcibiates;
- a land entrance high on the interior side of the same hill, carved by a long-dried spring.

The investigators finally discover the cavern entrance by noticing recent evidence of passage there. The entrance itself is little more than a cleft in the rock, but it is deep, and as it deepens, it grows wider. The cavern is of limestone, with lots of stalactites and stalagmites, still pools, and mysterious crannies and passages, and can be arranged in any fashion the keeper wishes.

If the investigators have taken the hint and sealed up their ears somehow, they no longer can communicate with each other except by gesture. Therefore they must keep flashlights, lanterns, candles, or torches lit to see by, or else remove their earplugs and communicate by sound, rendering them vulnerable to Siren Song.

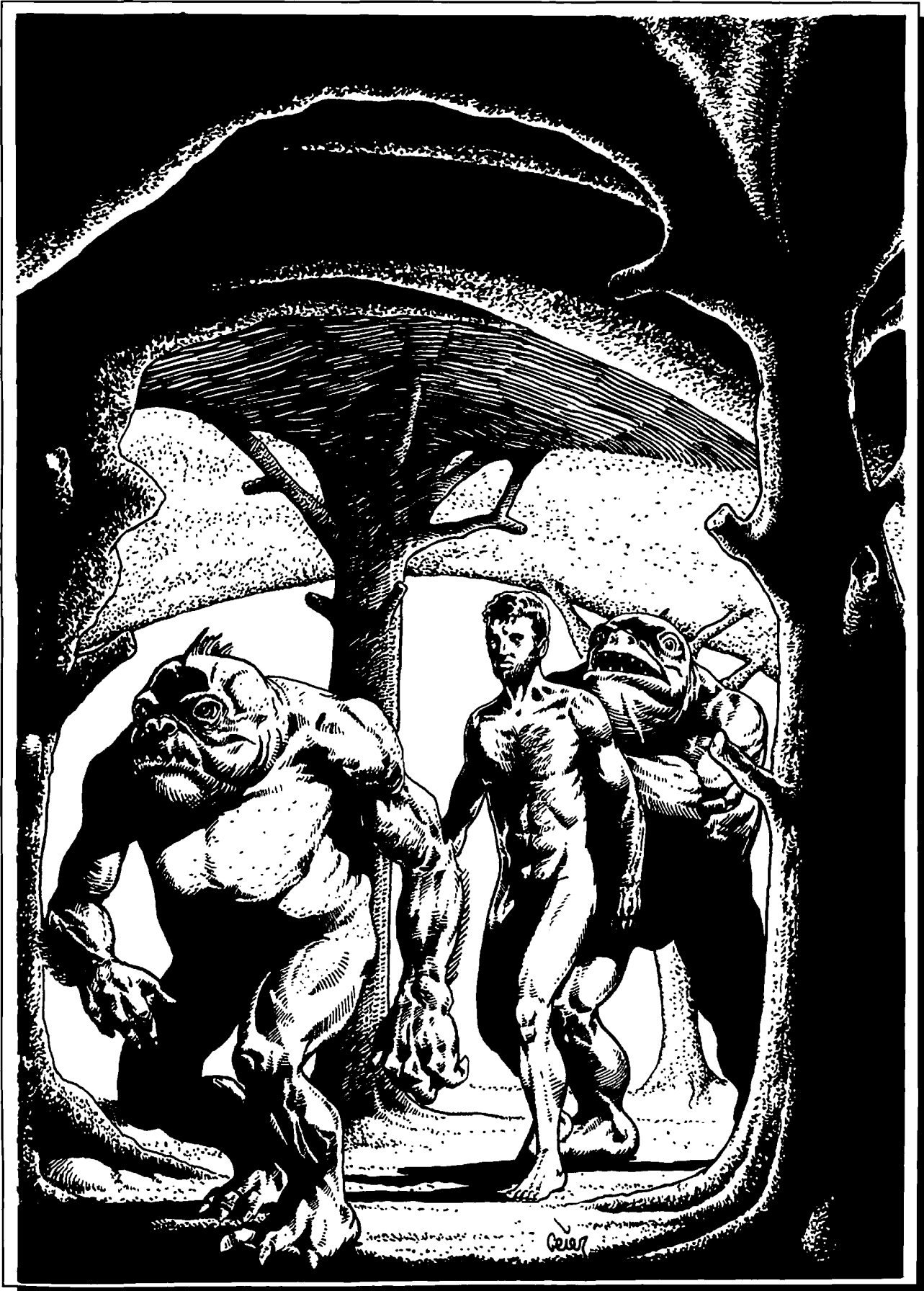
If the investigators have left a guard at the entrance (perhaps Badoglio, since he is so nervous), or if one of them is able to escape the trap to be sprung soon, he or she may lead an eventual rescue. More likely, though, the investigators must mount their own escape.

THE TRAP

It's not too hard to watch a couple of holes in the ground. To alert the deep one scientists, a human guards each land entrance—two fishermen captured earlier and not currently useful in experiments. When they see investigator lights, they scurry to their lovers with the news; there is at least a 50% chance that the investigators notice the fleeing human or pick up his tracks in nearby sand; if the keeper wishes, spotting the right way to go may automatically succeed.

In setting up the trap, the keeper should assume that one female and one male (if there are any females in the party) deep one cast Siren Song every minute or so, until their magic points are nearly exhausted; the point is to capture specimens undamaged and subjugated. Neither caster needs to augment the 1 magic point per spell cast; the keeper should be willing to let the odds on the resistance table do the work: use deep ones 1 and 2 in the statistics section.

If all the investigators are male, all the deep ones are female. If investigators of both sexes enter the caverns, mark some deep ones as male. Portions of the text specify



Bringing in a prisoner.

Dampen Light

Creates a zone of darkness through the use of an enchanted set of pipes or a flute. Casting the spell requires a successful Play Pipes or Play Flute roll, combined with the expenditure of 1D3 SAN and 1 more magic point. Each magic point expended centers a sphere of darkness expanding in increments of 1 yard in radius. If the flutist moves, the zone of darkness moves also. The spell ends when the flutist stops playing.

For the first two combat rounds, the music has no visible effect, but during the third round all the light within the zone drains away, blinding everyone within it, including the flutist.

Anyone so-blinded needs a successful idea roll to be able to perform a physical action. Each new round of darkness requires a new successful idea roll to decide what to do.

Combat skills are halved, and in employing other than natural weapons there is a 50% chance each round of dropping the weapon used if the attack fails.

sex, but keepers should change this as necessary: sexual differences among these watery denizens are not easily perceived.

At roughly the same time the first Siren Song is cast, the party comes across one of the fishermen, sitting alone in the middle of a large room. If the investigators are able to see him, he begins to play his flute, and the weird, shrill notes of Dampen Light suddenly dim and then blacken everyone's vision. The spell continues until one of the investigators (POW x1 chance to find the flutist) knocks the instrument from the flutist's hands. See the nearby box for the spell Dampen Light.

Between Siren Song and Dampen Light, the party should be easy to capture. Blinded investigators wandering within the Dampen Light zone can be grappled into submission; allot two deep ones to each member of the party, and allow each webbed entity a 30% chance per round of a successful Grapple attack on a random investigator.

If the keeper wishes, allow one investigator to escape the trap and return to the surface; he or she can thereafter be preoccupied in watching the events, being snared in the deep attack on the village (as per the sub-section "Consolidation"), or in sailing a rowboat to Palermo, perhaps to bring back help in the nick of time.

The rest of the party should have their earwax plucked, be sung into submission, and towed sniggering like school-

Deep One Society and Psychology

Not fettered by human emotions, deep one scientists, craftsmen, and artists neither receive the social and personal benefits of ambition and applause, nor the sense of benefaction which underwrites human achievement. Insanely rational at times, always driven by perverse and inhuman drives, the species and its activities are not easy to comprehend; casual observers have often imputed human motives to inhuman situations, none more clearly than to this species, which has the power to interbreed with humanity.

To deep ones, personal existence and personal desire is paramount. The species does not try to systematize knowledge or technique, nor try to pass on what they know or how to do something—each individual in each generation actually re-invents the wheel, as it were, though observation of the achievements of others can be important. Nonetheless, only a fraction of the information learned by any individual is embedded in writings or otherwise preserved as the heritage of the city or the species, later to be learned by others.

Every deep one city is a mass of individuals, believing disconnected and unrelated things about life, the universe, and the place of intelligence in the scheme of things. Such cities are not arranged hierarchically—or arranged at all. Since deep ones thoroughly ignore each other, they have little reason to move from wherever they first become conscious. (If no habitant swims out to contest the claim, a youth might build a house or a water-tight craftspace atop some one else's structure. But so few new deep ones are born that such problems occur from time to time, not constantly.)

Consequently deep ones should be thought of as clustering individuals—not as nationalities or as species-members. It is possible that inedible or tasteless entities who were not *reka* (of lively sexual sport) might live permanently among deep ones without danger or comment. The sprawling cities of the deep

ones need no streets or directions other than 'deeper' or 'high up,' no addresses, and no services. The water is the street, near-infinite lifespans gives plenty of time for searching, and each tends individually. The thought of one deep one living off another, treating him or her as *gadj*—food or food-like stuff—or the thought of living like *gadj* in service to another—revolts these beings and could cause challenge and combat.

All, or almost all, deep ones acknowledge the as sovereign Great Cthulhu, and through him the possibility of greater entities still. Certain deep ones are chosen as priests or priestesses of Cthulhu when sent visions of his command. It is in response to Cthulhu's will, always dim but always a presence in their minds, that these intelligences occasionally spasm into mass concerted action.

Most deep ones eventually specialize in one or more areas of the real or the hyper-real, energized by naive curiosity and the deepest boredom.

Deep ones do sometimes find it useful to bring together groups of themselves to accomplish some rational, comprehensible task. Such a proposition requires great drive and negotiating skill by the organizer, and results so-obtained are often despised and shunned by the larger part of the city or settlement. Only priestly commands directed by Great Cthulhu offer the deep ones much in the way of quick organization.

In summary, the deep one way of life is alien—arrogant, coldly beautiful, unfathomably cruel, astonishingly individual, incredibly patient. With lifespans approaching the immortal, little diverts deep ones from their separate desires. Mating, worship, or common interest occasionally bring together two or many, but such events are unusual. Deep ones spend weeks or months without seeing or communicating with anyone; they are content in that, for they do not have the mammalian need for emotional agreement and physical touch, nor is the closeness of family significant to them.



Krog-Rethok

boys into the deep one labs beyond, each now giving no thought to other than the beautiful deep one (who somehow has taken on humanly feminine—or masculine, as appropriate—characteristics) and who has magically become the emotional center of their lives.

Deep Ones At Fantari

Some 40,000 years ago, deep one Krog-Rethok made an unexpected discovery: unknown to her, the first Cro-Magnons had entered the Italian peninsula, and scientist Rethok discovered a mostly-intact drowned specimen adrift off the Tiber.

Rethok had studied various Neanderthal subjects over the previous 100,000 years, and was intrigued to learn of the speciation. From her home beyond the Pillars of Hercules, she returned to the peninsula every 3000 years or so thereafter to gather information and samples from the new species. As time passed, the increasing organization and combat prowess of the mainland human tribes endangered her original data-gathering and sampling site, so she moved her collection area west, into the Mediterranean, in about 7000 B.C.

The mosaic on Count Fantari's wall exaggerates Fantari's famous deed. Rethok's last sampling project, the one which Alcibiates inconvenienced, did lose two deep one peers as well as twelve human samples, but requisite data had been gathered by the time of the attack, and Rethok's one-of-a-kind gear had been mostly packed and transported by then.

Better prepared this time for human powers of ant-like organization, Krog-Rethok has returned to Fantari. Its caves are convenient for human and deep one alike. Once again she studies the unseemly rush and sprawl of human evolution by testing and sampling freshly-captured specimens.

She expected to find only human males in her snares, as in the past; she is and will be delighted to encounter human females. The "Consolidation" sub-section refers to the preventative strike designed to protect their experiments and samplings. As a by-product, though, the action also cap-



Bara-Rebokuk

tures examples of the human female in every age group, information previously difficult to gather because human societies tend to bind their females to the land.

With Krog-Rethok are eleven other deep ones, each intent to learn more about humans. Expand or contract their number as desired. These apparent companions are actually individuals with separate goals—they are not subordinate members of a team. For most, interest in humans is a passing fancy, lasting only a dozen or a hundred years.

Bara-Rebokuk is a younger like-doer (*associate* or *co-worker* implies too much hierarchy and coordination). He and Krog-Rethok are true scientists of great achievement, thinkers who have independently created personal versions of physiology, biology, genetics, microbiology, and other human disciplines over the course of tens of millennia of study.

Rethok and Rebokuk have negotiated agreement with the rest that the subjects remain undamaged until other tests and samplings are complete. Male human anatomy is well-known to these two, and not their current interests, and this week they have little regard for the captives as *gadj* or *reka*, but the same cannot be said for all of the others.

LANGUAGE

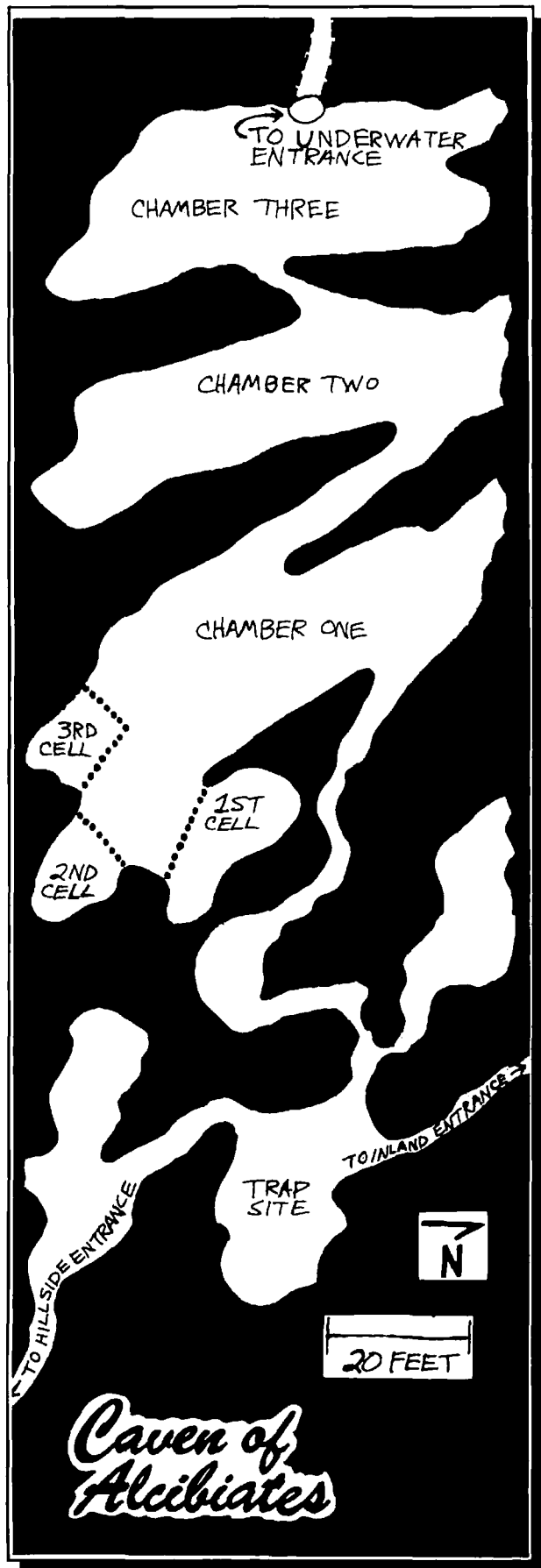
In the course of her earlier work, Krog-Rethok has learned enough proto-Latin to grunt "Aqua," "Cibus," and the like—not enough to communicate abstractions or to have conversations. All eleven deep ones can gargle out "Non" and "Pausa."

The Laboratories

The true Cavern of Alcibiates is a set of limestone caverns excavated by underground streams. The way between the coastal mouth of the caverns and the laboratory portion is clear and easy to find; the way to the inland entrance to the caverns is difficult, dangerous, and time-consuming to take. Though no one knows of this second entrance, it could be discovered, or a shepherd might know of a cave which leads down and toward the sea. The underwater cave is traversable only by deep ones or humans with breathing apparatuses.

Several unobtrusive heating units keep temperatures about 80°F, equivalent to the outdoor temperature, assuring normal readings during examinations. For deep ones, the rooms are very warm, and they take frequent swims to cool off.

The laboratory portion of the caverns is a set of three long, irregular chambers. The deep ones have sub-divided these spaces into various smaller spaces, growing walls of the same coral-like material as they need them. Most of these spaces contain equipment, tools, cases, and so forth useful to individuals. These artifacts bear a general sameness, but their designs and materials are very different: were an investigator shown such a collection, he or she



might attempt to trace the development of a culture by such evidence. Here it conveys each maker's relative age.

ILLUMINATION

The scientists prefer dimmer and bluer light than do humans. Glowing portable illumination pyramids can be found in each space and chamber, including the holding cells. By touching these pyramids, deep ones turn them on and off at will, but to make their switches work a human needs some long narrow object like a pencil to insert where the claw naturally goes. These pyramids are about five inches on a side, and shed light in all directions. Their points penetrate and stick gently in the artificial coral, but attach to nothing else.

CHAMBER ONE

Here are the three holding cells, firmly watched by Rethok or Rebokuk to see that other deep ones don't raid the stock of captives in ways not agreed-to. The lab areas for Rethok and Rebokuk are here.

CHAMBER TWO

The lab and sprawl spaces for deep ones 1-5; their activities are detailed in the "Doing Interesting Things" sub-section further in the narrative. Each of these five is in Chamber Two 80% of the time.

CHAMBER THREE

Here are the spaces for deep ones 6-10; their activities are detailed in the "Doing Interesting Things" sub-section. Each is in Chamber Three 80% of the time.

The Three Cells

After several days of intense discussion, negotiation, and threats of personal combat, the scientists have agreed to place humans into the three holding cells in a rough sequence of utility.

FIRST CELL

All new captives are put here. Weapons, light sources, and metallic objects are taken away. Investigators with metal

pins or plates in their bodies from war or accident become sources of great puzzlement, and risk being opened up out of hand, if the keeper desires some drama.

They certainly confiscate blasting caps and large quantities of dynamite, but they may not decide to take a partial stick from someone's pocket, since there's no easy way to recognize the significance of inert explosive.



Enraptured Human

Similarly, if investigators have additional chunks of beeswax in their pockets, the deep ones do not associate these cool honeycombs with the warm, solid, differently-formed pieces they removed from the humans' ears, and leave the wax in investigator possession.

No deep one is interested in human clothes, artifacts, books, weapons, or equipment, which as the days pass accumulates in an ever-deepening pile in a corner of the lab. Several of them around the globe would be intensely interested in this kind of material, but none are here. These deep ones know that humans are intelligent—they do not care about the fact.

SECOND CELL

Captives who have completed the samplings and testings required by Rethok and Rebokuk go here and now are available to the rest of the deep one experimenters, who have lots of disparate and dissimilar studies in mind. Examples for each of the deep one are presented just below, in the "Captivity" sub-section. Keepers should freely adapt, discard, or substitute these experiments; they are offered as conveniences.

THIRD CELL

Here go all captives no longer desired by any deep one for integral sampling and testing. The residents of this cell are available as dissection models, as gadj, as reka, as subjects for potentially fatal tests, or as unwanted test animals which can be freed.

Anything can be done to these unfortunates. If an investigator has some descriptive physical characteristic or outstanding mental propensity which could seem significant to a deep one, use that as a starting place. For instance, a thin or fat investigator might be forced to eat excessively, or perhaps be starved; an investigator wearing glasses might have them taken away and then be forced to dodge hurled objects in order to ascertain his or her condition; a female in high heels might be strapped into stilts to test her amazing sense of balance; a male who nervously cracks his knuckles might have them cracked for him, and so on. Depending on the game, try for amusing stunts as well as horrific procedures: the deep ones are childlike and adult in the range and whimsicality of their deductions, and differ radically in motivation.

In Captivity

The captivity episode should be as short or as extended as keeper and player enthusiasm allows. If the keeper's calculation is that this adventure can be completed in one evening, then a short incarceration is in order—perhaps followed by a chase—and then a graceful conclusion.

INITIAL SITUATION

The captured party are placed in First Cell. Each cell is actually a limestone alcove of irregular shape and size, each closed by a specially-grown coral-like gate of STR 80, equipped with a magical lock. The sub-section "Chances To Escape" below discusses the possibility of break-out.

Determined by their sex, Siren Song has rendered the investigators submissive either to Krog-Rethok or to Bara-Rebokuk. Once under the spell, characters happily follow these sexy, magnificent sea-demons deeper and lower in the caverns, and happily enter their glamorous and enticing cell. Thereafter they wait eagerly for any glance or sign from the relevant spell-caster. The repetition of Siren Song is not perfect, however; see the sub-section "Chances To Escape," below.

Within First Cell are Roberto DiGeorgio, Helena's missing husband and Cristofolo Coppolo's brother-in-law; and Rosa Fillepi, Maria Cellani's daughter.

Rosa's husband Alonzo is in the Second Cell, along with three of the four other fishermen most recently lost. Lost within Siren Song, Rosa and Alonzo think the other of not the slightest importance.

Each human, in fact, fixedly focuses on the most recent spell-caster, even the man currently stripped and strapped to the examination table, where Rethok and Rebokuk are currently taking every conceivable tissue and fluid sample. Even as he winces and jerks beneath probes, needles, swabs, clippers, plungers, pipets, wipes, and syringes of strange aspect, the enthralled fourth fisherman has eyes only for the beautiful Rethok, and does not even notice the investigators when she brings them in.

EFFECTS OF SIREN SONG

Everything about the casters—their scales, bulgy eyes, the rotten seaweed clinging to their backs, their clawed hands and feet, their horny protrusions, their stench, their clumsy, hopping, inhuman gait—is totally charming and captivating. The investigators couldn't be happier. Ask each player what his investigator or investigators particularly like about the appropriate spell-caster, and then embroider those details as opportunity allows.

Deep ones who did not cast Siren Song are perceived normally—1D6 SAN lost to see these things—everyone loses Sanity, since not only are there many deep ones, but they hold the investigators prisoner. In contrast, the spell-caster deep ones seem even more desirable, important, and crucial to life.

Even while the starry-eyed humans eagerly cooperate with their webbed beloveds, part of each human mind fears and is humiliated by the endless examinations and procedures, which are in turn sophisticated, disorienting, cruel, or clumsy and pointless.

If the investigators stay imprisoned for very long, they start losing Sanity: besides specific incidents (such as

watching a friend be cut up alive), the horror and weirdness of the lab costs each investigator 1D10+2 SAN per week.

Doing Interesting Things

Rethok and Rebokuk mostly take fluid and tissue specimens, and make caliper, volumetric, sonogram, and pinch measurements. Additionally, Rethok is reserving Rosa in hopes of obtaining human ovum; if some investigators are female, they also are retained in First Cell until they exhibit pre-menstrual symptoms.

If the two great scientists alone had taken the investigators prisoner, they probably would let them go unharmed (with the exception of one female doomed to dissection, since they have obtained only males before). After all, Rethok and Rebokuk intend to return again and again—why scare away the wildlife? The other deep ones, in Rethok's view brought as protection, naturally have other ideas.

EXPERIMENTER ONE

HUMAN DISSECTOR: one is just starting her practical human studies, and will over weeks completely dissect a human and embalm tissues and organs in thick glass cylinders. She does not much care who she cuts up—she's curious to learn why humans have such weak, spongy muscle fiber.

EXPERIMENTER TWO

REKA-ENTHUSIAST: a second, a mere 5,000 years old, has no interest except extended reka.

EXPERIMENTER THREE

INTELLIGENCE-TESTER: a third is interested in human intelligence and human ability for abstract learning. From a set of clues, he forces subjects to arrange and rearrange formations of strange non-euclidean objects, the shape of which no human mind can quite grasp. Judge failure or success by whether or not the character receives a successful INT x2 roll or less on D100.

Each time the human fails the test, that character gets a violent electric shock, causing 1D6-4 hit points in violent physical pain and damage to the brain, nervous system, optical nerves, and heart and other autonomic functions; each time he or she succeeds, the deep one forces a stinking, slimy claw-full of raw fish down his or her throat—the character loses 1D3 Sanity points, mostly from dealing with the non-euclidean surface, only a little from the fish. Each game takes a day. If an investigator is so-subjected, he or she takes 1D10+2 permanent inch-wide circular scars from the electrodes.

EXPERIMENTER FOUR

ARTISTIC EXPLORER: the fourth is an artist, interested in human skin as a new surface for various media. As the days pass, the deep one develops a technique similar to tattoo-

ing. At the end of a week, portions of the character's skin have been permanently altered—perhaps beautifully, or blasphemously, or in unearthly ways which cost Sanity to see, even in the mirror. At the end of a week, the character needs a successful POW x5 or less roll on D100 in order not to please his or her master and be slaughtered and skinned to preserve the embedded art.

EXPERIMENTER FIVE

TESTER OF LIMITS: the fifth deep one has created an ingenious windowless box within which temperature and air-pressure or water-pressure can be regulated. The aim is to learn the human comfort zone and to understand what such extremes humans can survive. The combinations of temperature and pressure are potentially lethal: spaced over three or more days, the first day costs 1D3 hit points in damage, the second day costs 1D3+2 hit points, and the third day costs 1D6+3 hit points. Investigators who happen to breeze through should get an additional fourth day at 1D3+2 or more.

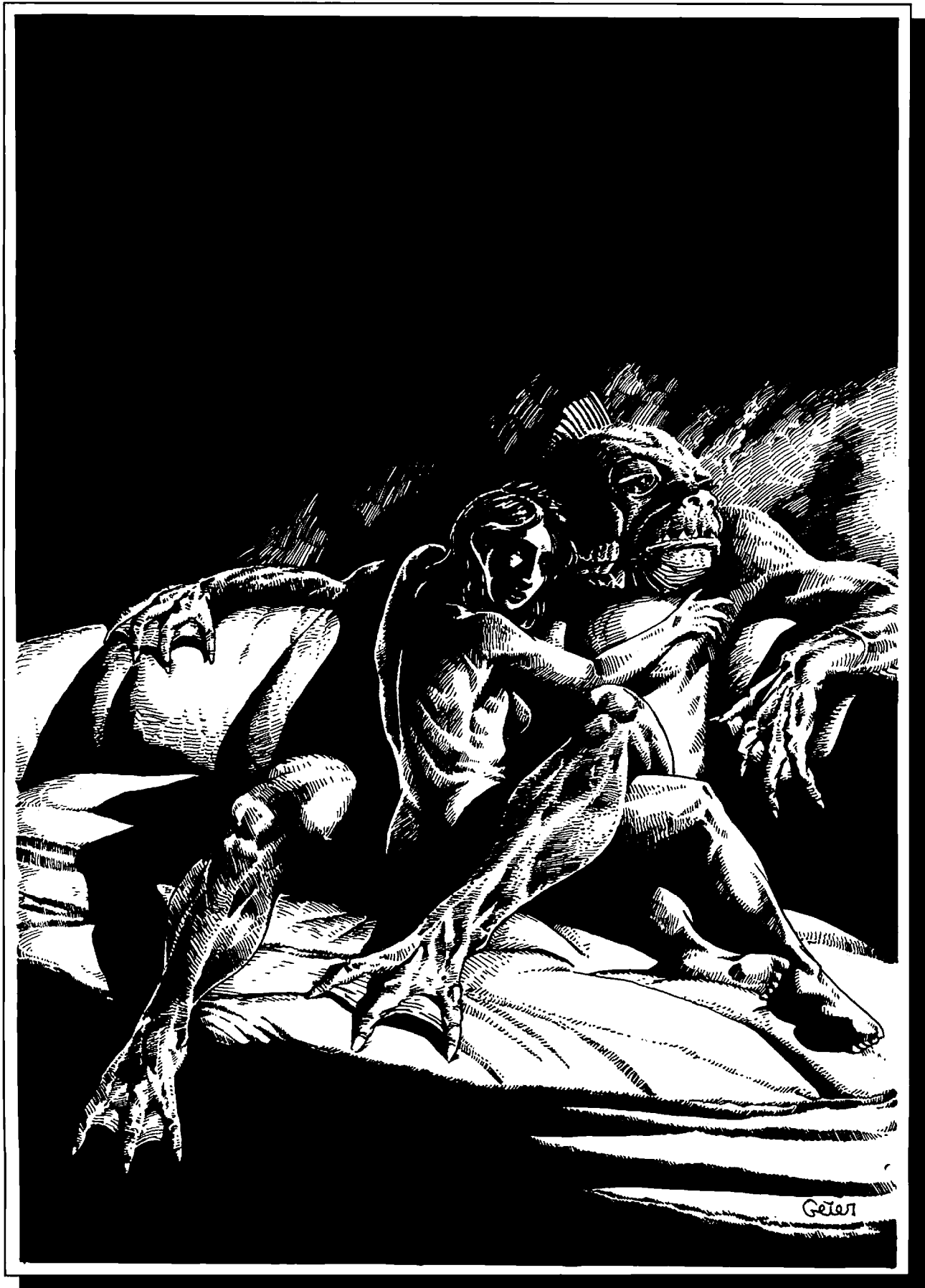
Symptoms include one or more of the following—bleeding from the nose, mouth, and ears; burns over some or much of the body; throbbing headaches and nausea; development of relevant phobias; loss of Sanity points from exacerbation of existing phobias such as claustrophobia or thalassophobia (when the box is filled with water); temporary blindness (lasts 1D3 days). Survivors who lose 10 or more hit points lose 1 CON point permanently.

EXPERIMENTER SIX

MEDICAL HEMATOLOGIST: the sixth deep one has created artificial blood, and wishes to test his version of human blood. If an investigator is chosen, he or she is exsanguinated, the real blood stored safely in some cabinet, and the subject is pumped full of the artificial stuff. If the investigators escape or damage the apparatus in a fight before re-sanguination, the investigator remains filled with the artificial blood, apparently without harm. Over the next months, however, he or she slowly begins to develop signs of the deep-one taint, though regular donation of fresh blood from living donors retards the transformation for several or many years.

EXPERIMENTER SEVEN

MEDICAL PROSTHETICIAN: the seventh deep one has invented an artificial arm or leg. The natural limb is amputated and eaten, and thus irrevocably lost—the artificial limb is substituted. After 1D3 days of unconsciousness and healing, the subject is able to use the new limb effectively. Except for the lack of skin sensation, it proves to be better than the one with which he or she was born: increase permanently the character's STR by one point. Unfortunately, the proximity of the black, foul-smelling alien metals provokes a psychic instability which contaminates the



Humans are so boring.

wearer's dreams, and subjects him or her thereafter to nightmares and deep depressions.

EXPERIMENTER EIGHT

GENETIC RECODER: the eighth deep one is interested in cellular repair and regeneration. He injects a compound into the character which begins to generate a complete arm or leg or head or organ at that spot. Allowed to grow, the thing becomes adult in size in 1D3 months and fully usable (though a leg, for instance, on someone's shoulder may not often be useful). Surgery removes whatever grows, but something always grows back, and stress accelerates growth. Without amputating the entire area of injection (where the genetic instructions are stored), the condition is permanent.

EXPERIMENTER NINE

LINGUIST: the ninth deep one has interest in human languages. In the process of learning English or Italian (or whatever the character's primary language), she imparts the skill Deep One 1D6%, in the processing leaving horrible implications in the student's mind which cost 1D10 SAN points. Humans can speak to deep ones, but they must receive a successful INT rolls to understand the words, since deep one sounds of a few hundred cycles or less cannot be heard or duplicated by humans. If the student human is an orphan or of mysterious parentage, perhaps the deep one taint is activated.

EXPERIMENTER TEN

GREAT CHEF: the tenth has food as an interest. Youthful deep ones mostly eat raw foods, but their senses of taste and smell improve so much as time passes that older ones often experiment with heat, pressure, and chemical alteration of foodstuffs. Waterproof marinades or marinades set in water-tight jars are encountered frequently. This one is exploring the subtleties of human-based dishes, especially in conjunction with oxygen fires (acids or termite-like reactions are normal ways to change food textures). He alone could barbecue and feast upon several humans while perfecting his technique.

Chances To Escape

Several ways exist to escape this situation. Once one investigator is free of Siren Song, an escape can develop quite quickly.

IMPROPER APPLICATION OF SIREN SONG

In order to escape, the investigators first must free themselves from the effects of Siren Song.

Deep ones do not use clocks, and the Siren Song spell has a variable length of effect of 2D6+20 hours. Every day, therefore, match rolls with the players to find out if any of their investigators wake from the spell before it is reapplied. The keeper wins all ties.

Only one investigator need be freed from the spell to mount a general escape. If the deep ones have thoughtfully removed all beeswax and dynamite from investigator pockets, earplugs of sodden cotton or of mud have a chance of INT x5 or x6 of keeping out enough of Siren Song to be effective. The player must state with what and how his investigator is plugging his ears. Note that mud earplugs cannot be removed, except in conjunction with a successful First Aid roll—otherwise the mud is accidentally pushed further into the canals, and the hearing loss intensifies. Again, keep track of who can hear and who cannot.

Even investigators currently enthralled by Siren Song may be tricked into plugging their ears if convinced that their beloved wants this, or the beloved will find the ear decorations attractive.

Allow Sneak or Hide rolls to conceal earplugs.

BREAKING OUT

There is room for three people to try to break the STR 80 gate from the inside, making very poor odds; allow one chance per day, when all the deep ones have absent-mindedly left the lab for a few minutes. If rescuers join in to try to break the stuff, there's room for six STRs; if they bring a ram or pry bars, there's a 50% chance of success, but the noise brings the deep ones sloshing back on the double.

Some summoned Mythos creature may be able to break the gate, but when the investigators are placed in the cell there is room in it only for a total of 35 more SIZ points: summoned, a large entity might need to squash humans until it had enough room to exist. As people are taken from the cell, of course, more room comes to exist, and the keeper may want to keep track of the available room should the subject come up. Should the keeper wish to allow it, no general rule exists preventing an investigator from summoning some entity to the outside of the door.

The lock is magical, destroyable by any application of the spells *Fist Of Yog-Sothoth* or of *Wither Limb* (because of its organic nature), but otherwise not operable by humans.

INVESTIGATOR MAGIC

The entry just above contains points relevant to magic. Suffice it to say that the enclosures are entirely material (with the exception of the *operation* of the lock, which is magical). Gate and lock are STR 80. Magical escapes (such as the Gate spell), magical attacks (*Mesmerize* or *Mindblast*, for instance), and magical summonings are entirely legitimate.

The keeper may fairly intervene to make sure that the investigators have the requisite items for a spell, that it is the proper time and place for the spell, and that they can cast it uninterrupted—deep ones are hardly likely to allow investigators freedom to employ magic: the resulting

excision of a tongue or a hand is little enough trouble to take in order to secure complete obedience.

RESCUE FROM OUTSIDE

Various people—Giovanni Badoglio, an investigator, or perhaps Count Fantari—will be outside the cave. Prompt action, perhaps upon hearing shots or shouts, bring them to the correct portion of the caverns, too late for Siren Song but in time to trace the movement of the captives. When new enthralled human guards are sent out, the lurking rescuers capture them, and learn the full situation, including the creatures' numbers and some of their abilities.

Allow any quick, decisive foray a good chance to succeed, especially if the plan provides for separating the lab caverns. It's a plus if the rescuers are at all ingenious, such as toting in a wind-up Victrola to compete against Siren Song. Let the situation play out without undue opposition—the other deep ones have no life-and-death reason to come to the aid of anyone in the room with the holding cells.

On the other hand, if the rescue is indecisive, poorly planned, and noisy and clumsy, bring the full weight of the deep ones to bear—do not ignore the contemptible efforts of these weakling land-crawlers, who should be stymied and slaughtered. Nonetheless, remember that the adventure is intended for beginners; the keeper will want most to survive for another game.

Conclusion

Investigators who have not accomplished much so far should get a chance to shoot or grapple in the tunnels to the surface. A sudden burst of light may for a moment transfix a pursuing deep one; a bullet may ricochet and do minor damage to one—those players who may have hung back so far can take some encouragement here for the next time they play.

Reaching the surface, the deep ones give up the chase. Dynamiting close the surface entrance, or causing a landslide to cover it effectively concludes the deep one experiment for this time; any such solution earns 1D6 SAN. Investigators who took advantage of every opportunity earn 1D6+2 SAN, as do investigators who were able to rescue all the human prisoners.

With this last possibility, the islanders hold a great festival for the investigators, and Count Fantari tells them that they have upheld his honor, and that he will never forget their deeds. Though the Count may soon die in an unfortunate sports car accident, allow the investigators to call for help from Fantari once in some later adventure, before his car-crash. Services rendered, Fantari's steam yacht returns the investigators to the New World amid great luxury, and to new adventures.

If surviving investigators have fecklessly left the deep ones in command and seen them denude Fantari Island of

its inhabitants, the Palermo trader could take the lurking investigators to Sicily, where Italian police eventually have many questions.

Fleeing by raft, the morning currents inexorably draw the investigators around the island to the haunted shore, and to the sirens who lurk there.

Statistics

VITO FANTARI, Age 35, Count

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 10 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 14 APP 11 EDU 16 SAN 45 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: 30.06 Rifle 75%, damage 2D6+3
9mm Automatic 50%, damage 1D10
Dueling Saber 80%, damage 1D8+1+1D4
20-Gauge Shotgun 65%, damage 2D6/1D6/1D3

Skills: Accounting 40%, Archaeology 10%, Boat 50%, Credit Rating 90%, English 45%, Fast Talk 25%, History 40%, Italian 85%, Library Use 35%, Oratory 80%, Ride 45%, Sing 30%, Swim 55%.

FATHER MATTHIAS, Age 78, Priest and Teacher

STR 9 CON 8 SIZ 9 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 10 APP 10 EDU 12 SAN 25 HP 9

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none.

Skills: Bargain 55%, Credit Rating 50%, Debate 55%, Diagnose Disease 15%, Fast Talk 50%, First Aid 35%, History of the Church 45%, Italian 78%, Latin 50%, Library Use 27%, Listen 30%, Oratory 60%, Psychology 65%, Spot Hidden 60%, Theology 45%.

CRISTOFLO COPPOLO, Age 15, Interpreter

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 14
DEX 13 APP 13 EDU 7 SAN 75 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none.

Skills: Boat 20%, Climb 65%, English 20%, Fast Talk 15%, Hide 35%, Italian 60%, Jump 45%, Listen 30%, Psychology 15%, Sing 15%, Spot Hidden 30%, Swim 55%, Throw 35%, Zoology 10%.

GIOVANNI BADOGLIO, Age 24, Assistant

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 10 POW 10
DEX 15 APP 11 EDU 5 SAN 45 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D4
20-Gauge Shotgun 45%, damage 2D6/1D6/1D3

Skills: Accounting 7%, Bargain 30%, Botany 14%, Carpentry 35%, Climb 50%, Credit Rating 35%, Dodge 45%, English 20%, Fast Talk 40%, Italian 53%, Listen 35%, Masonry 40%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Psychology 25%, Ride 25%, Swim 35%, Zoology 10%.

MARIA CELLANI, Age 50, Fisherman's Wife

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 9 POW 15
DEX 10 APP 10 EDU 6 SAN 70 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none.

Skills: Bargain 50%, Boat 55%, Cook 80%, Debate 25%, First Aid 60%, Fish 35%, Italian 50%, Listen 45%, Psychology 55%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 65%, Treat Disease 25%.

TEN MALE ISLANDERS, Various Ages

Weapons: Fist/Punch 51%, damage 1D3+1D4
Small Club 50%, damage 1D6+1D4

islander	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	15	12	12	13	8	12
Two	15	11	10	13	10	11
Three	12	10	15	12	9	13
Four	14	11	11	12	12	11
Five	14	10	12	11	11	11
Six	13	9	13	11	10	11
Seven	13	10	12	10	8	11
Eight	13	14	12	10	10	13
Nine	12	12	14	9	11	13
Ten	15	11	11	9	9	11

KROG-RETHOK, Deep One Scientist

STR 20 CON 14 SIZ 21 INT 18 POW 18
DEX 16 EDU 26 HP 18 Move 8/10 swim

Damage Bonus +2D6

Weapons: Claw 55%, damage 1D6+2D6
Grapple 55%, damage special

Spells: Dampen Light, Siren Song, any two other spells.

Skills: Bargain 90%, Biology 90%, Chemistry 75%, Deep One Speech 70%, Electrical Repair 75%, Electronics 80%, Human Anatomy 50%, Hyperphysics 55%, Microbiology 90%, Pharmacy 40%, Physiology 75%, Proto-Latin 10%, Spot Hidden 70%, Swim 95%.

