



M.U.

Miskatonic University
LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

**MONOGRAPH
#0329**

*Miskatonic University
Library Association*

monographs are works in which the author has performed most editorial and layout functions. The trustees have deemed that this work offers significant value and entertainment to our patrons.

Other monographs are available at www.chaosium.com

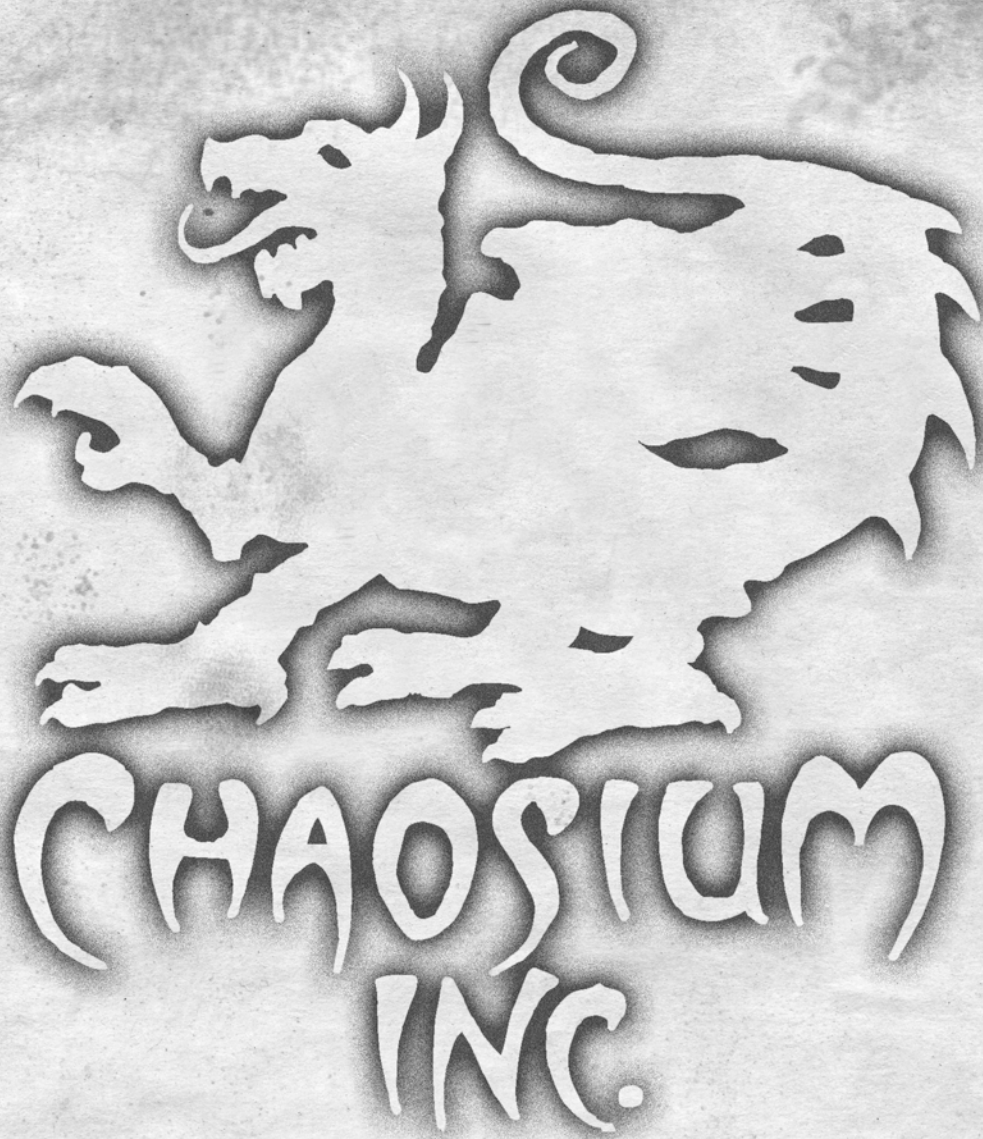


STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER • #1



Divers Encounters From the First
Chaosium.com Adventure Contest
for Call of Cthulhu





**We hope you enjoy
this Chaosium publication,
and thank you for purchasing this
PDF from www.chaosium.com.**

Strange Tales of Dread and Wonder

Volume 1

The adventures offered herein will take you to the 1920's Miskatonic Valley, Rolthin Abbey, The Ardenne of the 10th Century, 1643 England, 1960's San Francisco, and 1920's Bhutan. Investigators will take on the roles of Cornish Royalists, Chinese Triad gang members, detectives, and occult researchers.





Adventure Contest no. 1

Introduction

The Hillgrove Horror

by Bayne MacGregor

Rolthin Abbey

by Brian Bethel and Judie Ostlien

Moon of the Hunter

by Guy Dondlinger

A Woodland Tale

by James King

Returning The King

by R.J. Christensen

The Eyes Between Worlds

by Kevin T. McKinnon
& Dylan K. Sharpe

production by Lydia Ortiz

The Monograph you hold in your hands is the result of our first Chaosium.com Call of Cthulhu Adventure Contest. We received entries from all over the world, and it was rather difficult to narrow the winners down to a number small enough to fit into one monograph. This first contest was fun enough that we likely do more of them. Keep an eye on our webpage for the details.

The adventures offered here now take you to the 1920s Massachusetts Valley, Rolthin Abbey, The Ardenne of the tenth century, 1643 England, 1960s San Francisco, and 1920s Bhutan. Investigators will take on the roles of Cornish Royalists, Chinese Trading gang members, detectives, and occult researchers.

We hope you enjoy these Strange Tales of Dread and Wonder.

Dustin Wright

Chaosium Inc.

April 2006

A Quick Note.

The adventures are presented here in no particular order. The numbers for each entry have been assigned simply to help keep all the parts for a given scenario together. The numbers do not correspond in any way as to which ones are better than others, nor do they indicate which order I believe the adventures should appear in the monograph. There is no first place adventure. All five were chosen as winners.



by Bayne MacGregor

Wherein the curious may learn altogether more than they wished about the basis of certain witch-lore, the perils of drink spiking and hallucinogenic drugs, the propagation of various dangerous texts, the habits of isolated decadent rural populations, the dangers of listening to or ignoring buzzing sounds in the woods and the horrific reproductions of inhuman things.

This adventure is designed to move from an initial urban setting to an isolated rural one. It could with very little difficulty be placed in any 20th century era as only the very initial portion is set in an area of any great technological progress, the old isolated town of Hillgrove is so backwards as to fit into almost any era and any wooded region.

The Event at the Party

This descent into horror begins with a party. This should be easy to incorporate into an existing campaign and the invitation to the players could come from an established npc (if you have any expendable ones handy) otherwise the host Wilfred Felix will suffice.

Wilfred Felix

STR 10	CON 11	SIZ 12	INT 14	POW 10
DEX 15	APP 17	EDU 18	SAN 50	HP 12

Credit Rating 75% Persuade 85%

Wilfred, a softly spoken charismatic individual with a broad general knowledge and an eye for the unusual, is the heir to a substantial publishing firm that deals with all manner of subjects from Academia to cheap romance. While not managing the company directly Wilfred has learned to use his wide range of interests and social standing to good use to scout out interesting new material for the company and so often holds par-

ties that mix all manner of obscure experts with up-and-coming poets and Outré artists.

If this scenario is a one-off then all characters should know Wilfred and be brought together by the events at the party otherwise at least one player should know Wilfred from some past connection socially or with his fathers publishing firm.

The party is held in the ball room of the pleasant hotel Arcadia on the ground floor and next to the kitchens. The room has two exits at opposite ends, one into the foyer, the other the kitchens. Between these against a plain wall decorated only by some ornate panelling rests a long table of food and refreshments next to which are set up a small group of jazz musicians with orders to play softly enough for easy conversation. Opposite this two windows on the one wall face the dark street outside.

The party won't be a massive gathering, just a reasonable sized party consisting of people from a wide diversity of backgrounds and occupations. The party should be mundane and perfectly ordinary were it not for a sinister gatecrasher.

Old Man Merks

STR 13	CON 12	SIZ 14	INT 18	POW 17
DEX 14	APP 12	EDU 14	SAN 0	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons strangely ornate ceremonial dagger 70% 1d4+2+db

Spells Brew Rendered Thiduj Dis illation (see below) Command Animal mice (Merks has been using the same group of mice for years and they have become rather trained allowing him to give them much more sophisticated commands than the Command Animal spell normally allows)

Skills other language ghoulish 78% C hulhu Mythos 53% Persuade 55% Fast Talk 62%

Old Man Merks, tall wizened wiry with a long thin straggly beard and unnaturally spry yet old, was once the head of a substantial Shub Niggurath cult in the mining town of Hillgrove. Usurped from his position by Elder Fitz, the head of the distasteful Fitz clan, with the aid of a device obtained from the Mi-go. He has been humiliated and his extended family hunted down and exterminated while he has been left alive as a vindictive show of power. Secretly he has been searching amongst obscure cults and forbidden knowledge for some way to counter Fitz's power and with the help of the ghouls has found a ritual to do this. Unfortunately it requires the cooperation of blood relatives and after years of tracking down the descendants of his conceived in repulsive orgies he has identified two amongst the Investigators. To get them on side he has decided on a very unsubtle tactic, drugging them or those with them with a noxious concoction that

will give them an hallucinatory introduction to the mythos. This concoction, known in certain texts as the Rendered Thiduj Distillation but commonly amongst backwoods rural cults as Merks Moonshine is made through a simple process from singular ingredients, namely shredded mushrooms black in hue grown from the corpse of an unburied child kept through putrefaction in a forest thick enough to prevent the direct contact of sunlight. The result is a tasteless and odourless liquid.

Rendered Thiduj Distillation: MP cost: 5 per dose to make then 5 for any volume to activate SAN loss: 2 to brew but 1d6 to gather the special ingredient, 1/1d6 to view the activated effects on others 1d2/1d6+1 to experience activated potion. Casting time: A week to properly brew, 10 minutes to imbue the brew with magic points, 1 round to whisper the chant and activate all imbibed doses within 3 kilometres Duration: 3 minutes for primary dose. Note: The drug takes a long time to fully leave the system and frequent flashbacks and lingering after effects are likely see The Effects of the Punch for details.

Overjoyed at his good fortune at having both descendants in the one place at the one time he has contrived his way into the kitchens and poured a huge amount of the substance into the non-alcoholic punch.

When the time is right this will be activated by whispered chant.

Wilfred spends most of the party standing by the food, talking and offering to pour glasses of punch. Once all the players have been offered the spiked punch and had the chance to state if they will drink it or not then allow each in turn to make spot hidden rolls to spy Old Man Merks peering through a window and performing his chant, unfortunately it won't be in time to prevent the activation of the punch and in the ensuing confusion Merks will disappear into the night

The Effects of the Punch

The black mushroom infused potion that has been added to the punch is a potent hallucinogen calling up visions not from the subconscious but from the minds of mythos beings and cultists from the around the area where the black mushrooms grew. Those players who have not touched the punch (if any) will see the majority of the members of the party begin to shriek, collapse, attack each other, attack themselves and debase themselves.

This text could be read to any sober players or paraphrased:

“All around you, as if by some sudden signal, people start to shriek and drop to the floor writhing, a small number stand, like you, bewildered and confused while others seem to lose all of their senses and behave in the most depraved of manners. A demure elderly woman crawls up on a table, disrobing, posing lewdly and screaming ‘Kiss the Devil, kiss the devil’, a young poet beats his head bloodily into the wall crying ‘Yawg Sartooth, Yohg Sorebothe, How can I say it aloud?’, A gentleman is choking one of the servants by attempting to shove his whole arm down the mans throat, your host stands ramrod straight and screaming while a respectable artist is gouging out poor Wilfred’s eyes shouting ‘where are your eyes, where are your eyes, why don’t you have eyes!’

The San loss for viewing this terrible event is 1/1d6.

For those who have imbibed the punch one of the following vistas may be revealed to them with a san loss of 1d2/1d6+1:

“The room and people around you melt away to be replaced by...”

Refer to Handouts A

After-effects of the punch will mean that whenever an investigator fails a San test they should receive another of the above visions lasting 1d3 minutes until they have endured three of these hallucinations. Other specific visions may be triggered by specific instances as detailed elsewhere. These later hallucinations will not cause additional san loss unless otherwise noted.

Aftermath of the Party

While the hallucinating victims will be writhing in horror and self-harm, sober and sane players if any after failing to catch Old Man Merks will likely be trying to find assistance such as the authorities. If all the players are caught up with their visions then they will have to take charge of the situation when the visions wear off, after only a few minutes many of the people will be badly injured, maimed, mutilated and a number dead or dying. The police will quickly investigate, all the players will be interviewed by detectives and a criminal psychologist before the whole thing will be dismissed as the dreadful effects of a bad case of rare hallucinogenic food poisoning such as ergot after no particular cause can be identified. After spending a day in the overcrowded hospital for observation and after being warned not to drive, operate machinery or be around knives for a week or two due to the danger of

possible recurrent hallucinations or unknown after effects the players are sent home.

When they arrive home two players will find a letter left upon the pillow of their bed, left there by mice under the control of Old Man Merks. There are mouse droppings beside the letter and one corner looks slightly chewed on. These players may be determined randomly or chosen by the keeper. They will find themselves central to certain key events and a certain horrible choice.

The letter is detailed in Handouts B

If the letter reader was one of those who drank the punch, read the following:

“As you finish reading the letter a movement in the corner of your eye catches your attention. On the floor near the door something is moving with furtive motions towards the door. It seems to be an eye, split and leaking jelly, crawling by fitful motions of grey veins moving like the tendrils of a beached octopus.” Once the player blinks, looks away or in any way tries to interact with the crawling eyeball it vanishes.

The san loss for viewing this image is 0/1d3

If the players decide to research Hillgrove and Merks at the nearest Library successful tests will reveal:

Hillgrove has had a long association with stories of witchcraft including century old reports of black masses.

The town used to be a growing mining town but the mine was closed after several horrible accidents 60 years ago.

People used to travel to Hillgrove for a supposed miracle cure for infertility at the Old Fellows Hall according to advertisements 70 years ago.

The Old Fellows Hall burnt down in a tragic fire that killed 30 people most of whom had the surname Merks 60 years ago.

Farmers in the surrounding area have complained for over 50 years about excessive predation on stock. While this is dismissed as the work of wild dogs the farmers make wild claims about bloodless corpses that scavengers avoid and don't decay rightly.

The Road to Hillgrove

Whatever method the players decide to travel to Hillgrove; bus, train or car (if the later and the driver is someone who

drank the punch and is now driving against doctors orders then perhaps a good lesson to the player about the dangers of mixing drugs and driving could be provided by having an hallucination, such as trees running across the road, cause a non-fatal but frightening accident early on in the trip) they will encounter glimpses of animal bones hanging from trees when they get into the last hour or so of the journey. A successful spot hidden check will reveal that there are in fact two types of animal remains that can be seen from the train/bus/car beyond the normal roadkill: goat remains at regular 1km intervals carefully arranged in trees, many with the dark skin tanned then replaced back over the bones and cow and sheep carcasses that seem desiccated and torn open.

If travelling by car the investigators will be able to stop and study some of these remains. If travelling by train there will be a swap to a goods train or bus service and/or if making the whole journey by bus they will be dropped at the old mine train station, a half hours walk from town or the mine marked by a signpost where both a goat display and a dead sheep can be found nearby. In doing so they will find that the goats were all black in colour and the inside of the goat hides have been inscribed with Latin writing. A successful Mythos check will reveal these to be prayers to Shub-Niggurath. Reading the prayers causes a loss of 0/1d2 San and +1 Cthulhu Mythos. An investigation of one of the cows or sheep will reveal that since death no predation, not even bacterial, has taken place on these carcasses other than a strange triangular hole in the top of the head that leads into the creature's brain case where no sign of brain tissue can be found and some odd small shallow cuts. There is also no sign of blood in or around the mummified carcasses and no way of telling how old they are. Examining these in detail will cost 0/1d2 San

The Town of Hillgrove

It has been over a century since the town of Hillgrove knew of anything such as prosperity, now it is run down; most of the buildings are boarded up. The streets are just shy of deserted and those few folk walking down the main street or sitting in rocking chairs on porches waiting to die seem out of place, almost like intrusions into the desolation. To the north of the town rises the high wooded hill from which the town takes its name, to the south the main road that heads to the train station and the only

contact with the rest of the world. There are no streetlights, no electricity or telegraph lines, just dust, rotten wood and broken glass. One building in the main street is just a burnt out façade of brickwork and ashes that clearly would collapse with any vaguely significant breeze, the scorched moulding proclaims it the 'Old Fellows Hall'. Only two buildings in the main street appear to remain in use, the General Store near the entrance to town and the Church, the building nearest the hill.

The Store

Since the old gold mine closed the General Store has become the lifeblood of the town, a two-story affair with the store below and a small apartment above. Bernard Fraser, the proprietor takes the goats from the few farms still running in the area and transports them to nearby towns where he sells them for a cut of the takings, he provides all the other necessities of life to the townspeople for four times the normal cost. He also has two rooms in their abode above the store for lodging, the players if they take up his offer will be the first lodgers he has ever had, at double the going cost of a cheap hotel. This is the only real accommodation in the town. Mr Fraser is quietly honest with the investigators about his outsider status, dislike for the 'inbred hicks' of the town and how once he and his wife have accrued enough they will move to the coast. 'Almost there' he will say with a smile. He will then warn them about the Fitz's, encouraging them to steer clear of them and not to rile them, particularly to avoid physical conflict with 'Dirty Colin Fitz' at all costs but won't give any details.

Bernard Fraser

STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 14 NT 11 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 9 SAN 55 HP 12

Damage Bonus: 0

Weapons Keeps a 22 ri le behind the counter but has never had the courage to use it

Skills Shopkeeping 78% Fleecing locals 40% ignore bizarre local customs 70%

Bernard is slightly dumpy, round-faced and seems pleasant. The store used to be owned by a cousin who left the store to Bernard in his will after he burned his wife to death and then committed suicide a decade ago. Bernard thought it a great opportunity to make money and moved to Hillgrove to run the store. He is though thoroughly cowed by the Fitz's after finding out that the scarring on many of the locals faces is caused by an infection caused by contact with 'Dirty' Colin Fitz. Unfortunately providing food and goods to the Fitz's free of charge eats in to his otherwise healthy profits, a fact he keeps from Jill.

Jill Fraser

STR 7 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 11 POW 6
DEX 9 APP 14 EDU 6 SAN 18 HP 12

Damage Bonus -1d4

Skills Shopkeeping 60% Housekeeping 79% ignore bizarre local customs 80%

Jill is quite attractive but does her best to dress modestly ever since they moved to Hillgrove after 'Dirty' Colin Fitz started blowing kisses at her and smirking. While she occasionally manages the shop while her husband is transporting goats for sale or picking up goods she is becoming more and more subdued and anxious.

The Locals

Travelling between the store and the church will give the players an opportunity to meet some of the locals, the locals however will only scowl and move on. Successful spot hidden tests will reveal the following:

Many of the men in town seem to have small burns on their faces and hands. 0/1d2 san loss for those who notice this.

Many of the women seem to have vacant and even drooling expressions. 0/1d2 san loss for noticing this.

If one or more of these women were to be examined by someone with a successful first aid or medicine check they will discover that there is a substantial hole in the roof of the womens mouth that leads all the way to the brain, part of which seems to be missing! They have been strangely lobotomised! 0/1d4 san loss for this discovery

The Church

The Hillsong Church with its adjoining cemetery is small and plain, with whitewashed weather-

board and simple glass windows. Nevertheless this tiny house of worship is still the best-kept building in Hillgrove. The inside of which is as plain but as well kept as the exterior. If the investigators observe the church on a Sunday morning they will observe the vast majority of the local folk parading into the church in total silence. Inside the church it is standing room only as the congregation laconically listen to an uninspired sermon interjected by off-key hymns sung with altogether too much gusto that smacks of artificiality. If the Investigators wait after the service or approach at any other time they will easily obtain an audience with Father Davies the local priest.

Father Davies

STR 4 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 12 POW 4
 DEX 8 APP 9 EDU 17 SAN 10 HP 10

Damage Bonus -1d4

Skills Deliver Sermon 15% Local History 85% Regional History 65%
 History 45% ignore what's Going On 95%

Father Davies, a silver-haired stooped man in his 60's has been the priest of the Hillsong Church in Hillgrove for 40 years since the previous priest in residence disappeared. His evangelical zeal swiftly waned with his lack of success getting many of the locals to attend and with his sermons making no impact whatsoever on the clearly pagan practises of many of his flock. He swiftly turned to his passion for local and regional history and has withdrawn into that dry world in complete denial of what has been happening right under his nose for four decades.

He will immediately dismiss any suggestions of anything bizarre or untoward going on assuring players that all the locals are good god fearing folk with the exception of only one or two small families that keep to themselves. Successful psychology tests show that he is clearly lying though he would never admit it. As swiftly as he might politely do so Father Davies will bring the subject around to local history, a subject that clearly excites him far more than his religious duties.

The History of Hillgrove According to Father Davies

If Investigators talk to Father Davies about the History of Hillgrove he will reveal some of the following:

Hillgrove was originally a tin mining town but the mine started to run thin and there were sev-

eral bad accidents so the mine closed and those who chose to stay took to farming

Some still find tin around the area but no-one really makes any money out of it

The only thing the land is really suited to is goat farming, the area is too wooded and hilly for much else and no-one has bothered with sheep or cows for more than 50 years

All the goats in the region shared a common hardy ancestor hence why all the goats in the region are black. The black goats don't like other sorts and any others that have been brought into the area were swiftly killed by the cantankerous black goats

The various goats heads and hides around town are due to the harmless unfortunate Fitz the Younger, an imbecile. He has himself seen the lad placing one of the goat decorations in a tree and is sure there is no occult significance in the act just the derangement of a boy barely more than a vegetable. He mentions that he has heard that the Fitz family property has an even higher concentration of these decorations than the woods and that surely the remains of every goat the family has slaughtered and maybe even some of their neighbours have been used thus

The Fitz family is the oldest in Hillgrove having been there as far as records go back.

Presently the Fitz family constitutes Elder Fitz the family patriarch, old Anne Marie Fitz if she still lives as Davies has not seen her in years though he would hope that he'd be called in to perform the funeral, Colin Fitz the eldest boy with his unfortunate odour and skin condition and the poor idiot Fitz the younger

The Fitz family isn't well loved by the community but they are well respected, they don't attend church though which is a terrible shame

There used to be another large and powerful family in town that even the Fitz's would not cross, the Merks, most of whom died about 60 years ago when the Old Fellows Hall, a sort of social club with very exclusive select members, burned to the ground. Since then the Merks have been slowly dying out leaving Old Man Merks a recluse who keeps to himself and Davies doubts the rumours that he makes Moonshine off somewhere in the woods.

If asked about such matters he will state that "There have always been a lot of superstitious folk in the area and all sorts of wild beliefs have endured since time immemorial".

They say that there used to be covens of witches in the woods that would meet for black masses where the witches would 'kiss the devil'.

A story started years ago that there was a black faceless devil that flew through the town and woods on certain nights. Various animal attacks were blamed on this devil and folk said that it took the blood and brains to fill a well in hell.

If asked he will say that the nights the devil is said to stalk are "The usual ones for this sort of thing, the full and new moons, All Hallows Eve, May Eve. Nights of that sort."

After a while it became bad luck and taboo to mention this devil and now no-one will even bury any animal corpses.

All of these superstitions are baseless and in 40 years he has never seen an iota of evidence to support them.

The cemetery is small but supports much of the information from other sources. There is a large section devoted to the victims of the Old Fellows Hall fire, many of whom bear the surname Merks and there is also a string of tombstones from the time just before the mine collapse putting the cause of death as mining accident.

The Less Savoury Inhabitants of Hillgrove (or Meet the Fitz's)

Once the investigators leave the Hillsong Church grounds they are immediately intercepted by the Fitz brothers Dirty Colin Fitz and Fitz the Younger.

Dirty Colin Fitz

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 15
DEX 8 APP 4 EDU 5 SAN 0 HP 15

Damage Bonus +1d4

Weapons infectious

Fist/Punch 60% Grapple 47%

Skills Spot Hidden 48% Cthulhu Mythos 20%

Colin was once an inquisitive boy and he crept through the door into the cave in the Hill of the Grove when he knew the Black Devil was out. He crushed underfoot some of the tiny budding fungus there and for his transgressions was tracked down the next night, torn from his bed, carried through the air to the door in the Hill, taken down into the cave and near-drowned in the foul dark syrup of the abyssal well. Since then he has suffered from an horrific transmissible skin infection, one he delights in inflicting the secondary form of on others. In him this presents itself as a vague hideous bluish tint to his complexion of a nau-

seous hue and with darker blotches and a terrible odour such as might be expected had he regularly fouled himself. If anyone makes skin contact with Colin or touches something he has recently touched that part of their skin will become infected. The infection in others causes, after 30 minutes, a small 3cm long whipping slightly translucent blue tentacle like a little worm to painlessly grow from each square centimetre that has made contact with his skin (when he grabs someone's cheek this is usually 1d3+1 tentacles, anyone laying a hand on him will soon have a lot of tentacles!). Any excision of this tentacle will grow back in 30 minutes. Only fire or acid applied to the infected spots will prevent regrowth with strong scarring being the inevitable result. Any skin that comes in contact with the tentacle will also sprout a tentacle in 30 minutes. Bernard will have some idea of this or allow an idea roll from those who have witnessed the burned townsfolk. Witnessing the tentacles costs 0/1d3 san, suffering from an infection costs 1/1d4+1 san, burning out an infection costs 0/1d3.

Fitz the Younger

STR 9 CON 11 SIZ 9 INT 4 POW 13
DEX 6 APP 7 EDU 4 SAN 0 HP 15

Damage Bonus 0

Weapons Ceremonial Dagger 40%

Skills Craft totems 87% Memorise writing 78% Calligraphy 63%

Drawing/Finger Painting 17% English 25% Cthulhu Mythos 55%
known 5% understood

Fitz the Younger, only 14 years of age, is an unfortunate consequence of inbreeding resulting in substantial learning difficulties. He is unable to speak or read but can understand enough to follow orders. His need to express himself including the horrors he has grown up with and his own inner madness has resulted in his constant construction of the weird totems and much of the strange drawings found in various locations.

The Fitz brothers will try and intimidate the investigators. If the Investigators act cowed they will move on their way with a self-assured swagger. If the Investigators stand up to them the Fitz's won't fight. Dirty Colin will just laugh and gently pinch the cheeks of the most confident Investigator or if several are equally so, the one with the highest App. Then walk away as if nothing had happened. Later that day the touched Investigator will have quite a shock coming.

The Lumps of Tin

When the Investigators next enter Fraser's General Store they might notice an odd transaction. A surly local will enter furtively and begin haggling with Bernard over a 'lump of tin for the Fitzes', after a price is set the surly local leaves in a huff. If asked about the transaction Bernard will, with a sigh, explain that the Fitz's have him pay for lumps of tin that locals bring in from time to time. Every once in a while one of the Fitz's will come in and collect the lumps of tin. They don't pay Fraser for it and threatened him into the arrangement, he is clearly deeply insulted having to hand over cash or produce for these cheap lumps of tin. If any investigator examines a lump have them make a geology test, a success reveals that the 'tin' is in fact Platinum! If the true value of these nuggets is revealed to Fraser he will immediately faint.

The Second Letter

Later that night or the next morning, whenever convenient, one of the Merks Descendence Investigators will be contacted again. Again another letter sent by mice. If it happens in the night a successful spot hidden will have the Investigator wake in darkness to feel the rodents crawling over them for 0/1d2 san loss.

The letter is detailed in Handouts C

Again if those exposed to Merks Moonshine back at the party read this letter they will have another flashback. The black ink of the writing on the letter will seem to flow down the page in rivulets that make a shape like a gnarled leafless tree the branches of which will bend and sway as if in a breeze then the process will reverse. To the visionary it will seem like half a minute passed but to others it will appear instantaneous.

Armidale Road is easy to find and after a short walk past empty vacant houses and a couple of climb checks to get over some rickety fences the Investigators will find themselves walking down a narrow winding path into very thick woodland. Natural history checks will show that other than on the very outskirts this part of the forrest has never been logged and thick blankets of toadstools cover ancient fallen trees yet not a single animal is to be seen. At the end of the path is a leaning shack such as one might hide a stil in and sitting before that shack is an old wirey dishevelled thin-bearded man.

STRANGÉTALES OF DREAD & WONDER

Old Man Merks

Old Man Merks in his gruff accented voice will do his best to win over the Investigators, stressing his need to find people he could trust and blaming his enemies spells for the event at the party. He attempts to exhort the following:

He was at the party trying to stop Elder Fitz the High Priest of Evil, he failed to stop the evil spell and fled

He used to be the head of a peace-loving religious group who harmed none with their pagan beliefs in the Old Gods and Fertility rites.

Elder Fitz made a pact with evil beings from the stars for the power to usurp his position resulting in the burning of the Old Fellows Hall and the moving of rituals to the grove on the hill

Since then all of his relations have been slowly hunted down, the only ones who could help him. Such is the confidence, the arrogance of his enemies that he though is kept alive, his powerlessness a mockery

He has slowly been searching amongst the secret worshipers of the old gods for a way to right these wrongs and may have an answer but he needs to know the exact details of the bargain Fitz has struck with evil

The only way to get these answers is for the Investigators to break into Fitz's hilltop cabin when the next ritual occurs

Fitz was meddling with terrible outer powers that are inimicable to all life on this world, there are dark secrets buried under the grove on the hill that could spread if ever released. If he isn't stopped and control of the cult returned to the Merks family where it belongs and its original beneficial expression then he fears for the fate of every living thing!

If, and only if, the Investigators bring up the matter of the Grandmothers mentioned in the first letters and their own relation to the Merks family he explains that the rituals of the Old Fellows could bring fertility back to women but not to men, that the ritual involved various ancient orgy-istic practices frowned upon by the oppressions of modern religions and that because of his position of authority it was safe to say that the father was in fact himself.

If the investigators are reluctant to agree to breaking into the Fitz cabin he reminds them of the events at the party then suggests that such horrors will happen again and again till everyone they care about suffers such depravity. Only by working with him can such calamity be averted.

If they agree he says the following:

“If yeh look to the North of the town you’d see the Hill o’ the Grove. That’s where they do their rituals now. Most o’ the folk hereabouts are part of the cult so they’ll all be filing up the way, along the winding serpent path, through the Fitz’s land and up the hill. When that happens, and you’ll know it cause o’ the drumming and the torch fires, you follow. Only follow quite aways back you hear me! As them Fitz boys follow up the back o’ the bunch after they cross their land. What yeh’ll need to do is to follow them to the old Fitz house and find the other path from Fitz’s back door that’ll lead to the top of the other hill upon the crest of which yeh’ll find the cabin. Don’t use much light or they’ll see yeh an take yeh time about it as the ritual will last late into the night. Yeh search that place, every nook and crannie till yeh find everything yeh can about what he’s doing with them star folk. I’d go with yeh and show yeh the way but If I’m not at the ritual I’d be missed and they’d know something was up.”

The Procession

That Dusk or the next if the Investigators visited Merks during the night will be the night of the next ritual. The first sign will begin as soon as the shadow of the hills covers the town as a sudden burst of frenzied drumming will be heard clearly across the region. Settling down swiftly to a weird wave-like rhythm the drumming will continue to sound unceasingly. As night falls, one by one most of the townsfolk bearing torches and dressed in black and often ragged robes, leave their decaying houses without a word and begin a procession through the decrepit town. If the investigators try and speak to any of the townsfolk they will be completely ignored.

The Investigators might ignore Old Man Merks instructions and rather than following from a distance they might choose to ambush some cultists and take their robes.

5 Sample Cultists

	Cultist 1	Cultist 2	Cultist 3	Cultist 4	Cultist 5
STR	07	08	16	13	06
CON	11	14	11	07	16
SIZ	15	09	11	12	10
INT	12	15	12	14	14
POW	10	11	12	11	08
DEX	14	11	07	09	13
EDU	10	07	07	11	09
APP	08	07	12	08	12
HP	13	14	11	10	13
MP	10	11	12	11	08

Skills grapple 28% fist 65% head 15% kick 30%

The procession of cultists drains into the main arterial street heading North towards the dark and forbidding mass of the wooded hill. The air is filled with strange drumming and the shuffle of many feet but as the Hillsong Church is passed another sound can be heard-the strained and almost cracking voice of Father Davies singing hymns as if to drown out the world outside.

With a successful spot hidden check Investigators might see a dark something flying over or leaping from the roof of the church and passing swiftly before the newly full moon. A successful biology, natural history, idea roll or subsequent second successful spot hidden roll will reveal an impression of something finned like a flying fish with an overall shape perhaps like a bee and that whatever it was it was no bird, bat or insect known to science, resulting in 0/1d6 san loss. It is the ‘faceless devil’ or the Black Mi-go

The House of Fitz

The procession will wind its way up into the hills along a long meandering path through fields and woods. The cultists are not particularly wary and so even a catastrophically failed stealth roll at this point will probably only result in a backwards glance and a moments whisper. Until of course the procession reaches the land belonging to Fitz. It takes at least 20 minutes for the procession to reach it.

The Gate, a large chest-high rusty iron swing gate set between painted goats heads on poles is opened at the head of the procession by a waiting ‘Dirty’ Colin Fitz who stands holding the gate, rubbing his hands up and down it in an obscene caress. Once all the cultists have passed by he will suspiciously scan about, calling for a resistance test between his spot hidden and investigators stealth, before closing it with a protracted sqwark from its hinges and walking off behind the others.



If he has spotted the investigators he will follow the same course of actions till he can slip off behind a tree to wait in ambush. He will intend to leap out and punch and slap his victim, vindictively trying to touch as much of their exposed skin as he can rather than just cause physical damage. If he wins in a grapple he will particularly try to touch the eyes of the victim with truly horrific results! Handle it as if 'Dirty' Colin was grappling to cause physical harm with an infection of one eye replacing the damage. Two such makes it both eyes. Once he has badly injured or infected the eye/s of one Investigator or finds himself clearly outnumbered he will attempt to run off into the dark woods.

If an investigator has been grappled and their skin infected and knows what the infection will do they will lose 0/1d3 san immediately as well as the 1/1d4+1 that will occur once the tentacles break out. If one or both eyes of his victim are infected then in 30 minutes the usual small slightly translucent wormlike waving blue tentacles will grow from the iris. The victim will discover that, repugnantly, their field of vision from that eye now comes from the tip of the wriggling worm. The incessant moving of the worm-vision disrupts all vision based skills -25% except spot hidden +25% as somehow the worm makes secret and hidden things more apparent. A +15% is also added to Idea rolls based on the visual sense, double these modifiers if both eyes are affected. Note also that the presence of the worm prevents the full closing of the eyelids so if an investigator wishes not to see something they will have to face in exactly the opposite direction to it or cover the worm with their hands. There is a 1/1d4 immediate san loss if an Investigator knows tentacles will grow from theirs or another's eye, 1/1d6 when the tentacles grow from their eye/s, 0/1d3 loss from having tentacles burnt out of eye causing blindness, and 0/1d3 loss to burn out a fellow investigator's eye)

If 'Dirty' Colin does not spot the investigators he will follow at the tail end of the procession. The Investigators will have to contend with the gate, the gate is rusty and any attempt to open it will cause a definite load squawk that will be heard over the incessant drumming alerting 'Dirty' Colin who will then lie in ambush further up the path. If the gate is opened or clumb with bare hands, those hands will pick up Colins tentacular infection from it sprouting in 30 minutes time. The fence to either side of the gate is old and rotten, supported more by the bushy undergrowth than its own structure. Any failed attempts to climb it will result in a loud collapse that will alert 'Dirty' Colin and some 1d4hp injury.

The path leads through the Fitz's bracken infested land, past the house and to another gate where Fitz the younger tends an equally squeaky gate, following afterwards as his brother did before. The house is a once prosperous and expensive two storey affair of an old style now looking in danger of imminent collapse with loose boards, missing slate leaning roofing on the verandah and boarded windows. All about it hang the painted pelts, skulls and heads of goats. Once the procession moves through the second gate a mad and frenzied piping bursts forth in a fit from the top of the dark and brooding Hill of the Grove. Its shocking suddenness and fitful rhythmless exuberance is enough to shock and unnerve, failed san checks losing 0/1d2. At once there begins a faint wailing somewhat almost in time and pitch with the fluting but just out of synch. Successful listen checks will reveal that it comes from an upstairs window of the decrepit building. The fluting ceases as suddenly as it started and the creaking high-pitched singing ends a moment after. Cautious uninquisitive investigators may well ignore such sounds and simply look for the path from the back door of the house that leads to the hilltop cabin. The path is well trod and almost shines in the moonlight.

Inquisitive investigators may instead try one of the doors of the house and find that they are all unlatched. The inside is as filthy a hovel as any man has ever lived in with decaying scraps of food lying on the floor, flies and maggots on almost every surface and horrific and obscene drawings of the crudest nature drawn upon the walls by fingers dipped in the worst sort of filth with 0/1d4 san loss for viewing this squalor. Each room is much the same as the last on the ground floor and a single flight of stairs leads upwards. The stairs are decayed and rotten and one already has a sizeable hole in it. Those who fail luck tests or who run up or down the stairs will put their foot through suffering 1d3 damage and requiring a successful climb roll to get their leg out unassisted. At the top of the stairs the first impression is of a powerful and disgusting stench even worse than that downstairs. From a hall are three doors, the right and left are locked but the wood is weak with age and any force breaks the door open revealing a dust choked and shrouded room that has gone decades without use. The central door is not locked but opens up on an image of utter degradation!

The room is bare save for a brass ring set into the wall with a bunch of crude bent nails to which is attached a leather lead. At the end of the lead is a collar in the centre of the room tightly strapped round the neck of an old, naked, heavily pregnant, emaciated woman sitting in a pile of

her own filth. Drooling and with eyes unfocussed she will nevertheless react to the investigators presence immediately, though slowly, positioning her filth stained body in an obscenely provocative display! If the Investigators examine her with any successful medical, first aid or similar skills they will find that she, like many of the other women in town have been strangely and impossibly lobotomised through a channel through the roof of her mouth with no sign of any infection. Though her hair is grey and her body wizened like that of an elderly woman in her 60's she is nonetheless quite clearly heavily pregnant. It costs 1/1d6 San to see this shameful treatment of a human being and her mysterious pregnancy.

Anne Marie Fitz

STR 12 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 4 POW 13
DEX 9 APP 8 EDU 10 SAN 0 HP 15

Damage Bonus +1d4
 Skills Unmentionable

Anne Marie Fitz was once a beautiful young woman from a neighbouring town, who married her cousin Elder Fitz for his power and position before the full rot set in to the area. Shortly after the marriage she went through the ritual that left her a drooling imbecile. She has been kept in a state of perpetual reproduction since however Elder Fitz has judged most of the children wanting and has ritually sacrificed them! Unknown to him the remnants of the bodies of his children are the source of Merks Moonshine mushrooms. Once she started to look too old to be pregnant he chained her up like this where she has remained for years.

If the Investigators remove the collar and leash she will remain motionless where she is and any attempt to move her will be met with passive resistance. If they drag her to the door of her room she will explode into a frenzy of scratching and biting doing her best to remain in the room. If they succeed in taking her out of the room she will attempt to flee howling into the night.

The Cabin on the Hill

The shining path up the hill steep, near its base a fork heads off again in the direction of the Hill of the Grove, continuing forward however leads to the cabin requiring a minimum of twenty minutes walk, reaching at its summit a plain log cabin with shuttered windows. A successful spot hidden will notice dozens of strange 'clawprints' in

the earth around the cabin. The door is of course locked and the lock will have to be picked or the door or a window forced or broken. Vs' Str 15 on the resistance table to force the door, 12hp to break it down while the window is vs' Str 8, 3hp

Inside the cabin is made up of just a single room with a pot-belly stove in the centre, two windows are to the left of the door facing the Hill of the Grove, the opposite wall has a bookcase and writing desk, the remainder of the wall is covered with rough diagrams and crude repugnant illustrations of fantastic and revolting things. Experienced investigators will likely recognise depictions of the main deities and creatures of the mythos. The opposite wall to the door has a table with a curious mass of devices all hooked by electrical cables to a large cylinder. The contents of the bookcase will likely freak out any seasoned player for here are copies, all in the same hand and style of illustration and all with the same binding, of the English editions of some of the most horrific mythos texts written including the Necronomicon!

Also present are the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*, *R'lyeh Text*, *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New England Canaan*, *The Book of Dzyan* and *Nameless Cults*.

On the writing desk is a half finished page of manuscript, a small battered brass telescope used as a paperweight and a list of postal addresses. These addresses are of cults Fitz has some connection to and could be used as a springboard for further scenarios.

With any loud sound or quiet talking a tinny voice will immediately ensue from the device on the table which is of course a Mi-Go brain cylinder and attachments containing the mind of a cult scholar who has memorised all the great blasphemous works.

Ecrub of the Liis (the brain therof)

STR 0 CON 12 SIZ 1 INT 16 POW 11
DEX 0 APP 0 EDU 21 SAN 0 HP 1

Damage Bonus A disembodied brain can do no damage
 Skills History (ancient) 65% Occult 75% Cthulhu My hos 79%

Ecrub was a cultist of great repute who as a towarthe for his assistance was placed within a brain cylinder and has travelled with the Mi-Go through time and space. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will mean that Investigators will know of an Ecrub from 1851 where he escaped from a witch trial on the back of a Byakhee cackling and mocking his enemies, a successful occult roll will reveal the same information but with the Byakhee

replaced by a 'winged daemon'. This is the same Ecrub, though the time inside the cylinder has mellowed him somewhat.

Ecrub is more than happy to answer many questions in his strange recording-like voice though a san test will be required to converse with a disembodied cultists brain in a dark cabin losing 1/1d4.

Ecrub now has extraordinary longevity and a photographic memory, thanks to surgery performed by the Fungi from Yuggoth and memorised all the great dissertations of the wisdom of the Great Old Ones.

He has had his brain placed in the cylinder to prolong his life and enable him to visit places amongst the distant worlds and stars of space with the Mi-Go.

He dictates these to Elder Fitz so that he may transcribe them.

Elder Fitz has already sent three of these texts to various cults scattered about the world.

If asked about the Hill of the Grove he will mention that there is a heavy stone door in the stone circle on the hilltop leading down to a great pit where a Great Old One sleeps. The Mi-go will not make known the name of the sleeper in the pit or their connection to it. Ecrub will hint that he has suspicions but will not voice them even on pain of death.

Elder Fitz's oldest son was punished for his transgressions by being tossed into the pit by its guardian resulting in his hideous condition.

Ecrub doesn't know what bargain Fitz has struck with the Fungi.

Ecrub will not help fight the Mi-Go nor answer any questions on their weaknesses. He describes them as wondrous ancient beings, wise and learned, wishing only to keep to themselves and to further their knowledge, communicating at length only with those worthy of them. He also knows of other brains in cylinders that have disappeared after becoming too critical of or working against these wonderful beings and is sure that such a fate would be worse than any the investigators could create.

A chanting and shrieking from the Hill of the Grove will interrupt Ecrub and his voice will slur and cease mid-sentence.

Of repeated is:

"Ia Ia Shub-Niggurath"

The investigators can open the shutters on the windows to view the ritual from a safe-ish distance. Without visual assistance writhing dancing robed figures can be seen, lit by massed torchlight, in a high widely spaced stone circle on the

hilltop surrounding a curious five-sided altar stone.

If the Investigators have binoculars or the like or use the small brass telescope they will see Elder Fitz presiding over the ritual in a goats-head headdress. With a successful spot-hidden roll a dark winged shape can be glimpsed hopping from stone to stone 0/1d6 san with magnification 0/1d3 without. A second roll will notice that trees around the circle appear to be bowed over like bowing figures 0/1d3 san loss.

As the shrieking chant increases in pitch a darkness gathers on the altar stone forming itself into a black oily vaguely goatish bipedal form 0/1d6 san to see up close 0/1d3 from a distance. Three women kneel before the altar and, one after another, perversely kiss the goatlike forms posterior. A successful spot-hidden test from someone with visual assistance will notice a large drool or flow of blood from the mouth of each woman as they perform this repugnant act, spotting this will cost 0/1d3 san.

The ropey goatlike figure then does a strange little dance and then sinks back fluidly into the stone altar, the chanting dies down Fitz the elder turns and leaves and the cultists fall upon the naked women in a grotesque orgy.

The players will not be able to reactivate Ecrub after the ritual. If they hang round for long after the ritual has ended they will hear a sharp snapping sound. Otherwise they will hear this sound while travelling on the path back down the hill. Successful listen checks will reveal that something is moving up the path towards the cabin. It is a Mi-Go who is walking up with Elder Fitz.

The Buzzing

I the Investigators are cautious they could avoid meeting the Mi-Go and Elder Fitz as they walk up the hill by hiding in the undergrowth. They will however still hear the conversation between them as they pass by. If they hide in the cabin they could be in for trouble, however Elder Fitz isn't in much of a mood for a fight, needing to rest and without the cult to back him up so he will run away.

Two voices are heard, one old gruff, the other? An inhuman buzzing approximation of speech! Distinctly English yet more akin to the sounds of flies bees and mosquitoes than the voice of men.

Fitz: "I am halfway through the book of Eibon and will need him for some time yet"

Buzzing: "We will have some need of the sage in the near future"

Fitz: "What of the transcribing device you mentioned? I am having such difficulty with the diagrams"

Buzzing: "We could provide it to speed up the process, (long pause), if you can double the volume of platinum"

Fitz: "Double! But there are strangers in town, they will complicate things"

Buzzing: "Call on the young of Shub-Niggurath at the next ritual and we will send our agents to prevent any investigation"

The conversation then moves from earshot. To watch or peek at Elder Fitz in his goat headdress and robes casually walking and talking with a pinkish, winged, pulpy-headed, custaceous fungi is worth the loss of 0/1d6 sanity points, cautious investigators who merely listen to the conversation lose 0/1d3 san. The return journey by necessity will pass by the Fitz house again yet 'Dirty' Colin and Fitz the Younger are still up with the horrific acts on the Hill.

When they return to their lodging there is another note left by the mice.

See Handouts D

This may trigger another hallucination, give any afflicted Investigator another of the original hallucination Handouts.

The Ritual of Kin's Flesh

The Investigators will find Merks sitting near his shed next to a small but hot fire with a poker resting in it. Merks will listen impatiently as the players relate their experiences particularly to the part about the brain cylinder and dictated tomes. If asked about 'calling on the young' he will dismiss it as unimportant, that he can handle that. Once done he will lean forward conspiratorially.

"In return for the platinum the Outer Ones gave Fitz a device that renders its victims unable to move. This is how he was able to steal all this from me. But during my time amongst certain folk with strange appetites in a long forgotten resting place I learned of a way to protect us from this device. It is called the Ritual of Kin's Flesh and so you see I need kinfolk to work with me." He pulls out the torn portion of a scroll of tattered parchment and a small bowl of milky blue stone and a sharp ornate knife.

"Now what we have to do is going to be difficult, but unless we can get to and kill that old worm Fitz then those books will get to people who will wake the Great Old Ones and everyone in the whole world will suffer much worse than that which happened at the party. The only way to kill Fitz is to render his device powerless and to do this we must each cut off some flesh and place it in this bowl, perform a chant and then we each have to eat what is in the bowl."

If the Investigators are indecisive he will only then say that the ritual need only be performed by the two related to him, that it requires both of them, however only those who take part in the ritual will gain its protection.

If they will not agree he will lose his composure, assure them that it's the only way and shout and curse. He will let the investigators leave if they so choose as the flesh must be freely given if they are to be of any use to him.

If some of the Investigators agree to the ritual they will sit down in a circle next to the fire and within reach of the red-hot poker. Fitz will explain what is to happen and instruct them on the chant:

See Handouts E

Fitz will begin, hacking off his left ear with a harsh cry of pain and dropping it in the bowl, handing the knife to the investigator on his left then cauterising his wound with the poker. Once all participants have cut off a part of their bodies he will turn the bowl round three times while everyone chants. Once done he grabs a random part other than his ear from the bowl and eats it.

Ritual of Kins Flesh: 2d4 san to cast + 5 mp from each participant. 0/1d4 san to witness.

Duration: 3 days Number of participants 3 related and any number of others.

If cast successfully for the next 3 days none of the participants may be paralysed, hypnotised, faint, be knocked unconscious or even sleep!

He will then provide robes for the investigators, curiously stained with stiff patches and strange tears poorly stitched. (successful Idea rolls reveal that the stiff stains are dried blood and the cuts caused fatal wounds.

He will instruct them to return and wait for dusk when the ritual will begin again as it will each night while the moon is full.

He suggests they take what weapons they can under their robes and when after Elder Fitz finishes his ritual once the black goat has been and gone, when he is tired and weak, they will attack him and slay him.

Curiously when they return Bernard and Jill Fraser will be nowhere to be seen and the shops doors will be left open. If they look they will discover that Father Davies is also missing. Elder Fitz and his children have used the device to capture them. Anyone left behind with the Frasers will be likewise captured.

0 The Night of Horrors

again the procession occurs as before and the cult-robed investigators will want to keep their heads down as they pass the surviving Fitz boys on their way through the goat gates. Halved spot tests for the Fitz's due to their complacency. If they spot the investigators they won't cause a fuss but instead inform their father though 'Dirty' Colin if he is still alive may be unable to resist swiftly reaching a hand up under the hood and giving a gentle caress down the cheek of the highest App. Investigator present.

From the second goat gate, accompanied once again by the same burst of insane piping; though this time coming as less of a shock and requiring no check, the path winds up the coarse to the Hill of The Grove. The trees are huge and gnarled, old, anciently old. As the path winds back and forth and around the Hill strangely sometimes heading down and crossing already trod sections of path amongst the trees before rising again towards the summit observant investigators may spot that the trees are moving yet there is no wind and risk losing 0/1d4 san.

30 minutes following the mad piping that heralds the passage through the 2nd goat gate the crest of the Hill of the Grove is reached. The top of the Hill is densely packed with leafless trees that hide the stone circle but which bow down as the procession arrives revealing old weathered stones over 10 feet high, a great low five sided altar stone, a huge strangely un-square four-sided stone door set into the earth and, to the side of the circle, the pinkish crustacean form of a Fungi from Yuggoth bouncing on the spot in odd rhythms while pounding with multiple human thighbones held in a multitude of nipper claws upon the strangely blueish skin of a great stone drum! San loss:1/1d6

The ritual goes as follows:

Elder Fitz walks up from the opposite side of the circle to the path, resplendent in his fine long sleeved robes and black goats-head headdress. He begins to lead the chant as five cultists including, assuming Colin was not killed the previous

night, his two boys begin to dance and whirl between Elder Fitz and the altar. The dancing moves over to the door in the ground, dancing about it and tapping upon it. Elder Fitz walks over to it chanting to Shub-Niggurath and when he reaches it the great strangely assymetrical door opens. From it rises slowly with mechanically precise grace, surrounded by a foul waft of pestilential charnel stench and a black mist, the Faceless Devil: a Fungi from Yuggoth smeared and dripping with some oily black substance. It presses its nippers to Elder Fitz's face anointing his cheeks with the strange fluid it is coated with. It spreads its great wings and without beating them sails upwards swiftly to land upon the stones above and commences to cavort with a flailing graceless abandon. The chant begins to be interjected with squeals and shouts and a darkness begins to form at the centre of the five-sided altarstone. Elder Fitz begins to call on Shub-Niggurath to send a portion of itself in the form of the black goat. The darkness coalesces into a mass of black worms that crawl up upon themselves until they hold an overall shape of a bipedal goat. Three more cultists come up from the woods each pushing a bound victim, Father Davies and the Frasers, Jill Fraser is stripped naked. If any investigators have been captured they too will be among them. Bernard Fraser and Father Davies are forced to watch while Jill is forced to kiss the ropey wormey goat-things posterior. At first she is crying and screaming but that turns to disgusting lustful moaning as blood pours from her mouth. Then the goat does a strange little dance almost absurd in its motions and all the more horrific for that then dissolves back into darkness that flows back into the solid stone. If the ritual gets as far as the summoning of the Black Goat then every being within the circle will lose 4 magic points.1d4/1d10 San is the cost to witness the complete ritual, 1d2/1d6 if it is interrupted.

If the players interrupt the ritual the Black Goat will at once dissolve, otherwise once the Black Goat has gone, then Old Man Merks will make his move. Casting off his plain robes revealing ornate robes beneath he points at Elder Fitz with the ornate knife crying "You are not fit to serve the Black Goat of the Woods!"

Elder Fitz will uncover his forearm which has some strange ornate shiny metal device wrapped around it. He will try it at least twice before calling on the dark young.

Elder Fitz

STR 11	CON 11	SIZ 12	INT 15	POW 15 (6)
DEX 9	APP 11	EDU 12	SAN 0	HP 12

Damage Bonus 0

Weapons Mi Go recording device allows the user to cast a directional beam of Mi Go Hypnosis 55%

Spells Contact Mi Go Contact Dark Young (note Magic Points less 5 for summoning the Dark Young and 4 if the Black Goat arrives for a total of 6)

Weapons ceremonial dagger 55% 1d4+2+db
Mi Go Paralysis Ray 70% (special)

Skills Cthulhu mycoses 55%

Mi Go Paralysis Ray A device designed for the Fungi's more important human agents this silvery web of organic looking strands worn like a mesh glove enables the wearer to engage in a contest of wills. At the cost of a magic point and five it projects a ray that will engage the target in a POW vs Pow contest. If the User wins the victim is paralysed conscious but unable to move. If the target wins the contest no harm comes to the bearer of the ray. For a further magic point the ray can be widened to hit people within a 5 foot circle. And/or for another magic point the ray can focus the bearers will doubling their POW for the purpose of the contest. The ray is only effective on human targets. Each magic point expended through the device ages the user by five years.

From the day that Elder Fitz joined the cult of Shub-Niggurath he intended to take Merks place at its head. Mean, cruel, vindictive and at times cowardly Elder Fitz set off to learn from other cultists to find some edge to gain of Merks. He managed to ingratiate himself with some of the cultist servants of the Mi-Go whence he obtained his weapon. Since he took over he, his family, the cult and the town have all degenerated through his complacency.

When Fitz dies or he calls out to the Dark Young "Dark Young feed on mine enemies" some of the things that appeared to be trees but were actually pre-summoned Dark Young of Shub Niggurath will rise up and start striding forward. 1d3/1d10 San loss. There is one of the Dark Young for each Investigator that entered the town plus one for Old Man Merks. If Merks has not fatally wounded Elder Fitz by the time the Dark Young get close Merks will try and push Fitz into the Dark Young, if Fitz is dead Merks will push one of the other cultists into the dark young once it catches up with him, which will then (though players will need to pass a spot hidden to notice) happily stop to feed, afterwards dissolving into the ground. If Merks dies before he can show the players how to survive the Dark young perhaps the cultists might gleefully start chanting "They will not leave till They have fed". The flight from the Dark Young will likely be memorable as each non-paralysed investigator will have to decide whether or not they throw someone behind them to survive, and who!

6 Sample Dark Young

	1	2	3	4	5	6
STR	42	44	46	44	49	46
CON	19	12	247	10	19	16
SIZ	43	41	41	47	42	46
INT	17	14	20	15	13	15
POW	12	24	15	22	22	19
DEX	16	14	18	11	19	14
HP	31	27	33	29	31	31
MP	12	24	15	22	22	19
DB	4d6	4d6	4d6	5d6	5d6	5d6

Weapons Tentacle 80% DB + STR drain (see description in main book)
Trample 40% 2d6 + DB

Armour (see description in main book)

Old Man Merks will run through the woods for the cabin. The Cultists except for the remaining Fitz's will let any players who have escaped the Dark Young get away. Colin will try and use his infection as revenge intending to pummel any Investigator he can find then rub his infection into every part of their bodies. The Mi-Go will stay out of the fight and will fly away if they are attacked, until later.

The Events at the Cabin

Merks if he survives will run to the cabin and some or all the surviving investigators may well follow him. Once he gets inside he will start drawing a large complicated design on the floor. He will welcome the presence of any Investigators especially if any of them are his relatives. He will explain that he needs to perform a ritual to gain forgiveness from the black goat (which will be especially necessary if one or more of the dark young are still chasing some of the Investigators)

Once the design is sketched out he will then ask the remaining investigators which is to be sacrificed so that they all the rest might live.

He will offer the others a prime place in the cult, particularly his grandchildren who, he will remind them 'are already blessed by the blood of the black goat and are such in part its descendants'

Even if all the Dark Young have left he will tell them that more will come

He tells them that soon the Great Old Ones will waken from their slumbers and that soon all of mankind will be destroyed except for those who worship the Great Old Ones who will instead be raised on High. That the child of Shub Niggurath sleeping in the well below the stones will one day

crawl up out of that door and that a Merks should be there to greet it.

If no-one will go along with this sacrifice idea he will suggest the option of sacrificing the Brain of Ecrub (which is what he would do if no investigators follow him, hoping that Shub Niggurath will protect him from the Fungi) though that will risk the wrath of the Fungi from Yuggoth which the suddenly vocal Ecrub will make plainly clear, even pleading for his life until the speech unit is disconnected

If all else fails, he tries to knife everyone.

The ritual is a simple prayer and a cut throat or in the case of the brain a disinterment losing 1/1d6 san to assist in this, 0/1d6 san to allow the sacrifice to occur. Any Dark Young still hunting the Investigators will then be dismissed. There will be a 1d4 san gain if the Investigators turn on and kill Old Man Merks, upgraded to 1d8 if Elder Fitz is also dead.

Once this is resolved there will be enough time for the players to consider what they will do. Merks if he lives will want to keep all the tomes for himself, he will also, if Ecrub has not been sacrificed intend to maintain Fitz's bargain with the Mi-go and will search the cabin for platinum to placate them. There is some platinum collected from the Frasers shop in a small bag in a drawer in the writing desk. Ecrub will want to be left where he is, confident that he will not be forgotten by the Mi-Go and that they will come for him.

Carrying out any plans will likely be interrupted by a loud thump and crash as a winged Fungi crudely lands on the roof dislodging a heap of slate tiles that skitter down the roof and smash upon the ground. The Mi-Go might then be glimpsed swiftly climbing down the outside of one of the window shutters. A second Mi-Go will arrive swiftly after the first with a similar crash of broken slate. If the players rush out guns blazing then the two Mi-Go will fight back. If the Investigators are at all cautious or slow to respond then the Mi-Go will try and converse with them.

2 sample Fungi from Yuggoth

	Fungi 1	Fungi 2
STR	07	14
CON	08	17
SIZ	12	09
INT	17	15
POW	11	16
DEX	14	20
HP	10	13
MP	11	16

Spells Mi Go Hypnosis Contact Human Void Light

Weapons Nippers 30% 1d6+grapple (see description in main book)

Armour (see description in main book)

San Loss 0/1d4 to only converse with the fungi 0/1d6 to see them

The Mi-Go will try their Mi-Go Hypnosis if the Investigators aren't fully co-operative however any who were involved in the Ritual of Kin's Flesh will be immune to it.

Communications from the Fungi:

"We do not wish for violence" will be the first sentence of their buzzing

The Mi-Go want Ecrub and their technology back, if he is dead and the machinery damaged they will insist on getting the remains.

The Mi-Go also insist that the door in the ground on the Hill of the Grove is sacred and should not be disturbed

If Ecrub is used as a hostage the Mi-Go will offer Gold, Diamonds, Knowledge or even what platinum they have to hand as an exchange and will promise safe passage

If Ecrub is dead and the machinery used as a hostage the Mi-Go will try and kill the investigators.

The Mi-Go would be more than happy to befriend the Investigators, provided Ecrub is safe. They will try and tempt the investigators with knowledge, secrets and wonders. They will offer higher Edu and Int investigators the chance to travel backwards or forwards through time, to see the planets of the solar system, to live forever...

