

1920s

TATTERS OF THE KING

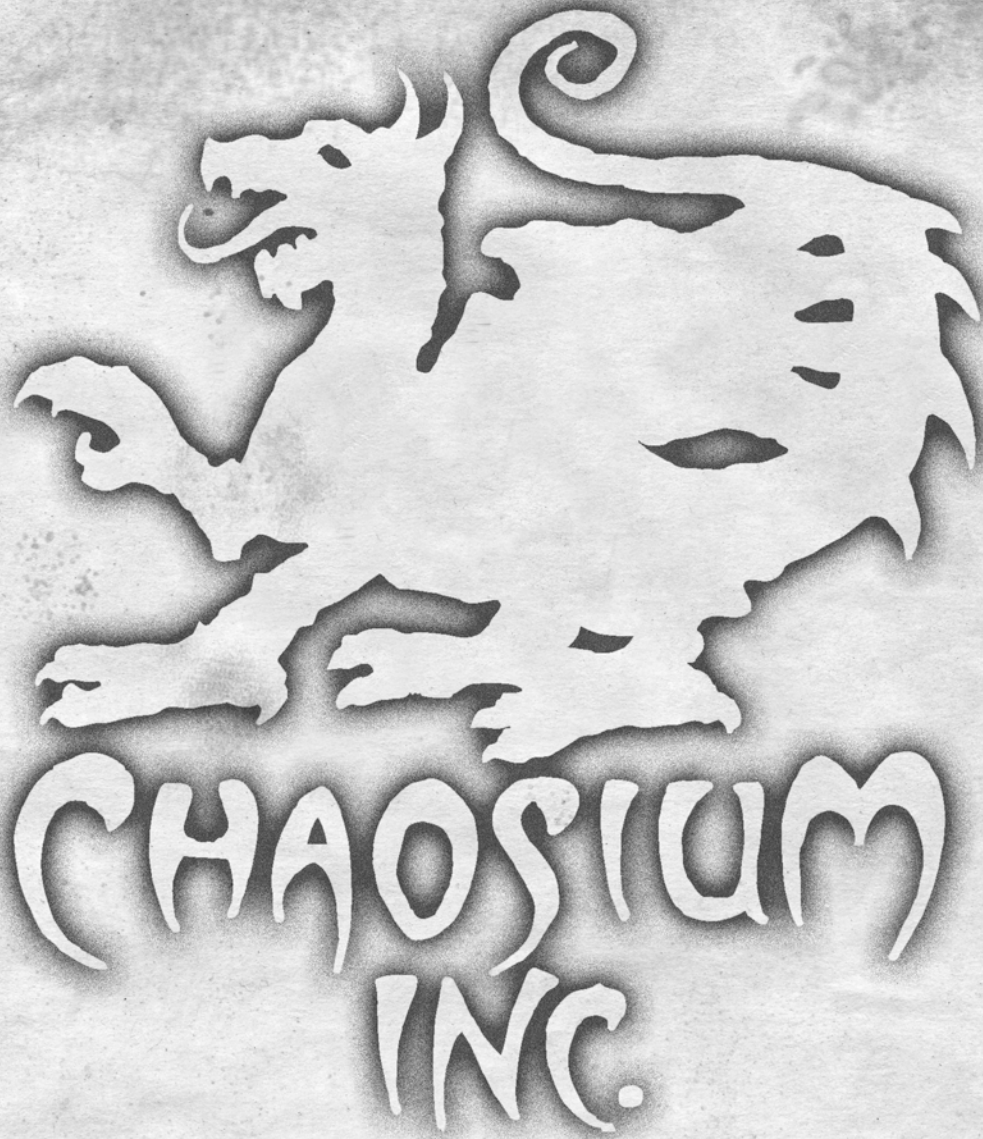
Hastur's Gaze
Gains Focus
on the Earth



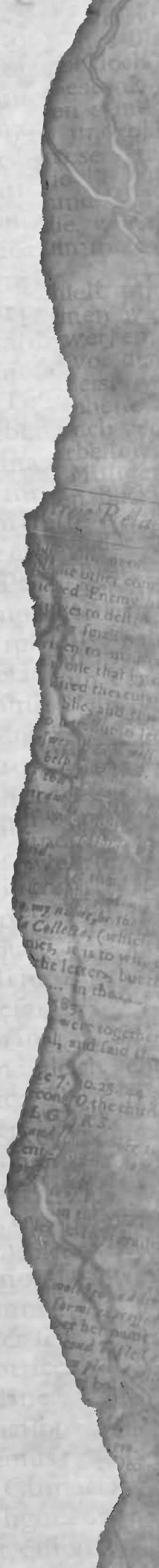
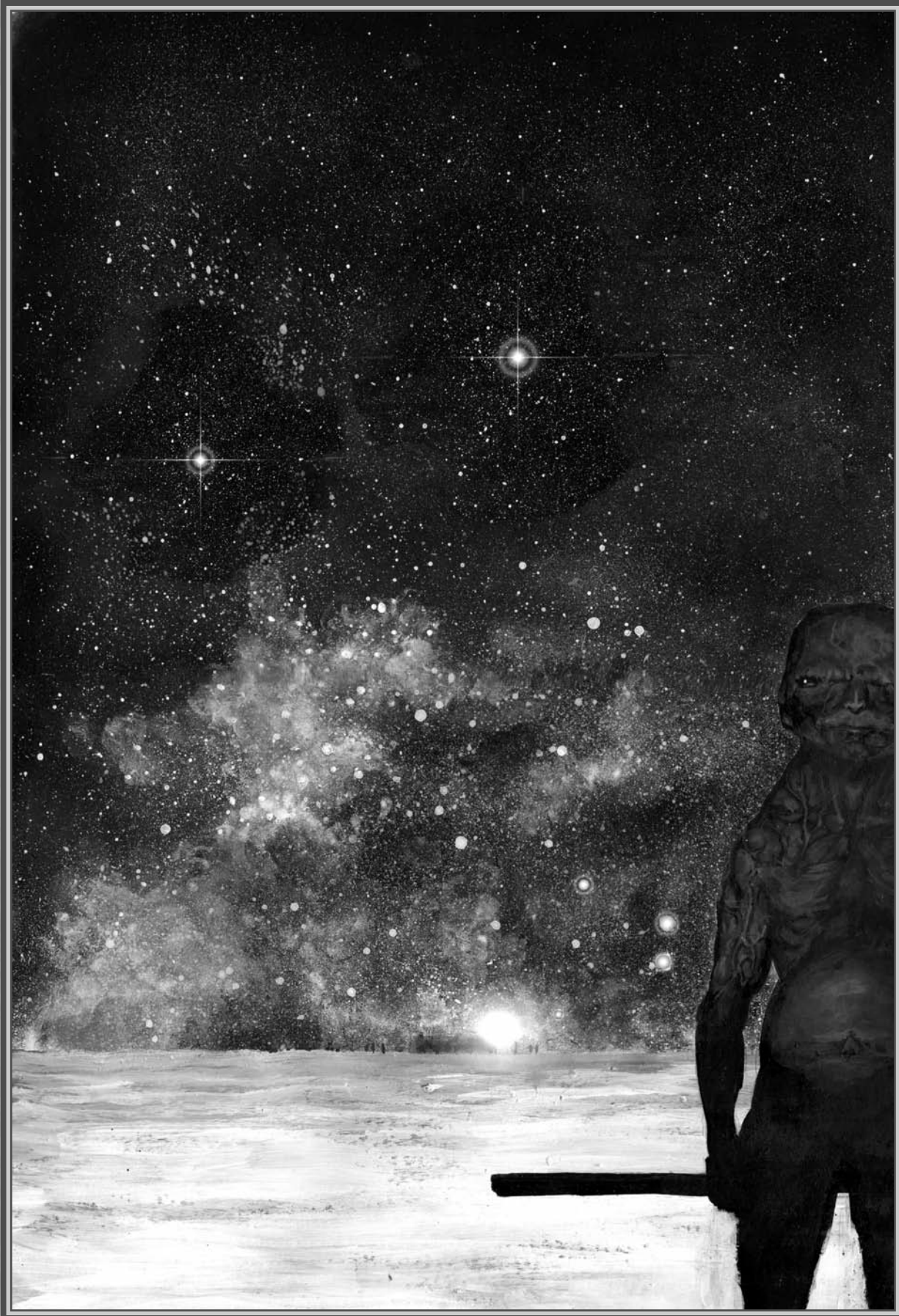
TIM WISEMAN

WITH ASHLEY JONES, ANTONY FENTIMAN,
LYNN WILLIS & CHARLIE KRANK





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TATTERS OF THE KING



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H. P. Lovecraft
1890-1937

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Introduction & Orientation

*The stars are right.
Hastur's gaze gains brief focus upon the Earth.
And things change.*

It is October 1928. London: the capital of an empire that covers a quarter of the globe and contains a quarter of the human race. The population busies itself with its concerns of politics and government, finance and production, work and recreation.

But how fragile things are.

What ignorance there is.

For there are those who are engaged in quite different pursuits. Those who would see an inhuman power come to Earth that would make such activity seem merely a last dance before dying.

Over this winter his taint emerges as never before. The sensitive and the weak feel it first; few can know the source, but some welcome it anyway — experience in it a thrill. Artists find their work strangely influenced, and they mine this vein of creativity. Many exhibitions this season feature similar images: a social gathering gripped by a repressed panic; a lake or marsh cloaked with mist; the presence of something that stands just off canvas. New fiction and theater bring scenes of upheaval and confusion that are never allowed to reach a climax. Seances and mediumistic exhibitions bring untoward results and end in disruption. And other people are susceptible to variations in mood: they feel new lines of communication opening. Some claim God is talking to them.

All feel the lure of the stars. Artists, musicians, and writers work at their windows after sunset, their curtains thrown open to the sky. The troubled walk the streets by night conversing with themselves, railing at interruptions. Madmen sit in their cells gazing towards where the Hyades will rise.

Events here take place over the winters of 1928-29 and 1929-30, precipitated by those who deal with the Great Old One Hastur. The player characters will be called upon twice. First, they travel to the Highlands of Scotland where the doomed city of Carcosa has been brought to Earth and where men are dragging Hastur's spawn down amongst us. Then, almost a year later, the investigators must journey to the Himalayas and the Plateau of Leng where Hastur appears in the form of the King in Yellow. A man there will lead the King to Earth, and if the man is prevented from doing this, the investigators themselves will be asked to serve.

Hastur's influence is a subtle, even seductive one, and is difficult to deny. Ultimately the player characters' trust in one another, even in themselves, may be affected. Might they be drawn to his message? Might they even become agents for his rise? The campaign can certainly be judged a success when the players start to feel his lure.



Overview of the Campaign

The essence of nightmare lies less in the simple experience of horrors than in the unpreventable fruition of horrors foreknown. — Michael Shea.

The campaign is suitable for four to six investigators: ideally one should be a psycho-analyst or alienist and published in this field, and one or more of the others should be involved in the creative arts. It is convenient if the investigators live in or near London, but one or all can be foreign-based if they are prepared to travel to Britain to address events. Detailed advice on options for involving the player characters is provided in the boxed text “Bringing the Investigators Together” at the beginning of the Prologue.

The Upper House campaign can be broadly seen as being organized into three units: “The Madman”, “British Gods”, and “The Upper House”.

BOOK I: The Madman

This section takes place in England and Scotland over a period of eight weeks in October, November, and December 1928. One of the investigators is asked to look at the history of an asylum inmate and advise on his fitness for release. The investigators learn of the inmate’s erstwhile acquaintances, members of a secret society or cult, and uncover the trail of death and damage left by these individuals. Parallels may be drawn to other strange events occurring across London, such as the bizarre theatrical performance the player characters have themselves attended. Some of the investigators start to experience dreams and visions that threaten to pull them further out on the black waters of the unknown.

It becomes clear that the inmate must not be set free, but even if his release hearing goes the way the investigators wish, there is someone else who won’t be denied. The inmate is spirited north. As winter comes the cult draws together. They bring an alien city to Earth before seeking to attract the notice of the Great Old One Hastur himself. Though the cult’s plans will prove badly laid, the player characters have to do well to minimize the horror and destruction caused.

BOOK II: British Gods

There is now a hiatus in events running for almost a year from January 1929 to mid-December 1929. This allows for a release and then reestablishment of tension, and also lets keepers do a couple of things depending on the character of their groups. The player characters can try to resume their normal lives, to recover from what has gone before — indeed there might be periods of institutional rest necessary — or they might choose to

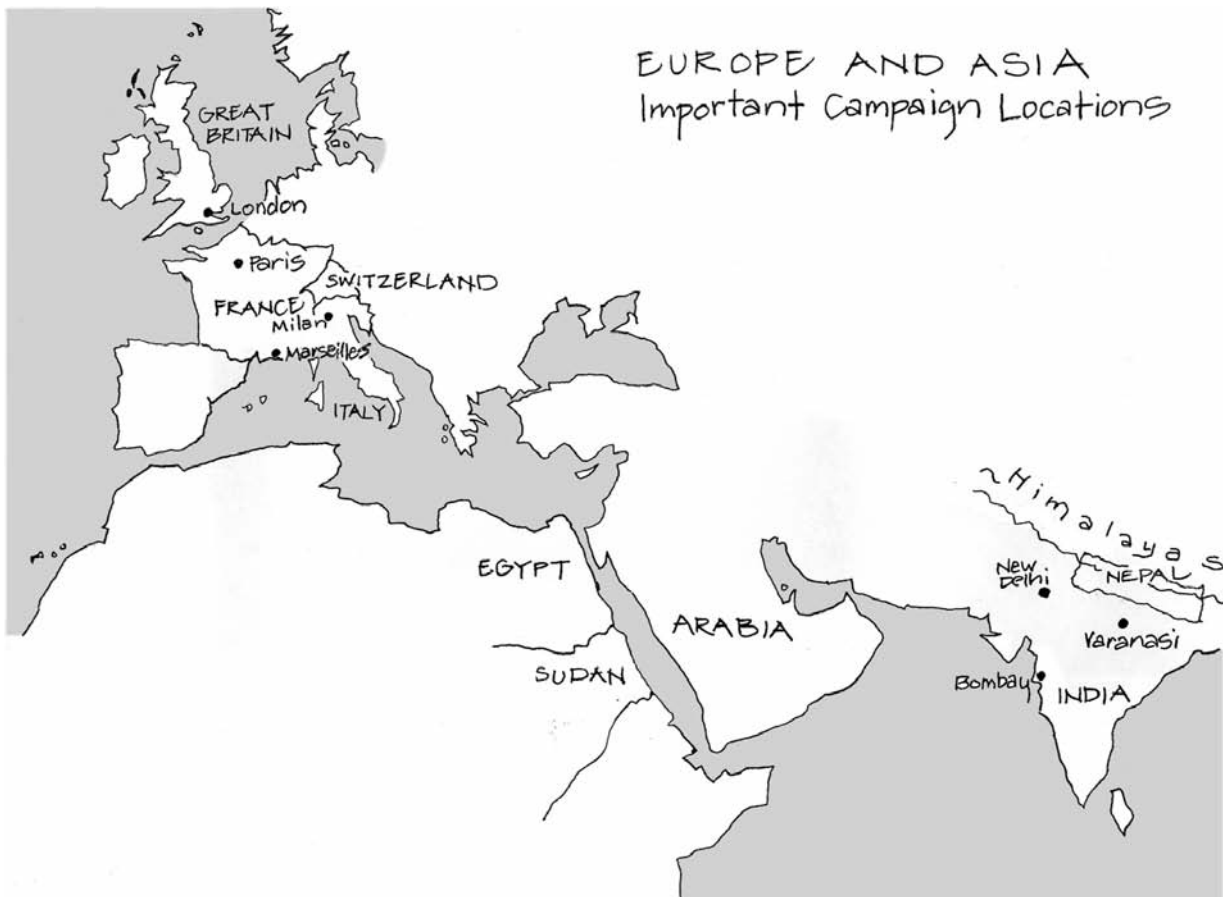
turn their attention elsewhere, to become involved in other Mythos challenges before returning to the events here. Suggestions for handling this period are provided later in the book, at the beginning of Chapter 6.

Whatever they do, as Aldebaran rises again in October of 1929 the player characters realize that their task is not done. Tension builds again as a second and more considered attempt to bring Hastur to Earth comes closer. “British Gods” itself covers just a week or two in December 1929. After long months when it seems that the cult may have been entirely defeated it becomes increasingly clear that this is not the case. The investigators travel to the West Country of England where they find the alien gods are strong, and their arrival there brings on a crisis. They are forced to decide whether they can support and trust someone who would use the powers these gods provide for seeming good.

BOOK III: The Upper House

This final section of the campaign takes place over a period of some eight to ten weeks, covering late December 1929 or early January 1930 to February or March 1930. The investigators journey to Italy seeking





the most capable and ambitious of the cultists, the man who seeks to bring about a 'Second Coming' of Hastur. In Milan they speak to a confederate of his to discover his whereabouts before journeying on by sea to Bombay. From here they travel across India and into Nepal, still closed to the West, and then up into the Himalayas.

Here, on the cold plains of Leng, the campaign comes to its climax. In the temple of the Upper House the investigators face an awful being. Can they stop him? Can they lead him astray? Are they even united or do some amongst them now serve Hastur, the King in Yellow, the Tattered King?

Hastur and His Influence

The *Encyclopedia Cthulhiana* says of Hastur, a "Great Old One who resides on or is imprisoned on a dark star near Aldebaran. He is related to Carcosa, the Yellow Sign, the Lake of Hali, and the King in Yellow". Also, "The Tcho-Tchos and the people of K'n-yan are both known to worship Hastur. In the past he was also revered in Samaria, Attluma, and Hyboria. His cult is considered particularly abhorrent, even when compared with those of the other Great Old Ones". Hastur is variously known as Assatur, Kaiwan, Him Who is Not

to be Named, the Feaster from Afar, the Unspeakable One, or Haita the Shepherd.

He stands for no traits or passions that we know of. He aligns himself with no aspect of human endeavor. If he has positions, plans, or vendettas they remain unknown to us. There are few writings, predictions, or portents attached to him. Because of this, humans who wish to align themselves with Hastur have little to draw upon. His organized worship amongst us is rare, and where it does occur it is most often ineffectual — essentially irrelevant.

The most useful text we have concerning Hastur is the play *The King in Yellow*, the title of which names one of his avatars. Although the play appears at first inspection restrained and unfocused, a deeper reading proves unsettling. We learn of an entity that whispers to us seductively and seems to use our emotions as sustenance, an entity that we can only recognize as we lose our humanity. It seems that once we know Hastur we can no longer operate in our own world, or live by our own rules. So who do we have who can adequately describe him to us?

Many who hear his message are of an artistic nature: painters, musicians, sculptors, actors, poets, and often those working outside the major schools or movements in their fields. To them he comes in several forms: the

Taurus, Aldebaran, and the Hyades

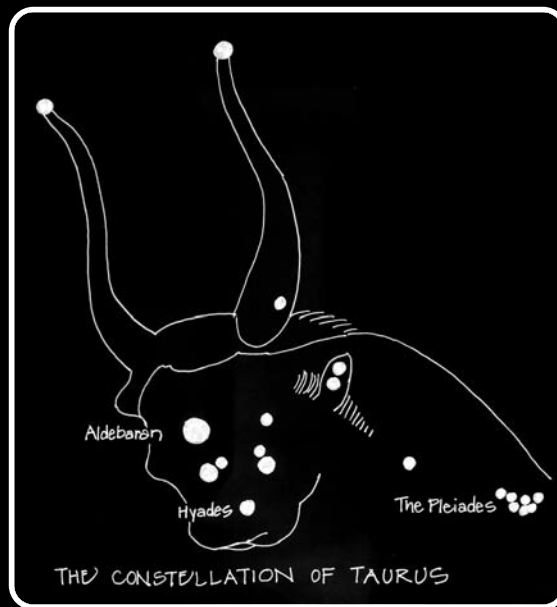
The Hyades play an important part in the mythology of Hastur. It is supposed he 'resides' — to use anthropomorphism — near Aldebaran, above the Hyades. Carcosa, the city used as a backdrop in *The King in Yellow* is said to be in the Hyades at least intermittently, and most tellingly we on Earth only feel Hastur's influence at those times of the year when the Hyades are above the horizon and visible.

The Hyades is an open star cluster that constitutes the head of the constellation Taurus the bull. Marking his right eye is the bright red star Aldebaran — a magnitude 0.9 star and the ninth brightest star in our sky. On or near Aldebaran lies Lake Hali, which seems to be Hastur's source of influence over our Earth.

Further back in the constellation lie a tight cluster of young stars, the Pleiades.

From mid-northern latitudes, all these stars are visible with the naked eye with the exception of the Pleiades. Six of the seven stars of this last cluster, called the seven sisters in Greek mythology, are about fourth magnitude and easy to see, but many more are visible with binoculars or a telescope. In northern latitudes Taurus rises in the east in October, peaks in the southern sky in early January, and disappears into the west at the end of March.

Astronomers have, since this period, established that Aldebaran is not in the Hyades, being very much closer to Earth than that star cluster, just fifty light years away.



King in Yellow, the Tattered King, the Stranger, the Outsider, the White Acolyte — shades of himself. His message is usually only partially understood, but it finds its way into artists' work in ways they themselves cannot fully describe or explain. They see something of beauty in Hastur. There is a perfection of form and motive, an uncompromising strength, a power that throws down the conceits of others. It is a fierce and selfish beauty, but beauty nevertheless.

These artists are luckier than the others who hear him — those on the edges of our society, the lost, the lonely, and the insane. They have no voice to give their message. No one listens to them.

All the player characters will be exposed to these symptoms of Hastur's proximity by reading the newspapers, attending galleries and stage performances, and simply going about their daily routines. Such things should be used by the keeper to bring across the unsettling atmosphere prevalent in the time of this campaign, but see the next section for a more immediate impact for certain of the investigators.

Dreams and Visions

A few player characters will experience Hastur's influence firsthand: see Appendix D, which contains narratives detailing investigator dreams, visions, or moments of clarity. The keeper must decide whom to target with

these images. It's recommended that two investigators be selected, based upon the following factors.

First, how close is each investigator to the Hastur Mythos? Were they present at *The Stranger and the Queen* and did they lose sanity upon seeing the Yellow Sign? Have they read *The King in Yellow* or *The Turner Codex*? Do they believe in the existence of Hastur and the King in Yellow? Are they perhaps already stopping to stare at Aldebaran as they walk home over the spans of Waterloo Bridge? Someone answering yes to most of these questions is a good choice for selection.

Second, does the investigator have the temperament to hear Hastur's message? Those of an artistic leaning are much more likely to be open to his communication, and further the artist will then feel compelled to create in whatever field they follow, and see the output tinged with the King in Yellow's beautiful corruption. Artists of any description should almost certainly be chosen.

Strong roleplayers should make good use of the opportunity to brush against the Hastur Mythos but the keeper should not allow dreams or visions to all the investigators. Wait until the selected dreamers start to question their own motivations and perceptions. Once that happens, merely confiding in their fellow investigators will introduce divisions as each person begins to wonder whether the other truly shares their motivations. Keepers should stoke this paranoia as much as they're able.

Plot and Plotters

This section discusses those non-player characters who drive events in this campaign, and brings us up to the time the investigators enter the game. The keeper may wish to refer to the timeline in Appendix A to see these events put into chronological order.

There are seven major non-player characters: Montague Edwards, Lawrence Bacon, Alexander Roby, Malcolm Quarrie, Hillary Quarrie, Atkinson, and Wilfred Gresty. All are cultists in the sense that they have acquired Mythos knowledge and have acted to try to further this knowledge. Nonetheless, relations between them are complicated. It is to the player characters' advantage to try to uncover where each stands; if the investigators can make wise choices about where to place their trust, they are in stronger positions to face the dangers herein.

Montague Edwards and Lawrence Bacon

Montague Edwards is the only son of a wealthy Scottish laird. His father and grandfather both dabbled in magic and the occult before him, but Edwards was much more adept than either. Coming to London as a young man in 1905 to attend art school, he naturally sought out and became involved in the London secret society the Golden Dawn. Members' ambitions and egos had already weakened this organization past recognition, but Edwards was accepted into membership. Lawrence Bacon — a fellow member, occultist, and London rare book dealer — introduced Edwards to the Mythos and the Great Old One Hastur. Immersion in Bacon's occult book collection and the holdings of the Golden Dawn taught him more, and he was lost to this study.

After the intervention of the Great War, during which Edwards served with distinction, he and Bacon

Cast of Non-Player Characters

IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

London & England

Talbot Estus
Author and Aesthete

Michael Gillen
Retired Publisher

Jean Hewart, George Keith, Hannah Keith, Walter Paige
Actors

Dr. Charles Highsmith
Ambitious Consultant

Lucius Harriwell
Lunatic

Dr. Lionel Trollope
Faithful Family Doctor

Grahame Roby
Accomplished and Respected Banker

Detective Inspector Andrew Taylor
Police Inspector

Delia Morrison
Unhappy Wife, ex-Occult Student

Peter Morrison
Brutish Husband

Vincent Tuck
Private Detective

Harold Jennings
Farmer

Aleister Crowley
Black Magician, Poet, and Author

The Cult of Hastur

Montague Edwards
(a.k.a. Michael Evans)
Head Cultist, Asylum Nurse

Lawrence Bacon
Cultist and Scholar

Alexander Roby
Dilettante, Cultist and Dreamer

Michael Coombs
Vicious Cultist and Criminal

Dick Blair
Landlord

Henry Lister, Quentin Spence
Minor Cultists

Carcosa

Noss
citizen of Carcosa,
Commoner and Leatherworker

Yolanda
Citizen of Carcosa
Noblewoman and Courtesan

Cultists of Shub-Niggurath

Hillary Quarrie
Priestess and Farmer

Will
Cultist and Farmworker

Atkinson
Leader of the Cult of the Goat

Wilfred Gresty
Cultist and Spy

Milan

Paulo Tuminardo
Guide and Interpreter

Thomas Villiers
Artist, Brother of the Yellow Sign

Giuseppe Colombo
Crank, Brother of the Yellow Sign

Companions Aboard Ship

Reverend Ian Gore
Missionary

Julian Knight
Diplomat

Mrs. Henrietta Tullis
Wife to the Cultural Attaché

Miss Francesca Nicholson
Secretary

Miss Patricia Berry
Francesca's Companion

Stephen Thomas
Accountant

India & Nepal

Sivakumar Patel
Indian Guide and Interpreter

Jigme Rinzing
Nepalese Merchant and Guide

Tsewan Pemba
Tibetan Farmer and Guide

Mustang & Drakmar

Malcolm Quarrie
Cultist, Historian, Folklorist

Roberto Anzalone
Cultist, Historian,
Companion

Carlo Schippone
Cultist, Graduate Student

reunited. With the last of the Golden Dawn's temples closed at the outset of hostilities, the two worked alone. Researching, corresponding, experimenting — each all the while pushed the other toward a better understanding of the King in Yellow, and toward complete insanity. Each made an oath to Hastur — the Unspeakable Promise — and each was changed: Bacon received wisdom and tirelessness while Edwards gained the fortitude to shrug off human hurt. These blessings were also curses: Bacon's mind was never still — he couldn't sleep at night or face the world by day. Edwards' mind was unhinged, too; he lost himself in moments of violent mania or in orgies of self-harm. He was always physically regenerating, repairing the elaborate injuries he inflicted upon himself.

The pair sought to come closer to Hastur, and to bring him to Earth. To this end they began to assemble a loosely organized and secret group of individuals — a cult to provide the participants they knew would be necessary. Over the years 1918 to 1924 they drew these members: from those they had known in the Golden Dawn, those who frequented Bacon's premises, and from some they found or who found them. By the mid 1920's the Hastur cult numbered a score or more. Edwards was installed as their leader. The group was told that the day was coming when they would be called on: on that day they would all ascend high above the wash of humanity, and become gods on Earth.

Wilfred Gresty

One member made only a pretense of sharing these great motives. Wilfred Gresty was born in the village of Goatswood in the Severn Valley of the West Country of England. It was an in-bred, closed community. He was brought up like the others there in the worship of Shub-Niggurath, the Black Goat of a Thousand Young. She had looked after her people here for thousands of years, but now, from communion with her, the Goat Cult knew that Hastur was coming in the ascendant. How would the Goat with a Thousand Young fare if Hastur was to stand on Earth again?

Though ugly, Gresty was quite like outsiders in looks and he was clever and scheming. It was decided that he would be sent outside the valley and he would seek to learn if groups awaited Hastur. In London it took him many months to find Edwards' Hastur cult but finally, through contact with a ghoul, he did so. He gained membership but was not accepted into the inner circle and he remained ignorant of Edwards' long-term plans. Unhappy in the city he took to drink. He blames Hastur and his cult for his predicament. He is anxious to do them harm.

Hillary and Malcolm Quarrie

The Goat Cult has more influence in our story. In the spring of 1923, a young couple, Hillary Hayes and Malcolm Quarrie were married in Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire in the English west country. They moved into a small farm in a quiet part of the countryside; it was known as Nug's Farm and was Malcolm's wedding present to his bride. The farm was in poor repair but had a wonderful fourteenth century manor house close by the great Forest of Dean. Hillary loved the spot. From the first, she was bewitched by the land and the great black wood on its threshold. The two were happy there: in its seclusion, Malcolm worked on a book he was writing, while Hillary managed the farm with some local help.

The local people were the first hint of troubles to come. What first seemed to be just amusing eccentricities in their manners now appeared as something else: antagonism to Malcolm, a strange deference to Hillary. In the autumn a book was left on their doorstep carefully wrapped up — “just like a foundling child,” said Hillary. It was old, written in many hands over many years, a sort of shared diary. All the authors seemed local, indeed many seemed to have lived in this very farmhouse, and all had written under the same name, Atkinson. Malcolm was fascinated. He seemed less than surprised, and he kept it and read it. While much in it was mundane — rents, harvests, illnesses, births, deaths — it also spoke at great length of witchcraft and Satanism, and a god called the Black Goat or sometimes Shub-Niggurath. This deity was said to have been worshipped by local tribes since before Christ and adopted by the Romans when they reached the Severn Valley. The book was titled *Revelations of Glaaki*.

In the winter, hand-delivered letters started to arrive. They spoke of the book and the woods hereabouts and suggested the same kind of mind as produced the *Revelations*. The letters are respectful in tone . . . even reverential. They are addressed to Hillary. They are signed *Atkinson*.

This development was too much. Hillary and Malcolm expressed disgust for the communications but neither took the lead to throw them out — in fact their desire to know more increased. The letters bewitched Hillary; she hid the new ones from her husband. Slowly their love for each other and their mutual disdain for these strange communications began to erode. They argued, suspecting each other of hiding new letters; they become sly around each other, and on separate occasions each found the other reading the book in the dead of night.

In the summer of 1924 their child, Sarah, was born and Malcolm's book was accepted for publication. Malcolm was only genuinely happy with the second

event; in the midst of a squabble he even claimed that Sarah was not his. He obtained and took up a position in London at the Royal Society. For some months after, he came back to the farm on weekends but the visits were less and less frequent until they stopped altogether. Money arrived for a while longer and then that stopped too.

Malcolm and Atkinson

Malcolm had grown up not far from the Severn Valley and learnt some of its strange history when doing post-doctoral work in English at Oxford. In 1922, research for his now-published book on religion and myth brought him to the Valley and a chance encounter with an old man that would destroy his life. The man was initially cold, almost hostile to him, but by chance a photograph of Malcolm's fiancée, Hillary, fell on the floor. The old man's attitude changed completely. He told a story of an unbroken line of men and women, stretching back to the sixteenth century. These people had held "religious duties" hereabouts — he knew them all by name and he knew many names before that, too, back to before the Saxons had pushed this far west. He brought out writings from the time of Queen Elizabeth, he offered why there were no churches in the villages thereabouts, and he told what he could do, what he could call up. The old man was Atkinson, and he told Malcolm how he would share his secrets.

Malcolm listened with astonishment. This unlearned man spoke with such authority that Malcolm knew it was true. This was more than he hoped for and he imagined what this knowledge could do for him. Only when the young man was bedazzled did Atkinson tell him the condition for sharing this knowledge: Malcolm must live here and bring Hillary. It didn't take long for Malcolm to agree — he told himself that much good and no harm would come of it. But even as he said this he knew it was a lie.

Atkinson's Plans for Hillary, Malcolm, and the Child

Atkinson is the leader of the ancient Shub-Niggurath cult based in the communities of Lower Clotton, Temphill, Whitminster, Mercy Hill, and others in the shadow of Goatswood and the Severn Valley. Atkinson had been in a slow decline for the last decade, and sought a successor. Finding one had been difficult, for though generations of inbreeding and ritual had brought about prized physical features in the local people, there were also fewer cultists than ever and most were feeble-minded. Atkinson saw something in the photograph of Hillary: he could bring her to the Severn Valley, teach her his ways, give her his child. In the years he had left, he could prepare her for the assumption of

his role, knowing that after her the child — his blood — would inherit.

The plan worked. Hillary and Malcolm came, and the proximity of Goatswood ensorcelled them as it does all. They read the book and his letters, and become entangled in them; they forgot their lives and each other. Atkinson's one failure was that although he had wormed closer to the woman, his witchcraft could not get him into her bed. Still, when she produced a child by Malcolm, Atkinson claimed to the worshippers of the Black Goat that it was his own.

Perhaps Malcolm and Hillary loved each other still. If so, they couldn't admit it. Malcolm's studies took him past Shub-Niggurath because over the winter of 1923 and early 1924 he always saw the Black Goat in the shadow of another entity spoken of in the book: Hastur. He knew now what Atkinson knew: Hastur was in the ascendant. Malcolm's mind made the final retreat from his previous life and from Hillary — nothing else mattered except coming to know Hastur and the King in Yellow. He knew Atkinson could teach him no more and he knew now that Atkinson wanted Hillary. Well he was prepared to give her up — it was just a matter now of the two men arranging for Malcolm to leave her with dignity intact.

This was done. Atkinson had got Edwards' name from Gresty and now passed it to Malcolm; when Malcolm corresponded with Edwards he found in him a learned man and what seemed like a kindred spirit. With the baby born, he left his wife and his child behind him and gave his mind to Hastur. In London he quickly earned the respect of Edwards and Bacon, working with them throughout 1924 and early 1925 as they struggled to explain and capture the King in Yellow.

But he has always hated himself for what he did.

Gresty's story is taken up again in Chapter 6 of the campaign. Those of Hillary and Atkinson are visited in Chapter 7.

Alexander Roby

This is the last of the key introductions. Alexander Roby was born into a wealthy and influential family, but although a bright and sensitive young man he was a disappointment. After stints in the War Office and the Foreign Office he drifted; he couldn't settle and carve out a career for himself. He started to withdraw from life — he said he saw little it could offer him — and he would stay apart from others and follow his own pursuits: reading and writing on spiritualism, philosophy, and the occult, and studying the stars.

Roby has a nature that makes him a rare and cursed individual — one whose muse is Hastur, whom he hears and understands. Since the Great War Roby has had the most vivid and disturbing dreams. Coming



with the visibility of the constellation Taurus in the sky, they give up words of power and glimpses of Aldebaran, Hali, and the Yellow Sign. He was sometimes able to control these visions and on several occasions he physically entered them. More than once he traveled to a planet or a star on which was a glorious city called Carcosa. It had all that he could wish for: it was not just bricks and tar and steel but it was living and would move with your call and your mood — echo and build that mood to a peak of ecstasy. Leaving Carcosa was like dying for him. It was only there that he felt truly alive and it became his only desire to dwell in the Dream City.

But at the same time he doubted his sanity. Did this place exist? How could he find others who might have and share such knowledge? He decided to transcribe his dreams and arrange for their self-publication, and in 1923 the slim volume *Der Wanderer durch den See* (*The Walker by the Lake*) appeared.

Edwards Meets Alexander Roby

In February of 1925 the single-minded work of the Hastur cult was rewarded with a major success. Bacon acquired a copy of Roby's *The Walker by the Lake*, read it, and understood its importance. Edwards made the author's acquaintance and drew him into their circle: he, Bacon, Quarrie and Roby now worked together. Roby read the play *The King in Yellow* and then *The Turner Codex* for the first time and with delight; to him, they proved that Carcosa really existed. Likewise the others saw that Roby seemed able to open a way to Carcosa. If they could reach Carcosa, surely the King in Yellow could be reached!

But differences and antagonisms surfaced. Edwards, Bacon, and Quarrie agreed that Hastur should be brought to Earth in the form of his avatar, the King in Yellow. But whereas Edwards and Bacon felt that the King should be brought to Carcosa, Quarrie disagreed. And whichever the correct way forward, the debate had to be carried on away from Roby, who was appalled by the idea of contacting Hastur. Roby viewed Hastur as a force of entropy and while he knew that Hastur's nature gave Carcosa its allure, he saw Hastur's actual arrival as calamitous. He would only hear of reaching Carcosa. With Roby's misgivings and the sporadic nature of his dreams, progress was slow. But he faithfully worked on the chants and slowly, slowly the cult neared the opening of the way.

In the summer of 1925, Quarrie, frustrated with the cult's direction, opened various correspondences with other occultists in an attempt to refine his own ideas. Among those contacted was an Italian professor in Milan, and Quarrie found the professor's research greatly complemented his own. Over several months

they develop a theosophy that placed Christianity as a belief system growing from Hastur and the King in Yellow. They found parallels in a work concerning another possibly mythological entity, Chaugnar Faugn, who lies waiting for a "White Acolyte" in a place called Leng. It all began to fit: the key to reaching the King in Yellow was Chaugnar Faugn. Excited, Quarrie attempted to convince Edwards and Bacon that the route was not through Carcosa at all but through Leng.

Edwards was utterly unreceptive. Instead he determined a drastic move forward: the cult would contact Hastur himself for direction.

The Summoning and the Split

On New Year's Eve, 1925, the cult gathered on lonely farm country in East Anglia. Edwards, Bacon, Quarrie, Gresty, and fourteen other men stood on a low hilltop within the angle of nine carved stone monoliths while Roby stood at the broad end and wailed skyward, leading the attempt to summon Hastur to Earth.

For a dreadful few seconds the god appeared.

Five of those engaged in the summoning were killed, more lost their minds, and yet more — and these were innocent people — died in a nearby village. (This episode and its aftermath are covered in Chapter 3.)

Quarrie was among those who only just kept their lives. He furiously confronted Edwards, charging that Edwards called down an avatar of Hastur who came with the promise of lives. He got not one word of remorse from Edwards, who was smiling and exultant: for Roby had received new insights of Carcosa — more vivid than ever. And they knew now that Hastur could be called, and when he could be called. Aldebaran would be most accessible during the earthly winters at the end of the decade: 1928-29 and 1929-30. The cult would be ready to bring Hastur to Earth.

This incident persuaded Quarrie that he could no longer cooperate with Edwards. In early 1926, with a companion, he left for Milan. (His story is picked up again in Chapter 8.)

The Murders of Roby's Family

In London the cult is very close but when Aldebaran leaves the night sky (around March of 1926) Roby is in a dreadful condition. Devastated by Hastur's arrival that winter he has been kept going only by his dreams; when Aldebaran goes, so do they, and so does his mind. That summer he exists in a state of complete apathy. His brother, Grahame, and particularly his father despair of him — only his sister, Georgina, is kind.

On October 14th 1926 when the star reappears Roby does a terrible thing in his madness. He walks out to his balcony where he calls to Aldebaran and

brings a byakhee to him. He tells the creature it must kill his father. It does so, but in an orgy of destruction it slays his dear sister too.

Roby, filled with remorse, confesses to the murders yet the manner of their execution makes his involvement seem impossible. No prosecution follows, but Grahame is still convinced that Alexander somehow had the murders performed. He and the family doctor have Alexander committed to an asylum where the superintendent signs an *order on petition* which sets the initial period of admission at two years.

The Asylum and Roby's Release

For the whole of the next year Edwards and Bacon doggedly attempt to complete the chants without Roby. They are unable to do so and so in October 1927 Edwards, under the pseudonym "Morris Evans", secures a position as an attendant at the asylum. He thinks to obtain sufficient access to Roby in order to finish the work, but again he is frustrated. He reacts to the situation by yielding to his homicidal mania and killing a fellow nurse; luckily for him he is not implicated.

But worst of all it soon transpires that Alexander may not escape the institution. The family seeks to make the commitment a permanent one. Edwards has previously been deterred from drastic action as he believed Roby's release would surely come. He begins to think again.

The Investigators Join the Case

Dr. Charles Highsmith, the superintendent of the asylum where Roby is being held, has taken a close interest in the case. He notices the shifts in Roby's behavior and how they seem tied to the seasons and he even invents a term to explain the regular occurrence: "Sympathetic Mania". With Roby's release hearing pending Dr. Highsmith seeks to involve a specialist (one of the investigators) for a second opinion on the patient and their fitness for release. Dr. Highsmith's private agenda is to publicize the case for his own advancement. He hopes to gather biographical and other information on Roby through the investigator. He has no idea what is really at stake.

The Hastur Cult

Since details of the Hastur cult's history, membership, and ongoing activities are integral to this campaign, information on them is introduced throughout this book. However it is also useful to provide a brief summary of the cult here.

Montague Edwards leads the cult of Hastur, an organization of about thirty members. Most would recognize about half of the membership by sight, but know each other only by false names. Gatherings of half a dozen or so take place monthly at Bacon's bookshop, with most members therefore in attendance every eight months or so. Demands upon them are minimal. Edwards and Bacon (and before the split, Malcolm Quarrie) are present at all meetings. Edwards knows the names and addresses of all members and uses the post office to contact them — he keeps this information in a diary that is always on his person. The cult members have Bacon's bookshop as their only means of instigating contact. Messages between Bacon and Edwards are always hand-carried by the cultist Michael Coombs.

The makeup of the cult varies considerably, but, since many were found through the bookshop, there is a large proportion of occultists in the ranks. Others were known from the principals' time in the Golden Dawn, while some are artists of one kind or another who have been actively sought out based upon their output.

All cultists are male. The typical member was not present in East Anglia at the summoning of Hastur — there are only nine men still in the cult who were — but most have seen a ghoul or a byakhee. Others have been the unwitting recipients of magic in the form of Send Dreams from Edwards. They are taught of Hastur as a concept — a power that controls and that can give them ability, wealth, power, fame — or can hurt those not to their liking — individuals, races, nationalities, religions. Few expect to see their god in the flesh; indeed Edwards and the others in the inner circle do not advertise their goal of drawing Hastur to Earth.

Many cultists are insane by the CoC rules definition. Dependent on how that insanity has taken them, some have been lost to the cult in this way. The vast majority of members do not see themselves as evil in any way and in fact do no harm.

The Goals of the Principals

- Alexander Roby's goal is to dwell forever in Carcosa. To enter the city he will bring it to Earth; as it returns to the Hyades he will return with it. Roby has spent years working on the necessary conjuration — it is still unfinished at the start of the campaign.
- Montague Edwards wishes to bring the King in Yellow, an avatar of Hastur, to Earth. He believes he can do so once Roby has called Carcosa, and that the presence of the King in Carcosa will prevent the city from returning to the Hyades.
- Malcolm Quarrie also wishes to bring the King in Yellow to Earth, but believes the means to do so must be different. In late 1929 he will travel to northern Nepal and there make contact with the Tcho-Tcho people. They will lead him out into Leng, a place between Aldebaran and Earth. The King in Yellow will step down from the Hyades to Leng. Quarrie will meet him there and lead him down to Earth. This plot line is covered in detail in the concluding book, "The Upper House".



Non-Player Character Entries

Statistics and other descriptions of non-player characters and monsters appear roughly where first encountered in the narrative. A few, such as for byakhee, are repeated as a convenience.

The “Appearance and Demeanor” entry always occurs first. It describes the character and gives the keeper information for playing that character to full effect.

The “Know” entry indicates what information a successful **Know roll** yields about that character. The “Insider Knowledge” entry covers facts, rumors, and stories about that character that can be obtained by the appropriate skill roll or via the player character’s background. For instance, “Insider Knowledge” about Talbot Estus could be obtained via a **Persuade roll**, or from a connection in publishing or newspapers, but if the investigator is also an author, such information would take just a **Know roll**.

It is for the keeper to create roleplaying opportunities to obtain information. A “Plot” entry for the keeper briefly indicates how the character may contribute to the campaign.

Opening Night

There is a queue outside the theatre. They are huddled up against the bitter cold. A photographer has set up his equipment to capture the scene and the crowd is looking his way. A large gentleman in an overcoat and a homburg hat, arms folded, grips a copy of the London Express and shows an angry expression. His wife next to him keeps her head down. Sitting on camp stools in front of them are two well-dressed women in elaborate hats, drinking tea. Behind the camera an empty omnibus plows along the snowy street.

— Talbot Estus, *The Curse of Beydelus*

Keeper's Note: *The keeper may well be comfortable with running adventures in London and Great Britain but Appendix F provides some additional information that may be useful beyond that detailed in the main text.*

An amateur West London theater company, 'The Group', is offering a short run of performances of a new production, starting October 17th 1928 at the Scala theater on Charlotte Street in London. (Events are such that only one performance takes place). It is advertised on playbills as *Carcosa, or The Queen and the Stranger*, being a fantasy by Talbot Estus adapted from the French.

Each player character receives one of these playbills from a friend or acquaintance, or finds one slipped inside a suitable periodical to which they subscribe. Tickets are reasonable, as would be expected for an amateur offering. With a successful **Know** roll, the investigator is aware that the Scala is mostly used for non-professional productions.

The London theater district clusters around Leicester Square and Covent Garden. It is ten to fifteen minutes brisk walk north from there to where the Scala stands on Charlotte Street between Goodge Street and Tottenham Street. The curtain time is quite late and the stars hidden as the investigators make their way to the theater and join others gathering outside. The audience draws from all social classes, all dressed in their best. The doors soon open. As patrons enter they are handed another playbill along with a cast list.

The interior of the theater is gloomy with illumination coming from gas lamps evenly set around the red-painted walls and from the foot lamps below the stage's edge. The theater is small but still less than half full — there are about a hundred people present. The audience moves into the stalls. There is no dress circle at the Scala.

Bringing the Investigators Together

As mentioned already, the primary rationale for the involvement of the player characters is that one of their numbers has been trained as a psycho-analyst or

alienist. This investigator also should be published in his or her field, so that the asylum superintendent, Dr. Highsmith, can specifically seek out that investigator for specialist advice. If the player characters are to be new for this campaign, the keeper should encourage one of the players to create such a character.

If the investigators are an existing group lacking an alienist among them, then again Dr. Highsmith should have heard of one of the investigators and approach him or her, but now as a specialist in that investigator's particular field:

medicine, philosophy, anthropology, or similar. If this is the case, the keeper needs to adjust the wording of Dr. Highsmith's query letter.

Dr. Highsmith would rather deal with a person of professional pedigree, but if the investigators lack such an academic altogether he can still approach them. The investigator must have some renown, and the terms of the letter must be changed in that Dr. Highsmith seeks only background information about his patient, not a recommendation regarding the patient's fitness for release. Highsmith's letter also needs significant alteration in this case.

The other player characters can be of any profession but it would be of benefit if one or two were involved in the arts. Artists — novelists, poets, painters, sculptors, actors, or others — are particularly receptive to Hastur's message, and will not only become targets for the dreams and visions that were discussed earlier (in "Hastur and His Influence"), but will soon find their own artistic output changed. An interesting sub-plot can be built around artist investigators' reactions to newfound celebrity built on their latest work. They might also have to handle growing mistrust from the other player characters. These should be fertile themes.

If this is a new group of investigators the keeper should encourage their players to base them in London, where these events are centered. If the players have existing characters based elsewhere,

the investigators will need to travel to London to address the events. This will still make good sense if the character that

--- FIRST TIME ON ANY STAGE ---

"CARCOSA"

or, "THE QUEEN AND THE STRANGER"

being a Fantasy in Two Acts
Adapted from the French and Staged by
TALBOT ESTUS

THE SCALA CHARLOTTE STREET, LONDON W. 1

17th October to 2nd November, 1928

9 p.m. MONDAY TO SATURDAY INCLUSIVE
MATINEES at 2 p.m. WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY

Admission 1s. 6d. to 3s.

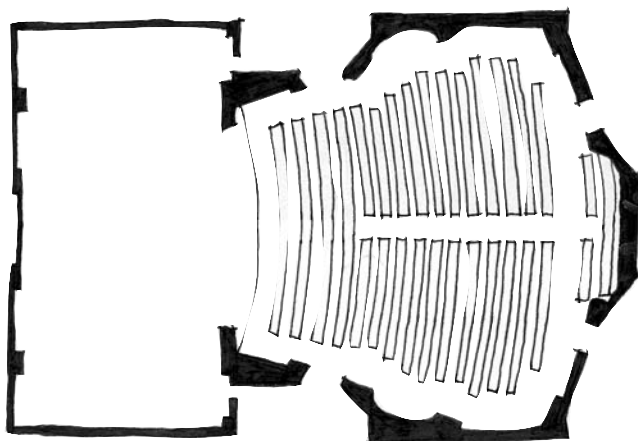
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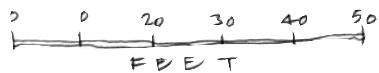
TOTK Papers #1: The Playbill



THE SCALA THEATRE



THE SCALA THEATRE



Dr. Highsmith contacts is of international renown, and the group are experienced investigators who quickly appreciate that there are Mythos elements operating. Details of travel to England appear in Appendix F and also details on hotels, board, and lodging, along with general information for campaigning in Great Britain.

Starting the Story

Events here unfold quite slowly at first: how does the keeper effectively involve the characters?

All player characters should attend the play that starts proceedings. If the characters are based abroad then his is the one part of the action, along with the

characters of the actors and director themselves, that can be relocated. If the investigators do not know each other already — and the keeper might reasonably suggest that new characters already know each other in pairs or small groups — they make each other's acquaintance here. Events should be memorable enough that the evening makes an impact.

Next, when the investigator goes to visit Roby, he should be encouraged to take one or two of his companions — the trip can be described as little more than a short outing into the country. The benefit here is to immediately give other player characters a deeper involvement in events. After the interview, the attentions of the cult are gained and a murder soon takes place. Investigations should gain pace quickly after this.

If further stimulus is required in the opening days of the campaign another suggestion is to roleplay a séance. One or more of the investigators would attend their regular group, perhaps inviting along others who aren't part of their circle: see Appendix E, "Running the Campaign", for how the session unfolds. It should now be clear to the player characters that events are overtaking them and that they need to pursue the clues and interviews that present themselves.

A last note regarding dates. The adventure does not have to take place in 1928-30;

"CARCOSA"
or, "THE QUEEN AND THE STRANGER"
adapted from the French and staged by
TALBOT ESTUS

CAST LIST

The part of CASSILDA, QUEEN of YHTILL will be played by
MRS. HANNAH KEITH

The part of THALE, OLDER SON of CASSILDA will be played by
MR. WALTER PAIGE

The parts of UOHT, YOUNGER SON of CASSILDA, and NAOTALBA, CASSILDA'S
HIGH PRIEST will be played by MR. GEORGE KEITH

The part of CAMILLA, DAUGHTER of CASSILDA will be played by
MISS JEAN HEWART

The part of THE STRANGER will be played by
MR. MICHAEL GILLEN

The part of THE KING IN YELLOW will be played by
MR. TALBOT ESTUS



Queen Cassilda and the Stranger

the main thing anchoring events to this time is that the actual winter of 1928-29 was unnaturally harsh. If the keeper needs to move events to make sense of his or her own campaign timeline, concern is needed only in consistently amending the dates here and in the handouts and care regarding a couple of supporting characters.

If the keeper is dealing with a group of investigators who do not already know each other, the evening of the play is where initial introductions can be made. The investigators are seated together and may have queued together outside. Encourage a period of conversation before the curtain goes up, then *The Queen and The Stranger* begins.

Presenting the Play

This scene takes as its main source the short story *More Light* by James Blish, which attempts to reproduce the play *The King in Yellow* in its completeness (or almost completeness). It also uses themes from *The King in Yellow* by Thomas Ryng — for these sources, see the bibliography in Appendix G.

The following text is the basis for presenting the play to the players. Rather than just read it directly, the keeper may want to intersperse the action by dwelling on certain details of the staging — a costume, a long awkward pause in the action or dialogue, an expression on the face of one of the actors, and so on.

THE QUEEN AND THE STRANGER: ACT ONE

Six adults and one child actor perform in this act. The staging is professional but sparse.

(Keeper's Note: Estus has cut the character of Aldones, brother of Cassilda, from his telling of the story.)

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

A palace, a balcony. On a couch, once opulent and now faded and threadbare, reclines the Queen Cassilda. Behind her twin suns appear on the sky of a painted backdrop. Enter her two sons and her daughter. The four discuss matters of the succession although no one is named and no one calls another by name. The sons argue and they complain to their mother but Cassilda does not give them the attention they would wish, and in the end she wearily sends them away. The talk seems to be one they have had many times before — the actors bring across a feeling of ennui, of going through the motions. On any Art roll the investigators can determine that perhaps the female actors are more accomplished than the male.

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

The palace, Cassilda's receiving room. The queen stands at a long table. She reads aloud from a scroll a report which names her city as Yhtill and her kingdom as

Hastur and talks of a war that goes on against the kingdom of Alar. The conflict has no end in sight. A child with jeweled fingers enters. It's unclear if he is another of the queen's sons although he talks to her with familiarity and even bullies her. They speak of Carcosa, a wandering dreamlike city which is a place of several unusual aspects: it appeared overnight; it is either on or beyond the waters below the palace, Hali; the towers of

Three Impressions from Carcosa, or the Queen and the Stranger, Act One, Scene 3

The queen greets the white masked stranger who appears indifferent to her status. She seems to know who he is and to have expected him, but is surprised he has come so soon. When she puts this to him he replies that, no, she is really surprised that he wasn't here before. They talk for a period more but you realize that it's all clever word play designed to obfuscate a hidden truth and you lose interest in the dialogue as you consider what is not being said. A couple a few rows in front of you start whispering urgently. They gather their things then get up to leave. You are very annoyed at this and can choose to make a comment if you wish. But actually you can sense a repressed tension in yourself, too, at odds with what you would call this play's understated portrayal of ill-defined events. The stage regains your attention, as the stranger makes to embrace the queen.

The white-masked stranger enters; Cassilda is oblivious to his presence. She begins a soliloquy in which she speaks of each of her children who wander in distractedly as they are discussed (they are named here for the first time): her eldest son, Thale, restless, contented and cruel; Uoht, her second son, flawed, ambitious, sensitive; Camilla, her daughter, quiet but influential. She bemoans how the family was only ever held together by the Yellow Sign. The theater is absolutely still. You sense a tension in yourself, something tells you a truly awful event is about to occur. As all the other actors save Cassilda leave, the silent stranger, almost forgotten in the shadows, steps past her to the very front of the stage. He faces the audience.

The queen, Cassilda, is alone on the stage. She is quiet for almost a minute — very odd for a play — and then she reacts as though someone has joined her although no one has. She speaks of the approach of madness, and she talks ever more excitedly about the power of the king, the King in Yellow, and there are pauses in her conversation as though she is listening to another side. Then a second figure enters wearing long silk robes and a bone-white mask. She ignores him. Someone at the back of the theater shouts out and people in front of you turn to look as the disturbance continues. On stage the queen now looks at the newcomer. She visibly struggles to remain calm.

TOTK Papers #3

the city slip behind the moons at night and on seeing the city one knows its name. A fifth singularity no one speaks of. Cassilda sings a sad song about Carcosa's fate. The priest, Naotalba, enters. He eyes the child with distrust but it seems the queen has no power to dismiss the youth. Naotalba describes uncertainty out in the city. A stranger has arrived, an unheard of event.

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

Rather than describe this scene like the previous two the keeper should give each of the investigators one of three distinct impressions, different ones as far as possible. See Tatters of the King Papers #3 nearby for the three impressions of Scene 3.

The differences in the descriptions of the scene reflect the destabilizing power of the impending revelation of the Yellow Sign. After the players have read these impressions, the action returns to the stage — don't let things lag here. The Stranger immediately throws up his arms to reveal the Yellow Sign painted on breast and sleeve and Cassilda collapses — a Spot Hidden roll reveals that Cassilda was not looking at the Stranger when he raised his arms. As the Sign is revealed everyone in the theater must make a SAN roll, the first viewing of the Yellow Sign is worth a 0/1D6 SAN loss. There are gasps and cries from other audience members around the investigators and then the stage lights go down and the house lights go up.

INTERMISSION

Sanity rolls are made, but penalties are not yet assigned — these will be handled at the conclusion of the play. All around the investigators there are a mixture of reactions: a couple of audience members appear to have been overcome by mild hysterics and there is muffled sobbing from more. One or two gentlemen are conversing rather loudly about the play in deprecating terms as though seeking support. But many other audience members appear to be spellbound. Some people are going home, but not many. One woman who is leaving seems to be being taken out against her wishes.

Privately inform any investigator who has lost sanity that the play is energizing and moving. Inform any who are temporarily insane that they are tense but that the play seems beautiful and, more than that, important. No investigator who has lost sanity wants to leave. The curtain goes up on the second act.

THE QUEEN AND THE STRANGER, ACT TWO

ACT TWO, SCENE 2

A room in the palace that has been taken by the Stranger. The surroundings are severe. One by one the principals come to talk to him. Thale wheedles and threatens in order to try and gain the Stranger's help in pressing his own suit for the throne. Uoht tries to bargain with him to gain support for his own claim. Camilla wants nothing. She says she wants to listen, to learn something from him but then she does not listen,



she speaks of Yhtill's troubles. Cassilda starts to treat him as an enemy but then suggests an alliance, even a marriage of convenience between them whatever he represents. Finally the child comes in and stands mutely. It takes an Idea roll to realize that the Stranger says not a word throughout the scene. The lights go down and we move to the final scene.

ACT TWO, SCENE 2

A masked ball is taking place on the palace balcony. The guests are finely dressed, intricately masked and they move to music played by the small house orchestra (there are some extras out on stage now to make up numbers). It takes a moment to see the Stranger, he wears a bone white mask and moves stiffly and without gaiety.

After a while the revelers begin to take off their masks. Their eyes look bright and their actions are extravagant, unrestrained. The stranger keeps his mask — rather he wears no mask! He grasps the Queen by the arm and she collapses. Another figure appears in tattered robes: it is the King in Yellow. He is huge and he holds a sword and a torch that emits smoke but no light. He talks with the Queen and the priest, Naotalba. From asides amongst the revelers it is clear that now all have seen the Sign, all must wear the mask — Yhtill has become Carcosa and they are no longer entirely human. The King disappears. Out of the crowd of fear-stricken guests runs the child. He goes to the Stranger who himself has fallen to the ground, and taking him by the hand follows in the wake of the King.

As the play ends the audience, including the investigators, become confused. The final lines of dialogue peter out somehow distorted and lost.

A Riot

The curtain falls and suddenly all is uproar. With the ending of the play, it's as though a spell has been lifted. Now apply the results for seeing the Yellow Sign before the intermission. Seven men and two women go temporarily insane: the symptom in six of the insane is a berserk rage and in the other three catatonia. Any player characters so affected have to act on their instincts too. Two of the men rush forward toward the curtain where they are met by stagehands; three others turn on members of the audience at random, forcing unaffected patrons to flee or fight to protect themselves. One assailant has a bottle, a gentleman uses his cane, and a woman scratches and claws; all attack indiscriminately and with abandon. No one is likely to be severely wounded or killed because so many bystanders appeal for calm or vigorously intervene to stop the altercations and to protect the women present. Run this as a good old barroom brawl: keep it moving and don't get hung up on hit points and damage.

Most people empty out of the stalls area to the lobby and the street, but inside the fracas continues for five

minutes at which point the police arrive. Anyone still around can choose to try to avoid the law (**Hide** or **Dodge** roll) or stay to face any repercussions. If they are pointed out to the police as participants the investigators must make either a **Fast Talk** or **Credit Rating** roll (their choice) or join the other half-dozen who are being carted off to Bow Street Police Station. At the station they can roll once more, but if unsuccessful a second time they will need to spend the night there. The next morning they're taken up before the Magistrate's Court to be charged with a minimum of Causing an Affray and a fine of £2 apiece. More serious charges might be Actual or Grievous Bodily Harm.

Conversing with Talbot Estus

Before the investigators leave the theater allow them to see that somewhat surprisingly tables are being laid out in the theater bar area for an opening night reception. Most of the audience has left already but drinks and food are laid out. Members of the public are told they're welcome, a few others stay, and it is learnt from one of the theater employees serving that it is Talbot Estus himself who is insisting that the reception go ahead. The cast duly appears, with the exception of Estus.

Keeper's Note: statistics for all the primary non-player characters introduced are gathered at the end of this section. Notice there is various information given with the headings **Know**, **Insider Knowledge**, and **Appearance and Demeanor** that you should study before you present those characters. For more detailed information about them, see the notes directly preceding Talbot Estus's statistics.

Few people eat or drink much. The atmosphere is awkward. The cast heard the uproar but did not witness it and are unaware of the extent of it — they will be quite shocked to learn. The most important fact to pick up here in idle chit-chat is from Jean Hewart: a **Credit Rating** or a **Persuade** roll will get her to mention that this play seems "cursed". She mentions her nightmares containing imagery from the play, and then those described by Hannah Keith. Hannah is not so talkative.

The party seems to be already on its last legs after just half an hour when the writer of the play, Talbot Estus, appears. There is applause from his cast which he accepts graciously. He seems oblivious to the subdued mood around him and makes an upbeat little speech. He deplures what happened after the performance but says it was not a complete surprise to him: "any work of art should seek to inspire fervor." He refuses to dwell on that aspect of the night and asks for an ovation for the cast which it will be mostly up to the investigators to provide. He then starts holding forth to a group of patrons about his adaptation of this play from the French; the investigators may choose to join the conversation. Estus mentions *The King in Yellow* by name. He

Talbot Estus' Bibliography

Estus's insanity has surfaced in his work. His last novel *The Revenant King* (1928) was a departure for him and not well received. For this book he incorporated elements of the Mythos mentioning Cassilda, the Pallid Mask, and Hali, but in incoherent form. Estus writes "romantic horrors" and "macabre romances": he represents each as his own genre and, despite fervent claims, both are entirely alike. Here are his most important titles.

- *The Grey Lady* (1905) Wherein a children's governess poisons their mother and then takes her place.
- *The Haunting of Agatha Mae* (1912) A young woman is the only one who can see what happened to the previous owners of a country home.
- *The Curse of Beydelus* (1921) A magician in a pact with a demon prince plots to ruin a famous family.
- *Evilroot* (1926) An eldest daughter is possessed by the spirit of an Egyptian princess whose tomb was uncovered by her archaeologist father.

presents a fanciful version of the play's genesis, unnecessarily adding murder, suicide and trysts into the real history of the banning and burning of the work, and its spread and effect. He says that since he first read the play two years ago he has reread it maybe twenty times and it now inspires his artistic output — see the boxed text *The King in Yellow* nearby. Estus is quite enervated

as he talks about how his work has become more driven and insightful. He is genuinely surprised if the investigators profess ignorance of the symbol of the Yellow Sign but he cannot explain, and does not recognize, its power here preferring to think script, direction, and acting solely responsible for the impact of the evening. Estus's astrophobia (see his character description) sees him sometimes walking to the door to satisfy himself



Mr. Estus

that the stars are hidden by the fog and the clouds. Estus is also happy to talk about his other works with which the investigators may well be familiar (see Estus's "Know" information). Michael Gillen remains close to Estus throughout the evening.

The theater manager, Mr. Noble, is present and although he lets the reception go ahead he is most distressed at the events of the night and at one point can be seen in urgent conversation with Mr. Estus. If the investigators manage a Listen they hear that Mr. Noble is telling an unperturbed Mr. Estus that he, Mr. Noble,

must recommend to the Liebler Company that it cancel all further performances of the play. This does indeed come about.

Keeper's Note: *The keeper might choose to have one or more of these actors remain in touch with the investigators. Jean Hewart and Walter Paige in particular could serve as replacements should player characters fail to make it to the final stages of the adventure. The players can flesh out additional skills for these individuals as they see fit.*

Talbot Estus

Appearance and Demeanor: Estus is tanned and active-looking with a thick moustache and a full head of black hair. His sight is poor and he compensates for this with the use of three pairs of spectacles for varying distances. He dresses fastidiously and has a weakness for Panama hats, not much seen around London. He affects an urbane, intense demeanor (scowling, pursing his lips, talking in excitable bursts) that his literary fans admire tremendously, and his descent into madness (see his SAN) has gone largely unnoticed, dismissed as artistic eccentricity. Estus suffers from acute astrophobia: this debilitates him completely when exposed to a clear and starry sky, and induces in him ranting about "the Feaster from Afar".

Know: Author of the novels: *The Grey Lady* (1905), *The Haunting of Agatha Mae* (1912), *The Curse of Beydelus* (1921), *Evilroot* (1926), and *The Revenant King* (1928). He is also translator and director of the play *The Queen and the Stranger* that the player characters attend. His British publisher is the McGraw-Hill Book Company; his American publisher is Doubleday, Doran & Co.

The King in Yellow

In English, trans. unknown, c. 1895. The original is in French and possibly penned by Thomas de Castaigne but the edition was seized and destroyed by the Third Republic just after publication. The English translation is a thin black octavo volume; a large yellow sign is embossed across the front cloth cover. The sign costs 0/1D6 Sanity points to see for the first time only. The text is an ambiguous, dream-like play that opens readers to madness. See the summary of Estus's adaptation for an idea of the events and mood of the work. *1D3/1D6+1 Sanity point loss; Cthulhu Mythos +5 percentiles; average 1 week to study and comprehend. Spells: None.*

Estus's personal copy takes an average of 10 days to study rather than the usual week for this text because of the labyrinthine interpretations scrawled all around the typeface and on inserted leaves. It's worth 1D4/1D6+2 Sanity points loss and Cthulhu Mythos +6 percentiles because of this additional material.

Insider Knowledge: Born as Waldo Easterman in Lansing, Texas, he inherited a large sum of money from his uncle's pin manufacturing business at the age of twenty-two. Estus started writing, changing his name upon his first publication. He is now working on a book called *The Yellow Sign* (this may alarm the investigators but it's a book that he never manages to complete although it will consume the rest of his writing career). His publisher can reveal his address in Belsize Park in northwest London. Estus has been a sometime correspondent with Robert Chambers (see Appendix E for some notes on Chambers).

Plot: In the play, he acts the part of the King in Yellow. He may introduce the investigators to *The King in Yellow* and *Der Wanderer durch den See* — he owns both books and allows access to them. When he first read these two years ago, Estus began to receive Hastur-induced nightmares that have since colored his work. He has always had an interest in the weird and ghoulish, but is dangerous only insofar as his treatment of the Hastur Mythos is cavalier. He has no agenda and no links to cultists.

Talbot Estus, age 49, American Author and Aesthete

STR 09 CON 16 SIZ 11 INT 16 POW 16
DEX 10 APP 13 EDU 11 SAN 0 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: None.

Skills: Art (Writing) 67%, Art (Poetry) 30%, Art (Painting/Sculpture Appreciation) 25%, Credit Rating 51%, Cthulhu Mythos 09%, Drive Auto 30%, Fast Talk 25%, History 42%, Library Use 35%, Occult 26%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 44%.

Languages: English 94%, French 65%, Spanish 37%.

Summary to the Prologue and Cast Statistics

The investigators attend a London play having Mythos importance and see the Yellow Sign. A contretemps follows the performance — hopefully the investigators avoid injury or arrest.

There is an opportunity to meet with the actors and with the American director, Talbot Estus, who reveals the source of the play as being a work called *The King in Yellow*. Striking up an acquaintance with Estus (and probably by extension Michael Gillen who attends to Estus closely) is definitely of value as Estus has copies of both *The King in Yellow* and *Der Wanderer durch den See*, books that the investigators should seek to obtain later in the adventure.

Speaking to Jean Hewart may reveal her dreams. Those who lost sanity to the Sign, and especially any who went temporarily insane, also become contenders

for the onset of vague and troubling dreams of their own, (these dreams are described in Appendix D), as well as the possible loss of further sanity.

Michael Gillen

Appearance and Demeanor: Well-preserved for his age with grey hair and a big open face. Gillen moves a little stiffly as a result of rheumatism but stubbornly refuses to use a cane. Dresses smartly although in a style ten to twenty years out of date. Warm in manner he nods encouragingly while another speaks. Quite astute and very protective of Estus whose mental decline troubles him greatly.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: M.A. (1893) and Ph.D. (1896) in Ancient Languages from Trinity College, Dublin. Retired from Doubleday, Doran & Co. in Garden City, New York, who publish the American editions of Estus's works.

Plot: Acts the part of the Stranger in the play but is an amateur thespian only. He is Estus's closest friend and lives with him in Belsize Park. Gillen's opinion of the investigators determines their access to Estus.

Michael Gillen, age 61, Irish American Publisher (ret.)

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 08
DEX 07 APP 11 EDU 20 SAN 29 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks: Fist/Punch 1D3 + 1D4, damage 65%

Skills: Accounting 67%, Art (Acting) 34%, Art (Literature) 51%, Credit Rating 40%, Disguise 46%, Fast Talk 64%, History (Irish) 72%, History (other) 35%, Library Use 46%, Persuade 61%, Psychology 54%, Publishing History 64%.

Languages: English 83%, Gaelic 54%, Greek (classical) 88%, Greek (modern) 21%, Hebrew 26%, Italian 35%, Latin 83%.

Jean Hewart

Appearance and Demeanor: A pretty young woman in a delicate, slightly wan fashion. She has freckles on her face and arms and unfashionably long red hair which is usually worn up when not on the stage. Very breathy and bubbly, she loves to laugh and to hear stories.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Jean is the second daughter of the Rt. Hon. Gordon, Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice of England sitting on the King's Bench Division (appointed in 1922 and on a salary of £8000). Serious about an acting career and quite talented. Lives with her

family (one brother, one sister) in Kensington, West London.

Plot: Acts the part of Camilla in the play. She is artistically sensitive and the play has brought on dreams of the King in Yellow (“a still form whose robes move with a wind that is not there”) and Spawn of Hastur and Carcosa (“vast, thrusting fish-like creatures swimming over a gracious white city”). She and Hannah have talked about their dreams together. Jean’s father has connections at the very highest levels of Law and Justice, and she is a possible player character replacement in the campaign.

Jean Hewart, age 21, English Actress and Dilettante

STR 07 CON 07 SIZ 08 INT 13 POW 16
DEX 09 APP 15 EDU 15 SAN 53 HP 08

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Attacks: None above base chance.

Skills: Art (Acting) 75%, Art (Dancing) 40%, Art (Piano) 54%, Art (Singing) 55%, Credit Rating 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 01%, Disguise 64%, Fast Talk 43%, Persuade 76%, Psychology 27%.

Languages: English 78%, French 55%, German 48%, Latin 50%.

George Keith

Appearance and Demeanor: Tall and handsome, with broad shoulders, alert blue eyes, high cheekbones, and blond hair worn swept back from his face. He is quiet and a little stiff in company (his portrayals on the stage are limited in scope and his enjoyment of acting is a mystery to his wife, Hannah) but he is a dedicated family man.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Husband of Hannah and father of Robert, 10, and Moira, 4. He and his wife met through amateur dramatics. Works at the Central Electricity Board on Charing Cross Road as a clerk, first class.

Plot: Acts the parts of Uoht and Naotalba in the play.

George Keith, age 38, Scottish Actor and Clerk

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 07
DEX 10 APP 17 EDU 08 SAN 35 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: None above base chance.

Skills: Accountancy 52%, Art (Acting) 34%, Disguise 43%, Fast Talk 55%, Persuade 48%, Psychology 39%.

Languages: English 81%.

Hannah Keith

Appearance and Demeanor: A good-looking woman with longish wavy pale blond hair and strong features.

Dresses plainly and sensibly. Organized and rational, very loving of her family and with a gentle sense of humor.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Wife of George and mother of Robert, 10, and Moira, 4. (Robert is the Child in the play.)

Plot: Acts the part of Cassilda in the play. She and George met in an amateur theater company. She has been having nightmares of being lost in Carcosa, which she and Jean Hewart have talked about and compared.

Hannah Keith, age 33, Scottish Actress and Mother

STR 05 CON 11 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 09
DEX 08 APP 16 EDU 07 SAN 40 HP 11

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Attacks: None above base chance.

Skills: Art (Acting) 62%, Disguise 43%, Fast Talk 55%, Persuade 48%, Psychology 39%.

Languages: English 69%.

Walter Paige

Appearance and Demeanor: A handsome if slightly sickly youth with dark black hair and a slim build. Tends to show a rather worried-looking expression and stare at his feet a lot. Looks very young, only seventeen or eighteen. Dresses smartly and well. He is quiet, polite, and deferential. He fancies himself in love with Jean but has not made his affections known.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Paige is an art student in his second year at University College London.

Plot: Acts the part of Thale in the play. Due to his artistic nature he suffered a brief period of insanity when he first saw the Yellow Sign, and does not let himself near it. He is a possible replacement player-character in the campaign.

Walter Paige, age 21, English Actor and Student

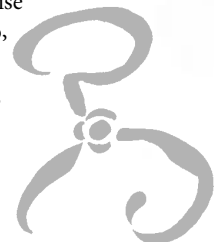
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DEX 11 APP 14 EDU 16 SAN 52 HP 15

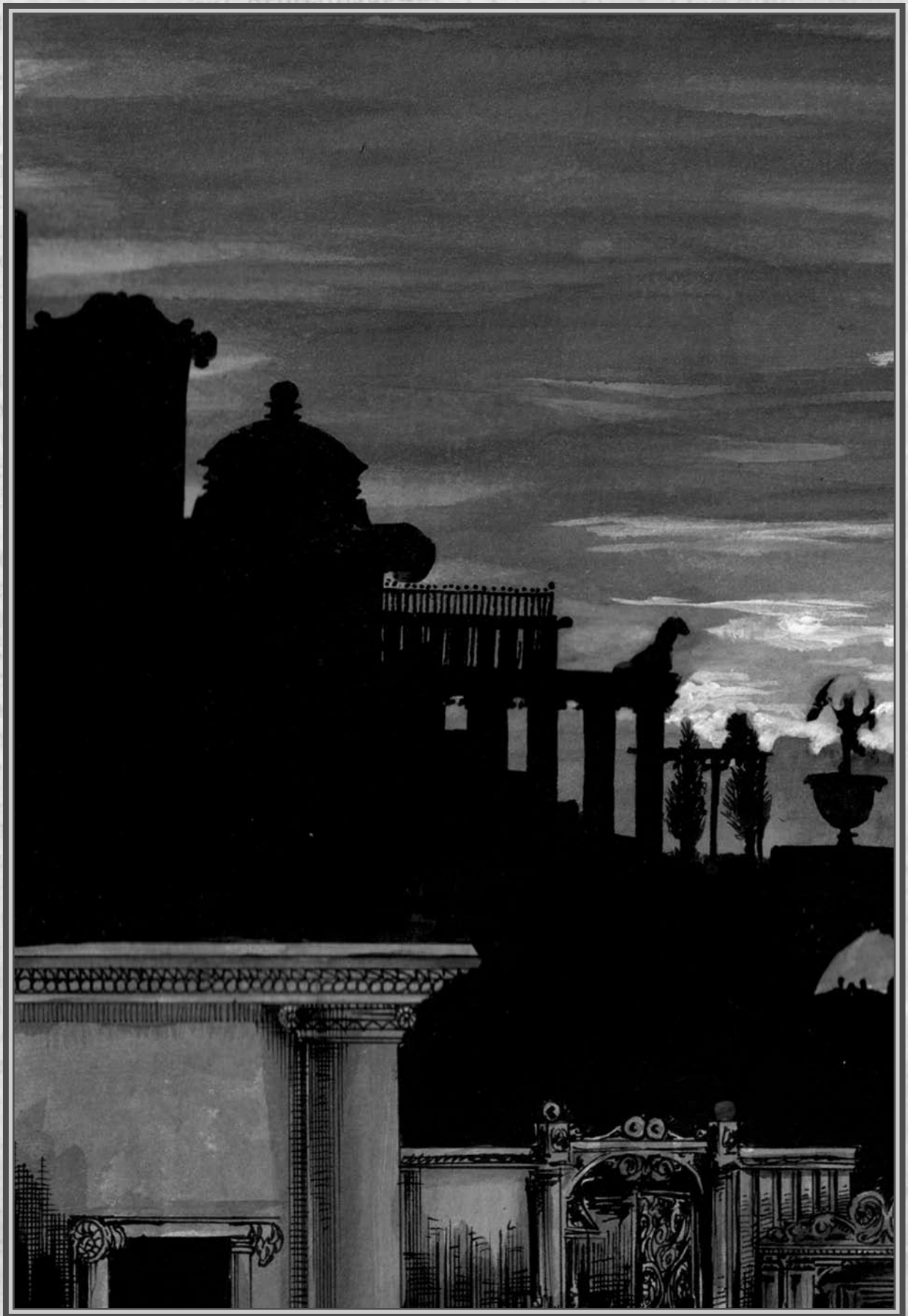
Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: Fist/Punch 57%, damage 1D3

Skills: Art (Acting) 43%, Art (Painting 56%), Credit Rating 23%, Cthulhu Mythos 02%, Disguise 35%, Fast Talk 42%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 43%.

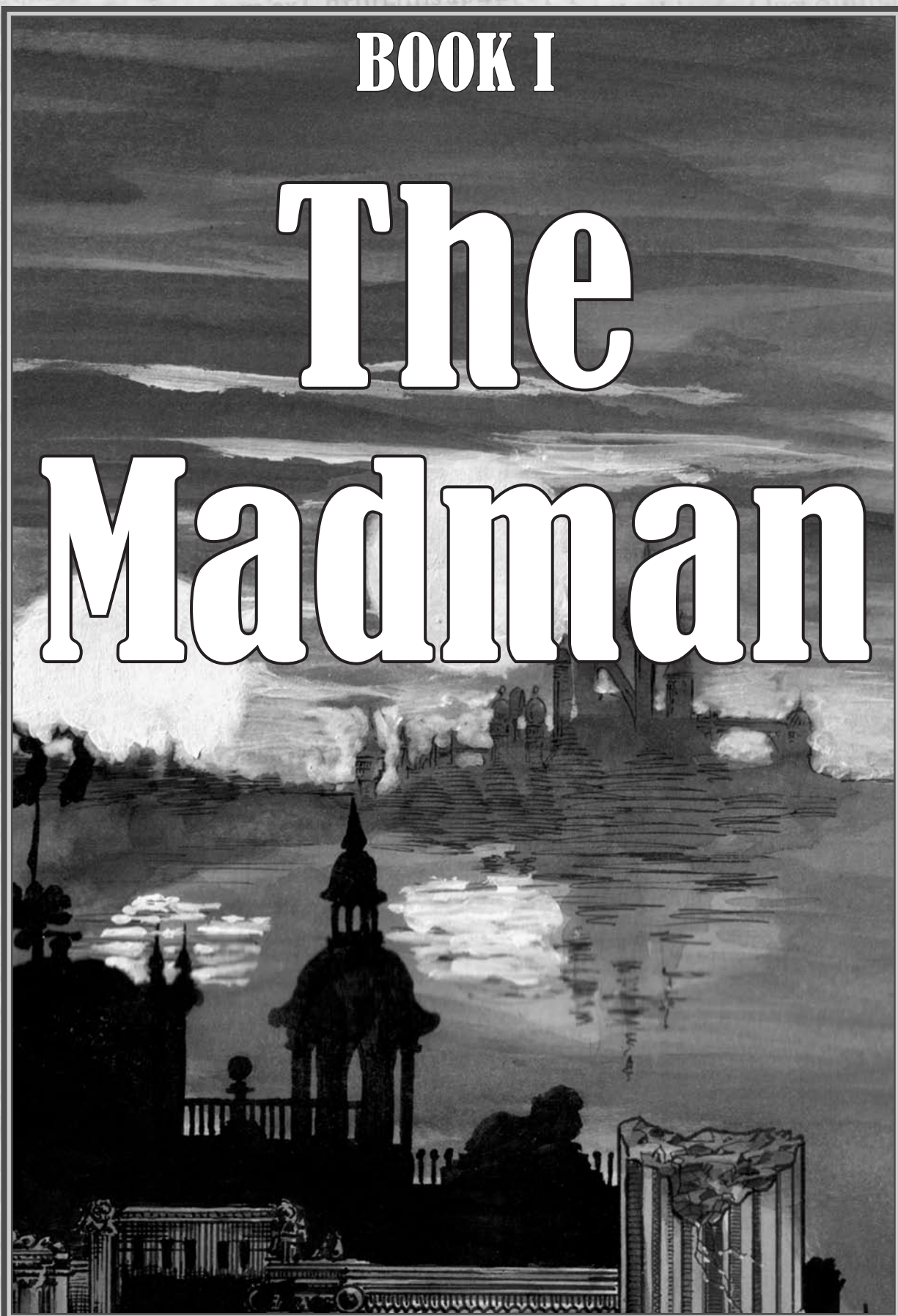
Languages: English 60%, French 35%, Latin 28%.





BOOK I

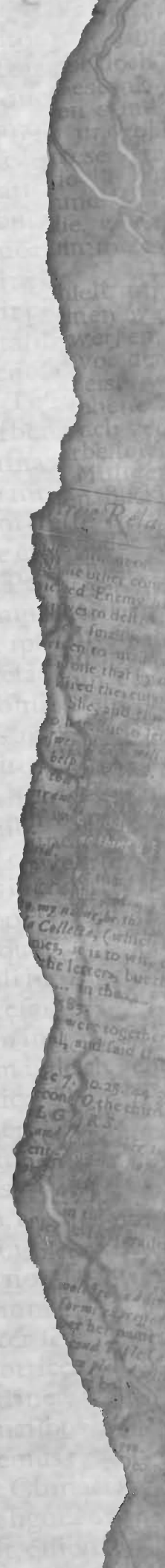
The Madman



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Chapter 1

The Madman

“Have you found the Yellow Sign?” “Have you found the Yellow Sign?” “Have you found the Yellow Sign?”

I was furious. What did he mean by that? Then with a curse upon him and his I rolled over and went to sleep, but when I awoke I looked pale and haggard for I had dreamed the dream of the night before and it troubled me more than I cared to think.

— Robert W. Chambers, *The King in Yellow*

I’ll tell you, it’s always been an exceedingly curious thing to me just how incurious most people are about all save their own little island of time and place in the world.

— Michael Shea

On October 19th 1929, just two days after attending the play *The Queen and the Stranger*, one of the investigators, a medical professional or an interested amateur of some renown in medicine or another field, receives a letter from Charles Highsmith, a physician connected to a Herefordshire asylum. The doctor’s reason for contacting the player character is given as a desire to arm himself with further facts before making a decision concerning an unnamed patient. That patient is Alexander Roby.

Dr. Highsmith is genuinely interested in the investigator’s medical opinion — if they can give one — but he also seeks the facts for another reason: he wishes their inclusion in a paper that he plans to publish on the case. By bringing in a third party he hopes to help persuade Alexander’s brother, Grahame Roby, and Alexander’s doctor, Lionel Trollope, to divulge background information on the case that they have so far have resisted giving. The paper deals with something Dr. Highsmith has termed “Sympathetic Mania”: the seasonal reoccurrence of a madness. Dr. Highsmith is predisposed to release Roby. He believes Roby’s behavior is controlled, but his secondary motivation for that course of action is that a paper on a cured patient would certainly carry a greater impact.

Keeper’s Note: *You may need to change the sex of the addressee or certain other details in the letter for your investigator.*

Interview with Dr. Highsmith

The Great Western Hotel is at Paddington Station, the terminus of the Great Western Railway (GWR). It is a comfortable, reasonably priced establishment in West London, reachable by the Metropolitan and Bakerloo underground lines.

The desk manager calls upstairs and Dr. Highsmith emerges and joins the investigators in the hotel lounge, which is empty enough to offer privacy. He is solicitous of their comfort and he makes small talk about the cold weather before the tea he ordered arrives. Only then does he broach the subject at hand. He starts by saying he is happy to let them work any way they deem effective as long as the privacy of the matter and the good name of St. Agnes' is maintained. This is naturally important to him. Receiving assurance on these points he lights his pipe and moves on.

His patient's name is Alexander Roby, the brother of Grahame Roby, a prominent banker. Grahame and the family doctor, Dr. Lionel Trollope, committed Alexander to St. Agnes' Asylum almost two years ago. Along with Dr. Highsmith, the three signed the Order on Petition that authorized the admittance. This was close upon the murder of Herbert, the father of Alexander and Grahame, and of their sister Georgina at the family home in London. See the "Know" information under Alexander and Grahame for what might instantly be recalled on this case.

Highsmith says Alexander has suffered from night terrors but that he is encouraged by his progress. He sees no evidence of untreatable long-term insanity

in Alexander in that the brief and predictably spaced attacks have been controlled by strong sleeping drafts. An Order on Petition in English Law commits a patient for a maximum of two years, but now Alexander's committal is due for review.

Highsmith says he will decide whether to release Alexander or keep him committed, but he is uneasy on one point. It concerns the stance of Alexander's family. All his communication on

Saint Agnes' Asylum for the Deranged
near Woodbury
Herefordshire

Friday, 18th October, 1929

Dear Sir,

I apologise for this unsolicited correspondence, but pray that you will do me the favour of reading it through and considering its request. This letter comes to you as the author of the paper "Basic Anxiety and Ontological Insecurity" which, if I may say so, I much admired, particularly your analysis of the work of Dr. Karen Horney. I am a consulting doctor at St. Agnes' Asylum in Herefordshire and am seeking an expert opinion on how to proceed in the matter of an inmate's case. If I may prevail upon you, these are an outline of the facts.

Patient 'W' is a young man from a good line who, holding no employ, spent much of his time before admission in private study. In the autumn of 1926 a terrible incident occurred and W's father and sister were left murdered. W, much troubled, was committed to this asylum shortly thereafter upon the application of his brother and the diagnosis of the family physician.

W is suffering from extended bouts of Jactophobia that give him temporary but intense anxiety. This has proved treatable with medication and I am of the happy opinion that it may recommend his release when his period of mandatory confinement comes to an end this November. Here the problem arises: W's brother has been urging me to recommend his continued residence. I am surprised at our playing opposite roles in this not uncommon disagreement, and I find the stance of the family unusually rigid. I am evidently at a loss to understand a motive.

I am hopeful that you will consent to an interview with me on this matter. Again, I regret this communication without our previous introduction, but my closest colleagues have not the patience for Psycho-Analysis that I believe to be the way to examine such cases. There are some unusual aspects here and perhaps this might be an interesting study for you.

I shall be visiting London for a few days beginning the 28th October. I shall be staying at the Great Western Hotel. Please contact me there should you be willing to meet. You are of course very welcome to bring a colleague or assistant should you so wish.

Your obliged and obedient servant,

Charles Highsmith

Tatters of the King Papers #4

the case has been with Dr. Trollope who has been urging him by letter over the course of the last year to keep Alexander committed. He senses that the family is leaning upon the doctor to do so but they will not speak to him directly. He would like to know why they oppose Alexander's release.

Would the investigator intervene to hear Dr. Trollope's views? He says that unfortunately Dr. Trollope and himself seem to have retreated into entrenched positions; perhaps the investigator's reputation and independence could move things. Could they even speak to Grahame Roby? He is anxious to learn more of the family history of Alexander: of what led up to his admission and of his character while at liberty. Dr. Highsmith says he will reassess his own position in light of any new information but says that he is planning to recommend Alexander's release into the care of a relative or convalescent home. It will need to be the latter if the family remain dead set against his release. He gives the investigator Dr. Trollope's surgery address and Grahame Roby's home address, and promises to write to both gentlemen with a letter of introduction.

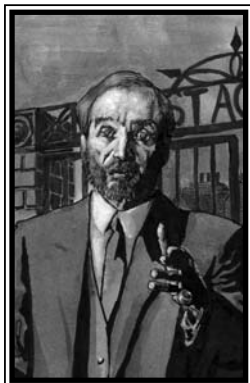
Highsmith returns to Herefordshire on October 30th and suggests that the investigators join him if they wish to speak to Alexander himself. If they wish to do so at another time, he extends to them an open invitation. They have only to call from Hereford station and a car will pick them up.

Dr. Charles Highsmith

Appearance and Demeanor: Has brown hair with a trimmed beard and rather bushy eyebrows. Dresses the part of a country gentleman in tweeds and brogues and smokes a pipe at all times. A courteous, thoughtful, and conscientious man, Dr. Highsmith is always open to scientific argument and new ideas. Likes to talk and listen and illustrates his own points by jabbing his pipe stem at his listener.

Know: Superintendent at St. Agnes' Asylum for the Deranged in Weobley, Herefordshire. Graduated from the University of London (Medicine) in 1900.

Insider Knowledge: A good professional, hard working and wholly responsible for his patients. A member of the British Psycho-Analytic Society, he reads widely across the field.



Dr. Highsmith

Plot: Dr. Highsmith starts the campaign proper by contacting an investigator active in the psychiatric/psychoanalytic field. He is an ambitious man and has become recently frustrated by his rural post, deciding that in the case of Alexander Roby he can make his name. He has been working on a paper concerning Roby's diagnosis, treatment, and cure, and hopes to use the investigators to gather further biographical information in this regard. Despite his questionable tactics here, Dr. Highsmith honestly feels Roby can safely be released into a freer environment.

Dr. Charles Highsmith, age 55, English, Ambitious Consultant

STR 09 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 10
DEX 08 APP 09 EDU 19 SAN 50 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: None above base chance.

Skills: Accounting 25%, Bargain 20%, Biology 25%, Chemistry 20%, Credit Rating 45%, Drive Auto 30%, First Aid 60%, Library Use 40%, Medicine 70%, Persuade 55%, Pharmacy 25%, Psychoanalysis 34%, Psychology 55%.

Languages: English 75%, Latin 30%.

Additional Information from Dr. Highsmith

On the specifics of the murder case: The Roby murders involved great brutality. Alexander confessed, but no charges were brought. He has not mentioned the deaths in the asylum. Dr. Highsmith believes the family was unhappy with the company Alexander kept before the murders, but the doctor knows little about these matters — the family is perhaps understandably protective of the facts.

On the Roby Family: He believes Alexander's illness stems from the incident and the grief and perhaps guilt that he feels. There is no history of insanity in the family nor had Alexander any such history.

On the nature of the illness: The episodes manifest themselves when sleep is interrupted by periods of panic. Pulse and breathing are rapid, pupils are dilated, hair stands on end. The subject is confused and hard to calm down. This is the dictionary definition of *night terrors* or *scotophobia*. Highsmith has been administering half a fluid ounce of laudanum, a very heavy dose, to stop these periods. (A smaller dose allowed Alexander sufficient brain activity to dream.)

On the occurrence of the phobias: Alexander was also free of these attacks for extended periods when not medicated. Highsmith has Alexander's file in his briefcase and hands over the records: when leafing through these, a **Medicine** roll shows that Roby was prescribed medication

upon admission in November 1926 and kept on it until April 1927. He was free of medication and of attacks until an incident on October 19th 1927, when he was given two three-month prescriptions. After that he was unmedicated and free from attacks from April 1928 until another recent incident on October 15th 1928. Highsmith ties this pattern to an aversion to the season in which the unpleasantness occurred. Here is his idea of "Sympathetic Mania". He does not speak freely of it as he is a little worried that he will not gain credit for this discovery.

MURDER AT MAYFAIR MANSION

FAMILY MEMBER HELD FOR QUESTIONING

A double murder was committed last night at the home of Mr. Herbert Roby, 4 Curzon St., Mayfair. The police were called to the house at 10:45 p.m. by domestic staff to discover the bodies of two family members: Mr. Herbert Roby himself and his daughter Miss Georgina Roby. Police say that this does not appear to be a random attack or the work of burglars and that the motive is as yet unknown. A family member has been detained to assist with their inquiries which are ongoing. Mr. Herbert Roby, 64, was retired from the Foreign Office and the father of the well known merchant banker Mr. Grahame Roby who was not in town at the time of the tragedy.

Daily Express, 15th October 1926.

OBITUARY

HERBERT ARTHUR ROBY Suddenly, on 14th October 1926 at his home in Mayfair aged 64 years. Survived by two sons, Grahame and Alexander. A private service will be held on 23rd October. Flowers should be sent to Ames Funeral Home in Westminster.

Daily Express, 17th October 1926.

TOTK Papers #5: Two Newspaper Stories Related to the Roby Murders

On outside influences: If asked about untoward incidents during Alexander's confinement, he remembers nothing major. If pressed on what is major he says a nurse was found with Alexander on two occasions when not expected to be in that part of the building, once being reprimanded on file. Also pencils have been found in Alexander's possession; Alexander shouldn't have access to such things. If asked the name of the nurse who was found with Alexander he says it is Evans: one of the most capable of his staff. *Note: the pencils were also introduced by Evans, who is in fact Montague Edwards.*

After all this a successful **Psychology** roll at a 20% penalty suggests Dr. Highsmith has an unspoken motivation for involving the investigator.

News Coverage of the Roby Murders

If the investigators follow up with some research, a successful **Library** roll yields two archived newspaper stories concerning the 1926 murders. No stories can be found that indicate any subsequent arrests. See *Tatters of the King Papers* #5.

Facts of the Roby Murders

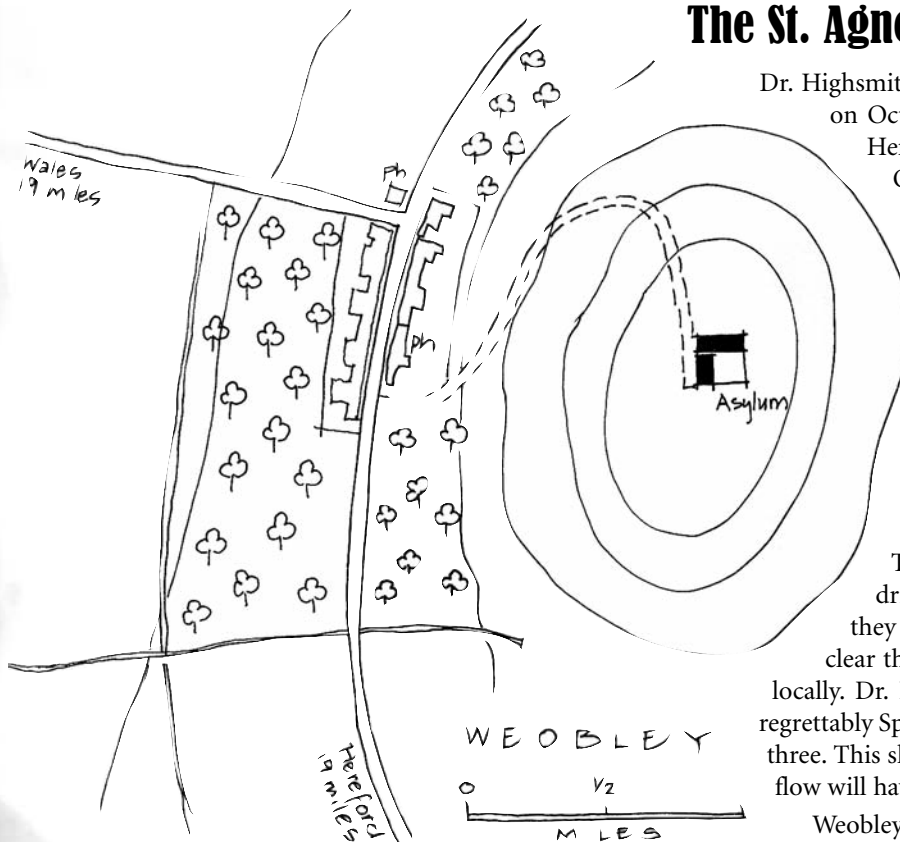
Additional interviews turn up some facts and observations connected to the murders:

The Church of England: The funeral service was held at St. Peter's Church on Upper Belgrave Street near Victoria. The Reverend James Bryant performed the service. The bodies were interred in the family crypt behind the church. If the crypt is visited it's seen to list Herbert and Georgina as both dying on 14 October 1926.

The Undertaker: Ames Funeral Home on Lower Belgrave Street handled the arrangements. Mr. Percival Hume, who manages the business, talks if an investigator receives successful **Credit Rating** and **Persuade** rolls, and can satisfy Hume that their interest is not salacious. He remembers that preparing the bodies was a considerable exercise: the gentleman's body had been exsanguinated. The young lady's was also very badly affected. "Quite frightful."

If the investigators wish to contact Dr. Lionel Trollope, Mr. Grahame Roby, or the domestic staff present at the Roby family home at the time of the murders, see the relevant sections in Chapter 2, where these interviews are covered.

The St. Agnes' Asylum



Dr. Highsmith is taking the 10:20 a.m. train on October 30th from Paddington to Hereford with a change in Bristol.

On the journey it becomes apparent that though a pleasant man, his conversational range is a small one: he talks exclusively about current psychoanalytic theory and medical practice, and eschews subjects further afield; the journey may seem rather long. The train is a local and finally pulls into Hereford Station in the late afternoon.

The party might be met by a driver from the asylum and as they motor out towards Weobley it's clear they will have to spend the night locally. Dr. Highsmith offers what he calls regrettably Spartan guest accommodation for three. This should be sufficient — any overflow will have to stay in the village.

Weobley lies twenty miles northwest of the county town of Hereford and twenty east of the Welsh border. It is primarily a farming community with Hereford beef cattle, dairy cattle, cider apple orchards, and wheat fields. The village has a farm supply company, a post office/general store and two pubs, the Wheatsheaf and the Red Lion. The Wheatsheaf has a couple of rooms.

