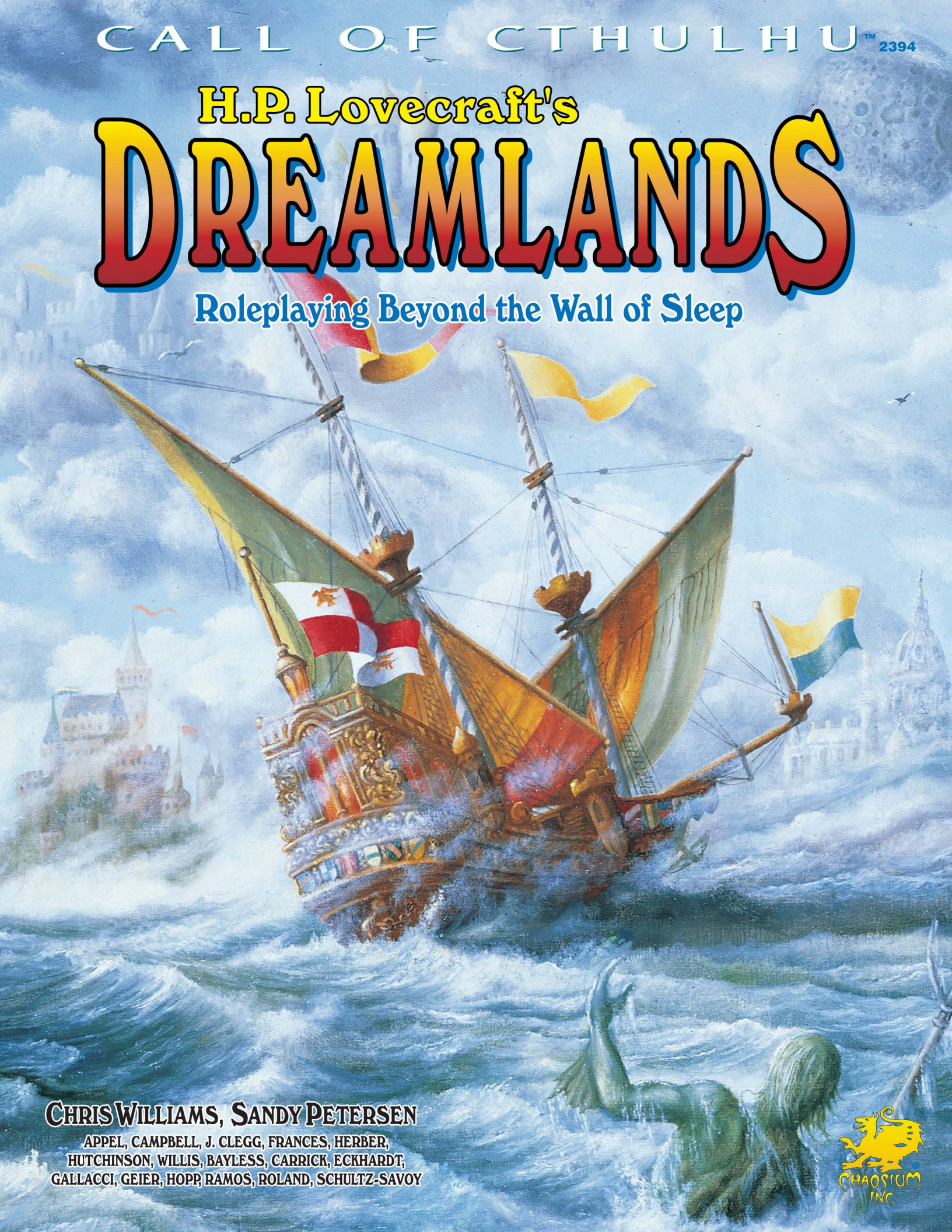


CALL OF CTHULHU™ 2394

H.P. Lovecraft's

DREAMLANDS

Roleplaying Beyond the Wall of Sleep



CHRIS WILLIAMS, SANDY PETERSEN

APPEL, CAMPBELL, J. CLEGG, FRANCES, HERBER,
HUTCHINSON, WILLIS, BAYLESS, CARRICK, ECKHARDT,
GALLACCI, GEIER, HOPP, RAMOS, ROLAND, SCHULTZ-SAVOY



H. P. Lovecraft's
DREAMLANDS
Roleplaying Beyond the Wall of Sleep





H. P. Lovecraft
1890-1937

H. P. Lovecraft's
DREAMLANDS

Fifth Edition

by Chris Williams & Sandy Petersen

with

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Jacqueline Clegg, Scott Clegg, Phil Frances,
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2004

Clear Credit

Dreamlands is the work of divers hands. It was originally conceived and drafted by Sandy Petersen, who formed the basis of the majority of the chapters. Kerie Campbell also did considerable work on the original edition, contributing to the gazetteer, the NPCs, and the bestiary.

Other contributors to the original edition include Jacqueline Clegg (gazetteer), Scott Clegg (gazetteer), Phil Frances (evoking the atmosphere), Keith Herber (some gods), Susan Hutchinson (gazetteer), and Lynn Willis (through the gates).

All adventures from the original edition have been reprinted here: "To Sleep, Perchance to Dream" by Jeff Okamoto, "Captives of Two Worlds" by Sandy Petersen, "Pickman's Student" by Keith Herber, "Season of the Witch" by Richard T. Launius, and "Lemon Sails" by Phil Frances.

This edition is primarily the work of Chris Williams, who expanded all sections of the book to incorporate works of more Dreamlands authors. Shannon Appel added the character creation system in this edition.

Monsters and gods have been added from a variety of sources in this new edition. Authors of these transported monsters include Scott David Aniolowski (children of Abhoth, guardians of the crystallizers of dreams, ghost-beings of Ib), Larry DiTillio (children of the sphinx), Phil Frances (wenelians and phosphorescent monster), Keith Herber (messenger of Azathoth, Ghadamon, Robigus), and Kevin A. Ross (larvae of the other gods).

Raymond Bayless painted the cover illustration and Mark Roland painted the picture used on the endpages. Thumbnails are by Earl Geier. Large interior drawings are by Jason Eckhardt and Kevin Ramos. Large interior inkwashes are by Paul Carrick. Most maps are by Carolyn Schultz-Savoy, based upon older sources and notes by the authors of this book. Some maps have been reworked slightly for this edition. The new map of the Underworld is by Steve Gallacci, based upon roughs by Chris Williams. The beautiful fold-out map is by Andy Hopp—sections of which are reproduced in the gazetteer and in the handouts appendix.

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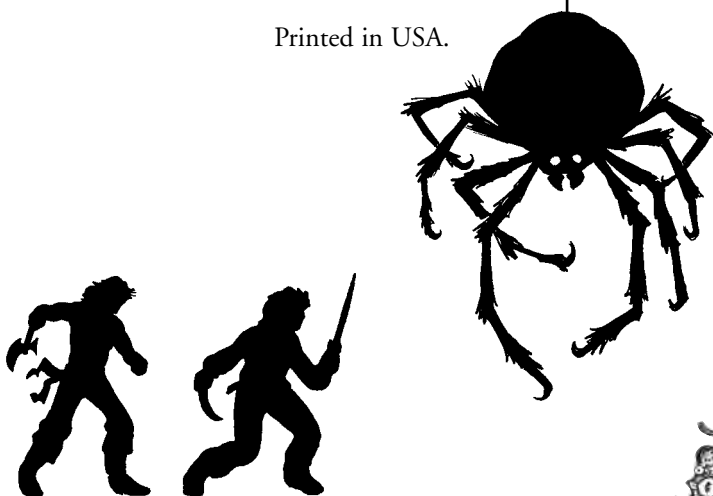


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Authors' Introduction

An overview of the Dreamlands and this book; Remembering the stories on which this book is based.

This project began almost a year ago when my friend and house-mate Janice Sellers mentioned to me that Chaosium was going to be publishing a fourth edition of their Dreamlands supplement for *Call of Cthulhu*. That's when I put my foot in it.

I'd always enjoyed the Dreamlands stories that HPL had written, and told her so. Further, I told her that I thought that previous editions could be expanded. Little did I know what I was getting myself in to. One thing led to another, and I wound up with the project.

The first thing I did was to scour all the books—both fictional and game material—that I could find for new material which had either come out since the first edition or had been omitted from previous editions for some reason. The research and compilation of my notes alone took me six months. I had always wondered exactly what it must be like for my PC to sit for hours, pouring over dusty tomes of forbidden knowledge in search of one obscure reference after another; now I know.

In those myriad books and stories, some emailed to me by helpful folks working on other Chaosium projects (thanks guys), I found a wealth of material on people, places, tomes, spells, monsters, and gods that I could tap. So I set about writing it all down. The result is what you now hold in your hands. I've done my best to bring you as much new, and more detailed, information on the Dreamlands as possible. I hope that you'll get as much enjoyment out of it, as I had writing it.

At this point I'd like to take a moment to mention that some of the new material in this book is based upon the works of Brian Lumley, and very little material is based upon the works of Lord Dunsany. I know that there are a number of you out there who wanted more Dunsany in this new edition, but I wanted this book to be H. P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands, not Lord Dunsany's World of Fantasy. While Lovecraft was most definitely inspired by Dunsany to write his Dreamlands stories, they are not the same setting. Brian Lumley, on the other hand, has written five entire books, and part of a sixth, set specifically in H. P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands. I think you'll find that the selected material is a worthwhile addition to the Dreamlands.

Next, I'd like to thank the following people: Janice Sellers, for cluing me in to this opportunity and having confidence in writing abilities; Lynn Willis, for giving me the chance to write this book and for enduring my very strong opinions; Shannon Appel, for loaning me so many of his books for my search for source material; Scott Aniolowski, for answering my pesky questions; and the staff at R. Talsorian Games (my regular employers), for putting up with my limited time over the last nine months while I wrote this book. Thank you, one and all.

Lastly, I'd like to dedicate this book to my friend Ross "Spyke" Winn, who kept bugging me to get out there and write more. I hope you're happy, now shut up.

So, without further adieu; Step right up for the Mystery Tour! Right this way!

—Chris Williams

In several enchanting tales more fantasy than horror, Howard Philips Lovecraft created a world known as the Dreamlands, to where certain initiates could travel as they slept.

In these stories, the descriptions and locations of most cities, places, peoples, and creatures are, at most, vague. The maps and information in this book are perhaps not as perfect as some could wish. Keepers have their own ideas of where ruined Sarnath lies, or whether one flies north or south to find Kadath. Keepers are encouraged to change the maps to suit their own sensibilities (and to befuddle their players).

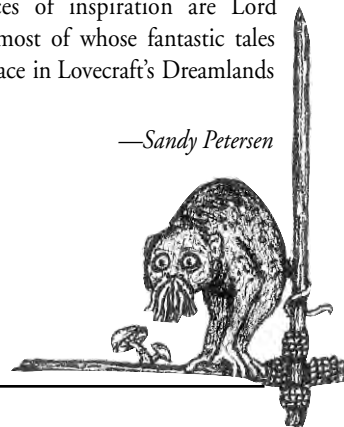
Lovecraft's Dreamlands are ethereal and haunting. Much unearthly beauty exists, and a great deal of cosmic terror. Be mindful of this while describing places and beings. Since all of the world is a dream, carefully craft it and handle it as such.

This book is a sourcepack for your investigators to explore. You are advised to create great quests for the investigators to finish, based on the information found herein. We also suggest that the players not be allowed to read this book, for new dreamers should not know the great mysteries.

To use this book, the keeper should read *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*. The keeper might also read one or more of the Lovecraft tales: "Beyond the Wall of Sleep", "The Cats of Ulthar", "The Doom That Came to Sarnath", "Hypnos", "The Other Gods", "Polaris", "The Quest of Iranon", "The Silver Key", "The Strange High House in the Mist", and "The White Ship".

He may also wish to read *The House of the Worm*, by Gary Myers, which contains several excellent tales which are set in Lovecraft's Dreamlands. Other possible sources of inspiration are Lord Dunsany and Clark Ashton Smith, most of whose fantastic tales could be considered to have taken place in Lovecraft's Dreamlands or, at worst, on a neighboring world.

—Sandy Petersen



PART 1: BACKGROUND

All good stories must start with a background. This is the case even in the strange and flighty world of dreams. What follows, in Part One of this book, is a description of people places, and things which may be used to fill your own Dreamlands, and to help you construct Dreamlands adventures. There are eight chapters in Part One.

Chapter One, **Through the Gate of Deeper Slumber**, describes how to get to the Dreamlands, some of the basic rules that apply there, and how to leave afterward.

Chapter Two, **The Atmosphere of Dreams**, outlines a number of styles of Dreamlands keeping, and also offers some options for integrating Dreamlands adventures into an ongoing Waking World campaign.

Chapter Three, **The Dream-Quest of Randolph Carter**, provides a travelogue of the Dreamlands. It traces the journey of Randolph Carter when he searched for Unknown Kadath. In doing so it introduces many of the people and places in the Dreamlands.

Chapter Four, **Gazetteer of the Dreamlands**, offers a geographical survey of the Dreamlands by examining the distinct regions of: The East, The North, Oriab, The Seas, The South, The West, The Moon, The Underworld, and Worlds Beyond.

Chapter Five, **People of the Dreamlands**, lists a number of important non-player characters within the Dreamlands.

Chapter Six, **The Dreamlands Bestiary**, collects information on a number of creatures native to the Dreamlands and nearby dimensions.

Chapter Seven, **Gods of the Dreamlands**, is a religious overview of the Dreamlands. It lists the gods worshiped there, from the Lesser Dreamlands Deities to the fearsome Outer Gods.

Chapter Eight, **The Dreamlands Grimoire**, completes the background section by listing artifacts, tomes, and spells which can be found in the fantastical world of dreams.



Through the Gate of Deeper Slumber

An overview of the Dreamlands; On the paths thereto; What one does when there; How to leave that place of sleep.

Behind your eyelids, inside your mind and beneath your subconscious, lies another world. It is a fantastic realm where dreams are real and where nightmares prowl just beyond the limit of vision. These are the Dreamlands of Earth, a dimension lying just parallel to ours. Its fabric exists solely for and is sustained by the minds of Earth's dreamers, human or otherwise.

The Dreamlands are, in a sense, an idea formed by men. While a man may die easily, ideas are much harder to kill; they live on in myths, legends, and racial memories. So the Dreamlands have survived through the ages. They have witnessed the rise and fall of many great civilizations of the Waking World. Each rise and fall has left its mark upon this unseen world which lies so close to, and yet an eternity away from, our own. Yet the Dreamlands are much as they were when the minds of the first men conjured them forth. They are a realm of the fantastic and the fanciful, the weird and the wonderful, the joyful and the terrible.

So lie back, close your eyes, and dream, for in dreams all things are possible.

Into the Dreamlands

Though there are a great number of ways to enter the Dreamlands, there are only two basic methods of doing so. Most people dream their way into the Dreamlands, but a few actually physically enter that far-away and fanciful realm.

Perchance to Dream

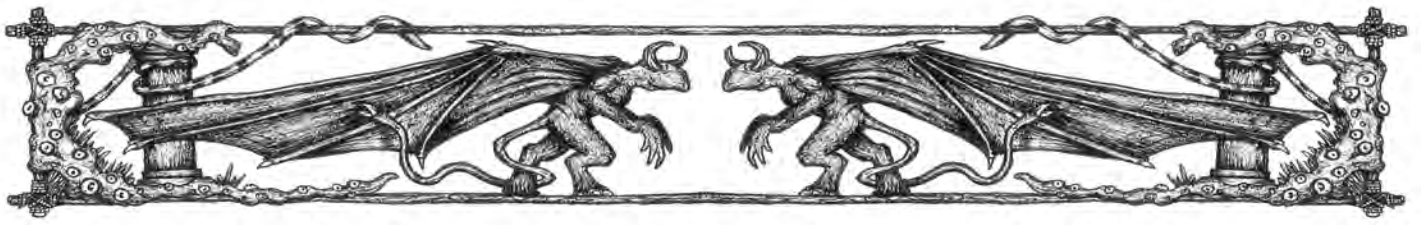
The most common dream-path into the Dreamlands is down the Seventy Steps of Light Slumber to the Cavern of Flame. One night, in his dreams, an investigator may come across a huge stairway leading downward from whatever ordinary dream he is having. If the investigator has been seeking the Dreamlands, he may recognize this staircase as the Seventy Steps of Light Slumber on a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll. No matter the form or setting of the investigator's current dream, the seventy steps always bear the same appearance—a

highly ornate, almost baroque marble staircase. Furthermore, the staircase may appear anywhere. It could be inside a building, inside a large vehicle such as a ship, in a cave, or outdoors leading into a hole in the ground. The stairs will always lead down from wherever the investigator currently is.

Whether or not he recognizes the stairway, a dreamer may choose to follow it down. Keepers who need to have an investigator descend the stairs and enter the Dreamlands should feel free to move the stairs about and have them continually appear in the investigator's path (after all, strange things happen in dreams) until the investigator either chooses to descend or wakes up. Assuming that the investigator descends, he will arrive in a large cavern with a pillar of flame stretching from floor to ceiling. This is the cavern-temple of the priests Nasht and Kaman-Thah. At least one of these two priests is always awake to greet anyone who descends the stairs to his home. At the far end of the cavern from this entrance is another set of stairs. These are the seven hundred steps which lead to the Gate of Deeper Slumber, which open into the Enchanted Wood of the Dreamlands.

However, the seventy steps are not the only dream-gate to the Dreamlands. Some dreamers may find themselves at the edge of a cliff in their dreams as did King Kuranos. The investigator will be overcome with a feeling of curiosity and a sense that no harm will come to him by stepping off the edge. If need be, the keeper should feel free to offer some source of inducement to leap off the cliff in the form of terrible pursuers or some such. Once over the edge the investigator will find himself gently floating downward past dark shapeless forms, faintly glowing spheres, and laughing winged things. Although these shapes, spheres, and winged things may alternately terrify or amaze the investigator, they can not harm him. Suddenly a bright rift will appear in the air before the investigator. Through this rift he can see a fabulous vista of a location in the Dreamlands. Upon passing through the rift the investigator will settle softly to the ground. While King Kuranos arrived in the valley of Ooth-Nargai via this method, the keeper should feel free to have investigators arrive at any point in the Dreamlands.

The last of the three primary dream-paths to the Dreamlands is the White Ship. The White Ship only appears to dreamers near the sea. In his dreams, the investigator will see a white ship with masts and rows of oars approaching him. The White Ship glides smoothly over the waters toward the dreamer no matter what the weather conditions or wind direction are. As the ship draws closer it can be seen that it actually sails slight-



ly above the crests of the waves. Upon the deck of the ship stands a tall bearded man dressed in robes. He seems to beckon to viewers to come aboard his vessel. Should an investigator choose to do so a bridge of moonbeams will stretch forth from the White Ship to the investigator. Once on board the ship, the bearded man will introduce himself as the Captain. He has no other name. The Captain is most familiar with more pleasant regions such as Sona-Nyl or Ennon, but he is knowledgeable about much of the Dreamlands and can voyage to any region accessible by water that his passengers might wish to visit. He has even sailed beyond the Basalt Pillars of the West twice and successfully traveled to fabled Cathuria once. He will speak of these voyages, but is reluctant to undertake the trip a third time. If his passengers have no specific destination in mind he will sail for either Sona-Nyl or Ennon. No matter where his ship sails, it will always arrive at night and under a full moon. Again the bridge of moonbeams will extend, allowing his passengers to disembark. Neither he or his crew will join the investigators ashore except in Sona-Nyl, Ennon, or Cathuria.

If an entire group of investigators is attempting to enter the Dreamlands at the same time, while asleep, the keeper should have them all use the same route. Each investigator will arrive at this route in his own way (for each person's dreams are his own), but once they have arrived they may encounter others of their group already there. For example, while each investigator in a group will find the top of the Seventy Steps in his own way once he has descended to the Cavern of Flame he may meet other members of his group. Investigators floating down from the precipice will arrive at the same point in the Dreamlands once through the rift, and the White Ship may sail from point to point and pick up a different member of the group at each location before sailing on to its final destination.

While these are the three primary dream-routes leading into the Dreamlands they are by no means the only ones. The keeper should feel free to create other dream-routes which suit his own campaign.

ARTIFACTS OF DREAMING

Two artifacts are known to exist which open wide the dream-paths into the Dreamlands. They are described below.

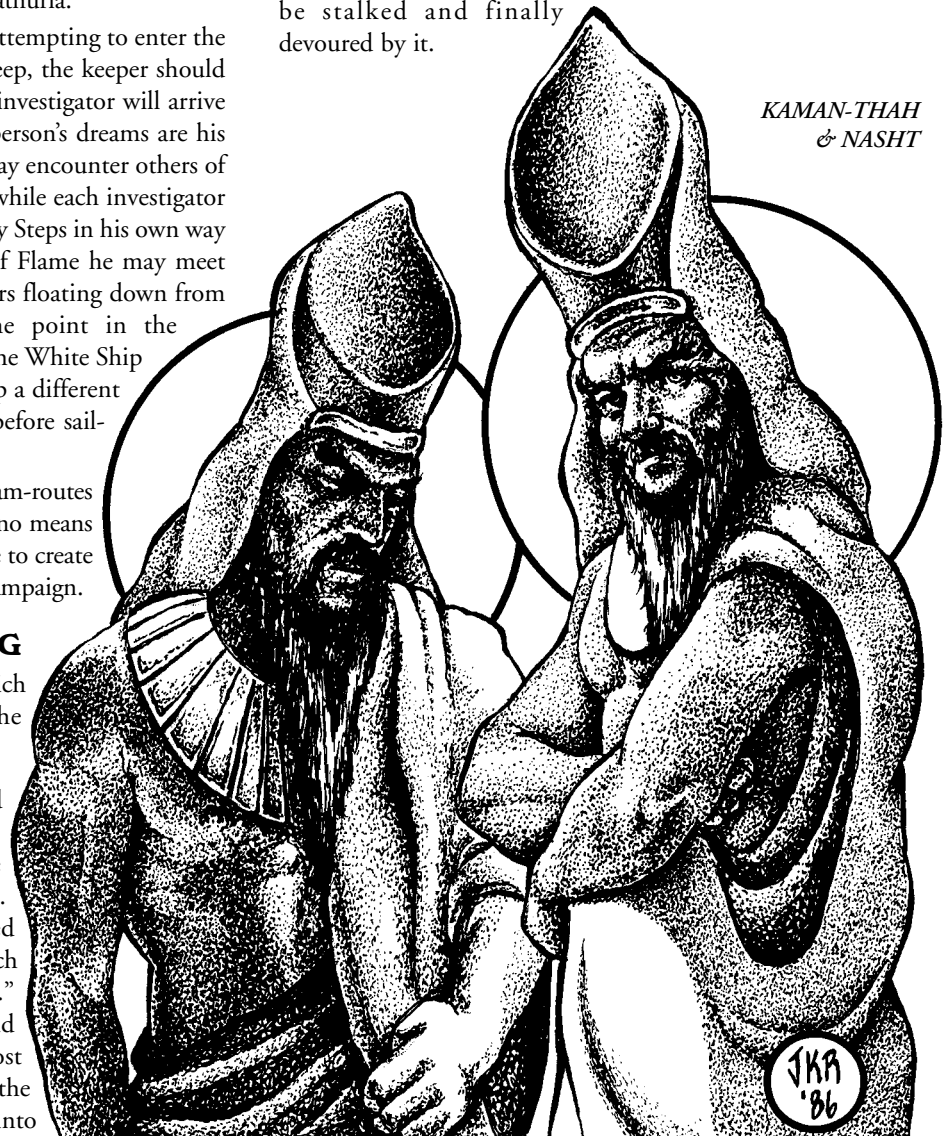
CRYSTALLIZERS OF DREAMS: Abd al-Azrad, in his cursed tome the *Al-Azif*, speaks of strange egg-like items which he refers to as the Crystallizers of Dream. These devices are yellow egg-shaped objects about a foot in diameter which emit a "strange, intermittent whistling." These eggs sound hollow if tapped, and are relatively fragile, yet weigh almost twenty pounds. These devices have the power to project a person, while asleep, into

other dimensions including the Earth's Dreamlands. They also have the power to bring objects from the Dreamlands back to the Waking World. To use one, a dreamer need only go to sleep within a few yards of the Crystallizer. When he wakes up from a visit to the Dreamlands, everything he wears or grips in his hands returns with him. Even living creatures can be brought through, if they grip him tightly enough.

The stability of such dream things is incomplete. Within 1D20 hours (roll separately for each object brought to the Waking World), dream things begin to fade, and soon slip back to the Dreamlands. This can be delayed if the dreamer bringing objects through expends one magic point per object or creature per 1D20 additional hours.

Alhazred cautions his reader from using the Crystallizers with total abandon. He warns that the Crystallizers have a "hungry guardian" which may catch the scent of any who use a Crystallizer. Any investigator who is unfortunate enough to be detected by the Guardian of the Crystallizers of Dreams will be stalked and finally devoured by it.

KAMAN-THAH
& NASHT





THE KEY TO THE GATES OF WONDER: This is a large key fashioned of precious metals and studded with rare gems. It allows its bearer to enter Earth's Dreamlands while sleeping. It resides in the keeping of the Captain of the White Ship. Once the Captain has bestowed the key upon someone, that person need no longer seek out any of the other entrances to the Dreamlands. So long as he retains the key he is able to enter the Dreamlands. He may pass into the Dreamlands at any desired point simply by sleeping normally. If the bearer of the key becomes unable to enter the Dreamlands he is considered to have lost the key and it will return to the Captain of the White Ship. The key itself does not physically exist outside of the Dreamlands, but could be brought into the Waking World through the use of a Crystallizer of Dreams. This item is unique.

Entering Physically

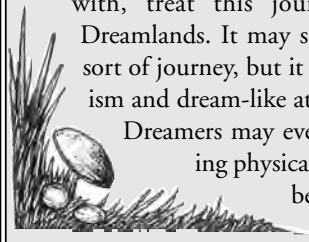
While it may seem strange for someone who is awake to enter a region known as the Dreamlands, there are a great number of examples of such physical doorways. The most numerous of these are the burrows dug by ghouls into almost every cemetery around the globe. Old graves, forgotten mausoleums, and ancient crypts are often the haunts of these creatures, whose disturbing dietary preferences bring them to the Waking World each night. Their tunnel-like burrows will eventually lead any investigator brave enough to crawl through them into that region of the Dreamlands' Underworld which the ghouls inhabit.

Another known point of physical entry into the Dreamlands is found in the Enchanted Wood, which touches the world of men in two places, though Lovecraft states "it

Dreams Within Dreams

If investigators are physically present in the Dreamlands, it is possible for them to re-enter the Dreamlands again through the normal dream-routes. Their physical bodies will remain asleep while they are abroad elsewhere in the Dreamlands. This sort of nocturnal trip to the Dreamlands from within the Dreamlands will last only a single Dreamlands night. When the sun rises in the Dreamlands the physical body will awaken thus ending the journey within a journey. Apart from the fact that the investigator went to sleep in the Dreamlands to begin with, treat this journey as any other to the Dreamlands. It may seem paradoxical to allow this sort of journey, but it can add greatly to the surrealism and dream-like atmosphere of the Dreamlands.

Dreamers may even encounter their own sleeping physical bodies. Such journeys should be rare occurrences at best.



would be disastrous to say where." The sites of these crossovers are up to the keeper—the Black Forest in Germany, the California redwoods, Transylvania, or Roanoke Island in North Carolina are likely spots.

One area of the Dreamlands which is known to extend into the Waking World is the dreaded plateau of Leng. It infringes upon Central Asia, and it also lies deep in the interior of the Antarctic. Part of it may rest beneath upstate New York. The Mad Arab Abd al-Azrad mentions Leng as a place where myriad realities come together. Those who are fortunate enough to find Leng may stumble into the Dreamlands by accident, or they may find an actual doorway. The exact details of entering the Dreamlands via this route are left to the keeper.

It is equally dangerous to enter the Dreamlands via the Vaults of Zin, which are known to cover a large area deep under the surface of the Dreamlands. In the Waking World, the Vaults of Zin lie beneath the subterranean ruins of the largest city in the red-litten realm of Yoth, which in turn lies beneath the underground realm of K'n-Yan, which can be accessed through the curious earthen mounds in western Oklahoma.

Mt. Voormithadreth once stood on the ancient continent of Hyperborea, in what is now Greenland. It contains the underground lair of Atlach-Nacha. Here the spider-being spins a great web-bridge across a deep chasm. It is rumored that on the day that Atlach-Nacha completes its bridge the world will come to an end. This bridge in fact spans the nether region between the Waking World and the Dreamlands, and when completed it will serve as a gateway for the creatures of nightmare to enter our world. Even though incomplete, this bridge could also serve as a means of physically entering the Dreamlands. Once beyond this nether region and into the Dreamlands it is left up to the keeper to determine exactly where investigators would emerge.

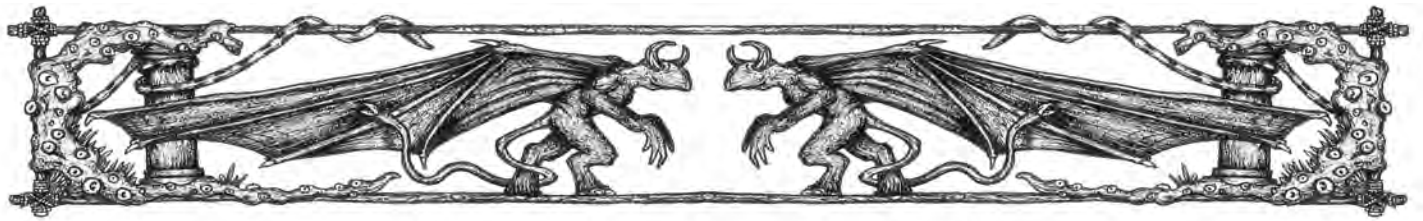
The most obscure of all these physical gateways, for it is written of in no tome or scroll, is perhaps the safest one to enter by—and it is not hidden or lost at all. High above the ancient town of Kingsport there stands the strange high house in the mist. From here, on fog-shrouded nights, when it seems as if the house rests upon the clouds themselves, the lone occupant of the House can enter the Dreamlands. Only the Terrible Old Man, who resides in Kingsport proper, and Thomas Olney, who once visited the house, know of this gateway.

It should be noted here that although these physical doorways do exist, they are neither easy to locate nor safe to attempt to use. Who can say how a ghoul would react to investigators digging through his burrows? What threats lie in the heart of Leng? Who knows if Atlach-Nacha is once again hungry?

ARTIFACTS OF WAKING

There are also artifacts which make it easy to physically travel between the Dreamlands and the Waking World.

THE SILVER KEY: This unique item is "a huge key of tarnished silver covered with cryptical arabesques" which



Randolph Carter found in an archaic carved oak box which had belonged to his grandfather. The key, when used in the proper fashion, can project the user through a gateway into the presence of Tawil at-'Umr (sometimes mistakenly referred to as "Umr at-Tawil", see *The Creature Companion* and *The Encyclopedia Cthulhiana*). From there, Tawil at-'Umr can usher the user into the presence of the All-in-One and One-in-All, Yog-Sothoth. He who is brave enough to advance to this point and stand before Yog-Sothoth will be shown a method, again using the silver key, to transplant his consciousness into other times and places, including the Dreamlands. The location of the silver key is a mystery, as it was taken by the strange Swami Chandraputra when he disappeared from the house of Etienne-Laurent de Marigny via the time clock.

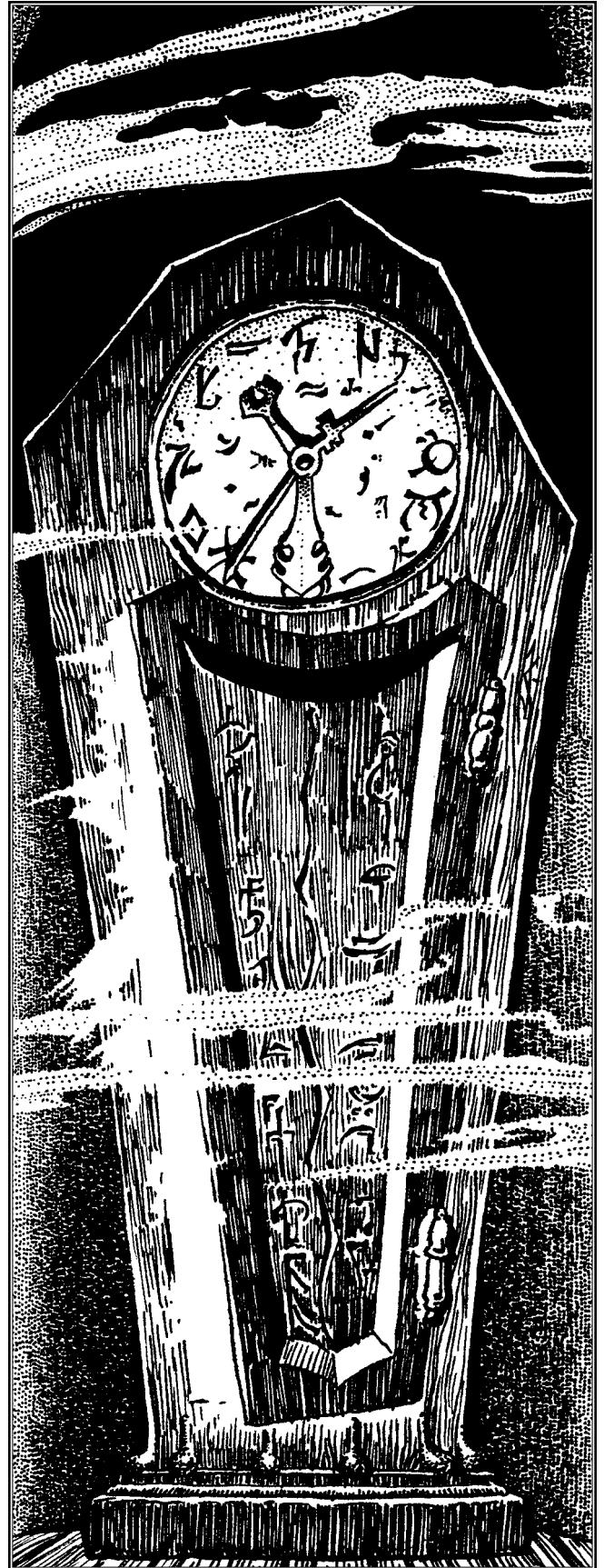
THE TIME CLOCK: In the New Orleans home of Etienne-Laurent de Marigny, famous French mystic and long-time friend to Randolph Carter, there stands a mysterious clock-like device. It was given to de Marigny by Yogi Himaldi, who claimed to have retrieved it from the lost city of Yian-Ho. The clock is coffin-shaped and stands approximately eight feet high. Its face is covered with strange hieroglyphics and has four hands which move in discernible patterns. De Marigny has not deciphered the strange hieroglyphs which cover the face of this clock, but if he could he would find that this device is capable of physically transporting the user to a vast array of alternate dimensions, including Earth's Dreamlands. To use the clock one simply opens the door, steps inside, and is able to use the clock's powers of transportation. However, it is necessary first to translate the hieroglyphs for a user to have any control over where he is going. If an investigator is foolish enough simply to step inside the clock, the keeper should feel free to send him anywhere in the universe.

SPELLS OF WAKING

Sorcerers have long sought to bridge the gap between the worlds. The following two spells allow travel from the Waking World to the Dreamlands, though the second is one-way.

THE GATE OF ONEIROLOGY: Costs a variable number of POW to cast, and a like number of magic points and one Sanity point to use. Takes a number of hours equal to the POW expended to cast. This spell resembles the Gate spell. However, it opens a physical pathway to the Dreamlands. When the gate is created, the maker must know the part of the Dreamlands he intends to open it onto. He must have visited the site himself, and know its relationship to at least one other area of Dream. The spell requires the sacrifice of 4 permanent POW and opens a permanent gate to the chosen spot. Travel through such a gate is two-way for investigators from the Waking World, but things originating in the Dreamlands cannot pass through it.

It is possible to build such a gate to a Dreamlands beside Earth's own. This costs an amount of POW equal to the cost



THE TIME CLOCK



for traveling to the spot's waking equivalent (see *Call of Cthulhu*). For instance, if an investigator, having once visited there, wished to build a gate of Oneirology to Yuggoth's Dreamlands, it would cost him 9 POW, since the Earthly Yuggoth (Pluto) is around 5 quadrillion miles away.

THE GATE OF DREAMS: Costs a variable number of POW to cast, and a like number of magic points and one Sanity to use. Takes a number of hours equal to the POW expended to cast. This spell, which is very similar to the Gate of Oneirology, creates a permanent gateway to the Dreamlands. However, it does not allow someone from the Waking World who crosses

into the Dreamlands to return, ever. The Gate of Dreams moves any being to Earth's Dreamlands, transubstantiating the Dreamlands equivalent for the traveler's earthly body. Alas, the Earthly body dies irretrievably after taking the thirteenth step past the gate; no return from the Dreamlands is possible after then. As an investigator proceeds into the gate any who views his progress will see him appear to fade slowly away, and a corpse version of the traveler slowly begin to coalesce into existence at the entrance to the gate. The traveler will appear to remain quite solid to himself, but will be able to see his own corpse forming if he looks back. If the investigator decides to

Two New Skills for the Dreamlands

Dreaming

The investigator receives this skill the first time he enters the Dreamlands, whether he dreams to get there or arrives physically. It starts at a percentile amount equal to the investigator's POW. The investigator gets one experience check in this skill each time he re-enters the Dreamlands and remains for more than a dream week, the skill increasing in identical fashion to any other game skill.

Dreaming is used to alter Dreamlands reality. However, it can be performed only in an ordinary dream. Hence the user must be asleep and dreaming. The dreamer chooses, consciously or unconsciously, what it is he creates. He may make something small, such as a piece of fruit. Or he may achieve something wonderful. The creation may take a single dream and a Dreaming roll to complete, or it may require many successful separate creative efforts, many dreams, and much time. King Kuranos created the land of Ooth-Nargai only after many dream-decades, and he is the greatest of all dreamers.

If the dream's creative impulse comes from the dreamer's subconscious, the keeper may decide what is created in whole or in part. Creations normally are not a threat to the dreamer (hence his subconscious would normally not dream up a Deep One to attack him), unless, of course, he is insane at the time.

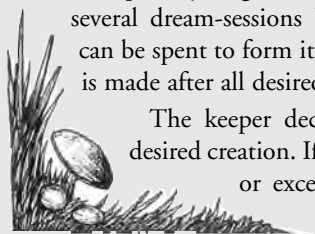
Magic points must be spent in the use of the Dreaming skill. Especially large or complex objects may require several dream-sessions before enough magic points can be spent to form it. The Dreaming skill attempt is made after all desired magic points are assigned.

The keeper decides upon the value of the desired creation. If the magic points spent equal or exceed the value, and the user's

skill roll is a success, then the object is created properly. The value represents the most important attribute of the object, whether that is size, quality, or whatever, as decided by the keeper. Living things normally have twice the value of their non-living equivalents. A sword might have a value of 9, since the maximum damage it can do is 9. If the sword were specially engraved and bejeweled, it would have a higher value, possibly 15, 20, or even higher, especially if the sword were magic. A dog might be assigned a value of 8 magic points since its SIZ is 4, and it, being living, costs twice that in magic points. A beautiful woman might cost 36 magic points since her most vital statistic, APP, is 18, and she is living. A painting the caliber of the Mona Lisa might have a value of 50 or even 80. A modest palace might cost 100-200 magic points.

Alterations may cost less than outright creations, depending on the nature of the alteration and the keeper's desires. For example, a shade tree transformed to a wooden bench does not have its basic nature (wood) altered, and the creation of the bench, which might normally cost 20 magic points, may only cost 5-15. A statue of a woman transformed into a beautiful living woman may only cost 18 points instead of 36, because the basic shape of the object was not altered. If both the nature and the shape of the object are unchanged, the alteration may cost even less, depending on the keeper's decision. Changing a shade tree into a fruit tree might only cost 3-4 magic points.

A dreamer normally cannot make alteration or create an object of more value than his Dreaming skill percentile. Thus, a dreamer with Dreaming of 45% could not make a house of higher value than 45. However, over the course of many creative dreams, he could create a whole village full of such houses. By the expenditure of POW along with the required magic points, the dreamer can overcome this





turn around before taking his thirteenth step beyond the gate he may return to the Waking World.

The requirements for familiarity with the desired location for the gate to open onto are the same as for the Gate of Oneirology, but because this spell is somewhat more limited in its usefulness, it requires only half as much POW (round any fractions up) be sacrificed. For example, a Gate of Dreams which opens onto Ulthar would only require 2 POW be sacrificed while a Gate of Dreams to a site in Yuggoth's Dreamlands would require 5. It is possible to distinguish between the two types of Gates on a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll.

The only known way to pass through a Gate of Dreams and be able to return is with the silver key or the key to the gates of wonder in the traveler's possession. The traveler must bear either key with him on both his entrance to and exit from the Dreamlands or else he will become a permanent resident just as if he had entered without a key to begin with. It is possible for someone to enter with one Key and leave with the other.

Who Can Enter

"There are not many persons who know what wonders are opened to them in the stories and visions of their youth; for when as chil-

limit, however, For each point of POW expended in the act of creation, this limit doubles. Thus our dreamer with a skill of 45, by spending 1 POW could make an object of up to 90 value. If he spent another point of POW, he could make an object of up to 180 value. If he spent a third, his limit would increase to 360 value. This does not increase his Dreaming skill of 45, however, and if he rolled 46 or higher on his creation attempt all the POW sacrificed would be wasted.

Such changes are "real" upon the dreamer's next trip to the Dreamlands proper. Objects created personally for the dreamer, such as clothing, tools, weapons, jewelry, money, etc., appear on his person when he enters the Dreamlands. Objects with an independent existence, those created at a specific point within the Dreamlands, immobile objects (such as palaces or trees), living beasts, and any other objects so designated by the keeper, exist at their point of creation, and the dreamer must travel there to find them. The dreamer may have no idea where his creation exists and may have to travel great distances to find it, as did Randolph Carter in *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*.

Normally the created object or alteration only exists for the Dreamer's next Dreamlands voyage. On second and subsequent trips after creation, it is non-existent, or has returned to its original form. However, POW can be expended to make the object permanent. Generally, one point of POW must be expended per act of creation, plus one POW for each point of POW that the creation cost. Especially vital creations may cost more POW, at the judgement of the keeper. For example, a dreamer with Dreaming 45 might spend 2 POW and 180 magic points to make a mansion with a value of 180. If he decided to make the mansion permanent, it would cost 1 POW (for the act of creation), plus 2 POW (because the mansion cost 2 POW to create in the first place). Hence he would spend a total of 5 POW and 180 magic points to form his new, permanent mansion. This would probably require many nights of concentrated dream-

ing effort. Of course, if his Dreaming skill roll failed, the POW and magic points would be wasted.

It is possible for natives and other permanent residents of the Dreamlands to use the dreaming skill, but they must roll 1/5 of their Dreaming skill. Thus, King Kuranos, greatest of all Earth's dreamers with a skill of 297%, now that he is a permanent resident of the Dreamlands would have to roll less than 59% in order to create something. Further note that permanent residents of the Dreamlands need not expend POW to make something last, since they can no longer leave the Dreamlands normally. Such creations will fade slowly from existence if the creator dies or somehow is transported out of the Dreamlands unless POW was sacrificed at the time of creation. Most native residents of the Dreamlands do not possess the dreaming skill.

Dream Lore

Percentiles of this skill represent a character's relative knowledge of the Dreamlands. Dream Lore allows the character to know something about a specific Dreamlands location, remember a point of Dreamlands history, recognize a Dreamlands creature, or identify particular entities as belonging to or not belonging to the Cthulhu Mythos—presumably such beings and creatures are completely alien in nature.

A new skill, Dream Lore has a base chance equal to half the investigator's Cthulhu Mythos skill (round down). For every two points of increased Cthulhu Mythos skill, the investigator's Dream Lore increases by one point, whether or not the increase occurs in or has directly to do with the Dreamlands. Dream Lore also increases through experience checks, like any other skill.



dren we listen and dream, we think but half-formed thoughts, and when as men we try to remember, we are dulled and prosaic with the poison of life. But some of us awaken in the night with strange phantasms of enchanted hills and gardens, of fountains that sing in the sun, of plains that stretch down to sleeping cities of bronze and stone, and of shadowy companies of heroes that ride caparisoned white horses along the edge of thick forests; and then we know that world of wonder which was ours before we were wise and unhappy.”

—H. P. Lovecraft, “Celephaïs”

Although the Dreamlands draw their existence from the minds of all of Earth’s dreamers, its gates are not open for all to enter. Even those who enter the Dreamlands once may not be able to do so again. Randolph Carter, one of the greatest dreamers the Earth ever knew, lost the ability to enter the Dreamlands by dreaming when he turned 30. Lovecraft writes that Carter “had read much of things as they are, and talked to too many people. Well-meaning philosophers had taught him to look into the logical relations of things, and analyze the processes which shaped his thoughts and fancies . . . They had chained him down to things that are, and then explained the workings of those things till mystery had gone out of the world . . . they turned him . . . toward the newfound prodigies of science.”

The Dreamlands are the realm of fancy where many wondrous things are possible. There is no need to explain why something is; it simply is. However, science balks at simple acceptance—it requires answers and explanations. As an investigator becomes more knowledgeable in the ways of the science of the Waking World he will find it more and more difficult to enter the Dreamlands by dreaming until, finally, he can no longer do so.

There are a number of skills of a scientific, mechanical, or Waking World nature which an investigator may acquire during a lifetime that can impede the necessary innate willingness to accept the sometimes-queer nature of the Dream realm: Anthropology, Archaeology, Astronomy, Biology, Chemistry, Credit Rating, Electrical Repair, Geology, History, Law, Operate Heavy Machinery, Pharmacy, Photography, and Physics. Modern-day variants of skills such as Drive, Pilot, or the various Firearms skills may also qualify in this category at the keeper’s discretion. These skills are specially marked on the Dreamlands character sheet on page 253 of this book. If the sum of an investigator’s percentiles in these skills is greater than 300, that investigator cannot enter the Dreamlands via any of the standard dream-routes. He or she may still enter it physically, or through the use of an item or spell, but not dream himself or herself there without aid. The person has become too much a part of the Waking World to believe in the Dreamlands on a subconscious level.

There are some who will never be able to enter the Dreamlands in their sleep—investigators who begin with too many “worldly skills.” Again, these people may still enter the

Dreamlands via one of the physical doors, or through the use of an item or spell. The fact that one may not enter the Dreamlands through the usual dream-gates does not preclude entering physically. To a scientist the Dreamlands may simply be a vast region which has been, until now, undiscovered and unexplored.

Lastly, the keeper should decide how common it is for everyday people to enter the Dreamlands. Remember that the Dreamlands are “of that vaster and more appalling universe of dim entity and consciousness which lies deeper than matter, time, and space, and whose existence we suspect only in . . . those rare dreams beyond dreams which come never to common men, and but once or twice in the lifetime of imaginative men.” Even allowing for the possibility of forgetting everything which one might see or do while in the Dreamlands, if everyone were capable of going there, then the Dreamlands would be far more widely known than they are.

Bringing Clothing and Equipment

Dreamlands technology is not that of the Waking World. In general, Dreamlands crafts and mechanical accomplishments resemble Earth’s, but an Earth centuries past. Instead of machine-guns, scimitars and bows are the common weapons. Rather than railways, most transport is by means of sailing vessel or caravan.

It is the nature of the Dreamlands that no object appears there until its reality has been “set” in the Waking World. This process takes approximately five hundred years. Only objects of forms basically unchanged for that amount of time or greater can exist in the Dreamlands.

Dreamers who travel through the Cavern of Flame arrive there naked, without equipment. One function of Nasht and Kaman-Thah is to properly garb dreamers passing that threshold. To every dreamer who asks, they provide an outfit of good clothing, a dagger of whatever style is desired, and three loaves of bread, a jug of water, and a hank of spun manna.

Investigators arriving in the Dreamlands via other methods have their clothing unchanged, but items of gear not already embedded in the Dreamlands’ reality soon visibly wriggle and twist, until in a few minutes they change into Dreamlands equivalents. For instance, a flashlight might be replaced by an Arabian-style oil lamp or torch, and a revolver might be transformed into a bow or a blowpipe.

If an investigator physically travels to the Dreamlands and returns his or her gear does not return to its original form. In this sense, the Dreamlands’ reality is more powerful than that of the Waking World.



Within a Dream

Once they have attained entry to the Dreamlands, investigators will find themselves in a world similar to but not totally like their own. Time runs differently here, varying from the flow of time in the Waking World and even varying from land to land in the world of Dream. Likewise, sanity gain and loss is modified, and even death and injury may not be permanent.

Time in the Dreamlands

Time flows in strange ways in the Dreamlands. To investigators from the Waking World it may seem as if a great deal of time, months or even years, has passed since their last visit. Similarly, a great deal of time within the Dreamlands may pass within the

span of one night. However, time will not always flow at a set rate; an investigator may enter the Dreamlands one night and spend a week within. He may return the next night to find that almost no time at all has passed since he last left. If he were to return again the next night he might find that many months had passed since his last visit, and he might stay many years. Although the investigator may age while in the Dreamlands, the effects of such aging will not extend into the Waking World and will vanish upon awakening. The keeper should make time within the Dreamlands flow to suit the needs of his own campaign.

For investigators who enter the Dreamlands physically, time will seem to pass at the same rate as in the Waking World, and will have the usual aging effects. For instance, someone who enters the Dreamlands physically for a few weeks will be gone from the Waking World for a few weeks; someone who enters the Dreamlands physically as a young man and stays for many years will be gone from the Waking World for many years and will return to it an old man.

Nightmare Effects Table

Choose an effect appropriate to the situation, or roll 1D10 to randomly determine a nightmare effect.

1—An object, item of clothing, or organ of the investigator melts away to nothing or becomes loathsome or horrifying (such as a scimitar becoming a snake if the wielder suffered from Ophiophobia). The object is restored to normal on the character's next trip to the Dreamlands.

2—The character suddenly finds himself unable to flee effectively. A hallway seems to stretch on infinitely, he is paralyzed, he seems glued to the ground, or he can flee only in excruciatingly slow motion. The effect ends after the threat causing the Sanity loss is disposed of or leaves.

3—The investigator's surroundings suddenly melt away, and the investigator finds himself in a different location. For instance, he might suddenly find himself alone in a locked room with the threat that prompted the Sanity loss.

4—One of the investigator's companions (not a dreamer, though), or a nearby plant or animal, is transformed into a horrid monster, probably similar to whatever caused the Sanity loss. The individual is restored to normal upon the dreamer's next visit to the Dreamlands.

5—An old wound, injury, disease, or malformation suddenly reappears to pain, terrify, and inconvenience the investigator. The wound is restored to normal in the dreamer's next dream.

6—The investigator wakes, but no longer knows whether he is awake

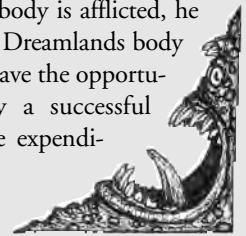
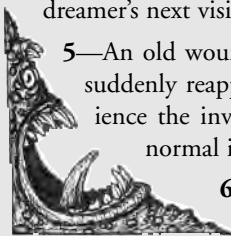
or dreaming. He is disoriented and cannot direct his dreaming to a particular person, place, or event in the Dreamlands until an amount of time chosen by the keeper passes, or until the investigator receives a successful Psychoanalysis roll.

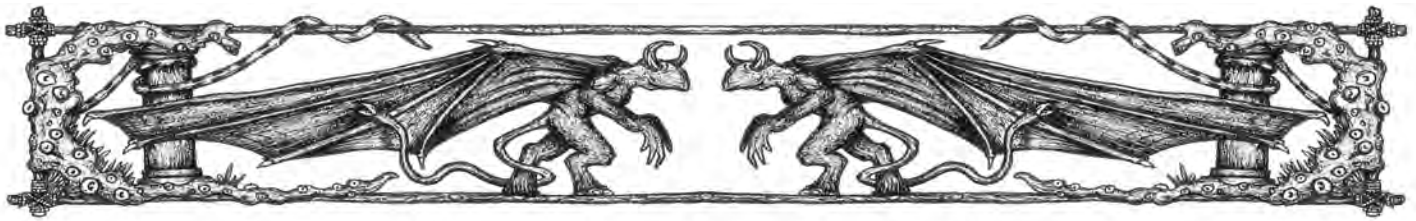
7—Match the Sanity loss against the investigator's INT on the resistance table. If his INT is overcome, he wakes up immediately, with his hair turned gray or white, or beginning to fall out.

8—Match the Sanity loss against the investigator's POW on the resistance table. If his POW is overcome, the investigator wakes up immediately, afflicted by a nervous tic chosen by the keeper. Depending on its nature, the tic may also reduce his APP or DEX by 1D3 points.

9—Match the SAN loss against the investigator's CON on the resistance table. If his CON is overcome, the investigator wakes up and immediately suffers a minor coronary arrest. If a roll of CON x10 or less on 1D100 fails, he dies. If the roll succeeds, he still loses 1 point of CON.

10—Any other appropriate effect, as chosen by the keeper. In general, if the investigator's real body is afflicted, he should be forced awake. If only his Dreamlands body is affected, the investigator should have the opportunity to relieve any problem, by a successful Dreaming roll and the appropriate expenditure of magic points.





Sanity Gain And Loss

A character regains Sanity in the Dreamlands at the normal *Call of Cthulhu* rate for defeating monsters or enemies. The means of losing Sanity are the same as in the Waking World, but the effects of Sanity loss are not.

If a character loses more than five points of Sanity in a single encounter and also fails an Idea roll, one Nightmare Effect (see box on previous page) is suffered. These nightmares replace both temporary and indefinite insanity. A character who loses all his Sanity is permanently transformed into the most appropriate horror the keeper can think of. For instance, a person who associated with ghouls might be transformed into a ghoul. The earthly body of such an unfortunate goes permanently insane or dies in its sleep.

Death And Injury

In the Dreamlands, investigators heal at normal game rates. In addition, the Dreaming skill may be used to restore hit points at the cost of 1D3 magic points for each hit point so cured. The investigator's actual body is never affected by such hit point loss. Any injuries received by a dreamer in the Dreamlands vanish upon the next trip to the Dreamlands.

If a dreaming investigator dies in the Dreamlands, he or she suffers a Nightmare Effect, is shocked awake in his or her earthly bed, loses 1D10 SAN, and also loses the power to ever again dream. An investigator physically present in the Dreamlands who dies there never reappears on Earth.

Conversely, investigators who die in the real world might be able to pass over into the Dreamlands with a successful Dreaming roll at death.

Exit the Dreamlands

An investigator physically present in the Dreamlands can leave only by finding one of the physical paths, such as those in the Forbidden Lands past the Tanarian Hills, the ghoul tunnels from the Underworld which lead to the Waking World, or similar means. If he walks back up the Seven Hundred Steps to Deeper Slumber, to find the Cavern of Flame, he can exit the Dreamlands by proceeding up through the Seventy Steps of Light Sleep.

Whether or not he exits through a different place than that he entered by, his Waking World point of arrival is always the same as that through which he entered the Dreamlands. A character cannot travel in the Waking World by using the Dreamlands as a shortcut.

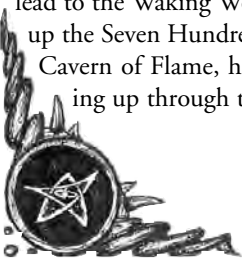
If an investigator's dream self is present, he may also leave by means of a path to the Waking World. If he takes such a path, as he nears the Waking World, he first sees the town in which he lives at a distance, then he can make out his own house, then, as he draws closer and closer, suddenly a blaze of light overwhelms him. He wakes up, his dream over.

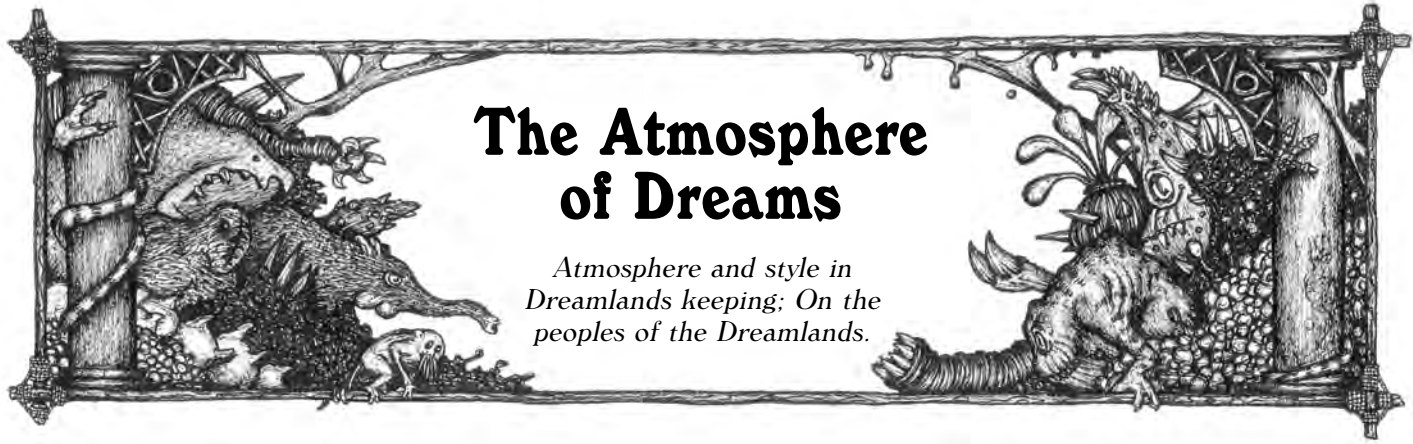
It is also possible for a character to will himself awake. In order to do so the investigator must make a successful Dreaming skill roll to "convince" himself that he is in fact just dreaming. A character who makes this roll wakes up safe and sound. If the investigator fails his roll he is unable to wake up at this time, but may try again later. If the investigator fumbles this roll, he is unable to distinguish between his current dream and reality and may not try voluntarily to wake up again at all during his current sojourn in the Dreamlands. The keeper should only allow an attempt to roll to wake up if the investigator is in very dire circumstances; for example, Randolph Carter is only able to force himself awake after he flings himself off the back of a shantak which is flying through space toward Azathoth's court.

An investigator may also be awakened if his body is disturbed in the Waking World, perhaps by a loud noise, being shaken vigorously, or a similar startlement. To remain asleep when being so disturbed, the investigator must get a successful Idea roll.

If an investigator awakens when on an adventure, his companions simply notice that he isn't there any more. This disappearance is always fairly natural; he might simply go into his cabin and not return, or they might look up from their places at table and notice that his food has been untouched—and, in fact, that he isn't in his seat anymore.

Any time an investigator awakens from a dream, he risks forgetting much of what he learned therein. To simulate this, after the investigator wakes, have him attempt an Idea roll. If it succeeds, then he can remember what happened in his dream as if it had occurred in "real life." If the Idea roll fails, however, the dream experiences and discoveries are not clearly remembered. Confiscate any notes the player kept on his investigator's findings and deny the investigator any experience checks gained during the episode, but retain any changes in Sanity, Cthulhu Mythos, or the Dreaming skill. Spells learned are forgotten. ✠





The Atmosphere of Dreams

Atmosphere and style in Dreamlands keeping; On the peoples of the Dreamlands.

Call of *Cthulhu* is a game of mood, and atmosphere is one of many elements that contribute toward making it so enjoyable. Yet while the details of mundane objects such as cars, trolleys, and hotel rooms can be largely left to the players' imaginations in Waking World scenarios, the atmosphere required when playing in the Dreamlands must be much more pervasive. Without the correct presentation, players may feel that they are adventuring in an ordinary fantasy roleplaying setting, rather than exploring the realms of dream.

Lovecraft used several tricks to present his dream world which can also be used by keepers in creating the necessary feel; his Dreamlands stories are a mine of atmosphere, and reading at least some of these is strongly recommended. They will equip you with the full idea of dream-adventuring. While it is easy to recognize the Dunsanian style used by Lovecraft in these tales, it is less easy to understand how the mood is built and maintained.

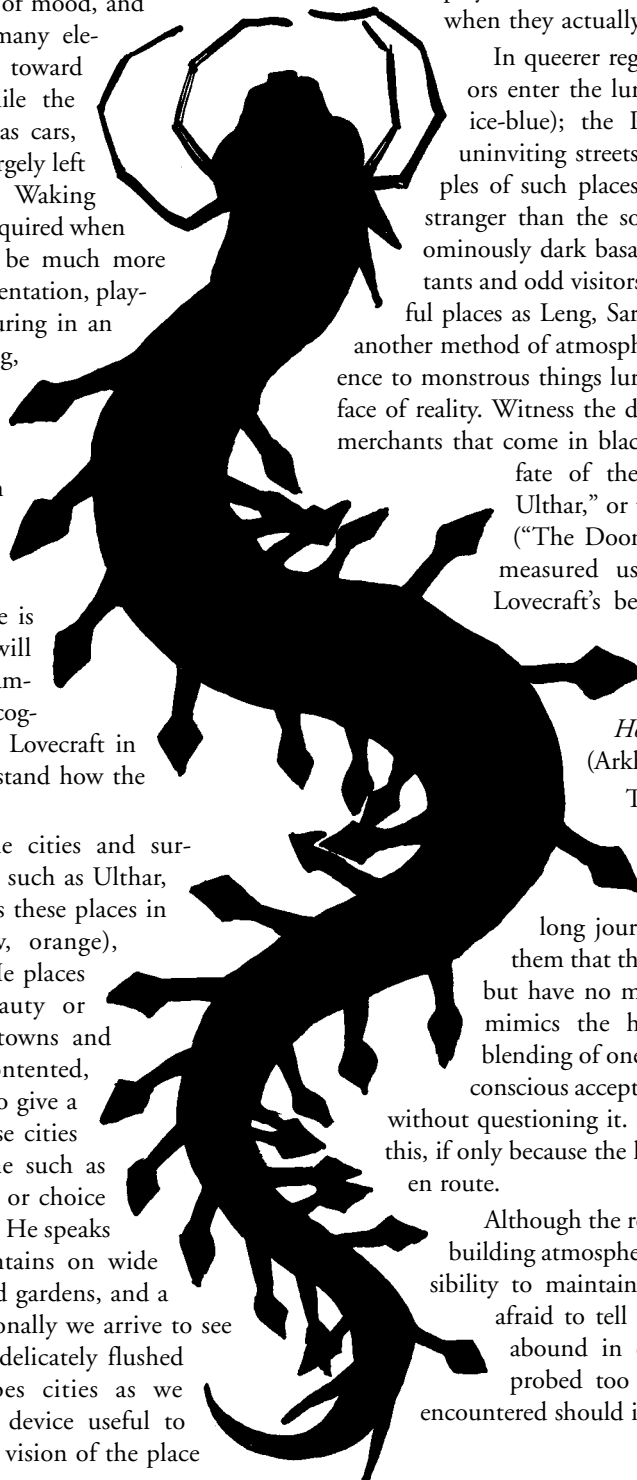
When Lovecraft describes the cities and surroundings of central Dreamlands, such as Ulthar, Baharna, and Celephaïs, he paints these places in solar hues (red, purple, yellow, orange), implying warmth and coziness. He places great emphasis on delicate beauty or strange curiosities within these towns and cities and populates them with contented, superstitious folk always willing to give a traveler a bed for the night. These cities are constructed of exquisite stone such as veined marble, jade, or porphyry, or choice wood like oak, teak, or mahogany. He speaks of beautiful scenes: singing fountains on wide terraces, scented flowers in hushed gardens, and a golden dome upon a hill. Occasionally we arrive to see the city bathed in the light of a delicately flushed sunset. Lovecraft often describes cities as we approach by ship or caravan, a device useful to atmosphere as it lodges an overall vision of the place

in player minds, simplifying the keeper's task later when they actually enter.

In queerer regions of the Dreamlands, the colors enter the lunar spectrum (white, gray, black, ice-blue); the Plateau of Leng and the dark, uninviting streets of Dylath-Leen are good examples of such places. They seem much rougher and stranger than the solar-hued cities, and are built of ominously dark basalt, or filled with peculiar inhabitants and odd visitors. The descriptions of such dreadful places as Leng, Sarkomand, or Sarnath also involve another method of atmosphere creation: the sly, adroit reference to monstrous things lurking beneath or beyond the surface of reality. Witness the descriptions of the wide-mouthed merchants that come in black galleys to Dylath-Leen, or the fate of the old couple in "The Cats of Ulthar," or the bulk of the legend of Sarnath ("The Doom That Came to Sarnath"). The measured use of this establishes veins of Lovecraft's beloved cosmic horror which can later be tapped when things begin to go awry. A bookful of examples can be found in *The House of the Worm* by Gary Myers (Arkham House, 1975).

The workings of real dreams can provide profitable play ideas. For instance, investigators at some time may undertake a long journey. At the end, the keeper tells them that they have reached their destination, but have no memory of the voyage itself. This mimics the haphazard flow of dreams, the blending of one scene into another, and the subconscious acceptance that something has occurred without questioning it. Every journey should not be like this, if only because the keeper wishes something to occur en route.

Although the role of the keeper is emphasized in building atmosphere the players, too, have a responsibility to maintain and the keeper should not be afraid to tell them so. Remember that secrets abound in dreams, oddities should not be probed too deeply, and not every curiosity encountered should immediately be investigated.





Styles of Dreamlands Keeping

However, there is more to the Dreamlands than just atmosphere; there is also style. There are three main styles in which the various Dreamlands stories are written, best exemplified by the stories of Lovecraft, Myers, and Lumley.

The Lovecraftian style blends elements of Dunsany with Edgar Rice Burroughs. On the one hand, Randolph Carter is traveling to exotic locations and dealing with many strange people and creatures, while on the other he finds himself leading large armies into battle at least twice. Allies play an impor-

tant role in the Lovecraftian setting, and the keeper should be aware that investigators may be able to call upon forces which they would otherwise not have access to in the Waking World. Leading an army of cats against a moonbeast outpost is quite possible in the Dreamlands, while in the waking World investigators may have trouble getting the local police to believe their wild tales of Deep Ones.

The second style is that put forth by Gary Myers in his stories in *The House of the Worm*. Myers paints a picture of the Dreamlands where all is not as it seems. Great evil and menace may lie just beneath the surface of anything or anyone, and

The People of Dream

The Dreamlands are populated by a wide variety of peoples just as is the Waking World. For the most part these people appear as human beings. They do differ from the people of the Waking World in that they are slightly smaller in stature. Waking Worlders visiting or living in the Dreamlands permanently will therefore be recognizable as not originating in the Dreamlands. Even short investigators will seem to have about them that certain intangible air which will mark them as having come from the Waking World. There is no stigma or benefit to this status within the Dreamlands.

Although there are different ethnic types and societies within the Dreamlands, all of its peoples speak a common tongue. It will sound strange to the ears of dreamers, soft and lyrical. At the same time it will be easily understood and spoken by all dreaming visitors to the Dreamlands. It is only very isolated or degenerate human societies within the

Dreamlands which do not share this language.

The main benefit to this common language is that two dreamers who do not speak common languages in the Waking World may communicate freely in the Dreamlands. Residents of the

Dreamlands, natural or ex-Waking World, will be able to understand any

Waking World tongue which is spoken to them. Various non-human residents of the Dreamlands

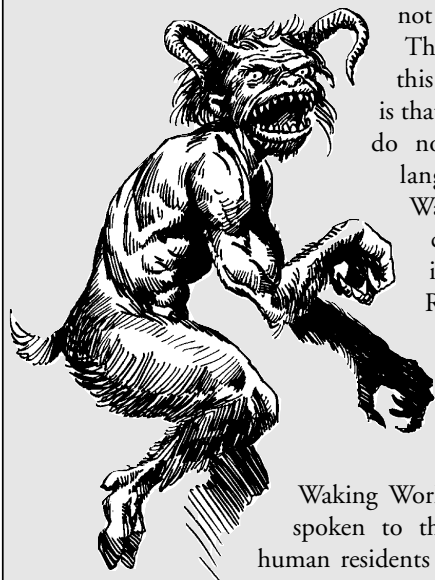
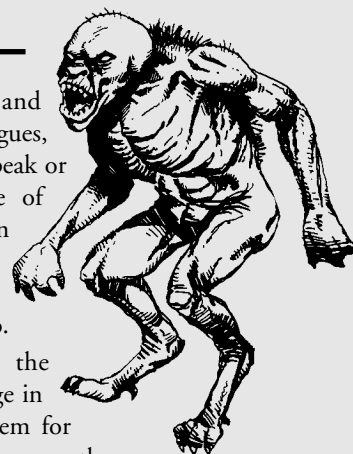
(such as ghouls, cats, and zoogs) have their own tongues, and may not be able to speak or understand the language of mankind. Certain human languages of the past are also unintelligible, notable among them Aklo.

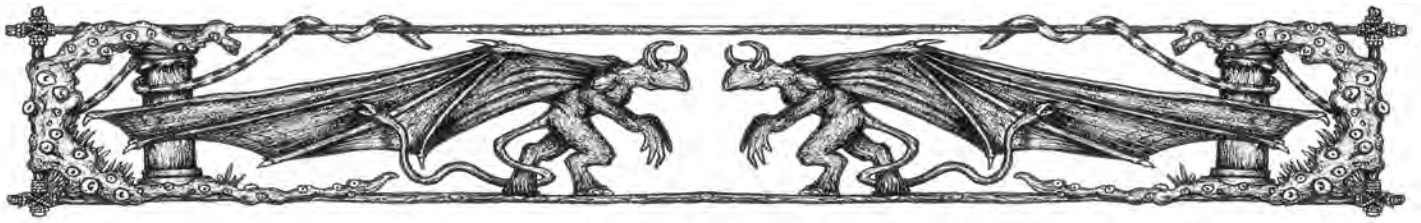
The peoples of the Dreamlands usually engage in a form of the barter system for the exchange of goods. However, they are also known to use gems, such as opals, rubies, and diamonds, as a system of exchange. There are even systems of coinage in some regions of the Dreamlands. It is left up to the keeper to determine the exact costs of things and what form of payment will be accepted. Free use should be made of the barter skill.

Appendix One provides a complete system for creating Dreamlands Adventurers. It can also be used for creating non-player characters. Dreamlands natives dream and cast spells slightly differently than Waking Worlders:

THE DREAMING SKILL: The fabric of the Dreamlands is more real to its natives, so it is more difficult for them to use the Dreaming skill. Only rare natives actually have the skill, and their players must roll under 1/5 of their total for an attempt to be successful in using it.

WAKING WORLD SPELLS: The spells of the Waking World, detailed in *Call of Cthulhu*, are not as horrific for natives of the Dreamlands, because they live in a magical world. Whenever a Dreamlands native casts one of the simpler spells of the Waking World, he only pays the minimum Sanity cost. The more terrible and powerful spells of the Dreamlands still cost their normal Sanity values.





appearances can be deceiving. The hand of the Great Old Ones has been held in check, but they are not without influence, and who knows when they may come forth once again.

Lastly, as written in the books by Brian Lumley, the Dreamlands may have a certain swords-and-sorcery quality about them, a larger than life air that lends itself well to a swashbuckling flavor ill-suited to other *Call of Cthulhu* adventures. It is often said in his stories that things are often much easier in dreams than they are in the Waking World. Go with that. Don't be afraid to let investigators off the hook if they haven't got the necessary skills to save themselves or miss a die roll by a couple of points. Remember, the rules are little different in the Dreamlands, and the gods take a slightly more active hand in things than in the Waking World.

The type of adventure that you choose to run is entirely up to you. It could be dark and brooding or vast and epic. The Dreamlands has something for everyone.

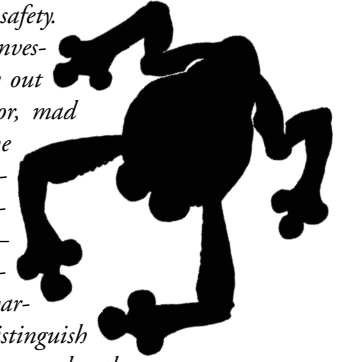
Integrating Dreamlands Adventures

No matter what style of you choose, remember this: adventures in the Dreamlands need have no connection to events in the Waking World. Randolph Carter's Dream-Quest for Kadath is not spurred on by anything which the Great Old Ones or their servants are doing in Boston. If you want to have the investigators visit the Dreamland as part of a larger plot to save the world from Cthulhu, feel free to do so. But, don't feel that every trip to the Dreamlands must have some connection to events in the Waking World; the Dreamlands are a world all of their own, connected to, but separate from the Waking World.

The trick with running unrelated adventures is figuring out how to integrate them into an ongoing campaign. The following suggestions might prove useful:

- *Sometimes investigators go insane and need to be confined for their own safety.*

This doesn't mean that the investigator in question is totally out of the action. Have the poor, mad soul take a trip to the Dreamlands. This is an especially good option for investigators who are catatonic—which is really dull to role-play. Furthermore, insane characters may not be able to distinguish between waking reality and the Dreamlands.



- *Similarly, investigators who are lost at sea—adrift in a lifeboat or on a raft, or stranded on remote islands—may find themselves rescued by the White Ship and taken to the Dreamlands. Such excursions make a good interlude while the characters are lying unconscious and delirious on their drifting raft, only to awaken in an infirmary bed aboard a passing freighter.*
- *At the keeper's discretion, experienced dreamers may choose to live on in the Dreamlands when their Earthly forms have died. This is an excellent way to keep favorite characters—both player characters and non-player characters—around. Evil cultists which the investigators thought they had dispatched for good can really make life hellish for their Waking World enemies from the safety of the Dreamlands.*

Be creative. Imagine an unfortunate investigator who has had his brain removed and taken to Yuggoth by the Mi-Go. Such brains are still capable of sleeping within the Mi-Go brain boxes, and Yuggoth does have its own Dream-realm. Perhaps it would be possible for such a doomed investigator to escape into Yuggoth's Dream-realm and then make his way to Earth's Dreamlands as a way of escaping his fate. The only limit to such adventures is your imagination. 🐸



The Dream-Quest of Randolph Carter

A travelogue of the Dreamlands, introducing and examining many of the people and places found therein.

The following essay takes a close look at Randolph Carter's epic Dream-Quest. It provides an introductory overview of many of the people, places, and things which are examined in detail later in the book. Important uses of terms are listed in a bold font, once per page, to increase clarity. This essay is not meant to be just a retelling of the story The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath. There are portions of this essay which will gloss over or omit certain events. The reader is encouraged to find and read the stories upon which this essay is based. A full listing appears in the bibliography of this book.

In his dreams, Randolph Carter had seen a city more marvelous than any he had ever known. He prayed to the gods to reveal to him the way to this city, but his visions stopped. He resolved to seek out the gods in their abode high atop Kadath and confront them with his petition. Thus began perhaps the greatest quest ever undertaken by one of Earth's dreamers. Randolph Carter was a young man, and had traveled somewhat in the Dreamlands. The journey he was about to undertake would take him to almost every corner of that fanciful realm in his search for Kadath, the home of the gods.

Like so many other Earthly dreamers, Carter entered the Dreamlands by descending the **Seventy Steps of Lighter Slumber** to the **Cavern of Flame**. Here Carter sought the guidance of the two priests **Nasht** and **Kaman-Thah**. Nasht and Kaman-Thah are the high priests of the **Great Ones**, or the Elder Ones, as the gods of the Dreamlands are variously known. Although they are only priests, they are sometimes worshiped in the Dreamlands as gods themselves. They reside in their cavern-temple and act to protect men's dreams from the nightmares which inhabit the Dreamlands, to keep humanity from despoiling the lands of fancy, and to serve as a conduit for prayers which are mistakenly directed to them.

Nasht and Kaman-Thah are very knowledgeable regarding the Dreamlands, but they are not known to leave their cavern-temple. They are generally helpful to dreamers seeking entrance to the Dreamlands, but dreamers are advised to be respectful when dealing with these two. They are fully capable of defending themselves should the need arise. No creature of nightmare would dare approach their abode, for the presence of a flaming pillar keeps them away. In the direst of emergencies the priests may evoke the Elder Gods themselves for protection. If this should become necessary the pillar will come to life and smite any foe who should menace its priests.

Carter passed by the priests, and journeyed onward. Leading down from the cavern are seven hundred steps which lead to the **Gate of Deeper Slumber**. Dreamers whom Nasht and Kaman-Thah do not refuse will be allowed to descend these steps and enter the Dreamlands. This gate opens into the eastern portion of the **Enchanted Wood**.

This wood is the primary home of the zoogs. **Zoogs** are small, brown, rodent-like creatures with a small cluster of tentacles at the end of their snouts. They are very curious creatures and wander over much of the Dreamlands collecting secrets which they then tell to each other over their hearth fires as entertainment. This means that they are excellent sources of information concerning most of the Dreamlands. The trick is getting the information out of them. They also seem capable of entering the Waking World, for the Enchanted Wood is known to intersect with it at no fewer than two points. Further, they are able to, from time to time, slip past Nasht and Kaman-Thah and enter men's dreams. Why they should wish to do so is a mystery.





Zoogs are carnivorous, and many an unwary dreamer has entered the Enchanted Wood and never emerged. Zoogs are intelligent creatures and have a society of their own. They gather together in small communities which, if they were inhabited by men, would be called villages.

Although they are capable of manipulating small objects with their forepaws they do not use weapons or have a written language. Zoogs are capable of understanding some of the language of mankind as spoken in the Dreamlands, but they also have their own tongue, which can be best described as a kind of fluttering sound. Some dreamers, like Randolph Carter, have learned this language and even made treaties with the Zoogs. The zoogs harbor a great deal of resentment toward the cats of Ulthar owing to their recent military defeat at the paws of the cats.

After consulting with the zoogs, Carter headed westward toward the Skai River Valley and the town of Ulthar. With him, he took a gourd of the zoogs' best moon wine, and a small escort of furtive and curious zoogs.

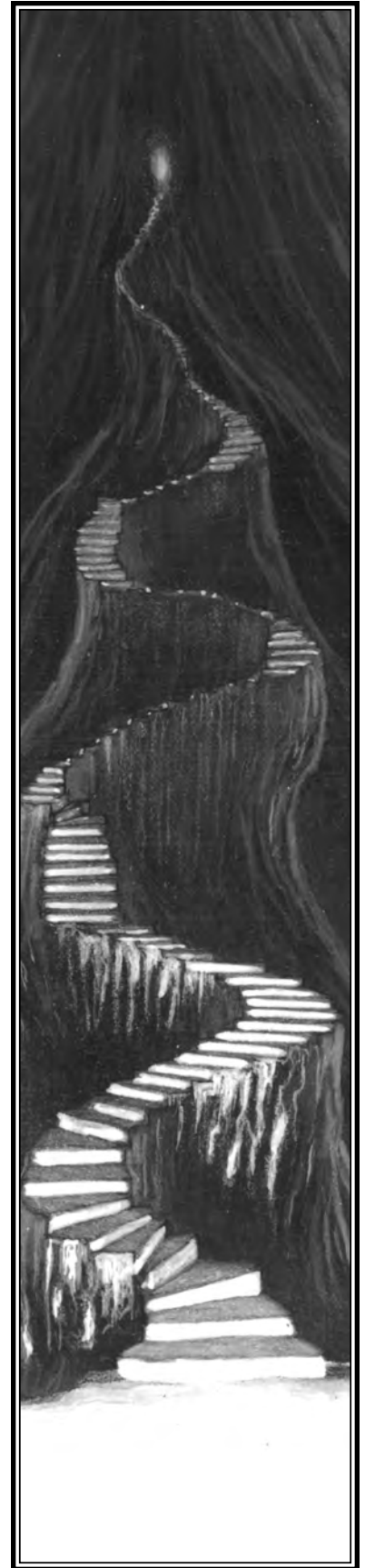
The **River Skai** has its headwaters in the high valley of Mynanthra, which lies between the peaks of Lerion and Dlareth. After descending from the high valley, the river winds its way through the fertile valley which bears its name. Along its banks are the towns of Nir, Ulthar, Hatheg, and a number of smaller farming communities. Together this area is the **Kingdom of the Skai**. Each of the towns is run by a burgomaster and a council of burgesses. The three towns are free to make their own laws and govern their own affairs, but they are all under the rule of the King of the Skai.

The **King of the Skai** is not a true King, as is King Kuranos of Celephaïs. The King of the Skai is primarily an administrative office which oversees the collection of taxes for the good of the whole region, and he may make decisions which affect the region as a whole. Taxes are used to maintain militias, enforce laws, and provide against times of famine or drought. The King can also, as did King Pnil of Ulthar, muster the armed forces of the Valley if necessary. Although not a true king, the King of the Skai is accorded the same respect as are other kings. The Skai River Valley is counted as one of the **Six Kingdoms**—the other five being Ilek-Vad, Ooth-Nargai and Serannian, the Kingdom of Oukranos, the Khalifate of Cuppar-Nombo, and the Principalities of Kled—although some of the other kings consider the King of the Skai to be the “poor relation” in the family of kings.

The King of the Skai is chosen from among the burgomasters, who in turn are chosen from the burgesses. Each king reigns for life, and upon his passing the burgesses of all three towns convene in Ulthar at the Temple of the Elder Ones. They then decide which of the three burgomasters will be the next king. Once chosen, the king is crowned by Atal the High Priest of the temple. He then chooses where he will hold his court. Traditionally, a king will locate his court in the town of which he was recently burgomaster, but he may choose to locate his court anywhere within the Valley of the Skai.

Traveling through the Kingdom of the Skai, Carter soon came to the town of Nir. After crossing the Skai River via Nir's great stone bridge, he entered the town of **Ulthar**. Picking his way through the cats that filled the streets, Carter sought out Atal, said to know more about the Great Ones than any other.

In a flower-festooned shrine atop the Temple of the Elder Ones resides the **High Priest Atal**. Atal has lived in Ulthar since he was a child and, at over 300 years old, is still very keen of mind and memory. He is a kindly soul who is helpful to dreamers engaged in worthy endeavors, and knows a great deal about all the Dreamlands, including much which is secret. He spoke with Lothron the Necromancer, the only man ever to enter and return from 'Ygiroth, and wrote down what Lothron saw there before his strange disappearance. He is also the only man in the Dreamlands to have deciphered the glowing glyphs in the *Fourth Book of D'harsis*.





Atal was a boy when the Ulthar burgesses passed the town law forbidding the killing of cats. This law was passed after an unfortunate incident involving a terrible old couple who lived in Ulthar and a group of wanderers known as the Dark People, who used to visit Ulthar every year. The burgesses of the time consulted Barzai the Wise, who was very learned in the ways of the gods. As Atal grew older he became the apprentice of **Barzai**, and began to learn what he could of the gods from him. When Barzai, in his pride, thought to climb **Mount Hatheg-Kla** in an attempt to catch a glimpse of the gods as they danced atop that peak, Atal went with him. Only Atal returned from the trip telling that Barzai had been dragged screaming into the sky by the **Other Gods**, who are known to watch over the **Great Ones**.

Afterward **Atal** came into possession of the *Book of Barzai*, which is filled with all the knowledge **Barzai** accumulated over his life. Atal still has this tome but is reluctant to allow others to see it, for it was the knowledge within that drove Barzai to scale Hatheg-Kla. Despite his great fondness for his former mentor, Atal has never been persuaded to pray for the soul of his lost comrade. He knows that such prayers would be in vain.

The temple library also contains copies of the *Pnakotic Manuscripts* and the *Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan*. Atal is happy to allow visitors to consult these tomes, but he is very tight-lipped with information which he considers to be dangerous. However, Atal can be plied with strong drink to reveal that which he would not otherwise say.

Randolph Carter used the wine of the zoogs to loosen Atal's tongue, and learned of the face carved on the southern slope of Mt. Ngranek on the island of Oriab. Carter knew that the gods often took the shape of men in order to move among them, and to mate with beautiful women. He believed that if he could determine what the features of the gods were, then by looking for an area where those features were common among the residents he would have found an area close to the home of the gods: Kadath in the Cold Wastes.

As Carter left Atal's presence, he noted that his escort of curious zoogs had finally disappeared. Most strangely, the cats of Ulthar were licking their chops and cleaning themselves.

Cats in the Dreamlands are not simply pets or wild animals as they are in the Waking World. Cats, much like the zoogs, have their own society. **Ulthar** is the center of cat society, but they have no single leader. Rather each town is treated as its own clan, and each has a patriarch of its cats. These old cats are wise creatures who have served for long years in the armies of the cats and are now too old or wounded to continue to serve in the field. They have settled down and brought their experiences of the wide Dreamlands home to help guide the younger cats as they grow. The patriarch of Celephaïs, a dignified Maltese, is the wisest of all the patriarchs, and has lived for over 250 years.

All cats must serve for a period of time in the armies of their kind, but there is no set period of time that a hitch must last. One campaign in the field is usually the minimum requirement, but it may last as long as the individual cat desires.

Cats have their own language, which they have taught to select humans on occasion. Cats are capable of moving between the Waking World and the Dreamlands, just as are men. Cats are wise enough to know better than to try and enter the Dreamlands physically, however. The fact that cats can enter the Dreamlands in the same way as human dreamers means that they can keep track of how dreamers behave in the Waking World. Only investigators who are known to be kind to cats in the Waking World and the Dreamlands will gain the confidence of these creatures and can learn their tongue. It is a great honor to be befriended by the Dreamlands' cats, for they know much of the Dreamlands and are strong allies.

When the new moon rises over Ulthar, all the cats become curiously absent. It is rumored by the town's residents that this is because the cats travel to **the moon** to frolic and cavort. This is in fact the case. Individual cats are quite capable of leaping off of



the rooftops of houses and landing on the moon. If a great number of cats all make the leap as a group, they are even capable of taking dreamers with them, both to and from the moon.

Cats can be found throughout the length and breadth of the Dreamlands except for the cold northern lands near Inquanok. The cats say it is because the folk of that land have a certain unearthliness to them, and that the land holds certain shadows which no cat can endure. These shadows are not the sort which can be seen by men; they are created by that which lies restlessly sleeping beneath the House of the Worm near Vornai on the Plain of Kaar. No cats may be found in these lands, which is a great cause of sadness among its residents.

While generally peaceful, the cats are usually involved in some sort of conflict with their various enemies which include the zoogs, the **moonbeasts** who inhabit the dark side of the moon, the strange **cats from Saturn** who sometimes also come to Earth's moon and who are allied with the moonbeasts, the **chimeras** of the deserts beyond distant Gak, and the red-footed **wamps** who frequent the cemeteries of the Dreamlands. Of all these enemies, the only one which the cats truly fear are the cats from Saturn.

Currently the cats have an uneasy peace with the **zoogs**, owing to their holding of hostages taken from the various zoog noble houses after a preemptive assault on the zoogs in the Enchanted Wood. This assault came as a result of Randolph Carter overhearing the zoogs planning to attack the cats, in retaliation for the cats having eaten the young zoogs who followed Carter into Ulthar. The hostages are being held in the Temple of Cats. Furthermore, the zoogs must make a tribute of grouse, quail, and pheasants to the cats in recognition of the cat's victory.

By caravan, Randolph Carter traveled to **Dylath-Leen**. For six days he rode the smooth road that runs alongside the Skai River, passing fishing villages and green countryside along the way. Here, he hoped to take a ship to Baharna, a port just two day's zebra ride from Mt. Ngranak on the isle of Oriab.

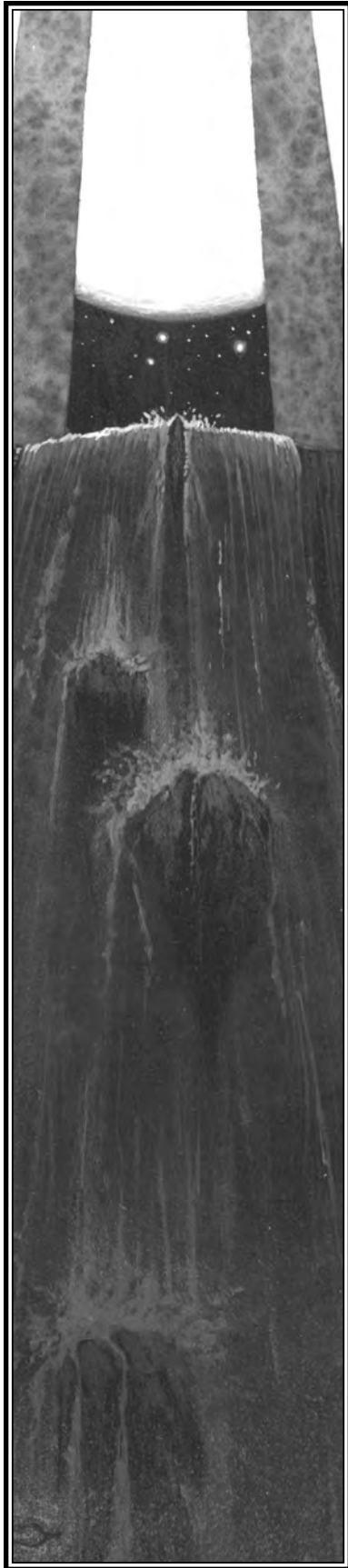
Dylath-Leen is the greatest port in the Dreamlands. Ships from every land berth there, including many thought to be from beyond the Earth.

Among those ships thought not to originate on Earth are the **black galleys**. These ships have three banks of oars which move both vigorously and accurately, enabling them to move most swiftly across the seas. What manner of crew they may have belowdecks is a matter of great speculation—for whenever one of these ships puts into port, only a handful of merchants come ashore to trade for gold and for slaves, which they purchase by the pound. However, given the disturbing nature of the merchants themselves, perhaps it is best that the crews remain unseen. The stench which the black galleys bring with them is enough to spread through the entire city, causing every shop and household to burn strong incense and thag-weed to ward off the odor. Were it not for the fact that these ships bear cargoes of rubies unlike any to be found in the Dreamlands, they would undoubtedly not be tolerated in Dylath-Leen. As it stands, the fact that Dylath-Leen has anything at all to do with these ships has given the city something of an ill reputation among the people of the Skai River Valley.

What little is known of the merchants is that they have a very unnatural appearance to them; their mouths are too wide for any wholesome men, and their shoes are most curious—the shortest slippers that anyone has ever seen, as if the wearers walked on their toes. Worst of all is the uncouth fashion in which their turbans are humped up in two spots in the front, just above their foreheads. The clothes that they wear are made of the finest silks, embroidered with shocking designs which are well not to stare at for too long. Their speech is a hushed and furtive sort of whisper which makes one feel that they are constantly plotting something.

The **Other Gods** have many agents moving among the Dreamlands. Some are fully human and others are not. They all eagerly work, hoping to gain the favor of





Nyarlathotep. The merchants of the black galleys are just such agents. Unbeknownst to the men of Dylath-Leen, these merchants come from none other than the dreaded plateau of ultimate horror: Leng. That is not where the ships they sail upon come from. The galleys are the creation of the **moonbeasts** and sail from their city, hidden from sight on the far side of the moon. The moonbeasts, who man the oars of these galleys, are so unlike men that they cannot pass among them unnoticed. However, when properly disguised, their man-like servants—the **men from Leng**—can pass for human and are highly useful in dealing with Earth's merchants.

Another of these agents known to frequent Dylath-Leen is a certain old **slant-eyed merchant** who is reputed to traffic with the peculiar stone villages of Leng. Furthermore, he is rumored to have dealings with the high-priest-not-to-be-described who inhabits the prehistoric stone monastery at the center of that plateau. This merchant has no name, but he deals in shantak eggs and other rare commodities known to originate only in that area of the Dreamlands which borders on Leng. He can be found in almost any area of the Dreamlands, as the keeper requires, pursuing his trade and watching for unwary dreamers that he might deliver to his insane masters. If questioned regarding his travels he is cagey, but will endeavor to gain the investigator's trust to better facilitate luring him to some horrible fate.

Randolph Carter, while waiting for a ship to Baharna on the Isle of Oriab, was unfortunate enough to encounter both of these agents. He first spoke with the slant-eyed merchant, whom he questioned regarding the Cold Waste. The merchant informed the merchants of the black galley of Carter's questions when they arrived in port. Carter was then shanghaied by the merchants and found himself aboard one of those dreaded black galleys bound for its home port. Randolph Carter made note of all the lands which the galley passed on its voyage. It is worth noting that the black galley passes all of the lands in the **Fantastic Realms** and reaches the Basalt Pillars of the West in but a single day, while the White Ship takes almost a month to journey from Son-Nyl to the same Basalt Pillars.

As the **black galley** traveled westward the first land it passed was that of **Zak**, the abode of forgotten dreams. Here resides every dream that has ever been forgotten. In the city of Zar live amnesiacs, who have even forgotten themselves.

Past Zak the mouth of the river Zuro empties into the Southern Sea. At its mouth stands the port of **Aphorat**. Aphorat's most famous resident was Zenig. Zenig, too, sought Kadath and the Great Ones. None know what may have befallen him, for he never returned.

Westward from Aphorat lies **Thalarion**. Thalarion is not a land, but a single city. It is said to be the City of a Thousand Wonders, wherein dwell all those mysteries that man has striven in vain to fathom. This mighty city, hidden by clouds, is ruled over by the eidolon **Lathi**. Thalarion is also known as a daemon-city in which the streets are covered with the bleached bones of those who have gazed upon Lathi. No man who has entered Thalarion's high walls has ever returned. Thalarion is wisely avoided by ships as they pass, for little of what is spoken of Thalarion is actually true. Although it is ruled over by the eidolon Lathi, in reality Thalarion is a great termite hive.

Inland from Thalarion is one of the great wonders of the Dreamlands. There, standing on a gentle plane several miles north of the city, rising almost one third of a mile into the sky, stands a tree. It is the **Great Tree** of the Dreamlands, and is one of three surviving members of an almost dead race. This race of trees originated on a world far across the reaches of both space and time from the Dreamlands. After long eons of existence on their home planet, the sun about which they orbited began to fade. The air grew chill, the ground froze, and slowly the Great Trees began to die off. Then a traveling sorcerer, Ardatha Ell, came to their world. Although he was too late to save the few trees which remained, he stayed with them until they had withered to nothing.



When he left the now lifeless sphere which was the home world for the mighty trees, he took with him the life-leaves, or seeds, of the last three trees. These he planted in such places where they would grow and flourish. One of them he planted in Earth's Dreamlands. Over the centuries it slowly extended its vast root system through the earth around it. At last, when the time was right, it emerged from the ground as a sapling and took nourishment from the sun. It grew quickly and reached its current height in just under fifty years.

From its branches hang tendrils which the tree is capable of using to grasp those who wander beneath its canopy of leaves. The tree is not hostile and will use violence only in its own defense and only as a last resort.

Stretching northward from the base of the tree is a swath of dead soil. This is the track left by the tree as it moves along in search of nourishment. Due to the Tree's great size it quickly drains all the minerals out of the ground beneath it and would die if it could not move. The tree "walks" for all of its life span, but scarcely moves an inch each day.

Unlike normal trees, Great Trees are sentient creatures. Once someone is in contact with the tree it is capable of communicating with him or her telepathically. The tree is particularly fond of visitors from the Waking World, and especially those who have entered the Dreamlands physically. It has lived for 10,000 years and knows much of the history of the Dreamlands. Furthermore, all Great Trees hold the memories of all their ancestors, so it also has a great deal of knowledge from beyond human experience. It is quite happy to share this information with visitors in exchange for news of happenings from anywhere. Guests will be lifted into the branches of the Tree where they will be quite safe from any harm. The leaves of the tree give off a pollen-like substance known as the Dust of Dreams. Men who inhale this dust while sleeping are safe from all forms of nightmares and from the dream sendings of the Great Old Ones.

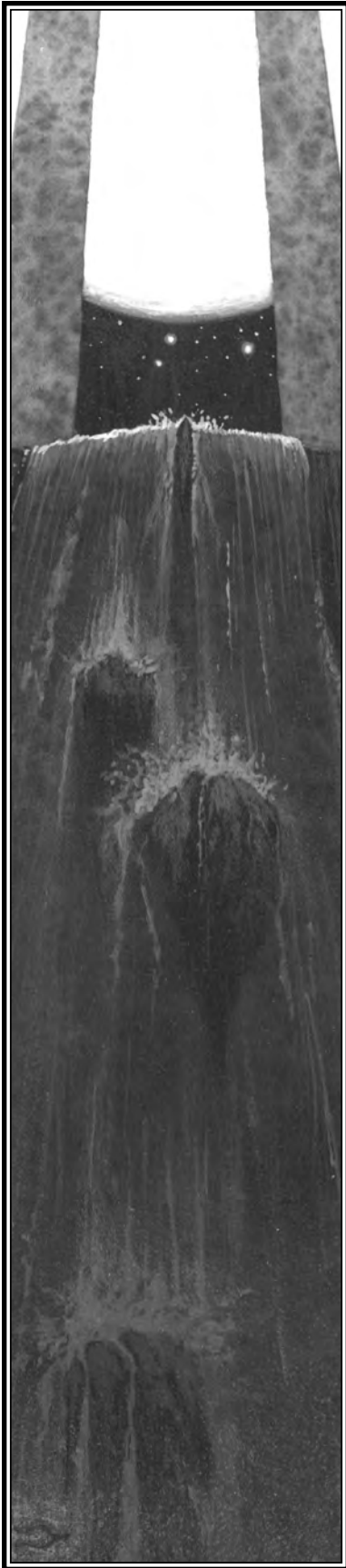
Unfortunately, the ter-men of Thalarion have discovered of the tree's existence and have found its leaves to be most succulent. Parties of ter-men come to the tree each day to collect the lowermost leaves and take them back to their city for nourishment. The tree only permits this because the ter-men have threatened it with fire if it should resist them. At the time of Randolph Carter's quest there was only the one Great Tree, but it had begun to nurture its own life-leaf against the time when the harvesting of the ter-men becomes too much.

