

King of Chicago

& *The Secret of Marseilles*

FOR
Call of Cthulhu
1920s



Gary Sumpter
Ugo Bardi
Earl Geier

**Prohibition, a Gangland Murder, the
Casbah of Marseilles, Black Market Weapons**





King of Chicago

Gangland Adventures in the Roaring Twenties





H. P. LOVECRAFT 1890 - 1937

King of Chicago

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Chaosium Inc.

1994

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Oakland, CA 94608-3129, USA

ISBN 0-56882-045-3

Chaosium Publication 2348. Published in April, 1994.

Printed in the United States of America



The Role of Prohibition

How legal restrictions create a lucrative black market and foster organized crime.

ON JANUARY 18, 1920, the 18th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution went into effect, beginning what quickly became known as Prohibition, lasting until 1933. With minor exceptions, such as the making of sacramental wine, the amendment ended legal production of alcoholic beverages in the United States and its territories.

Demand for liquor did not stop, and to satisfy that demand major criminal syndicates rose.

Small illegal distilleries produced liquor for the heartland of the nation, but poisonings resulted often enough that both prestige and safety lay in securing liquor produced in other countries. Thus began the bootlegging era.

Much of the bootlegged liquor came from British vessels anchored outside the formal three-mile limit then claimed and controlled by the Coast Guard and Navy. Motor boats smuggled the contraband to various harbors along the East Coast. Trucks from Canada and rum-runners from the Caribbean also provided the bonded booze that brought the highest prices and the highest profits. This liquor was sold straight or was cut with water. Purchasers were either individuals or *speakeasies*, illegal bars whose only advertisement was word-of-mouth.

In general, the criminal syndicates transferred existing liquor, rather than producing it themselves, keeping down their overhead. However, the necessary communication and transport nets stimulated cooperation

between gangs, and as a practical matter the Volstead Act turned the resulting syndicates into corporations, immeasurably aiding the growth of organized crime.

With their vast profits, syndicates could then capitalize and regularize bookmaking, gambling, disposition of stolen property, prostitution, narcotics, numbers, loan-sharking, and so on. Wherever government attempted to stifle demand, criminals became equipped to fill the demand at a much higher price. The cash activity generated by Prohibition is estimated in the hundreds of billions of dollars.

The largest and most successful syndicate was the *Big Seven*, including Waxey Gordon, Charles "Lucky" Luciano, Bugsy Seigel, and Frank Costello, which controlled the East Coast.

In New York, Guiseppe "Big Boss" Masseria controlled vice in Brooklyn and Manhattan. Dutch Schultz ran the bootlegging and numbers rackets. Lepke Buchalter and Gurrah Shapiro ran narcotics and extortion, and increasingly controlled union activities.

In Chicago, the Shelton Gang headed bootlegging and gambling. Al Capone watched over every significant criminal action. The competition included Deany O'Bannion, Hymie Weiss, and Bugs Moran. During the decade there were 629 unsolved gangland murders, the most famous of which was the St. Valentine's Day Massacre (Feb. 14, 1928), when seven of Bugs Moran's North Siders were shot to death in a Chicago garage by agents of Al Capone.

In Detroit, the Purple Gang with Eddie Fletcher controlled bootlegging. The Licavoli Gang distributed the liquor and controlled extortion.

As the Great Depression continued, news stories about organized crime took a back seat to stories about bank robbers like Pretty Boy Floyd and Ma Barker. Carefully-laid indictments for tax evasion made visibility a distinct hazard for organized criminals. The swaggering anti-heroes of the 1920s became conservative, well-dressed, inconspicuous men without public names.





The King of Chicago

Wherein the investigators encounter criminals of several sort, including one bad customer whose life of crime is very much longer than the rest.

CHICAGO IN THE ROARING TWENTIES: crime is rampant; it is a world of violence, intimidation, bribery, and treachery. Rival gangs are locked in violent power struggles, with each ambitious hood battling to overthrow Al "Scarface" Capone and become the next King of Chicago. An unsolved gangland murder draws the investigators into the midst of a deadly battle for control of the Windy City.

Depending upon the time-frame of the individual keeper's campaign, he or she might find it convenient to set this scenario in 1931; Al Capone has been indicted for evasion of income tax payments and, with "Scarface" up the river, his throne is up for grabs-making the situation all the more volatile.

But the only fixed dates in this adventure are the year that the Union Theatre closed (1926) and the year of the Great Chicago Fire (1871). Adjusting the nominal date for the scenario should be simple.

SUMMARY

Lured into the adventure by the death of an old friend, private eye Jack Sullivan, the investigators discover the

secret buried beneath the old Union Theatre. As they do, gangland threats, plots, and bullets may await at every step. And an attempt to rescue an innocent kidnap victim may expose the investigators to cross-fire from federal T-men, on business of their own. Meanwhile a dark presence lurks, actively creating events yet to come.

INVOLVING THE INVESTIGATORS

The investigators receive a telegram from Jack Sullivan, a private detective in Chicago. Give the players The King Papers #1—a telegram from Jack Sullivan. At least one of the investigators—another gumshoe, or a journalist, perhaps—should be acquainted with Sullivan.

Sullivan is known as a hard-boiled detective, rugged but honest. He served in the Great War, was twice decorated for bravery, and took a bullet at the Second Battle of the Marne. When he returned to the States, he (like many veterans) found work hard to come by. After a variety of jobs, including a brief stint as a professional boxer, Sullivan settled in Chicago and set up his own detective agency.

The keeper may furnish any additional details which seem appropriate.

THE KING PAPERS #1

— Telegram From Jack Sullivan

INVESTIGATING LANZETTI
MURDER STOP ONTO SOMETHING BIG
NEED YOUR ASSISTANCE STOP COME TO
CHICAGO WITH INVESTIGATIVE TEAM AS
SOON AS POSSIBLE STOP SULLIVAN

Keeper's Information

In October of 1871, an esoteric organization known only as Celestial Providence succeeded in summoning a dreadful entity from the depths of time and space. The arrival of the Blackness from the Stars heralded the destruction of the cult and most of Chicago as well.

The Blackness was imprisoned beneath the rubble of the city, where it has remained for over half a century, slowly extending its evil influence over certain individuals. These hapless souls seek to increase their own power



Bruno Lanzetti

by allying themselves with the entity. The Blackness also directly rules certain derelicts, using them to protect it and to seek to release it from its imprisonment.

As events unfold, this scenario demands elaboration that cannot be anticipated. Keepers with strong senses of improvisation and characterization will be more than equal to the task; those who are

more comfortable with itemized, written directions would do well to develop some of the possible situations prior to running the scenario. Locations affiliated with the North River Gang—the various speakeasies, bookie parlors, breweries, and warehouses—are not detailed, but could come into play.

Keepers are encouraged to read the scenario in detail and then to define the various raids or intrigues in which the investigators might participate in or attempt to prevent. Running gun battles between rival gangs in

THE KING PAPERS #2 — A Newspaper Article

Brutal Gangland Murder

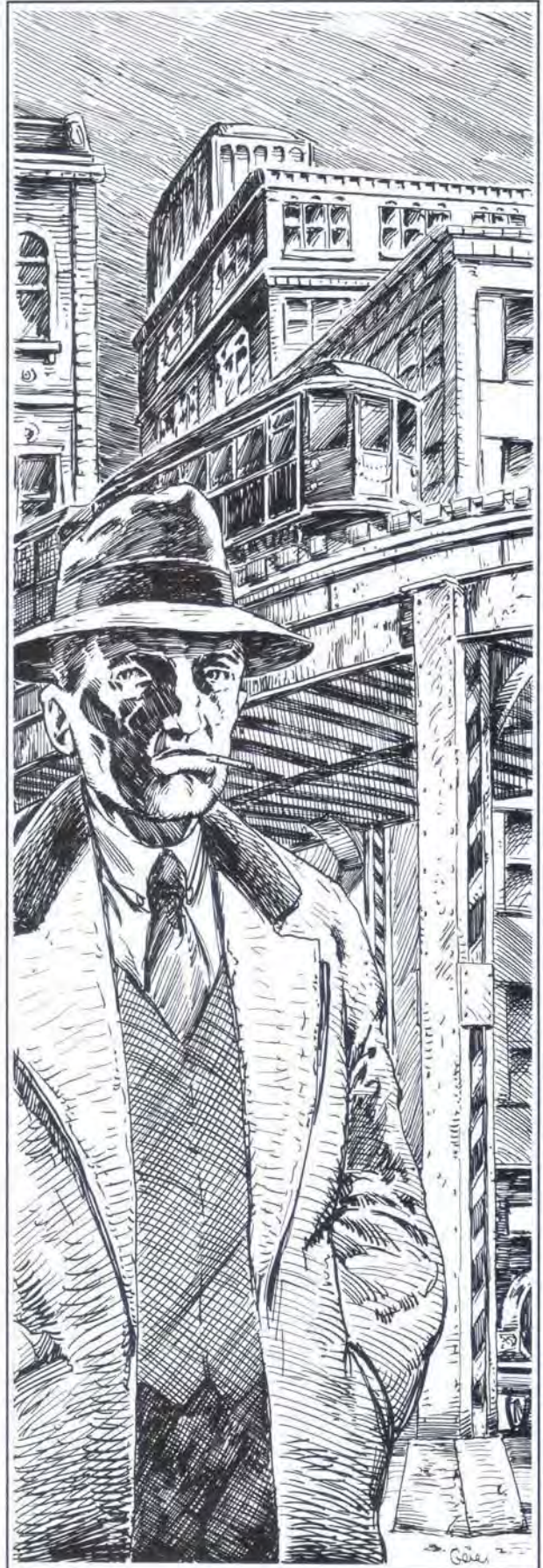
Motive Remains a Mystery

CHICAGO (INS) — The mutilated body of gangster Bruno Lanzetti was pulled from a drainage canal early yesterday morning.

A milkman making his rounds just before dawn discovered the body of Lanzetti, age 31, a member of the notorious Marquette Park Gang.

Police have no leads at this time, but they are linking Lanzetti's murder to the violent power struggle that has developed between rival gangs following the indictment earlier this year of celebrated crime boss Al Capone.

According to Ralph McTeague, a spokesman for the Cook County Sheriff's Office, this bloody gangland feud is likely to claim many more lives before it is settled.



The El Train

the streets of Chicago are likely. Allowing the investigators to roleplay through them provides an added measure of excitement and danger to the adventure.

The scenario as a whole leads the investigators to the brewery and Union Theatre on Grand Avenue. There ultimate gangland and Mythos confrontations occur. Supporting evidence includes the many conversations possible at the Michigan Hotel (headquarters for the North River gang), evidence from Sullivan's office, the testimony of Cyril Davenport, and Metropolitan Investments (a front business for the gang).

THE LANZETTI MURDER

Investigators based in the Midwest who receive successful Know rolls are aware that Bruno Lanzetti, a Chicago mobster, was horribly murdered several weeks ago. Consulting the newspaper files in any major American newspaper confirms this; give the investigators the King Papers #2 — "Brutal Gangland Murder."

Chicago

IN THE 1920s the population of metropolitan Chicago is about three million. It is the commercial, financial, industrial, and cultural capital of the Midwest. Chicago is also a port of entry on the Great Lakes, and a vital rail hub, the transfer point between the eastern and western railroads. The city sprawls over some two hundred square miles, and extends more than twenty miles along the Lake Michigan shoreline. A large part of the city's population live in ethnic neighborhoods—among others, there are enclaves of Poles, Lithuanians, Arabs, Spaniards, Germans, and Greeks.

The investigators arrive in Chicago on the afternoon of Friday, November 6. A cold, brisk wind off Lake Michigan brings the first snowflakes of the season. If the investigators come by train, they stand outside Union Station, at the corner of Jackson and Canal Streets; if they have come by bus, the terminal is located at the corner of Clark and Randolph Streets.

Jack Sullivan's office is located at the corner of Halsted and 35th Streets, in the predominantly Irish neighborhood of Bridgeport. When the investigators arrive—by car, taxi, bus, or on foot—they find the intersection blocked by emergency vehicles: police cars and fire trucks are everywhere, lights flashing and sirens wailing. A large crowd has gathered.

Sullivan's office is a smoldering ruin; there is shattered glass and debris all over the sidewalk. Police have completely cordoned off the building, preventing anyone from getting closer than about twenty yards. If the officers are asked whether there were any injuries, they

confirm that there was one occupant—as yet unidentified—who has been rushed to hospital. If the investigators present themselves as friends of the building's occupant, they are informed that the victim was taken to Chicago General Hospital.

Several bystanders claim to have heard a loud explosion before the building went up in flames, but no one admits to having seen anything.

Chicago General Hospital

This long-established medical center, located at the corner of Lake Shore Drive and 31st Street, overlooks Lake Michigan.

Investigators who visit the busy emergency room in search of Jack Sullivan are told that someone by that name has just been admitted. A successful Credit Rating or Persuade roll learns that he is in critical condition, but under no circumstances are visitors allowed beyond the waiting room.

If the investigators choose to remain in the small waiting room adjacent to the emergency ward, they are there when a young woman can be seen to rush to the emergency desk. She talks briefly with the duty nurse, who directs her to the waiting room.

The young woman is obviously distraught as she reluctantly enters the lounge. With a polite but distracted nod to the investigators, she takes a seat—but quickly stands up again and begins pacing restlessly, wringing her hands anxiously. If the investigators speak to her, they learn that she is Jack Sullivan's secretary, Helen Mussida. Should the investigators introduce themselves, Miss Mussida is familiar with some of their names: Sullivan told her that he had invited them to Chicago.

Fortunately for Miss Mussida, she had been out running an errand for Jack when the offices were destroyed. She returned to the address shortly after the investigators left the scene, and immediately took a taxi to the hospital.

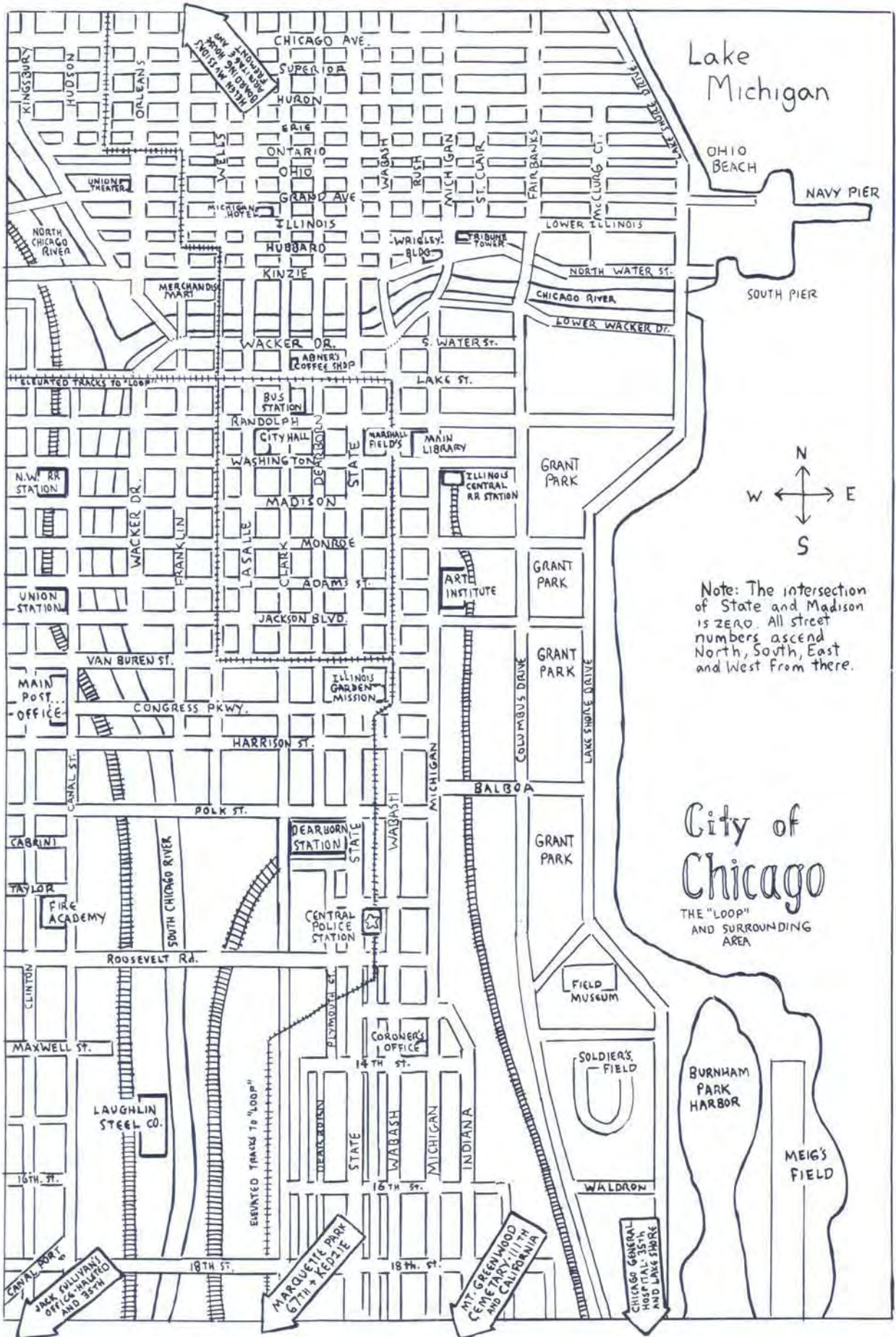


Helen Mussida

HELEN MUSSIDA

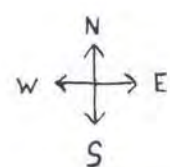
Miss Mussida is a well-dressed, robust blonde with bright green eyes. She has been working for Jack Sullivan since he started the agency, and has nothing but respect for Jack, who is like a brother to her.

Miss Mussida's concern for Sullivan is



Lake Michigan

OHIO BEACH
NAVY PIER
SOUTH PIER



Note: The intersection of State and Madison is ZERO. All street numbers ascend North, South, East and West from there.

City of Chicago

THE "LOOP" AND SURROUNDING AREA

BURNHAM PARK HARBOR

MEIG'S FIELD

SEE INDIANAPOLIS BOILER ROOM AND STEEL CO. 2015 W. WACKER DR.

CANAL PORT JACK HULLIVANT OFFICE HALL 370 AND 374

MARGUERITE PARK 6TH + KEDZIE

MT. GREENWOOD CEMETERY 11TH AND CALIFORNIA

CHICAGO GENERAL HOSPITAL 35th AND LANG SHORE

obvious. He isn't just a boss to her—he's a friend. Miss Mussida paces nervously. She bites her nails in anxiety while awaiting any news of Jack's condition.

After about half an hour, a doctor enters the emergency room and speaks briefly with the duty nurse who directs him to the waiting room. He joins the investigators and Miss Mussida in the lounge. Introducing himself as Dr. Marshall, he shakes his head and informs the group that, sadly, Jack Sullivan has died. Miss Mussida is devastated: she begins to weep, then collapses in a chair and sobs uncontrollably; thoughtful investigators can console her with successful Psychology or Psychoanalysis rolls.

If the investigators ask about the cause of death, Dr. Marshall tells them that, until an autopsy is performed, he can only offer an educated guess: Sullivan suffered severe burns in the fire but he probably died from smoke inhalation.

Since there are no next of kin present, and Miss Mussida is indisposed, the doctor asks one of the investigators to identify the body.

Even in death, Jack Sullivan's chiselled features are easily recognized, and the investigator can make positive identification. The doctor does not allow the investigator to examine the body; a Spot Hidden roll, however, detects a number of small cuts and burns over the visible portions of Sullivan's body. An Idea roll suggests that these were caused by shards of flying glass. If asked about this, Dr. Marshall concurs: "There is evidence of an explosion, but that is a matter best left to the police."

Following the identification of the body, there is nothing more for the investigators to do at the hospital. Attempts by the investigators to get additional information from Miss Mussida prove unsuccessful; she is in no condition to discuss details of the Lanzetti case, nor why Jack had requested the investigators' presence.

THE KING PAPERS #3a — Miss Mussida's Research

Source: *Chicago Tribune*—February 13 this year.
Headline: "Gruesome Murder of Vagabond"
Details: mutilated body of unknown drifter discovered by police February 12 in vacant lot behind Union Theatre on Grand Avenue. According to police, the corpse found in an advanced state of decay—had been there for some time—coroner reports body mangled as though by wild animals—victim carrying no identification but probably a vagrant, seeking shelter from bitter cold.

Miss Mussida appreciates the offer of an escort home, and accepts gratefully. She lives in a boarding house on Armitage Street between Fremont and Bissell Streets in Lincoln Park. If the investigators seem sincere in their compassion and want to discuss Jack's involvement in the Lanzetti case, Miss Mussida asks them to visit her the next day. If the investigators plan to stay, she recommends a few clean, reasonably-priced hotels in the area.

Interviewing Helen Mussida

If the investigators visit Miss Mussida on Saturday, they are greeted by the lady who runs the boarding house, Mrs. Agnes Holloway. This elderly matron does not disguise her distrust of male callers; a Persuade roll is required to convince her of their good intentions. Once inside, they are confined to the downstairs sitting room.

Miss Mussida offers coffee and apologizes for not being of more assistance the day before. She introduces them to a girlfriend, Anne Bishop. Miss Bishop is a pleasant but rather plain-looking woman, a secretary for a local insurance company.

Miss Mussida is still devastated by her former employer's death, but answers the investigators' questions as best she can. She can tell them that the murder of Bruno Lanzetti caused quite a stir in the city—not because a mobster was murdered (gangland slayings occur with some frequency in Chicago)—but because of the gruesome nature of the killing.

The police were baffled, Miss Mussida says. Lanzetti's mother was not satisfied with their efforts. She thought they had been bribed by enemies of her son, so she visited Sullivan's office about two weeks ago. According to Helen Mussida, Mrs. Lanzetti hired Jack to find the person or persons responsible for her son's death, and bring them to justice.

Recently, Jack had told his secretary that he thought he was "onto something big," but wouldn't elaborate; she thought this strange because Jack usually confided in her. He mentioned having sent a telegram to an old friend of his (one of the investigators) who might be able to lend some assistance. He also once mentioned a "Cyril Davenport," otherwise unidentified, in connection with the case.

If the investigators think to ask Miss Mussida the nature of the errand she was running when the office was bombed, she tells them that Jack had asked her to visit the offices of the *Chicago Tribune* to research reports of recent murders with similarities to the Lanzetti case. If the investigators express an interest in her findings, Miss Mussida pulls a small note pad out of her purse and shows them the details of the only remotely similar case she could find; give the players the King Papers #3a.

THE KING PAPERS #3b — Miss Mussida's Research

Source: Chicago Tribune—March 11, 1871
 Headline: "Other Police Board Actions"
 Details: In one of several unrelated actions,
 police detective Cyril Davenport was forced to
 resign because of his 'confusion of the nerves.'

She studies the next page of her pad for a moment. "Mr. Sullivan also asked me to find information on Cyril Davenport. This is all I found for that name." Give the players King Papers #3b.

Sullivan's Office

The burned-out shell of Sullivan's office remains secured by the police until they complete their investigation. To find evidence here, the investigators must visit before Sunday evening, when the police finish their work. After that, no evidence remains.

During the day, several police detectives and representatives from the gas company and fire department sift through the debris. Overnight, lone patrolmen guard the scene. Bystanders cannot get near the site during the day, but late at night the yawning patrolman often retreats for extended periods to a diner a few blocks away. Then investigators have unbroken hours to examine the scene. If Miss Mussida accompanies the investigators—she is happy to help out as early as Saturday night—add 30 percentiles to their chances to find evidence by means of Spot Hidden, Luck rolls, etc., since she is familiar with the former layout of the office.

Investigator requests to examine the rubble are denied unless accompanied by successful Credit Rating and Fast Talk rolls.

Little is left of Sullivan's office; what the fire did not destroy was ruined by the water from fire hoses. While rummaging through the debris, an investigator succeeding in a Spot Hidden roll comes across a charred piece of paper with traces of writing. The ink is smeared, but with a bit of careful study, it proves readable: give the players the King Papers #4. Miss Mussida can identify the handwriting as Sullivan's. She does not know who or what the initials *T.M.* stand for, but says that Abner's is an all-night coffee shop located downtown.

Abner's Coffee Shop

This grubby little restaurant is open 24 hours a day, seven days a week. The coffee here isn't particularly

good, but at least it's hot. The donuts are seldom fresh and best left untouched. What keeps Abner's in business is the "we never close" policy proudly advertised on the window. The place is often just as busy at 3 AM as it is during the day. The coffee shop is popular with derelicts and prostitutes.

If the investigators come here on Saturday night hoping to make contact with the *T.M.* mentioned in the note found in Sullivan's office, they have a rather daunting task ahead of them. There are twenty customers in the place at 9 PM, with people coming and going all the time.

Sullivan had arranged to meet a young woman by the name of Teresa Monzino, who said she had information on the Lanzetti murder. Since neither had seen each other, they arranged for Sullivan to wear a red carnation in his lapel so that Miss Monzino would recognize him. The only real chance the investigators have of making contact is by sending someone alone, wearing a red carnation in his lapel. Other investigators may be present, but must not sit with him; Teresa Monzino does not approach anyone unless she thinks he is Jack Sullivan, alone.

Assuming the investigators meet these conditions, just after 9 PM a young woman in a fur jacket gets up from her stool at the counter and makes her way over to the table of the investigator wearing the red carnation.

"Sullivan?" she asks, uncertainly.

If the answer is yes, she whips off her coat, hangs it on the back of the chair, and takes a seat. "I'm Teresa Monzino," she says, lighting a cigarette.

THE KING PAPERS #4 — a note found in Sullivan's office

*J.M.—Abner's—Saturday 9 PM
 red carnation in lapel*

TERESA MONZINO

Teresa Monzino is a slender and delicate raven-haired girl. Street-smart and world-weary, she somehow manages to retain a glimmer of youthful innocence. Monzino survives by her wits and her wiles. She lives in a downtown tenement but works out of the Michigan Hotel, where she is well-known to the North River Gang.