BARA-REBOKUK, Deep One Scientist

STR 20 CON 13 SIZ 20 INT 18 POW 18
DEX 15 EDU 24 HP 18 Move 8/10 swim

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Claw 60%, damage 1D6+1D6
Grapple 60%, damage special

Spells: Dampen Light, Siren Song, one other spell.

Skills: Bargain 60%, Biology 90%, Chemistry 70%, Deep One Speech 70%, Electrical Repair 70%, Electronics 70%, Human Anatomy 50%, Hyperphysics 45%, Microbiology 90%, Pharmacy 40%, Physiology 75%, Proto-Latin 5%, Spot Hidden 60%, Swim 95%.

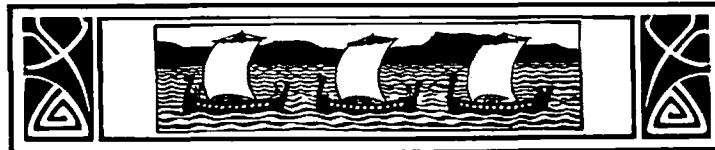
TEN DEEP ONES

Weapons: Claw 60%, damage 1D6+1D6
Grapple 45%, damage special

Spells: Siren Song, one other if desired.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	20	15	18	14	14	17
Two	21	14	19	14	13	17
Three	19	16	20	13	12	18
Four	21	13	19	13	14	16
Five	20	11	20	12	16	16
Six	18	15	21	12	14	18
Seven	18	18	22	11	15	20
Eight	17	18	23	11	17	21
Nine	17	17	23	10	10	20
Ten	24	15	15	10	11	15

Move 8/10 swim



The Lurker In The Crypt

In the fastness of what the New World claims as its greatest city, a series of puzzling horrors introduce the heroic investigators to successive perils beyond ordinary measure.

Scenario Considerations

This scenario is intended for a group of experienced investigators; unless very cunning and very lucky, novices will not stand much chance. It is possible, however, that a keeper might introduce the situation little by little, as novices meanwhile gain resources elsewhere.

Novice or not, whoever tackles this adventure should include some investigators with Cthulhu Mythos knowledge as well as a few spells, and be prepared for successive deadly encounters as well as investigation.

In order to make clear their succession, the newspaper articles are date by month and day; keepers should attach no special significance to the date, and establish any starting year as desired.

The investigations which take up much of the first half of this adventure become explorations and encounters in the second half. Once the investigators penetrate and explore any of the Stanton Street Cemetery buildings, however, they have the potential to reach the ghoulish tunnels and the old sewers, and the keeper should be prepared for that.

If the investigators move cautiously, they may be able to destroy one or more of Nathaniel Bishop's lieutenants, perhaps gained an allies among the captives, and acquired useful Mythos tomes before encountering the greater perils deeper in the earth.

No time pressure exists in this scenario; the investigators can set their own pace. If they need a month or two to study a tome, they can take the time without noticeably affecting the situation. Kidnapings and disappearances have been occurring in New York City for centuries. Once the investigators become aware of what a disappearance may signify, however, news of new ones should upset them: for every week of study or investigation they make

after understanding what fates await captives, there is a 40% chance of a new, widely-reported disappearance. Charge each investigator 1D2 SAN lost for guilt and regret; if they succeed in closing the cemetery and stopping the kidnapings, return all the Sanity lost in this fashion.

Keeper's Information

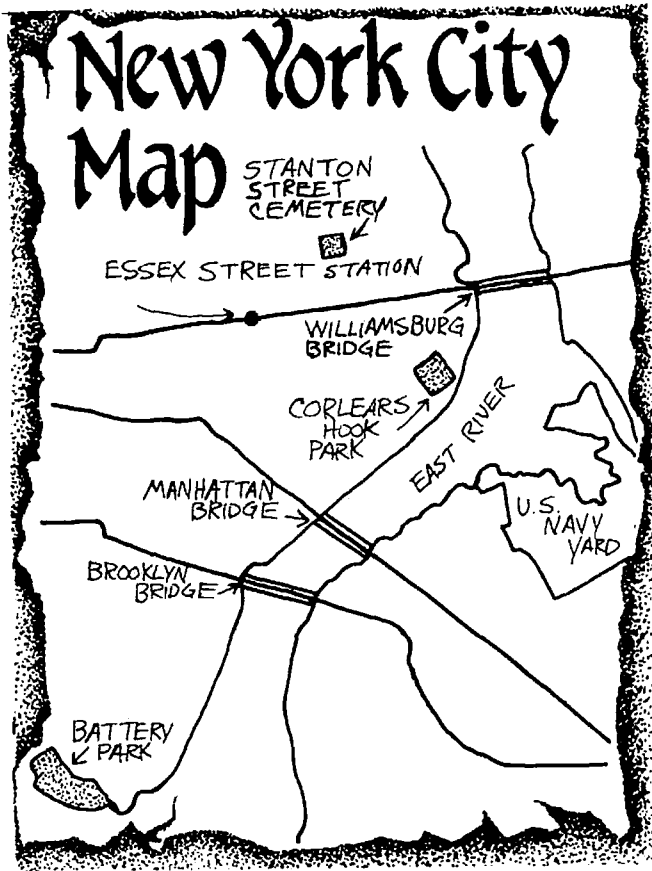
A series of murders lead the investigators to suspect a link to the Stanton Street Cemetery and its owner, Nathaniel Bishop. Bishop knows more about the murders and the disturbances in the cemetery than the investigators might expect, for he is a half-human monster, the hybrid priest of Nyogtha.

Bishop's mother was half human, half ghoul; his father was the Great Old One, Nyogtha. Nathaniel is part of a blasphemous attempt to create a servant race for Nyogtha, a race of monsters human or human-like in appearance who would serve the will of their nightmarish progenitor.

Agatha Bishop began the breeding experiment in 1703, when she used magic to aid in the conception of a half-ghoul child, an event completely hidden from the outside world. She exchanged her favors in return for the ghoul's knowledge of magic.

Thus far in the experiments, chromosomal replication has been unstable, often suddenly failing, always producing sterile hybrids, the extant Spawns of Nyogtha, who are always male. After living for a few decades as humans, they degenerate into black gelatinous horrors and join Nyogtha, their father, in the far reaches of the earth. Nathaniel represents the greatest success so far, and may be able to pass for human for another decade.

He is a devoted servant of dreaded Nyogtha, and faithfully offers up human sacrifices on the eves of Candlemas,



Lammas, Walpurgisnacht, and All Hallows' Day. He currently works closely with the family breeding experiment,

kidnaping young people and forcing them to act as incubators to bear new generations of monsters.

Nathaniel Bishop is, as is his socialite sister Cassandra, quite insane. He is not an eccentric but a deranged psychopath who revels in acts of rape, homicide, ritual murder, cannibalism, and necrophilia.

Beneath the crypts—beneath the entire cemetery—is a labyrinthine warren of tunnels and catacombs inhabited by ghouls, monsters, and undead horrors, including Agatha Bishop herself. She lives yet through the centuries as an undying lich-thing, preserved by ancient Egyptian mummification techniques.

Players' Information

Many fear and shun New York City's Lower East Side, a decaying warren of impoverished ghettos and crumbling brownstone tenements, where robbery, murder, and brutality are common.

In the spring of a year in the 1920s, people have still more reason to avoid those mean streets, as a series of grisly murders occur that shock the most hardened and cold-blooded of its inhabitants.

The investigators soon learn that these ghastly slayings are more than the work of a deranged psychopath—they are part of a nightmarish experiment taking place in catacombs beneath Manhattan.

One morning, the investigators notice a front-page story in the *Pillar-Riposte* concerning the fifth murder committed by a fiendish murderer, reprinted nearby.

Miss Cassandra Bishop

Cassandra Bishop appears as a slender yet shapely woman of stunning beauty, with a pale, flawless complexion, copper-red hair, and large, expressive green eyes. Just 25, and not yet as light-sensitive as her brother, she still must wear sunglasses when going out by day; her pale skin is likewise extremely photosensitive, of a pallor hidden by makeup. She is well-traveled, and has spent several months on archeological digs in Egypt and the Middle East.



Miss Cassandra Bishop

Cassandra Bishop appears to be a free-spending dilettante with a genuine interest in Egyptology. Beneath the mask is an intellect as cool and as calculating as that of her wicked half-brother, Nathaniel, though not yet as single-minded. This madcap eccentric is as insane as her brother: she regularly practices kidnaping, ritual murder, necrophilia, and cannibalism.

She occasionally brings sacrifices to the cult of Nyogtha, but more importantly

brings Nathaniel gossip concerning New York's wealthy and influential, so that he can blackmail them.

Nonetheless, she is an optional wild card in this scenario, to be used as the keeper views her. She is quite mad, and a dedicated cultist, but she is also young and rebellious, resenting the heavy hands of her half-brother and other, even less palatable relatives, including rare visits from Abbot, her exceedingly disgusting father. She consequently spends much time wandering the Dreamlands.

The keeper chooses not only how she connects to the story, but whether or not she is used at all.

Perhaps Miss Bishop decides to abandon the cult, only to find after a few weeks that the cult's spiritual and carnal attractions are vastly more interesting than puerile normal humans.

Perhaps she meets an investigator at a party given by a wealthy New York socialite, and at first seems to be a damsel in distress who knows nothing of her brother's evil. If the investigator succeeds in 'saving her,' Miss Bishop takes a fancy to him or her, and protects the beloved from the ghouls and ghastliness beneath the cemetery. Unfortunately, she soon tires of her new toy, with the predictable results.

At the keeper's option, Cassandra Bishop can survive the end of this scenario, returning to plague the investigators at some future time.

Since her entry to the scenario may occur at different times and be prompted by different relationships, her statistics appear at the end of this adventure.

East-Side Ripper

Claims Another Victim

Fifth Slaying Baffles Police

(SPECIAL) The mutilated body of Miss Jennifer Hargrave, 23, was found by police shortly before dawn in an alley off Delancey street in the Lower East Side.

Investigating officers are withholding all details of this new outrage, and the area is completely cordoned off. The Commissioner announced that a statement would appear this afternoon.

Such was the condition of the victim that police refused permission for the press to view the remains. A witness shakily told reporters that "blood ran across the sidewalk and down the gutter."

Police believe that Miss Hargrave is the latest victim of a madman thought to have claimed four other lives in the past two weeks.

At present, this paper has no information concerning the identity of this fiendish murderer, and advise readers to maintain constant vigilance.

Though they decline to state why they believe it, police have privately indicated that the Ripper, as the killer has come to be called, is a lunatic escaped from a hospital!

A check of institutions within fifty miles of New York City shows no escapes, and this newspaper's search for answers has been widened to Upstate, New England, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Delaware, and Ohio.

—NY Pillar-Riposte, March 10.

—Player Handout #1—

As the keeper wishes, the investigators can become involved in the case if the victim, Miss Jennifer Hargrave, was a friend or acquaintance; alternately, and especially if an investigator is a private detective, the victim's wealthy family hire the investigators; possibly a friend on the homicide squad consults with the investigators, especially if the investigators have had past successes in New York, or if one or more are well-known biologists, chemists, psychologist, or criminologists; or investigators with Society connections could become involved indirectly after encountering the beautiful Miss Cassandra Bishop at a party and thus snared in her family's nightmarish web.

Hordes of journalists and photographers crowd police headquarters, milling about, smoking endlessly, searching ceaselessly for the special conversation or important photo which can bring the public's attention to their particular newspaper.

The police, on the other hand, know how little they know, and are not interested in exposing an ignorance that may seem more like incompetence to the public.

Seeing Miss Hargrave's remains without having official reason to do so may take days even for ingenious investigators. Detectives and other professionals who are consultants on the case need merely produce identification to be admitted and receive police cooperation.

As a short-cut, the night desk sergeant is unusually credulous. Investigators who can give him a believable explanation why they should be allowed into the police morgue are admitted after a successful Fast Talk or Debate roll—they might be doctors from another city who need to view the remains of the autopsy and read the pathologist's report, for instance, in order to compare this death with one from some hypothetical city.

Once the slab is pulled out of the refrigerated wall, the investigators see that the outlines of the body are curiously shrunken and distorted. The orderly warns that the corpse is in a rather gruesome state of dismemberment, then lifts the sheet.

Sanity loss to view the remains is 0/1D6, since the corpse not only has been torn limb from limb but has been partially eaten away; viewers must receive a successful CON x4 roll result on D100 or vomit on the spot, and a result of 00 indicates a faint for 1D10 minutes.

Though no official ever says so, Little Joe the Orderly—a man about 6'6" tall and 280 pounds—swears that the other four victims were in similar condition. The first was a vagrant found near the Second Street subway station platform, and the second was a prostitute drifting in the East River (they never found her left foot). The third and fourth were lovers whose headless bodies turned up in the bushes at Corlear's Hook Park; the police have yet to find the heads.

If any investigator with some medical or dental training examines the body, a successful Spot Hidden roll reveals the slight impression of a bite mark on the inside of the victim's left thigh. This imprint apparently occurred just after death, long enough that the impression did not fill with fluids nor discolor. In some angles of light it cannot be seen, and the coroner did not notice it during the autopsy. Nonetheless, the investigator notices a clear pattern of bites, arranged in order of human dentition but bitten by teeth like those of a wolf or large dog.

Her Personal Effects

The investigators may have found it difficult to examine Miss Hargrave's body, even after the autopsy has been made and the coroner's and pathologist's reports written to now constitute formal evidence.

If that was hard, examining the victim's personal effects should be much harder, since they are in themselves evidence, and are guarded carefully on the shelves of headquarter's property room, held in anticipation of an eventual criminal trial. Investigators without formal status in the investigation and without police contacts may require an entire sub-adventure in order to penetrate police security.

As the reporting officers discussed in their notes, the murderer took all of Miss Hargrave's jewelry, yet left in her purse and around her body nearly two hundred dollars in

five- and ten-dollar bills. Some of the money bears bloody fingerprints on them, as if tossed aside. The contents of a small glass phial in her purse revealed the reason for her visit to the Lower East Side in the early morning—a fine white powder that a detective, a medical doctor, or a policeman, or a successful Chemistry or Pharmacy roll immediately identifies as cocaine.

Study of the bloodstained paper money emphasizes a complete absence of fingerprint lines and whorls.

Magnification of what should be fingerprints reveals a grainy texture in the prints similar to the prints left by the leathery pads of a canine paw. Once this is noticed, a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll suggests that the investigators may be dealing with a lesser servitor Mythos species. If any of the investigators have had dealings with ghouls, or have witnessed the effects of feeding ghouls, the idea of ghouls surfaces immediately.

Background Evidence

A trip to the library or to the newspaper morgue at the *Pillar-Riposte* uncovers more evidence of Mythos activity. Two separate successful Library Use rolls uncover features buried deep in the back pages.

INTERVIEWS

The investigators may wish to interview the people mentioned in the two newspaper stories, and that is entirely possible. After observation for 24 hours, even Mrs. Edwards is available and agrees to talk. Unfortunately, everything they know has already been reported in the newspaper. The keeper may add or embroider details as necessary, but no new leads arise.

ANALYSIS OF THE NEWS STORIES

If the investigators are at the library, receive a successful Library Use roll, and state they are looking for earlier evidence of strange cemetery noises, or matters similar, or if

Subway Monster Sighted

Terror In The Streets?

By J. Mondale Crief

(SPECIAL) "He looked like a walking dead man, with clawed hands and awful red eyes!"

So began Mrs. Francine Edwards' moments of horror last night at the Essex Street Station on Manhattan's lower east side.

Mrs. Edwards, age 33, of 1281 Grand, Apt 610, was waiting for a BMT M-local at about 8 P.M. when the stranger, a filthy ragged tramp, climbed onto the platform from the tracks below. When he crawled into the light, Mrs. Edwards realized that he was not human.

"It was horrible! He grabbed me, but I screamed and hit him with my handbag! Somehow I freed myself and ran!" In her statement, Mrs. Edwards spoke of "the deadly pallor of a corpse" and of "weird, blazing-red eyes that cut into my soul like headlights from Hell."

Although no one else stood on the subway platform as witness to this astonishing apparition, passers-by on the street heard Mrs. Edwards' screams for help.

A witness saw her: "She was running out of the subway as if the Devil himself had appeared right zer on zis spot," attested Pyotr Alexeivitch Rakuzmov, of 124 Rivington, rear. Mr. Rakuzmov, a precise man, showed the *Pillar-Riposte* the exact place where he saw, and also made sure of the spelling of his name.

New York's finest summoned, responding officer Michael O'Shea was unable to find a trace of the ghastly form who had shattered the prosaic peace of the Essex Street station.

Officer O'Shea later speculated that the B-Uptown must have gotten whoever it was, since he didn't, but Motorman Alvin B. ("Clayboy") Heingrappner, of 1452 Schermerhorn, Brooklyn, finished what to him seemed a smooth trip. He states that "I didn't see nothin' or feel nothin' other than the bad curve after Bowery that ought to be retracked."

Dispatched early this morning, a maintenance crew found nothing, according to Brooklyn Transit authorities.

Mrs. Edwards is currently recovering from her experience at Bellevue Hospital and is unavailable for interview.

At present, police have no comment.

—NY *Pillar-Riposte*, February 27.

Haunted Cemetery?

Noises in the Night Scare Passersby

By J. Mondale Crief

(SPECIAL) Their eyes still round and startled, Messrs. Billy Joe Perkins and Jesus Romero described "loud banging and thumping and growling noises" coming from a crypt near the Houston street side of the Stanton Street Cemetery.

Though they denied seeing ghosts, wills-o-the-wisp, or other supernatural critters, Mr. Perkins stated firmly that the sounds were "just unearthly and like nothin' I never heard before." Mr. Romero succinctly seconded the opinion, but declined an interview.

Mr. Romero is presently of 241 W. 85th, with whom Mr. Perkins is presently staying.

Neither man was found to be under the influence of alcohol, and police attribute the disturbance they heard to pranksters playing a macabre practical joke.

Mr. Perkins disputed the police analysis. He stated that nothing and no one could be seen, and that the frequent and loud noises came unmistakably from a particular family crypt.

Nonetheless, inspection this morning found the seals and lock on the crypt undisturbed.

The crypt in question belongs to the Greenberg family, who coincidentally that morning had laid to rest there the late Mrs. Sonia Greenberg, family matriarch and daughter of Solomon Greenberg, a founder of the New York garment industry.

The owner of the Stanton Street Cemetery, Mr. Nathaniel Bishop, by telephone expressed complete confidence in the cemetery's guardianship, which he pointed out with pride as having been maintained unbroken for nearly 200 years.

—NY *Pillar-Riposte*, March 3.

they have access to the *Pillar-Riposte* clipping morgue and state that they are looking for earlier evidence of strange cemetery noises they learn that similar and numerous reports of strange, unexplained sounds have come from Stanton Street Cemetery back to the early 1800s. The writer of the current *Pillar-Riposte* story, the boastful alcoholic J. Mondale Crief, didn't do his homework.

ANALYSIS OF THE MURDER LOCATIONS

With a successful Idea roll, the investigators see that all five of the murders occurred less than two miles from the Stanton Street Cemetery, and that the Essex Street subway station is well within that radius.

ANALYSIS OF PAST MURDERS

If the players state that they are inspecting the newspapers back into the 19th century, they find that this area of the Lower East Side has a long history of unexplained disappearances, dating back to the early 1800s. Other than the area in which the disappearances occur and the fact that most of these missing persons were under thirty years of age (one know-roll attempt only to recognize this), no pattern is discernable.

ANALYSIS OF THE AREA'S GEOGRAPHY

At City Hall, the investigators can study City Planning Commission maps (requiring one or more Fast Talk rolls and possibly a bit of bribery to get quick service). A successful Library Use roll reveals that all of the sewers in a two block radius around the Stanton Street Cemetery were bricked up and re-routed in the late 1880s, since those sewers overflowed during heavy rains.

Nathaniel Bishop

This section discusses the three personalities who may leave the Stanton Street Cemetery by their own volition—Carlos Cortés, Nathaniel Bishop, and Simon Trask—their likely activities, and evidence connecting them. The next section details the cemetery grounds, buildings, and the horrors found there. Further sections discuss what lies below.

Mr. Nathaniel Bishop is the owner and operator of one of the older cemeteries in the state, Stanton Street Cemetery, in what was once an affluent section of the Lower East Side. Since then the neighborhood has become an unwholesome warren of decaying brownstone tenements inhabited by the hopelessly poor, by immigrants on their way up, alcoholics on their way down, and by criminals.

Any guide to Manhattan or successful History roll reveals that Bishop Memorial Cemetery, later renamed Stanton Street Cemetery, was established in 1779 by one

George Edward Bishop, and since then has been owned by successive generations of the Bishop family. The cemetery has a mortuary on the premises, Bishop Family Mortuaries, as well as Bishop House, an ancient two-story, gambrel-roofed structure occupied by Nathaniel Bishop, current manager and owner of this old family business.

The investigators are free to enter the grounds in daylight. Wandering about, they notice nothing unusual.

Carlos Cortés

If the investigators visit the cemetery any day but Sunday, the first person they meet is the cemetery's solitary caretaker, Carlos Cortés, whose statistics occur at the end of this adventure.

He is a small, muscular man with a dark suntan and a thick, well-trimmed moustache. He wears denim work clothes and a travel-worn straw hat. He speaks sparse English, and does not trust anyone speaking only that language. Although negligible at first glance, Cortés is an intelligent man held back by troubles in learning English, and may be in position to help the investigators at several points.

Cortés, from Cuba, supports a wife and four children on his wages from the cemetery; since he loves his family, he protects his job. Asked anything about the cemetery or Mr. Bishop, Cortés shakes his head quickly and says that he must get to work, as Mr. Bishop does not pay him to stand around and talk to strangers.

A bribe on the premises will not work, either, though once out of sight of the cemetery five dollars is very effective. On the street, he tells the investigators the same thing as in the cemetery, below.

In the cemetery, an investigator who can succeed in a Spanish Fast Talk roll also gets results: the investigator must first succeed in a Spanish skill roll, then receive a successful Fast Talk roll which may not exceed in percentiles the investigator's current level of Spanish skill.

With successful rolls, Cortés hesitates, then carefully moves around the mausoleum, out of sight of the Bishop House, motioning the investigators to follow. Hidden for a moment, he says quickly that the cemetery is indeed haunted: he often hears weird noises coming from the crypts and the mausoleum after dark. Once, when he had to work late one night, he saw a spectral figure in a hooded black robe prowl among the headstones—after that, he never would work in the cemetery after sunset.

Cortés says that he works for Mr. Bishop because he needs the money, and that if he could find better pay, he would gladly work elsewhere, for he does not relish being employed by a *brujo*, a sorcerer, although Cortés cannot explain why he imagines this.

He volunteers that Mr. Bishop has threatened to fire him if Cortés so much as touches one of Bishop's four

luxury automobiles. Only Bishop's chauffeur can drive these vehicles.

A successful Psychology roll suggests that Cortés believes everything of what he has said, and that he fears Mr. Nathaniel Bishop and whatever lurks in the Stanton Street Cemetery when the sun goes down.

Meeting Mr. Bishop

Should the investigators decide to visit Mr. Bishop, they find him by day in his mortuary office. By night, there is a 50% chance that he is at home in Bishop House. If Bishop is not at home or at work, he cannot be found that day, but his routine is invariable: the investigators should be able to meet him one day soon.

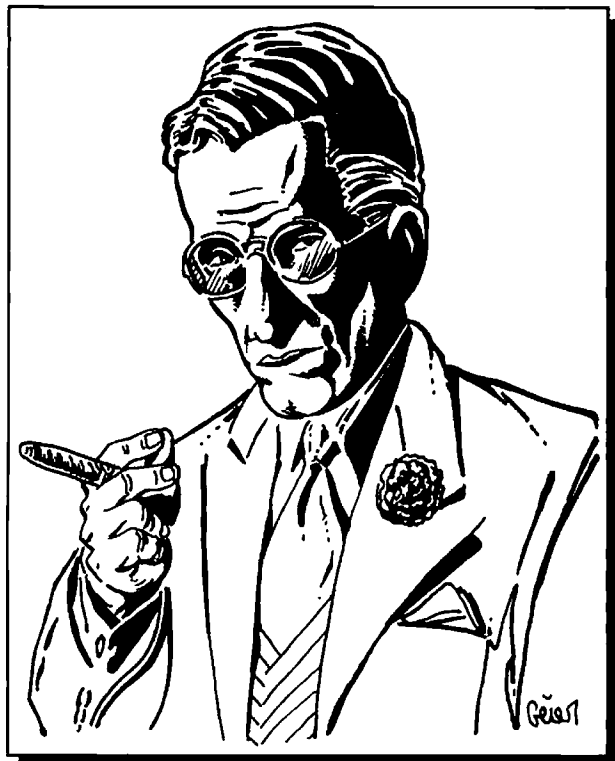
LOOKING FOR BISHOP

Talking to the neighbors does not turn up much information about Bishop or the cemetery; most of the residents are Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Polish, Russian, or Hungarian, who speak at best broken English.

Witnesses testify that Bishop has his laundry and groceries delivered, and that except for his daily business at the mortuary, he rarely leaves the premises. Neighbors variously describe him as an eccentric, or a vampire, or a sorcerer, or a pervert, or a ghost, offering no good reason for any choice.

WATCHING BISHOP

If the investigators keep the cemetery entrance under surveillance, they see only Cortés regularly enter and leave.



Nathaniel Bishop

Bishop leaves once, driven by a uniformed chauffeur who apparently lives on the property. If the keeper wishes, Trask could also leave the house, and then return; the investigators notice in any case that Trask emerges only after sundown to dig graves. They also notice that few or no lights are turned on at night.

FINDING BISHOP

At the mortuary, Nathaniel Bishop appears to be the perfect undertaker: charming and sophisticated, sensitive to client need and comfort in a time of grief, able to keep business aims in view. His voice is steady and calm, with a bit of the steel built in that a good salesman requires.

Tall and slim, Nathaniel Bishop is a handsome man 35-40 years old, of a pallor that seems never to have known the light of day. Bishop's dark hair is neatly combed and beginning to gray. As always he wears an expensive black business suit with a fresh, blood-red carnation in his lapel. He wears gloves and tinted spectacles, even indoors, and carries a heavy ebony walking stick wherever he goes. When he goes abroad in daylight he always wears a broad-brimmed black fedora to shade his face from the sun.

If asked about his appearance, Bishop pauses slightly as if offended, then says that his family has a rare hereditary disorder that leaves him sensitive to sunlight. He then removes his spectacles, revealing eyes whose irises are a disturbing silver-grey color, so pale that they seem to fade into the whites of his eyes. Of the walking stick, Bishop could remark that it makes sense to arm oneself against a neighborhood dangerous at night. "And, a walking stick lends one an air of dignity."

Asked about the weird noises and rumored haunting in the cemetery, he remarks seriously that all cemeteries have that reputation, especially if they are as old as Stanton Street (since 1779, he points out).

This genuinely wicked man values his own time, and uses any number of ploys to detach himself from sight-seers and other wastrels who want neither to be buried just then nor to purchase a plot for later burial. The investigators must have something in mind to carry the conversation forward, if he is to remain interested in or curious about them.

If the investigators can extend the conversation for ten minutes or more a successful Psychology roll allows them to notice that Bishop smiles at odd moments, privately enjoying jokes at investigator expense, and that his movements are curiously careful and deliberate, every action thought out in advance.

Bishop gladly shows the investigators around the grounds if he thinks they are interesting in purchasing cemetery plots or spaces in the mausoleum. He admits that the condition of the surrounding neighborhood has not done much for business as of late, but he emphasizes that his rates are the lowest in the city, and that entrepreneurs have

great interest in lower Manhattan. "This was once an elegant part of town, gentlemen; it will be again, and one your descendants will be proud to live in or visit."

At some point, Mr. Bishop should attempt to close the sale. A mere deposit will make him very happy. If he can't make the sale, Bishop soon tactfully explains that other duties call. But the ploy of interest in a burial plot remains useful, since many people take several visits before making up their minds.

If the investigators visit Bishop at home, he keeps the visit as brief as possible; if the investigators use as a pretext the burial-plot purchase, he kindly asks them to return during normal business hours.

EVIDENCE OF DORFFMANN

While in the office or perhaps at Bishop House, Mr. Bishop breaks off the conversation to take a phone call. He says something like "Yes, Dr. Dorffmann, I understand," hangs up, and to the investigators murmurs, "Your pardon—a change in an appointment." A Listen roll might be required to clearly hear *Dorffmann*.

Or the investigators might notice an envelope to or from the doctor, laying on Bishop's desk or on a table near the door. The point is to register Dorffmann's name with them, to allow a follow-up visit. A Spot Hidden roll might be required to notice the envelope bearing Dr. Dorffmann's address.

If the investigators look for Dr. Dorffmann in the telephone book, they find only one physician with that name in all of the boroughs of New York.

Bishop And Family

Visits to the library, the *Pillar-Riposte* clipping morgue, the Board of Public Health, the Gotham Funerary Board, and competing funeral parlors in Manhattan and Brooklyn take several days, but turn up considerable data. Allow one roll per day for each of the segments of information which follow.

PILLAR-RIPOSTE CLIPPING FILES

The Nathaniel Bishop file is almost empty. Hurried notes show that Nathaniel Bishop and his sister, Cassandra, are the only surviving members of the Bishop family residing in New York City. A number of distant relatives live in and around Arkham, Mass.

- Cassandra Bishop has a file of her own, since she moves in society circles. A photo shows her as a beautiful, somewhat arrogant woman. Notes show that she has considerable income, but all from investments and properties managed by her brother, Nathaniel. She is a dilettante, of high Credit Rating and reputation, whose amusements are men, parties, clothes, and travel. She shows no sign of the hereditary Bishop disease.

BISHOP'S PROFESSIONAL REPUTATION

Given the idea for the line of questioning, or with a successful Idea roll to start the line of questioning, the investigators learn that among other morticians Bishop is well-regarded, spoken-of as a good person and a good businessman, though two smilingly point out the personal eccentricities the investigators have already observed.

One older gentleman recalls that Nathaniel's father, Abbot Bishop, had the same infirmities as Nathaniel, and that the poor man died young, in early middle age. "We undertakers usually die of old age," he cackles, "unlike our customers."

GOTHAM FUNERARY BOARD

Given the idea for the line of questioning, or with a successful Idea roll to start the line of questioning, the investigators have a candid, off-the-record discussion with the Secretary to the Board, a young, dissatisfied Columbia graduate named Simon Herzberg.

They learn that Abbot Bishop, Nathaniel's father, helped found the board just after the turn of the century. Abbot Bishop believed that an area-wide set of standards and prices would enhance the reputations (and fiscal reserves) of everyone in the association. Though some undertakers held out to offer lower prices, Abbot Bishop proved remarkably persuasive. Within two years, death and attrition eliminated most serious resistance.

Nathaniel Bishop has not been very active in the organization, though he has not needed to be—the rates rise uniformly, as the board decides, and a portion of any increase is circulated among potentially interested city officials.

BOARD OF PUBLIC HEALTH

With a successful Fast Talk, Debate, or Credit Rating roll, the investigators learn that cemeteries were once controversial, as unclean sources of disease and decay. The process of embalming, though adopted against considerable religious resistance (when the Resurrection occurs, how can a body revive with formaldehyde in its veins?) in the 19th century, effectively ended during the Civil War, when tens of thousands of bodies needed to be shipped long distance for burial.

Alone of all the cemeteries of record in Manhattan, Stanton Street has never been cited for any violation of the public health code. The licensing of and the payment of the city license fee, of which the BPH must approve, has never been interrupted or delayed. "Over the years, no one has been as prompt and responsible as the Bishop family."

THE BISHOP FAMILY

Extended visits to various special collections at the New York Public Library turns up quite a bit of information. Each of the bulleted paragraphs below requires a separate

Library Use roll. Cut the sections apart and hand them out in whatever order desired.

DEDUCTIONS FROM LIBRARY RESEARCH

With a successful Idea or Know roll, the investigators realize that the male members of the Bishop family, from Lazarus to the present, have died between the ages of 21 and 35, almost without exception.

Many died of unknown cause or else vanished without trace. A significant number first went insane.

Dr. Immanuel Dorffmann

This sub-section is usable only if the investigators learn about Bishop's connection to Dr. Dorffmann.

The office of Dr. Immanuel Dorffmann, M.D., is in mid-town Manhattan. A general practitioner, Dorffmann has treated Nathaniel Bishop for some years. As any medical doctor will, Dorffmann refuses to allow strangers to pore over his records. A clever investigator who is also a

medical doctor might feign an interest in unusual dermatological problems or pupil coloration, or anything that seems applicable, and then see if Dorffmann's exhibit cases include someone who seems to fit Bishop. In ordinary dealings, however, a medical doctor yields up his or her records only to police or medical examiners, and perhaps only if they are armed with a court order.

Perhaps someone in Dorffmann's office might act as a spy. Perhaps the investigators can enlist police assistance. Perhaps they take it upon themselves to enter Dorffmann's well-secured offices at night. If the investigators examine the records, Dorffmann's quick, precise script delivers some interesting information.

Dorffmann notes that Bishop had previously mentioned "a minor hereditary disease" to which his family was vulnerable, characterizing it as a skin problem.

Dr. Dorffmann writes that he now sees gross changes in his patient. In the two years since Bishop last visited Dr. Dorffmann, Bishop's eyes have become remarkably light-

The Bishop Family

- The earliest record of this line of Bishops is one Agatha Bishop, who fled from Arkham's bloody witch trials in 1692, at the age of fifteen. If investigators choose to refer to the tome, *Prodigies in the New England Canaan*, Agatha Bishop is there mentioned as a suspected member of the Arkham coven.

- Agatha Bishop took up residence on Manhattan island in 1693, and soon became the mistress of a wealthy merchant, one Charles Rowancroft. He died suddenly a year later, "of greate congestion of the centres of the hearte," leaving his considerable fortune to Agatha Bishop.

- In 1695, Agatha purchased the land upon which the Stanton Street Cemetery now occupies, and there built Bishop House, in which she lived alone until giving birth in 1703. In a firm hand the clerk writes, "To her, a bastard sonne, Lazarus."

- The ship's logs of Capt. Andreas Van Derzanden show that in the years 1708 and 1711 Agatha Bishop Rowancroft chartered his vessel for extended visits to Hispaniola. The captains complained of the heat there, of the idleness, and of the unsavory visitors which Mrs. Rowancroft insisted visit her aboard. At the end of her second voyage, she returned home with a large, heavy coffin, which the sailors greatly feared. Capt. Van Derzanden nonetheless comments appreciatively when discussing the charter fees, and in 1715 sails her to Egypt, for another extended stay. From there she brings back to New York "many fousome things" which Capt. Van Derzanden unfortunately does not detail.

- Lazarus Bishop grew into an unpleasant-looking young man of unpleasant reputation. His mother adopted and

cared for many of his bastard offspring. Lazarus himself vanished in the year 1728, without trace. Six children survived him: Charles (1720-1744), James (1721-1740), William (1722-1751), Edward (1723-1745), Elizabeth (1725-1766), and Seth (1726-1749).

- Agatha Bishop outlived her grandsons as well as her son: Charles died of a fever; William died of heart failure; Seth and Edward Bishop vanished as mysteriously as their father; James went mad in his sixteenth year and was confined in the cellar of Bishop House, where he died of a violent seizure three years later.

- Elizabeth Keziah Bishop never married. She issued nine bastard children, at least one of whom is recorded as the incestuous product of an unnamed brother. Like their uncles, these children remained at Bishop House; after Elizabeth died in 1766, they cared for the now very-old Agatha Bishop.

- Several diaries mention incidentally that Elizabeth Bishop was never seen after her 23rd birthday.

- In 1770, age 93, Agatha Bishop died. She was buried near Bishop House.

- In 1779, one of Elizabeth's grandchildren, George Edward Bishop, founded Bishop Memorial Cemetery, where the remains of Agatha Bishop were the first to be interred.

- Various Bishops adopt several or many children in the 19th century. A successful Know roll deduces that these adoptions may represent attempts to purge the Bishop bloodline of the hereditary disease from which Nathaniel Bishop is the latest to suffer.

sensitive, and their internal structure now shows marked abnormalities. Bishop, however, rejected the suggestion that he visit an oculist, claiming that his dark glasses solved the problem efficiently.

Further, Dorffmann noticed that Bishop's skin was also notably phototropic, liable (Bishop admitted) to burn after even short exposure to direct sunlight.

Further yet, Bishop's skin and muscles exhibit a peculiar elasticity not readily explained by medical science. Dr. Dorffmann sought a blood sample for preliminary tests, "but my syringe needles broke one after another upon application! Chiding my clumsiness, Mr. Bishop abruptly terminated his visit."

Dr. Dorffmann recently managed to get Bishop to agree to a new appointment, but in his last entry he fears that Bishop will decide to ignore the meeting.

Once Bishop Is Suspicious

Whenever the investigators tip their hand—being caught, or almost caught while prowling about the cemetery is the most likely event—Bishop becomes nervous and fearful. His family has long hidden its horror from the rest of humanity, and with good reason.

THE GHOULS

When, therefore, the investigators become potential foes in his mind, he alerts a small group of ghouls (2D3) to spy on them (presumably he has now an address or phone number of at least one investigator). Thereafter, the investigators occasionally notice one or more mysterious persons lurking in the shadows, their features hidden by heavy trench coats, thick woolen scarves, and wide-brimmed hats pulled low over their faces, whenever they go out at night. Statistics for these ghouls occur at the end of this adventure.

The ghouls try to remain out of sight as much as possible, and they have no interest in attacking. If Bishop's fears are confirmed, he uses his dark magics to summon a flock of nightgaunts, kidnaping the investigators, questioning them, and then disposing of them in the Dreamlands. That

plan failing, he will send his personal assassin, Simon Trask, to deal with them: Trask is an undead horror who has served the Bishop family well.

SIMON TRASK

This ghastly parody of a human being must soak his lifeless body in a tank of embalming fluids for several hours each day to maintain the semblance of humanity. While living, Trask was a murderer and grave robber who served the Bishop family but was hung for his crimes in 1868. After death, Trask was Reanimated by the Bishops as a walking corpse and since then has continued faithful service. He is an acolyte of Nyogtha, and takes great pleasure in murdering those who threaten the cult.

A tall, powerfully-built man of repulsive appearance and sickly, cadaverous pallor, Trask dresses in somber black Victorian clothing, including a heavy black overcoat and woolen muffler when he must show himself in public. His flesh is sunken and diseased, and his pale green eyes have a glassy, unblinking stare. He reeks of formalin. His flesh is horribly cold to the touch.

Investigators deserving the loathsome attentions of Mr. Trask are stalked after dark and murdered, one by one. Trask keeps a bound nightgaunt waiting nearby, with instructions to carry him to the mortuary if he is ever incapacitated in combat.

Trask's statistics occur at the end of this adventure; keepers are advised to read the nearby notes concerning walking corpses.



Simon Trask

The Walking Corpse, a new entity

After Reanimation, a walking corpse maintains magic points and POW as in life: these factors can be manipulated exactly as in life, except when resisting magical attack or manipulation—in those cases, the walking corpse has the effect of having one POW and one magic point.

Hit points regenerate normally, except when taking damage by direct exposure to sunlight. Such exposure costs a walking corpse one CON point per hour.

A walking corpse always has zero Sanity. So long as the corpse's reanimator lives, the walking corpse behaves as the reanimator wishes. Upon the reanimator's death, Reanimation

must be quickly cast by someone else, or the walking corpse embarks upon homicidal frenzy until destroyed.

If wounded, a walking corpse can use a skill like Mortuary Science in place of First Aid (restore 1D3 hit points); hit points otherwise return at one point per week. Limbs can simply be sewn back on or, if the limb is mangled or destroyed, the member can be replaced with one from another corpse.

Walking corpses uniformly have had their blood replaced with a formaldehyde-based ichor, which may range from green to black in color, depending on the age of the walking corpse and the actual technique used in the Reanimate spell.

The appearances of walking corpses vary: one merely may look ugly, while another is horrifying—keepers must individualize them if wishing to impose Sanity losses.

In The Dark

Hereinafter, investigators may penetrate areas which are lightless. The keeper may find it pointless to continue to emphasize the dark, since it is such a uniform condition; in that case, equip the ghoul tunnels and lower with torches, lanterns, or whatever seems reasonable, and forget about the matter. Only a few of the sub-surface locations are described as lighted; the rest are presumed lightless.

Halve success chances for investigator skills which depend upon vision.

Try not to become entangled in combat minutiae such as "How can you fire your shotgun while holding your flashlight?" The point is valid, but not pertinent: instead, such keepers should be asking the question, "How can my players have a good time if I persist with such queries?"

The Stanton Street Cemetery

When the neighborhood began to decay at beginning of the century, the Bishop family increasingly feared vandalism and exposure of their terrible secrets. Abbot Bishop erected a twelve-foot-high, black wrought-iron fence around the perimeter of the cemetery, firmly planted in cement and

crowned with wickedly-sharp iron spikes to discourage even the most determined of trespassers.

