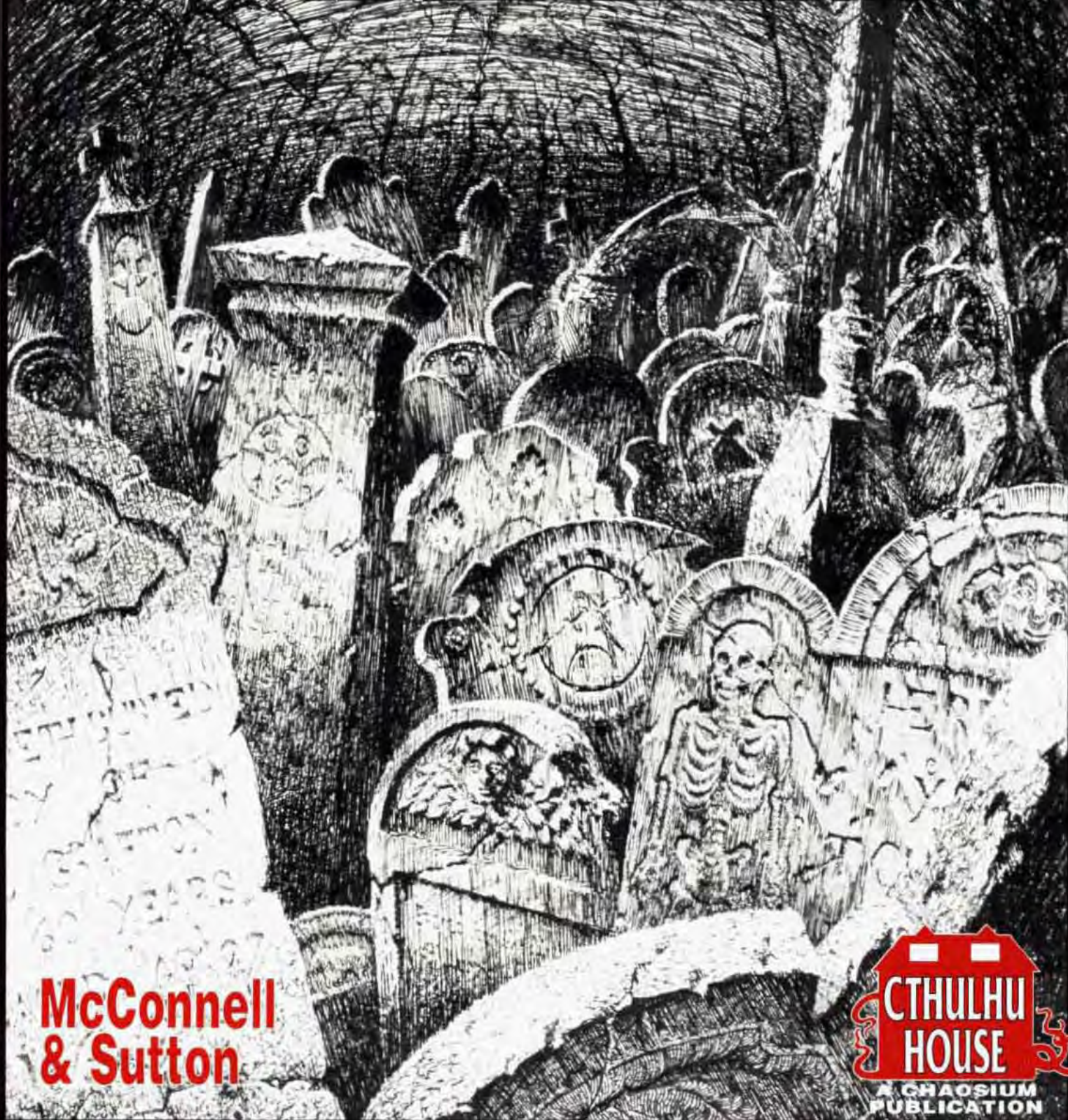


FOR
**Call of
Cthulhu**
1920s

THE THING

AT THE THRESHOLD



**McConnell
& Sutton**

**CTHULHU
HOUSE**
A CHAOSIUM
PUBLICATION

The Thing at the Threshold

AN ADVENTURE INTO DARKNESS



H. P. LOVECRAFT 1890-1937

THE THING

AT THE THRESHOLD

AN ADVENTURE INTO DARKNESS

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Illustrator: Neal Sutton

**The Players: CLAIRE DEAKIN, NIGEL LEATHER, DANIEL HANSON,
SCOTT WALKER, and the skullduggery of PAUL HANSON**

**Thanks to: MARK WILSON (who has boldly gone where only one man has
gone before), RACHEL HANSON, ROB STONE, the memory of the late
FREDDIE MERCURY, PAULA POOLE, MACE, JOSHUA HOLTS,
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(for that last cigarette), MR. CHILLY, LORRAINE STONE,
BANANA-HEAD, CHRIS DYKINS, and IAN HUBBALL
(for the Frankenstein's Monster photo).**

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PAUL McCONNELL**



CHAOSIUM INC. 1992

A WORD FROM CHAOSIUM

You will notice that the book you hold in your hands is considerably different than Chaosium's usual publications. Produced completely out of house by independent authors and artists, *The Thing at the Threshold* is the result of the collaborative efforts of Paul McConnell

and Neal Sutton, Britishers by birth, Call of Cthulhu fans by choice. We are pleased to present their efforts, and feel sure that fans of Call of Cthulhu will find this adventure as entertaining as any we've published.

— Keith Herber

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Foreword

The *Thing at the Threshold* is a complete adventure for Chaosium Inc.'s *Call of Cthulhu* roleplaying game, set in the macabre realms of fear created by the late H.P. Lovecraft. The structure of the scenario is intended to produce an interactive story with a variety of interesting locations, events, and characters. Some of these have more significance to the story than others; some have none.

The Background Story describes the dramatic chain of unsettling events that have occurred over the past ten years and have given rise to the current situation described in the adventure. Chapter One is intended to cautiously lead the investigators into the story. Chapter Two offers a range of different objectives. Chapter Three pits the investigators directly against a malevolence that has grown and festered for ageless eons.

The rest of the information in this book is for the keeper alone.

Reference Handouts

Throughout this adventure the keeper is continually advised to refer to important nearby information presented in plain-white boxes, identified by the icons that appear in the top left corners. These are reference handouts which the investigators discover in a variety of different ways throughout the course of the adventure. These may be any of a number of different things, although most are letters and newspaper articles.

Do not mistake these player reference boxes with those which contain patterned backgrounds; the latter are quite different. The information within the patterned boxes is made clear when read against the main body of text, and usually presents detailed information about spells and narcotics.

It is for the convenience of the keeper that these reference handouts—with their respective icons—appear regularly within the text. Often the hurriedly scribbled notes of anxious, nervous players prove meaningless when later consulted. These reference boxes are provided so the keeper has the option of whether or not to intervene with a little help or advice. Second copies of these references are included in the back of the book and may be photocopied for convenience. They are reproduced in the style of actual newspaper articles and handwritten journal entries. These should be handed to the players as they are discovered during play.

When matching the reference handouts in the text to those found in the back of the book, notice the numbers 1, 2, or 3 next to the identity icons. These indicate to which chapter a particular handout belongs. These icons are for the convenience of keepers and players, they are not actually visible to

their investigators. We have purposefully avoided using alphabetic or numerical labeling so that the players have no knowledge of how many references they may have missed in each chapter. In our experience this has occasionally led to some unrealistic behavior.

Presentation of Information

There are a number of ways this scenario differs ever so slightly from other *Call of Cthulhu* scenarios you may have read.

Composed into the main body of text are the two regular headings, called Keeper's Information and Player's Information. The text for the keeper is likely to contain information which is hidden from the investigators. The latter appears in key, often critical situations, and is usually narrative text which assumes a first person perspective, allowing the keeper the option of reading it aloud to the players.

The way that text is sometimes presented in a descriptive form may have some keepers thinking that this scenario needs to be run in a linear manner, with situations, and investigator reactions preordained. This is not the case. We offer merely an alternative and less clinical way of presenting information. If the players do something that alters, or makes a scene impossible, the keeper must then adjust the Players' Information accordingly. However, it is true that these descriptive paragraphs of player information can lend themselves to a simple approach to running the adventure, allowing for almost immediate use after the book has been read. After all, some keepers aren't fortunate enough to have the hours of spare time necessary to prepare their ideal campaign.

What is important, is that this is your scenario and it can be presented with as much, or as little information as desired. We feel that the aura of a sometimes impenetrable mystery is an important factor. But keepers may wish to display would-be hidden intricacies in any way they deem appropriate. There will be times where the plot may be overwhelming the players; this is fine as long as the keeper is not confused, and as long as everyone is enjoying themselves.

Throughout the story, there are points where the keeper will have to refer to their *Call of Cthulhu* rule book for technical data. Because of differences in varying editions of the game, there are no page numbers listed. However, keepers will most likely be familiar enough with the game to find the necessary information. But if not, don't spend vital minutes of time uncomfortably flipping through pages in silence, looking for a particular rule. If you can't find something straight away, just improvise and relax yourself—not the atmosphere you have spent hours creating.

There are certain details which can be interpreted as red herrings or false leads. Not all of these will be recognised by the players. In fact there may be certain intimate details which the keeper will only become aware of after they have been spotted by the players. This merely adds to the entertainment.

Some particulars can be more singular than others, such as the book at Jonathan Moore's mansion in *Chapter Two*. Here we learn of the Welsh folktale of *Bedgellet*, the trusted hound of a noble prince who was one day left to watch over his master's infant son while the prince went hunting. Upon the prince's return, the cradle was discovered empty. Greeted by faithful *Bedgellet* with blood caked around his snout, the prince slew his dog in a blind temper, only afterwards discovering the carcass of a great wolf that the dog had slain while protecting the infant. The prince knew a lonely grief that he carried with him into his dying days.

Preparation and Guidance

The next few paragraphs are for the keeper, to advise him or her on how to best prepare themselves, and their players, for *The Thing at the Threshold*. As with many *Call of Cthulhu* scenarios, the three chapters of this adventure are best suited for a small group of three or four players who are mature (not to be confused with serious) in their approach to investigations. Keepers will find it helpful if, after reading through the book, they then familiarise themselves a second time, concentrating only upon the parts they intend to cover in the next roleplaying session.

On reading through the book, you will also notice it contains several maps and floor plans useful at specific points in the adventure. Unless otherwise indicated, assume all these maps to be oriented to north.

Throughout the story, the text regularly refers to the Great Old Ones as well as the alien race sometimes called the Old Ones, otherwise known as the Elder Things. There can be no doubt that any *Cthulhu Mythos* enthusiast worth their salt will have few problems separating the two, but we feel that highlighting the danger of confusion will preempt any mistakes.

It is not impossible for a well balanced party of investigators to get through this scenario alive. We therefore emphasize that the players carefully craft their investigator character into a believable individual. We like to think that this scenario creates a close, though sometimes moody, atmosphere which allows players to become very familiar with their roles. We recommend that players allow themselves just one character each. After all, if this is to be an accurate simulation of reality, then there must always be an element of risk. If the player cares nothing for their character, being nothing more to them

than several columns of numbers on a piece of paper, what do they have to lose from acting foolishly? The emotional extremities of suspense and remorse can hardly be attainable, which is in itself sad.

However, in the event of a fatality within your party, one way of smoothly introducing a replacement is by having them be a concerned kinsman or close friend of the investigator who is now out of play.

Besides reading the adventure through, there is some ground work that the keeper should prepare before the adventure begins. The very beginning of the adventure should be portrayed as the most classic and obligatory of cases that the investigators have ever been called upon to handle. This may mean that if the investigators do not usually operate as a team, the appointment kept by Mr Simon Ulrich on the morning of Monday, March 15th, might not be attended by all of the investigators.

The keeper's most important contribution to preparing this scenario is making sure that the meeting with Mr Ulrich described at the very start of *Chapter One* suits the investigators' professional routines. Only the keeper and the players will know what distinctive elements will qualify this as a standard investigation. A great deal obviously depends on the investigators' occupations. The text describing the meeting has been kept as ambiguous as possible so that the appointment could be taking place in an office, a restaurant, or wherever the investigators would usually conduct such an interview. Mr Ulrich will certainly consult a practice which is most likely to accept his unusual case. His ideal choice would be that of a parapsychologist. Or maybe your players' party includes a librarian who has earned themselves a reputation in the field of the paranormal?

The only assumption this adventure makes is that around March 15, 1927, the investigators are all residents, or at least long term visitors to Massachusetts, and that one of them is established as a regular face at the Miskatonic University in Arkham. He or she could be a student or even a distinguished professor. Before starting *Chapter One* make sure the player in question understands that this is a trivial point. It does not become particularly significant until *Chapter Two*.



Keeper's Information: Background Story

The Expedition

The year was 1890, and a small group of young archaeologists, commissioned and funded by Miskatonic University (Arkham, Massachusetts), were about to make a cataclysmic discovery, so disturbing that it would shatter their lives, and the lives of those they loved.

The team members were chosen with care by Howard Crosswell, the project organiser. Howard, to his own continuing amazement, was one of the most respected and reknowned members of his academic community. And this was surprising, considering that he had not yet reached his twenty-fifth year.

Howard was something of an adventurer, and the expedition he was leading in May of 1890 was but one of many archaeological excesses with which he had indulged himself during his relatively short career. It all excited him; the taste of danger, the uncovering of secrets, the exploration of unexplained mysteries. May of 1890 was going to be a feast of unparalleled pleasure.

Geraldine Oxenbury, a dendrochronologist in her late twenties, was also a sculptor with something of a minor cult following. Her favourite critic and admirer was Jonathan Moore, himself a celebrated historian with a broad knowledge of ancient cultures. Jonathan's work had already exposed him to many supernatural events, objects and locations, and his knowledge of the occult was extensive. They were both *chosen* by Howard to complete his party of investigative explorers.

They were selected partly for their specialist skills, which they possessed in abundance, but mostly for their ability and willingness to collaborate with each other. All three were excited and dismayed by the same kinds of ideas, and genuinely interested in each other's opinions. Most problems could be solved, most difficulties unravelled, because they were all willing to support and question, to challenge and hypothesise.

The party set sail for New Zealand in May 1890. Some weeks later they docked at Dunedin, on New Zealand's South Island, and made contact with a group of British missionaries who gave them useful preliminary directions. The party travelled for many days through blistering heat in search of a people who seemed to be descended from certain Maori tribes and some curious, more ancient strain, whose origins were, as yet, unknown.

Artifacts, mainly weapons, had been found in the area and their distinctive decoration had aroused in the three explorers an unbearable degree of excitement. The possibility of meeting human beings capable of producing

such mysterious designs was too stimulating a challenge for any of them to ignore.

The expedition finally stumbled upon an area of mountainous terrain on the west coast, which was considered sacred by the indigenous population. Completely unaware of the sanctity of the area, the party entered a cave complex containing a vast cavern. What they found resting in the immense darkness had them fleeing and scattered, temporarily devoid of sanity.

What brought Howard Crosswell back to reality was the pounding waves of the Pacific, threatening to drown him. He lifted himself and walked in a daze along the shoreline, and eventually met up with the other two, in different villages, as they all slowly made their way back towards Dunedin. They carried with them a tangle of fear and none of them was able to make direct reference to what they had witnessed.



The Master Stroke

Days passed, filled with anything that would obscure their recent horrific encounter from their minds. Gradually, after much careful encouragement from Jonathan Moore, the group began to evaluate their experiences. Slowly they began the planning and deliberation which would take them towards the formulation of a plan by which they might dispel the black, incommensurable monstrosity from existence. It was clear that informing the authorities would undoubtedly cause unimaginable chaos, and could also lead to public curiosity and danger.

If their assumption was correct, that this thing was dormant, then they needed a discreet, but effective, solution.

Moore expressed an urgent need to consult certain references that he had at his Boston residence, and it was he who suggested that they should all part company for a while in order to collect information and begin to develop a wider perspective. Hopefully, they would then formulate an effective strategy together.

So it was decided that they would travel, separately, back to New England.

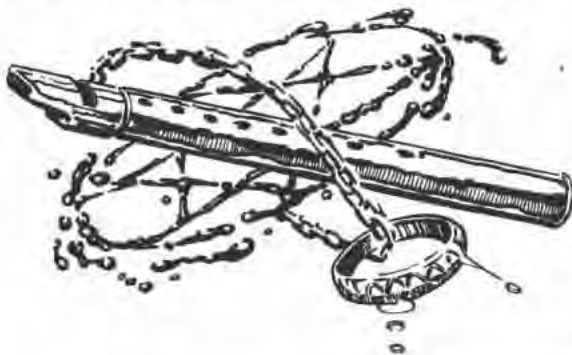
Twelve weeks later the three met up again at the Crosswell house. Each presented details of where their studies had taken them. Decisions had to be reached. They decided that they would work together, combining each of their ideas, gradually building up the constituent parts of the final plan of action.

Dr Oxenbury held a phial of liquid, ultra-marine in colour, which she explained was an extremely potent acid that burned into almost everything that she had tested. In addition, once it was released, it took the form of a highly corrosive gas with a short term effectiveness, that dispersed in approximately five minutes. Moore retrieved, from his vast library, a tome which he believed to contain powers, and which would, if not entirely dispel, then at least restrain the creature from breathing fear into the world. Finally, Howard's initial idea of using high explosives was substituted for a more discreet remedy, in the form of a mortar device. By acquiring some fundamental military training, he would construct a device to propel grenade-like canisters of the acid, bathed in Moore's magic.

Moore also brought to the attention of the group a small and rather anonymous article which had appeared in the press at this time. It concerned a party of British missionaries who had failed to report back to their base, after journeying into the Greenstone Country in the South Island of New Zealand. A small event, but when you had the knowledge, and could guess why those missionaries would never be seen again, it held frightening significance.

They bought passage on the British cargo ship *Antipope*, docked in Boston, and headed for New Zealand. This particular journey was not to be funded by the University, and indeed, each agreed that the details of their trip should be kept secret throughout. As far as the University was concerned, the three were spending time evaluating their latest expedition's findings before presenting them in the form of reports and seminars. These were matters far from their minds at this time, and all the details of the events were kept to themselves.

The steamship *Antipope* took the explorers for three solid weeks through favourable waters of the Atlantic, towards the British Isles. England, was to be their half-way point before following on to New Zealand. And for several hindering days the party waited in silent and frustrated anticipation while the ship was laboriously loaded with cargo. The burdened vessel left the Liverpool dock-land, and completed the route to New Zealand's South Island, three additional weeks later.



They chartered the services of local fisherman; his small boat took the three around the coast to the Greenstone Mountains. The team set foot on the shore, and moved across the jagged ground carrying only the parts of the liberating device. Quickly and carefully, they started to unpack and assemble the deadly device. They positioned it so that they would not need to venture too near the cave entrance. Each became engrossed in their own particular part of the assembly when suddenly they realised that they were not alone. Their situation was critical! Not only were they on the doorstep of some alien terror of almost incomprehensible influence, but now they seemed surrounded, in a unique preserve of time, by what they considered to be an ancient tribe of Maoris!

The impromptu detonation of their explosive device disrupted the tribal gathering, but also consumed Dr Oxenbury in its vibrant, gaseous burst. Both Crosswell and Moore had sustained burns and bruising, but their pain was stifled by a white wall of confusion and the loss of a very dear friend.

The Deadly Curiosity

Some years later, Howard, now married to Susan, one of his more intelligent students, was living a moderately reclusive existence. By 1916 their only child, Peter, had reached his eleventh birthday. The family seemed to be reasonably happy and resided at Crosswell House on the outskirts of Davenham, as had many generations of Crosswells before them.

After what had happened to Geraldine, Howard and Jonathan spent much of their time together. "*A matter of such weight, should not rest on the shoulders of one man alone*", Howard had once said. Neither man had ever told *anyone* about what had happened!

During the many evenings that Moore visited his friend, they would talk and have lengthy conversations. He became quite a friend of the family, and would tell of his continued adventures around the world. Unlike Crosswell, he had not married, and despite all that he had been through, Jonathan continued to delight the world in his career.

The only area that caused the slightest ripple of tension between the two friends was, of course, the Greenstone affair. It was clear to Crosswell that his friend had learned a great deal more about the event than he was willing to reveal. Crosswell's persistent questioning soon became irresistible, and Moore, against his better judgment, and knowing that only the most explicit answers would satisfy Crosswell, slowly began to reveal the details of his research. Their discussions increasingly referred to *occultic kindreds*, which lurk on, above, within and beneath the Earth. Crosswell gathered as much reference material on the terrible learnings that he could find.

He indulged in compulsive studies, and from behind the cellar/study door, could be heard strange singings, which conjured suggestions of a surreal evil. Gradually he became more reclusive, refusing to see Moore, and even refusing to see Susan or Peter for lengthy periods.

The Tragedy

On the day of March 15th 1917, the Crosswell house was a place of mourning. During the night Susan Crosswell was found with her throat ripped out. It was later told of how the family dog had, without warning, gone into a mad frenzy, when, in the dead of night, Mrs Crosswell had apparently startled it, and was, presumably, mistaken for an intruder. Mr Crosswell, said to be in shock, was placed under temporary observation at the Herald Street Hospital. He was able to recall his wife going down to the kitchen to get a glass of water. When he heard growling and screaming, he ran down the stairs and prized the dog off Mrs Crosswell. But he was too late.



Another disturbing outcome was to result from this terrible tragedy. Peter had walked out from his room and into the kitchen, at precisely what time is not known, and stumbled onto the loathsome carnage. Since this time he has not spoken a word. He was in a such a state of stupefaction, that he was expected to spend an unlimited period under observation at Arkham's sanitarium.

What Really Happened

For the last thirty years Howard Crosswell had been side-stepping in and out of sanity. What a sane person would call dangerous, Howard would consider curiously interesting or exciting. This may be considered to be a healthy perspective for a young archaeologist, but things began to get out of hand. He never knew when to stop, and once his mind was set on a particular pursuit he saw it through to the end.

In his studies over the last few weeks he had stumbled upon a very rare conjuring, a summoning which involved

the playing of flute music which could be heard throughout the house. One of the effects of this music seemed to be a strengthening of the morale of those who experienced these strange tones. Susan was glad to hear such gay notes after some of the sounds she had recently heard.

However, at the same time, in the thick and closeted atmosphere of the cellar, Howard had invoked, from out of the dark, a nightmare *Shoggoth*, a cosmic rogue of the *Old Ones*.

The *Book of Eibon* contains, in very select copies, a single page appendix. It is referred to within the book as being an ancient script, possibly having connections to the *Old Ones*. Its content does not have any decipherable alignment or textual structure known to Earth today. Therefore it is totally unreadable, and is probably the reason why it has been left out of so many editions of the dreaded tome, along with the details of its meticulous intricacy. By now, Howard had a name for the Greenstone evil, and through contacting it, had made an immensely terrible pact. Succumbed by his own warped curiosity, Howard's reasons were as clouded and unrecognisable as those of the horror.

The *Great Old One - Nyogtha - The Thing That Should Not Be*, had gained incomprehensible amusement by informing Howard of a massive crystal generator which was constructed by the *Old Ones*, many thousands of years ago. This generator held the power to fuel the dreaded curse contained inside the text in question. When the crystal's self-contained illumination was cast over the language, its meaning would become unveiled. Through previous research, he knew of the *Old One's* supposed present-day location in Antarctica. He had a *Byakhee* collect a fragment of the crystal. *It returned one week before it had arrived, and not at all*; a concept which he has never come to terms with in his understanding.

The reason for this bizarre phenomenon is that the crystal cannot be directed through time and space, and if ever this is attempted, intentionally or otherwise, the crystal will crash through time and space, and effectively arrive in its previous location, where it lay days ago. In the alternative dimensions through which it will have travelled, the crystal might be modified, or damaged (or in this scenario, mischievously crafted into jewellery).

When Susan found a pair of rings in Howard's laundry, she became very suspicious and confronted her husband. Howard could not explain the appearance of the jewellery. She suggested they might advertise their findings in the lost and found columns of the local newspaper, but Crosswell convinced her that to avoid bogus claimants, they should scan the papers themselves for any mention of such a loss. In the meantime, Howard kept one of the rings in his possession, and Susan wore the other on a gold chain around her neck. By now he had discovered that the 'diamonds', which were encrusted simply into the gold, had all the properties of the *Crystal of the Elder Gods*, and he could make only wild suppositions as to how they had mysteriously come into his care.

In order to continue with his research, Howard required the assistance of another person (the necessary black

deeds were not designed for those of mere human embodiment to perform). Howard overcame this difficulty by having Peter play a random barrage of notes from a piccolo, while he gesticulated and danced in the pink glow of the ring he wore.

When the cryptic characters on the open page of the *Book of Eibon* began to animate, in the atmospheric pink haze of the cellar, Howard ordered the child up the stone steps. He then secured the door behind him with a bolt and an *Elder Sign* incantation, which would seal the room against the unspeakable horror which was about to appear.

By this time, Howard Crosswell had fallen into a bottomless pit of insanity. He instructed the monster, "*Do not leave this room*". It watched Howard clamber up the steps with childlike curiosity. Howard bolted the trapdoor to the cellar, not hearing the perverse cry of amusement from the dark.

During the night Susan was wakened by strange voices. She automatically walked from her bedroom and down the stairs to investigate. Although she suspected intruders it had been impossible to talk to Howard when he came up from his mysterious studies that evening. So her plan was to set the dog on them.

Howard was wakened by a terrible scream! With an immense and sudden surge of realisation he jumped from his bed, raced across the hallway and saw Peter standing, just standing, staring down towards the lifeless, mauled body of his mother.

Through the smoke of darkness Howard saw with horror, an outstretched pseudopod, wrapping around and worrying away at his wife's head and neck. It slowly retracted into the confining blackness of the cellar, whilst showing a guilt and awareness that Howard had only seen previously in human emotions. The *Shoggoth* was, at best, a defiant captive!

The dog had now started barking, so after carrying Peter to his room, Howard let it into the house to avert the possibility of unwanted attention. He now began to panic as reality slowly intruded into his consciousness. His first thought was to dispose of the body. Running his fingers frantically through his thinning hair, he wandered back into the kitchen area. There he saw the dog affectionately licking Susan's paling face, obviously attempting to revive her. Howard looked into the dog's large affectionate eyes, and bludgeoned it's head with a large, heavy, black saucepan.

Perhaps because of his state of torn reality, Howard was sounding genuinely distraught when he spoke to the police over the telephone some hours later.

Total Disgrace

With Peter still in care, Howard had the house to himself with little intrusion. The day after the catastrophe, Jonathan Moore visited. He had been away on business but had travelled straight back to comfort his friend. Soon after Moore had entered the house, he quickly dropped all pretence and demanded to be told the horrifying facts. After Moore was satisfied, Howard was reduced to nothing more than a snivelling wreck. Moore could not forgive Howard for what had occurred, but at the same time he could not help feeling partially responsible. After all, it was he who had supplied Howard with the first fuel to feed his monstrous addiction.

Moore vigorously advised Howard to get out of Davenham, out of the country, and attempt to completely erase his nightmare experiences. That day Howard left for England, to a retreat which Jonathan owned but rarely used. Howard is now thought to be spending the years walking the gloomy hills, totally defeated by guilt.

Chapter One: The Inheritor

Introduction

Peter Crosswell was discharged from Arkham Sanitarium, in March of 1927. He had made a steady and positive recovery over recent years. After several long and tiring months of scrupulous examination, he was finally permitted to inherit his family home, which was located on the outskirts of Davenham. Considerable labour was necessary if the Crosswell house was to be revived to its former glory; the windows and doors had been removed and boarded tightly, and within the house the rooms were dirty with dust and decay. Peter was working long and hard during daylight hours, and was sleeping in terrible conditions at night.

Peter was finding his whole situation increasingly bewildering. Very little attention had been paid to him by anyone since his return. The only visitors had been his psychoanalyst from the hospital (who was also a neighbour), and a postman who had delivered a plain brown parcel which was about the size of a loaf of bread. To Peter's astonishment the main content of the package was a great deal of money. A letter of meagre explanation was also included, from the unidentified benefactor, together with the address of Peter's father, Howard Crosswell. The package was postmarked Davenham, but there was no despatch address, and it was signed only - *a friend*.

Peter had been carefully, but thoroughly enlightened by the authorities, concerning the terrible fate of his family. It had been assumed that his father had taken his own life shortly after the tragedy, although his body was

never recovered. It had taken a long time for Peter, finally, to accept this version of his father's fate. However, he was now being told the contrary; that Howard Crosswell was alive and living in Great Britain.

Peter, unwilling to accept further complications into his life, has told no-one about his father, or the package. With his new found wealth, and a little help from certain of the sanitarium staff, he commissioned a local contractor to finish the repairs to his house. The workmen begin their preliminary work on the morning of March 15th 1927.

Recently, Peter has started to hear *the noises*, noises which haunt his subconscious mind from childhood; a mischievous, meaningless muttering; *Tekeli Tekeli li*.

Davenham

Davenham is a moderate sized middle-class town, central to several local villages along the coastline between Arkham and the city of Boston. As this investigation begins, the Gothic streets lie under several well-trodden blankets of winter snow. For weeks, the dark skies have not allowed a single break of colour; the days are like nights.

Old manuscripts, which have survived until the present day, associate the history of Davenham back from the seventeenth century through to the eighteenth century with witchcraft, devilry and disrepute. Many descendants of the founding families still remain today, though hardly any know of the town's dark past. For instance, few know that the Albatross Road Graveyard was once a ghastly theatre for regular trial and torture.



It

Davenham

Deep Acre Forest



Scenario Key

- a* Crosswell House
- b* Dr. Jones' Residence
- c* Jewelry Shop
- d* Police Station
- e* Library Building
- f* Herald Street Hospital
- g* Albert Street Cemetery
- h* Albatross Road Graveyard
- i* Bakery
- j* Widow Hewitt's Cottage

Scale: 1 inch = 500 Yards

The Investigation

The investigators are approached by a bespectacled, well dressed man in his early forties, who arrives carrying a heavy raincoat. Hat in one hand, he somewhat flusteringly extends the other as he introduces himself (*statistics/description available at the end of this chapter*).

"My name is Simon Ulrich. I am here because I would like you to look into a concern, which is somewhat delicate, and relatively insubstantial."

He then stands rather awkwardly in the centre of the investigators' office, awaiting a response, brushing the remaining flakes of snow from his person.

Once seated, and after the investigators start to show some interest in his case; Ulrich settles down, and explains how they might help.

"I have a good friend, his name is Peter Crosswell. He has recently been subjected to a constant stream of unsettling events, which is the reason I have taken the liberty of speaking to you in his stead. It began with the death of a very close relative. As a result of this death he was bequeathed the Crosswell house, to which he moved from New Jersey, and is now struggling to build a new life for himself. He is an orphan, which might go some way to explain his independent temperament and his antisocial demeanour. I was a close acquaintance of his recently deceased Aunt, and I see my role quite clearly as protector of Peter's interests. He has no other family."

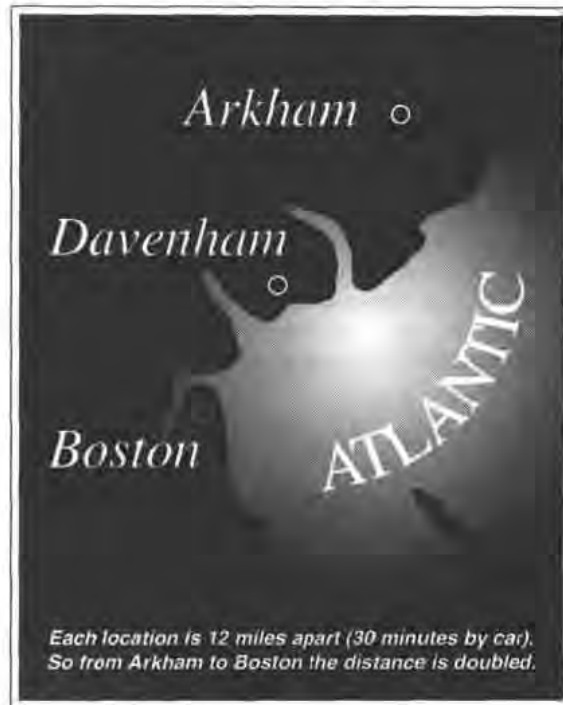
He excuses a slight yawn then continues.

"Recently Peter has confided in me that he believes the Crosswell house to be haunted. These delusions started approximately one week ago, but I have only recently persuaded him to authorise me to seek professional advisers. We hope to find the explanations for these so-called supernatural annoyances. I confess that I have had no time to spend the night there myself. However, as a realist, my opinion is that it is nothing more than the creation of a fatigued mind."

"If you can start this evening, after the workmen who are renovating the property have finished their work for the day, then I would be very grateful. I believe the human mind can take only a limited amount of stress, and I fear for the boy's health."

Simon Ulrich then reaches for his wallet, and offers each investigator \$50 to cover any expenses. He clearly states his expectation that the case will take no longer than twenty-four hours. He scribbles the address of the Crosswell house, and his personal telephone number, onto a small square of paper. He indicates that he can be contacted on that number at any time. He thanks the investigators again, bids them a good day, and leaves.

If at anytime during the interview Simon is asked to give facts concerning his personal details, or anything which the keeper is not prepared for, then he can briefly explain, in a hushed tone, that his occupation does not allow him the liberty of free speech in certain areas. He sincerely hopes they understand his obligations, but can say no more, apart from giving them reassurance that it has no bearing on the service they are required to perform.



Keeper's Information

The man who calls himself Simon Ulrich is in fact Dr Simon Jones, one of Arkham Sanitarium's most reputable practising psychoanalysts. The only false information that he has given to the investigators are those concerning Peter Crosswell's background. He considers this to be an unimportant factor that will neither hinder nor impair the investigation. His concern for Peter's well-being is totally sincere; Peter's recovery provided Dr Jones with a satisfying sense of achievement that he has not felt for some years.

However, Peter's recent delusions have worried the doctor immensely. Peter has not come this far only to be driven mad again by a few bumps in the night stimulating his already overactive imagination! Therefore, it is of the utmost importance to him that, with the help of the investigators, he enables Peter to see that his 'ghosts' are no more than the structural subsidence of the house, or the wind through the rafters, or something else that science can explain.

The doctor offers his help to Peter as an act of charity; the investigation is not funded by the sanitarium, who are ignorant of the doctor's interest in helping Peter.



Research about Davenham

Because they have been asked to leave their analysis of the house until the coming evening, the investigators have time to prepare and equip themselves with anything that they think might be of use to them. It is assumed that, at some time, they will think to make a professional investigation within and around Davenham (before or after they make their examination of the Crosswell house). Keepers may find it useful to consult the map of Davenham during this part of the investigation.

Dr Simon Jones's Residence

After hiring the investigators, the doctor will stroll leisurely to his own moderate twin storey home, situated on Davenham's Roger Street.

The man's true identity may or may not be discovered. For instance, the investigators might simply follow him home after the initial interview.

The doctor arrives home exhausted, due to staff shortages at work, and begins to catch up on three days lost sleep. If the investigators arrive, he will answer the door drowsily, in a gown, and then he will invite them inside, out of the snow. Once through to the lounge, a *Spot Hidden* roll will enable the investigators to notice a bundle of keys next to a gramophone, with '*Property of Arkham Sanitarium*' etched into an attached iron plaque.

If the investigators confront Simon with any suspicion, or information contrary to what he has told them previously, the doctor will have no reason not to tell the true facts. The reason he did not tell of Peter's previous incarceration is simple; he had been to a cheap private detective agency before he approached the investigators, and they had literally laughed in his face. (*This can be verified as the truth with a brief telephone call.*)

Recently the doctor has had Peter's medical notes for study at home, but has genuinely mislaid them. He thinks it quite possible that he has left them at work.

The doctor's personal details are to be found at the end of this chapter.

The Library Building

This structure is yet another creation offering classical esteem. Its high ceilings, stone walls and floors make alarming echoes to announce the entry of the investigators. Even if the architect had intended this feature, he had not considered the weighty slumber of Edmund Bliethe, the resident librarian. He will need to be woken by more than a moderate amount of interference. However, when awake, he will be helpful but possessive of every book and reference under his care. He will not knowingly allow a single page of literature to leave the building.

The expansive room holds tall corridors of towering shelves, sparsely populated by what seems to be the bare minimum of dust collecting items of literature that qualifies it for its designation.



Explorer's Wife Savaged

At approximately three o'clock this morning, Mrs. Susan Crosswell, the wife of one of Massachusetts' most renowned historians and explorers, Howard Crosswell, was horribly savaged to death by the family Alsatian. Evidence available at the time of press, suggests that the deceased startled the beast in the dead of night, and was taken for an intruder. The Police arrived immediately, following a frantic telephone message from the distraught husband. Mr. Crosswell is at this time taking counsel from hospital staff at the family residence, in the northern outskirts of Davenham. He is still in shock, and has been prescribed a sedative.

Commissioner Thomas was obliging enough to supply us with the following details, after his brief interview with the grieving husband:

"Apparently, Mrs. Crosswell had awoken and gone into the kitchen to fetch a glass of water. Mr. Crosswell, shortly after settling back into a doze, was startled back into consciousness by a growling, and the screaming of his wife. He ran with all his speed out of their bedroom and down the stairs, only to be met by the grisly sight of Mrs. Crosswell, with the mauling animal still at her throat. Howard, that is Mr. Crosswell, managed to beat the dog from the body, which sadly, was by now quite lifeless. It was then he noticed their child at the edge of the stairs. Just how much of the scene he had witnessed is difficult to assess. Whatever he saw has cut deep; the twelve year old boy has not uttered or acknowledged a sound since, and will only walk if led".

A spokesman at Davenham's Herald Street Hospital, explained: "Peter is suffering from an acute case of stupefaction, usually brought on in cases such as this when the patient has been victim of a terrible shock. There is no treatment we can administer that will help; these cases tend to sort themselves out, given time. I have given orders to place the boy under special observation, for his own good".

The family residence has no immediate neighbouring houses. A local storekeeper could only tell us the following: "The Crosswell's are a close-knit family unit, rarely entertaining on a social level. Therefore they were only occasionally seen around town. I think the child attends a private school in Boston. A portrait photographer from Boston has been contacted by the police to give a testimony. He was apparently the last person, outside the family, to see Mrs. Crosswell alive.

As yet, we have no further information, but the police are saying that it is an "open and shut" case, as far as further investigation is concerned. We were hoping to speak to Doc. Pinter, a resident of Arkham, but unfortunately he is presently out of town. Doc. Pinter's veterinary and zoological practices are constantly in demand throughout the state of Massachusetts, and he is respected worldwide. Within the week we expect to have a report, with Doc. Pinter's cooperation, on the dangers of keeping domestic animals.

A *Library Use* roll (+20%) allows the investigators to find an article of great weight, covered by the Boston Globe newspaper in March of 1917 (reference ♣).

The Police Station

The three-storey Victorian style building emits an almost religious authority. Gargoyles crouch on the rooftop, overlooking the huge double doors, and warm smoke ascends from the bakery next door. Within the lobby an empty reception desk spreads along one wall.

The lobby is continually surveyed by the stern eyes of uniformed lawmen. Sergeant O'Reilly will confront the investigators, and ask if he can be of assistance. He will cooperate with the investigators if offered a 'nominal investigation fee' (not to be referred to as *abribes*). Although he will not indulge in criminal affairs, it is clear that O'Reilly's own moral code does occasionally depart from that which is written in the handbook of federal law.

For \$5 the investigators will be able to skim through the 'arrest' records, for twenty minutes, while he goes for coffee. Therefore, time only permits one *Library Use* roll per investigator in order to discover any information (reference ☞). If the investigators have not left after this time, or have simply refused to leave, they will be given a final warning. If they do not take heed, they will be charged and arrested for impeding the duties of an officer, and given *1d3* days imprisonment. O'Reilly will deny any arrangements or dealings with the investigators.

Police Officer Characteristics

Str: 14 Dex: 13 Int: 11 Con: 12 Pow: 9 Siz: 14 Edu: 14

Magic Points: 9 Sanity Points: 40 Hit Points: 13

Useful Skills:

Drive Automobile 65% Listen 59% Fast Talk 32%
First Aid 58% Sneak 57% Spot Hidden 62%
Hide 46% Law 86%

Combat Skills:

Handgun 60% (*Damage 1d10*)
Nightstick Attack / Parry 65% (*Damage 1d6*)



Appended report of case 153173.
Officer R. Jameson,
3/15/1917.