She telephoned Jack Sullivan on Friday morning and arranged to meet him at the coffee shop Saturday night, promising information on the murder of Bruno Lanzetti. If the investigator attempts to pass himself off

as Sullivan, he must make a Luck roll to succeed. If he fails, Teresa realizes that he is not Sullivan, and

promptly leaves—unless convinced to remain by a Persuade roll and an advance of not less than twenty dollars.

The ensuing conversation, as described below, assumes that she believes she is talking to Jack Sullivan:

"I told you on the phone that I got some dirt on the Lanzetti murder," Monzino says in a hushed tone. She expects some money for the information: an offer of anything under a hundred dollars

prompts her to say, "Look pal, d'you know what kinda risk I'm takin' here? At least make it worth my while."

She settles for whatever the keeper thinks right, but wants the money up front. She stuffs the money into her purse and surveys the coffee shop before continuing. "The cops found Lanzetti in the canal, but that ain't where he got rubbed out. He was deep-sixed somewhere in North River territory. Only thing is, it weren't the North River Gang that bumped off Lanzetti. When one of the boys was makin' his rounds, he come across the body an' called Johnny Premoli in the middle of the night. I know, 'cause I was with Johnny when the call come in.

Between you an' me, when Johnny come back to the Mich', he was white as a sheet—an' there ain't nothin' scares Johnny Premoli. I asked him what was wrong, but he told me not to worry—everythin' was taken care of, he said. I dunno who done the job on Lanzetti, or why, but it sure weren't nobody from North River."

If asked how she knows all this, Monzino says, "Don't be coy, Sullivan. You know I'm pretty cozy with the North River boys. Besides, Johnny Premoli's sweet on me."

She can identify George "Old Man" Bamboni as the head of the North River Gang, and Johnny Premoli as one of his most trusted henchmen. She can also locate the Michigan Hotel as the gang's headquarters. Although she can identify Dexter Gold as the mobster who telephoned to inform Johnny of the grisly discovery of

Lanzetti's body, Monzino does not know where the corpse was originally found. She can provide additional information of a general nature about the North River Gang, but too many general questions make her suspicious—Jack Sullivan would already know the answers.

If asked why she has decided to reveal this information, Teresa Monzino says, "They know you're investigatin' the Lanzetti murder an' they ain't too happy 'bout it, Sullivan. I'm just warnin' you, like I did on the phone: I'd be careful if I was you, pal. If the boys from Marquette Park think the Old Man an' his boys was involved, there'll be a war for sure. A lot of people could wind up dead. You an' me included."

At this point, she crushes out her Camel cigarette and puts on her jacket. "Listen, Sullivan, I gotta go," she says, "see you 'round, huh?" With a wink, she leaves the coffee shop.

If the investigators follow, they see her hail a cab outside the coffee shop, intending to return to her tenement apartment downtown. She is not seen alive again.

If, at some point, the investigator in the red carnation tells Monzino that Sullivan is dead, and relates the circumstances, she is panic-stricken. Fearing for her life, she suddenly becomes very vulnerable: "If they got Sullivan, then I'm next," she whimpers, "I can't go home—not now." She begs the investigators to help her.

If the investigators take pity on Teresa Monzino, perhaps Miss Mussida can help find a safe place for her to stay. If the investigators do not offer to help her, then in blind despair she hails a cab and returns to her tenement apartment anyway. She is not seen alive again.

If Teresa Monzino is murdered, the morning edition of the local papers carry notices of her death; give



Teresa Monzino

THE KING PAPERS #5
— an article from the Chicago Tribune

Body Found in Harbor

Police Without Clues In Murder

CHICAGO—The semi-clad body of a young woman was found floating near the Laughlin Steel docks early this morning. Local anglers made the gruesome discovery.

Police identified the deceased as Miss Teresa Monzino, age 24. Her police record includes numerous arrests and convictions for solicitation and for immoral conduct.

An autopsy performed late today by the Cook County Coroner established the cause of death as strangulation.

A police spokesman declined to discuss the case, but did ask that anyone who has recently seen Miss Monzino contact the police bureau at once.

the players the King Papers #5. Although there is no evidence, the investigators have probably already correctly guessed that Johnny Premoli is behind the incident.

Two Autopsies

The Cook County Coroner's Office provides no details to the investigators, but releases its findings to the police first thing Monday morning. Sullivan was indeed killed by smoke inhalation, but the coroner confirms that some of the wounds found on Jack's body are consistent with those caused by an explosion.

A successful Credit Rating roll, followed by a Fast Talk, convinces the clerk at the coroner's office to release details of the Lanzetti autopsy to the investigators. The report indicates that Lanzetti's body had been extensively mutilated, and drained of a large amount of blood. The corpse appeared to have been gnawed and chewed upon by rats. The tongue was removed. According to the report, the body had been in the water of the canal for a number of hours, and its poor condition prevented the determination of an exact time and cause of death. The report concludes by suggesting that Lanzetti was killed elsewhere and then dumped in the canal.

Chicago Police

The investigation into Jack Sullivan's death and the fire at his office continues. Although the police are reluctant to release details to individuals, all the local newspapers carry stories relating the results by Monday evening: all evidence points to an explosion inside the building, but no bystanders have been willing to declare that they heard a blast. Detectives assigned to the case believe that a bomb of some sort was used, but they have no idea who might be responsible.

The death of Bruno Lanzetti has gone down as another unsolved gangland slaying. Chicago has seen almost a dozen—all unrelated—this year alone. The investigation has reached a dead end, and the police have no relevant details to add.

If Teresa Monzino has been killed, the police make no connection between her death and the murder of Jack Sullivan, unless the investigators provide evidence to support one. In fact, the investigator who chatted with Teresa at Abner's coffee shop on Saturday night might be remembered by some of the other customers, making him a prime suspect.

Although they certainly don't admit it, the police make little effort to bring the rival gangs and mobsters to justice. As long as decent, law-abiding citizens don't get hurt, they turn a blind eye to gang in-fighting—they think the murder of prostitutes and private detectives is more gangland mayhem.



None of the officers present recall the name Cyril Davenport. A successful Fast Talk or Persuade roll, however, convinces the desk sergeant to check the past personnel records of the department during quiet moments. This takes the better part of a day, but confirms that there was a detective named Cyril Davenport, discharged from active duty in 1871 for what was termed an "intellectual and nervous collapse." No further details can be found; surviving records of that period are few.

Lanzetti's Mother

Bruno Lanzetti is survived by his mother, Elvina, of stout and matronly middle age. She wears black and speaks with a heavy Italian accent. She is very emotional—especially when discussing her late son, whose photographs fill the house.

Mrs. Lanzetti hired Jack Sullivan to investigate her son's murder after the police failed to provide any answers. "Who would want to do such a terrible thing to such a sweet boy?" she weeps.



Elvina Lanzetti

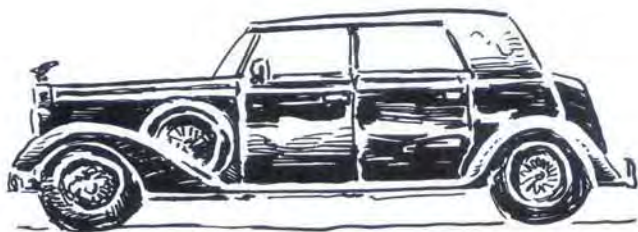
Lanzetti's mother knows that he was working for the Marquette Park Gang but firmly believes that her son was a good boy: "He wouldn't hurt nobody," she sobs, "he was such a nice, sweet boy!"

Mrs. Lanzetti knows nothing of the details of Bruno's death apart from the coroner's grisly findings. She had been paying Jack Sullivan

twenty dollars a week (out of the small stipend provided her by the Marquette Park Gang), and offers to match that sum if the investigators will continue the search on her behalf.

The Marquette Park Gang

The investigators are unlikely to obtain any useful information from these bitter rivals of the North River Gang. If the investigators appear to be in league with the hoodlums from North River, visiting the Marquette Park Gang could prove very dangerous—or fatal.



Should the investigators attempt to play up the feud between the two gangs they have no success. Although the Marquette Park Gang would be outraged if the North River Gang was implicated in Bruno Lanzetti's murder, the last thing they want right now is a war with Old Man Bamboni and his boys. Such activity is beyond the scope of this adventure; if it does become necessary, however, the keeper can use the North River Gang's statistics for these mobsters. The Marquette Park Gang is smaller and less powerful than their cross-town rivals, but just as brutal.

If an investigator offers bribes totalling at least \$25 and succeeds in a Fast Talk roll while questioning folk in the Marquette Park area, an anonymous informant tells them that Bruno Lanzetti was supposed to be playing poker the night he was killed. Lanzetti never showed up for the game.

There are many ambitious hoods in Chicago—and Bruno Lanzetti was one of them. He had hoped to impress the Marquette Park boss by scouting out one of the North River Gang's newest acquisitions—the old Union Theatre. Lanzetti had figured that obtaining information about the North River Gang's operations would be useful to his boss, and reap great rewards—but it brought only a harvest of horror to Lanzetti, and death at the hands of the derelicts.

Sullivan's Funeral

Funeral services for Jack Sullivan are held with little fanfare at 10 AM on Tuesday, November 10th. The morning is cold, windy, and wet. The turnout at Mount

Greenwood Cemetery is small; Sullivan had few friends in Chicago, and the cold rain is a deterrent to mere acquaintances. Apart from the minister and those investigators who wish to attend, there are only a handful of people present, including Miss Mussida.

The Christian service is brief; it concludes with a pleasant—if rather impersonal—eulogy and an appropriate appeal from the New Testament (Matthew 5:43-48): "You have heard that it was said, 'You shall love your neighbor, and hate your enemy.' But I say to you, love your enemies, and pray for those who persecute you in order that you may be sons of your Father who is in heaven; for He causes His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sends rain on the righteous and the unrighteous."

Miss Mussida is grateful to those investigators who attend.

As the group begins to depart from the grave, one of the mourners—a wizened old man wearing a top hat and leaning on a cane—suddenly reaches out and seizes one of the investigators by the wrist. "It's begun," he whispers hoarsely.

The old man appears to be in his eighties or nineties, but his voice is steady and strong. He wears a threadbare old suit of a style that has been out of fashion since before the Great War.

If the investigators ask him to elaborate, the old man looks around and says: "Not here, not now. Too many eyes, too many ears. I know a place."

The old man requests that the investigators meet him at his room on 8th Street that evening. Asked to identify himself, the fellow gives his name as Cyril Davenport.

The Meeting with Davenport

The address given to the investigators by Cyril Davenport leads to the Illinois Garden Mission, between Wabash Avenue and State Street. The entire area has fallen into disrepair; sleazy tenements, pawnbrokers, and speakeasies abound.

Homeless winos loiter on the steps of the mission, but they are oblivious of visitors. Davenport's squalid room is on the second floor, at the



Cyril Davenport

THE KING PAPERS #6 —Cyril Davenport's Statement

"I tried to warn Jack Sullivan. When I heard what happened to that punk—Lanzetti?—I knew what was happening; same as it did just after the Great Rebellion. I was a police detective back then, and there'd been some queer disappearances in the city. Once or twice, a body turned up. In each case, the corpse had been mutilated—just like that punk Lanzetti.

"There were wild rumors of a devil-cult that had moved into Chicago just before the end of the Civil War—back in '64 or '65. There were some folk who said it had come from back east; others, from the swamps down South, brought here by slaves freed by Sherman's troops. I reckon if those folks had that kind of power, why they wouldn't have stayed slaves! But who knows?—all I can be certain of is that, over the next five years, the number of disappearances increased each year, and people generally held the cult responsible. There were even rumors of blood sacrifices.

"I was baffled—we all were—until one of our boys brought in a beggar for questioning; that was early October, 1871. This fellow claimed to be a member of a religious sect known as Celestial Providence, and he insisted that he and his cronies had been behind the disappearances.

Everyone thought he was crazy as a fox, this fellow; he made a lot of wild confessions. He said that the congregation met at the old Baptist Church over on Grand Avenue—they built the Union Theatre next to where it used to be—and that the folk who disappeared were killed as sacrifices.

"I asked him what kind of crazy new religion this was, and he just laughed and said that it wasn't new, it was old; so old that it was already ancient when man first left the trees and learned to walk.

"Sure, you go right ahead and have a good chuckle over it, just like I did. But there's more—he told me that the Celestial Providence congregation would soon be performing a special ceremony, and that something would be 'called down from the stars'; and those were his exact words—I remember them clearly. When that happened, the congregation would be rewarded, and its oppressors—the rest of society—punished. Well, it wasn't but three nights later that we got word that something was going on. Folk downtown were scared; it seems the streets were swarming with beggars, gathering around the old Baptist Church. Don't bother looking for it, by the way—it's gone now, like everything else from that time. Nearly

everything was built of wood in those days, and wiped out by the Great Fire. But I was there that night and I saw it with my own two eyes, I tell you. They called that thing down from the stars, just like he said they would, and if I ever found the damn fool who said that the Great Chicago Fire of 1871 started when a cow kicked over a lantern, I'd hang him—because I know better.

"Well, to make a long story short, they found me wandering the burnt-out streets the next morning—my memory gone. It took weeks to recover, and when I gradually began to piece things back together again, no one believed me. No one. The doctors put me away. That was a long time ago now, but I spent thirty years of my life in and out of hospitals. When they finally declared me competent again, I'd lost everything. I've been living in this rat's nest ever since. I'd nearly forgotten what happened back then—until I heard about that Lanzetti kid. I saw the destruction that thing caused when they called it down—an oily black mass hurtling out of the sky like a comet, a trail of fire for a tail, sending up the city like a torch. God only knows what's going to happen this time.

back. The lone window provides a view of nothing but the alley behind.

The room itself is appalling, lit only by a single bare bulb in the ceiling. In one corner there is a dingy cot; a small wooden table bearing a battered wash basin stands adjacent. At the foot of the bed, there is a crooked chair, and against one wall stands a rickety old dresser, with a cracked mirror above. Assorted odds and ends—nothing more than cast-off junk—lie scattered in random piles about floor.

Davenport, taking a seat and gripping his cane, invites the investigators in. His boxed statement is at the top of this page. At age 85, he plays no other part in this adventure.

Chicago Tribune

The offices of the *Chicago Tribune* are located at the corner of Western Avenue and Roosevelt Road. The basement newspaper morgue is easily accessed, but crowded and dimly-lit. There are countless rows of shelves here, each holding stacks of old newspapers and boxes of clippings and news story notes. Vast rows of filing cabinets contain elaborately cross-indexed clipping files. The librarian is good-natured, friendly, and quite bored: he offers to aid the investigators in their search.

Four hours spent combing the stacks allows each investigator to make a Library Use roll; success locates a

THE KING PAPERS #7 — Chicago Tribune**Union Theatre Closes***Windy City Landmark Will Be Missed*

With little fanfare, the Union Theatre—a Chicago landmark since it opened in 1891—has closed its doors for the last time.

Known originally as the Union Vaudeville Hall, the Union Theatre saw performances by such internationally famous entertainers as Will Rogers, W.C. Fields, Jimmy Durante, and Harry Houdini.

In recent years the theater fell upon hard times, as audiences defected in increasing numbers to the many cinema houses throughout the city. Its reputation fell as its management turned to more unseemly forms of entertainment.

But to tens of thousands of Chicagoans, the great years of the Union Theatre shine brightly. She is fondly remembered, and will be sorely missed.

relevant article. The clerk has a Library Use of 50%. As they acquire them, give the players King Papers #7 and #8. The articles mentioned in King Papers #3a and #3b (Miss Mussida's Research) are easily located, and contain no further information. No rolls are required to locate current articles such as King Papers #5.

Few records of the period prior to 1871 exist; most were destroyed in the Great Fire. Four hours of searching followed by a subsequent Library Use roll gathers enough information to confirm the general points of Cyril Davenport's story: there were a number of disappearances in Chicago between 1865 and 1871. During that same period, several mutilated bodies were found,

**THE KING PAPERS #8
— Chicago Tribune, six months ago****City Landmark Finds Buyer**

After standing vacant for several years, the Union Theatre, one of Chicago's oldest vaudeville halls, has been purchased by Metropolitan Investments, a Chicago firm.

Future plans for the grand old building will be announced shortly, officials at the investment firm announced.

The Union Theatre on Grand Avenue opened its doors in 1891 as the Union Vaudeville Hall. It closed in 1926 and has remained vacant since then.

most in the area where the Union Theatre would one day rise

**METROPOLITAN
INVESTMENTS**

No amount of research turns up any information as to the nature of Metropolitan Investments, the mysterious firm that recently bought the Union Theatre. Although the transaction is a fresh one, no record concerning the investment group can be found. City official — some of whom are on the North River Gang's payroll — profess to being baffled and dismiss the matter as an oversight, but a successful Psychology roll shows that they are lying. For ten dollars, a successful Fast Talk roll, and a casual walk down the hall, one of the officials will whisper while walking that the name is used as a front for the North River gang. "Be careful, okay? And I didn't tell you anything!"

The Great Chicago Fire of 1871

THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION may easily be obtained at any newspaper morgue or library in the city.

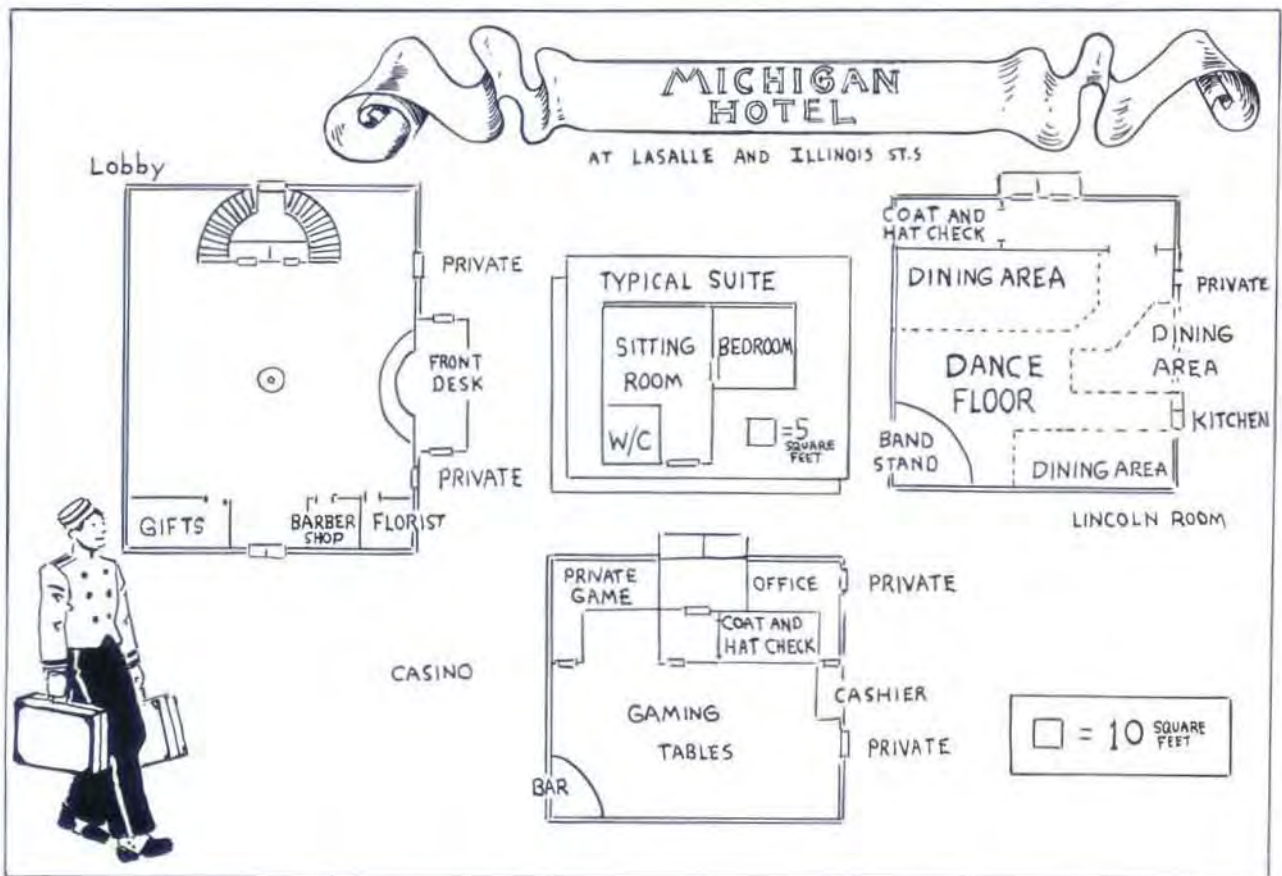
During the long, hot summer of 1871, only one inch of rain fell on Chicago. As a result, the fire department—which consisted of sixteen steam fire-engines—was kept busy with a number of small fires throughout the city. Even the Illinois River dried up.

At 9:30 PM on Sunday, October 8, the fire bell rang; the watchman directed the firemen to the wrong location and by the time the crews discovered the mistake the fire was burning out of control.

Twenty mile an hour winds spread the flames in all directions, and the conflagration roared on. The county jail caught fire, freeing 250 prisoners. The Chicago Historical Society was destroyed, along with its priceless collection of early city records. All Monday and Monday night the fire raged and everywhere the streets were crowded with families fleeing the flames.

When it was finally over, 250 people were known dead; 2,000 acres of the city were scorched; 18,000 buildings were destroyed; and 90,000 of the city's 298,000 residents were homeless.

Blame for the fire continues to be a subject of speculation. One of the most popular traditions has Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicking over a lantern. Others insist that a divine hand had punished Chicago for its vices. The truth may never be known.



The Michigan Hotel

BUILT BEFORE THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, this grand old hotel—known affectionately as “the Mich”—is located downtown, at the corner of LaSalle and Illinois Streets. It is convenient to the financial district, exchanges, and the city’s large law firms. In opulence and luxury it is surpassed by perhaps only a handful of Chicago landmarks—the Stevens Hotel, the Palmer House, and the Blackstone.

The Michigan Hotel is home to George “Old Man” Bamboni, boss of the North River Gang, and his entourage. They occupy the top four floors of this 24-floor, 260-room building.

LOBBY

The elegant, oak-paneled lobby is lavishly carpeted, appointed with antiques and original artwork, and furnished with Victorian wing and club chairs, couches, and side tables, all arranged to encourage conversation. In the middle of the lobby, a splendid marble fountain is surrounded by cherubs riding dolphins who spray water into a bronze urn at the fountain’s center. A pair

of elevators are flanked by a magnificent, curving, two-sided stairway with hand-wrought banisters, which leads to the Grand Ballroom. Near the entrance, on the north side of Illinois Street, there is a small shopping promenade with a gift store, florist, confectioner, barbershop, and hair salon.

SUITES

A single room here costs ten dollars per night. Investigators who wish to stay at the Michigan Hotel find vacancies, but are unable to obtain rooms all on the same floor. Each tastefully-decorated room has a comfortable double bed and a separate sitting area with a writing desk. The furniture is oak and the floral arrangements are always fresh. All bathrooms are marble, with brass fixtures and oversized tubs. The Michigan Hotel provides complimentary valet service, including pressing, mending, and shoe shine. Complimentary Chicago newspapers are delivered to guests every morning.

AMENITIES

Public areas are done in mauve and sea green. There are antiques and original artwork in all the corridors. The hotel also provides conference and banquet spaces, a recreation center with exercise equipment, men’s and women’s steam baths, and massage facilities. On the second floor, there is evening entertainment in the pop-

ular Lincoln Room, where a fine dinner can be had for as little as \$2.50 (lunch is \$1.75, breakfast \$1.30). The splendid Grand Ballroom boasts crystal chandeliers imported from France, and utilizes enormous steel trusses to replace structural pillars.

The Michigan Hotel is a haven for gangsters and businessmen, flappers and prostitutes; it's often difficult to tell them apart. There is also the occasional politician, movie star, or visiting dignitary in residence. The Depression years, however, are unkind to this mecca; before the decade ends, its star fades and the grand old hotel falls into decay. Some of the regulars have already begun to sense its doom.

The public face of the Michigan Hotel is quite different from what goes on behind the scenes; here, the North River Gang holds sway and, for a select few, the Michigan Hotel's swank, private lounges become speakeasies and gambling casinos. Being allowed to rub elbows with this crowd is not easy. Acquaintances must be formed before an investigator can attend such private functions. Being a guest of the hotel has nothing to do with access to the hotel's elite, or of acceptance by them.

If the investigators want to learn more about the North River Gang's involvement in the deaths of Bruno Lanzetti and Jack Sullivan, and possibly Teresa Monzino, they must first infiltrate this society. Several possibilities are detailed; the keeper is free to devise whatever method he or she wishes. There are other prominent gangsters to be met; the investigators could masquerade as hotel staff; they might seek to join the North River Gang itself.

The Lincoln Room

Perhaps the most convenient manner in which to become acquainted with the North River Gang is to visit the popular Lincoln Room. No matter what time of day or night the investigators choose to visit, they find that it is almost always busy; early evening diners give way to a jazz band, and the dance floor is packed. Most of the revelers here are ordinary folk with no underworld connections, but there are a couple of relevant possibilities for the investigators to follow up on:

VANESSA DOMIANO

Miss Domiano is a pretty and promiscuous flapper who frequents the Lincoln Room. She wears her jet black hair in a girlish pixie cut, inconsistent with her daring side-slit gowns. Although not a prostitute, her flirtatious manner and provocative apparel might well cause her to be mistaken for one. An unescorted male investigator of average or better appearance who makes a successful Credit Rating roll attracts her attention; she is drawn not so much to appearance as to the aura of power.



Vanessa Domiano

Vanessa Domiano is well-acquainted with members of the North River Gang. Her new gangster boyfriend, Johnny Premoli, is very jealous; if she flirts with one of the investigators and he finds out, he publicly vows to "turn the bum inside out." For her part, Domiano hates Premoli's possessiveness and goes out of her way to make him jealous. His recent liaison with Teresa Monzino gives her plenty of incentive.

An investigator who strikes up an amicable relationship with Domiano—and who survives Premoli's wrath—finds himself invited to some of the North River Gang's private functions. His friends might be permitted to tag along as well, if she finds them amusing.

Domiano won't willingly or knowingly do anything to endanger the gang, however. The brutality of the North River Gang's operations doesn't bother her—she has a fur coat, diamonds, and a new Chrysler runabout to ease her mind. Besides, she likes being around men who know what they want and who stop at nothing to get it.