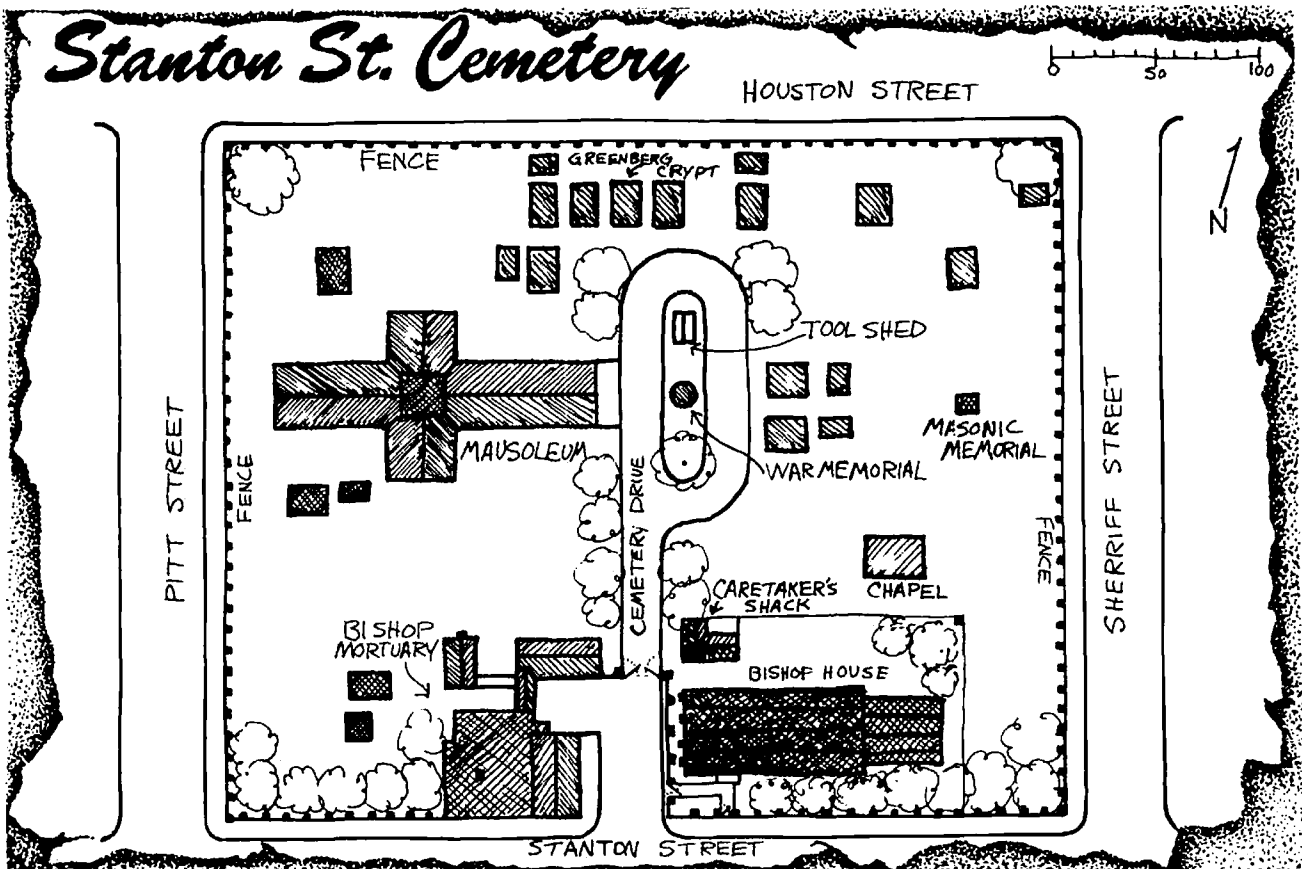
Access to the cemetery is by means of the massive main entrance gates on Stanton Street, through the mortuary building, or through the small side gates leading to Bishop House.

The main gates are opened at 8 A.M. and closed at dusk each day; the mortuary door is open when Bishop is in the building; the side gates are locked at all times, though the street gate connects to a buzzer in Bishop House.

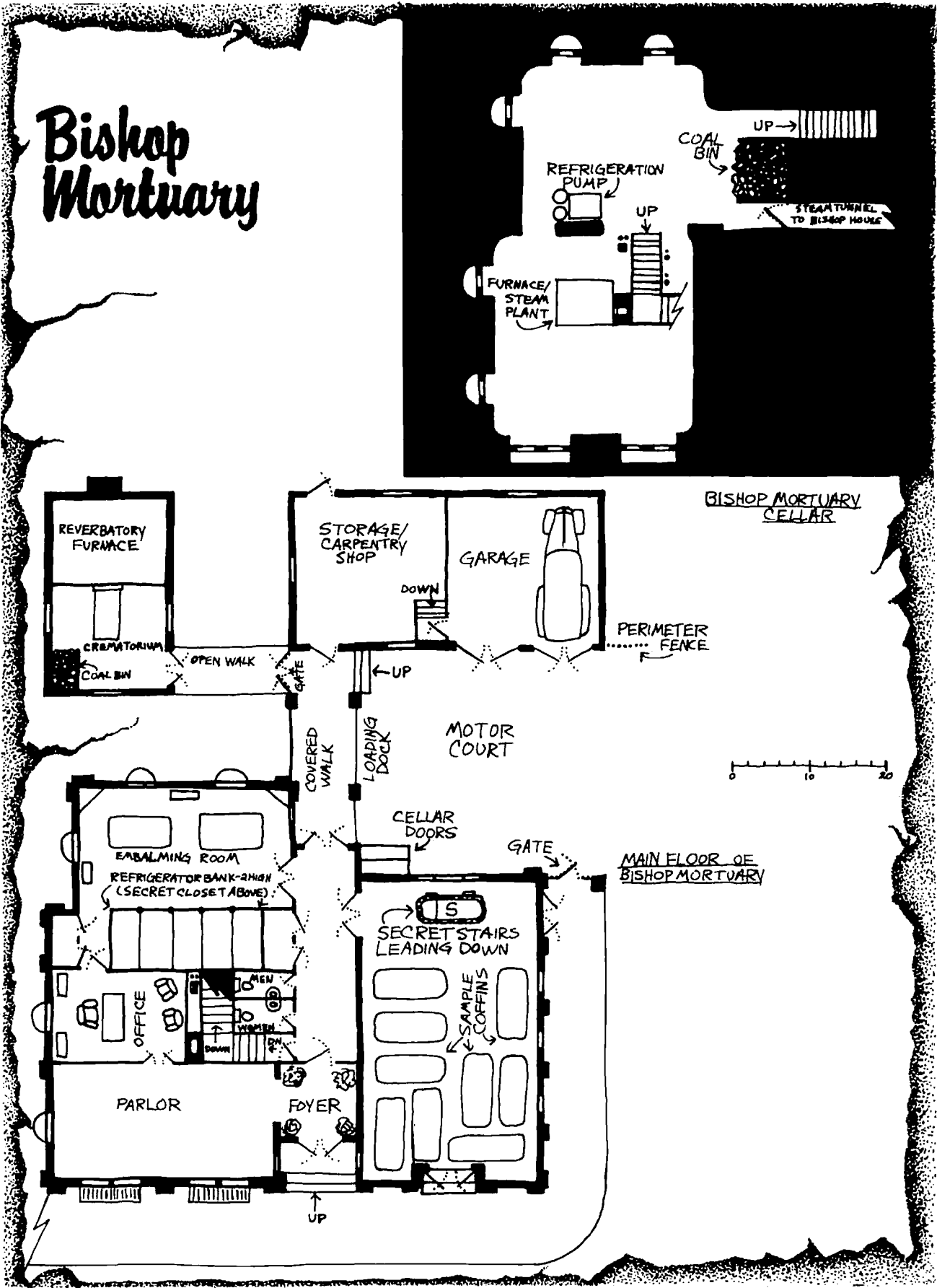
The main gates are secured with a heavy padlock of STR 60, while the locked door and side gates have effective 40 STR. Only Bishop and Trask have keys to these locks.

Should the investigators wish to explore the cemetery by night, it is simple enough to prop a ladder against the fence and climb into one of the numerous trees just within the fence. Though he may offer advice, Cortés will not physically help the investigators unless the emergency is clearly dire.

Bishop has ordered the ghouls to keep away from the cemetery grounds, and to keep their nocturnal visits to this part of the surface world to a minimum. However, there are still plenty of clues for those brave few willing to look for them.



Bishop Mortuary



The Mortuary

The mortuary is a single-story brick structure built early in the 19th century, with some later additions in the rear. The building is in excellent condition. A small bronze plaque gleams:

Bishop Family Mortuaries
Anno Domini 1781

THE PARLOR

Here Bishop receives guests and clients. The room is tastefully, but quaintly furnished in Late Victorian style. Caskets and crematory urns are on display. Nothing in this room is out of the ordinary.

OFFICE

Also furnished in dark, rich woods and fabrics, dominated by a massive antique oak desk, behind which sits a comfortable leather-covered chair. Its color is uncomfortably reminiscent of dried blood. Rising floor to ceiling on all sides of the room, mahogany bookshelves overflow with books; none concern the Cthulhu Mythos.

This assortment, some 4000 volumes, treats human anatomy and physiology, and the embalmer's art throughout the ages. Several cases contain books discussing Egypt and Egyptology, including a first edition of *The Egyptian Book of the Dead* by E. Wallis Budge, 1895, and a copy of Alan Gardiner's *Egyptian Grammar*.

Many of the books in this collection are rare, by the turn of the century would be valuable to collectors. As yet, however, they are mere curiosities.

All desk drawers are locked.

Opened by a successful Mechanical Repair roll, the investigators find an unidentified key in the middle drawer, a spare key to the Chapel on the grounds.

An accounting ledger is in the bottom left-hand drawer. This ledger records all of Nathaniel Bishop's business transactions: if an investigator studies it for 1D6+6 hours or receives a successful Accounting roll, he or she discovers that the amount of money taken in by the business is much less than the amount spent on the maintenance and improvement of the cemetery grounds. This does include the money Bishop uses to support himself, sums bordering on the extravagant. Where is Bishop getting his money?

EMBALMING ROOM

See the next sub-section, "The Embalming Room," for a detailed discussion.

STORAGE ROOM

Used for the storage of caskets made from bronze, glass, and other materials that cannot be easily fashioned in the mortuary's carpentry shop. Nothing unusual will be found without a successful Spot Hidden roll; with a success, the investigator notices an ornate mahogany casket in a corner,

one much older than the other, relatively new caskets in the room. The casket is securely bolted to the floor. Lifting the lid reveals a flight of steps leading down to a secret space beneath the mortuary, the Cold Room. For details, see the next entry.

THE COLD ROOM

This secret room is accessible only via the hidden stairs in the Storage Room.

As the investigators descend the steps in the casket, they will notice that the air is becoming colder; at the bottom of the steps is a refrigerated room with walls of ice-encrusted steel. In the center of the room is a slab of white marble, upon which rests the perfectly-preserved corpse of a man who appears to have been about thirty years old at the time of death. Dressed in an expensive black chauffeur's uniform, dark glasses, and black leather gloves, he was apparently quite handsome in life, with strong, masculine features and neatly-combed, straight black hair. He is quite dead—he does not breathe, and his hair and eyebrows are crusted with rime; however, if any of the investigators touch his icy flesh, he immediately comes to life, and attacks. His statistics are at the end of this adventure.

Vincent Tattaglia is the most recent addition to the ranks of the walking corpses serving Nyogtha. In life, Tattaglia was a professional hit-man, but was gunned down a year ago.

Providing a lavish funeral at no charge, Nathaniel Bishop was able to steal the body afterward, and Reanimate him. Tattaglia is now insane, a devoted servant of Nyogtha. He is Bishop's personal bodyguard and chauffeur.

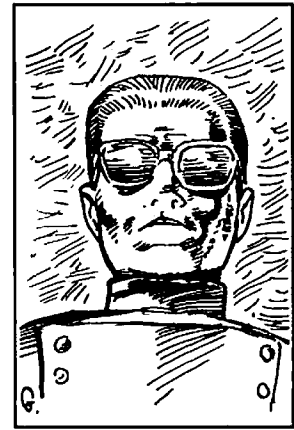
Tattaglia is quite human in appearance, hiding his cadaverous pallor and glassy, staring eyes behind dark sunglasses and theatrical makeup. Although skilled in unarmed combat, Tattaglia prefers to fight with his razor-sharp switchblade knife.

Newspapers reported Mr. Tattaglia's death, but provide no photo, as is normal to the era.

CREMATORIUM

This small brick building attaches to the rear of the mortuary and houses an incinerator used to cremate human bodies. Since the ghouls require a steady diet of human corpses, few dearly-departed ever end up here. If relatives request the ashes, Bishop incinerates left-over bones and offal, and gladly passes on the remnant.

He has often used the crematorium to reduce a corpse to "essential salts" for a Resurrection spell.



Vincent Tattaglia

CARPENTRY, STORAGE

Here most of the wooden caskets are made on site. Shop saws, a drill press, a planer, clamps, a lathe, and so forth line the east wall, while several caskets in various stages of completion rest on sawhorses nearby. Three finished caskets, complete except for lining and cushions, lie against the west wall under the window.

THE GARAGE

The doors to this area of the building are locked, and may only be opened with either a Mechanical Repair roll, or with the proper key. There are two automobiles here: a 1925 Rolls Royce Silver Ghost, and an even more expensive Duesenberg hearse.

As with all Duesenbergs, the body of the hearse is custom-made, at a cost a successful Accounting roll tabulates as in excess of \$30,000. Some investigators will be sorely tempted to appropriate this wonderful machine.

All four cars are in perfect condition, and spotlessly clean: the paint and chrome have been polished to a mirrored finish, the carpeting is immaculate, and the windows are clear as crystal, without smudge or fingerprint.

Stealing or despoiling any of these beauties infuriates Bishop.

THE CELLAR

This area may be entered by means of the hall stairs in the mortuary, the storm doors at the rear of the building, or through the steam tunnel connecting this cellar to the basement of Bishop House. These entrances are locked at all times. The outside storm doors are secured by a steel padlock and chain of STR 50.

The cellar, as opposed to the Secret Basement, is quite ordinary: a large refrigeration pump preserves the corpses in their storage drawers upstairs, while on the other side of a brick dividing wall, a furnace heats Bishop House as well as the mortuary. Aside from three pine caskets that are thickly shrouded in dust and cobwebs, there is nothing unusual down here.

The Embalming Room

Pale green ceramic tiles cover the walls and floors. Cabinets hold tools and supplies useful to embalmers; a large autoclave waits to clean the items after use. In the center of the room is a heavy steel table large enough to hold a human body. Beneath the table dangle leather restraining straps, STR 30.

At the foot of the table is a steel tray bearing an assortment of scalpels, bone saws, and other surgical instruments, all hospital clean and razor-sharp. The room smells strongly of formaldehyde and disinfectants, and the unmistakable odor of decaying flesh.

At the south end of the Embalming Room are ten large, white-enamelled steel drawers, set two-high into the wall:

these refrigerated drawers temporarily store corpses due for embalming. Each of two lower drawers hold a naked male corpse, in life of muscular build. Ready for snoopers, these corpses are zombies, created by Nathaniel Bishop to guard the secret closet located in the wall directly above them.

Unless the name of Nyogtha is spoken in their presence, these zombies attack anyone opening their drawers or the secret door. The zombie drawers also can be opened from within. The zombies attack until incapacitated.

If the keeper wishes, these zombies may be diverted by their kills, and fall-to for lunch or dinner. To leave the corpses of friends in the jaws of such monsters should cost considerable extra Sanity.

TWO ZOMBIES

zombie	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	24	21	15	10	1	18
Two	24	27	13	9	1	20

Move 6

Weapon: Grapple 50%, damage 1D6+1D6

Zombie Notes: with a successful Grapple attack, the zombie hangs on, inflicting damage each round as it crushes the victim to death. A zombie takes only one point of damage from firearms and impaling weapons; all other weapons inflict half rolled damage. A zombie continues to attacked until incapacitated. Sanity loss to see a zombie is 1/1D8 SAN.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D8 SAN.

A SECRET DOOR

If the investigators closely examine the walls of this room, a successful Spot Hidden roll points out that one ceramic wall tile above the storage drawers protrudes outward from the rest. The tile is eight feet above the floor, reachable by standing in an open storage drawer.

Pressing on the wall tile produces an audible click (and incidentally alerts the two zombies). A two-foot-square section of the wall nearby swings open, revealing a hidden closet.

Resting within are two trays, holding a total of thirty stoppered glass jars, each between a pint and a quart in volume, and two stainless-steel tablets.

Each jar is numbered in sequence, and each contains fine, blue-gray powder. Poured from its container, the powder exhibits a peculiar lack of adhesiveness to the jar or to the hand into which it might be poured, leaving no detectible residue.

The jars are not in numerical order—one, #20, is at the front, out of sequence.

Each about six inches square, the two metal tablets are clumsily engraved each with one of two cryptical inscriptions.

y'ai'ng'ngah Yog-Sothoth h'ee-l'geb f'ai throdog uaaah
--

ogthrod ai'f geg'l-ee'h Yog-Sothoth 'ngah'ng ai'y zhro
--

A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the inscriptions as verbal components to a prayer or a magical spell.

If the investigators already know the Resurrection spell, they easily identify both the words and the blue-gray powders, the “essential saltes” of human beings, reduced by a unique alchemical process. The first incantation aids in the transformation from salt to human; the second aids in the dissolution of the human to salt. The keeper should review the Resurrection spell in the rulesbook.

With this material, the investigators cannot learn the complete Resurrection spell, but they can use the incantations to materialize and dematerialize the entities present in the blue-gray powders on hand. Allow one attempt per hour, with an INT x1 roll or less on D100 determining whether or not success occurs.

GLASS JARS #1-#10

They contain the remains of strong men reduced to insane subservience by Bishop’s tortures. Upon Resurrection, each now attacks upon sight, to the death.

RESURRECTED CORPSES #1-#10, statistically identical

STR 18	CON 18	SIZ 16	INT 8	POW 7
DEX 13	APP 3	SAN 0	HP 17	

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapon: Fist/Punch 66%, damage 1D3+1D6
Grapple 50%, damage special

Succeeding in a Grapple attack, the resurrected attempts to strangle the target, unless a STR against STR roll on the resistance table breaks his grip. See the rulesbook Drowning rules for details on strangulation.

GLASS JARS #11-#19

These specimens are salts found to be incomplete; resurrected, the thing materializing is a nightmarish mockery of a human being with a half-formed body. The mindless horror shrieks and howls madly; at the keeper’s option, it leaps or crawls to the nearest investigators, and attacks. Depending on the keeper’s fertile descriptive powers of just what sort of horror leaps and gibbers forward, the Sanity cost for such an attack may range from 0/1D3 to 1/1D8 SAN.

IMPERFECT SPECIMENS, #11-#19, statistically identical

STR 18	CON 18	SIZ 16	INT 3	POW 10
DEX 13	APP horrible	SAN 0	HP 17	

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 66%, damage 1D3+1D6
Grapple 50%, damage special
Bite 70%, damage 1D3-1

The imperfect specimen attempts to grapple a foe, then hang on and Bite each round until destroyed or dislodged with a STR against STR roll on the resistance table. These horrors fight until slain or left unconscious, or until frightened: if an investigator has enough self-confidence to at-

tempt to frighten or command one, treat the encounter as a POW against POW roll on the resistance table.

GLASS JAR #20

Resurrecting the contents of this jar, a chubby man of later middle age materializes before them. As he distinguishes the investigators, he cries out in fear and backs away, eyes darting in search of a weapon or of escape.

“Stay away, cursed fiends! Ye’ll torture me no more! I have no treasure!” he cries.

Frightened and confused, he calms down only if left alone or if an investigator receives a successful Psychology roll with the stated intent to calm him.

Once the man is reassured by politeness and gentleness, the investigators learn that he is one William Kidd, identified by a successful History roll as Captain Kidd, an infamous pirate who terrorized various English colonies at the end of the 17th century. His English has a Scots burr to 20th century ears, but even Peers of the Realm spoke that way then, as a successful Linguist roll testifies.

In Kidd’s mind, the year is 1701; though he has suspicions, nonetheless, he will be severely shocked upon being told the truth.

Questioned gently, the investigators learn that the poor man has been Resurrected again and again to be tortured and interrogated by the sadistic Nathaniel Bishop, who believes that Kidd knows the secret of treasure hidden on the coast of Maine.

Though Kidd is under stress, if the keeper wishes the investigators can find in him a firm ally, if one needing gentle treatment. For that reason, his statistics appear at the end of this adventure.

Surviving the adventure, Kidd may suddenly remember the location of his treasure, and reward the investigators for their help in the strange world he encounters.

GLASS JARS #21-#30

They contain the remains of individuals from New England’s wealthiest and most influential families; Bishop is interrogating them to gain information with which to blackmail their descendants. At the keeper’s discretion, some jars may contain the salts of people famous in the history of the United States, Canada, England, or elsewhere.



Capt. William Kidd

IMPLICATIONS OF THE RESURRECTION SPELL

A resurrectee lives at the mercy of anyone who can recite backwards the formula of the Resurrection spell and who then successfully overcomes the resurrectee's magic points with his or her own magic points by means of a resistance table roll.

Failing that, a resurrectee may conceivably live a very long life, one much longer than normal if physical death from normal causes does not intervene.

Humans who have died of old age survive as resurrectees for relatively short times—days, perhaps, or months—since the same factors which felled the resurrectee then have been regenerated along with him or her.

Those cut short by untimely murder, accident, or disease may as resurrectees live for centuries: just how long only the keeper decides, for the aging process appears to be random. Murder, accident, or disease can always seize a resurrectee, of course.

Those men or creatures imperfectly Resurrected may or may not die at all: Lovecraft records a chamber of horrors extent (and howling) without food, water, or light for more than 200 years. Such resurrectees could be killed, but lacked the ability to die. In Arkham, in 1928, a resurrectee of two fused individuals was found in which one fed on the second, and had done so for centuries.

Some of these last sorts of things may be found in The Swamp, in the "Old Sewers" section below.

NEW JARS

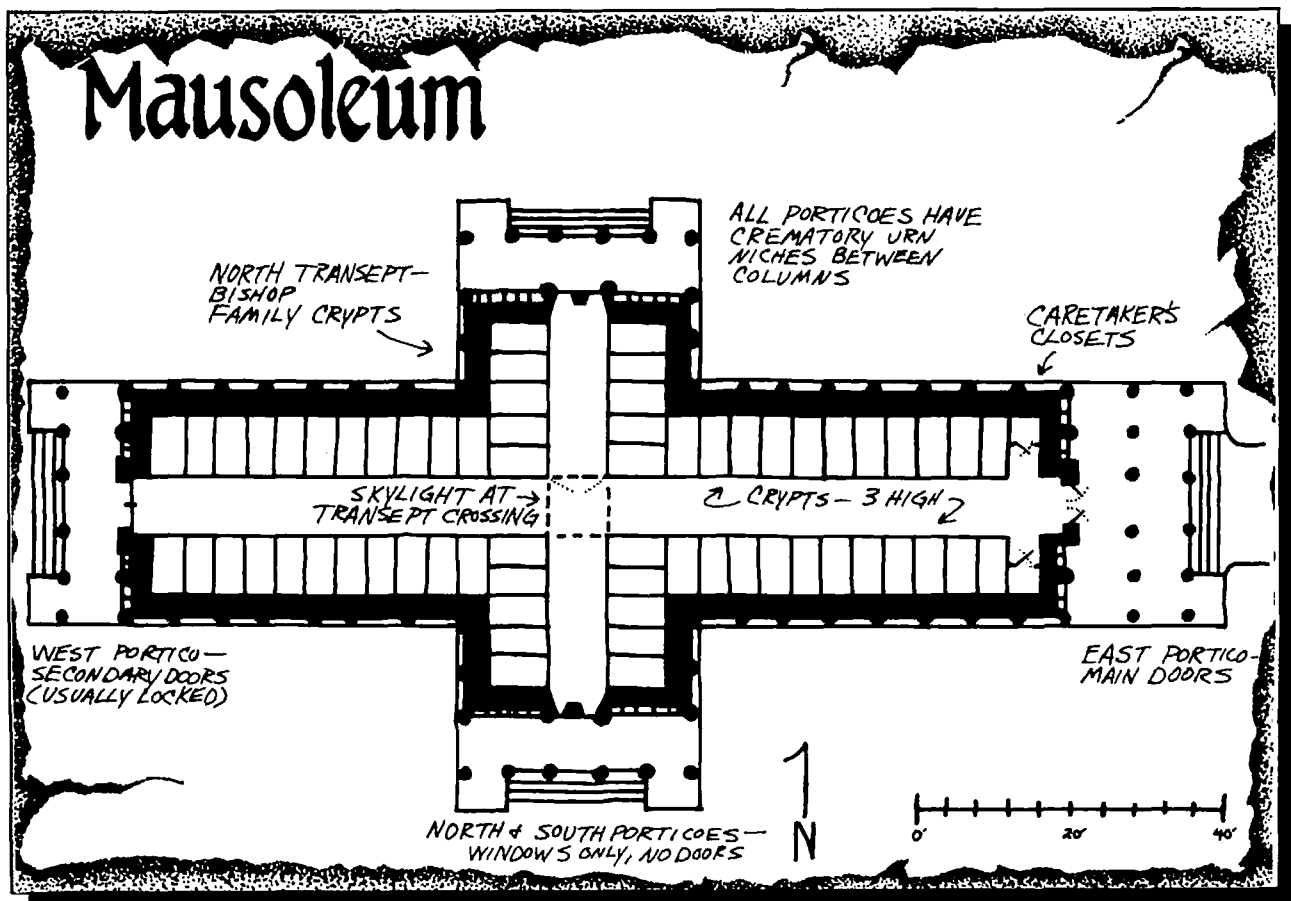
Investigators captured by Bishop and his crew, and tortured for information, might wind up in new jars in the collection, reduced to their salts.

Or Bishop might decide an investigator's knowledge is so slight that he uses his enchanted cane to drain the body of POW, then reanimate it as a zombie. Encountering a friend who has become one of the walking dead should cost extra Sanity points.

The Mausoleum

This impressive structure of soot-stained white marble was built in the Roman Revival style, popular in the 19th century. Massive Corinthian columns flank the entrances to the building.

On the respective east and west wings of the mausoleum are pairs of heavy, brass-bound oak doors, bearing ornate lion-head door knockers of solid brass; overlain with patinas of greenish verdigris, the corroded metal has a loathsome, diseased appearance. In spite of their great age,



each door has an effective 60 STR. Like the cemetery gates, the doors to the mausoleum are promptly locked at dusk.

The mausoleum is cruciform in plan, with tall, narrow windows of fine Italian stained glass depicting scenes from the life of Christ and from *Revelations*. This thick glass is set in heavy frames, STR 35, making it difficult for anyone to break in or out when the doors are secured.

The walls of the mausoleum are twelve feet thick. They are of solid brick with thick marble facings; the dead are interred in niches within these walls. Plaques of bronze or marble display the names of the deceased.

EXAMINING A VAULT

If investigators open any of these sealed wall vaults, they see that the casket is empty, that the far end of the casket has been torn and chewed away, and that the lining of the empty coffin is stained with earth.

Examining the rear of the crawlspace discloses a loose stone slab; lifting this slab in turn reveals a narrow, brick-lined shaft leading down into the depths of the earth. With a successful Physics or idea roll, the investigator realizes that not only was the shaft dug up from below, but that the shaft was incorporated into the original foundations of the mausoleum.

A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the claw marks, dentition, and burrowing technique of ghouls. All the niches are similarly clean-out and empty.

If the investigators bravely take any cramped, black, filthy, claustrophobic, downward-leading shaft, they emerge into the ghoul tunnels.

THE BISHOP WING

The north wing supposedly contains the mortal remains of the Bishop family. A heavy wrought-iron gate closes off this space from the rest of the building by a heavy wrought-iron gate, always locked. Nathaniel Bishop holds the only key. The gate cannot be broken, but a successful Mechanical Repair roll quickly picks the old lock. Entering the Bishop vault, the investigators notice nothing unusual.

All the Bishop family vaults are empty. Even the caskets were recycled and sold to other customers.

In a small alcove, a simple plaque of gray marble bears an inscription.

AGATHA BISHOP

1677-1771

She Shows Us The Way

Above this plaque a small bronze urn contains a few withered, long-dead flowers. A successful Spot Hidden roll points out a slight irregularity in the white marble surface of the alcove, suggesting the possibility of a secret door. However, no amount of pushing or shoving causes this door to open. An successful idea roll leads an investigator to reach inside the bronze urn above the nameplate: a lever

waits there: turning it prompts the entire rear wall of the alcove to swing inward.

Within is a brick-walled vertical shaft. Iron rungs are set into its back wall. Cobwebs fill it so thickly that the bottom cannot be seen, suggesting that this way was left open for a very long time.

With a successful CON x2 or less roll on D100, an investigator detects the faint odor of decayed flesh drifting up.

This shaft leads to the Haunted Chamber in the ghoul tunnels below.

Greenberg Family Crypt

The Greenberg family has a crypt of pale granite, darkened and stained over the years by smoke and soot to a dull, dismal grey. The interior, dimly visible through stained-glass Stars of David at the front, is of the finest white marble; the massive bronze door, with a fine relief subject of Joseph showing the way, is still sealed.

If the investigators are somehow able to get a court order to exhume the body of the late Sonia Greenberg, they discover that like the bodies in the mausoleum, the corpse is missing and that the far end of the casket has been violently torn off. The other vaults in the crypt have also been plundered. As in the mausoleum, a loose marble slab at the far end of the crypt can be raised, to reveal a narrow, brick-walled shaft with iron handholds at regular intervals, leading down into the stygian depths of the ghoul tunnels.

Investigators who break into the crypt without a court order are quickly apprehended, since the trailing ghouls tell Bishop, and Bishop calls the police. This case of reprehensibly systematic grave-robbing undoubtedly reaps lengthy jail terms or hospitalizations. "The Tombs," the New York city jail, stands conveniently less than a mile away.

Funeral Chapel

Built in Gothic Revival style, the brick chapel is used for all funeral services that take place on the cemetery grounds. The exterior of the building is of white marble, darkened over the years by smoke and soot, with stained glass windows imported from Italy depicting scenes from the life and resurrection of Christ; the interior of the chapel has twelve rows of polished oak pews facing both an antique mahogany podium and a broad, raised platform, the latter for the display of the deceased in their casket. An expensive bronze casket is currently on display.

A secret door in the chapel's northeast corner, carefully concealed amidst the expensive oak wall panels, can be seen with a successful luck roll; opened, the interior proves to be a hidden closet holding paraphernalia for various religions, used in the chapel's religious services.

A close examination of the podium and a successful Spot Hidden roll reveals a secret compartment and a clev-

erly-concealed keyhole in the podium's base. Here the discovery is more interesting.

A successful Mechanical Repair roll opens the secret compartment without damaging it. Inside there appears to be a Bible bound in black leather, but examination proves this volume untitled and hand-written in Latin. Anyone who can read Latin to any extent quickly decides that it contains prayers and invocations to someone named Nyogtha; a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies Nyogtha as a Great Old One, also of the name The Thing That Should Not Be, said to dwell in lightless caverns deep beneath the Earth.

Should the investigators study the first page, a successful Latin roll translates the passage:

Men know him as the Dweller in Darkness, that brother of the Old Ones called Nyogtha, The Thing That Should Not Be. He can be summoned to the Earth's surface through certain secret caverns and fissures, and sorcerers have seen him in Syria and below the black tower of Leng; from the Thang grotto of Tartary he has come ravening to bring terror and destruction among the pavilions of the great Khan.

If an investigator has read the *Necronomicon*, a successful idea roll recalls this passage as coming from that accursed tome of arcane lore. The book in the podium contains other fragments from the *Necronomicon* and from other Mythos sources such as the *Pnakotic Manuscripts* and *Book of Eibon*. Reading the entirety of this blasphemous compendium adds +5% to Cthulhu Mythos at a cost of 1D6 SAN; it contains three spells—Contact Ghoul, Call Nyogtha, Voorish Sign.

At the rear of the building is a locked door of STR 40 that opens onto steps leading down to a small cellar; in the cellar is a small coal furnace which heats the building. A door in one wall is locked, STR 15 to break or successful Mechanical Repair to unlock.

TRASK'S ROOM

Behind the locked cellar door is a small room with both walls and floor of mortared brick. In the center of the room is a coffin-sized glass tank, connected by rubber hoses to an electric pump and a large steel oil drum; other objects in the room include a chair covered in cracked and peeling brown leather, a battered antique wardrobe, and several gallon jugs containing a greenish liquid.

If the investigators enter this room by day, Trask is found soaking in the tank, completely immersed, and takes unkindly to being interrupted. If his lair is entered after nightfall, Trask is elsewhere, serving his master and his cult.

Without windows or other ventilation, the smell and stuffiness of the room is overwhelming: a successful CON x3 roll or less on D100 lets an investigator stay in the room;

failing the roll, the investigator feels dizzy, faint, and is unable to concentrate until outside and breathing purer air. Leaving the cellar door and the outside door open gives the room sufficient oxygen after 15 minutes.

If the investigators lift the lid of the steel drum and examine its contents, a successful Chemistry or Pharmacy roll identifies the unpleasant-smelling liquid within as a mixture of formaldehyde similar to formalin, a standard embalming fluid. Chemical analysis shows that the liquid has a base of formalin, but that additional salts and various organic compounds have been added. The glass jugs contain the same solution.

Inside the antique wardrobe is an assortment of somber black clothing, as worn by middle-class men after the American Civil War.

At the rear of the room is an oak door, locked, of STR 50. A successful Mechanical Repair roll opens it. Beyond they see a flight of worn brick steps leading into the depths of the earth, to the ghoul tunnels.

The Caretaker's Cottage

Given their present expertise with Reanimate and zombie creation spells, the Bishops have little need for professional caretakers, and this structure has not been lived in for many years.

This small, one-story building stands in the shadow of Bishop House. The cottage has its own kitchen, living room, bedroom, and bathroom, but is seldom inhabited.

Bishop House

The odd, gambrel-roofed Colonial house is a modest two-story affair erected circa 1700, making it one of the oldest houses extant in Manhattan. It has been fitted with electricity and indoor plumbing. Although in need of new paint, Bishop House is in excellent structural condition. Aside from architectural peculiarities, nothing about the house is strange or unusual.

FIRST FLOOR: Outside Cellar Doors

These doors are secured by a heavy padlock, and have effective STR 50. As with all doors in Bishop House, only Nathaniel Bishop has the keys to open them.

Living Room

Like the rest of Bishop House, this room is furnished in the dark, rich Late Victorian style that Bishop prefers. Bishop sometimes hosts intimate get-togethers for some of New York's wealthiest and most influential people, and also uses this room to entertain potential clients. There is nothing

unusual about this room, except that the massive oak doors to the library are ordinarily locked.

Library Sinister

The oak doors guarding this room are usually locked, of STR 65, but can be quickly opened with a successful Mechanical Repair roll. Within, the investigators find that (unlike most rooms in Bishop House), the library is free of dust.

The room is lined with bookshelves, floor to ceiling. There are about 8500 volumes here, mostly concerned with witchcraft, occultism, spiritualism, miracles, mentalism, ritual magic, and Egyptology. Of the last, the majority discuss ancient Egyptian mummification techniques.

Rare and valuable tomes shine everywhere; of particular importance are three unusual volumes kept within separate glass cases on a shelf of their own, flanked at the left by an ancient human skull and at the right by a hideous statuette of greenish-black jade.

Aside from its considerable age, the skull exhibits disturbing deformities—canine fangs, oddly-enlarged eye sockets, and vestigial horns. A successful Biology or Zoology roll confirms the yellowed skull as human, but one with extraordinary genetic alterations.

The jade statuette represents a hideously bloated humanoid, with long, narrow bat-like wings, an octopoid head whose face is a writhing mass of feelers, and tentacles in the place of limbs. The odd, greenish-black jade from which the image is carved has a repulsive, greasy texture to it, and a Geology roll reveals that it is not fashioned from jade at all, but some sort of unidentifiable heavy, hard mineral. Laboratory tests fail to identify it. So superb is the craftsmanship of this nightmarish image that all viewing it lose 0/1 SAN. The investigators can probably identify it as an image of Great Cthulhu, or possibly one of his monstrous star-spawn; if not, a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll can, and—if the investigators have found the book in the chapel podium, or have found other evidence of Nyogtha worship—to recall that Nyogtha is said to be somehow related to Cthulhu and his star-spawn.

THE FIRST BOOK

Within the first glass box is an Elizabethan-era binding, of tooled black leather over boards, many hundreds of unnumbered pages thick, and clasp with a lock of tarnished silver; on the cover in raised silver letters attached to the front board with nails is the word *Necronomicon*, a title which a successful Greek roll translates as “The Book of Dead Names.”

A successful Occult roll identifies the *Necronomicon* as one of the great legendary grimoires, believed to be a source of aeons-old occult lore. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll defines this eldritch volume as one containing the revelations of the Mad Arab, Abd al-Azrad; his book is said

to hold more knowledge of the Outer Gods and the Great Old Ones than any other Mythos source.

This edition is a rebound and emended version of the English translation by the Elizabethan sorcerer and astrologer, Dr. John Dee. Full understanding of it requires intense study of its archaic typography, 16th century English, and crabbed marginal notes written in a mixture of hermetic Latin and Elizabethan slang.

The bold reader of this accursed volume eventually adds +15% in Cthulhu Mythos and loses 2D10 SAN. This edition has a spell multiplier of x4.

The keeper always chooses which spells are found in a Mythos volume; those which might be learned from this book could include Call Azathoth, Call Nyogtha, Contact Deep Ones, Contact Cthulhu, Contact Nyarlathotep, Create Gate, Elder Sign, Find Gate, Resurrection, and Voorish Sign.

Since the volume has been rebound and since the pages are unnumbered, only a direct comparison with another copy can show whether or not this copy is complete.

THE SECOND BOOK

A heavy volume bound in worn, rat-gnawed leather; by title page it is *De Vermis Mysteriis*, which a successful Latin roll translates as “The Mysteries of the Worm,” written by Ludwig Prinn. The hand-set text is in Medieval Latin, and filled with obscure expressions and mysterious references.

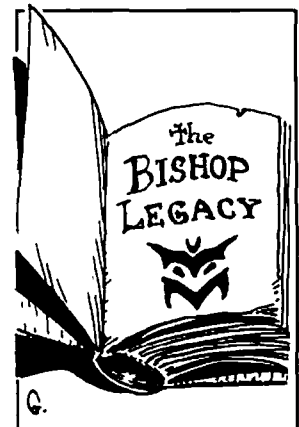
A successful Occult roll identifies Prinn as an infamous Flemish sorcerer of the 16th century, executed by the Inquisition on charges of witchcraft and heresy. He is said to have penned this monstrous grimoire in prison, awaiting trial.

The reader of this blasphemous book gains +12% Cthulhu Mythos at a cost of 2D6 SAN. This book has a x3 spell multiplier.

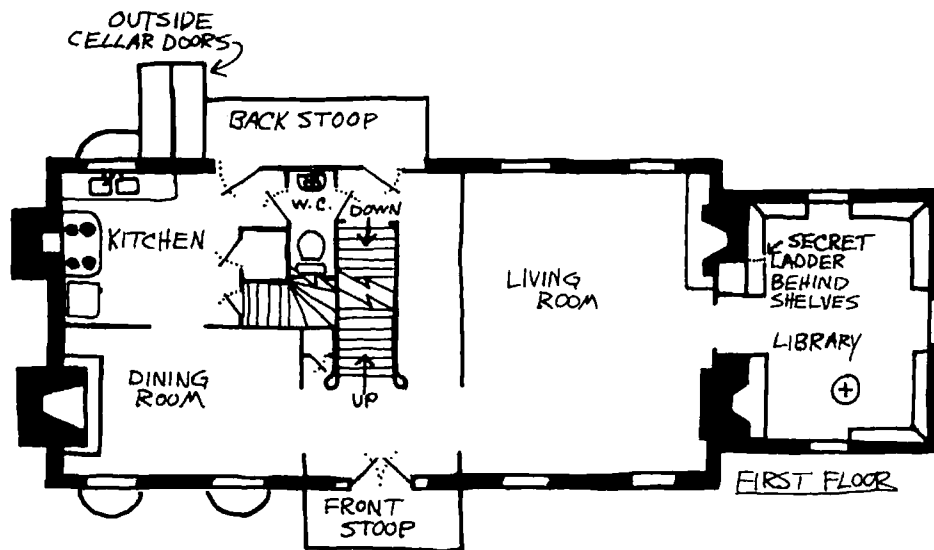
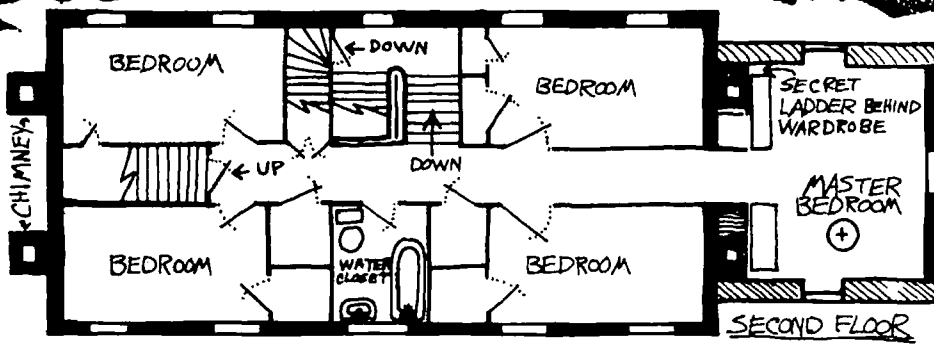
The keeper always chooses which spells are found in a Mythos volume; those which might be learned from this book could include Contact Ghoul, Contact Nyarlathotep, Powder Of Ibn Ghazi, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, and Summon/Bind Star Vampire.

