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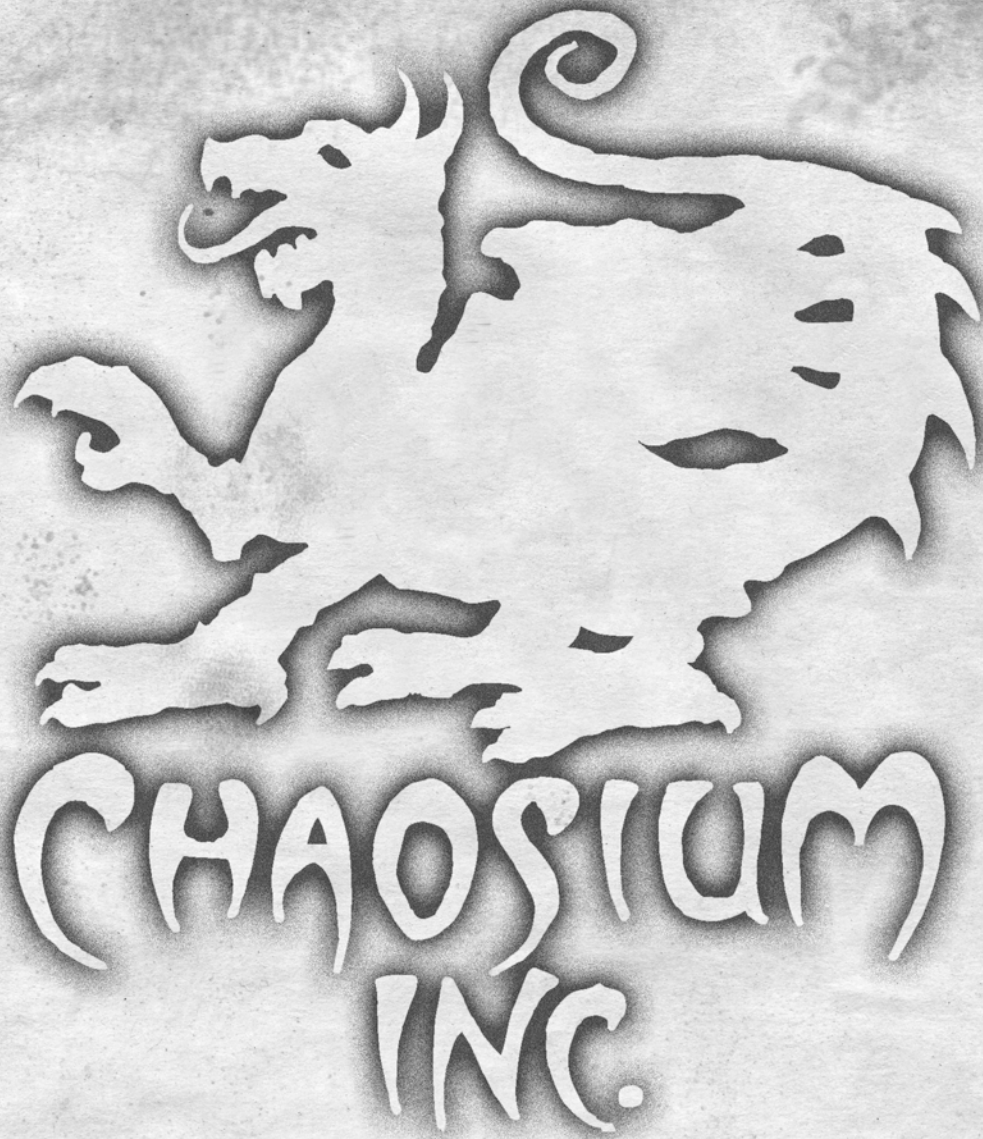


STRANGE TALES OF DREAD & WONDER • #2



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





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Strange Tales of Dread and Wonder

Volume 2

Three Adventures for Call of Cthulhu

War of the Spectres

by R. J. Christensen

The Glendale Faeries

by Kev Dearn

Madness of the Black Opal

by David Haddin

Layout Assistance and Minor Editing: Edgar A. D. Rodan

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Monograph Introduction

The Monograph you now hold in your hands is the result of our second Chaosium.com Call of Cthulhu Adventure Contest. Three contests were chosen this time around. The contest will continue again next quarter and beyond. Keep an eye on our web page for the details.

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

Dustin Wright
Chaosium Inc.
July 2006



WAR OF THE SPECTRES

A modern day scenario for Call of Cthulhu

By R. J. Christensen

Afghanistan. For millennia, its strategic location has made this nation a crossroads of cultures, infused by trade, war, and religion. In the early 21st century, the shock of the September 11th terrorist attacks led the technological giant of the United States of America to go to war with a medieval-thinking theocracy ruling Afghanistan. But little did anyone realize that this latest war in that embattled nation would release an ancient horror far older and deadlier to threaten humanity in ways no terrorist could ever imagine.

PLAYERS BACKGROUND

It is mid December 2001, and while the ruins of the World Trade Center still smolder, the United States has taken the fight to the al-Qaida terrorist organization and their Afghan hosts, the Taliban. American military forces have tilted the balance of a long-running civil war by first providing tactical air support and military advisement to the rebel Northern Alliance, which resulted in the swift collapse of the Taliban regime. Now the United States has ground forces in the country hunting down the remaining elements of the Taliban and al-Qaida. One such aspect of this military crusade is the Air force's most devastating tactical aircraft, the AC-130 "Spectre" gunship.

While on a mission to destroy a recently discovered al-Qaida training base in the rugged mountains of the Bamian province, the crew of the AC-130 "Bad Moon Rising" is under orders not to harm the nearby Afghan village of Qomfor and a reported holy site called Junfaar Febeth. Using its high-tech sensor arrays, the fire control officer is able to pick out the desired targets: buildings, weapons, vehicles, and enemy personnel, and soon the gunship is hurling out 105mm howitzer shells, 40mm armor-piercing rounds, and a virtual rainfall of 20mm Gatling rounds down upon the doomed terrorists. Suddenly, the rear spotter yells into his microphone that the plane is taking flak from an old Soviet anti-aircraft gun, located directly above the holy site's stone walls. Evasive action results in only a few enemy rounds hitting the tail of the plane, and the pilot orders return fire, with a single, well-aimed 105mm shell, utterly destroying the gun emplacement with numerous secondary explosions of enemy ammunition adding punctuation.

But at the same moment, the Electronic Warfare Officer's panel erupts in a flood of signals and alarms, indicating that the Spectre is being actively tracked by what appears to be hundreds of anti-aircraft missiles and radar beams which the electronic jamming systems cannot stop. On the flight deck, both the pilot and co-pilot see the aircraft compass spin wildly. A cloud of chaff, dozens of decoy flares, and a gut-churning upward spin are deployed to try and save the plane from the presumed attacks, but everyone looking out the portals sees absolutely nothing. After a few frenzied moments of concern, the pilot indicates the signals must be false, and an hour later, "Bad Moon Rising" returns victorious to its base.

However, the next day brings news that not only the terrorist camp was wiped out, but also the nearby village of 50some civilians and the Junfaar Febeth holy site. Reports from a nearby Green Beret team indicate only body parts of the civilians were found, indicating overuse of the gunship's 20mm Gatling guns., even though the entire aircrew is adamant about never even aiming a weapon at Qomfor. But local Afghan leaders and militias are now seething with anger against the Americans over the attack. In order to placate the locals and prevent the situation from deteriorating worse, the commander of the 16th Special Operations Squadron has grounded the crew of the "Bad Moon Rising," pending further investigation.

THE TRUTH:

Unbeknownst to anyone, particularly the American forces, is that the supposed holy site of Junfaar Febeth was in fact a sealed tomb of an ancient horror from the 3rd Century. Before Islam swept over the region, a pseudo-Zoroastrian, Cthuga-worshipping sorcerer in the employ of the Kushan kingdom, attempted to combat an invading army of Persians known as the Sassanids by conjuring a demon with an ancient Egyptian text. Unfortunately, the unlucky sorcerer inadvertently opened a gate to a far off galaxy and brought into this world a near invisible alien creature that killed its would-be master along with dozens of Kushan soldiers and civilians. Terrified survivors reported that people were literally torn into dozens of pieces by a ghost-like monster that made no sound save for an unearthly



whining. Days later, not only were more Kushan soldiers killed trying to fight the thing, but also hundreds of invading Sassanids, who also fell to the near invisible horror.

Thankfully, a passing silk caravan included a traveling Chinese sage named Tsang who was also an early scholar of the Mythos and knew of a variation of the Powder of Ibn Ghazi, a Binding Spell, and how to create a variant of the Elder Sign. After Tsang managed to locate and bind the horrific monster, it was eventually sealed inside a royal Kushan tomb, and the nearby town of Qomfor was entrusted by the Kushan king to serve as guardians of the accursed crypt, using both pagan rites and Buddhist prayers and meditation to keep the demon entombed and to keep anyone else from releasing it. The locals did so well in their task that they managed to fight back attempts of conquest by the Persians, Huns, Hindushahis from India, Uzbeks, the Mongols, and finally Arab Muslims, only converting to Islam in the early 18th century. However, through the ages the original story and dutiful task changed and evolved into an oral saga of how Islamic warriors defeated "an evil warrior from beyond," who now haunts the area as a ghostly horror known as "The Demon Spectre."

The aerial assault from the Bad Moon Rising not only destroyed the ancient brick walls of the tomb, but also destroyed the still active Elder Sign sealing the still-living alien creature inside, freeing it after centuries of captivity. The horror then proceeded to kill the entire population of Qomfor, tearing its victims apart to consume their biochemical energy and then proceeded on into the Afghan countryside.

INVESTIGATOR POSSIBILITIES

This is not an adventure for typical civilian Investigators of the Mythos simply for the fact it is a war zone in a very dangerous country. Therefore, Investigator characters should be of a military background such as:

- 1) The AC-130 Gunship Crew
- 2) Marine Squad Charlie Bravo
- 3) Delta Green
- 4) Combined Arms

AC-130 CREWMEN: As they were the first witnesses to the release of the horror, the crew of the AC-130 "Bad Moon Rising" are the most likely to become interested in, and later, able to deal with the creature. The fact that following the massacre of the village, they will be temporarily grounded until further notice gives them the opportunity to more carefully investigate the circumstances of the event.

MARINE RECON: As the front line American ground-based strike force, a five man Marine Recon team would have the training, equipment, and opportunity to witness and track the released monster. Of course, being Marines,

their first instinct would be to deal with it in conventional infantry style ... which would most likely fail.

DELTA GREEN: Faced with the sudden shock of al-Qaida's hijacking attack on the US, all America intelligence agencies are hurling their resources into the fray, and Delta Green agents would be no different, going from combating the Mythos to fighting human terrorists. Their mission could in fact be investing possible al-Qaida links to the Mythos. Here, the sudden and mysterious massacres would be the signal for the team to begin their investigation.

COMBINED ARMS: Bringing together Air Force personnel, Marines, Navy SEALs, Army Green Berets, CIA agents, and even local Afghans, this option allows players to choose their Investigator characters and further creates a more diverse and cross-trained investigation team.

This first order of business for any group will be being assigned to first investigate the allegation of the massacre of Qomfor and then to provide reconciliation with any nearby locals. After that, the investigation of the incident will lead directly to the path of the Demon Spectre.

WELCOME TO AFGHANISTAN

The geography of central Afghanistan makes it harsh place to live, let alone fight a war. The desolate landscape is almost like that of the moon; arid, frigid, and dusty plains surrounded by towering rugged mountains. Roads are non-existent, villages are scattered, and fauna is virtually unknown. The only colors are shades of brown and gray, with nary a bit of greenery anywhere. Often the only sound one can hear are the howling winter winds blowing south from Siberia through the desolate treeless valleys. Coming from the sunny and warm climate of their home base on the Florida panhandle, the men of the 16th Special Operations Squadron (SOS) do feel as if they were on another planet.

Starting October 11 2001, the 16th SOS was flying out of a modern Russian-built air base outside of Bukara, Uzbekistan, but has recently relocated into Afghanistan itself. Using a rough airstrip 51 kilometers from the village of Khuzdar in the Bamian province, the new base is 183km from Kabul, which fell to the North Alliance on November 11 and is currently one of only three forward American military bases in the country. Dating back to the Soviet occupation, the landing strip was previously used by drug smugglers and al-Qaida commanders. The field was originally taken by a detachment of the 82nd Airborne on October 25, but was handed over to the 16th SOS and the 45th Combat Brigade of the 3rd Marine Expeditionary Force on November 1st. The day after arriving in Afghanistan, the 16th SOS attacked Taliban and al-Qaida forces near the city of Konduz in support of Northern Alliance forces, and was directly responsible for the city's surrender the next day. On November 26, 2001, a single Spectre gunship was called in to put down a rebellion at the prison fort of Qual-a-Jinga, killing hundreds of al-Qaida fighters in the process.

In a tribute to the victims of the 9/11 attacks, the base has been named "Camp United 93," in memory of the airline passengers that fought back against the al-Qaida hijackers on that awful morning and thus saved the American Capital building.

LIFE AT CAMP UNITED 93

The conditions at Camp United 93 are extremely spartan, with only the basic necessities. There are three actual buildings in the Air Force section of the camp, a prefab maintenance building and a pair of C-130 delivered converted mobile homes. One acts as the 16th's headquarters, air traffic control center, communication center, sickbay, and briefing room while the other is used for aircraft maintenance, machining, and supply room. A wheeled generator trailer provides electricity for the two buildings, communications and radar systems, and lighting for the tents. Two large fuel depots with dozens of 55-gallon aviation fuel barrels and six tanker trailers lie on both sides of the landing strip, while the gunships' stored ammunition is divided into four dugout caches on the northern side of camp. These two necessities are delivered to the aircraft by a pair of runway tractors parked in the open in a rounded-off area at the west end of the landing strip.

In addition to the aircrews and their six five-man maintenance teams, there are four radio operators, three aircraft controllers, four medics, a three man supply team, six ordinance specialists, and six MPs/guards. The commander of the squadron, and thus defacto Base commander is Colonel Greg Cunningham, USAF Academy graduate. His chief lieutenant is the Wing's Tactical officer Major Richard Garceau, while the Marines are commanded by Major John Carlson. The combined branches are also supported by a CIA officer with experience from the Afghan/Soviet War, Matt Morgan.

All squadron personnel live in large, reinforced tents, five for the officers and eight for the enlisted men while CIA agent Morgan resides in the HQ building. Interior decors are limited to cots, trunks, and space heaters. There is no kitchen and all the men eat prepackaged MREs, which, depending on one's taste, stands either for "Meal, Ready to Eat" or "Meals Rejected by Ethiopians." Drinks are solely coffee, soda, or bottled water. The Air Force "Mess Tent" consists of a dozen and a half folding plastic picnic tables, a quartet of large coffee urns, (one used for hot water), and six MRE heaters. A color TV set connected to Armed Forces Television via satellite stands at one end of the tent, but due to the demands on electricity, is only on for 3 hours a day, usually mealtime.

Airlifted supply runs come in twice a week, but deliveries are limited to aircraft fuel, ammunition, spare parts, food, and drinking water. This makes the supply of potable water for sanitation extremely limited, so showering has become a thing of the past, and taking a cue from Army Special Forces, clean-shaven faces are no longer regulation. There

are 3 latrines; two outdoor Port-o-lets next to a wheeled water cistern, and a small restroom in the HQ building. Waste material (garbage & sewage) is dumped 2 kilometers away from the base. Duties take up nearly every waking hour of the day and night, as the ground crews prepare for each night's 6-10 hour missions with 1-2 hour briefings before and a similar debriefing afterwards. The only distractions are personal music players, some handheld videogames, the mess tent TV, and a few laptop computers that bring a smattering of emails from families back in the States. For social outlets, there are a couple of Bible study classes, several on-going card games, the occasion attempt at sports, and decorating the sad excuse of an artificial Christmas tree. Each squadron members gets a required daily six hours of sleep, 2 hours of guard duty, 2 hours of daily break time (including 90 minutes for chow), and an hour of personal internet access per week.

The Marine section of the base is even more rough; just two dozen tents for sleeping and eating, one large portable generator, two crude, self-dug latrines, and a prefab helicopter maintenance building, with dugout fuel and ammo dumps. The work load is even harder what with 18-20 hour duty rosters leaving little or no personal time, including meals; MREs are eaten whenever a Marine can find 5-10 minutes to spare. When not out hunting local remnants of the Taliban or al-Qaida, the Marines guard the camp from infiltration and possible mortar attack inside a one-kilometer radius perimeter. A squadron of nine Cobra helicopter gunships flies out during the day in flights of three to scout out and attack possible targets and provide air support for the Marine recon and strike teams. A six man mechanical team maintains the helicopters, but are still considered Marine Corps Infantry on this mission.

The conditions at "Camp United 93" are amongst the most primitive in the entire US military at the moment, but considering what happened three months prior ... no one ever complains.

SPECTRE IN THE SKY: THE AC-130 GUNSHIP

First converted from the C-130 "Hercules" transport plane in the later half of the Vietnam War, the AC-130 at first presents the image of a large, slow-moving, prop-driven dinosaur left over from the days of World War II. However, its size and low speed have given it the ability to become the most accurate and deadly conventional airborne weapon in the world.

The Teeth: There are three main weapon systems aboard the AC-130 which are directed out the left side of the aircraft, dictating a circular flight pattern over the target and creating a cone-shaped field of downward fire. The most powerful weapon is a shock-mounted 105mm howitzer which fires up to six high explosive rounds per minute for devastating area effect fire and individual hardened targets. For armored vehicles and small buildings, there is a 40mm Swedish-made Bofors cannon which fires clips of four

armor-piecing or high explosive shells, with a firing capacity of three clips per minute. These cannons are situated behind the main landing gear, next to the howitzer. In front of the landing gear is a pair of five-barreled 20mm Gatling guns that can spew out 3000 belted rounds a minute--- and the AC-130 can carry up to 30,000 rounds for them. These rapid-fire guns can instantly turn a truck into a pile of hand-sized scrap metal or an enemy trench into a moat of blood.

The Eyes: Aside from the weapons, the cargo area of the AC-130 carries a large compliment of sensory devices that can clearly see and locate targets on even the darkest, rainiest, or cloudiest of nights. First, there is the All-Light Level Television (ALLTV) that can amplify even the most miniscule of light and produces a live, ghostly black & white image of the target area for which the fire control system can pick out up to a dozen targets. Secondly, there is the APG-180 Strike Radar, which is used to locate targets through any level of obscurity. Lastly, there are three Forward-Looking Infrared (FLIR) systems for the front, side, and rear of the aircraft that pick out variations of heat, whether from a vehicle or a human target. Accompanying each sensor system is an electronic "Friend or Foe" detector, which helps pick out enemy targets from friendly forces, enabling the AC-130 to provide safe and pinpoint covering fire during ground operations.

The Crew: As with the old B-17 bomber of WW2, there are three distinct crew areas of the AC-130. The Flight Deck is where the Pilot, Co-Pilot, Navigator, and Flight Engineer are located. The Pilot not only flies the aircraft and directs the other twelve members of the crew, but is the final "finger on the trigger" for the Spectre's weapons. The Co-Pilot acts as the Pilot's backup and forward observer for possible enemy targets and incoming ground fire. The Navigator, seated behind the Pilot, is responsible for getting the plane to and from the desired target area and also acts as the radio operator. The enlisted Flight Engineer (often a senior-level Sergeant) monitors and maintains the various electrical and mechanical systems of the plane ranging from engine performance to weapon systems power to hydraulics.

Underneath the flight deck is a small crew area with 4 bunks, a small galley with microwave oven, and a toilet, enabling flights up to 10 hours without in-flight refueling. Behind that in the front cargo area is a small prefab interior building called "The Booth." This is home to the Fire Control Officer (FCO), Electronic Warfare Officer (EWO), and two enlisted Sensor Operators. The FCO receives data from the two enlisted Sensor operators, one operating the All-Light Level Television and the other on the forward looking infrared units (FLIR) and the APG-180 Strike Radar. As opposed to the offensive nature of the other Booth crewman, the EWO is responsible for the defense of the plane. He uses several countermeasure systems including search radar jammers, missile homing radar detectors, chaff dispensers, and flares to repel heat-seeking missiles.

The main cargo area of the AC-130 is referred to as the Gun Deck. Here, four enlisted men load and maintain the array of guns; two on the 105mm howitzer loading new shells and unloading spent ones, one crewman on the 40mm Bofers gun and one for the two 20mm Gatling guns. A fifth enlisted man serves as plane's Loadmaster and rear observer, picking out both targets and incoming ground fire

"Psy War Ops, Make it Loud:" One somewhat comical aspect of the 16th Squadron's aircraft is the addition of a trio of large outdoor speakers onto the fuselage under each plane's port wing, which are used for "Psychological Warfare." Originally designed to broadcast taped messages to demoralize an enemy force, the squadron's aircrews now blare out loud music at an enemy during an attack, as featured in the 1979 film *Apocalypse Now*. This is especially useful against the music-detesting Taliban and Western world-hating al-Qaida fighters and supporters. Typically the musical selection is either a loud, militaristic classical piece like *Ride of the Valkeries*, *Carmina Burana*, and *The 1812 Overture*, or an even louder rock song from the likes of Van Halen, AC/DC, or Metallica. On this mission, Bruce Springsteen's *Born in the USA* and Frank Sinatra's rendition of *New York, New York* are played after each attack to inform the surviving enemy just why the Americans are here.

The aircraft of the 16th Squadron are all nicknamed for loud, sinister-type songs; *Bad Moon Rising*, *Back in Black*, *Helter Skelter*, *Enter Sandman*, *Bad to the Bone*, and the lead aircraft, *Ghost Riders in the Sky*. Naturally, nose art for each aircraft is a must, and like the bomber crews of WW2, each planes' compliment of air and ground crews wear theme decorated leather jackets, fostering a friendly competition between them all.

AC-130 Statistics:

Speed is 366 mph, with a ceiling of 23,000. Range is typically 1500 miles without in-flight refueling. A gunship typically carries 20-36 rounds of 105mm ammunition, 36-52 rounds of 40mm in four shot clips, and up to 20,000 rounds of drum-fed 20mm.

THE RUINS OF QOMFOR & JUNAAR FEBETH

In order to try and sway Afghan sentiment to the side of the Americans, military authorities will order an investigation into the attack on Qomfor, as well as pay compensation to relatives. The Investigators are order to board a Marine Corp Sea Knight helicopter and fly northeast to the destroyed village to make an official report local along with CIA operative & translator Matt Morgan and six Marines for security. The Sea Knight is escorted by two Cobra helicopter gunships due to reports of scattered Taliban and al-Qaida fighters still operating in the area. The half hour flight is noisy, bone-rattling, and furiously cold, finally ending when the twin-rotored helicopter lands roughly on a dusty road 300 yards southeast of the devastated village.

The Cobras continue to circle high overhead, being replaced by two others one hour later.

Typical of small Afghan villages, Qomfor is made up of a dozen or so small brick or mud daub buildings surrounding a cramped marketplace. However, the only people in the village now are twenty-two local Afghan leaders, militiamen, and grieving relatives. Upon entering the village, the Investigators will be besieged by a dozen or so angry relatives of the dead. The lead Afghans will try to calm things down in the typical fashion, a loud barrage of AK-47 fire into the air. The top Afghan in the group is Mohammed Dadfar, a Northern Alliance militia commander who knows of the brutality of war for over twenty years, and understands the Americans did not do this on purpose, as the Taliban and al-Qaida fighters were using the innocent villagers as human shields. He does, however, expect some manner of compensation for the deaths.

Dadfar will insist that the Investigators see what happened to the villagers of Qomfor, and under the suspicious eyes of his heavily armed militiamen, will lead the Americans on a grisly building by building tour. There are no actual bodies of the dead, just thousands of partially charred body parts scattered about in piles. Seeing the ghastly devastating requires a SAN roll, even for hardened battle veterans (SAN Loss 1/1D6). Apparently, over 40 men, women and children were killed in the attack, but there are seriously problems with the apparent theory of the Afghans.

A First Aid/Medical/Artillery roll will indicate that the manner of death is not due to the weaponry of the AC-130, or any other conventional military weapon. The body parts are nearly uniform in size and are near perfectly cauterized. Remains of charred clothing are also found in much equal proportions to human remains. Also, a successful Spot Hidden will reveal that the mud brick buildings throughout the village have been smashed in from the sides, as if a tank had punched through, and all the roof damage was in fact due to collapsing walls.

Many of the body part piles are found inside seemingly huddled in corners. About seven victims outside have weapons near by, charred, scorched, and with melted metal parts with hundreds of spent shell casings littering the ground. An additional Spot Hidden and Firearm skill roll will reveal a multitude of bullet holes in the building walls, indicating that any firing was done at ground targets. But there are no enemy bodies or even evidence of any enemy causality. In order to pass this along to the locals, knowledgeable Investigators and interpreter Morgan must make a successful Persuade and Afghan Language roll. Failure will only leave the locals with the idea that the Americans are beginning to follow in the footsteps of the Soviets unless monetary and materialist compensation is made. Bargain and Language rolls will alter the amount required to avoid a dangerous downturn in relations. Shooting it out with the locals is highly inadvisable.

However, if the Investigators are successful with their persuasion, the Afghan militiamen and relatives will soon

start to talk of a "Demon Spectre," which is allegedly the ghost of a long-dead evil warrior from far beyond. Hearing these whispers, Dadfar and the other Afghan leaders will only remark that such talk is superstitious babbling. As opposed to the official Air Force and CIA intelligence reports that referred to Junfaar Febeth as an "Islamic religious shrine," the local Afghans will say that it was a place to be shunned and feared, not worshipped. Personally interviewing local inhabitants will reveal the ancient story of how in the far past, 500 Islamic warriors from Afghanistan, Persia, Samerkand, and Baghdad battled a "demonically evil warrior heretic, called forth by an Infidel Wizard from lands beyond," and after most had died bravely, one eventually slew him with "a blessed sword from the hand of the Prophet himself." The infidel was buried in an ancient tomb of pagan idol worshippers, but his evil was so great, he still continues to haunt the area with a ghostly wailing and unseen hands. And the legend continues that the tribe that then lived here for the next half millennia strove to maintain the tomb to prevent the resurrection of the evil thing. However, since the now-forgotten tribe has long been acclimated into Islamic society, the current local Afghans have instead shunned the place for decades. It was only with the Soviet occupation that foreign fighters have inhabited the site as a base, refusing to believe the legends.

As for the actual site of Junfaar Febeth and the al-Qaida training base, it is 800 meters east of Qomfor, up a rugged trail and literally built into the side of a 50-foot cliff side. The trail up to the pseudo-shrine and the training base was poorly maintained even before the Air Force pounding and is now quite difficult to navigate, taking nearly an hour to make the trek. Local Afghans will not act as guides, but will point out the direction to Investigators. During the trek up, compasses and electronic gear will start to malfunction, compasses needles will waver back and forth, GPS units will flashing a myriad of readings, and the Investigator's radios will crackling with electronic static. Getting closer, the acrid smell of battle will get stronger; a mix of smoke, explosive residue, and rotting flesh, combined with a faint, strangely pungent ozone-type smell that no one can identify. The bodies of the al-Qaida forces still remain, with only scavenging vultures as mourners. Thirty two bodies bear fatal scars resulting from the aerial assault of the AC-130, but there are four piles of human remain that are exactly like those in Qomfor; fist-sized chunks of cauterized body parts, burnt clothing, and scorched small arms surrounded by dozens of spent shell casings.

Upon reach the ancient remains of the Junfaar Febeth pseudo-shrine, Investigators will only see a scattering of smashed, dully eroded blue and silver tiles amid a huge pile of stone and brick rubble, which is all that is left of the ancient shrine, with bits and pieces of the utterly destroyed anti-aircraft gun emplacement on top of the cliff scattered around. The electronic malfunctions will increase in severity the closer one gets to the actual remains of the shrine, finally to the point that some will become permanently ruined. Roll Luck for each electronic item an

Investigator carries to avoid this effect. Up close, the Investigators can see that this once was a 25 foot tall half minaret built into the side of the cliff face, but was nothing more than a 6 foot thick tower wall surrounding a deep pit from which the now stronger odor of ozone wafts up from.