She actually knows very little of interest to the investigators: Johnny hasn't told her the truth behind the Lanzetti murder, but she knows that "whatever happened, it sure shook Johnny up—he refuses to talk about it." She has no idea where Lanzetti was actually killed—she was in Detroit visiting an elderly aunt at the time—but if the investigators can convince her that revealing the location to them would somehow make Premoli even more jealous, she might try to worm the information out of him.

Vanessa has never heard of Jack Sullivan. If asked about Teresa Monzino, Vanessa says she is "a cheap tramp." If Teresa has been murdered, Vanessa snorts derisively and says, "She got what she deserved!"

She knows nothing of the derelicts milling in the vicinity of the brewery and the old Union Theatre, nor of the evil buried beneath it. She has never heard of Metropolitan Investments. If she learns of Johnny Premoli's involvement with the Blackness from the Stars, or of his intention to use the evil in a bid for supremacy, Vanessa's initial terror gives way to dreams of power and wealth; she remains loyal to Johnny.

Her room—for which Premoli also has a key—is on the seventeenth floor. Although Domiano is likely to

return any affection shown to her, she is a fickle woman who will always tire of her new suitor and return to Premoli; she is too accustomed to the shadow of the gang's power to leave it for very long. Premoli is an avid gambler. She knows that he can usually be found in the casino when not engaged with gang business.

DANNY "IRISH" O'SHEA

O'Shea is a young Irishman working for the North River Gang. He wears a black pin-stripe suit and a gray hat. His popularity with the other members of the gang suffers not because of his ethnic heritage, but because of his boyish good looks. His mop of red hair, patch of freckles, and easy smile, combined with his charming manner, quick wit, and Irish accent, make him popular with the ladies. If he spots a female investigator with a better-than-average appearance, O'Shea turns on the charm.

He can usually be found in the Lincoln Room. Although Danny knows nothing about the derelicts and the Blackness from the Stars, he does know about the Lanzetti murder. He knows nothing about Metropolitan Investments. He is aware that Johnny Premoli called a hit on Jack Sullivan (and perhaps he suspects Johnny's involvement in the death of Teresa Monzino), but he isn't about to reveal this information at the drop of a hat.

Premoli has given O'Shea a particularly difficult time; if O'Shea's dislike for Premoli can be exploited, he might be convinced to reveal the location where Lanzetti's body was found.

When Johnny Premoli makes his move, Danny O'Shea remains loyal to Old Man Bamboni. If things get dangerous, O'Shea skips town.

The Casino

Entrance to the casino is restricted to members of the North River Gang and its guests, shells, and marks; those with no one to vouch for them might gain admittance by offering the burly doormen suitable bribes—at least \$10 each.

With the exception of the North River Gang, anyone obviously carrying a gun must check their weapon at the door or be refused admittance.



Danny "Irish" O'Shea

Games include blackjack, poker, and roulette. Investigators may try their luck. The smallest chip is for \$5.

There are no necessary contacts to be made in the casino. An investigator who manages to win a bankroll—here, \$1000, a sum of money large enough to buy into a game—comes to the attention of the pit boss. If the investigator also receives a successful Credit Rating roll, the manager informs him or her of a private poker game requiring a fourth player. The manager makes it clear that this is a serious game. Only the invited investigator is allowed into the back room. An enormous guard at the door prevents intrusions.

Playing in this private game are Johnny Premoli, Nick Pazzari, and Vito Loretto, all members of the North River Gang.

JOHNNY PREMOLI

Premoli is a wiry individual with greasy hair and a quick temper. He wears blue slacks and a herringbone jacket, and acts as smug as he looks. His bow tie is half undone. Although he is one of Old Man Bamboni's most trusted henchmen, Premoli is ambitious and tired of playing second fiddle. With Bamboni out of the picture, Premoli plans to start a new gangland struggle for Chicago, and in the action to come out on top.

These ambitions are fueled by the monstrous power of the underground entity beside the brewery. He aids the derelicts in their attempts to release the Blackness from the Stars, in order to use its power in his bid for underworld supremacy. To this end, Premoli engineered the purchase of the old Union Theatre—adjacent to the North River Gang's clandestine brewery. When the time is right, the evil will be released, and Premoli and his allies will make their move; the derelicts will see to it that any opposition is quickly suppressed. Premoli knows little about the true nature of the Blackness from the Stars, but he has already fallen under its influence and, in the process, lost much of his sanity. With the time for action rapidly approaching, the gangster is growing increasingly fearful, but there is no turning back now.

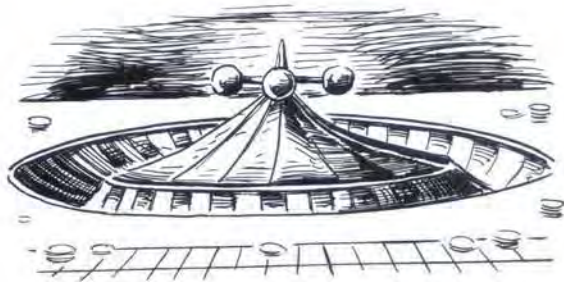
For the most part, Premoli ignores his girlfriend Vanessa Domiano, but expects her to be available anytime he wants her. His key to her seventeenth



Johnny Premoli

Suggested Methods for Simulating Three Games

- ❑ **BLACKJACK:** Player and dealer roll against their Luck scores each round until one fails—if both fail during the same round, ties go to the house. The minimum bet is \$10; it pays 2 to 1.
- ❑ **ROULETTE:** The player's chance of winning is equal to his POW plus 1%. The minimum bet is \$10; it pays 5 to 1.



- ❑ **POKER:** There are four players each game. For every new hand, each player rolls against his Luck score each round until only one player is left—the winner, who takes all money in the pot. If all players are eliminated in the same round, the one with the highest Luck score wins. The minimum bet is \$10, but if no winner is declared after the first round, add \$10 to the pot for each player

who advances to the next round; this procedure continues until a winner is declared.

These methods are only suggestions; keepers are encouraged to devise systems of their own. Players might even enjoy role-playing the casino action with a real deck of cards.

High-Stakes Poker

To simulate the high-stakes poker game, use the method previously outlined—with one exception: the minimum bet is \$100, and all subsequent bets added to the pot are \$100 per player. The game ends when one player has had enough and declares himself "out".

Player	Luck	Maximum Loss
Johnny Premoli	50%	\$5,000
Nick Pazzari	65%	\$2,500
Vito Loretto	70%	\$1,500

If an investigator's success forces Johnny Premoli out of the game, the mobster throws up his arms in disgust and storm out of the casino. Loretto follows, but Pazzari remains behind and offers to buy the investigator a drink. "I know a card shark when I see one," he says. Pazzari might be inclined to answer some of the investigator's questions—but not if they might be damaging to the North River Gang.

floor room lets him drop by uninvited. His apartment is on the eighteenth floor.

Premoli doesn't talk much, and he doesn't like strangers. He offers no information about the death of Lanzetti, and flatly denies ever having seen the body. His face is impassive as he claims no knowledge of the late Jack Sullivan. If Teresa Monzino has been killed, Johnny merely shrugs and denounces her as a two-bit tramp. In all three cases, successful Psychology rolls indicate that he knows more than he says. The truth of the matter is that Johnny Premoli orchestrated the murders of both Sullivan and Monzino; he becomes suspicious if questioned, and agitated if pressed.

NICK PAZZARI

Pazzari is a heavy-set, tough-looking character wearing a black suit and a red scarf. He wears expensive leather shoes and a large dia-



Nick Pazzari

mond ring. "Big Nick" is an enforcer, one of the North River Gang's main trigger men. He has no sense of humor and smokes big Havana cigars. Pazzari is aware of the Lanzetti incident, and the Sullivan murder, but he knows nothing of Premoli's plans. He knows that Metropolitan Investments is the name of a non-existent company sometimes used by the gang to acquire property. The Old Man's been good to him; when Johnny Premoli makes his move, Pazzari sticks by Bamboni.

VITO LORETTI

Loretto is a young, stylish fellow in spectacles and a pencil-thin moustache. He wears a gray suit, a silk tie, and black wing-tip shoes. Loretto has worked his way up in the organization from runner, then bag man, and finally to enforcer. He is usually polite and quiet, but always merciless. Although Loretto knows about the Lanzetti incident,



Vito Loretto

and Sullivan's murder, he knows nothing of Premoli's plans. He knows that Metropolitan Investments is the name of a non-existent company sometimes used by the gang to acquire property. When Johnny makes his move, Loretta recognizes the potential for promotion and joins in.

Other Characters at the Michigan

At the keeper's discretion, the investigators may meet additional people who live, play, and lurk at the Michigan Hotel.

DEXTER "THE WEASEL" GOLD

Dexter Gold is unshaven and wears an old brown suit and cap. He is usually found loitering about nervously in the lobby or having his shoes shined on the sidewalk

outside. A nasty scar—the result of a knife-fight—runs from the corner of his left eye to the edge of his upper lip. Despite the tough appearance, he is by nature a coward, and he especially fears Johnny Premoli. When he's frightened, Gold stammers and mumbles.

Getting Gold to talk about the Lanzetti incident is difficult: Premoli told him that everything was taken care of, and to keep his



Dexter "The Weasel" Gold

mouth shut about what he'd seen. If questioned, no Psychology roll is needed to see that Gold is frightened. He evades any questions about the incident, refuses bribes, and ignores all attempts at Fast Talk and Persuade. Dexter Gold feels reasonably secure in the Michigan Hotel; if the investigators bully and threaten him on the streets, however, they are likely to obtain whatever information they desire.

He was making his usual rounds of the North River Gang's territory late one night when he noticed a faint light coming from within the old theater on Grand Avenue. According to Gold, the place is boarded up and without electricity, but the gang has been using it lately to run numbers collections and payouts through. He entered to investigate, and discovered the horribly mutilated corpse of Bruno Lanzetti. The body was sprawled on the floor of the foyer, and bathed in the glow of a kerosene lamp that the rival mobster had

apparently carried with him into the building. Dexter hurried to a nearby public telephone and called Johnny Premoli, who told him to stay put.

When Premoli arrived on the scene, he and Gold loaded the corpse into the trunk of Gold's automobile. They drove to the canal and dumped the body, where it was found in the morning as reported in the newspapers. Although Dexter is unlikely to admit it to the investigators, he's been having recurring nightmares about the theater and some unseen presence that lurks within, waiting to kill again.

If asked to describe the body, Gold crosses himself and stammers: "Don't get me wrong, I ain't got no love for them Marquette Park boys, but there ain't nobody as bad as deserves what Lanzetti had done to him. I'm tellin' ya, he was all chewed up, like somethin' had been gnawin' at him. Jesus, I'm gonna think twice about goin' back to that place alone!"

Although Dexter knows nothing of the Blackness from the Stars, he has seen a number of mean-looking tramps hanging around the area lately. "They give me the creeps," he says. "I dunno what they're doin' there—ain't no soup-kitchens in that part o' town. They just lay around in the lot behind the theater."

When Johnny Premoli makes his move, Dexter goes with him—out of fear, not loyalty.

GEORGE "Old Man" BAMBONI

Bamboni is a large, well-dressed gentleman; his black silk business suits and silk ties are all imported. His hair is a silvery gray. He is at all times calm, cool, and collected. He seldom appears in public; when he does, 1D+1 loyal gunmen accompany him.

Bamboni immigrated from Sicily around the turn of the century with his late wife and baby daughter. They settled in Chicago, where he quickly made a name for himself in the world of organized crime. After his wife died, Bamboni raised his daughter Angela himself. She is now a grown woman, but he still dotes on her. For a while, gambling was the gang's main source of income. When Prohibition came into effect, however, Bamboni's business expanded to include bootlegging.



George "Old Man" Bamboni

He is a man who keeps his word, and not particularly ruthless, a trait scorned by the more bloodthirsty members of the gang, such as Johnny Premoli. Bamboni has too much faith in his right-hand people—he gives them free reign to act, and refuses to believe that any of them could be capable of treachery.

Other Hotel Encounters

The keeper may present these encounters as he or she sees fit.

ANGELA BAMBONI

As the investigators walk toward the entrance of the Michigan Hotel, they notice a prestigious two-seat automobile parked at the curb. This is a brand new Bugatti Type 35B; a successful Know roll adds that the custom auto is from France and worth over \$4,000. The driver's door is open, and a slender, dark-haired girl sits inside, cursing and trying vainly to start the car.

Chivalrous investigators who wish to assist must first succeed with a Know roll to identify the problem—a jammed starter motor. A subsequent Mechanical Repair accomplishes the necessary adjustment and earns the young lady's gratitude.

With a friendly wave and a toot of the horn, she races off down the street—but she and the investigators may cross paths again.

Angela Bamboni is a slender, sultry brunette with pale blue eyes. She favors long black dresses and usually wears an expensive gold necklace, a gift from her father.

She was born in Sicily, immigrating with her parents when a baby. Her mother died soon after they were established in the United States; she was raised by her father, for whom she has the deepest love and admiration.

Although she knows nothing about the Lanzetti murder, or Johnny Premoli's involvement in the death of Jack Sullivan (and possibly Teresa Monzino), Angela Bamboni dislikes Premoli; she senses something dangerous about him. If the investigators are able to show Angela evidence of Premoli's treachery, they will have found a valuable ally within the North River Gang.

Even though her suite is adjacent to her father's, she is strong-willed and independent, and keeps her own



Angela Bamboni

hours. An intelligent young woman, Miss Bamboni studied law at Northwestern University, and counsels her father in legal matters. The fictitious Metropolitan Investments was set up on her advice in order to acquire property without attracting unwanted attention to the gang.

CHARLES BRENNAN

As the investigators step into the elevator, they are startled by a series of soft explosions from the lobby, accompanied by flashes of bright light, and the murmur of excited voices.

A group of newspaper men surrounds a tall, dapper fellow as he makes his way across the lobby. A score of questions are shouted: "Mr. Brennan! Mr. Brennan! How long do you plan to stay in Chicago?" "What are your plans for the future, sir?" "Was your tour a success?"

The gentleman makes his way through the throng, politely deflecting the questions, and asks the investigators' elevator operator to hold the door open. He complies, and the door closes behind the well-dressed gentleman, who thanks the investigators and introduces himself as Charles Brennan.

He is a tall, rugged fellow with close-cropped dark hair and an English accent, a popular moving picture star who has appeared in nearly a dozen hit films in the past five years.

Born in London, England, Brennan was a music hall entertainer before coming to America shortly after the Great War. He is perhaps best known for his portrayal of a swashbuckling rogue in the film *The Buccaneer* and its sequel *Spanish Gold*. Brennan's most recent film, *The Better Part of Valor* is the story of an American flying ace who, after being shot down and captured during the last days of the Great

War, falls in love with the wife of a German officer.

Brennan has just arrived at the Michigan Hotel after completing a promotional tour of the Midwest. His entourage has returned to Hollywood, but Brennan plans to remain at the hotel for at least another week before taking the train to California.

Whenever Brennan moves through the hotel, a flock of 1D6+1 admirers, reporters, and autograph-seekers invariably follow him. Investigators who impress



Charles Brennan

Brennan as sincere, intelligent, and/or amusing, are invited to join him for dinner in the Lincoln Room that evening. Although Brennan himself knows nothing of the North River Gang's activities and has no links to organized crime, he has been introduced to many of the hotel notables during his visit and, if requested, may also acquaint the investigators with some of them.

If the investigators can introduce Vanessa Damiano to Charles Brennan, it will so infuriate Johnny Premoli that in return she will try to accomplish almost anything for them.

The Union Theatre

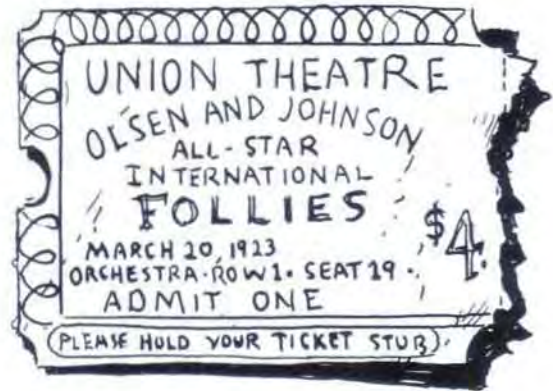
ORIGINALLY KNOWN as the Union Vaudeville Hall, this theater on Grand Avenue dates back to 1891. It was one of the first vaudeville houses in Chicago. The Union Theatre closed in 1926 and has fallen into disrepair. All of the windows have been boarded up, and the front door is chained and padlocked. The faded remnant of a poster advertising a long-forgotten performance is still tacked to the door.

The Union Theatre is now used as a transfer point for the North River Gang's numbers racket. Runners and bagmen arrive and leave for the better part of each day. Outside the theater, groups of grubby derelicts gather and mill about. Each day there are a few more. During most hours of the day and night they loiter without speaking, wandering about the property and often stopping, standing motionless for up to half an hour, staring at the building. Anyone observing them closely notices in them an odd air of expectancy.

None of the derelicts dwell within the Union Theatre itself; they are people of the streets, sleeping in alleys and abandoned buildings. Some have established a sort of daytime camp in the vacant lot behind the brewery next door. Sometimes they build a small fire for warmth.

Beyond the padlocked doors, the Union Theatre is in shambles. The lobby, with ticket window, concession booth, office, and washrooms, is threadbare and filthy. Dusty stairways lead up to the balcony. The raked seating area once accommodated an audience of up to five hundred; now the rotting seats stink with mildew.

There is a small orchestra pit in front of the stage. The stage itself is surrounded by the tattered remains of once-splendid curtains. To the left of the stage, a narrow, spiral staircase leads to the catwalks above. Dressing rooms are located behind the stage, as are the



stage doors at the rear of the building (all are boarded up).

The raked balcony overlooks the stage. A series of catwalks and beams hang over the stage, about thirty feet above balcony level.

The basement can only be reached by a narrow stairway to the right of the stage. The door guarding this way has been forced open, and can no longer lock. A section of the wall near the base of these steps has been knocked away, replaced on the other side by a rusty sheet of corrugated metal. Removing this metal sheet reveals the same passage as beneath the old automobile in the adjacent vacant lot. The derelicts there gain access to the theater through this portal.

Beyond the surface exit in the vacant lot extends a crude tunnel for about forty feet. The derelicts have been clearing the way to reach the Blackness from the Stars, imprisoned beyond. They cannot free it from the surface, for light is its destruction.

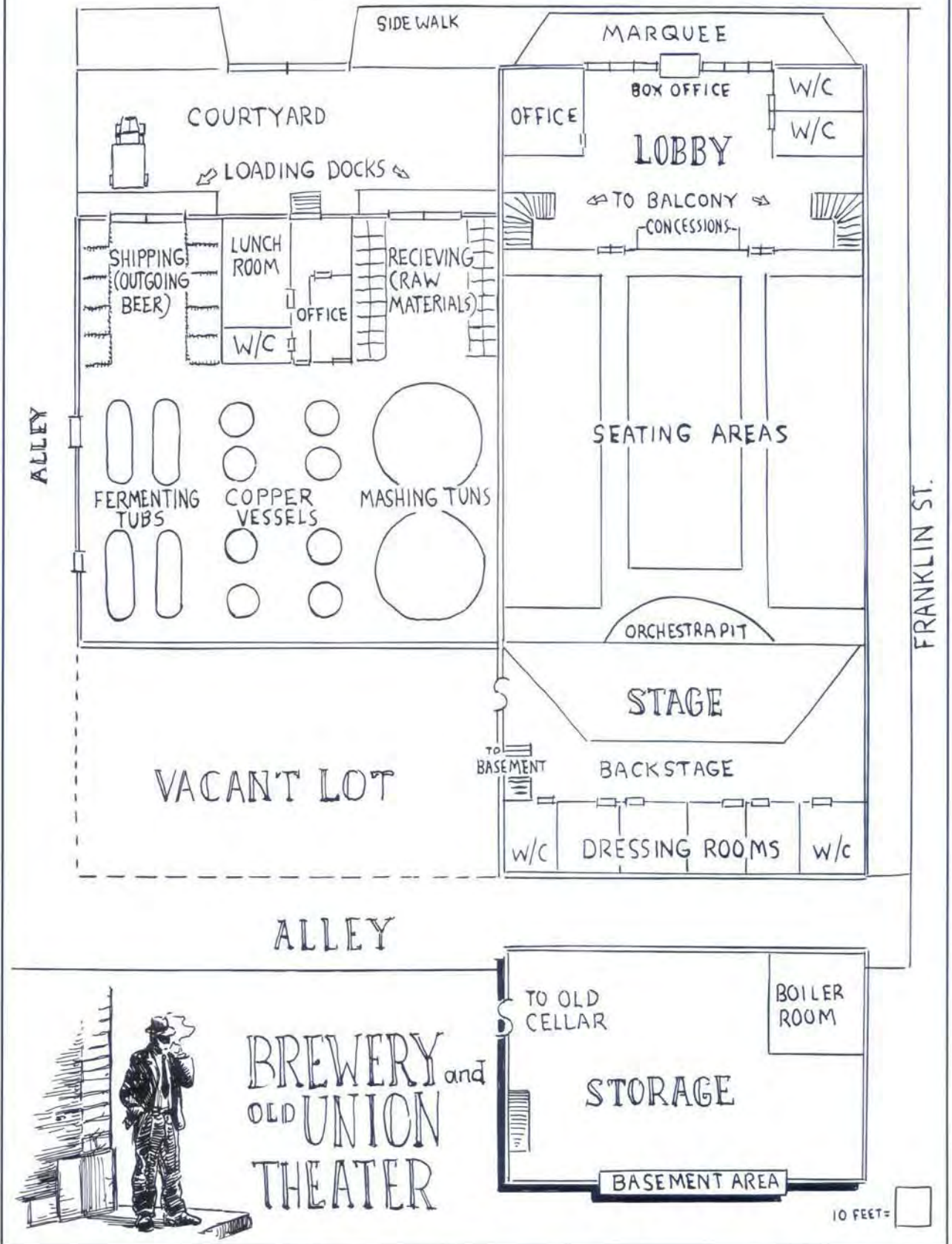
THE BASEMENT

The basement contains a boiler room. It once stored sets, props, backdrops, and costumes. Now it is a haven for the derelicts. A half-dozen shovels and picks lie piled on the floor, which is stained with blood. Heaps of human bones—picked clean of flesh—are scattered everywhere. The strong stench of death and decay cannot go unnoticed here. Inside the furnace are the charred personal effects of cult victims. Discovering this grisly scene of death costs 0/1D3 points of Sanity.

Through arrangement with Johnny Premoli, the massing derelicts have a haven here in the basement of the old Union Theatre. They congregate after collections have finished for the day. Then the cultists worship the blasphemous Blackness from the Stars with bloody rituals.

They snatch victims from the streets of Chicago and use them in cannibalistic sacrifices. The remains are seldom found. Only twice have the bodies of cult sacrifices been discovered: one was the old derelict found in the alley behind the theater; the other was Bruno Lanzetti.

GRAND AVENUE



The Vacant Lot

Behind the North River Gang's warehouse on Grand Avenue, a vacant lot sits untended. It is strewn with rubble and littered with junk, including broken furniture, cast-off lumber, and a couple of rusting automobiles. A few sheets of corrugated metal form temporary shelters for a group of derelicts.

The derelicts are drug fiends, drunks, and borderline personalities who have been drawn to the vicinity like magnets by the influence of the great evil buried beneath. They believe that in the day of reckoning to come, the Blackness from the Stars shall be released, and the faithful will be rewarded for their unflinching devotion. On that day, the derelicts believe, they will avenge themselves upon their oppressors, gloating while those who once tyrannized them cringe, cower, and beg for mercy.

These derelicts keep silent in the presence of outsiders. Investigators who come asking questions are met by glares and scowls. The derelicts slowly gather around the investigators in a silent show of force, hoping to intimidate the intruders into leaving. The derelicts only take offensive action during darkness and, even then, only if the odds are greatly in their favor.

TEN CULTISTS

These are shabby and grubby derelicts. Most are male, of varying size and physique; ages vary from about 25 to 60. Sanities are very low, usually zero. All are fanatics, loyal to the Blackness. Repeat as necessary.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP	DB
Alley Bob	11	12	9	12	12	11	0
Bottlecap	11	10	9	13	9	10	0
Curly	10	13	12	15	14	13	0
Dogger	11	12	9	10	12	11	0
Easy Ernie	8	14	10	11	10	12	0
Foghead	9	11	8	12	11	10	0
Grunt	9	9	12	13	14	11	0
High-Hop	10	11	11	15	12	11	0
Ipsy the Fin	10	10	11	13	11	11	0
Jiggers	11	12	8	10	12	10	0

Weapons: Dagger 65%, damage 1D4+2

Frenzied Flailing 60%, damage 1D4

Skills: Bargain 35%, Conceal 25%, Dodge 40%, Hide 50%, Listen 40%, Sneak 40%, Track 15%.

One of the rusting automobiles, a Model T Ford, sits against the wall of the Union Theatre; any investigator making a thorough search of the vacant lot may, with a successful Spot Hidden roll, notice that the old auto seems to be parked over some sort of hole.

Closer inspection reveals that the earth beneath the car has been dug out, a ten-foot drop into which hand-

and foot-holds have been cut. A short tunnel at the theater is hidden with a square sheet of corrugated metal. Removing this metal sheet reveals an entrance to the Union Theatre; the derelicts use this entrance to gain access to the basement. In the other direction, a chill breeze eddies fitfully in the blank end of the tunnel; the way is not yet open to reach the Blackness, but soon it will be.

THE BREWERY

The building next door to the Union Theatre is shown on the accompanying map as the brewery, a site also owned by Metropolitan Investments. For more about this location, see further in the scenario section "The Brewery," just before the conclusion of this adventure.

The Blackness from the Stars

Beneath the vacant lot lies an old earth-floored, fire-blackened cellar. The ceiling is comprised of earth and rubble atop a seemingly random framework of rotting wooden beams. Charred bones (of up to a dozen human adults) lie scattered on the floor.

This is the original basement of the old Baptist Church; it now lies below the rebuilt city, and is the lair of the dire entity the devil-cult summoned down from the stars in 1871.