In the early morning of March 15th 1917, a telephone call came through to the reception desk, taken by Sergeant Donald. As I was the only available officer, I immediately proceeded, alone, to the Crosswell residence. The details of the disturbance were still unclear at this point; the caller had been in shock, but had managed to communicate his name and address.

I arrived at the Crosswell house at precisely 3.11 am. Knocking at the front door, I could not make myself heard. Within the minute, walking around to the back entrance, I saw faint electrical illumination shining from the open doorway. Taking some initiative, I entered the house and stumbled over the carcass of a large dog; its teeth and jaws were coated in blood. Beside it was the body of a young woman, equally lifeless, her head and shoulders were atrociously mauled. On the stairs sat a man sobbing and panting. It didn't take a genius to deduce what had happened.

The husband, Mr. Crosswell was in a terrible state of shock. After telephoning the hospital, I prepared him a coffee and then made a brief investigation of the premises. At this point in time, I had no knowledge that their young son had become involved in any way, so thought it best to leave him to sleep.

Herald Street Hospital

In the reception area of one of Davenham's more modern buildings, the investigators are met, somewhat authoritatively, by a middle-aged matron nurse. Behind her stand five filing cabinets, but the very thought of her showing the investigators these restricted back-records is unimaginable.

All around the investigators the hospital staff are bustling about with their business. There are, at all times, at least two security guards patrolling the ground floor, who will intervene at the first sign of disturbance (*use the statistics for police officers*).

The only possible way the investigators are going to gain access to the files today is if they persuade the nurse with a *Fast Talk* roll (-20%). Any feasible and creative ideas the investigators might care to try can of course be considered by the keeper, but it needs to be more elaborate than a simple bluff or bribe. Written confirmation from Dr Jones gives the investigators a +40% for this roll.

If the files are examined, a *Library Use* roll (-20%) finds entries in a register which only records the details of admissions. The files are in terrible disarray from around this time, and there is no sign of a coroner's report. The facts that are available, or those that they can find, are that Susan Crosswell was taken straight through to the morgue, 'dead on arrival', at 3.30 am on the 15th of March 1917. At exactly the same time Peter Crosswell was taken to Dr Jones at the sanitarium for treatment of 'acute stupefaction'.

Later the following morning, Howard Crosswell was admitted for a routine examination, and was discharged that same day.

The Jewellery Shop

The beckoning warm glow emanating from the shop window, onto the heavy winter scene in Chalice Street, has every passerby pausing. Looking into the window, black velvet shelves display many beautiful pieces of jewellery, along with several jade elephant statuettes and other examples of fine craftsmanship (*the investigators might be led here after reading Susan Crosswell's diary*).

Overhanging bell chimes announce the entry of the investigators as they open the door. The walls are lined with mahogany and glass cabinets. Diamonds, emeralds and rubies catch and refract the light around the room.

The elderly jeweller is Samuel Goldman, the son of a Jewish immigrant who inherited his business at the turn of the century. He is very pleasant and will always help as best he can. If he is asked to remember Howard Crosswell, and if he recalls selling him jewellery in 1917, a *Psychology* roll sees Mr Goldman become quite inward and distant. A *Fast Talk* or *Oratory* roll is needed for him to give the following information:

"It's very simple. Mr Crosswell entered these premises many years past, bringing two rough diamonds with him. He persuaded me not to question him, and he insisted on my assurance that I would never tell another of the stones.

"I started work in good heart, cutting and crafting them into twin rings.

"I remember these events in detail, not only because of the terrible tragedy, but also because whilst shaping the stones I gashed my hand deeply and was not able to follow my craft for several weeks after. That was the last time I saw Mr Crosswell, when he came in to collect his rings. He paid my price without question, and put the jewellery into his coat pocket. He left without a word."

If the investigators prompt him further, he continues: "They were curiously cold to the touch, like ice."

The jeweller will unbutton his cuff at this point, to reveal a long pink scar on his inside wrist. He smiles and cheerfully asks if he can interest the investigators with anything they see. Use the prices to be found in the rule book. The four jade elephants in the window are priced at \$90 each, and belonged to an Arab.

The Basement Workshop

It is very possible that if the investigators make pleasant conversation with the old man, he will warm to them and offer to show them his basement workshop. If the investigators are interested, he will bolt the shop door and beckon them down steep steps into a fairy tale chamber. Bench tops line three walls holding lathes, vices and various delicate instruments such as tweezers and snips. A large billowing fire snorts smoke upwards through a chimney, and its light dances around the room onto bottles and tubes which contain all colour of chemicals, gold wire and semi-precious stones.



Unbeknown to the investigators, beneath a sink in the far wall, is a safe containing valuable mixed gems worth approximately \$1,300. A *Spot Hidden* roll has an investigator see this, as it is not particularly well hidden.

Albert Street Cemetery

This area, located in central Davenham, is very well maintained and overlooked by a church. You walk through gravel paths and dainty borders. The graves are obviously owned by wealthy families, but for all the searching you cannot find the grave of Susan Crosswell.

Father Simpson, the local priest, is available to talk to the investigators. The only information he can give is that, because of the increasing shortage of ground in the present century, Susan Crosswell may have been buried in the cemetery outside town, or in Boston. He has only resided in Davenham for five years, so does not personally remember the tragedy at the Crosswell house.

A *Psychology* roll detects resentment as the young priest speaks of the Albatross Road cemetery. For this reason he will not encourage an interview. He has suffered the hill's evil emotions on several visits, and now prefers to stay away.

Albatross Road Graveyard

This is a sinister and forbidding place, surrounded by rusted iron railings; their once ornate splendour now decaying. Peering through, the snow topped headstones crumble between overgrown pathways leading upwards towards dark woods, like an ancient city against the sky. The air feels leaden as if it carries the burden of every sorrow. You find the uphill walk is far steeper and tiring than originally anticipated. The graves are older as you climb the slippery incline; the cutting wind has subsided. The temperature has also dropped considerably. The monoliths around you seem to mock your audacity to venture further into their dead world.

Finding a specific grave could prove difficult, for many of the stones lie hidden beneath the snow. However, after some searching of the area to the right side of the cemetery you find with no difficulty Susan Crosswell's gravestone, and simply engraved is the inscription: 'SUSAN CROSSWELL 1882 - 1917'.

Lying on top of the grave are two separate bunches of freshly cut flowers. The snow has been cleared from the stone and two similar sets of footprints lead towards and away from the grave. A *Track* roll suggests the visitors did not meet, considering the variable snowfall. In fact, the two sets of tracks lead off into different directions.

If the investigators attempt to follow a set of the prints, a *Track* roll is required. The most prominent tracks lead off into the streets and get increasingly harder to follow. A second *Track* roll leads the investigators to the back door of the Crosswell house. Peter has no reason to deny that he has visited his mother's grave hours earlier.

The second set of prints can be followed to the edge of the pavement near the road. Tyre tracks disappear into the streets and become totally untraceable.

Unbeknown to the investigators, the second visitor was that dear friend of the family Jonathan Moore, paying his respects as he has done on every anniversary of Susan's death.

With an *Idea* roll, the investigators become aware that approximately eighty percent of the graves are for women who died between the years 1635-1750 AD.

Keeper's Information

Also of note, Susan Crosswell was buried together with the ring that she wore on a flimsy gold chain around her neck. The stone, which is set in the ring, is one of the two *Crystals of the Elder Things* which appear in this scenario (see page twenty-four).

The Bakery

Keeper's Information

This information appears here because it takes place in Davenham. But it does not occur until the morning after the investigators visit the Arkham Sanitarium.

Davenham's only bakery is on the corner of Market Street. Smoke billows from a small funnel chimney atop of a dark bricked building. The air is thick with the warm aroma of pastries. Mr and Mrs Belladonna greet the investigators from behind a counter full of breads, cakes and pies. Mrs Belladonna asks if she can be of assistance. If the couple are asked whether anything unusual has happened recently, no matter how insignificant, she will explain:

"We came down to the bakery this morning at 9 am. We live over the shop you understand and bake 'til quite late on week days. Anyway, we found the back door had been forced. There was no damage done inside the premises and the only theft was of several fruit pies that were left over from yesterday's orders; it didn't seem worth mentioning anything to the police. Mr Belladonna and I are growing old and we are unnerved by it all. However, we have been fortunate enough to have found a young man in search of temporary employment this very morning; a Frenchman I think. He comes across as being very shy and reflective, but we like this as a quality. In light of what has happened last night the security that he can offer is welcomed, and we have eagerly given him the spare bedroom to move into tonight. At present he is making the house deliveries, many households appreciate this service, particularly at this time of the year".

If the investigators wish to enlighten the elderly couple to the dangers they have placed themselves in, Mr Belladonna will continue to defend their judgment. The investigators will have to prove the point cautiously; the baker's level of pride leads him easily into becoming unreasonable, and he will be uncooperative if he is made to appear foolish. If they gain the couple's confidence then the investigators learn the following:

"Mister Navet is at present making deliveries around the town. You must have passed him in the street as you arrived."

If the questioning persists:

"His next stop is probably widow Hewitt's cottage; that infernal woman only ventures into town to complain about one thing or another. In order to avoid her coming here to pick a quarrel I asked if he could get her out of the way as soon as possible."

If the bakers are asked for permission to examine their premises, they will have considerable reservations, but only on the grounds of hygiene. A successful *Fast Talk* or *Debate* roll only allows the investigators a brief snoop around the baking area beyond the shop floor. Here they will find nothing of interest amidst the food which fills several long benches, no doubt baked in the great cast iron oven in the far wall. No attempt has been made to secure the back door, where a heavy bolt swings uselessly from screws torn out of the splintered oaken panels.

A *Spot Hidden* roll whilst scanning the room for abnormalities will bring to the investigator's notice a wall-mounted knife rack with one knife missing. The bakers cannot account for this. Mr Belladonna will bar the way if the investigators approach the stairs to the first floor. He will not permit them into what he explains is their private living quarters, consisting of no more than a simple hallway, bathroom, guestroom and their bedroom which overlooks the street.



Keeper's Information

The psychotic Monsieur Navet was in the back kitchen when he heard the investigators enter the shop; *those who would dare take him back to the madhouse!* He quickly grabbed the bundled consignment of pastries and lifted a large bread knife from the kitchen rack and hid it in the pocket of his heavy cloak, lent to him by the credulous baker. He does not show himself while the investigators are around the bakery but remains within earshot, listening. He hurries to the stables for the cart horse, but he will deliver no provisions this day. He rides to set an ambush.

It is possible that the investigators will go to the shop outside opening hours. If they visit before midnight, the couple will be baking out back and there will be no sign of activity. Mr Belladonna is a wary man and rather than answer the front door at night he will hurry to his bedroom window overlooking the street. He would shout angrily to the investigators that he opens at 9 am sharp, and refuses to see them before. After the couple have retired for the night, Monsieur Navet will be on the premises, attracted from his hiding place within the forest by the considerable warmth offered by the kitchen. He is easily disturbed from his slumber on the floor of the kitchen by any commotion, but will lie low for the night to rest and scheme against the troublesome investigators.



- NEAL S '89 -

Thundering hooves suddenly tear the Melancholia.

Bramble Walk

About one mile to the south of Davenham, and along the main road towards Boston, can be found a well trodden country lane, signposted as Bramble Walk. Today it is unblemished. As its name suggests, it would be difficult to ride along this lane in an automobile, even at the best of times. In these extreme winter conditions the road is nothing short of treacherous and it is necessary to proceed on foot. Heavy, rolling clouds struggle to move beyond the leaden silhouette of the forest ahead.

A successful *Track* roll (-35%) made whilst searching Deep Acre forest, north of the trail, will find fresh prints made by a cart horse.

For a few minutes, the investigators follow the upward slope of the path through still, blanched woodland. Constantly in view, seen through thickening branches of trees behind and below, are the lights of the town. The distant moan of an industrious motor car can be heard. At the rise of the hill the investigators reach sight of a small cottage, set fifty yards into a decline.

Thundering hooves suddenly tear the melancholia as a gradatory mounted figure blazes from the horizon ahead. About the rider hangs a cloak, dancing like evil fire. Fresh light shines brightly from within the hollows of a pumpkin which crowns the Horseman's wide shoulders. With the impassively wicked goblin astride it, the hooves of the robust ungulate rear, then crash down for the trample. This scene may claim *1d3 SAN* from the investigators.

Les Statistiques de Monsieur Navet

Str: 18 Dex: 15 Int: 14 Con: 13 Pow: 8 Siz: 19 Edu: 10

Magic Points: 8 Sanity Points: 0 Hit Points: 16

Useful Skills:

Climb 83% Dodge 64% Hide 28% Jump 73%
Listen 79% Ride 95% Sneak 57% Throw 46%
Track 82%

Combat Skills:

Fist 88% (Damage 1d3 + 1d6)
Bread Knife 82% (Damage 1d6 + 1d6)

Spells Known:

None

Keeper's Information

As if in some hypnotic frenzy the hooves of the horse flail out at the investigators. In order to hit the ghoulish rider, success rolls are reduced by -20%. If unhorsed, the seven standing feet of menace lunges forward with ugly enthusiasm, a clenched fist holds a long serrated blade which is effectively an extension of his arm that strikes down in deadly arcs of fury. Monsieur Navet is now an effortless maniac; the inexorable melee is as totally unreasonable as it is silent. He will hold his ground even before certain defeat; there will be a need, physically, to detain him.

If the investigators take it in their minds to flee, they will be given silent chase by the mad Frenchman before reaching the Boston Cross bridge, where, if any dare look over their shoulder they will find the woodland motionless. A shattered pumpkin is the only reward for the courageous investigator who dares search this area of Deep Acre Forest afterwards.

Horse's Statistics

Str: 30 Dex: 12 Con: 12 Pow: 11 Siz: 28

Magic Points: 11 Movement: 12 Hit Points: 20
Armour: 1 Point Skin

Combat Skills:

Bite 5% (1d10 Damage)
Kick 5% (1d8 + 2d6 Damage)
Rear/Plunge 5% (2d8 + 2d6 Damage)
Trample 25% (4d6 Damage + Down Feet)

(See the rule book for details.)

Widow Hewitt's Cottage

Mrs Mary Hewitt will be at home and none the worse for wear, oblivious to the fracas outside her door. If the efforts which the investigators have made to keep her from harm are made known to her, she welcomes them into her simple but comfortable cottage with much gratitude. She is glad for the company, even if fractionally cautious.

The visitors are encouraged to take light refreshments whilst they are present, which she hastily provides. Kindly investigators will surely aid the frail lady while she struggles with logs for the fire.



Research about Boston *The Boston Globe Offices*

The Boston Globe news room is located on the second storey of the enormous building block, just north of the railroad. The open plan area is a city of paper, the activity is frantic, everyone knows their role, and you feel that to break any person's bustling activity would bring the whole system to a halt.



Grieving Husband Vanishes

It has been but days since the lives of the Davenham family, the Crosswells, were so atrociously disrupted. Mrs. Susan Crosswell was savaged to death by a dog gone wild, which was witnessed by the twelve year old son, Peter. This has left the boy mentally unstable and he is being kept in care. Yesterday, further developments seemed to indicate that Mr. Howard Crosswell, the grieving husband, is now feared to have taken his own life after failing to attend his wife's funeral service. The police gave us the following report:

"We arrived at the Crosswell house late yesterday morning and the officers had to force their entry; the house had been secured quite thoroughly. Inside was found what we interpreted as a suicide letter; appended was a sealed envelope containing the last will and testament of Mr. Howard Crosswell, that left the house and its contents exclusively, but ironically, to their only child Peter. We have men searching Deep Acre Forest, dredging Crustacea River and the coastal waters up through Boston but, as yet, we haven't found a body."

Consequently, the police are further asking for any family or friends to come forward to help them complete their investigations. The only helpful testimony at this time has been from a portrait photographer, who was apparently the last person to have the company of all three members of the family. He could tell Commissioner Thomas very little and fragments of that interview follow:

"Mr. Crosswell was one of those rare individuals who gave you the impression of being complex, but only on the surface; easily passable as a distant minded man. Overall, the family appeared relatively typical. Mrs. Crosswell did, at one stage, offer that I dine with them. Alas, I had to decline because of my need to travel to further pressing appointments that day. The dog did not seem particularly wild or aggressive; the only problem we had was keeping it still for the photograph."

Doctor Bill Pinter, Arkham's top veterinary surgeon, was asked to comment on the day's tragic events. He said simply, "I do not wish to seem heartless, I mean that sincerely, but the reality remains that what we have here is a perfectly natural reaction from an animal protecting its territory. You would find the very same reaction from any member of a native tribe, or even some of the local landholders one hears about. Nevertheless I am not trying to justify it, only to understand it. A truly sorrowful affair indeed".

If the investigators ask around, the only reply they will receive will take the form of a pointing finger towards the editor's desk. Mr Whitaker, the editor, will politely ask if the investigators can speak to his secretary. He then continues to speak to a colleague holding a paste-up of this evenings front page headline. His secretary is at present taking a week's holiday.

At the point the investigators have chosen to arrive, Mr Whitaker is in a flustered state, and so a *Fast Talk* roll is needed before he will let them look into the back copies file. This is located in a small dusty room just off the main area. In here, the investigators can find another copy of the article found in the library. A separate *Library Use* roll creates the opportunity for them to find a smaller article published later in the same week (reference ♠).

J. Brookland Construction Co.

If, after 6 pm, the investigators decide to make the twelve mile journey from Davenham to interview the work force currently repairing the Crosswell house, they reach the premises of the small J. Brookland Construction Company. Situated in the heart of Boston, the offices are housed in a one storey warehouse.

The owner, Mr James Brookland, regularly works late in his office. The following information can also be gained if Mr Brookland is interviewed at the Crosswell house during working hours. He is being commissioned by the house owner, one Peter Crosswell. His original dealings were with a much more assertive man, whose name he cannot remember. He has taken on the work happily and at short notice due to the seasonal slump in business. Mr. Brookland knows nothing of the sinister aspects of the Crosswell house (*and will find nothing before finishing the work to the main storeys*). He can, however, offer the investigators some excellent coffee.

[If at any time during the scenario the investigators wish to locate either an address or a telephone number of any of the characters, such a list will be found, exclusively, in a small directory, within the library of Boston. Whether this information is made available to the investigators is in the hands of the keeper.

For example, if Simon Ulrich's name and telephone number is used to find his address, the investigators will find it listed under that of Dr Simon Jones.]



Research about Arkham

Arkham Sanitarium

This Federalist era building is situated in the lonely outskirts of Arkham. On approach, the investigators must pass through a gate of thick iron posts that fence off the sanitarium's ground.

The building has three floors, the top two having their infrequent windows shuttered and barred. These floors house the patients' cells, and it is possible for visitors to feel the gaze of countless pairs of insane eyes.

When the investigators reach the entrance, they can see just within are two policemen, each cradling in their hands steaming beakers of coffee. They have interrupted their beat to enjoy the routine hospitality given to them by Dr Hardstrom of the sanitarium staff. When the investigators enter the building, the men will stop their humorous chatter and give the party their full attention. If the investigators ask to see someone in authority, maybe with an explanation that Dr Jones sent them; one of the police officers will gladly show the party through the entrance hall to meet Dr Hardstrom. The doctor cheerfully informs the police officer to go back to his coffee, and then asks the investigators how he may be of assistance.

If the investigators ask for information on the Peter Crosswell case, under no circumstances will they be allowed to go through the patients' notes. These are confidential; but the doctor will take them into the inventory room and look up the file for them. Once inside this room, a gaunt faced man stares, whilst mopping the floor with dreary, monotonous motions. He does not speak, but the doctor introduces him simply as Bartholinew. He is a patient who has made good steady recovery over recent years, so has been given the responsibility of menial tasks around the building.

A *Spot Hidden* roll (-20% if the investigators have not specified keeping an eye on the man with the mop), sees Bartholinew take a bunch of keys from the doctor's belt, and move out of the inventory room. If the man is stopped, he will be reprimanded and asked to wait outside. In which case, he will proceed to steal a similar set of keys from the front desk and climb mischievously up to the top floor.

Meanwhile, after a few minutes of scanning through the records, Dr Hardstrom arrives at the conclusion that Dr Jones must have the relevant file. Peter was cared for exclusively by Dr Jones, for ten years, and unfortunately he is not available this week. Dr Hardstrom hands the investigators the only scrap of paper left in Peter Crosswell's medical file, a child's drawing, which he describes as early incoherent scribbles (reference ☉).

A further *Fast Talk* roll gives the investigators the address of Simon Jones, who is of course, (probably unbeknown to the investigators) the very same person who hired them earlier, under the alias of Simon Ulrich. (It is possible however, that the investigators ask for his telephone number and this will be identical to the one

given to them by their client.) Just before leaving the inventory room, Dr Hardstrom will exclaim the loss of his keys (if, indeed, they did go missing).

L' évasion!

All of a sudden, from outside the room, there comes the sound of men shouting, and two gun shots are heard before you can reach the door. From above comes a thumping din with shouting, crying, screaming, laughing and more; the sounds of unimaginable emotions, the cacophony of the insane.

The investigators open the door in time to witness a sight bizarre in it's magnificence; a giant and muscular figure dressed in shabby old-fashioned garb leaps towards the main entrance with elegant dexterity. As a mask, his head is hidden by a pumpkin, which rotates as he nears the door manifesting a crafted grimace of theatrical horror. Before anyone can react he is gone, the front entrance door hanging broken and open upon meeting his heavy boot, as though it had submitted to his ghastly demeanour. The policemen are picking themselves up from the floor; none look injured.

In the confusion there is time for the investigators to each fire a single shot at the fleeing figure, but an *Idea* roll reminds them that they will be shooting into an open street! One of the officers is asked by Dr Hardstrom to follow him upstairs. As the doctor moves up the steps he shouts to the investigators to give the creature chase, but with great care. He shouts that he will explain everything later. It is strictly prohibited to enter the top floors, and they will be stopped at gunpoint if they persist.

If the escaper is given chase outside, no trace of footsteps can be seen in the snow. Unknown to the investigators, the impressive giant had sprung and clambered onto the roof with incredible strength and confident agility. If examined, footsteps can be found on the roof which suggest an impossible leap into the trees over the railings below. A *Track* roll discovers the large prints heading across country, heading in the general direction of Davenham.



Early incoherent scribbles from Peter Crosswell's medical file



Entry date November 2nd 1912 by Professor Wosely. Admittance of a high priority patient. Due to a recurring physical illness related to hypothermia, the patient arrived via federal security transit, at the recommendation of the New York justice department in October of this year. Details of the inmates background and identity follow. Mister Navet is of French breed, strong in build and standing a phenomenal seven feet tall! State records claim he was actually by vocation a circus performer before the illness took him. I say 'was', though to contradict myself I have highlighted the very problem at hand; in his native town of Auberville his stage pseudonym was the headless horseman from Irving's classic, *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow!* The records state that he had become obsessed with this identity and was rarely out of the character. Over the years his eccentric humour increasingly feared and occasionally endangered his fellow performers and wary locals. Recently, following a night of relentless local killings, Mister Navet was promptly suspected, tried and, above his pleas of innocence, sentenced to an English maximum security prison. Gradually he became a problem, his behaviour intolerable even to their conditions of order, of course the authorities had no idea what to do.

November 4th 1912. In a manner, somewhat broodily one has to admire the man's blurred arrogance; he will dress only in his circus costume, head to foot in scruffy Victorian clothing; and demand in a voice pompous though patient (with such terrible English), that we release him immediately!

November 11th 1912. Since Mister Navet entered the institution over one week ago he has been sullen and said little, and to the untrained observer he would no doubt appear relatively sane.

December 1st 1912. Starting to accept his incarceration and the illness one hopes; today he has requested (of all things) a fresh pumpkin to craft. Unable to allow him any sharp implements of course, I did as he asked me of which he was considerably appreciative. And was within the hour using only his nails and teeth, heartily in good humour, sculpting into the flesh of the fruit.

December 2nd 1912. I have made a terrible error! To my

humiliation, I have been roughly informed by a colleague, that my act of charity has most certainly fed the Frenchman's fixation to a dangerous level. Admittedly, only my incompetence can be responsible for not locating a copy of Irving's work before. After just two hours I completed the reading. I find Mister Navet's behaviour disturbing, for hours or possibly longer he has stood observing my every step around his cell, attempts at communication appear to fall on deaf ears. Hiding his features he wears the pumpkin as some awful mask (not a missile); to me the fear he communicates is so negative; unexplainable is more accurate.

December 3rd 1912. This case now entertains severity; the patient for the first time has become incredibly violent when attempts have been made to administer treatment of any kind. We have abandoned restraint and forcibly removed the fruit from his shoulders, and since then he has battered and whined endlessly demanding fresh pumpkins.

February 1913. File entry by Doctor Cartwright. Over past weeks I have regulated extreme remedies in hope to calm Mister Navet of his perpetual misbehaviour. Positive communication remains futile; he does however, as I suspected, respond to the title *Hessian of Hollow*, but only then will rave of his wanting for a pumpkin's flesh. My practices have varied through recent weeks, though all have failed; his resistance to the electrical shock treatment was phenomenal, and also butchered a dozen fat rats within minutes of being thrown into the pit; and still reclaimed a tremendous appetite afterwards! (Note, up until now little importance has been made to the victim's abnormally low body temperature, in one event admitting him unthinkingly to cold nest conditions endangered his life).

February 28th 1913. My brother tends an allotment, and can supply the institution with, though out of season, that popular fruit of the gourd family.

March 12th 1913. I can claim to have stopped the violence, but at what cost? Is this progress?

March 17th 1913. Not many choose to look upon this empty gaze; so even now, a third floor patient, he stays my duty. It remains to be seen whether his insanity wears the march of time.

November 10th 1923. Retains similar behaviour patterns.

Back inside the sanitarium, Dr Hardstrom will be sitting on the stairs with his head in his hands. Upstairs, the solitary howl of a trapped animal can be heard. He looks up as the investigators approach and speaks:

"It was Bartholinew; he had a relapse, took my keys, and released one of the top floor patients; a Mister Navet, one of the most dangerous and unpredictable human beings I know of. I locked Bartholinew in his cell".

If the investigators offer to help, he will be very appreciative and will give them a copy of the file that is kept on the escaped inmate (reference ☉). The police station has been informed, and every available man is out looking. There is a \$300 reward for any citizen who can give information leading directly to a recapture. Dr Hardstrom will supply a set of manacles, which he believes will be necessary if the man is to be brought back alive. Once these are in place it will require the captive to make a strength resistance roll against the manacle's STR of 27 to break the chain between the cuffs.

Arkham Library

The Miskatonic University campus, situated in the centre of town, consists of several research buildings which are used for various studies. The larger of the buildings is one of the most comprehensive libraries in the state of Massachusetts, as any researcher would know.

Only a resident student has the necessary documentation which allows books to be taken from the library, but the building is open to anyone wanting to peruse the various wealth of literature available. Certain books are highly prized, a number of them on the subjects of spiritualism and the occult. References such as these are available with assistance from Mr Llanfer of the library staff.

A legitimate reason with a *Fast Talk* roll (+30% if a member) is required before the cautious librarian initiates preparations for a room where these valuable books can be read by the investigators, undisturbed.

Studious research into the hieroglyphical parchment found in the cellar of the Crosswell house leads the investigators to consult the terrible *Necromonicon* for an answer. After *1d10* hours a *Read Latin* roll finds them the following passage (reference ✧).



...and to the old ones similarly within their vitreous bolt hole, more upon more time slipped and passed not registered and unseasonable, where tell of a thousand scouring limbs shaped pertinaciously into the frosted crust questing spiral symmetry to that disgraceful reservoir, the crystal of the elder gods, all set afoot as part to influence and bind the untitled siblings to eternal bidding. And there was preparation, learning of a formula that vessels this wealth was scribed to mundane tomes. Before, from the womb of an extraneous black science they came, spawned abysmal as they were mindless, misshapen and icebound slaves by spell and stone.

Abd al-Azrad
Necromonicon

If the investigators have visited what is left of the library at the Crosswell house, a further *Library Use* roll will find, on a high shelf, an unblemished copy of *Who Were the Witches: The Social Role of the Accused in the European Witch Trials*, by Professor Richard A. Horsley. Within can be found a particularly disturbing passage (reference †).

In the main building of the University, Howard Crosswell's name is listed between those of Geraldine Oxenbury and Jonathan Moore. Other than this reference there is no further information available concerning the work of Howard Crosswell.



"A confession or a submission to all of their wicked banter; Lashed and tied and prone to the flailing blows of her public. From her head auburn locks were savagely hacked and torn; Meggan's head was then doused with ugly tar and burnt to the scalp. In agony for hours, she was lynched to the beams of the barn, strapped to her were heavy sacks of grain, and while the Hangman broke her digits with clamps, another birched the young women's limbs to the bone. The worst of this, the first day's torture, would continue for many hours unto dusk, and resume come the following dawn. On the third day, unceremoniously, Thomas gave his daughter to the ground; hours before her final breath."

Who Were the Witches: The Social Role of the Accused in the European Witch Trials.

Prof. Richard A. Horsley,
(Miskatonic University, 1898).

Investigating the Crosswell House

The Crosswell house is located well away from the main streets of Davenham. It is most likely that the investigators will arrive in the early evening, as the dim light of dusk is giving way to the night. It is possible that for some unforeseen reason they will arrive, unexpectedly, earlier in the day. In this case, serious investigation will be impossible before the workmen finish at 6 pm. The detached twin storey structure has a short untidy dirt pathway leading past a simple rusted gate. The building is moderately sized, but unremarkable in appearance. A smoking chimney perches off-centre to the roof.

Many of the windows are either missing or broken; the house is obviously receiving considerable repairs. Replacement windows and roofing tiles are stacked precisely in piles under the front porch. There are also signs of fresh mortar in between the red brickwork as the investigators approach.

The Garden Area

Approximately twenty feet of snow-covered land wraps the building, surrounded by an unkempt golden birch hedge; it holds little interest. Amongst the overgrown shrubs, weeds and grass are littered fragments of the building; rotting floorboards, an old dining room table and chairs that are broken and splintered.

A small wooden framework is located at the far end of the garden. Its purpose has long been forfeited; this was obviously a dog's kennel. A successful *Spot Hidden* roll has the investigators find a three-foot length of leather; attached to this is a coin-sized identity disc with the name *Winston* elaborately inscribed into the corroded metal. The only object of glory is an ancient oak tree, snow capped and standing proudly. It stretches magnificently into the cold air and seems to watch over the house in a protective way.

If a *Spot Hidden* roll is made around this area, the surface junk is removed, and the investigators can see that the top soil has been freshly disturbed. Digging two feet below the ground will uncover a brown paper parcel containing old and damp bank notes, worth \$700. This is the location where Peter keeps his inheritance, and is a typical example of both his current paranoia, and his somewhat childish and ineffective approach to problem solving. Similarly, Peter keeps the rest of the cash (\$170) on his person at all times.





Ground Floor

1: Entrance Hall

From the simple wooden porch over the front doorway, a hall leads through to the heart of the ground floor of the building, with sturdy doors on both sides of the corridor. This passage is relatively dark and gloomy, cobwebs are in abundance and underfoot the floor creaks with age. Through this unwelcoming curtain drifts the wholesome odour of cooking food. Throughout the house, wood panelling decorates the walls, beginning approximately three feet above the bare floorboards. There used to be electrical lighting but the wiring is now unsafe, and the supply was cut off long ago. The light switches which are behind the doors of the main rooms are now redundant ornaments. This is a terribly cheerless place. *(It is here that the investigators will be met by Peter Crosswell; see the end of this chapter for his details.)*

2: Storeroom

This small, dark and bare walled room holds a number of broken crates and cardboard boxes on the floor. Towards the rear of the room is what looks to be a hat stand. Jutting from the north wall are five brass coat hooks. If a *Spot Hidden* roll is made from outside the door of the room, the investigators can detect something gleaming underneath fragile boxes; examination uncovers many broken glass storage jars, the jagged edges are like daggers stabbing through the floor. Because the room is so dark, if a hasty investigator was to simply stride into the room without taking any precautions, then he must make a *Luck* roll, or suffer *1d4 HPs* from injuries to feet and shins. There is nothing else of interest in this room.

3: Lounge

This room is the largest on the ground floor, and is very well lit by six windows. Tattered and peeling wallpaper hangs from the walls, and a threadbare carpet stretches across the floor; open worn patches reveal floorboards underneath. Cracks reach out across the ceiling and plaster has fallen from the walls. A pile of debris has been collected in an area next to an open window place, in the south-east corner. An old battered sofa and a coffee table are the only pieces of furniture this room holds. As for the rest of the house, its contents have long ago been stolen by thieves and vagabonds, or are impaired and unusable through decay.

4: Library

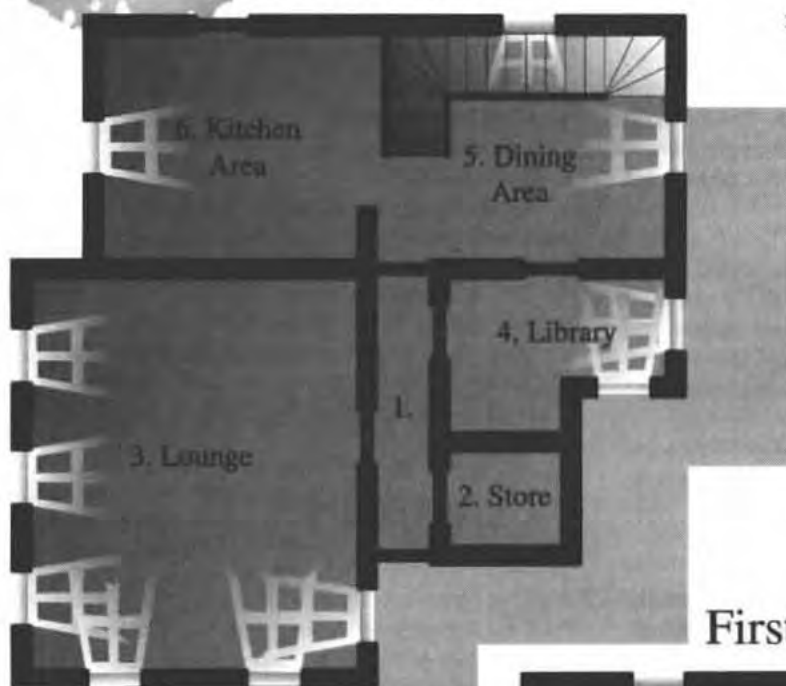
This room has had its floorboards totally ripped out, revealing bare stone foundations two feet beneath the level of the doorway. The floor looks safe enough. The shelves which used to hold this room's abundant supply of literature now lie rotting in the garden. The books themselves were stolen years before, and now occupy a dishonest place in a secret private collection.

A *Spot Hidden* roll whilst poking around this room will uncover an untidy pile of battered papers, somewhat lengthily entitled, 'Who Were the Witches: The Social Role of the Accused in the European Witch Trials', by Professor R.A. Horsley of Miskatonic University, Massachusetts. The pages are moulded together from the damp and decay, and only a few remain legible. They proclaim that: *under the custom of law in the sixteenth century, healers and midwives made up more than half of the victims of witch trials in select areas of Europe.*

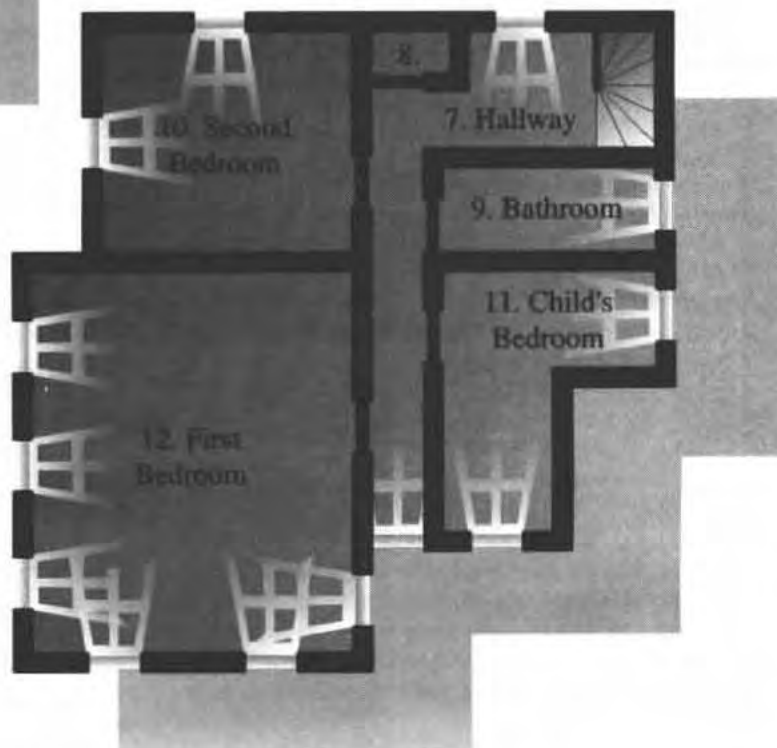
The Crosswell House Floor Plans



Ground Floor



First Floor



Cellar



5: Dining Area

This area is bare of furnishing, apart from the hulking form of a grand piano which has fallen through the apparently unsafe floorboards onto the main foundations of the house. Observing the piano more closely will reveal that the instrument is totally unplayable; all the strings are broken and tangled underneath the heavy wooden lid. A stairway with a sturdy balcony leads upwards to the first floor landing.

6: Kitchen Area

The smell of vegetable stew is unmistakable, and clearly emanating from this area. It is being carefully cooked using a large cast iron stove, which billows smoke upwards into a funnel over the oven. The funnel is then connected to a wide makeshift pipe which carries the dark vapours out through the balcony window. The hot coals that power the stove give out a warm orange glow that is cast around the room. The stove is very hot to the touch at this time.

Looking around the room, a fireplace is situated within the south wall, housing an unelaborate marble hearth framing the satisfying and crackling flames, adding to the room's rich illumination. A *Spot Hidden* roll around the floor area of the fireplace will show a faint rectangle where the floorboards differ texturally, approximately three feet square.

This is the previous location of the cooking stove which was moved ten years ago by Jonathan Moore (who appears later, in the following chapters).

Keeper's Information

The most significant aspect of this investigation is the discovery of the cellar or, more to the point, its contents. There are many ways in which the investigators might make their discovery. The location of the cellar is directly beneath the kitchen, only the floorboards separate the two areas. The original entrance to the cellar was through a trapdoor which is now completely hidden underneath the heavy stove.

The stove has been placed so that it has the support of the main cross beams of the floor - otherwise its immense weight would drag it through the floor. It would take at least two people with a total combined *STR* of 30 to move this stove.

If it is carried onto the weak floorboards it will smash through into the cellar. Anyone in the immediate area will need to make a *DEX* $\times 5$ roll or take damage of 1d6 HPs from the fall into the darkness below.

[This procedure should also be adopted by an investigator who falls through the kitchen ceiling from the bedroom above, but with a *DEX* $\times 2$ check].

Even if an investigator has not fallen into the cellar at this point, the hole that is made in the kitchen floor will be large enough to give an adequate view of the relatively small chamber below. The same would be true if the original trapdoor had been uncovered and opened.

A full description of the cellar is available on page twenty-three.

First Floor**7: Hallway**

Climbing the dusty stairs, you reach the head of the corridor that accesses the upstairs chambers. In contrast to the rooms below, the first floor rooms have not yet been upset by the renovation workers. Nevertheless, not a single item of decor adorns the walls and a tired grey carpet curls at the edges throughout. The trapdoor to an attic is located on the bend in the corridor, approximately ten to fifteen feet from the floor, and is reasonably unnoticeable.

To determine which investigator spies the door overhead, make secret *Spot Hidden* rolls; the investigator with the numerically lowest success roll will be the one to notice it, and should be free to do whatever they please with this information.

8: Closet

This tiny space contains nothing of apparent interest other than an old yard brush and a collection of antique furniture polishes.

9: Bathroom

The wash basin and bathtub, along with the usual toilet utilities, are readily usable and visibly hygienic. The walls are clean but cracked. Fresh water flows from new brass taps.

10: Second Bedroom

As soon as the door is opened, an icy wind cuts into your face. The panes of glass in the opposite west window have been broken by the enveloping arms of the great oak. Rain and sleet pour onto a single bed which is deteriorating at the far side of the room. Everything in the chamber is utterly decomposed, from the wardrobe and the dressing table, to the damp squelching fibres of carpet underfoot.