The pit is roughly 12 feet wide if the sun is overhead, appeared to about 60-70 feet deep. Otherwise, the bottom is too dark to be seen. A crumbling stone staircase about 2 feet wide spirals down into the blackness. Electrical lighting will flash and peter out if lowered into the pit, with only chemical lights and flares able to provide illumination. If the bottom can be illuminated, there appears to be nothing down there. Investigators making the descent down the stairs will need to make two DEX checks to stay on the narrow steps and avoid falling. Halfway down, a Luck roll needs to be made, failure indicating the stairs collapse under the weight of the Investigator, who if falling a DEX check falls the remaining 30 feet taking 3D6 Damage. Being secured by a rope only brings 1d4 damage from hitting the wall. At the bottom, the strange smell is overwhelming, and close examination of the stone floor will reveal massive electrical scorching to a height of 5 feet...and ominous, a similar, let fainter, scorching going up the wall to the surface.

Checking the site with undamaged Geiger counter (used for finding spent Depleted Uranium rounds) and EMF meters (standard maintenance equipment) will reveal a "trail" of slightly electrified and magnetized rocks indicating the path of something coming from the scorched wall trail in a southwest direction. Five Spot Hidden rolls will reveal five pieces of a strange-looking, greenish gold plaque, which when pieced together will roughly resemble a wavy star with a flame inside. With a Cthulhu Mythos roll, Delta Green-affiliated Investigators will identify it as an Elder Sign.

OUTSIDE INFORMATION

When local information is exhausted, Investigators can opt to use Internet access to obtain information. American military sources will indicate only rudimentary information on the Qomfor area; estimated population, elevation, ethnic make-up, and the false notion that Junfaar Febeth is considered an "Islamic Holy Site." However, a normal Internet search will reveal something more beneficial. The French National Museum of Antiquities has a web page dedicated to a 1963 archeological expedition sent to uncover evidence of Alexander the Great's military campaign in Afghanistan. Referencing "Junfaar Febeth," a browser will find a page showing the site prior to the decades of war. It was a half-circular tower built into the rock of a 35' cliff with no entrance or windows. The report says that of all the expedition's compasses and radios malfunctioned in close proximity to the shrine, leading to speculation that inside the "tomb" was a large, magnetic meteorite similar to the Black Stone inside the Kaaba Mosque in Mecca.

A brief notation indicates the same story that local Afghan tale of the ancient battle against evil and will also note that the local populace were one of the last Afghan tribes to convert to Islam, desperate trying to maintain their ancient pagan rituals surrounding the legends of Junfaar Febeth. A close-up picture reveals the image of Tsang's original Elder Sign, which can be identified with a Cthulhu Mythos roll. The report speculates that the "symbol" was placed there as a "protective device" long before Islam came to the region, and that subsequent attempts to remove it failed. A detailed excavation of the site was planned, but cancelled when a larger and more productive site was discovered 65 kilometers away. There is contact information on the website, which will get an email reply in 3D8 hours by a museum curator, Dr. Jacque Preiur, who, as a member of the 1963 expedition can provide corroborating information on the subject. If asked, Preiur will recount their experiences when last at the ancient minaret, including hearing the faint sounds of an eerie electrical whining deep inside the building, the faint smell of acrid ozone, and the magnetic interference. He does insist that it is most likely a natural phenomena, but is at a loss at the reported devastation.

Researching the Elder sign can also be done via the Internet or telephone. Regular military channels will bring absolutely nothing, but getting in touch with civilians familiar with the symbol (i.e., Miskatonic University) may provide enough information to try fabricating one. Hopefully.

THE HORROR FROM BEYOND:

Plucked from the far reaches of space by an errant Gate spell, the Demon Spectre has been trapped in its makeshift tomb for over 1300 years and now finds itself free to move about, feed, and hopefully breed. The monster is basically an energy creature existing in the cosmic ether deep in space, seeking out other similarly based entities across vast distances. Greatly hindered by Earth's gravity, the Spectre moves by slowly pulling its slightly hovering body via a multitude of thin pseudo-pods, and is thus able to travel in any one direction without loss of momentum. And due to its extra-dimensional nature, it is near invisible in the normal light and infrared spectrums and impervious to kinetic damage. Bullets and artillery shells simply go right through it, and explosive shock waves only seem to slightly slow its movement.

It is quite intelligent, but in a logical abstract manner rather than technological fashion; able to comprehend the mysteries of the universe, but not to create tools. It can communicate with its own kind and certain other aliens, but mental interaction with humans is impossible. Trapped on this strange, far-off planet for over 1300 years, the Demon Spectre's has survived on a meager "diet" culled from the Earth's magnetic field. But now free to move about, it consumes biological energy by grasping a target with its pseudo-pods and literally pulling the cellular chemical and nuclear bonds of a living victim apart, leaving a multitude

of charred, fist-sized body parts behind. It can also absorb electrical energy in a similar fashion, whether from a power line or electrical appliance. Due to the relative lack of "food," the Demon Spectre must rest frequently, often taking shelter in a darken crags. After eventually consuming enough energy, the entity will reproduce by fission into another, and then continue to move, feed, and multiply in the same way.

Tracking the Demon Spectre can be done using an electromagnetic detector, or in a pinch, a simple magnetic compass that will spin wildly when within 500 meters, growing ever more wild when drawing nearer. A Geiger counter or electromagnetic detector will also have the same result. As the Demon Spectre draws closer, a strange, pungent ozone-type aroma will be smelled and a slight electronic whine can be heard, similar to a therramin (heard in countless 50s Sci Fi movies) that grows louder the closer the entity gets. Its movement can also be seen; a multitude of disturbances on the ground followed by a slight pressure wave as if a very heavy 20x15 oval of gravity was gently pulled behind. Within 4 meters, it appears as a shimmering of the air, similar to a heat mirage. The Spectre can be better "seen" on the ultraviolet wavelength, as well as radar and starlight scopes, but the best image only coming across as nothing more than a green grayish glowing cloud with hundreds of 12 foot long, wispy-thin "tentacles." It can be made wholly visible for 10 seconds with the Powder of Ibn-Ghazi, but the true sight of it would be horrific to any viewer, requiring a SAN roll.

THE DEMON SPECTRE, Extra-dimensional Energy Creature

STR 28, SIZ 35 DEX 15, POW 20, INT 16, HP 80, Move 8
Damage Bonus: +2d6

Weapons: Pseudopod Mass 70%, damage 2D10, attacks 1D10

Armor: None, but impervious to kinetic weapons. Affected only by electromagnetic weapons and magic.

Spells: None

Skills: Sneak 85%, Climb 40%

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity Points to witness the near Invisible form, 1/1D10 to see the actual entity.

BATTLING THE DEMON SPECTRE

Using kinetic weapons such as bullets and artillery shells is completely useless and most likely only attracts the attention of the creature. The blast of even a 105mm shell only temporarily distracts it from moving or attacking for a few seconds or so. A high temperature heat source (such as napalm or ignited aviation fuel) can inflict damage on it, but only one point per round in contact worth, and the Demon Spectre is not flammable and will move out of the way in 2-3 rounds. Cold has no effect and electricity actually feeds it. However, an electrified fence will deter the Demon Spectre's movement due to the electromagnetic field created. A large amount of water (100 gallons or

more) will temporarily stun the Demon Spectre by shorting its electromagnetic field out, but only for 1d6 rounds.

As for using the arsenal of the United States military against it, there are but three weapons in the Air Force inventory that can effectively deal with the Demon Spectre:

- 1) Nuclear Warhead: The electromagnetic pulse and sheer heat of an atomic blast will obliterate the Demon Spectre and anything else in a kilometer radius, but obtaining such a weapon, let alone authorization to use one, is impossible. Period.
- 2) 20mm Depleted Uranium Anti-tank Shells. The inherent radioactive element in this conventional weapon is enough to temporarily affect the Demon Spectre; causing it to be stunned for a second or two, however, it takes 20 rounds to affect a single Hit Point of damage. Such rounds are not typically part of the 16th Squadron's normal ammunition allotment, but they can be obtained from the Bukara air base in a matter of hours.
- 3) The GB-455 Electromagnetic Pulse Warhead. This is a recently developed weapon, designed at Eglin Air Force Base to destroy an enemy's electronic, power-generating, and communications systems. It is primarily a first strike weapon, typically delivered by F-117 Stealth Fighters or an ACM cruise missile. Precisely hitting the Demon Spectre with it will deliver 3D10x10 points in electromagnetic damage. Of course, hitting a nearly invisible moving target with a missile designed for stationary targets will prove to be the problem. Such warheads are found in Saudi Arabia, Germany, and Korea, and can be obtained with the proper authority in 1-4 days.

If time and the ability to learn a spell are both available (namely to Delta Green agents), there are magical means to deal with the Demon Spectre. The simplest is to create a 15-20 POW strength Gate in front of the horror, and it will leave of its own accord. Next, the Curse of Darkness spell will in fact return the creature to whence it came from, but the caster would require full view of it with use of the Powder of Ibn-Ghazi. An Elder Sign will block the path of the Spectre, but for only 10degrees of arc. Directly dropping a Elder Sign directly on the monster will stop it in its tracks, unable to move and creating a sparking, aurora-type display of energy.

Other spells that can affect the Demon Spectre are: Bless Blade, Create Barrier, Create Limbo Gate, Create Time Trap, Dust of Suleiman, and Enchant Lance,

TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION

After the first attack on Qomfor following the Demon Spectre's release, there will be three more incidents caused by the rampaging alien. These will occur on consecutive days from December 18th to the 21st, eventually reaching the home base of the Investigators.



Doomed Recruits: On Dec 18th, allied Afghan forces will show up at Camp United 93 with four captured Taliban fighters, whom they say are survivors of a 36 man column of Pakistani jihadists who came to fight the American Infidels but were instead horribly wiped out by what the terrified prisoners call "an unseen devil." If successfully interrogated, the four survivors will reveal that their group was making its way to Khuzdar from the rear to attack the Northern Alliance forces there when they began to hear a strange whining noise, and then the six men in front of the column suddenly screamed in pain, were lifted completely off the ground, and that that "their bodies fall apart in a simmering grayish green flash." They first thought it was an American air attack, but that there was virtually no noise except for the bizarre whining. The prisoners then claim to have seen a near invisible entity attack the rest of the group, literally burning its victims apart into bread-like chunks and that no amount of small arms fire or grenades could do any harm to the seething mass of shimmering dust and energy. Scared beyond belief, the four fighters then ran away as fast as they could for nearly the entire night before being "rescued" by their fellow Muslims. Having no maps or navigational gear, they have no idea where the attack took place.

A Psychology roll will reveal the survivors are so traumatized that their previous anti-western and fundamentalist Islamic beliefs and ideology means nothing to them now, as if they saw something so horrible that it completely negated their previous world view. Following the interrogation, the four men will be airlifted to the Qual-a-Jinga prison complex, but will be deemed "non-threatening" in two months and released, abet quite insane.

America's Best: The following day on the 19th, a three-man American soldiers leading a 12 man allied unit of ethnic Uzbeks 82 kilometers away will call in to Camp United 93 to report a massive electromagnetic disturbance is interfering with their range finding, GPS, and communications gear. The signal is coming in with massive interference, something that no personnel at Camp United 93 have encountered before. Ten minutes later, the team will report that they are seemingly under attack by an unseen adversary. As they desperately call for air support and extraction, the team's radio operator reports that their Afghan allies are all either dead or missing and that they themselves are trapped in a small, but defensible box canyon. As the Combat Air Controllers try to direct the nearest friendly aircraft to assist, the radio crackles with the panicked voice of the radioman describing how his two comrades are being literally ripped apart by some sort of "shimmering cloud thing," right before his eyes. The doomed soldier then drops the radio microphone and is heard screaming in terror as he empties his assault rifle at the oncoming thing. The transmission ends with the sounds of an empty rifle, a strange electronic whining, then a blood-curdling scream combined with a bizarre electrical crackling ... then silence.

The next day finds the location a horrific scene of dried blood and charred body parts, no bigger than a fist. Shattered and ruined weapons are strewn about, and the team's radio is in the back of the crag next to the remains of its operator, the interior components so badly burned that they have literally been reduced to ash. An Electronics or Electrical repair roll will reveal the radio suffered a sudden discharge of power, as if the battery power was literally sucked out in seconds. A Spot Hidden or Track roll will reveal the area is covered by thousands of minute 15mm diameter circular tracks. And if as with the Qomfer mission, checking the site with a Geiger counter or EMF meters will reveal the exact same electrified and magnetized "trail," going in and then out of the area. A Navigation roll will reveal the outgoing "trail" leading towards village of Khuzdar.

Death in Khuzdar: The following night, the Demon Spectre enters the village of Khuzdar, which is 51 kilometers away and has a current population of 92. After six members of an outlying family are horribly killed by the thing, eleven armed men will try and stop the horror, only to die just as awfully. However, the noise will alert the rest of the villagers. Fifteen more men will futilely take up arms while the rest of the villagers attempt to flee into the mountains. During the firefight, a remotely piloted Predator reconnaissance drone will pass over and spot the illuminations of the gunfire, alerting Air Force operators in Bukara, who will then radio Camp United 93. However, this evening only the temporality grounded crew of the "Bad Moon Rising" or a Marine Recon team will be close enough to get there in time.

Upon reaching Khuzdar, the gunfire has but all stopped with all human combatants either fled or died, with dozens of still warm piles of body parts generating enough heat to be seen with infrared viewers. However, the ghostly image of the Demon Sultan can be seen with proper equipment slowly plodding through the village towards a lone gasoline-powered generator belong into to the now-dead village elder. As the glowing shadow of the monster enters the building, a storm of electrical arcs and radiant energy will be seen bursting forth from the building, illuminating the scene in a psychedelic mélange of color as the small generator is thrown into overdrive to feed its unearthly diner. In a matter of minutes, the overworked generator is suck dry of any power, and the Demon Spectre slowly moves out of the village, stopping to attack and fed on 1d10 hiding victims. Seeing the doomed villagers consumed (even via electronic means) costs the viewer a SAN roll with a loss of 1/D6 SAN.

Any conventional AC-130 attacks on the Demon Spectre will fail, but large explosive shock waves and deplete uranium round could pin the monster in the village until the gunship is forced to leave at dawn. Returning to Khuzdar to investigate on the ground only reveal the same horrifically rendered body parts, countless shell casings, and obliterated building walls as in Qomfer. However, examining the generator with a successful Electrical or Mechanic repair

roll will reveal that it was somehow thrown into a kind of overdrive that drained it of fuel in a matter of minutes before burning itself out. As for the Demon Spectre, it has by now moved on to rest somewhere in a 20km radius.

Going Up the Country: If the Investigators decide to go monster hunting, the Demon Spectre is not the only danger in the Afghan countryside. A few surviving Taliban and al-Qaida fighters still roam the area looking to kill at least one infidel on their way to the Great Paradise. Plus, there are both allied and neutral Afghan fighters roaming about, along with fleeing civilians and the occasional goat Afghan just doing their business. For each day spent on the ground investigating the Demon Spectre, roll 1D6 for a Random Countryside Encounter

- 1) 1d3 Injured Enemy Combatants
- 2) 2d10 Civilian Refugees
- 3) Armed Local Afghan Allies
- 4) 1d4 Goat herders
- 5) Armed Neutral local Afghan.
- 6) 1d3 Surviving Taliban/ al-Qaida Fighter

Neutral parties will at first be highly suspect of the American Investigators and great care must be made to prevent unnecessary violence. Investigators looking to make trouble will only bring more antagonistic encounters with vengeful Afghans. To make combat simple, treat armed locals as such: HP: 12. Skills: AK-47: 60%, Conceal: 35%, Hide: 40%, Spot Hidden: 40%, Sneak: 45%.

Five sample Afghan names: Zalamy Sediq, Abdullah Sarwar, Obidullah Farhanic, Yousuf Atmar, Said Quasemi.

"THIS IS NO DRILL"

After destroying the village of Khuzdar, the path of the Demon Spectre now leads to straight to Camp United 93 itself. This can be determined by mapping out the locations of the individual attacks and possible future sightings, which seems to be on nearly direct course with the base. At its present speed and need for rest it will reach Camp United 93 on December 22.

The first signs of the approaching Demon Spectre from the ground will occur in late afternoon, consisting of a slowing approaching dust cloud about 2 kilometers away and a growing magnetic deviation. As opposed to the numerous dust devils that spring up in the swirling winds, the dust cloud will be on a direct path to the base, moving at around 5 kilometers per hour. A Natural History or Meteorology roll will conclude that this "dust trail" is not natural. Observation with binoculars or from the air will reveal only a continual series of small puffs of dirt being kicked up, unless aided by a starlight scope, which even in the diminishing sunlight will reveal a horrid mass of feelers puling along a grotesque seething body of energy (SAN Loss 1/1D8). The extra-dimensional bulk of the entity will appear on the flight controller's landing radar literally as a

"hole" in the electronic sweep, something the operators have never seen before.

Meanwhile, the Marine scouts out in the field without vision enhancement will report no visible movement, just the occasion dust devil and heat mirage. However, they stand a chance of falling prey to the approaching horror; roll LUCK of 60% for each of the four scouts emplaced in the path of the Demon Spectre to avoid a terrible death. Witnesses seeing an unfortunate scout attacked and ripped apart must make SAN roll with a 1/d6 SAN loss. This will no doubt set the base on high alert, as Major Carlson positions all his Marines to defend the camp.

If not stopped by now, the Demon Spectre will hit the base perimeter just after night fall, in which it's near invisible form sudden becomes a barely visible, shimmering green-gray haze. All compasses and electronic gear will go haywire, and the air will be filled with an unearthly whining sound. The Marines will open up with automatic fire and grenade launchers, drowning out the weird sound of the monster. The Demon Spectre's chief target will be the two electrical generators; the first being the Marine's unit and then the Air Force's, but it will not hesitate to consume biological energy along the way. When the creature actually enters the camp, Investigators will have the option of fight or flight. The gung-ho Marines at the base however, do not care for such a choice; they will fight the monster with conventional---and futile---means. During the attack, the Demon Spectre can attack 2D10 Marines before reaching their generator, after which it will then turn towards the larger Air Force generator. Another 1D10 Marines can fall prey to the monster during this movement and then 1D10 Airmen, who are either trying to defend the base or scrambling to reach the gunships. Any such victims will be seen as if they were grasped by near invisible electrical cables, lifted off the ground and then literally falling apart into fist-sized chunks in a sparkling cloud of greenish-gray energy. As with all other attacks, anyone witnessing their comrades being attacked and ripped apart by the near invisible entity costs both Investigators and nearby NPCs a San Loss of 1/1D8.

When base casualties hit 30%, Marine commander Carlson reluctantly orders a "rapid tactical repositioning," namely, the withdrawal of surviving personnel to three emergency sites 2, 4, and 5 kilometers away. Major Carlson will be the last man to leave the base, providing cover fire for his men, and if driven temporarily insane, will go down in a blaze of Marine Corps glory; most likely luring the Demon Spectre into an ammo dump and blowing himself and it up in an ineffectual attempt to kill the nearly invisible horror.

In the aftermath of the attack, radio calls for help will at best bring in an air strike from Bukara or perhaps a Navy carrier in the Bay of Bengal. But as with all other conventional attacks, the conventional strike will only look spectacular, with no damage done to the Demon Spectre. Watching from the safety of the air or a emergency landing zone, the ominous dust cloud and eerie electronic blob will

then move in a direction that places it on a direct course to the capital Kabul, with over a million possible victims.

Upon rescue or the arrival of Marine reinforcements, survivors will be interviewed by both Military and CIA Intelligence officers. These debriefings will leave only a series of confused stories of "unseen attackers" "bodies being ripped apart," "useless weapons," numerous electrical malfunctions, and a "weird howling whine." Investigators which knowledge of the creature will need to make five successful Persuade rolls to convince the military debriefers of the danger or else be treated as possibly suffering from Post-Traumatic Stress Syndrome or in need of psychiatric evaluation (the Infamous "Section 8"). In this case, the Investigators may have to take matters into their own hands to save the denizens of Kabul.

If the Demon Spectre is not stopped before reaching Kabul, it will smash into the north reaches of the cities, consuming D100 victims, and then undergo reproduction by fission. An off-the scale Electromagnetic pulse that can be recorded 20 kilometers away, will knock out all electrical services, communications, and computers in the city, and a unearthly blue green glowing dome will appear, being visible with the naked eye. An hour later, there will be a pair of Demon Spectres and they will wreak havoc in Kabul, killing thousands and driving even more in to the countryside. Then after three days in Kabul, there will be two more such creatures, which will then head off in different direction for more prey, one heading north to Uzbekistan, two east and south to Islamabad and Karachi, Pakistan, and the fourth west to Iran. Awfulness ensues.

AFTERMATH

If the investigators can manage to defeat the Demon Spectre with conventional or magical means, award them with 1D8 Sanity. If doing so before Camp United 93 is attacked, add an addition 1D3 Sanity.

If, however, the Investigators cannot stop the Demon Spectre, it will move onto Kabul, where after consuming several hundred victims, it will reproduce and create another horror that will continue to grow, feed, and reproduce. The resulting progeny eventually will devastate Afghanistan, the region, then Asia, and possibly the entire Earth. If faced with an onslaught of such alien monsters, use of nuclear weapons will become a reality, but by then it may be too late. Allowing this to happen will have surviving Investigators lose 2/1d20 SAN each month of the ensuing alien-induced apocalypse.

If the Demon Spectre is defeated, official acknowledgement of its existence and the action of the Investigators would be nearly impossible. First off, the idea of an ageless, invisible creature of doom is sheer fantasy that no military leader could dare report on. Secondly, any action military Investigators take may in fact result in some sort of official reprimand, however, light in face of the current military situation. An attack on Camp United 93 will simply go down as a "deadly enemy mortar attack" even if evidence

proves that false. Defenders of the base will be awarded with citations for bravery and any efforts taken in that effort will be deem "appropriate." The outcome of their action, however, will be far greater then any commendation or reprimand possible.

TIMELINE

- December 15:** The Demon Spectre is released, destroys village of Qomfor
- December 16:** Reports of massacre at Qomfor lead to USAF Inquiry
- December 17:** Taliban unit destroyed, on ground investigation begins
- December 18:** Reports of attacked Taliban reaches Camp United 93
- December 19:** Green Berets attacked
- December 20:** Khazdar attacked
- December 21:** Demon Spectre on the move
- December 22:** Camp United 93 Attacked
- December 26:** If not stopped, Demon Spectre reaches Kabul.

NPCs

MAJOR RICHARD GARCEAU, 16th SOW Tactical Officer, age 42

STR 13, CON 15, SIZ 13, DEX 15, APP 12, INT 18, POW 15, EDU 22, SAN 70, HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: M9 Beretta 40%, damage 1D10, attacks 3, range 20 yds, ammo 15

Skills: Aircraft Maintenance 35%, Cartography 39%, Direct AC-130 Fire 90%, Electronics 40%, Guitar 40%, Hide 30%, History 40%, Library 35%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Navigation 50%, Persuade 45%, Photographic Analysis 70%, Psychology 30%, Scrounge 60%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden/Target 85%, Wilderness Survival 50%

Languages: Arabic 30%, English 110%

Referred to reverently as "The Ghost Rider," Garceau has been in the Air Force since joining the Reserve at age 17 as a C-130 loader, then going Regular at 19. After six years of tossing out paratroopers, airdropping cargo, and making Staff Sergeant, he earned a degree in Geography and successfully went through Officer Training School. Afterwards, he trained as an AC-130 Fire Control Officer, participating in the attack on Panama. It was there that Garceau first started the idea of blaring out loud music with a certain Van Halen song. By the time of the First Gulf War in 1991, he was showing a superior aptitude for the job, and in the campaign to liberate Kuwait, he destroyed hundreds of Iraqi vehicles and troop positions.

Later in the 1990s, Garceau further refined the AC-130 tactics and refashioned the 16th Special Operation Wing in a rapid response strike force, able to deliver devastating

strikes to an enemy anywhere in the world, from Somali militias to Serbian armored forces, as well as personally destroying the palatial homes of Manuel Noreiga, Saddam Hussain, Mohamed Farrah Adid, and Slobodan Molosovich. He is considered the top "Tank Ace" in the US military with 97 confirmed tank kills to his credit, not including numerous other fighting vehicles, and even an Iraqi helicopter in the Gulf War. Named the wing's Chief Tactical Officer in 1998, the outlook for overseas action faded in 2000, but then came September 11th.

Currently, Garceau has developed an almost cult status in the Air Force for his Zen-like attitude and uncanny ability to find and obliterate any target in his AC-130, "Ghost Riders in the Sky." He led the mission against the Qual-a-Jinga prison complex, putting a single 105mm shell in the captured armory, sending 100 al-Qaida members to the "Great Paradise." Garceau nonchalantly admits to be a killer of thousands (all deservedly) and personally wants to add bin Ladin to the list, having to leave his AWACS Navigator Wife Captain Kathleen Garceau and 5 year old son Rolf back home. When not planning another air assault, he is often found alone playing acoustic guitar.

COLONEL GREG CUNNINGHAM, Commander, 16th Special Ops Squadron, age 39

STR 14, CON 13, SIZ 13, DEX 14, APP 15, INT 16, POW 11, EDU 20, SAN 55, HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: M9 Beretta 45%, damage 1D10, attacks 3, range 20 yds, ammo 15
M117 40%, Damage 2D8, attacks 1, range 100 yds, ammo 30

Skills: Aircraft Maintenance 30%, Electronics 30%, First Aid 40%, History 45%, Library Use 45%, Listen 30%, Navigate 65%, Persuade 60%, Photographic Analysis 40%, Pilot Turboprop Aircraft 80%, Psychology 45%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 40%, Wilderness Survival 50%

Languages: Arabic 20%, English 95%, Pashtun 15%, Russian 15%

Quite possibly the epitome of the All-American Boy, Cunningham was from a well-off, well-to-do family in Georgia that provided him a solid foundation for success. Handsome, smart, and outgoing, he was an Eagle Scout, multiple sports team captain, and school valedictorian with perfect grades, that lead him to a successful four years at the Air Force Academy, where he was the Administrative Officer of the Corp of Cadets, and star member of the baseball and cross country teams.

After graduating third in his class, Cunningham first trained to be a B-1 pilot, but a previously unknown inner ear problem made him medically ineligible for supersonic aircraft. The slower speed of the C-130 Hercules however, made for a perfect match and he was assigned to the Special Operation wing's transport squadron as a HC-130 copilot.

Cunningham's first taste of combat was placing Green Berets far behind enemy lines in the first Gulf War. It was during this campaign where he witnessed the awesome firepower of the AC-130, and Cunningham transferred to the 16th Squadron in 1996. He proved a success in the skies over the former Yugoslavia and in 2000, was promoted to command the squadron. Based on seniority, the job should have gone to Garceau, but the Air Force always felt that pilots were better suited for combat command. However, Cunningham has never been able to surpass the near mythic status of the Wing's Tactical officer.

After a year and half of nothing but training missions, Cunningham felt the pull of retiring to civilian life and tripling his salary, but decided to stay on for a couple of years more. In September of 2001, he and his family of five were on vacation at Yellowstone National Park when the 9/11 attacks occurred and the Colonel could not get back to the unit until a week later, just when the squadron was preparing for action in Afghanistan. This late arrival to the situation has continued to further Cunningham's mental turmoil, making him strive for better results in the battle.

MATT MORGAN, CIA Operative and Translator, age 44

STR 13, CON 16, SIZ 14, DEX 10, APP 10, INT 13, POW 10, EDU 19, SAN 45, HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .44 Desert Eagle 40%, damage 2D6+2, attacks 1, ammo 6, range 30,
Uzi 25%, damage 1D10, attacks 2/burst, ammo 32, range 40

Skills: Bargain 45%, Climb 50%, Computer Use 25%, Cryptography 25%, Conceal 40%, Demolition 25%, Fast Talk 35%, First Aid 35%, Hide 40%, History 40%, Interrogate 40%, Library 30%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 45%, Radio Operator 25%, Sneak 45%

Languages: English 95%, Pashtun 50%, Russian 25%, Tajik 20%

A virulent anti-communist brought up in a strict military home in Alabama, CIA operative Matt Morgan is typical of that agency—in a bad light. Wanting to fight Russian communists in the 70s, he first tried to attend West Point, but was utterly unqualified. He tried college ROTC in college, but failed that as well. His only saving grace was that in the year of the Soviet invasion, he went on a crash course in Afghan languages, and in 1982 was immediately hired by the CIA to train the mujahidin and supply them with weapons.