THE THIRD BOOK

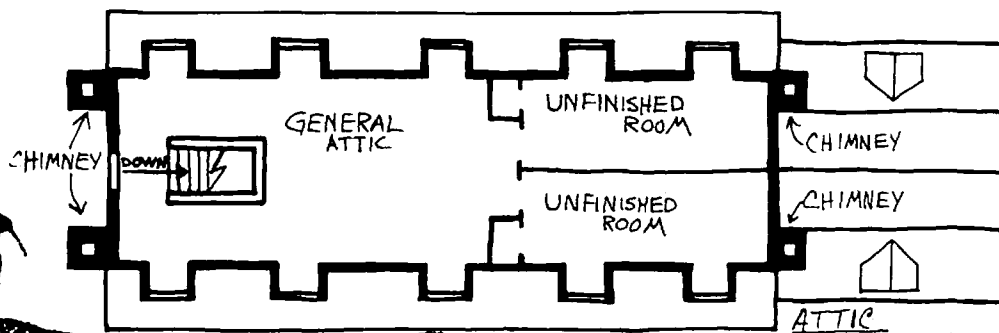
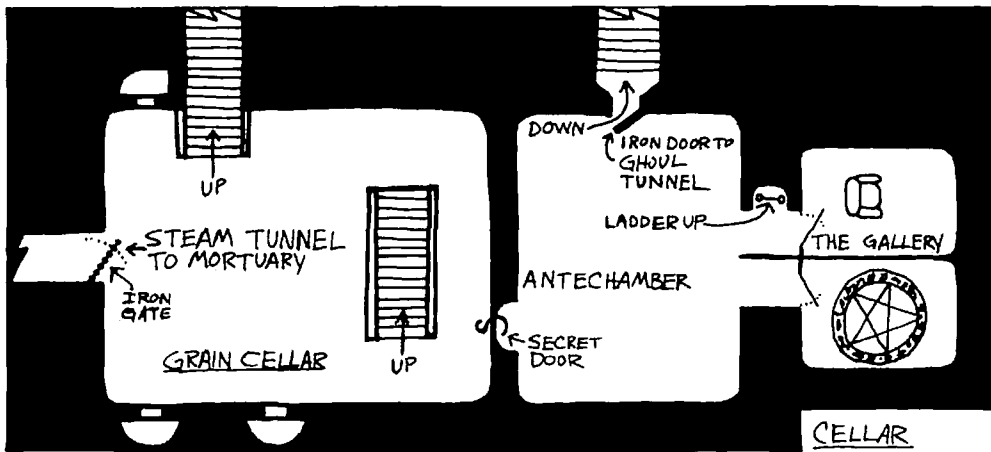
A massive volume bound in red leather, the hundreds of blank rag pages now mostly filled with spidery handwriting by the same hand, frequently annotated by a number of other hands. If the investigators have a sample of Nathaniel Bishop's handwriting, it matches in style much of what is written at the back end of the book.



Bound in red leather.



Bishop House



CULT CHAMBER



0 10 20 FEET

An interior page reads *The Bishop Legacy* in firm, sharp, large letters. The next page reads *A. Bishop*. A successful idea roll can prompt the investigators to recall that Agatha Bishop was the founding matriarch of the Bishop family, after fleeing the Arkham witch trials in 1692.

This book is a grimoire for the Bishop family, and increases the reader's Cthulhu Mythos by +6% at a cost of 1D10 SAN. As a grimoire, *The Bishop Legacy* has a spell multiplier of x4.

The keeper always chooses which spells are found in a Mythos volume: those which might be learned from this book could include Call Nyogtha, Clutch of Nyogtha, Contact Ghoul, Create Zombie, Power Drain, Resurrection, and Summon Ghost.

As a source of Mythos information, *The Bishop Legacy* reveals the rites and rituals necessary for the worship of Nyogtha, and even hints at the true nature of this Great Old One and its malign purpose here on Earth. The book also explains in detail the real Bishop legacy, to create a hybrid race of servants for Nyogtha by interbreeding the Great Old One and humanity.

The book records the problems that occur when Nyogtha mates directly with humanity, of how these monstrous hybrids swiftly degenerate into shapeless black abominations within a decade or two after ceasing growth, and of how this problem has a temporary solution in the crossbreeding of humans and ghouls prior to mating these hybrid horrors with Nyogtha.

Should the investigators examine *The Bishop Legacy* more closely, a successful Spot Hidden roll reveals that the book has been rebound several times, and that the spidery inked letters that make up the majority of the text become of progressively fresher inks, and that the back pages are of newer, unspotted linen paper. A successful Chemistry roll under laboratory conditions identifies the difference in ink and paper ages between the front and the back of the book as at least 150 years.

A SECRET DOOR

If the investigators search the library for secret doors, a successful Spot Hidden roll points out a three-foot-wide section of bookshelves of slightly different appearance. No way to open the door can be nearby.

Across the room is a 50-pound statuette of Anubis, resting on a shelf, in the form of a reclining jackal, carved of solid jet. A successful Egyptology or Occult roll reminds an investigator to recall that Anubis is sometimes referred to as "The Opener of the Way." Swinging the statuette aside uncovers a concealed button that, when pressed, releases the locking mechanism and opens the secret door. Behind it, a brick-walled, vertical shaft with iron handholds leading down into the unknown depths beneath the house, while a faint stench of decay and corruption rises up from somewhere below. Unlike the similar shafts in the mauso-

leum, this one contains no cobwebs and the handholds show evidence of recent use.

A draft from above reminds the investigators to look up: climbing up the shaft takes the climber to a hidden closet behind the master bedroom, while climbing down the shaft takes them to a secret antechamber and its undead guardians on the basement level below; see the Antechamber in the cellars, below.

Dining Room, WC

DINING ROOM: this room is tastefully furnished in the early Victorian style that is used throughout the Bishop House. A huge imported crystal chandelier hangs above a massive oak table with chairs for twelve. On the table a bouquet of dried, dead roses stands in an expensive crystal vase.

DOWNSTAIRS WATER CLOSET: an ordinary facility, the water closet itself sports a new chain.

Kitchen

This room is almost as clean as a hospital surgery, appears not much used, and boasts a remarkable collection of meat cleavers and butcher knives, all of which are extraordinarily sharp.

In the refrigerator beside the stove rest several bundles of ground meat wrapped in bloodstained butcher paper. By smell or appearance, the meat is neither beef, lamb, pork, nor venison. Lab analysis of the meat or of the bloodstained paper identifies them both as human.

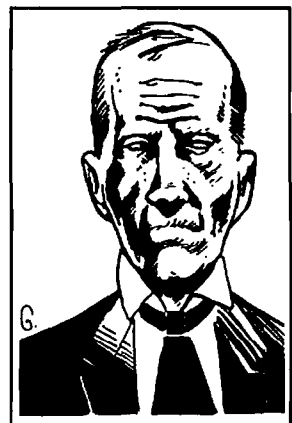
At the rear of the kitchen is the cellar door, always locked, and of effective STR 40; beyond the door, a flight of wooden steps leads to the cellar.

THE WALK-IN FREEZER

The door is stiff with cold; the inside is covered with frost and the light does not work. In the 20°F temperature, Edward Waite, Bishop's butler and manservant, stands frosted and motionless.

Waite has served the Bishop family since the 1880s, and voluntarily became a walking corpse so that he could serve the cult of Nyogtha eternally.

Edward Waite appears as a tall, gaunt man of about fifty years of age, with thin, lifeless grey hair, a pale complexion, and glassy blue eyes. Although Waite wears theatrical makeup to hide his corpse-like pallor, Bishop prefers to keep his manservant out of sight, since a house guest could accidentally meet him. Waite wears the formal uniform of an English butler, but



Edward Waite

unlike such peers always carries a concealed knife.

Extra black formal gear and a theatrical makeup kit can be found in the closet of the northwest bedroom, upstairs.

UPPER FLOOR: Four Smaller Bedrooms & WC

These rooms have not been much stayed in for years, and thick dust covers most items. The southwest and southeastern smaller bedroom contain nothing of interest.

The northeast bedroom is for Cassandra, Bishop's half-sister. She has not stayed here for three years; the feminine accouterments are dusty, too.

The northwest bedroom closet contains Edward Waite's butler suits and some theatrical makeup; his passage across the bedroom has left a trail free of dust.

The water closet is unremarkable, obviously regularly used, and not well-kept, in contrast to the clean facility downstairs.

Master Bedroom

At the east end of the house, this room is also crammed with floor-to-ceiling bookshelves. There is a wide assortment of books, ranging from detective fiction to dubious presentations of the occult.

A MYTHOS TOME

Next to an colonial-style bed (an antique in excellent condition probably worth \$200) is a nightstand whose single drawer contains a worn leather-bound book written in English, *My Understanding of the Great Booke*, by Joachim Kindler, 1641, city of Buda. It gives +5% Cthulhu Mythos, -1D6+1 SAN, and contains no spells.

This volume contains Kindler's rambling and insane speculations concerning life, death, apparitions, transcendental phenomena, black magic, white magic, the achievement of objectivity through blood sacrifices, the tasks and purposes of the "mightie devills" (by which he means the Great Old Ones), and much more.

The text correlates with a Gothic translation of the *Necronomicon*, not further identified.

A successful Linguist roll identifies Gothic as the ancient Germanic tongue of the Goths, an essentially dead language today, though corruptions and influences of it survive locally across Europe from Lombardy to the Crimea.

This otherwise unknown edition of the horrible book apparently differs substantially from the known editions since Kindler claims it "offers proofs logickal and glorious" of the "stellar numbers, potentiated objects, signs and passes, probatories, phylacteries, and craftsmanly artes" required for a succession of Mythos spells. As Kindler would have it, the Gothic version is nothing less than an analytical edition of the *Necronomicon* which makes plain that book's bafflements and obscurities. Should

Kindler's insane prose be accepted as evidence, presumably the Gothic version would cost even more Sanity to read and to comprehend than the original Arabic.

SOME KEYS

with a successful Spot Hidden roll or idea roll (or just the idea) an investigator looks behind the nightstand and there finds hanging on a nail a ring of keys, Bishop's spares. They open the doors to Bishop House, the mortuary, and the mausoleum, and all the cemetery gates. A spare key to the chapel is in the middle drawer of Bishop's mortuary office desk.

INTERESTING CLOTHES & OTHER EVIDENCE

In a wardrobe, the investigators find expensive clothing, and a pair of black hooded cloaks, a black silk robe embroidered with astrological signs and weird arcane symbols, and a human skeleton, female, methodically articulated, hanging from a hook.

On the shelf above are three cardboard shoe boxes.

- The left box contains an unworn pair of expensive black shoes imported from England.
- The center box holds 300 rounds of .45 revolver ammunition.
- The right box is stuffed with nearly a hundred separate pieces of fine jewelry for men and women, each individually wrapped in tissue paper. Examined closely, the gold and silver have chamel scents.

Pasted inside the lid is a small manila envelope containing receipts from pawnshops and jewelry stores across New York City. Should investigators show a selection of the newer pieces to Bishop's more wealthy clients, each has a 30% chance of recognizing an item which was buried with a loved one.

These treasures were stolen from the bodies of the dead. It is in some measure by the sale of such jewelry that Bishop is able to live so well. Retail value of the present hoard is about \$10,000; considering the workmanship and the quality of the stones, a dealer would pay about \$6,000.

ANOTHER WAY OUT

If the investigators push aside the clothes hanging in the wardrobe, they notice hinges in its rear wall.

The door, only semi-secret this time, is three feet square, and opens into a cramped room with a two-foot-wide wooden trapdoor set in the floor. Opening the trapdoor, the investigators see a narrow, brick-walled vertical shaft with wrought-iron handholds that leads into the depths of the earth, while the faint but unmistakable stench of rotting flesh rises up from somewhere below. This shaft connects to the library and to the ghoulish tunnels below.

The Attic

Stairs between the west bedrooms lead up to the attic. No one has been up here in years: shrouds of dust and cobweb are everywhere, broken furniture has been tossed down casually, boxes are filled with ancient, mildewed clothing.

At the far end of the attic are two unfinished rooms; the dust and cobwebs are even thicker. The south room simply holds more junk. In the north room, a successful Spot Hidden roll allows the investigators to notice a vaguely humanoid form slumped against a wall. The figure is a human skeleton, wrapped in a shroud of spider webs, chained to the wall by a pair of ancient iron shackles. This discovery alone is enough to interest the police, whose presence might possibly cause Bishop to evacuate the mortuary.

Examined by a pathologist or a doctor with real interest in human anatomy, the skeleton exhibits strange and frightening deformities: the proportions of the limbs and torso are oddly distorted, and the bones of the face are hideously elongated, more like the muzzle of a dog or wolf than that of a man.

The teeth have deformed into canine fangs, and there are suggestions of claws at the tips of the fingers.

No expert can explain such deformities, but a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll suggests that the skeletal structure resembles that of a ghoul which did not complete the transition from human. There is yet no evidence unequivocally suggesting that the skeleton was a hybrid.

If it is daylight, or if the investigators have a good source of light, they notice that the walls are covered with graffiti pentagrams, occult symbols, obscenities, lewd drawings, and enigmatic words like *Nyogtha*.

Over the centuries, this room has imprisoned members and servants of the Bishop family who have been driven insane and become uncontrollable. If the unfortunate died, or became too much trouble to care for, he or she was given to the ghouls, to be slaughtered, cured, and devoured.

THE CELLARS: Main Cellar

A flight of creaking wooden steps leads down from the kitchen to the cellar of Bishop House; the walls here are of mortared fieldstone, and in the west wall is a steam tunnel connecting Bishop House to the mortuary, sealed off by a locked wrought-iron gate. A separate flight of brick steps leads up to a pair of outside doors, which are secured by a heavy steel padlock and chain (STR 50).

Scattered about the cellar are two dozen old wooden caskets. They contain bottles of wine, some of vintages apparently reaching back to the late 1700s and completely undrinkable, but also some magnificent brandies, cognacs, ports, and sacks.

A careful inspection of the cellar walls and a successful Spot Hidden roll points out that a fieldstone in the east wall protrudes suggestively outward from the rest; pushed in-

ward, a falling counterweight thumps and a section of the wall swings gratingly inward to reveal a secret chamber.

The secret door open, a foul odor of rotting flesh hangs thickly in the air.

The Antechamber

This room is guarded by four zombies, ordered to slay whomever enters and neglects to speak the sacred name Nyogtha. These zombies fight until destroyed. They'll pursue opponents into the main cellar of Bishop House, but no further.

In the east wall of the antechamber is an alcove with iron rungs set in the rear wall. The rungs lead up a shaft in the ceiling to the library of Bishop House, and beyond.

FOUR ZOMBIES

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	24	21	15	12	1	18
Two	21	21	13	10	1	17
Three	24	24	14	10	1	19
Four	27	24	16	9	1	20

Weapon: Grapple 50%, damage 1D6+1D6

Zombie Notes: with a successful Grapple attack, the zombie hangs on, inflicting damage each round as it crushes the victim to death. A zombie takes only one point of damage from firearms and all impaling weapons; all other weapons inflict half rolled damage. A zombie continues to attack until incapacitated. Sanity loss to see a zombie is 1/1D8 SAN.

THE IRON DOOR

Located in the north wall of the antechamber is a locked door of solid iron. Nathaniel Bishop has the key. This door has an effective STR 60; a successful Mechanical Repair roll opens it.

Beyond, the investigators see a narrow, twisting flight of ancient brick steps leading down into the depths; "The Tunnels" section later in this scenario has the details.

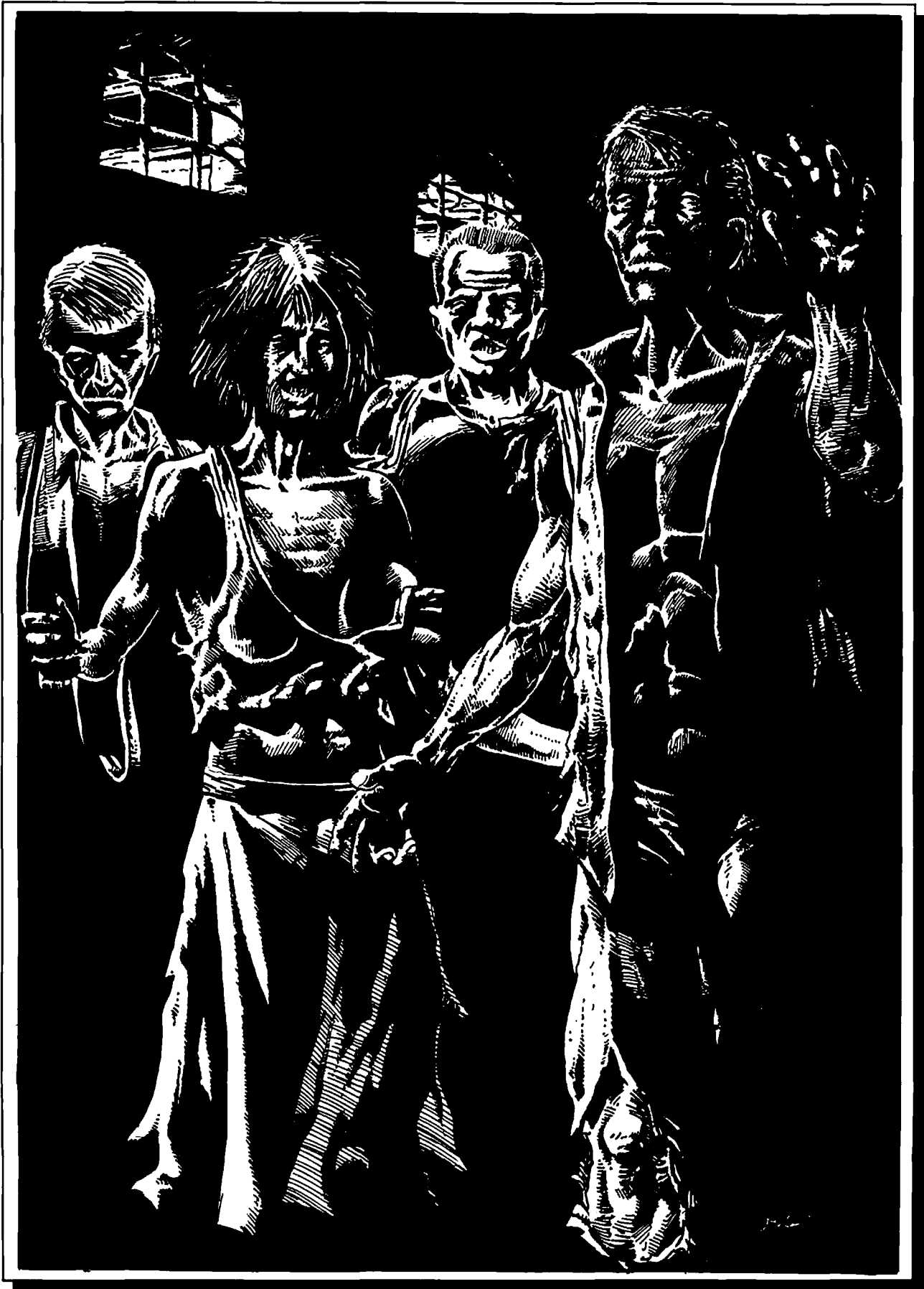
Cult Chamber

Within an unlocked door of STR 20, this room has walls of crumbling mortared brick and a floor of polished black marble; successful Geology or Chemistry roll indicates that this room is as old as Bishop House.

Inlaid in the floor, in pale gray marble, is a pentacle enclosed by two concentric circles, and inscribed between the two circles are a series of weird, arcane symbols that a successful Occult or Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies as necromantic runes used in to protect a summoner from evil spirits. In the center of the pentacle is an altar of black basalt draped in black velvet, upon which are the following objects.

- A pair of silver candlesticks, inscribed with unfamiliar runes, each holding a fat black candle.

A successful idea roll suggests that the candles have been made from human tallow, which laboratory analysis may or may not be able to confirm, since microbiology is



Neglect Nyogtha and die!

not well-advanced in this period, and necessary testimony in a court of law will be hedged and inconclusive.

- A brass bowl containing charcoal and incense.
- An ornate silver chalice decorated with goat's horn, yellowed with age; the exterior of the chalice bears more arcane symbols.
- A rune-inscribed iron dagger whose hilt is of polished jet, carved to represent a hideously-elongated, eyeless squid.

A Cthulhu Mythos roll is unable to identify the monster on the dagger; it may be a chthonian, or Cthulhu, or something entirely different.

Though there is no way to know it, the dagger is enchanted and does normal damage to a Servitor of the Outer Gods or to a Hound of Tindalos.

- A stoppered brass bottle containing a dozen ounces of fine, translucent gray powder. This is Powder of Ibn Ghazi, though an investigator must know the spell to recognize it.

The Gallery

This chamber is of very recent construction. Its walls are made of poured concrete, and brightly illuminated by modern electric lights. This room is bare of furnishings except for an expensive Persian carpet, an overstuffed chair upholstered in fine black leather, and six oil paintings hanging on the walls, each in ornate ebony frames.

Although the subject matter in these paintings is deeply disturbing, they have been executed superbly and with great technical genius, which makes them more terrifying. At the bottom center of each frame, a small engraved silver plaque bears the title of the work. Quoted descriptions are from Lovecraft's tale, "Pickman's Model."

A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll agrees that the monsters depicted in these paintings are lifelike images of ghouls. Each painting bears the artist's signature, *R. Upton Pickman*.

GHOUL FEEDING

This nightmarish portrait depicts a loathsome creature, vaguely humanoid in outline with clawed hands and canine features, crouching over a partially dismembered human corpse and feasting on its entrails. Its blood-smeared features hold such demonic glee and appetite that viewers lose 0/1 SAN.

SUBWAY ACCIDENT

A horde of half-human, canine monsters have crawled up through a hole in the floor of a subway tunnel and are attacking patrons apparently waiting for a night train. Investigators familiar with Boston recognize the setting as the Boylston Street station. Here the painter has become enough interested in technical problems of structure and motion that no Sanity is lost in examination.

THE LESSON

The smallest and most precise of the six oils, this ghastly painting portrays "a squatting circle of nameless doglike things in a churchyard teaching a small child how to feed like themselves." The vivid scene costs 0/1D3 SAN to see it, mostly because of the child's peculiar expression, to which the viewer's eyes return again and again.

A GOOD SAMARITAN

Leading them from a burning house in which the parents presumably have been consumed by flames, a hideous, arrogant humanoid with sharp, cruel, canine features holds in each arm a young girl and a young boy, both in nightclothes. The girl is tearful and reluctant, the boy eager for the horrors clearly to come. Compared to other paintings, the technique is immature; nonetheless, Sanity loss to see this horror is 0/1 SAN.

LAYING DOWN A NEW VINTAGE

In dim lamplight, the nude body of a portly man rests face down, face toward the viewer, sprawled on a counting table. Around him are stacks of treasury notes and bags of coins. His mouth bulges with 20-dollar gold pieces which spill out onto the table. Above him, two ghouls delicately compare fresh human ear with fresh human buttock. Though they bleed scarcely at all, the wounds from which the flesh come are done with daunting realism and dimension, and the corpse's porcine qualities are so subtly and irrefutably emphasized that the viewer quickly comes to savor their triumph. Sanity cost to find oneself identifying with ghouls is 0/1 SAN.

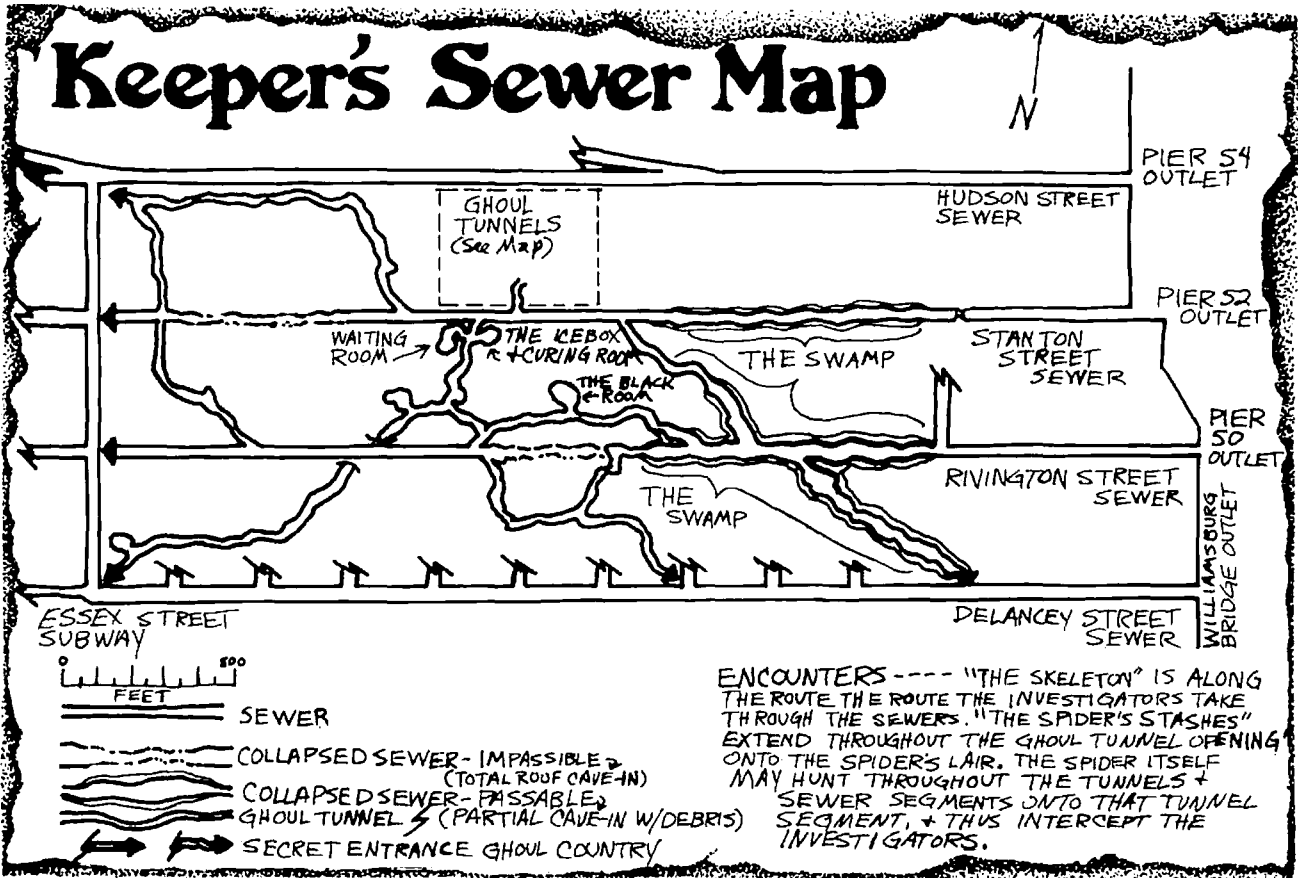
UNTITLED

The most terrifying work of the six, its monstrous subject is "a colossal and nameless blasphemy with glaring red eyes, and it held in bony claws a thing that had been a man, gnawing at the head as a child nibbles at a stick of candy. Its position was a kind of crouch, and as one looked one felt that at any moment it might drop its present prey and seek a juicier morsel." Such is the frightful realism of this work that the loss for viewing it is 1/1D4 SAN.

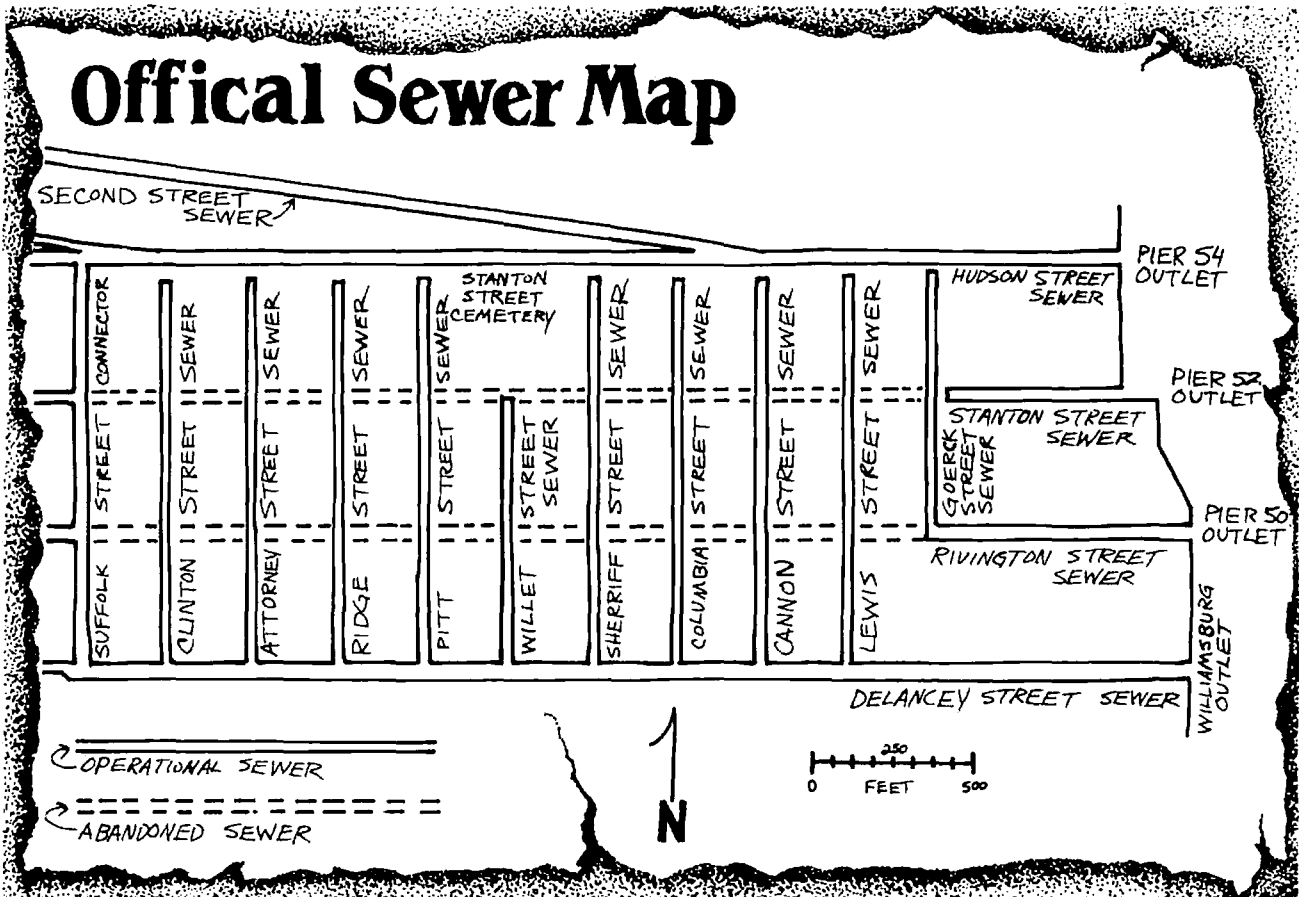
The New Sewers

Having braved zombies and walking corpses, investigators unable to interest New York's finest in the management of Stanton Street Cemetery may decide to explore the storm drains and sewers, attempting to bypass the guardians above in favor of an unwatched entrance to whatever lies beneath Stanton Street Cemetery.

Keeper's Sewer Map



Official Sewer Map



TERMINOLOGY

Keepers may wish distinguish between *storm drains* and *sewers*—the former drain off street water; the latter drain human and industrial waste, as well as overflow water. Modern systems are usually linked, the sewage lines laid in closer to the surface than the storm drains, so that the sewage lines can move extra water during extraordinary rains. Keepers can remember the configuration, but adapt it as desired.

A major storm drain is usually high enough for men to move about in without crouching; sewer lines are typically of smaller diameter and more cramped. When we see modern films set in sewers, as was part of the remake *Blob*, we actually see storm drains, and big ones at that. Sewers in the late 20th century empty into treatment plants.

But in New York City and most places in the 1920s, many conduits did double-duty, and untreated sewage might be casually dumped into the Hudson and East River. The keeper therefore chooses what sludge the investigators encounter.

For the rest of this scenario, both sorts of drains are termed sewers. Emphasize the difference in construction between new and old lines by new concrete tunnels, and old brick-walled tunnels. Unless otherwise useful, describe all sewers as circular in cross-section.

Many manholes do not provide access to sewers, but end at main water pipe valves a dozen feet beneath the street.

PREPARATIONS

A successful Fast Talk roll and well-placed bribes for immediate service (the material desired is a matter of public record) grant the investigators access to the sewer maps in the Office of Public Works at City Hall.

Inspecting the charts, the investigators notice that the original drains in the Stanton Street area were bricked over, sealed up, and rerouted in the late 1880s, after graft and bad design caused them to back up and overflow when even moderate rains fell. (The drains in the area actually overflowed because ghouls dumped in them the refuse from their nocturnal excavations.)

Though these underground ways give them easy access to cemeteries everywhere, the ghouls install no guards and keep no guardposts—ghouls are anarchic, contradictory, and completely undisciplined. But ghouls are not the only horrors below.

Keepers should remember that two sewer maps exist; the handouts map is the official one, and shows the presently-maintained storm tunnels as various agencies know they are; the keeper map shows the old sewers and the reality the investigators actually penetrate, and should not be handed out.

Equipment for a stroll through Manhattan's sewers could include rubber wading boots, flashlights or lanterns,

spare batteries, snacks and drinking water, explosives, crowbars, picks and/or shovels, a good compass, a well-stocked first-aid kit, warm clothing that the investigators won't mind throwing away afterwards, and their choice of weapons. Let the investigators make their own plans.

EXPLOSIVES

Tactically, explosives create problems, since tunnels encapsulate and magnify the effect of explosive blasts: a sewer-bound human within hundreds of yards of a significant explosion would be temporarily deafened at the very least. Sewers legitimately contain natural gas leaks, flammable and explosive chemicals, and combustible poisons, whose effects could augment the effect of an explosion. A significant blast blows off every man-hole cover in the area, and sends shock waves of gas smashing up every drain. A major blast might kill and injure dozens or hundreds of people. Authorities notice and investigate any such blast, Lower East Side or not.

Nonetheless, the investigators may find that a large explosion in the area of the temple to Nyogtha insures their survival, as it may also in certain parts of the "Ghoul Tunnels" section. Both of these areas are far enough underground and enough removed from the functioning sewers to have little effect on the surface world. Nonetheless, investigators should be prepared for the effects which explosions will have on them.

EXPLORING THE NEW SEWERS

Access to the New York City sewer system is best obtained through a manhole (preferably in a back alley where police and passersby may not notice what the investigators are doing) or through locked storm-drain mouths at the watery perimeter of Manhattan.

Since New York's city fathers had not then given up administration in favor of television appearances, adequate money maintains the system, and all the storm-drain locks are sound and new (steel gates and locks are STR 65; a successful Mechanical Repair roll opens the way).

Similarly, most of the manholes and their covers are in good repair, but the massive weight of a cover resists with STR 2D6+12 and requires a pry bar or special tool to lift up the cover before it can be shoved aside. Two investigators may combine STRs when attempting to move a cover. Should a cover at a particular point fail to be moved, the investigators must wait a day to try again, or move to another location, since the noise of the failed attempt alerts the neighborhood and may result in a visit from the local beat cop.

Once a manhole cover has been removed, an iron ladder leads down into the darkness below; although rusty, perhaps, the rungs are more than sturdy enough to support the weight of investigators. A Climb or DEX x4 roll may be

needed to avoid slipping and falling, resulting in 1D6 damage to the unlucky ones.

The sewer tunnels vary from seven to ten feet in height; the air is unpleasantly close and damp, and smells of intimate rot and decay. Decomposing garbage and a slippery, black, foul-smelling mulch coat the bottom of the cylindrical tunnel. Where sections of the tunnel have sagged, muck several feet deep accumulates.

Greasy pools of polluted water glisten, while the brick walls of the tunnel show beads of moisture and patches of mold and mildew.

Some Little Friends

Rats are everywhere, amazingly courageous, running away only if threatened. A few adventurously- or scientifically-inclined rodents even climb onto the investigators in search of food, getting into hair and under clothing, becoming severe annoyances. No rat bites unless an investigator harms it first.

Investigators burdened with phobias such as musophobia (fear of mice), muridophobia (fear of rats and others of family Muridæ), zoophobia (fear of animals), and dorophobia (fear of fur) may have to retreat; hydrophobes, scotophobes, and claustrophobes probably already have.

Sanity cost to such victims is 0/1 SAN at this point. If it's useful to have a individual rat take a bite, don't charge a hit point, but have the player roll CON x2 or less on D100 to stop his or her investigator's bleeding. They did bring First Aid supplies, didn't they? Goodness, an open wound in these conditions can be very dangerous.

The Gangsters

Not very far into their travels, the investigators see lights and hear loud voices coming from the other direction. This is a regular bonded whiskey delivery to a notorious Lower East Side speakeasy, the Hotsy-Totsy Art Club. Wrapped in a vicious war for control of the area, the local crime boss takes no chances that rivals intercept the expensive booze which the Art Club features. As weather permits, he wheel-

barrows it straight up the storm drains, and then up a ladder to the Art Club's cellar.

If the investigators hold their fire, they encounter Frankie Repetto and Louie Farinato, and eight mugs hired off the street at five dollars each for two hours' work. Each of the latter pushes a wooden wheelbarrow, each wheelbarrow loaded with three wooden cases. Each case contains twelve quart bottles



Frankie the Finger

filled with single- or double-malt scotch whiskeys.

Only Frankie and Louie are armed, and only they will make any effort to fight or to deliver the wooden crates. These two are well-dressed, with overcoats and rubber wading boots. Frankie does all the talking.

The wheelbarrow pushers are unarmed, indifferently dressed, and will run, not fight, if investigators or gangsters open fire.

TWO GANGSTERS

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Frankie R.	15	17	11	15	12	14
Louie F.	15	18	17	14	10	18

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 66%, damage 1D3+1D4
Switchblade Knife 50%, damage 1D4+1D4
.38 Snub-Nose Revolver 45%, damage 1D10
(Louie only) Sawed-Off 12-Gauge Shotgun 55%, damage 4D6/1D6

Frankie and Louie want to finish the job, get out of this stinking sewer, find some pals, and have a beer. Anything done by investigators which does not interfere with that schedule is okay by them. If the investigators stupidly provoke a fight, Frankie sticks around until Louie takes a hit or until his buddy has time to volley with the sawed-off shotgun in the special pocket inside his overcoat. If guns come into play, both gangsters abandon the whiskey without a second thought and, at the first shot, the eight laborers run away, and do not come back.

If the investigators seize the whiskey, the street value of these excellent bottles amounts to about \$5000. Of course, possession and distribution of such goods is illegal in the United States just now, and at least one crime boss would be very upset about the heist.

If greetings or negotiations are peaceful, Frankie The Finger might be a useful mobster-contact for the investigators in some later adventure, and the Hotsy-Totsy Art Club an amusing place to find information.

The Two Deep Ones

Should the keeper wish, another encounter occurs before the investigators reach the Old Sewers, this one dangerous.

Moving through the sewers, investigator lights pick up large bobbing reflections ahead. The reflections become motionless. If the investigators continue forward, they discern humanoid shapes. Two deep ones (0/1D6 SAN if not encountered before) carry between them the unconscious body of a young woman.

IF INVESTIGATORS ATTACK

If the investigators open fire or cast spells, the deep ones drop the young woman and flee, the bigger one snarling and gurgling, "Have her, then," as they hop and scabble back down the tunnel.