None of the furniture holds anything of mention, but in order to examine the bed the investigators must move to the opposite side of the room. Here, the floorboards have been totally rotted by the elements, and on reaching the far half of the room, there is a detectable, creaking subsidence. An investigator must *fail* a *SIZ* $\times 2$ or start to fall through the weakened floor into the kitchen below.

[See the details of the kitchen area to discover the fortunes of a hapless investigator who plummets from the first floor and into the cellar!]

11: Child's Bedroom

This bedroom has been noticeably tidied. There are fresh blankets and linen on the bed and pressed crisp clothing in the wardrobe. Peter prepared this room a week earlier, but has found it more practical to sleep in the lounge at night, in front of the open fire. Therefore, the interior lacks any 'lived in' qualities.

A *Spot Hidden* roll will uncover a small wooden piccolo underneath an unsettled area of carpet to the rear of bedroom. It has obviously been lying here for some time.

12: First Bedroom

This is the largest room on the first floor, and the renovation workers have taken this room for their rest area. A variety of chisels, hammers and work plans lie untidily between twin wardrobes at the far right of the room. When the work plans are examined, a significant discrepancy can be found on the original working blueprints. The inconsistency lies in the north-east area of the kitchen, where a trapdoor to a cellar is marked.

If any time is spent examining the room further, a **Spot Hidden** roll discovers a loose floorboard under the wooden framework that was once a bed. Lifting this uncovers a small, damaged notebook. Its pages have not weathered the march of time too well, but can be read easily under a strong light.

The book's written contents are few, and seem to be a journal, mostly containing nondescript ramblings concerning ornithology. However, the March entries make more interesting reading (reference ♦♦).

Attic

The investigators find that the wooden portal to the ceiling is firmly jammed; a **STR X3** roll is required to prize it inward. Looking up into the room they see a large open area, the size of an entire floor. From the damaged 'V' roof, shards of starlight cut into the darkness in and around the shadows of fixed support beams. The attic has an almost magical feel yet it emanates a terrible cold; it did not seem to be this cold outside when the investigators arrived.

The room has never had a dedicated purpose and, other than the cobwebs and dust, it is completely without interest.



March 13th

The little Waxwing that comes to the back window hasn't been yet this morning. Peter and myself have watched out for him and left bread crumbs as usual. I hoped that the short break would have cured the obsession, but since he has arrived back, Howard has hardly ventured into the daylight hours from his converted study. He has no time for his food or family and I'm becoming increasingly worried about his health; he has become so thin and pale, but if I try to express my concern, he has taken to becoming increasingly short tempered and uncharacteristically rude.

I'm writing this from the guest room, I tried to reason with him again, but he hasn't any time for anything but his cursed history books. My husband is a stranger, not the man I married, of that I am certain. Maybe we can talk when he finishes tonight. I hear him climbing the stairs. He checks on Peter, but

March 14th

I don't think we'll have snow this year. I need to talk to someone. There will be no-one at home in Boston for some months, so maybe I will take Peter and stay the weekend with my father.

Things are looking promising, Peter is spending a lot of time with his father this morning.

Returning from my sketching in the fields, I have walked into the house to the gay sound of flute music, not real music, but just an amusing nonsense of notes that has left me quite light hearted. When I shouted through the bolted cellar door, I could not make them hear.

By chance I have found two diamond rings in the pocket of Howard's overcoat, the one that he has not worn since he supposedly visited Graham. I can bring to mind no other explanation of their being, other than he has frequented the company of another woman. I will try to handle this positively, and suggest we advertise them in the lost and found columns, or maybe see if Mr. Goldman recognises the work as his. Oh the photographer (at last!) came today.

Peter is still with his father playing in the cellar, it's well past his bedtime, but when I hear him enjoying Howard's company, who am I to intrude? I suppose I'm feeling a little self-pitiful, everyone apart from myself is happy, maybe I am being the unreasonable one. Howard thinks to avoid hoax owners of the rings, we should wait for them to advertise their loss. The rings are identical, non-decorative and considerably large, which suggests the owner is a man, or of course, a heavy woman. It still remains a mystery to us how they arrived where they did.

I was awakened by the sound of running on the stairs; and that of sobbing, belonging to our son. Before I have reached his room, Peter is asleep. Shutting the door behind me, I was startled by Howard in the dark corridor. He lazily explained that Peter would not go to his bedroom when he was asked, and so unfortunately he had chastised the child. Upon that he staggered to his bedroom and bid me good night. I need to soothe this building anguish within.

Chapter One: The Inheritor



Suddenly, a wave of darkness rises into the air.

Cellar

Ten years ago, Jonathan Moore covered up the tragic mistake made by the careless Howard Crosswell. After Howard was forced to leave for England, Moore was left to clean up the mess. He boarded up the house tight, but lacked the necessary magical powers to dispel Crosswell's foul summoning. He did have some knowledge of the monstrosity and its kindred, so he left the house with the confidence that the non-complacent creature would remove itself after some time, and the situation would then be remedied. He did not know of the rare spell which kept it captive.

There will be numerous ways in which the investigators will find themselves discovering and entering this place and because of the multitude of possibilities, it will be the task of the keeper to devise the individual details.

Player's Information

Staring into the moist darkness of the room, shapes can be deciphered as if through a thick fog. Wooden steps lead from the high ceiling down to a solid stone floor; the granite block walls are coated with moulding algae. Unrecognisable shapes blend into each other; there is a smell that can only be described as akin to that of a fresh autumn morning.

Suddenly, a wave of darkness rises into the air; it animates silently like a moving picture. The appalling monstrosity pours out towards you like a fetid ocean of a million eyes. Tentacles thrash and slither, upon which phosphorescent mucous growths burst and silently splatter, offering only disjointed suggestions of its horrible self. You feel that you will surely die.

Keeper's Information

The occupant of this cellar is the nightmare *Shoggoth* which Peter's father, Howard Crosswell, trapped here ten years ago to this day. Also to the day, it was responsible for the grisly demise of Susan Crosswell, Peter's mother.

Only a wary and rational investigator will stand any hope of survival from the attack. These are the facts. The creature has been enslaved into this dank chamber for a full decade. On the underside of the trapdoor that leads into the kitchen area, is inscribed an *Elder Sign*. By breaking that seal, or introducing another portal into this room, (*created maybe by falling through the kitchen floor!*) the investigators have taken away a major element from the *Summon/Bind Shoggoth* spell. Therefore, the effects of the spell (*explained fully over the page*) are slowly beginning to wear off; the terrible monstrosity is in a hypnoidal state, and not as effective as it might be. However, this transitory crisis will not be noticeable to the investigators.

1d3 rounds after the *Shoggoth* makes its appearance, it can resist the smell of freedom no longer, and makes use of the room's remaining magical gate; and for now exhausting the spell's power. The living menace suddenly appears to inflate, then burst with a short, sharp explosion.

In its wake is a quickening whirlwind of phosphorus gas that suddenly disperses, leaving the room in silent darkness once more, with no way to follow.

Illumination will be needed to examine the cellar. Looking around, you can't help but notice the algae; it coats the piles that were once books. Amidst boxes that lie tumbled and scattered about the floor are the saturated remains of a writing desk. Much of the cellar's other contents have been destroyed, unrecognisable amongst sodden papers and children's toys.

A *Spot Hidden* roll while an investigator sifts through the litter will reveal nothing, but if this is followed immediately by a successful *Occult* or *Cthulhu Mythos* roll, then patterns can be deciphered as occultist symbols, scratched lightly into the stone floor.

Another roll will uncover a single, curious sheet of parchment that has taken no damage from the dampness, though around it the accompanying leaves of the book are totally decayed. It contains intricate, abstract diagrams, which interweave unmethodically around the page (reference **).

This is the *Summon/Bind Shoggoth* spell, and to translate the runes for practical use, the investigators will need a fragment of the *Crystal of the Elder Things* (see over the page).

The Shoggoth's Statistics

Str:46 Dex:1 Int:7 Con:40 Pow:10 Siz:56

Magic Points:9 Movement Rate:10 Hit Points:48

Sanity Loss:

1d6/1d20

Spells Known:

None

Combat Skills:

Crush 93% (Damage 5/b)

(See the rule book for details)





The Summon/Bind Shoggoth Spell in conjunction with a Crystal of the Elder Things

Two billion years ago, the *Old Ones* (also known as the *Elder Things*), came to Earth and took to the seas. Amongst other undertakings in the next billion or so years they created from their native *Shoggoth Spawn of Ubbo-Sathla* a slave-race to help them to build an empire of cities.

The *Elder Things* soon found the need for a spell which offered some security to control these *Shoggoths*; or at least, to leave them dormant and highly susceptible to short verbal commands or suggestions.

This spell, once implemented, did have a lengthy effect but, unfortunately for the *Old Ones*, it was unforeseeably limited. Therefore, these special ceremonies had to become increasingly frequent. The *Shoggoth's* natural adaptability enabled them, through thousands of years, to evolve and become physically superior. They built up their natural resistance to any of the magics employed by the *Old Ones* to contain their desperate hunger for freedom. Though their numbers were many, the *Shoggoths* had never developed the potential intelligence to formulate any effective rebellion.

So it came to pass, around two hundred million ago, that the last of the *Shoggoths* were all but destroyed.

It has been a considerable number of (million) years since this very powerful spell was last cast, and so the potential resistance of a subject *Shoggoth* can be expected to have dwindled, by our standards, quite considerably. However, it needs to be understood that the spell can never again have the full potency and duration that it originally held.

To perform the ceremony, the casters must find themselves a totally enclosed room without heat or light, so it must have no portals, windows or doors. It is of the utmost importance that the room be built from stone, or a material with a crystallised compound structure, such as ice or glass. It does not matter how this condition is achieved, and is a problem which can be solved with total creative flexibility by the casters.

This taming ceremony induces a quiescent effect on the captive *Shoggoth*, which is the equivalent to a summon and bind spell. It will take, initially, at least two hours to perform correctly. Together with the usual mechanics for summoning and binding the mythos, a human caster will permanently lose *1 Point of Power*. Without a *Crystal of the Elder Things* present this further power loss is both phenomenal and fatal; *1d6 +20 POW* permanently! The *MPs* are supplied automatically from the crystal's power supply, and will not, therefore, extract any further cost from the conjurer. The *Shoggoth* appears *1d10* minutes later, and can be given simple commands, which will be obeyed while the spell is effective, the duration of which will be *1d100* years.

If the creature is not immediately commanded then it will wander with no coherent purpose. We leave it to each individual keeper to determine just how dangerous this might be; considering the circumstances, the possibilities are endless.

The full description of this ceremony practised by Howard Crosswell, is explained in the *Background Story*. This will illustrate the necessity of using the power of the crystal, to magically translate the unearthly scripture.

The Crystal of the Elder Things

Created by the *Old Ones*, this large mystical container was built to harness the power used to perform the *Summon/Bind Shoggoth* spell. To this day it rests in the deep caverns of Antarctica, its precise location lost to even the mighty orders of the *Great Old Ones*. The crystal's power was initially formulated for an exclusive purpose, to fuel the great spell.

That primary function was to ensure stability, and so, as a result, the crystal and its fragments cannot be transported from their current plane of existence (see Page 4).

The size and shape of the main body is not known: the two fragments in this scenario have a strange pinkish tinge, and have the potential to perform independently. The crystals are unusually cold to the touch; the amount of power contained at any one point determines just how cold they feel.

A crystal with *0 MPs* is at normal room temperature. Each has the capacity to hold *50 MPs* indefinitely. For example, if one of the fragments is split into two equal parts, the separate halves will begin to operate as individual *Crystals of the Elder Things*, with a holding capacity of *25 MPs*.



Consulting the Oracle

In ancient China the wisdom of a soothsayer was something that was held in great respect. Their practice was usually supported by an oracle, through a wide variety of elemental based divinations. A simplistic example of this might be the consultation called *Kao Pui*, which involved the throwing of twin spherical stones, both having two flat sides. These were thrown to the floor three times by the querist to give a simple combination of yes and no answers.

In Western, simplistic, terms this concept is known as fortune telling. Only on deeper analysis of the reading might each individual find their own meanings which lay hidden in the words; by focussing and confronting the meanings, the enquirer may move towards a solution. The card and board games we play today are all amalgams of such concepts. Most need no substantial development to fit into modern society, because they deal with timeless human issues.

The Mah Jongg Reading

Peter, at the time of the investigation, when not attending to his cuisine, will occupy his time studying particular cards, spread out over the lounge table. They have been given to him by Dr Simon Jones in the hope that they might help Peter to come to terms with his recently blurred reasoning. Peter cannot decide whether there is any mysticism at work, subtly influencing the results of

the cards, but he has little reason to dismiss the possibility of spiritual intervention. *Mah Jongg* is the name given to this particular method of consulting the oracle, and was, in its ancient edition, illustriously printed onto ceramic tiles. The fragile young man will agree to perform one simple reading for the investigators, but due to his delicate health he will decline to make any further readings for the investigators, no matter what pressure is placed upon him.

The Procedure

Peter collects all the cards in his hands, and prepares for the reading as follows:

- (1) Peter asks the investigator(s) what they would like the oracle to explain. This question needs to be fairly focussed, such as: *Will I come into great wealth?* A poor question might be: *What will happen to me in the next six months?*
- (2) The investigator(s) are invited to shuffle the cards and arrange them face down on the table top, into a large circle.
- (3) The investigator(s) select thirteen of the cards into the centre of the circle. They position them into four groups of three cards at each point of the compass, (representing the four seasons), surrounding a central card. The remaining cards are left in a protective circle around the central reading cards.
- (4) The cards are now individually interpreted, in a counter-clockwise direction, beginning the central card. Peter takes his information from a guidebook that accompanies the cards.

The Five Sectors

The meaning of each of the thirteen cards will depend upon the sector in which it lays (either at a point of the compass, or in the centre) and the significance of the card itself. Except for the centre card, the remaining four sectors each contain three cards. The significance of their position should be given to the investigators, along with that of each card's face. Below are the five positions in the order in which they should be read:

The Centre Card is turned over first. Its meaning can be dramatically significant and has a direct effect on all of the other four sectors. Therefore, in this scenario, the card is predetermined as being the *East* card. To keep the game flowing, the keeper should allow the investigators to believe it was determined by their own dice roll. This should not significantly effect the cosmic balance.

The Eastern Cards are now turned over in sequence. These three cards represent the investigator's present situation. The investigator should be encouraged to relate to each card, on some level. The third card foretells future developments.

The Southern Cards represent the investigator's inner self, and unspoken desires. The third card suggests an answer.

The Western Cards warn of any short-term obstacles the investigator may have to face, and might help to clarify objectives. The third card shows the way forward.

The Northern Cards are the last three in the reading of *Mah Jongg*. They reveal the greater difficulties that may have to be overcome. The very last card represents the final outcome of events that are already in motion.

The Mah Jongg Cards

Below are the interpretations which Peter will provide for each of the thirteen cards. As Peter turns over the cards individually, you need to ask the investigator to make dice rolls that will determine the face sequence of the cards. This random procedure will inject an exclusive meaning to the reading. When a card has been overturned it will not appear again in this reading, for each of the thirteen are unique.

On the face of the cards are beautiful coloured paintings, illustrating each of the separate themes. Roll a *1d12* to determine the sequence of the *Mah Jongg* cards. Avoid repetitive results by choosing the nearest number.

East suggests something of personal importance; something that offers a large range of options. Possibly it may require commitment, involving you in something of lasting importance. This is the card that will take the central position in this reading; and therefore its meaning (as the *central card*), is the focus for which the others are to be examined. This focus should be kept in mind throughout the entire reading.

1. Pine is the symbol of firmness and strength, which may symbolise a lover or family. It is particularly directed towards a person of the arts, one who uses diplomacy over violence; the pen being mightier than the sword.

2. Entering shows doors that are not easily opened, which could offer new and significant opportunities.

3. Insect signifies industriousness and high activity over a short period. Also, a comparative weakness that might be unforeseen. The ant building its city, or the silkworm spinning its thread are examples of this card's meaning.

4. Unicorn is the power to see into the future in Chinese mythology, a talent which was passed on to those mortals who gazed into the pools of water, by the light of its burning horn. It suggests the ability to recognise people for who they really are.

5. Earth literally means a large open space, but symbolically suggests stability. It can also be a sign of travel, over water, to another country.

6. Knot is a sign of problems and anxieties, nagging doubts and fears. On a more positive note, it could mean teamwork, and a long term project.

7. Seven Stars indicates imagination; a sign that the querent's plans and ideas should be put into practice as soon as possible. The seven stars represent the plough, part of the great bear in western astronomy.

8. Toad is a symbol of long life in Chinese mythology. The card's full title, the Three Legged Toad, is also a sign of sickness and healing, usually positively aspected, but it may also be a sign of the unobtainable.

9. White is the unknown, or the blank parchment.

10. Jade in China is prized above gold, but is a useless dull rock whilst dormant in the ground. Only when crafted by a human hand is it transformed into something more. Jade is also a symbol of immortality; it does not rot or decay, so might represent hard work, long friendships or a sense of justice.

11. Fire is the sign of grave warning. It represents destruction and the draining of resources, both mental and physical. Less literally, it suggests great intelligence and effectiveness.

12. Carp is the symbol for tranquillity and deep thought. It signifies wisdom, but may mean a compromise in a difficult situation.

Concluding this Chapter

Monsieur Navet, if not captured or slain, will disappear, or the keeper may wish to have him *haunt* the Deep Acre Forest. He will leave after him a handful of deaths. In this case the investigators have no *SAN* bonus on completion of this chapter. If the mad frenchman was detained, then give the investigators *1d10 SAN* points for their clear conscience.

The investigators should be encouraged to go back to their regular day jobs and, in a sense, the events from this chapter put to the back of their minds. The information gathered by them will be of use in the next chapter.

Statistics of Significant Characters

Peter Crosswell



Useful Skills:

Bargain 20%
Climb 31%
Debate 21%
Hide 42% Dodge 22%
Jump 39% Sneak 18%
Listen 56%
Spot Hidden 47%
Swim 53%

Combat Skills: Fist 26% (1d3) **Spells Known:** None

Str:9 **Dex:**8 **Int:**13 **Con:**8 **App:**15 **Pow:**8 **Siz:**14 **Edu:**6

Magic Points:8 **Hit Points:**10 **Sanity Points:**32

Player's Information

Peter is a slight, tall young man with speckles of grey lining his auburn head of hair. He dresses very smartly and unconventionally. The handsome features of his face contain a gaunt quality. Peter is a man who is rarely at ease, is quietly spoken and his gaze is often uncertain.

Keeper's Information

The investigators were given a fabricated history of Peter's past by Simon Ulrich (Dr Simon Jones), and it is a story which Peter will role-play to the best of his ability. A particularly aggressive or persistent investigator could force the young man into somberly revealing the facts that he has been given by the authorities, concerning his parents demise and his own medical condition.

Once he has settled and becomes sufficiently familiar with the investigators, he will offer to cook them a meal whilst they roam the house. Peter is of course on edge particularly due to the fact that he believes the house to be haunted. He is hearing the alien sounds produced by the occupant of the cellar of which Peter has no knowledge. He hears the muzzled sounds during the night and tells of how they seem to drift through every room of the building.

It is important that Peter should not witness any of the horror that the Crosswell house has to offer. In the event of any stress he will either bolt through the back door before the Shoggoth makes itself seen; or, as last resort, he might fall into a brief state of stupefaction, saving him from the alien enormity.

Dr. Simon Jones



Useful Skills:

Dodge 59% Swim 89%
Credit Rating 83%
Diagnose Disease 60%
Pharmacy 43%
Psychoanalysis 79%
Psychology 82%
Spot Hidden 74%
Treat Disease 35%

Combat Skills: Fist 66% (1d3) .45 Automatic 69% (1d10+2) **Spells Known:** None

Str:15 **Dex:**14 **Int:**17 **Con:**15 **App:**11 **Pow:**16 **Siz:**8 **Edu:**18

Magic Points:16 **Hit Points:**30 **Sanity Points:**81

Player's Information

The doctor is a stocky bearded man, who dresses usually in a dark heavy overcoat that protectively extends to the floor. Golden rimmed spectacles finish off his amusingly and, no doubt to some, eccentric appearance.

Keeper's Information

Dr Jones is an excellent psychoanalyst, he is admired within his profession by more than he is despised; Peter Crosswell was his patient for the last ten years, and his work with the young man is now famous. Throughout the scenario in Davenham, this man will be at home recuperating from the excessive time he has had to spend recently working at Arkham's asylum. Dr Jones has additionally been helping Peter Crosswell adjust to his new life as a citizen of Davenham; his efforts and dedication indicate a care for Peter that is far beyond any professional obligation. The hiring of the investigators and the structural workers are among the less worthy examples.

Even though Dr Jones is in a very weary state, he will have no reservations in taking an active part in assisting the investigators with their work; especially if Peter is in danger. Until he has had a full night's sleep, he has a -15% adjustment to all of his skills. This man should come across as an amusing but intelligent and skeptical character.

At the investigation of the Crosswell house it is possible that the doctor will be present. In such a case he will stay with Peter while the investigators search the house. At the first sign of violence he will take Peter Crosswell out through the back door, and down the street to the safety of his home.

Chapter Two: The Benighted

Keeper's Information *Jonathan Moore's Activities*

Jonathan Moore, despite approaching his seventieth year, was still an active explorer for the Miskatonic University, fully deserving to maintain the considerable respect he had received from his colleagues for his long term dedication to team research. Recently, he had made his annual visit to the grave of Susan Crosswell; the responsibility for her death was continuing to weigh heavily on his shoulders. He had hoped that his previous experiences with the occult, particularly with the *Cthulhu Mythos*, would remain firmly in his past. However, once again, his attention had been drawn, inadvertently, to certain dark lores, suggesting that the threat he had helped to bury forty years before, could only be extinguished by the hands of another of its own godly kindred. The inescapable conclusion being that *the thing in the cave was still alive!*

Since this discovery, he had initiated a long, hard programme of research, on the trail of some solution. After weeks of painstaking work, he had uncovered a forgotten text that pronounced the ancient location of a certain *Emerald Statuette* which could remedy the threat from the *Great Old One*. (*This is the statuette, of which Nyogtha, himself, seeks possession! His motives, and the statuette's properties, are explained, in Chapter Three*).

On the pretence of investigating a possible location for an ancient temple, Moore led a small party from Miskatonic University, consisting of himself and two colleagues, to the heart of Palestine. He withheld the true purpose, and the possible dangers, from the other team members, although his sense of guilt concerning this

deception was a constant torment to him.

The site was located without difficulty, but minutes after breaking the temple's seal, somewhere far away, *The Thing That Should Not Be* stirred attentively. From that time, the expedition began to experience difficulties (which will soon become apparent).

They returned from Palestine just over five weeks later, and a special emergency forum to discuss the expedition was quickly scheduled to be held at the University. Moore's return was announced in a column on the front page of the *Boston Globe*. The article included some suggestion that the party was mysteriously disbanded whilst overseas, and that one of the three explorers had failed to return with the others.

Howard Crosswell's Activities

Peter's father was now a resident priest in Tearnmouth, a small village on the south coast of England. Howard was still paying the price of his earlier investigations into the occult and for accepting favours from the *Great Old One*, *Nyogtha - The Thing That Should Not Be* (explained in the *Background Story*). Recently, he had begun to fall under *Nyogtha's* telepathic influence, and was travelling to and from Davenham, by magical means, in order to claim possession of the *Emerald Statuette* (presumed to be in the custody of Howard's once good friend, Jonathan Moore). For thousands of years this artifact had been shielded from the *Great Old One's* psychic senses. However, the activities of the aging explorer, whose intentions were quite contrary to the selfish purposes of *Nyogtha*, have disturbed it in its still secret location.



Howard had decided that the cellar of the Crosswell house was the perfect location to create a magical gateway for his sojourns. He had previously prepared it for such spells, long ago, and he remained familiar with the room, as a result of spending so much time there during 1917. It was one of the few locations that could provide the necessary and uninterrupted flow of energy.

Of course, knowing nothing of his son's recovery, Howard had assumed the house to be derelict and unoccupied. But he did know that, by creating a gate to the cellar, he would be freeing the captive *Shoggoth*. Therefore, he proceeded with great care, expecting that the monster would flee at the first opportunity for freedom.

(Unknown to Howard, it is likely that the creature was freed by the activities of the investigators. We leave it to the keeper to make any necessary adjustments caused by the conditions in which the party left the cellar in Chapter One.)

After completing his first transportation to the cellar, Howard had rapped and thumped from behind the locked door in frustration. Peter, upon hearing this inexplicable uproar from the cellar, had immediately telephoned Dr Jones for help and guidance. He was waiting for the doctor to arrive before he was going to do anything, but his good reason was invaded by a strange, yet familiar, voice emanating from below the kitchen floor. It was a voice that had haunted him during his period of madness, a voice that he loved and feared, the voice of his father.

Peter had become an intolerable obstacle to *Nyogtha's* desperate search for the *Emerald Statuette*. Although the dark one had considerable influence over Howard's state of mind and would be able to induce an enormous range of emotional responses, the control would not be strong enough to compel the father to kill his son.

(The keeper should remember that the relationship between Howard Crosswell and the Great Old One would be bewildering and almost indescribable. More than a simple case of possession, it was determined by a complicated and sophisticated web of demonic needs reaching far beyond the understanding of human logic, but which depended upon Howard maintaining his own perceptions and decision-making abilities.)

On one of his regular visits to Davenham, Howard learned of Jonathan Moore's activities through an article in the *Boston Globe*. Informed by past experience, he assumed that the artifact was either at the Miskatonic University, or, more likely, at Moore's Boston residence.

He returned to England to summon two blasphemous *Byakhees*, quickly binding the icy demons into his service. One was sent scuttling towards the Miskatonic University Museum. The second demon was instructed to fly directly to the home of Jonathan Moore, and to leave no-one alive who impeded it's search for the *Emerald Statuette*.

Life goes on

The investigators will have returned to their own individual pursuits, without further information relating to the Crosswell case. In order to encourage this feeling

of life returning to normal, the keeper may like to insert a short local scenario, unrelated to the main adventure, in the few days which elapse between chapters one and two.

Probably, only one of the investigators will be aware of any details concerning Jonathan Moore's latest expedition, and only if this individual was previously an established member of the Miskatonic University. (It might be necessary to remind such an investigator of their personal history). The investigator should be given a copy of the recent article from the *Boston Globe* (reference ☞).



Overseas Mystery for Boston Hero?

The famous explorer, Jonathan Moore, will need little introduction to *Boston Globe* readers. The accompanying photograph, taken in 1920 in Peru, shows Professor Moore with his crew at the site of one of his many great archaeological adventures. Several days ago, he was sighted at a certain Boston dockside, disembarking from the deck of the Steamship *Europa*. Whilst following routine enquiries to discover details of the intrepid hero's latest exploits, our reporters were requested by officials of Miskatonic University, to temporarily hold our report. In return, they promised the *Boston Globe* the following exclusive information; the following interview, was given to this reporter, by a University spokesman, yesterday evening (March 24th):

"From the start, I will say that the University is equally 'in the dark', concerning Professor Moore's activities. However, I can assure the concerned people of Boston, that Jonathan is in good health, though visibly exhausted from the voyage.

"As a senior and responsible member of the University, Jonathan is always given a considerable degree of freedom in his work, and this is a typical example.

"The recent untimely return of his Palestinian expedition was, indeed, unscheduled. From experience, we know that once he is on the track of a curiosity that particularly intrigues him, he can become single-minded, some might say 'careless'. Once or twice in the past, the correct sequence of procedures has not been followed, resulting in a certain amount of disorder. Some members of the University are suggesting that this embarrassing instance is the result of such a breakdown of communications, but just how serious it is remains, as yet, unclear."

We asked whether the University was concerned that Moore's recent situation had been a failed attempt to exploit his credibility:

"Professor Moore has, for many years, created for himself an exclusive role within the University. This has potential and interesting benefits for the Miskatonic. Quite simply, he is one of the finest men I know; an opinion which will be widely shared."

This trust in Professor Moore seems to be borne out by the fact that, at this time, he is under little pressure or obligation to supply explanations, until the formal presentation of his findings. We can expect, imminently, a comprehensive exhibition and seminar which will take place at the Miskatonic University's new conference building.

As far as we can determine, Jonathan Moore and Steven Ashworth were the only members of this recent party from the University, but both were unavailable for questioning. The University declined to comment on their specific policies for expeditionary safety and standards.

Towards the late afternoon a letter on vellum stock from Jonathan Moore (reference ☞) is found on the desk of the investigator who is already familiar with the University campus. Enclosed in the envelope is a heavy wrought iron key.

The following encounter occurs on March 25th, one week after the resolution of Chapter One. It is exclusively for the investigator in question and it is assumed that this investigator will follow Professor Moore's requests, to the letter. Keepers may decide that the other investigators are out of town for the evening, visiting friends.



Dear Friend,

It is clear to me that in this letter it may seem that I am asking the impossible of you. I will give you the facts of my shamefully guarded activities of late, and you must decide whether you can assist me in my actions.

There are certain truths I have been reluctant to share with anyone. Although I am still hesitant, the time has arrived for me to ask for the help of a friend, such as yourself, who I believe will approve of my means. However, you should be clear that knowledge of my intentions imminently places you in danger. I make no pretences, I only give you my deepest apologies. I am aware that the potential disruption that I may cause to your life is far greater than any I might have previously caused to another person. Consider the weight of this text; if you find its content overwhelming, destroy this paper and please leave Arkham. In fact, I strongly suggest that you leave Massachusetts at the earliest opportunity, for at least one month. My apologies once again. If you choose to read on, then share the fruits of your study tomorrow evening at my home, where you will meet me and another supporter of our cause. It is imperative that the details of this letter are never shared with another, even those of the law or the church.

I tell you in confidence, that the Palestinian expedition was violently interrupted by bandits of a dubious clan, who I believe stalked our party of three to our desert objective, in forethought. Myself and Ashworth, escaped their ambush across the plains to a nomad settlement. I will explain everything further in good time, but tonight I would ask you to focus your efforts on the marauders. That is, to use all of your skills in acquiring coherent references to sectarian tribes, clans or religions who are active, exclusively, in the general proximity of the Dead Sea.

You will find enclosed a key to the University's library building. Use it to gain access tonight at 10.30, after Lanser retires for the night. Even though what I ask of you does not contravene the law, or the customs of the University, make an effort to secrete your presence. If you are discovered, tell them of a request, received from me personally, for references to support my coming seminar. Once again, I implore you not to repeat any of the facts within this page. Tonight, if you consider that you have discovered material which is particularly enlightening, you may contact me after the hour of twelve, by use of the library's telephone facilities.

Jonathan Moore.



The Miskatonic University Library Player's Information

You are a well known visitor to the University campus, and so, although the hour is approaching ten in the evening, the security guards and late night technicians pay little attention to the familiar figure approaching the library building.

Many of the commemorative photographs that you pass in the hallways, hold tribute to the adventures of Jonathan Moore. Using the heavy cast key, you part the large double doors leading to the dark and silent chamber beyond, and walk the long dim corridors to the appropriate section.

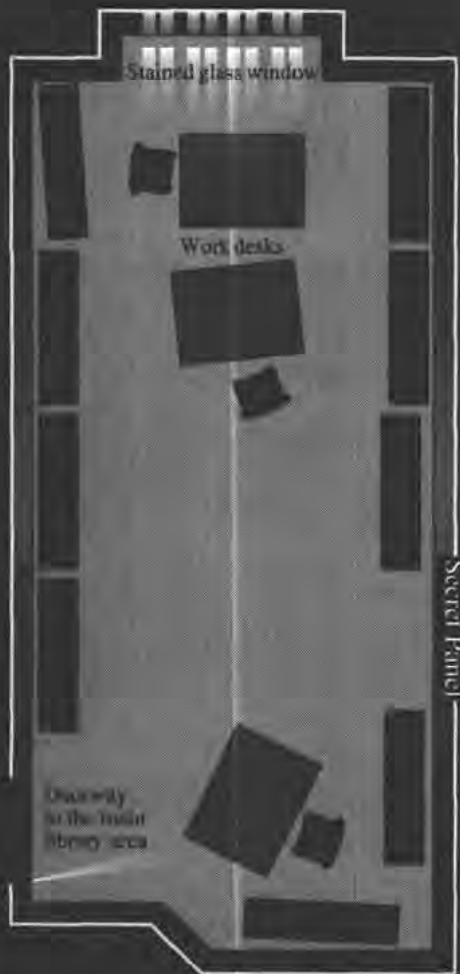
The Byakhee Incident Keeper's Information

The studious investigator will have to make a **Library Use** roll for every **1d3** hours spent on this secret deed. Upon successful completion of the task, the investigator will find a mention of a cult, such as that specified by Moore, contained in a modern, though battered, copy of *Eastern Lore*, translated by Dr Khalid (reference ☞).

1d4 hours after first entering the University one of the *Byakhees*, summoned, bound and directed from England by the possessed Howard Crosswell, will burst into the room searching for the *Emerald Statuette*. Neither this creature, nor its twin soon to search the mansion of Jonathan Moore, have been commanded to harm any

Miskatonic Library

This is the classroom at the rear left
on the first floor of the building.



Scale: 1 inch = 10 Feet



Stylised costume is also an important custom in many religious performances and day-to-day matters. One sect I have witnessed were equally colourful in their beliefs as they were in appearance. Of their frequent rituals and ceremonies I decline to pass judgment, for their beliefs give morality little meaning.

With all reason lost or kept from them, these tribes unite for little more than trivia or destruction. From this point on I gained great insight into the common need for the union we all share; this being surely more than love or existence. I consider myself, for example, my own man, an individual! But as this hand grows weary of the quill, I look back at myself drawing those curtains instinctively, duration after duration. Smothering and clouding my thinking mind, I am drugged and forced by the cycles of my body and the night, for a period when I would choose perseverance, I am enveloped by sleep, like *Yog-Sothoth* and *Shudde M'ell*, the gods of the Dead Sea people.

I know not why I tremble for mankind, and I fear the penalties of awareness.

Dr. Khalid
(Eastern Lore 1903)

particular individual, but given any impediment to its purpose, it will not hesitate to attack, using the all necessary force to swiftly rid itself of the interference.

Howard has directed the *Byakhee* to a unique safe room of the building, of which the investigator will probably know nothing. The vault is concealed close to where the investigator is working, behind a section of wooden panelling in the main outer wall (*see map*).

It should therefore be evident that this corner of the library building is sunken several feet beneath ground level. For decades, this secret vault has been exclusively used for the safe keeping of certain valuable artifacts in the custody of the Miskatonic University. Only select individuals know the existence of the room; the library director Dr Armitage, his three immediate staff and selected senior members of the University. Both Jonathan Moore and Howard Crosswell have, in their time, been included within this last category.

Player's Information

By the flame of an old oil lamp, you set about thumbing through a selection of manuscripts and tomes chosen from the room's numerous catalogues of world religions. A great stained glass window illuminated by the light of the moon, silently dominates the whole room. Suddenly, it appears to take life; haunting shadows form and grow, until in an instant the window shatters, showering the room with brittle shards of frost and glass.

Glowing from a nearby desk, stoops a sinewy devil of unimaginable alignment. It breaks its woefully malignant stare and begins to flurry like a caged and frantic bird, unsettling papers and toppling the great carved cabinets and shelves in visible frustration. Amidst its violent parade, one could reasonably assume that it was by chance that the monstrous creature bludgeoned its way through the wall panelling, uncovering granite steps leading down within the ground's ancient foundations.



Byakhee's Statistics

Str:19 Dex:15 Int:15 Con:13 Pow:9 Siz:19

Magic Points:9 Move:5/20 flying Hit Points:16
Armour:2 points of fur and hide**Sanity Loss:**

1/1d6

Useful Skills:

Listen 35% Spot/Hidden 60%

Claw 40% (1d6 + 1d6 Damage)

Bite 35% (1d6 + 1d6 Damage, Plus blood drain)

(See the rule book for details)

Spells Known:

Create Gate

The sudden stillness is accompanied by the unsettling sight of intelligent awareness in the jackal's mocking gaze, broken by the far-off fury of a great hound. Then follows a mighty, seemingly preordained strike by the creature. Splintering and tearing apart the rich fibres of wood, it scuttles and finally swoops down into the impassable gloom.

The Safe Room

The *Byakhee*, on reaching this once hidden room, expects to find the *Emerald Statuette*, but instead finds only a small money safe, supported by four heavy iron legs, shaped to suggest those of a lion. Fashioned with brass fixtures, the safe includes the motif of the Miskatonic University. The creature, after failing to force the safe open, lifts the cast iron box, and by the use of inner-dimensional magic, both the creature and the safe disappear, leaving the place empty. The *Byakhee's* activities take little less than a minute to complete.

Therefore, the extent to which the aforementioned scene is fully witnessed will depend upon how quickly the investigator gives chase; an uncertain or wary investigator would most likely watch the minion dive through the all, then pause, expecting the *Byakhee* to emerge from the depths. From the underground cavity comes only a subtle stench of the sea which soon fades from perception.

A close combat strike is virtually impossible, and any projectile attack would be made difficult as the *Byakhee* dances about the room. Therefore, all success rates should be adjusted by -25%.

It remains possible for the investigator to slay the creature before its descent, although the hidden door to the safe room is located and ruined within one round of the intrusion. Therefore, if the investigator creates the opportunity to examine the lion footed safe, it will be firmly locked.

A *Mechanical Repair* (-45%) roll is required to tumble the heavy lock without specific knowledge of such matters. To lift the safe requires a *STR XI* roll. If successful, a perceptive investigator could rightly deduce the safe to be empty; *it doesn't rattle*.

University Security

The details of the University security guards are identical to those found at the police station in Chapter One. *1d6* men are on the scene with a great slaving mastif, leashed in chains, *3d6* rounds following the *Byakhee's* arrival. They will delay questioning the conspicuous investigator, especially if evidence of the *Byakhee* remains on the scene. As the investigator is a respected member of the university, the police will be satisfied with a brief explanation, but will insist on arranging a further interview for the following day.

The investigator will have to search the premises for Jonathan Moore's telephone number and Boston address, unless already prepared, with a *Library Use* (+15%) roll. Steven Ashworth's details cannot be found. If this incident is not reported to Jonathan Moore, by telephone, before the guards arrive, he will learn what has happened when the guards phone to confirm the investigator's explanation.

The police officer informs the investigator that Moore has announced his imminent arrival on the scene. Unfortunately, he fails to honour his intentions and does not arrive. If a second attempt is made to contact him by telephone, they will find the line is now dead. Competent investigators will not dally, before following the scene.

Moore's Residence

Jonathan Moore's residence can be found in the forested countryside just south of Boston, although the address has never been made widely available. Therefore Jonathan's home, has remained amply sufficient for one who relishes the occasional period of therapeutic solitude. Sufficient, that is, before tonight.

Keeper's Information

The following scenario will remain the same, apart from some minor details, whether the investigators arrive at the house immediately following the *Byakhee* experience, or on the following day. News of the incident at the University's library would not reach the Boston police force before the following morning, March 26th. It will be as a normal part of police routine that the Boston police enter the scene later that day.

After receiving the telephone call with news of the break-in at the University, Jonathan experienced a similar encounter, outside his home. As a competent sorcerer, he had little difficulty in abruptly banishing the minion as it rifled through the building searching for the *Emerald Statuette*.

Meanwhile, in Tearnmouth, England, it had become clear to Howard Crosswell that the *Byakhee* which had been sent to the Miskatonic University in Arkham, had provided little material gain. However, by process of elimination, Howard Crosswell deduced that the statuette was *probably* to be found at Jonathan Moore's residence. Additionally, as Moore had dealt so consummately with the *Byakhee*, it seemed that he was protecting something very important.

Crosswell immediately dispatched a summoning of colossal proportions to ensure that Jonathan Moore would be overwhelmed, and to procure the statuette and transport it back to England. The *Hunting Horror* thus directed, promptly reduced Jonathan Moore's estate to rubble, approximately forty-five minutes after the commotion at Arkham; it continuously wormed itself through and out of the shambles that was once a fine house. But, even with all it's power it could not unfold the fact that the *Emerald Statuette* had never adorned the shores of Massachusetts.