Unfortunately, the fantasy role of a Russian-killing Rambo was completely beyond his means, and he ended up getting more Afghans killed with his bungling than a lot of Soviet troops did. However, his skill in obtaining overpriced weapons smuggled in from Pakistan pleased his superiors. In Morgan's mind, what were a few thousand dead ignorant savages when it came to pushing back the threat of



communism? This attitude showed no clearer when the CIA abandoned their charges when the Soviets pulled out in 1988 and Afghanistan fell into anarchy, and then under control of the Taliban.

Safe in his Langley, Virginia office cubicle, Morgan spent the 1990s filing reports on opium smuggling, translating Taliban communiqués, and regaling his coworkers with tall tales of his supposed battlefield exploits. That ended on September 12th, 2001 when the world learned of how the attack on America was carried out by al-Qaida and Osama bin Ladin.....Morgan's old Saudi pal from the 1980s. Now Morgan finds himself assigned to Camp United 93 as a translator and liaison with America's Afghan allies. However, he is disliked by nearly all the military personnel, in particular Garceau, and is derided as "Mr. Spook." Suffice to say, if his real past comes out, Morgan expects dismissal, possible jail time, or even death from his former Afghan clients.

MAJOR JOHN CARLSON, Commander, 45th Marine Combat Brigade, age 37

STR 16, CON 17, SIZ 15, DEX 14, APP 15, INT 15, POW 13, EDU 19, SAN 60, HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: M9 Beretta 75%, damage 1D10, attacks 3, range 20 yds, shots 15, M-16A2 70%, damage 2D8, range 75 yds, ammo 20, shots 2, Bayonet/Knife 55%, damage 1d6+db, Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1d3+db, Kick 35%, damage 1d6+db

Skills: Climb 55%, Conceal 40%, Drive Vehicle 35%, First Aid 45%, Grapple 45%, Hide 40%, History 40%, Interrogate 55%, Library Use 40%, Listen 35%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Navigate 45%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 45%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 45%, Throw 35%, Wilderness Survival 30%

Languages: Arabic 40%, Pashtun 35%

The youngest son of a black Marine NCO, John Carlson was born in Okinawa, Japan and being in a military family left an indelible impression on the young boy. Returning to the States where his father had gotten a job as a Los Angeles fireman, Carlson grew up during the Vietnam War protest, as well as numerous race riots in his South Central neighborhood. As a teenager in the 1970s, he was surrounded by street gangs and drug dealers, but rather than fall under their influence, he was active in his church and school athletics. Narrowly surviving several brushes with these criminal elements, he succeeded in school enough to win a Navy ROTC scholarship to the University of Southern California and chose the tougher Marine Corps option.

His first few years as a Marine Corp officer was spent commanding Marine detachments guarding American Embassies in Pakistan and Saudi Arabia, before being made

an infantry company commander with the 3rd Marine Division. In the first Gulf War, he took part in the Battle of Kaffji and led the Marine Corp drive into Kuwait City. Following the quick and decisive victory, he then led his company of Marines down the streets of Washington DC, making up for the poor reception his uncle had received in 1969. He then commanded a training regiment at Camp Pendleton for nearly six years, and in 1998, he left active duty for the reserves to teach Navy JROTC in a South Central LA high school, becoming a solid male role model to a new generation of lost young black males.

However, the week after the September 11th terror attacks on the United States, Carlson was called up due to his experience in the Islamic world and selected to lead one of the first Marine units into Afghanistan, the 45th Combat Brigade. However, instead of hunting down Osama bin Ladin and al-Qaida, he feels that his mission has instead become guarding a Marine Corps Cobra squadron as well as "baby-sitting" the Air Force, who is actually taking the fight to the enemy.

MOHAMMED DADFAR, Local Afghan Leader, age 52

STR 14, CON 16, SIZ 13, DEX 10, APP 10, INT 14, POW 12, EDU 14, SAN 60, HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: AK-47 65%, damage 2D8, range 75 yds, ammo 20, shots 2, Knife 40%, damage 1d6+db, Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1d3+db

Skills: Bargain 50%, Conceal 35%, Climb 50%, Gardening 30%, Hide 35%, Jump 35%, Listen 45%, Local History 75%, Natural History 35%, Navigate 35%, Persuade 50%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 40%

Languages: English 30%, Pashtun 80%, Russian 15%, Tajik 30%

The son of a village trader in the Afghan province of Bamia, Dadfar grew up hoping to get a good education and move to Kabul to become a successful businessman. But when the Soviet Union overthrew the existing Afghan government and installed a puppet regime, he quit college and became a mujahidin fighter. The first few years were extremely difficult; losing over two dozen relatives in the war, but Dadfar survived and soon became a mid-level commander under the local Bamian warlord. The advent of covert American aid via the CIA helped turn the tide of the war

When the Soviets withdrew in 1989, Dadfar thought that peace would finally come to his war-torn country, but instead the mujahidin turned upon each other in a civil war. The sudden disregard of the American CIA did not help the situation at all. When the Taliban took control of Kabul, it appeared once again that peace would come, but Dadfar realized that the backwards-thinking theocracy of these new rulers meant permanent impoverishment for his people. The

turning point was when the Taliban destroyed the giant Buddhas of Bam. True, they were non-Islamic idols, but they were also a beloved ancient relic of his people and Dadfar again took to fighting a hated oppressor with the Northern Alliance.

However, this battle always seemed winner-less, but when the Taliban's foreign al-Qaida allies attacked the United States, again the tide turned. This time, the Americans came in force, and with Dadfar's permission, secured a forward base in his home province. But because of the abandonment in the 1990s, Dadfar still has mixed feeling about the Americans, but if working with them will help bring about peace to Afghanistan, he will allow their intervention---- for now. Aged beyond 52 years, he is tired of war, but is more then willing to age it to protect his people.

MSGT MITCH EVANS, Supply Sergeant, age 43

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

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: M9 Beretta 65%, damage 1D10, attacks 3,
range 20 yds, shots 15

Skills: Bargain 50%, Aviation Maintenance 35%, Electrical Repair 25%, Fast Talk 55%, Mechanical Repair 45%, First Aid 35%, Listen 40%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 50%, Scrounge 70%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 45%, Wilderness Survival 30%.

Known as "Mr. Scrounge," Master Sergeant Evans has been in the Air Force for over 25 years in the supply end of the service, working in fighter squadrons, bomber wings, and even missile bases. Over the years, he has developed the amazing ability to obtain any sort hard-to-find item from aircraft parts and winter gear to video games and DVDs, either by bartering or by simply getting it himself, often without requisition forms. And if Evans can't get it the exact item, he can at least try and fabricate or build it from other appropriated items, even stuff out of garbage cans. He has a network of fellow military scroungers in bases all over the world who are all desperate for war trophies from Afghanistan.

Originally from Georgia, the usually jovial Sergeant Evans was only assigned to the 16th SOS in July of 2001 and is still trying to adjust to the sudden embarkation to Afghanistan and the primitive conditions at Camp United 93. Now that he has gotten the flow of aircraft parts, fuel, and ammo under control, he is trying to obtain items for a makeshift kitchen after 2 months of eating MREs.

Evans is married with four kids, ages 7-16.

TYPICAL USAF OFFICER

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

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: 9mm M9 Beretta 35%, damage 1D10

Skills: Major Skill of Pilot Aircraft/Operate Weapon System/Navigate/Operate Electronics 75%, Minor Skill of Skill of Pilot Aircraft/Operate Weapon System/Navigate/Operate Electronics 35%, First Aid 45%, Listen 35%, Navigate 50%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 45%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 40%, Wilderness Survival 50%.

TYPICAL USAF AIRMAN, av. age 21

STR 15, CON 14, SIZ 14, DEX 12, APP 12,
INT 13, POW 10, EDU 13, SAN 50, HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: M9 Beretta 35%, damage 1D10, shots 3,
range 20 yds, shots 15, or
M177 Carbine 35%, damage 2D8, range 75 yds, ammo 20,
shots 2

Skills: Major Skill of Artillery/Aviation Maintenance/
Electronics/First Aid 65%, Minor skill of Artillery/
Aviation/Maintenance/Electronics/First Aid 30%, Electrical Repair 40%, Mechanical Repair 45% First Aid 35%, Listen 35%, Persuade 30%, Psychology 20%, Scrounge 30%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 50%, Wilderness Survival 30%. (Medics will also have Medicine 45%)

TYPICAL USAF MECHANIC, av. age 23

STR 15, CON 14, SIZ 14, DEX 13, APP 12,
INT 14, POW 11, EDU 14, SAN 50, HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Aviation Maintenance/Electronics/Electrical Repair/Mechanical Repair 70%, Basic Electrical Repair 30%, Basic Mechanical Repair 35% First Aid 40%, Listen 35%, Persuade 30%, Psychology 20%, Scrounge 40%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 50%, Wilderness Survival 30%.

TYPICAL MARINE CORPS COBRA PILOT, av. age 25

STR 15, CON 16, SIZ 13, DEX 15, APP 12,
INT 14, POW 12, EDU 15, SAN 60, HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: M9 Beretta 50%, damage 1D10, range 20 yds,
ammo 15, shots 3,
Knife 50%, damage 1d6+db
Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1d3+db
Kick 40%, damage 1d6+db

Skills: Aviation Maintenance 45%, Conceal 25%,
Electronics 45%, First Aid 25%, Grapple 45%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Navigate 55%, Pilot Helicopter: 75%, Psychology 25%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 25%, Throw 35%, Wilderness Survival 40%.

TYPICAL MARINE CORPS INFANTRYMAN, av. age 20

STR 16, CON 16, SIZ 14, DEX 13, APP 11,
INT 12, POW 12, EDU 12, SAN 60, HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: M-16A2 75%, damage 2D8, range 75 yds,
ammo 20, shots 2,
Bayonet/Knife 65%, damage 1d6+db,
Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1d3+db,
Kick 40%, damage 1d6+db

Skills: Artillery/Heavy Weapon/Machine Gun 70%,
Conceal 35%, Drive Vehicle 25%, First Aid 35%,
Grapple 45%, Heavy Weapon 55%, Listen 45%,
Mechanical Repair 25%, Navigate 35%, Operate Heavy
Machinery 25%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 45%,
Swim 35%, Throw 55%, Wilderness Survival 35%.

TYPICAL MARINE CORPS MECHANIC, av. age 22

STR 15, CON 16, SIZ 14, DEX 14, APP 11,
INT 13, POW 12, EDU 13, SAN 60, HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: M-16A2 65%, damage 2D8, range 75 yds,
ammo 20, shots 2
Bayonet/Knife 60%, damage 1d6+db
Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1d3+db
Kick 35%, damage 1d6+db

Skills: Aviation Maintenance 70% , Conceal 25%, Drive
Vehicle 45%, Electrical Repair/Electronics 55%, First
Aid 25%, Grapple 35%, Mechanical Repair 55%,
Navigate 25%, Operate Heavy Machinery 45%,
Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 25%, Throw 25%,
Wilderness Survival 30%.

NEW SKILLS:

Scrounge (base 10%) Simply put, this is the ability to search for, find, and appropriate any type of desired item for a specific or make-shift purpose. Scroungable items can be top-of-the-line equipment from a warehouse or workable pieces of scrap from a garbage heap. Also, this is the ability to successful trade items for another ala the Bargain skill.

Wilderness Survival: (base 5%) This is the ability to survive off the land or sea with a minimal of support gear, being able to provide oneself with food, water, and shelter with personal outdoor gear or improvised items. It is also the ability to reach safety or contact rescuers, and conversely, to successfully evade any enemy forces.

Interrogation: (Psychology + Persuade / 2 x Language Used) The ability to successfully collect desired information from a subject by means of psychology and persuasion. As opposed to torture or threat of violence, interrogation is more successful at obtaining useful information.

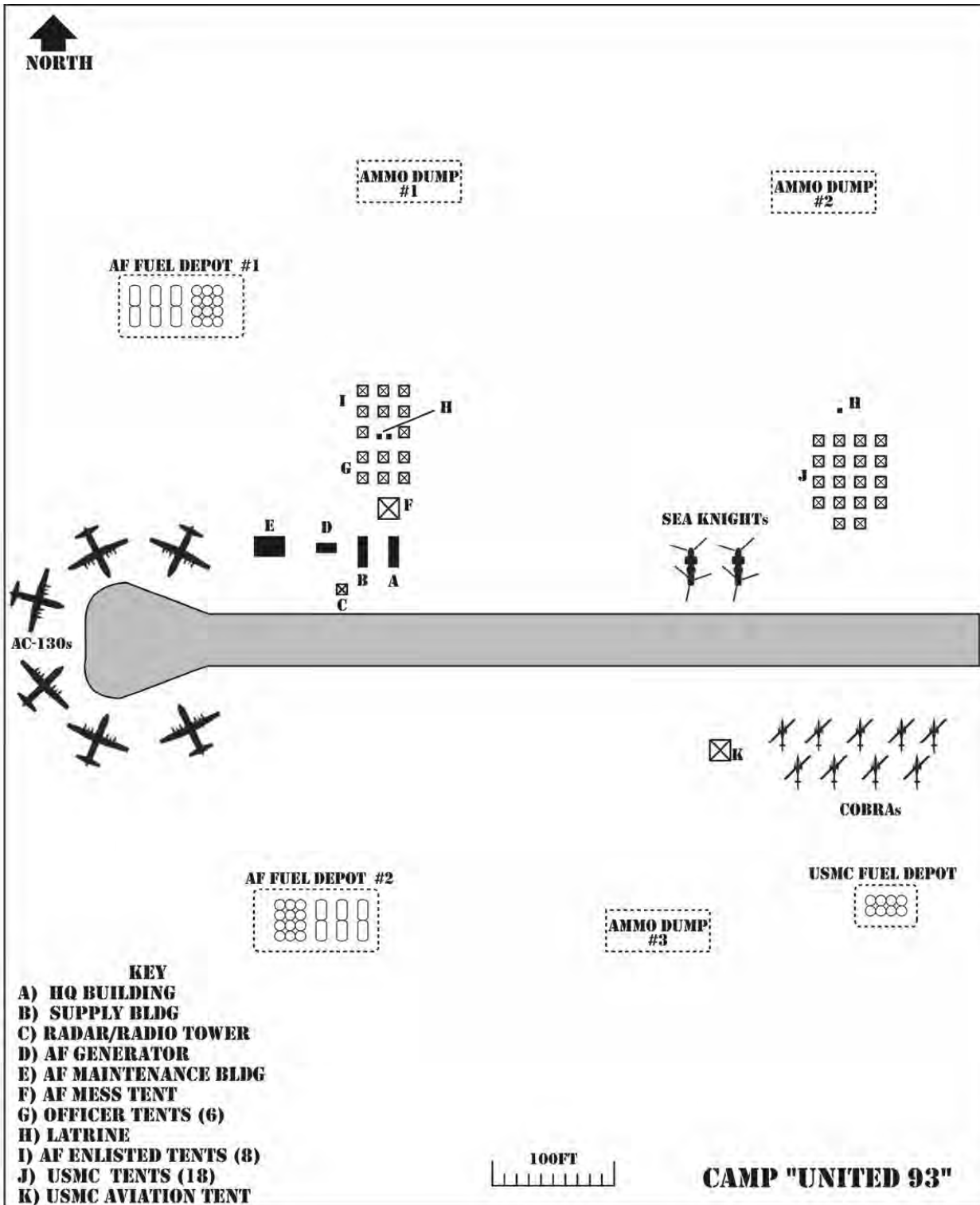
ASSORTED AC-130 EQUIPMENT

The following is a list of possibly useful gear found on board an AC-130 gunship. However, if a Military Investigator can rationalize any other useful item in the possession of the 16th Squadron, Keeper should be willing to allow it.

- (3) Hand Axes (1D6 Damage)
- (4) 25 foot lengths of 10,000lb strength tie-down chain (STR = 40)
- (6) 25 foot lengths of 25,000lb strength tie-down chain (STR = 50)
- (7) CO2 Fire Extinguishers
- (6) Smoke masks
- (7) Aviation First Aid kits
- (2) Seven man Life Rafts
- (23) Life preservers
- (23) Parachutes
- (21) Survival Vests, each featuring: Flashlight, survival knife, personal first aid kit, 3 days rations, personal water purifier, strobe light marker, emergency rescue radio, emergency shelter, fire starter.
- (4) M177 Carbines (a shortened version of the M16), Damage= 2D8, Range = 75yds, Ammo = 20, Shots =2, Malfunction Number= 96)
- (21) Anti-Exposure Suits
- (3) Flare guns (1d3+ 1d3 Burn Damage)
- (3) 20 foot Emergency Exit ropes
- (4) Emergency breathing devices
- (1) 5 gallon Igloo brand water cooler
- (1) 2 gallon liquid container (galley)
- (1) Coffee maker
- (1) microwave oven

Map

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The Glendale Faeries

A modern day scenario for Call of Cthulhu

By Kev Dearn

A group of people visit the quiet Cumbrian village of Glendale during the latter stages of the Foot and Mouth crisis. The locals claim that fairy folk live in and around the village at that the place is haunted.

Overview

George Tennison is a retired industrialist who has decided to spend his final years in the quiet Cumbrian village of Glendale. To fill his free time, George has found himself a hobby: he is experimenting with rituals relating to Yog-Sothoth. A little knowledge is indeed dangerous – George's clumsy dabblings have created dimensional and temporal instabilities in the Glendale area: images from the past have been seen with alarming frequency; fairies and elves have been sighted frolicking happily quite openly in broad daylight. This is great for telling tall stories to tourists, but it is also disturbing Mythos Energies!

Number of players: this scenario is designed to be run with six players; however, you can get away with only five. If this should be the case, omit Stephen Hodgekinson and use Handout 1b for the ritual rather than Handout 1a. If there are only four players run Paul Chaplin as an NPC.

Background

George Tennison is merely experimenting with arcane rituals and is ignorant of the adverse effects that these have had in the village. His aim is to open "windows" to other times and to far off places so that he can enter them and increase his knowledge. He has had some success...

The "Little People" and the ghostly sightings have, so far, been completely harmless. It is left to the Keeper's discretion whether or not to develop more malign phenomena as the plot progresses.

Martin Richardson is a former member of the secretive occult group *Club Nyctopia* and has recognised that paranormal Forces are at work in his village. He has called upon his former colleagues (essentially, four of the player characters) to investigate. Martin has been exposed previously to the Mythos, which has severely damaged his health – he is, for all practical purposes, house bound.

Glendale is a quiet Cumbrian village that relies on tourism as its main industry. The visitors are mainly ramblers. The village and immediate surroundings have, at intermittent periods in recent history, been renowned for fairy sightings. In Victorian times it was famous for a short time in fairy-hunter circles for its population of "little people." Arthur Conan Doyle is alleged to have stayed over as part of his quest to prove that fairies really do exist. There are a number of Bed-and-Breakfasts in Glendale; the PC's are staying in "Molly's."

The scenario is set during the time of the Foot-and-Mouth crisis. Access to the countryside was limited; the only impact that this has on the game is that the copse in **Encounter 3: Student in the Woods** is restricted. If you prefer, you may ignore this.

Player Characters

Laurence Hickman – retired Oxford Professor; has an investigative rôle in the *Club Nyctopia*. Has come to Glendale to investigate the paranormal phenomena at the request of his former associate - Martin Richardson. He is also assessing Nicholas Hollis as a potential member of *Club Nyctopia*.

Paul Chaplin – Prof. Hickman's manservant and bodyguard.

Petronella Waters – writer and "journalist" for *Weird World* (a *Fortean Times* type publication) on a working holiday in Glendale looking for a story about fairies, goblins and elves *etc.* She has a history of psychological problems.

Stephen Hodgekinson – MI-5 agent and spy; works as a member of the *Club Nyctopia* as an amateur parapsychologist. He also reports his findings to his Security Service superiors...

Nicholas Hollis – professional photographer with an interest in the occult. He is under assessment for membership into the *Club Nyctopia*.

Samantha (not Sam!) Hollis – corporate lawyer and wife of Nicholas, does not believe in all of this mumbo jumbo nonsense - along merely for a holiday...



After the ritual has been performed (see Encounter 6: The Ritual), the following occurs (regardless of player character action and dice rolls):

- Petronella Waters' and Paul Chaplin's minds exchange bodies
- Samantha Hollis' and Prof. Laurence Hickman's minds exchange bodies
- Stephen Hodgekinson's mind stays where (but not necessarily how) it was
- Nicholas Hollis' mind is thrust into the far future and is replaced by an amnesiac Yithian

Scenario Summary

Encounters 1 through 4 can take place in an order, after which encounters 5 through 8 and probably 9 take place in numerical order.

The random encounters take place at irregular intervals throughout the scenario, **except** during **Encounter 4: George Tennison**.

Handout 8: Petronella Waters after the Ritual
Handout 9: Laurence Hickman after the Ritual
Handout 10: Samantha Hollis after the Ritual
Handout 12: Paul Chaplin after the Ritual
Handouts 13 to 16: deliberately omitted
Handout 17: Nicholas Hollis after the Ritual
Handout 18: deliberately omitted
Handout 19: Stephen Hodgekinson after the Ritual

Player Introduction

The players get to role-play meeting each other over their evening meal. They learn about Glendale and the odd goings-on from the B'n'B's owner, Molly. This allows the Keeper to do some "info-dumping" to help get the players into the picture.

Random Encounters

The PC's witness random encounters of strange phenomena as and when the Keeper dictates, except during **Encounter 4: George Tennison**.

Encounter 1: "The Goat"

The PC's meet with some locals who will tell them tall tales of fairies, goblins and elves for as long as they are daft enough to listen to them. If they are there on the afternoon of the second day, they can see the previous owner's (Bill Tarmey) ghostly image. Yikes...

Encounter 2: Martin Richardson

The player characters meet the village's resident expert on the paranormal. He gives to them his theories on what is going on, in and around the village. Hmmm...

Encounter 3: Student in the Woods

A copse of woods near to the village is a hot spot of fairy activity, allegedly. When the players investigate, they find a smelly student and random encounters. A path leads to the stone circle behind Cranborne House.

Encounter 4: George Tennison

If the PC's choose to visit Tennison, they find him to be a stable and rational but over-friendly old gent who is enjoying his retirement. He has a fabulous garden and an incredible collection of Victoriana. No evidence is found here to link him with the strange goings-on and no random encounters occur while the PC's are at Cranborne House. Not yet...

Encounter 5: Martin's Death

After the PC's have met Martin Richardson, he succumbs to a fatal heart attack. He gives to them the ritual that will straighten everything out, or so he believes. Oh dear...

Encounter 6: The Ritual

The players must enact the ritual that they believe will put everything back to normal. No matter what they do, it goes horribly wrong with the minds of the PC's swapping bodies, and one being replaced with a temporally shifted Yithian. SAN, oh yes, we remember that! Oops...

Encounter 7: The Aftermath

The village of Glendale has been ravaged by an electrical storm while the player characters were unconscious. The village is quite badly damaged. The emergency services arrive mid encounter. The PC's are interviewed. Awkward...

Encounter 8: The Stone Circle

The players have presumably worked out that the stone circle is the cause of the weird phenomena. They must work out how to dissipate safely the dangerous and unstable Mythos Energies. Possibly...

Encounter 9: Improperly Breaking the Circle

Should the PC's break the stone circle improperly, things turn very nasty. Oh Hell...

Epilogue (Optional)

The player characters come to terms with their new existences. Wibble...

Appendix – NPCs

List of the NPC's that are of possible significance.

List of Player Handouts

Handout 1a: The Ritual (for use with all six players)
Handout 1b: The Ritual (for use with only five players)
Handout 1c: The Ritual (Translated)

When the player characters are unconscious:

Handout 2: Petronella Waters' Vision
 Handout 3: Laurence Hickman's Vision
 Handout 4: Samantha Hollis' Vision
 Handout 5: Nicholas Hollis' Vision
 Handout 6: Paul Chaplin's Vision
 Handout 7: Stephen Hodgekinson's Vision

The after effects of the ritual:

Handout 8: Petronella Waters after the Ritual
 Handout 9: Laurence Hickman after the Ritual
 Handout 10: Samantha Hollis after the Ritual
 Handout 12: Paul Chaplin after the Ritual
 Handouts 13 to 16: deliberately omitted
 Handout 17: Nicholas Hollis after the Ritual
 Handout 18: deliberately omitted
 Handout 19: Stephen Hodgekinson after the Ritual

Player Introduction

The players start the scenario sat at the table eating their evening meal. None of them have seen anything unusual yet. Some of the characters do not know each other, so this is an ideal opportunity for the players to role-play getting to know one and another. Use Molly as a vehicle for passing clues and information to the players during this introduction.

The PC's are staying in Molly's B&B, which is owned and run by Molly Brindle - a middle aged woman with a figure that gives away her "healthy country appetite." She is amiable and is more than willing to chat to the player characters about the strange goings-on in and around Glendale despite her scepticism.

Evening Meal

Read or paraphrase...

It is Friday 06 July 2001. You all arrived in the Cumbrian village of Glendale earlier in the afternoon. You are all tired and hungry after your respective journeys. It is now early evening and you have had time to freshen up. You are staying in "Molly's B&B." Molly is in her forties, has a portly build but seems energetic and full of the joys of life.

You are sat around the dinner table. Molly is serving the food: steak and kidney pie with boiled & roast potatoes, carrots, spring cabbage and broccoli. There is just the six of you plus Molly in the dining room, but she seems to have prepared enough food for twice that number.

The food is delicious!

They can learn the following through general chit-chat:

"Some people've seen fairies and pixies, though not seen 'em meself."

- "Them's who've had a few too many of an evenin' talk about certain places being 'aunted. Don't believe it meself. Makes for good stories for the tourists."
- "People say that Cranborne House is haunted. Owned by George Tennison it is a factory boss or something. Retired here last year he did, not sure when, though. He don't like visitors much. Never even clapped eyes on the man. Sounds creepy, if you ask me ..."
- "There is a small wood just outside the village. A young man goes there ev'ry day looking for these "Little People". Wastin' 'is if you ask me ..."
- "That there Martin Richardson, he's an interest in elves, goblins and such-like. If you's want to know more 'bout ghosts and goblins go speak wi' 'im."
- "Course there's 'The Goat', the pub in the centre of the village. Some say that the previous owner visits on some afternoons. Bill he was called, Bill Tarmey. Load of codswallop is what I think! Probably Ted, he's the one that took over, probably Ted making up tall tales to get the ghost 'unters into 'is pub!"
- "It'said Arthur Conan Doyle, 'im 'oo wrote them Sherlock 'olmes stories, came 'ere once. Lookin' for fairies 'e was. Don't know if 'e found any."

When they have eaten what they can of the main meal, the next course arrives:

For dessert Molly brings to the table a large bowl of spotted dick and a large jug of steaming hot custard. There is just no way...

She smiles and says, "I have out the kettle on. I'll have a steaming hot pot of tea for you. Do any of you take sugar?"

Molly does not accept their protests if they are full. Comments such as "I am watching my figure ..." do not hold water with her. "A slim lass such as y'self. You could use a few extra pounds to keep out the ev'nin' chill. Go on, you know you want some ..." and such.

Random Encounters

As and when you decree, the investigators witness strange and inexplicable phenomena. These are entirely random and completely arbitrary. Run these between the main scenes as distractions to tantalise and tease the player characters and any time after Encounter 6: The Ritual, as and when it seems appropriate.

The rules of thumb are that Petronella does not see any of the "Little People" – this should be saved for her vision during **Encounter 6: The Ritual** for maximum "SAN-blasting" effect; Samantha is less susceptible to these visions being a sceptic. Also, not all of the characters necessarily see the same thing or anything at all, e.g. Prof. Hickman may find himself talking to a nubile scantily clad fairy perched on his left shoulder, while Samantha sees him talking to himself, etc.



Possibilities are:

- A group of fairies flying in the branches of a group of trees
- Elves frolicking in a patch of long grass
- Gnomes up to mischief on a dry stone wall
- The ghostly image of a weary Roman centurion sharpening his gladius
- A group of Victorian ramblers walking down a street
- A troupe of ghostly Morris Dancers make their way through the centre of the village, doing what Morris Dancers do
- Petronella's elven childhood companion playing tricks when they PC's are being questioned by the police
- ...Or whatever your sick and depraved imagination can dream up...