Preparing for the Interview with Roby

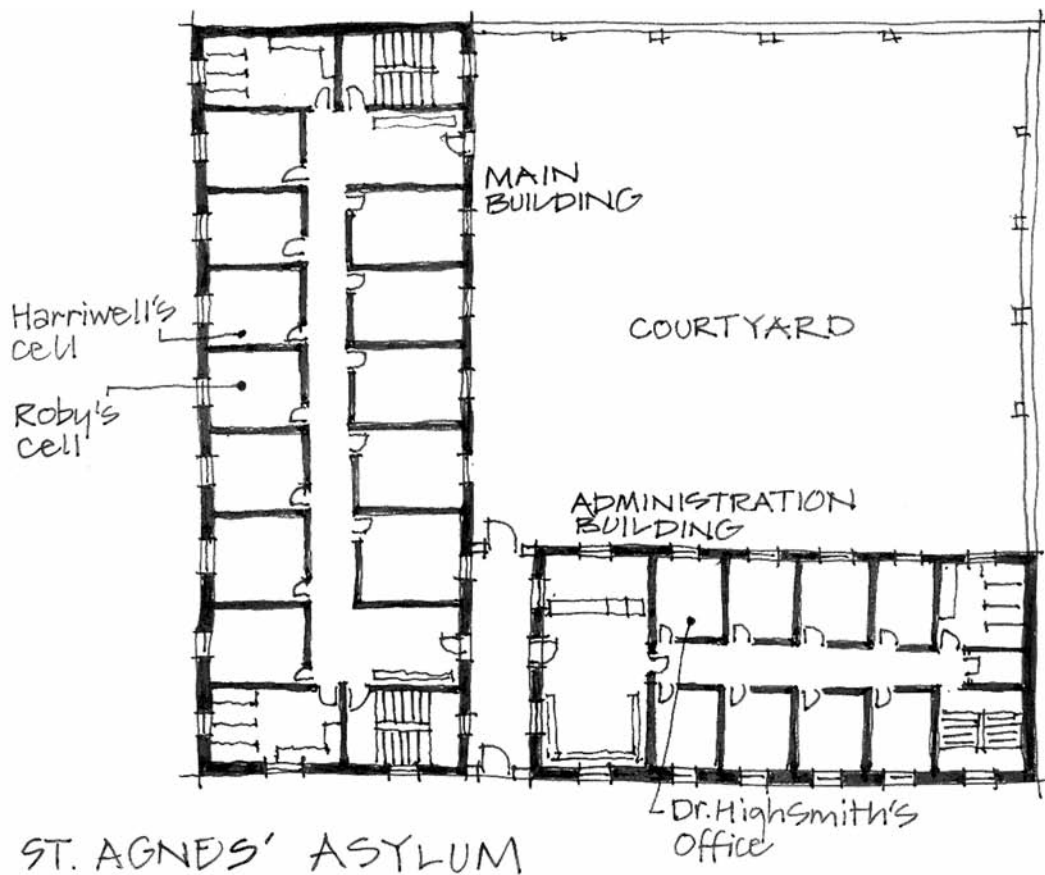
St. Agnes' Asylum itself sits on a hill a mile east of the village. It is reached by an unpaved, rutted track running between broad dry-stone walls. The main building is a longish, three-story, gray brick building with barred windows and a steep slate roof. Beside that stands an administration building similar in appearance but smaller and without bars on the windows. The two structures sit on a hillside bare of tree and bush — like a pointless and lonely fortification.

There is a staff of twenty-five, consisting of Dr. Highsmith himself plus seven nurses, fourteen orderlies and three administrative staff. The nurses have minimal training and are responsible for administering medicines and seeing to the patients' general well being. The orderlies handle all other duties: everything from janitorial and laundry to physical restraint. All staff are male.

British Asylums

In 1929 British asylums remain backwaters of science. The push in asylum practice for the past two centuries has been to harness neurosciences to therapeutics. That effort has come to a dead end: the cure rate in asylums has dropped in the last decade from 40% to 31%. Along with what is often a geographical isolation from colleagues, alienists or psychiatrists have also been excluded from sharing in medical research. Many of their medical colleagues view psychiatrists as dull second-raters — just a step, if that, above spa-doctors and homeopaths. In fact according to Eliot Slater, a psychiatrist at Maudsley Hospital in London, many of an asylum superintendent's habits might resemble those of the landed gentry "invited to tennis parties at the rectory, fishing and even riding to hounds". Unlike in Germany and Central Europe — where the state supports asylums liberally and physicians perform scientific experimentation — in Britain morale is low.

But perhaps there is help on the horizon for there is a new scientific approach emerging. The focus is starting to shift from the asylums themselves to universities and institutes such as the new Tavistock Institute in London. Here there is an urge to investigate the links between mind and brain through systematic and measurable research involving experimentation on humans and animals, through the testing of drugs, and the examination of brains post-mortem.



ST. AGNES' ASYLUM



The madhouse attendants gaze sullenly at the investigators as they walk from the car. Once in his office, Highsmith offers tea, and if they have not done so already, the investigators may request Roby's charts and history. Dr. Highsmith will not attend the interview with Roby. He thinks it will be more fruitful if the patient sees only new faces. However, he would like to get a transcription of Roby's interview, so his secretary will be present to take shorthand.

There are a couple of points of procedure to observe: although Roby is not dangerous, no hat pins or other sharp objects should be carried in, and addition-

ally there will be a male orderly, Price, present in the cell with them at all times. Roby should not be given any news of the outside world. Dr. Highsmith warns that Roby may say little and what he does say may be irrelevant to what was asked. Roby has had little contact with others here at St. Agnes'.

Montague Edwards

Nurse Price joins them, a large, silent man. The secretary arrives, a Mr. Reeves. It is rapidly getting dark. The sky is clear. Dr. Highsmith escorts the small group out

into the courtyard and along to the main building. Inside, a nurse stops in his business and, staring at the strangers, starts to ask Dr. Highsmith a question. "Not now, Evans," interrupts the doctor and walks by, leaving the man looking at the backs of the group. This is Montague Edwards. Edwards goes directly to Highsmith's office where he finds the name and address of the investigator invited up here. He realizes that Roby has visitors.

Appearance and Demeanor: Edwards is medium height and weight with brown hair. As Evans he is clean-shaven, but he would normally sport a beard and moustache. He looks intelligent and appraising, a smile is always close to his lips. Edwards suffers from homicidal mania. He can usually control this by self-harm, but sometimes he must lash out. He killed Cuthbert Yates, a fellow nurse at the asylum during one episode, and soon after the start of this game kills a second man, an orderly, Frederick Long. As a result of his Unspeakable Promise with Hastur, he heals wounds in minutes. In game terms as long as he has -2 hit points or more he regenerates 4 hit points per round.



Mr. Edwards

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Montague Arthur Horace Edwards is an intensely private man and winning the information here is covered in detail in the text of the adventure. Edwards' grandfather, Horace, bought the title of Laird of Mullardoch in 1868. The family, once wealthy, has suffered slow ruin but the title still belongs to Edwards. From 1905 to 1907 he attended the Slade School of Fine Art at University College London, and from 1905 to 1914 he was a member of the Golden Dawn society, taking the name "Vox Mutatis". Edwards has had no professional career; he lives off the disappearing family fortune.

Plot: Edwards heads a cult whose aim is to bring Hastur permanently to Earth. His name is used by a guileless Alexander Roby at the first interview. Vincent Tuck mentions him but with few details. Wilfred Gresty's two letters talk of him as a key figure in the cult. Roby's note to Delia Morrison says he and Edwards are going to Mullardoch, and Lawrence Bacon's obituary gives his title as the Laird of Mullardoch — more information can then be gained from Aleister Crowley. As the campaign starts, Edwards is working at St. Agnes' Asylum as a nurse under the name Mark Evans in order to be close

to Roby. He is living nearby in rented accommodation. Edwards ensures that one way or another Roby is freed from the asylum at the time of the release hearing. He won't be found until the five-day summoning within Carcosa in the Scottish Highlands. He rises as an Unspeakable Possessor after his plans fail in complete and spectacular fashion.

Montague Edwards (a.k.a. Mark Evans), age 41, English, Head Cultist

STR 10 CON 08 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 15
DEX 14 APP 16 EDU 18 SAN 0 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Attacks: Beretta .32 revolver 50%, damage 1D8

Spells: Bespeak the End of the Day, Call/Dismiss Hastur, Create Gate, Free Hastur, Hands of Colubria, Send Dreams, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Unspeakable Promise.

Skills: Accounting 35%, Architectural History 42%, Art (Drawing) 60%, Art (Painting) 47%, Bargain 40%, Credit Rating 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 24%, History 30%, Library Use 70%, Occult 45%, Persuade 75%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Languages: English 90%, German 57%, Latin 20%.

Alexander Roby

Appearance and Demeanor: Roby is a little more than medium height, quite thin and with disheveled straw blond hair and arresting hazel eyes. He is careless about his appearance but there something compelling about him — one wants to share his mood: if he is quiet his companions feel the need to be quiet, if animated he lights up a room. He is appealing to women although they won't be able to say why (**POW vs. POW** check to avoid a bit of a crush, a Fumble indicates infatuation). When met in the asylum he is sedated and his communication skills are hence very poor. When met in Carcosa later, he is quite different: content, rational, calm, and decisive. Roby suffers from astrophilia, a fascination with the stars, but this is nothing compared to the periods of over-excitement he goes through after his dreams of the Great Old Ones and Outer Gods.

Know: A **Know** roll at a 20% penalty remembers the Roby murder case from 1926: his father and sister were killed in supposedly shocking circumstances. It was thought that Roby was arrested but if so no charges were brought against him. No one was ever convicted of the crime. A **Credit Rating** roll remembers that he is the brother of the influential banker Grahame Roby.

Insider Knowledge: Roby dropped out of Peterhouse College, Cambridge to serve in the War Office during the conflict of 1914-18. After the armistice he rattled around in the Foreign Office (his father's old department) but never settled and eventually resigned, instead



Mr. Roby

spending his time studying various fringe interests — astronomy, art, myth, and the occult.

Plot: Roby has long received dreams directly from Hastur. He has visited the city of Carcosa and has been learning how he might bring it to Earth so that he may reside there. As the campaign starts, though close to that goal, he is confined to an asylum, sedated and dreamless. The asylum

doctor, Dr. Charles Highsmith, requests the investigators give a second opinion on Roby who is due for a release hearing. An interview reveals Roby's seeming delusions, but also possible parallels with a play the investigators recently attended. Their investigations find characters and events in Roby's past which are likely to make them argue against his release. However, one way or another Roby is freed anyway and the investigators must find him and interrupt what he has made possible. Roby's unnaturally high POW has been built by his contact with Hastur and Carcosa.

Alexander Roby, age 36, English Dilettante, Cultist, and Dreamer

STR 09 CON 09 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 24
DEX 06 APP 12 EDU 15 SAN 0 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: None above base chance.

Spells: Alter Weather, Bespeak the End of the Day, Brew Space Mead, Call / Dismiss Hastur, Contact Deity / Cthulhu, Create Gate, Dream Vision, Enchant Whistle, Song of Hastur, Summon/Bind Byakhee. Soon to know Build Carcosa.

Skills: Art (Literature) 32%, Art (Music) 12%, Art (Poetry) 43%, Astronomy 34%, Credit Rating 5%, Cthulhu Mythos 34%, History 45%, Library Use 85%, Listen 40%, Occult 50%, Philosophy 30%, Ride 20%, Swim 35%.

Languages: English 85%, French 60%, German 75%, Latin 25%.

Alexander Roby's State of Mind

In the winter, Roby's sleep would normally be open to Hastur's influence, but with the amount of laudanum he has been prescribed it is not. This visit coming in October or November, the player characters find him in a deeply drugged state: he is only half alert and left frustrated and unbalanced by the lack of dreams. Highsmith's diagnosis of Roby as suffering from scotophobia is inaccurate; he actually experiences astrophilia — a love of the stars.

Build Carcosa, a New Spell

This spell can only be successfully cast at night when Aldebaran is visible above the horizon. The casting must be beside a body of water that totals at least one cubic mile in volume and nine other persons must be complicit in the casting. The caster reads a text very similar to passages found in the work *Der Wanderer durch den See* while simultaneously the others read parts directly from *The King in Yellow*: Cassilda, Thale, Uoht, Camilla, Aldones, Naotalba, the Child, the Stranger, and the King in Yellow himself. As the competing readings progress, a mist forms across the water and the buildings and squares of Carcosa shimmer into existence all around the group.

Huge octopoidal shapes whip through the air. These are spawn of Hastur. They number 1D3+1. Caster and actors are safe from spawn attacks as long as they continue their readings. Sanity checks are appropriate for 1D6/1D20; if someone goes insane, he or she needs a successful check versus POW 14 on the Resistance Table to continue reading. If they fail then unless someone steps straight into their place, the spawn attacks the whole cast indiscriminately. Zero-SAN cultists who cannot lose further Sanity are the ideal choices for these roles. Regardless of the spell's progress, the spawn can attack anyone in the forming city who is not part of the performance.

Upon completion of the spell, this takes about seventy-five minutes, the caster has lost 1D10 Sanity points, the actors 1D8. The spawn disappear into the water which has become dark, almost black, while the city on its shore is fully formed and tangible. Carcosa on Earth is a simulacrum of its true version in the Hyades, perhaps it is even the city transplanted. It remains on Earth for one week if the caster remains alive within it. The existence of Carcosa on Earth also allows the spell Free Hastur to be more easily cast. If Hastur is summoned into the city he remains on Earth indefinitely. While they remain in the city, those involved in the casting of Free Hastur do not age: like the city itself they remain in stasis.

The script for Build Carcosa is penned by Alexander Roby. At the start of this campaign it is incomplete.

Roby knows why he is in the asylum. He finds his enforced presence here tiresome; his desire is to finish the dialogue with Hastur and complete his written work to "build" Carcosa. It is difficult but he has made progress even here; Edwards has twice smuggled him pencils but both times they've been discovered — Roby lacks the guile to secrete them. He is unaware that he may soon be released and of course does not know that his brother opposes it.

The Interview with Alexander Roby

The sound of footsteps and muted sobbing echoes back off bare stone corridors as Price leads them to Roby's cell. He unlocks it and leads the investigators in.

When the others first enter, Roby looks up.

"Delia?" he asks.

He does not respond if asked who she is.

Roby is dressed in a white canvas tunic and trousers. The room is tiny, dim, and chilly. There is a bed, table, and two chairs, and no possessions except for a stack of a dozen or so books on the table. A barred window gives a view of the sky. A **Spot Hidden** will notice a small hole in the wall between his and the next door cell (this leads through to the cell of Lucius Harriwell) but only allow a roll if the investigators are specifically looking.

The books are all poetry. They include *From Our Ghostly Enemy* by Robert Graves; *The Freaks: An Idyll of Suburbia* by Pinero; *Poems 1918-1921* by Ezra Pound; and *Collected Poems* and *The Man Who Died Twice* both by Edward Arlington Robinson. Since his arrival Roby has scribbled certain dream passages in the margins of the Graves book that comprise parts of the spell Build Carcosa. Highsmith has read and made nothing of these sections.

Keeper's Note: Hereafter you should explain that Roby sits hunched over looking down in his lap. You might do the same so as to accurately read Roby's subsequent speeches while hiding them from the players.

Reeves opens his pad.

Roby ignores whatever is said. The investigators must speak to him for a full game minute or more

before getting any response — a good test of patience and roleplaying. Regardless of what has been said Roby now talks. His manner of speech is odd: the cadence is slow and irregular.

"Being locked in this room is inconvenient. It means I cannot finish my work and so I cannot go where I would like go." He pauses. "You know, few writers have the ability to write honestly. Truths are used for entertainment only and that is a strange concept: it barely grazes what is of import. Such a writer is like a man whose only concern is to hide his ignorance . . . willful misinterpretation, a shut mind, closed eyes, a tight mouth, and balled fists. It's not enough to have the ability. You must be brave enough to use that ability, bring your intellect to bear like a light in the darkness, like a sane man in a world of madmen."

He smiles ruefully to himself and is quiet.

To get a further response from Roby the interview must broach a sensitive subject. This might be such as Roby's family or his release (neither Reeves nor Price stop this line of questioning) or the Yellow Sign, the King in Yellow, or Carcosa. The investigators would probably need to have spoken to Dr. Trollope first to talk of the latter subjects. A successful **Psychology** roll notices Roby becoming animated for the first time. He shifts in his chair and bounces his right leg on the toes distractedly though he still does not look up. The room is quite silent, and a great tension can be sensed on Roby's part, which is somehow transmitted to the others. Even Price shifts his position by the door. Roby starts his second speech, talking loudly, not leaving room for replies.

"Have you seen the Pallid Mask? Have you been down by the lake and seen the beauty and felt the rightness of it all? Edwards said to work only with him. Are you with Quarrie? Why are they not here? Is it this year, once in five thousand years? Has Quarrie brought the King in Yellow? Is he already amongst us?"

Roby is shouting now but then suddenly calms.

He whispers the next: "Have you seen the Yellow Sign?"

If the investigators aver that they have he is confident he is speaking to savants and makes his third speech which he gives in a monotone, without feeling, as though he knows these important words are wasted.

"What Edwards and I are doing now harms no one. But I have been worrying about Malcolm Quarrie and the conversations we had. I think that — despite what Edwards might think — that Quarrie is right. The King in Yellow has called himself the White Acolyte."

The investigators won't know what to make of this. Roby again fixes the investigators with his eyes.

"I don't think he will stay away. So here is a kindness I would like you to pass on to him for when he sees that

Free Hastur

This chant permits Hastur to enter and remain freely within an area bounded by the same nine stone monoliths required for Call Hastur. Like all other Hastur spells, Free Hastur can be cast only at night with Aldebaran visible. Every person participating and chanting a refrain learned from the caster loses POW 1 permanently. For every 10 POW points so sacrificed, POW 1-worth of Hastur or of his spawn gain access to Earth. Thus 350 chanters (35 x10) would be needed to bring Hastur, and 180 chanters needed to bring the average spawn of Hastur.

Alternatively, if Carcosa intersects with the summoning site, i.e., if Build Carcosa has been successfully cast, a much smaller group can effect Free Hastur. In such cases, for each 1 POW sacrificed by the participants, 10-POW-worth of Hastur or his spawn gains access to Earth. That means that in the examples given above, the numbers change to just thirty-five chanters needed to bring Hastur, and eighteen chanters are needed to fetch an average spawn of Hastur. The presence of a summoned spawn contributes 50 POW toward the subsequent summoning of Hastur or another spawn.

Once freed, Hastur need not return to the sky at sunrise and can remain active the year round. Hastur-connected spells can be used day or night within the bounded region, which can be of any size.

Delia?

Being locked in this room is inconvenient. It means I cannot finish my work and so I cannot go where I would like to go. You know, few writers have the ability to write honestly. Truths are used for entertainment only and that is a strange concept: it barely grazes what is of import. Such a writer is like a man whose only concern is to hide his ignorance. Willful misrepresentation, a shut mind, closed eyes, a tight mouth, and balled fists. It's not enough to have the ability, bring your intellect to bear like a light in the darkness, like a sane man in a world of madmen.

Have you seen the pallid mask? Have you been down by the lake and seen the beauty and felt the rightness of it all? Edwards said to work only with him. Are you with Quarrie? Why are they not here? Is it this year, once in five thousand years? Has Quarrie brought the king in yellow? Is he already amongst us?

Have you seen the yellow sign?

What Edwards and I are doing now harms no one. But I have been worrying about Malcolm Quarrie and the conversations we had. I think that, despite what Edwards might think, Quarrie is right. The king in yellow has called himself the white acolyte. I don't think he will stay away. So here is a kindness I would like you to pass on to him for when he sees that the king does not offer him what he hopes. To divert the king's attentions away from our Earth and back upon the dream city he must think of Cassilda's song:

The stars that burn their charcoal death
Shrink back, they feel the hoary breath
Of he who ransoms great Carcosa.
He flees where queen and prophet met,
Where twin suns fall but never set,
Escapes the tomb of lost Carcosa.

Patient: *A. R. ROBY*.....
Doctor: *L. TROLLACK*.....
Signed:
Date:

the King does not offer him what he hopes. To divert the King's attentions away from our Earth and back upon the Dream City he must think of Cassilda's song:

“The stars that burn their charcoal death

shrink back, they feel the hoary breath

Of he who ransoms

Great Carcosa.

“He flees where Queen and Prophet met,

Where twin suns fall but never set,

Escapes the tomb of

Lost Carcosa.”

And then he is quiet. He'll say no more. The investigators may take a typed copy of the shorthand transcript from Reeves (it has only Roby's words) once he has run it up.

It could be that the investigators are being careful with Roby and the last speech and its verse are not appropriate, e.g., they do not claim to have seen the Yellow Sign. If so, it is very important that it be introduced later. If the investigators arrange a second visit to Roby, the third speech could be treated as the sum total of Roby's utterances on that occasion or, if not, Roby should tell the investigators when he meets them in Carcosa.

Assessing the Roby Interview

If the interview lasts a reasonable while, a successful Psychology roll may be attempted. A success suggests that Roby is operating according to some internal reality that the investigators have no access to, and that he has no patience left for reasoned argument. A critical success further suggests that he's being manipulated by someone stronger than he is.

More mundanely, the alert investigator might now have concluded that Roby has a helper on the inside. Available evidence follows:

- Mention of pencils by Dr. Highsmith;
- Evidence that Roby has scribbled into the margins of books;
- Suspicions regarding Evans' illegal contact with the patient;
- Roby's verbal references to “Edwards”.

Regarding Roby's parting verses, if said: anyone in the audience at *The Stranger and the Queen* remembers these as similar to verses from Cassilda's song in Act 1 Scene 2. If the investigators gain access to a copy of *The King in Yellow* they discover them verbatim in the text.

Dr. Highsmith is not able to help with much of the transcript since he has not really tried to make sense of Roby's odd conversation. He does not know that “Delia”

is Delia Hartston, a female acquaintance of Roby's; she has not visited here.

An Interview with Evans?

It's possible that alert investigators may request to speak to Nurse Mark Evans (the pseudonym of Montague Edwards). Evans answers questions by admitting that he thought the family might reward him with a few pounds if he took special care of Roby as he seemed to be a “gentleman”. He gave him a pencil — that's all Mr. Roby asked for. He says doing small favors is commonly done by the nurses (this is true). He stopped doing this when Dr. Highsmith found out. He says he does not want to lose his job.

Keeper's Note: These are all lies, but 'Evans' is intelligent enough to know that owning up to a small crime often hides a bigger one, and he can carry off the lie well.

The Asylum's Secret

On November 27th 1927, just six weeks after he joined St. Agnes', Edwards was overcome by his homicidal mania. Taking two knives from the kitchen he surprised a fellow nurse, Cuthbert Yates, as he was seeing to the needs of the patient Lucius Harriwell. With horrible symmetry Edwards slashed himself and Yates, again and again, cut for cut, until Yates lay dead. Edwards healed his wounds in minutes and was whole again. The horrified Harriwell witnessed the whole thing but was allowed to live.

Although this was almost a year ago the asylum staff is still very mindful of the unsolved killing; any idle conversation with a staff member soon has them discussing the murder. The staff happily describes walls and floors running with blood.

The investigators need to succeed in a Persuade roll to receive Dr. Highsmith's permission to talk to Harriwell and he insists that the details of their conversation are kept private as in their original promise. He is extremely sensitive to this murder becoming widely known; local police have of course been called in, but as Yates had no known next of kin the case has attracted little wider attention.

Interviewing Lucius Harriwell

Harriwell has the adjacent cell to Roby. Although Harriwell is straightjacketed, Price accompanies the investigators in. Harriwell is difficult to read: sometimes he is sly and bragging and likes to suggest he knows much more than he does, at other times he exhibits weakness and fear to the point of tears.

Keeper's Note: as his statistics relate, Harriwell responds very poorly to questions — allow a Psychology roll to realize this after his first rant.

Harriwell describes what he saw in extensive, gory detail. The murder was performed by the “devil” who ran red with blood, whose own gaping wounds would have weakened and killed any man. His hands were blades and he slashed himself then the other man: one, two, one, two (Harriwell jerks his body this way and the other) but only the other fell. He laughed all the while and he did other things (he does not elaborate on the sexual stimulation that ‘Evans’ exhibited). He cannot identify ‘Evans’. He was far too frightened by what he saw. The threats that he would be next if he spoke of what occurred were unnecessary.

To confuse things further, Harriwell has heard Alexander’s talk of Carcosa, Kaiwan, the King in Yellow, Hastur, Hali, and so on. If he is asked about things he can parrot a great deal back but that is all he knows. If Roby is mentioned, Harriwell says he is Roby’s “teacher”.

If the investigators are specifically looking, a **Spot Hidden** roll notices the same small hole in the wall between his and Roby’s cells that they saw from the other’s side and that allows him to eavesdrop on his neighbor.

A **Psychology** roll tells that Harriwell does not know when he tells the truth or a lie.

Lucius Harriwell

Appearance and Demeanor: Harriwell is fat-faced and powerfully, if flabbily, built. He is almost bald and the remainder of his hair is close-cropped and white. Although he is always grinning, there is fear and not mirth in his expression. Harriwell only speaks when he wants to, he is alternately cunning and hesitant, and any questions enrage him. A successful **Psychology** roll following on an examination would convince that he is not a likely murderer: he does not have the courage.



Mr. Harriwell

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Harriwell was brain-damaged in a motor accident (or was it the war?) some years ago. He was a witness to Edwards’ murder of Cuthbert Yates which took place in his cell. Though it seems impossible, the staff act as though he was the killer and he is kept straightjacketed at all times.

Plot: He has the adjacent cell to Alexander Roby. “Evans” killed Cuthbert Yates (and will soon kill Frederick Long) in Harriwell’s cell. He describes the killings but thinks them the work of the Devil. When

Edwards takes Roby away he again confronts Harriwell and mentions a detail of his plan.

Lucius Harriwell, age 49, English Lunatic

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 15 INT 06 POW 07
DEX 06 APP 07 EDU 06 SAN 0 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Attacks: Fist/Punch 61%, 1D3 + 1D4

Grapple 60%, damage special

Knife 45%, damage 1D3 + 1D4

Kick 34%, damage 1D6 + 1D4

Skills: Listen 65%, Spot Hidden 75%.

Languages: English 40%.

The Hereford Police

The police will speak on the murder to anyone upon a successful **Credit Rating** roll and the proof of an official connection to the asylum — Dr. Highsmith’s letter suffices.

There may have been a second murder by the time the investigators talk to the police. The description of the Cuthbert Yates killing follows:

Superintendent Wallace Rees reveals that the murder scene had enough blood spilled there to have killed two men and that there were two blood types present. Two kitchen knives were found in the cell and a blood-soaked and slashed nurse’s uniform was found in the laundry. Harriwell was covered in blood but none of it was his. The door to his cell was unlocked. All the asylum staff were examined and found not to be wounded. There doesn’t seem to have been a motive for Yates’ death. Rees says he thinks Harriwell must have been responsible and that the second victim must have left the scene.

Rees has trouble maintaining this theory and doesn’t fully believe it himself. Constables at the station are also skeptical but bemused by the evidence and lack an alternative theory.

Investigating a New Murder

Shortly after the investigators’ visit to the asylum Edwards kills a second man, orderly Frederick Long (see below). After this new murder Dr. Highsmith is reluctant to allow further access to the asylum before the hearing — still set upon Roby’s release, he is concerned that talk of the murders jeopardizes this. It will take a successful **Persuade** roll to allow the investigators within the walls.

But hopefully the investigators will get involved. The murders introduce more unknowns. Does Roby need protection? Could he be responsible for the killings himself? Are they copies of the murder of his father and sister? And as long as the investigators are around the

asylum, Edwards finds their presence unsettling enough that he uses Dream Vision nightly.

That said, the recent murders are likely to be a blind alley when investigated. Neither the police nor the investigators are likely to be able to focus on Evans: his preternatural healing means that the murder scenes simply do not make sense. Should he still somehow be identified, have him submit quietly to arrest. He says absolutely nothing to the police or the investigators. His spells and abilities make him a very difficult man to keep in conventional custody.

Edwards' Actions That Night

Edwards guards Roby jealously. From his home that night Edwards uses Send Dreams against one of the investigators whom he saw crossing towards the asylum. He chooses the male with the highest APP. He sends a vision of Hastur: the sights he saw at the summoning. For the vision, see *Tatters of the King Papers #7*, nearby.

The player of the dreaming investigator must roll **Sanity** with the hefty penalty of 1/1D10 points. If this results in temporary insanity, the player character stares and trembles violently for fifteen minutes, unable to leave the bed. The smell mentioned in the passage is so strong and repugnant that the investigator feels physically ill.

Edwards uses Send Dreams on succeeding nights. These will be effective until the target investigator is beyond the twenty-mile radius of this spell. The dream can change to include other sights that Edwards has seen. Perhaps a byakhee intently dismembers a victim; a ghoul crawls up through the floor — all dead eyes and dead flesh; perhaps there is the first person viewpoint of a man slicing away at his own body

At the first opportunity, Edwards approaches Price and learns more. He wants to know who the questioners are and what they want. He is furious that more people are interfering in his business. He doesn't stop with the dream. That evening he speaks to the member of the cult who works closest with him, Michael Coombs. He tells Coombs to go to London and to follow the investigator who has been in contact with Highsmith. He gives Coombs the address; Coombs is to report back on their movements and what they're doing. Coombs should threaten them if he sees fit but not go so far as to kill them.

It is this anger that causes his homicidal mania to resurface. A few days from now he murders Frederick Long.

Chapter Summary

The investigators are contacted by an asylum superintendent, Dr. Charles Highsmith, who seeks assistance in

A Dream Vision

You're walking along a busy street in a city. It's night. You're in a hurry, but there are many other pedestrians about who slow your progress. Also, despite your haste, every twenty yards or so you feel compelled to stop and check that you have your key with you. You pull it out of an inside pocket of your jacket — it is a large corroded old-fashioned key on a very long loop of string — then thrust it back in. Once you hang it over your arm like a bag, a satchel, but you decide it's safer in the pocket and put it back in there. Then, as you take it out one more time, instead of the key you're looking at a small human-like figure, a fetish, lying there in your hand. It's grotesque, and now there's something else — a sweet, fetid smell on the air, like rotting fruit.

You look up, disturbed, and the city is gone to be replaced by a flat landscape punctuated by mounds and hillocks and a few stunted trees. You stand with others. There's a pressure building as though a storm is in the air. You sense water nearby and the wind blows the smell to you. It's still dark but you can just make out and count nine shapes, pagan standing stones, placed around you. The quality of the air changes then the ground beneath you, your heart feels too big for your chest. Something is coming. There are cut-off screams and one then another the people near you wink out like stars. You are alone, looking for the thing. You sense it at the last moment as it reaches out for you, takes you and lifts you up, lying there tiny under its inspection. You can't help but look up into its eyes

You wake up in bed. You are sitting bolt upright and your heart is racing. The nightmare can be recalled in every detail, and the faint smell of rancid fruit permeates the room.

Tatters of the King Papers #7

a patient's case. He talks of his charge, Alexander Roby, and a two-year-old unsolved murder.

At the asylum Roby mentions things reminiscent of Estus's play and may give some crucial information in verse: this must be well remembered as it may serve to thwart the King in Yellow's arrival in the very last scenes of this campaign.

Suspicions may be aroused about someone working with Roby within the asylum: this is the nurse Michael Evans, really Montague Edwards. The investigators may also learn that there has been a killing at the asylum itself. Evans, a patient named Lucius Harriwell and the local police may all be turned to here.

Staying locally, someone is the recipient of Edwards' spell Send Dreams which shows them the summoning of Hastur — this is a shocking experience that may leave lasting effects, but also provides a useful glimpse of the scene at Springer Mound.



A Walk in the Park

Active Evil is better than Passive Good.

— William Blake, “Annotations to Lavater”

1928 was an unusually hard winter for London and Great Britain. By early November, nightly temperatures approach freezing, and there are snowfalls interspersed with sleet and freezing rain. As we pass into December and January, lakes, ponds, and rivers freeze over, water pipes seize up, deliveries of food, coal, and firewood are affected, country roads become impassable, railway trains and omnibuses run on reduced schedules, and an influenza epidemic starts to stretch doctors and hospitals. For pedestrians, sidewalks and steps are hazards. Keepers, consider playing on these factors to exaggerate a sense of hardship and isolation, particularly when the player characters abandon the relative comfort of London.

Michael Coombs

Coombs arrives in London the day after the investigators return from the asylum. He rooms with the cultist Wilfred Gresty in East London. Over several pints in Gresty’s regular pub, The Plough, he tells Gresty what happened up at the asylum and what he knows of the player characters — Gresty knows the cult



Mr. Coombs

has someone on the inside there but continues to have no inkling it’s Edwards himself. The next day Coombs goes to the address he was given for the investigator contacted by Dr. Highsmith. There, posing as a taxi cab driver, he speaks to a neighbor to be sure of his information. That informant will innocently tell the investigator of the driver’s inquiries, but if asked he or she can only describe Coombs as a “tall, dark gentleman, rather roughly spoken”. Over the next few days Coombs finds out more about the other investigators, too, trailing them to their addresses and going through the same routine.

Appearance and Demeanor: Coombs is a tall (6’3”), thin, sharp-featured man with longish, greasy black

hair. He dresses in a cheap suit, no tie, and a long, worn black overcoat. He chain-smokes roll-up cigarettes. He has an obsequious manner that quickly shows itself to be mocking; he respects very few people. He is quick on his feet and watchful. A mean drunk, he always enjoys violence and has no compunction in his exercise of it.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Coombs is a burglar and footpad, an acquaintance of one of Lawrence Bacon’s customers recruited by Edwards for the cult. Completely faithful to Edwards, he carries out any orders given to him, legal and otherwise.

He is a vicious man. He lives in a pub/hotel near Edwards in the market town of Leominster and when in London he stays with the cultist Wilfred Gresty, the closest thing to a friend he has. Coombs was present with the cult at the summoning at Clare Melford.

Plot: Coombs is in the background during early investigations. He kills Dr. Lionel Trollope at Edwards' request and then threatens one of the investigators. He should be in Carcosa at the time of the summoning and tries to kill them there.

Michael Coombs, age 36, Vicious Cultist and English Criminal

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 16 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 17 APP 10 EDU 07 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Attacks: Knife 69%, damage 1D4 + 1D4
Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3 + 1D4
Grapple 57%, damage special
Blackjack 54%, damage 1D4 + 1D4

Skills: Accounting 22%, Bargain 36%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Drive Auto 24%, Fast Talk 35%, Hide 49%, Locksmith 47%, Occult 15%, Persuade 37%, Sneak 52%, Spot Hidden 59%.

Languages: English 50%, German 05%.

Doctor Trollope at Home

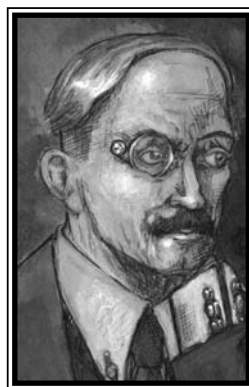
The investigators may arrange an interview with Dr. Trollope at his home on Long Acre, a short walk away from his offices at Bedford Place in Bloomsbury. Coombs follows the investigators there — if they are already worried and mention that they're checking for being shadowed, allow a **Spot Hidden** roll to see Coombs just as they arrive. He slides out of sight. They can't be certain the man was following them.

Doctor Trollope is a lifelong bachelor. His housekeeper, Mrs. Enid Hughes, opens the door. The investigators are shown into a large drawing room, high-ceilinged and comfortable with blue settees and a deep green Persian carpet. There are several *objets d'art* in evidence: a white ivory tusk depicting the colonization of the African continent in a circular procession of figures carved around its length; a brass polar bear lazing on a crystal ice floe; Georgian china ladies and gentlemen playing billiards; and a fine original Stubbs painting of an English Springer Spaniel — any **Art (Painting) skill of 10% or more** will identify the last.

The doctor soon appears. He looks very pale and drawn. If someone mentions this, he apologizes and says he may be suffering from overwork. Mrs. Hughes bustles around, offering tea. Until she leaves he restricts conversation to the pleasantries.

Trollope speaks most freely to an investigator of an age or background similar to his own. He must also receive assurances that the information he presents is private except to be taken into account when Dr. Highsmith's decision is made regarding Alexander Roby's release. If these assurances are given he starts speaking, his face grave.

He was called by the domestic staff on the night that Alexander's father and sister were killed. The bodies were in the drawing room. Herbert Roby's body had been entirely drained of blood, seemingly from a deep wound in the upper chest. No blood from the corpse was apparent. Georgina Roby had been attacked with a sharp instrument, perhaps a broad ax if wielded by one very strong or in a great passion.



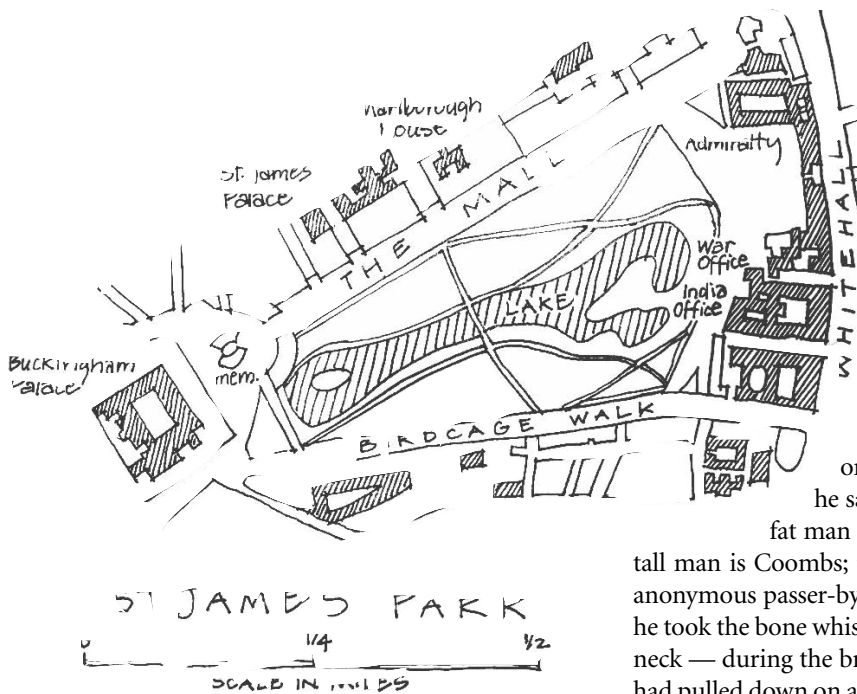
Dr. Trollope

Alexander was in the house during the murders. When Dr. Trollope went upstairs to see him, he declared that it was he who had killed his father and sister. He wouldn't explain and was hysterical with grief — his sister's fate appeared to affect him particularly. Dr. Trollope says he could not equate Alexander with the murders, both from what he knew about the man and from the manner of the deaths: there was no physical evidence linking him to the killings such as one would expect with such a bloody crime. Alexander was not held in police custody for long but seemed a broken man; Dr. Trollope agreed to commit him to St. Agnes's soon after.

His two visits to the asylum have left him with the opinion that Alexander was unfit to leave. Alexander is still wrecked by the deaths of his father and sister. Dr. Trollope adds that he subscribes to the dictum that asylums are places to lock away lunatics to protect the rest of us, and that those correctly committed cannot be cured.

The Byakhee Whistles

As a badge of identity and loyalty Edwards gives each Hastur cultist a bone whistle in the shape of a byakhee. Fashioned from the sternum of the star steed itself, the jet-black substance is light but tremendously strong and reflects no light at all. Each whistle was individually carved in an abstract form of one of the creatures: sometimes just the long head, sometimes the whole creature rides astride a barrel. The material is unidentifiable if subjected to tests. A successful **Chemistry** roll suggests it is extraterrene.



With that he halts the interview, asking for an investigator's card if one has not already been presented, in case events warrant further communication. A successful **Psychology roll** suggests that Dr. Trollope is pre-occupied with something and that he has come close to unburdening himself of whatever it is, but not quite close enough. The player characters are seen out.

Trollope may be tempted to say more, but his traditional reticence prevents him from speaking in this forum. He knows there is more to Alexander's case than it appears. After the investigators leave he sits and wrestles with what is right then rises and crosses into his study where he takes up pen and paper.

Coombs & Dr. Trollope's Death

Coombs has followed the player characters to Dr. Trollope. He informs Edwards of this development by letter. Edwards knows who Trollope is and this news worries him enough that he orders Trollope killed. The murder happens two days later.

Dr. Trollope takes his nightly constitutional in St. James's Park. He is unchanging in his habits, going by the Horse Ride which runs between The Mall and Birdcage Walk, and crossing the small lake on the ornamental bridge. Coombs waits for Trollope there by the bridge. Without warning he accosts him, stabs him once through the heart and leaves him dead.

A twelve-year-old newspaper seller, Tommy Wilson, is the first on the scene. He tells the police what he saw: a tall man hurrying away and a fat man watching through the railings. The

tall man is Coombs; the fat man is a red herring — an anonymous passer-by. What Tommy does not say is that he took the bone whistle which Coombs wore around his neck — during the brief struggle, the dying Dr. Trollope had pulled down on and broken the bootlace from which the whistle hung.

For a sample newspaper story reporting the crime, see *Tatters of the King Papers #8* nearby. The newspaper article on the death appears the next day; keepers may need to change the date.

Reading the newspaper article, the investigators may guess from the mention of the bootlace that the newspaper boy did find something. Tommy Wilson is in the park there every night. If the investigators press and bribe him, he parts with the Byakhee whistle. The investigator who gets the whistle gains 2 SAN; the rest each gain 1 Sanity point.

Detective Inspector Andrew Taylor

Detective Inspector Andrew Taylor works in the Criminal Investigation Department (CID) of the

FATAL STABBING IN ST. JAMES'S PARK TWO MEN SOUGHT

A gentleman was attacked and killed in St. James's Park last night at shortly after six o'clock in the evening. The deceased was identified as Dr. Lionel F. Trollope of 126, Long Acre WC2.

A newspaper boy saw the attack as it was taking place. The attacker, a tall man in a long dark coat, fled out of the park onto The Mall where he may have joined a smaller, stout man before running off towards Waterloo Place. A brown leather bootlace was found in the dead man's grip which police think may have been taken from his attacker in a struggle. The motive for the assault appears to have been robbery.

Dr. Trollope ran an established medical practice at 31-32 Bedford Place, Bloomsbury WC1. He was sixty years old with grey hair and a moustache and was dressed smartly in a three-quarter-length dark herringbone pattern coat, black hat, white gloves and cane. Police are anxious to speak to anyone who was in the St. James' Park or surrounding areas at around six o'clock and may have seen either Dr. Trollope or persons matching the descriptions given above. They are asked to contact Scotland Yard and request to speak to Detective Inspector Taylor.

Daily Express, 4th November 1928

TOTK Papers #8: Story Related to the Murder of Dr. Trollope

old New Scotland Yard on the Embankment. (The new building sits on Victoria Street today.) The inspector has obtained Dr. Trollope's appointment book. It lists his interview with the player characters. He contacts them a couple of days after the murder. He is unlikely to harbor suspicions of them but the keeper should call for a **Credit Rating** roll early on in the interview. He asks about their business with Dr. Trollope, how it went, Dr. Trollope's conversation, and the doctor's frame of mind. He is very interested if he learns that someone of the murderer's description may have been seen by the investigator or may have been to the investigator's home. He urges the player characters to hail a constable should they see the man again.



Det. Insp. Taylor

If the investigators advance theories of how Alexander Roby may be linked to this murder and to the earlier murders of Herbert and Georgina Roby, Taylor listens with polite interest and takes notes. He will not act on these suspicions though. There is not nearly the evidence to make a strong case at this point — Taylor will feel that such links are tenuous at best.

Appearance and Demeanor: A good-looking man, clean-shaven and standing just over six feet tall. Dresses well but not expensively and holds himself very straight. He is courteous — he uses “sir” and “madam” excessively — bold and open-minded and speaks in a soft voice with a broad Scottish accent.

Know: Det. Insp. Taylor works in the Criminal Investigation Department (CID) in New Scotland Yard on the Embankment.

Insider Knowledge: He served with distinction in the Great War as an officer with the Scots Guards.

Plot: The detective in charge of investigating Trollope's death. He interviews the investigators two or three days after the murder if they have not already come forward of their own accord.

Detective Inspector Andrew Taylor, age 39, Scottish, Police Inspector

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 17
DEX 16 APP 15 EDU 08 SAN 50 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: Webley Mark 1 revolver 48%, damage 1D10 + 2
Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3
Truncheon 50%, damage 1D6
Grapple 45%, damage special

Skills: Bargain 25%, Credit Rating 40%, Drive Auto 50%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 40%, Jump 65%, Law 35%, Listen 55%, Mechanical Repair 47%, Persuade 35%, Psychology 25%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%, Track 35%.

Languages: English 70%.

The Posthumous Letter from Dr. Trollope

Dr. Trollope gave this letter to Mrs. Hughes before taking his fateful walk; in the turmoil pursuant on his murder Mrs. Hughes forgot to post it and the investigators only receive it after their meeting with Inspector Taylor. The date and salutation may need amending, see *Tatters of the King Papers #9*, nearby.

This letter is an important document. It speaks of the doctor's two visits to Alexander Roby and of an incident during the second visit where Roby used magic (although the doctor did not recognize it as such). It also mentions the doctor's misgivings regarding Roby's acquaintances and of his perusal of Roby's book *Der Wanderer durch den See*.

Notes on Dr. Trollope's Letter

Carefully read Dr. Trollope's letter. There are important investigator leads in this document. The following materials are merely clarifications.

- The postmark shows the letter was mailed three days after Dr. Trollope's death. There is nothing untoward about this. As was explained above, Mrs. Hughes simply neglected to send the letter after the doctor's murder.
- On the second asylum visit, Alexander Roby joined with Trollope in Bespeak the End of the Day, an incantation that Trollope unknowingly performed. Trollope began to lose magic points and then viewed the results of the spell.
- Grahame Roby hired a private detective, Vincent Tuck, in November 1925 to follow Alexander and report on his associations.
- Dr. Trollope mentions Delia Hartston only because he knows Grahame Roby has suspicions about that attachment. Delia now has the married name of Morrison.

Dr. Lionel Trollope

Appearance and Demeanor: Dr. Trollope has iron-gray hair, a trimmed moustache, and uses a monocle to read. He dresses very smartly and formally and is most civil and accommodating. When met he looks tired and even nervous and he talks carefully, using his hands frequently. Dr. Trollope walks daily to combat stiffening of the joints.

Know: Dr. Trollope is a well-respected and capable general practitioner. His practice is 31-32 Bedford Place, Bloomsbury, WC1. His home is at 126, Long Acre, WC2.

Insider Knowledge: He has been the Roby family doctor for the last thirty years, so has known Alexander and his

126, Long Acre
London WC2

3rd November 1928

Dear Sir,

I write this post upon your leaving a meeting. I am going to be frank - please pardon any offence that I cause. I am not certain of Dr. Highsmith's motives in this case but I sense a curiosity in you in which I have decided to place my trust. I find myself in need to unburden myself of things that I have left unsaid. I hesitate to put these on paper but nevertheless I proceed.

Contrary to possible appearance I am anxious to help Alexander. His father was a good friend of mine so I have known him since he was just a small boy. He is decent, gentle young fellow who has, I think, fallen in with circumstances that misused him.

I will talk of my first visit to Alexander in St. Angnes in June of 1927. Dr. Highsmith told me he was unimpressed and lucid and I found this to be the case despite some periodic confusion and whisper. But his conversation was odd indeed. He seemed quite unlike the young man I knew. One of the few references I made that I could make sense of referred to the book he authored and upon my return to London I undertook to look at it. You may be aware that five or six years ago Alexander published a volume called *The Walker by the Lake*. I had never picked it up before - I believed that it would be difficult for me to digest - but though much within it was indeed bizarre or puzzling, somehow it held me. Certain words and phrases therein reminded me of Alexander's talk at the asylum and I could see that these writings spoke to the root of my incapacity. Oddly, sections of the narrative were in German: I transcribed and later translated these passages.

My second visit to Alexander was about six months later after the first, just before Christmas. On this occasion I found him sequestered and correspondingly uncommunicative. Anxious that my journey not be a fruitless one I thought to try an experiment. I had bought some papers with me, transcripts of his book, and I began to read out one of the German passages in that language. I am not sure what I expected for this, I suppose I was merely seeking a certain kind of assurance, but that Alexander responded. He spoke the text straight with me. As he did, I stopped reaching myself and tried to engage him. What happened next is difficult to say. He kept speaking now and I could see he was overtly excited so I was reading out to touch his shoulder. As I did suddenly I felt very weak and the next thing I knew I was on the floor. I was inexplicably paralyzed. The madhouse attendant was down on one knee, giving me assistance, and Alexander stood above us. His face was his old one and very sad. "I am very sorry, Doctor. I cannot change what you saw." And then I remembered what that was.

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I will tell you that I think Alexander knows how his father
and sister died, and that their deaths were a result of
events involving a person or persons using him. It seems
Alexander came, perhaps under the influence of a Mr.
Lawrence Bora. Mr. Bora's an antique merchant with
premises in Liverpool Road, 1 Stington but I believe he may
also be a self-styled occultist. This information was
gained at the behest of Alexander's brother, Graham,
though a private detective lived at Wapping, & Mr. Vincent
Tuck. I think Alexander would prefer at Mr. Bora's
of Bora. It bears mention that I am sure that these matters
had nothing to do with Alexander's cartrip with Miss Parker,
no matter what you might have been told.

I feel that I have done the right thing in showing what I
know although I ask that you use ~~discretion~~ discretion for the
sake of Alexander's family, and possibly for your own security.
I urge you to read the book and to contact me again as soon as
convenient. I will tell you more of the grounds for my suspicion
of Mr. Bora if you should consent to that meeting.

And lastly I bring myself to tell you what it was I saw in that small cell
in the 25th. As Alexander spoke I was no longer there in the cell.
I was walking in St. James's Park - I had just crossed the small
suspension bridge to the south across the lake and I was looking at the
buildings at Whitehall. I have made this walk almost every night for
the best thing years and there I was, everything was just as it should
be. I knew it was not a dream; it was undeniable and the novelty
the walls and setting up their noise as Duck Island and up ahead
the pageboy calling. The sun was setting. I reached into my pocket
for my penny for the Standard, and as I did I heard a scuffed
step behind me and I turned. I saw a sharp-faced
man, quite tall, and his eyes held mine. "KEEP
still please, sir," he said and I felt a sharp pain and
then I was falling. He helped me down as I clung to
him. I closed my eyes and when I opened them I
was looking up at the sky. And there was the
pageboy's white face and I tried to say something
to reassure him but couldn't. And I knew no more.
The Lord took me.

I hope to hear from you soon.

Yours sincerely,

Lord Trollope

brother Grahame since they were small boys. He was a close friend of Herbert Roby, the father.

Plot: He is approached by the investigators on behalf of Dr. Charles Highsmith to divulge the family's reservations regarding Alexander Roby's release. He is quite forthcoming, seeing this as a means to unburden his own troubled mind. His letter, subsequent to the interview, mentions dangerous confederates of Alexander and unfortunately it also seems to uncannily predict his own death.

Dr. Lionel Trollope, English, age 60, Faithful Family Doctor

STR 07 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 09
DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 14 SAN 30 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: Cane 30%, damage 1D6

Skills: Accounting 50%, Biology 20%, Credit Rating 61%,
Cthulhu Mythos 3%, Etiquette 42%, First Aid 80%,
Library Use 60%, Medicine 75%, Persuade 63%,
Pharmacy 20%, Psychology 25%.

Languages: English 70%, French 55%, German 40%, Greek 45%, Latin 40%.

Investigation Options

It is early November 1928. The player characters are still involved in initial fact gathering. They have a number of viable courses of action to choose among. Those courses of action are listed just below, then discussed in separate sub-sections immediately after the list.

- Coombs' Coming Attack.
- Interviewing Grahame Roby; Contacting the Police.
- Interviewing the Domestic Staff from the Roby Residence.
- Interviewing Vincent Tuck.
- Interviewing Delia Morrison (Hartston).
- Locating Malcolm Quarrie.
- Locating "Edwards", a confederate of Alexander.
- Interviewing Lawrence Bacon.
- Interviewing Talbot Estus.
- Obtaining Alexander Roby's book.

Coombs' Coming Attack

At some point during the time the investigators are following up on these leads Coombs makes an assault upon

Player Information for Der Wanderer

Der Wanderer durch den See in English and German by A. R. [Alexander Roby], 1923, Whitehall Press, London. A small book, 6 inches by 4 inches, ninety-seven numbered pages, bound in all-white cloth, blank cover and spine. The title page gives title, author's initials, date, press, and a dedication to Samuel Taylor Coleridge: *Suppression Prepares for Overflow*.

The text is split into two halves, headed First Act and Second Act, and describes the dreams of a man. It is written in the form of a case history, but probably can be read as autobiographical despite the absence of personal pronouns. There is no mention of studying a subject or of interviews with him. The text does not seem to be organized for dramatic effect or to be a resource, nor is it fiction, poetry, or science.

The dreams, which are recounted in German (the rest of the text is in English) focus on a power that the man explores and slowly comes to know. The power was once on Earth and is essentially unknowable: it would view man and his accomplishments as we would view ants and an anthill. The dreamer usually refers to the power as "The King", but twice early on uses the synonym "Kaiwan" and one other time "The Unspeakable One". The writer absorbs pieces of knowledge through periods of intense dreaming, but interspersed are periods when he is denied dreams. Eventually he visits a city, Carcoosa, which opens up his

senses even more: it is a place of beauty and contentment although challenging to his perceptions.

See *Tatters of the King Papers #10* nearby. That hand-out's quotes give a little more of the sense of Roby's book.

Keeper's Information for Der Wanderer

Copies of this book can be found in the possession of many members of the cult, Delia Morrison, Talbot Estus, private collectors, and in a few antiquarian and second-hand bookstores. To discover a bookstore that might have a copy requires three successful rolls — Occult, Library Use, and Luck. Only four London bookstores may have a copy. To know a private collector who has the book requires a successful Occult roll.

The copy Dr. Trollope read he borrowed from Grahame Roby. It was disposed of after Alexander's commitment, along with all of Alexander's other books and papers.

The book contains the spell *Bespeak the End of Day*. A successful INT x2 roll or a Cthulhu Mythos x5 roll suggests that the text itself is shielding the existence of another spell of great power but that Roby has not finished this greater spell.

Reading *Der Wanderer durch den See* costs 1/1D6 SAN, and adds 3 percentiles to Cthulhu Mythos. The book takes about one week to absorb. Spell: *Bespeak the End of Day*.

Keeper's note: The concluding paragraph in Tatters of the King Papers #10 gives the text to the spell Bespeak the End of the Day while the description gives the accompanying gesture to effect it successfully.

Quotations from *Der Wanderer durch den See*

But where, who, or what is Hali? In his reading the texts, either by design or uncertainty, are obscure and even contradictory. In his dreams contradictions were also rife but he felt that Hali was the Lake itself.

The reader imagines that this is the first race to own dominion over this planet and that it will be the last. That is wrong thinking but each must come to this conclusion on his own account — it is something one has to see for oneself, not be told. He knows his opinion would be derided or else provoke anger so he does not try to persuade. I share it for him here.

The book concludes with:

Some would be disconcerted by the structure of this treatise, but it is for us to walk on the Earth in Carcosa: that is the Third Act. That passage may or may not be written.

Translated from the German:

Aid me, Kaiwan. I, a dreamer, seek a vision from red Aldebaran and black Hali. I make the Sign.

Then immediately following in English:

And seeking the vision, he makes the Yellow Sign in front of him with his fist such as I, standing before him, could read it plain enough to Bespeak the End of the Day.

Tatters of the King Papers #10

them. He aims to pick on a single man as they are drinking in a pub — it is quite likely there will be some form of watch placed near Bacon's house for instance — and he picks a fist fight with them upon a spurious claim that they spilled his drink. At the conclusion of the fight, and whether victorious or not, he surreptitiously shows them his knife and tells them he knows what they're up to and that if he sees them again "they're dead". With a successful **Idea** roll, the investigator(s) will see that he fits the description of both Trollope's killer and the man who came to the investigator's building.

Interviewing Grahame Roby; Contacting the Police

The investigators have his address from Dr. Highsmith who has also sent a letter of introduction.

Grahame Roby will prefer to communicate with the player characters by letter. If they seek information about Alexander, Grahame tells them to contact Inspector John Stephens of Scotland Yard, the investigating officer of the murders of Herbert and Georgina Roby back in 1927. Inspector Stephens is rather obstructive — a harried, overworked man with no time for amateur investigators. If they have hard evidence they should present it to one of his junior detec-

tives. (No statistics are given for Stephens, who plays no great part in proceedings.) When faced with Stephens' junior officer, Detective Sergeant Lorimer, the investigators must have some form of reference from Grahame Roby (or make a **Fast Talk** claiming they do) and then make a **Credit Rating roll** to get any information. If they can do this the officer is accommodating and pulls the case file.

Regarding the murders the officer says that both bodies were discovered in the downstairs drawing room, access to which was by the hall door which, despite being unlocked, had been smashed completely off its hinges. Herbert Roby's body showed a gaping stabbing wound above the left collarbone and was completely drained of blood. Georgina Roby had been killed by two slicing wounds: one to the front torso and the other to the neck and head. One was a left-handed blow and the other right-handed, possibly by a heavy bladed instrument. The wounds on both bodies indicate the attacker was extremely strong and the forensic surgeon thinks two different weapons had been used on the two victims. No murder weapons were found.

The glass balcony door into Alexander Roby's upstairs room had also been broken from the outside. Alexander claimed he had been there all evening and would not say how the door had been broken, but he claimed responsibility for the murders. The rest of the information tallies with the accounts given by Dr. Trollope and the domestics at the Roby house.

The two sorts of wounds were caused by the byakhee's Bite and Claw attacks, respectively.

With a **Fast Talk roll** the investigators may also get the following information on the Roby family financial affairs (a red herring). Mr. Herbert Roby was a widower; his wife Margaret died in the influenza epidemic following the war. With Herbert's death the family fortune was split 45% to Grahame and 20% to Alexander with a further 15% in trust for Alexander should he marry — Georgina inherited 20%. After the sale of the house this money amounted to about £80,000 sterling. If Alexander were still unmarried at forty, Grahame would gain the money Alexander had in trust.

If the investigators tell Grahame Roby that Dr. Highsmith wants to release Alexander it is a complete shock to him — he was sure that Alexander's commitment was to be permanent — and he grants them an interview. They find him abrasive. He shares Dr. Trollope's belief that Alexander was responsible for the deaths of his family and he behaves as though his brother no longer exists, going so far as to refer to him in the past tense. He further suggests, quite unjustifiably, that Delia Hartston knew something about the

killings. He says she shared Alexander's interest in the occult and that they attended lectures together and who knows what else.

It would be a mistake for the investigators to allude to the Cthulhu Mythos. Grahame wants to avoid publicity that might besmirch the family name. Such talk leaves him totally unreceptive. Without a successful **Fast Talk** roll and unless the investigators immediately backtrack he quickly disassociates himself from their cause.

Despite their possible dislike for Grahame, he can become their ally if they recommend against Alexander's release. If he feels it necessary he will have a friend in the Lord Chancellor's department contact the magistrate sitting on Alexander's release hearing, and recommend that Alexander remain in place. This has a 75% chance of success.

Grahame Roby

Appearance and Demeanor: A striking figure, tall and bearded with a severe, patrician air — he looks nothing like his brother Alexander. If met after work he is invariably in evening dress as he prepares for some society function, but he is always impeccably dressed. He is quick-witted and a good judge of character and knows a great deal about a great many things. When dealing with those he perceives as his inferiors he is brusque to the point of rudeness. He is also chauvinistic.



Mr. Roby

Know: A **Credit Rating** roll places him as a prominent merchant banker who works at Coutts & Co., 440, Strand, WC2. The Royal Family have banked at Coutts for over two centuries.

Insider Knowledge: Married to Anna with two children, Clarisse, 8, and Hermione, 5. Lives in a large terraced home at 17, Hill Street, W1 in the highly desirable neighborhood of Belgravia. It was he who hired the private detective Vincent Tuck to follow Alexander in November 1925. His relationship with his brother became antagonistic in the years and months before the murders and he stands to gain financially by Alexander's permanent admittance to the asylum. This financial angle is a red herring, but it is certainly true that Grahame is more anxious about safeguarding the family name than he is about his brother's welfare.



Plot: He is unwilling to talk to the investigators unless he hears that Alexander is expected to be released from the asylum. If he learns this he is likely to interfere in the decision of the release hearing. Later on, he confirms that the disfigured body found after Alexander's escape is not his brother's. Grahame Roby has a wide circle of influential friends, particularly in the City.

Bespeak the End of the Day a new spell

This spell costs the caster 6 magic points and 1D3 sanity points, plus further possible Sanity for elements viewed while the spell runs its course.

This powerful conjuration is a variant of the spell *Dream Vision* and grants a picture of a specific moment that will happen in the caster's future. The vision puts the caster inside a scene that is quite full: sight, sound, taste, smell, texture are all here. The spell's caster or target is fully aware of what is happening in the scene but cannot reliably affect it — he or she is an "unreliable participant". In presenting this spell, the keeper should describe a normal scene but subtly change the player character's desired actions when they are given.

The real power here is not the glimpse of the future afforded to the viewer. It is the fact that that future actually may be warped. Once a character has cast this spell, he or she (and anyone else seen in the vision) is touched until the vision has come to pass. In the interim, any other character with Cthulhu Mythos points has a chance of **Cthulhu Mythos x5%** to see the individuals in the vision as somehow protected or off-limits. Any Mythos creature automatically senses a distinct aura, and precludes attacks upon such characters; those so-protected can only guess at the reason for this.

Of course, the keeper must be extremely careful what to show the caster as this predetermines elements of the future — the safety of the caster until they have played their part in their vision, the safety of others viewed in the vision, and the occurrence of the vision. The keeper chooses a vision set at a reasonable distance from the present and subtly safeguards the investigator to that point. The keeper might choose to dissuade more than one investigator from casting the spell by giving Sanity-threatening visions as a side-effect of the spell. Be very careful about including other known personages lest the vision becomes a bookkeeping nightmare.

The caster must perform the spell in German: no roll is necessary if he or she speaks German at 30% or above; otherwise the caster needs to roll at **INT x5** — **INT x6** if coached by a German speaker. The caster must also prescribe a reversed Yellow Sign with his or her fist; they must know the Sign and make a check at **DEX x6**. The caster must concentrate on a course of action for which they seek a resolution: for example, if they are trying to locate a person they may see a place where they will find that person, and that meeting must then take place. If no vision is specifically asked for the keeper has full latitude.

Grahame Roby, age 41, Accomplished and Respected English Banker

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 14 INT 18 POW 11
DEX 10 APP 16 EDU 15 SAN 55 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: 12-gauge shotgun (2 Barreled) 40%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

Skills: Accounting 55%, Art (Music Appreciation) 36%, Art (Painting Appreciation) 22%, Bargain 81%, Biology 24%, Chemistry 26%, Credit Rating 90%, Drive Auto 40%, Etiquette 34%, Fast Talk 45%, History 47%, Law 42%, Natural History 37%, Persuade 64%, Psychology 60%.

Languages: English 75%, French 60%, German 55%, Latin 38%.

Interviewing the Domestic Staff from the Roby Residence

Four domestic staff were at the Roby residence at the time of the killings.

The house at 4, Curzon Street, Mayfair is a fine Georgian mansion standing in a walled and gated garden. It is no longer owned by the Roby family nor are any staff who were employed by Herbert Roby still at that address. The cook, Mrs. Vetch, is now with Grahame Roby at his home at 17, Hill Street, Belgravia. She will not talk to the investigators while she is at her duties but may easily be intercepted on her way to or from work. She will talk about the events surrounding the murders and can also point the investigators to the butler Mr. Lowell, the valet Mr. Dodd, and the housemaid Miss West at their present employers. The keeper might require Credit Rating, Persuade, or Fast Talk rolls as felt appropriate, but all the staff except Mr. Lowell are actually happy to gossip.

- All doors and windows were secured from the inside as was the custom of the house. Mr. Herbert Roby was very particular on that as he was concerned over burglaries.
- Domestics present were the butler, George Lowell, valet, Peter Dodd, the cook, Mrs. Edna Vetch, and the housemaid, Louise West. All were together in a downstairs parlor when they heard the disturbance that must have caused the deaths.
- Both bodies were discovered in a drawing room which lies off the entrance hall on the ground floor. They were horribly mutilated.
- Mr. Lowell and Miss West both heard a shrill whistle come from within the house perhaps five minutes before the disturbance. A whistle was found in Mr. Alexander Roby's room. When it was blown by a detective, Mr. Lowell and Miss West thought the tone the same as the tone they heard. Mr. Roby said the whistle was his. **Keeper's Note:** Alexander sounded the whistle with the spell *Summon Byakhee*.

- Mr. Alexander Roby was taken away by the police but he didn't do the murders. He went away for a rest cure after that.

Interviewing Vincent Tuck

Appearance and Demeanor: Tuck is a heavyweight of a man with small eyes and a nose that looks as though it's been broken more than once. His short brown hair is thinning above a florid complexion and he breathes heavily after any exertion. His suit is shiny from wear and fraying at the cuffs and collar. Tuck carries a sad dignity with him; he honestly cares about propriety. He is not stupid but his is not an agile mind either. He initially assumes that any case being presented to him involves a divorce or breach of promise, whether the client will admit it or not.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Served as an enlisted man in the Royal Navy from 1902 to 1918. Now runs a one-man private detective agency from above a stationer's premises in Wapping, south of the London Docks. Does not make a great living, but he is honest and dependable. Married with three children. Likes a drink. In November 1925, Grahame Roby employed him to follow his brother, Alexander, for a period of three weeks.



Mr. Tuck

Plot: Tuck names the associates of Alexander as Lawrence Bacon, Malcolm Quarrie, and "Edwards". He recounts the night out by the Regent's Canal where Bacon seemed to attack a man, and the finding of a body "as dry as dust". Tuck could be a useful ally for his contacts, his investigative skills, and his physical presence. He will do bodyguard work.

Vincent Tuck, age 45, English Private Detective

STR 17 CON 14 SIZ 16 INT 12 POW 15
DEX 15 APP 06 EDU 06 SAN 65 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Attacks: Brass Knuckles 75%, damage 1D3 + 1D6 + 1D4
Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3 + 1D6
Grapple 40%, damage special

Skills: Bargain 25%, Climb 60%, Disguise 60%, Drive Auto 45%, Fast Talk 30%, Jump 45%, Law 15%, Locksmith 40%, Navigate (Land) 50%, Operate Heavy Machinery 46%, Persuade 35%, Spot Hidden 65%.

Languages: English 70%.

As a private detective, Vincent Tuck can add detail to Alexander's movements over a three-week period at the end of 1925 and throw great suspicion on Lawrence Bacon.

Vincent Tuck runs his one-man detective agency from above a stationer's shop in an insalubrious area of Wapping, East London. The bell on the street doesn't work and the investigators have to let themselves into the premises. His office is dirty and chaotic, and smells of stale sweat and drink. A bottle of gin sits on a pile of file folders in the corner. Perversely, Tuck tries to do his very best. He greets his prospective customers formally as he rises from his chair and puts on the suit jacket that was over its back. He eyes the gin bottle a few times as introductions are made and at some point in the conversation sidles over and surreptitiously pushes it out of sight.

Tuck needs some proof of good intent to share any information on a previous case — a bribe works but Tuck will not accept it as such. The money is instead a retainer against future services.

He confirms that on 12th November 1925 he was hired by Grahame Roby to report on the movements of Grahame's brother Alexander. He followed Alexander on and off over a period of three weeks. After a bit of a performance he eventually finds and pulls out the files. Alexander Roby met almost nightly with three men:

- Lawrence Bacon, middle class, about fifty-five years old, six feet tall, graying hair, bearded, heavy build, an antiques dealer.
- Malcolm Quarrie, about thirty-five years old, upper-middle class, 5' 10", black hair, clean-shaven, slim build, a scientist. Malcolm Quarrie worked at the Royal Society on Piccadilly in the West End and lived at 12 Moreton Street in Westminster. He seemed respectable and appeared to be unmarried.
- The fourth man he was only ever able to identify as Edwards: about forty years old, upper-middle class, 5'8" brown hair, neat beard and moustache, average build, profession unknown. Edwards lived in short-term lodgings at 50 Berriman Road in Islington, further north from Bacon and just off the Seven Sisters Road. He was often in a library but didn't seem to go anywhere else apart from his visits with the other men. He didn't have a wife or a young lady. He drove a car.

The four of them — Bacon, Roby, Quarrie, and Edwards, would gather at Bacon's residence, which also served as his business premises, at 112 Liverpool Road in Islington. Roby and Edwards sometimes stayed all night at Bacon's house and the lights remained on at all times. Quarrie never stayed the night — it appeared that Roby was closest to Bacon and Edwards.

Tuck's description of Bacon does not tally with that given later in the text, as Bacon was a few years older than than he is today — due to his recent use of the

spell Steal Life. These few years had not treated him kindly.

The only other time that Roby left the family home he was in the British Museum Reading Room in Bloomsbury, central London. Tuck could not follow him in as he would have needed a reader's ticket but he saw him leave there a couple of times in the company of Edwards. Roby had no young lady.

Tuck's Additional Information

Tuck takes a deep breath then exhales. He looks at his watch and says he's sorry but he's supposed to be meeting someone in the pub downstairs. He's not — he just needs a drink. A successful **Psychology** roll suggests he's suddenly nervous. If an investigator tags along — Tuck actually suggests this if he has hit it off with anyone — then a few pints down at the Prince of Wales loosen him up. The pub is quite rough and ready and well-dressed investigators get a few looks even in the saloon bar. Finally, Tuck invites the investigator(s) back up to his office.

Something happened the last time that he watched Bacon's house. He pulls out a handwritten report and passes it around. Tuck is shaking slightly. He gets the bottle of gin and pours out another drink. As he does he says that not a week goes by when he doesn't have this nightmare — "Sometimes I even wake the missus up". He shakes his head. "I just stood and watched".

Detective Tuck's Strange Report

At three o'clock in the morning a man left 112, Liverpool Road, N1. Full moon and visibility good. First time I had seen him but knew him as Lawrence Bacon from descriptions from the neighbours: a broad man well over six feet tall with greying hair and a full beard. He walked via Liverpool Road and Copenhagen Street to the Regent's Canal taking the near towpath and going north. After a bit he went slower looking in alleys and doorways by the light of an electric torch. Finally he stopped before a sleeping tramp. I was fifty yards away. He lifted his arms and suddenly I heard from all over a whistling noise. The tramp screamed on and on but Bacon never touched him. Then both noises stopped. Bacon squatted down and then turned and came back past me. I let him go and went over to the place where he had stood. There was a body there, a man I think, the arms were held up to protect it and the face was frozen in fear — mouth open. Poor sod died in terror and pain. I would think Bacon killed him but if he did he must be a black magician or something as the corpse was as dry as dust.

Tatters of the King Papers #11

Tuck followed Bacon on a nocturnal expedition and unknowingly saw him cast Steal Life on a sleeping derelict.

Interviewing Delia Morrison (nee Hartston)

Delia is Alexander's ex-fiancee, as mentioned in Trollope's letter. Either Vincent Tuck or Grahame Roby can provide her last known address: 120, Southbury Road, Ponders End, a suburb about 11 miles north of Central London, although they both know her as Delia Hartston. Delia's mother still resides at that address and provides her daughter's new Turkey Street address and her married name of Morrison. Delia may point to the exact location of the summoning site in East Anglia and also raise further suspicion of Alexander's colleagues.

Delia Morrison's address, 10, Turkey Street, Enfield is a mile north of Greater London in the county of Middlesex. Delia agrees to talk to the investigators. She is in a desperately unhappy marriage and welcomes any social interaction or diversion. She does not want neighbors to see gentlemen invited into the house, however, so she suggests meeting at a tearoom in the center of the city.

If asked, she shares her history with Roby. Some years ago she had an interest in the occult: she read many of the major works in the field and regularly attended lectures. In May of 1925, at one of these lectures, she met Alexander Roby. Their relationship was initially based upon this joint passion. She also read and greatly admired Alexander's book of poetry. They were soon engaged. However Delia had to break off the engagement later that year, faced with Alexander's increasingly strange behavior. They stayed in touch for a while and Alexander pressed for a reconciliation, but when she last saw him in November 1925 his mood and manners were intolerable, and they have not been in contact since.

Further questioning yields more. Delia knows that Alexander belonged to a group of like-minded individuals; he tried to get her to come to more than one meeting but she would not, she sensed that they were somewhat disreputable. She doesn't remember their full names but knows they included men called Edwards, Bacon and Quarrie, and also a man called Coombs — she saw him once, and Alexander later told her of Coombs' reputation for violence. She thinks Edwards was the leader.

There is another piece of information that she shares. She broke off with Alexander shortly before a meeting that was to take place — Alexander spoke of it very excitedly — it was to be unique. The group was to leave London and meet on a hill just outside the hamlet of Clare Melford, Suffolk, on the East Anglian Heights. This would have been in late December of 1925. She

remembers Alexander mentioning "nine teeth" that had been prepared for that winter night; he said that she should see them, see their beauty. It is very likely that the players will want to visit this location — see Chapter 3 for that expedition.

Delia has no desire to communicate with Alexander and does not really want news of him. She knows of the deaths of Herbert and Georgina Roby but does not know he is in an asylum. Delia married Peter Morrison on May 15th 1927.

She has a copy of *Der Wanderer durch den See* which she is prepared to lend only to someone who has gained her trust. The title page has an annotation: *June 1925. To Delia all my love Alexander.*

Appearance and Demeanor: Delia is a petite, very pretty woman with bobbed straight blonde hair. She wears the latest fashions and seems bright but this hides a nervousness. A **Spot Hidden** roll detects a bruise by her eye hidden by make-up. She is very vulnerable in her current marital state and though unlikely to talk about her position with strangers, (and she would only do so with a woman), if encouraged to do so she would be very open and emotional. How can she escape? Surely she has to live out her life with her husband?

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Maiden name Hartston. Briefly engaged to Alexander Roby in 1925 although she is from a lower-middle class background and his family did not feel the match suitable. Married Peter Morrison in May 1927, no children. Hers is an unhappy union (he beats her) and she longs to leave it, but has only her mother to turn to who will not countenance the shame of a divorce in the family. (Note: Divorce and separation are still a very rare thing: between 1925 and 1929 there were 1,700,000 marriages in Britain, but just 18,000 divorces.) Delia used to have an active interest in spiritualism and the occult but this has largely waned. Lives at 15, Turkey Street in Enfield Lock, Middlesex. Delia's mother lives in Ponders End, Middlesex.



Mrs. Morrison

Plot: Knows that Edwards (she is unaware of his first name) headed an occult group that contained Roby, Lawrence Bacon and Malcolm Quarrie. Is aware of a great event that was to happen at a place called Clare Melford in Suffolk. Has a copy of *Der Wanderer durch den See*. She receives a letter from Roby upon his escape, which she may forward to the investigators. She has

affection for Alexander still but would never agree to meet him again.

Delia Morrison, age 31, Unhappy English Wife and ex-Student of the Occult

STR 07 CON 10 SIZ 09 INT 14 POW 09
DEX 15 APP 16 EDU 08 SAN 34 HP 10

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Attacks: None above base chance.

Skills: Anthropology 33%, Chemistry 15%, Cthulhu Mythos 04%, Dodge 40%, Etiquette 25%, First Aid 35%, History 24%, Library Use 35%, Occult 29%, Persuade 65%, Sneak 30%.

Languages: English 80%, German 15%.

Peter Morrison

Appearance and Demeanor: Morrison is a little above average size, lightly bearded, balding, and with a quick tongue. He is charming when it's to his advantage, but is happier giving orders and throwing his weight around. He is surly and sometimes violent when drinking, and shows off in front of his friends.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: For married and residential details see Delia Morrison's description. Peter Morrison works as a surveyor on the canals for Middlesex County Council. He can be found every evening in The Turkey public house and every weekend out coarse-fishing in the Lea Valley. Sometimes beats his wife when drunk.



Mr. Morrison

Plot: If he were to learn of anyone approaching Delia he is jealous and probably violent. Blames her for failing to give him a child (he is actually impotent). This could prompt

one of the investigators to become a knight in shining armor with all the complications that would entail.

Peter Morrison, age 43, British English Husband

STR 15 CON 09 SIZ 16 INT 15 POW 13
DEX 10 APP 12 EDU 10 SAN 60 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Attacks: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3 + 1D4
Crowbar 40%, damage 1D4 + 1 + 1D4

Skills: Accounting 27%, Bargain 35%, Carouse 55%, Craft (Fishing) 38%, Craft (Surveying) 51%, Credit Rating 15%, Electrical Repair 40%, Fast Talk 30%, Geology 20%, Library Use 30%, Natural History 20%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Navigate (Land) 33%, Operate Heavy Machinery 30%, Photography 25%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Languages: English 50%.

Locating Malcolm Quarrie

Concerning Quarrie, a confederate of Alexander and mentioned in Tuck's report, in the interview with Delia Morrison, and named by Roby, something of his background can be discovered, but not his current location.

Following up the last known address for Quarrie (in Westminster) reveals that he left there in the spring of 1926. The new resident thinks Quarrie may have gone abroad. He didn't seem to have had any close family. Inquiries at the offices of the Royal Society on Piccadilly reveal he resigned back in February 1926: he had been employed there less than three years, an Oxford graduate. They can't say where he went, but a successful **Fast Talk** or **Credit Rating** roll gets access to a friend of his still employed here. He is Rupert Adams, who thinks Quarrie was headed to the Continent.

Adams can confirm Quarrie was from Oxford — good with folklore and anthropological history, very bright. Adams says Quarrie never mentioned being married and didn't have a girl. A subsequent successful Library Use roll determines that Quarrie was at Pembroke College from 1919 to 1922 pursuing an M.A. in Anglo-Saxon, that he graduated with a first, and also that he published a book: *British Gods: Religion and Myth in the Western Kingdoms of Anglo-Saxon Britain*. The investigators can find Quarrie's book in an academic bookshop but it has no relevance to his plans. For a summary of the book, *British Gods*, see the boxed text nearby.

As the campaign starts, the Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Pembroke is none other than J. R. R. Tolkien, who was elected in 1925. The investigators could meet the 37-year old Professor Tolkien to ask if he can discover from his predecessor what might have been Quarrie's particular interests. Tolkien has a copy of Quarrie's book; he describes it as an interesting treatment of homegrown and imported deities in the western Celtic kingdoms of Britain. He corresponded with Quarrie back in 1924 and 1925, they had come to know of each other though the previous professor here, Professor Dilley, and they discussed a second work Quarrie was planning on witchcraft and ritual, again rooted in the west country. Tolkien is sure Quarrie is in fact married, but they haven't corresponded in some years now. He has the letters somewhere and says he will try and dig it up but he can't promise to find it (and he doesn't).

It's impossible for the investigators to find Quarrie himself — he is in Italy in Milan. Nor are they likely to be able to confirm that he has a wife though if they were to check the marriage register in the Abbey Church in Tewkesbury they will indeed do so! Even so they would not be able to discover where she is now.

Locating “Edwards”, a Confederate of Alexander

“Edwards” is a confederate of Alexander mentioned in Tuck’s report and named by Roby in the interview at the asylum. He cannot be found at this time — the investigators do not even have a first name for him. He is employed under the name of Mark Evans at St Agnes’ Asylum. Inspired investigators may link Evans to Edwards, perhaps by their initials or other guesswork. This eventuality was covered in the sub-section “Investigating the Murders at the Asylum” in the previous chapter.

Interviewing Lawrence Bacon

Bacon is mentioned in Trollope’s letter and Tuck’s report. He is still operating at the address given in Tuck’s report, 112 Liverpool Road in Islington. He does not talk freely with the investigators now, but they will soon be crossing swords with him — see Chapter 3 for that encounter.

Interviewing Talbot Estus

This author and playwright owns books that the investigators will find most useful. Estus might be suspected of being involved in the cult but he is not.

Obtaining Alexander Roby’s Book

Finding Roby’s book, *Der Wanderer durch den See*, takes some leg work; methods for finding a copy were given in the boxed text for that book — see Keeper’s Information for *Der Wanderer*, on p. 47.

Chapter Summary

Dr. Lionel Trollope shares information about his former patient, Alexander Roby, and on the murder of Alexander’s family. Just two days later he is murdered by Michael Coombs at the order of Montague Edwards — Coombs’ whistle may be retrieved from the newspaper boy who saw the attack; the description of the attacker matches the man who has been seen asking about them. Later, Coombs makes a direct move against a player character.

A letter arrives from Dr. Trollope, written just before his death. It spells out his fears regarding Alexander, and recounts an experience that shook him badly. He gives the names of Lawrence Bacon and Delia Morrison as knowing Alexander, and Vincent Tuck a private investigator used by Alexander’s brother, Grahame. He also mentions Alexander’s book *Der Wanderer durch den See*, which can be found or perhaps borrowed. The book will teach the investigators more about what underlies Alexander’s madness.

Delia speaks of Alexander’s involvement in an occult group and also of a ritual in Suffolk. Vincent Tuck’s story of Bacon may give the investigators pause and he, like Delia, mentions Edwards and Malcolm Quarrie but with additional details. Grahame Roby’s brusque unhelpfulness may be read incorrectly as complicity in some wrongdoing. Information on the original Roby murders can be gained by interviews with the police and the domestic staff of Herbert Roby’s household. Edwards and Malcolm Quarrie cannot realistically be found at this juncture.



British Gods: Religion and Myth in the Western Kingdoms of Anglo- Saxon Britain

1924. The work is an academic text authored by Malcolm Quarrie and published by Oxford University Press. Its primary focus is on Celtic, Roman, Sumerian and other gods believed to have been worshipped in southwest Britain from about 50 B.C. to 650 A.D.

Along with many other deities, mention is made of Shub-Niggurath. She is generally thought to be a local aspect of the Celtic goddess Brigid who in one aspect subsisted on nothing but the milk from Otherworldly flocks of cows and sheep and was known as “Mother of the Flocks”. Brigid was honored at the spring feast of Imbolc when the land returned to life after winter and the first animals of the year were born.

Shub-Niggurath may have been a deity imported via Gaul, with which the western British tribe of the Durotriges traded freely, but her origins would not seem to be Gaulish either and perhaps worship had started with the Assyrians. Shub-Niggurath seems to have boasted a fierce reputation and although her worship did not spread far it was followed with fanaticism by certain peoples who then seem to have prospered in their harvests and in battle. In return the tribes are thought to have made blood sacrifices to ‘The Goat with a Thousand Young’ in the great Forest of Dean where she dwelt. When the Romans reached the towns of Gloucester, Bath, and Cirencester, many officers and men adopted her worship as did some of the Saxon kings when they pushed this far west centuries later.

Keeper’s Note: *The specifics regarding Shub-Niggurath should not be of particular interest to the investigators until their later trip to meet Quarrie’s wife, Hillary.*

This printing has 360 pages and is profusely footnoted throughout. No Sanity loss; Cthulhu Mythos +1 percentile, Occult +2 percentiles, average 2 weeks to study and comprehend. Spells: none.

Springer Mound & The Canal

Now Springer Mound rose before us and, while the ground all the way to its base was snow-covered, improbably the hill itself was bare. A fetid breeze came up but there was no vegetation there to stir before it.

— Talbot Estus, *Evilroot*

His eyes followed dark letters across the ruddy pages and at last his mind was out of its terrible school for a while.

— Thomas Ligotti, *Songs of a Dead Dreamer*

Roby called Hastur to Earth on December 31st 1925 in the East Anglian Heights above the village of Clare Melford. The summoning was performed in the company of Edwards, Bacon, Quarrie, Gresty, and fourteen other men on farmland belonging to Harold Jennings upon a hilltop called Springer Mound. The area had previously been prepared by the laying out of nine one-ton stone blocks in the shape of a “V”.

Hastur arrived.

Only fleetingly did he come but he took hearts and he took minds.

Five of the men there he added to his essence and he showed to others his eyes and the sights in them — the images of dreams and nightmares and truth and unimaginable falsehoods — and so he entered their minds, Roby’s included. And perhaps he walked briefly too that night for the next morning five of those in the village were found dead in their rooms; the looks on their faces might have been joy or terror.

Jennings, paid for his use of the land, was further paid to keep the monoliths on his property; he is not in any way linked to the cult beyond taking their money and he does not know the significance of the stones. He is aware that the deaths that happened in the village coincided with the arrival of the strangers but he tries not to think on this.

The village of Clare Melford lies on a branch railway line off the main line between London and Chelmsford. The journey is fifty miles and takes seventy-five minutes. There is only one direct train from Clare Melford station into London each day, the 7:35 a.m. There is one train from London to Clare Melford, leaving Liverpool Street at 5:35 p.m. If one can get to the main line at Witham, five miles away, trains are hourly. Snow falls thickly on the day the investigators choose to make the trip and this prohibits use of a motor car.



Clare Melford

Much of the village congregates at The Railway public house each evening. The landlord is Dick Blair, a cultist of Hastur. Edwards needed someone to remain here after the summoning to safeguard the monoliths until they were needed again and he paid the previous owner of the pub well over the market value to vacate. Blair, a cultist who had once worked as a North London publican, moved in. Blair will rent out rooms to the investigators.



Mr. Blair

Appearance and Demeanor:

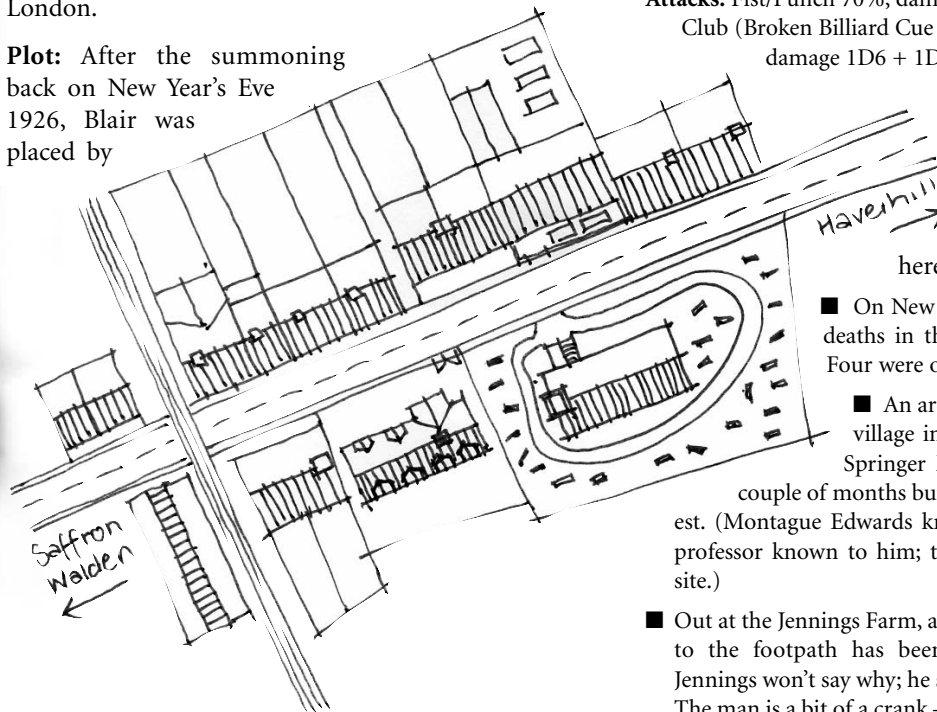
Blair is of average height and build. He has ginger hair, is often unshaven, and typically appears in a collarless shirt and no jacket. Always busy behind the bar, he is chatty and opinionated, but doesn't like to lose an argument or be

laughed at. A copy of Roby's little white book and a byakhee whistle are both to be found in his bedroom.

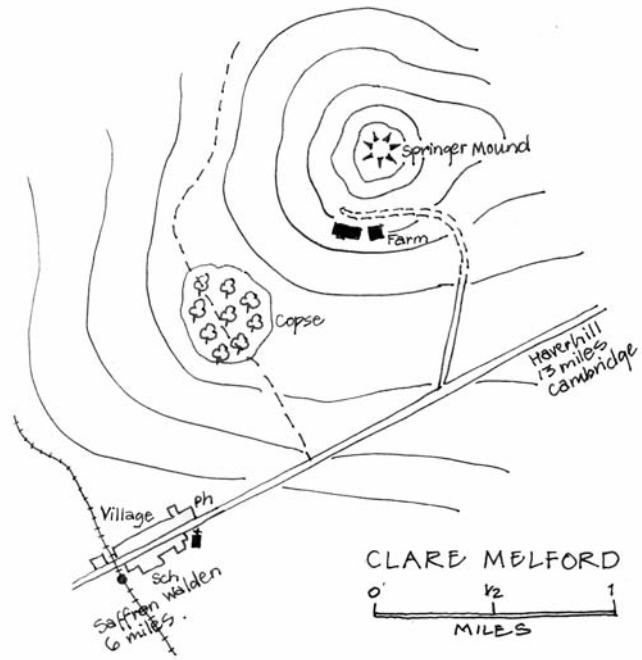
Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Blair has run The Railway public house in Clare Melford for almost three years; before that he had once had a pub in Holloway, North London.

Plot: After the summoning back on New Year's Eve 1926, Blair was placed by



THE VILLAGE



Montague Edwards to keep an eye on the nearby monoliths. Blair will come to realize what the investigators are interested in and, at the keeper's option, can do something quite self-destructive.

Dick Blair, age 44, English Cultist and Publican

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 07 POW 08
DEX 09 APP 11 EDU 06 SAN 27 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Attacks: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3 + 1D4

Club (Broken Billiard Cue kept under the bar) 55%, damage 1D6 + 1D4

Skills: Accounting 25%, Fast Talk 45%, Persuade 35%, Psychology 28%.

Languages: English 30%.

Rumors to be learned here (one per villager):

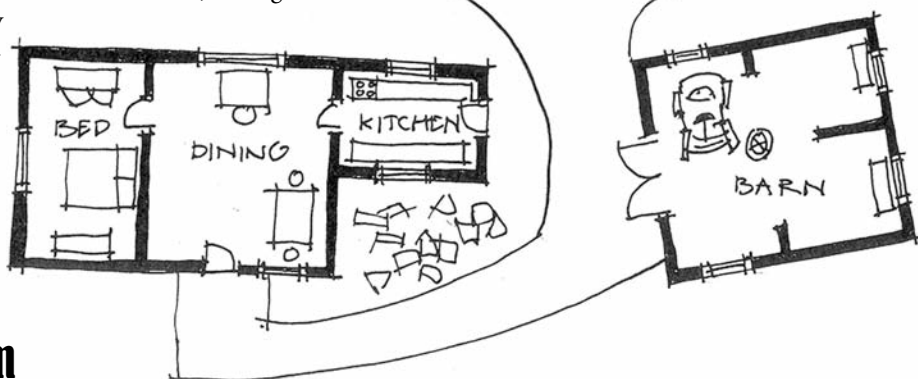
- On New Year's Eve 1926 there were five deaths in the village in that single night. Four were older folk, one just a child.

- An archaeological group came to the village in the winter of 1907 to dig on Springer Mound. They were here for a couple of months but found nothing much of interest. (Montague Edwards knew of this dig, attended by a professor known to him; this is the reason he chose the site.)

- Out at the Jennings Farm, about an acre of the field closest to the footpath has been unworked in recent years. Jennings won't say why; he says something about bad luck. The man is a bit of a crank — doesn't take with seeing others since his wife died. Someone else listening to the con-

versation breaks in: "Don't think you'll be chatting to him — he's more likely to try and put a hole in you if you're on his land".

It may be possible to nudge the investigators into making an evening or nocturnal visit to Jennings Farm — perhaps they sense Dick Blair is suspicious about their business here. The following episode may be the more dramatic if certain elements (particularly the byakhee) are poorly seen.



Jennings' Farm

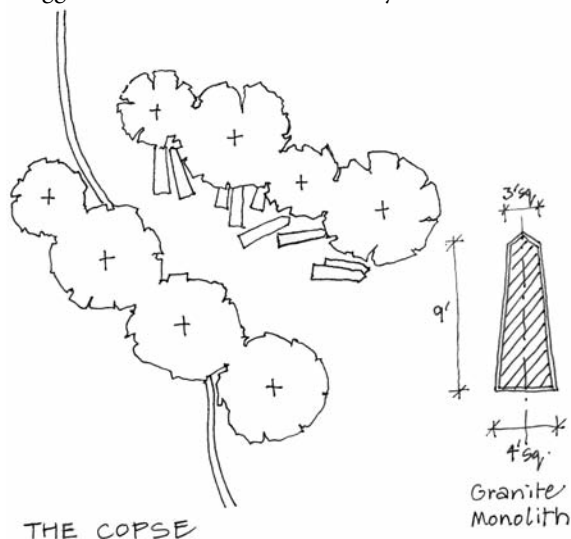
The investigators were told by Delia Morrison that the ceremony was to happen on a hill just outside the village and anyone can tell them that this must be Springer Mound on the Jennings Farm. The farm itself is two miles distant and is reachable by taking the main Haverhill road and then a track up to the farmhouse. If the investigators thought to get a detailed map of the area they will also see that there is a footpath with public right of way that crosses Jennings' land. This goes close to the hill which is marked and named.

There is snow on the ground and more in the air as the investigators set out along the road. Soon they can see the hill off to their right sticking up in the flat landscape, darkly regular against the sky. The footpath comes up next. Assuming they take this they find it goes straight on for about half a mile, a hedge bordering it close on the right, after which distance it comes to a copse of elms. The copse stands above a bramble-covered depression between two turnip fields: this is the hiding place for the monoliths, where they were dragged and lain after the ceremony. The farmhouse is

HAROLD JENNINGS' FARM

just visible beyond the trees, it sits on the up slope that reaches its peak in Springer Mound. A **Spot Hidden** roll shows that a large semicircular swathe of the turnip field lies unworked beyond the copse; a second roll, (or actually entering the copse), reveals a couple of the massive and regular stones lying incongruous amongst the bushes.

And something else might be visible too. When the cultists left this site almost three years ago Lawrence Bacon bound two byakhee to the monoliths. The creatures are still present: charged to attack if they perceive the stones are being moved or defaced; they wheel endlessly, tirelessly in the sky, so high up as to appear bird-like. The byakhee are visible clearly in the day, but at night can only be spotted by the investigators on another **Spot Hidden** roll. Also, a **Natural History** roll reveals two further things: the things are not easily identifiable but they would appear to be very high; and they wheel in a curious tight pattern. The best guess would be bats.



The Monoliths

The investigators can approach the monoliths unmoled. The stones are nine feet tall, smooth-sided with pyramidal tops. They are expertly constructed from granite and weigh about a ton apiece. Each is inscribed with a clause from the chant used in the spells Call/Dismiss Hastur and Free Hastur. The inscriptions read thus (the third and sixth lines cannot be read as they face the ground):

Expectant we raise our muzzles to smell the air for hatred,

we strain our ears for the sound of love.

We, the mute, lame, the stupid, the dull, the weak,

We turn our blind eyes to the hunter's killer
We raise our hands and voices in prayers for an answer.
Nine teeth jut up lining the maw of living earth.
Return Hastur! Heed us!
Your Star Steeds, lord, the black night sky
Return Hastur — Save us!
Ia! Great One! Ia! Great Hastur! Lead Us!

The reference in line four is to the constellation Taurus that charges the hunter Orion, not to Scorpio which chases him. Specifically it points to the star Aldebaran. This text may also have been seen by the investigators in *The Turner Codex*, and is listed in Handout 13 of Appendix H.

Ask the investigators for **Listen** rolls: a success detects a brief barking which quickly stops. A minute or so later Harold Jennings arrives on the scene carrying a shotgun and with his three dogs in tow. He is aggressive and finding the investigators at or near the monoliths he assumes they are the cultists come to collect them.

“Take them. I want no more of your money. You’ve had your guinea’s worth. Take them off with you!”

Whatever the investigators reply they must make a **Fast Talk** now.

If they fail the roll Jennings simply raises the gun and fires. He won’t fire directly at the investigators but discharges one of the barrels of his shotgun down into the ditch. The pellets slap into a monolith. If there are investigators down in the copse choose the two nearest and have them make **Luck** rolls: failure means they are hit by ricochets of a pellet or chips of granite for 1 HP damage. And immediately there is a terrible noise from above. One of the byakhee dives, screaming, trying to locate whomever damaged the stones.

If they make the **Fast Talk** roll the investigators may engage Jennings in conversation. He is still edgy and angry but he will tell them what he knows about the monoliths and the cultists. This is not too much: he tells how a man gave him two guineas three years ago to let him use the hill then another guinea to leave all this stone here until he needed it. He says it’s been bad luck: the land around the hill and the land around the copse itself have stopped yielding — the crops come up swollen, sweet and rotten. He is quite worked up. The dogs are barking and at this point he directs any investigators out of the copse. He says something of bringing dynamite down here, then he raises the gun and fires at a monolith. As the pellets sing off it there is the awful shriek from above as one of the byakhee plummets down.

The Killing

The byakhee slams to the ground right in front of Jennings who is a little way from the investigators. The farmer reels back in fear, dropping his gun, raising his arms in front of his face. Call for sanity rolls for seeing the creature. The killing is horrific as the poor man is clutched and lifted, latched onto and drained of blood — the spectacle will cost another 0/1D4 Sanity points if watched. Done, the creature crouches on its haunches and with a discordant scream flings itself back into the sky climbing in ungainly motions. If the first byakhee is attacked, its companion wheels noisily down to its aid, but both take to the air again once the stones’ desecrator has been dealt with.

Byakhee



Byakhees stand more than six feet high with a wingspan of fifteen feet or more; they have ribbed exoskeletons, long toothed heads something like a horse’s skull, and chitinous claws on all four limbs. They are a mottled green/black color with pinkish brown wing surfaces.

Treat all byakhees as identical.

From S. Petersen’s Field Guide to Cthulhu Monsters: “The byakhee is an interstellar being composed of conventional matter. The body of the byakhee has two major portions, the thorax and opisthosoma. From the thorax stretch two wings, two limbs, and a head. Two additional manipulatory limbs grow from the forepart of the opisthosoma, while the hune, a unique paramagnetic organ, occupies the opisthosoma’s remainder. It is a noisy, active entity. At rest and in flight it screeches and croaks, except when stalking prey. Though its limbs are sturdy enough, the byakhee rarely walks, flying whenever possible.”

Typical Byakkhee

STR 18 CON 09 SIZ 19 INT 09 POW 09
 DEX 15 MOV 5/walk 20/fly HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Attacks: Claw 35%, damage 1D6 + 1D6

Bite 35%, damage 1D6 + blood drain (automatic 1D6 HP until death)

Armor: 2 points of fur and tough hide.

Skills: Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 Sanity points to see a byakhee.



A Byakhee Feeds On Jennings

Of the dogs: one runs back to the barn as soon as the byakhee lands, another crouches about twenty yards off whining, the last stays a safe distance away, barking frantically. When the byakhee disappear the two remaining dogs run up to their dead master; they will snap if approached unless the investigators succeed on a POW x5 roll.

Call/Dismiss Hastur a new spell

This spell can also only be cast at night when Aldebaran is visible above the horizon. Every person participating and chanting a refrain learnt from the caster loses one magic point. The caster loses 1D10 SAN and chooses how many magic points to spend. The total number of magic points (caster and group) equals the percentage chance of successful casting. Each byakhee present during the casting adds 10 percentiles to the chance of success. For each magic point spent, the group must chant for one minute, to a maximum of 100 minutes. Hastur appears as a colossal bloated and bleached human, empty-eyed and with fluid, boneless limbs; he weighs upward of 100 tons and his appearance costs 1D10/1D100 SAN. Eight byakhee always accompany him.