The rather brief official explanation which will result a few days later suggest that the building had succumbed to forces of a *realistic* nature. They included theories that the professor had been inadvertently involved with gangsters, and that this was a mob killing. Evidence that Jonathan Moore had been tragically struck down by a bolt of lightning, along with gossip that suggested supernatural power at play, was hastily shunned.

Player's Information

On route to Jonathan Moore's address you follow a lengthy mesh of treacherous, rural lanes, for half an hour, before reaching a tall perimeter wall, capped by snow and smothered by green ivy. (If the investigators wish to scale the wall at this point, a *Climb* roll is required. Alternatively, a *Spot Hidden* roll, made a little further down the lane, will enable the investigators to see a broken chimney pot in the hedge at the side of the road. It is very slightly warm to the touch. If the approach is by car, change the success percentage to -25%.) On getting out of the car, you can find car tracks, one or two hours old, along the road.

The road and the tyre tracks continue to run parallel to the wall, before meeting the entrance to the estate. The heavy buckled gates hang concavely, as if hit by a mighty locomotion from within. The perimeter wall surrounds one hundred and fifty square feet of ground.

The garden is a torrid sight; all manner of flora, hedge and sapling have been violently uplifted and strewn amongst freshly ploughed trenches, like giant claw-marks in the earth. The whole area appears to have been the subject of an exaggerated and ghastly storm.

A short driveway leads directly to the smoking remains of a large three storey building, (an *Idea* roll

suggests a building of very recent architectural merit). It is now lying demolished, apparently victim to an explosion of enormous magnitude.

An automobile is parked untidily in front of the once ostentatious main entrance; its pillars of white marble, toppled and broken across a dozen same styled steps.

A section of the far wall seems also to have taken the force from some extraordinary onslaught. Remarkably, its broken blocks have failed to damage an unusual sculpture that adorns the far west corner of the garden, near the heaped shell of a less fortunate out-building.

Automobile

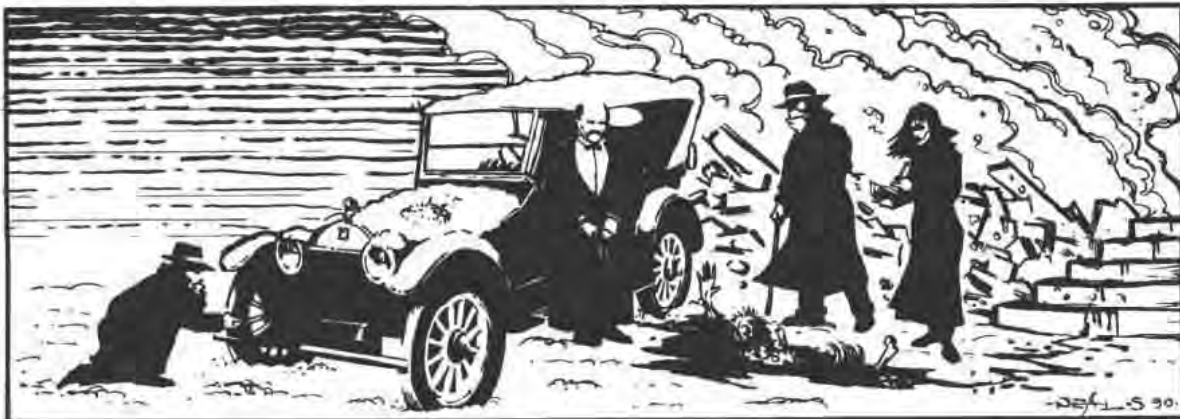
The car is a Buick Touring H6, and has not been well maintained; the black paint-work is heavily stippled by rust. From the outside it appears to be relatively sound, but on closer inspection there is a shallow concave in the bonnet of the vehicle and both windows on the driver's side are frosted, not from the cold, but from the probable impact of missiles. The driver's door is wide open, and the leather of the driver's seat is lacquered with blood, providing the evidence for foul play.

If it is examined, a suspicion of warmth still surrounds the engine. The interior of the car is without content or character, as if it has not been in regular use. The damage was inflicted during the horrendous fracas. The fuel line was severed, and a quick *Mechanical Repair* roll will suffice to effect a temporarily repair. The car is the property of the Miskatonic University.

A *Spot Hidden* roll, in the snow just outside the car door, will uncover dense patches of crimson horriification, beneath and amongst the wreckage, where lies a single key to the car, held on a monogrammed ring bearing the crest of the Miskatonic University.

Further analysis of the immediate ground will reveal evidence of a sickening and sadistic demise. Stretching away from the car lies an unspeakably horrid mutilation of flesh and bone, five feet wide, and which can be followed (a successful *First Aid* roll, providing gross anatomical detail) from the car, over twenty yards of ground, into the shattered remnants of the mansion's marble steps.

Direct participation in this scene claims *1d6 SAN*, otherwise a loss of *1 SAN* is compulsory.



Sculpture

Undamaged, in the Eastern corner of the grounds, is a grey-stone precision sculpture. A *Geology* roll shows the medium to be, quite extravagantly, a natural stalagmite. The piece is of a spindly humanoid form caught in a tragic struggle for the heavens; its design reaches fifteen feet into the air. Around the base of the statue are richly engraved complex Egyptian hieroglyphics, and just above these, the initials *G.O.* and the date, 1886.

A successful *Archæology* roll recognises these hieroglyphics to contain a spell from the Ancient Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, though only a *Read/Write Hieroglyphics* roll will translate its relatively simple runes as the *Spell for entering into the Great Mansion* (reference □).

Reading the words of the spell out loud will produce no observable effect, although keepers are free to induce some mysticism of their own. Whilst the British Museum in London, England, holds copyright to the *Book of the Dead*, The Miskatonic University owns a very comprehensive leather bound replica.

The statue is, by no means, an ancient piece, as any *Archæology* or *Geology* roll will tell; it was sculpted on the premises, in 1886, by Geraldine Oxenbury, a good friend of Jonathan and an artist with a well-defined cult following for her use of stalagmites and stalactites and a unique futurist style shunned by many pundits of the art establishment.

Geraldine Oxenbury was, of course, the valued colleague of Jonathan Moore and Howard Crosswell, and had accompanied them on the expedition that had led to her sad death by the hands of *Nyogtha* fifty years before (see the *Background Story*). The world outside their fellowship knew only that she had disappeared mysteriously, the fateful expedition remaining a well-guarded secret. Although her sculptural creations were close to her heart, the investigators will not be able to find any reference to her work as an artist.

Potting Shed

Moore had not employed another gardener following the unexpected death of his last employee, two years ago. The floor of this small wooden, broken building is almost totally filled with small potted trees and shrubs of all varieties. They have been here for over twelve months, and many of the small plants have withered or have outgrown their pots.

The trees and saplings, on the other hand, have taken to a mound of quality soil towards the back of the shed, where their roots have developed and are now healthily entwined. Rain and sleet pour in through holes in the roof, made by shrapnel from the outer wall. This will revive the struggling plant-life and help to maintain their progress. The work benches are quite difficult to reach, but by stepping carefully over the shrubberies, the investigators can find a neatly stacked supply of spades, trowels and forks.

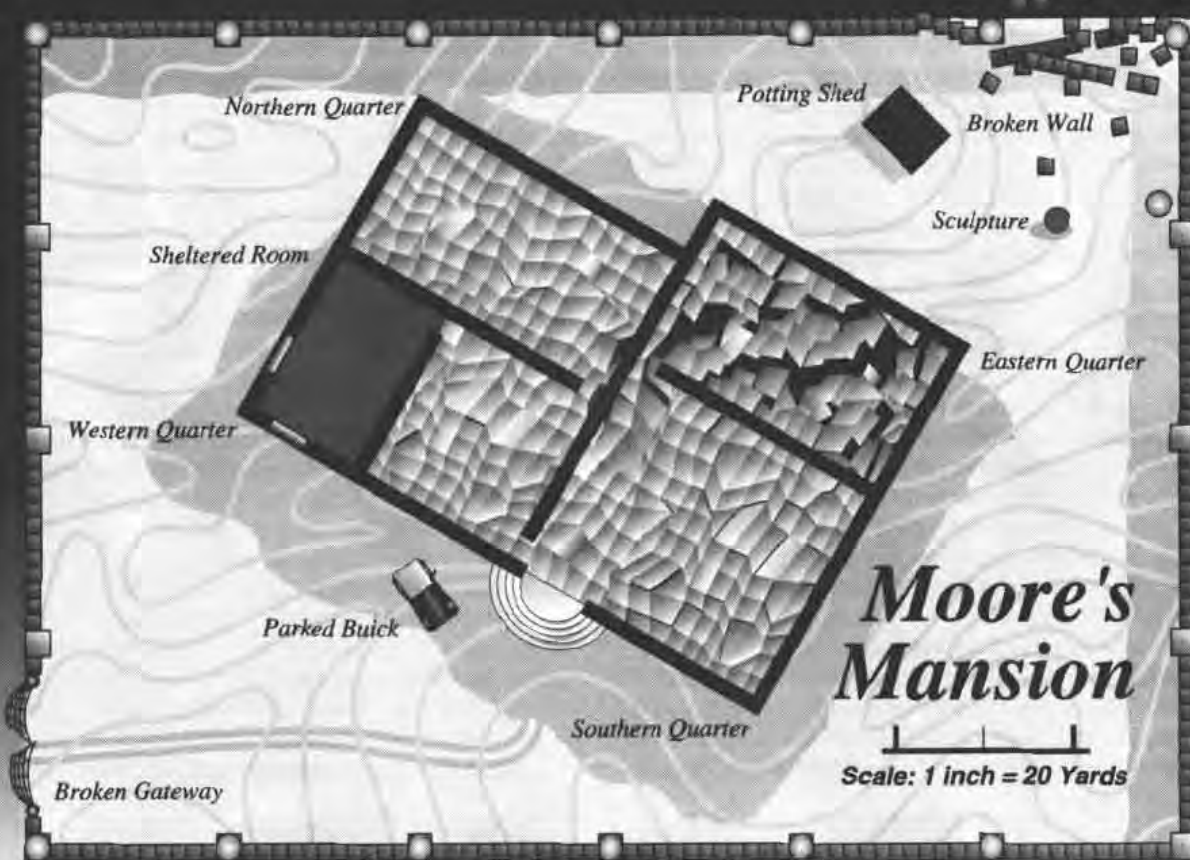
The potting shed holds no clues or information that can help the investigators in this scenario.



Hail to you, oh wondrous, oh mighty Drakka! I am the original power of Kzeon who alone can judge between the combatants. I have prevented their fighting and I have wiped away their mourning. I have buried their dead and I have seized the energy material whence it would fly away. I have done all that you commanded in the matter, and in the time that preceded the storm I spent the night within and around my Eye (the moon). I am devoid of ill-will, and have come that you may see me now in the Mansion of Him of the double face in accordance with all that was commanded. The old men are under my control and the little ones belong to me.

*Spell for entering the Great Mansion
The Ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.*





Remains of the Mansion

The Northern Quarter

This area is the ruined site of the Mansion's Indian room. There are a variety of unidentifiable fragments of all substance amongst the debris.

After a *Spot Hidden* roll, a sandstone statuette can be found, standing approximately ten inches in height and weighing about thirty pounds. The design is of four cobras enveloping a central human figure. Any investigator with an *Archaeology* skill of 40% or greater will recognise it's Indian origin.

A successful *Archaeology* roll will discover it to be an authentic piece, desired by wealthy and enthusiastic collectors. The prominent cobra characters represent the evil and fantastic race of snake people from the underworld of Patala, known as the Nagas.

The more time that the investigators use to dig through the ruins of the house, the greater will be their chance of finding other curiosities. Keepers should therefore feel free to include any additional trinkets and artifacts which they believe would improve their scenario. They should, however, keep in mind that, although Jonathan Moore was an avid collector of antiquities, his criteria for choosing only those items which were capable of expressing the tremendous breadth and power of the human spirit at its most creative, influenced his selection, throughout.

The Eastern Quarter

Flames of fire, escaping from the numerous open cavities amidst the masonry in this particular area, betray what was once a cellar, below. If a foolish investigator steps into this area the loose and brittle ground will fall beneath their feet. The investigator will have to be quick thinking and creative, or die. A *DEX x2* or a successful *Jump* roll will save them from the fall; otherwise it inflicts *2d6 HPs* of damage. For every round caught in the pit of fiery cinders, another *1d8 HPs* of damage will be received. Consider also that a trapped investigator, choosing to clamber out, will experience enormous difficulties. The licking flames will swiftly burn through ropes in six rounds, and *Climb* rolls are at *-30%*.

The twenty foot square cellar was more than a simple library. Jonathan's relationship with the University consisted of deeply felt trust, mixed with certain whimsical entanglements and conditions of one compromise or another. For instance, since 1901, he had insisted that all confidential papers concerning activities undertaken on behalf of the University were to be kept in a strong room at his home. Such an agreement serves to illustrate Jonathan's learned paranoia and independent attitude.

The fire was not an inevitable result of the earlier visitation. Where oil lamps which had been left lighted, falling ceiling and masonry did the rest. Neither had the investigator's telephone message been blameless, injecting a careless sense of urgency into Moore's departure.

The Southern Quarter

Stepping through the rubble in the southern quarter, a *Spot Hidden* roll, while overturning boulders of brick and the remains of a staircase, will uncover a mangled cage of polished bronze. Within the distorted bars, is the motionless body of a canary, rigid and frail, and although dead, seemingly untouched by the surrounding violence.

On closer inspection an *Idea* roll offers the assumption that the bird has recently undergone considerable shock, and died in convulsions. The body is still warm to the touch, and from its beak oozes the smallest blemish which reddens its pure yellow-feathered breast.

After spending a few moments in this area, the investigators can occasionally detect a foul scent amidst the fumes. If the investigators are persistent, the wind will slowly change, and after *1d10* minutes, they will become disturbingly aware of an acrid and offensive stench.

Rooting through filthy piles of brick, the investigators will discover the fast decaying remains of a creature of unearthly birth, the source of the evil smelling emission. Contorted bones lie on the ground, amidst throbbing vessels of flesh; severed, cracked and tearing as it bleeds a thick pumping treacle of gross coagulation into the earth. This gruesome disturbance requires a *1/1d6 SAN* loss. A successful *Cthulhu Mythos* roll recognises the festering remains as the body of a blasphemous *Byakhee*.

The Western Quarter

This quarter contains a very high mound of rubble from the roof; at points some thirty feet above ground level. An *Idea* roll will suggest that, under the debris, a number of the walls still remain intact.

The investigators will become soiled if they start to search by unpling the muddled masonry. After twenty minutes of exhausting work, the investigators will have nearly cleared the large uninteresting mound of brick and stone. A little more work is necessary to uncover a ground floor room sheltered, by the blanket of stonework fragments.

On reaching the room's exterior wall, investigators who mine into the rubble from the north, east, above or below, will be rewarded by a solid barrier of brick. It is possible to force through the wall into the sheltered room, but, considerable effort is required; the investigators needing to inflict *100 HPs* of damage to break through. It is more practical to seek an easier passage.

If the investigators decide to dig at the south or the west side of the wreckage, they will meet, remarkably, an unbroken large-paned window. The investigators can not see into the room through the dirtied glass, but upon wiping the fresh earth from the surface of the glass, a *Spot Hidden* roll reveals a strange mark scratched at one corner, three inches in circumference.

A *Cthulhu Mythos* roll identifies the symbol as an *Elder Sign*. Jonathan Moore has sealed the chamber with a dozen such signs, strategically etched into every portal and crevice, to ensure against evil encroachment. The panes can easily be smashed and the contents illuminated with the aid of a flashlight.

The Sheltered Room

Climbing in through the window, the buried chamber is calm and settled and remains strangely intact. Stepping into this unnatural cavern, which might collapse at any moment, is unnerving. Searching the room with the use of a lamp, the investigators can select nothing which demands immediate preferential inspection.

In the centre of the room sits a heavy desk containing several oddments such as pens, ink and plenty of fine quality writing paper. The paperweight is something of singular interest, a jagged pebble of black marble with striking veneers of reds, yellows and whites. A *Geology* roll recognises this to be a fine sample of onyx, worth about \$115 at a reputable jewellery establishment. The desk has one locked draw, and inside it can be found a private journal, containing a single brief passage of text on the first page, just inside the cover, and written in Professor Moore's unmistakable hand (reference ♁).

With this journal is a yellowed papyrus, holding the hand-drawn proximity of the Dead Sea (reference ☉). On the reverse side of the sheet, are hundreds of hieroglyphics similar to those found on the monolith discovered in the garden. Time is required to study the text, and to complete the translation. An investigator with a skill in *Read Hieroglyphics* must roll equivalent to *20%* of their current success rate, for every six hours they spend in uninterrupted work.

In addition to this, the investigator would also need a wealth of reference aids, most likely to be found at the Miskatonic library. It might be possible to delegate this task to Mr Llanfer, of the library staff, though some might not wish to share this information with a stranger.

To acquire his services, non-members will need to make a successful *Debate* roll, or a *Fast Talk* (-15%). Llanfer is able to supply a full translation in *1d6* days. Therefore, it is possible that the investigators' journey to Palestine which features in the next chapter, may be slightly delayed. This translation will be of the utmost importance in Chapter Three.





Why do the things that I bury survive with such a vengeance and reincarnate themselves ten-fold? Do I create too significant a problem for myself? I have been cursed to damnation too many times, so what is the feasibility of one being a bestowing of true power? I have seen stranger things. Or is it because the fight back into the light is such a struggle, that only the strongest, problematic perplexity will surface. Much like a blossom, perhaps their desperate need to emerge is a strengthening process. Dear Susan, you should not have died.

I will not choose to enter that house again. I have lost everything from there, half a century past. Those walls spawned a close working friendship, and later, all the machinations that would finally banish the dark thing in the cave. All that we achieved, was to incur the wrath of doom; the worst of it, Geraldine lost her life, unmourned.

Through his fixation with that cancerous mythology, in 1917, Howard lost so much more. It was an ignorant, foolish and non-supportive act, to condemn him to exile. I have learned since that I was angry with myself for feeding his deadly curiosity. At times, I find it difficult to hold my shame; I have never attempted to contact him; I fear opening old wounds and upsetting everything again. My life has had no space for added complexities, or is this a false perception and self hypnosis? I do sincerely hope that Howard has made peace with his life in England, and that Peter can be finally reunited with his father; it won't be simple. I know in my heart that the thing has corrupted my destiny, and I have as much chance of sharing their love, than dear Susan.

To retrieve the Emerald Statuette, I need strategies and preparations; there is so much to do. I do have Ashworth to rely on, and probably this chap from the University. Tomorrow, or maybe the day after, I will visit the library and find some hard facts to use to our advantage. It is going to be dangerous and for the quality of information that I am likely to find, it may not be worth the risk or effort. If by chance, I was to fall, there is not another human being on this planet who is ready to continue the struggle. I will have to give this some careful thought. Reading the newspapers and texts from the great books all confirm my awareness of a feeling of unsuppressible condemnation which is yet to fall.

A waste paper basket beneath the table, contains several of the finest sheets of ink stained paper, along with what is apparently a draft of the letter he sent to Peter Crosswell last week, which is detailed in Chapter One (reference ☞).

The shelves contain many books on ancient languages, history, archæology, and even an inclusion of the Welsh folk tale, *The Legend of Bedgellet*. Amongst the two dozen or so tomes of various kinds, two books lie open on the shelf: *An Encyclopædia of Marine Life* by Valery Chalton, open at the page of detailing the behaviour of the Hermit Crab in strict detail; and, underneath the encyclopaedia is an English leather bound copy of *Unausprechlichen Kulturen* by von Junzt (reference *). This edition holds the spell, *Create Gate*.

Map of Palatines found inside Jonathan Moore's private journal, detailing the area around the Dead Sea





Dear Peter,

I hope you are feeling rested and in good health. My regrets for communicating with you in this melodramatic fashion, but my lifestyle seems to have become something of a sensation.

I am an old friend of your parents, you may remember me from the past, but I doubt it, as I was not about as often as I would have liked. When I did visit, it was usually at some ungodly hour, speaking with your Father, often sharing a beverage and recounting the many humorous renditions of where our travels had taken us.

This letter, and the contents of the accompanying package, may come as something of a shock to you. There has been no error, it is all for you; my hope is that it will bring you more-than-deserved happiness.

Prepare yourself.

I don't know what the police have told you, but I have positive evidence that your Father is very much alive. After your mother passed away, the strain was far too much for Howard; he felt inadequate I think, with you in care and nothing he could do to help. Anyway, in March of 1917, your father took a secret route to the British Isles, to an old retreat of mine. He talked of joining the church, which incidentally was what your Grandfather had planned for him, but that was before your Father developed his passion for history and exploration.

I think it wise of you to tell the police nothing of what you have learnt from me. Let your father handle the problem in his own good time. I only hope he handles this better than he handled the responsibility of those foul cravings he left...



When the days fall into the years and the moments into colours for every passing day, it is a spiral existence through day and night, this waking for the sun or the storm. I am my black and white, the recurring ignorance and it's saviours, for I create myself. I am the wheel, I change the colour but never the shape; I was born for dying. Reading past the meanings of the fabulous texts, oblivious of the future and the past, only an unawareness of the inevitable.

What of Hastur the unnameable, Great Xulus and the others? Surely they would not bring the night down on themselves? Who could hope to comprehend their motives, for the understanding and the boundaries of our imagination are confined to the realms of this or our own realities?

All evidence suggests The Great Old Ones to be undying. If this is true, then why was Nyogtha adopted willingly in the image of those who would be mindless; nurtured as the second dark fledgling? Was there a battle in the stars, as the fairer tales suggest? Why did he allow his head to be kept above the waves, but never riding the current? Did the Old Ones rule with an ignorant fist of science, in design of the great crystal, as they did with their Shoggoths?

They did though remember the signs; the strengthening spread of ambitious wings soon cast over the Old Ones that familiar shadow of deceit. In fear, the preservation processes were halted, and the thing left, thought to perish. The purpose built Emerald Statuette, the umbilical cord and the retainer of focus for their receptacle they had lost to the bite of his lichen tendrils.

• Unausprechlichen Kulten by von Junzi.

In the cabinet, wrapped protectively in muslin cloth, is what at first sight appears to be a fabergé egg of unremarkable design, which any investigator with over 60% in *Archæology* will both consider and dismiss. The canister is made primarily of glass and is decorated only with tarnished brass fittings. An investigator with modern military knowledge will recognise that the reinforced metal body meets requirements to suggest it was intended as a projectile. The glass body was originally two inches thick, but during the last thirty-seven years it has slowly been eaten away leaving it's exterior as delicate as an egg shell. The canister was originally designed so that the top could be unscrewed, but extensive corrosion makes this impossible without breaking.

This was the *grenade* devised by the New Zealand team in 1890. (*Reference the Background Story for details.*) In truth, the grenade would have been ineffective as it was intended, but it was now be a very deadly weapon if used as a hand projectile.

The substance inside has considerably chemical similarity to hydrofloric acid; it will instantly eat into practically anything with which it comes into contact. For instance, a mere drop on the palm of of a hand would cut deep, causing about 1d6 HPs of damage. If an investigator was to drink the slightest drop, the potent acid would pass straight through them, nearly unhindered, causing instant death. The keeper will need to judge the severity of such possible actions, and allocate an appropriate penalty relating to the scenario. If the fumes are inhaled they will choke all nearby characters, inflicting 1d4 HPs of damage. Recovery of these lost HPs will take up to three times longer than normal.

Deductions

Before the investigators can make any further progress, they will have to piece together all of the available information. An obvious area for immediate reinvestigation is the Crosswell house. Should the investigators merely focus their investigation onto the more obvious or appealing lines of investigation, such as the Palestinian link, then valuable resources, and the rest of this chapter, will be lost.

If the investigators take it in their minds to call on the Dr Simon Jones, or any of the workers at J Brookland Construction, then none will be available at home to answer their doors.



The Return to the Crosswell House

Hopefully, the letter found in the waste paper basket at Jonathan's mansion will raise questions for the investigators concerning the relationship between Jonathan Moore and Howard Crosswell, and will lead them back to the Crosswell house; until now, the investigators will have found no traceable or substantial clue that might require them to revisit the house.

It should be about a week since the investigators paid their last visit, and, as might be expected, the repairs are progressing admirably. Every window has panes of glass and much of the roofing has been suitably enforced. Despite this, the investigators have chosen to visit when there is little building activity.

It is possible, if the investigators are less than sensitive, that they will arrive as soon as possible following their investigation at the ruins of the Moore mansion, which would be at approximately 4.00 am. In any case, keepers should ensure that the investigators make their enquiries before mid-day. (The investigators, especially members of the medical profession, should bear in mind that Peter Crosswell might still have difficulties with night callers).

All of the ground floor windows, and many of the second floor windows, have curtains draped, providing an effective screen which shields the untidiness of the rooms. If the approach is made during the hours of darkness, light flickers delicately through the curtained windows of the lounge, indicating an open fire that remains in flame. Keepers may decide that the winter days are so gloomy, the daylight never quite arrives.

Meeting Howard Crosswell

If the investigators approach the house with caution, and proceed by politely knocking at the front entrance, there will be a thirty second interval before the door is slowly drawn inward by an old man dressed in the customary robes and collar of a man of the Christian cloth, of a lower order, whose features are startlingly similar to those of Peter Crosswell.

The elderly man, in a clear but feeble voice, will politely ask them their business. He can just be recognised as Howard Crosswell from the photograph in the old newspaper article found in Chapter One (*more comprehensive details of Howard Crosswell are provided at the end of this chapter*).

The conversation on the doorstep will be brief, and after less than a minute of good humoured, but formal exchange, the man will complain of feeling a chill. During this brief conversation, the investigators can easily confirm that this elderly gentleman is Peter's father, Howard Crosswell, and that within the last week, he has specially travelled, from abroad, to visit his son and to help him recover from a long term illness.

If the investigators are able to learn anything of this, then Howard Crosswell will invite them inside for a warm drink.



Howard's true reasons for speaking so freely with the investigators are ruthless. He has little choice other than to dispose of any who might hinder his abominable assignment. Even if his identity had not been discovered, the suspicions of the investigators would have been interpreted as sufficient interference to warrant decisive action. One recent incident which illustrates the ruthlessness of this current mood concerns the merry band known as the J Brookland Construction Company, who had been renovating the Crosswell property. No longer are they quite so merry, *see later*.

Pleasantries

As they walk through the familiar hallway and into the lounge, the investigators can detect a strong medical aroma. If they ask about this, Howard will explain:

"Many years ago when I was an active member of the Miskatonic University I was fortunate to discover a particular root amongst the rain forests of central Africa. Its most singular property, as well as the overwhelming scent, is its mild calming effect. I have used the last of it at my son's bedside to ensure he rests soundly."

The lounge seems a little more accommodating than it did when last they were here. There is the smell of fresh putty drying around the windows, aided by the roaring fire. There is little in the way of furniture other than four simple dining room chairs and a coffee table, but the room is essentially clean. Howard produces a small pipe from his pocket, and gestures an offer from his tobacco pouch.

A *Spot Hidden* roll reveals a familiar cutting from the Boston Globe (reference ☉). The article, announcing the return of Jonathan Moore, has been carefully cut out with short bladed scissors. If the investigators ask about this, Howard will explain that Jonathan is an old friend, and that when he saw the article in yesterday's newspaper he was naturally interested.

Once seated, Howard will speak quietly:

"I have brought two helpers to attend to my son's comforts, and while he rests he shall want for nothing. Fazl ul-Rehman and Baba are from India; they speak only a little English. You will not fail to notice that they are twins".

Howard's unfamiliar dialect has been acquired in the south-western fringes of rural England. His pronunciations and tones are often mellow and lyrical. This pleasant conversation cloaks and enhances the effects of the *Elixir of Deception*; the fumes of which are all about the oblivious investigators. While they talk with Howard, small traces burn on the lips of every oil lamp in the house. The tea they will soon receive is spiced with the delusory chemical.

If the investigators had broken into the house, or if they had been impatient and not waited for the door to be opened, the investigators will meet Howard, perhaps somewhere on the first floor. He will appear to assume that the investigators are close friends of his son, understanding their concerned entrance, or apologising for not promptly answering the door. The encounter will continue as that described above; the investigators slowly overcome by a false sense of well-being.

Elixir of Deception

This delicate blend of substances compels the victim into a highly susceptible state, leaving them open to suggestion and vulnerable to the dark recesses of their own imagination. The merest verbal implication can instil the victim with ideas of a fantastic nature, based on nothing more than mundane occurrences or commonplace happenings. The effects are similar to the mental affliction listed in the *Call of Cthulhu* rule book (see the insanity table, which describes the symptoms of *Panzaism*). Because the formula attacks the *rational* cells of the brain, the drug will have no noticeable effect on characters with *SAN 0*, or a non-human individual (or animal).

The effect of the elixir takes the victim in two stages. During the first phase, of approximately one minute's duration, a short delusory period obtains, such as that which is detailed within the scenario text. Immediately, there follows a phase of deep unconsciousness. This process, a great depressing weariness is experienced, affects every muscle, resulting in the loss of control of every limb. Appropriate rules for attempting to fend off the overwhelming tiredness can be inferred from inside the scenario. Physical damage caused by the drug is slight; the harm is so minimal that the victim's body will have recovered, naturally, during its unconscious state.

The elixir can exist either as a brown paste or a powder compound, consisting of five special herbs, barks and fungi. The substance has both flammable and anesthetic properties. None of the ingredients are widely available. One of the primary compounds is the *Devil's Foot Root*, although it is present in only a minute ratio. Details of *Devil's Foot Root* are to be found in the following pages, including the recommended procedure for its administration, and which is identical in every way to the *Elixir of Deception*.

When Howard Crosswell began to create the elixir (see *Stedman Lighthouse*), he did not intend it to be used in concentrated applications. However, while researching the properties of the *Devil's Foot Root*, he experimented with alternative dosages. His first objective was to mix a potion that would instil the victim with a blinkered perspective and blurred vision, and at the same time, to remove any need to question. Small regular quantities which have been diluted by one hundred parts, when taken over a period of two months, will maintain a mild state of deception, with no physical or mental loss. Without developing the concussive effects of a concentrated dosage, this mild state of deception will require the subject to experience 20% more sleep, and lose a certain amount of character and awareness, but without visible or other outward effects.

Howard Crosswell, already possessing radical powers of invention had developed superb magical powers. This provided him the knowledge and resources to finish this work inside the space of four months. For an investigator to break down the formula into the five separate compounds requires a *Chemistry* roll for every 2d100 weeks of uninterrupted study. This roll may be repeated over and over, until each of the plants is identified. This is likely to prove to be extremely time consuming, and may constitute an investigator's whole life study. The identity and location of the compounds are left under the control of the keeper.



Refreshments

The lounge door swings open and two men clumsily present a tray of condiments and place them onto the small table in front of the investigators. The brothers are dressed in costumes that are an uncomfortable blend of their traditional North Indian dress, and the uniform which one would expect of a contemporary butler.

The Indian brothers are *Deep Ones*, in league with the machinations of *Nyogtha*, and therefore under the immediate command of Howard Crosswell. The strange appearance of these servants is a delusion, brought on by the mesmerising effects of the *Elixir of Deception*, although the investigators will not be aware that they are perceiving anything other than reality. While the *brothers* are serving tea, the keeper should make secret rolls for each investigator to determine their individual resistances to the drug; a *CON x5* roll for those who declined the tea, and for those who did not, a roll of *CON x2*.

A successful roll would suggest that the metabolism of the investigator is still struggling to fight down the effects of the drug. Because their illusion is not yet complete, secret notes can be given to these particular investigators containing details of one of the following peculiarities. However, such information should not be shared with the other party members, until they discover it in a suitable game environment.

Those characters with a knowledge of Indian culture will be less susceptible to these delusions, and will be less confused because their minds are able to construe a more accurate rendering of events. However, such an investigator will also experience what Howard Crosswell suggests as truth. Without any sign of acknowledgment, the brothers swiftly leave the room.

Roll a *1d6* and discretely give the results for each individual investigator from the following table. These observations represent their own confused interpretation of what is before them. Keepers should minimise the importance of these details; they should be delivered without emphasis, as merely curious observation.

1. The tall one limped with a curious shuffling hop.
2. They look so dissimilar, it is difficult to believe that they are remotely related.
3. They both wear their native head-gear which obscures most of their face.
4. They wear thick fingerless gloves, which visibly impair their manual dexterity.
5. The large rimmed spectacles they wear are oddly amusing.
6. Their constant smiling is uncomfortable and strangely embarrassing.

It is unlikely that the imagination of any two investigators will create the same illusion. Therefore, should a particular characteristic be repeated, roll again to ensure that each investigator has a unique result. Keepers should wait a little longer for an investigator who will not drink tea to succumb to the effect of the heady perfume. Once Crosswell has downed half his cup, he will excuse himself with a smile, and leave the room directly.

Repercussions

The investigators are now able to speak together, and compare hypotheses. During their analysis, it is likely that if they will talk about Howard Crosswell's helpers and will share their individual perceptions.

An *Idea* roll may be necessary to recognise that each investigator has a different description of the brothers' physical attributes, and that their perceptions conflict.

Take the average of each investigator's *INT* and *CON* and multiply the result by three. If the investigators can roll under this number on a *d100*; they will manage to break the illusion, just as the concussive effects of the *Elixir of Deception* drag them into a deep, overwhelming and uncontrollable torpor.

It is then, that the investigators are witness to the following unpleasant scene.

Player's Information

The men that you recognise as Baba and Fazl ul-Rehman step back into the room. They close the door behind them and stare through you in a way that is at first embarrassing, and then deeply disturbing. Their features appear to fall away, shifting out of all proportion, as if bursting from the seams of their clothing. Green scaled flesh ripples and moves. From a now gaping jaw-less mouth comes a nonrhythmic croaking, that increases in volume as the spectacle mutates into obscurity.

You are not sure when this absorbing wave of tiredness came over you. Attempts to stand bring on muscle spasms, that cause you to fall back into your seat.

(This particular scene claims 1d6 SAN from the investigators. See the panel on the Elixir of Deception, found on page 42, to discover further details of this complex narcotic.)

Keeper's Information

Howard Crosswell has owned a fragment of the *Crystal of the Elder Things* through all the years he has lived in England. He has not needed to exploit its magical properties, until the recent direction from *Nyogtha*. Howard still does not understand why he keeps misplacing the stone, not knowing that the crystal's timeless inertial properties resist attempts to move it through known dimensions (see page 25 for details of this power). This is the reason why Howard takes so long to answer if the investigators decide to call at the main door; he is busily searching for his illusive fragment.

While the investigators are unconscious, he will complete his futile search, and eventually, accompanied by the *Deep Ones*, continue his search in England, neglecting in his temper and haste to have the sleeping investigators killed.

If, for any reason, the party had decided to separate somewhere between the investigation of the Moore residence, and their return to the Crosswell house, and therefore, they do not enter as a full unit, the keeper will have to keep secret, from the stragglers, the fate of the first party.

If the time considerations are feasible, the second party will arrive at the house before the full effects of the *Elixir of Deception* have established a firm hold on the first team. Otherwise, if the second group turn up significantly later, they will enjoy the same programme of entertainment, pleasantries and refreshments.



Reexamining the House

By about 4.00 pm the fire will have burnt low, and the oil lamps around the house will have exhausted their fuel. The house will be free of the harmful vapours and at about this time the investigators will begin to revive. Eventually, as the investigators regain their senses, they notice that, outside, the wintery daylight is dimming. It should be clear to the investigators that they had been subject to hallucinations; there is no evidence that what they saw before their unconsciousness was anything more than the illusory symptoms of a drug. Keepers may wish to make secret *CON* rolls to determine the order by which the investigators return to consciousness.

If the keeper wishes to create additional confusion, it would be easy to effect at this juncture, for instance, by encouraging one of the investigators to remember that Howard Crosswell had spoken of something concerning bodies in the cellar. Looking around the house, they will notice that every room on both floors has been overturned as if there has been a long hard struggle or search.

The upstairs rooms will have been given new floors since the last visit, the first evidence being the hearty smell of fresh timber as they approach from the staircase. The investigators will notice, in every room, an oil lamp of indifferent design but each having recently burnt out. If the lip of any of the lamps is examined, particularly as the result of a *Pharmacy* or *Chemistry* roll, the investigators will notice remnants of an unusual white deposit amongst the gathered ash and charcoal.

Investigating the First Bedroom, the investigators may notice that many of the workmen's tools which were here a week ago are now missing. The oil lamp in this room also contains the white powder found on all the others, but around its furthest perimeters there are also small traces of a brown powder. A *Pharmacy* or *Chemistry* roll in this instance will identify the white talc as the burnt-out ruminants of the brown. *(This is the smallest sample of the Elixir of Deception.)*

In the Child's Bedroom, the investigators find Peter Crosswell bound and gagged, sprawled on the mattress. He is barely conscious but a *First Aid* roll will bring him around. The young man seems relatively unstressed. He has not seen the *Deep Ones* in any form. Howard had been giving Peter a weak sedative to restrain him from attracting the attention of visitors or passers-by. Peter is not in a fit state to answer questions although under mild interrogation he confirms that a man claiming to be his father had bound him. He may also be able to repeat a few details of his father's recent activities, (see page 29, *Howard Crosswell's Activities*) but soon falls to sleep, exhausted.

Reexamining the Cellar

The condition of the kitchen floor may depend greatly upon the damage caused by the investigators on their first visit. On the other hand, if the keeper prefers, the renovation workers will have repaired the floor as a priority. When they enter the kitchen, the trapdoor to the cellar will be lifted open. Peering into the eerie gloom a mysterious dripping sound can be heard echoing from the depths below. Shining a light into the darkness, the investigators will find that the cellar is completely empty.

The walls are damp with an algae different to that which was here several days ago. It reaches more than halfway up each of the four walls. The algae seems to wreak with stale emissions normally associated with the sea. In places, the floor bottom is ankle deep in slime and vegetation. Examining the gelatinous carpet more closely, the investigators will find living sea urchins and small crustaceans, along with exotic weeds that would only populate the open sea.

Keepers who use a visual representation of the cellar should locate Howard's gateway in the middle of the cellar floor. Otherwise, the keeper can make secret *Luck* rolls to determine whether an investigator has happened upon the entrance during their inspection. When an investigator ventures into the centre of the cellar (or fails their roll) they will trigger the magical portal and be transported to a maritime location directly beneath the Durdle Door, near to the small English village of Tearmouth.

Investigators not in the cellar will be unaffected by the spell. They will not see their friends disappear, but might suddenly lose sight of them through the curtain of darkness. Should they then decide to investigate for themselves, and stand over the strange symbols in the centre of the room, they, likewise, will be sent into English waters (the magical symbols were described in Chapter One). Every investigator travelling through the magical gateway will lose 2 *MPs*, but nothing for a return journey.

The Durdle Door

Keeper's Information

By means of a power they may or may not understand, the investigators have been instantly transported into a restless ocean. The sudden icy waters are almost unbearable, and they must make a *CON x5* roll to negate the 1d4 *HPs* of shock to their system. Only a successful *Luck* roll will prevent the sea from forcing its way into their digestive system, causing them to vomit violently.

The investigators should attempt to make their way to land, several yards distant. If the investigators fail a *Swim* roll then they may begin to drown (see the rule book for details), and their lifeless body crashed and mangled onto the sharp rocks. The investigators will not fail to notice that they are in the turning waters beneath a gigantic stone arch. They are at the furthestmost tip of a natural pier of rock which reaches out of the scenic coastline. Against a glorious and clear night sky stands the shrouded and beckoning glow of a lighthouse.

Once the investigators have clambered safely onto the limestone rocks any investigator making a *Geology* roll will recognise the tilted and compressed layers, caused by the uplift of the Earth's crust, unmistakably belonging to the southern coastline of England. The bridge of rock under which the investigators have appeared, has to be the infamous landmark which has been known for centuries as the Durdle Door.

The investigators will not immediately be able to travel back through the magical door until a *Create Gate* spell has been reinitiated.

Also worthy of note is that the Durdle Door possesses a self contained power, allowing it to be used as the gateway for any dimensional door spell. A caster who knows the relevant spell, will be able to create and implement it without experiencing any loss of power.

As the investigators swim for the rocks, they each have a 30% chance of noticing a construction worker's protective helmet bobbing in the waters nearby. If the investigators ask, it is identical to those worn by the men working on the Crosswell house.