Encounter 1: "The Goat"

"The Goat" is the village's one and only public house. It is situated at the centre of the village and is the focus of the villager's social lives.

It serves a fine selection of beers, wines and spirits as well as hearty meals. The locals are friendly towards tourists and visitors, though they are very resentful of outsiders who want to move into the area, such as say, George Tennison - the owner of Cranborne House. They will scowl at the mention of his name, making derogatory remarks about "... bloody foreigners ..." When role-playing the locals' attitude towards Tennison, try to give the impression that merely they do not like him – they do not feel the need to form a mob and burn down his house!

The locals are friendly towards the player characters and will actively encourage them to part with their money at the bar. The stories they tell of fairies, elves and the little folk are fairly obviously tall stories to entertain the tourists. When role-playing the yarn spinning, allow your imagination to run wild, the wilder the better...

The only thing of any value that they can get here is the story of the pub's previous owner's (now deceased) visitations.

The Goat

"The Goat" is a typical country pub. [In the evening...]
There is a hearty fire burning away which more than warms the room.

The landlord is stood behind the bar pulling a slow pint of a very dark and frothy evil-looking concoction called "Devil's Eye" for one of the locals. Other hand pumps are labelled with equally mysterious brews: "Bishops Dingle," "Old Speckled Hen," and "Ted's Shank."

The landlord is a portly gent with a large, red and pockmarked nose. He is sporting a large bushy mousy beard that is tinged with grey. He finishes pulling the pint and hands it over to the customer who joins a group of his fellow villagers at a table.

"Greetings to ya strangers. What can I get for ya? Do you want a real ale or one of your wussy town-beers from a... bottle?"

If the players decide to visit on their first evening, then nothing of real significance to the plot occurs. They can get very drunk, very quickly by sampling the real ales from the hand pumps. The locals need little encouragement to spin out outrageous tales of pixies, fairies and ghosts.

One of the tales that they are told is of the previous owner's ghostly visits:

"Same thing happens ev'ry time. Ol' Bill Tarmey comes back. He has been back what, four – nay five times. He is always working. Wiping the tables, emptying the ashtrays or pulling a ghostly pint. His favourite was "Black Goat". Made it himself 'e did. Bastard took the recipe to his grave ..."

If the players visit during the evening, Linda Brown (Martin Richardson's sister, see **Encounter 2: Martin Richardson**, p. 27 below), tries amorously to convince one or more of the male investigators to pay for her drinks, this could lead to other interesting possibilities...

Linda Brown

Linda is the village "babe" and the cause of most of the gossip. She spends most of her evenings down at "The Goat" seducing anyone who is willing and daft enough to keep her glass filled and her appetites satisfied. She is a buxom woman with straw-coloured blonde hair that she wears long in an effort to enhance her youthfulness.

Linda is middle-aged but has kept her looks; she appears youthful for her age. However, dry lines at the corners of her eyes betray her true years... She is a buxom woman with long straw-coloured hair that she is wearing tied in a ponytail.

During the Afternoon of Day 2

Should the investigators be in the pub during the afternoon of the second day:

Without warning a woman screams in a corner somewhere behind you. You turn to see what the commotion is when you see the woman. She has a look of absolute horror on her white face. Mopping down her table and taking away imaginary glasses is a... a ghostly image. The ghost is that of a barman, by the look of him. He is wearing an apron and has a cloth in his hand with which he is cleaning the table.

The sound of a 'thud' draws your attention back to the woman who screamed: she has fainted.

The barman staggers over to the apparition. "Bill? Bill, is that... is that you? Why are you back again?"

The apparition fades from view without answering

The ghost is a projection of the pub's previous owner, Bill Tarmey. He died about thirteen months ago of a heart attack.

If the investigators do not witness this event, they will hear about it as the news spreads around the village.

Encounter 2: Martin Richardson

Martin lives in a cottage with his sister, Linda. Linda is a dutiful sister and does her best to look after her older brother. She is out most evenings, down at "The Goat" chatting up tourists with a few too many pounds in the wallets. Martin never leaves the house due to his ill health. He passes most of his evenings in front of a real flame gas fire immersed in a heavy occult tome.

If the players decide to visit during the evening, then Linda has left Martin alone.

Martin Richardson

Martin is a former member of the highly discrete occult group called *Club Nyctopia*. About three years ago, he has moved into the quiet village of Glendale to be close to his sister and to enjoy some peace and quiet in the twilight years of his life. He came here after a nasty incident that occurred just over five years ago that resulted in many months of counselling and psychiatric care. He has no memory of the incident.

Martin now hopes to lead a quiet life! He does not get out much, and rarely interacts with the other villagers. He lives with his divorced sister, Linda Brown. Martin is a gaunt man and not in the best of health. His hair is grey and has thinned to near non-existence.

Linda Brown

Linda is the village "babe" and the cause of most of the gossip. She spends most of her evenings down at "The Goat" seducing anyone who is willing and daft enough to keep her glass filled and her appetites satisfied. She is a buxom woman with straw-coloured blonde hair that she wears long in an effort to enhance her youthfulness.

Martin is a sickly and prematurely old man. Read or paraphrase when the PC's first meet with him, adapting as necessary:

Martin is a sickly looking man with the look about him of someone who is old before his time. He has a pasty, sallow complexion and is very thin and bony. His hair is almost

non-existent and is grey. It is almost as if something has sucked the very life out of his prematurely aged body. On his lap is a large and old brown leather bound book. The parchment pages contain hand-written Latin.

If Linda is with him...

With Martin is a seemingly much younger woman. Linda is middle-aged but has kept her looks; she appears youthful for her age. However, dry lines at the corners of her eyes betray her true years... She is a buxom woman with long straw-coloured hair that she is wearing tied in a ponytail. She is wearing a necklace with a silver pendant the dangles in her cleavage.

If Linda is in, then she makes tea and coffee served with biscuits and home-made ginger cake. Martin drinks weakly from a malodorous herbal brew. Linda then makes her excuses and leaves Martin alone with his guests.

When the players get down to business with Martin, he can share with them the following information:

- Strange temporal effects have been taking place in and around Glendale. Images from the past are leaking into the future: the ghosts etc. are, in reality, images that are somehow recorded and sent from the past. Martin believes that there is a fault, a fissure or crack perhaps, in the space-time continuum caused by unknown paranormal forces.
- There have been many sightings of the so-called "Little People." Martin has no explanation for these. He does believe that they are too commonplace to be merely made up and unlikely to be a hoax. It is possible that the boundaries between alternative Planes or parallel Universes have become blurred allowing people to witness these strange creatures. Alternatively, they may be some kind of mass hallucination caused by temporal and/or paranormal energies of unknown origin.
- A wealthy former industrialist called George Tennison retired to the area two years ago. He bought the stately home, Cranborne House, and renovated it. It is no secret that Tennison is very interested in the Victorian period. He owns many antiques and other objects of interest from that era. It is said that he has an interest in Victoria tales of fairies and has several alleged photographs of fairies in his possession. Martin has not met Tennison nor seen any of his collection.

After they have finished their discussion, Martin tells the player characters that he will continue looking through his books while they look around the village trying to find more clues about what is really happening.

What the player characters can find out about Martin...

Have the players make *Credit Rating* rolls.

Prof. Hickman, through his contacts in the *Club Nyctopia*:

- "I'm sorry, due to our strict policy of discretion - we do not divulge any information about members, past or present."

Stephen Hodgekinson, through his contacts in MI-5:

- He is or was a member of a secretive occult circle. MI-5 believes that he is no longer an active member of this group.
- Five or six years ago, something extremely traumatic happened to Martin shortly after he visited the Vatican that caused him to have a major nervous breakdown. He spent many months in care undergoing psychiatric treatment. Martin claims that he has no memory of what caused his breakdown.
- He has a heart condition and is in very poor health.

Encounter 3: Student in the Woods

Just outside of the village is a copse of trees that is said to be inhabited by fairies. It is a perfectly normal-looking group of trees. At the Keepers option, Foot-and-Mouth warnings may be present.

In the copse is a young man called Andrew Porter; he is here to try to photograph some fairies so that he can become rich and famous. So far, he has had no success. He is a chemistry student at the University of Lancaster. Andrew is an amateur photographer – he has had a little success selling photographs, but nothing overly significant. Andrew is pretty much a stereotypical student with too much hair, scruffy clothes and a diet of lager and cheap food.

Photographer in the Woods

As the player characters approach...

There does not seem to be anything unusual about the copse of trees. The only thing that is out of the ordinary is the person laid asleep snoring on the ground next to a camera on a tripod. The person is a young man in scruffy jeans and a Happy Mondays T-shirt. Next to him, on the ground are several empty cans of lager. Covering his face is a copy of *Loaded* magazine. He has a small one-man tent set up and he has built himself a small campfire. There is a charred tin in the smouldering remains of the fire.

The young man wakes up as you approach. The magazine falls to the ground and he rubs his eyes. "Uh, hello. Erm hi! What are you doing out here? You on the lookout as well?"

You can now see that his has long unkempt hair that has not seen a bottle of shampoo for some time and a fuzzy beard that is showing signs of growing out of control and quite possibly its own ecosystem.

Andrew is amiable enough. He will cheerfully chat to the player characters for as long as they wish. He has a

professional quality camera with 24 exposures awaiting fairies and ghosts. He has been here for over a week now without seeing *anything* unusual. So much for the stories that the locals told to him in "The Goat"!

Information that Andrew can pass onto the player characters:

- Arthur Conan Doyle sat in these very woods and saw a group of fairies frolicking. [Actually, he has made this up, but what the heck!]
- George Tennison likes to collect Victorian type-stuff. He has supposedly got some photos of fairies. Went up to see him, but he chased me off with a stick. Bloody nutter!
- A path leads off from here down to the back of Tennison's house. Cranborne I think it's called or something. There is a stone circle there. Looks quite old. It has ten stones in it. Can't say that I know anything about 'em. I wanted to take a few pictures, but that Tennison nutter chased me off with a shotgun. [The land does not actually belong to George Tennison – Andrew does not know this, but it is something that the PC's could conceivably find out!]

Encounter 4: George Tennison

George Tennison is 62 years old and has retired to the Lake District so that he can live a quiet life of gardening, antique collecting and occult experimentation. On retiring two years ago, he purchased Cranborne House, which is about a mile away from the village proper; access is by travelling along a narrow country lane. He only visits the village when necessity dictates.

George is an amiable man; he readily accepts visitors. If the investigators pay him a visit, he is warm & friendly and enthusiastically offers them refreshment. Since moving in, George has put a lot of hard work into the house's gardens. He is more than eager to show off his horticultural efforts. Given the chance, he will speak *ad infinitum* about his latest plantings, cuttings and other little projects that he has on the go. He avoids taking the PC's to the stone circle if possible.

Beautiful gardens surround the house on all sides that are in turn bordered with bushes and trees that mark the boundaries of his land. Beyond his garden is a copse in which he has found a small circle of ten stones situated in a small clearing. He has cast several spells inside of this circle that have empowered the stones with Mythos Energies. It is these energies that are dispersing into the surrounding area causing the strange phenomena witnessed in Glendale.

Cranborne House

When the PC's arrive at Cranborne House, read or paraphrase...

You drove up to the house up a long winding mile-long country lane. At the end of the lane is a gap between some trees that leads to a driveway. Beyond the trees you can see a beautifully kept garden, that surrounds Cranborne House itself. The stately home is not as large as you had expected.

The top of the drive leads to an oak front door. On the door is a large steel knocker...

Assuming that they knock on the door...

A smartly dressed man in his twilight years answers the door. He is smartly attired in a suit and tie. He is slim and seems to be fit and healthy. What remains of his white hair has been cut short. You would guess that he is in his fifties.

"Hello, hello. Come in. Make yourselves at home. Here let me take your coats. Can I get you anything, tea, coffee or maybe something stronger?"

Tennison is very friendly towards the PC's, perhaps *too friendly*? When role playing this encounter make the player characters feel welcome, *too welcome*. He has a large garden of which he is very proud and is more than eager to show it off. He grows many herbs, vegetables and fruits in his garden and greenhouses - offer to them home grown apples, herbal teas *etc.*

What George can tell the player characters:

- If asked about Andrew Porter, George will truthfully say that he does not know him. He will admit that he has had cause to chase off a smelly youth on several occasions. Some lad up to no good by the look of him!
- Regretfully, he has not seen any fairies or ghosts himself.
- He does have some Victorian photographs of fairies that he bought in an auction last year (see below).
- He does not volunteer the existence of the stone circle. If the PC's ask, he will be dismissive about it. If persuaded he will take them to see it. He claims that he likes to spend a few quiet hours in them, pondering the question of who made them and for what purpose. [To a certain extent this is true.]
- He bought the house from the heirs of the late Lord Somersby. His two surviving sons and one daughter could not afford to maintain the upkeep of the house and so they sold it, splitting the proceeds between them. He does not know much about the Somersbys or there reasons for selling.

There are no clues regarding his dabbling with the occult and the Mythos, even the ten-stone circle offers no hints. If asked, he will tell them that it is a curiosity that he enjoys visiting from time to time. He does not know anything about it.

Note: The player characters do NOT have a random encounter while they are here.

Photographs of Fairy Folk

He will willingly allow the PC's to see his collection of Victorian antiques. Of particular interest is his small collection of Victorian photographs of fairies:

George opens a large stained oak chest. He removes five framed photographs that he unwraps from a purple piece of cloth. With a look of pride in his face he shows you the sepia photographs...

"I picked these up last year. They are Victorian. I got a tip that they were up for auction. I think that you will agree that they are something special!"

The first is of two small winged fairies - one male, one female - apparently resting in a group of dandelions.

The second is group of five fairies flying in and around the branches of a bush.

The third is female fairy who appears to be ballet dancing for the photographer.

The fourth is a male and female pair that is in a loving embrace. They are looking towards the camera with a startled look, as if they had been taken by surprise.

The fifth and final photograph is a family group posing outside of their house carved into the trunk of a tree.

Examining the photographs and passing a halved Photography roll reveals that they are all excellent fakes, especially for the time in history when they made! Naturally, the tall stories of fairies visiting the village have reached his ears. He regrets that he has not seen any for himself.

If the investigators do visit the stone circle (as p. 32 below):

The Stone Circle

Read or paraphrase:

Out of sight of the main house and just beyond the boundary of bushes and trees, that mark the edge of George's beautiful gardens, is a path that leads to a circle of ten equidistantly placed stones. Each is roughly the shape of a crude spearhead and stand between a metre and a metre and a half tall. The stones are about two metres apart making a circle of approximately six metres in diameter.

A path has been worn from the back of the garden to the centre of the stones, undoubtedly made by George's visits.

If the stones are examined closely it can be seen that they are weathered. A successful *Spot Hidden* roll reveals that there is a slight indentation that is, and yes it is on all of them. It looks like something was carved into each of the stones, perhaps a rune, and then removed later. It is impossible to tell what was carved into the stones - whether it was an Elder Sign, a pentagram or "Shaz 4 Gaz"...

When they leave Cranborne House, the player characters should come away with the impression that the strange goings-on are nothing to do with George Tennison.

What the players can find out about George Tennison...

Have the players make Library Use or Credit Rating rolls as appropriate.

Stephen Hodgekinson, through his contacts in MI-5:

- He is officially retired, but still retains some non-executive directorships in an assortment of companies.
- His income comes from share holdings in various companies and investments and a generous pension. There is no reason to believe that any of his financial dealings are illegal.
- He collects antiques. He specialises in pieces from Victorian times.
- His criminal record is clean.

Prof. Hickman through his contacts in the *Club Nyctopia*:

- *He has a minor interest in the occult. It is believed that he may own one or two old tomes in his possession. He is not considered a major player in occult circles.*

Note: *do not reveal this until after* Martin Richardson's death...

- The Club does not reveal whether or not he was considered for membership, as this would be a breach of their rules with respect to discretion!

Any of the characters checking public records:

- The stone circle has been there since pre-history
- The stone circle lies just beyond the boundary of the land owned by George Tennison on land that is owned by the National Trust

Encounter 5: Martin's Death

After the players have met Martin Richardson, he succumbs to his heart complaint and suffers a heart attack, preferably in the presence of the player characters themselves. He leaves behind the ritual that the players must perform to return everything back to normal.

Finally, Martin's heart gives way and he starts to have his fatal cardiac arrest. This is a long drawn out "Hollywood-esque" episode that allows him to pass on information to the PC's in true tacky "last words" style. Linda calls for medical help (ambulance and the village doctor), and then she tries to contact the player characters – ringing around leaving messages *etc.* Somehow, they will learn that Martin is having a heart attack.

Tacky Death Scene

If the PC's are present when Martin expires (if needs be, the episode can be extended if the players want to extract some last minute information out of him – refer to **Encounter 2: Martin Richardson**, above for what he can tell them).

Martin's final moments:

Martin sits before you fighting for breath. His face is blue and is contorted in an agonised expression.

"Please listen... not much... time.

"The G-G-Gate is ajar... must close... close the... aaarrgghhh... Gate!

"Cast the spell... spe... spell to close...

"Must not let... danger... do not let... through. Per-perform the ritual tonight. Tonight after... after dusk. Here..."

[Give to the players the appropriate Handout 1].

"The ritual... tonight... Do it here... in... in my house. Y-y-you... aarrgghh... you can use the... use the dining table..."

Martin falls to his knees; his hand clutches the left side of chest in a futile gesture. His face contorts in terror. He holds up his left hand as if to shield himself from some unseen horror.

"Nnnnnnnnnnnnooooooooooooooooooooo... It... it can't... can't be. Pleeeease, I... I... I'm not ready. Y-you can't n-n-not yet... Take..."

...And he is dead.

As far as the player characters can tell there was nothing in the room with them, though it is clear Martin seems to have seen something.

Linda is inconsolable when she finds out that her brother is dead. Instinctively, she will look for comfort from the male player characters. Linda does not entertain any suggestions that she should join in occult rituals!

Encounter 6: The Ritual

The players enact the ritual. This is an opportunity to throw anything and everything at the players to scare the Hell out of them.

The words translated into English are:

The All-and-One close the Gate
The Gate will be closed
The All-and-One hear our call
Time and space be healed

Hear us the All-and-One
Close the Gate lest creation be destroyed
Sottott the Keeper of the Gate
The Gate will be closed

This are reproduced on Handout 1c: The Ritual (Translated) for the benefit of the players.

When the ritual is in full swing, do what ever you can (and is appropriate) to put off and scare the players. Shake the table. Flash the lights and strike the table as hard as you can. Pull one of the player's chairs backward suddenly. Throw something soft at one of them when they are not expecting it. Blow out the candles. If you can think of anything better, go for it!

At some point, bring the ritual to an end. It does not really matter when, as it does not have any effect on what happens next.

All of the characters pass out. It is just over an hour later when they come round again. Give to the players **Handouts 2 through to 7** and allow them to read them. This will give you chance to sort out the second set of Handouts and the modified character sheets. The second set of Handouts are not numbered consecutively to allow the creation of the illusion that all of this is not predetermined, should you – as Keeper – so desire.

After all of the players have read the handouts collect them in and (if you wish) ask Petronella's & Paul's players and Samantha's & Laurence's players to swap places.

Now pass out the second series of handouts and exchange character sheets with the modified ones. Give to Nicholas' player the character sheet headed: "Erm, Don't Know, Can't Remember". Each character wakes up when his or her player finishes reading the second handout.

Points to bear in mind when running the aftermath of the Ritual:

- Petronella (in Paul Chaplin's body) has a face full of dung, though from where it came is a mystery. She (he) has wet his trousers.
- Paul Chaplin has inherited some of Petronella's disorder. Tell the person role-playing Paul (in Petronella's body) when he (she) is feeling ignored.
- Samantha Hollis (in Laurence's body) becomes very religious; she seems all of a sudden to remember her Catholic upbringing more clearly! She is very resentful of young women, especially the professor who now inhabits her body. She notices a crucifix on the wall.
- Stephen Hodgekinson believes that God is going to deliver Divine retribution upon the Human Race as a punishment for its sins against nature and itself. He has a fear of religious icons and imagery.
- Prof. Hickman (in Samantha's body) has an obsessive compulsion to tidy up. If possible, give him (her) opportunities to do this.
- A member of the Great Race of Yith now inhabits Nicolas Hollis' body. The Yithian has amnesia, little co-ordination and is very confused. He will almost certainly leave behind his photographic equipment

unless it occurs to one of the other characters to pick it up. He finds his clothes to be very uncomfortable and itchy.

- Prof. Hickman saw an Elder Sign in his vision. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll allows him to identify it. If he draws it, one of the other characters with the skill could identify it for him. Alternatively, he can make a Library Use roll to find it in one of Martin's books.

Encounter 7: The Aftermath

The ritual may have not had the expected effect and there are dire consequences: it seems that the village of Glendale has been hit by a major electrical storm while the characters were unconscious. About half of the buildings have been hit by lightning. Some of them are burning; the locals are desperately trying to put out the fires with buckets of water and garden hoses. By some miracle, Molly's B&B was spared.

Lightening strikes more than Twice in the same Place

If asked what has happened, locals tell them:

"It was... it was incredible! The clouds just rolled over the sky and a North wind blew up. The lightning came down from the sky and hit the village – again and again. God preserve us - I... I have never seen anything like it."

"I would not have believed it possible! It is, was like something off one of these Amazing Stories programmes on the telly. It will take more than bunch elves and pixies to fix this mess!"

"At least three people are dead, and Lord knows how many people are hurt. The village Doctor, poor fellow, does not know what to do! All he has done for nigh on twenty years is prescribe lemsip and aspirin..."

Do not forget to include a Random Encounter or two to add further confusion.

The Emergency Services arrive on the Scene

Fire engines, ambulances and a police car soon arrive. The Police car has brought a superintendent and a young female constable, who is still "wet behind the ears," to the scene. Their names are Bill Woodhouse and Nicola Appleton respectively (stats. are included at the end of the scenario in case they are needed). Naturally, the superintendent questions the player characters. He wants to know what they were doing during the storm and what they saw. He does not believe that they did hear anything and will become increasingly suspicious of them.

When role-playing the police officers: Bill is rude and impatient, while Nicola hides in his shadow; she is totally bewildered with what is going on.

You are approached by a male police officer who is accompanied by a young female police constable. The police officer is a superintendent and he is wearing a very stern expression on his face. His enlarged belly hints at too much time sat behind a desk. Conversely his companion has a slim athletic build and seems overwhelmed by the situation.

The questioning could take something along the lines of the following:

Can I please take all of your names and home addresses?

What were you doing when the storm hit?

How did you react, did you know what was happening?

What do you mean, 'You did not hear anything'?

Are any of you injured or in need of medical assistance?

[*Sniff, sniff*] What is that smell? Is that... um... dung on your face sir?

Etc.

Encounter 8: The Stone Circle

George Tennison has found a small circle of ten stones just beyond the grounds of Cranborne House. As such, they are not actually on his land – a fact that Tennison will happily ignore. The PC's need to find these stones. There were clues about the significance of these stones in some of the player characters' visions and they can find out about them if they meet Andrew porter in Encounter 3: Student in the Woods. If necessary, one of the locals can tell the PC's about the location of the circle or you could drop hints in a Random Encounter.

Tennison has charged the stones with Mythos energies using rituals and spells taken from a tome titled *The Gate*. What Tennison does not know is that the energies are not stable; the strange phenomena experienced in the Glendale area are a direct result of this instability.

George may or may not try to stop the player characters. This is dependant upon player character action (if they knock on his door and ask to see his stone circle) or your call as Keeper. If time is running short it is probably better to try to keep him out of the way. If not, he can come out, shotgun blazing!

The PC's can search Cranborne House as much as they like; they will not find anything to help them! There are several courses of action open to them:

- Kill George Tennison – this has no effect beyond turning the characters into murderers.
- Inscribe each of the stones with an Elder Sign (as seen in Prof. Hickman's vision) and then break up the circle

– this dissipates the Mythos energies safely. The stones are rather heavy and buried to a depth of about a quarter of a meter. The whole thing is an anti-climax. The only person who notices anything is Petronella (in Paul Chaplin's body) – she (he) hears the screams of dozens of the "Little People" crying out desperately for help. The noise is unbearable – then suddenly, silence...

- Break up the circle – this disperses (rather than dissipates) the Mythos Energies in a dangerous and unpredictable manner. The stones are rather heavy and buried to a depth of about a quarter of a meter. Petronella (in Paul Chaplin's body) – she (he) hears the screams of dozens of the "Little People" crying out desperately for help. See **Encounter 9: Improperly Breaking the Circle**.
- *Re-enact the ritual in the stone circle. This causes the Mythos energies to disperse in a dangerous and unpredictable manner. This could have further detrimental effects on the mental and physical health of the player characters; or perhaps Yog-Sothoth or one of his minions turns up! This is left up to the discretion of the Keeper. See also **Encounter 9: Improperly Breaking the Circle**.*

The Stone Circle

Read or paraphrase:

Out of sight of the main house and just beyond the boundary of bushes and trees, that mark the edge of George's beautiful gardens, is a path that leads to a circle of ten equidistantly placed stones. Each is roughly the shape of a crude spearhead and stand between a metre and a metre and a half tall. The stones are about two metres apart making a circle of approximately six metres in diameter.

A path has been worn from the back of the garden to the centre of the stones, undoubtedly made by George's visits.

If the stones are examined closely it can be seen that they are weathered. A successful *Spot Hidden* roll reveals that there is a slight indentation that is, and yes it is on all of them. It looks like something was carved into each of the stones, perhaps a rune, and then removed later. It is impossible to tell what was carved into the stones – whether it was an Elder Sign, a pentagram or "Shaz 4 Gaz"...

Encounter 9: Improperly Breaking the Circle

Note: only run this encounter if the PC's disperse the Mythos Energies stored within the stones in dangerous and unpredictable manner in one of the ways as described in **Encounter 8: The Stone Circle**, above.

The following happens to the player characters (to add to the paranoia, tell the players what is happening to them out of earshot of the others):

- Paul Chapman (in Petronella's body) saw a bolt of blue energy hit Samantha Hollis' body causing it to glow momentarily electric blue. Paul is convinced that Samantha's body is possessed by some kind of malign spirit and is no longer inhabited by the professor. 0/1d2 SAN loss.
- Stephen Hodgekinson discovers that he has been inflicted with bleeding stigmata (1 point of damage due to blood loss). The wounds are in his wrists and ankles and they **HURT!!!** 1/1d4 SAN loss.
- Samantha Hollis (in Laurence Hickman's body) sees Stephen and his stigmata, is overcome with emotion and passes out on a failed SAN check. She (he) is otherwise unaffected. If Stephen is not there, her (his) resentment of Laurence in her body grows to murderous proportions!
- Professor Laurence Hickman (in Samantha Hollis' body) has absorbed some of the dispersed Mythos energies and been slightly altered by them. Tell the player that he – I mean she – now sees things perfectly clearly. He has been given a new body and a new life. He must not let the others steal the knowledge and power that he... erm... she has gained today even if it means killing them. 0/1d4 SAN loss.
- Petronella Waters (in Paul Chaplin's body) sees the corpses of hundreds of elves, gnomes and fairies scattered all around. The first one she sees is that of the elf who was her childhood friend and companion. 1/1d10 SAN loss.
- The Yithian (in Nicholas Hollis' body) gets some of its memory back. Tell the player that what he has just witnessed is strangely familiar, for some forgotten reason. It was when the "Prolonged-of-Life" came forth and feasted upon life until it was sated, after which it returned to whence it came...

Devastation

A wave of "space-time instability" has spread outwards from the circle to a radius of about five miles. Cranborne House and Glendale have both been hit catastrophically by this wave.

Cranborne House is a blazing inferno and is beyond saving. The village has also been hit: parts of some of the buildings have simply vanished; some of the villagers are missing and others are dead. Many of the survivors are injured. On top of the lightening storm earlier, this has devastated completely the whole village.

What the PC's can see:

From over the tops of the trees and bushes you can see a plume of smoke rising into the air from the direction of Cranborne House. The smell of burning is heavy in the air, tainted with the "electric" odour of ozone.

When they investigate further:

Cranborne House is a blazing inferno. The entire building as encased in fierce, raging flame. It is unlikely that there will be much left when the fire burns itself out...