The deity is called to nine stone blocks or monoliths laid out in a "V" shape. If one POW has been sacrificed into each block, then the chance of successful casting is raised by 30%. See the previous description of the monoliths for the text of the spell.

Harold Jennings

Appearance and Demeanor: Jennings is small, solid, and pigeon-chested. His lined face is permanently set into a scowl. He is ill-tempered and aggressive. He wears worsted trousers with braces, boots, a heavy jacket, and a flat cap.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Widowed, Jennings farms arable land outside Clare Melford in Suffolk and has done so all his life. See also the rumors in the text.

Plot: Back on New Year's Eve 1925 Jennings was paid for the use of the hill, Springer Mound, on his land and this spot was used to call Hastur to Earth. The monoliths are still being kept on his land and with the investigators present he inadvertently triggers an attack upon himself from the byakhee that were bound to protect them. He is not involved in the cult in any way beyond taking their money.



Mr. Jennings

Harold Jennings, age 49, English Farmer
 STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 08 INT 08 POW 09
 DEX 07 APP 10 EDU 05 SAN 30 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attack: .410 Gauge Shotgun 50%, damage 2D6/1D6/1D3

Skills: Farming (Arable) 70%, First Aid 30%, Mechanical Repair 55%, Medicine (Veterinary) 15%, Operate Heavy Machinery 40%.

Languages: English 25%.

The Farmhouse

If the investigators press on they find the farmhouse to be a simple three-room structure, with piles of sacks, boxes, kitchen refuse, cans, bottles and so on thrown out willy-nilly from the kitchen windows to pile up outside. The house has no electricity or gas. The living area has a table with two chairs and a desk. The bedroom has a large bed, a cupboard, and a chest of drawers on which stands a framed photograph of Jennings and his late wife at their wedding. The farmhouse otherwise yields certain bills and receipts but little of interest. From Jennings' records it can be seen that he employs one to three men on his farm depending on the time of year: Fred Banks, Charlie Hayes, and Reg Joseph. These

men live in Clare Melford and are not aware of Jennings' agreement with the cultists.

To one side of the farmhouse is a dark two-story barn housing two workhorses, a tractor in the middle of a repair job, and a jumble of plowing equipment, tools and supplies. One of the dogs is skulking in here, whining. At the keeper's option the noises from the barn may be somewhat different: one of the byakhee, the one that did not feast on Jennings, has come to the barn to get its own meal. It is noisily and messily devouring the dog while the horses crash about in panic in their stalls, neighing piteously.

Springer Mound

Behind the farmhouse rises Springer Mound, a sizeable, steep hill. The hill is unworked and although turnip and sugar beet press in on it from all sides there is a ring of land around its base that is also not in use — as the investigators go over it the earth feels mushy, pulpy, and there is the beginnings of a sickly smell on the air.

Looking in all directions from the summit the only building in sight is the spire in the village. At their feet, at the top, is a large depression, forty feet long and thirty feet wide, which is filled a few inches deep with a viscous dark liquid. The smell up here is worse — something like that of rotting fruit — and it elicits feelings of nausea if an investigator approaches within a few feet. This is the same smell that one investigator dreamed of at the asylum: have that investigator's player make an Idea roll if it doesn't occur to him or her. The substance is almost as thick as tar and is unidentifiable if tested. This spot is where Hastur lay and careful inspection of the area around this pool shows the nine depressions where the monoliths were embedded.

The Stay at the Village

Dick Blair is certainly not the sharpest knife in the drawer, but soon after the investigators' arrival at his establishment he realizes why they must be here. When they head out to the Jennings Farm he follows a short way in the snow until he is satisfied that this is their objective and then goes back to the pub to await their return. If and when they do return he may, again at the keeper's discretion, do something most ill-advised.

Thinking to call a winged beast to kill his enemies and protect the stones he incants the spell Dream Vision (obviously the wrong spell) from the copy of *Der Wanderer durch den See* that he owns and blows his whistle. The party hear the whistle blast followed (assuming at least one of the byakhee at the farm still lives) by a tremendous noise as a window and parts of a wall crashes in. If someone hurries to Blair's room they are just in time to get a glimpse of the byakhee leaving the way it came in (0/1D3 Sanity point loss) — of Blair

there remains just his lower half and blood everywhere (1/1D4+1 Sanity point loss). Blair's blood-splattered book and whistle can be found amidst the carnage. Investigators should be sure to leave their addresses for local police if they wish to avoid an increased suspicion of their presence at this murder scene.

If the keeper wishes to avoid this failed summoning Blair simply sits tight. Next morning he asks the investigators to leave (inventing room bookings) and then alerts Edwards of developments through Bacon's address.

Regarding the Deaths of Jennings or Blair

Edwards hears of the death of Jennings from Blair. If Blair himself is dead this makes the newspapers and then Edwards assumes the worst. His reaction is to bring forward a task he hoped to postpone until Roby was free: he hires a Hereford haulage company, W.J. Blanchard, to bring the nine stones from the site at the farm to the various points around Loch Mullardoch in Scotland. Edwards knows this may attract attention and comment as someone could stumble upon one or more of the stones, but they can't be left where they are now. He needs all nine stones and he personally inspects their positions before the final ceremony.

A Letter from Dr. Highsmith

On November 21st — that is likely to be after the investigators' return from Suffolk — comes a note from Dr. Highsmith who is seeking further information the investigators may have gathered on Alexander Roby's background. He does not ask for a recommendation on Roby's release but this is the time to give it — the release hearing is on November 30th.

Lawrence Bacon's story

We return to Bacon. He, with Edwards, is the most powerful committed cultist trying to bring the King in Yellow to Earth in Britain. His background has already been covered — membership of the Golden Dawn, his meeting and subsequent studies with Edwards, the use of his business to bring people into the cult — but his character and his life have been shaped more than anything else by the use of two spells.

Back in 1920, Bacon made the Unspeakable Promise, a magical compact with Hastur: for more about it, see the Grimoire chapter in *Call of Cthulhu*. Bacon sought knowledge and was duly gifted it — his insight into the dark shell of the Outer Gods and Great Old Ones grew fourfold. Bacon also used magic to prolong his vitality; over the years he has aimed Steal Life at

unfortunate derelicts, prostitutes, and on a single occasion a customer, to drain their vitality and thereby regress in his years. Amoral, brilliant, and ageless, he is sure that life is dearer to him than anyone on Earth.

Yet the more-than-human Bacon finds himself less. This life so precious to him is also an awful prison, for he cannot absorb his knowledge, cannot make sense of it, or escape it: his mind races and takes strange turns, he cannot sleep and he cannot, he cannot face our world. He can only work toward Hastur's arrival and he must look to the imminence of that event to provide his release from uncertainty and insanity. While he waits, Bacon lives the life of a hermit: if he leaves his house now it is only to take a victim.

The Call of Cthulhu rules state that among other provisions in using Unspeakable Promise, the spell gives a non-cumulative 2% chance per year that the caster turns into an Unspeakable Possessor under Hastur's sway. The interpretation here is that the caster also will rise as an Unspeakable Possessor upon his death.

North London, Bacon's House

Bacon's home at 112, Liverpool Road, Islington, N1 doubles as his place of business where he ostensibly deals in antiques and rare books. He receives customers only by appointment. Speaking to local shopkeepers or neighbors the investigators can discover Bacon has lived here about thirty or forty years, that

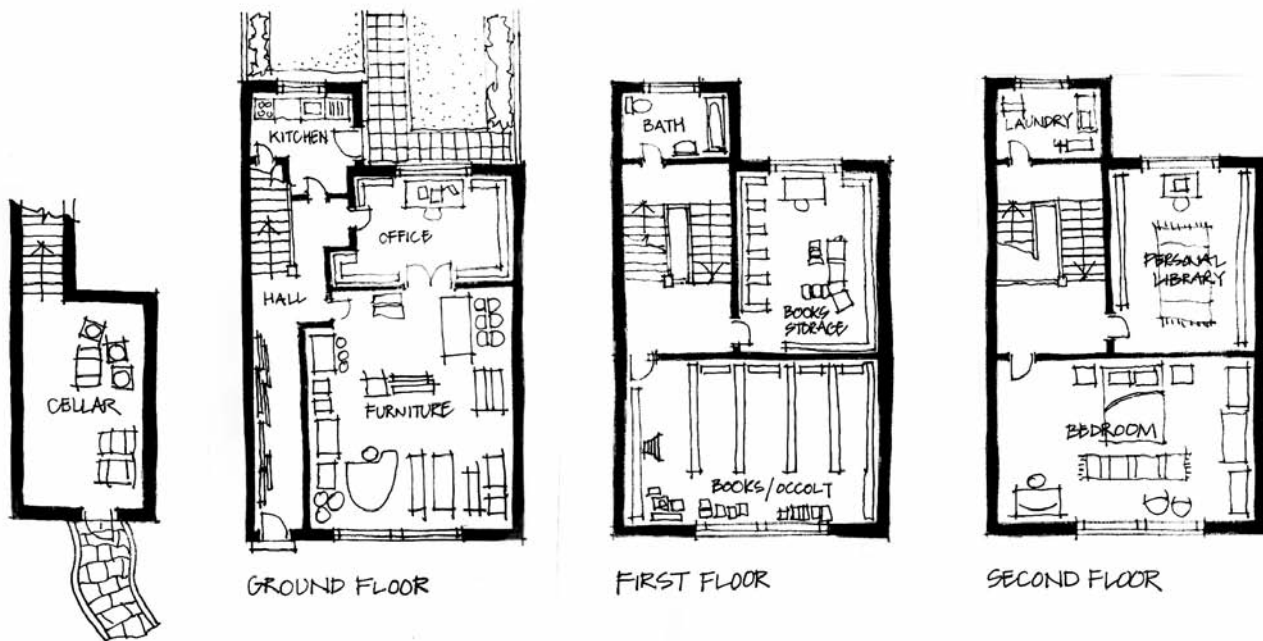
he does not employ assistants or servants, and is a recluse. If the property is watched, only a single person is seen to enter in two days, and he leaves without a purchase. If approached, this person — an unnamed cultist of middle years — seems quite paranoid and refuses to talk to the investigators.

The house is secure. There is a locked and padlocked iron gate before the front door and iron bars guard the ground and first floor windows. The house fronts onto a busy road and backs onto an alley. Its narrow back garden is overgrown and strewn with rubbish (an enameled bathtub, a cast iron stove, etc.), and is enclosed by a seven-foot-high wall topped with broken glass set into cement. The back door is actually nailed shut.

Bacon answers the door at the third ring and converses through the shut iron gate. His appearance should cause some surprise — he is younger than described by Tuck. If the investigator says they wish to buy furniture or books and succeeds with a **Credit Rating** roll, Bacon requests his or her card. He looks at it and then says he has no interest in dealing with them. He closes the door.

If the caller mentions Roby, Hastur, The King in Yellow or such, Bacon looks closely at him or her and gives a thin-lipped smile.

"And why do you come here?"



LAWRENCE BACON'S HOUSE.

Regardless of the answer, he asks for his or her card as before and then says he or she has been misinformed before closing the door.

He leaves the card in his dining room and does nothing with it.

Wilfred Gresty's First Letter

The investigators will be piecing together Roby's story, and they may have visited Springer Mound, but regarding the three men they most want to talk to they are running into a brick wall: they can't find Edwards or Malcolm Quarrie and, although they know Bacon's whereabouts, they can't gain access to talk to him.

But Wilfred Gresty now sees an opportunity. As has already been said, Gresty still serves Shub-Niggurath and her Goat Cult and is a petty and vain man with many grievances. He has been listening to his lodger, Coombs, with interest.

Gresty carefully pens a letter to one of the male investigators on whom Coombs has managed to pin an address. He knows of Bacon's movements from Coombs. Perhaps he can hurt Bacon. He signs the letter but gives no address. It is postmarked Bethnal Green, East London, and reaches the addressee on November 20th.

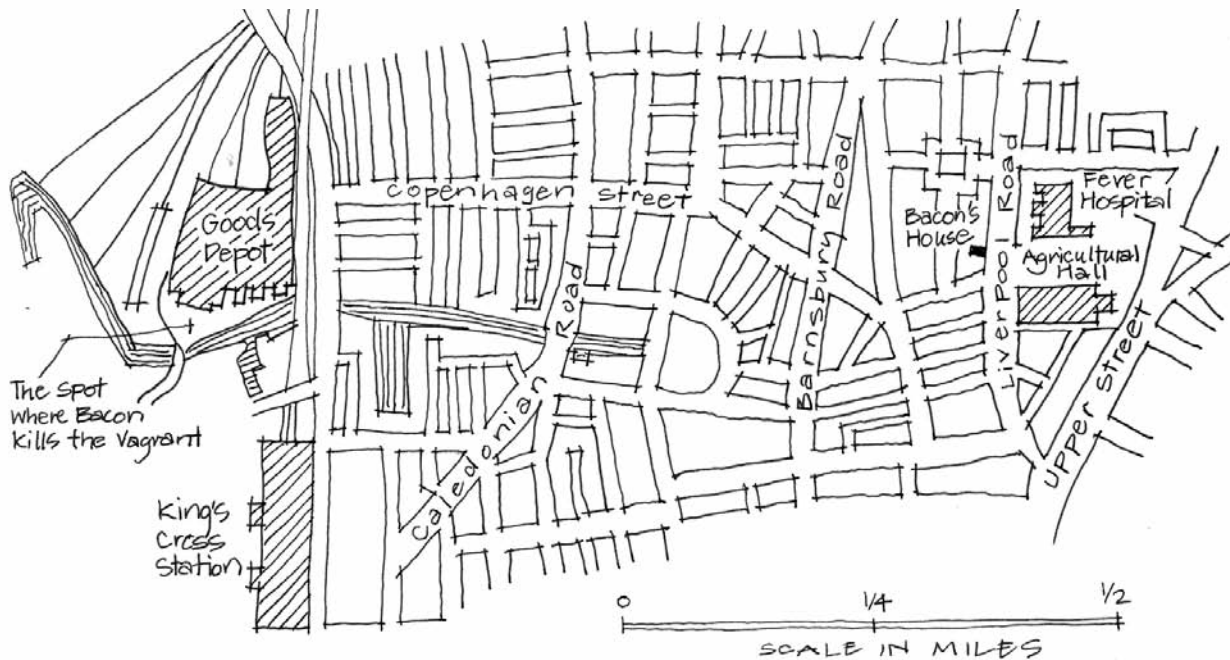
The Encounter by Regent's Canal

Bacon is going on a hunting trip, timed to coincide with the full moon. Coombs, who by agreement should shadow Bacon and protect him, is instead involved in a heavy drinking session by the manipulative Gresty;

DEAR FRIEND
I CALL YOU A FRIEND THOUGH WE HAVE NOT MET AND I HOPE WILL BE SOON. I THINK WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER AND I START TO SHOW THAT NOW. COOMBS SAYS YOU WERE WITH MR. ROBY. I THINK YOU ARE NO FRIEND OF EDWARDS SO I THINK YOU ARE LOOKING AT BACON NOW. YOU MUST KNOW THAT MR. ROBY AND BACON USED TO BE WITH EDWARDS MR. QUARRY AND ME. WE ARE NO LONGER TOGETHER. MR. QUARRY HAS GONE AWAY AND EDWARDS AND ME SPEAK LITTLE. YOU KNOW WHERE POOR MR. ROBY IS. BUT BACON IS A WICKED MAN AND IS NOT A FRIEND OF MINE. I BLAME BACON FOR WHERE MR. ROBY IS. I WANT TO HELP YOU SETTLE HIM AND ASK WHAT YOU WILL. BACON WILL STER OUT ON THE NIGHT OF 27TH NOVEMBER THE FULL MOON. YOU SHOULD FOLLOW HIM THEN. BE CAREFUL. TAKE FRIENDS AND A WEAPON. COOMBS WILL NOT GO WITH HIM AS HE SHOULD IF I ASK BUT HE IS A WICKED MAN AND HE WILL HAVE WICKED PLANS. JUST WATCH HIM. HE SHOULD BE STOPPED. I WILL WRITE AGAIN. I WISH YOU THE VERY BEST LUCK UNTIL THAT TIME.

W. GRESTY

TOTK Papers #12: Wilfred Gresty's First Letter



THE REGENT'S CANAL

Coombs takes little persuading that this is preferable to following the unnerving Bacon about on a frigid night.

It's important for the investigators and for the progress of this campaign that they follow Bacon out by the canal. It is also necessary here to have a Deus ex Machina: Bacon must meet his death. The bait for the investigators should be set by this letter but if they don't rise to it, keepers will need to engineer a similarly fatal encounter themselves, perhaps in Bacon's home if the investigators do gain entry for the next full moon is too late — Bacon's obituary (see Chapter 4) must appear before the attempted summoning of Hastur. If the investigators try to find Gresty, they will not be successful: he knows very few people in London and those know him only as Wilfred.

On the night of 27th November, an observer sees Bacon emerging from his house for the first time. It's close to midnight. The air is bitter and a frost covers the ground. A bloated full moon hangs yellow in the sky.

Bacon's route is as described by Tuck: by Liverpool Road, Copenhagen Street, then north on the towpath of the Regent's Canal. The waterway, inky, straight, is lined with disused warehouses which are home to vagrants. Bacon walks along slowly as he hunts for a victim. After just ten minutes he finds what he's looking for: a single sleeping man lying just inside a doorway. He stands by the figure, his back to the investigators, and begins the incantation for Steal Life.

Assuming he is not interrupted, here is what happens next.

As he starts the spell, the air seems to come alive. The chant is a shrill, inhuman scream and seems to come from all around. The victim starts to shout in

agony, blaspheming, his whole body is thrashing but somehow he gets to his feet. Bacon surges into him, slams him back against a wall and holds him there off the ground continuing to howl his chant.

The man seems to weaken and he looks around desperately. Where are the investigators? The Deus ex Machina demands they are noticed. Are they are running to help or straining to see? If so the victim sees them. If they are hidden, ask for **Hide rolls** anyway. If they fail, they are seen; if they succeed the victim rolls and makes his **Spot Hidden**. Again he sees them.

"Help me! He's killing me! Please! For the —"

This is choked off.

Bacon turns to see them too but finishes his chant in one round. He throws the corpse effortlessly against the wall; it looks like it weighs nothing and as it hits it seems to shatter! This costs 1/1D3 sanity points to witness. Close inspection of the dried and broken husk of the body is worth a 0/1D6 sanity point loss.

The silence seems to squirm.

Bacon assumes them derelicts, he advances furiously:

"Coombs, you're needed!" and a moment later: "Damn you, Coombs! Where are you? I need you!"

The path by the canal is icy and treacherous. If the investigators are engaging in combat, running, etc., their players must make successful **DEX x6** rolls or their characters fall. If they fall, ask for another **DEX x6** and if that fails too, they tumble into the icy canal — apply swim and drowning rules as per the *Call of Cthulhu* rules. They need rescue within five rounds because of



the cold; a successful STR vs. SIZ on the Resistance Table pulls them out.

Bacon's Death

If Bacon did not drown, his body yields his byakhee whistle, the stone with the Elder Sign needed for Summon/Bind Nightgaunt and four keys to his house. Investigators would be wise to see what his residence gives up.

Bacon arises next night as an Unspeakable Possessor. The investigators should only hear about this if they do some kind of follow-up at the canal or have taken the step of contacting the police before or after the night's events. The Possessor is not something the investigators

have to deal with — the Metropolitan Police eventually destroy the menace by day — but over-eager groups may be unable to resist. Upon the creature's death it reverts to a form identifiable as Bacon.



Mr. Bacon?

An Unspeakable Possessor

Appearance and Demeanor: Hideous. The sufferer's face is still recognizable, gaping out terror-stricken and hateful from an undulating sea of boneless flesh. Scales and

Lawrence Bacon's Tactics

Bacon has used five of his 18 magic points to cast Flesh Ward before leaving his house and is protected by 17 points of armor against attack. If Steal Life was actually interrupted, he has 13 magic points, and casts the spell Hands of Colubria, leaving him just one magic point. The venom of the snakes is only POT 1, but it does allow him two attacks and the Sanity point loss for seeing the snakes is 0/1D6. If Steal Life was not interrupted Bacon has just seven magic points. With six of those seven points he attempts to Summon/Bind Byakhee and blows his Whistle — he has a 70% chance of success, but the byakhee takes 2D10 rounds to arrive and this action also involves the attention-grabbing blast of



Mr. Bacon

the whistle, hence Bacon's preference for the other means of defense. If Bacon is dead before the byakhee arrives, its actions are at the discretion of the keeper.

Bacon may choose to lose himself in one of the nearby buildings and try and separate the investigators one from the other. If he does this, it will be an ominous moment if they hear the byakhee whistle as they may already have an idea what that presages. If the investigators are really getting the worst of this, Bacon should be allowed to fall into the canal — he swears as he falls, goes straight under, and does not reappear.

Appearance and Demeanor: Bacon is a very big, fat man (6'3", 280 lb.) with long black hair and a full beard. His age is difficult to guess. In some ways he looks less than his sixty years, a function of his Steal Life spell, but his inability to sleep leaves him perpetually haggard and drawn. He dresses formally. He is a caustic, gruff, and bitter man. He refuses to talk of the Cthulhu Mythos. He draws a careful even pedantic line between spiritualism and the occult. As a result

of his Unspeakable Promise with Hastur he has an unnaturally high intelligence and does not need sleep. Actually he cannot sleep.

Know: Certain universities and museums sometimes contacted Bacon, for he could knowledgeably authenticate and identify occult manuscripts, but he has not been active in this for the last ten years.

Insider Knowledge: He deals in antiques and rare books from his North London address and gives a whimsical, chaotic attention to his business when he gives it any.

Plot: Bacon knew Montague Edwards from the Golden Dawn, and it was he who first brought Alexander Roby to Edwards' notice. Lionel Trollope mentions Bacon as an occultist, and Vincent Tuck talks of the night he saw Bacon seemingly murder a man. Wilfred Gresty's first letter names him as the source of Roby's downfall and urges the investigators to confront him. The incident out on the Regent's Canal should end in his death — but he rises the next night as an Unspeakable Possessor. His home is likely to have been ransacked: he owns many books but the key finds will be *The Turner Codex*, and the Chime of Tezchaptl.

Lawrence Bacon, calendar age 60, physical age 44, English Cultist and Scholar

STR 09 CON 15 SIZ 18 INT 20 POW 18
DEX 07 APP 10 EDU 16 SAN 0 HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Attacks: none above base chance.

Spells: Bespeak the End of the Day, Chant of Thoth, Chime of Tezchaptl, Contact Ghoul, Create Gate, Flesh Ward, Hands of Colubria, Song of Hastur, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Unspeakable Promise, View Gate, Voorish Sign, Wandering Soul.

Skills: Accounting 20%, Astronomy 30%, Bargain 35%, Bookbinding 53%, Credit Rating 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 34%, History 60%, Library Use 85%, Listen 55%, Natural History 25%, Occult 75%, Printing History 68%, Persuade 65%.

Languages: English 85%, Latin 60%.

bones sprout at odd angles from this viscous mass and the stench of rotten meat precedes it. (Human statistics for Bacon occur nearby and the Possessor might retain certain of his skills and spells at the keeper's discretion.)

Lawrence Bacon, unspeakable possessor

STR 18 SIZ 27 CON 45 INT 15 POW 35
DEX 07 MOV 8 HP 36

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Attacks: Touch 85%, damage is death or 1D10 hit points drained per round

Armor: 6 point scales and rubbery flesh.

Skills: Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 Sanity points to see an unspeakable possessor.

Exploring Bacon's House

If Bacon dies the investigators have a brief opportunity to plunder his home. The keys they probably have open the front gate, front door, study, and bedroom.

The house has three stories and a cellar. The entire place is very untidy, dirty and dusty; packing cases, boxes and old newspapers take up all nearly all the available floor space, whilst books, bills, and manifolds litter every other surface including the stairs. The ground floor has a selection of middling quality Jacobean furniture — Bacon rarely troubles to sell such items. The first floor has more than a thousand occult, theological, and philosophical books shelved in no particular order — most are quite rare, some extremely. The top floor holds a study and a bedroom, both of which are locked. Nine steps lead down from the ground floor into the small cellar area: this is a five-foot-high space meant for nothing more than coal storage. It seems to contain merely junk but a Luck roll detects a very bad smell coming from down there — perhaps a rotting animal (perhaps not).

The two key items that the investigators should be allowed to find in a search are *The Turner Codex* and the Chime of Tezchaptl. The codex is lying open for reference on a reading desk in Bacon's study and the Chime sits in full view atop the nightstand by his bed.

These are listed along with other items in the section "Items of Value and Interest". The keeper can allow further items, perhaps *The King in Yellow*, to be gained at their discretion, but this also depends on the investigators' recklessness, for after the two items on the top floor are discovered, something joins them inside the house.

Ghouls

As the investigators explore, a ghoul enters the house from the cellar (Ghoul #2 in the statistics). It was close



Bacon Finds His Victim

Notes Concerning The Turner Codex

This copy is numbered 125 of 1000 copies. The work is credited as translated by Maplethorpe Turner et al. and dated 1902. The introduction states that the text was discovered in the late nineteenth century, by Mr. Turner himself, in Guatemalan ruins. The text was hammered onto hundreds of thin copper plates in a previously unknown system of hieroglyphics. Turner and other scholars decoded these — although the other translators are not credited anywhere in these pages. *The Turner Codex* seems to be a series of prayers, eulogies, and libations to entities called the Unspeakable One, Hastur, and Kaiwan.

A short prayer called Sound the Pure, elsewhere called Tezchaptl Listens or Sound Tezchaptl's Chime:

Then spoke Tezchaptl, we praise his name, stilling the song of the birds and quieting the call of the beasts even stopping the breath of the air.

A second even shorter prayer called Ring the Pure, also called Tezchaptl's Voice or Ring Tezchaptl's Chime:

Then spoke Tezchaptl, we praise his name, roaring.

The chime is a physical object and its manufacture is covered in detail. This involves fashioning a bell or similar object made from a pure metal and taking this to a location high above the sea. Once there a complicated and lengthy ritual is used to consecrate the object. The manufacture also requires the user to speak the prayer Unspeakable Promise (see below). The chime seems to offer protection against "enchancements" worked in the user's hearing that include instrument, song or performance. The first prayer above seems to allow absorption of such an enchantment when accompanied by a soft ring of a chime. The second prayer seems to allow release of the absorbed energy with a second and louder ring.

A prayer called Welcome the Unspeakable One:

Expectant we raise our muzzles to smell the air for hatred, we strain our ears for the sound of love.

We, the mute, lame, the stupid, the dull, the weak,

We turn our blind eyes to the hunter's killer

We raise our hands and voices in prayers for an answer.

Nine teeth jut up lining the maw of living earth.

Return Hastur! Heed us!

Your Star Steeds lord the black night sky

Return Hastur Save us!

Iâ! Great One! Iâ! Great Hastur! Lead Us!

The prayer called Unspeakable Promise.

Give me all I wish Great Hastur. Heed me!

Look after your servant for long moments.

Forever your servant shall do your will.

And forever your servant shall do your will.

And forever your servant shall do your will.

And forever your servant shall do your will.

TOTK Papers #13

by, having been contacted earlier in the day by Bacon, and has sensed movement in the house that it does not recognize. It also has the distinct feeling that Bacon could be dead — it does not feel under any kind of compulsion. Anyway, just like the investigators it is in the act of exploring and it knows there is lots to find here. It is cautious and quiet like most of its kind but it follows the investigators a while. The keeper should allow the investigators to glimpse it on a successful **Spot Hidden** roll as it retreats silently back down towards the cellar. Once back below ground, it gathers four fellows as reinforcements before possibly re-entering the house. The investigators should probably get out of the house before this happens. Though now numbering five, the ghouls are still very careful — they don't want to risk getting injured or killed. Neither do they want to be clearly identified. If it's one or two humans they might just risk an attack, but if it's three or more they will at most try to scare them off.



Ghoul

Appearance: From *S. Petersen's Field Guide to Cthulhu Monsters*: "Not completely human, though it often approaches human likeness. The ghoul is roughly bipedal, with a slouching, vaguely canine aspect, and which includes a rubbery hide, a mold-caked body, half-hooved feet, and scaled claws used for burrowing."

Five Urban Ghouls

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5
STR	12	16	15	19	21
CON	13	11	16	14	14
SIZ	13	13	13	17	18
INT	16	14	12	12	14
POW	12	13	15	13	11
DEX	17	16	15	10	14
HP	13	12	15	16	16
DB:	+1D4	+1D4	+1D4	+1D6	+1D6
MOV	9				

Armor: Weapons and projectiles do half rolled damage, round up any fraction.

Attacks: Claws 30% 1D6 + db

Bite 30% 1D6 + db (with automatic worry causing 1D4 damage until death)

Skills: Burrow 75%, Climb 85%, Hide 60%, Jump 75%, Listen 70%, Scent Decay 65%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Spells: Ghoul #4 knows Contact Ghoul.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to encounter a ghoul.



If the investigators go down to the cellar, a **Spot Hidden** roll finds a small opening in one of the walls hidden behind an old iron fire back. This leads down. For his researches, Bacon has contacted ghouls on such a regular basis that the local creatures have routed one of their crawlways into his cellar. The ghouls know him well and have waited patiently for his death for many years. Within a half an hour many more ghouls will be emerging to cheerfully ransack the house, looking to find choice items.

At the keeper's option the investigators might be able to return to Bacon's house in the next day or so, and still find something that survived the ghouls' vandalism. A police constable will, however, be keeping an eye on the front entrance. Coombs will not learn of Bacon's death for a few weeks and will then inform Edwards. Edwards will be anxious to loot the house for tomes, artifacts, and incriminating papers. Coombs leads this expedition, taking along two or three other cultists, possibly including Gresty. By then their search will be futile — the house has been cleared of all items of value.

Items of Value and Interest in Bacon's House

- Alexander Roby's book *Der Wanderer durch den See* (described in Chapter 2).
- *The King in Yellow* (described earlier — described in the Prologue).
- A rune-covered bowl that appears to be made from an alloy of copper (needed for Send Dreams), and two stones inscribed with the Elder Sign (needed for Summon/Bind Nightgaunt).
- *The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion*, by J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. Second Edition, revised and enlarged in three volumes, 1900, Macmillan and Co.
- *Principles of Nature, Her Divine Revelations and a Voice to Mankind*, Andrew Jackson Davis, 1847.
- *The Witch Cult in Western Europe*, Dr. Margaret Murray, 1921. (For these last three texts see the *Call of Cthulhu* rules.)
- *L'homme Tours*, in French by Jean-Luc Trebusset, 1907, a voluminous philosophical doctoral thesis on the breach between ancient and modern knowledge. Claims that current theory suppressed and intentionally bypassed the truth it had been approaching. There is no explanation of the given title. *No Sanity loss; Occult +2 percentiles.* No spells.
- *All Fall Down*, by Mrs. Laura Abigail Vincent, 1881. An examination and retelling of children's rhymes, songs, tales, and stories, their similarities across cultures and times, and the effect they have on both those who hear them and those who tell them. Contains many obscure and strangely disturbing verses. *No Sanity loss; Occult +1 percentile.* No spells.

- *The Turner Codex*, Maplethorpe Turner *et al.*, 1902. In the late nineteenth century Maplethorpe Turner, a rich and well-traveled American, reputedly discovered a number of thin copper plates in Guatemala. Turner spent eleven years deciphering the hieroglyphics that had been painstakingly hammered into the metal. He published his findings in 1902, in a thousand-copy limited edition. However, the archaeological establishment of his day did not accept the book since its translator refused to reveal his collaborators, possibly to keep all the credit for himself. The metal originals melted in a fire in 1919 and Turner never received recognition for his work. The translated *Turner Codex* is a series of prayers and libations to the Unspeakable One, Hastur. *Sanity loss 1D2/1D6 SAN; Cthulhu Mythos +4 percentiles; 3 weeks to study and comprehend.* Spells: Call/Dismiss Hastur, Chime of Tezchaptl, Free Hastur, Unspeakable Promise.

See *Tatters of the King Papers #13* for a summary of the *Turner Codex* and selected extracts including use of the Chime of Tezchaptl.

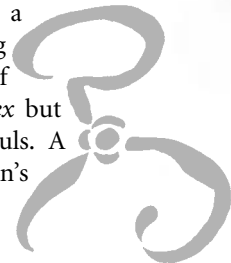
- The Chime of Tezchaptl. This is an exquisitely fashioned small rounded silver bell that sits in a receptacle — the latter serves to keep it upright. Both bell and holder are engraved with runic script and are polished to a sheen. When rung the note is very high and resonates clear and long. The Chime's usage and manufacture are described in the entry for *The Turner Codex* in the *Tatters of the King Papers #13* nearby. The chime is 100% effective and will be crucial to the party's defense later in this adventure.

Chapter Summary

In Suffolk, at the hamlet of Clare Melford, something can be learnt about the events of New Year's Eve 1925. On nearby farmland the investigators find the monoliths inscribed with the text of Call Hastur which, with reference to Turner, should tell exactly what the cult was doing here. A brief meeting with farmer Harold Jennings is brought to an end when one or two byakhee assault the farmer and possibly the investigators themselves. Climbing Springer Mound shows the mark of Hastur's arrival. Lastly a further incident back at the pub may lead to the death of the cultist placed here.

A letter from Dr. Highsmith may draw attention back to the matter of Alexander Roby's release.

Wilfred Gresty then sends a letter giving some hints about the Hastur Cult and specific information on Lawrence Bacon. Bacon emerges to attempt Steal Life when he should be trailed and a fatal showdown follow. Entering Bacon's house yields the Chime of Tezchaptl and *The Turner Codex* but the trip is interrupted by ghouls. A brief loose end is Bacon's Unspeakable Possessor.



The Flight North

The trees stand out blackly. They are leaning . . . tending coarsely in one direction like hairs along the spine of some prodigious beast. Leaning towards the Loch.

— Talbot Estus, *The Grey Lady*

Too big — oh, far too large a thing to be in the air.

— Gene Wolfe, *The Doctor of Death Island*

The investigators may have taken things as far as they are able at this stage: they've spoken to various figures from Roby's past and have presumably seen or even had a hand in Bacon's death and visited Springer Mound. They're also well aware that the cult knows of them: both Coombs and Gresty have made separate contact. They may also suspect that Roby is a key figure in an attempt to repeat something similar to what happened on Springer Mound. Perhaps the next days may be filled by reviewing any of the three main texts they have accumulated: *Der Wanderer durch den See*, *The Turner Codex*, *The King in Yellow*.

A couple of days after Bacon's death — so probably on November 29th — a letter arrives saying more. It is a rambling affair from Wilfred Gresty written under the influence of drink. The letter has the same Bethnal Green postmark as the first; (see *Tatters of the King Papers #14*, nearby.) The recipient is seen as a firm friend now though he or she will be troubled by the reference to the "murder of Bacon" — Gresty has been to Bacon's house and has been able to assure himself that he is no longer in residence; he knows he must be dead. The contents don't help find Edwards, but they do confirm that he has plans for Roby. The letter also highlights the split between Edwards and Quarrie and ultimately sets up the second book of this campaign when the investigators learn that Quarrie is still moving forward with his own, more dangerous, plans.

Keeper's Note: *the appearance of this letter assumes Bacon has met his end. If the recipient of the Gresty's first letter also died, it can reach the other investigators through the deceased's executors.*

Alexander Roby's Release Hearing

The decision on Alexander Roby's release is made upon evidence presented to the Hereford Magistrates' Court on November 30th 1928. Roby is not present. Hereford, twenty miles from Weobley and the asylum, is a county town of 23,000 people sitting mainly on the north bank of the Wye river. It has a fine cathedral. The investigators may well wish to attend and hotels here include the Green Dragon, the Mitre, and the City Arms.

If not successfully petitioned against the course of action, Dr. Charles Highsmith recommends his patient's release from St. Agnes's and transfer to

the Southgate Convalescent Home in Deal, Kent.

The investigators are probably well aware of the importance of preventing Roby's release. They may have tried to persuade Dr. Highsmith to keep Alexander in the asylum pending further information and study. Play out this encounter with Dr. Highsmith: he would be unhappy to lose the argument. If Dr. Highsmith is unresponsive, the investigators do have the recourse of contacting Grahame Roby and convincing him to use his contacts to ensure that there is no decision to set his brother free.

If the hearing decides that Alexander should remain at St. Agnes, each investigator immediately gains 1D6 Sanity points.

Edwards hears the Verdict

Upon announcement of the verdict, a cultist present at the hearing telephones Edwards at the asylum.

If Roby is ordered to be kept interned, Edwards immediately executes the plan he had wanted to avoid. Ensuring he is undisturbed, he takes Roby out of his cell and puts him in his own car where he has a change of clothes waiting. Going back into the asylum he takes a knife and forces a fellow nurse into Roby's empty cell. He makes the man, Thomas Clarke, who is of similar age and appearance to Roby, dress in Roby's uniform. He then kills him, and in the grip of his mania matches each of the strokes

DEAR FRIEND

I NEED TO THANK YOU FOR THE MURDER OF BACON. I AM SURE IT WAS HARD TO DO BUT HE WAS A WICKED MAN. I KNOW WHERE TO PUT TRUST AND IT WAS PUT WELL WITH YOU IN THIS MATTER. NOW WE DO TRUST EACH OTHER WE SHOULD KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER. I HAVE FRIENDS BUT NOT GENTLEMAN LIKE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS. WE SHOULD MEET SOON. I AM FROM THE WEST COUNTRY BUT LONDON HAS BEEN MY HOME FOR TEN YEARS NOW AND I SAY IT IS A CHAMBER POT PRETTY AT A GLANCE BUT FULL OF FILTH AND STINK. I HOPE TO GO HOME SOON TO INHERIT. FOR YOU ALONE I AM TO TAKE ATKINSONS PLACE WHEN THE OLD MAN DIES. HE CANNOT LIVE TWO YEARS AT MOST. HE SAYS I AM HERE FOR THE GOAT BUT HE OWES ME TOO AND I WILL BE PAID WHAT HE OWES ME. THE WOMEN AT NUGS FARM WELL MR. QUARRYS WIFE. THE OLD MAN NEVER HAD HER. THE CHILD IS NOT HIS. I LAUGH WHEN I THINK HE CAN MAKE THINGS WILDER THAN DREAMS AND BLACKER THAN NIGHTMARES BUT HE CANNOT CLEND INTO HER BED. HOW HIS OLD LOINS MUST ITCH WHEN HE THINKS OF HER. SO FIRST WE MUST PLAY THE LAST CARDS VETH EDWARDS AND THE GOD HE FOLLOWS. EDWARDS NEEDS MR. ROBY AND IF HE GETS HIM THERE WILL BE HELL TO PAY. WORSE I THINK FOR HELL IS A WEAK IMAGINING. YOU MUST STOP THAT. EDWARDS WILL CALL ON ME TOO. HE NEEDS ME. I WILL NOT ANSWER. RATHER I WILL CALL ON THE BRITISH GODS AND THEY WILL GUARD THE BEST OF THIER SERVANTS WHO IS

YOUR FRIEND

WILFRED GRESTY

TOTK Papers #14 -- Wilfred Gresty's Second Letter

he makes upon Clarke upon himself. When Clarke is dead he mutilates the corpse concentrating upon the face. As he leaves he lets himself into Lucius Harriwell's cell and throws the knife in a corner before removing Harriwell's straightjacket. Finally, and now already healed, he and Roby drive away. Edwards does not expect



the subterfuge to be ultimately successful — it is intended only to confuse and slow a pursuit.

If Roby is ordered to be released, Evans, Dr. Highsmith's most capable nurse, is to be in charge of the transfer.

Regardless of whether he is escorting Roby to the rest home or he is on the run with him, Edwards' movements are the same. On the same day of the hearing he

MURDER OF LUNATIC AT HEREFORDSHIRE MADHOUSE

A Wye Valley asylum inmate was brutally murdered on Thursday in the oddest circumstances. The dead man, Alexander Roby, had a release hearing scheduled at Hereford Magistrates Court that very afternoon. He was not to be present at this hearing. The magistrate there entertained argument from the asylum superintendent and ordered that Roby be detained indefinitely for his own protection. But when the superintendent returned to his place of work it was to find Roby slain.

Roby was an inmate at St. Agnes' Asylum for the Deranged in Weobley, Herefordshire, under the care of Dr. Charles Highsmith. He was admitted in October of 1926 shortly after the murder of his father, Herbert, and sister, Georgina, a crime still unsolved. His brother is the banker Mr. Grahame Roby of Coutts and Co.

Police say the murder was excessively violent and was perpetrated with a knife that was recovered on the scene in the possession of a second inmate. This man is the prime suspect for the killing but police are also anxious to contact two nurses at the institution who are missing. The men are Thomas Clarke, of Leominster, thirty-four years old, who is described as of medium height and thin build, clean shaven, with blue eyes and blonde hair, and Michael Evans, also of Leominster, forty-one years old, of medium height and build, clean shaven with dark eyes and brown hair. One or both of these men may be wounded.

Daily Express, 29th November 1928.

TOTK Papers #15: Newspaper Article
on Roby's "Death"

drives Roby to Bristol station and they travel by train from there to London. They spend the night of November 30th in a hotel there. On December 1st they board the train at Euston for the trip north to Scotland, arriving at Mullardoch House late the same day.

If Edwards committed this new murder all the major papers carry the story the next day. At this point the police assume the body is Roby's. For a sample newspaper report concerning the new asylum murder, see *Tatters of the King Papers #15* nearby.

Identification of the Body

The mistaken identification is rectified the next day, December 1st. Upon arrival at the Hereford morgue to identify the body, Grahame Roby asserts without doubt that it's not Alexander's: it lacks a scar on the upper arm that his brother acquired as a youth. It's then realized that the corpse is that of one of the two nurses, and that it must be Thomas Clarke, whose hair was blond like that of Alexander (Evans is dark). The authorities contact Clarke's family.

Dr. Highsmith is shocked. He speaks highly of Evans as an able and trusted man who has been with him for fifteen months. The only hint of a clue is that Highsmith says now, if he hasn't before, that Evans did once pass Roby some minor contraband: the pencils. Dr. Highsmith cannot think what all this might mean. Are the investigators able to enlighten him?

Michael Evans is Montague Edwards

The next happens even if Roby was ordered transferred: he and Evans fail to arrive at the Rest Home as planned. Although he has already got the police involved, Dr. Highsmith calls the investigators to ask for their assistance too.

If the investigators don't immediately offer to search Michael Evans' residence, Dr. Highsmith asks for their help in that anyway — they should have acted in a way such that the doctor trusts them more than the local police who he suspects will soon start to gossip about his doings. He calls the investigating police officer and gets them entry. As they hand the key over, the police report that the cottage is completely bare save for the furnishings.

The investigators travel to Edwards' address in the nearby market town of Leominster where they arrive at an unassuming terraced cottage, and let themselves in. The house is indeed empty — Edwards prepared well for this disappearance — but there is something he didn't foresee. Inside the front door, two letters lie on the mat. One is a tailor's bill addressed to Michael Evans; the other is addressed to Montague Edwards! It's from the British Museum regarding his application to extend

his reader's ticket; Edwards had to use his real name for this purpose.

The postman, if interviewed, confirms that both gentlemen lived here. He only ever saw Mr. Evans and the description he gives is that of the Evans they know, and the Edwards they have had described to them by Tuck. If the investigators had not believed this already it's now clear that Edwards was in the asylum — he had Roby under his eye all along.

The other thing at the cottage is that in the tiny bathroom the floorboards are dark and spongy. A Medicine roll can say with certainty that they are completely saturated through with blood, lots and lots of blood. (This is all Edwards' own blood — he frequently indulged in self-harm here — but that would not appear possible to a doctor.)

Finding Roby and Edwards

There follows one week without word of Roby and Edwards.

The police do not share the same sense of urgency that the investigators probably possess. Dr. Highsmith tells the police that Alexander is not violent although he will be excitable without his daily medication. He says 'Evans', or Edwards, is a most unlikely candidate for violence too. In the absence of another plausible theory the police are proceeding with the theory that the murder of Thomas Clarke is the work of Lucius Harriwell.

Like the previous two killings in the asylum, the presence of such a large amount of blood at the scene (although here only one blood type) suggests that a second body or assailant has yet to be found. The police organize searches of the open hills around St. Agnes' for the corpses of Roby or Edwards and they interview Grahame Roby to see if he can suggest where his brother might have gone, but no progress is made. Dr. Highsmith will use his influence to have the investigators kept up to date with the police inquiry — they can even help in the searches if they wish.

The investigators will undoubtedly try, once again, to find Montague Edwards. But though they now have his full name he remains an elusive figure. They find no employment records, no membership of a gentleman's club, no publications with him as a subject or a contributor. Finally a **Library Use roll** at University College London or the British Museum shows that a Montague A. H. Edwards was enrolled at the Slade School of Fine Art from 1905 to 1907, leaving at the age of twenty before receiving any qualification. They may gain an interview with the head of the institution, Dr. Randolph Schwabe, at the school's premises on Gower Street in central London. Dr. Schwabe has an excellent memory. He remembers Edwards well as a very promising artist, fierce and uncompromising. He showed no real interest

in exhibiting but would certainly have gained a degree if he hadn't dropped out of his course shortly before final exams. He left without notification and efforts to contact him were fruitless.

Dr. Schwabe says Edwards was quite protective of his privacy — protective to the point of rudeness actually — but he remembers connecting with him on one subject outside art. Dr. Schwabe had a friend on the faculty at University College who used to do archaeological digs during the summer and he, Dr. Schwabe, used to join him when he could as a sort of holiday. He remembers that Edwards was very interested to hear of this. Edwards had him show slides of the digs and asked lots of questions. If asked, yes, Dr. Schwabe did go on a dig at Springer Mound back in 1907: they were looking for Saxon artifacts. Yes, Edwards would have seen those slides.

The only address the university has for him is a student residence and Dr. Schwabe can give no more help. Edwards has lived his life with this intention of anonymity. With it comes freedom.

Interviewing Lucius Harriwell

The only real gleam of light in this period comes if the investigators decide to interview Lucius Harriwell. Both the police and Dr. Highsmith reveal he is telling an odd story. Harriwell is still in his old cell but he is once again straightjacketed and there is an on-duty policeman seated outside the door when the investigators arrive.

Harriwell is very emotional. If asked about the day of the escape he quickly starts crying. He says the devil took Alexander away. The devil had told him before that he, Lucius, would be next, but he took poor Alexander. He heard the devil talking to Alexander, asking him how long. Roby told the devil he would need no more than a week when he starts to dream. Then someone was screaming, Clarke he thinks, and the devil came into his cell. He was painted with blood — deep wounds covered his whole body. He threw in one of his hands (the knife) and he leant in close and he took off my jacket whispering, "Seven days for his work, Lucius, then five days for mine".

Keeper's Note: remember that Harriwell responds poorly to any form of questioning.

The investigators should suspect that they have a short and fixed time to stop Edwards' plans.

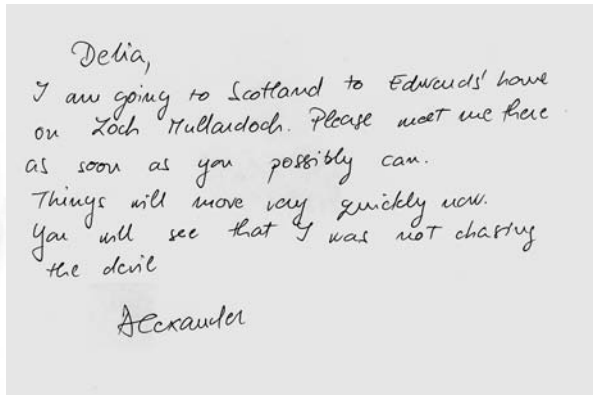
Roby's Note to Delia

The first chance of a breakthrough comes as follows. When Roby and Edwards broke their journey north at the London hotel, Roby, unknown to Edwards, scribbled a letter to Delia. It went to her mother's address and is only tardily forwarded to her daughter's new



home arriving there on December 8th (it is postmarked December 1st). Delia reads it at 8:00 a.m. For the text of that note, see *Tatters of the King Papers #16*, reproduced nearby.

Mrs. Hartston wouldn't dream of sharing her daughter's correspondence with anyone so unless they assault the postman there is no chance of this letter being intercepted, even by stellar investigators who realize that Alexander may have written to Delia at the last address known by him.



Delia,
I am going to Scotland to Edwards' home
on Loch Mullardoch. Please meet me here
as soon as you possibly can.
Things will move very quickly now.
You will see that I was not chatting
the devil

Alexander

TOTK Papers #16: Roby's Note

Do the investigators learn about this letter? If they have contacted Delia about Alexander's escape, (the police have not), or if one of the player characters has become close to her, they do. She folds the letter into an envelope and forwards it to an investigator. It reaches him or her at 11:00 a.m. on December 8th. (As has been made clear, Delia no longer reciprocates Alexander's feelings.)

Loch Mullardoch can be quickly located in any atlas. See "Geography", some boxed text a little later in this chapter. If the players suspect a casting of Free Hastur is imminent, this area would seem to offer the necessary requirements.

Bacon's Obituary

A day later, on December 9th an obituary for Lawrence Bacon appears in the monthly periodical *Occult Magazine*. This serves as a backup means of prompting the investigators to reach the scene of

the summoning, albeit slightly later. For the text, see *Tatters of the King Papers #17*, below.

If the investigators miss this obituary too — their reading tastes may exclude this periodical — you might choose to have Wilfred Gresty send a third letter giving them unequivocal word that Edwards is in Scotland.

The Occult Magazine Obituary Leads to Edwards

Can the investigators act on what looks almost like gossip? What of the byline "Perdurabo"? A **Latin** roll determines it means "I will last through" (anyone with Latin 06% and higher knows the word is in that language). It is also the name taken by Aleister Crowley in the Victorian occult society the Golden Dawn. A critical **Occult** roll yields that information; a success will suggest that it is probably the name taken by one of the Golden Dawn.

The investigators may decide they need to contact the magazine and ask to meet the writer of this piece — in fact, even if the threat in Scotland has already been dealt with, this research will prove very useful. Only a single interviewer is allowed and a **Persuade** roll is needed to get the appointment — unless the interviewer is a youngish female. Then the interview is automatically granted.

The writer is indeed the infamous Crowley, who, relatively unknown in those early years of the century when he was in the Golden Dawn, has since risen to wonderful infamy. His wild claims, scurrilous writings, proven ability at Black Magic, and his active search for "disciples" for both occult and libidinous purposes have cemented for him a reputation that is probably unmatched by any individual today. For most of the 1920's Crowley has been on the Continent and after a lengthy stay in Italy clouded only by the death of a prominent guest, he toured Europe seeking new followers and new thrills. Having recently returned to England short of funds, he has of late embarked upon a doomed effort to sue the various newspapers that have reported upon his exploits for defamation.

Mr. LAWRENCE BACON (1869-1929)

LAWRENCE Bacon, a resident of Holloway, North London, died a few weeks ago. Mr. Bacon had been a dealer in such rare books as tended to address the occult, philosophy, theology and religion, and you, the reader, may have had dealings with him at his place of business on Liverpool Road despite the tendency for the seller to observe rigorous entry conditions.

Mr. Bacon had been a sometime acquaintance of ours, in fact we used to belong to the same London club, where he was quite inseparable from another, perhaps more intriguing member, Montague Edwards, known to a few of us there as the Laird of Mullardoch. Mr. Bacon's death was a violent one and is as yet unexplained.

"Perudabo"

Occult Magazine, 9th December 1928.

TOTK Papers #17:
Bacon's Obituary



Mr. Crowley

Aleister Crowley

Appearance and Demeanor: A large man with a shaved head, heavy features, and black eyes. Crowley can be a charming and lively conversationalist. He also has a terrible temper and makes an implacable enemy. He partakes of drink, drugs, and the pleasures of the flesh freely and without self-censure.

Know: Cambridge student, poet, author, self-styled prophet, and proponent of free love, he has been traveling Europe for the last decade leading magical devotions for those who place their trust in him. Holds to

the motto “Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law”. Known both as the Great Beast and the Wickedest Man in the World, he is rumored to have killed more than one man by magic. The author of *The Book of Laws*, *Diary of a Drug Fiend*, and other works.

Insider Knowledge: A member of the Golden Dawn where he took the name Frater Perdurabo (“I will last through”). His wild excesses have brought most of his lovers, male and female, to madness; his several children are also dead.

Plot: Crowley writes the article in *Occult Magazine* that names Edwards as “Laird of Mullardoch”. Talking with him confirms he knew Montague Edwards and also corresponded with Malcolm Quarrie.

Crowley on Bacon, Edwards, Quarrie, and Il Fratelli del Signo Giallo

Aleister Crowley, the Great Beast, the Wickedest Man in the World, is fifty-four years old. He is a big figure with a shaved head, heavy-jowled features, and black staring eyes. As the investigator enters he offers drinks but only alcohol is on the menu. He pours himself a generous straight whiskey.

Crowley generally exhibits a world-weary and amused manner — the interviewer is unlikely to see him in one of his legendary rages. He is a lecherous man, he thrives on attention and notoriety, and he enjoys demeaning and degrading his peers — he has no love for any of the surviving members of the Golden Dawn.

Bacon: If asked about Lawrence Bacon, Crowley is uninterested. He says he hopes the interviewer has not come to talk about “that shopkeeper”. He has put down all he needed to say in those few words in the “rag”.

Edwards: If asked about Montague Edwards he is more eager. He mentions that he himself is a Scottish nobleman “Aleister MacGregor, Laird of Boleskine” and casts doubt on the veracity of Edwards’ own title. (Crowley bought some land on Loch Ness some years ago and affected his own self-created title for some while. Though Edwards knew Crowley a little from the Golden Dawn it was only when Crowley’s fame had spread that the other man tried to rekindle the relationship. In a correspondence Edwards, eager to impress and with the idea of using Crowley in his own efforts, made the mistake of using his own title.) Yes, he knew Edwards from the “club” (The Golden Dawn) where he called himself “Vox Mutatis” — (a Latin roll translates this as “the voice of change”). “An ambitious man. Nasty, I’d say. Or perhaps that’s the same thing,” says Crowley. “Anyway gives black magic a bad name”. He shows a pained little smile. Crowley

actually knows little of Edwards and asks for and listens to any information the interviewer has. He mentions the letter he received from Edwards and hypothesizes about its purpose: “Do you think he was going to offer me a job? Maybe I should have replied”.

Quarrie, and the Brothers: But he knows more about one of Edwards’ compatriots. Malcolm Quarrie has been far-reaching in his communication and he and Crowley have met and corresponded. Crowley knows Quarrie and Edwards had been colleagues but had fallen out “two or three years ago”. Crowley goes on: “I must say, he’s an able man. He was very interested in my time in Italy. He put great credence in what they knew there. There was an artistic circle, in Rome I think, *Il Fratelli del Signo Giallo*, that he was quite interested in hearing about.” (He translates the last phrase if he needs to, as “The Brothers of the Yellow Sign”. (The Brothers of the Yellow Sign were indeed active in Rome during Crowley’s sojourn in Italy but much of their membership is now in Milan. This fact can be ascertained when the investigators see Malcolm’s letters to Hillary.) “I say an artistic circle but although they claimed to be a theatrical group they only did one work a year. Same work every year and to an invitation-only audience. I had the chance to see it a couple of times but didn’t — I had heard it is a tiresome play.” Crowley offers the title if asked: “The King in Yellow”. Crowley holds forth again: he doesn’t like the theater, he has no wish to read, let alone watch, anyone’s interpretation of another’s work, and he believes that the author of that particular piece is long dead. “What do you think of Italy?” And he chats on for a while.

That is all the interviewer gets out of Crowley: “Has this been helpful? I apologize but I have another appointment in a few moments”. As he’s showing the interviewer out he adds the following if she is a female player character of APP 12 or greater: “I’m hosting a little soiree next week. If you’re able to attend perhaps we’ll have another chance to chat.” He scribbles *12, Dean Street, Wednesday* on a blank card. For more about his “little soiree”, see the boxed text headed by “A Wild Party”, nearby.

**Aleister Crowley, age 54, English Black Magician,
Poet, and Author**

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 16 INT 16 POW 17
DEX 10 APP 12 EDU 15 SAN 30 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

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

Spells: Dominate, Evil Eye, Implant Suggestion.

Skills: Art (Chess) 52%, Art (Drawing) 31%, Art (Painting) 36%, Art (Poetry) 58%, Art (Stage Magic) 33%, Art (Writing) 62%, Bargain 45%, Credit Rating 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 11%, Fast Talk 44%, History 64%, Library Use 52%, Mountaineering 44%, Occult 72%, Persuade 68%.

Language: English 80%.

A Wild Party

If the investigator accepts Crowley's invitation to the party, she finds the address is a very large private residence in Soho, near the Royalty Theatre. Her name is on the guest list and she and her investigator friends can enter what is a wild party. Several prominent people are recognized with **Know** rolls for each: Lady Margaret Douglas-Hamilton, daughter of the primary peer in Scotland the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon; the Honorable Herbert Eaton, heir to Baron Cheylesmore; Miss May Agate, the actress; Dr. Malcolm Sargent the conductor. Champagne flows, fine food is brought around, drugs (cocaine, heroin, opium) are available, people retire in twos and threes of all combinations. As the evening continues, inhibitions are further overcome and the investigators find themselves in the minority if they are both fully clothed and not involved in some kind of debauchery. Crowley himself does not appear, but if the female investigator was not prudish at this affair he may contact her at some point in the future. This is also a fine event for the keeper to introduce interesting non-player characters of their invention for future plot hooks.

Edwards' Final Plans — the Investigators' Deadlines

Immediately upon their arrival at Mullardoch House in Scotland, Roby begins work on finishing the spell Build Carcosa. With unceasing effort he has it completed on the 6th December. Meanwhile, with the monoliths already relocated to their new positions around the loch, Edwards focuses on getting cult members to the site to play their part. He hires two cars to shuttle the arrivals from the railway station in Inverness to Mullardoch House. Although the roads are snow-covered, and the drive is a treacherous one, the worst of the

winter weather holds off and by the 6th December eighteen cultists are present, sufficient for his needs.

On the December 7th, Roby leads the cultists in the casting of Build Carcosa.

It is successful. The unearthly city of Carcosa is brought down and is laid out, beautiful but doomed, on the shores of the Loch. Roby's goal is achieved. He loses himself alone in the city. It will remain on Earth for just one week before returning to Aldebaran with him and all other occupants with it.

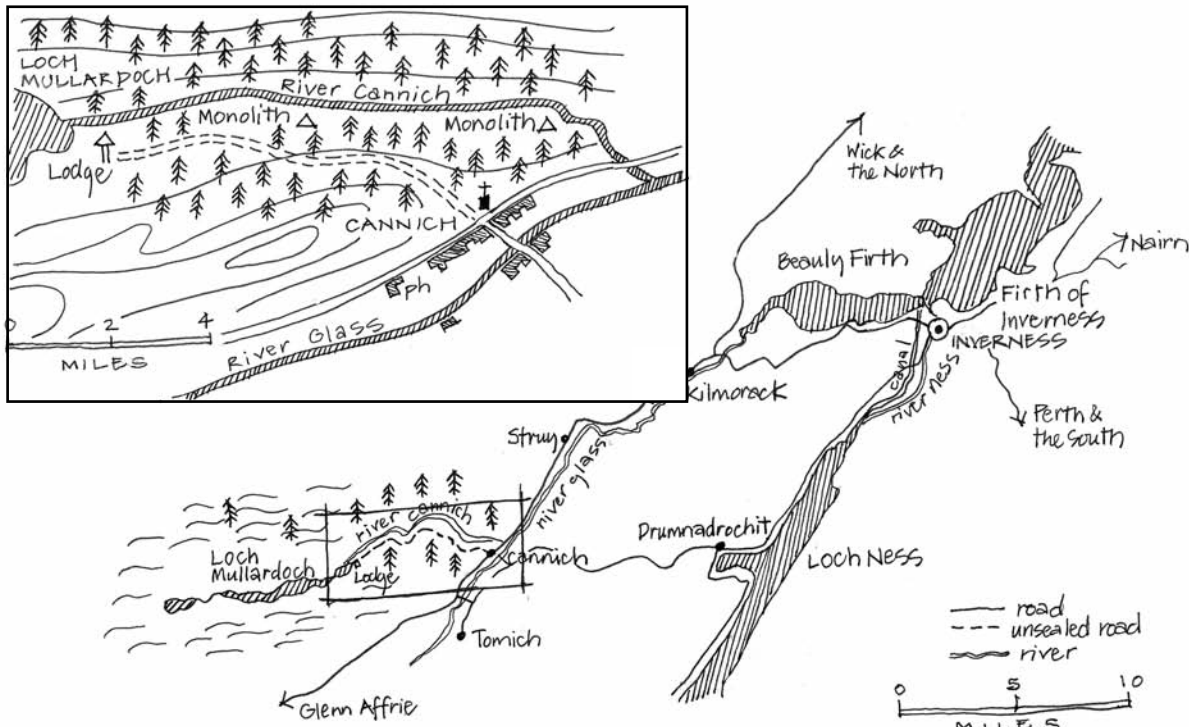
But now, unknown to Roby, Edwards leads the others in a different plan. Gathering on the gracious balcony of the Palace above the lake on December 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th, Edwards casts Free Hastur. Each ritual of summoning brings a spawn of Hastur to buck and slip above the city, and each summoning brings their keeper closer. On December 12th, with the presence of the four spawn lending power to the spell, Edwards will cast Free Hastur to summon the Great Old One himself. Carcosa will stay on Earth and the King in Yellow will be free. In his gratitude, The King will bestow such gifts and such power upon his acolyte and his servants as could never have been on this world.

If the investigators do not reach Loch Mullardoch by December 12th they are too late. This, although not as Edwards expects, will come to pass. Hastur has been summoned and the keeper must apply the worst case scenario outlined in the boxed text "Hastur's Arrival" following the descriptions of Carcosa. After the 12th it will be almost impossible to get near Loch Mullardoch: the investigators have to risk horrendous weather brought on by spells, and then there will be the Great Old One himself and his court of byakhee. It would be merciful if the army quarantine prevents them getting that far.

Getting to Scotland

Even in fine weather a road journey of this length would be quite an undertaking, but with this bitter winter holding Britain in its grip the only practical choice for travel to Scotland is the railway. The London, Midland, and Scottish Railway serves Inverness with trains originating at Euston station. To get there in one day it's necessary to be on the 8:00 a.m. at Euston. That will put the investigators into Inverness station at 7:20 p.m. Otherwise, the journey may be broken with an overnight stay in Manchester, when they would arrive in Inverness at 2:00 p.m. the next day. It is expected that the investigators make the journey from London to Inverness on December 9th or 10th putting them at the Loch itself on the 11th or 12th. They cannot delay.

Whichever day the investigators travel, as the train pulls out of Manchester station they encounter Henry



INVERNESS AND LOCH MULLARDOCH

Geography

Loch Mullardoch lies in the Western Highlands of Scotland thirty miles southwest of the city of Inverness on the Moray Firth and the northeast coast. Loch Mullardoch is eight miles long and a little less than a mile wide at its broadest point. It runs roughly east to west. On the north shore lies the East Benula Forest, covering the mountain slopes of Sgurr na Lapaich (3775 ft.) and An Riabhachan (3696 ft.). Rising on the south shore are the peaks of Beinn Fhionnlaidh (3298 ft.), Tom a Choinich (3646 ft.), and Toll Creagach (3475 ft.). At the loch's eastern tip is the disused and partially ruined Mullardoch House owned but never occupied by Montague Edwards. The house is reachable by an eight mile single-lane unpaved road, which follows beside the River Cannich that empties the Loch into the River Glass. At the western end of the loch is West Benula Forest.

Lister, a cultist recognizable by the byakhee whistle he is absent-mindedly fingering as he stares out of the window. He wears a thoughtful expression. His confidence is immediately won if any of the investigators show him a corresponding whistle or a copy of Roby's book. He says that Edwards told him by letter to be at Inverness by December 5th where he would be met by a car. He was to show his whistle and give his name. But he is very late; it took him days to organize his departure. (Actually the delay was mustering the

courage for the trip — see Lister's necrophobia in his character description — even now he is beset by fears of what may happen.) Lister talks inappropriately loudly; see the notes on his poor hearing in his character description.

Lister knows of the summoning of Hastur at the Jennings Farm (though he wasn't there) and suspects that this may be another such ceremony. He doesn't know the ceremony is to be at Loch Mullardoch and doesn't even know Edwards' first name. A **Psychology roll** detects a barely suppressed hysteria and Lister gets progressively more paranoid as the train travels north and the light starts to fail until he is visibly afraid. He then makes his excuses and moves to stand in the corridor, alone and uncommunicative. When he reaches Inverness he will simply wander off into the city to look for Edwards.

Edwards' car is, of course, not waiting at Inverness railway station. It's possible to rent a car (and if required a driver with 50% Drive skill) from McKay's Garage close by. If the investigators have not arranged the car in advance they must wait until the next morning for one to be made available — Mr. McKay explains that his two automobiles have been rented for this whole week to another customer. A **Fast Talk or Credit Rating roll** (the investigator's choice) gets him to confirm they were rented from Mullardoch House. If the investigators ask about the movement of the cultists, the train station staff at Inverness, the train conductor himself, and all the residents of the village

Timeline

As timing is crucial in this phase, a summary of the timeline is reproduced here. All spells are completed late at night on the days in question.

7th December: Roby casts Build Carcosa.

8th December: Edwards casts Free Hastur to summon a first spawn. Delia reads her delayed letter from Alexander at 8:00 a.m. She may forward this immediately to the investigators but that depends on her relations with them.

9th December: Edwards casts Free Hastur to summon a second spawn. The obituary for Bacon in today's publication of *Occult Magazine* lists Montague Edwards' residence as Loch Mullardoch.

10th December: Edwards casts Free Hastur to summon a third Spawn.

11th December: Edwards casts Free Hastur to summon a fourth Spawn.

12th December: Edwards casts Free Hastur to summon Hastur.

of Cannich have noted it. They remark that on several occasions they have seen individuals or groups of strangers looking somewhat apprehensive and out of place — the station staff mention that a car has met the strangers. Inverness itself is a town of sufficient size that the residents would not notice such movement as unusual.

Henry Lister

Appearance and Demeanor: Weak-chinned and dressed in a poor suit, Lister still exudes a certain desperate determination. Constantly toys with the byakhee whistle that he wears around his neck. Since witnessing a ghoul called up by Bacon he suffers from necrophobia (fear of dead things) and sleeps poorly, dreaming himself close to death. During the day he can generally hold himself together, and his occasional lapses at work have been overlooked by his supervisor because of his ability at his job. The machine presses he works with have induced advanced hearing loss.

Know: Nothing.



Mr. Lister

Insider Knowledge: Employed at Greene Engineering in Salford, Manchester. He has split from his wife and four children, and is obsessed with the occult, the interest that brought him to membership in the cult.

Plot: Lister meets the investigators on the train up to Inverness. If his confidence is won, he talks of Edwards' arrangements to get cultists to Scotland.

Henry Lister, age 38, English Cultist and Machinist

STR 13 SIZ 11 CON 16 INT 12 POW 05
DEX 10 APP 08 EDU 07 SAN 0 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 03%, Listen 05%, Occult 12%,
Operate Heavy Machinery (Machine Press) 94%.

Languages: English 39%.

Inverness

Inverness, "the capital of the Highlands", is a town of 20,000 busy with tourists in the summer but with a quieter face in the winter months. The city sits on the banks of the River Ness and offers among other sites a modern castle, an Episcopal Cathedral, and a beautiful cemetery laid out up on Tom-Na-Hurich ('hill of the fairies'). Nearby are the sites of the Battle of Culloden where Bonnie Prince Charlie was finally defeated, and the Stones of Clava which are extensive Pictish remains. Hotels include the Station, the Royal, and the Caledonian.

The Road and the Forest

The road from Inverness skirts south of the Beaully Firth before following the River Beaully and then the River Glass. Two or three inches of snow lie on the ground. The landscape the investigators pass through is one of high mountains, rivers and streams, heathland, and thick wood.

An hour and a half's drive sees the investigators arrive at Cannich, a village of just two dozen or so stone houses. The largest has been turned into the Glenaffrie Guest House; it is run by a Mr. and Mrs. Harris and is also a licensed premises. (See the nearby boxed text *Cannich and the Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* for details on the village.)

From Cannich a snow-covered muddy track heads towards Loch Mullardoch through a thick forest of old pines mixed in with ferns, heather and outcrops of granite. The River Cannich runs parallel, off a few hundred yards north. Taking this, after a little while a **Natural History** roll reveals something odd: rather than all the trees growing straight many of them strain towards the Loch — on some the root system is partial-

ly exposed where the whole trunk has tilted considerably. As the investigators move through the forest the groan and crack of roots breaking under the strain is a constant companion. On an **Idea** roll the investigators further realize that there is no wildlife — not even bird-song. (Note: these phenomena are, of course, due to the advent of Carcosa on Earth.)

Walking the eight miles to the Loch takes three or four hours. It is cold and if inadequately dressed the investigators will soon experience discomfort enough to take 5% off their physical skills. Driving could be quicker, but it will still take two hours as the car has to go dead slow on the treacherous and uneven surface. The keeper should also ask for a **Drive Auto** roll every mile of travel: if this is failed the car has slipped off the road and if the driver fails a **Luck** roll the radiator is cracked and the vehicle won't be going any further; if the Luck roll succeeds the car needs to be pushed out — three investigators can combine their STR against a score of 42 on the Resistance Table to succeed — the roll may be retried as many times as desired but every failure costs fifteen minutes delay.

Just half a mile down the road a long, looping, rutted track leads away to the north then east. It is large enough to drive down. There is no indication it has been taken recently, but following it for a full mile the investigators come to one of the monoliths standing in a small clearing. A **Navigate** roll will determine the stone is actually back east of the village. Words have been chiseled: "Expectant we raise our muzzles to smell the air for hatred, we strain our ears for the sound of love".

Three miles on down the road call for **Listen** rolls: success reveals a distant crashing noise. Over the next minute it comes closer and closer through the thick forest and then call for a **Spot Hidden** to see the source, coming from the south. It's not at ground level as might be expected but high up — it splinters the tree-tops as it comes — something massive, pale. A barrage balloon? No. It's alive. If investigators choose to look away at this point call for **SAN** rolls for them at a loss of 0/1D4. Those who are still looking see a huge sac, rippling and throbbing and flecked with light. It moves squid-like, pulling itself through the air by long, groping tentacles that saw on the wind and pull on the branches with equal purchase. It's a spawn of Hastur; this view costs 1D3/1D10 Sanity points. It does not react to the investigators' presence even if fired upon and passes quickly from view. (If the investigators are in a car you can use the shadow of the creature directly above them as the first warning of its presence. At the keeper's discretion the spawn may see something the size of a car as a threat.)

It hasn't gone far. Just 200 yards further down the road a track leads a short distance off into the forest.

Here is the second monolith and here is the spawn that the investigators just saw, addressing the stone like a dirigible at its mooring mast and suckling on the POW placed in it. The creature turns on the investigators if they come too close or attack it or the monolith here, but should they get to the stone they see it is incised: "We, the mute, lame, the stupid, the dull, the weak".

There are no further alarms on the rest of the journey and after a full eight miles the cold and weary investigators reach the Loch and Carcosa. See the next chapter for what happens there.

Tampering with the Monoliths

Destroying the stones here is not an option to stop the spells. Now that they have been placed intact even a shattered monolith serves to channel the energy to the head of the "V" and the cultists, but the investigators may still try. If they can break up a monolith, it will be much easier to move.

The most likely approach is dynamite and this is a tricky operation particularly in drifted snow on frozen ground. If the investigators do not have a **Demolition**, **Explosives**, or **Civil Engineering** skill (not core CoC skills), ask for a half chance **Mechanical Repair** roll to avoid the fuse or charge getting misplaced or sodden. It takes a critical success roll to obliterate the monolith otherwise, on a regular success, the blast dissipates, and the stone is shriven into two large but unequal pieces along a preexisting fault. A failure means the dynamite does not go off. A fumble means it has gone off very much too soon — with catastrophic results for the person placing the charge and those nearby — assume 5D6 damage within two yards radius, 2D6 up to ten yards, 1D6 up to twenty yards. After any explosion a spawn of Hastur will arrive to menace the investigators before settling by the monolith or its remains.

The monoliths' positions bound the area open to Hastur and his servants when he is freed. If the player characters can find a way of moving a one ton object closer to the Loch (a lorry with a large hoist for instance such as that which placed them here) they have given Hastur a little less room to roam. If they could move this first monolith a distance west they have put the hamlet of Cannich beyond his reach and saved most of the lives there.

Chapter Summary

Alexander Roby's hearing is played out. If Dr. Highsmith recommends Roby's release the court complies and orders him moved to a rest home in Kent. If the investigators have convinced Dr. Highsmith or Grahame Roby otherwise, the court orders his commitment extended. Either way though Montague Edwards

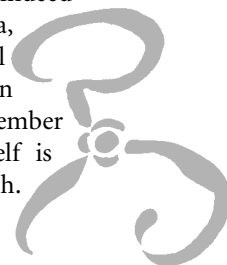
gets hold of Roby and spirits him north to Scotland. If the removal was by force, another murder is committed and there will be brief confusion over the identity of the dead man. The investigators learn that Michael Evans was in fact Edwards but still struggle to locate him.

Roby has secretly posted a note to his ex-fiancee, Delia Morrison, but to her old address and under her old name. The letter is delayed but Delia sends it on as soon as she gets it if she is on good terms with the investigators. It gives Alexander's destination. The next day Bacon's obituary appears in *Occult Magazine* and refers to Edwards as the 'Laird of Mullardoch'. The author of this piece is Aleister Crowley and an interview with him confirms that this is whom they are seeking; Crowley also knows something of Malcolm Quarrie and his interest in a group in Italy but this must wait. If the investigators still do not make a move to Mullardoch, Wilfred Gresty can be used to send a third letter to get

them there.

The investigators must hurry north. On the train journey they meet Henry Lister a cultist who says a gathering of cultists was to be complete by December 5th. The investigators move towards the Loch and as they come they see the monoliths and a glimpse or more of one of the terrible spawn of Hastur who have come to Earth. And then at the Loch they find Carcosa.

Are they too late? Roby has indeed finished and cast Build Carcosa, but the investigators' arrival should be before all four spawn have been summoned on December 11th, and before Hastur himself is summoned on December 12th. They still have time.



Cannich and the Shadows of Yog-Sothoth

The village of Cannich and nearby Loch Mullardoch have appeared in the *Call of Cthulhu* canon once before. In the campaign *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth*, a chapter has the investigators following the case of a missing person and drawn to both the village and loch. Indeed Cannich plays quite a prominent role: the investigators will make it their base for a time and many of the villagers and nearby residents will be introduced.

Cannich has less importance in the narrative drive of *Tatters of the King*. It is quite likely that the investigators use nothing more than the beds at the Hotel and (as they did in playtest) refrain from asking any questions locally for misplaced fear of the reach of the Cult of Hastur. However, the following details — drawn from *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* — flesh out the village a little and will ensure that if the keeper's group has played or plans to play *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* the area's description and history are consistent across the two campaigns.

Any player who might have independently encountered *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* gains no advantage in this campaign; note also that the following necessarily includes a minor spoiler for this chapter of that campaign.

Cannich

The Glenaffrie Guest House should be renamed The King's Head Inn and Mr. and Mrs. Harris should be replaced by the owner/publican Mr. Fergus MacInnes and the barmaid Miss Margaret MacNair.

There is a general store, MacNab's, which has a gasoline (petrol) pump and which in addition to basic foodstuffs and items for the locals can provide certain outdoor equipment suitable for walkers, climbers, and fishermen.

The village has a Post Office that boasts both a public telephone and provision for sending telegrams, and is also the home of Police Constable Sandy MacNeil. He (in better weather) conducts leisurely bicycle patrols of Cannich and the surrounding areas.

Montague Edwards

Edwards himself has visited this area only once and no one in Cannich would recognize him or even know his family name. Indeed, no one is aware who the "Laird of Mullardoch" is, if such a title exists.

Loch Mullardoch and the House

The name Mullardoch House means nothing to the villagers, but they can aver that a hunting lodge has stood empty on "this end" of the loch (the eastern end) for as long as they can remember. They do not know who owns it.

The dig site mentioned in *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* is along the north shore of the loch beyond the area where Carcosa is manifested.

Pre- or post-Shadows of Yog-Sothoth?

If the keeper has not run *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* and wishes to retain the option of doing so there is one major point to consider here. That is that if the investigators prove unsuccessful in stopping Hastur then every one of the residents of Cannich will succumb to him. This failure will hopefully not come about, but unless the keeper is prepared to risk this, run *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* first, to assure the full cast of characters.

If the keeper has already run *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* they should consider how the residents of Cannich have fared in the intervening period since the investigators' visit and all that that visit might have entailed. The keeper may also think on how a return, even if fleeting, might be greeted.

To Walk on the Earth in Carcosa

THE KING: But now, this is Carcosa, for the doom of Carcosa is visited upon you all.

CASSILDA: (she collapses) Not upon us, oh King, not upon us!

— *The King in Yellow*, translated by Thomas Ryng

For help with handling play in the city of Carcosa, keepers might read the article “The Road to Hali” by John Tynes in issue one of Pagan Publishing’s magazine *The Unspeakable Oath*. As of the time of writing, Tynes Cowan Corp. have this issue online, and the material there has also been revised and included in Pagan’s *Delta Green Countdown*. For ideas on setting an appropriate mood I also recommend the stories in Thomas Ligotti’s collection *Songs of a Dead Dreamer*, particularly those appearing in the section “Dreams for the Dead”.

The black mirror of Loch Mullardoch stretches out — a long, thin cut between the mountain ridges that contain it. The investigators can see Mullardoch House standing on the Loch’s eastern end. It is not as impressive as might have been imagined: a largish two-story stone hunting lodge, rather ugly. Two small cars stand in front of it almost completely hidden by snow. No footprints or tire tracks are visible.

A thin white mist rolls up from the water and around and past the house. There is no noise, no lights, no movement. As soon as the investigators move on, or back, the mist thickens around them. Visibility quickly lessens, but as it does they catch a glimpse of something new. Between them and Mullardoch House stands another structure — a large white arch, it looks ceremonial, not unlike Marble Arch by Hyde Park. It is completely incongruous in these surroundings and was not there a moment before.

And as the investigators struggle to make sense of this they become aware of other buildings around them. The mist is gone. Even behind them there are streets. They are standing in the middle of a city, a city that does not belong here. And they know it is Carcosa.

Carcosa in Play

Carcosa on Earth appears as a gracious city of indeterminate age; there is nothing immediately in evidence to place it past the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. It is laid out around half the shoreline of a calm lake — the other half is lightly forested with firs and birch — elegant buildings rise away up the steep slopes from the water arranged about plazas, avenues, pools, canals, and formal parks and gardens. There is architecture of all kinds here but most of the city has a formal, Italianate feel with white marble bell-towers, ornate relief work, small bridges, columns, red roof tiles, and marble domes.

Although it contains many impressive structures Carcosa is dominated by its Palace. This is extensive, boasting three huge, loosely defined wings each with towers, parapets, and spires, supported at points with buttresses, and joined to one another by soaring walkways. These mostly separate wings are unified by jointly fronting three sides of a vast square. The square itself becomes a balcony that depends out above the still waters of the lake that border its fourth side. The whole building is a mixture of styles but somehow a triumph of form. The Palace is visible from almost all points within the city, but somehow always sits on the far shore of the lake, its image mirrored in the waters. And alongside that image hang the reflections of Carcosa's twin suns: always falling but never setting in the perpetual twilight sky.

The majority of the city boasts buildings of a uniformly fine quality, well designed and constructed, and in perfect repair. The streets are clean, there are well-tended trees and open spaces, there is no kind of objectionable noise or bustle. A calm pervades the place. Occasional snatches of music or singing may be heard although the source never made out. Some exceptions are discussed below, but otherwise keep this model as your standard when depicting Carcosa to the players.

The investigators cannot walk out of here; if they try such a course of action they travel for an hour or so before arriving back at their departure point. There is only one way out of the city and that is by submitting to the final encounter at the Palace. The keeper will see that what the investigators need to do here is scripted, however that should never be apparent to the players. There is in fact much scope for them to determine how each of these passages conclude and a similar scope for defining other encounters that might amuse or challenge them.

The City in Flux

Carcosa is not a normal city — it and its contents are changing at all times, constantly regenerating. Items here will sometimes shift in design, sometimes in function: so a simple blue silk robe changes color to brown and then changes entirely to become a woolen blanket; an oaken chair moves through the form of an upholstered footstool before it is an embroidered cushion and on and on.

On a greater scale, stone, marble, and tile are also irresolute, but tend to keep something of their same purpose. A door in a stone wall becomes a gap through a well-kept hedge, and this in turn is now an alleyway stealing along between two buildings. A private house changes into a baths which is now a sunken plaza. Likewise the spaces between the buildings also fluctuate:

a small courtyard becomes an ornamental pond; an expansive park is suddenly a vineyard.

This does not need to be overplayed. After two or three major changes the investigators will realize that they are in an unreliable situation. There is one exception to the above: these moves never take place under direct observation and so it follows that if an object is steadily watched it retains the same appearance even if all around it shifts.

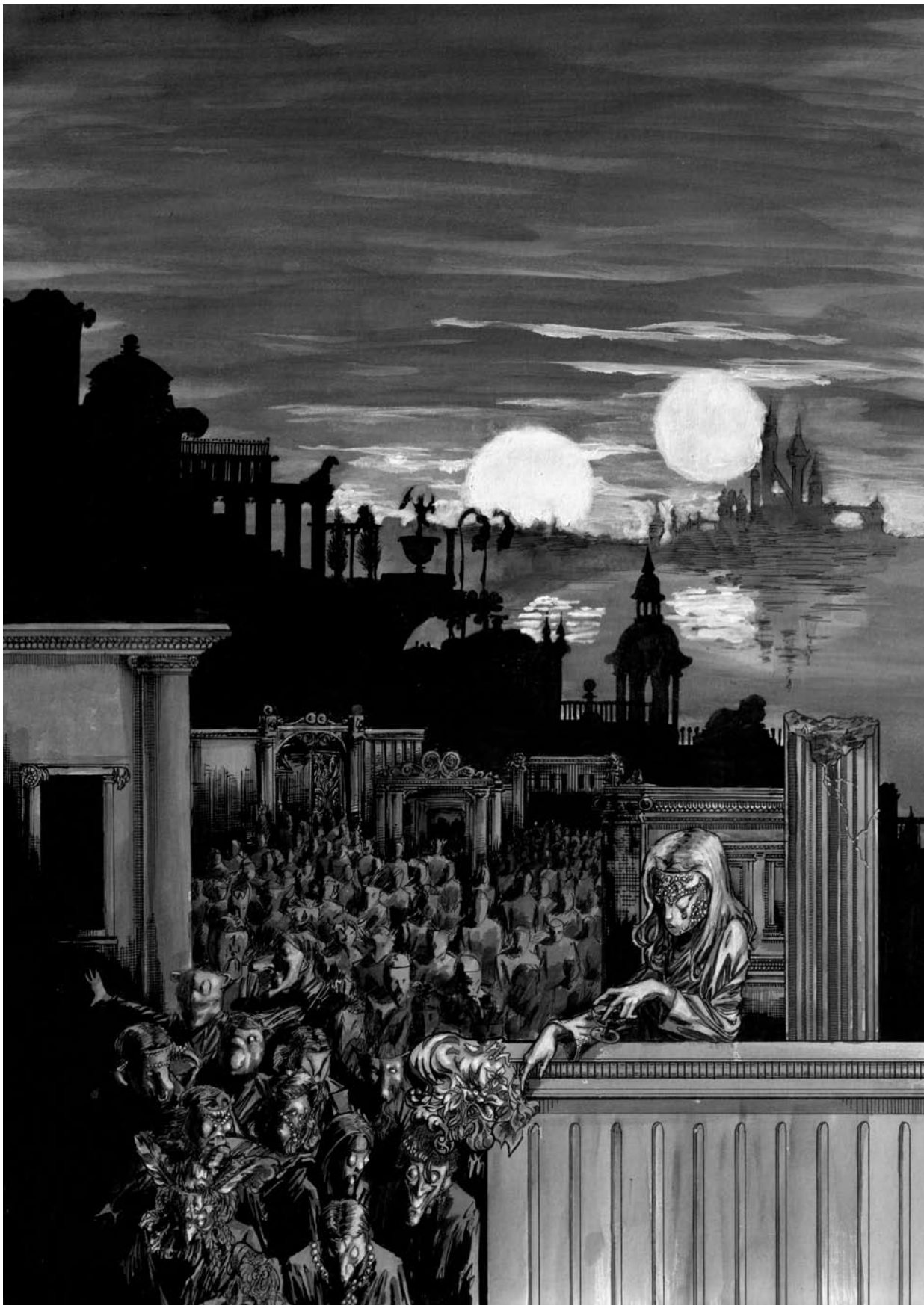
There are very few personal effects here in Carcosa: be minimal in descriptions. A bedroom has a bed, a wardrobe and hanging in the wardrobe a single lovely dress; one kitchen has a table, bread, knife, and a plate, the next has only a stove and a copper pan, (and this second description might be given if the first kitchen is revisited). All items found here are of fine quality.

People of Carcosa

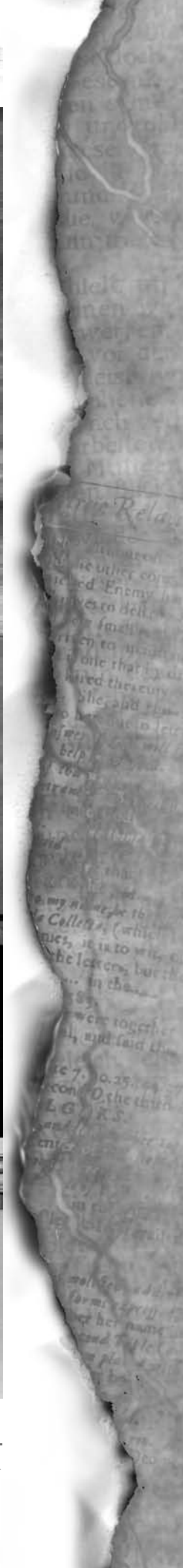
There is hardly anyone to be seen on the streets or in the houses and other buildings. There is a party, a festival occurring here in which most everyone is participating. People gather in the piazzas and auditoriums around the city, and on barges and barks that glide down the canals. In the Palace itself the festival takes the form of an elaborate masked ball to which more than a thousand of the wealthiest, wittiest, strangest, and most beautiful of the residents have flocked. The festival's name and purpose are not important.

The subject of conversation in the city is currently dominated by the recent appearance of a white-masked Stranger, dressed in tattered robes, said by some to be an envoy from a great power. Carcosa rarely interacts with outsiders and the arrival has unleashed a storm of rumors. Does the envoy's presence bode good or ill? Many of the people in the city proper have adopted outlandish and elaborate masks either to honor or mock the Stranger according to their inclination, their mood, and their views.

Interaction with particular residents is described in the encounters below. If the keeper wishes to introduce others they should show little curiosity toward the investigators. They are preoccupied with their own concerns. That preoccupation is usually the Stranger, though they may also carry an anxiety at having been separated from a companion or be feeling the need to get to another party or gathering. Conversations are variously elliptical or verbose. Almost all communicants are animated in what may seem a feverish manner. A **Psychology** roll for any resident suggests that they are only barely in control of themselves, although they are never violent even were violence visited upon them first. Though the people speak their own language, the parties can understand one another with some minor confusions of vocabulary.



Carcosa



Navigation

The goal for the keeper with regard to travel in Carcosa is to evince a subtle aura of panic in the players. They may be in danger. They may never get out. Navigation is elusive: to attempt to apply even normal concepts such as direction and time to this place is a near-pointless task. In fact (and this is not to be revealed of course) if the investigators stop right where they are and move not one step more, they still experience each of the encounters below. What happens to them in the city happens to them regardless.

Investigators might come to this conclusion too, but more probably they will want to fight the city. They will try to plot a definitive course from place to place, even though they can only have a vague idea where to aim for (e.g., in playtest a group of investigators allotted each other a differing field of vision before advancing and tried to anchor a broad horizon in that fashion). Allow the investigators to think they are in control at times, that these encounters are being driven by their decisive maneuverings, but those who are dashing from place to place will inevitably suffer more setbacks than victories — particularly because ambitious movement means they risk getting lost.

Getting Lost

When investigators attempt moderately difficult feats of navigation such as meeting at a pre-arranged rendezvous, or walking straight through a large building and emerging from a door on the far side, the keeper should call for a roll of some kind. If you feel an investigator is using logic to reach his destination, request a **Navigate roll**: the chance of success cannot exceed 50% even if the investigator's skill is higher. If the player

character seems to be trusting his or her instinct, following the mood and will of Carcosa, allow the higher of **Navigate or POW x2**. If the character has read *The King in Yellow* or *Der Wanderer durch den See*, make it POW x3 — in this case the chance may exceed 50%. The keeper should roll for the investigators or have them roll without knowledge of the check they're trying to make — this can be the player's choice.

Getting out of one another's sight or intentionally splitting up in Carcosa is a bad idea, but getting separated will probably occur either by accident or design. Separation can mean merely walking up a staircase and out of sight while others stay below, turning a corner five seconds before others, or getting two rooms away in a house. Keeping voice contact, holding another end of a piece of a string, following chalk marks — none of these is sufficient against separation. Carcosa honors only sight, and even that physical evidence it accepts grudgingly.

If some investigators lose the others the first thing everyone will probably do is to call out. Allow both groups to hear but not see one another (maybe put them on two sides of a door as you play this out). Staying put allows voice contact to be kept, but as soon as someone moves . . . the voices fade and die.

Once it's clear that investigators have lost one another, physically separate the players accordingly. (If you can get a second keeper for this session of play, great, do so.) All plans to reunite fail. The city is big and willfully confusing: the harder one tries to make sense of it, the less it complies. Once there are two or more groups, alternately run the following scripted encounters with the different parties along with any off-the-cuff moments. The keeper may also feel the same encounter can be used twice: once for each group.

For reuniting the player characters, either use Noss (when the investigators meet him and if they trust him) or simply have the investigators come across one another at a dramatically appropriate time. The player characters should be reunited before crossing the Lake.

The Encounters

The subsequent numbered encounters will anchor a confusing and dreamlike passage through Carcosa. The investigators have no real control over their movement so the keeper may introduce the encounters in sequence (it is most unlikely to appear to the investigators that these encounters are linear). Alter things as your instincts guide you, though; more than anything this period of play is about establishing a vaguely hysterical, dream-like mood for the city. In playtest, when the keeper went along enthusiastically as the investigators

Masks

The residents wear masks that represent stylized forms of man, beast, fish, and fowl; they are worked in woods, laminates, lacquers, precious metals, and decorated with jewels, bones, feathers, and fur. Individually they are wonderful and elaborate works of art and they make for great effect. While some appear malign and threatening, others are comical or comely, sad or enigmatic. Many might be encountered here. There is Harlequin with his black mask over interlocking green, yellow, and red diamonds together with Columbine as the shepherdess with pale skin and rosy cheeks and lips. There is a bird, white-feathered with cruel yellow eyes. There is the blank oily face of the nightgaunt. There is a plain ivory mask with inlaid jet that make moving shadows — very beautiful. There is a priest, golden-skinned, stern, handsome, and wise. And there is a thing half-man and half-fish, but happy in neither form.

did the unexpected worked well — in effect a form of collaborative storytelling.

Sanity rolls are called for in places, but no penalties are assessed for the strange city itself. As long as the investigators are still in Carcosa, they are safe from such losses — although it is alien, Carcosa *feels* right. The keeper might even make a point of saying that no Sanity roll is called for at certain moments when it might be thought warranted: this will probably make the players a little uneasy in itself. As they may guess, the Sanity points are paid upon exit.

Physical damage does apply in Carcosa as it does on Earth — this is not the Dreamlands.

1. A City Gate

This is the gate mentioned when the investigators entered Carcosa. It is the first landmark they see. It's a large, ornate arch topped by elaborate statuary depicting a pair of lions rearing and fighting. This might be assumed anyway but a **Cthulhu Mythos roll** confirms this place as the Dream City of Carcosa that stands by Lake Hali. Allow a roll of **Cthulhu Mythos x3** or less if that person has read *The King in Yellow* or *Der Wanderer durch den See*.

Mullardoch House is no longer visible. Neither is the Loch. When next it is, it will be Hali. Details and distinctions such as these are unreliable now that Build Carcosa has been cast; the earthly attributes of the Loch and the house are subsumed within those of the alternate and shifting reality of Carcosa.

The investigators now see that the sky is not their own. It appears to be night and there are stars everywhere, but there are also two pale suns low in the sky that bathe the city in a pearl light. Moreover, Earthly constellations are not to be seen, as a successful **Astronomy roll** attests.

When the investigators' attention moves from the city gate for even a moment it is next seen to be much lower and gilded. A statue of a single horse-headed bird — fashioned from onyx — tops it. If the investigators take their eyes from it again, it has become a tall, thin building, with a simple wooden door at its base. A great flame burns in a brazier on its flat roof. An **Idea roll** suggests the structure is a lighthouse although it's not on the Lake. There is a dim light showing through the door which stands ajar, but there is no one inside and the only items of interest are several ornate masks hanging on pegs in the top room — by coincidence one for each investigator.

A **Spot Hidden roll** as they exit, or perhaps from the top of the lighthouse, shows a pair of outlines flying across one then the other sun before losing themselves in the inky sky. If the investigators have encountered byakhee at Clare Melford, an **Idea roll** suggests these

things were the same. Sanity cost is 0/1 points. If one stares really hard at the sky, the stars seem to wink. The sky is crop-thick with them.

2. An Esplanade

The investigators emerge onto a broad walkway lined by porticoes that are in turn backed by large buildings. The buildings have no visible doors and their windows are set high up in the smooth walls. Several residents of Carcosa, all masked, suddenly appear at adjoining windows in one building and lean far out. One is pointing past the investigators while the others strain to see what they are indicating. Then there is a shout of recognition, a shrill scream, and some slightly hysterical or embarrassed laughter. If the investigators look ahead themselves, ask for a **Spot Hidden roll** to see a figure all in white some 300 yards ahead of them. It's too far away to recognize, but this is The Stranger as described in *The King in Yellow* and depicted in *The Queen and the Stranger*. The figure is moving and quickly disappears.

If the investigators turn to the party in the windows, all except one disappear. The last is a man and he seems anxious, first glancing at where the figure disappeared and then over his shoulder and shouting "I am coming!" He wears a plain golden mask that leaves only his mouth showing. If asked about the figure he says: "We think it was the envoy to Queen Cassilda — hurry and you may catch them!" If the characters mention masks in any context: "Wait there". He disappears for half a minute and then tosses down a bag that contains as many masks as there are investigators. Any other queries are met with a phrase such as "I don't think that matters", or "Would that I had your fortitude and ready humor." He soon hurries off.

3. The Canal Bridge

The investigators come to a low wall broken by steps down. These lead to a slim bridge spanning a canal. The waters are quite a distance below but the canal itself is only about twenty feet wide. A **Spot Hidden** at this point notices the Stranger moving along the far bank and into a doorway close by.

There seems no good way forward except the bridge. It is twenty feet long, less than a foot wide and is fashioned of marble. There is no handrail. (It won't be noticed but its surface is also slightly concave.) Ask for a **DEX x5 roll** to walk across. Crawling proves safer as does moving briskly across: both get **DEX x6** rolls. If a roll fails the investigator has slipped: ask for a **Luck roll** and if that fails, the player character falls. It is much farther down than it appeared: lose 1D6-4 hit points. Companions see the falling character tumble right out of sight; they hear but don't see the splash.

Characters who fall into the water can surface and with a Luck roll grab a mooring ring or rope to haul themselves out: if failing the **Luck roll**, start *Call of Cthulhu's* drowning rules.

The dripping investigator climbs onto a small quay. Steps lead up, but somehow the player character has lost their companions. They can't be heard, nor can they hear them. A character diving to another's rescue suffers the same fate. All characters who get to safety from the canal will find each other — but not the original group.

4. An Amphitheater—Quentin Spence

The investigators come up and onto the large stage of an immaculate Roman-style amphitheater. A semi-circle of stone seats rises up and away from them into the sky; trapdoors and scene-shifting equipment show that the theater is still in use. Call for a **Spot Hidden** roll to see a furtive movement about thirty yards away behind a pillar — then a handgun. There's only time for a shouted warning before a fusillade of gunfire echoes. Four rapid shots come their way: call for **Luck rolls** and worst failure (or worst success if no one failed) is the target. Unaimed, the chance to hit is just 3%, and if the target was going for cover, just 2%. A Hastur cultist, Quentin Spence, is here and armed with a revolver. If his own weapon was to hand, an investigator may get off one shot that round, between Spence's own second and third shots.



Mr. Spence

Appearance and Demeanor: Neatly cut brown hair, a fat face, and a nervous smile, he has not shaved for several days. Spence is dressed in a tweed suit, good brown shoes, and shirt and tie; he is tallish but moves with a hunch as though trying to remain unseen. Constantly perspiring and mopping his brow with a handkerchief, he gives off a nervous air and appears evasive even when telling the truth. Events in Carcosa have his remaining Sanity points disappearing fast.

Know: Author of several short poems that have featured in literary magazines, and one notable collection. The mood of these poems is spare and haunting, definitely not to everyone's taste.

Insider Knowledge: Single. Lives in Plymouth on the coast in the southwest of England. An inveterate joiner: a Golden Dawn recruit into the cult, a Freemason, bird-watcher, chess club member, a participant at readings, lectures, and volunteer committees of all sorts. He was

present at the appearance of Hastur at Springer Mounds and has been haunted by it since.

Plot: Spence meets the investigators in Carcosa. If he is not killed he can tell them about the aim and progress of the summonings and suggest Roby's likely location in the city.

Quentin Spence, age 47, English Cultist and Poet

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 16 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 08 EDU 14 SAN 15 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Attacks: Enfield No. 2 revolver 20%, damage 1D10

Skills: Accounting 22%, Art (Chess) 34%, Art (Literature) 30%, Art (Poetry) 41%, Art (Writing) 29%, Credit Rating 34%, Cthulhu Mythos 02%, Law 45%, Natural History (Wildlife) 19%, Occult 04%, Persuade 49%.

Languages: English 78%, French 42%.

If he is addressed, or he hears the investigators call out to one another, Spence stops firing — he had panicked. Otherwise, in the next round, still crouched down behind cover and difficult to hit, he fires two more wild shots before bringing the hammer of his revolver down twice on empty chambers (audible on a successful **Listen** roll). On the third round he runs. He is not a young or particularly agile man and he can be easily caught.