The investigators are likely to be very stressed. However, for every hour they spend dragging the sea floor around the shoreline they will recover one of four mutilated bodies (and losing 1d6 *SAN*). The investigators will not be able to identify them as the mangled bodies of Mr Brookland and his working crew from the Crosswell house.

While the investigators are searching at the water's edge anyone making a *Spot Hidden* roll will discover the crumpled wreckage of an iron safe, smashed and broken on the rocky shore, as if it had been dropped from a great height.

It is just possible that this will be recognised as the safe which was taken from the library building at Miskatonic University by the *Byakhee* searching for the *Emerald Statuette*. However, the lion footed safe is not likely to have been seen by one of the investigators before the *Byakhee* stole it. (A brief description appeared on page 34).

The investigators are wet through, and, should they choose to ignore their state of saturation for very much longer, the keeper will award an accumulative penalty of -5% on all skill rolls, for each ten minutes they take to find shelter.



The Deep Ones

The renovation workers had been ambushed at the Crosswell house in much the same fashion as the investigators. Howard had considered these men to be a real irritant for a variety of reasons. He had instructed the *Deep Ones*, who were loosely under his control, to beat all life from unsuspecting workers, throw them into the Durdle Door and continue to rip and tear them apart beneath the waves. After high tide, the remains of their bodies would be swept into the waters of the English Channel never to be seen again.

A small number of *Deep Ones*, under the service of the *Great Old One* now inhabit the mysterious waters which form the coastline in this area. These *Deep Ones* were employed to deal with any interference which Howard might meet and have been in the water for several weeks (and, as a result, fish stocks upon which the villagers traditionally depend, are becoming seriously depleted).

Watching the waves and cliffs closely for a long period, it might be possible to detect them as they exercise their power in the water. However, the *Deep Ones* had remained away from the activities of the local village folk who have never seen even the slightest ripple on the water.

It is unlikely that the investigators will come into contact with them again, despite having been entertained by two of their number at the Crosswell house. However, keepers may judge that those investigators who possess aggressive tendencies might like to do more than take tea with such vicious opponents; maybe as they reenter the waters at the end of this chapter. If the *Deep Ones* do appear, use the statistics from the rule book.

The Good Doctor

In the bright moonlight, wild flowers grow around small gullies and rock pools in the ascending crags. A church and a number of small cottages come into view over the stepped and rocky shoreline.

An investigator who takes the time to examine the cliff face, will discover the body of man lying very still in an area rich with pebbles. The familiar floor length overcoat and the rimmed hat bobbing in a nearby pool help to identify him as Dr Simon Jones.

His bearded features hold a tragic expression which is richly lined with blood. It would seem that Howard Crosswell had entertained the good doctor, the day before the investigators.

A *First Aid* roll will diagnose that the doctor can be physically recovered. He seems to have hit his head as he fell from exhaustion. A further roll will bring the doctor back to consciousness, with a sudden start, but he will be suffering a temporary state of amnesia (see the *insanity table of the rule book*). The investigators may wish to perform a successful *Psychoanalysis* roll to help him, otherwise he will recover after *1d10* minutes. The doctor recalls an incident at the Crosswell house similar to that experienced by the investigators. This incident, a series of bludgeoning blows to his body, and the feeling of free-falling into deep water, are all that the doctor can recall. (If statistics from Chapter One are used, deduct five from his *HPs*, and twelve from his *SAN*). The doctor is well enough to suggest that they are all in danger of catching a chill unless they soon get into dry clothes.

Approaching the Village

Desolate, windswept grassland surround the approach to a sleepy village while the strange but spectacular geological formations on the headlands give the place an historic aura. Tearmouth is situated on the coastal extremities of south Dorset, consisting of about twenty single storey whitewashed dwellings, an untitled inn, a seventeenth century church, and a lighthouse which is in use for the purpose of its design.

Even though the hour is late, a warm and welcoming lamplight beckons from its windows and the jar of the inn door makes this building immediately attractive. The investigators see none of the locals on foot around the village as they arrive.

Two good sized fishing boats are moored alongside a simple jetty on the west shore, not far down the coast from the rocky terrain of the Durdle Door. The daily catch of local fishermen had recently suffered significantly. The sea had served this community for countless centuries, providing plentiful fish and employment.





For the first time in living experience, their nets were not adequately filled by mid-afternoon. In the last few weeks the fishing boats had been out until after dark, desperately risking the dangerous coastline, and still unable to bring home enough fish to warrant a journey to the market next day.

The place was hardly ever visited by outsiders, not even from townsfolk who indulged in the recent craze for spending weekends by the seaside. The location was considered hazardous, and the main coastal road had been rerouted inland after the tragic flood of 1890. While many local coastal villages had seen prosperous developments, Tearnmouth had known nothing more than complacent stagnation for the last half century. But for the Durdle Door and its spectacular backdrop, Tearnmouth might have never seen a visitor from one year to the next; every so often, a lone geologist might come and stay for the summer season and inspect the ancient volcanic outcropping.

The Turning Tide

The time difference between Boston and Old England is five hours. If the investigators had entered the Crosswell cellar at four o'clock in the afternoon, Davenham time, then they would have arrived in Tearnmouth at nine o'clock in the evening. They will not have been tired by the journey itself, and previous to that they had all taken a restful afternoon nap.

The activities of less predictable investigators might require the keeper to make slight alterations to the scene.

The People of Tearnmouth

The behaviour of the villagers is very warm and friendly and they show the investigators every hospitality. They continuously remain under the sublime effect of the *Elixir of Deception* (see *St Helen's Church* below). Although they readily recognise that the investigators are strangers, they speak to them about intimate village matters such as would not normally interest strangers; the lovely weather conditions; the atrocious fishing; or their Christian faith, something which is evidently close to their hearts.

Investigators choosing to make a *Psychology* roll while engaging with any one of the villagers, will realise that the investigators are not being treated as the strangers they are. Alternatively, an *Idea* roll might suggest that it is a case of good will, freely given, by simple people, and any reluctance to trust or accept on behalf of the investigator is the result of paranoia brought about by recent experience.

When the investigators ask after Howard Crosswell, the locals may offer any of the following information:

- 1 Dr Crosswell first arrived in Tearnmouth, ten years before.
- 2 He originally came to try to claim possession of the old Steadman Lighthouse. At that time he was accompanied by his friend, Jonathan Moore, some kind of professor who wrote academic papers for his university concerning the Durdle Door.

- 3 Dr Crosswell took over the church when old Preacher Hibbert died. For seven years, Dr Crosswell has lived in the church and managed it very well by himself. He is very popular with the villagers.
- 4 Recently, Howard has regularly gone down to the water's edge, to pray for a healthy catch.
- 5 Father Crosswell has also composed a very beautiful song for their communion service, to ask God to return their regular livelihood.
- 6 Howard moved out of the lighthouse seven years ago, but still goes there regularly, probably to persuade that old rouge Steadman into attending church. As an atheist, Steadman is openly shunned.

St Helen's Church

The church is situated on the outskirts of the village. Its stones have a grainy texture, where erosion from the salt wind has taken its toll. The graveyard contains many small headstones which are also being badly eroded. There are two small clusters of larger stones, presumably belonging to two of the village's more affluent families; their barely readable names being either *Steadman* or *Shackleton*.

At the summit of the steeple, central to the roof, the suggestion of a large weather vane can, with difficulty, be made out through a dimly lit sky.



An investigator who gives the weather vane a closer examination using a *Spot Hidden* roll, will discover that the wind-torn protuberance on top of the spire is the impaled corpse of an old man! (This same information can be gleaned, without a roll, by climbing up to the roof, externally or internally via the window of the bell-tower). On closer inspection of the body a gold plated pocket watch can be found in one of the pockets; the initials *J.T.S.* etched inside the casing.

More distressingly, a pentagram has been deeply, but skillfully, engraved into the forehead of the old man. A *Cthulhu Mythos* roll suggests to the investigators, that this man had been an instrument for a summoning of great proportions.

If the investigators find someone to identify the body then it would be that of old Steadman, infamous for his refusal to attend weekly communion. Strangely, none of the sleepy village people had noticed the sorry shape of a human body on their church, even in the daylight.

Inside the church the simple wooden pews are highly polished. The high stone arches, the intricately carved wood ceilings, and the stained glass windows combine to project an unexpected feeling of holy grandeur.

At the back of the dark hall a door to a small back room is closed. In the corner, a set of steps leads up to the empty bell tower.

Behind every pew there are prayer books; fifteen copies, published in 1875 by The Oxford Press. Additional pages have been loosely inserted, containing strange supplementary verses. The handwriting can easily be identified as belonging to Howard Crosswell (his diary can be found in the back room of the church).

This handwritten text is an essential part of the spell detailed in the panel: *Milking the Spirit*. Principally, with this spell, Howard is able to milk power from the people of Tearmouth, a little at a time, slowly, but surely. The power is drained during the weekly congregation into Howard's *Crystal of the Elder Things*, which is secreted in a central plinth throughout the service. The power he draws from the people, he uses to meet *Nyogtha's* own impenetrable objectives by means of conjunctions, summonings and regular transportations.

The water in this church is far from holy. The font to the rear left of the floor contains significant quantities of the *Elixir of Deception*. Dr Crosswell insists that every resident takes communion on a weekly basis, to ensure that they remain drugged and manipulable.

The effects of this elixir and its dilutions can be found in the panel on page 42.

The small windowless room at the back of the church is used by Howard as a sleeping and dressing quarters. The covers have been torn from the bed indicating that the room has been subject to a frantic search. In the simple wardrobe are several changes of dress; in one pocket is a small bloody knife blade. Scattered around the bottom of the wardrobe are various papers containing Howard's recent jottings (*the handwriting identical to that in the prayer books*). In particular, one of the sheets has a newspaper clipping appended (reference ④).

Milking the Spirit

The spell normally consists of a series of verbal exchanges, taking place over the space of *1d10+20* minutes, between a magician and his or her disciples. The emotionally charged exchanges can take the form of anything, from a devotional song, to a face to face confrontation. The magician uses sweeping gesticulations, while the disciples require uninterrupted concentration. At the climax of the spell the magician drains the smallest fraction from the spirits of each of the participating disciples; in game terms that is *1MP* from each.

Fundamental restrictions include the circumstance that the total power of a human being cannot exceed the primary quota. Howard Crosswell used a *Crystal of the Elder Things* and was thus able to store up to *50MPs* at any one time.

Usually, the disciples are knowing and willing participants in the ceremony, and understand its purposes. However, Howard Crosswell in his rôle of preacher had cleverly deceived the people of Tearmouth. With the aid of the *Elixir* he was able to persuade his congregation to adopt the rôle of the disciples in this spell, and their power was taken from them unwittingly. (*See St. Helen's Church for details*)

The full written details for the practical use of the ceremony are nowhere to be found. The following verse, written by Howard Crosswell, merely induces the desired effect at the climax of the spell:

*Our Forgotten Lord of the living seas,
Break the sanctity of our being,
Take from us our inner me,
Cast wide thy web of forebearing mercy,
Pray on those delinquents of scorn,
And farm thy ocean's moribund fry.*

The Demise of Jeremy Steadman

Jeremy Steadman is the only member of the local community who remains untouched by the cruel influence.

He had been an atheist for most of his sixty or so years and had never experienced the need to enter any church. He has neither tasted its holy water nor given himself to Howard Crosswell's innocuous preaching. By keeping to himself, hardly ever interfering or becoming involved with the lives of the other people of Tearmouth, the old man had kept his own council.

However, a week before, a group of mildly astonished fisher folk had found a raving Jeremy Steadman, shouting inarticulately and pointing frantically out to sea. He had seen a gigantic frog-like creature leaping from the great arch of rock and swimming with impossible, yet effortless, speed out to sea.

The villagers, who saw nothing but a flock of sea birds, were able to use this incident to confirm their beliefs about his misguided ways. Although some tried to humour him, every one agreed that this was the onset of madness.



I heard Graham Billington tell me that the people he killed were all worshippers of the dark gods; he said they deserved to die. It is years since I would have eagerly shared that perspective, but since then, (like my Father) finding the church has enabled me to see the lights shine from the eyes of every woman and man, and I consider it my role to nurture this goodness, so that someday it might burn out all the dark uncertainties. With that said, I think Graham Billington less worthy of my hand than most. With some regret, it will not be necessary for me to make that long train journey to Dartmoor more than the once.

What is this? Please God, don't let those long March nights catch up with me. Not my deadly curiosity; thoughts leading me to the pact; I remember the pact, but surely it was only a dream, it was never real. He is my terrible harbinger of doubts, and I will not let him walk through me. But I can feel my inner flame dying low.

His tendrils are not extended enough to throttle my flock; thank the Lord there are few like myself, who would quest for the dark answers and swallow his malicious vomit without question. I feel constantly drained of energy, and my skin is crawling as fast as my thoughts. Who do I turn to? Not these nested insects. And not friends like Moore, who would turn me out when I needed him most. And not Susan, because she has already paid the ultimate price.

Last night Nyogtha sent me a dream from the edge of the world. I understand now that he never wanted the world for himself; all he wanted was his maturity. I have seen the entombing cradle given to him by the Old Ones. He is forever in their whimsical balance. He showed me his suffocation that would be, if their Emerald Statuette was not destroyed. I have agreed that their first child was an evil one, Nyogtha enlightened me, years past. Is it so unreasonable that he should not be able to live out his eternal existence? And to share a reign that is rightfully his?

With my new found perspective, I now know that the Crystal of the Elder Things was an inconsequential fuel for the creation of their Shoggoths. I understand now, why Abd al-Azrad could merely whisper to why there are so many empty faces. Unconsciously, I practice this awareness in much of my writings, my actions and within every disaster. I see in the shadows and between the lines the acquaintances of the new gods. This evening that fool Steadman caught me in incomprehensible mid-laughter, as I read from a new edition of

the Cambridge Encyclopaedia (for the first real time). It stated that in April of 1912, the Old Ones laboriously ferried their 'wonderful' crystal across the Atlantic with ridiculous stealth. Nyogtha tells me that without him this is a typical example of how they would lead the world into destruction.

After several visits to Dartmoor, between us, Billington and myself, have completed the final necessary preparations. We will together join forces to destroy the Emerald Statuette for my sweet Nyogtha. The places are few where Moore would trust it, and after this night, never again will my Lord be called so cruelly, *The Thing That Should Not Be!*

I feel that I no longer have need for these clumsy words, and so ends this dissertation of my activities.

Man Kills Six

Last Monday night, 12 December 1926, in the town of Blackburn, a man from Kent was arrested in connection with the mass murder of six well respected people of the local community.

The man, one Graham Billington, was apprehended leaving the farm; the scene of the brutal slaying. Upon immediate questioning, the alleged seemed calm and rational. It is believed that he had this to say to the arresting officers: "It was a necessity that I did what I did, such evil has no place in our world". The victims, among who were two prominent counsellors, hired the barn from farmer Robert Grant to rehearse their parts in the forthcoming church play, Joseph and his Coat of many Colours.

Mr. Billington was brought before the magistrates yesterday. Having heard the damning evidence against him, the accused, for the first time, became noticeably distraught and yelled obscenities at the court, including a repeat of ravings he gave the police: "It was of the utmost necessity for the safety of us all". The judge gave him a life sentence at the psychiatric ward of Dartmoor prison.

Some have reason to believe this to be an incident in connection with the council's recent decision to grant industrialists increased planning permission for factory buildings inside community areas, near schools and recreation parks. There is no evidence of this at the time this article goes to press.

Last night, while the rest of the villagers could be guaranteed to be deep in their slumber, Howard Crosswell was by the sea shore, in the act of summoning the *Byakhees* (soon dispatched to Massachusetts), when Jeremy Steadman stumbled into Howard's view. Crosswell had been tolerant of this seemingly harmless man, but



without doubt he would now have to die. And when his lesser summonings failed to deliver the *Emerald Statuette*; he decided to use Jeremy Steadman as a human sacrifice, essential in gaining the services of a beast with immeasurable strength. On the moonlit shore, Howard Crosswell laughed out loud, as the *Hunting Horror* came coiling out of the night.

In Howard's eyes the taking of Jeremy Steadman's life, by having his helpless body lifted and impaled onto the church steeple by his returning demon, was a strategy brimming with creativity and resourcefulness.

Howard's resourcefulness was never this atrocious when he was in his right mind; but since four months past, there had never been a minute when he has had full custody of his actions; his scientific amorality had finally turned him into a lethal weapon under *Nyogtha's* control.

The Inn

The inn is a squat, two-storey building with wine and beer cellars, beneath. Inside, it contains rough wooden furniture; the ceilings are low and there is sawdust scattered over the floor to soak up spilt ales and to accommodate the fishermen's curious habit of spitting, usually to give added emphasis to their words. It functions as a community building and is tended and owned by Mr Shackleton, a widower in his forties. The inn, which makes little profit, stands on the small road which runs through the village.

The landlord will admit the drenched investigators to an upstairs room, where they can make use of the toilet facilities and dry themselves.

It is here that the investigators are most likely have their first introduction to the people of Tearmouth (see page 48). There is nothing sinister about the inn. Upstairs, the furniture is very old but well cared for, and the rooms have an air of ancient splendour about them. In the cellar, the floors consist of a rough, hard-packed dirt and gravel. This area is used to stand the wine racks and store the huge casks of beer.

The inn usually closes at an early hour, with no complaints from it's sleepy residents.

Steadman Lighthouse

On the headland, beside the famous Durdle Door, is Steadman's Lighthouse. The red and white circular domed tower overlooks the bays and coves which surround the village of Tearmouth. It was built in 1698 from the funds and designs of Henry Winstanley, who subsequently went on to build his finest work, the Eddystone lighthouse near Plymouth.

Some years after the Greenstone affair in New Zealand, Jonathan Moore came to Tearmouth to make studies of the Durdle Door and its surrounds, for the Miskatonic University. The Steadman Lighthouse was already in disuse, but using funds from the University, Jonathan Moore gave the tower a lick of paint and stayed there, infrequently, for the next two years or so, before his work came to an end. Some time later, the Trinity House corporation recontracted the tower for active use, and appointed Mr Jeremy Steadman, an ex-navy man, as the first resident keeper in almost a hundred years.

Steadman freely admitted that he did not consider himself to be any relation of the original Steadmans who kept the beacon, but his name was common in these parts, and Trinity House probably appointed him through some misplaced sense of historical propriety. Over the years, Steadmans have told many a strange tale of storms and weird happenings, as seen from their wild vantage point.



Entrance Room

To enter the building, the investigators will first need to climb a dozen iron rungs to reach the door in the side of the tower, fifteen feet above the level of the surrounding land. After climbing through the small alcove, effectively the hefty thickness of the walls, another door opens into the entrance room. Inside, the room is quite bare; and had been since valuable equipment had been damaged and lost when the waters swept into this room during the flood of 1890. The room is dark and damp, and its air is thick.

The trapdoor in the floor of the entrance room is securely bolted and nailed shut. If forced, it leads down to a damp, empty basement. At one time the flood waters must have filled this subterranean chamber; the building had been designed to withstand such a disaster. Under the flagged floor of the basement, is a shaft filled full of boulders and gravel to act as a primitive, but effective, drainage system.

Howard Crosswell first came to Tearmouth with the intention of moving into the lighthouse. However, he had not foreseen that it would be occupied.

Steadman liked Crosswell and offered him a place to sleep while he looked for accommodation elsewhere, and was even kind enough to humour Howard's strange demands to have the cellar door boarded tight; the basement had not served any particular purpose. Howard was later permitted to claim the church after he explained to the village that he wanted to follow his father's steps and become a preacher. Even though he had a permanent roof over his head, Crosswell was allowed to retain his room in the lighthouse as a study for his private pursuits.

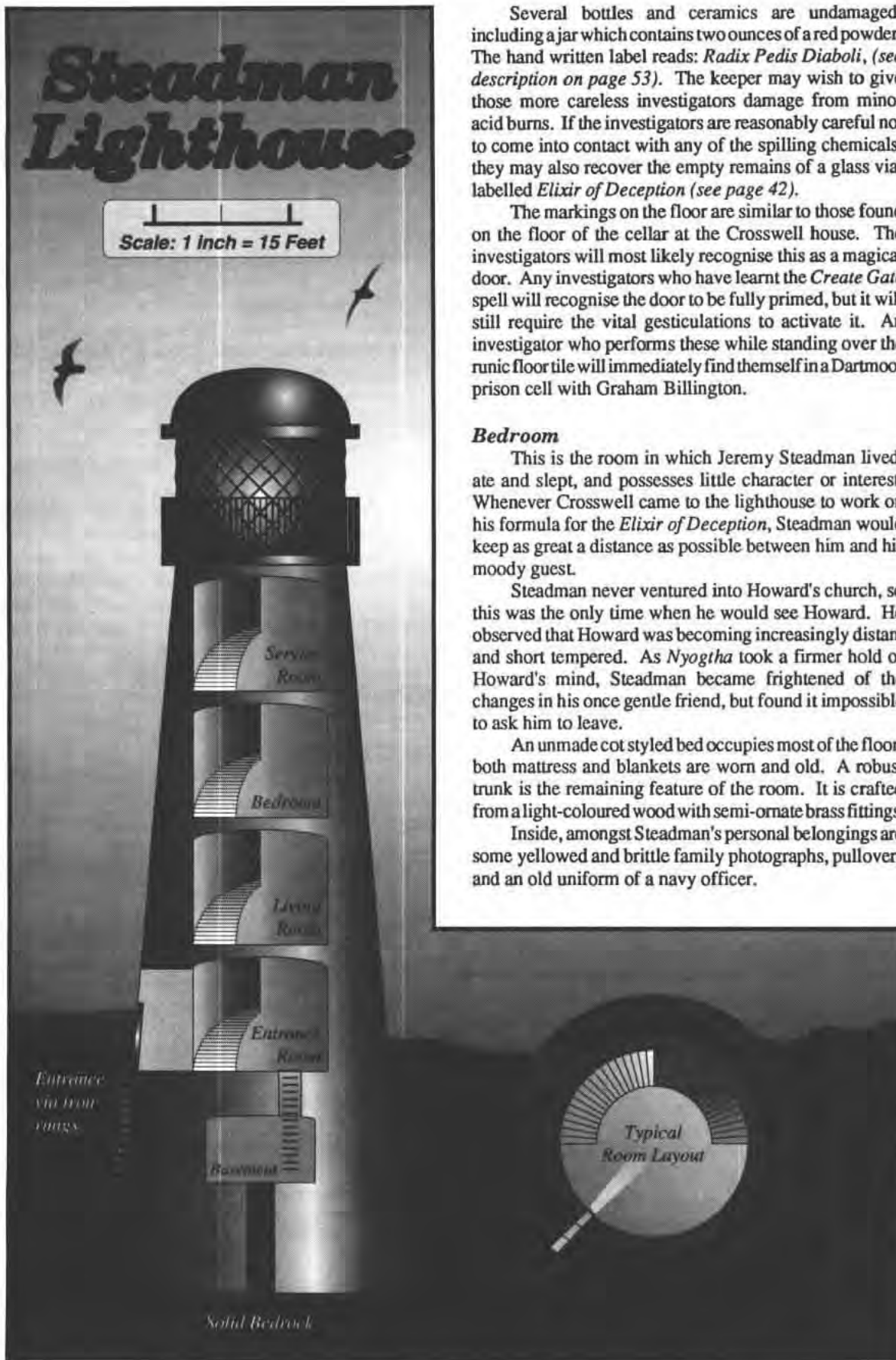
Living Room

This is the floor that was given to Howard, by virtue of Jeremy Steadman's good will, and for years he has used it for the study of chemistry. The roots of this interest lie deep in the past, to a time in his youth when he began his study in the company of Geraldine Oxenbury, an old school friend, and later a fellow explorer in the Greenstone affair.

After he became possessed by the will of *Nyogtha*, Howard became irritated by the inquisitive village folk, and spent many hours searching for a means by which he could remain unpestered; the result being the production of the *Elixir of Deception*.

Under his breath, Howard would curse the old man as he made his way through to tend to the lighthouse or cook himself a meal, but otherwise, old Steadman was insignificant.

On the side of the room where there are no stairs, a series of connecting benches have been crafted round to fill out the remaining wall space. A once comprehensive supply of chemical apparatus lies broken and smashed on the bench-top. This display of violent temper is plainly quite recently. The many-coloured contents of beakers, test tubes and all manner of broken utensil seem to continue, slowly, to mingle and react, dripping into surfaces and releasing mild gases which disperse harmlessly through the single eastern window.



Several bottles and ceramics are undamaged, including a jar which contains two ounces of a red powder. The hand written label reads: *Radix Pedis Diaboli*, (see description on page 53). The keeper may wish to give those more careless investigators damage from minor acid burns. If the investigators are reasonably careful not to come into contact with any of the spilling chemicals, they may also recover the empty remains of a glass vial labelled *Elixir of Deception* (see page 42).

The markings on the floor are similar to those found on the floor of the cellar at the Crosswell house. The investigators will most likely recognise this as a magical door. Any investigators who have learnt the *Create Gate* spell will recognise the door to be fully primed, but it will still require the vital gesticulations to activate it. An investigator who performs these while standing over the runic floor tile will immediately find himself in a Dartmoor prison cell with Graham Billington.

Bedroom

This is the room in which Jeremy Steadman lived, ate and slept, and possesses little character or interest. Whenever Crosswell came to the lighthouse to work on his formula for the *Elixir of Deception*, Steadman would keep as great a distance as possible between him and his moody guest.

Steadman never ventured into Howard's church, so this was the only time when he would see Howard. He observed that Howard was becoming increasingly distant and short tempered. As *Nyogtha* took a firmer hold of Howard's mind, Steadman became frightened of the changes in his once gentle friend, but found it impossible to ask him to leave.

An unmade cot styled bed occupies most of the floor; both mattress and blankets are worn and old. A robust trunk is the remaining feature of the room. It is crafted from a light-coloured wood with semi-ornate brass fittings.

Inside, amongst Steadman's personal belongings are some yellowed and brittle family photographs, pullovers and an old uniform of a navy officer.

Radix Pedis Diaboli

More commonly known as *Devil's Foot Root*, this rather fanciful title is well deserved for a root which displays a sullen red colour, and which takes the undeniable shape of a horribly distorted foot or hoof; having the characteristics of both goat and man. Moreover, if the root be ingested, it stimulates emotional centres within the brain, challenging the fear threshold of even the strongest minded.

First identified by villainous Shamanistic Witch Doctors belonging to remote tribes in West Africa, knowledge of its wicked properties was well guarded; impossible to obtain without undergoing a series of mind-wrenching ceremonies, from which few would-be initiates would survive.

Even scientists who possess an exceptional knowledge of human chemistry, are dismissive of the existence of a chemical which can both locate and manipulate those areas of the brain where fear resides. Therefore, apart from a handful of missionaries and returned explorers, reluctant to talk about their experiences, few outside of Africa would recognise the *Devil's Foot Root*, or understand its effects.

If not kept in moist conditions, the sap quickly leaves the root, it soon becomes brittle and dry. It is in this fragile state, however, that it is most naturally potent, and can be simply processed with a pestle to grind it into a fine, chestnut-brown, talc. To induce the terrible consequences, a spatula measure of this red powder can be administered without much difficulty. The powder will dissolve in most liquids with few problems, but may cloud translucent beverages. Another effective method is to poison the atmosphere by burning the root in an enclosed space.

Regardless of the quantity taken, its effects arrive *1d6* turns after the chemical is first ingested. If a *CON x2* roll is not made, the victim will lose *1d6 HPs* and *2d10 SAN* for every successive round thereafter. Injected, or taken orally, there is no way the victim can escape the full effects of the poison; the infectious spores will die naturally in any form after *3d6* rounds, leaving a clinging taste in the throat.

When the poison is in gaseous form, any victim managing to remain sane is free to provide adequate ventilation, such as an open door or window, after which the room will effectively clear in one round. The nauseous fumes from the chemical have no substantial range in open surroundings.

There is a high probability that any victim of the *Devil's Foot Root* will become temporarily or permanently insane, and will not be able to react or save themselves from subsequent damage. The symptoms of this insanity are quite specific; the victim's eyes glaze as their mind is wrenched from reality into a horrifying journey where harbingers of evil frantically predict the advent of some unspeakable visitor to the threshold of the mind. Every hair feels on end, and the whole body suffers violent convulsions. A desperate desire to scream is experienced, which only results in croaking grunts, and which in turn produce a white frothy mix of heavy perspiration and saliva, bubbling uncontrollably from rigid lips.

An investigator making a successful *Occult* roll, can uncover an unpublished tale concerning a scientist at a laboratory in Buda. While examining a chemical sample with at least a passing resemblance to *Radix Pedis Diaboli*, she accidentally ignited it under a strong lens. In this case, the woman was fortunate enough, in the onrush of her delirium, to break her poisonous confines by crashing through a window before the poison took full effect.

Service Room

This room was used exclusively for storing the many maintenance supplies needed to keep the lighthouse running efficiently; it is probably best described as an all purpose store room. Wrapped in brown paper on low tables are various foodstuffs, including a fresh crumbly cheese, long loaves and a comprehensive selection of washed vegetables. Boxes inside an old cabinet contain tools, replacement glass, wicks and lenses.

The stairs from here lead up to the summit of the lighthouse, into the apparatus room, where the investigators can find themselves in a small glass chamber housing nothing more than the central projection device. Within the wall of glass, a door can be unfastened and which leads outside, onto a lantern gallery surrounded by iron railings. Dr Jones loses his footing momentarily on the iced grating.

Howard has allowed the lighthouse to remain in full use (perhaps rather ironically) so as *not* to draw the attention of passing ships which struggle through the sometimes treacherous coastal waters. Now that Howard has killed the lighthouse keeper, he will no longer be able to reliably maintain the flame. Soon, passing seamen will report the absence of their guiding light. Shortly after this, Teammouth will be invaded by officials. However, the investigators should be out of the village by then. If they should become involved in such an enquiry, the keeper (not the lighthouse keeper) will need to improvise.

The lighthouse is powered by sixteen central oil burners with a relatively dated arrangement of prismatic lenses assembled in a circular bed of cement. The light-source is a pencil width projection that can be directed manually around the full circumference, and at approximately forty five degrees to its vertical axis. For every five minutes the investigators scan the waters they have a *20%* chance of spotting a *Deep One*.

If the investigators choose to shine the light towards the Durdle Door, they will see Howard Crosswell in a small rowing boat making his way with deliberate haste. When he reaches the waters beneath the door, he swings his arms in a gesturing fashion.



Dartmoor Prison

The prison was originally built at the time of the Anglo-French *Napoleonic Wars* in 1815, by captured French prisoners. There has been a magical portal set up between here and the Steadman Lighthouse, so that Howard Crosswell could rescue his old friend from gaol.

When Howard first read about Graham Billington murdering six people in cold blood, he immediately made a visit to Dartmoor prison to hear the true facts for himself. After visiting Billington in gaol, he learnt that the murdered people were worshippers of *Cthulhu* himself.

Billington had believed that he was doing the world a great justice, and he executed his bloody massacre just as they had begun a blasphemous act of a divine worship.

When Howard first visited, he was still holding on to his sanity. After the cursed change came over him, Howard visited Graham Billington several times in the space of four weeks. During these visits they would discuss the details and conditions necessary for them to make a magical gateway to his cell, much like the one in the Crosswell house.

The two men had not fixed the specific day for the escape, but had agreed upon a safe interval most appropriate for an inconspicuous escape. Graham Billington is expecting Howard to appear between the hours of 10.00 pm and 4.00 am, sometime this week.

However, *Nyogtha* reassigned Howard to more pressing matters, the recovery of the *Emerald Statuette*; so unless the investigators intervene, Graham Billington will spend the rest of his years rotting in his cell.

Once again *Nyogtha's* tolerance of Howard's unfocused behaviour is unexplained. Allowing him to break this seemingly insignificant person from confinement suggests ulterior motives.

Perhaps the *Great Old One* had rightfully considered Howard's limited physique and mental capacity, and foresaw the end of his usefulness. *Nyogtha* might have enjoyed the prospect of using Graham Billington as his fresh puppet or host.

Indeed, it was the *Great Old One* who had guided Howard against using the Durdle Door for this particular venture, as the large quantities of water it carried to the required destination, could be more than conspicuous.

Player's Information

Distant crying can be heard through the bleak darkness, and your vision only slowly adjusts to the confined surroundings. It seems to be a room, approximately ten feet square. On the other side of the room is a bed.

A shadowy figure suddenly sits up, no doubt as a result of your miraculous appearance. The only other feature, in what is obviously a prison cell, is the formidably iron plated door.

The figure is sitting upright on the bed, and rubbing his eyes trying desperately to peer through the darkness. His voice is hushed and unsteady:

"Howard? Is that you Howard?"

Keeper's Information

The investigator(s) can move back through the magic portal whenever they like, but if they are curious or do nothing following the man's words, then he will become quickly suspicious and edge towards the intruder(s). As Graham Billington approaches, the investigator(s) can notice with a *Spot Hidden* roll, that he is clenching a small metallic object in his left hand. Graham Billington had stolen the table spoon from the prison canteen.

Howard Crosswell and Graham Billington had gradually developed a positive and friendly relationship, over a period of years, although both of them had their own particular reasons for maintaining the contact. While Howard's quest for knowledge fulfilled fundamentally selfish purposes, Graham's aim was to eliminate various ceremonious cults from their blasphemous worshipings.

These conflicting attitudes were beginning to create tension between them, and they finally ceased to meet. However, when Howard Crosswell visited Billington at Dartmoor Prison, as a man of God, Billington needed little convincing that Howard had come around to the same conclusions regarding devilish practices, and was looking forward to working with Howard after his escape.

If Graham had known that his friend was in league with the machinations of *Nyogtha*, he most certainly would not have welcomed his aid; more probably he would have killed him.

The investigator(s) can resolve this initial confrontation, by explaining that they were sent by Howard Crosswell. This, or any similar debate, will also require a *Fast Talk* roll to succeed. Keepers will find comprehensive information about Graham Billington, along with his game statistics, on page 56.

Evading the Investigators

Nyogtha now considers Howard Crosswell to be a useless pawn, and has initiated the slow and painful process of stripping him of every thread of his sanity. This may leave the investigators temporarily confused about Howard's strange behaviour, and all the more confused about those of his awful puppet master.

When the investigators first appeared through the Durdle Door, Howard could see them from the old smuggler's cave where he kept a small rowing boat. He had found the ring, but still could not explain its loss. He was about to push his boat into the waters but the arrival of the investigators had prevented him. He now waits for another opportunity, probably holding back until under the cloak of complete darkness. He will then make his way to the Durdle Door.

If the investigators follow Howard's boat, it will probably be after spying it from the vantage of the lighthouse. Alternatively, if the investigators are at some other location from where they might view the Durdle Door they will need a standard *Spot Hidden* roll.

No matter how quickly they follow, the investigators will not reach the water's edge without losing sight of

Howard and his boat. At this time, as the tide begins to turn, the waters are at their peak and most dangerous level. The keeper may wish to outline this point by allowing the investigators an *Idea* roll.

Should the investigators wish to follow Howard through the Durdle Door, they will need to be strong swimmers, unless they have been unusually resourceful and prepared themselves for such an eventuality. The waters are dangerously high, but hardly torrential.

Player's Information

As soon as you fall under the shadow of the Durdle Door, you are subjected to an instantaneous experience, as unexpectedly surreal as on the last occasion. The cellar in the Crosswell house is filled high with the tidal waters. Holding the salty waters from entering your lungs, you look up through the murky water where the light from the house filters in through cracks between the floorboards, making the surface of the water seem like a cage. Above is the dark silhouette of the small boat pinned to the ceiling by water pressure.

Keeper's Information

Howard will be unable to move because his small boat is pressed to the ceiling of the cellar. Unable to gather enough oxygen into his lungs, and with the waters seeping in all around him, he will either drown or suffocate after five rounds. Peter will not open the trapdoor to his Father's cries this second time, inadvertently leaving Howard to perish.

When the investigators reach the ceiling and find the trapdoor bolted, their own frantic bangs and their voiceless pleas will be ignored.

The rules for drowning now come into play, as the investigators will not be able to escape back to England by using the magical portal in the cellar floor. The time needed to reinitiate its power is more than is needed to drown a frantic sorcerer. Overhead, the trapdoor and the floorboards have all been refitted, and are new and sturdy.

Two investigators may simultaneously pit their strength against the trapdoor's *STR of 24* on the resistance table. If the roll is made before the investigators drown, they can burst through the floor to witness Peter Crosswell cringing in front of them.

Concluding this Chapter

This last dilemma has left Peter's mind almost as disturbed as it was ten long years ago. After an hour of psychoanalysis the doctor manages to make a little progress in communicating with Peter. He diagnoses that Peter will recover from his state of shock relatively quickly. He should get well in his own time, over the next few weeks. For his own welfare Peter will be placed under the care of the staff at Arkham Sanitarium. Meanwhile Dr Jones has decided to accompany the investigators, as they follow they travel to Palestine, using the map found in the remains of Jonathan Moore's mansion.

If an investigator thinks to make their own diagnosis of Peter Crosswell, a successful *Psychology* roll will indicate that Peter's estimated recovery period is slightly more substantial than that foretold by the doctor.

If Howard Crosswell somehow manages to survive his watery tomb, he will spend the rest of his life as another hopeless zombie in the Arkham Sanitarium. In his shirt pocket, the investigators will find a simple gold ring holding a cold pink diamond; one of the fragments of the *Crystal of the Elder Gods*, see page 25.

Ten years on, still oblivious to the changeful wandering properties of his ring, Howard persists in taking it through magical gates such as the Durdle Door. Ironically, the ring has already relocated itself to its most stable location for the last week; the pocket of Howard's shirt!

The investigators may or may not be present, two days later, on the 28th March, when all of Boston is in mourning for their much beloved hero-explorer, Professor Jonathan Moore. His shocking death was recently announced to the public.

Howard Crosswell



Useful Skills:

Archaeology 87%
 Anthropology 70%
 Debate 21% History 83%
 Chemistry 81% Law 61%
 Spot Hidden 47%
 Cthulhu Mythos 55%

Combat Skills: Fist 26% (1d3)

Spells Known: *Summon/Bind Shoggoth, Call Nyogtha, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Create Gate, Elder Sign & Contact Deep One*

Str:9 Dex:9 Int:18 Con:9 App:10 Pow:18 Siz:13 Edu:19

Magic Points:18 Hit Points:11 Sanity Points:0

Player's Information

Howard Crosswell's face is drawn and pale and he is beginning to look his age and more. Wearing a shrouding black frock, his thin wispy hair, which has now been well bleached by time is worn at shoulder length over the collar. His dark drooping eyes are circled by red rings, giving the impression he has not slept for many days. Despite this rather ghoulish appearance, as soon as Howard begins to speak he seems to become an articulate man of half his age, and more than capable of offering an occasional appreciative smile. He will listen patiently whilst the investigators talk to him, and apparently remain calm and understanding, even under the most severe discourtesies.

Keeper's Information

Howard Crosswell is a naturally curious person. The best illustration of this is, of course, his decade old involvement with the Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, which is detailed in the Background Story. After the trouble in New Zealand, he became intrigued and obsessed by this dark lore. At that time, he learns a great deal from Jonathan Moore, who was himself reasonably well informed of these unspeakable matters. After Jonathan had politely refused to entertain Howard's devilish enthusiasm any longer, Howard had no other option but to seek further eldritch references elsewhere. He went to New York to meet with one Graham Billington in the first week of March 1917.

In just under ten years after registering as the resident priest to Tearnmouth, Howard slowly regained his sanity. However, after Nyogtha has finished his cursed manipulation, Howard will be too far lost and beyond hope for any second recovery.

Graham Billington



Useful Skills:

Dodge 50% Swim 90%
 Climb 80% Jump 90%
 Electrical Repair 46%
 First Aid 38%
 Track 75% Listen 82%
 Spot Hidden 83%
 Drive Automobile 40%
 Cthulhu Mythos 26%

Combat Skills: Fist: 70% (1d3 + 1d6) .38 Revolver: 70% (1d10) **Spells Known:** None

Str:16 Dex:15 Int:15 Con:17 App:7 Pow:12 Siz:13 Edu:10

Magic Points:12 Hit Points:15 Sanity Points:65

Player's Information

At first glance, Graham Billington's extraordinary wide eyed expression which he wears on his puckered face, suggests that he is a man of an unnaturally nervous disposition. However, his constant awareness also suggests that he rarely misses even the slightest detail. Graham speaks with a hoarse tone, that one could easily assume to have something to do with his obviously underdeveloped jaw. He rarely seems at ease, forever looking down at the floor or suspiciously across at the investigators from the corner of his eye. This can create initial difficulties when communicating with him and also makes him a difficult person to get along with. Judging by his general appearance the investigators might wrongly assume that he is of Eastern blood. His life history is something he will never readily share with the investigators. However, in unforeseen circumstances he might take someone into his confidence and recall his past.