If the Mi-Go find themselves needing to use force they will cast Void Light, smash through the windows and crawl along the inside of the walls and ceiling of the cabin to snatch up Ecrub and the equipment. This being done they will either leave or if it is safe to do so or they have a reason to punish the Investigators then one will attack the ankles of the investigator furthest from the windows as a painful distraction while

the other tries to grab the investigator nearest the window to drag them outside, taking flight while the other Mi-Go makes it's escape, thence to drop the victim from high altitude back on the roof of the cabin through which they'll fall to arrive as a bloody pulp amongst the remainder of the group just as the light returns. All the investigators should make luck rolls, failure indicating that they are struck by the plummeting investigator for 1d10 damage! San loss for witnessing a fellow Investigator smash through the ceiling is 0/1d6

If things turn out unsatisfactorily for the Mi-Go they will leave but the Investigators will have little rest in the future.

The Stones on the Hill and The Cave of Spores

The investigators may well want to visit the stone circle after the events at the cabin or during the day and to investigate the stone door. The path is easily found during daylight but when the top of the hill is reached the tangle of leafless trees about its summit seem almost unbroachable. If they break or hack their way past the intertwined branches which will seep a sap which looks and smells like human blood (0/1d4 san). The remains of those killed by the Dark Young are scattered about, sacks of dehydrated flesh without blood... or bones! 0/1d6 san loss. These include the remains of Father Davies and Bernard Fraser.

The stone door is remarkably easy to open requiring very little strength to lift open. The same charnel stench pours forth and a brief black mist that dissipates in the cool air. Inside are a short flight of steps that lead into a small claustrophobic cavern filled with a radiant and intermittent blue light. Scattered around the walls are small white waving mushroom like things smaller than a little finger. Close inspection reveals these to be tiny pale Mi-Go on stalks of varying sizes. 0/1d3 san loss. Periodic iridescent changes of colour flash across the tiny heads of these resulting in waves of colour moving across the fungi like ripples in a pond. The floor of the centre of the cavern, about which is clustered a particular profusion of the growing fungi is a pool of dark syrupy fluid. Beside which are a few empty and discarded silver cylinders of the type that houses Ecrub. To closely examine the pool or look closely at the cylinders Investigators will have to crush underfoot some of the tiny Fungi. In sudden response the Black Mi-Go will burst out of the pool, emitting white clouds of tiny mist-like spores from strange raised gill-like structures and attempting to drag the poor victim into its depths

20

then releasing them to drag themselves back out, now with 'Dirty' Colin Fitz's awful smell and bluish skin, a new source of that dreadful infection.

Faceless Devil (the Black Mi-Go)

STR 18 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 16 POW 14
DEX 24 HP 13 MP 14

Spells Mi Go Hypnosis Con act Human Void Light

Weapons Nippers 30% 1d6+grapple (see description in main book)

Armour (see description in main book)

To be grabbed and infected by The Faceless Devil costs 1d4/1d10 san to witness it's attack is 0/1d6

After releasing the victim the Black Mi-Go will swim down into the abysse depths.

The door or entrance to the cave could be warded with the elder sign if any know it, however the cultists and human agents of the Mi-Go could easily remove it again. It would be possible to destroy the cave with a reasonable amount of dynamite. There is no stable Dynamite left in Hillgrove so Investigators will have to have brought some with them or travel to get some and return with it. A large part of the earth of the hilltop will collapse down revealing that all the stonework goes down further into the earth with unweathered portions covered in thick grotesque carvings that will with a successful idea roll, by the lack of weathering show that the previously exposed portion had been in the elements for thousands, probably millions of years (0/1d4 This will however earn the wrath of the Fungi from Yuggoth. It will also open an access to the abyssal well from the mine. 1d6 san is regained for blowing up the cave

The Mine



The Investigators follow the road from the train station to the old mine, which winds about unnecessarily as successful Navigation checks will show that the mine is quite close to the Hill of the Grove and that the mine likely runs under it, they will find a mass of rusting wood and metal and a collapsed entrance. A way has been dug through the collapse however requiring a small person, Siz 10 or less with a good degree of flexibility and it looks very unstable and dangerous. A failed climb checks means that they have become stuck requiring two successful climb checks to either move ahead or back. Investigators could try and pull them back out, combine the STR of the rescuers then oppose double the SIZ of the victim with any catastrophic failures indicate a collapse dealing 1d10 damage to everyone in the area who

STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER

fail a dodge test and a failed luck roll leaves that individual trapped in the mine, likely forever! Beyond the entrance there are lumps of pale metal everywhere. Successful geology tests will show that some are tin, some are platinum and some are somewhere in between as though the tin were turning into platinum, that knowledge demands 0/1d3 san loss. Strange markings and crude drawings cover the walls and if the cave has been dynamited a strong bloody smell fills the air. If the mine is extensively explored, describe hours of endless winding tunnels and navigation checks not to become lost with little else.

If the cave is dynamited and the mine caved in or dynamited, affectively sealing the well to anything but extensive mining or a cthonian an extra 1d8 san is regained.

I The Leaderless Cult

Ill the male Fitz family and Old Man Merks is dead the cult will go through a day and night of leaderlessness. No one will harass or even talk to the investigators, Jill Fraser is back at work albeit in more scanty dress and with a perpetual vacant expression on her face, responding to any attempts at conversation with emotionless monosyllables.

The next night however the Black Goat will not be pleased at a full moon going without a ritual and 5 Dark Young will wander slowly into town, rip through some houses and devour a victim each. After that the Cultist with the highest Pow will take the role. If the Investigators are still present in the town at this time and want to destroy the cult utterly they will have to Dynamite or attack at great length with pick axes the Altar stone which will prevent the Dark Young's return, destroying the ancient altar regains 1d10 san.

I The Furious Fungi

Iscrub dies, the brain cylinder is destroyed or stolen or if the Cave and/or mine is dynamited the Mi-Go will be furious. They will use every means they have to track down the specifically responsible Investigators. They will try and capture these investigators, or at least their brains who will suffer a terrible fate worse than death as experimental test subjects for the Mi-Go. The Fungi will never cease in this quest if the spores were destroyed and so the Investigators who destroyed the cave will be eternally hunted by the Mi-Go's human agents. They will not

STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER

bother the companions of those responsible however.

The Child



And here is a loose end to serve as a seed for future scenarios

What becomes of the pregnant Anne Marie Fitz if she is left chained in the house or runs of into the night? The child could be a way for Elder Fitz to reincarnate and return, it could decades later return to rebuild it's cult heritage or wreak revenge on the slayers of its father... or it could be something far more, and far less, than human!

HANDOUTS

Handouts A (hallucinations caused by Merks' Moonshine)

"A claustrophobic dark cavern glowing with a pale blue radiance, sickly humid and moist and filled with the charnel stink of the abattoir, small white things grow from the walls waving obscenely and the ends flash and flicker in sickly colours. At the centre is a pool round the edges of which the little pale things cluster, the liquid is thick and viscous and without knowing how you know you are certain that the pool is the surface of a deep abyss from which terrible doom shall arise. You crouch transfixed unable to move as the surface of the pool begins to undulate and splash. You can feel the thing rising from beneath in your mind, feel its mindless rushing up towards you, as the black indescribable thing bursts out showering you with foul ichor you topple towards it with arms wide in expectation."

"A small smoky fire in a thick black forest around which a large circle of robed figures sway chanting unintelligible words that seem to mix some strange language with the braying and bel-lowing of lowly animals. Within the circle before an oddly proportioned pentagonal altar kneel several naked women, and you. Something strange is happening on the altar but all you can see is a writhing smoky darkness out of which steps something akin to a jet-black bipedal goat. As the first naked woman moves forward to kiss the black goat-thing's pestilent posterior the trees of the forest bow down to pay homage"

"An old moonlit cemetery, misty decrepit and abandoned. Gravestones and statuary lie broken overgrown and toppled as far as the eye can see. It is eerily silent and it is with surprise that you

find yourself suddenly surrounded by creeping silent figures with doglike faces and long limbs swathed in tattered cloth. They carry shreds of flesh and hunks of meat and bone that once belonged to human beings and sit about to gnaw. From out a half-collapsed crypt creeps another of the things, bearing a translucent blue bowl; this is placed in the centre of the group before you. From out its robes the new thing produces a knife of strange design and shape, hacks off the little finger of its left hand and tosses it into the bowl. The knife is then passed to the creature to its left, who slices off most of its pointed left ear and tosses that into the bowl. Again the knife is passed to the left and the next fiend uses the strange blade to scoop out its left eye, the mangled remnants of which are also tossed into the bowl. Then the knife is passed... to you."

"Clouds rushing by you as you fall upwards into the sky, swiftly even the atmosphere falls away and all around you is the specks of starlight through the void of space. You lose all sense of time in this endless falling, have you been falling for minutes, hours, days, epochs? For all too brief instances you occasionally catch glimpses of strange winged things hurtling along with you until finally you see ahead a destination, a strange unfathomable thing like some gigantic complex knot of tortured decaying mollusc flesh filled with eyes and tendrils wrapped around itself and growing new portions even as older parts are by itself consumed and as you hurtle unchecked towards this nightmare thing you begin to grasp some small measure of its scale, for this fleshly thing is not some creature that you are near but some monstrous and yet quite distant world!"

"A misty moonlit path amongst deep dark woods. The trees wave as though in a strong wind but there is not even the slightest breeze. A lamb, bleating and shivering tries to find shelter amongst the twisted roots of a black tree. From above through the mist drops a great black winged silhouette as it hunch's over the bleating lamb the moonlight glistens on its turning head, a head that looks like it's been pounded like a mass of beef and it contains no eyes at all!"

Handouts B (two copies required)

I send this missive to you on a matter of the utmost importance. Not only your life but those of all you hold dear will depend on your willingness to travel to the town of Hillgrove and render unto me your fullest cooperation and assistance that I may be able to thwart that which intends destruction. I cannot provide details in the written form such as would explain to you the necessity of these actions but rest assured that the unpleasanties at the party are but a

minute fraction of the horrors to come should certain plans not be thwarted. Once you arrive at Hillgrove gain lodging as best you may and I shall contact you as swiftly as it is safe to do so. Avoid any conflict as our enemies are strong and have many friends. If you are unsure whether I may be trusted, let me assure you that I would never bring harm upon my kinfolk and no matter what you were told about your maternal grandmothers husband let me assure you that he was indeed quite barren and incapable and that of the dozen and one candidates I am the most probable to have fathered your mother.

Merks

Handouts C

As soon as you and your friends are able, go down Armidale Road to the West, climb the fences and follow the path into the woods. Whatever you do, do not allow yourselves to be followed or all will be lost. I will meet you on the path.

Merks

Handouts D

Meet me tomorrow as soon as you can, tell me everything, don't be followed.

Merks

Handouts E

Text form:

Take the flesh of 3 Kinfolk

Freely given

Place within each in turn a bowl

Of milky blue

Turn about thrice using the chant

Each should then

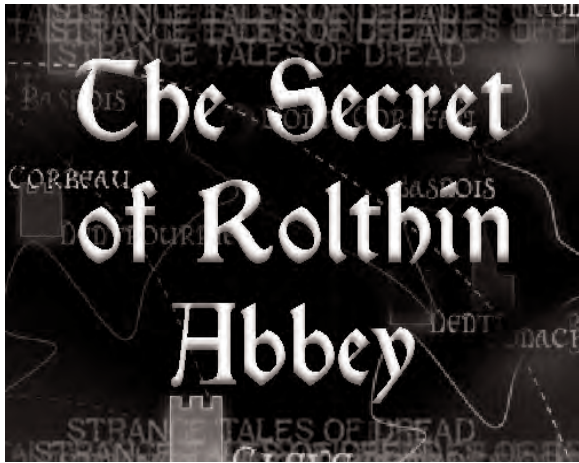
Partake of the feast

Ia Ia Yog Sothoth

niis trlgl nglck

Ia Ia Umba Marday Loua

Niis trlgl nglck



By Brian Bethel
and Judie Ostlien

275 million years ago, in the time period we now call the Permian, the first serpent people emerged from the darkness and turned their eyes to the ancient sun.

They are our elders - and they would maintain, still our betters.

Their empires have risen and fallen hundreds, perhaps thousands, of times in their history. And ever since humanity arose to share earth's bounty with them, they have warred with us.

Once, they sought to enslave us, to mark and make us their own. But time and time again, we have risen up against them, and won.

Today, the serpent people hide from men, only moving among us in the deepest shadows or camouflaged by ancient magicks.

Though they are broken, they are still not defeated.

They are one of the oldest of the native inhabitants of the earth, and though many have fallen into degeneration, there are some yet alive who remember their ancient glories, and others who yet sleep and shall someday awaken to rebuild their kingdoms anew.

Coldly calculating, filled with unholy knowledge of both vile sorceries and fantastical sciences, those who have not devolved use their long lifespans (some, indeed, may live for all practical purposes forever) and their accumulated knowledge to find a way to destroy us.

At long last, they have done so -- again.

Ironically, the tool they need has been literally built into the vast majority of humanity for perhaps millions, at the least hundreds of thousands of years -- a single genetic marker that is not

native to the human organism, but was engineered into mankind by the modern serpent people's elders long, long ago. A majority of the people on the planet carry this particular gene now, a small favor bestowed by genetic drift and years of human breeding.

Having recently rediscovered their ancestors' lost legacy, serpent people scientists have toiled to produce a retroviral agent that will unlock a tiny portion of their foes' own genetic code and begin to transform the world's humans into serpent people, body and soul.

But first, they need to experiment, to make certain their vile serum is ready to be delivered. And this they are doing in the most unlikely of places.

NEW EDEN

It is a green and pleasant land, brimming with life and vigor, its palatial grounds and teeming fountains hidden far from prying eyes and the fetid stench of the impure, smoke-filled cities.

Water, clear and fresh-flowing, is there in abundance, and the wonder of trees and silent hills that lead to snow-capped mountains beyond. The woodlands round about teem with the glory of life near a crystal lake and gentle river awash with the sweetness of nectar.

The seasons roll lazily past in their courses, and each one is perfect, from springtide's burgeoning warmth through summer's breathless splendor, to the time of turning when the earth becomes awash with autumnal fire, and then winter's peace, when a final, gentle blanket of whiteness covers the sleeping land.

While those in worlds outside struggle and weep amongst the mud- and blood-soaked streets, the glow of health, harmony and happiness illuminates those safe within the great brick walls of Rolthin Abbey, insulating them from all harm.

From their small, sacred land, they are assured, shall come a new world order, a Utopian dream that will spread far and wide, first into a great and shining city built by the hands of the faithful few, then to the towns and villages surrounding it.

From there, the truth, doctrines and practices first established within the Abbey's walls shall spread through the long-suffering and weary world into the pulsating, dark hearts of the cities themselves, bringing goodness, light and health wherever they may be established.



A new Eden shall arise, a resurrected Garden of Paradise, and as the truth travels to every civilized corner of the globe, the Kingdom of Heaven shall once again be spread out upon the earth.

Shining brightest and best among those who know and believe is Raynard Japeth, counselor and guru, so strong, so virile, so much like a god. He moves among his people and whispers to each and every one of their secret potential, of how much he loves them. He touches their hands, strokes their cheeks with understanding and love. His glittering gray eyes seem to burn with an eternal flame.

He tells them what to eat. How to breathe. What to think. How to be.

He gives them exercises to do, twice daily. Meditations to perform. Standards to uphold. Hope for tomorrow. Peace for today.

He tells them that they shall be the first live to the ages of the Patriarchs. Some may even leave hoary Methuselah behind.

And though it is perhaps unlawful to speak of such things, some among them may be the first to not have to taste the bitter fruit of death. Raynard does not wish to die, and in his estimation, no one should have to.

Raynard Japeth, famous author, snake oil salesman, has himself become a serpent person, driven to this unholy transformation by his desire to cheat death and enjoy life everlasting. He is among the first to experience what the ancient ones hope shall be the final blow against humanity, who shall not defeat them but become them.

For the Keeper

This is not a typical Call of Cthulhu scenario. Certainly, it has commonalities -lords of evil lurking in the twilight beneath the earth, loyal servants, mutations. hidden plots that span millions of years, sanity-sapping sights, etc.

But this is a pulp fiction adventure, first and foremost, largely influenced by the two-fisted tales of Robert Howard, Edgar Rice Burroughs, and the sort of larger-than-life science fiction/horror tales one might find gracing the pages of publications such as *Amazing Stories*, *Astounding*, or on occasion, *Weird Tales*.

Thus, there are definite heroes and definite villains. Non-player characters are broadly drawn and somewhat archetypal, and action is apt to be quick and deadly should the things go badly for the characters in the serpent people's hidden lair. Keepers may wish to play fast and loose with damaging scenarios once bullets and fists start flying, as they are apt to do. To give the players a

fighting chance, we suggest no more than four of the half-serpent person abominations (see Appendix) be present at any one time, patrolling the underground and generally guarding specific areas of the complex.

But with all that said, don't be fooled: At its heart, this is still a Cthulhu Mythos story, with ancient foes, dark magic and the beginning of what could if carried to its logical conclusion become a large, globe-trotting campaign. Enjoy!

The Path of Serpents

Raynard Japeth used to listen to his aged grandmother, Evelyn, read the Bible almost every day in the Boston home he shared with her and his parents. Her small, strong voice was a comfort, as was the vigorous way she still approached life.

When she took ill, it was a shock to the young man. How could someone who seemed so full of life fall so far, so quickly? His parents could only wring their hands and summon the family physician, who stood impotently by as she died.

Raynard would always remember the final expression of pain on her face, and he silently vowed that someday, no one would have to die.

Taking his grandmother's Biblical training to heart, he became obsessed with the stories of the Patriarchs, those ancient men who lived to unheard-of ages. Soon, he became something of an amateur Biblical scholar.

At the age of 18, Raynard Japeth set out to find the secrets of longevity. Taking money that had been earmarked for his college education, he set out on a globe-hopping journey that took him to sacred springs reputed for their healing to the feet of desert masters, reputed to know the secrets of eternity.

In all respects, he was disappointed.

He almost died in China, having been bitten by a curious serpent with a crescent-shaped marking on its head on the outskirts of a tiny village. The strange, old Taoist alchemist who nursed him back to health taught him a few things as he recovered. Raynard stayed on as a student for a while, then set off again on his journey.

He returned to Europe, talked to a variety of individuals from occultists to gurus of all stripes. None had the answers he sought.

Disappointed, he at last returned home to Boston. His parents, who feared he had died, were overjoyed to see him. But his heart knew

only despair. Soon, he began to doubt the divine mission that he felt he had been given.

Not long thereafter, a favorite neighbor fell deathly ill. Raynard, watching his parents suffer, begged them to allow him to help. Against the wishes of the woman's family, he mixed up a concoction based partly on what the old alchemist had taught him, partly on some herbal lore he learned from a strange old woman in Italy.

The neighbor was restored, and Raynard Japeth found his purpose.

He became interested in the idea of a universal panacea, something that would aid in the preservation of health and the curing of ills. Soon, he had mixed up a batch of "Dr. Japeth's Universal Tonic," and started selling the concoction door to door.

It became popular. More and more people began requesting the elixir. Eventually, his entire family had to be recruited to help craft the medicine.

Whether or not it worked was immaterial. Folks believed it did, and that was good enough. He supplemented his medical product with a few small pamphlets, designed to help ordinary people achieve optimum health, at least as much as Raynard understood.

Eventually, Raynard's concoction reached the desk of an executive at the Sears Roebuck & Co. The man tried the tonic and seemed to experience great results from it - and again, whether placebo or not, that's all that mattered.

Japeth found himself trying to figure out how to raise the money for a factory to produce the stuff full time. His brother, John Japeth, was put in charge of operations.

Money began to flow in great waves, and Raynard found himself wealthy. Speaking engagements followed, first the Boston Theosophical Society, later a group of skeptical physicians at Princeton, and then an endless stream of lectures to the common and the powerful alike.

As time wore on, Raynard Japeth began to forget his grandmother's face and started to simply enjoy the wealth and power that he had been granted. Life seemed blissful, and the addition of certain "additives" to his formula, opium derivatives, ensured that many people would do just about anything to keep a steady supply of his restorative.

But Raynard Japeth was slowly, ever so slowly, growing older. And that made him afraid.

His eyes began to dim. He started to be a touch forgetful. He feared that someday, people

would see him for what he was - a charlatan in many respects, a merely mortal man in others.

And thus, Raynard Japeth decided to once again go on a search for eternal life. After all, money could buy many things, and one is more likely to get exactly what one wants as a wealthy celebrity than a clueless youth.

He made a big deal out of the trip, talking to newspapers, radio, just about anyone who would listen. Most folks thought he'd gone crazy. A few were certain he'd succeed if anyone could.

He set out again, retracing promising leads that he didn't have a chance to follow up on during his first journey. A film crew briefly covered his trek through Africa, though in the end there were no answers to be found there.

A year passed, then two. Raynard was beginning to despair. The trip was draining his considerable wealth, and he couldn't keep up the pace. Reluctantly, he decided to return home.

The night before he was to start the long journey, he had a dream. The face of the old Alchemist danced in his sleeping vision.

In smooth Mandarin, the old man simply said: "Return."

Raynard Japeth canceled his passage to the West. He felt more full of hope than he had in years.

Eventually, he found the village where he almost lost his life so many years ago. The old man was waiting.

"But ... you should be dead," Raynard said. "How is this possible?"

The man did not speak, simply touching his shoulder. Visions of a far-off place in the mountains roiled into his consciousness.

His mentor spoke, though only in his mind: "The old, old stories tell of a great King who once traveled to the heights of the great mountain Kunlun and there, after enduring much hardship, found the key to life everlasting at the feet of the loving Queen Mother of the West, who guards the secrets of immortality.

"Go there. Learn her wisdom, then return to your world both a king and a god."

"But why am I so chosen?" Raynard asked. "And who, or what, are you?"

But he addressed his queries only to empty air.

Many long months passed. There was no contact from Raynard back in the states. His family and loyal retainers became increasingly worried, though some thought an untimely demise might aid their own dreams of power. His brother

secretly began to wish Raynard might not come back. Newspapers and radio picked up the story, speculating about what fate might have befallen him.

But Raynard Japeth did not die. Six months after anyone last heard from him, he returned to America, radiant, healthful, and in some ways incrucibly wiser.

The news media went wild. Everyone wanted to know where he had been, what he had seen.

Of his actual experience, he spoke little, but he was quick to outline what it meant to him, and to the world:

"I have been blessed beyond measure, for I now know even greater secrets of the hidden reality around us and more, importantly, the key to perfect health, perfect happiness," he said time and time again. "And it is my aim to improve the health and well-being of every person in this country.

"Further, it is now a goal of mine to create a truly perfect place where those possessed of vision, vigor and superior insight may come to learn of the most effective and sure-fire techniques, all hard-won I assure you, for prolonging one's productive years to unheard of numbers. I shall build a place where all this, and more, may be taught!"

And thus, Raynard Japeth began plans to construct what would become Rolthin Abbey, based on the seven principles of Righteousness, Order, Love, Temperance, Health, Industry and Naturalness. He promised people that should they come to Rolthin, for "moderate fees, merely collected to help keep the place up and running," they could learn everything from how to increase their personal magnetism to how to add "decades" to their lives.

Suddenly, public opinion on Japeth became even more divided than it had been before he left. Had he gone completely crazy? Or did he actually know something? Longtime followers flocked to him, pledging their aid - and financial support - to get the Abbey up and running as quickly as possible. Within eight months of Raynard's return, the first few buildings had been completed at the chosen site in Vermont, seen, Raynard said, "in a vision." Before another year had passed, the entirety of the public grounds had been designed and constructed.

The workmen who built the project remarked how it was so unusual that an area normally given to snow and harsh winters suddenly enjoyed many almost spring-like days. Folks round about reckoned it was the strangest stretch of perfect weather on record.

Little did they know how strange things truly would become at Rolthin Abbey, or what would come to lurk beneath its shining, polished veneer.

What's Really Going On

Located on a plot of land Raynard dubbed "New Eden," Rolthin Abbey consists of two separate but interrelated complexes, both of which serve specific purposes to Raynard's new serpent people masters.

The first is the money-making end of the operation, which also serves an important scientific purpose. A combination health spa and spiritual retreat, the public part of Rolthin brings in dozens of eager people each month who are willing to pay outrageous prices to get one-on-one counseling from Raynard and his chosen aides on topics ranging from mental and physical health to spiritual matters.

In his new approach, Raynard stresses a holistic mixture of mind, body and spiritual excellence. The vast majority of this new doctrine, and his new outlook, are pretty lies spun to lure in the gullible, but he also instills within his listeners a subtle part of his masters' plans.

The supposedly "clean and healthy" foodstuffs the wealthy visitors to Rolthin are given every day are tainted with the serpent people's domination serum. Eventually, enough is built up in their bodies that they are quite susceptible to suggestion, and Japeth fills their heads with ideas about the next several phases of the serpent people's plans, including the eventual construction of a planned community around Rolthin Abbey, a sort of celestial city from which the doctrines espoused at the health spa will be put into permanent practice. Subtle suggestions about the need for donations are placed, and the project has already amassed a huge fortune because of those intimations.

Later, in addition to faux meditations, affirmations and prostrations, Japeth introduces his wealthiest of visitors to a "special" tonic, made just for them. The stuff is as addictive as it is potent, and it does seem to instill great health benefits in those who take it. But the double-edged sword is that it also contains domination serum, keeping the vile liquid coursing through the visitors' bloodstreams even after they leave the Abbey. Again, a princely sum is charged for this special elixir, delivered by parcel post. The profits earned are insane.

The liquid, in addition to being a money maker, is yet another part of the serpent masters' plans. By keeping the and powerful people who come to Rolthin subtly under their control, they can exert much influence on the outside world. The serum, which is taken daily, provides just enough elixir to consistently control those who take it as directed. It functions exactly as the domination serum described in the main Call of Cthulhu rulebook, which means that the people who rely on it will be perfect pawns for the serpent people as they enact more and more of their diabolical plans.

And what are those plans? The second complex, located in a separate walled portion of Rolthin Abbey, forms the nexus of the snake lords' vile intentions.

As with everything else at the abbey, it seems to be a fine idea, at least on the surface. When he returned, Raynard made great noise about his newfound desire to "purify" America, namely cleaning up the streets and instilling good health and happiness for all.

One of the reasons Rolthin Abbey is able to amass as much money as it does is because of its staff. Paid practically nothing, the vast majority of the workforce is made up largely of homeless men (and a few women) who Raynard has "rescued" from various cities. Every few months or so, he travels to places such as Chicago, New York and other major urban areas, visits homeless shelters, and makes a public show of interacting with the "least of these." Inevitably, some of these individuals are taken back to Rolthin Abbey, where they are given jobs, regular meals and enough serpent serum to enact a "miraculous" recovery from their derelict and wayward ways.

Reporters and visitors to the compound marvel at how the people who work at Rolthin have become well-mannered, productive, almost notoriously hard-working folks. Ever one to enjoy popular publicity - both for the paying visitors it draws and to satisfy his own ego, Japeth maintains the transformations are simply "the proof that all one has to do is rely on clean living and love of the Lord for help."

Of course, it's not all perfection and light when one works for hidden serpent-men bent on world domination. A small percentage of "incorrigibles" are given "special treatment." That they are never seen again is little noticed by the regular staff. And if any questions are asked, any lie will do - they'll believe it wholeheartedly anyway as long as it comes from their ophidian overlords.

Everyone who comes to work at the Abbey, and all visitors for that matter, are subjected to a "health assessment." Designed to say much

while revealing little, the ruse is for one purpose only - to test as many people as possible for the presence of the genetic marker that, if activated, can turn them into serpent people.

Not everyone has the gene that will effect the desired transformation. But further, there seem to be small variations in the general human population that make certain alterations more successful than others.

Exactly why this is so is unknown, but the serpents must find out before they unleash their agent upon an unsuspecting populace. Raynard Japeth was "rewarded" with an opportunity to be one of the serpents' first human experiments from their main hidden laboratory Tibet. The old alchemist who healed him so many years ago was merely a serpent person plant, quietly testing all those who came to him for healing. Japeth's genetic profile was particularly good, and after many years of observation, it was deemed that he also seemed to have the opportunistic personality that might make him more at home with the snake-men than even his normal place among humanity.

But not all those gifted with the marker have fared as well. While Raynard is a best case scenario, horrid half human, half snake person hybrids have resulted from some transformations. Some who have the gene only transform partially, in some cases only a few features, while others slide all across the scale toward full atavism. Still further subjects seem to be able to psychologically weather the transformation, but others, even those who turn fully, may go stark, raving mad.

The serpent people are desperate to understand why this happens and to see if they can revise their agent to encompass more of the human population. They are also trying to assess how many people have the marker and what their qualities seem to affect the transformation.

Beneath Rolthin Abbey, hideous half-breed serpent folk are created, tortured, experimented upon and discarded from the homeless human population brought there. Those who do not turn fully or go mad are often cruelly destroyed, cremated in a great furnace tied into the main trash disposal system Rolthin uses for all purposes. Deep under the earth, the lab and the remains it produces are hidden well, and the secrets found there are well-guarded.

How the PCs Get Involved

There are several ways the Keeper may get the PCs into the Rolthin compound:

1. The easiest way is to have them hired on as private investigators by the family of one of the “forgotten” derelicts that now inhabit Rolthin. A previous P.I., William Hammett of Boston, took the case but suddenly contacted the family and refused to have anything else to do with it. The GM may choose to make the -homeless character an NPC that the PCs can track down. Perhaps he or she is no longer among the living. Perhaps they are perfectly content.

2. Occult researchers might be drawn to Rolthin after studying some of Raynard's most recent writings. His latest book, “The New Eden,” contains a variety of philosophical meanderings on the building of a perfect society, laced with subtle references to the occult that only sharp-eyed readers versed in the topic will be able to pick up on. Players will need to make two consecutive Occult rolls and spend at least eight hours skimming the voluminous work to get anything out of it because the information is so veiled in allegory.

If successful, they will find that Raynard seems obsessed with the idea of perfecting both the physical body and the spiritual self. He speaks a great deal about energy centers, similar to both Chinese meridians and Hindu chakras, and postulates that one may “awaken a portion of the Kundalini serpent within, even while still incarnated into a merely human physical form and not the glorious vessel of higher consciousness that humanity shall someday evolve into.” The idea is just similar enough to traditional teachings on Kundalini awakening and energy work that it seems somewhat staid at first glance, but further reading reveal a dark underpinning.

Raynard actually seems to be implying a genuine physical transformation can occur in those who truly “awaken the serpent.” To those who accomplish this great work, he promises “wisdom, power without end, life eternal and perfect peace and understanding, the summit of happiness and the true realization of one's own purpose on this plane.” He speculates that someday, perhaps those who are worthy can transform “by will alone,” and those that do will “be as the true gods among mere mortal men, who shall stand always in awe of them.”

It's obvious from the description that Raynard is playing with some sort of “uberman” theology, and given the recent rise of Nazism in Germany and similar doctrines elsewhere, players may suspect he has such ties or at least shares in a similar ideology. While there is no hint of overt

eugenics in his writings, it would seem a logical addition and a potential “next step” as his thoughts on the “pure ones” versus “the throng of the world” develop.

3. The U.S. government already requires patent medications to list their ingredients. Failure to do so is a criminal offense. The government expects that Raynard is not being as truthful as he should be about some of the ingredients found within his various tonics, and it's up to the PCs to find out. Knowing that at least some of the elixirs are made by laborers on the Rolthin grounds, the PCs' government overseers demand that they go to the compound and try to find out more about how the medicines are made, either posing as guests or coming to the compound disguised as folks down on their luck.

Should they come in as help, they may get more than they bargained for. And even if they pose as clients, they need to be careful. If they ingest any of the food served on the compound, they need to roll to see if they are affected by the serpent people's domination serum just as regular inhabitants would. Chances are many of the characters will end up under their sway when the going gets tough, especially since there's little way they could know about the serum going in. They play a dangerous game, as well, if they get too close to the truth. If they act too out of line or obvious, the staff and the serpent people who dwell at Rolthin will get suspicious. The snake-men might decide it's best to take no chances and drag them down to the depths.

There they would certainly come to understand the threat, but many might lose their lives or go insane. They could become a fully-reborn serpent person now fanatically loyal to their new masters, or a horrible half-breed mutant depending on the luck of the genetic draw.

Major NPCs

It is assumed that Rolthin Abbey is populated by a variety of NPCs that one would find at such a place, all of them “rescued” from lives of poverty or woe by Raynard Japeth. The place has a small but dedicated staff made up of homeless folk, all of whom live in the “Reformatory.”

There are a handful of NPCs that might give the characters insight into the secrets of Rolthin. Mike Hebert, quick-witted, observant and - for

some unknown reason - immune to the serpent people's control serum is their best bet, but others may prove useful.

"The Rescued"

1. Sam and Mike Hebert. Sam Hebert was born slow but strong. His fraternal twin brother Mike was smart but weak. Orphaned at a young age, the two boys had to learn to make their own way in the world.

They're not Lenny and George, though. Sam isn't stupid, he just doesn't get things as quickly as Mike does. What Sam does have is a natural charisma and good humor that makes him easy to get along with. Mike is a bit more suspicious and keeps his brother out of trouble. An excellent card shark, he's a great natural actor. His ability to keep a poker face and to pretend to be someone he's not is the only thing keeping him alive now.

The two men were working the docks in Boston's harbor and sleeping at a local men's shelter when Raynard Japeth found them. Recognizing Mike's natural -- if untutored -- intelligence, and the potential use of Sam's big, strong back and wit, Raynard offered to take the men to Rolthin to help out there, promising them a future if they worked hard and proved the "Rolthin way is the best way."

Plied by the serpent people's domination serum, Sam Hebert soon fell into line, and as he did, he began to lose a bit of his humorous edge, the boisterous personality that made him a likable if at times obnoxious oaf. Mike saw the change in his brother immediately and soon began to suspect that something was not right. On a hunch, he began expressing an interest in food preparation. Raynard had taken a liking to Mike, seeing him as a potential "voice for the common man" that could be useful for future endeavors. He granted the request.

Mike Hebert was no cook when he started, but he's a quick study and is now able to help in any area of preparation. He soon came to understand all of the food made on the compound is required to contain one special ingredient - the domination serum, although his handlers maintain it is "part of Mr. Japeth's most important and well-kept health secrets."

Given the faint taste of raspberries often associated with the serum, the chefs have to work hard to mask the taste, so the dishes, about 99 percent vegetarian, are spiced up with various

imported flavorings to give them both an "exotic" edge and to mask the tell-tale taste.

For whatever reason, Mike Hebert is completely immune to the effects of the domination potion. This is so rare that it is something that the serpent people don't even consider a possibility. Fortunately for Mike, he's clever enough to understand the implications of what's going on - it explains the change in his brother - and why it's important for him to act like nothing else is going on.

He knows that some people just plain disappear, although not in great numbers, maybe one or two a month. If he asks anyone who should be in the know, he is told that they have "completed their rehabilitation" or "left of their own accord," lies that if he was under the influence of the serum he would believe without question.

But he is not. And he does not believe. He will not leave his brother, so he bides his time.

There are other things Mike Hebert fears.

One day, Mike was attempting to explore the compound, looking for clues. In a basement boiler room in the Reformatory, he found a hidden switch. He only managed to get a small way down the darkened passageway before strange, unearthly voices in an unknown language drifted through the tenebrous gloom. Realizing someone was in the corridor ahead of him, he quietly retreated. But those curious intonations remained locked in his mind, and a feeling of something unnatural now haunts his sleep. He longs to revisit that horror-shrouded hallway, to explore more and learn the full truth, but something in his gut tells him that if he does, he will not return.

If he ever betrays his status, Mike Hebert is sure to be dragged to the serpent people's underground lair, tortured and then subjected to horrible experiments. If he comes to understand the investigators are there to find the truth, he will cautiously feel them out and even play a bit dumb to see what their true motivations are. If he can be convinced that their intentions are good, he can be of great help, even going so far as to making certain they have "special diet" foods that do not contain the domination elixir and acting as a spy into certain sensitive areas.

2. Molly O'Shannessy, former prostitute. One of a small handful of women who inhabit the Rolthin compound, Molly was turning tricks in New York's mean streets when she propositioned a visiting older gentleman who flatly turned her down but sold her instead a belief in something better.



Raynard Japeth promised Molly that she could "re-invent" herself with his aid in the bucolic paradise of Rolthin Abbey. Molly now helps out occasionally in the kitchens but mostly cleans in and around the compound, including the main manor house and the reformatory. As such, she is quite familiar with the layout of the facilities and can offer information about where certain things are located.

She has come to suspect that while Raynard Japeth truly believes he is helping people, all may not be as it appears.

While she is under the general control of the serpent people - she takes the same dosage of domination serum as anyone else - Molly is still fairly self-sufficient. While she'll take orders, she's still enough of an individual to not always like them. She's a hard worker, though, which means that she's often working late into the evenings.

Molly, along with other cleaning staff, often have to clean after "guests" of the Abbey have gone to bed or at least vacated certain areas. If the keeper wants to give the players a tip-off, Molly might mention the late-night deliveries that sometimes come trundling into the Abbey and the strangely squealing contents thereof. It confuses her, because "everyone's always goin' on about vegetables and such," and she's never seen anyone eat meat at the Abbey. She idly wonders where it goes and who it's for. Her father raised pigs. She knows what they sound and smell like. She's never been in the barn area, where the pigs are taken.

Molly will not share her strangest secret unless she absolutely trusts the investigators: She's pregnant. She doesn't know how, either. Not that she doesn't understand the process, but she's uncertain how she managed to conceive, as she's been celibate since her arrival.

Hs'thrra, the head serpent person scientist at Rolthin, theorizes that even if they cannot be transformed, certain normal human women might be able to incubate a serpent child if conditions were right. All Molly knows is that she woke up feeling strangely ill one morning, and that she's been plagued by horrific nightmares ever since. She writes these off to nerves.

How exactly Hs'thrra accomplished this feat is best left to the imagination. Humans and serpent people have not traditionally been able to breed. Perhaps a half-serpent, half-human hybrid might share enough common DNA to breed. though.

Hs'thrra is quite eager to see the results, and Molly will probably be abducted and kept in the underground lair until the birthing once she begins to undeniably show. Raynard, too busy for

such details, has no idea of Molly's condition. The experiment is all Hs'thrra's.

The Professionals

T

here are a few full-time professional employees who toil at Rolthin Abbey. They all dwell in private quarters in the Reformatory.

1

Dr.

Nathan

Grussbau

Grussbaum is a middle-aged gentleman currently under permanent employ at Rolthin. A medical doctor by profession, and an alcoholic, he became fascinated by Raynard Japeth's statements about health and longevity and began studying his works extensively. A competent physician, although more than a bit gullible, Grussbaum became enamored of Raynard's theories and came to visit him not long before his second globe-spanning trip.

Right before Japeth returned, and during the period in which many assumed he was lost to the world, Grussbaum had a detailed dream in which Japeth spoke to him of his impending homecoming - and how he would need his help. Whether this was some kind of sending or mere coincidence is unknown. But by the time Raynard returned to the states, Grussbaum was already ready and willing to serve, especially once he heard of the "vision of Rolthin."

Fully under the control of Japeth, and willingly so, he performs all of the medical "tests" and "evaluations" at Rolthin. Japeth assures him these are all direly needed, and being under the effects of the domination serum, Grussbaum believes this.

He is completely loyal and will even kill if need be to preserve the "Rolthin dream," perhaps slipping a poisonous concoction into someone's food or a "routine injection" needed to help stave off illness or some pre-existing condition. He does not understand the actual plan and hidden masters he serves.

2

Spiro Gregarios, 36, a top-flight Greek chef, has been the head cook for Rolthin's wealthy clients since the place opened. Japeth met him on his second journey during a three-day stopover in Athens. Gregarios was head chef at the very expensive hotel Raynard was staying at, and he was impressed with his vegetarian dishes. Once he returned to the states, he sent for Spiro

and offered him more money than he could ever refuse. Spiro thought it sounded like an exotic adventure -- and has regretted it ever since.

Though he speaks imperfect English, Spiro is quite popular among the Rolthin guests because of his handsome features, broad smile and excellent food. The envy of many a male visitor and a darling of the ladies, he was resistant at first to putting the domination serum in each and every meal, but as he has come under Japeth's control, he now fully believes the "health elixir" is a necessary ingredient in all of his dishes.

As well-liked as he is by visitors to the compound, Gregarios is despised by those who actually work for him. An unforgiving task master, he barks out orders in broken English and expects his dining area to be run with the same sort of panache as his fancy restaurant. He will not display such behavior in front of guests, though, preferring to wait until the doors are closed to berate his help.

He likes Mike Hebert because he does whatever he's told, whenever he's told. He has no idea about the serpent people, although he does know that the Abbey has "special guests" that require meat to "best fit their temperaments." Raynard takes care of those arrangements, though, and Gregarios has many other things to worry about.

Spiro is not happy at Rolthin Abbey, although he cannot bring himself to quit for some reason. Every time he gets upset, he talks to Raynard about his troubles, and some how, some way, the old man always calms him. This is of course because of the domination serum. He misses the sunny climate of Greece, especially the ocean, but there's little time to contemplate taking a vacation - not that such would be granted if he ever did ask.

He is at constant war with the head gardener Edward Crump. Crump, a no-nonsense sort, has little time for Spiro's dramatics, and Spiro fails to understand why certain fruits and vegetables that flourished in Greece fail to grow in Vermont. Horticulture and climatology are not his fortes - food is.

Born on Lesbos, Spiro has a love for Ouzo. As a favor to his favorite chef, Raynard has some imported. But still, it fails to make up for the far-away sunshine and almost unearthly beauty of Spiro's native Greece.

3 Hans Dieter, 33, is a body builder, gymnast and otherwise excellent physical specimen. He's not stupid,
STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER

either. Dieter came to Rolthin Abbey after Raynard launched a worldwide search to find a perfect person to lead his guests through their physical paces.

Dieter, who won numerous sporting competitions in his native Germany, is a proponent of the exercise system known as Pilates. Created in the 1920s and based on yoga, zen and ancient Greek exercises, Pilates has the sort of pedigree that Raynard is looking for, while being considered "cutting edge" enough to offer something unique to Rolthin visitors.

Dieter is a proud person, and he will push people he doesn't think are trying hard enough. But he genuinely wants to keep people happy and healthy, and he found himself interested in Raynard's writings in their German translation.

While not a Nazi, Dieter does believe that fitter people are better people - and that includes mental fitness as well. He does tend to believe that certain people, when compared to others, are better equipped to build a new world. He considers himself to be a perfect example.

4 Edward Crump, 55, has a green thumb so green that he won three Vermont state fairs in a row with his amazing vegetables. From squash to pumpkins to just about anything that grows, old Ed can figure out how to make it sprout and thrive.

Ed is a perfectionist, and in his own way is every bit as exacting with the technical details of Rolthin's garden area as Spiro is in running his kitchen. It is probably because the two, while wildly different, are actually so much alike in pride of workmanship that they dislike each other so intently.

Ed will spend hours testing soil for acidity, tending to certain selected plants himself and watching over his fellow workers with an eagle eye to make certain the garden plot is well-maintained and properly watered. He also oversees those who keep up the aesthetic portion of Rolthin's plant life, a task he does not relish. Still, he does what he's told.

He doesn't know much about what Raynard teaches, but he does see that he commands respect, and that makes Ed respect him. He's mostly a crazy loon who talks to cucumbers and cantaloupes in the same sort of soothing tone one would talk to a troublesome child. But Ed is in his own way a genius, and his high-yield crops help keep the Abbey cost efficient and profitable.

The grounds contain a small variety of fruits trees and common vegetables - potatoes, corn,

cabbage, etc. Wheat and other essential are brought in. The circular garden is Ed's design.

"The Guests"

1 Theodore Woolsey, Senator, U.S. Congress. "Smilin' Theo" to all his friends, Woolsey, 46, is exceptionally proud to be from Raynard's home state. At Rolthin as a special guest, he's not paying a dime of taxpayer money to be at the Abbey. A good candidate to become governor someday, Raynard hopes that Woolsey will be an excellent choice to spread the Rolthin message to other powerful men, while perhaps being an extremely important chess piece in games not yet dreamed of.

A bit overweight, Woolsey isn't fond of the strenuous exercises Hans seems to enjoy inflicting upon him, but he loves to lounge poolside and gaze longingly at the fetching Anita Croft, one of his favorite starlets. Since Mrs. Woosley is not anywhere around, he might try to get to know her a bit better. Anita wouldn't give him the time of day if he wasn't powerful, but he is. He also enjoys the extra-heaping portions of food that Spiro lavishes upon him at Raynard's request.

Woolsey has made a great deal of money in the auto industry and oil, something that he's managed to sustain even through the depression years. The bribes he willingly takes to push through certain bits of legislation sustain him as well.

A 33rd degree Freemason, he's surprised that no one has approached Raynard, as far as he knows, to be a Lodgeman. He'll make the offer while he's here.

2 Anita Croft, 23, movie from her latest production, "Death in Black Lace," Anita Croft is a vivaciously lovely young girl who wants to go places fast. A true devotee, she has enough pull with her studio to get them to foot the bill for a week or two in Raynard's capable care.

This is a dream come true for Anita, who makes up in enthusiasm for what she lacks in brains. She loves her celebrity and is flattered when anyone mentions that they've seen her pictures. It's good for Raynard, as well, because Anita is building up quite a fan base, and her endorsement of the "Rolthin experience" stands to gain him many converts.

3 Richard "Skip" Monroe, pro ball player. Richard, although he's known as "Skip the Slider" to most, is a professional baseball player for the Cleveland Indians. Seriously injured during a game late last year, he's sitting out this season to recover. He thinks that Raynard's techniques and Hans' world-class training will give him the edge he needs when he returns to the game.

Monroe, 28, has great potential as a player. He can hit the ball with consistency and can run like anything. Young and eager, he's not as serious about the quest for eternal youth as some other guests, but if that's a side benefit he won't complain.

He makes enough money to be at Rolthin, but again he's getting a discount because even minor celebrities can give the place the boost it needs to be even more widely noticed. Famous faces sell books, bottles and vacations to Rolthin Abbey.

4 Brenda Helena Hart, 21, daughter of a wealthy media mogul. Hart Communications owns numerous radio stations and newspapers throughout the country. Brenda Hart is the slightly new agey (although that term hasn't been coined yet) daughter of Randall Hart, CEO. A Teosophist, as well as the member of a Dianic revivalist women's group in her native New York State, she's a perfect candidate for some of the more "spiritual" teachings espoused at Rolthin.

Naturally, many of her predilections are not well known, since they might reflect poorly on her father's Christian virtue. But Hart is the sort of feisty, young, wealthy person that Raynard hopes to attract more of to the Abbey. Possessed of excellent breeding and whip-crack smart, she's attractive in an intellectual way but also quickly willing to shuck her skivvies to summon the moon goddess on appropriate nights.

While her "magic" is mostly harmless, at the keeper's discretion she can know one summon/bind spell of his or her choice. She's never actually used the incantation, and it would take much for her to ever consider it. Still, if the serpent people find out that she knows anything genuine, they might take a special interest in her, keeping tabs on her whereabouts for future endeavors.

Other NPC guests can be generated as needed. They all share several things in common - they are generally devoted to Raynard's teachings, are rather full of themselves, and are all fabulously rich.

The Overlords

1 Hs'thraa, **serpent**
Brilliant and cunning, Hs'thraa is the head researcher in the serpent people's compound deep beneath the earth. Standing about as tall as an average man, his green-glittering eyes never blink, and those he fixes his gaze upon feel as if he is boring into their very souls.

A longtime servant of his lords in Tibet, it is uncertain how old Hs'thraa truly is. He is at the minimum several thousand years old, having been sustained through unknown technologies and hideous magics. Cold and utterly unfeeling toward his human subjects, he sees the huddled masses of humanity that come into his laboratory as playthings at worst, subjects to be intensely scrutinized at best.

He speaks in a gentle, whispering hiss, a strangely seductive lilt that would be comforting was it not coming from a half-serpent abomination. While his primary work is to learn as much as he can about human genome sequences and why the retroviral serum fails in some cases, he truly enjoys toying with humans - and he particularly enjoys watching their responses to pain, torture and agonies unimagined.

If the humans make the transition to full serpent people, he will still treat them as "second-class snakemen." But he understands that right now, the only way his people can win out against humanity is to fight from within.

Those humans who make the transition with their minds intact soon begin adopting the mental processes and mannerisms of other serpent people. Indeed, some might even only regard their human memories as vague dreams or perhaps quasi-amusing fantasies were Hs'thraa not around to constantly remind them of their "lowly" status. Still, he will tend to treat those who make the transition and display high intelligence slightly better, recruiting them as lab assistants. Thus far, only a handful of "subjects" have actually survived the transformation whole.

Should any of his new charges ever display anything resembling human regret for what they are doing in the lab, Hs'thraa will have them destroyed. There is no room for the weak in the coming new world order, and any chinks in the serpent people's armor must be immediately eliminated. The newly-transformed serpent minions must be loyal without question, else they risk utter destruction in some particularly nasty way - and Hs'thraa can be quite nasty indeed when he puts his most ingenious mind to it.

STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER

His two native serpent person assistants, K'r'ssith and Drun'thra, fare little better, truth be told. Though loyal to the cause, both abjectly hate Hs'thraa with great passion. Each considers himself a brilliant enough scientist to take over the Great Work should Hs'thraa be pulled from the project or meet some untimely end. The thought of such an end pleases both of them, although they would soon turn their murderous intent upon one another should the opportunity arise.

All of the natural serpent people have a special degree of hatred for Raynard, but they begrudgingly acknowledge how much his involvement and wealth has aided their cause. They would prefer he disappear somewhere, but for now he proves a useful pawn in vast games he himself can barely understand, although he will in time.

If ever required to appear in a human guise, Hs'thraa, K'r'ssith and Drun'thra use forbidden magicks to appear -- at least, at distance -- as normal people, unremarkable in appearance or carriage: Hs'thraa as a 50-something, gray-haired, lab-coated scientist, K'r'ssith and Drun'thra as somewhat younger men, each about 35. However, their presence at the compound is completely covert, and no one other than Raynard has ever seen them, with the exception of the unfortunate test subjects that are brought into their lair. None of those people have ever survived to tell the story.

Should push come to shove, K'r'ssith is more adept at maintaining a facade of human mannerisms. Drun'thra, in the rare times he has had to impersonate a human, sometimes forgets to blink, something that sharp-eyed investigators might pick up on.

See the Appendix for more on the serpent people magic.

2 Hor'laath, **serpent man servitor, formerly James Freeman, down-on-his-luck attorney, now Most Favored of Hs'thraa, which is not saying much.**

As a brilliant attorney in Boston, James Freeman was a hot-shot lawyer, winning every case he took on. He soon earned a reputation for getting killers out of jail, and the well-heeled criminal element soon took to hiring him at every opportunity.

It was the fall of 1928 when Freeman took the case that would change his life. A notorious mobster, "Vince the Fist," was on the stand, and as usual Freeman got him off clean. His joy later turned to horror when the same mobster showed up at his house six months later and killed his

33



wife and two young daughters. Freeman had been taking money from several competing crime families and got the wrong man off, as far as Vince's employers were concerned.

Devastated, he quit his attorney's job and lived off of his considerable savings and heavy investments in the stock market. His fortunes faded after the crash of '29, and soon Freeman was out on the streets.

Two years later, addicted to a variety of drugs and alcohol, he was living in a homeless shelter. The toll of his wife and daughter's deaths wore on him greatly, and he slowly descended into a half-mad, drunken stupor.

Raynard found him, realized the glint of intelligence behind his bloodshot eyes, and took him to Rolthin Abbey. Freeman was one of the first completely successful transformations at Rolthin, and his genetic profile has helped the scientists learn much. He embraced his newfound form as a chance to be reborn, and he now regards humans as a whole with cynical and at times homicidal eyes.

How much humanity still lurks in Freeman is up to the Keeper. For the most part, he will be an exceptionally loyal retainer and do his dark masters' bidding without question. It is possible that somehow, the players might appeal to the human he once was if they can somehow discover he is a transformed serpent person, but doing so should prove exceptionally difficult if not impossible.

Rolthin Abbey

T

he following are brief descriptions of the major portions of Rolthin Abbey. The Abbey itself is set upon a private, stone-fenced area complete with an artificial lake, an ornate meditation garden, a small archery range, and other niceties.

The grounds are a wonder of "modern" construction, with fresh water piped in from a nearby natural lake and river system and every accommodation imaginable. What cannot be grown at the Abbey is imported weekly from nearby communities or specially scheduled truck deliveries, most of which take place in the late evenings.

The entire construction project was a fabulously expensive endeavor, designed and built by the architecture firm of one Benito Brutolleschi, a fan of Raynard's ideas and one of the foremost architects working in the world at the time. Raynard spared no expense to hire Benito, and

even went so far as to bring him to the chosen site in Vermont and import workers from Brutolleschi's private construction firm. The media interest in this was great, but much of Raynard's private plans were not revealed, obviously.

When Raynard insisted upon a large, somewhat elaborate underground area, Benito was a bit confused. But his money was good and seemingly ever-flowing, and the customer gets what the customer desires. Raynard explained it away as a "special training, privation and meditation area," in which certain guests would endure hardships and testing in order to achieve greater understanding and enlightenment. The answer satisfied Benito, who deeply enjoyed constructing the few basic underground chambers that formed the initial entryways into the lab.

Not long thereafter, the serpent people came to Rolthin in secret, and using advanced construction technologies completed the rest of the underground while the above-ground areas were being built. They have added to the complex over the past few years using human slaves.

Workers from the surrounding area were brought in for most of the aboveground areas, but only after Benito's workers completed the hidden sections that would later be expanded into the lab. The men were paid well and generally held their tongues as directed, although a few rumors about a small underground area at the Abbey persist to this day.

Once the project was completed, Benito was hailed for the way his overall designs fit into the natural beauty of the area and were modeled on classical structures and styles. The workers all went home happy with fat paychecks and tales of their brief time in America, and no one was the wiser to the real purpose of some of the strange constructions Raynard ordered.

About six months after the Rolthin project was completed, the world mourned the sudden death of Benito Brutolleschi, who drunkenly stumbled down the steps of his villa late one evening and apparently broke his neck. No one has yet pieced together that many of the other primary builders of Rolthin Abbey have also suffered mysterious demises. Their deaths are spaced months apart and appear to be from perfectly natural causes. Should someone decide to do a bit of research, a pattern will begin to appear, one that does not seem to bode well for those most deeply involved in the project.

Should the Keeper wish to give the players an overt clue as to some of the hidden goings-on, they can spy on one of these truck deliveries, made somewhat suspiciously under the cover of

darkness. A successful spot hidden (after a successful hide) roll will allow a sharp-eyed investigator to note that among the expected fruits and vegetables, a few sides of beef and a small pen of suckling pigs are also hauled in. Those particular, “extra special” deliveries are taken directly to the agricultural barn. It's strange because he Abbey touts its vegetarian menu far and wide, If pressed, Ed will insist he's simply using the pigs' manure as fertilizer.

The Reformatory is in a separate, fenced-in area. On occasion, although usually not when guests are present, trash is burned in a basement furnace/boiler room within. It is usually at those scheduled times that the serpent people dispose of the bodies that are generated from their hideous experiments. The flash-furnace they use, a special design, burns the bodies quickly and only generates a small bit of ash, easily concealed within the smoke and residue given off by the Abbey's more conventional burner.

Small guard buildings are placed at the entrances to the Reformatory and the main entrance to the Abbey. They are generally only staffed at night, but if suspicious activity is ongoing (meaning the investigators are being careless,) they might be staffed at other times. The main gates are generally kept closed except for deliveries and new arrivals.

Major Locations

1. “The Lake.”

A small artificial lake graces the Rolthin grounds, one of the spa's most famous features. While swimming is not encouraged, it is allowed, although many choose to luxuriate in one of the facility's two pools instead.

The lake is mostly for aesthetic purposes, although it is on occasion stocked with a small number of bass, perch and other game fish for the sportsmen who come to Rolthin.

Canoeing on the lake is allowed, but the distance is not far from shore to shore. Most of those who wish to try their hand end up rowing in circles around the lake's inner perimeter. Still, it's good exercise, and the option is available to those who wish to do so.

2. Gymnasium

One of the prides of Rolthin, this large marble structure, elaborately decorated with carvings and statuary of bronzed gods and goddesses

from Greek mythology, has an indoor swimming pool (not Olympic-sized), men and women's saunas, massage tables, a small basketball court, a collapsible net system for indoor games of tennis or badminton, etc.

All Rolthin guests are expected to participate daily in some sort of “invigorating activity,” which can be anything from lounging poolside to a sport of their choosing.

3. Dining Hall

Here, fine chefs (and their drugged help) create culinary delights for the rich folk who come to Rolthin Abbey. Primarily vegetarian, the meals are hearty, nutritious, and sure to make those who eat them willing slaves of their new serpent masters.

The interior space is large, with long, wooden tables and individual, comfortable chairs. Guests are allowed to pick from a menu of potential choices each day, and plates are brought to them at mealtimes by crack dining hall staff. Those who accidentally bring the wrong entrees or sides are made to profusely apologize, with assurances that such oversights will never happen again. Staff members constantly circle the diners, filling glasses, removing plates and generally bowing and scraping, the way the wealthy guests of Rolthin like it.

4. Meditation Garden

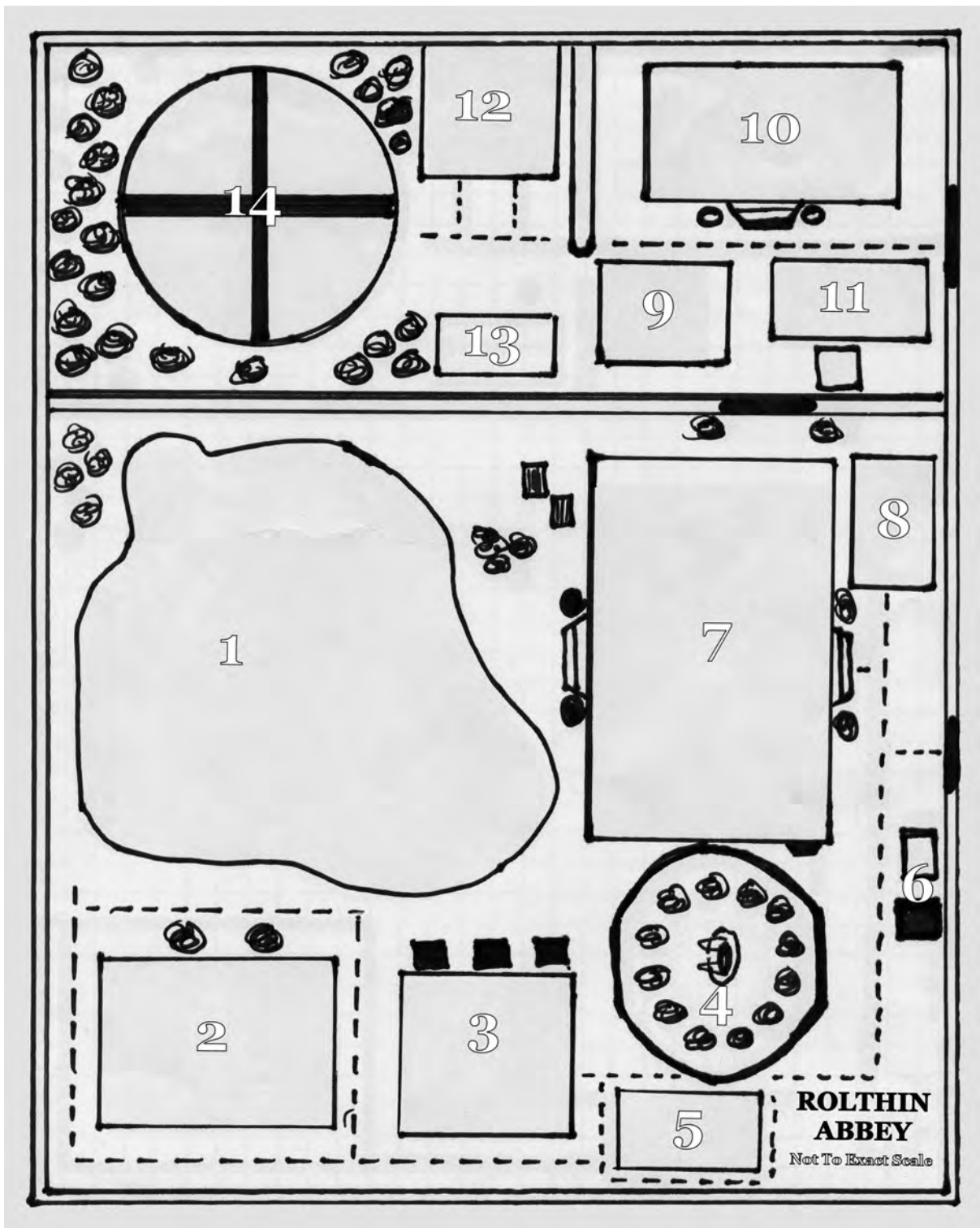
Profoundly beautiful, this outdoor garden features an ornate statue of the “ideal man,” an almost mythic-scale figure reflecting the ideals supposedly espoused by all adherents to Rolthin's philosophies. Resembling atlas, the loin-clothed, muscled art deco figure raises a globe high above his head, his body cast upward and slightly bent back in a pose of exultation. There are no facial features. Lovely, fruit-bearing trees line the garden in a circular pattern, and the interior is always full in season of fresh flowers.