The thing was imprisoned beneath the rubble of the great conflagration caused by its arrival. The only way to reach it is to tunnel through the debris and into the cellar.

The entity, known as the Blackness from the Stars, is an immobile blob of living, sentient darkness, torn from the primal fabric of the cosmos at the center of the universe. It is distinguished in darkness only as a vaguely shimmering, oily patch.

Although intelligent, the creature speaks no known language and ignores attempts to communicate.

The entity cannot endure light: direct sunlight will sear it to dust; exposure to daylight causes 1D10+2 points of damage per round; bright man-made lights (car headlights, for instance) inflict 1D6 points of damage per round of exposure; lesser illumination (flashlights, lanterns, etc.) cause 1D4 damage; and even the dimmest light source (a candle, perhaps) causes 1D2 points of damage.

If anyone brings light into the lair of the Blackness, it employs the vortex to extinguish the harmful illumination, and those who brought it.

Human servants of the Blackness are driven to mutilation; all bear the scars of terrible, self-inflicted wounds. Victims are always maimed before being sacrificed to the entity.

Once Premoli has been installed as the new boss in North River, those who serve the Blackness can infil-

THE BLACKNESS FROM THE STARS

STR NA CON 40 SIZ 60 INT 19
POW 35 DEX NA Move NA HP 50

Weapons: special.

Armor: none, but immune to non-enchant-
ed weapons. Magic affects it normally, but
the entity regenerates three points per
round. Heat, cold, acid, and electricity have
no effect. Bright light causes it damage or
death; see text.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D10+4

The thing's three principal abilities follow:

ENTHRALL

The target becomes obsessed with the
entity. Match POW against POW on the
resistance table. Each day under the
control of the Blackness costs the victim
1D6 points of sanity; once sanity reaches
zero, he becomes a slave of the thing,
with no will of his own. It costs the entity
one magic point per day to maintain this

control over one target; if control is bro-
ken, a new attempt to resume its domina-
tion of the target can be made the follow-
ing day.

PSYCHIC SENDING

The target is plagued by dreams of the
entity. Humans with histories of mental
instability seem most susceptible and—
perhaps as a result—are typical targets.
The target must be asleep and within
twenty miles of the Blackness. Sanity
loss is 0/1D3.

VORTEX

The air around the Blackness is manipu-
lated into a sudden vortex of gale-force
wind that radiates in a spiral from the
thing itself. It requires twenty magic
points to affect an area ten yards in
diameter. Everything in the circle suffers
1D20 hit points of damage

STEP 1: Having gath-
ered sufficient support
in the ranks of the
North River Gang,
Premoli calmly walks
into the Old Man's
office and shoots him
dead. Two of Premoli's
thugs dispose of the
body. Rumors of an
overthrow race through
the Michigan Hotel.

STEP 2: With Old
Man Bamboni out of
the picture, Premoli
proclaims himself the
new leader. Word
spreads like wildfire. A
little more than half of
the gang, perhaps led
by Danny O'Shea, resist
Premoli's authority. A
war breaks out. For the
duration, Premoli is

trate the gang and entice its members into the fold;
those who resist will be eliminated. This accomplished,
the North River Gang (with the entity's aid) will reign
supreme and Johnny Premoli will become King of
Chicago. By then, of course, Premoli will have been
completely subjugated; the will of the Blackness and its
own unguessed-at alien masters becomes law on the
streets of Chicago.

safeguarded in the Union Theatre or elsewhere, as
events dictate.

STEP 3: The Michigan Hotel becomes very dangerous
for mobsters. Those who resist Premoli are quickly
forced out, but carry on the war elsewhere. The derelicts
join with Premoli's mobsters in searching out and
destroying resistance.

STEP 4: Resistance to Premoli dwindles and dies.
Throughout, the police are reluctant to interfere—bet-
ter to let criminals kill criminals than risk the lives of
decent men in stifling a gangland feud.

Premoli Makes His Move

AT SOME POINT JOHNNY PREMOLI decides to take
control of the gang. The timing of this event is
left to the discretion of the keeper. The investiga-
tors should have uncovered enough clues to have a fair
idea of what is about to transpire. Particularly astute
investigators might even be able to put an end to the
cult's plans before they get started. If the investigators
sit on the sidelines and watch, Premoli and the
Blackness are almost certain to succeed; the investiga-
tors must intervene to stymie the scheme.

While the timing of Step 1 is best decided by the
keeper, this schedule of incidents should occur in
sequence:

WHO'S WITH JOHNNY PREMOLI

Vito Loretto
Dexter Gold
Eight Backstabbing Mobsters
Vanessa Domiano
Ten Cultists
The Blackness from the Stars

WHO'S WITH DANNY O'SHEA

Nick Pazzari
Angela Bamboni
Ten Loyal Mobsters

WHO'S WITH LAW AND ORDER

Walter Crawford, Treasury Agent
Six Chicago Policemen
The Investigators?

TEN LOYAL MOBSTERS

These men resist Premoli's authority. All are male, between the ages of twenty and fifty, of sturdy size and physique. Sanities average 50. These statistics can be repeated as necessary to generate additional mobsters.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP	DB
Killer Carl	13	9	9	9	12	9	0
Louie the Lift	13	14	11	10	11	13	0
The Milkman	13	17	13	11	11	15	+1D4
Natch	10	11	12	13	13	12	0
Once-Over	13	8	13	13	12	11	0
Popeye	13	10	11	11	12	11	0
Quaker	15	13	14	8	10	4	+1D4
Razzberry	13	14	16	13	13	15	+1D4
Sailor	15	13	13	9	14	13	+1D4
Ten-Spot	14	13	15	15	7	14	+1D4

Weapons: .38 Automatic 55%, damage 1D10

Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3

Switchblade 35%, damage 1D4

Brass Knuckles 25%, damage 1D6

Skills: Bargain 35%, Drive Automobile 25%, Fast Talk 25%, Hide 30%, Listen 30%, Locksmith 25%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 35%, Track 20%.

EIGHT BACK-STABBING MOBSTERS

These men support Premoli. All are male, between the ages of twenty and fifty, of sturdy size and physique. Sanities average 50 at the start of Premoli's coup, but inexorably drop as the mobsters are exposed to the cult and its loathsome activities. These statistics can be repeated as necessary to generate additional mobsters.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP	DB
Uncle Sal	7	14	12	11	9	13	0
Vinny	16	13	10	11	10	12	+1D4
Washboard	12	12	12	17	11	12	0
Yost	14	12	13	10	10	13	+1D4
Zipper Joe	16	13	14	12	9	14	+1D4
Alibi	11	13	11	12	15	0	
Big Joe	12	14	16	15	15	15	+1D4
Cannon	13	14	12	9	10	13	+1D4

Weapons: .38 Automatic 55%, 1D10; Fist/Punch 35%, 1D3; Brass Knuckles 25%, 1D6; Switchblade 35%, 1D4.

Skills: Bargain 35%, Drive Automobile 25%, Fast Talk 25%, Hide 30%, Listen 30%, Locksmith 25%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 35%, Track 20%.

STEP 5: Premoli returns to the Michigan Hotel, the acknowledged boss of the North River Gang.

STEP 6: The Blackness, imprisoned beneath the brewery, is released.

Perhaps the investigators have put a stop to the madness by this point. If not, the North River Gang—more powerful than ever—begins its campaign for domination of the city's rackets. With the aid of malignant forces from beyond space and time, the gang succeeds some months later. Johnny Premoli becomes the King of Chicago. Irrevocably insane by this point, he implements the will of the entity. The Blackness from the Stars rules the streets of Chicago.

If the investigators are reluctant to become involved, they should be encouraged; their role decides more than the fate of the North River Gang; without their help, innocents are bound to suffer. Perhaps the investigators ally with Bamboni—the lesser of two evils—to battle Premoli, or maybe they become a third party in this struggle, battling both factions.

Inaction is not a safe alternative. Premoli is already aware of the investigators; if he thinks that they know too much, he will not hesitate to destroy them. The Blackness, certainly, will not permit them to live once it feels threatened by them.

The Gang Reacts

Once the investigators become a nuisance to the North River Gang, the mobsters hit back.

FIRE BOMBING

The investigators are eating in a restaurant, purchasing guns, or perhaps simply standing on a corner when a car roars by, tires squealing.

There are 1D4 mobsters on the running boards of the big black Packard, which slows briefly to allow them to hurl gasoline-filled bottles at the investigators.

Each firebomb has a 25% chance to hit and inflicts 1D8 points of damage on each victim within two yards. Anyone over two but within five yards of the explosion suffers 1D4 points of damage.

The Packard's license plates have been removed and it always gets away.



ABDUCTION

The investigators receive a frantic telephone call from Anne Bishop, Miss Mussida's friend, bearing the shocking news of the latter's disappearance.

Miss Bishop, who has been staying with her, returned home from work to find Miss Mussida gone. There were signs of a struggle in the sitting room: fur-

niture was overturned, and a vase was shattered. Mrs. Holloway was bound, gagged, and ordered to stay hidden under a mountain of laundry. Of Miss Mussida there was no trace. Miss Bishop has not yet contacted the police, but will immediately unless the investigators instruct her otherwise.

Miss Mussida is being held in one of the gang's secret breweries on Grand Avenue. Her location may be ascertained by discreet inquiries conducted by helpers such as Vanessa Domiano, Danny O'Shea, Dexter Gold, or perhaps another confidant of the North River Gang. Suitable bribes, Fast Talk, or Persuade rolls are required.

The Brewery

THE PLANS SHOW THE BREWERY as next to the Union Theatre, but whether or not the two locations are contiguous is actually for the keeper to decide. If the players are being unusually dense, put them together; if the investigators are canny and alert, or if you want to stretch out play a little, separate the locations and make them individual goals.

From the outside, the old brick warehouse appears innocent enough. Anyone watching the building during the day sees a number of trucks come and go; when the gate opens, a paved yard—with loading docks adjacent—is seen.

The warehouse has been converted to a secret brewery—one of several owned and operated by the North River Gan. Some of these trucks bring raw materials for the brewing process—barley, corn starch, and yeast, and others are loaded with barrels of beer for distribution.

During the day, there are 1D10 workers here. Although employed by the North River Gang, these are not mobsters; they flee at the first sign of trouble. At night, the warehouse is quiet, but patrolled routinely by mobsters like Dexter Gold.

The Brewing Process

A mash, prepared from barley, corn starch, and water is heated and rotated in the two large mash tubs to dissolve the solids and allow the enzymes in the barley to convert the starch into sugar.

The resulting solution, called wort, is drained into the eight copper vessels, where it is boiled with the hops, then run off for cooling and settling. After cooling, the wort is transferred to four big fermenting tubs where yeast is added, converting the sugar into alcohol. The beer is then placed in barrels and stored for about a week before distribution.

THREE MOBSTERS

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP	DB
Deuces	12	14	15	10	11	15	+1D4
Enrico	14	14	17	12	11	16	+1D4
Freddy	13	12	12	8	11	12	+1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 45%, damage 1D3+1D4
.38 Revolver 35%, damage 1D10

Inside, near the west loading doors, are stored the raw materials; near the east doors, barrels of beer await delivery. Save for a small office area, the rest of the warehouse is given over to brewing tubs and equipment.

THE OFFICE AREA

Between the two loading areas, there is an office, a lunchroom, and a washroom. Only the former is of any interest, because it contains the form of Miss Mussida, bound to a chair and gagged.

Miss Mussida is being held by the North River Gang; the mobsters want to determine the extent of the investigators' involvement in—and the depth of their knowledge of—Jack Sullivan's death. What she reveals under duress is for the keeper to decide.

Getting into the warehouse unnoticed during the day is not easy; there is a lot of activity and all Sneak rolls are at half. Miss Mussida is guarded—day and night—by three mobsters.

The Raid

Shortly after the investigators arrive on the scene, the warehouse is raided by the police. Six officers, led by Treasury Agent Walter Crawford, arrive in a truck and bulldoze through the front gate. The mobsters resist, and gunfire fills the warehouse.

Crawford is a "dry agent" in the Prohibition unit of the Treasury Department. He has been planning a raid on the secret brewery for some time. Crawford is honest and ambitious, and eager to impress his superiors by dismantling the North River Gang's bootlegging operations; his aim is to destroy the brewery and round up as many of the mobsters as possible.

A burly agent with ten years experience,



Agent Walter Crawford

WALTER CRAWFORD, age 35, treasury agent

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 15 SAN 65 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3

.45 Revolver 65%, damage 1D10+2

Thompson Submachine Gun 60%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Accounting 55%, Bargain 40%, Climb 50%, Credit Rating 60%, Dodge 40%, Drive Automobile 50%, Electrical Repair 15%, Fast Talk 60%, First Aid 60%, Hide 30%, Jump 55%, Law 45%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 35%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 65%, Swim 30%, Track 20

SIX CHICAGO POLICEMEN

All are male, sturdy, and stalwart. They follow agent Crawford's orders without hesitation. Their ages range from twenty-five to forty. Sanities average 60. These statistics may be repeated as necessary.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP	DB
Garrison	12	18	12	10	10	15	0
Hansen	14	13	18	11	12	16	+1D4
Irving	16	13	13	12	13	13	+1D4
Jackson	13	14	16	14	10	15	+1D4
Klopski	14	13	12	13	13	13	+1D4
Lorenzo	13	18	13	11	14	16	+1D4

Weapons: Nightstick 40%, damage 1D6

.45 Revolver 40%, damage 1D10+2

Grapple 40%, damage special

Skills: Bargain 30%, Climb 45%, Credit Rating 30%, Dodge 45%, First Aid 40%, Law 20%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 25%, Psychology 30%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Crawford is scrupulous but inflexible; he sticks rigidly to the letter of the law and allows no compromise. Any investigators apprehended on the premises are promptly arrested as accomplices, unless they can provide convincing arguments to the contrary.

The Brewery Shootout

A dozen derelicts wielding clubs and knives join the fray, bursting in through the side doors from the alley. They attack police, mobsters, and investigators indiscriminately. The investigators may be trapped in the middle; they may take sides, or they may attempt to escape.

During the ensuing melee, each investigator caught in the cross-fire stands a 25% chance of being hit by a stray bullet for 1D10 points of damage. A roll of 05 or less indicates an impale for 2D10 points.

The brewing equipment provides plenty of cover. Although the huge mashing tubs are far too heavy to overturn, the copper vessels and fermenting tubs can be knocked over by overcoming their SIZ 24 on the Resistance Table. The boiling hot liquid inflicts 1D6+2 points of damage to anyone drenched in it. The stout wooden barrels can also be used as weapons; anyone caught in the path of a rolling barrel takes 1D4 points of damage.

WHEN THE SHOOTING STOPS

If Miss Mussida is rescued, she can vouch for the investigators; no charges are brought against them. But with nothing to substantiate the reason for their presence, the investigators spend a miserable night in jail before the matter is sorted out.

Conclusion

Though the sooner Johnny Premoli is eliminated, the better, his departure results in only a partial success, since the Blackness from the Stars can easily attract another pawn. Complete success can be achieved only through the destruction of the derelict cult and the destruction of the entity.

The most straight-forward way to destroy the Blackness from the Stars is to expose it to intense light; one way of accomplishing this is to complete the tunnel started by the derelicts, or perhaps to begin a new one from above, in the vacant lot. Direct sunlight is the most effective attack, but other sources of illumination cause it harm. Eliminating the entity restores 1D10+4 points of sanity to each investigator.

Once the Blackness is destroyed, the derelicts are no longer drawn to the place and disperse immediately.

Statistics

HELEN MUSSIDA, age 28, secretary

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 16
DEX 15 APP 15 EDU 14 SAN 70 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: .32 Automatic 30%, damage 1D8 (in purse)

Pocketknife 25%, damage 1D3

Baseball Bat 40%, damage 1D8

Skills: Accounting 40%, Bargain 30%, Drive Automobile 35%, Fast Talk 35%, First Aid 40%, Italian 30%, Law 15%, Library Use 45%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 20%, Swim 45%.

TERESA MONZINO, age 24, prostitute

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 9 INT 10 POW 14
DEX 15 APP 15 EDU 9 SAN 65 HP 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Pocketknife 50%, damage 1D3
Kick 35%, damage 1D6.

Skills: Bargain 35%, Fast Talk 65%, Italian 15%, Law 20%,
Listen 55%, Psychology 45%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 45%.

VANESSA DOMIANO, age 22, party girl

STR 9 CON 11 SIZ 9 INT 10 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 15 EDU 10 SAN 60 HP 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: Kick 50%, damage 1D6

Skills: Bargain 35%, Fast Talk 65%, Flirt 70%, Italian 60%,
Jump 45%, Law 20%, Listen 55%, Psychology 25%, Ride 45%,
Sing 45%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 55%.

DANNY "Irish" O'SHEA, age 24, mobster

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 11 POW 15
DEX 14 APP 16 EDU 10 SAN 75 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D4
.38 Automatic 50%, damage 1D10

Skills: Dodge 75%, Drive Automobile 25%, Fast Talk 35%,
First Aid 45%, Listen 35%, Locksmith 35%, Persuade 60%,
Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 40%.

JOHNNY PREMOLI, age 29, gangster

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 9 POW 10
DEX 15 APP 14 EDU 10 SAN 20 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3
.38 Automatic 50%, damage 1D10
Switchblade 45%, damage 1D4



Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 4%, Dodge 60%, Drive Automobile
40%, Fast Talk 35%, Hide 55%, Listen 35%, Locksmith 45%,
Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 60%, Track 20%.

NICK PAZZARI, age 43, enforcer

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 9 EDU 10 SAN 65 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .45 Revolver 75%, damage 1D10+2
Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3

Skills: Dodge 30%, Fast Talk 50%, Listen 40%, Locksmith
70%, Persuade 40%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 40%.

VITO LORETTI, age 24, enforcer

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 14 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 14 EDU 10 SAN 70 HP 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3
.38 Automatic 60%, damage 1D10

Skills: Bargain 45%, Fast Talk 65%, Listen 50%, Locksmith
30%, Persuade 35%, Spot Hidden 55%.

DEXTER "The Weasel" GOLD, age 24, mob thug

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 9 INT 9 POW 9
DEX 14 APP 10 EDU 9 SAN 40 HP 11

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: .32 Automatic 50%, damage 1D8
Switchblade 45%, damage 1D4

Skills: Bargain 35%, Dodge 40%, Drive Automobile 25%, Fast
Talk 65%, Listen 55%, Locksmith 25%, Spot Hidden 65%.

GEORGE "Old Man" BAMBONI, age 52, gang boss

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

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3
.45 Revolver 60%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Credit Rating 35%, Fast Talk 70%, Italian 80%, Law
15%, Listen 50%, Persuade 60%, Sing 55%, Spot Hidden 50%.

ANGELA BAMBONI, age 26, the Old Man's daughter

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 9 INT 15 POW 16
DEX 16 APP 16 EDU 15 SAN 70 HP 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Accounting 30%, Bargain 35%, Credit Rating 25%,
Drive Automobile 50%, Fast Talk 65%, Italian 50%, Law 40%,
Listen 45%, Psychology 45%, Sing 45%, Sneak 50%, Spot
Hidden 45%.

CHARLES BRENNAN, age 31, actor

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 15 APP 12 EDU 14 SAN 65 HP 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Bargain 20%, Credit Rating 50%, History 25%, Library
Use 40%, Listen 40%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 40%, Spot
Hidden 30%.



The Secret of Marseilles

*"I dream of a day when the land shall sink,
and the dark ocean floor shall ascend amidst universal pandemonium...."*

— H.P. Lovecraft, "Dagon."

MARSEILLES IS THE PORT CITY of southern France. A crossroads of trade, people from all around the Mediterranean inhabit this international city. This mixture of races and cultures, and the wealth flowing through the harbor has generated bands of gangsters famous all over the world. Marseilles has fascinating markets, colorful fishing boats at the old port, and canny inhabitants often wise beyond their years; tough young men gossip on street corners, and cafes and bars are usually open to the air. In the warmth of the south, more happens in the streets. Marseilles is also an old city—one of the oldest in Europe. People have lived here for far more than two millennia. Some today, in the dark alleys of the old town, still remember rites and secrets better to have been forgotten.

The investigators have a chance to meet some of the most colorful characters of Marseilles. No special knowledge of France is required; places and local habits are described in detail. The investigators do not have to be highly experienced, though good firearms skills might be useful. At least one investigator should be an archaeologist or have a strong interest in archaeology; if none do, however, the investigators can always have an archaeologist friend who can accompany them on the trip. The ability to speak French will be convenient, but the language barrier is not usually a serious problem in a city so cosmopolitan and so used to doing business with strangers from afar.

If the investigators do not have the money to go to France for an indefinite period, supporting funds can be obtained through academic channels or from a private philanthropist, once the statuette is shown. It promises to be a piece important to archeology, and perhaps it will lead to more information.

THE FIRST SCENE

The discovery of the statuette can take place in any town in the United States, though it is most likely to happen in a seaport along the East Coast. The investigators can do nothing to save the victim, though the keeper may wish to allow the investigators to engage the attackers with gunfire. If they capture one or more of the attackers, all turn out to be local thugs whose motives, they claim, were robbery. However, the presence of the statuette may indicate that they have been tipped off by someone. The identity of the person murdered and his connections to other people must be discovered.

Man with a Statuette

It is late evening. Suddenly the investigators hear gunshots in the fog. Around a corner they see a man running, shooting at unseen assailants behind him. More distant shots reply. He falls to the ground, moaning and apparently hit.

Out of the darkness three men appear. Gun in hand, one bends over the fallen man. The attacker seems to be looking for something but, seeing the investigators nearby, he stops. After a moment, all three men back away, then step into a lightless auto that suddenly emerges from the fog. The darkened vehicle drives off at full speed.

The fallen man lies in a pool of blood. He is young, tall, and rather handsome. It is too late to do anything for him, only enough time to hear his last words, spoken first in accented English, then in French.

"Because of the treasure...kill me, they want to.... Gold, gold... so much gold.... *L'or, beaucoup d'or... a Marseilles.... C'est la bas...Papillon, Papillon....*"



Then the man's eyes roll back and he dies. A quick inspection of his body discloses a small object wrapped in a sheet of yellowed newspaper and taped to his forearm. Within the wrapping is a statuette made of solid gold. The style of the figurine is reminiscent of ancient Greek votive statues, but with a special—almost inhuman—taint; the figure conjures up disquieting feelings.

It is obvious that this statuette has been immersed in sea water; it is still encrusted with crystals of salt and strands of dry seaweed. Is it really gold? If so, it is worth a sizable amount of money. In scraping off the gold figurine, the form seems to soften and wriggle in the hand, as if alive. This effect does not last and does not repeat, but the movement shocks the holder, and costs a Sanity point as well. The features of the figurine are dim and rounded, though later they are sharply defined and distinct.

The investigators have a little time to examine the man and his belongings. He wears ordinary clothes. His gun, dropped nearby, is a French Lebel 8mm revolver, a model rarely seen in the U.S. His pockets hold a few dollars but no documents. The newspaper the statuette was wrapped in is from the *Gazette du Sud*, a French daily published in Marseilles. The issue is about one year old and reports local news, including a bloody war between rival gangs that has recently broken out.

In a pocket is a copy of Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du mal* — an old and torn copy with a pink cover, published by the Parisian Editions de Cluny. A sepia-toned photograph of a woman makes a book mark: the picture shows a fancy lady with elegant hairdo and makeup. She somehow seems typically 'French.' Pencil underlines words on the page facing the photo. It is a passage from the poem "L'ennemi" ("The Enemy"):

*Le Temps mange la vie
Et l'obscur Ennemi qui nous ronge le coeur
Du sang que nous perdons croit et se fortifie.*

(Time eats life
And the dark Enemy who gnaws at our heart
Of the blood we lose grows, and gets stronger.)

There is nothing more to be found here. Now other people are approaching, alerted by the noise.

THE GOLDEN STATUETTE

After a while the features of the disquieting golden statuette become more definite, for it is only later, when the investigators re-examine the figurine, that they see the form is clearly identifiable as a deep one (if the investigators have seen such things before) or a deep one that is almost certainly Dagon himself, given a successful Mythos roll.

Lab analysis confirms that statuette is made of solid gold. At current prices the metal in it is worth several thousand dollars, but no archeologist or connoisseur of the bizarre would think of melting it down.

Investigations

THE DEAD MAN PROVES to be an illegal alien, a criminal often seen hanging around the harbor area and a man suspected of numerous petty thefts and robberies. Few are willing to admit that they were acquainted with him, but it seems that he was known among the locals as "The Frenchman" or "The Man from Marseilles." Rumor has it that he has been trying



VISITING FRANCE

MOST TRANSATLANTIC LINERS to France are headed for Le Havre, on the Atlantic French coast but it is also possible to find liners bound for the Mediterranean French coast, usually stopping in Marseilles. To enter France a valid passport is necessary. Some custom restrictions (weapons, etc.) apply.

Money and Prices

The French currency is the franc. Since the end of the Great War the French economy has undergone a serious crisis. In 1920 one dollar was worth twenty-seven francs and the exchange rate remains favorable throughout most of the decade. A room in a regular hotel costs ten to twenty francs per night, and even a luxury hotel does not charge more than the equivalent of a few dollars. A complete meal in a restaurant costs only a few francs and prices for goods and local transportation are proportionately low.

Language

The French expect everyone to speak their language and normally they do not debase themselves addressing

a foreigner in any language other than French. Attempts to communicate in English, or in less than perfect French are met with frowns. But Marseilles is home to many accents, and more accustomed to foreigners than most of France. Many shop owners speak English and the foreign visitor can expect to have few predictable problems.

The Residents

Despite historical ties of friendship, a thread of suspicion toward North Americans runs through French minds. After the end of the Great War, the repeated requests by the U.S. government for settlement of the French war debts have fueled anti-American riots. And the attitude of American visitors who ruthlessly exploit the advantageous exchange rate has not helped the situation. Certainly using a hundred franc bill to light one's cigar (as the French press has reported some Americans to have done) is not going to improve feelings. There have been cases in which buses carrying American tourists have been hit by thrown stones. Violence and riots are rare, but prudent and polite Americans will avoid ostentatious displays of wealth.

to sell something very valuable. It is thought that he entered the U.S. several months ago. Then the captain of a French cargo ship reported that one of his sailors had failed to return from shore. The missing sailor's documents later turned out to be forgeries. The only thing truly known about him was that he'd boarded the ship at Marseilles. Trying to untangle this mystery requires that the investigators journey to France.

a year ago, not in a great hurry since he had the time to pack all of his belongings. Apparently he was single and had no relatives in Marseilles. Whatever dark matter he had been involved with, it is not something he talked much about.