A successful First Aid roll wakes her. She is Esperanza Verdugo-Vásquez, kidnaped from her home by those horrors for reasons unknown to her. If the investigators have encountered the taint of the deep ones before, or if any of the players directs a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll at Miss Verdugo, the investigators understand that she will shortly begin her transformation and become a deep one herself, stimulated by the very proximity of her abductors.

If the keeper desires, she can transform over the next 18 months or so, or more dramatically while the investigators are themselves penetrating the mysteries of the Stanton Street Cemetery—their attempt may last for a day or two.

ESPERANZA VERDUGO, Age 24, Nascent Deep One

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 9 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 8 SAN 34 HP 11

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: Fist/Punch 35%, damage 1D3

Skills: Accounting 10%, Bargain 45%, Climb 45%, Credit Rating 17%, Debate 29%, Dreaming 14%, English 48%, Fast Talk 31%, Jump 40%, Law 10%, Psychology 25%, Spanish 65%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 70%.

IF THE INVESTIGATORS PARLEY

If the investigators speak to the deep ones or stand aside so that the pair may proceed, the deep ones pass without incident or struggle. “This one is ours already,” the larger hisses in watery tones. “You see the signs,” he gestures, pointing to her large eyes and wide mouth.

If the investigators assure the deep ones that they intend no harm, and then stand aside, the deep ones acknowledge the humans and offer a cryptic comment. Waving a hand to indicate the area, the larger gargles, “There are more than one, humans.” Then both deep ones chortle and continue on with their apparently human cargo.

TWO DEEP ONES

deep one	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Larger One	15	16	20	12	13	18
Smaller One	14	16	18	14	12	17

Move 8/10 swimming

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapon: Claw 75%, damage 1D6+1D6

Skills: Bargain 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 50%, English 20%, Hide 35%, Listen 70%, Sneak 35%, Swim 98%.

The Old Sewers

When the keeper chooses, the tedium of tunnel slogging ends. The investigators notice that a few feet of the tunnel have collapsed, or perhaps have been shoved out. In the hole is an opening leading a few feet into another, older

tunnel. Beyond are brick walls, lifeless ones and waterless except for negligible seepage.

In the earth-lined connection between the two tunnels, the investigators see footprints—ghouls’ most likely, but whatever prints the keeper wishes—leading into the old tunnel. A successful History roll recalls that the sewers in this part of town were bricked up and replaced by newer ones: this must be one of the old tunnels.

If the investigators ignore this entrance, they get no other. If they come back to this one, nothing about it has changed.

Assume the location of this tunnel wherever seems convenient on the keeper’s map, then present the Theron Marks discovery, then present further rooms as the investigators reach them.

The encounter with the five ghouls in the tunnel can be offered at any appropriate time.

The Skeleton

A two-foot-wide drain of no apparent significance debouches in their tunnel. Sprawled beside its mouth is a human skeleton. Flaps and epaulets of a moldering safari jacket lay amidst the bones. A

rusty and useless .45 revolver lays beside a set of finger bones. Hanging from a belt rot the remains of what was once a rawhide bullwhip. Beside the skeleton is a smudged and water-stained book bound in mildewed leather.

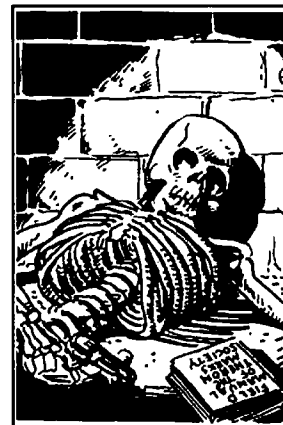
The book survived better than its owner. On the cover in peeling gold leaf shines the title, *Field Manual of the Theron Marks Society*.

Reading this peculiar book, a summary of tactical information proven or hypothecated useful to investigators of the Mythos, requires at least two hours and adds 2% to Cthulhu Mythos at a cost of 1D4 SAN.

Careful examination identifies the skeleton as that of a male (from the pelvis, overall height, and thickness of bones), probably Caucasian (from the cheekbones, forehead, eye ridges, and dental work), and one approximately thirty years of age at time of death (from the height of the skeleton, the proportion of hands and feet to skull, and the lack of calcification or rheumatoid distortion). No reason can be found to disprove the skeleton’s former good health. Broken and cracked ribs suggest a violent death.

Ghouls A-Wandering

To forage on the surface, ghouls ordinarily go abroad at night. If the investigators have entered the sewers during



Skeleton with book

the day and night is not yet near, this encounter is unlikely to occur.

As the investigators' lights begin to flash redly from the ghouls' wide eyes, the ghouls halt and begin to murmur among themselves. Six pairs of eyes can be counted, or as many sets of eyes as the keeper desires.

A successful Listen roll picks out some English in the ghouls' argument. "Fresh humans there." "Yes, meat on the foot." "Too twitching; bad for stomach." "Shall we? Shall we?" "No! Hang for many nights—want food now!"

The keeper decides whether the ghouls stand their ground or move forward. If the investigators open fire, the ghouls flee unless they out-number the investigators and have closed to point-blank range by then.

If the investigators make plain an intention to bargain, they must have an object in mind, and have something to offer. What the ghouls have is information; what the ghouls want is food.

Ideally, the investigators can offer moldy meat. But ghouls also like chocolates and candy, which the investigators may have in quantity. The ghouls also accept a promise to pay the next day, or at some specified time, especially if the investigators offer *cowz*, delicious great beasts absent in Manhattan and legendary to these untraveled subterrenes.

As promissory notes, the ghouls insist upon taking the investigators' driver's licenses, presumably bearing investigator present addresses. "We shall find you should you fail us," the ghouls warn, swaggering and arrogantly self-important. Nonetheless, they have information of value, if not fully accurate.

- Nathaniel Bishop is not the only sorcerer near at hand.
- Many of the ancestral Bishops thought dead are merely changed, at the whim of the Great Nyogtha whom they all serve.
- Some ghouls serve the Bishops, and some do not. "We are free, so free. Do you not envy us?"
- "The Bishops play with your seed, to make things of you humans which are not you. Sometimes we help the Bishops."
- "We hate it that the Bishops take from us rightful food, to make immortal their servants, or else make walk again that which should rot deliciously."
- The ghouls refuse to speak specifically of what lies ahead. They claim to be under pledge. They do say that "deeper is danger."

As the keeper wishes, the ghouls may offer additional information, perhaps about where Nathaniel Bishop keeps his keys, since ghouls enjoy prowling everywhere, for the fun of it. Add to or subtract from the number of ghouls as desired.

SIX GHOULS

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	----

one	17	16	17	10	11	17
two	16	15	17	11	10	16
three	18	15	15	12	9	15
four	19	16	14	13	11	15
five	17	17	17	14	13	17
six	22	16	17	15	12	17

Move 9

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapons: Claw 55%, damage 1D6+1D6

Bite 50%, damage 1D6+1D6

Armor: none, but ghouls take only half damage from firearms.

Spells: each ghoul has a 25% chance to know 1D3 of the following spells: Contact Ghoul, Create Bad-Corpse Dust, Deflect Harm, Entrall Victim, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt.

Skills: Bargain 50%, Climb 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Dodge 45%, Dowse Corpse 70%, English 25%, Ghoul 65%, Hide 40%, Jump 35%, Listen 60%, Sing 6%, Spot Hidden 40%, Track 30%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 SAN.

Icebox, Curing Room

Approaching, the investigators notice that the temperature of the cool tunnel air suddenly drops from about 60°F to about 50°F. A strong chill draft emerges from a narrow side-tunnel, one obviously clawed out from the rock and clay conglomerate by very strong, very sharp fingers. The tunnel floor shows passage by feet which look more cloven than human: if the investigators have experience with ghouls, they recognize these tracks as made by ghouls; if the investigators have no such experience, a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll provides identification.

If they take it, the side tunnel quickly slopes down sharply, and the chill of the perceptible draft increases.

THE ICEBOX

The investigators emerge into a dim set of honey-combed chambers, each about ten feet across and separated by walls five to ten feet thick. There may be fifty or sixty such chambers, each connected randomly to one or two neighbors by very narrow passageways—the ghouls have long known how to dig far underground without fear of collapse. The temperature has now dropped to freezing.

Dangling from meat-hooks in random chambers, one or two to a chamber, are a total of 23 human corpses, each frozen, each covered by a grease-like substance which discourages desiccation, often partly dismembered by tooth and nail, legs especially ripped away and absent. Sanity loss to view and understand this part of the chamber is 1/1D4 SAN.

Occasionally, a chamber contains not a body, but a bright, violet-glowing irregular hoop about a foot in diameter, suspended without detectable support about seven feet off the floor. From it droops a long tube of ice, also without detectable support, cut off with incredible precision at the top of the hoop. Violent gusts of wind emerge as well, circulating the cold.

If an investigator climbs up a wall to look at the hoop from above, the hoop becomes invisible, and the top of the ice column a surface mirror-smooth. Much rubbing of this surface by investigator fingers removes enough skin to leave the fingers fingerprint-less, though the outer skin regrows in a few days.

Reached toward from below, the investigator's hand vanishes as it reaches to the top of the ice, but the investigator continues to feel the ice column ascend, and is cold but otherwise reflecting no consequence.

The hoop is too narrow to be climbed through; were it possible, the investigator would lose three magic points and find himself at a magical focus in the interior of Greenland, where a pillar of ice accumulates in air at about the same rate it melts in the icebox beneath Manhattan.

The glowing hoops are fixed magically in space, and cannot be moved in any fashion.

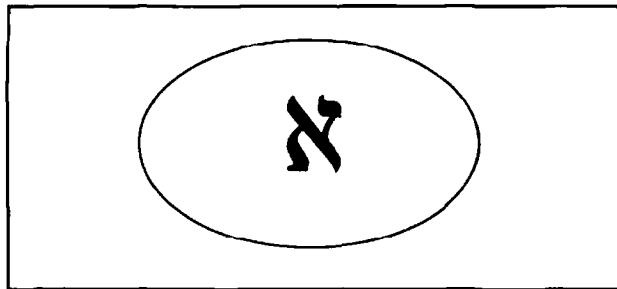
If photographs of the corpses are shown to police, a few of those bodies still equipped with faces are tentatively identified as people missing for as long ago as twenty years. The oldest corpse (only a rib-cage and arms, actually) died nearly fifty years ago, though no way exists for the investigators to know this.

THE CURING ROOM

Ghouls prefer room-temperature meat, so the investigators should not be surprised to find another chamber behind the icebox, connecting only to it. The tunnel begins behind a new curtain, recently stolen (as the fresh applique attests) from the Hotsy-Totsy Art Club.

Behind the curtain, a heavy fabric not easily moved aside by the draft, the tunnel to the curing room is long, and slopes upward sharply. The curing room is relatively small and warm, nearly 60°F. Here also the human corpses have been hung on meat hooks. The bodies are mostly intact, since the ghouls tend to eat the entire carcass of hung meat, and not just snack from it.

These cadavers are in hideously-advanced stages of rot. Where not covered by mold, their skin feels like sliced prosciutto or hard cheese. All have been hung nude, for even curing, but deterioration of the bodies is so extreme that even sexual differences can only be guessed at. Facial



rot and distortion prevent immediate identification, though a forensic pathologist left here for several days could recover enough information to identify most of the victims. If an investigator has been lost already, he or she might dangle here: 1/1D6 to meet him or her. Viewing the room costs 0/1D4 SAN.

The Waiting Room

Not far from the icebox room, a similar passage beckons. Beside that entry, a small egg-shaped, water-polished granite boulder rests, with a symbol carved on it.

This is the letter *aleph*, the first character in the Hebrew alphabet, and a sign universally used in mathematics. A successful Occult roll (an idea roll might also do) suggests that the letter connotes initial, fundamental, or primary importance, and that it therefore may constitute a warning or a reminder of some agreement—probably an important agreement since the symbol is carved out of stone.

Indeed it is important. The carved aleph represents a physical demarcation of Bishop family agreement with the ghouls, protecting the contents of the room beyond the sign and implicitly threatening dire consequences to transgressors, no matter how hungry.

As with the icebox room, the entry tunnel is a narrow one, through undifferentiated rock and clay gathered up and compacted by geologically-recent glaciation. Though no shoring exists, a successful Geology roll detects no sign of creep or slip in the rock and earth. This tunnel is longer and leads upward. The temperature remains constant.

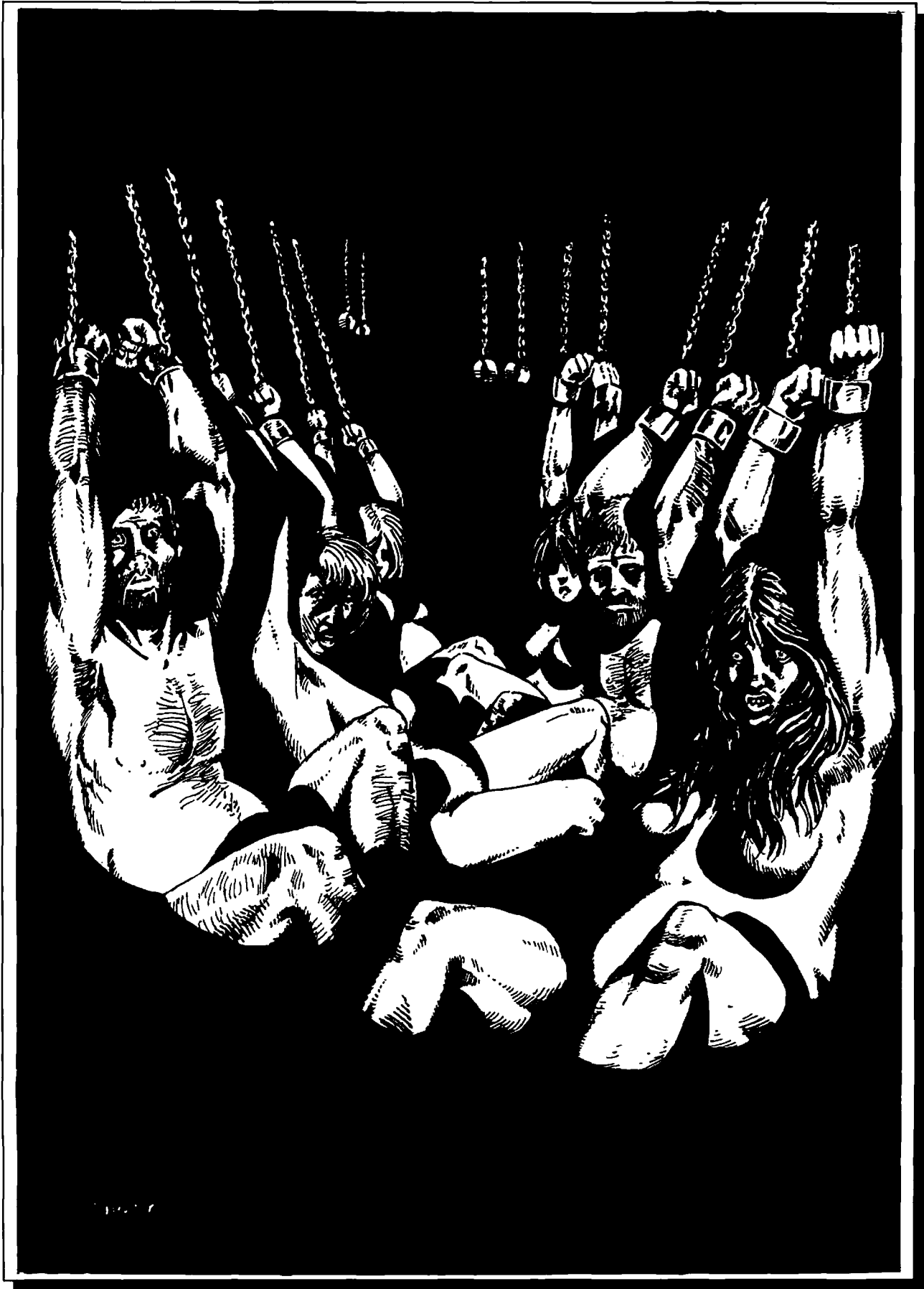
A successful Spot Hidden roll finds cloven hoofprints here, and human feet shoed and barefoot.

As the investigator's lights and sounds of movement begin to reach the Waiting Room at the end of the tunnel, they hear a babble of human voices sobbing and crying out in anguish.

The investigators emerge into the sub-basement of a long-built-over water pump-station, a pitch-black room about 30 x40 feet with 15-foot ceilings, of solid stone and mortar construction. A pervading vibration and a dull, ponderous roar fills the room—a major main, or perhaps the new pumping station itself, along with round-the-clock millions of gallons of water, is not far distant.

Though large and with good air circulation, the room stinks of human urine, excrement, and unwashed bodies. Six naked humans, caked with dirt and filth, are chained to ceilings or pillars by heavy steel shackles. Four women and two men are here, all quite insane, and all belly-bulging pregnant, though "infested" or "made host to" would be more apt terminology.

If the investigators have come across the proper information, in the *Bishop Legacy* or as otherwise supplied, they easily conclude that these people have been assaulted by ghouls and perhaps by monstrous Spawn of Nyogtha, and



There's always room for more in the Waiting Room.

that they obviously will soon give birth to blasphemous hybrid monsters—physical trauma which some or all will not survive.

Careful questioning and successful Listen and Psychology rolls can piece together the same sort of story from the victims, replete with screams and horrible innuendoes. None of them know how they got here, but all have terrible nightmares of being dragged into the sewers by ghastly monsters, who chained them here and then did things too frightening to recall.

Twice each day since then, a zombie brings water and a simple, nourishing stew made of vegetables and some of the meat so abundant at Stanton Street Cemetery. The zombie knows the way, and needs no light; its visit in the pitch-blackness could unnerve many investigators.

Eventually rescuing and saving each person contributes 1 SAN point at the end of the adventure.

SIX VICTIMS

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Rosa	12	15	12	11	9	14
Angela	10	16	8	11	10	12
Maria	14	16	10	13	16	13
Elaine	14	17	10	14	10	14
Mike	16	18	16	14	12	17
Juan	16	16	14	18	11	15

Damage Bonus +0 for women, +1D4 for men

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, 1D3 + damage bonus

Grapple 50%, damage special

Skill: Hide 50%.

All six people are young, of strong constitutions and possessing sound health. All are indefinitely insane, manifesting whatever behavior the keeper desires. Symptoms don't matter, and Psychoanalysis rolls have no effect: even Sigmund Freud could not cure anyone here—the chamber and the prisoners' situation are too upsetting.

Each set of shackles can be undone with a successful Mechanical Repair roll. Freed, each prisoner immediately tries to escape, and no amount of persuasion changes his or her mind. None have magic, none can be depended on in a fight, and none knows any more than the investigators already have deduced or can infer.

If the keeper wishes, a person freshly kidnaped could be lying bound, gagged, and blindfolded in a corner, and he or she could relate a logical if hysterical tale with relatively little assistance. If the investigators have already taken serious damage, this might be the place to inject a new investigator into play.

Without medical intervention, in 1D6 weeks each prisoner gives birth to a child who appears to be human, but who is in reality a Spawn Of Nyogtha. Internal stress to the parent just before and during birth is severe and violent. Male prisoners, lacking vaginal canals and coordinate dilation, almost certainly die as the things claw their way free through cannon-sized wounds. Some females may survive

this cruel process, though perhaps rendered permanently insane.

Each hybrid infant is human-like, but of 15-20 pounds average weight, and of strength and coordination adequate to rip through passive flesh and muscle wall. Each severs its own umbilical cord, clears its own airway, and begins to breathe immediately.

Whether or not mammary milk is available, such an offspring has a 50% chance of choosing instead to feed from the parent's blood.

The Swamp

This region of the old sewers has been undermined by springs and seepage, and now sags half-filled with foul-smelling water. Investigators entering this area encounter normal depths of three to five feet. Though not one of the fabled Manhattan white alligators surface here, something as dismaying dwells in these still waters.

Abbot Bishop, Nathaniel's father and now an enormous black noxious horror attendant upon Nyogtha deep in the earth, was a penurious sorcerer. Abbot grudged every action, and grudged every magic point. As he finished with a Resurrection object, Abbot had a zombie servant offer all his failures to the ghouls, rather than to expend magic points to return them to dust. But the ghouls refused to eat resurrected flesh which lacked a killable center, since such meals kept kicking, and so those things brainless and heartless (and hence not killable) were cast into the waters of The Swamp.

Unable to die, and continuing to twitch and function if cut apart, these obscene and terrible things float or swim yet, nearly sixty of them. Each is different, and each incomplete. Most are not recognizably human. They have no attention or intention, and therefore do not aim to attack. They can react, however, and one touched or struck might bite, kick, clutch, wrap, or grapple in response, as it can. Sanity loss for such each encounter is 0/1 SAN, to a maximum of 4 Sanity points lost per investigator.

As the investigators progressively disturb the pools, each thing wanders randomly, wandering inevitably into other things, so that the ripple of investigator progress begins to churn the tunnel pool ahead of them as well as behind.

The Heartless Brainless Things offered are samples possible to the situation; keeper are encouraged to present their own odd, exaggerated things.

GUTS

Four masses of human intestines and organs have, over the years, become inextricably entangled as each continuously provokes the others. The writhing, rope-like mass rises suddenly and swims on the surface, then sinks without warning, twitching this way and that up and down the pool. It has a Grapple attack only. This is the first BHT that the

investigators should encounter; additional encounters can be in any order.

FACE

The skin of a human face and its associated muscles (lips are there, but not teeth or eyes, for instance) have enlarged and engorged to form a fleshy mask about three feet across, floating like a mat on the water, sometimes feebly curling and uncurling like a manta ray. The eye holes are big enough to put a hand through. This BHT has no attacks.

MULTIPLE

Because it offered interesting possibilities, Abbot exhumed an unmarked mass grave dating from the cholera epidemic of 1832. The result was a horrifying conglomeration of body parts and chunks in total size and weight equal to a Buick. Whenever it rammed the wall of its cell, it emitted a loud sucking, drooling sound which intensely annoyed the sorcerer.

Somewhere within it a head or heads apparently exist, with plenty of magic points associated, since Abbot was unable to dispel it. Efforts at killing the mostly unkillable mass failed. Frustrated, Abbot caused his zombies to dig a shaft into the old sewer system, and there they shoved the multiple down and covered up the hole. The thing eventually made its way to The Swamp, where it currently stays. It can make any two of the listed attacks, but sustains such attacks for only one combat round each before two new attacks must be rolled for.

TORSO

Basically a normal male torso lacking arms, head, legs, and genitals. It inhales and exhales air or water through the severed air pipe at the base of its neck; this gentle propulsion keeps it moving through the water. Of all the BHT's in The Swamp, this looks most like a lurking alligator. The torso has no attacks.

TENDONS

Waiting on the bottom at four or five points are ganglia connected to knees or ankles or elbows, capable of powerful contraction if trod on or touched directly. The investigator is clutched by ganglia associated with bone and muscle of whatever mass and extent the keeper wishes: successful investigator STR against Tendon STR 16 roll on the resistance table to be free of it, or a successful knife attack to begin to cut oneself free. The contraction does no damage, but should be suitably scary, smelly, dripping, and dismaying.

ESOPHAGUS

Lurking just below the surface is a potentially deadly body part, one not human at all, derived from the corpse of an elephant which died during the great victory celebration in 1865 sponsored by the city G.O.P. This esophagus is nearly

six feet long. It contracts progressively along its length, as it did once to swallow. Investigators of SIZ 13 or less can be swallowed by it and expelled out the other end in two combat rounds, unlikely to do serious drowning damage.

Investigators of SIZ 14 or greater become stuck in this enormous set of coordinated muscles, and must be cut out of the esophagus by other investigators. The esophagus is SIZ 14; helpful investigators must be able to lift this plus the investigator SIZ using a successful combined STR roll on the resistance table in order to prevent the entrapped investigator from drowning; apply normal drowning rules.

SIX BRAINLESS HEARTLESS THINGS (BHT)

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	HP	DB*
Guts	10	24	16	18	20	0
Face	7	24	6	4	15	—
Multiple	18	24	46	13	35	1D6
Torso	12	24	8	8	16	0
Tendons	15	24	4 av.	16	14	0
Esophagus	20	24	14	12	17	0

* damage bonus: lessened because the BHTs float and therefore lack purchase and supporting muscle and mass.

Power — all BHTs have POW 1.

Weapons: Bite, Kick, or Strike 35%, damage 1D3
 Grapple 50%, damage special + possibility of drowning

The Black Room

Approaching the entrance to this place, all the investigators hear loud dissonant screeches played on a set of pipes or a flute. The entrance to whatever lies beyond is pitch black, a gloom which no light source pierces, since it is caused by a Dampen Light spell cast upon the player of the music.

The interest in this room lies merely in how and whether the investigators decide to explore it. The loud music echoes from the close walls, which also distort and deflect sound from outside the chamber's entrance. Investigators who wander in blindly, without rope or other plan, need successful luck rolls of POW x1 or less on D100 to find their way out, until their players specifically state some reasonable plan such as "follow the wall around to the left (or right)."

Determination of the music's source is similarly difficult: only a successful halved or less Listen roll result on D100 brings the investigator to the source, a zombie. If the instrument is knocked from the zombie's hands, the music stops and the spell is broken—the investigators can see normally. The zombie continues to perform puffing and finger motions as instructed, making no other move and no resistance even if set aflame and consumed by fire.

The spell of the room broken, investigators see an unremarkable chamber without other furnishing or point of interest. This chamber is irregularly-shaped, of total area similar to the previous chambers.

Unless a use for it evolves during play, the purpose of the room should remain inexplicable. If the zombie is left behind undamaged, should the investigators return this way

they find the room blackened once again, the zombie restored to its flute, and piping insanely.

The Ghoul Tunnels

In the remainder of this adventure, the investigators successively encounter potent entities and dangerous situations. Those who have been waiting for a break in the action to obtain or create additional resources, perhaps requiring trips to the surface to obtain grimoires or items of protective magic, should be advised to make the journey now.

When the investigators enter the area marked "Ghoul Tunnels" on the keeper's sewer map, different construction techniques visually separate this place from what they have seen before.

Approximately forty feet below the surface, a maze of secret catacombs and tunnels twists beneath Stanton Street Cemetery. The ways and vaults are seven to eight feet high. The walls are of ancient mortared brick, the ceilings are of hard-packed earth, and the cross-beams are of ancient oak. Massive brick arches support the whole.

A successful History roll points out that the masonry is in style common to New England during the late 18th cen-

ture, suggesting that the Bishop blasphemy—or at least these tunnels—have lasted for centuries.

At regular intervals along the main passages are the mouths of many smaller tunnels, each about three feet in diameter and each angling up from the floor of the main passage at approximately 45°.

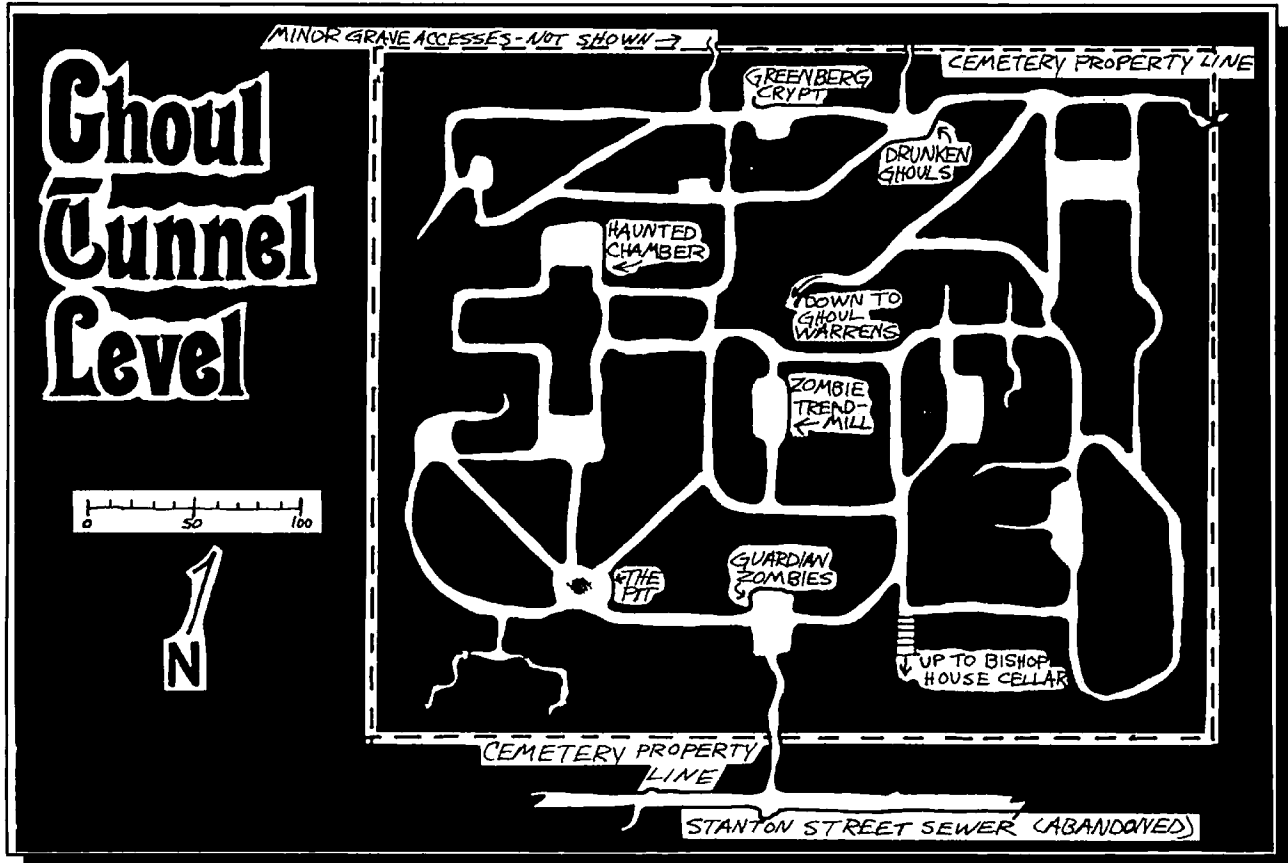
These branch tunnels have walls of hard-packed earth. Every few feet, chunks of wood have been solidly wedged into the earth much like the rungs of a ladder; bold investigators who explore any such branch tunnel encounters a maze of narrow, branching passages ultimately connecting every grave, crypt, and mausoleum in the cemetery.

In every case, each branch tunnel ends at an empty coffin. No matter where or how put down, every corpse has been taken. If the investigator pleases, these claustrophobic burrows can contain ghouls, but there is room in any such tunnel for only one ghoul to face one human in a given direction. Use the ghoul statistics given earlier in the "Old Sewers" section.

Guardian Zombies

Guarding the connection between the abandoned Stanton Street sewer and the tunnels beneath Stanton Street Cemetery are six zombies, who have been ordered to slay anyone who enters the tunnels without first saying "Nyogtha."

These undead horrors ignore whoever passes by going out—from the ghoul tunnels into the old sewers—and fol-



low and attack those going in from the old sewers in past them to the ghoulish tunnels.

Attacked, the zombies fight in self-defense. Once in combat, they fight to victory or until incapacitated.

If the keeper wishes, however, these zombies may be diverted by their kills, and one by one stop fighting in favor of lunch or dinner. To leave the corpses of friends in the jaws of such monsters should cost considerable extra Sanity, and does not prevent eventual pursuit.

SIX ZOMBIES

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	24	21	15	10	1	18
Two	24	27	13	9	1	20
Three	24	22	16	8	1	19
Four	23	23	17	7	1	20
Five	22	21	18	6	1	20
Six	22	26	14	5	1	20

Move 6

Weapon: Grapple 50%, damage 1D6+1D6

Zombie Notes: with a successful Grapple attack, the zombie hangs on, inflicting damage each round as it crushes the victim to death. A zombie takes only one point of damage from firearms and impaling weapons; all other weapons inflict half rolled damage. A zombie continues to be attacked until incapacitated. Sanity loss to see a zombie is 1/1D8 SAN.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D8 SAN.

The Pit

As the investigators approach, they detect a nauseating stench of decay and corruption, becoming strongest near a chamber entrance.

Within, the chamber is bare except for a 12-foot-wide, vaguely circular pit. The charnel stench is so strong here that to approach the pit an investigator must receive successful CON rolls or have his or her skills halved for 21-CON) combat rounds, due to nausea and vomiting.

Anyone receiving a successful CON roll can go to the edge of the pit and see that it is filled to unguessable depths with thousands of rat-gnawed human bones, a stack rising to within ten feet of the chamber floor.

If the investigators want to involve the New York police in this investigation, physical proof of their accusations exists in The Pit.

The skeletons here warrant mobilization of the police reserve and notification of the Mayor (John F. Hylan earlier in the decade, and James J. Walker in the second half) and of the Governor of New York State (Alfred E. Smith for most of the decade, Franklin D. Roosevelt 1928-1932).

The Governor presumably activates the state militia: a recent mass grave of such scale is unprecedented, and confronted with the biggest story in years, neither Mayor nor Governor will be found wanting.

A successful Law roll can emphasize the importance of and the usefulness of these ghastly and pitiable remains. If they only realize it, the investigators now have a way to

pass the burden of investigation to police and other authorities; in convincing society of the need to take up the fight, they have achieved much of their goals.

Pathologists are able to match many of the skulls nearest the surface with local disappearances over the last quarter of a century. Earlier matches could be made, but systematic dental records are not much available before the turn of the 20th century.

Pathologists or not, much remains to see and accomplish.

The Zombie Treadmill

Approaching this chamber, the investigators feel a cool, steady draft coming from down the passage. Nearing, they hear low, steady creaking, wood rubbing on wood. Those who investigate see within four zombies, each walking steadily, driving by their movements a wide belt made of oak slats bolted to stout chain drives.

Employing connecting wooden gears and a vertical fan made of tanned human skin, this treadmill pumps in fresh air from the surface, useful to the ghouls, and used by the Bishops in experiments requiring long-burning fires or hotter-than-normal flame.

More importantly, however, this installation is a prayer wheel dedicated to Nyogtha. Once each combat round, a particular carving on one of the gears passes another carving on the surface of the tread, and 1 Sanity point is sucked away from each human in the room. At the same time, a cunning valves inserted in small leather bellows squeak out the divine name, *ny-og-tha!* once each combat round. Announce the lost of Sanity points each combat round. Investigators who have brought kerosene, gasoline, or other flammables can incinerate this installation and its zombies in short order. If this happens, one or more ghouls investigate in 1D10+10 minutes.

These zombies never attack, not even in self-defense. They take no notice of the investigators.

The Haunted Chamber

By the evidence of thick, undisturbed dust on the floor, no one has entered this chamber for many years. Sprawled in the middle of the floor is a human skeleton, long picked clean. Its ancient, yellowed bones wear a filmy shroud of dust. The chamber is otherwise unremarkable.

The air is unpleasantly cold, and bears the unmistakable scent of rotting flesh; no likely source for the odor can be seen.

The first investigator to enter this chamber is met with a blast of freezing wind (POW x1 roll or less on D100 to be lucky enough to keep candle or torch from being blown out). An electric flashlight unexpectedly dims to a feeble glow.

The taint of rotting flesh intensifies, until a cloud of yellowish dust swirls around the skeleton, then coalesces into a nightmarish corpse-thing glowing from within with a sickly greenish phosphorescence.

This specter lunges toward its intended victim, the first investigator who entered the room. If the investigators turn and run, it still has time to launch an attack every 50 feet they run, to a maximum of 100 feet.

Those who look see decaying, skeletal features twisting into an insane grimace of hate and triumph, while it shrieks out inhuman rage and madness. For further information, see the nearby box, "Playing The Wraith."

THE ORIGIN OF THIS WRAITH

This wraith is the insane spirit of Mary Kelly, a young woman kidnaped and assaulted by ghouls decades before. She escaped her prison, and fled this far. Here she used a saw blade taken from the treadmill room to slash her own throat; her vengeful spirit haunts this chamber and holds all who enter responsible for her death.

At the rear of the room a brick-lined vertical shaft with iron rungs set into its rear wall leads up to the Bishop vault in the mausoleum. Like the haunted chamber, this dusty shaft has not been used by the ghouls since Miss Kelly's vengeful spirit seized this place.

The skeleton is easily identifiable as the remains of a Caucasian female of medium height and build, not quite grown, and of good health at the time of death.

The Greenberg Family Crypt

At this point, a more recent passage leads away from the main tunnel, ending at the base of a narrow, brick-walled shaft with iron handholds leading up at regular intervals. This exit leads to the Greenberg crypt, on the surface of the cemetery. The doors are locked, but the keeper might allow that one of the windows described is wide enough to squeeze through.

The Stairs Up To Bishop House

A flight of worn brick steps leads up to a heavy iron door (STR 60) that is always locked. Nathaniel Bishop has the one key. A successful Mechanical Repair roll quickly opens the ancient lock.

This iron door opens into a secret sub-cellar, the Ante-chamber, beneath Bishop House. This route is Nathaniel Bishop's personal entrance to the ghoul tunnels, and what is below them.



The Wraith

Drunken Ghouls

As the investigators approach this chamber, they hear screeching inhuman voices in chant. Investigators bold enough to look through the doorway see two ghouls, both obviously drunk. Empty liquor bottles, broken glass, and puddles of whiskey can be seen.

As strong as is the smell of alcohol, a more unpleasant odor overpowers it—the sickening fumes of formaldehyde, coming from a half-empty gallon jug of formalin cradled in the arms of one ghoul. A partially-eaten embalmed corpse sprawls on the floor between the pair. Keepers may inflict a minor Sanity charge if they wish; if the investigators have not seen ghouls before, the 0/1D6 SAN loss is enough.

These ghouls are so intoxicated that they mistake the investigators for their own kind. Request POW x1 or less results on D100 for the investigators to avoid being seen.

Noticing the watchers, they wave the investigators in, and Fred the Ghoul offers the investigators a drink of form-

PLAYING THE WRAITH

The following procedures concerning wraiths vary slightly from 4th edition and earlier rules.

A wraith is a malevolent ghost created by overwhelming pain and hate in the deceased at death. Lacking a physical body, a wraith cannot be harmed by ordinary physical weapons. It can be diminished or extinguished by spells affecting POW or magic points, such as Power Drain or Dread Curse of Azathoth. Spells affecting the mind (such as Mesmerize) have no effect upon a wraith.

Sanity loss to see this wraith is 1/1D8 SAN. It has INT 14 and POW 16. It is a wraith of physicality, and causes death by extinguishing CON. Other forms of wraith attack POW or INT. Since a wraith has no DEX, it attacks on that rank equivalent to its POW.

In the initial attack, match the wraith's POW against the target's CON on the resistance table. If the target loses, he or she loses points of CON equal to the wraith's POW. If the target's CON drops to zero by this attack, he or she dies. The wraith loses no magic points in an initial attack. A wraith can attack in this fashion only once per target, per day or per other reasonable interval as the keeper wishes. CON losses from an initial attack are permanent.

Should a target survive this initial attack, the wraith's attack changes. The keeper now rolls its current magic points versus the target's magic points on the resistance table: the loser in the exchange loses 1D6-1 magic points. The exchange may continue indefinitely: no wraith is compelled to continue an unprofitable attack, though breaking off before claiming a victim is uncharacteristic of wraiths.

If the target's magic points reach zero, the wraith's next attack automatically succeeds, and the character dies. A wraith dropping to zero magic points is extinguished not incapacitated, and never reappears. Unextinguished human wraiths regain magic points at human rates.

Those witnessing the death of a wraith's victim see the wraith reach into the target's chest with one bony, insubstantial claw; the victim shrieks in terrible agony and then collapses. Seeing this event costs the viewer 0/1D3-1D6 SAN, depending on his or her relation to the target.



Fred the Ghoul

aldehyde, saying "I'm sorry, but we drank all the whiskey."

His drunken speech is slurred to the point of incoherence; to understand this sentence, investigators must receive successful Listen or INTX3 rolls.

Whoever foolishly sips formalin with a ghoul loses 1D3 hit points in burns to the mouth, lips, and throat, and then must receive a resistance table roll of his or her CON against POT 8 poison. If the

drinker wins, he or she loses an additional 1D4-1 hit points; if the drinker loses, he or she must subtract 8 more hit points in addition to those already lost.

Wise investigators decline formalin, and the ghouls are not offended, since that leaves more for them.

FRED THE GHOUL

STR 19 CON 16 SIZ 18 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 14 HP 17 Move 9

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapons: Claw 66%, damage 1D6+1D6
Bite 64%, damage 1D6+1D6

Skills: Climb 90%, Dodge 50%, Hide 71%, Jump 80%, Listen 76%, Sing 5%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 65%.

FROG, THE OTHER GHOUL

STR 21 CON 18 SIZ 18 INT 14 POW 11
DEX 17 HP 18 Move 9

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapons: Claw 76%, damage 1D6+1D6
Bite 75%, damage 1D6+1D6

Skills: Climb 80%, Dodge 55%, Hide 81%, Jump 70%, Listen 86%, Sing 5%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 63%.