5. Outdoor Swimming Pool

Olympic-sized, this tremendous water structure is a recent addition to the abbey. An elaborate canopy system can be drawn over the pool to keep out the sun, and a small staff of Rolthin employees makes certain that the waters are pristine.

6. Archery Range

A small archery range for those who wish to practice their skills. In addition to his other talents, Hans Dieter is an excellent bowman, favoring the



compound bow. He can teach guests the basics fairly quickly, and fortunately there have been no injuries. Yet.

7. Rolthin Abbey

The main building and the complex's reason for being. Described below.

8. Carriage House/Garage

Holds two mid-sized buses, which pick up and carry back guests to nearby train stations in surrounding towns. Most of the guests arrive by train, but for the few who have their own cars, there's a small bit of room to store a handful of extra vehicles. The facility does have stabling for a small number of horses but there are not any at the Abbey.

9. Laundry

Here, all of the sheets, linens, robes and similar items for guests, as well as work clothes for Abbey personnel, are washed and hung out to dry. The Abbey has some conveniences, such as a steam press, but most of the work still has to be done by hand. As one can imagine, at full capacity Rolthin generates lots of washables.

10. Reformatory

The second-largest building, and where all of the workers live.

11. Pharmacy

This building is where tireless workers spend long hours making many of the healing and restorative elixirs that make Rolthin famous. It is off-limits completely to visitors and to any workers not authorized to make these substances. The serpent people are particularly paranoid about anyone infiltrating this building, and reformees with a "tough" background are often stationed within. Glass bottle shipments of various sizes come twice a week to keep up with the demand. Outgoing deliveries are equally common, with hired drivers delivering the bottles to far-distant distribution centers. Only a small amount of Raynard's stock is produced here. Most is still made at the main factory in Boston, overseen by his brother, John.

12. Barns

Storage area for gardening equipment used throughout the Abbey. A typical collection of rakes, hoes, etc., is available since once again, things tend to be done the old fashioned way. Visitors will also be startled to find a small, well-tended pen of young pigs secreted within the backmost depths of the building. Odd. There's also a trap door here under piles of straw and debris. See the lab section for more details.

13. Greenhouse

A large greenhouse, the pride of Ed Crump, who actually sleeps here when he's not working. He has a small efficiency apartment with a small cot and a few other essentials in the back. He refuses to sleep in the Reformatory with the other workers. Both decorative plants and foodstuffs that need special conditions are grown in the greenhouse.

14. Garden

The Abbey's unique circular garden plot.

Rolthin Abbey

Descriptions here are kept necessarily brief; the overall color scheme is predominantly blue, green and gold, the colors Raynard tells his many disciples are "the most holy and healthful of all hues." The interior itself is gray stone, much reminiscent of an actual Medieval Abbey, and a variety of tapestries and ornate murals depicting scenes of hard work, industry and spiritual hope proliferate throughout the complex. Examples include scenes such as a productive factory filled with happy workers, people tending the earth with hand plows, smiling people living in an idealized, white marble community, etc. The Keeper may throw these ornaments around as desired.

1. Foyer

Carpeted in a blue/green mottled pattern, the foyer contains a few small sitting couches, scattered glass side tables with lamps, an umbrella stand, a coat tree, etc. A nice, mahogany desk is always staffed by a Rolthin employee, a pleasant young man or attractive woman. Single guests arriving at the Abbey or day visitors to the complex are usually asked to wait here until someone can guide them to where they need to be.

2. Grand Entry

Here the wealth that drives Rolthin Abbey begins to become apparent. An ornate green and gold rug of vaguely oriental design runs the length of the room, leading to the Reading Room beyond. A fine crystal chandelier predominates over everything, and six small statues modeled after the "ideal man" depicted in the meditation garden line the sides. These versions are holding ornate bowls, decorated with cut roses and winding vines. Fresh flowers are often placed within when large numbers of guests first arrive.

3. Chapel of Rolthin

Rolthin's pew-lined chapel has lovely stained glass windows in abstract patterns of lush blues, greens and golds both behind the speakers' podium and to the rear of the listeners.

One particular pattern above the podium, if one really looks at it, somewhat resembles a golden serpent's eye, but the piece is just abstract enough to make one doubt what one sees. A spot hidden roll may be required as the

Keeper dictates, but players should ask to see if they note anything odd about the patterns.

The wooden podium is often occupied by Raynard Japeth, who gives many "inspirational talks" here. There is an ornate blue-green curtain set behind the pedestal, and behind that is a small door that leads to his private study. When he is not there, a Rolthin employee is often stationed outside, sitting in a small, wooden chair provided, to make sure no one unauthorized gets in.

Incense is often burned here in a couple of wall sconces, and a sweet odor of sanctity continues to linger even when no one is here.

4. Raynard Japeth's Private Apartment

This is Raynard's public sanctum sanctorum. Believing that he can win the trust of others by showing that he himself adopts the ideals of simplicity and honesty that he espouses at Rolthin, Raynard's apartment, located next to the Chapel, is a study in spare living.

A simple clothes closet, containing a small number of changes, is here, as is a simple bed, a side reading table, an oil lamp, a water bowl and a small hand mirror. A prayer rug, in the customary colors with a somewhat cubical design, is on the floor.

There is a small writing desk with paper and pens. On it is a small, framed photograph of Raynard's grandmother, a recent gift from a relative. There is a small, locked safe, but inside is only a few hundred dollars and an ornate gold ring given by a friend of Raynard's long ago when he was a young man. There are no personal or Abbey-related papers here.

Other accommodations include a toilet area and shower, although Raynard does not ever really use these items. They're for show should anyone come in and look around.

There is a secret door in the floor near the south wall, which leads to Raynard's true working area, No. 12. It is concealed beneath a rug and because of the tile work on the floor somewhat difficult to see. A spot hidden roll is required to search the area and find anything.

5. Contemplation Room

A spare space designed for small, group-led meditations, this room contains an ornate, circular rug sufficient to seat a dozen people, a cone incense burner and a tiny, silver chime and hammer to be rung a varying intervals. Illumination when in use is in the form of dozens of small candles, scattered throughout the room. The space

appears somewhat cavernous in the darkness and sounds seem to have a distant, echoing quality here. The effect is overall somewhat surreal, especially once the room fills with incense and candle smoke.

6. Chapel Storage

A long, short closet contains a variety of odds and ends. Candles, incense (patchouli, mostly), sets of ornate brass candelabrum and cleaning supplies for the chapel area are stocked here. Not much of interest overall.

7. Reading Room

The reading room is filled with large shelves, filled with copies of Raynard's books as well as others deemed compatible with Rolthin's philosophies. Simple reading desks are scattered throughout the area. A librarian is often on duty, helping people find particular volumes of interest to them.

Private Apartments

All of the private apartments have a similar layout: Main room, restroom and personal shower, and small sleeping area. There is no kitchen as everyone eats in the large communal dining room.

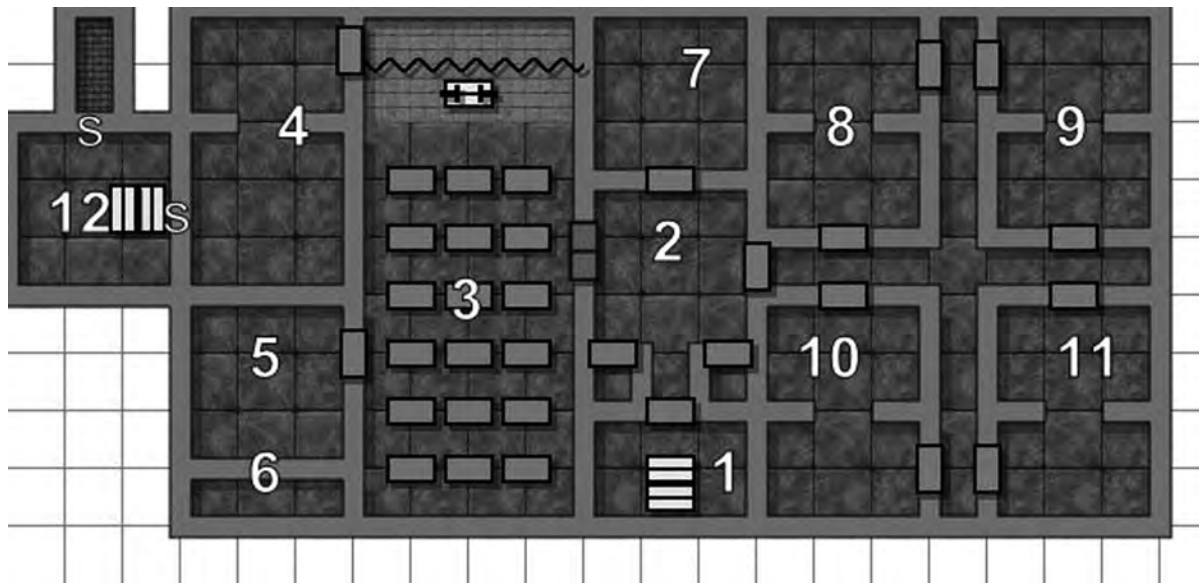
8. Hans Dieter's Apartment

Dieter's private apartment is quite neat and tidy, everything in its place. He has few personal decorations, but trophies, awards and certificates, many in German, many in other languages, serve as the primary adornments. There are also a few framed photographs of himself competing in various sporting events - weightlifting, archery, etc. Furnishings are spare, mostly a couch, a few scattered exercise books in German and English, and a hard, single bed with good cotton sheets.

9. Nathan Grussbaum's Apartment

Dr. Grussbaum's apartment is much more smartly appointed than Dieter's. Lovely wood furnishings, including a coffee table, a large, beautifully inlaid rolltop desk, and a big, thick-framed bed are to be found in the physician's quarters.

The doctor has liquor bottles stashed all throughout his apartment, everything from wine to brandy. In a locked drawer in the writing desk is a bottle of absinth, a gift from Raynard Japeth, who likes to keep his help happy. It is of course laced with domination serum.



Among the doctors' voluminous personal papers, scattered in and around the desk, players can find records of each and every patient who has ever come through Rolthin. It's a veritable who's who of who's who, but a Medicine or other roll will show that the subject records, while detailed, don't contain much actual medical information other than basic assessments of heart rate, visual and hearing acuity, mental alertness and overall health, just like one would get at any doctor's office. There seems to be no evidence of the special types of analysis Rolthin seems to tout.

In truth, the real detailed test results are given to Raynard, who delivers them to Hs'thrraa. After the data is entered into various machines in the hidden lab for study, the papers are destroyed for security's sake.

The doctor always carries his personal medical bag with him, so if he is not here, it will not be here.

10. Spiro Gregarios' Apartment

Elaborately decorated in greens and blues, this small space is filled with reminders of Gregarios' native Greece. Small replicas of famous statuary and icons, including a miniature Parthenon in lovely pure-white marble, a gift from Raynard, adorn the room. A large map of Greece and the surrounding islands is framed in the main room, and small shells and other reminders of the sea are scattered throughout the area as well.

There are no cookbooks. Gregarios has all of his recipes and such in his head. There are a few copies of various Rolthin publications, which he is using to help improve his English reading ability.

11. VIP Guest Room

Originally meant for Ed Crump, the strange old gardener refused to sleep here, meaning the room is now used as a space for select VIP guests. Currently, Sen. Theodore Woolsey occupies this room, which is richly appointed for such important folk with fine Victorian furniture and a giant, soft, four-poster bed better than any of the others on the compound. Should players break in for any reason, they'll find the senator's personal effects, including an expensive shaving kit and changes of clothes. Among his items, they'll find a handwritten note from Anita thanking him for the "lovely conversation" the other evening.

12. Raynard Japeth's true work area

A short flight of steps down after pushing aside the bed and flipping a hidden switch in the room above.

The room contains a writing desk, several bookshelves including a few occult tomes (keeper's choice, only one at most with Cthulhu Mythos knowledge), a large, heavy safe, and a small phonograph player. There is no sleeping area. The same, strange stones that light the underground (see below) illuminate the room here, set into cupped wall sconces that stand out in relief from the bare stone.

The writing desk is locked; the key is always carried on Raynard's person. A poisoned needle trap is placed on the main central drawer, and unless the player searching is careful it will release if they are fumbling around too much. There's a 50 percent chance that a player attempting to open the central drawer will trip the trap, especially if they attempt to pick the lock, unless they look for hidden dangers first.

Players must roll luck if the trap is sprung to see if the needle penetrates their skin enough to deliver the poison. They will take 1 point of damage in any case from the stick, which assumes that a small amount of the poison enters their system no matter what.

If the poison takes hold, the character must roll his constitution score or lower on a d20. If they manage it, they will shrug off the toxin in 1d6 days, although they will be very sick. If they do not make the roll, then they will die in 1d4 days unless medical attention can be given.

Inside the central drawer is Raynard's private diary, along with some miscellaneous notes and papers that will reveal his true affiliations. It will take a full week to digest the diary, which is written in a small, cramped script and contains a bit of Raynard's own style of personal shorthand. Doing so will confer an occult knowledge of +5 percent and a 1d4 gain to Cthulhu Mythos.

The diary tells of Raynard's quest for eternal life and describes the land of the Queen Mother of the West in some detail. It seems like a fantastic tale, complete with tireless monks that chant daily and nightly, peach trees that bloom every 10,000 years, and other oddities. Those with a psychological bent might assume that this is some fantasy of Raynard's deep psyche, a mere tale that he's spun to add spice to his internal world. But as they read on, they will find Raynard's most private thoughts concerning his transformation into something ancient and inhuman, from his initial panicked worrying about what sort of bargain he has forged to his current acceptance and embracement of his fate.

He writes extensively about Rolthin Abbey and some sort of "project" that it represents for his new masters, although he doesn't himself yet understand fully everything about it. He knows that it will assure "our final victory," and that it will end with "most of humanity becoming as we are." Raynard doesn't say what, exactly, humanity will transform into, speaking of his own transformation in veiled and largely allegorical terms. Those with Occult or Cthulhu Mythos skills can use their training to determine he might be talking about a number of races, but it is most likely the serpent people.

In the safe are copies of all the papers connected to Rolthin Abbey, including a complete copy of the original blueprints, land deeds, copies of financial reports, etc. Nothing about the project in the underground is here, but there is a small, red leather-bound collection of poetry. An examination of it will prove it to be a privately published edition of only 25 copies. This is the first.

The book, titled "Fire in Winter," is a collection of Evelyn Japeth's poetry, a collection of genuinely lovely verse that she wrote throughout her life. As his star began to rise, Raynard, still remembering her, collected her poems into a single volume and had them printed for friends and family. The little book is something that Raynard has carried with him throughout his life, and even now it is a precious possession. When he reads it, he briefly remembers what it was like to be human and the sense of beauty he felt when listening to Evelyn's flowing verse as a child.

But those days, and his grandmother, have long passed into the mists of time, and his masters have little patience for such things.

In the western wall, a cleverly-hidden switch provides Japeth access to the lab, through a dark tunnel. He is allowed to pass unmolested. Investigators may not be so lucky.

Upper Floor

G rooms at Rolthin affairs. They are private, with a single bed, a writing desk, and a small electric lamp. The walls are relatively thick and dampen the sound easily.

For many of the wealthy guests, this is somewhat hard to take. Japeth tells them that it's designed to make certain that they understand the value of humility. Mostly it's to cram as many people into the available space as possible.

The upper floor is divided into men and women's wings, each pretty much alike. Small rooms and hallways connect the major areas.

1. Men's rooms, bathrooms

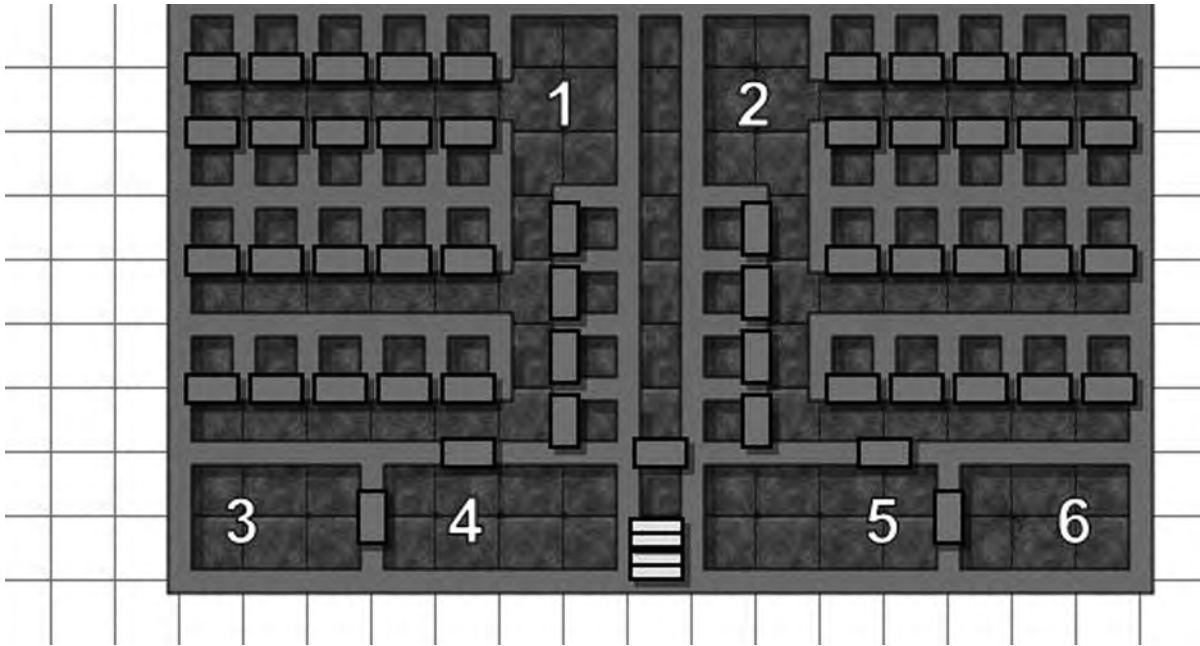
The door opens into a plush sitting area - leather-clad couches, a billiards table, and a few chairs and small tables for games such as chess.

Three large, convenient bathrooms line the wall just south of here. They have flush toilets and are always kept meticulously clean and can accommodate two at any one time.

The individual rooms are as described above. Keepers may place the major NPC male guests and any others as they wish.

2. Women's rooms, bathrooms

The same general layout as on the men's side. Instead of parlor games and such, there are instead a variety of popular books and maga-



Reformatory

zines, a phonograph with a selection of soothing, slow-tempo tunes, and items for crocheting, sewing, etc. “Respectable” entertainments for ladies, as Raynard often says.

3. Steam Room

The white-tiled steam room is a popular destination for the Rolthin elite. Niches set into the walls and various tile fixtures within provide plenty of seating. Fresh towels are always available, and the room is large enough to hold quite a few people at any one time. The steam room is available in the mornings from 6 a.m. to noon, then from 4 p.m. to 9 p.m.

4. Showers

A large set of showers for the men, both communal and a few private stalls for those who have hang-ups. A few urinals and toilet stalls are located here as well, as are rows of lockers for those who wish to keep a change of clothes or other items handy.

5. Showers

Similar to the men's side, but with more private stalls for shy ladies. There is still a large communal area for those who want to use it, as well as a series of wall mirrors for the women to make certain they look their best.

6. Steam Room

Much like the men's room, except with pink and gray tiles. The hours and layout are otherwise the same.



he men's and women's floors of the reformatory are exact mirrors of one another (hence only one map is provided), consisting of a main entryway, a series of small dormitory rooms, shower area, a recreation room and a private kitchen and dining area. The employees, with the exception of those who work in the main dining hall kitchen, do not eat with the guests.

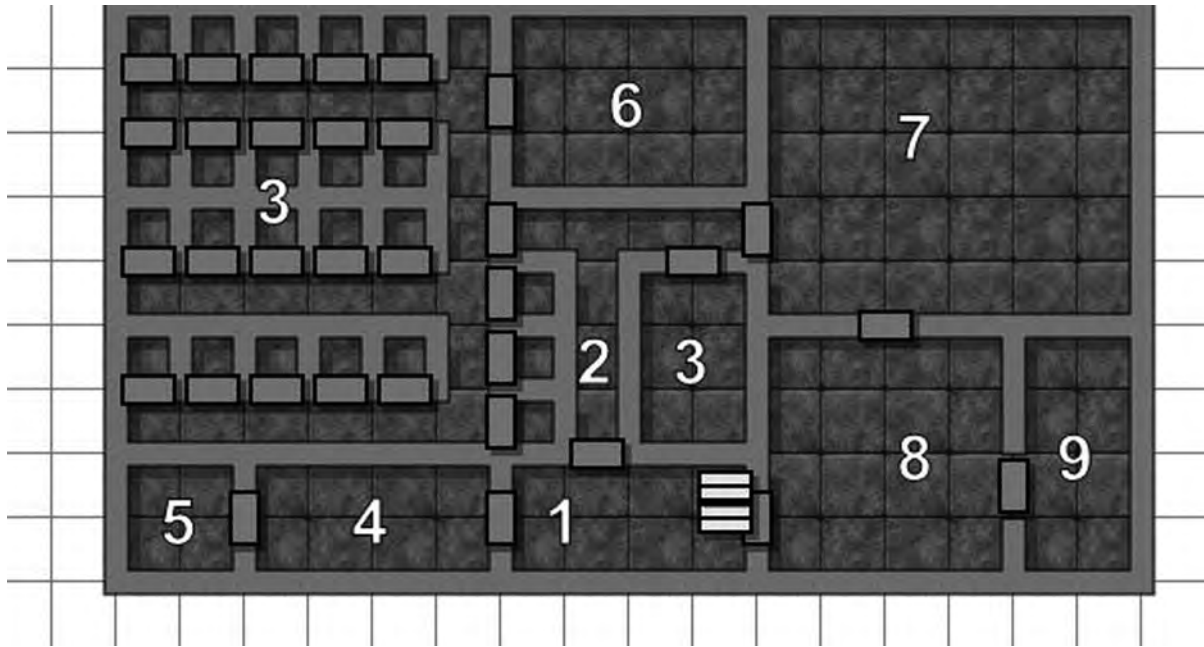
Men and women are kept completely separate, and guards are posted at the single staircase during sleeping hours to make certain that no untoward behavior is exhibited. Both floors are decorated largely in the official Rolthin colors, blue, green and yellow, with softer tones predominating on the women's floor, harsher, brighter colors on the men's.

The ratio of men to women is not equal. There are more than twice as many men working at Rolthin Abbey, crammed two per room. Right now, there are 38 men and 15 women staffers. It's easier to find down-on-their-luck men to come to work at the Abbey than it is women.

The general layout of the Reformatory is as follows, based loosely on the functional floors of Rolthin Abbey. Specific differences on each floor are noted.

1. Foyer/Sitting Room

Appropriately appointed for male or female sensibilities, depending, this initial room contains a broad, wooden-railed stair sweeping up and



down, comfortable sitting chairs and couches, and a few scattered bits of artwork—harmless paintings of landscapes and sunny brooks on the women's floor, masculine scenes of athletic contests on the men's level.

2. Hallway

A T-shaped hallway, leading to the dining area and private quarters.

3. Reading/recreation room

Both floors have a simple room filled with shelves of Japeth's latest books, along with a few classics. Also present on the men's floor are (like in the main Abbey) a couple of billiard tables, a set of wall darts, and a few scattered tables for reading, checkers or chess.

The ladies' floor, also like its counterpart in Rolthin Abbey, contains light fiction books, magazines, and handicraft items. Both rooms have a phonograph and a collection of tunes Raynard deems "appropriate listening," the vast majority bloody boring, slow stuff.

4. Office area

Both floors have office space in which necessary paperwork is processed and then sent on to Rolthin's accounting firm in Boston. Requisitions for supplies are filled out here, then sent to the main Abbey for Raynard's approval. About two people work in each office, staff members who seem to have secretarial ability.

5. Storage

Storage for paper supplies, light bulbs, cleaning supplies and other various items.

On the men's floor, a small staircase leads down from this room to a small boiler room, which contains a simple furnace for burning trash. It also contains a secret door, hidden in the floor, that leads down into the depths. It is very hard to find, and a 30 percent penalty to spot hidden rolls is imposed if characters are looking for it. The flue directs debris up and back toward the abbey, where it is released. Trash is usually burned only when guests have vacated the premises.

6. Showers

A large shower/toilet area for the workers, with a locker for each. The few personal items new arrivals carry with them are stored here, after being thoroughly searched through by loyal staff to make certain nothing dangerous gets through. Weapons of any sort are collected and discarded, as are any personal papers that might later be found and used for identification. This is explained away by telling the new arrivals that their old life is passing away, and that they won't need such things anymore. Those who resist simply have to learn to live with it.

7. Dining Area

A large dining hall that also serves as a nightly meeting area for the employees. Rolthin workers are expected to attend evening lectures (7 p.m. for the ladies, 9 p.m. for the men) if their schedules permit to encourage them toward industry and hard work. These are led by staff members

who have proven to be particularly good employees and are often attended by Raynard Japeth, whose inspiring words also serve as a means to give subliminal orders to the staff to make certain all is kept tidily in order and no questions of substance are ever asked.

Men and women eat separately in their own dining rooms.

8. Kitchen area

A large kitchen for the workers. Meals are prepared here three times a day at hours before normal guests eat for breakfast and lunch, after for dinner. Food is simple, vegetarian fare, mostly hearty soups, breads and other easy-to-prepare viands. A small kitchen staff of men or women, depending, works almost exclusively here in two rotating shifts—morning to noon and noon to evening.

9. Food storage

Food stores for the floor in question. Large cabinets and a small freezer provide the necessary space.

The Underground

D beneath the surface of **Rothin Abbey**, Hs'thraa, lord of serpents, lurks. At any given time, there is a small number (no more than four) human prisoners in the cells that line the walls, and a small number of serpent person abominations (no more than six) present in the lab area or working throughout the complex.

A few insane serpent person hybrids will be starving in the cells, and Hs'thraa and his minions may free them if the players manage to infiltrate the lab. In addition, a small number of purely human guards, two to three on average, intensely drugged and loyal to Hs'thraa, are present.

There are three ways into the serpent person compound - a hidden switch in Raynard's private chambers, a trap door in the barn near the garden area, and a stairwell down from the Reformatory boiler room.

The barn entrance is well-concealed beneath piles of straw and other "debris," and it is the primary entrance that foodstuffs (what did you think the pigs were for?) are brought through.

The serpent people do on occasion enjoy dining on the odd human prisoner - or even human/serpent hybrid. Hs'thraa considers this to be quite decadent as well as efficient.

The Reformatory entrance is a short flight of stairs down, while the entrance from Raynard's room is a much longer journey through dark and winding tunnels. If the keeper chooses, there's a 20 percent chance that 1d4 additional serpent/human abominations of various levels of lucidity have been set to guard the secret Abbey entrance. They don't get fed much and will be very happy to see the investigators.

The whole place is illuminated with odd glowing stones set regularly into sconces in the walls, casting the underground in a bluish glow bright enough to read by. If the strange rocks are taken from the compound, they fade. An analysis of the stones proves them to simply be normal quartz with no residue of enchantment.

1. The Furnace

Sharing the same flue system as the reformatory furnace, this ultra-powerful flash furnace can completely incinerate a human corpse in less than five minutes, almost less than a fifth of the time it would take in a normal crematorium. The heat is almost insanely intense, and standing too close to it can be damaging. Those who are standing within five feet of the furnace at full temperature should take 1d10 points of damage from radiant heat, plus one additional point for each foot under five that they are close. The furnace is at full heat for about three minutes. Anyone foolish enough to try to reach a hand inside will find the chosen body part rapidly vaporized in an intensely painful flash of light.

The heat does slightly radiate through the upper floor when the furnace is running. Anyone who places a hand on the floor of the room above feels that the floor is definitely warm. A temperature gauge will show a definite difference of about 20 degrees. It's not enough to burn anyone, but it can be noted and measured.

The furnace is triggered by a prominent switch in the lab. The serpent people make certain to clear out of here before activating it. If the characters examine the residue within, they will find only ash, no bones, although there is a small chance (Keeper's discretion) that the remnants of a molten filling might be found amongst the debris.

2. Cell Entrance

This area has a few scattered wooden tables and chairs and not much else. Guards are usually

posted here, human or half-serpent person, no more than three at any one time. Often, the guards are out patrolling the tunnels, but there is always at least one here, usually a partial serpent person, rather than human.

3. Cell Block

Only Hs'three and his aides have keys to these dark, dank cells. Barred and cramped, often multiple prisoners are placed within a single cell at a time. Sometimes they are drugged to keep them quiet, other times their screams, cries, pleadings and ravings echo through the underground lair. A few pitiful souls, both human and half-human, their minds utterly broken, merely whimper and rock in the darkness as they waste away.

Abominations and humans are segregated, but in the small space it's almost impossible to not have the two see each other. Many of the abominations are utterly insane and ravenously hungry, and the sight of human flesh drives them wild. Hs'three does have sedating drugs he can use if they get too out of hand.

Individual prisoners are roughly dragged to the lab with regularity for a variety of hideous experiments of Hs'three's devising.

The drugged servants are often crammed back into an empty cell, sometimes many into one, for a few bare hours of sleep until they are set about their masters' work once more.

4. Interrogation/Torture Area

One of Hs'three's favorite rooms, this area contains yet more cells and a variety of torture devices: sharp knives, saws, what have you. A series of small tables with restraints are set around the room, and dried blood is omnipresent. In one corner, a machine, which appears to be electrical although this is no wall plug, is a mess of various electrodes, pinchers and other horrific implements. It rolls freely and can be taken easily by pushing to any point in the room.

The bizarre machine can deliver a nasty shock or a sustained, painful current to anyone Hs'three deems worthy of such attentions. The shock does 4d6 electrical damage, while the pain setting, which can be dialed up several iterations, only does small damage (1 hit point per half hour at its highest setting). The dial has five settings, and anything above a three requires a sanity check every hour until the person breaks or dies if taking damage. Appropriate phobias are encouraged.

5. The Lab

The seat of all the serpent people's horrors, the main lab is staffed most times by Hs'three and any able-bodied serpent folk created by his hideous experiments. Filled with strange, gleaming metallic equipment of all sorts, it's a mad scientist's lab with a genuinely mad, utterly inhuman scientist at the helm.

Here, using a variety of chemical compounds and vicious machines, Hs'three examines his subjects, extracts fluids, marrow or organs he wishes to study more closely, and continues his experiments using any means at his disposal.

A few cabinet-sized machines are here, with various lights and graphic readouts of a rudimentary but alien nature. Some have funnels or receptacles for specimens.

One machine seems to be devoted to producing a detailed analysis of various experiments. Output is in the form of long strips of paper with strange characters that resemble a thermal imaging printout.

A cursory analysis of the text will fail to find any historical reference for what it could be or how to decipher it. It's an elaborate code, based on the serpent persons' own language, not something one could find in history books or even crackpot conspiracy theorists' tomes. It can only be broken if the Keeper wills it.

Again, a couple of restraint tables are present, as is a variety of fairly standard chemistry equipment, useful in basic lab analysis.

A massive switch which controls the flash furnace is here, set into the north wall.

6. Storage Room

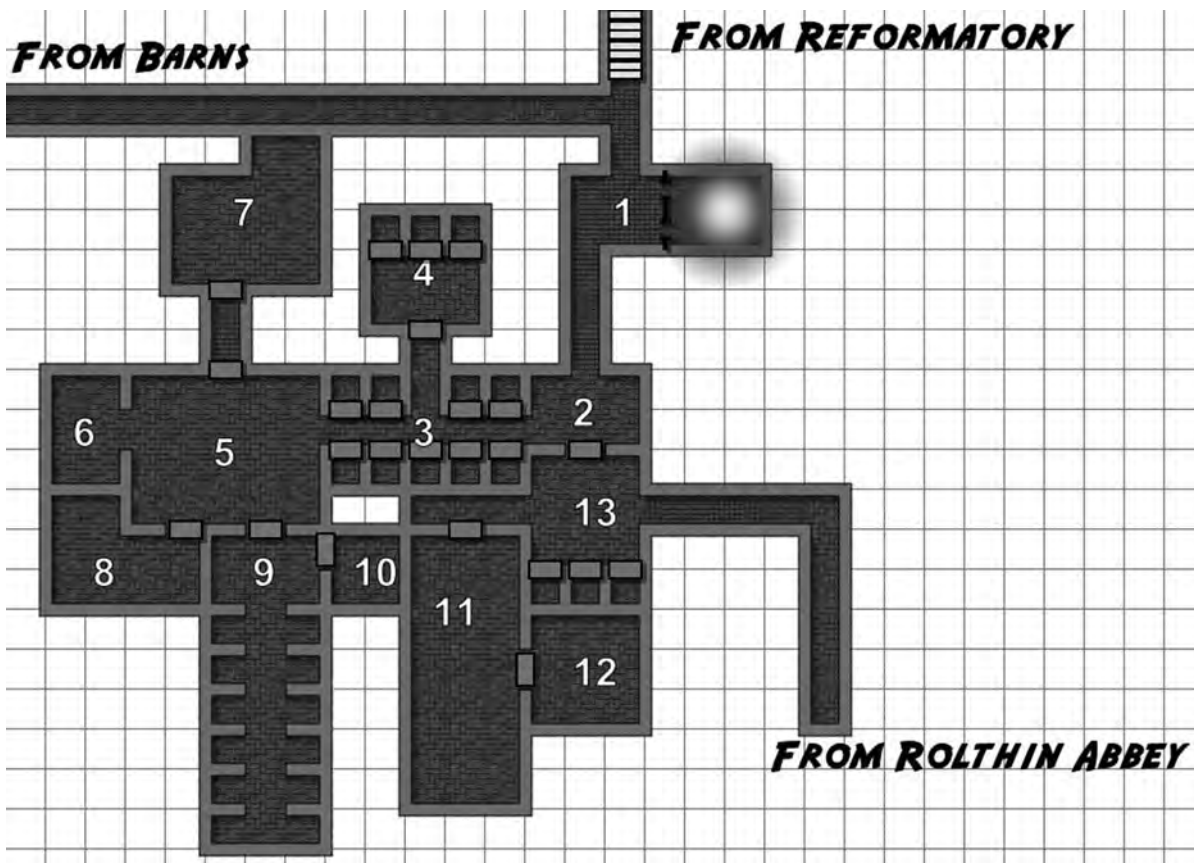
Crates of various chemicals, seemingly alien machine parts and other items are kept here. None are easily portable.

7. Hs'three's Private Quarters

Hs'three rests here in a circular nest woven of satin sheets and fluffed soft pillows. He does not need to sleep often.

His few personal effects include:

- ❑ *An ornate gold necklace, featuring a strange, glowing faceted stone of deepest emerald. It is not an emerald. In fact, it is no known earth mineral, although it will take literally six months of testing and many successful geology or other appropriate rolls to determine this. It has certain properties that suggest other terrestrial*



materials, but it appears to actually be something as yet undiscovered.

- ❑ Three spells, written on parchment in the Muvian language, of the keeper's choosing.
- ❑ A human head, floating in a jar. The head's features are contorted in an incredible display of pain. Hs'three finds this comforting.
- ❑ A small writing desk and chair.
- ❑ Fountain pens and parchment, although there is no evidence either have ever been used.
- ❑ Four ornate robes, one almost 2,500 years old. Its colors are still almost unearthly bright, purples, greens and blues that seem to move together in fantastic ways.

8. Potion Room

A giant chemistry lab, in which retorts, alembics and test tubes proliferate, and a shelf-full of reagents, none labeled, towers. A huge, black artificial work bench is here, along with a sink for running water. The various beakers and containers are heated by strange burners that put off great heat but do not seem to draw it from any particular fuel source. They are mounted into the table and cannot be removed.

STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER

K'r'ssith and Drun'thra sleep here on small cots. They greatly resent their master's lush accommodations a few doors up.

9. Serpent Chamber

The lucky few serpent people hybrids who become fully atavistic, or close enough for snuff, get to live here. Guards are always posted in the front area during sleeping hours, and the accommodations are nothing like Hs'three's but actually slightly better than what the "true" serpent people aides have to put up with.

Rows of rough cots line both sides of the chamber. All of the cots have simple cloth restraints on them, just in case.

The room is otherwise spare stone, with no ornamental touches. The strange stones that light this place burn here day and night, so the room is never dark and the guards can always look in and see exactly what is going on. During sleeping times—Hs'three allows about four hours in shifts—three to four serpent people hybrids will be present here.

10. Serpent Chamber Pots

This area serves as a common toilet room for all the inhabitants of the compound. The smell is atrocious and the contents sanity-sapping. No,



really. Anyone entering the area for the first time should make a SAN check.

11. Dining Hall, Common Area

Long, utilitarian tables line the room here. Human prisoners are fed in their cells, but loyal slaves and serpent hybrids are allowed to eat here. The menu is meat, mostly, raw for the serpent people, barely cooked for the humans. Unlike Rolthin Abbey, vegetables are not on the menu.

12. Kitchen/Deep Freeze

Storage and preparation area for the viands served once daily (Hs'threaa thinks time spent eating is largely inefficient). The primary serpent people helpers do eat fairly well, but the humans and hybrids only get a few morsels of food each day to keep the need for deliveries small and keep them desperate.

A large deep freeze, again powered by an unknown source, is here, filled with sides of beef and frozen piglets. The freezer can flash-freeze thawed foods in a few minutes' time, after which it maintains a constant freezing temperature.

13. Holding Area

Another small set of three cells is here. They serve as overflow if for some reason all of the other cells in the compound are full. Guards are often stationed here, as the tunnel to Japeth's quarters in Rolthin Abbey leads off into the darkness from this area.

Campaign Hooks

Should the players manage to defeat Raynard Japeth and his serpent people companions, there is still much that could potentially be done and many questions that will need to be answered.

How will the players ever explain what they've found—and what they've done—to the authorities? What will happen to the guests at Rolthin Abbey as a result of their plans? What about the workers? If the players choose, for example, to dynamite the underground area, the resulting collapse will take down part of the Reformatory. Do they risk taking lives to stop the serpent people?

If they are successful, will they expose the plot to a wider world, or will Raynard Japeth suddenly vanish without a trace? Unless they are thorough, Raynard's brother or someone else might discover information about the underground area and possibly something of its meaning, espe-

cially if the players do not recover the hidden diary.

And what of the Queen Mother of the West? Is she mere legend or something far more ancient and sinister? What would it take to find her? Striking at her hidden base in Tibet would mean a great blow landed against the serpent people, but at what cost? Could the characters even survive the journey? And what sanity-sapping magics and hideous foes might she have waiting for them?

If they manage to destroy the Rolthin project, the characters will become known to the serpent people, and like Rolthin's architect and other unfortunates, their lives may soon be cut very short. They will need to be on their guard should the secrets of Rolthin Abbey become theirs. They will have won a great victory, but the shadows cast by their hidden enemies, now enraged at their intrusion, will indelibly lengthen.

STATS

Raynard Japeth, Serpent Person Con Man

Colleges Degrees N/a Birthplace Boston Mass Mental Disorders
Megalomania Sex M Age 60 (in human guise)

STR: 10 DEX: 10 INT: 23 Idea: 115
CON: 17 APP: 18 POW: 16 Luck: 80
SIZ: 12 SAN: 0 EDU: 22 Know: 110

99-Cthulhu Mythos: 99 Damage Bonus: none

Accounting 60% An hropology 46% Archaeology 25% Art Play Violin
30% Astronomy 1% Bargain 90% Biology 31% Chemistry 31%
Climb 40% Conceal 15% Credit Rating 90% C hulhu Mythos 45%
Dodge 20% Drive Auto 20% Elec rical Repair 10% Fast Talk 90%
First Aid 65% Geology 1% Handgun 20% Hide 10% History 40%
Jump 25% Law 5% Library Use 75% Listen 50% Locksmith 1%
Machine Gun 15% Martial Arts 1% Mechanical Repair 20%
Medicine 5% Natural History 30% Navigate 10% Occult 5%
Operate Hvy Machine 1% Other Language Chinese 25% Other
Language Greek 51% O her Language German 51% Own
Language English 110% Persuade 90% Pharmacy 75%
Photography 10% Physics 1% Psychoanalysis 45% Psychology
75% Ride 5% Ri le 25% Shotgun 30% Sneak 10% Spot Hidden
25% Submachine Gun 15% Swim 25% Throw 25% Track 10%
Fist/Punch 50% Head Butt 10% Kick 25% Grapple 25%

Raynard is a handsome, older gentleman with steel gray eyes and a broad smile. His flowing, white hair frames his head like a corona of light. Although he is of average height, he has a commanding presence that seems to fill a room.

He speaks a smattering of many other languages, from Castilian Spanish Latin to French, bits and phrases that he has picked up on his travels. He can, though magic, maintain a human appearance (as can all the other serpent people at Rolthin) for several hours at a time, expending one magic point per hour of disguise. Afterward, he will need to rest in his room or in the under-

ground for an equal number of hours before he can regain magic points and maintain the illusion again. The effect is taxing.

He has not learned any other magic.

Typical Rolthin Staff

Your typical Rolthin employee has come to work at the Abbey from the mean streets of whatever city they were "rescued" from. That background is reflected in their choice of "skills."

All Rolthin staff wear simple, white garments: white pants and cotton shirts for men, long, white skirts and white, tucked-in blouses for women.

Men, Age 25

STR 13 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 13
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 10

Damage Bonus +1D4

Skills Bargain 40% Climb 50% Conceal 45% Dodge 35% Fast Talk 25% First Aid 50% Handgun 20% Listen 55% Rifle 25% Shotgun 30% Sneak 55% Spot Hidden 60% Submachine Gun 15% Throw 25% Track 25% Fist/Punch 60% Head Butt 30% Kick 30% Grapple 50%

Women, Age 23

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 9
DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 9

Damage Bonus None

Skills Bargain 45% Climb 45% Conceal 30% Dodge 30% Fast Talk 35% First Aid 50% Handgun 20% Listen 55% Rifle 25% Shotgun 30% Sneak 55% Spot Hidden 60% Submachine Gun 15% Throw 25% Track 25% Fist/Punch 60% Head Butt 30% Kick 30% Grapple 50%

Primary Staff

Hans Dieter, 33, Exercise instructor

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 18 INT 14 POW 11
DEX 14 APP 13 EDU 18

Damage Bonus +1D6

Skills Bow 75% Climb 75% Dodge 75% Jump 75% Handgun 35% Other Language English 76% Persuade 55% Ride 33% Rifle 25% Shotgun 30% Sneak 25% Spot Hidden 25% Swim 75% Throw 75% Fist/Punch 80% Head Butt 30% Kick 60% Grapple 75%

Tall and muscular, with a buzz cut and a thick, German accent. He has blue eyes, blond hair and speaks English with a formality that bespeaks it being his second tongue.

Spiro Gregarios, 36, Chef

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 15
DEX 11 APP 15 EDU 16

Damage Bonus +1D4

STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER

Skills Art Cookery 90% Art Music 25% Bargain 50% Dodge 22% Fast Talk 80% Handgun 20% Listen 75% Rifle 25% Shotgun 30% Spot Hidden 40% Throw 25% Fist/Punch 50% Head Butt 10% Kick 25% Grapple 40%

Olive-skinned and dark-haired, Gregarios is a handsome man whose command of English moves from passable to incomprehensible the more he becomes angry. He gets angry a lot.

Ed Crump, 55, Head Gardner

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 10 APP 9 EDU 18

Damage Bonus +1D4

Skills Conceal 45% Dodge 25% Drive Auto 30% Electrical Repair 55% First Aid 55% Grow Things Really Well 90% Handgun 20% Mechanical Repair 50% Medicine 15% Pharmacy 26% Rifle 50% Shotgun 70% Sneak 35% Spot Hidden 60% Submachine Gun 15% Throw 25% Track 25% Fist/Punch 65% Head Butt 30% Kick 25% Grapple 25%

Ed Crump looks lost most of the time. Wearing simple denim coveralls (he refuses to wear the official Rolthin staff garb) and a perpetual vacant stare, there's actually a lot going on in his mind despite appearances.

He is perpetually unshaven, and his hair a bit thinner than it was when he was young. Still, it retains a great deal of his original brown color, and his skin is a deep, weathered tan from years spent working the land.

Nathan Grussbaum, 53, Physician

STR 9 CON 11 SIZ 16 INT 15 POW 11
DEX 19 APP 12 EDU 24

Damage Bonus +1D4

Skills Accounting 50% Archaeology 26% Biology 90% Credit Rating 80% Dodge 18% Handgun 20% History 30% Listen 35% Medicine 90% Other Language Latin 56% Persuade 55% Pharmacy 90% Psychoanalysis 16% Rifle 25% Shotgun 30% Sneak 35% Spot Hidden 60% Throw 25% Fist/Punch 50%

White headed with a goatee and a bald pate surrounded by wisps of white hair, Grussbaum is a big bear of a man and a world-class physician who has fallen under Raynard's spell. His presence adds great credibility to Rolthin Abbey.

Secondary Staff

Sam Hebert, 21, Vagrant

STR 18 CON 15 SIZ 17 INT 09 POW 09
DEX 11 APP 13 EDU 11

Damage Bonus +1D6

Skills

Bargain 45% Dodge 45% Fast Talk 55% Handgun 20% Jump 35% Listen 60% Mechanical Repair 50% Natural History 17% Persuade

45% Rifle 25% Shotgun 30% Sneak 25% Spot Hidden 40%
Throw 25% Fist/Punch 90% Kick 35% Grapple 60%

The bigger brother of Mike Hebert, Sam Hebert has not been acting himself lately.

Mike Herbert, 21, Vagrant

STR 11 CON 09 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 18
DEX 15 APP 11 EDU 15

Damage Bonus None

Skills Bargain 80% Dodge 30% Fast Talk 90% Handgun 20% Hide
60% History 30% Jump 25% Listen 75% Natural History 50%
Persuade 85% Rifle 25% Shotgun 30% Sneak 50% Spot Hidden
45% Fist/Punch 50% Kick 35% Grapple 60%

Thin, somewhat sickly, but extremely sharp, Mike Hebert is one of the few people at Rolthin Abbey who has some real inkling as to what's going on. It scares him to death.

Molly O'Shannessy, 20, Former Prostitute

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 08
APP 15 DEX 12 EDU 09

Damage Bonus None

Skills Accounting 25% Bargain 60% Conceal 50% Fast Talk 75% First
Aid 40% Handgun 20% Hide 55% Listen 55% Persuade 55%
Rifle 25% Shotgun 30% Sneak 30% Spot Hidden 30% Fis/Punch
50% Kick 35%

Pretty but a bit ragged by her former life on the streets, Molly is a fairly recent arrival to Rolthin. She has befriended Mike and Sam, thinking them a couple of decent fellows. Besides, Sam's big and Mike is smart, and that means protection in both cases. She's pregnant. Don't ask how.

Major NPC Guests

Sen. Theodore Woolsey, 45, Politician

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 17 INT 14 POW 17
DEX 09 APP 15 EDU 20

Damage Bonus +1D4

Skills Arts Singing 70% Bargain 70% Credit Rating 90% Drive Auto
25% Dodge 18% Fast Talk 80% Handgun 20% History 60% Law
70% Library Use 40% Other Language Latin 26% Persuade 80%
Psychology 40% Rifle 25% Shotgun 30% Sneak 10% Spot Hidden
45% Throw 25% Track 25% Fis/Punch 50% Grapple 35%

Portly but still somewhat roguish, Sen. Woosley has black hair, graying at the temples, and a broad smile full of impossibly perfect teeth. He will flirt with any ladies and attempt to dominate any men he encounters.

48

Anita Croft, 24, Actress

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 10 POW 16
DEX 14 APP 18 EDU 12

Damage Bonus None

Skills Accounting 12% Bargain 60% Climb 40% Credit Rating 90%
Dodge 45% Fast Talk 65% Handgun 20% Listen 35% Persuade
76% Psychology 15% Rifle 25% Shotgun 30% Sneak 35% Spot
Hidden 50% Throw 25% Track 25% Fist/Punch 50%

Anita Croft is almost supernaturally beautiful, with lovely blonde hair in ringlets and deep blue eyes. Not terribly smart, but not terribly stupid, she's a crafty customer when it comes to getting what she wants.

Richard "Skip" Monroe, 28, Athlete

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 16 APP 17 EDU 13

Damage Bonus +1D4

Skills Bargain 30% Climb 75% Dodge 75% First Aid 50% Handgun
55% Jump 75% Listen 50% Martial Arts 51% Rifle 25% Shotgun
30% Swim 65% Throw 90% Fis/Punch 60% Head Butt 30% Kick
30% Grapple 52%

Skip likes to shoot on the weekends, in addition to being in great physical shape and a natural ballplayer. His green eyes and black hair make him a strikingly good-looking figure.

Brenda Helena Hart, 21, Occultist

STR 10 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 18
DEX 11 APP 14 EDU 18

Damage Bonus None

Skills Anthropology 51% Climb 40% Dodge 22% First Aid 30%
Handgun 35% History 65% Library Use 70% Occult 75% Other
Language French 51% Other Language Greek 51% Other
Language Latin 51% Persuade 20% Psychoanalysis 81%
Psychology 81% Rifle 25% Shotgun 30% Sneak 35% Spot Hidden
25% Throw 25% Track 10% Fist/Punch 50% Grapple 25%

Spells One summon/bind of keeper's choice

Brenda is a pleasant young woman with long, brown hair in a bun and thick spectacles that frame her brown eyes. She wears rather plain clothing most of the time, resembling a typical librarian. She's an expert in the occult, something she doesn't keep hidden very well, dropping odd references in casual conversation.

Serpent People

Note: In addition to the attacks listed in the Call of Cthulhu Rulebook, the serpent people also have a claw attack. Each claw can do 1d4 points of damage, and both claws hit per combat round, one first, then the other, in descending dexterity order.

STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER

For gaming purposes, assume the serpent people can all speak perfect English, if they need to.

Hs'thrra

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 24 POW 17
DEX 15 APP 0 EDU 23

Damage Bonus +1D4

Skills Archaeology 80% Biology 95 % Chemistry 95% Dodge 25%
Electrical Repair 55% Handgun 35% History 60% Mechanical
Repair 75% Medicine 95% Natural History 80% Occult 90%
Physics 90% Rifle 25% Shotgun 30% Sneak 35% Spot Hidden
60% Throw 25% Track 25% Fist/Punch 60% Head Butt 30% Kick
30% Grapple 50% Stun Rod 60%

Spells As per CoC Rulebook

Leader of the serpent people in the underground, he has seen countless human generations pass away in his thousands of years of life. He will not rest until his people have won their long-fought victory against them. His hissing voice is soothing, but deadly.

Hs'thrra carries with himself an electrical stun baton that inflicts 1d10 electrical damage and stuns anyone it hits for 1-5 minutes unless the person in question successfully dodges or makes a Luck roll. During that time, the unfortunate investigator is knocked unconscious. The rod can be used five times per day and is recharged each night through unknown processes.

K'r'ssith and Drun'thra also have stun rods.

K'r'ssith

STR 14 DEX 13 INT 20 CON 15 APP 0
POW 14 SIZ 15 EDU 21

Damage Bonus +1D4

Skills Astronomy 51% Biology 91% Chemistry 91% Dodge 25% Fast
Talk 75% First Aid 65% Geology 40% Handgun 35% Medicine
75% Psychology 50 % Rifle 25% Shotgun 30% Sneak 35% Spot
Hidden 25% Throw 25% Track 25% Fist/Punch 60% Head Butt
30% Kick 30% Grapple 50% Stun Rod 45%

Spells As per CoC Rulebook

More brilliant than Drun'thra, but not as brilliant has he thinks he is, K'r'ssith has murderous intent on his mind. Considers the human experiments, even the successful transformations, to be "sub-creatures."

Drun'thra

STR 14 CON 17 SIZ 15 INT 19 POW 16
DEX 12 APP 0 EDU 21

Damage Bonus +1D4

Skills Bargain 55% Biology 91 % Chemistry 95% Handgun 35%
Library Use 50% Medicine 70% Occult 90% O her Language
Arabic 34% Other Language Greek 43% Rifle 25% Shotgun 30%
Sneak 35% Spot Hidden 60% Throw 25% Track 25% Fist/Punch
60% Head Butt 30% Kick 30% Grapple 50% Stun Rod 55%

Spells As per CoC Rulebook

Surly and withdrawn, Drun'thra bides his time while he looks for a weakness, any weakness, in his two companions. Outclassed in most areas, he'll have a long time to wait. He speaks often to Hor'laath, not because the two are friends, but because K'r'ssith and Hs'thrra won't talk to him.

Hor'laath

STR 17 CON 11 SIZ 14 INT 22 POW 14
DEX 15 APP 0 EDU 21

Damage Bonus +1D4

Skills Accounting 25% Bargain 90% Conceal 60% Dodge 25%
Electrical Repair 55% Fast Talk 90% Handgun 35% History 45%
Library Use 90% Rifle 50% Shotgun 30% Sneak 35% Spot Hidden
60% Throw 25% Track 25% Fist/Punch 60% Head Butt 30% Kick
30% Grapple 50%

Spells None at his time

Once a human lawyer, now a serpent person. The irony is thick. He does not know the transformation magic the others do at this point.

Typical Human Slave

The human slaves the serpent people make use of in their underground lair are malnourished and somewhat worse for the wear. They are squeezed into cells when not being abused, and their haggard appearance is unnerving. They are heavily drugged, many insane thanks to all they've seen, and fully loyal.

STR 12 CON 9 SIZ 13 INT 9 POW 12
DEX 11 APP 7 EDU 9

Damage Bonus +1D4

Skills Dodge 25% Handgun 35% Rifle 25% Shotgun 30% Sneak 55%
Spot Hidden 55% Submachine Gun 15% Throw 25% Track 25%
Fist/Punch 60% Head Butt 40% Kick 40% Grapple 50%

APPENDIX

Serpent Person Transformation

Should the Keeper wish to determine whether or not the PCs (or anyone else) are susceptible to the serpent people's retrovirus, he should roll a percentage dice. 56 percent or lower means that they have the genetic marker necessary, which means they could be transformed. PCs so affected should roll their Luck. A successful test means that they can actually become full-born serpent people.

This is a horrific and profound transformation, difficult for a human mind to survive intact. The player must roll a SAN check with a 20 percent penalty. If they fail, the person loses 3d6 sanity. If he or she makes the transition, then the player loses 1d6 sanity—while horrible, their minds for

whatever reason can handle the transition. They will probably still be quite distressed.

If the result is a failure, the GM should roll again and consult the following table:

1-25: Nothing at all happens. No SAN loss, although the player will probably be tortured, dissected and then discarded.

26-75: Partial transformation. Roll on the table below.

76-100: Nothing happens, but the player goes instantly indefinitely insane. Pick an appropriate phobia.

Partial Transformation Table

NOTE: In all cases, intelligence and dexterity bonuses appear over time, one point per week, up to the maximum rolled.

1-55: 1d4 major body parts or characteristics transform; keeper determines which ones, but examples include skin (subtle scaling), taloned hands, fangs, serpent eyes, total transformation of one or more limbs, head, etc.

Player must roll a SAN check or lose 1d10 SAN if successful, 1d20 SAN if not. The partial transformation is in some ways worse for some people than a full one, and one's mental state is sure to suffer from such a shock.

For each part that transforms the character may gain one of the following bonuses: 1 serpent person attack style, either (claws, 1d4), weakened bite (1d6, no poison). If both hands transform, then the character gets two attacks per round, one for each claw.

Scaled skin, 1 point of armor.

Small intelligence boost, 1-2 (1d4/2) points.

Small dexterity bonus, 1-2 (1d4/2) points.

56-90: Three-quarters transformation, multiple characteristics change simultaneously, Same SAN roll requirement.

Character gains intelligence and dexterity bonus, 1d4 each, and gains attacks, either full claws (1d4x2), bite (1d6) or poisoned spittle (1d3 damage, blinding for 1d5 (1d10/2) combat rounds; critical hit means permanent blindness unless the spittle is removed in 4 combat rounds).

91-95: Almost full serpent person appearance, with only a few (1d4) minor characteristics not changed. (Still-human eyes, ears, no talons on

fingers, etc.) Same SAN roll as full transformation.

Character in general gains intelligence and dexterity bonus (1d6 each) over time, full claw and bite attacks (1d4x2, 1d8) unless that particular characteristic is the one determined to be incomplete, and reduced spittle attack, 1d4 damage, blinding for 1d10 combat rounds; critical hit means permanent blindness unless the spittle is removed in 4 combat rounds.)

95-100: Full transformation. All characteristics above, plus full spittle attack, 1d6 damage, blinding for 1d10 combat rounds, critical strike means permanent blindness unless the spittle is removed in 2 rounds.

Should the Keeper require it, here is a handy table to help determine which part of the body gets transformed. Re-roll duplicate results.