Whenever it is that he realizes these are men he straightens from his hiding place — an oddly normal figure in this environment, still very properly dressed. He puts his gun in a pocket and comes over. He is profusely apologetic: "I thought you were the creatures in the sky", and if appropriate: "You're wearing masks . . ." he trails off. He is unmasked and his tweed suit marks him clearly not an inhabitant of Carcosa; just as clearly, a **Psychology** roll reads him as not being in a balanced state. If allowed to keep his assumption that they are fellow cultists he talks freely, but his mind is in the here and now and he talks of nothing except Carcosa.

Spence has been across at the Palace and has taken part in all the ceremonies except the one currently happening: how many that is depends on the date that the investigators arrived. He tells the investigators how many spawn have been summoned and if any remain to be summoned. He knows four are needed and he knows what will be called next. He says he lost his nerve about what will happen when the King in Yellow comes, and he is looking for Roby in the hope that he'll know what to do. He suspects Roby knows nothing of Edwards' plans yet. He thinks he might be in the Sculpture Museum. Do they know?

Spence doesn't know the back way to the Palace. He isn't sure how he got here. He might want to tag along with the investigators but does not want to relinquish his gun for which he has fifteen more bullets in various

jacket pockets. If asked to give up the gun he is distraught, claiming he'll be killed without it.

As the investigators leave the Amphitheater a **Spot Hidden** notices the body of a reveler, a man. The unstable Spence shot him. What do they do with Spence now?

- If the investigators disarmed Spence without first seeing his victim, each person present loses 1 Sanity point.
- If they didn't disarm Spence and still fail to do so after seeing his victim, they each lose 1 Sanity point.
- If they see his victim and disarm him (or had already disarmed him) they each gain 1 Sanity point.

Note that the first and third awards can mutually lead to a 0 Sanity point loss.

5. The Northern Quarter—Noss

No matter which way the investigators have been turning they have been climbing for some time. Now their height gives them a commanding aspect: the city is spread out beneath them and over the roofs the Lake itself is a great stain of shadow except on its far, far shore where it reflects the lights of the Palace. This is the first sight of the building; brilliantly illuminated, its scale must be enormous.

The streets they are in are small and twisted, rising and falling unexpectedly. It seems a more modest part of town, but the buildings still offer their own grandiosities — aerial walkways in iron, wooden carvings of fabulous beasts or nature, chimney pots that are cast simulacra of its owner's trade: shoes and boots, muskets, silver fish. Everywhere is a concerted attention to over-elaboration and the non-functional. Several times the investigators find the road they're taking dead-ends in a wall or finishes at a gate that is mysteriously anchored on both sides, despite its ornate handle. Once they follow a corridor that turns in and in, growing narrower and narrower, progressing with the formulaic perfection of a conch shell that somehow promises a fantastic conclusion before, frustratingly, becoming too tight to pursue.

As the investigators turn a corner they come upon a small group of masked figures — these might well be the first residents they have come this close to. As the rest move off, the last turns to greet them.

"And I am Noss". He's in high spirits, a little drunk on wine. He doffs the red and green bird mask that he wears.

From Noss the investigators can learn the following. This city's name is Yhtill (any investigator who has seen The Queen and the Stranger or read *The King in Yellow* may make a **Know roll** to recall that Yhtill becomes Carcosa with the Stranger here). Yhtill's queen is Cassilda, her brother, Aldones, her daughter is Camilla,

and Camilla's brothers are Thale and Uoht. There is a great festival happening that has given rise to the excitement. A Stranger has come to the city who promises further upheaval — Noss wears his own mask in the Stranger's honor hoping that all will be to the good. Noss does not want to talk of other things. He is polite and friendly but intractable. He asks one, perhaps two questions. The first: "Were you born here?" and if the investigators are not wearing masks he would like to know what faction they favor. A **Psychology** roll suggests Noss is straightforward in all he has presented but excited to the point of mania.

If the investigators show any confusion regarding the city or its customs, Noss offers to act as a guide. He can take them to the Sculpture Museum but not to the Palace, unfortunately, only the Lake — they can get there from the Lake. There is one precondition: if the party is not masked, Noss insists they don masks now, and he hurries off to procure them. Those he brings are elaborate and fine and although investigators may fear wearing them their only effect is to make facial identification impossible and reduce **Spot Hidden rolls** by 10%.

If the investigators are seeking any of their companions, Noss is sure he can help. He takes them through a tiny, roofed alleyway (characters of SIZ 13 or greater need to duck and squeeze) and into a hidden courtyard surrounded by tall houses. A round bench has been built around an asphodel tree here. Noss suggests they sit here and wait: "Everyone comes by sooner or later". It is dim and quiet; despite what he promises this does not seem to be a good meeting point. After an hour Noss goes off to return with wine and then after another hour all lost investigators arrive: describe the locale to the other group(s) along with the masked figures sitting there. If the party arriving is also masked, the keeper can keep the groups physically separate a while longer as the encounter develops.

Noss says he needs to be off about his business now. He admits he's a little worried about the Stranger's approach and wants to safeguard his business premises against any unpleasantness. If the investigators learnt nothing from Quentin Spence, Noss reveals that he saw their other friend in the Sculpture Museum. If they want Noss to take them there at this juncture it needs a **Persuade roll** — only one may be attempted.

It's difficult to judge the passage of time in Carcosa, but perhaps the investigators have been in the city for four to eight hours now. Wrist or pocket watches prove completely unreliable: some seem to have stopped, while on others the second hands sweep forward crazily.





Noss

Noss of Yhtill

Appearance and Demeanor: Noss is of average height and build, with brown hair cut in a monastic manner, a trimmed beard, and a pleasant smile. He has broad forearms, and wears a thick cotton jerkin and trousers, heavy boots, and leather wristbands. He is warm to the visitors and tries his very best to please them.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Lives and works in the city he knows as Yhtill.

Plot: Meets the investigators in Yhtill/Carcosa. He knows of the stranger's arrival and can help them find lost friends, Roby, or even the Lake. He loves his city and is very proud of it. Alert investigators see he is a little afraid.

Noss of the city Yhtill, age 40, Commoner and Leatherworker

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 08
DEX 14 APP 11 EDU 04 SAN 36 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: None

Skills: Art (Painting) 06%, Art (Sculpture) 07%, Bargain 30%, Craft (Leatherworking) 68%, Cthulhu Mythos 02%, Fast Talk 16%, Listen 45%, Persuade 36%, Psychology 05%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 45%.

Languages: Carcosan 55% (understandable by the investigators).

6. The Sculpture Museum—Alexander Roby

The investigators know they have got to find Roby. If Noss leads them, they soon reach a small white building that a discreet sign announces as the Sculpture Museum; otherwise it's a more difficult task but they still arrive. All around are manicured gardens dotted with statuary of animals, men, and women — a medusa with its head of snakes screaming, a nightgaunt lovingly clutching a human child to its breast, a perfect replica of a cypress tree next to the real thing — byakhees presenting angular wet-black arrangements folded in upon themselves like bat wings. The last are by the entrance and though they are quite motionless, four of them are real, bound by Roby.

As the investigators pass by, the creatures shift — their eyes swivel jerkily and one claps its great jaws together. They can't move from their spots unless attacked, but their presence still costs 0/1 Sanity points.

Steps lead straight down from the entrance to vast exhibition floors, much larger than the building above them. All the rooms are empty of other visitors. There are hundreds of objects here from all eras. Most intersect with the Hastur Mythos. The first works met are two huge dioramas of New York City modeled out of black and white ivory. One shows the city in 2030 with its grand army buildings and parade grounds and also the euthanasia chambers in the parks and larger public squares. The other is the metropolis of 1929. The Gothic outline of the new Woolworth building juts up above all else. Both models offer incredible detail.

Further along is a wide corridor lined both sides with byakhee whistles from West Africa, Italy, India, from both Celephais and Sarkomand in the Dreamlands, from far Celeano and the stars of the Hyades. A dozen white robes hang in the next chamber, artfully arranged on wire mannequins so that the Yellow Sign is not entirely visible. Over in a corner is a full-size rendition of a human figure: the clay is still wet and an Idea roll suggests that the representation is of one of the investigators. The works are numerous and powerful — the keeper should describe additional items along these lines if the investigators inquire, but they find no texts here. Museum etiquette demands nothing be touched or taken, though there are no guards and no cases so investigators are free to pirate this collection if they wish.

After some period the investigators find themselves in a study area. There, asleep at a desk, his back to them, is a man. He hears them and looks up with some alarm and then confusion. Alexander Roby.

Roby stands up and waits for them to approach. He is wearing black trousers and a shirt with no tie and no collar. He looks tired but also very composed: a slight smile is on his lips. Roby is lucid and capable in Carcosa. He is quite unlike the man met in the asylum. He remembers the investigators who interviewed him there and greets them by name. He does not trouble to discover why they are here.

He is at first unconcerned if he finds the investigators are opposed to Hastur. He says that although Carcosa owes a part of its character to Hastur, Hastur is like the darkness that throws the light into perfect relief — natural. He asks if the city is to their liking; he himself is very content. He assures them the city is safe: although the Stranger is here he will never reach the Palace to herald the arrival of the Tattered King. If the investigators are still unmoved, he says he can show them out of Carcosa and back to Earth. Roby does not wish to discuss any of his life before this moment.

At this point Roby should be told that Edwards is calling Hastur the King in Yellow.



His response is thoughtful. He says that Quarrie said that too: Edwards thought he could call the King in Yellow to Earth. If Edwards was to bring Hastur here, to Carcosa, he would not arrive as the King in Yellow — he would be in a form that had no meaning to Earth, no rationality. “We’re still on Earth you know. He would destroy everyone in Carcosa. Edwards, too.”

Roby’s mind seems to wander. He asks: “Has he misled me? Why would he do this?” The investigators may not be able to answer.

He gets up: “I’ll speak to him. He’ll be at the Palace.” He makes to leave; the investigators must go with him.

7. Lake Hali

The following text assumes that investigators reach the lake with Roby — although it’s possible that they didn’t stop to find him and had Noss bring them straight here. Either way, the journey to the lakeshore runs downhill through residential streets. Lake Hali is as still as stone. On its far shore is the bright Palace beneath the suns, looking a world away.

A path follows the water’s edge and promises to lead towards the Palace, but it soon cuts back into the city and if the investigators take this they lose their way. The Palace can only be reached by water, and as nobody is in sight the only good option is to borrow a boat, dozens of which are tied at the quay. These small craft are uniformly built from a polished hardwood, narrow in the beam with high bows and sterns, and with a single tall mast carrying a furred sail of white or pale yellow canvas. Each has further provision for two or three pairs of oars that are shipped on board. These boats are capable of taking up to ten people.

The party can put out in one or more of these vessels and can row or sail. The latter is simple if the character has at least Pilot Boat 20%, or Sailing 20%, (not core CoC skills). Generously, the keeper may choose to ask if a player feels his or her investigator’s known background suggests that he’s spent a summer or two in an environment where they would have learnt the rudiments of boats and sails. The lake seems much bigger once you are out upon it. It will take a couple of hours to cross if rowing, an hour if the boat is under sail.

Half an hour into the voyage ask the players for **POW x2** rolls. On a success those investigators definitely sense something nearby in the water. It’s quiet for ten or fifteen seconds — the keeper can stop talking and wait it out with the investigators. Then a **Spot Hidden** roll shows something big slipping gently beneath the water’s surface about a hundred yards away (a spawn of Hastur). It’s all quiet again for ten seconds, and then everyone can see long tentacles



break the surface frothing the water in front of a smooth domed mass. It's heading towards them . . . forty yards, thirty yards, twenty yards . . .

Ask each investigator in turn what they are doing.

The spawn comes straight on, submerging now, and its long shape passes directly under the hull. The boat is caught and rocks violently from one side to another only just staying upright. To stay in the boat anyone holding the mast needs a **DEX x7** roll, anyone sitting holding a seat or the gunwales a **DEX x5**, sitting but holding an oar or not holding on needs **DEX x3**, and anyone standing unsupported needs a straight **DEX** roll.

If anyone falls in, ask for a **Luck** roll: if it is successful they pop back up next to the boat and may grab an oar. If the roll fails, apply swim and drowning rules. Roby goes in but comes back up next to the boat.

Anyone looking for the creature sees it rear up about thirty yards beyond the boat; the tentacles flick down and the slick body comes into full view for a moment before it dives vertically with hardly a splash. Investigators will be looking all around for its reappearance but it's gone. Rescues can be made.

Call for **Sanity** rolls from those who saw the spawn of Hastur leave the water; it wasn't the clearest view so the Sanity loss is 1D3/1D10. Others lose 1D2/1D6 points. Roby is immune to this and to all subsequent Sanity checks. If an investigator carrying the Chime of Tezchapl fell into the water, the Chime is somehow lost! Only tell them this if they ask about its presence.

They head on. The Palace is much closer now. Roby is calm, watching the sky. Ask for more **Spot Hidden** rolls to see that there are hundreds, even thousands, of the dreadful byakhee just visible, black on black, falling down from the region of Carcosa's twin suns onto the Palace, specifically, onto the terrace. They swarm so thickly together that they make a river in the sky. A **Listen** roll can detect the screaming of the beasts. Sanity checks are applicable here for all, at a cost of 0/1 Sanity points.

As the boat nears landing Roby, who has been deep in thought, speaks to the investigators. He stares up at the byakhee as he does.

"I see what's happening: Edwards is using Carcosa to speak to Hastur. He thinks it's just like the play — the Stranger is in the Palace and so he can call the King in Yellow. He's wrong — he'll bring Hastur himself! And Hastur won't bargain with him. He won't even notice him. What will Hastur do with Carcosa?"

Roby's concerns don't extend to what will happen to the area around the loch on Earth, but if asked he will confirm that the area bounded by the monoliths will be open for Hastur.

The boat docks and steps lead up to one of the wings of the Palace.

Up to Four Spawn of Hastur

Appearance: The spawn appear as whipping, amoeboid, octopoidal beings in a bilious yellow/green hue and sometimes shot with light. The trunk or head is six to ten feet in size with the eight tentacles each being twenty-five feet in length.

These spawn move through water or air with equal ease. They progress in the manner of a giant squid except their tentacles precede their body rather than trail it, pulling it towards its destination. Flying is limited to perhaps twenty rounds only although a spawn may also anchor itself indefinitely to a vertical object such as, in this environment, a monolith.

Identical Spawn of Hastur

STR 41 CON 21 SIZ 31 INT 13 POW 17
DEX 10 MOV 6 swim / 20 fly HP 26

Damage Bonus: +3D6.

Attacks: Tentacle (one per target) 75%, damage 1D6 + 3D6 or Engulf on succeeding round causing death.

Armor: 10 points from a thick rubbery sac.

Spells: Chant of Thoth, Create Gate, Flesh Ward, Song of Hastur, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Voorish Sign.

Skills: Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Sanity Loss: 1D6/1D20 Sanity points to see a spawn of Hastur.

8. The Palace

The earthly structure of Mullardoch House has been integrated into the architecture of Cassilda's Palace. Alexander Roby cast Build Carcosa beside the house on Earth and now, in the corresponding spot, on the marble terrace beside the Palace, Montague Edwards and the remaining cultists are performing their ceremonies to summon Hastur and his spawn. The castings are predominately constituted of performances of the play *The King in Yellow* with the majority of the cultists participating at any one time. Sometimes understudies step in mid-play as an actor loses his way or subsides into exhaustion or delirium — it's an exhausting schedule and the castings happen once per day to allow for rest. Surprisingly, despite the amateur nature of its actors, each telling attains a bewitching glamor. The spawn who have been summoned cannot normally molest anyone in the city of Carcosa, but they swim through the loch, occasionally moving out to undulate next to the monoliths and their latent power.

Coombs

The investigators enter the Palace. They pass along marble-floored corridors hung with portraits, through

receiving rooms and great banquet halls, across small gardens and high, cold chapels. The place seems endless. Alexander says they must head for the terrace where the summoning is being performed but he outlines no plan and still seems very concentrated upon his own thoughts. He murmurs to himself.

There has been a party here very recently. Food and drink abounds, as do flaming candles. There are discarded masks and even some fine clothes. On several occasions the investigators will catch sight of partygoers at the other side of a large room or crossing the end of a corridor — some are naked or half-naked — they hurry past and cannot be intercepted.

If Coombs is still alive in this campaign he appears now. Coombs takes no part in Edwards' summonings; instead he walks the halls of the Palace preying on its peaceful occupants and guests. Allow the investigators to see him, recognize him, and let him see them before he moves out of sight. Coombs's statistics were given near the beginning of Chapter 2.

Whether or not he realizes who they are, he instigates a game of cat and mouse — stalking the group, or letting them stalk him through the hundreds of rooms and corridors. The investigators hear doors slam, the sound of running feet, the scratch of his switchblade as he runs it along metal. Coombs never carries a gun, preferring his knife. He's good at this game and could gain the upper hand if the investigators separate or if they fail to remain alert — he should certainly attack them if he gets an opportunity. Coombs will not harm Roby in any way — Edwards has been clear on that point.

As the tension mounts, the investigators hear sounds of a struggle some way ahead and two rooms later come across a body laid out on a polished wood table: it is a handsome young man whose throat has been cut. The blood is still running, the body is still warm — 1/1D2 Sanity loss.

Yolanda of the city Yhtill

Just as the investigators leave the room where they found the body and come toward a bend in a wide corridor, they hear rapid footsteps. They have seconds to react. Hopefully they do nothing rash for moments later it is a young woman who rushes around the corner. She collides with one of the investigators, and falls with a cry. She wears a lacquered mask with the face of a leering imp, the red of which matches the silk of her elegant gown. At her wrists and at her throat are clasped what must be a fortune in rubies: they shine like bloody wounds. As she gets up, rather unsteadily, the mask dislodges — she is very beautiful.

She is obviously fearful and it takes quick words (a **Fast Talk** roll) or physical prevention to stop her running off in the direction to where Coombs is thought to



Coombs in the Palace



be lurking. If she is stopped she quickly regains her composure. She looks around the group and if they are not wearing masks, she does not replace her own. She tells them her name is Yolanda and she lives here in the Palace. She doesn't recognize them and expects introductions. She speaks in French, the court language, but she switches to Carcosan if asked.

Appearance and Demeanor: Yolanda is very beautiful with pale skin, green eyes, and long dark hair; she's dressed in jewels and an expensive long silk gown. Skilled in conversation and complements, she instinctively aims her considerable allure at the most eligible male investigator who might reciprocate. Something about her character may also not quite seem grounded. A successful **Psychology** roll suggests she is very used to playing a role, and that that is what she's doing here.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: A noble-born courtesan in the Palace of Yhtill. A respected member of her profession, Yolanda is a close companion of both Prince Uoht and the Princess Camilla. (Note: Yolanda shares the name, and only the name, with a form of the Outer God Yidhra as detailed in the *Creature Companion* and *Malleus Monstrorum*)

Plot: Yolanda meets the investigators in the Palace. She's aware that the Stranger didn't unmask before Cassilda and fears this means Yhtill has become Carcosa. She knows the Palace intimately and should be used as a guide. Her charm is such that if someone she approaches is not responding, have the character's player roll **INT against her APP** on the Resistance Table. If the roll fails, the character is drawn to her despite better judgment, and may be induced to rash acts while near her; this pull is not permanent or unbreakable. Yolanda does not wish to abandon her home even in this chaos.

Yolanda of the city Yhtill, age 22, Noblewoman and Courtesan

STR 11	CON 09	SIZ 09	INT 11	POW 07
DEX 16	APP 19	EDU 15	SAN 35	HP 09

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: None

Skills: Art (Painting) 11%, Art (Sculpture) 19%, Bargain 65%, Credit Rating 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 4%, Dodge 62%, Disguise 76%, Hide 40%, Listen 41%, Persuade 90%, Psychology 65%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 27%.

Languages: Carcosan 84% (understandable to the investigators), French 80%.

Yolanda tells them what she knows. The Stranger is come to Yhtill. There was a party. All unmasked at the

appointed hour but the Stranger, and when the Queen ordered him to follow suit he did not because he wore his own face . . . the Pallid Mask. Now a curse is on Yhtill, which will surely become Carcosa.

Roby is most agitated by her words, he says that time may be close, they must hurry. Then he pauses. He has something else important to say here:

"You wish to prevent Hastur coming don't you?"

Presumably he hears a "yes". He looks at the investigators who interviewed him in the asylum and says the following if it is appropriate.

"Do you remember the verses of Cassilda's Song I told you in the cell? The stars and the suns?"

He repeats them if he must, or he says them for the first time — see Chapter 1 for the text.

"You may still escape Carcosa. Don't forget those words. Look at what men can do. Look at what Edwards is doing now. You must not trust Quarrie to do so: remember

those words if it is you yourself that must lead the King astray."

Roby will get frustrated if asked to spell this out further, he says there is no time. "Just think on the words."

Yolanda herself goes with the group; she knows the Palace very well and can show them the best route to the terrace. She attaches herself to the male investigator she has chosen and wonders if she may "hear their story". Her arm goes through his — she is charming, attentive, very alluring. The relevance of a quick bond being built here is that at some future point of drama (e.g., the attack by Coombs or Roby's possible suicide) Yolanda will again become panicked. Unless some measure of reciprocation was shown by this or another investigator, Yolanda rushes off into the maze that is the Palace and will be unavailable to guide them away. Further, if allowed to disappear while Coombs is still alive she will be found murdered by him in the manner foreshadowed by her jewels: 1D2/1D4+1 Sanity loss.

After a long walk during which Yolanda keeps up conversation with her companion, she says they are at the terrace. At this moment, if Coombs has not already been dealt with he attacks. He has no regard for his own safety and he reveals nothing if incapacitated and not killed.

The next room is a ballroom, one wall of which is made of a succession of tall glass doors all giving onto a long balcony. Advancing the investigators can see the terrace where the summoning is taking place. It is below them. Steps curl down from the balcony onto the terrace from both left and right. Beyond is the dark water of Lake Hali.



Yolanda

But all this may hardly be noticed at first.

For the overwhelming impression is of the byakhee. There are hundreds and hundreds of the beasts outside, thick on the balustrades, roofs, and walls. Streams of the creatures are still flying down from the sky to join those already here, thickening the ranks each minute. These usually raucous monsters are silent, rapt, facing inward. They are focused on the small group of men in the center of it all.

Stopping the Play

None of the dozen men down there on the terrace are likely to be identifiable to the investigators, but Roby knows them all and he sees Edwards and he knows they are casting Free Hastur. Because of Carcosa's influence the spell is unraveling in the form of the play. A Know roll for anyone who has seen *The Queen and the Stranger* or has read *The King in Yellow* ascertains that the actors are nearing the end of a performance — otherwise Roby makes the point. Either another spawn or Hastur himself is about to appear. The cultist playing Cassilda is striking her son Aldones with a sword and it's clear that the attack is real. Blood is everywhere: soaking Aldones' robes, pooling underfoot, and flying from the sword tip — yet still Aldones delivers his lines, just audible to the investigators from where they watch, and somehow he still stands! It is Edwards. His preternatural recuperative powers are knitting his body together even as it is being slashed apart.

There are now a number of distinct options for the player characters and Roby. Likely ones are listed below in a roughly descending order of likelihood and effectiveness. Realistically, one of the first three options needs to be taken for the investigators to claim success; the second might be the most dramatically pleasing. If the investigators come up with some other course of action it should be possible to match its likely outcome to an option here.

- **Use the Chime of Tezchaptl:** This option presupposes the investigators have the Chime and know its use. Though not employing music or song, the method being used here to cast Free Hastur is "Art", and as such can be defeated by the Chime; Roby knows this.

As the Chime is struck, the actors stumble, then halt in confusion. The play stops. Edwards turns and stares up, bloody and disbelieving. He sees the investigators just as the byakhee take to the air in a great swarm. If the Chime is now rung again this sends the POW it absorbed back at Edwards — he was the focal point of the spell — and when this massive blast of accumulated energy hits him, blood immediately starts to well and flow from his mouth, his eyes, his ears. He collapses, coughing, unable to cry out and despite his healing powers he is dead in just seconds. Even at a distance,

this sight is unpleasant enough to cost the player characters 0/1D3 Sanity points.

The summoning has been stopped and now investigators must now get out of Carcosa. But even as they turn to leave a shadow falls across them.

See the subsequent section "Hastur's Arrival".

- **Kill Roby / Roby's suicide:** Roby brought Carcosa here. If he dies, it disappears from Earth and the casting of Free Hastur becomes impossible. The investigators won't be aware of this — and killing Roby would be morally tenuous anyway — but if there is no Chime, then Roby decides that suicide is the only option.

He asks to borrow a weapon, preferably a revolver. He says that only he can stop Edwards, that they must trust him. If rebuffed he will say that the byakhee cannot harm him and so only he can get close enough to Edwards to kill him. If given a gun he takes it, turns his back, and immediately uses it on himself. It is a fatal wound. He tries to ward off attempts at First Aid or Medicine as he gently explains why he did what he did. He says he must be allowed to die. Roby's suicide is worth 1/D2 Sanity points.

The byakhee take to the air and, down on the balcony, Edwards wheels to glare up at them.

The summoning has been stopped and again the investigators must get out of Carcosa as soon as possible. Even now it seems to ripple around them. But as they prepare to leave they see Roby look past them and out of the window a horrified expression on his face. And a shadow falls across him.

See the subsequent section "Hastur's Arrival".

- **Use Force to Interrupt a Casting of Free Hastur:** The investigators can stop the play by killing Edwards. It must be him, since other actors are replaceable. This is a risky option and carries a high cost for failure. Roby argues against this course of action saying that Edwards ignores wounds: Roby would prefer to fool the investigators into letting him kill himself than have them try this.

From the ballroom, which is the best vantage point for a rifle shot, the range is 200 yards. It can be a precision aimed shot (see the *Call of Cthulhu* rules). Edwards has 6 points of damage when the investigator fires, and if Edwards is killed outright, he cannot regenerate. The gamble can work. If so, the play stops.

The byakhee take to the air. The summoning has been stopped and the investigators must get out of Carcosa. But even now the investigators see that a shadow is falling across the panicked cultists.

See the subsequent section "Hastur's Arrival".

If the attack was not fatal the byakhee react. There is no time for another shot as now they are everywhere, crashing into the ballroom and climbing all over one another to get to the attackers first. Roby will be

exempted from attack — they are under Edwards' sway for now and they will safeguard Roby from harm or self-harm. As a citizen of Carcosa, Yolanda cannot be attacked either.

The investigators cannot stand against this wave of beasts. They must flee. See the subsequent sub-section "Leaving Carcosa".

The play outside continues to its conclusion. The investigators have failed.

■ **Take Alexander Roby from Carcosa:** Similar to the above option *Kill Roby / Roby's suicide*, if Roby leaves Carcosa it disappears from Earth and the casting of Free Hastur is impossible.

This option is unlikely for three reasons: first, the investigators won't know this is a possible solution to Hastur's arrival; second, Roby would rather die here than return to his existence on Earth; third, the inves-

tigators don't know how to get out of Carcosa and back to Earth.

This option is listed just in case the investigators have some means of getting Roby to reveal information he doesn't want to reveal and also of coercing him to do their will. Taking Roby out of the city is the only resolution that could let the investigators avoid encountering Hastur and as such is probably the most effective.

See the sub-section "Leaving Carcosa", with the assumption that Roby is their guide.

■ **Tamper with the Monoliths around the Loch:** This action would need to have been taken previous to the arrival at the Palace and as has been described can only be partially successful. The monoliths' positions bind the area open to Hastur and his attendant creatures when he is freed, so if the investigators were able to move the monolith by Cannich west of the village then they have saved most of

Hastur's Influence

It is recommended that the keeper does not let Hastur appear as an identifiable whole entity to the investigators. When Hastur comes, ask for Sanity rolls with costs of 1D10/1D100. Communicate the players' experiences individually based upon that Sanity roll and with reference to the examples below. The moment will seem to last for a minute or two and while it does nothing else matters — they experience utter calm. Then they are back in the present.

If a player succeeded with a Sanity roll, choose a description from this list, varying the experiences as much as possible across the party:

- You concentrate on a clutch of flapping byakhee high up away from you: they are performing complex patterns that appear to have some meaning. They fly closer to the great creature, dwarfed by it, you don't want to watch but you stay fixed to the byakhee and they go right to it, right to its face and one by one, in a long stream, they fly into its eyes . . .
- You can't take a breath, you feel as though you are drowning, falling further and further underwater, pulled under by something you can't fight. Then you realize you are falling upward, toward the thing's face, you are falling into the thing's eyes — you manage to tear your own gaze away just before you are lost . . .
- Something undulates, ripples horribly just beneath a patch of what passes for the thing's flesh. It moves in a rhythm, pulsing in concert with the blood in your own temples. You concentrate on where it is squirming and you know if you take your eyes off it for a moment you will have to look into the thing's eyes. And you will be lost forever.
- You see a color — one you have never seen before. Or is it the absence of color? You try not to think, you know if you think of it for a moment you will realize that what you are looking at is the thing's eyes. And you will be gone.

If an investigator failed their SAN roll the experience is the same for all. Describe the following impression:

- You look right into the thing's eyes. They are empty and gray and deep as the ocean, endless, timeless, utterly alien. You fall up into them, falling through space, falling down and up at the same time, falling forever and ever, and something is waiting for you and you know it must not find you. The thing is impossibly different from the way we are. But it has you and oh so gently, touches your mind. And you are changed.

Hastur, Great Old One

Appearance: Hastur is described in certain respects in the section "Hastur's Arrival". His overall form is in the guise of a colossal, boneless, bleached humanoid, slack-jawed and drooling, though player characters will be unable to take in this whole image. His eyes hold hints and dreams that bring madness.

Hastur the Unspeakable, He Who Is Not to be Named

STR 120 CON 200 SIZ 100 INT 15 POW 35
DEX 30 HP 150
MOV 20/50 lumber/fly

Damage Bonus: +13D6.

Armor: 30-point thick, scaly, rubbery, baggy hide.

Attacks: Tentacle/Claw 100%, damage death

Spells: Alter Weather, Brew Dream Drug, Brew Space Mead, all Call and Contact spells, Cause/Cure Blindness, Chime of Tezchaptl, Create Gate, Enchant Whistle, Evil Eye, Implant Fear, Mental Suggestion, Mindblast, Nightmare, Send Dreams, Shrivelling, Song of Hastur, Stop Heart, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Unspeakable Possessor, View Gate, Wrack, and any other spells he wishes to have or to impart.

Skills: Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Sanity Loss: 1D10/1D100 Sanity points to see Hastur.



Hastur and His Byakhee



the lives there. This option does not stop the appearance of Hastur; the investigators need to follow one of the other options here too.

- **Do Nothing:** If the play is allowed to continue, the remaining spawn, if there is one, or else Hastur, is brought to Earth. If it was the spawn, the play needs to be repeated to bring Hastur the next night, and it is possible the investigators could kill Edwards in the interim. This will be difficult as he has hundreds of byakhee bodyguards. Only Roby and Yolanda would enjoy the safety from the byakhee that might get them close enough to try and do the deed.

If the investigators are at the Palace to see the culmination of Edwards' plans, see the following sub-section "Hastur's Arrival".

Hastur's Arrival

A thousand screaming byakhee lift into the air as one, a thick black plague. Everything seems to slow down and there is a feeling of pressure, of resistance, as though one is underwater. Something is forming out beyond the balcony, rising from the lake. It looms up over the Palace. Titanic, it blots out the stars.

Roby was right. Edwards' plans were ill laid indeed. Whether successfully freed, or appearing as the result of an interrupted summoning of himself or a spawn, Hastur notices humans by instinct alone. The only ones safe from his attentions now are the citizens of the city — it is his avatar, the King in Yellow, that spells the end for Carcosa, not Hastur himself.

At this point ask each of the investigators what they are doing. If they want to immediately turn away from this apparition ask for a POW x3 roll. If successful they can do so — describe no details and assign a mere 1/1D6 Sanity loss; if they fail, or they choose to keep looking, ask for the full 1D10/1D100 Sanity loss. Use the boxed text nearby, "Hastur's Influence" for the investigators' impressions. Give those now. Then everyone feels a release — they're aware of other things. Screaming people fall slowly up past the window. There is a wash of weariness and confusion.

The Great Old One wreaks havoc.

The supplications of the cultists over the last few days brought them to Hastur's notice a few moments before he was here. Greeting them now, he takes them up and feeds them to his eyes. Edwards is last — and he is raised that night as an Unspeakable Possessor near Mullardoch House on Earth.

An Unspeakable Possessor

Hideous. The sufferer's face is still recognizable, gaping out terror-stricken and hateful from an undulating sea of boneless flesh. Scales and bones sprout at

odd angles from this viscous mass and the stench of rotten meat precedes it. (Human statistics for Edwards were offered earlier and the Possessor might retain certain of his skills and spells at the keeper's discretion.)

Montague Edwards, unspeakable possessor

STR 18 CON 24 SIZ 20 INT 15 POW 35
DEX 14 MOV 08 HP 22

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Attacks: Touch 85%, damage is death or 1D10 hit points drained per round

Armor: 6 point scales and rubbery flesh.

Skills: Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 Sanity points to see an unspeakable possessor.

Byakhee



Byakhees stand more than six feet high with a wingspan of fifteen feet or more; they have ribbed exoskeletons, long toothed heads something like a horse's skull, and chitinous claws on all four limbs. They are a mottled green/black color with pinkish brown wing surfaces.

Treat all byakhees as identical.

From S. Petersen's Field Guide to Cthulhu Monsters: "The byakhee is an interstellar being composed of conventional matter. The body of the byakhee has two major portions, the thorax and opisthosoma. From the thorax stretch two wings, two limbs, and a head. Two additional manipulatory limbs grow from the forepart of the opisthosoma, while the hune, a unique paramagnetic organ, occupies the opisthosoma's remainder. It is a noisy, active entity. At rest and in flight it screeches and croaks, except when stalking prey. Though its limbs are sturdy enough, the byakhee rarely walks, flying whenever possible."

Typical Byakhee

STR 18 CON 09 SIZ 19 INT 09 POW 09
DEX 15 MOV 5/walk 20/fly HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Attacks: Claw 35%, damage 1D6 + 1D6
Bite 35%, damage 1D6 + blood drain (automatic 1D6 HP until death)

Armor: 2 points of fur and tough hide.

Skills: Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 Sanity points to see a byakhee.

There are byakhee everywhere, too. Many of the creatures are airborne but others have landed to stare at the investigators through the windows of the ballroom as though it is a cage. In a moment one of them breaks a huge glass pane and creeps shyly in — in a few more seconds there are scores of them. Yolanda is safe from attack, but the investigators and Roby (who may already be dying) are fair game. They've really got to run.

Leaving Carcosa

Roby knows how to escape Carcosa but he no appetite for survival now. He may be dying anyway. If Yolanda is present he shouts to her: "The English Garden!" Yolanda, panic-stricken, hurries for one of the many doors of the room — she is heading for the garden and she will not delay for anyone. If she is not present someone must find her or someone else to guide them. Roby will not leave the ballroom — unresisting, and unprotected now that Edwards is dead, he will likely fall to the byakhee there.

The destination is a secret garden in the north wing of the Palace: it is quite a way off, requiring a ten to fifteen-minute dash through many rooms, halls and corridors. Byakhee may well be hunting them down through these opulent surroundings — this should be a frantic episode with no time at all to spend on diversions. Those who don't run will certainly fall, those who do may still be caught — the keeper must play this out by ear.

If the investigators reach the garden they find it is a surprisingly large formally laid out affair comprised of lawns, gravel paths, clipped hedges, fountains, and pools, the whole surrounded by high red brick walls grown over with ivy. A small hedge maze is at the middle of the space, (needs a **Luck** roll to reach the center perhaps, still under pursuit), and has at its center a stone arch. The arch must be stepped through to escape the city. Only as they walk through it does the investigator see the milk white glass beads pressed into the turf close by that prescribe the pattern of the Yellow Sign.

An instant later they find themselves on the track that runs away from Mullardoch House. The house is just visible through a light mist and by their feet pebbles pressed into the packed earth prescribe a pattern identical to the one they just saw. Assuming Hastur was not successfully freed, Carcosa is nowhere to be seen. The investigators have passed through a Gate — a 1 Sanity point loss. Yolanda does not wish to leave Carcosa but does so if someone is adamant that she should and upon their successful **Fast Talk** roll.

If Hastur was successfully freed the investigators are not out of trouble yet. They are still inside the "V" described by the monoliths and so still subject to

Hastur's attentions. They should go west, beyond the lodge and beyond the point of the "V" which is on the lake's eastern tip; failing that they can go north or south up the mountainsides and out of the "V" that way — perhaps half a mile's climb (the river is fordable). If they travel east back along the road they have eight miles to go and will surely die at the hands of Hastur or the Byakhee. Once out of the "V" with Hastur free the investigators must endure bitter weather and blizzards. The chance of survival here is left up to the keeper. Assuming they have a map they see that their best chance is to go five miles southeast over the mountain ridge to the village of Tomich. From there they should arrange transport to the town of Drumnadrochit or Inverness, for the weather will only get worse.

The Fate of Cannich and Beyond

At the moment that Hastur came, the local effect of his appearance immediately cost twelve of those in Cannich their lives — these are the very young, the very old, and the infirm.

If the summoning was interrupted, though, Carcosa is now gone. The worst has been averted, though Montague Edwards' unspeakable possessor might be encountered if the investigators tarry near Mullardoch House — this would make for an atmospheric little session. See the *Aftermaths* for other fallout.

If Hastur was freed, things get much worse. Assuming the monoliths still gird Cannich, Hastur moves to slaughter and/or devour every one the village's 110 inhabitants; he draws them from their homes by his will and then deals with them in a variety of ways. After this he slips back into a state of lassitude, but although he attempts nothing, his presence alone brings great change. Unthinkingly moving his environment by *Altering Weather*, *Sending Dreams*, etc., the north of Scotland is soon plagued both by terrific winter storms and widespread insanity. Byakhee roam beyond the stones to attack and carry off humans and animals. Whole communities are cut off. Loss of life is severe. Carcosa and Hastur return to the Hyades one week after his arrival: by Hastur's perception he has been here but an instant. This all marks a major defeat for the investigators and it could well be that new characters are needed to deal with the more insidious but ultimately greater threat posed by Malcolm Quarrie next winter.

Aftermath: The Press Reaction

In the event that Hastur was Freed and takes the lives of all of the people of Cannich, the story (see nearby, *Tatters of the King Papers #18*) appears with slight variations in all the major newspapers. Day and date may need amending by a few days.

UNEXPLAINED CALAMITY IN HIGHLANDS

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE IN SCOTTISH VILLAGE

STORMS AND SNOW HAMPER RELIEF

A battalion of the 51st Highland Division was west of Inverness this morning surrounding the site of an as yet unexplained disaster. What seems to be the entire population of a hamlet called Cannich, at the confluence of the Rivers Glass and Cannich and twelve miles west of Drumnadrochit, have expired or are missing: more than one hundred people. The village and the surrounding area have been quarantined and the main road closed to traffic while this tragedy is being investigated.

At the same time personnel are dealing with the worst storms in living memory. Snowfall of more than three feet has fallen on this region in the last two days and winds have reached gale force for prolonged periods. The snow is drifting dangerously and an army spokesman for the divisional commander, Major-General Sir J.L.G. Burnett of Leys,

C.M.G., D.S.O., who is in personal charge of the operation, said that it may prove impossible to reach the area with additional men and supplies for some time. Indeed, personnel already on the scene may need temporary evacuation while the adverse weather conditions persist.

"We have little to go on with regard to establishing cause of death", said Lieut.-Colonel James Bell. "Fifty-two bodies have so far been recovered and the cause of death is various. Fifty people are thus far unaccounted for. No survivors have been found, and it is increasingly unlikely that any will be."

Medical examiners, including Army surgeons and staff from the Inverness and Perth Coroners Offices, have started examining the deceased. Theories being advanced at this time are possible food poisoning or contamination of the water supply, but there has been no evidence secured of either possibility.

Relatives are asked to contact the Royal Army Medical College, Grosvenor Road, telephone Westminster 5522. Those who might have visited or passed through Cannich in the last fourteen days are asked to contact the 51st Highland Division HQ in Perth, telephone Perth 4034.

Daily Express, 14th December, 1928.

TOTK Papers #18: Concerning Events in the Highlands

See Tatters of the King Papers #19 following this for a sample newspaper story that implies that Hastur was not Freed.

This national story remains prominent for two or three days. Few hard details emerge. Rescue personnel on the scene do indeed have to be evacuated back to Inverness and Drumnadrochit as the brutal weather conditions persist with ferocious blizzards enveloping the area. Two soldiers go missing and are later found dead. Lives are also lost to the storms and cold locally and further afield: almost fifty people freeze to death in the locale as roads in and out become impassable; a small airplane crashes in high winds near Strome Ferry on the West Coast; more than a dozen hikers and farmers are lost and discovered dead days or even weeks afterwards. On top of this many, many people are disturbed by dreams from Hastur — this phenomenon is reported and put down to grief and hysteria but the investigators might learn that many are having the kind of visions that they have also suffered.

The area around Cannich itself is kept under quarantine for a full eight weeks. The final confirmed death toll is sixty, but another fifty are assumed dead and their bodies never recovered. This is every man, woman and child there. The official word is that the tragedy was probably the result of a "sudden and catastrophic contamination of the local water supply". The water in

Cannich is drawn from the River Glass and while checks are carried out, the villages of Strut and Kilmorack and the town of Beaully, which share the River as their full or partial supply, have their water driven in. Nothing is discovered. If the investigators dig a little deeper and can get a government or army contact to discuss this they learn that while some of the bodies do not have a conclusive cause of death, others appear to have died from shock while others show huge saucer-shaped cuts and abrasions as though from an octopus or squid. Others have multiple broken bones as if they were dropped from a great

height. There are also places in the forest between the village and the loch that seem to suggest the passage of a colossal object. This information has been (and continues to be) vigorously covered up as the authorities have no answers ready. Repatriation of Cannich takes decades; it is not even attempted for several years.

In the event that Cannich avoided its worst fate, the investigators may see the a sample story (see *Tatters of the King Papers #19* nearby), from a local Scottish newspaper. The days and date given may need amendment by one or two days dependent upon when and if the investigators were able to intervene.

Aftermath: Yolanda

Saving Yolanda from Carcosa is probably a bad idea. Even if Hastur was Freed he did not come in the form of the King in Yellow and the city and its inhabitants are still forever living in the last frenetic moments before that separate entity appears. She would be safe. Carcosa will soon return to Aldebaran. To take Yolanda to Earth would lead to huge complications for the investigators and probable insanity of some kind for her, once plunged into such an alien environment. Details are left to the keeper.

Aftermath: Alexander Roby and the Cultists

In the unlikely event that Roby is taken from Carcosa he freely submits to the authorities and tells them precisely what happened; this may provoke attempts to gain insight for this fantastic tale. Roby is moved to the Bethlem Royal Hospital in Lambeth, the old Bedlam, just south of the river in London: "a charitable institution for the better-class insane and admitting mainly curable cases". The investigators cannot get access to him for the balance of this campaign.

Regardless, the Cult of Hastur in Britain has been finished. It is Malcolm Quarrie that is the great threat now.

Aftermath: An Academic Paper

Dr. Highsmith's paper, "Sympathetic Mania: A Case Study in Repetitive and Predictive Recurrence", appears in the February 1930 edition of the *British Journal of Psychology*. If he received a measure of help from the investigators, and is still on good terms with them, there is a credit at the end of the article to the medical professional he first contacted back in October:

My thanks to [insert initials here] for [his/her] assistance, fortitude, and imagination.

Dr. Highsmith gains immediate renown from the paper and despite the unpleasantness at St. Agnes' in March he joins the staff of the prestigious Tavistock Institute in London. Any brushes he has had with the unknown during this adventure have been explained away for him by psychological reasoning and theory. He has moved on.

VILLAGE IS VISITED BY TRAGEDY

A local community was today mourning a dreadful and as yet unexplained rash of deaths that occurred late this Thursday.

Twelve residents died in their sleep on Wednesday night or Thursday morning in the village of Cannich which lies on the meeting of the Rivers Glass and the River Cannich twelve miles west of Drumadrochit. All deaths are apparently due to natural causes but this in a village of just 110 souls.

Doctors from nearby Inverness and Drumadrochit who have attended the scene have not found any evidence that might account for such an anomaly, and the residents were from several distinct households. The only commonality that has so far been established is that the deaths were concentrated amongst the old and the very young. No further deaths are believed to have occurred at the time of going to press.

The Inverness County Board of Health has declared a quarantine on the area as a precautionary measure. Any persons who might have visited Cannich in the last week are asked to contact the Inverness Hospital.

Inverness Courier, 14th December 1928.

TOTK Papers #19: Concerning Events in the Highlands

Chapter Summary

The nine monoliths have been placed in a huge "V" formation around Loch Mullardoch and its approaches with the mouth incorporating the village of Cannich and the point on the eastern shore of the loch. The investigators enter the city of Carcosa and wander there. They are likely to meet and ally with Alexander Roby and try to reach the Palace where they encounter a woman, Yolanda, who may be crucial for their escape. From the wide marble terrace overlooking Lake Hali, Montague Edwards and the cultists conduct successive castings of Free Hastur to bring four spawn and finally Hastur himself. The several possible outcomes depend greatly on how the characters approach Roby and whether they are able to use the Chime of Tezchapl.

This is a potentially deadly episode bringing the culmination of the first part of this adventure. Ideally Cannich is largely spared. The investigators

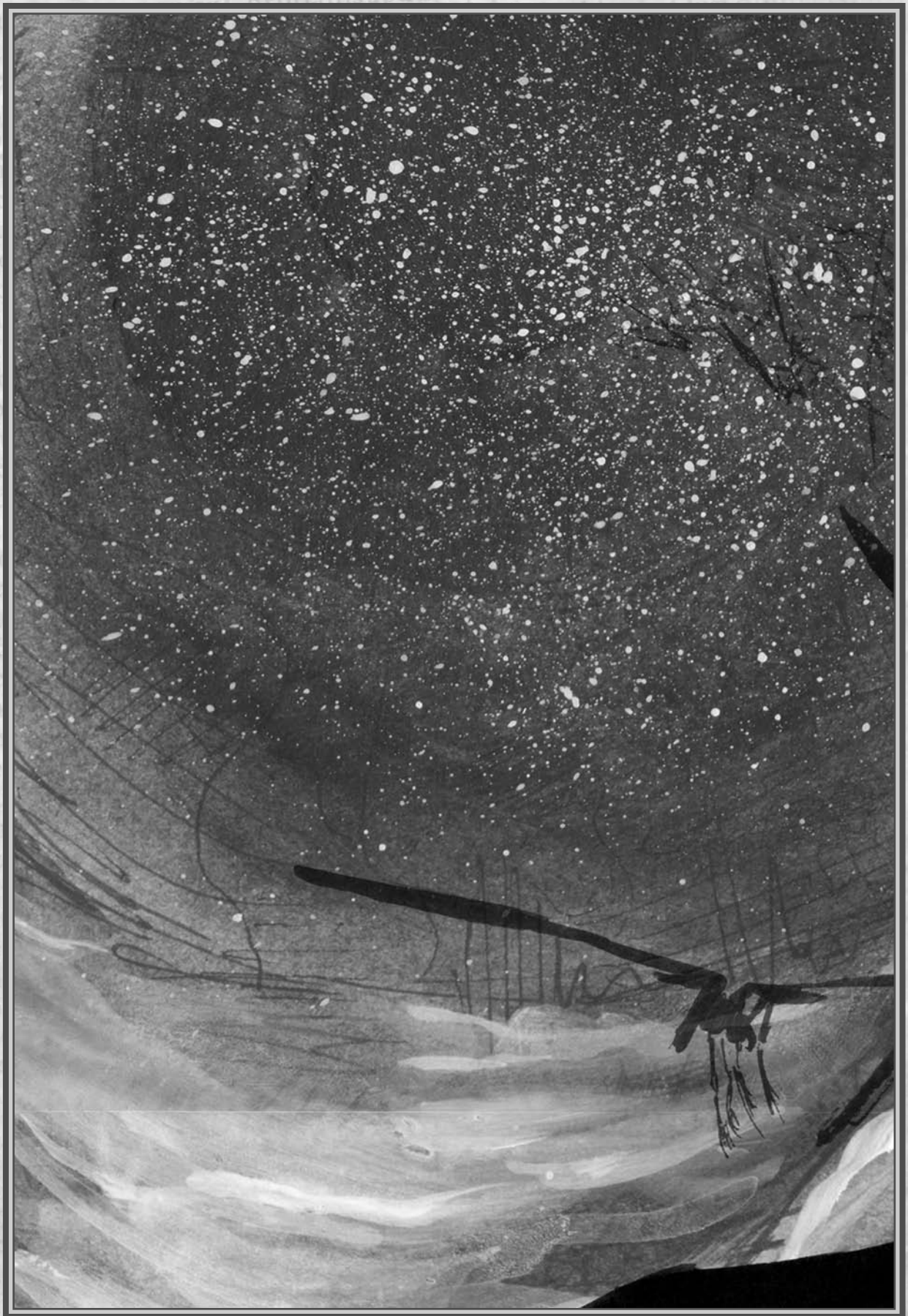
will note that Malcolm Quarrie was not encountered and this and Roby's words should make them uncomfortable that a more dreadful threat yet is out there.

SAN Loss/Gains for the conclusion of The Madman

- Experiencing Carcosa: -1D8 Sanity points
- Believing Hastur Freed: -1D12 Sanity points
- Stopping the play: +1D8 Sanity points
- Believing Hastur Thwarted: +1D12 Sanity points

END OF BOOK I





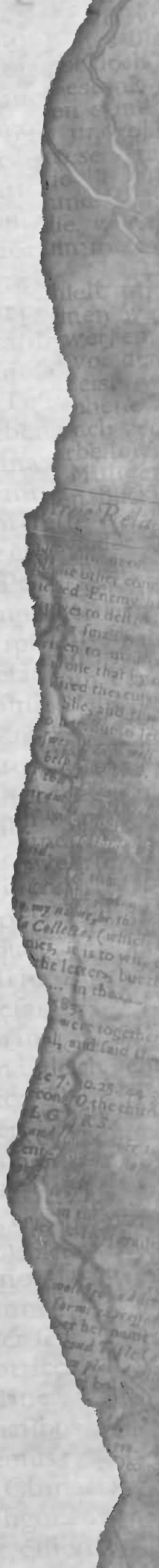
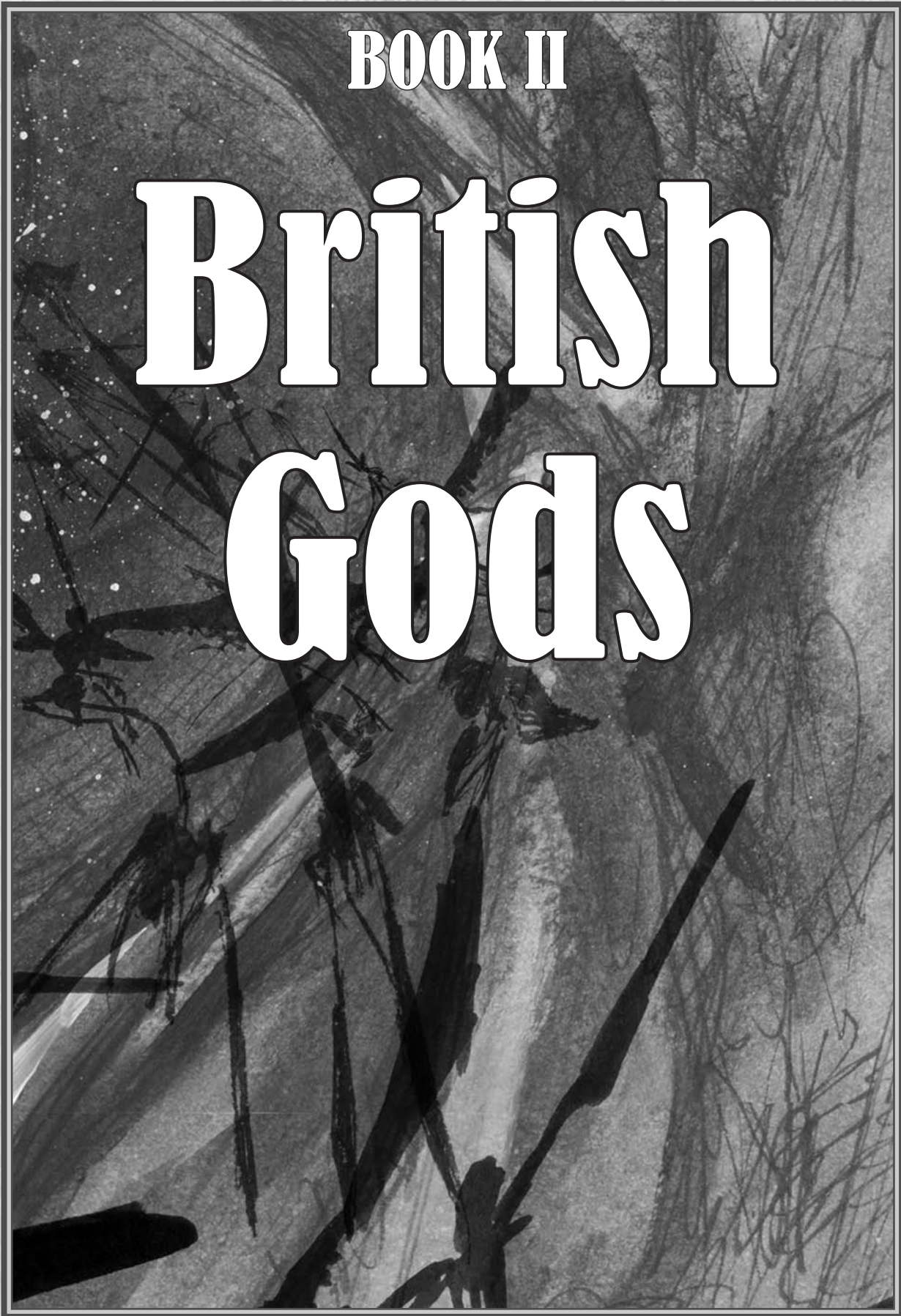
BOOK II

British Gods

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Talk of Goatswood

*Pro pugna contra Iupos, sed pro ovibus
contra oves, quod facies si
legislatores inver*

*“Pluto, Jehova, Satan, Dagon, Love,
Moloch, the Virgin, Thetis, Devil, Jove,
Pan, Jahweh, Vulcan, he with th’ awful Rod,
Jesus, the wondrous Straw Man, all one God”
Walter looks up and saies, Did you hear a person singing?
I hear no Thing but your own noises, Walter, which are no
Musick.*

— Peter Ackroyd, *Hawksmoor*.

The events in Carcosa and Scotland slip slowly from the forefront of the investigators’ minds: perhaps as the weeks and months go by they can almost convince themselves that their lives have returned to normal, that these nightmare events never happened. We can all be good at forgetting.

But initially the investigators who have received dreams and visions to this point will continue to entertain them through the end of March 1929. If an investigator is an artist, he or she is still buoyed by the atmosphere as winter turns to spring. But then Aldebaran hides from view and the dreams and inspirations stop. From April to September Hastur holds no sway. Perhaps for a while this is worse.

As mentioned in the Preface, the period through to December 1929 is largely event-free. The keeper and the players must decide what the player characters are going to do over the coming year.

If the investigators are an established group who could reasonably move on to other things and other challenges, there is no reason they should not. The keeper can use their own adventures or published material to punctuate the two halves of this campaign — with luck the investigators will still be around next winter and be focused enough to take charge of Hastur’s threat.

If, however, the investigators were united for the first time by these events, it might be better to allow these neophytes to recapture something of their lives the way they were before. In this case, as a keeper you might want to run a quiet session or two to cover the time between leaving Scotland and when Gresty resurfaces. Start with the press reaction and any follow up that the investigators wish to do, mention Dr. Highsmith’s paper, and then run a couple of social situations later in the year — a gallery visit, the zoo, a garden party — where the investigators can reunite. You will want to have an idea how closely individuals are keeping in touch, which friendships are enduring, and who might be the loner or the misfit.

And on this last point, it is distinctly possible that one or more of the less fortunate investigators are using this time to regain their equilibrium at a seaside rest home or a hospital for nervous diseases: would it be a help or a hindrance to see their erstwhile

colleagues? Perhaps one of the social situations mentioned above could be to celebrate their successful "cure"?

But the threat has not gone away.

In October, as Aldebaran returns to the night sky, so do the dreams. The first dream comes like a juggernaut — it will be shocking and Sanity-draining and would be an ideal time to first use the second half of one of the recurring dreams in Appendix D. As Aldebaran climbs in the sky, the sense of being transported is greater than ever. The investigators who are suffering from the dreams, and the artists who are using them, struggle to relate to those who see nothing strange or beautiful about the nights. There is feeling of powerlessness. They feel the need to reach out to their fellow investigators: these are the only ones who shared their experiences and who might understand. Their fellows know them as sane — those who know, like them, that the King in Yellow is coming.

All attempts to find Quarrie or Gresty throughout this year have been futile. But finally, in December, comes a breakthrough.

Gresty's Arrest

Back in December 1928, Edwards had requested that Wilfred Gresty travel to Scotland in support of the summoning. Gresty did not. He was never honest in his membership of the cult, his own loyalty always lay with Shub-Niggurath, and he prayed to her against the cult's success. When Britain did not fall under the King in Yellow's rule it appeared his prayers were answered. For he had been promised the leadership of Shub-Niggurath's cult after Atkinson's death and Atkinson is a sick man. Gresty will return to the Severn Valley, he'll take the power there, and furthermore he has told himself that he'll effect the union with Hillary Quarrie that Atkinson could not.

But now we're a year on. The old man still lives and Gresty remains in London: told to stay through this coming winter, when Aldebaran is at its most dangerous, and to be alert for any action the cult might take. He stays with ill grace. Nothing happens here. He drinks and he gambles and he watches the months drag by. It is only in early December 1929 that he receives a letter with the news he's been waiting for — Atkinson is ailing, close to death. The succession can be no longer delayed. Finally he is to go back. But before he does

ASSAULT ON CHRIST CHURCH VERGER.

MAN HELD BY POLICE.

From our own Correspondent

A shocking and quite unprovoked attack occurred inside of Christ Church, Spitalfields in the early hours of this Wednesday morning.

About 1:00 a.m. the verger, Mr. Leslie S. Unsworth was woken by the sounding of a high-pitched whistle from within the church. Upon going to investigate he discovered a trespasser standing at the altar-end of the nave, who appeared to be in a state of high agitation and was bleeding from his hands. When Mr. Unsworth issued a challenge, the intruder rushed at him and pushed him down before running off. The verger was able to recover and attract the attention of a police officer and his suspected assailant was quickly apprehended and taken into custody.

The arrested individual has been identified as a Mr. Wilfred Gresty. He will be arraigned before Old Street Magistrates Court this morning.

The Times, 13th December 1929.

TOTK Papers #20: Article Concerning Gresty's Arrest

there is an incident: a drunken indiscretion as he thinks to leave a parting gift to Hastur and the city he loathes.

The investigators have not encountered Gresty in person but they will remember the name. When the events from last winter might seem a distant memory a newspaper report gives them the means to find him. See *Tatters of the King Papers #20*, nearby.

Gresty's Court Appearance

The investigators should be focused on Malcolm Quarrie at this point, and to get to Malcolm they need to go through Hillary Quarrie — Gresty's second letter suggests he knows where she is. On Friday 13th Gresty is charged with breaking and entering, trespass and assault. The investigators may attend the hearing in person, or,

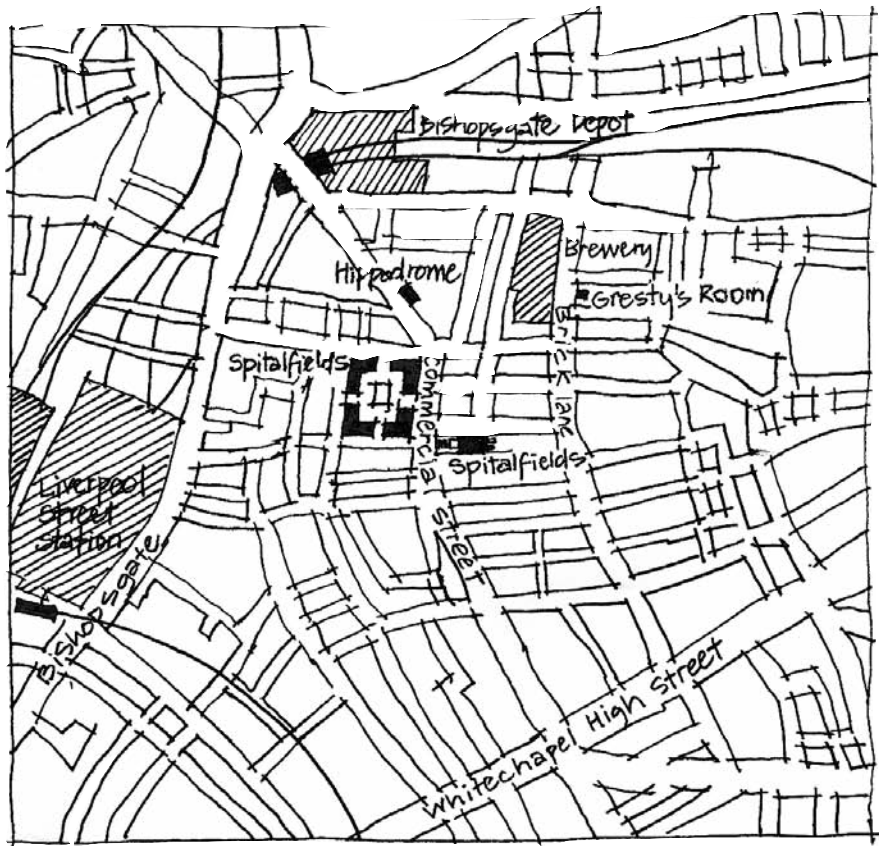
if they fail to do so, a successful **Credit Rating** roll will discover events from court officials.

In front of the magistrate, Ivan Edward Snell, M.C., Gresty is asked to state his name and address which he gives as Wilfred Gresty of 127a Brick Lane, E.C. 2. He looks a scruffy figure in court — he wears a poor suit and no tie. Both his hands are bandaged. He appears truly penitent and pleads guilty to all three charges although claiming the last was accidental.

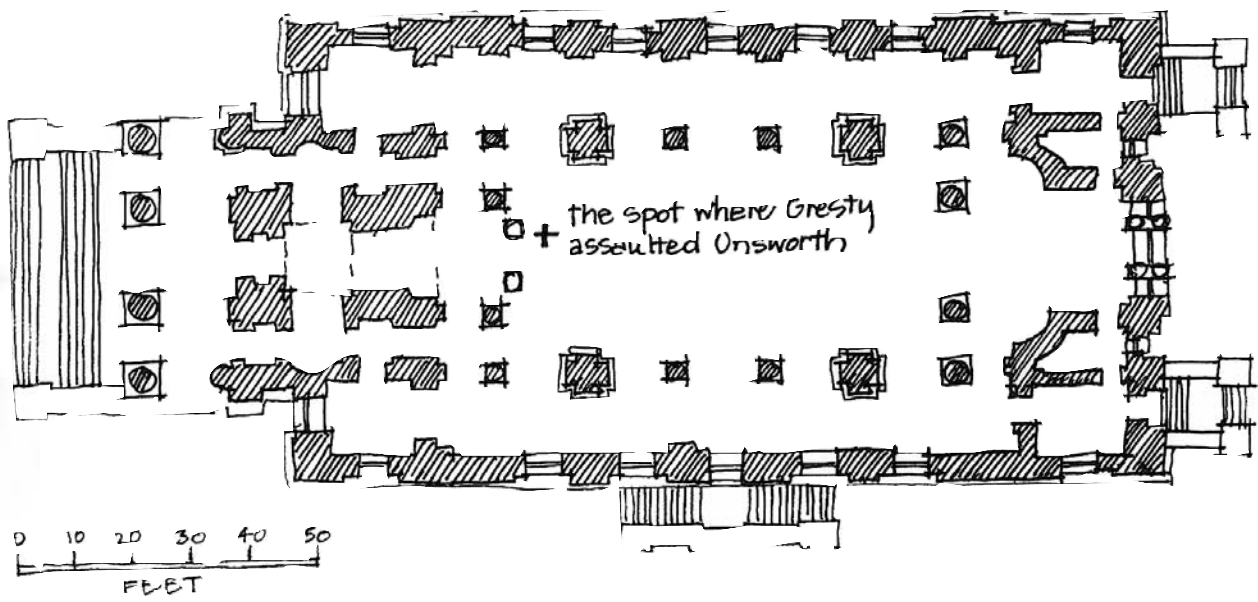
He says he has recently been unwell and had been having trouble sleeping and that his memory of the night in question is confused. He knows he couldn't fall asleep at all and in the early hours he must have got dressed and left the house. As he passed Christ Church he felt a compulsion to pray and he thinks he forced a window to enter — he must have bloodied his hands then. He remembers praying before the altar, and then he heard Mr. Unsworth call out. He panicked, and ran out the door that Mr. Unsworth had come in. He didn't see the verger as he ran out, or realize that he had knocked him over. He turns to apologize to Mr. Unsworth who is in court. Gresty has no prior convictions and is dealt a £2 fine by the magistrate plus the cost of the repair of the property at Christ Church. This seems neither especially harsh nor lenient.

A successful **Psychology** roll on behalf of anyone watching the accused notices great agitation, but perhaps no more than could be explained by his situation. Gresty is taken off to make remuneration and slips away unseen from the court.





GRESTY'S ROOM
 0 1/4 1/2
 SCALE IN MILES



CHRISTCHURCH, SPITALFIELDS

Wilfred Gresty

Appearance and Demeanor: Gresty is presentable only by the standards of the Goatswood community: he is thin but with a small belly that juts out around his trousers, he has a wild head of gray-brown coarse hair, a scrubby beard and mustache, and very protuberant ears. He thinks to rub shoulders with “gentlemen”, but he is a petty and completely selfish man. His manner in conversation can swing wildly from one moment to the next; he loves to be agreed with and praised, and cannot bear to be criticized.



Mr. Gresty

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: As the adventure starts he lives alone at 127a, Brick Lane EC2 on money sent from Atkinson. Spends most nights in The Plough public house which is under his rooms. He keeps a low profile, often going under the alias of Walter Smith, and attempts to locate him by a private investigator will be unsuccessful. Born and raised in Mercy Hill in Gloucester-

shire in the Severn Valley, and a member of the Goatswood cult of Shub-Niggurath.

Plot: Sent to London by Atkinson to spy on the Hastur cult in the early 1920's — in the years away he has stayed loyal to his Goddess. Brought Malcolm Quarrie into the Hastur cult. Hosts Coombs when he is in London and knows all his secrets save where Edwards is. Sends a letter to the investigators to draw them down upon Lawrence Bacon, and a second that intimates Quarrie has a wife. Commits an indiscretion at Christ Church, Spitalfields that reveals his address. Meets with the investigators when careful handling reveals Hillary Quarrie's whereabouts. Travels to Goatswood where he and Atkinson summon a creature to attack Nug's Farm. Gresty wants to believe the player characters are his friends in the course of this campaign.

Wilfred Gresty, age 46, English Cultist and Spy

STR 14 CON 06 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 12
DEX 14 APP 07 EDU 06 SAN 0 HP 10

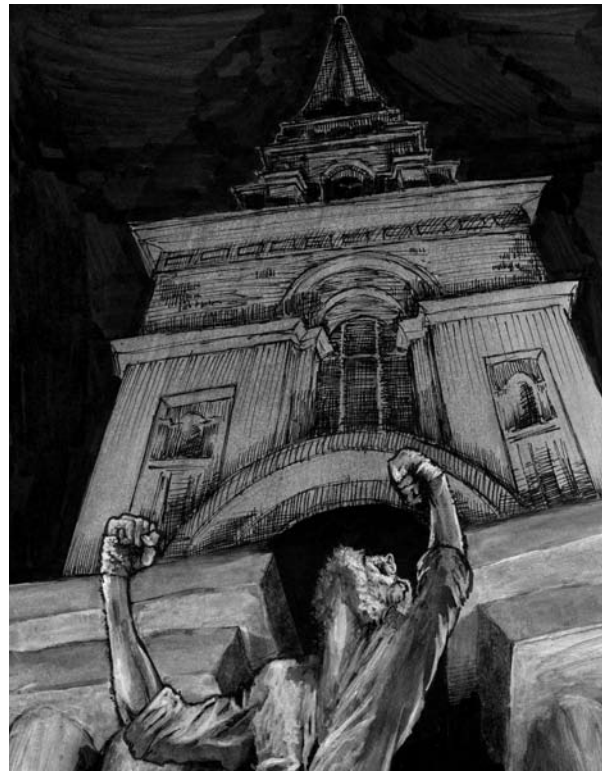
Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Attacks: Head 32%, damage 1D4 + 1D4

Kick 37%, damage 1D6 + 1D4

Spells: Charm Animal, Contact Ghoul, Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Voorish Sign.

Skills: Bargain 12%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Drink Beer 55%, Farming (Arable) 42%, Fast Talk 25%, Mechanical Repair



Gresty in Front of Christ Church

33%, Medicine (Veterinary) 10%, Occult 24%, Operate Heavy Machinery 40%, Persuade 14%, Psychology 16%.

Languages: English 44%.

Interviewing Gresty

Gresty is only going to be in London a few more days but presumably the investigators act quickly and go to speak to him. His Brick Lane address is in the district of Spitalfields, an area chiefly known for its roofed fruit and vegetable market, and the manufacture of boots and furniture.

Gresty is surprised but guardedly welcoming if he realizes the recipient of one or both of his letters is here. If not, he requires a persuasive introduction and perhaps a **Fast Talk**. If welcoming, he suggests they all repair to The Plough public house a few doors down. A glimpse of his room shows it is small and dark. He becomes cheerful if someone's buying him pints, even more so if his new friends are sympathetic to him over his brush with the law. Conversely, he responds aggressively if anyone is critical of him.

He has no idea that the investigators went to Scotland last year. If he discovers this, he is thrown: are they members of the cult after all? But wouldn't he have known? Presumably answers to his questions show the player characters were opposed to Edwards. He is delighted when he learns of the cult's failure and fate; he had of course assumed their failure and he revels in the

Hawksmoor's Churches

The keeper should paraphrase this information into an impassioned but incoherent rant from Gresty. Gresty is quite drunk now, so jump back and forth among the information here as Gresty remembers things he meant to bring up earlier. Elements mentioned here are used in the novel *Hawksmoor* by Peter Ackroyd, and in Alan Moore's graphic novel *From Hell*, both of which are recommended.

In the early eighteenth century Queen Anne charged a commission to build fifty new churches in London: they were to show how godly she was, to awe the Catholics and Dissenters, and to replace those lost in the fire. The architect Nicholas Hawksmoor, a student of Sir Christopher Wren, was employed to erect some of these. Hawksmoor did so but he wasn't a normal man and they weren't normal churches.

Among them is St. George's-in-the-East, in Stepney, with its Roman altars. It's big and impressive but look at it closely and you'll see its all "skew-whiff" (askew). "Nick" (so Gresty calls him) wanted them to knock down shops and houses so he could build it a little way away but they said no and last century there was a famous murder nearby — four dead in a Masonic ritual. The murderer was buried under the crossroads right where Nick wanted to build the church. Gresty grins happily, looking at his audience for their reactions.

Second on the list is Christ Church Spitalfields — the place where he attacked the verger. The church dominates the area and if you stand on Commercial Street under the obelisk steeple it seems to be toppling upon you, about to crush you dead. The church's history is drenched in blood. Gresty counts on his fingers: it was built above an old plague pit; when the French living round here rioted it was troops using Christ Church as their billet who killed them; and then most of the "drabs" (prostitutes) killed by the Ripper used to drink right next door in the Ten Bells — "and they say Jack was a Mason too." Gresty smiles.

And St. Luke's on Old Street. Nick didn't build the church but put up the colossal obelisk that serves as its spire. It's on a ley line that runs through St. George's-In-The-East and Christ Church, Spitalfields. All of them have obelisks for steeples. Gresty smiles. He doesn't feel he need say more after this odd collection of facts and suppositions. But if pressed to explain further he says that clearly Hawksmoor was constructing a channeling point for communicating with the Gods — "and not the Christ God you can be sure. British Gods. British Gods . . ."

details, but it doesn't seem that Gresty wants to talk about the cult tonight.

The story Gresty told in the court was sparing with the truth. Now he tells the real story, and here he might not make much sense to his interviewers.

To paraphrase his speech, he says that this winter is like the last. The world is unstable. The King in Yellow

is coming to Earth and to hinder Hastur one must call on the Old Gods, "the British Gods".

"I cut mouths in my hands" he holds up his hands which are bandaged but bloody from the gashes right across his palms. "And I went to old Nick Hawksmoor's church. Christ Church which sits there growing fat sucking on the plague pits, pulling up power like the Druids pulled up power from their own death pits. I went to make my appeal to our British Gods. I called on Shub-Niggurath, the Black Goat of the Woods, to leave the greensward to bring her Thousand Young, and for Y'Golonac to come up the steps from the cellar and to bring his blind children."

He chuckles nastily and pulls out his byakhee whistle. "And I blew this for the last time so Hastur knows that I am leaving his city." He yanks on it, breaking its string, and hurls it away from him into a corner of the pub, spitting after it. "Then that man came in and he started blabbering about God. Ha! In that place!" he starts laughing helplessly.

A successful **Psychology** roll here suggests it's good to let Gresty keep talking as his tongue is getting looser and looser, but on the other hand excessive questioning will rouse his suspicions. In conversation Gresty reveals what he has been doing in London — he has been spying on the Hastur cult members — but he does not clearly say why: for the moment he keeps further men-

Shub-Niggurath, Y'Golonac, and Nug

In his conversation with the investigators, Gresty refers to Shub-Niggurath and Y'Golonac as deities, and also mentions Mercy Hill and Nug's Farm.

If an investigator receives a successful **History** roll or has read Malcolm Quarrie's book, he or she recalls Shub-Niggurath as a fertility goddess whose worship was centered in the west of Britain, in the kingdom of the Durotriges. For more information, see the boxed text for *British Gods: Religion and Myth in the Western Kingdoms of Anglo-Saxon Britain*, in Chapter 2.

- There is no information about Nug or Y'Golonac in any of the texts so far available to the player characters.
- Y'Golonac plays no real part in the story here. It is sufficient to know that the Great Old One appears in a form that bears mouths in its two palms and that it is attended by smaller versions of itself that crawl over its bulk: its children. It is believed by many to reside in a space far underground reached by many steps, and that space may be in the West of England.
- Nug is mentioned later in one of Malcolm Quarrie's letters.

tion of the Severn Valley and Shub-Niggurath out of the conversation.

(Fortunately Gresty had been drinking heavily that night and performed no actual Mythos magic. The closest he could manage was a long rant based upon and approximating Summon/Bind Dark Young but without the necessary sacrifice, then a prayer to Y'Golonac. At this stage that night he performed his self-mutilation: the wounds in his hands were to simulate the mouths of the father and his children.)

He wants to talk more about the church. The choice of location for Gresty's appeal was based upon a conspiracy theory surrounding the architect Nicholas Hawksmoor. It is that he adheres to and now expounds upon. See the nearby boxed text headed "Hawksmoor's Churches."

Gresty starts in on this material and unless the investigators stop him he gets through it all. At some stage he tries to insist they all leave the pub and walk along to Christ Church on Commercial Street and continue the lecture there on the pavement: it's just a ten-minute walk away south down Brick Lane and right onto Fournier Street. Whether this information carries any truth is up to the keeper. If true it could be expanded upon to provide some evocative play. But even if true the investigators should gather that it's beside the point here — a red herring. All they need to do is keep buying drinks, humor this man, and let him talk. If they do they rise further in Gresty's esteem. He begins to see them as his co-conspirators and confidants.

Mercy Hill and Hillary Quarrie

It's late in the night now. Gresty wants to go into another pub by the market. If the investigators have patience and let Gresty have his way and talk of Hawksmoor and his other fancies, the information they want finally comes out. If they have not shown patience, and have not given Gresty full rein, it takes a **Persuade** roll although this can be at a 15-percentile bonus if the beer is still flowing.

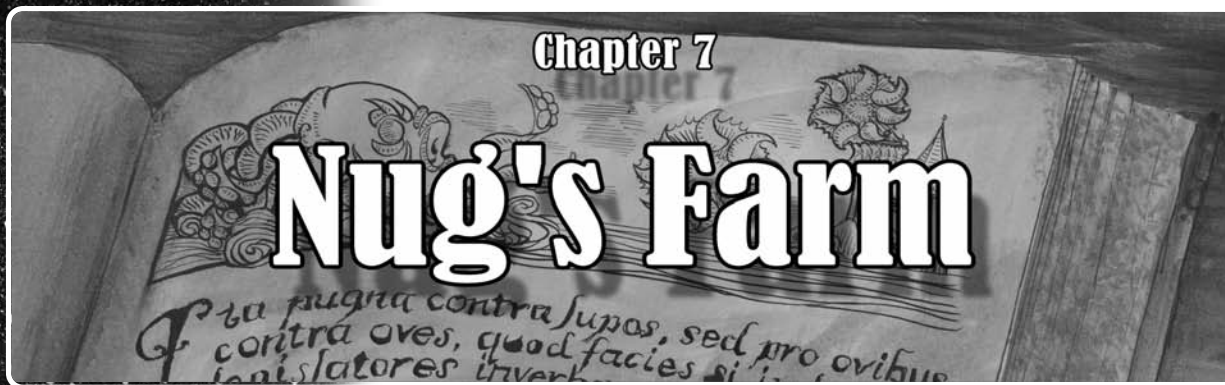
Gresty tells them where he's from — a little village called Mercy Hill in the Severn Valley — and that he'll be going back there "very soon". He says he'll "take up what's his" and that includes the Quarrie woman in Nug's Farm there. That is all. Belatedly he'll say: "This is between us, you see? As friends. Yes?"

If the investigators did not get the information on Hillary, the keeper can allow one of them, one Gresty has taken a shine to, to try again on the following evening. If they buy him drinks all night, Gresty comes out with the information at closing time.

Chapter Summary

The investigators discover the whereabouts of their erstwhile correspondent Wilfred Gresty. If they win his trust they learn something of Gresty's own links with the Hastur Cult in London and a mention of something called Shub-Niggurath in the West of England. Investigator research concerning this is handled in Chapter 7, following. Most importantly, Gresty should reveal Hillary Quarrie's current whereabouts.





Chapter 7

Nug's Farm

*Pro pugna contra lupos, sed pro ovibus
contra oves, quod facies si
legislatores inver*

Framilode, Saul, Fretherne, Whitminister — old names announced themselves on signposts, and then a narrow devious road enclosed the car with hedges . . . Beneath a sky clogged with dark clouds the gloomy foliage appeared to smolder; the humped backs of the hills glowed a lurid green.

— Ramsey Campbell, “The Horror Under Warrendown”

*“No I have to go back to Dunwich tonight.
As a matter of fact, I should get moving or I’ll miss my bus.”*

— The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets, “Goin’ Down to Dunwich”

“Did you ever hear of the Goat of Mendes?” continued the voice slowly. “Do you know what used to appear at witches’ Sabbaths? Do you know about the Land of the Goat in the Pyrenees, or the Great God Pan? What about the Protean God? And the Black Goat of the Woods With a Thousand Young?”

— Ramsey Campbell, “The Moon-Lens”

Careful study of the latest Ordnance Survey map of the Severn Valley shows no village, feature, or landmark called Mercy Hill. Visiting a good-sized library and making a **Library Use** roll pulls up a succession of small-scale maps of the area produced in the Military Survey of 1910. It is slow going but finally one of these, covering a small area about thirty miles south of Gloucester, shows a hamlet of no more than ten houses. Mercy Hill. It sits near the similarly insignificant habitations of Clotton, Lower Clotton, and Temphill, all of which are on the more recent maps, and the village of Goatswood, which like Mercy Hill is not.

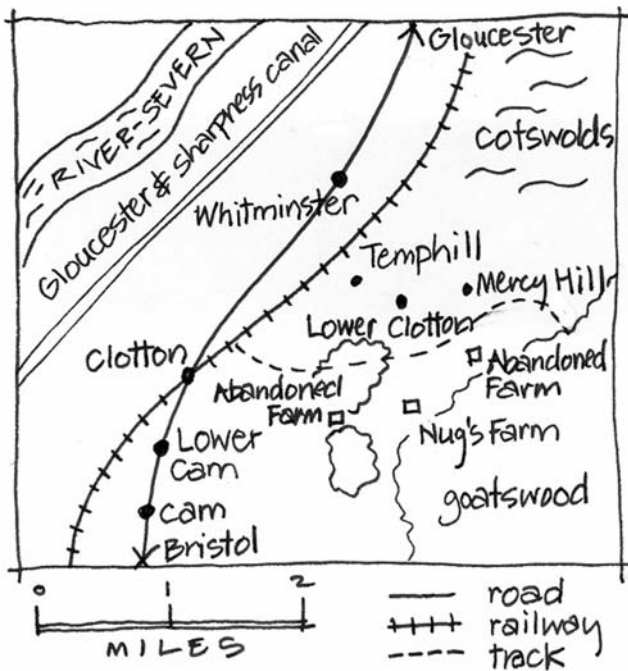
Best of all, the old map shows Nug’s Farm as the central one of three farms about a mile south of Lower Clotton. The villages appear unreachable except by footpath and the area is clearly remote and little populated, bounded as it is by the Forest of Dean to the east and the River Severn to the west. An **Idea** roll reveals that rather surprisingly the forest itself covers quite a bit more area on the newer map than the older: it is impinging upon all the aforementioned places.

The investigators can plan to reach the area by taking a Great Western train from London Paddington to the city of Gloucester — a trip of about two hours. Upon arrival at Gloucester it looks like they will be able to change trains to reach the area, or alternatively take a bus or rent a car to drive south for an hour or so. From the station or the road they will need to proceed by

taking a footpath on to Temphill and Lower Clotton — perhaps an hour’s walk. (Again this would be an unlikely journey to attempt by motor car in the winter, but if the investigators do insist on that, then their vehicle suffers exasperating and ultimately debilitating difficulties associated with the cold.)

One note on attempts that the investigators might make to announce their arrival to Hillary Quarrie by letter. All post for the villages thereabout, and rarely is there any, is collected at an address in Whitminster that serves as a local sub-post office. Letters are then only delivered at Atkinson’s direction; nothing will be delivered to Hillary — indeed her letters will be opened. Hillary is aware of this arrangement but has not challenged it: there is no one out there she would want to hear from except her sister, her daughter’s guardian, and her sister is under instructions not to write in case it leads Atkinson to Sarah. The only letters she has received in years are those that Malcolm sent by special courier.

The rail journey passes without incident taking the investigators from Paddington through the western suburbs of the city and the Thames Valley, and then on past Reading, Swindon, and Cirencester before arriving in Gloucester. Gloucester was first established as the British *Caer Glowe*, and then the Roman *Glevum*, to guard the lowest crossing point of the wide River Severn. Today it is a city of 52,000 people and the county town of Gloucestershire. It has access to the sea by canal and carries on a considerable trade in grain, timber, coal, and iron. Other industries include the construction of railway wagons and the making of matches



THE VILLAGES OF GOATSWOOD

and toys. It still retains the basic Roman street plan. Its royal castle and city walls date from Norman times. The cathedral itself is very fine.

Inquiries about continuing the journey by L.M.S. railways on the Bristol line are disappointing. Yes, the train from Gloucester used to stop at Clotton, but it now goes straight through — the station being closed due to lack of demand. A car is not a possibility either — the couple of garages that offer rentals have had several breakdowns due to the cold weather. The motor bus is suggested as the way to travel and it transpires that a single bus travels to Clotton each day: it is one of the Bristol buses, (most go by a more direct route), and it leaves at 9:00 a.m. The same bus returns through Clotton for Gloucester at 6:00 p.m. A hotel in Gloucester for the night looks like a necessity now, and good accommodation can be readily obtained in the Bell, the Wellington (opposite the G.W. station), or the New Inn.

Inquiries made in Gloucester on the area around Lower Clotton and Temphill reveal some or all of the following:

- The people there don’t travel and they don’t move with these modern times. They have no interest in what goes on away from their farms.
- The folk there are inbred (said with a laugh).
- A farmer, from north of Gloucester, says they don’t use tractors or lorries or machinery of any kind.
- The folk there aren’t friendly. They make people nervous. They don’t fear God as they should.

The people of Gloucester themselves might seem a little rural and old-fashioned to investigators from the metropolis. They are interested to learn what it’s like to live in London and ask about such things as the tube, the Royal Family, nightclubs, and theater.

The Bus to Clotton

Assuming the investigators take the bus the next morning they find it waiting at its stop. The driver, Mr. Robert Fallan, is a Gloucester man. When the investigators board and announce their destination as Clotton he looks at them. “You mean Clifton in Bristol don’t you?” They don’t and he nods solemnly and gives them their tickets as requested.

The minutes go by and it seems they are to be the only passengers, but just as the bus is pulling away an old woman comes hurrying up — she looks quite ancient, but moves spryly on wide bow-legs — and raps on the door. As she boards she grunts something at the driver, a **Listen** roll suggests “Minster”, and tosses down a couple of pennies. The investigators get a good look at her as she turns to walk down the bus: she is ugly with

a sour pinched face and long white whiskers. She takes a seat as far as she can from both the investigators and the driver and refuses to acknowledge her fellow passengers in any way. The bus driver will not instigate talk either, he's concentrating on the road, but if investigators start a conversation he succinctly gives out some of the travel information below. He can also give up any or all of the rumors that the investigators didn't hear last night, although he speaks somewhat quietly and carefully because of the presence of his other passenger.

This should be a creepy ride.

As soon as Gloucester is left a little behind, the road narrows so that only a single vehicle can use it: there are occasional passing areas to allow for the possibility of two-way traffic but no other vehicles are seen. Overgrown hedges press in on the bus claustrophobically, and even from the height that the passengers are sitting there are only occasional glimpses of the bare fields beyond. The weather is frigid with a dusting of frost and ice on the road and an inch or two of snow on the earth. If the investigators have a map, (it is to be hoped that they do), they can see they are traveling south and a little east. Away on their right, but not visible, is the Severn River; between them and the river must lie the Gloucester and Berkeley Canal and the old Roman road. On their left are the low hills of the Cotswolds, just visible as a smudge in the distance under the leaden winter sky. They pass through a couple of hamlets as they go — Saul and Framilode. These tiny places consist of just a dozen or so houses each. The buildings are old, ramshackle and low, they're built in stone and have thatched roofs and only a few small windows. There are no shops evident, no garages, and perhaps no people. There are more villages, but oddly, after Framilode, there are no more signs announcing the names of these places. There are no road signs either. If asked about this the driver says "They put 'em up but someone takes 'em down". The road has worsened by this point and the bus is jolting about.

Have the investigators make an **Idea** roll to realize something else — there are no churches.

The Village of Clotton

After a total drive of about forty-five minutes the bus stops in another of these places, the fifth or sixth, and without a word or a glance at anyone the old woman gets up, gets off and hurries towards one of the houses. This is Whitminster. Five minutes more driving through the bleak countryside and the bus stops in the next cluster — "Clotton", announces the driver. As the investigators disembark he asks, "Shall I expect to pick you up here at six?"

It's now just before 10:00 a.m. The investigators see about ten buildings in Clotton; one in moss-covered stone is much larger than the rest. It could have been a church — indeed there is what looks like the stump of a spire — but it is almost completely overgrown with ivy and it is hard to make out. There's no sign or name by the building, and the doorway itself is barricaded with a haphazard heap of rotten timber. The village shows no sign of life: no people, no cars or bicycles, no barking dogs, and no horses, sheep or cattle. There's no post office, no pub, no electricity or telephone wires. The few cottages are ramshackle old stone affairs: some almost seem to be held up by the foliage that covers them and in one case a huge Huntingdon elm tree has been incorporated inside a building. If a **Spot Hidden** is made, a feeble column of smoke is noticed coming from one of the chimneys, but knocking at that door brings no response. The few people of Clotton are shut up inside with no interest in the strangers. If the investigators somehow force themselves in on these people the householders will answer a couple of questions, but their speech needs a successful **English** roll to understand. They extend no hospitality.

Regarding the general area, the village of Mercy Hill is still inhabited and is still referred to by villagers by that name. The village of Goatswood is not inhabited but is a location used for magic and referred to by that name. That branch of the Forest of Dean near here is referred to locally as Goatswood and is encroaching on the region at a great rate, due to influence of Shub-Niggurath and the cult hereabouts that worships her.

The Walk to the Farm and Goatswood

From their map the investigators see they must walk south a further mile or so on this road, cross over the River Ton, and then pick up the footpath. They will then follow that footpath due east in the direction of Lower Clotton (though not into that village). The farm is just a little south of there. If asked to do so, the driver will stop the bus for them at the footpath instead of in Clotton, saving them a ten-minute walk.

The trek covers a bit more than three miles and should take about an hour to an hour and a half depending on incident. It is cold and dreary. The footpath almost immediately crosses the railway line and then climbs steadily, affording a view of the forest ahead, which looks closer than their map suggests. What might be the Severn River is three or four miles behind them, or perhaps that's the canal. The countryside looks uncared for. Poor fences and hedges divide the fields. The few pieces of farm equipment they see

Master and Pupil

This section of the adventure throws quite a bit at the investigators in a short period of time. If the player characters are focused on stopping the efforts of the Cult of Hastur, then the only thing they want from Hillary Quarrie is Malcolm Quarrie's whereabouts. In this case they can ignore the bigger picture of what is going on here. Much of Hillary's history is in the introduction to this book, and keepers might want to review the relevant sections at this juncture.

Briefly, Hillary Hayes married Malcolm Quarrie on 8th April 1923, and shortly afterward the couple moved to this farm. In June of 1924 came two major events: Hillary gave birth to their daughter Sarah, and Malcolm left her. Hillary has lived here since, but Sarah is here no longer. The Quarries are still married in law although they have not seen each other since Christmas of 1924.

Hillary has been seduced by Goatswood itself and by the *Revelations of Glaaki* and the letters and notes from Atkinson. When Malcolm left, Atkinson came to the farm. He told Hillary that she was special, that this place had been waiting for her, and that he would train her and make her his Priestess. Despite her revulsion of the man, she was drawn to his power and secrets. With the knowledge he passed on, her own love of this ancient countryside grew; she could not bear to be apart from her farm, the bleak wood — they were beautiful and they spoke to her.

For four years so things went. Hillary learned fast and grew in stature in the cult. Though she would not submit to

Atkinson's advances, the two of them and Sarah made a family. But Atkinson presumed too much. One day, in the summer of 1928, Hillary came upon him teaching her four-year-old daughter about the Black Goat. Later she saw little Sarah moving her hand in a clumsy approximation of the Voorish Sign. She said nothing then, but her rage was immense. She could never forget how Malcolm had abandoned them — she would not do the same to her daughter.

And she also realized that perhaps above all else she was jealous in sharing Atkinson and what should be her power with her own daughter! She must get Sarah away. A week later, she smuggled her off to live with her sister's family in Birmingham. Atkinson raged and demanded the girl's return, but Hillary stood up to him, implacable, and the old man couldn't face her. Humiliated, he crept back to Lower Clotton — the power had already moved on, even before his death. Hillary knew she didn't need to risk a fight in front of all, for Atkinson was old.

Now the cult is almost hers, and she has half a mind to destroy it.

As the investigators arrive there has been almost no contact between Atkinson and Hillary for more than a year. What little there has been was through Atkinson's emissaries begging Hillary to reconsider and reconcile. The cult membership themselves are split between who they follow, although they are all too scared to question the old man openly. As Atkinson's position weakens, Hillary suspects he now wants Wilfred Gresty (whom she knows by sight) as his successor and she is right. Near death and out of options, Atkinson has called for Gresty. A power struggle is about to begin, and the investigators' arrival precipitates its onset.

were made to be horse-drawn, and have been left to rust.

After a mile or so's walk there is the first evidence of life. A little way off a dozen scrawny sheep are gathered expectantly by an empty food trough, and beside them stands a farmhand staring off into space. He does not see the investigators right away. He's shabbily and inadequately dressed and carries a wooden bucket. Behind this rustic tableau, off to the north, lies a collection of buildings almost lost in a fold of the ground. This is Temphill. When approached or hailed the man turns around, he is thin and ugly with big ears and protruding teeth, and as soon as he sees the strangers he sets off at a fast walk toward Temphill, ignoring anything said to him and intermittently shaking his head. If the investigators follow, Temphill is found to be somewhat more populated than Clotton, but the player characters are cold-shouldered in the same manner as before. The sheep, still underfed, are indelibly marked with a splash of black on their hindquarters to indicate ownership: the mark suggests the head of a bull or a goat.

The footpath goes on for another mile. Isolated trees now thicken as the investigators approach Lower Clotton and Mercy Hill off to the north. Nug's Farm is quite close now, no more than thirty minutes walk, but

now the path cuts through a band of forest not marked on the map. It's still in among the trees and there is a high, sweet smell brought by an intermittent breeze. The footpath crosses a stream of stagnant water and then a patch of dense black poppies, and the wood gets thicker. It is lush now with deep ferns, moss and fungal growth. If the investigators go too far from the track they need a successful **Navigate** roll to find their way back. The player characters may notice a number of things within this woodland.

- **Trees:** The trees are ordinary wych elm and large oaks, but if examined with a successful Botany or Natural History roll they are seen to be unusually thick-barked, and, if the rings on a fallen specimen are looked at, almost impossibly fast growing.
- **The Noise:** Ask for **Listen** rolls — a success distinguishes a distant thrumming, like a swarm of bees or the low thrum of electricity. Re-roll failures every twenty game minutes. The source of the thrumming is not traceable.
- **Headaches:** These begin CON x1 minutes after noticing the thrumming. There is a tightening sensation around the temples, spine, and forehead that becomes debilitating, to the point that mental skills are decreased by ten percentiles and physical skills decreased by five percentiles. The headache is constant. The keeper shouldn't announce the specifics of the penalty but might suggest to the afflicted



A Blessed Spied in Goatswood

investigators that they are having trouble concentrating and that massaging the points of pressure is efficacious (it isn't). When the sufferer leaves the wood, the symptoms disappear in thirty minus CON minutes. If they then stay close to the wood, the pain sometimes comes back in a flash but lasts just a minute or two. Upon leaving the area, the symptoms come back and stay constant for a whole 1D3 days.

- **A Visitation:** Soon after the investigators begin to notice some of the strangeness of Goatswood, one of the Blessed appears in the trees off to their left, (for statistics, see the end of this chapter). The investigators have disturbed his Warding spell. Moments before, the keeper might have allowed a **Spot Hidden** roll for the investigators to notice that they have kicked apart what looks like an intentional pattern of small rocks sitting on the path. The Blessed is about fifty yards off in the trees and is watching them. He moves further away: at first he looks human, stripped from the waist up, but something seems wrong. A **Spot Hidden** reveals that his legs are jointed the wrong way, like an animal's! Sanity loss is 1/1D3 Sanity points for those who comprehend this. If pursued, the Blessed stops long enough both to cast the Evil Eye and for the investigators to see he is completely naked (apart from the thick hair upon his legs). Then he is gone.

The trees thin out as the investigators pass out of this spur of the wood. Bearing off the footpath looks like the quickest option to reach Nug's Farm and walking down off the hill they soon see the main body of the Forest of Dean. It sends out fingers to the three farms that are

dotted in a line below them. If the investigators go to either of the end farms they find them abandoned and without interest — even from a distance they can see holes in the roofs — but the one in the center otherwise looks in much better repair: there's glass in all the windows and the chimney belches smoke. Someone is home.

When they are still a few hundred yards off there is the sound of barking and three big dogs run outside. A woman comes out behind them, perhaps thirty years old with short blonde hair, wearing overalls, boots, gloves and a short coat; she looks nothing like the denizens of the countryside they've seen so far. The dogs, bull mastiffs, run over to her where at a word of command they are silent. As the investigators come close they read the sign by the gate: "Nug's Farm".

Hillary Quarrie

As the investigators halt, the woman, not yet speaking but watching them closely, takes her gloves off and stuffs them into a pocket. A farm-worker is now visible beside the house holding a shovel, watching. This is Will (see his statistics and description nearby). If the investigators were for some reason to attack Hillary the dogs go for them, as does Will, while she casts Dread Curse of Azathoth or Dominate.

Hillary can have no idea who these people (the investigators) are — she doesn't get visitors and it is very rare that rambblers come this way. Presumably, the investigators tell Hillary who they are and what they want. If they mention her husband Malcolm, then assuming their appearance does not alarm her, Hillary invites them into the house. The dogs follow. (Hillary will not invite the player characters in if she feels they are allies of Atkinson or Gresty. In that case, she will order them away.) As an afterthought, she curtly dismiss Will for the day. He doesn't reply, but simply shuffles off in the direction of Lower Clotton, seemingly uninterested in the new arrivals.

The investigators now get a chance for a short conversation with Hillary; they have about an hour, from noon to one o'clock, and this has a great bearing on what is about to happen.

Allow an immediate **Psychology** roll. It shows that Hillary is suspicious and mistrustful. If this encourages openness so much the better, as the investigators have nothing to fear in revealing their pasts. Are they here to ask her questions about Malcolm Quarrie and Hastur? Are they also here to warn her of Wilfred Gresty? Do they wish to learn something of Hillary's history? Are they curious about the cult of the Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young? Do they see her as a potential friend, or enemy, or both? Whatever their

motivation, their arrival is going to spark an immediate and vicious confrontation between Atkinson/Gresty and Hillary, with the them potentially caught in the middle.

For Hillary's part, she wants to listen more than she wants to speak; and most of all she wants to know what their arrival means. She has no trust for the investigators at this point, but has information to give about those the investigators name. She is generally very blunt but makes no immediate allusion to the Mythos. She will speak of the following:

- Atkinson is an evil, clever man who has the power around here. She has no love for him: he stole her husband and he would have stolen her daughter; he tried to have her too. She clarifies the last, if asked, to say "in his bed".
- Wilfred Gresty is Atkinson's choice to follow him, now that Hillary has rebuffed him. He's as bad as Atkinson — worse, perhaps, with his duller mind and his greater vigor.
- Yes, Malcolm Quarrie is her husband. He's an extraordinary man, capable of doing things no one else would dream of. He's the only man she truly loves but he let her down dreadfully and she's not good at forgiveness. She'll say no more on him just for the moment.
- Sarah is her five-year old daughter. (Hillary will not say where she is.)
- She has not heard of Montague Edwards, Alexander Roby, or Lawrence Bacon.