Beyond Thalarion, on the coast is the Land of Pleasures Unattained—**Zura**. It is a land of corpses, ruled by the princess Zura. Yet, Zura was not always thus. Long ago, in the youth of the Dreamlands, a sorcerer whose name is now lost lived along this shore. He had fallen in love with a maiden whose radiant beauty outshone even the sun. During a voyage that she was making, the ship which she was on sank in a storm and her body washed ashore near where the sorcerer lived. The sorcerer found the body of the maiden and he wept, for he had never been able to express his feelings toward her while she lived. Unable to face the prospect of life without his beloved, he used his magical powers to return **Zura** from the dead. His own grief interfered with the spell which he wove and she did not return to life, but took on only the semblance of life in the form of an undead zombie. Even in this form he could speak to her, and she to him.

Yet while his love for her burned in his heart, her heart beat no more. He soon discovered that there is no love in death, and that she could do no more than repeat the words which he bade her to. Soon, as putrefaction set in, she could no longer even do this. Still he would not let go of his beloved. Where he went so too did his undead bride, until one day she was no longer capable of traveling. Blinded by his overpowering love to the loathsomeness which had overtaken her once beautiful form, he chose to remain with her. Their tent stood on the spot where now stand the Charnel Gardens.

Finally there came a day when the sorcerer awoke from his haze of anguish-induced madness and he looked upon his bride with clarity. Gazing upon the worms which





crawled through her body, the bones which stuck out of her in various places, and the rotten orbs which were once her eyes, he finally released her from the curse of her unlife and she melted away to nothing. When he saw that his own body had become infected with her rottenness his madness returned tenfold.

In his final moments before he took his own life he worked his greatest magic. He wove a spell which dictated that henceforth Zura, as the land would be known, would be the final resting place of all those in the Dreamlands who died fearful deaths. Furthermore, he decreed that such undead creatures would serve an evil mistress, also named Zura, who would be the only living thing in the length and breadth of the land. Lastly, he cursed this mistress with having to love the dead, but he allowed that she might renew her strength from time to time by taking a living lover, until such time as that lover would also be overcome by the foulness which was now claiming the sorcerer. In those final moments the sorcerer tore out his own heart and threw it onto the spot where his beloved had dissolved. As his eyes closed for the final time he saw his love rise again, and his last breath was a whisper of her name: Zura. Now, Zura is the Land of the Dead.

Any living male who is found within her realm is brought before the Princess Zura. She is a tall, leggy beauty with jet black hair which hangs in ropes around her shoulders. She wears a single-piece garment which covers only those areas of her body which are diseased or rotting, and wears a heavy perfume to hide the stench which rises from her own flesh. If such males are found by her to be handsome, she will attempt to seduce them so that she might renew her form with their vitality. If her intended should reject her advances, she will simply have him slain in such a way so as to insure his return to her as a corpse who cannot refuse her any command. Obviously she is unable to renew herself from such lovers, but she finds it a fitting form of vengeance.

Having passed by Zura, the black galley next came in view of the Crystal Headlands, which form a radiant arch and serve as the entrance to Sona-Nyl, the blessed Land of Fancy. **Sona-Nyl** is the last of the Fantastic Realms which Randolph Carter saw from the deck of the black galley, but there is another. Up the coast from Sona-Nyl is **Ennon**, the land of music and poetry.

Finally the black galley approached the **Basalt Pillars of the West**. Between these pillars pass the oceans of the world, which then plunge into interplanetary space. Ships without oars to pull themselves back through the pillars will be sucked into the cataract, unless they know the proper routes over the precipice.

One route, known only to a few, leads past the Basalt Pillars of the West into **Cathuria**.

The other, more frequently used route over the precipice leads to the void of interplanetary space. From here vessels may travel to any number of destinations including the Earth's moon, Yuggoth on the rim, or the court of the Daemon-Sultan Azathoth. Space, as can be reached from the Dreamlands, is slightly colder than a bad winter. It is filled with a substance which is breathable and which allows ships or other craft to sail through it. This ether is also the substance through which the **larvae of the Other Gods** swim and flounder in search of prey. These blind creatures are a hazard to any vessel which travels through space unless they bear the proper protections.

The black galley bearing Randolph Carter plunged off of the edge of the cataract and shot into space, and Carter feared greatly that its destination was the throne of Azathoth. This was not to be. Its destination was the moon. As the ship approached the near side of **the moon** Carter could see that it was dotted with strange ruins which were of strange size and shape. He observed dead temples placed high on the peaks of the moon's mountains which could be consecrated to no wholesome gods. No man has ever trodden the corridors of these ruins or temples, but the cats of Earth may know much of what lies hidden there.



The black galley followed a course which brought it around to the farther, hidden side of the moon. Here Carter beheld many strange cottages, which reminded him of igloos, surrounded by fields of strange white fungi. Gradually the ship which bore him approached a sluggish black sea. The galley landed in the sea with a peculiar sucking sound and Carter could see the fluid through which they now sailed was oddly elastic in nature. Once again the ship sailed at a great pace, until eventually it approached a jagged-looking coast.

There on the coastline Carter could make out the form of a leprous-looking city constructed from the gray-white stone of the moon. As the ship neared its destination Carter could see creatures on the wharves ahead. These creatures were not men, nor even sub-men like the merchants of the black galley. They appeared to Carter as grayish-white toad-like things which could expand and contract at will. They had no eyes, but did possess a curious mass of short pinkish tentacles at the end of their blunt snouts. These are the **moonbeasts**. How long they have lived here, hidden from the sight of man, only they can say.

The moonbeasts have no voices, and seem to communicate with each other through the use of their tentacles. In order to “speak” with other races they have developed a language of sorts which they play out on curious flutes which they carry with them. Eons ago they came to Earth’s Dreamlands and subjugated the men of Leng. At first they only used these pitiful creatures for food and slave labor in the ruby mines of the moon. As man began to spread through the Dreamlands they disguised their slaves to look as men better to facilitate their dealings with man. Moonbeasts have a particular fondness for man-flesh. They still use the fatter specimens of their Lengite subjects for food, but those found unsuitable for eating are used for menial labor such as steering the galleys, cooking, and fetching and carrying. They are most useful in dealing with the merchants of Dylath-Leen for Pargan slaves.

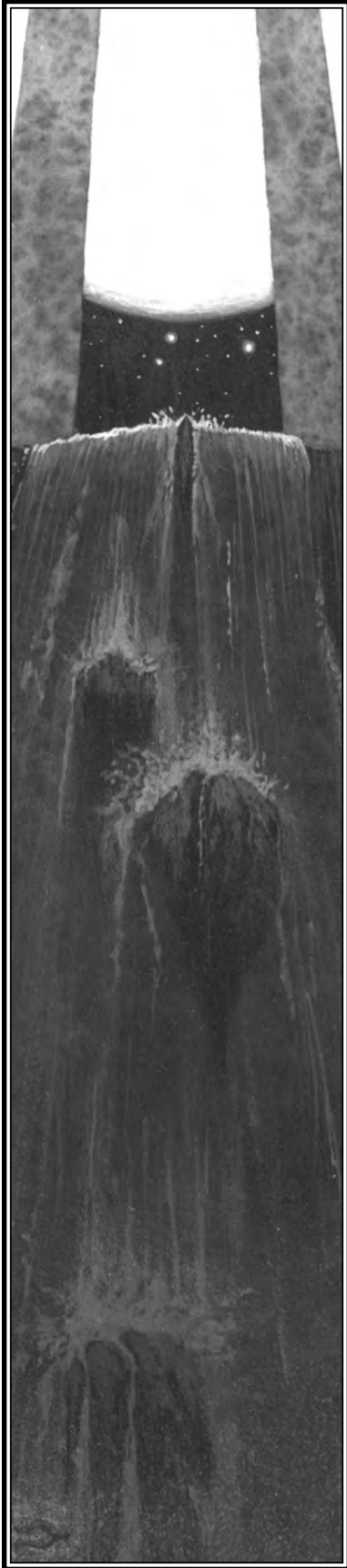
Prior to Randolph Carter, only one other dreamer had ever seen the dark side of the moon: **Snireth-Ko**, the missing priest from Ulthar known to have visited the Keeper of Dreams. He saw one thing which Carter did not, for Carter was a captive and was pre-occupied. Had Carter thought to look up he would have seen that which only Snireth-Ko has witnessed: hanging above the moon, but hidden from the Earth by it, is the **Messenger of Azathoth**.

At the center of the universe, deep within a self-created abyss past time and space, dwells the blind idiot god Azathoth. Mindlessly the Daemon Sultan casts off small star-like objects—spawn of Azathoth. These strange bodies, the size of small stars, hurtle through time and space forever. Sometimes they pass near ordinary stellar systems and wreak havoc. A billion years past, one of the spawn of Azathoth encountered Sol, and clung to the outer solar system beyond the orbit of Yuggoth.

Pieces of this outer body occasionally break free, falling into orbits around the sun or into the sun. They are called comets. If such a piece, containing a seed of the demon-star, strikes a planet, it will melt into the world’s interior and there prosper and grow immensely, eventually forming a new spawn which emerges from the broken planet like a snake from the egg. The hideous messenger of Azathoth which hangs above the moon’s dark side is such a daemon seed.

This one was on a direct collision course with the moon. However, this did not suit the moon’s chief resident, Mnomquah. Therefore, Mnomquah, with the aid of Haon-Dor, cast a mighty spell to hold this seed in place above the moon until such time as he was able to leave his lunar home. Unfortunately for Mnomquah, this spell taxed him so greatly that his power is currently a mere shadow of what it once was. Mnomquah has been trapped on the moon far longer than he had originally hoped while recuperating from the effort of halting the progress of the Messenger of Azathoth.





After being held by his **moonbeast** captors for a period of time, Carter was taken toward an unknown destination across the plains. However, before the moonbeasts could reach their goal, they were attacked by an army of **cats** and Carter was saved. The army then leapt back across space, and took Carter back to Dylath-Leen. Here Carter boarded ship for the isle of Oriab, which lies ten days across the Southern Sea from Dylath-Leen.

On his way to Oriab, Randolph Carter passed over the mysterious **sunken city**. He was fortunate enough to do so on a night when the moon was full and the waters calm, and was thus able to see many fathoms down into the sea, and make out quite clearly the ruins of that ancient city. At the northern end of the city he saw the dome of a great temple with twin rows of statues of strange sphinx-like creatures leading toward a huge public square. Slowly, as the ship proceeded south, the city rose on gentle hills which were covered with the stamp of ancient streets and the crumbling walls of small houses. Carter saw shadows moving among these ruins no more sinister than those of playful dolphins.

At the very southern edge of the city, standing alone on a large hill, was a great structure of much simpler architecture than the rest of the ruins, and in much better repair. It was a dark, low structure whose walls described a square with a tower at each of its corners. Weeds covered the greater part of this building but Carter could see that strange round windows covered the walls and towers, and inside the walls was a great paved courtyard. Carter guessed by its lonely and impressive position on this hill, far from the rest of the city, that it must have been some form of temple or monastery. A very faint light emanated from the windows of this lonely structure, which Carter at first attributed to small phosphorescent fish. In the center of the courtyard he saw something which made him reconsider that theory. In the courtyard there stood a high monolith, and tied to the monolith was the body of a sailor, head down, whose eyes had either been removed or eaten away by fish.

Luckily for Carter, his ship passed over the sunken city unmolested. A few days after sailing over the city, Carter arrived at **Oriab** isle and put in at the great port city of Baharna. After hiring a zebra, Carter set out from **Baharna** along the western shore of the **Lake of Yath** for the slopes of Mt. Ngranek. By the end of the day he had reached the strange and **nameless ruins** which lie on the southern shore of the lake. The old lava-gatherers in Baharna had warned him not to camp there at night, but Carter did not heed their warnings. These ruins, now little more than countless ancient brick foundations, worn walls, and the occasional cracked pillar or pedestal, stand on a great slope which stretches for several leagues up from the shore of the lake. The highway which Carter followed around the lake passed through these ruins close to a gaping arch low in the wall of what was once an ancient temple. Inside this archway Carter could just make out a set of stairs which descended into the darkness further than he could see.

Although the name of these ruins was forgotten long before the first settlements were built on the slopes of Mt. Ngranek, it is still known to a very select few. Atal of Ulthar is one, for having deciphered the runes of the *Fourth Book of D'harsis* he has discovered much of the ancient history of the Dreamlands. These ruins were once the mighty city of **Tyrhhia**, and were ruled over by the Black Princess, **Yath-Lhi**. The Lake of Yath draws its name from this ancient princess, although none save Atal, and a very few others, are aware of this.

Atal and those other knowledgeable few have wisely kept what they know regarding these ruins to themselves, for they also know the history of Tyrhhia and the Black Princess. Long ago, in the primal days of the Dreamlands, there arose the Kingdom of Tyrhhia. Yath-Lhi ruled her kingdom from the walled slave city of Tyrhhia, from which her kingdom derived its name.



Yath-Lhi was known as the Black Princess, for her cruelty was without measure. She is said to have decreed that none of her subjects could stand as tall as herself. Those who did were to have their feet cut off. Any who still stood taller than the Queen were to have their heads cut off as well. She is also supposed to have fed the beggars outside the walls of her city with the bodies of criminals who had been tried in her courts, drawn and quartered, and then soaked in poison. Legend also states that she would seek out and capture vampires and drink their blood.

The only quality about Yath-Lhi said to surpass her cruelty was her greed. From her capital she sent forth her armies to scour the Dreamlands for treasure and bear it back to her. It is said that the spires of her palace were made from solid silver—not covered with silver plate, but constructed from solid blocks of the precious metal. Finally she amassed so much treasure that she had a subterranean maze constructed beneath her palace and had all of her treasure placed in the center of it. Only she knew the path to the center, for all the slaves who built the maze and moved the treasure to the center were slain. Even the architect of the maze, Yath-Lhi's own lover, was slain—dipped into molten gold to form a grotesque statue, which was then added to the treasure vault—to protect the secret.

Finally, **Yath-Lhi** grew old and vanished. She was presumed by her people to have died. As she was the only one who knew the secret of her maze, her kingdom vanished, penniless, with her. The legends of **Tyrhhia** have inspired countless treasure seekers throughout the ages. None has ever found the ruins of lost Tyrhhia.

As with all legends, the story of Yath-Lhi and Tyrhhia is based in truth, but the actual story is somewhat different. Yath-Lhi did rule from Tyrhhia, and she did send her armies out in search of treasure with which to fill her coffers. Long before the rise of Tyrhhia, when the Great Ones first came to the Dreamlands, they brought with them a great ruby from far-off Yuggoth on the rim. Within this gem, imprisoned by simple light and the magic of the Great Ones, was a malignant being of immense power—the **Fly-the-Light**. The Great Ones kept this gem high atop the peak of **Hatheg-Kla**, where the light of the sun, moon, and stars shone constantly. In those days the Gods visited **Hatheg-Kla** often to dance upon its high peak.

As time passed, the gods built Kadath in the Cold Waste and came to **Hatheg-Kla** less often. Eventually, the ruby fell from its lofty perch in an avalanche and was buried for many years. Yath-Lhi's armies discovered the great gem while foraging for treasure, and returned it to her in Tyrhhia.

Yath-Lhi was a sorceress of great power, and she had an interest in vampirism. She had heard that such a gem had come to Earth from beyond space, and that it contained a vampiric creature of immense power. Realizing what her troops had brought her she immediately began attempting to free the creature and bind it to her will. This she did, but she did not realize that the **Fly-the-Light** was just one of the thousand forms of **Nyarlatotep**. The **Crawling Chaos**, sensing an opportunity to cause great suffering, reached an agreement with Yath-Lhi. He would grant her the secret of eternal life—in the form of a vampiric creature whose greed for treasure would be replaced by a lust for blood.

As part of her deal with **Nyarlatotep**, Yath-Lhi spent the vast fortune of her kingdom constructing her subterranean treasure maze. In the center of this maze would be not her treasury, but her tomb. Following the instructions of **Nyarlatotep**, she and six of her guards whom she would take with her into eternal vampirism drank a potion whose chief ingredient was the mysterious **Glund fluid**. This fluid placed Yath-Lhi and her guards into a state of suspended animation from which another carefully prepared potion would awaken them in their new vampiric forms. Yath-Lhi and her guards were then sealed into the tomb to await their rebirth. Rumors of Yath-Lhi's "hidden treasure" would eventually draw fortune seekers to her tomb. One day, perhaps a very distant one,





her tomb would be opened. On that day she and her faithful guards would arise from their slumber and walk the Dreamlands again.

Some of this tale is related in the *Fourth Book of D'harsis*, and is known to Atal of Ulthar. He only knows the true location of Tyrhhia, and that Yath-Lhi came into the possession of the ruby from Yuggoth. He also knows, should Yath-Lhi's treasure ever be found, that a great curse will strike first he who would steal her fortune, and then spread to the rest of the Dreamlands. He is unaware of the truth behind the tale. So, Yath-Lhi and her guards await the coming of a foolish fortune seeker, for he who is unlucky enough to discover her tomb will be the first of her victims. Then she and her guards will move out into the rest of the Dreamlands and spread their vampiric curse to all they come in contact with. Nyarlathotep is certain that man's own greed will eventually bring about the destruction of the Dreamlands. Tyrhhia is just one example of the types of traps which Nyarlathotep has laid for man to destroy himself with.

Continuing onward toward the south, Randolph Carter entered a lightly wooded hilly area near the base of **Mt. Ngranek**. The air in this region is fragrant with the aroma of balsam and filled with the songs of the brightly colored magah birds. Here is where the resin-gatherers of Baharna come to practice their trade, and their huts can be seen nestled in among the trees.

The way up the slope gradually grew steeper until Carter was forced to tie his zebra to a tree and continue on foot. The trees grew gradually thinner as the altitude increased until finally only the bare rock of the mountain's side thrust into the sky. Ever upward climbed Carter, but always he was able to find some small handhold or ledge carved by the lava-gatherers who had preceded him to these slopes. Pausing to look behind him, Randolph Carter could see the whole of **Oriab Isle** spread out beneath him, from the ruins by the lake to Baharna and the waters of the Southern Sea beyond.

In this fashion Carter slowly ascended the side of **Mt. Ngranak**, working his way along the northern and eastern faces of the mountain around to the farther, southern slope. Finally Carter reached the hidden side of the mountain. Below him the landscape which came into view was very different from the seaward lands which he had left behind. Stretching away to the south of the mountain was the **Accursed Land**, a blasted land destroyed by the Great Ones long ago. So huge was this expanse of land that Carter could not see the ocean which lies to the south of Oriab.

In the last light of the dying sun, as Randolph Carter pondered how he would survive the night clinging to the side of the mountain in the darkness, several miles above the land below him, he found that which he had come so far in search of. Looking up into the red glow of the sunset, Carter saw the carved and polished features of a god. The carving was unthinkable vast, and could only have been made by the hands of a god. The features of the god were unmistakable. The eyes were narrow, the ears long-lobed, and the nose thin and pointed. Randolph Carter at once recognized the features in that face, and knew that the object of his quest lay in the far northern land of Inquanok. Anyone viewing the face receiving a successful Dream Lore roll will also recognize the features of the face as resembling those of the men of Inquanok.

Alone on the side of the mountain, praying to the gods not to fall from his lofty perch during the night, Carter felt his scimitar stealthily removed from his belt. Then between him and the stars he saw a shape—roughly humanoid with bat-like wings, horns, and a barbed tail—and he wished he had heeded the warnings of the old lava-gatherers. In that instant Randolph Carter knew that he had fallen prey to the mysterious **nightgaunts**.

At the time of Randolph Carter's quest, very little was known of the nightgaunts. They existed largely in the rumors, and hushed whispers of the timid folk of the Dreamlands. Almost no one had seen one and returned to tell of what he saw, so very few records of their appearance existed. Carter, himself an experienced dreamer at the



time of his quest, dismissed the tales of nightgaunts as absurd travelers' tales, or as the type of stories told by mothers to frighten their children into behaving.

Nightgaunts are humanoid creatures standing slightly taller than a man. They are very thin, covered with a black leathery skin, and have bat-like wings, long slender horns protruding from their heads, and a long, prehensile, barbed tail. Their most shocking feature is the lack of a face; where one would normally be is just a sinister blank space devoid of mouth, eyes, nose, or even ears. They are quite capable, although it does take two of them, of lifting a man off of the ground and carrying him away.

There are a great number of conflicting theories as to where nightgaunts may come from and whom they may serve. Abdul Alhazred writes in the *Necronomicon* of "the nightgaunts, too, that be in the service of Nyarlathotep under their leader Yegg-ha, the Faceless Thing." Randolph Carter, in the course of his adventures, comes to believe that the nightgaunts "own not Nyarlathotep, but hoary Nodens as their lord." Still others report that Yibb-Tstll, that hideous god from another dimension, is the lord of the nightgaunts, and has multitudes of the creatures suckling at his teats. It is even rumored that nightgaunts are bred by the almost unknown Lords of Luz, who inhabit one of the uppermost regions of the Underworld beneath the mountains which separate Leng from Inquanok, for their own purposes.

While each of these theories has a certain amount of truth to it, none is completely accurate. Nightgaunts originally existed on the earth long ago; whether they evolved naturally, were spawned by Ubbo-Sathla, or were some creation of the Elder Things is a mystery lost in time. When men first dreamed and created the Dreamlands, they also dreamed nightgaunts into this alternate world. Based solely upon their appearance, man thought the nightgaunts were inherently evil, and so consigned them to the darkness of the Underworld.

As their name implies, **nightgaunts** are nocturnal by nature. Bright sunlight will cause these creatures to become listless. This makes the shadowy realm of the **Underworld** a perfect habitat for them. The Underworld is the domain of **Nodens**, the Lord of the Great Abyss. Consequently, most nightgaunts do serve this deity. As nightgaunts are simple creatures, with an intelligence roughly equivalent to that of a dog's, they will serve virtually any master. While they are capable of carrying out simple tasks, unless they are given specific instructions they will operate wholly by instinct or memory.

Nodens uses these creatures to guard the various entrances to the Underworld and certain spots on the surface of the Dreamlands, such as the Face on **Mt. Ngranek**, which the gods wish to keep secret. Those who are unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of these creatures are usually taken to the dreaded Vale of Pnath, from which few have ever returned, although they may be carried to other destinations. The nightgaunts of the Underworld also have a pact with the ghouls which inhabit that region. The nightgaunts allow the ghouls to come and go from the Underworld as they please. They also serve as the advance guard and battle steeds for the ghouls.

Nightgaunts are completely silent, though not just because they have no mouths to speak with. They make no sounds whatsoever; even the beat of their leathery wings is silent. Although nightgaunts cannot speak, they do have a complex sign language with which they can communicate with others. It is not necessary to understand this language to be able to speak to nightgaunts, as they seem perfectly capable of understanding most languages which are spoken to them. How nightgaunts can hear, or for that matter see, to be able to understand any form of communication is a mystery. It is also a mystery as to what, if anything, and how these creatures might eat. Remember, though, the rumor that a great number of nightgaunts can always be found suckling at the teats of the foul god Yibb-Tstll.

Carter was borne aloft by two of these beasts, and carried toward an unknown destination. He struggled against them, but as he did so his captors tickled him into sub-





mission with their rubbery paws and the barbs on the ends of their tails. The more that he screamed and struggled, the more they would tickle him until he fell silent and still from exhaustion. For a long time the nightgaunts bore him silently through the darkness, until he became aware of a faint glimmer of phosphorescence beneath him. In that glimmer he began to make out the shapes of a range of mountains which grew which each passing wing beat. Randolph Carter guessed that these mountains must be the fabled **Peaks of Throk**.

Carter was carried between these hideous peaks by his airborne captors. Near their tops he saw numerous warren-like caves where the nightgaunts dwelled. As Carter was carried further from the surface world, the needle like tips of the mountains became obscured by the palely glowing death-fires. Below him, as far as he could see, the peaks extended downward into blackness. After flying through a pass in the mountains Carter was suddenly assailed by howling winds which were filled with yellow smoke and ash, and reeked of brimstone. Undaunted by this change in atmosphere, the nightgaunts flew onwards and soon the Peaks of Throk had receded back into the darkness from whence they had first appeared.

After an indeterminate period of time, Randolph Carter found himself deposited on the ground once again, as the nightgaunts abandoned him in the darkness. The floor around Carter seemed to be covered with what felt like layer upon layer of bones. Slowly it dawned on him that he was standing in the **Vale of Pnath** which lies at the base of the Peaks of Throk. Into this spot, all the ghouls of the Waking World cast the refuse of their nightly feastings. Carter knew that if he could locate the mighty crag from which the ghouls cast their trash he might be able to call to those loathsome creatures for aid in escaping from this pit of ultimate night. Haste was necessary, for the Vale of Pnath is rumored to be the home of enormous **dholes**, crawling and burrowing among the bones. What a dhole might be Carter could not say for no man had ever encountered, let alone seen, one and lived.

Dholes inhabit the same realm of rumor and legend as do the nightgaunts. Living as they do at the very bottom of the world, they are infrequently encountered, and have never been sighted on the surface of the Dreamlands. It is thought that the light of the sun is fatal to these horrific creatures, and that they even fear other forms of light. Dholes are huge, bloated, white worm-like creatures with tiny eyes and a snout like a pig's. They are capable of making forlorn hooting and honking sounds, not unlike that made by some types of marsh birds, as well as deeper bass-toned gruntings. These sounds may make up some form of language, but are more likely simply animalistic noises used to find a mate or assert dominance.

Dholes lack all but the most rudimentary form of intelligence and live in savagery, existing solely to devour that which they encounter. There are some sources which claim that these great beasts serve the goddess **Shub-Niggurath**, although what services they might render this being are not known. Dholes are said to have the ability to follow a dreamer back to his waking lair. It is not known whether these creatures originated in the Dreamlands or came from elsewhere, possibly having followed some hapless dreamer here from their true point of origin. Whatever the case, dholes are known to inhabit any place in the Underworld where bones accumulate. Apart from the **Vale of Pnath**, there is one other area where these creatures can be found in abundance; the **Great Dhole Ossuary**. This area lies beneath the gray mountains which separate Leng from Inquanok.

Dholes are not the only creatures which inhabit the Vale of Pnath. Closely associated to the Dholes are the parasitic **tick-men**. These humanoid creatures may once have been men, long ago, but now they vaguely resemble ticks. They attach themselves onto the sides of dholes from which they draw their vile sustenance.

The tick-men are not the only creatures to feed on the Dholes. There exists a singular creature, known as the **Running Thing**, which roams all through the Underworld but



resides primarily in the Vale of Pnath. This strange creature lives in a state of almost perpetual motion, pausing only occasionally to get its bearings or scent its prey. Covered with a phosphorescent lichen which grows in its fur, the Running Thing appears as a rapidly moving ball of light in the distance. This alone is enough to make the dholes fear it, but it also hunts the giant worms for food. Although much smaller than its prey, it attacks them with such speed and savagery that it is quite capable of killing one of the huge dholes unassisted.

Also, dotting the fields of bones which cover most of the Vale of Pnath are large funnel-like pits made of bones. These pits are the lairs of enormous ant-lion-like creatures who lie in wait at the bottom of their traps for prey to enter. Their primary source of nourishment is dhole, but they will feed upon anything which is hapless enough to become ensnared in their traps.

Although Carter did not meet him, near the foothills of the Peaks of Throk dwells one of the most remarkable residents of the Vale of Pnath, the ghoul **Shuggob**. Shuggob is quite old, having lived since the time of the ancient and forgotten civilization of Hyperborea in the Waking World. Over the eons he has gathered and studied many a strange tome of forgotten lore. He is wise in the hidden secrets of both the Waking World and the Dreamlands. Shuggob rarely leaves his home in the Vale of Pnath, and hasn't left the Dreamlands for centuries. He is therefore quite pleased to entertain guests, particularly those from the Waking World. Such guests will be offered glasses of a chilled, gelid wine and choice cold cuts of an unidentifiable meat. Although Shuggob means well, guests would be advised not to partake of his repast. His wine is brewed from the vile fluids which he drains from the arteries of putrefying corpses, and his choice cold cuts were sliced from the flanks of human infants.

Shuggob is highly regarded within the ghoulish community for his knowledge of many things, and for his ability to produce both the mysterious Glund fluid, highly prized by sorcerers of the upper Dreamlands, and the repellent Dideks which are greatly sought after by ghouls for purposes best left unknown. Far below Shuggob's modest abode, beneath a trap door in the floor of his library, lies his laboratory. This bare stone vault contains various work tables and equipment, and is lit by a pale green phosphorescence. Here he produces both the **Glund fluid** and the **Dideks**.

The Glund fluid is extracted from still-living human brains. These brains are removed from their bodies, but continue to live on through a process known only to Shuggob. They are then suspended above a cauldron and pierced with cruelly hooked knives and other implements of pain. The unceasing irritation which is caused by these implements draws forth the Glund fluid from these tortured brains. The Glund fluid originally appears as a slimy leakage from the brain, which drips into the cauldron. Shuggob then slowly simmers the fluid to remove any impurities from it. A single brain may contain as much as a quart of the precious fluid, and may take as long as a year to yield up its entire bounty. Anyone witnessing the extraction of this fluid will lose 1/1D6 Sanity points.

Dideks are created as a by-product of the extraction of the **Glund fluid**. Simply put, they are brains which have had all of the Glund essence extracted from them. They appear as small, dried out and wrinkled objects approximately 4 inches in diameter. **Shuggob** himself has no use for these objects, but is happy to trade them to any who desire them. The exact uses for either of these items is left to the keeper to decide. Shuggob will not normally use his guests for such purposes, but if his need were dire enough, he might.

After wandering through the darkness for hours, Carter finally heard the sound of a great clattering of bones and knew that he was near the point where the **ghouls** drop their refuse. He called upward in the meeping tongue of the ghouls. Eventually he received an answering meep and was informed that a rope would be lowered to him. Carter climbed for hours. At long last he spied the edge of the great **crag of the ghouls**,





but he could not see its vertical side. He finally dragged himself over the edge and found himself in the company of several ghouls.

Looking about, Carter found that he was on a vast gray-lit plain whose only landmarks were great boulders and the entrances to a multitude of burrows. This was the **plain of the ghouls**, a portion of the Underworld which is much closer to the surface of the Dreamlands than those regions which Randolph Carter had so recently left. It was here that the repellent race of ghouls resided when they were not feasting in the graves of the Waking World.

A ghoulish appearance may approach that of a human to varying degrees, but they are seldom capable of being mistaken for human. As a breed, ghouls are hairless with a slight greenish tint to their skin and can be described as having vaguely canine features with bloodshot eyes, pointed ears, flat noses, drooling lips, scaly claws, mold-caked bodies, and half-hoofed feet.

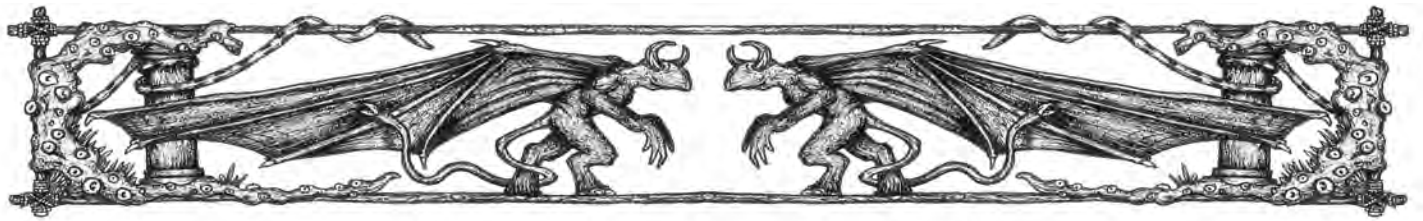
For the most part, ghouls carry themselves with a slight forward slumping of their bodies, and tend to lope rather than walk. They are often mistaken for the living dead. While it is true that they do have rather noxious eating habits, they are alive. Often, they will bear the scars of having suffered the depredations of the worms. Noses, earlobes, or lips will be eaten away. This, combined with the fact that they do not heal quickly, only serves to foster the misapprehension that they are dead.

Ghouls are clever creatures and are quite capable of learning anything which a man is capable of. They have their own language, which can best be described as a series of meepings. Humans are quite capable of learning this language, and ghouls will gladly teach it to any human who earns their trust. Ghouls can also be easily taught virtually any skill, from speaking a second language, to using weapons, to sailing a ship. Some skills, such as riding (which involves the consent of another living creature), or electrical repair (which is highly technical), are beyond their grasp. Furthermore, although they are clever, ghouls generally lack man's initiative and drive to accomplish. Ghouls are usually content to remain ignorant and simple. Those ghouls who gain much knowledge are revered as sages and are often turned to as leaders in times of troubles.

Ghouls are quite capable of interbreeding with humans, and have been known to replace human babies with their own hideous offspring, giving rise to the myths of changelings. This may serve to create a sort of ghoulish-human hybrid. Such hybrids eventually join their ghoulish brethren in their nightly feastings, and may even return to the Dreamlands.

Like mankind, ghouls have no one leader. Individual ghouls will follow other ghouls or entities as they see fit. For example, the ghouls which reside under the plateau of Leng follow a creature known as **Naggoob**, the Father of Ghouls. Naggoob is chief among the servitors of **Nyogtha**, the Dweller in the Darkness. These ghouls are few in number but are wise in the secrets of Leng. Naggoob is a powerful shaman ghoulish and he is always seeking to expand the number of followers he has. These ghouls are well known to the necromancers of the Dreamlands and are always willing to brave the dangers of Leng in search of lost relics in exchange for suitable barter.

Still other ghouls have formed a cult to worship a god they call **Ngranek**, the god of the dark, after the face on **Mt. Ngranek**. This cult worships their god through human sacrifice, and is the only group of ghouls known to enjoy feasting on fresh corpses. It is these ghouls who prize the vile **Dideks** created by the sage-ghoulish **Shuggob**, and they make a point of keeping **Shuggob** well stocked in fresh brains for his experiments. This cult of ghouls also lives closer to the surface of the Dreamlands than any other group, and actively uses weapons and armor after the fashion of man. As the name of their god implies, this cult of ghouls is largely concentrated on the **Isle of Oriab**, near the mountain which bears their god's name.



Most ghouls, however, own no one as master and worship no gods. They may from time to time band together under the leadership of one or more influential ghouls, such as Shuggob or the former human Richard Upton Pickman, for a common cause. Such leaders seldom hold their positions of leadership for long after the immediate cause of their ascension has passed.

This masterless majority of ghouls has a pact with the **nightgaunts** of Nodens. The nightgaunts allow the ghouls to come and go from the Underworld as they please, act as advance guards for the ghouls, and serve as battle steeds for the ghoulish hosts in times of war. This pact does not normally include the followers of Naggioob or the worshippers of Ngranek, but nightgaunts are not very intelligent, and one ghoul looks very much like another. To help prevent misuse of the nightgaunts the ghouls who do hold this pact with the guardians of the abyss have developed a series of passwords which the nightgaunts recognize. Any creature, ghoul or otherwise, who knows these passwords is considered to be a friend and will be borne to safety by the nightgaunts.

Ghouls primarily travel about the Underworld by means of a series of burrows which they have dug out over the centuries. They use these tunnels, which must be crawled through, not only to travel between any two points in the Dreamlands' Underworld, but also to get from the Dreamlands to the Waking World and back. In the Waking World these tunnels open into old graveyards and forgotten tombs all around the globe. Ghouls have very little to do with the graveyards of the upper Dreamlands, preferring to leave those to the red footed wamps.

In the Waking World, Carter had known a man, a painter from Boston named **Richard Upton Pickman**, who made friends with the ghouls and taught Carter the rudiments of their meeping language. Carter now put that knowledge to good use and inquired after his one time friend. He was happy to learn that Pickman had taken up residence among the ghouls and was highly regarded by them. One of the ghouls by the edge of the crag offered to lead Carter to his friend.

After several hours of crawling through the dark and fetid burrows which the ghouls call home, Carter at last emerged on a dim plain strewn with the debris of all the world's graveyards. There, seated upon a tombstone marked with the date 1768, was the one-time artist Richard Upton Pickman.

Pickman had taken on so many ghoulish features that Carter barely recognized him. He sat there naked and rubbery, gnawing on a bone, but Pickman still remembered a little English and was able to converse with Carter in grunts and monosyllables. He advised Carter that he would be better served by returning through a ghoulish burrow to the Waking World and beginning his quest anew from there. Carter, not wanting to risk forgetting what he had learned, persuades his old friend to provide him with guides further into the Underworld, through the **Gug's Kingdom** to the Enchanted Wood.

The **Gugs** are a hairy and gigantic race of beings which once inhabited the surface of the Dreamlands in the area where the **Enchanted Wood** now stands. Here they reared a circle of colossal stones and made sacrifices to the Other Gods and the crawling chaos, Nyarlathotep. Finally, while trying to summon Yog-Sothoth into the Dreamlands, the Great Ones took notice of their blasphemies and banished them to the Underworld forever. Only a great trap door at the top of the tallest tower in their city, the **Tower of Koth**, connects their realm with the surface world, but no Gug will dare to open that door for fear of the curse of the Great Ones.

Gugs stand approximately 20 feet in height and are covered by a coat of short, coarse hairs. Roughly humanoid in form, their arms split into two separate and fully functional forearms at their elbows; in effect giving them four arms and paw-like hands. It is the gugs' head which is their most striking feature. Their mouths are filled with great yellow fangs and run vertically from their foreheads to their chins. Their pink eyes, set on either side of their head, bulge outward and are shaded by bony protuberances. Their ears are





so small as to be non-existent, but they have a highly developed sense of hearing and they can pick up even the slightest sound. Gugs are also capable of moving almost as silently as nightgaunts. Combined with the fact that they have become accustomed to seeing in absolute darkness, this means that they can strike without warning at any who may blunder around in the dark.

Although somewhat more intelligent than nightgaunts, **gugs** are not as intelligent as ghouls. They have no spoken language, and, in fact, have no voices at all. Their voices were stripped away by the Great Ones when they were banished to the Underworld. Gugs communicate with each other by means of their facial expressions. As such, their language is thought to be limited to simple emotional concepts such as anger, fear, and curiosity. It is not known if they are capable of learning other languages, such as the sign language of the nightgaunts, or even understanding other spoken tongues. In many ways the gugs are similar to the ancient inhabitants of 'Ygiroth; they live in a huge city which obviously took some skill to build, but they have few, if any tools, and almost no concept of weaponry. They barely make use of fire because they are capable of seeing in absolute darkness, and prefer to eat most of their food raw.

Although they will devour anything which they can catch, gugs primarily prey upon the **ghasts** who dwell in the **Vaults of Zin** which border their Kingdom. When they lived upon the surface of the Dreamlands, the gugs' diet consisted mainly of the flesh of human dreamers. Even though they have not tasted such food in uncounted ages, their memories are long in this regard and they have legends of the toothsome of human flesh. **Ghouls** sometimes come to the cemetery of the gugs in search of food, for one gug's corpse can feed a great number of ghouls for a long time, but the gugs avoid ghouls. For some reason, gugs have an unreasonable, almost superstitious fear of these grave robbing beasts, and will only attack if they face a single ghoul, or if ghouls stray within the boundaries of their city.

Gugs, while being one of the most fearsome inhabitants of the Underworld, seldom leave their domain. On the rare occasions that they do, they hesitate to stray far from the safety of their walled city. The main exception to this rule are the hunting parties which delve into the Vaults of Zin.

Even as the gugs feed on the ghasts, so too do the ghasts feed on gugs. For this reason, the gugs maintain a guard at a narrow point inside the Vaults to prevent the ghasts from entering their city. However, this system of guarding the Vaults is not well thought out and is an excellent example of the gugs' rudimentary intelligence. Often the guard in question will fall asleep, which allows ghasts to either sneak into the city unhindered, or offers them a free meal. Furthermore, ghasts are highly susceptible to most forms of light. While they can stand the dim phosphorescence of the gugs' land almost indefinitely, even simple firelight will keep these creatures at bay. If the gugs would only think to station a torch at their guard post, they would need fear attack by the ghasts no more. Even this simple concept seems to have escaped them.

Carter, disguised as a ghoul, set off with three ghouls as guides for the **City of the Gugs**. His guides hoped to slip through the City of the Gugs while they were all sleeping after having gorged themselves.

After another trip through the ghouls' burrows, Carter and his guides emerged in a veritable forest of titanic monoliths which stretched up as far as the eye could see. This area was the cemetery of the gugs. The fact that the ghouls come here often means that the gugs tend to avoid this area unless they are burying one of their own, in which case they come out in great numbers. Carter and his guides passed near to the Vaults of Zin, home to ghasts and serpent people.

Ghasts have a very animalistic form of intelligence. They gather together into packs, like wolves, with a single dominant individual as leader. This leader must constantly



defend its position from other members of the pack, and the slightest sign of weakness invites attack.

Ghasts will attack anything to which they come near, including others of their own kind. They communicate through a series of harsh, guttural coughs. It may be possible for humans to master this speech, assuming the ghasts permitted anyone to live long enough to try. Ghasts will die if exposed to direct sunlight and find other light sources, such as fire, to be somewhat painful. They can indefinitely withstand the various forms of phosphorescent twilight the Underworld has to offer.

The Vaults of Zin were at one time also the home of the **Serpent People of Valusia**. This ancient and degenerate race once ruled the Waking World before the fall of their civilization. One of their final residences in the Waking World was the land of Yoth, which lies between K'n-Yan and the Vaults of Zin. After discovering the idols of Tsathoggua in the Pits of N'Kai, many of the **serpent people** switched from the worship of Yig to that of Tsathoggua. To punish the unfaithful, Yig destroyed Yoth. Warned of the coming calamity, Sss'haa, high priest of Yig, led Yig's remaining worshipers out of Yoth to other bolt holes in the Waking World. Some of the surviving worshipers of Tsathoggua used the **Vaults of Zin** to enter the Dreamlands.

The Serpent people live in small underground enclaves which are part residence and part laboratory. Here they practice their strange experiments, which have largely to do with the production of toxic agents of various types. While the Serpent people do have arms and legs, the rest of their bodies are like that of various types of snakes. They are quite capable of slithering through small opening which are impassable to other creatures, although they find it distasteful to do so. Their speech is made up of a series of hissings, but they are capable of approximating human speech fairly well.

Their intelligence is of a very high order, they know much concerning a wide array of scientific formulae and devices, and also have a great magical knowledge. They are very curious and, if they feel safe in doing so, have no qualms whatsoever about poking, prodding, or at least subjecting to lengthy questioning any they might encounter. It is rumored that they have some dealings with the ghoulish sage Shuggob, trading with him for various rare substances or knowledge.

Serpent people may be found in almost any place in the Dreamlands which is remote from, or infrequently visited by, other species. The serpent people are so widely dispersed and few in number that they do not pose much of a threat to humanity as a whole. If they were ever to rediscover the long lost Cobra Crown, the symbol of their former empire, they might reunite under one leader and again pose a threat to the world.

After a few tense moments during which Carter and his guides witnessed the beginning of a savage confrontation between a raiding party of ghasts and a gug sentinel, the group moved out into the **City of the Gugs**. Through this forest of stone columns the party hurried. While the trip to the **Tower of Koth** is a short one for gugs, it should be remembered that their city was built for giants, so distances are much greater for smaller creatures.

Finally, the group reached the Tower of Koth. Into this edifice and up the titanic stone steps the foursome went. Mounting the stairs was no easy matter, for they were built with giants in mind. Eventually, the group reached the top of the tower and, with the use of a tombstone brought for the purpose, managed to lift the trap door enough to crawl through into the clean air of the **Enchanted Wood**. Carter headed north out of the Wood toward the **River Oukranos**. By noon Carter came upon the jasper covered terraces of **Kiran**, where the temple to the god Oukranos is.

For the rest of that day Carter wandered through the meadows in the shadow of the gentle hills which ran along the river. The slopes of these hills were dotted with quaint cottages and small shrines to various gods. At last, as evening came on, Carter spied the





thousand golden spires of the magnificent city of **Thran**, where none may enter without first telling the sentries three dreams beyond belief.

After Carter had proven himself worthy to enter the city, he passed through the gate. Carter worked his way through the dimly lit streets to the section of the city nearest the river. There among the many sea taverns he found seamen and captains he had known in other dreams, and arranged for passage to Celephaïs. Carter also consulted with the venerable patriarch of Thran's cats, who lay dozing by the fire dreaming of old wars and forgotten gods.

The next morning Carter's ship set sail for Celephaïs, which lay across the Cerenarian Sea. For a great distance down river, the land around the Oukranos was the same as it was above Thran. Now and then small, curious temples rose on the slopes of the hills, and quaint fishing villages with red-thatched roofs stood on the shores with nets hanging in the sun.

Late in the day the ship reached a series of bends in the river which flow next to the perfumed jungles of **Kled**. Through that night Carter's ship sailed past the unseen and unsuspected mysteries of Kled. Toward midnight the lookout reported seeing fires on the hills along the west banks of the river. The captain knew better than to look at them too closely, for it was not known just who or what had set them. In the morning the river widened and there began to appear more houses and roads. By mid-morning the ship had come to the port of **Hlanith**.

It is said that the men of **Hlanith** are more like those of the Waking World than any others in the Dreamlands. For their part, the inhabitants have less wonder about them than other residents of the Dreamlands. They care less about happenings in other parts of the Dreamlands than they do about their own crops and herds, selling their wares in the market place, or other such mundane matters. The city is not frequently sought except for barter, for the work of its artisans is greatly prized. The ship builders of Hlanith are among the finest in all the Dreamlands, and their vessels are the most seaworthy to be had anywhere.

As a result of its similarity to the Waking World, Hlanith does have certain things which other cities in the Dreamlands do not. Most cities in the Dreamlands have at least one resident sorcerer, necromancer, or priest. These various practitioners of magic have rendered their craft into a science: the science of magic. They carefully study their tomes and research their spells, honing their art to the utmost of their abilities. There are even several magical colleges scattered throughout the Dreamlands where one might study to become a sorcerer. Not in Hlanith. Hlanith has some priests, but they are simple folk, unskilled in the arts of magic. What Hlanith does have is scientists: men who study and practice the magic of science.

These visionaries are not true scientists after the fashion of the Waking World, for science is the antithesis of the Dreamlands. Rather they are men like Leonardo da Vinci or Ptolemy: alchemists, astronomers, and inventors. Many strange devices and substances have been devised by these men—primitive submarine craft along the lines of hot air balloons, and Greek fire. These men are less concerned with the whys behind something (a preoccupation of Waking World scientists) than they are with just making it. Astronomers have developed telescopes to view the surface of the moon and other heavenly bodies; they have even proposed the positioning of a giant mirror in space to enable them to view the moon's hidden, dark side. The keeper should feel free to have these researchers create any device or substance, or propose any expedition or venture which he feels is properly fantastic.

In the morning Carter's ship cast off for **Celephaïs**. For two days and nights the galleon sailed across the Cerenarian Sea. As the sun set on the second day the lookout spied the snowy peak of Mt. Aran, and Carter knew that he would soon arrive in the timeless city of Celephaïs. As the ship neared its destination, the untarnished marble walls topped



with bronze statues and the great stone bridge where the River Naraxa flows into the sea came into view. Above the walls, the city's minarets blazed forth in the radiant fire of the dying sun's light. In the midst of it all rose the graceful spires of the rose-crystal Palace of Seventy Delights, from the fabulous throne of which ruled **King Kuran**, Lord of Ooth-Nargai and the Sky around Serannian. The harbor was crowded with the painted galleys of all the ports of Dream: Carter saw the ships of Serannian, Dylath-Leen, Oriab, and even far-off Aphorat.

Carter proceeded up the Street of Pillars from the wharves toward the turquoise temple of Nath-Horthath. The temple is a large structure constructed all of turquoise, and has vast gates of hammered bronze from which stare the twin faces of the god. Ten thousand years ago eighty orchid-wreathed priests, the same priests who still tend to their devotions, built the temple. Nath-Horthath is the chief god of Celephaïs, but all the gods are remembered in the diurnal prayers of the priests. The high priest of the temple is well versed in the ways and moods of the Great Ones. Carter consulted with him at length concerning his quest. The high priest's advice was like Atal's. It is not wise to attempt to see the gods. Remember Barzai.

Undaunted, Carter left the temple and proceeded to the market section of the city. The city's market place is divided into different sections, similar to Arabic souks, for each commodity: one for livestock, one for fowl, one for fish, one for rugs, and so on. Carter made his way to the bazaar of the sheep-butchers, where he knew the patriarch of Celephaïs' cats resided. Carter found the old Maltese sunning himself in the middle of the bazaar. Initially indifferent to his visitor, once Carter spoke the password given to him by the general of Cat's armies in Ulthar, the patriarch became far more cordial and communicative. He and Carter talked long and from him Carter learned many secrets known only to cats.

From the wise old cat Carter also learned that his old friend, King Kuran, was not to be found in his rose-crystal Palace of Seventy Delights. Nor was he to be found in his manor house in the half-mythical sky floating city of **Serannian**, where he alternately reigned throughout the year. Kuran had developed a great longing for the English countryside which had formed his youth. Since he could no longer return to the Waking World he had done the next best thing: he had dreamed a small tract of the English countryside into existence outside of the city.

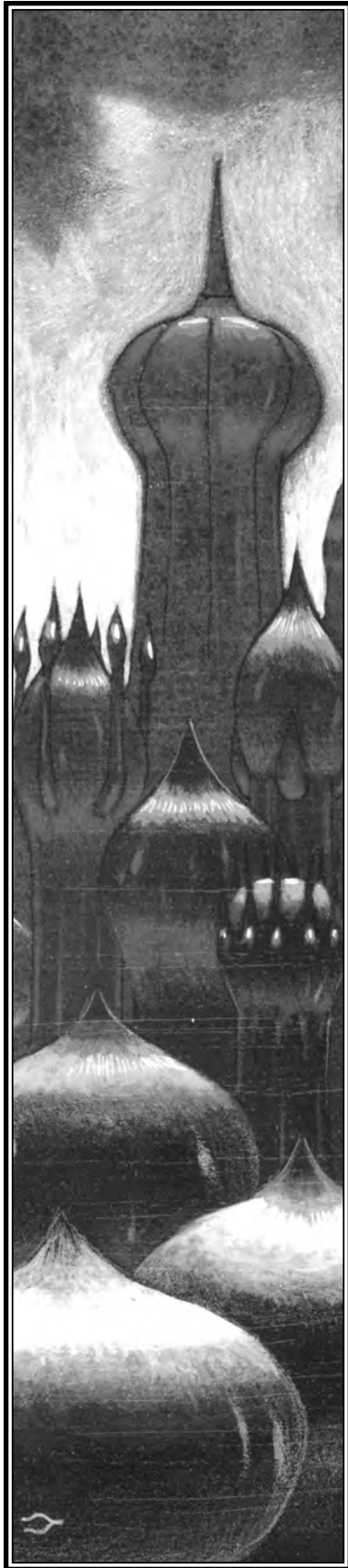
Here **King Kuran** had constructed a manor house after the fashion of his English ancestors in which to live. He had also had an entire Cornish village built and populated it with those of his subjects who looked most English.

So Carter took his leave of the old cat and left **Celephaïs** through the eastern gate. He proceeded through the oak-filled parkland which gently sloped up to the cliffs above the sea, toward a peaked gable which he spied through the foliage. He arrived at a large hedge with a small gate, and followed the path through the well manicured garden which led to the Gothic manor house ahead. At the door he was greeted by a servant dressed as an English butler who ushered him into the presence of his old and dear friend, now King of Ooth-Nargai, Kuran.

Kuran is a gray-bearded old man with keen eyes, and it is obvious at once to those who are familiar with the ways of the Dreamlands that he comes from the Waking World. As King he is just and wise, and is concerned about the welfare of his subjects. By the time of Randolph Carter's quest, he has become homesick for the things of his youth and the lost Waking World to which he can never return. His kingship means nothing to him, for the Dreamlands hold nothing rooted in his memories or feelings.

Kuran greeted his guest warmly, for the sight of a man from the Waking World filled his heart with gladness. The two old friends sat and spoke for a long time of the many wondrous things they had seen and done, both in the lands of Dream and the Waking World. Kuran confirmed for Carter that he had, indeed, traveled to the outer





void beyond the stars, and that, as far as he knew, he was the only person ever to return sane from such a voyage. He had learned much of the Outer Gods and other terrible things on that journey and advised Carter to avoid ever traveling to such regions if he could at all do so.

Kuranes also warned his friend that the Great Ones were not beings to be trifled with, for they have the strange protections of the Other Gods. Even if he should win through to Kadath, there to confront the Great Ones themselves, and even if they should then grant Carter access to his long sought-after sunset city of his dreams, Kuranes also warned him that it would not be all that Carter hoped for. Kuranes well knew that achieving one's dreams can leave one feeling empty and unfulfilled. He therefore advised his friend to return to the Waking World, to Boston and the city which had formed his youth before it was too late and he, like Kuranes, became trapped in his dreams. Carter was not to be dissuaded from his quest, and so he left his friend sitting in his library overlooking the sea, yearning for his childhood nurse to come and scold him. Carter returned to the docks of Celephaïs to await the arrival of a ship bound for **Inquanok**.

Eventually the desired ship from Inquanok arrived in port, and Carter was greatly excited to recognize the features from the face on Mt. Ngranek in the faces of the sailors from that distant northern land. The strange sailors spoke little with other folk, preferring to keep to themselves. Thus it has always been with the men from Inquanok; they are cold and aloof, suspicious of outsiders and proud of their heritage which dates back, some say, to the Gods themselves.

Carter arranged for passage aboard their vessel and within a week was on his way to Inquanok. With the passing of each day the sun sank lower in the sky, and the heavens became filled with gray clouds which grew thicker with each passing mile. Finally there was no normal day or night, only a strange gray twilight during the day and a weird, starless phosphorescence from the underside of those cold swirling clouds at night. As the journey progressed, Carter began to get the sailors to open up and speak to him of their twilight onyx city, and of the gray and impassable peaks which stand to the east beyond which fear-shrouded Leng is rumored to lie. They placed the blame for the lack of cats in their land on the nearness of that strange and haunted plateau, and were greatly saddened that they had no such homey creatures on their hearths. Only of the strange stony desert far to the north of their city would they not speak, becoming fearful and evasive if questioned about it.

It was almost three weeks after the snowy cap of Mt. Aran had dropped below the horizon before the first land was sighted: a great jagged rock, large enough to be an island, which stuck straight up from the sea. Carter asked the sailors what this landmark might be and was told that it had no name. The sailors said that no ships sought that rock for fear of the chilling sounds which came from it during the night. That night, Carter heard for himself the dull and ceaseless howls which emanated from the strange rock and was glad that the sailors had no intentions of making landfall there.

Two days after passing the **nameless rock** the ship sighted a line of mountains to their northeast. These mountains are the Barrier Peaks which stand between Inquanok and Leng. As the day progressed the coastline came into view and by mid-afternoon there appeared the regular outlines of the domes and spires of the twilight city of **Inquanok**. Beyond the great onyx breakwater protecting the harbor, the ship-filled wharves of the city extended along the coast beyond the city's walls. Here Carter could see merchant vessels from Thraa and far-off Mnar come to trade for the beautiful onyx of the north, as well as many of the teak-wood ships of Inquanok off-loading their precious cargoes from distant ports. He also saw crowds of squat, slant-eyed slaves, which the sailors informed him came somehow across or around the gray peaks between Inquanok and Leng.

The slaves which Inquanok makes use of, the squat slant-eyed men from beyond the mountains which separate Inquanok from Leng are, in all likelihood, members of the



hideous race of **Tcho-Tchos** who strayed into the Dreamlands from their normal haunts near Waking World Leng. The Tcho-Tchos are known to worship Chaugnar Faugn, who is supposed to reside somewhere in the plateau itself. Even if their god is not in the Dreamlands, they will certainly have brought their worship of him with them. Also, the Tcho-Tchos are said to have a city, **Alaozar**, hidden in the interior of **Leng**. The Twin Obscenities of Lloigor and Zhar are known to reside beneath this city, in the bowels of the plateau.

The Muvian high priest of Ythogtha, **Zanthu**, fled to the plateau after the destruction of his homeland. Although he is known to have died, it is also known that his tomb lies somewhere on the plateau. Some of his followers may have remained after his death and spread the worship of Ythogtha. There are also rumors of the hideous cult of Ghatanothoa having taken up residence on the plateau. Nyogtha, the Thing That Should Not Be, is known to appear beneath the **black tower of Leng** from time to time. This black tower lies not far from the ancient stone monastery and shoots forth a beam of bluish light into the sky each night.

The sherpas of Nepal have a legend of the abominable snowmen of Leng, whom they refer to as the mi-go. The mi-go are supposed to have delved deep beneath the surface of the Earth and to have explored the realms of K'n-Yan and Yoth. It is possible that they may have found their way into the Dreamlands via either Leng or the Vaults of Zin.

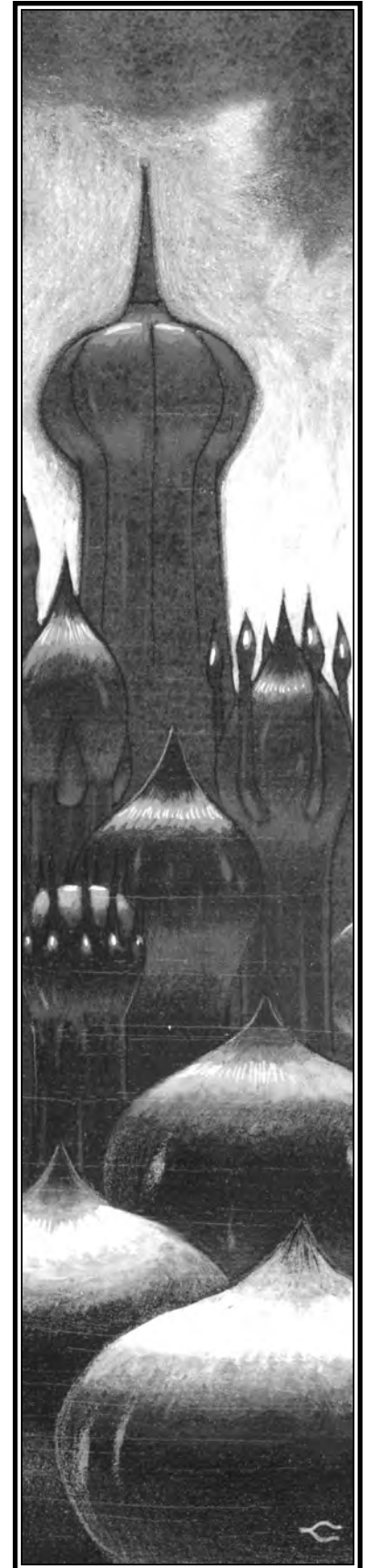
The city's low walls were pierced by many gates, each of which had a fabulous arch which soared above the level of the wall. Each such archway was crowned with the chiseled face of a god whose workmanship reminded Carter very much of the face he had seen on Mt. Ngranek so very far to the south. Above the walls rose the houses and other buildings of the city. The buildings were tall and many-windowed and covered with scrolls, flutings, and arabesques of inlaid gold. Many of the buildings were topped with domes that ended in a point, while others were crowned with fabulous ziggurats. All these buildings had one thing in common: They were all made from the dark and much sought after onyx which the men of Inquanok quarry from the mountains to the north.

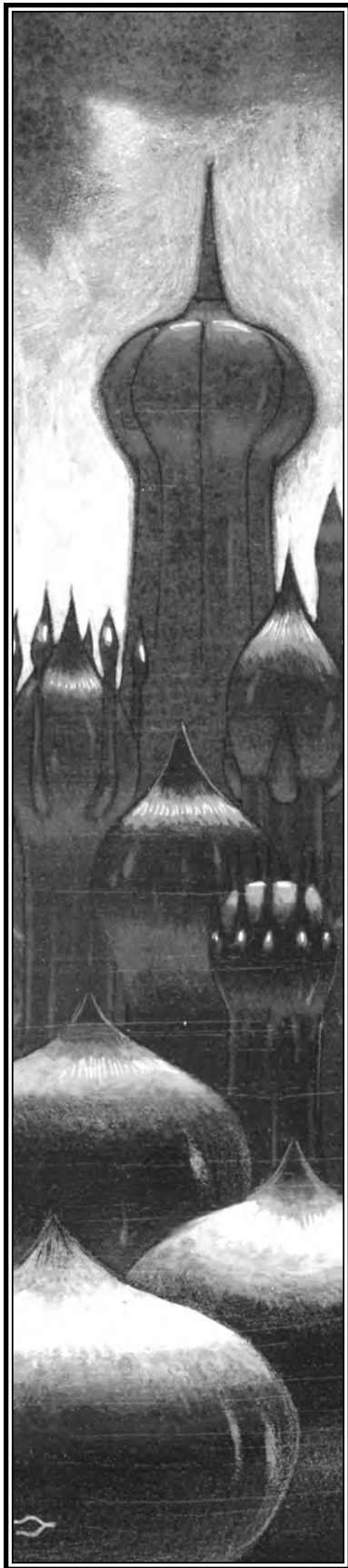
Likewise the streets of the city were made of onyx, and as Carter wandered among them he found that some were broad and straight while others were narrow and crooked. The streets were dark beneath the twilight sky of the north. The doors and facades of the buildings were covered with finely detailed gold inlays, carven balconies, and crystal-paned windows. Near the docks the houses were lower than the rest and each one bore signs of inlaid gold above its door in honor of the small gods which each revered. Sometimes an open plaza filled with black pillars and statues of men and fabulous creatures would open before him. Often the views down the side streets were haunting and beautiful beyond words.

Carter became aware that at certain intervals a great bell would sound from the temple atop a hill near the center of the city. Each time the bell would sound it would be answered by a strain of haunting music made up of horns, viols, and low, chanting voices. Each time this happened, great gouts of flame would burst forth from a gallery of braziers which circled the high temple. Whenever the bell pealed forth, and the music and flares responded, all the folk of Inquanok would cease their activities until the last echo of sound had died away.

Carter stayed the night in the company of the captain of the ship had which brought him to **Inquanok**, and they visited many sea taverns. In one of these taverns he thought he spied the **slant-eyed merchant** from Dylath-Leen, but before he could question that man he had slipped away. The other merchants in the tavern said that he had only arrived that morning from some undetermined point with several yak-loads of shantak eggs to trade.

The next day Carter slowly made his way through the somber streets toward the hill upon which stood the sixteen-sided temple of the Elder Ones. High atop the tem-





ple's flattened dome rose its lofty belfry, from which the bell would ring at odd intervals. Soon, Carter passed the temple by, and moved on to the palace of the **Veiled King** of Inquanok. At last Carter passed through a great black arch and entered the gardens of the King. Here Carter paused in wonder, for the gardens which spread before him were more lovely than anything he had ever beheld in the lands of dream.

The Veiled King is a just ruler, but his laws are harsh. Thieves have their hands cut off, con men are stripped of all their possessions, rapists are banished naked into the north, and murderers are delivered to the priests and never seen again. Little is known of the Veiled King or his priests for their faces are always concealed behind a veil or mask. The people do not question these things, for they have almost always been. There was a time, long, long ago when the king went without a veil. This king was a decadent man, who had no regard for the gods. When tales of the great onyx quarry which men attributed to the gods reached his ears, he scoffed. He rode forth from his palace that very day to see for himself. He was gone for a long time.

The people became fearful that their king had angered the gods and had been taken by them to be punished. Eventually the king did return, but he was greatly changed. He wore a veil, and with him came the first of the priests. He proclaimed that he had been visited by the gods and made to see the wickedness of his ways. Henceforth, as punishment for his hubris, he and his successors would go veiled. He proclaimed that his new priests had come to ensure that all the rites which were pleasing to the gods were observed. He began to make new laws, and with the direction of his priests he established the schedule by which the strange rites of the city are observed.

Few questioned that it was the true king who had returned from the mountains, for it was his voice and he knew the things which only he could know. Besides, thought the people of the city, who are we to question the will of our king? And so it has remained for as long as anyone can remember. The Veiled Kings have changed over the years, but no one knows what the rights of ascension are, save the king and his priests. If the people of Inquanok knew the truth, they would rise up and destroy their king. The gods do not interfere, for the priests do observe all the proper rights, and a few which are not proper.

Proceeding to the northern quarter of the city, Carter hired a yak and traveled north, out through the Gate of Caravans. Between tilled fields with oddly domed farmhouses Carter rode northward. In the morning of the second day he arrived at the village of **Urg**. Here the main road turned toward the west and the cities of Selarn and far off Vornai. Carter's quest took him not that way, but further north along the smaller roads traveled by the onyx miners of Inquanok. Past Urg the land is filled with more fields of rocks than crops, and there is little animal life. From the few travelers and scattered farmers which he encountered he heard more and more disturbing tales of the mountains which rose continuously to his right and beyond which Leng is thought to lie.

The farther north that Carter went, the greater the phosphorescence of the night's clouds became. On the fourth day of his journey, Carter passed by the last of the onyx quarries and entered a region where man seldom comes. The path ahead became narrow and steep as it climbed into the onyx mountains. Carter's only companions were his yak and the ravens. Finally he reached the trail's summit, and there to his left opened a great space in the cliffs. This was the massive **quarry of the gods**. Carter had no doubt that some force had rent the stone from its eon old resting place ages ago, and fancied that he could still make out the scars left by the titan chisels. The quarry extends down as far as the eye can see and extends at least a mile back from the trail. From the depths of the pit came sounds which Carter was unable to identify, but which rumor attributed to the dreaded **urhags**.

Urhags are not the only foul creatures to inhabit this region of the north. Beneath the mountains to the east, which stand between Inquanok and Leng, is a region of the



Underworld known as **Luz**. The gray mountains stand hollow like rotten teeth, and from the caves in their uppermost reaches fly nightgaunts. These nightgaunts do not serve Nodens, but have been trained to serve the **Lords of Luz**. Any men which the nightgaunts capture in this land are borne to the courts of Luz, where they are deposited before the rulers of that realm. The Lords of Luz are a degenerate race of sub-humans whose precise origin will never be known. It is these creatures which masquerade as the priests and kings of Inquanok. Those that are brought before them may live only so long as they serve the Lords.

The Lords of Luz are at the top of a very bizarre chain of reproduction that includes them, as well as the denizens of **D'Haz**, and the **Great Dhole Ossuary**, two nearby areas which they rule.

Carcasses of slain dholes are netted and dragged back into D'haz. Here the female specimens of the man-like parasites which cling to the dholes are penned, and the bodies of the dholes are pulped. This pulp is used to feed the url worms. The human captives from Luz are brought here and forced to mate with the repulsive tick-women. The offspring of such unions are the halflings of D'haz. If a man can no longer produce "children" through such unions, or if he should refuse to do so, he will be lowered into the dhole ossuary. The halflings in turn are made to mate with the flabby url worms to produce fledgling Lords or Ladies of Luz. Just how this whole bestial cycle began is unknown to any creature, and it is better thus. The Lords of Luz, by ruling as the **Veiled Kings of Inquanok**, perpetuate the cycle with their policy of banishment for rapists.

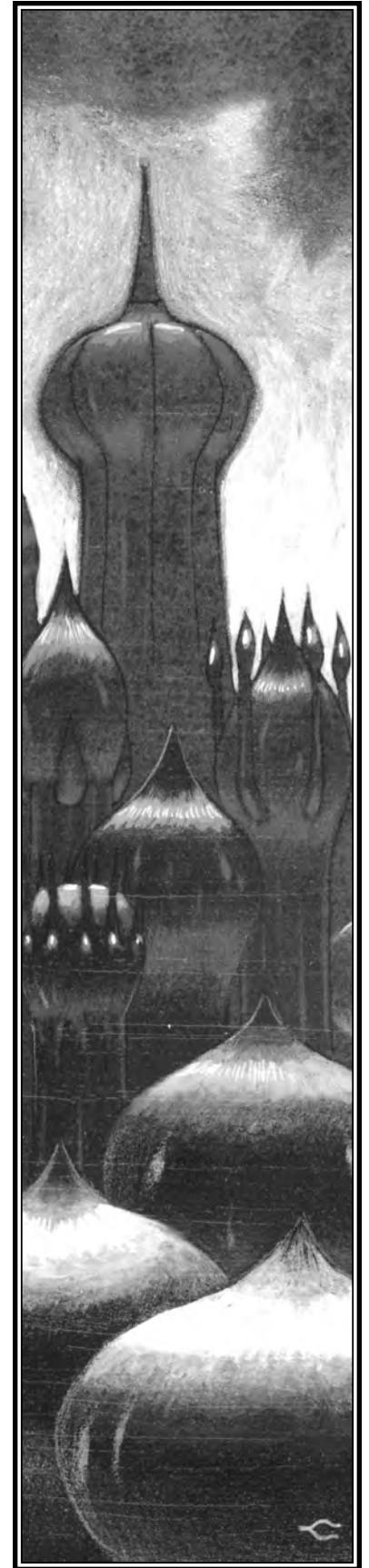
Carter's yak suddenly bolted away from him and fled northward along the trail. At first Carter began to chase after it, but when he realized that he was being pursued from behind his chase turned into a headlong flight from the unknown into the unknown. Finally, he reached the stony desert on the far side of the mountains. On the dim northern horizon he spied what he first took to be the remnants of a range of black mountains. As he stared at them he discerned details; they were huge carved figures with hyena-like bodies and twin miter-crowned heads.

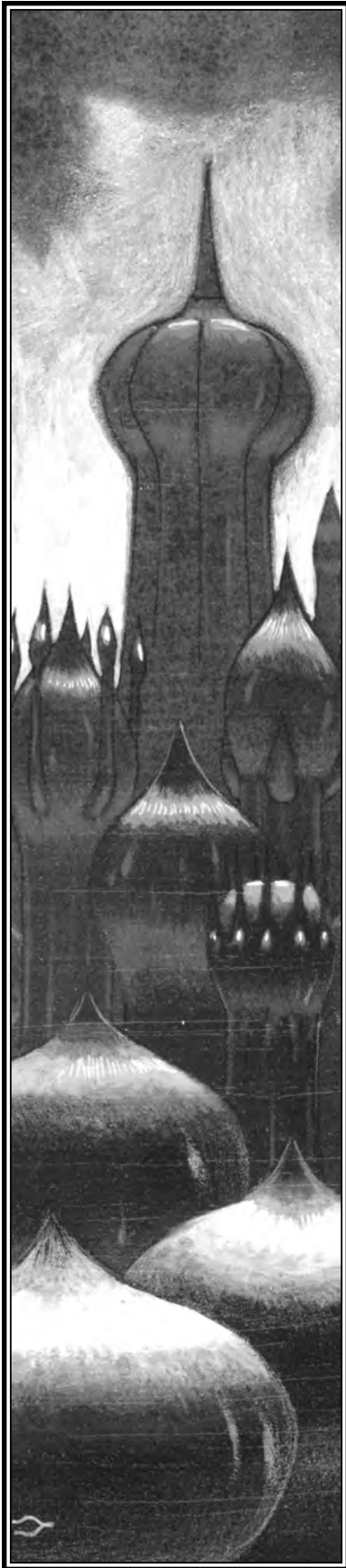
As Carter stared he saw huge clouds of shantaks rising from the laps of these **Watchers in the Waste** and fly toward him. Realizing he was doomed, he turned to see who or what pursued him, and was confronted by the slant-eyed merchant he had first seen in Dylath-Leen. The slant-eyed merchant made Carter mount one of the shantaks and then climbed on behind him. The great bird-like creature took flight, and the merchant steered it eastward over the mountains toward Leng.

After crossing the mountains the shantak flew lower and Carter saw beneath him the shadowed vales which are the home of the giant purple **spiders of Leng**. These creatures may be related to the god Atlach-Nacha. It has been theorized that the fossil remains of the children of Atlach-Nacha found in the Waking World may belong to these monstrous arachnids.

Beyond the valleys of the spiders, Carter began to see strange stone villages with fires in their centers. Around these fires danced creatures which he at first thought were men. As the shantak flew lower still he could see that they were not. Their strangely hoofed feet, small horns on their heads, and mouths which were too wide marked them as the creatures which sail the seas on the black galleys of the moonbeasts, and Carter shuddered to think that Leng was known to those amorphous blobs from the moon's hidden side.

The **men from Leng**, or Lengites as they are sometimes called, have been in the Dreamlands since they were formed. Although they had but one true city, their capitol of **Sarkomand** was once as mighty as Inquanok or Thraa. They ruled the vast northern wastes unchallenged long before the first dreamers arrived on the shores of what would become Inquanok. They fought vast wars with the purple spiders from the vales neighboring Leng and drove them from the plateau. Had not their civilization fallen before the onslaught of the moonbeasts they might have ruled the entire Dreamlands.





However, the **moonbeasts** did come; they came in search of the resting place of **Oorn**, the mate of their god **Mnomquah**. They found her beneath the Lengites' capitol city of Sarkomand. The moonbeasts brought with them the power of the Great Old Ones before which the inhabitants of Leng were forced to bow down. At first the moonbeasts used the **men from Leng** for nothing more than food, but as man spread across the face of the Dreamlands, they began to find other uses for their slaves. Now the men from Leng serve their lunar masters as go-betweens for contact with the human race.

The Lengites are an intelligent but devious race. They know nothing of the concept of loyalty save to themselves and their **moonbeast** masters, of whom they live in mortal fear. They think nothing of lying or of sacrificing one of their own family members for the sake of their own lives. Those individuals who are not directly involved in serving the moonbeasts remain on the **plateau of Leng**. Here they live in their queer stone villages, raising herds of loathsome cattle-like creatures and a variety of unwholesome crops. Each Lengite bears the mark of its moonbeast owner in the form of ritual tattoos on his back and arms. Most Lengites understand the flute-language of the moonbeasts. The men from Leng are fond of torturing their victims, and are rumored to be cannibalistic. Certainly, no one who has ever journeyed to Leng has ever returned to refute these stories.

Finally, the shantak landed at its destination in the heart of the plateau. Carter dismounted before a squat, windowless building in the center of a circle of crude stone monoliths. He had no doubt that he had arrived at that rumored **prehistoric monastery** where resides the **high priest not to be described**. The evil merchant motioned for Carter to follow him, and with the shantak remaining outside Carter had little choice. The walls inside were covered with murals depicting the history of the Lengite civilization from its birth, through its expansion, to its fall at the hands of the moonbeasts.

For an unknown length of time Carter followed the slant-eyed merchant through the twisting corridors of that awful structure before they entered into a vast domed space. Looking around him Carter saw that the walls of this space were covered with hideous and disturbing bas-reliefs. The center of the room was dominated by a large circular pit surrounded by six malignly stained stone altars. The pit reaches all the way through Leng and empties into those shrouded Vaults of Zin far beneath any sane region of the Dreamlands.

Across the chamber, on the far side of the pit, seated in a golden throne on a stone dais sat a robed figure. This being was clothed all in yellow robes with strange red symbols on it, and had a yellow silken mask over its face. The body of the figure seemed bloated and flabby to Carter, and he knew that he was in the presence of the high priest not to be described. Slowly the robed figure drew forth a flute with its silk-covered paws and began to play upon it. It is often thought the high priest not to be described and the **Thing in the Yellow Mask** are one and the same entity, but this is not the case. The Thing is one of the thousand forms of Nyarlathotep. The high priest who lives in the monastery on Leng is one of Nyarlathotep's high priests and ritually dresses to resemble this manifestation of his god.

When one of the creature's gloves slipped, Carter saw the flesh beneath and knew then that the high priest before him was one of those hideous toad-things from the moon whom the men from Leng serve so slavishly. Carter then pushed the slant-eyed merchant into the pit and, grabbing up the lamp, fled from the chamber. Without thought he chose corridors at random, rushing blindly away from that hideous high priest in the hope that he could somehow escape. Lost in the bowels of the monastery, his lamp having long since gone out, Randolph Carter stumbled and fell through an unseen opening in the floor, which plunged him into unknown depths.

Randolph Carter awoke after his fall to find himself lying at the base of a cliff, surrounded by the ruins of an ancient city. The side of the cliff had been carved into



a myriad of repellent scenes and was pierced by an arched opening. This opening served as an entrance to the inner blackness through which Carter had so recently fallen. Surveying his surroundings he saw crumbling walls and broken columns as far as he could see. The streets were cracked, and stubby shrubs and sickly grasses poked through to the feeble twilight in search of nourishment. Before him stretched a double row of columns which stood on either side of a broad street, now choked with rubble.

At the far end of the street he found a great round plaza in which loomed two great statues. The statues, which were carved from solid diorite, depicted huge winged lions whose faces were unblemished by the passage of time. These twin lions stood one on either side at the top of a vast staircase which spiraled down into the depths of the earth. Thinking back to the scenes he had seen in the murals of the hideous monastery Carter realized that these were the ruins of fabled **Sarkomand**, once capitol of the men from Leng's civilization.

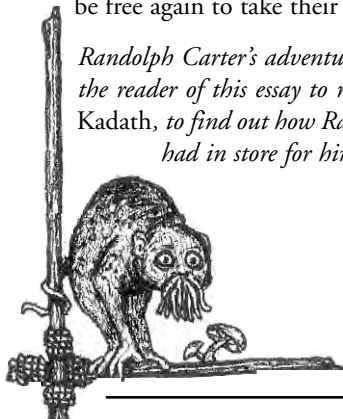
From Sarkomand, and in the company of a veritable army of ghouls and nightgaunts, Randolph Carter worked his way northward. Recrossing the gray and impassable peaks which guard Inquanok from shadow-haunted Leng, he flew across the stony desert, evading the pursuit of the **Watchers in the Waste**, until he entered a realm of eternal night. Here the sun never shines, and the limits of time and space are warped beyond the boundaries of normal perception.

Carter and his escorts flew onward through this region for what seemed like hours. Finally, a lone light appeared on the horizon ahead. As Carter and his retinue approached it rose steadily higher into the sky until it was high enough to be one of the stars. Against the feeble glow of that light Carter was able to make out the shapes of domed towers and strangely wrought buildings on top of a huge mountain. In the midst of all these titan structures Carter could see that the light shone from a vast castle beyond all conception of human scale. Built all of onyx was this castle, and so vast that the stones from a single tower equaled all the onyx required to build the city of Inquanok. Randolph Carter had at last found the peak of **Unknown Kadath**, the home of the gods.

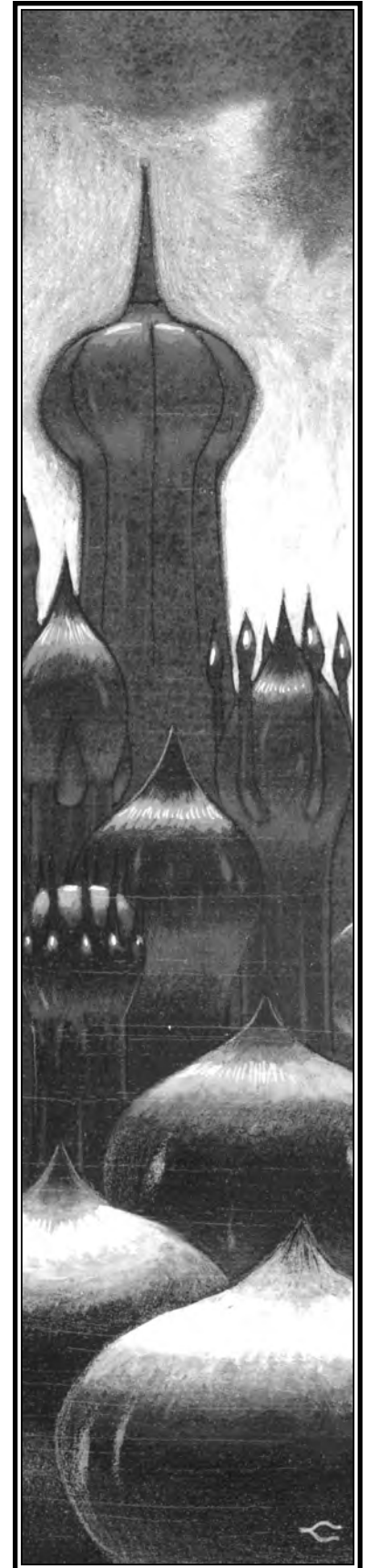
Having attained Kadath, Carter found it to be empty of its normal occupants. Only the Messenger of the Other Gods, **Nyarlatheotep**, was present to greet Randolph Carter at the end of his quest. Nyarlathotep appeared in his human form, that of a tall, slim young man dressed in the fashion of the ancient pharaohs of Egypt. True to his nature he was outwardly friendly to Carter, while plotting his ultimate demise. Of all the darker forces in the Dreamlands, Nyarlathotep has the most freedom of movement. He can appear at any time or place throughout the land of dreams and has a wide variety of forms available to him. Each has its own advantages and limitations.

Nyarlatheotep is the strongest of the minions of the Other Gods in the Dreamlands, and he oversees all of their machinations here. His primary function is to "protect" the Great Ones from mankind. This protection stems not from any sort of benign feelings which these foul gods may have for the mild gods of earth. Rather it stems from the fact that they wish to preserve the Great Ones until their minions the Great Old Ones may be free again to take their own revenge upon them.

Randolph Carter's adventures in the Dreamlands did not end here. However, it is left for the reader of this essay to read Lovecraft's original story, the Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath, to find out how Randolph Carter eventually escaped the doom which Nyarlathotep had in store for him.



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Gazetteer of the Dreamlands

An exploration of the lands that make up the Dreamlands, including the surface world, the Underworld, and worlds beyond.

While Randolph Carter's journey across the Dreamlands touched upon many of the points of interest in the Dreamlands it does not cover all such places. What follows is an overview of all the geography of the Dreamlands.

The Surface World

Vast continents span the Dreamlands, home to all manner of cultures. Together they, along with two seas and a number of islands, form the surface world of the Dreamlands. This surface world lies below the Moon and above the Underworld. This chapter divides it into five parts for easier reference: the East, the North, Oriab, the Seas, and the West. The North and the West are actually part of the same continent, but they are separated by a vast unknown land and a range of high mountains. The Seas covers all of the islands and seas of the Dreamlands, except for Oriab, which is of sufficient note to warrant its own section.

The East

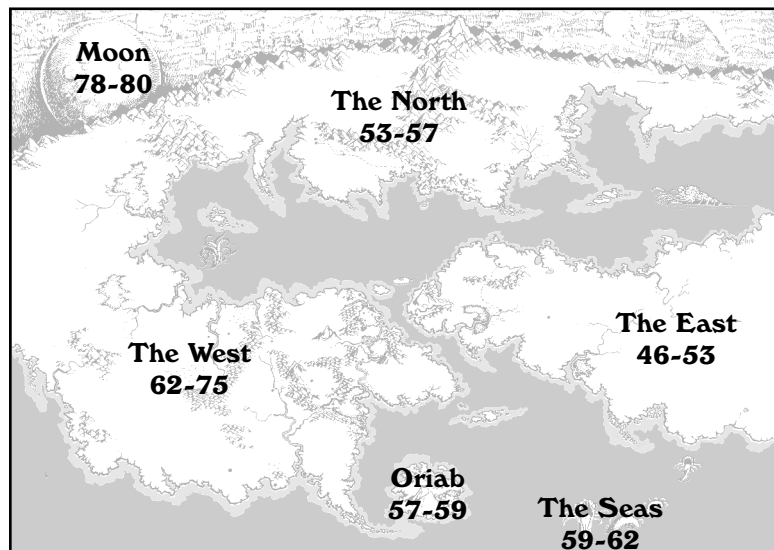
For the most part, the East is a barren wasteland. Only a scant few cities cling to the westernmost coasts. The continent stretches far to the East, at least a year's travel, before it finally comes to the Land of Mhor, and the end of the world.

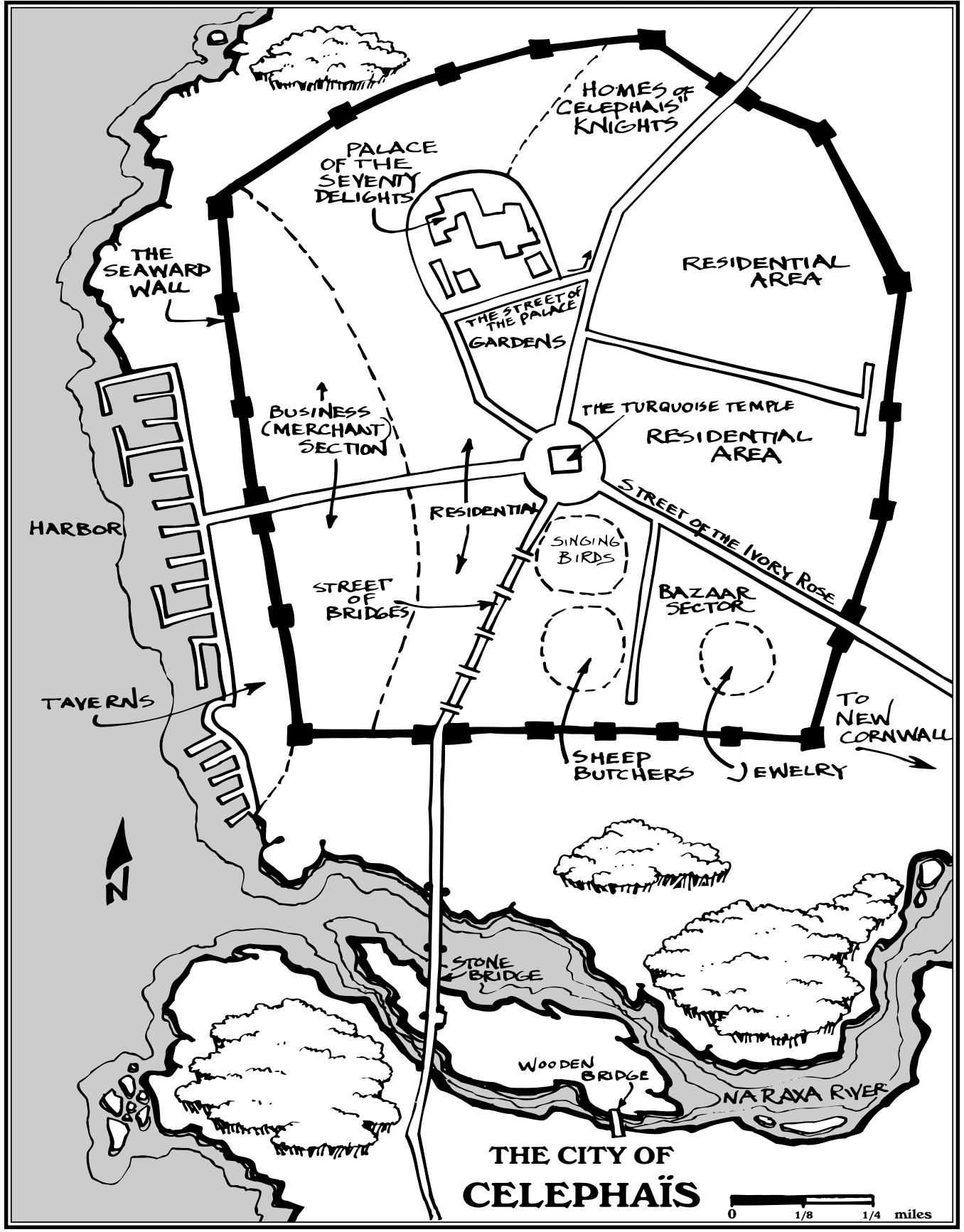
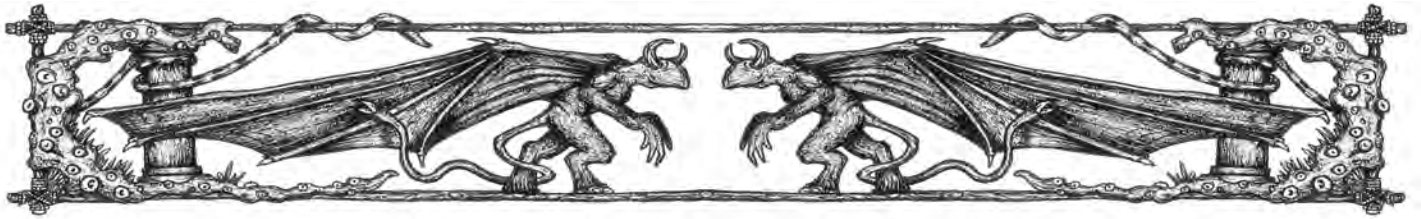
ARAN, MOUNT: Across the River Naraxa from Celephaïs in the land of Ooth-Nargai stands Mt. Aran, its peak forever crowned in snow which never melts. The lower slopes of Aran are covered with groves of ginkgo trees. The trees are not harvested for use by the residents of Ooth-Nargai, for in this timeless realm the fruit would never grow back. The peak of Aran, like many other mountain peaks in the Dreamlands, is forbidden for men to climb. Generally it is thought that this is because the gods sometimes come here to dance atop the peak as they do with Lerion and Hatheg-Kla, but this is not so. The gods do not come to Mt. Aran as they do to other peaks. They fear Mt. Aran.

High atop the mountain, beyond the snow line, there lives a man. He has no name, and his existence is unknown to all in Ooth-Nargai, save King Kuranos. This man carves sculptures in the ice, sculptures of those who climb the peak and encounter him. His icy realm is filled with such sculptures, always in pairs. He is friendly enough if encountered and will say that his father and his father before him were making ice statues here atop Mt. Aran. The statues are very lifelike and each pair has one figure in a pose of relaxation, while the other is contorted with fear.

The ice carver will always begin to make a sculpture of any being he encounters without waiting for permission. As he progresses with his work, each area of the statue he finishes will cause the corresponding area on his subject to become icy cold and numb. He will explain as he proceeds that all of his subjects were once residents of Ooth-Nargai, but that they had grown weary of life. So they scaled the mountain seeking release. That is what he offers—release. The only statue which does not have a mate in all his collection is that of King Kuranos himself. Even the Great Ones would be turned to ice by this carver's magic, and that is why they avoid this peak.

CELEPHAÏS: This city stands at the end of the valley realm of Ooth-Nargai. The entire land was created from the dreams of King Kuranos, Earth's greatest dreamer. All the land of Ooth-Nargai is timeless, similar to Sona-Nyl. But in Sona-Nyl one simply escapes the ravages of aging. In Ooth-Nargai everything is timeless; the roads and buildings do not crumble, the seasons do not change, the people do not grow old or die. Investigators may return to Ooth-Nargai after having been away for many





**THE CITY OF
CELEPHAÏS**

0 1/8 1/4 miles





years, and those they left behind will remember their having left just yesterday. This timelessness is not intuitive to outsiders, and is hard to grasp. Days pass, people eat and sleep, wagons full of food from the fields arrive and are sold at market, ships and caravans come and go, but Ooth-Nargai and its people remain the same. Always the same.

Things may be changed here, but once set they remain so. Flowers never wither, but neither do they gain new growth; wounds do not heal except for by magic; children cannot be born within the borders of this realm (this is not to say that there are no children in all of Ooth-Nargai, but they must be born elsewhere and they will not grow up as long as they remain); there is no wine from Ooth-Nargai, for the aging process cannot take place. Men can effect changes here—houses may be built, enemies may be killed, and trees may be cut down. Anything which requires time as the active force cannot take place here. Ooth-Nargai is a land where time stands waiting, unlike Sona-Nyl where the residents simply never age or die. The keeper is advised not to go overboard with this admittedly very strange concept—food, for instance, can be cooked here. On the whole though things remain as they are unless acted upon by some outside force other than time itself.

The streets of Celephaïs are wide and paved in onyx, which never appears worn or broken. The buildings are broad and are made of clay and then whitewashed, so they resemble those of Middle Eastern cities such as Cairo or Baghdad. Many buildings have towers capped with minarets of bronze or copper, and fly gaily colored pennants from their spires. The tallest towers, the most slender spires, and the brightest pennants belong to the beautiful rose-crystal Palace of Seventy Delights.

This is the home of the ruler of Ooth-Nargai, King Kuranos. Only in such a place as Ooth-Nargai, where all is timeless and never suffers any wear, could such a massive structure be built from such delicate material. The palace stands behind walls of polished quartz and covers several acres of ground. The palace's main building has seventy rooms, each devoted to a different delight. The first twenty-nine of these rooms are for the enjoyment of any who might come to visit the king, and his throne room is located in the thirtieth. Each room is more beautiful and magical than the last. The remaining forty rooms are reserved only for the king and those whom he may choose to honor with an invitation. The seventieth room is situated at the top of the tallest tower in the palace where the king might look out and survey his entire realm, for what could be more delightful to any monarch but the bounty and happiness of his people.

King Kuranos also rules the island of Serannian. Together, the lands that Kuranos rules are considered one of the Six Kingdoms.

In the center of Celephaïs is the Turquoise Temple to Nath-Horthath, where eighty orchid-wreathed priests serve, no priest less than ten thousand years old.

A branch of the Great Library of the Dreamlands is also present in Celephaïs.

Past the eastern gates of Celephaïs is Cornwall-by-the-Sea, where King Kuranos has built a Norman Abbey and a small Cornish fishing village, to resemble his native Cornwall, to which he can never return. Not far from the village stands a small Norman abbey whose bell sounds across the hills and dells, and whose churchyard is filled with headstones bearing the names of King Kuranos' ancestors. Kuranos resides in a Gothic manor house in Cornwall-by-the-Sea.

CITY-NOT-WELL-TO-ENTER: A city which lies in ruins in the deserts beyond Gak. The gates to this city look uncomfortably like the teeth of some titan creature sticking up from the sands. Few who enter this city are ever seen again.

CITY-WHICH-APPEARS-ON-NO-MAPS: A magical realm within the Temple of Unattainable Desires in Hazuth-Kleg. See Hazuth-Kleg.

CORNWALL-BY-THE-SEA: See Celephaïs.

THE FORBIDDEN LANDS: This hellish land is full of volcanoes, lakes of fire, and bizarre nameless creatures. The lands touch upon the Waking World in a number of places, and account for many Earthly disappearances. For each full day spent in the Forbidden Lands, 1/1D6 Sanity is lost through glimpses of strange vistas not of any Earthly landscape. King Kuranos of Celephaïs has forbidden this region to humankind, and any dreamer caught trying to enter is regrettably imprisoned.

GAK: An inland city, near the desert wherein the gnawed bones of chimeras are strewn. Gak is well-known for its bright silks and exotic spices, including some spices which have magical effect on the partaker.

HAZUTH-KLEG: a run-down, dingy city of twisting streets and decaying houses. Its basalt towers reach skyward as if in supplication to the gods for salvation. Yet, this city venerates no wholesome gods. Along its Street of the Pantheon are many temples to various disreputable gods which most deny. It is a city best forgotten, and avoided by most. The city has no ruler, and no law, making it a veritable haven for smugglers, thieves, and slavers. The black galleys of Leng are some of the few ships which make this one of their ports of call. Hazuth-Kleg has but one resident of note, Skaa the Witch, who lives in a low, dilapidated house on the Street of the Pantheon.

Across the way from Skaa's house stands the Temple of Unattainable Desires. This squat structure is built all of onyx, with a small gate of iron fashioned to look like a mass of twisted and intermingled serpents with amethyst eyes. Like the other temples on the street, the entrance to this one is lit by small lanterns to either side which cast a baleful red glow. No one knows who built this place, and it has no priests, yet it has stood for as long as any of the denizens of the city can remem-



ber. Only Skaa knows what mysteries lie beyond the gate of serpents which guards the entrance to this place, for only she has ever ventured within and returned.

The interior of the Temple is a twisted, even more dark place than the city in which it stands. Within its walls lie one of those rumored forbidden realms of dream of which scholars such as Atal hint fearfully at. It is the City-Which-Appears-On-No-Map, but is shown on those forbidden charts which mad astronomers use to consult to chaotic stars beyond our world. The Temple contains a shadowy reflection of the city outside. The streets are lined with tottering houses which lean together so that they almost form tunnels, blotting out what passes for the sky in this nightmare realm. Although one appears to be outside while wandering in this city, the sun never shines here and it is perpetually twilight. One baleful star rides in the skies above this place, and stares down upon all that takes place here. The streets sometimes broaden into large

courtyards whose flagstones are covered with the remnants of strange astrological symbols and the names of various lesser daemons. Skaa comes here to conduct rituals to her Lord, and to meet with Nyarlathotep when he demands her presence. Getting in is easier than getting out. What sort of creatures might inhabit this nightmare city are up to the keeper.