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Head | 5. Left Leg |
| 2. Right Arm | 6. Right Leg |
| 3. Right Hand | 7. Feet |
| 4. Torso | 8. Roll again |

Abdul, the Old Majordomo

STR 8	CON 9	SIZ 9	INT 13	POW 12
DEX 11	APP 13	EDU 14	SAN 60	HP 9

Damage Bonus d4

Weapons Staff 25% damage 1d6

Skills Medicine 55% Own Language (Arabic) 75 Other Language (French) 55% Other Language (Spanish) 70%

Grigor, the Captain of Roifá's Household Guard

STR 12	CON 12	SIZ 11	INT 13	POW 12
DEX 10	APP 9	EDU 9	SAN 60	HP 12

Damage Bonus 0

Weapons Long sword 55% damage 1d8 +db
Bow 30% damage 1d8

Armor 5 point Leather & Rings

Skills Dodge 40% Track 30%

Grigor's Guard (10 Men)

STR 14	CON 13	SIZ 11	INT 9	POW 10
DEX 14	APP 9	EDU 7	SAN 50	HP 12

Damage Bonus +d4

Weapons Long Sword 60% damage 1d8+db
Spear 45% damage 1d10 +db

Armor 5 point Leather & Rings

Skills First Aid 45% Track 50% Spot Hidden 45%

Sample Soldiers

See Grigor's Guard but substitute Spears (60% damage 1d10+db) for the swords

Abbot Venerius

STR 9 CON 11 SIZ 10 INT 17 POW 14
DEX 10 APP 14 EDU 17 SAN 50 HP 11

Damage Bonus 0

Weapons none

Skills Holy Scriptures 90% Library Use 80% Mythos 8% Occult 65%
Own Kingdom 55% Own Language 85% Other Language (German)
70% Persuade 80% Status 85% Write Latin 85%

Brother Marco

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 17
DEX 16 APP 9 EDU 13 SAN 75 HP 12

Damage Bonus +d4

Weapons Fleecing Knife 80% damage 1d6

Skills Craft (Fleecing) 97% Library Use 55% Insight 55% Listen 45%
Mythos 10% Occult 25% Own Kingdom (Florence) 75% Other
Kingdoms (France other regions of Italy) 50% Own Language
(Italian) 70% Other Language (French) 55% Write Latin 75%

Spells Augur Healing Sealing the Bridge of Dreams

Brother Timoteus

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 17 APP 14 EDU 11 SAN 65 HP 12

Damage Bonus

Weapons none

Skills Art (Bible Illustrations) 95% Library Use 75% Spot Hidden 55%
Own Kingdom (France) 20% Own Language (French) 60% Write
Latin 75%

Sample Villager

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 13
DEX 14 APP 10 EDU 9 SAN 60 HP 13

Damage Bonus +d4

Weapons Club 60% damage 1d6 +db

Skills Craft (various) 75% Mythos 1% Natural World 60% Occult 55%
Potions 35% Track 55%

Eman and His Hunt

Eman, a.k.a. The Hierophant. a.k.a. the Eternal Hunter

STR 8 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 21 POW 24
DEX 9 APP 16 EDU 17 SAN 1 HP 14

Damage Bonus 0

Weapons Long sword 30% damage 1d8
Dagger 50% damage 1d4

Armor 5 point heavy leather armor

Skills Command 80% Listen 55% Spot Hidden 85% Ride 55% Track
85%

Spells Bind Shadow Hounds Curse (Perception) Curse (Physical
Movement) Contact Nyarlathotep Demon Hearing Demon Sight
Flesh Ward Nightmare Creature The Gate of Dreams

Sanity Loss none if seeing Eman in his 'normal' guise 0/d6 when he
takes on the shape of a night mare creature (see description of the
Night mare Creature spell)

STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER

Ours, a particularly strong and nasty 'Ygirothian tribesman

STR 18 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 6 POW 9
DEX 9 APP 7 EDU 7 SAN 15 HP 15

Damage Bonus +1d6

Weapons Club 60% damage 1d6 +db

Skills Brawl 55% Hide 35% Listen 60% Sneak 40% Spot Hidden 40%

Renard, a vicious and utterly mad Man of Leng

STR 10 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 12
DEX 16 APP 7 EDU 11 SAN 0 HP 14

Damage Bonus 0

Weapons Spear 30% damage 1d10
Knife 55% damage 1d4

Skills Hide 70% Sneak 85% Track 65%

Sample 'Ygirothian tribesman

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 9 INT 7 POW 7
DEX 14 Move 9 HP +0

Damage Bonus

Weapons Club 55% damage 1d6

Skills Hide 40% Listen 50% Sneak 50% Spot Hidden 30%

Spells at the Keeper's discretion one of the tribesmen may know 1 2
spells

Nightrider

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 3 POW 7
DEX 14 Mov 4/16 when flying HP 12

Damage Bonus +1d4

Weapons Bite 50% damage 1d10
Claws 50% damage 1d6+2+db

Skills Echo locate prey 75% Spot Hidden 75%

Sanity Loss 0/1d4

Nightgaunt (as alternative to the Nightrider)

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 14 INT 4 POW 11
DEX 13 Mov 6/12 when flying HP 13

Damage Bonus +1d4

Weapons Grapple 30%
Tickle 30%

Skills Hide 90% Sneak 90%

Sanity Loss 0/1d6

Trample, Eman's steed, (a Kyresh or a particularly vicious destrier)

STR 19 CON 13 SIZ 17 POW 13 DEX 19
HP 15 Move 10

Damage Bonus +1d6

Weapons Bite 40% damage 1d10+db

Shadow Hounds

SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 21 Move 10

Damage Bonus

Weapons

Skills Track 99%

Spells Call Darkness Fear Mesmerize
Sanity Loss 0/1d2 + effects of the Fear spell

Shadow Hounds are creatures of Limbo and are literally made of shadow. They have no physical attributes but can be sent back to Limbo using the Dismiss spell.

The Book of Black Rites (Annotated Arabic Version)

Arabic translation of the Book of Black Rites by the Egyptian High Priest Luveh-Keraph. Translated and annotated by the 8th century Egyptian scholar Abdul El-Vrassah.

The Arabic version of this book corresponds largely to the Greek version described in the Dark Ages handbook. El-Vrassah added notes with exhaustive background on the Dark Pharaoh, knowledge which he gained from other Egyptian scrolls. Also given in an addendum to the book are several scrolls destined to ward off Nyarlathotep and others of the Outer Gods.

Sanity loss is 1d6/2d6; Cthulhu Mythos +14 percentiles; 45 weeks to study. All the spells from the Greek version are included, plus the Elder Sign spell, other warding spells (Keeper's discretion), and also the Rite of Sealing.

The Latin translation made by Bernard de Roifâ is incomplete, having been purged by Abbot Venerius. All the spells are missing, as are most of the most expletive descriptions of the Outer Gods. The statistics for the Latin version are: Sanity loss 1d2/1d6; Cthulhu Mythos +5 percentiles; 10 weeks to study.

CREATURES OF LEGEND

ETERNAL HUNTERS

In forests as deep and wide as those in Val-du-Loup, hunting is a way of life. Not everyone is allowed to hunt, though, the forests, like everything else, belong to nobles, to the Church, or even directly to the Emperors and Kings of the lands.

While most hunters might be decent people, it seems that a fair number of nobles know as little restraint in hunting as they do in everything else. And if the stories are to be believed, some hunters are evil beyond imagination: cruel, blood-thirsty men who show a complete disregard for

animals and humans alike, who often spill as much human blood as they do animal blood.

For the most wicked of these creatures, the forces that govern the afterlife, whoever those forces might be, seem to reserve a quite cruel and sarcastic fate: after their death (often the result of a hunting accidents), the hunters are compelled to come back again and again to haunt their old hunting grounds. These creatures are called Eternal Hunters, Mad Hunters or Headless Hunters.

Stories of Eternal Hunters are told all over the country, and although they are always similar, they are never identical. There is not one unique form in which these undead return: some look just like normal humans dressed in hunting garb, others are headless, while others carry their head under their arm or have it turned backwards. Some are just skeletons, others seem to be burning alive. Some are on foot, but most ride large black satanic horses that leave burning hoof prints on the ground. They are almost always accompanied by large black hounds whose howling can be heard throughout the whole region; it is said that the whole forest is in uproar whenever the Eternal Hunters are out. One or two female Hunters have also been known to exist.

Hunters appear by day as well as by night. They attack travelers and domestic animals, such as cattle and horses, but their favorite prey are other hunting parties. Suddenly appearing out of the shadows, the undead and their infernal hounds chase their victims to near exhaustion. Some Hunters leave it at that, but others are not content until they have killed, often leaving behind heavily mutilated bodies.

Eternal Hunters are one of the most feared horrors of the forests. Luckily for the locals the creatures are always bound to a certain area (their previous hunting grounds), and these areas are avoided by all who know and believe the tales.

BLACK HOUNDS

Black hounds appear at first like normal black dogs. Those people who come close enough to one such beast notice startling differences. Some animals seem to have horns on their brows, others are described as having fiery gleam in their eyes. Some can increase their size to that of a bull, while others may change into fog or ravens.

While the legends make little distinction between the various breeds of black hounds, they can basically be broken down into two categories: hell hounds and shadow hounds.

Shadow Hounds, Limbo Creatures

According to legend, these large beasts are often found sleeping in narrow places, completely blocking passage: in small lanes, on bridges or inside the city gates. Sometimes they lie across the step of people's front doors. Sometimes a whole pack of them blocks off an entire road. When people try to chase them away, they do not move. When people try to step over them, the dogs suddenly come to life and start chasing the frightened folk until they end up with their nerves in tatters, especially if the creature changes into a monster, grows vastly taller or starts breathing fire down the fugitives' neck. The dogs never attack however, and if hurt, change into a raven or fog and simply fly away.

While it may seem that these black hounds only create mischief at random, some people believe that they actually act with a purpose, and that they like to frighten people who have some dark secret to hide, or some unatoned guilt on their hands. Some folks even claim that the black hounds are but the guilty conscience of people, using this shape to haunt them at night.

Shadow Hounds are creatures of Limbo and are literally made of shadow. While their appearance is generally that of a large black hound, their substance seems to shift depending on the light, and they have no fixed countenance. They can appear under several guises, and can shift shape easily from a mastiff to a bull to a raven. Sometimes they sport attributes such as horns, two tails or two heads.

Shadow Hounds are independent creatures and not necessarily evil; some may even be called 'good', such as those who haunt criminals. However, Shadow Hounds can be summoned by sorcerers who know the right spells and made to commit deeds which are against their basic nature.

Shadow Hounds

Char.	Rolls	Average
SIZ	2d6-3d6 (varies)	7-11
INT	3d6	10-11
POW	6d6	21
Mov	10	

Damage Bonus n/a

Weapons n/a

Skills Track 99%

Spells Call Darkness Fear Mesmerize Curse (Power or Appearance) and others

Sanity Loss 0/1d2 + effects of the Fear spel

Hounds of Hell, Lesser Servitor Race

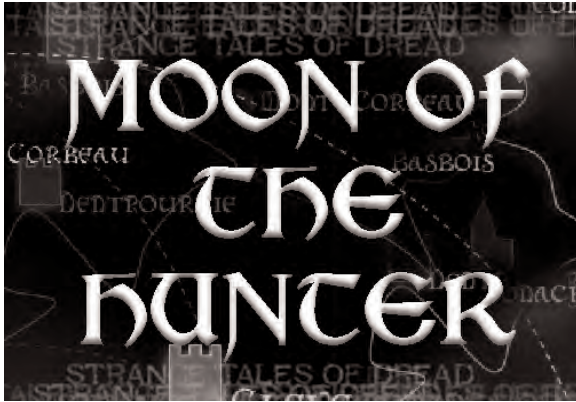
Hounds of Hell are flesh and bone beasts, but like many of their masters, they are undead creatures. Although they seem to have the same appearance as Shadow Hounds, small differences exist. The most noticeable feature, which gives them their name, are their red glowing eyes. Unlike Shadow Hounds they cannot change size; they are, however, infinitely more aggressive than their spirit counterparts. They are predators, and like vampires and other undead, they need to feed on the living to sustain themselves.

Hell Hounds are always bound to a master, undead or living. In general, these are vampires, but humans have also learned how to bind them, using the correct Dismiss spells. When a Hell Hound's master dies, they choose a new one - and they always do find one.

Hounds of Hell can know a variety of spells, chiefly Fear, Become Spectral, or Compel (Human).

Hounds of Hell

Char.	Rolls	Average
STR	3d6+6	16-17
CON	3d6+10	20-21
SIZ	2d6+6	13
INT	4d6	14
POW	6d6	21
DEX	4d6	14
Mov	7	



BY GUY DONDLINGER

A CTHULHU DARK AGES SCENARIO

DEATH OF A MAD DREAMER

Alexandria, 885 AD: Eman the Mad Dreamer was dying. He was dying alone, for in his life the sorcerer had been much feared but never loved. He lay on a grimy bed in a dark little hovel near the bustling port of Alexandria. Beside him stood a cup filled with a sickly yellow brew, courtesy of the alchemist next door. That brew, foul-smelling and bitter-tasting as it was, would be his salvation, his gate to paradise: death, and beyond it, the land of dreams.

As the evening shadows fell and cast the room into a deeper gloom, the door opened noiselessly. A dark hooded figure slid into the room, approached the bed of the dying man. Even when the figure stood but two feet from the bed, the dying man could not recognize any features. The creature was made of pure shadows.

Eman's head rose feebly. "Lord Ka..." he muttered. Striving in vain to formulate a question, he gave up when he saw that there was no need for words. The stranger put down a parcel on the sorcerer's chest. "Here it is," he said, in a voice that was more smoke than sound, using the language of the ancient Egyptians. "Your way back to the world of the living." Eman smiled and touched the parcel. It was a box, intricately carved from the blackest of ebony. His fingers ran over runes and symbols older than the oldest writing known to human scholars. Yes, this was his way back into the world of the living - and his chance to exact revenge.

"And now I claim my fee," the shadow creature hissed. The sorcerer nodded. The fee was his soul. It was a small price to pay.

Eman took the alchemist's brew and drank in large greedy gulps. Before the cup was empty, the sorcerer fell onto the bed and slipped into a deep and final sleep.

And Eman the Mad Dreamer walked the land of his dreams in the guise of quite another creature - a mad, soulless tyrant in a forgotten corner of the World of Dreams.

Back in the hovel in the city of Alexandria, Lord Ka lifted the ebony box from the chest of the dead man. The figure opened the lid. Inside the box lay a ring of gold crowned with a large red stone. A feeble light pulsed inside the ruby. Satisfied, the shadow creature slipped a sheet of parchment covered in intricate Arabic writing into the bottom of the box, and closed the lid.

Leaving the hovel, the shadow creature handed the box to a servant of his, a groveling decrepit fellow whose only task it was to pass the box on into yet another pair of hands.

Within a few hours, the box was on sale in the bazaar of Alexandria. Another two days later, it was on a ship bound for Spain, in the pockets of a rich merchant who much admired the box, and even more so the ring that sent him those wonderful dreams of a strange, faraway world.

KEEPER INFORMATION

The adventure takes place in the (imaginary) Loup valley deep in the Ardennes woods. The Ardennes are a region of vast forests covering steep hills, deep valleys and boggy plateaux, stretching from what is today Belgium into Luxembourg, Germany and France. This is a backwards country, far from the centers of civilization; villages are few and far between, and cities are rarer still. Large parts of the population, although nominally Christian, cling to old Frankish or Celtic beliefs; while some adhere to even older and darker religions. The Church is trying to make inroads into this remote, deeply superstitious area by setting up more and more monasteries and churches, but progress is slow.

The Val-du-Loup, or Loup Valley, has always been a place of strife. Here, Celts fought German tribes and later Romans, and Romans clashed with the Germans. Now, at the end of the 10th century, the region is caught in the conflicts that oppose Count Sigfried, who is consolidating his far-flung territories around his newly built stronghold in Luxembourg, and Notgar, the Bishop-Prince of Liège, even though both Luxembourg and Liège are part of the German Empire. Much

STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER

of the valley is under direct rule by the Countess Sybill of Rocmort, a sworn vassal of the Count of Luxembourg, while the local clergy is under the authority of the Bishop-Prince. West of the valley lie territories that belong to Liège, while the County of Clève, south of Rocmort, is one of the last truly independent enclaves, owing fealty neither to Count, Bishop nor Emperor. Meanwhile, even within the County of Rocmort, local lords are feuding over territories and fortifying their manors. Built of the grey slate stone predominant in the area, these budding castles are often perched precariously on hilltops, accessible by only one steep, easy to control path.

A map of Val-du-Loup is provided in the appendix.

The cutting down of forests is heavily regulated and can only be done so by permission of the Countess. Few open spaces exist, and most of the farmland lies in the region around Eonach abbey and along the Herbenoir river, or on the plateau east of Basbois. Most villagers are serfs, craftsmen, hunters or foresters in the service of the local barons. Few merchants live in the area, except for the town of Rocmort and the town expanding around the abbey of Eonach.

Val-du-Loup lies close to the linguistic divide between the Romance and the Germanic languages. Most of its inhabitants use the *Langue d'oïl* (or Old French) but many know Frankish, an Old High German dialect, as a second language.

The Ardennes forests were infamous for their large population of wolves (generally referred to as „the plague“). The Loup river takes its name from the French word for wolf.

THE PLOT

Eman, a resident of the Dreamlands, uses a powerful spell to cross over from the Dreamlands into the waking world. Together with his followers he terrorizes the Val-du-Loup, becoming the embodiment of the legendary Eternal Hunter and leaving a bloody trail of hapless victims killed for the sheer pleasure of hunting and killing. The investigators are recruited to stop the Eternal Hunter; in order to do this, they can make some powerful friends or foes of the local villagers and the Church authorities.

The scenario takes places in the region of Val-du-Loup and is set in the 10th century. It can, of course, be moved to a different location with similar geographical and social structures; i.e. a wooded, hilly, backwards terrain.

The scenario was written for a beginning group of players. It can be spiced up by increasing the number of Eman's followers or their statistics, or

STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER



by swapping creatures such as substituting a Nightgaunt for the Nightrider.

Getting the Investigators Involved

There are at least two ways to get the player characters involved:

Beginning characters might be in the pay of the Jehan de Roifâ (as guards, scribes, foresters or entertainers), or they may be visiting his mansion at the time when the scenario starts. The aging Jehan will ask the characters to help him stop the eternal hunter.

Alternatively, Jehan might have heard of the investigators through their past exploits and contact them or their sponsors, such as the monks of Saint Bartholomew's Abbey.

BACKGROUND

The Mad Dreamer's Ring

The ring is a device given by Nyarlathotep to his follower Eman in exchange for his soul. Eman's dream-self is the Hierophant, a mad tyrant who rules in Nyarlathotep's name (that is, in the name of the Thing in the Yellow Mask) over the remains of several 'Ygirothian tribes in the Forest of Parg, a forgotten corner of the Dreamlands.

Because the dream projections of the dead dreamer diminish over time (albeit slowly), the main function of the ring is to provide new sub-

stance to the Hierophant dream creature. The ring works in a subtle way, sending dreams of an alluring world to anyone susceptible to dreams. In the long run these visions cause a madness, and all the dreamer wants is to join the dreamlands. The piece of parchment contained in the ebony box describes the ritual by which a portal to the Dreamlands can be opened; through this gate, the spell caster initiating the Rite enters the Dreamlands while leaving his or her mortal body behind. The spell caster's substance is then sucked into Eman's dream-self, regenerating thus the Hierophant's substance.

When this happens, the portal allows the Hierophant and other dreamlands creatures to step out into the waking world. Eman can theoretically stay in the waking world as long as he likes. He is quite mad and bent on wreaking havoc where he can, taking revenge on mortals for all the wrongs supposedly done to him during his lifetime.

Meanwhile, anyone else taking part in the Rite of Eternal Dreaming does enter the Dreamlands as well, but ends up as Eman's slave, mostly in the guise of Men of Leng or as one of the primitive 'Ygirothian tribesmen.

What Jehan Tells the Investigators

"Some thirty years ago, my father, together with three more people, was involved in a mysterious incident. Some of you may have heard legends concerning Eternal Hunters - or Headless Hunters, or Mad Hunters, as they're sometimes called: revenants who come back to haunt humans in the guise of cruel and blood-thirsty hunters. This incident involved one such Eternal Hunter. Except that in this case, it was not a revenant per say.

Explaining the nature of this creature is a bit difficult, and I have to backtrack a bit to elaborate the circumstances as my father explained them to me - you are free to believe or disbelieve any of my father's theories.

According to what my father found out, there are religions far older than those known to us today - older even than those of deepest Africa or furthest Asia. They involve mighty gods who live in the far reaches of the heavens, and who generally care little for us humans - unless it is to make humanity feel their destructive potential. The only one of those gods who has been known to be in contact with us humans is one called Nyarlathotep, a figure often cited as Lord Ka, the Black Pharaoh, in some of the more obscure texts handed down from the ancient Egyptians.

Now, apparently this creature Nyarlathotep has created a device for some of his truest followers that allows them to continue life after death. He sends them to a world made up of the collective dreams of mankind, and there they continue to live, long after their body has ceased to exist, in the form and shape of whoever (or whatever) they dreamed up for themselves. What's more, if this device is used in a specific ritual, called the Crossing of the Dream Bridge, it opens a gate to the Land of Dreams that allows the dream aspects of his followers to cross back into our world. They appear not as ghosts or revenants, but in physical form, in their dream-self shape.

Thirty years ago, this ring was brought into Val-du-Loup by a sailor who had stolen it in a marketplace in the Spanish city of Grenada. The sailor sold it in Marseilles to a merchant who carried it North and sold it to the monks of Eonach Abbey, knowing of the Abbey's interest in Arabic texts and artifacts. One of the monks, Brother Egnon, was particularly attracted to the ring - and it sent him dreams, of a land so wonderful that he could not forget it.

The ring came in an intricately carved ebony box, and with it came a piece of parchment, several pages thick, with a text in Arabic. Brother Egnon, being one of the monastery's Arabic translators, knew enough of the language to understand the text. It describes the ritual I mentioned - the Crossing of the Dream Bridge.

Egnon stole the box with the ring and the text and disappeared in the forests. Somehow, over the course of the next few weeks, he attracted a small gathering of men and women who were prepared to follow him into death.

Some four weeks after he disappeared from the monastery, Egnon and his followers undertook the rite as described in the text, in a clearing in the woods not far from Eonach. The rite culminated in everyone poisoning themselves by drinking a potion which Egnon had acquired from a witch in Rocmort.

This ritual was witnessed by another monk, Brother Hughes, who happened onto the scene, attracted by strange chanting and mad ululations. As Brother Hughes retold it later, a tear opened in the ground, and a fierce hot wind blew from below, a wind that seemed to come straight from the bowels of hell. Demonic laughter erupted from below, and then the most frightful creatures jumped out of the hell-hole, ugly, goat-like things with large horns on their head, and others all hairy and naked who walked upright almost like men. Behind these monsters appeared a rider, a man clad in the strangest of armor that gave him

a demon-like look, atop a heavy destrier swathed in similar fantastic armor. All these created at first had something insubstantial about them, as if they were ghosts. But then the rider stopped by the dead body of Brother Egnon and dismounted. Slipping the ring from the dead monk's finger, he put it on himself, and the whole bunch of these creatures became as solid as you and me. And the rider took on the likeness of Brother Egnon.

The rider and his followers then disappeared into the forests of Val-du-Loup. For several weeks after that, it terrorized the valley, taking cruel pleasure in hunting down and killing hapless villagers and travelers. In the end, four very different people worked together to put an end to the nightmare:

Brother Hughes of Eonach who had witnessed the opening of the gate. After the Eternal Hunter - as the locals soon called the demonic apparition - had left the scene, Hughes retrieved the box and the text which had been left behind.

My father, Bernard de Roifâ, who translated the Arabic text from the box. It was my father who made a connection between the spell described in the text and another rite described in a book he had earlier translated for the monks, *The Book of Black Rites*.

Marthe, a local healer, who performed the rite to undo the connection between the Eternal Hunter and the ring, and thereby sending him back to the Dreamlands. To do this, she used a stone which was in her possession, a shard which has been in her family for ages. It was a device she used on patients with bad dreams, and later found that it helped her in dealing with the creatures who had crossed over from the world of dreams.

Father Théodore of the parish church in Eonach, who acted as the Bishop-Prince's observer. He was critical in gathering the support of the villagers to trap the Hunter so that the ritual of undoing could be held.

After the Hunter was sent back to the Dreamlands, the ring fell into two pieces - the ring proper and the stone - and was left bereft of its magic powers. My father and the Brother took a piece of the ring each while Father Théodore kept the box and the papyrus. When my father passed away, he was buried with his part of the ring, as was Hughes when he died. Marthe and Théodore are both still alive."

Recent Events (What Jehan doesn't know)

For the past year or so, Father Théodore became increasingly obsessed with the fragment in his

possession. Learning Arabic from Marthe, and gaining access to the copy of the Arabic version of the *Book of Black Rites* from the Abbey's library, he read the complete text, and as so happens, lost much of his sanity over this.

His behavior became more and more erratic, and he was finally dismissed from his position in Eonach. Instead, he was posted to Mont Corbeau. Over time, he gathered around him a group of deranged people: the village idiots from the towns in the area and poor confused souls found wandering in the woods. He took care of them, fed and clad them, and set them to work in the large farming grounds that came with the parish mansion.

Eventually, Théodore dismissed the people who had been taking care of his house and grounds, and apart from reading mass, turned his back on his parish. It was around that time that the villagers started hearing strange chantings at night, followed by eerie noises that bespoke of unwholesome rituals taking place in the mansion.

The parishioners grew more and more suspicious of their priest and eventually alerted Father Aramé, who is the watchdog for the Bishop-Prince of Liège. Before Father Aramé could take action, however, Théodore and his group of lunatics had fled into the woods.

Over the past years, Théodore had deepened his studies of the myths revealed to him through the *Book of Black Rites*. Before his dismissal from the parish in Eonach, he had free access to the monastery's library. There he spent much time reading, and also copying, Bernard de Roifâ's translation of the *Book of Black Rites*, and other such writings, to which he had free access as a consequence of his role in defeating the Eternal Hunter.

Théodore visited regularly with Marthe, before and after her internment in the Dying Farm. From her he learned even more insights into the Outer Gods and the Elder Beings, and she also taught him how to read and understand spells. The priest was hoping to gain her help in exercising the rite of Crossing the Dream Bridge, but she refused, and even threatened to prevent him from holding the rite. It was then that he decided to kill her. With the help of his two (then still very human) lieutenants, Ours and Renard, he took possession of the two parts of the ring. He killed Marthe but failed to retrieve the Black Shard, which is in the possession of Brother Marco.

Théodore and his followers then returned to Mont Corbeau and picked the poisonous plants which they had been growing in the parish mansion's garden. After ransacking the house, they fled into the woods. They held the Rite of Eternal

Dreaming that night. Drinking the lethal potion brewed from the poisonous plants, all members of the group committed suicide, thereby opening the Dream Gate.

Eman once again crossed into the Waking World. The substances of Eman's and Théodore's dreamselves merged, and Eman thus got a new body. The new Eternal Hunter bears the countenance of Théodore, and also retains much of the ex-priest's grievances and anger.

The other members of Théodore's cult merged with the other dream creatures, the primitive 'Ygiroth tribe members who are the Hierophant's subjects. The only exception is Renard, who has taken on the countenance of a Man of Leng.

He brought with him a number of Dreamlands creatures, among them more 'Ygiroth tribesmen, several Black Hounds, a flying horror (nightrider), and a fearsome Kyresh called Trample as steed. The Hierophant wears a full-body armor that gives him the appearance of a gargoyle. The helmet is shaped to resemble the mask which the Thing in the Yellow Mask also wears.

Although these creatures are from the Dreamlands, they still have bodily needs in this world and require sleep and food. In between attacks, the group retreats to the Dentpourrie, an old abandoned structure on a promontory overlooking the river Loup, north of Eonach.

CROSSING THE BRIDGE OF DREAMS

The Ritual

The rite involves the ring, a full moon night, a ritual chant and a poisonous drink. When the dreamer drinks the lethal potion, the body dies and his dream-self merges with Eman's, giving new substance to the Mad Dreamer. At the same time, Eman and other dreamlands creatures bound to him can cross over into the waking world. Eman then takes the ring (i.e. his soul), and thus has control over how long he stays in the Waking World, although he usually returns to the Dreamlands after a few weeks, when he has enough of wreaking mayhem and carnage in the world of the living which he despises so much.

The spell in game terms:

When dying, the caster sacrifices all Magic Points. The chance of success is MP's sacrificed x 5; plus 2 percentile points for each additional cultist involved.

The spell succeeds only if the the caster dies (as well as anyone else involved in the spell). At that point, the gate from the Dreamlands opens and Eman can slip out. By taking the ring into his possession, Eman takes on the substance of the dead spell-caster as well as his likeness.

Others involved in the spell mutate into various Dreamlands creatures, and are forced to do Eman's bidding.

If the spell fails, the caster still dies, but the Bridge of Dreams remains closed.

Sealing the Bridge of Dreams

This spell can be used to destroy the Bridge of Dreams. If this happens, the substance of any Dreamlands creatures in the Waking World is "sucked" back into the Dreamlands.

This rite is described in the Arabic version of the Book of Black Rites located in the Abbey. There is a Latin translation currently in the possession of Brother Marco.

For the spell to work, the caster invests a number of magic points which are pitted against the current magic points of whoever created the Bridge of Dreams (Eman in this case). This person must be in line of sight of the spell caster.

When Marthe invoked this Rite, she used a magic item, a shard of volcanic stone. The black stone, normally used to dispel bad dreams and ghosts, is anathema to Dreamworld creatures in the waking world. Using the Shard doubles the caster's chances of success during the confrontation with Eman. Wounding Eman or any of the dream creatures with the shard reduces their MP's and HP's by d6+1.

Brother Hugh attached a piece of the shard to an arrow and seriously wounded Eman before the final confrontation between Marthe and the Hunter.

Ways to Ban the Mad Dreamer

There are several options that allow the player characters to get rid of Eman:

- kill his real-world impersonation. This sends Eman's seriously weakened dream substance back into the Dreamlands.*
- break the ring. When separating the stone from the mounting, the Mad Dreamer's soul is in effect separated from the physical embodiment. The "host" body ceases to live while Eman's spirit is freed. It is cursed to haunt the Waking World until the ring is re-joined and a*

Dream Bridge ritual is re-enacted. This clue can be found in the Book of Black Rites.

- ❑ *use the Rite of Sealing (see above).*

Getting rid of the Hierophant once and for all is only possible if his Dreamland persona is also killed, in the Dreamlands.

HUNTING THE HUNTERS

TIMELINE

Day -3: *Théodore kills Marthe*

Day -1: *Théodore plunders the grave of Bernard de Roifâ and steals the ring.*

Night -1: *Théodore stages a fire in the Abbey's granary. Taking advantage of the confusion, he and his people break into the Mausoleum and open Brother Hughes' grave, stealing the gem. Later, the priest and his company pass through Mont Corbeau where they harvest the poison plants required for their mass suicide.*

Day 1: *Jehan calls upon the Investigators*

Night 1: *Théodore and his followers hold the Rite. That same night they attack and kill a group of Foresters.*

Day 2: *Attacks by the Hunter become frequent.*

GETTING STARTED

The investigators get involved in the scheme of things when Jehan calls upon the investigators to help him retrieve the item stolen when his father's grave was ransacked.

Jehan will provide the information listed in the Background chapter. He suggests that the investigators travel to Eonach and inquire with the monks, and also with Théodore and Marthe. Since Jehan has good connections with the Abbey, he proposes to come along.

THE INVESTIGATION

Interviews

A series of clues can be gathered by speaking to the various people which they encounter in the locations described in the following chapter.

Sightings

Eventually, the location of attacks should point the investigators towards Dentpourrie. If this is not the case, the following pointers can be added:

- ❑ *The finding of the Hermit's body in proximity of the tower*
- ❑ *The sighting of the bat-thing (i.e. the nighthunter) circling over the tower.*

Tracking

A series of successful tracking rolls from the scene of the crime lead the investigators to the Hunters' hideout in the Dentpourrie. If they start their search near Eonach or Mont Corbeau, it takes five successful rolls (one for every two hours of searching). If they start their search between these locations and Dentpourrie, three rolls are sufficient. If a roll is missed, it may be repeated once but with a modifier of -30%. Again, dogs may be used to help.

Help Wanted

If the investigators want additional men to help them corner Eman, they might want to ask the Abbot for assistance. The Abbot will only agree to lend troupes if the investigators do not plan to use magic in order to defeat Eman. Because of the rivalry between the Abbey and the Bishop of Liège, i.e. the monks and Father Aramé, the last thing that the Abbot wants is to be seen as assisting in pagan rituals. If the investigators plan to use the Rite of Sealing to get rid of Eman, the Abbot will flatly deny them the assistance of his militia. The monastery's militia will, however, set up posts around the monastery and Mont Corbeau to prevent further attacks by the Eternal Hunter.

The investigators best bet to recruit help is the people of Mont Corbeau. Some fifteen men, led by the blacksmith, volunteer to assist the investigators.

LOCATIONS OF INTEREST

THE ROIFÂ MANSION

Bernard de Roifâ, Jehan's father, was the younger of the two sons of the Sieur of Roifâ, and thus not entitled to inherit his father's lands. He entered the Benedictine monastery in Rocmort at an early age and became one of the most devout and studious of the congregation. At the age of



25 he left Rocmort and travelled through Western Europe all the way down to Catholic Spain. When venturing into the Caliphate of Cordoba in order to re-convert locals who had become Muslims, he was caught and made a prisoner. He was later taken to Cordoba where he spent several years doing hard labour in a quarry. While a prisoner he asked repeatedly for writing materials so that he could pen a letter to his brothers in Rocmort; and it was thus that he came to the attention of the local Caliph. One of the Caliph's men came to interview him and learned that Bernard was a well-read man who knew both Latin and other languages. Bernard was then transferred to the Caliph's household. Henceforth he worked for the Caliph, teaching his men German, French and Latin. In return, he was allowed to study Arabic, ancient Greek and the Koran. He had access to texts by Greek philosophers whose works had disappeared in Western civilization. He became fluent in Arabic and eventually became a specialist in translating Latin and Greek texts into Arabic.

It was some five years later that Bernard converted to Islam, although to his dying day he refused to discuss his motivations for doing so. It did gain him his freedom, and from then on he worked as a paid secretary to the Caliph. He eventually married a local Spanish woman and later they had a son, Jehan.

After Bernard had spent some twenty-five years in Spain, word reached him that his elder brother had died childless. Bernard had inherited his brother's lands. He decided to take his wife and son back to Val-du-Loup.

Bernard, now middle aged, returned to his homeland and found that he was forced to live as an outcast. Soon, however, his curious fate became known in the region, and scholars and local lords became interested in him. He was soon invited to stay at monasteries and courts all over France and the German princedoms. He started working for monasteries, translating old texts from Greek or Arabic into Latin. He also wrote a series of philosophical and historical treatises of his own. He had soon found a handful of promoters who allowed him to live quite comfortably. As he wished to keep a certain amount of independence he preferred not to stay permanently at the different courts or monasteries but remained living in his manor in Val-du-Loup.

It is at home, however, that he was the least respected. The monastery of Munoit in Rocmort, to whom he initially belonged, never forgave him for converting to Islam. With the support of the Bishop-Prince of Liège, the Abbot used all his influence with the Counts de la Rocmort to have the renegade monk chastised by local authorities

and nobles. The Roifâs became outcasts in their own homeland.

The only exception was the independent-minded abbey of Eonach, which became one of Bernard's, and later Jehan's, steady employers. It was in large part due to these two men that the Abbey built its fame of having one of the greatest collections in Christendom of ancient and precious texts. In return, the Abbey acts as the Roifâs' protector, making sure that no persecution takes place.

Bernard never refuted his newfound faith and also raised his son Jehan as a Muslim. When he died at the age of 60, he did not look his age. The years of manual labour left him thin, wiry and strong and he had a gained permanent tan, which in those days was considered a sign of the lower classes.

Jehan by contrast is a typical scholar, pale and overweight. He is also completely bald. He followed in his father's footsteps and became a widely known scholar of Arabic texts. Like his father, he is a frequent guest in monasteries and noble courts throughout France, Northern Italy and the German Empire, but continues to be an outcast at home. Even though he lives a secluded life, Jehan is willing to help any persons who come to see him for advice, and may even undertake to teach people to read and write, an act which is forbidden as only the monasteries have the right to do this.

The Roifâ mansion features an impressive library of original books collected by both Bernard and Jehan. It also includes copies of many of the texts translated by the two over the years. Additionally, they have assembled a thick catalogue referencing all monasteries in Europe with important tomes kept there. Jehan has a strict policy of not lending out books. He pays well in money or services to gain new books or scrolls.

The Roifâ household is as unorthodox as Jehan himself. Being an outsider, he gathers other outcasts around him: scholars as well as travelers, adventurers and runaways of both sexes; and usually also a fair number of artists, bards, and entertainers. Thus the Roifâ household is a good rallying point for a band of enterprising adventurers who do not quite fit the mold of 10th century society. Jehan has a constant need of armed guards, clerks, gamekeepers, gardeners, translators, illustrators and entertainers. He hires anyone as long as he feels that he can trust them.

The most prominent of the constant members of the Roifâ mansion are:



- ❑ *Abdul, the old majordomo, originally from the Spanish Caliphates*
- ❑ *His wife Anna, a Christian, also from Spain; she oversees the household staff.*
- ❑ *Grigor, a Hungarian, the (aging) captain of the household guard (some ten men with varying degrees of fighting skills)*

The Roifâ mansion, like many castles in the 10th century, is in a state of flux. Originally, it consisted of a large wooden structure housing both the Roifâ family members and the servants and also including the stables. Built on a promontory with three steep inaccessible sides and only one accessible one, the mansion had only been minimally fortified by a wooden palisade across the access road to the grounds. After Bernard returned from Cordoba, he had important alterations made to the place. He built for himself and his family a stone mansion, or villa (some say, he really built it for his books and scrolls), and new wooden housing for the servants. The stables were reconstructed further down the hill. The wooden palisades were replaced by stone walls that completely surround the grounds. A single gate controls access to the grounds. While the villa includes a Muslim prayer room, Bernard also built a chapel by the gate for his Christian staff.

Jehan has had very little construction done, but the newly found fervency of many members of the Catholic church frightens him. From his travels abroad he has brought back plans to make improvements to his home, such as adding a stone tower and an inner ring wall, and replacing all wooden buildings by stone edifices. He has yet to embark on this ambitious construction work.

THE ABBEY OF EONACH

The history of the Abbey of Eonach goes back to the 8th century when a pious Frankish noblewoman called Agathe built lodgings for English and Irish monks who came to christianize Western Europe. From early on, the monks of Eonach enjoyed the favors of the local nobility and even of distant monarchs. Many made land donations to the monastery so that it ended up being one of the largest landowners in the country. Agathe is buried inside the monastery, she was eventually declared a saint, and a pilgrimage in her honour takes place every year.

STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER

From Eonach, missionary monks leave to convert the "heathen" population of the most out-of-the-way settlements in the Val-du-Loup forests and beyond. Young nobles and clergymen come to Eonach for their education.

At some point in time, the Abbey began to specialize in the creation of ornate and richly illustrated bibles. Monks who were renowned artists and scribes joined the monastery, and soon Eonach bibles were desired items all over Europe, and their fame even reached faraway Byzanth. In the process, the Abbey became very rich.

Some of this wealth the Abbey uses to buy and store ancient texts from all over the known world, most notably ancient Greek, Persian and Arabic texts from the Spanish caliphates or from Northern Africa. These texts are then translated into Latin.

By the tenth century, Eonach has become a centre of culture in an otherwise backwards, seemingly uncivilized country. The monastery teaches not only fine arts but also crafts like bookmaking, masonry and carpentry. Over the last century craftspeople and farmers have settled around the monastery and Eonach grew into a sizable town. Wealthy merchants found their niche in the monks' wheeling and dealings with the rich and famous of the Empire and set up shop in town, increasing its riches. The town now sports many buildings in the finest architectural tradition of the times.

The Abbey's enormous wealth, its power and influence, has led to an all-out rivalry between the Abbey and the Bishop-Prince of Liège. The Counts de la Rocmort are siding with the Abbey, tilting the balance of power their way - for now.

The Library

Over the centuries the monks have gathered a great number of books of all sorts, ranging from philosophy to medicine and scientific treatises, but also including texts on alchemy and other shunned practices. Brother Heraldus, the librarian, is the only one who has an overview of the collection, which is kept in an not very orderly fashion in the well insulated basements under the abbey church. Access to the books is strictly reserved for monks, outsiders can only get access to certain tomes with the abbot's permission. Students at the monastery are allowed access to any books that are not deemed dangerous for their faith and well being; books on magic, occult or pagan matter are not allowed to be handed out to lay persons.

The Infirmary

The monks of Eonach run a hospital where brothers skilled in Medicine and First Aid look after the wounded and the sick. They treat the rich as well as the poor, albeit in two different wards. The infirmary consists mainly of a few large dormitories with a great many beds; and some smaller rooms where the privileged can be treated in privacy.

The Treasury

The monastery does not its wealth to buy luxury goods - all but the abbot and the prior live in relative simplicity - but donations from nobles and cities often include precious items, such as golden cups, candelabrum, gold coins, richly decorated crowns and swords. While some of more ornate pieces are kept on display in the church, most items are locked in a vault under the monastery grounds. Only two people, the abbot and the prior, have keys to the vault.

The Scriptorium

In the dark and perpetually cool basement of the monastery a special room has been set up where the artists among the monks are doing their work. Here scribes reproduce in flowery letters the bible or more mundane texts such as biographies of saints and kings, while painters illustrate them with miniatures or full page paintings. The monks work standing up and in complete silence. The air in the room is stale and smells of oils and pigments used in the paints.

Sainte Agathe's Grave

In the middle of the monastery grounds is a simple grave decorated with a cross hewn from a Standing Stone that was once sacred to the Celts. In Agathe's time, it was still credited with magic powers, and Agathe herself had the obelisk remade into a cross to symbolize the passage from the pagan age to the Christian age.

Rumors have it that the cross contains the spirit of a murdered Celtic druid called Sybille, the founder of a female-only cult during the Roman occupation. Those rumors also have it that if the stone is removed from the monastery grounds, it would recapture its old magic qualities, and Sybille's spirit would be freed.

Abbot Venerius

Venerius is a man aware of the power he wields. Driven by a fervent faith, he has organized a large initiative to eradicate paganism once and for all from these regions. Under his supervision, monasteries and convents are being set up all over the Val-du-Loup region, which he views as the last outpost of barbarism in Western Europe. A skilled diplomat he knows how to deal with a City Council that respects the monastery's power but also likes to run the city on its own. He also knows how to handle the Counts of Rocmort, who, for all the support they give the monastery, are not above claiming parts of the monastery's lands for themselves if it suits them.

More delicate is the power struggle with the Bishop-Prince of Liège, who is the nominal head of the clergy in Val-du-Loup, while Abbot Venerius sees himself as the true head and shepherd of the parish priests throughout the County. On the Bishop-Prince's order, envoys from the monastery make regular rounds to check up on the local clergy and make sure they stick to Church regulations.

Venerius is a man with large power, but he never abuses it - he uses it strictly within the terms of his responsibility, which is to spread and strengthen Christianity. He is neither corrupt nor looking for personal material gains, although he does enjoy his comforts and luxuries.

The abbot is a large man with a regal stature. He can be pompous in official ceremonies or humble and jovial among peers whom he considers his equals. He's proud and at times quick to anger, but he's also a skilled diplomat who has settled more than one row between feuding noblemen.

Brother Heraldus

Heraldus is the librarian of the monastery. A small stooped man of advanced age, he has a hard time focusing his thoughts, except if books are being discussed. In any conversation he is likely to quote book after book, always in Latin of course. Player characters who try to talk to him should have a minimum Latin score of 20% to be able to follow his conversation.

Brother Marco

Brother Marco is a young monk, age 23, who left his native city Florence as a 15 year old, traveling the far and wide of the Mediterranean coast

before joining the Order. Today, at age 25, he is one of the most accomplished fleecers in the region, creating the parchments on which the Eonach Bibles are written. He regularly wanders from town to town, offering his services in return for animal hides to take back to the monastery; he also serves as a middleman for selling finished parchments to monasteries and convents all over the country.

Because of his travels, Brother Marco knows better than most of his brothers the ways of the outside world. He has become intrigued with some of the pagan rituals he encountered, and tries to learn as much as possible about the old "art" of healing. Although he is sympathetic to the old ways, he still refrains from dabbling in magic as it may bring him in conflict with his order. In his mind he has yet to reconcile the magic that he observes with his faith, without doubting the power of the former and the truth of the latter.

Marthe has taught Brother Marco a few spells, among them healing. She's also given him the Black Shard for safekeeping, together with Bernard de Roifâ's Latin translation of the Rite of Sealing, which he has started to learn right after Marthe's death. If there is no investigator willing or able to learn this spell, Marco will have finished studying on day 3, or whenever appropriate for the storyline, He may agree to help the investigators if they manage to gain his trust.

Brother Timoteus

Timoteus is a young monk, who as a child was deposited at the monastery's doors; raised by the brothers, he is today, at age 27, the monastery's most skilled bible illustrator. His work is renowned throughout Europe, although his name is not - as a monk he is supposed to remain anonymous and share his fame with the whole community of his brethren. A young man in his late twenties, he is devoutly religious and loyal to the monastery. Of late however he has started to become restless; he begins to think that it would benefit his art - and thus the monastery's fame - if he were to travel around and experience more of the world. Whenever he raises the issue with his superiors, he is quickly discouraged - all the inspiration a man ever needs, so he is told, is given to him by God - a man's worldly experience matters little.

Clues

The monks in Eonach know of Théodore's increasingly erratic behavior, and his posting to Mont Corbeau. They ignore his recent disappearance. They refer the investigators to Father

Aramé for further information. Marco is the only one who has more background. Initially he will be wary of revealing any details concerning Marthe and/or the priest, but at the Keeper's discretion he may volunteer his help a few days down the line.

THE DYING FARM

Lepers are a common sight in these days. They are outcasts, never allowed to enter cities or approach people. They roam the countryside or hang out outside the city gates, begging for food or old clothes. If they approach other people, they have to announce their presence, either through shouting or through ringing a bell (those lepers who use staffs or crutches often have bells attached to them). When people give them food or rags, they put them down at a safe distance from the beggars. Most of the lepers are clad in simple gowns made from old garments or bags discarded by other people, and wear bandages made up of rags. Most of them veil their faces, some because the disease has so disfigured them that no person could bear to look at them, others because they wish to remain anonymous as the families of lepers are often shunned as well. Some people pretend that leprosy is a punishment from God for those who sinned, even though this is not a view officially held by the Church.

The Dying Farm is a hospice for lepers, run by Eonach Abbey, and located well outside the city limits, off one of the main roads. It consists of a main building, in which several dormitories, a community room and a kitchen is located, as well as stables where hens and pigs are kept. A vegetable garden is located behind the house. A small altar underneath a giant oak is sometimes used for mass (but not often - no priest willingly spends more time with the lepers than needed). The whole farm is surrounded by high stone walls. The gate is made of sturdy wood, but it isn't locked. Anyone can leave the farm of their own free will (but will not be allowed into the city, unless accompanied by the monks), and anyone who wishes to enter the farm can do so as well. No sane or healthy person however does so. Bread and other offerings are usually deposited at the gate.

The hospice is run by two monks who couldn't be any more different:

Brother Wilhelm is an older man. Born in one of the Eastern border regions of the Empire, he has travelled the far and wide of Europe. He's seen much in his lifetime, wars and plagues and famine, but he still manages to remain cheerful.

He is well versed in Medicine and grows herbs to heal all kinds of wounds and diseases. None of his herbs can heal the lepers, however, and so he does his best to make his patients' life as easy and painless for them as possible. He has been working here now for over 15 years, and so far shows no sign of having contracted the disease. "It's because I laugh at it", he often claims, possibly referring to Brother Philippus' grim view of leprosy and of human destiny.

Brother Philippus is younger (around 30) and as narrow minded as he is pious. For him, lepers are sinners, who for some reason or other have incurred God's wrath. If he has decided to live at the farm and help these people, it is not out of altruistic feelings. Rather, he sees this as punishment for himself, for the sinful thoughts that he cannot shake (Philippus finds himself thinking of women more often than his conscience allows).

While doing his duty he is usually short tempered and in a foul mood. Where Wilhelm treats the lepers with compassion, Philippus shows only disdain. That he himself can catch the disease does not occur to him. Wilhelm keeps the young monk around for one reason only: he is a good cook and a good carpenter, and manual labour has made him quite strong, and those skills are very welcome at the farm.

Most of the people who come here do so to die (hence the nickname of the farm). Most of the lepers have travelled around for years until they became so heavily disabled that they can no longer look after themselves. Others however simply come here to spend the winters in a warm place, hitting the road again once the weather turns mild. Again others just use the shelter for a few nights until they continue their journey. In other words, the inhabitants of the farm change regularly - either they die, or they leave at some point in time; and new ones arrive constantly. The population of the farm is made up of all sorts of people: rich and poor, men and women, young and old. But while there is a constant coming and going of inhabitants there are also some constants, those who came here to die but then beat the odds and live longer than expected:

There is Maria the Hag, an old crow with no face but intact hands and feet, as foul-mouthed as they come, especially when Brother Philippus is around. If the monk admonishes her, she points to her missing ears, and feigns deafness. She has been here for a long time and has known many people who passed through the hospice - from princes to paupers, she knows all their stories, and many a secret about them, too. She's not one to tell, so she says as she spits on the floor, "but the poor soul is dead, so there's no harm in repeating what he said..."

Old Frederic is also quite old and he has seen much of the world before he came here to die. As a beggar he travelled much of the Empire, and most of the way on crutches too, since both his feet died off. He knows the lands and he knows the people, and in his youth when he could still wield a sword, he came across many a supernatural beast as well. He loves telling stories, especially those involving maidens and beasts.

Arban de Sainsprit is a young nobleman, the son of the Count de Sainsprit, the brother-in-law and rival of the Countess of Rocmort (as the brother of the Countess' dead husband, he feels that he is the rightful heir, not Sybilla). Arban has lost both legs from the knee downwards and is carted around by Peter, a young pig-herd, who recently developed the disease.

Merat is a fugitive, a wanted murderer, who is hiding away in here until the hunt for him is called off. He is being accused of killing a hermit (he claims it was self defensive and that the hermit was a werewolf). He constantly wears a bandage around his face; observant characters may notice that the rest of his body is strangely unblemished.

Clues

Everyone in here knows about Théodore's contacts with Marthe. The patients in the hospice tell of Marthe's fight with Théodore on the day of her death. They're also certain to mention the visits by Brother Marco, including one on the day she died.

The patients don't know anything about Marthe's shard; the monks will say that Marthe was buried with it (which isn't the case). The monks can also confirm Brother Marco's visits to Marthe.

THE PAGANFIELD

This graveyard is really only a plot of land outside the town walls in which those who are not considered proper Christians are buried, or rather, dumped. Most of those buried here are Muslims, heretics, witches; but also murderers and worse sinners.

The graveyard is not on consecrated ground, and the burials are not performed as part of a religious ceremony; which makes them vulnerable to violations by various predators who might normally be deterred by religious rituals.

It was Father Aramé who had Marthe banned to Paganfield, despite her being liked in town. If

the investigators try to open the grave, they get into trouble with the town militia.

At night, there is a 30% chance of encountering d3 members of a ghoulish clan for whom the unguarded cemetery is a welcome feasting ground.

MONT CORBEAU

Father Aramé de Saint Desmere

An imposing figure, Father Aramé, tall and heavy, in stately Church garments of purple and red, high upon his steady black mare. Father Aramé is the envoy of the Bishop-Prince of Liège, sent to the farthest reaches of the Val-du-Loup forests to take care of his flock and to keep an eye on the remote towns' priests, who the Church suspects of being tempted to stray off the Good Lord's path. In short: Father Aramé is the Bishop's watchdog who travels throughout the country to check up on local priests to make sure they stick to the scriptures, lead a pious and celibate life and keep their parishioners in check. Father Aramé's appearance in a village is usually the source of great concern, with the villagers not trying to show their nervousness as they take down lucky charms, hide the black cats in the closet and turn out more numerous than usual to mass.

Father Aramé never misses an occasion to give a stern and frightening sermon in the local church, to where serfs and masters alike are summoned to listen to Aramé's dark predictions of the sombre fate that awaits those that show little faith and fail to pay their taxes. Father Aramé makes it clear who the enemies of the Church are: those that follow the heathen ways and put their trust in dark magic rather than in the Lord's prayers. All who use magic are witches, and witches are but the agents of Satan, out to destroy the work of God.

Father Aramé's guard is made up of twelve well armed and armored soldiers, led by a sergeant called Alan, a good man who has a hard time hiding his discontent at being bullied around by the priest.

The Villagers

When/if the investigators make it to Mont Corbeau after Night 1, they find the local people in a nervous state of mind. Théodore and his group of "lunatics" passed through recently, accompanied by a pack of frightening Black Hounds. Appearing in the early hours of the evening, under a newly risen full moon, they

were loud and rowdy and scared the wits out of the locals.

Some of the villagers also claim that Menuet's wife was with the pack, although this is a lie; she lies dead in the cellar of the priest's house.

The townspeople have sent a message to Father Aramé, so there is a good chance of meeting him in the village on day 2. Aramé is openly hostile to Jehan, and will be equally unfriendly to the investigators if they are known to work for or with him.

The investigators can talk to the priest's direct neighbors, the blacksmith whose wife is missing, the carpenter, and the couple who used to work for the priest. Any of these people will pass on relevant information concerning the priest's behavior in the past months, his gathering of "lunatics", their sudden disappearance and their recent re-appearance.

List of villagers:

- Henri who used to be gamekeeper, gardener and handyman for Théodore and other parish priests before him. Henri keeps a pack of hounds for hunting.*
- Magda, Henri's wife, who managed the priest's household*
- Menuet the blacksmith. His wife disappeared a week ago. Since she has always been a bit "simple minded", some villagers suggest that she has run away with the ex-priest.*
- Gordin the carpenter, who saw Eman's troupe leave town and can point the investigators into the right direction.*
- Ignes the tavern keeper, the best source for any gossip, true or made up.*

The Priest's Mansion

The mansion in Mont Corbeau is a large structure, consisting of a single room on the ground floor that is the priest's living room and study. It contains a large eating table with several chairs placed around it, a lectern used for reading and writing, a shelf with books, and a collection of sacred items such as wooden sculptures of the Virgin Mary, the Cross, Nativity scenes etc. These have all been sculpted by the priest. The subjects are depicted in fine detail and in very natural, but tormented, postures. Upon closer examination, one notices that the faces of all the figures have been recently hewn away.

A chest in a corner contains garments and various items used for mass.

The space under the roof is the bedroom, consisting of a simple straw mattress and several chests filled with clothes. A ladder leads upstairs through a trapdoor in the ceiling.

A trapdoor in the floor leads to the basement. This is again a single room, used for storing food and wine.

When the investigators visit the mansion, they find the place ransacked. Books and religious items have been thrown to the ground, smashed and defecated on.

A Spot Hidden roll reveals a parchment of notes buried under the smashed desk. The notes are in Latin and consist of an incomplete translation of the Dream Bridge ritual.

Burnt fragments of parchment in the fireplace reveal a hand-written copy of parts of Roifá's translation of the Black Rites book (Idea roll for characters with knowledge of Latin, use lowest of Latin or Idea scores). Even if the investigators do not understand the text, the frequent use of the word "Nyarlathotep" is easy to spot.

A second successful Spot Hidden roll reveals the trapdoor, hidden beneath a hemp rug and a pile of debris. A ladder leads down to the basement. A shelf lies smashed on the floor. The dark opening of a tunnel yawns in the wall behind where the shelf used to stand.

The tunnel leads to a small alcove hewn out of the rocky ground. An altar has been erected, of crudely hewn stone blocks piled in the shape of a pyramid. On this altar rests a finely crafted statue of a humanoid figure clad in voluminous rags and wearing a snout-like mask. The sculpture has been painted a sulfurous yellow. It is in fact a representation of Nyarlathotep's avatar in the Dreamlands, the Thing in the Yellow Mask. Théodore made the sculpture based on dreams he had of the god. On the altar he has copied hieroglyphs which he picked up in the book of Black Rites. The altar room displays signs of constant veneration, which must have gone on for quite some time (dried flowers, remains of incense, desiccated corpses of small animals like cats and rats, dried pools of blood etc.). Among these offerings, the investigators find the burnt remains of a human head, that of Menuet's wife, whom Eman found snooping in the basement. He killed her and made an offering of her head to Nyarlathotep.

The stench adds to the claustrophobic atmosphere, as does the ghastly image of the mummified head and the lifelike image of the god which

seems to come alive in the flickering torchlight. (0/d4-1 SAN).

If the premises are searched, the investigators find that in one part of the garden, the plants have recently been cut and removed (Idea roll). Anyone succeeding a Natural World roll can determine the nature of the plants as being very poisonous. The priest's former caretakers can also provide information about the nature of the plants.

From the mansion, the investigators may follow the priest's tracks. It takes three successful Track rolls to find the glen (see below). Repeat missed rolls once at -30% (count 2h search per roll). Henri's hounds can be used if he can be convinced to come along on the chase.

THE FOREST

The Glen

If the investigators manage to follow the cultists' track through the woods, they eventually come to a glen. Here they find the remains of the cultists, including the priest's.

The men and women lie in a circle around a fireplace. A large clay pot stands in the cold ashes, inside are the remains of a foul smelling potion concocted from the poisonous plants.

The ex-priest is holding a clay cup in his dead hands, with traces of the poison still in it. Searching the pockets of his thick black coat provides the ebony box which contains Nyarlathotep's parchment. There is no trace of the ring.

Sanity Loss: 0/d3 SAN when finding the group of dead people.

The Forester's Hut

If the bodies of the foresters are found (see random attack #6), or if the investigators track the Hunt across the woods, they come across the foresters' hut deep inside the woods. They may notice that the Dreamlands creatures have been using the hut repeatedly as a stop-over. Half-eaten animal carcasses and other telltale signs point to this (Idea roll). The investigators can take advantage of this knowledge to set a trap for the Eternal Hunter. There is an 80% chance per day that the Hunter passes by. Use appropriate Hide and Spot Hidden rolls to see if the trap works.

DENTPOURRIE

Dentpourrie is a tower repudiated to predate even Roman times. It is built with a strange coarse white stone unknown in these regions, but its surface has turned black over the centuries. The tower, 'though still standing, is in a bad shape. A wide crack in its walls reaches from the top to just a few meters above ground. The roof is gone, as are any ceilings or staircases inside. The name Dentpourrie means 'rotten tooth', which describes the general appearance of the tower.

The tower stands some twenty meters high. The most amazing thing about the structure is that it has no visible entrance. There is no door, and the only windows are set at the very top of the tower. There is no indication how access to the tower was done in olden days. These days, anyone brave enough to do so can gain entrance by climbing up the ten feet (simple Climb roll) to where the crack in the wall ends; the fissure is wide enough to slip through.

The floor of the tower is strewn with rubble from the ceiling and floors which have collapsed over time. Getting down is the easy part.

The tower sits on top of a rock overlooking the river Loup. There is a sheer drop to three sides of the ground, and a narrow path leads up on the fourth, gradually sloped side. Parts of the walls that surrounded the terrain still remain.

Rumors say that the structure was built by an ancient race that had come from the west, from beyond the ocean.

Some bas-reliefs on the inner walls have survived the centuries, depicting sea monsters and other creatures. The more obscene figures have been systematically destroyed by the monks of Eonach. A slab of black stone in the centre of the floor is all that remains of what was once an altar. The monks have chiseled away each and every depiction on the thing, and would have liked to destroy it completely but failed to do so.

The tower is shunned by locals, and the clergy forbid anyone even to approach. Hence it is the ideal hiding place for the Mad Dreamer and his host.

Eman has set up camp inside the tower, gaining entrance through the crack via a ladder. Everyone else camps outside, Renard and Ours in a tent made from raw stag hide, while the tribesmen sleep in the open. The nightrider perches on the top of the tower walls to sleep.

At any time there are d3 tribesmen and one Shadow Hound on guard on the remains of the outer wall gates, even if the rest of the Hunt is out. The steep slopes at the back of the tower,

overlooking the river Loup, is not guarded. To climb these cliffs requires three successful Climb rolls, the second and third roll with a modifier of -10% and -20% respectively. An additional roll is required to climb around the tower and to reach the crack.

At any point during the day, there is a 60% chance that the Hunters are away from Dentpourrie, and at night there is a 90% chance that the camp is empty, except for the guards.

THE RIVER LOUP

The river Loup has its source deep in the Ardennes mountains. In proximity of Castle Beaufort, it falls into a deep, fathomless chasm (which gave the name to the town of Trou-du-Loup, which means „Wolf Hole“) and disappears underground until it resurges as a great waterfall spouting from a rock called Becblanc, or „White Beak“. It passes by Eonach and then heads southwest until it eventually flows into the wider Meuse river.

Legends have it that the underground part of the Loup river is a vast cave system that extends underneath much of the hills of Western Val-du-Loup, but the opening to the cave system is not known. It is generally believed that the Loup's exit from the rocks might be the doorway to the caves. Nobody, however, has yet managed the treacherous climb around the waterfall to find out.

THE CHATEAU DE BASBOIS

Adjacent to Eonach Abbey, and within line of sight, is the formidable Basbois castle. Large and heavily fortified, it has already undergone the transition from wood-and-stone manor to massive stone fortification (see also the entry on Castle Roifâ). Although the Count de Basbois is a major player in this area, being an influential member of the Countess de Rocmort's Ruling Council (i.e. the regional government), he does not play a role in this story. If the investigators decide to pay a visit to the Count, they are confronted by a less than friendly Majordomo, who'll admit them no further than the Guardhouse. The Count himself is not at home, currently staying at Castle Rocmort for government matters. The Majordomo or any of the other staff do not know anything of interest or help to the investigators.