Marseilles

THE INVESTIGATORS COME to Marseilles to learn about the murdered man and, from that information, to learn something about the golden statuette he carried.

At first the police are of no help, for the morgue photo proves not to be a very lifelike reproduction, and they do not recognize the subject. With some patience and a lot of work, some of the people hanging in the bars of the vieux port do remember him. Known as "Berto," he was of Corsican origin and seems to have been a *jeunes durs*—a young tough, one of the gangsters of Marseilles. But no one knows about the golden statuette, or why he would have taken ship to America.

With more work, the man's real name (Bertrand Matei) is found. Even the apartment where he used to live can be located. The neighbors say that he left about

Papillon

Papillon ("Butterfly") was the name mentioned by Berto before dying—possibly the woman in the photograph found in Baudelaire's book. Knowing just her nickname, the search looks hopeless; but brief reflection should lead to search the shady world of the *filles de joie*

Berto (Bertrand Matei)

Born in Bastia, Corsica, he moved while still young to Marseilles where he seems to have worked for a time as a fisherman. But he may have been more interested in making fast money than in working hard at nets and lines. His story is one of crimes and robberies. Several people remember him as having become a man of some importance among the Marseilles gangs. Dressed in expensive attire and driving a fancy car, he led a meteoric career, one destined for riches and power, jail, or even a pair of concrete shoes. No one seems to know what sort of matters he was involved with but nobody was really surprised when he one day disappeared without a trace.

(prostitutes) of Marseilles. Once the investigators let it be known that they are looking for a woman, somebody discreetly directs them to the rue des Trois Mages, a street not far from the Canebière, in the center of town.

It is a narrow street lined with small shops and bars. Starting from late afternoon, girls in flashy garments can be seen strolling the sidewalks. Looking at the windows of the Petit Bar Cendrars, on a corner of the street, it is easy to see the *bambou* (tough, or protector) inside: the man whose duty it is to keep everything quiet and to make sure that nobody bothers the *poules* (girls) while they are working. This area is the domain of Marseilles' Italian gang, which does all that is needed to keep the place safe, quiet, and profitable for business.

The investigators require only information and they do not necessarily have to engage in these ladies' business. (However, if someone likes the idea, he can follow one of them into the Cendrars, and then upstairs. Prices are very reasonable and the performance is professional). Information also costs money. Some girls can speak decent English, undoubtedly learned on the job. Showing the woman's portrait, or just mentioning the name "Papillon," brings an immediate answer:

"*Mais oui, Papillon, Je la connais. I know her. Where can you find her? Bon, J'sais pas moi, pas de tout. I don't remember.*"

Only a bribe restores the woman's memory.

MARSEILLES

MARSEILLES WAS FOUNDED in the 6th century BC by Greek colonists on a natural harbor that in time has come to be known as the vieux port ("old port"). Later, Marseilles became a Roman town, then an independent city, and finally part of the French kingdom. Throughout its history, Marseilles has remained a cosmopolitan port city, a center of trade for the whole Mediterranean sea. Wars, fires, and urban development have destroyed most of historical Marseilles and in the 1920s there are very few buildings older than a few centuries. Although it is known that an ancient Marseilles must lie buried somewhere under the present town, practically no archaeological excavations have been made.

Arriving in Marseilles

BY SHIP: In the morning light the coastline appears ahead. On the left the swamps of the Camargue give way to the smokestacks of the industrial plants of the Arenc basin. The mouth of the vieux port appears, dominated by the hill where the cathedral of Notre Dame de la Garde stands. Then the ship turns north to the entrance of the Joliette harbor, the industrial and commercial port. First sight of the town may be disappointing: the harbor is an ugly place full of cranes, machinery, and crates piled on docks.

BY TRAIN: The blue train from Paris arrives at night at the St. Charles station atop a small hill dominating the whole town. Straight ahead are the myriad lights of the city, on the right the black stain of the waters of the vieux port. A wide marble stairway (open, but not yet completely finished in 1925) leads all the way down to the very heart of Marseilles: Canebière street bristling with lights, crowded with people from Europe, Africa, and Asia.

Wherever arriving from, it should not take long to get used to the layout of Marseilles. The vieux port is approximately at the center. From there the Canebière—the main avenue—stretches eastward, dividing Marseilles in roughly two parts: the southern area, mainly residential; and the northern area, where the indus-

tries and the harbor are. Just north of the vieux port is the casbah, an area of narrow alleys and shabby houses dominated by the well known Corsican gang—a place tourists are usually advised to avoid. The investigators may take their residence at the Grand Hotel (on the Canebière) or in any of the many small boarding houses around the vieux port that cater to foreign seamen. Most of these places are controlled or "protected" by one of the local gangs, but that is not the business of the investigators.

Climate

It is never very cold in Marseilles. The place is, however, renowned for its dry wind, the mistral, that blows violently during the cold season.

Food

Southern French cuisine is a little less sophisticated than the mainstream French style and makes liberal use of garlic. The typical dish is Bouillabaisse, a fish soup.

Sightseeing

Marseilles is mainly an industrial and commercial city, not especially known for tourist attractions. The area around the vieux port is interesting as a picturesque place, and Canebière street is a good place for bargain-priced exotic merchandise.

Crime

Marseilles is notorious across Europe for its criminal organizations. Although robbing tourists is not the main business of local gangsters, the temptation may be strong if investigators do not avoid certain parts of town, especially late at night. One of these places is the casbah near the vieux port. Apart from these areas, Marseilles is usually a reasonably safe place.

"Je me souviens maintenant ...I remember now. *Eh bien, il faut aller au Café Colombani.* Go to this bar, Café Colombani. It is in rue Casserie, near the vieux port. Ask there for her. *Elle chante la bas.* She is a singer. *Ah, domage, j'suis désolée.* I do not know anything else, *vraiment. C'était un plaisir.* Happy to have met you, monsieurs. But now I have business to do. *Bonsoir.*"

The Casbah

THE CAFÉ COLOMBANI is in the rue Caisserie, right in the middle of the casbah of Marseilles. Everyone knows that innocent tourists should not go strolling there, but it seems to be the only way to meet this Papillon. After all, no matter how bad these gangsters are said to be, they do not normally shoot visitors on sight.

Venturing in the casbah is indeed an experience. From the Quai du Port one has to climb up narrow, steep flights of stairs that lead right inside the Corsican quarter. For the most part, motor vehicles cannot enter this oldest part of the city.

Everywhere the streets are narrow and dark and their names appropriate to the local atmosphere: rue des Pistoles, rue de la Prison, etc. Clothes hang from the windows and the place smells of fish and overcrowded mankind. Groups of urchins follow the investigators, mocking them in French; faces appear at the windows, soon to hide and disappear behind curtains; young men hang out on corners, wearing berets and looking tough and mean. This place is great for exotic thrills, but no one guarantees that the experience will be pleasant.

Café Colombani

The street named rue Caisserie is large compared with most of the casbah's narrow alleys. It is also decently lighted and in the evening there are plenty of people about. Its main attraction seems to be the numerous bars, and the girls in fancy dress luring customers inside.

Local Slang

The following selection of slang words were taken from French "noir" novels of the period. Investigators, and particularly keepers, may draw from this list to help create the proper atmosphere.

slang word	literal translation	meaning
Balles	balls	money
Bambou	bamboo	lookout, guardian
Baïaffe	—	handgun, pistol
Bais	kissing	bedding
Bagasse	—	hooker
Bouteille	surprise bottle	Molotov cocktail
Cabane	cabin	jail
Caid	—	chief, boss
Cage	cage	brothel
Canard	duck	rum drink
Canon	cannon	handgun
Collège	college	jail
Coffre	lock up	jail
Combine	trick, scheme	swindle
Cracheplomb	lead-spitting	handgun
Cri	scream	robbery
Croisière	cruise	raid enemy's territory
Cru	raw	gangster
Douanier	customs official	absinthe liquor
Dur	hard	tough
Gaillard	brave	gangster
Gnole	—	strong drink, Italian "grappa"
Gonzesse	—	girl, hooker
Grand Poulet	great chicken	chief of police
Grand Collège	great college	the jail of Guyana
Grisbi	—	money
Mac, Macque, Mec	—	pimp, gangster
Martin	—	knife
Mouchoir	handkerchief	confidence
Moulin a café	coffee grinder	submachine gun
Neige	snow	heroin
Noir	black	coffee
Pigeon a deplumer	pigeon to be skinned	sucker, easy mark
Pétard	fire-cracker	hand grenade
Poules	female chickens	girls
Poulets	chicken	policeman
Poudre	dust	cocaine
Raccourcir	shorten	cut one's head
Refroidir	cool	kill
Régisseur	—	keeper of gambling house
Rimba'	—	heroin
Tabac blanc	white tobacco	heroin/cocaine
Taule	table	home, brothel, bar
Taulier	home owner	pimp
Tigne	scabies	the gangs
Zuzu	—	male prostitute

From the outside, Café Colombani looks reasonably civilized, not at all like the rat holes surrounding it. Stepping inside, the investigators are met with a moment of silence while everybody turns to look at them. The faces of the customers, wreathed by the smoke of cigarettes, do not look at all friendly. Asking for a demi, or a pastis, breaks the silence. While the barman pours the drinks, the normal buzz of conversation and tinkling of glasses resumes.

Visiting the Casbah

The area of Marseilles just north of the vieux port is known to everyone as "the casbah." The term is taken from the Arabic qasbah, meaning "inner city" and usually indicating a part of the city that is poor and densely populated. In the 1920s the casbah of Marseilles occupies the oldest part of town, the whole of the early "city." Over centuries the city grew larger and by the 19th century the rundown houses of the old city were filled with immigrants, many of them Corsican. Falling under the hand of a gang of vicious Corsican thieves, it eventually became a refuge for all sorts of criminals.

Taules

Numerous drinking establishments line the streets. Named indifferently as cafés or bars (slang: *taules*), they provide meeting places where people talk, drink, play games, and conduct business. The cafés are an almost exclusively male domain, especially at night. Heavy drinking, illegal gambling, and other sorts of activities considered unfit for most women are conducted almost openly.

All sorts of drinks are served. The typically Mediterranean strong black coffee (*noir*, in the local jargon) may be "corrected" by adding various kinds of liquors. Draft beer is rather popular (*bière a la pression*, or more often simply a *demi*, or "half"), but the typical drink of Marseilles is the *pastis*: anise liquor, usually diluted with water. Late at night more exotic drinks appear: the *Marie Salope* ("Dirty Mary") is a mix of gin, tomato juice, and lemon; the *Douanier* is a nefarious absinthe drink named for its green color similar to the uniforms of the French border police.

The interior of the café is old and elaborately furnished with dark brown sculpted counter, venetian mirrors, and spiraling iron columns. The barman can tell the story of the Colombani, this the oldest bar in the casbah and perhaps in all Marseilles. Opened in 1827 by a Corsican named André Pierre Colombani, it began life as a deluxe establishment. Despite the fact that the neighborhood has degenerated over the years, the café has maintain its dignity and traditions. Only in 1922 did the patron of the time, Marius Caviglioli, capitulate and agree to install electric lights.

Most of the regulars are Corsicans, casbah residents who consider the Colombani part of their territory. They do not look kindly upon visits by members of rival gangs, though the occasional tourist group or returning seaman looking for a drink and a girl are tolerated. But these visitors must behave. The gang's bambous are ready to throw out anyone making trouble.

Tourists who appear to be *pigeons a déplumer* (suckers, easy marks) run a risk. Trouble may befall them

after leaving the well-lighted Colombani and entering the dark alleys on foot.

There are also several girls inside the Colombani: they are perhaps better dressed, or among the most popular, and feel it beneath their dignity to stand outside the door looking for customers, even though they ply the same trade.

Papillon

A little after 10 PM a woman wearing a fancy lamé dress appears on the café's small stage. It is Papillon, easily identified from the photo found with the murdered man. She dances and sings accompanied by a pianist. Though no match for the best Parisian performers of the time, such as Mistinguett or Josephine Baker, she has a warm voice and dances with a certain butterfly-like grace.

After her show she steps down and moves to the bar, ordering a drink. She is not difficult to approach and, if addressed as "Papillon," seems flattered that her name is known to people from overseas.

Everyone in Marseilles calls her Papillon, although her real name is Michelle. She speaks English with a deliciously charming French accent and her conversation is charming and varied, as you would expect from a professional entertainer. In particular she is fond of poetry and especially of Baudelaire, whose *Les Fleurs du*



Papillon



The Casbah

Papillon—Additional Notes

Typically Corsican, Papillon is not very tall and her hair is dark. However, her style is not Corsican at all but rather very French, Parisian in particular. She sports a sophisticated hairdo and makeup and usually dresses in the latest Parisian styles of Mlle. Vionnet and Coco Chanel. She gained her elegant Parisian accent from her mother, formerly a dancer in the troupe of Mlle. Eglantine in Paris (Papillon's mother appeared in one of Toulouse-Lautrec's posters). From her mother Papillon learned to sing and dance, as well as receiving the nickname "Papillon," which she still uses.

Papillon's father was a Corsican gangster whose rapid rise was ended when unforeseen circumstances forced him to flee Marseilles. Joining the Foreign Legion, he afterward disappeared somewhere in the Sahara desert. Among Corsicans, Papillon is known as "Chilina," Michelle abbreviated in typical Corsican fashion. As circumstances dictate, Papillon switches at ease to the slang and manners of a Marseillaise woman, or even a Corsican.

mal she knows by heart. During the conversation Papillon also makes it clear that her work is not that of the other girls in the Colombani. In fact she mentions that she has a boyfriend she calls Marcel—a very important person in this part of town. He is "*le caid*," she says. *Caid* is not a French word, and Papillon just giggles if asked what it means.

Papillon's boyfriend is Marcel Casacci, also known as *Le Cassetout* ("The Smasher"). The *caid* (boss) of the town's Corsican gang, he is one of the most powerful men in the city. As his girlfriend, Papillon is considered forbidden, and not to be treated like the other girls working the Colombani.

Despite this Papillon loves to chat with men and even flirts with those she finds interesting. Whoever attempts to go beyond conversation does so at his own risk.

Clash at the Colombani

If shown the golden statuette, or told about the death of Berto, Papillon is visibly disturbed.

"*Quoi, Berto? What? Qu' est ce que vous dites? He died? Il est mort? Ce n'est pas possible. I can't believe....*"

She breaks off and the investigators note a sudden silence in the room. A group of men has just walked inside. They seem in a nasty mood and ready for anything. One of them, especially tough and mean, is Papillon's boyfriend, the one named Marcel. A quick look at Papillon's face, now turned a pale shade of gray, confirms that something is up. She whispers to one of the investigators: "*Allez! Go! Say nothing to him! It is better for you and for me.*"

Marcel looks to be an extremely touchy macho-type. He does not speak much English but he despises find-

ing his girlfriend with strangers. Retreating quietly may be enough to avoid a fight, but an aggressive attitude or addressing him in a language he does not understand may provoke him.

Corsican bambous reported the presence of strangers in the café to *Le Cassetout*, mentioning that the Americans were speaking with Marcel's woman.

Fighting *Le Cassetout* and at least four or five of his men in the middle of the casbah is an impossible challenge, even for the most aggressive group of investigators. If a fight breaks out, the Corsicans, in the beginning, do not use firearms, only fists. If they overcome all or some of the investigators, they carry them to the nearby *vieux port* and throw them into the water. If fists are not

enough, the fight may escalate to *martins* (switchblade knives) or even to *baïaffes* (handguns). If drastic measures are called for, the Corsicans can call in reinforcements armed with shotguns or even Thompson submachine guns. There is no hope of rescue by police; the cops do not enter the casbah at night.

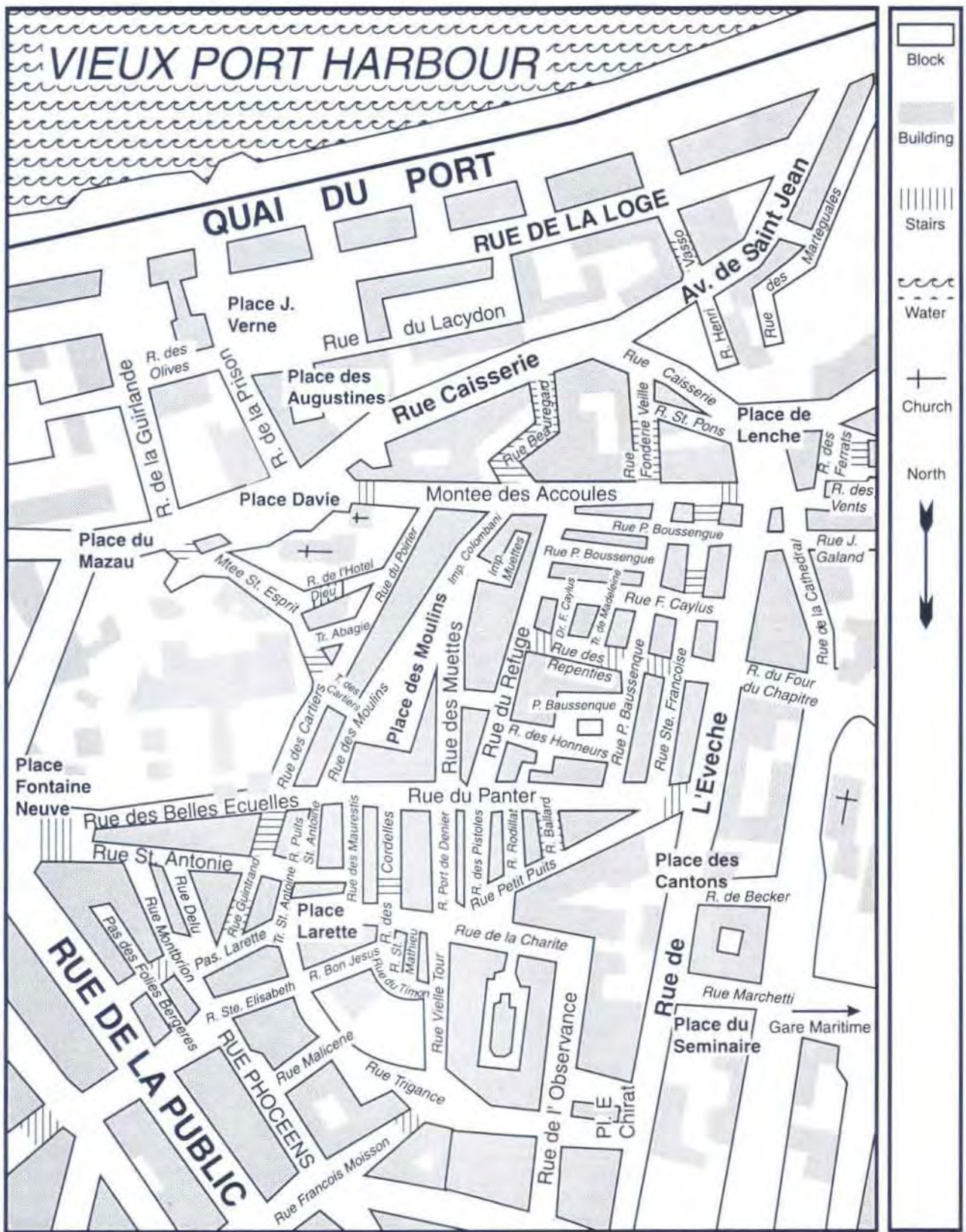
The keeper should make it clear that the investigators would do well to retreat. If they insist in fighting, they may be forced to surrender. After such a fiasco the keeper can nevertheless rescue the adventure by jumping to the scene described later, "Captured by the Corsicans."



Le Cassetout

The Gangs of Marseilles

MARSEILLES IS ONE OF the largest ports on the Mediterranean sea and a natural center for all sorts of illegal trading, from drugs to weapons. In the 1920s the gangs of Marseilles make most of their money by controlling these illegal markets. Lacking the



The Casbah

fat revenues gained by their bootlegging counterparts in the U.S., they enrich themselves by more traditional activities, such as betting, gambling, loan sharking, and protection rackets.

In the 1920s the city is firmly in the hands of three major gangs: the Corsicans, the Italians, and the Catalans. Minor groups also exist, either splinter groups from the main gangs or else other minorities (Arabs, Turks, Greeks). Most gangsters are second or third generation immigrants, citizens of France born and raised in the country but bonded to each other by ethnic ties. They maintain strong links with their ancestral countries and recruit freshly arrived immigrants—usually poor or destitute—to help fill the gangs' rank and file. Those who acquire the manners and language of regular Frenchmen may raise themselves in the gang's hierarchy, even becoming caids. At that point riches and even political power are at hand. It is said that Marseilles for a long time enjoyed mayors who were themselves members of different gangs.

Each gang controls a specific territory. When the borders of these territories are respected, the city enjoys a quiet life—but this is not always the case. Of the three major gangs, the Corsicans are those stationed in the most advantageous area. From their position in the casbah near the Joliette harbor they control most of the profitable smuggling activity. It seems that in the interest of a quiet life the Corsicans usually pay a percentage of their profits to the other gangs but, as easily imagined, disputes frequently erupt and are more often settled by violence than parley.

Investigators probably do not want to meddle with the gangs but if they want to know something about the golden statuette they can hardly avoid contact. Asking around town they find that everyone knows a bloody gang war is taking place pitting the two major gangs—the Italians and the Corsicans—against each other. It has been going on for more than a year now, involving all the usual shootings, ambushes, punitive expeditions, and sudden disappearances. This war was started by the Corsicans who somehow seem equipped with limitless financial resources. Even the lowliest pimps and pickpockets now dress in fancy attire, use the best weapons available, and drive expensive cars. The Corsicans are trying to gain control of the whole town and they may very well succeed. Whether the gang war is somehow related to the mysterious gold statuette is unknown.

The gang war is, in fact, financed by gold coming from the bottom of the sea. A fact known only to the leaders of the Corsican gang, they will keep the secret hidden at any cost. If the investigators let it be known that they know of the gold treasure, they become the target of attacks. If they enter the casbah again, see the

section titled "Optional—A Raid in the Casbah" for information.

If they try to contact Papillon for help, they find she shares an apartment with her boyfriend, Le Cassetout. If the investigators succeed in contacting her, this serves to hasten the developments described in the next section, "Papillon Escapes."

Rumors of the Vieux Port

The characters described below may be designated members of different gangs or as independent criminals inhabiting the vieux port. It is up to the keeper to use them as he sees fit. They are here to help supply some of the gossip circulating through the city. Persuade and/or Fast Talk rolls may be required to hear some of the following.

The rumors are given in English though it should be remembered that most of the characters speak only French. All these rumors contain elements of truth, in particular those rumors regarding the ongoing gang war and the fact that something weird is going on in the casbah.

LE BAISSÉ ("The Kissed One")

His nickname derives from a misadventure that occurred while he was serving in the Foreign Legion somewhere in North Africa. Captured by a group of Bedouins, he was forced to submit to repeated indescribable indignities. Afterwards he was sent back to his friends, not seriously harmed but very shocked. This experience has made him sour and mistrustful of everyone.

"This city is not like the others. There is nothing that can be done about that. Leave alone the Corsicans. Don't



Le Bâisé



Le Curé

meddle with them. There is somebody there, a guy that you better never meet, they call him Le Douanier."

LE CURÉ ("The Vicar")

It seems that Le Curé's nickname derives from his long-standing habit of stealing from the offering boxes of churches. Often disguised as a priest, he managed to acquire the manners of a real priest and even some knowledge about religious matters. He often launches himself into long utterances in a weird language that most people assume is Latin.

"These are bad times. Tantum ergo. How am I to do my work in church with all this noise around? Ignoramus.

The Corsicans shooting at the Italians, the Italians shooting at the Corsicans, and the Catalans looking on at who is winning. Et cum spiritus bibemus. The Corsicans may be winning, but it is hard life for them. Oremus."



Le Degommeur

LE DÉGOMMEUR ("The Eraser")

This cold-eyed fellow is a man of few words. It is rumored that he makes his living from "contracts" — killing people for money. Although not generally

sociable, he may nevertheless befriend people he judges to be as ruthless as himself.

"There is good money in the casbah. Lots of it. Don't know where it comes from. Weird things there."

LE MOISSONNEUR ("The Mower")

Maybe Le Moissonneur's nickname derives from his peasant origins, but more probably from his tendency to solve all problems with fire-arms. He is a virtuoso with almost any weapon but his specialty is the Thompson submachine gun, which he uses with the expertise and sensitivity of a violinist.



Le Moissonneur

"Tommy guns? You said you want tommy guns? Well, that's not easy. Not easy at all. Only some people have got tommy guns in town, and if I were you I would not even dream to seek them. You know, some people have been trying to understand where they get all that money from. They got connected with this Le Douanier and that was bad for their health, very bad."

PETIT ("Tiny")

Petit is big and strong, two characteristics useful in the tough environment of the gangs. But he has a problem: when beating someone he can't find the right moment to stop. Once, in what was supposed to be just a minor squabble, he smashed somebody's head too many times against the sharp edge of a marble bar in a café. Too big a crime to be ignored, he was sentenced to eight years imprisonment in the "Grand College," a high-security prison in French Guyana. There his behavior was so abominable that his sentence was extended another three years. Now he is back in Marseilles and still he does not know when to stop.

"Ha! I don't care about all what they say, and if a monster comes up at night in the casbah to get me, I'll snap its head off, just like this...."