ILEK-VAD: Just beyond the Forbidden Lands there rise up great hollow cliffs of glass, and perched high atop these cliffs stands the fabulous city of Ilek-Vad. One of the Six Kingdoms, Ilek-Vad is no more than a city-state, albeit a rich and powerful one. Due to its high vantage point, Ilek-Vad commands the view of all the approaches to it. The only way to gain entrance to the city is through the tunnels which honeycomb the cliffs, and the only way to enter them is from the Cerenarian Sea.

At the base of the cliffs, carved into a huge cavernous space, is the harbor of Ilek-Vad. All those who would enter the city must first enter this place. The harbor is well defended by both the men of Ilek-Vad, and by the denizens of the nearby Labyrinths of the Gnorri, with whom the King of Ilek-Vad maintains a close alliance. It is rumored that much of the city's wealth comes to it from the Gnorri who retrieve all the loot from sunken vessels for the King.

In the marvelous and many-turreted walled city of Ilek-Vad is where the King's Palace of Rainbows stands. Its high towers are faceted to form prisms so that when the light strikes them each day at dawn, they form rainbows which arch outward from the castle to the plains below. Here the King resides year-round with his councilors and guards. He only ever leaves his magnificent city of glass and rainbows once each year when he journeys on his golden palanquin to that temple of loveliness at Kiran in the Kingdom of Oukranos. Surrounding the palace is the upper city. Here the citizens of Ilek-Vad are free to walk smooth glass streets lined with fragrant gardens and lovely fountains.

Much like an iceberg, most of Ilek-Vad lies out of sight. Inside the hollow cliffs, filling the maze-like structure which makes up the foundations of the upper city, are the caverns where most of the populace of the Kingdom reside. Here they dwell in a realm of half-light filtered through the thick glass cliffs which surround them, similar to what their Gnorri friends must experience beneath the waves. The lower levels of the city are where the tradesmen and their families live, while the upper levels are for the more wealthy and affluent citizens. However, none are denied access to the glorious city atop the cliffs, nor are any looked down upon for their station in life.

LABYRINTHS OF THE GNORRI: The bearded Gnorri make their home in the Cerenarian Sea, just off the coast of Ilek-Vad. These settlements take the form of vast coral-like labyrinths, so constructed both to serve as fish traps and to confuse any aquatic enemies which might invade, like the deep ones or their bastard creations the merfolk.

Other Surface Locations

GREAT LIBRARY OF THE DREAMLANDS: A magical structure which has entrances in the cities of Celephais, Dylath-Leen, Hazuth-Kleg, Ilek-Vad, Inquanok, Kadatheron, Theelys, Thorabon, and Ulthar. It is a great circular stone building with 52 book-filled hallways radiating outwards. The library is tended by Tukor, a native of Thorabon, and Nodar, his Ultharian assistant.

THE SIX KINGDOMS: That portion of the Dreamlands which encompasses the Kingdoms of the Skai, Ilek-Vad, Ooth-Nargai & Serranian, Oukranos, the Khalifate of Cuppar-Nombo, and the Principalities of Kled.

Some of the survivors of Golthoth still roam throughout the Six Kingdoms. They are known as the Dark Wanderers, a name which comes not from their deeds, but from the cast of their complexion. These folk wander from town to town and village to village and make their livings as do the gypsies of the Waking World. They are lead by their high priest who wears a curious headdress with two horns with a golden disk between them. When they come to town in their brightly painted wagons, it is as if a fair has come. The Wanderers tell fortunes and stories, dance and sing, and make the lives of those they touch a little lighter for a time. Being direct descendants of the people of Golthoth, they still revere their strange animal-headed gods. Woe to any who harm or cheat these Dark Wanderers, for their sleeping gods can easily be awakened and they have much power. It is said that these folk had no small part in Ulthar's passing of its singular law against the slaying of cats. True or not, the Dark Wanderers will not travel to Ulthar, and will not say why to any man outside of their own.



The Gnorri are generally a peaceful folk, content to live off the fruits of the oceans by harvesting the various plants and fish from the waters which surround them, but they can be fierce warriors if the need should arise. They are skilled craftsmen, fashioning many wondrous and beautiful items from the coral and shells of their domain which they trade with men from the land for various items which they may find useful. The Gnorri have no written language, but do have a spoken tongue of their own. They have been known to teach this language to surface dwellers on occasion, but generally seem more comfortable in learning to speak the human language instead.

LHOSK: A seaport on the Cerenarian Sea. Lhosk has broad towers, gambrel roofs, and winding streets. The wharves are of teak, and the fishermen wear turbans. Its beach is of white sand, and its ships have rose-tainted sails. Round golden spiders and gulls are common creatures. The principal businesses are trade and fishing. They trade with lands as far off and exotic as Sona-Nyl.

MHOR, LAND OF: The easternmost region of the Dreamlands. Mhor lies a year's journey away from the city of Hazuth-Kleg. This land is largely unheard-of by the rest of the Dreamlands, but a few of its landmarks are known, such as the Vale-Which-is-the-Night, and the Tower of Xiurhn.

MONASTERY OF YUTH: At the edge of the Tanarian Hills, yellow-skulled monks reside in quiet devotion to the various gods of the Dreamlands. The monks make no distinction between good and evil, revering all powers equally. They have shrines to N'tse-Kaambl and Nyarlathotep, and observe the rites of Azathoth and Ariel. The monks do not leave their haven, but are quite knowledgeable in the ways of the Dreamlands about them. They have, in their possession, an amulet which they anoint in veneration of N'tse-Kaambl. Its powers are known to a select few, but the monks have been known to loan it out on occasion. To prevent theft or loss of this artifact, they have placed upon it a powerful enchantment which will allow them to instantaneously recall it from wherever it may be, so long as it is within the Dreamlands.

NARAXA RIVER: A river in Ooth-Nargai which flows under Celephaïs' celebrated stone bridge. It is lovely and placid, with clear water and several small waterfalls as it flows from the Tanarian Hills.

NITHY-VASH: a small town with squat cottages and many warehouses. The chief businesses are fishing and trade. In Nithy-Vash stands the only known temple of Sthood. Sthood's temple is a modest building of unadorned stone work with large bronze doors, which are always closed, and stands at the end of the row of temples. It is largely shunned by the populace of Nithy-Vash, and its existence is not widely known beyond the walls of the town. This is as the priests of Sthood desire, for their priesthood is devoted to shielding mankind from Sthood's attention. Nithy-Vash is also the home of Yah-

Who, a master sculptor known as the Maker of Gods, and Getech, a notable merchant.

OOTH-NARGAI, LAND OF: The lands stretching from the marvelous city of Celephaïs, its capital, to the Tanarian Hills. The River Naraxa runs through it.

RINAR: This city's walls and buildings are made of large blocks of yellow moss-agate inlaid with copper. This is yet another sea-port with frequent communication with Celephaïs. Rinari is particularly notable for its merchant quarter, and for its temple of the Great Ones, which looms over the processional boulevard.

TANARIAN HILLS: Bordering the entire realm of Ooth-Nargai on its landward sides are the Tanarian Hills. These mysterious hills are the source of the Naraxa River and are said to be home to many fantastic creatures. It is also rumored that deep within them lie secret and forbidden entrances to the Waking World and to other regions of dream. Such entrances are actually entrances to the nether region which is known to lie between the Dreamlands and the Waking World and which may also touch other realms.

TOWER OF XIURHN: A tall stone tower standing in the middle of the Vale-Which-Is-The-Night. Within this tower dwells the being Xiurhn, who watches over the Gem of Immeasurable Worth.

VALE-WHICH-IS-THE-NIGHT: A deep valley beyond the ridge which marks the easternmost lip of the world. During the day the Outer God, the Night, resides here. At night, the Horde of the Night streams forth across the face of the Dreamlands spreading the evil of their master wherever they go. In the center of this valley stands the Tower of Xiurhn.

ZULAN-THEK: this was once a mighty city which stood at the edge of the Forbidden Lands, at the end of the caravan route from Gak. The folk of that city feared the Night and kept their doors and windows tightly barred after dark lest the shades of night enter. They also feared their dead and placed their bodies into vast underground crypts on the plain beyond the city. They were wise to do so, but did not guard their dead well enough. A necromancer named Zhosph was able to escape the prison of his moldering bones. He then struck a bargain with the Night. In exchange for his continued existence, he would deliver unto the Night the entire city of Zulan-Thek, which had executed him for his queer delvings.

And thus it was that the fate of the people of Zulan-Thek was sealed as Night came to their city and feasted well upon their terror-filled souls. Now all that remains of Zulan-Thek are the ruins of the city and the crypts. A great stone door, hidden behind a veil of vines and weeds, with carven hippogriffs standing watch to either side, serves as the entrance to the crypts. Beyond the door and down a flight of stairs lies a maze of twisting passages, low archways, and lightless vaults.



In these vaults lie the moldering bones of the dead of Zulan-Thek. Most of these remains are of simple folk, but there are a high number of witches and necromancers interred here, for the people of the now-dead city did not look favorably upon their arts. Upon occasion, other necromancers come, or send their agents here, as it is thought that the dust of such remains might have some value in various magical rituals. Little save rats and scarabs inhabit these tombs, and even the red-footed Wamps will not come here.

The sole inhabitant of this eternally dark realm is a creature now unremembered, which was sealed into a singular chamber by the first sextons of Zulan-Thek. It lives behind a hidden door which may only be found by the light which peeks through from underneath. The occupant of the room makes its presence known to any which pass close to its door by clattering its moldering claws against the interior of its prison. Delvers into the crypts would be well advised to leave the beast imprisoned for it has not fed for many centuries.

The North

Along the Southern coast of the North, a small thriving civilization manages to subsist amidst the freezing cold. Beyond this narrow strip of life, the North is a dangerous place.

ALAOZAR: A Tcho-Tcho city hidden deep in the Plateau of Leng.

BANOF: A valley in ancient Lomar, visible from the topmost chambers of the watchtower of Thapnen.

BARRIER PEAKS, GREY: The range of mountains which separates Inquanok from Leng. Beneath them lie the Underworld realms of Luz, the Downs of D'haz, the Great Dhole Ossuary, and the Pit of Unknown Things.

BIGHT OF BENNA: A stretch of coastline along the northern continent. In this region stand the largest known set of Gnorri ruins in the Dreamlands; many square miles of convoluted stone walls which rise several meters above high tide. Part of this long-abandoned Gnorri maze is open to the sky and part is roofed, so that small boats navigating the narrow grottoes are sometimes in light, sometimes in shadow, and sometimes bathed in impenetrable gloom. Bold dreamers have explored portions of this enormous labyrinth.

Such a structure must have performed a special function, but casual investigation has failed to divine it and the Gnorri do not speak of it to outsiders. Sailors who have passed near the structure on nights when the moon is full report having seen some of the bearded Gnorri swimming in and around the great structure, but do not know why.

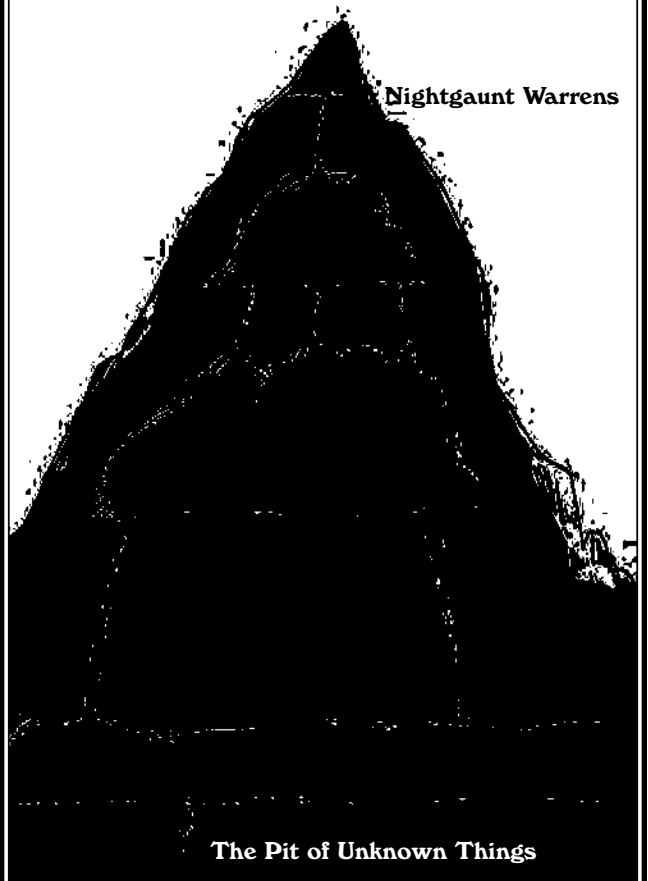
CASTLE OF THE GREAT ONES: The onyx castle of Dreamlands' gods is atop unknown Kadath. This titanic struc-

ture has been seen by few living dreamers, the greatest of which was Randolph Carter.

The myriad halls and towers of Kadath are without number or limit, and when the gods are home they revel in its magnificence. Each of the gods has a separate tower within the walls of the great keep which is his alone. Each of these towers is designed to suit the tastes of its resident. For example, Karakal's tower contains the Hall of Flowing Stones, while N'tse-Kaambl's is filled with a blazing radiance which mortals find almost impossible to bear. The main castle serves as a meeting place for all the gods, and is jointly shared by each. No one god dwells within its structure, nor holds sway over its walls. Often, the gods will convene as a group to discuss or argue over various subjects, or to receive visitors such as Randolph Carter. If one of the gods has private business with one of his worshippers or wishes to conduct some form of magic in private he will normally do so in his own tower.

COLD WASTES: The untraversed lands of the Cold Waste conceal Kadath from the rest of the Dreamlands. The wasteland consists mostly of ice-covered boulders. Thousands of miles to the north, beyond the boundaries of the Earth's

Within the Grey Barrier Peaks





Dreamlands, lies the mountain Kadath. Huge, nameless, and formless beasts prowl the Cold Wastes.

The Cold Wastes are a land of eternal night. Time does not work normally there. Days may seem to be hours, or hours may seem to be days.

DIAKOS: A city, now ruins, which fell to the Inutos during the invasion of Lomar.

DOWNS OF D'HAZ: See Luz.

GREAT DHOLE OSSUARY: See Luz.

HOUSE OF THE WORM: Since before the first stones of Vornai's oldest building were laid, there has stood upon a nearby hill a ring of stones, five in all, positioned such that they form the points of a star. In fact this is the Great Sign, placed on this very spot by N'tse-Kaambl herself to seal the sleeping Great Old Ones away from the wholesome lands of Dream, although even the priests of Vornai do not know this. The folk of Vornai have always avoided that place, for it was said that daemons dwelt within the ring. Within the ring is the House of the Worm, where the Old Man of Whom No One Likes to Speak lives.

Inside the house is a great pentagonal hall with a huge fireplace, and in the hall there is a large pentagonal table, large enough to seat many men. The entire room is shrouded in purple wall hangings and thick purple carpets, and everywhere, upon the hangings, the carpets, the table, and the chairs, is emblazoned the Elder Sign.

Beyond the main hall, through a stone archway covered with curiously carved figures of hybrid creatures and the stars, a long staircase of shallow stone steps descends into the depths of the earth. The stairs lead to a nighted realm filled with many corridors and archways too small for a man to pass. What may lurk down these corridors even the Elder Gods have forgotten.

Eventually, the main passage leads to a room with another set of five standing stones set about an ancient altar. Beyond this room is a cavern without visible limit. This chamber is dominated by a pit so vast that its far side can not be seen. From this pit radiates a sickly, greenish light which lends some illumination to the chamber. This is the resting place of that nameless terror which so terrified the Elder Gods. This creature is the reason that N'tse-Kaambl set her Great Seal upon this spot, and that the Old Man must reside here in perpetual vigilance, guarding the House and its stones lest the creature below should awaken and attempt to free itself. Just what lies in the pit is also left to the keeper's fevered imagination, but it is fair to say that it is just as fearsome and powerful as one of the Outer Gods.

INQUANOK: A northern city famous for its onyx quarries. Its bulbous domes and fantastic spires of onyx are visible from the sea. On a hill in the center of town the sixteen-angled Temple of the Elder Ones stands, surrounded by circular walls in the

middle of a great round plaza. Seven streets enter this plaza, like the spokes of a wheel. Each street enters the temple's garden through a high arch, like those in the city's walls, with a carved face at its apex.

The gates to the temple are always open and people are free to come and roam through the gardens at any time. The gardens are filled with small fountains and pools, and the many paths which wind among its vegetation are lined with small shrines to modest gods. Each of the seven gates has a wide lane which leads to one of the temple's seven doors. These doors remain shut except when the priests emerge. Near each gate stands a small, queerly designed lodge into which none of the city's people go.

When the bell sounds the temple's doors slide silently open. From each door emerges a row of seven black-hooded priests. These are the priests of the Veiled King. Each priest bears at arm's length before him a great golden bowl, from which rises a curious steam. From each of the strange lodges near the gates sound the answering peals of music, while along the temple's rim the braziers' flames rise toward heaven. The columns of priests walk stiffly down the lanes and enter the lodges, and do not emerge. It is rumored that they return to their temple via unseen passages below the ground. It is whispered by some that the stairs in those lodges lead down to depths unsuspected by the general populace of the city. There are those few who hint that their priests are less than human. Any person viewing the procession of the priests will lose 0/1 Sanity points.

Beyond the hill on which stands the Temple rises an even higher hill, on which rests the many-domed palace of the Veiled King. The roads to the palace are steep and narrow, save for one broad street which winds around the hill before it reaches the main gates. Here the king and his retinue may sometimes be seen riding on shaggy yaks or in yak-drawn chariots. Many of the alleys which climb the side of that hill are nothing more than steep stairways between the buildings. The mighty buttresses and many domes of the palace rise majestically above the entire city, dwarfing even the Temple of the Elder Ones.

The garden before the palace is filled with onyx walkways and golden lattices to which delicate flowering trees cling, statues of black-veined marble so life-like that they seem to breathe, small fountains filled with luminous fish from the depths of the sea, and high columns topped with iridescent birds whose songs are the sweetest ever dreamt of. Visitors are welcome to wander through the gardens by day, but no visitor may enter the castle. No one now living has ever seen the palace's interior, and it is rumored that the great central dome of the palace houses the monstrous father of all shantaks. It is said that those who stare too long or too intently at the dome will receive strange dreams sent to them by this creature.

ISHARA: a small town, little more than a village. It exists solely due to the highly productive gold mines nearby. The town is ruled over by a pair of twin brothers, the Dukes of



Ishara, who care about nothing other than themselves. At one end of the town stand their palatial homes, while the other end is a shanty town. Those who come to work the mines soon find that they are veritable slaves to the whims of the Dukes. As the Dukes control the mines and the trade in and out of their domain, they make the miners pay for everything: their tools, their food, the hovels they are allowed to live in, even the rags which they are given to wear in the mines. Passage to Ishara is cheap, but passage out is nearly impossible.

KAAR, PLAIN OF: A cold plain, crossed by yak caravans. The cities of Selarn and Vornai stand upon this plain. The strange House of the Worm stands on a hill on the plain, outside the city of Vornai.

KADATH IN THE COLD WASTES: Atop this mountain is the Castle of the Great Ones, built of onyx taken from the giant quarry near Inquanok. Kadath lies far to the north of Leng, where Earth's Dreamlands intersects with two alien Dreamlands. Kadath is surrounded by an extensive range of smaller mountains. A valley runs straight to Kadath from the Dreamlands, and the mouth of this valley is guarded by a series of mountains carved into statues. Randolph Carter was the first dreamer to discover the true location of Kadath.

KADIPHONEK, MOUNT: A peak on the other side of the plateau of Sarkia from Mount Noton in Lomar. A secret cave in this mountain leads to the famous "Heart of Kadiphonek," a heart-shaped formation of rock which glows redly and pulsates with an unearthly beat. Doubtless, other things are here as well.

LELAG-LENG: A city disturbingly near the base of the Plateau of Leng. This city is inhabited by the Tcho-Tcho people, who are rumored to have unwholesome dealings with the sinister beings from Leng. They sometimes trade a lovely and voluminous type of silk, but many people fear to deal with Lelag-Leng's silk-traders, for all know that no mulberry trees of any sort can be found anywhere near the city. Lelag-Leng is ruled by a high sorcerer.

LENG, PLATEAU OF: A wind-swept tableland, shunned by healthy folk. Not much is known about mysterious Leng, though most of the whispered rumors agree in horrid detail. Scattered across the face of the plateau are little granite huts and villages inhabited by a race of half-humans. Atop the plateau is a huge monastery in which lives only one being, the High Priest Not To Be Described. Much of the monastery is ruined, but the interior walls that still stand are decorated with paintings and frescoes of half-men and the history of Leng.

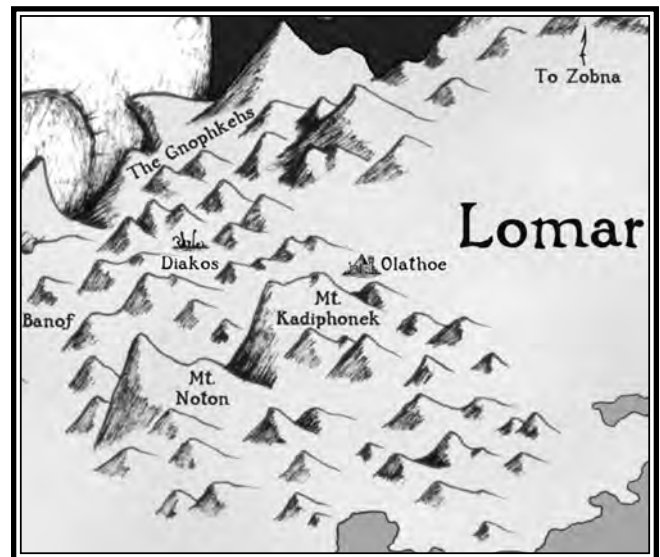
Painted tunnels, one of which leads to the ruins of Sarkomand, riddle the plateau. Other tunnels are said to lead to other times, planets, or dimensions. Shoggoths and other dire horrors infest Leng's lower vaults, guarding the Sigils of Elder Lore.

A large tower, also known as the Black Tower of Leng, or the Pharos of Leng, stands alone in the middle of the plateau. Each night, a beam of light shoots into the heavens from its top. Nyogtha is sometimes seen in the pits beneath this structure.

The Plateau of Leng is believed to cross many dimensions, touching on the Waking World in the Antarctic and in Asia. The lost city of Yian-Ho is also said to be the legacy of Leng. It is rumored to lie beneath either upstate New York or Asia. Given the nature of Leng it is possible that it lies in both places. This city is the source of such artifacts as the strange clock which stands in the sitting room of Etienne-Laurent de Marigny in New Orleans.

LOMAR, LAND OF: The land of Lomar once stood in the Waking World. The Lomarians had fled from the land of their forefathers, Zobna, in advance of encroaching ice sheets. The Lomarians were great statesmen, scholars, and warriors, but all of their might and wisdom could not save them from the relentless flow of the ice from the north. Finally, as the ice advanced upon the last of their cities, they were invaded by a race of men called the Inutos. Fierce and warlike, the Inutos overwhelmed the Lomarians and destroyed all traces of their society. A few of the Lomarians escaped the destruction of their land and fled into the Dreamlands. They brought with them all their knowledge and their text of the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*, the last copy of which is now in the hands of Atal of Ulthar. Then they scattered to the four corners of the Dreamlands and were assimilated into the myriad peoples they encountered.

Lomar, as it stands in the Dreamlands now, is the dream creation of the last survivor of that lost civilization in the Waking World. As the Inutos marshaled their forces for their assault upon the last fortress of Lomar, all the men of Lomar prepared to sally forth and meet them in battle. Only one remained behind in the highest watchtower to warn in case the Inutos were to come by way of secret passes through the



THE LAND OF LOMAR



mountains. As he stood his watch, a strange spell was placed upon him, and he fell into a deep slumber. When he awakened he found the Waking World greatly changed. However, his mind had not been idle during all that time, for in his dreams Lomar yet lived on. And so it came to pass that the land of Lomar, as it stood in the Waking World of 26,000 years ago, rose again fully formed and populated, in the far northern reaches of the Dreamlands.

Lomar's remote location means that it has little to do with the rest of the Dreamlands. They do not frown upon visitors, but neither do they welcome them warmly. Slender and tall are the folk of that land, with pale skin, almond shaped eyes, and proud noses. They know little of the gods of the Dreamlands, instead worshipping their own strange gods of ice and storms. Few are the caravans which come to Lomar from Vornai, for such traders must first pass through Ishara, and Lomar has little to offer in the way of trade goods. Similarly, Lomar has no good ports for ships to anchor in. In general, the Lomarians are content with their lives on the Plateau of Sarkia, and few venture beyond the confines of their homeland.

LUZ: A cavernous area in the Grey Barrier Peaks ruled by the Lords of Luz. Nightgaunt warrens fill the upper reaches of Luz. Below Luz lies a region known as the Downs of D'haz. The only access to the Downs is continually guarded by the Lords to ensure that their subjects do not escape. In D'haz dwells a race of creatures known as the halflings of D'haz. They share their realm with the hideous url worms, whom they tend at the orders of their masters in Luz. Further below D'haz is another region similar to the Vale of Pnath: the Great Dhole Ossuary. It is rumored that far below the Great Dhole Ossuary is the Pit of Unknown Things.

NOTON, MOUNT: A peak in the ancient kingdom of Lomar. A pass behind it was the invasion route of the Inutos onto the plateau of Sarkia.

OLATHOE: A marble city of the lost kingdom of Lomar, located on the plateau of Sarkia legendary for its beauty. Few travelers ever visit this city, but those who do return with tales of its loveliness.

THE ONYX QUARRIES: The onyx quarries of Inquanok do a great deal of business. Past the man-made quarries west of Urg is a titanic pit five miles wide, ten miles long, and two miles deep. The marks of chisels too large to be wielded by any man still remain on the walls. This is the quarry from whence the stone to build Kadath was taken. A steep path leads from Urg into the hills near the Giant Quarry, running between steep cliffs. The path stops suddenly on the edge of the great chasm, and an unwary or clumsy traveler moving too swiftly could topple in. The Great Quarry is feared by humans, for it is haunted by shantaks and urhags.

PIT OF UNKNOWN THINGS: Even deeper than the Great Dhole Ossuary lies the Pit of Unknown Things. Here resides

the foulness that is Abthoth. On this nethermost region of the Underworld, the putrescent Outer God spews forth his children—the so-called “unknown things.” These creatures are constantly at war with the dholes of the Ossuary and both sides feed upon the flesh of the other.

PREHISTORIC MONASTERY: See Leng.

SARKIA: A plateau in Lomar.

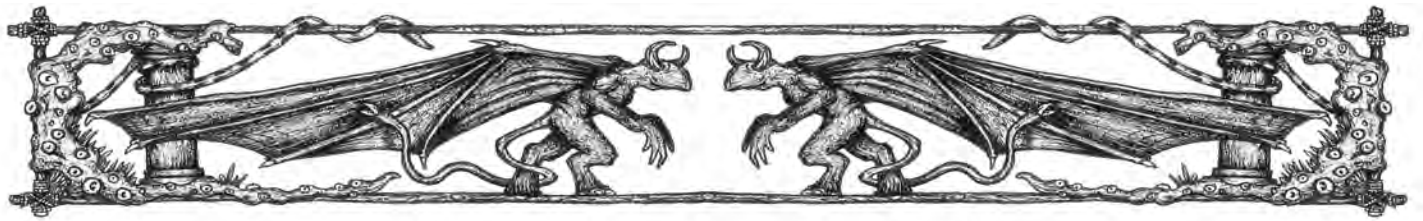
SARKOMAND: This city had stood proudly between the cliffs and the Cerenarian Sea for ten thousand years before the moonbeasts came and cast its towers down. The walls of the city were broken by six great gates, each of which was guarded by a stone sphinx which sat atop its archway. The gates each opened onto great broad streets which led to the central plaza, where the twin diorite lions guarded the entrance to the Great Abyss of the Underworld. Another tunnel system connects Sarkomand to the Prehistoric Monastery on the Plateau of Leng. Now all lies in ruin, older by far than even the ruins of lost Tyrhhia.

Sarkomand is not completely abandoned, though. It is still the site of the lair of Oorn, the loathsome mate of Mnomquah. Her lair lies in a temple-like structure which has obviously been built from the surrounding rubble. A low, circular wall with a single arched entrance forms the temple of Oorn. In the center of this circle is a deep pit whose sides are polished smooth and resemble mother of pearl both in color and texture. Oorn lurks at the bottom of this pit. She is capable of sensing the life force of those who stray too close to her lair. She can then lure such creatures to her lair, where she devours them. Her temple is regularly visited by her moonbeast priests and their slaves from Leng each full moon. They bring her what sacrifices they have, and if they have not captured any humans to sacrifice, Lengites will do just as well.

SELARN: A city of wood and brick with a fuzzy look to it, as if it isn't completely there. A great caravan route connects it with Inquanok. The ruling prince is little concerned with the numerous strange happenings occurring in his city, such as streets and buildings that appear from nowhere and midnight parades of cackling bony things.

URG: A small mining town near Inquanok. The only folk here are onyx miners and a few traders. Most are rude and boisterous, and none venture forth at night for fear of nightgaunts. Urg has no government other than the leading merchants who run the mines.

VORNAI: This city of farmers is of moderate size and of similar architecture to that of Inquanok, although onyx is not as prevalent here as it is in Inquanok. The city is surrounded by walls constructed of huge blocks of onyx transported from the quarries of Inquanok. Only eight gates pierce the walls and lead into the heart of the city down broad avenues. Although not so large as Inquanok, Vornai, known as the last northern



city of man, has its share of spired palaces and high-domed temples. In these structures dwell wealthy merchants, powerful lords, and pious priests. Vornai is not so steeped in the observances of the gods as is Inquanok, but then neither is it ruled by a Veiled King. Vornai's mayor is a gaunt man by the name of Qorth, a cautious and superstitious fellow who does nothing without first consulting his five augers. Vornai's priests venerate all the wholesome gods of Dream, and their chief goddess is N'tse-Kaambl. Vornai is the terminus of the northern caravan route from Inquanok, and is the only city to have direct trade with Ishara. Out through the Gate of Mists, beyond the walls of Vornai stands a lone hill, and upon that hill is the House of the Worm.

WATCHERS IN THE WASTE: Huge carven figures with hyena-like bodies and twin miter-crowned heads. Their feet rest upon the sands of the Rock Desert, but the tops of their miters are lost in the swirling clouds. These silent watchers stretch in a half-circle from the mountains to the east toward the unknown lands in the west, and stand sentinel over the northern reaches beyond.

These statues, known as the Watchers in the Waste, are more than just carven sentinels of the northern reaches. They were placed here by Nyarlathotep to watch over the gateway to the Cold Waste, wherein lies Kadath. If the hordes of shantaks which make their nests on these titan sentries don't stop those who venture this far then the watchers will, for the watchers are alive. Only when some intrepid and resourceful explorer manages to defeat all other obstacles do these carven monstrosities awaken from their eons-old slumber, but death at their hands is virtually assured.

ZOBNA: Ancient ancestral kingdom of the Lomarians. Fleeing the advancing ice sheet, the people migrated to Lomar, sweeping aside the primitive Gnophkehs who stood in their way.

Oriab

An island located in the Southern Sea, Oriab is a small but thriving civilization. It has two cities: Baharna in the north, and Andahad in the south. The rest of the residents live in small hamlets or villages dotting the coast, and are concentrated on the northern end of the island.

ACCURSED VALLEY: Stretching away to the south of Mount Ngranak is a vast, blasted land seemingly without end. The greatest feature in this landscape is a wide valley of black lava unmarred by the hand of man. This is the Accursed Valley, which marks the spot where the wrath of the Great Ones was once vented upon the land. What strange conflict may have caused such great devastation is unknown to any, save the gods themselves. Some scholars, including Atal, theorize that the creation of the region may have taken place during the ancient



SARKOMAND



struggle between the Great Ones and the hideous Other Gods who once held sway upon the Earth.

ANDAHAD: A small city in comparison to Baharna, approximately the size of Ulthar, but it is a rich port. Its location at the farthest southern end of Oriab gives it access to vast supplies of ancient lava unlike that which is to be found on the slopes of Mt. Ngranek. Furthermore, the waters around Andahad are filled with all manner of aquatic life unique to that area. Andahad has the distinction of being the southernmost outpost of civilization in the known Dreamlands. Some of its more adventurous sailors tell tales of the Granite Pillars of the South, which are thought to be similar to the Basalt Pillars of the West. No man knows what lies beyond these pillars, if they really exist.

BAHARNA: The entrance to the Bay of Baharna is marked by the twin lighthouses of Thon and Thal. Beyond the lighthouses, about a quarter of a mile before the piers, rising up from the summery waters of the harbor is the mast of an old wreck.

Baharna is mostly built out of porphyry, from the wharves to the uppermost terraces of the city proper. Approaching from the sea, the center of the city can be seen to be the entrance to a tunnel. This tunnel passes beneath the hill on which the city stands and leads to the Lake of Yath on the far side. The city extends upwards in a great "V" from the canal and rises up from the bay on terraces. In times of great storms, ships are moved from the main harbor in the bay to a secondary, sheltered harbor on the Lake of Yath. Many of the streets of Baharna are steep and have steps carved into them. Further, many of the buildings of the city have bridges between them which arch over the streets below, lending them a vaguely subterranean air. After cresting the hill, the city extends back down the other side to the shores of the Lake of Yath.

The city is divided into four general sections. The first section, near the wharves, is filled with sailors and traders from across the Dreamlands, as well as the merchants of Baharna. Here is the marketplace where resin from the fragrant inland groves of the island and the pottery and sculptures of the lava

carvers are traded for a variety of goods. It is also one of the few areas where riding beasts and beasts of burden can be found within the city; the streets leading to the upper areas are too steep in many cases for such creatures.

The second and third sections, at the top of the hill on which the city stands, are filled with various government offices and the homes of the wealthy and powerful. The higher up the hill, the more wealthy and powerful are the residents. Finally, the section occupying the far side of the hill near the shores of the lake is home to the city's lava- and resin-gatherers, and its image-makers. This is the city's oldest district.

The original inhabitants of the city came here from their old homes on the slopes of Mt. Ngranek, which lies at the southern end of the lake. These people lived there for many generations, slowly building their villages higher and higher up the mountain. They began to notice strange shapes prowling about their homes in the night, and began suffering strange disappearances. Finally, they felt certain that their presence on the mountain would no longer be tolerated, so they moved to the northern end of the lake and founded the city of Baharna. Their descendants still live in the old quarter, and still practice the old trades of lava-gathering and carving. Much can be learned about Mt. Ngranek and the surrounding environs from these folk. There is another marketplace in this section of the town where the farmers who reside along the shores of the lake bring their produce and livestock to sell. Goods from either market place are transported between the two via a system of ferry boats which operates through the underground canal. The old quarter of the city is also the other area where riding beasts and other forms of livestock can commonly be found.

Baharna is governed by a council of elders drawn from the wealthy and powerful of the city. The council in turn appoints various officers to oversee the daily functions of the city, such as harbor master and chief regulator. The regulators are Baharna's police force; they maintain order throughout the city and out into the hinterlands of Baharna, as far south as Mt. Ngranek. They seldom stray beyond the confines of the city however, unless there is a specific problem requiring their attention.

NAMELESS RUINS: See Tyrria.

NGRANAK, MOUNT: A six-mile-high inactive volcano in Oriab, south of the Lake of Yath. Woodsmen and lava-gatherers brave its lower slopes, but never climb more than a mile up because of the curious creatures dwelling there. On the southern face of Mount Ngranak, carved five hundred feet tall, is the face of one of the Great Ones. This face overlooks a huge valley of twisted hard lava.

Dotting the slopes of the mountain are the remnants of various encampments of lava-gatherers. Less frequently, in clearings among the trees are the ruins of the villages where the orig-





inal inhabitants once lived until they abandoned their homes and moved to the site of Baharna.

TYRRHIA: One of the first settlements built on the side of Mt. Ngranak, on the island of Oriab. It was once ruled by Yath-Lhi, who made a dark pact with Nyarlathotep and became an ageless vampire. Now the city has fallen to ruins, and even its name is forgotten. Rumors tell of great treasures beneath Tyrhhia, but these tales are a trap laid by Nyarlathotep to draw in adventurers. In actuality, Yath-Lhi's tomb lies under the nameless ruins of Tyrhhia. He who violates it shall awaken her and be stricken by an ancient curse.

Beneath the ruins is a maze, semicircular in design. It forms a half disk with Yath-Lhi's tomb located at the center, if the disk had been full. The perimeter of the semicircle reaches almost to the shore of the Lake of Yath. The exact pathways which the corridors take through the maze toward the core are left for the keeper to devise, but there is but one safe passage into the core. All other passages lead to certain death in the form of various booby-traps, the exact nature of which are, again, left for the keeper to devise.

The central tomb is a twenty-three-sided block with a small corridor which runs completely around it. The core is perhaps seventy or eighty feet wide, from side to side; the walls are approximately six feet wide and reach to the ceiling, ten feet high. Toward the top of each of the twenty-three walls are strange runic inscriptions, written in the ancient Aklo tongue, which boast of Yath-Lhi's cruelty. None of the inscriptions makes any mention of a curse to be visited upon tomb robbers.

None of the walls appear to be an obvious entrance. One wall's inscription reads, "Let him who would disturb Yath-Lhi's longest sleep first confess his sins!" This is the wall which leads into the inner tomb, and it must be broken open. It is approximately four feet thick and is made of solid stone. The other walls, should investigators attempt to break them open, are twenty-five feet thick and are also made of solid stone. Upon breaking through the proper wall, investigators will find a passageway about twenty feet long which ends in another wall. Before this wall stands a large "T" shaped lever made of brass set into the floor. Pulling the lever will cause the inner wall/door to open. The door opens inward like a drawbridge, slowly at first, but then it crashes to the ground.

Inside, the tomb also has twenty-three sides. Several of the inner walls have sconces for torches, and on the floor beneath each of these are large stone urns which once held perfumed oil. In the center of the chamber stand seven huge coffins made of carved stone. They are arranged in a circle and face outward toward the walls. Yath-Lhi herself faces the inner door, and it is her leering mummified face which stares at any who enters her sanctum.

The coffins stand about eight feet in height and have a curious funnel-like openings in their tops. Above each coffin, set into the ceiling, is a clay bottle containing the fluid which will

awaken Yath-Lhi and her guards. The act of opening the inner door will immediately trigger a mechanism which will cause the bottles to break open, spilling their contents down upon the occupants of the coffins. Once this is done, Yath-Lhi and her guardsmen will come to life and lumber forth from their resting places.

It may be possible for investigators to find another means of entering the tomb and to prevent the contents of the bottles from awakening Yath-Lhi so that she can spread her curse across the Dreamlands. Details of such a possible entrance are left to the ingenuity of the players and the keeper's discretion.

The ruins of Tyrhhia are also the residence of the little known, but greatly feared, haemaphores. These creatures lurk in the ruins by day and come forth to feed by night. Anyone foolish enough to camp in the ruins by night should consider himself lucky to awake in the morning. Haemaphores will attach themselves to their victims and drain all the blood from their bodies. They are also fond of small shiny objects, which they will steal from the packs of those who camp within reach of their lairs.

YATH, LAKE: A sheltered harbor just inland from the city of Baharna on Oriab. It is connected to the Southern Sea by a great underground canal.

The Seas

There are two great seas in the Dreamlands, the Cerenarian Sea and the Southern Sea. They are dotted by all manner of small islands.

At one time, the Gnorri could be found throughout the seas of the Dreamlands. Undoubtedly, their knowledge of the hidden ways beneath the waves of the Dreamlands oceans is extensive. Now, however, their settlements are becoming fewer and fewer. Scholars are unsure as to why this may be, but some theorize that it may have to do with increased incursions by the servants of Great Cthulhu. At various points across the Dreamlands, ruins of their former settlements have been discovered. The greatest of these ruins are in the Bight of Benna, in the North.

BASALT PILLARS OF THE WEST: These titanic columns of rock rise out of the sea and reach upward seemingly without end. Between these pillars pass the oceans of the world, then to plunge into interplanetary space. Ships do not normally seek out the pillars, for there is no earthly destination beyond them. However, for ships not of this world they serve as a portal between the Dreamlands and the void which stretches between the planets. Beyond the pillars the sea is swift and restless as it rushes into a monstrous cataract to drop into nothingness. Ships without oars to pull themselves back through the pillars will be sucked into the cataract, unless they know the proper routes over the precipice. One route leads beyond the pillars



into Cathuria. The more commonly used route heads straight off into space.

CERENARIAN SEA: This sea is crystal-blue, like the waters of the Caribbean. It is chilly, and only mildly salty. Most of the major Dreamlands ports lie on its shores, including the marvelous city of Celephaïs.

GRANITE PILLARS OF THE SOUTH: These pillars stand far across the Southern Sea, beyond the reaches of the ships of man. These titan columns of gray stone rise majestically from the sea like their cousins, the Basalt Pillars of the West. And, like their western counterparts, they also serve as a gateway between Earth's primary Dreamlands and another realm, for beyond these pillars lies the mysterious region known as Alcheringa.

MTAL: An island in the Cerenarian Sea which is famous for its crystal-clear water and profusion of shellfish. Gigantic ribbed clams are known from here that are big enough to swallow a galley's anchor and snap its chain. Sea serpents sometimes sport off its shores, while the natives come to watch.

NAMELESS ROCK: Located in the north of the Cerenarian Sea, this island is the site of the largest outpost of moonbeasts on the surface of the Dreamlands. Vessels approaching the rock will see that the sides are very steep, but that on certain ledges dotting the surface may be seen the bulging walls of strange buildings. A successful Dream Lore roll will recognize the architecture of these structures as belonging to those toad-like residents of the moon's farther side. On the southern end of the rock are two long extensions which form headlands. These headlands come so close

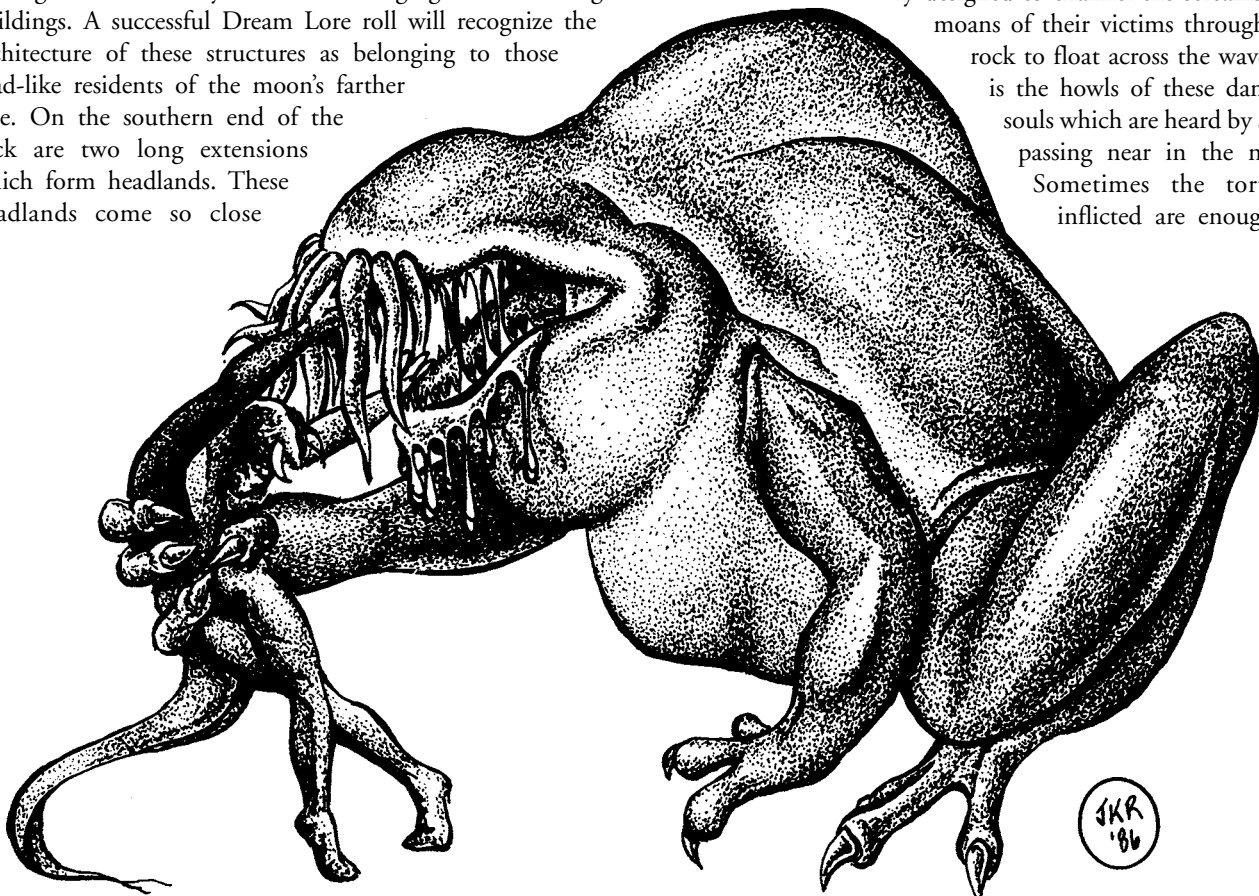
together that only one ship at a time might pass between them to the waters which lie beyond.

Past the opening is a stagnant harbor large enough to hold several ships. There is always at least one of the black galleys which the moonbeasts use at anchor here, and there are usually two to four more loading and unloading various cargoes onto the stone quays. Any creature unfortunate enough to fall into the waters of this bay will be quickly devoured by large beasts which remain unseen beneath the water's surface.

Beyond the docks is a town carved out of the vertical cliffs rising up from the shore. A winding road starts at the end of the docks and spirals up and out of sight to the higher ledges of the cliff. The buildings nearest the docks are primarily warehouses in which are stored a great number of crates containing all manner of goods, some living. A great quantity of rubies, both rough and polished, as well as many barrels of the strong moon wine can also be found in these warehouses.

Some of these buildings contain cells and lightless chambers in which unspeakable torments are inflicted upon the unfortunate captives of the moonbeasts. The moonbeasts are skilled in the arts of torture and can keep a victim alive for many months while he or she endures the tender mercies of the captors. Moonbeasts derive a great deal of amusement from the sufferings of their victims and will go to great lengths to prolong it as much as possible. These chambers have been special-

ly designed to channel the screams and moans of their victims through the rock to float across the waves. It is the howls of these damned souls which are heard by ships passing near in the night. Sometimes the tortures inflicted are enough to





elicit sounds which can be heard all the way to Inquanok. Anyone passing near enough to the Nameless Rock to hear such screams will lose 0/1D4 Sanity points.

Higher up the rock are the dwellings of the moonbeasts. These low buildings are windowless and reek with the stench of their inhabitants. The insides of these structures are furnished with curious stools, benches, and tables carved from the wood of the moontrees, and the walls are painted with nameless and frantic designs which are not wholesome to look upon. Any investigator doing so will lose 0/1D4 Sanity points. Many of these buildings contain small altars with idols of Mnomquah carved from solid ruby, as well as various strange weapons, ornaments, and other curious implements.

Still further up the rock, nearer the peak, the buildings are almost exclusively temples. Many of these structures house open halls of varying sizes, and have suggestively stained fonts and carven altars. Some of these temples are dedicated to Mnomquah, some to his mate Orn, and still others to less savory gods which are known only to the moonbeasts. Near the very top lie the greatest of these temples. From the rear of this great hall stretches a low, dark passage which extends into the depths of the rock. At the far end of this passage is a vast chamber hewn from the heart of the stone. The high walls and ceiling of this chamber are covered with demonic carvings (0/1D4 Sanity points for viewing).

In the center of the chamber is a large, bottomless well. This shaft leads all the way to the eternally dark Vaults of Zin deep in the Underworld. On the far side of the pit is a small door of strangely wrought bronze. If examined it will be found that the door opens inward on whatever space may lie beyond, has no handle on this side, and is locked from within. What may lie beyond this door is left for the keeper to decide.

SERRANIAN: A wondrous city resting on an island which floats in the sky. To get there one boards a ship and sails from Celephaïs to the point where the sea meets the sky. Such a voyage usually lasts for several days, but may take up to several weeks depending on conditions. When a ship has reached that point it simply lifts off of the sea and into the sky and continues to sail on to its destination.

The island of Serranian is roughly circular and covers approximately twenty square miles. The bulk of the city is constructed along the eastern and southern shores and covers almost three-quarters of the island's surface. The city is surrounded by high walls made of marble which are armed with cannons all around. Most of the buildings of the city are built of pink-veined marble with an architectural style that is Greek in nature. The city's harbor lies along the south-eastern shore, and the wharves are carved from the very stone of the island. The Bay of Serranian is normally filled with clouds which float at the level of the shore, forming a fluffy surface for the ships to sail upon as they arrive or depart. Like Baharna, Serranian has two lighthouses to aid ships in navigating to port.

However, one of these lighthouses projects from the bottom of the island beneath the "waves" of the Bay. The two lighthouses are actually one structure which extend from the top of the upper building through the rock of the island to the bottom of the lower building. They share a common entrance near the harbor master's offices.

At the center of the city stands the massive, many-turreted castle which is Kuran's seat of office when he resides upon the island. An imposing structure, its high dome rises above all the others of the city and is covered with beaten bronze which blazes forth in the light of day, like a second sun in the heavens. Near the palace stands the Hall of Proclamation. From here the decisions of the city's council, or of King Kuran, are made public. Often it is the scene of lively public debates between rival philosophers and scholars on a wide range of topics. This is where the patriarch of Serranian's cats resides. He is a wise old tabby, and is fond of engaging those dreamers who are fluent in the language of the cats in the same sort of lively debate which goes on around him.

Just as in Celephaïs, Kuran prefers not to stay in his palace here. Here too he has erected an English-style manor house to keep as his residence. It lies in the western portion of the city and is surrounded by a high stone wall. A pair of iron gates open into a large courtyard, which is in the middle of well tended gardens filled with ivy-covered oak trees. The manor house itself is made of gray stone, with a single tower rising above the level of the walls. Again, as in Celephaïs, Kuran's servants dress in the fashion of English butlers and maids. However, due to the limited space available on the island, this is the only piece of England which Kuran has created here. Much of his time in Serranian is spent either here or at the Museum.

The Museum stands on a promontory point at the far eastern end of the island. The only way to gain access to the Museum is across a narrow, low-walled causeway which leads directly to the Museum's only entrance. The causeway has just enough room for two people to stand abreast, so those entering and exiting must share the way. It is an unofficial policy that when crossing the causeway one should keep one of the low walls on his or her right hand side; this forms two lanes of traffic, one for entering and one for exiting.

A great round structure with a high dome, the Museum stands three stories tall and has windows made from an unbreakable crystal. The causeway leads to a small courtyard containing a statue of the King. A narrow pathway leads off the courtyard in both directions, surrounding the Museum. On the far side is another small courtyard with benches and a spectacular view of the Dreamlands below. The snowy cap of Mt. Aran and the mystery-filled Tanarian range beyond can be seen from here on clear days.

Visitors to the Museum pass through a great archway beyond the King's statue and find themselves in the main gallery. This gallery extends all the way to the top of the dome. From here visitors may wander around the first floor, or they



may ascend, via winding staircases, to the other two floors. Most visitors never get past the first floor, for this is where all of the Museum's valuables are on display; gems and jewels, golden figurines and ivory statues, priceless antiques, and works of art all are shown here. The upper floors contain those items which can be found in any museum: mummies, books, bones, and the like. Interestingly enough, none of the museum's exhibits have labels or explanations attached to them.

Unlike the rest of the ships of the Dreamlands, the ships of Serranian do not need the aerial gulf stream to sail into the sky. Each of the ships of Serranian has a special hold in its hull which is filled with the flotation essence. This enables them to remain aloft no matter where they may sail, and to venture over the length and breadth of the Dreamlands. They control their altitude by releasing ballast or gas as needed, but otherwise are sailed in much the same fashion as water-borne ships. Regular ports of call for these vessels include Celephaïs, Ilel-Vad, and Dylath-Leen.

SOUTHERN SEA: This deep blue-gray sea is cooler and saltier than the Cerenarian Sea. When moonlight hits its waters in the right way, its depths are revealed to the lucky watcher. The Basalt Pillars of the West, the Granite Pillars of the South, and the mysterious Sunken City lie in this sea which is, at times, a dangerous place to be.

THE SUNKEN CITY: Approximately halfway between Dylath-Leen and Oriab is a sunken city. The city has lain beneath the waves for uncounted ages, and no one now living knows its history. All that is known of it is that when the waters are clear, strange shadows can be seen moving among the buildings which lie beneath the waves. Many ships sailing these waters have vanished without a trace.

The city does, in fact, have living residents. At the northern edge of the city is a domed temple, which is one side of a dimensional gate between the Waking World and the Dreamlands. This gateway is guarded by the malignant entity Gloon and his servants. This gateway is used as both a dream-gate and a physical entry point to the Dreamlands for the deep ones. They have built a large square temple at the southern end of the city. They have also spawned a race of merfolk, by interbreeding with the gnorri. These merfolk also dwell within the city, and it is they who are responsible for the disappearance of so many ships in the area.

UNDERWATER CITY: See the Sunken City.

The West

Of all the regions of the Dreamlands, the West seems to be both the oldest and the most populous. In its eastern portion are clustered the most civilized lands, including several members of the Six Kingdoms. Moving westward, one comes to various nomadic lands, and ancient Mnar. Along the southwest

coast of the West are a number of Fantastic Realms, stranger and more dreamlike even than the rest of the Dreamlands.

AI RIVER: A shallow, slow moving stream in the land of Mnar. Its waters are dark and green, but safe to drink. Fish of many types dwell herein. As do most Dreamlands rivers, the River Ai starts as a spring in the plains. Only two Swim rolls are needed to cross it.

AKURION: A large gray rock in the lake near Sarnath, a prominent landmark near the shore. At the anniversary of Sarnath's destruction, it is nearly submerged by the lake waters.

APHORAT: A small port in the far south. Lying as it does in the shadows of Thalarion, Aphorat is remote and little visited, but it is important for it serves as the only link to the sea for both Sydathria and Cuppar-Nombo. Few ships from other lands come here for any reason. The men of Aphorat are skilled sailors and have sailed as far away as Celephaïs on the Cerenarian Sea. Barges travel up and down the river bringing goods to and from the inner lands.

AYELL-TZARTHICA, MOUNTAINS OF: A range just to the north of the Land of Ennon, known as the Place of Deep Mystery. No one knows what is concealed by the blue-litten mist surrounding the peaks of these mountains.

BNAZIC DESERT: A mild desert in the land of Mnar. The Arab-like people who live there breed and eat three-humped sea-green camels. The people are taciturn, and many are dangerous robbers. The desert itself weirdly resembles a sea bottom, with plants like coral and seaweed. The sands are blue and yellow-green, most of the vegetation is blue, green, or gray, and the animals are likewise colored. The desert becomes most beautiful at night, when luminous animals weave their lairs and move about like living stars.

Centuries ago, a monster named Mlok fell from the sky into the Bnazic desert. Remnants of this blasphemous creature may still remain, buried deep beneath the sand.

CASTLE OF THE SACRED FOUNT: Although this palace, located in the Jungle of Kled, is thought to be one of several ivory palaces guarded by the Great Ones, it is not. The Great Ones would be quite happy to see this place crumble into ruin and be forgotten. Investigators who approach this place will first notice an all-pervasive musky odor permeating the entire jungle. As they draw closer, they will notice the lack of animal life. Although the structure has been preserved from decay similar to the other ivory palaces of Kled, there is about it a palpable air of death. Investigators entering the Castle will lose 0/1 Sanity points. The building is devoid of any furnishings and the floor is thick with dirt and leaves blown in by the wind.

The front hallway of the palace is an atrium—rain falls from the roof to collect into a rectangular pool in the center. At the far end of the pool, on a pedestal made of a single mas-



sive cube of porphyry, hunches the jade statue of an evil-looking hyena, its gaping jaws leering over the liquid. The water is dark and filthy from rotting leaves; a peculiar oily scum covers its surface. A faint bubbling from some unseen water supply ripples its surface. Despite its loathsome appearance, nothing lurks beneath the surface nor is the water itself dangerous. The pool is apparently bottomless.

With even a modicum of searching, dreamers can see that the jungle immediately behind the Palace of the Sacred Font is altered—there the growth becomes stunted and twisted, tree trunks are bent at odd angles, and a general sense of disease pervades the plant life. As the dreamers proceed, they begin to see alien foliage—quivering fungi, twisting weird ferns, etc.—interspersed among the vegetation natural to Earth's Dreamlands. Soon they come to a great stone arch in the middle of the jungle, surrounded by dead trees. If they peer through the arch they see another alien jungle, evidently on a far-off world. This arch is a gate between Earth's Dreamlands and the place wherein Yibb-Tstll dwells. It is a two-way gate.

Once investigators pass through, they are in the midst of the alien plant and animal life. Swollen insects swoop ominously from deadly-looking blooms. Flying horrors with venous wings swoop high above the evil-looking flora. The sky is dark green and starless. Not far away a vast clearing is visible, at least a mile across. Its soil is sere and black. Investigators who make a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will realize that they are about to enter the presence of the god Yibb-Tstll. Such investigators will know that it is advisable to enter the presence of this god by crawling with their eyes averted, so as not to see the face of the hideous god. If they have no idea of what lies in wait for them, they step right into Yibb-Tstll's loathly presence. Any player who immediately states that his investigator is throwing himself to the ground, or otherwise averting his eyes, may do so on a successful Jump roll. Any who hesitate, even for an instant, lose 1D6/1D20 Sanity points at the sight of the slowly turning monster god.

Investigators who failed their Cthulhu Mythos roll may attempt another now. Succeeding at either roll allows the investigators to remember that Yibb-Tstll will sometimes answer questions put to him by petitioners. They will also remember that there is some risk of suffering something known as the Dread Reversal. Investigators who knew what to expect prior to passing through the gate to this realm need not make any Cthulhu Mythos rolls to figure out what is going on.

Yibb-Tstll communicates with investigators telepathically, in a booming alien voice. Each of the petitioners must attempt to roll POW or less on 1D100. Failure means that the dreamer is ignored by the slowly rotating being. A roll of 96-00 indicates that Yibb-Tstll reaches out and touches that dreamer, causing one of his feared reversals. If Yibb-Tstll responds to a dreamer, its mastery of time and space is demonstrated by the fact that it answers an investigator's questions before they are asked. Yibb-Tstll only discourses on the Cthulhu Mythos and

other topics of cosmic importance. A single response is all that can be reasonably expected of a god, and the investigators may find that asking Yibb-Tstll to explain itself is dangerous.

CAVERN OF FLAME: The cavern, which stands on the borders between the Dreamlands and the realm of man's ordinary dreams, is large and appears to be natural. In the center of the cavern, rising from floor to ceiling, is a pillar of flame. The flame varies in color from red to orange to purple, and is in fact a manifestation of the Elder Gods, who have sometimes been described as flaming pillar-like beings. In this cavern dwell the two priests, Nasht and Kaman-Thah. The exit leads down seven hundred steps to the Gate of Deeper Slumber.

CAVES OF LIFE: Beneath one of the many islands spread away southward from the tip of Zak in the Southern Sea, lie the fabled Caves of Life. The caves are rumored to contain items allowing one to see into the future, and pass into forbidden regions of dream. The caves can only be entered through a tunnel which opens onto the sea. The mouth of the tunnel is large enough to admit a medium sized ship. The tunnel leads deep under the island and eventually opens upon a vast cavern which contains a phosphorescent blue sea. Out of this sea rise countless obsidian pillars which tower up into the darkness and support the roof. The sea extends away from the mouth of the cave as far as the eye can see. Ruins lie on the edge of the lake, and beyond them tunnels that run deep below the surface.

CUPPAR-NOMBO, CITY OF: This city is surrounded by high walls of plastered sandstone which gleam white in the baking sun. Within the walls are many low buildings with thick walls made from the clay of the surrounding soil. These buildings are constructed so that they extract the coolness from the air and maintain a comfortable temperature. At the center of the city stands the magnificent palace of the Khalif of Cuppar-Nombo, Prince Fiasal. Cuppar-Nombo was founded long ago by survivors who fled the nearby ruins of Glothoth. The Khalifate of Cuppar-Nombo is one of the Six Kingdoms.

CUPPAR-NOMBO, DESERT OF: Bounded by the Karthian Hills and the Forest of Parg is that ancient desert land of Cuppar-Nombo. Cuppar-Nombo is a land much like the desert-plateau regions of southwestern Egypt in the Waking World. The region receives little or no rainfall, and what little water there is rises from underground springs to form oases. Much of the region is covered by a blanket of shifting sands and dunes known as the Great Sand Sea. There is only one permanent settlement in the area, the city of Cuppar-Nombo. The bulk of the population of this region live a nomadic existence following herds of goats and sheep from one oasis to the next. They travel to the city once each season to trade with the native merchants and those from abroad for whatever they might need or desire.

Many of the valleys near the city have mines from which various precious stones, such as rubies or emeralds, are extract-



DYLATH-LEEN

ed. The region has two main caravan routes which connect it with the rest of the Dreamlands. The first runs across the eastern hills to Drinen and then to the Valley of the Skai. The second runs to the headwaters of one of the tributaries of the river Zuro and then down river to Aphorat. The caravans to and from the Valley of the Skai run once each month, while the route to Aphorat is taken only once every three months.

Also of note in the desert are the long abandoned ruins of Golthoth.

DLARETH, MOUNT: The Skai River has its headwaters between this mountain and nearby Mount Lerion.

DOTHER: A smallish desert city whose brown-skinned people keep mostly to themselves. They do not worship the Great Ones, unlike most Dreamlands residents, but keep the nature of their deity a secret. Naturally, fearful rumors are rife about their faith, though the people of Dother do not seem to practice human sacrifice or other abhorrent rites. The city is best-known for the peculiar trade items which are sold by its diffident silk-clad merchants. These items include exotically-scented oil suitable for lamps or dipped torches, powerful acids kept in green glass bottles, planks of fine ivory from six to ten feet long, and eerie phosphorescent rocks. The source of these items is completely unknown.

DRINEN: A city near Cuppar-Nombo inhabited by dusky-skinned folk famous for their eerie music, played on flutes, drums, and accompanied by wailing, wordless singing. One portion of the city is called the Pleasure Quarter, and is widely condemned as thoroughly decadent by many people, while envied by others.

Near Drinen, in the desert, is a round hill known as the Tomb of Neb. Neb was the last priest of an ancient god named Mlok, who fell to the Dreamlands from the sky and tried to usurp the worship of the Great Ones. As Mlok's cult grew the god began to fission—constantly splitting into smaller, less powerful entities. In Neb's time, there was little left to worship and when Neb was buried, the last Children of Mlok were buried with him. It is rumored that they still live in the Tomb of Neb, warded by Elder Signs. If anyone were foolish enough to remove these wards, the Children of Mlok could overrun the nearby lands.

DYLATH-LEEN: Dylath-Leen is a great city which lies at the mouth of the Skai where it empties into the Southern Sea. The city is built mostly of basalt and has many thin angular towers which pierce the sky. Its streets are dark and uninviting, and a haze of smoke hangs over the city except when strong winds blow in from the sea. Its sullen inhabitants wear odd robes. Cutthroats, assassins, and thieves abound. The ruling prince utilizes his Eyes of Dylath-Leen—a sort of secret police—to investigate crime only when important persons are involved.

Dylath-Leen is the greatest port in all the Dreamlands. Its harbor, known as the Bay of Wharves, is filled with over one



hundred docks and quays of various sizes. There are always at least a dozen ships from every land on Earth, and few which are thought not to be on Earth, at anchor here.

The Forest of Parg lies just west of Dylath-Leen, across the River Skai, while the Valley of Tanta lies just east.

ENCHANTED STONE: Westward from the Great Stone Circle lies a spot in the Enchanted Wood where the fungus is unnaturally thick and the trees are thinner and stand either dead or dying. At this spot there rests in the forest floor the Enchanted Stone, a great stone slab with a three-foot-wide iron ring set in its middle. The slab is covered with two sets of runic inscriptions, now mostly obscured by the moss covering the slab. These runes are in a very ancient tongue, now all but forgotten in the Dreamlands; one set was designed to keep something beneath the slab, and the second set has the power to cancel the power of the first. No man now living knows what lies beneath this slab, and even the zoogs fear to go near it. In fact, this slab covers the top of a great staircase which spirals down through the Tower of Koth into the kingdom of the gugs in the vast Underworld.

THE ENCHANTED WOOD: A new dreamer's first obstacle before attaining the Dreamlands. The seven hundred steps to the Gate of Deeper Slumber wind down through a gigantic oak tree in the middle of this forest. This wood is composed largely of oak trees whose prodigious boughs intertwine to form tunnels beneath their leafy canopy. In this region all is perpetually twilight, and very little sunlight reaches the forest floor. The wood is continuously lit by a strange phosphorescent glow, which is emitted by a fungus which permeates the entire wood.

The Enchanted Wood is home to many weird creatures, including the elusive zoogs, who live in hollow trees and burrows beneath the oak roots. They know a great deal about the Waking World because of their proximity to it. Indeed, the wood touches the Waking World at two places, and the zoogs are responsible for some disappearances there. They also know a great deal about the Dreamlands, and their spies infiltrate everywhere.

Near the center of the Enchanted Wood is the Great Stone Circle that was built by the gugs ages ago. Not far to the West is the Enchanted Stone, a slab covering the entrance to the Tower of Koth. There are numerous zoog villages in the Wood—a particularly large one lies just east of the Great Stone Circle. The Gate of Deeper Slumber, entrance to the Dreamlands, lies in the eastern half of the forest.

ENNON, LAND OF: The last of the Fantastic Realms. As the coastline turns toward the north there lies Ennon, the Land of Music and Poetry. In this land reside all the dreamers and poets who offered their visions to the world but were rejected. This land is filled with music and merriment, and at night the air is filled with songs which once lived in men's souls but were pushed out as wonder left the Waking World.



THE ENCHANTED WOODS



Inland from the coast of this land is a high range of mountains known as Ayell-Tzarthica: the Place of Deep Mystery. No man knows what may lie concealed behind the veils of blue-lit ten mist which obscure the peaks of those mountains. It is said that both wonder and madness await those who brave the summit of those peaks. The residents of Ennon therefore content themselves to remain on the soft slopes flanking the mountains. It is here, near the base of Ayell-Tzarthica, where one can find Ward Phillips, who was once of the Waking World. Phillips is the Keeper of the Lamp—the Lamp of Alhazred. He can use the powers of that lamp to show investigators the one safe route into splendid Cathuria, which lies beyond the Basalt Pillars of the West.

GATE OF DEEPER SLUMBER: Seven hundred steps down from the Cavern of Flame, opening into the eastern portion of the Enchanted Wood.

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY: A huge, ancient wall surrounding the land of Sona-Nyl, preventing outsiders from entering.

GOLTHOTH, RUINS OF: To the south of the city of Cuppar-Nombo stand the silent ruins of Golthoth. Once this city was the capital of Cuppar-Nombo and here, under the leadership of their god-kings, the priests worshiped their strange animal-headed gods. The architecture of these ruins is very similar to that of ancient Egypt and the city-states of Mnar. The folk who originally inhabited Golthoth, now known as the Dark Wanderers, have spread across all of the Dreamlands. They are most common in the lands of the Six Kingdoms. For the most part they live a gypsy-like existence. It is believed that the Dark Wanderers might have migrated to Mnar shortly after the destruction of their civilization.

Long ago the city of Golthoth was destroyed. How and why are still unknown, but some speculate that it may have been a doom similar to that which befell 'Ygiroth. Whatever the cause, Golthoth now stands empty and silent. The mighty limestone temples and obelisks are deserted but for the desert sands which encroach a little more each year. On the temple walls may still be seen the carven images of the ancient gods with the heads of animals and the bodies of humans. Careful examination of the carvings will reveal that a jackal-headed figure has been chipped off all the walls. Tales persist of great riches waiting to be discovered in the tombs beneath Golthoth, but none have ever found them, and no small number of those who have gone in search of them have disappeared.

GREAT BLEAK MOUNTAINS: Tall and cold rise the peaks of this range, and few explorers have ventured there and returned. The river Tross has its headwaters in these mountains.

GREAT STONE CIRCLE: Near the center of the Enchanted Wood, in what was once a clearing, is a large circle of standing stones. It is so large that the circle cannot easily be discerned, and the stones themselves push up through the wood's canopy.

The circle was built long ago by the previous dwellers in the wood: the gugs. The gugs erected this great stone circle to worship their foul gods, among them Nyarlathotep and Yog-Sothoth. Finally, as they tried to summon Yog-Sothoth into the Dreamlands, the sounds of their blasphemous rites reached the ears of the gods. The Great Ones intervened and prevented the gugs from completing their ritual, and then cursed the gugs, striking them mute and banishing them to the Dreamland's Underworld forever more.

HATHEG: A farming village inhabited by peasants. Two famous personages come from here: Barzai the Wise who was drawn screaming into the sky from Mount Hatheg-Kla, and Atal who witnessed Barzai's fate and moved on to Ulthar. Although small, Hatheg lies along the caravan route from Cuppar-Nombo. Such caravans are eagerly awaited by the villagers, who delight in the strange goods and tales which the desert merchants bear with them. Hatheg even still receives irregular visits from the strange folk known as the Dark Wanderers. Hatheg is run by a mayor-peasant, elected every five years. The town boasts only 900 inhabitants and one good inn, The Orchard, known for its quality food and service.

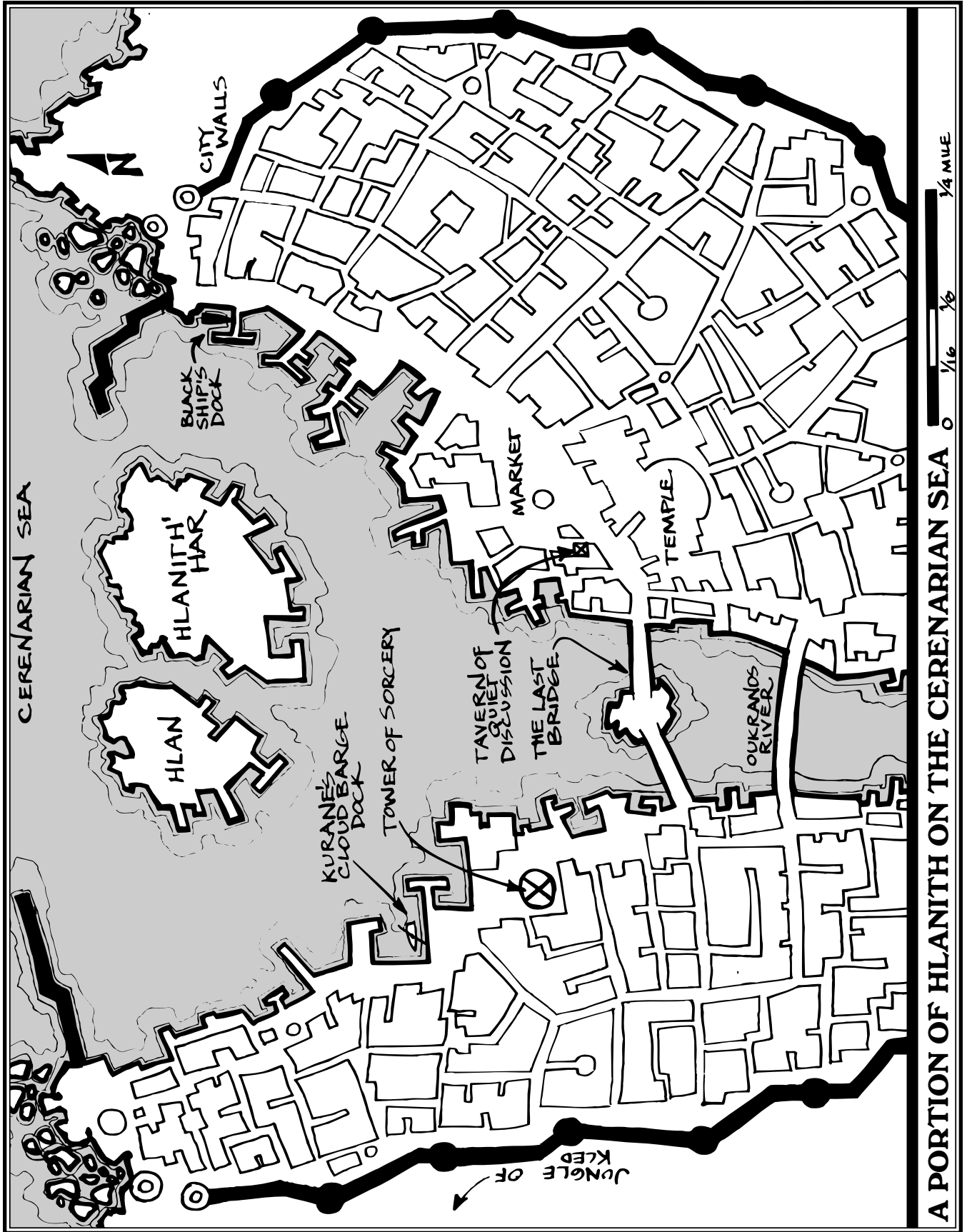
HATHEG-KLA, MOUNT: The town of Hatheg derives its name from this mountain, which lies two weeks' march across the desert. It was the last bastion and dancing-ground of the Great Ones before they were forced by the curiosity of mortals to move to Kadath. It is the tallest of Dreamlands mountains, reaching nearly ten miles into the sky.

Villagers in Hatheg warn against climbing Hatheg-Kla, especially at night. Ever since the night the Great Ones departed, in their strange shroud of vapors that eclipsed the moon and hid the mountain's peak, the residents of the entire Skai Valley tremble in fear and pray to all the gods whenever the mountain and moon are hidden from sight by pale vapors. Those few who were brave enough to scale the peak in search of Barzai said they found only a great sigil blasted into the rock of the mountain as a warning to those who might follow Barzai's example.

HLANITH: A great seaport located at the mouth of the Oukranos. The walls of this city are made of granite, and the houses have fantastically peaked roofs. The wharves of Hlanith are made of oak, and the streets are rutted from the passage of ox carts on their way to the city's markets. The streets and buildings near the wharves are crusty with the salt spray of high tides. All the city's taverns are located near the wharves, by law.

Hlanith's proximity to the Waking World causes some of the mirage cities reported in this world from time to time. In addition, it has allowed many of the magicians in Hlanith to become alchemists, astronomers, and inventors.

Hlanith's king is good and fair, though he likes the luxuries in life perhaps a bit overmuch.



A PORTION OF HLANITH ON THE CERENARIAN SEA



IB, RUINS OF: These ruins stand along the shore of the Nameless Lake, not far from the former site of Sarnath. It was once the city of strange flabby amphibian-things who are rumored to have come to earth from the moon in a mist. The men of Sarnath destroyed the city, and slew all of its inhabitants thousands of years ago.

IMPLAN, HILLS OF: A range of green hills inhabited by bucolic farmers and peaceable peacock-tenders. Phoenixes nest in one section of the hills.

ILARNEK: The last of the city-states of Mnar is the furthest south along the Ai. Ilarnek is known for the quality of its jade, and the goblets which its masons produce are highly prized and sought after. Long ago, Ilarnek was the primary center for trade with the now destroyed city-state of Sarnath. When Sarnath was destroyed, ten thousand years ago, it was the men of Ilarnek who went to investigate. It was they who, upon seeing what had befallen the most powerful of the city-states of Mnar, took up the jade idol of Bokrug and bore it back to their city, enshrined it, and then spread the worship of the unwholesome water lizard throughout the land of Mnar.

Since that time, Ilarnek has become the religious center of Mnar. In this regard, Ilarnek is somewhat like Inquanok. The men who inhabit this city know that a terrible fate might come upon them for offending one of the gods, so they are careful to observe all the rites of appeasement. The grandest temples of Mnar are located here, to gods both large and small. The chief god of Ilarnek is Bokrug, who is worshipped under a gibbous moon, and offered sacrifices upon that same doom-inscribed altar of chrysolite which Sarnath's priests once used. The great celebration of Bokrug comes upon the anniversary of Sarnath's destruction, which was once celebrated in Sarnath as the anniversary of Ib's destruction. Ilarnek is ruled by a high priest, the Patriarch of Bokrug.

JAREN: A small town in the valley of Narthos. It is drab and dreary, though the fields surrounding it are of surpassing beauty and its walls are of the fabulous onyx of Inquanok.

KADATHERON: This is the oldest of the Mnar city-states. Here, on the famed Brick Cylinders, is kept the history of the land of Mnar. Kadatheron is also one of the sites of the Great Library of the Dreamlands. These two features help to make Kadatheron the center of learning for Mnar. It is here that Mnar's greatest sages and sorcerers make their homes, and here that one of the finest magic colleges in all the Dreamlands may be found. Situated as it is along the banks of the river Ai, Kadatheron is also the largest port in Mnar. Ships from across the Dreamlands come here to trade all manner of goods for local wares. From here barges then proceed up-river carrying goods and travelers to Thraa and Ilarnek. Kadatheron is ruled by King Menes who is very wise, but quick to anger.

KARTHIAN HILLS: These hills separate Teloth and Onai. Some local farmers have tamed a portion of these hills and developed them into vineyards and arbors. The wine therefrom is much sought after. The wilder sections of the hills, near Mouth Thorin, are wooded and sylvan. Fauns, unicorns, and other shy, gentle beings are claimed to inhabit these remote slopes.

KIRAN: A hill on the banks of the Oukranos. Here stands the Temple of Loveliness to the god Oukranos. Oukranos is one of many small regional gods which inhabit the Dreamlands, and his influence does not extend beyond the river valley which bears his name. His temple is built all of jasper wood, and stands near the edge of the river. The temple's walls and courts cover an acre of ground and encompass seven pinnaced towers which surround the central shrine. Through this shrine, directed by hidden channels, run the waters of the river.

By day the temple stands drowsy and silent. But often, at night, the air surrounding the temple is filled with a strange music. No one can say if this music is made by the priests of the temple or if it is the song of the god, for no human has entered the temple and seen the priests except the King of Ilek-Vad. The King, borne on a golden palanquin, comes from his distant land once a year to pray. It is said that the King of Ilek-Vad knew this region as a youth, and that the god Oukranos sang him to sleep each night.

KLED, JUNGLE OF: A lush, tropical region where once dwelt the fabulous monarchs of a land now forgotten. All that remains of those kingdoms are ancient palaces of ivory standing silent and alone in the heart of the jungle. Strong spells of the Great Ones keep these places unharmed and undecayed, for it is written in the *Fourth Book of D'harsis* that there may one day be need of them again. Elephant caravans passing through this land have often sighted these palaces, but they will not draw near them for fear of the guardians dwelling there.





The natives of Kled are small brown men who worship no known gods. Though small, the Kledans are brawnier than the men of the Forest of Parg, and often deal in slaves from that land. The few cities within Kled's boundaries, such as N'Kraal and M'fuhnoo, each form their own principalities and are said to be opulent to the point of barbarism—brazen cities built of ebony and ivory where no man rules as king, the only law is wealth, and the only order is brute force. While Kled is considered to be one of the Six Kingdoms, it has no one ruler. The wild jungles of that land are inhabited by savage tribes of pygmies rumored to be cannibalistic.

Kled is filled with all manner of wild beasts, both mundane and fantastic. Many of the same creatures inhabiting the Forest of Parg can also be found here with some slight variations. The primary exception is the absence of the fireworms which so plague Parg every fifty years. Kled also has far more forms of carnivorous plant life than does Parg. The natives use the poisonous extracts from these plants to coat the darts which they use in their blowguns. Rumor has it that there is a small colony of the serpent people deep in the heart of the jungle, but this has not been substantiated.

Kled is also the site of the Castle of the Sacred Fount. Many incorrectly think this to be one of the palaces guarded by the Great Ones, but this is not the case. In fact, the Great Ones would be very happy to see the Castle of the Sacred Fount destroyed.

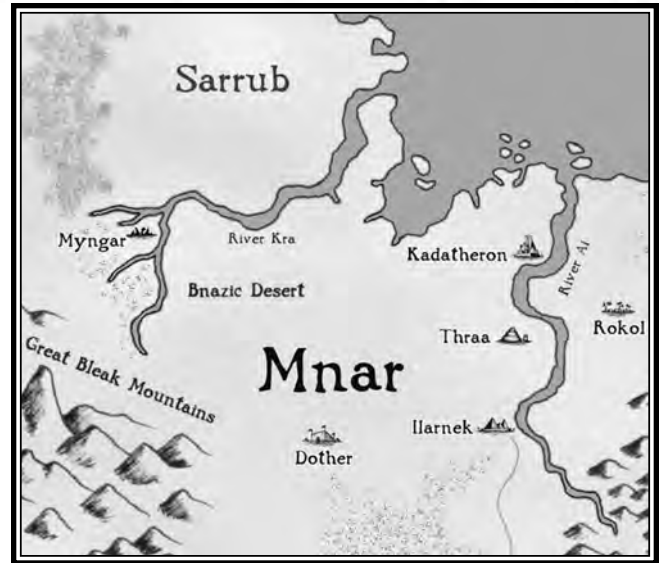
KRA RIVER: A small river with many waterfalls. Here, in a vast and reedy marsh, stand the ruins of the once proud city of Myngar. The Kra's dark brown water is full of strange minerals and must be boiled before it can be drunk. Otherwise the imbiber falls ill, unable to do more than rest for 1D6 days. If participating in any activity during this period, he or she suffers 6D6 points of damage, minus CON.

LERION, MOUNT: Surrounded by the forest of Parg, Mount Lerion rises seven and a half miles into the sky. It is riddled with goblin caverns, and the unwary or careless often disappear from its slopes. At one time, the ancient 'Ygirothians too dwelled in the clefts on Mount Lerion. Their city of 'Ygiroth still stands on the slopes of Lerion, and is remarkably well preserved.

Lerion is one of the peaks upon which the gods once dwelt. Sometimes, on moonlit nights, they travel there from their home atop Kadath in ships of cloud to dance upon its peak until the sun's rays gently herald the coming of dawn. Men know better than to disturb the revels of the gods, so no one dares climb Lerion's heights.

LIRANIAN DESERT: This desert is as barren as the Sahara. Small tribes of people camp at the few oases and trade rare spices with the folk of Shinara. Their women are accomplished dancers.

M'FUHNOO: One of the cities of Kled.



MNAR

MNAR, LAND OF: The land of Mnar is one of the most ancient in all the Dreamlands. In earlier times wandering tribes of herdsmen, who trace their ancestry back to the Dark Wanderers of Cuppar-Nombo, found their way into the verdant land of Mnar. Here they settled and raised the city states of Ilarneq, Kadatheron, Sarnath, and Thraa. While each city was founded by a different tribal group, their common heritage links their societies and they share many cultural similarities. Overall, the city states of Mnar resemble the ancient Egyptian settlements along the Nile river in architecture and culture. The people are slim and dark, and wear light clothing and sandals. Horses, camels, and elephants are all used as mounts and beasts of burden throughout the land, and the wealthy travel the hard packed earthen roads in fine, gold-gilt chariots. But, for all their similarities, each city has maintained its independence from the others and, over the ages, has developed its own distinctive qualities.

MYNGAR: Long ago, Myngar was a mighty city, old even as the wandering herdsmen were founding the cities of Kadatheron, Thraa and Ilarneq. It was ruled over by King Kynaratholis—a good king, but he longed to rule all the Dreamlands. He rode forth from his city at the head of his armies and for many years he was away, fighting and conquering. When he returned, victorious, he found that the gods were displeased with him and had laid ruin to his land. It is said that Kynaratholis died on the spot from grief at what had befallen his beloved homeland. Those few who venture to the ruins say that his ghost still roams the old city.

MYNANTHRA, VALLEY OF: A valley on the north slope of Mount Lerion. It contains the headwaters of the Skai River. The ruins of 'Ygiroth lie just above it on the mountain slope.

N'KRAAL: One of the cities of Kled.



NARTHOS: A valley holding the River Xari and the city of Jaren. Herds of plains-dwelling okapi can be found there.

NIR: The smallest of the three towns in the Skai River Valley. It has but one broad street which runs down its center. Nir is a sleepy little hamlet which lies in the shadow of Lerion. It is from this town and the surrounding farms that most of the disappearances attributed to the 'Ygirothians occurred. Much of what little is known about 'Ygiroth can be learned from the folk who live here. However, the residents are very reluctant to speak of Lerion and its former inhabitants. Investigators who question the locals concerning Lerion will have to make a successful Persuade roll in order to gain any useful information. Failure can range anywhere from simple silence to nervousness, to having the Elder Sign made at the questioner and the door slammed in his face.

Nir's greatest landmark is the great stone bridge which spans the river. The masons who built the bridge 1300 years ago sealed a living sacrifice into the central piece to protect against evil. It is rumored by some that the unlucky sacrifice was a 'Ygirothian. On moonlit nights, screaming can faintly be heard from the bridge's interior, requiring a loss of 0/1D4 Sanity points.

OGROTHAN: A port on the Cerenarian Sea. It is built of shining red and black stone with silver inlays. This port is governed by martial law, and its prince keeps a large force of soldiers. Occasionally, the city is besieged by wild savages from the hills to the west, which possibly explains the prince's paranoia.

OONAI: This city is noted for its entertainers, especially the lutists and dancers. All types of pleasures can be found here, and all travelers are welcome, especially wealthy ones. The city is built of marble, with gilded domes and doorways. By day it is gray and dismal, but at night it is a wonderland. Oonai sometimes trades with Zar, though Zar has little of worth. Each inhabitant of Oonai has at least one artistic talent. Oonai is ruled by a pleasure-seeking king who bestows wealth and riches upon anyone offering a unique or fantastic talent.

OSSARAN STEPPES: This arid, wind-swept region is the home of the Wazik nomads. Similar to the Cossacks of the Waking World, these feared plainsmen do not ride horses but instead use the shaggy yaks of the region for mounts. They lead a harsh existence and raid the few villages which dot the boundaries of their homeland, taking captives as slaves which they often sell. Their spread has been largely halted by the Great Bleak Mountains, which are all but impassable, the Great Wall which surrounds Sona-Nyl, the land of Zura from which no man has ever returned alive, and the Bnazic Desert which they regard as haunted. Their only avenue of expansion is to the west, toward Theelys. Occasionally, various bands of these plainsmen have banded together to mount large scale raiding forays in that direction, but the descendants of Soomus have always turned them back.

OUKRANOS, KINGDOM OF: A Kingdom running the length of the Oukranos river valley, but stopping short of Hlanith. It has two important cities, Kiran and Thran. The latter is the capital. Oukranos is one of the Six Kingdoms.

OUKRANOS RIVER: The Oukranos is the mightiest river in Dreamlands, similar to the Mississippi or the Amazon rivers in depth, breadth, and swiftness of current. The land between the Enchanted Wood and the river is very similar to the gentle farmlands of the Skai Valley. Rolling hills covered with the flowers of a thousand different colors mark the path along the banks of the great river. The Oukranos River Valley lies under a perpetual golden haze, the air is filled with the hums and music of birds and bees, and it is said that the region holds a little more sunlight than other places. Those who walk through this land feel a sense of great wonder and joy. Outside of the land of Sona-Nyl, this is the only other place in which the beautiful Butterfly-Dragons make their homes.

PARG, FOREST OF: Across the Skai from Dylath-Leen, to the west, is the forest of Parg. Parg is a land resembling the jungles of the Congo. Tribes of ebony-skinned humans, some cannibalistic, live in Parg. The money-hungry men of Dylath-Leen often send expeditions to Parg to capture slaves and trade for ivory. Parg is also home to many fantastic creatures and plants such as the fireworms, growleywogs, nightriders, razortongues, sloblubikiks, sluggocs, and witch trees.

ROKOL: A flat, sprawling city of swarthy, cheerful folk. None of its wooden buildings stand higher than three yards, by public agreement and ease of rebuilding. Every few years, Rokol is invaded by gigantic tusked animals—called thunder beasts by the residents—which completely flatten the town, forcing the natives to move into tents in the wilderness until the monstrous beasts move on. The residents always rebuild. Rokol is ruled by a triumvirate of three dukes.

SARNATH: Long ago there was a fourth city-state in Mnar, the city-state of Sarnath. Founded by tribesmen more hardy than the rest, it was built on the shores of a great lake near a site where precious metals had been discovered. Not far from Sarnath stood the city of Ib, which was inhabited by the original residents of Mnar, a strange race of humanoid amphibians who were said to have descended from the moon in a mist. The men of Sarnath found them to be offensive and so destroyed their city.

For many years Sarnath enjoyed the fruits of its wealth. Its armies conquered foreign lands and tribute was made by many kings to the crown of Sarnath. Some say they even tamed the Vale of Pnath. Each year a great festival was held upon the anniversary of Ib's destruction. Upon the one thousandth anniversary, a strange mist arose from the lake and the dead beings from Ib arose from their watery graves to slaughter and destroy. Sarnath stood for 1000 years and fell in a single night. When the men of Ilarne came to investigate, all they found



was a vast marsh where once Sarnath had been. Nothing now remains of the greatness that was Sarnath, except for tales. Even the deposits of precious metals have vanished, although foolhardy treasure-seekers still search for easy riches. Few return, and those that do tell stories of strange lights upon the lake, and ghostly man-like apparitions stalking the water's edge.

SINARA: A small city on the outskirts of the Liranian Desert. The city is Arabic in flavor and unusual in that the buildings, made of marble, are fashioned in the shapes of tents and pavilions rippling in the wind. The folk here are all swart, cheerful, ribald, and boisterous. The only domestic animals are dromedaries, used for riding, burden, and food. One variety of dromedary is raised solely for the delicate garlicky flavor of its flesh. Sinara is run by a Bey who is not hereditary, but is chosen for his prowess, determined in a contest of battle, singing, and riding.

SIDRAK, MOUNT: A high mountain overlooking the land of Cuppar-Nombo. Sometimes the gods come here in their cloud ships to dance upon the peak. The men of Cuppar-Nombo look forward to these times, for the tears which the gods shed when they leave this place are the only rain to come to their desert land. It is a great crime in Cuppar-Nombo to attempt to climb this mountain, lest such an attempt offend the gods and prevent them from ever returning.

SKAI, KINGDOM OF THE: An area composed of Hatheg, Nir, Ulthar, and several smaller farming communities. Each town is run by a burgomaster and a council of burgesses. Together, the towns and villages are under the rule of the King of the Skai, who oversees the collection of taxes and makes decisions that affect the kingdom as a whole. The king is chosen from among the burgomasters, and reigns for life. The Kingdom of the Skai is one of the Six Kingdoms.

SKAI RIVER: An important river of the Dreamlands. It is blue-green, and, like the Oukranos, wide and swift. The river has its headwaters in the Valley of Mynanthra, high on the northern slopes of Mount Lerion. Hatheg, Nir, and Ulthar lie on its banks, and the seaport Dylath-Leen is at its mouth. A smooth road runs from Hatheg to Dylath-Leen along the river shore, and both road and river are well-traveled.

STETHELOS: A small walled town built of weird azure granite. A violet cloud hangs perpetually over Stethelos, from which water pours continuously into a great pool. Because of the cloud, no normal plants can grow there, only shade-loving foliage and exotic fungi. The town ruler is solemn and melancholy, but loved dearly by the people.

SONA-NYL, LAND OF: One of the Fantastic Realms, Sona-Nyl is a place outside of the Dreamlands proper. It is a realm without time or space, without suffering or death. Investigators who come here many remain for many years, even eons, and suffer no effects of aging. There appears to be only one limit to

the Land of Sona-Nyl, that being the entrance through the Crystal Headlands. Inside this Land of Fancy there are no bounds, and beyond each horizon lies another more beautiful than the last.

Those who attempt to enter Sona-Nyl from another direction will encounter a vast and ancient wall which stretches as far as the eye can see. It may be possible to scale this wall, or to fly over it, but the normal residents of the Dreamlands avoid it for they do not know what lies beyond. This wall also stands between Zura and Sona-Nyl, a fact of which Princess Zura is all too aware of. She would dearly love to find a way of breaching this barrier and corrupting the Land of Fancy.

Sona-Nyl is filled with green groves and pastures of bright flowers, clear streams which laugh as the sun shines off of their surfaces, stately temples, fabulous palaces, and bright cities filled with cool fountains. The people of Sona-Nyl have an unearthly grace about them, and move from place to place within their land without hindrance or fear. The gardens of Sona-Nyl are filled with quaint pagoda-like structures which serve as shrines to various gods. Those who leave Sona-Nyl invariably suffer great difficulties if they try to return. Most never succeed in returning—some say because the gods have cursed them for rejecting perfection. Sona-Nyl is the home port of the White Ship, and the Captain and his crew seem to be the only ones capable of leaving and returning to this land without difficulty.

THE STONY DESERT: A dreary, rocky wasteland around Mount Hatheg-Kla. The stones are of bizarre shapes and sizes, carved into weird forms by the wind. Between the rocks, a thick, gray, ash-like dust rises at every step, burning the eyes and constricting the lungs. From the heights of Hatheg-Kla, the place closely resembles a titanic graveyard, which in fact it may be. Wise folks avoid the desert entirely.

SYDARTHIA: Another of the pleasant, fertile regions blessing the Dreamlands. Sydarthia is famous for its nuts, spices, and fruits. The natives are vegetarians.

TANTA, VALLEY OF: To the east of Dylath-Leen is the lush, irrigated valley of Tanta. Tanta is the main source for produce and livestock near Dylath-Leen. Not far from the city, in the valley, stands the village of Ti-Penth.

TELOTH: A drab gray granite city of square, flat-roofed buildings. The inhabitants are dark and stern. The only plants are down by the river Zuro. All must work in Teloth. There is no laughter or singing here—the inhabitants do not approve of such things. Teloth is a city of laborers. Travelers may stay no more than a single day before they, too, are forced to work. There are no inns. Newcomers lodge in the stables until they finish building their own squat, square domiciles. Teloth's king, who also works with his hands, dwells in the tower of Mlin.



THALARION: Tales name Thalarion the City of a Thousand Wonders, but in truth it is a hive ruled over by the eidolon Lathi. No man has ever returned from gazing upon her. From afar, Thalarion seems to be a place of glittering towers and awesome turrets, but if one were to draw closer he would discern the truth of the matter. The spires of the city are uneven and thin, and it is only their slender construction which lends them the illusion of such great height. Upon closer inspection, these towers can be seen to be crumbling and pitted by the elements. The lower portion of the city is a leprous gray, sprawling mass which gives the overall impression of having been constructed not by men, but by some form of insect.

In fact, Thalarion was built by insects and is entirely made of a paper-like substance similar to that extruded by wasps or termites. The inhabitants of this city are the ter-men: beings which resemble men, but are more like a termite. Being made of paper, the city is extremely susceptible to fire, and no flame may be found within its walls. For light, the city uses a phosphorescent blue fungus which the ter-men embed in the walls and ceilings. The ter-men do not need to cook their food, as they eat only various forms of vegetation. The eidolon Lathi is the queen of the hive. Any who is unfortunate enough to come close to Thalarion will be captured and brought before Lathi.

Just North of Thalarion is the Great Tree of the Dreamlands. Even farther to the north of Thalarion than the Great Tree is a vast swamp which is infested with flesh-eating plants, similar to those of Kled. No living thing, not even the ter-men, will enter this region. Few indeed are those who have returned from within its boundaries to tell the tale.

THEELYS: Far to the west, on the southern banks of the mouth of the river Tross, stands Theelys. It marks the farthest western extent of the ancient Tyrhian Empire. Never more than a border town, Theelys has stood inhabited since the days when Yath-Lhi's armies roamed the Dreamlands in search of loot to satisfy their queen's greed. Theelys is sometimes referred to as the City of Mists because it is almost continually shrouded in thick swirling mists which rise from the Tross. This, combined with its remote location on the very frontiers of dream, has made Theelys a somewhat rough and ready city. Few ships put into the harbor, as Theelys has no valuable commodities to export. Theelys' main feature is the fact that it is one of the locations of the Great Library of the Dreamlands. Why Theelys was chosen for this honor is a mystery, but most scholars feel that it has to do with the town's most prominent resident, Nyrass the sorcerer, who dwells within a great castle standing at the outskirts of town.

THORABON: A dying city, in which the walls and buildings are made of a strange translucent substance that bends rather than breaks and accepts no paint. For the last fifty years, the city has gradually vanished—every month or two a house or section of wall melts away into nothingness. For this reason, the folk of Thorabon do not welcome newcomers, suspecting

that some such stranger cursed the city in decades past. Hundreds flee the city each year for other lands. Thorabon's acting governor took over when the king fell from the top of his palace as the floor melted away.