The investigators might try to get the support of the Basbois house guard in their search for the Eternal Hunter. If they are persuasive enough (use half the percentage of the Persuade ability), the Majordomo reluctantly agrees to send a request to the Count. It takes 3 days for a messenger to ride up to Castle Rocmort and come

back with a positive answer. Only then will the militia be available to the investigators.

A BLOODY TRAIL THE MONSTROUS CHARGE

The Eternal Hunter's troupe is made up of the following creatures:

- ❑ *Eman, a.k.a. The Hierophant. a.k.a. the Eternal Hunter*
- ❑ *Ours, a particularly strong and nasty 'Ygirothian tribesman*
- ❑ *Renard, a vicious and utterly mad Man of Leng*
- ❑ *2+2d6 'Ygirothian tribesman, possibly including one shaman.*
- ❑ *A nightrider.*
- ❑ *Trample, Eman's steed (a Kyresh or a particularly vicious destrier)*
- ❑ *several Shadow Hounds*

THE FORESTERS

On day 2, on their way to the glen, or in Mont Corbeau (Keeper's decision), the investigators come across three wounded foresters who carry two of their dead comrades. They had the bad luck of coming across the Hunter and his retinue, who chased them through the forests for a long, long while before attacking them and killing two of their number.

The surviving foresters tell a confused tale: about a mad rider in demonic armor on an equally mad destrier, followed by a pack of hairy bear-like men and giant black hounds. One of the men even swears that a dragon was flying overhead, while another one claims to have seen a goat-like demon in their midst.

If asked to describe the Eternal Hunter, one of the men claims that he looked like Father Théodore.

THE HERMIT

Right on the first day, the Hunter kills the heretic hermit who lives in the Dentpourrie. The mangled corpse, riddled with arrows, limbs torn off, pierced by a lance, is dropped into the river Loup. It isn't found until several days later, when/if the

Keeper deems it appropriate. The locals who find the body and report it to the monks know who the hermit is and where he lived.

Seeing the mangled body of the hermit costs 0/d3 SAN points.

RANDOM ATTACK TABLE

Roll d10 at least once per day to determine whom the Hunter attacks:

1. *Peasants around Mont Corbeau*
2. *Peasants around Eonach*
3. *Monks around Eonach*
4. *Father Aramé's retinue traveling north on the banks of the river Loup. His secretary and several of the accompanying militia are killed. Father Aramé survives at the Keeper's discretion.*
5. *The Investigators when traveling in the wilderness.*
6. *Foresters halfway between Mont Corbeau and the Dentpourrie.*
7. *Militiamen on the road between Eonach and Mont Corbeau.*
8. *Fishermen on the Loup, north of Eonach*
9. *Pilgrims around Eonach*
10. *Villagers in Mont Corbeau, in the middle of the village.*

When the attacks occur, locals or passers-by who witness the events and live to tell the tale, inform the local authorities, namely the monks and the city guard in Eonach. The investigators learn the facts from the monks, either directly or via Jehan; or if they left a strong impression in Mont Corbeau, they may hear directly from the villagers. When and where the investigators hear of the attacks should be decided by the Keeper. Townspeople from Mont Corbeau or monks lead the investigators to the scene of the crime.

At each location, there is a 30% chance of a dead Dreamlands creature being found. A Spot Hidden roll may be required to find the corpse.

THE LURKERS IN THE WOODS

At any strategic point in time, the Keeper may decide that the Hierophant keeps dread watch on the

investigators in order to find the opportune moment to attack them. If the investigators do nothing to warrant Eman's direct attention, the presence of Jehan could be enough to prompt an attack by Eman's troupe.

Before any such attack takes place, Eman has Renard shadow the group. When he was alive, Renard was a vicious, paranoid man who has killed a series of people over the years. His dream projection does not fare any better: he has become a sneaky, blood-lusty and sadistic killer. Refraining from openly attacking his would-be-victims, he prefers to sneak up and kill from behind.

Renard's dream projection looks human enough, so if the investigators catch him spying on them, they don't see anything wrong with him at first. His horns are hidden under an ungainly helmet. A successful Insight roll shows that the man is unbalanced.

The investigators might run into him several times, in the wilderness but at night also in Eonach and in Mont Corbeau.

The Keeper should make periodic rolls to see whether the characters notice someone following (using Renard's Stealth ability, or the investigator's Spot Hidden ability if they are actively searching).

If the investigators detect Renard, he does not flee. Instead, he confronts the group and behaves as if they were pursuing him, as if he was a victim. Renard is highly unstable and actually believes this himself. He can talk reasonably well but he's highly paranoid and will take offense at every cross word thrown his way.

In game terms: after or during an encounter with Renard, the Keeper should make a Sanity roll for Renard. If it fails, he'll make a sneak attack on one of the investigators at an opportune moment soon thereafter.

In addition to Renard, Ours and the Nightrider may participate in the surveillance of the investigators.

CONFRONTATION

When the investigators come face to face with Eman and his troupe, the sorcerer will not spend much time on small talk or profound discussions. Actually, he leaves no room at all for negotiation: he'll flat out order his minions and creatures to attack. He'll stay in the background and watch, and if he deems it necessary, he'll use magic to support his helpers. He's not a patient man, however, and if the investigators are winning the

fight, he doesn't hesitate to step into the forefront and fight from here. If Trample is nearby, and if the conditions allow it, he'll attack from the back of his steed. The body that Eman is 'wearing' isn't really his, so he isn't too careful with it - he doesn't mind cuts and bruises. He uses protective spells only once he takes serious damage, else it's aggressive spells that he prefers.

If the investigators attempt the Rite of Sealing, Eman will directly attack the spell caster.

If the investigators dwindle Eman's hunt down to a few individuals, Eman will order his remaining minions to withdraw, and they'll try to get away.

CONCLUSIONS

If the investigators manage to 'kill' Eman, his substance slips back into the Dreamlands where he can go back to being the tyrant Hierophant.

If the Rite of Sealing is performed successfully, the result will pretty much be the same: Eman sheds his physical form and his substance flees back to the Dreamlands.

In either case, the ring containing Eman's soul is left behind in the waking world. If the investigators try to destroy it, they find that this is impossible - it has been forged by a God, after all. Their best bet is to do what was done before: separate the stone from the ring proper and get them far apart from each other.

If the investigators capture Eman and take the ring off him, separating the stone and the mounting will have a different effect on the sorcerer: his soul becomes trapped in the waking world. Eventually this mad spirit might learn a few tricks, such as taking over bodies, and learn to wreak havoc in the world of the living.

EPILOGUE THE APPARITION

If/when the player characters send Eman back to the Dreamlands - and effectively severing his link to the Waking World - they draw Nyarlathotep's attention onto them. Through the remains of the recently opened gate, one of the god's Dreamlands avatars, the Crawling Mist (see The Dreamlands manual for details) creeps through and makes his anger known to the investigators.

The following event takes place:

Somewhere nearby a pack of wolves begins to howl, then more beasts join in, and then even

more. The howl grows and grows to a frantic pitch, as if all the beasts of the forest have grown rabid mad with fear.

Then suddenly it's all around you . . . fog seeping out of the earth and from between the boulders, winding its way out of the trees and bushes. Its color is the color of a diseased man's skin, and its smell is that of a corpse. It turns, heaves and sinks around you and envelops you until you can see nothing else. And then it begins to rise. Unmistakably it takes on the form of a man, of a giant man. There are no fixed contours, but the shape is clear. And worse: the thing lives. It turns and bends and stares down at you with eyes that are but black holes in the gaunt face. Then the fog giant raises a hand, clenches a fist, and the fist comes slamming down on you. But it has the consistency of oily smoke and disintegrates as it hits you, enveloping you in its nauseous stench. Then you hear the creature roar, of rage and frustration, and the shape dissolves, the fog retreating back into the earth where it had seeped from but moments ago.

In this shape, Nyarlathotep cannot physically hurt the player characters, nor has he the time to

cast spells before he retreats back to the Dreamland. His aim is to scare the mortals who dared to cross paths with him, his revenge will come later (and may be the subject of a follow-up adventure).

The apparition does cost a Sanity loss of 0/d4+1, which is higher than the one given in the Dreamlands manual due to the aggressive behavior of the apparition.

APPENDIX STATISTICS

Jehan de Roifâ

STR 9	CON 11	SIZ 12	INT 17	POW 16
DEX 9	APP 10	EDU 20	SAN 70	HP 12

Damage Bonus 0

Weapons

Skills Library Use 95% Natural World 65% Occult 45% Mythos 15%
Own Kingdom 65% Own Language (French) 90% Other Kingdoms
(Cordoba) 50% Other Kingdoms (German Empire Northern alian
States) 30% Other Language (German) 75% Other Language
(Arabic) 90% Write Latin 85% Write Arabic 90%



By: James King

An English Civil War Adventure for Call of Cthulhu

For aeons, the being has sat upon the Earth, trapping and feeding upon the puny creatures which now inhabit this land. It may have had a name once, but if so it has forgotten it. It may even be a Great Old One, but whether it is or not is not particularly relevant. It seems to have no goals beyond continued existence. It may be associated with Shub-Niggurath, since the cult which grew up around it certainly had overtones of fertility.

The being has created what looks like a natural wood from itself. This wood is actually part of it, a manifestation of its mind and/or body. It controls everything that happens within the wood, although humans or other animals which enter the wood have freedom of action within it.

The Wood is located in Somerset, a county in the west of England. Its exact location is irrelevant, but it is not far from the City of Bath. From the outside, it appears to be no more than a small and dark wood (even if it was overflowed in later centuries, it would appear to be no more than this). On the inside, it is much larger, as the PCs will discover.

Long ago, the local people worshipped The Wood and made sacrifices to it. But as Christianity took hold in the land, the worship grew less and less. Those who remembered The Wood's power became no more than a small cult, leaving sacrifices when they could, but increasingly oppressed by the Christian priests. Two centuries ago, the King's men attacked the cult and all but exterminated it, slaying the cultists during the attack or hanging them as witches afterwards. Only a few escaped. The Wood grew

hungry and frustrated, entering a state of torpor which it only left to feed on the few souls who entered its eaves.

This changed ninety years ago, when the wizard Sir Samuel Corrie arrived in the area. He had pieced together something of the truth from his researches and by questioning the few cultists who were left, and wished to harness the power of The Wood. When he entered the eaves, The Wood awoke from its torpor and sought to begin feeding, but Corrie managed to communicate with it and persuaded it that he could bring it worship and sustenance. In return, he asked for secret knowledge and the right to build a home within its eaves. The Wood agreed.

Corrie built a fine mansion deep in The Wood and moved into it with his family and servants. The cult was revived, with him as the high priest, and once more sacrifices gave The Wood sustenance. But it did not last.

Although a madman, a wizard, a murderer, and a master of dark arts and knowledge, Corrie was still a knight and a gentleman and was determined that his family should not degenerate into the sort of inbred scum that he had sometimes come across in his researches. Accordingly, his son Robert was sent away to be educated and was married to a girl of good family. It was this that was to prove Corrie's undoing. His grandson, Henry, was educated at Eton College and the insight into the real world that he received there conflicted heavily with the evil he saw at home. On a visit to his grandfather in 1601, he killed the old man and his daughter, before fleeing into The Wood, completely insane.

Sensing the death of its high priest, The Wood panicked and closed its eaves, blocking the road that led to the house. It fed on those members of Corrie's household that were left and then fell into torpor once again. It has returned to its former state, awakening only to feed on those who wander into its eaves. And few do so, for the locals avoid it like the plague, and even most travellers are discouraged from entering the dark and forbidding forest.

Adventure Summary

The Wood feeds by creating phantasms within itself. Those who enter within its eaves find that they cannot leave. They then encounter people, animals or other creatures modelled by The Wood on its previous victims and fuelled by their memories. These seem completely solid and real and can interact with the new victims. Eventually,



they will attack and kill the trespassers. By this means, The Wood can feed.

It is exactly this which will be experienced by the Player Characters, as they enter the wood, cannot escape, and encounter people who seem to be real. However, in this case there are two added complications.

First, The Wood has not fed in a long time. It is rusty, lethargic and confused by the number of intruders, and its phantasms will take longer than usual to be brought under control and attack the interlopers.

Second, the spirit of Sir Samuel Corrie is still present in The Wood. He was too powerful a sorcerer to dispose of so easily, and he has managed to muster the power to once again have an effect on the world around him. He needs to feed on the life force of living human beings to assist in his full resurrection and the arrival of the PCs rouses him. The Wood has forgotten its former servant, and merely senses competition. Corrie and his former master are now in direct opposition, both attempting to use the PCs for their own ends.

The first people to enter The Wood are the four Parliamentarian soldiers (see 'Prologue' below). Their presence arouses The Wood, but it has not been awake for a long time and it is sluggish. The PCs enter soon afterwards and The Wood loses track of the first entrants as it focuses on the new arrivals. As it creates its illusions for them, the Parliamentarians wander around aimlessly, forgotten by The Wood. Corrie's spirit has also been roused by the arrival of humans, and he has taken notice of the Parliamentarian soldiers. He rouses the spirit of his faithful steward, Yoxall, spins an illusion that the decaying corpse is a living, breathing human, and sends him out to fetch in the new arrivals. Meanwhile, he works more of his illusions, making the decaying ruins of his house appear to be once again in good repair and the equally decaying corpses of himself, his children and his servants appear to be living people. His children, Martha and Robert, were powerful enough in life to still have free will, but his servants are mere shambling shadows of what they once were.

Yoxall succeeds in finding the Parliamentarians and luring them back to the house. Here, they are seduced by the beautiful Martha, whose sexual attentions suck the life from them. This energy is channelled to Corrie, but it is not enough. He needs more. He must take the other humans as well.

Note on Terminology

Throughout this scenario, 'The Wood' will be used to refer to the being itself and 'the forest' to the woods it creates.

Prologue

The Player Characters (PCs) are cavalymen of Sir Ralph Hopton's Cornish Royalist army. It is July 1643, and the English Civil War is in full swing. The PCs are members of a small patrol which has been sent to scout Parliamentarian positions.

They are returning from their mission with some good intelligence to hand to Colonel Tregillis. They are cheerful and laughing and joking with one another - it has been a successful morning's work. The countryside is pleasant and rolling. The weather is warm and sunny and the troopers are sweating under their heavy buff coats and breastplates; their lobster helmets are hung from their saddle pommels. At this point, as they crest a rise, all the PCs should make a Spot Hidden roll to spot a group of four Parliamentarian horsemen heading away from them on the other side of the shallow valley. It is likely that Cornet Tregillis will order a pursuit.

Heading down into the valley and up the other side, the PCs will not be able to reach the Parliamentarians before they disappear over the brow of the hill. They may fire, but the range is too great to hit anything (although the shots are likely to make a number of birds rise into the air, squawking madly).

Following the enemy horsemen over the rise, they will see below them a small forest, into which the four figures are rapidly heading in an effort to throw off their pursuers.

It is likely that the PCs head into the forest after the enemy. If they do not, then the adventure is over before it has begun. If some head in, but one or more choose to remain outside (for instance, heading around to the other side to cut off a chance of escape) then see 'Staying Outside the Forest' below.

Entering the Forest

The eaves of the forest are thick and dark. There is no sign of the Parliamentarians by the time the PCs approach. The PCs will have to dismount to enter the forest, although they can still lead their horses. They can also, if they wish, tether their horses to trees at the edge of the forest and leave them. PCs who make a POWx2 roll will feel

a slight sense of unease, but nothing serious. One or two of the horses may whicker nervously and pull back slightly on the reins, but they will not refuse to enter.

The forest is, of course, not a natural place. As long as the PCs can still see the world outside the forest, they can still leave; as soon as they can no longer glimpse it, it is too late. If they try to backtrack after the eaves have closed around them, then they will not be able to find their way out, even if they have only gone a few yards into the forest. If it is very obvious that they should be able to find their way out, then they must make a SAN roll for 0/1D4 loss. If a PC climbs a tree to try and spot a way out then he only sees the forest stretching for as far as he can see. This is good for another 0/1D4 SAN to the spotter and 0/1D2 to the others. It should be noted that, while the forest is quite thick and dark, it does not at this stage appear to be particularly sinister. There are typical woodland noises, small animals (entirely natural) periodically scuttle to and fro, and birds can be seen in the sky. The sky cannot generally be seen from the ground, as the tree cover is too thick, but patches of sunlight lance through the branches.

Staying Outside the Forest

If one of more PCs choose (or are ordered) to stay outside the forest while the others enter then they will, of course, wait for a very long time. If they choose to enter the forest later on, then they will hear their comrades moving and/or talking and should be able to easily find them. No matter how long they have been outside the forest, their comrades believe they only left each other a few minutes before.

The Path

After some time (depending on for how much the time the Keeper wants them to react to their situation), and no matter which direction they move in, the PCs will come upon an obvious path between the trees. Here, the sky can periodically be seen above. The path is always at right angles to the PCs' direction of travel. If they ignore it and simply cross it and continue through the trees then they will periodically encounter more paths. It doesn't matter which one they take or whether they take the left or right branch - it will lead them to the same place! In most places, the headroom is high enough for the PCs to be able to ride again.

After walking along the path for some time, the PCs will realise that it has turned into a packed earth track, obviously made by human hand.

There is no obvious point where it turns from path to track, and if they backtrack they will not be able to find the path again - it has always been a track! Discovering this is good for another 0/1D2 SAN loss. Once again, it does not matter which direction the PCs take, since they will arrive at the same place. The track has no cart ruts or footprints of man or beast - it seems almost divinely pristine, the hooves of the PCs' horses creating the first prints to ever mark it.

The track twists and turns through the forest. Soon, the PCs will hear creaking and whistling from around the next bend. The source is a two-wheeled farm cart, pulled by two sturdy oxen and driven by a middle-aged man in peasant garb and a wide-brimmed hat, who is whistling happily to himself. He stops when he sees the PCs and hails them cheerfully. The PCs should make a Spot Hidden roll; success indicates that they spot that the track is now rutted, as one would expect of a country track (and, of course, if they retrace their steps they will see that it was always rutted). If they state that they are looking then they will easily spot the same thing. The man is Presentation Brown (see 'Villagers' below).

If asked where he is going, he will say that he is returning to his farm, having sold his produce in the village. If asked the name of the village, he will look momentarily confused (a Spot Hidden or Psychology roll notices this) and then say that his memory is terrible, but it doesn't matter. He has never heard of the war - such things aren't for ordinary folk like him. The PCs should reach the village in about ten minutes on their fine horses.

If the PCs head in the same direction as Brown, they will arrive at the village in about ten minutes (closer to thirty minutes if they stick with Brown). If challenged that he said he was leaving the village, Brown will again look slightly confused, then again put it down to his terrible memory.

The Village

Whichever way they go, the PCs will reach the village without further incident. The track passes through featureless trees. If the PCs move off the track into the trees then they will still reach the village before long, albeit approaching it from another direction. As far as The Wood is concerned, the village is the only place to go.

The village can be seen before it is reached, as there is a fairly long, straight section of track leading to it. It appears to be a typical small rural

village. A clutch of small houses cluster around some larger houses, a church and an inn. People can be seen moving around, children playing, dogs barking. It is a perfectly normal bucolic scene. The only odd note is struck by the church (see below).

The village is not what it seems. It has been created by The Wood as a vehicle for feeding on the PCs. The Wood cannot absorb the PCs' life force without aid, and the village is the aid it requires. The inhabitants are all people previously absorbed by The Wood, now reconstructed

by it. They are not real, although they will seem real to the PCs. They are no more than memories. The village too has been constructed from their memories, which is why parts of it (in particular the church) seem somewhat jarring. The Wood is constantly changing the village and its people as it sifts and collates their memories, meshing together their experiences to form a more coherent whole. For this reason, the village and people change over time.

1. Church

The Church of St. Samuel seems out of place in the village. It is a large, brick structure with a tall spire. Inside, it is cavernous and richly decorated. This is not a typical church for a country village, nor for the current Church of England, even under the high church Charles I. It appears almost Roman Catholic. The committed Protestants in the group will be horrified. The spire is so high that the PCs may be surprised that they did not spot it before they saw the village itself (for instance, when one of them climbed a tree, or even earlier, before they had entered the forest, although it should be pretty obvious by now that things are definitely not as they seem).

The reason for this is simply that the Wood has drawn the pictures of the church from the mind of the parish priest, Adolphus Wetherill, who was parish priest of a church in London before the Reformation. It is in many ways his old church, a grand urban church instead of a small rural church. As the scenario progresses, the church becomes more like a typical rural church. On Day 2, the building becomes noticeably smaller and the spire becomes shorter. The interior becomes less ornate and the confessionals disappear. On Day 3, the building is now stone and smaller still. The spire becomes a tower, more typical of the West Country. The Catholic decorations wholly disappear.

The church is set in a large graveyard, with a lych-gate. PCs examining the many gravestones will discover that they are all too faded to read on Day 1. However, by Day 2 some have become readable and feature surnames of families which the PCs have already met. On Day 3, most of the names are readable and a prolonged examination will discover a clutch of stones which bear the names of the PCs (0/1D2 SAN loss).

Note that the church shown on the map is the church seen on Day One.

2. Parsonage

A solid two-storey house next to the church, the parsonage is the best house in the village after the Marshall residence. Adolphus Wetherill lives here with his housekeeper.

3. The Green Man

A largish inn for a small village, but not unnaturally so. The sign shows a wild, bearded man with foliage and branches growing from his body. It is faintly disturbing (0/1 SAN loss). The inn has a stable which can easily accommodate all the PCs' horses and is separated from the main building by a courtyard. The ground floor of the main inn building is mostly taken up by the large taproom and the brewhouse. Upstairs are the staff quarters and four bedrooms available for rent. The inn is run by Mrs Lovell and her twin daughters, Lucy and Lettice.

4. Manor House

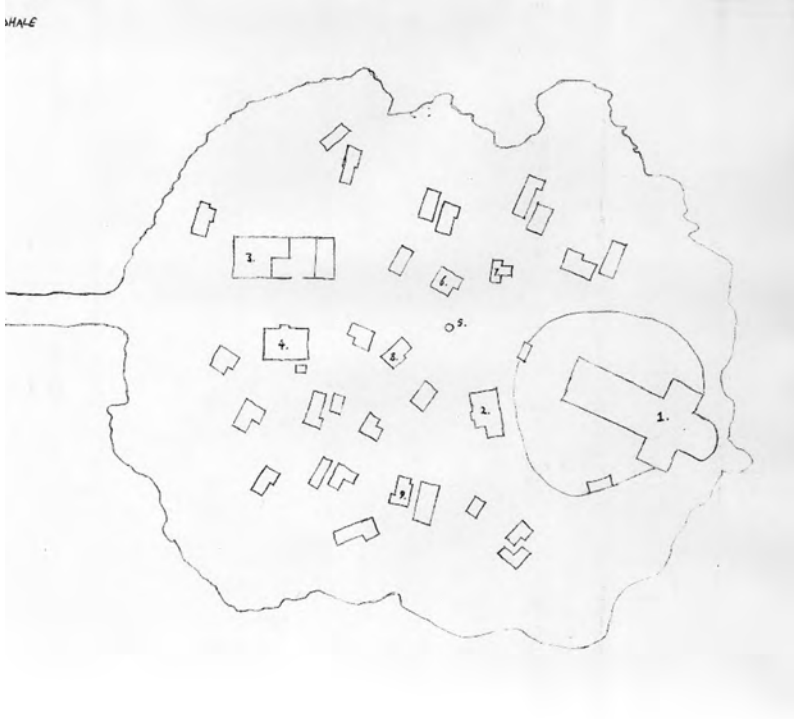
Not really a manor house (although that's what the villagers call it), but the largest farmhouse in the village, this two-storey affair is the home of Telemon Marshall. Marshall lives in the comfortable house with his silent wife, two sons and three daughters.

5. Well

The well is a communal place, where the village women can often be found gossiping and the children playing.

6. Smithy

Christopher Tremlett lives with his shrewish wife, Eleanor, and their two small and spoilt children. The forge attached to the front of his cottage is open on one side, and he can usually be seen working on a metal implement or a horseshoe within.



7. Saddlery

Henderson Tuttle lives alone in his cottage cum workshop and has little to do with the rest of the village.

8. Carpenter's Shop

Michael Henson's workshop always echoes with his great bellowing laughter. The other villagers frequently stop by to exchange the time of day with the popular carpenter. He lives with his pretty wife, Margaret, and their three children.

9. Brown House

Presentation Brown lives in this neat cottage with his family. Although he claims to be a farmer, the only indication of this is a small cattle byre and a chicken coop attached to the house. Like the other 'farmers' of the village, Brown never leaves to work his land and seems a little confused when asked about it.

The Villagers

The villagers' demeanour and general attitude towards the PCs changes day by day as The Wood asserts its control over them.

Day One: The inhabitants are essentially still the people they were before. They are rather confused, not entirely sure why they're here, but knowing they should be. Meanwhile, they try to live normal lives. On this, the PCs' first day in the village, they will be treated with courtesy and friendliness. The people still have free will and are not yet under the sway of The Wood.

Day Two: The people are beginning to fall into the roles that The Wood has mapped out for them. They are less confused and more confident about their surroundings. They still have free will, however, and are still friendly, although as the day wears on some will start to crack.

Day Three: The people are now beginning to play The Wood's game. Their free will is disappearing. Hostility begins to creep into the way they deal with the PCs. It is obvious that they are less friendly than before.

Day Four: The people are now completely under the sway of The Wood. If the PCs stay in the village, they will certainly be attacked.

The PCs may notice that none of the supposed farmers ever leave the village to tend their fields. They seem a little confused if asked about this, but then say that their fields are beyond the trees and change the subject.

On Day One, the people do not seem sure of the name of the village. Most say that it doesn't matter or they can't remember. One or two say that it has no name. Some give a name, but it is not consistent. By Day Two, anyone who is asked will give the name as Woodhale.

Father Adolphus Wetherill

Wetherill is a tall, thin man in his late thirties. He is clean-shaven with dark hair and a supercilious look and manner. His clerical garb is surprisingly rich for a village parson of the 1640s. In fact, Wetherill was a London priest in the days before Henry VIII created the Church of England. He was therefore a Catholic and his church, dress and actions reflect this fact. Wetherill is to all appearances a sophisticated urbanite, completely at odds with most of the other villagers.

He treats these bumpkins with disdain and is only likely to open up to Cornet Tregillis, a fellow gentleman.

On Day Two, Wetherill has definitely changed. His garb has become more Protestant and he is friendlier to the common folk of the village (and the PCs). He is less the sophisticated urban priest and more the friendly country parish vicar. By Day Three, the parson is an archetypal rural priest. Despite these changes, Wetherill manages to keep his free will as described below, and will later help the PCs. His essential good nature and strong will triumphs over the power of The Wood.

Adolphus Wetherill, age 37, Parish Priest

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 17
DEX 14 APP 15 EDU 17 SAN 85 HP 12

Damage Bonus +1D4

Attacks None above base chance

Skills Library Use 45% Persuade 65% Preach 70% Psychology 45%
Theology (Catholic) 65% Write Sermon 85%

Languages English 85% Latin 70% Greek 55%

Telemon Marshall

The wealthiest man in the village, Marshall acts as spokesman for the villagers and is deferred to by most of them. He is a man in late middle age, of average height, running to fat (and with a pronounced paunch), with grey hair, a curled moustache and goatee. He dresses in the height of fashion, although his clothes may seem somewhat odd to the PCs (they are many years out of date, although in an age before mass media the PCs will not actually realise this). He is pompous, long-winded and irritating, but the PCs will probably be forced out of politeness to listen to him. Marshall claims to be a farmer, but there is no evidence of a farm anywhere near his house. If asked, he says his land is away beyond the tree line - he waves vaguely towards the forest. Naturally, he employs men to work it and wouldn't dream of getting his own hands dirty.

Marshall remains the spokesman for the villagers, even after they become hostile to the PCs. His pomposity will remain, even when he is directing his fellows to attack and kill the intruders.

Telemon Marshall, age 56, Pompous Village Elder

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 16 INT 13 POW 9
DEX 9 APP 10 EDU 11 SAN 45 HP 15

Damage Bonus +1D4

Attacks Sword 30% damage 1D8+1+db

Wheellock Pistol 25% damage 1D6 base range 8 yards ROF 1/4 malfunction 93

76

Skills Accounting 55% Bargain 45% Orate Pompously 80% Ride 55%
Languages English 55%

Michael Henson

The village carpenter is a hulking bear of a man, with a huge beard. He is a gentle, happy soul, with a great bellowing laugh that can be heard all over the village. He talks endlessly. Everyone loves Michael and he loves people, especially children. On Day Four, he will turn into a homicidal maniac, always at the forefront of any attack on the PCs.

Michael Henson, age 33, Happy Carpenter

STR 17 CON 16 SIZ 17 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 7 SAN 50 HP 17

Damage Bonus +1D6

Attacks Wood Axe 65% damage 1D8+2+db

Skills Bargain 45% Craft (Carpentry) 70% Talk 95%

Languages English 35% (speak only)

Henderson Tuttle

Tuttle is the village saddler and leatherworker. A sullen, unpopular man, he is nevertheless a consummate craftsman and turns out some beautiful work. He will be the first of the villagers to succumb to the power of The Wood, attacking the PCs on Night Two (see below).

Henderson Tuttle, age 29, Dour Saddler

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 8
DEX 16 APP 14 EDU 7 SAN 40 HP 12

Damage Bonus +1D4

Attacks Hatchet 45% damage 1D6+1+db

Skills Craft (Saddler) 75% Hide 45% Sneak 65%

Languages English 35% (speak only)

Christopher Tremlett

The village blacksmith is a large, well-muscled man who rarely speaks and is considered a little odd by the other villagers, although he is not unpopular. He will be one of the last to turn violent, but when he does so he will also be one of the most dangerous.

Christopher Tremlett, age 27, Quiet Blacksmith

STR 18 CON 15 SIZ 17 INT 12 POW 16
DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 7 SAN 80 HP 16

Damage Bonus +1D6

Attacks Fist/Punch 65% damage 1D3+db

Sledgehammer 55% damage 1D8+2+db

Skills Craft (Blacksmith) 65% Listen 55% Spot Hidden 50%

Languages English 35% (speak only)

STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER

Presentation Brown

Brown is a middle-aged farmer, dressed in typical peasant clothing with a broad-brimmed straw hat. He is short, stout and red-faced, with a full beard, now heavily greying. Under the hat, he is almost completely bald.

When the PCs first meet him, Brown is an endlessly cheerful man, who treats everybody as long-lost friends. He will chatter about everything - the weather, his farm, his wife Esther, his children (son Richard and daughter Chastity), of whom he is inordinately proud. On Day Two he will have changed little. On Night Three, however, under the spell of The Wood, he will transform into a werewolf and come looking for the PCs.

Presentation Brown, age 47, Cheery Farmer

STR 14	CON 16	SIZ 13	INT 11	POW 10
DEX 12	APP 9	EDU 6	SAN 50	HP 15

Damage Bonus +1D4

Attacks Pitchfork 45% damage 1D8+db

Skills Chatter 85% Craft (Farming) 75% Drive Cart 60%

Languages English 30% (speak only)

Presentation Brown (as Werewolf)

STR 24	CON 13	SIZ 16	INT 4	POW 17
DEX 16	MOV 12	HP 15		

Damage Bonus +1D6

Attacks Bite 30% damage 1D8+db does not infect

Claw 45% damage 1D6+db

Armour 1 point hide plus regenerates 1 hit point per round

Skills Hide 60% Track by Smell 90%

Sanity Loss 0/1D8 Sanity points to see Brown in werewolf form

Mrs Bessie Lovell

Mrs Lovell owns and runs The Green Man inn. She is an attractive, buxom widow in early middle age, always ready with a joke for the customers or a cutting remark (or a blow) for those who get too familiar with her or her daughters. Her twin daughters, Lucy and Lettice, are 20-year old beauties who assist her in running the inn. They are flirty with good-looking young men, particularly these new arrivals in their fancy armour and uniforms. On Day Four, all three of them will become as savage as the other villagers.

Mrs Bessie Lovell, age 37, Canny Landlady

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

Damage Bonus +0

Attacks Fist/Punch 60% damage 1D3

Frying Pan 45% damage 1D3

Skills Accounting 40% Banter 75% Craft (Cook) 65% Spot Hidden 65%

STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER

Languages English 45% (speak only) English (Read/Write) 20%

Other Villagers

The Keeper may assign names and personalities to any other villagers he sees fit. They will all be friendly to the PCs at first, but by Day Four will simply want to kill the PCs. There are as many villagers as the Keeper sees fit. The PCs may be surprised that there seem to be far more than the houses available would seem to be able to accommodate!

Average Villager

STR 12	CON 12	SIZ 11	INT 11	POW 10
DEX 12	APP 11	EDU 5	SAN 50	HP 12

Damage Bonus +0

Attacks * Knife 35% damage 1D6

Club/Cudgel 35% damage 1D6

Wood Axe 35% damage 1D8+2

Hatchet 35% damage 1D6+1

Pickaxe 35% damage 1D6+1

Pitchfork 30% damage 1D8

Scythe 35% damage 1D8+1

Shovel 35% damage 1D3

Sickle 35% damage 1D6+1

Poker 35% damage 1D6

Languages English 25% (speak only)

* Most villagers will carry one or other of these weapons after they become hostile towards the PCs. Of course they may also pick up and use anything else the Keeper sees fit

Day One

This is the day of the PCs' arrival in the village. No matter how long they spent reaching the village, they will arrive in the mid-afternoon. As soon as they ride into town they will be greeted by curious looks, and polite smiles and greetings. Several children will investigate the strangers more closely. The locals will generally be friendly and welcoming, happy to talk to the newcomers and curious about their weapons and armour. None have heard about the war. They will say that little news reaches the village, as strangers rarely come here.

Night One

That evening, the PCs may join most of the rest of the village men in the inn. It is a joyous occasion. The ale will flow freely and the PCs may learn more about the village. Marshall holds court. The only notable absentee is Wetherill. Even Tuttle sits in a corner, glowering over his tankard. No women will be present, however, apart from Mrs Lovell and her daughters.

The Wolves

The PCs may pay for rooms or sleep in the taproom. Cornet Tregillis, at least, will be expected to take a room. That night, the PCs' sleep will be disturbed by a prolonged and eerie howling. It is not particularly close, but the PCs may well consider it to be some sort of supernatural visitation. It is in fact the howling of wolves in the woods, but since wolves have been extinct in England for two centuries it is unlikely that any of the PCs will ever have heard it before!

Day Two

One Day Two, the villagers are still friendly towards the PCs. They seem less confused than they did on the previous day. Life will go on as normal. The PCs are free to explore and talk to the locals.

The Watcher

At some point during the day, the PCs will have the definite sensation of being watched. This will generally occur when they are close to the edge of the village. A Spot Hidden roll will detect a figure watching them from the treeline. The figure wears a dark hooded cloak and his features cannot be distinguished. He will continue to observe the PCs until they start getting close to him, but at that point he will fade back into the wood. If followed, he seems to have disappeared. His appearance will engender a distinct feeling of unease. This is actually one of the Parliamentarian soldiers, sent by Corrie to keep an eye on the PCs.

Night Two

As before, the men of the village will spend the evening drinking in the inn. The PCs may, of course, join them. They may notice that some of their fellow revellers are giving them rather odd looks, although they will glance away if looked at. A Psychology roll determines that the atmosphere is not as friendly as it was the previous night.

Tuttle is present as before, but this time he stares at the PCs with undisguised hostility. He does not look away if they look towards him, but continues to glare openly. If approached he mutters something about needing to get some sleep and stomps out into the night.

Following Tuttle

The PCs may follow Tuttle out of the inn. If they do not, then see 'The Attacker' below. He enters his cottage and sits in darkness, muttering to himself. If not disturbed, he will remain here until he mounts the attack on the PCs later on. If disturbed during this period, he will attack the intruders immediately.

The Attacker

At some point during the night, Tuttle attacks the PCs. Never a stable man when he lived, The Wood's influence over him is established earlier than over the other villagers. This is not meant to be a fatal attack - he should be easy enough to deal with - but it should certainly make the PCs edgy.

If the PCs are in The Green Man, then Tuttle enters the inn by the front door during the early hours. His attacks are opportunist. If any of the PCs are bedded down in the taproom then he will attack them first. He will then go upstairs and try to get into the rooms in which the other PCs are sleeping. He still has a certain amount of cunning, and if the PCs have posted guards, he will try to attack them from behind or get past them to attack the more vulnerable sleepers. He will not risk his life unnecessarily, and he may flee into the forest if outmanoeuvred.

If Henson flees, he will return the following night. If the PCs are still in the village he will attack them again, and this time he will fight to the death. If the PCs are not there then they will encounter him again on Day Four as part of the murderous mob.

If Henson is killed or apprehended on Night Two, then the villagers will not quite know what to make of the situation the following day. Their hostility towards the PCs is growing, and while they will not actively condone Henson's actions they may not condemn them either. If he was killed, there may be audible mutterings about murderers. If he was captured, then he may be helped to escape from wherever the PCs place him.

The Wolves Return

As last night, the howling of wolves can be heard in the forest. This time it seems considerably closer. Any PC looking out of a second-storey window or wandering on the edge of the village may spot one or more of the creatures just outside the village bounds. The wolves will not enter the village, but may attack anyone who ventures outside.

Wolves

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 8 POW 11
DEX 13 MOV 12 HP 10

Damage Bonus +0

Attacks Bite 30% damage 1D8

Armour 1 point fur

Skills Spot Hidden 60% Track by Smell 90% Howl Eerily 90%

Day Three

Hostility towards the PCs is now growing. **They will no longer feel particularly welcome in the village. They will not actually be attacked physically, but they will be glared at and maybe even verbally abused by the villagers, who will stand around in knots, staring at them and muttering.**

An Invitation

In the early afternoon a stranger rides into the village. Like the watcher of the previous day, he wears a dark cloak with the voluminous hood covering his face (again, he is one of the Parliamentarian soldiers). If the PCs are present, he will ride straight up to them and deliver his message. If they have left the village for the day, he will patiently sit on his horse in the centre of the village until they return. The villagers will give him a wide berth. Whichever is the case, he will deliver his message to the PCs without dismounting.

The stranger's voice is rasping and unpleasant. The PCs will once more have the feeling of

unease that they have experienced before. The message is simple: "My master desires your company this night," he says. "A carriage will come for you after dark." He does not elaborate and will not answer questions. As soon as he has delivered his message, he turns his horse and trots away up the track. If he is followed, he will spur his horse into a canter and then a gallop. If the PCs follow him, then they will round a corner to find him gone. He seems to have simply disappeared. They cannot find him.

Night Three

O again, the villagers gather in the room, but this night the PCs are most definitely not welcome. **As soon as they enter, all conversation will stop and they will feel several dozen pairs of eyes boring into them. Several of the villagers seem to be carrying weapons of various kinds. Mrs Lovell and her daughters will serve them, but with bad grace. The girls no longer flirt with them.**

The Carriage

An hour after sundown, there is a clattering of wheels, clopping of hooves and jingling of harness as a carriage drives into the village. The lacquered black wood appears to be in poor repair. The coat of arms picked out in faded gold paint on the doors is unfamiliar to the PCs. It is drawn by four horses. An INTx3 roll indicates that they seem to be unfamiliar with the vehicle and are rather lighter than most carriage horses. The driver, a bald, middle-aged man in good quality clothes, stops his horses in the centre of the village and waits. This is Yoxall, Corrie's faithful steward.

It is up to the PCs what they do next. Obvious choices are to speak to the driver, enter the carriage, or ignore it.

- If the PCs speak to Yoxall, he is polite and friendly. He will tell them that his master is Sir Samuel Corrie and he is to convey them to Sir Samuel's house in the woods, where they are to join Sir Samuel for dinner. Sir Samuel also invites them to stay the night in his home.
- If the PCs enter the carriage, or at least some do, then Yoxall will whip his horses up and set off up the track. See 'To the House' below. Other PCs may follow on horseback as below.
- If the PCs do nothing then Yoxall will wait for ten minutes before leaving. They may follow

him on horseback as he drives up the track. See 'To the House' below.

Yoxall, apparent age 40, Undead Steward

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

Damage Bonus +1D4

Attacks Whip 55% damage 1D3 or entangle (see grapple rules)

Sword 65% damage 1D8+1+db

Armour Impaling weapons do only 1 point of damage and other weapons only do half damage

Skills Cthulhu My hos 5% Drive Carriage 70% Fast Talk 65% Hide 55% Sneak 55% Spot Hidden 65%

Languages English 50%

Sanity Loss 1/1D8 Sanity points to see Yoxall in daylight

Wolves Again

Tonight, the wolves will stalk the village. Any PC who is up and about will certainly encounter them and be attacked. They will not attack any of the villagers.

Another Attack

If any of the characters are still in the village about two hours before dawn then they will experience another attack, this one even less subtle than Tuttle's. Presentation Brown, transformed into a werewolf, will come looking for them wherever they are. If they are in the inn, then he will rip the doors off their hinges and burst in. If anyone thinks to ask, yes, the moon is full!

Day Four

The villagers are now openly hostile to the PCs. They gather in small groups, muttering and staring angrily.

The Messenger Returns

At midday, the messenger comes back to once again deliver his invitation from Corrie. The situation is exactly the same as yesterday.

The Attack

Shortly after the messenger leaves, the villagers are finally ready to attack the PCs. Their attacks will be unsubtle. They will try to mob the PCs and surround them before cutting them down. Eventually, Wetherill will offer them sanctuary in the church, as described in 'The Village Again' below. He will never accompany them the first time they visit Corrie's house, however.

The Carriage Returns

One hour after sundown, Corrie's carriage once again arrives in the village. The PCs may be pleased to see it.

If the PCs Do Not Go to the House

If the PCs still don't go with Yoxall, then the carriage (but not the messenger) will return again tomorrow and the next day and so on ad infinitum. However, the savagery of the villagers' attacks will increase, and by Day Five the church will no longer be a barrier to the villagers. The PCs would be well-advised to go with Yoxall.

Exploring the Forest

The PCs are free to leave the village at any time and explore the forest. In general, they will find little. The track by which they arrived at the village twists and turns through the forest for miles, and then arrives back at the village from the same direction that it left it! There are no side tracks until the PCs go to Corrie's house (see 'To the House' below). The trees in the forest are thick and there are no real landmarks. Anyone leaving the track will very rapidly become lost, although they will soon find the track or the village if they retrace their footsteps.

The Lake

After exploring for some time, the PCs will notice a largish lake in the trees. They will either come upon it while exploring in the forest (probably after getting lost) or will spot it from the track some distance inside the forest eaves.

The lake is a beautiful stretch of water, peaceful and serene, clear, pure and teeming with fish. Hostile to Corrie's house, it is the only thing in the forest not created by The Wood. It was in fact created by the dreams of Henry Corrie and he lives on its banks, drinking its waters and eating the fish it so abundantly provides.

Henry Corrie

Corrie was a decent lad, although initiated into the cult at a young age and seeing things nobody should see, let alone a young boy. His mother died when he was young, and his father never had time for him. His aunt gave him lascivious looks and his grandfather told him of his plans for expanding the cult. He was overjoyed when he was sent to Eton College and could mix with normal people. He was far too scared to report his family's activities, but he tried to avoid coming home as much as possible. His sanity was being eroded by his strange double life, however, and

one day, when he was sixteen, it snapped. He was on a home visit at his grandfather's house in the forest when his grandfather informed him that it was time for him to be fully initiated into the cult. He was to couple with his aunt, Martha, and father a child on her. Beautiful though his aunt was, he could not reconcile this terrible act with the Christian beliefs inculcated on him at school, and it finally threw him over the edge. He stabbed to death his grandfather, his aunt, and his grandfather's faithful steward, Yoxall. Then, utterly insane, he wandered out into the forest. For some reason, The Wood left him alone, and he has lived in its embrace ever since.

Corrie is now nearly sixty, but is still fit and healthy. He is completely naked, and has a very long beard and hair that fall to his waist. He is clean, however, as he bathes in the lake regularly. He is lean, tanned and well-muscled from a life spent outdoors. He is also completely insane, but will not harm the PCs. He does not speak except where described as doing so in the text, but he can understand English.

Henry Corrie, age 58, Lost Soul

STR 14 CON 17 SIZ 11 INT 16 POW 18
DEX 15 APP 8 EDU 11 SAN 0 HP 14

Damage Bonus +1D4

Attacks None above base chance

Skills Climb 75% Craft (Fish) 85% Dodge 55% Hide 90% Listen 65%
Sneak 90% Spot Hidden 65% Swim 75% Track 85%

Languages English 55% (almost forgotten)

To the House



his section assumes that boarded the carriage or are following it on horseback.

Yoxall whips up the horses and sets off back up the track. After about two miles, he turns the carriage right onto a new track leading away into the woods. This junction was definitely not there before. It is considerably narrower than the main track, with barely enough room for the carriage to pass. Some distance up the track, the PCs must make a Spot Hidden roll to notice Henry Corrie watching them from the trees. If they stop, he will disappear into the wood and they will not be able to find him. If asked, Yoxall will not admit to having seen him.

The carriage proceeds up the new track for about five miles. It is eerie and claustrophobic in the carriage, the dense woods pressing in on either side in the darkness. Then the track opens out. Ahead lies a respectably sized two-storey

manor house, set in a clearing in the forest. Yoxall pulls the carriage round to the entrance, where Sir Samuel Corrie and his daughter Martha are waiting to meet them.

Sir Samuel Corrie

Corrie is a tall, thin, angular man who appears to be in his seventies. He has pale skin, thinning grey hair and a curled moustache and goatee. He seems somewhat unwell. His clothes seem somewhat old-fashioned. He rarely smiles, and when he does there appears to be no real humour in his expression. He is courteous to all the PCs, even those who are well beneath him socially, which may strike them as rather surprising.

In actual fact, Corrie is a very evil man. He is also dead. A powerful sorcerer in his lifetime, he is now sustained by his magic and his lust for renewed life. Like his servants, he is in reality a decayed corpse, his appearance nothing but an illusion which can only be sustained at night.

Sir Samuel Corrie, apparent age 73, Powerful Sorcerer

STR 9 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 18 POW 20
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 19 SAN 0 HP 11

Damage Bonus +0

Attacks None above base chance

Armour Impaling weapons do only 1 point of damage and other weapons only do half damage

Skills C hulhu Mythos 25% History 60% Library Use 80% Occult 65%
Persuade 65% Psychology 55% Spot Hidden 75%

Spells Cloak of Fire Clutch of Nyogtha Create Mist of Releh Deflect
Harm Dominate Dread Curse of Azathoth Flesh Ward Mindblast
Spectral Razor Wrack

Languages English 95% Latin 95% Greek 85% Hebrew 70% French
80% German 55% Spanish 60%

Sanity Loss 1/1D8 Sanity points to see Corrie in daylight

Martha Corrie

Martha is a beautiful young woman in her late twenties. She has pale skin (maybe too pale!), long golden hair, a bewitching smile and an ample bosom, shown off to good effect by her low-cut dress. In actual fact, Martha is as evil as her father and was the high priestess of the cult. Like her father, she is actually a walking corpse, and like him she still has free will.

Martha is the key to her father's plans. By seducing and sleeping with the PCs, she will drain their life energy and feed it back to her father. By these means, her father and she will once again be restored to full life and full power.

Martha is completely loyal to her father and will not betray him.

Martha Corrie, apparent age 27, Beautiful Seductress

STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 16 POW 17
DEX 15 APP 17 EDU 15 SAN 0 HP 10

Damage Bonus +0

Attacks None above base chance

Armour Impaling weapons do only 1 point of damage and other weapons only do half damage

Skills Cthulhu My hos 15% History 45% Library Use 60% Occult 35%
Persuade 65% Psychology 35% Seduce 90%

Spells Deflect Harm Dominate Spectral Razor Wrck

Languages English 75% Latin 55% French 60%

Sanity Loss 1/1D8 Sanity points to see Martha in daylight

The Servants

Corrie has resurrected four male servants to assist him, as well as the four Parliamentary soldiers described earlier. They have limited intelligence and no free will, and cannot speak. The servants will be little seen during the PCs' stay in the house. They will serve drinks and later dinner, but they appear rather listless, going about their business with little animation. Like Corrie, Martha and Yoxall, the servants are actually long-dead corpses and appear as such in daylight. The Parliamentarians are only recently dead and therefore still appear much as they did in life even in daylight, although their eyes are empty and their movements stiff.

Four Undead Servants

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 05 POW 01
DEX 08 APP 10 HP 13

Damage Bonus +1D4

Attacks Club 25% damage 1D6+db

Armour Impaling weapons do only 1 point of damage and other weapons only do half damage

Skills Obey Corrie 100%

Sanity Loss 1/1D8 Sanity points to see the servants in daylight

Four Undead Parliamentary Soldiers

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 05 POW 01
DEX 10 APP 10 HP 14

Damage Bonus +1D4

Attacks Sword 35% damage 1d8+1+db

Armour 8 point back and breastplates and helmet plus 2 point buff coat
Impaling weapons do only 1 point of damage and other weapons only do half damage

Skills Obey Corrie 100%

Sanity Loss 0/1D2 Sanity points to see the soldiers in daylight

82

The House

The layout of the house is, same whether the PCs visit it during the night or during the day. During the day, the house is decaying, there are holes in the walls, floors and roof, dust and cobwebs coat the interior, and the furniture and other contents are in very poor condition. Footprints in the dust correspond to the movements of the PCs and the house's occupants during their visit.

Ground Floor

1. Hall

The principal room of the house, the hall served the dual purpose of an entrance hall and the main entertaining room. It is dominated by its huge fireplace, with Corrie's coat of arms prominently carved into the chimneypiece above it. The walls are hung with paintings of Corrie, his family (including Martha and a 14-year old Henry) and his ancestors. Much of the hall stretches up through both storeys of the house and a balcony runs around two sides, protected by a balustrade.

2. Parlour

The parlour is where the family spent much of their time and where important guests were entertained. Furnishings include more portraits, comfortable chairs and a virginal (a type of harpsichord).

3. Dining Room

The dining room is furnished with a long table and chairs and a huge sideboard.

4. Servants' Hall

The centre of the servants' lives, this hall was where they ate and spent much of their time when not working elsewhere in the house.

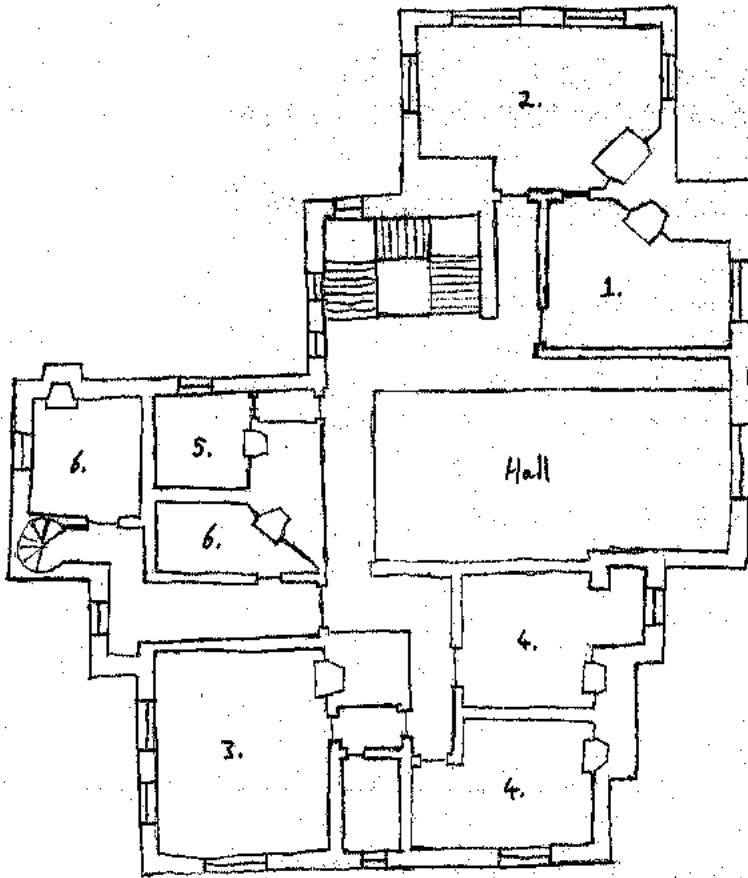
5. Kitchen

The large kitchen is dominated by its fireplace, which is furnished with spits and brackets for large kettles and cauldrons. Ovens are let into the walls of the fireplace.

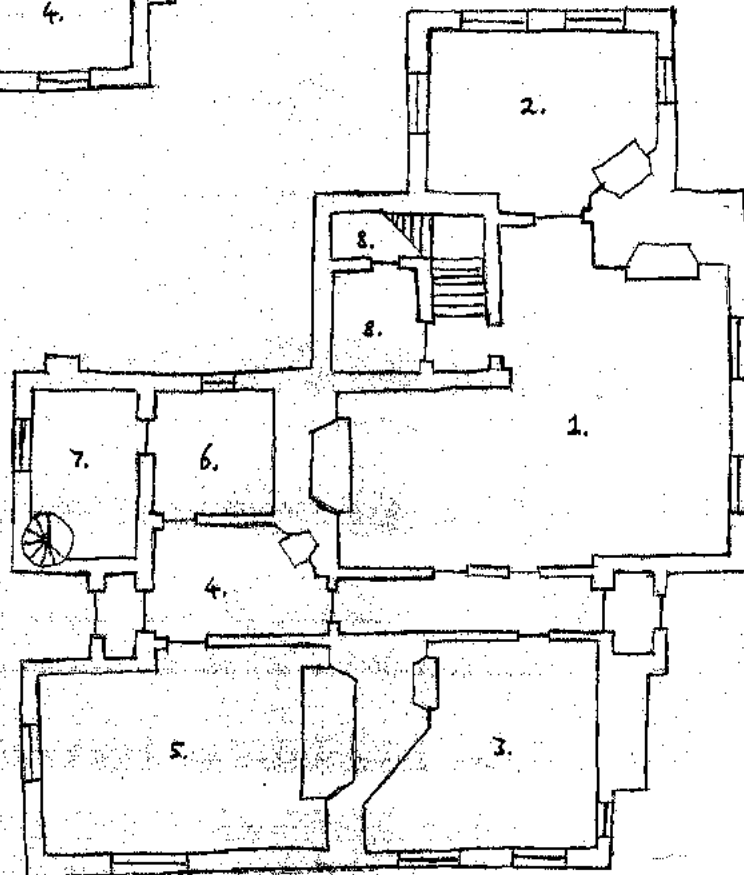
STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER

MAP 2. THE HOUSE

FIRST FLOOR



GROUND FLOOR



6. Pantry

A storage and preparation room for food, the pantry is lined with shelves and workbenches.

7. Buttery

The buttery is used to prepare dairy products such as butter and cheese, as well as to store milk and alcoholic drinks. A spiral staircase leads up to the servants' quarters from here.

8. Storerooms

The two rooms under the great staircase are used for general storage. PCs who are captured may be locked in here before Martha gets round to dealing with them.

First Floor

1. Great Chamber

The master bedroom of the house, occupied by Sir Samuel himself. A huge four-poster bed dominates the room.

2. Library

The library is impressive. Book shelves surround the walls. During the day, many of the books are mildewed and decayed. Those that survive are detailed in 'Back to the House' below. The library is comfortably furnished with chairs, tables and a desk, and also has a large globe and other scholarly paraphernalia.

3. Martha's Chamber

Martha's room has a four-poster bed, dressing table, bath and other feminine accoutrements, as well as a chest full of dresses and underclothes.

4. Guest Chambers

Each is furnished with a four-poster bed, chairs, small table and chest.

5. Yoxall's Chamber

A small but comfortable chamber.

6. Servants' Rooms

These two rooms housed the indoor servants (with the outdoor servants sleeping above the stables).

The Evening

Corrie will invite the PCs into the parlour, and a listless servant will serve them drinks and sweetmeats. Corrie will then invite them to tell him about themselves. He says that he gets few visitors and rarely leaves the house now because of his infirmities. He now knows little of the world outside. Martha giggles and flirts with the PCs.

A few answers to possible questions:

- ❑ **His infirmities:** He will not elaborate on these, and it would be rude to ask; if any PC does so, he will put it down to age and change the subject.
- ❑ **The war:** A Psychology roll detects a slight surprise when it is first mentioned. Since he naturally knows nothing about it, Corrie will not mention it first and will be careful to extract information before he expresses any opinion at all. When he has ascertained the situation, he says he has heard about the war, but takes no part in it and no sides, although if pressed he will say that he would support the King if it came to it.
- ❑ **The forest:** The forest is very ancient. Yes, it is very strange how it appears so small from the outside and so large once within. He will show the PCs the way out in the morning.
- ❑ **The village:** He has little to do with the villagers. His steward arranges for supplies to be brought in from outside the wood. He has his own chaplain, so he and his servants have no need to even attend the church.
- ❑ **How he came to the wood:** He had the house built some forty years ago as he wished to escape from the hustle and bustle of the outside world. He is a scholar, specialising in ancient lore, and wished to retreat to a secluded spot. When he found this place, he realised he had found the place he desired.
- ❑ **His family:** Sadly, his wife died many years ago giving birth to Martha. His son, Robert, is also dead. Robert's son, Henry, is at Eton College. Martha is unmarried. He may suggest that Cornet Tregillis, as a gentleman of a good family, may be a good match.

When the conversation seems to be flagging, Yoxall will arrive to announce that dinner is served. Dinner is extremely good, and Corrie and Martha continue to play the good hosts, but the

PCs may be made uncomfortable by the listless servants.

After dinner, Sir Samuel suggests that the PCs stay the night. After all, his house is far more comfortable than that poor village.

The Night

There are only two Samuel will insist that Cornet Tregillis sleeps in the great chamber, his own room. He will not take no for an answer, saying that he sleeps little and will probably spend most of the night in his library anyway. The other PCs will be put up two to a chamber. There is only one bed in each chamber, but it was not considered unusual for two men to share a bed in the 17th century without any sexual overtones. If there are six PCs, then a truckle bed will be set up in one of the chambers.

Seduction

During the night, Martha will attempt to have sexual intercourse with all the PCs. She will begin with Cornet Tregillis unless she has been shown particular attention by one of the other PCs, in which case she will start with that one. The Keeper should separate the players for this part of the scenario. She will enter the chosen PC's room shortly after he has gone to bed and, slipping off her nightgown to reveal herself naked beneath, will climb into bed beside him. It is up to the Keeper as to whether he requires the chosen PC to make a POW roll on the resistance table against her APP of 17 in order to resist her - she is very beautiful and they have been in the field for a long time - or allows the incident to be played out. She will not, however, easily take no for an answer, and will attempt every trick she knows to persuade the PC to have intercourse with her. If she succeeds then the PC will rapidly become aware that something is very wrong. He rapidly begins to feel very weak and Martha's head is thrown back, her eyes closed, a distinctly unpleasant expression on her face. The PC may attempt a POW v POW roll in order to pull away from her. Failure to pull away results in the PC's death as his life force is drained from him.

If the PC does manage to break away, then Martha will jump up and run from the room, still naked. Two of the Parliamentarian soldiers who have been waiting outside will then enter and attempt to subdue the PC. If she fails to seduce them in the first place and it is obvious that she is not going to succeed, then she will leave the

room and move on to the next as described below.

Whether or not Martha succeeds in draining her first target then she will move on to the next and then the next, using the same technique every time. If she has lost her nightgown then she will simply walk into the next room naked. If there are two PCs in the room, then she will lead one of them to her own chamber and then return to slip into the other's bed when she has drained the first guest chambers. Sir

Escaping the House

Once the PCs discover that Martha is trying to harm them or their fellows, they will likely try to either find Corrie or escape the house.