When they return to the village:

It looks like a minor earthquake has hit the village. As you approach down the country lane you see that the sides of the houses facing towards you have collapsed. There is a small amount of rubble on the ground.

A successful idea roll reveals that there is not enough rubble to account for the missing walls.

The insides of the houses are burning. There is a solitary fire engine trying to control the blazes.

As you enter into the village, you can see that many of the buildings have structural damage, though not as severe as the first ones that you saw. There is a second fire engine putting out other fires.

Two ambulances are parked up. A stretched casualty is being into the back of one of them. Some of the villagers are walking about in a daze.

No one here has any idea what has happened. One of them can, or at least make an attempt to describe what happened: "There was a brief rumbling followed by a sickening electricity smell [ozone], then the buildings sort of, well... um... er... got damaged. Do not what else I can tell you. I can't make head nor tale of it!"

It is left to the Keeper to decide on the specifics of the damage and who has gone missing *etc.*

Epilogue (Optional)

If there is time towards the end, the players can role-play the aftermath, and try to come to terms with their new existences.

A sadistic Keeper could lead the players on a merry wild goose chase in George Tennison's (assuming that it still exists!) and Martin Richardson's libraries for a cure for their unique conditions. Trying to convince Linda Brown to help them search for a book that contains a spell to switch their bodies back to normal could be interesting! It is, of course, fruitless...

Re-enacting the ritual has no effect whatsoever. The paranormal energies that were causing the strange phenomena were the source of the ritual's power.

Appendix – NPCs

CONSTABLE NICOLA APPLETON, Naïve Rookie Policewoman, Caucasian (English), age 20

Nicola is very "wet behind the ears." She is following sup. Bill Woodhouse around (supposedly), learning the job of a rural police constable. Nicola is very impressionable and easily lead. She has a slim, athletic build.

STR 12, CON 14, SIZ 9, INT 14, POW 7, DEX 12, APP 15, EDU 16, SAN 35, HP 11

Damage bonus: none

Skills: Computer Use 26%, Drive Auto 40%, Fast Talk 15%, First Aid 60%, Law 20%, Listen 45%, Psychology 20%, Spot Hidden 45%

Languages: English 80%

Attacks: Fist/Punch 50% 1d3 + db
Truncheon 45% 1d6 + db

MOLLY BRINDLE, Jovial Local, Caucasian (English), age 46

Molly is a down to earth woman in her mid-forties; she does not take these tales of the "Little People" seriously. She enjoys the simple pleasures of a satisfying meal, a glass of fine wine and a good hearty laugh. Her figure can be euphemistically described as cuddly.

STR 11, CON 11, SIZ 15, INT 15, POW 8, DEX 11, APP 11, EDU 13, SAN 40, HP 13

Damage bonus: +1d4

Skills: Accounting 45%, Art (Cookery) 75%, Bargain 40%, Credit Rating 35%, Fast Talk 60%, Persuade 45%

Languages: English 65%

Attacks: none

LINDA BROWN, Mutton Dressed as Lamb, Caucasian (English), age 46

When role-playing Linda bear in mind her flirtatious nature. She will tend to concentrate her attentions upon the young male PC's at the expense of the others especially the female ones. She is not interested in the fact that Nicholas is married to Samantha! She is a buxom woman who is not shy about showing off her cleavage. She wears a St. Christopher medal. She has a tendency to fiddle with it when she is talking to a man who has caught her eye.

STR 9, CON 9, SIZ 14, INT 14, POW 12, DEX 13, APP 15, EDU 16, SAN 60, HP 12

Damage bonus: none

Skills: Computer Use 44%, Drive Auto 45%, Flirting with Men 76%, Library Use 56%, Listen 30%, Occult 26% (*picked up from conversations with her brother Martin*)

Languages: English 80%, French 14% (*picked up from holidays*), Short Hand 80%

Attacks: none

Ted Newby, Drunken Pub Landlord, Caucasian (English), age 33

A friendly character with slightly too much of a liking for his fare. He will talk to anyone quite happily, for hours on end if they are buying drinks. In his time learning the trade of a publican has been marked with dealing with troublesome drunkards. This has honed his combat skills quite considerably. He keeps a baseball bat behind the bar to deal with troublesome tourists. He has a large beer belly and a large red and pockmarked nose.

STR 12, CON 8, SIZ 14, INT 11, POW 8, DEX 10, APP 10, EDU 13, SAN 40, HP 11

Damage bonus: +1d4

Skills: Accounting 40%, Art (Brewing) 60%, Carpentry/Woodcraft 35%, Fast Talk 60%, Listen 40%, Persuade 30%

Languages: English 65%

Attacks: Fist/Punch 75% 1d3 + db
Club 60% 1d6 + db

ANDREW PORTER, Student, Caucasian (English), age 20

Andrew is pretty much a stereotypical student – long hair, untidy beard, Happy Mondays T-shirt and scruffy jeans.

STR 10, CON 14, SIZ 13, INT 15, POW 10, DEX 8, APP 8, EDU 16, SAN 50, HP 14

Damage bonus: none

Skills: Computer Use 26%, Chemistry 50%, Dark Room (Photography) 60%, Electrical Repair 25%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Occult 20%, Persuade 40%, Photography 60%, Physics 36%, Psychology 25%,

Languages: English 80%

Attacks: Fist/Punch 50% 1d3 + db

MARTIN RICHARDSON, Dying Occultist, Caucasian (English), age 57

Martin is a very sickly man. He loses his breath very easily. His mind is still sharp and he is in full command of his mental faculties. He is thin and gaunt with the look of someone who is old before his time. His thin grey hair is all but gone.

STR 7, CON 7, SIZ 13, INT 9, POW 12, DEX 7, APP 8, EDU 21, SAN 13, HP 10

Damage bonus: none

Skills: Anthropology 50%, Credit Rating 62%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, History 79%, Library Use 81%, Natural History 29%, Occult 74%, Persuade 39%, Psychology 35%, Spot Hidden 43%

Languages: English 99%, Latin 88%

Attacks: none

Note: Martin is a former acquaintance of Prof. Laurence Hickman.

GEORGE TENNISON, Paranormal Dabbler, Caucasian (English), age 62

George is intensely private but paradoxically a friendly person. He enjoys sharing the fruits of his garden, but values his solitude. His mind, while somewhat eroded, is still fairly intact. He has no obvious signs of insanity or mental instability, at least not yet... He has looked after himself; he is slim, fit and healthy. He looks ten years younger than he really is.

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

Damage bonus: none

Skills: Accounting 60%, Art (Gardening) 40%, Bargain 75%, Computer Use 36%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 30%, Fast Talk 80%, Law 25%, Library Use 55%, Occult 45%, Persuade 80%

Languages: English 99%

Attacks: Fist/Punch 50% 1d3 + db
 Shotgun 65% 1d10+6 (12-gauge firing slugs)

SUPERINTENDENT BILL WOODHOUSE, Lazy Policeman, Caucasian (English), age 43

Bill would love being a copper if it were not for the actual police work. He is lazy and set in his ways and begrudges leaving his desk to do this pesky policing malarkey... He is showing signs of the middle-age spread and he has no interest in getting rid of it.

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

Damage bonus: +1d4

Skills: Computer Use 11%, Fast Talk 65%, Law 55%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Navigate (Road) 40%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 75%, Track 35%

Languages: English 60%

Attacks: Fist/Punch 60% 1d3 + db
 Handgun 40% (unarmed)
 Truncheon 45% 1d6 + db

Handout 1a: The Ritual

I do not have the strength to perform the ritual so I write it down for you my friends.

Six must gather when sunlight is no longer seen directly gather together in a place guaranteeing privacy and away from interference of ignorant fools.

The Six must sit around a table such that they may join hands. The leader draws sixpointed star such that each point points to one of the Six. Put a lit candle at each point of the star and one in the middle.

The Six must picture within their mind's eyes the closing of a rift in space. They must chant the se words in unison, such that the Universe can hear their plea.

*Omnis-et-Unus claude portam
Portam claudus erit
Omnis-et-Unus audi nosterum imploratum
Tempum et spatium sanaror*

*Audi nos Omnis-et-Unus
Portam claude neopum everbitur
Sottotte custos Portae
Portam claudebitur*

When the Six feel Power coursing through them the ritual is working and they must continue until they are no longer able. Then and only then is the rift healed.

M

Handout 1b: The Ritual

I do not have the strength to perform the ritual so I write it down for you my friends.

Five must gather when sunlight is no longer seen directly gather together in a place guaranteeing privacy and away from interference of ignorant fools.

The Five must sit around a table such that they may join hands. The leader draws fivepointed star such that each point points to one of the Five. Put a lit candle at each point of the star and one in the middle.

The Five must picture within their mind's eyes the closing of a rift in space. They must chant the se words in unison, such that the Universe can hear their plea.

*Omnis-et-Unus claude portam
Portam claudus erit
Omnis-et-Unus audi nosterum imploratum
Tempum et spatium sanaror*

*Audi nos Omnis-et-Unus
Portam claude neopum everbitur
Sottotte custos Portae
Portam claudebitur*

When the Five feel Power coursing through them the ritual is working and they must continue until they are no longer able. Then and only then is the rift healed.

M

Handout 1c: The Ritual (Translated)

*The All-and-One close the Gate
The Gate will be closed
The All-and-One hear our call
Time and space be healed*

*Hear us the All-and-One
Close the Gate lest creation be destroyed
Sottott the Keeper of the Gate
The Gate will be closed*

Handout 2: Petronella Waters' Vision

Important: do not let the other players see this handout.

You coped with your lonely childhood by creating imaginary friends: little fairies who played with you at the bottom of the garden; elves who sang to you the most beautiful songs; and gnomes who made you laugh with their outrageous frolics.

That nice Dr. Brussels, he convinced you that these were just in your head. It took a long time, but they were merely a fantasy to help you cope with your loneliness. You can still picture clearly their different faces and it still amuses you to reminisce about them. Even now you chuckle at the memory of gnomes doing somersaults and the aerobatics of fairies on the wing.

...But no, it was all just fantasy, that nice Dr. Brussels, he made the 'Little People' go away. You miss them... He taught you how to make friends with humans, with *real* people. The stories you tell are purely make-believe; fantasies to make others smile and to make them like you. Even the book that you had published was entirely your invention. That nice Dr. Brussels, he revealed the truth, he made you well again, he convinced you that it was just an hallucination.

If that were all true; if elves, pixies and fairies are just in the imaginations of lonely sick people; if you are *cured*, then why is there a one foot tall gnome, with an inane grin on his face, stood waving at you? Why is the one crouched over next to him dropping his trousers and pulling a moonie at you? Why is that small fairy flying around waving her magic wand towards you? Why? Tell me Dr. Brussels, WHY???

Handout 3: Laurence Hickman's Vision

Important: do not let the other players see this handout.

You are afloat in the void that is space. All around you can see a myriad stars and galaxies that are beyond. As you slowly tumble through space you can clearly make out the Milky Way. It is a wondrous and beautiful sight to behold.

You are dressed in your normal daily attire, clothing unsuitable for such an environment! However, you can breathe normally and you feel perfectly comfortable. The only explanation is that you are projecting astrally in some way that you do not understand.

Your perception alters; the stars – they are changing, evolving. A yellow sun swells up and becomes a red giant. A red giant throws off a cloud of gas and shrinks to a small white dwarf. A huge blue giant explodes catastrophically to form a spectacular supernova; there is just a rapidly spinning neutron star left! You pass through a massive cloud of gas; inside there are whirling eddies that are collapsing into new proto-stars. Beyond is a cluster of red dwarfs and yellow suns; most have planets. One has life, intelligent life living, evolving and dying insignificantly beneath a turbulent ocean. The civilisation seems so – irrelevant within the vastness of the Universe around...

...But wait! Ahead there is destruction; the most destructive force theorised to exist by the human mind. A large disc of matter spirals to its doom, it descends into a black hole. The black hole draws you closer. You panic, but are powerless against its draw. The full majesty of the accretion disc is revealed. Wow – what a thing to see! Closer, you fall into its inevitable maw. You scream, but no one can hear in the vacuum of space.

Darkness, black so absolute that it sends shivers down your spine. Why am I not dead?

Floating, still floating in the æther, you emerge into, into...? Well you do not know what it is. You are surrounded by translucent shifting colours. Is this Heaven? Is this Hell? Am I still alive? Is this merely a dream?

The colours shift and form into a pattern of shifting hues that looks like the symbol below. Everything blurs and...



Handout 4: Samantha Hollis' Vision

Important: do not let the other players see this handout.

"G'day to ya."

You here an Irish voice coming from... from where? You look around in vain looking for the source of the voice. You find yourself stood in the centre of a ring of ten stones. Each is roughly the shape of a crude spearhead and stands between a metre and a metre and a half tall. The stones are about two metres apart making a circle of approximately six metres in diameter. Beyond the stones you can see what looks like blurry vegetation. Shaking your head has no affect, but the stones are in sharp focus.

"No not over there, over here."

The voice is coming from behind you.

"Too quick fo' ya I am!"

Sat on an orange flying carpet hovering over one of the stones is a leprechaun! He is dressed in a green tunic & pants and has a green "Noddy" hat complete with bell.

"...And to think ya didn't believe in the little people. Cor, shame on ya! Sammie me-lass, don't look so surprised, I'm as real as the Sun in the sky and as the fairies that ride moonbeams for fun! Go visit the Goat and have yerself a pint of Guinness. Tell good ole Bill Tarmey that Shamus sent ya!

"Oh, and don't forget, Sammy-me-lass, close the gate... Whatever you, don't forget to close the gate. And make sure you do it properly, don't want no accidents now. Not like last time. Nasty business that were!"

He winks at you cheekily and...

Handout 5: Nicholas Hollis' Vision

Important: do not let the other players see this handout.

Your disembodied mind is adrift in space. Ahead you see the Earth, your home. It has been a long and arduous journey. You are very tired...

The perspective changes and you are in a bog or some kind of swamp. Unfamiliar predators hunt equally unfamiliar prey.

The land has risen – civilisations rise and fall. Aliens invade claiming territory as their own; you are forced to flee. It is no longer your time to be here. Around you disembodied corpses fall and expire...

Gargantuan reptiles rise; they claim the earth as their own. The alien is driven off world or into hiding. You see it all with detachment and little interest.

Catastrophe strikes and the reptiles' reign is over. It is now the age of furry mammals! It is the warm-blooded that now rule the cold and unfamiliar Earth. One of these stands above the other species and dominates. This species brings itself repeatedly to the edge of destruction...

Suddenly – there is a hole... a break... a fissure: you are drawn towards ten energy sources in a circle, you are lost, and you are falling, falling, falling...

H e l p . . .

Handout 6: Paul Chaplin's Vision

Important: do not let the other players see this handout.

Without warning you vision blurs and you are overcome with dizziness. You stagger and fall and fall and fall...

You do not know where you are but you are falling, falling through a void. Your body turns around slowly and you see the barren brown ground rushing towards you. Your mouth opens ready to scream, but too late you hit with a sickening thud. Wow – that *hurt!* Miraculously, nothing is broken. The left-hand side of your face is bleeding and is very badly scratched.

"That was not very clever was it now?" The source of the musical almost-angelic voice is a little figure sat on a small rock to your right. The figure is a bespectacled studious-looking elf smoking a long pipe. His hair is balding and grey. He stands up from his rock and inspects you. "Oh dear," he says, "that is going to scar! You should be much more careful when playing with inter-dimensional gateways. Have you any idea just how lucky you are? I thought not! I hope you let this be a lesson to you, *human*. If you are so stupid as to use the gate *without* the key, well there is no hope for you, is there!"

The little elf returns to his rock and sits; he is laughing at you. "Do not protest, human. If you are so smart why are lying face down in dung!"

Your nostrils are filled with pungent aroma of manure despite not being able to see any. Instinctively you try to move away from the smell, but your muscles do not respond. It would seem that you are paralysed and completely helpless.

The elf, still laughing says: "Stupid humans, using the gate without the key. You think you are clever, opening the gate? If you are so clever, close the gate... Prove yourself and close the gate. Oh and whatever you do, don't let it out!"

Again he laughs, taunting you.

"Oh, but you do not know where it is do you? I could tell you, but then you would not be able to prove yourself worthy, worthy of... survival!"

He inhales deeply from his pipe and exhales the smoke sharply. An Iridescent ball of translucent light forms and surrounds your body. You can still hear the elf laughing at you as you are lifted up and up and up and up...



Handout 7: Stephen Hodgekinson's Vision

Important: do not let the other players see this handout.

Without warning you find yourself stood entirely on your own. Your companions have vanished, quite literally, into thin air. The air around you has an eerie silence.

Before you can do anything else you feel yourself sinking. Your feet have sunk into the ground and are stuck fast despite your panicked attempts to free them. The downward descent goes on, first to your knees, continuing on to your waste, further on down to your chest. Your heart is beating frantically as your fear starts to take hold. Now the ground is up to your neck. A silent scream is how you bid farewell to the light of day.

However, you are not underground. Your body is floating in an empty grey void, alone.

Silence, emptiness, nothing...

After, what seems like hours, you see a bearded man adorned in white robes sat on a large white marble throne slowly tumbles towards you. Your body goes into orbit around this person.

"Hello there", he says to you in a friendly tone, "let me introduce myself. I have had many names Ra, Zeus, Jupiter, Odin, Brahman, Jehovah or Yahweh if you prefer. I will start by apologising for not being there as often as I would have liked for the human race. You see, well it is embarrassing really – being all-powerful and omnipotent, but I got lost in this sort of non-dimension place. I can't seem to find my way out. So tell me, Stephen isn't it, Stephen Hodgekinson? Tell me how is the human race coping in my absence? I do hope that Mankind has not strayed from the path without me..."

"In fact how did you humans get along with my Son? I hope you did not do anything unkind to him! I would be very upset if anything bad had happened to him!"

In an instant, you somehow visualise the entire Human Race's crimes: humans are evil and do not deserve to continue to exist. They will be smitten from the world. Insects are destined to inherit the Earth!

He says to you as you drift away, "Close the gate on your way out, there's a good fellow. Oh and be careful, we don't want any accidents do we? Whatever you do, don't forget the..."

The vision... dream... hallucination (?) dissolves into sweet oblivion...

Handout 8: Petronella Waters after the Ritual

You open your eyes and see an elf sitting before you cross-legged; your "imaginary" childhood companion. He has a misleadingly innocent smile upon his rosy-cheeked face! "Did you really think that I had forgotten about you? All of those carefree hours that we spent singing, dancing and playing at the bottom of the garden! That sort of thing stays with the 'Little People' you know!" He giggles at you mischievously. "Do not think by changing bodies that you can hide from me young woman – well actually it is young man now isn't?"

You stare at the little man feeling somewhat confused. You stiffly pick yourself up when you realise that something is not right, *something* is definitely wrong! For starters you can clearly see someone who is your exact double, not only that but she is wearing *your* clothes! Looking down at yourself you see that you now seem to be in residence in what looks suspiciously like a male body! A pot-bellied male body wearing Paul Chaplin's clothes. If that were not bad enough, your face is covered in... in - yes it is fresh and rather pungent cow dung. Oh yuck!

You are suddenly come over with panic and you lose control of your (Paul's?) bladder. The elf jumps up onto your shoulder, he says to you in a very serious tone, "Now I do believe that you did not want to do that!"

Your hands are shaking with panic. Tears fill your eyes. You want to run away, but to where?

Oh and please feel free to become hysterical!

Handout 9: Laurence Hickman after the Ritual

You feel terrible, in fact you cannot recall ever feeling worse. Actually, come to think of it, a few of those student hangovers...

Your long blond hair has come untangled; you brush it aside with some annoyance. There is a strap digging into your left breast. This is most uncomfortable, it feels like a...

Stop! Wait! What is going on? Long blond hair? Why am I wearing Samantha's dress?

The penny drops and hard realisation suddenly hits home. It is not Samantha's *dress* that you are wearing but her *body*...

Paul Chaplin, for some unknown reason has dung plastered all over his face. Where the Hell did that come from?

You now feel the obsessive compulsion to tidy up, to straighten things out *etc.*

Handout 10: Samantha Hollis after the Ritual

Now you knew, positively knew that Nicholas' interest in the occult was not healthy! Okay, so you do not understand this ritual nonsense, but, really, is it necessary to feel this... this bad?

Good Lord, Paul Chaplin has got dung on his face; how did that happen?

Oh my God! Your hair has turned grey and half of it has fallen out... and these joints, they feel like they could do with a good oiling.

Hang on a second, I seem to be in the wrong place. No wait, there I am, over there. Look at the state of my hair! Phew, that's a... re... lief...

Bloody Hell!!! I... I... I'm the pr-pr-profess-ssor!

The mind transfer into the professor's body has hit you very hard. You were proud of your good looks, your long well kept hair and of your health & fitness. This is all gone now! You are very resentful of young women, especially Prof. Hickman who is now in *your* body enjoying *your* youth while you have to put up with his creaky, worn out and aged near-corpse!

In order to try to come to terms with your current situation, you remember your Catholic upbringing. You are now much more religious and look to God in the hope that He can reverse what has happened to you...

You notice on the wall a small metal crucifix...

Handout 12: Paul Chaplin after the Ritual

You wake up feeling very giddy. There is an unsettling feeling of nausea in your stomach. Everything around you is a complete blur. You rub your eyes to clear them, but to no avail. The nausea rises by about six inches.

Slowly your eyes clear, you can see the blurry shapes of your five companions. They do not seem to be any better shape than you are!

The giddiness is clearing and you are starting to feel better. Your head is clearing, your blurred vision is gradually focussing and the nausea is subsiding. An uncomfortable feeling comes over you – you feel... er... strange. Your body, it seems to be, well, larger; it is almost as if you have put on weight. Your hair is wrong, its texture is different and it is too long and the dress that you are wearing feels very strange. Dress? Dress? DRESS?

A sudden rush of adrenaline helps to clear your senses further. Your heart is pounding, you can hear the blood rushing through your ears. Your whole body is shaking...

...or rather it is Petronella's body that is shaking! You can quite clearly see yourself, correction, your body, your body with a dung-covered face, and you ain't in it...

You need help!

Help me someone! Help, what do I do? Can no-one see that I am in need of help? Everyone is ignoring me! Why are they being so ignorant? Help me someone!

Do something to attract the other's attention. Whatever you do, do not let them forget that you are here!

The Keeper may tell you that you are feeling ignored. If this should occur, you should take steps to get everyone's attention.

Handout 17: Nicholas Hollis after the Ritual

You do not know what were you expecting, or remember why you were expecting something, but you do not think it was this... There are five others of your... er... species that you do not recognise. Your body feels very strange, very uncomfortable and very awkward.

No, no this is not right – where, when, what on Earth am I?

You find that your hands are very difficult to control. Getting the thumbs to work with the fingers is very hard [*something like an amateur struggling with chopsticks after several pints of lager...*]

Your clothes are very itchy and irritating. This is so uncomfortable! How do these humans put up with this?

What happened here, what are these five others and why has that fat one got brown smelly stuff on his face that is making me feel ill? Why does my head hurt so much? Is there something inside of it trying to get out? Should I try to break it open?

Notes: You suffer a –10% penalty to all physical skill checks and –1 penalty to your DEX while you continue to be clothed due to the itching and irritation.

Handout 19: Stephen Hodgekinson after the Ritual

The others are looking very confused. The room stinks of fresh cow dung. In fact Paul Chaplin's face is covered in it!

You feel drained and in need of a good night's sleep.

POW loss: 1 (adjust SAN accordingly – deduct 5)

SAN loss: 1d6 (cumulative with above).

You have developed a pathological fear of *all* religious icons and imagery (this is *not* confined to those of the Christian faith). You are convinced that all of the human race will soon be subjected to God's wrath and retribution. This is a punishment for the Humanity's crimes against nature and against itself!

Laurence Hickman, Emeritus Professor (in Samantha Hollis' body)

STRENGTH: 11 **Damage Bonus:** 0
CONSTITUTION: 15
SIZE: 11
DEXTERITY: 8
APPEARANCE: 16
INTELLIGENCE: 15 **Idea:** 75%
POWER: 9 **Luck:** 45%
EDUCATION: 20 **Know:** 100%

Age 24, blue eyes, long mousy hair (usually worn up) and slim but shapely and toned build

Mental Disorders: None

Magic Points: 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 **Unconscious**

Hit Points: 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 **Dead**

San: 50 49 48 47 46 45 44 43 42 41 40 39 38 37 36 35 34 33 32 31 30 29 28 27 26
 25 24 23 22 21 20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
 ☺

Skills:

- | | | | | | |
|---|-----|---|-----|--|-----|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting | 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> Electronics | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Read/Write Latin | 60% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology | 75% | <input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk | 30% | <input type="checkbox"/> R/W Olde English | 55% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Archæology | 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> First Aid | 30% | Own Language (EDU x5): | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Art(Calligraphy) | 23% | <input type="checkbox"/> Geology | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> English | 99% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Art() | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Hide | 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> Persuade | 35% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Astronomy | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> History | 45% | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bargain | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Jump | 25% | <input type="checkbox"/> Photography | 10% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Biology | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Law | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Physics | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Library Use | 60% | <input type="checkbox"/> Pilot() | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Climb | 40% | <input type="checkbox"/> Listen | 25% | <input type="checkbox"/> Pilot() | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Computer Use | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Conceal | 20% | <input type="checkbox"/> Martial Arts | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychology | 35% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Craft () | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Repair | 20% | <input type="checkbox"/> Ride | 5% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Craft () | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Medicine | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Sneak | 10% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Credit Rating | 60% | <input type="checkbox"/> Natural History | 30% | <input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden | 40% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cthulhu Mythos | 6% | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigate | 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> Swim | 25% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Disguise | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Occult | 60% | <input type="checkbox"/> Track | 10% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (DEX x 2) | 20% | <input type="checkbox"/> Opr. Hvy. Machinery | 1% | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Drive Auto | 35% | Other Language: | | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Repair | 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> German | 30% | | |

Combat Skills:

- | | | | | | |
|---|-----|----------|---|-----|----------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fist/Punch | 25% | 1d3 + db | <input type="checkbox"/> Head Butt | 10% | 1d4 + db |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Kick | 25% | 1d6 + db | <input type="checkbox"/> Grapple | 25% | Special |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Club | 25% | 1d6 + db | <input type="checkbox"/> Hand Gun | 35% | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Gun | 15% | | <input type="checkbox"/> Rifle | 55% | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shot Gun | 30% | | <input type="checkbox"/> Sub-Machine Gun | 15% | |

Weapon Data:	To Hit	Dmg	Range	Att/Rnd	Bullets	Mal
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Equipment:

Handbag containing: hairbrush, make up bag, mirror, hair spray, card wallet (with store cards, credit cards, debit cards & £25), mace spray, WAP Mobile Phone

Personality and Background:

Laurence has shoulder length mousy hair. She is dressed smartly and has a expertly made-up face.

Laurence Hickman is a former Oxford professor who has gone into semi-retirement. He now spends his time collecting and researching occult tomes. He uses his contacts in the Club Nyctopia to trade and buy these books. He also likes to investigate paranormal phenomena with a view to debunking them. He is not a sceptic as such: he just wants unequivocal proof. Only when there is no other explanation will he be happy.

There have been reported sightings of faeries and time slips in the Cumbrian village of Glendale. A former member of "The Club" contacted his former colleagues to report what was going on and to request aid. His name is Martin Richardson. Laurence has booked a B&B there, taken along his manservant Paul Chaplin, and paid for the services of a photographer called Nicholas Hollis. Nicholas is respected and trusted photographer with an amateur and suitably discrete interest in the occult; he is to be evaluated for membership into the *Club Nyctopia*.

Club Nyctopia

This is an exclusive club of like-minded wealthy and influential individuals with a hearty interest in the esoteric and the occult. A condition of membership is discretion; the name is never mentioned in public. All new members are carefully vetted and those unsuitable are not invited to join. Individuals who are recognised as being a threat have been known to become fatally accident-prone.

The club acts a social club and a trading house for arcane texts and objects.

The Others:

NICOLAS HOLLIS

This man is a highly respected professional photographer. His list of credits would be quite impressive if you were interested enough to take any real notice. He has a major interest in the occult that he likes to keep from the public domain. Nicolas has been earmarked as a candidate for joining the *Club Nyctopia*; you must assess his suitability during the investigation in Glendale over the next few days... Naturally, he must remain ignorant of the Club's existence until such time that he is deemed acceptable.