THORIN, MOUNT: This mountain is remarkable for its height, and for its residents. The lairs of scaly dragon-like creatures are reported on Thorin. In the nearby lowlands entire herds of cattle are eradicated overnight by unknown predators.

THRAA: This, the second of the city-states of Mnar, currently rests away from the banks of the river. The current site of the city is the second—the original settlement, right along the banks of the Ai, was destroyed by the annual floods of the river each spring. Thraa has become the agricultural center for Mnar. Through a series of dikes and irrigation canals, the men of Thraa have turned the yearly flooding to their advantage, and they now enjoy the most fertile soil in the entire region.

Sometimes referred to as the City of Bakers, Thraa is renowned throughout the Dreamlands for its filling bread, one loaf of which is said to be able to sustain a man for an entire week.

The gold and silver jewelry of Thraa is also much sought in the Dreamlands, as is a peculiar four-foot long scarab beetle that is crafted there. Stone docks, fashioned from onyx brought from Inquanok, have been built along the banks of the river for the loading and unloading of barges from both Kadatheron and Ilarne, and are accessible even during the highest floods. Thraa is ruled over by the Grand High Priest of its gods, who ensures that each season's harvest will be bountiful.

THRAN: The capital of the Kingdom of Oukranos, one of the Six Kingdoms. The kingdom extends the length of the river valley up to, but not including, Hlanith on the coast. The king of Thran is an old dreamer who has seen many wondrous things. He became king after he successfully challenged the former ruler to a dream-duel and won. Dream-duels are the accepted form of choosing a new ruler in Thran, and involve a story-telling contest between the two contestants.

The city is surrounded by a lofty wall of alabaster which was carved from one solid piece by a means known to no man. The wall is pierced by 100 gates and surmounted by 200 turrets. The towers of the city are also made of alabaster and shine white beneath their golden spires. The tops of these towers rise so high that sometimes they are obscured by the clouds. At other times they pierce through the clouds to appear as a city in the sky with their spires blazing fire in the heavens. The wall around Thran is so thick that the gates are more like tunnels through a mountain. The tunnels are 100 feet long, and 30 feet wide, and are lit by torches every 10 feet. Each of the gates to the city is guarded by red-robed sentries, and those who wish to enter the city must first prove their worthiness by dazzling the guards with tales of three dreams beyond belief.



In order to pass the city guards an investigator's player must make three consecutive rolls against the average of his Dream Lore and Persuade skills. A critical success negates the need for further rolls for a given investigator. If a group of investigators is trying to enter the city, each member of the group must be rolled for separately. An investigator may try as many times as necessary to enter the city, but each roll requires ten minutes be spent to tell the tale.

Where the gates open onto the river are the city's wharves. These docks are made of solid marble, and anchored there are ornate galleys of fragrant woods such as cedar or calamander. Strange bearded sailors from all over the Dreamlands crowd the docks, and many crates and barrels labeled with mysterious hieroglyphs of far places stand in piles waiting to be loaded aboard ships or taken to market. Thran's harbor is the third mightiest in all the Dreamlands, after those of Dylath-Leen and Celephaïs.

The streets of Thran are steep and mysterious, and wind between the many towers which stretch heavenward. Smaller shops and homes stand like mice at the feet of these towers. Near the center of the city is the bazaar, a wide plaza where all the goods from the galleys in the harbor are sold, or traded for local goods. By day the streets are crowded with people and animals. By night they are filled with the warm glow of light which escapes through grated and balconied windows and the sounds of music wafted on the air from inner courtyards where cool fountains gently play.

THURAI, MOUNT: A white-capped mountain near Nir where earth's gods once played. Returning there, the gods weep, and men mistake their tears for rain.

TI-PENTH: A small village in the Valley of Tanta, east of Dylath-Leen. Here the residents of the valley gather every year to celebrate the Festival of Plenty, marking the end of harvest season and the first trips to market.

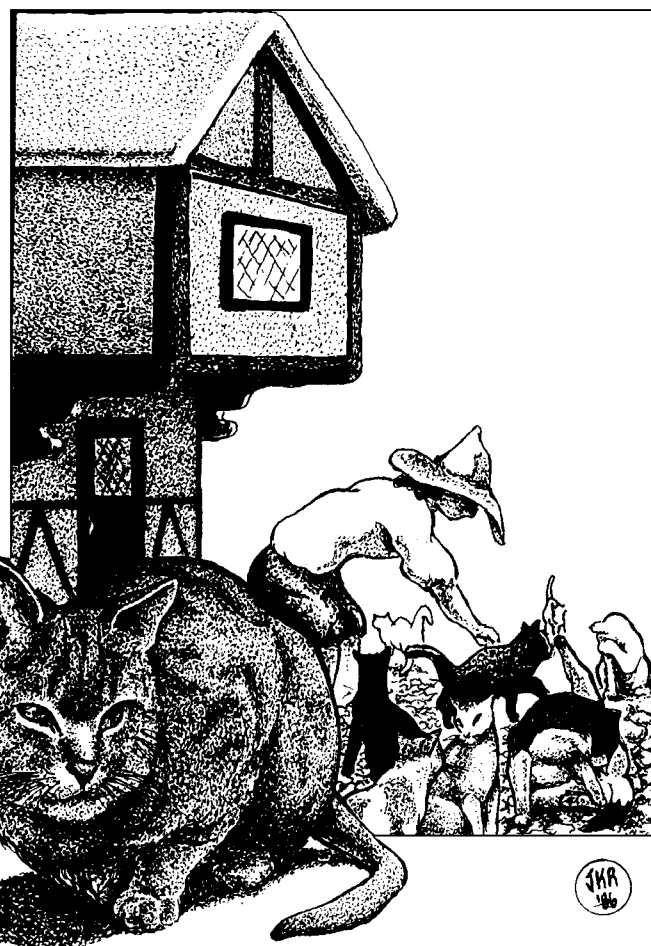
TROSS RIVER: The Tross runs several hundred miles and has its headwaters in the Great Bleak Mountains. It ends in the Southern Sea, near the city of Theelys. Little lies west of the Tross, but a ferry runs across the river to bring the farmers and wanderers back into more civilized realms, or to take wanderers and adventurers in those unknown regions which lie beyond.

ULTHAR: A feudal-type city of tradesmen and farmers, Ulthar is the largest of the three towns of the Skai River Valley, and is the terminus for many caravans which come to the Valley from Dylath-Leen by the Southern Sea, or Cuppar-Nombo in the desert. The suburbs of Ulthar are a mix of small cottages and neatly fenced farms. The town itself is built on several hills which stand on the banks of the river Skai. The houses here have peaked roofs and overhanging upper stories. The narrow streets are cobbled and well worn.

Perched on top of the highest hill in Ulthar stands the Temple of the Elder Ones. It is the only such temple in the Valley of the Skai. This temple is one of the places in which Nasht is revered as a god. The priests of the temple keep incense burning in the left ear of his image at all times so as to confound his senses, lest he perceive that his worshipers are sinful and become wrathful. Prayers to Nasht are offered up to his right ear. Kaman-Thah, although not worshiped, is highly revered and is considered to be the avatar of Nasht. Nasht is not the only god worshiped at this site; all of the Great Ones have shrines within the temple. Worshipers can offer up prayers to Ariel, Zo-Kalar, Tamash, Karakal, Lobon, N'tse-Kaaml, Nodens, and Nath-Horthath. Hagarg Ryonis also has a shrine here, but it is kept hidden from the sight of all save a select few of the priesthood. The temple library includes the *Book of Barzai*, the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*, and the *Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan*.

XARI RIVER: The poisonous Xari in the valley of Narthos. Its waters are jet black and deadly.

'YGIROTH, CITY OF: Above the valley of Mynanthra, on Lerion's northern face there lie the ruins of the cursed city of 'Ygiroth. Long before the towns of Hatheg, Nir, and Ulthar



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ULTHAR

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were built the high woods and meadows of Lerion were inhabited by the men of 'Ygiroth. A savage and degenerate breed which barely deserves the name "man", they were short and hairy with protruding brow-ridges and beady eyes.

These people would have remained completely primitive, but for the fact that they resided near a certain cleft in the side of Mount Lerion which was a place of outer evil long before the coming of true men to this region of dream. One day, long lost in the mists of time, the dreaded Thing in the Yellow Mask came to these folk and gave them the knowledge to make spears, eat meat, and ride the brutal kyresh.

In exchange for these "boons" the Thing in the Yellow Mask made these primitive people build the city of 'Ygiroth to honor it, and serve as a citadel of horror unmatched in the Dreamlands. When wholesome men came to the Skai Valley they took an instant dislike to their primitive neighbors, and very few bothered to learn their coarse whispering tongue. But for the disappearances of young maidens at odd times during the year, they would have completely ignored the 'Ygirothians. Finally, King Pnil of Ulthar marshaled the combined forces of the Skai Valley and marched against 'Ygiroth. Previously, those few adventurers who had ventured toward 'Ygiroth—and returned sane—had spoken of strange storms which came out of clear skies, and sentient whirlwinds which tore men's bodies and souls. The army of the Skai Valley encountered no such opposition.

When the army reached 'Ygiroth, the 'Ygirothians and their kyresh hurled open the gates of their city and rushed toward the mass of armed men that awaited them. However, they did not charge into battle, but rather fled in terror from something within the city, flinging themselves upon the spears of their enemies. All the men of 'Ygiroth perished on that day. When they all lay dead at the feet of the army of the Skai Valley, not one of the victors would enter the city for fear of facing whatever had made all the savages rush to their own deaths.

Today, 'Ygiroth still stands. The city is surprisingly well preserved. While many of the buildings bear the marks of time and show cracks in their stone walls which lean precariously, few have actually collapsed. On a high ledge at the rear of the city stands the infamous Temple of 'Ygiroth.

'YGIROTH, TEMPLE OF: A great beehive-shaped temple. A gentle ramp leads up from the now-deserted streets to a tall narrow trapezoidal opening into the main hall. The main hall is an enormous chamber cluttered with many pentagonal columns arranged with an oddly asymmetrical regularity. Around the perimeter of the hall stand seven statues of kyresh, some with their mouths agape and eyes glaring and others blindfolded. A natural aisle leads between the columns toward the altar at the rear of the temple.

Atop this seven-sided altar stands a robed and hooded figure bearing a spear in one hand and a small figure of a buopoth in the other. A successful Cthulhu Mythos or Dream Lore roll

will identify the statue as The Thing in the Yellow Mask. Before the altar lies a large oval opening with stone steps which spiral down into the depths of the mountain. At the bottom of these steps is a labyrinth of narrow passages and low-ceilinged rooms. At the center of this labyrinth is a hall almost as large as the main hall above, complete with columns, kyresh statues, and an altar. Before this altar is a stone slab suggestive of even deeper regions waiting to be penetrated.

The most striking feature of this room is the walls, which are covered with an inscription in the ancient Aklo tongue. The *'Ygiroth Inscription* is written in the crude strokes of the 'Ygirothian scribes, and tells much of the feeble gods of the Dreamlands, the Other Gods who guard them, Azathoth, Yog-Sothoth, and Nyarlathotep. It also contains secrets taught to the 'Ygirothians which, if they had had the intelligence, would have enabled them to become the masters of the Dreamlands and possibly the Waking World.

ZAIS: A large town built of alabaster and diamond. Rather than having streets, small streams and rivers are the roads in Zais. Bridges carved with fairies and demons cross the rivers from building to building. The few areas of open land are used as parks. It is always sunset in Zais—there is no true day or night here. The people are fair of skin and dark of hair. They are ruled by a king whose daughter, Nathicana, is said to be the most beautiful woman in existence.

ZAK: The abode of forgotten dreams rises up from the sea on tree-studded terraces among which are nestled strange, colonnaded temples of white marble. In this land dwell all the dreams and thoughts of beauty and wonder which come into the minds of men once and are then forgotten. It is the land of both the forgotten and the unremembered. Along the shores may be seen wondrous forms of fancy and delight. Each person passing this land will see different images, for each person has his own unremembered dreams which dwell in this land. It should be remembered that it is not only the pleasant thoughts of man which are forgotten. There are terrors more awful than any which lie outside this universe which stalk the hinterlands of Zak. Little is known of Zak, for it is said that those who tread the sleeping meadows of Zak will never return to their homes.

Zak has but one city, that of Zar.

ZAKARION: A seaport built of abalone and mother-of-pearl. The city's records are kept on eternal papyrus which can never crumble or rot away, and is taken from the hides of dragons and sphinxes. On these sheets are kept the thoughts of the great Zakarion sages, too wise to exist in the Waking World. Zakarion is ruled by one of these sages, the wisest man that has ever existed.

ZAR: The only city in Zak is populated with the dream-forms of those in the Waking World who suffer from amnesia. It is a park-like place, with only scattered buildings. From the sea, it



shows lordly terraces of verdure, and is dotted with the gleaming roofs and colonnades of Grecian-style temples. Here reside the folk who have forgotten themselves. These people do not stray from their city for they hope one day that their Earthly memories will be restored and that they may return home. It is possible for investigators to visit Zar and return, although the trip may not be very pleasant. Investigators who visit this city will be inundated with pleas from the inhabitants to aid in the recovery of their Earthly forms. Visitors to Zar will lose 1/1D4 Sanity points. Some few people have resigned themselves to existing in Zar, and there are even those who have left the city for the hinterlands or who have taken up permanent residence elsewhere in the Dreamlands. Most, however, remain waiting for some miracle in the Waking World which will return them home again.

There is another chance that these people have: to await the coming of the season of Uthlos. Uthlos is a season of wonder which comes to the land of Zak; it is a time when the unremembered may return to dwell among mortal men once more. Uthlos comes rarely, and lingers but a short time. There are some who say that as the Great Old Ones are forgotten by man that they too will come to live in Zak. Then the coming of Uthlos will be a time to be feared rather than hoped for.

ZOOG VILLAGES: There are numerous zoog villages within the Enchanted Wood. These villages consist of groupings of burrows beneath the forest floor, although some, notably the noble families, do live in the trunks of great trees. Each village is presided over by a Council of Sages drawn from the eldest and most experienced zoogs in the village.

Toward the center of the Enchanted Wood lies the largest of the zoog villages. Here the zoogs brew a wine from a haunted tree which grows not far from their village. This tree grew from a seed which fell to Earth from the Moon. It is said to be haunted, for those who sleep beneath it have strange visions. The wine which the zoogs brew from its sap is potent and those unused to strong drink will quickly succumb to its effects. Zoog wine has a POT of 15.

ZURA: The Land of Pleasures Unattained appears to be a pleasant coast bright with flowers and splendid groves of trees. Ships which pass this coast often hear haunting songs and music drifting to their ears across the waves. However, if the wind should shift and blow out to sea travelers are overwhelmed by a foul odor, a stench like all the open graves of the world. The stench comes from the inland region known as the Charnel Garden of Zura, which no living man has viewed.

Zura is the Land of the Dead. All those who die within the Dreamlands in horrific circumstances rise again in this land to serve their new mistress, the Princess Zura, until they rot away to nothing. In game terms, anyone who dies in an encounter which causes him to go insane, either temporarily or indefinitely, will go to serve Zura. It is important that the cause of insanity and the cause of death be in the same encounter; the

causes of insanity and death do not have to be one and the same, but they must take place within the same encounter. Therefore, if an investigator were driven insane by a monster, but killed by one of his friends during one encounter, he would still go to Zura.

This rule applies to all investigators in Earth's Dreamlands whether they are dreaming or physically present. Dreamers who suffer such a fate enter a coma from which their Earthly bodies never awake. Even the death of the Earthly form will not save them from their doom. Investigators who die on the moon are spared this fate; furthermore, death at the hands of certain creatures or individuals may also spare the victim from this horrid fate. Such deaths are usually far from wholesome.

Except for the coastal region where the appearance of life is maintained to lull the unwary, the land is one vast field of diseased and dying grass covered with row after row of open graves and crumbling tombstones. At the very heart of this land is a megalithic city of titan mausoleums whose morbidly carved columns reach into the sky. Nothing lives here except for an infestation of the red-footed wamps, who are naturally drawn here as they are to all graveyards. The dead, in various forms of decay, stagger across the face of this blasted landscape seeking to escape from their cursed existence. Their only escape comes in final decay and putrefaction.

ZURO RIVER: The dark green Zuro flows near the city of Teloth and the Karthian Hills. It is swift and cold, though narrow. The river's headwaters lie far to the north near the hills of Implan. At its mouth stands the port of Aphorat.

Other Places

Although the Surface World is the unobscured face of the Dreamlands, there is much that is hidden. Deep below the earth, non-human civilizations prosper. This is the realm of the Underworld. There are many worlds in the universe of the Dreamlands. Space is ordered somewhat differently, however. While dreaming, air is unnecessary when traversing space. An investigator can fly to the moon—assuming a suitable mode of transportation—in a few hours. Perhaps he can fly to other worlds in a few days. And, there are other dimensions, separate from the Dreamlands, yet very near.

The Underworld

There are many ways to enter the Underworld. One is beneath the Enchanted Stone in the Enchanted Woods. Passages from Mount Ngranak open above the Peaks of Throk. A stairway from Sarkomand leads to the Plain of Ghouls. From the ruins of Karoth, one can ascend to Zura.



Far to the north, disconnected from this portion of the Underworld, is the realm of Luz. It has already been covered in the section on the North.

The Underworld is lit by the pale death-fire, which gives a ghastly gray luminescence to the upper parts of the Underworld, but gives out lower down, such as in the Vale of Pnath where the dholes burrow.

CAVERN OF COLUMNS: Between the Seas of Bones and Pitch is a region of the Underworld where the ceiling has come low enough to be visible. In this great cavern are many stone columns formed by the union of stalactites and stalagmites. Between these columns are deep pools of black water. In these pools dwell unseen lurkers which extend long tentacles after anything which comes too near the shores of their lair.

CITY OF GUGS: This city, which comprises the whole of the kingdom of gugs, is surrounded by a high wall of colossal stones. Inside this wall stand a vast number of circular stone towers. The round towers of the city are constructed from a grayish stone, have doorways which are thirty feet tall, and have no windows. They stretch upward into the misty vapors which circulate in the air of the upper regions of the Underworld.

At the center of the city stands the Tower of Koth, a great tower built of black stone and marked with the Sign of Koth above its entrance. This immense structure reaches all the way to the surface of the Dreamlands and has a large trap door at its top. No gugs reside within this tower, but they have no fear of entering it. They will even pursue intruders in their realm all the way to the very top of the tower. They will, however, flee in terror if the trap door at the top is opened even the slightest crack.

At the edge of the City of Gugs is a cemetery. It is avoided by the gugs whenever possible, because ghouls are often seen here. Just beyond the boundaries of the cemetery, away from the gugs' city, there rises a sheer cliff with the mouth of a great cave yawning in it. This is the entrance to the Vaults of Zin.

CITY OF THE WHISPERERS: Down the slopes of the foothills, and eastward across the empty plains of the Vale of Pnath stands the City of the Whisperers. The city, like the surrounding landscape, stands in darkness. As investigators approach the city they will begin to hear a few incomprehensible words whispered in front of them. Soon the whispers will come from behind and both sides as well. Some of these whispers will sound right in the ears of the investigators, while others will appear to be somewhat removed. Always the words will be incomprehensible to the listeners, and they will alternate with a terrible whispered laughter from all sides. Anyone hearing these whispers will lose 0/1D3 Sanity points. Should the investigators carry a light source with them, the whisperings will remain outside the range of the light. Sudden light will cause them to momentarily cease, but they will return slowly.

The whisperers themselves will always remain beyond the reach of the light.

The city is a maze-like collection of closely constructed buildings. The walls of these buildings are constructed completely from broken statuary, and have various human anatomical features, including knees, elbows, heads, and feet projecting out of them. The walls have no doors or windows but, high up, they do have peculiar round openings wide enough to allow a man to wriggle through them. Who or what these whisperers are is a mystery.

CRAG OF GHOULS: That portion of the Plain of the Ghouls which extends over the Vale of Pnath. From here, the ghouls dump the remnants of their nightly feasting in the vale below.

FUNGUS FOREST: A vast stretch of obscene fungoid growth which lies north of the Vale of Pnath. Delicate pale filaments stretch everywhere. Bulbous fruiting bodies and ragged huge toadstool caps dot the putrid soil. Some of the fungus growths are gigantic phosphorescent cylinders, as tall and thick as the Waking World's sequoia trees. These are often infested with shelves of parasitic fungus. The fungus forest is inhabited only by goblins and burrowing insect-maggots.

GREAT ABYSS: A flight of stairs leading past a pair of twin titan lion statues in the ruins of Sarkomand allows entry into this part of the Underworld.

HOUSE OF SHUGGOB: A curious cottage made of crumbling gray stone, surrounded by a lawn of mold and lichen with hedges of mottled fungi. In it dwells the ghoulish sage Shuggob.

RUINS OF KAROTH: The ruins resemble nothing so much as a series of huge mausoleums, and give the viewer the impression of walking through some titanic graveyard of the gods. Within the ruins can be found a long spiral staircase which winds upwards through the bowels of the cliffs and eventually ends in a heavy stone trap door. If the trap door is raised, investigators will find themselves in Zura.

The ruins are inhabited by Tak, Vampire Prince of Karoth. Tak is likely to be aware of any who come into his city, but will not attack them immediately. Instead he will watch them, for a time, to determine what their intentions might be. If he deems that they may present a threat to him, he will not hesitate to kill them all. If, however, they are merely passing through, he will not reveal himself to them, preferring to keep his existence a secret from the outside world.

KINGDOM OF GUGS: See the City of Gugs.

PEAKS OF THROK: These mountains stand smooth and regular in the eternal night of the Underworld. Covered with unholy death-fires, the Peaks radiate a faint light and serve as the only visible landmark at this level of the Underworld. The few rumors of this mountain range which have reached the sur-



The Underworld



face claim that the Peaks have their roots at the very core of the Earth. The ghouls sometimes refer to these peaks as Azathoth's Teeth. These mountains are the great symbol of the Underworld, and few humans have seen them and returned. Near their snowless peaks are the warrens of nightgaunts.

PLAIN OF BOULDERS: Along the Sea of Pitch runs a flat and empty land strewn with boulders. Little dwells here, although occasionally the Running Thing passes through. On the far side from the Sea of Pitch there stand great black cliffs which tower upwards for thousands of feet and disappear into the swirling gray mists above. At the base of these cliffs, carved from their very rock, are strange and grotesque ruins of a once mighty city. These are the ruins of lost Karoth.

PLAIN OF GHOULS: An upper region of the Underworld. This is where ghouls dwell while in the Dreamlands. It lies very close to the borders of the Waking World.

SEA OF BONES: That portion of the Vale of Pnath which is covered by layers of bones deposited by the ghouls. Here dwell many of the hideous dholes which burrow through the bones in search of prey. Other denizens of this area include the tick-men, and the dhole ant-lions.

SEA OF PITCH: A vast ocean of a gooey tar-like substance. The sea is difficult to cross, for any vessel launched onto its surface will become mired in its sluggish waves. In this ocean dwell strange creatures known as Pitch Spiders. Any who would cross the sea should beware these creatures.

STERILE LAKE: A stagnant lake. The home of Ghadamon.

TEMPLE TO NODENS: A building without windows constructed out of black masonry. Its twin bronze doors, green with age, stand open and light pours out from the building's interior into the surrounding void. Perched atop the building's lofty roof sit seven nightgaunts in a row. They appear to be statues carved of the same material as the building, but are actually living specimens.

This is one of several shrines to Nodens which exist at various points throughout the Underworld. The interior of the building is a single room which serves both as shrine and residence for Nodens' priest, Nuguth-Yug. The wall directly opposite the doors features a bas-relief of Nodens in all his glory. He is depicted as an anthropomorphic figure with a beard of tentacles, and is variously shown hunting winged octopoidal figures with his trident, or enthroned on a great scallop shell. Before the wall stands a stone altar with a pedestal in the shape of a scallop shell. Inside of this shell stands a small idol of Nodens made of leprous stone.

In one corner of the shrine lies a pallet of filthy straw which serves as the bed for the resident priest. Nuguth-Yug lives here alone save for his guardian nightgaunts. He is very knowledgeable about the Vale of Pnath, and to a lesser degree about the rest of the Underworld. Nuguth-Yug has not left the vale for

many years, and is eager for news of the surface world. He is quite capable of defending himself and his shrine from those who would harm either.

VALE OF PNATH: The largest of the vales at the base of the Peaks of Throk. This vale is especially notorious, for part of it lies at the bottom of the crag of the ghouls, and all the refuse of millennia of feasting is poured into it. A layer of bones at least a mile deep has built up on the canyon's bottom. Beyond this Sea of Bones, to the east, are the City of the Whisperers and a temple of Nodens. In the foothills of the Peaks of Throk is the House of Shuggob. The vale is one of the favorite sites for nightgaunts to deposit their victims.

VAULTS OF ZIN: An extensive network of catacombs, tunnels and caverns that extends beneath much of the Dreamlands. They are known to have entrances in the Kingdom of the Gugs, beneath the plateau of Leng, and below K'n-Yan in the Waking World. The vaults are the residence of the ghaunts. These unwholesome creatures stand about as tall as a small horse and move about by hopping on their powerful hind legs, like a kangaroo. Their faces bear a curious resemblance to that of humans, but they lack noses and foreheads.

On The Moon

Earth's moon has its own Dreamlands, inhabited by malign beings. Perhaps these beings have counterparts in the waking universe. The dream moon's atmosphere is breathable by humans, though the lunar countryside is wholly alien.

Earth's cats frequently visit the moon, as do cats from other planets of the Dreamlands solar system. The Light Side of the moon is bedecked with strangely unsettling ruins and crumbling temples to unknown gods. The Dark Side of the moon is the home of the moonbeasts. A number of prominent features are listed below.

ALTERNATE BENDAL-DOLUM: Beyond the Crater of Mnomquah rises the lip of another vast crater. It is too high to climb, but there is a small cave which leads to a tunnel to the crater's floor. In this crater stands the Dreamlands residence of Haon-Dor. Haon-Dor was once a powerful sorcerer in the ancient land of Hyperborea. When the colony where he was living was destroyed by Abthoth, he fled through Eibon's doorway to Saturn and from there traveled to the dark side of Earth's moon. Here he has erected an exact replica of the ruins at Bendal-Dolum in Central America to serve as his lair.

Haon-Dor wishes to return to the Waking World and spread his evil influence once more, but to do so he requires investigators from the Waking World who are physically present in the Dreamlands. Haon-Dor has some dealings with the moonbeasts, who otherwise leave him alone. He is far more powerful than they are. He also had some dealings with the



ALTERNATE BENDAL-DOLUM

remnants of the serpent men, and even Mnomquah himself from time to time, but he usually prefers to keep to himself.

BLACK LAKE OF UBBOTH: Deep in the moon's core, in the realm of Nug-Yaa, dwells the Great Old One Mnomquah. There the Great Old One wallows in the oily waters of his sub-lunar home along with several shoggoths who also reside there. A shaft rises up from the Black Lake of Ubboth to the Crater of Mnomquah, on the surface of the moon.

CITADEL OF HAON-DOR: See Alternate Bendal-Dolum.

CITY OF THE MOONBEASTS: A leprosy-looking city constructed from the gray-white stone of the moon. The unpleasant gray towers of the city rise into the air, but have no windows. From this, their main port, the moonbeasts sail their black galleys to a wide variety of destinations including Yuggoth, Kynarth, Neptune, and Mars, where they variously trade for or harvest a variety of beasts, foodstuffs, and goods.

Beyond the city is a range of hills upon which grow strange trees which are kin to that one in the Enchanted Wood from which the zoogs brew their wine. The moonbeasts have a similar drink which their Lengite slaves use to render men unconscious. This wine has a POT of 19 on the Resistance Table. The Lengites must be careful when they gather the sap of these trees for their bark contains poison (POT 15) which is lethal to all.

CRATER OF MNOMQUAH: A vast crater on the surface of the dark side of the moon, near Mnomquah's temple. It lies on

a plain between the City of the Moonbeasts and Alternate Bendal-Dolum. This crater contains a shaft which leads directly to Mnomquah's lair, the Black Lake of Ubboth, deep in Nug-Yaa. From this shaft, at regular intervals, rise rings of an orange smoke or vapor.

MESSENGER OF AZATHOTH: A monstrous seed which hangs above the dark side of the moon, suspended there by the power of the moon's inhabitants.

NUG-YAA: A vast network of tunnels and caverns which lies beneath the moon's surface. The largest of these caverns contains the Black Lake of Ubboth.

TEMPLE OF MNOMQUAH: Near the Crater of Mnomquah, on a low hill, the moonbeasts have erected a huge idol of their god. Within the hill itself lies their temple. The idol is immensely old, and is carved from a single piece of primeval moonstone. It is vaguely reptilian in form, but stands upright like a man, with stunted forepaws like those of some giant dinosaur.

Beneath the idol's feet in the side of the hill is a great pivoting slab of stone which is the doorway into the temple. The interior of the temple is a vast labyrinth, lit with phosphorescent fungus. For the most part the tunnels are artificial, but some are natural fissures in the rock. The floors of the tunnels have been worn smooth by the passing of countless priests and worshippers. It is utterly silent, except for when the moonbeasts are at worship. Then the halls are filled not only with the



strange high-pitched fluting of the priests, but also the low chanting of the few Lengites who serve in the temple.

The priests of Mnomquah wear strange serpent-like headgear and carry long, slender wands. From these wands they are capable of emitting a soft bluish beam of light which has the form a snake. This beam will seek out its target, even if out of the caster's sight, as if by sense of smell. Anything or anyone unfortunate enough to be struck by one of the snakes will instantly be turned to stone.

Worlds Beyond

There are certain other worlds and dimensions which lie very close to the Dreamlands.

ALCHERINGA: That portion of the Earth's Dreamlands which is linked with the aboriginal people of Australia; also known as the Dreamtime. Some say that the aboriginals originally came to the Waking World from the Alcheringa while others believe that they created it from their own dreams. Alcheringa is separated from the majority of the Dreamlands by the granite Pillars of the South. Alcheringa is so remote from the rest of Dreamlands as to be unknown save to a very few. The Captain of the White Ship, and the serpent people—known as the Arkaroo in Alcheringa—are quite possibly the only beings who are aware of the existence of this realm.

It is not normally possible for non-aboriginals to enter this realm while dreaming as they would enter the normal Dreamlands. Instead such dreamers must first enter the Dreamlands via any of the usual dream gates and then journey through the Granite Pillars of the South. Investigators who are physically present in the Dreamlands may also choose to enter Alcheringa via this route. Those seeking to enter Alcheringa physically might be well advised to attempt to find one of the physical gates to Alcheringa which exist in Australia and save themselves the long, and sometimes dangerous, journey across the Dreamlands. However, locating such a gate might prove to be just as difficult as voyaging across the Dreamlands.

AZATHOTH'S COURT: In one part of the universe form and shape do not exist, and intelligent gases there ponder the nature of life. Beyond their realm is Azathoth's mindless court, from whence only three dreamers have ever returned, of which only one was alive and sane. In Azathoth's court, the blind and mindless Lesser Other Gods dance gigantically to the monotonous piping of a diabolic flute. Azathoth's Court can be reached by space. It is at the center of the Universe.

CATHURIA: One route, known only to a few, leads through the Basalt Pillars of the West to the gateway to

Cathuria. If a ship should follow this route there will appear in the air above the cataract a hole in space from which emanates a brilliant white light which will reach forth, seize the ship, and guide it through the hole. Once through the hole the ship will have entered Cathuria, the Land of Hope. Vessels which are guided here find themselves afloat upon a calm sea of deep azure at the mouth of the sacred Narg River.

Cathuria is a land more splendid than Sona-Nyl, filled with music more beautiful than any to be heard in Ennon. It is a land filled with fragrant forests of aloe and sandalwood, green and verdant pastures, and wondrous cities. The buildings of these cities are topped with crystalline spires which reflect the sun's light in prismatic color schemes not of the known world. The streets and walls of the cities are of gold, and reflect the light so strongly that it stings the naked eye. The River Narg, a sacred grotto-born river of scented water, flows through Cathuria. The Narg, also known as the River of Ages, has magical properties and will transport those who drink from it back to an age of innocence.

Cathuria is not for humankind. Long ago, the gods removed Cathuria from the world so that people would have something to strive for. This is the Land of Hope, the land of all that is best in humanity. As human culture has grown older and less innocent it have become less and less worthy of Cathuria. Once it was that people might have attained this land and remained there for all time, but now the gods will only allow short visits to the splendid place.

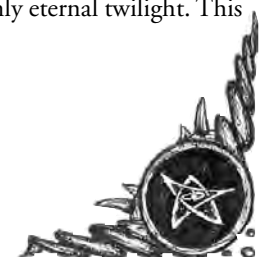
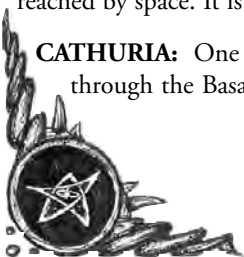
Humanity's loss of hope has spawned a beast which lurks in the cataract before the gates of Cathuria. This daemon has been given life by man's own lust for blood and his charnel desires. The abomination which resides in the darkness of the pit grows stronger with the passing days. Eventually it will gain sufficient strength to breach the barriers and it will destroy Cathuria utterly. If this comes to pass, then Hope shall be vanquished and humankind will be forever lost.

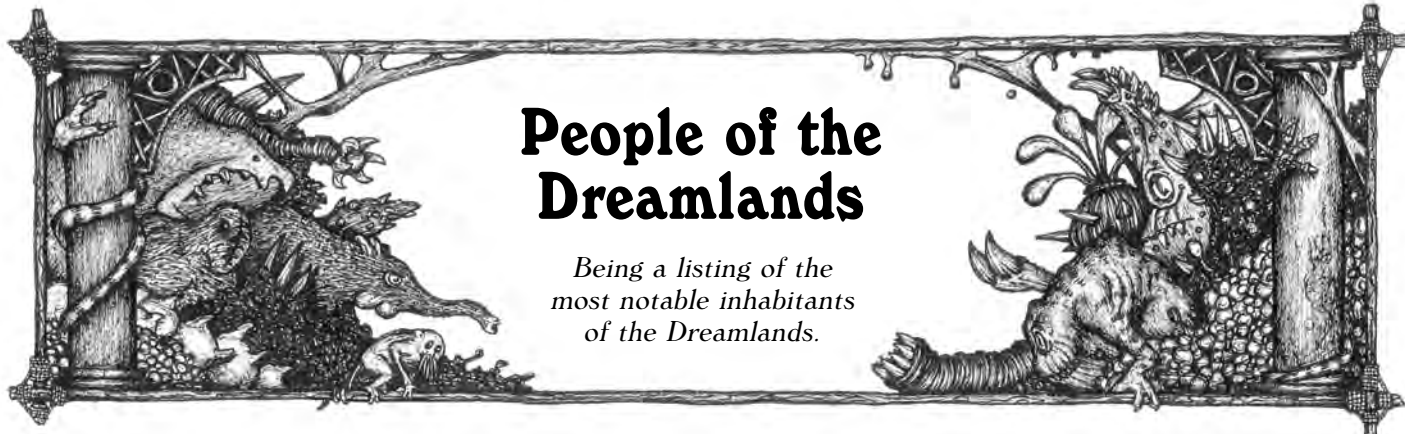
NHHNGR: One of two alien Dreamlands which lie beyond Kadath.

SARRUB: A magical realm which lies in space beyond the moon. It was once a land famous for its wine, but it has not been heard from for many years.

YR: An alien Dreamlands which lies beyond Kadath.

YUNDU: A world far away, through the space of the Dreamlands. It has no sun, but is instead circled by a ring of red coals. There is no day nor night, only eternal twilight. This is the home of the Wenelians. ☞





People of the Dreamlands

Being a listing of the most notable inhabitants of the Dreamlands.



Atal the High Priest

Atal, the high priest of the city of Ulthar, is one of the wisest men of the Dreamlands. It was he who accompanied Barzai the Wise on his ill-fated climb of Mount Hatheg-Kla.

Atal is nearly three hundred years old and quite distinguished-looking. Though he is feeble in body, his mind and spirit are

stronger than in his youth. His snow-white beard is so long it reaches the floor.

Atal knows much of the ways of the Great Ones, the Gods of Earth, and also knows much about the Dreamlands. He does not like to share his knowledge because of the trouble it can cause but he is easily tricked into disclosing bits of his information despite his intelligence.

Atal spends most of his time in a shrine in the tallest tower of Ulthar, gazing out over the Dreamlands and musing over his youth.

ATAL, High Priest of Ulthar

STR 08 CON 09 SIZ 15 INT 19 POW 27
DEX 12 APP 15 EDU 30 SAN 38 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Spells: Anathema (D), Bolonath's Furnace (D), Cascades of Floran (D), Concentric Rings of the Worm (D), Crystal World (D), Deflection (D), Equilateral Screen (D), Flameshield (D), Ironmind (D), Lace Curtains of Hish (D), Lambent Flame (D), The Oblong Barrier (D), The Silver Spray (D), Stability (D), S/B Lamp-eft (D), Sundering Hurler (D).

Skills: Astronomy 71%, Cthulhu Mythos 60%, Dream Lore 89%, First Aid 40%, Geology 69%, Listen 40%, Medicine 30%, Natural History 84%, Occult 99%.

Locale: Ulthar (The West).

Barzai The Wise

A fanatic who tirelessly studied forbidden books, he knew much of the Great Ones of Kadath and their habits, and could overcome them if need be. He did not reckon with the might of the Outer Gods, the gods of the void that guard the weak gods of Earth's Dreamlands. Now Barzai is gone forever.

In life Barzai was one of the Dreamlands' mightiest sorcerers, and knew many spells now lost to posterity. The imposing might of his surviving apprentice, Atal, hints of Barzai's skill.

The Captain of the White Ship

The Captain is a tall bearded man dressed in robes. He steers his ship across the seas which lie just beyond the borders of the Waking World and bears worthy dreamers to the Dreamlands. His home port is in Sona-Nyl, but he knows the routes to any port in the Dreamlands, including Seranian. The Captain of the White Ship will only come ashore in Sona-Nyl, Ennon, and Cathuria.

The Captain shares a special relationship with the dreamers of the Elton family. Twice in their company, once with Basil and once with Nathaniel, he went in search of Cathuria. Only on the second voyage was he successful in finding that shore. He is convinced that if he were ever to try to sail there again, he and his ship would be lost.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE WHITE SHIP, Ship's Captain

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

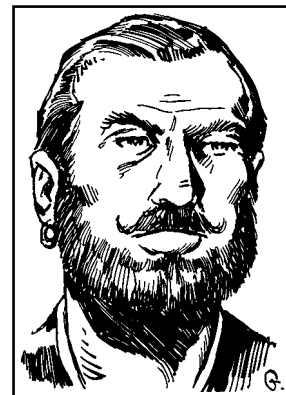
Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Scimitar 75%, Damage 1D8+1+1D4

Spells: Create Gate.

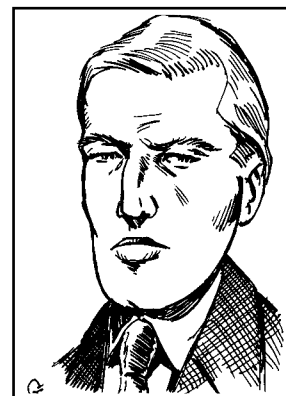
Skills: Climb 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dream Lore 99%, First Aid 50%, Hide 45%, Listen 60%, Navigate 95%, Pilot Boat 99%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 60%, Swim 75%.

Locale: The White Ship.



Randolph Carter

One of the greatest dreamers ever known on earth, second only to King Kuranos in his achievements within the Dreamlands. Carter traveled far in the lands of dream as





a young man, and even found the location of hidden Kadath in the Cold Waste. At the age of thirty he became too firmly rooted in the Waking World and lost the ability to enter the Dream-lands by dreaming. He spent the rest of his life scouring the earth looking for a way to return there.

Note: These statistics represent Randolph Carter in 1904 at the age of 30, just after his quest to Kadath. They are slightly different than those which can be found in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook which detail Carter at the age of 54.

RANDOLPH CARTER, Expert Dreamer

STR 15 CON 17 SIZ 15 INT 18 POW 16
DEX 15 APP 16 EDU 18 SAN 65 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Scimitar 75%, Damage 1D8+1+1D4
Dagger 70%, Damage 1D4+2+1D4

Skills: Appreciate Eccentric Artists 47%, Art (Colonial Architecture) 35%, Cat 35%, Credit Rating 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Deal with Publishers 10%, Dreaming 62%, Dream Lore 70%, English 90%, French 30%, Ghoul 30%, History 38%, Library Use 55%, Love Old Books 59%, Navigate 35%, Persuade 55%, Philosophy 56%, Psychology 50%, Ride Unusual Mount 45%, Zoog 20%.

Spells: none.

Locale: Wanderer.

Cat General of Ulthar

This cat, an old Tom, is the supreme commander of all the armies of cats in the Dreamlands. He bears the many scars of his campaigns—a shortened tail, an ear half missing, and a limp in his right front paw—with pride and dignity. He is widely respected by all cats throughout the Dreamlands. The Cat General makes his home in the shop of Woth the Baker of Ulthar.



CAT GENERAL OF ULTHAR, Feline Warrior

STR 02 CON 14 SIZ 02 INT 15 POW 16
DEX 38 APP 11 HP 08

Damage Bonus: -1D6.

Weapons: Bite 75%, Damage 1D6-1D6
Claw 80%, Damage 1D6+1-1D6
Rip 70%, Damage 3D3-1D6

Spells: Like all cats he is capable of leaping through space.

Skills: Art (Military Tactics) 75%, Dream Lore 70%, Hide 65%, Listen 75%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 70%.

Locale: Ulthar (The West).



Cat Patriarch of Celephaïs

This dignified Maltese cat dwells near the Bazaar of the Sheep Butchers in Celephaïs. At over 250 years old, he is the oldest cat in all the Dreamlands, and is regarded as the wisest. The Cat Patriarch of Celephaïs is somewhat aloof toward humans unless they can impress him somehow, or unless they have some form of introduction from another influential cat. Once he has warmed to a man, however, the cat patriarch has a vast wealth of knowledge at his disposal which he will happily share with those who have shown him proper respect.

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CAT PATRIARCH OF CELEPHAÏS, Feline Ruler

STR 01 CON 10 SIZ 01 INT 17 POW 16
DEX 30 APP 13 HP 06

Damage Bonus: -1D6.

Weapons: Bite 50%, Damage 1D4-1D6
Claw 55%, Damage 1D3-1D6
Rip 45%, Damage 2D3-1D6

Spells: Like all cats, he is capable of leaping through space.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Dream Lore 70%, Hide 50%, Listen 75%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 70%.

Locale: Celephaïs (The East).

The Dukes of Ishara

The so-called Dukes of Ishara are twin brothers, distinguishable only by their mannerisms and the fact that Byharrid bears a nasty dueling scar above his right eye. The two brothers typically dress in fur-lined jackets stitched with thread of gold, bright red thigh boots, and great quantities of gold jewelry.



Byharrid, generally assumed to be the real leader in Ishara, is a bully and an man of action. He is utterly ruthless in achieving his aims, and embodies the Machiavellian ideal. Gathnod is a soft but cruel man, in the vein of the Roman Emperor Caligula. He enjoys inflicting pain and suffering on others, and his appetites know no bounds.

The Dukes are considered by most to be rough and uncouth. They have tried to buy their way into polite society through arranged marriages several times, but as their reputations have preceded them they have been forced to search far



ther and farther from home. They are driven by greed and a desire for power. Unknown to all, save a few trusted servants, they have become corrupted by the influence of the Great Old Ones and are now in league with the merchants of the Black Galleys and their moonbeast masters in their nefarious plans.

BYHARRID-IMON ISHARA, Man of Action

STR 18 CON 15 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 14 APP 11 EDU 10 SAN 25 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist 75%, Damage 1D3+1D6

Knife 70%, Damage 1D3+1D6

Saber 70%, Damage 1D8+1+1D6

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 45%, Dream Lore 25%, Listen 40%, Persuade 55%, Ride 60%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Locale: Ishara (The North).

GATHNOD-NATZ'ILL ISHARA, Ruthless Ruler

STR 13 CON 10 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 14
DEX 15 APP 12 EDU 11 SAN 23 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 35%, 1D3+1D4

Knife 40%, 1D6+1D4

Skills: Art (Torture) 55%, Conceal 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dream Lore 30%, Fast Talk 40%, Listen 50%, Persuade 45%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 60%.

Locale: Ishara (The North).

Basil Elton

Basil Elton was once one of the world's great dreamers. In the Waking World, he tends a lighthouse in Kingsport. Because he was killed in a vain search for Cathuria, he can never again enter the Dreamlands. Basil is trapped forever in the Waking World and is, as a result, a melancholy fellow though a good man and eager to help those who can still dream.



BASIL ELTON, Former Dreamer

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 20
DEX 13 APP 15 EDU 14 SAN 22 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Knife 60%, Damage 1D6

Skills: Bargain 25%, Biology 41%, Chemistry 23%, Climb 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 33%, Dreaming 0%, Dream Lore 78%, Fast Talk 30%, First Aid 60%, Geology 24%, Jump 57%, Natural History 19%, Navigate 52%, Occult 21%, Persuade 51%, Pilot Boat 40%, Psychology 28%, Sneak 69%, Swim 80%, Throw 56%.

Locale: Kingsport (Waking World).

Nathaniel Elton

Nathaniel is the grandson of Basil Elton. Like his grandfather before him, he also tends the north point lighthouse in Kingsport. Nathaniel was also visited by the White Ship and journeyed to the land of Ennon. Here he was shown the one safe passage into Cathuria by Ward Phillips and his magical lamp. Armed with this information, he and the White Ship passed through the Basalt Pillars of the West and successfully reached Splendid Cathuria.

NATHANIEL ELTON, Lighthouse Keeper and Dreamer

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

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 70%, Damage 1D3+1D4.

Knife 50%, Damage 1D6+1D4.

Skills: Climb 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Dreaming 35%, Dream Lore 50%, First Aid 50%, Hide 45%, Listen 60%, Navigate 50%, Pilot Boat 45%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 60%, Swim 75%.

Locale: Kingsport (Waking World).



Getech

Getech owns a curious, small shop in the city of Nithy-Vash. It stands between two abandoned houses, nestled amongst the warehouses of the town's trading quarter. Here Getech deals in many rare and wondrous goods, including spices from faraway lands, rare silks, curious idols of quaint gods fashioned from jade or ivory, various poisons and herbs, and strange tomes in scripts not easily deciphered.



Getech is a short man and only the top of his bald head and his beady eyes show above the folds of the black wrappings which he wears though they are much too big for him. He can obtain almost any sort of bizarre or hard-to-come-by item which his patrons might want. He is not above luring lone customers into the back of his shop to acquire anything he might need from them.

GETECH, Vender of Rare and Strange Goods

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 06 INT 15 POW 16
DEX 14 APP 11 EDU 03 SAN 0 HP 09



Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Weapon: Blackjack 60%, Damage 1D8-1D4.

Skills: Bargain 70%, Credit Rating 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 45%, Dream Lore 70%, Hide 50%, Listen 75%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 70%.

Spells: may know up to 10 spells at the keeper's option.

Locale: Nithy-Vash (The East).



Haon-Dor

Haon-Dor is a powerful prehuman sorcerer from the primal Waking World land of Hyperborea. Long ago he dwelt beneath Mount Voornithadreth and had some dealings with the serpent men followers of Tsathoggua who escaped the destruction of Yoth. Later he fled first to the Hyperborean colony of Krannoria, and then through Eibon's gateway to Saturn.

From Saturn he made his way to Earth's Dreamlands. He now dwells on the dark side of the moon, not far from the city of the moonbeasts.

Haon-Dor appears as a tall being, well over eight feet in height, and thinner than the average human. His precise features are unclear because he wears a dull brown robe with a hood obscuring his face, while long sleeves cover his hands. He speaks in a sibilant, reverberating voice. He is also capable of changing his shape to that of a 15' long rattlesnake. When in this form he can deliver a venomous bite that is highly toxic.

Haon-Dor desires to return to the Waking World. To do so he requires investigators from the Waking World who are physically present in the Dreamlands to open the way for him. Once back in the Waking World he will begin to exert his evil influence again in an attempt to dominate the globe.

HAON-DOR, Hyperborean Sorcerer

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 20 POW 25
DEX 14 APP 09 EDU 16 SAN 0 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Claw 35%, damage 1D3+1D4

Bite* 40%, damage 1D3+1+1D4+ POT 13 poison

* in snake form only

Armor: 1-point scales while in snake form.

Skills: Aklo 65%, Astronomy 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 75%, Dream Lore 35%, English 60%, Hide 50%, History (Hyperborean) 60%, Listen 75%, Moonbeast 48%, Nacaal 55%, Occult 95%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 70%

Spells:** Contact Mnomquah (D), Contact Moonbeast (D), Contact Serpent People, Contact Deity/Tsathoggua, S/B Dark Young, S/B Formless Spawn, S/B Shoggoth.

** Haon-Dor may know other spells of the keeper's choosing.

Sanity Loss: 0/1 Sanity points to see Haon-dor's normal form. 1d3 additional Sanity to see Haon-dor change shape.

Locale: Alternate Bendal-Dolum (The Moon).

Haragrim

Haragrim is one of the chief knights of Kuran. He is one of those who marched on that long-ago journey to find Kuran and bring him back to Celephaïs to rule forever. Haragrim's sword is of a metal as transparent as crystal, and his leaden mace is carved into the shape of a lion's head. His sword is magical, and may not be drawn from its sheath by a craven coward. Haragrim is stern and fiercely loyal to Kuran. He is considered one of the bravest and stoutest knights in all of the city of Celephaïs.



HARAGRIM, Knight of Celephaïs

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 13 EDU 09 SAN 70 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Lance 85%, damage 1D10+1+3D6

Knightly Sword 73%, damage 1D10+1+1D4

Mace 60%, damage 1D10+1D4

Armor: 9-point polished plate and padding.

Skills: First Aid 45%, Ride 87%, Throw 48%, Track 61%.

Locale: Celephaïs (The East).



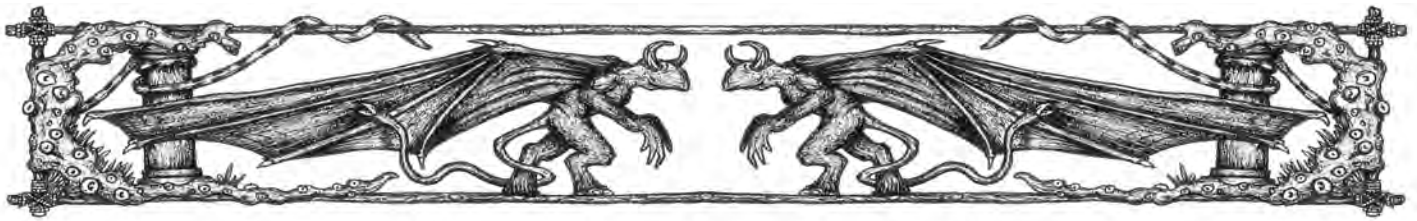
High Priest of Nath-Horthath

The High Priest of Nath-Horthath knows more about the gods than any other living in Celephaïs. Though his worship naturally emphasizes Nath-Horthath, he knows many prayers and rituals used in the worship of others. He is nearly as wise as Atal, and knows more about the cults of the gods.

HIGH PRIEST OF NATH-HORTHATH, Seer of Celephaïs

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 18 POW 29
DEX 09 APP 13 EDU 22 SAN 48 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.



Skills: Archaeology 19%, Art (Sing) 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 50%, Dream Lore 77%, Geology 45%, Natural History 45%, Occult 89%, Persuade 93%.

Spells: S/B Blupe (D), S/B Lamp-eft (D), Contact Deity/Nath-Horthath (D), Crystal World (D), The Emerald Darts of Ptath (D), Flameshield (D), Ironmind (D), Katarien's Heat Wave (D), Lassitude of Phein (D), Lavender Spheres of Ptath (D), Living X (D), Seraph's Glory (D), Stupefying Blast (D), White Web of Soren (D).

Locale: Celephaïs (The East).

Ibbix

Ibbix is a wizened, wiry oldster with keen green eyes and a pate as bald as an egg. He knows the name of every ship that leaves the harbor, and can recognize every ship that has ever come in. He is a famous misogynist, and won't speak in a friendly manner when women are present. He is an extremely modest man, and abhors excessive drinking—he begins and ends his day on the same pint of rum.



IBBIX, Celephaïs Harbormaster

STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 14
DEX 17 APP 10 EDU 08 SAN 72 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Boathook 56%, damage 1D6+2+1D4
Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+1D4

Skills: Accounting 59%, Bargain 73%, Climb 80%, Navigate 69%, Pilot Boat 93%, Spot Hidden 94%.

Locale: Celephaïs (The East).

The Ice Carver of Aran

This man lives high atop Mt. Aran, above the snow line. He never descends from his icy realm. The ice carver appears as a small figure dressed in baggy, fur-lined jacket and pants, with fur-lined boots and woolen cap. His skin is very pale, almost translucent, his hair and moustache are white, and his eyes are a piercing pale blue-gray. His manner is very friendly toward any who climb into his icy realm, but that masks a darker purpose.



The ice carver's snowy home is filled with the statues he has carved. Each statue comes in a pair: one made from ice, and the other the frozen human original. He will attempt to carve a statue of anyone who enters his realm.

This process costs the Ice Carver ten magic points per model. As he carves the statue, the portions of the model which he has finished carving become numb to the point of freezing and immobility. He usually starts with the legs and feet. It will take him 2D6 rounds to complete the statue of any given person. Once done the model will also be a statue of ice. Use of the Dreaming skill may return such victims to their original form at the keeper's discretion.

If asked why he does this to those who climb his mountain, the ice carver will say it is because they came to him voluntarily out of a weariness for life, and it is his duty to free them from their misery.

THE ICE CARVER OF ARAN, Sculptor

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 09 INT 15 POW 16
DEX 14 APP 09 EDU 0 SAN 0 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Ice Axe 80%, damage 1D8+1

Skills: Art (Sculpt) 75%, Climb 55%, Dream Lore 40%, Listen 75%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 70%.

Spells: Can turn those he sculpts into ice statues.

Locale: Mt. Aran (The East).

Kaman-Thah and Nasht

These are the two priests that live in the Cavern of Flame. They neither sleep nor eat, but spend their time between visitors in prayer and meditation. They can tell new dreamers much on proper conduct while in the Dreamlands and are kind and gracious unless provoked. If a dreamer is rude to the priests, he instantly finds himself awake, back in his own body, unable to pass into the Dreamlands. After such an occurrence, he can never again enter the Cavern of Flame unless another dreamer manages to convince Kaman-Thah and Nasht of the reprobate's penitence.



Sanity is not a meaningful statistic for these priests of the lands of dream. They can look upon the form of Azathoth himself without dismay.

KAMAN-THAH, Priest of the Cavern of Flame

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 17 INT 24 POW 96
DEX 16 APP 17 EDU 90 SAN n/a HP 16

Skills: Art (Sing) 99%, Cthulhu Mythos 99%, Dream Lore 99%, Persuade 99%.

Spells: all spells possible to the Dreamlands, except for Bind, Call, or Contact spells.



Special Ability: can dismiss a dreamer's physical self back to the Waking World at will.

Locale: Cavern of Flame (The West).

NASHT, Other Priest

STR 16 CON 17 SIZ 19 INT 20 POW 82
DEX 18 APP 15 EDU 90 SAN n/a HP 18

Skills: Art (Sing) 99%, Cthulhu Mythos 99%, Dream Lore 99%, Persuade 99%.

Spells: all spells known to the Waking World, except for Bind, Call, or Contact Deity spells.

Special Ability: can dismiss a dreamer's physical self back to the Waking World at will.

Locale: Cavern of Flame (The West).

Throth's Stalwart (D), The Viridian Wind (D), Vortex of Far Journeying (D).

Locale: Celephaïs (The East).

The Eidolon Lathi



The Eidolon Lathi is the ruler of the ter-men of Thalarion. She appears as a beautiful woman with long blonde hair, sparkling eyes, and golden-hued skin from the waist up—her lower body seems to disappear into the folds of her gown. In fact, her lower body is that of a giant queen termite, and is much larger than her upper human torso. Her thorax protrudes into a chamber behind her throne; this is her nuptial chamber and it is where her unfortunate mates are brought. She cannot move about by herself and requires the assistance of several worker ter-men in order to move from one location to another. For this reason she is almost always encountered in her throne room in Thalarion.

All prisoners are brought before Lathi in her throne room. Female prisoners she regards as a threat, and she has them cast into her pit-like dungeons to rot. Should she find male prisoners handsome (APP 13 or higher), she will attempt to seduce and mate with them. Lathi can mate with ter-men drones to produce more of her people, but she mates with human males to satisfy her own lusts for pleasure.

The process of mating involves successive rolls on the Resistance Table of her POW versus her lover's. If she succeeds in overcoming her lover's POW then she has drained all the vital essence from him and he dies. On rare occasions she has found lovers who can endure her embrace for long periods of time. Such unfortunate victims will be kept alive to satisfy her boundless desires until they die. Mating with Lathi will cause her lover to lose 1D4/1D10 SAN each time he is forced to do so. Victims who die as a result of this process are little more than empty husks when they are released from her embrace. Anyone witnessing such a mating will lose 1/1D4 SAN.

Lathi, like all female members of her race, is capable of extruding a web-like substance from her fingertips which can entrap her prey. She will not engage in direct combat with those who threaten her unless she is completely without servants to protect her. She is usually surrounded by 1d6 handmaidens and 1D10 warriors.

THE EIDOLON LATHI, Queen of Thalarion

STR 10 CON 16 SIZ 24 INT 15 POW 16
DEX 8 APP 18 EDU 14 SAN 0 HP 20

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapon: Fist 25%, damage 1D3+1D6



King Kuranés

King Kuranés is perhaps the greatest dreamer who ever lived. He discovered the Dreamlands at an early age, and created the city of Celephaïs out of his dreams. He is now king of the entire land of Ooth-Nargai and the cloud-carved city of Serranian. In the Waking World he overdosed on drugs. He became a mere husk of a man once wealthy and powerful, but who

ruined himself searching for the Dreamlands. After he died in the Waking World, he became king of Celephaïs. He lived there happily for decades, but has now grown homesick for his native Cornwall, and has built a town near Celephaïs, Cornwall-by-the-Sea, which closely resembles his lost home.

As an adventuring dreamer, Kuranés traveled in many realms other than Earth's Dreamlands. He is the only dreamer to have returned from Azathoth's throne sane and unchanged. Randolph Carter and King Kuranés are close friends.

KING KURANÉS, Ruler of Celephaïs and Serranian

STR 17 CON 18 SIZ 11 INT 17 POW 34
DEX 15 APP 15 EDU 20 SAN 55 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Longsword 92%, damage 1D8+1+1D4

Skills: Bargain 67%, Cthulhu Mythos 44%, Dreaming 99%, Dream Lore 94%, Fast Talk 64%, Hide 66%, Listen 68%, Natural History 58%, Navigate 61%, Persuade 94%, Pilot Boat 45%, Pilot Sky Galleon 60%, Ride 86%, Sneak 56%, Swim 63%.

Spells: S/B Lamp-eft (D), S/B Shade (D), Cascades of Florin (D), Crystal World (D), Deflection (D), The Emerald Darts of Prath (D), Equilateral Screen (D), Lace Curtains of Hish (D), Lassitude of Phein (D), Malenkamon's Impressive Bolt (D), Opaque Wall (D), Passing Unseen (D), Seraph's Glory (D),



Cast Web 65%, damage entanglement with STR 16 web

Skills: Dream Lore 70%, Listen 75%, Persuade (Seduce) 75%, Spot Hidden 70%.

Spells: Lathi can mentally command any of her Ter-Folk subjects to do her will.

Sanity Loss: viewing Lathi's lower body cost 1/1D6 Sanity points.

Locale: Thalarion (The West).



Nuguth-Yug

Nuguth-Yug is the priest who lives in the Temple of Nodens in the Vale of Pnath. He once studied to be a magician under Hezethub, the master sorcerer of the city of Narath. Hezethub sent him on an errand of great urgency into the Underworld to consult the previous priest of Nodens. On his arrival, Nuguth-Yug found the old priest dying. With his dying breath

the old priest charged Nuguth-Yug with maintaining the temple and accepting the mantle of Nodens' priesthood. Nuguth-Yug accepted, and hasn't left the Vale of Pnath since.

Nuguth-Yug is now a man in his mid-40s with long unkempt hair and pale skin. He takes his duties as Noden's priest very seriously, but he is often lonely. His only companions are his nightgaunt guardians, and they are less than talkative. Nuguth-Yug is eager for news of the surface world, and will offer what little hospitality he has to any who visit his dwelling. He will also offer whatever assistance he can to those who are able to enter his, if their purpose is worthy. The entrance to Nuguth-Yug's temple is warded with an Elder Sign.

NUGUTH-YUG, Priest of Nodens

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 15 POW 16
DEX 14 APP 10 EDU 12 SAN 50 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Skills: Art (Sing) 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 45%, Dream Lore 70%, Hide 50%, Listen 55%, Nightgaunt 60%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Spells: Call / Dismiss Nodens, Contact Deity/Nodens, Create Barrier of Naach-Tith (D), Elder Sign, Heal, Shriveling, S/B Nightgaunt.

Locale: Temple of Nodens (Underworld).

Nyrass the Sorcerer

Nyrass is the last in the long line of sorcerers who are descendent from Soomus the seventh of the Seventh, the seventh son of the seventh son of the Dreamlands' first wizard. He dwells alone in a great castle which stands at the outskirts of the far

western town of Theelys. The castle's library spans all the ages of man and contains many a tome of forgotten lore. Apart from Atal, Nyrass is the only other person known to possess a copy of the *Fourth Book of D'harsis*, although only Atal has ever managed to decipher the cryptic runes within.



Nyrass is regarded with no small amount of suspicion and fear by the locals in Theelys, but this is more out of ignorance than for any real reason. In actual fact, Nyrass is a kindly old man. His knowledge of the history of the Dreamlands is great, exceeding that of Atal of Ulthar's, and his knowledge of sorcery is equally great. Nyrass is a reclusive sort and seldom ventures forth from his sanctum. However, from time to time, he has been

known to secretly recruit adventurers to carry out certain tasks for him. His secretiveness stems not from any form of deviousness, but from his desire not to attract any undue attention to himself.

NYRASS, Descendent of Soomus

STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 19 POW 25
DEX 14 APP 13 EDU 30 SAN 30 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Knife 50%, damage 1D6

Skills: Aklo 65%, Astronomy 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 75%, Dream Lore 95%, First Aid 40%, Listen 40%, Natural History 70%, Occult 100%, Psychology 35%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Spells: All spells from the Dreamlands list, and up 1d20 other spells of the keepers choice.

Locale: Theelys

Locale: Theelys (The West).

The Old Man of Vornai

Nigh onto a hundred years ago, there was a young man who scoffed at the tales of a certain cursed circle of stones near Vornai, and he went forth to see what secrets the ring held. When he



returned from his investigations, he was greatly changed, with his hair gone white, and he would not speak of that which he saw. Ten mornings after his return, there appeared within the ring a house. And the young man, now greatly changed, went to live in that house. Now, though no one remembers his name, all the folk of Vornai know of the Old Man of Whom No One Likes to Speak and his strange dwelling, The House of the Worm.



The Old Man is the Guardian of the Elder Sign, and it is his duty to maintain the house and the pillars which surround it, lest that what lies beneath them should be freed. He is rumored to be over one hundred years old. The Old Man keeps to himself. His only dealings with the people of Vornai are for provisions which he pays for in ancient gold coins from no known kingdom.

OLD MAN OF WHOM NO ONE LIKES TO SPEAK

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 20
DEX 14 APP 09 EDU 0 SAN 0 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Knife, damage 1D4+2

Spells: All Contact Deity spells for the Elder Gods and the Great Ones, Create Barrier of Naach-Tith, Elder Sign, Eye of Light and Darkness, S/B Nightgaunt.

Skills: Aklo 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 90%, Dream Lore 70%, Hide 50%, Listen 75%, Sneak 75%.

Locale: The House of the Worm (The North).

Richard Upton Pickman

While an artist in the Waking World, Pickman made friends with the ghouls which feasted in the graveyards of his native Boston. When his ghoulish heritage began to show itself, Richard left the Waking World behind and took up residence in the Underworld realm of the ghouls in the Dreamlands. His innate intelligence has made him a somewhat important and highly respected ghoul. Although he retains many of the skills which he had in the Waking World, they have fallen into disuse and have atrophied greatly. Pickman prefers to keep more or less to himself, but has been known to take command of large numbers of ghouls in times of crisis.



RICHARD UPTON PICKMAN, Artist and Ghoul

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 18 POW 18
DEX 16 APP 05 EDU 16 SAN 10 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: .45 Revolver* 20%, damage 1D10+2
Claws 40%, damage 1D6+1D4
Bite 35%, damage 1D6+worry**

* He no longer has one, but remembers how to use this gun.

** As per ghouls.

Armor: firearms and projectiles do half of rolled damage; round up any fraction.

Skills: Art (Brush Technique) 40%, Art (Colonial Architecture) 15%, Art (Morbid Renderings) 50%, Art (Oil Painting) 30%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dream Lore 70%, English 25%, Fast Talk 55%, Ghoul 60%, Hide 50%, Jump 50%, Latin 10%, Listen 75%, Psychology 45%, Ride 65%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 60%

Spells: S/B Ghoul, S/B Nightgaunt.

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

Locale: Plain of Ghouls (The Underworld).

The Seer with Invisible Eyes

This man appears as a wizened old figure, so slender that he seems to be nothing more than skin and bones inside his robes. The most striking feature about his face is his lack of eyes; his eye sockets are filled with a void as deep as the farthest reaches of space. His father was a dream-reader and his mother



Ward Phillips

Ward Phillips was an author of pulp-horror fiction in the Waking World. In his will, his grandfather left him the Lamp of Alhazred. Within its light, Phillips could see many scenes from the past. Ward Phillips used the lamp to inspire his fictional works. Later, he discovered that the visions produced by the lamp could also

serve as gateways to the lands they depicted. He used the lamp to leave the Waking World behind, and enter the Dreamlands realm of Ennon, where he currently resides.

Phillips appears as a sickly youth of perhaps 17 years of age. He has brown hair and eyes, stands about 5'6", and speaks with a distinct Boston accent.

WARD PHILLIPS, Wielder of the Lamp of Alhazred

STR 10 CON 09 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 16
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 17 SAN 55 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Dream Lore 70%, English 85%, French 45%, History 65%, Library Use 80%, Listen 45%, Occult 50%, Persuade 55%.

Spells: the Lamp of Alhazred grants Create Window. Note that it is the Lamp which casts this spell, not the user.

Locale: Ennon (The West).



cast runes to read the future, and he was born with the power to see into a person's future just by looking at him. The Seer says his "eyes" are his crystal balls.

Despite having no eyes, the Seer sees just fine. He lives in the seaward dock section of Baharna and earns his keep by reading the future for the sailors and merchants who come to him. He is never wrong regarding his visions, but he is often cryptic in his explanations. Reading someone's future costs him 8 magic points and a Sanity loss as appropriate to whatever his subject's future may hold.

**THE SEER WITH INVISIBLE EYES,
Fortune Teller**

STR 08 CON 09 SIZ 09 INT 17 POW 17
DEX 11 APP 09 EDU 10 SAN 45 HP 09

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

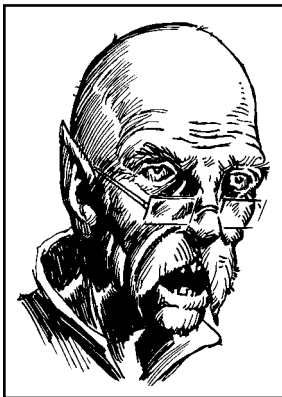
Weapons: Knife 65%, damage 1D4+1-1D4

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dream Lore 65%, Hide 50%, Listen 75%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 70%.

Spells: Concentric Rings of the Worm (D), Emerald Darts of Ptath (D).

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see the seer's eyes.

Locale: Baharna (Oriab).



Shuggob

Shuggob is a reclusive ghoulish who lives in the Vale of Pnath beyond the borders of the Sea of Bones. He has lived for a great number of eons, and may be the oldest ghoulish alive. He is highly regarded among ghoulish society, and has been consulted by the likes of the ghoulish Pickman and the ancient sorcerer Eibon.

Shuggob's library contains many rare tomes of arcane lore, and he is familiar with them all. Shuggob is the only being left who knows the secret of the much sought-after glund fluid. He is respectful of guests who come to visit him, so long as they do not threaten him. Those that do usually wind up as fodder for his experiments.

SHUGGOB, Ghoulish Sage

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 17 POW 18
DEX 15 APP 05 EDU 18 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Claws 45%, damage 1d6
Bite 40%, damage 1D6+automatic worry*
* as per ghoulish

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

Skills: Aklo 55%, Burrow 70%, Chinese 25%, Climb 85%, Craft (Glund Fluid) 99%, Cthulhu Mythos 55%, Dream Lore

65%, English 45%, French 35%, German 30%, Greek 30%, Hide 60%, Japanese 25%, Jump 75%, Latin 45%, Listen 75%, Nacaal 40%, Russian 35%, Scent Decay 65%, Sneak 80%, Spanish 40%, Spot Hidden 65%.

Spells: Clutch of Nyogtha, Command Dhole, Create Gate, S/B Nightgaunt, and up to 15 more spells of the keeper's choice.

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

Locale: Vale of Pnath (Underworld).



Skaa

Skaa is an old crone who lives across the street from the Temple of Unattainable Desires in Hazuth-Kleg. Here she worships her strange carven idols and burns her foul smelling incense in praise of her master, Azathoth. Skaa is best avoided by decent folk, but she does have her uses. She is wise in the lore of unknown and forbidden things and will share her knowledge with

those who pay her well. For a price, usually a small bag of opals or other precious stones, she will reveal to those who come to consult her scraps of the forbidden knowledge she has acquired from such tomes as the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*. Gaining such knowledge in this fashion is less hazardous than consulting such tomes directly. However, those who seek out Skaa's wisdom are well advised not to cheat her, for her vengeance is both subtle and terrible.

SKAA, the Witch of Hazuth-Kleg

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 09 INT 17 POW 20
DEX 14 APP 08 EDU 0 SAN 0 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Knife, damage 1D4+2

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 85%, Dream Lore 70%, Hide 65%, Listen 75%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 70%.

Spells: All Call and Contact Deity spells for the Great Old Ones and the Outer Gods. S/B Byakhee, S/B Dimensional Shambler, S/B Hunting Horror, S/B Servitor of the Outer Gods, and S/B Shantak. All Dreamlands spells.

Locale: Hazuth-Kleg (The East).

**Slant-Eyed Merchant
of Ill Repute**

This squat and slant-eyed old merchant is one of those Tcho-Tchos who came into the Dreamlands via Leng. Unlike most of his race which wander into the lands of Dream, he managed to avoid becoming either a slave in Inquanok or a meal for the moonbeasts. He has become one of the many agents of



Nyarlathep who wander the Dreamlands ever watchful for ways to be of service to his dark master.

This man is reputed to trade with the queer stone villages of Leng, and even to have had some dealings with the high-priest-not-to-be-described who resides in the prehistoric stone monastery on that plateau. In fact, he regularly visits these villages, but he only visits the priest in the monastery when he has important information

or captives to deliver to his masters. Periodically he arrives in Inquanok with yakloads of the large, rich-flavored eggs of the shantaks to trade for various goods.

He can be encountered in any region of the Dreamlands, at any time, as suits the keeper's needs. He is usually dressed in the furs which are worn by the men of Inquanok and other northern lands. He carries with him a curved scimitar.

SLANT-EYED MERCHANT OF ILL REPUTE

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 09 INT 15 POW 16
DEX 14 APP 09 EDU 0 SAN 0 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Scimitar 80% 1D8+1+db

Armor: 1-point furs.

Skills: Bargain 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 45%, Dream Lore 70%, Hide 50%, Listen 75%, Moonbeast 50%, Ride 65%, Shantak 60%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 70%.

Spells: S/B Shantak.

Locale: Wanderer.

Snid

Snid is perhaps the greatest thief in all the Dreamlands. His deeds have become a matter of legend, and merchants cast a nervous eye to their goods whenever his name is mentioned. He is one of the folk known as the Dark Wanderers who long ago resided in the city of Golthoth, in Cuppar-Nombo. Like the other members of his people, his features are swarthy, and his dress befits a desert dweller. Snid's skill is matched only by his greed.



SNID, the Master Thief of the Dark Wanderers

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 15 POW 14
DEX 16 APP 11 EDU 0 SAN 60 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Scimitar 80%, damage 1D8+1.

Skills: Bargain 70%, Climb 75%, Conceal 95%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Dream Lore 60%, Hide 99%, Listen 90%, Locksmith 99%, Pick Pockets 99%, Ride 65%, Sneak 99%, Spot Hidden 85%.

Spells: none

Locale: The Six Kingdoms (The West).

Tak



Tak is a powerful vampire who resides in the Underworld ruins of Karoth. He escaped from Yath-Lhi's dungeons in Tyrhhia before she could drink his blood, and swore to have his revenge one day. He does not believe that Yath-Lhi is dead, but he does not know that she lies asleep and waiting in her tomb in the ruins of Tyrhhia. Tak is one of the few beings in the Dreamlands who knows the location of Tyrhhia.

If Yath-Lhi is ever freed from her tomb, Tak will come forth and use all his powers to stop her.

Adventurers who have come in search of Tak had better have a good reason for disturbing this being. He is adept at determining whether or not humans are lying to him and is quick to punish such impudence.

All the rules for normal vampires from the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook apply to Tak.

TAK, the Vampire-Prince of Lost Karoth

STR 30 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 17 POW 16
DEX 14 APP 10 EDU 0 SAN 0 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapon: Bite* 65%, damage 1D4 hp in the first round and 1D6 STR per round after that

Claw 70%, damage 1D4+2D6

Gaze, damage match POWs on Resistance Table

Armor: can reform after hit points are exceeded.

Skills: Climb 65%, Conceal 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 50%, Dream Lore 50%, English 40%, Ghoul 35%, Hide 65%, Listen 80%, Persuade 60%, Scent Blood 75%, Sneak 55%

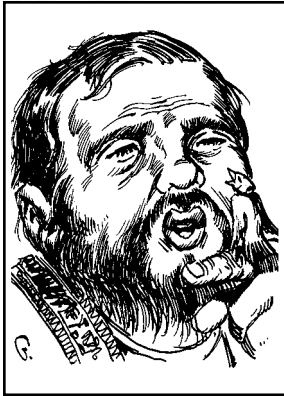
Spells: Concentric Rings of the Worm (D), Contact Ghoul, Deflection (D), Living X (D).

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4 Sanity points to be attacked; 1/1D3 to see a transformation. Vampires of human appearance cost no Sanity.

Locale: Karoth (Underworld).

Thorsense

Thorsense is renowned for his enormous girth. He is the heaviest man in Celephaïs. He runs the Singing Bird Bazaar, where



tiny songbirds are raised, placed in delicate wicker cages and shipped throughout the world. Thorsense loves music and is often found listening to a trained chorus of birds singing in harmony.

THORSENSE, Guildmaster

STR 8 CON 12 SIZ 20
 INT 15 POW 17 DEX 7
 APP 12 EDU 12 SAN 81
 HP 16

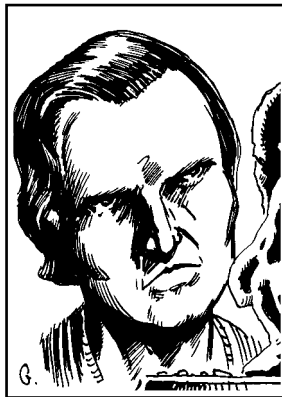
Skills: Bargain 99%, Fast Talk 68%, Persuade 62%.

Spells: Crystal World (D), Lament Flame (D), Living X (D), Stability (D).

Locale: Celephaïs (The East).

Yah-Vho

Yah-Vho is a sculptor known throughout the Dreamlands. He is called the maker of gods because he exclusively carves idols and other such images for priests and temples. He commands a high price for his work, and is not above using the tricks of his trade to cheat his customers. Why use real gems when his fakes are undetectable? Why make the idol out of solid gold, when he can leave a secret hollow space inside?



He is a man of middle age, with a receding hair line and intelligent eyes. Yah-Vho knows that he is the best in his field, and is quite arrogant about it. He has even gone so far as to create a small idol in his own image, which he worships. This is Yop.

YAH-VHO, the Maker of Gods

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 16
 DEX 14 APP 11 EDU 10 SAN 65 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Mallet 65%, damage 1D8+1D4

Skills: Art (Sculpt) 99%, Bargain 75%, Conceal 99%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dream Lore 45%, Fast Talk 55%.

Locale: Nithy-Vash (The East).

Princess Zura



Zura was once a beautiful living maiden. Now she is the ruler of the Charnel Garden of the land of Zura and commands that region's undead. Zura was cursed by a powerful sorcerer whose undying love for her in life caused him to raise her from the dead. When he finally went mad and died, he cursed her to rule over the restless dead of Zura forever.

The princess is a tall, leggy woman with long dark hair which falls in braided ropes about her shoulders. She typically wears one-piece garments which leave much of her body exposed and cover only those portions of her skin which are infected with tomb-rot. This tomb-rot causes her to lose POW at the rate of 1 point per week. If her POW should ever fall to 0 she will crumble away to nothing and cease to exist.

Although cursed to rule over and love the dead, Zura can renew herself from time to time by taking a human lover. She may only take such a lover when her POW has reached 10 or less. When she mates with a living male she and her lover must compare their POW on the Resistance Table. If she overcomes him then she will drain her lover of 1D6 POW, which she adds to her own. If she fails to overcome his POW, nothing happens. When her lover reaches 0 POW he dies and rises again as a zombie in the Charnel Gardens. Potential lovers who reject Zura's advance are killed in such a way so as to ensure their rebirth in the Charnel Gardens, after which she will take them as zombie lovers. Zura cannot renew her POW from zombie lovers, but she sees this as fitting revenge for those who have spurned her advances.

PRINCESS ZURA, Mistress of the Charnel Garden

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 16*
 DEX 14 APP 18 EDU 16 SAN 0 HP 13

** Average. There is no upper limit.*

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

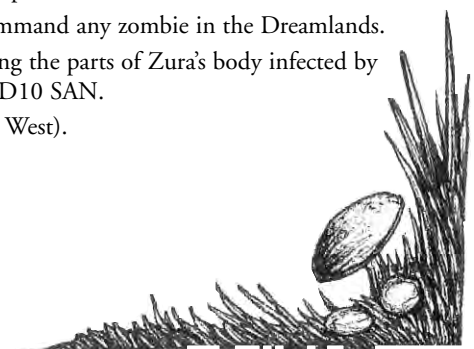
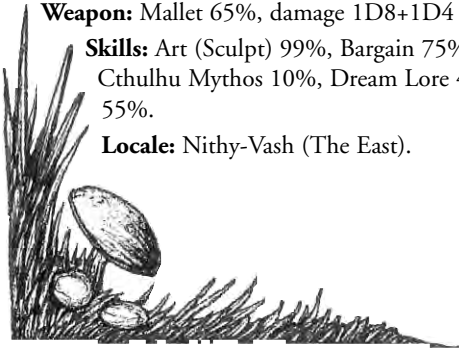
Weapon: Scimitar 80%, damage 1D8+1+1D4.

Skills: Dream Lore 50%, Hide 50%, Listen 60%, Persuade 60%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Spells: She can command any zombie in the Dreamlands.

Sanity Loss: viewing the parts of Zura's body infected by tomb-rot costs 1/1D10 SAN.

Locale: Zura (The West).



The Dreamlands Bestiary

Being a listing of the monsters and fabulous creatures which inhabit the Dreamlands.

Abthoth, Children of

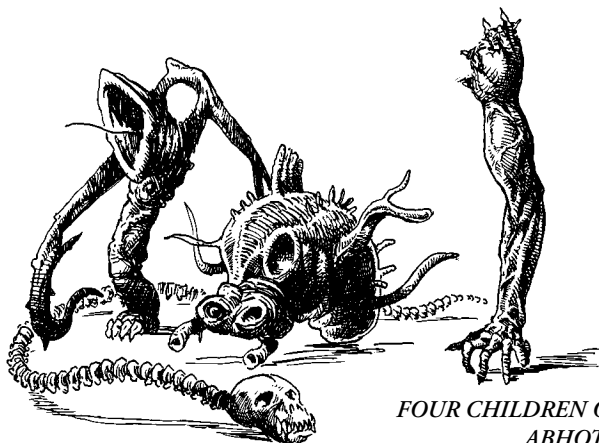
Lesser Servitor Race

There were things like bodiless legs or arms that flailed in the slime, or heads that rolled, or floundering bellies with fishes' fins; and all manner of things malformed and monstrous, that grew in size as they departed from the neighborhood of Abthoth. And those that swam not swiftly ashore when they fell into the pool from Abthoth, were devoured by mouths that gaped in the parent bulk.

—Clark Ashton Smith, "The Seven Geases"

The children of Abthoth are various creatures which the Outer God sloughs off from its great fertile bulk. Unlike Shub-Niggurath's offspring, no two children of Abthoth are alike, yet unlike the brood of Ubbo-Sathla, the Abthoth-spawn are generally complex life forms. Some appear as unfinished bodies, or singular body parts, while others look like prehistoric creatures, monstrous mutant things, queer humanoids, or amorphous blobs. Some children of Abthoth fly, some swim, some crawl, and some don't move at all. Abthoth scoops up and re-absorbs some of its children. Those that escape their sire's grasp wander about in some dank and lightless subterranean lair, or venture up into the world of man.

Abthoth's children are mostly simple-minded creatures that act and react on impulse. A few of these creatures tend to the alien needs of their sire, but most simply wander away. Because every child of Abthoth is different, each has a different mode of attack.



FOUR CHILDREN OF ABTHOTH

The keeper should determine the specific form of attack for each child he or she creates. Characteristics for the Abthoth-spawn vary greatly. For most, the keeper must first make a random die roll to see how many dice that characteristic has. For example, STR is listed as 1-4D10. So the keeper should first roll a D4 and then roll that number of ten-sided dice.

In the Dreamlands, Abthoth and his children dwell in the Pit of the Unknown Things, beneath the Grey Barrier Peaks.

CHILDREN OF ABTHOTH, Spoor of an Outer God

characteristics	rolls	average
STR	1-4D10	5-22
CON	1-6D6	3-21
SIZ	1-3D10	5-17
INT	1D10	5-6
POW	1-6D6	3-21
DEX	1-3D6	3-11
Move	1-3D6/2	0-9
HP		18-19

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Various 1D100%, damage as per mode of attack.

Armor: none.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: varies from 0/1D2 to 1/1D10 Sanity points.

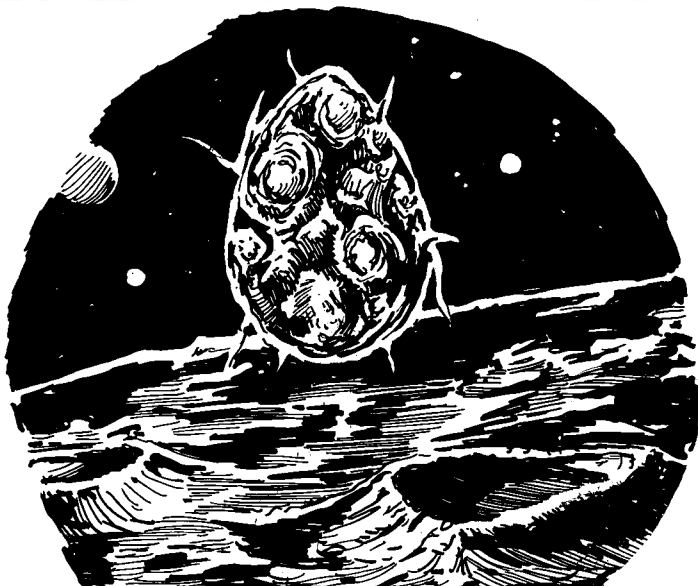
Habitat: Pit of the Unknown Things (The North).

Azathoth, Messenger of

Greater Servitor Race

[Man never suspects] Who it is that lurks bubbling and blaspheming beyond the Rim in full view of the Moon's dark side. More delirious than that which the pale toad things sliced and prodded with curious weapons as it bulged hugely from a sickening crevasse . . . yet it was but the lowly Messenger of that Other: that shocking final peril which gibbers unmentionably outside the ordered universe where no dreams reach . . . the boundless daemon sultan Azathoth.

—Gary Myers, "Passing of a Dreamer"



MESSENGER OVER THE MOON

Ordinary game statistics are not applicable to this thing for it has no life of its own; it is merely a seed looking for fertile ground in which to hatch a new spawn. If the seed ever comes into contact with the moon it will melt through the surface to its core and begin to grow. This would cause the Black Lake of Ubboth to boil and, as the seed grew, it would ultimately consume Mnomquah. In a matter of months the seed would reach maturity and break forth from its egg-like prison to wander the voids between the stars.

Should the seed ever “fertilize” the moon, it may be possible for an intrepid group of investigators to destroy the seed before it hatches. The seed, once buried in the moon, radiates an intense green light. Anyone who comes in contact with the light must match his POW against the POW 15 of the Seed on the Resistance Table. The body of anyone who fails to resist changes horribly as he twists under the radiation from the seed. Stricken individuals melt into pools of protoplasm and then boil away to nothing. Witnesses lose 1/1D8 SAN.

Those who are struck by the beam, but succeed in resisting the seed’s radiation suffer a loss of 2D6 SAN, 1D6 CON, and 2D6 hit points. Victims add 12 percentiles to their Cthulhu Mythos and 1D3 to their POW. Over a period of time—weeks or even months, at the keeper’s discretion—the effects of the radiation begin to show and the unfortunate investigator begins a painful process of devolution: the skin turns slimy, features slough off, and finally the bones dissolve as he or she collapses into a festering living puddle.

Although the effects of the radiation on a dreamer will not carry over to the Waking World, neither will they be gone when next the investigator returns to the Dreamlands. His dreaming self will continue to deteriorate whenever the investigator dreams, with the same ultimate end. Dreamers who die in this way in the Dreamlands will be unable ever to return there.

It is not possible physically to harm the Seed, either while in space or once it has landed. It must be destroyed through the use of powerful magical artifacts, or sent somewhere else. It is up to the ingenuity of the investigators and the keeper to decide how to deal with this threat.

If the seed hatches and the Dreamlands’ moon is destroyed, it would spell catastrophe for both the Dreamlands and the Waking World. While the Dreamlands would face great physical destruction, the effects on the Waking World would be far worse. Since the Dreamlands is created and sustained by the subconscious minds of all of earth’s dreamers, such violent upheaval would have far reaching effects. In simple terms, everyone on the face of the Earth would lose 1D10/1D100 SAN.

Basilisks

Fabulous Creatures

These snake-like creatures have ornate crests, ribbed scaly bodies, and evil fanged faces. Basilisks inhabit only desolate wildernesses—no matter how lush a land is before a basilisk dwells therein, the monster’s presence renders the countryside bleak and barren. Basilisks are personifications of venom. Any stream from which a basilisk drinks is tainted and made poisonous for hundreds of yards downstream. The fumes rising from the ground about its lair are sufficient to stun and kill birds flying overhead.

If a basilisk bites a victim, that individual instantly drops dead, his features blackened and distorted. There is no chance to resist the poison.

Anyone touching the corpse of an animal bitten by a basilisk or touching just the fresh spoor of a basilisk must resist a poison of POT 3D6. If the poison overcomes the target, he takes damage equal to its potency. If the target successfully resists, he still takes damage equal to half the poison’s potency.



BASILISK



The basilisk's breath is venomous, of POT 3D6. Its fumes surround the basilisk to a radius of at least two or three yards (less on windy days). The basilisk's lair may be saturated with dank fumes. An inhaler of the fumes must successfully resist against them on the Resistance Table with his CON, or take 3D6 damage. If the inhaler successfully resists, he still takes half damage. A character might hold his breath when near the basilisk, with the effect of the Drowning rules (see the *Call of Cthulhu* rules), but once he fails a CON roll and inhales, he takes normal damage from the poison.

A basilisk's blood is corrosive. Any weapon striking a basilisk takes 3D6 damage, as does anyone whose skin touches the basilisk's steaming blood.

A basilisk can even project its malignant venom through its glance. Each round, in addition to all other actions, a basilisk can stare at a single opponent and match its POW against that target's magic points. If the target is overcome, he dies. Otherwise, he is unharmed.

BASILISKS, Venomous Aberrations

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	2D6+2	19
CON	2D6+6	13
SIZ	3D6	10-11
POW	1D6+12	15-16
DEX	3D6	10-11
Move 6		HP 12

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Bite 30%, damage 1D4+db. If armor is penetrated, target dies immediately.

Glance, Pow vs MP, target must successfully resist with magic points against basilisk's POW or die immediately.

Armor: 4-point scales, plus blood which damages weapons.

Spells: deadly stare and supernaturally deadly poison.

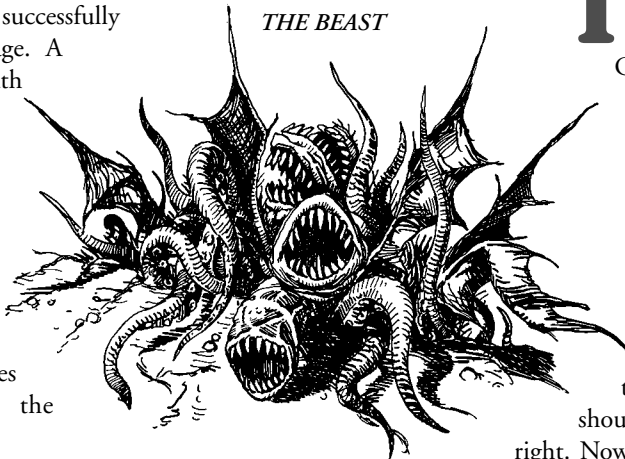
Sanity Loss: it costs 0/1D8 Sanity points to see a basilisk.

Habitat: Uninhabited wasteland.

dreds of greedy mouths . . . and sounds made vocal in the throats of things not human.

—Arthur W. L. Breach, "Return of the White Ship"

THE BEAST



This creature serves as the guardian of the gates to Cathuria. It lives in the darkness of the Great Cataract into which all the world's oceans drop, beyond the Basalt Pillars of the West. It was born of man's hate, greed, lust, and anger and grows stronger with each passing day. Eventually, it will become so powerful that it will rise up, break through the gates into Cathuria, and destroy the Land of Hope forever. If this should ever happen, then the stars are right. Now, it emerges from the depths of its lair only when someone tries to enter Cathuria.

Should the beast ever be reduced to zero hit points it will fall away into the depths of the Great Cataract. This will usher a new age of understanding, peace, and harmony into the Waking World. The creature could rise again as man's baser emotions surface once more.

BEAST IN THE PIT, Bringer of Despair

STR 200	CON 300	SIZ 400	INT N/A	POW 100
DEX 18	Move 15	rolling/20	flying	HP 350

Damage Bonus: +34D6.

Weapons: Bite 80%, damage 5D10

Tentacle 90%, damage 1D6+34D6

Armor: none, but this creature is given life by man's most vile emotions; it doesn't physically exist. It may be damaged by magic, but it regenerates at the rate of 20 hp/round. It is immune to the effects of the Elder Sign and other such wards. The only sure way to harm it is to reduce the amount of its life energy (*i.e.*, lust, hate, anger, greed, etc.) in the Waking World.

Sanity Loss: 1D10/1D100 to see the beast in the pit.

Habitat: Basalt Pillars of the West (The Seas).

Beast in the Pit

Unique Greater Independent

Had I peered wholly at the abomination which I saw rise out of that unnatural darkness to seize us, every vestige of sanity would have been stripped off my brain. Though in darkness it remained, I discerned a blur of tentacles with wings and hun-

Blupes

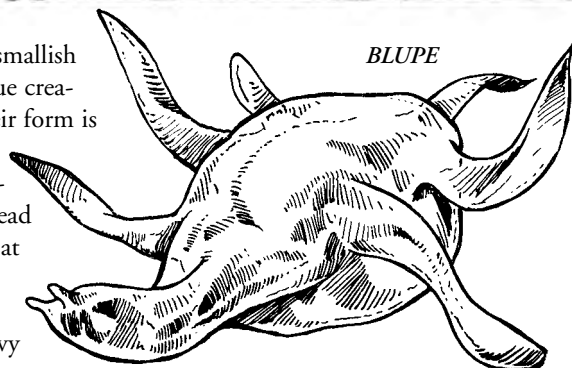
Lesser Servitor Race

The Blupe is not found naturally anywhere outside the Dark Dimension, an opaline plane where light radiates as blackness and shadows have wavelengths. Controlled obsession now brings Blupes to Earth as it long has to the Dreamlands.

—Petersen, *Field Guide to Creatures of the Dreamlands*



Blupes are smallish watery-blue creatures. Their form is roughly elliptical, with rubbery protuberances forming head and limbs. They float through the air and have a crisp smell, like that after a heavy rain.



BLUPE

A blupe destroys a minion of Karakal or fire vampire at touch, though the blupe takes 1D6 damage in so doing. If the blupe has less hit points than the damage rolled, the fire-being is not destroyed—instead, it takes 2D6 damage.

Blupes can douse fires as well, again taking damage: a candle flame would not harm the blupe, but a torch would do a point of damage, and a campfire might do 1D6 or even 2D6 as it was extinguished.

Blupes have no effective attacks against normal creatures.

BLUPES, Benign Floaters

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	1D6	3-4
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	1D3	2
INT	2D6	7
POW	2D6	7
DEX	2D6	7

Move 7 float HP 6-7

Weapons: Touch 60%, damage douses flame

Armor: none, but blupes take only minimum damage from any physical attack.

Sanity Loss: it costs 0/1 Sanity points to see a blupe.

Habitat: The Dark Dimension.

Buopoths

Fabulous Creatures

Buopoths are a little larger than horses, but resemble elephants in general outline. Buopoths are pale mauve, with light green mottling over the backs and sides. The skin is soft and felt-like, and the mouth is at the end of a long trunk-like proboscis. The ears are shaped more like human than elephant ears. Along each side of the back are rows of protuberances. Their eyes are large and liquid. Their calls are soft and melodious trumpeting.

Buopoths live in remote forested areas. They are gentle and skittish creatures which would rather flee than fight. If cornered,

a buopoth rolls up its proboscis to keep it out of danger and charges, trying to knock down and trample its opponent.

BUOPOTHS, Lumbering Herbivores

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	4D6+18	32
CON	3D6+6	16-17
SIZ	4D6+24	38
POW	2D6+6	13
DEX	2D6	7
Move 8		HP 28

Damage Bonus: +3D6.

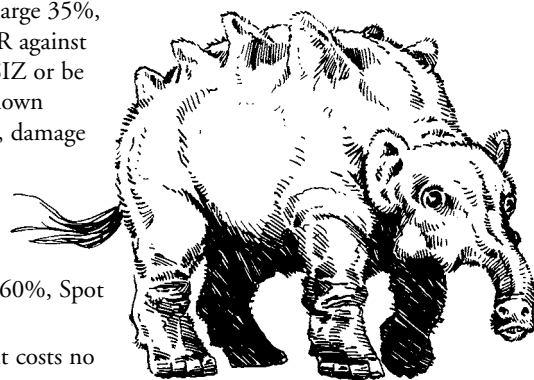
Weapons: Charge 35%, match STR against buopoth SIZ or be knocked down

Trample 75%, damage 3D6+db to down - ed foe only

Skills: Listen 60%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Sanity Loss: it costs no Sanity points to see a buopoth.

Habitat: Forests.



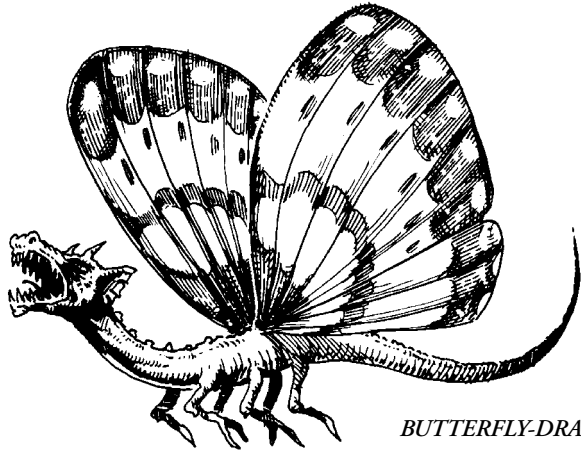
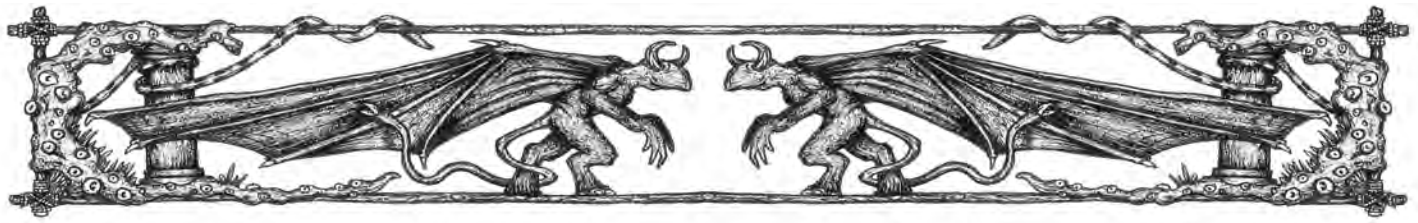
BUOPOTH

Butterfly-Dragons

Fabulous Creatures

The lovely butterfly-dragons are insectoid creatures with beautifully-patterned wings, insect-like legs, and long curved necks and tails. These creatures inhabit the blessed lands of Sona-Nyl, feeding solely on nectar, fragrant odors, and silence. They are occasionally exported outside Sona-Nyl, where tame specimens are of great value. Butterfly-dragons do well in captivity, but breed only in the wild. A few wander outside Sona-Nyl into less blessed lands.