If the keeper wishes, these ghouls can be physically dexterous, or their skills can be halved in consequence of their drunken condition.

The ghouls introduce themselves as Fred and Frog. Lacking investigator questions, they ghouls quickly lose interest in the visitors and resume their discordant chanting. The investigators realize that the chant is actually a drinking-song, hideously off-key.

*"Young Harry, propp'd up just as straight as he's able
Will soon lose his wig and slip under the table.
But fill up your goblets and pass 'em around
Better under the table than under the ground!*

So revel and chaff

As ye thirstily quaff:

Under six feet of dirt 'tis less easy to laugh!

*The fiend strike me blue! I'm scarce able to walk,
And damn me if I can stand upright or talk!*

*Here landlord, bid Betty to summon a chair;
I'll try home for a while, for my wife is not there!*

So lend me a hand,

I'm not able to stand,

But I'm gay whilst I linger on top of the land!"

— from "The Tomb" by H.P. Lovecraft.

The ghouls are friendly while drunk, or as long as the investigators make no hostile moves. Lacking other ideas, they have interesting specific information, but the keeper should make extracting the information difficult. So long as the investigators are perceived as friends, the information comes forth without skill or characteristic rolls.

- Nathaniel Bishop is a priest of Nyogtha. He and his ancestors before him have faithfully served the Great Old One since the Queen Of Skulls came to this place.
- If asked about the Queen Of Skulls, Fred identifies her as Agatha Bishop, a High Priestess of Nyogtha, but admits that he has never seen her, only heard mention of her.
- Nathaniel Bishop keeps some local ghouls well-supplied with corpses, but irregularly enough that the ghouls still must sortie to the surface, to scavenge and hunt.
- Frog admits that he resents the way the Bishops create zombies out of the corpses rather than leaving the remains for the ghouls "in the natural way."
- The Ancient One and the Queen of Skulls started the Bishop's cult of Nyogtha. Some local ghouls worship that god, but most prefer to have no direct contact with Great Old Ones, "for they are so powerful and so proud."
- The cult sacrifices to Nyogtha on the sabbats, and often on the astronomical solstices and equinoxes as well. A successful Astronomy or Occult roll indicates the next likely date of a service.
- The Bishops often breed humans to ghouls, apparently for some reason, but one not known.

Conceivably the ghouls realize that the investigators are human, not ghoul, and feed them false information as well—just what depends on the events of play. Whether or not, both ghouls have forgotten the episode tomorrow.

The Ghoul Warrens

A flight of granite steps leads even further into the depths. Taken, this twisting stairway varies from three to six feet in width, and the steps themselves are of irregular height and width. From the stygian darkness below the investigators detect the odor of rotting flesh.

Making their way down the stairs, a successful Spot Hidden roll identifies the stone steps as granite tombstones, stolen over the decades since granite became a popular substance for headstones.

Some steps are worn very smooth by the passage of countless clawed and hoofed feet.

If the keeper wishes, the investigators might encounter one or more ghouls ascending the 99 steps; if the ghoul can, it runs back down the steps to the catacombs below.

The usual encounter on this level is with one or more ghouls; the possibility exists here for extended combats with dozens of ghouls, especially in the Dining Hall and the Barracks. As the keeper needs or wishes, use and re-use the following stats, or create individuals to order.

TWELVE GHOULS, Available for Employment

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	19	17	15	18	9	16
Two	20	17	13	18	9	15
Three	24	18	12	17	11	15
Four	22	16	14	17	11	15
Five	21	16	12	16	13	14
Six	19	18	14	16	13	16
Seven	20	15	15	16	12	15
Eight	17	16	16	16	12	16
Nine	24	14	16	15	11	15
Ten	20	16	14	15	11	15
Eleven	24	14	16	14	10	15
Twelve	23	14	14	14	10	14
Move 9						

Weapons: Claw 67%, damage 1D6+1D6
Bite 65%, damage 1D6+1D6

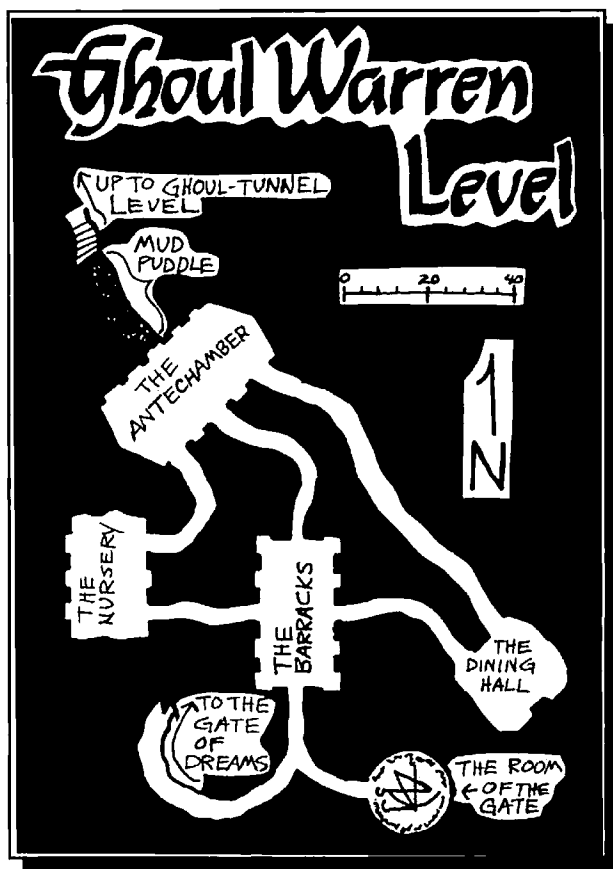
Skills: Climb 80%, Dodge 63%, Hide 55%, Jump 65%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 55%, Track 60%.

Descending many turns into the dank depths, the steps open into a large chamber whose ancient halls are of mortared stone and whose dirt floor is littered with scores of human bones; the vaulted roof of this chamber is supported by massive gothic arches, while the cold, damp air of the ghoul warrens hangs heavy with the miasma of rotting flesh. This chamber has no obvious function except to pass through: three well-trod trails cross this space to three tunnels, whose black and lightless mouths yawn ominously. Examine the nearby map, and offer the players the choices.

The Dining Hall

The connecting tunnel contains no clues or special evidence. Approaching its end, the investigators see a sickly yellowish glow coming from the chamber beyond, and hear hideous snapping and crunching sounds mixed with growling, guttural voices and occasional bursts and barks of harsh, screeching laughter.

The Barracks having become so full, the ghouls lately have agreed to eat here. This is a great hall, a cathedral-like space inexplicably buried far beneath the earth. A single light bulb hangs by a cord from the distant ceiling, connected to some distant, unsuspected Con-Ed socket. Well-gnawed human bones and half-eaten fragments of corpses are piled knee-deep, while hordes of greedy, malformed rats slither about underfoot.



The stench and disregard for life cause even the strongest investigator to reel; a CON roll may be called for.

But the primary inhabitants are seated on a haphazard pile of ancient tombstones before a grotesque collection of caskets and marble slabs, which serve as chairs and dining tables. Seated in this grim hall are 4D6+10 ghouls, who feast greedily on live rats, human parts and innards, and the contents of intestines.

Viewing this gruesome scene costs 1D2/2D6 SAN, for only here does the extent of and the antiquity of these tunnels really become clear. A successful History roll attests that the architecture and construction techniques of the stone walls are identical to certain mysterious structures along the Rhône River, in southern France.

Unless someone goes insane or deliberately attacks, the ghouls are too involved in their grisly feast to notice the investigators. Loud noises certainly bring more ghouls from the Barracks, both directly to the Dining Hall and via the antechamber (to cut off any intruders).

The Barracks

“Barracks” is too military a term for where ghouls sleep—there are no tidy beds in tidy rows, and no sergeants and corporals exist to make sure that the troops are in bed by lights-out. This great chamber is the lair of the ghouls, a place with ceilings as high as the Dining Hall, floors now

built up around the 66 support columns, built up like tents and tent poles nearly to the ceiling so that the present floor is merely an undulation which approaches to within a dozen feet of the 66 carefully-carved column capitals—stone leaves, and stone guildsmen a-hunt, and stone cherubim obscenely re-rendered by later, inferior, hellish artists.

Entering the chamber, the way slopes steeply up. Clambering up vast irregular mounds of offal and indescribable rubble, the present floor of the room is nearly thirty feet higher than it was originally. Scattered about are ancient caskets, and far into the center of the hall a huge granite sarcophagus stolen from some long-forgotten tomb and laboriously has been lugged here for reasons not understandable to humans.

Here innumerable ghouls linger and carouse. These despicable denizens are equally acquiescent to all the demands of life and of death, engaging with loathsome multiplicity in actions too horrible to describe or to catalog.

If the investigators attack, most of these squeaking, meeping horrors panic and run mewping into the blackness, others launch desperate individual or small-group sorties against the intruders, still others flee to the Nursery, where they gather up offspring and attempt to escape.

Nowhere among the well-gnawed bones do investigators find the jewelry which these thousands of corpses were buried with—that has been discarded, or handed to one or

another of the Bishops, for eventual conversion into money. If the keeper feels that the investigators deserve material reward for a battle well-fought, they can stumble across a ring or pendant worth a thousand dollars or so, but should be reminded that this is the property of someone's heirs. Placing the item in a police lost-and found box for 90 days could grant legal title.

SHOULD THE BATTLE GO BADLY

Investigators left unconscious or slain in combat with the ghouls risk being seized and dragged away, perhaps to be eaten soon thereafter. Dead investigators who were of exceptional strength and stamina are appropriated by the Bishops and made into zombies; seeing a fellow investigator return as a walking dead costs 0/1D4 to 1/1D10 SAN, depending on the viewer's experience with the macabre.

Those captured alive may be chained in the Waiting Room, to be used as breeding stock.

Investigators who cast spells or who carry Mythos-linked objects may choose death or involuntary conversion to ghoulness, a rarely-used ritual which slowly drains away remaining Sanity in extremely painful ways. Only after reaching zero Sanity does the physical transformation begin, when the investigator has become the property of the keeper, and is lost to the player.



GZAK

The Dining Hall.

THE ANCIENT ONE

If the investigators, perhaps along with police, methodically prepare an assault, and if the keeper thinks an extended mass combat suitable to his or her game, one ghoul begins to impose order upon the milling ghouls. He is in tattered robes, stands a head taller than the others, and radiates confidence and charisma: he is The Ancient One, who is said to have lived in this land since long before the Indians came to America.

He mated with Agatha Bishop two centuries ago, teaching her the dark magicks of the Great Old Ones in exchange for bearing the first monstrous offspring.

He avoids hand-to-hand combat, preferring his terrible sorceries. The ghouls routed, he uses the Gate in the Room of the Gate to escape and warn Agatha Bishop of intruders. If this happens, he awaits the investigators in the company of the Queen of Skulls. His statistics are repeated there.

THE ANCIENT ONE, Priest of Nyogtha

STR 17 CON 21 SIZ 19 INT 17 POW 22

DEX 15 HP 20 Move 9

Damage Bonus +1D6**Weapons:** Claw 90%, damage 1D6+1D6

Bite 90%, damage 1D6+1D6

Quarterstaff 90%, damage 1D8+1D6

Armor: bullets do half damage; in addition, an enchanted ring restores 1D3 hit points per combat round.

Spells: Black Box (Dreamlands), Bloat (Dreamlands), Call Nyogtha, Clutch of Nyogtha, Contact Deep Ones, Contact Formless Spawn of Tsathoggua, Contact Ghoul, Create Gate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Enchant Book, Enchant Cane, Eviscerator (Dreamlands), Ironmind (Dreamlands), Mindblast, Powder of Ibn Ghazi, Power Drain, Resurrection, Summon Ghost, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Summon/Bind Star Vampire, Voorish Sign, Vortex of Far Journeying (Dreamlands).

Items of Potency: Scroll; Staff; Ring. *See the nearby box for a discussion of these things.*

Skills: Climb 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 60%, Dodge 45%, Dreaming 45%, Dream Lore 70%, English 21%, Ghoul 85%, Greek 40%, Hide 65%, Hyperborean 42%, Jump 45%, Latin 35%, Library Use 75%, Listen 60%, Occult 9%, Oratory 55%, Sneak 23%, Spot Hidden 68%, Steal Book 81%.

The Nursery

Here the floor is clear of chamel litter typical to ghouls. A few flickering yellowish-wax candles, made of rendered human fat, offer dim illumination.

Scattered haphazardly across the chamber are 19 small coffins of varying size, construction, and age. They cradle the youngest generation of ghouls, represented by twelve infant ghouls and six human babies. The infants are surprisingly clean, given the circumstances. The human-like babies all have colds or sniffles, which seems to amuse the four attendants.

Watching over their charges are three ghouls, supervised by another who wears filthy tatters that a successful History or idea roll identifies as fragments of a late 18th century ball gown. This partly-clothed ghoul has disturb-

ingly human mannerisms; a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll suggests that she was once human.

She is Elizabeth Keziah Bishop, the monstrous granddaughter of Agatha Bishop and The Ancient One. Miss Bishop is an expert magic-wielder, and armed.

ATTACKING?

Alerted by the din of Barracks battle or attacked by investigators in this chamber, all present flee or fight as the keeper thinks appropriate. These ghouls may be courageous, but they will not initiate attacks.

If attacked here, their howls alert the ghouls in the Barracks—if they need alerting—of intruders. As needed, Miss Elizabeth may cast Deflect Harm on compatriots or herself; one or more infants can serve as magic point batteries for her without harm.

If she must attack, she uses her iron fan or, with enough time, casts Power Drain.

As possible, the four ghouls snatch up as many infants as possible and escape to the Barracks or the Antechamber. If the investigators have shown themselves implacable, the ghouls and their charges enter the Gate Of Dreams, refugees on the other side, in dreams never ending.

Of the six human-like infants, four are ghoul-human hybrids, whose taint may be noticeable in a year or two; one is a kidnaped human infant; one is an immature Spawn Of Nyogtha, whose irredeemable nature is unperceived until 1951.

The Ancient One's Items of Potency**Brown Leather Scroll**

Set down on thin leather identifiable as tanned human skin, the spell Summon Star Vampire is written in ancient Hyperborean, an unknown, indecipherable language. This scroll adds +90% to the chance of casting the spell. Unless an investigator can read it, the scroll is useless.

Wooden Staff

A successful Botany roll cannot identify the wood from which the staff has been made, but the material is harder than iron and has 30 hit points. The Implement is ensorcelled with Enchant Cane, and currently holds 225 magic points.

Ring of Green Metal

This relic of lost Hyperborea was made by Serpent Folk of legendary Valusia. It is forged, not cast, from an unusual iridescent green metal, diamond-hard and of unknown composition. Though the substance is very hard, the hammer marks which formed it can still be seen beneath runes inscribed within and without the quarter-inch-thick band.

The wearer of this ring regenerates 1D3 hit points per round unless slain outright, and never ages while the ring is worn. The ring also drains 1D3 points of Sanity per day while worn, and provokes nightmarish visions of a blob of living darkness which throws out evil tentacles and pseudopods at will.

NEGOTIATING?

If the investigators approach peacefully, they have a chance to Bargain with Miss Bishop: *only one such skill roll can be attempted.* Perhaps they refrain from attacking in order to be shown a safe way out, or perhaps the investigators refrain from attacking in exchange for all human-seeming babies present (1 SAN point for each rescued, at the conclusion of the adventure). The actual situation will generate other possibilities.

Miss Elizabeth is entirely insane, and completely a ghoul. She is not a worshiper of Nyogtha, however, and can Bargain information in return for an investigator retreat.

If the NYPD have penetrated this far, no bargaining is likely to be allowed to happen.

- Her grandmother Agatha pacted with Nyogtha to create a race of immortal servitors who would serve that Great Old One as its eyes and ears on the surface world, and who would lure others into its service.
- Miss Elizabeth knows the password which grants passage by the guardian in the Room of the Gate. She offers instructions for using the Gate, which leads to the hall of the Queen of Skulls.
- Fearing Agatha Bishop's wrath, she does not tell the investigators of that person's great powers, and what else is likely to be present there.
- She mentions a Gate Of Dreams, which offers a physical entrance to the Dreamlands, as a reason why the Bishops continue on in New York City. She doesn't say that the gate incidentally kills the earthly body of each who passes.

ELIZABETH BISHOP, Ghoul Sorceress

STR 22 CON 18 SIZ 14 INT 16 POW 19
DEX 14 HP 16 Move 9

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapons: Iron Fan* 80%, damage 1D6+1+1D6
Claw 70%, damage 1D6+1D6
Bite 86%, damage 1D6+1D6
Cleaver 66%, damage 1D4+4+1D6

* used in a whirling attack which slices with the wide razor-sharp outer edge.

Armor: none, but bullets do half-damage.

Spells: Bless Blade, Bloat (Dreamlands), Contact Ghoul, Deflect Harm, Deflection (Dreamlands), Elder Sign, Find Gate, Heal, Mesmerize, Power Drain, Resurrection, Spiral of Suth (Dreamlands), Summon Ghost, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt.

Skills: Botany 75%, Climb 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 51%, Dodge 80%, Dreaming 35%, Dream Lore 45%, English 60%, French 67%, Ghoul 80%, Hide 55%, Jump 60%, Latin 55%, Library Use 55%, Listen 70%, Occult 24%, Oratory 79%, Psychology 60%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 80%.

The Gate Of Dreams

Beyond an arch of black stone is a flight of steps leading further into the depths of the Earth; carved in bold relief above the archway is a twisting, curiously insubstantial glyph that a Cthulhu Mythos roll reveals as the fabled Sign of Koth, a powerful symbol used to ward portals between

the Waking World and Earth's Dreamlands, preventing creatures of nightmare from entering the Waking World.

A WARNING

In addition to the Sign of Koth, a crude cartoon chiselled nearby (crude enough to have been incised by a ghoul) shows a ghoul entering the arch, and being split into two ghouls, one of whom apparently sleeps or possibly dies, while the other goes forward. The ghoul who has slumped to the ground contains 13 small dots, while the other does not. The standing ghoul enters a new world where food is everywhere, though the investigators may not care for the depiction of a cornucopia spilling out human haunches.

A successful Occult roll analyzes the relief: to enter the Dreamlands through this archway destroys one's earthly body but shifts the entrant's consciousness permanently into the Dreamlands, where that form of life continues.

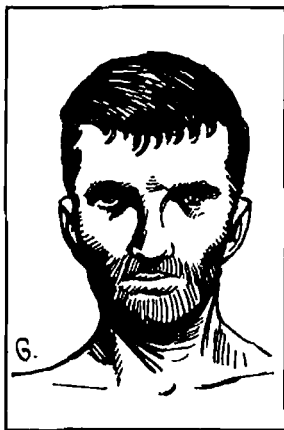
BEYOND THE GATE

The Gate Of Dreams moves any human or ghoul to Earth's Dreamlands without sleeping, transubstantiating the Dreamlands equivalent for the traveler's earthly body. Upon taking the thirteenth step after Alas, the earthly body dies irretrievably after reaching a certain step (the 13th, as the cartoon implies); no return from the Dreamlands is possible after then. This situation need not be disastrous to the adventure, since the death of the first investigator is plain to those who follow. It is serious enough, nonetheless, for the investigator who fell. Those who die in this fashion always look backward, and see their own corpse; their living companions become unseeable unless they too forfeit their earthly lives.

Investigators who pass through the Gate Of Dreams travel for miles in an unbranching tunnel, then enter a labyrinth of limestone caverns. At that point, their clothing miraculously transforms into medieval garments, and any equipment undergoes similar metamorphosis—handguns become daggers or swords, rifles and submachine guns are now great swords or crossbows, flashlights change into oil lamps, and so on.

Hours later, they notice faint light coming ahead. Their way soon ends abruptly, opening onto the middle of a gigantic granite slope, the way up impassible without magic or modern climbing gear, the way down barely possible over dangerous talus and rubble.

Beyond the cave mouth, the investigators see a vast underground cavern, apparently hundreds of miles across, illuminated by sickly gray twilight from no visible source. Below them yawns an enormous valley, greater than the Grand Canyon, its unknown depths filled with countless millions of bleached human bones. A successful Occult or Dream Lore roll identifies this skeletal sea as the dread Vale of Pnath, located in an alien realm, the Underworld of Earth's Dreamlands.



"We're lost!"

At the mouth of the cave an ancient suspension bridge sways in the cold wind. The bridge diminishes to invisibility in the far distance. Though its end cannot be seen, the span apparently crosses the entire Vale of Pnath. It is wide enough for one investigator at a time.

An endless series of single wooden planks form the only footholds, and the handholds are merely the two six-inch-thick fiber cables from which

hang smaller ropes, in turn supporting the planks at irregular intervals.

The planks are of old and rotten wood; each investigator needs a successful luck roll to cross the miles-long span. If the luck roll fails, the rotten wood collapses and the investigator's player can attempt a DEX x3 roll to allow his or her character to grab a cable. Failing that, the unlucky one falls approximately four hundred feet.

Investigators who descend into the Vale of Pnath in order to make a more secure crossing face certain death. A few minutes after they begin to trudge across the sea of bones, the cool white drifts shudder and heave like a true ocean. An impossibly huge, worm-like abomination rears up thunderously: identifiable by a successful Dream Lore or Cthulhu Mythos roll, lose 1D4/1D20 SAN to see it. The dhole's gigantic maw—a hundred yards across, if the keeper wishes—engulfs and swallows the doomed investigators, along with hundreds of tons of bones it uses to grind up its food, and the entire gigantic thing then plunges down and vanishes into the sea of bones with a dry, clicking slither.

No one ever meets a dhole and survives, but investigators remaining on the cliff above could be witnesses. Unless these lucky ones take the suspension bridge, death by thirst or starvation awaits them on this side of the Vale of Pnath.

To further explore the wonders and terrors of Earth's Dreamlands, the keeper can continue with adventures from *H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands*, published by Chaosium, or create new adventures. What happens in the Dreamlands is beyond the scope of this book. Perhaps someway exists to dream into the waking world, as one does from it.

The Room of the Gate

Floors of polished black marble glisten here, elaborately inlaid with mosaics of blue-gray marble—fantastic congeries of intersecting circles, curves, and radiating lines. The non-euclidean properties of these geometries shift and dis-

tort with the slightest change in perspective: every investigator should be aware that the floor is very unusual.

THE GUARDIAN

The investigators may not have a chance to use the Gate, for this chamber is guarded by a star vampire, commanded to slay whoever enters the room without first speaking aloud the terrible name "Yog-Sothoth"—or "Nyogtha," at the keeper's option.

The first who enters hears the ghastly tittering of the invisible horror a few seconds before it strikes.

If only one investigator enters while the rest watch from beyond, the star vampire considers its mission accomplished and vanishes when the one investigator is slain, whether or not more investigators then enter, since the conditions of the Bind Star Vampire spell limit the extent and duration of its applicability. This limitation should be clear to any investigator who knows any Binding spell, and therefore should be deducible by any investigator receiving a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll.

If the investigators enter in a rush, the star vampire does its best to slay them all, as instructed, and then vanishes.

Once the first investigator has been drained of blood, the veins of the vampire become visible for 1D6 rounds, after which it metabolizes the blood consumed and once more becomes invisible. Additional blood-drainings extend or renew visibility.

While visible, a star vampire can be attacked normally, though damage from bullets continues to be halved.

A STAR VAMPIRE

STR 30 CON 18 SIZ 30 INT 13 POW 16
DEX 10 HP 24 Move 6/9 flying

Damage Bonus +3D6

Weapons: Talons 45% damage 1D6+3D6

Bite 80%, damage 1D2 initial + 1D6 STR per round blood drain

Armor: 4-point hide plus invisibility. If an investigator tries to attack an invisible star vampire by aiming at its tittering, or at its sucking noises as it drains blood, reduce his or her chance of hitting the thing by 50 percentiles—thus, if he or she has a 60% chance to hit, the chance lowers to an effective 10%. If the investigator is being attacked by the creature, he or she has half normal chance to hit the thing while it remains invisible—thus, if he or she has a 60% chance to hit, the chance halves, to 30%. Should a firearms attack succeed, bullets inflict only half of the damage rolled (round fractions up), due to the thing's extradimensional composition and relative immunity to hydrostatic shock.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D10 SAN. Seeing someone slain by a star vampire costs 0/1D6 SAN.

THE SYMBOLS IN THE FLOOR

Those who know Create Gate, or those who receive a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identify the designs as the visible components of a keyed Gate (see the nearby box for discussion of this and other points about Gates). No way is known of identifying where a Gate leads without taking it first.

Staring too long at these disturbing patterns results in vertigo: the lines of the diagram rush upward at the viewer, while the floor falls away at nightmarish speed; experiencing this for the first time costs the viewer 0/1 SAN.

To pass through the Gate, the investigator must concentrate on its non-euclidean geometry for (21-INT) minutes; then the lines of the diagram glow with an eerie blue phosphorescence not unlike St. Elmo's Fire. At the same time, the floor beneath slowly fades away, revealing a howling black void, and without warning, the investigator or investigators plunge through the Gate and into the shrieking void beyond. Although Gate travel is instantaneous, the traveler subjectively experiences falling through a howling black void for uncountable time before suddenly appearing at the destination.

The passage costs one magic point and one Sanity point.

To an observer, the traveler seems to fall away at dizzying speed and vanish in a burst of unearthly violet radiance. If some bizarre event is not expected, seeing this sudden disappearance costs the watcher 0/1 SAN.

Agatha's Lair

The Gate Chamber

Passing from the Room of the Gate, the investigators arrive in an irregular chamber hollowed out of solid rock.

Inlaid in the polished black marble floor of the chamber is a Gate of diagram identical to the one that the investigators have just passed through. Return travel to the Room of the Gate costs one magic point and one point of Sanity.

A successful Geology roll reveals only that the solid granite within which the investigators stand would be appropriate for deep under Manhattan—or that the chamber might be located under any continent of the world.

A successful Spot Hidden roll suggests that the Gate Chamber has been hollowed of solid granite by hand—from the inside. Perceiving this costs 1/1D4 SAN.

Doors beyond open on a hall which leads left and right. The left-hand way opens into the Temple of Nyogtha; the right-hand way opens into the chthonian's lair.

The Chthonian Lair

The granite walls of this chamber slope gradually toward a pit with a wide circular mouth. Dried slime and a foul stench are everywhere. If the investigators have experience with chthonians, they recognize these signs as characteristic. The Queen of Skulls steadily supplies the resident, Shrr'e'kedde Tuolka-Pah, with live humans in exchange for monstrous secrets which it slowly divulges.

More About Gates

This chapter distinguishes two kinds of Gates, *keyed* and *unkeyed*.

An unkeyed Gate allows entry by anyone, but one can use a keyed Gate only by visualizing a specific image or symbol, which may or may not be deducible with a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll made while an investigator studies the visible delineations of the Gate.

By touching or linking hands, more than one person can use a keyed Gate, even though only one person knows the key.

The player of an investigator who knows Create Gate can attempt an idea roll to determine the approximate distance of the other end of the Gate.

As discussed in *Gaslight*, a Time Gate is always a keyed Gate.

The chthonian has already sensed the investigators telepathically. Should an investigator come within ten feet of the pit, the chthonian springs out of its burrow and attacks. In any case, it enjoys its human diet supplements, and will attempt to telepathically bind as many investigators as possible to its chamber, and thus dine upon them at leisure. Each investigator so-controlled costs Shrr'e'kedde Tuolka-Pah one magic point and it must receive a successful POW against POW roll on the resistance table to bind each to its lair.

The cavern is much too small for the chthonian to use its crush attack—only its tentacles can be used in physical combat.

It retains all capability to bore through and fuse solid rock, of course, so it can make a larger room, or conceivably pursue them part way down the hall. It will not enter or affect the Gate Chamber, the Temple, or the Crypt, or the connections thereto, however.

The pit extends downward at a steep angle for several hundred yards, and there connects to the enormous tunnel network which leads into the interior of the planet, where the chthonian race mostly live.

Shrr'e'kedde believes the investigators to be Agatha Bishop's latest donations; therefore it does not warn her of investigator presence unless they begin to use magic against it, or unless it is seriously wounded.

If necessary, the chthonian defends itself with magic, first casting Red Sign of Shudde M'ell to weaken its enemies, then resorting to more spells if its opponents prove too powerful for physical attack.

Each combat round, it can attack with 1D8 tentacles, all on DEX rank 10. If a tentacle attack succeeds, the tentacle clings to the target while the tip worms into his or her vitals, sapping blood and fluids, and costing the target 1D6 CON each round.

When the target reaches zero CON, he or she dies. Any CON lost in such an attack is lost permanently.

While one tentacle is draining a victim, only 1D8-1 tentacles can attack that round; if two tentacles are draining victims, then only 1D8-2 tentacles may strike, and so on. It is possible for two or more tentacles to drain the same victim, or to be occupied with different targets. To be honest, the keeper should indicate priority of targets before making each D8 attack roll.

Results of modified D8 rolls amounting to less than one indicate that no tentacle attack occurs that round. Tentacles currently draining victims continue to sap CON.

SHRRE'KEDDE TUOLKA-PAH, Wandering Chthonian

STR 70 CON 45 SIZ 75 INT 25 POW 20
DEX 10 HP 60 Move 6/1 burrowing

Weapons: Tentacle 75%, damage 4D6 plus blood drain
Crush 80%, damage 8D6

Armor: 5-point thick, rubbery hide, plus regeneration of 5 hit points per round unless slain. Adult chthonians are immune to fire, and can withstand temperatures of up to 4000°C.

Spells: Bait Humans, Contact Formless Spawn of Tsathoggua, Call Nyogtha, Contact Chthonian, Contact Cthulhu, Contact Tsathoggua, Mindblast, Power Drain, Red Sign of Shudde M'ell.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D20.

Temple Of Nyogtha

This huge vaulted chamber has been carved out of the living granite, but here the surface is dressed and smooth, making precise angles and junctions. Burning torches provide flickering, irregular light.

Hideous tentacled reliefs depicting Nyogtha and the other Great Old Ones cover every wall. Beneath the twitch of the flames, these monstrous carvings breathe and writhe, as though at any moment the threatening forms could spring to life. Indeed, thicker than the sooty smoke from the torches is a sense of loathsome dread hangs in this hall, intimidating deeper, darker, profound horror.

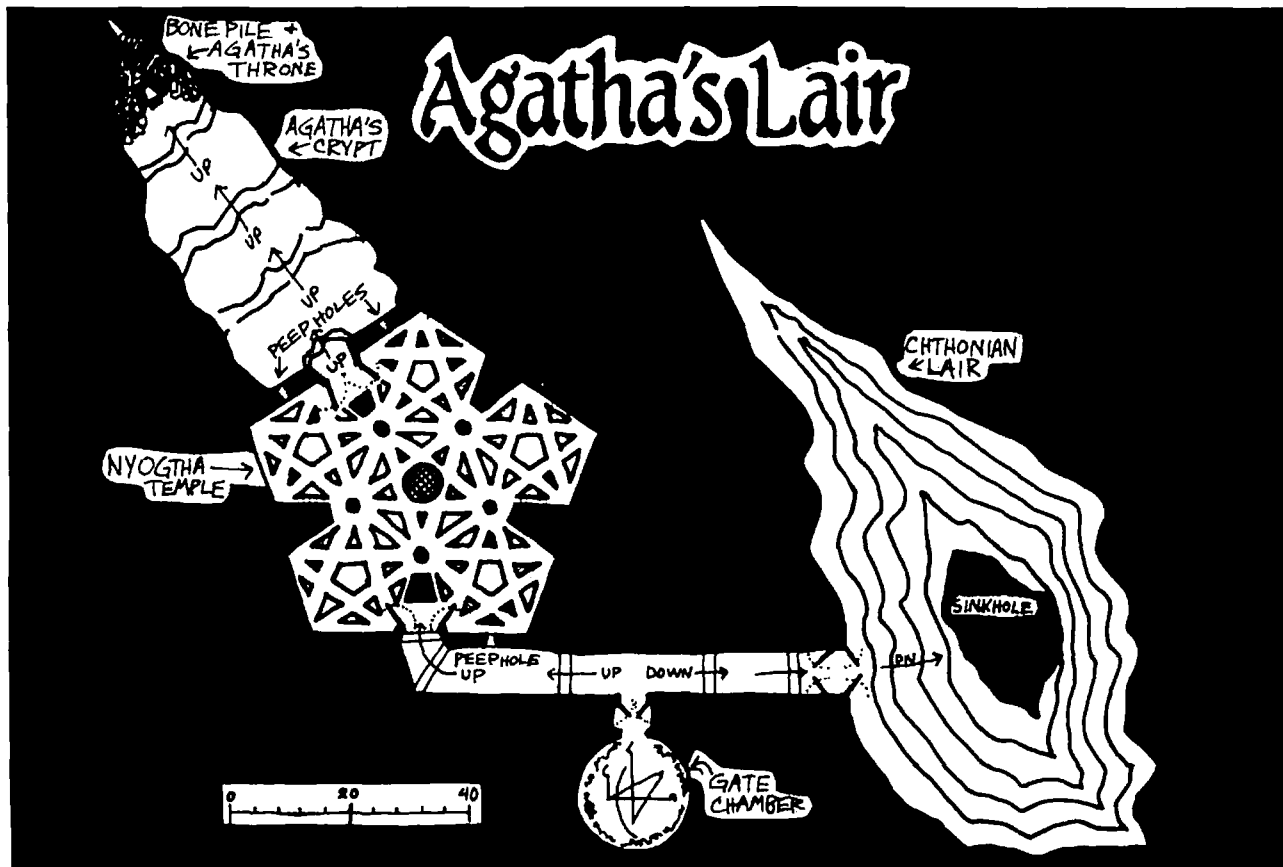
Small granite and basalt tiles cover the floor, forming a disturbing pattern of interlocking tentacles and pseudopods, while in the center of the floor glints a mammoth disk of solid lead more than six feet across, with an iron pentacle hammered into its dull, silvery surface.

As the investigators approach the lead disk, any light they carry inexplicably dims; moving away from the disk, the light sources grow stronger and return to normal brightness and penetration.

Though unfrosted, the surface of the disk is extraordinarily cold—anything moist, such as a sweaty palm, freezes to it. Whether or not anyone gets stuck, the investigators immediately understand that something unspeakably evil lurks below; as the hair raises on each head, charge each investigator 0/1D3 SAN.

Arcane symbols are inlaid in its surface. Studied closely, a Cthulhu Mythos roll reveals them to be runes and sigils used in the ritual Call Nyogtha, which summons the fearsome Great Old One.

If anyone already knows the spell Call Nyogtha, or receives a successful idea roll, he or she understands that



this great lead disk is the Way And The Seal protecting entrance to Nyogtha's subterranean domain. It is not a Gate, but can be thought of as a Gate so far as the investigators are concerned, though one usable only by Nyogtha.

In this place the Bishops gather to offer sacrifices to Nyogtha. These blasphemous rites occur for the most part on the solstices and the equinoxes, as well as on the ancient witch festivals of Candlemas Eve (February 2), Walpurgisnacht (April 30), Lammas Night (August 1) and Samhain (October 31). Additionally, a ceremony can be called whenever the keeper wishes, to celebrate something of cult significance; see the sub-section below, "A Ceremony in the Temple." On ceremonial nights, the Bishops offer as many as five sacrifices to their dark god, who pushes up the twenty-ton (SIZ 75) lead disk from below and oozes out, to consume writhing, shrieking victims.

Destroying the disk diminishes Nyogtha's protection, but destroying the disk does not affect the god's access to the surface. An Elder Sign installed upon the seal does, rendering the way unusable by the god if carved or otherwise inscribed. Nyogtha will never again be able to use this entrance to the surface world, effectively desecrating the temple.

THE FIVE PILLARS

Five massive granite pillars surround the lead disk. They have been carved to represent hundreds of intertwining pseudopods. Unlike the reliefs on the walls, these monstrous carvings actually do move—an investigator who touches a pillar or who comes within a few inches of it is suddenly gripped by one of the pseudopods—each has STR 12 and can wrap around an object as large as a wrist or ankle or neck, the Nyogthan equivalent of flypaper. Here captives are positioned for sacrifice to the god.

Given a successful resistance table roll, each pseudopod can be pulled away from, but since there seem to be no end of pseudopods, any individual finds it impossible to pull away from the half-dozen or dozen which promptly grip him or her.

The stone pseudopods can also be shattered by blows of STR 15 or better, but the surrounding pseudopods grip the hammer or gun or hand that delivers the blow, immobilizing it after the first blow.

THE DOORS TO THE CRYPT

On the far side of the temple stand a pair of enormous bronze doors, each door bearing in bold relief an image of dark formlessness, out of which pseudopods reach and grope. Each door bears an identical inscription in English at eye height:

**Y^e Hungry Dark pervadeth all the worlde,
And without stint doth taint and befoul
The weakling dreams men deem precious.**

A Ceremony in the Temple

At the keeper's option, the investigators could arrive at the Temple of Nyogtha on a night of special observance, such as the spring equinox (March 21).

A worship service to Nyogtha might already be in progress. Unless already destroyed, Agatha Bishop, the Ancient One, Nathaniel Bishop, Simon Trask, Edward Waite, 20 ghouls, and at least one Spawn Of Nyogtha could be present, as well as five human sacrifices, mesmerized and tied by the five stone pillars surrounding the great lead disk.

At least two ghouls should be able to cast spells, one of which is automatically Call Nyogtha. Several ghouls will be human/ghoul hybrids, who may look human, ghoulish, or show elements of both. Much shrieking, chanting, and wild gyrations follow, and unless each investigator receives a successful POW x3 roll or less on D100, he or she is seized with a terrible feeling of sudden dread, as if his or her worst nightmares was coming true; this inexplicable feeling of cold, unreasoning terror costs the investigators 0/1D4 SAN.

Then the proceedings reach an unexpected climax, each participant looking eagerly toward the lead seal. Then the investigators hear the faint yet unmistakable sound of metal scraping against stone. At that moment, they notice that the massive lead disk is slowly rising, until the lower edge of the disk clears the floor.

An overpowering stench and a preternatural coldness fill the chamber, and the black, shapeless horror that is Nyogtha slithers or flows out of the opening.

Just before the Great Old One grasps each sacrifice, the mesmerizing spell is removed from that target, so that bewildered comprehension begins to fill the victim's mind. Screams follow, along with chuckles and gleeful snickers as the worshipers observe their mighty god at work.

Having taken all its prey, Nyogtha pauses to absorb the obeisances of the worshipers, then drags the sacrifices, kicking and screaming, into everlasting darkness.

INVESTIGATORS AT WORK

Investigators might stymie the ceremony invoking terrible Nyogtha, perhaps to rescue the sacrifices (1 SAN point per individual so-saved), or perhaps as part of a general attack upon the Bishop principals.

- The lead disk covering the way to Nyogtha-of-the-Endless-Night might be sealed off with an Elder Sign, placed there ahead of time. Since the Elder Sign need not be large, the proceedings might be baffled for unknown causes, and Nyogtha would not be positioned to offer support. Removing and replacing the seal would be a formidable physical task for the cultists, one taking weeks or months to achieve.
- The investigators could attack during the ritual, perhaps opportunely casting Dismiss Nyogtha to return the Great Old One to its abyss. Whether or not the cultists understand what is happening is at the option of the keeper—spells do not necessarily leave evidence of themselves. The drama of

having Nyogtha hiss something like “Who dares dismiss me?” is worth keeping in mind.

- An Elder Sign does not inflict significant damage on Nyogtha; it is the function of the Elder Sign to block or prevent passage, not to be an active agent of attack.
- Attacking investigators must be very powerful indeed to stand their ground against the Bishops, but casting disorienting spells in the hope of effecting a quick rescue of the sacrifices and a quick escape may reasonably succeed.

If the investigators attack vigorously and seem to be succeeding, Agatha Bishop and the others retreat to her crypt, to analyze the situation and plan a counterattack. Their magic can hold off most investigators.

The Crypt of Agatha Bishop

This mammoth cavern is the lair of Agatha Bishop, the mummified matriarch of the Bishops and the evil directress of the attempts to create viable, true-breeding servitors for Nyogtha.

She has withered, skeletal features, waist-length, bone-white hair, and leathery, iron-hard skin stretched tightly over her ancient bones. She wears ebony robes of silk and velvet. She exudes scents of bitumen, death, and decay. Seated upon a throne fashioned from countless human skulls, nine zombies, Nathaniel Bishop, and the Ancient One defend her, as do monsters that the sorcerers have summoned.

While zombies and other monsters shuffle to the attack, the Queen of Skulls and her allies prepare and hurl their blackest magicks at the investigators. The Ancient One of the ghouls may have escaped to this place as well. His statistics are repeated here.