Petit

TÊTE DE CERF ("Deer's Head")

According to Mediter-ranean lore a cuckolded husband develops "horns" on his head. Invisible and insubstantial, these horns nevertheless are recognized by everyone. The scorned husband himself can sometimes be observed stooping to enter a door, as though avoiding bumping his metaphorical horns against the lintel. Tête de Cerf's wife is well known to "entertain" at home, and when she works, her husband must stay out. He spends a lot of time in



Tête de Cerf

SIX CHARACTERS OF THE VIEUX PORT

	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX	APP	EDU	SAN	HP	DB
Le Baisé	15	11	9	8	9	11	13	7	35	10	—
Le Dégommeur	11	9	6	12	9	19	8	5	40	8	—
Le Curé	12	15	12	13	14	17	9	8	25	14	—
Le Moissonneur	10	16	17	9	12	17	7	5	75	17	+1D4
Petit	19	17	18	6	7	9	11	4	90	18	+1D6
Tête de Cerf	12	11	13	7	6	17	9	7	40	12	+1D4

Le Baisé: English 15%, Martin (switchblade) 80%, 8mm Revolver 30%.

Le Dégommeur: English 25%, Martin (switchblade) 50%, 8mm Revolver 95%, Rifle 75%, Thompson SMG 40%.

Le Curé: English 35%, Fake Latin 85%, Martin (switchblade) 50%, Pose as Priest 90%, 8mm Revolver 30%.

Le Moissonneur: English 15%, Machine Gun 80%, Martin (switchblade) 50%, 8mm Revolver 70%, Rifle 75%, Thompson SMG 95%.

Petit: English 15%, Fist 85%, Grapple 90%, Martin (switchblade) 75%, 8mm Revolver 30%.

Tête de Cerf: Billiards 70%, Card Games 80%, English 15%, Fist 75%, Martin (switchblade) 85%, 8mm Revolver 30%.

bars and cafés and has developed excellent skills with all kinds of card games as well as on the billiard table. He is also good with the knife. He does not like at all to be asked why he can't yet go home tonight.

"What do you mean it is late? You go home if you like. Don't think that I am afraid of the bloody gang war. If I want to stay here until you all drop asleep, then I stay here, and nobody daresay a word, or else."

OTHERS

Note that the investigators may also meet a character named "Crachesang" who knows something about the Corsicans' gold business. He and his information are described in detail in a later section titled "A Chance Encounter."

Papillon Escapes

After spending time searching and questioning, the unexpected happens: Papillon suddenly appears at their hotel. She has a black eye, her hair is mussed, and her makeup is smeared across her face. She is upset, nearly hysterical. She seems to have forgotten her cute Parisian-accented French and has switched to a stream of pure Corsican.

"Isto miserabile figghiu de puta. La mala morte a tia! Annocchiatura te prenda!" Roughly translated, that means

"That degenerate S.O.B.! Drop dead! Be damned!" Papillon's tone of voice is enough to get the point across.

After some time, and with the help of a couple of drinks, she recovers her English enough to tell what happened. A sad story: her friend, Le Cassetout, came home drunk—angry for some reason. He beat her, then locked her in and left. Papillon was so mad that she took out one of the guns in the house, blasted the lock open, and made her way out of the building—in the process shooting down one of Le Cassetout's personal bodyguards stationed at the door. (Fortunately, the wound was not lethal, though Papillon has no way of knowing this yet.)

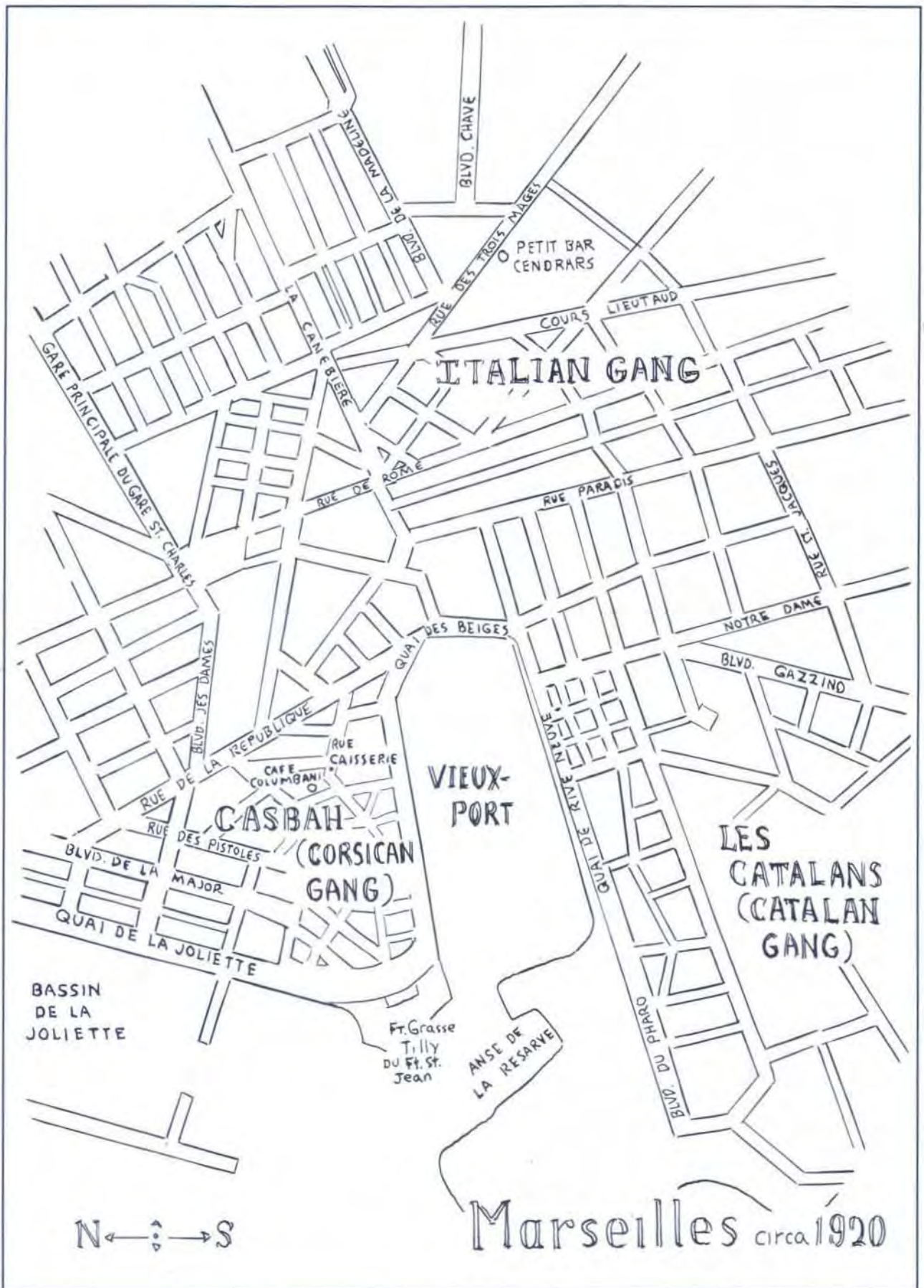
Now she is in a difficult situation. She has no place to go. For their own safety, those few relatives she has in Marseilles are best left alone. She needs to get out of town but all she has is the dress she wears, some pocket money, and an empty gun. If she goes back home she risks finding herself "sleeping with the fishes tonight." She pleads with the Americans to help her.

At this stage a romantic development between a chosen investigator and Papillon is possible, but it should be noted that she is very temperamental. Living with her will be a roller coaster experience, wildly oscillating between the tempestuous and the idyllic. And at any moment she may decide that she has had enough of these dumb Americans and go back to the casbah.

WHAT PAPIILLON KNOWS

Surely the Corsicans are preparing dark and dire things. However, while looking for a safe hideout somewhere, the investigators can also learn what Papillon knows. As a woman, she was not told anything about the gang's business but she is smart enough to put two and two together. She, of course, speaks freely with friends who have helped her in such a bad moment.





THE GOLD: Papillon knows that the Corsican gang is making a lot of money from the sale of gold. She does not know exactly where the gold comes from but thinks there must be a hidden treasure somewhere. She has seen samples of it: statuettes, elaborate jewels, bas-reliefs, and golden tablets. Batches of this golden stuff are quietly shipped out of Marseilles, melted down, and sold on the market. Some of this money has gone to the U.S. in exchange for Thompson submachine guns and other arms. Papillon believes that the source of gold, whatever it is, has not been exhausted yet. A steady flow of golden objects has been pouring in for at least the last two years, and continues to do so.

THE GOLDEN STATUETTE: A couple of years ago the man known as Berto was on friendly terms with Papillon—although at the time Papillon was already the woman of the boss, Le Cassetout. It was Papillon who gave Berto the pink copy of Baudelaire's poems. She had hoped that her young friend would take her away from the casbah and the gangsters. She had tipped him about the presence of a golden treasure and he had been able to steal the golden statuette. The plan was to use the gold to finance their elopement but Berto betrayed her. Maybe he came to fear Le Cassetout's anger, for he abruptly took ship and disappeared.

It did not take long for Le Cassetout to connect the disappearance of Berto with the stolen statuette. He arranged for some U.S. friends to take care of the problem, and his wishes were dutifully granted. Papillon may be saddened to know that her friend died alone in a far away city with her name on his lips but, after all, he had betrayed her, so the hell with him.

LE CASSETOUT: Le Cassetout was once an obscure lieutenant of the former caid of the Corsicans, the old and respected Maurice "Riri" Giacometti. But then Le Cassetout began hiring his own men, demanding they obey him and him alone. Soon after, Giacometti was shot and killed while attending mass in the church of St. Ferreol near the vieux port. Le Cassetout quickly took control of the whole gang, disposing of those few foolish enough to oppose him. Papillon is not sure of the details but believes it all started because of some kind of shady deal with somebody—a deal old Giacometti had refused to be a part of.

LE DOUANIER: few know about him, and fewer yet have actually met him. Le Douanier seems to be the man in charge of obtaining the gold that finances the gang war. Papillon has met him only a few times and was impressed by his cold eyes and greenish complexion.

MYSTERIOUS HAPPENINGS: the casbah is not what it used to be. Once a safe place for Corsicans, at least, Papillon remembers a time when, as a child, she could run freely along the alleys and take a bath in the sea in front of old fort St. Jean. Now, weird things are

taking place. People are afraid and even the gangsters fear entering certain parts of the casbah after dark. Stories are told of monsters hiding in dark corners. All wild rumors, of course, but a number of people have disappeared, both men and women. They are just gone—nobody knows where.

Le Cassetout's Revenge

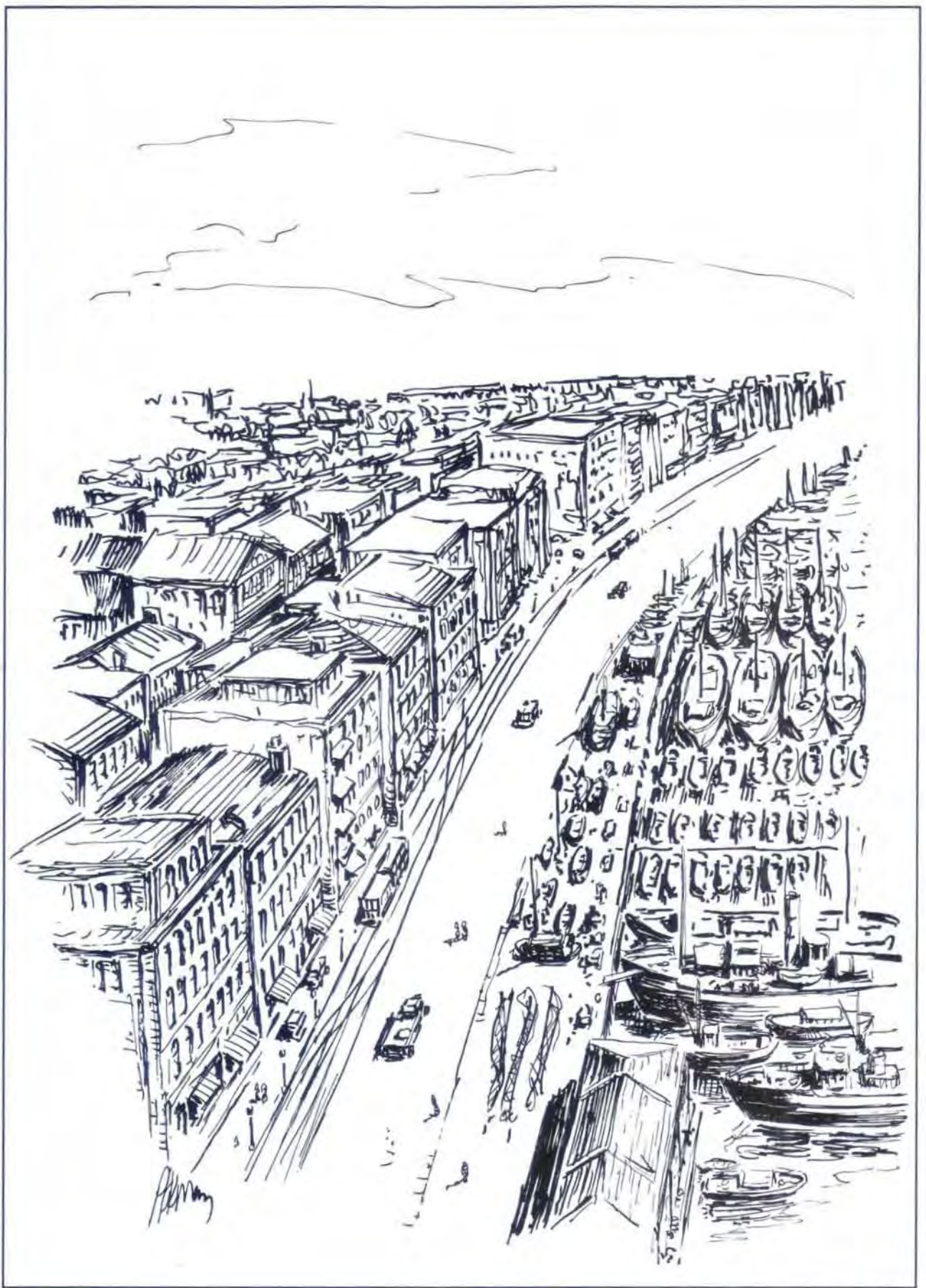
Le Cassetout does not easily forgive Papillon for leaving him and blames the Americans. Soon the investigators fall prey to ambushes, car chases, and/or shoot-outs. A few suggestions follow.

- In the Marché des Capucins—the fish and vegetable market of Marseilles—the investigators are ambushed by a group of Corsicans armed with handguns and shotguns. A confused fight ensues with customers fleeing in terror and market stands collapsing, spilling mounds of slippery fish across the pavement.
- The investigators are sitting at a café facing the picturesque vieux port when suddenly they are fired upon from a car cruising down the street. At least two guns open up, including at least one Tommy gun. After sweeping the area, the car accelerates and disappears down Canebière street.
- The investigators are strolling in rue de Trois Mages in the evening when a party of Corsicans suddenly appears, firing at everybody in sight, particularly at the prostitutes strolling the sidewalks. Raids against the prostitution network of rival gangs is a popular feature of the present gang war. Two or more Italian bambous on guard inside the nearby Petit bar Cendrars return the fire.

FIGHTING IN THE STREETS

1920s Marseillaise gangsters rely heavily on cheap and trustworthy switchblade knives, supplemented by handguns. Italian gangsters make heavy use of the sawed-off shotgun called the *lupara* (wolf killer). Heavier weapons are rare but in the years after the Great War, hand grenades found their way into the gang's armories. The typical handgun of the time was the French Lebel, an 8mm revolver supplied to the French Army. Reputed to be a rugged weapon, it was hampered by underpowered bullets. Marseilles was also one of the few places in Europe where American-made Winchester pump-action shotguns were available on the black market. A few Thompson submachine also entered the country via this channel.

The keeper should carefully stage any attacks. The Corsicans favor quick attacks and retreats, giving the investigators a chance of survival. Outcomes should prove inconclusive but if the Corsicans somehow manage to capture all the investigators, the adventure can move to the section titled "Captured by the Corsicans."



The Vieux Port

Le Douanier Appears

Most people in town agree that Le Douanier is an old Marseillaise with just a shade of Corsican blood. His



real name is uncertain and nobody knows his age. His exact residence is unknown, but most believe he lives somewhere in the casbah. As a young man he traveled in the South Seas but now he is back in Marseilles and reputed to be one of the most powerful men in the Corsican gang. In fact, it is rumored that he was

the originator of the plot overthrowing the old caid, Giacometti.

Despite his nickname, meaning "customs officer," Le Douanier has never been a member of the police. Some say that the nickname derives from his involvement in almost every international smuggling operation organized by the Corsican gang. Others say that he is called this because of his liking for the absinthe drink called "Douanier." Finally, there are those who say that it refers to the unhealthy greenish color of the man's complexion. This, along with his ugly



Le Douanier

face and bulging eyes, is the main reason he is rarely seen in public. Le Douanier is the organizer of the pact with the deep ones. They supply gold to the Corsicans in exchange for human sacrifices. Whether he made previous contacts with deep ones in the Pacific Ocean or came of his knowledge through his ancient Marseillaise ancestral lines, is unknown. In fact, Le Douanier's varied ancestry could include deep one blood and he may well be on his way to becoming a deep one himself.

Tiring of the Corsicans' attempts to capture or drive off the investigators, Le Douanier takes matters into his own hands. Unlike the gangsters, he prefers more devious means to accomplish his purposes. He has lots of connections in Marseilles and if he can locate the investigators' quarters he will have their food drugged, or their rooms flooded with chloroform gas.

LE DOUANIER'S BODYGUARDS

Le Douanier has chosen a group of tough gangsters as his personal bodyguard. None of them is particularly smart but they are all good with weapons. These ugly degenerates are fully aware of the evil rites their boss celebrates. The keeper may wish to describe Le Douanier and his friends as having the "Innsmouth look." For this reason, during the initial phases of the adventure, Le Douanier and his friends should be heard of, but not often seen.

BOUILLABASSE: gross and corpulent, most people believe this fellow got his nickname from his fondness for the typical fish soup of Marseilles.

LE CRU ("The Raw"): the name refers to this man's rather low degree of social refinement, notable consid-



Bouillabaisse



Le Cru

ering that the gang is not exactly an upper class club.

MANGEFANGE ("Mud Eater"): the term *mangefange* is sometimes applied to the *mistral*—Marseilles' wind—for its ability to dry up mud pools. However, in this case the nickname refers to the man's eating habits.

LE POISSONNEUR ("The Fishmonger"): it does not seem that Le



Mangefange

Poissonneur has ever sold fish. Rather, he was at the head of a small gang that specialized in robbing fishermen and successful to the point of becoming a nuisance to other gangs. A crack-down from the major gangs was enough to scatter it forever, but Le Poissonneur found a small niche for himself as one of Le Douanier's bodyguards.

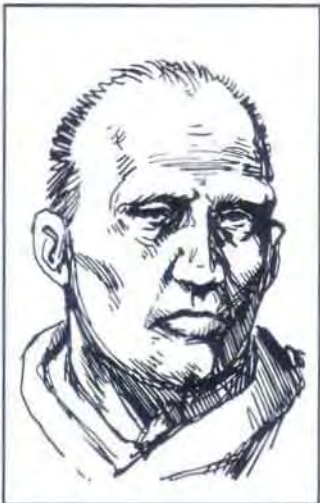
ROUILLE ("Rust"): some say his nickname



Le Poissonneur

comes from the few strands of reddish hair still left on his nearly bald head. Other say his crouched stance makes him resemble a frog (hence, *rouille* may be a corruption of *grenouille*). Still others refer the name to a popular tomato sauce used on fish dishes.

TORPILLE ("Torpedo"): Perhaps the nickname derives from his tendency of hitting unsuspecting



Rouille

victims from behind, or maybe from his past career in the French Navy.

Captured by the Corsicans

The following assumes that Le Douanier manages to capture all the investigators. Alternatively, it can be used if the investigators are captured by Le Cassetout's gang and turned over to Le Douanier.

Put to sleep by a healthy dose of chloroform, or by more down-to-earth treatment with *matraques* (clubs), the investigators wake up in the closed hold of a moving truck, without weapons and suffering horrible headaches. There are no windows but looking through gaps in the truck's body, it appears to be night. The truck follows winding roads for about an hour, then stops. Someone opens the back door and the investigators are roughly ordered to step outside. Here, they

stand in the glaring headlights of a couple of parked cars. Half blinded, they can barely make out the men moving around them in the shadows but notice that they all carry rifles. It is windy and the ground rocky with sparse vegetation.

From the darkness comes a voice—a croaking voice speaking slightly accented English. They catch a glimpse of the shadowy figure: a stout man with a large head.

"Welcome, gentle-

men. At last we meet face to face. Not so many people in Marseilles can claim to have drawn so much attention from Le Douanier. Too bad that our acquaintance is not going to last for long. Now, would you please walk in that direction?"

The stout man indicates the only route left open to the investigators, away from the men and the lights into the darkness. A few yards walking finds them standing at the edge of a cliff. The *Falaise de Cassis*, it is the tallest cliff in Europe, a vertical wall dropping more than 350 feet into the angry sea. Waiting below, invisible in the darkness, a group of deep ones croaks expectantly.

THE RESCUE

The investigators have little choice but to walk on. Refusals result in the sound of guns being cocked. The situation seems hopeless when, suddenly, shooting



Torpille

breaks out and a Corsican falls. Shots also hit the lights of the parked cars, plunging the scene into darkness. The investigators hear a voice shout in English: "Run for your lives! This way!"

Running toward the voice, into the darkness and away from the Corsicans, the investigators make difficult targets. There is only a 10% chance per round of one being hit by a bullet, and in three rounds they are safe. The terrain is rocky and dangerous but all those who manage to run for a distance of fifty yards are assumed safe from Corsican shots. Assume that Le Douanier and at least some of his followers survive the battle unscathed—there will be more chances to meet them later.

The Italian Gang

The investigators' rescuers are five or six members of the Italian gang, heavily armed with shotguns and handguns. Some of them speak heavily accented English. Traveling by car, following back roads, all are in Marseilles a couple of hours later.

The Italians know little about the investigators, only that they are enemies of the Corsicans, and hence potential allies of the Italians. The Italian gang is perhaps the largest criminal organization in Marseilles and its leaders all members of the well-known Sicilian Mafia. The investigators are being taken to meet the boss.

DON FRANCO CAMMARATA

Don Franco Cammarata is the caid of the Italian Mafia in Marseilles. He arrives escorted by a small troop of bodyguards, meeting the rescued investigators at the Bar Cendrars in rue des Trois Mages. Don Franco speaks English with a thick accent but with an excellent mastery of the language. An indication of his power and prestige is that, unlike almost every other gangster in the city, he

is always addressed by his real name, never a nickname. Short and balding, Don Franco is a rather unimposing man but this soft facade disguises an iron will.

"Well, pigeons," he addresses the investigators, "it looks like you have had a good bit of luck. You know, these Corsicans have been giving us much trouble. This Le Cassetout and his friends want to take over the whole town.



Don Franco Cammarata



Lebel Revolver

They have a lot of money. And when I say a lot, I mean a *lot*. They can even buy those machine guns from the United States. *Mannaggia...!*"

"Now, I do not want to know what is your business here in Marseilles. Clearly you are brave *picciotti*, but you can't make it alone against the Corsicans, and they are not going to give up. You need us, and maybe we need you. Why don't we find an agreement?"

AN UNSUSPECTED RELATION

Befriending the criminal gang may be to the investigators' advantage. Certainly, giving offense to their rescuers should be avoided. As foreigners the investigators cannot actually join the gang. However, it is possible that one of them remembers that his grandfather was Italian—Sicilian, actually. The keeper can choose someone appropriate.

This revelation brings an immediate recognition from the Sicilian members: "What? You are the grandson of Pippuzzo Badalamenti? He was a well-known member of the *onorata societa!*" This "lucky" investigator may even be invited to take the oath of fidelity to the Mafia.

As friends of a gang, the investigators have several advantages in Marseilles. Getting acquainted with the various personalities of the milieu, they can now buy weapons at a good price and get a substantial discount in all the local taules owned or controlled by the Italian gang (brothels, gambling houses, etc.). Beyond that, their reputation in Marseilles improves, as do their Credit Ratings, and no longer are they treated like ignorant tourists. The keeper may grant each of them a French nickname, and collectively the investigators become known as "Les Americains."

Close relationship with the Italian gang is optional, but this is a fine opportunity for the keeper to spin out intermediate adventures. The investigators may participate in raids and punitive expeditions against the Corsicans (as led by the Italians), but they must keep their own goals in mind. They may instead choose to keep their participation to a minimum, avoiding getting involved in a war not their own. This suits the Italians, as well. They may limit their aid to the investigators by providing weapons and information, leaving the mad

Americans to do as they will, keeping the Corsicans distracted while the Italian gang rallies.

Papillon Disappears!

THE INVESTIGATORS MAY HAVE noticed that Papillon has recently been restless—even more than usual. Now she has disappeared. The only clue they have is a torn piece of paper with the few words:

Andromaque, je pense a vous! Un cygne qui s'était évadé de sa cage....

M.

"Andromeda, I dream upon you! A swan that had escaped from its cage...." It is some sort of poem, possibly from Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du mal* (actually "Le Cygne"). But who is "M."? Possibly Michelle, but the handwriting is too masculine. Could it be Marcel? — that idiotic boor known as Le Cassetout?

Investigation reveals that Papillon has not been seen anywhere. She is not at the Café Colombani, nor anywhere about the casbah. A persistent rumor claims that the ruthless Americans got rid of her after having forced her to tell them everything she knew about Le Cassetout and the Corsicans. Another rumor says that she went to Paris to become a famous singer. Another says that Le Cassetout caught up with her, and that she is now fish food. But if the last is true, it is also true that Le Cassetout's wrath has not yet been appeased. He is

still threatening to shred those *fiils de pute* Americans into tiny, tiny bits, then sell the pieces as fish bait.

Further Rumors of the Vieux Port

Looking for Papillon, the investigators again have the chance to come into contact with some of the criminals described earlier. Most of them suspect the Americans of the dirty deed. Here is what they have to say about the missing singer:

LE BAISÉ: "This city is not like the others. Bad for everybody. The Corsicans—they got rid of that girl. Le Cassetout, he got his revenge, surely. This city is like that."

LE DÉGOMMEUR: "Well done, fellows. I always say that a good job is one done quietly. I admire your work."