If threatened, a butterfly-dragon responds by emitting a rose-colored mist from glands along the sides of its body. Anyone inhaling or even touching this mist goes deaf. This deafness persists after a dreamer awakens, though no organic cause can be found, and is curable only by a successful Psychoanalysis roll after 1D6 weeks of therapy.



BUTTERFLY-DRAGON

BUTTERFLY-DRAGONS, Prismatic Insects

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	2D6	7
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	4D6	14
POW	5D6	17-18
DEX	6D6	21
Move 8/20		HP 12-13

Weapon: Mist 100%, causes deafness

Armor: 3-points of chitin.

Skills: Art (Dance) 95%, Art (Sing) 95%.

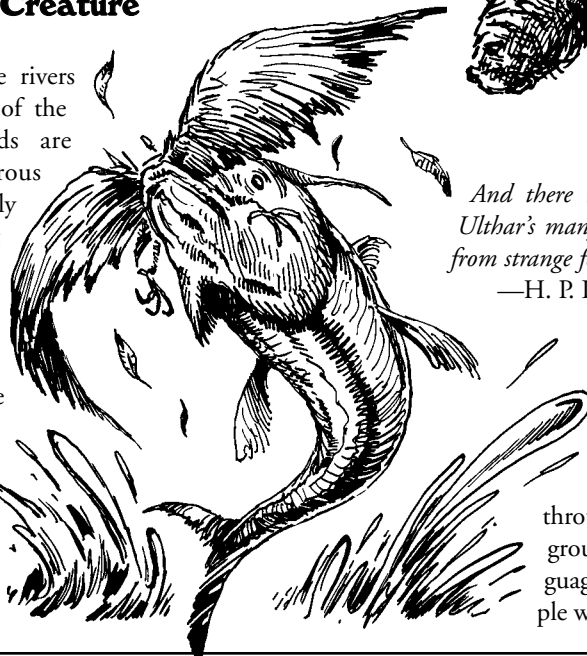
Sanity Loss: it costs no Sanity points to see a butterfly-dragon.

Habitat: Sona-Nyl and the Oukranos River.

Carnivorous Fish

Fabulous Creature

Many of the rivers and lakes of the Dreamlands are inhabited by carnivorous fish. They are generally harmless to man, but larger specimens have been known to make off with small children. They grab their prey and drag it under the water where it drowns. It is possible to escape the grasp of one of



CARNIVOROUS FISH AND PREY

the fish by comparing the victim's STR to that of the fish on the Resistance Table every round. See the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook for complete drowning rules.

CARNIVOROUS FISH, Piscine Predator

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	3D6	10-11
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	1D6+3	6-7
INT	1D6	3-4
POW	2D6	7
DEX	4D6	14
Move 12 swimming		HP 9

Avg. Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Grapple 75%, damage pull victim under water & drown

Armor: none.

Spells: none.

Skills: Hide 80%.

Sanity Loss: there is no Sanity loss for viewing a fish.

Habitat: Rivers and Lakes.

Cats

Lesser Independent Race



CAT FROM EARTH

And there might have been sweetness even in the voices of Ulthar's many cats, but that they were mostly heavy and silent from strange feasting . . .

—H. P. Lovecraft, *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*

Dreamlands cats come in all varieties and colors known on Earth—Manx, Siamese, and Persian, to name a few. In the Dreamlands, cats are better organized than on Earth. They can leap from high places through space to the moon, a favorite stomping ground for them at night. They have their own language, which can be learned only by those lucky people who are friends to cats, truly love cats, and who are



willing to expend great time and energy to learn their caterwauling tongue. Dreamlands cats have a message-relay system, similar to the Pony Express. The largest group of cats in the whole Dreamlands is in Ulthar. Cats in the Dreamlands usually attack their enemies en masse.

A cat can attack three times in a round. If both claw attacks hit, it will hang on and continue to bite, and rip with the hind legs from then on.

CATS, Fabulous Felines

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	1D3	2
CON	2D6	7
SIZ	1	1
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	2D6+6	13
DEX	2D6+24	31
Move 10		HP 4

Avg. Damage Bonus: -1D6.

Weapons: Bite 30%, damage 1D4-db

Claw 40%, damage 1D3-db

Rip 80%, damage 2D3-db

Armor: none.

Spells: able to leap through space to other worlds.

Sanity Loss: it costs no Sanity points to see a cat.

Habitat: Cities and the Dreamlands Moon.

can unfold two, four, or more legs, each ending in a long whip-like paw.

These creatures are one foe which Earth cats fear. Like Earth cats, they frequent the moon's dark side. The cats from Saturn are allied with the moonbeasts.

In each combat round, a cat from Saturn can attack with bite and 1D4 whip-like hooked paws.

CATS FROM SATURN, Iridescent Felines

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	4D6	14
CON	2D6	7
SIZ	3D6	10-11
INT	2D6	13
POW	4D6	14
DEX	2D6+10	17
Move 9		HP 9

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Bite 40%, damage 1D6+db

Paw 40%, damage 1D4+db

Armor: none, but due to the nature of the creature's body, all impaling-type weapons do minimum possible damage.

Skills: Dream Lore 30%, Hide 50%, Jump 90%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 70%.

Spells: each has a chance of knowing 1D3 spells equal to their INT x2 or less on 1D100.

Sanity Loss: Seeing a cat from Saturn costs 0/1D4 Sanity points

Habitat: Dreamlands Saturn and the Moon.

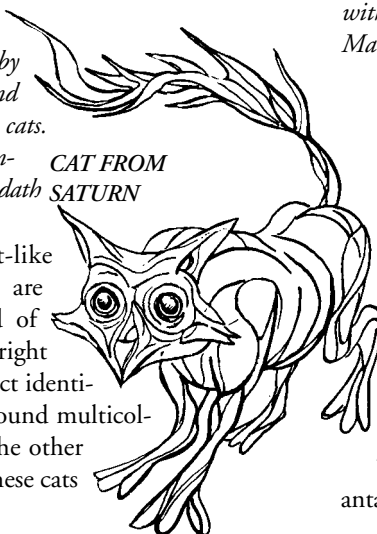
Cats from Saturn

Lesser Independent Race

[There is] one foe which earth's cats fear; the very large and peculiar cats from Saturn... they are leagued by treaty with the evil toad-things, and are notoriously hostile to our earthly cats.

—H. P. Lovecraft, *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath* **CAT FROM SATURN**

These are vaguely cat-like creatures. Their bodies are almost abstract, formed of arabesques and filigrees in many bright hues. At one end is a baroque object identifiable as a head only by its great round multicolored eyes. A reticulated tail is at the other end. From their complex bodies, these cats



Cat from Uranus

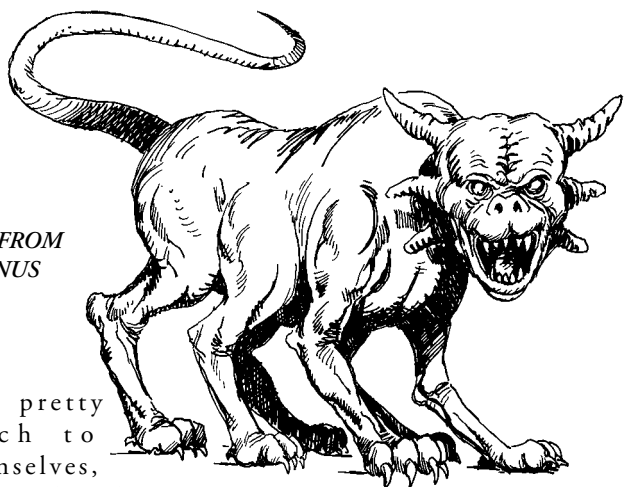
Lesser Independent Race

Despite their alienness, Cats from Saturn clearly share kinship with earthly cats. Recent discoveries of cat-things on Uranus and Mars would seem to extend this relation.

—Petersen, *Field Guide to Creatures of the Dreamlands*

Similar to the cats from Saturn, these creatures are more substantial than their Saturnian cousins. Their bodies are covered in a rough, leathery hide which is a dull orange with spots of reddish brown in coloration. They have six legs and a long whip-like tail which ends in a sharp spine. A set of web-like sensors can be deployed from horn-like appendages surrounding their heads while hunting. These sensors allow them to detect ambient energy sources, such as heat, at a distance of up to forty kilometers.

The cats from Uranus do not seem to be overly friendly or antagonistic toward either the cats of Earth or Saturn. They



CAT FROM URANUS

stay pretty much to themselves, but have been known to visit Earth's moon from time to time. Like all cats in the Dreamlands, they move between worlds by jumping.

CATS FROM URANUS, Calcareous Felines

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	4D6	14
CON	2D6	7
SIZ	3D6	10-11
INT	2D6	7
POW	4D6	14
DEX	2D6+10	17
Move	9	HP 9

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Tail Spine 50%, damage 1D10+db
 Bite 40%, damage 1D8+db
 Claw 50%, damage 1D6+2+db

Armor: 2-point leathery hide.

Skills: Dream Lore 20%, Hide 50%, Jump 90%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 70%, Track 85%.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4 Sanity points to see a cat from Uranus.

Habitat: Dreamlands Uranus and the Moon.

Children of the Sphinx

Lesser Servitor Race

Very splendid still are Golthoth's temples . . . There by little copper lamps the shaven priests mumbled once over papyrus scrolls before cryptical gods: strange figures with human bodies and the heads of cats, hawks, rams, and lions . . .

—Gary Myers, "The Loot of Golthoth"

These Sphinx-spawned monstrosities come in great variety: men with the heads of bulls, ibises, falcons, cats, crocodiles, hippopotami, jackals, etc. The children of the Sphinx may come in any human-animal composite as long as the grouping has some basis in Egyptian religion and mythology.

All children of the Sphinx can attack in some form. Many have special attacks, depending on their animal half. In the Dreamlands, Children of the Sphinx are found only in Cuppar-Nombo, especially around the ruins of Golthoth.

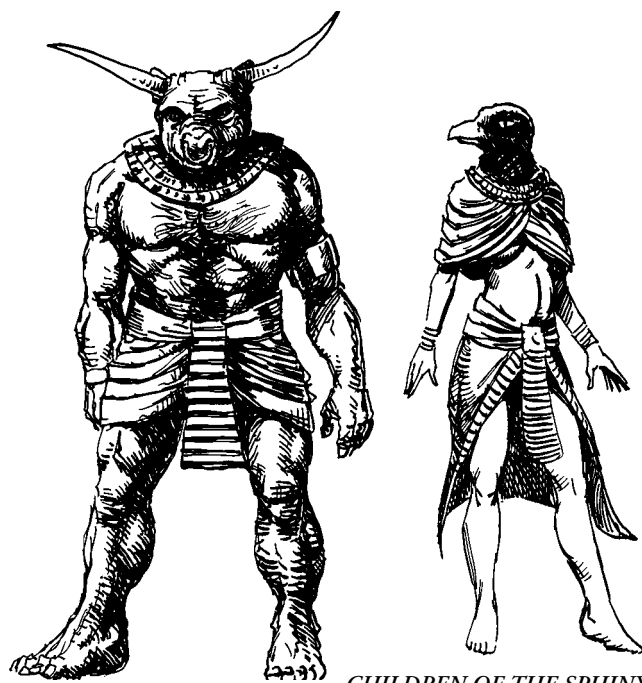
CHILDREN OF THE SPHINX, Denizens of Cuppar Nombo

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	4D6	14
CON	2D6+6	13
SIZ	2D6+8	15
INT	3D6	10-11
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6	7
Move	7	HP 14

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist (all) 50%, damage 1D3+db.

- Kick (all) 25%, damage 1D6+db.
- Beak-stab (falcon-head) 30%, damage 1D4+db.
- Beak-stab (ibis-head) 25%, damage 1D3+db.
- Bite (ass-head) 35%, damage 1D8+db.
- Bite (cheetah-head, lion-head) 40%, damage 1D6+db.
- Bite (crocodile-head) 35%, damage 1D10+db.
- Bite (jackal-head, hyena-head) 40%, damage 1D6+db.
- Bite (snake-head) 35%, damage 1D3+db+POT 10 poison.



CHILDREN OF THE SPHINX



Bite (hippopotamus-head) 35%, damage 2D6+db.
 Gore (bull-head) 35%, damage 2D4+db.
 Gore (ram-head) 35%, damage 1D6+db.

Armor: 2 points of skin.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D8 Sanity points to see children of the Sphinx.

Habitat: Desert of Cuppar Nombo.

Cloudbeasts

Fabulous Creatures

Cloudbeasts resemble animated clouds. They can form bulbous eyes, twisted mouths, and long ropy limbs out of their mass at will, as well as retract and absorb limbs and organs into their cloud-like mass when desired. Cloudbeasts are completely silent at all times.

Cloudbeasts float freely over land and sea, seeking food. When a likely meal is spotted, the cloudbeast drops slowly toward the hapless creature.

A cloudbeast can form a limb by reducing its total hit points by 1D6. If it reabsorbs the limb, it regains 1 hit point.

A cloudbeast attacks several times per round. It can bite with one mouth per enemy, and also attack with its paws, but no paw can attack more than once per round. The cloudbeast's bite does no actual damage. Instead, the damage rolled is matched against the target's SIZ+POW on the Resistance Table. If the bite wins the struggle, the target is transformed into white mist and sucked up into the cloud's mass, increasing the cloudbeast's SIZ. The cloudbeast's paws likewise do no damage, but when a paw strikes a target, it remains curled around him. For each paw attached to the target, the 'damage' done by each subsequent bite increases by 1D6.

When a cloudbeast devours living prey, its SIZ increases by an amount equal to its victim's SIZ. When it reaches a SIZ of more than 100, it ceases combat and floats up into the sky, higher and higher. Finally it bursts into 2D3 smaller beasts, the total SIZ of which adds up to the original beast's SIZ.

If a cloudbeast is reduced to zero hit points, it becomes a formless mass of vapors and drifts away, lifeless.



HUNGRY CLOUD BEAST

CLCUBEASTS, Animated Forces of Nature

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	n/a	n/a
CON	1/2 SIZ	26
SIZ	1D100	50-51
INT	1D6	3-4
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
Move	4 floats	HP 39

Weapons: Bite 40%, damage 1D3 + 1/10th cloudbeast's SIZ
 Tentacle-paw 25%, increases subsequent Bite damage by 1D6

Armor: none, but impaling weapons do no damage to a cloudbeast. A cloudbeast regenerates from damage at a rate equaling its total SIZ (round down fractions) in hit points per round, until death.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity loss for seeing a cloudbeast.

Habitat: The Skies, particularly near the seas.

Crystallizers of Dreams, Guardians of

Lesser Servitor Race

Don't ask me where I got the Crystallizer, by the way—until I can be sure its guardian will not follow, I must never speak of it.

—Ramsey Campbell, "The Render of the Veils"

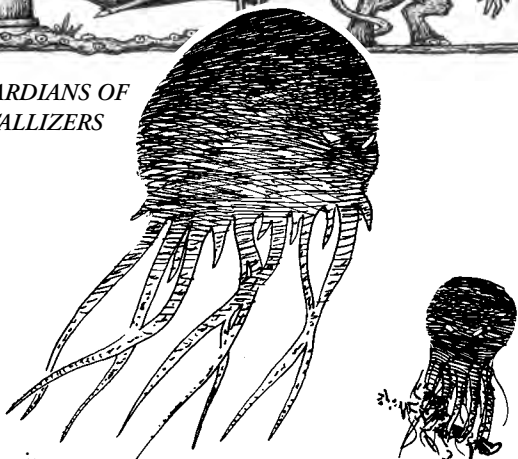
These guardians appear in the Waking World and its Dreamlands as shadowy silhouettes—vague half-images. Looking much like ghostly, floating jellyfish, the Guardians of the Crystallizers of Dreams bob silently and cloud-like above the ground, long, graceful tentacles dangling from beneath a dark and stormy sack-like body. Featureless except for a pair of yellow cat-like eyes that glow menacingly, the guardians are a weird and ominous sight to behold.

These creatures, whose responsibility it is to guard the fabled and bizarre Crystallizers of Dreams, exist in a dimension somewhere between the realms of dreams and the world of the waking. When one of the strange whistling, egg-shaped crystals is used improperly, or taken wrongly from its owner, Hypnos sends forth the Guardians to retrieve the enigmatic jewel and slay the offending party.

The Guardians are attracted to the Crystallizer's whistling and each use of the artifact has a cumulative +1D10 percentiles of attracting the creatures. At first a rolling, oozing, puddle-like spot



THREE GUARDIANS OF THE CRYSTALLIZERS



of shadow forms in the air.

A few moments later one or more of the guardians waft through this spatial disturbance and into this dimension to seek out the Crystallizer of Dreams and its imprudent user. Crystallizer guardians have no scent and make no sound, so they almost always attack with surprise.

Guardians attack by entangling victims in their shadowy tentacles and dragging them back through the portal to that place between dreams and reality. To break free, a victim must roll his STR against the creature's POW on the Resistance Table. Those taken by the Guardians are later found in a deep sleep from which they never awake. The dream-essence of such offenders is trapped forever in the realm of the Guardians and their sire, Hypnos. These creatures may appear and attack in either the Waking World or any of the worlds of dream.

Due to their shadowy consistency, Guardians have no STR or CON as understood by humans. These creatures' hit points are equal to their POW.

GUARDIANS OF THE CRYSTALLIZERS OF DREAMS

characteristics	rolls	average
STR	n/a	n/a
CON	n/a	n/a
SIZ	3D6+3	13-14
INT	2D6+8	15
POW	2D6+6	13
DEX	2D6+8	15
Move 10 floating in the air		HP 13

Avg. Damage Bonus: N/A.

Weapon: Entangle 35%, damage special.

Armor: none, but these creatures take damage only from enchanted weapons and magic which affects INT or POW.

Skills: Move Silently 100%.

Spells: if a guardian's INT is rolled on 1D100 or less, then it knows that many spells. These creatures have the unique ability of being able to cast Dreamlands spells in the Waking World. If a guardian knows spells they are likely to be those of the Dreamlands.

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

Habitat: A dimension between the Waking World and ours.

Dholes

Greater Independent Race

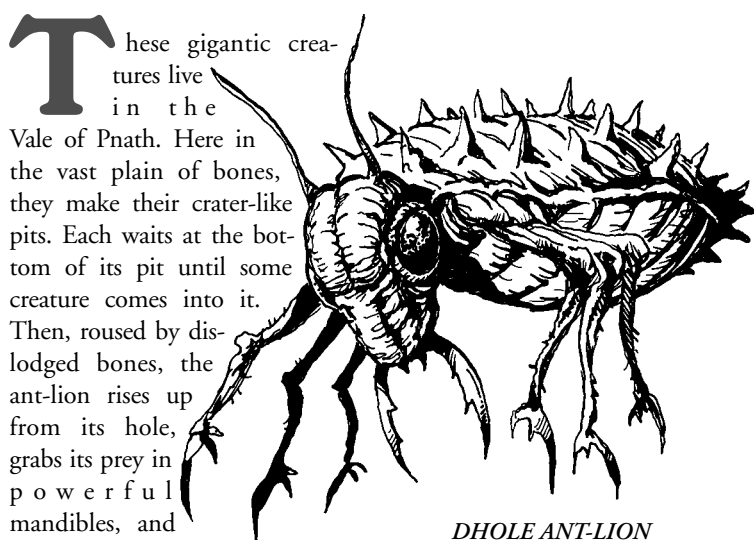
Dholes are known to burrow both in the Vale of Pnath deep below Mt. Ngranak, and in The Great Dhole Ossuary beneath the realm of Luz. Presumably, they live in other deep holes in the Dreamlands Underworld as well. Certain archaic sources call this monster the bhole. See *Call of Cthulhu*.

Dhole Ant-Lions

Lesser Independent Race

I inadvertently kicked a skull backward into the pit . . . And then I heard what could only be its echo rolling back up to the rim. But too loud was the sound, and too irregular the intervals of its repetition . . . And then I perceived the terrible truth . . . the skull had disturbed the ant-lion, and the ant-lion was crawling up!

—Myers & Laidlaw, "The Summons of Nuguth-Yug"

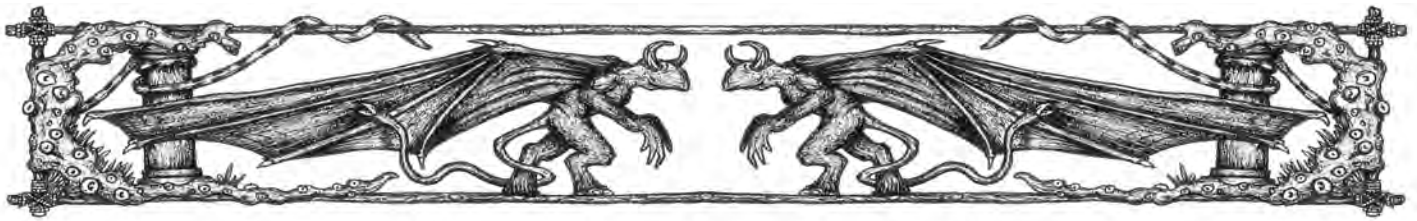


DHOLE ANT-LION

These gigantic creatures live in the Vale of Pnath. Here in the vast plain of bones, they make their crater-like pits. Each waits at the bottom of its pit until some creature comes into it. Then, roused by dislodged bones, the ant-lion rises up from its hole, grabs its prey in powerful mandibles, and drags it down to feast upon. Even the great dholes have been known to fall prey to these behemoths.

DHOLE ANT-LIONS, Underground Behemoths

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	1D100x10	550
CON	1D100+100	155
SIZ	CON+100	255
INT	2D6	7
POW	8D6	28
DEX	4D6	14
Move 15		HP 205



Avg. Damage Bonus: +24D6.

Weapons: Mandibles 70%, 1D10+db

Armor: 25-point chitin.

Skills: Hide 50%.

Sanity Loss: 1D4/1D10 Sanity points to see a dhole ant-lion.

Habitat: Vale of Pnath (The Underworld).

Use the elephant statistics from *Call of Cthulhu*, but STR and SIZ are each 12 points lower (*i.e.*, roll 6D6+22 for STR, and 6D6+30 for SIZ).

Dromedaries

Animals

These are the same as the famous one-humped camels of Arabia. A typical dromedary stands almost seven feet high at the shoulder. Dromedaries live in deserts all over Earth's Dreamlands and are just as strong, useful, and ill-tempered there as in the Waking World. They are particularly common in the Bnazic Desert, and the wastes of the far east. Dromedaries are rarely used to pull carts because wheeled vehicles are nearly valueless in desert sands.

DROMEDARIES

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	4D6+18	32
CON	2D6+6	13
SIZ	4D6+21	35
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
Move 10		HP 24

Avg. Damage Bonus: +3D6.

Weapons: Bite 25%, damage 1D6

Kick 10%, damage 1D6+db

Spit 40%, damage -1D6 APP (temporary)

Armor: 3-point hide.

Skills: Go Without Water 85%, Malinger 60%.

Sanity Loss: it costs no Sanity points to see a camel.

Habitat: Deserts.

Elephants

Animals

The Dreamlands elephants most commonly tamed are rather small, resembling the extinct African forest elephant tamed by the Carthaginians more than any living species. They are easily tamed, docile, and intelligent. Some nations measure a potentate's might by the number of elephants he possesses.

Elephant caravans are popular in jungle areas, such as the perfumed jungle of Kled.

Fireworms

Fabulous Creatures

The serpentine fireworms of Parg creep through the jungle night, glowing faintly from cracks in their segmented armor and emitting little puffs of phosphorescent smoke. They grow from 6 to 40 feet long, and from 1-3 feet thick. Fireworms are completely limbless, and have highly-sculptured segmented armor, colored bright blue and orange.

Fireworms are fairly peaceable creatures which only come out at night. Once every fifty years they swarm in great numbers and devastate the land. After that they die off, and none are seen for a full decade.

At will, a fireworm can burst into flames. When alight, the creature ignites any flammable objects it touches, and adds +2D6 to the damage done by its tail lash and bite. It costs the fireworm one magic point for every melee round it spends in flames.

Closely related to the fireworm is the boltworm. Boltworms are found primarily in the Bnazic Desert, but have been sighted in other desert areas throughout the Dreamlands. During its travels the boltworm builds up an enormous static charge which it can release at prey or attackers either to stun or kill. Once every decade or so, the boltworms release great amounts of this energy during their courtship and fill the skies with sheet lightning.

A boltworm's statistics are the same as for fireworms, but they cannot burst into flames. Instead they have

the following extra attack

forms: for 1 magic point

the worm may

attempt to stun

his target.

Compare the

worm's and target's

POWs on the

Resistance Table. If the target

fails the roll, then it is

stunned for 1D6

rounds. The

worm may

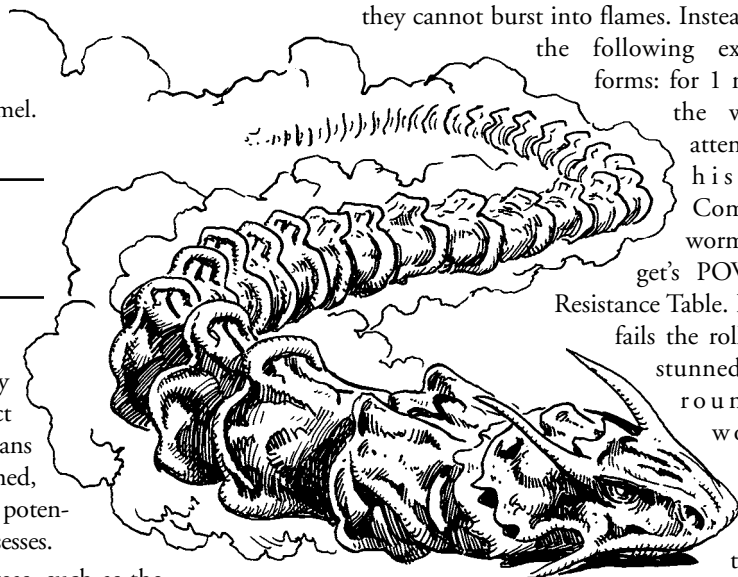
also

attempt

to shock

to kill. This

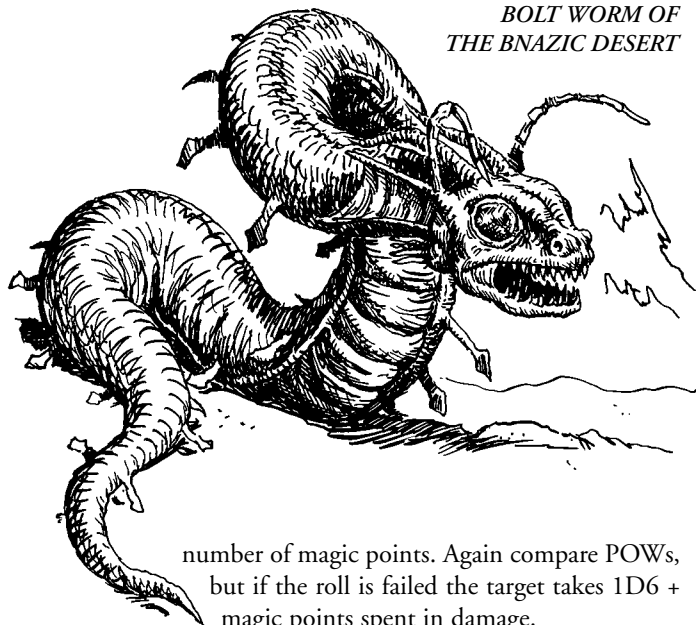
costs a variable



FIREWORM OF PARG



BOLT WORM OF THE BNAZIC DESERT



number of magic points. Again compare POWs, but if the roll is failed the target takes 1D6 + magic points spent in damage.

FIREWORMS, Serpentine Hunters

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	2 to 12D6	7-42
CON	2 to 12D4	5-30
SIZ	2 to 12D10	11-66
POW	4D6	14
DEX	1D6	3-4
Move 4		HP 8-48

Avg. Damage Bonus: varies.

Weapons: Tail Thrash 40%, damage 1D3 to 3D6*

Bite 25%, damage 2D6

**the thrash attack does damage equaling half the fireworm's damage bonus (drop fractions). Minimum damage is 1D3.*

Armor: 7-point shell.

Sanity Loss: it costs 0/1D3 SAN to see a fireworm.

Habitat: Forest of Parg, Bnazic Desert.

Ghadamon, Minions of

Lesser Servitor Race

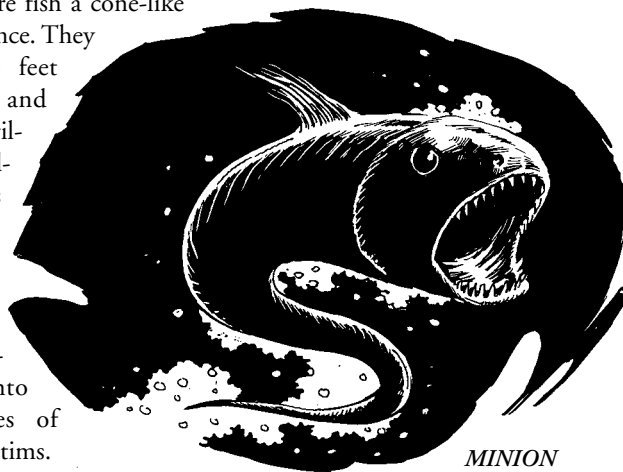
They swarmed like piranha, nipping and biting, and soon red began to bubble up to the surface. The poor fisherman had no chance. His upturned boat floated listlessly down river, a grim omen of times to come.

—The Brick Cylinders of Kadatheron

Although these beasts may be found anywhere in the Dreamlands, there is only one known colony of them, in the Sterile Lake in the Underworld, where Ghadamon makes its home.

The Minions resemble large black fish with huge jaws and heads that taper back sharply to a narrow snake-like tail, giving the entire fish a cone-like appearance. They

are 3-4 feet long and have brilliant yellow eyes that stare horribly, blankly-cold into the eyes of their victims.



MINION

MINION OF GHADAMON

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	1D6	3-4
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	1D4	2-3
INT	1D6	3-4
POW	1D6	3-4
DEX	4D6	14
Move 10 swimming		HP 7

Avg. Damage Bonus: N/A.

Weapons: Bite 85%, damage 1D6*

* this attack can also be used to hold a victim and drag him underwater. The victim may attempt a STR roll each round, opposed to the STR of the Minion dragging him down.

Armor: 2-points of tough frog-like hide.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D3 Sanity points to see a Minion.

Habitat: Sterile Lake (The Underworld).

Ghasts

Lesser Independent Race

Ghasts are restricted to the Underworld and vast dimly-lit caverns. The greatest lair of the ghasts in the Dreamlands is the Vaults of Zin. The residents of the nearby City of Gugs consider it a plentiful food source, and this has led to an intense rivalry between the two races. See *Call of Cthulhu* for the complete description of the ghasts.



Ghouls

Lesser Independent Race

Ghouls are common only in the Underworld. They do not feed in the graveyards of Upper Dreamlands, leaving that to the red-footed wamps. One group of particularly corrupt Ghouls lives beneath the Plateau of Leng and worships Nyogtha. They are led by Naggoob, the Father of Ghouls. Nightgaunts serve as ghoulish forward guards and battlesteeds. Ghouls are described in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulesbook.

Gnorri

Lesser Independent Race

Those days when Kadatheron first became the greatest ports in the Dreamlands was when we met the gnorri. They were strange, and we treated them with suspicion, but soon they became the best of our trading partners, welcomed by merchants throughout Mnar. It was from the gnorri that we first learned of the fabled wine of Sarrub.

—*The Brick Cylinders of Kadatheron*

Gnorri are finned and bearded undersea dwellers, somewhat resembling mermen. They may have two, three, or four arms (a three-armed gnorri is asymmetrical, with two arms on one side and one on the other). The gnorri lack legs. Instead their torsos end in a grotesquely long (15-20 feet) tentacle. The spiral undulations of this tentacle are used to propel the gnorri when swimming. When a gnorri creeps



THREE-ARMED GNORRI

along the sea bottom, the tentacle slithers ahead like some obscene boa-constrictor, bracing against convenient objects to pull the gnorri along. Approximately 10% of the gnorri are four-armed, 40% three-armed, and 50% two-armed.

A gnorri may attack once per arm, in addition to the tentacle attack. If a gnorri succeeds in grappling a foe with his tentacle, he usually will try to strangle the foe, or at least pull an air-breathing enemy beneath the ocean surface.

Three-armed gnorri have STRs and DEXs each of 4D6. Four-armed gnorri have STRs of 3D6 and DEXs of 5D6. The statistics below are for two-armed gnorri.

GNORRI, Two-Armed

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	5D6	17-18
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+12	19
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
Move 5 swimming		HP15

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Harpoon 30%, damage 1D10+db
Tentacle 50%, damage grapple

Armor: 2-point scaly skin.

Spells: a gnorri with an INT of 17 or more may know 1D4 spells.

Sanity Loss: it costs 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a gnorri.

Habitat: The Seas.

Goblins

Fabulous Creatures

Goblins are short, deformed, humanoid fairies. All are different. One might have a nose a foot long and a gaping tusked grin stretching three-quarters of the way around his head. Another might have two heads and legs like stilts. Variety abounds.

Goblins live in haunted forests, fungoid forests, and ruins. They steal children, cook magic food which they try to sell to unwary humans, and play cruel pranks on hapless travelers. When they appear in groups, it is usually for peasant-type festivities such as marriages, dances, games, and carnivals. The famous Goblin Market is located in the hills southwest of Teloth.

Goblins fight with gnarled clubs, sharp two-pronged forks, stone hammers, lead balls swung at the ends of chains, and less describable weapons.



GOBLINS

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	1D20	10-11
CON	1D20	10-11
SIZ	1D8	4-5
INT	4D6	14
POW	1D20	10-11
DEX	2D20	21
APP	1D6	3-4
Move 8		HP 8

Avg. Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Club 25%, damage 1D10+db

Fork 25%, damage 2D3+db*

Hammer 25%, damage 1D6+2

Ball & Chain 25%, damage 1D10+1+db

* *Can impale.*

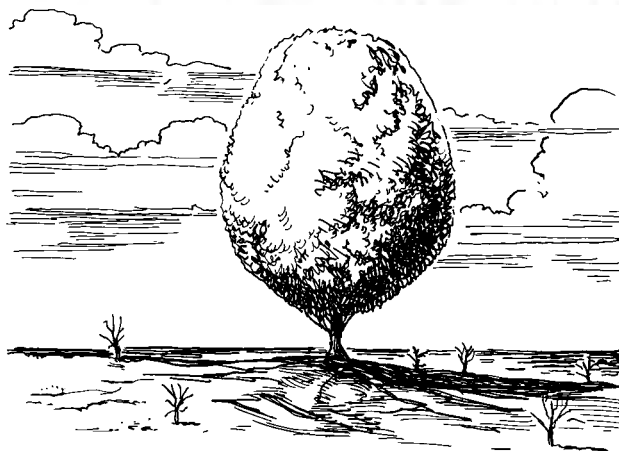
Armor: no natural armor.

Skills: Hide 90%, Sneak 70%.

Spells: all goblins know at least 1D3 spells.

Sanity Loss: it costs 0/1D6 Sanity points to see most goblins.

Habitat: Scattered colonies, including Mount Lerion (The West) and the Fungus Forest (The Underworld).



GREAT TREE

inhales this dust, either while sleeping beneath one of these trees or from a supply gathered from such a tree, is immune to the effects of the spells *Send Dreaming* and *Send Dreams*.

Each Great Tree carries with it all the memories of all of its ancestors. They have a great deal of knowledge stored within them. Great Trees can communicate with other creatures telepathically if they are in physical contact with them.

The race is not aggressive, and will avoid violence at all costs. Their own death means little to them as long as they know that their life-leaf will live on to carry their memories.

When it is ready to reproduce, a tree will let its life-leaf loose to fly on the winds. It will travel for hundreds of miles until it finds suitable soil to plant itself in. The life-leaf of a great tree is quite large and capable of carrying several humans with it on its journey through the sky.

GREAT TREES, Benevolent Patriarchs

characteristics	rolls	averages*
STR	5D6+30	47-48
CON	4D6+30	44
SIZ	CON+50	94
INT	4D6+4	18
POW	5D6	17-18
DEX	3D6	10-11
Move 0		HP 69

* *These die rolls and averages are for a full grown great tree.*

Avg. Damage Bonus: +8D6.

Weapons: Tendrils 75%, damage 1D6+db

Armor: 3-point bark.

Skills:** Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Dream Lore 90%, History (of home planet) 99%, Natural History 65%.

** *These skills are unique to the great tree of the Dreamlands.*

Spells: Great Trees may know up to 1D10 spells.

Sanity Loss: 0/1 Sanity points to see an animate great tree.

Habitat: Thalarion (The West).

Great Trees

Greater Independent Race.

A mile, perhaps two miles away, the tree stood on a plain that dipped gently down toward the distant sea. Its shape was that of a beautiful brandy glass . . . but it towered at least a third of a mile into the night sky!

—Brian Lumley, *Hero of Dreams*

This race of trees came to the Dreamlands from a dying planet far across the reaches of space and time. Only three members of the species were able to survive by having their life-leaves, or seeds, borne away from their world by a traveling sorcerer. One of the three was planted in Earth's Dreamlands. It currently is rooted near the city of Thalarion.

Such large trees quickly drain the soil around them of the nourishment they require to survive. So they creep along throughout their lives, moving less than one inch per day, sending their vast networks of roots deep underground to seek out the minerals needed to sustain them. The trees also have a series of tendrils which they send out over the surface of the ground to scout out the way ahead through hills, and across rivers if need be. These tendrils, which hang down from the tree's branches, can lift a man off the ground.

The leaves of these trees give off a pollen-like substance which the trees refer to as the Dust of Dreams. Anyone who



Growleywogs

Fabulous Creatures

Growleywogs are large amphibious creatures which resemble frogs or toads. They inhabit moist areas such as swamps or jungles and can usually be found near a pool of water where they will make their lair. Like frogs, they have a long sticky tongue which they can extend from their mouths to catch their prey. Unlike frogs, they have rows of needle-like teeth which they use to hold their prey while they drag it beneath the water to drown. Growleywogs get their name from the fact that they do not croak, but make a low growling sound similar to that of a large cat. Growleywogs can be found in the Forest of Parg and the Jungles of Kled.



GROWLEYWOG

GROWLEYWOGS, Amphibious Carnivores

characteristics	rolls	av.
STR	6D6	21
CON	4D6+2	16
SIZ	3D6+12	22-23
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6	7
Move 3/18 swimming		HP 20

Avg. Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Tongue 55%, damage 1D3+drag to mouth for automatic bite next round (STR vs. STR to break off).

Bite 35%, damage 1D10

Claw 50%, damage 1D6+2+db

Armor: 2-point hide.

Skills: Track 80%.

Spells: none.

Habitat: Swamps, Forests, or Jungles.

Guardian Pillar

Unique Greater Servitor

They were great, writhing pillars of light, moving like tremendous flames, colored purple and white, dazzling in their intensity.

—“The Lair of the Star Spawn”, Derleth & Schorer

This entity, an avatar of the Elder Gods, resides in the Cavern of Flame with the priests Nasht and Kaman-Thah. It serves as the guardian of the temple and the gates to the Dreamlands, and allows Nasht and Kaman-Thah to contact their gods. It will protect the two priests if necessary, but answers only to the Great Ones themselves. It may not leave the Cavern of Flame unless commanded to do so by one of the Great Ones.

THE GUARDIAN PILLAR OF FLAME

STR N/A CON 60 SIZ 65 INT 20
POW 20 DEX 16 Move 6/10 flying
HP 63

Damage Bonus: N/A.

Weapons: Touch 85%, damage 4D6 vs Great Old Ones, Outer Gods, or their minions

Armor: immune to all physical attacks from all beings except other greater servitors or deities. Spells do normal damage.

Spells: capable of casting all Contact spells for the Great Ones.

Sanity Loss: seeing the guardian pillar of flame costs a viewer no Sanity.

Habitat: Cavern of Flame (The West).

Gugs

Lesser Independent Race

Due to their strange sacrifices to the Other Gods and Nyarlathotep, the gugs were banished to the Underworld in the Dreamlands. Here, they rule a mighty kingdom, centered on the City of Gugs. The Vaults of Zin are not far from the City of Gugs providing the cannibalistic gugs with a regular supply of ghosts. This has led to a natural enmity between the two races. Gugs are supernaturally afraid of ghouls, and avoid them when possible. See *Call of Cthulhu* for complete information on the gugs.

Haemophores

Lesser Independent Race

Having drunk its fill, the swollen haemophore drags itself to a nearby hiding place to sprawl there soddened and satiated. So bloated, this creature may not begin a new hunt until 3-4 months have passed.

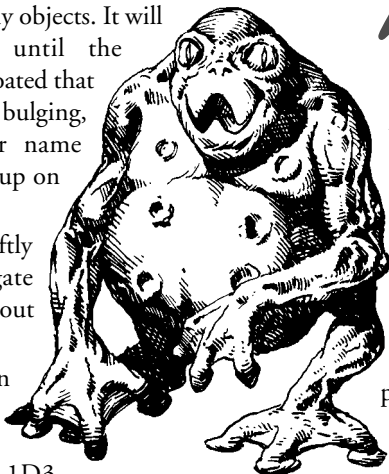
—Petersen, *Field Guide to Creatures of the Dreamlands*



Haemophores are small humanoid beings with webbed hands and feet, and curious W-shaped mouths. A haemophore subsists on blood and is attracted to bright and shiny objects. It will suck blood from a victim until the haemophore is so monstrously bloated that it is completely distorted and bulging, incapable of movement. Their name comes from their habit of filling up on blood before migrating.

Haemophores move very softly and often carefully investigate potential prey before sucking out blood.

Once a haemophore has bitten a target, the creature remains attached on subsequent rounds, sucking blood and draining 1D3 points of the victim's STR each round until the victim dies. If the victim survives, the STR returns at a rate of one point a day.



HAEMOPHORE

HAEMOPHORES, Blood-sucking Parasites

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	2D6	7
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	1D6+2	5-6
INT	2D6+3	10
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	5D6	17-18
Move	7	HP 8

Avg. Damage Bonus: N/A.

Weapon: Bite 30%, damage 1D3+blood drain

Armor: none.

Skills: Hide 90%, Sneak 90%.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: it costs 0/1D6 SAN to see a haemophore.

Habitat: Moist, rocky areas including the Nameless Ruins (Oriab Island).

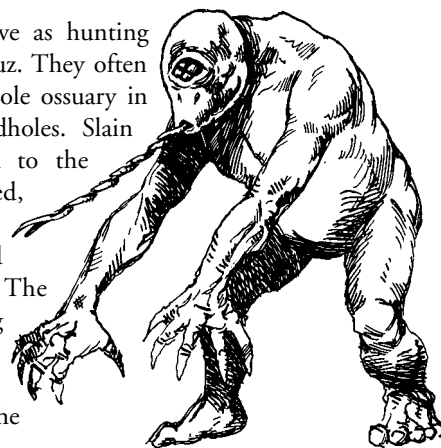
seeing eye . . . The hands were human enough . . . but larger, powerful; their nails were thick as blades, pointed and sharp-edged.

—Brian Lumley, "Augeren"

The halfings of D'haz are the second link in the chain towards the Lords of Luz. They are created through the unwholesome union between captured human men and tick-women. An inherited trait from their mothers, these creatures have a long drill-like appendage which serves as their tongue. They use their mouth drills to pierce the bones of their victims and drink their marrow. Unlike the tick-men, who live off of dead bones, the halfings prefer to drink from living victims.

If a halfling latches onto a living being with its mouth drill, it will drain CON from its victim at the rate of 1 point/round. If the victim's CON reaches 0, he dies. Victims who are being drained are considered to be grappled and may break free, and thus end the draining process, by comparing their STR to that of the halfling on the Resistance Table. CON points heal at the rate of 1 point per day of rest.

The halfings also serve as hunting parties for the Lords of Luz. They often descend into the great dhole ossuary in large groups and hunt dholes. Slain creatures are lifted back to the Downs of D'haz, pulped, and the females of the tick-men race are isolated for breeding purposes. The juices from this pulping serve to help feed the loathsome url worms, who make up the next link in the chain of depravity.



HUNTING HALFLING

The single eye of a halfling is used not only to see its surroundings, but also to see into the very near future. For 1 magic point a halfling may see into the future a number of minutes equal to its POW. It may not spend more than 1 magic point on any given sighting. This can make it almost impossible to surprise a halfling who is aware of an opponent's presence in the area.

HALFLINGS OF D'HAZ, Luz Servitors

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	4D6	14
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+6	13
INT	2D6+3	10
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
Move	8	HP 12

Halfings of D'haz

Lesser Servitor Race

Naked and white as some deadly toadstool, half crouching with a queer forward tilt . . . the faceted glitter of his great, bright, all-



Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Claw 50% damage 1D6+db
Mouth Drill 35%, damage POW Drain*
Spear 60%, damage 1D8+1

* See above.

Armor: 2-point hide.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dream Lore 25%, Hide 75%, Sneak 60%, Track 50%.

Spells: Halflings with a POW of 16 or higher and an INT of 14 or higher may know up to 1D3 spells at the keeper's discretion.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 Sanity points to see a Halfling of D'Haz.

Habitat: D'Haz (The North).



GHOST BEING
OF IB

Ib, Beings of

Lesser Servitor Race

[They were] as green as the lake and mists that rise above it . . . they had bulging eyes, pouting, flabby lips, and curious ears, and were without voice . . . [the men of Sarnath] found the beings weak, and soft as jelly to the touch of stones and arrows.

—H.P. Lovecraft, "The Doom that Came to Sarnath"



BEING OF IB

ago, but more of their kind may still survive on the moon or elsewhere.

The beings of Ib worshiped the Great Old One Bokrug. After the people of Sarnath laid waste to Ib, Bokrug rose up and destroyed Sarnath and all of its inhabitants. Ghosts of these creatures still haunt the ruins of Ib and Sarnath.

The ghostly beings of Ib are generally harmless, appearing as forlorn and pitiful apparitions. When they do attack they envelope victims in their misty forms and drain POW by overcoming their victim's POW with their own on the Resistance Table. POW drained by a ghost-being of Ib never regenerates. Like other ghosts, ghost-beings of Ib possess only INT and POW. They do not have hit points, although if their POW or INT are reduced to zero they are destroyed. Ghost-beings of Ib may

These beings descended to earth's Dreamlands one night in a mist, along with the gray stone city of Ib and a vast lake. The Dreamlands humans believed them to have come from the moon, and this may be the case. The men of Sarnath destroyed the beings of Ib many millennia

regenerate lost POW only by draining it from a living victim. If a ghost-being is at its full POW then the POW drained from a victim is simply lost to the ether.

Each round a non-ghostly being from Ib may strike twice with its flabby paws or wield a human-type weapon.

BEINGS OF IB, Servants of Bokrug

characteristics	rolls	average
STR	1D6+6	9-10
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	4D6	14
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
Move 7/8 swimming		HP 13

Avg. Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Paw* 40%, damage 1D4.
Weapon 40%, damage as per weapon.
* May strike twice with its flabby paws.

Armor: none.

Spells: any being of Ib with a POW of 14 or more may know up to 1D6 spells, always including Contact Bokrug.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a being of Ib.

Habitat: Ib (The West), originally the Dreamlands Moon.

BEINGS OF IB (Ghost form), Pitiful Apparitions

characteristics	rolls	average
STR	n/a	n/a
CON	n/a	n/a
SIZ	n/a	n/a
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	2D6+12	19
DEX	n/a	n/a
Move 10		HP n/a

Avg. Damage Bonus: n/a.

Weapons: POW Drain (POW vs. POW), damage 1D3 POW



Armor: none, however, ghost-beings of Ib cannot be harmed in any physical way. Spells which attack or drain POW or INT work against them.

Spells: any known while living.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a ghost-being of Ib.

Habitat: Ib (The West), originally the Dreamlands Moon.

Karakal, Minions of

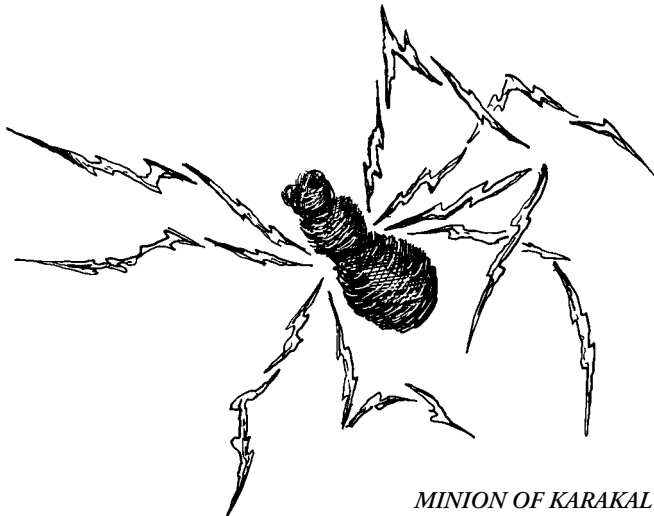
Lesser Servitor Race

The Minion of Karakal is native to the Dark Dimension. It is not naturally found elsewhere. The creature dislikes moist surroundings.

—Petersen, *Field Guide to Creatures of the Dreamlands*

Minions of Karakal are made of crackling lightning. Their spider-like legs are black-and-red lightning bolts which continually vanish and are replaced. Their small black bodies are shot through with flashes of red. They have no visible heads or sense organs. They float in the air, seemingly propelling themselves by making crawling motions with their electrical limbs.

Minions of Karakal normally only appear in the Dreamlands when summoned by wizards. They are one of the most common lesser magic guardians in use. The minions of Karakal attack with one of their lightning bolt legs. The strike crackles through the air and sears a blackened hole in the target, delivering 2D6 damage. In addition, the damage done is matched against the target's CON on the Resistance Table. If



MINION OF KARAKAL

the damage overcomes the target's CON, then the target's heart stops and he dies. Otherwise, he survives.

MINIONS OF KARAKAL, Galvanic Guardians

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	2D6	7
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6	7
INT	1D6	3-4
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
Move 6 (float)		HP 9

Avg. Damage Bonus: N/A.

Weapon: Touch 40%, damage 2D6 + resist with CON or die

Armor: none. Material weapons do only 1 point of damage per hit. An individual striking a minion with a metal or natural weapon (such as a punch or kick) does 1 point of damage and then takes damage automatically as though a minion had struck him. Water costs a minion of Karakal 1 hit point per half gallon poured over it. However, minions are unaffected by other mundane anti-fire efforts, such as buckets of sand or fire blankets.

Spells: Minions of Karakal know no spells.

Sanity Loss: It costs 0/1D3 Sanity points to see a Minion of Karakal.

Habitat: Dark Dimension.

Keeper of Dreams

Unique Greater Independent.

That pale idol squatting obscenely on the altar of piled bones was more like a salamander than a leech, and its eyes were improperly placed. But Snireth-Ko did not like what it had in lieu of a mouth.

—Gary Myers, "Passing of a Dreamer"

This repellent creature sits atop an altar of bones behind a hidden doorway in a back alley of Ulthar. Here it waits for those who come in search of the services it offers. The Keeper deals in the desires of men, and can offer anything which man can imagine. The requests must be personal ones. The Keeper can grant many things including enlightenment, power, and wealth, as long as others are not directly affected by the fulfillment of these desires.

There is a price: the souls of those who seek it. Using the Soul Stealer spell, the Keeper of Dreams traps this commodity in a silvery globe, and then locks it away in his box. Unlike the normal Soul Stealer spell, adverse effects are not instantaneous. Instead,



THE KEEPER

the victim will lose 1 INT and 1 POW every year, until his soul is utterly gone, and only his body lives.

The creature is vaguely amphibian in form with fretted wings. Its eyes seem to be placed at random upon its face, and it has a sphincter-like opening instead of a mouth. It keeps the souls of those who have made use of its services in a small painted box which it keeps close at hand. It never leaves its hidden shrine, but waits contentedly knowing that men will always seek it out.

THE KEEPER OF DREAMS, Soul Stealer

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 8 INT 15 POW 30
DEX 9 Move 4/12 flying HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Bite 40%, damage 1D6
Claw 50%, damage 1D4+2

Armor: 2-point hide.

Spells: Concentric Rings of the Worm, Eviscerator, Soul Stealer*.
* Only drains 1 INT and 1 POW per year. See above.

Habitat: Ulthar (The West).

The kyresh are monstrous wolf-like beasts with equine bodies, blood-hued muzzles, huge claws, and mouths filled with irregular fangs. These wild, equine creatures once roamed over vast portions of the Dreamlands, but may now be extinct. They are most strongly associated with the 'Ygirothians, who lived near the Skai River valley in elder days. The ability to ride, though not to domesticate, these creatures was taught to the 'Ygirothians by the Thing in the Yellow Mask. Only the bravest of the 'Ygirothians dared ride these brutes, and many who did were devoured for their efforts. However, despite the risks and the great toll which the kyresh took upon them, the 'Ygirothians made good use of the kyresh in the hunting. If the kyresh devoured some of the hunters, it meant that much greater a share of the catch for those who survived.

KYRESH, Savage Equines

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	2D6+12	19
CON	3D6+2	12-13
SIZ	3D6+6	16-17
POW	2D6+6	13
DEX	2D6+12	19
Move 10		HP 15

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Bite 40%, damage 1D10+db
Claw 50%, damage 1D6+2+db

Armor: 2-point hide.

Skills: Track 80%.

Spells: none.

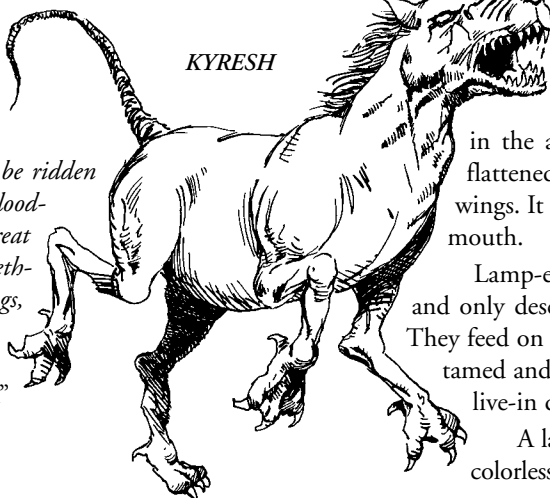
Habitat: Skai River Valley (The West).

Kyresh

Lesser Independent Race

This morbid relic of an older time, long extinct in other parts of the Dreamlands, had a basically equine body which could be ridden by the more intrepid chieftains, a long bloodhound muzzle which could scent prey at great distances, and enormous claws which, together with a mouth full of great irregular fangs, did much more damage in the hunt than the crude spearheads.

—W.C. DeBill, Jr, "In 'Ygiroth"



KYRESH

Lamp-Efts

Fabulous Creatures

A lamp-eft is a salamander-like creature two or three feet long. It floats in the air, writhing its way along with its flattened tail and four paws, but has no wings. It has two huge globe-like eyes, but no mouth.

Lamp-efts normally inhabit the upper air, and only descend to the earth's surface at night. They feed on ambient magic. Lamp-efts are easily tamed and magicians sometimes use them as a live-in defense against shades.

A lamp-eft can project a beam of bright colorless light toward a target. If the target



does not successfully resist with his magic points against the lamp-*eft's* on the Resistance Table, the target loses a magic point which the lamp-*eft* gains.

A lamp-*eft* needs to eat 1D6 magic points per day. If it is not properly fed, it must return to the upper air or its light dims and flickers, and it begins to starve.

LAMP-EFTS, Glowing Salamanders

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	1D4	2-3
CON	2D6	7
SIZ	1D3	2
INT	2D3	4
POW	2D6+6	13
DEX	4D6	14
Move 6 floating		HP 5

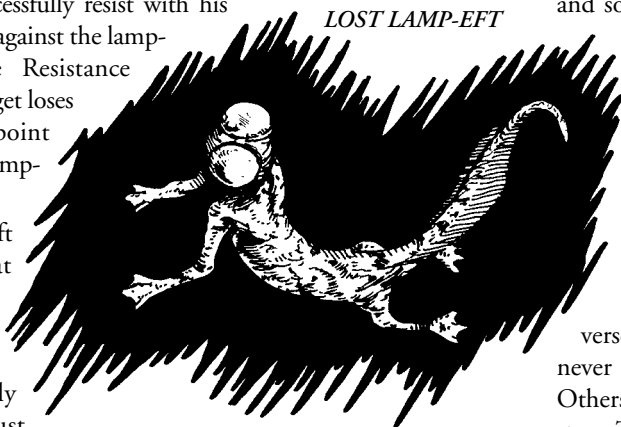
Weapon: Tap Ray 100%, resist or lose a magic point

Armor: none.

Skills: Dodge 70%.

Sanity Loss: it costs no Sanity points to see a lamp-*eft*.

Habitat: The upper air, descending to the surface some nights.



LOST LAMP-EFT

and sometimes these ejecta become living beings unto themselves. These are the monstrous larvae of the Other Gods. Whether they actually grown into Other Gods in time is conjectural; they are powerful entities nevertheless.

There are an infinite number of larvae, and each is unique. Even though two larvae may share the same "parent" entity, they need bear no resemblance to each other or their sire.

Cast off from the Other Gods at the center of the universe, these larvae may drift forever in interstellar space, never coming into contact with any planet, civilized or no. Others may land—willingly or not—on distant planets and stars. There they may lie dormant for millennia, or they may grow to plague, conquer, or even mindlessly destroy their new homeworld. These creatures seem to be particularly common in the space of Earth's Dreamlands.

Specific examples of Other God larvae include the Seeds of Azathoth and the Star Mother. The statistics below offer a generalized range of abilities; the keeper should modify them as desired. In particular, some may be larger than the figures below allow, and/or possess INT. The larvae attack according to their individual form, be it with tentacle, poison gas, bite, smash, claw, engulf, etc.

TWO LARVAE



Larvae of the Other Gods

Greater Independent Race

Never before had he known what shapeless black things lurk and caper and flounder all through the aether, leering and grinning at such voyagers as may pass, and sometimes feeling about with slimy paws when some moving object excites their curiosity. These are the nameless larvae of the Other Gods, and like them are blind and without mind, and possessed of singular hungers and thirsts.

—H. P. Lovecraft, *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*

The Other Gods are among those beings who dance blindly and idiotically at the court of Azathoth, at the center of space and time. Occasionally portions of these beings are torn off or ejected into the depths of space,

LARVAE OF THE OTHER GODS, Spawn of Impossible Alien Forces

characteristics	rolls	average
STR	1D100/2	25
CON	1D100	50
SIZ	1D100	50
INT	NA	NA
POW	2D20	21
DEX	1D8	4-5
Move 1D10-1		HP 50

Avg. Damage Bonus: +4D6.

Weapons: Individual Mode DEX x10%, damage = db

Armor: none, but all are immune to cold, gravity, and other effects of deep space. Individuals may have further invulnerabilities: unharmed by flame, physical attacks, impaling attacks, etc.



Spells: usually none, but some may know 1D10 spells.

Sanity Loss: depending on the alienness of the specific form, anywhere from 0/1D10 to 1D8/5D10 Sanity points to see a larva of the Other Gods.

Habitat: Space.

Leng Spiders

Lesser Independent Race

In ancient times, the Leng spiders ruled the entire plateau of Leng, in the far north of the Dreamlands. That was before the men of Leng waged generations of warfare with them. Today, the range of the Leng spiders is quite restricted. They appear almost exclusively in the southern edge of that plateau. Leng spiders tend to feed on yaks, vultures, shantaks, and other Dreamlands creatures that enter their webs. See *Call of Cthulhu* for full information on the Leng spiders.

Llamas

Animals

Llamas are only slightly more docile than camels. They stand 4 feet at the shoulder and prefer altitudes of over 10,000 feet. Llamas are used as pack animals in some of the mountains of the Dreamlands. They are too small to ride.

LLAMAS

characteristics	rolls	average
STR	2D6+12	19
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+12	19
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6+6	13
Move 9		HP 15

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D6.

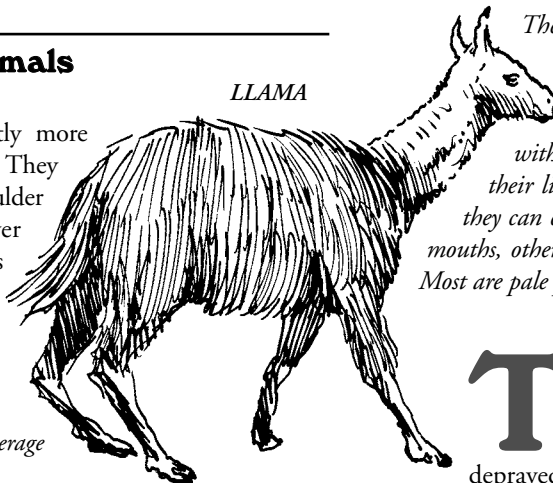
Weapons: Bite 25%, damage 1D6
Kick 10%, damage 1D6+db
Spit 25%, damage -1D6 APP (temporary)

Armor: 2-point hide and woolly hair.

Skills: Climb 60%.

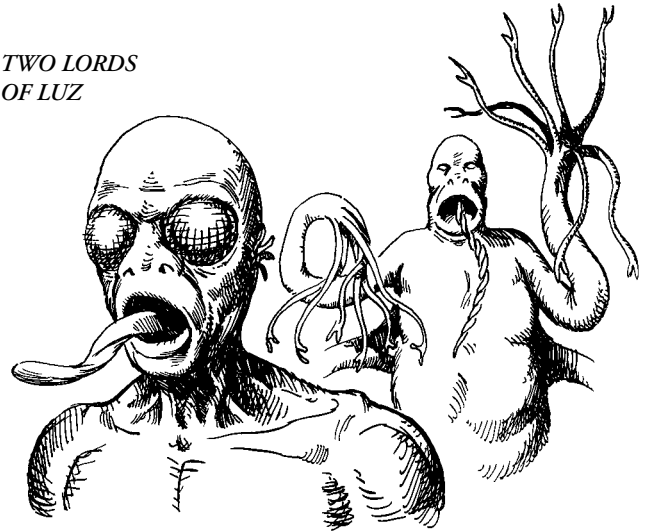
Sanity Loss: it costs no Sanity points to see a llama.

Habitat: Mountains.



LLAMA

TWO LORDS
OF LUZ



They are uttermost monstrosities! They have the claw hands of ticks, some eyes like [a man's] and perhaps several like [an insect's], flattish of body but with many stomachs, so that they may bloat with blood. They are roughly the size of a man . . . but their limbs are lengthened into rubbery tentacles which they can coil or flail at will. Some have cartilage drills for mouths, others the shovel face and tube tongues of the worms. Most are pale pink, and all are utterly bestial!

—Brian Lumley, "Augeren"

These twisted and insane creatures rule over the Underworld regions of Luz and D'haz. They are the final product of a long, depraved chain of forced matings between different species which begins with man. They have anywhere from four to six tentacular limbs which serve as arms, sprouting from the sides of their bodies. These end in the claw-like hands of the tick-men. 50% of the time these creatures will have the power to look into the future as do the halflings of D'haz. These creatures, in disguise, serve as the hooded priests of Inquanok for the Veiled King.

The Veiled King rules over Inquanok, unsuspected by his human subjects of being anything but human. Through passage of a law banishing those who have ravished women naked into the north, he has ensured a steady flow of humans to continue the breeding program. Add 1D6 to each of his STR, CON, INT, and DEX statistics, and 2D6 to his POW. The Veiled King always knows the following spells: Contact Nyarlathotep, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Summon/Bind



Shantak, in addition to 1D6 other spells. It costs 1D6/1D10 SAN to view the Veiled King.

THE LORDS OF LUZ, Luz Rulers

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	3D6+6	16-17
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+6	13
INT	3D6	10-11
POW	3D6+2	12-13
DEX	3D6	10-11
Move	8	HP 12

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Claw 60%*, damage 1D6+db

Tentacle 75%* damage 1D4+db

Mouth Drill 60%***, damage POW Drain

* Lords may attack with each tentacle or claw once per round.

** 50% of Lords have mouth-drills. See the Tick-men entry for full information on the POW drain.

Armor: none.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Disguise 80%, Dream Lore 40%, Sing 50%.

Spells: Lords of Luz with an INT of 15 or higher and a POW of 13 or higher may know up to 1D4 spells.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D6 Sanity points to see a Lord of Luz.

Habitat: Luz (The North).

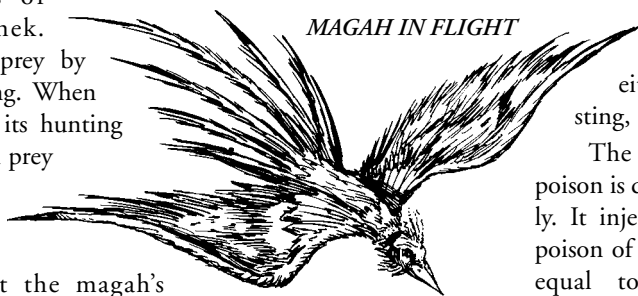
Magah Birds

Fabulous Creatures

Magah birds are small, beautifully-plumaged, carnivorous birds. Their feathers are long, lustrous, and many-colored. Magah birds are native to the lower slopes of Mount Ngranek.

They capture prey by hypnotic singing. When a magah sings its hunting song, its chosen prey must successfully resist with its magic

points against the magah's magic points on the Resistance Table, or it is enthralled by the song and can do nothing but move slowly forward toward the lovely feathers of the singing bird. Once the magah strikes, the hypnotic effect is dispelled, and so these birds rarely attack creatures larger than themselves.



MAGAH IN FLIGHT

MAGAH BIRDS

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	1D4	2-3
CON	1D6	3-4
SIZ	1	1
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6+12	19
Move	10 flying	HP 3

Weapon: Peck 40%*, damage 1D3

* The Peck automatically hits a hypnotized target.

Armor: none.

Sanity Loss: it costs no Sanity points to see a magah bird.

Habitat: Brush and light forest.

Manticores

Fabulous Creatures

Manticores are mountain-dwellers whose bodies resemble those of lions. The creatures are large and their leonine chests are as broad as that of a bear. Long rearward-facing spines protrude from their hindquarters, throbbing in and out with each breath, like the abdomen of a wasp. Their tails are long and scorpion-like, armed with a sting. Their heads resemble huge, grotesque caricatures of the human face, their wide mouths filled with tusks. Manticores are among the most loathsome creatures of the Dreamlands.

Manticores live in wastelands such as the Forbidden Lands and in dreary mountains. Their favorite food is human brains, and they can smell prey coming from afar. Since they detest the rank stench of another manticore's wet blood, the surest method of traveling through their territory safely is to pour this foul liquid (from a freshly-killed monster) over one's flesh. If a manticore comes too close, it smells the blood stink and departs in disgust.

A manticore can attack twice a round, using either a claw and a bite, both claws and the sting, or the sting and a bite.

The sting's poison is deadly. It injects a poison of POT equal to the creature's CON. On the third round after



STALKING MANTICORE



the poison has been injected, the victim must succeed in resisting the poison's potency with his CON or he takes damage equal to that POT directly to his hit points. If he successfully resists the poison, he still takes half the poison's potency in damage (round fractions up).

MANTICORES, Fierce Predators

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	4D6+12	26
CON	2D6+6	13
SIZ	4D6+12	26
INT	2D6	7
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6+3	10
Move 11		HP 20

Avg. Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Bite 30%, damage 1D10+db
Claw 50%, damage 1D6+db
Sting 40%, damage 3D3+poison

Armor: 4-point tough hide.

Skills: Climb 90%, Smell Food 80%.

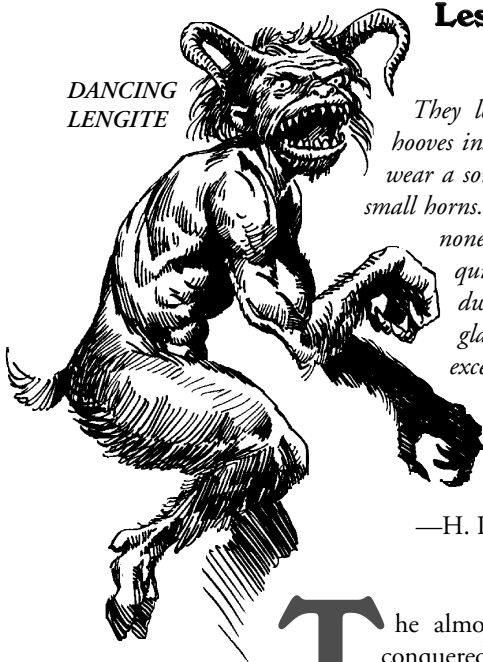
Sanity Loss: it costs 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a manticore.

Habitat: Wastelands and mountains.

Men of Leng

Lesser Independent Race

DANCING
LENGITE



They leaped as though they had hooves instead of feet, and seemed to wear a sort of wig or headpiece with small horns. Of other clothing they had none, but most of them were quite furry. Behind they had dwarfish tails, and when they glanced upward he saw the excessive width of their mouths.

Then he knew what they were, and that they did not wear any wigs or headpieces after all.

—H. P. Lovecraft, *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*

The almost-humans of Leng were conquered by the moonbeasts long ago, whom the almost-humans received as gods. The men of Leng are vulgar, grotesque creatures, with dubious tastes and desires.

The moonbeasts eat their plumper almost-human slaves, using the leaner slaves to perform menial tasks not requiring strength, such as fetching and carrying, cooking and steering, and serving as go-betweens for the moonbeasts' trade with humankind, for which purpose the almost-humans wear humped turbans to conceal their horns. They trade primarily with Dylath-Leen, sailing long black galleys with the powerful moonbeasts as rowers.

It is uncertain what the dream reflections of the half-men of Leng are in the Waking World. Perhaps there are no waking equivalents. Or, perhaps they are a foul breed not yet discovered on Earth.

MEN OF LENG

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	3D6	10-11
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+6	13
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
APP	2D6	7
Move 8		HP 12

Weapon: Spear 25%, damage 1D8+1

Armor: none natural, may wear any.

Spells: a native of Leng whose INT + POW totals 32 or more knows at least 1D6 spells, at the discretion of the keeper.

Sanity Loss: it costs no SAN to see a native of Leng who covers up his deformities. If an unclothed one is seen, the sight costs 0/1D5 SAN (1D10/2).

Habitat: The Plateau of Leng (The North) or wandering.

Merfolk

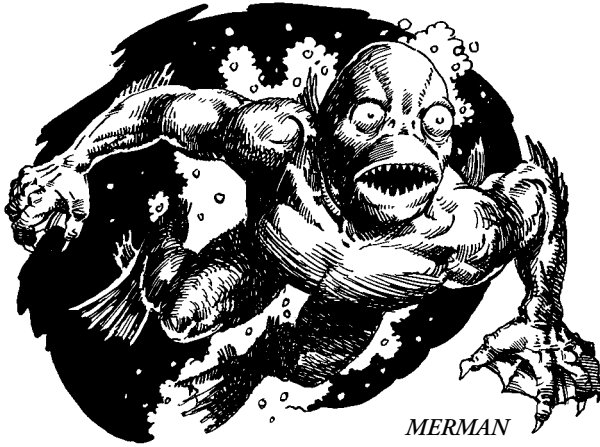
Lesser Servitor Race

Round-eyed they were, with red gill-slits throbbing in their necks; all silver-scaled from waists to flipped feet, but softly pink towards the tops, like salmon—and in their wide-slit mouths, needle teeth!

—Brian Lumley, "Tale's Tail"

The Merfolk inhabit a sunken city in the South Sea. They are the product of the union of the deep ones, come to the Dreamlands, and captured gnorri. As the offspring of such creatures, they are the servants of Cthulhu.

These carnivorous creatures fish for men and have been responsible for the disappearances of many ships in their region of the sea. Their existence is little known in the Dreamlands, but sailors who have passed through their waters and returned have many tales of beautiful mermaids who beckon to sailors on their



MERMAN

watches. The females act as bait to unwary sailors, while the males wait beneath the surface.

MERFOLK, Carnivorous Seafolk

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	5D6	17-18
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+9	16
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
Move 8 swimming		HP 14

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Claw 30%, damage 1D6+db
Harpoon 30%, damage 1D8+1+db

Armor: 2-point scaly skin.

Spells: Merfolk with a POW of 14 or more may know up to 1D4 spells. All females of the race know a variant of the spell Bait Humans which makes them appear as beautiful mermaids.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 to see a merfolk.

Habitat: Sunken City (The Seas).

Moonbeasts

Lesser Independent Race

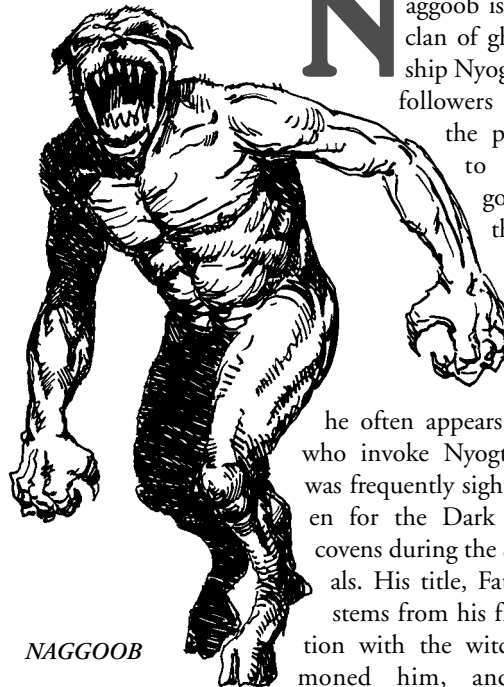
The moonbeasts are an alien racing inhabiting the Dreamlands' moon. They serve Nyarlathotep for his favor and enslave other races. They ride great black galleys through the Dreamlands skies. Many of their soldiers are members of various slave races. The moonbeasts have particularly strong ties with the cats of Saturn and the men of Leng. See *Call of Cthulhu* for a complete description.

Naggoob

Ghoul Greater Servitor

The 'Father of Ghouls', chieftain of the servants of Nyogtha, the Dweller in Darkness.

—Lin Carter, "Zoth-Ommog"



NAGGOOB

Naggoob is the leader of a clan of ghouls who worship Nyogtha. He and his followers dwell beneath the plateau of Leng to be near their god. As chief of the worshipers of Nyogtha, Naggoob serves as high priest for this deity. As such

he often appears before witches who invoke Nyogtha's name. He was frequently sighted and mistaken for the Dark Man at witch covens during the Salem witch trials. His title, Father of Ghouls, stems from his frequent copulation with the witches who summoned him, and the hybrid human/ghoul children that come of such unions.

NAGGOOB, Ghoul Greater Servitor

STR 20	CON 18	SIZ 17	INT 17	POW 20
DEX 17	Move 9			HP 18

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Claw 50%, damage 1D6+1D6
Bite 50%, 1D6+automatic worry*

* *As per ghouls.*

Armor: firearms and projectiles do half of rolled damage; round up any fraction.

Skills: Burrow 75%, Climb 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 35%, Dream Lore (Leng) 40%, English 75%, Hide 60%, Jump 75%, Listen 70%, Scent Decay 65%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Spells: Clutch of Nyogtha, Contact Deity/Nyogtha, and 1D3 non-Contact Deity spells from the Dreamlands list.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D8 Sanity points to see Naggoob.

Habitat: Plateau of Leng (The North).

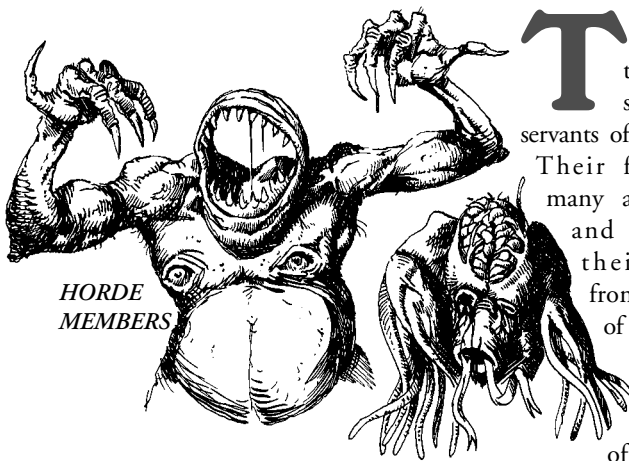


Horde of the Night

Lesser Servitor Race

Queer half glimpsed shapes of nightmare clamored just beyond his feeble light, he heard the brief, frenzied screams of his zebra out in the dark with the titter he hoped but did not really believe was the wind.

—Gary Myers, “Xiurhn”



HORDE MEMBERS

These creatures are the spawn and servants of the Night. Their forms are many and varied, and they take their shapes from the fears of men. They rise each night with the setting of the sun

from the Vale-Which-Is-The-Night, far in the east. Quickly they scatter over the whole Dreamlands. As the night progresses they migrate eastward, and by day they return to their burrows in the east via underground passages known only to them. Although their number is not without limit, they can be encountered anywhere in earth's Dreamlands by night, and may be encountered either singly or in groups.

The horde is drawn to those whose fears are greatest, for that is what they feed upon. In game terms, each full ten points of Sanity lost during any given day within the Dreamlands is the percentile chance of encountering one or more of the Horde by night (e.g., an investigator who has lost 21 Sanity points within a single day in the Dreamlands has a 2% chance of being visited by one or more of these creatures that night). They do not attack their victims physically or with spells. Rather, they attempt to drive their victims insane and feed off of their fear.

Anyone who is driven insane by these creatures will lose 1D4 magic points for each creature. If magic points reach zero, the victim loses consciousness and also loses 1D4 POW per creature. If a victim's POW reach zero, the victim expires. Roll for magic points and POW for each creature once each.

If the target of the horde's attacks can go for three rounds in a row without failing a SAN roll, he has conquered his fears and the attacking creatures will choose another target.

Horde members reduced to zero hit points dissolve into vaporous clouds of mist which drift westward.

Horde members are relatively easy to defend against. They are the reason people retreat to their houses at night, shuttering their windows and locking the doors. In order for a horde member to attack, it must come into physical contact with its victim. Adventurers behind magical or physical barriers are thus safe from their attack. Horde members may be able to break down a barrier, depending on its STR, and the STR of the barrier.

HORDE MEMBERS, Connoisseurs of Terror

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	SIZ/2	4
CON	STRx2	8
SIZ	2D6	7
INT	1D6+3	6-7
POW	SIZ	7
DEX	2D6+3	10
Move	6/12 flying	HP 8

Avg. Damage Bonus: N/A.

Weapons: Force SAN check 30%, damage Sanity loss by horde's size

Armor: none, they cannot be harmed by normal weapons. Spells and magical weapons do their normal damage.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: varies. 0/1D3 for a single creature. 0/1D4 for a small horde. 1/1D6 for a large horde.

Habitat: Vale-Which-is-the-Night (The East).

Nightgaunts

Lesser Servitor Race

In the Dreamlands, nightgaunts serve many masters, among them Nodens and Yibb-Tstll. Nightgaunts also associate with ghouls, sometimes even acting as their steeds. The main lair of the nightgaunts in the Dreamlands is atop the Peaks of Throk, a great mountain range in the Underworld. Courageous adventurers use nightgaunts as a means of transport within the Underworld. See *Call of Cthulhu*.

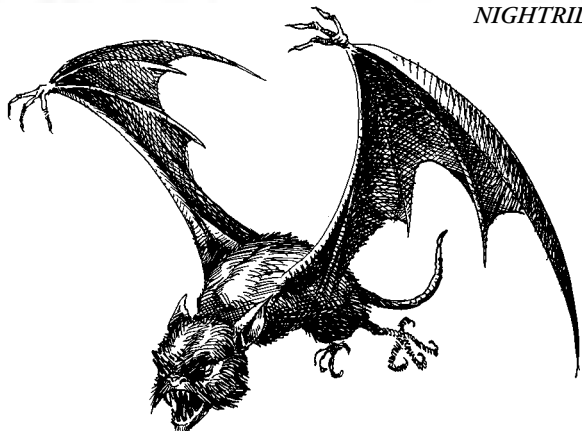
Nightriders

Fabulous Creatures

Nightriders are large bat-like creatures which inhabit the dense forests and jungles of the Dreamlands. As their name suggests, they are nocturnal hunters. They fly through the trees at night in search of prey, which is almost



NIGHTRIDER



anything that moves. These creatures have even been known to carry off children or members of the pygmy tribes of Kled.

NIGHTRIDERS, Nocturnal Hunters

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	3D6	10-11
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+6	13
INT	1D6	3-4
POW	2D6	7
DEX	4D6	14

Move 4/16 flying HP 12

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Bite 50%, damage 1D10.

Claw 50%, damage 1D6+2+db.

Armor: none.

Skills: Echo-locate Prey 75%, Spot Hidden 75%.

Spells: none.

Habitat: Dense forests and jungles.

Nyarlathotep's Half-brother

Unique Greater Servitor

And finally he read a terrible passage . . . which told of the joke played by Nyarlathotep on his minions when they summoned him and he declined to come. For he had sent instead his half brother and other face, a ravenous and by no means sane entity which could radiate intolerable horror like a poisonous vapor.

—W.C. DeBill, Jr, "In 'Ygiroth"

Little is known of this entity, for he is spoken of in few texts, and those who have encountered it are dead. Its exact form is left to the keeper's imagination. All that is

known is that sometimes when trying to summon Nyarlathotep he will send this creature in his stead. Whenever the spell Call Nyarlathotep is cast there is a chance, either 1% or keeper's choice, that this creature will be sent instead.

NYARLATHOTEP'S HALF-BROTHER, Mysterious Entity

STR 45 CON 50 SIZ 19 INT N/A POW 40
DEX 19 Move 16 HP 35

Damage Bonus: +3D6.

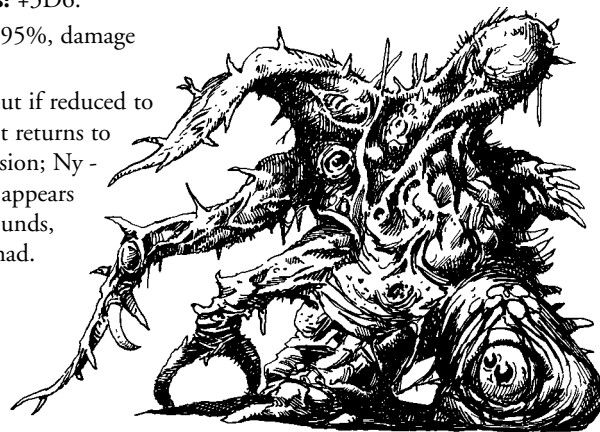
Weapon: Claw 95%, damage 1D10+3D6.

Armor: none, but if reduced to zero hit points it returns to its home dimension; Nyarlathotep then appears within 1D10 rounds, and is he ever mad.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 1D10/1D100 to see this entity.

Habitat: Other dimensions.

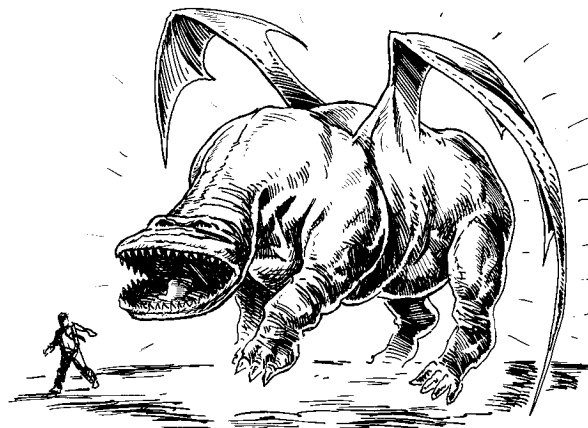


THE HALF-BROTHER

Phosphorescent Monsters

Lesser Servitor Race

It was in the days that the wells of Sarrubian wine had run dry that the monstrosity first appeared. It shone like a green star, sickly and diseased. When it stretched out its enormous wings, they blotted out the moon, leaving all dark but for its lurid green radiance. Almost gracefully, the enormous beast swept down upon the river Ai, and a boat disappeared into its gaping maw. Only then



MONSTER AND DINNER



did we see the rider upon the monster's back, whose visage was a hundred times more terrible . . .

—*The Brick Cylinders of Kadatheron*

These creatures are colossal glowing green things from the Dreamlands. They stand over thirty feet tall at the shoulders, have wide scoop-like mouths and vast bat-wings which they use to fly through Dream space.

The phosphorescent monsters are used as beasts of burden by the wenelian pirates, who also ride the enormous creatures through Dream space. These things can attack with both their mighty mouth-scoop and with the beating of their monstrous bat-wings each round. The mouth-scoop sucks in everything in an area 100 yards in diameter. These creatures are not very intelligent, and their scoop attack can draw in buildings and other objects, as well as luckless wenelian pirates who get in the way.

PHOSPHORESCENT MONSTERS, Glowing Giants

characteristics	rolls	average
STR	8D6+36	64
CON	3D6+18	28-29
SIZ	1D100+100	150-151
INT	1D4	2-3
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	1D8	4-5
Move 4/30 flying		HP 90

Avg. Damage Bonus: +12D6.

Weapons: Mouth-Scoop 45%, damage swallowed.

Wing-Beating 60%, damage 1/2 db.

Armor: 10-points of thick hide.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D20 Sanity points to see.

Habitat: Yundu (Worlds Beyond).

Pitch Spiders

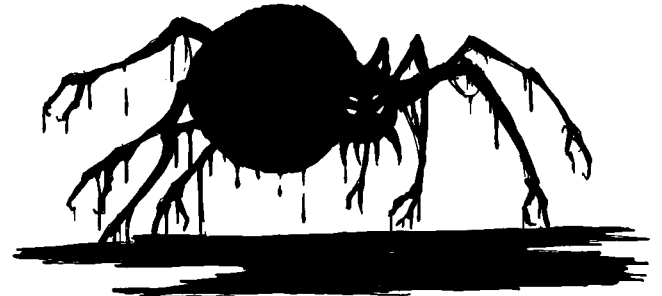
Lesser Independent Race

Rising up in the lake behind them spidery, oily shapes sped in hot pursuit like black, alien skaters with eyes of glowing red ... man-sized, six-legged skeletons that dripped oil.

—Brian Lumley, *Ship of Dreams*

These strange creatures inhabit the Sea of Pitch, which lies to the west of the Vale of Pnath in the Underworld. They lie just beneath the surface of the sea and wait for anything to pass by. They then rise up and give chase. When they catch their prey they drag it beneath the surface of the sea and devour it at their leisure. The Pitch Spiders

never leave the boundaries of the Sea of Pitch; to do so would cause them to become clogged with dirt and silt, and they would quickly become immobile and helpless.



PITCH SPIDER

PITCH SPIDERS, Eight-legged Nightmares

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	3D6+6	16-17
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+6	13
INT	3D6	10-11
POW	2D6	7
DEX	4D6	14
Move 36 skating/38 leaping		HP 12

Avg Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Bite 40%, damage 1D10+db

Claw 50%, damage 1D6+2+db

Armor: none.

Skills: Hide 75%, Sneak 75%.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 Sanity points to see a pitch spider.

Habitat: The Sea of Pitch (The Underworld).

Quumyagga

Shantak Greater Servitor

Quumyagga, leader of the Shantaks.

—Lin Carter, "Zoth-Ommog"

Quumyagga is the greatest of all the shantaks. He serves as Nyarlathotep's mount and bears the Crawling Chaos to and from the court of Azathoth as needed. He resides in the central dome of the palace of the Veiled King of Inquanok, from which he sends forth peculiar dreams to those unfortunates who stare too intently at his abode.

Quumyagga does not suffer from the same fear of night-gaunts as do the rest of his race. Furthermore, shantaks in his



QUUMYAGGA

presence will not flee from nightgaunts on a successful check of their POW vs. the nightgaunt's on the Resistance Table.

QUUMYAGGA, Greatest of the Shantaks

STR 50 CON 30 SIZ 75 INT 15 POW 30
DEX 25 Move 10/48 flying HP 53

Damage Bonus: +7D6.

Weapons: Bite 75%, damage 2D6+2+7D6.

Armor: 15-point hide.

Spells: Contact Deity/Nyarlahotep, Send Dreams, S/B Shantak.

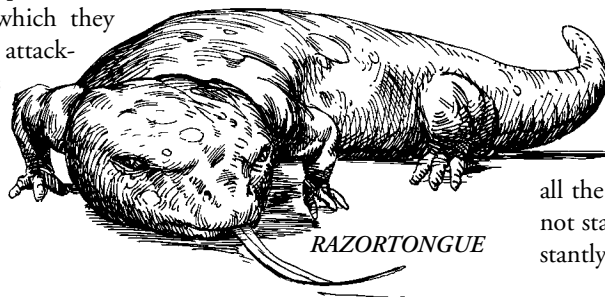
Sanity Loss: 1/1D10 Sanity points to see Quumyagga.

Habitat: Inquanok (The North).

Razortongues

Fabulous Creatures

Razortongues are reptilian herbivores which are native to the jungles of the Dreamlands. They are similar to Gila monsters in both size and form. Their name comes from their razor-sharp tongues, which they use to strip the bark off of the trees they feed from. Mild creatures, their main form of defense from predators is a natural form of the spell Emerald Darts of Ptath. Whenever threatened they will expend magic points to create 1D3+3 darts, which they direct at their attackers. These darts cost and function exactly the same as those



RAZORTONGUE

in the spell (see page 151 for the spell's description and notes on use).

RAZORTONGUES, Magical Lizards

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	1D6	3-4
CON	2D6	7
SIZ	1D3	2
INT	1D6+3	6-7
POW	6D6	21
DEX	4D6	14
Move 8		HP 5

Avg. Damage Bonus: -1D6.

Weapons: Bite 30%, damage 1D3-db
Tongue-Lash 50%, damage 1D6-db

Armor: 2-point scaly hide.

Skills: Climb 50%, Hide 65%, Sneak 65%

Spells: Emerald Darts of Ptath (D).

Sanity Loss: there is no sanity loss for viewing a razortongue.

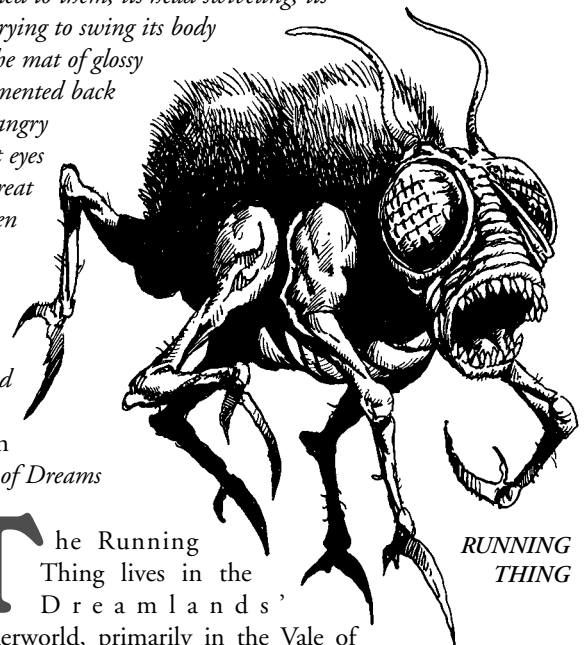
Habitat: Jungles.

Running Thing

Unique Lesser Independent

The thing turned to them, its head swiveling, its many legs scurrying to swing its body around . . . The mat of glossy hair on its segmented back rose up in an angry ruff . . . bright eyes glinting and great jaws partly open . . . and they glimpsed its curving needle teeth as the jaws opened wider yet.

—Brian Lumley, *Ship of Dreams*



RUNNING THING

The Running Thing lives in the Dreamlands'

Underworld, primarily in the Vale of Ptath, but it knows the hidden routes between all the various regions. As its name implies, it runs; when it is not standing still, which is for brief moments at best, it is constantly running. It moves back and forth across the floor of the



Vale seemingly at random, searching for something only it knows.

The Running Thing has acquired a colony of phosphorescent moss which grows in the hair on its back. The moss serves both to light its way and to ward off the light-shy denizens of that dark realm. Among other things, the Running Thing feeds on the dholes which burrow through the bones in the Vale of Pnath. Its speed and agility, combined with the ferocity of its attacks and its light moss—which dholes dislike—means that dholes give it a wide berth whenever they can.

The Running Thing has a simple dog-like intelligence. It has no spoken language, but seems capable of understanding simple requests or instructions. It is particularly fond of the sound of human singing, and any investigator who makes a successful Sing roll for the beast will have made a friend of it and will be rewarded by hearing its “purr.” The creature is quite large and is capable of carrying up to eight full grown men on its back without having to slow down. It is believed that there is only one of these creatures in existence, but there may be more.

**THE RUNNING THING,
Hyperactive Cavern Dweller**

STR 30 CON 60 SIZ 40 INT 5 POW 13
DEX 35 Move 36 running HP 50

Damage Bonus: +3D6.

Weapons: Bite 90%, damage 1D6+3D6

Armor: 2-point hide.

Skills: Dodge 90%, Dream Lore (Underworld) 75%, Track 80%.

Spells: none.

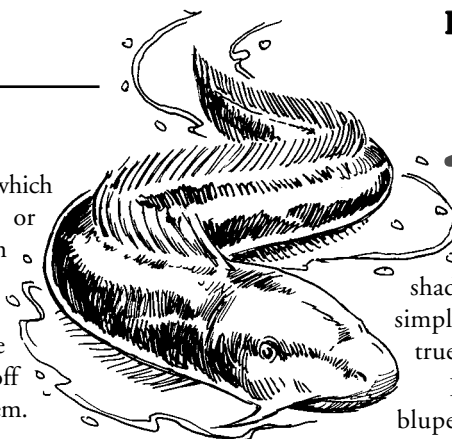
Sanity Loss: no Sanity loss for seeing the Running Thing.

Habitat: The Vale of Pnath (The Underworld).

Scabfish

Fabulous Creatures

Scabfish are eel-like creatures which dwell in and around sunken or wrecked ships. Their main form of defense, from which they derive their name, is that when a predator comes into contact with them a scab will form at the point of contact. These scabs will only fall off after new skin has formed underneath them. This process takes a number of days equal to the POW of the fish. The scabs are not particularly painful or harmful, but they do itch.



SWIMMING
SCABFISH

SCABFISH, Eel-like Fish

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	2D6	7
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	1D6+3	6-7
INT	1D6	3-4
POW	2D6	7
DEX	4D6	14
Move 12 swimming		HP 9

Avg. Damage Bonus: -1D4

Weapons: Bite 40%, damage 1D6-db

Armor: none, but touch will cause scabs to form on contact with bare skin.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: there is no Sanity loss for viewing a scabfish.

Habitat: Sunken or wrecked ships (The Seas).

Serpent People

Lesser Independent Race

The height of serpent people civilization was millions of years ago, when they ruled the world from ancient Valusia. Now, they exist solely in small pockets of civilization, both in the Dreamlands and the Waking World. They are relics of the past. See *Call of Cthulhu* for a full description of serpent people.

Shades

Fabulous Creatures

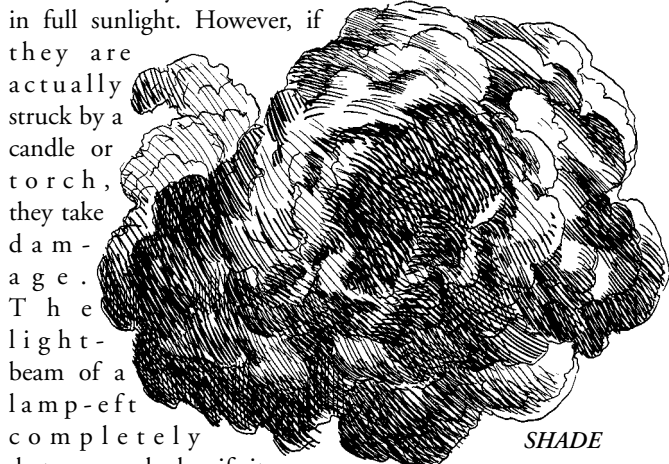
A shade is always enveloped in a cloud of darkness, so its form is never seen. Generally the outward form of the darkness is roughly spherical. When light bright enough to penetrate the darkness is applied, the shade itself is evaporated. Perhaps shades are simply beings of living darkness and have no true forms at all.