Agatha Bishop cannot be injured by mere firearms. Her great strength makes her a terrifying opponent in hand-to-hand combat, but she fears injury and prefers instead to hurl spells at her opponents. Since her dried, mummified flesh burns easily, she first attacks those who carrying fire or molotov cocktails.

If she needs more help, Nyogtha may choose to intervene. If it bears no Elder Sign, the great leaden seal which guards the way to Nyogtha's fastnesses can be raised by elder Bishop Spawn of Nyogtha, who may be sent by Nyogtha (Agatha has no power over them).

THE BLACK-BOOKE

Near her grisly throne rests a handwritten volume bound in worn black leather, untitled. Although written in archaic English, it is in a tiny scrawl and of syntax, grammar, and expression suitable to a madwoman.

Successful English rolls, Cthulhu Mythos rolls, and Occult rolls and 1D3+3 months' study are needed before its contents can be fully understood: the *Black-Booke*, as the authoress refers to it internally, bears no title or explanatory

inscription whatever—in English, +7% to Cthulhu Mythos, x4 spell multiplier, -1D6+1 SAN.

This arcane volume could teach some of the following spells: Call Nyogtha, Clutch of Nyogtha, Contact Ghoul, Enchant Pipes, Resurrection, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Voorish Sign.

A successful History or Occult roll allows an investigator to recall that a certain “dark book bound in goat-leather” or “book of coalish leather” figured in accusations at the Arkham witch trials, and that Agatha Bishop was suspected of being a coven member.

Defy Gravity, a new spell

The spell Defy Gravity allows the caster to reorient gravity around his or her body by 90° or 180° for 4D6 combat rounds.

Each cast of this spell costs 5 magic points and 1D3 SAN.

Using this spell, the caster could treat a wall as the floor, or could drop from the floor to the ceiling, and there walk on the ceiling as it were the floor (a handy way to hide in a dark room). Treat obstructions, changing surface conditions, and so on as if normally encountered. The keeper always makes the time roll, covering the actual 4D6 result in some fashion, and exposing it to the character's player when the spell has ended.

Investigators who fall at the end of the spell take normal falling damage.

AGATHA BISHOP, Very Old Priestess of Nyogtha

STR 29 CON 27 SIZ 13 INT 18 POW 24
DEX 10 HP 20

Damage Bonus +2D6

Weapons: Claw 75%, damage 1D6+2D6
Cane 72%, damage 1D8+2D6

Armor: 6-point mummified flesh. Extended experimentation with Egyptian techniques has left her invulnerable to firearms: missiles of all sorts bounce off, though firearms have a chance equal to that of their caliber to knock her back or to knock her down.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 70%, Dodge 75%, English 80%, French 70%, Greek 45%, Hermetic Latin 81%, Hide 95%, Listen 90%, Occult 45%, Play Pipes 90%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Spells: Black Binding, Call Nyogtha, Cloud Memory, Clutch of Nyogtha, Contact Chthonian, Contact Deep Ones, Contact Formless Spawn of Tsathoggua, Contact Ghoul, Contact Nyarlathotep, Contact Tsathoggua, Create Gate, Create Zombie, Dampen Light, Defy Gravity*, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Enchant Book, Enchant Cane, Find Gate, Mesmerize, Power Drain, Reanimation, Red Sign of Shudde M'ell, Resurrection, Shrivelling, Summon Ghost, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Summon/Bind Star Vampire, Voorish Sign, Wither Limb.

* new spell.

Though she still knows them, Agatha Bishop no longer dreams, and her Dreamlands spells have become useless to her. Were she to travel the Gate Of Dreams, she would die only, and never awake, though this is unknown to her. If the keeper wishes, however, select 12 Dreamlands spells for her.

Items of Potency: Book; Cane; Musical Pipes; Snuff Box; Glass Vial; all but Cane in pockets. See the nearby box for a discussion of these things.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D3 SAN.

NINE ZOMBIES

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	26	24	16	11	1	20



The Queen of Skulls.

Two	25	21	18	10	1	20
Three	24	27	17	9	1	22
Four	27	21	17	9	1	19
Five	27	22	17	8	1	20
Six	22	23	19	7	1	21
Seven	25	20	18	6	1	19
Eight	26	21	15	5	1	18
Nine	23	21	18	4	1	19

Move 6

Weapon: Grapple 50%, damage 1D6+2D6

Zombie Notes: with a successful Grapple attack, the zombie hangs on, inflicting damage each round as it crushes the victim to death. A zombie takes only one point of damage from firearms and impaling weapons; all other weapons inflict half rolled damage. A zombie continues to attack until incapacitated. Sanity loss to see a zombie is 1/1D8 SAN.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D8 SAN.

THE ANCIENT ONE, Priest of Nyogtha

STR 17 CON 21 SIZ 19 INT 17 POW 22
DEX 15 HP 20

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapons: Claw 90%, damage 1D6+1D6

Bite 90%, damage 1D6+1D6

Quarterstaff 90%, damage 1D8+1D6

Armor: bullets do half damage; in addition, an enchanted ring restores 1D3 hit points per combat round.

Spells: Black Box (Dreamlands), Bloat (Dreamlands), Call Nyogtha, Clutch of Nyogtha, Contact Deep Ones, Contact Formless Spawn of Tsathoggua, Contact Ghoul, Create Gate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Enchant Book, Enchant Cane, Eviscerator (Dreamlands), Ironmind (Dreamlands), Mindblast, Powder of Ibn Ghazi, Power Drain, Resurrection, Summon Ghost, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Summon/Bind Star Vampire, Voorish Sign, Vortex of Far Journeying (Dreamlands).

Items of Potency: Scroll; Staff; Ring. *See the box in the Ghoul tunnels section, Barracks sub-section, for a discussion of these things.*

Skills: Climb 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 60%, Dodge 45%, Dreaming 45%, Dream Lore 70%, English 21%, Ghoul 85%, Greek 40%, Hide 65%, Hyperborean 42%, Jump 45%, Latin 35%, Library Use 75%, Listen 60%, Occult 9%, Oratory 55%, Sneak 23%, Spot Hidden 68%, Steal Book 81%.

Conclusion

As pointed out several times in this adventure, investigators who insist on working alone deserve to lose. Enough evidence exists in these tunnels to alarm the whole Eastern Seaboard, if not the whole continent. Investigators who treat the authorities as resources, and bring to them convincing evidence, can quickly gain enough men and material to defeat any physical threat the Bishops or their agents mount.

If the investigators have allied with authorities and done their best, there is little publicity about the matter; newspaper publishers agree not to run the stories of monsters and witches, in the public interest. Nonetheless, the investigators gain friends and influence among New York

police; have each player write down on the backs of their investigator sheets the name and rank of a NYPD member who is now his or her friend.

Even great resources are unlikely to destroy Agatha Bishop and her clan, who can move quickly and without trace.

If the investigators imprison the witch by inscribing an Elder Sign upon the Gate in the Room of the Gate, she is stymied only until she casts another Create Gate.



He is your friend.

Agatha's Items of Potency

Tiny Red-Leather Book

A volume of about sixty pages, pocket-sized, of overall dimension only three inches square. Upon the vellum pages is written the spell Summon Star Vampire, in a crabbed hand unlike any the investigators have seen. The book is enchanted, increasing the holder's chance to successfully cast Summon Star Vampire by 90 percentiles.

Black Cane

A walking cane made of twisted black briar, tipped with a brass ferrule. The handle is also of brass, plain except for the ornate letters *AB* deeply cast into the metal. The cane is enchanted, currently storing 78 magic points.

Silver Pipes

Though the longest of this syrxin' eight tubes is only seven inches, the weirdly-spaced notes of this instrument are deep and ominous, amounting to no known scale. This is an enchanted instrument, adding 50 percentiles to the chance to Summon Servitor of the Outer Gods, and is also useful in conjunction with the spell Dampen Light.

Silver Snuff Box

Of 18th century work, the silver box is approximately 1x3x4 inches, with a hinged lid, and made of coin silver inlaid with an ivory fox. The interior is copper-lined.

The snuff box contains 12 doses of the Dust Of Suleiman, a magical grayish-green powder which harms certain entities from other planes of existence. Sprinkled on the entity and using a specific incantation, the powder does damage to the amount of 1D20 hit points. This powder works only on beings and entities for which a Summon or Call spell exists: it affects nightgaunts, byakhees, or Nyogtha, for instance, but not deep ones, sand dwellers, or Cthulhu.

Crystal Vial

This palm-sized cut-glass bottle is stoppered and sealed with yellowish wax. It contains enough Powder Of Ibn Ghazi to reveal 1D100+10 SIZ points of things ordinarily invisible to humans.

Destroying the Gate with explosives also works, although solid granite requires carefully drilled and prepared charges if even massive explosives are to achieve much.

These solutions are temporary. Agatha can easily create another Gate, or summon Shrr'e'kedde to open a tunnel for her. She escapes rather easily, perhaps to Arkham or Dunwich, or to some other safe haven, and there plots revenge or starts anew.

Destroying Agatha Bishop earns the investigators 1D20 SAN; imprisoning her and disrupting the hybridization experiments gains them 1D8 Sanity points. Sealing off Nyogtha's entrance to the surface world earns them 1D4 SAN points, mostly for the achievement—any god has more than one front door.

If the investigators have freed imprisoned humans, they get an additional Sanity point per person saved.

If investigators lost Sanity for delay or study during the adventure, and if they have now satisfactorily ended the threat of Bishop-related abductions, return those Sanity points in addition.

IF BISHOP IS CAPTURED

Should the investigators obtain sufficient evidence to have Bishop arrested, he surrenders to the police without struggle. A few days later, he escapes from jail by using a Gate spell. From the safety of the tunnels beneath the cemetery, Bishop then plots the destruction of his enemies by the most gruesome and terrible means at his disposal.

Even if slain, the investigators have not seen the last of Nathaniel Bishop—shortly after his death, the body is stolen from the morgue, and Bishop is resurrected by the cult of Nyogtha, unless his remains are hidden or he is dismembered and the pieces scattered.

If only Bishop was captured, and the subterranean levels left essentially unexplored, then the abductions and disappearances continue, and the investigators realize their task is greater, one which must be taken up again.

Statistics

CARLOS CORTÉS, Age 34, Cemetery Caretaker

STR 16 CON 15 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 14 EDU 12 SAN 44 HP 13

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+1D4
Fighting Knife 52%, damage 1D4+2+1D4

Skills: Dodge 45%, Electrical Repair 33%, English (speak only) 6%, First Aid 50%, Hide 67%, Latin 15%, Listen 56%, Mechanical Repair 72%, Spanish 65%, Sneak 63%, Spot Hidden 40%.

NATHANIEL BISHOP, Age 35, Latest in the Line

STR 21 CON 24 SIZ 16 INT 16 POW 19
DEX 13 APP 16 EDU 15 SAN 0 HP 20

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapons: Weighted Cane 75%, damage 1D8+1D6
Dagger 90%, damage 1D4+2+1D6
Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+1D6
.45 Automatic Pistol 67%, damage 1D10+2
Ichor special*, damage 1D3 per dose

Armor: none, but Bishop's altered flesh takes only 1 point per hit from weapons which impale, and only half actual damage (round up any fraction) from explosions, electricity, and poisons. His connection to Nyogtha renders him immune to fire, radioactivity, and acid damage. He drowns and smothers normally.

* Wounded, Bishop drips black ichor which does 1D3 points burn damage per dose.

Spells: Black Binding, Call Nyogtha, Cloud Memory, Clutch of Nyogtha, Contact Ghoul, Create Zombie, Deflect Harm, Enchant Book, Enchant Cane, Lament Flame (Dreamlands), Mesmerize, Power Drain, Resurrection, Summon/ Bind Nightgaunt, Summon/Bind Star Vampire, Summon Ghost.

Items Of Potency: Scroll; Cane; both near the sorcerer's hand. See the nearby box for a discussion of these things.

Skills: Accounting 25%, Archeology 15%, Bargain 50%, Chemistry 10%, Climb 55%, Credit Rating 66%, Cthulhu Mythos 45%, Debate 36%, Dodge 56%, Dreaming 27%, Dream Lore 25%, Drive Automobile 39%, Egyptian Hieroglyphics 35%, Fast Talk 58%, Classical Greek 64%, Hide 20%, History 40%, Latin 55%, Library Use 41%, Listen 30%, Mortuary Science 40%, Occult 28%, Oratory 60%, Pharmacy 25%, Spanish 40%, Spot Hidden 69%.

SIMON TRASK, Grave Digger and Walking Corpse

STR 32 CON 27 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 18*
DEX 12 APP 1 EDU 7 SAN 0 HP 21

* When resisting magical attack, the walking corpse has effectively 1 POW and 1 MP.

Damage Bonus +2D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 96%, damage 1D3+2D6
Grapple 80%, damage 1D6+2D6
Straight Razor 91%, damage 1D6+2D6

Armor: none, but bullets and impaling-type weapons inflict only one point of damage. All other weapons inflict only half-damage. His connection to Nyogtha renders him immune to fire, radioactivity, and acid damage.

Spells: Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Voorish Sign, Call Nyogtha, Contact Ghoul.

Skills: Chemistry 9%, Climb 21%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Dodge 20%, Drive Carriage 46%, Hide 65%, Jump 9%, Latin 16%, Listen 71%, Mortuary Science 70%, Occult 15%, Pharmacy 40%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 67%.

SIX GHOULS, Shadows And Assassins

ghoul	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	19	17	15	18	9	16
Two	24	18	12	17	11	15
Three	21	16	12	16	13	14
Four	20	15	15	16	12	15
Five	20	16	14	15	11	15
Six	24	14	16	14	10	15

Weapons: Claw 67%, damage 1D6+1D6
Bite 65%, damage 1D6+1D6

Skills: Climb 70%, Dodge 63%, Hide 45%, Jump 55%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 55%, Track 60%.

VINCENT TATTAGLIA, Chauffeur and Walking Corpse

STR 36 CON 27 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 18*
DEX 15 APP 8 EDU 6 SAN 0 HP 20

Nathaniel's Items Of Potency

Vellum Scroll

Written in faded red ink on vellum, in unpunctuated sentences of medieval Latin, filled with alchemical and hermetical allusions, this scroll adds 30 percentiles to the chance to successfully Summon Star Vampire. The scroll is rolled, and bound with a frayed black ribbon.

Black Walking Cane

It is an ordinary gentleman's walking stick, with a plain brass handle and ferrule, made of seasoned oak covered by black laquer. The cane is enchanted, and presently stores 28 magic points.

* When resisting magical attack, the walking corpse has effectively 1 POW and 1 MP.

Damage Bonus +2D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 80%, damage 1D3+2D6

Grapple 66%, damage special

Switchblade Knife 90%, damage 1D4+2D6

.45 Revolver 55%, damage 1D10+2

Armor: none, but bullets and impaling-type weapons inflict only one point of damage. All other weapons inflict only half-damage. His connection to Nyogtha renders him immune to fire, radioactivity, and acid damage.

Skills: Climb 76%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 90%, Drive Automobile 85%, Electrical Repair 33%, Hide 29%, Italian 44%, Jump 60%, Listen 75%, Mechanical Repair 56%, Occult 5%, Psychology 15%, Sneak 36%, Spot Hidden 33%.

CAPT. WILLIAM KIDD, Age 56, Resurrected Pirate o' the Vasty Western Seas

STR 18 CON 18 SIZ 11 INT 15 POW 13
DEX 17 APP 17 EDU 12 SAN 15 HP 15

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Cutlass 90%, damage 1D8+1+1D4

Dagger 77%, damage 1D4+2+1D4

Fist/Punch 81%, damage 1D3+1D4

Grapple 65%, damage 1D6+1D4

Flintlock Pistol 76%, damage 1D8

Skills: Bargain 66%, Black Powder 66%, Boating 70%, Camouflage 15%, Climb 45%, Credit Rating 0%, Cthulhu Mythos 3%, Dodge 58%, Fast Talk 80%, First Aid 40%, Hide 41%, Jump 32%, Law 10%, Listen 46%, Make Maps 30%, Navigate 60%, Oratory 80%, Sailing 62%, Shiphandling 75%, Sing 30%, Sneak 47%, Spot Hidden 65%, Swim 35%.

EDWARD WAITE, Valet and Walking Corpse

STR 30 CON 24 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 21*
DEX 10 APP 7 EDU 9 SAN 0 HP 19

* When resisting magical attack, the walking corpse has effectively 1 POW and 1 MP.

Damage Bonus +2D6

Weapons: Dagger 75%, damage 1D4+2+2D6

Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+2D6

Grapple 67%, damage special

Armor: none, but bullets and impaling-type weapons inflict only one point of damage. All other weapons inflict only half-damage. His connection to Nyogtha renders him immune to fire, radioactivity, and acid damage.

Skills: Climb 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 14%, Dodge 27%, First Aid 50%, Hide 36%, Jump 12%, Latin 35%, Listen 70%, Mortuary Science 25%, Psychology 66%, Sneak 59%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Spells: Black Binding, Call Nyogtha, Clutch of Nyogtha, Contact Ghoul, Resurrection, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Summon Ghost, Voorish Sign.

CASSANDRA BISHOP, Dilettante Priestess & Spawn Of Nyogtha

STR 21 CON 24 SIZ 12 INT 17 POW 23
DEX 15 APP 21 EDU 16 SAN 0 HP 18

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapons: Dagger 80%, damage 1D4+2+1D6

Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+1D6

Grapple 50%, damage 1D6+1D6

.22 Revolver 66%, damage 1D6

ichor special*, damage 1D3 per dose

Armor: none, but bullets and impaling-type weapons inflict only one point of damage. All other weapons inflict only half the damage rolled. Her connection to Nyogtha renders her immune to fire, radioactivity, and acid damage.

* Wounded, Bishop drips black ichor which does 1D3 points burn damage per dose.

Spells: Call Nyogtha, Clutch of Nyogtha, Concentric Rings of the Worm (Dreamlands), Enchant Cane, Lament Flame (Dreamlands), Mesmerize, Reanimation, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Star Nightgaunt, Voorish Sign.

Skills: Arabic 15%, Archaeology 40%, Chemistry 11%, Climb 52%, Credit Rating 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 35%, Debate 60%, Dodge 70%, Dreaming 50%, Dream Lore 25%, Drive Automobile 42%, Egyptian Hieroglyphics 25%, Egyptology 35%, English 65%, Fast Talk 25%, Greek 3%, Hide 30%, History 17%, Jump 55%, Latin 25%, Library Use 15%, Listen 26%, Occult 9%, Pharmacy 22%, Psychology 34%, Ride 30%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Reanimation, a new spell

Creates a form of self-aware zombie, the Walking Corpse, under the control of its creator. This entity retains all knowledge and skills that it possessed in life. The ghastly spell requires a recently-dead human corpse which retains sufficient flesh to allow mobility upon activation.

The name of the deceased must be known to the caster, and the ritual itself requires six hours, one point of POW, six magic points, and 3D6 SAN, as the caster murmurs an elaborate incantation while washing the corpse with his or her tongue.

If cast on a mummified or embalmed corpse, the corpse rises as a Mummy; see those statistics and notes in the Cthulhu rules.

The death of the caster frees the walking corpse from servitude but, unlike a zombie, the reanimated corpse continues to function after its creator's demise as an insane monster.

The walking corpse Simon Trask is an example of a Reanimated corpse. For more information on walking corpses, see the box under that title in the section "Nathaniel Bishop."

Spawn Of Nyogtha (Lesser Servitor)

HUMAN FORM

Spawn Of Nyogtha result from breeding experiments ongoing since the 18th century; they are the offspring of blasphemous unions between humans, ghouls, and Nyogtha, a Great Old One.

The children produced by matings between Nyogtha and humans swiftly degenerate into shapeless abominations after about three decades. To prevent this degeneration, the Bishops mate humans with ghouls, and then put these hybrids to Nyogtha, taking advantage of ghoulish stamina and longevity. Though successes have accrued, the goal of a servitor race which breeds true eludes this sorcerer clan, and thus far the Spawn have proven sterile. Nathaniel Bishop and his half-sister, Cassandra, are proof of limited success, for their degeneration will not occur for decades more.

Spawn Of Nyogtha begin life in human form, and easily pass for human unless given detailed medical examination. Instead of blood, however, they ooze viscous black ichor.

These beings are strong, tough, and charismatic, intended both to serve the will of Nyogtha and to seduce others into the god's cult. Except for their peculiar blood, Spawn Of Nyogtha appear to be normal-seeming humans in childhood.

At the onset of puberty, they succumb to the will of Nyogtha. At first the Great Old One fills their dreams with fantastic visions of subterranean tunnels and caverns, of chanting, black-robed cultists, and of glimpses of Great Cthulhu, Tsathoggua, and the other titans who infest this planet. As the months pass, dream sendings increase in intensity, finally costing the dreamer Sanity each night.

Once insane, these pawns become willing extensions of the Great Old One's consciousness, allowing Nyogtha to perceive the world with their senses.

Like their progenitor, Spawn Of Nyogtha are photosensitive; bright light hurts their eyes, and direct sunlight quickly burns their skin. They have excellent night vision, though they cannot see where no light exists, as in a cave.

Presently a hybrid Spawn Of Nyogtha degenerates into monstrous form after 3D10+30 years. Though the problem of degeneration is slowly being solved, all the successful hybrids have proven sterile, incapable of breeding true.

• HUMAN FORM •

characteristic	average	
STR 2D6+12	19	HP 15
CON 3D6+6	16-17	Move 8
SIZ 2D6+6	13	
INT 2D6+6	13	
POW 3D6+6	16-17	
DEX 3D6	10-11	
APP 2D6+9	16	

Weapons: as per normal humans.

Armor: none, but bullets and impaling-type weapons inflict only one point of damage. All other weapons inflict only half the damage rolled. The connection to Nyogtha renders him or her immune to fire, radioactivity, and acid damage.

Spells: all Spawn Of Nyogtha become aware of the spell Contact Nyogtha at puberty, and learn other spells easily.

Sanity Loss: none. Seeing a Spawn Of Nyogtha ooze black ichor instead of blood costs 0/1D3 SAN.

MONSTROUS FORM

Once degeneration begins, the metamorphosis occurs in a few months. Hideous black splotches appear on the human form's flesh, then quickly spread. At the same time, the Spawn becomes ravenously hungry; as it feeds, the monster grows alarmingly in weight and size.

During this new growth cycle the human form's skeleton warps and distorts into a parody of itself. Bone and muscle tissue take on a ghastly elasticity, while the flesh continues to bloat and blacken like a rotting corpse.

Its metamorphosis complete, the monstrous form becomes a shapeless horror whose loathsome flesh squirms and writhes, as if composed of countless black foul worms. Though torso and limbs have a bloated corpulence, the monstrous form maintains a skeletal hands and face, with hideously distorted features, razor-sharp talons, and lupine fangs, and bulging eyes with hellish crimson orbs.

At a distance, a Spawn Of Nyogtha might pass as human by wearing a heavy coat or robe, and a hat or hood, though nearby observers see that thick, disgusting slime oozes where they step.

Spawn Of Nyogtha are photosensitive; the mere touch of sunlight on their exposed flesh causes excruciating pain. Similarly, they are easily blinded and confused by bright light—an investigator could drive one back by training a flashlight beam in its face: require a DEX x3 roll each round of play to maintain the contact.

Once assuming monstrous form, most Spawn make the long, dangerous journey to Nyogtha's subterranean fastness, there to dwell in the joy of everlasting darkness. As Nyogtha wishes, of course, these entities might return to the surface world, or close to it.

ATTACKS

It can employ two claw attacks and a bite in the same combat round, or it can attempt to grapple an opponent and enfold him in its loathsome embrace; if the grapple attack succeeds, the victim's player must successfully roll STR against STR on the resistance table, or have the character pulled into contact with the horror's cold, gelatinous flesh. If that happens, scores of worm-like tendrils sprout from the Spawn's body, coiling around the victim's limbs and forcing their way in through body orifices. This nightmarish experience costs the victim 0/1D6 SAN.

Once a grapple attack succeeds, the unfortunate investigator—stuffed full of tendrils—must receive a successful CON roll each round or begin suffocating, taking 1D8 dam-

age each round until freed from the Spawn's deadly embrace (use the rulesbook drowning rules).

While grappling with and suffocating a victim, the Spawn can also slash with its claws, but may not use its bite attack.

A Spawn Of Nyogtha might grapple more than one target, but then must divide and allot STR between them.

While grappling a target, the Spawn's movement rate drops to 1.

• **MONSTER FORM** •

characteristic	average	
STR 4D6+12	26	HP 18-19
CON 3D6+6	16-17	Move 6
SIZ 4D6+6	20	
INT 2D6+6	13	
POW 3D6+6	16-17	
DEX 3D6	10-11	

Weapons: Claw 65%, damage 1D6+2D6

Bite 65%, damage 1D8+2D6

Grapple 50%, damage special

Armor: Spawn Of Nyogtha in monstrous form are immune to bullets and weapons that impale, and take minimum possible damage from all other attacks.

They are immune to fire, acid, and electricity.

Spells: 2D6 spells related to Nyogtha and the Great Old Ones.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D10 SAN.



PLAYER HANDOUTS

Please note that some of the handouts on the following pages can be separated internally and handed out as the information is uncovered.

Anthony Abbott Cabot
Carmichael

Requests the Pleasure of Your Company
At a Masked Costume Ball,
To be Followed by a Gala Supper
And the Premiere of a New Theatrical Work.
At Withywindle, on Long Island
Eight O'Clock
Saturday Next.

Newspaper Information

- Carmichael is descended from Boston stock who struck it rich in shipping and then in the American Civil War. He arrived in New York City in 1919, age 28, a Harvard man and wealthy dilettante. His parents and two sisters died years before in a yachting disaster off Bermuda while Carmichael was in an English public school.



Mr. Carmichael

- Rumors follow Carmichael wherever he goes—tales of drug abuse, of scores of lovers of both sexes, of pseudo-satanic rites, of degenerate parties, and so forth. No suits or arrests ever occur, lending credence to some who believe that he encourages these innuendos and juicy tales as a screen.
- Carmichael has written, directed, and produced five New York stage plays, four of them dramas verging on biting farce, and all but the last (a surrealist satire) commercially successful. See the next sub-section, "Library Information," for a few details concerning each production.
- Only a few know that he collects 17th and 18th century pamphlets and plays, especially plays from the time of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, the last distinguished British play before the newly instituted censor drove first-rate work from the London stage for more than a century. His private library holds a vast store of plays including Shakespearean portfolios, a never-reprinted tragedy believed by Christopher Marlowe, rare editions of many obscure playwrights, scurrilous or treasonous political and religious pamphlets, and bawdy to pornographic broadsides from the late 16th to the late 18th centuries.
- Carmichael is a solitary, eccentric man capable of sudden devouring enthusiasms. He has wit more than adequate to the theater, but lacks a sense of humor about himself and is therefore inclined to vengeance.
- Some months ago, Carmichael committed himself to the exclusive private clinic of Dr. Frederick Archer, for nervous collapse after *Sodom* failed.
- Subject and even the title of Carmichael's new production quickly becomes a matter of intense speculation, but nothing is known

apart from the identity of the small cast. The keeper may invent as much outrageous gossip as desired.

- Carmichael's masked costume ball is already exciting much comment; big money and big talents from both sides of the Atlantic are sure to be there. The Chandlers, Rothschilds, and Carlyles are rumored to have accepted their invitations.

Library Information

- *Beloved Dead* — "The hypnotic forcefulness of this piece cannot be denied, despite or perhaps because of the grotesque *amour fou* that is its subject." [Algernon Chambers, *New York Times*.] Original run: 188 performances.
- *His Master's Voice* — "Tediously derivative of Marlowe's *Faust*, the sole spark of originality in this work appears to have been spent in restaging Marlowe's play for modern audiences. The author has secured for himself the plum role of Viktor, head of a large arms-manufacturing firm. I found the acting forced and the drama trivial. The contention of a single bomb able to destroy a city is quite ridiculous." [Sergei Baranof, *Social Democratic Gazette*.] Original run: 501 performances.
- *Heart's Blood* — "Once again Mr. Carmichael has a sure hit on his hands, despite the production's total lack of artistic merit. This latest effort features laughable recreations of Druid life in ancient Britain, graphic on-stage murders, and an orgiastic climax in which the audience is endlessly invited to participate. No one did on opening night, or we should be sitting there still." [Hiram Downey, *New York Pillar-Riposte*.] Original run: 399 performances.
- *Poison'd Love* — "I found his previous work resonant with imagination, firmly grasping the essentials of plot and character, and demonstrating a subtle narrative voice. However, the continued success of *Poison'd Love* baffles me, and I must attribute its commercial success solely to those of prurient interest among the public who care to know details of family life unsuitable for discussion in this newspaper." [Algernon Chambers, *New York Times*.] Original run: 141 performances.
- *Sodom* — For once, the opening night audience seemed to agree with seasoned critics. Gallons of purple eye make-up and gratuitous innuendo cannot replace dialogue, plot, or sensible acting! Good riddance! [Bosley Delapore, *New York Post*.] This play ran two performances only.
- Various library references reveal that Carmichael is worth about seventy million dollars, with heavy investments in South American shipping, Texas and Oklahoma oil, Manhattan real estate, and Saar Basin industries. He continually adds to an excellent fine arts collection.
- Carmichael habitually gives generous donations to institutions of higher learning, but he has never given a cent to his alma mater, Harvard, noting only that his days there and in Boston were not among his most pleasant.

About Count Fantari

The fabulous Fantari fortune began in the thirteenth century when Nicolo Fantari alternately threatened and plundered the rich city-states of Northern Italy. Nicolo was the second son of the hereditary 'Prince' of Fantari, whose colonial title derived from grants by Democles of Athens and Dionysius I of Syracuse, recognized first as a jest by the Roman Senate and then absent-mindedly confirmed by Pope Sergius II in 844 A.D.

Political realities reduced the Fantaris to mere counts, but in the thirteenth century Nicolo raised the Fantaris to fiscal glory. Acceding to the title after the dubious death of his elder brother, Nicolo and then his son Garigo shuttled gold across Europe. For a few decades the Fantaris were as influential as the famous Augsburg banking house of Fugger.

Reverses and then the Reformation confined the Fantaris to the arena of Italy and the Mediterranean until the Industrial Revolution, when great profits were accumulated first in Scotland and England, and then in American and Argentinean railways. As the scope for capital widened under a succession of wise managers, Fantari money poured like water from one cup to another, always increasing, spreading its benefits, reaping its profits.

The Count

He is a kind-hearted, somewhat flamboyant man genuinely concerned for all those who live on Fantari. He has strong pride in his family's ancient roots, which reach back in legend to one Alcibiates of Ephesus, the legendary settler of Fantari.

The current Fantari mansion is built on previous foundations that reach back into Classical times; the famous cellars mosaic is a relic of the era.

Although the Count enjoys the privacy that comes with island life, he is no hermit, and always leaves Fantari during the heart of the summer and winter. He spends several months of each year in Rome and other financial and cultural capitals, but the Fantaris always return to Fantari, "where life is pure" as the family saying goes.

Helena DiGeorgio's Statement

The sun was just rising. We were catching plenty of fish, and Roberto joked that the fishing was good without competition from other fishermen. There was nothing to be seen, though we were not far from shore.

Then a woman's voice called to my Roberto. She was singing, and he was listening. I could see no one. As soon as her song began, he knelt perfectly still, as though clubbed like a fish. Then his face filled with an unholy lust, and he seized the oars, and rowed like a madman toward the haunted shore.

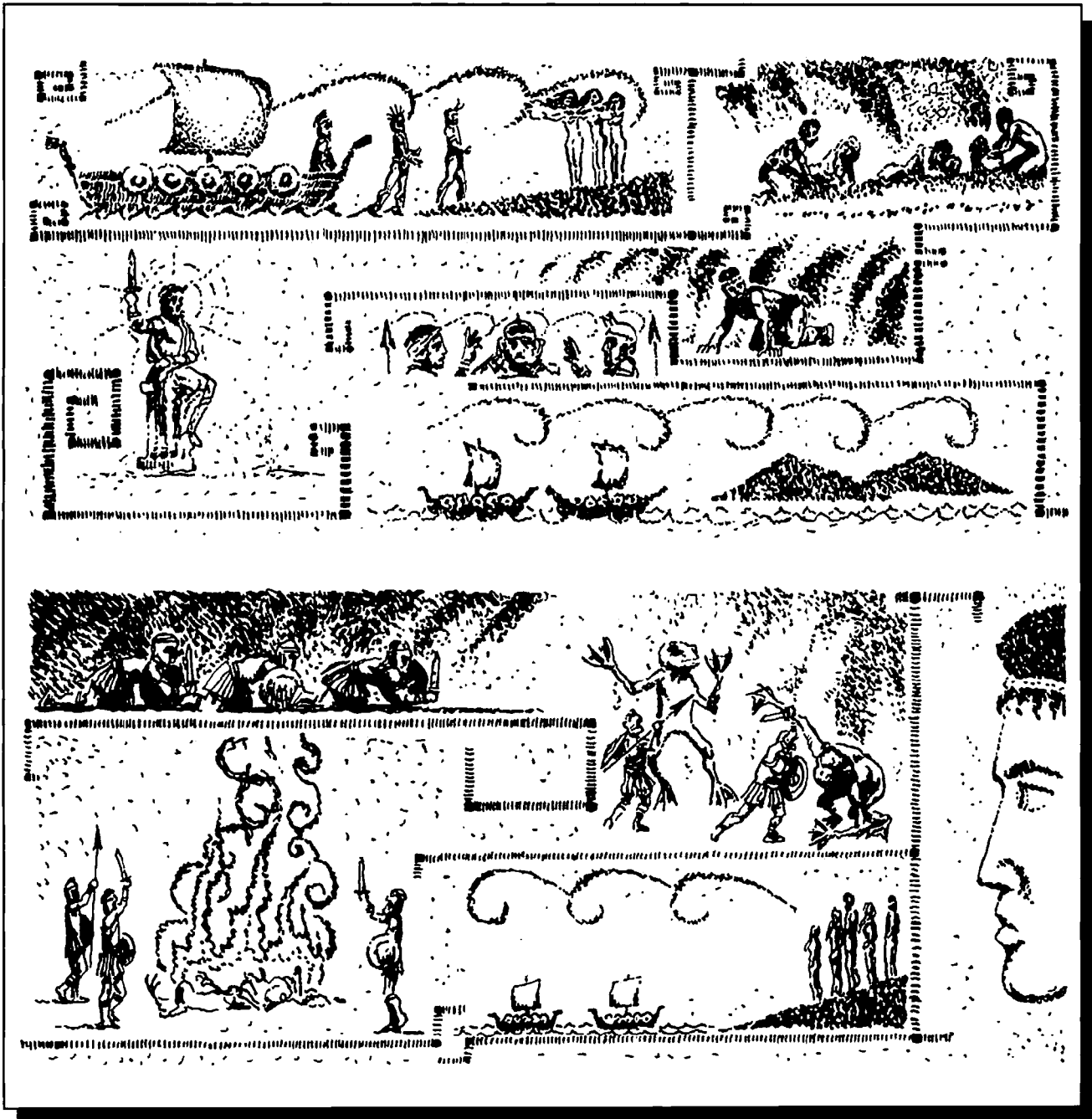
I tried to stop him, but he struck me and threw me aside. He had never beaten me, but now he was possessed or bewitched. He cried out that rowing was too slow, then dropped the oars and jumped into the sea, swimming toward the rocks. I followed, but he swam very fast. Once he reached shore, someone moved from behind a rock to embrace him. Then they moved away, out of sight, and I lost vision of my Roberto. He was gone. *[Pause]*

O Count Fantari, when will you act? Your great ancestor saved Fantari from sea demons—will not you attempt his great deed? For the love of God, return Roberto to me! *[Pause]*

There's not much else to tell. I do remember wondering how Roberto knew she wanted him, since her words were not Italian, and he spoke nothing else. Her song was strange, like nothing I have ever heard. It was musical, like a flute, but I could not understand it, since the words were not meant for me.

Then things came toward the boat, things that swam well, like fishes, and began to rock and strike the boat. I dove overboard and swam out to sea; perhaps they let me go because they thought I would drown, and so I would have except for what was drifting in the sea.

Songs of Fantari #2



Songs of Fantari #3

East-Side Ripper

Claims Another Victim

Fifth Slaying Baffles Police

(SPECIAL) The mutilated body of Miss Jennifer Hargrave, 23, was found by police shortly before dawn in an alley off Delancey street in the Lower East Side.

Investigating officers are withholding all details of this new outrage, and the area is completely cordoned off. The Commissioner announced that a statement would appear this afternoon.

Such was the condition of the victim that police refused permission for the press to view the remains. A witness shakily told reporters that "blood ran across the sidewalk and down the gutter."

Police believe that Miss Hargrave is the latest victim of a madman thought to have claimed four other lives in the past two weeks.

At present, this paper has no information concerning the identity of this fiendish murderer, and advise readers to maintain constant vigilance.

Though they decline to state why they believe it, police have privately indicated that the Ripper, as the killer has come to be called, is a lunatic escaped from a hospital!

A check of institutions within fifty miles of New York City shows no escapes, and this newspaper's search for answers has been widened to Upstate, New England, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Delaware, and Ohio.

— *NY Pillar-Riposte*, March 10.

Lurker #1

Subway Monster Sighted

Terror In The Streets?

By J. Mondale Crief

(SPECIAL) "He looked like a walking dead man, with clawed hands and awful red eyes!"

So began Mrs. Francine Edwards' moments of horror last night at the Essex Street Station on Manhattan's lower east side.

Mrs. Edwards, age 33, of 1281 Grand, Apt 610, was waiting for a BMT M-local at about 8 P.M. when the stranger, a filthy ragged tramp, climbed onto the platform from the tracks below. When he crawled into the light, Mrs. Edwards realized that he was not human.

"It was horrible! He grabbed me, but I screamed and hit him with my handbag! Somehow I freed myself and ran!" In her statement, Mrs. Edwards spoke of "the deadly pallor of a corpse" and of "weird, blazing-red eyes that cut into my soul like headlights from Hell."

Although no one else stood on the subway platform as witness to this astonishing apparition, passers-by on the street heard Mrs. Edwards' screams for help.

A witness saw her: "She was running out of the subway as if the Devil himself had appeared right over on this spot," attested Pyotr Alexeivitch Rakuzmov, of 124 Rivington, near Mr. Rakuzmov, a precise man, showed the *Pillar-Riposte* the exact place where he saw, and also made sure of the spelling of his name.

New York's finest summoned, responding officer Michael O'Shea was unable to find a trace of the ghastly form who had shattered the prosaic peace of the Essex Street station.

Officer O'Shea later speculated that the B-Uptown must have gotten whoever it was, since he didn't, but Motorman Alvin B. ("Clayboy") Heingrapp, of 1452 Schermerhorn, Brooklyn, finished what to him seemed a smooth trip. He states that "I didn't see nothin' or feel nothin' other than the bad curve after Bowery that ought to be retracked."

Dispatched early this morning, a maintenance crew found nothing, according to Brooklyn Transit authorities.

Mrs. Edwards is currently recovering from her experience at Bellevue Hospital and is unavailable for interview.

At present, police have no comment.

— *NY Pillar-Riposte*, February 27.

Haunted Cemetery?

Noises in the Night Scare Passersby

By J. Mondale Crief

(SPECIAL) Their eyes still round and startled, Messrs. Billy Joe Perkins and Jesus Romero described "loud banging and thumping and growling noises" coming from a crypt near the Houston street side of the Stanton Street Cemetery.

Though they denied seeing ghosts, wills-o-the-wisp, or other supernatural critters, Mr. Perkins stated firmly that the sounds were "just unearthly and like nothin' I never heard before." Mr. Romero succinctly seconded the opinion, but declined an interview.

Mr. Romero is presently of 241 W. 85th, with whom Mr. Perkins is presently staying.

Neither man was found to be under the influence of alcohol, and police attribute the disturbance they heard to pranksters playing a macabre practical joke.

Mr. Perkins disputed the police analysis. He stated that nothing and no one could be seen, and that the frequent and loud noises came unmistakably from a particular family crypt.

Nonetheless, inspection this morning found the seals and lock on the crypt undisturbed.

The crypt in question belongs to the Greenberg family, who coincidentally that morning had laid to rest there the late Mrs. Sonia Greenberg, family matriarch and daughter of Solomon Greenberg, a founder of the New York garment industry.