Keeper's Information

This man acquired an early hatred for anyone who would follow the machinations of the Great Old Ones. During puberty, he was taken from his resident orphanage, and placed into the care of a London hospital. There, a dubious member of the medical staff recognised his bloated eyes and curious skin diseases as the hereditary affliction common to descendants of the Massachusetts town of Insmouth. Graham was taken from the safety of the hospital ward, and involved in sickening and unmentionable rituals. Months later, he ended this time of torturous worship by gunning down the whole sadistic gathering. This, and later acts of vengeance, has given Graham Billington the strength he needs to overcome his hereditary affliction over the next twenty years.

His blind temper can sometimes get in the way of reason, but the investigators should have few problems encouraging him to believe the recent goings on in the village of Tearnmouth. After all, there is plenty of evidence available. Finally, he will insist on making an active contribution in driving back any suggestion of evil. Graham Billington is understandably a suspicious individual.

Chapter Three: The Dead Sea

Preparations

As a consequence of the discovery of the map in the ruins of Professor Moore's mansion (see page 39), the activities of this chapter take place in Palestine, in hope to retrieve the much sought after *Emerald Statuette*. If the team of investigators decide to travel immediately to Palestine, without having obtained translations for the hieroglyphics written on the back of the map, this abortive journey would probably delay the action, intolerably. To prevent this, the keeper may have to find a way to guide the team, while still allowing them the independence of their own decisions.

No matter how the translation is acquired (reference ♥), it should be made apparent to the investigators, that although they are indeed Egyptian hieroglyphics, the unique form of the characters makes their precise origin unclear; they have found a previously undiscovered dialect.

The content, although mostly legible, has a haunting poetic and graphic style also to be found in certain popular Chinese and Arabic texts. Should the text be shared with a qualified academic from outside of the party, they will assume it to be a prank or, perhaps, a scholarly exercise, invented by the hand of Jonathan Moore. The text bears no resemblance to that recovered from the cellar at the Crosswell house in Chapter One; except perhaps for some similarities in the quality of line.



I spent yesterday at the table of the Old Ones; I am They of Living-Kind, the Keeper of the first gate and blind to my freedom or duty to the empire (world). So I have the title, Lord of Eternity, and truly did never, nor will I ever have name, meaning or existence.

He who is in his burning in the Celestial Waters is the keeper of the second gate; the Great Old One who creates his own light. His fiery breath is in the faces of those whose hearts would move against us. He is a flame, the burner, the son of a flame, to whom was given his head after it had been cut off. My cavern is opened, the spirits fall within the darkness. Hail to you Starry One and the sun-folk in Fomalhaut.

Fly like the swallow; as for any god or any of the dead, who shall not lick their lips over him this day, shall fall into the depths of the iron barley, in which lies the Keeper of the Third Gate. He is the Field of Rushes whose height is infinite.

The Keeper of the Fourth Gate is the father of serpents, he who lives on snakes. He who is sharp of glance, who cuts them down so only the serpents shall pass. As like the Mound of Spirits whose faces are never downcast, his minions are the Casters of Knives by which men do not pass.

The Keeper of the Fifth Gate is the mighty shifter of fate; he who reigns then bathes and drinks of their gore. Offer to Great Chulku your precious stones and seventeen casks of wine, ten-and-a-half fields of barley and the Incense of Yuggoth, or cover your head for he is of ruddy hair; one mighty of magic and his eyes have caused him to benefit therefrom. Limitless eternity is given to him, for he is He Who Inherited Eternity, to whom everlasting was given in his tides of a million years.

Traitorous Nyogtha is a prisoner of himself, grim of visage who repels the aggressor. The Thing That Should Not Be, he whose face is inverted and many-shaped, who eats the corruption of his hinder-parts.



Travel

On this occasion, air travel is probably not an option for the investigators. If any airline companies are contacted with a view to chartering an aeroplane, they will be advised that, long before one becomes available, a steamship would bring them to the end of their designated journey.

For four weeks, the investigators travel from Boston to the Egyptian port of Alexandria on the steam-ship *Europa*. The weather is rough throughout, but on the night before the ship is due to dock at Alexandria a tempestuous Mediterranean squall blows in, as if Neptune himself was testing the audacity of humankind to venture so precociously across the heart of his watery kingdom. Investigators wishing to involve themselves in this struggle, as the Egyptian crew fight to steer the ship away from the snatching of the seething rocks, will be looked upon favourably by the native seamen.

During the rough sea journey the ship's doctor (Jones) seemed to be continually ill and complaining of not finding sufficient sleep. For almost the whole of the final week he had confined himself to his cabin.

Immediately upon their safe arrival at Alexandria the investigators can find a ferry that will take them north, one day's journey along the Palestinian coast, to Jaffa, a highly suitable disembarkation point for them, if they intend to travel across the desolate lands to the most prominent location on their map, the ancient city of Jericho. In Jaffa, the team can rest and purchase all essentials for travel, before they begin their arduous quest.

Jaffa

Formerly know as Joppa, the attractive port of Jaffa is built on land which protrudes into the Mediterranean Sea. This city, recently released from the Turkish yoke (an aphorism for the great Ottoman Empire), is being protected, *in the interests of the local people*, by the British government. The languages in the market-place include, in addition to the natural languages of the local people, Arabic and Hebrew, a strong smattering of Greek and Italian introduced by the seafaring communities.

At this crossroads of world forces, the political intrigues of the varying Imperial power have also left their mark on the tongues represented, and so Turkish, German, and latterly, French and English are also the common currency of astute market dealers.

On the frantically populated and dust filled streets of Jaffa, the investigators are certain to see livestock that has wandered in from either the farmed suburban areas of the city or from the nearby market stalls. These animals will be lonesome, such as a lost goat; although on occasion, a disorderly band of chickens may be encountered.

If there is indisputable evidence that the investigators killed such an animal, by accident or for food, then the community would come together to ensure that the person responsible was brought to their lethal justice for this dishonourable attack on the rightful property of another.

An investigator who has a claim to a Christian religious education, by making a successful *EDU x3* roll, can recall that the city of Joppa was the location where the apostle Simon Peter fell into a trance and was first commanded by God to slaughter and eat unclean animals.

The People

The cosmopolitan appearance of the townsfolk may mask the scrupulous moral codes held by the people of this region. Desert people are fast and accurate judges of character; they know that to trust a man of deceit or weak will, in such an inhospitable environment, would almost certainly result in their own death. Such judgments, made within the first few minutes of acquaintance, are rarely reversed, and so it can be important to make an instant good impression. The Arabs will do business with anyone but they will make no concessions and give no assistance to those they do not respect. A man's honour is regarded as his most precious possession (women, who are considered weak and easily influenced, can not be trusted to look after their own). Any attack on a man's honour may result in the most dire consequences.

It is not uncommon for foreigners to be expected to place themselves completely in the hands of their Arab hosts. Any unwillingness to do so is interpreted as an insult to the host, who is bound by an unwritten code of hospitality to ensure that his guests come to no harm. (If the foreigner has already been judged to be undeserving of respect, as a fool or a charlatan, then it is quite permissible to take advantage of this vulnerability).

When being entertained, the quantity that a guest will eat with his host is a simple measure of how much respect he has for his host. (There can be no waste in the desert, and every part of an animal, whether eyes, brains, cartilages and every conceivable organ, will be considered as a delicacy - experienced travellers soon learn that the best policy is not to ask, and to eat until visibly bloated).

Speakers of English are automatically treated with understandable suspicion these days. In return for promises of political independence, the simple tribesmen of this land had combined to overthrow the Ottoman Empire thus playing their part in defeating the German-Turkish alliance of the great war. To overthrow an Islamic Empire to support British and American interests was a painful decision for many families, but the promise of true independence was tempting, and surely the British could be trusted to honour their promises! It now appears that the people of Palestine, who had lost fathers, husbands, sons and brothers in the struggle for independence had been tricked by the British who have no intention of granting self-rule to the Arab people.



Malpractice

At this point, *Nyogtha* begins to take a tighter hold of Dr Jones. Their companion will discretely suggest to the investigators that it would be much safer if each of them had made a duplicate of the map. Failing this, the doctor will steal a copy of the map while the investigators sleep, or while they go out to buy provisions. When the investigators finally congregate before the journey, the doctor will fail to appear.

If the doctor is given the opportunity to steal the only copy of the map, then the investigators may lose all hope of completing their pursuits. However, the map gave no more than a simple diagrammatic view of the route, and the investigators will have given it enough attention to remember the main focal elements: *The City of Jericho*; *The River of Flaming Fire*, draining centrally into the west shore of the Dead Sea; and *The Very High Mountain*, signified on the map as a skull, from where *The River* seems to find its source. The investigators may overly treasure the yellowed papyrus, thinking that it is priceless, or holds a hidden magical significance which might later be necessary to them, but the real value of the map resides in the curious language inscribed upon its reverse face, and, as long as they possess the translation, nothing has been lost.

If, for some reason, the doctor is never away from the scrutiny of the other investigators, then the following scene, *Commotion in the Marketplace*, can be employed by the keeper to enable his escape. Although the doctor is a slave to *Nyogtha*, as was Howard Crosswell, and he has undergone a number of disturbing changes, his game characteristics have not yet significantly deviated from those given in Chapter One. He will slowly lose some of his good looks and charm as the scenario progresses. Later, there will be occasions where he comes into violent conflict with the investigators, and minor adjustments will be recommended as they become appropriate.

Commotion in the Marketplace

In order to separate himself from the investigators, the doctor is easily able to cause a distraction as they walk about town gathering supplies for their journey. He can achieve this by insulting the quality of the oranges kindly offered to him by Hayel Khalid, a simple merchant working today in the marketplace of Jaffa. To the surprise of every onlooker, the doctor viscously spits the fruit, in disgust, back at the trader. After a brief moment of disbelief, the orange seller lurches and tumbles over his stall, at the doctor. Any male investigators who are obviously in the company of the doctor will also be set upon by Khalid's fellow traders; for every investigator there is a market trader eager to help restore the honour of the insulted merchant.

Orange Seller's Statistics

Str:14 Dex:13 Int:12 Con:11 Pow:9 Siz:12 Edu:3

Magic Points:9 Sanity Points:45 Hit Points:13

Skills:

Bargain 75% Oratory 48% Arabic 90% Turkish 80%

Attack:

Fist 65% (1d4+1d4) Throw Orange 47% (1d4)

The characteristics given above are for Hayel Khalid; keepers may presume the other traders to have similar statistics. The keeper may choose to plan this encounter carefully, or allow it to remain a simple brawl. None of the merchants wants to be branded as a murderer over such a simple dispute, and unless they are forced to, they will not use any weapons other than their fists in the combat.



The players can be allowed to escape from the fracas if they are creative enough to use factors in their immediate surroundings to their advantage. The market traders will cease hostilities as soon as the authorities arrive (see below: *The Interpreter*).

A Face in the Crowd

It is possible that while the investigators are brawling in the marketplace, one of the team will catch a brief glimpse of a suspicious onlooking figure, shrouded in black robes, at the doorway of a nearby building.

Jonathan Moore arrived in the city just two days before the investigators. He has recently gained some knowledge of a cult, known as *They of Living-Kind*, which he believes (falsely) to be responsible for the recent violent attempts on his life, because he had desecrated their sacred ground in the weeks before.

He dresses in local jalabieh, with a hattha around his head, to disguise his presence, for he has learnt that membership of the cult is spread widely throughout the entire city. To ensure that his presence is not exposed he will not risk approaching the investigators until they are far off across the desert.

The Interpreter

This is an opportunity to introduce a character into the party who has some useful social skills, quite apart from her ability with languages. Her name is Heidi von Rheinberg and her character details are given at the end of this scenario. She will intercept and successfully take total control of the commotion in the marketplace, explaining to the accompanying authorities (who are busy clearing the crowds) that this was a trivial misunderstanding brought about by the ignorance of foreigners.

She understands how to keep the investigators out of gaol by using *Fast Talk* and fast money; one to satisfy their honour (by elevating their petty authority) and the other to satisfy their greed. She soon has the militia in good humour, and after briefly reprimanding the dumbstruck traders for their discourtesy, the authorities leave.

This is a good opportunity for her to win the party's trust and respect. It is plain to see that she will be a very useful and able addition to the party. However, she will expect to be paid for her skills as intermediary and guide; her professional rates are given in her full character description.

It is assumed for the rest of this scenario that the investigators will take her up on this offer, but if this is not the case, then at key situations, keepers will have to substitute one or another of the players appropriate to fulfil Heidi's role (or they may have simply preferred to hire an alternative guide).

Around this time, it will be noticed that the doctor is nowhere to be seen.

Preparing for the Journey

It would be inconceivable to try to cross the desert without hiring someone familiar with the general terrain. This is another opportunity to introduce Heidi von Rheinberg, (see above to understand the valuable role she can play). The desert road will soon take the investigators past and through small villages. To survive the wastes, the team will have had to prepare and equip themselves for a harrowing two or three week journey to Jericho. There will be the occasional small settlement along the way, but experienced explorers will carry enough stores for their entire journey.

Von Rheinberg can assist the investigators to hire or buy camels and equipment for the forthcoming journey. While doing this they may meet traders who have recently done business with another American. Question can reveal that he fits the doctor's description, and has hired four ruthless mercenaries, known as the Sharif brothers, as his guides. Further questioning and an *Oratory* or a *Fast Talk* (-20%) roll discovers that the Sharif brothers are rumoured to belong to some secret and blasphemous cult and that the traders greatly fear for the safety of their friend. The investigators may prefer to have their interpreter haggle for all their resources.

Guidelines for the limitations to the weapons available in this part of the world are given the *Call of Cthulhu* rule book. Keepers may be able to assist the investigators to buy more advanced ammunitions from dubious importers but at ridiculously expensive prices.

The party will have need for several camels (smelly creatures, surrounded by flies, crawling with fleas, and a big lump at the most obvious place to sit).





Investigators who have no past experience riding these ships of the desert, will be required to make a *Ride* (-25%) roll in desperate situations, simply to keep control. Keepers should handle camels as they are cart horses, from the rule book.

The Desert Land

Player's Information

When your party set off, the stormy and unusual weather conditions have subsided, and you follow a trail that leads into an area that is used for farming. Mixed flocks of sheep and goat graze freely on the rich ground surrounding the city area. After half a day's travel, the land becomes increasingly desolate and the only signs of life are the lizards, scorpions and snakes that scuttle around the rocks to avoid the trampling hooves of your camels. The land itself is not completely lifeless. Although it is invariably bland and worthless to farm, amongst the rocks and from the golden sand, spring dry grasses and bush.

On the first night, a crack of thunder disturbs the camp. Von Rheinberg explains that the week you have chosen for your journey happens to be the first time in three years that the deserts have been plagued with such violent sandstorms. Some of the most hardened nomad tribes have sought the sanctity of many of the regional towns.

The thunder remains at a distance until the sun breaks for dawn. The early morning light cuts into the damp and heavy darkness so that you wake on the second day, to a light morning dust-filled fog.

On the fifth evening of the journey, you encounter a group of colourfully clad merchants in bright robes. They are headed for Jaffa to sell their skillfully made carpets which have been brought from a distant culture, across vast desert wastes and through deep cavernous mountain passes.

The carpets are draped over the saddles of several trailing camels. The travellers give your party a wide berth and Von Rheinberg explains that it is the way of the desert to avoid confrontations with strangers, and that they mean no disrespect by their actions.

The next week of your journey is tedious and uneventful. Food never becomes too much of a problem as the ground offers enough fruits to restock your provisions. While in the high country you have sometimes awakened to find frost and, on one brief occasion, a flurry of snow.

However, after twelve days in the desert the daytime sun in the open terrain is becoming nearly unbearable.

Sanctuary

Player's Information

This thirteenth day of travel across the deserts has been one continual, but mild, dust storm, throughout. Night is beginning to fall and you expect Jericho to be but one day away.

Your camels tiresomely try to negotiate a particularly high bank and each member of your party must dismount and lead the animals up the treacherous slope. As you top the rise you can see a small distant tower cut out of the horizon by the golden evening sky. In the short minutes it takes to approach the tower the wind turns to an icy chill and the blazon skies are dampened by the coming of the night.

The circular building appears to be a mosque which is approximately seventy feet high, and fifty feet wide. The sandstone walls are blasted smooth from the open attack of wind, dust and sand. An unbarred archway in the structure faces your approach, over which, regular window mouths are situated approximately fifty or sixty feet above the ground.

Moving in through the entrance, the interior consists of a very bare yard with a cracked tiled floor. There are steps, built into the design of the walls, which lead up to high balconies. In the centre of the courtyard there is a well, protected by a squat square wall about four feet high. Looking down, the well appears to have a drop of at least a twenty feet (*it is actually seventy feet deep, and dry at the bottom*).

The tiles of the high roof are in a poor condition and twilight filters in through little holes, as it does through the door and windows. Even in a state of disrepair the mosque radiates tranquillity; an excellent sanctuary from the desert's cutting night winds.

The Ambush

The weather conditions quickly cover any imprints on the desert floor, and the ground around and up to the tower is hard packed and scrub like. If the investigators decide to make a *Track* roll around here, they will find vague traces of five or six camels that passed this area with some haste, and who took no diversion to the mosque.

These are the tracks of Dr Jones' party which had arrived at this point several hours before the investigators. Their camels, and most of their equipment, was left just over the next rise, and they doubled back towards the mosque, expertly covering their tracks. Unknown to the investigators, the deranged Dr Jones and his hired guides, the murderous Sharif brothers, are lying in ambush, close against the walls on the overhead balconies inside the mosque.

The basic characteristics for the Sharif brothers are identical and are given below. Keepers wishing to personalise each brother's scores should not make their alterations too significant.

Sharif Brother's Statistics

Str:15 Dex:16 Int:10 Con:17 Pow:10 Siz:13 Edu:2

Magic Points:10 Sanity Points:30 Hit Points:16

Useful Skills:

Listen 85% Hide 95% Sneak 92% Track 90%

Attack:

Est of Knife 70% (1d3+1d4) 22 Rifle 72% (1d6+2)

Spells Known:

The Blinding Way (see later for details)

Ideally, the antagonists will only appear after all of the investigators are inside the mosque. From above they hear a thick Arabic accent shout;

"Throw down your weapons, or perhaps you will be dying!"

Protruding from the balcony overhead are the barrels of several rifles. The investigators can surrender at this point, without coming to any immediate harm.

It is possible that moments before this, a particularly cautious investigator had specifically requested the rest of the party to remain quiet. A successful *Listen* roll will uncover the sound of a rifle loading. This will give the investigator enough warning to reach for their weapons and have the first attack, surprising the doctor and his retainers.

These men are very well hidden and so the investigators' firearm attacks are made at *-20%* while their assailants' are made at *+10%*. In the wake of an attack by the investigators, the four Arab henchmen will immediately open fire on the investigators.

At this point, the players are totally overwhelmed; the dessert is all about them, and they have no effective cover or anywhere to run and hide.

The enemy has the superior strategic position, and even when they do not have the element of surprise, they probably have the better fire power.

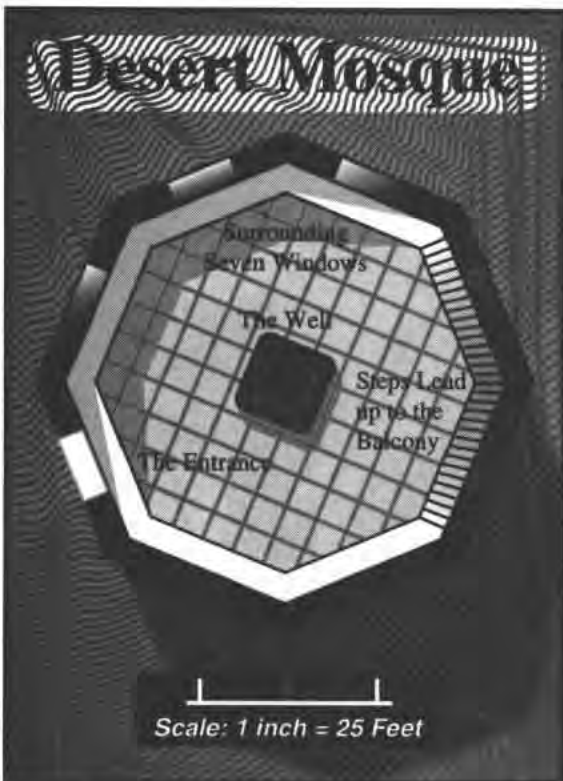
The investigators are tired from long days of travel, and it is most likely the investigators will either surrender or die. If the investigators shout their submission, then the gunshots will cease after *1d3* rounds. If the doctor is shot at any time within the combat, the keeper should allow one or all of the investigators to see him take the damage with some recoil, but showing absolutely no attention to his bleeding injuries.

After the investigators have been taken into the custody of the doctor and his cronies, an investigator who reaches for a weapon, or makes any similarly aggressive movement, will be shot in the stomach and killed at close range. To enforce the severity of their situation the keeper can arrange for this to happen to one of the non-player characters in their party.

In the unlikely event of the fight going against the doctor, he will jump from his balcony position, escaping under the cover of his men, and run across the desert to the camels camped over the rise (*detailed below*).

Presently, the doctor cannot be killed, and any shots fired at him as he escapes will only cause him temporarily to lose his footing, and stagger. In the event of his escape, the doctor will make good headway against the investigators.





Captured

If the investigators surrender themselves to the overwhelming odds, the four Arab brothers throw them roughly to the ground, and thoroughly tie their hands and feet. Although in the clutches of *Nyogtha*, Dr Jones retains his ready wit and general demeanour but seems to have been stripped of any morality.

The doctor does not encourage much conversation with his ex-colleagues but will pleasantly speak with them on topics unrelated to this current sordid affair. He will *never* speak of his relationship with the *Great Old One*, and will simply ignore what he considers such unanswerable impertinence from the investigators. The doctor is changed in many ways, including his stance and pose. The captors slit the investigator's water-skins, and steal their weapons and food. If for some reason the doctor has not been able to acquire a copy of the map beforehand, he will now snatch it from the pocket or bag of the most likely holder, still ignorant in believing that this will thwart any possible means by which the party of investigators can follow.

The Arabs each take from their camels, thick and heavy coils of rope, which they deftly swing and throw up over the beams of the roof.

Apparently not wanting to waste any more time; two of the Sharif brothers proficiently chase up and around the surrounding steps of the balcony, then jump and shin upward like spider monkeys to the beams of the roof. The burning ropes bite into their wrists as the male investigators are winched violently upright by their tied hands, so that they are hanging over the chasm, in mounting pain, as their bones crack and threaten to leave their sockets.



After securing their captives by tying the other ends of the ropes to the roofing, far overhead; the Arabs scurry down to the cold tiled floor. Then, with a greedy smile, the assailants lead the investigators' camels to the doorway of the mosque. They barbarically lift any female members of the party over the saddles, expecting to receive a fine price for their captives from slave traders. The Sharif brothers and the doctor, then leave without so much as a backward glance.

The most likely reason why the doctor did not give instructions to have his once good friends killed outright is that a small part of his previously compassionate self still remains (similarly Howard could not be made to harm his son Peter). It would seem *Nyogtha* has more to learn concerning the workings of a human mind, or perhaps, such feelings are so rooted within the human spirit that he will never be able to dominate, totally, those of humankind.

Escaping from over the well will not be easy, as any wriggling brings a discouraging groan, followed by distressing powder clouds of falling dust and gravel, from the ancient masonry which fragments over their heads. Despite this, the roofing is strong enough to hold the investigators indefinitely.

The investigators will have to make a success roll equal to half of their *DEX*, to slip their bonds and jump to safety, all within the space of ten minutes, after which a second attempt may be made. The successful investigator may then need to be creative in order to rescue the remaining investigators without them falling dramatically to their certain deaths.

After every ten minutes the investigators hang in pain, they will need to make a roll equal to the average of their *STR* and *CON x2*, or lose *1 HP* of damage. Initiate the following scene after the passing of one hour (or just as an investigator finishes freeing himself).

The Rescue

Player's Information

Outside you can hear the storm rising up as the night closes in. In the doorway stands a man, dressed in black shrouded robes. After seeing you, he rushes forward to the well and looks about frantically. He then drops the hood of his attire. His mature and rugged features contain a level of concern, though when he speaks his Yankee voice is both soothing and firm, with perhaps the slightest hint of humour:

"I hope you guys have some idea of how we can get you down from there. I would have arrived earlier but you hired the last camel in Jaffa, I'm not sure who had the most problems crossing the desert, me or the mare."

Keeper's Information

This man is Jonathan Moore, and his description and characteristics are given at the end of this chapter. He will ask the investigators for ideas on how he might get them down in one piece. The investigators may have a handful of reasons not to trust this man, but he is about to save their lives.

When all the investigators have been taken down from over the well, he explains how he was attacked at his home in Boston by the horrible bat-thing (which he managed to kill), just as one of their number was, at the museum. He immediately suspected that the monsters had been conjured by a group of cultists from around the area of the Dead Sea, because he had inadvertently desecrated their religious ground.



The only personal belongings he needed had been wrapped firmly in his mind, and without the slightest delay, and in fear of his life, he left his home and country to take the next boat out to Jaffa.

He was expecting his friend and fellow explorer, Stephen Ashworth, to join him. He was sure that Ashworth would find the map as the first person on the scene; he was expecting him to visit his home around the time of the violent incident. After seeing the investigators brawling in the streets of Jaffa, he knew that they must have found the map.

He believes that members of the cult *They of Living-Kind*, are everywhere, hence his disguise and extreme secrecy.

Moore knows nothing about the return of Howard Crosswell, and finds it difficult to believe that he has anything to do with this sorry affair. He had not heard the news of his own death, and would have liked to have attended the funeral.

"A real treat for an archaeologist". "When you get to my age, you get fed up with attending other people's funerals".

If the investigators fail to deduce that the body at Moore's mansion must have been that of Stephen Ashworth, then Jonathan will quickly suspect as much. As the investigators enlighten him with all their current information, Moore sees no reason why he should not share all the facts known to him. He will answer any questions they may have concerning the Crosswell's and the original expedition to the Greenstone Mountains in New Zealand, where they first unearthed the existence of the *Great Old One*. The keeper may need to familiarise himself with the Background Story to decide just how well Jonathan is informed. It may also help the keeper to narrate paragraphs from the Background Story, to support Jonathan as he unfolds his tale. Encourage the players to ask specific questions for him to supply answers, but to avoid boring them cold with his egotistical ramblings.

When the party have recovered, Jonathan will offer to act as their guide as he has travelled this journey himself just several months past. At the very least, he offers to tag along. Just over the rise, they will enter upon the following scene (at the point suggested below).

The Camp

When the doctor and his party left, they took all female members of the investigators' party (tied over camels) to their temporary camp, just a few hundred yards from the mosque. The male investigators will be audible from the camp, should they be shouting or otherwise making a loud noise, perhaps in the hope of attracting passing attention. This would be the cause of some amusement amongst the Sharif brothers.

The doctor's group are planning to rest for at least part of the night, and soon they sit around a small fire, laughing and sniggering like jackals, sipping thick black coffee from small earthenware cups, while the small carcass of a goat dangles inelegantly above the fire, occasionally dripping fat and causing the flames to spit furiously.

Tied, gagged and unsure of their fate, the female investigators are left away from the fire and given little care or attention. The hired henchmen soon fill their bellies with meat and as the black of the night deepens, they slowly settle down to sleep. The doctor is not sleepy. Even the irritating chorus of coughing, snoring men and wheezing camels does not interfere with his thinking, as he continues to stare, entranced, into the dancing flame of the fire. The flames burn lower to give way to glowing embers, occasionally flaring to greet the slightest breath of wind. When the snoring seems to have subsided, the doctor checks the chamber of his gun, slowly walks to where the animals are tied, and leads a camel away from the camp.

The female investigators can slip their bonds by making a *DEX x2* roll after thirty minutes of struggle; there are no rocks to aid them on the desert floor where they lay. If they take it into their minds to edge over to the weapons of the Arab mercenaries, they will find that their sleep is so fast that even an act of great clumsiness would

not rouse them. Closer inspection finds their faces are pale and drawn of life, and blood is scabbing around each of their cracked mouths. It might be at this moment that Jonathan Moore, and the party rescued from the ruined mosque, enter the camp.

It is to be hoped that the investigators deduce that the coffee was poisoned; or else on tasting they will soon begin coughing, and after an hour or so start bringing up blood. Any investigator who tastes the coffee must make a resistance roll against the poison's potency rating of 15. Or subsequently lose the maximum quota of damage from the Dr Jones' 'rest in peace recipes', as specified under the paragraph dealing with poisons in the rule book. By the use of a *Treat Poison* roll, an investigator may quickly diagnose and cure the victim of this dangerous though primitive toxin.

The investigators may take anything belonging to the dead Arabs, including all of the investigators' belongings taken at the mosque. There is food and water to last a few days and each brother has a rifle and several rounds of ammunition. In addition they can find a length of rope and eight knives with varying lengths of blade. If they have not already discovered, by thoroughly searching the mercenaries' bodies, a *Spot Hidden* roll will reveal that each of them has the green dyed tattoo of a human skull somewhere on their skin.

Variations

It is possible that the investigators choose to avoid the mosque altogether, and enter the camp instead. In this case, then the doctor and his mercenaries will see this from their high vantage point and surround the investigators here. Although the investigators have a better chance of defeating their enemies in this scenario, the odds are by no means in their favour. Violence would not be advisable, and once captured, the punishment doled out by the Sharif brothers to trigger happy heroes would be as merciless as ever. If the battle starts to tip in favour of the investigators, the doctor will give himself more than adequate chance for escape.

Investigators captured at the camp will be dealt with as before; male members will be marched to the mosque and hung there; the female members will be gagged, tied and left as the troupe settle down to their supper. The two scenarios, *The Rescue* and *The Camp*, will apply as before.

Arriving in Jericho

Player's Information

On the next and fourteenth day of your desert journey you move into sight of the most ancient city of Jericho; distinguished, in all the world, as having the longest history of continuous human occupation. The fertile ground surrounding its walls is kept green and healthy by the ever faithful, life-giving, *Spring of Elisha*, situated at the heart of the city.

High in the breezy hills, herds of goats graze idly.

Keeper's Information

If the interpreter is with the investigators she will be able to give them some further details about the Spring of Elisha. Failing this, an investigator can enlighten the rest of the party by making an *EDU* $\times 2$ roll.

"It is said that, in biblical times, the spring was made pure by the prophet Elisha, who sprinkled salts into the waters. Even to this day, great disasters can be foretold in the waves. The spring water is also said to contain a power of spiritual healing."

The party would waste precious hours by visiting to the mountainous source of this spring. All of the accompanying non-player characters agree that such a venture would be fruitless; and they would be right, because the simple pool has nothing to offer them, magical or otherwise.

The city people of Jericho are much like those of Jaffa although they are not quite as used to foreign visitors. Although the groves of fresh fruit are more plentiful and the sights are more spectacular, the investigators are unlikely to want to spend too much time here; they should be in close pursuit of the deranged Dr Jones.

If the investigators do spend valuable time journeying to the Spring of Elisha, then, as Jonathan Moore will point out, they will have to move on at double speed. The investigators may, by all means, restock their equipment and provisions, (the same restrictions on the available level of technology apply, as they did for Jaffa, see *Preparing for the Journey*).

No one in the city is able to give them any information about the doctor, no matter where they try. If none of the investigators have already made the suggestion, Jonathan Moore will recommend that, before they leave the city, they should all trade their camels for horses, as much of the road ahead is mountainous.

Leaving Jericho

Player's Information

After leaving Jericho, you descend, for two days, down narrow mountain passes to the banks of the revered River Jordan. For another three days you try to follow the bank, by finding paths around the rocky outcrops and crossing its many tributaries. Occasionally hot sulphurous springs, warmed by subterranean fires, bubble and stream down the sides of the cliff face. Eventually, the narrow channel opens out into the mouth of the Dead Sea.

As any Geologist or explorer would know, this expanse of water lies over the thinnest part of the earth's crust, the result of a massive fault. The water which runs into this immense tideless pool can only escape by sun induced evaporation, leaving behind an enormous unstirred expanse of thick, porridge-like liquid, the accumulation of millions of years of soluble mineral deposits. The Dead Sea is thirteen hundred feet below sea level.

The west shore of the Dead Sea is also mountainous, and for most of your journey you must travel along narrow

ridges with the yellow surface of the water, sometimes hundreds of feet below you on your left, and bleak mountainous wastes above and to your right. On the first day of reaching the sea the air is so clear that you are able to see the east bank which is several miles across the water. But for the days that follow, the morning fog seems never to lift from the dark waters below. Most nights are incredibly cold but the rocks are riddled with natural cavities. On most evenings it is possible to find a shallow alcove, and sometimes a small cave, to set up your camp.

Dead of Night

Keeper's Information

The great Jonathan Moore is not in the habit of risking his life, and although he can sometimes seem to be reckless, the risks he does take are carefully calculated. Because, he considers the party of investigators to be more than competent to handle the temple visit, and, in any case, he is not as young as he used to be, he is planning to leave the task to them. He has considered a number of methods by which he might leave the group, but has decided that his exit should be somewhat spectacular. Therefore Jonathan is about to stage his second death this month! This night, as the investigators sleep, he will summon a *Byakhee* to take him away.

The party will probably have adopted a rota to share the responsibility of watching over the camp at night. Any investigator who is *on watch* will have to make a *CON* $\times 3$ check for every hour they sit alone, with a blanket around them, pondering over the day's events. An individual who specifies that they will make every effort to stay awake on their watch, can be given a bonus adjustment by the keeper.

On this night the investigators will not be able to find an enclosed cave for their camp, and will probably set camp, amongst a gully of rocks, where their fire is protected from the night's piercing winds.

Jonathan will peer out from his tent looking for the opportunity to stage his abduction. After four hours, if it looks as though none of the investigators will fall asleep during their period of vigil, he will summon a *Byakhee* under the cloak of the wind whistling through the ridges, and the rumble of distant thunder. He whispers the summoning formula:

'Iä! Iä! Hastur! Hastur cf ayak 'vulgtmm, vulgtmm, vulgtmm! Ai! Ai! Hastur!'

How much the investigator can see is left to the discretion of the keeper. Consider that the *Byakhee* moves silently, and the only sound they are likely to hear is the tearing of Jonathan's tent.

Much will depend upon how far Jonathan camps from the rest of the party. It is likely that if Jonathan's seeming plight is spotted, the investigator will raise the alarm and try to come quickly to his rescue. By the time any investigator can be ready the most they can reasonably hope to achieve is to wing the *Byakhee*, as it carries Jonathan off into the skies. Blurry-eyed attack rolls for this range, should be halved.



The investigators should be made aware that shooting at this range they are just as likely to hit Moore. Once out of the range of firearms, Jonathan will let out several dramatic screams to emphasise his probable demise.

All of Jonathan's standard equipment can be accounted for around the area of the tent. However, an investigator who is particularly perceptive (*with the highest INT*) can remember that Jonathan always kept a fine leather sack with him, carrying a Miskatonic University emblem. However much the investigators look, they will not recover it. Jonathan has taken this sack and its contents with him.

Searching through the bags, a tattered, thin book, written in Chinese on delicate rice paper, may be discovered by the investigators. Someone with *Read Chinese* skills will require many days of uninterrupted study before unravelling the script.

However, translating the title is not so difficult; the book is the *Tao Te Ching*, by *Lao Tse*, the infinitely profound philosopher of the sixth century BC. Any investigator with any knowledge of the Chinese language (or *EDU 19* or higher) will recognise the book as one of the oldest in the world.

Approximately half way through the book is a single sheet of paper has been loosely inserted, containing what is probably a translation of the facing page (reference 8).

Earlier, on the same night that Jonathan is snatched into the void, one of the investigators will be awakened from a dream, (see *Player's Information* below). The keeper can decide which investigator receives these strange images.

The dream is not directly related to the scenario, and may be explained by the effects of the current situation on their subconscious, or simply something they ate the night before.

Player's Information

You awake in the dead of night; this can be nothing more than a dream. Climbing out from beneath black satin sheets, in the darkness, your naked body moves stealthily across a rich, yielding carpet, and pulls wide the curtains of the single window.

This evening, the moon's usually calm rays appear to struggle in the heavy turquoise backdrop, blurred, as if trapped under ice. A great ark sails across the sky and out of sight into the distance. Suddenly, seemingly bound to honour some deranged science, one dainty corner of the sky melts away, dribbling its inky slag onto, and silently crushing, a distant building. And as you look in the direction of the void which has appeared, more small sections of the heavenly dome, melt and peel away, plummeting to earth and creating a slow silent wave of acidic purging that sweeps through fields and washes down forests.

As the insane approach of the heavens continues you run from the window and curl, sobbing, behind the sofa just as the window bursts inwards.

Despite the cold, you wake in a sweat, and to the distant cries of a man. His wailing is cut short before anyone can properly regain their senses. Against the newly risen moon, is a winged terror, similar to the horror which violated the university library.

The tent that held Jonathan Moore and his possessions are mercilessly shredded, and strewn untidily, all about the ground.



Sometimes, we are persuaded towards thinking of freedom as a possession that can be taken or held, but it is really the absence of things that can bring freedom into being. In the universal laws of balance, the acceptance of an excessive force in a particular direction can produce the growth of the opposing extremity. Hence, existence was produced from nonexistence, and the things that should not be can become our reality.

This particular situation is one of real danger, caused partly by and manifested in the affairs of man. The danger is inspired by the overwhelming tendencies within the cosmos, by conflicts in our innermost attitudes and that which is brought about by our immediate environment. It will take skill to overcome the difficulties, but managed properly, this time of challenge can deliver the very creativity of our species.

If possible, convince others of the soundness of their ideas by demonstrating the good effects of their actions through the clarity of your thought. If, as a result of this, they cannot support you then they are not necessary. Keep moving. Do not dally in the danger.

*Tao Te Ching
Lao Tse (sixth century BC.)*



Reaching the Temple

Player's Information

A few hours after you have broken camp to continue your journey, the mountains level gradually so that it becomes possible for your mounts to get closer to the waters below, and a cool refreshing wind gently brushes the trees and shrubs releasing their delicate perfumes.

(If the investigators make *Listen* roll here, or soon after this point, they will hear the nearby ceremonious chanting of a lone Arab man. Investigators who hear this may wish to approach with caution, as they scramble down the sloping gravel.)

Proceeding, you come upon a small river, thirty feet wide, seeping into the flat, limitless waters of the Dead Sea, to your right. You might assume this to be *The River of Flaming Fire*. To your left, it ends abruptly at the face of the mountainside which is marked on your map as *The Very High Mountain*. Looking down through trees on the far bank you notice Dr Jones and three unrecognisable crimson-robed figures at the waters edge, engaged in some manner of ceremony. None have seen your approach by the cover of the rocks.

(The chanting of the first Arab continues for another minute, and a *Speak Arabic* roll may translate a few fragments of language similar to those found in the ceremony of *The Blinding Way* - see page 69).

The doctor is lying leisurely on a small, flat raft-like boat which is perched just into the water. The first robed figure is quietly chanting while the second man is gracefully placing leaves, strips of bark and wild flowers in and around the boat. The third man, similarly, is decorating the doctor's hair and clothes. The first figure finishes his quiet chanting and turns to face the mountain. He spreads his arms wide with religious pomposity.

Although not instantly recognisable, there seems to be a gigantic human face carved into the mountainside, just where the river meets the rocks. The abstract features are crafted in such a way that the bottom lip of the mouth is submerged, just beneath the water line.

Even as you watch, flames spew out from this mouth, spreading and roaring out and engulfing the surface of the river. Against the flow of the fire the craft moves, apparently unaided, towards the orifice.