PAUL CHAPLIN

My former manservant who saw to my basic needs. He is a former soldier who was retired on medical grounds due to a spinal injury. He has let himself go – he smokes too much and lives off convenience foods and fish and chips. Paul worked for me for eighteen months. He does not know about the *Club Nyctopia*.

PETRONELLA WATERS

She is a person who happened to be staying in the same B&B.

SAMANTHA HOLLIS

Samantha was Nicolas' beautiful wife before you acquired her body. She is a successful corporate lawyer: a vain and corrupt example of the morale decline of modern society. Perhaps it was not so bad that she came along afterall...

STEPHEN HODGEKINSON

Stephen, a relatively new member of the *Club Nyctopia*, came up to Glendale with you to help out in your investigation. He has an insatiable curiosity; it will cost him dearly one day. He has expertise in the field of parapsychology. I do not know what it is about him, but I do not trust him...

Erm, Don't Know, Can't Remember

STRENGTH: 10 **Damage Bonus:** 0
CONSTITUTION: 8
SIZE: 13
DEXTERITY: 2
APPEARANCE: 7
INTELLIGENCE: 12 **Idea:** 60%
POWER: 15 **Luck:** 75%
EDUCATION: 10 **Know:** 50%

Age 29, friendly hazel eyes, full head of brunet hair, average build

Mental Disorders: None

Magic Points: ⚔ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 **Unconscious**

Hit Points: ⚔ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 **Dead**

San: 75 74 73 72 71 70 69 68 67 66 65 64 63 62 61 60 59 58 57 56 55 54 53 52 51
 50 49 48 47 46 45 44 43 42 41 40 39 38 37 36 35 34 33 32 31 30 29 28 27 26
 25 24 23 22 21 20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
 ☺

Skills:

- | | | | | | |
|--|-----|--|-----|---|-----|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting | 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> Electronics | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> French | 41% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology | 0% | <input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Read/Write Latin | 61% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology | 0% | <input type="checkbox"/> First Aid | 1% | Own Language (EDU x5): | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Art() | 0% | <input type="checkbox"/> Geology | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> English | 90% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Art() | 0% | <input type="checkbox"/> Hide | 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> Persuade | 20% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Astronomy | 35% | <input type="checkbox"/> History | 23% | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bargain | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Jump | 25% | <input type="checkbox"/> Photography | 43% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Biology | 0% | <input type="checkbox"/> Law | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Physics | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Library Use | 13% | <input type="checkbox"/> Pilot() | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Climb | 4% | <input type="checkbox"/> Listen | 25% | <input type="checkbox"/> Pilot() | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Computer Use | 15% | <input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Conceal | 15% | <input type="checkbox"/> Martial Arts | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychology | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Craft () | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Repair | 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> Ride | 5% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Craft () | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Medicine | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Sneak | 25% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Credit Rating | 0% | <input type="checkbox"/> Natural History | 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden | 30% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cthulhu Mythos | 15% | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigate | 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> Swim | 40% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Disguise | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Occult | 30% | <input type="checkbox"/> Track | 10% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (DEX x 2) | | <input type="checkbox"/> Opr. Hvy. Machinery | 1% | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Drive Auto | 10% | Other Language: | | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Repair | 18% | <input type="checkbox"/> Ancient Greek | 16% | | |

Combat Skills:

- | | | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|----------|--|-----|----------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fist/Punch | 25% | 1d3 + db | <input type="checkbox"/> Head Butt | 10% | 1d4 + db |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Kick | 25% | 1d6 + db | <input type="checkbox"/> Grapple | 25% | Special |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Club | 25% | 1d6 + db | <input type="checkbox"/> Hand Gun | 20% | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Gun | 15% | | <input type="checkbox"/> Rifle | 25% | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shot Gun | 30% | | <input type="checkbox"/> Sub-Machine Gun | 15% | |

Weapon Data: **To Hit** **Dmg** **Range** **A/R** **Bullets** **Mal**

Equipment:

Wallet containing: photograph of the healthy looking painted-female with long neat hair and yourself, plastic cards, paper cards, creased paper with strange designs on them.

Personality and Background:

Nope, complete blank. Cannot remember thing.

Clothing is extremely irritating. -10% physical skill & -1 DEX penalties while clothed

The Others:

OLD MALE HUMAN, LOST MOST OF HIS GREY HAIR

I seem to respect this man. Cannot remember why. I wonder why his hair is falling out.

YOUNG MALE WITH EXAGGERATED BELLY, HAIR CUT VERY SHORT. SMELLS...

Let me think. Nope. Absolutely no idea! That smell is making me want to empty the contents of my stomach...

THIN UNHEALTHY LOOKING FEMALE WITH LONG SCRUFFY HAIR

This one is a complete blank, too.

HEALTHY LOOKING PAINTED-FEMALE WITH LONG NEAT HAIR

She does seem familiar somehow. Oooh... er... strange sensations. I have the urge to touch her and put my arm around her. Why do I want to touch her with my mouth? This is a little scary...

HEALTHY LOOKING YOUNG MALE

Let me think. Nope... nothing.

Paul Chaplin, (in Petronella Waters' body)

STRENGTH: 11 **Damage Bonus:** 0
CONSTITUTION: 9
SIZE: 8
DEXTERITY: 13
APPEARANCE: 9
INTELLIGENCE: 13 **Idea:** 65%
POWER: 9 **Luck:** 50%
EDUCATION: 14 **Know:** 70%

Female, Age 29, distant blue eyes, long gangly black hair, slim-somewhat gaunt-build

Mental Disorders: None

Magic Points: 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 **Unconscious**

Hit Points: 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 **Dead**

San: 50 49 48 47 46 45 44 43 42 41 40 39 38 37 36 35 34 33 32 31 30 29 28 27 26
 25 24 23 22 21 20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
 ☺

Skills:

- | | | | | | |
|--|-----|--|-----|---|-----|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting | 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> Electronics | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk | 5% | Own Language (EDU x5): | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> First Aid | 60% | <input type="checkbox"/> English | 70% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Art() | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Geology | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Persuade | 15% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Art() | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Hide | 40% | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Astronomy | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> History | 20% | <input type="checkbox"/> Photography | 10% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bargain | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Jump | 25% | <input type="checkbox"/> Physics | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Biology | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Law | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Pilot() | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Library Use | 25% | <input type="checkbox"/> Pilot() | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Climb | 50% | <input type="checkbox"/> Listen | 60% | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Computer Use | 21% | <input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychology | 5% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Conceal | 55% | <input type="checkbox"/> Martial Arts | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Ride | 5% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Craft () | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Repair | 45% | <input type="checkbox"/> Sneak | 70% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Craft () | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Medicine | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden | 35% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Credit Rating | 15% | <input type="checkbox"/> Natural History | 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> Swim | 25% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cthulhu Mythos | 2% | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigate | 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> Track | 10% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Disguise | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Occult | 20% | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (DEX x 2) | 28% | <input type="checkbox"/> Opr. Hvy. Machinery | 1% | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Drive Auto | 55% | Other Language: | | <input type="checkbox"/> | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Repair | 10% | | | <input type="checkbox"/> | |

Combat Skills:

- | | | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|----------|--|-----|----------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fist/Punch | 25% | 1d3 + db | <input type="checkbox"/> Head Butt | 10% | 1d4 + db |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Kick | 25% | 1d6 + db | <input type="checkbox"/> Grapple | 25% | Special |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Club | 25% | 1d6 + db | <input type="checkbox"/> Hand Gun | 45% | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Gun | 45% | | <input type="checkbox"/> Rifle | 60% | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shot Gun | 30% | | <input type="checkbox"/> Sub-Machine Gun | 15% | |

Weapon Data: **To Hit** **Dmg** **Range** **Att/Rnd** **Bullets** **Mal**



Equipment:

Purse with: Photograph of man wearing a doctor's white coat, £120
3 spiral bound note pads
3 pencils

Personality and Background:

Paul is a slight woman with a slim pale face. Her hair is long and gangly. She usually appears as being somewhat unkempt. Paul has scars on her arms and legs that look like they have been caused by attacks with knives, razors and broken glass.

Paul is a former member of the British Army who left on medical grounds after receiving a spinal injury during a routine exercise.

Found employment with Prof. Laurence Hickman as a butler-cum-bodyguard. Prof. Hickman leads an interesting, if weird, life. Paul has seen some strange things during his eighteen months with the professor, none of which he is willing, or able, to explain. The professor is the member of an exclusive circle that dabbles with the occult and magick (the 'K' is important, can't remember why!). The Prof. meets with many different people – it is impossible to say who are members of this circle and who are not.

Paul has let himself go. He exercises occasionally, but smokes and drinks too much and lives off convenience foods and fry-ups.

The Others:

PROF. LAURENCE HICKMAN

Prof. Hickman is (was?) your employer. He is weird and secretive at times, but you are not paid to question his life style. You are also his bodyguard as well as butler. You have yet to do any direct guarding if him.

NICOLAS HOLLIS

Nicolas is a famous photographer. He has photographed many celebrities and super models. He is one of the Prof.'s associates.

PETRONELLA WATERS

She was staying in the same B&B as you and the Prof.'s mates. First impression was that she is slightly scary and you reckon that was about on the nail. The arms on her (no your) body are scarred with needle marks and cuts.

SAMANTHA HOLLIS

Samantha – not Sam, she does not like being called Sam (stuck up bitch!) – is Nicolas's wife. Nice looking, but she thinks that she is better than everyone else. She is some kind of lawyer or solicitor or something. I do not think that the Prof. likes her much either. I heard him muttering under his breath when he found that Nicolas was bringing her along!

STEPHEN HODGEKINSON

Stephen is another of the Prof.'s associates. He always wears a suit and tie, but he seems alright really. He sees the Prof. quite regularly. I am not sure, but I think I have picked up some negative vibes from the Prof. towards Stephen. I do not know what, if anything, is going on between them...

Petronella Waters (in Paul Chaplin's body)

STRENGTH: 13 **Damage Bonus:** 0
CONSTITUTION: 9
SIZE: 13
DEXTERITY: 14
APPEARANCE: 9
INTELLIGENCE: 15 **Idea:** 75%
POWER: 9 **Luck:** 45%
EDUCATION: 10 **Know:** 50%

Male, age 23, brown eyes, crew cut brunet hair, showing signs of a premature middle-aged spread

Mental Disorders: Suffered from Attention Deficit Disorder when a child

Magic Points: 40 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 **Unconscious**

Hit Points: 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 **Dead**

San: 50 49 48 47 46 45 44 43 42 41 40 39 38 37 36 35 34 33 32 31 30 29 28 27 26
 25 24 23 22 21 20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
 ☺

Skills:

- | | | | | | |
|---|-----|---|-----|--|-----|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting | 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> Electronics | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk | 10% | Own Language (EDU x5): | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Archæology | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> First Aid | 30% | <input type="checkbox"/> English | 75% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Art() | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Geology | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Persuade | 40% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Art() | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Hide | 45% | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Astronomy | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> History | 20% | <input type="checkbox"/> Photography | 45% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bargain | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Jump | 25% | <input type="checkbox"/> Physics | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Biology | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Law | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Pilot() | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Library Use | 60% | <input type="checkbox"/> Pilot() | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Climb | 40% | <input type="checkbox"/> Listen | 35% | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis | 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Computer Use | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychology | 25% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Conceal | 40% | <input type="checkbox"/> Martial Arts | 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Ride | 5% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Craft () | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Repair | 20% | <input type="checkbox"/> Sneak | 40% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Craft () | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Medicine | 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden | 40% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Credit Rating | 15% | <input type="checkbox"/> Natural History | 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> Swim | 25% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cthulhu Mythos | | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigate | 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> Track | 20% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Disguise | 26% | <input type="checkbox"/> Occult | 40% | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (DEX x 2) | 26% | <input type="checkbox"/> Opr. Hvy. Machinery | 1% | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Drive Auto | 20% | Other Language: | | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Repair | 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> Gaelic | 46% | | |

Combat Skills:

- | | | | | | |
|---|-----|----------|---|-----|----------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fist/Punch | 25% | 1d3 + db | <input type="checkbox"/> Head Butt | 10% | 1d4 + db |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Kick | 25% | 1d6 + db | <input type="checkbox"/> Grapple | 25% | Special |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Club | 25% | 1d6 + db | <input type="checkbox"/> Hand Gun | 20% | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Gun | 15% | | <input type="checkbox"/> Rifle | 25% | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shot Gun | 30% | | <input type="checkbox"/> Sub-Machine Gun | 15% | |

Weapon Data:	To Hit	Dmg	Range	A/R	Bullets	Mal
<u>.45 Revolver</u>	45%	1d10+2	15 yd	1	6	00

Equipment:

Map of the Lake District

Wallet containing: Photograph of a group of soldiers, £40

Personality and Background:

Pet had a solitary childhood. She had imaginary friends who were fairies, elves and pixies. As she got older she was diagnosed with attention deficit disorder (A.D.D.) and was put into care. Her parents emigrated soon afterwards to parts unknown. After a period of psychotherapy (she was the patient of the 'nice Dr. Brussels') she was released into the real world. Pet has survived by shoplifting and amusing anyone whom will listen with stories about the fairies, elves and goblins. She has managed to get a book published on the subject of the "Little People" and writes for a *Fortean Times* style publication called *Weird World*.

She hates being ignored and will go to great lengths to be the centre of attention, throwing tantrums, playing on others sympathies, and what ever else she can think up.

The Others:

PROFESSOR LAURENCE HICKMAN

A retired Oxford professor apparently. He certainly looks like an eccentric old professor. It would seem that he is the leader of the five people that arrived at the B&B in which you are staying.

NICOLAS HOLLIS

I have heard of him! He is a photographer, not overly famous but well respected. He has photographed hundreds of the rich and famous. I wonder if he will photograph me? He came along with the professor. I bumped into Nicolas earlier today. Seems an okay kind of guy. Far too good for that horrible Samantha person...

PAUL CHAPLIN

Paul works as Hickman's butler. Blimey! I bet he spent his weekends down the pub. How on earth did he carry this gut around with him all of the time —it weighs a bloody ton!

SAMANTHA HOLLIS

Samantha is Nicolas' wife. You do not know her and your first impression is that you do not want to. Stuck up, snooty, "I am better than you". The woman obviously needs someone (someone else...) to bring her down a step or two... I feel sorry for Nicolas for having to put up with her.

STEPHEN HODGEKINSON

Stephen is another of the professor's friends. He looks out of place in his shirt and tie. Who comes to the Lakes wearing a shirt and tie? ...And they said that I was out of touch with reality!

Samantha Hollis (in Prof. Laurence Hickman's body)

STRENGTH: 11 **Damage Bonus:** +1d4
CONSTITUTION: 12
SIZE: 14
DEXTERITY: 10
APPEARANCE: 8
INTELLIGENCE: 17 **Idea:** 60%
POWER: 11 **Luck:** 55%
EDUCATION: 18 **Know:** 60%

Male, age 51, cold grey eyes, thinning grey hair, slightly chubby build

Mental Disorders: None

Magic Points: 44 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 **Unconscious**

Hit Points: 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 **Dead**

San: 60 59 58 57 56 55 54 53 52 51 50 49 48 47 46 45 44 43 42 41 40 39 38 37 36
 35 34 33 32 31 30 29 28 27 26 25 24 23 22 21 20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11
 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 ☺

Skills:

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting 45% | <input type="checkbox"/> Electronics 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk 40% | Own Language (EDU x5): |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Archæology 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> First Aid 30% | <input type="checkbox"/> English 90% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Art() 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Geology 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Persuade 25% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Art() 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Hide 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Astronomy 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> History 40% | <input type="checkbox"/> Photography 25% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bargain 40% | <input type="checkbox"/> Jump 25% | <input type="checkbox"/> Physics 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Biology 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Law (Corporate) 80% | <input type="checkbox"/> Pilot() 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Library Use 70% | <input type="checkbox"/> Pilot() 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Climb 40% | <input type="checkbox"/> Listen 35% | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis 1% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Computer Use 46% | <input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychology 25% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Conceal 15% | <input type="checkbox"/> Martial Arts 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Ride 5% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Craft () 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Repair 20% | <input type="checkbox"/> Sneak 10% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Craft () 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Medicine 5% | <input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden 35% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Credit Rating 75% | <input type="checkbox"/> Natural History 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> Swim 25% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cthulhu Mythos | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigate 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> Track 10% |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Disguise 1% | <input type="checkbox"/> Occult 15% | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (DEX x 2) 20% | <input type="checkbox"/> Opr. Hvy. Machinery 1% | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Drive Auto 20% | Other Language: | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Repair 10% | <input type="checkbox"/> French 76% | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Combat Skills:

- | | | | |
|---|----------|---|----------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fist/Punch 25% | 1d3 + db | <input type="checkbox"/> Head Butt 10% | 1d4 + db |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Kick 25% | 1d6 + db | <input type="checkbox"/> Grapple 25% | Special |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Club 25% | 1d6 + db | <input type="checkbox"/> Hand Gun 20% | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Gun 15% | | <input type="checkbox"/> Rifle 25% | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shot Gun 30% | | <input type="checkbox"/> Sub-Machine Gun 15% | |

Weapon Data:	To Hit	Dmg	Range	Att/Rnd	Bullets	Mal
<u>32 Revolver</u>	35%	1d8	15 yd	3	6	00

Equipment:

Reading Glasses

Wallet containing: Amex Gold Card, Master Gold Card, Visa Card, Membership cards to several gentlemen's clubs, £250

Note Books

Fountain pen and pot of black ink

Personality and Background:

Samantha has a sharp no nonsense mind. She believes the occult, in which her husband has an interest, is extremely dangerous!

Samantha's parents were both devout Catholics and as such she had a strict Catholic upbringing. As she grew up, Samantha left behind her religious practices and replaced them with ambition and a drive to succeed. She was happy to embrace new ideas and not afraid to take risks when necessary. Her career was spiralling upwards to the top... Quite suddenly she has found faith again. The only path to salvation is through God.

Nicholas had been given a commission to photograph some fairies in the Lake District. They both needed some quality time together (ha!), so she agreed to come along before he even offered. The man who gave him the commission was a retired professor called Laurence Hickman (now he is a gorgeous young woman!). He takes this occult mumbo-jumbo FAR TOO SERIOUSLY! The whole episode has turned out to be a complete nightmare... and as for fairies, they have no place in God's world.

The Others:

PROF. LAURENCE HICKMAN

Laurence is a retired professor who is a menace to society. It was Prof. Hickman that hired Nicolas to take some photographs, photographs, that's all! Not the sort of person with whom I shall be associating in the future...

NICOLAS HOLLIS

Nicolas (not Nick) is not the best looking man in the world, but he loves (erm... loved?) me (but I'm not actually **me** anymore). He is a brilliant photographer and I used to get tinges of jealousy (me!) when he was doing a shoot with the latest hot supermodel. He likes to collect and read ancient occult books. This is an extremely dangerous hobby...

PAUL CHAPLIN

Paul is Prof. Hickman's butler. How the hell can he afford a butler? He probably cannot, which is why he has got this thug working for him. Nicolas said that he was in the army. If all our soldiers have an over-sized stomach like his, then God help us if we ever go to war again! I find it distasteful that we had to share our accommodation with his sort. What was Prof. Hickman thinking? Hang on a minute – is he *my* butler now?

PETRONELLA WATERS

Petronella (that is a nice name – I think the daughter idea has gone out of the window...) was the only guest in the B&B when we arrived. She is a thin woman; clearly she does not look after herself properly...

STEPHEN HODGEKINSON

Now this is a real man. He always dresses smartly, he is very polite and he seems to be secure financially as well being not bad looking (like that really matters now!). What more could the gorgeous and successful woman (that I was) want? I would have asked him round for dinner one evening, possibly when Nicolas is doing a shoot. I wonder if he swings both ways...

Madness of the Black Opal

A 1920s Era Adventure for Call of Cthulhu

by David Haddin

Overview

The adventure confronts our heroes as they reside in a small Australian city on the southern coast named Adelaide. Rumors of cattle and native wild life acting bizarrely have filtered into the city from the remote central mining town of Cooper Peady.

A live black angus (cow) has been transported to the Adelaide Plain University veterinary science unit for further examination. Rumors of its abnormal behavior have the surfaced in a little respected tabloid paper *Outback Oddities* (specializes in mystics and the paranormal). The rag is treated among polite society with contempt and absurdity.

Keeper's Notes

The reality of the adventure is that two warring factions in the small opal mining outpost fight to gain control and summon Gring the Maddoth for their own devious means. The race is on to amass a ton of black opal in a monolith structure and slaughter a hundred beasts or humans enraged with insanity to bring Gring into earth's dimension. Black opal is only exists on Earth in a small area of South Australia (unfortunately for the locals).

The first faction is lead by Ragnar Jossons a wealthy industrialist that hails from Sweden. He has long used the Mythos tempered with evil desire to build his empire of money and power. Ragnar cares little for the hows and whys of the Mythos. The supernatural power he harnesses is simply a device, a means to an end. This has also led Ragnar on many hapless adventures of insanity, murder, and crossing a major deity to his own detriment.

He now has his sights set on the remote Southern Australian opal mining town of Cooper Peady. His twisted reasoning is to send the population insane and buy the claims at half the price as the camp empties from fear. After the wretched souls are dragged to Asylums, Ragnar will acquire the mines from grieving relatives with an offer they can't refuse.

Ragnar has sorted the service of a loathsome Gring cultist Istor Svag for his monstrous endeavor. Through his murky contacts Ragnar discovered a small Gring cult among a small isolated fishing town of Iceland. Istor reveled in the chance to bring his master into everlasting existents on this plain. Istor also carries a copy of the tome *The Pleasures of Madness* with lengthy incantation on subjects such as summoning and dismissing Gring, Magzons, etc. Istor is accompanied by 1D4 Magzons.

The second faction that's has taken interest in the camp's affairs is Y'gonolac. The great old one wishes to harness Gring's colossal psychic power and bend it to his will to corrupt the minds of innocents with evil desire, and create more followers for to advance his own evil following.

Y'gonolac discovered the existence of Gring the Maddoth and his power from an enslaved Gring cultist captured in the Amazon. He then traveled from his ruined city beneath the earth, traversing thousands of kilometers of labyrinthine tunnels to arrive in the continent of Australia months later.

Y'gonolac is currently in disguise as an obese Chinaman, Ay Tong, who runs the camp's opium dens. Many of the dope fiends in the camp have fallen under his evil thrall, as Y'gonolac exposes the passage of *Revelations of Glaaki* while the throes of a euphoric stupor.

Each faction is aware of the other, murderous treachery is carried out every night amongst the shadows and the mines in the effort to deplete the other side's will and manpower. The fear is palpable in the camp as people disappear with out a trace from their bunks, blood soaks the earth, and men and beast alike run with theirs minds unhinged.

Adelaide 1920

A fledgling city with a population of half a million is located on the isolated south coast of Australia. A house of worship can be found on ever street corner (dubbed the city of churches), giving the face of the capital a drowsy conservative feel. As with most pious societies, the image usually is a well constructed mask to a rotten underbelly.



Crime is rare, but the city has an infamous reputation for gory and bizarre transgressions (rarely solved). The locals come across as uneasy but friendly, all too well aware of the gruesome reputation of the city, leading them to be down right rude or constantly apologizing for how dreary the place is!

The loneliness of the town has drawn many diverse followers of shunned religious, cults and worshiper of dark gods to practices their black arts away from the prying eyes of the world. Most cultist carry out their sinister rituals amongst the heavily vegetated foothill that flank the city.

The most significant Mythos influence is located on a large sea island 50km from the mainland, Kangaroo Island. The barren windswept isle is populated with gruff whalers and their families. Deep Ones have infiltrated the isolated community for over a hundred years. Also, Deep One city is rumored to be located deep in the York Peninsula, and Hastur the Unspeakable has a large underground following in the City of Churches.

Most 1920 services can be found within the city limits. The capital cities haven't been linked by rail, and sea is still the preferred form of transport. Much of Australia at this time still remains undiscovered by Europeans; a myriad of horrors and hardship await the investigator who enters the vast outback unprepared.

POINTS OF INTEREST

"OUTBACK ODDITIES" HEADQUARTERS

Outback Oddities is situated on the outskirts of Adelaide, and is little more than a dilapidated tin shed. The editor is a sweaty obese German named Fritz Beans, a likeable fellow but interested only in money and stuffing his pudgy face. After a good meal and a few drinks (at the investigators' expense), Mr. Beans will reveal the source of the story came from a cleaner for the university (a drifter who has since moved on). A sharp investigator could make a little money by selling previous stories about encounters with the supernatural. (Mr. Beans is a gold mine for bizarre tales of the outback; pity most are untrue!)

"THE TRUTH" TEA HOUSE/BOOK SHOP

Any self respecting investigator will eventually find his way to this shabby tea house run by a white witch named Able Brewberg. The tea is like dishwater and the scones have the consistency of rubble, but the place has the most extensive catalog of occult and Mythos tomes in the county. The dusty tea rooms are located in the well to do part of town North Adelaide. (A great place for library use.)

THE UNIVERSTIY OF ADELAIDE PLAINS

Dr. Aaron Bergshin, head veterinarian of the university, is a busy man, and will try to fob off any investigator who doesn't have legitimate business with the college. Two successful fast talks will gain the investigator a look at the

tormented beast that is housed at the rear of the building in a small stock yard (breaking in after dark could be an option).

The cow (use Cape Buffalo ratings from the rulebook) howls incessantly and wanders aimlessly in a circle, its eyes red and oozing blood from its tear ducts. The horns have grimy pink ribbons and a cheap busted time piece tied to them. Anyone foolish enough to enter the pen will be attacked by the beast. Dr. Bergshin will put the beast's misfortunes down to a neurological disorder from heat stress or dehydration, as the animal was found wandering alone in the desert by a passing team of university geologists (all out on surveys now). The ribbons and the watch are irrelevant to the good doctor (completely logical explanation!). A large "S" is branded into the flank of the beast, the mark belongs to the rancher Paul Simms. Any player with a successful Mythos roll will swear they heard the cow say amongst the moans "the pariah in the stars draws close" (1D2 san loss). The brand symbol can be located at the council chamber records/town hall for a charge of five shillings. After two days at the university, the cow will be killed for examination, where they will also discover the beast has been sexually interfered with and the animal's brain has swollen twice its normal size and is in reverse inside the skull cavity.

The beast is a victim of Istor's cruel experiments with sanity. The cow has been exposed to beam of energy from a True Thinking Lance, an alien weapon that causes massive sanity loss with a successful attack (see new artifacts).

COOPER PEADY

The small desert town is located on harsh red plain bordered by hundreds of drop shaft mines, giving the surrounding area the look of an alien moonscape. The days can reach 40 plus degrees, while the mercury can plunge to zero in the evenings.

Upon entering the mining settlement, the investigators will find the place lawless and in near revolt as the nightly disappearances of people have fuelled the fear and paranoia amongst the prospectors. Drunks roam the streets and brawls frequently spill out into the dusty roads from the many watering holes.

KEEPER NOTES

The investigators entrance to the township will go largely unnoticed as a whole (more prospectors to try their luck). Ragnar and rival Y'gononac both have noted their arrival.

Ragnar and the Gring cultist are nearing completion of their plans; they have the fifty head of cattle stored in a subterranean vault along with almost a ton of black opal (just shy of 1000 kg) for the ritual. Ragnar and Istor now kidnap miners from their bunks under the cover of darkness, dragging them to cells beneath the earth, to make up the remainder of live sacrifices for the Gring ritual. Out

of fear, the mining of black opal has lurched to a halt, amid rumors of "eyeless devils" lurking in the earth itself. Y'golonac holds the last 100 kg of mined black opal needed for the ceremony and is currently trying to discover the entrance to the underground cave system with his thralls.

As Ay Tong, Y'golonac will seek out savvy investigators to try and enlist them to his cause, in an effort to eliminate Ragnar and find the entrances to the ritual caves. Y'golonac is desperate to abduct the head cultist Istor, as he is currently only human who can recite the complicated Summon Gring ceremony (killing Istor will bring the plans of Y'golonac and Ragnar to an abrupt halt until the tome can be translated again).