LE CURÉ: "Well, *cogitamus ergo sumus*. The Lord says 'thou shalt not kill,' and yet we must understand, my friends, some things have to be done. *Ergo*: there are rules that nobody can break and sometimes punishment may be here on Earth. *Oremus*. But be careful now, my friends! The wrath of somebody whose name I shall not mention is upon you! *Sanctificatur*."

LE MOISSONNEUR: "I always say that a good gun is the best way to do it. I don't want to hear nothing about this idea of concrete shoes. Bah!"

PETIT: "Ha! Neat! You need that girl? So, use her! Don't need her anymore? Then get rid of her. Great! And if you need somebody to snap off a head, or to break a neck bone, just let me know."

TTE DE CERF: "It is not late! And I am not sleepy. If you are, go sleep with the fishes, just like that girl."

Optional: A Raid in the Casbah

This action may be taken attempting to free a captured character, possibly Papillon or one or more of the investigators. Rumors of weird activities lead to a basement address: No. 5, rue des Pistoles, found in the dark back alleys of the casbah. The basement entrance is at the end of a dark and damp corridor. The door is of heavy wood, STR 48, and secured with a padlock (STR 30). Beyond, a flight of stairs leads down.

The place is wet, and smells foul. The walls of the corridor are made of massive stones, possibly remnants of the ancient Marseilles hidden under the modern city. The corridor eventually opens on a room dominated by a central altar constructed of massive slabs of stone. Scattered about the floor are several gold objects of workmanship similar to the gold statuette.

There is no evidence of the prisoners being held here. In fact, this is the room where prisoners are eventually sacrificed, and the treasure the deep ones pay for their victims left for Le Douanier. The crypt and altar are very old, and once used by earlier residents of this ancient city.

The Real Story

Clearly, nobody in town has the faintest idea of what really happened to Papillon. The message she received she believed to have been written by Le Cassetout but upon returning to the casbah she was kidnapped by Le Douanier's men. She is presently held captive, soon to be sacrificed to the deep ones. For more information see the section titled "Optional—A Raid in the Casbah."

It would be to the investigators' advantage if, discovering the truth of Papillon's disappearance, they made a truce with the Corsican gang. Showing Le Cassetout the fragment of verse, he quickly denies authorship and begins to suspect Le Douanier.

However, despite aid provided by the investigators, his reputation may require him to do away with them, regardless of the help they provided. Approaching Le Cassetout directly is, consequently, risky.

A Chance Encounter

BEFORE LONG A SINGULAR EVENT serves to put the investigators on the right track. It happens one day while they are walking near the church of St. Ferreol. Sitting on the front steps are the usual *clochards* (tramps), getting a little sun and pestering passersby for coins. As the investigators near, a fight breaks out between three men. One is knocked to the ground by the other two who then flee, passing near the investigators. The fallen man staggers to his feet then tries to run after them, screaming: "*Ma montre, ma montre...*" ("My watch, my watch..."), but after a few steps slumps to the ground a few feet away from the investigators, panting heavily and cursing under his breath. He does not seem injured, rather too sick or too drunk to run. He smells of cheap wine.

The investigators may attempt to catch the thieves, or simply let them get away. The fallen man implores their aid. Taking him to a nearby bar and buying him a drink cheers him up and earns the investigators his gratitude. His name, he tells them, is "Crachesang."

Crachesang

Fragile and white-haired, Crachesang is a common sight around the vieux port. Corsican by birth, he was once a fisherman. Drafted in 1915 by the French Army, he was sent to the front and later, somewhere near Verdun, nearly killed in a mustard gas attack. He spent the whole night lying in a shell hole with both feet drenched in near freezing water before being taken prisoner by the Germans the next morning. At the prison camp doctors did what they could but saved only part of his feet.



Crachesang

His lungs were permanently damaged by the mustard gas, resulting in his nickname: *Crachesang*, "blood spitting." After the war he could not go back to his regular work and since then has gotten along by performing odd jobs, supplementing his income with minor thefts.

Crachesang knows a good deal, including who the investigators are and what they are looking for. He has good sources. Crachesang speaks a strongly accented, uncertain English learned during the War from British fellow prisoners. His French is also strongly accented and he prefers to speak his native Corsican. Both his English and French become sufficiently fluent when lubricated by a few glasses of *pastis* or cognac.

"Aah, a good glass I need, thank you, *mes amis*. These lungs are no good. *Je sais*, you do not like see me spit on the floor, right? But how I do, aah? You know that? 'Le Patron' is mad at you. You get off with his girlfriend, Chilina? Aah, nice girl, right? She sing so well. Now she do not sing anymore! Now she do not bother you any more! *Aah, tant pis, c'est la vie...* one has to take it as it comes. They say at the vieux port: *Sur les cheveux blancs, pluie de merde*. On the white hair, a rain of shit."

Corsican himself, Crachesang is well acquainted with what happens within the Corsican gang. "Le Patron" ("the master") is his name for Le Cassetout; "Chilina" is Papillon's Corsican nickname.

Crachesang seems convinced, as most are, that the investigators did something terrible to her. Anyway, life is hard for everybody and Crachesang does not blame them for that—it is the way things go. But Crachesang knows more: information that he hints might be fundamental to what the investigators are looking for. Yes, surely he would give it to them for free—out of gratitude for what they did for him—but, you know, life is hard, and he is sick, and nobody helps him, and he needs money for curing his lungs. The best cure seems to be a few glasses of red wine, so....

Crachesang is easy to please: ten dollars is enough for him to get drunk every night for months, or to buy another watch to replace the one that was stolen.

"Aah, there was a friend of mine once at the vieux port. Aah, Le Mince his name. He was very thin, but *trés fort*, a strong man, Aah, a good *pecheur*, a fisherman. A Corsican, like me. Now he is not here anymore. Never came back from fishing one day. *Trés triste*."

"One day something happen to him. He find something in his net. Strange something. I am his friend but he don't want show it to me. Then he goes to sea many times again. He get much money, I do not know where from. He buy a nice *bateau* for himself—the *Colomba*. A large boat, with a motor. So I say this boat is too big for fishing. But he say it is good and he keep going to sea with that. And I see that he has more money. One day I see some people of the gang going to sea with him. Le

Douanier, also. Aah, *très mal*, very bad."

"That time he had much money. Yes, very, very much. But he told me *'j'ai peur*," he was afraid. One day he do not come back. Then nobody know anything about him. Then Le Douanier gets much money. Before he was not a big man and now he gets whatever he wants, and everybody *a peur*, is scared of him."

According to Crachesang's story this fisherman—Le Mince—found something at sea, possibly the wreck of an ancient ship full of golden artifacts. Unfortunately, Crachesang has only a vague idea of where the wreck might lie. Crachesang hints that the Corsican gang learned of Le Mince's gold and, at Le Douanier's urging, forced him to reveal the secret. They then murdered him and dumped the body at sea.

Crachesang's surmises are only partially correct. Le Douanier, recognizing the evidence of deep ones in the area, forced Le Mince to show him the location. Familiar with their ways, Le Douanier quickly struck a bargain with the sea creatures, offering them human sacrifices in exchange for gold, then tossing the unfortunate Le Mince overboard as an act of good faith.

CRACHESANG DISAPPEARS!

Shortly after this meeting, the feeble Crachesang drops out of sight. In his small room in a rundown house of the Quai du Port, the investigators find little trace of him other than his dirty laundry.

Crachesang did not respect the gangster's golden rule, "keep your mouth shut," and has been kidnaped by Le Douanier's men. He is kept captive in a dark cellar, awaiting his sacrifice to the deep ones.

The Colomba

ASKING AROUND THE WATERFRONT, the investigators find that the local fishermen remember Le Mince very well. They know that he disappeared at sea a couple of years ago. A sad accident, some note that Le Mince's boat, now owned by someone else, is in



Marseilles, moored in Joliette harbor. The name of the actual owner is unknown ("Someone from Toulon," "He lives in Paris," "He left town..."). Pointed out to the investigators from a distance, the *Colomba* looks like an ordinary boat with a cabin for the pilot and a small crane mounted on the deck. She is about sixty feet long. Fishermen tell them that it sails out of the harbor only late at night and always returns before dawn.

Everyone at the harbor seems rather touchy about this boat's activities, and, knowing that the area is the domain of the Corsican gang, refrain from speaking too freely about it. Accidents seem to happen to those who ask or answer too many questions.

Le Douanier and his friends use the *Colomba* to carry victims to the deep ones in the open sea, returning with the gold they receive in payment. The investigators may wish to board the craft forcibly, but find they receive no cooperation from the local police. The police see no reason for suspicion, and are well aware of the fact that the dangerous Corsican gang somehow controls the boat. A night time raid might be possible, but the boat is usually well-guarded. Waiting for the *Colomba* to head out to sea, then following her, is the most practical approach.

Following the Colomba

If the investigators are on friendly terms with the Italian gang, they can use the gang's harbor-side spies to learn exactly when the *Colomba* next sails out. Otherwise, the investigators will have to keep watch themselves, or somehow gain the help of the old fishermen of the vieux port. These fishermen keep track of the movements of all the boats in the area.

Following the *Colomba* at night, without detection, is not easy. A quiet sailboat—rather than a powered craft—is required, and all lights will have to be kept extinguished. The boat must be large enough to hold all the investigators, a pilot, and any necessary equipment. If the investigators have made contacts in Marseilles, purchasing black market weapons is easy. Even heavy machine guns, left over from the War, may be available.

There are plenty of sailboats in Marseilles, but assume the investigators hire the *Magali*, a single-mast-



ed craft about thirty feet long. Jean Paul Glachant owns her, and she is a typical *barque de peche* (fishing boat) of the vieux port. Glachant belongs to no gang. A pure Marseillaise, he speaks in the rhythmic slang of the local French dialect. However, there is an old story about a sum of money that he borrowed from a loan shark and never repaid. It may be that he owes this man a favor he can't refuse to honor. Eager to please, he promises to keep quiet about whatever happens.

THE FATED NIGHT ARRIVES

On the night the *Colomba* chugs out of the harbor it is silently followed by the *Magali*. The sea gently rolls as the sailboat follows the faint drumming of the *Colomba's* diesel engine. The lights of Marseilles recede.

After more than an hour's sailing the noise of the *Colomba's* engine slows and the boat halts about ten miles southwest of Marseilles, in open sea. This far from the coast the water is quite deep; it seems impossible that the Corsicans can reach the sea floor with so small a crane. Yet movement on board the *Colomba* indicates the Corsicans are clearly up to something. They have turned on lights and someone is shouting orders in a loud voice. Distracted by their duties, this may be the perfect moment for the investigators to attack. If they choose not to, their boat still ends up shipwrecked as described later in "The Slimy Island." If

the investigators do not attack now, the gun battle described below can be staged on the island.

Battle at Sea

A pull to the sails and the *Magali* leaps ahead. Within moments she rams against the *Colomba* as the investigators begin boarding. It is a moment of great confusion, both boats rolling wildly from the impact.

The Corsican boat is clearly taken off guard. Loud splashes indicate some have fallen overboard. The battle then begins in earnest, weapons blazing in the night.

After a while the Corsicans stop firing. The investigators hear a voice. Someone stands up in the weak light of the boat lamps on the other side of the *Colomba*. He speaks in a croaking voice. It is Le Douanier.

"Damn you... Eh-ahhh-ah! e'yahhh... *Iā, Iā, ftaghn...*!" He then dives overboard. A pool of blood left on the deck indicates he has probably suffered a serious gunshot wound.

Assume the investigators win this battle. If they lose, the survivors are sacrificed to the deep ones, bringing the adventure to a premature end.

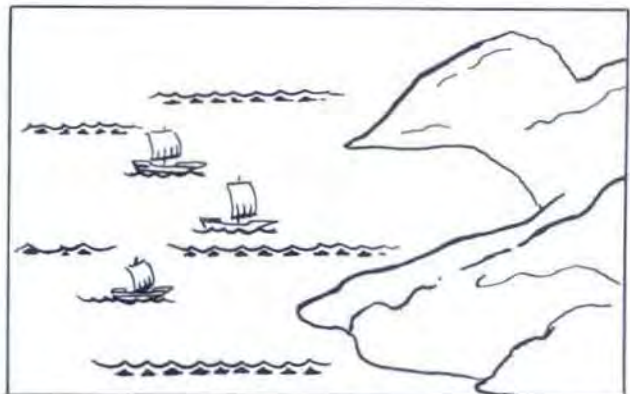
Among the surviving Corsicans aboard the *Colomba* are some of Le Douanier's followers. Old Rouille is here, his few reddish hairs now standing up on end. That huddled, bulky mass crouched in the corner is Bouillabaisse, unscathed but almost dead from fear and shock. These two can confirm that the man who jumped overboard was indeed Le Douanier.

The crane is still secured, obviously unused. The Corsicans are unwilling to give details about their activities, perhaps grudgingly admitting that they were waiting for someone else to arrive.

At some point one of the investigators notices that the *Magali* is missing. The pilot, Glachant, who had stayed behind to secure the boats, is likewise not to be found.

A NEW PERIL

Preparing to sail the *Colomba* back to shore, they find the boat does not move, though the engines run and the propellers turn. An unholy phosphorescence surrounds



the boat, the eerie light pouring up from beneath the surface. An ominous bubbling is heard. Then the waters around the boat suddenly recede and the investigators feel themselves lifted into the air as the *Colomba* is heaved up upon a stinking, muddy island that emerges from the depths. All aboard lose 1/1D6 sanity points.

The Slimy Island

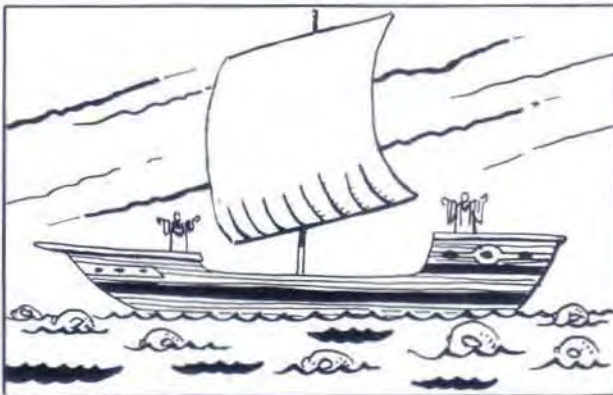
THE *COLOMBA* LAYS ON HER KEEL, rolled to starboard, surrounded by long slimy expanses of hellish black mire. All is quiet and foreboding. At a distance, a glowing pinnacle of rock stands silhouetted against the night sky. Though slippery, the sodden ground is solid enough to walk on.

The Sculpted Pinnacle

The distant pinnacle, the only object worth exploring, lies a slippery, unsteady walk away. It stands upon a small hill overlooking the sea on the island's coast. It is from this pinnacle that the eerie phosphorescence emanates. Carved with elaborate designs, many are found to be scarred and worn but the frieze is well preserved and curiously easy to understand.

It depicts an ancient ship navigating on an agitated sea. Its sail is torn and the ship clearly in trouble. On deck an open-armed figure gestures in prayer. Another falls overboard, into the sea. At the edge of the picture we see what appears to be a huge creature with a devilish mass of tentacles, rising from the waters. It resembles the golden statuette found on the dying Berto.

Other panels are more obscure, but major themes can be discerned. One shows ships arriving in a narrow cove, a natural harbor suspiciously similar to the harbor at Marseilles. Another shows a ship whose deck holds human beings dressed in odd robes; ugly things swim-



ming in the sea surround it. A later panel shows a ship beached on a shore while horrible creatures emerge from the waters and perform unnatural acts with the ship's survivors. The final panel shows an apocalyptic sinking of the land.

THE WRECK

Near the pinnacle lies the wreck of a very ancient ship. The central portion of the hull has been smashed open and a closer look reveals broken amphorae, corroded tools, and other artifacts, but no gold. The style is clearly archaic Greek.

The Sacrifices

From beyond the pinnacle, carried by the sea breeze, comes the sound of voices in chant. In the distance the investigators see a group of torchlit people dressed in



The friezes



Father Dagon

thin, dark robes, not unlike those depicted on the frieze on the pinnacle. They are apparently unaware of the presence of the investigators. Getting closer, the investigators may recognize some they met in Marseilles: maybe members of a gang, or street prostitutes who mysteriously disappeared during one of the gang war battles. Investigators captured by the Corsicans in an earlier scene may also be here. Two prisoners are well known to the investigators: Papillon and Crachesang. Unless the investigators failed to attack the *Colomba* earlier, there appear to be no guards here.

Papillon, enrobed and without makeup, her black hair wet and falling on her shoulders, looks like some Classical deity or an islander of ancient times. She seems to have been drugged; her eyes are glazed and she mumbles words from Baudelaire.

"La mer est ton miroir; tu contemples ton âme..." (Your mirror, the sea; you study your soul...)

While Papillon seems to be in shock, Crachesang seems in high spirits. A survivor of the battles of Verdun, he is not easily daunted.

"Aah, les amis. You here too? How are you? I feel great. Wet air is good for lungs, eh? They say that I get new lungs. No, what they say? Not poumons, they say branchies. How do you say that? Gills, I think. That is it. Le boss, Le Douanier, said a sacrifice. D'ailleurs I thought la poule, the girl was the one. Chilina, mais."

Crachesang stops his incoherent outburst only when seized by one of his bloody attacks of coughing. He seems to mean that Papillon was supposed to be sacrificed to something. Indeed, it may be that some kind of rite was to be performed here. There is a flat slab of rock on the beach and beside it lie many statuettes, tablets, bas-reliefs, some of them brownish-colored, others of shining gold.

Le Douanier's Last Stand

Something emerges from the waves. A human-sized creature pulls itself out of the waters onto the slimy beach. Slowly it rises to a semi-erect position. It is Le Douanier, dressed in a cassock of alien design. His garment doesn't hide all the features of his hideously deformed body. His face is now even paler and greener than when last seen in Marseilles. Clearly the gun battle at sea was hard on him. A bullet has taken out his left eye, leaving a gaping hole from which blood slowly flows. Le Douanier's mouth opens and closes, at first emitting no sound, then croaking in English:

"You, you.... Damn you! Those ancient rites found again...the help of those of the deep...those who helped our ancestors.... Everything ruined!"

Le Douanier is seriously wounded, no longer a threat to the investigators. If shot at, he jumps back into the sea. But investigators may want to ask him questions instead. Le Douanier can tell of ancient rites performed millennia before by his Marseillaise ancestors. And of how he discovered a way to contact the deep ones again after Le Mince's accidental discovery of an

ancient wreck that once carried sacrificial victims. He can also detail how he financed the gang war, and how he planned to eventually take over all of Marseilles, and deliver up the inhabitants for breeding with the deep ones.

Dagon

Sensing something, Le Douanier turns his eye toward the sea and speaks. "Now it is time for Him to come, and you shall taste His wrath! *Iā, Iā, ftaghn!*"

Le Douanier starts scurrying back to the water as something vast and loathsome emerges from the sea. Dagon rises slowly above the waves, accompanied by 1D6+4 deep ones. Sanity loss is 1D4/1D20.

Fighting the monster is probably hopeless. Fleeing toward the stranded *Colomba* for possible aid, weapons, or escape seems the best choice. Papillon accompanies them but only if pushed or dragged along. Crachesang, now completely out of his mind, is not frightened and struggles to remain.

THE SEA RISES AGAIN

Dagon may claim one or more victims, but before he can slay all the investigators, the island is unexpectedly washed by a large wave. The waters swirl higher, and the slimy reaches sink at a measured rate into the sea. The gush of waters overtakes the fleeing investigators. The phosphorescent light dims and dies. Perhaps the investigators struggle in panic to stay afloat. But soon the waves calm down and the investigators find themselves afloat, paddling in a quiet, warm sea. A small light appears and with it the faint ring of a bell.

A voice calls in the night, "*Les amis? Ou étés vous?*"

It is the *Magali* with her pilot, Glachant, coming to the rescue.

Back in Marseilles

WITHIN A FEW DAYS Marseilles' gang war, the bloodiest in many years, ends. The Corsicans and the Italians have apparently found agreement and now go about their separate businesses. Peace seems to have come due to the unexplained disappearance of Le Douanier, the Corsican second-in-command. It is believed that he was shot in some kind of battle somewhere at sea, perhaps during a smuggling expedition. Some members of his bodyguard barely survived and were found half dead, stranded on a rocky shore south of Marseilles. Some say that the Italians

were responsible, claiming they hired a group of tough American killers to do the job for them. Anyway, Le Douanier has not been seen nor heard of since. Surely he sleeps with the fishes now.

Le Cassetout and most of the Corsicans who knew about the gold business never cared about Le Douanier's fish deities and were merely happy to make good money letting Le Douanier and friends indulge their tastes. However, with Le Douanier gone, the gold has stopped. The Corsicans, realizing they could no longer finance the war, made peace overtures to the Italians.

REWARDS

Merely surviving the adventure nets each investigator an award of 1D10+2 sanity points. Rescuing Papillon or any captured investigator adds a reward of 1D4+1 points per victim rescued.

Last Rumors of the Vieux Port

LE BAISÉ: "Yeah, it is all bad. Never anything changes in this city. Now they stop shooting, then they will start again. This city is not like the others."

LE DÉGOMMEUR: "Looks like somebody put a contract on that fellow in the casbah, Le Douanier. Whoever did the job was a real professional. Congratulations."

LE CURÉ: "*Dominus boviscum.* You know, if I were not a man of faith, I'd feel like falling into blasphemy. *Pater*



toster. Those fellows are stealing my work. First they had put up all those airs, they thought it was so important to be the bodyguards of that Le Douanier. Now that he is gone, *deus et pudenda*, they come in church to steal from the offer boxes. What a people, bah, *Oramus.*"

LE MOISSONNEUR: "Psst.... Want to buy a tommy-gun? I've got plenty. Just slightly used. Yes, times are changing. There seems to be not much need of these things in Marseilles anymore. But you never know, you'd better get prepared for the next gang war."

PETIT: "Yech! Things are so quiet now in the casbah, so boring. Well, they say there is a group of tough killers around. They say it is them who got rid of Le Douanier. Maybe I'll go look for them, maybe I could join them."

T TE DE CERF: "You think it's late? What the hell, I am the one who decides when it is late! And do not tell me that my wife was less busy before that idiot Le Douanier got shot—whoever did it—and people started walking again at night. It is me who decides when it is time to go to bed, clear?"

Statistics

PAPILLON, age 26, singer

STR 9 CON 12 SIZ 7 INT 13 POW 17
DEX 14 APP 19 EDU 8 SAN 75 HP 9

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Weapon: 8mm Lebel Revolver 65%, damage 1D8.

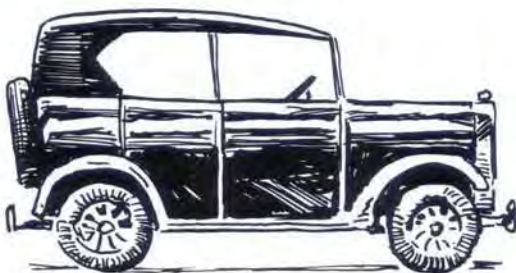
Skills: Corsican 70%, Dance 75%, English 45%, Fast Talk 70%, French 85%, German 35%, Italian 25%, Persuade 85%, Psychology 50%, Seduction 95%, Sing 75%, Swim 80%.

LE CASSETOUT, age 46, caid of the Corsican gang

STR 17 CON 14 SIZ 18 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 9 APP 8 EDU 9 SAN 65 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 90%, damage 1D3+1D6
Martin (switchblade knife) 90%, damage 1D4+1D6
Baiaffe (.45 revolver) 80%, damage 1D10+2



Matraque (small club) 75%, damage 1D6+1D6
Thompson SMG 55%, damage 1D10+2
12-gauge Shotgun (2B) 50%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

Skills: Corsican 75%, Drive Automobile 40%, English 15%, French 90%, Spot Hidden 30%.

SIX RABBLE CRIMINALS OF THE VIEUX PORT

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	HP	DB
Thug 1	7	6	7	15	7	-1D4
Thug 2	12	8	13	12	11	+1D4
Thug 3	7	12	6	12	9	-1D4
Thug 4	9	10	10	11	10	—
Thug 5	13	7	15	11	11	+1D4
Thug 6	10	9	8	7	9	—

Weapons: Martin (switchblade knife) 75%, damage 1D4+db
Matraque (small club) 45%, damage 1D6+db
Baiaffe (8mm Lebel revolver) 40%, damage 1D8

Skills: Bargain 20%, Dodge 35%, Fast Talk 30%, Hide 40%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 25%.

SIX AVERAGE GANGSTERS

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	HP	DB
Gangster 1	12	7	15	17	11	+1D4
Gangster 2	11	9	9	15	9	—
Gangster 3	9	6	10	15	8	—
Gangster 4	10	11	8	14	10	—
Gangster 5	9	12	6	13	9	-1D4
Gangster 6	11	10	11	12	11	—

Weapons: Martin (switchblade knife) 80%, damage 1D4+db
Matraque (small club) 65%, damage 1D6+db

Baiaffe (.38 revolver) 50%, damage 1D10

Grapple 45%; damage special

Thompson SMG 30%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Bargain 35%, Dodge 45%, Drive Auto 25%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 45%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 40%.

SIX EXPERIENCED GANGSTERS

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	HP	DB
Mobster 1	14	13	15	18	14	+1D4
Mobster 2	11	14	7	17	11	—
Mobster 3	8	13	18	14	16	+1D4
Mobster 4	9	15	5	14	10	-1D4
Mobster 5	12	11	15	13	12	+1D4
Mobster 6	8	12	13	11	13	—

Weapons: Martin (switchblade knife) 85%, damage 1D4+db
12-gauge Shotgun (2B) 80%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

.30 Carbine 75%, damage 2D6

Matraque (small club) 70%, damage 1D6+db

Baiaffe (.45 revolver) 60%, damage 1D10+2

Grapple 60%, damage special

Thompson SMG 50%, damage 1D10+2

Dynamite Stick (Throw) 40%, damage 5D6/2y

Hand Grenade (Throw) 40%, damage 4D6/4y

Skills: Bargain 50%, Dodge 55%, Drive Auto 45%, Fast Talk 60%, Hide 45%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 60%, Throw 45%.