One thing to remember with regard to the Goatswood Cult: it has not survived the centuries without being circumspect. The cult has limited aims and does not involve outsiders in them. Strangers rarely come to this group of villages and if they do they are ignored. If strangers are persistent they're treated with incivility but no physical threats. It is Gresty's tongue, made loose by drink, that has suddenly made a private quarrel public.

Hillary Quarrie

Appearance and Demeanor: Hillary has fine blonde hair and an attractive face. At the time she's met, her eyes are bloodshot and she is suffering from nervous exhaustion. She has a distant and distracted manner and frequently massages her temples as though in pain. She wears a heavy jacket, shirt, undershirt, trousers, gloves, and boots. Her conversation and manners are somewhat lacking after her long period alone but she makes no apologies. Her accent indicates an educated upbringing. Her



Ms. Quarrie

approach is generally efficient, straightforward, and unemotional.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Lives at Nug's Farm near Lower Clotton in the Severn Valley. Her maiden name is Hayes and she was educated at Cheltenham Ladies' College. Married Malcolm Quarrie in April 1923: one child, Sarah, born June 1924, who is now living with Hillary's sister and her family in Birmingham.

Plot: Hillary is met through Wilfred Gresty. The key piece of information she can be encouraged to reveal is a contact for Malcolm in Milan — Thomas Villiers. This is all the investigators need but their appearance has brought to a head a simmering conflict in the Goatswood cult and leaving Hillary to face it alone might seem callous. If the investigators stay, they find themselves embroiled in powerful and dangerous Mythos magic and several possible loose ends.

Hilary Quarrie, age 33, English Priestess and Farmer

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 14 POW 18
DEX 15 APP 15 EDU 13 SAN 36 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: Hatchet 53%, damage 1D6 + 1
Knife 35%, damage 1D6

Spells: Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath, Charm Animal, Deflect Harm, Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Evil Eye, Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Voorish Sign, Warding.

Skills: Bargain 25%, Craft (Cooking) 41%, Credit Rating 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 14%, Dodge 40%, Drive Auto 17%, Farming (Arable) 29%, Farming (Livestock) 38%, First Aid 47%, Listen 75%, Mechanical Repair 34%, Medicine 24%, Medicine (Veterinary) 30%, Operate Heavy Machinery 26%

Languages: English 45% (from lack of use), French 25%, Latin 25%.

Hillary's Three Mastiff Dogs

Appearance: Treat them as identical. They are large, strong, black and brown bull mastiffs. These are guard dogs, not pets, and are completely loyal to Hillary. The dogs are well-trained and do not generally leave her side unless ordered to do so. They would fight to their deaths if they perceive Hillary as under attack.



Pig and Walter



Hillary and the Boys

Three Bull Mastiffs — Walter, Pig, and Bull

STR 12 CON 16 SIZ 07 POW 07
 DEX 15 MOV 12 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: Bite 30%, damage 1D6
 Knock-Down automatic, when mastiff SIZ + MOV exceeds target STR

Armor: 1 point of muscle

Skills: Listen 75%, Scent Something Interesting 90%.

Will, age 46, English Cultist and Hired Man

Appearance and Demeanor: Tall and spindly with bent limbs, a thick tufted beard on his chin and a lowering expression. He is dressed in trousers and a tunic made from sacking. He is uncommunicative generally and completely taciturn with strangers.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Works for Hillary Quarrie, but would ostensibly owe allegiance to Atkinson. Most cultists carry no names. The people here are so few and talk so limited that there's seldom a need, but Hillary calls him Will.



Will

Plot: Told by Atkinson to protect Hillary. He and several other cultists offer their help to Hillary in the upcoming struggle thinking her the rightful next leader, not Gresty. Does Will even have affection for her? If Hillary does not have the investigators' help she will take the help of these cultists.

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 05 POW 10
 DEX 06 APP 05 EDU 03 SAN 24 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Attacks: Sickle 42%, damage 1D6 + 1 + 1D4

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 06%, Farming (Arable) 35%, Listen 35%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Medicine 15%, Medicine (Veterinary) 23%, Operate Heavy Machinery 40%.

Languages: English 25%, Latin 06%.

The Farm

Nug's Farm is a loss-making concern and amounts to little. Hillary farms a field or two of potatoes, cabbages, and turnips, and the kitchen garden out back has vegetables and fruits for her own consumption. She also keeps chickens, lots of chickens, which are in coops and runs in front of the house. She trades with the locals for other needs. A man and a boy from Lower Clotton provide her help.

The farmhouse is a very old two-story limestone building with a newer single-story extension built onto a back corner. The windows are small and shuttered, the ceilings and doorways are low, and the house is always

dim. In the living room a desk is piled high with correspondence, mostly between Hillary and Atkinson. Hidden beneath these papers is a copy of the *Revelations of Glaaki*.

Hillary does not want these papers or the book inspected. She is jealous of them, but if they are looked at see the player handout *Tatters of the King Papers #22* headed “Revelations of Glaaki, and the Papers” for excerpts and descriptions. If they are only glanced at, or a page or two is pilfered, the keeper should give out only some of this information. In the kitchen there is an unframed photograph standing on the windowsill. It is an informal and off-center snapshot of Hillary, Malcolm, and newborn Sarah, she is just a few days old, lined up in front of the house — see the player handout *Tatters of the King Papers #21*.

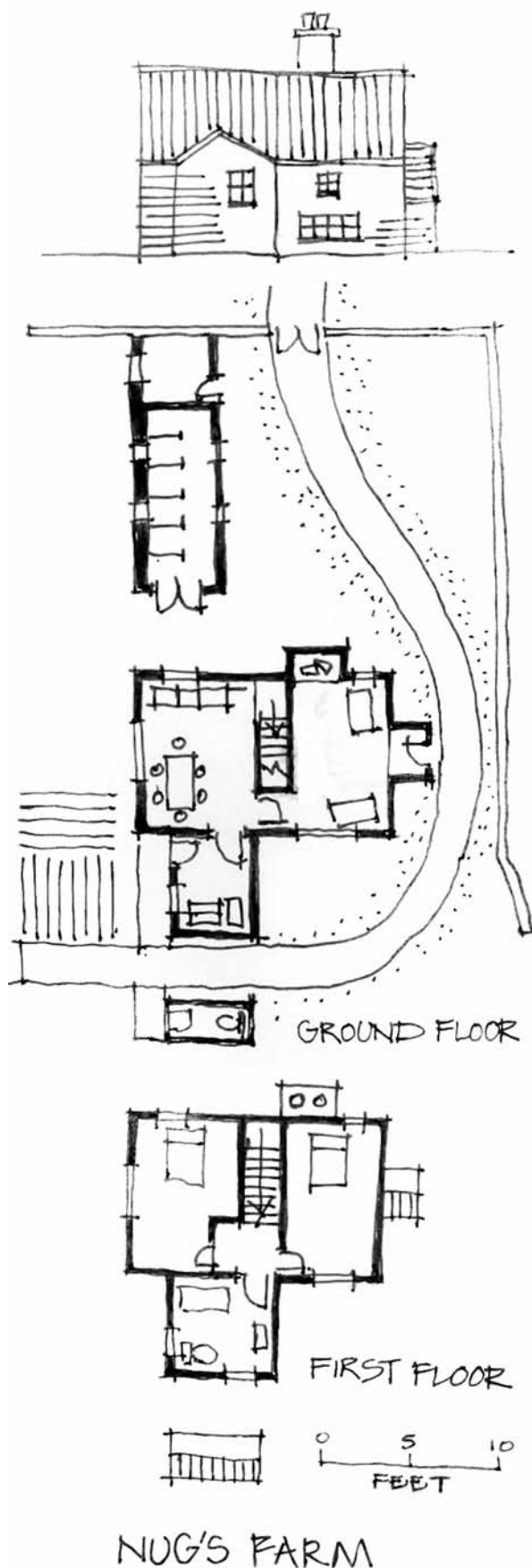
- Malcolm’s two letters to her are in Hillary’s bedroom.
- There are two extra beds to be had in the cottage: one in the other upstairs room plus the sofa in the living room.

Gresty’s Arrival

It’s an hour after the investigators came, early afternoon. In the kitchen the dogs suddenly bark once or twice and move to the door looking at Hillary. She opens the door and follows them out. A man is approaching a few hundred yards off. On the hill behind him are a dozen others but they stand still. A **Spot Hidden** identifies the advancing man as Gresty. If the investigators have not already told Hillary that they know Gresty, now is the last opportunity to do so as when he greets them she will make the assumption that they’re in on something with him. If they tell her now, she hears them out. Call for a **Fast Talk** roll amended by plus/minus ten percentiles, depending on the argument employed and the current state of relations with Hillary.

The figures behind Gresty include several of the Blessed, (see their statistics at the end of this section): give a sketchy description of their appearance with more details on a **Spot Hidden** roll or if the investigators have binoculars. If the investigators haven’t already put this together an **Idea** roll suggests the common physical features between them, Gresty, the farmhand, the man with the sheep and the old woman on the bus. Gresty is the most presentable, but they all share misshapen limbs, chin whiskers, long faces . . . goat-like features.

Gresty is amazed to see the investigators and he actually greets them before he greets Hillary, albeit in a stilted fashion. He seems suspicious of them, asks why they are here. (Gresty and Atkinson heard from the sheep farmer that there are strangers here and they are worried what it might mean.) This puts Hillary a little at ease. But Gresty doesn’t dwell on that conversation as



he then greets Hillary warmly. He says that Atkinson has just told him that bad blood exists. This should not concern the two of them: they can inherit Atkinson's power together.

Hillary walks forward and puts her face right up to his: "I curse you all, Gresty".

Then whispering almost coquettishly (a successful **Listen** reveals her words): "Shall I tell you his true name?"

Gresty looks alarmed, then scowls. He turns without a word and stalks back the way he came up towards the other men. As he goes he turns once and yells: "Why-ever they're here, they're too late. The hand-over is brought forward: it happens tonight. You'd better be gone from here, woman. All of you better be gone. Nug's Farm will be no more."

The Lull before for the Attack: Malcolm's Letters and a Decision

Hillary seems to forget the others are there. She storms inside the house — the dogs following, made nervous by her mood — and goes straight to take an armful of paper off the desk. She carries these outside to where a large brazier smolders near the door, stuffs them in, and they catch. She requests help, saying that when Gresty

and Atkinson come back there must be nothing for them to take. Assuming the investigators do not try to stop her then, within twenty minutes — much quicker if they help — the *Revelations of Glaaki*, Hillary's many notes on it, and all correspondence from Atkinson go up in flames.

If someone puts hands on Hillary to stop her, a mas-tiff will go for him, although Hillary quickly calls the dog off. She meets any resistance with reasoned argument — these are seditious and very powerful writings that should not fall back into Atkinson's hands. If not persuaded of the investigators' good motives, she asks if they are working for Atkinson — if so, they should think again. What have they been promised? They should know from her that his promises mean nothing! Allow a **Persuade** roll to allay Hillary's fears. She won't keep trying to burn these papers if still opposed: she says that she can't fight anyone else right now.

At whatever point the investigators win Hillary's confidence she starts answering questions more fully. Use the information in the Introduction and in the boxed text "Master and Pupil" in this chapter: she has quite a tale. She is candid about everything in her history although perhaps sparing on certain details. The one thing she does not give is her daughter's location.



TOTK Papers #21: Photograph of Malcolm, Hillary and Sarah

Finally she says she can wound this cult fatally if she wins tonight; it's old and weak and is not going to get the new blood it needs. She seems quite calm now. Conversation comes around (or back) to Malcolm. She goes upstairs and gets the letters.

She waits for the investigators to read them. All she can add is that she too knows Hastur to be close to Earth — some of the cult feel that he will arrive here in Goatswood to copulate with Shub-Niggurath — and that Malcolm is probably right in all he says there. She makes her only concession to sentimentality: if they see him they should tell him that Sarah will grow up to love her father. Hillary's is a sad story and it should be told as such. She certainly doesn't emerge blameless and she doesn't hide or apologize for her willing involvement in the cult here, but she appears to be on the right side now. Overall she should appear as a sympathetic character.

The time is now around three o'clock. Hillary asks how the investigators are getting away, and suggests they go now to be sure to get to the bus in Clotton for six o'clock. She is remarkably calm. The investigators should have Malcolm's letters. Do they go their own way and abandon Hillary to her threatened death? Do they stay to help her and fight Gresty and Atkinson? Is it their responsibility that Malcolm's letters are passed on in case they die here; does at least one of the investigators need to escape, leaving the others behind?

If the investigators leave now jump forward to the section "Leaving the Severn Valley"; the remaining events here will happen outside their notice. If the investigators offer to stay she says that their presence will be helpful, but they must agree to do what she says. If they do, they should be safe, but if not it could be that none of them will survive: if they can't agree, they should leave. If investigators seek clarification, she says that their help may be hard but it will be necessary. (She raises her voice a bit, she is tense and scared, and the dogs growl.) Hillary says that Atkinson and Gresty will come around midnight.

She seems to do nothing to prepare.

There is only one minor incident in the afternoon. The dogs bark in warning and when people go outside they see Hillary's farm worker, Will, and five other local men approaching the house. They carry various implements: a sickle, hoes and pitchforks. Hillary seems a little surprised but unconcerned. She tells the dogs — and asks the investigators — to stay where they are. She walks forward alone. The investigators can overhear only Hillary's end of the conversation as the others mumble unintelligibly.

She speaks firmly: "I don't need your help. No. I have help."

Murmurs in reply.

Revelations of Glaaki, and the Papers

“One of the True Blessed is as pathetic as a puppet and as magnificent as a star, something at once dead and never dying, a thing utterly without destiny and thus imperishable, possessing that absence of mind, that infinite vacuity which is the essence of all that is immortal.

“And are the Blessed yet suffered to become her Children? Certainly they are suffered to enter all of the wood and dwell there still.

“The Dark Young, her Thousand Children, they are scattered across the stars of the sky, and Shub-Niggurath watches them all, cares for them. And she screams with motherly delight as they suckle on her black, swollen paps, chew on her distended belly, gorge themselves sow-fat, pig-fat upon her flesh.

“At Nug's will she dwell; on the doorstep. She will dwell there on the Goddess's doorstep with her young.

“And when ripe, bring them to the Moon Lens for they belong to the Great One, The Goat with A Thousand Young. And her own Children will guard them. Her own Children will bring her safe to her when the Goat's dominion takes her in. When the Goat's forest marches. When the Goat's forest marches and the moon is growing full and heavy. Then the Moon Lens will shine on the hill. The hill will open. And he, her servant, will come.

“And A. was true to his promise; he has told me of certain things when I was ready to hear them. Secrets surpassing sanity. Commending me to an absolute cure, he has immured another soul within the black and boundless walls of that eternal asylum where stars dance maniacally like bright puppets in the silent, staring void. And I will be truly blessed.

“Our brethren may talk of the Father whose measurement is eight and twenty, and four hundred. Some have especial fear for the one behind the wall. But all must bow down before She who is the Black Goat of the Woods, numbered three and seven hundred, the Queen, the Mother, with her Thousand Dark Young. All must bow down as our fathers did, and their fathers did. As our sons will do, as their sons will do.”

Tatters of the King Papers #22

“Yes I know where you stand and so will Atkinson if you stay here. And Gresty.”

Murmurs.

And finally: “No. I can't take it. Go on. Go on, Will, take them away. Go on. All of you, go on.”

They shamle off. She stays where she is for another minute or two looking away from the house and watching the men's backs.

When she turns it looks like she's been crying.

Hillary makes a simple supper: bread, cheese, fruit. Time passes.

Finally, the dogs give warning again.

It's midnight.

Material on Hillary's Desk

This is Volume VI of the 12-volume set. Sanity loss 1/1D2, Cthulhu Mythos +2 percentiles. Average 8 weeks to study and comprehend. Spells: Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath.

It is not expected that the investigators will be able to study the book at their leisure. The keeper may use the player handout **Tatters of the King Papers #22** nearby, to give the flavor offered by skimming the book or the mounds of notes and correspondence that cover the desk.

Dear Hills,

I write to tell you how I fare and how I feel. I don't expect you should care on either point - you may not have read this far - but I still feel so close to you Hills. You are my equal, my better, my other half. I would come back to you and ask to be with you again but I am deeper than ever. Deeper than ever and so far out from shore that I cannot hope to make it back. I write this to inform you, to provide you with facts that may assist you. I seek no sympathy or approbation.

When I moved to London I met with someone who Atkinson had heard of as a scholar in the field. I spent time with him and others and I came to know better the other like Shub-Niggurath who is anchored to our stars. Hastur, Herta, or Kaiwan, it has been known to many cultures and civilisations. It is no legend. On New Year's Eve 1925 it was called to Earth so that we could learn from it. I will not describe the event, just say that we each learnt something different and that some did not survive the night. Hastur possesses avatars and that which was called was not in its element and I believe had been promised the lives it took - perhaps had to take them. It was an appalling night but I must admit that as I later reflected the immediacy itself meant much to me. It was not old words in old books - they are much more real than our world I think. I broke with most of the others after that. They are committed to a course that will fail. It is coloured by petty-mindedness and a lust for personal gain.

There are links between Hastur and the Black Boat. It is talked of in more than one text of a union between the two, though the texts conflict over whether this will happen in the future or has already happened. The first source says that the Dark Young came from this side but I think this text suspect. The more authoritative source says that there will be a union after humanity is forgotten and that two offspring will result - one is Yeb and the other is Nug, and that Yeb and Nug in turn produce two more entities: Cthulhu and Teathogqua. As you know I am inherently suspicious, even dismissive, of the notion of applying our own concepts of procreation and generations to pantheons, but I know the names will interest you. I have left the Society. I could not continue to bother my mind with what others found important. To return to my analogy, I float on waves thrown up by forces out of our sight. I guess a course and try to steer it but I am at the mercy of those forces.

I have joined a circle whose goals are, I think, correct and will certainly be furthered. My knowledge complements their own, and we call our endeavour 'The Pilgrimage of Grace' you can imagine who came up with that name. I hope it is not conceived to think our ideals as pure as theirs were. There are still questions we need to answer, but things are very close now. How lucky we are to live in this time, for the stars do not repeat their patterns but once in a thousand years or more.

I could come for you, Hills. For you both. Dare I hope you don't laugh at that? I am in Milan now and cannot easily guess my immediate movements, but write c/o Thomas Cook & Son at 7 Via Manzoni and I will respond. I suffer to think of how I have changed our lives. I lost both of us to this course all these years ago when I let the photograph of you fall out of my wallet before Atkinson.

One just doesn't match up against things like this.

All my love to you,

Malcolm

TOTK Papers #23: Malcolm Quarrie's First Letter to Hillary

Two Letters from Malcolm

Hillary has these two letters in her bedroom at Nug's Farm. Both are undated. She tells that the first letter reached her in the summer of the year before last, (late July 1927). It was hand-delivered by a stranger to her. See the nearby handout **Tatters of the King Papers #23**.

Hillary did not reply to the letter. She can explain one item in it — as can a successful **History** roll. The Pilgrimage of Grace was a little-remembered and ultimately unsuccessful Catholic rebellion against English King Henry VIII in 1536. The leaders set a high moral tone for their endeavors, asking all followers to sign the "Oath of Honourable Men" which prom -

ised they were opposed to personal gain, envy, and heretics, and that they were for Almighty God, the Church Militant, and the preservation of the King's person and issue. Supporters flocked to the cause in great numbers and there was a real chance that they could defeat any army sent against them. But these pilgrims were not ruthless enough and a mixture of false promises and compromises from the crown led to the beheadings of its leaders and disbursement of its followers. Hillary says that the goodness of this revolt appealed to Malcolm, and this must be how he is styling his own 'Pilgrimage'. Thomas Cook is merely a Tourist Office that handles tickets and exchanging money.


The second letter is shorter and was received by Hillary only in early December 1929, a few weeks ago. Again it was hand-delivered. Potentially, this gives the investigators the means to follow Malcolm. For that letter, see the nearby handout **Tatters of the King Papers #24**.

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Malcolm wrote this second letter from Jabalpur, at the end of September. He entrusted it to a homeward bound Englishman along with instructions and payment for its delivery by courier.

The Attack

The assault is straightforward, unsubtle. Atkinson and Gresty accompanied by the six Blessed enter Goatswood. They walk into the arm of the wood closest to Nug's Farm

Dear Hills,
I dared hope you would write. I told myself that you did not get my letter; that your letter did not reach me, but I know this is not true.
The stars are right, Hills. I must tell you things briefly.
This first may be old news but the group that I split from will try and call Hastur soon: this will not succeed the way they want it to but may cause great damage. Atkinson knew these people so there may be repercussions for you there. Be on your guard.
Second, our Pilgrimage has set out. We will discover His avatar, the King in Yellow, the Son of God if you like, His Second Coming. This could be as soon as December or early in the New Year, although it may be as late as March. It has taken so much negotiation to get to this point, (the University, the Army and so on), that we'll wait a little longer if we need to. He is a terrible and wonderful creature Hills; and His return to Earth will be the greatest event in human history. I won't present my feeble predictions of what it may mean and you may guess better than most.
It just remains for me to pray that you are well, and Sarah too. I know I am not in a position to ask for things Hills, but will you take the greatest care of her? Please let her know who her father is no matter what you may say of him.
Yours ever,

P.S. The stakes are high and if you do not hear from me again you will know I failed. I did not think to handle my affairs before leaving for here, but my will provides you with the call on all my effects. Contact Thomas Villiers at the shipping office of Giuseppe Colombo in the 'Navigli' in Milan. I don't remember the street but the name, business and district will be sufficient and he will act as my executor.

TOTK Papers #24--Malcolm Quarrie's Second Letter to Hillary

and there they light a bonfire. Atkinson sacrifices one of the Blessed and this brings a Dark Young that will be sent to destroy Nug's Farm, kill Hillary, and anyone else there. The men hope to retrieve the *Revelations* volume from the ruins.

From the cottage window the investigators can see the scene — Hillary does not join them. The bonfire in the woods and the figures passing in front of it are just visible about half a mile off. A **Listen** roll brings voices raised in a song or chant. Details of the scene can only be made out if using binoculars when a **Spot Hidden** shows that one man seems to be struck and falls — he doesn't defend himself. If the investigators seek to attack now they will be faced by the spells of Atkinson and Gresty and the attacks of the Blessed in the dark of the forest that they know so well.

Now there is a pause of ten minutes or so. Hillary says everyone must wait here. She is whispering something inaudible. A second **Listen** reveals a new noise in the woods: a distant crack, then another as though boughs and trunks are breaking.

Hillary looks up, her face is set. She says it is time to go outside. She shuts the dogs in although they are frantic to go with her.

She tells the investigators to quickly grab four chickens from the coops and hold them upside down by the legs in front of them. She needs at least two investigators, and three or four would be better. Hillary produces a long sharp knife that she holds up in front of her and starts to scream out (one phrase and one knife attack per round).

"*Ishnigarrab!*" Hillary slashes precisely at one bird, wounding it fatally. "Say it!" she shouts. And if anyone doesn't answer she screams louder: "Help me! Say it!"

Summon/Bind Dark Young

Two liberties are taken here with the spell Summon/Bind Dark Young. First, there is no guarantee that this is a moonless night, a prerequisite for a successful summoning, but if it is not it seems reasonable that dark young can always be summoned in Goatswood itself, the stronghold of the cult. Second, Hillary casts Bind Dark Young herself to try and use the summoned creature to her own needs, but the *Cthulhu* rules state that a creature presently bound cannot be rebound until its present command is completed. That's not much fun here — this scene is the big magical duel between the pupil Hillary, and her mentor Atkinson, so she's allowed to Bind the dark young if the ten magic points are spent as for the original summoning and that she then wins a POW check against the original summoner, Atkinson. She hopes to draw on the investigators to pay up to nine of those first ten magic points.

Each investigator echoing her words spends one magic point.

"*The Black Mouth!*" And the knife slits a second bird. Both are still alive. A deep, regular noise is now audible, and getting louder. "Repeat it!" she says. Each investigator echoing her words spends another magic point.

"*The Black Tongue!*" A third, she is picking strikes with a ritual flourish. Blood from all three chickens is splashing out over her hands and arms and the investigators holding them, the birds are still alive and flailing. The ground seems to tremor and now it's clear that something monstrously, hopelessly big is coming this way. Unless the investigators are echoing her automatically now, again she calls for them to do so. Each investigator echoing her words spends one magic point.

"*The Black Lip!*" The fourth bird is slashed. The repetitions are made. The birds struggle weakly. "Keep those birds there!" she screams, then: "Stand still!" It's unclear whether the last is at the investigators or at what is coming for she has whirled to face it. The terrified chickens still in their coops add to the cacophony of the dying ones. The dogs howl madly from the house. Each investigator echoing her words spends a last magic point.

The ground shakes and there is a horrible stench — like rancid meat. The noise of its approach is like a train.

Hillary points her arm out in the direction of the noise and against the black of the night something even blacker is visible and it is as big as the house. It's not quite too dark to make it out, but it takes a while to see that it seems to shift a massive, twined body on squat legs. The upper half whips frantically as though in great pain. Somewhere in the body below, a mouth smacks open and spews out a stream of filthy green ichor. The smell is almost overpowering (roll **CON x7** or less to avoid vomiting). High above the thing there appears to be movement, like trees that were not there a moment before. Checks are now appropriate for 1D3/1D10 Sanity points (if investigators closed their eyes, allow them **POW x5** or less to keep them closed for just a 0/1D3 Sanity loss). Hillary loses 3 Sanity points.

The Outcome of the Binding

Hillary stands tall, reaching towards the thing, and then, like a challenge, shouts "*Ishnigarrab! Utug Xul!*" and immediately she whirls back onto the chickens and kills them: one, two, three, four with sweeping forehand and backhand slashes. She turns again to face the Dark Young and takes two steps toward it.

"You will kill the one who summoned you," she speaks quietly, coldly, pointing to the wood, to the distant fire, "and all who were with them. Then you will go back to your Mother to draw on her teat." She spits. And



that command is obeyed, or not, depending on whether Hillary succeeded in her Binding. There are two ways Hillary can have failed to Bind the Dark Young.

■ **Magic Points:** Each investigator may make four responses for a total of 4 magic points. How many magic points did they invest? Hillary spends 1 magic point automatically plus the remainder needed to bring the magic points up to ten. Now match Hillary's remaining magic points, between 8 and 17, against Atkinson's remaining 7 magic points on the Resistance Table. If she succeeds (a 55% to a 100% chance using the table in the *Cthulhu* rules, or 55% to 82% using the alternate table in the *Keepers Companion* vol. 1) — the dark young is bound, if she fails, it is not.

■ **Blood Sacrifice:** Though not as impressive as a Blessed, the chickens can serve their purpose. But they must all die. If all four birds were not there to have their blood spilled at the last moment — and it's hoped that any temporary insanity or loss of nerve has been covered for by the remaining investigators — Hillary looks for or screams for the missing bird(s). If produced quickly, assume the dark young was momentarily held, but if not, it attacks.

If Hillary failed to bind the dark young, it crashes forward and attacks. The investigators' only reasonable course of action is to run. Hillary does not. The monster grabs her and pulls her up to one of its sucking mouths, as it turns to crush the farmhouse. If the investigators enter the house they must make **Luck** rolls as the walls and the roof come down to determine the damage they take: (1D6/1D20). As long as they don't go for the house, they should survive, although perhaps the dark young will want at least one of them. See the next section.

If Hillary succeeded in binding the dark young, it turns with a great stamping and heads back off into the night the way it came. Its noise diminishes but is then counterpointed by the distant screams of fear and pain. Hillary doesn't stop to listen, covered in blood and completely transported, even the dogs slink away as she reenters the house.

Leaving the Severn Valley

If the dark young was defeated, everyone can sleep safely. In the morning Hillary is quiet but thankful to the investigators. She does not want to talk about what it was last night: she'll just say that it was the child of the mother. She insists they leave that day, she must deal with things now. She won't go into her plans but will say she would like to see her daughter.

She says it seems they might have their own hard task ahead of them. She asks again that if they find Malcolm they should give him her message about Sarah.

On the walk to the road, the countryside is as quiet as before and the investigators reach Clotton without

being challenged. On the street, a small goat-faced boy, five or six years old, is playing with a red rubber ball. The ball rolls over to the investigators and he comes over without any fear — as he takes it back, a barking shout from one of the decrepit houses has him running inside.

The bus comes on time at six o'clock in the evening. It's empty of passengers and has the same driver as before. The investigators reach Gloucester safely and from there can make their way to London.

Aftermath: Hillary and The Goatswood Cult

Hillary's exact motivations have been left deliberately confused. She is seduced by the cult, the writings, and the wood, but is likewise filled with remorse that she has lost her husband and child, and perhaps her morality. As the encounter below plays out, she takes drastic actions against Atkinson and Gresty, and she should be a decisive, even frightening, ally for the investigators. But if she survives the day and the night, she has bitter-sweet feelings about what she has done. She refuses any encouragement to leave her home and Goatswood. In the weeks and months to come, against her better judgment perhaps, she starts to rebuild the cult she has torn apart, and at some time in the future she even brings Sarah back to Goatswood. These developments could provide a long-term plot hook for the investigators if so desired.

Likewise no mention was made of the casualties if the dark young turns back upon Atkinson. The investigators have no way of knowing if Atkinson and the Blessed protecting him were overcome. And does Gresty survive? If so, any further contact from him will not be so friendly.

Chapter Summary

The investigators come to the villages in the Severn Valley that are the center of the Goatswood cult. They meet Hillary Quarrie, who represents their best chance of finding her husband Malcolm. Their appearance instigates an immediate clash between Atkinson, Wilfred Gresty, and Hillary. Before this happens the investigators learn something of Malcolm Quarrie's activities: he and others are to call the King in Yellow to Earth, but from where is not known. He has lately left Milan, and two contacts are named there, Thomas Villiers and Giuseppe Colombo, and there is an address where they can be reached. Back in the present, the investigators must decide whether to stay and aid

Hillary in a fight that their appearance has precipitated, as the chapter concludes.

Sanity Point Loss/Gains for the Conclusion of BOOK II

- Abandoning Hillary to her fate: -1D6 Sanity points
- Participating in the Ceremony: -1D3 Sanity points
- Failing to turn the Dark Young: -1D3 Sanity points
- Investigators know Hillary dies: -1D6 Sanity points
- Staying to help Hillary: +1D6 Sanity points
- Succeeding in turning the Dark Young: +1D3 Sanity points
- Investigators know Hillary lives: +1D6 Sanity points

Statistics for Attackers of Nub's Farm

For Wilfred Gresty, see his statistics in Chapter 6, "British Gods", p. 101.

Atkinson

Appearance and Demeanor: Atkinson is an emaciated old man, with gray, heavily-wrinkled skin, a scruffy white beard on his chin, and a toothless mouth. He looks much older than his seventy-four years, but when he works himself into a rage and calls upon the great strength he once possessed, he can be intimidating. Atkinson is clever, cautious, and scheming, but genuinely cares for the people of these villages and the cult.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Leader of the Goatswood cult.

Plot: Having initially lured Malcolm and Hillary Quarrie to Goatswood, he was then happy to see Malcolm leave for London and Edwards' cult — the cult he has used Gresty to spy on. His relations with Hillary have completely deteriorated and he is now anxious to have Gresty ready as the next cult leader, rather than her. He is unlikely to be met face-to-face; if the keeper intends to focus again on Goatswood then it is suggested that Atkinson escape the night's bloodletting.



Atkinson

Atkinson, age 74, English Leader of the Cult of the Goat

STR 05 CON 06 SIZ 11 INT 15 POW 16
DEX 05 APP 04 EDU 05 SAN 0 HP 09

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Attacks: Knife 40%, damage 1D4 - 1D4

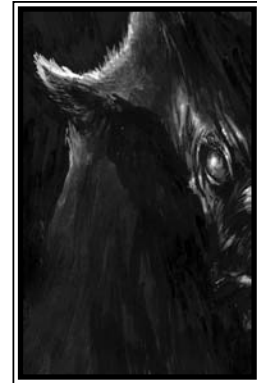
Skills: Accounting 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 19%, Farming (Arable) 39%, First Aid 41%, Listen 12%, Mechanical Repair 20%, Medicine 40%, Medicine (Veterinary) 52%, Operate Heavy Machinery 30%, Persuade 34%, Psychology 64%.

Spells: Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath, Charm Animal, Deflect Harm, Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Evil Eye, Lame/Heal Animal, Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Voorish Sign, Warding.

Languages: English 39%, Latin 32%.

The Blessed of Shub-Niggurath

Appearance: At first glance human-like but encompassing some of a number of catastrophic abnormalities that approximate a goat-human hybrid: hoof-like feet, thick hair over the limbs (especially lower limbs), reversed joints, elongated skulls with recessant horns, and so on. All Blessed have tufted beards and brows — the even-numbered Blessed below are males, and odd-numbered the females.



Blessed

Comments: These creatures are not the same as those listed in the *Creature Companion*, or *Malleus Monstrorum*, but rather are the epitome of the selective breeding that has gone on over scores of generations in the Severn Valley. These men and women are treated with utmost reverence by the cult and have a close link to Shub-Niggurath herself. The sacrifice of a Blessed is the most powerful plea the cult can make to Her.

Six Blessed of Shub-Niggurath

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
	F	M	F	M	F	M
STR	06	11	08	05	07	11
DEX	09	12	16	14	11	14
CON	18	14	20	12	08	18
POW	17	23	12	12	18	18
INT	07	13	04	08	05	10
SIZ	16	12	15	11	11	11
HP	17	13	18	12	10	15
DB	+0	+0	+0	-1D4	+0	+0
MOV	08					

Attacks: Claw 30%, damage 1D6 + DB
Bite 30%, damage 1D4

Armor: None, but a Blessed regenerates one hit point each round until dead.

Spells: All know Call Shub-Niggurath. #1 knows Command Goat, #2 knows Lame/Heal Animal, Dampen Light (it has the necessary pipes), #5 knows Charm Animal, #6 knows Evil Eye, Warding.

Skills: Hide 50%, Scent 30%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D3 Sanity points to see one of the Blessed.

The Dark Young Summoned by Atkinson

Appearance: A huge writhing mass of fibrous black tentacles. Multiple mouths occur across its surface which drip a foul-smelling discharge. This bulk is supported on several massive hooves which pummel the earth as they stamp along. It stands twenty feet tall.

Notes: The dark young that is introduced here is summoned and bound by Atkinson then sent to kill Hillary and any with her. Hillary attempts to overcome that binding as per the rules laid out in this chapter.

Dark Young

STR 45 CON 20 SIZ 39 INT 09 POW 20
DEX 18 MOV 08 HP 30

Damage Bonus: +4D6.

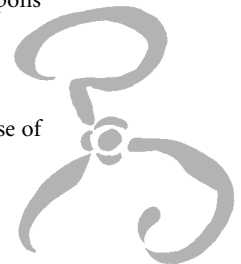
Attacks: Tentacle 80%, damage is DB or a drain of 1D3 STR per round
Trample 40%, damage 2D6 + 4D6

Armor: Firearms do one hit point in damage (an impale does two), except for shotguns, which all do minimum damage. Hand-to-hand weapons do normal damage. Attacks depending on heat, blast, corrosion, electrical charge, or poison have no effect.

Skills: Hide in Woods 80%, Sneak 60%.

Spells: Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath, Create Gate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Voorish Sign.

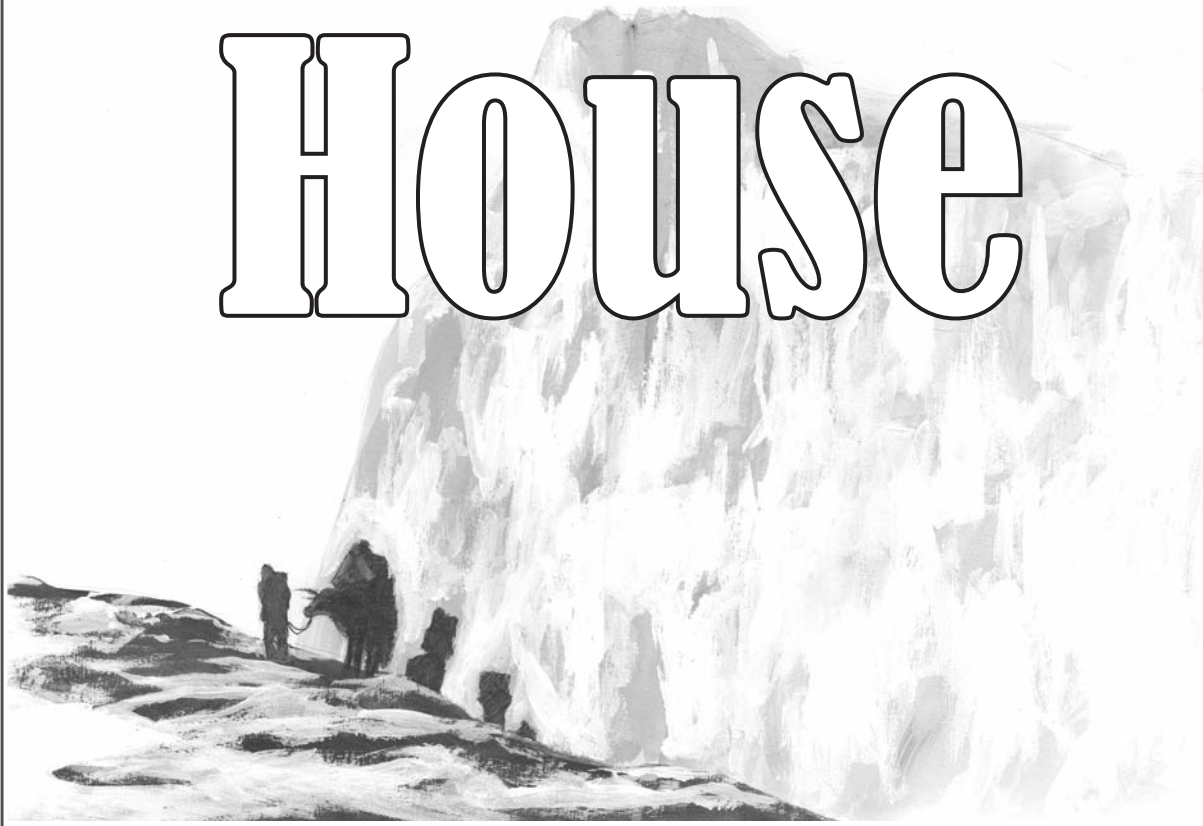
Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D10 Sanity points to see a dark young of Shub-Niggurath.



END OF BOOK II

BOOK III

The Upper House



The Brothers of the Yellow Sign

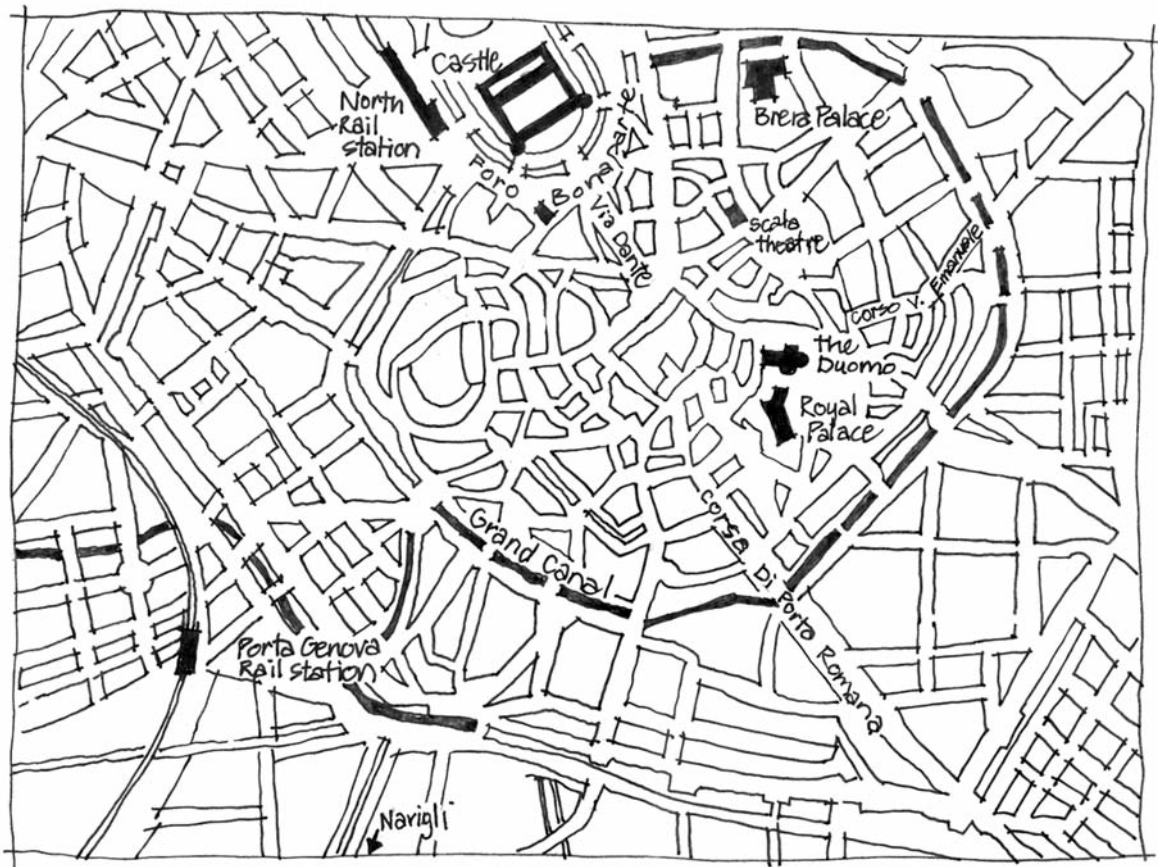
*Who would true valour see
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avow'd intent
To be a pilgrim.*

— John Bunyan, *The Pilgrim's Progress*

The investigators have several choices for their means of travel to Milan (Milano) but the most obvious and convenient is the railway. The investigators may travel to the Continent by rail on one of several cross-channel connections. There is a twice-daily service on Southern Railways from London Waterloo via Dover on the southeast coast to Calais (a sea passage of one and a quarter hours) which has the passengers in Paris in seven hours. Tickets cost £3 12s 11d for first class, £2 6s 11d for second class, and £1 15s 9d for third class. The premium service on this route is the daily *Golden Arrow*; it takes just six hours at a cost of £5. An alternative crossing to Paris is via Folkestone in Kent to Boulogne (twice daily) also in seven hours, but crossings via Newhaven or Southampton on the south coast are slower.

Trains from England arrive in Paris at the Gare du Nord station, so to continue a journey by rail the traveler must cross the city, probably by motor taxi, to take an onward train from the Gare du Lyon in the south of the city. A first class ticket on the train from Paris to Milan costs the equivalent of £4 10s including a sleeping berth; second class is £2 5s. Third class has only wooden benches with no provision for sleeping and indeed no privacy from other passengers. The train progresses via Dijon, Lausanne in Switzerland and Torino Porta Nuova (Turin), arriving in Milan at Porta Genova Station ten hours and thirty minutes after departure. Porta Genova is not the main station in Milan but in 1929 the Stazione Centrale is closed as it changes from a “transit” to a “terminal” station.

Assuming the investigators get a morning train, 8:30 a.m. from Waterloo Station, this has them in Paris at teatime. They can break their journey there with a meal and a visit to a monument or museum before taking the Milan sleeper train at 9:00 p.m. They arrive in Milan at 7:30 a.m. the next morning — an efficient twenty-four hours after their departure from London.



MILAN $\overbrace{\hspace{1.5cm}}^{\text{scale}}$ 0 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ MILE

Alternative Travel Arrangements

Air services provide a bit of an adventure and are fast and quite cost-effective, but are not particularly helpful given the season. Flights to the Continent originate from the London Terminal Aerodrome at Croydon, which opened for civil flying in 1920 and was redesigned in 1927-28 to be the largest and finest air station in the world. There are "elaborate lighting arrangements for landing at night or in fog" and planes are inspected daily before being given airworthiness certificates. Services go to Paris, Marseilles, Zurich, Brussels, Amsterdam, Cologne, and other destinations even including a weekly flight to India, taking seven days with twelve stops. There are four daily flights to Paris in the summer but only one a day from October to April. Tickets are available from tourist agents such as Thomas Cook. Passengers are conveyed to the aerodrome, ten miles south of London, by motor coach. Hand luggage to the extent of thirty pounds is free with excess being charged at special rates.

The single flight available leaves at 11:00 a.m. and takes one hour twenty minutes. The fare is £3 10s. The plane is a Handley-Page 42 capable of carrying thirty-eight passengers and four crew a distance of 580 miles

at a speed of 105 m.p.h. and is fitted with a refreshment buffet. The flight puts the travelers in Paris in the early afternoon, but this won't help them make time if this is their intention. There are just two direct trains to Milan each day, at 11:00 a.m. and 9:00 p.m. and local trains with multiple changes are not an easy or fast option.

Steamship is another possible means of travel. The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, (P&O), provides a leisurely but indirect means of travel. The liners linking Britain to its Empire in the East aren't the prestigious ships on the transatlantic services but are broader-beamed and comfortable. Ship voyages are discussed in depth in Chapter 9, but if this option is taken to reach Italy, sailing from Southampton to Marseilles in the south of France can be accomplished in three to four days, with the ship putting in at Gibraltar *en route*. This can be a rather rough voyage and tends to be avoided by not joining the ship until Marseilles. The rail journey on to Milan consumes most of another day for a total of four to five days. P&O does not service either the southern Italian port of Naples or the northern port of Genoa.

Motor cars can be conveyed across the Channel by the railway companies at rates commensurate with the size of the automobile, or an auto could be hired once

in France. But a journey of this distance in the winter is impractical given that the route takes in the elevated areas of the Swiss and Italian Alps.

Arriving in Milan

The day is overcast as a taxicab brings the investigators from Porta Genova into the center of town. Small, crowded streets characterize the area. Fine old palaces and apartments can be found here, as can most of the good hotels. The investigators might choose to stay at the famous Grand Hotel et de Milan, in via Manzoni near the Scala theater. The Grand Hotel was built in 1864-65 and Verdi died here in 1901. It has been renovated on several occasions and provides fine accommodation. Other choices include the Hotel des Anglais, Hotel Concordia, Hotel Bella Venezia and Hotel Bertolini.

Retaining A Guide

It is usual for a traveler in a foreign country to retain a private guide and interpreter — particularly if they are unfamiliar with the language. Their hotel can put them in touch with a professional guide by the name of Paulo Tuminardo. A native Milanese, Tuminardo is competent and trustworthy (see his statistics with the others in the “Navigli and the Book Shop” section, a little further below). Tuminardo is a fervent member of the Fascist party: he places all credit for the prosperous and efficient state of his city in the lap of Il Duce. If the investigators harbor a dislike or mistrust of Nationalist feelings (this was not prevalent in 1929 outside those with Socialist or Communist sympathies), they may learn that membership in the party is mandatory for official guides and all others regularly coming into contact with foreigners.

The Brothers of the Yellow Sign

We have spoken little of Malcolm Quarrie since he left his wife Hillary more than five years ago in the summer of 1924. We know he took up with Montague Edwards in London to study Hastur, and that there were differences between them that came to a head after the summoning on Springer Mound at the very end of 1926. We know he left to continue the study of Hastur in Milan and we have also seen the two letters he sent to Hillary that the investigators have recovered, and that is all. But Quarrie is at the center of the climax of this adventure and we turn back to him now.

Quarrie has an academic background in history. As far back as 1925, before the rift with Edwards, he was corresponding on the Hastur Mythos with a contact in Italy, Roberto Anzalone, a professor at the Università degli studi Di Milano. Anzalone shared Quarrie’s fasci-

nation with religion, myth, and the occult, and had access to rare works, including three volumes of the *Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan*, that furthered their joint understanding of the entity Hastur. The two of them

Milan in 1929

Milan is capital of the rich agricultural region of Lombardy in northern Italy. The city first rose to prominence as a military center, sitting as it does on the main route from Italy into the rest of Europe, but since the end of the nineteenth century it has grown to become one of the leading manufacturing centers in the world. With the rise in economic power have come commensurate social and other changes: Milan and Bologna have become the capitals of Fascism, both having been governed by Socialist administrations since 1914. Milan is not a rich city except in the sense that people can easily find employment here as work is predominately in poorly paid textile and industrial jobs. Architecturally therefore, large sections of the town consist of small, tightly packed tenements, *case di ringhiera*, which are unique to Milan.

Milan has 865,000 inhabitants. Milan’s population grew again after the Second World War, boosted by many immigrants from the rural south of the country, but it wasn’t until the 1970’s that it transformed into the prosperous and stylish city that we know today. In 1929 the chief employers include Alfa Romeo (cars, since 1906), Carlo Erba (pharmaceuticals, 1892), Pirelli (tires, rubber goods, since the turn of the century) and a heavy concentration of metallurgical companies and heavy industry (machine-making and allied trades). Company names include Bianchi, Riva, Falck, OM, Teconomasio Brown Boveri, Breda, and Marelli. Prominent among local light industry is furniture manufacture and leather-work.

The city is not one of the major tourist destinations of Italy: it is a busy commercial city that can boast neither the beauty of a Florence or Venice, nor the friendliness and leisure that characterize Rome and the Neopolitan Riviera. However there are attractions here and typically visitors take in Milan as part of a Grand Tour. The Cathedral on the Piazza del Duomo, begun in 1386, is one of the most magnificent buildings in the world and nearby is the Palazzo Reale with its opulent apartments and paintings. The Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, dating from the fifteenth century, houses da Vinci’s “Cenacolo” or “Last Supper” and there is also the famous opera house Teatro della Scala. (It may strike the investigators that this all began for them at another Scala Theater, albeit on a very different scale.) The city also possesses pleasing broad thoroughfares, notably the Foro Bonaparte, the Via Dante, and the Corso Vittorio Emanuele.

Milan may be navigated by taxicabs that are cheap and plentiful and display a legal tariff making bargaining unnecessary. Electric trams run throughout the city and out to its suburbs, and motor buses cover the city center and outlying points as far as the picturesque Lake Como. Canals are used mainly for the transport of goods.

concentrated purely on that aspect of Hastur called variously the King in Yellow or the Tattered King, and the words they read kept pointing to another god, demon, or devil who was integral to the tale. Anzalone's own field was Asian History, especially Chinese and Tibetan, and in these texts this god, Chaugnar Faugn, was told of as waiting for "The White Acolyte". This meeting, millennia delayed, was to take place "on his doorstep". Anzalone remembered what he had read of northern Nepal and the Tsotsowa nomads of that region who

were rumored to have a Living God they could call upon in time of need. This god was said to dwell in a place called Drakmar on the Plateau of Tsang, close to the Plateau of Leng. Both Tsang and Leng cropped up in the writings of Hastur. Anzalone's excitement grew: was the Living God Chaugnar Faugn, and was the White Acolyte the King in Yellow?

Anzalone and Quarrie corresponded further before the latter passed on their theories to Edwards. Edwards was dismissive, sure of his own approach to calling Hastur to Earth, but Quarrie and Anzalone were equally convinced that they were looking at the right path, and that it was Chaugnar Faugn who was key to reaching Hastur in the form of the King in Yellow. After the terrifying and destructive summoning of Hastur in the winter of 1926, Quarrie cut his ties with the cult, leaving Edwards and England for Milan.

There is another character to introduce here: Thomas Villiers, an artist by profession, and also a member of Edwards' cult in London. He and Quarrie were close, and Villiers learnt from Quarrie of the work that was going on with Anzalone. When Quarrie decided to leave for Italy, Villiers traveled with him. He is a charming man, and despite his unhealthy obsessions and his physical sickness (he has advanced consumption), he retains a worldliness and sense of humor. But he would also be found insane by society's standards: his own instability was brought on by his brush with Hastur in 1925, and it takes the form of dementia (what today we would call schizophrenia).

Il Fratelli del Signo Giallo

In Milan Quarrie, Anzalone, and Villiers debate their ideas of Hastur to build a system of personal piety in the tradition of John Milton in the seventeenth century or William Blake in the eighteenth. They present their theories as partaking of the mystical traditions of Gnosticism, but emphasizing secret knowledge and salvation over any accumulation of personal power. There are already adherents of Hastur in Italy, the occult group that Crowley mentioned to Quarrie in Rome: Il Fratelli del Signo Giallo, the Brothers of the Yellow Sign, and over the years 1926 to 1929, Anzalone, Quarrie, and Villiers move within that circle and influence their thinking. By 1929 they lead a cell that is an offshoot of the Brothers from Milan.

The Milanese cell still style themselves as a philosophical and artistic circle in the manner of their parent order — indeed they still participate in the annual largely closed performance of the play *The King in Yellow* in Rome — but they are not that. When an initiate is trusted, they hear the tenets of this group. The Brothers maintain that the Trinity of the Christian God has in fact been drawn from something much older —

The Growth of Fascism in Italy

Aspirations had been high after its part in victory in the Great War, but at the Versailles Peace Conference, Italy was rebuffed by the Allies and President Woodrow Wilson in what was perceived as a humiliating manner. In the immediate post-war years, Italy adopted the national character of a defeated nation, and when the country awakened in the early 1920's it focused on achieving its unrealized war goals.

Against this background Nationalism battled Socialism in Italy to fill the vacuum of power left by an ineffective and unpopular Liberal government. Nationalism, and specifically the Fascist party led by Benito Mussolini, emerged triumphant. Simplistically, Socialism was rejected because it weakened the rampant patriotism of the country: on one hand its theme of coming class war failed to take hold because it preached turning one man on another, Italian on Italian. On the other its focus on an international struggle, one without frontiers, failed to meet the mood of an aggrieved and proud nation. Conversely Fascism, only one of the Nationalist "patriotic parties" but soon the most dominant, preached of a new, strong, and united Italy. In its early years the party was notable for its inclusiveness and tolerance, even keeping strong ties to the Church which lived more in fear of Socialism than Nationalism.

Well organized and active at a local level, the Fascist movement, (from the Latin *Fasces*, the Roman bundle of sticks that are strong bound together, weak individually), started gaining power in earnest in 1921 in the north of the country. By 1924 elections had delivered it almost the whole of Italy, with the last provinces falling into line by 1926. Over these years the party's message hardened, and it fashioned a cult of personality around Il Duce, its energetic and forceful leader. Opponents were accused of being unpatriotic and oaths of allegiance were demanded from all those in positions of authority. The newspapers, organized recreation, educational materials, and the schools and universities themselves — every aspect of life was brought under party control. By 1929 Mussolini and the party was hugely popular, having delivered a new Italy, efficient, modern, united. And, while Il Duce never achieved the total control of Hitler in Germany or Stalin in Russia, there was no independence from Fascism and no opposition to it.



the Trinity of Hastur. And this Trinity is: Hastur, the Unspeakable One who is the Father; the King in Yellow or the Tattered King who is the Son; and the Stranger, sometimes the Prophet, who is the Holy Ghost. They say that the Bible tells of the journey of the King in Yellow across the Holy Land, and it is the King in Yellow who makes his final ascension back to the Hyades, the Christian Heaven, into the company of his father. Those who first wrote the Gospels were faithful, but the tale has been corrupted and confused over the centuries. For instance, the Christian cross is a misrendering of the Yellow Sign; the Stranger wearing the Pallid Mask is the Holy Ghost (clearly his physical appearance in Castaigne's play is not to be taken literally); the angels are the byakhee; and so on and so on. The parallels are many and obvious.

Here they leave Christian theory behind, as limiting or even useless. Hastur is the only hope for a world that, with the Great War and the following epidemics such a recent memory, has clearly been cursed. Perhaps even the current financial crash and the accompanying ruin of so many is another sign of the fragility of our race. The Brothers see themselves as being in possession of these "truths" and for their followers there are correlating proofs and powers: they can play with men's minds and memories with magic, they can summon angels in the form of byakhee, and some have even seen Hastur himself.

The Pilgrimage of Grace

The next step the Brothers must take is obvious. Anzalone pinpoints the probable location of Drakmar, placing it in the kingdom of Mustang in Nepal. The King in Yellow is close to earth over the two winters of 1928-29 and 1929-30 — they agree with Edwards on that much — and Anzalone and Quarrie believe that there must be believers to witness the Second Coming and assure that the King takes up his throne on Earth. They must somehow reach Drakmar, find the Tsotsowa who they hope still live there with their God, and prevail upon them to guide them to Leng where the King in Yellow is to appear.

What happens then can only be conjecture.

The logistics of this are challenging to say the least. The Brothers don't have the

authority or skills to easily complete such a journey, and so Anzalone presents a proposal to his University. He claims that he's found the location of Jiwakhar, the fourteenth century capital of Mustang, Agon Sangpo's seat, and he urgently requests sending a small party to confirm the suspected location before mounting a full expedition next year. He withholds his true destination for Nepal's borders have been closed to westerners since the mid-eighteenth century and the time of Prithvi Narayan Shah ("First the Bible, then the trading stations, then the cannon"), and they won't reopen until 1951. Instead, he places his destination as in the ancient kingdom of Gungthang, on the Tibetan side of the Tibet-Nepal border. The prestige of the find, the artifacts of great historical and monetary value, these are dwelt upon. His superiors are convinced and after negotiations, further underwriting and backing is received from the Italian government, itself anxious to have world-spanning feats to hold up against those of its rival European powers.

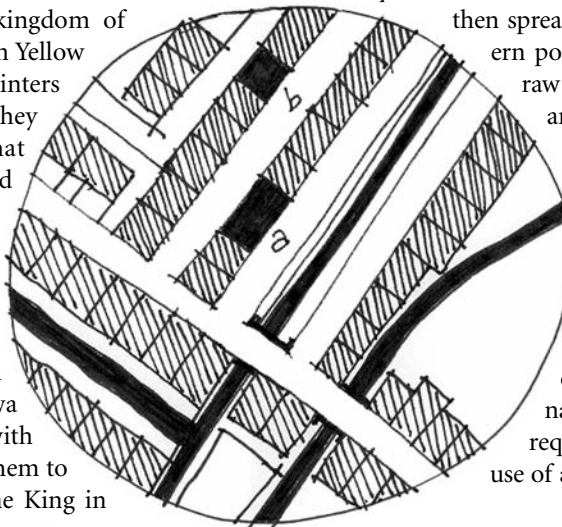
On August 17th 1929, Anzalone, Quarrie, Carlo Schippone (a graduate student and one of the Brothers), and Major Roberto Delnegro, a member of the *Alpini* regiment and a non-cultist, embark on what the cult is calling "The Pilgrimage of Grace".

The Navigli and the Bookshop

Thomas Villiers can supposedly be contacted at the shipping office of Giuseppe Colombo somewhere in Milan's *Navigli*. A few questions reveal the Navigli to be an extensive system of canals starting from a sort of land-locked port near the Porta Genova railway station and then spreading out to crisscross the southern portion of the city. They transport raw materials and finished goods, and are lined by factories, workrooms, warehouses, and *case di ringhiera*.

The investigators set out for the Navigli in the late afternoon. If Tuminardo is with them, he negotiates the journey with a taxi-cab driver, otherwise their rather inexact destination means that engaging taxi requires a successful **Italian** roll (or use of a phrasebook along with a comically confused conversation).

Once aboard, the vehicle moves away from the city center onto the small roads and bridges of this poorer community. It's



THE NAVIGLI REGION

- a) The Shipping Office of Giuseppe Colombo
- b) Thomas Villier's Studio

foggy and there's no other motor traffic. Rain has set in, falling in a steady drizzle. For some time the car has to crawl behind a horse-drawn cart, at other times it pushes slowly through crowds of local residents. The driver frequently stops to give Colombo's name to passers by.

Finally they pull up at a rather squalid terrace. A faded legend above one door announces: OFFICE. The driver says this is it. Tuminardo assumes he is to come in and tells the driver to wait. If the investigators would rather he not know their business, Tuminardo waits in the car.

Upon a knock someone calls in Italian for them to enter. The door gives into a room about ten feet on each side with a desk, two chairs, and a single shelf of books. On one wall is a painting: although the theme is recognizable as the Last Supper, the artist has painted the scene from the back and no faces are visible. On another wall is a very faded photograph of a young priest (Colombo) with a cardinal. Behind the desk sits Colombo, in front sits Villiers; a small cup of coffee is set before each man. They make an unlikely pair.

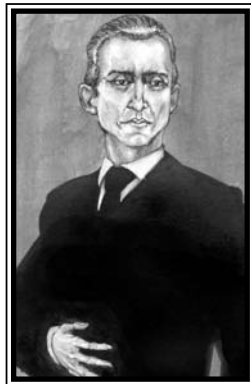
If the investigators try to communicate in Italian, or use Tuminardo, Villiers does not immediately reveal that he speaks English. Colombo is sullen and monosyllabic when faced with any attention and he looks to Villiers several times, but Villiers just smiles and shrugs. However, as the conversation proceeds in a hopelessly halting fashion, Villiers finally and laughingly introduces himself and reveals his ability to speak both languages fluently: "You must forgive my rudeness. I was just admiring your efforts, it reminded me a great deal of myself just a few years ago".

Paulo Tuminardo

Appearance and Demeanor: He is a tall, slim, handsome man, clean-shaven with short dark hair and a strong jaw. He is dressed in a well-cut black suit and black shoes. He holds himself erect, and is a little stiff and formal although he can become animated in conversation and talk with great fervor. Tuminardo is proud of the new Italy and speaks with respect of Mussolini and what he has done for the country. He is dismissive of socialism and its adherents.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Tuminardo finds employment as a guide to travelers to Milan. He is active in the local Fascist movement and was born in the north of the city.



Mr. Tuminardo

Plot: He helps the investigators navigate Milan. He has no ulterior motives and is professional and dependable.

Paulo Tuminardo, age 39, Italian Guide and Interpreter

STR 12	CON 12	SIZ 13	INT 13	POW 11
DEX 12	APP 16	EDU 12	SAN 55	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: Fist 65%, damage 1D3

Skills: Bargain 42%, Fast Talk 45%, Navigate (Milan) 78%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 30%.

Languages: English 55%, French 55%, German 42%, Italian 80%.

Thomas Villiers

Appearance and Demeanor: Slim with a gaunt face and longish straight black hair, he dresses in tailored suits and handmade shoes. He is a good conversationalist, charming and humorous. Villiers' consumption provokes coughing fits and leaves him generally weak. He is also schizophrenic, suffering wild mood swings. When speaking about the Mythos he can quickly believe someone a friend then, given any grounds for suspicion, believe them an enemy. He has previously called down a byakhee on two occasions to carry off those he mistrusted. His byakhee whistle is fashioned into the top of a fountain pen.



Mr. Villiers

Know: An Art roll of any kind recalls that Villiers had a well received show at the Royal Academy in London back in 1910. He is a sculptor and painter.

Insider Knowledge: A consumptive and an asthmatic, Villiers will be dead within two years. Like his friend Malcolm Quarrie, he left

Edwards' cult after the summoning at Springer Mounds. He was unable to accompany the others to India and Nepal by reason of his physical and mental weaknesses. There have been several disappearances in the area where he has his studio — caused, of course, by the byakhee.

Plot: Villiers is met in Colombo's office in Milan. He tells a little about Quarrie's expedition and a subsequent interview at his studio should reveal the goal as Drakmar. He then tries to take the investigators' lives, but even after this move he could be a useful source of further details.

Thomas Villiers, age 44, English Artist and Brother of the Yellow Sign

STR 07 CON 05 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 12
DEX 09 APP 14 EDU 17 SAN 19 HP 09

Damage Bonus: +0

Attacks: None above base chance.

Spells: Implant Suggestion, Summon/Bind Byakhee.

Skills: Art (Painting) 84%, Art (Sculpture) 72%, Art (Poetry) 40%, Credit Rating 52%, Cthulhu Mythos 11%, Persuade 54%.

Languages: English 80%, French 65%, Italian 70%.

Giuseppe Colombo

Appearance and Demeanor: Colombo is toothless, bald, and has one blind eye. He wears a sour expression and suffers from advanced rheumatism. He has been incapable of functioning in polite society for many years — he angers very easily, he shares his views freely, and those views are usually full of venom even for those he is close to. He mocks the approach of the Brothers that Hastur be viewed through the “useless prism” of Christianity.

Know: A successful **History** or **Anthropology** roll identifies Colombo as a learned academic who published extensively in these fields in the 1870’s and 1880’s before dropping out of sight. He worked at the Catholic University here in Milan.

Insider Knowledge: He is an eccentric but gifted scholar, used as a researcher over the last five years by Roberto Anzalone. Colombo was ordained in the Catholic Church but was defrocked more than thirty years ago for heretical thoughts and writings. There have been several disappearances in the area where he has his office (the byakhee at Villiers’ studio).

Plot: Colombo throws a tirade at the investigators. He is unlikely to play a part in events beyond having the effect of encouraging the investigators to think Villiers the good cop against his bad.

Giuseppe Colombo, age 87, Italian Brother of the Yellow Sign

STR 06 CON 06 SIZ 07 INT 14 POW 16
DEX 08 APP 05 EDU 18 SAN 0 HP 07

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Attacks: None above base chance.

Skills: Anthropology 65%, Bargain 22%, Cthulhu Mythos 18%, Fast Talk 24%, History 70%, Library Use 82%, Persuade (Intimidate) 44%, Psychology 35%.

Spells: None that he still commands.

Languages: English 18%, Greek 30%, Italian 70%, Latin 58%.

Interview with Villiers

Colombo shuts up completely. Villiers is friendly and engaging. Presumably the investigators mention Malcolm Quarrie’s name and give some reason for their interest — perhaps they say they are friends of Hillary’s, that she is concerned for her husband’s welfare. At this point, and if appropriate, Villiers suggests that perhaps they can cope without the translator present. He does not talk further about Malcolm unless the “suggestion” is followed and Tuminardo goes to wait in the car.

Villiers talks reasonably candidly. He and Malcolm are close friends. They left London together in the spring of 1926 to come here to Milan. He says there are many brilliant people here to study with — he, Giuseppe, and Malcolm are part of one such group which was organized by a Professor Roberto Anzalone from the university. He says he himself is a painter and he used to sculpt, (see the **Know** roll information in his statistics), but the group is eclectic: it contains writers, actors, musicians, philosophers, academics, and all sorts of people. He says he has to disappoint them in that Malcolm left the city recently on a journey. If pressed for the destination he pauses and smiles and he looks at Colombo. The fact is that in his mind the Pilgrimage of Grace must be open to all, and his dementia has him trusting these people right now.

He starts off: “The story is they’ve gone to Tibet — well, they haven’t. Actually they’re on a Pilgrimage —”

Immediately Colombo erupts. He stands up and spews out an incredible torrent of invective — screaming, spitting, pointing, sometimes looking at Villiers, and sometimes looking at the investigators. After half a minute of this, he pushes furiously past anyone in his way and out into the street. Should anyone speak Italian, this is what they heard (a successful **Know** roll picks up just a few names and words or phrases).

“What do you tell these people, Villiers? Look at them! Idiots! They spend their money on wine and whores so they can drink and rut their days away. Do they see? Do they care for the emptiness of their lives? The King in Yellow is coming to Earth this cycle and he will sweep the earth free of this rubbish. His plans are not yours, Villiers, or Anzalone’s, or Quarrie’s, whatever you think you know. Tell these people who come here looking for the King in Yellow that he will tread on them, and on all like them!”



Mr. Colombo

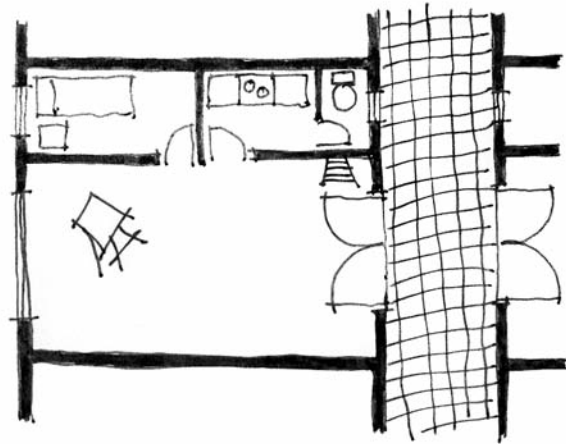
As the door slams, Villiers smiles ruefully. He tells the investigators they must ignore old Giuseppe. He says his friend barely understands English so he doesn't know what provoked that. He suggests a change of venue. The office is uncomfortable and he says his studio is close. He has a couple of bottles of grappa there. If there are no women among their group, he jokes that he can get some girls too. He clearly seems to know where Quarrie is so the investigators probably comply, even if a little nervously.

At this moment, and even if Tuminardo is in the car, a Listen roll reveals shouting and the noise of an engine. The taxi is receding in the distance and can't be stopped — Colombo told the driver in a most forceful manner that he was not needed.

At the keeper's discretion, Colombo could put in another appearance during the investigators' sojourn in Milan; he is not directly harmful to them, merely a very embarrassing character to be around, and an entertaining one for the keeper to introduce.

Villiers' Studio

Villiers leads them through a primitive kitchen at the back of the office and out into an alleyway. It's still raining. He turns right and just a hundred yards along they come to a



THOMAS VILLIERS' STUDIO

pair of large doors. He produces a key, opens one door and steps through. Inside is a big, high-ceilinged space. It's dimly lit but has tall windows and a skylight. The sun has set, and the radiance from the moon and the stars falls in patterns down on the floor and up the walls.

Villiers crosses to one side of the room. He lights an oil lamp then a couple of candles. This illumination reveals a jumble of easels, paints, palettes, brushes, and so on, along with many finished and unfinished canvases. Villiers gets the grappa and some glasses, (he offers tea to anyone who won't partake), and clears some armchairs and a big old sofa of some sketches. The paintings here are abstract, dark, and very bold, in shades of maroon, scarlet, black, and silver. An Art roll determines the paintings are very skillfully executed, if not to everyone's taste.

Villiers continues to talk. He mentions his admiration for Malcolm, and his own sadness he couldn't go with him. He talks of their group, the Brothers of the Yellow Sign, and if the investigators are making encouraging noises he starts to describe its teachings — the keeper can use information in the sub-section "Il Fratelli del

Three works in oil. Biblical images in the style of Blake, the infernal method, canvases —
 Hastrur. Unrecognizable. Fills the canvas but for the bottom right where an eye provides relief, awful depths, upper right, Spinger Mound.
 The King in Yellow has stepped down to Earth at Krakmas. He stands lower center, just of center to play with perspective his tail arms raised (in welcome? accepting adulation?) He seems to stand above the ground, wears his pale tattered robes that more independent of all else. My angel hangs in silhouette against angry clouds, shafts of sunlight tear down to earth, but the illumination comes from the figure. A Buddhist temple, Mustang's culture is Tibetan, so ochre, black, white dominate the temple and all canvases. Other earthly concepts (Chakram, prayer flags) thrown down?
 The stranger stands on high ground looking down along the valley wilderness (the Kali Gandaki gorge through Nepal?). He waits patiently for figures rising towards him. (Don't show those? Does he hide them? The Yellow Sign is clearly visible on his robes but we cannot see it all. He might run at any moment —
 All the elements in this picture are hidden —

TOTK Papers #25: Handwritten notes found in the studio of Thomas Villiers



The Angel is Released by Villiers

Signo Giallo”, further above. But Villiers does not use the names Hastur or the King in Yellow or such, merely saying “another God”. In fact he makes the theories sound like an exercise in theosophy and he is prepared to laugh it all off if the investigators seem alarmed.

As the investigators talk to him, call for a **Luck** roll. There is a piece of paper pinned to an easel near the investigator who made the best success, and words and names jump out. It seems to be a description, in English, of a planned treatment. See *Tatters of the King Papers #25*, reproduced on the previous page, for Villiers’ notes on three paintings he intends to execute.

This is important information and among it is the first reference to Drakmar that the investigators have encountered. If someone surreptitiously pockets this, ask them for a roll of **DEX x3** or less to see how well they were able to do so.

Regardless of the roll result, Villiers looks over. He stops talking. If someone else asks him a question now he doesn’t immediately respond. He runs his hand over his face as he thinks. He sees now that these people’s motives are not his own. He does not even know them. He must try to make good his mistake by killing them. A **Psychology** roll suggests Villiers is worried.

The Angel Attacks

Villiers is not good at subterfuge, he simply excuses himself and starts to walk, then rushes toward the door they came in. As he runs he shouts out:

“Angel! I bound you and I release you!”

There is an immediate loud thump; a **Listen** roll identifies it as a dead weight hitting the roof.

Does Villiers reach the door to the street first?

If a pursuing investigator rose when Villiers started to move, match his or her **DEX** against Villiers’ **DEX** on the Resistance Table. If a pursuing investigator did not rise when Villiers started to move, give him or her a **DEX minus 5** match against Villiers’ **DEX** on the Resistance Table.

If Villiers made it to the door first, he ducks through and slams it shut. Pursuing investigators can try to throw it open before Villiers can lock it — by matching **STR** against Villiers’ **STR 12** on the Resistance Table. Once closed and locked, the door is **STR 25**.

If Villiers didn’t make it through the door, he’s assumed to be grappling with an investigator in the room. Either way the keeper now needs to know where everyone is sitting/standing.


Everyone has one action after Villiers’ shouted command to the Angel. Looking up, the Angel (a byakhee) is clearly outlined above the closed skylight. A moment later it crashes down in a shower of glass. Ask for **Luck**

rolls all round. The byakhee attacks the person who failed the Luck roll by the widest margin — and this may include Villiers if he didn’t make it to the door. If all Luck rolls succeeded, the byakhee did not decide on a victim — repeat the process next round.

Use the byakhee statistics given nearby. If the creature gets a victim, it tries to snatch that person and flap up through the broken skylight and into the sky — match the byakhee’s **STR** against the **character’s SIZ** on the Resistance Table. If it’s wounded for more than 6 hit points, it flees. It does not attack anyone outside the warehouse.

If Villiers escapes, he can be traced at the keeper’s discretion. If captured, then or now, he is almost petrified with fear. The only way he can be persuaded to give up more information is by having him describe his pictures.

Byakhee



Byakhees stand more than six feet high with a wingspan of fifteen feet or more; they have ribbed exoskeletons, long toothed heads something like a horse’s skull, and chitinous claws on all four limbs. They are a mottled green/black color with pinkish brown wing surfaces.

Treat all byakhees as identical.

From S. Petersen’s Field Guide to Cthulhu Monsters: “The byakhee is an interstellar being composed of conventional matter. The body of the byakhee has two major portions, the thorax and opisthosoma. From the thorax stretch two wings, two limbs, and a head. Two additional manipulatory limbs grow from the forepart of the opisthosoma, while the hune, a unique paramagnetic organ, occupies the opisthosoma’s remainder. It is a noisy, active entity. At rest and in flight it screeches and croaks, except when stalking prey. Though its limbs are sturdy enough, the byakhee rarely walks, flying whenever possible.”

Typical Byakhee

STR 18 CON 09 SIZ 19 INT 09 POW 09
 DEX 15 MOV 5/walk 20/fly HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Attacks: Claw 35%, damage 1D6 + 1D6
 Bite 35%, damage 1D6 + blood drain (automatic 1D6 HP until death)

Armor: 2 points of fur and tough hide.

Skills: Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 Sanity points to see a byakhee.

If the investigators take this tack, the keeper should feel free to give up any information presented in any of the sub-section “Brothers of the Yellow Sign” that might be filtered through the art. He now freely uses the names “Hastur” and the “King in Yellow”.

If Villiers assaulted the investigators in this fashion, it’s unlikely that they would try to have him arrested, but they must decide what to do with him. A player character would have to fail a **Sanity** roll for his character to be allowed to kill Villiers out of hand. The act would cost them each 1D8 **Sanity** points, though with no risk of temporary insanity.

The University; a Mention of Drakmar

If this episode was played out in full it’s possible that the investigators now leave Milan as soon as they can — they may feel it unnecessary to follow further leads. But it might also be wise to corroborate the new facts they’ve been given and pursue additional information on Roberto Anzalone and Drakmar.

One of the main initiatives being followed though in the city at this time is the reorganization of the universities. Since the turn of the century, one new university has been founded, Bocconi for Economics, and extensive modernizations have been made to the two principal institutions, the Politecnico for Architecture and

Engineering and *Universita degli Studi di Milano*. Footwork, or a successful **Library Use** roll, determines that Roberto Anzalone is a professor at the *Universita degli Studi* in the Department of Letters — or Arts as the U.S. and British systems have it. The buildings are in the center of the city in a beautiful palace built in 1456 by the Duke and Duchess of Milan, Francesco Sforza and Bianca Maria.

If any investigator makes a successful **Credit Rating** or a **Persuade** roll they learn that Professor Anzalone is not at the university but they may gain an interview with Paulo Bacci, a colleague of Anzalone’s in the History department. Bacci’s English is poor, but he speaks good French so if the investigator wishes to avoid an interpreter the interview may be in that language.

Bacci says Anzalone is on the expedition that left on August 17th 1929. It was heading for Tibet, intending to locate the site of Jiwakhar (he has the false story). He suspects they may be gone for six months. Bacci is blankly confused if the investigators challenge this by saying that the true location is Drakmar. If the interview is handled well and the interviewer can either provide some proof of their professional interest in the university and in this expedition, or they succeed in a **Fast Talk** roll (-10 percentiles if they are operating through an interpreter), Bacci is very helpful.

If Drakmar is mentioned he beckons the investigators to come with him and they head for the library. Here he pulls an 1845 history of Nepal and Tibet, writ-

TOTK Papers #26 -- Photographs of Professor Anzalone and Mr. Schippone



Roberto Anzalone



Carlo Schippone

ten in English. He lets the investigators look at this in his presence. A **Library Use** roll eventually finds that Mustang is an area of northern Nepal. A second roll finds a reference to Drakmar although it does not give a precise location. The passage mentions the story of Amepal, the great Mustang leader of the fifteenth century, and the deputation of nomads who came to him from Drakmar in his lands. The keeper should expand upon this by reading aloud to the players the sections “Geography” and “History” in the boxed text “Mustang and the Tcho-Tchos” in Chapter 10.

This definitely suggests the goal of the expedition as Nepal not Tibet. Bacci seems surprised and rather doubtful about the investigators’ sources, which he now presses them on. He may want to end the interview here, but if the keeper judges that the investigators are behaving professionally and have piqued his interest sufficiently, Bacci offers up more information.

Going back to his office he gathers some notes. A graduate student from the university, Carlo Schippone, is traveling on the expedition, along with a friend of Professor Anzalone’s, an Englishman, Malcolm Quarrie. Bacci believes Quarrie is from the “British Royal Society” and an expert on the history of the region. He also says that the Party (meaning the Fascist Party) had an interest in the expedition too, an *Alpini* Major, Ricardo Delnegro, accompanied the three other men. He asks the investigators to keep this last item quiet — he says he should probably not be telling them all this. The investigators can see photographs of Anzalone and Schippone lying with the notes — if Bacci is distracted, they might be taken.

That is all the help Bacci can be.

If the investigators push to speak to representatives of the Party or the army, they are wasting their time: no one from either organization admits to any knowledge of the expedition. This may also be dropping poor Professor Bacci in hot water.

The investigators might think to equip for a Himalayan expedition here in Milan. This would be a sensible move as

they’ll find more choice in specialty equipment here than in Bombay or further into India. See the boxed text “Equipping for the Trip into Nepal” in Chapter 10 and allow the investigators to find any item that they desire except for the maps.

While in Milan the investigators can use a successful **Library Use** roll at a university or library to find the following article in a back issue of the newspaper *Corriere dell Sera*. It lists the official story of the party’s purpose. See the *Tatters of the King Papers #27*, nearby, for the translated article.

If the Investigators Don’t Intervene

It does need to be mentioned here that if the investigators never reach Drakmar then Quarrie successfully leads the King in Yellow back to Earth. See ‘Aftermath’ near the end of the next section for some of what that will entail.

Chapter Summary

It’s late December 1929 or early January 1930 when the investigators arrive in Milan seeking news of Malcolm Quarrie. They meet Thomas Villiers, a delicate and unstable English cultist, who tells them a little of his shared history with Quarrie, talks of Roberto Anzalone, and explains that Quarrie has left Milan. After an angry outburst from his fellow cultist, Giuseppe Colombo, Villiers takes the investigators back to his studio where they learn something of the Brothers of the Yellow Sign and that Quarrie’s destination is Drakmar in Nepal. Villiers’ schizophrenia leads to an attack. If the attack is defeated and Villiers is still alive and present he may give further information.

Professor Paulo Bacci at the University says the stated destination of the expedition is Jiwakhar in Tibet, but he can assist with placing Drakmar in proximity to Jiwakhar and confirming the roster of the expedition.

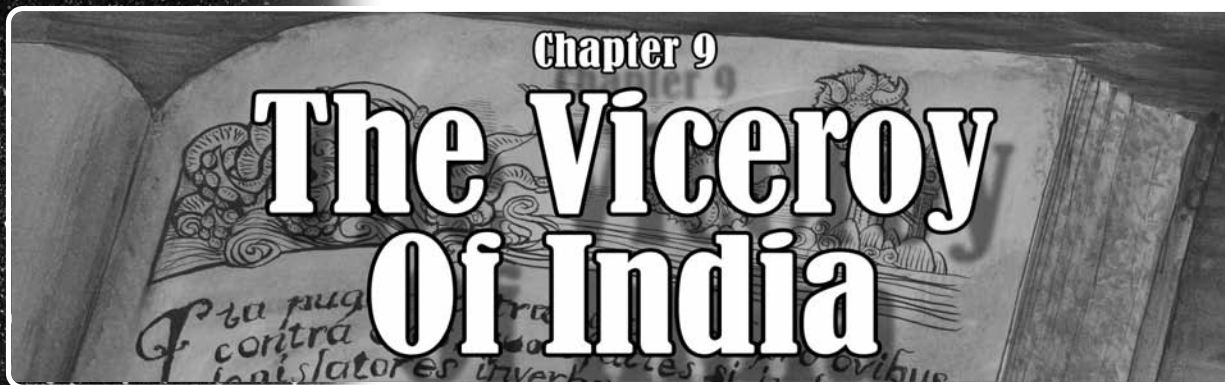
UNIVERSITY OF MILAN EXPEDITION TO SEEK ANCIENT TIBETAN ARTEFACTS

An Italian expedition leaves from Napoli for Bombay today on their way to the Himalayas. The undertaking will explore an area of southern Tibet that is the site of the ancient kingdom of Gungthang hoping to discover its lost capital Jiwakhar. In the fourteenth century Jiwakhar had rapidly grown to be the most important city in all of Western Tibet ruling an area that extended far across the border of the present day kingdom of Nepal, itself now closed to westerners. However, within 100 years the city had somehow fallen from prominence and it is hoped to find reasons for this as yet unexplained decline.

The party is under the leadership of Professor Roberto Anzalone, Head of the Department of Asian History at the University of Milan and a worldwide authority on the Tibetan civilization. It is hoped to be the forerunner for a larger scale expedition that will be mounted next year. This marks the first time that Europeans have tried to reach this remote and forbidding province.

Corriere dell Sera, 17th August 1929.

TOTK Papers #27 -- Newspaper Article on the Departure of an Italian Archaeological Expedition



Chapter 9

The Viceroy Of India

“You have no idea what a consummate fool a bottle of beer can make of itself in a heavy sea.”

—Passenger quoted in *Beneath the House Flag of the P&O*, by Peter Padfield.

As a practical matter, travel to India and Nepal only can be achieved via steamship; these vessels have been mentioned in passing when discussing options for travel from London to Milan, but are covered in more detail here.

Whether the investigators start their journey from London or Milan, it would be normal to join ship at the southern French port of Marseilles, less than a day by rail from either city. Although vessels leave from both London and Southampton it is usual to avoid the long and rough journey around Spain and through the treacherous Bay of Biscay.

Waiting on the dock at Marseilles to greet passengers is a P&O representative, Mr. Ernest Frayne. He makes arrangements for tickets and bags and trunks and has all the facts of the vessel and its voyage at his fingertips. A ship is due the day after the investigators arrive. They and the other passengers will be joining the *Viceroy of India*, the pride of the line’s cruising fleet, launched in Glasgow just this year. She displaces 19,700 tons, has a length of 612 feet, a beam of seventy-six feet, and carries 673. He describes the voyage as being in three distinct legs. From Marseilles the passengers travel east through the Mediterranean to Port Said, Egypt, at the northern end of the Suez Canal — 1113 miles and three days steaming. Then through the Suez Canal and on south through the Red Sea before putting in at Aden in the Kingdom of Hadramaut — this leg is 1310 miles and three days voyage. Last, the ship heads due east across the Arabian Sea to Bombay, covering 1650 miles in five days steaming. The entire journey encompasses rather more than 4000 nautical miles which the *Viceroy* navigates in eleven days at an average speed of about twenty knots.

Running the Ship Sessions

In some ways this is the calm before the storm of coming events. If you have roleplayers who enjoy social situations, as was the case in play-test, they may be quite happy delaying their arrival in Bombay and getting into the spirit of the environment on-board. If this is the case the two young female non-player characters detailed below may make quite an impression.

At the investigators’ table are the following:

- The Reverend Ian Gore — a Baptist missionary with the British and Foreign Bible Society. He is halfway through a four-year stint in the country and is widely traveled.
- Mr. Stephen Thomas — an accountant taking up a position with the Department of Trade in Bombay.



THE VOYAGE TO BOMBAY

- Julian Knight — his role as a diplomat has had him constantly shuttling between India and London for the last six years.
- Mrs. Henrietta Tullis — the wife of the British Cultural Attache in Bombay, she has been home to visit an ailing relative.
- Francesca Nicholson — a young lady traveling with her friend Patricia to visit her Aunt Florence in Bombay.
- Patricia Berry — accompanying Francesca, she is recovering from a broken engagement.

These characters are somewhat representative of the passenger list as a whole. Detailed statistics for all these people appear in sequence below, followed by discussions of possible interactions with the investigators and each other in the section “Events on Board”.

Reverend Ian Gore

Appearance and Demeanor: Tall and animated, the Rev. Gore is balding with a pleasant, open face. He dresses well, although without particular style, and is cultured, well read, and friendly. Has a habit of stroking his chin when he listens and is also a surprising source of slightly risqué jokes when not in mixed company.

Know: Nothing.



Reverend Gore

Insider Knowledge: A Baptist missionary with the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Rev. Gore is returning to the city of Jabalpur in the center of India. He enjoys rambling and has a particular interest in wildflowers and bird watching; he continues these hobbies as far as he can while on the sub-continent. He is halfway through a four-year stint in the country and has traveled far and wide.

Plot: Single, he is seeking to get this adventure behind him before returning to England, marrying and settling down with a family.

Reverend Ian Gore, age 37, English Missionary

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 12
DEX 11 APP 13 EDU 15 SAN 60 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Attacks: None above base chance.

Skills: Anthropology 35%, Bargain 65%, Credit Rating 38%, Library Use 30%, Natural History 50%, Occult 15%, Persuade 50%, Photography 20%, Psychology 30%.

Languages: English 76%, Hindi 58%, Latin 42%.

Stephen Thomas

Appearance and Demeanor: Thomas is slightly overweight, making him look older than he is. He has a pink complexion, very fine dark hair, and glasses. He is a thoughtful, polite, decent young man but shy and awkward. He carries a novel, a newspaper, and a Hindi phrase book with him at all times and when producing one of these instantly cuts out all distractions around him.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: An accountant taking up a position with the Department of Trade in Bombay, Thomas is embarking on a two-year tour, which will also encompass Delhi and Calcutta. He is quite awed by what is before him. An avid reader of Arthur Conan Doyle's detective fiction and a crossword puzzle addict.

Plot: Thomas would love to hear of the investigators' problems and plans and may well — at the keeper's discretion — have real insight to offer into them. This bent could be suggested by his habits.

Stephen Thomas, age 26, English Accountant

STR 09 CON 08 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 08
DEX 09 APP 09 EDU 14 SAN 40 HP 09

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: None above base chance.

Skills: Accounting 72%, Art (Crossword Puzzles) 54%, Art (Detective Novels) 38%, Credit Rating 23%, Persuade 25%.

Languages: English 72%, French 40%, Hindi 10%.

Julian Knight

Appearance and Demeanor: Knight has brown hair, grey eyes, attractive features and a good carriage, and is always well presented in light-weight suits. He's debonair and languid and smokes through a cigarette holder. He is never happier than when flirting — nothing quite keeps his interest unless young ladies are in the offing.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Knight is a junior diplomat who has



Mr. Thomas



Mr. Knight

regularly traveled backward and forward between India and London over the last six years as a courier. He is thought to be a bit of a cad with the ladies.

Plot: He likes to suggest his position is more exciting than it is by only offering that he "does things" for the Foreign Office. He is quite happy to have a shipboard romance and make promises that he won't keep.

Julian Knight, age 25, English Diplomat

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 12
DEX 13 APP 15 EDU 17 SAN 60 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3 + 1D4
Grapple 35%.

Skills: Accounting 55%, Bargain 48%, Credit Rating 49%,
Fast Talk 45%, Persuade 47%, Psychology 40%.

Languages: English 71%, Gujarati 22%, Hindi 35%.

Mrs. Henrietta Tullis

Appearance and Demeanor: Mrs. Tullis is rather matronly — her brown hair is always up and usually hidden under a hat and she dresses in sensible clothes that make no concession to foreign climes. She expects to be listened to and agreed with by those she sees as her social inferiors — probably all those here — and does not tolerate improprieties of any sort, most particularly in front of local peoples. But though quite a trial at times there is another side to her too. She possesses a dry sense of humor, enjoys being teased, and has a hearty and infectious laugh. She's also a motherly figure and an organizer, and will often take on problems described to her as though they are her own.

Know: A **Credit Rating** places her as the wife of the British Cultural Attache in Bombay, Mr. Jonathan Tullis.

Insider Knowledge: Mrs. Tullis has been home to London to visit her elder sister who has been unwell. Her duties in Bombay involve organizing innumerable dinner parties, garden parties, receptions, and outings, tasks at which she excels.

Plot: She has many contacts in governmental circles in India and can be a useful ally to the investigators. She will find them a hotel, recommend a guide, and can point them towards Harry Unwin, who can track the movements of the Italian party on the railways.



Mrs. Tullis

The Ship Herself

When she appears, the *Viceroy of India* is of an impressive size, and looks very festive with bunting out and her rails lined with passengers. She is painted in the usual livery of the line: black hull, red at and below the waterline, stone-colored deck housing and bridge, and black funnels. She is equipped with the new turbo-electric drive, which provides a smoother and quieter drive than the piston engines that power earlier ships of the line. She is also fueled by oil, much cleaner than coal.

The officers of the ship are British but as is true of all P&O vessels sailing to the subcontinent the crew are predominately Indian and known as *lascars*, a corruption of the Hindi word for sailor or soldier. Great numbers of sailors on British ships were seafaring Indians (the census of March 31st 1928 showed more than 50,000 foreign seamen employed, more than a quarter of the total seamen at work on merchant ships). Also, rather remarkably, distinct functions in the crew are performed by men from distinct parts of the Indian seaboard. The deck crew are Indian Hindus from the Malabar Coast; the cabin-stewards are Goanese (from the Portuguese Roman Catholic settlement of Goa south of Bombay) and those below decks (ranked "firemen" and "watermen") are predominately Punjabi Moslems or Pathans.

All officers and crew are invariably respectful and helpful to the passengers but petty complaints to those in authority are felt to be "bad form" by both passengers and crew — there is a sense of shared responsibility for the smooth-running of a ship in the British naval tradition. The deck crew wears a blue, embroidered, knee-length tunic with a red cloth belt, white trousers and a black brimless canvas hat, or *topi*. The cabin crew wears blue and white striped jackets with silver P&O buttons and blue serge trousers. If serving in the saloons, the cabin crew exchanges their striped jackets for white ones with blue shoulder cords.

Appointments on board are luxurious. All cabins are port-holed and first-class passengers provided with single berths that can be joined into suites by opening connecting doors. The old canvas and wood swimming pools that were thrown up on deck are replaced here by a built-in pool below-decks complete with Wedgwood design and Grecian frieze. The public rooms are ostentatious: the first-class smoking room is a copy of a room from James I's palace with oak paneling, fireplace, and leaded windows; the dining-saloon and music room are in the eighteenth century style with lacquerwork and hand-made carpet; and the reading room takes its detailing from Harewood House. There is electric lighting throughout. The sports deck is huge and finely timbered, the promenade decks are designed to provide seclusion and shelter, and there is a surgery and a barber's shop. The *Viceroy of India* provides all the essentials of modern living.

The Routine of Life on Board

Time on board could be very pleasant for the investigators. The routine is to rise and breakfast on porridge, fresh fish, mutton chop, eggs or curry some time between 7:00 and 9.30 a.m. in the saloon. After that there are many ways to

spend time, the library and reading room, the large lounge with piano and small orchestra, there are two bars and several smaller lounges. Luncheon is lighter and is a timed meal. There are two sittings to accommodate all passengers in the main dining room, one at noon and one at 1:00 p.m. It's also possible to arrange for sandwiches or a "ploughman's lunch" in one's cabin or even on deck if it's fine.

In the afternoon there are classes on such things as music appreciation, poetry, and natural history along with practical lectures on the destination (the keeper might even allow skill checks if the investigators are diligent in attendance). For the more active there are physical education sessions led by an instructor and games such as deck quoits, shuffleboard, and even organized cricket matches (the most popular being ladies against gentlemen).

In the evening there are two more sittings at 6.30 p.m. and 8:00 p.m. for a full four-course dinner of soup, joint, two entrees, pudding, a sweet dish and perhaps ice cream. For this and luncheon there is assigned seating at one of fifteen large tables so that the same table companions are always met. This arrangement builds its own sense of camaraderie on top of that which comes from the shared sense of adventure of the voyage. Those individuals sitting at the investigators' table are detailed below.

Each evening after the second dinner sitting there is the opportunity to dance to the ship's orchestra. On one evening of the voyage each of the tables is invited to sit at the Captain's Table, having a chance to dine with him and two of his senior officers. The captain of the *Viceroy* is an avuncular but commanding Scotsman, Robert McNab, ex-Royal Navy.

The party's fellow passengers are predominately civil servants returning to or taking up positions in India. Along with them are others whose role it is to keep the Empire running smoothly: diplomats, doctors, planters, soldiers, industrialists, tradesmen, teachers, and so forth along with their various relatives. And of course there are those eligible young ladies for whom the preceding might provide a good husband, either traveling in pairs or chaperoned — these are affectionately known as the "fishing fleet". Those who do not get a catch are known as the "returned empties".

If the Indian crew are encountered off-duty they might be sitting on their haunches in a circle, chatting and burning incense and smoking cigarettes, *bidis* (a short, stubby Indian cigar) or hookahs (*hubble bubbles*) — probably homemade from a bottle, a cork, and a length of bamboo. The crew cook their food themselves from the rations which they receive: rice, dry fish, some fresh meat, flour, *dal* (a grain), *ghee* (goat fat), vegetables, curry powder, tamarind, tea, sugar, and lime-juice.

Historical Note: It's thought by some that the term "posh" originated in the days when affluent passengers had their tickets stamped P.O.S.H., showing that their cabins were to be located "port outwards, starboard home": so benefiting from being on the cooler (north) side of the ship at all times. A second explanation is that people would describe a good experience as being "P&Oish" — reminiscent of the luxury of life enjoyed on board.



Mrs. Henrietta Tullis, age 41, English, Wife to the Cultural Attache in Bombay

STR 07 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 16 POW 14
DEX 08 APP 11 EDU 13 SAN 70 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: None above base chance.

Skills: Anthropology 24%, Art (Cello) 35%, Bargain 42%, Credit Rating 75%, First Aid 45%, History 40%, Law 31%, Natural History 34%, Persuade 64%, Psychology 31%.

Languages: English 80%, French 45%, German 40%, Hindi 55%.

Francesca Nicholson

Appearance and Demeanor: Francesca is small, slender and quite pretty with bobbed brunette hair. Though not a bright young thing she still dresses in a fashion that draws the odd raised eyebrow from Mrs. Tullis. She is a good listener but can also be very talkative herself.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Francesca is a young woman with many interests, but like many women of her age her prospects are limited. Having left school at fourteen, she now works as a typist at Lloyd's on Leadenhall Street in the City of London, an hour on the train from her parents' home in Orpington, North Kent.



Miss Nicholson

Dreams of Hastur

As an alternative to romantic breakdown, Patricia could well have had her equilibrium shattered by experiencing dreams of Hastur similar to those outlined in Appendix D. They affect her terribly. Francesca will relay the fact that her friend is sleeping poorly and the investigators can choose to try and learn more and intervene. Or it could be a combination of the two reasons — the keeper should go with what makes most dramatic sense with their group.

Also the investigators who were suffering the most from dreams and visions of Hastur last winter are themselves beginning to suffer from these most acutely. As they come closer and closer to Leng, perhaps as the *Viceroy* steams across the Arabian Sea, the dreams start to arrive every night. Sleep is largely denied the dreamer. Even during the day, visions present themselves when the investigator closes their eyes for even a moment to rest. The keeper should strive to make these experiences unsettling, escalating and very real.

Her father works as a floor manager at a local department store. She likes radio, amateur singing and dramatics, dancing and opera. She once entertained ambitions to sing professionally.

Plot: She is traveling to Bombay in the company of her friend Patricia to visit her Aunt Florence. Francesca is on the lookout for romances for her and for Patricia, even though her friend is not enthusiastic.

Francesca Nicholson, age 23, English, a Secretary

STR 09 CON 10 SIZ 09 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 14 APP 14 EDU 09 SAN 55 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: None above base chance.

Skills: Accounting 20%, Art (Dancing) 45%, Art (Piano) 42%, Art (Sing) 64%, Craft (Shorthand) 55%, Craft (typing) 56%, Credit Rating 27%, Fast Talk 35%, Persuade 30%.

Languages: English 65%.

Patricia Berry

Appearance and Demeanor: Patricia has a pale complexion, brown eyes and brown hair; she dresses slightly more conservatively than does Francesca and has an athletic build. She is quiet, a little serious, and is not terribly good at small talk — though she does like to discuss authors and poets.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Patricia, like Francesca, lives in Orpington with her parents. Her father is a bank manager with Westminster Bank, and the family has moved around the country every few years with his promotions. She reads a lot, both novels (the Bronte sisters, Austen, Wilkie Collins, the lighter books of Dickens), and poetry (principally the Romantics). She does not do paid work but helps out at the local school and the church.

Plot: Patricia has recently suffered a broken engagement and is accompanying Francesca, at her friend's insistence, as a means of recuperation. She is at a very low ebb — notice her SAN — and takes any perceived rejection very hard. The journey ends with the dreadful occurrence of her attempted suicide.