Ay Tong will break down crying, accusing Ragnar of being a modern day slave trader of Chinese's labor and concubines (supposedly how he came to reside here). Ay Tong will also accuse Ragnar of being a devil worshipper and speak of bloody murders of his kin to evil gods (rumored to take place at the bottom of one of the shafts).

If the entrance is discovered while in the company of Ay Tong he will adventure with the party until the main ceremonial chamber is discovered and then convert to his true form of Y'golonac and try and dispose of the Investigators after Ragnar's forces have been dispatched.

Rangar has acquired and now resides in the Hotel Emu, one of the only permanent structures in the town. Istor Svag (heavily guarded at all times) and ten remaining cultist are the only occupants of this building. A secret tunnel that runs from the hotel's basement to the ritual tunnels is guarded by four Magzons around the clock.

If Ragnar is confronted or discovers Maddoth artifacts on the investigators, he will politely invite them to dinner pretending that he has discovered a terrible secret, quoting lines such as "*Would you believe sir that other worldly events transpire here?*" If the investigators accept Ragnar's cultist will slip a powerful Mickey Finn in their food. They will wake up a few hours later beneath Cooper Peady, in the ritual tunnels and under lock and key. If the investigators refuse the invitation, Ragnar will resort to more traditional means, sending cultists under the cover of night to kidnap or kill the offending party.

Rangar and the cultists now feverishly mine black opal from the walls of the ritual tunnels themselves in order to gather the last 100 kg needed for the malevolent monolith. Ragnar will reach this quantity of ore seven days after the investigators enter Cooper Peady, and then foul Gring the Maddoth will be summoned.

GETTING THERE

Cooper Peady is a four day buggy ride through a parched merciless desert from Adelaide. The trip is fraught with many dangers from the elements; many ill prepared travelers have succumbed to the heat and dehydration or have simply disappeared. Remnants of bush rangers (Australian versions of bandits, highway men) still prowl

the road for wealthy prospectors. If investigators run into trouble, it is unlikely they will see another face for a month. A postal service runs to the Cooper Peady once a month from Adelaide; camel- and horseback are also an option. Nomadic indigenous aboriginals are seldom encountered; most are untrusting of Europeans because of the brutality they have suffered at the hands of the colonists. Any investigator asking about the surrounding aboriginal inhabitants will learn they all went to the bush on a walkabout around the time Ay Tong and Ragnar Jossons showed up in camp.

For random encounters, Bunyips inhabit deep billabong and desert ghouls (use standard Ghouls) have been know to roam the freezing desert night in the search of quarry.

HOPPING MAD ENCOUNTER

The keeper can insert this encounter along the vast road to Cooper Peady at his/her convenience.

As the investigators bed down for the night on the lonely outback road, a disturbing sound will sound from the darkness (like a sack full of meat being slammed against a hard surface). Players will find a few meters from the road an Eastern Grey Kangaroo, bloody and seized with madness, repeatedly bounding into a large gum tree. If distracted or shove from harm's way, the 'roo will simply alters it course to continue to harm itself. The marsupial is an escaped victim of one of Istor's foul experiments; a successful spot hidden roll will expose a sliver of black opal (toothpick shaped) inserted into the kangaroo's neck.

If removed, the cloud of madness will dissipate and the Eastern Grey will hop off into the night a little worse for wear. The black opal needle (blessed spine) is a gift from Gring the Maddoth to Istor. If the skin is broken with the foul device the sufferer automatically loses all his sanity points and endures random insanity. When removed, the affected individual's sanity points are returned, with a splitting head ache as the only side effect. Istor has currently five hundred blessed spines ready to use for the summon Gring ceremony.

STRANGE WANDERINGS

This encounter takes place just before the investigators enter the town at night. As the investigators traverse the lonely dirt road past the hundreds of drop shaft mines, a man will appear on the distance staggering with fever, but even more bizarrely his skin glows a bright iridescent green. The man screams for God's forgiveness and throws himself down one of the mines (1D4 sanity loss). The wretched miner is afflicted with the alien disease Ganymede Glow, the lone miner witness of the return of Ragnar and the Magzons from the Simms homestead with the cattle. The miner was subsequently attacked by a Magzon sentinel and infected. Investigators inspecting the bottom of the mine will find a pool of green sludge that will vibrate and react to speech and warmth as if alive.



SIMMS RANCH

KEEPERS NOTES - SIMMS RANCH

The Simms ranch now resembles a twisted masterpiece of madness and carnage. The investigators have arrived in the wake of ferocious battle between Magzon, Gring cultist, and Y'gonolac with his thralls. The sects battled over the hundred head of cattle needed for the Gring sacrifice.

Paul Simms, an avid dope fiend, temporarily fell under Y'gonolac's evil influence while Ragnar tried to purchase the cattle through more traditional means (offering three times the price per head of cattle).

Istor snapped his mind from Y'gonolac's hold with an Eye of Love spell which sent poor old Mr. Simms on a downward spiral.

Mr. Simms was sent completely over the edge of sanity at the sight of Y'gonolac in his true form battling it out with dozens of Magzons and cultist. The Gring cultists drove Y'gonolac back and made off with only fifty head of cattle.

In the aftermath and now eternity gripped by madness, Mr. Simms murdered his wife and slaughtered the remaining cattle, festooning the house and property with skin, entrails, and other macabre strangeness.

If investigators decide to get authorities involved, they will find on their return the ranch and any evidence will have been burnt to the ground. Any NPC guards left will be missing; investigators will be harassed by Gring cultists and Magzons until they are overwhelmed or flee.

SIMMS RANCH OUTSIDE

The farm is located about an hour's horse ride from Cooper Peady. As investigators approach, the rancid stench of rotting flesh will confront their nostrils, with the sickening hum of millions of flies. Flies swam the property; the farmhouse paned windows are thick with the crawling insects. Scars of a bloody melee litter the soil and a few discharged shot gun shells are scattered about.

The investigators will discover hundreds of beheaded cattle (successful medicine roll will reveal an axe caused the wounds). arranged in a huge claw symbol in front of the homestead. A headless naked bloated woman (Simms' wife) is the centerpiece of the carnage. Closer investigation of the corpse will reveal "maws" have been carved into the woman's palms.

Two successful spot hidden rolls will reveal, among the rotting entrails of the bovines, six black opal corked vials (dropped by a Gring cultist) held in a broken leather girdle. The vials contain fermented Magzon bile, a viscous yellow liquid named Maddoth's Kiss. If swallowed, the pungent fluid will cure any known disease in the universe and give further immunity to all diseases for 1D20 hours (the opal vials themselves are worth a pretty penny). The instructions for brewing Maddoth's Kiss can be found in *Pleasure of Madness*.

SIMMS RANCH OUTSIDE INSIDE

If investigators thought the outside smelled terrible, only the most grizzled abattoir worker could hold his lunch down with the stench that confronts them now. All the windows are locked along with the front door. The back door has been wrenched from its hinges. (There are scratches in the paint as if a giant crab had gripped the door).

Dead animals and human parts hang from the ceiling by barbed-wire like a perverse mobile. More rotting gore and flies coat the wall of the house. Only the rooms with any significance are listed below.

KITCHEN: Two Magzons lurk in this destroyed room searching for a dropped alien weapon, a True Thinking Lance (see new alien artifacts). The small lance has been hidden in the ashes of the cold pot belly stove by Mr. Simms. The door to the cellar is also located in this room.

MASTER BEDROOM: Piles of melon-sized objects lay concealed under the double bed's rancid blankets. The bedspread writhes ever so slightly with movement from beneath. If the covers are pulled back, the investigators will be confronted with dozens of severed heads (Mrs. Simms and slain cultists) heaving with maggots. A Winchester shotgun and 20 shells are concealed under the bed.

DINING ROOM: Absurdly, dead cows have been arranged at places at the table with human remains set out for a meal on the Simms' finest china.

CELLAR: Mr. Simms hides naked in the darkness armed with a large woodcutting ax; he can't be reasoned with and will attack anyone who enters the basement. Mr. Simms has etched with charcoal, over every inch of the walls, scenes from the battle including images of Y'gonolac, Magzons and cultists.

Scrawled along with the images, is a paragraph repeated hundreds of times "A hundred beasts, blessed with fear, hail the black monolith will bring the pariah from the stars here! Gring the Maddoth free our minds." (Mr. Simms' mind was corrupted by Istor with the chant when he was broken from Y'gonolac grip.)

COOPER PEADY POINTS OF INTEREST

TENT CITY

A ragged tent city surrounds the northern end of town where the green and unsuccessful miners reside. The place is now close to desertion from fear, many of the canvas flaps look to be stained with blood, and some tents lay shredded in a heap from titanic struggles.

One leathery miner refused to leave his home of canvas: George Marsh (actually a Gring cultist who reports to Istor on the movements of the miners). If questioned about strange events, George will reveal for a price where he saw a strange beast thrown down a mine many miles from town. He will be deliberately vague on any details.

The cultist will try and lure the investigators miles out of town to a deep pit mine (1 km down) with a single weathered rope ladder descending into the darkness. George will refuse to enter the mine, but (you guessed it) he will try and convince the party to enter and offer to stand guard. Once all the parties have descended at least halfway, George will simply cut the rope ladder dropping the party to the bottom of the muddy mine. Their landing will be some what broken by a tangled mesh of decaying miners' bodies (others who saw too much). 1D6 sticks of dynamite can be found amongst the rotting corpses.

If investigators linger for more than 24 hours, 1D4 desert ghouls will be attracted to the stench and burrow beneath the shaft floor until the filthy floor collapses into the ghoulish tunnels that lie beneath. Once the ghouls have been dispatched, the warrens gently wind to the surface about 5 km from town.

HOTEL EMU

The structure is a two story twenty room three star accommodation, with rooms on the top level and a kitchen with a dining room and reception below. The basement entrance is located beneath a trap door in the kitchen. The tunnel leading to ritual caves has been carved straight into the cellar wall and is always guard by four Magzons. A faded "Full" sign hangs on the door, even though it's quite obvious the hotel near vacant.

This hotel is Ragnar's base of operation two cultist will patrol the building armed with knives and 9mm pistols at all times, if a disturbance breaks out (i.e. gun fight) all the remaining eight cultist will join the fray where Istor and Ragnar will run for the safety of the ritual tunnels.

If entered, the investigators will be confronted by Istor who will rudely inform them "Full! No room for rent!" If the matter is pushed, Istor will bark about the building suffering a severe lice infestation.

PUB "ON YA BIKE"

Rowdy watering hole run by a foul tempered Frenchman simply known as Dirty Pierre. The rest of the town's miners have now chosen to bed down on the pub floors as the bar converts to a mini fort during the twilight hours.

Prospectors have armed themselves with pick axes, shot guns or anything else that could double as a weapon. The miners take shift through out the night to watch over the place. Rumors run wild amid the pressure cooker of paranoia; all blame is hinted at the Chinese or Ragnar but none will accuse them outright from fear.

Dirty Pierre is not only rude but downright insulting and will explode with a torrent of abuse in French if questioned. Dirty Pierre knows little about what's going on and is more concerned about the lack of quality cheese and wine, the weather, or anything else that isn't French. If pushed Pierre will erupt about seeing the hopeless boorish "Yankee cop" for idle chit chat!

POLICE STATION

In most frontier towns, the police headquarters were built as mini fortresses: Cooper Peady's is no exception. Flanked by solid 8 ft sandstone walls and solid iron gates, the station is an oasis of safety in the surrounding madness. The station is manned by a single officer who has remained strangely inert in the town's current crisis.

The jail contains four iron bar cells and a crude office with two 9mm pistols, Tommy gun and four clubs under locked and key in the armory. A small safe with three clips of ammunition for each weapon is located next to the armory.

Sgt. Petvo Reese, an ex-pat American, is actually a veteran investigator who has had many dealings with Mythos. Sgt. Reese fled to the remote Australian desert town ten years ago from the coastal town of Innsmouth (U.S.A) after destroying an enclave of Deep Ones and killing a gargantuan "Father Dagon."

Sgt. Reese resides in a modest home in the rear of the police headquarters. Over his lifetime he has amassed a small library on the subjects of the occult and Mythos; after gaining Sgt. Reese's trust, he will give access to his lounge where the dusty tomes are piled to the roof, along with strange artifacts including a giant mounted "Father Dagon" tooth. Investigators with successful library use rolls may find scattered information on Gring the Maddoth (keeper's discretion). Sgt. Reese can fill in some of the blanks and is well aware that something evil has drifted into camp. As with all good investigators, he is observing and researching before he makes his move.

Sgt. Reese will be dismissive of the investigators for the first couple of days in camp and will keep his facade up as a washed-up broken cop. Only when Sgt. Reese is positive they are playing on the same team will he reveal his true self with his checkered past.

"WAY OF LIFE" OPIUM DEN

The luxurious opium den consists of a large room with many cushioned corners divided by rich woven silk screens. Two pounds will get you a hit of dope and a corner to "float" in. Y'golonac as Ay Tong and his thralls operate from this building. Ay Tong will be very pervasive to encourage players to dabble in the "art of relaxation" and will offer the investigators a free pipe to start. Once under the influence of the drug, Ay Tong will produce the book *Revelations of Glaaki* and encourage the PCs to read from its tainted pages where they will succumb to Y'golonac's will. As stated before, Ay Tong will try to hire the investigators to capture Istor and seek out the entrance to the ritual tunnels. 1D 10 thralls will occupy the room at all times pretending to be stoned patrons. If PCs attack Ay Tong or break in the premises they will attack the players with various edged weapons.

Four spot hidden rolls will reveal a bolted iron trap door beneath the wooden floor. The door leads to a small chamber containing 100 kg of black opal, the tome



Revelations of Glaaki, and most peculiarly, a bronze spiral staircase that descends into the bowels of the earth itself. The rickety staircase will wind for seven days straight down into the void where it will finish at a labyrinth of ornate tunnels infested with Gugs and other underground terrors. The walls are carved with images of alien horrors (the stonework dates back thousands of years). If they survive, it is possible that investigators might actually stumble across Y'gonolac's vast ruined city and its flanking brick ramparts.

Opium addiction: Use the poison spot rules for injuries (CoC rule book) for CON resistances VS POT of the drug. On a failed roll, the investigator will become addicted to the drug. PCs can attempt to break the addiction once every four days by re-rolling on the resistances chart.

Opium-POT 18, Speed of effect 1-10 minutes

Symptoms: lethargic, sleepy euphoria, feeling of well being.

Coming Down: Shakes, vomiting, cold sweats, unshakable craving.

SPUDDYS STORE

1920s equipment (CoC rule book). The store is pieced together from sheet iron and twisted ghost gum. The well stocked shop is run by a large lady named Bessie Spud. She prides herself on finding any item a customer desires. If out of stock she will take orders (can take up to three months for the desired article to arrival).

Bessie will know close to nothing about events in town as her life is full of long hours and fatigue which leaves little time for any idle gossip or Investigating.

BATH HOUSE

A bent crone name Shelia Biggs runs the place. For fifty cents Investigators can soak the red dust from their weary limbs. Ten of the cast iron tubs are missing leaving a noticeable faded patch from where they were once moored. If asked about their whereabouts Shelia will inform players that *"That Swedish chap brought them for three times for what they are worth, must have money to burn, or like washing!"* Ragnar has taken them beneath the town into the ritual tunnels where they now serve a putrid new purpose of Magzons spawning pools.

THE OPAL

The Opal is a flea pit of a brothel which has since been abandoned. The working girls started disappearing courtesy of Rangar and Istor weeks before the Investigators entered the settlement. The remaining girls scared witless skipped town, the place has been since been ransacked for any valuables. To the trained eye Magzon pincer slash marks pepper the wall.

Entering the property at night, the keeper can throw in a red herring as families of possum have made the deserted structures their home. The small mammal will race about

the building knocking things over at the appropriate times making an awful racket in the darkness.

A successful spot hidden roll will locate a strange corpse under the floorboards. The body on first inspection will resemble a sickly mass of crimson mushroom shaped fungi, on closer inspection the fungi has erupted from the pores of the woman's body itself (1D6 SAN points).

The victim was infected with "Tethys fungus" when she was slashed by a Magzon claw in a kidnapping attempt. The alien disease is harmless unless it is ingested or enters the blood stream through cuts and punctures. The body and fungus will dissolve to harmless black dust in 1D4 weeks.

THE RITUAL TUNNELS

The ritual tunnels are a vast net work of alien constructed tunnels that date back to the time that the Yith openly walked the earth. The tunnels are relic outposts of great Yithain city Pnakotus that has sunken beneath the sands as the eons passed. Ragnar discovered the existences of the warrens through the recorded history in the *Pleasure of Madness* tome. A disastrous attempt was made millions of years ago by the Yith to invade Gring the Maddoth's consciousness and take him over to harness his mental power against the Flying Polyps, thus the reason the Yith constructed the outpost to mine the black opal. The Yith defeat by Gring is a holy day among Gring cultist, celebrated November the 18th (supposedly when the event occurred).

Now former shadows of themselves, the tunnels are lit by oil lanterns. Remnants of Yith artwork depicting battles against the Flying Polyps still remain in some parts of the tunnels. A working lightening gun still exists hidden within the network somewhere. Use of explosive in the tunnels will cause massive cave ins, possibility entombing all that remain within.

KEEPERS NOTES

The warrens are well guarded but vast; stealth is the key to navigate the hostile environment.

LEVEL ONE

Series of interconnecting tunnels, most of the walls have crumbled in the vast chamber.

Two disgusting Magzon Pathogens slither their way across the ceiling of this chamber leaving a repulsive yellow sticky trail in their wakes. The monstrous alien diseases will move silently in an attempt to position themselves over the investigators and drop down to envelop one of the players in a pulsating mass of hair, tendrils, spines and oozing maws.

Depicted at the far end of the chamber is an image carved into the stone wall, of a Yith destroying a Flying Polyp with a lightening gun. With a successful archaeology roll, minute cracks can be traced around the image. If the stonework is

removed a small tunnel will lead to a silver box that contains a fully charged and functioning Lighting Gun (CoC rule book).

The original stair case leading to the next chamber has long been buried under rumble. A large fissure exists in the floor at the far end of the compartment; a glistening ladder spun from Magzon mucus is stuck to the wall giving access to the level beneath. As the investigators approach, their olfactory senses will be overwhelmed by a nauseating stench emanating from the chamber beneath.

LEVEL TWO - SPAWNING POOLS

The immense area's dividing walls have completely crumbled away; ten cast iron bathtubs are in the center of this chamber bubbling and foaming with a sickly yellowy liquid. Hanging in the foul pools from the ceiling by rusty hooks and chains are remains of human and bovine carcasses. Dozens of bloated sea green cysts the size of watermelons cover the hanging corpses. Two Magzon knead the various cysts, pressing foul liquid into the bath tubs (serves as nutrients to the lava yet to form maws). Six Magzon sentinels guard this chamber armed with true thinking lances.

The bath tubs now serve as Magzon spawning pools. On closer inspection of the tubs, millions of Magzon lava can be seen swimming in the liquid in various stages of there metamorphosis. Tiny Magzon lava will cover the rotten corpses dangling into the pool as they feast on the flesh. The pools are teaming with alien diseases. Any PC placing an unprotected limb into the pools will take 1D6 damage a round as the lava Magzon tear greedily at the PC's flesh; after a success wound is made against the player he or she will also be infected with 1D4 alien diseases.

An ancient rock slide has punctured the floor in this chamber; the derbies give a gentle slope to the cavity below.

LEVEL 3 - WORSHIP ROOM

A large black opal statue of Gring the Maddoth depicting his true hideous form is in the center of this room. The walls have been padded with straw-stuffed fibrous sacks (some bloodstained). Thousands of scribbled texts on parchment have been skewered into the Gring effigy with opal hooks; the notes range from pure gibberish to detailed accounts of murder and destruction committed in the false god's name. Touching the statue will cause 1D20 SAN lost.

Investigators who enter the chamber stealthy and before the Summon Gring ritual has begun will witness a cultist in his bizarre worship of the alien god. The cultist will remove his clothes and press his naked flesh on the altar; once afflicted with various insanities the cultist will scream and throw himself violently around the room (giving a quick thinking investigator an chance to nab six more black opal vials of Maddoth's Kiss). The cultist will attack the investigators if they're discovered.

Two successful spot hidden rolls will reveal a hidden trap door beneath the padded floor that leads to the next chamber by rope ladder.

LEVEL 4 – ISTAR'S QUARTERS

The ladder ends in a plush, decorated hall hanging with fine tapestries and painting of Gring. Among the grandeur of the room, twenty large glass cylinders that contain various animals and a woman (Misty Wove) in various stages of madness line the walls (all have insanity spines inserted in the back of neck).

A steel mesh speaker is fixed about midway on each of the macabre aquariums, a metal tube snakes from each of the containers into a large black opal piano at the rear of the room. If the keys on the piano keys are depressed, the speaker opens letting out a unique pitched scream of insanity. Any investigator with musical ability on a piano can play a wailing madness tune of his or her choice.

If Misty is liberated from her glass prison and the spine is removed from her flesh, she will inform them she's an acrobat who had fallen on hard times and who came to Cooper Peady to work as a prostitute. She will explain about her kidnapping from The Opal and her punishment for giving Istar a broken rib in the struggle: he had her placed as a high "C note" in the "piano of calm." Misty has seen Ay Tong in his true form and will reveal the secret if Y'gonolac is still with the party.

Misty was carried into the cave from an alterative secret entrance. The huge mine shaft is located a few kilometers from town and winds directly into the holding cells quarters (Level 6) of the ritual tunnels complex. She can describe the gigantic black opal monolith but is unsure of its purpose.

A corner of the room has been devoted to the study of the mind; dozens of jars fill with formaldehyde with human brains floating in the vessels are positioned on a marble slab. A few dissected brains also litter the slab.

A large bed, some of Istar's clothes, and a hundred pounds located in the pocket of a mauve robe can be found by his personal quarters. A black opal headband lies in the center of the bed; any one donning the headband will be totally immune to all insanity attacks (only one; sorry guys!).

Level five can't be accessed from this chamber as the stairway has suffered a cave in a few hundred years ago. Misty will be more than willing to show the tunnel entry outside of town, but will not enter herself. Once she has shown the location Misty will depart the town of Cooper Peady ASAP. Any investigator researching Ragnar could uncover the mines he has purchased with a few fast talk rolls around the town.

LEVEL 5

The entrance to level five is a nondescript mine shaft that resembles hundreds of other that flank the dusty opening. The gloomy shaft surprisingly winds gently downward in a spiral, and comes to a natural end at a sheer rock face. Observant Investigators will notice on the muddy floor indications that the shaft has been well traversed by beast and man. Footprints and hoof prints pepper the floor. A few wheelbarrows and rusted pickaxes scatter the area.

The rock face is actually a cleverly constructed hidden door. Anyone using a successful geology roll will discover the walls are a mix of sturdy resin (Magzon goo) mixed in with fragments of red dust and surrounding stones. A spot hidden roll will reveal a secret hatch with three black opal combinations dials numbered 1-10. Three successful locksmith rolls will cause the huge door to slide back into the wall. Three failures will also cause the door to open with eight Magzon sentinels ready to greet the investigators.

CHASM

Beyond the door a large fissure that descends into a deep chasm (10 km deep) divides the tunnel; a retracted steel bridge that is operated by a hand crank is located upon the opposite side. If the investigators cracked the door code, the bridge remains retracted. If the investigators failed the door code and brought the attention of the guards on themselves, the bridge will remain extended. Venturing into the abyss, PCs will find shattered cow carcasses that leaped the guard rails on the crossing, plunging to rocky deaths. Even stranger, the PCs will find fossilized remains of a Yith's cone body with a smashed temporal communicator located next to the alien's remnants. Giant fungus grows wild as a luminous forest in the vast abyss's base.

PAST THE BRIDGE

The chamber tapers into a large tunnel; sounds of frantic mining echo deep within the cavern. The tunnel opens out to a huge carven with dozens of Magzons extracting black opal from the walls like veteran miners. After removing a large chunk of the ore, a Magzon will spit a sticky tendril of resin from its maw and drag the opal from the chamber and toss the ore into a slimy port in the earth, where the opal bounces and rattles downward in the shaft and departs at some speed to the summoning chamber, where in the ore is collected by waiting Magzons and cultist and piled onto the monolith. The tunnel to the next level and room winds downward.

LEVEL 6 - HOLDING CELLS

Any investigator suffering vertigo will have a difficult time traversing this room. The floors are constructed from steel mesh, giving a dizzying view of the shadowy summoning chamber 5 km below. Outlines of the black opal monolith can be made out in the lantern light. Even more disturbing, thousands of iron barbed spikes (two meters long) have been positioned uniformly beneath the holding cells.

A gangway runs the center of this room flanked by two large cells. The one on the left is filled with fifty head of Simms' cattle (use Cape Buffaloes ratings); the right hand cell is full of fifty of the missing miners. The bovines and humans are all in the grips of psychosis as insanity spikes (blessed spines) have been inserted into the backs of their necks. The cell doors are bolted with a heavy slide that can't be reached from the inside of the cell. Two ancient levers are positioned next to the cell doors that are also locked into place with three iron bolts (must be removed before the levers can be pulled). If the handles are pulled, the floor will drop away from in the appropriate cell sending the victims plummeting 5 km downwards to be impaled on the wicked iron spikes (a bloody red mess! 1D10 SAN loss). Activating the drop floors - though some might think it immoral - is a way to severely slow down Ragnar's and Istor's plans, as the sacrifice to Gring must be performed at a precise moment in the ceremony.

Opening the cell doors will be tricky as the cattle will stampede, and the miner's behavior will range from catatonic condition to violent outbursts. If the spines are removed, the miners could be used as some much needed allies.

Six Magzon guard this chamber. An ornate box constructed from black opal is positioned at the end of the gangway; it contains four hundred Blessed Spines. A steel spiral staircase descends into the ritual chamber from this room.

LEVEL 7 - RITUAL CHAMBER

The room is colossal; crumbling statues of Yith's in their cone body form border the walls. In front of the large opal monolith and iron spikes, a huge stone throne is located.

Istor, Ragnar, ten Magzons, the remaining cultists and possibly Gring the Maddoth himself (if a week has lapsed) will be located here when the investigators enter this chamber. The facades now well and truly exposed with Ragnar and his followers; they will try and destroy the Investigators with any means possible. Witnessing the foul summon Gring ceremony, investigator will suffer a 1D10 sanity loss.

END GAME ?

If the investigators are successful in foiling Ragnar's and Istor's plans, the pair will attempt (if alive) to flee the Cooper Peady with the remaining cultists with vengeance burning in their minds. The remaining Magzons will retreat into the ritual tunnels to wander aimlessly without a leader or a cause. Sgt Reese will make it his life cause to see Ragnar behind bars.

Y'gonolac, if successful in summoning Gring under his terms, will be attacked by the alien as Gring will not accept his power being used to further another deity's cause. Y'gonolac will return to his city via the tunnels located beneath the opium dens when he is through with the town of Cooper Peady.

If Gring is summoned by Istor and Ragnar, the event will be one of the first cases recorded in history of mass hysteria. Medical journals will debate the issue for decades but eventually agree that deposits of lead leeching into the town's water supply caused the outbreak of madness, only a few knowing the malevolent truth.

Ragnar will buy up the mines from the fleeing townsfolk and increase his wealth and power. Cooper Peady will become a beacon for Gring cultists once they learn of their lord's return; many depraved acts of violence's and insanity will be carried out his name for the decades to come and the town will gain an even more unsavory reputation as only the toughest men now will enter the place to prospect for opal.

Sgt Reese if alive will stay on as the sole police officer of the town and continue his battle against Gring.

Gring will sit on his opal throne for 1D6 centuries before the power of the spell dissipates sending him back to his lunar prison.

For investigators who are gluttons for punishment, the option to explore the tunnels beneath the opium den is always open ...