LE DOUANIER, age unknown, second-in-command of the Corsican gang

STR 18 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 18 POW 18
DEX 9 APP 4 EDU 16 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Baiaffe (8mm Lebel revolver) 85%, damage 1D8

Thompson SMG 65%, damage 1D10+2
 Martin (switchblade knife) 45%, damage 1D4+1D6
 Hand Grenade (Throw) 40%, damage 4D6/4y
 Matraque (small club) 30%, damage 1D6+1D6
 Fist/Punch 25%, damage 1D3+1D6

Spell: Contact Deep Ones.

Skills: Arabic 50%, Chinese 35%, Corsican 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 35%, English 75%, Fast Talk 85%, French 85%, German 60%, History 60%, Italian 45%, Japanese 20%, Occult 40%, Persuade 70%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 85%, Swim 100%.

LE DOUANIER'S BODYGUARDS

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	HP	DB
Le Poissonneur	11	11	9	17	10	—
Rouille	15	12	7	14	10	—
Le Cru	19	17	10	12	14	+1D4
Mangefange	15	10	8	11	9	—
Torpille	12	9	12	10	11	—
Le Douanier	18	11	13	9	12	+1D4
Bouillabaisse	17	13	15	9	14	+1D6

Weapons: Baiaffe (.45 revolver) 85%, 1D10+2
 Martin (switchblade knife) 85%, damage 1D4+db
 Matraque (small club) 80%, damage 1D6+db
 Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+db
 Grapple 75%, damage special
 12-gauge Shotgun (2B) 70%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6
 .30 Rifle (Carbine) 60%, damage 2D6
 Dynamite Stick (Throw) 50%, damage 5D6/2y
 Hand Grenade (Throw) 40%, damage 4D6/4y
 Thompson SMG 50%, damage 1D10+2.

Skills: Bargain 60%, Dodge 65%, Drive Auto 50%, Fast Talk 70%, Hide 45%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 70%, Throw 50%

DON FRANCO CAMMARATA, age 63, caid of the Italian gang

STR 7 CON 11 SIZ 9 INT 16 POW 18
 DEX 10 APP 7 EDU 13 SAN 60 HP 10

Weapons: Baiaffe (.45 automatic) 75%, damage 1D10+2
 Martin (switchblade knife) 65%, damage 1D4-1D4

Skills: English 70%, Fast Talk 90%, French 70%, German 40%, Italian 90%, Psychology 75%.

CRACHESANG, age 47, tramp of the vieux port

STR 5 CON 3 SIZ 11 INT 9 POW 7
 DEX 6 APP 6 EDU 5 SAN 35 HP 7

Damage Bonus: -1D6.

Weapon: Martin (switchblade knife) 25%, damage 1D4-1D6.

Skills: Corsican 80%, English 30%, Fast Talk 70%, French 40%, Wheeze 40%.

JEAN PAUL GLACHANT, age 42, fisherman of the vieux port

STR 15 CON 18 SIZ 8 INT 11 POW 12
 DEX 16 APP 10 EDU 5 SAN 80 HP 13

Damage Bonus: 0.

Weapon: Oar (Club) 50%, 1D6.

Skills: Dodge 40%, French 75%, Navigate 40%, Pilot Boat 80%, Swim 65%.



FIVE DEEP ONES

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	HP	DB
one	14	17	15	19	11	+1D4
two	17	21	13	15	17	+1D4
three	21	12	18	14	15	+1D6
four	20	16	20	12	18	+1D6
five	14	11	19	11	15	+1D6

Move: 8/10 Swimming

Weapons: Claw (x2) 70%, damage 1D6+db

Grapple 60%, damage special

Hunting Spear 40%, damage 1D6+db

Skills: Dodge 30%, Hide 10%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 55%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a deep one.

DAGON, marine deity

STR 52 CON 50 SIZ 60 INT 20 POW 30
 DEX 20 Move 10 HP 55

Damage Bonus: +6D6.

Armor: 6-point skin.

Weapon: Claw 80%, damage 1D6+6D6

Spells: Call Deep Ones, plus others at the keeper's option.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D10 Sanity points to see Dagon.



An Economy of Crime

1920s History, Black Markets, Gray Markets, Smuggling, and Bribery

WHEN A GOVERNMENT ESTABLISHES penalties and punishments to discourage the ownership and use of certain goods, substances, or services, the resulting scarcity often also creates lucrative demand, in which proscribed goods and services sell for many times their true cost. This sort of transaction is said to occur on the *black market*, partly for its connotation of evil or illegality, and partly because of the implication that such deals are conducted in shadowy, unlighted places.

In the 1920s United States, profitable and important black markets exist for beer and wine, and especially for hard liquor, for prostitutes, for gambling (especially where immigrants were already familiar with lottery—*numbers*—schemes), for cocaine, and to some small extent for automatic weapons.

Of the likely areas of demand, investigators most often crave explosives and more powerful weapons, to attempt to deal with Mythos entities of super normal strengths and abilities.

All the prices listed for the 1920s Black Market Weapons are calculated for the epoch of the 1920s in the United States. Prices at less than retail (the amount noted in the rulesbook Expanded Weapons Table) almost certainly indicate weapons defective or in bad condition.

All data supersede earlier versions.

OTHER BLACK MARKET PRICES

In general, other items on the black market cost a minimum of 300% street price. If the item or service is truly rare, then its asking price is 1000% of what the nominal retail price might be if it could be sold legally. If an item is unique, the asking price will be higher still. Since money is the motive, the keeper should play such characters as venal and treacherous. If the investigators offer other than money, the keeper should seek suitable safeguards and make suitable threats.

THE GRAY MARKET

Named by analogy after the black market, gray market items are things ruled illegal or not to be traded in some states or countries but not everywhere, things tainted by association with disreputable activities, things potentially corrupted physically, or things so-soon to be illegal as to affect the selling prices.

Prohibition in the United States provides a good example. Whiskey during the 1920s was a black market item in the United States, but it was legal in Canada. However, movement of legal Canadian whiskey into the United States quickly grew to such proportions that the Canadian Commonwealth and provincial governments discouraged the trade, fearing repercussions with the Yankees.

Along the U.S. border, then, Canadian whiskey became a gray market item in Canada as soon as a destination in the United States was settled upon. In the United States, whiskey was always a black market item. In Canada at large, hard liquor remained legal and respectable.

Exactly how much money can be made from the gray market depends on the breadth and intensity of demand. As a general rule, expect that such profits should be at least 50% higher than legal venues, or else few people will make the effort or take the possible risks.

Smuggling

A smuggler transports goods or labor from a place where they are relatively cheap to where their value is relatively dear, despite governmental opposition. Usually the opposition is from the destination's government, seeking to be paid the tariff or tax accorded to it by law. The smuggler finds it more profitable not to pay this sum.

1920s Black Market Weapons

- ❑ **THOMPSON SUB-MACHINE GUN** — 1D6 x \$50 + \$100 for one weapon; 1D4+1 x \$50 for lots of six or more. The .45 caliber ammunition for this weapon is available on the open market.
- ❑ **.30 MACHINE GUN** — D100 x \$15 + \$100 for one weapon; multiple lots unavailable.
- ❑ **.30 MG AMMUNITION** - 500-round box \$100, cartridge belt included; no discounts for less than 10,000 rounds.
- ❑ **.50 MACHINE GUN** — D100 x \$30 + \$200 for one weapon; multiple lots unavailable.
- ❑ **.50 MG AMMUNITION** — 500-round box \$150, cartridge belt included; no discount for less than 10,000 rounds.
- ❑ **3" MORTAR** — 1D6 x \$100; multiple lots unavailable. WWI-vintage mortars were new weapons, relatively crude and inaccurate, invented because their slopes of fire could be nearly vertical and thus affect any side or angle of a trench. Base chance is 00. Minimum range is 50 yards; base range is 200 yards; maximum effective range is 500 yards without independent spotters. High-explosive shell damage is 4D6/5y.
- ❑ **3" MORTAR SHELL** — 1D6 x \$1 each; high explosive, illuminating (25 seconds), or smoke. Available in wooden cases of a single kind, six rounds per case at 1D6 x \$6.
- ❑ **DYNAMITE** — per stick, 1D6 dollars each. A case is a sturdy wooden box with dovetailed joints; it contains 24 sticks, carefully packed and sealed against dampness by heavy waxed paper.
To throw a single stick of dynamite, an investigator must insert an explosive fuse and light it; it takes one round to properly fuse a dynamite stick and another round to light the fuse and to throw the stick. The stick explodes at the end of the last strike rank in that round. For multiple sticks thrown, reduce range and accuracy by one-third for each stick added to the first.
Immobile dynamite mines of any size can be exploded by burning fuse, blasting cap, or by very strong impact, such as from a bullet.
- ❑ **BLASTING CAPS** — per metal carton of 24, \$1D10. In this era usually small copper-cased sealed tubes to guard against moisture. The higher the number (1-8) to be read on a blasting cap, the more powerful its explosion, significant for multiple-stick charges. Depending on the type, such primer could be set off by fuse or by electrical charge.
Caps contain fulminate of mercury or other testy compounds, and mishandling them can cause an explosion of 3D6/1y, characteristically costing the victim loss of vision or loss of fingers and/or hands. Usually possession of such explosives within city limits is against the law.
- ❑ **NITROGLYCERIN** — per four-ounce glass bottle, \$10 + 1D10 dollars, damage 6D6/4y, explodes upon receiving 1 hit point of damage. For those who have the rather simple supplies, gallons of nitroglycerin can also be mixed up at home, given a successful Chemistry roll and a succession of Dexterity rolls. (Failing a roll leaves a crater where you and your house used to be.) Because the loss of a single crystal of frozen nitroglycerin sets off the entire block, in cold weather sheets or chunks of it

make daunting land mines that can be exploded, but not swept clear.

This explosive is powerful enough and unstable enough to be difficult to buy at retail, and punishments for possession in a built-up area are often serious. Its main use is in blasting jobs where more stable explosives are not powerful enough to do the job.

- ❑ **MUSTARD GAS** — It is a potentially lethal blistering agent compounded of sulfur, carbon, hydrogen, and chlorine, fully capable of inflicting horrific surface burns as well as being inhaled into the lungs. Stored and deployed in pressure cylinders (rather like propane gas), it is then released in a flood when the wind will carry it toward the target. It could also be fired in suitably prepared large-diameter artillery shells.

This stuff is not stable and would need to be made fresh. Since it deteriorates rapidly, ready-made mustard gas could not be purchased even on the black market, but a creator of it could be. Setting up limited production would require, say, \$100 x D100, and an experienced and unscrupulous chemist. Its effects on Mythos creatures remain to be tested; some may hate it, and to others it may be a refreshing tonic. To humans, the gas does 1D6+1 hit points per round damage to exposed body surfaces and to the respiratory system.

The Geneva Protocol of 1925 prohibited the use of such gases in warfare, but some nations did not sign, and those signatories interested in war continued their researches as before.

- ❑ **PACKAGE BOMB** — Each bomb is individually made at a cost of \$100 + D100 dollars. Preparing such a device is by special order; nominal ordering and preparation time is 1D6+7 days. The explosive is usually black powder, because black powder is quite powerful, reasonably cheap, and nicely stable. The outer casing of the bomb is usually iron, because that brittle metal is turned into shrapnel by the explosion, a violent blast of 5D6/4y.

The most reliable homemade fuses have clockwork mechanisms; bombs depending on release or compression have a disconcerting way of exploding in post offices. The connection closed, a battery supplies an electrical jolt to a blasting cap, which ignites the black powder. Creating such a bomb requires a successful Mechanical Repair and a successful Electrical Repair: the keeper makes the rolls. If one or both fail, the bomb does not go off, or goes off at the wrong time.

- ❑ **GAS BOMB, FLIP BOMB, etc.** — \$5 + 1D10 dollars. To arrange the manufacture of such a device takes three days, but it is easy enough to do at home by anyone who has the Mechanical Repair skill.

The glass of an ordinary incandescent light bulb is detached from the central wand and screw connection. The bulb is filled with some volatile chemical, then connection and bulb are carefully reassembled. Placed in a ceiling socket, the device explodes in a gout of flame when the switch is turned on, splashing the person with burning liquid, presumably killing whoever turned on the light. Allow 1D8 fire damage per round for a minimum of 2 rounds, if the bulb was cleverly placed. A significant chance (35%) exists that this bomb will separate or otherwise not work properly.

Sometimes the direction of smuggling is reversed. In the nineteenth century, Brazil enjoyed a monopoly on rubber and rubber trees, and stiff penalties were imposed by law upon anyone who tried to export rubber trees out of the country. The monopoly was finally broken, by patriotic smugglers of the British Empire, and vast rubber holdings were planted in Malaysia.

Few rules can be made about the profits of smuggling, except that small mark-ups are not worthwhile: the selling price in the new country must (1) pay for the original purchase, (2) pay for the transport, (3) allow for considerably more profit than possible in the original country, and (4) still be competitive with any domestic production allowed in the new country.

When *no* domestic production or import is allowed, then the smuggler is in his element. Assume that the smuggler will want profits of at least twice that of all costs. For instance, an item that costs \$50 in a store where it is legal, costs another \$50 to bring into the country where it is illegal, and is sold for about \$300 to the final purchaser.

Narcotics are marked up another way, by diluting the drug with more or less inert substances, so that the cost of an effective dose remains within the purchasing power of regular users. Here the mark-up ratio of cost

to final selling price usually runs into the thousands of percent.

Cocaine was the drug of choice in the 1920s United States, administered by injection, inhaled as a powder, or as added in one of several ways to cigarettes. In China, while the British monopoly held, it was opium, smoked in a pipe.

Smuggling depends upon the presence of artificial barriers, through which the criminally-inclined can choose to pass for profit. It is always possible that a government changes its mind, and opens the doors to honest competition. Then the smuggler is usually doomed, for he or she has built a business structured on very high profits, and those profits no longer exist.

Bribery

Though bribery certainly happens in private life, public officials are most likely to be bribed because they deal in services that are not easily accounted for.

The officials easiest to bribe live either in rural areas (where pay is low and where the possible consequences of taking a bribe are well-known) or in large cities (where the official can reasonably expect individual bribes to go unnoticed).

Notes on Crime

The Role of Fences

A fence is a character who buys stolen, suspect, or illegal goods and then resells them at higher prices. The advantage of a fence is that he or she is already on the wrong side of the law, and can be expected to pay in cash. Once a thief's booty is turned into money, the thief is presumably in the clear. In the 1890s and 1920s, jewelry was a premium item for fences. In the 1990s, specialists who deal in and exchange stolen credit cards apparently do a very large dollar volume.

The disadvantages of a fence are several. Foremost, the fence pays much less than the final purchaser does and pockets the difference, and so the thief collects much less money when working through a fence. The less the fence pays, the more cash he keeps. Less obviously, the fence's command of the market comes also to command what the thief steals, so that the thief may become the equivalent of an

employee who works on commission. And, too, the relationship of thief and fence depends upon trust; when profit can be encouraged by cheating, trust may be hard to come by.

The average cash pay-out from a fence is 25% to 35% of street value. If the item is very expensive (such as a rare painting), the price drops to 10% of nominal value. If the item is rare and requires special treatment in its resale (such as a famous diamond necklace), then the cash pay-out might drop below 10% of value.

If the deal is already made, and a buyer is waiting, then 25% is reasonable, no matter the value of the item.

Complications

Nothing is more fun and more understandable than a plan that threatens to get out of control, but which may yet be saved.

1. The seller may be a police agent.
2. The seller may take the money and not deliver the goods.
3. The seller may deliver damaged or ineffective goods, perhaps defective in a way not quickly detectable.
4. The seller may take the money and then inform on the buyer to the police.
5. The seller may take the money and then kill the investigators.
6. The seller may deliver the goods, but the cost may prove to be far in excess of the going street price.
7. The buyer may be a police agent.
8. The buyer may pay for the goods with counterfeit money.
9. The buyer may steal the goods.
10. The buyer may take the goods and then kill the investigators.

—continued

Suitable Bribes

- ❑ A reasonable bribe in the 1920s to a rural county deputy might be \$2 for a misdemeanor, \$5 for theft, \$20 for major theft or serious assault, up to \$500 for a capital offense. Double the amounts for an urban policeman.
- ❑ To bribe an important official such as a district attorney, a sheriff, etc., figure \$50 for a small matter, \$500 for something that is likely to leave records in various departments, and about \$5000 for a capital offense.
- ❑ Capital offenses and assaults requiring hospitalization almost certainly involves individuals in several layers of officialdom.

Keepers might make the success of a bribe attempt a function of POW or APP in some cases, but usually all it should take is a successful Fast Talk roll.

Calculate the amount suitable for a bribe in terms of a day's salary for the official: minor matters such as speeding ticket or trespassing might cost one to four hours of pay as a bribe; major matters such as theft, assault, or murder cost a day to a month or more, depending on the seriousness of the charge and the

amount of publicity likely to surround a crime. Further, the higher the position of an official, the more money he or she will cost. The same relative rates will work for officialdom anywhere in the world.

Many officials cannot be bribed. If the character does not ask for money in so many words, a successful Psychology roll can determine if a bribe might be in order.

The degree of the offense in the eyes of the bribee also may vary. A county sheriff who is glad to see the old Farnsworth place burn because neighbor kids keep falling through the rotting floor into the root cellar may require nothing from those who burnt it. The same sheriff will be angered and dismayed when the only hotel in Ponyville goes up in flames, along with its odd but peaceable residents who showed no signs of being vampires.

Offering money is a subtle art. Bribing too much may alarm the bribe-taker, who may think he doesn't understand the situation, or the sly official may hold out for twice as much, since he sees that the investigators are foolish. Investigators should hit the right range, or suffer the consequences.

Some Hypotheticals

Since greed is a powerful motivation, practically anything is potentially for sale, whether trade in it is encouraged or stifled by society and government.

A *market* is formed whenever people attempt to gain ownership of something that exists. Potential sellers and purchasers must have knowledge of the thing, and the thing itself must exist. The anticipation will always be for profit, for no one desires to make a transaction in order to lose more than he or she gains.

When only one party to successive transactions routinely makes a profit, we suspect that those particular transactions are inequitable, and tend to classify them as theft, banditry, unjust taxation, fraud, and so on. For if they were not inequitable in some sense, then we have reason to believe that such deals would not be made, for it transcends common sense to believe that either party would volunteer to lose money.

Thus it takes two parties to establish a price, one representing ownership and the other, demand. Each party independently and often unconsciously analyzes demand, availability, condition, intrinsic value of material, and cost to manufacture. How close to the same price they are often is decided by urgency: will the goods spoil soon, am I so hungry that I must eat, and so on.

The notion of trade implies barter, in which each party's immediate circumstances dictate the terms of the trade. The potential for mutual benefit is implicit in the notion of trade, but the notion of *profitable trade* implies both a regularity to the trade and a cash economy, so that profit can be separated from the thing bought or sold, quantified, and then concentrated as capital with which to finance new transactions.

Profitable trade tends to bring regional or continental economies into mutual balance, assuming the unimpeded flow of money and material. Given balanced costs, then prices balance, demands are satis-

fied or regularized, money made, and new cash pools for investment created. But the short-term flow of trade is rarely equitable, and the immediate inequalities of wages, purchasing power, and so on can generate intense political activity.

In consequence, new laws and political policies arise, with such goals as harmonizing trade with society (as the Mandarins attempted to block the importation of opium from British India), the protection of domestic industry by taxing imports and thereby forcibly elevate their prices to be less competitive (every nation does this), the protection of broad ethnic or cultural interests (such as limits on immigration or emigration by number, proportion, or national origin), the defense of the purchasing power of its currency, and so on.

Inevitably, some people find particular scarcities created by law to be inconvenient or undesirable, and they decide to cheat.

THE KING PAPERS #1
— Telegram From Jack Sullivan

INVESTIGATING LANZETTI MURDER STOP
ONTO SOMETHING BIG NEED YOUR
ASSISTANCE STOP COME TO CHICAGO
WITH INVESTIGATIVE TEAM AS SOON AS
POSSIBLE STOP SULLIVAN

THE KING PAPERS #3b
— Miss Mussida's Research

Source: Chicago Tribune—March 11, 1871
Headline: "Other Police Board
Actions"
Details: in one of several unrelated
actions, police detective Cyril Davenport
was forced to resign because of his
'confusion of the nerves.'

THE KING PAPERS #4
— a note found in Sullivan's office

*J. M.—Abner's—Saturday 9 P.M.
red carnation in lapel*

THE KING PAPERS #5
— an article from the Chicago Tribune

**BODY FOUND
IN HARBOR**

Police Without Clues

CHICAGO—The semi-clad body of a young woman was found floating near the Laughlin Steel docks early this morning. Local anglers made the gruesome discovery.

Police identified the deceased as Miss Teresa Monzino, age 24. Her police record includes numerous arrests and convictions for solicitation and for immoral conduct.

An autopsy performed late today by the Cook County

Coroner established the cause of death as strangulation.

A police spokesman declined to discuss the case, but did ask that anyone who has recently seen Miss Monzino contact the police bureau at once.

THE KING PAPERS #2
— A Newspaper Article

Brutal Gangland Murder

Motive Remains a Mystery

CHICAGO (INS) — The mutilated body of gangster Bruno Lanzetti was pulled from a drainage canal early yesterday morning.

A milkman making his rounds just before dawn discovered the body of Lanzetti, age 31, a member of the notorious Marquette Park Gang.

Police have no leads at this time, but they are linking Lanzetti's murder to the violent power struggle that has developed between rival gangs following the indictment earlier this year of celebrated crime boss Al Capone.

According to Ralph McTeague, a spokesman for the Cook County Sheriff's Office, this bloody gangland feud is likely to claim many more lives before it is settled.

THE KING PAPERS #8
— Chicago Tribune, six months ago

CITY LANDMARK FINDS BUYER

CHICAGO — After standing vacant for several years, the Union Theatre, one of Chicago's oldest vaudeville halls, has been purchased by Metropolitan Investments, a Chicago firm.

Future plans for the grand old building will be announced shortly, officials at the investment firm announced.

The Union Theatre on Grand Avenue opened its doors in 1891 as the Union Vaudeville Hall. It closed in 1926 and has remained vacant since then.

THE KING PAPERS #6 —Cyril Davenport's Statement

"I tried to warn Jack Sullivan. When I heard what happened to that punk—Lanzetti?—I knew what was happening; same as it did just after the Great Rebellion. I was a police detective back then, and there'd been some queer disappearances in the city. Once or twice, a body turned up. In each case, the corpse had been mutilated—just like that punk Lanzetti.

"There were wild rumors of a devil-cult that had moved into Chicago just before the end of the Civil War—back in '64 or '65. There were some folk who said it had come from back east; others, from the swamps down South, brought here by slaves freed by Sherman's troops. I reckon if those folks had that kind of power, why they wouldn't have stayed slaves! But who knows?—all I can be certain of is that, over the next five years, the number of disappearances increased each year, and people generally held the cult responsible. There were even rumors of blood sacrifices.

"I was baffled—we all were—until one of our boys brought in a beggar for questioning; that was early October, 1871. This fellow claimed to be a member of a religious sect known as Celestial Providence, and he insisted that he and his cronies had been behind the disappearances.

Everyone thought he was crazy as a fox, this fellow; he made a lot of wild confessions. He said that the congregation met at the old Baptist Church over on Grand Avenue—they built the Union Theatre next to where it used to be—and that the folk who disappeared were killed as sacrifices.

"I asked him what kind of crazy new religion this was, and he just laughed and said that it wasn't new, it was old; so old that it was already ancient when man first left the trees and learned to walk.

"Sure, you go right ahead and have a good chuckle over it, just like I did. But there's more—he told me that the Celestial Providence congregation would soon be performing a special ceremony, and that something would be 'called down from the stars'; and those were his exact words—I remember them clearly. When that happened, the congregation would be rewarded, and its oppressors—the rest of society—punished. Well, it wasn't but three nights later that we got word that something was going on. Folk downtown were scared; it seems the streets were swarming with beggars, gathering around the old Baptist Church. Don't bother looking for it, by the way—it's gone now, like everything else from that time. Nearly

everything was built of wood in those days, and wiped out by the Great Fire. But I was there that night and I saw it with my own two eyes, I tell you. They called that thing down from the stars, just like he said they would, and if I ever found the damn fool who said that the Great Chicago Fire of 1871 started when a cow kicked over a lantern, I'd hang him—because I know better.

"Well, to make a long story short, they found me wandering the burnt-out streets the next morning—my memory gone. It took weeks to recover, and when I gradually began to piece things back together again, no one believed me. No one. The doctors put me away. That was a long time ago now, but I spent thirty years of my life in and out of hospitals. When they finally declared me competent again, I'd lost everything. I've been living in this rat's nest ever since. I'd nearly forgotten what happened back then—until I heard about that Lanzetti kid. I saw the destruction that thing caused when they called it down—an oily black mass hurtling out of the sky like a comet, a trail of fire for a tail, sending up the city like a torch. God only knows what's going to happen this time.

THE KING PAPERS #7 — Chicago Tribune

Union Theatre Closes*Windy City Landmark Will Be Missed*

With little fanfare, the Union Theatre—a Chicago landmark since it opened in 1891—has closed its doors for the last time.

Known originally as the Union Vaudeville Hall, the Union Theatre saw performances by such internationally famous entertainers as Will Rogers, W.C. Fields, Jimmy Durante, and Harry Houdini.

In recent years the theater fell upon hard times, as audiences defected in increasing numbers to the many cinema houses throughout the city. Its reputation fell as its management turned to more unseemly forms of entertainment.

But to tens of thousands of Chicagoans, the great years of the Union Theatre shine brightly. She is fondly remembered, and will be sorely missed.

THE KING PAPERS #3a
— Miss Mussida's Research

Source: Chicago Tribune—February 13 this year.

Headline: "Gruesome Murder of Vagabond"

Details: mutilated body of unknown drifter discovered by police February 12 in vacant lot behind Union Theatre on Grand Avenue. According to police, the corpse found in an advanced state of decay—had been there for some time—coroner reports body mangled as though by wild animals—victim carrying no identification but probably a vagrant, seeking shelter from bitter cold.

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