Like lamp-efts, minions of Karakal, and blupes, shades are normally present in the Dreamlands only because they have been summoned by a sorcerer. Shades have no CON, only SIZ, and they have no hit points either. All damage delivered to a shade is done directly to SIZ.



Shades cannot fly, but they can move over any liquid or solid surface. In addition, they can move up sheer walls, or even along ceilings.

Shades take no damage from ordinary weapons, only light sources. Simple exposure to light does not normally harm a shade, and they can even travel in full sunlight. However, if they are actually struck by a candle or torch, they take damage. The light-beam of a lamp-efl completely destroys a shade, if its magic points are overcome.



SHADES

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	4D6	14
SIZ	5D6	17-18
INT	2D6	7
POW	4D6	14
DEX	2D6	7
Move	7	HP n/a

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Tendril 50%, damage 1D4+db

Armor: none, but shades take no damage from ordinary weapons. Only light-sources used to actually touch the creature harm it. A torch does 1D6 damage, a candle 1D3. The light-beam of a lamp-efl dispels a shade completely if its magic points are overcome on the Resistance Table.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: it costs 0/1 Sanity points to see a shade.

Habitat: Dark Dimension.

Shantaks

Lesser Servitor Race

The dragon-like shantaks are common on the Plateau of Leng, and in the lands further north. They are often used as steeds by various of the servants of the Outer Gods. Shantaks have an intense fear of nightgaunts, and will always flee from them.

Quumyagga is said to be the leader of the shantaks. See *Call of Cthulhu* for more on shantaks.

Slime Molds

Fabulous Creatures

These creatures are huge, mobile, fungi-like, slimy amoebas that slide over the ground ingesting any food substance they find. They are difficult to damage physically, but are susceptible to magic attacks. They vary in size as noted and are found in a wide variety of bright colors. Often, stalked fruiting bodies adorn the mold's upper surface. Slime molds can easily hide among the fungus growth on the ground or even drop from tree limbs onto victims. In an attack, the mold simply flows over its chosen target.

SLIME MOLD, Fungoid Predator

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	3D6	10-11
CON	2D6+6	13
SIZ	2D10	11
POW	1D3	2
DEX	2D3	4
Move	3	HP 12

Weapons: Engulf* 35%, damage 1D6

* *the mold stays attached to its victim every round thereafter, doing continual damage from its digestive enzymes. A STR against STR roll is needed to pull free of the sticky amoeba.*

Armor: none, but physical attacks do a maximum of 1 point of damage. Fire or magic works normally. Even if the mold is reduced to 0 hit points, it is not truly dead, merely knocked to pieces. After a few hours, the mold will finish flowing back together and be as good as new. Only fire applied to every bit of its body or appropriate fungicides can permanently kill it.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 SAN to see a mobile Slime Mold.

Habitat: The Fungus Forest (The Underworld) as well as some other deep forests or jungles.

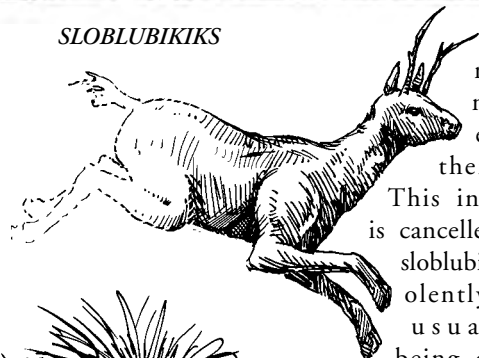
Sloblubikiks

Fabulous Creatures

Sloblubikiks are small deer-like creatures which inhabit the forests and jungles of the central Dreamlands. They have small antlers, but their main form of defense from predators is their ability to turn invisible at will. This allows them to flee without pursuit. Turning invisible costs a sloblubikik 1 magic point, and lasts



SLOBLUBIKIKS



for a number of minutes equal to their POW.

This invisibility is cancelled if the sloblubikik is violently jolted, usually by being attacked. Sloblubikiks will only attack if cornered.

SLOBLUBIKIKS, Magical Cervines

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	2D6	7
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6	7
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	4D6	14
Move 9		HP 9

Avg. Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Weapons: Antlers 40%, damage 1D6+2-db
Kick 20%, damage 1D4-db

Armor: none.

Skills: Dodge 50%, Smell 60%.

Spells: can turn invisible at will.

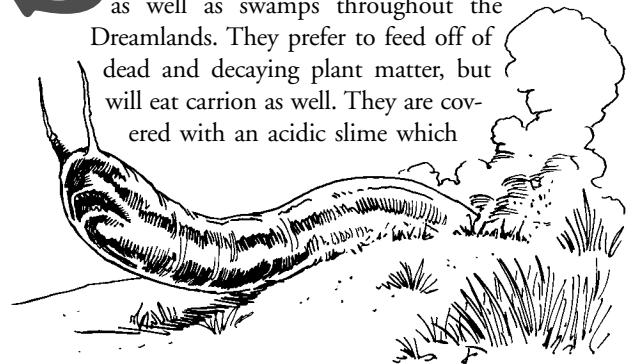
Sanity Loss: there is no Sanity loss for viewing a sloblubikik.

Habitat: Forests and jungles in moderate climates.

Sluggocs

Fabulous Creatures

Sluggocs are large slug-like creatures which crawl through the undergrowth of dense forests and jungles, as well as swamps throughout the Dreamlands. They prefer to feed off of dead and decaying plant matter, but will eat carrion as well. They are covered with an acidic slime which



SLUGGOC

causes severe burns to anything it touches. For this reason they are easy to track, as they leave a trail of burned foliage behind them. Sluggocs are often found on battlefields and other places of recent death, and must be driven away if corpses are to be recovered.

SLUGGOCs, Gastropod Scavengers

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	2D6	7
CON	1D6+3	6-7
SIZ	1D6+1	4-5
POW	1D6	3-4
DEX	1D3	2
Move 3		HP 6

Avg. Damage Bonus: -1D6.

Weapons: Acid Touch 99%, damage 1D6

Armor: none, but has acidic slime which will damage bare-handed attackers.

Sanity Loss: there is no Sanity loss for viewing a sluggoc.

Habitat: Dense forests, jungles, and swamps.

Snouters, Primitive

Fabulous Creatures



PRIMITIVE SNOTER

These small rodent-like creatures are thought by some to be the ancestors of the buopoth. They have a rat-like body, a busy tail, and a bill-like snout which they use to

dig for grubs and burrow through the earth. These creatures were thought to be extinct, but have recently been discovered along the trade routes to Mhor. The snouters are quite curious, and have been known to steal items from unwary travelers on the road to Mhor.

PRIMITIVE SNOTERS, Curious Rodents

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	1D6	3-4
CON	1D6+2	5-6
SIZ	1D3	2
POW	2D6	7
DEX	4D6+6	20
Move 8 running / 6 burrowing		HP 4

Avg. Damage Bonus: -1D6.



Weapons: Bite 40%, damage 1D4-db
Claw 50%, damage 1D4-db

Armor: none.

Skills: Conceal 50%, Find Food 85%, Hide 70%, Sneak 70%.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: there is no Sanity loss for viewing a snouter.

Habitat: The road to Mhor (The East).

Spider Hounds

Lesser Independent Race

"A trio of six-legged spider hounds snapped at his leather clad legs, trying to secure a hold on him and pull him down."

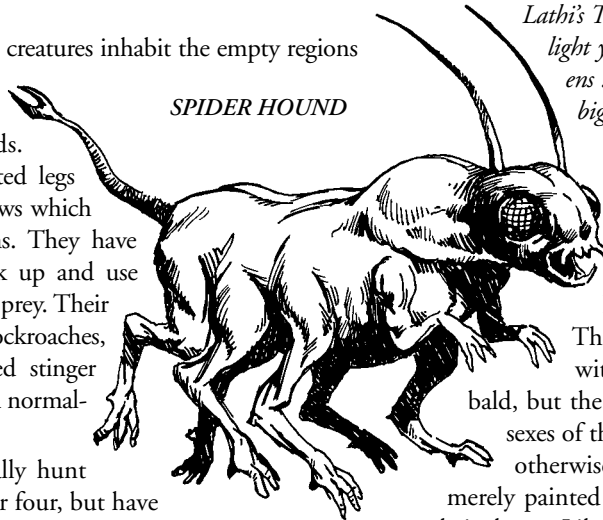
—Brain Lumley, *Hero of Dreams*

These insect-like creatures inhabit the empty regions of the cold northern continent of the Dreamlands. They have six multi-jointed legs and two prehensile forepaws which can grasp and carry items. They have even been known to pick up and use weapons dropped by their prey. Their heads resemble those of cockroaches, and they have a poisoned stinger where a hound's tail would normally be.

Spider hounds generally hunt in small groups of three or four, but have been known to gather into large packs of up to twenty. They emit a high hissing sound when they have their prey cornered, but never while tracking their prey. This hissing can drive a man mad with terror, leaving him vulnerable to attack. The POT 10 poison on their stingers will not kill their victims, but leaves them alive and paralyzed. The hounds then proceed to consume their victims alive over the course of the next several days. Paralysis will wear off in 1D10 days, but the victim is usually too far gone by that time to flee.

SPIDER HOUNDS, Maddening Packs of Insectoid Canines

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	3D6+6	16-17
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+6	13
INT	2D6	7
POW	2D6	7
DEX	4D6	14
Move 8/12 leaping		HP 13



SPIDER HOUND

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Bite 40%, damage 1D10+db

Claw 50%, damage 1D6+2+db

Hiss 25%, damage make Sanity roll for 0/1D3 points

Sting 40%, damage POT 10 points which paralyzes

Armor: 3-point chitin.

Skills: Track 80%.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a spider hound.

Habitat: The cold North

Ter-Men

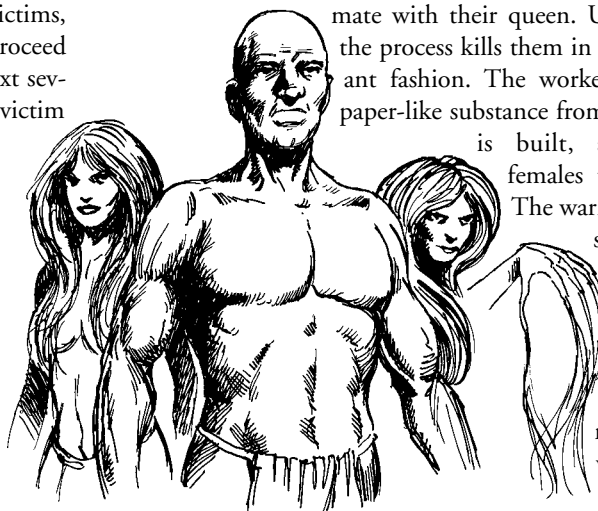
Lesser Independent Race

Lathi's Ter-men were tall, handsome and bronzed, with a light yellowish tinge like sick gold. And her handmaidens . . . [were] dusky-yellow and lovely, all smiles and big brown eyes.

—Brian Lumley, *Hero of Dreams*

The ter-folk are the inhabitants of the cursed city of Thalarion. They serve their queen, the Eidolon Lathi, who is both their leader and mother. They appear to be normal, very attractive humans with deep tans and golden eyes. Males are all bald, but the females have long, flowing blonde hair. Both sexes of the species go dressed only in loincloths and are otherwise naked. However, the ter-maids' breasts are merely painted on for looks, to lure lustful human males to their doom. Likewise, the loincloths of both sexes do not hide their genitals, but the lack of such accouterments.

Males are divided into workers, warriors, and drones. The drones are the members of the species unfortunate enough to mate with their queen. Unfortunate, for the process kills them in a most unpleasant fashion. The workers produce the paper-like substance from which the city is built, and help the females to gather food. The warriors are responsible for defending Lathi first, and then the rest of the hive/city. Warriors use normal hand weapons as humans do.



MAIDENS AND A WARRIOR



The females serve as Lathi's handmaidens and gather food for the city.

The females are also capable of secreting a fibrous fluid from their fingertips which they can use to entangle their victims. Such victims are taken back to Thalarion. The players of entangled characters may attempt to break free by matching STR vs. 20 on the Resistance Table every round. The males of the species, except for drones, are capable of exuding a substance from their fingers which can dissolve the handmaidens' webs.

WARRIOR TER-MEN

<i>characteristics</i>	<i>rolls</i>	<i>averages</i>
STR	4D6+6	20
CON	3D6+2	12-13
SIZ	2D6+6	13
INT	1D6+2	5-6
POW	2D6+2	9
DEX	3D6+2	12-13
Move	9	HP 13

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Curved Knives 60%, damage 1D6+db

Skills: Dodge 50%

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a ter-man.

Habitat: Thalarion (The West).

WORKER TER-MEN

<i>characteristics</i>	<i>rolls</i>	<i>averages</i>
STR	3D6+2	12-13
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+6	13
INT	2D6	7
POW	2D6+2	9
DEX	3D6	10-11
Move	9	HP 12

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Curved Knives 40%, dam 1D6+db

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a ter-man.

Habitat: Thalarion (The West).

DRONE TER-MEN

<i>characteristics</i>	<i>rolls</i>	<i>averages</i>
STR	3D6	10-11
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+6	13
INT	2D6+1	8
POW	2D6+2	9
DEX	3D6	10-11
Move	9	HP 12

Avg. Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Fist/Punch 30%, damage 1D3+db

Skills: Craft (Hive) 70%

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a ter-man.

Habitat: Thalarion (The West).

MAIDEN TER-MEN

<i>characteristics</i>	<i>rolls</i>	<i>averages</i>
STR	3D6+3	13-14
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+6	13
INT	2D6+2	9
POW	2D6+2	9
DEX	3D6+1	11-12
Move	9	HP 12

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 30%, damage 1D3+db;

Finger Web 60%, damage entangle

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a ter-man.

Habitat: Thalarion (The West).

Thing Hanging in the Void

Unique Greater Independent

Maddened ever by the fear of unknown things and the lure of the dead faces.

—H.P. Lovecraft, "What the Moon Brings"

The Thing Hanging in the Void is a thin, mummified humanoid figure with murky features. It is wrapped in filthy swaddling and hangs suspended by its moldering wrapping in a bottomless chasm somewhere in the Dreamlands—probably the Underworld. Closer inspection reveals the Thing to be composed of a mass of twisted, tortured, screaming faces.

This strange and malign being is mentioned in few Mythos tomes. A dweller in the Dreamlands, the Thing feasts upon, and is composed of, human souls. This entity feeds upon human souls by overcoming its victim's magic points with its own on the Resistance Table. Once overcome, the victim's soul is drawn into the Thing and he or she is lost forever. Each time the Thing sucks up a soul it must expend five of its own magic points. The insatiable Thing continues to feed until it has run out of victims or magic points.



If the Thing encounters a lone dreamer it may choose to possess the luckless person instead of devouring his or her soul. The Thing then uses the possessed individual to lead other dreamers to it so that it can glut its wicked appetite. When the possessed dreamer is no longer of use to the Thing, it thanklessly devours his soul as well. To possess a dreamer the Thing Hanging in the Void must overcome the target's POW with its own on the Resistance Table.

Possessed dreamers do not remember their encounter with the Thing although they suffer from strange dreams and nightmares. The keeper should make a POW vs. POW roll each day to see if the Thing loses control of the dreamer.

Reduced to zero or fewer hit points, the Thing's essence is banished from its current body, which then dries and crumbles to dust. Eventually the disembodied spirit of the Thing possesses a new human and devours his or her soul. This new body is suspended in some dank and black cavern or chasm of the Dreamlands. With a new body, the Thing can once again feast on the souls of humans.

**THE THING HANGING IN THE VOID,
Living Nightmare**

STR 25 CON 29 SIZ varies INT 21 POW 22
DEX 31 Move n/a HP 29

Damage Bonus: N/A.

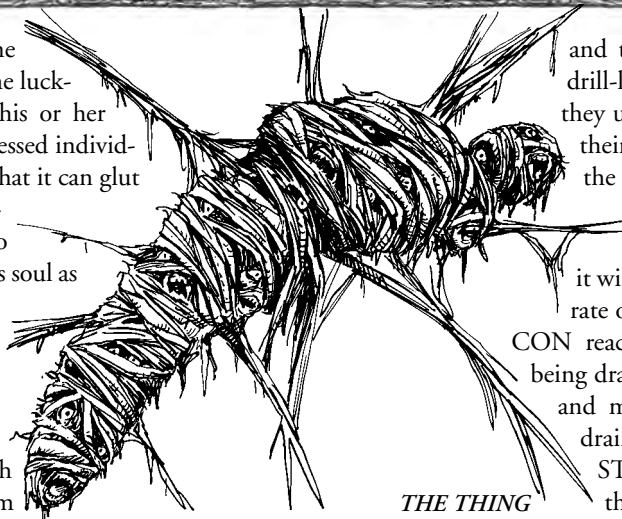
Weapons: Soul Drain, overcome magic points to eat soul

Armor: none, but physical weapons cannot harm it.

Spells: any spells which affect the mind, as well as any others desired by the keeper.

Sanity Loss: 1D6/1D20 Sanity points to see the Thing.

Habitat: A cavern in the Underworld.

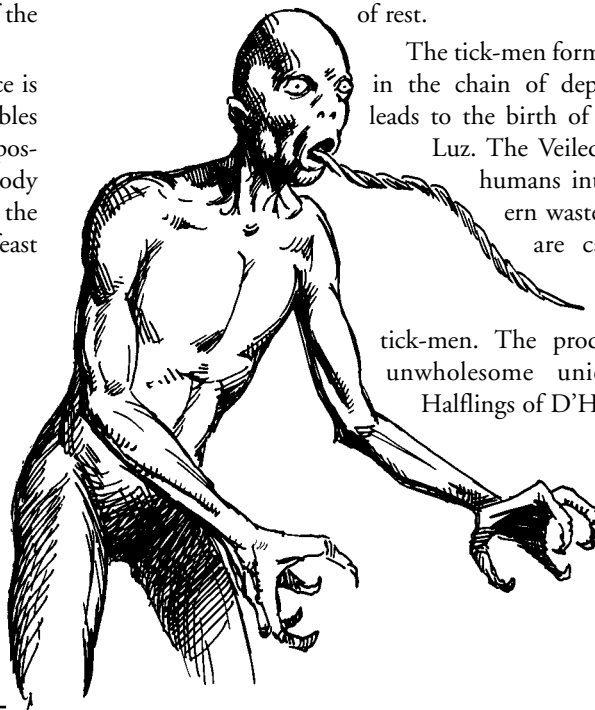


THE THING

and their mouths are equipped with a drill-like appendage of cartilage which they use to pierce the discarded bones of their host's victims. Tick-men feed on the marrow left within these bones.

If a tick-man latches onto a living being with its mouth drill it will drain CON from its victim at the rate of 1 point per round. If the victim's CON reaches 0, he dies. Victims who are being drained are considered to be grappled and may break free, and thus end the draining process, by comparing their STR to the STR of the tick-man on the Resistance Table. CON points heal at the rate of 1 point per full day of rest.

The tick-men form the first link in the chain of depravity which leads to the birth of the Lords of Luz. The Veiled King drives humans into the northern wastes where they are captured and made to mate with tick-men. The products of this unwholesome union are the Halfings of D'Haz.



TICK-MAN

Tick-men

Lesser Independent Race

There dwell dholes . . . and their attendant parasites, whom you might best think of as tick-men . . . not human. Though they probably were, once upon a time.

—Brian Lumley, "Augeren"

Tick-men, both male and female, are flat and elongated with leathery skin, but have a form which is roughly humanoid. Their hands are great claw-like appendages which they use to cling to the sides of their hosts, the dholes. They have two large faceted eyes, like an insect's,

TICK-MEN, Humanoid Parasites

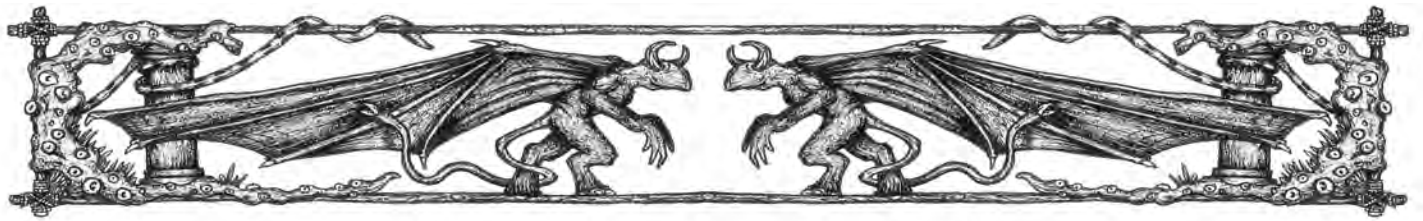
characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	4D6	14
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+6	13
INT	2D6	7
POW	2D6	7
DEX	3D6	10-11
Move 4		HP 12

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Claw 50%, damage 1D6+2+db
Mouth Drill 35%, CON drain

Armor: 2-point hide.

Skills: Ride (Dhole) 75%.



Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D8 Sanity points to see a Tick-man.

Habitat: Anywhere dholes live including both the Great Dhole Ossuary (The North) and the Vale of Pnath (The Underworld).

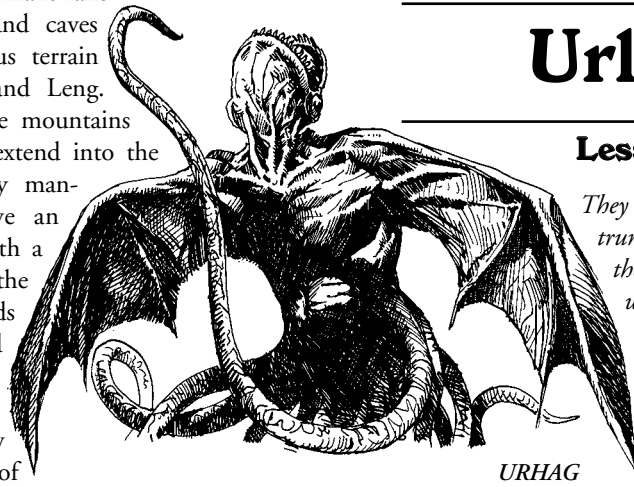
Urhags

Lesser Independent Race.

A Bêg . . . with wings of dark substance and likewise as it were serpents running forth from Its body but attach'd to it... from such as It did gibber, It came from Kadath in ye Cold Waste, which is nigh unto that Plateau of Leng.

—August Derleth, *The Lurker at the Threshold*

Urhags inhabit the far northern reaches of Earth's Dreamlands. They make lairs in dark fissures and caves which dot the mountainous terrain lying between Inquanok and Leng. They are also found in the mountains north of Inquanok which extend into the Cold Waste. Approximately man-sized, these creatures have an almost human-like form with a head and torso. However, the similarity to humanity ends there. Where there would normally be arms there extend bat-like wings, and where the torso ends, below the waist, is but a mass of seething tentacles. These tentacles are long enough to convey food or other objects to the beast's mouth, which is located on top of its head, much like a gug's. Unlike a gugs it does not split the head from side to side, but from front to back. Its eyes are located on the sides of the head just below the corners of the mouth, and like a chameleon's may point in almost any direction. The skin of an urhag is similar to that of a nightgaunt, causing some to believe that the two races may be related somehow. However, shantaks do not fear urhags in the way they do nightgaunts.



URHAG

URHAGS, Frigid Monstrosities

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	3D6	10-11
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+6	13
INT	1D6	3-4
POW	2D6	7
DEX	4D6	14
Move 4/12 flying		HP 12

Avg. Damage Bonus: +0.

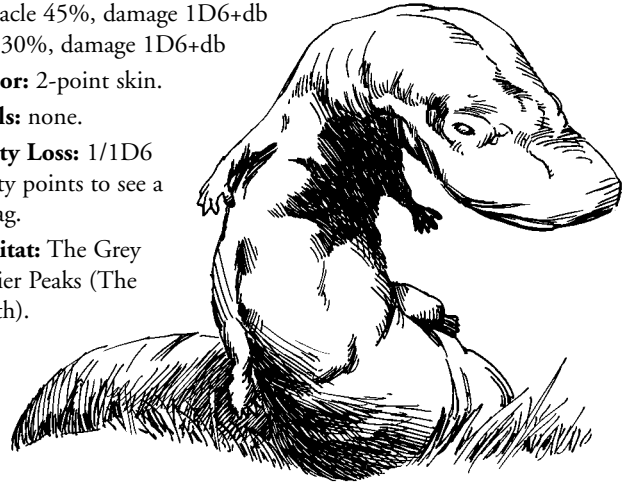
Weapons: Grapple 40%, damage special
Tentacle 45%, damage 1D6+db
Bite 30%, damage 1D6+db

Armor: 2-point skin.

Spells: none.

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

Habitat: The Grey Barrier Peaks (The North).



URL WORM

Url Worms

Lesser Independent Race

They are worms big as a man—indeed their trunks are like unto the trunks of men, but their limbs are vestigial and they burrow with spadelike snouts.

—Brian Lumley, "Augeren"

These creatures inhabit the Downs of D'haz, a region of the Underworld beneath the mountains which separate Leng from Inquanok. They live on a diet of oils mixed with the pulped juices of dholes caught by the halflings of D'haz. They are primitive, have no language, and cannot use tools. They are little better than animals.

However, like all things beneath Luz, they serve a purpose. They are a link in the chain toward the Lords of Luz. The halflings are made to mate with them, and the offspring is a Lord, or Lady, of Luz.

URL WORMS, Luz Animals

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	2D6	7
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+6	13
INT	1D6	3-4
POW	2D6	7
DEX	1D6	3-4
Move 4 crawling/5 burrowing		HP 12



Avg. Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Bite 40%, damage 1D6+db
Claw 50%, damage 1D6+2+db

Armor: None.

Spells: None.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 Sanity points to see a url worm.

Habitat: D'Haz (The West).

Avg. Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Bite 75%, damage 1D6+db
Constrict 50%, damage 1D6+suffocation

Armor: 5-point tough skin.

Skills: Listen 50%.

Sanity Loss: it costs 1/1D6 Sanity points to see a voonith.

Habitat: Swamps and marshes.

Vooniths

Wamps

Fabulous Creatures

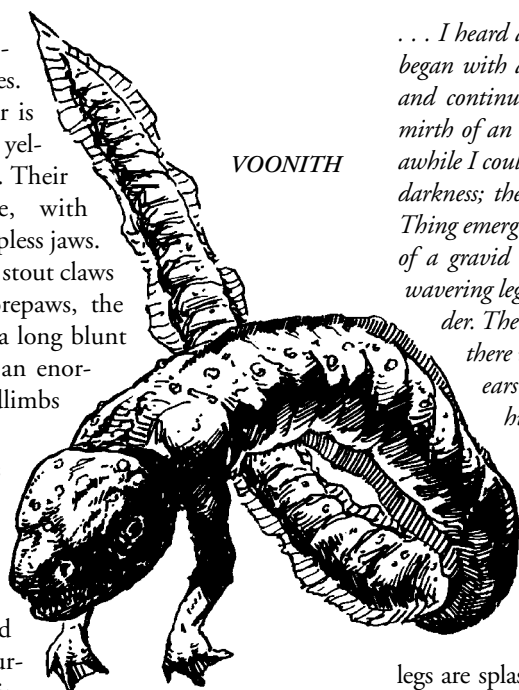
Vooniths are amphibious carnivores. Their overall color is a washed-out pink or sallow yellow, marred by gray pustules. Their heads are salamander-like, with bulging pale eyes and long, lipless jaws. The forepaws are armed with stout claws for burrowing. After the forepaws, the rest of the body trails off in a long blunt tail, ridged and shaped like an enormous angleworm. No hindlimbs are visible.

Vooniths are a notorious hazard of the swamps and marshes of the Dreamlands. They are voracious and fearless. Some vooniths dig twisting mazes of water-filled burrows just beneath the surface. They attack by erupting from their burrow or pond to grab and drag down their prey, which may be a pack animal or a human.

In an attack, a voonith can use its bite and constriction simultaneously. Once a victim has been enwrapped by the voonith's worm-like hindbody and tail, that victim takes 1D6 damage per round, plus suffocation damage, until the voonith is killed or he breaks free (matching his STR against the voonith's STR each round).

VOONITHS

characteristics	rolls	averages	
STR	3D6+12	22-23	
CON	3D6+6	16-17	
SIZ	4D6+12	26	
POW	2D6+3	10	
DEX	2D6	7	
Move 6 walking or swimming, 3 burrowing			HP 22



VOONITH

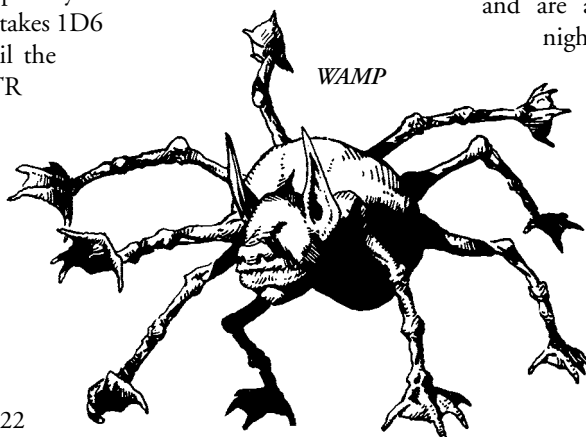
Lesser Independent Race

... I heard a diabolic chuckle on the hillside above me. The sound began with a sharp abruptness that startled me beyond all reason, and continued mirthlessly, never varying its single note, like the mirth of an idiotic demon . . . The chuckle grew louder, but for awhile I could see nothing. At last I caught a whitish glimmer in the darkness; then, with all the rapidity of a nightmare, a monstrous Thing emerged. It had a pale, hairless, egg-shaped body, large as that of a gravid she-goat; and this body was mounted on nine long, wavering legs with many flanges, like the legs of some enormous spider. The creature ran past me to the water's edge; and I saw that there were no eyes in its oddly sloping face; but two knife-like ears rose high above its head, and a thin, wrinkled snout hung down across its mouth, whose flabby lips, parted in that eternal chuckle, revealed rows of bats' teeth.

—Clark Ashton Smith,
"The Abominations of Yondo"

Though the quotation does not draw attention to the fact, wamps have webbed feet, and the outer ends of their legs are splashed with scarlet, causing the creatures to appear as though they had just waded through puddles of gore.

Wamps breed in dead cities. They are drawn to foulness and decay and feed mainly on carrion and unspeakable waste. Wamps normally are solitary, though they sometimes band together. They hunt with smell and hearing and are active in the darkest nights.



WAMP

The bite of a wamp is contaminated. Anyone so unfortunate as to be bitten must receive a roll of CON x5 or less on 1D100 or be infected with a loathsome disease.



The exact nature of the disease is up to the keeper, but it should always be dangerous and often disfiguring. Possible diseases include fungus infection of the wound site, typhoid fever, leprosy, the bubonic plague, and possibly even Poe's red death. The Medicine skill may help the sufferer, at the discretion of the keeper.

WAMPS

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	5D6	17-18
CON	3D6+20	30-31
SIZ	5D6	17-18
INT	2D6+3	10
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6+6	13
Move	9	HP 24

Avg. Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Bite 40%, damage 1D6+db+infection

Armor: 2-points of flabby skin.

Skills: Smell Prey 60%.

Sanity Loss: it costs 0/1D8 SAN to see a wamp.

Habitat: ruins, graveyards, and sites of corruption.



THE WATCHERS

THE WATCHERS IN THE WASTES, Mountain Guardians

STR 120	CON 100	SIZ 300	INT n/a	POW 40
DEX 15	Move 36 stride			HP 200

Avg. Damage Bonus: +25D6.

Weapons: Paw 50%, damage 1D6+db

Maw 30%, damage swallowed whole

Armor: 30-point stone skin

Spells: none

Sanity Loss: 1D4/1D20 to see the Watchers move.

Habitat: The Cold Wastes (The North).

The Watchers in the Wastes

Unique Greater Servitors

All in a great half circle they squatted, those dog-like mountains carved into monstrous watching statues, and their right hands were raised in menace against mankind.

—H. P. Lovecraft, *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*

These gigantic creatures appear to be huge mountains carved into the shape of great statuettes. They have hyena-like bodies and twin heads which are capped with tall miter-like headgear. Placed north of Inquanok by the Other Gods to guard the way to Kadath, they squat silently in the desert wastes and ward against any who would pass beyond them.

Huge colonies of shantaks make their homes on these creatures and are the first to rise against any who dare to enter this domain. It is only for those who somehow elude the shantaks that these mighty guardians come alive. They tower into the sky, but they make no sound when they move. They have no voices, and they are unable to change expression from that look of grim menace they eternally bear. Those who the Watchers catch are crushed beneath their titanic paws or swallowed whole by their gaping jaws. There are six of these great statues, and they are identical.

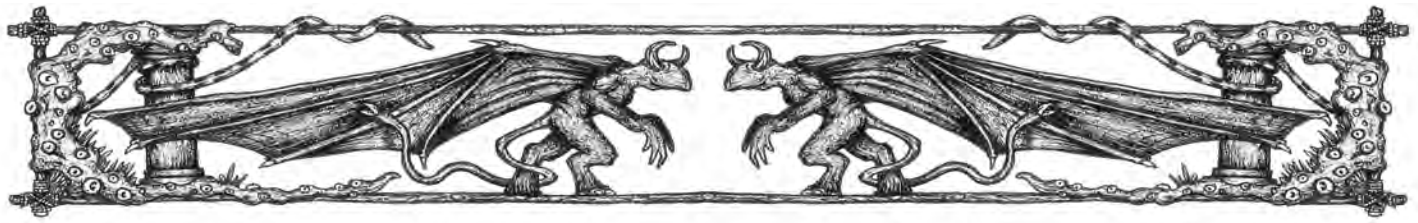
Wenelians

Lesser Independent Race

That it was no native of Mnar was certain. In the sickly green glow, it appeared all the more bizarre, its boneless tubular body pulsating in the verdant light. The fishermen began to panic, screaming that the monsters from the moon had come down to the earth. However, it was not a moon-beast, but rather something much worse

—*The Brick Cylinders of Kadatheron*

Wenelians are bizarre beings who sometimes visit the Dreamlands. They float on the air, writhing their way along. Their bodies are bloated and sausage-like, but beautifully patterned in subtle shades of golden yellow, mouse-gray, ocher, and emerald. At one end of their limacine bodies is a wrinkled tubular proboscis. Just above the proboscis sprouts a pair of fin-like appendages somewhat reminiscent of ears and just behind these a pair of long stalks wave, tipped with shiny black globes—evidently eyes. A wenelian can



Winged Snakes

Fabulous Creatures

These creatures appear much as the winged serpents of Aztec legend—large viper-like snakes with feathered wings. The winged snakes mainly inhabit the jungles of the central Dreamlands and rarely stray from their habitats of their own accord. They are somewhat intelligent and can understand simple commands, but have no spoken language of their own. Their fangs are capable of injecting a strong poison which they use to kill their prey. Victims of a bite from these creatures must roll their CON vs the POT 15 poison on the Resistance Table or take 3D6 hit points of damage. Even a successful roll on the Resistance Table will result in the loss of 1D6 hit points.



WANELIAN PIRATE

extend or contract its boneless body an appreciable amount.

The wanelians are pirate-things from the planet of Yundu—they fly through Dream space riding horrible green gliding things and raid other worlds aplenty.

In combat, the wanelians emit a grainy blue-black vapor which clogs the eyes and ears of their prey. This vapor fills an area ten yards in diameter, and all skills requiring the use of the senses are reduced by half when inside. They can also fire tiny calcite darts from their proboscises, once per round at a range of up to twenty yards. Neither the darts nor the vapor are poisonous.

WANELIANS, Dream Pirate-Things

characteristics	rolls	average
STR	2D6	7
CON	4D6	14
SIZ	3D6	10-11
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
Move 6 floating through air		HP 13

Avg. Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Darts 35%, damage 1D8
Vapor 100%, damage special

Armor: none.

Spells: wanelians know 1D4 spells if their INT or less is rolled on 1D100.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points for seeing a wanelian.

Habitat: Yundu (Worlds Beyond).



WINGED SNAKE

WINGED SNAKES, Venomous Jungle-dwellers

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	3D6	10-11
CON	2D6+6	13
SIZ	5D6	17-18
INT	1D6	3-4
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6+6	13
Move 6/12 flying		HP 16

Avg. Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Bite 50%, damage POT 15 poison

Armor: none.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: there is no Sanity loss for viewing a winged snake.

Habitat: Jungles of moderate climate.

Witch Trees

Fabulous Creatures.

This name applies to several different varieties of tree which inhabit the forests and jungles of the Dreamlands. They all share one common feature: they have mobile boughs and branches. Witch trees will use



their mobility to scare off predators. They may also throw small objects such as rocks or sticks at predators, or hit them with their branches. If the predator is small enough (like a razortongue or a zoog), a witch tree will simply pluck it off of its branches and toss it away. Some forms of these trees have been reported to be able to uproot themselves and move from one place to another, but these are very rare.

WITCH TREES, Animate Foliage

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	3D6x2	21
CON	5D6	17-18
SIZ	7D6	24-25
INT	1D6	3-4
POW	2D6	7
DEX	2D6	7
Move 5% can walk 2		HP 21

Avg. Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Branch 40%, damage 1D10+db

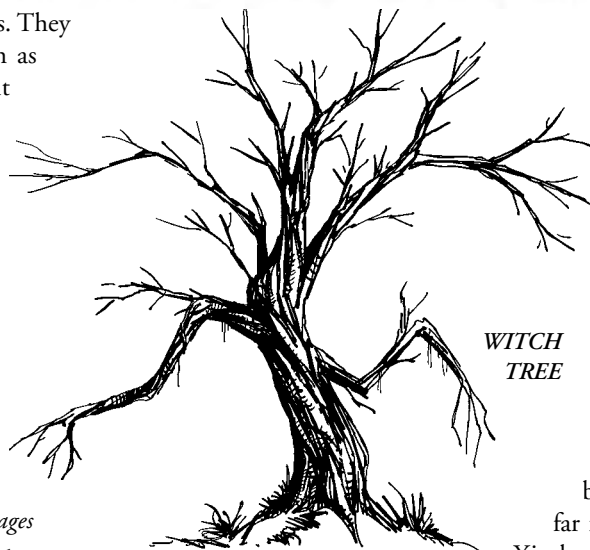
Rock (or other small thrown object) 30%, damage 1D4+1/2db

Armor: 2-point bark.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 0/1 Sanity points to see an animate witch tree.

Habitat: Forests and jungles.



WITCH TREE

Xiurhn is at once the servitor and prisoner of the Night. His form is somewhat amorphous and mutable, but he vaguely resembles a toad or squid. He is kept in a large stone tower in the Vale-Which-Is-The-Night in fabled Mhor. Here he stands guard over The Dark Jewel of Immeasurable Worth.

The Jewel is the property of the Night, and serves as a focus for the Outer Gods to take form in the Dreamlands. Xiurhn's soul is bound into the Gem, so he never strays far from it and always knows where it is.

Xiurhn never leaves his home. He can always be found high in his tower muttering strange dreams to himself as he watches over the Dark Jewel.

XIURHN, Guardian of the Dark Jewel

STR 17	CON 18	SIZ 25	INT 17	POW 24
DEX 20	Move 9	HP 22		

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Tentacle* 50%, damage (1D6+2D6)x2

*2D6 of them may attack each round

Spells: All Contact spells for the Outer Gods and Nyarlathotep, plus 1D20 other spells of the keeper's choice.

Armor: none, but no physical weapon can harm him; spells and magical weapons do normal damage; regenerates 5 hit points per round until dead.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D10 Sanity points to see Xiurhn.

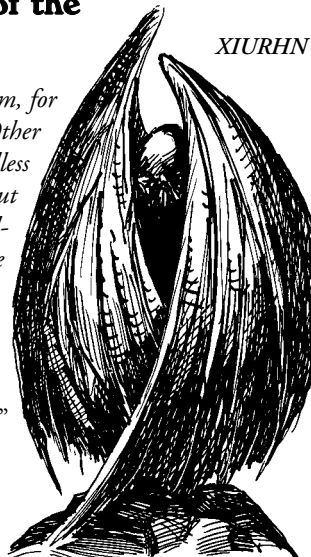
Habitat: Mhor (The East).

Xiurhn

Greater Servitor of the Night

As no other in the World is this gem, for it was made by the craft of the Other Gods as supplication to the mindless daemon sultan Azathoth, and cut in a semblance of some droll blending of sloth and vampire bat whose pulpy, sinister head is shyly concealed behind its folded wings . . . and the noxious soul of Xiurhn haunts the Dark Jewel.

—Gary Myers, "Xiurhn"



XIURHN

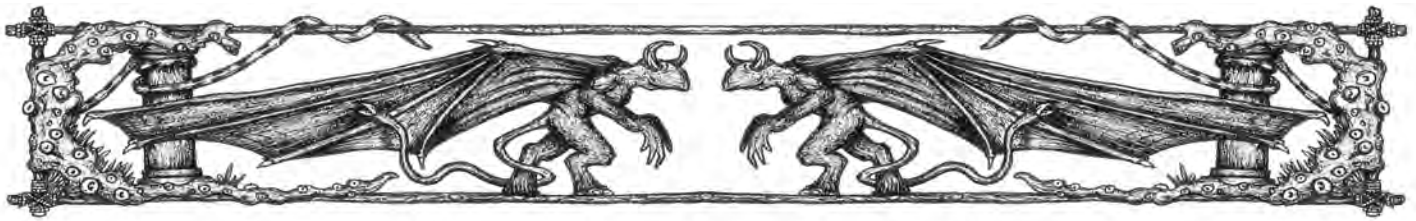
Yaks

Animals

Yaks are shaggy distant cousins to domesticated cattle; smaller than oxen but are still good-sized—up to six feet high at the shoulder hump. Yaks inhabit only cold lands and high mountains and are nimble for their size. They are domesticated in the cold northern territories of the Dreamlands.

YAKS, Shaggy Quadrupeds

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	3D6+24	34-35
CON	3D6+6	16-17
SIZ	3D6+24	34-35
POW	2D6	7
DEX	3D6	10-11
Move 10		HP 25



Avg. Damage Bonus: +3D6.

Weapons: Charge 35%, damage 1D10+db

Trample 75%, damage 3D6+db to downed foe only

Armor: 5-point shaggy hair and tough hide.

Skills: Climb 50%, Listen 25%, Smell Intruder 25%.

Sanity Loss: it costs no Sanity points to see a yak.

Habitat: Plains and hills, particularly in the North.

Yath-Lhi

Vampiric Greater Servitor

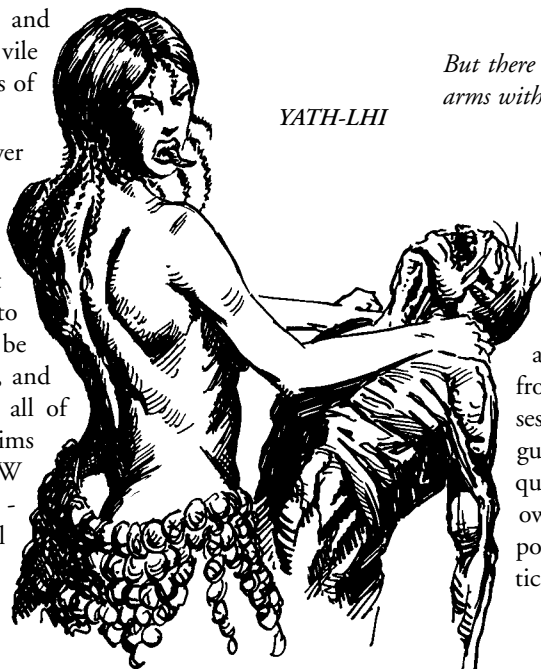
Yath-Lhi proud and regal, her black hair braided and falling to her shoulders, dressed only in ropes of gold-painted cowries at her loins . . . in the flickering torch light it seemed that at any moment [her] eyes might pop open or [her] blackened tongue wriggle forth from stony lips.

—Brian Lumley, “A-mazed in Oriab”

Yath-Lhi was once a mighty ruler in Tyrhchia, during the ancient dawn of the Dreamlands. She was a cruel ruler whose greed knew no limits. She was also a powerful sorceress with a keen interest in vampires. When her plundering armies returned with a great ruby which served as the prison for the Fly-the-Light, a manifestation of Nyarlathotep, she struck a deal with the Fly-the-Light, mightiest of all vampiric creatures, to become a vampire herself.

Following Nyarlathotep’s instructions she and six of her personal guards were sealed away into a hidden tomb. There, they wait for the day when someone will discover their resting place, so they can walk forth into the Dreamlands again and spread the curse of their vile forms across all the lands of dream.

Yath-Lhi has the power to dominate the minds of all who are within 100 yards of her. This costs her 1 magic point per victim she attempts to control. She need not be able to see such victims, and she communicates with all of them telepathically. Victims must compare their POW against hers on the Resistance Table or fall under her control. Those who are dominated will do anything



YATH-LHI

she commands. Very loud noises or sharp blows to the head will awaken those who have been dominated.

Yath-Lhi feeds on the POW of her victims. To do so she must touch her prey with her fingers. If she succeeds in a POW vs. POW roll on the Resistance Table, she drains 1D10 POW from the victim, eventually leaving behind a lifeless husk of skin and bones. She adds the drained POW to her own magic point total. Yath-Lhi may use her magic points to cast spells, or she may regenerate lost hit points at the cost of 1 magic point per hit point.

YATH-LHI, Vampiric Servitor of Nyarlathotep

STR 20 CON 18 SIZ 17 INT 15 POW 18

DEX 13 Move 6 HP 18

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Dominate 100%, POW vs POW to gain complete control of victim

POW Drain 100%, damage drain 1D10 POW

Armor: 2-point skin. Impaling weapons do minimum rolled damage.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 50%, Dream Lore 90%, Sneak 50%.

Spells: Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep, all other non-Contact Deity spells from the Dreamlands.

Sanity Loss: It costs 1/1D8 Sanity points to see Yath-Lhi.

Habitat: Ruins of Tyrhchia (Oriab Island).

Yath-Lhi’s Guardsmen

Vampiric Lesser Servitors

But there they stood, black and wrinkled as prunes, the men-at-arms with their belts and kirtles and swords of bronze.

—Brain Lumley, “A-mazed in Oriab”

When Yath-Lhi embarked upon her journey into vampirism, she brought six of her personal guards with her. These guards will act to defend Yath-Lhi without regard for themselves. They will fight as long as they are able. They are capable of draining the life force from victims just as Yath-Lhi can, but they do not possess her ability to dominate their victims. Yath-Lhi’s guards may only use their magic points to aid their queen in the casting of a spell, or to regenerate their own hit points at the rate of 1 magic point per hit point. For game purposes, all six of the guards are identical.



**YATH-LHI'S
GUARDSMEN**



YATH-LHI'S GUARDSMEN, Loyal Retainers

STR 22 CON 21 SIZ 16 INT 13 POW 14
DEX 15 Move 6 HP 19

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: POW Drain 99%, damage drain 1D10 POW
Sword 75%, damage 1D8+1+db

Armor: 2-point skin plus 2-point armor. Impaling weapons
always do minimum damage.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see one of Yath Lhi's
guardsmen.

Habitat: Ruins of Tyrhhia (Oriab Island).

'Ygirothians

Lesser Servitor Race

Those sturdy tribesmen had instinctively disliked the men of Ygiroth, finding them a little too short, a little too hairy, and a little too silent as they crept through the forests.

—W. C. DeBill, Jr., "In 'Ygiroth"

The men of 'Ygiroth were a primitive, degenerate race. Possibly dream projections of Neanderthal men, these men did not even know how to use fire or to make spears until taught by their god, the Thing in the Yellow Mask. In return for these boons they built the stone city of 'Ygiroth to venerate this being. They practiced human sacrifice in their rites until the armies of the Skai River Valley came to annihilate them. The 'Ygirothians tried to summon their god to aid them, but instead summoned something

which drove them forth onto the spears of their attackers. All the members of this race are now thought to be dead, but some may have survived.

'YGIROTHIANS, Degenerate Primitives

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	3D6+1	11-12
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+2	9
INT	2D6+2	9
POW	2D6	7
DEX	4D6	14
Move 9		HP 10

Avg. Damage Bonus: +0.

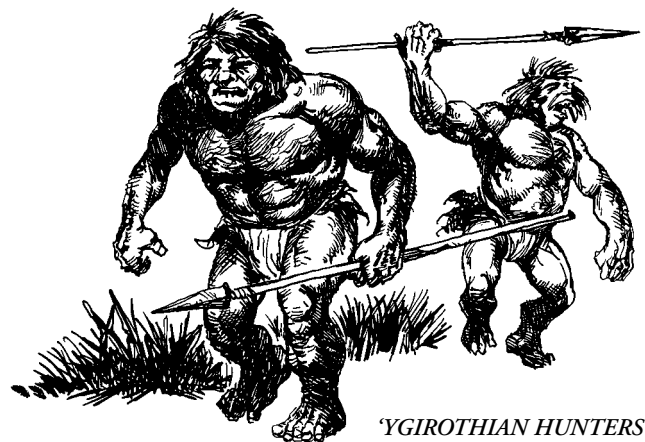
Weapons: Spear 65%, damage 1D8+1+db
Thrown Spear 45%, damage 1D8+1+1/2db

Armor: none.

Skills: Hide 40%, Jump 40%, Listen 50%, Ride (Kyresh) 30%,
Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 40%, Throw 45%, Track 40%,
'Ygirothian 70%.

Spells: a 'Ygirothian with a POW of 12 is considered to be a
shaman and knows Contact The Thing in the Yellow Mask (D),
and 1d2 other spells from the Dreamlands.

Habitat: 'Ygiroth (The West).



'YGIROTHIAN HUNTERS

Zebras

Animals

Zebras are very similar to horses, though smaller, quicker, and much more beautifully patterned. The domestic zebras of the Dreamlands are only suited to lowlands, not high or cold mountains. A zebra may attack once in a round.



ZEBRAS, Patterned Equines

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	3D6+18	28-29
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	3D6+18	28-29
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6+6	13
Move 20		HP 20

Avg. Damage Bonus: +3D6.

Weapons: Bite 40%, damage 1D10

Kick 25%, damage 1D8+db

Rear & Plunge 15%, damage 2D8+db

Trample 75%, damage 3D6+db to downed foes only

Armor: 2-point hide.

Skills: Jump 50%, Smell Intruder 25%.

Sanity Loss: it costs no Sanity points to see a zebra.

Habitat: Plains, particularly in the West.

ZOOGS, Curious Carnivores

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	1D6	3-4
CON	2D6	7
SIZ	1D3	2
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	4D6+6	20
Move 8		HP 5

Avg. Damage Bonus: -1D6.

Weapons: Bite 30%, damage 1D4-db

Knife 25%, damage 1D6-db

Dart 20%, damage 1D6-1/2db

Armor: none.

Skills: Climb 60%, Dodge 50%, Dream Lore 75%, Hide 70%, Sneak 70%, Track 50%.

Spells: with POW 14+ it knows at least 1D4 Dreamlands spells.

Sanity Loss: a zoog causes 0/1D3 Sanity loss when viewed.

Habitat: Enchanted Woods (The West).

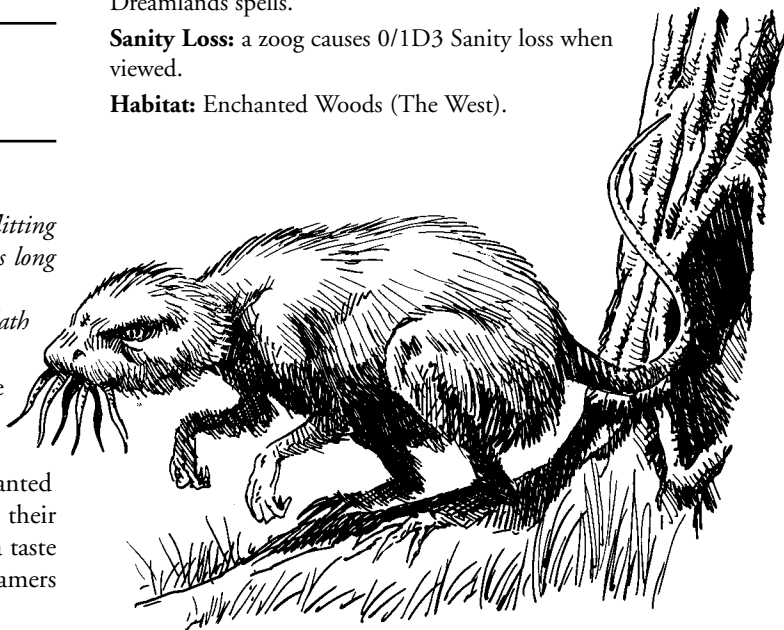
Zoogs

Lesser Independent Race

Over the nearer parts of the dream world they pass freely, flitting small and brown and unseen... one can see their weird eyes long before one can discern their small, slippery brown outlines.

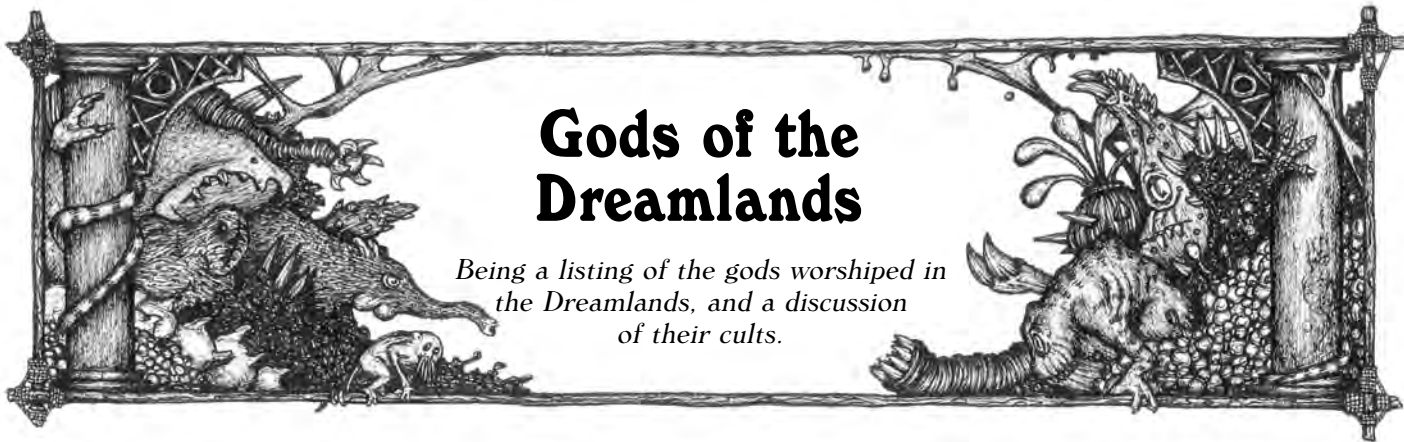
—H.P. Lovecraft, *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*

Zoogs are small and brown, with a rodent-like body outline. Small tentacles dangle from their snouts, concealing their small sharp teeth. Zoogs live in burrows and tree-trunks in the Enchanted Wood. There are several prominent zoog villages in their domain. Though they live mostly on fungi, zoogs have a taste for either spiritual or physical meat as well, for many dreamers have entered their wood and failed to return.



AN INTREPID ZOOG





Gods of the Dreamlands

Being a listing of the gods worshiped in the Dreamlands, and a discussion of their cults.

In the fantastical realm of dreams, the powerful beings who we call gods are widely accepted and regularly invoked by all manner of people. Worship of the darkest gods is still restricted to cultists who are either hidden or in far-away places, but respect is paid to the more kindly deities as a regular part of the everyday life of the average Dreamlands citizen. There are several different classifications of gods within the Dreamlands.

ELDER GODS: The Dreamlands seems to be a particular haven for the Elder Gods. Bast, Hypnos, N'tse-Kaabl, and Nodens all have large numbers of worshipers in the Dreamlands. Whether they find the realm more amiable, or have some more sinister reason is unknown.

GREAT OLD ONES: Just as in the Waking World, many of the Great Old Ones are imprisoned within the Dreamlands. Mnomquah is trapped within the moon, and Oorn is imprisoned in the ruins of Sarkomand. Great Old Ones from the Waking World may enter the Dreamlands either physically or through an avatar. Even if these beings do not play a large role in the Dreamlands, their minions may lurk. Formless spawn ooze through the cracks in the Underworld, and the Tcho-Tcho people know the ways through Leng into the Dreamlands. Certainly, those minions which are capable of dreaming—Tcho-Tcho people and deep ones for certain—are able to enter the Dreamlands to work the wills of their masters while asleep. They have their own forms of Dream-gates, as Nasht and Kaman-Thah would not allow such creatures to pass.

GREAT ONES: These entities are also called the Elder Ones, the gods of Earth, and the Greater Dreamlands Deities. They are the gods who rule Earth's Dreamlands, and are protected by the dread Outer Gods. They are generally of a specific racial aspect—a stern and terrible visage, with long narrow eyes, long-lobed ears, thin noses, and pointed chins. Great Ones can walk through the air as easily as on the ground and can travel between the dimensions at need. Once the Great Ones dwelled atop the highest mountains of the Dreamlands, but now they have all fled to Unknown Kadath. Sometimes though, they still visit their old homes.

LESSER DREAMLANDS DEITIES: The Dreamlands are filled with a plethora of minor gods. They do not belong to any of the greater pantheons, and are separate unto themselves. Many of these gods, like the god Oukranos, have dominion only over a specific small region of the Dreamlands. Others, like Yop, are personal gods to specific individuals. Their pow-

ers are limited to affecting only those regions or people over which they watch. Examples of two such deities are provided below, but the keeper should feel free to invent as many of these lesser gods as needed to suit the campaign.

OTHER GODS: This is a nebulous term that is most frequently meant to be synonymous with the Outer Gods. Sometimes it may also refer to the Lesser Other Gods, those nameless entities dance in the daemon-sultan's court.

OUTER GODS: Since they lie outside our universe, the Outer Gods are just as close to the Dreamlands as to the Waking World. Perhaps they are even closer, for they are an important force within the lands of dreams. For reasons of their own, the Outer Gods protect the Great Ones. Their mind and soul, Nyarlathotep, is particularly active in this regard. The men of Leng and the moonbeasts serve the Outer Gods solely in the hope of gaining his favors. The gugs once tried to worship the Outer Gods too, but this displeased the Great Ones, and the gugs were forever after banished to the Underworld.

Abthoth

Outer God

Some time after the fall of Hyperborea, Abthoth became a creature of dreams. He currently resides in the Pit of Unknown Things, deep below the Grey Barrier Peaks. For full information on Abthoth, see *Call of Cthulhu*.

Ariel

Great One

There appeared before us a beam of light shot as a bolt from the heavens above. Subtly its shape altered and there stood before us a most radiant being . . . So brilliant was the visage of the creature before us, that we had to divert our stare to ward off the blinding effect it cast . . . the well modulated voice with which it spoke was velvety and hypnotic.

—Arthur W. L. Breach, “Return of the White Ship”

Ariel appears as a human figure, but its exact form may vary as the truth can be both beautiful and terrible. Its figure radiates a brilliant white light, the



light of truth, from which almost all beings must avert their eyes. Only those who have never lied, hidden, or turned away from the truth may look upon Ariel's form unharmed.

CULT: Ariel is not worshiped widely in the Dreamlands, for few enjoy the pure truth. He does have small shrines in Ulthar and Inquanok, where all the Great Ones are worshiped, and he is remembered in the prayers of the priests of Celephaïs. His priests are generally wanderers who travel from place to place spreading the truth. His followers enjoy special status as message-bearers for royalty, for they cannot lie. As fewer and fewer men appreciate the truth, his power is slowly fading.

CHARACTERISTICS: Ariel is the embodiment of truth. He can speak only what is true, and will always do so. He always knows when someone is lying to him and will severely punish those who try to do so. Those who attempt to lie to Ariel will find themselves bathed in the light of truth which will cause them to change form to become that which they truly are. For example, a man who is cruel to everyone he meets might be transformed into a hideous monster. Statistics and skills will also change to suit the new form. Such a transformation will cause the victim to lose 1D8 SAN as he is faced with the truth about himself. Those who truly believe what they are saying to be the truth will not be detected as liars.

Ariel is also capable of seeing through any illusion or disguise to the true form which lies beneath. With a wave of his hand he is capable of eliminating such veils which hide the truth from the light of day.

Ariel is sometimes the messenger of the Great Ones, bearing the pronouncements of the gods to mankind. Ariel rarely appears before man, preferring instead to wait for people to

seek him out. He can be found at the end of any arduous journey which seeks to uncover that which is hidden.

ARIEL, The Truth Bearer

STR 20 CON 30 SIZ 12 INT 75 POW 60
DEX 20 APP varies Move 12 HP 21

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: The Light of Truth 100%, damage special

Armor: can invoke divine sanctity at will, for 10-point armor.

Spells: Knows all Contact Deity spells for fellow Great Ones and Nyarlathotep. Automatically sees through and dispels any illusion or disguise.

Sanity Loss: usually none, but this will vary depending on the form which Ariel takes.

Atlach-Nacha

Great Old One

Atlach-Nacha lies not in the land of dreams, but very near to it. For millennia she has worked to spin her web between the Waking World and the Dreamlands. This bridge has not yet been completed, but its end is dangerously near. When Atlach-Nacha finally sets foot in the Dreamlands, and her web is finished at last, all the nightmares of the unconscious shall swarm forth onto Earth. See *Call of Cthulhu* for more information on Atlach-Nacha.

Azathoth

Outer God

Azathoth's demon court is held just outside the known universe, and is all-too-accessible from the Dreamlands. Three dreamers have been there in recent memory, though only one returned alive and sane. For a full description of Azathoth, see the *Call of Cthulhu* rules.

Bast

Elder God

Although Bast's cult has nearly disappeared in our world, in the Dreamlands she is still worshiped by many. The cats of Earth's Dreamlands are her particular followers, but the denizens of Ulthar and other towns may occasionally pay their respect to her as well. The cats of Saturn and Uranus do not worship Bast. It is believed that they have their own, darker, gods. For a full description of Bast, see the *Call of Cthulhu* rules.



ARIEL

G.



Bokrug

Great Old One

Bokrug is one of the few Great Old Ones native to the Dreamlands. At one time its only worshipers were the flabby deep-one-like beings from Ib who were destroyed by the humans of Sarnath. Bokrug now gets propitiatory worship from the folk of Ilarneq, who correctly credit Bokrug with the destruction of Sarnath. This worship has effectively pacified Bokrug. See *Call of Cthulhu*. If ever encountered, 1D100 ghost-beings of Ib accompany Bokrug.

have no impression of movement other than any they may already be engaged in, such as walking. When the fog lifts they will simply be in another place.

THE CRAWLING MIST, Sickly Cloud

STR n/a CON n/a SIZ varies INT 86 POW 100

DEX 19 APP n/a Move 18 floating HP 30

Damage Bonus: n/a.

Weapons: none, but may cast spells as normal.

Armor: none, but if reduced to 0 hit points the mists will coalesce into another one of his more monstrous forms and fly screaming into space.

Sanity Loss: in this form, 0/1D3 Sanity points to see Nyarlathotep.

Crawling Mist

Avatar of Nyarlathotep

The Crawling Chaos dissolved into dank mist which writhed away into the crevices of the west-leading tunnel and was gone.

—Brian Lumley, *Elysia*



THE CRAWLING MIST

This form of Nyarlathotep appears as a sickly-colored fog which springs up without warning. The fog moves in whatever direction it desires, even against the most powerful of winds. The fog's swirling clouds are so thick that anyone enveloped by them will be unable to see more than a few feet in any direction.

CULT: The Crawling Mist has no organized cult within the Dreamlands.

CHARACTERISTICS: In this form, Nyarlathotep may transport those whom he envelops over great distances in a very short time. Persons who are transported in this fashion will

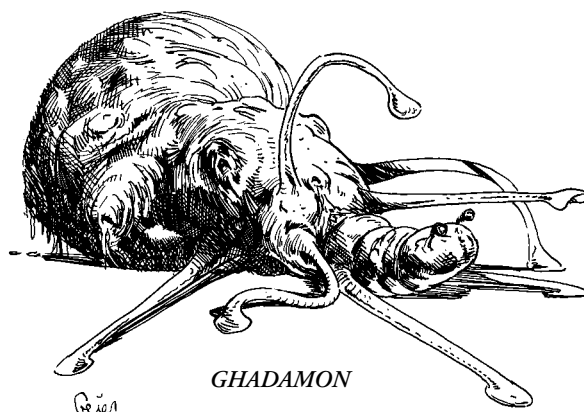
Ghadamon

Great Old One

The thing had been spawned on the flesh of human brains and secreted beneath a great lake in a fearsome world of darkness where it would lie for eternal ages, feeding, growing, and waiting.

—Eibon the Wizard, *The Book of Eibon*

Ghadamon is a larval Great Old One composed mostly of a bluish-brown mucoidal substance. It moves about on land with difficulty, dragging itself along by means of sticky, stringy pseudopods which it shoots out from its mass and attaches to surrounding objects. Ghadamon is covered with pustules that develop, quickly swell, then burst to emit noxious gas or to ooze foul slime which is often quickly sucked up by a nearby orifice. Several malformed head-like objects float within Ghadamon's body, occasionally surfacing to peer out. Ghadamon, like Bokrug, is one of the few Great Old Ones to live in the Dreamlands. There it haunts the Sterile Lake in the Underworld, waiting until the time is ripe to travel to the Waking World.



GHADAMON



CULT: The larval Great Old One has no followers and was originally created by the alien science of the fungi from Yuggoth for an unknown reason.

CHARACTERISTICS: Ghadamon has spent eons dreaming. Unless attacked, Ghadamon offers no direct threat. Only if it is attacked does the Great Old One begin killing.

If Ghadamon does attack, it can send out 1D10 pseudopod strings each round. These adhere to anyone struck. The following round, Ghadamon pulls the victim to its multiple floating heads. The victim can tear loose from the pseudopod strings if he can overcome the adhesive's STR of 10 with his own STR. If more than a single string afflicts him, their total STR is added together, and all must be defeated in a single resistance roll. Two strings have a STR of 20, for example.

Once a victim has been pulled to Ghadamon, 1D6 heads attack each round, biting for 1D3 points of damage each. The heads can only reach victims that are actually touching Ghadamon.

GHADAMON, Larval Great Old One

STR 45 CON 41 SIZ 35 INT 20 POW 40
DEX 18 Move 2/6 swimming HP 38

Damage Bonus: N/A.

Weapons: Pseudopod Strings 55%, damage adheres to victim. Bite 100%, damage 1D3 per head.

Armor: none, but all weapons do minimum possible damage to Ghadamon. Ghadamon can regenerate five points of damage per round. Its slimy surface protects it from most heat or fire damage, and only the most intense or prolonged heat harms Ghadamon.

Spells: Contact Minion of Ghadamon (D), and others as the keeper desires.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D20 Sanity points to see Ghadamon.

Hagarg Ryonis

Great One

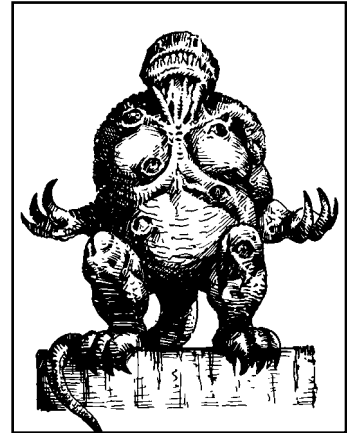
Great Ones ordinarily have human form. Not Hagarg Ryonis. Made of black horny plates and with six glowing eyes spaced irregularly over her body, she is about the size of a horse.

—Petersen, *Field Guide to Creatures of the Dreamlands*

Hagarg Ryonis doubtless resembles her fellow Great Ones, and like them is comely and human-like. However, her statues always show her in the form of the Lier-in-Wait, a loathsome reptilian creature with black, horny scales. In that form she has six glowing greenish eyes spaced irregularly over her body. Her teeth and talons are made of razor-sharp obsidian.

CULT: Hagarg Ryonis is rarely worshiped by Dreamlands inhabitants except in pleas to avoid her notice. On the rare occasions that impiety or depravity becomes so rampant as to disturb the Great Ones' sensibilities, Hagarg Ryonis is sent to slay and slay until the people have repented. If the Great Ones themselves are threatened (rather than just their sensibilities), Nyarlathotep usually arrives to protect them.

CHARACTERISTICS: when sent forth, Hagarg prowls the land in the form of the Lier-in-Wait. She prefers to strike from ambush (hence her title). She can shrink her size at will, down to the size of a house-cat or even an insect, to sneak through cracks or to escape notice.



When attacking, she strikes with both foreclaws and her bite simultaneously. Her claws inject an unusual venom. If her victim fails to resist against the venom's potency of 12, he or she falls into a deep sleep for 1D6 hours. Otherwise the target becomes nauseous, and loses 10% from all physical skills for the next 1D6 hours. If a victim is clawed more than once, any nausea losses are cumulative, and time spent asleep or nauseous is cumulative.

HAGARG RYONIS, Lier-in-Wait

STR 35 CON 32 SIZ 33 INT 15 POW 20
DEX 35 Move 15 HP 33

Damage Bonus: +3D6.

Weapons: Claw (x2) 90%, damage 1D4+3D6+venom
Bite 70%, damage 1D8+3D6

Armor: 10-points of horny scale.

Spells: all Contact Deity spells for fellow Great Ones plus Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep.

Sanity Loss: seeing Hagarg Ryonis as Lier-in-Wait costs 1/1D10 Sanity.

Hypnos

Elder God

Hypnos is the god of sleep. His nature is tied to the sleep-boundary between the Waking World and the Dreamlands. He has had no cult since ancient times. Certain mysterious non-human entities living in the Dreamlands worship him and can call upon him without themselves being transformed.

When a human overreaches himself within Hypnos' dominion, or otherwise attracts Hypnos' attention, the Elder God generally reacts by sending down a shaft of light from the



sky one dark night. The victim's soul (and often his body as well) is drawn up that shaft, writhing and screaming. As he rises, imprisoned within the beam of light, the hapless victim is gradually transformed into a form more suitable for Hypnos' unguessable purposes.

Hypnos must wait until his victim is asleep before he can attack, since only sleepers are partly in the Waking World and partly in the land of dream. He cannot attack a person who is wholly within the Waking World or one who is wholly within the Dreamlands (such as King Kuranos). Dreamers in the Dreamlands are especially vulnerable, since if they were to encounter Hypnos, they could be transformed or pulled into the sky at the Elder God's will. See *Call of Cthulhu* for a full description of Hypnos.

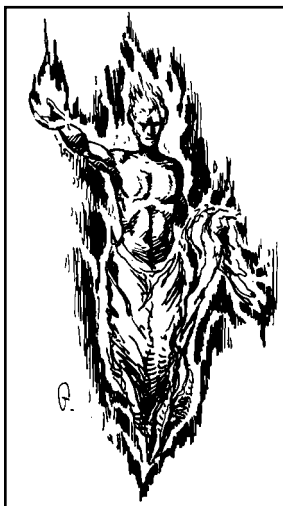
Karakal

Great One

Karakal, portrayed encircled by flames, can start fires at will and is lord of the entities known as the Minions of Karakal.

—Petersen, *Field Guide to Creatures of the Dreamlands*

Karakal's images portray a handsome smiling man, nude from the waist up and encircled by blazing flames. Karakal rarely leaves his sacred Hall of the Flowing Stones in distant Kadath.



CULT: Karakal is the Dreamland's fire god. The Minions of Karakal, commonly summoned by wizards, are his creatures. Karakal is often worshiped by wizards. People who live in the shadows of volcanos have also been known to pay Karakal special homage. Karakal's temples keep an eternal flame burning. The priests intently watch the flickering of the flame, and claim to thus be able to discern Karakal's will.

CHARACTERISTICS: On the rare occasion he leaves Kadath, he always travels incognito, though a clever observer might guess the god's presence upon, say, seeing an old tinker start a camp fire with the touch of a finger. Karakal can emit a burst of flame from his hand by expending 1 magic point. Each such flame burst not only causes damage, but sets the clothing and hair of the target on fire. He can also create immobile walls of fire which last for hours by spending 1 magic point per ten yards of wall. Anyone passing through one of Karakal's fire barriers takes 2D6 damage.

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KARAKAL, Master of the Flames

STR 35 CON 50 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 30
DEX 15 APP 16 Move 15 HP 33

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Flame Burst 90%, damage 3D6+sets target afire
Fist 95%, damage 1D3+2D6

Armor: at will, can invoke divine sanctity, for 10-point armor. He is immune to all forms of heat or cold damage.

Spells: can summon a Minion at a cost of 1 magic point. Can always command all Minions present. Karakal knows all Contact Deity spells for fellow Great Ones as well as Contact Deity/Nyarlahotep. In combat, can emit a flame burst from his hand by spending one magic point. Each flame burst not only does damage but also sets the target's clothing and hair on fire. Can create an immobile wall of fire up to 100 yards long which gives 2D6 damage to anyone leaping through it.

Sanity Loss: it costs no Sanity points to see Karakal.

Lesser Other Gods

Outer Gods

These mindless gods who dance in Azathoth's court are of particular interest to denizens of the Dreamlands. They are among those who protect the Great Ones, the feeble gods of Earth. See *Call of Cthulhu*.

Lilith

Great One

It is known that in disguise the younger among the Great Ones often espouse the [children] of men, so that around the borders of the cold waste wherein stands Kadath the peasants must all bear their blood.

—H. P. Lovecraft, *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*

Lilith appears as a woman of ageless and sinister beauty with smooth alabaster skin and billowing jet-black hair. Her eyes are like gleaming coal, her lips are a lusty crimson, and her shape is the most sensuous of all.

CULT: Lilith has never had any form of organized worship. She is instead sought out by sorcerers dabbling in the black arts or by those interested in procreation, fertility, or sex magic.

CHARACTERISTICS: All who are aroused by the female figure fall into an awed stupor in the presence of this Great One.



LILITH

Such victims must resist against Lilith's POW with their own. Those who fail can do little more than stare in amazement at Lilith's beauty. Those who resist Lilith's POW do not fall under her spell. Lilith may command anyone under her power to do her bidding. Such mesmerized victims eagerly obey their mistress. This hypnotic stupor lasts until Lilith has been dispelled or until a successful Psychoanalysis breaks her mental hold.

Lilith has the ability to walk through any form of obstruction such as doors, walls, etc. She often visits sleeping men, seducing them into somnambular intercourse. Victims of Lilith's somnambular seduction are drained of 1D10 magic points and awaken exhausted but remembering nothing of their visitor. The Great One may also watch, unseen, as couples make love during the night. When the lovers have fallen asleep, Lilith steals some of the man's semen. From the semen gathered through seduction or theft Lilith creates monsters and deformed creatures to haunt the night. Lilith's children are the creatures of the night, and as such she has the ability to command any non-Mythos monsters.

Lilith also has the ability to drain 1D10 magic points by kissing a victim and overcoming his or her POW with her own. Lilith uses stolen magic points to replenish her own when she has used them. If the Great One does not need magic points those drained are simply lost. In combat she may rake with her claw-like finger nails.

LILITH, The Queen of the Night

STR 30 CON 53 SIZ 9 INT 20 POW 25
DEX 20 APP 25 Move 10 HP 31

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Finger Nail Claw 85%, damage 1D6+1D6.
Kiss 100%, damage 1D10 magic point drain

Armor: at will, can invoke divine sanctity, which protects her as 10-point armor. Lilith cannot be harmed by any physical attack at night. During daylight hours the Great One may be harmed

normally. Lilith may regenerate a single hit point for each magic point she expends.

Spells: any as desired by the keeper.

Sanity Loss: there is no Sanity Loss for seeing Lilith.

Lobon

Great One

The spear is [Lobon's] personal emblem, but he is no war god.
—Petersen, *Field Guide to Creatures of the Dreamlands*

Lobon is portrayed as a bearded youth, graceful and curly-haired. He dresses in a robe of white samite and is crowned with ivy. The spear is his personal symbol, and his statues always show a spear in his right hand.



CULT: at one time, Lobon and his brothers Tamash and Zo-Kalar were worshiped widely. With the destruction of Sarnath, his cult has dwindled.

CHARACTERISTICS: Lobon dislikes conflict. When faced with danger to himself or present followers, he tries to retreat to another dimension, taking anyone loyal to him along. He will only fight if faced by some creature capable of following him through the dimensions. Lobon fights by emitting beams of clear yellow light from his hands.

His spear is not a weapon, but an emblem. It is rendered impure and loses all its powers if it is stained by blood or even the ichor of an alien race. It cannot regain its powers until Lobon cleanses it in the great Fountain of Alath-Zann at Kadath. Lobon sometimes temporarily lends his spear to valued servants, sometimes for the length of the servant's life. The spear is an extension of Lobon and, if the god somehow lost his power or were destroyed, the spear would also vanish.

LOBON, Lost Deity of Sarnath

STR 45 CON 48 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 22
DEX 21 APP 21 Move 10 HP 30

Weapon: Light Beam 100%, destroys 3D6 of target's magic points

Armor: none, but the Spear can emit a shimmering glow at the will of the holder which repels damage at a cost of 1 magic point per 3 points of damage.

Spells: the spear can repel damage, as noted above. It can also provide 4 magic points per round to the wielder, which cannot be



saved up. The spear can fly about at the owner's mental direction, and can carry objects or animals up to SIZ 4 when so doing. Lobon can summon any creature native to the Dreamlands and not connected to another deity by expending 1 magic point per SIZ point of the being summoned. He also knows all Contact Spells for the other Great Ones and Contact Nyarlathotep.

Sanity Loss: it costs no Sanity points to see Lobon.

Mnomquah

Great Old One

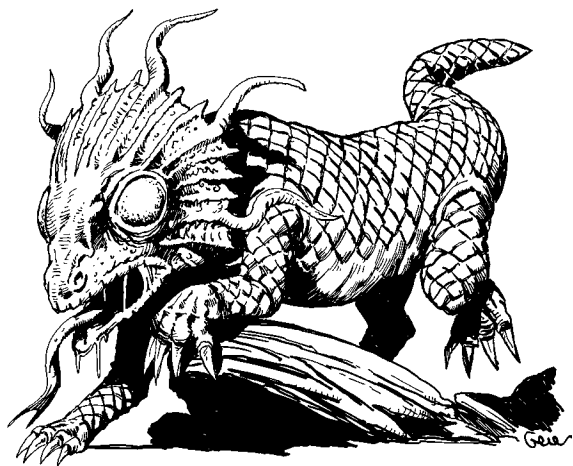
His lizard's head and flabby wattled neck . . . his clawed and webbed forepaws . . . [and] strangely sensitive organs which bulged and pulsed beneath the membrane layer which covered otherwise empty eye-sockets . . .

—Brian Lumley, *Mad Moon of Dreams*

Mnomquah appears as gigantic lizard-like creature similar to a huge dinosaur. He resides in the sub-lunar Lake of Ubboth at the core of the Dreamland's moon.

CULT: Mnomquah is worshiped by the hideous moonbeasts and their slaves from Leng. The cult works toward the day when Mnomquah will be free from his prison and can rejoin his mate, Oorn, who is trapped in the ruins of Sarkomand. The bulk of the cult's hierarchy consists of moonbeasts, but there are some favored few among the Lengites who are allowed to serve as acolytes.

CHARACTERISTICS: Mnomquah was one of the Great Old Ones which came from space with Great Cthulhu eons ago. He created for himself a great underground sanctuary in the Black Lake of Ubboth. When the moon was torn free from the earth's crust, Mnomquah and his home went with it. The Elder Gods



MNOMQUAH

discovered Mnomquah lurking in his sub-lunar hole and sealed him inside.

As far as the Great Old Ones go, Mnomquah is not very powerful and is little more than a gigantic monster. He has a long sticky tongue which can strike out at targets as much as a mile distant, and his maw can consume entire ships.

MNOMQUAH, The Monster within the Moon

STR 100 CON 90 SIZ 200 INT 20 POW 31
DEX 18 MOV 20 stride/18 swim HP 145

Damage Bonus: +18D6.

Weapons: Tongue 80%, grabs target with STR 30 adhesive and pulls back to mouth on next round

Bite 50%*, damage swallowed

Claw or Stomp 75%, damage 1D6+18D6

* 100% if target is already stuck to tongue.

Armor: 10-point skin. For 30 magic points Mnomquah is capable of surrounding himself with a barrier of energy which will make him invulnerable to all physical attacks. This barrier lasts for 1D10 hours.

Spells: Contact Moonbeast, Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep, Contact Deity/Oorn, S/B Shoggoth

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D20 Sanity points to see Mnomquah.

N'tse-Kaamb1

Elder God

Priests . . . came armed with scrolls and holy periapts and chanting of the goddess N'tse-Kaamb1 whose splendor hath shattered worlds.

—Gary Myers, "Yohk the Necromancer"

N'tse-Kaamb1 appears as a beautiful woman dressed in long, flowing robes, wearing a Greek-style helmet and carrying a large shield and spear. Her shield is emblazoned with the Elder Sign.

CULT: N'tse-Kaamb1 is worshiped widely throughout the Dreamlands and has shrines at all the major temples. Her chief worshipers are the yellow-skulled priests of Yuth. These priests are the keepers of a powerful amulet which they anoint in adoration of their goddess. It is said that this amulet is a powerful talisman which will protect those that would profane the things of the Outer Gods.

CHARACTERISTICS: N'tse-Kaamb1 is a powerful goddess who was instrumental in the war against the Great Old Ones. It was she who created the powerful Elder Sign which imprisoned those hideous gods within their tombs. She actively opposes the Great Old Ones and the Other Gods whenever possible. Apart from acting as a normal spear, her weapon is capable of emitting blasts of powerful energy similar to the



Nath-Horthath

Great One

Nath-Horthath, the God of Celephaïs . . . [is] always accompanied by at least one lion.

—Petersen, *Field Guide to Creatures of the Dreamlands*



N'TSE-KAAMBL

Nath-Horthath appears as a jet-black-skinned human with blond hair and pupilless silver eyes. He rides and is always accompanied by a lion. Nath-Horthath wears silver chain mail of delicate design covered by an open robe of azure silk and a golden crown set with black opals.



CULT: Nath-Horthath is the god of Celephaïs, though he has small temples elsewhere in the Dreamlands. Lions are sacred to Nath-Horthath, and may not be harmed by his worshipers except when in peril of life or limb.

CHARACTERISTICS: Nath-Horthath is easily angered, except by his worshipers, toward whom he has supreme patience. He occasionally even bickers with his fellow gods. If he is provoked, he will always stay to fight at least five rounds of combat, even if he is losing badly. He almost always strikes at the foe with the highest POW, leaving lesser enemies to his worshipers or servant lion.

Each round, Nath-Horthath can cast a fist-sized fireball from his hand, at the cost of 1 magic point per 1D10 damage done by the ball. The fireballs always hit at any range, unless the target successfully Dodges.

If Nath-Horthath engages in close combat, he can pluck a silver war hammer out of the air with which to fight. At the conclusion of the fight, the hammer disappears again. This hammer is an enchanted weapon.

NATH-HORTHATH, God of Celephaïs

STR 60 CON 45 SIZ 21 INT 14 POW 20
DEX 24 APP 18 Move 12 HP 33

Damage Bonus: +4D6.

Weapons: Fireball 100%, damage 1D10 per magic point
Hammer 90%, damage 3D6+4D6

Armor: Nath-Horthath's chain mail armor stops 15-points of damage. In addition, it doubles Nath-Horthath's magic points for the purpose of defending against attacking spells only.

spell Shriveling. Each such blast costs her 1 magic point but inflicts damage equal to her current POW. Her shield functions as an Elder Sign and protects anything which is behind it.

N'tse-Kaambl is indifferent toward humanity as a whole. Her only concern is the ultimate defeat of the Outer Gods and the Great Old Ones. She will sometimes aid those who call upon her in their struggles against these foul gods. She will only directly intervene if one of these beings is physically manifest. If the threat is great enough she can rouse her fellow Elder Gods to come and stand with her.

N'TSE-KAAMBL, Shatterer of Worlds

STR 70 CON 45 SIZ 20 INT 70 POW 100
DEX 25 APP 21 Move 12 HP 33

Damage Bonus: +5D6.

Weapon: Spear 100%, damage 4D6+5D6

Armor: 25-points, provided by her shield and helm.

Spells: All Call and Contact Deity spells for both Elder Gods and Great Ones. Elder Sign, Eye of Light and Darkness. Like Nodens, she can heal herself at the rate of 1 hit point per magic point spent.

Sanity Loss: There is no Sanity loss for viewing N'tse-Kaambl.



Spells: Nath-Horthath can cause a dragon to appear by his side for the expenditure of 1 magic point. He knows all Contact spells for other Great Ones, as well as Contact Nyarlathotep.

Sanity Loss: it costs no Sanity points to see Nath-Horthath.

The Night

Outer God

And upon a time Thish led his famished zebra across the barren, stony ridge which is the East's farthest border, and peered down to see the Night lapping evilly below, a sluggish, viscid pool in fabled Mhor.

—Gary Myers, "Xiurhn"

The Night is the personification of that primal fear of night which lurks in all men's souls. It resides in the Vale-Which-Is-The-Night, beyond the easternmost lip of the world. It sends forth its shades each night to chase after the sun as it sinks toward the horizon.

CULT: The Night has no organized worship, but is sometimes invoked by followers of Nyarlathotep.

CHARACTERISTICS: The Night appears as a great pool of darkness which laps gently at the edges of the valley which it inhabits during the day. The pool is actually made up of a great number of the horde of the Night. Each night, when the sun drops below the horizon, the horde rises up from the valley and streams across the Dreamlands to spread the Night's influence abroad.

If enough of the horde should ever gather together in one spot, they will fuse together and the Night will physically manifest itself. In order for this to happen the sum of the POW of members of the horde present must be at least 200. Like its horde, the Night may only manifest itself beyond the confines of its valley after the sun has sunk below the horizon for the duration of the night. The Night is only known to have physically manifested itself in this manner once, when it came to feast upon the souls of the city of Zulan-Thek.

The Night is often associated with Nyarlathotep's form of the Haunter of the Dark. It may be that the Haunter of the Dark is the being spoken of as Fear which came with the Night to destroy Zulan-Thek.

The Night is capable of exuding pseudopods of darkness from itself, which it can use to crush or entangle its victims. Living victims which are grabbed by the Night must match their POW vs. that of the Night on the Resistance Table each round or lose 1D10 POW. Victims reduced to 0 POW are dead.

THE NIGHT, Primal Nightmare

STR 85 CON 50 SIZ 80 INT 25 POW 50
DEX 20 Move 12 floating HP 65

Damage Bonus: +9D6.

Weapons: Tentacle 100%, damage 1D10+9D6 or entrap and grapple*

* *grappled victims may suffer POW drain (see above)*

Armor: none, but if reduced to 0 hit points it breaks apart into the horde of the Night from which it coalesced, and may not reform until the next night.

Spells: all Call and Contact Deity spells for Great Old Ones and Other Gods, Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep, Implant Fear.

Sanity Loss: 1D6/1D20 to see the Night.

Nodens

Elder God

Although he occasionally visits the Earth, hoary Nodens is most powerful in the realm of dreams. There he wields great control over his horde of nightgaunts. Occasionally, he has been known to lend aid to humans facing Nyarlathotep. For a full description of Nodens, see *Call of Cthulhu*.

Nyarlathotep

Outer God

Nyarlathotep is well-known in the Dreamlands, though he is not worshiped by humankind. The moonbeasts and other foul





creatures serve the Outer Gods to gain Nyarlathotep's favor. See *Call of Cthulhu*.

Oukranos

Lesser Dreamlands Deity

. . . that temple of loveliness wherein the King of Ilek-Vad comes from his far realm on the twilight sea once a year in a golden palanquin to pray to the god of Oukranos, who sang to him in his youth when he dwelt in a cottage by its banks.

—H. P. Lovecraft, *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*

OUKRANOS



The god of the River Oukranos, known by the same name, is a mild god of contentment and healing. He sometimes appears to those who invoke him within the waters of his river. His face is that of a kindly old man with a twinkle in his eyes, and his voice is the sound of water gently tumbling over the stones. It is his influence which gives travelers the impression that his realm holds a trifle more sunshine than others.

CULT: Oukranos is not worshiped widely, even within his own realm. His largest concentration of worshipers is at the Jasper temple in Kiran. There a small group of priests sing his praises and tend his shrines. The only other person allowed into the temple is the King of Ilek-Vad, who comes to pay homage to the god of his youth once a year.

CHARACTERISTICS: Oukranos tends to his valley. The seasons are always mild, and the weather calm within his realm. Those who come to his realm feel a sense of well-being come over them, and any who remain within his influence for a month will regain 1D6 SAN. Those who fall asleep near enough to hear the sound of the river's water are immune from the effects of the spells *Send Dreaming* and *Send Dreams*.

Oukranos' high statistics are due to the fact that he is the entire river. His strength is that of the slowly moving current, capable of shaping the land. His size is the length of the river. However, Oukranos is incapable of manifesting outside the confines of the river's banks. He can make his felt throughout the river valley, but he has no anthropomorphic form which can rise up to do battle with the other gods. He is capable of drowning those who enter his water, or smashing ships which sail upon his surface, but he only does so to creatures of evil intent. The black galleys do not sail the River Oukranos.

OUKRANOS, River God

STR 200 CON 300 SIZ 500 INT 75 POW 60
DEX 3 Move anywhere on river HP 400

Weapons: Drown 100%, drowning as per *Call of Cthulhu* rules
Smash Ships 100%, causes ship to sink.

Armor: none, but he regenerates 20 hit points per round. Only a dam at his headwaters will seriously effect him. If the river should ever dry up completely, he will cease to exist.

Spells: Wave of Oblivion, can control the weather in the Oukranos valley.

Sanity Loss: there is no Sanity Loss for viewing Oukranos.

Oorn

Great Old One

First there were the eyes . . . a dozen, circular, burning and unblinking, big as plates, staring out in all directions from a dark, as yet only half-seen, half-suspected bulk.

—Brian Lumley, *Mad Moon of Dreams*

Oorn, Mnomquah's mate, is a giant mollusk-like creature who lives in a pit in the ruins of Sarkomand. She has ten massive translucent tentacles. Oorn moves about on fat pink cilia, like the feet of a starfish.

CULT: Oorn is worshiped chiefly by the moonbeasts and the slaves from Leng. Although she may be the more powerful of the two gods, she is considered by her priests to be subordinate to Mnomquah. Oorn has only one temple, in the ruins surrounding her pit in ruined Sarkomand. Just as with the



OORN

cult of Mnomquah, the moonbeasts make up the hierarchy of the priesthood and the Lengites are mere acolytes at best.

CHARACTERISTICS: Oorn is a quiet goddess. She waits patiently for the day when she and her mate will be reunited. She accepts the sacrifices given her by the moonbeasts and their slaves, and in return she does not devour those of her worshipers who come close to her lair.

Oorn can communicate telepathically with any creature within 100 yards of herself. She can cast the Dominate spell on any being with which she can communicate via her telepathy, thus enabling her to lure prey to her lair. Oorn's tentacles have mouth-like openings at their tips which spew forth a greenish digestive fluid onto her victims. The fluid breaks down her food into a liquid form, which she can then inhale through the mouths at the end of her tentacles. Oorn is also capable of grabbing her victims with her tentacles, or of using her tentacles to strike crushing blows.

OORN, Mnomquah's Mate

STR 40 CON 60 SIZ 90 INT 40 POW 30
DEX 15 Move 1 on land/3 underwater HP 75

Damage Bonus: +7D6.

Weapons: Tentacle 40%, damage 2D6+7D6
Digestive Fluid Spray 60%, damage 5D6

Armor: when closed, Oorn's shell acts as 19-point armor.

Spells: Contact Men from Leng, Contact Deity/Mnomquah, Contact Moonbeast, Contact Deity/Nyarlahotep, Dominate.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D20 Sanity points to see Oorn.

Robigus

Great One

He had known that the Great Ones themselves are not beyond a mortal's power to cope with, and had trusted to luck that the Other Gods and their crawling chaos Nyarlathotep would not happen to come to their aid at the crucial moment, as they had so often done before when men sought out earth's gods in their home or on their mountains.

—H. P. Lovecraft, *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath.*

Robigus is portrayed as a handsome, well-proportioned man seated in a throne of white fungus. He is flanked by a horse on one side and a wolf on the other, while upon his shoulder sits a small woodpecker. Robigus was known to the Romans as the god of rust. Robigus dwells in the Fungus Forest in the Dreamlands. There he is typically found surrounded by giant fungus, some of which produce eerie humming through the slow undulation of their caps, while others dance for their fungal monarch.

CULT: Farmers occasionally make sacrifices to Robigus to ward off the effects of rust on their grain. Robigus is widely worshiped in the fungus forest of the Underworld by the goblins that reside there.

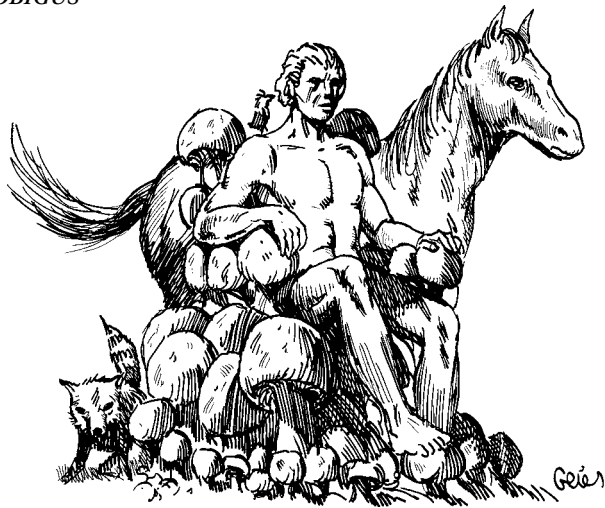
CHARACTERISTICS: Robigus eagerly receives visitors to his fungal court. This Great One expects guests to participate in his festival, and those who refuse or in some way offend Robigus are turned into giant dancing mushrooms with a wave of his hand. Victims of this transformation attack are allowed one chance to resist Robigus' POW with their own. Anyone trying to leave Robigus' court after being invited finds himself or herself transfixed by the Great One's eye and incapable of movement. Robigus can transfix only one person per round.

Those dreamers turned into dancing mushrooms remain this way until freed. This can be accomplished by reducing Robigus' hit points to zero, or bargaining with the Great One, asking him a favor and requesting him to un-transform his victims. Upon returning to the Waking World, anyone turned into a mushroom suffers a minor side effect. A few days later, the investigator's home is infested with mushrooms in the carpets, mildew in the sinks, etc. These are all normal species and offer no real harm, but the rampant growth of the fungus should prove uncomfortable. The mycological assault continues until the investigator has his or her home sprayed with fungicide by a professional.

Robigus is a congenial host to those who are respectful of him. The Great One freely answers dreamer's questions about the Dreamlands or provides them with simple favors if he has taken a liking to them.



ROBIGUS



ROBIGUS, God of Fungus

STR 30 CON 21 SIZ 15 INT 15 POW 20
DEX 20 APP 18 Move 10 HP 18

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Fist 100%, damage 1D3+db.
Head Butt 100%, damage 1D4+db.

Armor: Robigus' flesh acts as 6-point armor.

Spells: Robigus can transfix and immobilize any mortal by glaring at him, whether or not that mortal tries to avoid Robigus' glance. The Great One can transform any mortal into the man-sized fungus of Robigus' choice, though he must first overcome the mortal's magic points with his own. Robigus can also infest any amount of grain with rust, simply by looking at it and willing it to be so. The Great One may know other spells as the keeper desires.

Sanity Loss: there is no Sanity Loss for seeing Robigus.

Sthood

Great Old One

Sthood was an idol altogether too horrible to be worshiped by men. His priesthood has been initiated solely to prevent men from offering prayers to Sthood, lest Sthood be wakened by their prayers, and perform a miracle.

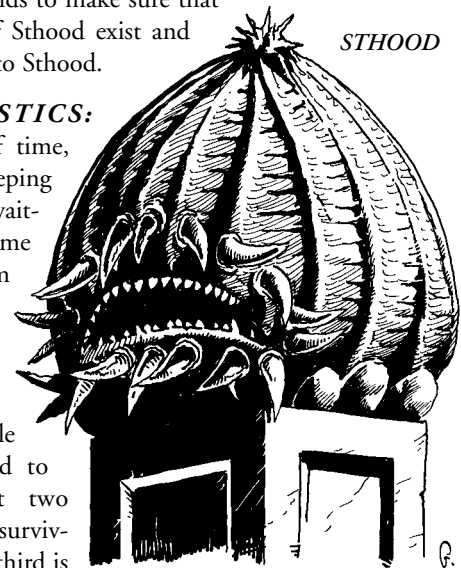
—Gary Myers, "The Maker of Gods"

Sthood appears as an onion-like being with a ring of fleshy horns surrounding its mouth, and no eyes. Sthood's likeness is always carved out of sandstone, though very few such idols exist.