New Mythos Book

The Pleasures of Madness - in Latin, author unknown, 14th-15th century. A gibberish summary inked by a collection of insane followers on subjects such as Gring the Maddoth history, victories, and scorn heaped upon his brethren *The table of Six*. A small section is devoted to the Magzons. On the whole the thousand paged book is a collection of disturbing verses, poems, short stories, and depraved alien sketches of vile acts carried out in Grings the Maddoth's name. Two copies of the book exist: a black opal bound copy that is currently in Istor Svag's possession and a leather bound copy (whereabouts unknown). *Sanity loss 1D4/1D10; Cuthulhu Mythos +15 percentiles; average 52 weeks to study and comprehend.*

Amongst the pure chaos theses spells are inked in the malevolent pages: Summon/Dismiss Gring the Maddoth, Command Magzons, Summon/Bind Magzon, Reverse Brain, Eye of Love, Arm of Gring, Generate Spawning Pool.

New Spells

Summon Gring the Maddoth: This spell calls forth the evil alien from his lunar prison to the Earth for 1D6 centuries. While dancing, with lunacy, around a ton of black opal arranged in a monolith structure, the caster must continuously chant an alien mantra for six hours from the pages of *The Pleasures of Madness*. At the completion of the chant, a hundred beasts or humans in the grips of psychosis must be sacrificed at the completion of the dance in Gring the Maddoth's name. If the caster doesn't swear alliances to the evil demigod at the moment of his

appearance the caster will be attacked. Cost 20 magic points and 1D100 sanity points as the horrific spell is only attempted by most depraved.

Dismiss Gring the Maddoth: This spell will send Gring back to his lunar prison from where he won't be able to be brought into Earth for 1D4 years. Costs 10 magic points and 1D6 sanity points. The Mantra must be chanted in reverse for six hours as a symbol of order and sanity is held up against a piece of black opal (Gring's eyes and ears). The symbols can vary from a mathematic text to the systematic changing of traffic lights, etc.

Summon/Bind Magzons: This spell brings 1D20 Magzons into the casters presences from the moon of Ganymede. Costs 15 magic points and 1D20 sanity points. Caster must submerge himself to his neck in a pool of stagnant water filled with rancid corpses writhing with maggots for three hours while chanting the Summon Magzon mantra from the book *The Pleasures of Madness*. When the Magzons arrive, they will erupt from the bloated carcasses in a shower of maggots and flesh.

Generate Spawning Pool: This spell will create a small population of Magzon. Costs 15 magic points and 1D10 Sanity. A mature, severed Magzon pincer is place in a pool of tepid water with a rancid corpse (human, animal, etc). The pool will generate 1D10 adult Magzon per week for six weeks. After that, the pool will become a putrid brown sludge. The odd alien pathogen (10% chance) might also be an unwelcome guest (just like sea monkeys but stinkier).

Reverse Brain: This spell will cause the victim's brain to twist back to front inside its head, causing all motor and cognitive skill functions, speech, eyesight, thought and language to function in reverse. Some sufferers learn to cope in limited capacities with the affliction, but the majority end up committed to asylums, mistaken for blathering halfwits. The spell costs 10 magic points and 1D20 Sanity. The caster must have a thread of a straight jacket soaked in a madman's sweat wrapped around his index finger and pointed at the intended victim while the spell is repeated three times.

Eye of Love: This spell causes the target to temporary loss 1D100 sanity points for 1D10 weeks. Costs 5 magic points 1D6 sanity. Caster must possess a personal item of the victim's, a dead madman's eye, and a piece of black opal. The spell takes ten minutes to cast, with the eye placed on top on the opal casting its gaze at the victim.

Arm of Gring: The spell causes a ten meter crimson tendril with an armored hook (like to the tentacles on Gring) to temporarily erupt from the caster's chest for 1D4 days. Costs 15 magic points and 1D10 sanity. The massive tendril has the strength of 50 and can do 2D6 damage with the slashing hook, plus the caster's damage bonus. The tentacle has 30 hp and will vaporize into a cloud of opal dust if destroyed or if the caster dies. The caster will need a thimble of madman's saliva that he needs to swallow while cutting his or her chest with a piece of black opal while reciting the spell for an hour.



New Items

Blessed Spine: A sliver of black opal no larger than a toothpick, that when inserted into a victim's body will cause total sanity lost as long as the spine remains inserted. On removal of the device, the victim's sanity points are instantly restored; the only side effect is a splitting headache.

Maddoth's Kiss: The foul yellowy liquid brewed from Magzon bile is usually stored as single doses in black opal vials. If consumed, it will cure the investigator of any infections or diseases known in the universe, and render him or her totally immune to any universal diseases for 1D20 hours.

Opal Headband (Ring of the Heretic): This headband protects the wearing from all mental attacks and attacks that affect sanity. Ironically created by Istor Svag so he can stay sane long enough to complete the summon Gring ceremony.

True Thinking Lance: This is an alien weapon developed by Gring the Maddoth to arm his Magzon servants. The solid cylindrical device is about twelve inches in length and is constructed from pure black opal.

Base chance: 15%, Damage: see below*, Base Range: 60yards, Attacks: 1, Charges 20, Hit Points: 10, Malfunction: special** 00, Eras: all.

**Damage:* The weapon emits a pure beam of madness that permanently erases 1D6 of the victim's intelligence. If the victim's intelligences reaches zero or lower the body with shut down and suffocate, as the base instincts to breathe, pump blood, etc will be obliterated from the victim's mind.

***Malfunction:* Weapon will explod in an eruption of green flame and twisted energy affecting all in 40 yard circle radius with 1D10 intelligence drain.

New Monsters

The Maddoth (Table of Six)

...its gargantuan bulbous body looks to have the texture of a coal black sea sponge. The creature seems to move using its hundreds of crimson tendrils that snake through its porous flesh and taper above its mass like an up ended tree. Each tentacle ends in a large bony hook that constantly writhes in its own purple ichors that ooze from thousands of expanding and constricting pores...

Arkham Asylum 2nd Feb 1922 ... scrawled on toilet paper with excrement; text seized from a delusional patient Mr. Edgar Wilbur P.I....

Gring the Maddoth descends from an immortal alien race of divine intelligences (Maddoths) that brought themselves into existence by sheer willpower alone. Only six of this peculiar extraterrestrial race exist, as their servant race (Magzons) could support no more. The Maddoth dwell in a

colossal hall carved from black opal located on Jupiter's largest moon Ganymede.

Although they posses godlike intelligence and the ability to see into the future and past, and weave dimension like silk, they rarely serve anyone in the cosmos, as the six aliens are locked in an eternal debate in their great hall about subjects so bewildering is would cause most lesser races' minds to vaporize if they overheard what was transpiring. Other alien races and gods that know of the Maddoth commonly refer to them as the "table of six." The Maddoth constantly feed on mental energy willing surrendered from the planet's minor race, the Magzons.

As the aliens are isolationists, the core group of six have no know cult among mortals on Earth. If an investigator manages to discover and summon one of the table of six or astrally travel to the great black opal hall, there's an 80% chance the player will simply be ignored as a humans puny intellect and place in the universe is about as significant to a Maddoth as a cockroach in an outhouse. If an investigator gains the extraterrestrial's attention, there's a 50% chance he or she will go totally insane from the revelation, and on top of that there's a 20% chance the investigator's brain might actually explode just from hearing the Maddoth speak.

If attacked the Maddoth prefer to use spells and mental attacks, but can use their whipping hooks to deadly effect.

Maddoth

STR	3D6x5	52-53
CON	3D6+30	40-41
SIZ	3D6x10	120-180
INT	godlike	
POW	5D6	17-18
DEX	3D6+30	40-41

HP 200

Av. Damage Bonus: +6D6

Weapons: Lashing Hooked Tentacles 75%, damage 2D6+db, roll 1D10 for the number of tentacle attacks

Armor: 5-point spongy hide.

Spells: all known spells.

Sanity Loss: 1D20

Gring the Maddoth (Pariah Among the Stars)

Gring, the seventh member and the weakest, was the last to bring itself into existences. A lot smaller than its brethren, the outcast Maddoth learned by causing mass insanity among the Magzons that they released chaotic mental surges of energy that could be harnessed by Gring, lifting his intellect to that of his superior brood.

Unfortunately this practice was very disruptive to the Table of Six debates, with thousands of insane Magzons rampaging through the hall like homicidal maniacs. After restoring order, the Table of Six imprisoned Gring in a

dimensional prison, but not before he cast off part of his body into the void of space in a desperate bid for freedom. About 500 million years ago, Gring's body particles crashed into what is now known as Southern Australia. In human tongue, Gring's flesh is now referred to as black opal. As this precious stone is mined from the earth, it now serves as Gring's eyes and ears from his lunar prison. If all of Gring's shattered mineral carcass is collected in one location with the right incantations, the vengeful alien will break free from its prison permanently. (That's a lot of black opal!)

When Gring is summoned he causes all living creatures to make sanity checks in a 20 km radius. Each time Gring is summoned to earth for devious means, he grows stronger by the suffering he brings as he feeds. When he is strong enough, Gring will break his cosmic prison and endeavor to destroy the great black opal hall with his brethren in it. If Gring's hit points are reduced to zero or the alien is dismissed, his body physical body will crumble to opal dust and he will once again be trapped in his lunar prison. Gring will not be able to be summoned to Earth for 1D4 years after the destruction of his physical body. Gring is always accompanied by 1D20 Magzons.

Cults: Gring has a few small cults scattered over the world that worship the total power and rage that psychosis brings. The cult's symbol is a black opal claw. The cult revels in senseless acts of violence, murder, and many other social disorders that can be blamed on madness. Gring the outcast's presence is usually associated with the mental illness and insanity.

STR	3D6x5	52-53
CON	3D6+30	40-41
SIZ	2D6x10	110-120
INT	100	
POW	5D6	17-18
DEX	3D6+30	40-41

INT 100

HP 120

Av. Damage Bonus: +6D6

Weapons: Lashing Hooked Tentacles 75%, damage 2D6+db, roll 1D10 for the number of tentacle attacks per round.

Armor: 5-point spongy hide.

Spells: All spells from The Pleasure of Madness, plus ten spells of the keeper's choosing.

Sanity Loss: 1D20

Magzons (lesser independent race)

...largely humanoid in appearance, the slender alien slinked out from the shadows draped in flowing mauve robes. The thing's movements were fluid as if it had no skeletal system. The head of the thing disturbed me the most, bone white like the rest of its smooth body with no apparent sensory organs, it could only be compared it to a

bloated maggot's head with dozens of circular black spines that acted as a crude oral cavity. As the thing raised its pincer like hands, I let Tommy G do the talking ...

Extract form Sgt. P. Reese notes. Colonial Police, South Australia.

The Magzons are also a alien race native to the Maddoth's home world Ganymede. The Maddoth created the servitude race from extraterrestrial bacteria extracted from a meteorite that crashed into the moon almost a billion years ago.

The hideous Magzons that number in the millions have no other purpose but to serve their Master and willingly give up mental energy for the Maddoth to feast upon. These humanoids live in great hive cities constructed from cement like ooze that the Magzons can produce from their nightmarish maws. These hives are scattered across the moon in clusters.

The Magzons are always infested with alien pathogens due to the creatures' foul spawning pools where the microscopic Magzons are constantly growing in their billion to full adult size. (They are also immune to all known diseases.)

If attacked, Magzons prefer physical combat using their plague-ridden pincers and maws, slashing the aggressor and then fleeing, leaving the victim to die in wretched agony 1D4 hours later from an multitude of alien diseases (if untreated). They can also spit sticky ooze at attackers to slow them down.

Cults: Thankfully the Magzons have rarely been seen off their home planet but they have been known to be summoned in the name of Gring to serve his evil purposes through hapless mortals. (The black plague that ravaged Europe was caused by a slain Magzon's bloated corpse that was discarded into the sewer system of old London town, where in turn rats feasted on the alien flesh and subsequently manifested the horrid disease hours later. The Magzon's materialization on earth is lost to history ...)

STR	3D6	10-11
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	4D6	14
INT	1D6	3-4
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6+4	14

HP 20

Av. Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Bite 45% , damage 1D6+db*
Pincer (2 attacks) 60%, damage 1D4+db*
Spit Goo 40%, damage - victim if hit is stunned for 1D4 rounds until they can break free from the putrid resin, range 1-10 yards

*On a successful attack, the victim rolls on the Alien Disease Table (below).

Armor: 5-point natural skin.



Spells: none

Skills: Track 40%

Sanity Loss: 1D6

Magzon Pathogens

...the formless horror lurched from the bubbling polluted pools belching a yellowish nauseating gas. One could only liken the thing to the organisms I studied under the microscope in my days at Adelaide Plain University under Doctor Kavgen's tutelage. I cursed my fortune, as I was too occupied with Karen Mills' stems at the lecture dedicated to pathogen control ...

22nd Jan 1922 Extract taken from Dr A. Hurst's manuscript Evidences of Supernatural Biology (doctor's whereabouts unknown).

The disease-ridden spawning pools occasionally spawn an alien virus to monstrous size as a hideous side effect. The enormous pathogens' progeny are thankfully sterile and unable to divide like their microscopic brethren. The moment the pathogens lurch from the putrid pools, they are eliminated by Magzon sentinels. However, some do escape detection and writhe and pulsate into the wild of the moon's craggy surface. The large pathogens come in thousands of shapes and sizes; below is a standard creature's abilities (they can be altered to suit the keeper's adventure).

STR	6D6 10-18
CON	3D6 10-11
SIZ	6D6 14-18
INT	3
POW	3D6 10-11
DEX	3D6+4 14

HP 20

Av. Damage Bonus: +1D6

Armor: 2-point natural hide. Heat and fire inflict 1D6 more damage; piercing weapons inflict 1D6 less total damage.

Weapons:* Maw 50%, damage 1D6+db
Pincer (2 attacks) 40%, damage 1D4+db
Tendrils Lash 50%, damage 1d6+db
Engulf Victim 40%, damage - roll of STR or Less on D100 to throw the pathogen off while enclosed in the alien's writhing gunk. PCs will need to make drowning checks once each round. An attempt can be made to throw the creature off once per round.

*Roll 1D4 for the number of attacks per round as the shapeless form keeps altering. On a successful attack, the victim rolls on the Alien Disease Table (below).

Sanity Loss: 1D10

Magzon Disease Roll Chart

Every time a Magzon injures an investigator or an NPC with a successful attack, the victim has a chance of being afflicted with a ghastly alien disease. Use the Poison spot

rules for injuries (CoC rule book) for CON resistances vs. POT of the disease. On a failed roll, the disease will begin to take hold; roll 1D20 on the chart below or select one.

- 1) Tethys Fungus - POT 15, Speed of effect 1-4 hours

Symptoms: Chills, nausea, blistering of skin.

Delicate Crimson fungi will begin to erupt from the victims pores, causing execrating agony. Victim will be reduced to a sticky mass of fungus in 1D6 weeks then turn to dust if left untreated.

- 2) Moon Bloat - POT 17, Speed of effect 1-2 days

Symptoms: Vomiting, dizziness, blurring of vision, gross engorgement.

The infected victim's body fat reserves are over stimulated by the virus, causing the victim to swell with acute obesity - 20 kilos of fat a day - until the victim features resembles a heaving blob of fat. The afflicted victim will keep gaining weight until they suffer a heart attack or drown in their own weight (1 ton is usually death).

- 3) Brother Magzon - POT 16, Speed of effect 1-4 weeks

Symptoms: Convulsions, headraces, loss of vision acute hearing smell.

The infected will slowly transform into a Magzon as the pathogens slowly take over the host's body. The player will still possess free will and his/her own intelligence but will gain Magzon physical attributes.

- 4) Ganymede Glow - POT 17, Speed of effect 1-4 hours

Symptoms: Iridescent green glowing skin, tingles, the shakes.

The victim's entire body will begin to glow a bright green and slowly melt into a puddle of green goo over two weeks. The puddle is still technically alive and will respond to voice and warmth with a shudder, but that's about it.

- 5) Red Shakes - POT 19, Speed of effect 1-10 minutes.

Symptoms: High fever, weakness, sweating red dust.

This strange fever will last 1-10 days, and the victim will actually sweat red dust from his/her pores. With strict rest the fever will dissipate with no lasting effects.

- 6) Astral Fade - POT 17, Speed of effect 1-4 weeks.

Symptoms: Light headiness, slight dizziness, feeling cold.

This strange disease converts the host's external molecular structure to bend light, causing the victim to become completely invisible (as the virus is sensitive to rises in temperature). The effect will wear off in 1D10 years, or a two degree rise in body temperature which will kill the virus.

- 7) Viper Gas Syndrome - POT 16, Speed of effect 1-2 days.

Symptoms: Emissions of clouds of stinking gas, hunger.

The pathogens attack the stomach and the digestive tract, devouring nutrients from unprocessed food. The host will constantly emit a deadly cloud of brown gas from every orifice; causing everyone within five meters vicinity to take 1D6 damage per round. The host strangely remains unaffected. The disease will last 1D6 weeks.

- 8) Cosmic Drift - POT 13, Speed of effect 1-4 hours.

Symptoms: Lethargic, coma.

Victim falls into a deep coma until death. His mind will forever drift amongst the stars and the planets exploring the cosmos. Extreme pain, such as severing a hand, has snapped some people from the trance (1D10 sanity lost for the victim). A safe way to wake the host is scribed in the pages of *The Pleasure of Madness*.

- 9) Space Spines - POT 15, Speed of effect 1D10 rounds.

Symptoms: Burning rashes, tingling sensation.

The victim's body hair stands on end like iron nails as the disease feeds on the root of the hair follicles causing the strange effect. Cutting the hair off the victim would need to use tin snips or bolt cutters. The affliction will last 1D10 years.

- 10) Warp Spasms - POT 16, Speed of effect 1-2 weeks.

Symptoms: Convulsions, weakness, vomiting, shakes.

The victim will start off with what it seems as a normal fever and the shakes. As the fever reaches its zenith (3 weeks), the shakes will give way to violence spasms until the victim shudders and screams close to the speed of light. If left untreated, the victim will vibrate so fast the affected body will warp into a random dimension somewhere in the universe.

- 11) Gender Bender - POT 17, Speed of effect 24 hours.

Symptoms: See below

This strange virus comes from small amphibians that inhabit the moon of Ganymede. The victim will change sex during sleep if there is unbalance of males to females in the group. If the male to female ratio is already balanced, there is no effect. The victim's gender will keep changing as they interact with the world.

- 12) Phantom Limbs - POT 16, Speed of effect 1-3 days.

Symptoms: Weakness, nausea, burning sensation in limbs.

The pathogen locates itself in one of the victim's feet or hands. The virus attaches itself to the nervous system, sending false message to the brain as the disease slowly disconnects muscles and tendons from the body. The affect limb will then drop off and begin to run under its

own will, to search out a dark hiding place to rot for the virus to devour (1D6 sanity loss if witnessed).

- 13) Spit Fire Cough - POT 15, Speed of effect 1- 2 hours

Symptoms: Severe coughing fits, headaches.

The victim will cough ceaselessly as the virus converts into small red spines in the victim's lungs. As the victims coughs, the spines will launch from the throat at speeds up to 300 kmph, causing 1D4 damage to anyone in the firing path, plus a chance of infection. The cough will last 1D4 weeks.

- 14) Starburst Bounce - POT 17, Speed of effect 1D10 rounds.

Symptoms: Loss of balances, dizziness.

The pathogens attack the ear canal, causing total loss of balance, causing the victim to keep crashing to earth if they try to stand. If the victim is lying down, they will think they are standing; if upright, it's the reverse. The affect will last for 1D10 days with no lasting effect.

- 15) Black Hole Sickness - POT 15, Speed of effect 24 hours.

Symptoms: Ravenous hunger, irrational behavior.

The disease lives off the food in the victim's stomach and secretes an enzyme that fools the body in thinking it's starving. This causes the victim to go on feeding binges; customs, money and people are irrelevant as the food is all that matters. The victim will turn to cannibalism if no other food is available. The effects last for 1D4 weeks.

- 16) False Demon Syndrome - POT 19, Speed of effect 1-2 days.

Symptoms: See below.

The victim's eyes and finger nails will glow bright red like the coals from a furnace. The victim will feel fine, but the effects are permanent (which might be a little difficult to explain at next Sunday's service).

- 17) Nightmare Void Fever - POT 15, Speed of effect 1-4 hours.

Symptoms: Headaches, fever, vivid hallucinations.

The victim will fall into a strange waking dream of nightmare hallucinations. Friends and lovers will appear as terrifying monsters, seas will boil with corpses, blood will rain from the sky, etc. The victim will run with his/her mind unhinged if not restrained. The effects will last 1D4 days with 1D6 sanity lost when the fever breaks and the victim recovers.

- 18) Martian Body Melt - POT 13, Speed of effect 2 days.

Symptoms: Severe burning sensation, cramps, vomiting.

The pathogens attack the body's muscles, causing heat to radiate off the victims skin. Bedsheets will burst into flames, and the skin will be like touching a boiling



kettle. The disease will sap one strength point each day permanently until reaching zero, when the victims flesh will spontaneously combust.

- 19) Sweating Pig Disorder - POT 16, Speed of effect 1-2 rounds.

Symptoms: Shakes, weakness, nausea.

The disease causes the victim to begin to sweat three liters of water per round, making him/her drenched in stinking sweat and have an unquenchable thirst for 1D6 days. The victim must continue to drink 1 liter of water per hour or risk dehydrating to death.

- 20) God Plague - POT 14, Speed of effect 1-6 hours.

Symptoms: Feeling of well being.

The victim's stats will all double temporary for 1D6 weeks, as the virus transforms the victim to make him/her more desirable in the hope of attracting others to pass on the disease in bodily fluids. At the end of the incubation, the victim will collapse and his/her stats return to normal with 2 stat points lost (player's choice).

- 21) Boom Head Sickness - POT 18, speed of effect 2-6 months.

Symptoms: See below.

No ill effects will be felt until the week of the virus manifestation. The victim will feel a massive pressure building inside his or her head; if left untreated the victims head will literary explode!

NPCS

STANDARD GRING CULTIST, age 35

STR 17 CON 17 SIZ 18 INT 10 POW 14 DEX 12 APP 08
EDU 10 HP 18

MAGIC POINTS: 14

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 40%
Knife 35%, damage 1D4+2+db
9mm pistol 45%, damage 1D10

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 40%, Drive 35%, Fast Talk 25%,
Hide 40%, Occult 25%, Spot Hidden 20%, True Thinking
Lance 35%

Equipment: Six doses of Maddoth's Kiss (black opal vials), robes, fighting dirk, 9mm pistol with 24 rounds (two clips), opal claw necklace.

ISTOR SVAG, Head Gring the Maddoth Cultist, age 60

STR 10 CON 9 SIZ 10 INT 17 POW 16 DEX 7 APP 9
SAN 90 EDU 24 HP 12

MAGIC POINTS 16

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Knife 50%, damage 1D4+2+db
9mm pistol 35%

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 95%, Disguise 25%, Fast Talk 75%, Hide 60%, History 50%, Language: English/Icelandic 80%, Library Use 60%, Occult 80%, Persuade 70%, Speak Maddoth 65%, Spot Hidden 50%, True Thinking Lance 35%

Spells: All spells from *The Pleasure of Madness*, Create Mist of Releh, Curse of the Putrid Husk

Equipment: Six doses of Maddoth's Kiss, *The Pleasures of Madness*, opal dagger, 200 pounds, robes, 25 Blessed Spines, madman's eye, and sweat soaked thread from a straightjacket, 9mm pistol and 24 rounds, and a True Thinking Lance.

RAGNAR JOSSONS, Swedish Industrialist, age 45

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 11 POW 14 DEX 10 APP 13 SAN 70
EDU 23 HP 12

MAGIC POINTS 14

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%
Knife 35%, damage 1D4+2+db
9mm pistol 60%, damage 1D10
Shotgun 50%

Skills: Accounting 75%, Bargain 60%, Credit Rating 90%,
Cthulhu Mythos 50%, Disguise 25%, Fast Talk 75%, Hide 60%, History 50%, Language: English/Swedish/Norwegian 90%, Law 45%, Library Use 60%, Occult 60%, Persuade 70%, Spot Hidden 50%

Spells: Bat Form, Breath of the Deep

Equipment: Six doses of Maddoth's Kiss (black opal vials), fighting dirk, 9mm pistol with 24 rounds (two clips), opal claw necklace, timepiece, *Nameless Cults* 1845 version, 12 gauge shotgun with 20 rounds, unlimited wealth.

FRITZ BEANS, Tabloid Paper Editor, age 35

STR 8 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 10 POW 15 DEX 14 APP 8
SAN 25 EDU 10 HP 13

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%

Skills: Bargain 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Fast Talk 70%,
Hold Liquor 60%, Language: German/English 90%, Occult 40%, Persuade 40%

Equipment: hundreds of copies of "Outback Oddities" ten pence, photo of a two-headed horse.

DR AARON BERGSHIN, Head Veterinarian, age 50

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 17 POW 13 DEX 16 APP 11
SAN 65 EDU 24 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none

Skills: Animal Psychology 60%, Biology 80%, Chemistry 70%, Drive 40%, Natural History 50%

CRAZY FARMER SIMMS, age 45

STR 17 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 5 APP 6 DEX 12 POW 11 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Wood ax 60%, damage 1D8+2+db

Equipment: dirty great ax

MISTY, Working Girl/Acrobat, age 30

STR 8 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 10 POW 15 DEX 14 APP 17
SAN 75 EDU 12 HP 13

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Fist/Punch 40%
Knife 60%

Skills: Acrobatics 60%, Bargain 50%, Dodge 45%, Fast Talk 40%, Jump 50%, Sing 40%

Equipment: none.

SGT. PETVO REESE, Police Officer, age 45

Sgt. Reese has an extensive library on the occult and Cthulhu Mythos located in his home at the rear of the police station. The jewel in his collection is the book *Cthulhu in the Necronomicon*.

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 12 INT 11 POW 12 DEX 14 APP 12
SAN 60 EDU 14 HP 14

MAGIC POINTS 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%
Knife 60%
Handgun 80%
Thompson SMG 60%, damage 1D10+2
Billy club 50%, damage 1D6+db

Skills: Accounting 75%, Bargain 60%, Credit Rating 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 70%, Disguise 25%, Fast Talk 75%, Hide 60%, History 50%, Language: English/Russian/Latin 90%, Law 60%, Library Use 60%, Occult 60%, Persuade 70%, Spot Hidden 50%

Spells: Bless Blade, Bring Haboob, Contact Ghoul, Contact Yithian, Create Scrying Window, Eibon's Wheel of Mist

Equipment: Two Thompson sub machine guns (6 clips), two 9mm browning (two clips), Billy clubs (4), hundreds pounds, blessed fight dirk (all held at the police station)

ABLE BREWBERG, Tea Lady, age 44

STR 8 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 10 POW 15 DEX 14 APP 17
SAN 75 EDU 12 HP 13

Damage Bonus: none

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 50%, Library Use 60%, Occult 60%

**Random Miners/Bush Rangers/Y'gononac
Opium Thralls/Barman "Dirty Pier"**

SLINGER STR 13 CON 16 SIZ 14 DEX 16 POW 13
HP 15

KNOCKER STR 17 CON 14 SIZ 13 DEX 12 POW 11
HP 14

SMOUCH STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 12 DEX 11 POW 09
HP 12

BOMBER STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 15 DEX 11 POW 11
HP 13

BLUE STR 15 CON 13 SIZ 13 DEX 10 POW 11 HP 13

STUBBY STR 16 CON 10 SIZ 12 DEX 08 POW 15 HP 11

SPARKY STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 12 DEX 11 POW 10 HP 12

TEDDY STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 14 DEX 10 POW 11 HP 14

JACKO STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 15 DEX 11 POW 11 HP 13

DIRTY PIER (barman) STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 12 DEX 08
POW 15 HP 12

ALL: INT 10 *APP 8

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons:	Fist/Punch	50%	
	Knife	35%	1D4+2+db
	Club	40%	1D6+db
	Shotgun	40%	

Skills: Fast Talk 35%, First Aid 45%, French 90% (Dirty Pier), Geology 60% (miners only), Hold liquor 60%, Ride 40%, Sing 40%, Track 50% (bush rangers only)

Equipment:

Thralls - Balls of dope can be found on the Opium fiends, knives, rags.

Miners - small amounts of black opal, whisky bottle, pick axe, knife, some have shotguns.

Bush Rangers - 50 pounds, stolen black opal and jewelry, horse, 12 gauge shotgun (10 rounds) knife, swag, camping equipment, bad attitude.

Dirty Pier - fine bottle of French wine, fighting dirk, 12 gauge shotgun behind the bar (10 rounds), four pounds

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