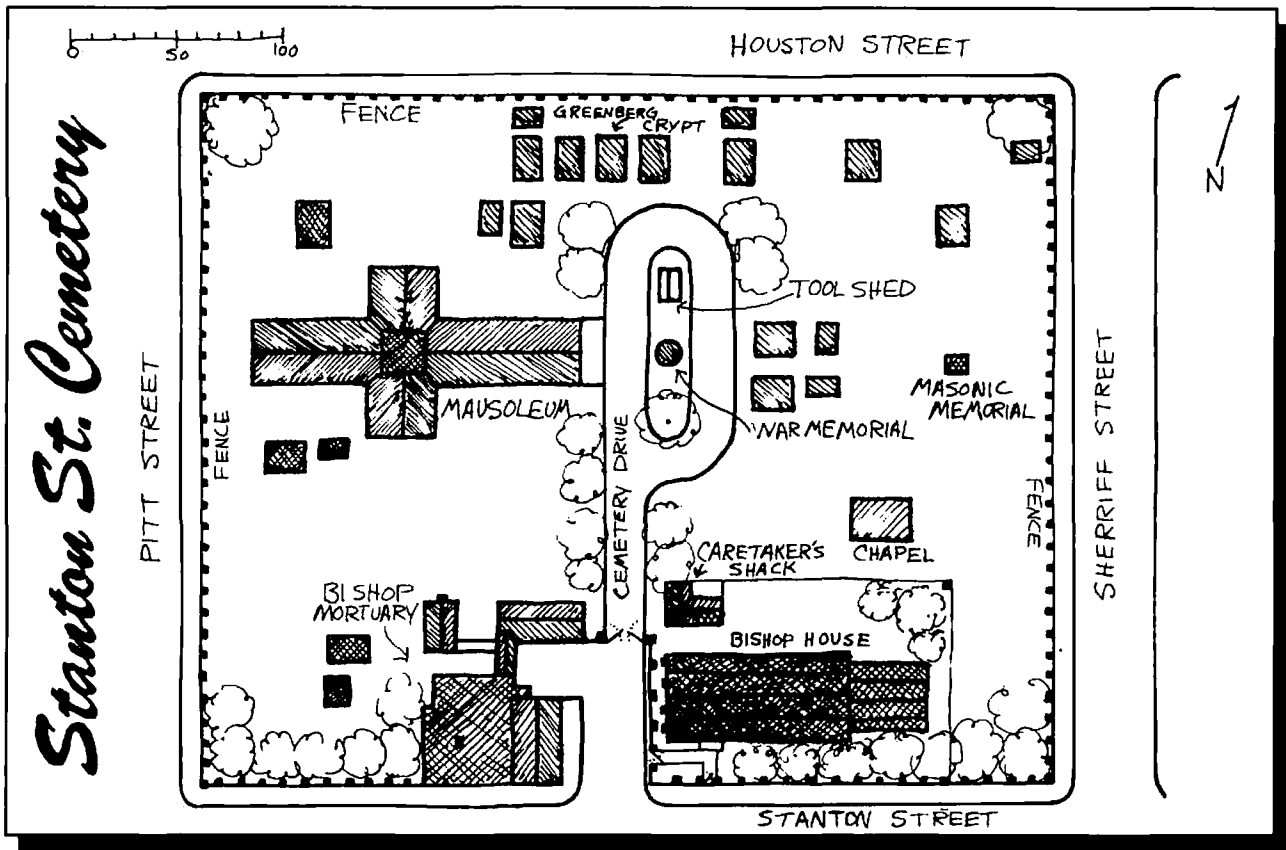
The owner of the Stanton Street Cemetery, Mr. Nathaniel Bishop, by telephone expressed complete confidence in the cemetery's guardianship, which he pointed out with pride as having been maintained unbroken for nearly 200 years.

— *NY Pillar-Riposte*, March 3.

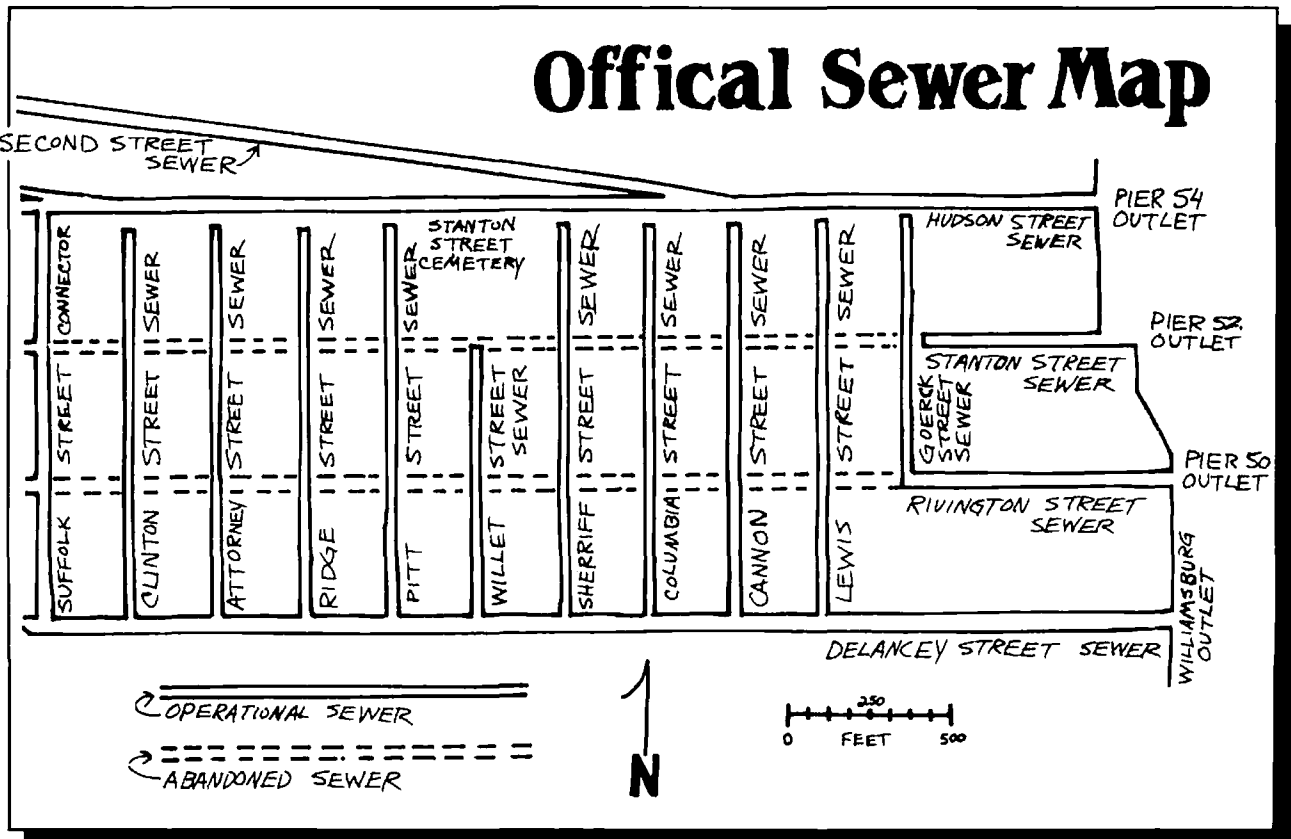
Lurker #2

The Bishop Family

- The earliest record of this line of Bishops is one Agatha Bishop, who fled from Arkham's bloody witch trials in 1692, at the age of fifteen. If investigators choose to refer to the tome, *Prodigies in the New England Canaan*, Agatha Bishop is there mentioned as a suspected member of the Arkham coven.
- Agatha Bishop took up residence on Manhattan island in 1693, and soon became the mistress of a wealthy merchant, one Charles Rowancroft. He died suddenly a year later, "of greate congestion of the centres of the hearte," leaving his considerable fortune to Agatha Bishop.
- In 1695, Agatha purchased the land upon which the Stanton Street Cemetery now occupies, and there built Bishop House, in which she lived alone until giving birth in 1703. In a firm hand the clerk writes, "To her, a bastard sonne, Lazarus."
- The ship's logs of Capt. Andreas Van Derzanden show that in the years 1708 and 1711 Agatha Bishop Rowancroft chartered his vessel for extended visits to Hispaniola. The captains complained of the heat there, of the idleness, and of the unsavory visitors which Mrs. Rowancroft insisted visit her aboard. At the end of her second voyage, she returned home with a large, heavy coffin, which the sailors greatly feared. Capt. Van Derzanden nonetheless comments appreciatively when discussing the charter fees, and in 1715 sails her to Egypt, for another extended stay. From there she brings back to New York "many fouldsome thinges" which Capt. Van Derzanden unfortunately does not detail.
- Lazarus Bishop grew into an unpleasant-looking young man of unpleasant reputation. His mother adopted and cared for many of his bastard offspring. Lazarus himself vanished in the year 1728, without trace. Six children survived him: Charles (1720-1744), James (1721-1740), William (1722-1751), Edward (1723-1745), Elizabeth (1725-1766), and Seth (1726-1749).
- Agatha Bishop outlived her grandsons as well as her son: Charles died of a fever; William died of heart failure; Seth and Edward Bishop vanished as mysteriously as their father; James went mad in his sixteenth year and was confined in the cellar of Bishop House, where he died of a violent seizure three years later.
- Elizabeth Keziah Bishop never married. She issued nine bastard children, at least one of whom is recorded as the incestuous product of an unnamed brother. Like their uncles, these children remained at Bishop House; after Elizabeth died in 1766, they cared for the now very-old Agatha Bishop.
- Several diaries mention incidentally that Elizabeth Bishop was never seen after her 23rd birthday.
- In 1770, age 93, Agatha Bishop died. She was buried near Bishop House.
- In 1779, one of Elizabeth's grandchildren, George Edward Bishop, founded Bishop Memorial Cemetery, where the remains of Agatha Bishop were the first to be interred.
- Various Bishops adopt several or many children in the 19th century. A successful know roll deduces that these adoptions may represent attempts to purge the Bishop bloodline of the hereditary disease from which Nathaniel Bishop is the latest to suffer.



Lurker #4 — Stanton St. Cemetery



Lurker #5 — Official Sewer Map

CALL OF CTHULHU

INVESTIGATOR SHEET

Name _____ Sex _____

Occupation _____ Age _____

Nationality _____ Residence _____

INVESTIGATOR STATISTICS

STR _____ DEX _____ INT _____ Idea _____
 CON _____ APP _____ POW _____ Luck _____
 SIZ _____ SAN _____ EDU _____ Know _____
 Schools _____
 Degrees _____
 Damage Bonus/Penalty _____

MAGIC POINTS

Unconscious = 0 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

HIT POINTS

UNCONSCIOUS
 Dead = 0 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

SANITY POINTS

(20% current SAN: _____) Permanent Insanity = 0 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

INVESTIGATOR PORTRAIT

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychology (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Geology (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Read/Write Eng. (EDUx5) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Astronomy (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Hide (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Read/Write _____ (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bargain (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> History (20) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Read/Write _____ (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Botany (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Jump (25) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Read/Write _____ (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Camouflage (25) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Law (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Ride (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (25) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Sing (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Climb (40) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Linguist (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Sneak (10) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> _____ () _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Listen (25) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Speak _____ (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Credit Rating (15) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Make Maps (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Speak _____ (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cthulhu Mythos (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Repair (20) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Debate (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Swim (25) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Diagnose Disease (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Operate Hvy. Machine (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Throw (25) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> _____ () _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Oratory (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Track (10) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> _____ () _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Treat Disease (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (DEXx2) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Photography (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Treat Poison (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Drive Automobile (20) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Physics (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Zoology (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Drive _____ () _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Pick Pocket (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> _____ () _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Repair (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Pilot Aircraft (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> _____ () _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> _____ () _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Pilot _____ () _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> _____ () _____ |

WEAPONS

weapon	shots	attack/parry	impale	damage	hit points	ammo

SHOTS = number of shots per round AMMO = number of rounds held in weapon

CASH, PHOBIAS, SPELLS & NOTES

cash on hand: _____
 phobias: _____

Player Name:

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PERSONAL HISTORY AND NOTES

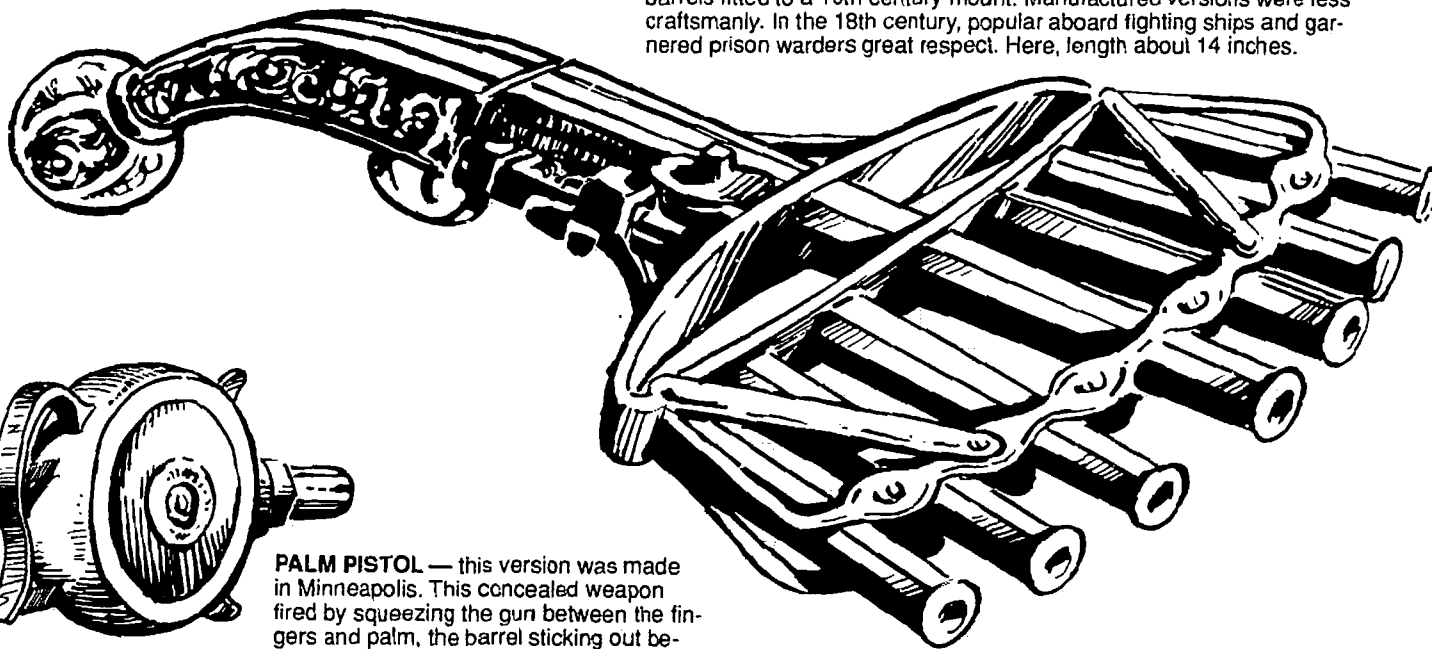
INCOME AND SAVINGS

Yearly Income \$

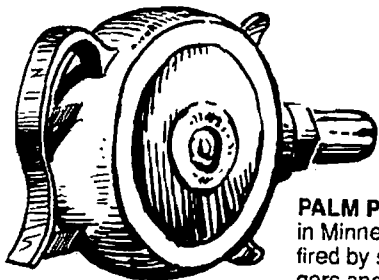
Savings _____



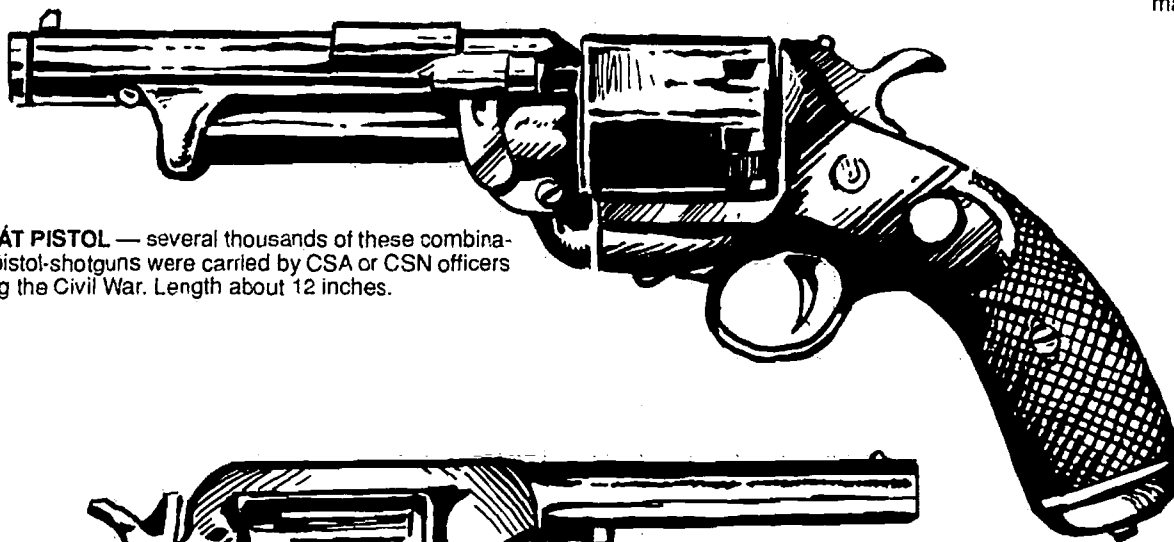
DUCK'S FOOT PISTOL — here, an 18th century firing mechanism and barrels fitted to a 16th century mount. Manufactured versions were less craftsmanly. In the 18th century, popular aboard fighting ships and garnered prison warders great respect. Here, length about 14 inches.



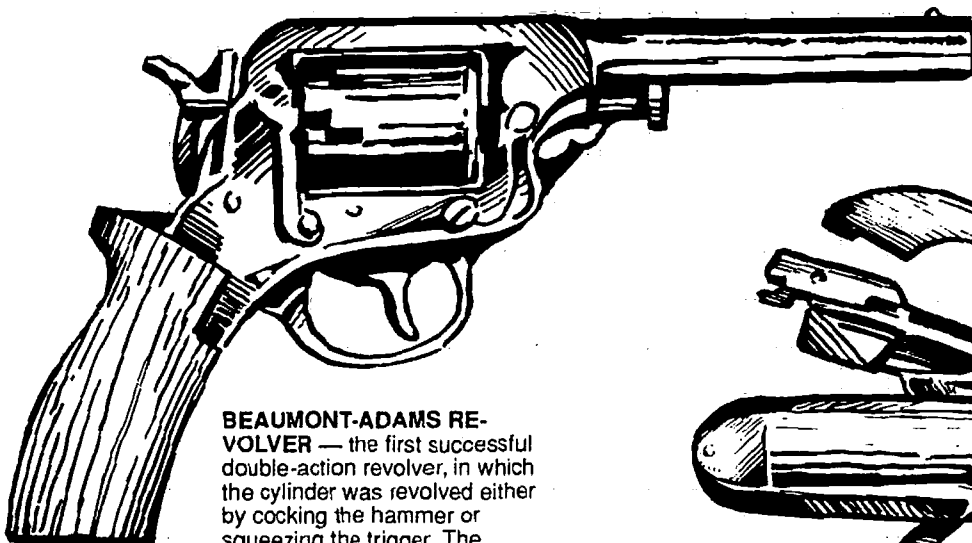
PALM PISTOL — this version was made in Minneapolis. This concealed weapon fired by squeezing the gun between the fingers and palm, the barrel sticking out between two fingers. Length less than 5 inches.



COLT REVOLVER 1860 later Colt Peacemaker, the gun of the American West. Related designs, well over 200 made. Length about 13.5 inches.

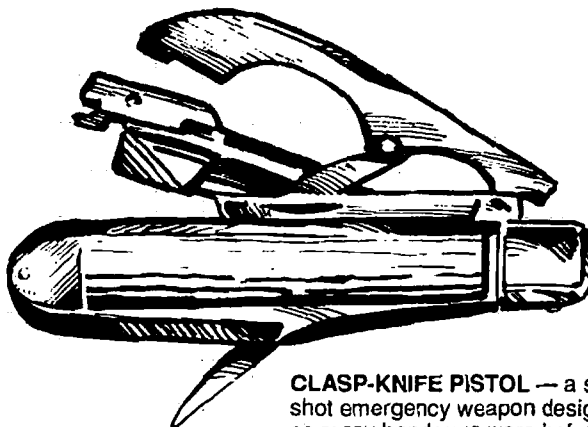


LEMÁT PISTOL — several thousands of these combination pistol-shotguns were carried by CSA or CSN officers during the Civil War. Length about 12 inches.

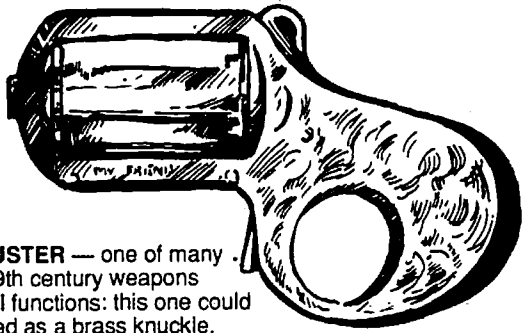


BEAUMONT-ADAMS REVOLVER — the first successful double-action revolver, in which the cylinder was revolved either by cocking the hammer or squeezing the trigger. The shortened trigger pull increased accuracy as well as volume of fire. Length about 9 inches.

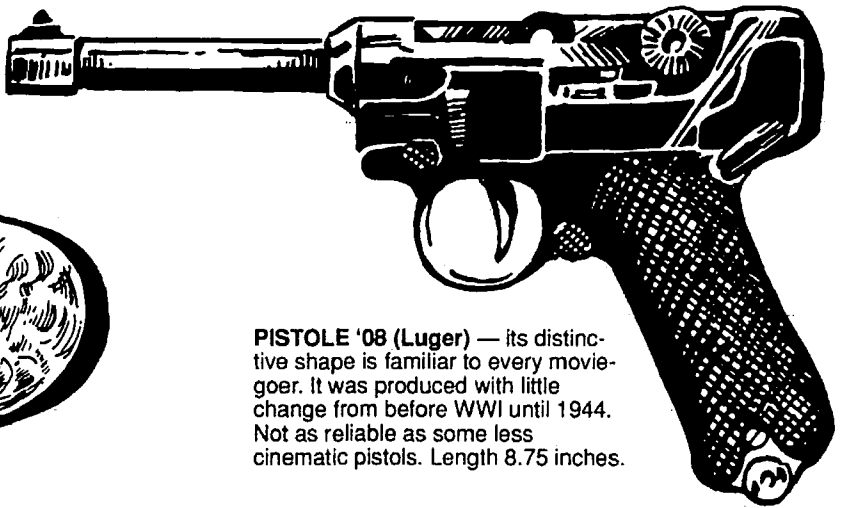
REMINGTON
two-b...
such r



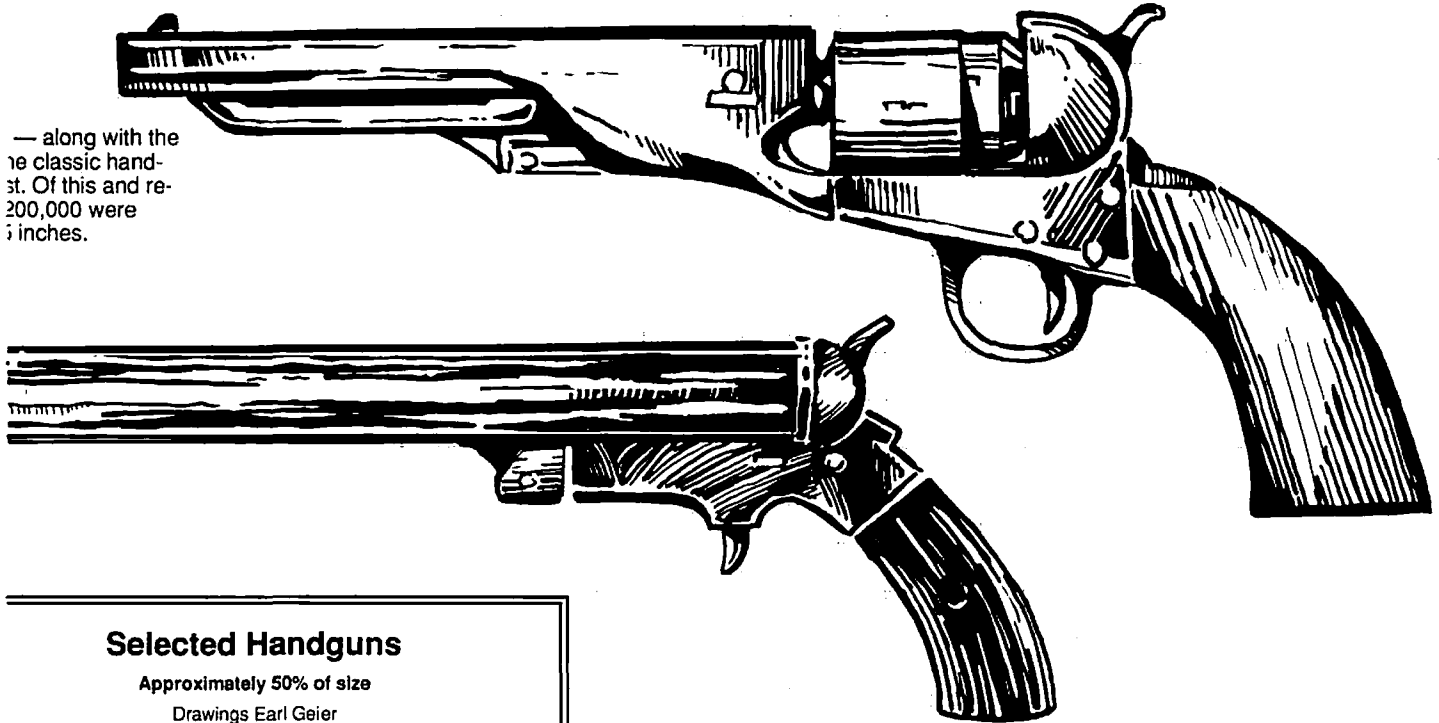
CLASP-KNIFE PISTOL — a single-shot emergency weapon designed, as so many handguns were before this century, to look like something other than what they were. Length about 6 inches.



KNUCKLE-DUSTER — one of many hundreds of 19th century weapons which had dual functions: this one could be fired, or used as a brass knuckle. Length about 5 inches.



PISTOLE '08 (Luger) — its distinctive shape is familiar to every moviegoer. It was produced with little change from before WWI until 1944. Not as reliable as some less cinematic pistols. Length 8.75 inches.



— along with the classic hand-st. Of this and re-200,000 were 3 inches.

SIGNAL PISTOL — a small single chamber shotgun intended to fire flares. A flare at close range does damage, too. Length 12 inches.

Selected Handguns

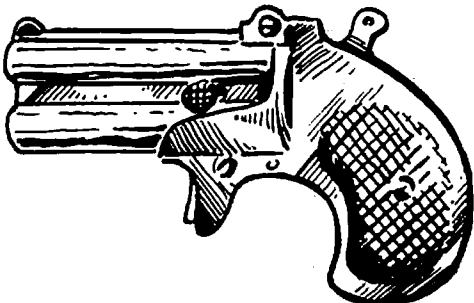
Approximately 50% of size
Drawings Earl Geier
Text Lynn Willis

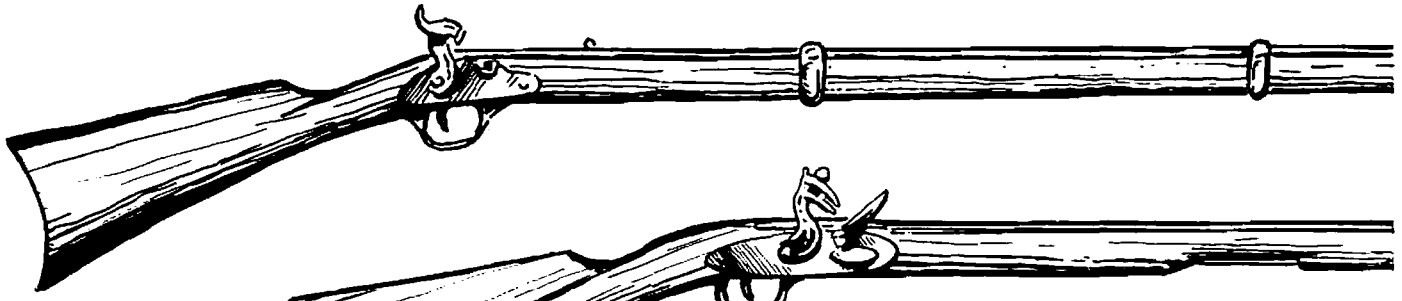
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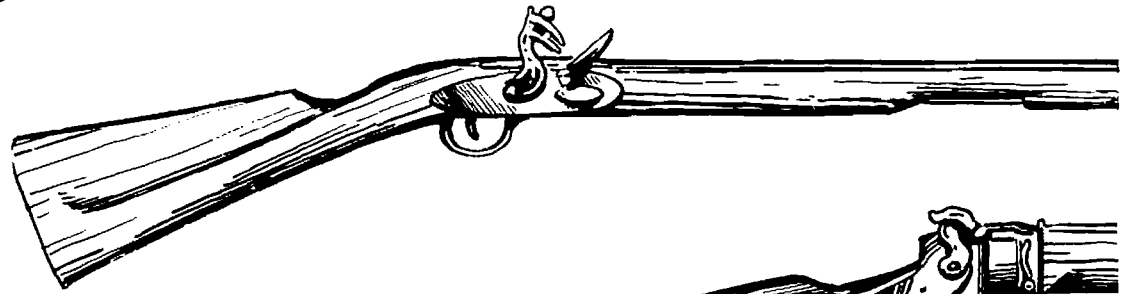
TAISHO 14 AUTOMATIC PISTOL — adopted in 1925, a new version of the Taisho 04 (Nambu). The 8mm bullets lacked stopping power, and the magazine was difficult to change in bad conditions. Length about 9 inches.

NGTON DERRINGER — a sample barreled weapon, one of hundreds of designs. Length about 5 inches.



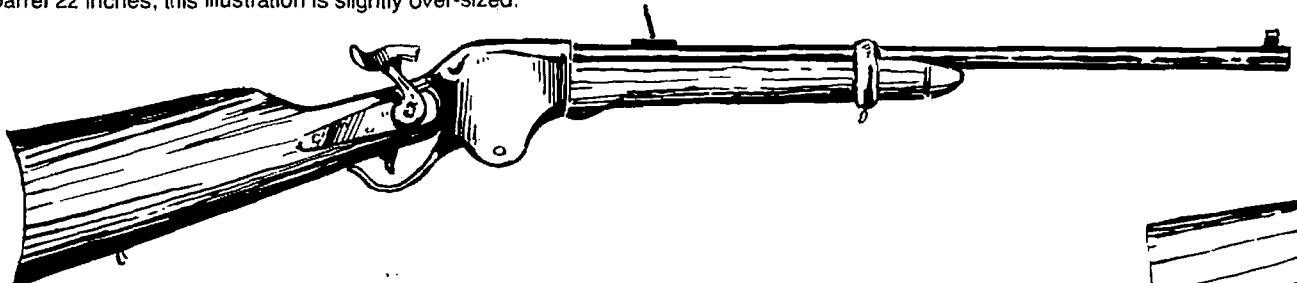


SHARPS .52 RIFLE — Sharps rifles and carbines are the source for the generic term "buffalo gun." They were well-regarded as accurate and powerful weapons before and after the Civil War. The ornament on the stock is a hinged patchbox. Length 47 inches.

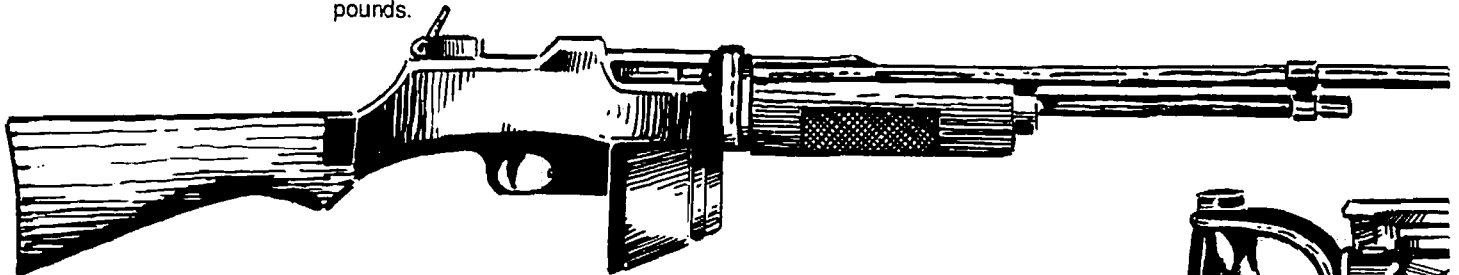


MARTINI-HENRY MILITARY RIFLE — a standard British infantry weapon in the last quarter of the 19th century. This is the weapon featured in the film *Zulu*. Length 47 inches.

SPENCER REPEATING CARBINE — a preferred weapon for Union cavalry toward the end of the Civil War, and often issued to cavalry in the Indian Wars which followed. About 50,000 were manufactured. Length of barrel 22 inches; this illustration is slightly over-sized.

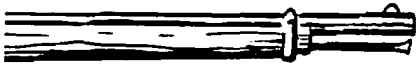


BROWNING AUTOMATIC RIFLE — M1918. This model had no bipod, being originally intended to be fired from the hip during assaults, as investigators might use it. A standard U.S. army weapon into World War II. Length 47.75 inches, and weight 22 pounds.

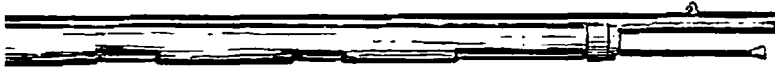


**Longarms and Automatic Weapons in
Relative Scale**

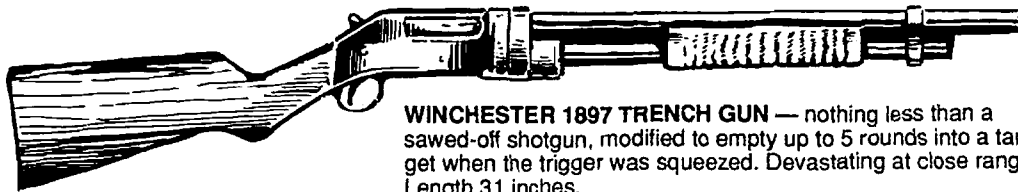
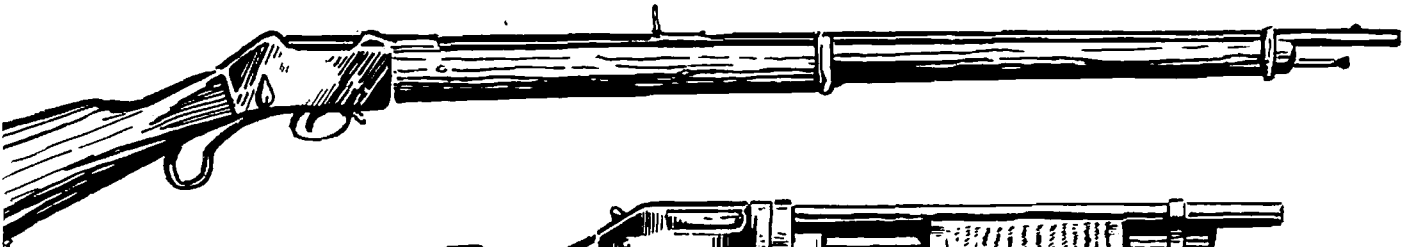
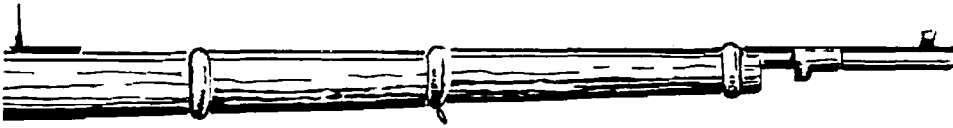
Drawings Earl Geier
Text Lynn Willis



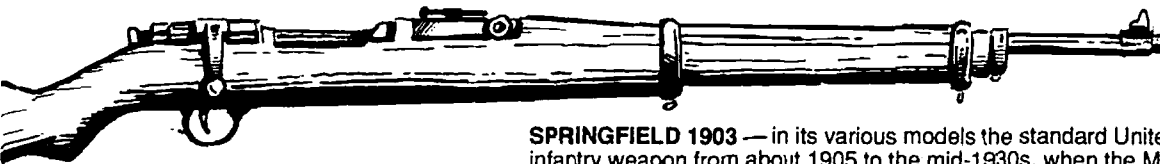
SPRINGFIELD 1863 MUSKET — a standard Union rifle-musket during the Civil War; over a half-million Types I and II were manufactured. Length 56 inches.



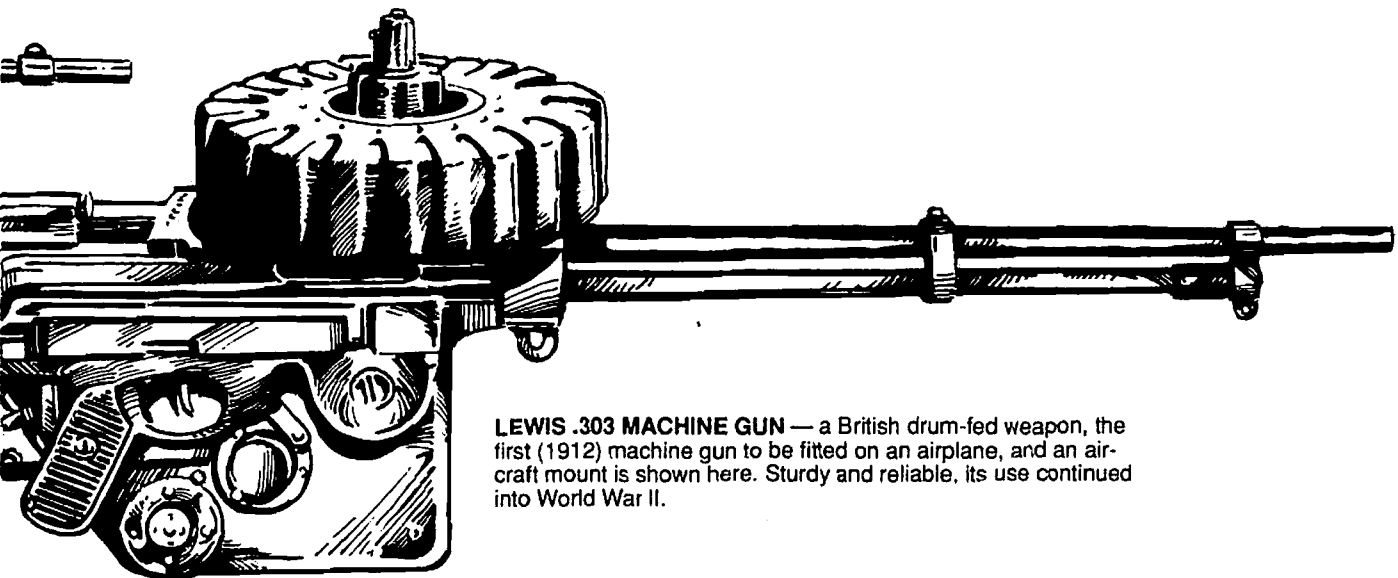
"BROWN BESS" MUSKET — the basic British infantry longarm, manufactured in many versions throughout the 18th century. Length 59 inches.



WINCHESTER 1897 TRENCH GUN — nothing less than a sawed-off shotgun, modified to empty up to 5 rounds into a target when the trigger was squeezed. Devastating at close range. Length 31 inches.



SPRINGFIELD 1903 — in its various models the standard United States infantry weapon from about 1905 to the mid-1930s, when the M1 Garand mostly replaced it. Well over a million were manufactured. Length about 43 inches.



LEWIS .303 MACHINE GUN — a British drum-fed weapon, the first (1912) machine gun to be fitted on an airplane, and an aircraft mount is shown here. Sturdy and reliable, its use continued into World War II.

MYTHOS
H.P. Lovecraft
EDITION

FATAL

EXPERIMENTS

*Three Macabre Mythos Experiments,
Unusual Weapons, Weapons
Diagram Foldouts*



*Duck's Foot Pistol
c. 1750*

"The wonder and diabolism of his experiments fascinated me utterly.... His views hinged on the essentially mechanistic nature of life; and concerned means for operating the organic machinery of mankind by calculated chemical action after the failure of natural processes.... My friend believed that artificial reanimation of the dead can depend only on the condition of the tissues; and that unless actual decomposition has set in, a corpse fully equipped with organs may with suitable measures be set going again in the peculiar fashion known as life.... He usually finished his experiments with a revolver."

—H.P. Lovecraft

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Japanese, and
Spanish.**

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The article *New & Old Weapons for Call of Cthulhu* discusses black-powder weaponry, and details many unusual and custom guns that have been created by enterprising gunsmiths, or that might be commissioned by investigators. Two 2-page fold-outs illustrating many of these antique or unusual firearms are provided.



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