CULT: Sthood's only known temple is in the city of Nithy-Vash. The priesthood there exists to prevent men from offering their prayers to Sthood. The idol of Sthood sits atop a tall pedestal, where it is reported to have sat for five million years before mankind came and built the temple around it. It is constantly guarded by a priest whose duty it is to see that none offer prayers to it. There are wandering priests of Sthood who travel the Dreamlands to make sure that no other images of Sthood exist and that no man prays to Sthood.

CHARACTERISTICS:

Since the dawn of time, Sthood has sat sleeping atop his pedestal waiting for any to come and awaken him with prayers. This has happened three times, and each time Sthood has performed a miracle and then returned to sleep. Of the first two miracles there is no surviving record, but his third is said to have been the creation of man.



If Sthood is ever awakened he may be put back to sleep by satisfying his ravenous hunger with a live human sacrifice who he devours whole. Such a sacrifice must be made within a very short period of time after Sthood's awakening or he will perform a miracle. Just what such a miracle might be is left to the discretion of the keeper, but the priests of Sthood have gone to great lengths to prevent this from ever happening again. Players of sacrificial victims must roll versus Sthood's POW on the Resistance Table each round or have their character take 1D10 HP damage. It takes only one such victim to satisfy Sthood; however, any who attempts to interfere with Sthood's feasting may also find himself on the menu. After gorging himself Sthood returns to sleep until the next time he is awakened.

It is not merely an idol which rests atop the pedestal in the temple. The idol contains the soul of the dreaded god itself. Should the idol ever be broken the soul of Sthood will be set free and will fly off to some outer void, there to wreck havoc upon the cosmos. If this occurs, Sthood's priesthood will act to trap Sthood's soul inside a living host until a new idol can be created to contain their god. This process kills the new host at once, consigning his soul to the outer darkness forever, and also angers Sthood greatly. If Sthood should ever be reduced to 0 HP, his idol will be broken and his soul set loose. The same thing happens if a host body containing Sthood is reduced to 0 HP.



STHOOD, The God of the Idol

STR N/A CON 100 SIZ 16 INT 30 POW 30

DEX 50 MOV 0 HP 58

Weapons: Engulf 100%, roll vs POW or take 1D10 damage each round

Armor: while awake Sthood is immune to all physical attacks and may only be harmed by magic. While sleeping it is a simple matter to break his idol.

Spells: Can cause miracles.

Sanity Loss: it costs no Sanity to see Sthood while sleeping; it costs 1D6/1D20 to view Sthood while awake.

Tamash

Great One

Tamash is a master of illusion and can create apparitions and hallucinations with precision.

—Petersen, *Field Guide to Creatures of the Dreamlands*

Tamash's statues show him with silver skin and coal-black hair and beard. He is small, but well-muscled. He wears a robe of cloth-of-gold and carries a staff of lapis lazuli. Tamash is crowned with gilded laurel.



CULT: as with Zo-Kalar and Lobon, Tamash's cult has diminished with Sarnath's destruction. However, as he is patron of wizards, he will always have worshipers.

CHARACTERISTICS: Tamash is a master of illusion. He can create and maintain one or more illusions filling a total volume of no more than a cubic mile. These illusions are dispelled by touch. Illusions that cause Sanity loss (such as the sight of Azathoth) can be created, but the victim is considered to automatically succeed at his SAN roll.

TAMASH, God of Illusions

STR 35 CON 40 SIZ 10 INT 17 POW 40

DEX 21 APP 20 Move 10 HP 25

Weapon: Staff 85%, damage 1D8+2D6

Armor: at will, Tamash can invoke divine sanctity, which acts as 10-point armor.

Spells: illusion powers, and knows all Contact Deity spells for his fellow Great Ones, as well as for Nyarlathotep. Knows all non-Summon, non-Bind, non-Contact, and non-Call magic spells native to Earth's Dreamlands.

Sanity Loss: it costs no Sanity points to see Tamash.

The Thing in the Yellow Mask

Avatar of Nyarlathotep

In this form, Nyarlathotep appears as a humanoid entity draped in yellow silk robes with a mask obscuring its face. The visage concealed beneath the mask is that of a long-dead inhabitant of some crypt, covered with rotten flesh and writhing with maggots. This form strongly resembles the King in Yellow, and is often mistaken for it. Similarly, this form of Nyarlathotep is widely regarded as the high-priest-not-to-be-described who inhabits the prehistoric stone monastery of Leng. However, it is neither of these creatures. In this form, Nyarlathotep appeared before the primitive 'Ygirothian people and bade them to build the city from which they drew their name.

CULT: The Thing in the Yellow Mask is no longer worshiped, except by surviving 'Ygirothians, and those who would follow their corrupt ways.

CHARACTERISTICS: This form has no voice, but makes its wishes known via simple sign language which it conveys with its skeletal hands. All of Nyarlathotep's skills and abilities in this form (including weapons, armor, and spells) are the same as for his human form, detailed in *Call of Cthulhu*. It costs 0/1D4 Sanity points to see the masked Thing and 1D4/1D10 Sanity point to see the Thing unmasked.

THE THING





Yibb-Tstll

Outer God

Millions of years ago, Yibb-Tstll walked the Earth, but now he is trapped in the Dreamlands. He sees all time and space as he slowly rotates in the center of his clearing in the Jungle of Kled. Beneath his billowing cloaks are a multitude of nightgaunts, suckling and clutching at Yibb-Tstll's breasts. For full information on Yibb-Tstll, see *Call of Cthulhu*.

Yop

Lesser Dreamlands Deity

Yah-Vho, who made many gods, worshiped only Yop, a little idol he had carved in his own image out of diorite.

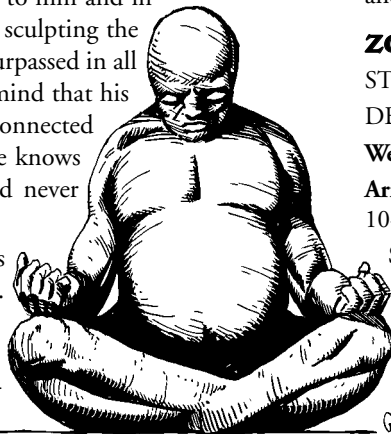
—Gary Myers, "The Maker of Gods"

Yop is the personal deity of Yah-Vho, the famous idol maker of Nithy-Vash. Yah-Vho created Yop from a small piece of diorite. It was his way of paying homage to himself.

CULT: Yop is worshiped solely by Yah-Vho.

CHARACTERISTICS: Yop is a quiet god. He accepts the offerings which Yah-Vho makes to him and in return grants Yah-Vho a skill in sculpting the idols of other gods which is unsurpassed in all the Dreamlands. Yop does not mind that his only worshiper is so closely connected with so many other gods, for he knows that without Yah-Vho he would never have existed.

In the event of Yah-Vho's death, Yop will continue to exist. He will wait patiently for another to come along and worship him. He will become the personal god of the first person to sacrifice 4 points of POW to him.



YOP

YOP, God of Yah-Vho

STR n/a CON 10 SIZ 3 INT 15 POW 20
DEX n/a Move n/a HP 7

Weapons: None

Armor: 3 points of diorite.

Spells: adds his POW to Yah-Vho's Sculpting skill when he is creating an idol.

Sanity Loss: there is no Sanity Loss for viewing Yop.

Zo-Kalar

Great One

Zo-Kalar is regarded as the God of birth and death.

—Petersen, *Field Guide to Creatures of the Dreamlands*

Zo-Kalar was once chief god in Sarnath, presiding over Tamash and Lobon. He is tall and slender. Both skin and hair are bone-white, but his eyes are solid black. He wears a robe of black satin.



CULT: Zo-Kalar is regarded as the god of birth and death, in charge of the life history of all Earth's Dreamlands' residents. He has little worship since the fall of Sarnath.

CHARACTERISTICS: Zo-Kalar is very melancholy, and rarely welcomes human company. He always travels with one or more Shades. He is shy of mortals and keeps clear of them unless absolutely necessary. He can answer questions about the future of a mortal, but only insofar as that mortal's death is concerned. He only gives these answers grudgingly, and at a terrible price.

ZO-KALAR, Ruler of Life and Death

STR 50 CON 40 SIZ 20 INT 20 POW 25
DEX 20 APP 8 Move 12 HP 30

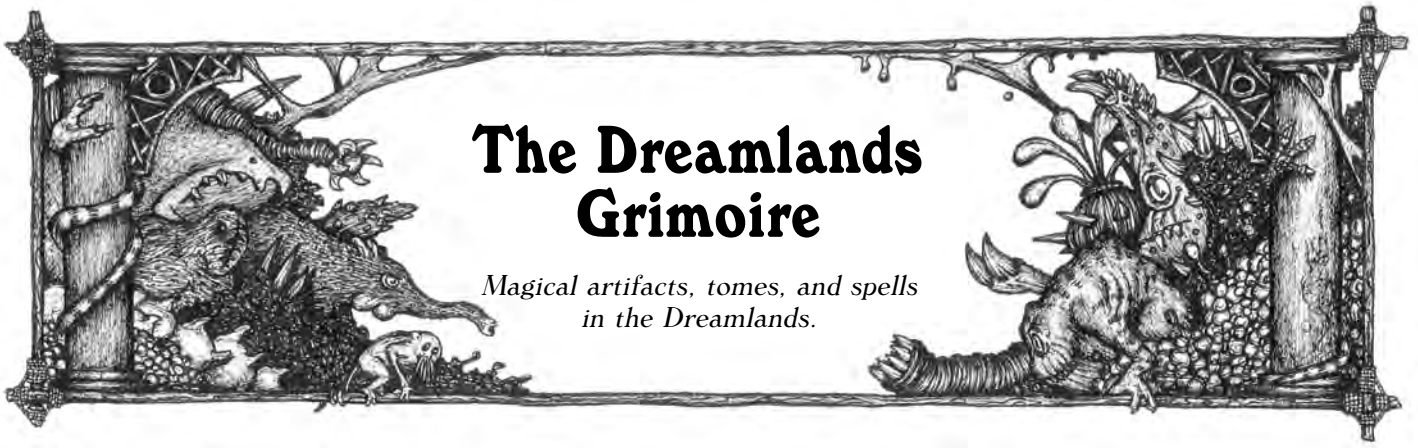
Weapon: Touch 95%, reduces target's POW by 1D6

Armor: at will, can invoke divine sanctity, which protects him as 10-point armor

Spells: can summon a Shade at a cost of 1 magic point. Can always command all Shades present. He can match his magic points against the magic points of any one foe within sight. If he overcomes that foe, he can forcibly turn his foe into a Shade by expending magic points equal to the foe's POW.

Zo-Kalar knows all Contact Deity spells for his fellow Great Ones, as well as Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep.

Sanity Loss: it costs no Sanity to see Zo-Kalar.



The Dreamlands Grimoire

Magical artifacts, tomes, and spells
in the Dreamlands.

The land of dreams is a place of fantasy and magic. Thus, it should not be surprising that there are many artifacts and tomes that originate in that realm. These items are found primarily in the Dreamlands, but enterprising keepers may wish to introduce them into the Waking World as extremely rare items of power. The items detailed here are just the smallest fraction of the many wondrous items that exist beyond the veil of sleep.

There are also many spells that can be cast in the Dreamlands, but not in the Waking World. These are detailed here as well.

Magical Artifacts

Each of the following magical artifacts is unique. Only one exists in all of the Dreamlands. The majority of Dreamlands artifacts are likewise one-of-a-kind, as they are the individual constructs of gods or powerful sorcerers. You should take these artifacts as examples, using them as a basis to construct magical items of your own.

THE AMULET OF N'TSE-KAAMBL: This amulet is kept by the yellow-skulled priests of Yuth, and anointed in the name of their goddess, N'tse-Kaambl. It is highly useful in protecting those who would profane what belongs to the Other Gods. A small amulet of bronze, it bears the likeness of the goddess on it. So long as a person carries this item with them they cannot be directly harmed by the Great Old Ones, the Outer Gods, or any of their minions. The amulet is extremely sacred to the priests of Yuth. If it is stolen, they can recall it from anywhere within the Dreamlands.

THE FABULOUS SILVER BALL: This object is a small ball of tarnished silver, about the size of a large marble, with three glyphs wrought upon its surface. Each of the glyphs enables the bearer to cast a spell. The first glyph supplies the Mesmerize spell. The second glyph supplies the Journey to the Other Side spell. Journey to the Far Side and Mesmerize are both detailed in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook. The third glyph supplies a Contact spell for a random deity. Each

time it is cast, the deity contacted will be different. The user of the fabulous silver ball must still pay all Sanity, POW, magic point, or other costs associated with the spells.

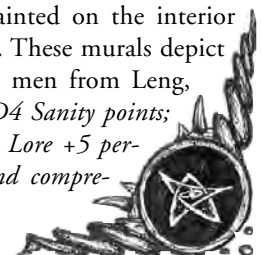
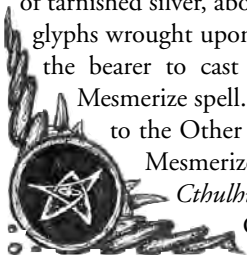
THE GOLDEN MASK: This mask is rumored to have certain properties of interest to philosophers. It lies on the face of an ancient mummy within the shop of Getech in Nithy-Vash. The mask has only been invoked four times; of the fate of the first three owners nothing is known. The fourth owner was a poet who flung the mask away in an alley in Celephaïs, and then slit his wrists. Always after being invoked the mask returns to rest upon the face of its guardian. Any person placing the mask upon his face will see visions of strange vistas from the earth's past, gain 1D100 Cthulhu Mythos percentiles, and suffer the consequences thereof. The mask will only grant its boon to one person, before it returns to the Occupant of the Box.

THE THREE DIORITE CUBES OF GOLTOTH: These small cubes of diorite are carved on all six of their sides. Five of their sides bear an exceedingly peculiar inscription in no known tongue, and the sixth side of each bears the sign of the five-pointed star. When placed on the ground in a triangle, they will form an Elder Sign. The size of the Elder Sign is dictated by the size of the triangle formed by the cubes. If any one of the cubes is removed from the triangle, the Elder Sign is broken.

Tomes

The books detailed here are mostly human ones. However, ghouls, moonbeasts, men of Leng, ghosts, and gugs have all formed societies within the Dreamlands. It is likely that many written works have been created in these societies, and that these works would almost universally be good sources of spells and Mythos lore.

THE ANNALS OF LENG: in pictures, by an unknown Lengish artist. A series of murals painted on the interior walls of the stone monastery in Leng. These murals depict the history of the civilization of the men from Leng, almost in its entirety. *Sanity loss 1/1D4 Sanity points; Cthulhu Mythos +1 percentile; Dream Lore +5 percentiles; average 18 weeks to study and comprehend.* Spells: none.





BOOK OF BARZAI: in the Dreamlands tongue, by Barzai. This book represents all the collected knowledge of Barzai the Wise as pertains to the Great Ones. A thick folio of loose notes written in Barzai's own handwriting, the only copy is in the possession of Atal of Ulthar. *Sanity loss 1/1D3 Sanity points; Cthulhu Mythos +1 percentile; Dream Lore +2 percentiles; average of 8 weeks to study and comprehend.* Spells: limited to Contact or Call Deity spells chosen by the keeper.

THE BOOK OF BLACK STONES: in Moonbeast, by unknown moonbeast authors. A series of plates of black stone, laced together with thick wire to form a sort of book. The book is inscribed in a series of strange hieroglyph-like symbols which are the language of the moonbeasts. Attached to the book by a small chain is a disk of curved glass with a rod-like handle, similar to a magnifying glass. If anyone looks through the glass at the plates, they can read the inscriptions as though they were written in their own native tongue.

The black plates deal with the worship of Nyarlathotep in clinical detail, as well as dealing with methods of torture as applied to some seventeen different alien species, including humankind (interestingly, ghouls and humans are classified as the same species). *Sanity loss 1D4/1D10 Sanity points; Cthulhu Mythos +6 percentiles; Dream Lore +10 percentiles; average of 17 weeks to study and comprehend.* Spells: Contact Nyarlathotep, Curse of Darkness, and four more spells chosen from the Dreamlands list by the keeper.

THE BRICK CYLINDERS OF KADATHERON: in the Dreamlands tongue, by an unknown Kadatheron scribe. A series of seven brick-like cylinders carved in Kadatheron. On the surface of these cylinders is written much of the history of the land of Mnar and the city of Ib. *Sanity loss 1/1D4 Sanity points; Cthulhu Mythos +3 percentiles; Dream Lore +5 percentiles; average of 6 weeks to study and comprehend.* Spell: Brew Space-Mead.

FOURTH BOOK OF D'HARSIS: written in an ancient Dreamlands tongue. This is a large leather-bound book with pages made from the hides of dragons and sphinxes. It is written in an ancient tongue peculiar to the Dreamlands, and only Atal has ever deciphered its runes. The ink on the pages glows a pale blue color with the intensity of fireflies. Written by D'harsis, one of the greatest mages the Dreamlands ever saw, this book contains much knowledge concerning the history of the Dreamlands. *No Sanity loss; Cthulhu Mythos +2 percentiles; Dream Lore +10 percentiles; average of 51 weeks to study and comprehend.* Spells: Brew Space-Mead, Create Barrier of Naach-Tith, Gate of Oneirology, Raise Night Fog, River God's Curse, Snare Dreamer.

THE SCRIPTURES OF KLEK: in the Dreamlands tongue, by Klek. A companion volume to the *Book of Dzyan*, this book is a slim volume. Yohk the Necromancer of Vornai bartered with the ghouls of Leng to obtain a copy of

this tome. *Sanity loss 1D3/1D6 Sanity points; Cthulhu Mythos +7 percentiles; Dream Lore +1 percentile; average of 6 weeks to study and comprehend.* Spells: Contact Bokrug, Journey to the Other Side.

THE SYNARCHOBIBLARON: in all languages, by an unknown sorcerer. At first glance, this book appears to be an ordinary leather-bound volume, but it is not printed or bound in any conventional sense. It is a magical construct, its material reality a self-maintaining illusion. It is not written in any human language, although anyone who reads it perceives it as being written in his or her own native tongue.

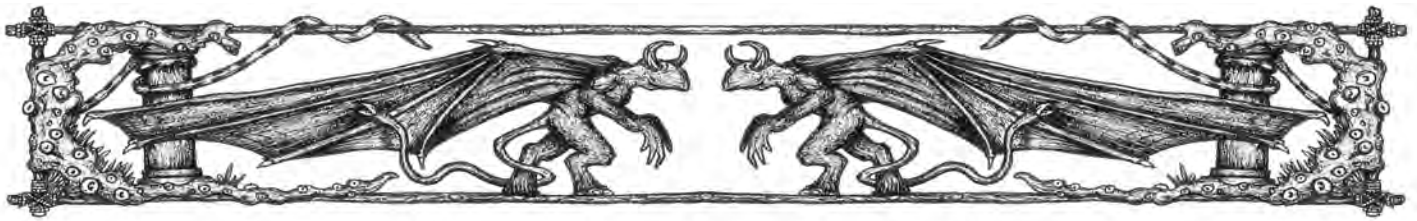
The exact nature of the Synarchobiblaron's contents differ depending upon who reads it and it assuredly contains far more information than is visible to the untrained eye. *Sanity loss 1D3/1D10 Sanity points; Cthulhu Mythos +8 percentiles; Dream Lore +0 percentiles; average of 70 weeks to read, re-read, and partially comprehend.* Spells: Contact Deity/Nodens, Contact Ghoul, Elder Sign, Glass from Leng, Mesmerize, Nightmare.

THE TESTAMENT OF LOTHRON: in the Dreamlands tongue, by Atal. This scroll was written from memory by Atal of Ulthar and recounts what he was told by Lothron the Necromancer after his trip to the ruined city of 'Ygiroth. Atal wrote these details down in the hope that he could then forget the terrible secrets contained therein. He hid the scroll away so that no one might ever find it, fearing the danger this knowledge posed. *Sanity loss 1D4/1D8 Sanity points; Cthulhu Mythos +5 percentiles; Dream Lore +2 percentiles; average of 26 weeks to study and comprehend.* This book holds no actual spells, but a successful INT roll indicates that the reader has puzzled out the location of the 'Ygiroth Inscription, which see just below.

THE 'YGIROTH INSCRIPTION: in Aklo, by the primitive scribes of 'Ygiroth. A lengthy inscription made upon the walls of a subterranean temple in the ruins of 'Ygiroth. This inscription contains a powerful spell which can make the caster the ruler of the Dreamlands, and possibly the Waking World. This is the only spell contained, and the details of the spell are left for the keeper to decide to best fit his campaign. *Sanity loss 1D8/2D8 Sanity points; Cthulhu Mythos +10 percentiles; Dream Lore +2 percentiles; average of 18 weeks to study and comprehend.* Spell: contains one spell of great power.

Spells

The Dreamlands is more magical than the Waking World, and many spells exist in the Dreamlands which are impossible to cast in our own realm. The rules for casting these spells are identical to normal *Call*



of *Cthulhu* magic rules. Unless the spell description states otherwise, no Dreamlands spell has any effect when cast in the Waking World. The spells which follow have been arranged by standard category.

New Summon/Bind Spells

SUMMON/BIND BLUPE: may be cast anywhere.

SUMMON/BIND CHILD OF ATLACH-NACHA: the same spell as is described in *Call of Cthulhu*, but it functions slightly differently in the Dreamlands. Here this spell will summon/bind the Spiders of Leng. It is only effective when cast in or near the valleys where these creatures make their homes. The requirements for casting the spell are the same. Use the description of the Spiders of Leng from the monsters section of this book to determine the exact statistics for the spider summoned.

SUMMON/BIND LAMP-EFT: may be cast only under starlight.

SUMMON/BIND MINION OF KARAKAL: may be cast anywhere.

SUMMON/BIND SHADE: may be cast only under conditions of absolute darkness.

New Contact Race Spell

CONTACT MOONBEAST: This spell costs 3 magic points and must be cast at a spot moonbeasts are known to frequent. The moonbeasts will usually send one or more of their half-human servants to contact their summoner.

New Contact Deity Spells

CONTACT BOKRUG: this spell must be cast in or near a swamp or lake. Bokrug only responds if his own interests are somehow involved.

CONTACT LOBON: may be cast anywhere. Lobon appears when the caster is alone.

CONTACT NATH-HORTHATH: must be cast in the wilderness. Nath-Horthath sends a lion to bear messages.

CONTACT TAMASH: may be cast anywhere. Tamash appears when the caster is alone.

CONTACT ZO-KALAR: must be cast in a secluded, dark place. The caster must wait there for Zo-Kalar to appear.

Other Spells

ANATHEMA: costs 1 point of Power and 1D6 Sanity points to cast. It takes only an

instant to speak. The caster speaks a Word which takes form in burning letters before his face and dispels certain magic spells. All spells within earshot that are being maintained by an expenditure of magic points are instantly dispelled. In addition, beings which have been brought by means of a Call or Summon spell must resist against half the caster's magic points or be forced back from whence they came.

ASSIST DREAMER: This spell can be cast only in the Waking World by an experienced dreamer upon going to sleep. It costs 8 magic points, no SAN, and catapults the dreamer directly to the dark and forbidding Underworld, bypassing the Upper Dreamlands completely.

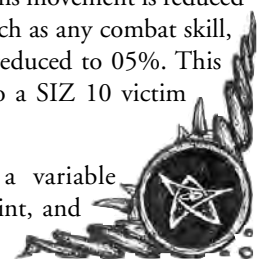
The dreamer finds himself or herself on the floor of the dread Vale of Pnath, covered with countless bones and inhabited by the strange and terrible dholes.

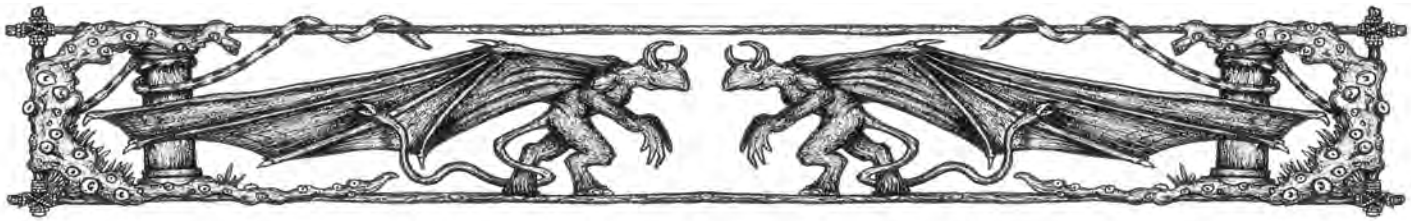
THE AWFUL DOOM OF CERRIT: costs 1D10 Sanity points when the spell is first cast and nine magic points per round that it is maintained. It takes one round to cast at a range of up to twenty yards. A glistening silvery thread springs from the caster's fingertip. This spell runs molten lead through the marrow of the victim's bones. Each round the spell is maintained, the victim is absolutely incapable of any action save writhing and screaming, and his or her CON is reduced by 1D6 points permanently.

BLACK BOX: costs 24 magic points and 1D8 Sanity points. It takes 3 rounds to cast at a range of up to 100 yards. A dark cloud of moaning voices, distorted faces, and clutching hands is formed. Sparkles of sickly light flash within it. This cloud engulfs and completely screens the target. It then warps and mutates the target into a horrifying half-melted creature only part human. The victim's INT and POW do not change, but APP is reduced by 3D6. Roll 1D6 for STR, CON, SIZ, and DEX. If the 1D6 result is even, add it to the current score. If it is odd, subtract it. If CON goes below 1, the victim dies. If SIZ goes below 1, the victim is invisible. An APP of 0 or less may cause anyone seeing the victim to lose Sanity points, at the keeper's discretion. The victim must succeed in a Sanity roll or lose Sanity points equal to the total points his statistics were altered by, either up or down. He loses 1D10 Sanity points in any case.

BLOAT: costs 16 magic points and 1D6 Sanity points. It takes two rounds to cast and the target must be within 30 yards. If the caster overcomes the target's magic points with his own, the target swells to dropsical proportions, his movement is reduced to 1, and all physically active skills (such as any combat skill, Climb, Jump, Ride, and Throw) are reduced to 05%. This effect wears off in (30 - SIZ) days, so a SIZ 10 victim would be bloated for 20 days.

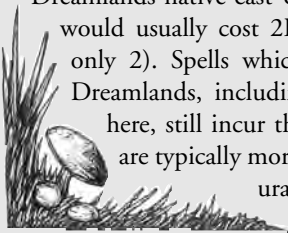
BOLONATH'S FURNACE: costs a variable number of magic points, 1 Sanity point, and





Dreamlands Natives & Spells

Natives of the Dreamlands are more used to magic, and thus it is not nearly as Sanity-wrecking of an experience for them to cast spells as it is for inhabitants of the Waking World. Whenever a native of the Dreamlands casts a spell from the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook, they lose the minimum amount of Sanity (e.g., if a Dreamlands native cast Unspeakable Promise, which would usually cost 2D8 Sanity points, they lose only 2). Spells which can only be cast in the Dreamlands, including all of those spells listed here, still incur the normal Sanity cost. They are typically more powerful, and seem unnatural even to those living in a world of magic.



takes one round to cast. An immobile shimmering globe of heat, about 4-5 feet across, appears in the air before the caster. This furnace has a temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit per magic point expended, but the radiant heat from it is magically limited to the furnace itself. Anything touching the furnace takes 1D6 damage per round per 200 degrees in the furnace. The furnace lasts for 3D6 hours.

BREW SPACE-MEAD: The same spell as in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules, but it is used for an entirely different purpose in the Dreamlands. Space-mead is allowed to soak into the hull of an ordinary wooden boat, and it enables the boat to sail the winds of outer space once it has fallen off the edge of the world. The treatment must be renewed every few voyages. A great quantity of space-mead is needed for this purpose. Space-mead is not essential for space travel in the Dreamlands. Both the black galleys of the moonbeasts and the ivory ships of Sarrub could sail thusly without such aids, but no known Earthly source can provide such boats. See *Call of Cthulhu*.

CASCADES OF FLORIN: costs a variable amount of Power chosen by the magician when the spell is cast, 1D4 Sanity points, and takes 2 rounds to cast. This produces rolling torrents of liquid golden power, which sweep into the opposition. The Cascades cover a triangular area two yards wide at the caster and 10 yards wide at the end of the sweep, which can be from 10 to 100 yards distant, at the option of the caster. For each point of POW expended in the Cascades, every living being drenched by them loses 1D6 magic points.

CONCENTRIC RINGS OF THE WORM: costs 10 magic points, 1D4 Sanity points, and takes three rounds to cast. A six-foot-

diameter barrier of concentric violet rings forms in the air before the caster. Any physical attack which passes through the rings has its damage reduced by 6D6 points per attack, to a minimum of 0.

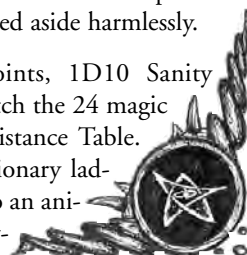
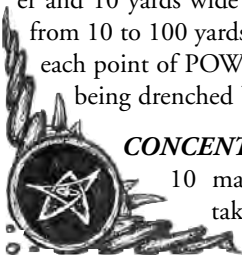
CREATION OF VENERABILITY: costs 12 magic points per round maintained, and 1D8 Sanity points when the spell is first cast. Takes three rounds to cast. Grayish dust blows from the caster's hands toward the target's face. Each round the spell is maintained, the caster may attempt to overcome the victim's magic points with his own. Each round that he succeeds, the victim ages horribly, losing 1D3-1 points each from STR, CON, and DEX. The victim also loses 0/1D6 Sanity points each round he or she fails to resist this spell.

CRYSTAL WORLD: costs 8 magic points per hour of duration. It costs 1D3 SAN and takes a single round to cast. A glassy sphere (7-foot diameter) forms around the caster, who is thereby insulated against extremes of heat and cold. Even if he is flung into a blast furnace, he is safe so long as he maintains the Crystal World. The globe is airtight, and continually generates fresh air so the magician cannot asphyxiate. The magician inside cannot move except by clumsily rolling the globe along the ground, or by being towed or pushed by outsiders. The globe could be broken by a sharp blow or an explosive spell such as the Lavender Spheres of Pthath.

CURSE OF DARKNESS: Forces a being from another plane or dimension to return whence it came. Also effective in the waking world. The spell costs 1D6 Sanity points to cast, and a variable amount of POW. A group surrounds the person who casts the spell. All must know the spell, and all chant it for at least two or three minutes. Each participant must sacrifice 1 POW, except that the caster may contribute none or as many as wished. For each POW point sacrificed, the chance of success rises by 10 percentiles. The entity has no chance to resist or evade the spell once it is begun. To be effective, the being's name must be known, or it must have been seen by one of the circle or the caster. The alien must be nearby, within a couple of miles.

DEFLECTION: the caster may spend as many magic points as desired when this spell is cast, plus 1 Sanity point. It can be cast instantly. By waving his hand in front of himself, the caster causes offensive spells targeted against him to be knocked aside. To determine whether or not Deflection works, match the magic points in Deflection against those in the attacking spell, using the Resistance table to determine success. If the spell fails to overcome the Deflection, it is knocked aside harmlessly.

DEVOLUTION: costs 24 magic points, 1D10 Sanity points, and takes 2 rounds to cast. Match the 24 magic points against the target's on the Resistance Table. Losing, the target descends the evolutionary ladder, and in 1D6 rounds transforms into an animal-like thing, sprouting hair every-





where and growing a snout. The change complete, the victim attacks any companions with hands and feet, strangling and scratching as possible, apparently without reason, for another 1D6 rounds. Witnessing this costs 1/1D6 Sanity points. The subsequent character of the victim is for the keeper to decide.

DISSOLVE SKELETON: costs 8 magic points, 1D10 Sanity points, and takes 2 rounds to cast. Losing a magic point Resistance Table struggle with the caster, the target's bones vanish. He or she collapses on the floor, a heap of folded, quivering flesh, losing 1D20/1D20+5 Sanity points in the process. The victim might asphyxiate, lacking structure with which to keep the air passage clear, or the other investigators might be content with toting around their jelly-like friend in a hand-basket. At the keeper's option, a successful Dreaming roll or Occult roll, or another of the keeper's choice, might restore the victim's bones. Witnessing this dissolution costs 0/1D6 Sanity points.

THE EMERALD DARTS OF PTATH: each dart costs 4 magic points. Forming any number of darts at one time costs 1D6 Sanity points total. Takes one round to cast. Green spindles of light spin up to a hundred yards toward their target, each doing 1D3 damage to the victim, and ignoring all armor. The target may try to resist the caster's magic points for each separate dart. Any darts which are successfully resisted will vaporize harmlessly.

EQUILATERAL SCREEN: costs 10 magic points, 1D4 Sanity points, and takes several minutes to form. This creates a complex series of intangible geometric lines in front of the caster, formed into a perfect equilateral triangle, deep blue in color. The caster can cause images to appear on the screen by concentrating and thinking of the image he wishes to create. The image appears three-dimensional from a head-on view and can be animated. The caster can change the image from moment to moment. The image cannot be seen from the back of the Screen, which displays only the geometric lines. If the caster ceases concentrating, the image fades. If the caster fails to concentrate on the screen for five or more consecutive minutes, the spell ends.

EVISцерATOR: this gruesome spell costs variable magic points and 2D6 Sanity points to cast. It takes 2 rounds and has a range of 30 yards. A roiling cluster of black jagged objects, dark violet bursts of fog, and red-yellow bolts of energy are shot to the target, whose magic points need not be overcome. The Eviscerator rips open its victim, delivering 1D6 damage per 8 magic points expended. Armor helps defend against this effect.

EXPLODE HEART: costs 12 magic points, 1D10 Sanity points, and takes 3 rounds to cast. Having lost a Resistance Table match of caster POW against target POW, the victim's heart begins to pound uncontrollably, quickly

building in strength and tempo until, after 1D6 rounds, it explodes through the chest wall. The victim dies immediately, at cost to witnesses of 0/1D4 Sanity points each. A successful Dreaming or Occult roll, or another of the keeper's choice might cancel that effect, reducing the penalty loss to 12 magic points—or as many as the victim possesses, if fewer than 12.

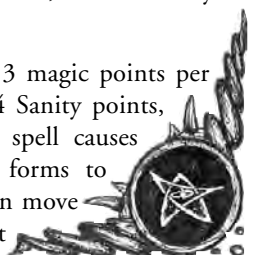
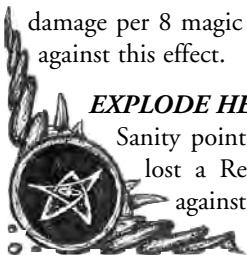
FLAMESHIELD: costs 1 point of POW per five minutes the shield is maintained. The spell takes 2 rounds, 1D4 Sanity points, and a variable number of magic points to form. This forms a disk of flame before the caster's hand. The diameter of the shield is one foot for every magic point expended. If more magic points are expended once the shield is created, the shield can be moved 1 yard per magic point spent. The spells of Halt of Eanora, The Viridian Wind, the White Web of Soren, the Creation of Venerability, and Seraph's Glory are all blocked by the shield if they are cast through it. If the shield touches any living being not made of flame, that being takes 1D6 points of damage directly to its hit points, ignoring all armor.

HALT OF EANORA: costs 4 magic points per SIZ point of target, 1D6 Sanity points, and takes 5 rounds to cast. A whirl of white flakes interspersed with rigid lines of marbled substances is sent forth from the caster to the target object, which can be anything. The target is turned to stone, permanently, though proper use of the Dreaming skill could return it to its former state. This spell has no effect on stone objects. If insufficient magic points are spent to turn the entire target object to stone, then the spell does not work. However, if twice as many magic points as needed to transform the entire target are spent, then the caster can transform only part of the target, at his option (caster's choice as to which areas are spared).

IRONMIND: costs 4 magic points per five minutes maintained. Takes 1D3 Sanity points and 1 round to cast. Shining beams of light whirl around the caster's head. This spell permits the caster to concentrate powerfully. He becomes immune to the spells of the Woeful Itch, the Serviceable Villein, the Lassitude of Phein, the Ravening Madness, and the Living X. Also, if he is concentrating on anything, such as maintaining a spell, no damage or distraction can cause him to break concentration, though he can do so on his own.

KATARIEN'S HEAT WAVE: costs as many magic points as the caster wishes to spend, plus one magic point for each hour it is kept in operation, plus 1D4 Sanity points. Takes one minute to cast. For each magic point spent, the temperature near the caster, for five or ten yards around, is increased by 3 degrees Fahrenheit.

LACE CURTAINS OF HISH: costs 3 magic points per round maintained. Initially costs 1D4 Sanity points, and takes two rounds to cast. This spell causes orange and red delicately-patterned forms to dance about before the caster, who can move them at will up to 10 yards per combat





round. If the curtains are moved to envelop someone, that individual's visually-oriented skills (including attack skills, Spot Hidden, etc.) are reduced by 50 percentiles, to a minimum of 05%. In addition, any visually-oriented skills aimed at the target by others are also reduced by 50 percentiles, to a minimum of 05%. The target can, of course, free himself from the curtains by simply moving away. The curtains cover an area about six feet in diameter.

LAMBENT FLAME: costs 2 magic points per round the flame is kept in operation, and 1 Sanity point when initially cast. It takes one round to cast. A narrow cone of flame springs from the caster's unharmed index finger. The flame may be whatever color the caster selects, and can be used to ignite a fire, amuse onlookers, or heat a small container. The flame is about as hot as a large candle flame.

LASSITUDE OF PHEIN: costs 8 magic points and 1D6 Sanity points, takes 2 rounds to cast. If the target fails to resist the caster's magic points on the Resistance Table, then the target falls asleep. This is a natural slumber, and the victim can be awakened normally from it. In any case, he will wake up within a few hours.

LAVENDER SPHERES OF PTATH: costs 1D6 Sanity points, and takes one round to cast. Every 8 magic points spent at the casting time forms a single purplish-pink globe of energy. Each globe is about the size of a basketball and all drift, at a speed of 4, towards their chosen target. When a globe collides with any object, it explodes, doing damage of 3D6 for a one yard radius. If another sphere is within the area of affect, it explodes, too. The spheres home in on their assigned target and follow it for up to an hour, when they fade away harmlessly. An Emerald Dart of Ptath pops a Lavender Sphere without exploding it.

LIVING CLOTHES: costs 8 magic points, 1D10 Sanity points, and requires 3 rounds to complete. The target's clothes turn into living, moving flesh, glistening with slime. This foul shell tightens its grip on the warm human body it surrounds, squeezing the target for 1D3 hit points per round until he or she is dead. As the cold, clammy shell crushes the victim, he or she loses 0/1D6 Sanity points. A successful Dreaming or Occult roll for the victim, or another of the keeper's choice, will cancel this effect if the victim can also contribute magic points equal to his or her SIZ.

The victim may apply his STR against the nominal STR 10 of the living clothing to peel it off, and companions may aid in this. The clothing fully removed, it begins to dissolve and the victim is safe from further harm, though naked.

LIVING X: costs 8 magic points and 1D6 Sanity points, and takes two rounds to cast. A glistening pink, crystalline-looking energy shaft is shot up to 30 yards towards a living target, who

must resist against the caster's magic points or be instantly immobilized in an upright spread-eagled position, until the target can break the spell by rolling his STR or less on 1D100, trying once per round.

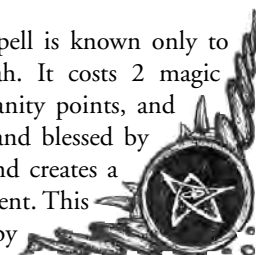
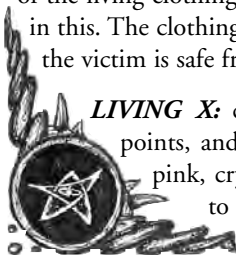
MALENKAMON'S IMPRESSIVE BOLT: costs 24 magic points, 1D8 Sanity points, and takes three rounds to cast. A violet and jade flare of energy explodes outward toward the chosen target, who is immediately struck unconscious for 30 minus CON days. In addition, the victim takes damage equal to half the caster's POW.

MANDRAKE: this spell requires a living mandrake root, 1D4 Sanity points, the sacrifice of at least one point of POW, and a week of ritual. At the end of the week, a faceless semi-living simulacrum is created with a score of 1D6 in each characteristic of STR, CON, SIZ, POW, and DEX, but no INT. For each additional point of POW sacrificed, 2D6 is added to one of the mandrake's characteristics, including INT, chosen by the magician. The mandrake is under the magician's mental control, unless he has given it some INT, and does whatever the magician wills it to do. The magician can only control the mandrake when it is within sight. If the mandrake has received INT it also has free will and can do as it pleases. Usually such a mandrake is malign and destructive.

MAWS OF PANDEMONIUM: costs 6 magic points per mouth created, 1D8 total Sanity points, and takes three rounds to cast. If the caster overcomes the target's magic points, the victim's body sprouts one or more red-lipped mouths which gibber and moan, in the process draining off the victim's magic points at the rate of 1 per minute. The victim's Sneak skill is reduced to 0% as long as the mouths are active. Once the victim's magic points are reduced to 0 and he collapses, the mouths become quiet for 2D6 hours. Then, they once again begins to howl and drain whatever magic points have been regenerated by the victim in the interim.

MINIM: costs 1D6 Sanity points and a variable number of magic points. It takes two rounds to cast and has a range of 10 yards. This spell forms a long series of rapidly contracting rings which whip towards the target and cause him or her to permanently lose one SIZ point for every 8 magic points in the spell, unless the victim successfully resists against the caster's magic points. Once the victim's SIZ reaches 1, each additional 4 magic points causes the loss of a point of CON instead. Each 2 points of SIZ lost also cause the victim to lose 1 point of STR.

MNOMQUAH'S SERPENT: This spell is known only to the moonbeast priests of Mnomquah. It costs 2 magic points per SIZ of the target, 1D6 Sanity points, and takes 2 rounds to cast. A magical wand blessed by Mnomquah is also required. The wand creates a beam of bluish light in the form a serpent. This beam will track down its victim as if by





sense of smell. If the intended victim is out of the caster's sight, he must know what the victim looks like in order to cast the spell. A single beam may be targeted at multiple targets for an additional 2 magic points each. Targets, which may be anything, are turned to stone when struck by the snake. This is permanent, though proper use of the Dreaming skill can return it to its former state. This spell has no effect on stone objects. If the beam is severed, the snake will begin to thrash about wildly, fade out of existence in one round, and the spell will be broken and needs to be recast. Targets which are struck by the snake as it fades need to roll on their POW vs. the magic points spent on the Resistance Table to avoid being turned to stone.

THE OBLONG BARRIER: costs 8 magic points, 1 Sanity point, and takes two rounds to cast. It creates a complex rectangular pattern of lines, roughly ten feet square. The pattern appears directly in front of the caster, and remains there for ten rounds before fading away. Any attack spells striking the barrier are blocked. Thus, the caster is immune to such spells as long as he keeps the barrier between himself and any attacker. Of course, the caster cannot cast attack spells through the barrier either.

ONEIRO-DISMISSAL: costs a number of magic points equal to the target's POW and takes five minutes to intone. Range is 10 yards. Dismisses a dreaming character from the Dreamlands, no matter how strongly he is bound there. The banishment is permanent, and destroys the target's dream-form. The spell has no effect on Dreamlands natives.

OPAQUE WALL: costs variable magic points, 1D3 Sanity points and takes two rounds to cast. It forms a rigid brown wall covered with kabalistic lines and designs. The immobile wall formed must be square, and is one yard on a side for every 6 magic points expended at the casting. The wall is one inch thick and has STR 20. If the wall's STR is overcome by brute force or exceeded by damage, it suddenly disappears.

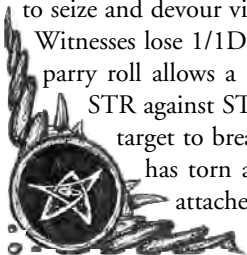
PASSING UNSEEN: costs 10 magic points per minute and 1D3 Sanity points to initially cast. Takes one round to cast. This spell turns the target temporarily invisible, though still audible. Clothing or weapons are still visible, so the target must strip naked or cast the spell separately on each article of gear or garment. Certain monsters can see invisible individuals.

RAISE CORPSES: costs 50 magic points, 2D10 Sanity points, and takes 1 round to cast. This spell raises all corpses within 50 yards of the caster, and causes the zombie-like terrors to seize and devour victims within the caster's field of vision.

Witnesses lose 1/1D8 Sanity points. A successful Dodge or parry roll allows a target to avoid a zombie. A successful STR against STR roll on the Resistance Table allows a target to break free if seized (succeeding, the victim has torn away the zombie's arm, which remains attached to the living target). Human corpses are nominally of STR 3D6.



LAB OF THE SORCERER





Failure to break away means the mass of pursuing zombie-things catch and drag down the target, and devour him or her slowly and excruciatingly. The keeper determines the number of corpses latent in the area, and how many are impotent dust or terrifyingly intact and powerful.

THE RAVENING MADNESS: costs 12 magic points, 1D8 Sanity points, and takes two rounds to cast. If the target, who must be within 30 yards, fails a Sanity roll, he loses 5 Sanity points and immediately suffers a Nightmare Effect (see page 15). If his roll is successful, he loses only 1D3 Sanity points. Characters whose Sanity has dropped to 0 are immune to this spell.

SERAPH'S GLORY: costs 6 magic points, 1D3 Sanity points, and takes two rounds to cast. A dazzling burst of light explodes, lasting only an instant. It can be used as a signal, to impress other people, to attack darkness creatures such as shades (does 2D6 damage to each shade within 10 meters), or to temporarily blind an opponent (exact effects up to keeper's discretion, but should last no more than 1D3 rounds, or 1D6 rounds if cast in the dark).

SERVICEABLE VILLEIN: costs 24 magic points, 1D8 Sanity points, and takes three rounds to cast. The caster must be able to gaze into the eyes of the victim, who must be within 10 feet. The victim loses all will of his own if his magic points are overcome, and obeys all the magician's orders to the letter. The magician must expend one magic point per hour to maintain the effect.

THE SILVER SPRAY: costs 1 Sanity point and as many magic points as the caster wishes to expend. It takes one round to cast. A glistening spray of opaque silvery lines extend from the caster's hand up to ten feet distant towards the target. The spray cancels out all spells in effect upon that target if the magic points in the spray are greater than or equal to the total magic points of all spells struck.

SONG OF GLISSANDE: This spell costs no Sanity points and as many magic points as the caster wishes to expend. It produces a tiny huddle of silver needles just above the caster's outstretched palm; these play a sweetly chiming melody that lingers in the air for 1D4+1 minutes, echoing dreamily away. The number of magic points spent by the caster are matched against the INT of the intended victim(s) on the resistance table, who must be able to both see and hear the needles and be within 20 feet. If a victim's INT is overcome, he is peacefully engrossed for the song's duration. After the first round, the caster may move away and the needles remain floating in place, fading slowly away. Anyone happening across the chimes whilst they play must attempt the same INT resistance roll. If a person engrossed by the chimes is shaken roughly or injured, he immediately snaps out of his trance. This nifty little spell has numerous uses. Slipping a few men past

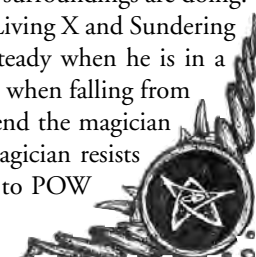
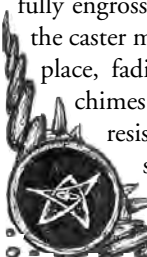
a dumb guard, avoiding being mauled by a savage manticore, or getting out of a fight with four drunken sailors are three reasonable examples.

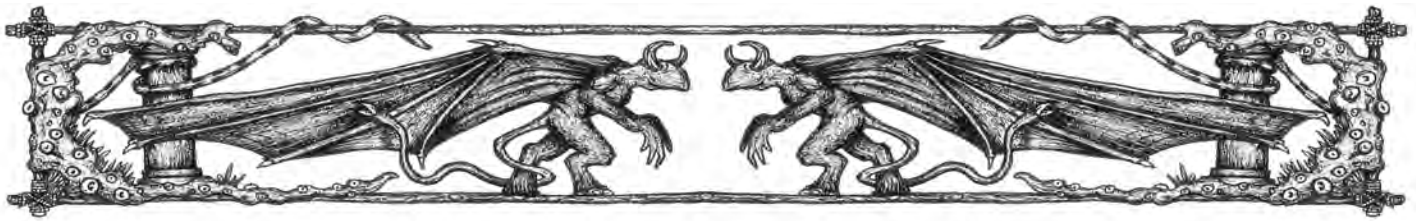
SOUL STEALER: costs 24 magic points and 2D6 Sanity points. This spell has a range of 30 yards and takes 2 rounds to cast. A silvery globe about 6 inches in diameter whips towards the target. When it hits him, it passes through him, changes color, and returns to the caster. The globe created by this spell takes the victim's soul from his body. All the victim's INT and all his POW but 1 (which is left in the body to allow normal life), is taken into the globe. The globe's color varies with the beliefs and personality of the victim. If the globe, which is as fragile as glass once the victim's soul has been taken, is ever broken the victim's soul returns instantly to its body. If the body is destroyed, the shock releases the spirit from its globe if the spirit can overcome the globe owner's magic points with its own. If the spirit is released when the body has been destroyed, it becomes a ghost, at best. The owner of the globe can communicate with the victim by holding the globe and concentrating. The victim loses 1D3 Sanity points per day he is kept inside the globe.

THE SPELL THAT WAS LOST WITH IB: This spell costs 24 magic points, 1D10 Sanity points, and takes 2 rounds to cast. Match the 24 magic points against the target's POW on the resistance table. If the caster succeeds, the target turns into a spider of SIZ equal to the target's original SIZ, with all of its legs broken. Witnesses to this transformation loose 1/1D6 SAN points.

SPIRAL OF SUTH: costs 12 magic points and 1D8 Sanity points. This spell has a range of 10 yards and takes three rounds to cast. A greenish-white spiral of light is created, which slowly spins (at a speed of 1) toward the chosen target, which may be up to 100 yards away. The spiral creates a 3-foot-diameter circular hole in the target substance. The depth of the hole depends on the density of the substance targeted. The spiral will penetrate two feet of granite, five feet of wood, or six inches of iron. Any human who does not leave the path of the spiral as it creeps towards him is killed as it cuts a hole through his or her body.

STABILITY: costs 6 magic points per hour maintained, and 1D3 Sanity points when cast. It takes two rounds to cast. Thin lines of energy are thrown off the caster's body, keeping him anchored in place. This spell keeps the caster's position in space rigidly unchanged, no matter what his surroundings are doing. It acts as a perfect defense against the Living X and Sundering Hurler spells. It holds the magician steady when he is in a precarious position. It can even be cast when falling from a height, in which case it would suspend the magician in space until the spell ended. The magician resists forcible movement with a STR equal to POW





x2, but if this is overcome, the Stability spell cancels out and the caster can be moved normally.

STUPEFYING BLAST: costs 16 magic points, 1D6 Sanity points, and takes two rounds to cast. A chaotic blast of green and blue energy is sent up to 30 feet toward the target, who must successfully resist the caster's magic points on the resistance table, or be struck deaf, blind, mute, and numb. Each hour after being struck, the victim can try to roll his POW x3 or less. After succeeding three times in a row, he or she is cured.

SUNDERING HURLER: costs a variable number of magic points and 1 Sanity point. It takes two rounds to cast and the target can be no more than 10 yards distant. A dim wave of irresistible force sweeps its target through the air, depositing it more or less gently at a distance equal to 8 yards per magic point expended. The object lands with 10% inaccuracy (*i.e.*, for each 100 feet it travels, it is up to 10 feet off in some direction upon landing, keeper's discretion as to distance and direction). A magician cannot cast this spell on him or herself.

THROTH'S STALWART: costs 6 magic points per round maintained, and takes 1D6 Sanity points and two rounds to cast. It must be cast upon the magician himself, who radiates a subtle glow and throbs with puissance. STR, CON, and DEX are doubled for the spell's duration.

THE VIRIDIAN WIND: costs 18 magic points, 1D6 Sanity points, and takes 4 rounds to cast. A translucent, pale green breeze blows from the caster toward the target area, which can be up to 30 yards away and up to 3 yards in diameter. Everything in the path of the breeze is frozen solid, including living beings. However, the freezing process takes 2D6 rounds to complete, so creatures can move out of the area of effect before they are harmed.

VORTEX OF FAR JOURNEYING: This spell costs 16 magic points, 1D8 Sanity points, and takes six hours to cast. A black vortex appears before the caster, and a dismal voice speaks from within it, asking the caster where he or she wishes to be taken. Upon receiving an answer it rushes upon the caster, collapsing to nothingness and taking the caster with it. This vortex can carry the caster to anywhere in the dream universe, taking only a few minutes to do so. If the caster does not know where he intends to go, the vortex cannot go there. Thus, "to the dark side of Earth's moon" would be acceptable, whereas "wherever they've taken Jack" is insufficient, and the vortex would ask for clarification.

There is a danger to using this spell. Once the vortex enfolds the caster it attempts to overcome his or her magic points with its own, which are determined by rolling 1D6 and multiplying the result by a second 1D6 roll. For

instance, if a 5 and a 2 were rolled, that instance of the vortex has 10 magic points.

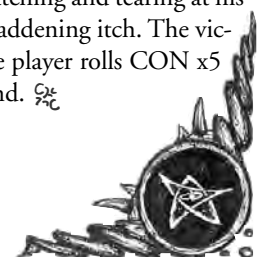
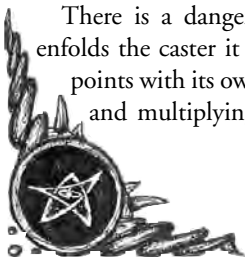
If it succeeds in overcoming the caster, he is never seen again. No living human magician knows what happens to the people that are carried off, but it is surmised that they are taken to the vortex's dimension forever. It is not even known if each spell summons a different vortex or if there is only one vortex of varying strength.

WHIRLIGIG: costs 8 magic points per round the spell is maintained, plus 1D3 Sanity points for casting the spell. It takes two rounds to cast and has a range of only 10 feet. A gyrating whirlwind of black threads sweeps up the victim, spinning, into the air unless he or she successfully resists the caster's magic points with his or her own. The height may be raised or lowered by 10 feet per round per extra magic point the caster expends. When the spell expires, the victim falls and may take damage. In any case he is dizzy and unable to stand or act until the player rolls DEX or less on 1D100, trying once per round.

WHITE WEB OF SOREN: costs 4 points per strand created and 1D6 Sanity points no matter how many strands are formed. Takes one round to create each strand. This spell forms thick white ribbon-like strands of matter to wrap around the target object, which can be up to 10 yards away. For each strand that wraps around the target, roll a cumulative 1D10. When the total of the 1D10 rolls exceeds the target object's SIZ, it begins to look a bit transparent, along with the strands. The instant that the total of the 1D10 rolls exceed twice the target object's SIZ, the object, strands and all vanish in a puff of smoke and a flash of light. If the target is a living creature, the strands will prevent him from moving unless he can overcome the cumulative 1D10 rolls with his STR each round he moves. After one minute, if the target has not yet vanished, the strands begin to evaporate at the rate of one per round.

WITHER LIMB: This spell costs the caster 8 magic points and 1D6 Sanity points. It takes one round to cast and the target must be within 30 yards. If the caster overcomes the target's magic points with his own on the Resistance Table, the desired limb (arm or leg only) withers and shrivels, causing 1D8 damage and a permanent loss of 1D3 CON to the victim. The victim and any others witnessing this event lose 0/1D3 Sanity points.

WOEFUL ITCH: costs 4 magic points, 1D3 Sanity points, and takes one round to cast. A cloud of glittering motes flutters to the target, who falls into a frenzy of scratching and tearing at his or her flesh in an attempt to halt the maddening itch. The victim is absolutely incapacitated until the player rolls CON x5 or less on 1D100, trying once per round. ☞



PART II: ADVENTURES

The following section of the book offers a few adventures which can be played in the Dreamlands background just described. At the most basic level, there are two different types of Dreamlands adventures, those which take place entirely in the Dreamlands and those which involve Waking World investigators traveling to the Dreamlands while pursuing leads. Samples of each type of adventure are presented here.

Chapter Nine, **To Sleep, Perchance to Dream**, is a short dramatization of entry into the Dreamlands, physically and emotionally, introducing some of the sorts of Waking World travelers who might frequent its horrors and wonders.

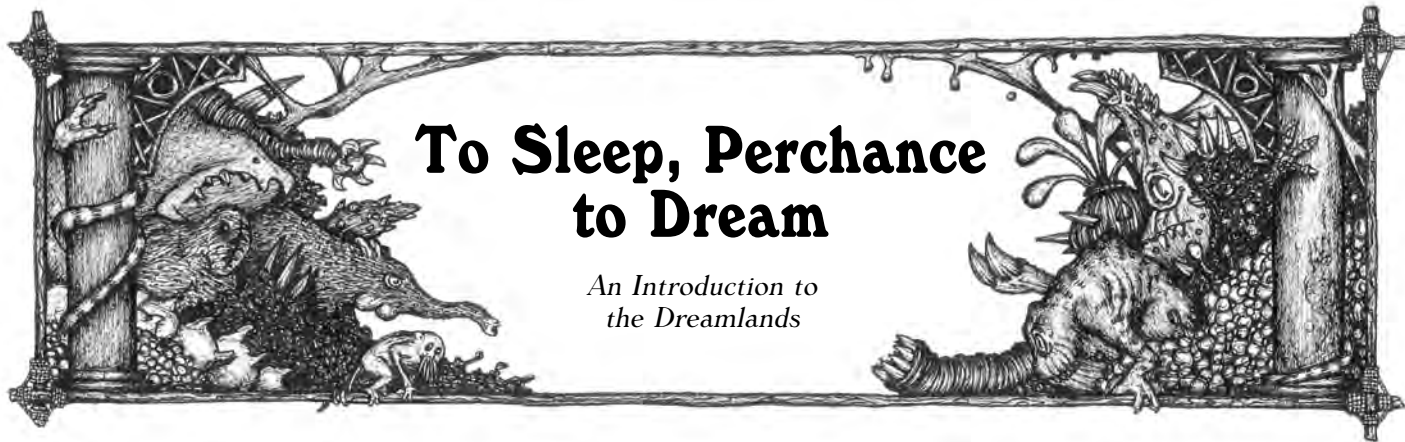
Chapter Ten, **Captives of Two Worlds**, runs well with a single player. The player characters are captured in the waking world by a villainous Cthulhu cultist who is also a dreamer. Their one hope is to hunt him down in the Dreamlands, and thereby force him to let their Waking World forms go free.

Chapter Eleven, **Pickman's Student**, is an adventure where investigators travel from the Waking World to the Dreamlands. It can be your investigators' first intimation that the Dreamlands are not always quiescent. As the Dream-horror blasts the life of Pickman's student, the investigators may understand that the interaction between dream and reality is frighteningly unstable.

Chapter Twelve, **Season of the Witch**, records the witch Hesper Payne's curse on the city fathers of Old Arkham, and how a descendant of her sister comes to aid her plan to ravage the city. This adventure features two evil-doers, one each on either side of the wall of sleep.

Chapter Thirteen, **Lemon Sails**, is an adventure set entirely in the Dreamlands. It involves a quest that begins in Dylath-Leen, but ends in a mad journey to the far-away worlds of Sarrub and Yundu. This can be an adventure for natives of the Dreamlands, or a refreshing change of place for Waking World investigators.

Chapter Fourteen, **The Land of Lost Dreams**, makes strong demands upon the narrative and descriptive powers of the keeper. Neil Bruford has found a drug that brings him into the Dreamlands without fail, but he believes that he has forever lost his chance for love with another dreamer. The investigators follow him to Xura, the Land of Unattainable Pleasures, and must undergo unusual trials to save the young dreamer.



To Sleep, Perchance to Dream

An Introduction to the Dreamlands

This scenario introduces the Dreamlands. We suggest that it be your investigators' first exposure to the Dreamlands. The adventure is most playable when the total of each investigator's Cthulhu Mythos and characteristic SAN equals 75 or more, but it may be played even if such scores are not the case.

This scenario can be easily integrated into an existing campaign. For instance, it might deliver an important clue or discovery that the players may have missed. Robert Ramsden might be replaced by anyone due to die in your campaign. The note he leaves at the base of the Gate of Deeper Slumber can hint that he knows of the investigators' difficulties, and that perhaps he can help. When Ramsden meets them at Ulthar, he can hand over whatever clues or information he possesses, simultaneously opening the way to the Dreamlands and proving the worth of the Dreamlands to the players.

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

Robert Ramsden, tiring of the dullness of this world, has decided to commit suicide in order to reside forever in the Dreamlands. His last act was to send each investigator chocolates laced with a drug enabling the eater to enter the Dreamlands. Ramsden does this because he likes the investigators and wishes them to share his experiences.

PLAYERS' INFORMATION

Robert Ramsden, an old friend of the investigators and an ardent follower of their exploits, has sent them each a small box of chocolates for Christmas (or whatever holiday is nearest the date of the adventure). An old client of the investigators, a known non-player character, or someone who might better fit into your campaign could replace Ramsden, if desired.

The Dream

That night, those investigators who ate naught of the chocolates sleep normally. Those who partook of the chocolates have remarkably vivid dreams, in the midst of which they see a huge stairway leading enticingly downwards. Each descends. Each wanders down seventy stone steps. At the bottom of the steps is the Cavern of Flame.

Alone, each investigator experiences the following separately. The keeper may wish to talk to them individually, or simply specify that all have the same interview in the Cavern of Flame. In the cavern burns a huge flame. Standing within are two hoary sages dressed in robes and Egyptian-looking crowns. Behind the

two sages a passageway beckons. The investigator notices that he or she is now naked, regardless of the garb worn earlier in the dream.

If someone decides to attack the two old priests, that character immediately awakens in his or her bedroom. Otherwise, the interview continues.

"Enter and be welcome," says the first old man. "I am Nasht."

"I am Kaman-Thah," says the other. "We congratulate you, [*insert investigator's name*], on finding the way."

Should the investigator ask something like, "Whither?" Nasht replies, "The way to dreams."

"But before you may pass the Gates of Deeper Slumber . . ." continues Kaman-Thah. The two priests stare deeply into the player-character's eyes. Their stares penetrate to his or her innermost soul, exposing all deceptions. If the investigator's Sanity plus Cthulhu Mythos score is 74 or less, Nasht says, ". . . The land of dream is not for you." And the investigator wakes, trembling, in his or her normal bed.

If the total is 75 or more, Nasht says, ". . . You are worthy," and the two priests retreat and bow. The way to the passage beyond the priests is open. If the dreamer decides to leave the way he or she came, the priests do not interfere. Once reaching the top of the steps, he or she wakes in the mundane world.

If, instead, the character decides to go through the now-open passageway, the priests gesture to an ornate malachite table atop which sit three loaves of bread, a jug of water, and a length of shiny, somewhat crystalline wool. Also on the table is whatever clothing the investigator wishes to wear. If the investigator asks about the wool, Kaman-Thah says, "It is manna, and edible." A small dagger or knife lays by the bread. The priests encourage the dreamer to take any or all of these gifts.

The character leaves the cavern and heads into the unknown passageway. It leads to a long, spiraling set of stairs winding downward. There are 700 steps down. As the dreamer descends, the surrounding tunnel begins to resemble wood. A successful Botany, Natural History, or Idea roll identifies it as oak. At the bottom of the stairs an elaborate arch has been cut into the wood, closed by a gate. Reaching it, the dreamer sees that he or she is in a deep forest. The exit gate has been cut into the side of an enormous oak tree—the tree, however, is smaller than it would have to be to contain the stairway the dreamer descended.

Passing through the gate, the player character becomes aware of his or her friends: all the remaining investigators are together.



I know you are probably very confused. Try not to be. You are in the Enchanted Wood, a somewhat dangerous place. Go straight ahead from the gate, do not turn left nor right, and do not listen to the whispers and chirps you'll hear. Soon you'll be in the open lands of dream. You'll soon find a road or a cottage, and be able to ask directions to the town of Ulthar, where I await you.

At the base of the tree is an envelope addressed to "My Friends". It contains the nearby letter from Robert Ramsden.

The dreamers now have a goal to reach. They must find Ulthar.

The forest is made of colossal twisted trees. Daylight has difficulty penetrating the interwoven branches overhead. Glowing fungus growths provide most of the light. As the investigators walk away from the gate, they occasionally hear fluttering, flute-like noises or insistent faint gibbering. These are, of course, various of the wood's inhabitants, including zoogs and worse. The entire time the player-characters spend in the woods these noises continue. Rustling sounds make it clear that they are being followed. As the dreamers reach the edge of the woods, the noises fade.

The Open Fields

As the dreamers leave the wood, they see fertile fields rolling toward a blue river. Smoke rises from the chimneys of scattered cottages, and hedges and roads are evident. Should the dreamers stop at a farmhouse to ask directions, the occupants give them directions and then invite them in for breakfast. They direct the characters to follow the river Skai (the blue river visible from the wood) downstream to the village of Nir, then to cross the stone bridge and it is only a short distance to Ulthar. The breakfast consists of gruel and mushrooms.

Following the river, the dreamers see many fish swimming therein. If any dreamer drinks of the water, he finds it cold and sweet-tasting. After an hour they reach the tiny hamlet of Nir, which consists only of a single path with a few buildings on either side. As the dreamers leave Nir, they see a large stone bridge crossing the Skai. The bridge looks solid and permanent. As they cross it, attempt a POW x1 roll on D100 for each character. With a success, the character hears a faint scratching noise as he

or she walks over it. The noise is impossible to pinpoint and soon fades. Once across the bridge, the road makes a couple of turns and the dreamers find themselves in Ulthar.

Ulthar

Many small farms surround Ulthar. Dozens of cottages dot the rolling hills around the town. The first thing the dreamers notice is the plenitude of cats. All sizes and breeds swarm through the city. Most are sleek and well-mannered. The buildings have peaked roofs, and their upper stories overhang the cobbled, narrow streets.

The people of Ulthar wear clothes that would not look out of place in medieval Europe. Most are of linen or wool, but some have silk garments. Cats crowd around the dreamers, slinking against their legs and setting up a melodious purring. Should a dreamer shoo the cats away, he or she finds that not only do the cats leave, but that they do not return while that dreamer remains in Ulthar.

Ulthar's most prominent building is a tower set atop the tallest hill in the city. The circular tower is graced by ivy growth. Anyone asking for "Robert Ramsden" is told that Ramsden must be the new guest of Atal, at the temple of the Elder Gods. The tower on the hilltop, of course, is the temple.

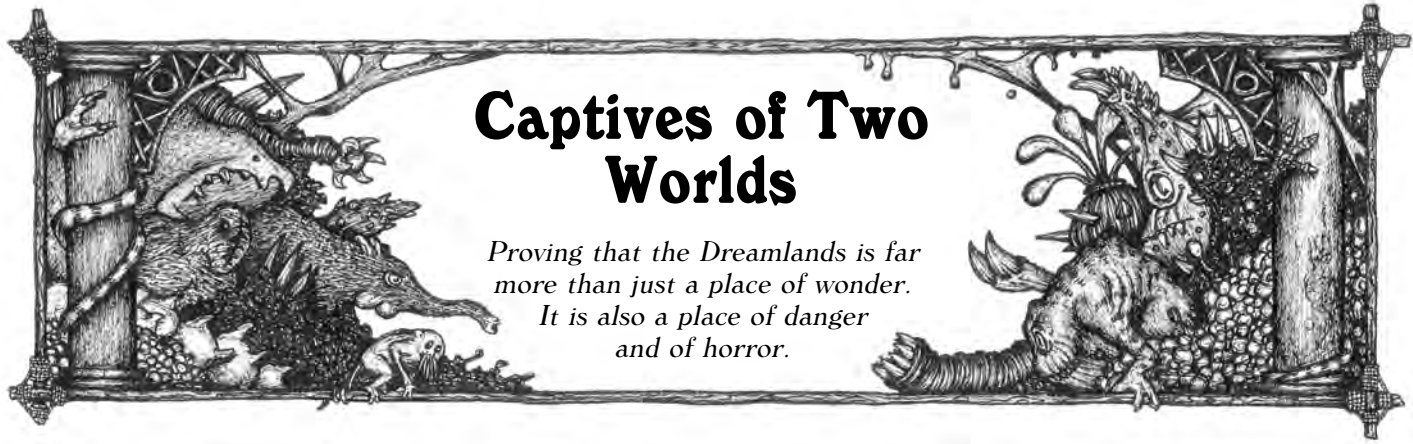
At the temple, an acolyte brings the dreamers to a waiting room and brings them fruit and drink. Soon they are taken to the inner shrine where, atop an ivory dais, sits an old man dressed in flowing robes. He seems ancient, yet his eyes are young and bright. "Are you the friends of Robert Ramsden?" He murmurs to himself, "Yes indeed, it must be so." He asks an acolyte to call for Robert, who soon arrives, dressed in satin and cloth-of-gold, and shakes the hands of the dreamers. Atal appears to go to sleep.

He then proceeds to walk with his guests back down to town, where he treats all the dreamers to a feast at a local public-house. He's willing to answer every question the player-characters come up with, subject only to the keeper's whims. This is a chance for the players to learn a little of this strange new world, and a chance for the keeper to enlighten them. Naturally Ramsden does not know everything about the Dreamlands—there are many places he has never been and has never heard of. Even Randolph Carter, one of the finest dreamers of all, had never heard of such major cities as Inquanok before traveling thereto.

At the end of the feast, the investigators go upstairs to pleasantly furnished bedrooms, and, upon going to bed, find themselves waking in their own home apartments.

Back in the Waking World

The next morning, Robert Ramsden is discovered dead in bed, apparently a victim of suicide. The investigators soon compare notes and discover that they shared a single dream. And so on to further adventures. ✎



Captives of Two Worlds

Proving that the Dreamlands is far more than just a place of wonder. It is also a place of danger and of horror.

This scenario requires at least one of the investigators to be a fairly experienced dreamer. It runs well with only a single player, though as many as desired can play at once. The investigators are captured in the waking world by a villainous Cthulhu cultist who is also a dreamer. Their one hope of escape is to hunt him down in the Dreamlands, and force him to let their waking forms go.

This scenario demonstrates to the players another way that they can use the Dreamlands to their advantage against the horrors of the Mythos.

KEEPER INFORMATION

John Monroe is a small-time occultist who learned too much for his own good. He has stumbled into the Cthulhu Mythos, read the arcane books of that lore, and experimented with the black spells imparted in the *Necronomicon* and elsewhere. In his

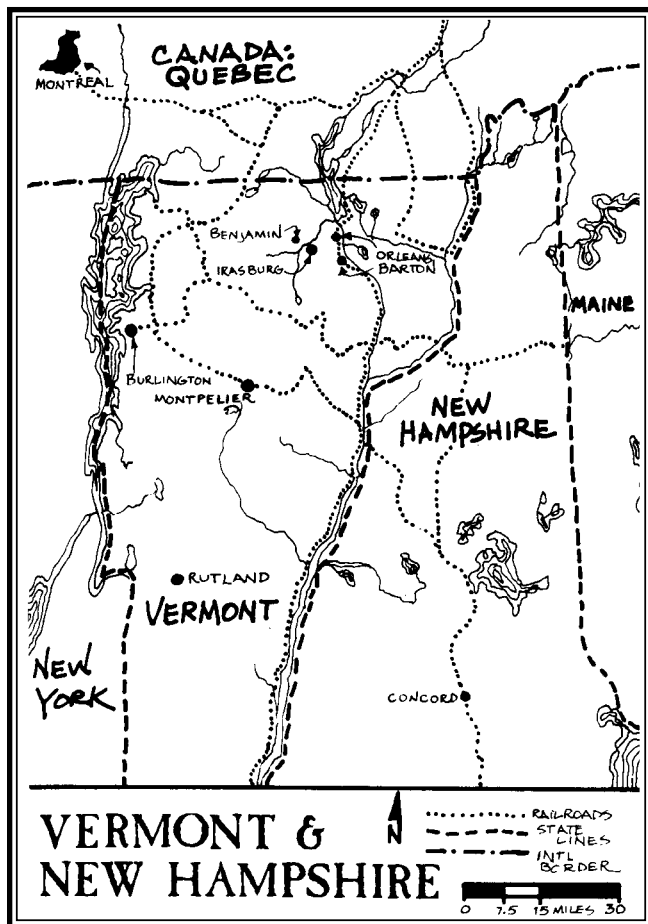
youth, he discovered the lands of dream, where he now goes at least once a month.

About twenty years ago, he met a fellow enthusiast from the little town of Bensamin, who told him about the town's special proclivities. Uncle John moved to Bensamin and has lived there ever since. He comes of a wealthy family, and at one time had quite a fortune, but has spent most of it on his occult experiments. Knowing that Sally Monroe, heir to his brother's fortune, knows little of business matters, he invited her to live with him, and he has been steadily and falsely using her name to extract money from her bank accounts and sell off her stocks and bonds, all unbeknownst to her. He has not dared to murder her because he knows she has made a will, and he does not know to whom her money will go after her death.

Bensamin is a hamlet of 62 inhabitants. All were born there. All plan to die there. They live off little scratch farms and occasional hunting. Fifty years ago, a couple named Alexander and Carmen Peace came from Louisiana with four friends to found the town. All the inhabitants of Bensamin are descended from the Peaces or their friends. The Peaces and their friends were ignorant, immoral farmers in Louisiana who belonged to the small Cthulhu cult there. During the Reconstruction period following the Civil War, Peace and his wife decided to leave Louisiana. They robbed a bank and escaped, using the money to pay their passage and build homes in Vermont. Their descendants have continued the Cthulhu cult rituals, though they only rarely practice human sacrifice.

When Uncle John arrived in town to join the cult here, he speedily became the town's effective leader—all the natives were grossly inbred, subject to congenital malformations, diseased, and illiterate. Marriage and morals are nonexistent in the animal-like lives led by the townsfolk. Syphilis and alcoholism are rampant, and Bensamin will probably cease to exist as an entity within a generation, for few children are born alive. The Bensaminites are an excellent example of the ultimate deterioration which worship of the Great Old Ones produces in humankind. Even now, many of the townsfolk are so incapacitated that they no longer comprehend their worship of Cthulhu, participating only because their neighbors and relatives insist. Uncle John himself is often afraid of the Bensaminites, for their surliness and low mentality make them dangerous.

When Uncle John arrived, he saw the town as a perfect place to begin his grand occult experiment—the transformation of humanity into a superior race, believed by Monroe to resemble the mythic ancient Lemurians. In his experiments, he has infected women and girls, chosen from among the most



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degenerate Bensaminites, with spawn from Outside. He has done this forty times since his arrival in Bensamin two decades ago. Thirty-two times, the women died horribly. Six times, the women became pregnant, and died at the births of monstrous stillborns. Once, in 1916, a terrible Thing broke through the veil between the universes and destroyed half of Bensamin before Uncle John managed to send it back. And once his experiment was successful. His success lives in a wet slough just east of town.

The next stage of his experiment is to crossbreed his “success” with a human female, to draw one step closer to true success, but the women of Bensamin are completely unsuitable. The breedable females who were not diseased have already died in John’s earlier experiments. Now he needs a healthy and strong subject for the next experiment. With Sally’s arrival, Uncle John’s plan draws near to completion, for she is an ideal subject for his monstrous experiment, though she does not know of her part in the great plan. John’s preparations proceed apace.

Uncle John’s monstrous experiment killed Sally’s dog, and also carried off Agatha Ross for unknown reasons. Uncle John called the monster off Agatha, who was physically unharmed, but killed her to preserve his secret.

John now visits the Dreamlands almost every night, to escape the Bensaminites and the squalor of their town. Without his Dreamlands escape, he knows he would soon drop to their level and join them fully, a fate worse than eternal death to his way of thinking. And, as he grows older, and thus nears his earthly death, the lure of the Dreamlands grows stronger. Uncle John fears death greatly, and the eternal life offered by the Dreamlands is a great comfort to him.

INVESTIGATOR INFORMATION

A young woman, Sally Monroe, calls upon the likeliest investigator. Her contactee should be the most competent private eye in the group or, if there is no professional detective in your group, then the best-known parapsychologist, or simply the person with the highest INT or APP.

She enters with her eyes reddened from weeping. She is young and pretty, if not beautiful. She dresses conservatively in a dark blue suit and skirt, and silk stockings. She speaks.

“The problem started last month when my dog disappeared. The next week, a friend of mine, Agatha Ross, who had been staying the weekend, vanished. Her body was found two weeks ago. She had been murdered. They shot a tramp who they think was the killer, but I don’t know. I want you to perform investigations in Bensamin—that’s the town’s name—and see what you can find out. I’m worried about Uncle John. His life may be in danger.

“I guess I ought to start from the beginning. My name is Sally Monroe. My father, Frederick Monroe, left me quite a lot of money. I finished college at Radcliffe last semester and

my Uncle John kindly invited me to stay with him for a while, until I decided what I wanted to do with my life. Uncle John’s a bit of a hermit, but he’s my only living relative, and I thought that a bit of peace would do me good after my hectic time at Radcliffe.

“Uncle John lives in a tiny little burg called Bensamin, way back up in Vermont. Everything went just fine for the first few months. Well, almost everything. The locals sure give me the creeps. They’re always staring at me and looking at me behind my back. I guess it’s just that they don’t see many strangers, and are naturally curious. But it sure is creepy. So whenever I got lonely, I just wire money for my friends to come up and visit.

“Then my dog disappeared. He was a big dog, too—a boxer. Then, two weeks ago, Agatha, who’d come up for the weekend, disappeared. I thought she might just have up and left on the spur of the moment—that would have been rather like Agatha—but her corpse was found a few days later, stabbed. I would think that a murder like that would set the whole town awhirl, but they didn’t change a bit—still just as apathetic and sullen as ever. The sheriff seemed real friendly and helpful, but I think he only made a token search for the killer. A couple of days ago, his deputy shot a tramp who was caught breaking into a house in Irasburg. He found a knife on the tramp’s body, and figured that he must have been Agatha’s killer. But I’m scared. I think that the Bensamin people are in on some secret, and that they’re planning something. I’m afraid that my Uncle John is in danger. Can you please help me?”

At this point, Sally stops, looks over her shoulder, and continues, in a lower tone of voice, “And there’s something else, too. I don’t know if I should tell you this, but the night that Agatha disappeared, I went into her room to talk to her for a moment. She was gone, but there was this . . . scum . . . in her bed, like the path of a slug. It led to the window and over the sill. I ran outside, and could see the slime oozing down the wall in a long tortuous trail. It went through the garden, and led out further, but I got scared and went back to the house. The next morning, when Agatha was still missing, I decided it was one of her practical jokes and cleaned up the mess. When her body was found, I told the deputy about the slime, but he said it was probably just pond-scum or mud from the boots and pants of the tramp. But I never saw mud like that stuff. Since then, I’ve seen that scum one other time, two days ago, in a long trail through the garden leading toward the house. I’m scared.”

Sally Monroe is a wealthy woman, heiress to well over a million dollars. She offers the investigator she has contacted a fee of \$100 a day, not including expenses, plus \$5000 more if he can discover exactly what is going on in Bensamin. This fee is extremely generous, and trying to dicker with Miss Monroe to get more money only succeeds in lowering her estimation of the investigator. The other investigators in your group either must be paid from this fee, or they must join in for the thrill of the chase (this latter is the obvious choice for dilettantes and para-



psychologists). After Sally leaves, let your group thrash out the details, but the next day should see them leaving for Bensamin.

Background

The investigators may wish to learn more about Bensamin. It has no school (and the children never attend the nearby school in Irasburg—on the one occasion the truant officer visited Bensamin, he was beaten up badly), no library, and no literate inhabitants. As will be discovered later in the scenario, as soon as the investigators arrive in town, they are basically made prisoners, so they have no opportunity to gather background information after they arrive. But if they are clever enough to stop in Montpelier and gather information before heading on to Bensamin, a little data is accessible.

In the Montpelier town library, or in the grand libraries of Boston or New York, a successful Library Use roll uncovers only that Alexander and Carmen Peace founded Bensamin in 1868, who came from Louisiana with four friends. The 1920 census gives the town's population as 92 people.

A second successful Library Use roll uncovers the military draft records for Bensamin from the years of the Great War. Not a single Bensaminite was found fit for military duty. In response to this finding, a team of doctors were sent to cure whatever conditions were causing this fearful state of affairs, but the total non-cooperation of the Bensaminites caused the eventual resignation of the doctors, and nothing further was

done. Involved were Drs. Fairmont, Darry, Madison, and Woodlock, and unnamed assistants.

Dr. Woodlock lives in Montpelier and, if the investigators are there and wish to interview him, they can obtain the statement titled "The Doctor's Tale", nearby.

If civic and death records are checked for the town, the investigators find that forty-five deaths from purpueal fever (childbirth fever) are recorded since 1900, when the first records were accurately kept. In 1916 a fire was reported to have ruined much of the town, and eight lives were lost.

If the investigators try to interview the county sheriff, they learn only that he dislikes Bensamin, and is happy to let it stew in its own juices. He is convinced that the tramp he killed was Agatha's murderer, and brooks no denial.

Bensamin

The best way to get to Bensamin is to take the Boston & Maine railroad from either Boston or Springfield to the Connecticut River, where the rail line follows the river up to Barnet. From there, the investigators should take the rail to Orleans, where a bus line has regular service to Irasburg. From Irasburg, you must go on foot or pay a local to drive you to Bensamin, which is five miles to the

THE DOCTOR'S TALE

"I arrived in Bensamin in September 1917, with three other doctors and our assistants. Before we arrived, some government workmen built us a small clinic, and so we were expecting to find a nice new building in which to work. When we got there, we found that the local folk had broken all the windows in the clinic, stolen both the front and the back door, and set up a pigsty in the front yard. Hardly an auspicious beginning. We managed to get rid of the pigs, put brown paper over the broken windows, and get replacement doors from Irasburg. Then we began our program of examining the townsfolk and prescribing for their ills.

"At least, that was the plan. But not one of the townsfolk would come to our clinic. There is a lot of disease in that town, and we could have done a lot of good if only they'd have let us. But they just didn't care. They'd rather go insane and die from their diseases than have outsiders like us messing around. The only man that helped us at all was the town's only outsider, Mr. Monroe. The townsfolk seemed to respect him a little, and so we got him to accompany us while we went house-to-house to examine the locals. At least then they'd let us through the door. But they wouldn't take the medicine we prescribed and they wouldn't do the exercises or activities we ordered.

"It was unbelievable. I can remember one woman who had a huge cyst in her left cheek, as big as an apple! We decided to take her to Montpelier for an operation to remove the cyst—it must have been horribly uncomfortable, not to mention the disfigurement it caused! But when we went by her house to pick her up and take her to the train station, we found that she'd actually fled from town and taken to the woods so we couldn't put her in the hospital. And that's just one example. Despite Mr. Monroe's best efforts, they just wouldn't cooperate.

"And they kept trying to drive us off. They killed Dr. Darry's pet cat by stomping it to death. They set fire to the clinic three times—burnt down a whole wing once, with all our records. So what can I tell you? They won. We finally left, stymied. I've never seen anything like it."



UNCLE JOHN'S STORY

"I moved here in 1902. Back then, the people of Bensamin—they like to call themselves Bensaminites, by the way—were just as unfriendly as they are today. They completely ostracized me for the first year. But I kept buying food from them and hiring them on to help a little around the house, and eventually they warmed to me. They didn't really become friendly, though, until 1916, when the fire happened. Almost half the town was wiped out. When I was younger, I'd served in a volunteer fire department, so I organized the Bensaminites into a bucket brigade and stopped the fire. I even charged into one burning shack to save a baby. Strange, though, the fellow whose son I'd saved seemed more disturbed about the loss of his dog than the fact I'd rescued his son. Anyway, not to play up my part too much, after that, they started to respect me. I think that they have adopted me, so to speak, though they still don't let me in on their little town secrets."

If the investigators ask Uncle John about the slime reported in Agatha Ross' bedroom, he seems perturbed. Then he says,

"I first moved here because I was very interested in zoology. I had heard from a friend that a huge gastropod had been reported from the area during a period of intense flooding. I came out to find it. I never did, and as the years went by, I forgot about it and just enjoyed living here—I guess I've never been much for social company, and so the unfriendly Bensaminites suit me just fine. When Sally saw that streak of slime, I immediately thought of the gastropod. But I'm sixty-eight years old now. I can't go running around in river bottoms looking for giant slugs. Not only that, I've lost all my connections with the scientific world. But I think that <that> is what she saw—the trail of the creature that I originally came here to look for. I can't believe that a giant slug could possibly have harmed Agatha, though. I think that the slug crept in the window, frightened Agatha out of her wits, sending her fleeing from the house. And then, out in the woods, she met that tramp who killed her. I'm not sure why she didn't scream when she saw the thing. Perhaps she thought it would hear her and come after her."

west. Alternatively, the investigators could telephone Sally Monroe, who would drive out to Irasburg to pick them up. The Monroes own the only phone in Bensamin.

However they get there, the investigators finally arrive in Bensamin. As they walk down the town's single street, they see several children playing. As they approach, the children look up and run away. One of the children is clearly a Mongoloid idiot. Left behind as they run off is a lizard, two of its legs torn off—evidently the source of the children's "game". A local man stumps down the street. He has a clubfoot, and his cheek is a mass of sores. A senile old woman rocks in a chair. As the investigators pass, they can see that she has no eyes; the raw sockets are red and inflamed. There are no stores, no post office, and no government buildings, only flimsy gray wooden homes with black shingle roofs. This is Bensamin. At the very far end of town, set apart from the scratch-build huts that most of the population live in, is a rather nice home surrounded by an overgrowth of weeds and woods. A nameplate at the front of the house says "Monroe." This is where Sally and Uncle John live.

Sally and John appear happy to meet the investigators, and Sally in particular is eager for them to solve her mystery. She goes to bed rather early, and John invites the investigators into his den, where he tries to pump them of all the information they possess about the town. He also gives them his story, which appears boxed nearby.

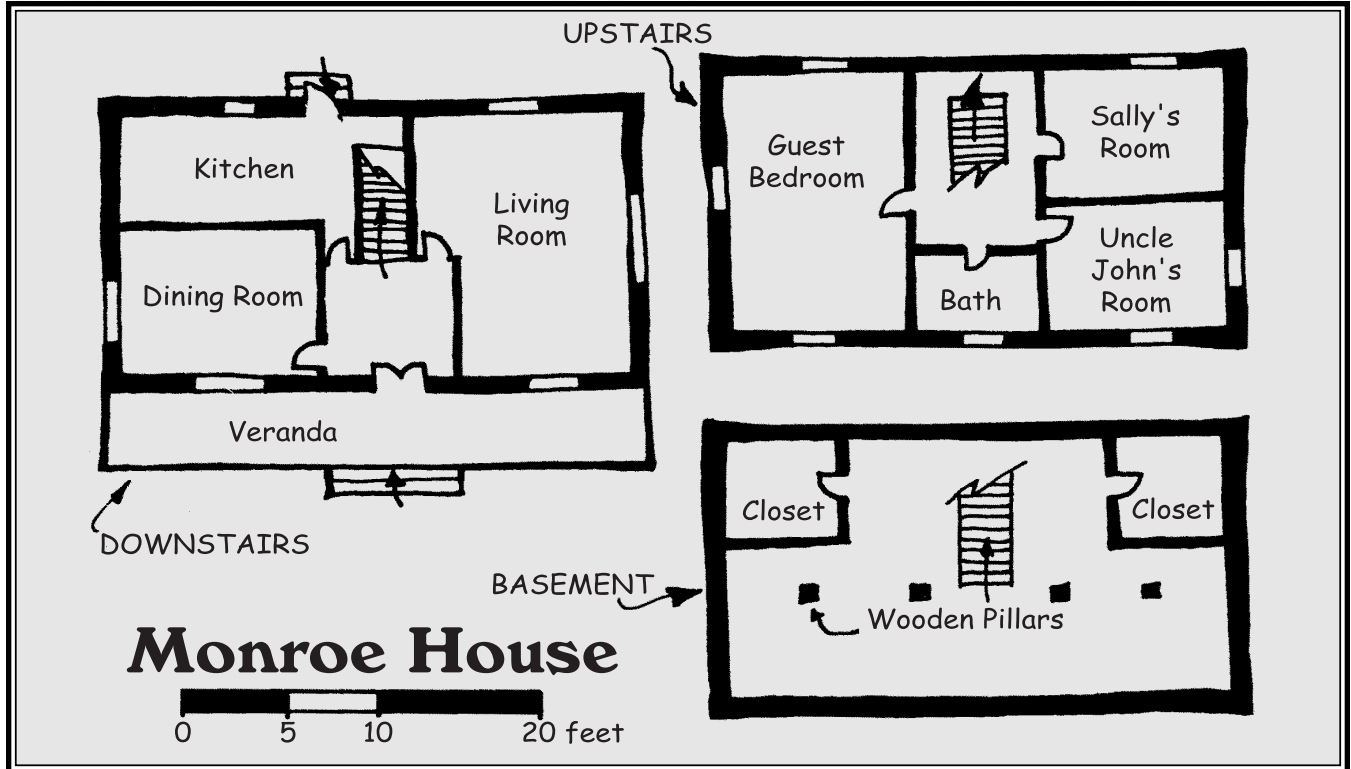
After dinner that evening, the household goes out on the veranda to watch the sunset. Uncle John seems to get quite emotional about it, and mumbles something about

"Celephaïs . . ." If any investigator picks up on this and quizzes Uncle John to see if he knows of the Dreamlands, Uncle John is thunderstruck. He fumblingly denies all knowledge of the Dreamlands and tries to laugh off his "Celephaïs" comment, claiming that the investigator must have misunderstood. But later on that evening, he subtly tries to find out which, if any, of the investigators are also dreamers. The ensuing conversation is left to the keeper's imagination, but it should become fairly obvious to all but the stupidest investigators that Uncle John knows of the Dreamlands and that he doesn't want the investigators to know that he knows about them. (Uncle John's skills at deception have gotten quite rusty during his time in Bensamin.)

The investigators are put to bed in cots and sleeping bags in the single big guest bedroom at the Monroe house. Female investigators are invited to sleep in Sally's room. Uncle John apologizes for the crowded arrangements, but there is no hotel in Bensamin.

The Trap Closes

At about 4 a.m., investigators (in either the guest bedroom or Sally's room) can each attempt a Listen roll. Success permits them to hear several men and women talking in low voices outside the bedroom door. If the door is tried, the voices stop, and the door proves to be blocked from without. A glance out the window shows several Bensaminites, well-armed with double-



barreled shotguns, Civil War vintage rifles, and knives and axes, standing guard.

If the investigators stay quietly in their room, eventually the Bensaminites burst through the door brandishing their weapons, and take the investigators captive. If the investigators resist, there is a brief fight, which the investigators almost surely lose, after which the surviving player characters are taken captive. The Bensaminites take them downstairs to the cellar and deposit them in chains.

If the investigators try to escape through the window, the Bensaminites outside fire at them and generally discourage such an egress. If the investigators try to burst through the interior door, they end up right in the hands of the dozen-odd Bensaminites waiting outside, who capture the investigators, take them to the cellar, and deposit them in chains.

If one of the investigators knows the Gate spell and begins casting it, the Bensaminites realize something is going wrong and break in before the spell can be completed—once again capturing and disarming the investigators, taking them to the cellar, and depositing them in chains.

Sally, too, is taken prisoner, to her bewilderment and fear.

Imprisoned

The basement prison is empty of anything but four wooden pillars and the prisoners. It is dry, at least, and has a concrete floor. There are no rats. Each investigator has a big iron cuff hammered closed round his or her ankle, and then a length of

chain is welded onto the leg iron. A loop of the chain is passed around one of the four stout wooden pillars in the basement and re-attached to the cuff. There is no way to unlock chain or cuff—the captive must be filed or cut free.

The investigators are left in the prison with one woman guard, who is about forty years old, has black, carious, teeth, and one deformed hand (with but three fingers). She sits at the door, cuddles her shotgun, and completely ignores the investigators and Sally. She only reacts if one of the prisoners seems as though he is trying to break free of his chain somehow (such as by grinding it against the floor). In such a case she stands up, points her weapon at the offender, and says, “Mess wi’ yer chain again, and ye die.” Then she sits back down. If that prisoner tries to break loose again, she empties both barrels into him. Then she reloads and sits down again.

THE GUARDSWOMAN

STR 08 CON 07 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 09
DEX 12 APP 07 EDU 03 SAN 00 HP 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: Shotgun 45% (90% at point-blank range), damage 4D6/2D6/1D6.

Skills: Listen 65%, Spot Hidden 65%.

In the evening, Uncle John comes down to meet his guests. He is accompanied by two axe-clutching, grinning Bensaminites (one has syphilitic ulcers on his left arm). Uncle John speaks. “Tis a pity you came when you did”—nodding to the investigators—“for tonight was the climax for my experiment. I



could hardly have you wandering around, mucking up my plans. My apologies. You will not be held here much longer, I promise you.” If an investigator interrupts Uncle John, or asks questions, Uncle John politely waits while one of the Bensaminites strides quickly over and kicks the offender into silence until Uncle John is done. If the investigator then accuse him of lying to them, being in league with the villagers, or any amount of other villainy, he smiles benignly, nods, and leaves. If the investigators beg for freedom, he smiles even more benignly, and says, insincerely (Psychology roll to detect), “Certainly. I’ll have no more reason to keep you prisoner after my experiment is performed. You’ll all be freed by tomorrow noon.” if the investigators ignore him, or say something else, he’ll either leave or respond as the keeper sees fit.

After he leaves, he returns a minute or two later, now accompanied by four Bensamin men laboring under the weight of a huge tin tub. They set it down on the floor, well out of reach of the investigators and Sally, and back away. A slimy form humps itself up within the tub and all the viewers lose 1/1D8 SAN at the sight of Uncle John’s successful experiment. The creature is vaguely octopus-like, with four long translucent tentacles and a central lump of a body. But atop the lump is a deformed hairless human head, with bulging eyes and a drooling, mindless expression. It starts to ooze itself out of the tub, then stops, and stares at the investigators and Sally. Its face changes expression—it seems terrified! And it slimes back into the tub.

Uncle John seems highly annoyed. He says, “Well, perhaps our little friend will become bolder with experience. I’ll leave him here with you tonight, and he can get used to you. There’s no need to be afraid—he won’t hurt you. He feeds only on water-snakes, trout, and other little water-creatures. You’re in no danger, unless you get him angry. And one more thing—if the tip of the slightest tentacle of his is harmed, you’ll all die extremely slowly, and extremely painfully. I have access to blowtorches, pliers, nails, and hammers. So don’t even think about spoiling my experiment in that manner!

“By the morning, he should be quite used to your presence, and I can complete the next stage of my experiment, which involves you, Sally. You may well be, if not the mother, at least the grandmother of a new race of beings. Look closely at my experiment—he is to be the grandfather.” At this, Sally screams and faints. Uncle John looks perturbed. If any of the investigators are women, he opines, “Well, perhaps her nerves are too fragile. I can easily replace her with you (pointing to one of the female investigators) or you (pointing to another). No matter. *Au revoir.*”

Dreaming

That night, the creature sits on the edge of its tub all night long. It creeps up cautiously to the feet of one of the investigators, then becomes bolder and bolder as the night goes on,

until its loathsome tentacles have softly entwined around the torso of every player character at least once during the night. If anyone attacks it, or makes as if to do so, the creature oozes back to its tub with remarkable speed, and avoids that character in the future. Despite Uncle John’s warning, the investigators can do little to harm this monster. It has no bones to break, and its organs are too fluid and rubbery to be easily damaged. Perhaps if they had fire, it could be harmed, but all their matches (and everything else from their pockets) have been taken away by the Bensaminites—besides, there is Uncle John’s threat to worry about.

UNCLE JOHN’S EXPERIMENT

STR 12 CON 29 SIZ 22 INT 05 POW 12
DEX 13 MOV 07 HP 26

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Bite 78%, damage 1D3

Grapple 90%, damage special.

The Experiment grapples twice a round, since it has four tentacles. Its grapple attack is a normal one, and it can try to immobilize its target, strangle, hurl him or her to the ground, and so on. The Experiment is a cautious creature, fearful of new things. It is far from perfect—which is why Uncle John wishes to mate it with Sally, to breed a fiercer order of being.

Eventually, several of the investigators drop off to uneasy sleep. The investigators should realize that Uncle John knows the Dreamlands, since he spoke of Celephaïs. So they may decide to travel there in their dreams. If the players are not quick enough to think of this, then whoever is the oldest dreamer simply happens to dream himself into Celephaïs, with whatever other investigators are most likely. If the investigators try specifically to get to Celephaïs, the keeper may wish to set obstacles in their paths, such as storms at sea, loathsome monsters from the Forbidden Lands, etc. These are all left up to the individual keeper, who best knows his players, their knowledge of, and their attitude towards the Dreamlands.