Keeper's Information

The doctor has recently approached the native custodians of this sacred place and given himself freely as a sacrifice. As the investigators approach, the crimson-robed Arabs will have begun the necessary preparations for the doctor's passage into the sacred mountain, and onto a meeting with their *Emerald God*. These preparations are concerned with *The Blinding Way*, an ancient spell which shields those who enter the mountain from psychic presence and from the attention of *Nyogtha*. (Please refer to the panel *They of Living-Kind*).

The investigators may wish to give chase to the small craft bearing Dr Jones. If they shoot at the boat, it will bob and tip, but continue its course into the narrow and flaming mouth of the cave. The doctor may jump out of the boat and swim inhumanly through the flames and into the temple. By the time the party can reach the bank, the fire on the water will have spread at least thirty yards downriver. If the investigators shoot at the doctor as he enters the cave mouth, the three representatives of *They of Living-Kind* will run for cover.

If an investigator wishes to be reckless, and dive in after the doctor or the craft, or even merely to attempt to reach the far shore; they will almost certainly take *1d8 HPs* of damage from the burning river. The surface of the river had been prepared for this ceremony with a thin layer of oil. Submerging through the fiery surface will be impossible for more than a fraction of a second; the water is extremely rich with natural salts and tremendously buoyant. A human body would immediately be forced to the surface like a cork by the enormous pressure of the water, therefore taking *1d8 HPs* of damage for every round until the burning is somehow extinguished. The investigators can reach the other shore in three rounds, by scrambling over the top of the cavernous mouth.

The Custodians

The three representatives of *They of Living-Kind* are happy to allow anyone into the temple - as long as they agree to be a sacrifice in the ceremony of *The Blinding Way*. The team is unlikely to agree to this, because it would take about one hour to perform the rites for each person.

These sentries have pledged their lives that none shall enter without undergoing the ceremony. With their long ceremonial knives, they will attempt to kill any investigators who try to enter. They speak only Arabic, and are each equally proficient in combat and thinking.

If the investigators spend an hour studying this general mountain area, they will begin to discover a number heavy cubic designs carved into the common grey rock, they measure from a range of three to five feet. The cultists have scratched the (sometimes abstract) theme of a human skull into each of them.

Their Characteristics

Str:10 Dex:11 Int:11 Con:9 Pow:10 Siz:11 Edu:2

Magic Points:10 Sanity Points:32 Hit Points:10

Useful Skills:

Dodge:60% Linguist:35% Arabic:95% Hide:62%

Attack:

Fist:45% (1d3) Ceremonial Dagger:55% (1d4+2)

Spells Known:

The Blinding Way (see panel for details)

Even if the doctor has jumped from the craft, it will continue its slow course towards the mouth in the side of the mountain. When the investigators reach the opposite bank, they will find that the boat is tied to a heavy length of rope, which is slowly uncoiling as the the craft gets further away.

They may wish to pull the boat back to the bank so that they can follow the doctor, but unknown to the investigators, there is another cultist within the temple. He had been responsible for pulling a second rope, attached to the other end of the boat, to reel in the doctor. He will take the sudden strain of the craft at the same time as the investigators.

To determine who wins custody of the boat, compare the *STR* of the Arab to the combined *STR* of the investigator(s), who will have a *-10%* adjustment, because the rope is heavily soaked in a nonflammable grease.

After one minute the empty boat can be pulled back, without effort. Even if the team have given up trying, the boat, taken up by the flow of the river, will float back of its own volition.

The investigators will have to somehow row the boat, which can carry a maximum of four passengers, through *The River of Flaming Fire*. The cavern beyond the mouth of the mountain is the shrine of *Cthugha*.

They of Living-Kind

There is to this day a people whose history and traditions go back further than any might care to suppose. They are a wandering tribe who meet at their temple site several times each year. Their ancient and hereditary tradition compels to do anything for the worship and protection of their sacred ground, where their most worshipped *Emerald God* dwells. In recent centuries, the members have incorporated themselves into many different groups; some are members of nomadic tribes; others reside in villages and some are even traders in the larger towns and cities of the continent. Not all descendants of these ancient people have followed the faith and consequently followed far from their sacred places, occupying every corner of the globe, with little or no awareness of their tainted roots.

The mercenaries who have been hired by the doctor are members of this clan. Their strategy was to accompany the doctor until they reached the temple, and once there they planned to turn on him and kill him as a sacrifice to their god. They would have been more than pleased to kill the investigators for the doctor so that the location of their temple remained safe. One of the founding principles of the cult is that any who discover the location or existence of the sacred ground must die. They did not suspect that the doctor might poison them, or that his intention to give himself freely as a sacrifice was simply a ruse to ensure swift and easy escort into the temple towards his objective, the *Emerald Statuette*.

These people will leave their usual lives, on several specific dates every year, to congregate outside the temple. They will struggle with the burden of their sick, and carry their dead and their old to the temple. The holiest members will light the waters (see the description, *Reaching the Temple*), and they offer their sacrifices, without remorse, to a god they don't understand. Members can identify each other from the tattoo of a green skull which is etched into their skin after reaching puberty.

The scenario does not take place on one of these religious festivals. It is their policy to appoint three of their members to guard their *Emerald God* from unforeseen indignities, such as nomad raiders or crazy wandering western explorers. This additional security might be thought to be unnecessary, because as the investigators will soon discover, the temple has been constructed in a way that is deadly to all who might stumble inside. Without them realising, the crucial role of *They of Living-Kind*, is to ensure that any who enter the temple, are first blessed with *The Blinding Way*. Although they practice this spell out of tradition, and its vital meaning has been long forgotten or ignored, it is still a course for which they are willing to die.

The Blinding Way

Let it never be uttered, neither in vain nor in high spirit, that Living-Kind is never true to the Old Ones; those who came to Earth and who created our seed. Reach within our minds and pluck out from weeping sockets the defective squint of The Thing That Should Not Be. And hail to you, you Lords of Life and pure offerings, whose thrones are secret. Hail to you, you Lords of Eternity, whose forms are hidden and who are all-worthy of the distinction, Great. I come to you pure, possessing a spirit, besouled, that I may slaver therewith from your mouths.

Into the Temple

Reference Information

I spent yesterday on the table of the Old Ones, I am They of Living-Kind, the keeper of the first gate and blind to my freedom or duty to the empire (world). So I have the title, Lord of Eternity, and truly did never, nor will I have a name, meaning or existence.

The Keepers at the Gates

Eons ago the *Elder Things* buried the *Emerald Statuette*, away from the clutches of *Nyogtha*, inside this network of subterranean passages and chambers. They did not want their imprisonment of *Nyogtha* to be interpreted as a slight to the pride of the indigenous orders, and so they built a series of shrines within this temple complex to do honour to those kindred of *Nyogtha*, the *Great Old Ones*. The *Elder Things* also created a harmless guardian race, *They of Living-Kind*, to guard and keep this temple.

The investigators must carefully, but with some degree of urgency, find their way through the shrine-rooms, each given to the worship of a *Great Old One*. At times, the translation on the back of Jonathan Moore's map, will be invaluable to the investigators if they wish to get through the subterranean chambers alive, because it gives the ancient directions for a safe passage.

In times long gone, *They of Living-Kind*, would have known how to bypass each shrine-room, so that they could pray before their *Emerald God* (the *Emerald Statuette*). In present times, their descendants congregate and perform the traditional ceremonies outside, without understanding their meaning, and dare not enter too deeply within.

The investigators will find some of the five verses more useful than others. The text usually refers to what is *before* the door to the *next* chamber, for instance, the first verse describes what is before the entrance to the mountain; not the *contents* of the first shrine room. Other verses, particularly the fourth and fifth, hold vital suggestions of how to get through those chambers without harm.

The *Temple Floor Plans* show the arrangement of the chambers and the positions of various obstacles. When the investigators reach a numbered point on the floor plan, the present shrine encounter ends and the next begins. These are also the points where the next section of *Player's Information* should be read to the investigators.

For the keeper's convenience, each of the shrine descriptions are arranged under three headings. The *Reference Information* is the relevant paragraph from their translation, useful for negotiating this particular shrine area. The *Player's Information* describes what the players can see as they progress. Finally, the *Keeper's Information* contains certain hidden aspects or details which might apply in a particular shrine, or the consequences of the investigators' actions within that chamber.

Keepers may allow *Cthulhu Mythos* rolls within the chambers, so that the investigators can identify the likeness of the *Great Old Ones*.

1. The Shrine of Cthugha

Reference Information

Him who is in his burning in the Celestial Waters is the keeper of the second gate; the Great Old One who creates his own light. His fiery breath is in the faces of those whose hearts would move against us. He is a flame, the burner, the son of a flame, to whom was given his head after it had been cut off. My cavern is opened, the spirits fall within the darkness. Hail to you Starry One and the sun-folk in Fomalhaut.

Player's Information

Through the flames that lick all around, you steer the boat into the mouth in the side of *The Very High Mountain*. The opening is only as high and as wide as the boat, and it is necessary to crouch or lie down in order to enter the cave. Unable to row, you must push your craft, using the ceiling as leverage, on through the tunnel. As you continue, the boat scrapes the sides of the cavern and dust falls into your face. A little further, there are hieroglyphics deeply etched on the ceiling, illuminated by the burning water. The style is identical to that written on the back of Jonathan Moore's map.

The tunnel soon opens out into a high, cubic cavernous chamber, approximately thirty feet high and wide. On the opposite side of the room the fiery water, that richly lights the walls, laps upon a granite shore, lighting a doorway cut into the hard stone wall, with yawning darkness beyond. Twenty feet away, on the dry cave floor, the doctor is apparently being blessed by a disrobed man. There is also a large coil of thick rope and four large overturned jars, their lips dripping with a greasy liquid.

Keeper's Information

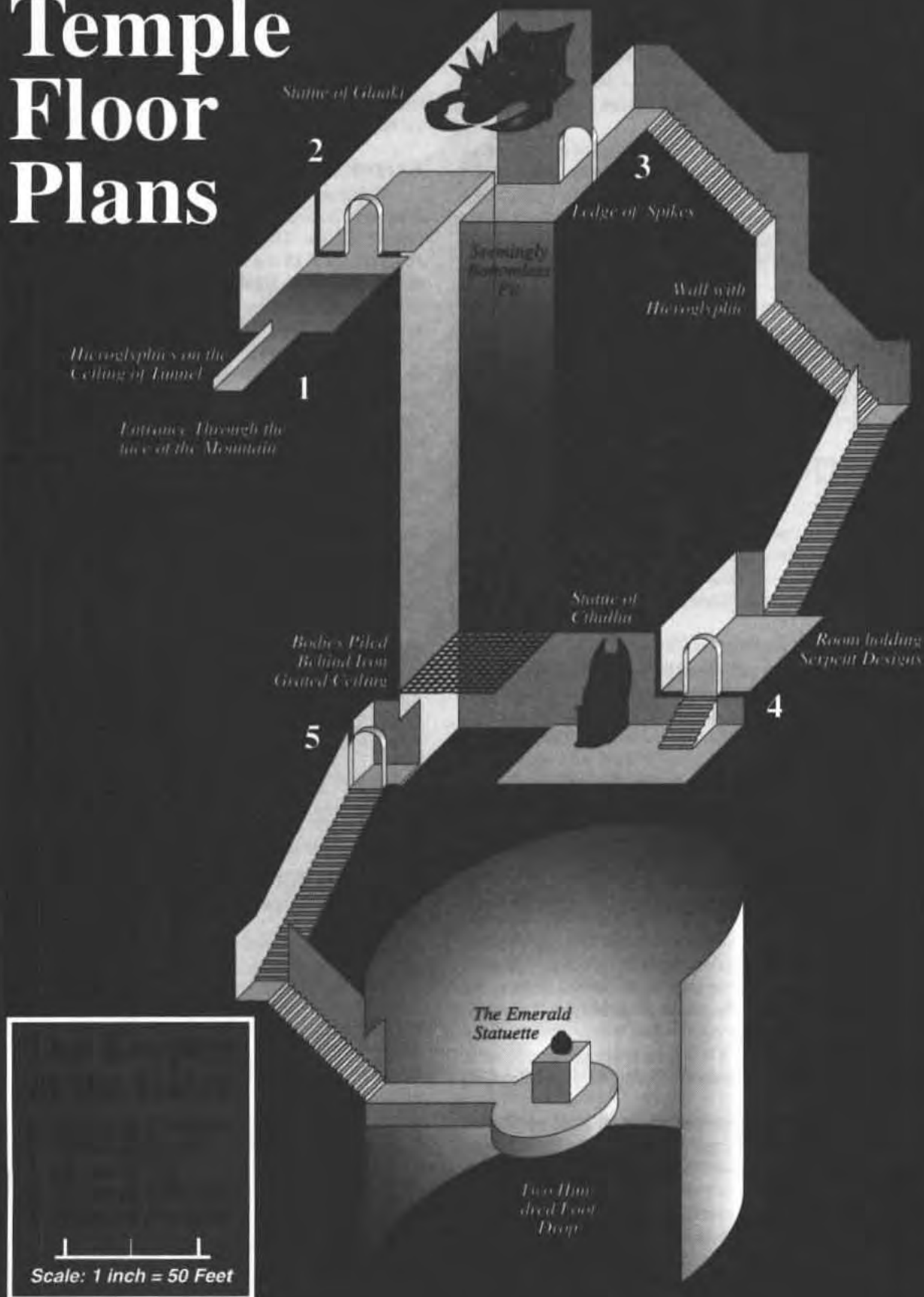
The text which has been etched into the ceiling of the entrance tunnel, is a copy of the spell *The Blinding Way*, and will roughly correlate to the words which were being chanted by the Arab guardians, during the ceremony outside. With this, the investigators now have enough information to make a rough comparative translation, by cross-referencing the words and characters from the map. The investigators can, in turn, interpret each line of the nearby verse, by making an *INT X3* roll for every valuable five minutes of study.

The fourth guardian's part in the ceremony, is to bend down to the water's edge, and ignite the buoyant tar with the spark from a flint and steel. The boat is built and anointed with a special fire resistant substance, as is the rope to which it is secured. The fourth man would then pull the sacrifice into the temple, and give them the necessary part of the blessing that ends the spell.

The water currents pull the burning oil out from within the cave through the mouth of the mountain, and downstream into the Dead Sea.

Once within the high cavern, the investigators will have to find a means of propelling the boat to shore. They may use the scorched walls as they did the ceiling of the tunnel, but this will take valuable time.

Temple Floor Plans



As they draw closer to the pair on the shore, they recognise that the naked guardian is uneasy, (and understandably so if the sacrifice-to-be is scabbed and blackened with multiple and torturous burns from the smelting river). As the investigators come into view, the doctor is visibly startled, and the two struggle as he attempts to ply himself free from the grip of the fourth cultist.

The man is soon thrown to the ground, weeping, as the doctor lurches through the archway and into the darkness. When the investigators eventually get to the shore, they will be begged, in Arabic, by the pathetic cultist that they should receive his full (one hour) blessing, similar to that practised by his fellow cultists on the outside. He has the familiar green skull emblem printed on his arm. Only by force will the man, himself, enter beyond the doorway. If the man is so forced, he will at the first opportunity sacrifice himself in hope that his *Emerald God* will forgive him for failing his duties.

From the darkness of the archway comes a wrenching scream.

2. The Shrine of *Glaaki*

Reference Information

Fly like the swallow; as for any god or any dead, who shall not lick their lips over him this day, shall fall into the depths of the iron barley, in which lies the keeper of the third gate. He is the Field of Rushes whose height is infinite.

Player's Information

Passing through the archway you move into a room, stretching about ninety feet ahead of you, and about thirty feet wide. Through a thin, greenish, oily film which covers everything, you can see and feel that the black stone floor, ceiling and walls, have an onyx-smooth texture with a silvery ash stipple. It is quite difficult to keep from slipping on the slime coated floor, and the walls look impossible to climb.

About one third of the way into the room, the floor opens to an abrupt fall. To all appearances the pit is bottomless and stretches squarely across the entire width of the room.

Projecting out from the far wall, and reaching into the room, is the gigantic likeness of some nightmare horror, carved from the same dark marbled stone as the rest of the chamber. The statue is fundamentally humanoid, with devilish spines covering its form. The reaching claws, and what might be a spiny tongue, are extended to a point only ten feet from your ledge, over the abyss (*1d3 SAN loss*).

Through the darkness, it is difficult to see further than the monument's spiny torso, but shining your light into the distance, beyond the pit, another ledge is evident. This opposite ledge is lower than yours and possesses a large number of long spikes which protrude at an angle, presumably to discourage any who might attempt to leap the thirty foot chasm. Beyond this, there is an archway tucked into the wall beneath the reaching statue.

Looking more carefully across the divide, you can see the impaled, hanging body of Dr Jones. His must have been the scream you heard from the previous cavern, and he seems to have leapt headlong into the shadows of death.

Then, appallingly, the lifeless body of the doctor suddenly convulses and he lifts himself out of the cold, bitter spikes of metal, and limps and shambles out through the nearby arch (*1/1d6 SAN loss*).

Keeper's Information

The investigators may be more than a little hesitant to try what is the safest and most straight-forward way of crossing the pit. This would be to perform a successful *Jump* or a *DEX x5* roll, and leap into the cold embrace of the statue that is *Glaaki*. As they cling to the stone monument, hanging precariously over the pit, the statue will gently tip them forward, to the safety of the ledge below. Simultaneously, the spikes on the floor retract as the weight of the investigator lowers the statue. Only investigators with a *SIZ of 10* or more can attempt this jump. Therefore, collaboration and ingenuity may be necessary to bring the whole party across.

If an investigator fails their roll for jumping on the arms of the statue, allow them a *DEX x2* roll to recover. Failure will wrench the investigator into the open void. They will continue to drop for a hundred feet and soundlessly be drawn of life as they join the boney jutting of those who have previously attempted to clear the gaping chasm.



(In their death, they will be given a ghastly guise at the shrine of Cthulhu, below. The third member of Professor Moore's party, who was lost during the original archaeological trip to these parts, was thrown kicking and screaming into this pit by callous cultists.)

The investigators might approach the problem in a less dramatic fashion. (However, they should be reminded of the urgency; and of the doctor's intentions to free Nyogtha by destroying the Emerald Statuette). If a weight of at least **SIZ 10** equivalent, is tied or thrown onto this statue, then it will cause the statue to tilt and the spikes to withdraw, as explained above.

The mechanism will slowly right itself to the original position after five rounds, regardless of any clever attempts to continually weight the statue with a heavy object (or person). Once it has completed its five round cycle, this or any further suitable weight will again serve to trigger the mechanism.

Characters will die instantly if they are unfortunate enough to fall onto the spikes on the opposite ledge, or if they are somehow disabled while the spikes are slowly repositioning themselves. Death will also meet those who are agile enough to make the inhuman thirty foot leap on to the iron barley, as did Dr Jones.

The crazed doctor is now entirely driven by the influence of Nyogtha, who has no care for his life or look; all that matters is that he destroys the Emerald Statuette before the investigators take it. And so, the doctor will always be in front of the chasing investigators.

3. The Shrine of Yig

Reference Information

The keeper of the fourth gate is the father of the serpents, he who lives on snakes. He who is sharp of glance, who cuts them down so only the serpent shall pass. As like the Mound of Spirits whose faces are never downcast, his minions are the Caster of Knives by which men do not pass.

Player's Information

Beyond the arch, a warm, damp corridor, ten feet wide, leads to steps which are carved, down, into the subterranean rock. A bloody trail leads unevenly along the corridor and down the steps. In the condensing humidity, you descend the slippery steps down until you come to a sheer twelve foot drop onto more downward steps, below.

While clambering down, you notice a singular and unusual image worked into the vertical surface of this gigantic step; it is the hieroglyph of a great snake, walking with the legs of a man. Depicted, are many large and deadly spears thrust into the creature from all around.

Below you, another series of numbing screams echo from the depths. The lower set of steps continue down until there is a small landing and a hasty turn to the right. At this point the facing walls are splashed with dripping gore and a severed, human leg lies shivering! (1/1d3 SAN loss). The thinning trail continues down a third set of twenty or so steps, and into and through a new chamber.

The walls, floor and ceiling of this thirty by thirty foot chamber are lined with a glass-like mosaic depicting an endless variety of serpents; spitting lizards, coiling adders and striking cobras. Each section of the intricate and majestic pattern is both abstract and direly realistic. The floor's filthy surface is a coagulation of mud, like rotting bark, with fresh blood streaking its centre.

Keeper's Information

There is a terrible fate in store for anyone or anything with a mass of **SIZ 8** or more who steps into this room. The deadly trap is activated as soon as the floor senses the vibration of their step. When this happens, needle-like splinters shoot in all directions from the scaled slits of the reptilian eyes and mouths which decorate the walls, causing **3d6 HPs** of damage for every step made. It is not possible to see an area where the darts do not strike. Investigators can choose to attempt a **Dodge** roll; if successful this halves the damage incurred. A critical success roll (*one fifth of their current score*) will allow a character to avoid every dart in true heroic fashion.

Every step an investigator takes inside the room will create a further assault of the piercing wooden spines. With their speed impaired by the slippery floor and the striking darts, it would take an investigator of average build, *eight confident strides (one round)* to reach the far door, and this would almost certainly result in death. They may by all means choose to turn back after the first assault.

If a rock is thrown onto the floor it would trigger one battery of projectiles. Therefore, if an investigator was to fall or simply stop in the middle of the chamber, they will receive no further assaults until they resume. The shrine room contains an inexhaustible supply of deadly spines.

As the reference suggests, the most practical way to avoid the storm of darts is, by crawling, to remain at a level not more than two feet above the disgusting, putrid soil on the floor. The darts, however, will go flying above. This might prove to be a major obstacle for any portly investigators.

4. The Shrine of Cthulhu

Reference Information

The keeper of the fifth gate is the mighty shifter of face, he who reigns then bathes and drinks of their gore. Offer to great Cthulhu your precious stones and seventeen casks of wine, ten-and-a-half fields of barley and the Incense of Yuggoth, or cover your head for he is ruddy hale, one mighty of magic and his eyes have caused him to benefit there-from. Limitless eternity is given to him, for he is He Who Inherited Eternity, to whom everlasting was given in his tides of a million years.

Player's Information

You walk through the arch into the fourth area, where the pungent, stultifying odours already begin to churn and convulse your stomach. Lighting the room reveals several steps leading down into the chamber. The room is fashioned into two areas, each about thirty feet square.

The first area, which begins at the foot of the steps, is bare, but for the striking presence of a large and gruesome statue. The head of the monstrous form is like that of an octopus with an unseen mouth and a beard of tentacles. It first seems to be seated upon a throne, but upon closer inspection you can see that these are bat-like wings wrapped, like black curtains of lace, behind and above it. Its clawed hands reach forward as though receiving the ultimate sacrifice (*1d6 SAN loss*).

Looking into the far half of the chamber you can see the familiar bloody trail leading into a mire of unbelievably putrid foulness. At this point, the floor is sunken and filled with gore falling from a grated ceiling. Behind the bars, human skulls, limbs and bodies remain dangling, paralysed in varying states of decay (*1d8 SAN loss*).

You can see that beyond the pool, there is an archway in the far wall, and you can hear a muffled sound of thunder from even further below.

Keeper's Information

If the investigators place an object into the cupped hands of *Cthulhu*, weighing an equivalent of *SIZ 6* or more, a *Listen* roll will enable them to hear a sharp click as the cold stone grip claims its offering. All of the investigators will now be able to pass, without coming to any physical harm, through the ankle deep pool of congealed stinking slime, and to the other side of the chamber.

If the investigators don't bypass the trap correctly then as investigators with a *SIZ of 11* or more cross the room, and tread into the shallow pool of blood, the grates overhead will break open at the centre and a hundred biting cold and lifeless bodies will plummet down from the ceiling crushing to death anyone who happens to be on the same side of the room. After spilling its squalid load, with unnatural momentum, the ceiling grates will spring back and close again with a violent clang. Investigators are allowed a single *Dodge (-20%)* roll to save them from an untimely end.

Investigators may be wary and attempt other ways of crossing the twenty foot pool. Jumping will probably be out of the question; the investigators can only jump a distance equal to their *SIZ*. By attaching a rope to the overhead grating, they may attempt to swing across. However, it is possible that an individual's weight will force the grate to open as they are in mid-air.

Once the rope is tied to the bars of the grid, the investigator may wish to check that it is secure before they swing across.

To test the breaking point, compare the *STR* of the investigator with grid's *STR 20* endurance, on the resistance table. If the investigator's strength can overcome the breaking point of the grid, they may activate and even permanently damage the mechanisms of the trap. In this case, unless there is someone in or near the pool, no-one will be hurt.

If the grille holds firm from the investigator's tug, then they may assume it will be safe enough to take their weight. As they swing, make a roll similar to before, only



this time compare the endurance of the grid with the investigator's *SIZ*. If the bars break under the investigator's weight, then the trap will open, crushing the unfortunate investigator to death under piles of falling corpses. Keepers may like to give them one last desperate chance in the form of a *DEX XI* roll.

Repeat this procedure for every investigator who attempts to cross in this way. As soon as the trap is broken, then the remaining party members can trudge over the gorey remains, without any physical difficulty. However, keepers may rightfully ask for a *0/1d3 SAN* check.

The doctor, being only half the man he used to be, was light enough not to activate this trap.

5. The Shrine of Nyogtha

Reference Information

Traitorous Nyogtha is a prisoner of himself, grim of visage who repels the aggressor. The Thing That Should Not Be, he whose face is inverted and many-shaped, who eats the corruption of his hinder-parts.

Player's Information

Through the archway, another set of steps, carved from the glistening stone, leads down towards the rumbling depths. The descending steps and corridors are tinted green, covered with the thin damp growth of algae. A small landing gives way to another small descending staircase, to the left. A weird green glow, which provides no additional lighting, seems to fill the air as you pass through a blackened arch onto the threshold of another chamber.

A platform, ten feet wide, and suspended over a seeming void, extends towards the centre of this large circular chamber. It leads onto a small round platform, also eerily suspended at the chamber's heart, and containing a tall pedestal which houses a twelve-inch figurine. Thirty feet above your head, it is possible to make out a plain flat ceiling, but below this stretching arm of alien masonry, is a cold and dank void which not even this curious emerald-green illumination can penetrate. From these depths emanates a nauseous bellowing echo of a million raging currents.

The dark jade figurine depicts a bloated human form holding itself in a fetal-like position. It sits patiently cradled, like a Buddha; its arms and legs wrapped in sinister submission. The fearful bulging face which peers from within the squat form suggests subtle emotions which your mind struggles to identify without success. A trail of reddened tissue leads forward and dies at the edge of the central alter.

Keeper's Information

The investigators can approach the *Emerald Statuette*, by stepping carefully onto the solid and outstretched peninsula of smooth rock, which is several feet thick, and can make their way to the platform at the centre of the chamber.

When all of the investigators are within this dark emerald chamber, or when one of them is only several feet from the pedestal, there emerges from behind the pedestal, the convulsing corpse-like remains of Dr Jones. It drags itself into view, without legs or lower abdomen, and even its festering head and torso are needled raw by wooden spines.

As it makes the last strenuous effort to pull itself forward, its heart can be seen pulsating emptily from beneath splintered ribs.

A shredded, curiously steady, arm reaches forward proffering a hand whose flesh hangs lacerated from skeletal fingers, but which clenches the bitter blue steel of a revolver (1d3/1d8 SAN). The doctor is not as tall as he used to be, and therefore, the *Emerald Statuette* is not, for him, within easy reach.

If the keeper wishes, the remains of the doctor may address the investigators by name while holding them at gunpoint. In a husky breathless voice he gasps a gargling articulation:

"throw... the statuette... to its destruction below... or... I make no pretences... I will shoot you all in turn!"

Solutions

How the investigators deal with this situation is left to their discretion. The hellish body of Dr Jones will have no problems in shooting the investigators if they proceed by trying to escape or going for attack (resolve this possibility with a standard combat sequence). The doctor's original combat characteristics should be used, with one significant modification: in his present state he can not die as easily.

The Emerald Statuette

With their creation, the *Shoggoths*, ending in a complete disaster, the *Old Ones* housed themselves in icy retreats contemplating their existence. In One Billion Years BC, they started receiving psychic distress waves from the other side of the planet.

These hopeless and indiscriminate cries were from, *Nyogtha, The Thing That Should Not Be*. The *Old Ones* travelled to the Greenstone Mountains of New Zealand and engineered a false environment in which the *Great Old One* would physically, and to some degree mentally, mature. In return for their rearing, it was assumed by the *Old Ones*, that *Nyogtha* would be under total obligation to them.

A surrounding shell of protective energy was projected over their adopted god, covering a global circumference of approximately a quarter of a mile. The methods in which they managed to achieve this are beyond human conceptions. The land within, as become densely thick with natural growth, and many thought-extinct species of insect and flora, along with a human band of native Moaris, exist immortalised in the preserving area of ground. The *Great Old One* was shielded from any outside interference, comparable to the way a hermit crab houses its soft flesh within a sea-shell.

The *Old Ones* fear *Nyogtha* just as they feared the *Shoggoths*, and so they had an auxiliary facility introduced into the design which powered the protective barrier, as a battery might power an electric torch. This took the form of a statuette which was only at the *Old One's* disposal. This statuette was protected overseas, worshippers direly exclusive of the *Old Ones* called *They of Living-Kind*. When *Nyogtha* started showing aggressive and ambitious thought patterns, on regaining his health, the shell was kept active, indefinitely, and the *Great Old One* was left as a stagnant prisoner in his false environment.

The *Emerald Statuette* is a portable *Elder Sign*, but has no outward magical properties. It is of a material which would commonly be mistaken for a rare, dark green onyx, weighing approximately ten pounds. Rather than splinter under any considerable force, this stone is more likely to totally crumble under any single blow that delivers 100 points of damage or more.



He will gain minimum damage from firearms, except from a critical success, which incurs normal damage. If he takes 15 HPs or more damage in a single round, then the doctor will be knocked off the ledge; if the doctor manages to make a *DEX x5* roll he will manage to hang onto the ledge and continue to shoot at the investigators. Another similar succession of 15 HPs will send him falling to his final rest. Because of the severity of his position, both the doctor and the investigators have a -20% chance to hit. Remember, the doctor's gun has only seven bullets. Even though he is spiritually undying, the doctor's body tissue is durable only to a point. After taking 50 HPs of damage, will he be reduced to an ineffective pile of twitching blood and bones. At this stage *Nyogtha* will have no further use for the doctor and he will release his evil grip.

Touching the Statuette

Nyogtha is eager to destroy the statuette because while it remains in one piece it prevents him from roaming the world by continuing his cavernous confinement in the Greenstone Mountains of New Zealand. On reaching the pedestal, the doctor's physical body was reduced to such a mess that he could no longer reach and take the statuette and throw it to its destruction; before he would require a long uninterrupted period of time to achieve the slow painstaking crawl up the pedestal. Alternatively, he needs an investigator to do his work for him.

An interesting strategy, on the part of an investigator, would be to appear to play into his mangled hands in order to get close enough to inflict severe damage on the doctor.

Unless the investigators have each been given the special ceremony of *The Blinding Way* (which shields anyone from psychic interference, see earlier) the instant the investigators touch the *Emerald Statuette* it will alert *Nyogtha* to its precise location, and unlock an orgy of cataclysmic climatic destruction. (A more comprehensive explanation of the power of *Nyogtha's* discharge is given in the panel.) This is immediately followed by a tidal wave rising up from the Dead Sea.

At the precise instant that an investigator takes or touches the *Emerald Statuette*, give the following information to the players.

Player's Information

From behind you, a bursting and churning of colossal magnitude becomes increasingly louder and closer. Indecipherable surrealist images swirl from the walls around you, continuing to explode from the floor of the corridor behind and slowly overtake reality. Heterochromous quartz and ores seem to glow from all around. The minerals appear to separate; colossal statues emerging in an unaccountable variety of ancient designs. But most frighteningly, the true nature of each macabre composition closely resembles the work you have seen in the garden of Jonathan Moore, a few weeks earlier. There seems to be no doubt that this monstrous collaboration is, in part, emanating from the mind of the deceased mistress of cult futurism, Geraldine Oxenbury.

The Power of *Nyogtha*

The human brain can be seen as being divided, literally, into two halves. The left side contains all our powers of reasoning while the right holds our subconscious. It is the right side, which holds the potential for chaos, which spawns creativity.

Nyogtha has a special power whereby he steals, then manipulates, the right side of a single sentient mind at any given time. No actual game mechanics are given for the power within this process, as if we were to try to do so, its mystique would be lost. Some of the effects that this process has on a human captive are given, such as making them virtually immortal with the gradual loss of that individual's personal qualities.

As detailed in the *Background Story*, Geraldine Oxenbury was caught up in a deadly fracas, in the year of 1890, in the Greenstone Mountains of New Zealand. It is unfortunate that her stinking corpse is still not at rest to this day. The *Great Old One* is intrigued by her highly developed mind, because up until this point he has had only simple native peasants around him in his prison-like cave. Now he has the opportunity of understanding the Western culture. After absorbing the memories and life essence of Geraldine Oxenbury, *Nyogtha* could formulate plans akin to those which one might expect from a malicious and deranged dictator.

He also has received all of Geraldine's scientific skills, so that when he attacks the investigators in the *Shrine of Nyogtha*, he is able to extract, formulate and utilise the earth's numerous supply of metals and ores. The physical shape of the projectiles which he creates are not consciously in the designs of Geraldine's sculptures; it is merely the consequence of her restless after-thoughts, lingering subconsciously in the alien's mind. This may go some way to explain why the *Nyogtha* has appeared somewhat lenient and identifiably immoral as opposed to amoral.

With the occasional past exceptions of projecting his likeness over large areas of land, the power of *Nyogtha* is understandably very constrained compared to that of many other *Great Old Ones*. He manages to throw a physical assault at the investigators in the conclusive hope of destroying the *Emerald Statuette*, but by doing this means that he will be drained of power and much more helpless than he was at anytime previous. And though it does not literally kill him, it is likely to leave him without power or influence for thousands of years ahead. It would be clearly a risk, although in his arrogance he could afford to use up this much of his energy through the knowledge that he will soon be free to utilise as much power that he needs; once the *Emerald Statuette* is finally destroyed.

Megalithic images continue to boil and thrust from the walls and floor, blocking off the narrow corridor. Each one has a different metallic glow, and its appearance violently destroys its predecessor, producing dangerous showers of dust and boulder.

Deep in the wall of the mountain, overhead to the left, a crack of daylight appears, from which cascades a churning rush of water. You will need all your wits and endurance to withstand the impact of the water and avoid the surrounding flying debris. You can see from your ledge that the cavern seems to be filling with frothing water, and as you look down into the darkness you can see the glints of rushing waves, possible from an underground river.



Keeper's Information

This chaotic turmoil will rid the investigators of the hellish doctor by dramatically sweeping him over the ledge to his doom. *Nyogtha* had anticipated that the desired effect of this deadly event would kill the investigators and destroy the *Emerald Statuette*. However, investigators who are well equipped and are prepared to take the opportunities as they arrive, have a high chance of survival.

Anyone who remains on the corridor during the time when the images dash from the walls will have to make a *Dodge* roll, and jump in to the main platform to avoid being crushed. After the water has burst into the chamber, investigators must make *Dodge* or *Luck* rolls for every subsequent round, to avoid being hit by the flying debris. Any investigators hit by debris will take *1d20 HPs* of damage. An investigator who takes up to half their remaining *HPs* from a single blow, will sadly fall into the depths, unless they can make rolls equal to or above the average of their *STR* and *DEX* $\times 3$. If for any reason an individual is in any other part of the temple at the time of the cataclysm, will be crushed or drowned.

When the crack appears above them, the investigators have six rounds to retrieve the *Emerald Statuette* before a large section of the wall collapses, snapping the arm that holds it. The investigators must reach their only exit before this happens. With the use of a lasso of rope, the investigators can swing across to the crack in the mountainside; they will need to perform a *Throw* roll to secure their rope. If they have the use of a grappling hook, the investigators can make this roll with a *+15%* bonus. Because rocks continue to break loose from all around, they will not be completely safe until they have managed to scramble out of the mountain. To avoid any more harm they should (after throwing the rope back to the other party members) scramble towards the daylight outside.

If the team have not prepared themselves with such simple utilities as a rope and grapple, then they must attempt a *Jump* (*-15%*) roll, to reach the end in the mountain range. Failing this, they will fall helplessly and blend with the dashing water and rocks.

The Return

The Very High Mountain will have crumbled and fallen into *The River of Flaming Fire*, completely disguising the fact that it ever existed. The waters, fed also from the Dead Sea, are impossibly turbulent as the vast tonnage of mountainside crashes into its depths. To the few that already know the area, the ground for a mile around is torn and flattened, as if hit by a great fist, but to the stranger, it looks no different to the surrounding restless terrain. If they were not secured thoroughly, their mounts have bolted in fear long ago across the desert.

The journey back across the mountains and desert is uneventful. The investigators' ears will continue to ring from the recent violence, as they travel for fifteen days across the calming lands. After their traumatic experience they may occasionally experience the feeling that they

have already been plucked from the fringes of our continuum, and wander forever through this faceless land.

Fourteen weeks later, after the investigators have returned to their homes in Massachusetts, they are amazed to find the story of the miraculous continued existence of Jonathan Moore, on the cover of the newspaper. The article shows Moore outside the temple, as it is being smashed by the tidal wave (reference \times).



Consequences of Failure

If the *Emerald Statuette* is lost, destroyed or broken in any way, then the investigators have failed. The shell projected over *Nyogtha* by the *Old Ones* in One Billion Years BC is broken; made purposely to contain *Nyogtha's* potential, and now lost. And so, the *Great Old One* will inherit all his years of untold store; condemning the human race to imminent extinction.

Some weeks later, presumably after the investigators have arrived back in New England; on the fifth day of September 1927, the world will be subjected to a series of worldwide tremors. University research teams and their like will be swiftly deployed to investigate; but only in vain, as there will be no tomorrow. Forces that are now beyond any intervention have drawn the blinds on humankind, and will open the way to the brethren hordes of *Nyogtha* and his loathsome creeds.

A tide of death will sweep over the Earth, ensuring that not a single occupant will rise from their consummate slumber. The investigators' overwhelming feelings of responsibility will be short-lived, as they are thrown through the bottom their world into an empty, unconscious void of endless night; this is indeed the eternal sleep for mankind. To the core, our planet is soon riddled hollow of goodness, becoming a crawling evil vessel of colossal proportions.

The wretched investigators will not see any further adventures in this world. Keepers can, however, handle their future campaigns in one of the following ways. (or, perhaps, find some other way to cope with doomsday):

- Explain to the players that their future adventures exist in an alternative reality, removed from that presented in *The Thing at the Threshold*, so that the characters they met and the climatic events of their recent failure will hold no relevance for the future.

- The end of the world, might also be a means by which the keeper can introduce the investigators into the *Dreamlands*, with no way back into the waking world.



Jonathan Moore Lives!

The Boston Globe offices were visited yesterday by a representative from Arkham's Miskatonic University, with the exciting news that Jonathan Moore, who was thought to have perished in a terrorist explosion at his house here in Boston, is still alive and in good health. Like a phoenix, he seems to have arisen from the flaming rubble of his home ground.

The burnt and mangled remains that the police found at his residence were not those of Moore at all, but those of a close associate, Steven Ashworth. Naturally, we are all happy that Jonathan is still with us; but I am sure that I am speaking on behalf of every one of our readers, when I say that our thoughts are with the relatives and friends of the late member of the Miskatonic University, Steven Assworth. It seems to have been a cruel chance that he should call upon Moore's mansion just at the time it was levelled to the ground. His sacrifice is one which will not go unmourned.

The question is obviously raised concerning the identity of a group or individual that would want to harm such a hero of the people as Jonathan Moore? To understand the full picture we must remind you of the events of recent weeks. The Boston Globe recently reported that Jonathan Moore and his team (which included the deceased) had returned home having suffered a setback in their routine reconnaissance of Palestine. It was only yesterday that the following facts have come to our attention.

It appears that a guide who Moore had hired to lead his party had quite foolishly, although inadvertently and in all innocence, taken them over land which was held sacred by an ancient and malicious cult known to Moore as "They of Living-Kind".

The party members were hounded and chased feverishly back for days across blistering deserts, and, as Moore had guessed, the restless demons continued to stalk him so that they could deliver an unforgiving death, here in Boston! This is a remarkable tale and almost impossible to believe if it had not come from the very lips of Jonathan Moore himself.