Miss Berry

Patricia Berry, age 24, English, Francesca's Companion

STR 11 INT 11 CON 12 POW 08 SIZ 10
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 11 SAN 20 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: None above base chance.

Skills: Art (Dancing) 30%, Art (Literature) 40%, Art (Poetry) 35%, Credit Rating 34%, Fast Talk 35%, Jump 35%, Persuade 35%, Throw 35%.

Languages: English 64%.

Events on Board

As the ship steams towards Bombay, things slow down. Progress for the moment is largely out of the investigators' hands. Engaging their table companions in conversation, they discover that several have been in India before, and they may request facts about their destination. The Reverend Gore, Julian Knight, and Mrs. Tullis are all quite knowledgeable on India in their own ways, and are more than happy to share their opinions. The keeper can use content from Chapter 10 as a source of fact and opinion. The player characters are unlikely to ask about Nepal (which is not open to the West) and no one on the ship could answer specific questions about Nepal even if they were to try to. Repeated questioning along these lines could disturb Mrs. Tullis enough to prompt an investigation of their motives and movements.

Conversation goes both ways of course. The others at their table ask many questions of the investigators over a course of days, sometimes the same question to more than one individual. The investigators would be advised to come up with a consistent story about their motives for travel to India if they have told their dining companions that they are traveling together.

The first days allow the player characters to get to know their companions. The Reverend Gore is very accommodating and inclusive, and Mrs. Tullis, though she may at first seem a little pompous, is likely to be warm to the group. If she learns this is their first trip to India she is anxious to help them "prepare for the shock", particularly any young ladies amongst them. Mr. Thomas is polite when engaged but likes to lose himself in a book or a crossword puzzle, while Mr. Knight will draw a bead on any eligible young ladies in the party. But it's Francesca Nicholson and Patricia Berry who provide the core of shipboard incident.

On day three, and assuming she hasn't been preempted, Francesca makes romantic overtures to one of the eligible male investigators. Patricia (at Francesca's urging) does the same to a second. The keeper should select the gentleman most likely to respond positively for Francesca and the next most likely for Patricia. If no

one at all plays ball, Francesca takes Julian Knight and Patricia takes Stephen Thomas, but it's much preferable to work this with the investigators.

Francesca and Patricia are traditional girls, not particularly "fast" or "modern" although they rather

The Ship's Progress

Shipboard events can be leavened by details of the sailing. Assuming the investigators joined the ship in Marseilles, here are the landmarks by days.

DAYS ONE AND TWO: The ship steams east through the temperate Mediterranean Sea.

DAY THREE: She arrives at Port Said and noses in amid a large collection of vessels at anchor — other steamers along with *feluccas* and other native craft. Egyptian boys cluster around the ship in homemade canoes and there is much animation from merchants who come on board to sell their wares. If the investigators go ashore, children offering their services as guides and their donkeys as transport besiege them. Shops are numerous but there is probably little to interest the travelers. The weather is much warmer here.

DAY FOUR: Heading south through the Suez under a French pilot. It takes a full twenty-four hours to navigate the canal as the ship has to tie up frequently to allow vessels traveling from the south to pass — they have priority. At night the *Viceroy* uses her own searchlights to light her way. The canal is certainly a great feat of engineering (it officially opened on 17th November 1869) but being very narrow in places, it necessitates careful progress. On the shore stand flamingoes, storks, pelicans, and geese.

DAYS FIVE AND SIX: The ship clears the canal at the port of Suez. Mail is taken on-board and offloaded before she steams south through the Red Sea. The temperature becomes oppressively hot. Dawns and sunsets are brilliant and the noon sun fierce; some gentlemen choose to sleep on cots out in the comparative cool on deck.

DAY SEVEN: The *Viceroy* arrives in Aden. Somali boys surround the ship in their boats and despite the presence of sharks dive into the waters for the four- or eight-*anna* coins tossed by the passengers — some boys are missing hands or feet. The city of Aden itself is four miles from the port and again has little to offer the traveler except much attention from beggars and enterprising young boys. The land is dry, sterile, sun-baked.

DAYS EIGHT TO TEN: Steaming east across the Arabian Sea. Although the ocean breezes help offset the high temperatures, an air of exhaustion pervades activities.

DAY ELEVEN: Quite early in the day the *Viceroy* arrives in Bombay.



Patricia Pulled From the Harbor

admire those who are, and their approach is reserved. Each asks “their” investigator for a dance after dinner. At subsequent meals, the young women sit next to them. From here there are promenades around the deck, a slide show of Bombay, and longer conversations. Francesca is good at this and secretly co-opts a female investigator (or Mrs. Tullis) to provide her young man’s preferences in literature, music, and such; she listens to his opinions, she admires his worldliness, she is altogether very amenable company. She describes her own position modestly: she travels up to town each day to work in a typing pool in the City, and goes straight home in the evenings as her parents worry. She lives a quiet life with them. But Francesca also shows her depths — she says she once hoped to be an opera singer and a while later sings a snatch from Verdi’s *Aida* beautifully. *Aida* is appropriate, she explains, because Verdi wrote the opera for the opening of the Suez Canal: “Although”, she laughs, “it wasn’t written in time. They had to perform it a year late.” The keeper should aim to develop a burgeoning romance between the investigator and Francesca: quite a test and an opportunity for some strong roleplaying on their part.

Meanwhile, Patricia’s own prospective romance should also be initially promising — she’s rather shy and things move more slowly, but she too is a pleasant and attractive companion. On day six or seven though she reacts badly to something: maybe her beau fails to meet her due to a misunderstanding — the keeper can manufacture this. It’s a trivial thing but it brings the

memory of her broken engagement flooding back. From this point on Patricia cannot be reasoned with, even by Francesca, and stays in her cabin at almost all times in a deep depression. Francesca explains her friend’s absence away as seasickness, denying that anything else might be the matter. Smitten now by the investigator that she’s stepping out with Francesca continues her own romance when she can, but spends most of the rest of her time in the cabin sitting quietly with Patricia. And so things proceed through to docking.

The keeper may also choose to run a social occasion at the end of the voyage. Passengers commonly put on shows or concerts. In playtest Mrs. Tullis and the Reverend Gore organized the table in a quite elaborate staging of selections from Gilbert and Sullivan’s *The Mikado*.

Drama on the Bombay Dock

Slipping past the lighthouse the *Viceroy of India* steams into the harbor at Bombay. She anchors about a mile out where she transfers the mail ashore via a smaller craft. Then the liner comes slowly into dock, everyone lined up on the deck rails cheering and waving, and flags flying. Passengers and their possessions go ashore which happens in a scene of great noise and confusion. Amidst the chaos, the milling port officials, P&O crew, coolies, porters, hawkers, would-be guides and the rest, the Reverend Gore suggests a group portrait of the

“table”. Producing his box camera, he asks one of the stewards to take the picture. Mr. Thomas, Mr. Knight, Mrs. Tullis, Miss Nicholson, Miss Berry, the investigators, and the Reverend line up to capture the moment of their arrival in India and their leave-taking. Snap! A Psychology roll at this juncture suggests Patricia is especially upset.

Good-byes are being said and bags located. The Reverend Gore is promising to send on copies of the photograph to everyone, Mrs. Tullis is taking charge of motor taxis and such, and perhaps an investigator and Francesca are having a slightly tearful farewell. Francesca turns from this and at once screams shrilly. Patricia has gone into the harbor! Running over, there is her broad hat on the quay and ripples on the water. If not saved she does not resurface.

The keeper must immediately make drowning rolls for Patricia at 60% (CON x6). As she makes the first, investigators may jump in. A successful **Jump** roll the first turn, or a successful **Swim** roll on a subsequent turn indicates a rescuer has reached her — if wearing shoes and jackets (these take a total of one round to remove) Swim rolls are penalized by 5%. If a rescuer has reached her on the subsequent round, call for a **Swim** roll to reach the surface. A rescuer need only make Drowning rolls themselves if their Swim is less than 40%. It will take a strong or brave swimmer to save Patricia. At the keeper’s discretion a big Sikh porter nearby with a Jump of 40% and a Swim of 60% enters the water on the third turn after Patricia goes in. As this potential tragedy unfolds Francesca repeats quietly and insistently: “She missed her step. She missed her step.” In fact Francesca saw Patricia jump in, as did any investigator with a successful **Spot Hidden**.

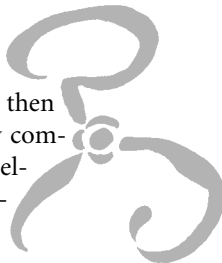
If Patricia is pulled out conscious, or is brought to consciousness by a **First Aid** roll, she is very scared. She manages no speech before she and Francesca, accompanied by the ship’s doctor and Mrs. Tullis, are driven off to Francesca’s aunt’s residence. If she perishes, a policeman arrives and takes brief statements, but Francesca tearfully and angrily contradicts anyone who says this was an intentional act.

A reporter is nearby, and whatever the outcome, the story makes *The Times of India* the next day. If an investigator rescued Patricia, they are much feted by everyone around them on the docks, and they are interviewed, mentioned by name, and their utterances reported in any newspaper article concerning the incident.

Does the investigator who was involved with Patricia know what has happened and does he blame himself? How does this affect the likely romance between Francesca and the other investigator? Did someone see what happened and do they broach Patricia’s attempted suicide with Francesca? Patricia’s death costs each investigator 1/1D2 Sanity points; if an investigator holds himself responsible it costs him 1D2/1D4 Sanity points. Saving Patricia gives everyone 2 Sanity points except for the hero written up in the newspaper who gains 3 Sanity points. These awards are lessened by 1 Sanity point for anyone who believes this was a suicide attempt.

Chapter Summary

The investigators travel from Europe to India. It should be a diverting and pleasant interlude for a period. But soon dreams return to plague certain investigators and then there are worries about Patricia Berry, one of their new companions. Upon arrival at Bombay any reservoir of good feelings that has been built is drained as Patricia attempts suicide. Efforts to save her may be futile or even dangerous.



A Thousand Miles

Brahminism, Buddhism, Islam may come and go, but the belief in magic and demons remains unshaken through them all, and, if we may judge of the future from the past, is likely to survive the rise and fall of other historical religions. For the great faiths of the world, just in so far as they are the outcome of superior intelligence, of purer morality, of extraordinary fervour of aspiration after the ideal, fail to touch and move the common man.

— J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*

The investigators probably arrive in Bombay in January. During the day it's hot, in the high 80's as the sun beats down, but at night the winds bring wintry temperatures straight down from the Himalayas. Regarding accommodation, Mrs. Tullis has insisted they stay at the best hotel in the city, and has even wired ahead to obtain their rooms.

The Taj Mahal Palace Hotel is a grand edifice of lights and iron. The city side has bars at street and verandah-level, and the dining room, which features intricate exposed ironwork, boasts a spectacular view of the bay and the Arabian Sea; tables on this side of the room are at a premium even though the food is identical. Rooms have bathrooms attached, the beds support a tent of mosquito netting, and there is a shared telephone in all hallways to contact the hotel management. Overall the atmosphere, while not as comfortable as the best establishments in Europe or America, is relaxing; a bulwark for the traveler against the sprawling city outside — indeed the hotel is full of European visitors.

The Guide

Mrs. Tullis again takes the lead here by insisting that the player characters hire a reputable guide;

ITALIAN TIBETAN PARTY ARRIVES IN BOMBAY

An Italian archaeological party disembarked at the Bombay docks yesterday afternoon having traveled on the small freighter *Vittorio Alfieri*, which left Naples on 17th August.

The party is under the leadership of Roberto Anzalone, Professor of Asian History at the Università degli studi di Milano, and also consists of fellow Italians Carlo Schippone and Ricardo Delnegro and an Englishman, Malcolm Quarrie. The men's immediate plans are to travel overland bound for the Northeast of India and Darjeeling, where they will equip in full. From there they will aim for the Tibetan town of Sakha Dsong which will serve as their base for a journey into the southern region of that country bordering upon Nepal; the group hopes to make discoveries dating from the thirteenth century contemporaneous with the Tibetan kingdom of Gunthang.

The Times of India, Bombay, 22nd September 1929.

TOTK Papers #28: Article on the Arrival of an Italian Expedition

this is normal practice, as only a small slice of Bombay speaks English. She names a Hindu, Sivakumar Patel, who can be reached through their hotel.

“Siva”, as he insists on being called, soon appears. Respectfully, he waits outside the hotel. He has excellent English and proves very willing in all that the investigators propose. His drawbacks are that he worries about his performance, always thinking it inadequate, and that he is very nervous around Western ladies — his sense of propriety exceeds even that of Western gentlemen.

When he discovers his employers are traveling on by train, he offers to act as their servant. He explains that in addition to translating he can watch over their possessions, clean their berths and compartment, and guard them against encroachment while the investigators are in the dining car. Any Western traveler advises them that such a servant is a must — the man’s train ticket, wage, and board should be provided. These duties would normally be beneath Siva but his eagerness to please (and desire not to let Mrs. Tullis down) drives him on and he will not be in the least stinting in his performance.

Looking ahead, if Siva is approached to enter Nepal, he does so, — the investigators still need a translator. He does not require explanation and travels with them as far as Kag, a couple of days from Drakmar, where his courage at last fails him. His potential departure is covered in the account of the journey that follows.

It is assumed throughout the following text that Siva is present. If he isn’t, the party needs to make other arrangements for translation or suffer accordingly.

Sivakumar Patel, Guide of Guides

Appearance and Demeanor: Siva — as he has all Westerners call him — is tall and slim with short dark hair. He is always smiling and looks younger than his age. He wears white cotton Indian dress, trousers, and tunic with a Western-style suit jacket on top. He is extremely anxious to please. Any small complaint causes him mortification out of all proportion to the problem at hand.



Mr. Patel

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Married with two girls and a boy — a fact he does not advertise to the investigators. He is a tailor by trade. He is well connected in the Hindu community, and also knows a number of

prominent Parsees and Mohammedans. Siva’s excellent English lets him serve as a guide and interpreter to visitors. The income from this work is good.

The Coming of the King; The Dreams

The influence of the Yellow King is palpable in Bombay and hereafter in India and Nepal.

- The dreams that have been confined these many months to only certain investigators are now dreamt by all.
- At some point when passing through a city bazaar, ask for **Spot Hidden** rolls — a success sees a Yellow Sign painted on a wall only partially hidden by a carpet seller’s stock. Everyone around professes ignorance but a **Psychology** roll suggests that some are lying and that the liars could be violent. The timely appearance of police officers prevents any actual aggression.
- At some point the investigators see the Stranger. Unmistakable, he stands in the midst of the press of a busy street; people flow past him, seemingly paying him no heed. The Pallid Mask turns on the investigators and he starts to approach them. He passes right through people — there are screams. Call for **Luck** rolls from everyone. The investigator with the worst failure — or the worst success if all succeeded — sees the Stranger single him out, walk into him, feels the Stranger’s robes brush across his face, his hands, he hears music, he sees Carcosa — 0/1D2 Sanity points lost. Then the Stranger is gone. The chosen player character finds that the other investigators lost sight of the figure before the stranger reached the chosen investigator.

The keeper can create other encounters along these lines and those in Appendix D. Play these out as the investigators continue their approach to Drakmar. They should not overwhelm the other action but played to keep a sense of inevitable and impending collision.

Plot: Siva guides the investigators around the city and can discover the movements of Anzalone’s party. He continues with the investigators on their journey across India and into Nepal to the very shadows of the Himalayas. His courage will fail him only at the last.

Sivakumar “Siva” Patel, age 28, Indian Guide & Interpreter

STR 11	CON 13	SIZ 14	INT 14	POW 08
DEX 12	APP 12	EDU 05	SAN 40	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Attacks: Grapple 45%, damage special.

Skills: Accounting 20%, Bargain 40%, Climb 50%, Art (Cooking) 34%, Craft (Tailor) 45%, Credit Rating 20%, Dodge 45%, Fast Talk 32%, Jump 50%, Listen 52%, Navigate (Bombay) 90%, Persuade 30%, Throw 40%.

Languages: English 60%, Gujarati 60%, Hindi 75%, Urdu 56%.

Tracing the Italian Expedition in Bombay

Upon their arrival the investigators can be expected to check on the Italian expedition. A **Library Use** roll at the main library — or with an additional **Luck roll** at a gentleman's club — turns up a short article from *The Times of India* noting the party's arrival. See *Tatters of the King Papers #28* nearby.

A further **Library Use** allied with a **History roll** (these can be cooperative rolls from two investigators), places the "Gunghang" mentioned in the article as an

ancient kingdom that straddled the border between present day Mustang in Nepal and Tibet.

If the investigators are on good terms with, and seek the assistance of Mrs. Tullis or Julian Knight in tracking these men they are given a letter of introduction to an Englishman, Harry Unwin, who works as a clerk at the magistrate's office here in Bombay. After telegraphing some contacts on the railways, Unwin discovers that the Anzalone party left Bombay by train for Calcutta on September 24th. Do they want him to keep digging? If they do, then the next day he has learnt that the Italian party never reached there — they left the train at

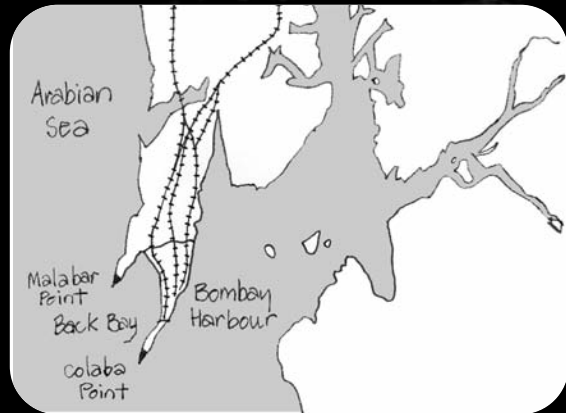
Bombay and India

The name Bombay derives from the Portuguese *Bom Bahia* meaning Good Bay. Passing into British hands in 1661 as a gift to Charles II in the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, the city, today officially called Mumbai, is built on the shores of the Arabian Sea on seven islands and covers an area ten miles long and five miles wide. Malabar Hill is the highest point in the city. The promontory of Colaba Island envelops a fine harbor — the reason for the city's prominence. The climate is humid but eased by warm ocean breezes that clear the air. Terrain is mostly low and swampy and, since space is at a premium, land is constantly being reclaimed from the waters. Along with Calcutta, Bombay is one of the two great colonial cities in India and relies for its fortune chiefly on the textile industry: during the cotton boom occasioned by the American Civil War and the opening of the Suez Canal, the city became very rich indeed. "The Gateway to India" has British influence everywhere — the great welcoming arch on the waterfront built to commemorate King George and Queen Mary's visit in 1911, the roads, the General Post Office, the hotels, the Old Customs House, and many other civic buildings and indeed the large expatriate community itself.

Atmosphere

The city displays its wealth in its grand public buildings, which are a mix between the resurgent Victorian Gothic style — the Railway Station, the City Hall — and a blend of European and traditional forms favored by the Indian merchant communities. Places of worship are everywhere as scores of Hindu temples jostle with more than twenty Catholic churches, Anglican churches, and a few Buddhist temples and Moslem mosques. The best housing is situated on Malabar Hill, which also boasts both the best views and the clearest air and can be reached by a twenty-minute drive up from the city via broad, sweeping roadways. The residents call the center of the city "The Fort", although the actual fort was demolished last century, and there is a fine promenade down which the fashionable set stroll in the evening to the accompaniment of military music played from the bandstand.

Much of the population of the city is used to dealing with Europeans but there is still much that is alien for the visitor. The streets are crowded with camels, trolleys, motorcars,



and *gharis* (jog-trot affairs drawn by horses). Shouted conversation is everywhere as shopkeepers sell cloth, ivory, rugs, carvings, or incense from what is sometimes no more than a niche in the wall; sellers are so persistent that they follow potential customers down the street and away from their wares. There's great wealth on show in the gold and silver bazaars of Hornby Road, but also poverty — to ask for alms is considered a profession: beggars are everywhere.

Bombay is an environment of great tolerance yet there can be detected a burgeoning call for independence. The Government of India Act of 1919 has not gone far enough, and the figurehead for the separatist movement is Mahatma Gandhi who champions a campaign of non-violent passive resistance to undermine the British Empire's hold on India. Gandhi is talked of with respect and reverence and adored by all castes and religions.

Religion, Caste, Language, etc.

To the outsider there are a bewildering number of divisions between the peoples of India; these are based primarily around religion, caste, and language. The keeper may introduce select information here for the curious traveler.

The prevalent religion is Hinduism, which is actually made up of many disparate movements. The Hindu deities include Brahma, the creator of the world, Shiva, god of destruction and regeneration, and Vishnu, the symbol of preservation. Vishnu himself is met in a great many forms — or avatars: fish, turtle, boar, man-lion, dwarf, Rama the prince, Pasurama the avenger, Buddha (despite the displacement of Buddhism by the Hindu counter-reformation),

Benares and went north. They reached Nautanwa on the border on September 28th. That's all he can find.

Siva can make inquiries on their behalf too. He finds out that a Parsee, Rajinder Singh, acted as the Italians' guide when they were in Bombay. Siva talks to him and reports that they stayed in Bombay for three full days. They spent time buying things from the department store and from the markets, and they went around the city.

There was one thing that Rajinder Singh said that was odd; there was a symbol daubed on a wall and they asked him if he knew what it was. He did not but they were insistent and so he said a Parsee holy man would

know. They went up to the Towers of Silence and met him. Apparently the holy man was unsettled by the ensuing conversation. Should Siva take the player characters there?

The symbol was a Yellow Sign. Anzalone and Quarrie wished to find out what its appearance here might mean.

The Holy Man Prophecies the Coming of the King

Siva hails a couple of gharis and people can pile in. The route takes them up out of the city and past the fine



Kalki the white horse, and, most popular of all, Krishna who is Vishnu with his body painted blue. Other religions include Buddhism — with most of its adherents in the north and on the fringes of the country, Sikhism, Islam, Parsees, Christianity, and Judaism. Very briefly, Hindus believe in the concept of rebirth and the worship of many gods; Buddhism grew out of Hinduism, and holds it possible to achieve Nirvana, or enlightenment, breaking out of the cycle of life. It worships Buddha, a human who did so.

The caste system emerged from within Hinduism and orders Indian society into four tiers: *Brahmins*, priests and intellectuals; *Kshatriyas*, warriors and nobility; *Waishyas*, skilled men; and *Shudras*, workers. Castes are further delineated by the thousands of *jats* into which one is born and remains. One marries into one's own caste and one cannot even accept food from one of a lower caste without becoming "impure".

There are twenty-six main languages in use among India's 350 million people, as well as a further two hundred

splinter languages. The only *lingua franca* is English which is spoken all over the subcontinent, although obviously not by all. Hindi is spoken by perhaps a quarter of the population, and very widely in the north of the country along with Punjabi, Urdu, Bengali, Gujerati, and Marathi, which all bear broad similarities to Hindi. In the south, the Dravidian languages are spoken: Telugu, Tamil, Kannada, and Malayam. English will suffice for the investigators while that and Hindi would see them through very well.

Another surprise for the Westerner may be in civil conventions. Marriages are usually arranged, and sometimes these are child marriages where the groom might be fifty and the bride just ten. Forty million Hindu and Muslim women live in *purdah* in India, meaning they are hidden by a veil or in the house, although this is usually the preserve of the middle and upper classes where the woman does not need to work. *Purdah* too is being attacked by the followers of Gandhi who via the Emancipation Proclamation are urging women to "let your husbands and brothers cook for themselves". Women wear colorful saris, and gold and silver on their wrists and ankles and often in their noses — the absence of jewelry on a married woman would denote poverty. Indians view an unmarried Western woman as unfortunate: a common farewell is, "May you soon be married!"

There is a bewildering mix of inhabitants in the city. The dominant type are the *Parsees*, recognizable by black skullcaps, who, though a tiny minority in India as a whole, center on Bombay. Originally from Persia, the Parsees adopted western ways early — for instance extending unusual liberties to their women — and as a stereotype are open, engaging, and proud. In Bombay contact can be stressed with the Parsees, but also present are Hindus, Buddhists, Sikhs, Afghans, Bengalis, Arabs, Malays, Chinese, and many others.

The vast majority of the population in the country is rural and illiterate. Homeless people in the city are born and live their entire lives on the streets. Those that do have a roof will haul their cooking pots and pans, when not in use, up to the ceilings of their tiny homes in great nets or baskets, and so out of the way. But though the standard of life may be poor for many, the sense of public accountability means that hospitality, sharing what you have with the traveler or neighbor, ensures that the general well being is raised.



homes on Malabar Hill, and as they go Siva explains something of Parsee beliefs. They feel that man must not pollute the four elements: earth, fire, water, and air. When a Parsee dies he cannot be buried without sullyng earth, burnt without sullyng fire, and so on, so the Towers of Silence are where they bury their dead. *These structures were built at the end of the seventeenth century.*

The towers are a popular destination for the curious, and there are a few other Westerners strolling about when the party arrives. Standing amidst the lush foliage is a white tower, squat and clean, on the lip of which are perched a score of vultures. Siva explains happily that the Parsees put their dead in the tower and the vultures devour them — “a man in half an hour”. A mesh at the top stops the birds taking too much away at one time, so that they feed there. The clean bones fall through into a pit below which is filled with lime and charcoal, and that destroys them. What is left the rain washes into the soil, purified.

Siva takes them to the holy man. A lean figure, robed, barefooted, wearing a skullcap, it's difficult to gauge his age and he doesn't look up at his visitors and doesn't swap greetings or names. He does not speak English so unless one of the investigators speaks Hindi, Siva translates.

— “Does he remember Quarrie, the man who upset him?”

Holy Man: “He remembers the man with the mark.”

— “The mark?”

Holy Man: “The mark is a mark of a god.”

— “What god?”

Holy Man: “It is the Outsider. The God in White. This god is older than the gods of the people and the blessed prophets and the God you follow. Older than the Earth. He sends his prophets amongst us.” (The holy man passes his hand over the city stretched out beneath him.)

— “What can he say about this god?”

Holy Man: “In the north, in the mountains, they think him a Buddha. That is where he will come. He is walking towards us even now.”

— The holy man does not respond to further questions or to the naming of “Hastur”, the “King in Yellow”, or so on. The audience seems at an end. Initially Siva seems troubled by what he has heard, but by the time he has seen the party back to the city he has regained his normal happy demeanor.

The Holy Man could read the allegiance of the strangers, particularly Malcolm Quarrie.

Leaving Bombay by Train

Before leaving Bombay and the hotel, it's advisable to make some preparations. When traveling on the sub-continent one needs to carry certain necessities above the normal: sheets, blanket and pillow, plus toilet paper and soap. These items are readily available for the traveler from department stores, done up in a long canvas bag similar to a soldier's kit bag.

The journey across India is by train, but the experience will be unusual. There is seeming panic at the Victoria station — the platforms are mobbed. Although tickets were reserved, the investigators find their compartment is filled, more than filled in fact, by a well-dressed Indian family — grandfather, mother and father, uncle, aunt and four children all in a carriage intended for six. The father understands English well enough but doggedly fakes smiling incomprehension. If someone penetrates this ruse, then on a successful **Persuade** roll the family moves with good grace, otherwise the very polite Indian train conductor needs to be palmed with *baksheesh* — a tip — before reestablishing the party in the compartment for which they paid.

It is comfortable, with two small private berths off the seated area (each berth sleeps two) while the seats themselves provide slightly less comfortable beds, for a total of six. There is also a water closet with basin and toilet. Siva has his own arrangements elsewhere on the train.

The train has a dining car and seats can be reserved for set times — again, a consideration to the conductor and the head dining car attendant ensures there is no confusion. Meals can be brought to the cabin as can snacks, tea, and other drinks. Fellow travelers on the journey are mostly Indian civil servants of one kind or another; they engage the investigators in eager conversation in generally excellent English. They speak highly of the investigator's home country, often proving very well informed, and always seek an opinion on India about which they tend to be deprecating but secretly proud.

The Rail Journey

Through the windows the country can be seen stretching away — quite flat in all directions. Without landmarks to focus upon the train seems to move without progress, as if it's spinning futilely across impossible distances. The land is dry. India's climate is tropical and the monsoon comes to northern India between July and September. In the months of December and January there are few rainy days. The bare earth is hard.

The train stops frequently in sidings. This is for the most part a single line main track and trains use it in both directions. Waits at each larger station seem protracted —

there are hordes of people waiting for the train, and the carriages can't possibly take them all. It soon becomes apparent, however, that every traveler has been accompanied by a dozen relatives and friends, who merely wish them well and wave them off.

The train also stops at each village, some so small that there is no platform — the passengers must climb up, and climb down. These villages are invariably small congregations of squat, box-like, mud houses built around a small square. There is a reservoir dug straight into the earth and there the people will wash clothes, bathe, and draw water for cooking and drinking. Smoke rises from the huts where women bake *chapatis*. The investigators get used to other sights too: the pitifully thin dogs, the monkeys, the clusters of quiet, watchful villagers.

The journey from Bombay to Benares — today named Varanasi — is around eight hundred miles northeast. It takes four days. Major towns passed through are Burhanpur, Jabalpur, and Mirzapur. Just some of the smaller towns and villages are Deolali, Manmad, Pachora, Khandwa, Sohagpur, Gadarpur, Maihar, Satna, Bara, and Chunar. The investigators will change trains in Benares, and from there to the town of Nautanwa on the Indo-Nepalese border is another two hundred miles, a day's journey, bringing them to the end of the Indian rail-head.

A Riot in Benares

The train is crawling through the outskirts of Benares. A little way ahead a knot, a crowd even, of about fifty people stand near the tracks. They are listening to someone orating; he stands up in their midst. A few wave sticks and one a sword. They are chanting a phrase over and over in Hindi — someone on the train translates it as "The King Steps Down". The train comes abreast. There seems to be no apparent focus for their feelings, but then the speaker points in the train's direction, and some in the crowd break off and run toward it. A few of these pick up stones that they hurl at the carriages. Others run right up to the side and try to board. Passengers on the train are screaming, particularly women and children. Now the entire crowd follows on, and as it comes there seem to be a lot more people than there were.

The first windows break.

A shot is heard.

Require **Luck** rolls for all the investigators. If anyone fumbles the roll, then a window in their compartment shatters and that investigator loses 1D3 hit points from the rock that came though; if anyone



fails the roll, the window is hit and cracks but does not break. The train slowly starts to pick up speed and leaves most of the mob behind, but dozens of men cling to the outside of the train. Some still scream the words, and all are trying to force their way in. The investigators need to remove three attackers off their own carriage: they can lean out the windows or doors to do so. There are no statistics provided for these attackers: assume

they have base combat skills, 10 hit points, and fall from the train after any blow or attack upon them. If they have enough time, the men will smash the windows or open the doors and try to enter and grapple with the investigators — they are in a murderous state of mind.

In the aftermath, the player characters can assist their fellow travelers with **First Aid** and **Medicine** rolls. It seems that Europeans and Indians were being target-

Equipping for the Trip into Nepal

The investigators probably need to enter Nepal with at least 150 pounds of food and equipment per player character. Presumably they have a guide and ten porters. Reckoning on the load of two porters being 150 pounds they are in good shape. Siva can act as their translator, cook, and servant. A future consideration is that porters and even guides are often not willing to travel too far from their village so the party must travel somewhat blindly, and renegotiate help at regular intervals.

Supplies should include items such as tents, bedding rolls, blankets, rainwear, umbrellas, medicines, pots and pans, a small portable oven/stove, and paraffin or methylated spirits. Food should comprise cooking oil, butter, condensed milk, sugar, salt, rice, flour, spices, tomato puree, tea, coffee, cocoa, biscuits/cookies, jam, marmalade, honey, chocolate, tinned soups and tinned or dried fruit and vegetables. Sundries should include soap and toilet paper. Along the way, the travelers can hope to pay for small quantities of fresh food to augment their diet but the villages of Nepal live near subsistence-level. Consequently they should also bring barter items, as Indian and Nepalese coins are generally treated with mistrust within the remote areas of Nepal. Banknotes are of no use at all — there are no banks. Provisions also need to be carefully rationed for the return trip.

Regarding clothing, the investigators should realize that even in the valley that they'll follow on their journey, the conditions can be severe. They'll not know this but at the last they'll leave the valley to climb to above 16,000 feet.

The clothing they might take is not the custom-made gear that serves hikers and mountaineers today. Rather it's similar to that used by George Mallory and Andrew Irvine on the ill-fated British Everest assault of 1924. That party wore tweeds, woolen scarves, overcoats, sweaters, flannel shirts, knitted socks, wool puttees wound to the knee, and hats of all kinds. Some took a suit of windproof gabardine or even a down jacket, but these were the exception. Leather Alpine hiking boots were worn, lightly nailed, as were motorcycle goggles. Any of these items are difficult to find in Nautanwa, and the specialty equipment will be impossible.

- Allow each investigator a **Luck** roll for a hard search to find the one special piece of gear that they are most anxious to procure. With a failed roll, award another item off the list in its place. If the search is being made in

Bombay, allow that **Luck** roll to be made twice for the two most coveted items.

- Crude oxygen systems were available at this time, but "English Air" was ignored by most climbers, including the Mallory expedition, as both unwieldy and unsporting. Acclimatization was expected to suffice for the ascent.
- If the investigators do not get help in provisioning themselves from an experienced Alpine traveler — this person would need to have been contacted back in Italy when they would first have realized that mountain travel could be necessary — ask them to write a list of what they're taking and provide it to you. Compare their list to the one above: if the player characters have omitted something obvious, then let them know. If it was something they might reasonably have forgotten — such as the portable oven for preparing bread and cake — alert them of their omission the first time that the equipment is needed, however many days that may be into their trip.
- The only maps of Nepal are the detailed 1926 Survey of India maps (one-quarter inch to the mile). These will be valuable should the party be separated from their guide, and essential if the party think to enter Nepal without a guide. Allow these to be obtained with a successful **Library Use** roll in Bombay or Benares. These maps do not show a place called Drakmar, but all other places mentioned in Nepal in this text can be found on the 1926 Survey.

Fitting in

The party might also think, as Anzalone and his group did, to acquire Tibetan cloaks or *chubas* like those Jigme Rinzing and his men wear. These roomy, heavy cotton garments are worn pleated and held up with a wide belt — somewhat similar to an oversize dressing gown. Apart from helping the investigators blend in within Nepal, this clothing is very practical. The wide collars can be worn up as hoods, the sleeves worn long to keep the hands out of the wind, and the deep pocket at the front used to store personal items. Such a garment is very warm, and at a pinch can even double as a one-man tent. Jigme can obtain these in Nautanwa.

Gentlemen might also choose to shave off any beard or mustache they're sporting — most Nepalese don't need to shave. Western men are typically taller than Nepalese, and western women need to hide their sex, but if attempts are made to pass as Nepalese, allow a successful **Disguise** roll at a bonus of 20 percentiles. This roll may be attempted anew each day upon a failure.



Crossing the Border into Nepal

ed indiscriminately. If any rioter was overpowered, they calm very quickly. Most are unable to say what possessed them to act as they did. They are now shocked, scared, and penitent, but at least one says their leader showed them “the Yellow Mark”. There are no repercussions to the investigators if they used what might be termed “excessive force” in a later period. Soldiers who were traveling on the train are now posted two to a carriage in case of any reoccurrence of unrest.

Entering Nepal

With arrival in Nautanwa comes the potentially difficult proposition of getting across the border into Nepal.

The six-volume work *Countries of the World* published in the mid 1920’s has no entry for Nepal, and makes only a couple of passing mentions of the country. The most thorough under ‘Himalayan Kingdoms’ runs:

“The first mentioned (Nepal) with its wide belt of Terai lands often clothed with dense forest, is in places quite impenetrable, excessively malarious during the wet season, harboring hordes of ferocious wild animals, and always guarded by jealous Gurkha sentries.”

The reality is not that bad. Nepal has indeed historically been fiercely independent. The last two occasions on which it was militarily threatened were in the Anglo-Nepalese War of 1814-1816, and in the war with Tibet

Mustang and the Tcho-Tchos

Mustang is an isolated Himalayan kingdom in northern Nepal. It is unknown even to most Nepalese and does not merit a mention in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, "Mustang" in the eleventh edition merely refers to a New World horse. The name appears to be derived from an improper Nepalese usage and mispronunciation of its capital, Manthang, and to its own inhabitants it is simply "Lo". Its major geographic feature is the river gorge of the Kali Gandaki that splits the region north-south, and was formed where a section of the earth's crust, set through by fault lines, slipped as plates slipped apart. It is the deepest river gorge in the world. It affords a unique direct passage through the 24,000 feet peaks of the Himalayas, between the Tibetan plateau and China to the north and the Indian subcontinent to the south. A tremendous river must have once passed here for sedimentary deposits exist to a depth of several hundred feet; the river still flows today but is now a modest one. The region is a rich source of shaligram — fossil ammonite shells from the Tethys Sea — which is used to carve the symbols of Vishnu that stand on altars throughout Hindu India.

History

The first mention of Mustang comes in the Tun-Huang *Annals* for the rat year 652, when the area comes under the influence of the Yuang dynasty, a situation that would endure until the ninth century. By the tenth century it was under control of the Ngari Korsum dynasty of western Tibet at which time Bonpo meditators came to inhabit the Kali Gandaki's caves and passages. The twelfth century brought the Menshang nomadic tribe who settled and populated Tibet, Changthang, and then Mustang, and the thirteenth century saw the Jumla move in. In the latter part of that century the Tibetan kingdom of Gungthang came to promi-

nence over Mustang and indeed the rest of Tibet, but a century later Mustang returned to the control of the Menshang.

None of this presaged a remarkable rise for Mustang's small and poor indigenous population. In the first half of the fifteenth century, under their leader Amepal, Mustang suddenly rose to become the foremost power in Western Tibet. Amepal's son Agon Sangpo continued this dominance, and legendarily slaughtered the area's Tsotsowa nomads under a supposed truce. After Agon Sangpo came his three sons who maintained Mustang's supremacy in the region through the end of the century.

But by the sixteenth century the place of Mustang in the region seems to have slipped just as dramatically and inexplicably as it had risen for tributes were being paid to a neighboring kingdom. A famine further weakened Mustang and it split: Upper Mustang falling under the influence of Ladakh and Lower Mustang under Jumla. The two territories feuded for decades with Jumla finally emerging as the partial victor by the end of that century. But with the squabble continuing through the early eighteenth century the region was at its lowest point. Only when its king was recognized by the rulers of Katmandu did it retrieve some power.

A Story: Mustang and the Tsotsowa

The facts below tell the full story. In the early fifteenth century, Amepal, much to the surprise and alarm of his advisers, cultivated ties with the Tsotsowa nomads — the fabled Tcho-Tchos spoken of within the Cthulhu mythos.

This tribe, only some two thousand strong, wandered Nepalese, Chinese and Tibetan lands, and were both much feared and persecuted by the local peoples for their brutality and suspected unholy rituals. Their power lay at the site Drakmar, above the river gorge in Mustang, their only permanent habitation. This was a holy place to the inhabitants of Mustang for the massive red cliffs there illustrate a myth. This myth states that here the hero Guru Rimpoche, or Padmasambhava, fought and slew Balmo, a huge

in 1855, but neither adversary still has designs upon the country.

Relations between British India and Nepal are peaceful and fairly constructive: Gurkha troops serve in the British Army; the Indian city of Calcutta serves as the main port of import for Nepal; and a British "resident", serving as an ambassador when necessary, lives outside Katmandu. This stipulation dates back to the peace treaty ending the 1816 war.

The readiness of the Nepalese troops mentioned previously is primarily to ensure that goods crossing the border are properly tallied, and the majority of those goods pass in the eastern end of the country to and from Katmandu, not the western end that leads to Mustang.

The investigators can aim to use their small numbers along with the fact that Nepal has no means of quick communications, to slip into and — if necessary — bluff their way across the country. Also aiding travel

is the fact that the rainy season in Nepal, as in Northern India, is the summer. The months of December and January see on average just a day or two's rain each.

Jigme Rinzing

They will need a guide, so like the Italian party before them — and their story follows — the investigators must contact a Nepalese merchant in Nautanwa. Using Siva, or via a successful **Fast Talk** roll with an English-speaking Indian, they are given the location of a small hostel/guest house that the traders use. Here they find a number of smallish men, averaging 5'4", with open expressions, straight black hair, and hairless faces; they wear heavy cotton belted robes and plaited grass sandals — these are Nepalese. The leader of this group is a man named Jigme Rinzing; he has a lined face and a happy manner. He speaks Nepalese, a little Hindi, but only a few words of English. Siva can understand some of the

demoness. Her blood and liver stained the rocks, and her intestines spilled to form a long wall of stones. Guru Rimpoche erected a large *chorten*, a monument or shrine, to pin down her heart and lesser chortens to cover pools of her blood. In this place several hundred semi-human Tcho-Tchos dwelt, hiding in the caves of the stark ochre cliffs. It was a holy place to them, too, for they knew Drakmar as being on the Plateau of Tsang where Leng meets Earth. And here deep in the rocks, immobile on a rock pedestal, crouches the Great Old One Chaugnar Faugn. The Nepalese shunned the area around the ancient site, their myths reinforced by deaths, dreams, and unearthly noises.

Nevertheless, Amepal, who was beset by many enemies, suspected that he had much to gain from dealing. He gave sacrificial victims, prisoners, and criminals to the Tcho-Tchos, who took them to Drakmar and their god. Chaugnar Faugn had subsisted for thousands of years on just the few humans his servants could provide him, even on the twisted Tcho-Tchos themselves, and with these offerings the Great Old One began to awaken. The Tcho-Tcho priests petitioned him on Amepal's behalf to target the king's enemies and Chaugnar Faugn did so. He sent dreams of himself driving them mad, and for those who resisted he would simply stop their hearts as we would stop a clock. Near and far, Amepal culled his opposition. His reputation and strength grew, were unrivaled. The power and the glory of the Mustang kingdom was greater than could ever have been expected.

And so things went until Amepal's death. But his son, Agon Sangpo, despised the Tcho-Tchos, and even though his father was rightly convinced that the sacrifices were efficacious, the son determined he did not need the help of these savages to maintain his prestige. Messages were sent under the guise of wanting to expand current arrangements and he laid a trap for them. The Tcho-Tcho leader, Rigdzinbum, was urged to come to Mustang with his closest advisers . . .

"As it happened . . . the Mustang king Agon Sangpo and the army chief Amogha told the Tsotsowa nomads: 'There are many reasons why we and the Tsotsowas must hold

talks, Come with your headmen to discuss them.' Accordingly Tsotsowa Rigdzinbum led about ten headmen together with their assistants and went to Mustang. At that time Agon Sangpo remained behind as he went to see the army chief. Agon's nephew, who was not far from the meeting place, went to the meeting . . . not many days after, as many butchers were each given a task, Rigdzinbum and his brother; Arpon, a chief; one called Pon Gyel; five notables; and Rigdzinbum's assistant Pelsi were murdered. Moreover, the eyes of five of the six chiefs were taken out" <The Biography of Cheleg>.

Now Agon Sangpo sought to eradicate the Tcho-Tchos utterly. The Mustang army came to Drakmar and slew most of those there, putting the rest to flight. Soldiers penetrated into the outer caverns and a little beyond, but faced with the evidence of the dreadful rituals and the proximity of Chaugnar Faugn they retreated. They sealed the passages and entrances with prayer wheels, magic charms, and chortens, thinking that Balmo had returned to life and the earth. Chaugnar Faugn's attention on this world slowly withdrew. He relapsed into a state of perpetual and random sleep and there was no focus to his dreams.

The persecution was considered completely successful. But by the time that Agon Sangpo had been succeeded in turn by his son Tashigon and Tashigon's two brothers, a few Tcho-Tchos had crept back to Drakmar. Over the years, with elaborate rituals and sacrifices they were able to wake Chaugnar Faugn for brief periods and thereby take their slow revenge. They brought each of the three brothers to madness with recurring nightmares of an elephant-headed obesity, and others close to them they struck down in their prime, their hearts choked. Mustang, bereft of its alliance, with its leaders mad and dying, inevitably fell.

The Tcho-Tchos, now just a few hundred in number, hid in their fastness and tended their god. There they waited for the White Acolyte who would come from the West and set him free.



Mr. Rinzing

Nepalese as it is not far from Hindi, and translates.

Appearance and Demeanor: Small and wiry with a weather-beaten face which makes him look older than his years. Unhurried, firm, selfish, calm, and good-natured. He loves to argue and is very patient.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Rinzing is a merchant who carries apples from Nepal's middle

hills down to the lowlands and India, returning with woolen goods and tomatoes. He has never traveled north of his home. Jigme and Tsewan Pemba know each other well.

Plot: Jigme Rinzing serves as the investigators' first guide in Nepal. Encountered in Nautanwa, India, his caravan takes the expedition and their equipment the eight days' march north to his home of Gora Pani. He then recommends Tsewan Pemba to the party.

Jigme Rinzing, age 37, Nepalese Merchant and Guide

STR 12 CON 16 SIZ 10 INT 12 POW 09
DEX 14 APP 07 EDU 04 SAN 45 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: Grapple 38%, damage special
Knife 35%, damage 1D4
Kick 35%, damage 1D3

Skills: Bargain 78%, Credit Rating 35%, First Aid 45%, Hide 59%, Listen 80%, Natural History 78%, Predict Storm 25%, Navigate Land 84%, History (Nepal) 24%, Track 30%.

Languages: Nepalese 58%, Tibetan 22% English 10%.

Nepal has many different, but similar, dialects. For simplicity's sake assume that Nepalese is a single language. As the roots of Nepalese are shared with Indian languages, allow the speaker of any Indian language (e.g., Hindi) to communicate in Nepalese at half skill in their own language.

Jigme agrees to take the party as far as Gora Pani, a week's journey into Nepal. He is prepared to let up

to ten of his fifteen porters carry their food and equipment. He is most interested in bartering for the payment, and happy to accept jewelry that can be bought in Nautanwa for about £2. This is a good offer. Jigme will be ready to leave for Nepal in three days; in the meantime he is buying goods here in India to take back home — wool and clothes, but which will bur-

The Italian Expedition

Key dates and facts for the following are summarized in Appendix C. Further detailed information on the route taken by Anzalone's expedition from Nepal to Drakmar is found in Chapter 11.

Membership

Roberto Anzalone's position on the expedition is assured as the likely discoverer of Jiwakhar. Anzalone requests and gets both his choices of fellow cultists, too: Quarrie is introduced to the authorities as a leading anthropologist recently employed by the Royal Society but now resident in Milan, and a man with a great admiration for Italian nationalism. Schippone, one of Anzalone's graduate students, is added for his linguistic skills and because it is claimed he will be integral in the detailed placement of the city.

Neither the University nor the Ministry of Foreign Affairs have any idea of the real reason for this expedition or its make-up; nonetheless, the Italian Government gives its official sanction.

And they add a final member: Ricardo Delnegro, a rising young officer in the Italian Alpine Troops. The Ministry declare that Delnegro is to have final authority in any matters that impinge upon doctrine or sovereignty — a loose definition but one that does not trouble Anzalone or Quarrie. They do not expect Delnegro to be a problem for them for reasons that will soon be clear.

The Goal, the Route

The four men leave Naples on 17th August 1929 aboard the aging Italian freighter *Vittorio Alfieri*, which is bound for Bombay with a cargo of wine.

The official story is that from Bombay they will cross India by train to Calcutta and then Darjeeling. In Darjeeling they will equip fully before moving north into Tibet. Once beyond the northern foothills of the Himalayas they will turn west towards the supposed site of Jiwakhar, near the Nepalese border.

But the cultists have no intention of taking this route. Instead, in India they'll leave the cross-country train journey at Benares, then slip across the Nepalese border at or near the town of Nautanwa. Heading north across the foothills of Nepal will bring them up into the Himalayas by way of the Kali Gandaki river valley, the only passage through the mountains for a thousand miles east or west. At the head of this valley is Drakmar, Tsang, and Leng.

The cultists must of course deal with Delnegro, who knows nothing of the real objective of this expedition or the preferred route. Three days out from Naples, the old ship wallowing sedately through the eastern Mediterranean Sea, Quarrie casts Cloud Memory upon the unsuspecting Delnegro, removing his knowledge of the briefing he received before embarkation and leaving him with no knowledge of their destination or mission. The next day Quarrie talks to the very confused Major again, this time using Implant Suggestion to tell him of Drakmar in Nepal and of Il Duce personally coveting the treasures that the site has to offer. Delnegro latches onto this and is soon speaking out enthusiastically for the cultists' plan that he now believes to be their mission.

The *Vittorio Alfieri* docks in Bombay on September 21st after a five-week voyage. Anzalone tells British officials the cover story. On September 24th they set off by railway, reaching Benares four days later. But now, instead of continuing east, the group turns north for Nautanwa and the Nepalese border. While on this journey Quarrie sends his second letter to Hillary.

Arriving at Nautanwa the expedition is still lightly provisioned, partly to avoid traveling with stockpiles of equipment, partly to avoid arousing suspicion from the British authorities as to their destination. Now they gather enough provisions for a three or four day journey and add their preserved food stocks. Anzalone finds a Nepalese merchant from the Dolpo region, one Ripa Tendruk, and they negotiate a payment to join his caravan as far as Pokhara in Nepal. The investigators will not encounter Tendruk.

Into Nepal

Tendruk conducts his affairs in a leisurely manner and it's October 8th before they enter Nepal. The westerners have shaved and dressed themselves to blend in with local appearance but they detour past the border checkpoints before joining the company of the caravan. After four days of uneventful climbing they reach Pokhara, beyond the short range of Nepalese officialdom.

Time is spent here gathering further supplies and finding porters, yaks, and a new guide, a man named Yangser Chumpo. Also Delnegro and Schippone make a short reconnaissance trip northwest while Anzalone and Quarrie, less used to this exertion, acclimatize themselves to the thinner air. On October 19th they head out toward the river gorge; nights are spent in villages — the people are curious about them but not disapproving. Twice Delnegro helps sick individuals with simple medical procedures and supplies, and they also swap jewelry they brought for the purpose for fresh produce. Eggs and chickens are particularly welcome.

... (continued on the next page)

den only half his porters. He knows nothing of the Italians.

Rinzing cannot understand any wish to avoid official attention; it becomes apparent that such subterfuge is completely alien to him. On this note, unless the investigators do something crashingly blatant, the British authorities in Nautanwa simply remain unaware

of their intentions to enter Nepal. If their intentions are discovered, the authorities will assume their motive is rooted in ignorance, and making the situation clear will be their duty. But if the investigators are acting truly suspiciously, a warning is issued and the keeper should require a **Credit Rating roll** on behalf of the investigators' spokesman to halt possible surveillance.

On October 24th they reach the Kali Gandaki joining it just south of the village of Sika — they strike north along its valley.

The next week sees them follow the river. Temperatures have fallen dramatically in the days since they left the lowlands, the wind bites fiercely. At 10,000 feet the going is harder still, but on November 1st they reach the village of Geiling, and an hour's walk the next day sees them into Mustang. Leaving the river behind them now they strike out east to enter the Annapurna Range, climbing fast. In the mountains they start the search for Drakmar.

Drakmar

November 4th 1929: Drakmar is found. Staring down blankly from the massive orange-stained cliffs are caves — scores of them — eye sockets set in the livid rock, and beneath these are the orange, black, and white stones of toppled chortens lying at random on the valley floor. The porters refuse to stay, for the stones should be standing and exorcising the blood of the spirit slain here. Anzalone pays them, nonetheless; what happens now is important, not getting back. The porters dump their loads on the ground and leave. Chumpo stays, but he sets up camp alone away from the Italians who sleep right under the caves.

The next day the four men penetrate the caves for the first time. The first few give up nothing but then in the next they find bones and man-made marks. And they glimpse movement. It's as quick as a bird and ignores Delnegro's shouts. That night the cultists whisper amongst themselves. They are quietly elated as they suspect this shows that the Tcho-Tchos still live. Now they must approach them, communicate with them. Of course they're right in their guess, and for their part the Tcho-Tchos won't harm these men — the White Acolyte might be among them, come with his retinue. Chumpo comes to the camp that night to ask them to leave; Delnegro wavers, he suspects things are being hidden from him, but the others refuse point-blank.

Dawn the next day, November 6th, and Chumpo has gone during the night. As light penetrates the valley, each of the men feels that they're being watched. Regardless, a second exploration of the caves is launched. They find a fire still warm at its center, and, ghoulishly, a room arrayed with dozens of human jawbones set out with consideration of symmetry.

The Murder of Delnegro: the Tcho-Tchos Appear

That night the Great Old One's alien mind brings dreams to the three cultists and they awaken as one. Schippone has

the glint of abandon in his eyes — he looks over at Delnegro who has put himself on watch, and tells Anzalone and Quarrie to talk to the soldier. He slips off into the night.

Delnegro sees the others rise. Two of them come over and start to talk to him, but they're not making sense, they speak of creatures in the cave, of the King, they are frustrated that he doesn't understand . . . he hears a noise behind him and at the last moment he knows what's happening. He rolls and grabs his carbine, but the rock in Schippone's fist strikes him. He fires wildly, half-blinded by blood. He's hit again, his strength is going . . . is gone. The night gives up the sound of the rock hitting the lifeless body over and over, Schippone's grunts of effort. Anzalone and Quarrie are shocked: "Carlo. What have you done?"

Morning, and there are just two of them now. Schippone has fled, his mind collapsed. In the night he has stripped Delnegro's body down and laid it out on a large, flat stone. Its blood is the only color on offer in the weak dawn. The sound of the beating of Chaugnar Faugn's cold heart echoes off the stone of the valley and into their skulls. It's time.

The two friends, Quarrie and Anzalone, look at each other and then without a word head up once more towards the caves. They find the one where the sound is most distinct and they climb a long time in the blackness; at some point they realize they're followed but that does not matter. And at last the Anzalone Expedition comes into that chamber. They stand before something as old as the stars. A god. It is perfectly still but it lives. Chaugnar Faugn.

The Tcho-Tchos, silent and sure, enter behind and watch them closely: one of the strangers walks forward, talking, the other stands dumb. The priests say it is unclear. One could be the Acolyte, but the other is not — they play with that one before he is given to Chaugnar Faugn. The Tcho-Tchos wait for others that they believe will come. Only then will they all enter Leng.

Schippone can't hear the pursuit but he knows it's there. He knows he can't stand against it. He runs, terror-stricken, careless of the falls. Each night the thing stalking him gains while he rests. He can't sleep and he blunders on. He is bruised, bloody, and crazed, has only the gun he grips with white knuckles. It is almost a week later when he stumbles up to the monastery. The monks there take him in and news of his presence in Te and the disappearance of his companions reaches Kag and Tayen. But then nothing more — the boy at the monastery does not come down again, and the villagers feel premonitions of disaster from up in the mountains.

Such are the events that have preceded the investigators in Drakmar.



Across the Border

At the end of the three days Rinzing is ready to go. If the investigators have equipped fully and properly, he's alarmed at the large amount of gear that they wish to take. Ask a player to roll **Persuade at a penalty of 5 percentiles** (their argument goes through Siva) to convince their guide to load his porters up. This may involve additional payment, but the cost is negligible. If the Persuade fails, allow a new roll every thirty minutes. Jigme likes to argue. If the delay is more than three hours he postpones travel until the next day, but when the Persuade succeeds they're off.

It should occur to the party that the Indian border guards will be surprised at their appearance, since Westerners are not allowed into Nepal: Siva mentions this if the party misses it.

The road north across the border is in a low valley whose slopes are thickly wooded with spruce and the Indian and Nepalese frontier-posts are about 400 yards apart. It is a simple thing to climb up through the trees away from the road. There is an inadequate fence of rusted barbed wire in the woods — a successful **Spot Hidden** roll shows a break, otherwise a roll of **DEX x5** or less is needed to negotiate it; a roll of **DEX x7** or less will suffice if someone assists the character. A fumble on the DEX roll means 1 point of damage but no one is detected and everyone can rejoin the road and the caravan beyond the Nepalese checkpoint.

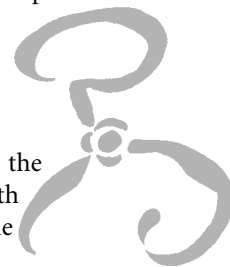
If the investigators insist on approaching the Indian frontier post, they see that two Indian customs officers, two Indian privates, and a British captain man it. They can still stop and work their way around at this point. If anyone approaches the checkpoint in Western clothes or openly carries a weapon, they are halted. If a Westerner is in Nepalese garb, call for a **Luck** roll — success means they were not closely examined, but on a failure ask for a **Disguise** roll. Another failure means they are detected. If anyone is detected or stopped, then everyone is detected. If investigators do get by the Indian checkpoint they are not troubled at the next by the single Nepalese guard who chats with Jigme as the caravan goes by.

If the investigators are detected, the officer respectfully asks what's going on. Call for various **Credit Rating**, **Persuade**, and **Fast Talk** rolls but the result will be that they're turned back. If they decide to reclaim their goods Jigme is a bit put out — otherwise he involves himself in none of this.

The investigators can still sneak across the border by crossing under cover of the trees and rejoining the caravan. That is unless they had previously come to the attention of the authorities: in that case they are escorted back to Nautanwa and at the keeper's discretion asked to further explain their actions.

Chapter Summary

The investigators travel across India from Bombay in the west to Nautanwa on the Nepalese border in the north where they find a guide and equip themselves for the arduous trek ahead of them.



To Drakmar

Our Tsharka youths refused to go beyond P'a-ling. Here they had friends and relatives, but a further day's journey to Kagbeni would have taken them beyond the safe limits of their known world.

— David Snellgrove, *Himalayan Pilgrimage*

The Gods live there, and for thousands of years priests, monks and scholars have gone there to die.

— Michel Peissel, *Mustang: A Lost Tibetan Kingdom*

Nepal is a box-shaped country, 500 miles long, 120 miles across, lying north of India and south of Tibet, comprised of four distinct regions running roughly east to west.

In the south is the malarial jungle of the Terai that contains half the small population and most of the arable land. Above this are the Middle Hills, home to almost all the rest of the country's inhabitants; the land is higher now and terrace farms predominate. Katmandu lies in this band toward the east. Third is the Himalaya, a land in the region of 10,000 feet, and largely unpopulated. Finally comes the Trans-Himalaya, an arid plateau sitting at a height of 20,000 feet. In a valley in this last region lies Mustang.

Flora and Fauna

At lower altitudes Nepal is heavily forested with coral trees, olives, and euphorbia. The ground is a rich red clay that produces several harvests — wheat early in April, then rice as the land floods with the rains, and finally maize and buckwheat. Moving north, as the terrain rises, cedars and pines predominate until, as we reach the foothills of the Himalayas, plants of any kind become scarce. The odd little juniper or olive provides the only break in a desert-like environment.

Potentially dangerous animals such as the rhinoceros, spotted leopard, wild boar, and tiger may be encountered in the tropical forests, while above the tree line are the snow leopard, black bear, and packs of wolves. Less threatening are deer, wild goats, and jackals, while domestic animals seen include yaks, cows, dzos (cow-yak hybrids), goats, and chickens. Dogs of tame or feral nature live in or near human habitation and packs of rhesus macaque and common langur monkeys may be encountered in the mountains. Birds one might spot include the eagle, kestrel, stork, pheasant, cuckoo, thrush, crow, and flycatcher.

Way of Life

While it has been one experience to see the clamor and scale of India, Nepal is very likely to be an even more disorienting affair for the Western traveler. Life

has changed little here in the past thousand years. There are no roads and no railways, indeed the wheel itself is unused and largely unknown in many areas, and, apart from trade, typically with neighboring villages but sometimes further afield, travel is unheard of. People are born, live, and die in the same tiny village of twenty to thirty houses. Westerners are known only to a very few because the border has been closed against them for generations.

The Nepalese met in the south of the country are a Hindu people and like their Indian counterparts they are usually polite, somewhat deferential, maybe even timid. As the Tibetan influence grows — a transition that takes place over days eight to twelve of the detailed description (see the section “Eighteen Days to Drakmar” nearby) — the people become sturdier, bolder, more forthright. These are Buddhists and the landscape now is dotted both with temples and monasteries inhabited by monks or nuns and sometimes lamas and holy men. Dome-shaped *chortens*, small shrines in which relics or texts are enclosed, are frequent — these are painted orange, red, or black. Villages get progressively smaller as the investigators’ journey continues, and the population becomes sparser.

Merchants, often Tibetan, may be met in any of the towns on the journey or on the trail. These men are inquisitive and outgoing and often ask to buy things the investigators have with them — or just ask the price they would fetch. This is a function of their trade. In this society such an exchange of information is the only way goods can be effectively priced from one region of the country to another. Western appearance also draws attention, even laughter from the Tibetan peoples: pale skin, big noses, unusual clothes, facial hair — all attract notice.

Staple foods of the region are rice and lentils, with other dishes including *dal* (lentil soup), spiced vegetables, *chapatis* (bread) and *tsampa* (a raw grain, ground and mixed with milk, tea, or water). Sweets and spicy snacks include *jelabi*, *laddus*, and *mukdals*. The Sherpa peoples eat *gurr*, a dish of potatoes pounded with spices, then grilled like pancakes on a hot, flat stone, and Tibetan cooking includes *thukba* (thick soup) and *momos* (fried or boiled stuffed dumplings). Meat eaten includes goat, pork, chicken, or water buffalo, but beef is forbidden. The national drink is *chiya* (tea brewed with milk, sugar and spices, and sometimes salted with yak butter), while in the mountains *chang* is commonplace (beer made from fermented barley, maize, rye or millet), as are *arak* (a harsh potato alcohol) and *raksi* (distilled wheat or rice spirit). Luxuries include honey and apricots.

These details can be introduced to augment the detailed daily notes of progress that follow.

The Party’s Progress

The investigators have crossed the border into Nepal, very likely in the company of Jigme, his fifteen porters, and their translator Siva. The following journey across Nepal is split for clarity into a day-by-day account of sights, distances, and events. The pace implied is reasonable for reaching the environs of Drakmar. Some days are long hikes, some quite short. If the party doesn’t keep on this schedule, the keeper can amend it to their actual progress. The route of the investigators and

Going it Alone

The investigators could refuse local help in the form of guides — with a compass, copies of the detailed 1926 Survey of India maps (one-quarter inch to the mile) and a member or two with good *Navigate* ability they might think they have no need to shackle themselves to anyone else. Without being heavy-handed the keeper should make them aware of the dangers of such a course: they do not know the terrain or the route to Mustang, they likely do not speak Hindi, Nepalese, or Tibetan and, most importantly, they cannot carry all the supplies they need by themselves.

If the investigators insist on extreme independence, call for an average of two *Navigate* rolls for the map-reader every game day; only one roll is needed if they are following the Kali Gandaki river, but they still have to leave it at intervals each day. These rolls increase to three or four as the group crosses forest, jungle, or featureless terrain, or travels through mist, wind, or rain. Make these *Navigate* rolls in secret and reward progress as follows.

- A **critical success** means a rapid trouble-free passage.
- A **regular success** means good travel punctuated by the odd doubt.
- A **narrow success** (made it by 5 percentiles or less) means slow travel with a detour costing the party an hour’s time.
- A **narrow failure** (failed by 5 percentiles or more) might lose the travelers a few hours to confusion or wrong travel.
- A **regular failure** means they lose almost the whole day to a failed route, proceeding only an hour or two.
- A **fumble** has them go a full day off course while believing they are proceeding correctly. They become aware of their mistake sometime the next morning but still need a successful *Navigate* roll to retrace their steps.

With unguided travel treated this way, the chance of reaching their destination is slim. More likely they wander off course, fail to find shelter, and run low on food and water before seeking human habitation to save themselves.

the Italian expedition is very much the same as far as Kag. Requests for information about that other party are often met blankly, but at the keeper's discretion, conversation through Siva can yield one of the following observations:

- There was a group of white nobles passing here who had such great wealth they would give a silver bracelet for just a few eggs.
- They were traveling "Ya la." **Keeper's Note:** "Up" — up the valley.
- A man, pale like the others with him, but very tall, made a man's daughter well again. **Keeper's Note:** *Delnegro treated a girl with a high fever with drugs.*
- These are the men who use the Gurkhas to fight their war; they are very wealthy, the humblest is like a prince.

Information gained at three of the investigators' stops, the villages of Pokhara, Kag, and Tayen, is more significant and can be found under the entries for those locations.

EIGHTEEN DAYS TO DRAKMAR

Please refer to the diagram of Western Nepal and the Kali Gandaki River Valley.

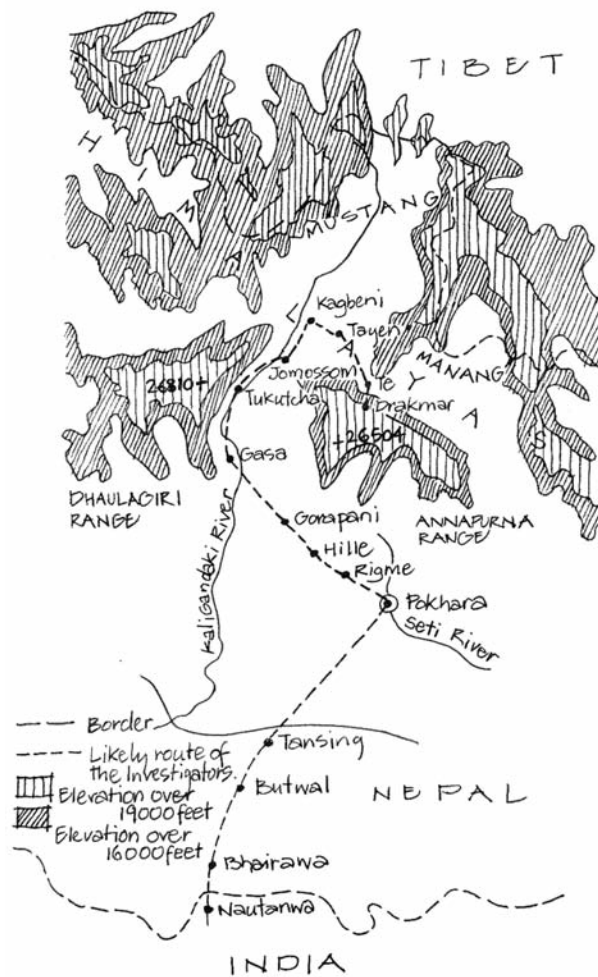
Day 1 - From Nautanwa to Butwal

The following progress assumes the guides Jigme Rinzing and then Tsewan Pemba lead the party. The information on the land the investigators are passing through will be gleaned from a mixture of along with commentary or answers they receive from Jigme or Tsewan through Siva.

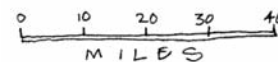
This first day the land is heavily wooded with chestnuts, walnuts, maples, and a member of the tea family, the schima. Farms grow potatoes, cabbages, turnips, and tomatoes. The party passes through a few villages and then the town of Bhairawa. The people in this area are Magars, a Tibeto-Burman people, who are primarily shepherds and farmers. After a break for a meal of rice in Bhairawa, the afternoon is spent walking to Butwal, a town at the foot of the Chure hills. It is made up of two-story thatched houses washed in red clay. The party sleeps here in the courtyard of an inn. The night is mild so tents aren't needed unless for modesty.

Day 2 - From Butwal to Tansing

The countryside closes in and the party follows a gorge that climbs gradually. Every hour or so they pass a village with women at work in terraced rice fields. At the end of the day they reach Tansing, a small place which sprawls on a steep ridge. The village is Newari, with handsome brick buildings, some three or four stories high with tiled roofs, and a cobbled main street with several shops, some of which sell



WESTERN NEPAL AND THE KALI GANDAKI RIVER VALLEY



metalwork (the local industry). At one end of the street is a temple dedicated to Vishnu as Varahi, his boar incarnation.

Day 3 - From Tansing Towards Pokhara

Those unused to this kind of journey find it starting to exact a toll. Nepal is a hilly country and the trek is made uncomfortable by the fact that neither going up or downhill is easy. Forests press in on the trail and a drizzle settles in that lasts until the evening. There is no village at day's end so, after much discussion between Jigme and his men, a campsite is selected and the night is spent in the open. It's chilly, so although the Nepalese merely wrap themselves up in their chubas and go to sleep, the investigators probably find that tents are necessary.



Day 4 - Arrival at Pokhara

The first part of the day is a repeat of the previous, the way is still undulating but mostly climbing through land heavily forested with evergreen oaks. By mid-afternoon the caravan reaches Pokhara which is set on the largest of several lakes in this area. Pokhara is the biggest settlement the investigators will see in Nepal, and supports a street bazaar of open shops. The Gurung people here follow a shamanistic religion and life-size carved wooden effigies of men and women are attached to many of the buildings. Siva can get no explanation for these figures.

Yangser Chumpo

Any investigations conducted in Pokhara lead to Yangser Chumpo, who guided the Italian expedition from here to Drakmar — and which he fled on November 7th. He is unwilling to talk about his experiences, appearing stern and defensive, but insistent questioning lets Siva draw out and translate the following snippets:

- There were four men. One spoke Nepalese and Tibetan.

- They went to a place they called Drakmar, up in the mountains above the monastery at Te. Te is near the village of Kag. (This should be very welcome information as it confirms the investigators' ideas about the location of Drakmar.)
- The valley above Te is not a good place since the chortens are fallen. Black ghosts are in the caves.
- He (Yangser Chumpo) left the men there as they would not come with him.
- He thinks the demons and ghosts have now taken the men.

Chumpo will not impart the location of the valley or talk about returning there. It would probably be foolish for the investigators to reveal that they too are heading for Drakmar at this point, as this could upset Jigme and affect their ability to hire new guides and porters.

Day 5 - From Pokhara to Rigma

The climb begins in earnest as the vegetation and the moisture in the air show the caravan is now passing through jungle. The only signs of human presence are infrequent cottages set beside rice terraces. As darkness falls they reach Nodara, twenty cottages arranged along

Mountain Sickness

Mountain sickness is caused by a fall of barometric pressure and a consequent drop in the oxygen level absorbed by the human body. The body naturally defends against it by detecting the change in air pressure and then forcing deeper breathing to pump more oxygenated blood under greater pressure, but it requires time to make these adjustments. Hence the main trigger of mountain sickness is not the altitude itself but reaching that altitude too quickly. Stopping two or three days every 3000 feet when climbing normally ensures acclimatization.

The following rules are provided to simulate the physical effects of mountain sickness while at the same time trying to avoid forcing a break in the momentum of play — it is not going to be a very exciting trip if the investigators pace their ascent in a perfectly responsible manner. These rules ignore factors that can affect mountain sickness like water intake, diet, alcohol, and tobacco, and they also ignore the necessity to stop an ascent or make a descent to ensure a sufferer's recovery.

At certain points in the text covering the rest of this climb, CON x5 or CON x4 rolls are called for. Failures lead to the effects below. Let affected investigators know their specific symptoms by note; some symptoms may blur with Hastur-related dreams or visions that characters may be experiencing, others are visible to and identifiable by their companions and can be described openly by the keeper.

Mild Symptoms

When a first roll fails, the investigator has mild symptoms. Such symptoms include dizziness, nausea, weariness, and

headache. The sufferer's breathing when asleep may become shallower, until momentarily stopping altogether at which point they awaken, feeling the panic of suffocation. This last will cause lack of sleep. While experiencing mild symptoms the sufferer can still go on, but all skills are reduced by 5 percentiles; STR and DEX are temporarily reduced by -1 each. If a day's rest occurs, allow automatic recovery. If a "recovery" roll is called for in the text, allow a new CON x5 roll and if successful the sufferer recovers; if unsuccessful, no change in condition occurs.

Acute Symptoms

If a roll is failed when already suffering mild symptoms, those symptoms become acute — vomiting, a loss of coordination, and severe weakness that makes walking difficult. If the way is tough, the keeper should ask for additional Climb rolls above those called for in the text (refer to the boxed text headed "Climbing and Exposure"). While experiencing severe symptoms the sufferer can still go on, but is slow and is at -15 percentiles for all skills, with STR and DEX temporarily reduced by -3 each. If a day's rest is taken, allow automatic recovery to the point where the sufferer has only mild symptoms. If a recovery roll is called for, it works the same as above except on a success the sufferer now has mild symptoms.

Successful First Aid and Medicine rolls are not able to assist recovery from mountain sickness.

You may choose to ask for three CON x5 or CON x4 rolls rather than a single one. A failure occurs only if two or three of those rolls are unsuccessful — this avoids penalizing one bad roll too harshly and targets those characters with weaker CONs more effectively.

a single cobble-stoned street. Again there are effigies on the houses that Jigme identifies as a goddess called *Dhauilyta*. He says the villagers here offer milk and incense to the goddess three times a year at the full moon, but he is vague on other details; like most Nepalese, Jigme has an easy, almost light-hearted relationship with the gods.

Day 6 - From Rigme to Hille (5000 ft.)

Jigme says they are now nearing the trade route that crosses Nepal into Tibet. The party has climbed above 5000 feet and traverses a misty jungle of pine trees, small valleys, and low rounded hills. Twice during the day they use rope bridges to cross chasms (**DEX x8 rolls** at the keeper's discretion). At nightfall they reach Hille, another bazaar town, which has a mix of many ethnicities — Tibetans, Bahuns, Chetris, Magars, Tamangs, Rais, Limbus, and Indians. From the far side of the town the party gain their first glimpse of the Annapurna mountain range, it makes up the entire horizon — a white mass, beautiful, and very distant. Tonight is much colder than the last.

Day 7 - From Hille to Gora Pani (8000 ft.)

Today's journey is a tough one as the caravan ascends a full three thousand feet. It starts with the climb of a mountainside by a stone stairway created over the centuries by tens of thousands of travelers. At the top is a forest of rhododendrons interspersed with hemlocks and firs. Occasional farms are glimpsed on the hillsides surrounded by neat fields of barley. Water buffaloes wallow in mud pools. Jigme says that this is his last day's journey — his home is close. Gora Pani is reached in the early afternoon set amidst tall red trees above terraces where corn is now being harvested. Ask for the first **CON x5 roll** — though the investigators are not yet that high the ascent today was rapid. See the boxed text on *Mountain Sickness* here and hereafter for the effects of failures.

Day 8 - Finding New Help in Gora Pani

The next day Jigme finds the investigators a new guide, a Tibetan villager, a friend of his, Tsewan Pemba. Tsewan knows the region near Lo and will take them there. He speaks Nepalese, Tibetan, and a little Hindi. See the end of this section for his statistics. Only six porters can be found to replace the ten the party had, so although they're getting through some canned food and consequently traveling a little lighter, some baggage may need to be left here. The keeper must decide how much

detail they wish to ask for around the logging of encumbrance — it's recommended that the investigators be asked to track at least the most cumbersome and impractical of their items as the psychological effect of slowly stripping them of their possessions should be explored.

The sun is low in the sky when negotiations are complete so a second night is spent in Gora Pani. The evening meal includes some welcome variety in the form of Langtang goat's cheese.

***Keeper's Note:** what may scupper hiring Tsewan Pemba is if Jigme thinks that the investigators' goal is Drakmar and he has heard Yangser Chumpo's story of that place. If that is the case he does not negotiate with Tsewan wholeheartedly, if at all, on their behalf.*

Tsewan Pemba

Appearance and Demeanor: Tsewan Pemba has a slight but strong build, longish black hair, and a calm expression. Superstitious, quiet, hardy, and practical.



Mr. Pemba

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Tsewan was born of a Tibetan father and a Nepalese mother in the Dolpo region of Nepal and has traveled north as far as Lo in Mustang. He is a Buddhist. Tsewan and Jigme Rinzing know each other well.

Plot: Tsewan is the investigators' second guide in Nepal.

He and various porters take the party and their equipment the seven days march north from Gora Pani to Kag.

Tsewan Pemba, age 30, Tibetan Farmer and Guide

STR 13 INT 09 CON 15 POW 08 SIZ 09
DEX 11 APP 09 EDU 04 SAN 38 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: Grapple 50%, damage special
Kick 32%, damage 1D6
Knife 30%, damage 1D4+1

Skills: First Aid 20%, Hide 40%, Identify Flora and Fauna 56%, Listen 60%, Predict Storm 50%, Navigate Land 88%, History (Tibet and Nepal) 32%, Track 40%.

Languages: Nepalese 60%, Tibetan 35%, English 12%,

Sherpas, Nepalese, or Tibetans, Age 19 to 35

Appearance and Demeanor: The porters have dark hair and deep brown skin. They are smallish but have great strength and endurance. They spend their lives outside and tend to age quickly.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	13	15	13	16	14	14
DEX	15	14	16	15	16	14
CON	15	14	16	15	17	16
POW	08	13	11	09	10	12
INT	11	07	13	09	14	08
SIZ	11	12	11	13	12	10
HP	13	13	14	14	15	13
DB:	+0	+1D4	+0	+1D4	+1D4	+0

Attacks: Grapple 40%, damage special
 Kick 35%, damage 1D6 + DB
 Knife 30%, damage 1D4 + DB

Skills: First Aid 20%, Hide 50%, Identify Flora and Fauna 60%, Listen 70%, Navigate Land 55%, History (Tibet or Nepal) 15%, Track 20%.

Notes: The broad differences between the two cultures are that the Nepalese are light-hearted, quiet, and rather shy; the Tibetans are more boisterous, bold, religious, and somewhat superstitious.

Languages: Nepalese or Tibetan 40%.

Day 9 - From Gora Pani to Gasa

Tsewan leads the group north and west over eroded low green hills still lush from the monsoon rains. The walk is uneventful until quite suddenly, around midday, the party breasts a rise and the ground falls away. They've reached the river — far below is the Kali Gandaki tumbling fast and soundlessly through the deepest canyon on earth.

The last three days travel from Pokhara to Gora Pani have been northwest, paralleling the mountains twenty miles to the north. Now a trail is picked up due north, toward where the river flows between the Annapurnas to the east and the Dhaulagiri Range to the west. In the early afternoon the travelers reach Gasa, a large Thakali village of stone. The houses are flat-roofed, and women stand up there beating barley and sending up a whirlwind of chaff through which the investigators arrive. They're noticing now that they tire more quickly than they would expect, and the short day's travel is welcome. Allow recovery rolls for characters suffering mountain sickness.

Day 10 - From Gasa to Tukutchu (entering Tibetan Nepal)

The Kali Gandaki is the path now. Progress is slow, as it's often necessary to climb past steep ridges that come right down to the water's edge. On two occasions the party crosses the river via flimsy rope bridges (**DEX x8 rolls** at the keeper's discretion). At the end of a long day they reach another village, Tukutchu. Tibetan is now the dominant language, not Nepalese. The six porters from Gora Pani will go no further but Tsewan finds an equal number of replacements who agree to go all the way to Lo.

Day 11 - From Tukutchu towards Jomosom (9000 feet)

As they climb the seasons are changing. Crops that were being harvested in the villages they passed a week ago are barely ripening here. There's also a sense of walking further and further back in history as the party leaves lowland Nepal behind them; the villages and their way of life seem increasingly simple, the climate harsher, the people tougher.

The day's journey starts by heading up steep grazing grounds. They pass through light woods of pine and silver fir, and villages growing barley and buckwheat. By midday they've passed above the northern reach of the monsoon rains; the terrain changes dramatically. Barren rock with deeply wind-eroded caves and weird formations is all about. Barely a tree is in sight. Occasionally there's a small village, always with the stone pillars of a chorten painted red, black, and white — Tsewan says one must always walk clockwise around these (although he doesn't use that word). In places there are clusters of paper and cloth attached to bushes or tapering piles of boulders; these are prayer flags left by pilgrims and villagers. From a distance these can look like figures in tattered robes, the pale strips flapping in the wind.

At the midpoint in the day ask for rolls equal to or less than **CON x5**, and refer to the "Mountain Sickness" text. The night is spent in a simple roadside inn, really just a roof under which to drink and spread a blanket, but welcome as the temperature has fallen further in the last day or two.

Day 12 - Arriving at Jomosom

At day's start ask for **CON x5** rolls, **CON x4** for someone who failed the **CON** roll the previous day.

The investigators soon see their first yaks, shaggy beasts the size of bulls, also dzos, still hardy but more manageable. Tsewan says their journey today will be short. The party follows the watercourse, a slow, tricky passage, but before midday they reach the town of Jomosom. Tsewan says they will stay the day here as he wishes to talk to a man about his possible marriage to

The Rigsum Gonpo

The three oft-repeated colors of red, white and black (or gray or blue) represent the three most important gods of Mustang: Jamyang the god of wisdom, Chenresik the god of forgiveness, and Chakna-Dorje the god who fights for good. These three gods, when invoked with their colors, guard a location from the demons that come from the three levels: the sky (white), the earth (red) and the underworld (black).

Tsewan's daughter. Allow recovery rolls for anyone who is suffering from mountain sickness.

The sturdy houses have stacked piles of wood on their flat roofs. Tsewan explains that wood is a valuable commodity here and the depth of firewood stowed atop a man's dwelling declares his status. Farming is barley, wheat, oats, and root crops, and there are goats, yaks, and a few chickens and pigs. The Tibetan villagers are also traders, swapping salt from the lakes in Tibet to the north, for barley and rice from the more fertile middle hills of Nepal. They are louder than are the quiet, respectful Nepalese; the men look harder and are armed with long curved knives. There is plenty of opportunity for the investigators to draw comparisons, for a wondering crowd gathers to see these folk.

A temple is here. Its monk speaks only Tibetan but he shows the strangers the interior after shoes are left at the door. The building is simple, unexceptional except for interior murals of five Buddhas. A successful Theology or Anthropology roll recognizes the Lotus Born, Light-Maker, Fierce Master and the four-armed Great Black divinities. The last is a robed, hooded figure in white which their guide identifies through a translator as the God in Yellow. The monk knows nothing of the Hastur Mythos but says the God in Yellow is god of the sky.

Day 13 - From Jomsom to the Last Town - Kag (10,000 feet)

Again the trail follows the bed of the Kali Gandaki. The river flows fiercely. The variety in the landscape is reduced to rock and cliff. Even the river bank now has no greenery. The party is high up and stands on the edge of the great Central Asian plains. A stop at an inn after a few hours allows those who choose it to refuel on chang — Tsewan and the six porters partake freely before pressing on.

A brief windstorm blows, whipping dust into the face and eyes. As shadows lengthen, they come to what looks like a fortress perched high on the cliff. It's perhaps a hundred yards on each side, with tall, smooth walls leaning slightly inward. This is Kag. Tsewan brings the group to a small gate and they move single-file through a narrow passage into a square hemmed in by red and white houses. Kag is built in the Tibetan style with the high houses joined to present a windowless box on the outside. Only the lofty red monastery within the town has a different aspect. The people here are Khampas, a war-like people who bustle around the strangers. Tsewan answers their questions. They also have stories to tell.

- The four white men passed through here in early November, which the villagers refer to as "last season".

- A white man is at the monastery at Te. They don't know what became of the other men he was with.
- The people whisper that ghosts are stalking the mountains and some say the ghosts took them.
- They say that Te is north and east, two days away. They can reveal that the guide for these white men was one Yangser Chumpo, a man who comes from down the valley in Pokhara.

Schippone's Diary

As the villagers press around, one holds something out. The object is a small book, bound in red leather, an Italian-Hindi Hindi-Italian dictionary. The villager accepts anything of value for this book, and then produces two other items. The first is another small book; the second is a battered cardboard box.

The second book has a black cover on which *Diario* is spelled out in gold leaf. It's Schippone's diary, kept since he left Milan and written in a tiny, crabbed hand. It was in the rucksack he dropped two days after escaping Drakmar, the rucksack being later found by two young goatherds from Kag. This villager is the father of those boys. Give the investigators the Italian text of the diary, referred to as *Tatters of the King Papers #29* and found in Appendix H. If the investigators can translate the Italian, provide them with a copy of *Tatters of the King Papers #30*, the English version found nearby and also found in Appendix H.

This diary may need painful translation: from Italian to Hindi and then (via Siva) from Hindi to English. The keeper may require this to be several days' work, and only give up the translation gradually. In this case the investigators might be wise to translate the last entries first.

From the diary the investigators learn with a fair degree of accuracy where the Italians went, but only some of what their party found. They learn nothing of their final fate.

The cardboard box contains six five-round clips for a rifle. A **Rifle roll, or a Handgun roll at half chance**, determines that they are 6.5mm caliber and intended for a light carbine.

Night falls and the investigators are conducted into the presence of the headman and his deputies and offered arak, and then given space to sleep on the second floor of a building above half a dozen dzos who are kept below. As they fall asleep their porters and Tsewan can be heard in lively debate.

Day 15 - From Kag to Tayen (11,000 ft.)

The porters are clearly unhappy and complain to each other and to Tsewan without cease. After only a mile the



Climbing and Exposure

At various points in the following text a **Climb** roll is called for. If it's failed, explain that the character has missed his or her footing and ask for a **STR x5** or a **DEX x5** roll, the player's choice. If the roll succeeds, the player character has righted themselves, dug in their heels, grabbed something, or regained their feet. If the roll failed, the character has fallen, perhaps catastrophically.

Describe what happens next in detail as they start to slide or tumble down the steep slope. Request a first **Luck** roll: if it's successful, the fall is minor and costs just 1-2 points of damage, bruises only. If it's failed (but not fumbled) the fall is severe and costs 1D6 points of damage — call for a second **Luck** roll, and if this is failed too the investigator has further suffered a sprained knee, shoulder, or ankle — they can continue but can't carry a load and keep pace.

If the first Luck roll was fumbled, the fall is life threatening. The character descends a hundred feet or more for 2D6 points of damage, and if 8 or more points of damage were taken, the player character may have suffered a dislocated or broken limb. To prevent this, call for a second Luck roll for the injured party.

If the investigators have rope with them and are roped together, roll STR x5 or less on the part of the person(s) roped each side of the falling investigator. Success stops the investigator who takes just 1-2 points of damage. Failure means the person(s) assisting have missed their own foot-

ing and need STR and DEX rolls as above — things just got worse!

In addition to any injury, any of these falls can at the keeper's discretion lead to some item of equipment being broken or unknowingly lost. Perhaps this fact is not discovered until it's sorely wanted.

Exposure

Once the investigators climb above Tayen, the temperature, especially at night, is severe enough to bring on the threat of exposure. If they are adequately dressed, moving during the day, and have shelter from the wind at night (a building or properly pitched tent) they will not suffer. If they do not satisfy these criteria the keeper should call for a **CON x5** roll. Failure leads to mild exposure: their body temperatures dip below normal and they suffer shivering, confusion, loss of balance, and hesitancy in walking or performing other tasks. They can press on but are at -5 percentiles on all skills, and their STR and DEX are -1 each. These penalties are cumulative with any incurred because of mountain sickness. These symptoms should be shared in private to further promote player paranoia. Are these symptoms physically or mentally induced?

Successful **First Aid** or **Medicine** rolls can assist with recovery from exposure by diagnosing the symptoms and following the procedures of covering exposed parts of the body, plying with hot drinks or chocolate, and perhaps putting the sufferer in a sleeping bag with a companion. The treatment takes four hours.

river banks have become cliffs towering above the party and they will become almost sheer; the valley is an incredible 18,000 feet deep where it cuts through the Himalayas about fifteen miles ahead. They have to leave the Kali Gandaki behind.

Hours are spent scrambling up the gravel slope that makes the river's eastern bank. It's bitterly cold now at this altitude of 11,000 feet. The party has passed by the Annapurna range, and can look back south and east at the mountains' snow-covered northern peaks that rise 26,000 feet into the sky. Somewhere up there is Drakmar. Thankfully, just as it's getting dark, they reach the tiny, remote village of Tayen.

Stories in Tayen

Siva interprets and says that the people in Tayen can confirm that there is a stranger at the monastery at Te. The boy who comes down for food for the lama and three monks each week has told them that the stranger walked in from the mountain. Sometimes he uses their language, sometimes the language of the gods. He had followers but the ghosts took them. The lama thinks the ghosts came out from Drakmar where Guru Rimpoche killed the demon ogress Balmo. The stranger is clearly touched by the gods.

The villagers say that the boy has not come for many weeks now. Balmo stalks the mountain again and no

one goes up there. Both Siva and Tsewan are clearly very frightened as they listen to this and they think the journey must end here. Presumably the investigators say they are pressing on. They must.

That night the dreams are terrible or beguiling, depending on who is dreaming.

Investigators on Their Own

Tsewan approaches the player characters as the sun comes up. He says that he and the porters are going home now and he asks for any payment due. He won't change his mind. Siva is also too scared to go on; he says he'll wait here for the player characters to return down from the mountain. Siva has been flexible in all things to this point, but on this one he is obdurate. He again asks the party to reconsider meeting the ghosts.

The porters were carrying as much as 450 pounds of gear between them so the investigators need to sacrifice most of their equipment. Are they sacrificing rifles and other weapons for more food? Can they risk leaving the tents? The keeper should request an equipment list at this point, even a statement of who is carrying what, and make sure the list is reasonable.

As the guide and the porters leave, Siva finds a man who will go up to the monastery with the investigators. The man needs one of the monks to cure his young son

who is beset by spirits. (A successful **Medicine** roll indicates the boy suffers no affliction beyond a slight fever.)

Siva says that he learnt from Tsewan that the monastery is a full day's climb; they must move steadily to avoid spending a night on the slopes, for it will be freezing up there. The villagers have told him the place where Balmo was killed is in the first valley above the monastery, and "toward the morning sun" — East. Their new guide carries fresh food for the monastery. He stands some way from them and seems anxious to be gone. Once underway he is non-communicative with the investigators, they do not even learn his name.

Day 16 - From Tayen up the Mountain

This is the hardest day yet. Up until now the player characters have followed the valleys of Nepal, climbing slowly and steadily, bypassing the ranges looming alongside them. Now they go into those mountains. There is no technical climbing necessary, but there are passages that require strength, balance, and care. It is six or seven hours of hard trek to the monastery, up steep and treacherous rocky terrain, an ascent of 2000 feet, and there are only seven hours of daylight available. This journey may well take more than the one day suggested in the title of this stage of the journey.

Two hours into the ascent, as the party negotiate a difficult cross-slope strewn with small rocks, ask each investigator to make a **Climb roll** and refer to the "Climbing and Exposure" boxed text already encountered in this chapter. At the keeper's discretion, he or she may call for one or two additional rolls during the day. Also ask for **CON x5 rolls** — CON x4 if they have failed any CON rolls at any point in the journey and refer to the "Mountain Sickness" boxed text. A sufferer may threaten the chance of the party making it to Te in daylight. The guide needn't make these rolls, he moves nimbly and steadily, always fifty yards ahead of the investigators.

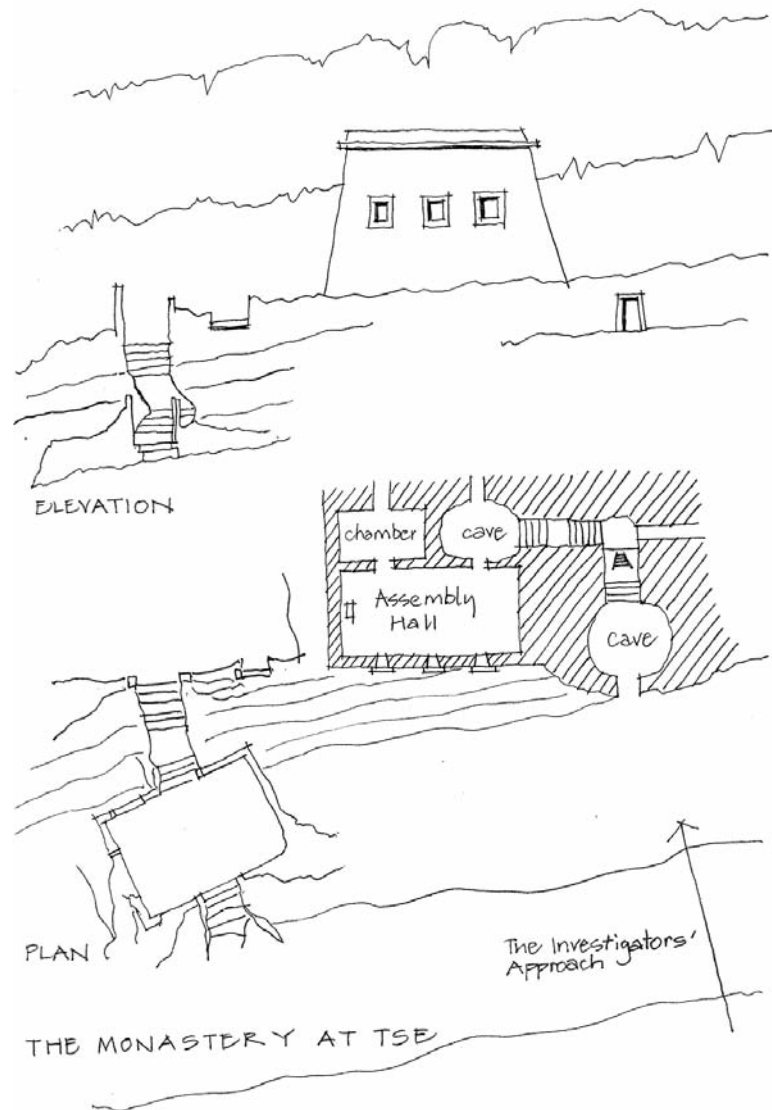
If the party manages to keep their pace up and they reach the monastery in one day, move to the next paragraph. If problems befall them, they have to camp out on the mountain. The guide stays with them although he

is unhappy to do so and he makes this clear — he eats some cold rice and then, after fashioning a tiny tent from a spare chuba and a couple of strong sticks that he carries, he sleeps. For the investigators, the keeper may need to refer to the "Exposure" portion of the "Climbing and Exposure" boxed text. The night is frigid and the winds constant.

The Monastery at Te (13,000 feet)

Assuming there were no delays, light is just beginning to fail as the monastery comes into view high above the party; if the party camped on the mountain the sun may only be a few hours old. Either way it presents an incredible and imposing sight.

Built from the same stone as that on which it sits and augmented by red-painted clay, the monastery buildings cling to a steep cliff, a huge swathe of which has been painted white. As the investigators toil closer they



gradually see that the greater part of it lies in ruins. Only the main temple seems largely intact. Like most Tibetan-style buildings it has tiny windows so as to admit the minimum of cold. There is no sign of life — no people, animals, noise, or smoke.

If the investigators are interested in caution, tell them that the main approach is across open ground, but that on their left, broken boulders are scattered thickly all the way to one edge of the building — these must have once tumbled from the cliff above. When they are about 400 yards from the monastery, their guide, who is about 100 yards ahead at this point, stops and calls out. A moment later a figure, a man they think, appears in a doorway.

The man pauses and then a shot echoes off the mountain above.

Carlo Schippone

The monks at Te cared for Schippone who, when he arrived, suffered from exposure and mild frostbite. This was the first white man they had ever seen and his appearance and his arrival intrigued them. With his scant Tibetan he told his story of Chaugnar Faugn — the ogress Balmo as the monks understood it — and he used Implant Suggestion to imply to the lama that he was one who had communed with the gods and lived.

At the monastery he grew stronger and when he did, he wanted seclusion. He needed no witness to the shame he felt at fleeing Leng's doorstep. A few weeks after he arrived, he rose in the night and killed them all. Schippone is insane and conflicted. He is mortally afraid of Drakmar now and at the same time yearns to return there.

Appearance and Demeanor: Big and broad. When met at Te, he is bearded, haggard, wild-eyed, homicidal, and incapable of prolonged reasoned conversation.

Know: Nothing.

Insider Knowledge: Schippone was a student at Milan for five years before the expedition and a Brother of the Yellow Sign for four years. Not especially gifted, he nevertheless took direction well and worked hard. He is an expert marksman with a rifle — he grew up on a farm in southern Italy where he and his brothers would regularly shoot rabbits and other pests.

Plot: Schippone's diary is discovered by the investigators a few days before he is. He attacks the investigators out of hand as they arrive at the monastery at Te. He

will be recognized if anyone saw his photograph in Milan.

Carlo Schippone, age 31, Cultist and Graduate Student

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

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Attacks: Carbine 6.5mm Mannlicher M1893 80%, damage 2D6 + 2

Grapple 37%, damage special

Fist/Punch 42%, 1D3 + 1D4

Knife 36%, damage 1D4 + 1D2 + 1D4

The M1893 holds a clip of 5 rounds and has an effective firing rate of 1 shot every 2 rounds.

Spells: Implant Suggestion.

Skills: Archaeology 42%, Biology 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Farming (Arable) 41%, Farming (Livestock) 32%, Geology 36%, History 63%, Library Use 64%, Navigate 44%, Occult 12%, Persuade 31%.

Languages: English 08%, French 25%, Italian 84%, Latin 40%, Tibetan 13%.



Mr. Schippone

A Firefight

Despite being at about four times the base range of this weapon (which is 80 yards) Schippone takes careful aim and his shot is true. It hits the party's guide in the chest, spinning him around and throwing him to the ground. Someone must administer a successful **First Aid** or **Medicine** roll on him within three rounds or he will die. Ask the investigators for a **Rifle** or **Handgun** roll (their best skill in either skill) — a success emphasizes the difficulty of that shot.