As well as Yoxall, there are eight armed servants in the house, including the four Parliamentarian soldiers the PCs chased into the wood. They will try to prevent the PCs from escaping and subdue them if possible. They will try to avoid killing the PCs, as Corrie needs them, but they will attack in earnest if Corrie or Martha are threatened.

If any PCs are subdued and abandoned by their fellows, then they are done for. They will be trussed up so they cannot resist and Martha will force herself on them.

Corrie is in the library. If he realises that something is going on, he will lock the door and use his spells to defend himself if the PCs get near him. Martha will hide in her chamber and also use her spells to defend herself.

The inhabitants will not chase the PCs once they leave the house. The PCs' horses (if they brought them) are still in the stables, along with the four (perfectly normal, living) horses ridden by the Parliamentarian soldiers and recently used as carriage horses by Yoxall. The track still leads away from the house to the main track. Now, however, The Wood has really turned against the PCs in earnest. Wolves and bears stalk the forest and will be hot on the PCs' heels as soon as they leave the house; they should not be an actual threat, but the Keeper should use them to add to the tension.

As the PCs approach the junction with the main track, however, something screeches and lands in front of them, great leathery wings outstretched. This is a Byakhee. It was trapped in the forest long, long ago and absorbed by The Wood, which has now recreated it. The PCs must make a SAN roll for 1/1D6. The horses rear, and each PC must make a Ride roll to avoid falling off (1D3 damage) and another to stop their horse



bolting back the way it came. The byakhee attacks with its claws.

Allow two rounds of combat. After that, the byakhee screeches and rapidly takes off and flaps into the night sky. Henry Corrie walks out of the trees. He says nothing, but will accompany the PCs back to the village.

Bears

STR 20 CON 13 SIZ 20 INT 10 POW 10
DEX 11 MOV 16 HP 17

Damage Bonus +1D6

Attacks Bite 25% damage 1D10

Claw 40% damage 1D6+db

Slap 25% damage 1D6

Armour 3 point fur and gris le

Skills Climb 30% Listen 75% Scent Prey 70%

Byakhee

STR 17 CON 11 SIZ 17 POW 10
DEX 14 MOV 5/20 flying HP 14

Damage Bonus +1D6

Attacks Claw 35% damage 1D6+db

Bite 35% damage 1D6+blood drain (automatic 1D6 STR per round)

Armour 2 point fur and hide

Skills Listen 50% Spot Hidden 50%

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

beings to suffer. He can now tell them the following:

❑ *He is the rector of St Mary Woolnoth in the City of London. His last memory before the beginning of the scenario was travelling through Somerset to the City of Bath to visit an old university friend.*

❑ *The year (as far as he knows) is 1520. King Henry VIII rules England. He knows nothing about the Reformation or the Church of England. He is a good Catholic and he cannot understand why this church is so plain and unadorned.*

❑ *He does not know any of the villagers and has no idea how he came to be here.*

Nothing further will happen until dawn. Henry Corrie has slept all night, curled up on a pew. Shortly after dawn he shakes Cornet Tregillis (or whoever else appears to be in charge) awake and speaks for the first time: "Must go to the house". His speech is slow and slurred, as if he is struggling for words and speaking from a throat which is not used to speaking. He repeats the sentence several times, and then adds "All dead". This is all he says, before jumping up and running out of the church.

The Village Again

B in the village, the people's hostility reached breaking point, even if it is only Night Three. Knots of people stand around outside, and as soon as the PCs approach they run towards them, shouting and brandishing makeshift weapons. However, as soon as they see Corrie they back off, muttering. For some inexplicable reason, they do not seem to want to come anywhere near him. Nevertheless, the PCs are surrounded. There seem to be more people here than there were on the previous days.

If the PCs look around for an escape route, they will soon see Adolphus Wetherill, the parson, beckoning from the church door. Once inside the church (and Wetherill will allow them to bring their horses in too) they will be temporarily safe from attack.

Wetherill, a strong-willed man when alive, has managed to resist the urge to fall into line with The Wood's plans. He does not know what is going on but, an essentially good man, he has decided that he cannot allow these fellow human

Back to the House

I is to be assumed Corrie. The villagers are still waiting outside and, without the protection of Corrie or the church, will attack the PCs. Wetherill will accompany the PCs, but his presence will not render them safe from attack, although the villagers will not attack him.

Corrie disappears into the trees. Even if the PCs do manage to follow him, they will lose him very quickly and be forced to retreat to the village to avoid getting hopelessly lost. Their best hope is to reach the house via the track. The Keeper may throw an attack or two at them en route, but otherwise they will arrive safely. The side track to the house is still there, but it is now very overgrown and will be difficult for mounted men to pass - the PCs will need to lead their horses much of the way.

The PCs are in for a shock. The house is a ruin. There are holes everywhere, the windows have no glass, and ivy grows all over the building. It doesn't look as if it's been lived in for decades. SAN loss is 0/1. Henry Corrie is waiting



patiently for them outside. He is carrying a rusty knife.

Any horses the PCs left in the stables (including those belonging to the Parliamentary soldiers) are still in their stalls, alive and well, although the stables around them are as ruinous as the house.

Any of the eight servants (including the four Parliamentarians) who survived last night are at the top of the stairs, waiting to defend their master. The original servants now appear in their true form, as decayed walking corpses, and the PCs must roll for SAN loss (1/1D8). The Parliamentarians, only dead a few days, appear almost living, but are still disturbing (SAN 1/1D2). The PCs must fight their way through them. As soon as they do so, Henry, who has been hanging back, will make a run for the library. The door is locked and he cannot get in. Within are Samuel, Martha and Yoxall, also now appearing as walking corpses. If the PCs effect an entry, Henry will calmly walk towards Samuel. Samuel stands stock still as his grandson approaches. "Hello grandfather," says Henry, as he plunges the knife into the shrivelled ribcage of the thing that was Sir Samuel Corrie. The liche lets out a piercing scream and collapses in a heap, no more than a decayed corpse. At the same time, Martha and Yoxall also collapse, as do any remaining servants outside. Henry sits in his grandfather's chair and becomes very still. After a few minutes, anyone checking will find that he is dead; his mission accomplished, he can rest at last.

If PCs ask, there is a distinct resemblance between Henry and Sir Samuel (at least, there was during the nighttime when Sir Samuel still looked alive). A labelled portrait of Henry Corrie aged 14 can be located in the hall.

The Library

Most of the books in the library are now mildewed and decayed. A few dozen are still readable; of these, three are of use to the PCs.

Ye Mysterie of Ye Woode

B Henry de Allingham. 1507. 68 pages. Plain board binding. English. 45 minutes to skim; no Sanity loss. A scholarly and difficult treatise by an early 16th century occultist which discusses cults devoted to woods and forests. Most does not apply to this scenario, but one section is of relevance:

STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER

"It is sayde that in ye countie of Somersette theyre lyes such a woode whyche lyvves of ytselfe. It ys sayde that at the hearte of this woode is a straynge sprygge, which is trulie a parte of yt. Those who fynde thys wondrous thying may use it to bargayn with ye woode ytselfe and may obtaine greate favors in returne."

An Accounte of Ye Strange Case of Ye Vyllage of Wodehale

By Sir Robert Glenville. Original dated 1457; reprinted 1605. 24 pages. Unbound stitched pamphlet. English. 15 minutes to skim; Sanity loss 1D2. Sir Robert Glenville was one of the judges who tried the villagers of Woodhale following their arrests for heresy, witchcraft and murder by troops of King Henry VI in 1446. The pamphlet is an account of the trial. The villagers were accused of worshipping trees (almost certainly a form of Devil worship), participating in deviant sexual practices, using magic, and ambushing and murdering travellers. Following a secret trial, fifty-seven of them were condemned to death and burned at the stake, also in secret since the authorities did not wish to reveal the extent of the heresy. The names of those executed include Henderson Tuttle and Michael Henson.

Unlabelled Journal

1

pages. Black leather bind

Handwritten. 14 hours to skim fully (but Spot Hidden to glean the useful information after 1 hour); Sanity loss 1D2. This is the journal of Sylvanus Plater, parish priest of a nearby village in the 1440s. Most of it is irrelevant to the scenario, detailing the everyday life of a rural parish priest, but one section is of interest. Plater describes a visit he made to the parish priest of 'Wodehale' in late 1445. He was discomfited both by the priest, Maurennius Vasey, and by his church, which was decorated "almost in pagan manner", and was happy to leave the village again after rapidly concluding his business. PCs who have read Sir Robert Glenville's pamphlet will recall that Sylvanus Plater gave evidence against the villagers at their trial and that Maurennius Vasey was one of those convicted and burned for his crimes. Dated 1507. The most important passage to the PCs reads:

"Upon the wall above the altar, in place of a crucifix, there was a most singular object. At first glance it appeared to be the bough of a tree, but as I approached to bow before the altar I looked

up and saw that it appeared not to be of wood, but of a strange substance which seemed to glow and glitter and pulse. It was exceedingly disturbing and I left the church most rapidly.”

Finale

O the journey back to the village, the PCs may again come under attack from wolves, bears or other creatures at the Keeper's discretion. In the village, they will encounter angry villagers once again. Hopefully, they will head straight for the church.

The Church

The PCs will hopefully now be looking for the “straynge sprygge”. It is here, high in the roof, attached to one of the beams. A Spot Hidden will be required to locate it and a PC must state that he is specifically looking for it in the roof. Once it has been located, the PCs must reach it. Supplies such as rope are freely available in the village, but a mob of angry villagers is in the way. How the PCs reach the bough is up to them.

The bough is much as described by Sylvanus Plater. It is about two feet long and shaped much like a branch. It is silvery in colour and seems to pulse with an inner glittery light that is exceptionally disturbing to see (1/1D3 SAN loss). It is spongy, cold and slightly slick to the touch, and its pulsing can be felt by anyone touching it. This object is The Wood's connection to the village. Despite the assertion in Allingham's book, there is no way to use the bough to bargain with The Wood. It must be destroyed in some way. The easiest way to do this is to cut it in half, which can be done with a single blow of a sword.

As soon as the bough is destroyed, the PCs will hear a great roaring. This grows louder and louder and sounds like an approaching torrent. It becomes so loud that they will be forced to cover their ears. Still the noise increases, until their heads are spinning. The pain is intense. They seem to black out. Suddenly, the noise stops. When their heads clear, the PCs find themselves on the ground just outside the forest. Any horses which survived, including those of the Parliamentary soldiers, are grazing nearby. Any of the PCs who re-enters the forest will find just an ordinary small wood. The Wood's powers to affect them have been ended, although it still waits for other prey. It will take far more than the PCs' puny efforts to destroy such an ancient being!

Player Characters

Cornet John Tregillis

You are cornet of Captain Treglos's Troop of Colonel Sir Nicholas Tregillis's Regiment of Horse, part of Sir Ralph Hopton's Cornish Royalist army. The cornet is the third officer of the troop, after the captain and lieutenant, and is equivalent to the Ensign in a company of foot. You are the younger son of the regiment's colonel and eager to impress your father, an old soldier who served in the continental wars for many years. Your older brother already commands his own regiment with the King, and you have always felt in his shadow.

You grew up on your father's large estates in Cornwall and are proud of your Cornish ancestry, although your family is every inch part of the English aristocracy. You attended the prestigious Eton College, where you excelled at many subjects, although never quite as much as your brother did before you. At the age of seventeen you went up to Cambridge to study for the law, but the outbreak of war interrupted your studies. You eagerly rushed home to volunteer your services for His Majesty against the traitors of Parliament.

You have seen much of war and no longer view it as romantically as you did before. You fought courageously at Braddock Down and Stratton in your home county, and now the army has advanced east into Somerset and you took part in the hard-won victory at Lansdown. Some have called you reckless and impetuous, but you know in your heart that you are a good soldier and a good leader. You rarely miss an opportunity to fight the enemy. Now you are commanding a small reconnaissance party and have gathered some good intelligence to give to your father on your return to the regimental lines. You are desperate to impress him, as sometimes you feel he doesn't even see you there.

Your opinions of the others:

- Corporal Levi Smallwood: Levi has always been there, your father's loyal retainer. He served with your father on the continent long ago. He is a good, solid man, even if you sometimes do feel he is judging you and reporting back to your father.*
- Trooper Henry Pengelly: Pengelly is a strange man, a fire and brimstone Protestant preacher who fights for the King. You respect his intelligence and his education, but he makes you a little uncomfortable.*

- ❑ *Trooper Zacharias Moulton: Moulton is a point-less individual, always moaning about something or other. You have a suspicion he's been in trouble with the law. You have no time for him.*
- ❑ *Trooper Isaac Moulton: Isaac is Zacharias's younger brother and the two couldn't be more different. You have known Isaac most of your life and have always liked him. He is not terribly bright, but he is willing and capable and has proved himself a good man to have with you in a fight.*
- ❑ *Trooper Mark Sligo: Sligo is your father's gamekeeper. He is a quiet man, but you sense great goodness and intelligence in him. He's the finest shot you've ever seen and taught you to shoot when you were younger.*

Cornet John Tregillis, age 19

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 16
DEX 14 APP 16 EDU 14 SAN 80 HP 14

Damage Bonus +1D4

Attacks Sword 55% damage 1D8+1+db
Pistol (2 carried) 45% damage 1D6+1
Flintlock Musket (not carried) 35% damage 1D10/1D8/1D6

Armour 8 point back and breastplates and helmet plus 2 point buff coat

Skills Art Conversation (70%) Art (Courtly Dance) 65% Art (Play Harpsichord) 35% Credit Rating 55% Dodge 45% History 40% Law 50% Library Use 45% Military Tactics 35% Play Cards 35% Ride 65% Spot Hidden 45%

Languages English 70% French 45% Latin 60% Greek 50%

Corporal Levi Smallwood

You are the senior corporal in Captain Trenglos's Troop of Colonel Sir Nicholas Tregillis's Regiment of Horse, part of Sir Ralph Hopton's Cornish Royalist army (horse regiments have no sergeants). You are an old soldier, having served with Sir Nicholas in the continental wars, and have for many years been a loyal retainer of the Tregillis family on their Cornish estates, although you were actually born in London.

You have the typical outlook of a veteran. You are weary of war and hate it and love it in equal measure. War shows who you can trust and you have never known such comradeship and courage, but neither have you seen such horror and brutality. You are beginning to feel that you really are too old for this, and would dearly like to be back in your cottage at Penteglos Barton with your beloved wife and daughters. Nevertheless, this war had to be fought - the King is God's Anointed and the upstarts of Parliament need to be put in their place.

Your opinions of the others:

- ❑ *Cornet John Tregillis: Young Master John is the son of your employer and you are sworn to protect him. Sir Nicholas saved your life on a Dutch battlefield many years ago and you will not forget the debt. Master John is impetuous, rash and ill-disciplined, but he is also a fine soldier and a natural leader, although you would never tell him that. You know that he longs for his father to be proud of him; you also know how proud of his youngest son Sir Nicholas really is.*
- ❑ *Trooper Henry Pengelly: Pengelly is a preacher and a true man of God. He has the right attitude - war is hell, but this war has to be fought. You respect the fact that, despite being a committed Protestant, he chose to fight for the King. You have never had a lot of time for religion yourself, but you respect those who do.*

- ❑ *Trooper Zacharias Moulton: Moulton is trouble. You've seen his type before - joined the army to escape the law. Unlike his brother Isaac, you have never really known Zacharias, as he left home years ago. You make sure you keep a close eye on him.*

- ❑ *Trooper Isaac Moulton: Zacharias's younger brother. You are a long-time friend of the family and have always treated Isaac almost as your own son. He's a good lad, although not too clever. He's also proved himself to be a good man to have watching your back.*

- ❑ *Trooper Mark Sligo: Mark is Sir Nicholas's gamekeeper and a good friend, although very quiet and reserved. You'd trust him with your life.*

Corporal Levi Smallwood, age 46

STR 15 CON 17 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 9
DEX 15 APP 11 EDU 9 SAN 45 HP 15

Damage Bonus +1D4

Attacks Fist/Punch 70% damage 1D3+db
Sword 65% damage 1D8+1+db
Pistol (2 carried) 55% damage 1D6+1
Flintlock Musket (not carried) 60% damage 1D10/1D8/1D6

Armour 8 point back and breast plates and helmet plus 2 point buff coat

Skills Art (Whistling) 5% Dodge 65% Drink Prodigiously 85% Drive Cart 50% First Aid 55% Hide 35% Listen 45% Military Tactics 45% Navigate 45% Ride 70% Spot Hidden 50% Tell War Story 65%

Languages English (spoken only) 45% English (Read/Write) 15%
French (spoken only) 20% Dutch (spoken only) 25% Spanish (spoken only) 15%

Trooper Henry Pengelly

You are a trooper in Captain Trenglos's Troop of Colonel Sir Nicholas Tregillis's Regiment of Horse, part of Sir Ralph Hopton's Cornish

Royalist army. You are an unusual man to be in this position. First of all, you are a fire and brimstone Protestant preacher of the sort usually found among the ranks of the so-called 'Roundheads'. Second, you are an educated man who spent some time at Oxford University (although you did not graduate for financial reasons), but are serving as a common soldier.

When the war came, you agonised over what to do. Who to support? Your natural inclination was to join the Parliamentarians in their war against the Papists. But then again, you are a Cornishman, and the Cornish have always been loyal to their King. Did Parliament really have any right to rebel against a King anointed by God, however much he drifted towards the Papist beliefs of his wife? Eventually, you came down for the King, but it was a close thing and you have questioned it many times since.

You are a humane man and you hate the horror and brutality that you have seen in this war. You take comfort in your ever-present Bible, although sometimes you are hard-pressed to find justification for this slaughter even in the word of God. You suppose God must have ordained such things, but it is hard keeping your faith sometimes, nevertheless. That is why you have never accepted promotion, although you have been offered a commission several times. You could not order other men to do these things.

Your opinions of the others:

- ❑ *Cornet John Tregillis: Cornet Tregillis is an intelligent and educated man. He is rash and impetuous, but that is the way of youth. To his credit, he is a natural leader and concerned about his men's well-being. You sometimes feel he is enjoying the war too much, however.*
- ❑ *Corporal Levi Smallwood: Corporal Smallwood is a good man, although you worry that he is not devoted to God enough. He is rock solid in battle, though, and you can always rely on him.*
- ❑ *Trooper Zacharias Moulton: A Godless man and a ne'er-do-well. Rotten through and through, with no apparent redeeming features. Nevertheless, it is your duty to bring him and those like him to the Lord.*
- ❑ *Trooper Isaac Moulton: A good, God-fearing lad, completely different from his good for nothing brother. Not too bright perhaps, but loyal and brave. You'll make sure his brother doesn't corrupt him.*
- ❑ *Trooper Mark Sligo: Seems like a good man, but very quiet and difficult to get to know.*

Trooper Henry Pengelly, age 34

STR 11	CON 12	SIZ 12	INT 16	POW 18
DEX 9	APP 10	EDU 15	SAN 90	HP 12

Damage Bonus +0

Attacks Sword 35% damage 1D8+1

Pistol (2 carried) 55% damage 1D6+1

Armour 8 point back and breastplates and helmet plus 2 point buff coat

Skills History 40% Library Use 60% Persuade 75% Preach 80%

Psychology 45% Ride 40% Spot Hidden 45% Theology (Protestant) 75%

Languages English 75% Latin 65% Greek 55% Hebrew 30%

Trooper Zacharias Moulton

You are a trooper in Captain Trenglos's Troop of Colonel Sir Nicholas Tregillis's Regiment of Horse, part of Sir Ralph Hopton's Cornish Royalist army. However, you honestly wish you weren't. You joined up to prevent the law in Bodmin catching up with you, as you are an habitual thief and ne'er-do-well. The next time you came up before the magistrates, you feared that something really serious would happen, possibly involving the loss of a precious part of your anatomy. Your younger brother Thomas, always a fool, had just joined the army to fight for the King, so you joined him. Sometimes, you wish you'd stayed in Cornwall to be subjected to the tender mercies of the magistrates.

You are a villain - lazy, dishonest and cowardly. You see these as virtues, but most other people don't. Why work when you can take, and why put yourself in danger when you don't have to? You are endlessly amazed by people's capacity to make things difficult for themselves. If you thought you could desert without being caught and hanged then you would do so. You have a perennial chip on your shoulder and you resent those who were born to money.

Your opinions of the others:

- ❑ *Cornet John Tregillis: Tregillis was born to wealth and privilege. He's never even had to think about working. And now he charges around the battlefield giving orders. You hate him, but you're far too much of a coward to do anything about it. Better to be subservient now and bide your time.*
- ❑ *Corporal Levi Smallwood: You hate Smallwood even more than you do Tregillis. He's a commoner like you, but he serves the gentry without a thought. What an idiot!*
- ❑ *Trooper Henry Pengelly: Pengelly worries you. It sometimes seems that he can see right inside your head. Men of God always make you nervous. Stay away from him.*

- ❑ *Trooper Isaac Moulton: Your younger brother, and a complete idiot. You wouldn't actually want any harm to come to him (although you're not quite sure why you care), but he gets on your nerves with his goody-goody attitude and his subservience to God and the gentry.*
- ❑ *Trooper Mark Sligo: This man frightens you, although you don't know why. Maybe it's the way he looks at you. You'd be better off staying as far away from him as possible.*

Trooper Zacharias Moulton, age 31

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 10
DEX 17 APP 9 EDU 7 SAN 50 HP 13

Damage Bonus +0

Attacks Fist/Punch 60% damage 1D3
Sword 40% damage 1D8+1
Pistol (2 carried) 35% damage 1D6+1
Knife 60% damage 1D6+2

Armour 8 point back and breastplates and helmet plus 2 point buff coat

Skills Bargain 55% Climb 55% Conceal 70% Dodge 40% Fast Talk 60% Hide 60% Lie 85% Listen 55% Pick Pocket 60% Ride 35% Sneak 65% Spot Hidden 55%

Languages English 35% (spoken only)

Trooper Isaac Moulton

You are a trooper in Captain Trenglos's Troop of Colonel Sir Nicholas Tregillis's Regiment of Horse, part of Sir Ralph Hopton's Cornish Royalist army. Before the war, you were a farm labourer on Sir Nicholas's Cornish estates. Naturally, when the war came you joined his regiment - he's been good to you and your family, and after all, the King is chosen by God, and who are the Roundheads to argue with God's choices? You don't regret it, but Lord, what terrible things men can do to one another. You hate the cruelty and the killing, but you want to do your best for your King and your lord.

You have a sunny disposition, rarely dimmed by the terrible things you experience. You are fit and strong from your labours on the farm and you love the outdoors and nature. Maybe you aren't too bright, but everyone likes you.

Your opinions of the others:

- ❑ *Cornet John Tregillis: Master John is the son of Sir Nicholas, and is therefore to be obeyed in all things. He is a fine man, a great soldier and leader of men. You feel privileged to serve under him.*
- ❑ *Corporal Levi Smallwood: You have known and respected Master Smallwood since you were a small boy and he used to play with you. You look on him almost as a second father.*

- ❑ *Trooper Henry Pengelly: A good man of God, although you have been scared by his fire and brimstone preaching in the past. You are awed by his learning and his closeness to the Lord.*
- ❑ *Trooper Zacharias Moulton: Your older brother. You would never speak ill of your family, but Zacharias is a trial to you. He has been in trouble with the law and he has no respect for his betters or for God. You sometimes almost wish he wasn't your brother, although you always regret thinking such things afterwards.*

- ❑ *Trooper Mark Sligo: Master Sligo works as a gamekeeper on the estate and you have known him since he was a child. He's a quiet man and a loner, but you know that he's a good man and nobody knows the woods like he does. You're also in awe of his prowess with a gun.*

Trooper Isaac Moulton, age 17

STR 17 CON 16 SIZ 17 INT 8 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 15 EDU 5 SAN 70 HP 17

Damage Bonus +1D6

Attacks Fist/Punch 65% damage 1D3+db
Sword 60% damage 1D8+1+db
Pistol (2 carried) 20% damage 1D6+1

Armour 8 point back and breast plates and helmet plus 2 point buff coat

Skills Art (Dancing) 55% Climb 55% Craft (Carpentry) 30% Drive Cart 40% Jump 60% Natural History 35% Ride 55%

Languages English 25% (spoken only)

Trooper Mark Sligo

You are a trooper in Captain Trenglos's Troop of Colonel Sir Nicholas Tregillis's Regiment of Horse, part of Sir Ralph Hopton's Cornish Royalist army. In fact, you are one of Sir Nicholas's gamekeepers. You are a fine shot and always carry your flintlock fowling piece.

A quiet man, you live on your own in a small cottage in the woods on Sir Nicholas's Cornish estates. You have always felt completely at home in the woods. Unbeknownst to anyone else, you have taught yourself to read and even own a few books.

Your opinions of the others:

- ❑ *Cornet John Tregillis: The younger son of the master, Master John is a good lad. A little too boisterous and impetuous, but given a little more experience he will be a fine leader of men.*
- ❑ *Corporal Levi Smallwood: You know Levi from the master's estate. Solid, reliable and a good man in a fight. You would trust him with your life.*

- ❑ *Trooper Henry Pengelly: Rather too much of a Bible-basher for your tastes, but an essentially good man. Educated as well.*
- ❑ *Trooper Zacharias Moulton: Scum. You'd happily shoot him yourself if you thought you could get away with it, but better to put him in harm's way so the enemy can do it. Isaac would be so much better off without him*
- ❑ *Trooper Isaac Moulton: A good lad. You know him well from the estate. Not too quick on the uptake, but eager and kind-hearted. Keep him out of trouble and away from his good-for-nothing brother.*

Trooper Mark Sligo, age 39

STR 14 CON 17 SIZ 12 INT 17 POW 9
 DEX 15 APP 10 EDU 13 SAN 45 HP 15

Damage Bonus +1D4

Attacks Sword 30% damage 1D8+1+db
 Pistol (2 carried) 40% damage 1D6+1
 Flintlock Musket 70% damage 1D10/1D8/1D6

Armour 8 point back and breastplates and helmet plus 2 point buff coat

Skills Climb 65% Craft (Whittling) 65% First Aid 45% Hide 70% History 45% Jump 60% Listen 65% Natural History 75% Ride 35% Sneak 60% Spot Hidden 70% Track 65%

Languages English 65% Latin 20%

leather and with sleeves and skirts to cover the thighs (2 armour points), steel breast and back plates (8 armour points), and a steel 'lobster' helmet with a jointed guard for the back of the neck (hence the name) and an open framework visor.

Weapons consist of a heavy slashing sword (suspended from a baldric) and two heavy flintlock pistols (carried in holsters on each side of the horse's neck). One of the PCs also carries a flintlock musket, which is beginning to supplant the old matchlocks.

Flintlock Pistol: Base Chance 20%, Damage 1D6+1, Base Range 10 yards, Attacks per Round 1/4 , HP 8, Malfunction 95*

Flintlock Musket: Base Chance 20%, Damage 1D10/1D8/1D6, Base Range 10/20/80 yards, Attacks per Round 1/4 , HP 10, Malfunction 90*

On a 00 (pistol) or 99-00 (musket), the weapon explodes, doing full damage to the wielder.

A Note on Weapons and Armour

Both the PCs and the Parliamentary soldiers wear the standard cavalry armour of the period. This consists of a 'buff coat', made of thick



By: R.J. Christensen

**Call of Cthulhu Scenario
set in late 1960s America.**

*I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Traveling through this world of woe
And there's no sickness, toil nor danger
In that bright land to which I go.*

"Wayfaring Stranger" by the band H.P. Lovecraft

The latter half of the 1960s in America were a time of revolution; the demand for greater civil rights, protests against the Vietnam War, and when the youth of the nation tried to change the world in music, politics, and lifestyle. But as with all revolutions, unscrupulous forces attempt to take advantage of idealism for their own evil purposes. The forces of the Mythos were one such group.

BACKGROUND

While 1967 had the optimistic and magical "Summer of Love", the summer of 1968 was the polar opposite. The Vietnam War was an open, festering wound for America, and the assassination of Martin Luther King in April cast a deathly pallor upon American society, which seemed to be breaking down with weekly race riots, violent anti-war demonstrations, and a youth culture seemingly out of control. The assassination of Presidential candidate Robert Kennedy has further shaken the social order. Even the optimistic peace and love vibe of the hippy movement in San Francisco had been usurped by criminals, drifters, drug dealers, pimps, and amoral opportunists praying on the hordes of wide-eye innocents pouring into the birthplace of the

STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER

Counterculture looking to experience the mythic blissful utopia. The disappearance of one of those innocents could very well bring the very End of the World.

The investigators are summoned by San Jose developer Edward Warnefield who is distressed by the disappearance of his youngest son Oswald. The missing youth is a bookish, yet very eccentric college student with an overtly keen interest in Historical Fantasy, particular the Arthurian legends, and has been missing for nearly a month now. Oswald was a student at Stanford University, where he majored in music and was a cellist with the Stanford Chamber Orchestra. Considering the times, Mr. Warnefield is worried that Oswald has run off with "those damn hippies" in San Francisco. Both the San Jose and San Francisco police have been informed and are working on the case, but being bogged down with hundreds of similar cases, so progress is painfully slow. Warnefield has offered \$20,000 to the investigators to find out what happened.

Investigators may be Private Eyes, family associates, college friends of Oswald, or any combination of these. Streetwise detective types could easily work with academic acquaintances. The more, the merrier.

THE TRUTH

What has happened is that Oswald, obsessed with the legend of Merlin the Magician since a young child, has been researching the mage's magical internment, as indicated in the Arthurian sagas. The reason being if Merlin could be resurrected, King Arthur would return to save society from itself. Over three years of part-time amateur research gave him the notion that Merlin lies in "Earth's Dreamlands". First he discovered a spell that could "resurrect" the mythic wizard from his deathless sleep and later Oswald discovered a rudimentary Gating spell found in a book called "Twixt the Gates of Dreams". Using a mixture of Oriental powders and herbs, incense, sleeping tablets, and LSD-25 along with the spell, he physically entered the Dreamlands from the remaining Enchanted Forest in western North America, the nearby Muir Woods National Monument.

Oswald awoke to find himself in the Enchanted Forest of the Dreamlands, still with his camping gear. He then met up with human magic-users who were taken with his quest to seek Merlin, and assisted in his transition to the Dreamlands. Due to his already fantasy-obsessed mind, Oswald adapted well, and traveled far and wide

93



seeking the object of his obsession. After a bizarre journey of six Dreamland months, he heard rumors which led him to a cave in the Tarnarian Hills of Ooth-Nargai and found a single stone coffin covered with strange runes. Using "The Charm of Waking", Oswald awoke the sleeping wizard imprisoned inside.

Ironically, this was NOT the resting place of Merlin, but rather of Mhae-Yrn, an ancient and evil Dreamlands priest of Yog-Sothoth. Mhae-Yrn was interned by powerful magic users from Celephais to prevent his evil collaboration with the Great Old One. But after being discovered and awoken by Oswald, Mhae-Yrn took him as his apprentice for 3 more Dreamland months, and then gated the pair of them back to Earth. That's when Mhae-Yrn discovered the wonders of The City by the Bay and decided to make himself Lord of the Earth—after Yog-Sothoth gets through with it. He plans to do this by means of psychic sacrifice and psychedelic rock music.

Between setting up a ceremonial magical study in a basement of an abandoned Catholic chapel in Haight-Asbury and subsequent trips back to the dreamlands, Mhae-Yrn took up a new name, Dylan Milner, as well as the electric guitar. Being a talented lyre player already, the Wizard took up the 12string Rickenbacker as a means to call forth Yog-Sothoth, whom poor Oswald believes will be the returning King Arthur. And already "Milner" is getting some hot press in local underground newspapers as the next Jimi Hendrix or Eric Clapton. At first, Mhae-Yrn and Oswald (now aged a entire year) were doing the actual dirty work of getting human sacrifices for obtaining the required POW for the Summoning themselves, but are now have conjured up subservient ghouls and a charmed ghast to guard his underground lair and to hunt fresh victims, mostly prostitutes and doped-out hippie transients.

Mhae-Yrn is on the verge of summoning the Great Old One with help from young Oswald and by means of their new rock band "Xura" at a concert at Golden Gate Park. If successfully summoned, Yog-Sothoth will likely flatten most of the Bay Area, then the United States, and leave the crazed wizard in charge of what's left. Investigators have 10 days in which to solve the case-and save the world.

CLUES FOR THE INVESTIGATORS HOME CLUES

According to his father, Oswald was always a bit of an odd child. While his two older brothers and

sister successfully went into the business world, Oswald was always more esoteric, never having any real childhood friends, and avoiding normal boyhood pursuits such as sports or Scouting. Instead, he preferred reading and daydreaming about King Arthur and his knights, Ivanhoe, medieval legends, and European folklore, usually accompanied by Romantic era classical music. At age 11, he took up the cello, which led to his choosing Music as his college major, concentrating in Stringed Instruments with a History minor concentrating in Ancient & Medieval British History. Until the Fall semester of 1967, he had a 3.92 GPA, with only a C in one Physical Education class. But this past term, his GPA fell to 3.1, having gotten a B, an F, and 2 Incompletes. His tuition is paid up for the year. Oswald hasn't stayed at home since Christmas, usually coming home for a monthly meal.

Mr. Warnefield will provide the investigators with numerous pictures of his youngest son, but they are now woefully useless as Oswald has grown long hair and a beard during his Dreamlands journey.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY CLUES ACADEMIC

Official inquiries into the school records will require either parental or legal consent, of which Mr. Warnefield can provide. However, the only clues from the Stanford Administration are Oswald's grades (all good until this past semester), his previous class schedule, and confirmation from the Burser's Office that his school fees were in order for the past and current semester. As he has not yet shown up for any of his schedule summer classes, he was dropped from the academic rolls.

Oswald's Schedule for Spring 1968 was as follows

- M-F 9-10: HIST 345 British History, Dr Dennis DiRibert, Wallenburg Hall. Grade: Incomplete.
- MWF 11-1: MUS 395: Intermediate Music Composition, Professor Gerald Peek. Grade: Incomplete
- TTH: 11-3 MUS 301 String Ensemble 3, Prof Colin Moudolwitz, Dinkelspiel Auditorium, Grade: B
- M-F 3-5 World Religions, Dr Barnabus Hornby, Wallenburg Hall. Grade: F



BRAUN MUSIC CENTER

Professor Gerald Peek is a genteel veteran of movie and radio music composition, working in Chicago, New York and Hollywood until 1960, when he decided the more sedate field of education was more appealing. Of course, he had not counted on the radical changes in the student body and musical tastes, so early retirement is on his mind. Finding him in his office grading student works, Investigators can learn from Professor Peek that Oswald was one of his more favorite students, as he preferred the glorious grandeur of romantic swashbuckling themed music as opposed to the rock music, spacey mod music, and avant-garde noise the more artsy music majors are leaning towards. As Oswald's class project, the grandiose, triumphant-sounding "The Return of King Arthur", had not yet been performed, Peek gave Oswald an Incomplete, hoping he will return to school.

DINKELSPIEL AUDITORIUM

Colin Mouldowitz: Professor of Music and conductor of the Stanford Chamber Orchestra, to which Oswald belongs. When he first met Oswald, he was quite taken with his impassioned renditions of Wagner, Tchaikovsky, and Grieg. Normally, freshmen do not have the experience or talent to win a seat so early, but Oswald seemed demonstrated true musical genius. It was at his first tryout for the Chamber Orchestra that Oswald told Mouldowitz that playing such music brought him closer to the medieval legends that the music was heavily based upon, as if he was a Germanic warrior prince or chivalrous knight. Mouldowitz, who had to drop Oswald's A grade to a B due to missing the final, is worried about Oswald's strange hobby, mostly due to the odd folks he hangs around with and his latest disappearance.

WALLENBURG HALL

This is the main center for social studies on campus, filled with hordes of harried underclassmen trying to complete required core classes and a mix of lackadaisical dilettante students and overtly serious scholars. Two of Oswald's professors can be found here, either in their offices or just finishing lectures.

Dr Dennis DiRibert, European History department. With his huge white beard and unkempt hair, the grandfatherly Dr DiRibert could have been the first hippy in the Bay area, even way back in the late 40s. But as opposed the current reasons for long hair, the professor is apolitical and remarkably old fashioned. He first had

Master Warnefield in his core curriculum World History 1 (Prehistory to The Renaissance) class and two more classes, HIST 275 "The Medieval Age" and HIST 345 "British History". He says that the young man had a tremendous interest in the post-Roman and medieval periods in Europe, often writing detailed extra credit reports on such topics as English Knighthood, the Druids, and the historical basis for King Arthur. In fact, he obtained for Oswald permission to personally inspect a collection of old Celtic manuscripts on display at the California Academy of Science. Sadly, after his British History course moved into the Elizabethan era, Mr Warnefield stopped attending classes. Due to three extra papers Oswald wrote, DiRibert has obliged to give him an "incomplete".

Dr Barnabus Hornby, Religious Studies Department. This genial, late middle aged professor says that Oswald was quite the diligent and dedicated student in his World Religions course, being very interested in the metaphysical similarities of vastly different beliefs. One subject he was especially keen on was how many world wide primitive cultures had the concept of an otherworldly realm accessible through the dreams of shaman, suggesting an obscure locally-written text on the subject. Of course, being a devout Presbyterian, Dr Hornby insisted that this was all such tribal superstition with absolutely no basis in reality. Hornby became genuinely concerned after Oswald stopped attending classes after that and is worried he may have ended up in the Indian hemp-fueled hippy subculture. Having missed the final exam, Dr Hornby was sadly forced to fail Oswald.

GREEN LIBRARY CLUES: The staff at the Green Library all recall the young Mr. Warnefield from his daily visits. With successful Fast Talk or Persuasion rolls, the Investigators can convince the staffers to discuss Oswald's most recent research. Otherwise, the investigators are referred to the History and Literature sections. These following references helped Oswald deduce the whereabouts of "Merlin":

"The Mage of the Isle" by R.G. Davidson (1912): "A study of the many British legends of Merlin the Magician". According to the check out card, it has been continually renewed by Oswald for nearly 10 months. It is currently overdue. Other copies of this book can be found at San Francisco State University, UC Berkley, and Mills College. A reference to Merlin's long slumber includes the "Charm of Waking", an alleged magic spell that will awaken the sleeping wizard and restore Camelot. However, the "Charm" is actually a

reversal of the spell "Curse of the Living Death", which puts the victim into an eternal, dreamless coma. The copy indicates Davidson had obtained the Charm from an English hermit who claimed to have "dreamed his way to Camelot" decades before, whereas in fact he had traveled to Earth's Dreamlands.

"The Collected Works of Vernal" (1952): "Contains 30 of the medieval tone poet's works". Also according to the check out card, it has been checked out twelve times, renewed for the last 3 months by Oswald and is also currently overdue. Other copies can be found at UC Berkley, Mills College, and the main San Francisco Library. This contains Vernal's "Merlin" poem that refers to a year 999 quest to seek Merlin to "save the world from the millennium".

"Religion of the Australian Aborigines" by M. Wilson Piper (1959) Describes Aboriginal mythology, particularly the aspect of "Dream Time", where a shaman could travel to learn secrets of survival by sleeping for days on end under certain somotoxins & psychoactive substances. It was checked out and renewed three times by Oswald, but was returned In March.

"Religious Beliefs of Coastal California Indian Tribes" by Josiah Douglas (1916 reprint of 1885 book). Referred to Oswald by Dr Hornby, this 80 year old text relays the most detailed account available of the religious beliefs and ceremonies of the now vanished Californian Indian tribes of the area. A successful Read English roll will uncover a much underlines passage detailing how Indian shaman on the northern side of the San Francisco Bay could travel to and from a mythic "heaven", bringing knowledge and prophecies to their people.

"Through the Gates of Dreams" by Emerson Heywood-Lodge (1939). "English text on relationship of mythology and shared memory of generations". Written-and thus forgotten---on the eve of World War 2, this book presents the hypothesis that all the worlds' similar mythologies are in fact histories of parallel universes accessible through intense human dreams. It somehow connects human psychology, mythological studies, and Quantum physics with a good does of mysticism delved from Hindu yogis, Chinese monks, European spiritualists, and Mythos knowledge. It does in fact contain the spells for Find Gate, Create Gate, and Enter Dreamlands. SAN Loss 1/1d6; Cthulhu Mythos +5; Spell Multiplier x3.

It took Oswald nearly a year of reading to learn the spells, but he did in fact highlight the details so a new reader would only require 1d3 days to

learn one spell. The Stanford copy is currently overdue, but there is a copy obtainable at UC Berkley.

STUDENT LIFE

For the last two years, Oswald lived near the Stanford campus at 735 Mayfield Ave St on the south side of campus in what is generally known as the "Psi Phi House"; the base of the Stanford Science Fiction & Fantasy Guild. The Georgian style house is owned by noted local Science Fiction writer Reuben Crispens and overseen by Rolf & Donna Mannerheim, newly married graduate students. The house is a kind of science fiction/fantasy fan "frathouse", is coed (but only 3 women), and is quiet most of the time, except when NBC's "Star Trek" is on. As several Psi Phi members got to be extras in the show in the last two years, it is quite popular.

Rolf Mannerheim, age 25, is a Political Science PhD candidate and a Graduate Instructor from Yakima, Washington studying Environmental Policy, and also a member of the Stanford Outdoor Society. His newlywed wife Donna, age 23, is a hippy Literature grad student from San Jose heavily into J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, and Lord Dunsay, who as a 17year old High school senior was one of the original West Coast "Acid Test" participants. Rolf was the local coordinator for Robert Kennedy's Presidential campaign, and the tragic death of the New York Senator days before is still weighing heavily upon him, but the disappearance of one of his residents is even harder.

The day before Oswald disappeared, Mannerheim let him borrow some of his camping equipment, even though Oswald had never gone camping even once in his life and had to be shown 6 times how to pitch the tent. Luckily, Mannerhiem's sterno stove was much easier to use then his expensive and delicate gas propane mountaineering stove, and besides Oswald had just planned to heat some cans of soup and corn beef hash. Mannerheim tried to get Oswald to explain his sudden interest in the outdoors, even offering to take him camping one weekend after the then upcoming California Presidential primary. But all he could get out of his young resident that it was to be "an intellectual self-exploration", so he took it as a simply a restful break from the pressures of college.

More secretive about Oswald's disappearance is the new Mrs. Mannerheim, who inadvertently introduced Oswald to the world of psychedelics just recently and fears it is her fault for sending her friend off on what was probably a bad trip,

resulting in tragedy. A Psychology Roll indicates extreme guilt over this, and that she would do just about anything to aide in his search. If convinced in a positive way, she will actively assist Investigators in looking for Oswald, particularly in the Haight Asbury district. She has also referred the Vernal Collected works to Oswald two years ago, having read a copy at Mills College in 1965.

The three story house has eleven rooms for rent, with a bathroom or two on each floor. As it is the summer term, the house is sparsely inhabited by the following seven other students:

Tony Martin: A 19year old hyperactive architecture sophomore and overall fanatic Science Fiction fan, was Oswald's roommate the past year. They got along pretty good, although Oswald had a ton of books, paintings, and papers that nearly swallowed up their third floor 13x15 room and did care too much for "Star Trek" or "Lost in Space" or "Land of the Giants". Tony did, however, enjoy listening to Oswald talk about the legends of King Arthur and Merlin. He has absolutely no clue where Oswald went, having gone home to Sacramento for the break.

Ralph Jones: A 22yr old African American Law student from Oakland, he is, however, the farthest thing from a radical Black Panther, instead focusing his legal interest towards international business. He was Mannerhiem's roommate as an undergrad for 2 years and is a fan of Star Trek and X-Men comics. He walked with Oswald to the nearby bus stop on the 23rd to go home, and says he Oswald took the BART bus North into San Francisco.

Dwayne Carver: Mechanical Engineering Sophomore, age 19, and is HEAVILY into the NBC TV show Star Trek. He was an extra in the episodes "This Way to Eden" and "The Trouble with Tribbles" and ran off with his Enterprise crewman uniform, which he proudly shows off. He will try and convince outside investigators to watch it and to write into NBC to save the show. As for the case at hand, Dwayne thought Oswald was an okay fellow, pleasant and considerate to talk with, but since he didn't like Star Trek one bit, they never talked too much.

Sylvia Chang: Sophomore Art major from Los Angeles, age 19, who wants to draw SF/ fantasy art and comics. Sylvia was the closet thing Oswald had to a girlfriend last year, being incredibly infatuated with him and also deeply interested in Arthurian mythology, but as Oswald never seemed to be romantically interested with her, she started dating a more appreciative Dwayne Carver. She roomed with Donna for the

last six months, with whom she briefly experimented with marijuana and hashish, but has recently given it up entirely.

LeeAnn Elliot: Freshman feminist Science Fiction fan, age 18 and as the newest resident of the Psi Phi house, she is Sylvia's new roommate. LeeAnn sees Robert Heinlen and Kurt Vonnegut's vision of the future as the true model for society instead of pothead beatniks or bomb-throwing political radicals. She thinks Star Trek is a good attempt at showing a more egalitarian society, but greatly annoyed by the sexist Hollywood female uniforms. She said Oswald was a very sweet, kind, intelligent, creative guy, but too hopelessly old-fashioned for such revolutionary times.

Kyle Bradley: An all-American looking 20yr old Junior majoring in Civil Engineering, who is currently having a secret "free love" affair with LeeAnn, even though he is engaged to an education student at the all-women Mills College in Oakland. He took Oswald as a bit of a backwards-thinking, rich eccentric stuck in the Victorian era and most probably either ran off with the Children of God or some other religious cult, or headed to England looking for the Holy Grail as that was nearly he ever talked about.

Bill Bohard: A fat, repulsive 21year old English major, who writes overblown 800 page SF novels poorly disguised as neo-Marxist, conspiracy theory political ramblings against contemporary American Conservative thinking, but he himself has no intention of ever taking political action. Personally thinks Star Trek presents some progressive Liberal thought, but is still a fascist "Cops in Space" show. Secretly, he used to pick on his house neighbor Oswald an awful lot when Mannerheim wasn't around.

If Investigators are Student friends of Oswald, Keepers may allow them to be members and residents of the Psi Phi House.

OSWALD' s ROOM

Upstairs in the Psi Phi House, Oswald's shared bedroom is cluttered with hundreds of stacked books, piles of notes on his desk, and an odd assortment of art, sketches, & trinkets adoring wall shelves. A successful Occult roll will determine a large number to be of various mystical and occultic natures. The art work in the room is all in an Arthurian British slant, mostly Victorian era reprints, and most of them deal with Merlin the Magician. A beautiful 120 year old cello (worth \$1300) lies in it its case next to the bed.

OSWALD'S LOCAL HAUNTS

According to denizens of the house, Oswald's favorite places to inhabit on campus are the Braun Music Center, Dinkelspiel Auditorium, the History wing of Wallenburg Hall, and the Bing Wing of the Green Library, home of the "Legends and Lore" stacks. Off campus, he was a regular at a local beatnik coffee house called "The Myst Eternal" and volunteered weekly at the California Academy of Science. Other than that, he basically stayed close to campus, other than a twice monthly weekend visit home.

MIDNIGHT BREAK-IN

On June 15, one of the players gets a phone call from Rolf Mannerheim at 2am asking them to get over to the Psi Phi house right away. When the players arrive, they find the summer residents waiting for them in the living room, with Bill Bohard all bandaged up in on the couch. Mannerheim tells the Investigators that they were awoken at 12:50 by Bohard's painful screams. He was found lying badly beaten in the hallway outside of Oswald's old room, from which some odd noises were coming from. Mannerheim, armed with an ice axe, burst in and found all of Oswald's personal items were gone and the window wide open. He claims to have seen a shadowy figure running towards the bushes, but after investigating outside, found nothing.

Every bit of Oswald's property had been taken; clothes, papers, and all 312 books. Left behind are the well-worn canvas tent and camping gear was left, a late rent check, the late library books, and a note stating "Thanks for everything, Donna!" signed by Oswald. His roommate Tony was at the movies during the break and reports no one thing of his was taken. Having recovered from his blunt trauma wounds Bohard reports he was hand writing parts of his latest 1300 page novel, when he was annoyed by "a weird buzzing noise" in the room, and went in, thinking Tony was playing some bad synthesizer record. Instead, he was attacked by a "crazy costumed midget", namely a "4ft tall blue furry man with a big purple nose, tusks, and big googily eyes" who waylaid him with a gnarled rock-encrusted wooden club. Considering this is his own eyewitness description, Bohard does not want to notify the authorities, lest he be hauled in on a trumped-up drug charge. Carefully analysis of tent and camping gear indicates they have apparently been subjugated to months and months of outdoor wear, while only having been missing for 2 weeks now.

PALO ALTO CITY CLUES: Long before it became the northern edge of Silicon Valley, Palo Alto was a quiet, fairly conservative university town & suburb trying desperately to hold back the burgeoning counter culture of San Francisco. Of course, such an environment does tend to make its younger denizens that much more susceptible to the pull of rebellion.

WELLS FARGO BANK Through his father, Oswald has a checking account with Wells Fargo, and with permission from Mr. Warnefield, Investigators can find out the following activity:

May 18th: Check #408, \$36.75 for "Pandora's Golden Heebie Jeebies" , Account balance \$2204.15

May 21st: Bank Withdrawal from Palo Alto branch \$100, Account balance \$2104.15

May 27: Check #409 \$94.95 The Terrace Restaurant, Account balance \$2009.20

May 29th Bank Withdrawal from Downtown SF branch: \$1000 , Account balance \$1009.20

Further research (via the handy telephone directory) indicates that "Pandora's Golden Heebie Jeebies" is some sort of "gift store" at #148 Haight Street in San Francisco and that the Terrace Restaurant is located inside the Ritz Carlton Hotel, located at 600 Stockton. No other transactions have taken place since.

THE MYST ETERNAL Serving up exotic coffees and acoustic music, the owner of this coffee-house is 52 year old ex-Beatnik Roger Kemp, who gave up Kerouac and Ginsburg for T.H. White, Alistair Crowley, and Tolkein. It is the closest thing to the hippy counter culture in staid Palo Alto, and thus has attracted that city's bohemian population.

Entering the cozy, candlelit confines, the place is heavy with incense, walls filled with fantasy-based, Near Eastern, and Oriental art, as well as old American Indian relics. A pentagram covers one back wall, but is covered with various paper flyers for dances, rock shows, sit-ins, and seminars. The furniture is a mishmash of varied tables and chairs, sofas, stools, and pillowed areas. A bar with a variety of European and Asian Indian coffee makers lines half of the left-hand wall. Kemp and his old lady, ex-stripper Rosie Starr, work behind the bar, while hippyish waitresses serve the patrons.

Talking with the Kemps reveal that Oswald often came in and tried to fit in with the what the Kemps call "The Clique" .This group of modish

young people are very well-to-do local dilettantes, most of whom are into the occult for prankish fun and youthful rebellion. Judging from their fine tailored fashionable clothes, being a dirty hippy is not in their bag. Those that can recall Oswald from his picture include Geoff & Lydia Page, Harlan McGuillicutty, Esther Daniels, and Christopher Simms, The kids all mildly appreciated Oswald's interest in supernatural magic and knowledge of Arthurian Britain, but often times tired of his dull academic attitudes and considered him "uncool".

However, on the evening of June 17th, one of their group, 20 year old Stephanie Nix has disappeared and has not been seen or heard of since. They suspect she took off with a freaky cool guitarist who was playing that night. Conferring with Kemp, the Investigators learn that the musician in question was Dylan Milner. The truth is, having returned nearly a year older & hairier in just 3 weeks, Oswald, now calling himself now "Oscar Galahad", was not recognized by any of the regulars. As he secretly desired the nubile, dirty blond dilettante, Oswald had her mesmerized by his Master, and she now serves as his devoted concubine.

BAY AREA RAPID TRANSIST Route 3455 is the main bus line from Palo Alto to San Francisco on US 101. Bus driver Chic Young reports that some kid with an oversized backpack got on his bus on the 23rd asking about the route going to Muir Woods. At the Civic Center bus stop, Oswald transferred onto the Route 718 bus up to Mill Valley across the Golden Gate Bridge. That route driver, Wilber Gray, does remembers dropping off "a Mod Boy Scout" at the Muir Woods State Park on that day, but didn't see him on the evening return trip.

SAN FRANCISCO CLUES

*I'm a drifter, I'm a loner
I've seen every city and town around.
I pass by here, and I'll die here
Some stranger will lower me down, yeah.*

"The Drifter" by the band H.P. Lovecraft

CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCE:

Located near Golden Gate Park, the center has an exhibit of ancient Celtic manuscripts, one of which that after 25-INT x d10 hours of reading will give a Dreaming Spell and Dreaming Skill of

20%. As part of his British History class research This was Oswald's major clue and his later use of psychoactive drugs propelled him into the Dreamlands. The manuscript in question is written in Gaelic and tells the tale of a druid who escaped persecution by the Picts by traveling to a "Land of Slumber" by means of potions and faerie magic; Oswald took this as Merlin's magical internment. If Investigators cannot read Gaelic, the curator of the exhibit Dr Andrew Partridge of Swindon, UK can translate.

THE RITZ CARLTON

Still San Francisco's only 5 star hotel, this is by the best and fanciest hotel in Northern California. Hotel clerk Christopher Fox recalls a rather strange pair checking in on the 28th of May; a small and talkative young beard man named "Galahad" in medieval-style clothing and his tall and silent companion, who was bedecked in some sort of "middle Eastern or Indian fashion" and referred to "Dylan Milner". Mr. Galahad seemed to do most of the talking, but Milner seemed to have an almost transfixing effect upon the hotel staff and some guests. Fox assumed they must have been acid rock musicians, but since their money was good and they were remarkably well-mannered and exceptional tip-pers, they were actually quite welcome as guests for their brief stay. (Unlike the British rock combo The Who which destroyed their rooms.)

SF FINANCIAL DISTRICT CLUES

Investigators with business contacts in the Financial district can reveal that on May 29th the downtown Pacific Foreign Exchange exchanged over \$3800 in gold coinage, however, strictly on weight since the 30 coins sold were of no known national or historic origin. According to clerk Beatrice Thompson, the persons conducting the exchange were one "Dylan Milner" and his business partner "Oscar Galahad". They also tried to sell some gemstones, but the Exchange does not buy or sell gems. On June 12, Galahad again exchanges \$5000 of the same strange gold coinage. Mrs. Thompson reports that Galahad went across the street to the main Bank of America branch. There, clerk Ronald Ferguson reports that an "Oscar Galahad" had opened a business checking account with a \$7000 deposit, and a subsequent \$25,000 bank loan for a real estate purchase. A check of bank activity indicates purchase for furniture, home furnishings, and oddly, musical instruments. The bank loan

indicates that the property was bought through Northshore Realty by realtor Ed Wynth.

Upon inspection, the coins are newly minted (less than 5 years old), and inscribed with strange runes and symbols. According to a successful History roll, they are of unknown known nationality or historical era.

NORTHSHORE REALTY

Ed Wynth was the realtor who sold a property on the edge of the Haight Asbury district to "Oscar Galahad, along with an unnervingly quiet, yet strange-looking musician named "Dylan Milner". Wynth says it is an abandoned Catholic chapel at 1300 Masonic Ave at the corner of Masonic and Waller St. The building, dating back to the 1880s was in quite poor repair and filled with decrepit furnishings dating back to the 1920s and not up to code, which along with the disappearance of the white Catholic population of the area in the 50s led the local Catholic Diocese to close it in 1959. Recently, it had been heavily vandalized and used as a drug addict hangout.

The un-hip Wynth figures the two are rich, hippy musicians like the "Grating Death" or the "Jefferson Arrows" who'll turn the place into a hippy flophouse or commune. But as they had more than enough for the bank loan collateral, the transaction went through quite smoothly. Wynth adds that Building plans for the propoerty are available at City Hall.

CRIMINAL CLUES

Investigators with underworld contacts can reveal with two consecutive Fast Talk rolls that a local fence just paid for a large cache of strange jewels. On May 29th, Snyder's Pawn Shoppe down near Fisherman's Square bought \$5000 in gemstones, but discovered that half of the gems are probably fakes, although they are quite beautiful. A successful Geology roll will indicate the stones are natural, similar to quartz crystal, but not of any known type. Snyder says the seller was some "whacked-out fake English dude" and a "weird Arab" that he says gave him "the worst case of the willies ever". Since he hadn't heard of any major jewel thefts, Snyder figured they were "family heirlooms". He's pretty angry that they aren't real and will offer them as costume jewelry to the Investigators for \$20.

With another Fast Talk/Persuade roll or a bribe, Snyder will reveal that they also inquired about "obtaining new Identities" and that he gave the name of a local money changer who specializes in such, one Hiram Porter at 106 Bay Street.

From the outside, it appears to be a regular telegram/check cashing outlet, but with Fast Talk/Persuasion rolls and monetary or physical persuasion, the slimy Hiram will reveal that on the 29th of May, he made phony Driver licenses and passports for two hippy weirdoes in funny clothes; "Mutt & Jeff having escaped from a Costume party" as he describes them. The short bearded picked out the names "Oscar Galahad" of San Francisco, CA while the tall quiet one became "Dylan Milner" of Crag's Head, Wales, UK. They paid their money and were never seen by Porter again.

However, two nights after Porter talks with the Investigators, he disappears following a horribly destructive break-in, but in reality becomes the victim of Mhae-Yrn's servant Ghast.

GOVERNMENT CLUES

SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL

Public records here can give information concerning the property at 1300 Masonic Ave. Building permits for utility Also on record is a yellowing 1931 site plan with interior details, which reveal that the chapel was built in 1868, withstood the 1906 Great Earthquake with only minor structural damage, had sewer, & water connection made in 1912, and electrical service in 1930. A copy of the chapel drawing is available for a \$5 surcharge and day's wait.

Also available for a small nominal fee, are blueprints of the city sewage and storm drain system. They are however, given only to persons in the construction business...or those claiming to be.

IMMIGRATION & NATURALIZATION SERVICE

Investigators checking here will require a Persuade roll along with some sort of official credentials to convince INS Agents to obtain information on Dylan Milner. Records will indicate that no such person entered the country here in San Francisco, and after a week, a nation-wide check will indicate the same at all ports of entry.

However, any official INS investigation of "Mr. Milner" will only result in a mesmerized agent reporting back that such a person does in fact exist and has all the proper papers. A successful Psychology Roll will reveal that the agent in question had his memory altered, and successful Hypnosis would reveal that Mr. Milner is responsible.

STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER

SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DEPARTMENT

The SFPD detective in charge of Missing Persons is Inspector Roland S. Hansen, with a staff of 8 very overworked detectives. Not in the mood for crackpot investigators, he's had enough already with the onslaught of runaways and hippy-wannabes that have enveloped San Francisco. He is up to his eyebrows in requests from all over the nation about reported runaways. In order to talk to Hanson or any other detective, the investigators need to roll a successful Fast Talk, Law, or Persuasion to avoid being shown the door, physically removed from the scene, or even arrested as public nuisance. If convinced of player's intents, he will provide as much aid as able to...which is not much.

There is, however, a score of recent deaths are amongst the hippy & transient element, although most are put down to ODs and street violence. There are however, a few oddly similar cases:

- ❑ **Maury William**, a 38 year old former jazz trumpeter turned heroin addict was discovered in a sewer and police believe he simply bled to death through a strange, almost cauterized incision in his chest. His body was cremated 6/3.
- ❑ **Kate Morrow**, 19yr old from Nevada, died May 30th, found same night in open storm culvert near Golden Gate Park. A cauterized wound on her stomach is thought to evidence of a botched back-alley abortion. Traces of LSD, THC, and speed were found in her remaining blood. Put down as an OD, the body is waiting to be claimed by relatives.
- ❑ **JoAnn Carter**, a 22yr black woman from Oakland CA. Killed 6/1, found on 6/4 in Hayes Street storm drain. Traces of marijuana use evident. Again, another strange cauterized wound on the belly. The body is now waiting to be claimed by family.
- ❑ **Larry "Moondog" Jermaine** (20) Killed 6/3, found in bay 6/6. Suspected accidentally drowning due to drug use, after which the body was partially eaten by sharks in the bay. A Spot Hidden finds cauterized scar on chest. Body still waiting to be claimed, will be cremated 6/20.