With all of his understanding of these matters, Jonathan had anticipated an attack of some proportion and had selflessly fled to Palestine to avert the danger from our own shores, leading his assailants back into their homeland. As a week passed and Ashworth failed to rendezvous in Jaffa as they had planned earlier, Moore had begun to fear and accept the worst. The intrepid explorer lay low in the city of Jaffa contemplating his next strategy with one thought foremost on his mind; to avenge the death of his good friend.

In his urgency to resolve the situation, Jonathan desperately took under his wing a mismatch crew of American fortune hunters, intending to put an end to this evil sect. So it was, that he guided his strange crew for over a week, back across the now familiar windswept lands of the Middle East, before finally stepping back onto the shores of the Dead Sea, the site where he was attacked weeks earlier. But once there, Jonathan tells us, there was little opportunity for human retribution, as even then the earth started to split and burst beneath their feet! His helpers, along with many of the red robed members of the aforementioned cult, were demoralised by the apparent seismic disturbances and scattered in fright.

The picture above was taken with the latest in photographic technology developed at the Miskatonic University, which enabled Jonathan to record the climactic demise of this, until now, undiscovered cultists named "They of Living-Kind", and the final severing of their terrible bloodline. Jonathan stood his dangerous ground and proudly captured pictures of the abundant ancient designs that no man will ever see again.

His final obstacle seemed to be a freak tremor of the earth which lead to an inexplicable tidal-wave that totally demolished the area's unique and peculiar architectures. University scientists can give no logical explanations for these strange, though quite natural, devastations and no plans exist at present to investigate the area more closely. Local officials are simply calling the events an act of God.

■ Have your players play a team of investigators sent into the past of the same world that has just been destroyed. This approach may lend itself to the players creating eccentric, insane, psychic or even reincarnated investigators, (this would be at the keeper's discretion). They might be able to prevent this scenario from ever taking place! In any case, the relatively late time-line of this scenario, will allow ample time for such adventures to take place before their world is doomed, particularly when one considers the life expectancy of an average *Cthulhu Mythos* investigator.

Outcome of Success

If the *Emerald Statuette* remains in one piece, then the investigators can declare a victory over *The Thing That Should Not Be*. Award the investigators a *5d10 SAN* gain. They will have to decide how to ensure that it never falls into the wrong hands. They will have the information that it is the only existing device feared by *Nyogtha*, and if ever broken, he and his loathsome minions will crawl out stinking from their tomb-like shell, to bring cataclysmic madness to our waking lands. With the burden of this horrible knowledge, if the statuette is ever broken, or even lost, the guardian investigator(s) may well be saved from experiencing the consequences, by committing suicide, as a result of losing their rightful minds.

If the investigators choose to have the statuette in their personal care indefinitely, they may experience just cause for paranoia. *Nyogtha* has depleted a great deal of his limited power by reaching over the other side of the world to cause the destruction at *The Very High Mountain*. If this attempt has failed, then he might have spent his threat over humankind. Keepers may enable him to retain enough power to send an occasional summoning in a desperate attempt to destroy the *Emerald Statuette*, in future adventures. Even after the death of the investigators, the next beneficiaries of the statuette may have similar plots and attacks made upon them.

Keepers who wish to expand this adventure, may appreciate the following ideas for development:

■ The investigators might approach Jonathan Moore, and insist that he show them the location of the cave in the Greenstone Mountains of New Zealand. In this case, the investigators can confront the *Nyogtha* for themselves, and somehow avoid their own inevitable insanity.

■ They might find some of Howard Crosswell's old diaries, perhaps given to them by Peter Crosswell, which give detailed information about the location of *Nyogtha*. Moore can explain to the investigators why the three of them visited New Zealand in the first place, in 1890. This may be just cause for an adventure in itself.

■ The investigators might read of a 'creeping winter' in the Greenstone Mountains of New Zealand; the *Old Ones* have practised a final act of retribution and frozen the dark god over. Once the investigators arrive, they may find the makings of some apocalyptic kingdom, with cyclopean structures and impossible archways, being erected by worker *Shoggoths*; only their fluid movements are captured in death and ice.

Heidi von Rheinberg



Useful Skills:

Anthropology 90%
 Debate 88% Track 76%
 Bargain 82% Law 78%
 Psychology 90%
 Dodge 58% Oratory 40%
 Jump 47% Fast Talk 94%
 Linguist 61% Arabic 51%
 German 96% Turkish 83%

Combat Skills: Fist 37% (1d3) Pocket Knife 26% (1d4) **Spells Known:** None

Str:12 Dex:13 Int:17 Con:15 App:14 Pow:11 Siz:11 Edu:18

Magic Points:11 **Hit Points:**13 **Sanity Points:**55

Player's Information

There is a proud air about the way this person carries herself; an inner strength shows in her ice-clear eyes, and the squared contours of her grim and patient face. Her long, dark hair is often tucked simply under the grey collar of a favourite loose and scruffy jacket.

Keeper's Information

Rheinsberg was born in Dresden of Germany in the year 1893. Having never married, she spent the first part of her life becoming a qualified lecturer, favouring the subject of Anthropology. She has spent her last two years in Jaffa acting as an intermediary on behalf of European visitors, in an endeavour to further her career interest in interacting cultures. She plans to remain in the Middle East for another twelve months, by which time she plans to have mastered her research and to publish a paper of her understandings.

The Arab people meet her with mixed feelings, as many have never seen a woman with such independence and confident authority. She manages to hold her head above much of the bigotry in Eastern society, through her knowledge and understanding of multicultural psychology, which permits her a sensitive strategy in avoiding conflicts of aggression. Rheinsberg will have serious problems working with explorers who promote unnecessary violence. She is however glad to be of service to anyone with a personal course or a legitimate expedition.

The system by which she translates information to and from the investigators is quite singular. Foremost in popularity of the towns and cities of Palestine in 1927 are the languages, Arabic and Turkish. Heidi is more comfortable using Turkish as an intermediary language when translating on behalf of Western travellers with the Arab community.

If there is a time in the city, where the investigators wish to haggle with merchants, then the necessary Bargain roll must be that of their interpreter. Depending upon their professional respect, her services are available to the investigators on a payment between five and ten dollars per day. Plus travelling expenses.

Jonathan Moore



Useful Skills:

History 96% Debate 90%
 Archaeology 82%
 Anthropology 85%
 Linguist 79% Track 71%
 Arabic 93% Chinese 58%
 Oratory 90% Occult 89%
 Cthulhu Mythos 48%

Combat Skills: Fist 67% (1d3+1d4) .45 Automatic 72% (1d10+2) Knife 41% (1d4+1d4)

Spells Known: Summon/Bind Byakhee, Elder Sign, Shrivelling & Voorish Sign

Str:14 Dex:14 Int:18 Con:15 App:15 Pow:18 Siz:15 Edu:19

Magic Points:18 **Hit Points:**14 **Sanity Points:**50

Player's Information

As he speaks, Jonathan Moore comes across as being a relaxed man; his gaze is steady and his words firm, though soothing. He is a medium build and relatively tall and hardly ever fails to appear clean shaven; he is an extremely well preserved sixty eight years of age. Only where the light catches his dark head of hair, can the slightest speckles of ginger be detected.

Keeper's Information

As a young boy, Jonathan looked for a military career, though through the duration attending a private school, he decided that would be too limited a world for his craving of life's adventures. Years later, he had an early graduation at the Miskatonic University, and continued lecturing for three satisfying years. His first field adventures were under the wing of one of the brightest and respected scholars by the name of Howard Crosswell, a young man not much older than himself. Their collaboration was positively recognised, so they were to have many trips of varying climate and success, before the Greenstone affair of the year 1890.

Jonathan is very a knowledgeable man, though he is careful not to use this attribute to demoralise others, as he finds such antisocial behaviour in people extremely irritating. He receives a lot of encouraging press, and has a lot of fun playing out, 'the people's hero'. Not due to lack of physical ability; he would always choose to back down from a brutal conflict and try to reason his way out of any undesirable circumstances.

He still mourns for the Crosswell family, he had a particular fondness for Howard's wife Susan, and blames himself for allowing Howard the terrible knowledge that brought on his madness, leading to her death. If he is encouraged to talk of his Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, he will not expose anything more than what the investigators have collected in the last month or so of the investigation; and therefore only confirm their most fearful interpretations. He often, and probably subconsciously, dresses in black or dark colours; this could be an outlet for his closeted awareness.

Boston ^{1♣}G

Boston Globe, Daily, Friday, 15th March, 1917. 10 cents.

Explorer's Wife Savaged

At approximately three o'clock this morning, Mrs. Susan Crosswell, the wife of one of Massachusetts' most renowned historians and explorers, Howard Crosswell, was horribly savaged to death by the family Alsatian. Evidence available at the time of press, suggests that the deceased startled the beast in the dead of night, and was taken for an intruder. The Police arrived immediately, following a frantic telephone message from the distraught husband. Mr. Crosswell is at this time taking counsel from hospital staff at the family residence, in the northern outskirts of Davenham. He is still in shock, and has been prescribed a sedative. Commissioner Thomas was obliging enough to supply us with the following details, after his brief interview with the grieving husband:

"Apparently, Mrs. Crosswell had awoken and gone into the kitchen to fetch a glass of water. Mr. Crosswell, shortly after settling back into a doze, was startled back into consciousness by a growling, and the screaming of his wife. He ran with all his speed out of their bedroom and down the stairs, only to be met by the grisly sight of Mrs. Crosswell, with the mauling animal still at her throat. Howard, that is Mr. Crosswell, managed to beat the dog from the body, which sadly, was by now quite lifeless. It was then he noticed their child at the edge of the stairs. Just how much of the scene he had witnessed is difficult to assess. Whatever he saw has cut deep; the twelve year old boy has not uttered or acknowledged a sound since, and will only walk if led".

A spokesman at Davenham's Herald Street Hospital, explained: "Peter is suffering from an acute case of stupefaction, usually brought on in cases such as this when the patient has been victim of a terrible shock. There is no treatment we can administer that will help; these cases tend to sort themselves out, given time. I have given orders to place the boy under special observation, for his own good".



The family residence has no immediate neighbouring houses. A local storekeeper could only tell us the following: "The Crosswell's are a close-knit family unit, rarely entertaining on a social level. Therefore they were only occasionally seen around town. I think the child attends a private school in Boston". A portrait photographer from Boston has been contacted by the police to give a testimony. He was apparently the last person, outside the family, to see Mrs. Crosswell alive. As yet, we have no further information, but the police are saying that it is an "open and shut" case, as far as further investigation is concerned. We were hoping to speak to Doc Pinter, a resident of Arkham, but unfortunately he is presently out of town. Doc Pinter's veterinary and zoological practices are constantly in demand throughout the state of Massachusetts, and he is respected worldwide. Within the week we expect to have a report, with Doc Pinter's cooperation, on the dangers of keeping domestic animals.

Arkham's Champion Marrow

Sally grand just n large the ec dark l childr paren see th and n there

The t enjoy togeth best c When their ; house rainy their ; them stay i Gran and S room. childr draw new f she ge birthd decid pictur and S do a J Jaspe

They their decid like to to the grand and S walki hall w Jaspe at the stairs. to foll see w on st



Grieving Husband Vanishes

It has been but days since the lives of the Davenham family, the Crosswells, were so atrociously disrupted. Mrs. Susan Crosswell was savaged to death by a dog gone wild, which was witnessed by the twelve year old son, Peter. This has left the boy mentally unstable and he is being kept in care. Yesterday, further developments seemed to indicate that Mr. Howard Crosswell, the grieving husband, is now feared to have taken his own life after failing to attend his wife's funeral service. The police gave us the following report:

"We arrived at the Crosswell house late yesterday morning and the officers had to force their entry; the house had been secured quite thoroughly. Inside was found what we interpreted as a suicide letter; appended was a sealed envelope containing the last will and testament of Mr. Howard Crosswell, that left the house and its contents exclusively, but ironically, to their only child Peter. We have men searching Deep Acre Forest, dredging Crustacea River and the coastal waters up through Boston but, as yet, we haven't found a body." Consequently, the police are further asking for any family or friends to come forward to help them complete their investigations. The only helpful testimony at this time has been from a portrait photographer, who was apparently the last person to have the company of all three members of the family. He could tell Commissioner Thomas very little and fragments of that interview follow:

"Mr. Crosswell was one of those rare individuals who

gave you the impression of being complex, but only on the surface; easily passable as a distant minded man. Overall, the family appeared relatively typical. Mrs. Crosswell did, at one stage, offer that I dine with them. Alas, I had to decline because of my need to travel to further pressing appointments that day. The dog did not seem particularly wild or aggressive; the only problem we had was keeping it still for the photograph."

Doctor Bill Pinter, Arkham's top veterinary surgeon, was asked to comment on the day's tragic events. He said simply, "I do not wish to seem heartless, I mean that sincerely, but the reality remains that what we have here is a perfectly natural reaction from an animal protecting it's territory. You would find the very same reaction from any member of a native tribe, or even some of the local landholders one hears about. Nevertheless I am not trying to justify it, only to understand it. A truly sorrowful affair indeed".

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Appended report of case 153173. Officer R. Jameson. 3/15/1917.

In the early morning of March 15th 1917, a telephone call came through to the reception desk, taken by Sergeant Donald. As I was the only available officer, I immediately proceeded, alone, to the Crosswell residence. The details of the disturbance were still unclear at this point; the caller had been in shock, but had managed to communicate his name and address.

I arrived at the Crosswell house at precisely 3.11 am. Knocking at the front door, I could not make myself heard. Within the minute, walking around to the back entrance, I saw faint electrical illumination shining from the open doorway. Taking some initiative, I entered the house and stumbled over the carcass of a large dog; its teeth and jaws were coated in blood. Beside it was the body of a young women, equally lifeless, her head and shoulders were atrociously mauled. On the stairs sat a man sobbing and panting. It didn't take a genius to deduce what had happened. The husband, Mr. Crosswell was in a terrible state of shock. After telephoning the hospital, I prepared him a coffee and then made a brief investigation of the premises. At this point in time, I had no knowledge that their young son had become involved in any way, so thought it best to leave him to sleep.



March 13th - The little Waxwing that comes to the back window hasn't been yet this morning. Peter and myself have watched out for him and left bread crumbs as usual. I hoped that the short break would have cured the obsession, but since he arrived back, Howard has hardly ventured out into the daylight hours from his converted study. He has no time for his food or his family and I'm becoming increasingly worried about his health; he has become so thin and pale, but if I try to express my concern, he has taken to becoming increasingly short tempered and uncharacteristically rude.

I'm writing this from the guest room, I tried to reason with him again, but he hasn't any time for anything but his cursed history books. My husband is a stranger not the man I married, of that I'm certain. Maybe we can talk when he finishes tonight. I hear him climbing the stairs. He checks on Peter, but

March 14th - I don't think we'll have snow this year. I need to talk to someone. There will be no one at home in Boston for some months, so maybe I will take Peter and stay the weekend with my father. Things are looking promising, Peter is spending a lot of time with his father this morning.

Returning from my sketching in the fields, I have walked into the house to the gay sound of flute music, not real music, but just an amusing nonsense of notes that had left me quite lightheaded. When I shouted through the bolted cellar door, I could not make them hear.

By chance I have found two diamond rings in the pocket of Howard's overcoat, the one that he has not worn since he supposedly visited Graham. I can bring to mind no other explanation of their being, other than he has frequented the company of another woman. I will try to handle this positively, and suggest we advertise them in the lost and found column, or maybe see if Mr Goldman recognises the work as his. Oh the photographer (at last!) came today.

Peter is still with his father playing in the cellar, it's well past his bedtime, but when I hear him enjoying Howard's company, who am I to intrude? I suppose I'm feeling a little self-pitiful, everyone apart from myself is happy, maybe I am being the unreasonable one. Howard thinks to avoid hoax owners of the rings, we should wait for them to advertise their loss. The rings are identical, non-decorative and considerably large, which suggests the owner is a man, or of course, a heavy woman. It still remains a mystery to us how they arrived where they did.

I was awakened by the sound of running on the stairs; and that of sobbing, belonging to our son. Before I have reached his room, Peter is asleep. Shuttling the door behind me, I was startled by Howard in the dark corridor. He lazily explained that Peter would not go to his bedroom when he was asked, and so unfortunately he had chastised the child. Upon that he staggered to his bedroom and bid me goodnight. I need to soothe this building within.

.... and to the old ones similarly within their vitreous bolt hole, more upon more time slipped and passed not registered and unreasonable, where tell of a thousand scouring limbs shaped pertinaciously into the frosted crust questing spiral symmetry to that disgraceful reservoir, the crystal of the elder gods, all set afoot as part to influence and bind the untitled siblings to eternal bidding. And there was preparation, learning of a formula that vessels this wealth was scribed to mundane tomes. Before, from the womb of an extraneous black science they came, spatoned abysmal as they were mindless, mishapen and icebound slaves by spell and stone.

Abd al-Azrad.

(10)

A confession or a submission to all of their wicked banter, Leaked + lied and prone to the flailing blows of her public. From her head auburn locks were savagely hacked and torn; Miggins head was then doused with ugly tar and burnt to the scalp. In agony for hours, she was lunched to the beams of the barn, strapped to her were heavy sacks of grain, and while the hangman broke her digits with blamps, another birched the young woman's limbs to the bone. The worst of this, the first days torture, would continue for many hours unto death, and resume some the following dawn. On the third day, unanimously, Thoman gave his daughter to the ground, hours before his final breath.

Who were the Dutch: The Social Role of the Accused in the European Witch Trials.

Prof. Richard L. Howard, (Michigan University 1898)

(11)

Entry date November 2nd 1912 by Professor Wosely. Admittance of a high priority patient. Due to a recurring physical illness related to hypothermia, the patient arrived via federal security transit, at the recommendation of the New York justice department in October of this year. Details of the inmates background and identity follow. Mister Louis Navet is of French breed, strong in build and standing a phenomenal seven feet tall! State records claim he was actually by vocation a circus performer before the illness took him. I say 'was', though to contradict myself I have highlighted the very problem at hand; in the native town of Auberville his stage pseudonym was the headless horseman from Irving's classic. The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. The records state that he had become obsessed with his identity and was rarely out of character. Over the years his eccentric humour increasingly feared and occasionally endangered his fellow performers and wary locals. Recently, following a night of relentless local killings, Mister Navet was promptly suspected, tried and, above his pleas of innocence, sentenced to an English maximum security prison. Gradually he became a problem, his behaviour intolerable even to their conditions of order, of course the authorities had no idea what to do.

November 4th 1912. In a manner somewhat broodily one has to admire the man's blurred arrogance; he will dress only in his circus costume, head to foot in scruffy Victorian clothing; and demand in a voice pompous though patient (with such terrible English), that we release him immediately!

November 11th 1912. Since Mister Navet entered the institution over one week since he has been sullen and said little, and to the untrained observer he would no doubt appear relatively sane.

December 1st 1912. Starting to accept his incarceration and the illness one hopes; today he has requested (of all things) a fresh pumpkin to craft, liable to allow him any sharp implements of course, I did as he asked me of which he was considerably appreciative. And was within the hour using only his nails and teeth, heartily in good humour, sculpting into the flesh of the fruit.

December 2nd 1912. I have made a terrible error! To my humiliation, I have been roughly informed by a colleague, that my act of charity has most certainly fed the Frenchman's fixation to a dangerous level. Admittedly, only my incompetence can be responsible for not locating a copy of Irving's work before. After just two hours I completed the reading. I find Mister Navet's behaviour disturbing, for hours or possibly longer he has stood observing my every step around his cell, attempts at communication appear to fall on deaf ears. Hiding his features he wears the pumpkin as some awful mask (not a missile); to me the fear he communicates is so negative; unexplainable is more accurate.

December 3rd 1912. This case now entertains severity; the patient for the first time has become incredibly violent when attempts have been made to administer treatment of any kind. We have abandoned restraint and forcibly removed the fruit from his shoulders, and since then he has battered and whined endlessly demanding fresh pumpkins.

February 1913. File entry by Doctor Carlwright. Over past weeks I have regulated extreme remedies in hope to calm Mister Navet of his perpetual misbehaviour. Positive communication remains futile; he does however, as I suspected, respond to the title Hessian of Hollow, but only then will rave of his wanting for a pumpkin's flesh. My practices have varied through recent weeks, though all have failed; his resistance to the electrical shock treatment was phenomenal, and also butchered a dozen fat rats within minutes of being thrown into the pit; and still reclaimed a tremendous appetite afterwards! (Note, up until now little importance has been made to the victim's abnormally low body temperature, in one event admitting him unthinkingly to cold test conditions endangered his life).

February 28th 1913. My brother lends an allotment, and can supply the institution with, though out of season, that popular fruit of the gourd family.

March 12th 1913. I can claim to have stopped the violence, but at what cost? As this progress? March 17th 1913. Not many choose to look upon this empty gaze; so even now, a third floor patient, he stays my duty. It remains to be seen whether his insanity wears the march of time.

November 10th 1923. Retains similar behaviour patterns.

Dear friend,

It is clear to me that in this letter it may seem that I am asking the impossible of you. I will give you the facts of my shamefully guarded activities of late, and you must decide whether you can assist me in my actions. These are certain truths I have been reluctant to share with anyone. Although I am still hesitant, the time has arrived for me to ask you the help of a friend, such as yourself, who I believe will approve of my means. However you should be clear that knowledge of my intentions immediately places you in danger. I make no pretenses, I only give you my deepest apologies. I am aware that the potential disruption that I may cause to your life is far greater than any I might have previously caused to another person.

Consider the weight of this text, if you find it's contents overwhelming, destroy this paper and please leave Arkham, in fact I strongly suggest that you leave Massachusetts at the earliest opportunity, for at least one month. My apologies once again. If you choose to read on then share the fruits of your study tomorrow evening at my home, where you will meet me and another supporter of my cause. It is imperative that the details of this letter are never shared with another, even those of the law or the church.

I tell you in confidence, that the Palestinian expedition was violently interrupted by bandits of a dubious clan, who I believe stalked our party of three to our desert objective, in somnolence. Nyssah and Ashworth escaped this ambush across the plain to a nomad settlement. I will explain everything further in good time, but tonight I would ask you to excuse your efforts on the marauders. That is, to use all your skills in acquiring coherent references to sectarian tribes, clans or religions who are active exclusively in the general proximity of the Dead Sea.

You will find enclosed a key to the university's library building. Use it to gain access tonight at 10.30, after Langer retires for the night. Even though what I ask of you does not contravene the law or the customs of the university, make an effort to secrete your presence. If you are discovered, tell them of a request, received from me personally for references to support my coming Seminar, once again I implore you not to repeat any of the facts within this page. Tonight if you consider that you have discovered material which is particularly enlightening - you may contact me after the hour of twelve, by use of the library's telephone facilities

Jonathan Moore

y. 20th March, 1927. 25 cents.

Overseas' Mystery for Boston Hero?



Jonathan Moore, a man who needs little introduction to many people of Massachusetts, was sighted at the Boston dockside several days past, leaving the deck of the steamship Europa. Following routine inquiries, our reporters were requested by the Miskatonic University officials at the scene, to temporarily hold our report, and in return promised the Boston Globe the exclusive information forthcoming within this very article. The accompanying photograph was taken in Peru, 1920, and shows Moore with his crew at the site of one of his great and many archaeological adventures.

The following brief interview, was given to this reporter by a spokesman for the University yesterday evening 24th March 1927:

"From the start, I will say that the University is equally puzzled, 'or in the dark', concerning Mr. Moore's activities. All the information that I can offer to our concerned people of Boston, is that Jonathan is in good health, though visibly exhausted from the voyage.

"As a senior member of the University, Jonathan is given a considerable degree of freedom and responsibility in his work and this is a typical example.

"This recent untimely return of his Palestinian expedition was indeed unscheduled. Once he smells the scent of curiosity that particularly intrigues him, Moore can, in a sense, become careless. Occasionally the correct sequence of procedures are not followed, which can result in disorder. In many people's opinion this particular instance is a serious and embarrassing breakdown of communications. Just how serious is as yet unclear."

We asked whether the University was concerned that Moore's recent situation had been a failed attempt to exploit his credibility:

"Jonathan Moore has, through the hard years, created for himself an exclusive role within the University. This has potential and interesting benefits for the Miskatonic. Quite simply, he is one of the finest men I know; an opinion widely shared."

As if to enforce this belief, Jonathan is at this time under little pressure or obligation to supply reports or explanations, until the completion of all the necessary preparations. We can expect, imminently, a comprehensive exhibition and seminar presenting all the facts and findings which will take place at the Miskatonic University's new conference building.

Jonathan Moore and Steven Ashworth are at present the only identified members of this recent party. Both were unavailable for questioning. The University declined to comment on their specific policies for expeditionary safety and standards.

nesbit's GUN-HAT[®] Fig 2

Fig 1

Fig 2

In these violent times, assure your defense against would-be stalkers with this breakthrough in personal security.

And remember, no-one need know you're wearing one!

Send now for this AMAZING device.

'Honorable Resignation' fo

Dear Peter,

I hope you are seeking rested and in good health. My regret is communicating with you in this mechanical fashion, but my life style seems to have become something of a sensation.

I am an old friend of your parents, you may remember me from the past, but I doubt it, as I was not about as often as I would have liked. When I did visit, it was usually at some ungodly hour, speaking with your father often sharing a beverage and recounting the many humorous recollections of where our travels had taken us.

This letter and the contents of the accompanying package may come as something of a shock to you. There has been no error, it is all for you; My hope is that it will bring you more than deserved happiness.

Prepare yourself.

I don't know what the police have told you, but I have positive evidence that your father is very much alive. After your mother passed away the strain was on too much on Howard, he felt inadequate I think with you in care and nothing he could do to help. Any way in March of 1917 your father took a secret route to the British Isles to an old retreat of mine.

He talked of joining the church, which incidentally was what your grandfather had planned for him, but that was before your father developed his passion for history and exploration.

I think it wise of you to tell the police nothing of what you have learnt from me. Let your father handle the problem in his own good time. I only hope he handles this better than he handled the responsibility of those gold workings he left to

200

Stylised costume is also an important custom in many religious performances and day-to-day matters. One sect I have witnessed were equally colourful in their beliefs as they were in appearance. Of their frequent rituals and ceremonies I decline to pass judgment, for their beliefs give morality little meaning.

With all reason lost or kept from them, these tribes unite for little more than trivia or destruction. From this point on I gained great insight into the common need for the union we all share; this being surely more than love or existence. I consider myself, for example, my own man, an individual! But as this hand grows weary of the quill, I look back at myself drawing those curtains instinctively, duration after duration. Smothering and clouding my thinking mind, I am drugged and forced by the cycles of my body and the night, for a period when I would choose perseverance, I am enveloped by sleep, like Yog-Sothoth and Shudde M'ell, the gods of the Dead Sea people. I know not why I tremble for mankind, and I fear the penalties of awareness.

Dr. Khalid
(Eastern Lore 1903)

201

Why do the things I bring survive with such a vengeance, and reiterate themselves for good? Do I create too significant a problem for myself? I have been cursed to domination too many times, so what is the possibility of one being a bestowing of true power? I have seen stranger things. Or is it because the fight back into the light is such a struggle, that only the strongest problematic perplexity will survive. Much like a blossom perhaps this desperate need to emerge is a slaughtering process.

Dear Susan you should not have died. I will not choose to enter that house again. I have lost everything from their half a century past. Those walls spawned a close working friendship, and later all the machinations that would finally banish the dark thing in the cave. All that we achieved, was to insure the wrath of doom, the worst of it, sprang lost her life, unmonitored.

Through his association with that horrendous mythology in 1914 Howard lost so much more. It was an arrogant, egotistical and non-suppressive act to banish him to exile. I have learned since that, I was angry with myself for seeding his deadly animosity. At times I find it difficult to hold my shame. I have never attempted to contact him. I open old wounds and upsetting everything again. My life had had no space for added complexities, or is this a false perception and self-hypnosis? I do sincerely hope that Howard has made peace with his life in England and that Peter can be gradually reunited with his father. It won't be simple. I know in my heart that the thing has corrupted my destiny, and I have no much chance of sharing their love, that dear Susan.

To retrieve the Emerald Statuette I need strategies and preparations, there is so much to do. I do have Pethworth to rely on, and probably this chap from the university. Tomorrow or maybe the day after, I will visit the library and find some hard facts to use to my advantage.

It is going to be dangerous and for the quality of information that I am likely to find it may not be worth the risk or effort. By chance I was to call, there is not another human being on this planet who is ready to continue the struggle.

I will have to give this some careful thought. Reading the newspapers and texts from the great books all confirm my awareness of a feeling of unsuppressible condemnation which is yet to fall.

When the days fall into the years and the moments into colours for every passing day, it is a spiral existence through day and night, this waking for the sun or the storm. I am my black and white, the recurring ignorance and its saviours, for I create myself. I am the wheel, I change the colour but never the shape. I was born for dying. Reading past the meanings of the fabulous texts, oblivious of the future and the past, only an awareness of the inevitable

What of Hastur the unnamable, Great Atula and the others? Surely they would not bring the night down on themselves? Who could hope to comprehend their motives, for the understanding and the boundaries of our imagination are confined to the realms of this or our own realities?

All evidence suggests The Great Old Ones to be Aundying. If this is true, then why was Nyogtha adopted willingly in the image of those who would be mindless, nurtured as the second dark fledgling? Was there a battle in the stars, as the fairer tales suggest? Why did he allow his head to be kept above the waves, but never riding the current? Did the Old Ones rule with an ignorant fist of science, in design of the great crystal, as they did with their Shoggoths?

They did though remember the signs; the strengthening spread of ambitious wings soon cast over the Old Ones that familiar shadow of deceit. In fear, the preservation processes were halted and the thing left, thought to perish. The purpose built Emerald Statuette, the umbilical cord and the retainer of spurs for their receptacle they had lost to the bite of his lichen tendrils.

(2*)

Hail to you, al vnderous, der nighty Drakda! I am the original power of Kiron who alone can judge between the combatants. I have prevented their fighting and I have wiped away their mourning. I have buried their dead and I have seized the avoiz, material whence it would fly away. I have done all that you commanded in the matter, even in the time that preceded the storm I spent the night with- and closed my eye (as now). I am devoid of ill-will, and have come that you may see me now in the dimension of thin of the skull's face in accordance with all that was remanded. The old men are under my control and the little ones belong to me.

(2□)



The very high mountain

readily pure

Lerzno

Two weeks from Joffa

QAC
FA

I heard Graham Billington tell me that the people he killed were all worshippers of the dark gods; he said they deserved to die. It is years since I would have eagerly shared that perspective, but since then, (like my Father) finding the church has enabled me to see the light shine from the eyes of every woman and man, and I consider it my role to nurture this goodness, so that someday it might burn out all the dark uncertainties. With that said, I think Graham Billington less worthy of my hand than most. With some regret, it will not be necessary for me to make that long train journey to Dartmoor more than the once.

What is this? Please God, don't let those long March nights catch up with me. Not my deadly curiosity; thoughts leading me to the pact; I remember the pact, but surely it was only a dream, it was never real. He is my terrible harbinger of doubts, and I will not let him walk through me. But I can feel my inner flame dying low.

His tendrils are not extended enough to throttle my flock; thank the Lord there are few like myself, who would quest for the dark answers and swallow his malicious vomit without question. I feel constantly drained of energy, and my skin is crawling as fast as my thoughts. Who do I turn to? Not these nested insects. And not friends like Moore, who would turn me out when I needed him most. And not Susan, because she has already paid the ultimate price.

Last night Nyogtha sent me a dream from the edge of the world. I understand now that he never wanted the world for himself; all he wanted was his maturity. I have seen the entombing cradle given to him by the Old Ones. He is forever in their whimsical balance. He showed me his suffocation that would be, if their Emerald Statuette was not destroyed. I have agreed that their first child was an evil one, Nyogtha enlightened me, years past. Is it so unreasonable that he should not be able to live out his eternal existence? And to share a reign that is rightfully his?

With my new found perspective, I now know that the Crystal of the Elder Things was an inconsequential fuel for the creation of their Shoggoths. I understand now, why Abdal-Azrad could merely whisper to why there are so many empty faces.

Unconsciously, I practice this awareness in much of my writings, my actions and within every disaster. I see in the shadows and between the lines the acquaintances of the new gods. This evening that fool Steadman caught me in incomprehensible mid-laughter, as I read from a new edition of the Cambridge Encyclopaedia (for the first real time). It stated that in April of 1912, the Old Ones laboriously ferried their 'wonderful' crystal across the Atlantic with ridiculous stealth. Nyogtha tells me that without him this is a typical example of how they would lead the world into destruction.

After several visits to Dartmoor, between us, Billington and myself, have completed the final necessary preparations. We will together join forces to destroy the Emerald Statuette for my sweet Nyogtha. The places are few where Moore would trust it, and after this night, never again will my Lord be called so cruelly, The Thing That Should Not Be!

I feel that I no longer have need for these clumsy words, and so ends this dissertation of my activities.

Man Kills Six

Last Monday night, 12 December 1926, in the town of Blackburn, a man from Kent was arrested in connection with the mass murder of six well respected people of the local community.

The man, one Graham Billington, was apprehended leaving the farm; the scene of the brutal slaying. Upon immediate questioning, the alleged seemed calm and rational. It is believed that he had this to say to the arresting officers: "It was a necessity that I did what I did, such evil has no place in our world". The victims, among who were two prominent counsellors, hired the barn from farmer Robert Grant to rehearse their parts in the forthcoming church play, Joseph and his Coat of many Colours.

Mr. Billington was brought before the magistrates yesterday. Having heard the damning evidence against him, the accused, for the first time, became noticeably distraught and yelled obscenities at the court, including a repeat of ravings he gave the police: "It was of the utmost necessity for the safety of us all". The judge gave him a life sentence at the psychiatric ward of Dartmoor prison. Some have reason to believe this to be an incident in connection with the council's recent decision to grant industrialists increased planning permission for factory buildings inside community areas, near schools and recreation parks. There is no evidence of this at the time this article went to press.

Keep moving. Keep moving. Keep moving. Do not dally in the danger.
 actions through the mirror of your thought. It is as a result of this, they cannot support you from
 possible, tonight. They are the conditions of their food by eliminating the great excess of their
 Apollon.
 problems the difficulties, but managed properly, they form a challenge that allows the very creativity of our
 firmest attitudes and that which is brought about by an immediate environment. It will take skill to
 from. The danger is required by the overwhelming foundation within the lines, but limited in our
 Also particular attention is on a real danger, limited partly by and manifested in the effects of
 before our reality.
 Opposing extremes. There, events and produced given nonoccurrences, and the things that should not be seen
 or balance, the attempt at an excessive work in a particular direction can provide the growth of the
 held, but it is really the absence of things that are being in the universal laws
 Karamas we are persuaded towards thinking of existence as a possibility that can be taken or

Keep yesterday at the table of the Old Ones; (an) They of Living-kind, the keepers of
 the first gate and that to my friend or duty to the empire (world). So I have the title, lord of
 Eternity, and truly did never, nor will I ever have none, meaning or existence.
 After who is in his burning in the Celestial Order is the keeper of the second gate, the Great
 Old One who creates his own light. His fiery breath is in the faces of those whose hearts
 would move against us. He is a flame, the burner, the one who gives to whom was given
 his hand after it had been cut off. My even is spread, the spirit just within the
 darkness. Hold to you, Harry One and the sun-polk in Pommelhart.
 They like the swallows! as for any god or any of the dead, who shall not fill their lips over
 him this day, shall fall into the depths of the iron bar, which lies the keepers of the
 Third gate. He is the field of flutes whose height is infinite.
 The Keeper of the fourth gate is the father of serpents, he who lives on snakes. He who
 is clear of glasses, who cuts them down so only the serpent shall pass. He like the
 Mound of spirits whose faces are never clearest, his mirrors are the
 Castles of knives by which we do not pass.
 The Keeper of the fifth gate is the mighty ship of fate, he who reigns over
 lakes and drink of their game. After to Great Ethelred your previous of times and sockets
 cakes of wine, ten-and-a-half fields of barley and the lease of Yuggok, or cover
 your head for he is of ruddy face! one might of magic and his eyes have caused him to
 benefit three-pan. Limitation eternally is given to him, for he is the who inherited Eternity,
 to whom everlasting uses given in the tides of a million years
 the aggressor. The thing that should Not Be, he whose face is inverted
 and many-shaped, who cuts the corruption of his kinder-parts.

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Jonathan Moore Lives!

The Boston Globe offices were visited yesterday by a representative from Arkham's Miskatonic University, with the exciting news that Jonathan Moore, who was thought to have perished in a terrorist explosion at his house here in Boston, is still alive and in good health. Like a phoenix, he seems to have arisen from the flaming rubble of his home ground.

The burnt and mangled remains that the police found at his residence were not those of Moore at all, but those of a close associate, Steven Ashworth. Naturally, we are all happy that Jonathan is still with us; but I am sure that I am speaking on behalf of every one of our readers, when I say that our thoughts are with the relatives and friends of the late member of the Miskatonic University, Steven Assworth. It seems to have been a cruel chance that he should call upon Moore's Mansion just at the time it was levelled to the ground. His sacrifice is one which will not go unremembered.

The question is obviously raised concerning the identity of a group or individual that would want to harm such a hero of the people as Jonathan Moore? To understand the full picture we must remind you of the events of recent weeks. The Boston Globe recently reported that Jonathan Moore and his team (which included the deceased) had returned home having suffered a setback in their routine reconnaissance of Palestine. It was only yesterday that the following facts have come to our attention.

It appears that a guide who Moore had hired to lead his party had quite foolishly, although inadvertently and in all innocence, taken them over land which was held sacred by an ancient and malicious cult known to Moore as "They of Living-Kind".

The party members were hounded and chased feverishly back for days across blistering deserts, and, as Moore had guessed, the restless demons continued to stalk him so that they could deliver an unforgiving death, here in Boston! This is a remarkable tale and almost impossible to believe if it had not come from the very lips of Jonathan Moore himself.

With all of his understanding of these matters, Jonathan had anticipated an attack of some proportion and had selflessly fled to Palestine to avert the danger from our own shores, leading his assailants back into their homeland. As a week passed and Ashworth failed to rendezvous in Jaffa as they had planned earlier, Moore had begun to fear and accept the worst. The intrepid explorer lay low in the city of Jaffa contemplating his next strategy with one thought foremost on his mind; to avenge the death of his good friend.

In his urgency to resolve the situation, Jonathan desperately took under his wing a mismatch crew of American fortune hunters, intending to put an end to this evil sect. So it was, that he guided his strange crew for over a week, back across the now familiar windswept lands of the Middle East, before finally stepping back onto the shores of the Dead Sea, the site where he was attacked weeks earlier. But once there, Jonathan tells us, there was little opportunity for



human retribution, as even then the earth started to split and burst beneath their feet! His helpers, along with many of the red robed members of the aforementioned cult, were demoralised by the apparent seismic disturbances and scattered in fright.

The picture above was taken with the latest in photographic technology developed at the Miskatonic University, which enabled Jonathan to record the climactic demise of this, until now, undiscovered cultists named "They of Living-Kind", and the final severing of their terrible bloodline. Jonathan stood his dangerous ground and proudly captured pictures of the abundant ancient designs that no man will ever see again.

His final obstacle seemed to be a freak tremor of the earth which led to an inexplicable tidal-wave that totally demolished the area's unique and peculiar architectures. University scientists can give no logical explanations for these strange, though quite natural, devastations and no plans exist at present to investigate the area more closely. Local officials are simply calling the events an act of God.

Mail Order Company Faces Lawsuit

The designers NESBITS, who are the manufacturers of products such as The Optical Enhancer and more recently the infamous Gun-Hat have recently come under continuous criticism from all directions of the market place. It now appears that at least eighty per cent of consumers of the NESBITS' Gun-Hat have suffered from accidents after correct implementation. A surviving purchaser of the product had this to say about the device and we quote:

"the product simply does not work".

We investigated this affair ourselves and found that between December of 1919 to the present day, there are three hundred and twenty seven registered complaints, and that after continuous use of their NESBITS' Optical Enhancer, some customers were left with their right eye completely blinded or tragically misaligned. We decided to track down Dr. Weltustine who recommends the product in one of the existing advertisements. We could find no such person at the University of Stockholm, and after painstaking research discovered that "Dr. Weltustine" is in fact an anagram for "utter swindle".

We have passed on all our information to our local police department.

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Rags of Tea



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contains our powers
of reason. The
right holds our
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