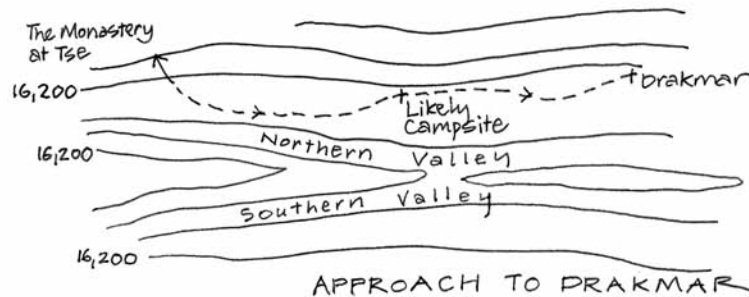
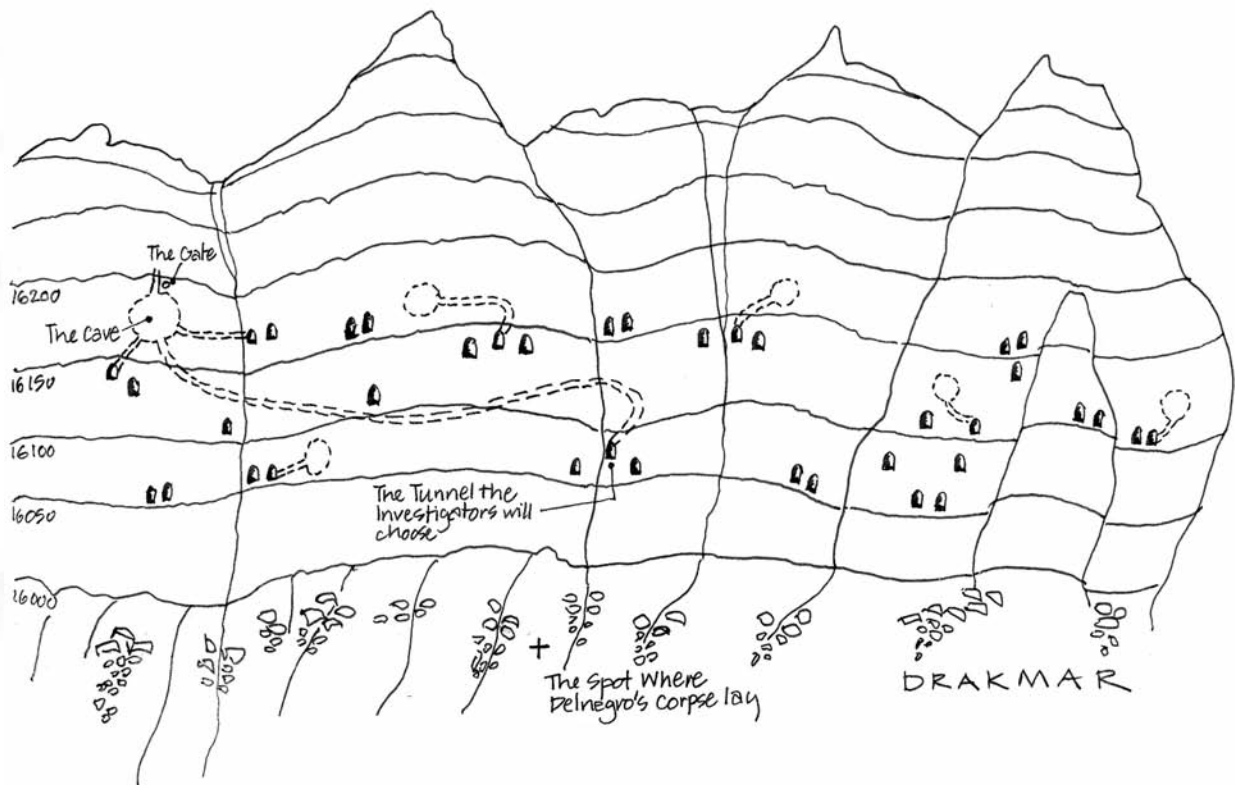
Schippone walks briskly and calmly forward out of the monastery, looking at the investigators while he works the action of the carbine. He can only fire every two rounds. His next shot is from 250 yards; he pauses for precision aim and fires again before coming forward. Heedless of his personal safety, he closes to 150 yards away from the nearest investigator. He kneels there and keeps shooting with precision aim for his base chance to hit. He has three more five-round clips and fights until unable to do so.

If Schippone still lives, the investigators find him fueled by self-loathing. He speaks in Italian about lacking courage, yearning for his coming, smelling, tasting, licking, cleaning the earth. He is not making much sense. If the party manage a **Fast Talk** roll regarding their lack of understanding he switches to Latin. Apart from the ammunition, Schippone has a heavy-bladed hunting knife, an American "Van Buren" wristwatch, safety matches, a few rupees, and a key (to a room back in Milan). He is a dangerous man to have as a prisoner.



Schippone Takes Careful Aim; His Shot is True





He retains the cunning to use Implant Suggestion to get himself in a position to murder his captors.

Inside the Monastery

The investigators can enter the monastery through the door that Schippone used. Inside is a rough-hewn cave, very dark, with steps leading up. If they don't have a light source the party has to grope their way along. Stone steps and wooden ladders — some of the latter smashed by Schippone for firewood — lead up to another unlit cave and then into a larger assembly hall.

This hall has three small windows, each letting in just a glimmer of light. At one end is an elaborate wooden altar bearing frescoes of five Buddhas. An **Anthropology** or **Theology** roll identifies “Great Brilliance”, “Victorious Lady”, “Boundless Life”, “Jewel-Born” and “The God in Yellow” — the last was seen in

Jomosom. Above the altar sit racks with statues, books, and copied manuscripts. The books and parchments are not of a Mythos nature though some would be valuable to private collectors or museums. Allow a **Literary History** roll or a **History** roll at half chance to select the choicest if the party do not feel above stealing from a monastery. In the center of the room is a pallet, several blankets, a small barrel of water, some cooked rice, nuts, honeycomb, and hard bread.

A grim, sweet smell emanates from nearby. In an adjacent chamber a searcher finds five bodies, laid out neatly shoulder to shoulder: four adults and a child; the lama, his three monks, and the boy. The bodies show advanced decomposition, having been here since late November. The sight and smell are worth 1/1D3 Sanity points if not immune to this sort of encounter. Exploration shows dozens of other rooms but these

TOTK Papers #30

Carlo Schippone's Diary

English translation

Day 1 — Leave Naples on the "Vittorio Alfieri" bound for Bombay. Dirty, cramped and noisy (seaworthy I think) it carries Anzalone, Quarrie, Delnegro and me in addition to its cargo of wine.

Day 2 — Away from Delnegro we go over the plans to get to Mustang and Drakmar. Going on to Calcutta and Darjeeling means a journey around the Himalayas and through Tibet. This adds a month or more against the other route: north through India to Nautanwa. If we take that route and get across the border we walk north through the Nepalese foothills, then up the Kali Gandaki river valley between the mountains into Mustang and Drakmar. We agree on Nautanwa. Now to convince our companion.

Day 4 — Writing this on deck somewhere in the Eastern Mediterranean. Yesterday Quarrie used the sweet words of Hastur to break Delnegro's memory of the orders he was given by the army. Today he employed a variation on the same subtle language to tell him our goal is Drakmar. Delnegro now thinks this was the plan all along. I almost feel sorry for the fool. Anzalone has told the ship's captain we'll leave at Bombay.

Day 12 — Talking to one of the sailors I learn he is from just outside Civitavecchia — we find we both know one of the priests there.

Day 18 — I can't sleep. In the dark my mind always races but not with the usual nighttime thoughts of my mortality. What are we doing? I have so many fears. Will we find Drakmar? If we do, will we be killed by Chaugnar Faugn and the Tsotsowa as they must have killed so many? What if we are to fail to help the King in Yellow back to the Earth? What if we succeed?

Day 19 — No, we attempt a great thing. We will be legend.

Day 25 — It's not easy to sleep in the heat. I am counting the days until we can leave this hulk.

Day 36 — Arrive Bombay and claim we are heading for Darjeeling and Tibet.

Day 37 — Anzalone, Quarrie and I went to the Towers of Silence to speak to an Indian holy man, a Parsee of local renown. Most go to listen — we went to talk. We talked of the Son, the Acolyte, the King in Yellow, the Tattered King who one sees only in dreams and of the Stranger in the Pallid Mask, the Ghost who moves among us. And we spoke of Hastur, the Father, whom Quarrie and Villiers have seen. I watched the man closely. Though he didn't speak I can read a man's eyes and he knew that what we said was true, knew what was coming, knew we were part of it.

Day 38 — We walked in Bombay today and we saw the Yellow Sign painted and set out. We saw the white silks and the tattered rags of the King. We are lords of this place, the prophet walked with us, and my doubts are gone.

Day 39 — We are leaving the city by train. It's four days to the border.

Day 42 — The country is endless. It seems as though we travel against a current, traversing the same landscape hour after hour. The people here impress me, they are full of life, serious, devout and proud. They are ready and this will be good land when his.

Day 43 — The town of Nautanwa. We hope to cross the border here tomorrow, and meanwhile collect food and other equipment — the town has most of what we need.

Day 45 — Anzalone has yet to find a guide. Quarrie and I said we should go now and find a guide over the border but Delnegro says we must wait, that we can't carry all we need ourselves and Anzalone listens to him. We now think we will have to wait for a caravan to arrive south from Nepal.

Day 47 — A caravan of Nepalese arrived today. Anzalone talked to them, in his little Nepalese and in Hindi. They'll take us and our loads as far as Pokhara. Now we wait until the leader (his name is Ripa Tendruk) transacts his business here before we can leave.

Day 51 — Tendruk is not ready. He shows no urgency, he just smiles and he can't be bullied. I am nervous that we will attract attention from the British. We are so close now, I look north and know the clouds hide the mountains where he can be found.

Day 52 — We finally entered Nepal today. This morning the porters complained at what they were given to carry and I had to weigh every load and make them exactly alike before they would take them up. The four of us did not cross the border with them, but rather moved through the trees off a way and rejoined them down the road. Anzalone has shaved off his beard and moustache and we all now hide in the heavy Nepalese robes that they wear. We had little trouble — we did come to a checkpoint where the guards seemed angry and wanted to know who we were, but when Anzalone gave our guide some coins and two bottles of the local spirit to pass on they were happy with that.

Day 57 — The village of Pokhara. Tendruk lives here and won't go further north so we need another guide. We also need more supplies. The paper money we brought is useless, the people here don't want it and we're low on coins.

Day 59 — We have a new guide, Yangser Chumpo, a Tibetan. Delnegro and I go with him to look at the way north and west while Anzalone and Quarrie stay in the village — they feel the lack of air already.

Day 61 — I have to say I need some real food — we are living on rice and little else.

Day 63 — Leave Pokhara and press on. The three of us, Delnegro, Chumpo, four porters and five yaks, each with a driver. The yaks are strong and evil-tempered beasts.

Day 65 — Anzalone swapped jewelry he bought in India for potatoes, eggs and chicken. A feast.

Day 67 — Finally made the river today.

Day 71 — The village of Tukutchu.

Day 72 — Today, by our reckoning, we entered Mustang. In the morning we will head to the Annapurna and start the search for Drakmar.

Day 73 — It was a hard climb today and though Delnegro and I are fit, Quarrie and particularly Anzalone need much help. Their breathing is ragged and Anzalone complains of headaches and nausea.

Day 74 — We head out from Anzalone's map reference. We split up: I lead one group to climb the dry valley, Delnegro takes the other over the other side of the ridge to the south. We walk all day and meet to camp as the light fails. It's very cold and hard going. No one lives up here — there is nothing for anyone.

Day 75 — We've found it. My group came across it at midday just where we thought it would be. The tall cliffs and the valley floor are painted orange and there are caves all around. Our porters have left, and although the guide stayed he will not camp in the valley. Anzalone is quite sick now — he woke several times in the night saying he was suffocating.

Day 76 — We entered Drakmar for the first time and there is script on the walls with drawings. In the fourth cave, a creature was watching us from shadows — quite still — a Tsotsowa. When I saw him he moved quietly away. Delnegro saw him then and he shouted and raised the gun but I stopped him. I said it must have been a monk or even one of the porters come back, but he does not believe that. He is very watchful now. Our guide left in the night. We went in again today and found fresh waste,

and then human bones. Just jaws, which I think had been stripped by human teeth. There is a deep regular noise that can be heard (was it there all the time?) and the ground seems to tremble ever so slightly. It moves in rhythm with my own heart. I think I am close to panic. Delnegro insists we must leave the place and we agreed. He is packing everything as I write this and intends to watch all night. But none of us will leave.

what have you done in the dreams I saw the monster the root of all evil a dream and reality a nightmare or not and waking in a surge of fear and pleasure the three of us and he was a little way off they talked and when he looked around at me with his eyes I struck him down hit him again and again he took so long to fall I am looking at him now they were furious what have you done what have you done wasted hatred what have you done but how could he matter was he the white acolyte no what have you done no he lies still spread out before me a bloody cut of meat he waits for them and we with him they will come

a god a monster what have I done its out there a piece of the monster miri nigri what have I done what have I done what have I done what have I done what have I done what have I done

End of English Translation of the Diary

seem to have been long disused and hold nothing of import or interest.

Assuming the party got here in a day they probably choose to spend the night here. Morbid as that is, it's freezing cold outside and the wind blows: fuel for a fire can be obtained from the ladders, the pallet, or the altar itself, and this obviates a roll for exposure.

Day 17 - Toward Drakmar

The investigators have Schippone's diary and Siva's directions to find the valley. The initial passage from the monastery is as difficult as the previous day's. For three hours they are forced to scramble up the same steep scree-covered slope. This world is monochrome: blacks, grays, and whites. The keeper can ask for **Climb** rolls from all investigators, (see "Climbing" boxed text), although if the party has already been visited by disaster, the keeper may choose to mitigate the results of further failures — a repeat of events may not play well.

At the end of the morning the little group breast the ridge they've been climbing towards — this is it. The valley is steep-sided and as bone dry as a baked furrow in a midsummer field. It climbs steeply to the east. The wind hurtles ferociously, mindlessly down it, and while the footing here is sure the gusts alternately blow the investigators back and rush them on. If they to check, there is indeed a parallel valley over the southern crest as described in Schippone's account.

The likely remaining four or five hours of daylight are spent climbing this valley, traveling east away from the river and further into the mountains. The walking is arduous in the thin air and the howling wind, and conversation is difficult — one has to get the mouth close to the ear to be heard. As it gets dark it appears the party will need to camp in the open. A site can be chosen that's partly sheltered from the wind and boulders can be used to secure tents or blankets. The night is bitter, the cold and the wind meaning CON x5 rolls and referral to the "Exposure" boxed text for all.

This is a wonderful day for visions and a wonderful night for dreams. If the keeper wants to throw even more at the investigators then Schippone mentioned something shadowing him as he escaped Drakmar — a Miri Nigri could be lurking in one of the distant rooms of the monastery and it may not share the Tcho-Tchos' need for keeping the investigators safe.

Day 18 - Arriving at Drakmar (16,000 feet)

When dawn comes the investigators might believe they are the only people on Earth. There is no mark of man here although the eye can see for many, many miles from the top of the ridge. There is frost on the rocks, ice in the crevasses. As they struggle upward the valley deepens, its steep sides rise up a hundred feet or more now. They walk on and on, monotonous hours in the shriek of the wind, snow stings their faces — ask for

CON x5 rolls from the investigators, CON x4 if they have failed any CON roll at any point in the journey to date, and refer to the “Mountain Sickness” boxed text.

Then, at midday . . . something.

It’s an effect that dwarfs what they saw at Te. Up ahead the entire north side of the valley has been colored. The dull, baked orange color stretches right to the high cliff tops, maybe 200 feet, and must run for about half a mile. Piercing this cliff are scores of cave openings and spread across the valley floor underneath are the ruins of chortens, lying where they fell amidst vivid splashes of the same ochre color. This is Drakmar, by legend stained with the bright blood from the organs of a slain monster. But the legends are wrong. The monster did not die.

Allow a **Listen** roll to detect a dim thunder just at the edge of perception — on a success the keeper should inform the investigator by note or privately — it seems to come every minute or two and persist for a few seconds. Like thunder, great machinery . . . a heartbeat. Do not allow re-rolls.

Chapter Summary

The investigators have walked more than a hundred miles from the Indian border into the Himalayas. They stand in Drakmar in Tsang, on the threshold of the Plateau of Leng.



The Upper House

“And always to the east . . . rose the gaunt grey sides of those topless and impassable peaks across which hideous Leng was said to lie.”

— H. P. Lovecraft, *The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath*

“You are speaking of the King in Yellow,” I groaned with a shudder.

“He is a King whom Emperors have served.”

“I am content to serve him,” I replied.

— Robert W. Chambers, *The King in Yellow*

It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.

— Hebrews 10:31.

A careful survey of the valley floor under the caves turns up a fire-scorched area and a couple of empty cans of Italian sardines. Close by is a broad flat rock marked with a brown stain, and a Medicine roll confirms the discoloration is blood. (This is the place where Delnegro’s corpse lay.)

Exploring the Caves

The caves are quiet. The lowest are just forty feet or so up, the highest is three times that. Sixty-seven openings can be counted; most can be reached. There are paths, stairs, and handholds and footholds that appear fashioned by hand or by use. Nothing distinguishes one cave from another.

If the investigators enter any of the caves, they find a roughly circular tunnel about five feet in diameter leading back into the cliff. The floor of the tunnel is as smooth as glass, as though many, many feet have passed this way; the walls and even the ceiling are smooth, too, perhaps from the trailing of thousands of palms and fingers. It’s dark inside. The tunnel travels on for between twenty and thirty feet before opening into a small round chamber twenty feet across and ten feet high. In the first of these is a pile of tiny bones — a successful **Biology or Medicine roll** indicates that some are bones from the human foot and hand, others are from birds. The wall of the chamber is rough, there are tiny marks, tally marks, grouped in nines covering the whole surface, even the ceiling — thousands and thousands of these marks.

Other caves give similarly disturbing finds all pointing to ages of habitation and reverent sacrifice — depressions with neat and separated piles of powdered

Notes Concerning the End

The culmination of this adventure may not be quite what the players expect. In the first place, their adversaries do not act in predictable opposition to them.

The Tcho-Tchos are actively protective of human lives — any of these strangers may be the White Acolyte and must be preserved along with Quarrie — while Quarrie himself is a pacifist and will do nothing to physically harm others, even if attacked himself. The residue of the Anzalone expedition is no longer a factor: two are likely to be dead and the other is now incapable of independent action.

The King in Yellow's own behavior is dictated to be entirely rational and self-serving. The avatar wishes to descend to Earth and has brought his attention to the matter, so he looks at the humans before him here as one might see pieces in a chess game. He didn't start this game, but now that he sits down at the table to finish it he has to assess the value of each piece that he's inherited. He'll not throw any away unnecessarily, but some are more valuable than others, and it's those that figure highest in his plans. And when he does see the way to win, he'll sacrifice every piece he needs to achieve it. Every one.

Another unusual factor at work here is that the investigators will be unclear as to exactly what they need to do. There is no summoning to be stopped, no ceremony to interrupt, no incantation to recite. The King appears in Leng of his own volition and merely needs a human to voluntarily lead him from Earth. As such, the investigators don't act only as spoilers in this scene but as potential executors — the climax of this adventure may be more of a case of what they do not do. Their most tangible danger is Quarrie. He has come to

do the King's bidding and no form of persuasion prevents him from doing so despite him seeming reasonable, even likable, in all other things. The investigators must remove him from the picture and that may have to be by murder, a horrible decision.

A very real hazard is that investigators could be brought to some form of insanity by the King's arrival. Such insanity always takes the same form — an infatuation with its cause: all previous resolve is lost, the scales fall from the eyes, the sufferer is anxious to serve. This potentially makes the investigators unwitting adversaries of their friends. Persuasion and reasoning are allowed to argue them back. But investigators might already have doubts about friends who they see as communing with the King through the dreams and visions that they've suffered over the last year. This could be an obstacle to presenting a united front.

If Quarrie is gone, this dissension is what the King must use. He needs the player characters if he is to get to Earth, and until he goes to Earth he tries to keep all his pieces on the board, in Leng, in the Upper House.

Lastly, it is very likely that the investigators will become trapped in the Upper House. Unless they have the fortitude and constancy necessary to condemn themselves and any companions to a slow death, they will agree to lead the King to Earth. Or do they remember the words of Roby? Will someone risk an effort to fool the King and lead him astray? Would this save their friends?

It becomes evident that the dangers facing the investigators are very real and very harsh indeed.

bone, raised surfaces laid out with skeins of human hair, deep troughs choked by coagulated blood, and so on. Some chambers link to others via corridors.

Darkness falls and the investigators have to camp in this awful place.

Night Sweats

That night the keeper should target the two most sensitive of the investigators with brief nightmares sent from Chaugnar Faugn. Describe these individually to the investigators, embellishing as seeing fit. These have the dreamer jerking awake at the climax, heart pumping. They know this dream did not come from Hastur — it was animalistic and unobtrusive. They find it difficult (roll **POW x3 or less**) to fall asleep again that night.

■ A man fells another, stubbornly clubbing him over and over with a rock, patiently breaking his face down to the bone. It is a man he knows well, someone who trusts him. Whistling tunelessly, he produces a knife and starts to strip the body open like he would a rabbit. Though you want to look away, you see him make every cut. He lays the corpse out on a rock, wet-red. A hundred quiet ghosts can smell the blood. They look out of their black lair in the rock and wonder. (An **Idea roll** shows the butcher is Schippone.)

■ You're all alone in the dark. Something old and bloated is out there. It shifts its weight. You stand still. You hold your breath. It's coming closer. Does it sense the trail of the tears down your cheeks? You staunch the flow but there is the tick of your heart. Warmer. Warmer. You muffle your heartbeat but it listens to your shadow scraping across the rock at your back. Found you! It reaches out with its clotted mind and takes hold of yours. You can't breathe, your blood stops in your veins and all you can do is pray for death, to look away as it slowly comes out into the light and . . . simply unfurls.

Is It A Trap?

At first light a sobbing echoes across the stony confines of the valley. The crying seems to be human and it persists. A Listen roll determines that it's coming from a cave about forty feet up. It's easy to reach, call for a **Climb x2** roll, and a fall occurs only on a result of 99-100, or a 97-100 if carrying bulky or heavy items. With a fall, the damage is 1D3/1D6 depending on a **Luck roll**. If the Climb roll was failed but did not result in a fall, ask for a re-roll until successful or a fall occurs. Investigators may assist one another.

A low corridor seemingly like the others leads away sloping slightly upwards. Only a little way in it becomes clear it is deep and very long. The background thump that sounds every minute or so can be heard more distinctly here. Call for a **new Listen** with a twenty-percentile bonus for anyone who is not already hearing it.

This Is the Way to Chaugnar Faugn's Chamber.

The Tcho-Tchos follow on — see their statistics in the nearby box. If any investigators remained outside the tunnel, five minutes pass before they see about twenty Tcho-Tchos come out of a nearby cave. They watch as these follow their companions in. The Tcho-Tchos are not seeking to overtake or assault the investigators, and they won't be heard. They act without penalty in the dark.

If the investigators were to retreat back down the tunnel, the Tcho-Tchos do attack. They fight to subdue the investigators before taking them on to the chamber — all items that the investigators have are taken away and let fall. If held off by a determined party, a second group of twenty Tcho-Tchos enter the corridor from the chamber end, and surround the investigators. The Tcho-Tchos will act cautiously and intelligently, and use their spells to their advantage.

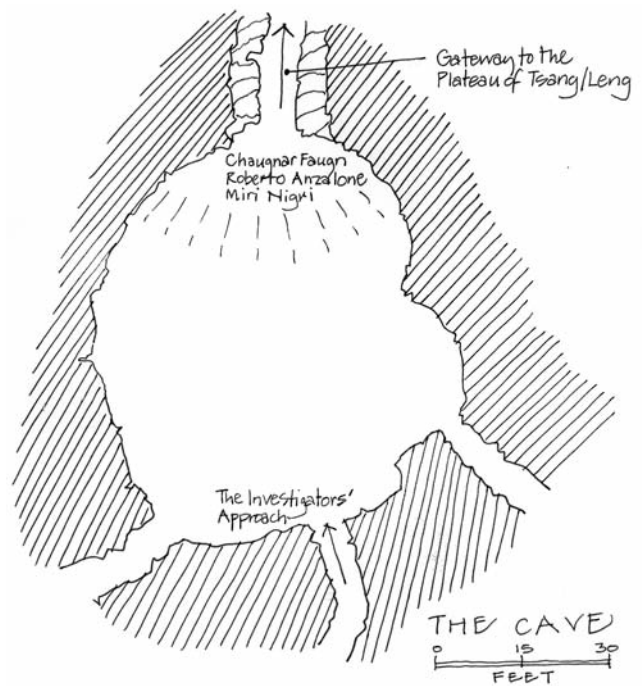
If any investigators are left in the valley the next night, the Tcho-Tchos attack under cover of darkness. They come in overwhelming numbers, and seek to subdue the player characters before forcing them into the chamber. The Tcho-Tchos make absolutely sure they have all the strangers together before pushing into Leng.

The Horror from the Hills

Whether the party moves on or fights, they eventually approach the end of the passage. The crying is muted. Stone trembles with the beat of Chaugnar Faugn's heart. Up ahead there is a ghost of pale light and a chill breeze is in their faces. The corridor opens into a great empty chamber. Entering, they can at last straighten and stand.

It takes a moment to look into the light — weak as it is, it has an odd quality. It issues from a portal opposite. White and flat, it spills only grudgingly into the cavern. Something moves in there, not in the cavern but beyond it — through the doorway. This is what takes people's attentions. The whole of this next description is visible only in silhouette, like a Chinese lantern.

A great bulk shifts sluggishly and the mind only slowly makes sense of it. With its great elephant-like head and corpulent body it appears to be a nightmare abomination of the Hindu god Ganesh; for where Ganesh radiates calm and wisdom this thing gives off threat and malevolence. Its great veined ears flare up, its trunk shifts, the round disc at its end questing. There is



a faint sound like that of stone sliding across stone. Small creatures move across it.

The outline of a human emerges from under the thing and stands, dwarfed, beside it, for this thing is the size of ten men. His movement breaks the spell and Sanity rolls are now appropriate for Chaugnar Faugn's "inert cost" of 0/1D6 sanity points. If the investigators state they are trying to avert their eyes from him, request a roll of **POW x2** or less to succeed and then the cost is just 0/1D3 points. Anyone losing Sanity to Chaugnar Faugn unknowingly moves a few steps toward him; anyone going temporarily or indefinitely insane is doing the same and whispering or screaming inanities.

The cavern itself should now be briefly described. It's a roughly circular space around sixty feet across and forty feet high. Four tunnels lead into it: the tunnel the investigators used to enter, a second and third close on either side of that, and the fourth on the other side of the cavern — this last is the one glowing white and holding the creature, the Miri Nigri, and the man. It is also the source of the cold breeze.

If the Tcho-Tchos were not with the investigators, they are seen for the first time now. They simultaneously come to the mouths of all three tunnels on this side of the cavern, more than a dozen at each. They're armed variously with boomerangs, knives, and fire-hardened spears, but make no move to attack the party. A priest with each group comes forward a little to watch the investigators' reactions to Chaugnar Faugn. Is one of them the White Acolyte?

Chaugnar Faugn & the Miri Nigri

Chaugnar Faugn came to our world when it was young. Active then, he played with time and shaped fire and stone and flesh. His work that pleased him most was dwarfish creatures, black things fashioned from low amphibians and basic matter: the Miri Nigri. They were long-lived — each would watch other organisms come into being, evolve, and become extinct — and they served him even after he slept and ceased to carry an interest in the world around him.

Many aeons passed and humans grew. The Miri Nigri stole these things and gave them to their god who would stir in his sleep long enough to feed upon them. And they used the humans amongst themselves too — to breed because though they could grow so very old, the Miri Nigri were few now.

After long generations these offspring of Miri Nigri and human now dominate — they are the Tcho-Tchos.



The Tcho-Tchos

These hybrids approach human but they are alien still: coal-black, hairless, small, dense, breeding better but not fast, and living only short lives — not even half a thousand years. They too serve Chaugnar Faugn as well as they are able. In his stronghold in Tsang they wait for the day when the White Acolyte will come from the west. Then the Tcho-Tchos will take the Acolyte to Leng, to the Upper House, and Chaugnar Faugn will awaken from his long sleep to establish his ruin, devouring this world and its universe.

Perhaps because the Tcho-Tchos live only centuries, perhaps because of their human blood, their minds are not like those of the Miri Nigri in all ways. They know impatience and some in the priesthood questioned the need for the White Acolyte. They knew humans provided some sustenance for their master, and that they brought a measure of wakefulness to him — what if they gave him all the humans they could? So they bargained with Amepal, King of Mustang, who sent them men. Chaugnar Faugn fed on these and he began to come more into this world and answered his priests by issuing death and madness to Mustang's enemies. But still they could bring him only a short way. They had failed, and when the son Agon Sangpo became king, he decided he could do without the Tsotsowa nomads. Under his hospitality he slaughtered their leaders and priests, then hunted down the rest. It took many years for the survivors to slip back into Drakmar and exact an empty revenge upon Mustang.

Chaugnar Faugn is still slumbering, and still has his focus upon other worlds. The Tcho-Tchos preach patience now, for there are still those among them who remember four hundred years ago when Chaugnar Faugn visited ruin

on Amepal's enemies and then upon the dynasty of Mustang itself.

Appearance and Demeanor: Short, dark, mostly hairless, small, and corded with vein and muscle. The majority is naked and barefoot, though a few wear tunics, loincloths, and sandals. Their faces betray no emotion. They are generally silent and rarely have need of verbal communication.

Tcho-Tcho Priest & Warriors

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	14	12	11	14	13	15
DEX	14	11	09	14	14	10
CON	13	14	10	14	15	12
POW	12	12	09	12	05	10
INT	13	06	06	06	11	06
SIZ	08	08	07	08	09	07
HP	10	11	09	11	12	10
DB:	+0	+0	+0	+0	+0	+0

Attacks: Spear 40%, damage 1D8 + 1
Fighting Knife 40%, damage 1D4 + 2
Boomerang 40%, damage 1D8

Spells: #1 is a Priest with Contact Hastur, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Voorish Sign.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 11% (Priest 30%), Climb 40%, Hide 50%, Listen 50%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 35%, Throw 40%, Track 30%.

Languages: Tcho-Tcho 65%, Tibetan 20%.

The King in Yellow and the Tcho-Tchos

The Tcho-Tchos have always worshipped Hastur as well as Chaugnar Faugn and as Aldebaran has moved in the sky in the last two years the priests at Drakmar saw that Hastur himself is close to Earth. And the Stranger came. The Stranger visited their High Priest, and he said that this winter the White Acolyte will come.

The Italians arrive soon after: one was killed, one fled, one was given to Chaugnar Faugn, and one was kept. The Tcho-Tchos decide to wait while the stars are still in the sky, while winter continues. Then, wonderfully, others arrive in the valley — the investigators. Now the tribe will act. They will take all the outsiders through the Gate where their God sits, and so to Leng. At the Upper House one of these will be revealed as the Acolyte and Chaugnar Faugn will be woken.

But the Tcho-Tchos are deceived.

It is Hastur who whispered of the importance of the White Acolyte to the priest Mu Sang those many years ago, for it is the King in Yellow who needs a human on the blasted plateau of Leng, halfway-house between our world and the stars.

Once in a thousand years when Aldebaran moves in the sky, the King visits the Upper House of the writings and, with the aid of a willing human servant — or perhaps even more fittingly, one who meant to oppose him — he can journey from Leng to Earth. Then, as he has in Carcosa, he will interrupt our revelry and bring wonder and horror to our lives.

It's impossible to predict the actions of the party at this point or their reaction to Chaugnar Faugn. Attacks on the Great Old One and his companion are possible only if someone were foolish enough to rush through the Gate. This is a dreadful mistake, accomplishing nothing except passage to Tsang and Chaugnar Faugn. The others witness the outline of the investigator join the Great Old One. See "The Investigator in Tsang" near the end of this chapter for what befalls them. The Tcho-Tchos respond to an attack upon themselves in the manner given before: seeking to subdue rather than kill.

Chaugnar Faugn

Described in the previous section "The Horror from the Hills", in this chapter. If the investigators are lucky, he is only ever viewed through the Gate to the Plateau of Tsang, appearing in silhouette as a massive elephant-headed humanoid figure.

Chaugnar Faugn, the Horror from the Hills

STR 65 CON 140 SIZ 40 INT 25 POW 35
DEX 30 MOV 70 HP 90

Damage Bonus: +6D6.

Attacks: Grapple 80%, grapples first to hold immobile for Bite.

Bite and Drain 100%, lose 1D6 hit points each round.
Psychic Sending 100%, the target dreams of Chaugnar Faugn and his greatness. *If of a sensitive nature, the target may become obsessed by these dreams.*

Heart Attack 100%, damage as keeper chooses. To ward off this attack, target must receive a result of CON x5 or less on 1D100; succeeding, the roll must succeed a second time or target loses 1D6 hit points and falls unconscious.

Mesmerize Sacrifice 100%, causes target to go to Chaugnar Faugn to await destruction. To ward off this attack, target's player must roll D100 for POW x1 or less when they have broken the trance.

Armor: no ordinary weapon or mechanical device does damage; defends against enchanted impaling weapons with 10 points of super-dense hide; resists even the most powerful forces for fifteen minutes before disincarnation.

Spells: Alter Weather, Bind Enemy, all Call and Contact spells, Create Gate, Create Window, Curse of Chaugnar Faugn, Death Spell, Imprison Mind, Mental Suggestion, Mesmerize Sacrifice, Perfection, all Summon/Bind spells, View Gate, Warding, Wrack.

Sanity Loss: Inert, he costs 0/1D6 Sanity points to see; animated and active he costs 1D4/2D6+1 Sanity points to see; the vision of Chaugnar Faugn's mutated companion costs 1/1D6 Sanity points to see.

Roberto Anzalone

The human figure walks from beyond the light and into the cavern. His appearance is awful, but if his photo-

graph was seen in Milan, a roll of INT x4 or less recognizes Professor Roberto Anzalone. He is naked. See his statistics nearby for a description; call for a Sanity roll costing 1/1D3. Anzalone's manner is completely detached and belies his anguished state.



Professor Anzalone

Appearance and Demeanor:

Previously of average appearance, torture by the Tcho-Tchos has turned him into a monster. His eyes are put out as are his teeth and half his tongue, while the touch of Chaugnar Faugn has left his nose flaccid and hanging to his upper lip and his ears distended and corded, twitching and flaring unnaturally. As mentioned, for all this he may still be recognized if the inves-

tigators have seen his photograph. Chaugnar Faugn sees through Anzalone's empty eye sockets but cannot communicate through him.

Know: Worldwide authority on Asian civilization and history, especially Chinese and Tibetan.

Insider Knowledge: Anzalone is Professor of Asian History at the University of Milan.

Plot: He corresponded and worked with Malcolm Quarrie, researching Hastur and Chaugnar Faugn. He located Drakmar and led the expedition to it. He has been turned into something less and more than human, psychically linked to Chaugnar Faugn and controlled by his will.

Roberto Anzalone, age 51, Cultist, Historian, and Companion of Chaugnar Faugn

STR 11 CON 05 SIZ 11 INT 16 POW 16
DEX 08 APP 03 EDU 18 SAN 0 HP 08

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: Grapple 60%, damage special.

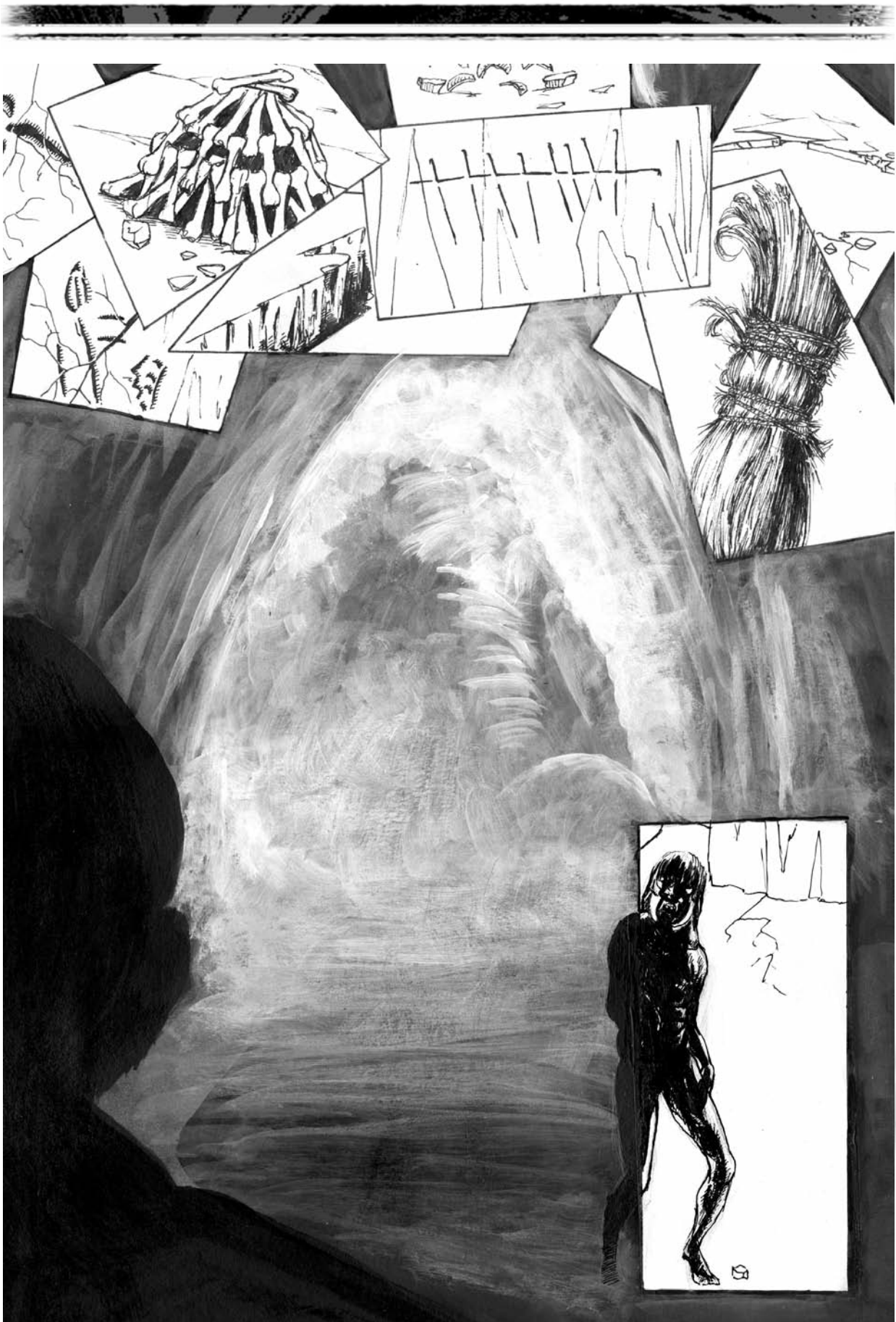
Spells: None he can cast.

Skills: Anzalone has none of the skills he had when human; his skills are now: Cthulhu Mythos 31%, Hide 25%, Listen 70%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 50%, Track 24%.

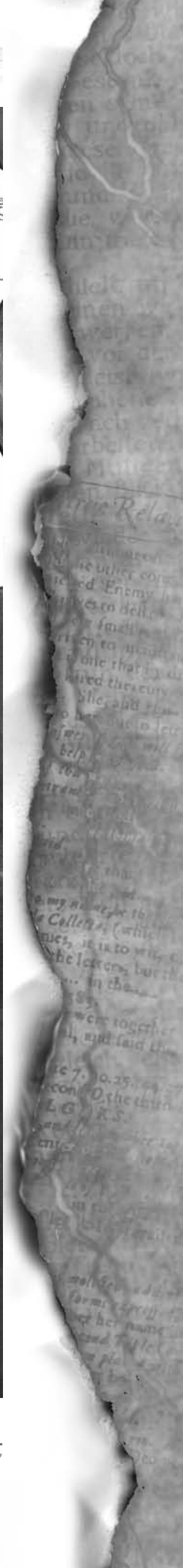
Languages: None in his current form.

Anzalone approaches each investigator and looks closely at them all. Once he seems to try to speak but the sounds he makes are thick and unintelligible, and a thin stream of blood drools from his ruined mouth. Chaugnar Faugn acts through Anzalone but can't make sense of what his servant sees or use his speech — he calls Anzalone back to stand beside the Gate.

There are about forty Tcho-Tchos in the chamber now. Several go to the Gate and one beckons the inves-



In the Cavern With Chaugnar Faugn



tigators to it; Tcho-Tchos move in around them and push them toward it. Chaugnar Faugn is quite still and very close. When the investigators are there, a priest takes one of Anzalone's hands, palm up, slashing it with a bone knife. The priest lets it bleed then dips a finger in the blood before smearing a pattern on the wall beside the portal. This completes the Gate to Leng.

If one of the investigators tries to rush through the Gate now, before it leads to Leng, ask for a **Dodge roll** for them to succeed, again see "The Investigator in Tsang" near the end of this section for what befalls them. A second investigator rushing forward will automatically be stopped.

The Gate

The Gate is activated. A high keening comes through the Gate, loud and constant, and as it sounds the white light becomes blue. Looking into this light, the outline of Chaugnar Faugn has been replaced by a murky picture of a human standing with several Tcho-Tchos. *The Tcho-Tchos took Quarrie through when the investigators were first sighted.* The priest does not hesitate but walks straight through the blue light followed by several companions. New outlines join the others. The investigators are expected to follow and are encouraged to do so if they need to be. If anyone glances at the priest's pattern as they pass they see a perfectly rendered Yellow Sign. It's most unlikely to be the first time they have seen this, but if it is the Sanity check is called for. Anzalone does not enter.

If at any time the investigators attack Anzalone, the Tcho-Tchos move in to restrain and disarm them and strip them of equipment. If they kill Anzalone, that could be very bad news. Call for **Luck** rolls from all the players. Chaugnar Faugn selects that individual from among those who failed whom has the highest CON; the highest APP in the event of a tie. This person becomes the new companion. Chaugnar Faugn uses Mesmerize Sacrifice to draw the victim to him, reopening the Gate to Tsang himself if need be. There is little the investigators can do to prevent this as the Tcho-Tchos comply with their master.

If Anzalone dies, the priest takes blood for the Gate to Leng from one of the investigators or from a human corpse, and events proceed as above. If the investigators have not attacked either Anzalone or the Tcho-Tchos they should still be carrying gear and firearms. Perhaps they have realized their fight is with Quarrie and the King in Yellow.

The Plateau of Leng

The investigators are standing in the middle of a vast featureless plain. In addition to about thirty Tcho-

Tchos, there is another man with them. If they saw the photograph in the kitchen at Nug's Farm, they recognize him as Malcolm Quarrie. Quarrie looks normal, clean, and shaven, and wears a white chuba. He is smoking a cigarette; he seems very surprised to see them. Conversation with him begins in the next sub-section.

The landscape beyond the Gate seems unexceptional in every way. Scanning through 360 degrees there's nothing to interrupt a vista of flat frozen earth. It's very cold and there's a dusting of snow on the ground but mercifully no wind. There's no sign of the portal they stepped through. The keening has stopped. No features mark the edge of this tundra; no trees or mountains stain the horizons. It's night and thousands of stars are in the sky, each pure and sharp, a beautiful sight. Ask the investigators for **Astronomy x3** or **Natural History** rolls. A success indicates that these are the earthly constellations but their relations have subtly changed — a Sanity loss of 0/1 for anyone who perceives and believes this. The orange star Aldebaran is visible low, low in the sky, sitting just above the horizon. The passage to Leng has cost everyone 1 Sanity point.

The Tcho-Tchos are nervous and anxious to move; they use their weapons if they need to encourage the investigators forward. They set off at a brisk pace directly toward Aldebaran. Delaying tactics are met with roughness.

Malcolm Quarrie

Appearance and Demeanor: Malcolm is tall and slim with dark hair. He's clean-shaven and takes care in his appearance. Outwardly talkative, pleasant, and likable, this hides a deep sadness. He has never forgiven himself for abandoning his wife and daughter to the Goatswood Cult. He is a pacifist. He will not shed blood to defend himself, but will use non-offensive spells. He still has his Byakhee whistle. A smoker.

Quarrie's Future Actions

If Quarrie is alive, these are his intended actions. He complies with the Tcho-Tchos and makes the best speed he can across the wilderness. When they reach the Upper House he willingly enters and seeks out the sound of the pipes. When he sees the King in Yellow he advances toward him and reverently takes a corner of his robe; he offers to guide the King to Earth and if not stopped or preempted he does so.

He does not hide this goal from the investigators in any way, but if he achieves this, the investigators have lost. The keeper should be able to play Quarrie from this checklist. Some instructions for Quarrie continue to be given in the text on the assumption he is still a factor.

Know: Author of *British Gods: Religion and Myth in the Western Kingdoms of Anglo-Saxon Britain*, 1924.

Insider Knowledge: Holder of an M.A. in Ancient History from Pembroke College, Oxford, 1922. Vincent Tuck introduces Quarrie as a associate of Alexander Roby's who worked at the Royal Society in Piccadilly, London (1924-27), apparently unmarried.



Mr. Quarrie

Plot: Quarrie is much talked of but only met when the investigators reach the Plateau of Leng. Unless prevented, he leads the King in Yellow to Earth.

Malcolm Quarrie, age 34, Cultist, Historian, and Folklorist

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 17 POW 16
DEX 12 APP 14 EDU 19 SAN 50 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Attacks: None.

Skills: Archaeology 30%, Anthropology 64%, Credit Rating 44%, Cthulhu Mythos 28%, Geology 25%, History (Dark Age Europe) 80%, History (Folklore) 75%, History (other) 64%, Library Use 80%, Occult 45%, Persuade 30%, Psychology 20%, Swim 42%.

Spells: Charm Animal, Call/Dismiss Hastur, Cloud Memory, Deflect Harm, Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Dream Vision, Enchant Whistle, Implant Suggestion, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Voorish Sign.

Languages: English 90%, Old English 72%, Italian 68%, Spanish 37%, German 35%, Tibetan 12%, Nepalese 11%, Hindi 12%.

A Conversation with Malcolm Quarrie

Quarrie now introduces himself and hopes to learn the identities of the investigators in return. There are two broad lines that the investigators might be expected to take with him.

First they may tell him that they oppose him, or they may immediately launch a physical attack on him. The attack has to be expected at some point but may seem precipitous to the players until they have discussed matters. Should they try to learn something from Quarrie first? Is killing him enough to void the attempt to call Hastur to Earth? Is it morally justifiable? Is it even possible given the numbers of Tcho-Tchos present — particularly if the investigators are unarmed? If they kill Quarrie, can the investigators hope to return home?

On the other hand, the investigators may try to talk to Quarrie, may even try to make him believe they too

seek to call the King in Yellow. He answers their questions readily and in return asks things such as — With whom did you study? — What research led you to this place? — How will you call Him?

Quarrie is quiet and calm in conversation. He is not upset if he finds out the investigators oppose him, but he might discover this in one of three ways.

- First, the investigators might fail to ask him questions in return. Surely they must be curious about some of the same points that he is!
- Second, do they mention the Brotherhood of the Yellow Sign and Villiers in Milan? Quarrie knows Villiers could have given up his location, so these people may simply have followed him here. Why?
- Third, do they mention Hillary? He's very happy to get news of her, and to receive her message to him if the investigators chose to give it — “How is she? — Sarah? When did you see them? Do you know if she got my letters?” But he'll want to know how they know her.

Resolution of this conversation can be handled without die rolls, but if the keeper feels it appropriate, ask for a **Persuade roll** from the player of the main spokesperson. That can win Quarrie over, perhaps with modifications based on the argument used. If the investigators are on the defensive, allow a **Fast Talk roll** to allay his suspicions — again using modifications.

If Quarrie thinks the group opposes him, he tries to win them over. See the “Brothers of the Yellow Sign” boxed text in Chapter 8 for his line of argument. Quarrie is completely genuine in his motivations for calling Hastur — his belief is that this is a good thing, a necessary thing, and he really sees this as his Pilgrimage of Grace. If a physical confrontation is unavoidable he will try to use Dominate or Implant Suggestion to halt the attack. If this is unsuccessful, a knife or a gun from close range kills him automatically unless the roll is fumbled. If the investigators do attack Quarrie, the Tcho-Tchos move in to subdue them, still avoiding lethal force. They now disarm the player characters if they had not done so already.

Whether he thinks the investigators friends or enemies, Quarrie is happy to fill in any gaps in understanding left after their various researches and experiences. He is interested to hear about Edwards and Roby's fates. He is not surprised. He talks about the rise of Mustang in the fifteenth century — see “A Story: Mustang and the Tsotsowas” within the boxed text “Mustang and the Tcho-Tchos” in Chapter 10 — he doesn't know the full story but has surmised most of it. He says one halting conversation with the Tcho-Tchos makes him think some of them knew Amepal!

Quarrie says he can communicate a little with the Tcho-Tchos in bits of Tibetan he's gained in the last few weeks, but their language is removed from Tibetan and







they are by nature taciturn. He thinks they're bound for a temple or a town. He wonders if others might already be there? He says that when they arrive he will summon the King in Yellow. *Quarrie intends to use Call Hastur to bring the King in Yellow but this will not prove necessary.*

So conversation goes as they march across the unchanging and bleak landscape. The Tcho-Tchos lead silently but betray an urgency and edginess, constantly scanning horizon and sky. Something like six hours pass and the party may notice that there is no change of night to day, time is suspended under the stars. Timepieces are unreliable, the hands sometimes stop, sometimes race. These revelations are worth further Sanity losses of 0/1. The characters grow tired, hungry, and thirsty. They cover many miles.

Optional Shantaks

The keeper may want to stage this encounter to show the investigators the advisability of staying with the Tcho-Tchos or perhaps to give them the opportunity for some decisive action. It is not a necessary passage of play.

After perhaps six hours a Tcho-Tcho makes a noise and points into the sky. A **Spot Hidden roll** reveals the object he's seen, a bird, and the first sign of life here. It comes toward them, getting bigger and bigger. It's flying off to their right and as it comes abreast it can be properly made out. It looks like something from pre-history or legend: massive, its huge wings beat slowly. It has a mammal's heavy head which it turns on a long neck to regard them as it flies by. Call for **Sanity rolls** with a cost of 0/1D3.

The Tcho-Tchos press on. They seem tireless but their companions are not, and if the investigators don't demand a halt, Quarrie does. After a brief stop the march continues and immediately there is an attack.

A Tcho-Tcho calls out a warning — from behind come two shantaks. They hurtle straight down on the party and each attempts to grab and bite a victim. Ask for the investigators' actions — if anyone drops flat, they are not attacked regardless of subsequent rolls. There are thirty Tcho-Tchos, so the odds aren't too bad. Call for Luck rolls from the players and if anyone rolls 96% to 00%, that player's character becomes a target — call for a Dodge now to avoid the attack. *The keeper should make a show of rolling for Tcho-Tcho Luck rolls, and can use the actual rolls if he or she prefers.*

One shantak decapitates a Tcho-Tcho with its huge maw. The Tcho-Tchos retaliate: a shantak is buffeted hard by Fist of Yog-Sothoth, but Earthly magic is not as effective here, and given a shantak's 9-point armor, mundane weapons have scant effect. The investigators can add any firepower they see fit. If uninjured, the shantaks turn and come back. Repeat the process — if

the investigators are again unscathed one Tcho-Tcho is messily killed, Quarrie is spared — then the creatures fly up and away, dwindling into the sky.

In the Wilderness

Whether the shantaks attack or not, there is a new resolve among the Tcho-Tchos. Their leaders talk quietly, the first time they have conversed. The language is unidentifiable and lacks hard consonants. When they break, the remaining Tcho-Tchos split into three equal groups. The investigators and Quarrie are kept together with one of these groups which head off in similar directions, toward the star, but gradually diverge so that after a time they slip out of sight of one another. The groups unburdened with strangers move at a noticeably faster pace.

The Tcho-Tchos are worried they will not find the Upper House, so split up to cover more ground. The group that finds it is to send runners to alert the others, but effectively this is the last the investigators see of the other Tcho-Tchos. Odds of any decisive action against these creatures are much improved.

Time passes. The landscape is unaltered and if the Tcho-Tchos or Quarrie are still with the party the goal is still Aldebaran's position on the horizon. The star is slowly dipping — it's now touching the horizon. Although solitary shantaks are sighted twice more, they are far off and there are no other alarms. Quarrie speaks to a Tcho-Tcho but is ignored. Several more rests are taken, some long enough to allow a brief sleep, but as soon as the others seem capable, the Tcho-Tchos urge them on.

Then, no matter where the party is or in which direction it has been heading, they see that something is interposed between them and Aldebaran, blotting out a portion of the star. A construction of a fair size is ahead, surrounded by monoliths. Whichever way the party travels it comes closer.

The Upper House

The building is large and slab-sided, built of stone. It is Tibetan in style, being about the size of the fortified village of Kag, 250 feet on a side with fifty-foot-high walls sloping slightly inward and stained a dull orange. There is no door immediately visible and no windows anywhere. The monoliths about it stand twenty feet tall and are smoothly-tooled, four-sided, tapering from a base four feet square to a flat top two feet on a side. As the investigators might expect there are nine of these, though they are regularly spaced around the structure in a circle, not in a "V".

A single doorway on the side of the structure faces Aldebaran, an unobstructed opening twenty feet square



beyond which is a passageway that maintains the same large dimensions. The walls of the passageway are vividly painted with scenes: from outside only a few can be discerned for they soon disappear into darkness, but the ones that can be seen show cities being fought over by armies that are not quite human. The paint is bright and clear. A **Listen** roll reveals a faint piping from inside, rising and falling — a successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll suggests this is a communication that is calling the King in Yellow.

Quarrie moves to enter and the Tcho-Tchos will stop anyone who prevents him. The Tcho-Tchos encourage the investigators themselves to enter, resorting to force if they must, but they do not enter themselves. The investigators might go into the Upper House now or they might try and overcome the Tcho-Tchos and leave the area. In the latter case walking in any direction, even splitting up, brings each of them back to the Upper House. Refusing to enter the Upper House means eventual slow death, it is the only feature within a thousand miles.

This is the same monastery Randolph Carter visits in H. P. Lovecraft's "The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath". When described there it is a squat windowless building surrounded by crude monoliths, but the site takes on slightly different aspects according to the circumstance and observer.

After ten to fifteen yards the corridor leading into the Upper House is masked by darkness. Lights penetrate only dimly, vaguely. The first step into this gloom effectively places the individual into a labyrinth — looking or turning back, the exit and any companions are gone, to be replaced by a turn in an empty corridor, one they did not take. Investigators following on behind see the lead investigators disappear, swallowed up by the blackness. They can hear them but not see them. Any rope used to link them goes slack and comes back frayed and broken; if they were holding hands they lose their grip. There is no way to reestablish physical contact except for those behind to also enter the Upper House, and there is no way to leave the Upper House except through the Gate at its heart.

The Pipes

Inside, the fluting of the pipes is more clearly audible. As the investigators walk, the sound sometimes seems closer,

or sometimes is dim, or disappears entirely for a time. The keeper should pass notes to players privately regarding the pipes (e.g., assure them it's stronger/weaker than an hour ago). Promote dissension. That said, the investigators will come to realize that the pipes seem to be the only aspect of this place that suggests life, and as such must be sought out or avoided. Quarrie follows the noise of the pipes, alone if need be.

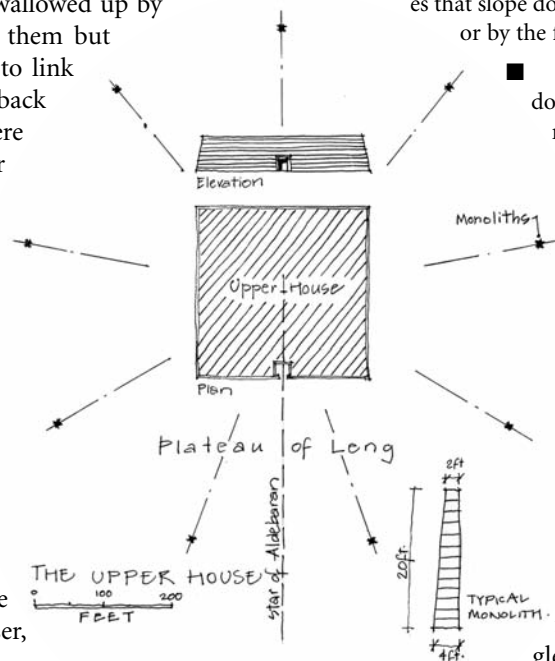
Navigation through the Upper House

This next passage of play is not dangerous per se but is meant to frighten, disorientate, and wear down the investigators. The way through the Upper House seems endless. The investigators travel miles with no clear idea of where they are going — they tire and need rest and then sleep. There is no strict time limit here, so the keeper can run the trek for as long as it seems to be effective, but the investigators should spend at least several game days inside.

The interior is incredibly varied. The keeper can extemporize along the following lines.

- Thousands of tall and broad steps circle downward around an airless open shaft. After almost half a day's descent they reach a heavy iron gate set across the steps and the journey back up is killing.
- A massive chamber that is choked with stale air. It takes hours to cross, all the while out of sight of walls or ceiling.
- A corridor gives onto a succession of hundreds if not thousands of empty cells.
- A cliff can be climbed using a stone staircase that zigzags up its face. Once true, the steps are now dangerously smooth and worn with use.
- A room that must be crossed either by a system of trenches that slope down deep beneath the chamber floor, or by the floor itself. Either way is a maze.
- A twelve-sided chamber with a dozen identical ways leading off it. The room is later met again after hours of walking.

The party might decide to leave signposts and markers. Sometimes these stay put and serve their purpose, sometimes they do not — for example, an empty water bottle may be encountered after a long straight walk from the crossroads where it was left. Sometimes the way is illuminated: a shaft of weak light slides down into a chamber from an unknown source, a gleam of phosphorescence seeps



from cracks in the floor, and flat stones give off a gray glimmer. But artificial light sources are needed most of the way, and as the hours slip away the sources of light the investigators have will flicker and go out, one by one. When the last of them fail they are plunged into utter darkness.

The order of these features above does not depend upon the route the investigators take, although the keeper should make the investigators feel that their decisions are relevant — call for **Navigate**, **Listen**, **Idea**, or **Luck** rolls at seemingly crucial times. Each of the previous scenes may take hours of the investigators' time to traverse or negotiate.

The Corridors

Much of the journey will be along corridors, and the friezes and pictures along these are ever present. Details can be pulled by the keeper from Lovecraft's "The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath", but here are some constituent elements. An almost-human race with wide mouths and short horns fights bloated insects. Black sailing ships navigate interplanetary space. Amoeboid creatures emerge from the hulls of the ships and conquer and then rule the almost-humans. A wonderful port city with a central plaza boasts two majestic statues of winged lions. Great birds fly, resembling the two that may have menaced them as they came to the Upper House. Faceless flying things with curved horns and curled tails lurk among mighty mountains.

Exhaustion

It can also be assumed that the investigators will run out of food and drink. Hunger and thirst make them weak — all skills should be at a 5-percentile penalty. The keeper may allow the player characters to come across a fountain set in the wall where the water smells sweet but tastes bitter; anyone drinking it is refreshed and can restore their penalties, but they are now troubled by occasional visions. In these, rooms and passages appear as they do in Carcosa — rough stone becomes marble, columns become trees, there is a quick movement just at the edge of one's vision, a shadow detaches itself from a high ceiling, a gentle but insistent tugging is felt on a sleeve. For these individuals, timely **Sanity rolls** for 0/1 may be appropriate.

The seemingly endless time that the investigators spend in the Upper House exposes everyone to these minor Sanity losses. When the investigators have to sleep, see their last light source extinguished, despair of crossing a feature, converse and argue about the futility of their actions, then it's time for another little loss.

Finally, after even the keeper believes that the journey has run its course, reward a **critical Listen or Idea roll** by having an investigator realize that the party

needs to backtrack to the chamber they have just left. Doing so, there is a stairway leading up out of this space that was not previously there. The pipes now sound very close. Climbing causes the music to grow in volume, and become frenzied. As the investigators reach the top, the noise stops.

They emerge into a space quite unlike any other that they have encountered inside this vast complex.

The Heart of the Upper House

The investigators are outside. They are in a formal plaza. It is illuminated by the light of stars and by the reflections of those stars in the black polished floor. An **Astronomy x2** or **Natural History** roll allows Earthly constellations to be picked out (gain 1 Sanity point). Aldebaran is visible very low down — its twin is reflected in the floor, the two touching and merging. A breeze brings a scent of cypress trees. Away from them something stands out white, and there is a light, but it's distant and indistinct.

When a player next announces an action involving movement, ask for a **Luck** roll. Whether or not the player rolls successfully, the player character accidentally kicks a small object that slides and spins across the floor. As it goes, there sounds a single clear note, swelling then falling. It stops. It is, of course, the pipes. They can be examined. They are intricately carved in black with two mouthpieces curving down around a slotted barrel to become six pipes. The design resembles the byakhee, their mouths are the mouths of the pipes, and the ribbed wings the barrels.

Suddenly the party's surroundings change. They are in the center of this large space on a white stone dais, fifty feet square, that stands just above the surrounding floor. On the dais are two rounded pillars eighteen inches apart. Each is about ten feet tall and six inches in diameter. The gap between them gives off a faint white light. Just to one side of the pillars stands an empty stone lectern.

A moment later there is a figure with them which can be observed clearly.

The King in Yellow's Path to Earth

This is the climax to the adventure. As Aldebaran slips beneath Leng's horizon, the King in Yellow has stepped down from the Hyades to Leng, halfway between his world and our own. The constellations as seen from Aldebaran have slid into place and match those of Earth precisely. Earth is to Aldebaran as Aldebaran is to Earth. The Stars are Right.

The King detects the investigators as they move through the Upper House and he can use spells — Dream Vision, Implant Suggestion, Mesmerize — to

ensure their eventual arrival if he needs. He waits as long as necessary for one of them to reach the Gate and guide him, for though a Guide must be willing, he or she might also be desperate, cowed, or insane. Here they are now.

The King in Yellow

The following encounter is unforgiving to the investigators. Their wrong words or actions could lead to almost certain death. Before running this segment, keepers should read the section “Stopping the King in Yellow” very closely and carefully so they can react quickly, fairly, and firmly to actions the investigators might take.

The King in Yellow is a thin figure more than eight feet tall. He has human proportions and shape and wears tattered robes of yellow and white that whip around him in a non-existent wind. His cowl is up, throwing a deep shadow over his face. Long sleeves cover his hands and arms which fall by his sides. His attention seems at the same time focused and distant. As the investigators watch him now, the hood momentarily flaps back as if in a breeze and just for an instant shows a black space where his face should be — here are depths unimaginable, deeper than the sky, and there is a brief sensation of falling. Any who saw the eyes of Hastur in Scotland immediately understand this is the same entity in a different form. Have the players make Sanity rolls for a loss of 1D3/1D10 points.

If player characters become afflicted by any form of insanity as a result of the King in Yellow’s arrival, that insanity always takes the form of seeing the King as “my King, my God”, who must be honored. The keeper should take the affected players aside to explain this. These insane investigators are willing to serve as the King’s Guide. They move to him and take a hold of his robe. The garment shifts and pulses under their grasp.

Quarrie approaches the King in this manner, and any investigator may also do so by choice if they wish to pretend subservience. The King does not interfere with those giving him this respect. Investigators who have little sanity left at this juncture — perhaps those who have been targeted by dreams and visions throughout the campaign — may be susceptible to the 20% Indefinite Insanity rule here and may be a liability to their companions.

The King waits briefly for those around him to act. Things might move quite fast now. The sub-sections “Choosing the Guide”, “Using the Gate”, and “Stepping to Earth” assume that events proceed as the King intends. He is very close to success. See the section that follows those three, “Stopping the King in Yellow”, for how he might be thwarted.

Portraying the King in Yellow

As mentioned when Hastur appeared, it’s difficult to present a Great Old One effectively, particularly one who interacts with humans. Here are some thoughts that may create a suitable atmosphere.

The King in Yellow does not regard his audience directly — he has no face nor is his voice audible. Instead, his words are heard and understood in the mind of the listener, in the listener’s own language.

The King in Yellow

Described in the section “The King in Yellow” a few paragraphs below, he appears as a faceless humanoid figure dressed in tattered yellow/white robes that move in a non-existent wind. He is almost eight feet tall and cadaverously thin.

The King in Yellow, Avatar of Hastur (cf. Creature Companion)

STR 25 CON 106 SIZ 14 INT 50 POW 35

DEX 27 MOV 15 or at will HP 60

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Attacks: Dance

POW against POW roll on Resistance Table, damage 1D4 per round of attack. The viewer must succeed in a POW Resistance Table roll with the King or be mesmerized. In the next round, the tattered filaments of the King’s body take on life as the King whirls out a razor-edged yellow maelstrom against the mesmerized target — condemned to stand motionless the target loses 1D4 hit points per round. Once each round, the target can attempt to break free via another POW roll on the Resistance Table.

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

Grapple 90%, damage 1D6 + 1D6 plus special Gaze.

The King induces paroxysms of fear by touching and staring at the target, costing him or her 1D6 SAN per round. Each round costs the King 3 magic points. To avoid the Gaze in a particular round, roll D100 equal to or less than victim’s POW x2. In determining insanity, add together all such attacks, then roll once. Ordinary Grapple damage can be inflicted during this time.

Armor: none

Spells: Alter Weather, Brew Dream Drug, Brew Space Mead, all Call and Contact spells, Cause/Cure Blindness, Chime of Tezchaptl, Create Gate, Enchant Whistle, Evil Eye, Implant Fear, Mental Suggestion, Mesmerize, Mindblast, Nightmare, Send Dreams, Shriveling, Song of Hastur, Stop Heart, all Summon/Bind spells, Unspeakable Possessor, View Gate, Voorish Sign, Wrack.

SAN Loss: 1D3/1D10 Sanity points to see the King in Yellow.





Meeting the King in Yellow

The keeper can prepare notes to use for all the King's communications — these will be identical for all recipients in most cases but still the investigators should not know what others are hearing. This simple presentation also prevents the keeper from having to create a voice for the King's short pronouncements.

If a human is clearly working against him or is stopping another from aiding him, the King uses Mesmerize and asks that human to be still — heavy-handed perhaps but effective. If the King gets one-on-one with an investigator, the keeper may play him out as cold, calm, patient, and focused. If he were to be significantly wounded — say, more than 30 hit points — he disappears, reappearing later. He does not seek to kill anyone except as noted below, his goal is always a Guide and he parcels out his humans to get one.

Choosing the Guide

His instruction is to all, but if someone is holding his robe he expects them to answer favorably.

“Who will guide me?”

If Quarrie is present he will. If no one tells the King they will, he asks the question twice more. If still disappointed he says: “Think on this” and disappears. See “Stopping the King in Yellow” for what comes next.

If someone indicates they will, the King casts Mesmerize upon them. This is the first time the King has given his attention directly to one of those before him and the spell occurs instantaneously — describe the effects to the target alone. The King asks for the Guide's hand — mesmerized, they cannot refuse.

The King takes the Guide's wrist, palm upward. In his other hand a small hooked knife has appeared.

“Have you found the Yellow Sign?” Only the Guide hears the question, but everyone can hear the response of the Guide who holds the tattered robes. The King repeats the question up to three times in search of an affirmative response.

If they answer “yes”, the King cuts the Guide's palm — 1 hit point damage — and holds it out over the lectern that stands beside the Gate. The blood falls in a thin stream and though the hand doesn't move, the trail paints a perfect Yellow Sign on the marble. The light in the Gate turns from white to

blue, and as in Drakmar there is suddenly an unearthly keening which echoes all around. See “Using the Gate”.

If the King does not get a “yes” from his Guide by the third asking, the consequences are vicious. He slashes his Guide’s throat wide open (100%) and the Guide is dead as he or she hits the floor. The King asks again:

“Who will guide me?”

Using the Gate

The Guide has agreed to take the King. The King lets go of the Guide’s wrist and drops Mesmerize. The Guide must be willing for this part, and be under no compulsion. King and Guide stand before the shrill Gate, washed with its blue light.

“Will you guide me to your home?”

The keeper should tell the Guide that they know they can refuse.

If the answer is “yes”, those participants have shown free will. The King takes the Guide by the hand. They step through the Gate and disappear from view. The King in Yellow starts to descend to Earth.

If the answer is “no”, or the participants will not take his hand, or they will not step through the Gate, the King pauses an instant or two to allow them to change their minds. If they do not he slashes their throats as above. He asks again:

“Who will guide me?”

Stepping to Earth

It is a straightforward task for a willing Guide to lead the King in Yellow to Earth. All the time, the King looks into the eyes of the Guide, and he or she is unable not to look back. This represents five Gaze attacks at 1D6 Sanity points loss for each, unless the Guide’s player is able to break the Gaze with a roll of **POW x2 or less**. Regardless, the Guide has the sensation of stepping into a void, followed by momentary brief confusion. Then King and Guide are on the valley floor at Drakmar (1 Sanity point loss).

The caves are visible in the distance. The King says: “I will seek you out”.

He leans in to embrace his companion and then kisses the Guide: the tentacle that serves as the King’s face emerges, taking 1D6+1 POW from the Guide. The King disappears. See “The King in Yellow Reaches Earth” in the “Aftermath” section.

Other investigators can follow through the open Gate without problem. They experience the sensations described above and are then standing near to each other on the valley floor at Drakmar. Those who came

through ahead are just arrived even if they used the Gate seemingly hours apart.

Stopping the King in Yellow

The above doesn’t read well for the investigators. They should all still live if someone acted as the King’s Guide, but in that case they have failed completely. The King simply must not be allowed to find one who will guide him truly.

As with the summoning of Hastur in Scotland there are several distinct options for the investigators. Likely courses of action are listed below with the more effective options listed first — “effective” here is weighed in regard to stopping the King, not in preserving the safety of the investigators. Investigators may, of course, use a combination of these approaches or come up with other possibilities.

Stopping the King: Self-Sacrifice

An investigator may agree to guide the King to Earth, though secretly intending to lead him astray. There are difficulties here.

First, if Quarrie is present he too volunteers to lead the King, and he may suspect deception on the part of the investigators. Quarrie must be stopped from acting as the Guide.

Second, the King must think the investigator sincere in his or her offer. The reaction of the investigator’s friends could make this seem dubious. It would probably be best for the investigators to discuss this plan as a group ahead of this moment.

Third and last, the Guide must know how to lead the King astray and must successfully overcome the King’s force of will, and pull his or her eyes from the King’s.

If the Guide steps through the Gate with the King and declares the intention to lead him astray, the keeper should explain that the King looks into the player character’s eyes. The investigator has an initial chance (**POW x2 or less**) to avoid meeting the King’s Gaze attack and then four chances (**POW x2 or less**) to pull his or her eyes from the King’s. Each time he or she fails, it costs the investigator 1D6 Sanity points. If the player character succeeds, and even if they’re now insane, there is a moment of clarity: the character sees stars, star clusters, and planets. The investigator must remember and understand what Alexander Roby might have said in the asylum many weeks ago, and referred to in Carcosa: the two verses from “The King in Yellow” — with them, the King can be diverted back to the Hyades and the Dream City.

*"The stars that burn their charcoal death
shrink back, they feel the hoary breath*

Of he who ransoms

Great Carcosa.

He flees where Queen and Prophet met,

Where twin suns fall but never set,

Escapes the tomb of

Lost Carcosa."

The key elements in the verse are the black stars and the twin suns. If the investigator is prescient enough to look for these elements, reward him with the glimpse of twin stars amidst a patch of black. If anyone even mentions this verse the keeper might allow an **Idea roll** as they cast their eyes around the stars. The Guide can now intentionally misstep. They know they are leaving Earth behind, it can't be reached now. The King seems aware of this too but does not react. They walk on together in silence until a cluster of stars is visible, red Aldebaran at its center and then lovely Carcosa sitting beside a lake of clouds and water. Twin suns sit in the sky.

The King spreads his arm out to encompass the place: "You are the unluckiest of souls. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

Playtest

In playtest, four investigators reached Leng, a fifth having remained at the Te monastery after being wounded by Schippone. They killed Quarrie before reaching the Upper House, knowing the danger he presented.

When they met the King in Yellow, all four rebuffed the request to lead him to Earth. One had been tempted but had been talked out of doing so in advance by the others. Left briefly alone, the investigators opened the Gate and two of the four of them escaped. The King split the last two and over the next few game days he made repeated requests for them to lead him while trying to play one off against the other. Finally one investigator agreed, intending to lead him astray — she was unconvinced she could do so but suspected there were others here, perhaps even her companion, who would lead the King willingly.

The investigator successfully took the King to Carcosa. The last investigator was able to find the Gate by its sound and so escape. The three survivors waited for their companion in the valley as long as their hunger let them, but of course she never came.

Sadly the three believed they had been betrayed, and believed their friend must have led the King in Yellow to Earth.

This outcome is a great achievement by this investigator, and an everlasting death. See the "Investigator in Carcosa" in the "Aftermath".

Stopping the King: Murder

There may be those present who willingly lead the King to Earth. This has long been Quarrie's goal. No reasoning on the part of the investigators can alter this, nor will anything he sees here, in Leng, or in the Upper House.

Any investigator suffering from permanent or indefinite insanity occasioned by seeing the King in Yellow will serve him in this manner. If the companions of the investigator see them walk forward and take the King's robe, allow the affected investigator to come to his senses only if a player manages a successful **Fast Talk roll**. The player character may choose not to release the King's robe even if he realizes what he's doing, but the Fast Talk must be made quickly; by the time the investigator has agreed to guide the King, he cannot back out even to save his life!

Lastly it could be that an investigator who has become enamored with the King in Yellow's message might choose to serve him of his own free will — this would be admirable roleplaying indeed. He might not voice that intention to the other investigators but if he does, any debate is between the characters and should not need recourse to game mechanics.

If the investigators cannot stop these people in another way, then they must consider killing them. The keeper might demand that the investigator has to fail a Sanity roll before he can bring himself to murder a friend!

Stopping the King: Escape

If no one agrees to lead the King, he leaves the investigators alone by the Gate. This is a mistake on his part — he is treating them too well. They saw the use of the Gate in Drakmar, but if the investigators are struggling, a generous keeper might after a period ask for successful **Cthulhu Mythos rolls or INT rolls** for them to understand its use.

Stepping between the two pillars while the Gate still glows white would be an awful mistake. The Gate functions but brings the investigator onto the Plateau of Tsang. After one steps through, the keeper should tell the others that they see the outline of their friend immediately joined by the bulk of Chaugnar Faugn. This should dissuade another from making the journey, and regardless the King now senses the Gate has been used and appears — dispelling those still in the Upper House as detailed just below. See the "Investigator in Tsang" in the "Aftermath" for what happens to the unlucky soul who went through.

The Gate needs the Yellow Sign to be daubed in human blood on the lectern nearby — this costs the artist 1/1D3 Sanity points. The light between the pillars immediately changes from white to blue and again there is a high keening that echoes around the chamber, deafening. A first investigator may go through and find himself or herself standing on the valley floor at Drakmar, but as the second moves forward, the King appears. He brushes away the Sign on the lectern, and the keening stops, which dispels those still in the Upper House as detailed just below. Any second investigator needs a **Luck roll** if he or she rushes forward: a failure means the investigator's still in the Upper House; a fumble means the Gate changed at the wrong instant and he or she arrives at Drakmar dead — blood runs from eyes, nostrils, ears, and fingers.

After attempting to use the Gate in one of these manners, there are likely to be investigators still in the Upper House with the King. As they are clearly willing and able to use the Gate, the King now dispels them back to rooms far beyond this inner chamber. He separates them and allows them to join at his whim as he tries to find the weakest amongst them. He communicates with them individually. See the “Defiance and Suicide” option below for how this might play out.

Hopelessly lost, alone, and in the dark, wander as they might, they are not able to find the Gate again. This goes on until either the King finds someone who agrees to guide him and takes that one to the Gate, or until the Gate is activated and may be found by the keening it makes. The Gate remains open for one day; the keeper might require a single critical **Navigate roll**, or two or three successive successful **Navigate rolls**, but only one roll may be attempted per hour.

Stopping the King: Defiance and Suicide

The investigators may have killed Quarrie or an insane friend, knowing that if they did not commit murder that person would have led the King in Yellow to Earth. But even then the King continues to court them, and they become aware that any one of them could serve to guide him to Earth.

As they mouth their defiance to him, events will be moving toward a bleak ending to the campaign. This situation deserves being played for good psychological horror: the player characters are hungry and thirsty, perhaps wounded or in pain, and they have no objective. As they sit in the pitch black, the King could be beside them at any moment. Their only way home — and the only way to save their friends — is by consorting with this creature who whispers in their ears, setting one against the other. This creature may have murdered a friend. Does one investigator beg another to kill him

or her before the player character gives in? Does this give rise to a suicide pact?

This desperate situation may focus the investigators' minds enough for them to realize that one of them can try to sell his life for the others without betraying their goal. If the Gate is opened, this Guide may be able to lead the King astray, and the others can follow back to Earth.

Aftermath: The Investigator in Carcosa

If the King in Yellow is to be stopped, the situation is likely to need an investigator willing and able to lead the King to Carcosa. What happens to that false Guide in Carcosa will not be pleasant. They will have gained the personal enmity of the King and will be resident in a place within his reach.

Before all else, the King takes his leave by embracing the false Guide and draining POW in the manner that was described earlier for the one guiding him to Earth. Further, the passage to Carcosa from Leng has itself cost 1D6/1D20 Sanity points.

The investigator finds the city once again stopped in time between the Stranger's arrival and the unmasking. They can walk freely through its streets, and find the city much the same as it was on Earth but for one thing.

The embrace of the King in Yellow is worn as a mark that all in Carcosa can perceive. It is a taint, a disease, an infection. Residents aren't able to say what they find uncomfortable in the investigator — is it their manner? Their appearance? Their soul? But they shun the person. The investigator becomes used to seeing others move away at their approach. Noss avoids them, and Yolanda, assuming she is here, becomes harder to find. When discovered, she initially encourages friendship, even intimacy, but then she sees something too and angrily and tearfully disowns them — they have betrayed her! Roby himself can't be found, he is known to no one. The garden that held the Gate to Earth is always elusive.

Each night the investigator sees the stars, Earth, the King in Yellow. Sometimes the King appears in their chamber — the King is the only one who will be with them and the investigator might even grow reliant upon him. The investigator may be alone and quite insane now. They may find themselves capable of little cruelties toward their Carcosan tormentors. They take to wearing a mask to disguise their face — a disk, blank and white — with which to try to approach the revellers at the festival, but one day the mask can't be removed. And with time the investigator realizes they become the Stranger themselves.

If Roby still lives, the keeper may allow the lost investigator to meet him some time long after their arrival in Carcosa. Roby may even direct the investigator to the Gate. Arrival back home would be one year to the day after the party left. The return worsens their condition — the player character longs for Carcosa now and they can only look for acceptance and understanding from his companions.

Despite all assurances to the contrary, they feel they must wear a mask at all times, and that others should too. What other forms of insanity they suffer is a point for debate between keeper and player, but none should be easily treatable.

Aftermath: The Investigator in Tsang

The fate of the investigator who walked through the Gate when it was shining white is grim and simply put. They step onto a floor of poured concrete, yellow and cracked. Weeds push through it at intervals. A hand is placed on their shoulder. They turn, to see Anzalone — whatever his fate has been. He looks drained and weak. He reaches his other hand up to cup the investigator's face and then simply falls dead. The investigator sees something else a long way off now. Chaugnar Faugn. They can run but Chaugnar Faugn comes surging forward at an incredible speed, belying his appearance. Chaugnar Faugn catches up with them, runs them down — 1D4 / 2D6+1 Sanity point loss. Even if they resist Mesmerize Sacrifice, Chaugnar Faugn is unavoidable; the investigator is the companion for the Great Old One in his long wait. They can only pray the end comes quickly.

Aftermath: The King in Yellow Reaches Earth

The investigators feel the King's presence on Earth in two ways: first-hand through his continued appearance to the one who guided him down to Drakmar, and second-hand through a series of events that they will see as attributable to the King's influence.

The Guide himself sees the King at moments when he's alone — in his bedchamber when he wakes from dreams, walking in the quiet streets late at night, in the corner of an empty railway compartment, and so on. The visits don't get easier with time. They always bleed a little Sanity, and always precede a death, an accident, or incipient madness for an intimate of the Guide. The investigator finds it impossible to concentrate on everyday matters, for he's gripped by mental weakness. He loses his job, relationships sour and end; he finds him-

self estranged from family and friends — only his companions in Carcosa or Leng can provide solace.

Real release occurs while exploring the Hastur Mythos in reading, writing, verse, or art. In fact, creative experiments in this area are fueled by relentless energy, touched by bizarre planning and execution, and with end results that are unique and powerful. These exercises keep the visitations at bay but in themselves cost sanity. The afflicted individual's slide into a personal, functioning madness is inexorable.

In the world at large the investigators may be among the few for whom a series of events over recent and upcoming months tie together.

- The Wall Street Crash occurs in October 1929 and by November the values for the 50 leading US stocks have been cut almost in half. It takes a year or more for this to deeply affect American industry and then ripple around the world, but by the early 1930's, many people find themselves living in altered circumstances. Is it chance that this situation has coincided with the climb of Aldebaran in the sky? Are the people responsible for the mad speculative boom in the thrall of the King in Yellow?
- In the Spring of 1930, a succession of fringe occult groups — unkindly, “cults” — in Austria, Britain, France, Italy, Rumania, and the United States are involved in mass suicides that variously affect tens to hundreds of persons. Letters from the dead warn of a coming apocalypse and of a “King” or “Stranger” walking amongst us. Are these events and the similar suicides of many individuals, particularly those involved in the arts, merely some kind of group mania?
- Revolutions occur in Argentina and Brazil with some reporters claiming they have been fomented by the same individual: in the first place *el hijo amarillo* (the yellow son), in the second *homen amarelo* (the yellow man).
- In the art world the school of expressionism is adopted with universal enthusiasm by critics. Otto Dix, George Grosz, Max Beckmann, and Lyonel Feninger in Germany, Edward Hopper and Jackson Pollock in America, Austin Osman Spare in Britain and the Belgian Paul Devlaux all make major contributions. Their works are quasi-religious but non-Christian and feature recurrent themes of a thrilling yet subtly threatening figure come to end man's empty pursuit of pleasure. Most major galleries consign the old masters to their holdings while these new artists dominate the exhibition spaces and the public consciousness.
- In literature and theater, otherwise diverse writings by the likes of Joseph Hergesheimer, Sinclair Lewis, Philip Barry, Robert Musil, William Faulkner, and W. H. Auden echo similar themes to wide critical applause. Motion pictures in France, Britain, and the U.S. play on a pervasive concept of wasted effort and ennui.
- On a smaller scale yet, individuals take out advertisement space in newspapers and periodicals where they spout their madness. Graffiti blooms almost unchecked in public places. Violence and despair are common — rarely does one not see signs of unrest every day.

These occurrences are year-round. The keeper can expand upon these ideas if the campaign is going to continue to run in a world under the thrall of the King in Yellow.

Chapter Summary

The investigators enter the caves at Drakmar and encounter the Tcho-Tchos and Chaugnar Faugn. They travel to Leng where they finally catch up with Malcolm Quarrie — they must determine what their treatment of him will be. They come to the Upper House. The journey through this place is long and arduous until at last, as Aldebaran leaves the sky, they meet the King in Yellow. He is ready to step to Earth. This meeting may be cruel indeed.

Sanity Loss/Gains for the Conclusion of BOOK III

- Killing Malcolm Quarrie: -1D4 Sanity points
- Killing a friend: -1D8 Sanity points
 - Halve the Sanity loss for those investigators who did not actually commit the murders.*
- Experiencing Leng and the Upper House: -1D8 Sanity points
- Believing the King in Yellow has come to Earth: -1D12 Sanity points
- Believing the King in Yellow thwarted: +1D12 Sanity points
- Not knowing the outcome either way: -1D6 Sanity points
 - Only one of the last three should be applied dependent on each investigator's belief.*

END

Appendix A - Timeline to the Start of the Campaign

1908: Montague Edwards and Lawrence Bacon meet at the Isis-Urania temple of the Golden Dawn. The two speak of Hastur and the Mythos.

October 1915: Alexander Roby's dreams from Hastur start. They continue each year from October through March when Aldebaran and the Hyades are visible above the horizon. Over the next ten years Roby travels to the dream city of Carcosa itself on several occasions.

October 1919: Edwards and Bacon begin to assemble others who they will need to bring Hastur to Earth.

1920: The Goatswood cult of the fertility goddess Shub-Niggurath sends Wilfred Gresty from the Severn Valley to gain news of Hastur. He finds Edwards and Bacon in London.

1922: Malcolm Quarrie, a folklorist and student, stumbles across the Goatswood cult and becomes intrigued by what their leader, Atkinson, has to tell him.

April 8th 1923: Malcolm marries Hillary Hayes in Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire. They move to Nug's Farm in the Severn Valley. As they become immersed in the cult, their relationship begins to unravel.

May 12th 1923: Roby publishes *Der Wanderer durch den See* under the initials "A. R." through Whitehall Press, London, a small concern that deals largely with vanity publications.

June 1924: Hillary gives birth to Sarah. Malcolm professes doubts she is his; he leaves for London and, steered by Atkinson and Gresty, he too takes up with Edwards and Bacon. Malcolm and Hillary become permanently estranged. Hillary's occult relationship with the old man Atkinson becomes more intimate.

February 1925: Bacon reads *Der Wanderer durch den See* and brings it to the attention of Edwards. Edwards finds Roby and starts to act as a mentor to him. Roby soon discovers that his dreaming has a basis in truth — he is receptive to the praise and tuition from Edwards and Bacon and begins to see how to bring Carcosa to Earth.

May 1925: Alexander Roby meets Delia Hartston at an occult lecture; they are soon engaged.

mid-1925: Malcolm Quarrie begins an intense correspondence concerning the Hastur Mythos with a Professor Roberto Anzalone, a contemporary in Italy who shares Quarrie's fascination with the occult. Anzalone refers to certain works new to Quarrie and expands research to include Chaugnar Faugn, whom he feels might be a key to unlocking Hastur.

September 1925: Delia breaks off the engagement with Roby because of his increasingly aberrant behavior. They remain in contact that Autumn but Delia no longer entertains ideas of a romance.

November 7th 1925: Delia ceases all contact with Alexander, disturbed both by his mood swings and his excited talk of an impending "ceremony".

November 12th 1925: Grahame Roby, also alarmed by his brother's state of mind, employs a private detective, Vincent Tuck, to follow Alexander's movements.

November 23rd 1925: Tuck has now seen Roby in contact with Edwards, Bacon, and Quarrie. He watches Bacon cast *Steal Life* to kill a tramp by the Regent's Canal. He is confused but deeply disturbed by what he witnessed.

December 31st 1925: Roby, Edwards, Bacon, Quarrie, and other cultists bring forth Hastur in the East Anglian Heights. There is communication with the Great Old One, but also deaths and insanity. Roby goes permanently insane.

January 1926: Edwards and Quarrie argue about the Summoning. Quarrie breaks with the cult for good.

March 1926: Quarrie and another ex-member of the Hastur cult, Thomas Villiers, leave London for Milan; there they work with Anzalone and start making ties with members of the Brothers of the Yellow Sign. Aldebaran disappears with the work of the Hastur Cult in London still incomplete.

October 14th 1926: Aldebaran reappears. A troubled Alexander summons a byakhee with instructions to murder his father, Herbert. It kills both his father and sister, Georgina.

. . . timeline to Start continued

November 28th 1926: Alexander's brother, Grahame, along with Dr. Lionel Trollope and Dr. Charles Highsmith, formally commit Alexander to St. Agnes's Asylum for the Deranged for a period of two years. Dr. Highsmith prescribes laudanum to stop what he diagnoses as scotophobia. The drugs diminish the contact with Hastur to a level where Roby can function relatively normally, albeit lethargically. Highsmith begins a close study of Roby and matches the occurrence of the phobia to the seasons — although he does not know the significance of this cycle.

May 15th 1927: Delia Hartston marries Peter Morrison. It does not prove to be a happy union.

June 10th 1927: Dr. Trollope's first visit to Alexander Roby at the asylum. Back in London the doctor acquires and reads *Der Wanderer durch den See* and is disturbed by Alexander's narrative.

Late July 1927: Hillary Quarrie receives a letter from her estranged husband Malcolm in Milan in which he talks of his past partnership with a cult of Hastur

and his new efforts to follow that god. He talks of reconciliation.

October 1927: Back in England, frustrated by his lack of solo progress, Edwards finds work at the asylum under the alias of Mark Evans. Over the next sixteen months his efforts to unfetter Roby's dreams are limited, and he is once reprimanded for unauthorized contact with the patient. He also sees correspondence from Dr. Trollope pressuring Dr. Highsmith to keep Roby confined.

November 27th 1927: Overcome by his homicidal mania — occasioned by his pact with Hastur — Edwards murders a patient, Cuthbert Yates. The murder remains a local case.

December 19th 1927: Dr. Trollope visits Alexander a second time at the asylum and unwittingly leads him in the casting of a spell that shows the doctor his own death.

1928: Roby makes progress on the spell, Build Carcosa. Completion is very close, but Edwards' patience is short. If Roby is not released at the pending hearing he decides he will take him by force.

Appendix B - Projected Timeline from Start of the Campaign

The Start of the Game, October 17th 1928: A night out at a play in London. The investigators together, or independently if unknown to one another, attend *The Queen and the Stranger* staged by Talbot Estus where they see the Yellow Sign brazenly employed to dramatic end. Certain 'sensitives' may thereafter feel Hastur's presence as will any who go on to look at the texts *The King in Yellow* or *Der Wanderer durch den See*.

October 19th 1928: Dr. Highsmith contacts the group's psychologist / psychiatrist (or perhaps another professional of some kind within the group) regarding the decision on whether to keep Alexander Roby committed. Dr. Highsmith is eager to release Roby and is secretly seeking biographical

information on Alexander to expedite publication of a paper on the case, but, despite his motivations, he can be swayed to keep Roby committed.

October 28th 1928 (approximate): Dr. Highsmith is at the Great Western Hotel in London and meets with the investigator(s).

October 30th or early November 1928: The investigators interview Roby at the asylum. An unsettling incident happens that night when Montague Edwards / Mark Evans uses Send Dreams. Edwards dispatches Michael Coombs to London to spy on the investigators. In the city Coombs rooms with Wilfred Gresty.

Early November 1928: The investigators meet Dr. Lionel Trollope at his home in London to discuss Alexander's case.

. . . Projected Timeline From Start continued

2 days after meeting Trollope: Coombs, upon Edwards' orders, kills Dr. Trollope as he takes his evening walk in St. James's Park. The same day Edwards anonymously murders patient Frederick Long at the asylum. The investigators may not immediately learn about the second of these incidents.

3 days after meeting Trollope: An investigator receives a letter from Dr. Trollope that he wrote right before his death. Over the next days and weeks the investigators interview Lawrence Bacon, Grahame Roby, Det. Insp. John Stephens, Delia Morrison (nee Hartston), and Vincent Tuck. Det. Insp. Andrew Taylor interviews them in turn about Dr. Trollope's murder. Edwards and Quarrie cannot be found.

Early November 1928: A copy of *Der Wanderer durch den See* may be found and read. A trip can be made to Suffolk to look at the summoning site. The investigators will see the monoliths used in calling Hastur. Byakhee will come down.

November 19th 1928: Gresty sends a letter to one of the investigators suggesting his opposition to the cult and telling them of Bacon's plan to leave his home on November 27th.

November 21st 1928: Dr. Highsmith writes to request any information the investigators can give him on Roby. They will probably suggest that Roby should not be released.

November 27th 1928: The night of the full moon. A face-off occurs between the investigators and Bacon by the canal as he casts Steal Life. The encounter should leave at least Bacon dead. His house gives up the Chime of Tezchapl and the **Turner Codex**, and maybe more, although the appearance of ghouls could make the visit a short one.

November 29th 1928: Gresty sends a second, more effusive letter to the investigators. He mentions Quarrie and the woman under Atkinson's influence who seems to be Quarrie's wife. He talks of an upcoming event of great significance.

November 30th 1928: The Magistrate's Court in Hereford takes direction on the release of Alexander Roby. If the court recommends release Alexander is to go to a rest home but "Evans" handles the transfer and he never arrives. If Highsmith doesn't rec-

ommend release Edwards promptly effects the release by force with a bloody and confusing murder.

December 1st 1928: Roby posts a note to Delia listing Edwards' destination as Mullardoch House.

December 2nd to 6th 1928: Roby completes his chant while Edwards arranges the arrival of 18 of his cultists to aid in the casting of the spells.

December 7th 1928: Alexander Roby successfully casts Build Carcosa. Carcosa intersects with Earth at Loch Mullardoch and the cultists enter the city.

December 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th 1928: Unbeknownst to Roby, Montague Edwards and the cult prepare for the calling of Hastur by summoning one spawn each day. The investigators are likely to arrive at Loch Mullardoch at some time over this period to try to stop these plans.

December 8th 1928: Delia only now receives the letter from Alexander asking her to join him at Mullardoch House. If she still in contact with the investigators she will pass this on.

December 9th 1928: A brief obituary/comment on Bacon appears in *Occult Magazine*. It crucially makes reference to Montague Edwards as "the Laird of Mullardoch". A subsequent interview with the magazine staff reveals the author as Aleister Crowley, who knew both Roby and Edwards from the Golden Dawn. In possession of this and/or the previous clue, the investigators should travel to the north to stop the ceremony.

December 12th 1928: Montague Edwards plans to cast Free Hastur to call the Great Old One himself.

January 18th 1929: Dr. Highsmith's paper, "Sympathetic Mania: A Case Study in Repetitive and Predictive Reoccurrence", appears in the February edition of the *British Journal of Psychology*.

During most of the balance of the year there is a pause in events. However, until March, while Aldebaran is still above the horizon, and after it reappears in October, the investigators will feel Hastur's influence in varying degrees.

Early December 1929: Hillary Quarrie receives a second letter from Malcolm. The letter was sent

. . . Projected Timeline From Start continued

from India and speaks of an expedition. It also gives details of an executor in Milan, Thomas Villiers.

13th December 1929: A newspaper article mentions Wilfred Gresty's arrest. The interviewers can speak to him and learn of Hillary Quarrie's whereabouts.

Mid to Late December 1929: The investigators visit Hillary Quarrie at Nug's Farm near Lower Clotton. From her they can learn of Malcolm Quarrie's

sojourn in Milan. Their arrival in the Severn Valley triggers events which they may feel obligated to help Hillary with.

Late December 1929 to January 1930: The investigators travel to Milan, Italy where they can learn details of Malcolm Quarrie's expedition. Soon afterwards they board ship in Marseilles for the journey to Bombay. They plan to trace the steps of the Italians to reach Drakmar and Leng.

Appendix C - Timeline for the Italian Expedition

March 1927: Malcolm Quarrie moves to Milan with Thomas Villiers. They join Roberto Anzalone and the Brothers of the Yellow Sign.

Early July 1928: Quarrie writes a letter to his estranged wife, Hillary, to explore the possibility of a reunion. She doesn't respond.

Spring 1927 through Spring 1929: Anzalone and Quarrie enlarge the Brothers further. They refine and solidify their beliefs that the King in Yellow will come as Aldebaran moves in the sky in the winter of 1929-30, and that it is the deity Chaugnar Faugn who points the way.

Summer 1928: Anzalone pinpoints the location of Drakmar and Leng as being in the forbidden territory of Nepal. He proposes an expedition to his University under the pretense he has found Jiwakhar, the fourteenth century capital of Mustang, which he places in Tibet. The university and civil authorities agree a small expeditionary party to find and confirm the location.

August 17th 1929: The expedition boards ship in Naples bound for Bombay. The roster is now Anzalone, Quarrie, another cultist, Carlo Schipone, and Major Ricardo Delnegro, an officer assigned to them from the Italian Alpine Troops. The cultists intend to travel to Nepal, not Tibet as officially announced, and mean to win the non-

cultist Delnegro to their plan by means of Cloud Memory and Implant Suggestion.

September 21st 1929: The party arrives in Bombay.

September 24th 1929: The men set off across India by railway, heading northeast via Benares to Nautanwa on the Nepalese border rather than their stated destination of Darjeeling. Quarrie sends a second letter to Hillary that will prove crucial for the investigators.

September 28th 1929: The men arrive in Nautanwa. They gather additional provisions.

October 8th 1929: They enter Nepal with the caravan of a Nepalese merchant, Ripa Tendruk. They proceed north without challenge.

October 13th 1929: Pokhara. They locate a new guide, Yangser Chumpo, new porters and gather more supplies.

October 19th 1929: The expedition sets off again.

October 24th 1929: They reach the village of Sika and the Kali Gandaki river and strike north along the valley.

November 1st 1929: Across the border into Mustang, leaving the valley and heading east into the Himalaya. They start to search for Drakmar.

November 4th 1929: Drakmar is found. The porters refuse to stay; Chumpo stays but will not camp under the cliffs with the other travelers.

. . . Italian Expedition continued

November 5th 1929: Anzalone, Quarrie, Schippone, and Delnegro penetrate Drakmar for the first time finding strange marks and evidence of cannibalism. The Tcho-Tchos are glimpsed.

November 6th 1929: Chumpo leaves in the night. A second exploration shows proof of recent habitation. The three cultists dream of Chaugnar Faugn and are overcome by panic during which Schippone kills Delnegro. Schippone lays out the corpse as an offering for the Tcho-Tchos and then flees, his mind broken.

November 7th 1929: Anzalone and Quarrie enter the caves and come before Chaugnar Faugn. The

Tcho-Tcho priests are unsure whether Quarrie is the White Acolyte, but they see that Anzalone is not. They torture Anzalone who ultimately gives himself to Chaugnar Faugn and they wait to see if there will be more strangers.

November 11th 1929: Schippone stumbles into the monastery of Te — starved, dehydrated, and half-mad. The men there care for him. His presence at the monastery, and the disappearance of the other white men, becomes known in the nearby villages of Kag and Tayen. Some time later, Schippone kills everyone at Te.

Appendix D - Dreams, Visions, Intrusions

The dreams here are presented as the shortest of short stories. The keeper can read them to the investigators or extemporize upon them — they are not intended as hand-outs. It is, of course, up to the keeper to choose exactly how to target investigators but here is a suggested format.

The keeper assigns two recipients for the dreams by the criteria suggested near the start of this book in the section “Hastur and his Influence”, under “Dreams and Visions” — judging by the closeness of the investigators to the Mythos, and also by their natural temperament and inclination. Assign dreams one, two, and three to the first dreamer and four, five, and six to the second. You’ll notice each dream has two paragraphs, two halves. The dreamer receives each of the three dreams several times and each time the dream stops at the halfway point. The keeper should wait until a time of great stress or drama before allowing each of the dreams to continue into the more shocking second half — perhaps the aftermath of viewing Hastur, the reappearance of Aldebaran in October 1929, or their arrival in the Kali Gandaki river valley. All interrupted dreams cost the dreamer 0/1 Sanity points while those dreams that reach conclusion cost the dreamer

0/1D3 Sanity points. When waking, the dreamer is unnaturally anxious and remembers events in every detail — these are much more immediate than their normal dreaming experiences.

Dreams of Hastur #1 – The Concert

Faces look up pooled and expectant. You sit with the others, the violin pinched between chin and shoulder as you’ve seen others do, your left hand on the strings. The music starts up and the orchestra crashes into its brief life. But are you the only one playing a role? Isn’t the audience applauding and calling out in the wrong places? And the other musicians — they’re competing, sounding their instruments randomly. The conductor points at you. You glance at your music and there is the Yellow Sign — it writhes and squirms and seems ready to reach out for you. You must assuage it. Hastily, you start to play to its rhythm building the sound yourself note by note.