The following nine victims are not found, as their lifeless bodies are fed to Mhae-Yrn's servant ghouls & ghastr; they will be reported as missing by friends, only to end up on a half-heartedly sorted police list.

- ❑ **Tony Hathaway**, 19yr old hippy wannabe from Passaic New Jersey
- ❑ **Connie Sagatini**, a 17 yr old runaway from Wichita Kansas
- ❑ **Joe Phillips**, a well-known 62yr bowery bum.
- ❑ **LaDonna Jackson**, a 28yr Prostitute from Oakland
- ❑ **Beth Gallagher**, a 20yr old hippy turn drug addicted prostitute from Fort Smith, Arkansas
- ❑ **Danny DePhilipo**, a24yr old biker from Ohio
- ❑ **Marcella Guerreiro**, a 28yr go-go dancer from Hollywood
- ❑ **Steve Woodruff**, 20yr old drug addict from Houston Texas
- ❑ **Juan Veros**, a 23yr old local Drug Dealer, who annoyed Mhae-Yrn with his offers.

Also falling victim to Mhae-Yrn's inhuman minions are 4 illegal Chinese immigrants, 2 drug dealers, and three other local bums. Local police officers for Haight Asbury are Ben Peterson, Carl DiRogers, and Dave Nolan, and have all been alerted to the disappearances of the above sacrificial victims, and are somewhat sympathetically familiar with the local prostitutes and bums. The hippies, however, are subject to disgust and derision as "drug-crazed outsiders". They are familiar with Wheezer Evans, the witness of a Ghast attack, but humorless do not take his story seriously.

CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY PATROL

Investigators checking out this state law enforcement agency for clues will learn that on the evening of Sunday May 27th, Motorcycle officers Ralph Manzo and Bill Lassister found a amnesiac driver named Thad Peterson who crashed his '67 Vista Cruiser into a guard rail on South 101. He was taken to Daley City Hospital where he partially recovered his memory, but with no recollection of that afternoon. He claims he was heading north to Mill Valley past the Muir Woods to deliver a china cabinet, but somehow ended up nearly 40 miles south. If he can be located and interviewed, he now has the recurring dream-like image of a "tall pale Arab with vampire-like eyes and a odd kid with glasses". A successful Psychology roll with reveal that Peterson has had his memory altered, and successful Psychoanalysis or Hypnosis will reveal that he pulled over to help a supposed stranded kid and was set upon by a strange man in robes.

INTO THE WOODS

*On through the night, here in my darkened
room*

Sails of white across the misty moon

Floating across the sky, burning into my eye

Sailing upon the White Ship

"The White Ship" by the band

H.P. Lovecraft

Muir Woods is a National Monument that preserves the old temperate rain forest ecosystem that once covered the entire northern California coast before being cut down for the Gold Rush. It is the last stand of giant redwoods in the region and thus attracts a large number of visitors from the Bay area metropolitan area, although it closes at dusk. It is accessible from Highway 1 (The Pacific Coast Highway) and US 101 via a twisting mountain road, which deposits visitors at the main Visitor Center. Here, day trippers can travel a newly paved walkway through the most accessible and encompassing valley of the park. Ancient forest giants tower over a lush understory of deciduous trees and bushes, and huge clumps of ferns overlook what could only be described the perfect forest stream of gurgling water. A multitude of birds sing from cover, and numerous small animals can be seen bounding from spot to spot. Overworked urban Investigators will actually feel their spirits lift while in glory of Muir Woods (+1 SAN). However, character with POW of 17 or higher will feel that there is something far more mystical about this area than simple fresh air and greenery. It is in fact, one of the few natural gateways to Earth's Dreamlands.

If inquired, Federal Park Ranger Paul Winston will recall an odd young man with a full backpack he had to remind that overnight camping was not allowed in the park, but did not know if he left. The Guest Register does have Oswald's signature in it, along with the entry "Tis such an Enchanted Forest, I may never leave!" The next morning, Ranger Winston saw a thin wisp of smoke appearing the treetops, which came from a partially extinguished campfire with no campsite. He suspected hippy trespassers, as the odd young man the day before actually had a tent. If asked, Winston will escort Investigators to the site, where a Spot Hidden roll will reveal the following:

Over Half Spot Hidden Skill: Four holes in the shape of tent pegs marking out the outline of a small pup tent.

Under Spot Hidden Half Skill: the above, along with the depression of a sleeping camper and a 12' circle of bent vegetation pointing directly to the center of the depression, as if a large vacuum was formed and disappeared.

HAIGHT ASBURY CLUES

Walking down the street I feel like crashing

Everybody's groovy, all their eyes are flashing

Do you think that this could be the time

In the world behind the Pantomime

Where everybody's really feeling fine

A thought like that would really blow my mind

"Mobius Trip" by the band

H.P. Lovecraft

The center of the San Francisco scene, the neighborhood of Haight Asbury was the Mecca for those seeking alternatives to staid American social standards; musicians, political radicals, pop artists, and scores of young people just looking to let loose. Located south of the Golden Gate Park Panhandle between Masonic Avenue Fredrick Street, and Stanyan Avenue, the area was once a prosperous Victorian Age suburb and home of San Francisco State University until 1952, but during the 40s and 50s became primarily a lower working class black neighborhood. But in late 1965, the first hip coffeehouses signaled the start of the Psychedelic Age for Haight Asbury. Peace and love were countered by sex and drugs, with wild rock music as the soundtrack. News reports on the hippy scene were such a TV staple then, that by March of 1968, Gray Lines was had added the Haight to its bus tour of San Francisco.

Unfortunately the hippy utopia was lost before 1967 ended. There has been two violent riots so far, and cheap heroin has filled the streets and back alleys with young strung-out addicts, who turn to crime and begging to support their habits. The once shining example of Peace & Love has become a virtual urban Hell.

EARLY CLUES

Oswald got his spell components from the "Pandora's Golden Heebie Jeebies" shop in the Haight (one of Donna Mannerheim's old haunts). The place is run by an aging beatnik named Farley Denzer and sells oriental herbs and concoctions, pop art items, clothes, and drug para-

phernalia. The actual drugs, however, are sold in the back room; quantity and quality vary greatly. But if the players are really cool or mention the former Ms Norwalski, Farley will bring up Oswald's "receipt", tell them all about the stuff, and offer to sell them some "really good stuff". The items range from brass lamps, hookahs, cannabis & hash and varying strengths of LSD. Otherwise, Farley claims all he sells is glassware, clothing, home decor, and gift items. If the investigators get ugly, six random Hells Angels bikers enter the shop and leer at them provocatively.

The receipt consists of a brass brazier, 24 sticks of jasmine incense, 4 "magic mushrooms", 2 peyote buttons, 4oz of Turkish hashish, 1 hand-held water pipe, and 4 tabs of LSD-25.

“FLOWERS IN YOUR HAIR”

Going into SF to look for Oswald will bring responses ranging from mild bewilderment, partially positive, to downright unresponsive. "Hippy-type" and Modish young Investigators will do better than staid and old fashioned "squares", although street-wise PIs with Fast talk and a photo may bring info on 2d10 guys resembling the old Oswald hanging out in Haight Asbury. Investigators are wise not to impose themselves on the locals or else be widely considered as "narcs", which ends all future personal inquiries.

As opposed to the picture of the missing young man, most of the people out on the streets do recall seeing a strange tall man in Arabic clothes with a smaller guy in medieval-style clothing wandering about the streets a few weeks ago. The tall one seemed like delighted tourist from a very far-off land, as the shorter one kept pointing out mundane objects such as street lamps, telephone booths, and stop lights.

Investigator inquiries into "Strange events" since the 27th will bring a wide variety of stories, mostly due to drug-fueled hallucinations, but with each hour of investigative foot work spent, roll 1d6 for the Investigators to obtain some of the following leads:

- 1) **Tommy Westenburg** reported seeing a "living skeleton eating a man" (a ghoul finishing off Joe Phillips) on June 8 in an alleyway between Downey and Clayton streets..
- 2) **Brian Parks** saw a weird green-gold glow coming from the basement of the "old church" at 1300 Masonic Ave (a gate spell) on June 9th.
- 3) **Susan Schatze & Barbera Parks** (San Mateo) reported that on the night of June 13th,

they saw a "freaky Frankenstein" in an alley between Haight and Belvedere streets that was carrying somebody over his shoulder and into a storm drain. It was Mhae-Yrn's conjured Ghast taking Tony Hathaway

- 4) **Nick Medonazo** (478 Clarke St) was having sex with a doped-up Beth Gallagher in Buena Vista Park when a pack of "werewolves" chased him off and took off with her on the night of June 14th. These were Mhae-Yrn's servant ghouls gathering a sacrifice.
- 5) Two hippy chicks, "**Jasmine Starshine**" and **Anabeth Grimes** will report that they had sex with the odd pair on the night of May 28 at their crash pad at 954 Asbury Street. All they vaguely recall is the funky Arabic and medieval clothes, the weird accent of the tall dude, and the names "Dylan" and "Galahad". Giggling, they do mention that the experience was "beyond mind-blowing".
- 6) Local Pimp **Antoine Williams** admits that he was talking with his lead girl LaDonna Jackson on the corner of Fredrick and Delmar, when he saw some "weird guys" approach and then he lost his memory for the next hour and never saw Miss Jackson again. Psychoanalysis with reveal it was a "tall white Arab sheik or magician and a smaller white guy in fairy story-style clothing".

After questioning 2d10 witnesses, the investigators learn the following story that the pair was approached by three hardcore bikers, who were literally stared down by the tall guy. After 1d10 more inquires, the Investigators will learn that one of the offending bikers known as "Moose Jaw", who can be found at neighborhood bar on Carl Street called "Morty's". If "Moose Jaw" can be persuaded to talk (money, drugs, drinks) he will say that the he was going smack the "Arab" but suddenly felt like his mind went blank and realized 10 minutes had past and the pair had gone. And although he won't admit it to his buddies, that weird tall guy thoroughly spooked him and he hopes never to bump into him again.

Also in "Morty's", another biker, Kurt Wagner, will overhear the conversation and will approach the Investigators to say that nearly have of his gang have "gone soft", going to work for some weird musician on Masonic Ave. Wagner says that they seem "whacked-out on something", because they would not recognize him and kept referred to the musicians as "The Master".

THE HELPFUL HOBO

Local folks and the beat cops have noticed that three local bowery bums seemed to have disappeared" With a few inquires, Investigators are introduced to resident hobo of the neighboring area, "Wheezer" Evans, who has been trying to get the local police to investigate a sewer, where he claims, "tree o' me mates got 'et by ah Demon, sir'd by ole Scratch he'sef." Known for his tall tales, the terrified old man is ignored by the police as being either a hallucinating drunkard or just a great story teller. But his story is real as the "demon" was actually Mhae-Yrn's conjured ghastr searching for more victims. The three unlucky hobos ended up as dinner, with the resulting blood being licked up the accompanying ghouls. "Wheezer" will latch onto any professional-looking investigators who happen through the area and plead his story. Belief and perhaps a little nip of alcohol will reward the investigators with information and being led to where he saw the "demon", including the site of the attack on his friends.

Roll Spot Hidden to locate a few bizarre bloody footprints of unknown origin. Three successful Track rolls are required by the group to follow the prints to an isolated sewer opening. Otherwise, the investigators will have to search the dark alleys for 2-12 hours before meeting up with the ghastr. Roll the party's average LUCK; if successful, the that investigators will spot a hulking and hideous shape dart into a sewer opening; but if the party fails the roll, one of them will be snatched by the monster (Keeper's discretion). That unlucky person has to roll Dodge in order to escape the ghastr's vicious claws, otherwise the other investigators will hear is a bloodcurdling scream and see the monster attack. If wounded, the ghastr will drop his pray and scamper to a sewer opening and try to escape.

TUNE IN, TURN ON

*Time has gone You're standing all alone
Plastic gong listen to the drone
Synthesized electric sound scrambling from
on the ground
You've arrived at the Mountains of Madness*

*Don't believe that is a game
Change like this, my friend, will make you go
insane
Listen to the sounds, hear them all around*

"At the Mountains of Madness" by the band H.P. Lovecraft

The driving force of the youth society on the 1960s was rock music and the rapid evolution from innocent teen pop to mind-expanding acid rock is symbolic of the rapid changes in fashion and style of the period. Mhae-Yrn, aka "Dylan Milner" and his new band Xura have ridden this wave to become the hottest up and coming rock group in San Francisco, attracting a large following in mere weeks of existence. The reason is simple; there's never been anything like it....and when one is dealing with an evil, charismatic wizard from Earth's Dreamlands, it's something no one could imagine either.

The word on the street is that Xura is hot new band combining English Psychedelia³⁷, classical music, old world Paganism, Near Eastern music, and a danceable rock beat that is blowing away all other new and established bands and is about to be "the next big thing". Paper flyers for this band called "Xura" are starting to over telephone poles and bulletin boards all of the Haight, some adorned with a printed image of a tall, bearded sinister-looking man in Arabic-style clothing.

Xura Line-Up:

Dylan Milner; Welsh Guitarist and Troubadour.
Chief lyricist. Reported to be 31.

Oscar Galahad: Cello and chief arranger,

Quinten Ranosio: Lead Vocalist, 20yr old

Ed Bednarcik: Drummer (24yr)

Jonathan Lowry: Bassist (26yr)

Justin Muschert: Organ/Keyboard/Flute (23yr)

Talking to other members of the band only bring a minute bit of information; Bednarcik, Lowry, and Muschert met Milner and Galahad on June 1st, during a jam session at the Neverland coffee house and were so utterly amazed with his guitar talent that they formed the group right there that night, adding vocalist Ranosio. When pressed on the issue of the name of the band or the musical direction of Xura, the three suddenly become less sure of exactly how and why the formation took place. Muschert admits it's as if the idea just popped in their heads. But with the meteoric rise to local prominence after only a few weeks together, Milner's fellow musicians really don't care.

The band also has a manager, Clyde Holsten. Formerly the manager for Bednarcik & Lowry's surf instrumental band "The Breakers" of 1962 &

STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER

63, Holstein is a too-hip businessman who realized that rock music is here to stay and has been desperately trying to make a good bit of cash from it since, and now sees Xura as his best shot. He does openly comments on how he thinks Milner is one odd bird and his buddy Galahad is even loopier, and that he relies on Lowry as an in-between. If persons wishing to official meet the members of Xura, it will first have to go through Holstein.

Xura Tunes

Unlike a lot of new bands that has one or two original tunes and a plethora of covers to play, Xura has an entire set of original music. It's so original that it seems either way ahead of it's time--- or from another time. All of it is penned by Milner and Galahad, culled from their time together in the Dreamlands.

"Dreams of the Enchanted Wood", "The Other Gods", "The Sunken City", "Polaris", "The Wine of Surrub", "Forest of Parab", "Deep Slumber", "Syndanthia", "Vault of Zin", "Manitocore", "Hypnos", "Lavender Spheres", "Celephais", "Avalon Myst", & "Opener of the Way".

Investigators with Mythos knowledge can determine that a good number of these songs, if not the band's name, have inherent, near blatant Mythos subjects. A Mythos roll indicate" the Opener of the Way" is actually a term for Yog-Sothoth. Researching these songs can possibly uncover their otherworldly origin, but it might longer then the Investigators have.

PRESS RELEASE

"Formed just scant weeks ago, Xura is SF's hottest new band. They formed as a free form jam at the Neverland coffee house on Page Ave. Just as with Jimi Hendrix needing to find fame in Britain, the inverse is true for Xura leader Dylan Milner, who has only recently arrived from Wales after meeting up with American cellist and composer Oscar Galahad in London. The pair was joined by veterans of the San Francisco and San Jose music scenes and the combination has been dynamite! Their first local gig was at a local Family Dog dance, at which the audience was blown away by Milner's incredible guitar work and Galahad's exceptional cello work in an amazing marriage of rock and classic music. Local music critics are describing Xura as "Gothic Rock; as if Lord Byron played electric modern pop music instead of just writing poetry" and "America's answer to the Moody Blues & Pink Floyd".

Their incredible sound is like that of artistic English psychedelic rock, abet more fanciful, yet foreboding. Milner's mind-blowing guitar work ranges from soft acoustic murmuring to sonic wailings that chill the spine, accented by Galahad on the cellos. Drummer Ed Bennarcik & bassist Johnny Lowery were once the solid rhythm section of San Jose's Banzai Pipeline Menagerie, a stunningly loud acid garage band from 2 years ago. Justin Muschert, a classical trained keyboardist & flutist, adds an elegant touch of mystical organ and woodwinds. Newcomer to the San Fran scene Quinten Ranosio is the grandiose vocalist and his elegant style does much to bring Milner's wildly imaginative and evocative lyrics to life.

With it's ethereal style, mystical lyricism, and incredible musicianship, Xura is bound to rejuvenate the SF music scene and soar to national, if not world-wide success!"

"ARE YOU READY TO ROCK?"

If the investigators manage to connect the dots from Oswald's financial dealings since returning from the Dreamlands and the sudden success of Xura, they might decide to drop in on one of their following shows:

Thursday June 13th Another Family Dog dance at the Electric Blue Lodge (a converted warehouse)

Saturday June 15th at the Fillmore West, opening for Blue Cheer and Mother Earth.

Tuesday, June 18 at the Myst Eternal coffee house again.

Friday, June 21 Xura plays the Winterland Ballroom with Fritz and Atomic Voodoo.

Each show costs little more then \$2-\$3, but obviously un-hip Investigators will derided by youthful attendees. Many offers of mind-altering drugs will be offered before the show as Investigators are herded into expansive, darkened ballrooms. The smell of marijuana will be pervasive with the stereotypical psychedelic lightshow of strobe lights and swirling, blobby patterns being projected on the walls. Square types should roll SAN for the sheer shock of it all (0/1 loss). Most opening acts are fast, sonic blasts of fuzzy guitar and bass, but when Xura hits the stage, the atmosphere changes to a more eerily evocative mood. Behind the shadows of the band members, a glowing blue crystal light in the back of the stage flickers an eerie indigo aura as a shimmering guitar solo from a very tall robed figure, ever increase in intensity.

The stage lights then illuminate the band in a rainbow of projected light as the music bursts into a near symphonic explosion. Bennarcik & Lowery provide a solid wall of rhythm supporting Galahad's airy cello and Muschert alternating between swirling organ and soaring flute. Milner's guitar is an orchestra in itself, and even the most mundane music listeners are awestruck. The thin, long blond haired and clean shaven singer then goes to a poetic ode to an Enchanted Forest where sleepers find themselves in other worlds of fantasy. An Idea roll will link the song lyrics to the Investigator's experiences in the Muir Woods, but a Cthulhu Mythos or Dreamland Lore Roll will reveal the true nature of the lyrics.

The rest of Xura's set goes along a similar vein; part Wagnerian fantasy, part Gypsy folk dance, part dreamlike trance. Ransio sings of distant magical lands, dreamy and nightmarish imagery, foreboding and mysterious unknown entities of the universe. It is as far from the teeny bopper pop music as jetliners are from sledges. The music seems to transcend time and space as attending Investigators must roll the POWx5 to avoid being caught in the experience and forgetting their task. Keepers should have musically possessed Investigators come to in bizarre, yet appropriate to the moment conditions.

When the lights go back up, the audience blinks in awe and disbelief and applaud wildly. Offstage, the band relaxes in typical rock & roll fashion save for Milner and Galahad, who then seek out potential sacrificial victims for their true purpose...

At the Filmore West, there is an actual acid rock band from Chicago named "H.P. Lovecraft". Naturally, they know nothing about the Mythos in case of overzealous Players...

ENTERING THE WORLD OF WIZARDRY

*If you take a trip tonight
Focus in on the flashing lights
We're sure you'll enjoy this new sensation
Take a step right through the door
When it's done, you'll ask for more.
In just a flash, you'll know
where you have been
It's really keen
You're on the one and only
home made Time Machine*

"The Time Machine" by the band H.P. Lovecraft

MILNER'S PAD

Approaching 1300 Masonic Ave, Investigators will notice that the described decrypted abandoned Catholic chapel is in fact a gleaming lemon cream colored and greenery-draped jewel surrounded by shabby old bungalows and cracked concrete. A perfumed garden with a sputtering fountain is behind a small cast iron fence where a cloak-draped bearded man stands attentively. It is one of Kurt Wagner's biker buddies, mesmerized by Mhae-Yrn. He will be amazingly polite, asking the Investigator's business. Those visitors with good reasons are allowed to enter the garden approach to the font door. Botany, Gardening, or Biology rolls will indicate that the heavily scented flowers in the garden are of no commonly known variety.

Inside the heavy oaken doors is a 20x 10 anteroom, the former foyer of the chapel, now filled with luxuriant old fashioned sofas and heavy cloth tapestries in geometry patterns of reds, greens, and gold colors. A strangely otherworldly young woman is there to greet guests, clad in gossamer chiffon veils. She is much like the hippy girls on the streets outside, but enjoyable cleaner and smelling of exotic spices and floral aromas.

The next room is the former sanctuary of the chapel, but now has been changed into a dark and mysterious cozy living room with rugs, low couches, low tables of silver bowls filled with exotic fruits and ewers of aromatic wine, and lit by dozens if not hundreds, of glowing candles. In a throne-like high back chair may be sitting Dylan Milner, attended by a half dozen female attendants, dressed similar to the girl who greeted the visitors. He is bedecked in Middle Eastern or Indian style of dress, softly playing a very odd-looking string instrument similar to an oversized lute. Nearby on a couch is the new Oswald aka "Oscar Galahad", who after a year in The Dreamlands, bears only slight resemble to the baby-faced and short mop-haired boy who went missing weeks before. With him is the mysteriously enthralled Stephanie Nix clad in long-flowing and low-cut paisley silk robe, gilded slippers, and a ring of small exotic flowers on her head.

Any interview with the Elizabethan English-accented Milner will bring only cryptic phrases and replies concerning his music art, the inevitability of change, the appeal of mysticism in



face of reality. Questions of his past will bring vague answers of “stone towers on rough-hewn coasts”, “studying the work of the eternal masters”, “a journey across vast gulfs”. Asking of his future plans will cause Milner to sneer provocatively and slyly say “Glories beyond thy most beautiful and terrifying dreams...”

Investigators meeting “Oscar Galahad” will be able to notice a close resemblance to Oswald with a Halved Spot Hidden roll. Investigators who are Family or Friends will also be able to recognize his voice with a Listen roll. However, the visible change in his appearance from over seven months in the Dreamlands will force a SAN roll for close associates (0/d3). If the Investigators have obtained a picture of the missing Miss Nix, she will be instantly recognizable. Talking to her will only bring a semi-confused tale of how she came to meet Oscar from somewhere back east and immediately love in love with him.

LAYOUT OF THE CHAPEL: Normally, guests will not let past the two main rooms. Most of the windows are clear, but the ones in Mhae-Yrn's chamber are distorted glass with a heavy amber tint, and unable to be seen through. However, Investigators not above breaking & entering when Milner and Galahad are gone and after getting past the mesmerized biker guards can uncover the following:

Kitchen: A small kitchen that once catered to serving simple charity meals, it has been transformed into a gourmet work area with shimmering metal pots, ceramic vases, and exotic smells pouring forth. During waking hours, 3-4 mesmerized servant girls will be in here cheerful cooking foreign-looking meals and cleaning. After hours, it is where a strange blue furry creature is found putting up a variety of fruits, vegetables and spices; it is Mhae-Yrn's pet goblin Zhairig, who has returned from the Dreamlands with some of his master's favorite foods which would astound any gourmet.

Dining Area: This was and still is the communal eating area of the chapel, however only the servitude types eat here, with the house masters dining in the far more luxurious living area or their personal chambers. The male “servants” are fed at 7am and 4pm, while the enthralled females eat at 8am and 5pm. Otherwise, this room is empty.

Servants' Quarters: Formerly a chapel classroom, this contains numerous cots, make-shift bedding, and simple clothing storage. Here sleep the male members of Mhae-Yrn's hypnotized serving staff. Anyone breaking in here at

night can expect up to 8 biker types ready to inflict a severe beating upon the intruder.

Mhae-Yrn's Chamber: What was once the chapel apse has now been converted via gate Spells into a luxurious bedroom beyond anything in “1001 Arabian Nights”. Numerous wooden and metal chests line the walls along with tapestries covered in the south wall, small tables topped with bowls of fruit and strange knickknacks are scattered about, and an elliptical, pillow-covered bed the size of 2 king-sizes is centered under the amber windows. Four enthralled servant girls are in here at all times, and all ten sleep with their master late at night.

Oswald's Chamber: This was once the quarters of the chapel's priests years ago, and is now filled with an exotic-looking Dreamlands décor'. The large bed is a mountain of pillows, tapestries cover the walls, wooden chests of clothes and trinkets abound, and an oaken tub is in one corner. If seen after the Psi Phi House break-in and robbery of the 15th, numerous items that belonged to Oswald can be seen with a Spot Hidden roll.

The Office: Here is where Oswald deals with Xura's manager Holsten. Plainly furnished in comparison to the rest of the building, the fake IDs that Oswald and Mhae-Yrn obtained are found the bottom drawer of the well-worn oak desk

The Basement: If Investigators can edge close to the basement windows during the day, they will only see a darkened room and at night, a dim, strange ceremonial décor. Breaking in will require a Resistance roll against an Passive STR of 6 and SIZ of 10 or less, otherwise an intruder will become stuck. However, a Listen roll can reveal what goes on in the basement. During the day, the basement is quiet and dark. However at night, things take on a more sinister tone....

At night Mhae-Yrn will be here conducting his evil magical craft, pulling the POW out of his victim for that day using his Power Drain spell and then casting the psychic energy into a large blue crystal globe held up by four giant gold eagle legs. This is the same globe as the main Xura stage prop and is the storage receptacle for the PW required for the Call Yog-Sothoth spell. After the victim is drain of their POW, the lifeless body will be collected by the wizard's bound ghast coming out of a metal-covered hole in the floor, and then given to the slathering Ghouls for their evening meal. Witnessing this entire scene cost 2/d8 SAN.

The crystal has a Passive STR of 22 and 16 HPs. If the relic is destroyed in the basement, the resulting release of psychic energy will cause an explosion resulting in all persons in the basement taking 1D10 Damage, blowing out the small windows and starting the chapel....and the stairs on fire.

DOWN THE DRAIN

Using engineering maps readily available from the San Francisco Public Works Office, Investigators may be able to enter the residence from below. The storm drains are around 5x2' in size, pitch dark, clammy, and filled with malodourously-smelling sewage from the streets above. Normally only ankle deep, the water can reach hip high during rainy weather and flow is moderately swift. (Active STR 14 on Resistance Table).

Going down the Masonic Ave line, Investigators will find a branch heading parallel to the property line of Mhae-Yrn's abode. Around 15 yards down this smaller drain (4' diameter) is a perpendicular branch that leads to a small cave that leads to the basement temple to Yog-Sothoth.

Unfortunately, the cave is the main dining chamber of the ghouls, whom Mhae-Yrn has patrolling the sewers for unwary interlopers. 1-3 ghouls will attack from their overhead grottos using their inherent Sneak skill to determine surprise, if the investigators are not inspecting the ceiling.

SUMMONING ON THE SOLSTICE

*Now we beat on the drum, Aquarian dancers
come.*

*And now the children the oracle has seen
play at the old gates of his dreams.*

And he doesn't even realize, he doesn't realize,

*That it's all happening to let him know, there's
a change*

Comin' up behind him,

But he's hangin' on to the chains

And the key that binds him.

**"Keeper of the Keys" by the band
H.P. Lovecraft**

In order to try and "cure" the bad vibes of 1968, local Hippy "leaders" have organized a free Summer Solstice Concert, in an attempt to return

San Francisco back to the spirit of the previous Summer of Love, and turn away from the ever growing violence and anguish in society. The date is Saturday, June 21, the longest day of the year. The concert is to be held in Golden Gate Park with free admission.

The line-up is as follows:

Pacific Gaslight (Noon)

Sky Saxon, formerly of The Seeds (1pm)

The Peanut Butter Conspiracy (2pm)

Fritz (3pm)

The World Column (4pm)

The Otherside (5pm)

Mother Earth (6pm)

H.P. Lovecraft (7pm)

Sly & the Family Stone (8pm)

Xura (9pm/sunset)

Jefferson Airplane (10pm)

The Grateful Dead (Midnight- Dawn)

The day starts off in a festive mood, with hundreds of young people showing up in the morning to dance, congregate, groove in brilliant sunshine, and of course smoke marijuana away from the prying eyes of the park and city police who have promised concert organizers that they avoid open confrontation unless provoked first. By the time the first band takes the stage at noon, there are 5,000 people dancing and making merry, but by late afternoon, the crowd swells to over 15,000 and the park facilities are stretched to maximum; toilets stop up, roads are blocked, grass trampled into dust, and hours in the warm sun are parching thirsts and heating tempers. Still, the music keeps the crowd peaceful and happy, as each band contributes a 45 minutes set of eclectic folk rock, free-form jams, mind-blowing Psychedelia, and cosmic rhythms. Above normal public nudity and lewdness abounds in more secluded areas along with more blatant and open drug use, shocking mundane Investigators. Backstage, all is frenzied activity, trying to get each band set up in less than 15 minutes.

As the sun begins to dip into the Pacific, the high energy funk of Sly and the Family Stone gets the crowd charged up and the air is suddenly electric with human passion and emotion. Then 20 minutes after Sly and his family prance off stage, the stage lights dim, and a blue crystal bathes the stages and front crowd in an eerie glow. Then Mhae-Yrn, in the guise of rising rock star Dylan Miner, begins to play.....

Sequence of the Summoning

Three songs into the set, Mhae-Yrn will have the complete attention of the crowd with his and Xura's musical talents. He will then begin to cast a Mass Power Binding Spell into the crowd, which will absorb 1d6 POW from persons in a 30' diameter area. The accumulated Power is then stored in the crystalline globe from his lair, again used as a lighted stage prop. When the crystal reaches its capacity, Mhae-Yrn shall direct Ranosio begin singing "Opener of the Way", while he casts Call Yog-Sothoth, substituting the rotunda of the Palace of Fine Arts as the prerequisite stone tower. With crowd chanting part of the spell and 200+ points of POW in the Crystal, Mhae-Yrn should have no problem with a successful casting.

There are numerous ways to stop Mhae-Yrn from completing the summoning of Yog-Sothoth, some cautious, some foolhardy, some outright illegal, some utterly out of left field. Success is per Keeper's Discretion.

Use of Firearms: What with the recent gun deaths of King and Kennedy, local police are trying to crack down on gun violence, and weapon-wielding Investigators firing guns out in public will quickly find themselves in the city jail. The mere sight of a gun in the crowd will cause the audience to stamped in panic or possibly even attack the Investigators. If a riot ensues, the police move in tear gas and night sticks and the Investigators will need to roll three consecutive LUCK rolls to avoid be caught.

Outright murder of an up-and coming musician will most likely result in criminal prosecution and a life sentence in prison. Outlandish excuses like "earth-destroying wizards" will only send a suspect to the State Mental Hospital for observation alongside one Sirhan Sirhan.

Distractions: A crowd riot, a police raid, fireworks, or other seriously attention-grabbing events can disrupt the Power Binding and the Call Yog-Sothoth Spell. However, it would not be the last opportunity for Mhae-Yrn to try his casting, and thus the Investigators will have to continue following him and the band. The wizard does have a very good memory....

Going acoustic: As Mhae-Yrn's plan requires broadcasting his spell of Mass POW Binding, so cutting off the microphones either at the source or from its power supply would work temporarily. Attempts to disconnect the power to the stage amplifiers will require an Electric Repair Roll to turn of the generators or connections to Pacific Gas & Electric's power grid, or risk electrocution (3D10 Damage). Also, they will have to manage

to get past the eight roadies and dozen or so Hell's Angels the organizers unfortunately hired for security. And as with distractions, the summoning can be reattempted.

Using Magic: Magical Dueling with a wizard of Mhae-Yrn's prowess is suicidal; especially for ill-prepared Investigators. However, he does have one magical weakness; his presence on Earth is due only to Oswald, and the otherworldly wizard can only gate between the Dreamlands and Earth accompanied by his young associate. If the Gate spell found from "Twixt the Gates of Time" can be cast on the wizard when away from Oswald, he would be send back to whence he came from....or into void of space, lost forever amid a million dimensions.

If the Power Crystal is destroyed during the summoning, the stored POW within will erupt in a blaze of ionized energy. Those on Stage will most likely be electrocuted (3d10 Damage), while the crowd will only suffer 3D10 Minutes of being Stunning and 1d3of Physical Damage. If Mhae-Yrn survives the blast, he will be taken to San Francisco General Hospital...where his ranting of other dimensions and Great Old Ones will most likely land him heavily sedated in the California State Mental Hospital where the "treatment" destroys his magical ability

A Surprise Guest: IF the Investigators fail to stop the Summoning, they will be witness to a light show that no concert promoter could ever imagine. The clear night sky cracks open in a brilliant flash of multi-colored cosmic energy, which crackles horizon to horizon with greenish-blue lighting. Then the scene becomes as bright as day with near blinding beams of magnified starlight illuminate the park. Then Yog-Sothoth appears as gigantic iridescent globes. Investigators must roll SAN (1d10/1d100). The crowd, terrified beyond rational thought or too stoned to comprehend what is happening, stands in mute horror as Mhae-Yrn welcomes his god, directing it to feast upon the city across the bay, Oakland. Oswald goes completely mad at the sight of "King Arthur", and Life on Earth goes very bad from that point...

CONCLUSION

It's all over now

It's all over now

End Refrain from "Keeper of the Keys"

by the band H.P. Lovecraft

If the Investigators can manage to stop Myae-Yrn from evoking Yog-Sothoth before the Solstice Concert, award them 1D8 SAN. If they prevent the summoning in progress, Award them 1D8+4 SAN. However, if the Investigators willing cause any deaths amongst the innocent and completely unaware members of Xura or the audience, subtract 1D6 SAN and have the San Francisco Police department on their trail.

If Stephanie Nix can be rescued, the effect of Mhae-Yrn's Mesmerizing spell will wear off in 2d6 days and her grateful parents will reward the investigators with \$10,000. If Oswald manages to survive, award the Investigators an additional 5 SAN and a share of the \$20,000 reward offered by his father. Oswald will no doubt require many years of intense psychotherapy after his misadventure. Perhaps he'll recover...or perhaps live forever in his mad dreams of Merlin and King Arthur.

TIME LINE

April 4: Martin Luther King is assassinated by James Earl Ray, numerous American cities burn with race riots.

May 4: Former Chicago-based psychedelic band HP Lovecraft plays the Merchandise Mart, Old State Fairgrounds, Sacramento with Buffalo Springfield and others.

May 9-11 (Thur-Sat): HP Lovecraft plays the Fillmore. The show is taped for a future recording.

May 15 (Wed)- Oswald "discovers" secret of Merlin's whereabouts in the Dreamlands from a book in the Stanford Library, and begins to prepare his way there.

May 17 (Fri) Oswald inquires of Miss Norwalski about psychedelics

May 18 (Sat) - Oswald buys a supply of drugs & herb from the Hebbie Jeebie shop for his voyage into the dreamlands.

May 24-26: HP Lovecraft plays the Fillmore West with Big Brother & the Holding Company and The Clara Ward Singers

May 24: Spring Semester at Stanford Ends. Oswald goes to the Muir Woods, and enters the Dreamlands that night.

May 26: (Sun) Oswald returns after "months" in the Dreamlands with Mhae-Yrn. They head to

San Francisco with enthralled driver and stay at the Ritz Carlton

May 27: (Mon) Memorial Day. Oswald & Myae-Yrn explore San Francisco, and the wizard takes to the atmosphere of chaos and rebellion---as well the free love.

May 28: (Tues) "Dylan Milner" and Oswald sell large amount of gold & gems

May 29: (Wed) then buy a small former Catholic chapel at 1300 Masonic Ave.

May 30 (Thur) Mhae-Yrn closes on 1300 Masonic Ave, contacts a group of local ghouls, and 3 Chinese workers are taken & killed to consecrate the new residence to Yog-Sothoth. Mhae-Yrn begins guise of Dylan Milner, plays the "Java Hut" coffee bar in SF. Maury William, heroin addict is killed; found the next day.

May 31- Milner plays at the Myst Eternal. Stephanie Nichols is kidnapped for Oswald. Kate Morrow, of Seymour IN is sacrificed.

June 1 (Sat): Gig at the "Neverland" coffee bar, "Milner" meets fellow musicians, band Xura is founded. JoAnn Carter killed afterwards.

June 2 (Sun):

June 3 (Mon): Larry "Moondog" Jermaine killed.

June 4 (Tues) Connie Sagatini (18yr old runaway) killed. Joann Carter's body found

June 5 (Wed) Steve Woodson (20yr old addict) killed. Robert Kennedy assassinated in Los Angeles by Sirhan Sirhan.

June 6 (Thur) Marcella Guerreiro (28yr Prostitute) is sacrificed

June 7th (Fri) Debut of "Xura" at Family Dog Concert & Dance, response is amazing. Tony Hathaway is sacrificed. Andy Warhol shot and wounded in NYC

June 8 (Sat) Bums Joe Phillips and Mac Farris killed, witnessed by Wheezer Evans. H.P. Lovecraft plays Hollywood A-Go-Go with Kaleidoscope in LA.

June 9 (Sun) Mannerheims return, Oswald reported missing

June 10th (Mon) Sanford Summer term begins.. Oswald sells \$5000 worth of gold at bank.

June 11 (Tue) Investigators are contacted.

June 12: (Wed) Prostitute LaDonna Jackson killed.

June 13th: (Thur) Tony Hathaway (19yr old hippy wannabe) killed

June 14 (Fri) Xura plays another Family Dog dance at the Electric Blue Lodge. Beth Gallager are sacrificed

June 15 (Sat) Xura Plays the Filmore West, Danny DePhilipo is sacrificed A Goblin breaks into the Psi Phi House and makes off with Oswald's stuff after leaving the camping gear and attacking Bill Bohard.

June 16 (Sun) Bum Jasper Smith killed by a hungry Ghast

June 17 Xura band practice

June 18 (Tue) Xura plays the Myst Eternal. Oswald and an entranced Stephanie Nichols attend. Local bum Pete Thomas killed and sacrificed

June 19: (Wed) Drug Dealer Juan Veros killed and sacrificed

June 20 Xura band practice

June 21 (Fri) Xura plays the Winterland, last victim is Steve Woodson. The "Crystal of Power Binding" is finally enchanted and charged

June 22 (Sat)- The Summer Solstice Concert Mhae-Yrn attempts to call forth Yog-Sothoth.

NPCs

OSWALD WARNEFIELD: Obsessed Merlin Fan, age 20

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 10 DEX 13 APP 14
POW 12 INT 16 EDU 15 SAN 20 HP 10

WEAPONS Enchanted Cane 35%
 Blessed Daggers 25%
 5 Flash Powder Grenades 30%

SK LLS Bargain 30% Credit Rating 45% Dreaming 50% Dreamlands Lore 65% Fast Talk 25% History 60% Library 65% Occult 50% Gaelic 40% Latin 40% Persuade 30% Play Cello 70% Sneak 35% Spot 50% Follow Blindly 90%

Oswald was an extremely bookish, with rather wild tendencies punctuating his duller moments, but now after months as a "man of the world" in the Dreamlands, he has taken to a slightly more hedonistic lifestyle. Although not completely insane yet, he is utterly enthralled with his "master" and oblivious to the murder and mayhem going on. Oswald seriously believes he has

become Merlin's sole apprentice in return King Arthur and cannot be readily cured of this disorder.

From his family pictures and friend's recollections, Oswald Warnefield was a slight, baby-faced ale young man with somewhat pale skin, black horned-rimmed glasses and a short, blond "Prince Valiant" hairstyle. The last thing he was seen wearing was a brown & white striped t-shirt, tan corduroys, oxford walking shoes, and a green windbreaker.

However, that was then, and after his seven month sojourn in the Dreamlands, Oswald's now sport long wavy hair past his shoulders, a full light brown beard, blue-tinted oval-shaped wire spectacles, and an odd mix of Victorian and Renaissance-style clothing.

*****Enchanted Cane:** When hit with, the cane drains 1 POW from the target. If touched by anyone but the owner, it still drains the point of POW.

Flash Powder Grenade: Causes a blinding bright light and then a thick gray fog will last for 5-9 minutes (d6+4). Treat as a CON 5 poison on Resistance table for choking.

EDWARD WARNEFIELD: Wealthy & Worried Father, Age 55

STR: 13 CON: 16 SIZ: 15 DEX: 11 APP: 14
INT: 16 POW: 10 EDU: 19 SAN: 50 HPs: 15

Damage Bonus +1d4

Weapons Fist Punch 55% 1d3+db
 12g Shotgun 45%
 50 Heavy Machinegun 35%

SK LLS Accounting 50% Bargain 80% Credit Rating 55% Drive Cadillac 35% English 95% First Aid 40% History 40% Latin 21% Law 30% Library Use 40% Listen 40% Mechanical Repair 30% Navigate 45% Persuade 60% Psychology 50% Spot Hidden 45% Swim 55%

An extremely successful San Jose Real Estate Developer, and long time Stanford booster. He is a former Navy Commander from WW2, and one-time Executive Officer of the Navy heavy cruiser "USS Denver" in the Pacific. His family includes wife Catherine, daughter Agnes (27yr old corporate wife in LA) and sons Edward Jr.(a 29yr old IBM Executive), Jonathan (23yr Navy officer in Vietnam), and Oswald. He is a life-long Conservative who's a bit anxious from the on-rushing "Youth Rebellion" and is terrified that Oswald will be swept into it.

ROLF MANNERHIEM: Political Science Grad Student/Outdoorsman, Age 27

STR 15 CON 17 SIZ 15 DEX 14 APP 14
INT 17 POW 10 EDU 19 SAN 50 HP 16

Damage Bonus +1d4

Weapons Fist Punch 55% 1d3+db
30% 1d8+2+db

SKILLS Astronomy 30% Climb 50% Dodge 24% Drive Auto 30%
Fast talk 30% First Aid 45% History 55% Law 35% Library Use
65% Listen 35% Natural History 50% Navigate 45% Russian
30% English 95% Persuade 60% Psychology 40% Ride 30%
Sneak 30% Spot Hidden 45% Swim 40% Throw 35% Track
25%

**DONNA NORLWALKSKI: English
Literature Grad Student/Fantasy
Writer: Age 24**

STR: 10 CON: 12 SIZ: 9 DEX: 14 APP: 14
INT: 18 POW: 10 EDU: 19 SAN: 50 HP: 11

SKILLS: Accounting: 20%, Anthropology: 26%,
Archeology: 21%, Bargain: 35%, Credit Rating: 35%,
Dodge: 27%, Drug Use: 41%, Drive Moped: 45%,
English: 100%, French: 21%, Gaelic: 26%, History:
60%, Library: 75%, Listen: 45%, Occult: 45%,
Persuade: 40%, Play Flute: 35%, Psychology: 50%,
Sneak: 35%, Spot Hidden: 30%, Swim: 35%

Other NPCs

**DR. ANDREW PARTRIDGE: British and
Celtic Heritage Expert, Age 50**

STR: 11 CON: 12 SIZ: 13 DEX: 9 APP: 13
INT: 17 POW: 16 EDU: 22 SAN: 80 HP: 14

SKILLS Anthropology 26% Archeology 41% Calligraphy 55% English
100% Gaelic 46% Gardening 35% Geology 21% History of
Britain 90% Latin 21% Library Use 75% Listen 45% Occult
30% Persuade 55% Photography 30% Psychology 45% Spot
Hidden 55% Welsh 81%

**DR DENNIS DIRIBERT: European History
Professor, age 54**

STR 13 CON 15 SIZ 16 DEX 10 APP 12
INT 18 POW 15 EDU 23 SAN 75 HP 15

SKILLS Accounting 20% Archeology 30% Calligraphy 45% English
115% English History 80% European History 70% European
Legends & Lore 45% European Natural History 60% Gaelic 56%
Latin 30% Law 25% Library 75% Listen 40% Persuade 60%
Psychology 50% Spot Hidden 35% Welsh 30%

**DR BARNABUS HORNEY: Religious
Studies Professor**

STR: 12 CON: 12 SIZ: 11 DEX: 16 APP: 14
INT: 17 POW: 17 EDU: 22 SAN: 85 HP: 12

SKILLS Accounting 25% Bargain 35% Climb 45% Credit Rating
30% English 110% Hebrew 20% Latin 55% Law 25% Library
Use 75% Listen 45% Occult 40% Persuade 60% Photography
30% Psychology 55% Religious History 76% Spot Hidden 40%
Swim 35% World Religions 81%

**DETECTIVE ROLAND HANSEN: SFPD
Missing Persons Investigator, Age 47**

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

SKILLS: Accounting: 30%, Bargain: 40%, Climb: 45%,
Dodge: 25%, Drive Car: 30%, Fast Talk: 40%,
Forensics: 55%, First Aid: 45%, Local History: 45%,
Law: 70%, Library: 50%, Listen: 45%, Persuade: 60%,
Psychology: 65%, Sneak: 30%, Spot Hidden: 50%.

"WHEEZER" EVANS, Skid Row Bum, age 60something
STR: 9 CON: 16 SIZ: 10 DEX: 13 APP: 8

INT: 10 POW: 9 EDU: 12 SAN: 30 HPs: 13

SKILLS: Bargain: 40%, Conceal: 40%, English: 60%,
Fast Talk: 40%, Harmonica: 45%, Listen: 40%,
Locksmith: 41%, Panhandle: 70%, San Francisco
History: 35%, Sneak: 45%, Spot Hidden: 30%

VILLIANY

**MHAE-YRN: Evil Druid turned Mage from
Celaphis, Age Unknown**

STR 13 CON 20 SIZ 17 DEX 15 APP 14
POW:25, INT:17, EDU:21, HPs:18.

SKILLS Alchemy 50% Astronomy 60% Climb 50% Grapple 40%
English 61% Hide 35% Library Use 50% Listen 50% Natural
History 40% Medicine 25% Persuade 60% Play Stringed
Instrument 65% Spellcraft 80% Sneak 45% Spot Hidden 45%
Throw 40% Dagger 40%

Imprisoned for his devotion to Yog-Sothoth and
evil ways, this Dreamlands wizard is clad in a mix
of tattering robes and modern, colorful fabrics.
He stands nearly seven feet tall with a long sandy
brown beard flowing over his pointed facial fea-
tures. His speech is rough English with over-
whelming Gaelic overtones. He does look the
part of Merlin.

WEAPONS Silver Dagger of Eternal Death (POW drain 66%)
Staff (1d6 Dam 55%)

SPELLS Power Drain Call Yog Sothoth Bind Ghoul Gate Bind Ghost
Mist of R'lyth Dread Curse of Azathoth Cloud Memory Dominate
Enchant knife Enchant Stone Enhrall Victim Flesh Ward Implant
Fear Mesmerize Concentric Rings of the Worm Emerald Darts of
Ptah Ironmind Lassitude of Phein Lavender Spheres of Ptath
Seraph's Glory Serviceable Villain Soul Stealer

ZHAIRIG: Pet Goblin

STR 10 CON 9 SIZ 5 INT 12 POW 7
DEX 35 HP 7

Skills Climb 80% Dodge 70% Hide 90% Jump 50% Listen 50%
Mechanical D Srepair 40% Sneak 70% Throw 35%

Armor 3pts of skin

Mhae Yrn's "present" to Oswald, this goblin is a
deformed faeire with tusks, a big crimson nose,
googily eyes, blueish fur, and long arms that

reach below legs even with the hunched shoulders.

GHAST: Horrific Servant Monster

STR 22 CON 13 SIZ 21 INT 03 POW 10
DEX 12 HP 20

Damage Bonus 2d6

Weapons Bite 40% damage 1d10
Kick 25% damage 1d6 + db

Armor 3 p s of skin

Skills Sneak 70%

Note Sunlight kills them instantly

SAN Loss 0/1d8

GHOULS (8): Filthy Underworld Scavengers

STR 16 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 10 POW 09
DEX 13 HP 12

Damage Bonus 1d4

Weapons Claws 30% damage 1d6+db
Bite 30% damage 1d6+disease

Armor projectile weapons do 1/2 damage

Skills Burrow 75% Climb 85% Hide 60% Jump 75% Listen 70%
Sneak 80% Spot Hidden 50%

SAN Loss 0/1d6

HELL'S ANGELS BIKER GUARDS/ROADIES (d10):

STR 16 CON 14 SIZ 16 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 10 HP 15

Damage Bonus=1d4

Weapons Fist/Punch 65%
Knife 65% damage 1d6+db
Club/Pool Cue 60% 1d3+db

Armor Leather Jackets/studded denim=2pt

Skills Ride Motorcycle 75% Beat Person Ruthlessly 65% Drug Use 40%

Mhae-Yrn "persuaded" seven of the toughest and meanest members of the Hells Angels biker club to be his. When they aren't scrounging up drugs and groupies or heaving amplifiers and instruments, they provide security to his "new pad" at 485 Masonic Ave.



By Kevin Todd McKinnon
and Dylan Kaye Sharpe

In this Call of Cthulhu scenario the investigators are members of a Chinese Triad who have traveled to the Kingdom of Bhutan in search of a lost figurine once possessed by the mighty Mongol warlord Genghis Khan. It also introduces the Lesser Other God Aiueb Gnshal.

Introduction

In the 12th century, the warlord Temujin did what no other before him could. He united the marauding tribes of proud Mongol horsemen into a cohesive whole and set out to conquer the world. Named "Universal Ruler", or Genghis Khan in 1206, Temujin's army had first waged war on the Ch'in Empire of Northern China. After securing a foothold in China, Genghis Khan's attention turned to the rest of Asia. Ultimately, the Mongols conquered Turkestan, Afghanistan, Iran and even swaths of southern Russia. Their empire stretched from the Caucasus Mountains to the Indus River and from the Caspian Sea to Peking, originally named Cambuluc by Genghis Khan's grandson, Kublai Khan.

How was it that Genghis Khan, and his heirs, were able to grasp such power, and keep it? Temujin was known as a shrewd negotiator and a skilled political leader, as well as a fearsome warrior. But can one man's sheer force of will build an empire and maintain it? Of course not, Temujin had a little help.

There is only one document in existence that mentions what that help might have been. The mythic Cambuluc Scrolls, attributed to the ancient wizard Lang-Fu, were written during the time of Temujin and although cryptic, contain valuable information. The scrolls were long forgotten in catacombs deep below Peking's Forbidden City, until a university student named

Twen-Ch'ang found them. Twen-Ch'ang wasn't much of a student, and found that life as a Tong member was far more exiting than academics. Fortunately, Twen-Ch'ang fell in with a Tong that stole art and antiquities to fund their other operations, so he was considered a valuable asset and quickly moved up to the rank of Lieutenant.

When Twen-Ch'ang finally deciphered the scrolls he had taken, it became clear that the author of the scrolls believed the source of Temujin's power was a series of stone figurines. The statuettes were allegedly placed around the borders of Temujin's lands, and somehow focused his power. The scrolls also described one specific figurine, a stone horse, which was carried by Temujin, his son, and his grandson. The stone horse was the source of their leadership ability, and when Twen-Ch'ang told his Tong boss Rong about it, Rong wanted the figurine.

Once Twen-Ch'ang discovered that the figurine was apparently taken to Bhutan after Kublai Khan's death, Rong immediately ordered him to take a group of Tong soldiers to Bhutan to recover the figurine, believing that it will help him consolidate all the Tongs in Peking under his leadership.

The scenario begins with the investigators having already reached the Kingdom of Bhutan and having made several contacts. The Tong members were directed to a gambling den just outside the capital town of Jakar.

Keeper Information

This scenario should take a group of 4-6 investigators 4-8 hours to complete, depending on where their investigations lead them. Keepers wanting a shorter game can simply eliminate the "Other Encounters" and use the "Direct Route". In play testing one group of investigators took the direct route and finished the scenario in six hours. Another group finished in nine hours after exhaustive investigations. The Keeper should remind the investigators that they are members of a Chinese Tong, and aren't necessarily warm, friendly people.

Direct Route

The dealer in the Migo (A Worn out Welcome) will lead to Baird (The British Invasion).

Baird will lead to the old mystic (Meeting an Old Crone).

The old witch will lead to the ghouls (Beyond the Valley of The Ghouls).

The ghouls will lead to the temple (Worship in the Mountain of Aiueb Gnshal.)

Other Encounters

Bhutanese street gangs (The Gangs of Bhutan) will harass the Tong on the streets of Jakar. They can lead the Tong to the ghouls or the old witch if they are properly motivated, either through force or bribery.

The Miskatonic University dig (The Lost Expedition) will be heard of on the streets of Jakar. They may be seen - they are obvious as there are few Caucasians in Bhutan. The Tong may be directed to the dig site as well - after the first batch of local workers fled there is much gossip on the street. Any ex-worker the investigators may track down will talk one way or another. The dig site may be seen by the Tong members as a convenient place to re-supply or acquire weapons. The workers will know that there are several firearms at the camp, usually in the Caucasians tents.

Keepers should harass the Tong with some of the local animal life (Wildlife in Bhutan) when they are isolated. A tiger coming down a mountain pass or small pack of wolves can motive and frighten the players. Although elephants do exist in Bhutan and occasionally still do attack humans, Keepers are discouraged from using them against players. The probability of wiping out the party is too great, and besides, they're scheduled to die later in the scenario anyway.

In and around Jakar, the Keeper should note there is an inn with rooms the investigators can stay in. There is also a market where common items can be purchased. Generous keepers may place a Chinese merchant or two in the market so the Tong members have some easier access to local information. Any merchant would know about Baird and The Swarm.

Beginning Play

The players should each have one of the supplied Tong member characters, a copy of Player Aid #1 and Player Aid #2.

The scenario begins with the Tong members having just destroyed the interior of the gaming den. There is blood on their hands, bodies on the floor and an angry mob on the way. Players should escape the mob in the opening scene, if they are killed, there won't be much of an adventure - keepers are encouraged to make the mob attacking the group even larger and more blood-thirsty if the players think about holing out in the den.

Player Information

Player Aid 1

"The summoned Mongols cowered before it, averting their vision in terror from what danced beyond the gateway of its eyes. From an immeasurable, watching void, the child-minded god, Aiueb Gnshal, bestowed dreadful blessings. The worshippers beheld their accursed inheritance in horrified gratitude. The Eyes Between Worlds reached amongst its butchered congregation with promise-filled hunger. To the living went powers, unspeakable gifts and knowledge unwanted. The dead rose to become Aiueb Gnshal's most malevolent sentinels. To Temujin came power - a horse figurine of star-stone to lead by. And to all peoples came Temujin, who would be named Universal Ruler."

-Lang-Fu, the Cambuluc Scrolls, 1295AD

Player Aid 2

The investigators are members of a Chinese Triad who have traveled to the Kingdom of Bhutan in search of a lost figurine once possessed by the mighty Mongol warlord Genghis Khan.

Twen Ch'ang, while a student in Peking, came across references to the Cambuluc Scrolls, legendary documents written by the ancient wizard Land-Fu. Twen Ch'ang believed the scrolls did exist and found several of them in the universities ancient catacombs. They made reference to the great Mongol warlord Genghis Khan and his grandson Kublai Khan. Lang-Fu implied that the source of the Khan's power was a figurine, or several figurines, that were held by Genghis and passed on to his ancestors. Cryptic references seem to indicate that one of the figurines, a stone horse, was taken to Bhutan by a party of Mongol horsemen acting on Genghis' orders. The scroll gives the Ura Valley as the destination of the horsemen.

Twen Ch'ang noted this to Rong, and the Tong boss felt the chance to share in the mighty Khan's power was too great to miss. He ordered Twen Ch'ang to travel with a small group of the Tong's soldiers to Bhutan to locate the figurine.

In Mongar, Bhutan, Chu-Jung shared a private dinner with Yeshe, a longtime family business associate in munitions trading. Yeshe entrusted Chu-Jung with a Bharal-headed gold coin bearing a water-wheel on its opposite face, telling the investigators it would grant secure entrance into a secluded manor hidden deep in the Ura Valley.



Following Yeshi's instructions, the Tong party safely entered the fortified manor of Kingzang. Kingzang advised the investigators to journey to a gambling den known as the Migo. Translating to mean "Wild Man", the gaming lair is situated near the outskirts of the capital town Jakar. Upon entering the Migo, a Tong member needed to purchase information from a rotten-toothed, one-legged croupier known as Nado.

The info from Nado will allow investigators to know who the Ura Valley's major relic smugglers are.

The game opens with the investigators inside the Migo with problems and blood on their hands...

A Worn Out Welcome

Keeper Information

This adventure begins with the investigators having rendered the Wild Man gambling den into complete disarray. The investigators have less than five minutes before a rallying throng will arrive to reap murderous revenge. Most potential hostages are either unconscious or mortally wounded; several frightened gamblers remain shaking in the den's eastern corner. If anyone checks the victims strewn about the floor, they will discover that there are five are dead.

Any Tong member who wishes to collect gambling funds will notice there are still hundreds of silver, copper and brass coins in the room. In addition to currency, a small supply of provisions, several containers filled with alcoholic beverages and numerous candles are available for the taking. It would be wise for the investigators to depart fairly quickly, as the Migo's owner has promised the approaching rabble three days worth of fermented drink in exchange for the heads of the investigators.

The most valuable information the investigators can get from Nado is that a Caucasian named Baird does most of the trade in antiquities in Jakar.

Player Information

The mission's first hitch occurred attempting to enter the Migo gaming den. Neither Yeshi's gold coin, nor a reference to Kingzang's good name, would grant the Tong members admittance into the infamous gambling haven. Three well armed doormen uttered racial insults, demanding that Chu-Jung immediately leave with his companions. Instead of accepting Chu-Jung's financial

enticement, the doormen sounded their alarm and began challenging the Tong members. Within moments, locals piled out of the guarded entry-way as a full scale conflict erupted. A minute later, the doormen and their friends had been cut down, and the Tong members began maneuvering their way through the den's interior.

Having established control of the Migo, the investigators promptly discovered a single-legged dealer hiding behind a gaming table. Due to time restraints, Chu-Jung's urgent enquiries were quickly forsaken for Kuan Ti's effective interrogation methods. At this moment Kuan Ti has just finished breaking the croupier's lone knee. Chao, Dewei and Xun are dispersed throughout the den keeping watch for trouble. Chu-Jung is currently ready to translate Twen-Ch'Ang's next question into Dzongkha, the Bhutanese language, while the rotten toothed dealer sits in agony holding his shattered knee. The croupier will now answer any question to best of his ability; he is terrified and desperately wants to survive this encounter with these Chinese gangsters.

Nado, age 37, The Migo's Croupier

STR 09	DEX 10	INT 14	Idea 60
CON 09	APP 08	POW 17	Luck 75
SIZ 08	SAN 75	EDU 10	Know 50

99-Cthulhu Mythos: 99 Damage Bonus: None

Sanity Points: 65 Hit Points: 9

Weapons None

Skills Accounting 38% Bargain 66% Conceal 55% Dodge 20% Fast Talk 53% Law 34% Listen 47% Own Language Dzongkha 50% Occult 35% Psychology 46% Persuade 42% Spot Hidden 59%

Note As a croupier Nado has been employed in gambling dens for nearly twenty five years. Nado's work at the Migo allows him to excel in arranging illegal business activities. People looking to hire a criminal usually visit with Nado at his home in the nearby capital town of Jakar where finders fees are arranged. Likewise a person seeking to gain illicit employment would only need to visit the Migo and offer here services to Nado. A white Englishman named Baird resides in Jakar where he occasionally enlists the arrangement services of Nado.

Ten Bloodthirsty Ruffians

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Ruffian 1	12	14	10	12	11	12
Ruffian 2	9	13	8	12	14	11
Ruffian 3	10	13	9	11	9	12
Ruffian 4	11	11	9	11	12	10
Ruffian 5	11	13	10	9	14	12
Ruffian 6	9	12	8	10	13	10
Ruffian 7	10	14	9	10	9	12
Ruffian 8	10	10	8	13	11	9
Ruffian 9	14	10	10	8	10	10
Ruffian 10	11	12	9	10	13	11

Damage Bonus None

Weapons Rugged Club 40% damage 1d3+1+db
 Fist 65% damage 1d3+db
 Grapple 45% special

The British Invasion

Major Baird, age 50, British Army Retired

STR 13 DEX 13 INT 14 Idea 60
 CON 13 APP 12 POW 15 Luck 75
 SIZ 12 SAN 75 EDU 15 Know 75

99-Cthulhu Mythos: 99 Damage Bonus: +1d4

Sanity Points: 65 Hit Points: 33

Weapons 38 Revolver 60% damage 1d10

Skills Accounting 30% Archeology 41% Bargain 75% Credit Rating 35% Dodge 26% History 40% Law 45% Own Language English 75% Language Dzongkha 55% Navigation 60% Occult 40% Persuade 65% Language English 75% Psychology 55%

Note Major Baird served with the British Army in Egypt South Africa Persia India and Bhutan As an amateur archeologist and historian Baird was quite taken with the artifacts and temples found in Bhutan Realizing that trade in such artifacts would be far more lucrative than his military career Major Baird retired early from the British Army taking his trusted sergeant with him Prior to arriving in Bhutan Baird made arrangements to transport the artifacts back to Europe through India Having previously served the Crown in numerous combat actions Baird felt a lack of obligation to return to further military service in 1914 Major Baird ensures all local officials are sufficiently bribed to turn a blind eye to his activities Being prudent Baird errs on the side of caution and provides a seasonal tribute to The Swarm street gang

Baird will, for a price, acknowledge that he has heard vague rumors of a secret temple in the mountains, but he does not actually know the location. He will suggest the investigators seek out the crazy old woman and ask her advice. He will know a rough location for her and will tell the investigators her usual fee is food, drink or a small animal like a goat or pig.

Sergeant Beals, age 39, British Army Retired

STR 16 DEX 12 INT 12 Idea 60
 CON 16 APP 10 POW 13 Luck 65
 SIZ 14 SAN 65 EDU 11 Know 55

99-Cthulhu Mythos: 99 Damage Bonus: +1d4

Sanity Points: 65 Hit Points: 15

Weapons 303 Enfield rifle 85% damage 2d6+4
 Bayonet mounted (attack) 65% damage 1d8+db
 Bayonet mounted (parry) 35% parry
 Bayonet handheld 75% damage 1d4+2+db

Skills Dodge 24% First Aid 50% Hide 40% Own Language English 55% Language Dzongkha 35% Listen 55% Mechanical Repair 30% Persuade 65% Sneak 60%

Note As a young man Sergeant Beals devoted himself to serving his country as a member of the British Army which he did for nearly a decade Then he met Major Baird who offered him better money and more of an adventure than the army could provide The Major selected Beals because of his honesty honor and sense of duty Sergeant Beals is basically a good man but was considered extremely tough even by the British Army's standards That said he was also considered very fair by the ranks When news of the

ou break of the Great War reached Bhutan Beals' sense of duty compelled him to immediately journey south to India to reenlist in the British Army A year ago Beals returned to Bhutan with ten of his fellow veterans to work for Baird who welcomed them heartily

In order to speak to Baird, the Tong members will have to get through Beals. The only way to do so is to convince him they are not interested in cutting in on Baird's relic-smuggling. He will take monetary bribes as well, but the PCs will still have to convince him they're only passing through.

Though the course of this adventure the investigators will only encounter Major Baird in his office within the building he has purchased to run his business from. Sergeant Beals may be seen on the street with several of his men, or found at the building. Most locals know of Baird and can easily direct the investigators to his warehouse.

The building itself is a small depot with several offices and storage areas inside. Baird, Beals and their men live in the building and store their merchandise here while it awaits shipping. If the investigators get to speak to Baird one of them, likely Twen Ch'ang will be shown into his office, a sparsely furnished room with a desk, filing cabinet and side table.

Ten Veteran British Mercenaries

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Boyle	13	12	14	10	15	13
Davis	15	15	13	12	14	15
Gurney	16	16	13	12	13	16
Glover	15	13	14	11	11	14
Hamm	13	11	13	11	12	12
Hillier	12	15	13	10	11	14
Jones	12	10	15	08	14	11
Lewis	15	09	13	13	10	12
McKay	14	14	13	09	09	14
Montgomery	13	10	14	10	09	12

Damage Bonus +1d4

Weapons 303 Enfield rifle 75% damage 2d6+4
 Bayonet mounted (attack) 45% damage 1d8+db
 Bayonet mounted (parry) 25% parry
 Bayonet handheld 50% damage 1d4+2+db

Meeting an Old Crone

Nameless Crone, age 137, Old Woman (Crazed Mystic Witch)

STR 6 DEX 15 INT 17 Idea 95
 CON 19 APP 5 POW 23 Luck 99
 SIZ 8 SAN 0 EDU 22 Know 30
 99-Cthulhu Mythos: 34 Damage Bonus: -1d4
 Sanity Points: 85 Hit Points: 13

Weapons Walking Stick 25% damage 1d6+db



Armor None

Spells Alter Wea her Augur Bat Form Blight/Bless Crop Brew Dream
Drug Con act Ghoul Evil Eye Healing Summon/Bind Byakhee
Unspeakable Promise Wandering Soul Wither Limb (Spells can be
changed freely at Keeper's discretion)

Skills Astrology 58% Conceal 53% Cthulhu Mythos 65% Dodge 30%
Dream Lore 40% Herbal Lore 62% Hide 30% Natural History 64%
Occult 72% Own Language Dzongkha 99% Other Language Tcho
Tcho 71% Local Geography 86% Psychology 67% Spot Hidden
69%

Note Representa ives from farming communities make yearly pilgrimages
to offer abundant provisions in the form of livestock grains and
fermented drink to this venerable mystic who can reputedly alter the
wea her and see into the hearts of men Although her real name is
long forgotten locals commonly refer to her as the "Ancient Mountain
Lady" During her daily excursions she can often be heard in great
debate with rocks and animals about topics which seldom makes
sense

Investigators can freely approach this crazed
hag, but her receptiveness is very inconsistent.
Bringing a tribute to the old woman always
improves her mood.

The crone lives in a squalid stone shack covered
in hides to block some of the wind that whistles
through the mountains. There is only one
door and no windows in the dwelling and inside it
is dark and smoky. The walls are lined with
shelves laden with containers, scrolls and mysterious
bundles wrapped in hide.

If the Tong members have not brought any
provisions, they will be instructed to hunt fresh meat
for the Mountain Lady's supper. In the event that
the investigators did bring an edible tribute to the
old witch, she will wish to share it with them and
will inevitably concoct a terrible smelling stew, or
noxious drink with whatever she is given. Either
way, each investigator will be required to share a
meal with the venerable mystic. Investigators
must make a serious effort to consume the old
hag's appalling cuisine or she will become
offended and demand they leave. After having
shared this feast, the witch will insist investiga-
tors wait outside while she thanks the land for
having survived another meal.

After praying, the Old Lady will be willing to talk
with the Tong members and hear any questions
they may have. If the investigators have
requested information, the Aged Crone will "find"
their answers in the solitude of her shack. What
she is doing inside is left to the Keeper, but she
will emerge with their answers after six hours.
Most of the old crone's answers are cryptic, but
she can direct the investigators to the valley of
the ghouls. If asked directly about the temple of
Aiueb Gnshal, she will claim to not be able to see
it, but knows that the ghouls can take the investi-
gators there.

If necessary the investigators are welcome to
spend the night outside in the cold since the

crone will not allow men to stay in her hut. Shelter
from the biting wind can be found in the lee of the
structure, but a good sleep is unlikely.

Beyond the Valley of the Ghouls

There is a ghoulish warren located near the Temple
of Aiueb Gnshal in Bhutan. The ghouls have sur-
vived for centuries on the corpses of victims
which are often thrown into a deep crevasse
nearby. Not being idle, these ghouls have riddled
the mountainside with tunnels and burrows. They
have even dug their way into the sanctuary itself,
something the priests have not yet discovered.

This unknown entryway could be exploited by
players willing to negotiate with these monstrous
carrion-eaters. The ghouls are willing to bargain
for their services as guides, but will only accept
human flesh as payment. They will demand the
investigators tell them exactly which temple they
want to go to, since the surrounding countryside
is dotted with temples. After being told, the
ghouls will shudder and tell the investigators,
"The Temple of Aiueb Gnshal is filled with many
unnatural things." They have guided other groups
of humans into the mountain, none of which they
ever heard from again. The minimum payment
the ghouls will accept is two fresh bodies to take
the investigators to the temple. If the investiga-
tors ask to be led back after recovering the fig-
urine, the price climbs to five fresh bodies.

Investigators can also try their luck battling
through the tunnels against the ghouls who ulti-
mately number in the hundreds. Their passages
stretch for miles in the darkness and any investi-
gator trying to navigate them without the aid of a
ghoul will likely never be seen again.

Ten Ghouls

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Ghoul 1	14	14	13	11	12	14
Ghoul 2	12	13	13	13	17	13
Ghoul 3	11	10	14	14	9	12
Ghoul 4	14	13	13	10	13	13
Ghoul 5	11	14	14	12	8	14
Ghoul 6	13	16	13	10	15	15
Ghoul 7	17	14	15	11	11	15
Ghoul 8	14	10	11	16	16	11
Ghoul 9	11	15	13	13	14	14
Ghoul 10	14	12	14	15	10	13

Damage Bonus +1d4

Weapons Claws 30% damage 1d6+db

Bite 30% damage 1d6+automatic worry

Armor Firearms and projectiles do half of rolled damage round up any fraction

Spells None

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

Sanity Loss 0/1d6 Sanity points to see a ghoul

Gangs of Bhutan

A gang of minor criminals and thieves, known in Dzongkha as "The Swarm", roams the streets and alleys looking for easy prey. Tending to pick on foreigners, they often execute their victims with little fear of repercussion due to Bhutan's isolated geography. The Swarm rarely plans any crime in detail, but instead relies on opportunity and making the most of any given moment.

Investigators wandering the streets of Thimbu after dusk have a 30% of being targeted by The Swarm. This increases to 60% if the Tong members have already tangled with this gang. In any altercation, there will be six to ten Swarm soldiers who will attack viciously. After losing half their number, they will automatically attempt to retreat and reinforce. If the investigators are brazen enough to loiter, they will find themselves facing off against up to 20 members of The Swarm.

2 Bhutanese Street Gang Sergeants

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Sergeant 1	15	13	10	14	14	12
Sergeant 2	14	14	11	13	15	13

Damage Bonus +1d4

Weapons Cudgel 60% damage 1d6+db
Sickle 70% damage 1d6+1+db

8 Bhutanese Street Gang Soldiers

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Soldier 1	11	10	08	13	09	09
Soldier 2	13	09	09	12	10	09
Soldier 3	12	11	09	14	08	10
Soldier 4	10	10	08	15	14	09
Soldier 5	11	10	09	14	12	10
Soldier 6	12	12	10	12	16	11
Soldier 7	10	11	09	14	08	10
Soldier 8	13	12	10	11	11	11

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons Cudgel 50% damage 1d6+db

The Lost Expedition

In 1919, Miskatonic University approved funding for two extraordinary archeological expeditions. Keepers will recognize the documentation of Dr. Ronald Galloway's 1920 journey into Peru.

Unfortunately, there is little evidence to explain the sudden disappearance of Dr. Clayton Green's excursion into Bhutan. We do know that Dr. Green successfully reached Bhutan sometime in early April of 1920. In May, a communication arrived at Miskatonic University indicating that a substantial dig had begun near the community of Jakar. Although cryptic, Dr. Green's communiqué implied that he had uncovered a considerable find. During subsequent months, the university became growingly concerned over the abrupt cease in correspondence from the expedition. By October of that year, a second team was sent overseas to find the whereabouts of Dr. Green and his staff. Upon arriving in Bhutan, the investigative troop began an extensive, yet futile search for the missing archeologists. It has been suggested that the scholars were either robbed by bandits or stricken with disease. Perhaps Keepers will allow their investigators to shed light on what becomes of this lost expedition.

After only a month in Bhutan, Dr. Green's expedition has come upon a find of significant importance. The three-dozen men who labor at the site are excavating an ancient stone structure which is revealing a scholarly mystery. Dr. Green believes that the colossal stones may have been part of an ancient temple once created by a forgotten culture. The scholars believe these giant slabs formed the walls of an enormous building which is at least 8,000 years old. Halsey Thurber, the expedition's geologist, has construed several theories around cataclysmic wind storms burying the structure within the earth. The Land of the Thunder Dragon is historically renowned for its turbulent weather, but the lone undergraduate, Wesley Pickering, has conceived another theory. Pickering believes that a meteorite impacted nearby burying the site in its aftermath; Bhutan's surface geography refutes this theory.

On the morning of the sixteenth day of excavation, the Miskatonic team was awakened by the noise of their diggers breaking camp and fleeing back to Jakar. Some of the terrified workers said the walls were alive and none could be persuaded to stay. When Dr. Green inspected the ruins, he was surprised to find that previously unmarked walls were covered in pictograms. After viewing this phenomenon, Dr. Green returned to the capital town of Jakar to send his field report to Miskatonic University. Since then Dr. Green has hired a respected elder and his family from Jakar to help influence the morale of the crew of diggers he returned to the site with.



Archaeologists

	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW
	DEX	APP	EDU	HP	
Dr. Clayton Gre	8	11	9	17	12
	13	10	24	10	
Halsey Thurber	12	9	10	19	12
	11	11	19	10	
Blake Garrison	11	12	11	16	17
	16	18	16	12	
Wesley Pickering	11	16	13	16	11
	12	13	15	15	

There is an 80% chance that Dr. Mathew Spencer and his assistant Eugene Abbott will be absent from the Miskatonic dig-site. The local hospitality offered by the Bhutanese peoples has proven invaluable to Dr. Spencer's research. The two anthropologists spend a large extent of their time observing the general populous and recording their way of life. From time to time, the anthropologists return to their make-shift dwellings at Dr. Green's base camp.

Anthropologists

Anthropologists	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW
	DEX	APP	EDU	HP	
Dr. Matthew Spencer	13	14	12	17	16
	13	16	21	13	
Eugene Abbott	16	17	16	18	15
	12	9	16	17	

Damage Bonus None

Weapons 30 06 Bolt Action Rifle 25% damage 2d6+4 (2 rifles in camp 50 rounds)

Armor None

Influential Family

	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW
	DEX	APP	EDU	HP	
Respected Elder	8	09	08	16	19
	11	09	16	09	
Oldest Son	13	14	10	17	12
	14	12	13	12	
Young Son	12	14	10	14	16
	13	14	13	12	
Grandson	14	18	11	15	13
	16	16	10	15	

Laborers

	STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	HP
Worker 1	11	12	9	17	11	11
Worker 2	13	11	11	15	14	11
Worker 3	10	16	9	12	13	13
Worker 4	11	12	10	16	11	11
Worker 5	10	13	8	12	12	11
Worker 6	11	15	9	11	14	12
Worker 7	12	13	10	17	12	12
Worker 8	13	14	11	13	12	13

Damage Bonus None

Weapons Rakes shovels pry bars 25% damage 1d3+db

Armor Non

Worship in the Mountain of Aiueb Gnshal

Basement Level

The Ghoul Tunnels

The warren's unwholesome odors permeate miles of endlessly winding and intersecting passageways. Foreboding death saturates every foot the investigators are forced to crawl, leaving them gasping for what ever air can be considered breathable. Many locations in the warren will require the investigators to inch forward on their bellies. Occasionally the rotting remains of a corpse or piles of ghoulish droppings are encountered. Other sections provide enough room for crawling, walking doubled over and even a few locations for standing. Ultimately, the aftereffects of this journey should be felt for many days to come, becoming intensely uncomfortable some 48 hours later.

At times a tunnel will continue for several dozen yards in one direction, but more often than not, passages meander back and forth, bypassing large obstacles like rocks and mineral deposits. Several waterways cut through warren, forming natural intersections, which force Tong members to crawl through ice cold waters. The Ghouls care nothing for the investigator's discomfort and will happily steer them through some of the most horrendous routes to the temple, perhaps even finding doing so humorous. Doing so encourages many fearsome encounters with the warren's hungry inhabitants. The ghoulish guides forcibly rebuke their kinsmen, clawing those challengers who threaten or leer toward any investigator.

Investigators may start to become suspicious and believe they have passed through certain areas more than once. Such concerns are correct, the ghouls are purposely trying to create confusion with the hope the investigators will not remember their way out. Eventually, cleaner air will become increasingly noticeable as the guides lead the way into the mountains ventilated caverns. The natural rock caves are breathtakingly beautiful to behold, and are an extreme contrast from the warren's claustrophobic crawl spaces. A short journey further leads the investigators to a rock tunnel lingering with smoke and the vapors of boiling vegetables, sizzling red meat and fresh bread.

The Kitchen

This is one of several large air vents connected to the Temple's kitchen on the basement floor. Ghoul guides unequivocally refuse to continue any further, ironically claiming, "The Temple of Aiueb Gnshal is filled with many unnatural things." Travel through this air vent is not too difficult; investigators can slide down the few minor descents, and otherwise enjoy kitchen's hearty aromas as they crawl. The opening into the kitchen looks down on a boiling cauldron being filled with spices and freshly diced vegetables.

Inquisitive investigators may recognize that some of the vegetation would be foreign to this area of Bhutan.

The most important features on the basement level are the two ascending stairs leading to the Temple's main entrance floor, and a series of "dumbwaiter" elevators scattered throughout this flooring. One staircase leads to the Auditorium, the other to the Common Room, both on the mail level.

In addition, the basement has many storerooms and houses a great deal of the Temple's inhabitants. There are quarters for the low-priests, dormitory rooms for visiting worshippers, and the Temple Guard's barracks. In addition there are two small libraries, a great hall for martial training and banquets, nine water wells and one corridor lined with barred cells.

The dumbwaiters have been constructed to allow the transport of materials between the Temple's basement and the main floor. Provisions, supplies and freshly cooked meals are regularly placed inside dumbwaiters, and then raised or lowered through vertical shafts connected to both floors. The dumbwaiters are strong enough to carry two hundred pounds at any given moment. Unfortunately however, they are extremely small in capacity and offer very little room for passengers.

Stubborn investigators may insist on trying to fit inside a dumbwaiter, especially after navigating through the warren. A small dexterous human might squeeze inside the average dumbwaiter; but if the Tong members enter the storeroom containing barreled drink, they will find one lift capable of holding a full grown man. Dumbwaiters must be elevated or lowered via a series of rope pulleys which have been designed to make the lifting easier. Someone must always be in control of the ropes for the lift to be moving with its contents.

Temple Main Floor

Main Entrance

The temple's entrance is very difficult to find - The Protectors have devoted centuries to camouflaging the access route. The actual entryway lays within a crevasse just wide enough for a horse to pass through. In the hidden crevasse, there is a short passage leading to the carved stone temple entrance. Two small pillars flank an open passage; hidden nearby are three cloaked sentries camouflaged to resemble the surrounding landscape. These sentries are low ranking priests; they never engage approaching visitors, but instead move to alert the entryway's guards. Just inside the entryway a pair of temple guards stands at attention. These warriors don't move during their watch until they are officially relieved by the next shift.

Guard Post

Two guards are posted just inside the temple entrance and several yards down the passage there is a small room normally containing another four to eight soldiers. The temple guardsmen will attack anyone on sight who is not escorted by a priest or a Protector known to the guards. The temple guards never leave the temple they are sworn to defend and will not pursue trespassers very far. Instead, The Protectors will be summoned to hunt down unwanted visitors.

Corridor

From the temple's main gateway a corridor with a high ceiling continues northerly. The passage eventually comes to an abrupt end as it reaches the open entrance to northern auditorium. The corridor's eastern and western walls are dotted with a handful of doorways leading to other locations in the temple.

Senior Guard's Room

Near the southern gate on the western wall, a lone wooden door leads into a huge chamber. This room is used by senior guardsmen as a makeshift office and a place for meditation and quiet prayer. In addition, several suits of useable armor and finely crafted weapons hang neatly on racks along the walls. The many blades, spears, bows, helmets and shields offer an impressive décor to the room. Investigators should not overlook the fact that the room's military hardware has all been kept in pristine condition, and could readily be used at a moment's notice.

Waiting Room

Traveling north from the guard's office, there is another entry on the western wall. Inside is a waiting room for newly arriving cultists to relax in after their journey to the mountain. Comfortable cushions surround tables covered with decadent chocolates, a large variety fruits, cheeses, breads, cold meats, pastries and hot teas. Cultist pilgrims can spend hours in this waiting room before being granted permission to proceed further into the temple. Due to the chamber's wonderful atmosphere, most cultists look forward to spending a while in this room. Time in the waiting room is considered a treat for local cultists, as it provides them with an opportunity to enjoy many strange foods foreign to Bhutan's markets.

Sacrificial Chamber

"At one end lies the god Aiueb Gnshal, raised on a large platform above a seething orgy of cultist candidates. At the far end, robed priests of The Eyes Between Worlds flay the cursed sacrifices alive, carefully removing all of their skin in the manner described within the Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan. As the ritual climaxes, the bodiless skins animate, filling with the physical manifestation of their evil lives. Flayed victims are then folded into a sitting position and forced to watch, unblinking, through lidless eyes as their skins shamble away bearing sacrificial knives. The abominably empowered husks wander through the writhing orgy hacking randomly as they stagger toward the dais. After completing these final atrocities the unhallowed skins climb the stairs to the platform and stand before The Eyes Between Worlds. The bloodied hides then collapse as tendrils of shadow rise from their lifeless eye-sockets to be absorbed into the ravenous eyes of Aiueb Gnshal. And finally, those orgy participants remaining alive are at last welcomed into this most defiled cult."

- Lang-Fu, the Cambuluc Scrolls, 1295AD

Further north, at the corridor's halfway point two massive doors have been set into the eastern wall. These doors have been carved from an unnatural stone and incessantly drip with a dark green sap which permanently stains the hands of anyone touching their surfaces. Immediately beyond the dripping doors, a very high wall blocks further progress forward. Looking up, an investigator can tell that the wall stops far short of the ceiling; it is possible for a person to simply climb this obstacle. Smart investigators will find it much easier to proceed further into the sacrificial chamber by proceeding left or right. Moving in either direction, investigators need only move thirty-five feet before finally reaching the opening

which reveals the sacrificial chamber in its full splendor.

The entire area could be described as an enormous catacomb holding a small roofless stadium in its inner core. Several stone structures serving as bleachers stand spaced every thirty-five feet. Each unit is half the size of first structure which blocked the chamber's entryway. Combined all the many seats seem to vaguely resemble the architecture of European football stadium. The only exception being that at the far eastern wall a great stone podium sits atop a small flight of stairs. Behind stone bleachers, an opening can be seen both on the northern and southern walls. These passage ways face opposite to each other and flank the god Aiueb Gnshal.

The Eyes Between Worlds stares from within a void located above a gargantuan stone dais. Seven lidless eyes float above the platform, vigilantly scrutinizing the chamber, consuming any unholy residue that might linger on its worshippers. Aiueb Gnshal simultaneously exists in the Court of Azathoth as well as within several of its own temples. Keepers may wish to read the above fragment of the Cambuluc scrolls aloud to the investigators for increased dramatic effect.

Common Room

Further north, investigators will find another set of doors nearly two-thirds the way up the corridor on the western wall. Embroidered silk tapestries are draped along highly polished walls. In addition to the tapestries, wood block prints, hammered metal plates and detailed paintings also hang on common room's walls. There are several ornate torches attached to the walls, but none of these are functional. The common room's actual light source comes from various candles and lamps which can be found within the chamber.

The room is filled with the lingering scents of incense and quiet music drifts through the room, played by several musicians in one corner. Several enormous pillows offer cozy places for people to relax on. Low tables offer a place for cultists to gather around as they rest in comfort. In the room's center, freshly picked blossoms gently float upon fresh water resting inside a massive basin. Food is readily available on silver trays stationed in each corner, with numerous glasses and pitchers of drink.

This stunning chamber serves as a relaxed meeting area for low priests, their candidates, Protectors and visiting cultists. People often gather here to socialize, engage in wandering discussions about universal mysteries, and laze in amongst the splendid luxury. Candidates can be seen in the common room discussing their

spiritual development with a respected mentor. Couples can be seen lounging on large pillows listening to the gentle strumming of the practiced musicians. No other place is so relaxed and peaceful in the Temple of Aiueb Gnshal than the main floor's common room.

Junior Guard's Room

Continuing north along the main floor's corridor another guard room can be entered from an opening in the eastern wall. Beads are draped over a doorway covering the entrance to another meditation chamber adorned with an impressive arsenal of weapons and armor. Unlike the previous guard room, this space is frequented by the younger guardsmen who are in service to Aiueb Gnshal. Here, the temple guard's junior ranks often gather to recite mantras while meditating. The young men also spend time in this chamber discussing the virtues of bravery, selfless acts and emptying their persons of any identity. Routinely, a low priest will be present to help lead contemplative prayer and the exploration of virtues.

The Auditorium

Referred to as "The Auditorium", this spherical shaped amphitheater was designed specifically for great gatherings of the faithful. The room's step-level seating is made from stone and soft woods, and has a capacity to sit nearly seven hundred cultists. This chamber is frequently used by high priests to give lectures and provide inspiring sermons to Aiueb Gnshal's faithful cultists. Members from lower ranking clergy, off duty cultists, temple guardsmen, visiting pilgrims from distant lands and the Protectors regularly attend lectures here in the hundreds. The room's lower center floor is a marvelous work of engineering, projecting sound flawlessly toward every location in the chamber; no matter where a person is seated, they are able to hear the softest whisper. Near the lower seats an opening reveals a descending stairwell that leads down to the temple's basement level.

Upper Level

The Southern Section - Forbidden Libraries

The upper level is restricted to all but Aiueb Gnshal's highest clergy, his faithfully unliving guardians, special mythos creatures and the daily allotment of trespassing investigators.

Worshipping laity, lesser priests and even the temple guards are all forbidden to walk upon the stairs that rise into the mountain's elevated chambers. Punishment for any such violation always results in death, with the tortured remains eventually being dumped to feed the local ghoulish population.

There are two entrances, both of which begin opposite to each other from flanking sides of the god's sacrificial chamber on the main floor. One stairwell spirals toward the southern mountain face where natural sunlight spills out onto corridor walls from a series of mirrored vents. While the other, much longer passage, slowly curves along the mountain's inner crust, ascending to the north-eastern end of the upper floor. The craftsmanship of the passages is breathtaking, steps are cut with mathematical precision and ornate carvings adorn the winding stone walls. The supports for these corridors have been made from an unidentifiable element, and are marked with strange illuminated glyphs.

The southern quarter contains three libraries, five private residences for the high priests, a conference chamber and a portal to an alien galaxy. There will always be worshippers from different time periods or galaxies studying in one of the three enormous libraries, exactly who is left to the Keeper's discretion. For reasons known only to Aiueb Gnshal, the child-minded god has forbidden visiting clergy to descend into his sacrificial hall. Note that the north-east sanctuary, although on the upper level, is only accessible from the main floor's Sacrificial Chamber.

The North-East Section - Sanctuary

The rising curvature of the passage leading to the North-Eastern level is about three and half times longer than the Southern stairwell. Here there are no ornate carvings, brilliant crafted steps or magical supports. The entire passageway has been hacked apart from the earth's crust to create a comparatively primitive tunnel with no lighting. Along the walls hang strange charms and protective wards, which have been hammered into place by brute force. Some of these artifacts are the talismans that were once worn around the necks of warriors entering battle. Other relics appear to offer support and protection to the mountain itself. About midway up the passage, hollowed openings reveal long dead Mongolian riders. Alternating every ninety feet, a mummified corpse rests eternally in the remnants of its armor and clothing, a mummified horse with each. These long dead sentries are of no threat.

The final seventy feet to the north-eastern entry way is illuminated from the opening beyond. Immense braziers, flooded with burning oil, radiate enormous heat throughout the opening. The north-eastern sanctuary is a naturally occurring catacomb filled with rocky blocks, water pools and ledges around the cave's walls. The stalactites and stalagmites that once existed have been long since removed to provide an increased the scope for arrow flight. The semi-spherical cave is little more than 45 cubic yards and is filled with priceless treasures from the world over.

Four Mongolian bowmen from thirteenth century wander amidst the sanctuary's wealth and riches. These 700 year old zombies willingly forfeited their lives in devoting themselves to protecting the mountain temple. Due to their unique nature, these zombie bowmen will playfully take their time eradicating the sanctuary's trespassers. Should their prey attempt flee the catacomb and return down the passageway, the zombies will begin striking gongs and bells to alert the second floor's inhabitants. In battle, the bowmen will use the sanctuary's braziers for cover and to ignite their arrows, climb ledges to target pinned opponents and mockingly toss metal treasures at their enemies.

The figurine will be found if the Investigators are able to search all four zombie bowmen. If not, there is a 25% cumulative chance for each bowman searched, that they will find the figurine wrapped in luxurious purple silks, firmly placed inside a newly crafted ornate leather pouch. Each of the other three zombies also carrying similar figurines, but they are unrelated in their significance.

The Temple Guards and Zombies

The temple guards are trained from infancy to devote their entire life's existence defending the sanctity of Aiueb Gnshal's mountain temple. As children, the guardsmen forfeit their individual identities to embrace an ideology based on selfless servitude, unyielding discipline and ferocious bravery. In reward for this incredible devotion the temple guards are rewarded with an unnatural immortality. The Eyes Between Worlds has imbued its temple guards with the power to live beyond their physical reality. Minutes after dying, each guard rises as a zombie to faithfully continue servicing the mountain's inner defenses. In their half-life, the guardsmen are cruelly violent in their lust to destroy trespassers who might defile Aiueb Gnshal's mountain church. The Eyes Between Worlds is never concerned about intruders; the god simply enjoys

watching the zombies work when someone breaches the temple.

Eight Temple Guards

	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX	APP	EDU	HP
#1	14	13	13	15	12	13	9	12	10
#2	13	14	12	13	16	16	14	9	10
#3*	12	18	14	11	13	8	8	11	10
#4	13	12	14	11	11	13	9	10	10
#5	14	15	12	8	15	17	11	9	10
#6	13	16	14	9	10	9	13	9	10
#7	14	13	12	11	17	13	8	10	10
#8	11	12	11	14	11	15	10	11	10

Damage Bonus +1d4

Weapons Large Club 55% damage 1d8+1+db

Armor None

Eight Temple Guard Zombies

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Zombie 1	15	16	10	09	01	13
Zombie 2	14	17	11	08	01	14
Zombie 3	17	15	09	09	01	12
Zombie 4	16	18	09	07	01	14
Zombie 5	16	17	09	07	01	13
Zombie 6	15	18	10	08	01	14
Zombie 7	16	16	09	09	01	13
Zombie 8	16	15	09	09	01	12

Damage Bonus +1d4

Weapons Bite 30% damage 1d3

Large Club 25% damage 1d8+1+db

Armor None but impaling weapons do 1 point of damage all others do half rolled damage

Sanity Loss 1/1d8 Sanity points to see a Zombie

Four Ancient Mongol Warrior Zombies

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Zombie 1	17	18	09	15	01	18
Zombie 2	18	17	10	18	01	18
Zombie 3	17	18	09	15	01	18
Zombie 4	18	17	09	17	01	18

Damage Bonus +1d4

Weapons Bite 30% damage 1d3

Mongol Sword 75% damage 1d6+1+db

Mongol Bow 80% damage 1d8+1

Armor 2 point Mongol Hide Armor

impaling weapons do 1 point of damage all others do half rolled damage

Special Resistant to fire

Sanity Loss 2/2d4 Sanity points to see a Mongol Warrior Zombie

The Protectors

The Protectors are a group of dedicated worshippers of Aiueb Gnshal who have existed for hun-

dreds of years. Their primary duty is to spread disinformation about the temple and its god. They have worked tirelessly, especially in nearby towns, to convince people there is no temple. Rumors still do persist occasionally, and Baird the British antiquities dealer does suspect there may indeed be a hidden temple nearby, but has never received any firm evidence of its location. No locals know of The Protectors or their mission.

The Protectors can leave the Temple of Aiueb Gnshal, unlike the temple guards, and they will be the ones to pursue any investigators who survive the temple and escape with the figurine. Keepers wishing to extend play are encouraged to use the statistics provided for Baird's mercenaries for The Protectors who will harass the investigators regularly on their return journey to Peking.

Investigators

Twen-Ch'ang, age 27, Tong Lieutenant (Antiquities Expert)

STR 9 DEX 15 INT 15 Idea 75
CON 14 APP 13 POW 11 Luck 55
SIZ 9 SAN 55 EDU 15 Know 75

99-Cthulhu Mythos: 99 Damage Bonus: +0

Sanity Points: 55 Hit Points: 12

Weapons 32 Revolver 53% damage 1d8

Skills Art (Sculpture) 70% Credit Rating 37% Dodge 30% History 64%
 Library Use 78% Own Language Mandarin 75% Other Language
 Cantonese 50% Occult 52% Persuade 71% Psychology 50% Tong
 Law 33%

Note While studying at Peking University Twen Ch'ang became involved in fencing antiquities with a respected professor. As a business associate of Professor Yi Min Twen Ch'ang frequently accessed the University's forbidden library devoting endless hours to studying the Cambuluc Scrolls. Twen Ch'ang's interest has been especially focused on passages from the late thirteenth century which are accredited Lang Fu. The antiquities business has helped solidify a strong relationship between Twen Ch'ang and the Tong. Tong boss Rong considers Twen Ch'ang to be a great asset who is extremely professional in scholarly matters. Unfortunately Twen Ch'ang is also considered slightly soft by Rong which has prompted Kuan Ti's presence on this mission.

Kuan Ti, age 21, Tong Sergeant (Butcher of Peking)

STR 15 DEX 13 INT 9 Idea 45
CON 16 APP 7 POW 13 Luck 65
SIZ 15 SAN 65 EDU 9 Know 4599-

Cthulhu Mythos: 99 Damage Bonus: +1d4

Sanity Points: 65 Hit Points: 15

Weapons Filleting Knife 43% damage 1d4+db
 Head 40% damage 1d4+db
 Machete 92% damage 1d6+2+db

Skills Dodge 26% Own Language Mandarin 45% Listen 77% Persuade
 71% Psychology 52%

Note Rong's prominent strong arm Kuan Ti is a heavy smoker who loves gambling and enjoys womanizing. He is happily married with a faithful wife five children and comfortably supports his parents. Kuan Ti is a nine to five mobster and although not a psychopath he routinely butchers his victims. Rong added Kuan Ti to his mission to ensure that appropriate force will be used when circumstances require. He is aware that Chao has been instructed by Rong to execute Xun before returning to Peking. Should Chao fail Kuan Ti's orders are to finish the job.

Chao, age 15, Tong Soldier (Would-Be Enforcer)

STR 9 DEX 13 INT 16 Idea 80
CON 10 APP 12 POW 17 Luck 85
SIZ 8 SAN 85 EDU 6 Know 30

99-Cthulhu Mythos: 99 Damage Bonus: +0

Sanity Points: 85 Hit Points: 9

Weapons Claw Hammer 48% damage 1d4+1+db 25 Derringer 62%
 damage 1d6 Straight Razor 88% damage 1d3+db

Skills Conceal 62% Dodge 26% Disguise 67% Own Language
 Mandarin 30% Sneak 49%

Note Chao's violent upbringing on the streets of Peking made him a natural recruit for the Tong. At age fifteen he is already a heavy smoker and has a notorious sweet tooth. He completed his first contract for Rong by slaughtering five members of a rival gang at age twelve. Although uneducated Chao is highly intelligent and quite confident. Having little doubt he will die young Chao lives in the moment with no regrets. Upon completion of this mission Chao has been ordered by Rong to dispose of Xun who has become a liability to the Tong. Chao suffers no sanity loss for viewing dead, dying or dismembered humans and animals.

Chu Jung, age 22, Tong Expert (Explosives-Master/Translator)

STR 11 DEX 10 INT 17 Idea 85
CON 10 APP 7 POW 11 Luck 55
SIZ 11 SAN 55 EDU 15 Know 75

99-Cthulhu Mythos: 94 Damage Bonus: +0

Sanity Points: 50 Hit Points: 11

Weapons Nail Bomb 73% damage 3d6/4y
 Repeating Crossbow 38% damage 1d6+2

Skills Chemistry 68% Cthulhu Mythos 5% Dodge 20% Geography
 52% Own Language Cantonese 75% Other Language Bengali
 41% Other Language Burmese 44% Other Language Mandarin
 40% Other Language Dzongkha 52% Other Language Laotian
 34% Other Language Vietnamese 50% Listen 44% Mechanical
 Repair 43% Psychoanalysis 55% Throw 73%

Note Chu Jung was born in Jinghong, a South China city which borders near Laos and Vietnam. As the fourth son of a legitimate arms dealer Chu Jung was trained in chemistry and the explosive arts. He traveled extensively with his father and seven brothers providing munitions for clients in China, Vietnam, Laos, Burma, Bangladesh and Bhutan. At age 19 Chu Jung left Jinghong to contract himself out as a freelance explosive expert. Within two years time he was successfully recruited by Rong to join the Tong as their Explosives Master.

Dewei, age 35, Tong Soldier (Respected Veteran)

STR 14 DEX 15 INT 11 Idea 55
CON 14 APP 11 POW 13 Luck 65
SIZ 11 SAN 65 EDU 11 Know 55
99-Cthulhu Mythos: 99 Damage Bonus: +1d4
Sanity Points: 65 Hit Points: 13

Weapons Chinese Broadsword 83% damage 1d8+1+db
Grapple 39% damage special
Kris Dagger 51% damage 1d4+2+db

Skills Climb 56% Dodge 30% Fast Talk 58% Hide 59% Own Language
Mandarin 55% Psychology 68% Spot Hidden 66%

Note Dewei carries with him a strong sense of honor and adheres to the traditional codes upheld by the Tongs. He will intervene without hesitation to prevent any action that could shame the Tong. Rong values Dewei for being solid on the job. He is respected by the members of his own Tong, as well as by rival factions. Dewei has family ties in Peking; is very friendly and enjoys social gambling.

Xun, age 21, Tong Soldier (Infamous Enforcer)

STR 18 DEX 15 INT 11 Idea 55
CON 18 APP 7 POW 14 Luck 60
SIZ 8 SAN 60 EDU 15 Know 75
99-Cthulhu Mythos: 99 Damage Bonus: +1d4
Sanity Points: 60 Hit Points: 13

Weapons Butterfly Knife 63% damage 1d4+db
Fist 57% 1d3+db
Meat Hook 39% damage 1d3+db
Ornate Two Handed Hammer 70% damage 1d8+2+db
Torn Steel Knuckles 57% damage 1d4+1+db

Skills Disguise 59% Dodge 20% Own Language Mandarin 75% Listen 41% Persuade 81% Psychology 73% Sneak 60% Spot Hidden 49%

Note The extreme nature of Xun's methods has created tremendous upheaval within Peking's underworld. The Tong relies on Xun to make gruesome examples of those who defy Rong. Xun often fails to respect territorial boundaries and as a result two rival gangs have placed contracts on him. Adding to the tension, Xun has responded by brutally murdering five of their prominent lieutenants. Only Rong's prevailing alliances have prevented open warfare.

Aiueb Gnshal Lesser Other God

"At one end lies the god Aiueb Gnshal, raised on a large platform above a seething orgy of cultist candidates. At the far end, robed priests of The Eyes Between Worlds flay the cursed sacrifices alive, carefully removing all of their skin in the manner described within the Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan. As the ritual climaxes, the bodiless skins animate, filling with the physical manifestation of their evil lives. Flayed victims are then folded into a sitting position and forced to watch, unblinking, through lidless eyes as their skins shamble away bearing sacrificial knives. The abominably empowered husks wander through the writhing orgy hacking randomly as

they stagger toward the dais. After completing these final atrocities the unhallowed skins climb the stairs to the platform and stand before The Eyes Between Worlds. The bloodied hides then collapse as tendrils of shadow rise from their lifeless eye-sockets to be absorbed into the ravenous eyes of Aiueb Gnshal. And finally, those orgy participants remaining alive are at last welcomed into this most defiled cult."

- Lang-Fu, *The Cambuluc Scrolls*, 1295AD

Aiueb Gnshal is known as, "The Eyes Between Worlds", and appears as a formless black void with pulsing eyes. Staring into the eyes of Aiueb Gnshal allows the viewer to see into the court of Azathoth, which usually results in immediate sanity checks. Aiueb Gnshal feeds on negative energy and especially delights in consuming it from those who commit evil acts.

CULTS: Although small in number, Aiueb Gnshal's worshippers exist across time and space. As a reward for faithful service, Aiueb Gnshal has been known to impart knowledge or spells to its worshippers.

ATTACKS & SPECIAL EFFECTS: Gaze Between Worlds. The eyes of Aiueb Gnshal are portals which allow anyone who looks into them to see the Court of Azathoth. This results in an immediate Sanity check for seeing Azathoth. Sanity checks and penalties for witnessing the pipers and dancers of Azathoth's Court may apply as well. Aiueb Gnshal's gaze may be avoided by investigators only by closing their eyes or imposing a physical barrier between themselves and the God. Aiueb Gnshal is immune to the effects of his own gaze attack.

STR 43 CON 87 SIZ 60 INT 8 POW 55
DEX 5 HP 74

Damage Bonus +5d6

Weapons Smash 60% 5d6 Gaze 70%

Armor None 0 HP dispels

Spells All Mythos spells able to will servants and slaves to aid

Sanity Loss 1/1d20 Sanity points to see Aiueb Gnshal 1d10/1d100
Sanity points to stare into Aiueb Gnshal's eyes and see Azathoth

The Figurine

The figurine appears as a simple stone statue of a horse about six inches tall, carved from a strange beige stone with small flecks of crystal throughout. The powers that the figurine actually imparts to the bearer are left to the Keeper. The figurine does seem to make its owner more charismatic, and more persuasive in the eyes of others.

Wildlife in Bhutan

Much of the wildlife in Bhutan can be very dangerous to investigators and some can be used to impart local color. Tigers and wolves can easily kill off investigators if used excessively.

Bharal

This slate blue creature resembles a sheep with arcing horns, yet ironically demonstrates the conduct of a goat. The average bharal male stands a full three feet at the shoulder, has a darker chest than that of the females, and bares black striping on its flank. Bharals normally travel in herds no smaller than 12 members, and can sometimes gather together to form a groups of nearly a 100. The bharal traditionally roams between 9,000 to 20,000 feet in elevation, where it is ferociously hunted by snow leopards.

Dhole

The dhole is larger than its cousins the fox and jackal, yet not nearly as big as the Bhutanese wolf. Farmers and hunters point to the black marked fur on the dhole's cheek and its thick tail as distinguishing marks. Dholes are primarily carnivorous creatures and hunt together in packs killing deer and sheep for their diet.

Himalayan Black Bear

Given the opportunity, a Himalayan black bear will raid a villager's farm for livestock, or will just as eagerly consume a plentiful bounty from a nearby orchard. Humans encroaching on a black bear's territory have been found slain and mutilated. The seven foot Himalayan black bear enjoys summering on steep wooded slopes rising as high as 12,000 feet, while feasting on berries and fruit. During winter, the black bear wanders down to an elevation of 5,000 feet, sleeping inside tree hollows and rocky caves.

Lammergeier Vulture

When the lammergeier vulture feeds, it dive-bombs to the ground dropping a bone to shatter on a targeted rock slab. Seconds later the lammergeier lands to eat before any competition can move in. Interestingly enough, the lammergeier is quite infamous for its cowardice. The vulture is virtually inept at self defense, and readily flees at the slightest movement. Habitually, the lammergeier nests in isolated caves, on precipitous ledges and tall standing rocks; some lairs been found at a staggering height of 25,500 feet.

Migo

The migo is often referred to in Bhutan's neighboring countries as the alma and yeti. Bhutanese mountaineers have reported many encounters with the migo, testifying firsthand to this mountain man's exceptional physical prowess. The migo or wild man is an exceptionally hairy, upright walking creature with enormous strength and catlike reflexes. It has been spotted traveling together with other members of its species trekking across mountain ranges leaving behind enormous footprints. Members of the Miskatonic Dig have been playfully referring to the migo as the abominable snowman. However, Keepers should note that the wild man's long hair is actually quite dark in color.

Red Panda

The red panda is a nocturnal creature, which spends the warmer seasons consuming bamboo, and when required, will forage for fruit and mushrooms. The Bhutanese believe that the red panda resides only on forested hills facing southward at an elevation above 5,000 feet. Red pandas are easily recognized by their ringed tail, chestnut colored backs, dark patches around their eyes and darkly furred limbs. It is reported that when the red panda comes out of hibernation it spends the spring sunbathing under the sky's new warmth.

Serow

The serow is similar to a goat, has short limbs, and yet still stands three and a half feet at shoulder height. Both sexes have stout horns that tip backwards from their large head and proportionally stout neck. A serow's hide varies in color from red-chestnut to near black with white legs. The serow normally lives a solitary existence in wooded mountain areas where it grazes on plant life between 6,000 to 10,000 feet.

Yak

The yak may have been first domesticated as long as 3,000 years ago. Yaks inhabit altitudes above 4,500 meters and are reputed sometimes live at ranges exceeding 6,000 meters. An adult male yak can weigh over a ton, standing close to six feet at shoulder height, and can exert enormous physical power. Yaks are customarily herded at these higher altitudes by Bhutanese nomads.



Tiger

In Bhutan, the tiger is the undisputed lord of Royal Manas' impenetrable forests. There, the tiger flourishes in its solitary life pouncing on any game it chooses. The tiger's dietary needs are fulfilled by virtually every walking animal; bear, buffalo, deer, gaur, panthers, wild pigs and small elephants can all fall prey to Bhutan's majestic hunter. Unfortunately for other creatures, this predator's movements are not limited to isolated forest regions; the Bhutanese have witnessed tiger prints 10,000 feet in the Himalayas. Although the tiger is unmatched in close quarter combat, its sensitive paw-pads prevent it from pursuing long range hunts.

Player Handouts

Player Aid #1

"The summoned Mongols cowered before it, averting their vision in terror from what danced beyond the gateway of its eyes. From an immeasurable, watching void, the child-minded god, Aiueb Gnshal, bestowed dreadful blessings. The worshippers beheld their accursed inheritance in horrified gratitude. The Eyes Between Worlds reached amongst its butchered congregation with promise-filled hunger. To the living went powers, unspeakable gifts and knowledge unwanted. The dead rose to become Aiueb Gnshal's most malevolent sentinels. To Temujin came power - a horse figurine of star-stone to lead by. And to all peoples came Temujin, who would be named Universal Ruler."

-Lang-Fu, the Cambuluc Scrolls, 1295AD

Player Aid #2

The investigators are members of a Chinese Triad who have traveled to the Kingdom of Bhutan in search of a lost figurine once possessed by the mighty Mongol warlord Genghis Khan.

Twen Ch'ang, while a student in Peking, came across references to the Cambuluc Scrolls, legendary documents written by the ancient wizard Land-Fu. Twen Ch'ang believed the scrolls did exist and found several of them in the universities ancient catacombs. They made reference to the great Mongol warlord Genghis Khan and his grandson Kublai Khan. Lang-Fu implied that the source of the Khan's power was a figurine, or several figurines, that were held by Genghis and passed on to his ancestors. Cryptic references seem to indicate that one of the figurines, a stone horse, was taken to Bhutan by a party of Mongol

horsemen acting on Genghis' orders. The scroll gives the Ura Valley as the destination of the horsemen.

Twen Ch'ang noted this to Rong, and the Tong boss felt the chance to share in the mighty Khan's power was too great to miss. He ordered Twen Ch'ang to travel with a small group of the Tong's soldiers to Bhutan to locate the figurine.

In Mongar, Bhutan, Chu-Jung shared a private dinner with Yeshe, a longtime family business associate in munitions trading. Yeshe entrusted Chu-Jung with a Bharal-headed gold coin bearing a water-wheel on its opposite face, telling the investigators it would grant secure entrance into a secluded manor hidden deep in the Ura Valley.

Following Yeshe's instructions, the Tong party safely entered the fortified manor of Kingzang. Kingzang advised the investigators to journey to a gambling den known as the Migo. Translating to mean "Wild Man", the gaming lair is situated near the outskirts of the capital town Jakar. Upon entering the Migo, a Tong member needed to purchase information from a rotten-toothed, one-legged croupier known as Nado.

The info from Nado will allow investigators to know who the Ura Valley's major relic smugglers are.

The game opens with the investigators inside the Migo with problems and blood on their hands.

Player Aid #3

This Player Aid describes the action the Tong members took entering the Migo Gaming Den.

After a brief verbal exchange, Chu-Jung informed his fellow investigators they had been insulted, adding the guards would never allow them inside the Migo gambling den. After such a long journey, this offense, and the fact that the Tong soldiers were on a mission, there was little hope for restraint. Kuan Ti, otherwise known as the "Butcher of Peking" smiled and marched up with a bag of money held in his right palm. When the guard's eyes moved to the jingling bag, Kuan Ti's left hand described an arc across the man's stomach, and a second later, the guard's entrails were sliding through the wide slash left by the long, slim knife "The Butcher" loved to use.

Leaping on the guard and knocking him down, Xun sunk his steel hook under the dying man's jaw and then, crouching, dragged him away from the door. Flashing over Xun, Dewei's broadsword caught the next guard in the face. Dewei rammed his shoulder against the spasming guard, twisting to wrench his weapon free of the split skull. With his broadsword freed, the veteran Tong soldier

continued hacking his way into the oncoming hoard of guards and patrons.

Standing back a half dozen yards, the Tong lieutenant Twen-Ch'ang observed the massacre happening outside the Migo's entrance. Beside him, stood Chu-Jung, an explosive expert by trade, who seemed expressionless as he watched the scene unfolding before him, gripping his crossbow. Chu-Jung watched as his superior, Kuan Ti, plowed through the enemy, simultaneously chopping with a machete and slashing with his beloved filleting knife. Occasionally entangled, "The Butcher" would hammer his forehead into the nose of the nearest opponent, following through with a slice from either blade.

Behind Kuan Ti came four deadly hands, the veteran Dewei and the young killer Chao. Combined, the two investigators fought high and low. Dewei extended over Chao into the second row, fighting the second wave, while the frenzied youngster swung a claw hammer and strait razor into the nearest enemies. Together the threesome of Tong soldiers forced their way through the Migo's front door.

Twen-Ch'ang cautioned Chu-Jung to remain vigilant as he left the crossbowman to dissuade any potential new customers to the gambling den. Entering the Migo, the Tong lieutenant cringed slightly as he saw the remains of one of Xun's victims. The hallway floor was slick with blood and advancing, Twen-Ch'ang came upon the gambling den's main chamber to find his fellow investigators securing the area. Chao was stooped picking up coins, while Dewei and Kuan Ti debated their next course of action.

A flight of stairs above, on the second floor, Xun now squared off against the Migo's remaining guards. Backs to the wall, the two men tried to gather enough courage to challenge their lone adversary. Xun's body language assured these men there would be no opportunity for surrender. Nearly weaponless, Xun had his metal clad knuckles ready; the steel burrs glinted in the candlelight.

A screaming chorus filled with shouts, curses and battle cries descended from the second floor to the gaming establishment's ground level. Outside at the front entrance, Chu-Jung had replaced the explosive's master Chao. The interpreter was now lugging his satchel of explosives into the Migo's common area. Near the rear exit, Dewei watched alertly, scrutinizing the nearby grounds for any sign of threat. Inside, waiting for their interpreter Chu-Jung, Twen-Ch'ang and Kuan Ti await to question their few prisoners, specifically the one-legged croupier. The Tong lieutenant and sergeant briefly contemplated

burning down the building to hide their gory crimes.

Xun's resounding footfalls came down the wooden stairway, upstairs only silence. When the final step creaks, an exhausted Xun wanders into the gambling chamber to announce he is going to sweep the perimeter. Chu-Jung, Kuan Ti and Twen-Ch'ang take this opportunity to offer their complete and undivided attention to the rotten toothed croupier named Nado. Although Chu-Jung's initial interpretation seemed to fail, a brief intervention by Kuan Ti helped the middle aged croupier understand Twen-Ch'ang's requests. The interrogation process now continues with the Tong sergeant having smashed Nado's lone knee.

Investigators

Twen-Ch'ang, age 27, Tong Lieutenant (Antiquities Expert)

STR 9	DEX 15	INT 15	Idea 75
CON 14	APP 13	POW 11	Luck 55
SIZ 9	SAN 55	EDU 15	Know 75

99-Cthulhu Mythos: 99 **Damage Bonus: +0**

Sanity Points: 55 **Hit Points: 12**

Weapons 32 Revolver 53% damage 1d8

Skills Art (Sculpture) 70% Credit Rating 37% Dodge 30% History 64%
Library Use 78% Own Language Mandarin 75% Other Language
Cantonese 50% Occult 52% Persuade 71% Psychology 50% Tong
Law 33%

Note While studying at Peking University Twen Ch'ang became involved in fencing antiquities with a respected professor As a business associate of Professor Yi Min Twen Ch'ang frequently accessed he University's forbidden library devoting endless hours to studying the Cambuluc Scrolls Twen Ch'ang's interest has been especially focused on passages from the late thirteen century which are accredited Lang Fu The antiquities business has helped solidify a s rong relationship between Twen Ch'ang and the Tong Tong boss Rong considers Twen Ch'ang to be a great asset who is extremely professional in scholarly matters Unfortunately Twen Ch'ang is also considered slightly soft by Rong which has prompted Kuan Ti's presence on his mission

Kuan Ti, age 21, Tong Sergeant (Butcher of Peking)

STR 15	DEX 13	INT 9	Idea 45
CON 16	APP 7	POW 13	Luck 65
SIZ 15	SAN 65	EDU 9	Know 45

99-Cthulhu Mythos: 99 **Damage Bonus: +1d4**

Sanity Points: 65 **Hit Points: 15**

Weapons Filleting Knife 43% damage 1d4+db Head 40% damage
1d4+db Machete 92% damage 1d6+2+db

Skills Dodge 26% Own Language Mandarin 45% Listen 77% Persuade
71% Psychology 52%

Note Rong's prominent strong arm Kuan Ti is a heavy smoker who loves gambling and enjoys womanizing He is happily married with a faithful wife five children and comfortably supports his parents

Kuan Ti is a nine to five mobster and although not a psychopath he routinely butchers his victims Rong added Kuan Ti to this mission to ensure that appropriate force will be used when circumstances require He is aware that Chao has been instructed by Rong to execute Xun before returning to Peking Should Chao fail Kuan Ti's orders are to finish the job

Chao, age 15, Tong Soldier (Would-Be Enforcer)

STR 09 DEX 13 INT 16 Idea 80
 CON 10 APP 12 POW 17 Luck 85
 SIZ 08 SAN 85 EDU 06 Know 30

99-Cthulhu Mythos: 99 Damage Bonus: +0

Sanity Points: 85 Hit Points: 9

Weapons Claw Hammer 48% damage 1d4+1+db
 25 Derringer 62% damage 1d6
 Straight Razor 88% damage 1d3+db

Skills Conceal 62% Dodge 26% Disguise 67% Own Language
 Mandarin 30% Sneak 49%

Note Chao's violent upbringing on the streets of Peking made him a natural recruit for the Tong At age fifteen he is already a heavy smoker and has a notorious sweet tooth He completed his first contract for Rong by slaughtering five members of a rival gang at age twelve Although uneducated Chao is highly intelligent and quite confident Having little doubt he will die young Chao lives in the moment with no regrets Upon completion of this mission Chao has been ordered by Rong to dispose of Xun who has become a liability to the Tong Chao suffers no sanity loss for viewing dead, dying or dismembered humans and animals

Chu-Jung, age 22, Tong Expert (Explosives-Master/Translator)

STR 11 DEX 10 INT 17 Idea 85
 CON 10 APP 7 POW 11 Luck 55
 SIZ 11 SAN 55 EDU 15 Know 75

99-Cthulhu Mythos: 94 Damage Bonus: +0

Sanity Points: 50 Hit Points: 11

Weapons Nail Bomb 73% damage 3d6/4y
 Repeating Crossbow 38% damage 1d6+2

Skills Chemistry 68% Cthulhu Mythos 5% Dodge 20% Geography
 52% Own Language Cantonese 75% Other Language Bengali
 41% Other Language Burmese 44% Other Language Mandarin
 40% Other Language Dzongkha 52% Other Language Laotian
 34% Other Language Vietnamese 50% Listen 44% Mechanical
 Repair 43% Psychoanalysis 55% Throw 73%

Note Chu Jung was born in Jinghong a South China city which borders near Laos and Vietnam As the fourth son of a legitimate arms dealer Chu Jung was trained in chemistry and the explosive arts He traveled extensively with his father and seven brothers providing munitions for clients in China Vietnam Laos Burma Bangladesh and Bhutan At age 19 Chu Jung left Jinghong to contract himself out as a freelance explosive expert Within two years time he was successfully recruited by Rong to join the Tong as their Explosives Master

Dewei, age 35, Tong Soldier (Respected Veteran)

STR 14 DEX 15 INT 11 Idea 55
 CON 14 APP 11 POW 13 Luck 65
 SIZ 11 SAN 65 EDU 11 Know 55

99-Cthulhu Mythos: 99 Damage Bonus: +1d4

Sanity Points: 65 Hit Points: 13

Weapons Chinese Broadsword 83% damage 1d8+1+db
 Grapple 39% damage special
 Kris Dagger 51% damage 1d4+2+db

Skills Climb 56% Dodge 30% Fast Talk 58% Hide 59% Own Language
 Mandarin 55% Psychology 68% Spot Hidden 66%

Note Dewei carries with him a strong sense of honor and adheres to the traditional codes upheld by the Tongs He will intervene without hesitation to prevent any action that could shame the Tong Rong values Dewei for being solid on the job He is respected by the members of his own Tong as well as by rival factions Dewei has family ties in Peking is very friendly and enjoys social gambling

Xun, age 21, Tong Soldier (Infamous Enforcer)

STR 18 DEX 15 INT 11 Idea 55
 CON 18 APP 07 POW 14 Luck 60
 SIZ 08 SAN 60 EDU 15 Know 75

99-Cthulhu Mythos: 99 Damage Bonus: +1d4

Sanity Points: 60 Hit Points: 13

Weapons Butterfly Knife 63% damage 1d4+db
 Fist 57% 1d3+db
 Meat Hook 39% damage 1d3+db
 Ornate Two Handed Hammer 70% damage 1d8+2+db
 Torn Steel Knuckles 57% damage 1d4+1+db

Skills Disguise 59% Dodge 20% Own Language Mandarin 75% Listen
 41% Persuade 81% Psychology 73% Sneak 60% Spot Hidden
 49%

Note The extreme nature of Xun's methods has created tremendous upheaval within Peking's underworld The Tong relies on Xun to make gruesome examples of those who defy Rong Xun often fails to respect territorial boundaries and as a result two rival gangs have placed consequences on him Adding to the tension Xun has responded by brutally murdering five of their prominent lieutenants Only Rong's prevailing alliances have prevented open warfare

A Few Notes About Bhutan

Bhutan is very isolated to this day, few modern conveniences exist even now, and many of its towns and villages are considered medieval. In 1920, Bhutan was even more unknown and exotic.

The countryside is mountainous and rugged, not as high in altitude as neighboring Tibet, but still very treacherous in the mountains. Lush valleys exist and the animal life is varied and abundant. The majority of peoples are laborers, farmers or craftsmen. Like Tibet, there are many Buddhist temples dotting the countryside.

STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER #1

...

**The adventures offered herein will take you to the
1920s Miskatonic Valley, Rolthin Abbey, the Ardenne of the
10th century, 1643 England, 1960s San Francisco, and 1920s Bhutan.
Investigators will take the roles of Cornish Royalists, Chinese Triad
gang members, detectives, and occult researchers.**

ISBN-10: 1-56882-291-X
ISBN-13: 978-1-56882-291-4

52195



9 781568 822914

**Find other treasures at
www.chaosium.com**