You’re exultant. You work furiously, crouched forward, balanced on the edge of your chair, and as you do you glimpse the other members of the orchestra around you and they’re no longer human. Creatures — still black — thin and strong with wings and long heads, rows of long teeth. Your fingers touch your palms and your instrument is gone. You’re sitting on the edge of a round hole — you

. . . Dreams continued

can't see the bottom — and there are things falling down into it. One by one the creatures, your neighbors are diving in — they spread their wings out, they grow, and glide down. There's the conductor, his tattered white robes drifting in a wind that isn't there. He turns and points to you and without thought you jump — down, down. You count the seconds you have left, and you're aware that this is the only act that mattered in your life.

Dreams of Hastur #2—The Falconer

You are hunting. Scrub gorse, heather, and granite spread out to the horizon. You remember the story of a man lost on these moors. As the sun fell, and he had resigned himself to sleeping out in the cold, he came across a lovely girl who was out hunting with falcons. She spoke Old Breton. He went with her to her manor house and quickly fell in love with her. In the morning, as he sat with her in the garden, he was bitten by a viper. He swooned and when he woke all that was there was her grave — it said she died in her youth a hundred years ago, for the love of a man of his name. In your mind's eye you see images from this tale: the pale triangle of her face, the ivied stone of her grave, and her falconer, Hastur — you see him too and wish you did not, for you know what he heralds. As in the story the light is almost gone and you settle down on your haunches, knowing you must spend the night out here. You watch as the sun goes out like a snuffed candle and the world changes to pitch black. You lie down to sleep. But just as you are drifting off you hear the bells.

You stand, holding your breath. From somewhere comes a female voice: "How cruel of him to say that". The bells sound close by. A man's voice, light-hearted but sad: "I am caught". You break and run; it's your only chance. A rill trips you and you stumble, your gun flying from your hand into the night. A misguided notion of what to do in pursuit has you following the water. Panting, you look back and then splash to a stop. Yes — the gentle sound of the bells — he's there. You turn to face the front. His shadow looms huge and impassive. Darkness comes down over you like a hood . . .

Dreams of Hastur #3—Doppelganger

It's cold outside and the bedroom window stands wide open. The curtains sigh into the room. You

watch yourself sleeping, wrapping the sheets more tightly around your shoulders and you see they're ripped, shredded into long streamers. You rise from bed and stumble out of the room. Along unfamiliar corridors and across large chambers, you notice marble, carpet, pass glass, velvet hangings, brick and porcelain, oil, and gold wood. One of you is muttering: "It's all a distraction. All a distraction." There's a mask on the wall and you take it up, put it on. You see a sword and pick it up. The robe of tattered cotton plays out behind you, lending you a dignity commensurate with your task. And then you see someone in a side corridor watching you. Your doppelganger, eager and worried. Suddenly furious you hurry over, gripping the sword tightly: "You think you can stand in judgment over me? You think this has nothing to do with you?!" You wonder just what you're capable of. "It is my crown! Mine!"

You whirl forward, the weapon singing. Attack and defense are contrived and inexpert and you separate. But blood blooms thickly on your arm — you're shocked, you've seen many weapons like this but you didn't think they actually worked — and you hold the wound and watch your double raise the sword again. And you both look so afraid.

Dreams of Hastur #4—Earth's Cemetery

You sit at the bow of the boat. It's a bright little vessel of polished wood with a white sail, and it moves gently across the lake in front of the breeze. You look down into the water past where your trailing hand disturbs the surface; it's spirit-thick and gray. Is that movement? You pull up your hand and a mottled shape balloons past you not far below, then another — huge marine creatures. Up ahead the water slaps. The white and yellow back of one of the things clears the surface for a moment then dives. You see it still. It's coming right at you — bigger and bigger — and it rears out of the water fully now, looming above the boat like a cliff. You won't wait for this. You stand and you step off into the water. Falling. Falling. Eyes closed.

The water becomes a mist. It clears and a landscape stretches out around you, stone and heathland and then a walled cemetery in the Napoleonic fashion. Stepping through the gates the mossy graves fan out all around you. You walk on and on, plain mark-



. . . Dreams continued

ers are everywhere, tens of thousands — there are no crosses, or angels or other superstitions. Finally you come to a corner that you seem to know. You read some of the names here and they're all familiar to you, your family and friends, everyone living and dead is here. And the dates on the graves are all within a few years of today. Your own grave is cracked. It's a plain tablet without even your name but you know it well. You feel a half-memory of how it was before you were in that boat, before the King in Yellow came. But everyone's here now. For this is Carcosa and this is the cemetery for all of dead Earth.

Dreams of Hastur #5—The Girl

You stand among finely dressed people, talking and laughing. Your surroundings are gracious and music plays and your eyes are upon a particularly lovely girl here in white lace and muslin. One by one men approach her but after a brief moment each quickly slips away and you notice they look panicked and lost. When the last has gone she raises her fan to her face and turns towards you. You walk over and then your fingers are against the small of her back guiding her in the dance. Her perfume fills the room, and now the two of you are alone in a gallery with glass doors all along one wall. You realize you've not yet seen her face and suddenly you're afraid. A chill comes off her, and you shut your eyes tight. You feel her hand on your face, cold and questing.

Something brushes your eyelids. You open them and look out and see darkness without end. Deeper than the black ocean, you're submerged in its waters, pushed down upon and falling upwards at the same time. You're dying slowly, still holding tight, falling up into the stars that are her face. Even as the pain and terror overwhelm you, you know there should be no other end. This is her right.

Keeper's Note: this dream is suitable for a male investigator.

Dreams of Hastur #6—A Progress

Green and black light slants down through the canopy of leaves to the floor. You walk on soft moss that surrounds the trees. Old oaks make a city here, quiet but watchful. Every detail is in place. You imagine who you might meet here in this fairy tale forest, wild Cernunnos the hunter, the Faerie Queen

with her donkeys, hobgoblins and sprites, the wolf at the banquet all tooth and cunning, and by thinking of them you bring them closer. Someone falls into step beside you and it's another you imagined, the rogue, the highwayman, Wat or Will or one of those. He strides along, capable and sure, rolling on the balls of his feet with an easy gait — longbow across his back, dirk in his belt. He's grinning. No he isn't, you can't keep up this conceit. The old forest is gone and, as it is, your companion becomes — who is it? If you're Pilgrim then Faithful? Vain Confidence? But with this hesitation you're alone and the welter of staging is replaced by bare boards, your plot by an empty page. Someone else directs your dream and you can't escape this with the distractions of fairy tales and allegories. You're walking to Him.

You're crossing featureless frosty ground. Aldebaran looms ahead. It has slipped so low in the sky that it touches the horizon; one could step up to it now. One could step down from it. Thousands of stars show but not the stars you know. There are others with you — friends, but they're just an escort, for it's only you that matters. No Caesar ever performed an action to match this one. You see a bright, bright light and then a tall figure. His white and yellow robes move in a wind that you don't feel. His hand reaches out and, awed, you see yourself take it and walk through.

Keeper's Note: if this last dream is to be repeated the first paragraph is not dreamt a second time.

The keeper can also use these as “waking dreams” when an investigator is in a situation that might act as a trigger. Respectively that would be:

- at a concert
- on wild parkland or heathland
- looking at another person sleeping or dead
- on a lake or in a graveyard or cemetery
- attending a party or in lively restaurant
- in a wood or forest or avenue of trees.

The “waking dreamer” experiences the full dream, and while they do are lost in thought and unresponsive to others. They need to be shaken violently to interrupt the passage of the dream. Sanity loss is appropriate.

. . . Dreams continued

Visions: Moments of Clarity or Madness, Coincidences, and Strange Occurrences

The following visions are different from the dreams in that they always interrupt lucidity by occurring during the waking day. Again the targets should chiefly be the two investigators who are receiving the above dreams — they should suggest to the investigators that their malady is “worsening” — but as the keeper feels appropriate, they could affect other investigators, too — particularly if they’ve undergone recent stress or temporary insanity. The visions are tailored for specific situations and the keeper should add more of them as they see fit. These examples carry a cost of 0/1 Sanity point loss.

- An advertising poster for a brand of pipe tobacco catches your attention. The stylized line of “smoke” that rises in the picture prescribes a symbol you’ve seen before. As you watch, it begins to waver and squirm, and then slowly, lazily, it reaches out for your eyes . . . you jerk violently. (And the investigator does duck hard away for no apparent reason that their companions can see.)
- You notice a high window in a brown building on your right. Ragged curtains fly out in the wind, fluttering like streamers. They must be moving in a freak breeze because a flag above them hangs limp. Suddenly they whip out of sight, are gone, and for a second a pale face replaces them. It looks directly down at you, with an unreadable expression on its frozen, paper white face. (The investigator is lost, stopped, staring up at a distant window.)
- The room smells of glue. You look around carefully and notice that what you had taken for wallpaper is actually hundreds and hundreds of charcoal drawings stuck on the walls — they overlap one another, pasted up hastily, layered three or four deep. Looking more closely you see they’re all treatments on a theme: figures with harsh features and limbs — monsters, narrow-faced and snarling, winged creatures. You start to closely inspect one then another and you notice resemblances to someone you know. (Companions see the investigator minutely studying, touching the walls of the room for no apparent reason; it needs a hand placed upon them to break their reverie.)
- You catch sight of a face in the crowd which stares straight back at you, white and calm — the Pallid Mask. It floats towards you and the whole figure comes into view robed in white. A woman passes between you and it and the figure seems to “enter” her and she shudders

and collapses. It’s gone. You look all around but it’s gone. (The investigator having this vision stops short, freezes, and then indeed a woman nearby does collapse. People gather round her. She has fainted and when she comes around is panicked and confused. She complains of being severely chilled. The investigators are unlikely to learn this but she will die within the week.)

Intrusions

While not supernatural encounters, it’s convenient to mention another element here rather than at various points throughout the main text. There are many others affected by the nearness of the King in Yellow who stay largely in the background of the campaign. These individuals might appear on a bus or at a church or at a public gathering and shout their message; they might paint it on a wall or scratch it on a bench; they might write it into an appropriate library book or whisper it down a telephone. Allow the investigators to encounter these persons as seems appropriate: such encounters should escalate as the campaign itself moves on — by the second winter they should be happening with some regularity. Here are some example writings or statements:

- THE KING WILL COME THIS WINTER.
- REJOICE! THE STRANGER TELLS ME THAT LONDON WILL BE BORN ANEW.
- THE KING (Daubed in paint. This word is repeated five times in different hands.)
- (An image that is the painting or scratching of a reversed image of the Yellow Sign.)
- THE STAR SHALL EAT US WHOLE.
- EYES SEE THE KING IN YELLOW.

If the individuals responsible for any of these messages are met and questioned they say these things visit them nightly in their dreams and now outside. The individual should be blameless and motiveless — he or she is a sensitive person, either a practitioner creating art and beauty or one who is particularly receptive to it. The individual has no insight into the Hastur Mythos but has become obsessed by it and will either latch onto the investigators as fellow converts or recoil from them to guard his or her own “knowledge”.

Appendix E - Running the Campaign

A few more thoughts occur here that may help your campaign entertain and grow.

Pace

The campaign seeks to let tension, intrigue, and discovery build slowly over a period of months and then again over most of a year, and there are some points, particularly early in the campaign, where investigators must wait for a communication. The arrival of the letters from Dr. Trollope and Wilfred Gresty, the note from Alexander to Delia, the magazine obituary for Bacon, the newspaper article mentioning Gresty — these events are all timed. Your group may be comfortable with this — roleplayers often sense when not to force a plot along, allowing the story to unfold while getting to know player characters and non-player characters and exploring their environment — this would be ideal here, but this isn't always the case. If your investigators are going berserk trying to find a non-player character when you know they can't, you may have to take control. Play through events as far as you need to, then tell them that their efforts are to no avail for the week they pursue that line of investigation. Do they wish to pursue other lines or cover anything else? If they don't, then move things forward and produce the next critical piece of information to get things jump-started.

There is also the time between the events in Scotland and the events culminating in the trip to Nepal to consider. How to handle this period was already covered at the start of Chapter 6, but it perhaps bears mention again that the key thing for the keeper to remember here is to reestablish tension. When Aldebaran comes back above the horizon in October 1929, then dreams, visions, and intrusions foreshadow the coming of the King in Yellow. The players should be anxious to find Quarrie; Gresty's unmasking is something they should jump at.

An Example of Artistic Output: The King in Yellow as Political Allegory

One character in playtest was George Dermot Crowe, a poet and socialist. Crowe saw the play *The Queen and the Stranger* and made the acquaintance of Talbot Estus who loaned him the original text,

The King in Yellow. Crowe was both troubled and inspired by his reading of the work and his own artistic output was affected — burgeoning and growing more intense. He would sit up at his desk at night under Aldebaran and pour out his thoughts, describing his experiences through the seemingly safe filter of societal concern. The result was the epic poem, *The Road to Albion*.

Albion is comparable to certain works of William Blake in that it seeks to critique political upheaval using both historical figures and places, and fantastical, allegorical creatures. So, the rise of the British labor movement, and the General Strike and the disillusionment that followed it, are examined against a mythological backdrop. Simplistically, Hastur (in the poem) symbolizes the values of capitalist society. People are drawn to him as they're drawn to money, goods, and power. Hastur delivers but others pay with their suffering and ultimately so does the recipient, for Hastur consumes everything. Socialists draw on Hastur's power too, hoping to encourage the excesses of capitalism so that it will crumble and the masses rise up against it. But there was a balance in the text too, for while it saw that in the long term Hastur was violence, it was recognized that in the short term he could also be the inspiration for things of great beauty and indeed intellectual and social worth. Crowe missed the irony of all this with regard to his own position of using Hastur for producing something of artistic worth.

The work had a mixed reception. Crowe had not been successful in sanitizing the element of horror: large tracts of the text were bleak, nihilist, and powerfully troubling, but these were also the most beautiful and effective passages. The prose could be read on two levels, and one was more compelling than the other — a modern political and moral tale, yes, but also a call of lonely desperation and magnificent terror.

Seances

Involvement in spiritualism was not uncommon in Britain of the late 1920's. In playtest several of the investigators were members of the same spiritualist circle based in Highbury Fields in North London. After their experience in Carcosa in early December 1928 they decided to try to make contact with Alexander Roby whom they believed was still in the

... the Campaign continued

city. With Aldebaran in the ascendant and the Hyades the very center of Hastur's influence over Earth this was always going to be a risky venture.

A clear image came into view, quite different from those that had sometimes been seen in emanating ectoplasm at earlier meetings of the circle. The image was of an open plain and three figures with their backs turned. The medium collapsed, breaking the circle, but the image did not disappear, and in the resultant panic certain unsuspecting non-investigators who could not draw their eyes away came face to face with the King in Yellow.

The keeper might be more generous with their rewards than here. If the investigators were in a hole they could be deemed able to speak with Roby and gain important knowledge. Either way, seances can be appropriate and atmospheric interludes in the adventure — particularly useful in that they can bring strangeness into the lives of acquaintances of the investigators, and perhaps draw attention to the investigators' own parlous sanity.

Robert Chambers and The King in Yellow

There's no reason why the investigators will not be able to learn of and then read Robert W. Chambers'

fiction during this campaign. *The King in Yellow* was written in 1895, and was very well received — probably in spite of, not because of, its elements of horror. Should the investigators wish to contact the author here is some brief information on the author.

Born in Brooklyn, New York, as a young man Chambers studied art in Paris. Returning to America he worked as an illustrator before turning to fiction. He has never considered himself a fantasist despite being influenced by Poe and Bierce, and the vast majority of his output is not in the genre. He has become successful and wealthy during his lifetime and is now sixty-four years old and living comfortably in a fine mansion, Broadalbin, in upstate New York. He is a pleasant man, and enjoys country life with its hunting and fishing. He also collects butterflies, books, and oriental vases, and dabbles in scientific experimentation. Chambers dies on December 16th, 1933.

How he responds to an investigator's correspondence is up to the keeper, but it is unlikely that Chambers would wish to revisit too closely the time in his past when these strange elements invaded his fiction.

Appendix F — Notes on London

The keeper may well be comfortable basing adventures in London, but, though it is outside the scope of this book to provide complete background information on the city and country, here are some brief historical notes that may be of use. Both the *London Guidebook* and *Green and Pleasant Land* supplements cited in the Bibliography are recommended for additional information, although at time of writing they are out of print and will need tracking down.

London Topography

London is in the southeast of England on the River

Thames, about forty miles from the sea. Greater London comprises an area 12-15 miles in every direction from its center at Charing Cross — that is 693 square miles — and has a population of 7.5 million people. The counties of Surrey and Kent border the city to the south, Middlesex and Essex to the north.

Central London, north of the river, can reasonably be split into two, the West End and the City. The City, east of Temple Bar, contains the main financial institutions such as the Stock Exchange and the Bank of England, and also St. Paul's Cathedral and the Law Courts. More than a million people come into the City each day to work. The West End is the

. . . on London continued

most fashionable area of London and contains the best clubs and shops — including the bookshops along Charing Cross Road; most of the parks, museums, theaters, cinemas, and galleries; a wide variety of restaurants — particularly in Soho with its French, Italian, Swiss, Greek, Portuguese, and Turkish immigrants; the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey. Mayfair, north of Piccadilly, and Belgravia, northwest of Victoria, are its most desirable addresses.

West London contains the districts of Millbank, Hammersmith, Paddington, and St. John's Wood, also Knightsbridge and its fine mansion flats, and Kensington with its museums. The pleasant areas of Chelsea, Fulham, Putney, Chiswick, and Hammersmith lie along the Thames.

North London is a mainly residential area encompassing all types of neighborhoods, from the lower end in Camden Town and King's Cross through Islington to the fine areas of Highgate and Hampstead, with its large and picturesque Heath giving a fine view over all of London. Marylebone, with Regent's Park and London Zoo, also lies in this zone.

The East End contains the poor houses and slums of Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, Stepney, and Poplar, plus industrial areas including the Port of London. South of the river, South London is also largely industrial comprising the boroughs of Southwark, Bermondsey, Lambeth, Battersea, Clapham, Dulwich, Deptford, Camberwell, Wandsworth, Woolwich, and Greenwich, the last with its Royal Observatory, Hospital, and Park.

The outskirts of London can be easily reached by railway and motor vehicle. South and west lie the Deer Park at Richmond and the gardens at Kew. Windsor Castle and Eton, famous for its college, are due west. South is Croydon with the Aerodrome, the popular Crystal Palace resort at Sydenham, and Epsom where the Derby is run. Gravesend and Tilbury lie on the Thames to the east while Epping Forest and Waltham Abbey are to the north.

Money

British currency is the sovereign or pound (l. or £) which is made up of twenty shillings (s. or /-) which are in turn made up of twelve pennies (d.). A "guinea" means twenty-one shillings, but the coin

itself has been out of circulation for many years. Gold coins (rare) are the sovereign and half sovereign. Silver coins are the half crown (2s. 6d.), the florin (2s.), the shilling, the sixpence, and threepenny piece. Bronze or "copper" coins are the penny, the halfpenny, and the farthing (a quarter of a penny, also rare). Notes are in denominations of ten shillings and one, five, ten, twenty, fifty, 100, 200, 500, and 1000 pounds. Foreign money doesn't circulate but travelers can carry money in the form of letters of credit from major banks. Travelers checks can also be used and are issued by tourist agents, the American Bankers Association, and the American Express Co.

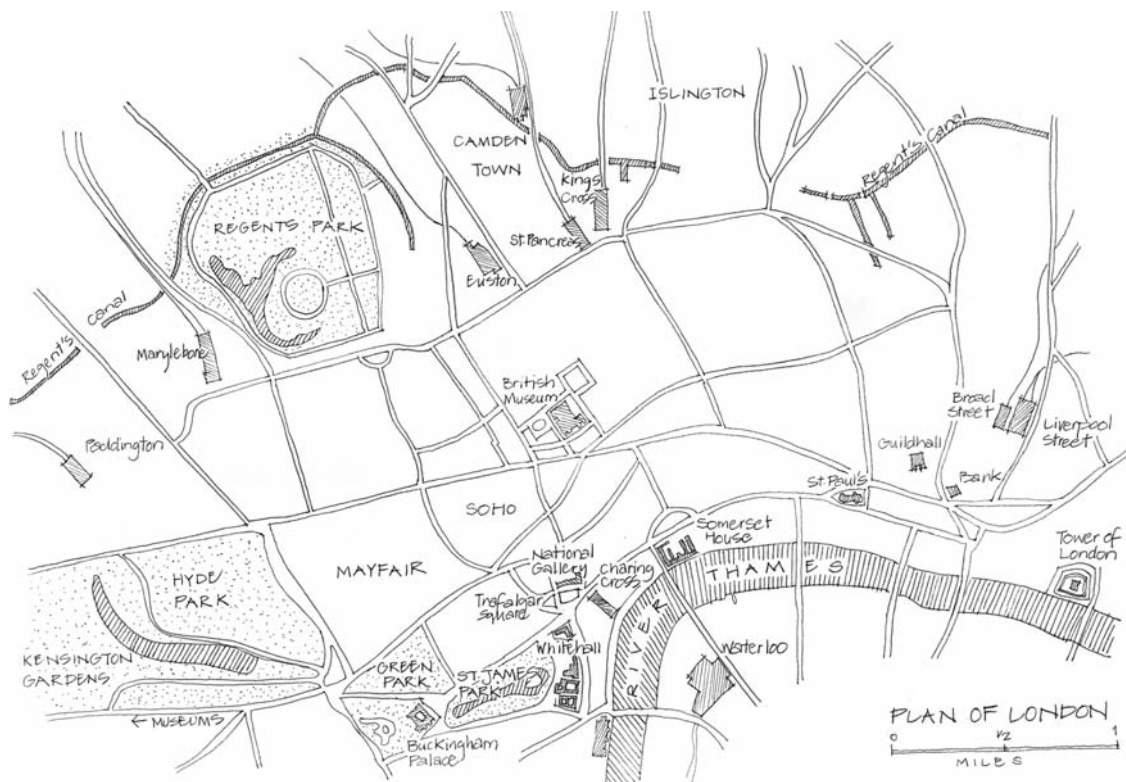
Arriving

Summer rates for steamship travel from the United States or Canada are \$200-300 for first class, \$135-165 for second class and \$85-120 for third class. Fares dip during the winter season. Cunard and White Star sail from New York to Southampton, but there are eight other companies and various routes to choose from. Travelers' luggage is inspected in their presence at the port of arrival. Passage takes five to nine days and a boat train takes passengers from the port straight into London.

Hotels, Boarding Houses, and Lodgings

First class London hotels boast elevators, central heating, private baths, room telephones, and house orchestras. Older, smaller hotels still offer clean and comfortable accommodation, and private and residential hotels can be good quality, though have no liquor license. Temperance Hotels are cheaper still. Charges depend on room size and floor, while fires, hot baths, and meals in rooms are extra. Tips of 10% should be split between the headwaiter, table waiter, chambermaid, and "boots" (luggage porter), and given weekly to ensure best service. The off-season nightly price (Oct. to Mar.) for a room can be anything from around 30-40s. at Claridge's or Grosvenor House (suites run about double) to 8s. for room and board at a Temperance Hotel. Boarding houses are good for long stays with full room and board (breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and tea) costing 50-60 s. a week; guests take meals together and share a sitting room. Travelers can also

... on London continued



obtain furnished houses or flats from 3 gns. (guineas) a week and upward.

Food and Drink

The fashionable place for tea is the palm-court or lounge of a first-class hotel. For dinner, most fine restaurants offer French fare and many smaller restaurants are also French or Italian and give excellent value, although wine is expensive everywhere. Hotel restaurants are usually open to non-residents and offer good quality meat and fish, while the soups, vegetables, and sauces may not match Continental fare. Noted restaurants include the Cafe Royal on Regent Street, an artistic and Bohemian rendezvous, and the Cafe de Paris near Leicester Square, a replica of the saloon of the *Lusitania* which also offers dancing and entertainment. Grill Rooms attached to larger restaurants offer steaks and chops, while cheaper are the many shops of the Express Dairy Co., Aerated Bread Co. (ABC's) and Lyons Tea Rooms, unlicensed and offering simple English fare such as fish, roast beef, roast duck or chicken, pies, boiled potatoes, vegetables and puddings. Cafes are only found in the West End and offer tea, coffee, and

such in the Continental style. Eating out is not common for most Englishmen who take their meals at home, but well-to-do gentlemen will also eat out at their club.

The club is a combination of restaurant, cafe, and hotel but open only to members who pay the high annual entrance fee. Ladies and strangers are usually not admitted though some clubs allow them as visitors and there are now some Ladies Clubs. Most institutions are housed in imposing buildings in the West End and offer a reading room, billiards room and music room, and sometimes a gymnasium and swimming pool.

The better class of person will not visit a Public House, but rather drink in a hotel. If one must go into a pub, the "saloon bar" tends to offer less-riotous company. Typical drinks are ales (bitter or mild), stout, or half-and-half, while British-brewed German lagers can also be found. Ladies would never enter such an establishment.

Conveyances

Taxicabs seat four persons and can carry a moderate amount of luggage. Motor cars may be rented by the

. . . on London continued

hour, day, or week, and are available with or without chauffeur (e.g. from F. Kidner & Son with garages at Lancaster St., W2, Hyde Park Gate, SW7 and Portman Sq. W1). Double-decker omnibuses cover all of London from 7:00 a.m. to midnight and electric trams radiate out from seventeen termini in Central London — up to 400 an hour run along the Victoria Embankment in peak hours. Trams run from 5:00 a.m. to midnight with half-hourly services all night on main routes, though they don't go into the West End. Motor coaches can take Londoners to all parts of England and are particularly popular for getting to the seaside.

The Underground Railway is cheap and convenient: the Metropolitan and District Railways form a complete belt around London and radiate out to the suburbs, while the Tube Railways are deeper with many of the routes dating from only 1906-7. Separate carriages are provided for smokers and only hand luggage is allowed to be carried. There are more than 600 railway stations in London, (including the 227 Underground stations) with access to platforms only allowed with tickets to travel or platform tickets (1d). Stations on the north side of the city tend to each serve a separate suburb and part of the country, but in the south services are more complex. The principal mainline stations are: Cannon Street, Charing Cross, Euston, Fenchurch Street, Holborn Viaduct, King's Cross, Liverpool Street, London Bridge, Marylebone, Paddington, St. Pancras, Victoria and Waterloo; most stations have attached hotels. Lastly, nineteen road and rail bridges cross the Thames.

Museums and Libraries

Located in Bloomsbury, the British Museum is the greatest in the world. The Reading Room, situated in the center of the museum is open on weekdays from 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. The roof of glass and iron is 140 feet in diameter and 106 feet high. There is accommodation for 458 readers around a superintendent who sits on a raised platform in the center. If what you need is not in the 20,000 volume general catalog in the room, (dictionaries, encyclopedias, histories, standard works, etc.), you request a book by filling out a printed form and your seat number and then one of the attendants will bring it to your seat. Access to the Reading Room is by written appli-

cation to the Director and Principal Librarian. One must indicate what research one is interested in and why it may not be carried out elsewhere, and also include a recommendation from a "person of position". A reader's ticket may then be issued for six months at a time. Access to the Reading Room also allows access to the Newspaper Reading Room in the Museum (nationals) and at Hendon in Northwest London (regionals) which have complete back issues of almost all British newspapers. The Museum itself holds the results of excavations in Assyria, Halicarnassus, and Ephesus, plus treasures such as the Elgin Marbles, Towneley Marbles, the Harpy Tomb and Nereid Monument from Xanthos, the Assyrian Bulls and Lions with their human heads, the Black Obelisk of Nimrud, the Egyptian sarcophagi, the Greek vases, the sculptures from Benin, the Maori and Mexican collections, and the figure of Bodhisattva.

In South Kensington are the Natural History Museum, containing zoological, paleontological, mammalian, mineral, and botanical collections; the Science Museum with its collection of machinery, machine-models, and scientific apparatus; and the Victoria and Albert Museum, a museum of decorative and applied art. The London Museum in Lancaster House holds a collection narrating the history of the city. Art galleries include the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, the Wallace Collection, Guildhall, and the Tate Gallery.

A last institution of interest is the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum. Unrivaled of its kind it contains a history of world medicine from the Hall of Primitive Medicine with its displays on magic, ancestor cults, and cults of the dead through the Anatomy Room, Hall of Statuary (deities associated with healing arts), Alchemy Room, and Pharmaceutical collection.

General Points

Visitors may find that the British are given to an understatement which may be taken as aloofness although in fact American visitors are treated by some British as kin rather than "foreigners".

The rules concerning correct dress for different functions are not nearly so rigid as they once were, but it's worth noting that hats should still be raised to ladies and removed in hotel elevators. Punctuality

. . . on London continued

is still particularly prized. Formal calls to someone's home should be made on a weekday between 3:00 and 6:00 p.m., the earlier the call the more "ceremonious" it is considered. Such a call should last no more than fifteen minutes — however, if invited to stay to tea between 4.30 and 5:00 p.m., a visitor may then remain at his or her leisure. Cards should be left at the door after a call, and if the person was not home, one corner turned down to show the call was made in person — a personal call is always preferable to sending a letter. Telephones are by no means universal.

Dinner is normally taken between 7.30 and 8.30 p.m. by the upper classes. Gentlemen stay at the

table with their cigars for a short time after the ladies have left.

The current king is George V who was recently ill but has happily made a full recovery. He and Queen Mary have five sons, including the future Edward VIII and George VI and one daughter, Elizabeth, who is seven years old.

Cricket and Association Football rank first in popularity of sports, cricket being played in spring and summer, and football in autumn and winter. And a last point on the weather: waterproofs and umbrellas are essential and one should also dress warmly in the winter — houses in Britain in the 1920's rarely have central heating.

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Appendix H - Handouts

--- FIRST TIME ON ANY STAGE ---

"CARCOSA"

or, "THE QUEEN AND THE STRANGER"

being a Fantasy in Two Acts

Adapted from the French and Staged by

TALBOT ESTUS

THE SCALA CHARLOTTE STREET, LONDON W. 1

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Three Impressions from Carcosa, or the Queen and the Stranger,

Act One, Scene 3

The queen greets the white masked stranger who appears indifferent to her status. She seems to know who he is and to have expected him, but is surprised he has come so soon. When she puts this to him he replies that, no, she is really surprised that he wasn't here before. They talk for a period more but you realize that it's all clever word play designed to obfuscate a hidden truth and you lose interest in the dialogue as you consider what is not being said. A couple a few rows in front of you start whispering urgently. They gather their things then get up to leave. You are very annoyed at this and can choose to make a comment if you wish. But actually you can sense a repressed tension in yourself, too, at odds with what you would call this play's understated portrayal of ill-defined events. The stage regains your attention, as the stranger makes to embrace the queen.

The white-masked stranger enters; Cassilda is oblivious to his presence. She begins a soliloquy in which she speaks of each of her children who wander in distractedly as they are discussed (they are named here for the first time): her eldest son, Thale, restless, contented and cruel; Uoht, her second son, flawed, ambitious, sensitive; Camilla, her daughter, quiet but influential. She bemoans how the family was only ever held together by the Yellow Sign. The theater is absolutely still. You sense a tension in yourself, something tells you a truly awful event is about to occur. As all the other actors save Cassilda leave, the silent stranger, almost forgotten in the shadows, steps past her to the very front of the stage. He faces the audience.

The queen, Cassilda, is alone on the stage. She is quiet for almost a minute — very odd for a play — and then she reacts as though someone has joined her although no one has. She speaks of the approach of madness, and she talks ever more excitedly about the power of the king, the King in Yellow, and there are pauses in her conversation as though she is listening to another side. Then a second figure enters wearing long silk robes and a bone-white mask. She ignores him. Someone at the back of the theater shouts out and people in front of you turn to look as the disturbance continues. On stage the queen now looks at the newcomer. She visibly struggles to remain calm.

"CARCOSA" or, "THE QUEEN AND THE STRANGER"

adapted from the French and staged by
TALBOT ESTUS

CAST LIST

The part of CASSILDA, QUEEN of YHTILL will be played by
MRS. HANNAH KEITH

The part of THALE, OLDER SON of CASSILDA will be played by
MR. WALTER PAIGE

The parts of UOHT, YOUNGER SON of CASSILDA, and NAOTALBA, CASSILDA'S
HIGH PRIEST will be played by MR. GEORGE KEITH

The part of CAMILLA, DAUGHTER of CASSILDA will be played by
MISS JEAN HEWART

The part of THE STRANGER will be played by
MR. MICHAEL GILLEN

The part of THE KING IN YELLOW will be played by
MR. TALBOT ESTUS

Saint Agnes' Asylum for the Deranged
near Woodley
Herefordshire

Friday, 18th October, 1929

Dear Sir,

I apologise for this unsolicited correspondence, but pray that you will do me the favour of reading it through and considering its request. This letter comes to you as the author of the paper "Basic Anxiety and Ontological Insecurity" which, if I may say so, I much admired, particularly your analysis of the work of Dr. Karen Horney. I am a consulting doctor at St. Agnes' Asylum in Herefordshire and am seeking an expert opinion on how to proceed in the matter of an inmate's case. If I may prevail upon you, these are an outline of the facts.

Patent 'W' is a young man from a good line who, holding no employ, spent much of his time before admission in private study. In the autumn of 1926 a terrible incident occurred and W's father and sister were left murdered. W, much troubled, was committed to this asylum shortly thereafter upon the application of his brother and the diagnosis of the family physician.

W is suffering from extended bouts of Scopophobia that give him temporary but intense anxiety. This has proved treatable with medication and I am of the happy opinion that I may recommend his release when his period of mandatory confinement comes to an end this November. Here the problem arises: W's brother has been urging me to recommend his continued residence. I am surprised at our playing opposite roles in this not uncommon disagreement, and I find the stance of the family unusually rigid. I am currently at a loss to understand a motive.

I am hopeful that you will consent to an interview with me on this matter. Again, I regret this communication without our previous introduction, but my closest colleagues have not the patience for Psycho-Analysts that I believe to be the way to examine such cases. There are some unusual aspects here and perhaps this might be an interesting study for you.

I shall be visiting London for a few days beginning the 28th October. I shall be staying at the Great Western Hotel. Please contact me there should you be willing to meet. You are of course very welcome to bring a colleague or assistant should you so wish.

Your obliged and obedient servant,

Charles Highsmith

TOTK Papers #4: Keeper's Transcription of the Letter from Dr. Highsmith (previous page)

Saint Agnes' Asylum for the Deranged, Near Weobley, Herefordshire

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Your obliged and obedient servant,

Charles Highsmith

A Dream Vision

You're walking along a busy street in a city. It's night. You're in a hurry, but there are many other pedestrians about who slow your progress. Also, despite your haste, every twenty yards or so you feel compelled to stop and check that you have your key with you. You pull it out of an inside pocket of your jacket — it is a large corroded old-fashioned key on a very long loop of string — then thrust it back in. Once you hang it over your arm like a bag, a satchel, but you decide it's safer in the pocket and put it back in there. Then, as you take it out one more time, instead of the key you're looking at a small human-like figure, a fetish, lying there in your hand. It's grotesque, and now there's something else — a sweet, fetid smell on the air, like rotting fruit.

You look up, disturbed, and the city is gone to be replaced by a flat landscape punctuated by mounds and hillocks and a few stunted trees. You stand with others. There's a pressure building as though a storm is in the air. You sense water nearby and the wind blows the smell to you. It's still dark but you can just make out and count nine shapes, pagan standing stones, placed around you. The quality of the air changes then the ground beneath you, your heart feels too big for your chest. Something is coming. There are cut-off screams and one then another the people near you wink out like stars. You are alone, looking for the thing. You sense it at the last moment as it reaches out for you, takes you and lifts you up, lying there tiny under its inspection. You can't help but look up into its eyes . . .

You wake up in bed. You are sitting bolt upright and your heart is racing. The nightmare can be recalled in every detail, and the faint smell of rancid fruit permeates the room.

TOTK Papers #7

MURDER AT MAYFAIR MANSION

FAMILY MEMBER HELD FOR QUESTIONING

A double murder was committed last night at the home of Mr. Herbert Roby, 4 Curzon St., Mayfair. The police were called to the house at 10:45 p.m. by domestic staff to discover the bodies of two family members: Mr. Herbert Roby himself and his daughter Miss Georgina Roby. Police say that this does not appear to be a random attack or the work of burglars and that the motive is as yet unknown. A family member has been detained to assist with their inquiries which are ongoing. Mr. Herbert Roby, 64, was retired from the Foreign Office and the father of the well known merchant banker Mr. Grahame Roby who was not in town at the time of the tragedy.

Daily Express, 15th October 1926.

OBITUARY

HERBERT ARTHUR ROBY Suddenly, on 14th October 1926 at his home in Mayfair aged 64 years. Survived by two sons, Grahame and Alexander. A private service will be held on 23rd October. Flowers should be sent to Ames Funeral Home in Westminster.

Daily Express, 17th October 1926.

TOTK Papers #5: Two Newspaper Stories Related to the Roby Murders

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A CHAOSIUM PUBLICATION

Delia?

Being locked in this room is inconvenient. It means I cannot finish my work and so I cannot go where I would like to go. You know, few writers have the ability to write honestly. Truths are used for entertainment only and that is a strange concept: it barely grazes what is of import. Such a writer is like a man whose only concern is to hide his ignorance. Willful misrepresentation, a shut mind, closed eyes, a tight mouth, and balled fists. It's not enough to have the ability, bring your intellect to bear like a light in the darkness, like a sane man in a world of madmen.

Have you seen the pallid mask? Have you been down by the lake and seen the beauty and felt the rightness of it all? Edwards said to work only with him. Are you with Quarrie? Why are they not here? Is it this year, once in five thousand years? Has Quarrie brought the king in yellow? Is he already amongst us?

Have you seen the yellow sign?

What Edwards and I are doing now harms no one. But I have been worrying about Malcolm Quarrie and the conversations we had. I think that, despite what Edwards might think, Quarrie is right. The king in yellow has called himself the white acolyte. I don't think he will stay away. So here is a kindness I would like you to pass on to him for when he sees that the king does not offer him what he hopes. To divert the king's attentions away from our Earth and back upon the dream city he must think of Cassilda's song:

The stars that burn their charcoal death
Shrink back, they feel the hoary breath
Of he who ransoms great Carcosa.
He flees where queen and prophet met,
Where twin suns fall but never set,
Escapes the tomb of lost Carcosa.

Patient: *A. ROBY*.....
Doctor: *L. TROLLACK*.....
Signed:
Date:

Detective Tuck's Strange Report

At three o'clock in the morning a man left 112, Liverpool Road, N1. Full moon and visibility good. First time I had seen him but knew him as Lawrence Bacon from descriptions from the neighbours: a broad man well over six feet tall with greying hair and a full beard. He walked via Liverpool Road and Copenhagen Street to the Regent's Canal taking the near towpath and going north. After a bit he went slower looking in alleys and doorways by the light of an electric torch. Finally he stopped before a sleeping tramp. I was fifty yards away. He lifted his arms and suddenly I heard from all over a whistling noise. The tramp screamed on and on but Bacon never touched him. Then both noises stopped. Bacon squatted down and then turned and came back past me. I let him go and went over to the place where he had stood. There was a body there, a man I think, the arms were held up to protect it and the face was frozen in fear — mouth open. Poor sod died in terror and pain. I would think Bacon killed him but if he did he must be a black magician or something as the corpse was as dry as dust.

TOTK Papers #11

But where, who, or what is *hali*? In his reading the texts, either by design or uncertainty, are obscure and even contradictory. In his dreams contradictions were also rife but he felt that *hali* was the Lake itself.

The reader imagines that this is the first race to own dominion over this planet and that it will be the last. That is wrong thinking but each must come to this conclusion on his own account — it is something one has to see for oneself, not be told. He knows his opinion would be derided or else provoke anger so he does not try to persuade. I share it for him here.

The book concludes with:

Some would be disconcerted by the structure of this treatise, but it is for us to walk on the Earth in Carcosa: that is the Third Act. That passage may or may not be written.

Translated from the German:

Aid me, Karwan. I, a dreamer, seek a vision from red Alsebaran and black *hali*. I make the Sign.

Then immediately following in English:
And seeking the vision, he makes the Yellow Sign in front of him with his fist such as I, standing before him, could read it plain enough to Bespeak the End of the Day.

TOTK #10: Quotations from
Der Wanderer durch den See

A CHAOSIUM PUBLICATION  WWW.CHAOSIUM.COM

FATAL STABBING IN ST. JAMES'S PARK

TWO MEN SOUGHT

A gentleman was attacked and killed in St. James's Park last night at shortly after six o'clock in the evening. The deceased was identified as Dr. Lionel F. Trollope of 126, Long Acre WC2.

A newspaper boy saw the attack as it was taking place. The attacker, a tall man in a long dark coat, fled out of the park onto The Mall where he may have joined a smaller, stout man before running off towards Waterloo Place. A brown leather bootlace was found in the dead man's grip which police think may have been taken from his attacker in a struggle. The motive for the assault appears to have been robbery.

Dr. Trollope ran an established medical practice at 31-32 Bedford Place, Bloomsbury WC1. He was sixty years old with grey hair and a moustache and was dressed smartly in a three-quarter-length dark herringbone pattern coat, black hat, white gloves and cane. Police are anxious to speak to anyone who was in the St. James' Park or surrounding areas at around six o'clock and may have seen either Dr. Trollope or persons matching the descriptions given above. They are asked to contact Scotland Yard and request to speak to Detective Inspector Taylor.

Daily Express, 4th November 1928

TOTK Papers #8: Story Related to
the Murder of Dr. Trollope

126, Long Acre
London WC2

3rd November 1928

Dear Sir,

I write this first upon your leaving a meeting. I am going to be frank - please pardon any offence that I cause. I am not certain of Dr. Highsmith's motives in this case but I sense a curiosity in you in which I have decided to place my trust. I find myself in need to unburden myself of things that I have left unsaid. I hesitate to put these on paper but nevertheless I proceed.

Contrary to possible appearance I am anxious to help Alexander. His father was a good friend of mine so I have known him since he was just a small boy. He is decent, gentle young fellow who has, I think, fallen in with circumstances that misuse him.

I will talk of my first visit to Alexander in St. Angnes in June of 1927. Dr. Highsmith told me he was unimpaired and lucid and I found this to be the case despite some periodic confusion on his part. But his conversation was odd indeed. He seemed quite unlike the young man I knew. One of the few references was a talk that I could make sense of referred to the book he authored and upon my return to London I undertook to look at it. You may be aware that five or six years ago Alexander published a volume called *The Walker by the Lake*. I had never picked it up before - I believed that it would be difficult for me to digest - but though much within it was indeed bizarre or puzzling, somehow it held me. Certain words and phrases therein reminded me of Alexander's talk at the symposium and I could see that those writings spoke to the root of his incoherence. Oddly, sections of the narrative were in German: I transcribed and later translated these passages.

My second visit to Alexander was about six months later after the first, just before Christmas. On this occasion I found him seated and correspondingly uncommunicative. Anxious that my journey not be a fruitless one I thought to try an experiment. I had brought some papers with me, transcripts of his book, and I began to read out one of the German passages in that language. I am not sure what I expected to find. I suppose I was merely seeking a corroboration of some kind. I stumbled over the phrases, I am not skilled at languages, but that Alexander responded. He spoke the text along with me. As he did, I stopped reading myself and tried to engage him. What happened next is difficult to say.

He kept speaking now and I could see he was overtly excited so I was reaching out to touch his shoulder. As I did suddenly felt very weak and the next thing I knew I was on the floor. I was unexplicitly panicked. The madhouse attendant was down on one knee, giving me assistance, and Alexander stood above us. His face was his old one and very sad. "I am very sorry, Doctor. I cannot change what you saw." And then I remembered what that was.

I will tell you that I think Alexander knows how his father and sister died, and that their deaths were a result of events involving a person or persons unknown. It seems Alexander came particularly under the influence of a Mr. Lawrence Bera. Mr. Bera is an antique merchant with premises in Liverpool Road, 1 Shington but I believe he may also be a self-styled occultist. This information was gained at the behest of Alexander's brother, Graham, through a private detective lived at Wapping, & Mr. Vincent Tuck. I think Alexander would peek at Mr. Bera again if released. It bears mention that I am sure that these matters had nothing to do with Alexander's cartship with Miss Jackson, no matter what you might have been told.

I feel that I have done the right thing in showing what I know although I ask that you use ~~discretion~~ discretion for the sake of Alexander's family and possibly for your own security. I urge you to read the book and to contact me again as soon as expedient. I will tell you more of the grounds for my suspicion of Mr. Bera if you should consent to that meeting.

And lastly I bring myself to tell you what it was I saw in that small cell in the asylum. As Alexander spoke I was no longer there in the cell. I was walking in St. James's Park - I had just crossed the small suspension bridge to the south across the lake and I was looking at the buildings at Whitehall. I have made this walk almost every night for the last thirty years and there I was, everything was just as it should be. I knew it was not a dream; it was ~~undeniable~~ undeniable and the novelty: the walkers setting up their noise as Duck Island and up ahead the paperboy calling. The sun was setting. I reached into my pocket for my penny for the Standard, and as I did I heard a scuffed step behind me and I turned. I ~~was~~ ^{saw} a sharp-faced man, quite tall, and his eyes held mine. "KEEP STILL PLEASE, SIR" he said and I felt a sharp pain and then I was falling. He helped me down as I clung to him. I closed my eyes and when I ~~opened~~ ^{reopened} them I was looking up at the sky. And there was the paperboy's white face and I tried to say something to reassure him but couldn't. And I knew no more. The Lord took me.

I hope to hear from you soon.

Yours sincerely,

Lionel Trollope

3rd November 1928
126, Long Acre,
London WC2

Dear Sir,

I write this fast upon your leaving our meeting. I am going to be very frank — please pardon any offence that I cause. I am not certain of Dr. Highsmith's motives in this case but I sense a curiosity in you in which I have decided to place my trust. I find in myself a need to unburden myself of things that I have left unsaid. I hesitate to put these on paper but nevertheless I proceed.

Contrary to possible appearance I am anxious to help Alexander. His father was a good friend of mine so I have known him since he was just a small boy. He is a decent, gentle young fellow who has, I think, fallen in with circumstances that misuse him.

I will talk of my first visit to Alexander in St. Agnes in June of 1927. Dr. Highsmith told me he was unmedicated and lucid and I found this to be the case despite some periodic confusion on his part. But his conversation was odd indeed. He seemed quite unlike the young man I knew. One of the few references in our talk that I could make sense of referred to the book he authored and upon my return to London I undertook to look at it. You may be aware that five or six years ago Alexander published a volume called *The Walker by the Lake*. I had never picked it up before — I believed that it would be difficult for me to digest — but though much within it was indeed bizarre or puzzling, somehow it held me. Certain words and phrases therein reminded me of Alexander's talk at the asylum and I could see that these writings spoke to the root of his incapacity. Oddly, sections of the narrative were in German: I transcribed and later translated these passages.

My second visit to Alexander was about six months after the first, just before Christmas. On this occasion I found him sedated and correspondingly uncommunicative. Anxious that my journey not be a fruitless one I thought to try an experiment. I had bought some papers with me, transcriptions of his book, and I began to read out one of the German passages in that language. I am not sure what I expected from this, I suppose I was merely seeking a reaction of some kind. I stumbled over the phrases, I am not skilled at languages, but then Alexander responded. He spoke the text along with me. As he did, I stopped reciting myself and tried to engage him. What happened next is difficult for me to say.

He kept speaking now and I could see he was overly excited so I was reaching out to touch his shoulder. As I

did I suddenly felt very weak and the next thing I knew I was lying on the floor. I was inexplicably panicked. The madhouse attendant was down on one knee, giving me assistance, and Alexander stood above us. His face was his old one and very sad: "I am very sorry, Doctor. I cannot change what you saw." And then I remembered what that was.

I will tell you that I think that Alexander knows how his father and sister died, and that their deaths were a result of events involving a person or persons using him. It seems Alexander came particularly under the influence of a Mr. Lawrence Bacon. Mr. Bacon is an antique merchant with premises in Liverpool Road, Islington but I believe he may also be a self-styled occultist. This information was gained at the behest of Alexander's brother, Grahame, through a private detective hired in Wapping, a Mr. Vincent Tuck. I think Alexander would seek out Mr. Bacon again if released. It bears mention that I am sure that these matters had nothing to do with Alexander's courtship with Miss Hartston, no matter what you might have been told.

I feel that I have done the right thing in sharing what I know although I ask that you use discretion for the sake of Alexander's family and possibly for your own security. I urge you to read the book and to contact me again as soon as expedient. I will tell you more of the grounds for my suspicion of Mr. Bacon if you should consent to that meeting.

And lastly I bring myself to tell you what it was that I saw in that small cell in the asylum. As Alexander spoke I was no longer there in the cell. I was walking in St. James's Park — I had just crossed the small suspension bridge to the south across the lake and I was looking along at the buildings on Whitehall. I have made this walk almost every night for the last thirty years and there I was and everything was just as it should be. I knew it was not a dream; it was in the detail and the normalcy: the mallards setting up their noise on Duck Island and up ahead the paperboy calling. The sun was setting. I reached into my pocket for my penny for the Standard, and as I did I heard a scuffed step behind me and I turned. I saw a sharp-faced man, quite tall, and his eyes held mine. "Keep still please, sir" he said and I felt a sharp pain and then I was falling. He helped me down as I clung to him. I closed my eyes and when I reopened them I was looking up at the sky. And there was the paperboy's white face and I tried to say something to reassure him but couldn't. And then I knew no more. The Lord took me.

I hope to hear from you soon.

Yours sincerely,
Lionel Trollope



ASSAULT ON CHRIST CHURCH VERGER.

MAN HELD BY POLICE.

From our own Correspondent

A shocking and quite unprovoked attack occurred inside of Christ Church, Spitalfields in the early hours of this Wednesday morning.

About 1:00 a.m. the verger, Mr. Leslie S. Unsworth was woken by the sounding of a high-pitched whistle from within the church. Upon going to investigate he discovered a trespasser standing at the altar-end of the nave, who appeared to be in a state of high agitation and was bleeding from his hands. When Mr. Unsworth issued a challenge, the intruder rushed at him and pushed him down before running off. The verger was able to recover and attract the attention of a police officer and his suspected assailant was quickly apprehended and taken into custody.

The arrested individual has been identified as a Mr. Wilfred Gresty. He will be arraigned before Old Street Magistrates Court this morning.

The Times, 13th December 1929.

TOTK Papers #20: Article Concerning Gresty's Arrest

TOTK Papers #12: Keeper's Transcription of Wilfred Gresty's First Letter
(opposite)

Dear Friend

I call you a friend though we have not met and I hope will be soon. I think we can help each other and I start to show that now. Coombs says you were with Mr. Roby. I think you are no friend of Edwards so I think you are looking at Bacon now. You must know that Mr. Roby and Bacon used to be with Edwards Mr. Quarry and me. We are no longer together. Mr. Quarry has gone away and Edwards and me speak little. You know where poor Mr. Roby is. But Bacon is a wicked man and is not a friend of mine. I blame Bacon for where Mr. Roby is. I want to help you settle him and ask what you will. Bacon will step out on the night of 27th November the full moon. You should follow him then. Be careful. Take friends and a weapon. Coombs will not go with him as he should if I ask but he is a wicked man and he will have wicked plans. Just watch him. He should be stopped. I will write again. I wish you the very best luck until that time.

W. Gresty

Notes Concerning The Turner Codex

This copy is numbered 125 of 1000 copies. The work is credited as translated by Maplethorpe Turner et al. and dated 1902. The introduction states that the text was discovered in the late nineteenth century, by Mr. Turner himself, in Guatemalan ruins. The text was hammered onto hundreds of thin copper plates in a previously unknown system of hieroglyphics. Turner and other scholars decoded these — although the other translators are not credited anywhere in these pages. *The Turner Codex* seems to be a series of prayers, eulogies, and libations to entities called the Unspeakable One, Hastur, and Kaiwan.

A short prayer called Sound the Pure, elsewhere called Tezchaptl! Listens or Sound Tezchaptl's Chime: *Then spoke Tezchaptl, we praise his name, stilling the song of the birds and quieting the call of the beasts even stopping the breath of the air.*

A second even shorter prayer called Ring the Pure, also called Tezchaptl's Voice or Ring Tezchaptl's Chime:

Then spoke Tezchaptl, we praise his name, roaring.

The chime is a physical object and its manufacture is covered in detail. This involves fashioning a bell or similar object made from a pure metal and taking this to a location high above the sea. Once there a complicated and lengthy ritual is used to consecrate the object. The manufacture also requires the user to speak the prayer Unspeakable Promise (see below). The chime seems to offer protection against "enchancements" worked in the user's hearing that include instrument, song or performance. The first prayer above seems to allow absorption of such an enchantment when accompanied by a soft ring of a chime. The second prayer seems to allow release of the absorbed energy with a second and louder ring.

A prayer called Welcome the Unspeakable One:

Expectant we raise our muzzles to smell the air for hatred, we strain our ears for the sound of love.

We, the mute, lame, the stupid, the dull, the weak,

We turn our blind eyes to the hurter's killer

We raise our hands and voices in prayers for an answer.

Nine teeth jut up liming the maw of living earth.

Return Hastur! Heed us!

Your Star Steeds lord the black night sky

Return Hastur Save us!

lä! Great One! lä! Great Hastur! Lead Us!

The prayer called Unspeakable Promise.

Give me all I wish Great Hastur. Heed me!

Look after your servant for long moments.

Forever your servant shall do your will.

And forever your servant shall do your will.

And forever your servant shall do your will.

And forever your servant shall do your will.

DEAR FRIEND

I CALL YOU A FRIEND THOUGH WE HAVE NOT MET AND I HOPE WILL BE SOON. I THINK WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER AND I START TO SHOW THAT NOW. COOMBS SAYS YOU WERE WITH MR. ROBY. I THINK YOU ARE NO FRIEND OF EDWARDS SO I THINK YOU ARE LOOKING AT BACON NOW. YOU MUST KNOW THAT MR. ROBY AND BACON USED TO BE WITH EDWARDS MR. QUARRY AND ME. WE ARE NO LONGER TOGETHER. MR. QUARRY HAS GONE AWAY AND EDWARDS AND ME SPEAK LITTLE. YOU KNOW WHERE POOR MR. ROBY IS. BUT BACON IS A WICKED MAN AND IS NOT A FRIEND OF MINE. I BLAME BACON FOR WHERE MR. ROBY IS. I WANT TO HELP YOU SETTLE HIM AND ASK WHAT YOU WILL. BACON WILL STEP OUT ON THE NIGHT OF 27th NOVEMBER THE FULL MOON. YOU SHOULD FOLLOW HIM THEN. BE CAREFUL. TAKE FRIENDS AND A WEAPON. COOMBS WILL NOT GO WITH HIM AS HE SHOULD IF I ASK BUT HE IS A WICKED MAN AND HE WILL HAVE WICKED PLANS. JUST WATCH HIM. HE SHOULD BE STOPPED. I WILL WRITE AGAIN. I WISH YOU THE VERY BEST LUCK UNTIL THAT TIME.

W. GREY

MURDER OF LUNATIC AT HEREFORDSHIRE MADHOUSE

A Wye Valley asylum inmate was brutally murdered on Thursday in the oddest circumstances. The dead man, Alexander Roby, had a release hearing scheduled at Hereford Magistrates Court that very afternoon. He was not to be present at this hearing. The magistrate there entertained argument from the asylum superintendent and ordered that Roby be detained indefinitely for his own protection. But when the superintendent returned to his place of work it was to find Roby slain.

Roby was an inmate at St. Agnes' Asylum for the Deranged in Weobley, Herefordshire, under the care of Dr. Charles Highsmith. He was admitted in October of 1926 shortly after the murder of his father, Herbert, and sister, Georgina, a crime still unsolved. His brother is the banker Mr. Grahame Roby of Courtts and Co.

Police say the murder was excessively violent and was perpetrated with a knife that was recovered on the scene in the possession of a second inmate. This man is the prime suspect for the killing but police are also anxious to contact two nurses at the institution who are missing. The men are Thomas Clarke, of Leominster, thirty-four years old, who is described as of medium height and thin build, clean shaven, with blue eyes and blonde hair, and Michael Evans, also of Leominster, forty-one years old, of medium height and build, clean shaven with dark eyes and brown hair. One or both of these men may be wounded.

Daily Express, 29th November 1928.

TOTK Papers #15: Newspaper Article
on Roby's "Death"

Delia,
I am going to Scotland to Edwards' home
on Loch Mullardoch. Please meet me here
as soon as you possibly can.
Things will move very quickly now.
You will see that I was not chasing
the devil
Alexander

TOTK Papers #16: Roby's Note

Mr. LAWRENCE BACON (1869-1929)

LAWRENCE Bacon, a resident of Holloway, North London, died a few weeks ago. Mr. Bacon had been a dealer in such rare books as tended to address the occult, philosophy, theology and religion, and you, the reader, may have had dealings with him at his place of business on Liverpool Road despite the tendency for the seller to observe rigorous entry conditions.

Mr. Bacon had been a sometime acquaintance of ours, in fact we used to belong to the same London club, where he was quite inseparable from another, perhaps more intriguing member, Montague Edwards, known to a few of us there as the Laird of Mullardoch. Mr. Bacon's death was a violent one and is as yet unexplained.

"Perudabo"

Occult Magazine, 9th December 1928.

TOTK Papers #16: Keeper's Transcription of
Roby's Note (left)

Delia,

I am going to Scotland to Edwards' home on Loch Mullardoch. Please meet me there as soon as you possibly can. Things will move very quickly now. You will see that I was not chasing the devil.

Alexander

TOTK Papers #14: Keeper's Transcription of Wilfred Gresty's Second Letter (opposite)

Dear friend

I need to thank you for the murder of Bacon. I am sure it was hard to do but he was a wicked man. I know where to put trust and it was put well with you in this matter. Now we do trust each other we should know each other better. I have friends but not gentlemen like you and your friends. We should meet soon. I am from the west country but London has been my home for ten years now and I say it is a chamber pot pretty at a glance but full of filth and stink. I hope to go home soon to inherit. For you alone I am to take Atkinsons place when the old man dies. He cannot live two years at most. He says I am here for the Goat but he owes me too and I will be paid what he owes me. The woman at Nugs Farm well Mr. Quarrys wife. The old man never had her. The child is not his. I laugh when I think he can make things wilder than dreams and blacker than nightmares but he cannot climb into her bed. How his old loins must itch when he thinks of her. So first we must play the last cards with Edwards and the God he follows. Edwards needs Mr. Roby and if he gets him there will be hell to pay. Worse I think for hell is a weak imagining. You must stop that. Edwards will call on me too. He needs me. I will not answer. Rather I will call on the British gods and they will guard the best of their servants who is

your friend

Wilfred Gresty

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DEAR FRIEND

I NEEDED TO THANK YOU FOR THE MURDER OF BACON. I AM SURE IT WAS HARD TO DO BUT HE WAS A WICKED MAN. I KNOW WHERE TO PUT TRUST AND IT WAS PUT WELL WITH YOU IN THIS MATTER. NOW WE DO TRUST EACH OTHER WE SHOULD KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER. I HAVE FRIENDS BUT NOT GENTLEMAN LIKE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS. WE SHOULD MEET SOON. I AM FROM THE WEST COUNTRY BUT LONDON HAS BEEN MY HOME FOR TEN YEARS NOW AND I SAY IT IS A CHAMBER POT PRETTY AT A GLANCE BUT FULL OF FILTH AND STINK. I HOPE TO GO HOME SOON ~~TO~~ INHERIT. FOR YOU ALONE I AM TO TAKE ATKINSONS PLACE WHEN THE OLD MAN DIES. HE CANNOT LIVE TWO YEARS AT MOST. HE SAYS I AM HERE FOR THE GOAT BUT HE OWES ME TOO AND I WILL BE PAID WHAT HE OWES ME. THE WOMEN AT NUGS FARM WELL MR. QUARRYS WIFE. THE OLD MAN NEVER HAD HER. THE CHILD IS NOT HIS. I LAUGH WHEN I THINK HE CAN MAKE THINGS WILDER THAN DREAMS AND BLACKER THAN NIGHTMARES BUT HE CANNOT CLIMB INTO HER BED. HOW HIS OLD LOINS MUST ITCH WHEN HE THINKS OF HER. SO FIRST WE MUST PLAY THE LAST CARDS WITH EDWARDS AND THE GOD HE FOLLOWS. EDWARDS NEEDS MR. ROBY AND IF HE GETS HIM THERE WILL BE HELL TO PAY. WORSE I THINK FOR HELL IS A WEAK IMAGINING. YOU MUST STOP THAT. EDWARDS WILL CALL ON ME TOO. HE NEEDS ME. I WILL NOT ANSWER. RATHER I WILL CALL ON THE BRITISH GODS AND THEY WILL GUARD THE BEST OF THEIR SERVANTS WHO IS

YOUR FRIEND

WILFRED GREASY

UNEXPLAINED CALAMITY IN HIGHLANDS

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE IN SCOTTISH VILLAGE

STORMS AND SNOW HAMPER RELIEF

A battalion of the 51st Highland Division was west of Inverness this morning surrounding the site of an as yet unexplained disaster. What seems to be the entire population of a hamlet called Cannich, at the confluence of the Rivers Glass and Cannich and twelve miles west of Drumnadrochit, have expired or are missing: more than one hundred people. The village and the surrounding area have been quarantined and the main road closed to traffic while this tragedy is being investigated.

At the same time personnel are dealing with the worst storms in living memory. Snowfall of more than three feet has fallen on this region in the last two days and winds have reached gale force for prolonged periods. The snow is drifting dangerously and an army spokesman for the divisional commander, Major-General Sir J.L.G. Burnett of Leys,

Daily Express, 14th December, 1928.

C.M.G., D.S.O., who is in personal charge of the operation, said that it may prove impossible to reach the area with additional men and supplies for some time. Indeed, personnel already on the scene may need temporary evacuation while the adverse weather conditions persist.

"We have little to go on with regard to establishing cause of death", said Lieut.-Colonel James Bell. "Fifty-two bodies have so far been recovered and the cause of death is various. Fifty people are thus far unaccounted for. No survivors have been found, and it is increasingly unlikely that any will be."

Medical examiners, including Army surgeons and staff from the Inverness and Perth Coroners Offices, have started examining the deceased. Theories being advanced at this time are possible food poisoning or contamination of the water supply, but there has been no evidence secured of either possibility.

Relatives are asked to contact the Royal Army Medical College, Grosvenor Road, telephone Westminster 5522. Those who might have visited or passed through Cannich in the last fourteen days are asked to contact the 51st Highland Division HQ in Perth, telephone Perth 4034.

VILLAGE IS VISITED BY TRAGEDY

A local community was today mourning a dreadful and as yet unexplained rash of deaths that occurred late this Thursday.

Twelve residents died in their sleep on Wednesday night or Thursday morning in the village of Cannich which lies on the meeting of the Rivers Glass and the River Cannich twelve miles west of Drumnadrochit. All deaths are apparently due to natural causes but this in a village of just 110 souls.

Doctors from nearby Inverness and Drumnadrochit who have attended the scene have not found any evidence that might account for such an anomaly, and the residents were from several distinct households. The only commonality that has so far been established is that the deaths were concentrated amongst the old and the very young. No further deaths are believed to have occurred at the time of going to press.

The Inverness County Board of Health has declared a quarantine on the area as a precautionary measure. Any persons who might have visited Cannich in the last week are asked to contact the Inverness Hospital.

Inverness Courier, 14th December 1928.

Revelations of Glaaki, and the Papers

“One of the **B**lessed is as pathetic as a puppet and as magnificent as a star, something at once dead and never dying, a thing utterly without being and thus imperishable, possessing that absence of mind, that infinite vacancy which is the essence of all that is immortal.

“**W**hat are the **B**lessed yet suffered to become her **C**hildren? **C**ertainly they are suffered to enter all of the mood and dwell there still.

“**T**he **D**ark **Y**oung, her **T**housand **C**hildren, they are scattered across the stars of the sky, and **S**hub-**S**iggurath watches them all, cares for them. **A**nd she screams with motherly delight as they suckle on her black, swollen paps, chew on her distended belly, gorge themselves sow-fat-pig-fat upon her flesh.

“**N**ot **T**ug’s will she dwell, on the doorstep. **S**he will dwell there on the **G**oddess’s doorstep with her young.

“**A**nd when ripe, bring them to the **M**oon **S**ons for they belong to the **G**reat **D**ee, **T**he **S**oul with **A** **T**housand **Y**oung. **A**nd her own **C**hildren will guard them. **H**er own **C**hildren will bring her safe to her when the **S**oul’s dominion takes her in. **W**hen the **S**oul’s forest marches. **W**hen the **S**oul’s forest marches and the moon is growing full and heavy. **W**hen the **M**oon **S**ons will shine on the hill the hill will open. **A**nd he, her servant, will come.

“**A**nd **A** was true to his promise, he has told me of certain things when **I** was ready to hear them. **S**ecrets surpassing sanity. **C**ommanding me to an absolute cure, he has inured another soul within the black and boundless walls of that eternal asylum where stars dance maniacally like bright puppets in the silent, starting void. **A**nd **I** will be truly blessed.

“**O**ur brethren may talk of the **F**ather whose measurement is eight and twenty, and four hundred. **S**ome have especial fear for the one behind the wall. **B**ut all must bow down before **H**e who is the **B**lack **S**oul of the **R**ods, numbered three and seven hundred, the **Q**ueen, the **M**other, with her **T**housand **D**ark **Y**oung. **A**ll must bow down as our fathers did, and their fathers did. **A**s our sons will do, as their sons will do.”



Dear Hills,

I write to tell you how I fare and how I feel. I don't expect you should care on either point - you may not have read this far - but I still feel so close to you Hills. You are my equal, my better, my other half. I would come back to you and ask to be with you again but I am deeper than ever. Deeper than ever and so far out from shore that I cannot hope to make it back. I write this to inform you, to provide you with facts that may assist you. I seek no sympathy or approbation.

When I moved to London I met with someone who Atkinson had heard of as a scholar in the field. I spent time with him and others and I came to know better the other like Shub-Niggurath who is anchored to our stars. Hastur, Haita, or Kaiwan, it has been known to many cultures and civilisations. It is no legend. On New Year's Eve 1925 it was called to Earth so that we could learn from it. I will not describe the event, just say that we each learnt something different and that some did not survive the night. Hastur possesses avatars and that which was called was not in its element and I believe had been promised the lives it took - perhaps had to take them. It was an appalling night but I must admit that as I later reflected the immediacy itself meant much to me. It was not old words in old books - it was very real, much more real than our world I think. I broke with most of the others after that. They are committed to a course that will fail. It is coloured by petty-mindedness and a lust for personal gain.

There are links between Hastur and the Black boat. It is talked of in more than one text of a union between the two, though the texts conflict over whether this will happen in the future or has already happened. The first source says that the Dark Young came from this sire but I think this text suspect. The more authoritative source says that there will be a union after humanity is forgotten and that two offspring will result - one is Yeb and the other is Nug, and that Yeb and Nug in turn produce two more entities: Cthulhu and Tsathogqua. As you know I am inherently suspicious, even dismissive, of the notion of applying our own concepts of procreation and generations to pantheons, but I know the names will interest you.

I have left the Society. I could not continue to bother my mind with what others found important. To return to my analogy, I float on waves thrown up by forces out of our sight. I guess a course and try to steer it but I am at the mercy of those forces.

I have joined a circle whose goals are, I think, correct and will certainly be furthered. My knowledge complements their own, and we call our endeavour 'The Pilgrimage of Grace,' you can imagine who came up with that name. I hope it is not conceited to think our ideals as pure as theirs were. There are still questions we need to answer, but things are very close now. How lucky we are to live in this time, for the stars do not repeat their patterns but once in a thousand years or more.

I could come for you, Hills. For you both. Dare I hope you don't laugh at that? I am in Milan now and cannot easily guess my immediate movements, but write c/o Thomas Cook & Son at 7 Via Manzoni and I will respond.

I suffer to think of how I have changed our lives. I lost both of us to this course all these years ago when I let the photograph of you fall out of my wallet before Atkinson.

One just doesn't match up against things like this.

All my love to you,

Malcolm

TOTK Papers #23: Keeper's Transcription of Malcolm
Quarrie's First Letter to Hillary (opposite)

Dear Hills,

I write to tell you how I fare and how I feel. I don't expect you should care on either point — you may not even have read this far — but I still feel so close to you Hills. You are my equal, my better, my other half. I would come back to you and ask to be with you again but I am deeper than ever. Deeper than ever and so far out from shore that I cannot hope to make it back. I write this to inform you, to provide you with facts that may assist you. I seek no sympathy or approbation.

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There are links between Hastur and the Black Goat. It is talked of in more than one text of a union between the two, though the texts conflict over whether this will happen in the future or has already happened. The first source says that the Dark Young came from this sire but I think this text suspect. The more authoritative source says that there will be a union

after humanity is forgotten and that two offspring will result — one is Yeb and the other is Nug, and that Yeb and Nug in turn produce two more entities: Cthulhu and Tsathoggua. As you know I am inherently suspicious, even dismissive, of the notion of applying our own concepts of procreation and generations to pantheons, but I know the names will interest you.

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I have joined a circle whose goals are, I think, correct and will certainly be furthered. My knowledge complements their own, and we call our endeavour 'The Pilgrimage of Grace', you can imagine who came up with that name. I hope it is not conceived to think our ideals are as pure as theirs were. There are still questions we need to answer, but things are very close now. How lucky we are to live in this time, for the stars do not repeat their patterns but once in a thousand years or more.

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One just doesn't match up against things like this.

All my love to you,

Malcolm

TOTK Papers #24: Keeper's Transcription of Malcolm
Quarrie's Second Letter to Hillary (following page)

Dear Hills,

I dared to hope you would write. I told myself that you did not get my letter; that your letter did not reach me, but I know this is not true.

The stars are right Hills. I must tell you things briefly.

This first may be old news but the group that I split from will try and call Hastur soon: this will not succeed the way they want it to but may cause great damage. Atkinson knew these people so there may be repercussions for you there. Be on your guard.

Second, our Pilgrimage has set out. We will discover His avatar, the King in Yellow, the Son of God if you like, his Second Coming. This could be as soon as December or early in the New Year, although it may be as late as March. It has taken so much negotiation to get to this point, (the University, the Army and so on), that we'll wait a little longer if we need to. He is a terrible and wonderful creature Hills; and His return to Earth will be the greatest event in human history. I

won't present my feeble predictions of what it may mean and you may guess better than most.

It just remains for me to pray that you are well, and Sarah too. I know I am not in a position to ask for things Hills, but will you take the greatest care of her? I know you do. Please let her know who her father is no matter what you may say of him.

Yours ever,

Malcolm

P.S. The stakes are high and if you do not hear from me again you will know I failed. I did not think to handle my affairs before leaving for here, but my will provides you with the call on all my effects. Contact Thomas Villiers at the shipping office of Giuseppe Colombo in the *Navigli* in Milan. I don't remember the street but the name, business, and district will be sufficient and he will act as my executor.

Dear Hills,

I dared hope you would write. I told myself that you did not get my letter; that your letter did not reach me, but I know this is not true.

The stars are right, Hills. I must tell you things briefly.

This first may be old news but the group that I split from will try and call Hastur soon: this will not succeed the way they want it to but may cause great damage. Atkinson knew these people so there may be repercussions for you there. Be on your guard.

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TOTK Papers #25: Keeper's Transcription of Handwritten notes found in the studio of Thomas Villiers (left)

Three works in oil. Biblical images in the style of Blake, the infernal method, corrosive —

Hastur. Unrecognizable. Fills the canvas but for the bottom right where an eye provides relief, awful depths, upper right, Springer Mound.

The King in Yellow has stepped down to Earth at Drakmar. He stands lower center, just off-center to play with perspective his tall arms raised (in welcome? accepting adulation?) He seems to stand above the ground, wears his pale tattered robes that more independent of all else. My angel hangs in silhouette against angry clouds, shafts of sunlight tear down to earth, but the illumination comes from the figure. A Buddhist temple, Mustang's culture is Tibetan, so ochre, black, white dominate the temple and all canvases. Other Earthly conceits (chortens, prayer flags) thrown down?

The stranger stands on high ground looking down along the valley wilderness (the Kali Gandaki gorge through Nepal.) He waits patiently for figures toiling towards him. (Don't show those? Does he hide them?) The Yellow Sign is clearly worked on his robes but we cannot see it all. He might turn at any moment.

All the elements in this picture are hidden —

Three works in oil. Biblical images in the style of Blake, the infernal method, corrosive.

Hastur. Unrecognizable. Fills the canvas but for the bottom right where an eye provides relief, awful depths, upper right, Springer Mound.

The King in Yellow has stepped down to Earth at Drakmar. He stands lower center, just off-center to play with perspective his tall arms raised (in welcome? accepting adulation?) He seems to stand above the ground, wears his pale tattered robes that move independent of all else. My angel hangs in silhouette against angry clouds, shafts of sunlight tear down to earth, but the illumination comes from the figure. A Buddhist temple, Mustang's culture is Tibetan, so ochre, black, white dominate the temple and all canvases. Other Earthly conceits (chortens, prayer flags) thrown down?

The Stranger stands on high ground looking down along a valley wilderness (the Kali Gandaki gorge through Nepal). He waits patiently for figures toiling up towards him. (Don't show these? Does he hide them?) The Yellow Sign is clearly worked on his robes but we cannot see it all. He might turn at any moment to show us the Sign.

All the elements in this picture are hidden.



Roberto Anzalone



Carlo Schippone

**UNIVERSITY OF MILAN
EXPEDITION TO SEEK ANCIENT
TIBETAN ARTEFACTS**

An Italian expedition leaves from Napoli for Bombay today on their way to the Himalayas. The undertaking will explore an area of southern Tibet that is the site of the ancient kingdom of Gungthang hoping to discover its lost capital Jiwakhar. In the fourteenth century Jiwakhar had rapidly grown to be the most important city in all of Western Tibet ruling an area that extended far across the border of the present day kingdom of Nepal, itself now closed to westerners. However, within 100 years the city had somehow fallen from prominence and it is hoped to find reasons for this as yet unexplained decline.

The party is under the leadership of Professor Roberto Anzalone, Head of the Department of Asian History at the University of Milan and a worldwide authority on the Tibetan civilization. It is hoped to be the forerunner for a larger scale expedition that will be mounted next year. This marks the first time that Europeans have tried to reach this remote and forbidding province.

Corriere dell Sera, 17th August 1929.

TOTK Papers #27: Newspaper Article on the Departure of an Italian Archaeological Expedition

**ITALIAN TIBETAN PARTY
ARRIVES IN BOMBAY**

An Italian archaeological party disembarked at the Bombay docks yesterday afternoon having traveled on the small freighter *Vittorio Alfieri*, which left Naples on 17th August.

The party is under the leadership of Roberto Anzalone, Professor of Asian History at the Università degli studi di Milano, and also consists of fellow Italians Carlo Schippone and Riccardo Delnegro and an Englishman, Malcolm Quarrie. The men's immediate plans are to travel overland bound for the Northeast of India and Darjeeling, where they will equip in full. From there they will aim for the Tibetan town of Sakha Dsong which will serve as their base for a journey into the southern region of that country bordering upon Nepal; the group hopes to make discoveries dating from the thirteenth century contemporaneous with the Tibetan kingdom of Gungthang.

The Times of India, Bombay, 22nd September 1929.

TOTK Papers #28: Article on the Arrival of an Italian Expedition

Giorno 1 - Partenza da Napoli sul 'Vittorio Alfieri' diretti a Calcutta via Bombay. Non spero, piccola e rumorosa (penso adatta a navigare). Traiperson me, Anzalone, Quercine, Delnegro più il suo cuoco di vino.

Giorno 2 - Contro da Dhewaga esaminiamo i nostri piani per raggiungere Mustang e Daktar. Calcutta significa un viaggio attorno all'Himalaya attraverso il Tibet. Si finisce in mese in per rispetto all'altro percorso: Bombay e poi al nord attraverso l'India. Se perdiamo quella depressione e attraversiamo il confine comuniamo nel Nepal. Non tempo i sercher del Nepal e poi su fra le montagne nella valle del fiume Kali (Gandaki) fra Mustang e Daktar. D'accordo su Bombay. Ora dobbiamo convincere il nostro compagno.

Giorno 4 - Scrivo questo diario sul partita qualche parte nel Mediterraneo orientale. Leri Quarrie ha usato la dolce lingua di Daktar per cancellare delle memorie di Daktar gli ordini impartiti dall'esercito. Oggi ha usato una arguzia di quella stessa ingegno linguaggio per dirmi che il nostro obiettivo è Daktar. Delnegro ha detto che quest' sia sempre stato il nostro piano. Quasi mi dispiace, povero. Anzalone ha detto al capitano della nave che scenderemo a Bombay.

Giorno 12 - Parlando con uno dei marinai scopro che è di appena fuori Civitavecchia - Conosciamo entrambi, uno dei preti di lì.

Giorno 18 - Non riesco dormire. Nel buio la mia mente continua a lavorare ma non coi soliti pensieri notturni della mia esistenza mortale. Cosa stiamo facendo? Ho così tante paure. Troveremo Daktar? Se sì, verremo uccisi Champaufang visto che hanno ucciso già tutti uomini? Che non riusciremo a far tornare il Re Bianco sulla terra? E se ci riusciamo?

TOTK Papers #29a: Carlo Schippone's Diary (Italian Original)

- Giorno 19 - No, stiamo facendo una grande cosa. Diventeremo leggenda.
- Giorno 25 - Non è facile dormire con questo caldo. Non vedo l'ora di poter lasciare questo belitto.
- Giorno 26 - Arrivati a Bombay diciamo di voler andare verso il Darjiling e il Tibet
- Giorno 30 - Io, Anand e Anandore siamo andati alle Tori del Silenzio per parlare con un guru indiano, un guru qui famoso. Molto vanno ad ascoltare - noi siamo andati per parlare. Abbiamo parlato del figlio, dell'Ascolito, del Re giallo, del Re Stroncione che puoi vedere solo in sogno e dello, Stunero della Macchia, Paffolo, del fantasma che si muove fra di noi. E abbiamo parlato di Hashis del Padre, che Curmice Villace hanno visto. Ho guardato da vicino quell'uomo. Anche se non ha parlato si leggeva negli occhi di un uomo di un sistema che ciò che noi ne eravamo parte.
- Giorno 28 - Oggi abbiamo camminato a Bombay e abbiamo visto il signor Gualdo dipinto e ben chiesto. Abbiamo visto le Sette pinche e i vecchi vestiti lavabili del Re. Noi siamo i signori di questo luogo, il profeta ci ha camminato accanto e ora i miei dubbi sono svaniti.
- Giorno 29 - Siamo per lasciare la città col treno. Questa, giorno al capone.
- Giorno 31 - Questo paese è un inferno. È come se stessi viaggiando con un certo abbacchio sempre lo stesso proviamo, ora dopo ora. Mi colpisce la gente del posto, è piena di vita, seria, devota e orgogliosa. Loro sono pronti, e questo sarà una buona terra quando sarà ora.
- Giorno 43 - La città di Nantauru. Speriamo di passare il capone da qui, domani, e intanto facciamo scorta di cibo e alto equipaggiamento - in città c'è quasi tutto quello che ci serve.

- Giorno 45 - Anandore deve aver trovato una guida. Io e Anandore avremmo detto che era meglio partire subito e trovare una guida lungo il capone, ma Delrege dice che dobbiamo aspettare, che non possiamo partire tutto quello che dici dire da soli e Anandore gli dà scorta. Ora pensiamo di aspettare una covata che arrivi dal sud del Nepal.
- Giorno 47 - Un curmice di Nepal è arrivato oggi. Anandore gli ha parlato nel suo senso nepalese e in Hindi. Portarono noi e le nostre cose fino a Pabbar. Ora dobbiamo aspettare finché il capo (si chiama Raja Tardak) non ha concesso i suoi, affari qui, affari qui prima di poter partire.
- Giorno 51 - Turpente non è, molto. Non sono a arco forte, si finché si sa cosa e non gli si può far pressione. Ho paura che arriveremo l'attesa degli inglesi. Siamo così vicini adesso, quando a Nord e so che i lupi nascondono le nostre gregge dove lo si può trovare.
- Giorno 52 - Oggi siamo finalmente in Nepal. Stavamo in portadini si lamentavano di quello che era stato dato loro da pensare che dopo fosse ogni giorno in modo che tutti fossero esattamente uguali o non li avrebbero presi. Ma quattro non abbiamo attraversato il capone con loro, abbiamo preferito passare fra gli alberi lontani del sentiero per poi ricominciare a loro giù nella strada. Anandore si è tagliato brucia e diffi e orando, tutti ci precedevano sotto i pesanti vestiti nepalesi che aglio loro indossano. Abbiamo avuto pochi problemi - siamo arrivati in effetti a uno degli due le qualche subarano ostili e volevano sapere chi passava, ma quando Anandore ha dato il nostro guida alcuni orate e un po' di pace (oide da passargli sembrano curare con quello).

- Giorno 57 - Il villaggio di Pothara. Tardak vive qui e non prosegue verso il nord quindi abbiamo bisogno di un'altra guida. Abbiamo bisogno anche di altre provviste. Le provviste che abbiamo portano scarse a niente, la guida qui non le vuole e abbiamo poca merca.
- Giorno 59 - Abbiamo una nuova guida, Yungse Chunga, un Titaluo. Io e Delrago andiamo con lui a controllare la strada a nord e ad ovest verso Anellone e Quomne restano al villaggio - glii manna già il respiro.
- Giorno 61 - Devo dire che mi manca un pò il cibo vero - soprattutto a riva e poco altro.
- Giorno 63 - Lasciate Pothara si prosegue. Noi tre, Delrago Chunga, Y portastin e Syank per ciascuno una guida. Coli yakli sono bestie fatiche e selvaggio.
- Giorno 65 - Anellone ha un barattolo dei giacchetti agra composto in pelle per patate, uova e fagioli in un barattolo.
- Giorno 67 - Oggi finalmente attraversato fiume.
- Giorno 71 - Il villaggio di Tukutcha.
- Giorno 72 - Oggi, come dai nostri piani, siamo entrati in Mustang. In mattinata ci dirigiamo verso Lhamphuma e inizieremo a cercare Daktam.
- Giorno 73 - Il valico di Lhamphuma è oggi carico di gente e Delrago, siamo allestiti. Quomne e Syank hanno Anellone hanno bugnato di molto aiuto. Hanno il fusto cotto e Anellone la testa mal di testa e nausea.
- Giorno 74 - Procediamo al di fuori dei limiti della mappa di Anellone. Ci siamo diviso: io guida un gruppo per scalare questa valle desertica, Delrago porta gli altri dall'altra parte del confine verso il sud. Cammineremo tutto il giorno e ci ritroveremo per assaggiare appena diminuirà la luce. Ha davvero freddo e il cammino è difficilissimo. Nessuno vive qui - non c'è niente per nessuno.

- Giorno 76 - Abbiamo trovato il mio gruppo ci si è incontrato verso mezzogiorno, proprio nel punto in cui pensavo che fosse. Gli altri sempre il più vecchio delle valle sono affetti di carenza di cibo sono tutti affamati. (Mostri - peccati sono sono andati e anche se la guida è faticosa non molto accompagnano nella valle. Anellone ora mi è abbastanza utile, si è svegliato di notte, mi ha detto la notte di essere di un gruppo di persone, soffocare. San celi e Delrago per il giorno di questo sono sette giorni con Daktam. Nella guida prima un certo numero di guide, il loro nome è Yanki, Manki, Nanki, Panki, Qanki, Ranki, Sanki, Tanki, Uanki, Vanki, Wanki, Xanki, Yanki, Zanki. Quando l'ho visto se ne è andato l'ultimo. Dopo un'altra guida che mi ha detto che non la guida la mia l'ho fermato. Lei ho detto che poteva essere un mercante anche un altro peccato, indichiamo non ce n'è. Ora è molto sospettoso, la nostra guida se ne è andata durante la notte. Oggi siamo tornati dietro e abbiamo trovato i nostri carri e uomini. Solo un mulo che mi vede, siamo stati scambiati da dieci uomini. C'è un mulo che si vede che si muove regolarmente (è sempre stato) e allora sembra proprio che la forza viene letteralmente. È un mulo che mi vede. Credo di essere vicino al gruppo. Delrago mi dice che l'unico modo per andare è per il caso d'arrivo. Si sta preparando i bagagli ma ho io selvaggio e ha l'abitudine di vegliare tutta la notte. Ma nessuno di noi si muove.

che cosa hai fatto, nessuno ha visto il maestro s'ha
 nascosto di tutti i mali sogno e realtà un incubo o ne
 al risveglio in ondata di terrore e piacere noi te e
 lui con poco tentato loro hanno parlato e quando lui
 si è girato verso di me con gli occhi così feroce
 a terra precipitato avanti e avanti a ha messo così tanto
 a vedere io lo guardo adesso loro erano furiosi che
 cosa hai fatto che cosa hai fatto spreco cosa che
 cosa hai fatto me lui come per un supito lui era
 l'audace nuovo no che cosa hai fatto per lui
 giace ancora sanguina davanti a me un uomo
 un episodio di quel lei ha fatto e noi con
 unless arriccano.

Un dio un maestro che cosa ha fatto se fuori
 di qui un pezzo mi si migliori che cosa ha fatto
 cosa ha fatto che cosa ha fatto che cosa ha fatto
 che cosa ha fatto che cosa ha fatto

TOTK Papers #30: Carlo Schippone's Diary, English translation

Day 1 — Leave Naples on the "Vittorio Alfieri" bound for Bombay. Dirty, cramped and noisy (seaworthy I think) it carries Anzalone, Quarrie, Delnegro and me in addition to its cargo of wine.

Day 2 — Away from Delnegro we go over the plans to get to Mustang and Drakmar. Going on to Calcutta and Darjeeling means a journey around the Himalayas and through Tibet. This adds a month or more against the other route: north through India to Nautanwa. If we take that route and get across the border we walk north through the Nepalese foothills, then up the Kali Gandaki river valley between the mountains into Mustang and Drakmar. We agree on Nautanwa. Now to convince our companion.

Day 4 — Writing this on deck somewhere in the Eastern Mediterranean. Yesterday Quarrie used the sweet words of Hastur to break Delnegro's memory of the orders he was given by the army. Today he employed a variation on the same subtle language to tell him our goal is Drakmar. Delnegro now thinks this was the plan all along. I almost feel sorry for the fool. Anzalone has told the ship's captain we'll leave at Bombay.

Day 12 — Talking to one of the sailors I learn he is from just outside Civitavecchia — we find we both know one of the priests there.

Day 18 — I can't sleep. In the dark my mind always races but not with the usual nighttime thoughts of my mortality. What are we doing? I have so many fears. Will we find Drakmar? If we do, will we be killed by Chaugnar Faugn and the Tsotsowa as they must

have killed so many? What if we are to fail to help the King in Yellow back to the Earth? What if we succeed?

Day 19 — No, we attempt a great thing. We will be legend.

Day 25 — It's not easy to sleep in the heat. I am counting the days until we can leave this hulk.

Day 36 — Arrive Bombay and claim we are heading for Darjeeling and Tibet.

Day 37 — Anzalone, Quarrie and I went to the Towers of Silence to speak to an Indian holy man, a Parsee of local renown. Most go to listen — we went to talk. We talked of Chaugnar Faugn and the White Acolyte he waits for. We talked of the Son, the Acolyte, the King in Yellow, the Tattered King who one sees only in dreams and of the Stranger in the Pallid Mask, the Ghost who moves among us. And we spoke of Hastur, the Father, whom Quarrie and Villiers have seen. I watched the man closely. Though he didn't speak I can read a man's eyes and he knew that what we said was true, knew what was coming, knew we were part of it.

Day 38 — We walked in Bombay today and we saw the Yellow Sign painted and set out. We saw the white silks and the tattered rags of the King. We are lords of this place, the prophet walked with us, and my doubts are gone.

Day 39 — We are leaving the city by train. It's four days to the border.

Day 42 — The country is endless. It seems as though we travel against a current, traversing the same landscape hour after hour. The people here impress me, they are full of life, serious, devout and proud. They are ready and this will be good land when his.

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Day 43 — The town of Nautanwa. We hope to cross the border here tomorrow, and meanwhile collect food and other equipment — the town has most of what we need.

Day 45 — Anzalone has yet to find a guide. Quarrie and I said we should go now and find a guide over the border but Delnegro says we must wait, that we can't carry all we need ourselves and Anzalone listens to him. We now think we will have to wait for a caravan to arrive south from Nepal.

Day 47 — A caravan of Nepalese arrived today. Anzalone talked to them, in his little Nepalese and in Hindi. They'll take us and our loads as far as Pokhara. Now we wait until the leader (his name is Ripa Tendruk) transacts his business here before we can leave.

Day 51 — Tendruk is not ready. He shows no urgency, he just smiles and he can't be bullied. I am nervous that we will attract attention from the British. We are so close now, I look north and know the clouds hide the mountains where he can be found.

Day 52 — We finally entered Nepal today. This morning the porters complained at what they were given to carry and I had to weigh every load and make them exactly alike before they would take them up. The four of us did not cross the border with them, but rather moved through the trees off a way and rejoined them down the road. Anzalone has shaved off his beard and moustache and we all now hide in the heavy Nepalese robes that they wear. We had little trouble — we did come to a checkpoint where the guards seemed angry and wanted to know who we were, but when Anzalone gave our guide some coins and two bottles of the local spirit to pass on they were happy with that.

Day 57 — The village of Pokhara. Tendruk lives here and won't go further north so we need another guide. We also need more supplies. The paper money we brought is useless, the people here don't want it and we're low on coins.

Day 59 — We have a new guide, Yangser Chumpo, a Tibetan. Delnegro and I go with him to look at the way north and west while Anzalone and Quarrie stay in the village — they feel the lack of air already.

Day 61 — I have to say I need some real food — we are living on rice and little else.

Day 63 — Leave Pokhara and press on. The three of us, Delnegro, Chumpo, four porters and five yaks, each with a driver. The yaks are strong and evil-tempered beasts.

Day 65 — Anzalone swapped jewelry he bought in India for potatoes, eggs and chicken. A feast.

Day 67 — Finally made the river today.

Day 71 — The village of Tukutchu.

Day 72 — Today, by our reckoning, we entered Mustang. In the morning we will head to the Annapurna and start the search for Drakmar.

Day 73 — It was a hard climb today and though Delnegro and I are fit, Quarrie and particularly Anzalone need much help. Their breathing is ragged and Anzalone complains of headaches and nausea.

Day 74 — We head out from Anzalone's map reference. We split up: I lead one group to climb the dry valley, Delnegro takes the other over the other side of the ridge to the south. We walk all day and meet to camp as the light fails. It's very cold and hard going. No one lives up here — there is nothing for anyone.

Day 75 — We've found it. My group came across it at midday just where we thought it would be. The tall cliffs and the valley floor are painted orange and there are caves all around. Our porters have left, and although the guide stayed he will not camp in the valley. Anzalone is quite sick now — he woke several times in the night saying he was suffocating.

Day 76 — We entered Drakmar for the first time and there is script on the walls with drawings. In the fourth cave, a creature was watching us from shadows — quite still — a Tsotsowa. When I saw him he moved quietly away. Delnegro saw him then and he shouted and raised the gun but I stopped him. I said it must have been a monk or even one of the porters come back, but he does not believe that. He is very watchful now. Our guide left in the night. We went in again today and found fresh waste, and then human bones. Just jaws, which I think had been stripped by human teeth. There is a deep regular noise that can be heard (was it there all the time?) and the ground seems to tremble ever so slightly. It moves in rhythm with my own heart. I think I am close to panic. Delnegro insists we must leave the place and we agreed. He is packing everything as I write this and intends to watch all night. But none of us will leave.

what have you done in the dreams I saw the monster the root of all evil a dream and reality a nightmare or not and waking in a surge of fear and pleasure the three of us and he was a little way off they talked and when he looked around at me with his eyes I struck him down hit him again and again he took so long to fall I am looking at him now they were furious what have you done what have you done wasted hatred what have you done but how could he matter was he the white acolyte no what have you done no he lies still spread out before me a bloody cut of meat he waits for them and we with him they will come

a god a monster what have I done its out there a piece of the monster miri nigri what have I done what have I done what have I done what have I done what have I done what have I done what have I done what have I done what have I done

End of English Translation of the Diary

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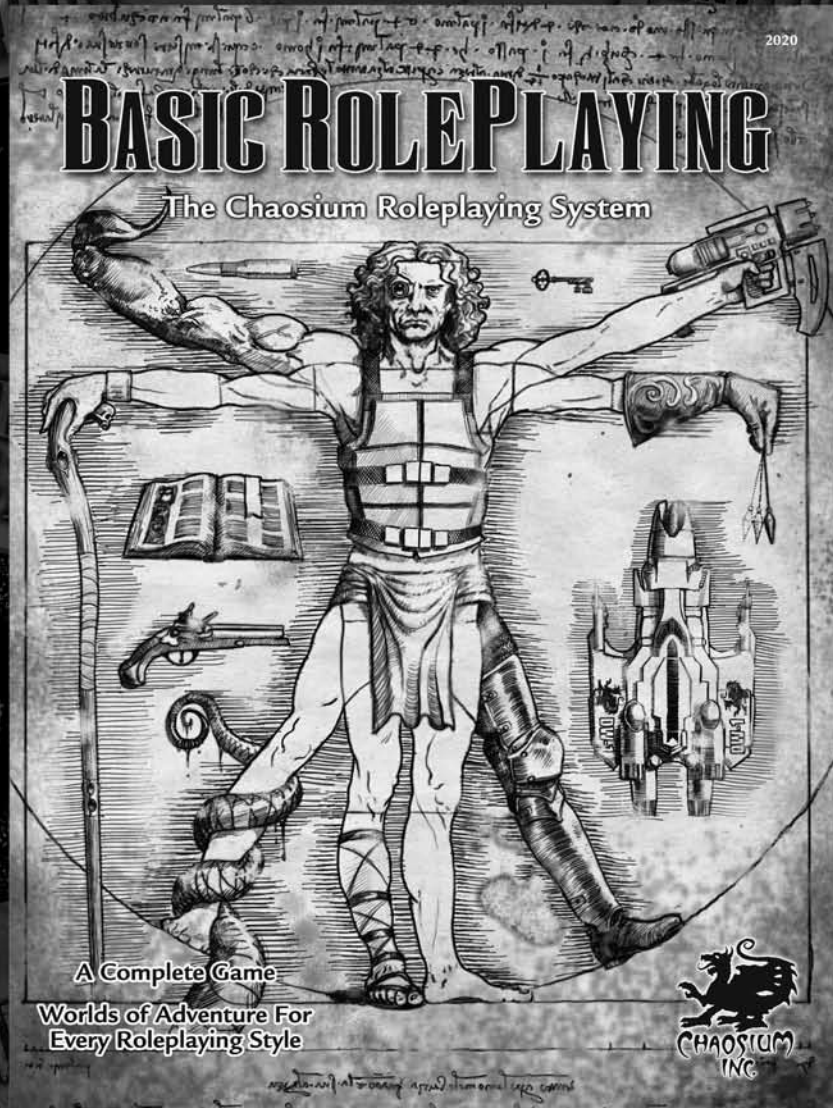
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TATTERS OF THE KING

23104

The stars are right. Hastur's gaze gains brief focus upon the Earth, and things change.

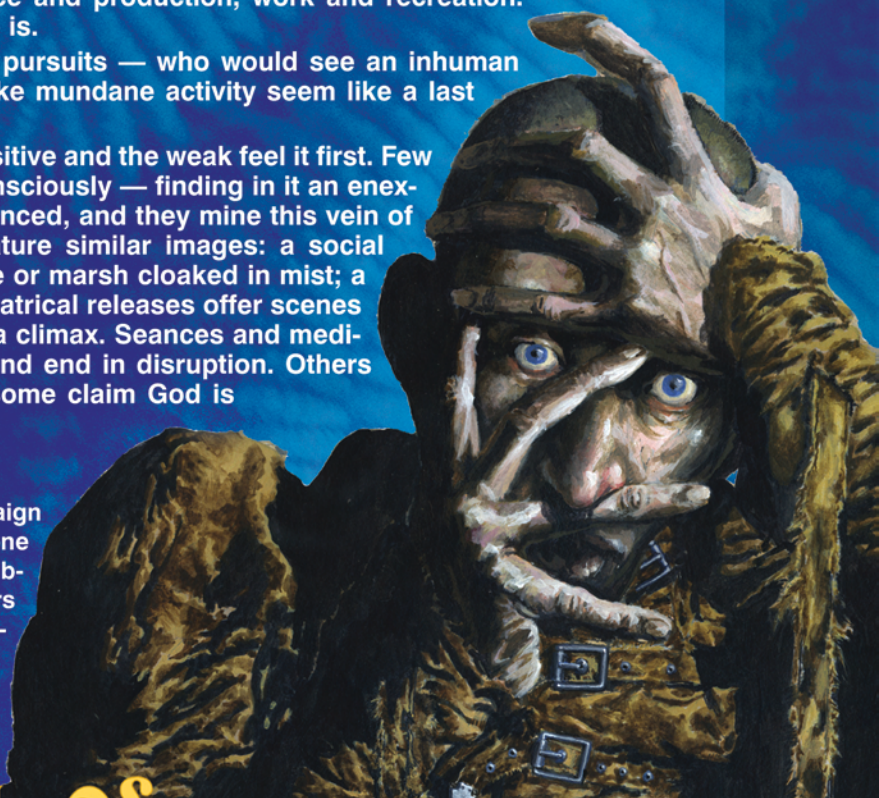
IT IS OCTOBER 1928. London is the capital of an empire covering a quarter of the globe and governing one quarter of the human race. The people busy themselves with concerns of politics and government, finance and production, work and recreation. How fragile things are. What ignorance there is.

There are those who engage in different pursuits — who would see an inhuman power come to Earth such that it would make mundane activity seem like a last twitch before dying.

Over this winter its taint emerges: the sensitive and the weak feel it first. Few know the source, but some welcome it unconsciously — finding in it an examined thrill. Artists' work is strangely influenced, and they mine this vein of creativity. Many exhibitions this season feature similar images: a social gathering gripped by repressed panic; a lake or marsh cloaked in mist; a presence just off-canvas. New fiction and theatrical releases offer scenes of upheaval and confusion that never reach a climax. Seances and mediumistic exhibitions bring untoward results and end in disruption. Others feel new lines of communication opening; some claim God is talking to them.

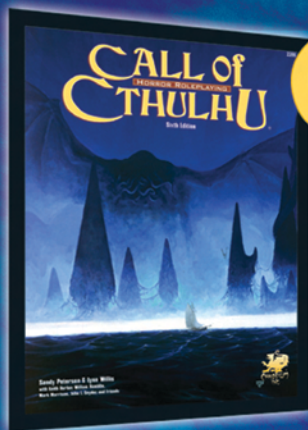
All feel the lure of the stars.

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