Ultimately, the investigators get to Celephaïs. While walking down the Street of the Ivory Rose, which is paved in onyx as are all the streets of Celephaïs, one of the investigators spies Uncle John, dressed in local garb and striding, bold as brass, along the way. Almost immediately thereafter, Uncle John spots the pursuing investigators, his face fills with fear, and he turns to flee. He races into the yawning door of a huge building and vanishes within its depths. By the time the investigators can get after him, he is far distant.

So now the problem should be clear. Uncle John is somewhere in Celephaïs. He may have allies or servants here, but it is doubtful that noble King Kuranos would tolerate any evil activities, so perhaps Uncle John is simply a visitor. From here on in, the scenario is up to the direction of the keeper and the players.



UNCLE IN THE DREAMLANDS: Uncle John carries on no diabolic plots here. The Dreamlands are simply a place to rest, relax, and enjoy. Perhaps after he has died and the waking world is no longer accessible to him, such a pleasant existence might grow stale, and he would foment occult plots here as he does now in the waking world, but that time is not yet.

He has only recently arrived in Celephaïs. He is fearful of the investigators here, and will try to hide. He has no allies or close friends in Celephaïs. He is on his own.

Celephaïs

Celephaïs is divided into five quarters (see the nearby sketch-map of the city). Different techniques are needed in each quarter for the dreamers to seek out Uncle John. The keeper must decide for himself in what part of Celephaïs Uncle John is currently hiding. If Uncle John realizes that the dreamers are looking for him in a particular quarter, he'll stay out of it from then on.

Seaward: this area huddles up against the seaward walls. It includes the docks and wharves outside the city, plus the taverns, trading booths, and inns built within the city wall for the convenience of sailors and merchants from distant lands. These taverns are merry, and none are of ill-repute. Those looking for sordid pleasures or brief, loveless liaisons must travel elsewhere than Celephaïs. The famous Street of Pillars bisects this area. As one travels further north through this area, the taverns become interspersed with homes, and finally are replaced by homes.

Here, the dreamers might split up and search the taverns and inns individually, questioning the patrons and jolly innkeepers, asking about Uncle John. For each day the dreamers spend doing this, there is a cumulative 10% chance that they will come across the very inn in which Uncle John is staying (if he is hiding in Seaward). If they then head to his room to confront him, he hears them coming, peeks through his door, and tries to escape through the back window. If the dreamers are smart enough to have stationed a man outside that window, they have him caught.

Alternatively, the dreamers might enter a tavern and offer the sailors therein a reward for finding Uncle John. The sailors will immediately rush out and search the quarter, and keep searching the quarter for several days. Uncle John is too sly to be caught by the clumsy sailors, but they force him to leave Seaward and he cannot enter it anymore.

The Harbormaster's grand office is also in Seaward, and all ships that arrive or depart visit with him first. If the dreamers speak with him, and can demonstrate their own sincerity at the expense of Uncle John, he'll agree to forbid all ships to take

anyone resembling Uncle John aboard until the dreamers have seen him. The dreamers can demonstrate their sincerity by a successful Art (Song) or (Poetry) roll, by a successful Dream Lore roll (showing that they are long-term dreamers), or simply by being acquaintances of King Kuranès.

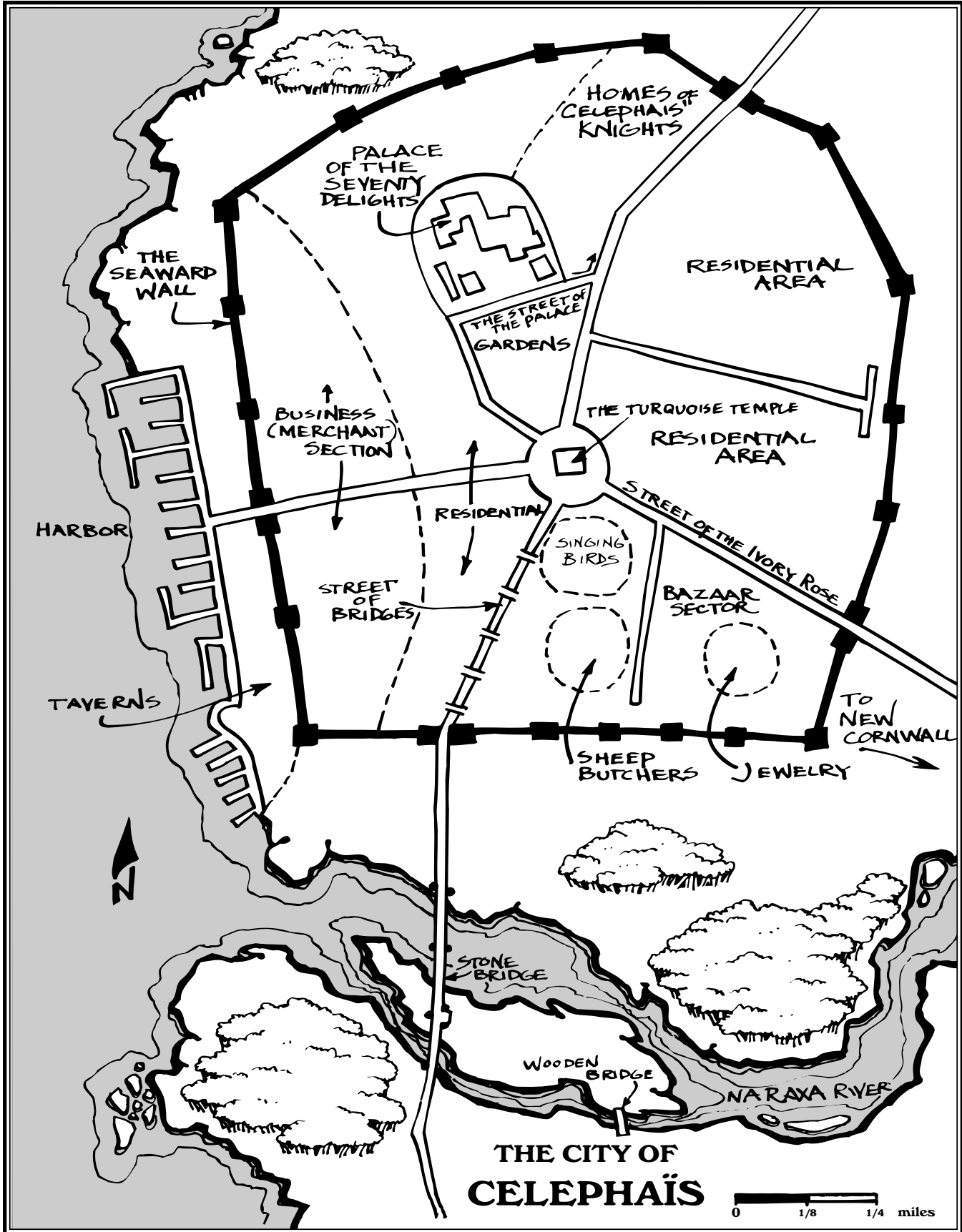
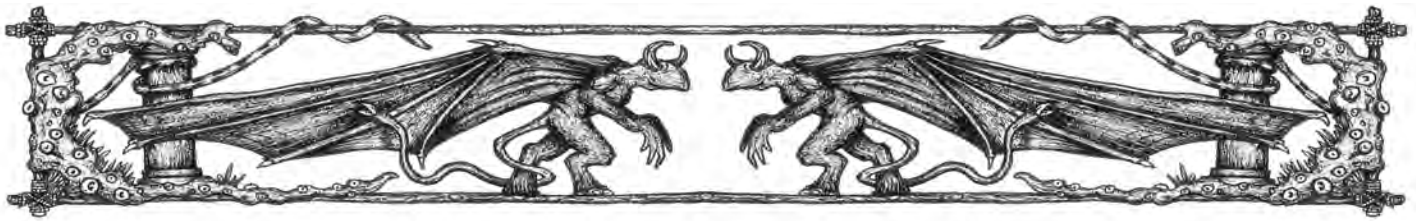
Bazaar: this area is filled with bazaars of all types, including the Bazaar of the Sheep-Butchers, where the chief of Celephaïs' cats resides. It also includes the Bazaar of Singing Birds, the Bazaar of Green Jewels, the Bazaar of Violet Jewels, the Bazaar of Red Jewels, and the Bazaar of Cornwall (where objects are made for King Kuranès' imitation Trevor Towers to the east of the city). Each bazaar has a guildmaster who oversees it and knows all that goes on.

The dreamers can speak privately to each guildmaster if they please. If the dreamers are friendly and open, the guildmaster will probably be more than willing to keep an eye out for Uncle John, especially if the dreamers promise to return this favor later. This may be done by bringing some rare object from a distant land as a gift, by encouraging traders in other lands to travel to Celephaïs and deal directly with the guildmaster, or any other means the dreamers see fit. If, after several dream months, the dreamers have not repaid each individual guildmaster for their kindness, they become perturbed and tell King Kuranès of the dreamers' ingratitude. On the dreamers' next visit to Celephaïs, they are summoned before Kuranès and asked to account for their inaction. If they cannot satisfactorily account for themselves, they are forbidden to ever again enter Celephaïs or Serranian.

With the guildmasters watching for Uncle John, he can no longer hide out in the bazaar. He may even be caught by a guildmaster, though this latter should only occur if the dreamers are seriously incapable.

Palace of the Seventy Delights: this is King Kuranès' palace, though he more often now resides at Trevor Towers, in his little mock-Cornwall to the east. Uncle John might hide here, in the gardens or glorious golden hallways of the immense palace. If the dreamers speak with King Kuranès and tell him of their problem, he will order his gold-tabarded knights to watch for Uncle John, preventing him access to the Palace or his exit from the city. King Kuranès is wise and just. He needs no convincing to do this, unless one or more of the dreamers have proved themselves villains in the past, in which case King Kuranès will still have his knights watch for Uncle John, but he will also pass a just judgment on the villainous dreamer.

The Garrison Manors: here are the palatial homes and marble stables of King Kuranès' knights, who ride roan horses and wear cloth-of-gold tabards embroidered with a curious design. There is nowhere for Uncle John to hide here. If one of the dreamers asks a knight to watch for Uncle John, the knight takes the dreamer to King Kuranès, in his Palace of the Seventy Delights, where his case is heard.





The Pleasant Palaces: this is the residential section of Celephaïs. Celephaïs, the city of delight, has no poverty nor hunger, and its citizens enjoy eternal youth and health. Their homes, carved in fine wood and marble, demonstrate this well. Every home has a little garden, carefully tended and nourished. Here there are no “houses,” only “homes”. This is the likeliest area for Uncle John to hide out. He can evade the dreamers for days, running from street to street, hiding on rooftops, and keeping on the move.

Running Down Uncle John

Unless the dreamers are quite fortunate early in their search, Uncle John must be brought to ground in the Pleasant Palaces. The keeper must organize the hunt well, decide what part of the Palaces Uncle John lurks in, and set the dreamers on his trail. By asking friendly citizens or enlisting the help of sailors, guildmasters, or King Kuranés’ knights, the dreamers will probably eventually be able to catch their quarry. Perhaps they could enlist the aid of the orchid-wreathed priests of Nath-Horthath, who may be able to magically divine Uncle John’s current hiding place.

The search should culminate in an exciting chase of some sort, with Uncle John fleeing over the glistening crystal rooftops and clambering up the stairways of glowing golden minarets, while the dreamers leap and scramble after him or pace him on the streets below. This section must be played by ear, and only the keeper can do it properly, using his knowledge of his players and his concept of the Dreamlands and Celephaïs. Some personalized inhabitants of Celephaïs are given below for the keeper’s utilization.

IBBIX, HARBORMASTER OF CELEPHAÏS

Ibbix is a wizened, wiry oldster with keen green eyes and a pate as bald as an egg. He knows the name of every ship that leaves the harbor, and can recognize every ship that has ever come into his harbor. He is a famous misogynist, and won’t speak in a friendly manner to the dreamers until and unless any women in the group leave. He is an extremely modest man, and abhors excessive drinking—he begins and ends his day on the same pint of rum.

IBBIX the Harbormaster

STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 14
DEX 17 APP 10 EDU 08 SAN 72 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Boathook 56%, damage 1D6+2

Skills: Accounting 59%, Bargain 73%, Boating 85%, Climb 80%, Credit Rating 70%, Make Maps 65%, Navigate 69%, Persuade 60%, Sailing 93%, Shiphandling 76%, Spot Hidden 94%.

THORSENSE, GUILDMASTER OF THE SINGING BIRD BAZAAR

Thorsense is renowned for his enormous girth. He is the heaviest man in Celephaïs. He runs the Singing Bird Bazaar, where tiny songbirds are raised, placed in delicate wicker cages and shipped throughout the world. He loves music, and when the dreamers meet with him, he’ll most likely be listening to a trained chorus of birds singing in harmony. After discussion, Thorsense agrees to seek Uncle John if the dreamers promise to bring him a singing bird from a distant land someday—perhaps from the Enchanted Wood, or even a shantak egg from the Plateau of Leng.

THORSENSE the Guildmaster

STR 08 CON 12 SIZ 20 INT 15 POW 17
DEX 07 APP 12 EDU 12 SAN 81 HP 16

Damage Bonus: 1D4.

Weapon: none.

Spells: Crystal World (D), Lumbent Flame (D), Living X (D), Stability (D).

Skills: Accounting 77%, Art (Appreciation) 88%, Bargain 99%, Credit Rating 84%, Fast Talk 68%, Psychology 62%, Taste Food 94%.

HARAGRIM, KNIGHT OF CELEPHAÏS

Haragrim is one of Kuranés’ chief knights. Indeed, he marched on that long-ago journey to find Kuranés and bring him back to Celephaïs to rule forever. Haragrim’s sword is of a magic metal as transparent as crystal, and his leaden mace is carved into the shape of a lion’s head. His sword is enchanted, in that it may not be drawn from its sheath by a craven coward. Haragrim is stern and fiercely loyal to Kuranés. If he is asked for help in seeking Uncle John, he’ll immediately take the supplicants to Kuranés.

HARAGRIM, Senior Knight

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 13 EDU 09 SAN 70 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Lance 85%, damage 1D10+1 (add 3D6 more if mounted)

Knighly Enchanted 1H Sword 73%, damage 1D10+1D4

Heavy Mace 60%, damage 1D10+1D4

Armor: 9-point polished plate and padding.

Skills: First Aid 45%, Ride 87%, Throw 48%, Track 61%.

Kuranés’ Judgment

Once Uncle John is caught, he’ll beg for mercy, promising anything to the dreamers if they let him go. If they seem likely to kill him, he threatens them — “If you kill my dream-self, my living body will live on, and I’ll come to you, my prisoners, and



kill you all in the most painful manner I know. You've got me here, but I've got you there. Let me go!" The dreamers would be colossally foolish to actually let him go. The correct procedure is to take Uncle John to Kuran's for judgment. If Haragrim or another of Kuran's knights is along, he will suggest this course of action.

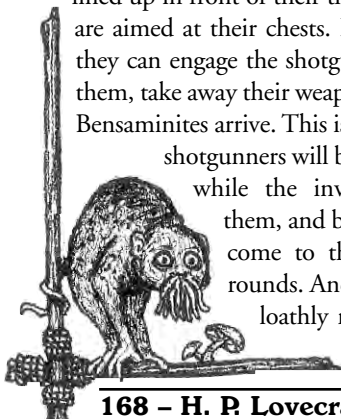
If the dreamers are too foolish to trust to Kuran's judgment, and either kill Uncle John or free him, then when they awaken next morning, Uncle John continues with his dreadful experiment, ending in a grim fate for all the investigators. As some slight compensation, the investigators' dream selves will survive.

Kuran's judgment is wise, once the situation is explained to him. He delivers judgment: "Lest this villain" (pointing to Uncle John) "continue to threaten the health and liberty of these fellows" (pointing to the dreamers) "in the waking world, we shall hold his dream-self captive in the cellars of the Turquoise Temple to Nath-Horthath. I hereby command my priests to weave such spells above this villain such that on future trips to the land of dream he shall be incapable of finding the Seven Hundred Steps to Deeper Slumber and hence be forced to dream himself back into the temple basement. We shall so hold this villain until our friends (pointing to the dreamers) do request us to free him. Thus is mine judgment."

Waking Up

If the investigators failed to catch Uncle John in their dreams, then he'll gloat horribly over them in the morning. He'll proceed with his awful plot, casting great enchantments and ritual songs over Sally and the loathsome monster-experiment, then imprison them together in a closet from whence (in a few months) he hopes to find that Sally has given birth to the Next Stage in his vile plots.

He orders three of his men to march the investigators outside and shoot them dead. These three, among the most moronic and degenerate of the Bensaminites, will be blamed for the murder, and doubtless arrested and executed. Uncle John does not care. The investigators have one slim chance to escape when they are lined up in front of their three executioners and the shotguns are aimed at their chests. If they make a quick break for it, they can engage the shotgunners in melee, try to overpower them, take away their weapons, and then race off before more Bensaminites arrive. This is dangerous, of course, because the shotgunners will be blazing away with their weapons while the investigators are fist-fighting with them, and because the other Bensaminites will come to their friends' rescue in only 2D4 rounds. And Sally is still in the closet with her loathly ravisher. But such are the rewards of failure in the Dreamlands.



HESTER, an executioner

STR 07 CON 06 SIZ 10 INT 08 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 02 SAN 00 HP 08

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Shotgun 30%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

LESTER, an executioner

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 09 INT 09 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 02 SAN 00 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Shotgun 47%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

Knife 41%, damage 1D6

FERGUS, an executioner

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 10 POW 08
DEX 09 APP 04 EDU 03 SAN 00 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 62%, damage 1D3+1D4

Shotgun 38%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

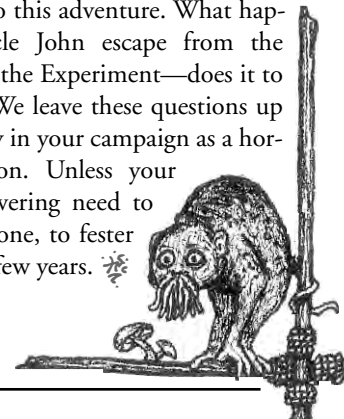
If Uncle John Is Captured

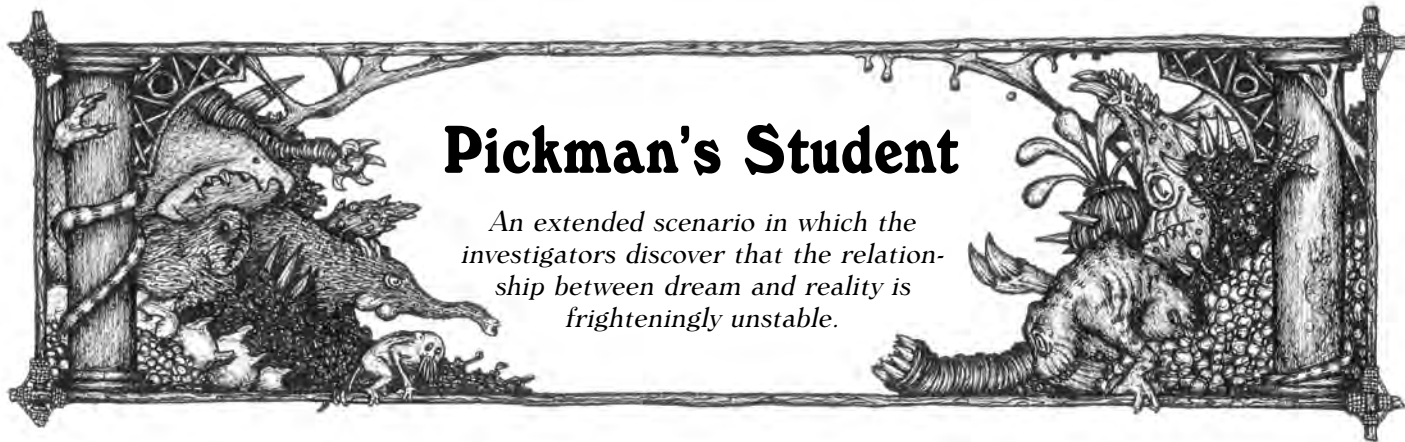
If the investigators capture villainous Uncle John, he'll come to his prisoners in the morning and order all the Bensaminites out of the house. Then he'll untie the investigators and Sally, beg them for mercy on his dream-self, and tell them to follow him to a back way out of the house where the Bensaminites won't see them leave. "I'm not so sure that they'll let me just let you go," he confides. Once he's seen the investigators safely off, he flees the state, leaving Bensamin behind forever. However, should his path ever cross that of the investigators again, he can once again be brought to terms, because his dream-self is still a prisoner in the Turquoise Temple of Celephais.

Rewards and Loose Ends

If the investigators are able to escape from Bensamin, give each character 1D2 Sanity points. If they are also able to save Sally from a fate considerably worse than death, 1D4 Sanity points more. For imprisoning the dream-self of Uncle John, 1D6 Sanity points.

There are some loose ends to this adventure. What happens to Bensamin? Can Uncle John escape from the Turquoise Temple? What about the Experiment—does it to wander off and cause trouble? We leave these questions up to the keeper. Bensamin can stay in your campaign as a horrible little nest of degeneration. Unless your investigators feel some overpowering need to stamp it out, it could be left alone, to fester itself into nothingness within a few years.





Pickman's Student

An extended scenario in which the investigators discover that the relationship between dream and reality is frighteningly unstable.

In this adventure the investigators attempt to undo the horrible doom awaiting a Boston artist, Nelson Blakely, a former student of Richard Upton Pickman. The investigators learn the details of his suffering both by investigation in the Waking World and by journeys into the Dreamlands. Then they must travel to the Underworld, learn from a ghoul that was once Richard Pickman how to face the Thing that grows beneath the quiet surface of a dark lake, and destroy that Thing—the dream counterpart of the Thing that lives and grows in the sickbed of Nelson Blakely.

The investigators in this scenario should be familiar with the Dreamlands and should have visited it before.

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

The information provided by Penny Tilstrom is reasonably accurate. She still carries a torch for Nelson Blakely and this should become obvious as she talks to the investigator on the phone. If the investigator receives a successful Psychology roll as she tells the story of how she came to contact him, he perceives that it is a fabrication. If accused of a lie, she readily admits it, but only if the investigator has already acknowledged that he once knew Nelson. She claims that she lied because she feared he wouldn't believe the truth. In truth, the investigator's name came to her during a terrible nightmare. Nelson, dripping with water, stood at the foot of her bed, groaning over and over again the name of the investigator. She hesitated to reveal this until she was sure she had the right party on the line and that the investigator was sympathetic.

Unknown to Penny, Nelson Blakely is the victim of a being called Ghadamon who resides at the bottom of a dead lake deep in the Dreamlands' Underworld. Blakely, who traveled in the Dreamlands, stumbled upon Ghadamon, and the man's consciousness was captured by the thing beneath the water. Since that night—the night of his mysterious accident—Blakely's body has been metamorphosing as the evil Ghadamon slowly exchanges his essence with that of the unfortunate dreamer.

Deep Ones in the Waking World know of Ghadamon's coming, and stand by to assist it.

Once the investigators discover the facts behind Blakely's accident, it should be obvious that Ghadamon must be stopped. They eventually discover that this must be accomplished by traveling themselves to the Underworld.

See p. 135 for complete information on Ghadamon.

NELSON BLAKELY

Born in March of 1897, Nelson Blakely was a foundling left on the steps of a New York City orphanage. Nelson was adopted, named, and raised by a middle-aged childless couple who were not wealthy, but nevertheless provided Blakely with a good education and instilled in him appreciation for the arts.

Blakely's foster-parents died in a train wreck when he was eighteen, leaving him a small inheritance intended to underwrite a college education. He entered Boston College in the late summer of 1915, but became bored with dry academia and before the close of the second semester dropped out of school and took a shabby apartment in the city's old North End.

In the artists' community he found encouragement to develop his talent and was soon living and painting in a small, dirty garret, spending most of his money on canvases, brushes, and pigment. During these years he met Richard Upton Pickman, a local artist of some renown. The obviously-talented Blakely soon became the protege of that strange, obsessed painter.

Pickman told Blakely of the possibility of dreaming oneself into another world, where strange and wondrous scenes could be seen to render onto canvas. Blakely was fascinated. After he left his mentor, Blakely learned the location of the *Book of Eibon*, a cryptic text mentioned to him by Pickman.

THE PICKMAN PAPERS #1

LOCAL ARTIST FALLS VICTIM TO ACCIDENT

BOSTON—Nelson Blakely, a local artist, was discovered unconscious in his North End apartment today. Unable to rouse Blakely, his landlord opened the door to discover the young painter lying apparently dead upon his couch. Taken to St. Mary's emergency, the artist remains unconscious at the time of writing.

Police ruled out the possibility of foul play. It is not known how long Blakely lay unconscious nor has the cause of his coma been determined.

Socialite Penny Tilstrom, Blakely's fiancée, has claimed custody of the coma-bound artist.

Blakely was known for portraiture of a characteristically strange, dream-like style.



The Final Days of Nelson Blakely

During the investigation, important events concerning Penny Tilstrom, Nelson Blakely, and others occur. Actions taken by the investigators may alter these events, but unless the investigators stop the growing menace within the week, the thing in the bed completes its transformation and escapes to the oceans of the real world, negating any chance for SAN rewards.

MONDAY: conditions within the house are as described in the Tilstrom House section. The investigators should first visit Penny and Nelson on this day.

TUESDAY: if the investigators visit Blakely today, they find that his body is considerably swollen and his skin has turned dark blue. A close inspection reveals splits opening in his skin from whence issues a clear, sticky fluid. Viewing Blakely in this condition costs 0/1 SAN.

Penny's SAN has now dropped to 38. There is no overt change in her personality, but a successful Psychology roll indicates that she is under a great deal of strain.

WEDNESDAY: now Blakely's skin is almost black. His face is swollen so badly that it is unrecognizable. The splits in his skin have grown noticeably wider and several puffy bluish areas mar his body. Each blue spot is surrounded by yellow pustules that occasionally burst to exude a greasy paste. Once in a while Blakely chokes, coughing up pus that runs out his nose and mouth. Penny wipes this away stoically. Nelson seems to have grown larger perhaps an illusion caused by the extreme swelling, a keeper may suggest. Viewing Blakely today costs 0/1D3 SAN.

Penny's SAN has dropped to 31 and she seems hysterical at times. She is disheveled in a rumpled dressing-gown. Her hair is stringy and her eyes have dark bags beneath them.

Late this evening or early tomorrow morning, several deep ones locate and break into Blakely's garret studio through the skylight. They ransack the place, destroying all canvases along with all of Blakely's papers. Before they leave they take the ank from under the sofa if the investigators have not already done so. Should the investigators visit the studio, they find, amidst the wreckage, water stains and the horrible fishy smell that always accompanies deep ones. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll tells the user that minor Mythos beings have been here.

THURSDAY: Blakely is huge, weighing at least 350 pounds. The swelling has increased, and his neck has almost disappeared. The ever-widening splits are now sealed by a crusty substance formed of the dried fluid that flowed from the wounds. His hair is falling out by handfuls and the bluish swollen areas are now great buboes that quiver at the touch. The Sanity loss for viewing Blakely is now 0/1D4.

Penny's SAN is 24. She has lost weight and now is quite haggard. She now begins to insist that she hears prowlers around the house at night. The most damning evidence of her dwindling SAN is her insistence that Nelson is improving.

FRIDAY: Blakely is now a hulk weighing over 400 pounds. His arms and legs are swollen cylinders of blackened meat. Horribly, large buboes have broken open to reveal small deformed animal-like heads about the size of misshapen grapefruits. These heads feed voraciously on the flesh surrounding them and pay no attention to observers unless touched or disturbed, when they snarl and snap mindlessly at their molester, or spit a mouthful of blood and half-chewed flesh at their antagonist. Sanity loss is now 1/1D8.


Penny's SAN is down to 17 and it is obvious that her mind is nearly gone. She keeps insisting that she hears voices outside the house at night.

SATURDAY: the sickroom now stinks with a sweet, cloying odor. As the investigators approach the enclosed bed, a large glob of a sticky substance falls off the bed to land on the floor with a disgusting plop. From behind the curtains they hear soft bubbling sounds. If the investigators choose to pull back the curtains, they find a huge, formless mass of brown and blue mucus that must weigh over 600 pounds. The voracious heads are still present, but are now quiescent. Long, sticky, stringy, pseudopods have formed and attached themselves to the surrounding bedposts and canopy overhead to form a lattice-work of dripping inhuman flesh. Seeing the horror costs 1/1D10 SAN.

Penny's Sanity is now 10, and she is definitely mad, though not dangerous to herself or others. She mentions that last night some old friends of Nelson's dropped by unexpectedly. She didn't think to get their names, but they had come because of Nelson's accident. She says that they were very nice and all agreed that Nelson was looking much better.

The visitors were six deep ones who have been lurking about the house at night, waiting for the thing growing in the sickroom. The deep ones have found a storm drain giving them access to this part of town. They plan to help the mature Ghadamon in his journey to the sea. These are the prowlers that Penny has been complaining about the last few nights, though she has not realized this. In the bedroom is the evidence of the deep ones' visit seaweed, sea-slime, etc.

SUNDAY: Ghadamon's transformation is now complete. The thing weighs over a half-ton. Sometime in the night, the overstrained bed collapsed, though the canopy is still upright and attached to the bedframe. The creature lies quietly, panting slowly and waiting for the deep ones to guide it to the sea. The deep ones arrive at 8 p.m. and Penny lets them in when they come to the back door. If investigators are in the house when the deep ones arrive, Penny brings the fishy horrors into whatever room the investigators occupy to introduce her guests.

Penny's SAN has now reached the low of 5. If she sees Ghadamon moving down the stairs aided by the deep ones, she loses these remaining points, dropping her sanity to zero. She then sits in a corner and stares blankly, giggling madly that she hopes Nelson doesn't stay out too late with his friends. 



Visiting Harvard University Library, which contained the volume in question, Blakely luckily arrived on a day when the chief librarian was absent. The assistants were unaware that the book was under special restrictions and gave Blakely permission to peruse it. Returning the following day to continue his reading, Blakely discovered the chief librarian had also returned, and Blakely was refused access to it.

Some months later, Blakely became acquainted with Adrian Stimson, a minor occultist and mystic also living in Boston's North End. The two found a commonality of interests and Stimson happened to tell Blakely of a book he possessed, entitled the *Book of Eibon*. Adrian knew that reading the book might be dangerous, but still allowed Blakely to borrow it. With the knowledge gained from this confusing volume, Blakely first entered the Dreamlands. Drawing on his visions of the Dreamlands, Blakely painted four bizarre dreamscapes. Each was different in subject, but all were the result of trips to the Dreamlands. Shortly after Blakely completed the last of the four, his funds ran out. The inheritance was gone and, in an effort to make ends meet, Blakely was forced to sell the four dreamscapes. One was purchased by Adrian Stimson, but the rest went for low prices to strangers. A few days after selling the last of the dreamscapes, Blakely met Penny Tilstrom and fell in love. He stayed in her home and she defrayed the costs of his art. Through Penny he entered fashionable society, and there soon developed a demand for his work. Most of his commissions were for portraits, but all contained backgrounds with the weird landscapes and settings in which Blakely specialized. Successful, he began to gain critical notice but, as his success grew, he became depressed. He developed chronic insomnia, preventing him from entering the Dreamlands. As he lost his source of inspiration, he failed to complete many paintings. He became obsessed with what he termed "completion" of the work he had begun with his original series of four paintings. He left Penny, and sought, with the use of illegal alcohol, to plunge back into the world of dreams.

In his depressed state, exacerbated by alcohol, Nelson Blakely soon found the Dreamlands again, but his journeys were no longer in the bright sunlit cities of the surface—instead, he wandered about the somber scenes of the Underworld. In his waking hours, he began to paint what he deemed to be his masterpiece—a huge canvas serving as centerpiece to the earlier dreamscapes. The painting was unfinished when Blakely, visiting a mysterious sterile lake, was attacked by the minions of Ghadamon, a Great Old One who lived beneath the oily surface of the moribund pool. Blakely's dream-self was pulled beneath the water of the terrible lake. His comatose body was discovered in the morning inside his locked studio; his lungs were clogged with seawater and to all appearances the man had suffered from drowning. The doctors diagnosed irreparable brain damage from oxygen deprivation, but Penny Tilstrom clings to the hope of his recovery.

ADDITIONAL EVENTS

Encounters with Evelyn Bancroft's occultists may be inserted into this adventure at the discretion of the keeper, bearing in mind the outline of their goals given within the description of the group. They may even be in the area when the deep ones put in an appearance. Having no knowledge of the Mythos, and generally low SAN to boot, they will flee or be driven insane at the sight of the gilled monsters. The deep ones, for their part, have no reason to do anything but attack the occultists should the humans get in their way. The mangled body of an occultist, found on the Tilstrom property, could provide extra worries for the investigators.

If Jacob's painting has been bought or stolen by any of the investigators, Jacob shows up at regular intervals, sniffing, coughing, and desperately pleading for the return of his treasure. The exact time and place of these encounters are up to the keeper, but good use can be made of Jacob should the investigators be traveling to a fancy party, eating in a nice restaurant, or any time that the derelict could greatly embarrass them.

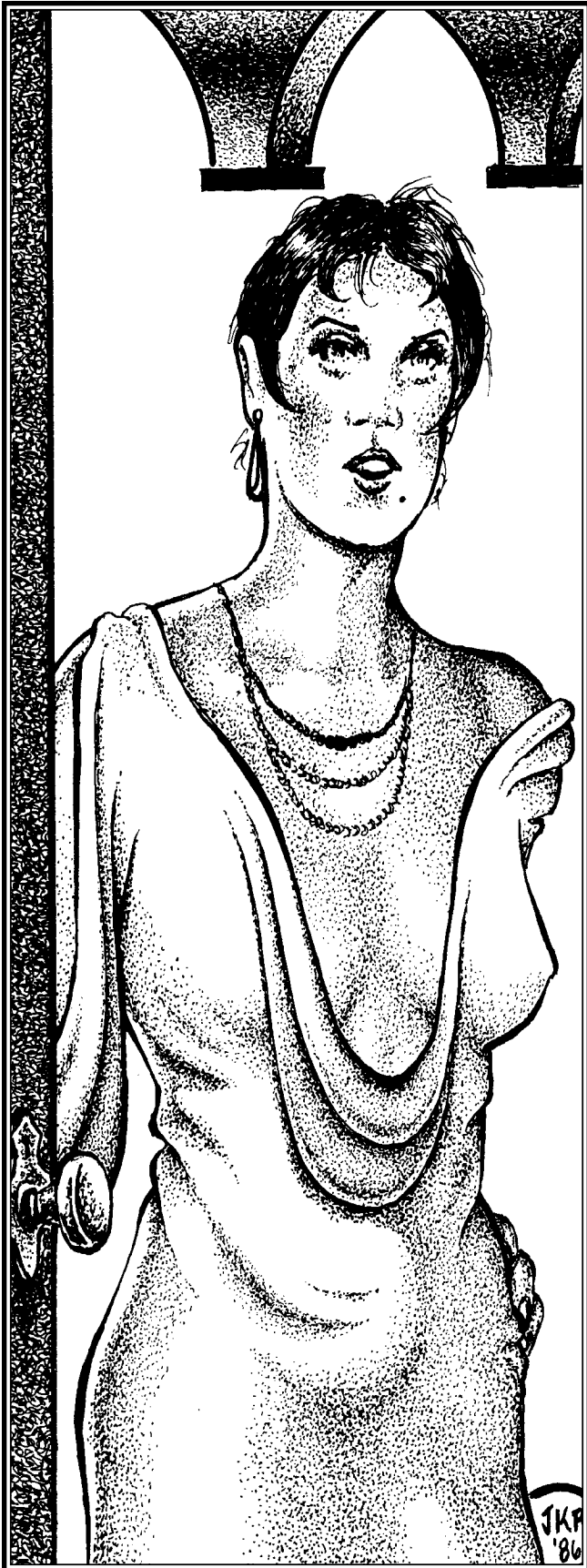
INVESTIGATOR INFORMATION

One Monday morning, one of the investigators reads an article in the local paper relating a mysterious accident which befell the young and talented painter, Nelson Blakely. A copy of the article ("Local Artist Falls Victim to Accident") appears nearby as *The Pickman Papers #1*. The investigator knew Blakely once, though they were not necessarily close friends. The exact nature of this relationship is left to the keeper, but do not state that he was once the boyfriend or lover of any female investigator.

While the investigator is reading the article, his telephone rings. A young woman is on the other end of the line, who introduces herself as Penny Tilstrom (a Know or Credit Rating roll informs the investigator that she is a young heiress whose name appears irregularly in the society columns), the fiancée of Nelson Blakely. Her voice strains and she sobs in telling her story.

"I met Nelson in the fall of 192—" (two years ago) "at a small art show held in the North End. Nelson was just one of many unknowns at the show, but I was charmed by his work. I spent most of my time at his artist's stall, chatting. Before I left, we made arrangements to meet again the next day. Before long, Nelson moved into my house—please don't think the worse of me. It's not like you think, anyway. We loved each other . . . [sobs]

"Anyway, I helped pay for his supplies and introduced him to some influential people. And of course, he became famous—you must have seen some of his paintings" [only true if the investigator keeps up on high-society art]. "For a while, everyone who was anyone had to have one of his landscapes. Nelson had more money than ever before. But he became depressed and withdrawn. He fought with his friends and neglected his commissions. He drank heavily and often stayed



PENNY TILSTROM

away from our home for days at a time. He never told me where he had been. [sobs]

“We fought more and more often. Last January he packed up and moved into a horrible cheap garret in the North End. He wouldn’t answer my calls or letters, and it wasn’t until his accident that I was able to contact him again. Nelson still hasn’t regained consciousness. Since he has no close relatives and no money, I’ve taken him back. My lawyers have instituted proceedings to have me declared his legal guardian until he recovers. I’m caring for him night and day—none of the nurses will stay, and the doctors don’t offer any hope at all.” [sobs] “But I’m sure he’ll get better. I’ve seen signs of him improving all along. I’m sure of it. I’m sure of it.”

“I called because early this morning Nelson moaned and I heard him talk in his sleep—doesn’t that prove that the doctors are wrong? He can still talk, at least in his sleep, so I know that he can recover.” [sobs] “Anyway, I looked in and heard him moaning your name. An operator found your number for me.”

“Please, won’t you come visit? If Nelson sees and hears you, he might wake from his coma. Hurry, please.”

Penny Tilstrom’s Home

Living in a fashionable part of town, if the investigators have not yet recognized Penny Tilstrom as a young, well-to-do socialite, the sight of her home makes it obvious.

The investigators are greeted at the door by Penny, who is still quite cheerful and glad to see her visitors. She wears an expensive dressing gown and a little jewelry. As the investigators discover, Penny no longer leaves the house for any reason, explaining that she must be here at all times in case Nelson needs her. On subsequent visits, Penny wears the exact same articles of clothing, day after day after day.

Penny is more than willing to answer any questions put to her by the investigators, once convinced that they wish to aid her fiance. She hopes that Nelson will wake up if the investigator whom he once knew goes up and speaks to him. She is quite anxious about this possibility and early on in the conversation she requests this.

Upstairs in a room next to Penny’s lies the still form of Nelson Blakely on a canopied bed enclosed by curtains. Penny leads the investigators (and any others who decide to come upstairs) to the side of the bed and without ceremony or hesitation draws back the curtains. The investigators each lose 0/1 SAN at the sight.

Clad in expensive blue silk pajamas, Blakely’s face is bloated and darkened. His lips are swollen and black, and his tongue protrudes from his mouth. His eyes are closed, and the bedclothes move slowly with labored breathing. His hands have turned dark purple, the nails completely black. The investigator who knew Blakely before notices how heavy the once-slim man has become since last he saw him. Now, he looks as if he



weighs a little over 200 pounds. If he mentions this, Penny agrees that she was surprised at how much weight he had gained since moving out on her. She also says that the doctor warned her that his injuries might cause him to bloat a little.

Should an investigator try to open the patient's tightly-closed eyes for any reason, he discovers to his horror that they have grown shut, costing 0/1 SAN to realize this.

Of course, Blakely shows no response to anything the investigators do, much to Penny's chagrin.

Penny shows no revulsion at Blakely's appearance. Perhaps she is used to him, but she should have warned the investigators before throwing back the curtain.

If Penny is asked about Blakely's former mental or emotional state, she says that he was always quick to lose his temper, but she assures the investigators that artists are always sensitive and that Nelson never became violent or threatening. She also states that as time went by he became more and more obsessed with the idea of locating and retrieving the four paintings that he had sold before they met. Penny never saw the paintings but Nelson told her that all four were far superior to his other work. Nelson told her that he had only recently realized how important the paintings were, and now wished to complete the series with a final huge canvas to stand as a centerpiece to the other four.

Penny can provide the investigators with the name and address of the hospital that received Blakely. Here they may meet the doctor who treated Blakely when he was admitted to the emergency room. She also can give them the name of Detective Anthony Ehrling, who was in charge of the investigation into Blakely's accident. She has the address of the garret in which the artist lived at the time of the accident, and can supply the investigators with a key to the room. She says she has paid the rent on the place for the next three months in advance.

It won't occur to Penny to offer, but if the investigators ask for a fee, she will pay up to \$35 a day per investigator without quibbling. More than this causes her to Bargain with the investigator.

PENNY TILSTROM

STR 09 CON 09 SIZ 09 INT 13 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 15 EDU 12 SAN 45 HP 09

Skills: Art (Sing) 55%, Bargain 55%, Credit Rating 85%, Drive Automobile 55%, English 75%, French 45%, Natural History 45%, Ride 75%, Swim 45%.

The Police Department

At the station, the investigators discover that Detective Ehrling is on a two-week vacation out of the city. If any character succeeds in a Law or Persuade roll, he is permitted to make a copy of the investigating officer's report. See *The Pickman Papers #2*.

THE PICKMAN PAPERS #2

POLICE REPORT: NELSON BLAKELY

...were called to the scene at 112 Folger Ave. by Andrew Mallin, the owner of the building. Upon arrival, Mallin was found in the apartment beside the unconscious form of a man later identified by Mr. Mallin as Nelson Blakely. Upon preliminary examination, the victim's lungs were found filled with water. An ambulance was called. Artificial respiration was applied, to no apparent avail.

Investigation showed that the apartment was securely locked from within and there were no signs of forced entry. The victim's clothes were soaked with water, as was the couch on which he lay. This water was quite salty. Its source was not determined.

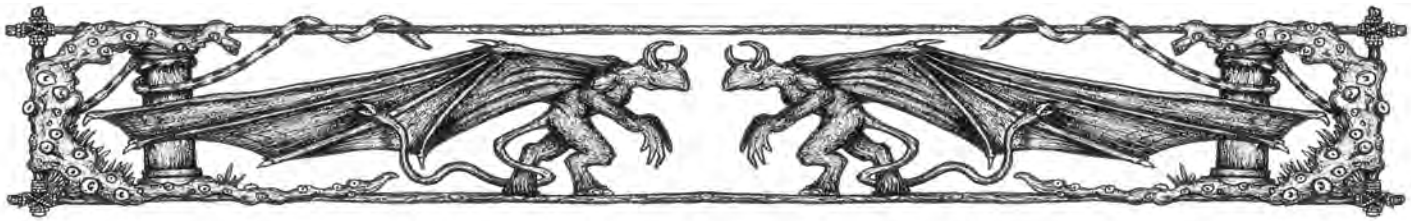
The Hospital

Arriving at the emergency room (where the appropriate records are kept), the investigators meet the doctor who performed the final checkup on Nelson Blakely before the hospital released him to the care of Penny Tilstrom. Dr. Abraham Forrest is quite open and frank. He tells the investigators that he examined Blakely upon Blakely's arrival at the hospital around 11 a.m. Blakely was not breathing, and upon examination his lungs were filled with a clear liquid, apparently salt water. The liquid was drained and artificial respiration applied while Forrest, who had not yet read the police report, assumed he was dealing with someone who had just been pulled out of the harbor. The man's pulse strengthened, and he began breathing again, but the doctor feared that he had suffered brain damage, as he was deprived of oxygen for some time. The still-unconscious Blakely was released two days later to Miss Tilstrom. The doctor's prognosis is bleak. He feels that there is no chance of recovery and has tried (unsuccessfully) to enlighten Miss Tilstrom about this.

Blakely's Studio

The victim's studio is on the top floor of a five-story building in a seedy section of the city. After trudging up five flights of narrow, dirty stairs, the investigators walk down a short hall to a locked door. Behind the door is single large room, sparsely furnished with a single couch and one wooden chair. Rolls of canvas, stretchers, paints, brushes, and other artist supplies lay about. In the center of the room a large canvas, covered by a tarp, stands upon an easel.

If it is daytime, the skylight overhead illuminates the room more than adequately.



Blakely was found on the worn, stained couch. If an investigator checks the fabric, he detects traces of a white, crusty deposit on the cushions. A Chemistry roll proves these deposits to be sea-salt (caused by water spilling from Blakely's lungs and evaporating on the material). If an investigator succeeds at Spot Hidden while checking the couch's cushions, he comes up with a small piece of dried green leaf. A Botany roll identifies it as seaweed. If an investigator looks beneath the sofa, he finds a six-inch-tall replica of an Egyptian ankh, likewise with bits of dried seaweed adhering to it.

Among the boxes on the floor are Blakely's financial records—a bunch of papers stuffed into a large manila envelope without rhyme nor reason. It takes two hours to sort through this mess, which dates back several years. A successful Accounting roll sorts properly through it in a matter of minutes, however. Most of these papers are useless, but four receipts pertain to the sales of Blakely's dreamscapes. These are clearly marked (see *The Pickman Papers* #3).

THE PICKMAN PAPERS #3, receipts of sale

Receipt of Sale	
Date	1/12
Item	"ELDER YUGGOTH"
Price	\$100 -
Sold to	A. Stimson 3112 Huntington Ave Apt. 419

Receipt of Sale	
Date	4/26
Item	"R'LYEH AT DAWN"
Price	\$75 -
Sold to	E. Bancroft 113 Asbury Blvd

Receipt of Sale	
Date	2/12
Item	"NEW YORK AT DUSK"
Price	\$300 -
Sold to	Mr & Mrs B.E. Biggs 1414 Park Ave # 1130

Receipt of Sale	
Date	2/28
Item	"FATE"
Price	\$225 -
Sold to	Reggie Van Statler

Dear Nelson,

I really can't believe you take this dream stuff so seriously. Why, really, I'm sure all of us have some time or another used a dream image for inspiration: in fact, my latest line of statuary was inspired by a dream that I experienced. But as for relying solely upon this as a source of inspiration, I can't possibly believe you to be serious, nor can I recommend this procedure for any serious artist. And what is this talk of Pickman? You speak as though you had talked with him only yesterday. After all, the man dropped out of sight ages ago, probably a suicide, if you wish my opinion.

As for the ability of dreams to predict the future—egad! Are you totally unread? Have you not perused Freud? Or perhaps you have not even heard the name, tucked away in that dirty little hole the way you are, but never mind. That's for witch-doctors and barbaric primitives, an age and culture thankfully far behind.

*Scientifically yours,
Roger Baldrige*

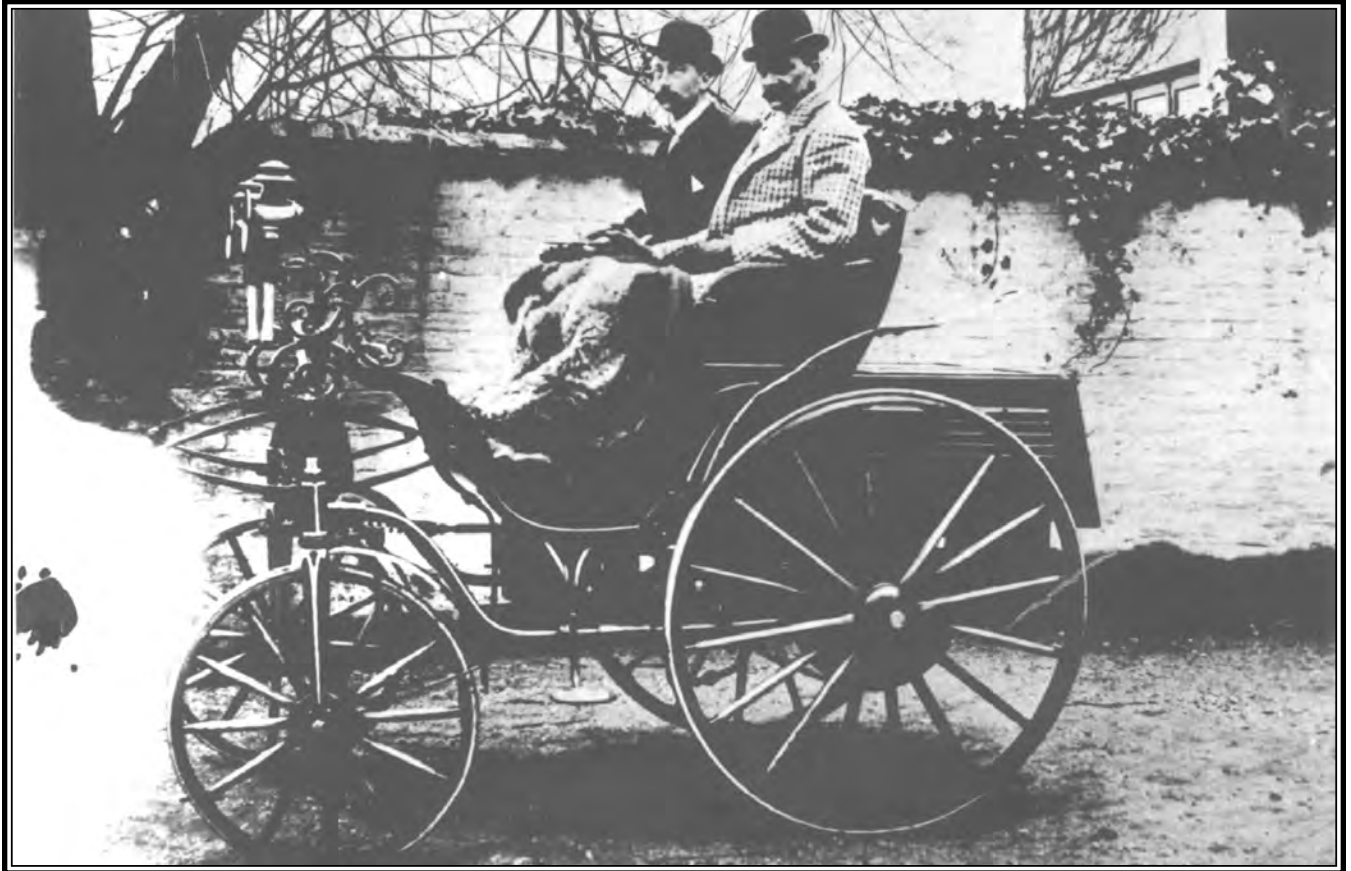
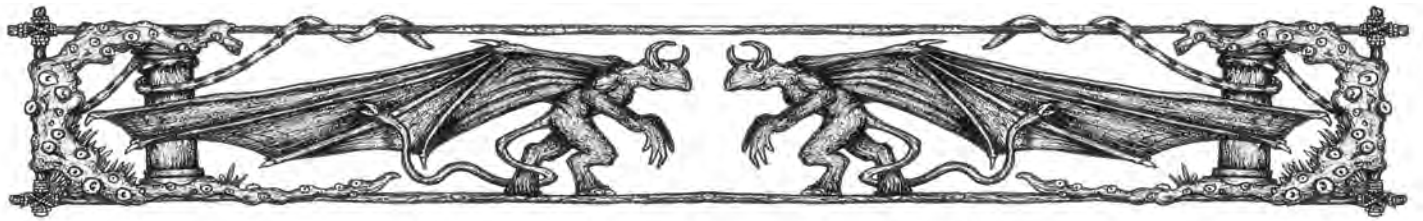
THE PICKMAN PAPERS #4, Baldrige's letter

... and so for reasons of health I have decided to retire, so to speak, and go away from the Boston area, probably forever. You know how to reach where I will be. Come and visit often, but do not forget to bear the sign of Aegyptus when you come. I enclose a photograph of me (and my friend, Eliot) taken some time back, when my health was better.

THE PICKMAN PAPERS #5, letter from Pickman

In a different box, the investigators find Blakely's personal correspondence. Excerpts from one of these letters, written by a local sculptor, Roger Baldrige, is of special interest: see *The Pickman Papers* #4). More about Baldrige occurs later in this adventure. In the bottom of the box is a brown envelope containing a yellowed letter and a small photograph from Pickman, Blakely's mentor (see *The Pickman Papers* #5-6).

The investigators may want to check the covered canvas. Whether the characters simply pull the cover off or attempt to



THE PICKMAN PAPERS #6, photograph of Pickman (right) and friend

peek behind it, the results is the loss of 0/1D2 SAN. The painting itself is far from complete. The surrealistic background has been painted first. The scene shows a completely still lake, surrounded by ruins of ancient temples, broken columns, and strangely headless statues. The stark lake itself ominously commands the attention of the viewer. A successful Dream Lore roll reveals this location to be somewhere in the Dreamlands Underworld. Cliffs are visible in the background.

Roger Baldrige, A Sculptor

Baldrige is a local sculptor and the writer of a letter which may have been discovered in Blakely's correspondence, discussing dreams and other matters.

Baldrige consents to an interview if asked. The investigators find the man to be arrogant and disdainful of Blakely's artistic efforts. He provides little information apropos Blakely, but recalls that the last time he spoke with the man the painter had claimed to have spoken with the spirit of Richard Upton Pickman, an artist long-missing and presumed dead. "I think Blakely's gone to join him, don't you?" laughs the sculptor. "They were both crazy as bedbugs.

"Speaking of crazy," he continues, walking toward a statue covered with a large cloth. "What do you think of this?" And he pulls away the cloth revealing a skillfully executed, life-sized statue of a man, sculpted in the Grecian tradition, but minus a head.

"I call this my 'Headless Period,'" says Baldrige cynically. "The rich folks are lapping these up at two grand a crack. Now who's to say who's crazy, eh?" And he laughs again.

Baldrige carries on with his feeble attempts at bored humor until the investigators realize there is nothing more to be gained here. The sculptor possesses the last letter written to him by Blakely, but won't mention it to the investigators unless

THE PICKMAN PAPERS #7, letter from Blakely to Baldrige

... and Pickman told me of how he could be reached. I had in my possession once a painting which I could use to visit him, but I sold it for money. I would be happy for the return of that painting now.



they prompt him. If reminded, he hands it over willingly. See *The Pickman Papers #7*.

Some time shortly after the investigators have contacted both Baldrige and the occultists, Jerry finds his way here and murders the sculptor. Details are in a morning newspaper article (see *The Pickman Papers #8*). If the investigators follow this up at the police station, they are shown the single piece of evidence discovered at the scene of the crime—an earring in the shape of a small ankh. If the investigators did not obtain the letter from Nelson Blakely, it may now come to their attention by way of the police, or they may stumble upon it if they investigate the murder scene.

Trail of the Paintings

The receipts are not numbered, nor do they contain the dates on which the paintings were sold. Only the addresses and names of the buyers are listed. The order in which they are investigated by the players is unimportant; there is no special reason to seek out one above another.

One common effect which the four paintings produce is the strange feeling of repulsion felt upon first viewing each dreamscape. Each costs 0/1 SAN. In addition, investigators will learn that each painting can lead to a different part of the world of dreams, from Yuggoth's grim Dreamlands to familiar warrens near the Plain of Ghouls.

If your investigators do not think to look up the paintings, Penny Tilstrom suggests it, hoping that having the paintings will cure Nelson.

“Elder Yuggoth”

*Sold To: A. Stimson
3112 Huntington Ave., #419*

An investigator reading this name and receiving a successful Occult roll surmises that this is probably Adrian Stimson, a student of the occult sciences who occasionally writes magazine articles. His local reputation is reasonably reputable, and Stimson is not associated with more eccentric types. He views his studies as a science, not as something arcane.

If the investigators check out the address given on the receipt, they find it is a medium-priced apartment house in a lower-middle class neighborhood. The investigators are pleasantly surprised to find an elevator in the small lobby-saving them a walk to the fourth floor (though necessitating a tip to the elevator operator). A knock at Adrian Stimson's door is

THE PICKMAN PAPERS #8

LOCAL ARTIST MURDERED

BOSTON—Sculptor Roger Baldrige today was found decapitated in his studio. Police are presently without suspects in the grisly slaying.

Police were called to 1662 Whitehead Ave. when a client, unable to rouse Baldrige, peered in a window to see the prostrate form of the artist.

Lying on the floor in a pool of blood was the decapitated corpse, bearing multiple injuries. A search of the building revealed no clues other than one unlocked window. Officers were at first unsure of the victim's identity. When a tarp was removed from what appeared to be a statue that Baldrige was working on, beneath it was discovered the bloody severed head of Roger Baldrige, placed carefully atop the otherwise headless nude statue.

The same killer is believed responsible for another brutal murder several months ago, and is suspect in several other violent crimes. The killer is believed to be male, in his late twenties or early thirties, and quite powerful. He is considered to be extremely dangerous.

Persons with information about this crime should contact the police immediately.

answered by a clear voice from the other side, “Who is calling?” Almost any answer satisfies the voice on the other side, and the door opens to reveal a tall thin man, dressed completely in black and with a pale complexion. He invites the investigators in to discuss Blakely's accident, if they mention it, and after arranging themselves on the couch and chairs in the small, three-room apartment, the investigators can look the place over while Stimson repairs to the kitchen to prepare tea or coffee for his guests.

The flat is crowded. Books line most of the walls, and one end of the room is given over completely to a large wooden desk. The top of the desk is strewn with opened books and loose papers, along with a battered typewriter. As a cliché, on a corner of the desk rests a human skull supporting a candle placed in a hole bored in the crown, while perched above it is a dusty stuffed owl, mounted on a branch. Other oddities are also visible: a dried lizard lies on a bookshelf here; a small snake is wound around itself in a jar of formaldehyde; there are numerous small carvings and other strange objects. The books on the shelves consists mostly of works on history and occult



titles, along with a comprehensive collection of Russian novels in English translation.

On one wall hangs a painting of a strange desert landscape, in which the ground is studded with spiky crystals. On the far horizon can be seen the spires of a weird alien temple. There is no title on the frame, but the signature reads N. Blakely. Stimson soon returns to seat himself with his guests.

Stimson is well over six feet tall and is also quite lean. His habit of dressing in black adds to the effect. His longish hair is also black, and his dark eyes seem to glitter with an unnatural intensity. He rarely laughs, but when he does it is usually at a time when no one else does.

ADRIAN STIMSON

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 14 INT 17 POW 18
DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 14 SAN 60 HP 13

Skills: Anthropology 20%, Archaeology 15%, Astronomy 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dodge 22%, History 80%, Hypnosis 85%, Library Use 60%, Medicine 35%, Natural History 25%, Occult 80%, Psychoanalysis 15%, Psychology 65%.

Adrian Stimson met Nelson Blakely at a coffee shop two years ago. The two men found that they shared a common interest in the unnatural, and met a number of times for conversation. At one of these meetings Blakely mentioned to Stimson his unfortunate experience with Harvard University regarding access to the *Book of Eibon*. Stimson told Blakely that he possessed an untitled work that sounded very similar to the one described. Stimson loaned his copy to Blakely and through its inspiration, the painter created the four pictures that the investigators are now pursuing. Stimson also says that Blakely never returned the volume. (This is a lie—Stimson is now afraid of the book and does not wish to lend it indiscriminately. It is kept in the nightstand by his bed.)

Stimson explains that Blakely fell on hard financial times and was forced to sell the paintings though he hated the thought of parting with them. Stimson bought one, the last of the series though not the last one sold, and it now hangs on the wall. The title of the work is “Elder Yuggoth.” He adds that he had seen Blakely only once or twice in the last six months and both times he appeared nervous and overwrought. Blakely had lost a lot of weight and talked incessantly about buying back the four dreamscapes. Stimson assured him that he would willingly sell the painting back at any time, but advised Blakely to take a vacation and forget about the paintings for a while.

If the investigators think to show Stimson the other receipts, he recognizes the one marked E. Bancroft. He explains that this is Evelyn Bancroft, another occultist, who lives across town. Stimson warns the investigators to be careful around this woman, as she has a gang of followers. Stimson actually refers to them as “deranged,” and claims that the group might actually be dangerous.

Stimson is slightly paranoid. If the investigators want the man to open up, it requires an Occult or Cthulhu Mythos roll to assure Stimson that he is among knowledgeable friends. If this is successful, he may add some information, at the keeper’s discretion.

Stimson is sure that something mysterious and otherworldly has happened to the artist. Although well-versed in occult matters, Stimson has only a slim knowledge of the Cthulhu Mythos, gained primarily from the untitled copy of *The Book of Eibon* he possesses. He fears that this volume is connected with the tragedy that befell Nelson Blakely and though he at first claimed that Blakely never returned the book, he might now admit to having it. Stimson also has made a discovery about the painting “Elder Yuggoth.” Using techniques of self-hypnosis in an attempt to perform astral travel, he once managed to enter the painted scene on his wall and therein walked about the alien desert depicted. He at first had thought to visit the strange, spired building in the distance, but soon grew fearful and fled back to this world. He has not attempted the feat again. If any experienced dreamer should sleep in the same room with this painting (or any of the other three) he will find that he can enter into the scene depicted. Stimson theorizes that the other dreamscapes can be used in a like manner, but warns the investigator that it might be extremely dangerous.

Stimson may join the investigators and go with them to the Dreamlands if this pleases the keeper. Stimson has never visited the Dreamlands, except for his one trip into the painting, but he is a quick learner. In any case, he refuses to travel to the land of “Elder Yuggoth” again, though he may be willing to experience one of the other paintings.

The investigators might try to get Stimson to hypnotize the Blakely-Thing on the bed, allowing Blakely to briefly speak from the Dreamlands. What clues are gained this way should be provided by the keeper, but the investigators cannot ask questions this way, and must listen to what Blakely is saying. If they investigators lack the insight to seek Pickman-ghoul, Blakely’s tortured spirit might tell them of this possibility.

THE BOOK OF EIBON

This version was translated by an unknown nineteenth-century Englishman. An English roll is needed to complete the work. Even a cursory reading discovers certain passages of particular interest to the investigators (see *The Pickman Papers* #9). The copy owned by Stimson is damaged, missing pages from the front and back of the book. Also missing are the all-important notes for the “Spell of Oneiro-Dismissal.” Both of the other available copies in this scenario, one in the Harvard Library, the other owned by a certain Dr. Zeus (described later) are in better condition, and contain this spell.



THE BOOK OF EIBON, excerpts

... And it has been said that another realm, beyond that of common occurrence, lies waiting those who dare to enter. Many have tried drugs and herbs while others recommend to me the use of mesmerism to journey to these bizarre and distant worlds. Within, much can be learned first-hand ... others have told of the great artist, Rhydagand, who needed but to paint a picture of whither he wished to journey, and then by sleeping near this drawing was magically transported there... those who would travel in these, the darkest parts of this strange world, do well to protect themselves against the foul dog-like denizens of this unholy realm. This protection is partially afforded by that sign of ancient Aegyptus, the scholar says, the ankh, which is revered as much as anything by the beasts that live in the pestiferous burrows that dot this land ... this odd man, traveler to foreign realms, related the story of Ghadamon to me. How the thing had been spawned on the flesh of human brains and secreted beneath a great lake in a fearsome world of darkness where it would lie for eternal ages, feeding, growing, and waiting. This man did claim that Ghadamon is coming and coming soon. I deemed him mad, but soon later he was murdered by the Oriental One ...

THE DREAMSCAPE OF ELDER YUGGOTH

Viewers are first impressed by the bleakness of this scene, which portrays a vast desert of unnatural colors. Irregular spikes of crystal protrude from the coral sands at random angles. The light, provided by a pin-point sun in a violet-black sky, dances off the strangely-angled surfaces of the crystals. The barren landscape is broken only by the tiny depiction of an oddly-spired temple in the distance.

Stimson has never heard of Yuggoth and does not know what it means. Blakely told him once that the painting was supposed to be of a far-off world in a time long past.

An experienced dreamer can enter the Dreamlands through this painting if he wishes by simply sleeping in the same room and willing it so. Those who have never entered the Dreamlands must be hypnotized by Stimson first, take appropriate drugs, or undergo other such treatment. Characters entering this painting find themselves standing in the Dreamlands of Yuggoth, on the barren desert, perhaps surprised to find how bitterly cold it seems. They would surely die of exposure, were the experience not merely a dream. Near them is a rectangular opening through which they can vaguely see the real world. This is the access point for the painting, and the means by which the dreamers must leave. There is little in this place aside from the distant temple in the background, at least several hours walk away.

As they near the temple, they see that it consists of a central structure some eighty feet high, octagonal in shape and

topped by a great dome of sparkling crystal. This central structure is surrounded by four slender towers, windowless and topped by smaller versions of the same crystal dome. Lengths of clear tubing, a foot in diameter, connect the various towers with the central building and each other while thick fluids of various dull colors and consistencies constantly pump through them with rhythmic pulses. A delicate stairway winds around the exterior of the central building wall several times before ending at a balcony bordering the edge of the crystal dome. At the end of the stairs is a small angular opening—the only access to the interior that can be discovered.

If the investigators should climb the stairs and enter the dome, they find themselves standing on a gallery that circles the top of the building. If they approach the balcony and look down to the floor, they see four of the dread mi-go, the fungi from Yuggoth, gathered around a large transparent globe which is nearly twelve feet across and mounted upon a shiny black dais in the center of the floor. The globe is half full of opaque colored liquids, pumped into by dozens of flexible tubes running between it and the floor. Different tubes occasionally flex as their liquid is metered into the mixture circulating in the globe. Each time this happens, the color and texture of the mixture changes. Next to the fungi, on a stone table, rests a shiny metal cylinder, upright and with its top unscrewed, while the wires that connected it to a small machine now dangle uselessly.

On one side of the room, surrounded by four large dully glowing green crystals placed on the floor stands a dark young of Shub-Niggurath. The thing is motionless, its ropy tentacles standing nearly straight out from the disgusting trunk, as though it were a victim of a powerful shock. The thing quivers under the radiation of the green crystals.

Witnessing this scene costs two Sanity rolls; one for the dark young (1D3/1D20) and one for the fungi (0/1D6). If a character goes even briefly insane, he screams in horror and immediately flees the building, alerting the fungi gathered below. The fungi clamber to a door and any investigators remaining can hear the crustaceous fungi noisily scabbling up an internal stairway in an effort to reach the intruders. The dark young remains motionless within its glowing field.

Fleeing back to the portal takes some time, and the flying fungi easily overtake the slower humans. The fungi are unarmed except for their natural weapons. They attack the investigators until one or more of their number is slain, at which time they fly back to the temple, allowing the investigators to escape. If the characters make no noise, they can go undetected and safely watch from behind the balcony.

After a moment or two, the four fungi, who until this moment have been watching the globe intently, withdraw from beneath the table a ten-foot-wide shallow bowl and a device with a wicked blade jutting from one edge. The bowl and the device are both made of a yellow metal covered with carvings. The blade on the device, however, is apparently made of the



same substance as the strangely-glowing green crystals that surround and imprison the dark young.

Three fungi drag the bowl while another picks up the device and all approach the rigid, unmoving dark young. As the mi-go enters the glow, the dark young shudders visibly. After a moment's hesitation, one mi-go plunges the blade deeply into the trunk of the dark young and cuts downward. A thick syrup, sickly yellow and with small lumps in it, spills from the wound and other fungi catch it in the bowl. The dark young grows more flaccid and its color becomes grayish as more and more of the sticky liquid drips from the wound to fall slowly into the bowl with a grotesque plopping sound. Viewing this costs 0/1D3 SAN.

As the dark young dies, the fluid stops dripping. At this moment, the fungi with the bowl carry it quickly to the globe and unceremoniously dump the entire contents into the swirling liquid. Within seconds the fluid in this vessel turns completely transparent revealing that, except for the liquid, it is empty. Now one of the mi-go reaches into the metal cylinder and extracts what appears to be a living, throbbing human brain (lose 0/1 SAN). This is placed in the globe. Because the liquid has such a high specific gravity, it floats about two feet below the surface. The fungi then take, from under the table, a jewel about the size of an egg and place this also in the globe, about three feet from the brain. The fungi then begin to sway and their glowing heads rapidly change color. After a moment the jewel begins to rotate slowly, then it spins faster and faster until it begins to change form and color. It then stops revolving and the characters can see that it is now a living, moving form though from their distance they cannot actually see what the small creature looks like.

They can, however, see the thing feebly swim through the liquid to the brain, which it seizes with surprising ferocity. The small form starts to burrow into the brain while the fluid reddens from the blood now being spilled into it. The scene remains this way for about a half-hour with the fungi continuing their "dance" the entire time. If the players wait any longer, they see the hoses running to the globe begin to quiver and flex, and the fluid within starts to swirl and clear. At this point the fungi end their swaying and gather closely about the globe to observe. As the fluid grows transparent once more, the investigators see a large thing floating within the globe, rusty brown in color, streaked with putrescent blue. It moves through the fluid with a slow undulation of its body, and occasionally shoots out long, stringy pseudopods that adhere to the sides of the globe, using these to pull itself about.

If the characters are as yet undiscovered, they suddenly hear a loud clicking noise, then the name "Ghadamon" is whispered in their ears, just as they suddenly awaken in their chairs with a concerned-looking Adrian Stimson frantically snapping his fingers before their eyes.

A Cthulhu Mythos roll made either during or after the scene reveals that the glowing green crystals, as well as the blade

of the device, seem to have been manufactured from something called in Mythos works "The Seed of Azathoth" and described only as a tool of the fungi from Yuggoth and insects from Shaggai, used to subdue and harm the minions of certain Outer Gods. A second Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the thing formed in the globe as a potential major creature or even Great Old One. A third successful Cthulhu Mythos roll against the name "Ghadamon" might recall to the investigator bits and fragments of the Ghadamon legend. The keeper can supply these fragments from the passages contained in *The Pickman Papers* #9.

If the dreamers attack and overwhelm the four fungi, they can investigate the downstairs. If the glowing crystals are disturbed or damaged (they can be cracked and shattered like any gemstone), the dark young is freed, and attacks the investigators with characteristic ingratitude. The transparent globe of liquids proves impervious to anything the investigators can do, as do the flexible tubes sprouting from it. Any investigator foolish enough to stick his hand into the liquid within the globe experiences agonizing pain until he withdraws it again—whereupon he can see that his hand has been withered to uselessness. On the next trip to the Dreamlands the damage vanishes.

Little else is here other than a narrow stone stairway leading down to a damp vault of seemingly immense age. Inscribed on the walls of this chamber are pictures showing how to spawn one of the terrible things that the dreamers just saw upstairs. It shows the small creature placed underwater. One final picture shows a gigantic form of this same creature (Ghadamon) dwelling on an ocean floor. Successful Dream Lore rolls permit the users to realize that the early pictures show the Dreamlands, but the last one is in the Waking World. The hideous secret that the carvings hint at causes those that understand this to lose 0/1D3 SAN.

"New York At Dusk"

*Sold to: Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Biggs
1414 Park Ave. #1130*

Anyone succeeding in an Idea roll connects this name and the ritzy address to surmise that this is Boswell Biggs, the extremely successful owner of a major Boston shipping firm.

The address is a posh apartment owned by the well-to-do couple. Should the investigators call here, they are met at the door by a maid. She calls Mrs. Biggs, who is a tall, striking woman in her mid-forties. She refuses the investigators entry to her residence, but consents to answer a few questions while standing in the doorway. She did once own the painting and says so, but due to her husband's squeamishness she was forced to sell it to a local art dealer, whose address she supplies. Meanwhile, the supposed Mr. B. E. Biggs can be seen in the background, tied securely to his armchair with a heavy length of rope and a bathrobe draped over him. Investigators can also



notice a collection of masks and whips on the wall. No other information about the painting can be gained here. Should the investigators attempt a rescue of the bound man, they find that they have invaded a (more or less) peaceful domestic scene and the possibility of arrest by the police is high. Unless someone can placate the invaded and highly offended couple with a successful Bargain or Persuade, the investigators could find themselves on the losing end of an extremely costly lawsuit.

At the art dealer's they are informed that the painting, after hanging unsold for some time, was peddled (at considerable loss) to a lesser dealer on the other side of town. The art dealer provides the address of this store.

The second shop proves to be a tiny bookstore in a run-down part of town. The dealer remembers the painting well and who he sold it to—an oldster who goes by the name of Jacob, and who lives just a couple of blocks away. Looking around inside the shop reveals several stacks of so-called pornographic writings presently banned in the city of Boston and the rest of the United States. These include works by D.H. Lawrence, James Joyce, and others.

Jacob's apartment building is incredibly shabby and filthy. The investigators must walk up three flights of stairs past drowsing bums and derelicts crouched in the stairwells and halls. The apartment is on the third floor. After knocking, the investigators hear the sound of numerous latches being thrown back. The door then opens a crack, held securely by a chain at the top. In the crack the investigators see the small dirty face of an old man. His stubbly beard still bears cracker crumbs from his interrupted dinner. He has halitosis and looks as though he has not washed in months. This is Jacob.

Jacob is more than happy to let the investigators in to see his treasure, explaining that most of the people around his place don't appreciate good art.

The flyblown apartment contains no furnishings save a small chair, a hotplate, a mattress, and the old table upon which the painting is propped. He has arranged a sheet around it to serve as a frame and two candles stand on either end of the table to provide light. The small chair sits right in front of the painting, pointed at it.

Jacob is fanatically in love with the painting, but can be talked into parting with it if offered \$200 or more (more money than he has ever seen). If the old man agrees to sell the painting, he stands forlornly in the middle of the room, holding his money, and watching the investigators carry out his treasure while a tear rolls down his cheek. The next day Jacob decides he has made a mistake and, carrying the money given him by the investigators, tracks them down to their homes or offices. Here he approaches them, regardless of their present activities, and begs them to sell the painting back to him. Although completely harmless, Jacob has become obsessed with regaining his painting, and pursues the investigators throughout the course of this adventure (or maybe even longer), show-

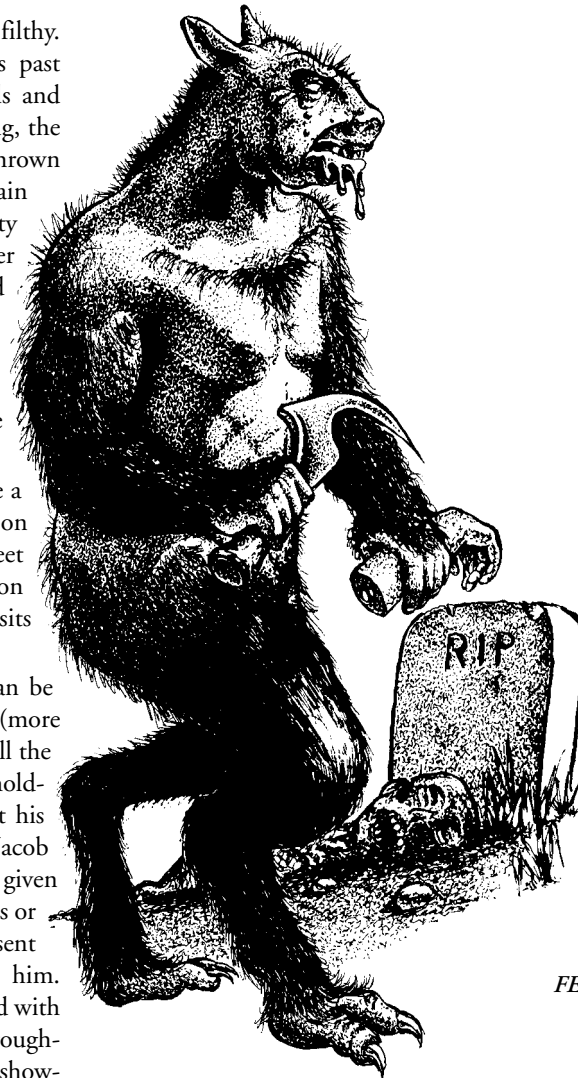
ing up in the most unusual places at the worst times, pleading to be allowed to buy back his one precious thing.

THE NEW YORK DREAMSCAPE

This is a strangely archaic sunset view of the city, just before darkness falls. In the background are the towering skyscrapers of the metropolis. In the foreground is an old cemetery within which squat several leering ghouls, their backs to the viewer. They are obviously preparing to tear into a fresh grave.

Viewing this painting for the first time, as with all the paintings, costs 0/1 SAN. Anyone knowing of Richard Upton Pickman, the once-famous Boston artist who disappeared some time ago under mysterious circumstances, recognizes that the painting is strongly reminiscent of Pickman's work.

Like the others, this painting can be entered by any experienced dreamer sleeping in the same room with it. Once more, the dreamer finds himself in the Dreamlands, this time in a



FEASTING GHOUL



cemetery not far from a city. The dreamers can easily crawl behind a tombstone or crypt to hide before the ghouls can see them. They can hear the gibbering voices of the ghouls clearly. “Too bad about Blakely, eh?” one says. “Pickman was quite upset to hear about it,” a second voice meeps. With that, the ghouls fall to digging up their meal. If any investigator makes himself known to the ghouls, they turn, their eyes blazing, and chase him. If he can show them an ankh, or quickly yells that he has come on behalf of Nelson Blakely, the ghouls, instead of tearing him to pieces, sit back on their haunches and offer to lead him to Pickman. One of the graveyard crypts has a tunnel that leads steeply down into the reeking soil. This tunnel leads the dreamers right into the Underworld in the vicinity of some major ghoulish burrows. Proceed to “Into the Dreamlands”, later in this adventure.

Anyone who tries to wander around the graveyard, even if his intent is only to find a way out, is eventually accosted (and possibly attacked) by ghouls.

“Fate”

Sold To: Reggie van Statler

Any investigator succeeding in a Know roll remembers van Statler as a millionaire playboy who was killed several months ago in a motorcycle accident. Reggie van Statler lived in an exclusive penthouse, the location of which is easily discovered. However, should they visit the penthouse they are refused admittance by the butler who is still employed by the van Statler family to maintain the unoccupied, but expensive, property. If the investigators ask of the painting, they learn that all Mr. van Statler’s sizable art collection was donated to museums. The butler then closes the door and, if the investigators continue to harass him, telephones the police.

Anyone succeeding at a Law roll knows how to obtain a copy of van Statler’s will. Therein it is found that the painting “Fate” by Nelson Blakely, was donated to a small but exclusive private art gallery. At the gallery, the investigators meet the owner, Mr. Bluth, who is happy to talk with them. He explains that the painting was hung for a while in the main hall of the gallery, but because of complaints, was taken down and stowed away in the basement.

In the basement, the owner can remove the protective cover and reveal the painting to the investigators. It depicts a canopied, curtained bed, frighteningly similar to the one in which Nelson Blakely now lies. The room in the painting, however, it decidedly different; made of smooth white marble, vast in dimension, and alien in proportion. A heavy stone door on the back wall of the room stands tightly closed. The bed is the only object in the room.

“Note these shadows,” Bluth says, pointing to the wall near the bed while he stands behind the painting. “Try moving about slightly to view the painting from different angles.” By

so doing, the investigators find that somehow Blakely has managed to paint the shadows behind the bed in a way that makes them appear to move and hover threateningly about the walls (costs 0/1 SAN).

“See what I mean?” asks Bluth when the investigators gasp. “So many of our customers complained that I finally had to put the thing away. Remarkable effect though, don’t you think? Blakely was quite an artist!”

Bluth is more than happy to sell the painting, but he has heard of Blakely’s accident, and counts on the painting to rise in value. He wants \$500 for the painting.

THE FATE DREAMSCAPE

If anyone enters this painting, he can investigate the room, which is filled with a horrifying stench. The shadows on the wall mysteriously undulate and draw closer to the investigator with each passing minute. If he stays in the room for longer than ten dream-minutes, the shadows begin to come off the walls and move towards him, nearer every few minutes, though they draw back at his approach. If he stays longer than sixty dream-minutes, they envelop him, he is blocked from view, and the shadows disperse-and the investigator has been transformed into a shadow himself, to dance on the walls with the rest.

A strange rasping sound comes from the bed. If anyone is so bold as to draw back the curtains on the bed, he sees a dozen rotted corpses squirming atop each other and the bedclothes. As they rub atop each other, portions of their putrid flesh slough off, revealing the stark white tendons beneath. The viewer loses 1D3/1D10 SAN.

If the heavy door in the back wall is pulled open (requires a combined STR of 16), the dreamers find themselves faced with a wall of water that somehow will not pass through the door-frame. It is obvious that this door opens onto the bottom of some body of water, but it takes a Dream Lore roll to identify it as the Sterile Lake of the Underworld. Just beyond the range of sight lies the horrible form of Nelson Blakely looking as he is described in the Dreamlands portion of this adventure. This doorway might provide the dreamers with a shortcut to the bottom of the lake, but they cannot use it until they have obtained the magic fungus also described in the Dreamlands section.

“R’lyeh At Dawn”

Sold To: E. Bancroft

113 Asbury Blvd.

This painting is still owned by Evelyn Bancroft and the address given is her home, a large three-story structure in a deteriorating neighborhood. Evelyn leads a group of self-proclaimed disciples who occupy the house with her. This group has no occult abilities or powers and is actually just a collection of kooks carefully gathered by Bancroft to do her bidding.



Bancroft greets the investigators at the door. She is in her mid-fifties, slim, and wears her silver hair in a bizarre, upswept fashion. She habitually dresses in long, tight gowns and flounces around gesturing with her foot-long cigarette holder. She is gratified to show the investigators the painting, and she and the rest of the household put on their “weirdest best” for the benefit of their company.

ELIZABETH BANCROFT

STR 09 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 14 POW 15
DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 14 SAN 33 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: 9mm automatic pistol 45%, damage 1D10

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Drive Automobile 45%, English 75%, Fast Talk 80%, French 12%, Latin 17%, Occult 35%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 25%.

For years, Bancroft has proclaimed herself to be a rival and enemy of the “dark-hearted demon, Adrian Stimson,” a charge completely the product of her mind and one that Stimson barely understands, though all the woman’s followers are given to understand that Bancroft carries on a deadly psychic war with her “arch-enemy.” He met Bancroft just once, several years ago, immediately adjudged her a fruitcake, and since that time has scrupulously avoided any contact with the woman. To her credit, Bancroft has never actually done anything worse than slander Stimson behind his back.

Recently, Bancroft has been afflicted by a series of nightmares, caused by the dreamscape she owns. While she does not understand the nightmares, they have begun to unhinge her already shaky mind. Once she is contacted by the investigators, she will have her following keep an eye on them (this may or may not be noticed by the investigators). If they are seen to associate with Stimson, she interprets this to mean that she has come under attack, the investigators serving as Stimson’s lackeys in an organized attempt to destroy her. She retaliates by sending some of her followers, primarily Sonny and Jerry, to attack and harass the investigators. The place and time of these attacks are up to the keeper, but Bancroft’s followers will use Bancroft’s large, high-powered automobile as transport.

BANCROFT’S FOLLOWERS

SHEILA

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 17 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 08 APP 08 EDU 08 SAN 33 HP 16

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, 1D3+1D4 damage
Butcher Knife 50%, 1D6+1D4 damage

Skills: Occult 15%, Pharmacy 25%.

A woman in her mid-twenties, who has long blonde hair and weighs in at well over 250 pounds, Sheila always dresses in black velvet and is rarely seen without a large, fluffy, white cat named Melkoria draped over one arm. At close range, Sheila

smells strongly of exotic spices (like garlic). She’ll choose one male investigator and make eyes at him through his entire visit.

SONNY

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 16 INT 11 POW 08
DEX 10 APP 08 EDU 10 SAN 25 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

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

Butcher Knife 80%, damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: Drive Automobile 45%, Hide 45%, Locksmith 25%, Occult 10%, Sneak 80%.

Wearing wire-rimmed glasses, pudgy and beardless, Sonny is Evelyn’s 35-year-old son. Shy and polite whenever Mummy is around, Sonny indulges in minor sadistic pleasures when out of her sight. He has been twice reported to the police by neighbors who claimed they saw him torturing small animals in the back yard. Mummy has warned him not to get caught again!

KARIN SELIM

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 14
DEX 15 APP 14 EDU 10 SAN 35 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

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

Caliber .38 revolver 35%, damage 1D10

Skills: Art (Sing) 35%, Climb 65%, Dodge 65%, Fast Talk 65%, Hide 55%, Jump 55%, Locksmith 65%, Occult 08%, Persuade 55%, Sneak 60%.

Karin is of average size and sports a bushy head of hair and penetrating blue eyes. He claims to be now living in a former incarnation of himself. He likes to wear capes and tall boots and usually speaks in (mis)quoted Shakespeare.

PROFESSOR ZEUS

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 09 INT 17 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 18 SAN 35 HP 10

Skills: Accounting 55%, Anthropology 35%, Archaeology 25%, Astronomy 55%, Chemistry 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Geology 30%, History 55%, Law 15%, Library Use 85%, Medicine 20%, Natural History 45%, Occult 75%, Persuade 40%, Psychoanalysis 20%.

The scholar of the group, Zeus is in his mid-thirties, balding and quiet. He is usually at his desk in the living room, poring over some obscure volume of occult science. He is generally lost in thought and vaguely shakes hands if an investigator speaks to him, then turns quickly and impolitely back to his work. If any investigator succeeds at Library Use while glancing over Zeus’s bookshelves, he notes a copy of the *Book of Eibon*. This copy is more complete than the one owned by Stimson, and contains the “Spell of Oneiro-Dismissal,” which can be used to reverse the exchange being made by Ghadamon at the expense of Nelson Blakely.



Zeus is in better mental shape than the rest of the group, and doesn't notice them very much at all. At the Bancroft home he receives space and as much time as he chooses to study and he also enjoys a certain amount of respect. This is enough to keep him pleased and oblivious to his surroundings. If he can be pried out of the house alone, a successful Debate roll convinces him to leave Evelyn Bancroft's group and aid the investigators by turning his skills and knowledge to their purposes. The professor's possible contribution, in addition to his formidable knowledge skills, is the possibility that he may discover the spell to reverse the exchange presently occurring between Blakely and Ghadamon.

JERRY

STR 17 CON 18 SIZ 16 INT 09 POW 11
DEX 16 APP 13 EDU 03 SAN 05 HP 34*

* Jerry has superhuman toughness and resistance to pain, as seen by his additional hit points.

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Grapple 95% (Jerry likes to strangle.)
Hatchet 90%, damage 1D6+1+1D6

Skills: Climb 80%, Conceal 85%, Dodge 85%, Hide 80%,
Jump 85%, Listen 85%, Sneak 90%, Swim 85%, Throw 80%.

Spells: None, but Jerry has special abilities in the Dreamlands as described later. He receives this power from Ghadamon, unbeknownst to himself or Bancroft.

The latest addition to the household is Jerry, a powerfully-built man in his late twenties. His head is shaved and his arms, exposed by the narrow straps of his undershirt, are covered with vulgar tattoos. He never speaks in the presence of the investigators, but occasionally grins widely, revealing three gold teeth. Jerry has a single pierced ear in which he wears a small ankh.

Jerry is a much-sought-after suspect in a brutal, motiveless axe murder that took place a few months ago. He is completely nuts. Only Evelyn knows that he is a killer, but she believes that she has suppressed his base impulses through her magic and that turning him over to the police would be a gross injustice. If she decides to attack the investigators, Jerry will be put in charge. She knows that, once started, Jerry won't stop until he has killed them or been killed himself.

THE R'LYEH DREAMSCAPE

Bancroft keeps the painting in a place of honor in the living room, surrounded by various occult paraphernalia. The painting causes 0/1 SAN loss. The scene is somewhere at sea. A bright blue sky is overhead. In the foreground is the bow of a large outrigger canoe—the perspective is that of a person aboard the craft. On the horizon looms a terrible black island; oozing slime and seawater as though it had just risen from beneath the waves. Standing in the center of the island is a great monolithic structure, its planes and angles defying human description. In one wall of the structure a dark opening can be seen.

None of the cultists have identified the scene, but any investigator making a Cthulhu Mythos roll recognizes R'lyeh. Evelyn Bancroft knows the word "R'lyeh" only from the title that Blakely gave her when he sold her the painting.

Possession of this painting leads to the eventual experiencing of terrible dreams as though the person had cast a Contact Deity/Cthulhu spell. Evelyn won't sell the painting and may even attempt to steal the others if she learns of their existence through the investigators.

If the characters come into possession of this painting and attempt to enter it, they find themselves in the canoe, paddling toward the black island. This is the nightmare of R'lyeh, so primal that it has even invested the Dreamlands. Once ashore the investigators discover that the only thing of possible interest is the monolithic building, and it contains but one entrance. Stepping into that building may be the last thing these investigators ever do. Within, squatting on a great throne, waits great Cthulhu.

The Dreamlands

The investigators should realize that Blakely had been journeying to the Dreamlands in search of suitable subjects to paint. It should be apparent that the ghoul that was Pickman might know what became of Blakely, his former student.

All the dream adventure takes place in the Underworld. If the investigators have not located the shortcut there via the painting, "New York At Dusk," they must enter this dark world by a more dangerous and time-consuming route decided upon by their keeper. Once in the Underworld, they must make their way to the southern edge of the great rift that splits this dark world and begin searching for the ghoul burrow that contains Pickman.

The keeper may wish to create some encounters during the Upper Dreamlands phase of the trip. In any case, once in the Underworld, the dreamers are terrorized by a creature which changes form between visits. This creature is actually Jerry, of Evelyn Bancroft's entourage, but this should only gradually become apparent to the investigators.

JERRY'S DREAM FORMS

Jerry will be encountered once every time the dreamers visit the Underworld, but only after Jerry and the investigators have met in the real world. These attacks occur at a time and place chosen by the keeper and each time the form of the dreaming Jerry will be different. Three such forms are provided below, and the keeper may invent additional forms if it is necessary.

Only the real-world death of Jerry combined with the destruction of the dream form stops these recurring attacks.



Even if arrested and jailed by the police, the mad killer still easily dreams himself into the Underworld in pursuit of the investigators. Jerry's dream-forms attack immediately upon spotting the investigators and fight until dead or all the dreamers are slain. If killed in the Dreamlands, the monster that is Jerry can still return in a new form the next time the dreamers enter the Dreamlands, unless his waking body has also been slain.

He gets this special power from Ghadamon, unbeknownst to Jerry. He loses the ability to reappear in the Dreamlands after dream-death once Ghadamon has either been driven from the Waking World or has passed completely to it.

DREAMJERRY WEREWOLF

STR 22 CON 18 SIZ 20 INT 09 POW 11
DEX 18 Move 10 HP 19

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Claw 45%, damage 1D6+2D6

Bite 30%, damage 1D8+2D6

Armor: the thick black hair provides 4 points of armor.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D8 Sanity points to see a werewolf.

This thing resembles a large, erect, werewolf with a semi-human, vaguely Jerry-like face that is first seen howling from a not-too-distant hill. It races down the hill, slaving and growling, to throw itself among the group of dreamers with fang and claw. This creature can attack either with two claws or a single bite.

DREAMJERRY WORM

STR 30 CON 15 SIZ 22 INT 09 POW 11
DEX 08 Move 08 HP 19

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapon: Crush 75%, damage 1D10+2D6

Armor: the rubbery substance of the worm-thing acts as 4-point armor. It cannot be impaled.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D10 to see the worm-thing.

This horror suddenly erupts from the ground within striking distance of the dreamers. Squeezing its way up out of the dark, stinking matter of the Underworld with cracking sounds and the stench of methane gas, this monster resembles a huge pale worm. Nearly seven feet long and two feet in diameter, it bears the twisted visage of a screaming, near-human, Jerry-like face.

DREAMJERRY GIANT

STR 28 CON 22 SIZ 28 INT 09 POW 11
DEX 10 Move 08 HP 30

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapon: Axe 60%, damage 2D6+2D6

Armor: none.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D10 to see the giant.

This form appears much like the Jerry of the Waking World, only he is nine feet tall and wields a giant axe. Worse, he is

stripped to the waist, revealing his torso as a monstrously large and horrible face. The eyes replace the normal nipples. A huge, fanged mouth leers open across Jerry's powerful stomach muscles.

Pickman Among The Ghouls

The dreamers should seek the ghoul named Pickman somewhere among the burrows located on the northern edge of the rift. This requires a burrow-to-burrow search, and the investigators must deal with the different ghouls that they encounter. While ghouls are certainly dangerous adversaries, they are not nearly as fierce here as when in the Waking World.

If the investigators bear an ankh of any kind, the ghouls refrain from attacking them out of hand. Otherwise, anytime a group of ghouls should be met, a chosen dreamer (spokesman) must make an Oratory roll. If this character speaks the meeping language of the ghouls, he doubles his chances of success. Referring to the name of Pickman also doubles chances of success. Both referring to Pickman and speaking the ghouls' language quadruples one's chances! The ghouls, even if unconvinced, do not necessarily attack frontally, but instead amuse themselves by harassing the party with thrown rocks or ambushes from high passes.

If at any time the dreamers demonstrate the ability to cast spells, the ghouls become convinced that they are dealing with a group of sorcerers and leave them alone—the corpses of sorcerers are rarely palatable. The ghouls may also respond to the offer of gifts from the dreamers, though what ghouls might value is hard to guess. Gangs of ghouls numbering 1D10 or so are normal. Once friendly contact with the ghouls is established, the dreamers are led to Pickman's cave.

Anyone succeeding in a Dream Lore realizes that the ghouls are being remarkably forbearing at all times. If they think to question the ghouls on this, they discover that Pickman has passed the word to refrain from attacking humans in the Underworld until their purpose is ascertained. Pickman, of course, is hoping that a friend of Blakely's is coming. After the investigators leave, the ghouls will revert to their normal, rather terrifying attitudes towards visitors, and future visits on the part of the investigators will not be nearly so pleasant. Pickman's authority, after all, is far from limitless.

PICKMAN'S LAIR

Pickman lives in a small cave a half mile away from any major burrow. The artist-ghoul desired a secluded place to work, far from the noise of the crowded warrens. The entrance to the cave is decorated by tombstones of great artists; the markers of van Gogh, Goya, and others are being used to form an arch over the cave opening and as paving stones to keep the floor dry. If called to, Pickman emerges—a large shaggy ghoul clenching a brush and palette. If Blakely is mentioned, he welcomes his guests within his cave. If the investigators idiotically



fail to mention Blakely, but present some other reason for their visit, Pickman shrugs his scaly shoulders and turns back to the cave, and the other ghouls present assault the investigators.

PICKMAN THE ARTIST

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 18 POW 18
DEX 16 APP 05 EDU 16 SAN 10 HP 14

Skills: Dream Lore 70%.

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

Inside the cave, the dreamers are invited to sit down and Pickman answers their questions as best he can. He confirms the dreamers' theories that Blakely had lately visited the ghoul, and Pickman tells them that the last time he saw him, Blakely was planning to travel to the Sterile Lake just east of the Fungus Forest, where supposedly dwells the great larval Ghadamon. Pickman fears that Blakely fell victim to the Great Old One and if the dreamers tell him of Blakely's real-world condition, he is convinced of it.

Pickman knows a little about Ghadamon; how it was placed at the bottom of the lake in elder times; how it has lain there for untold ages—feeding, growing, waiting; how someday Ghadamon would leave the Dreamlands forever to dwell in the Waking World. This is what he knows of the legend. Evidently Ghadamon is using Blakely as a vessel to pass to the Waking World.

Pickman warns the dreamers to avoid the lake, as he warned Blakely, because of the hideous minions of Ghadamon which live in the lake. Pickman is sure that Blakely was captured by the minions.

If the dreamers decide not to visit the lake, the scenario is basically over. Blakely will be imprisoned forever at the bottom of the nightmare lake; Ghadamon will enter the Waking World; Penny Tilstrom will go mad; and each investigator will lose 1D20 SAN for knowing of the catastrophe without being able to stop it.

If the dreamers still wish to visit the lake, Pickman tells them of a long-dead sorceress who in olden times visited Ghadamon in his home on the lake floor. This sorceress knew a secret magic to protect herself from the mindless minions of Ghadamon and could enter the lake and walk beneath the surface undrowned. The sorceress died decades ago, but if there is one thing ghouls know well, it is the location and condition of burial crypts and grounds. Pickman knows the location of the tomb, where her great grimoire was placed for her use after death. He suggests that if the investigators wish to enter the lake, they first seek the grimoire.

The Sorceress' Tomb

Pickman explains that the tomb lies in a great ancient cemetery in a far-off part of the Dreamlands, and though he refuses to leave his work to accompany the dreamers, he makes

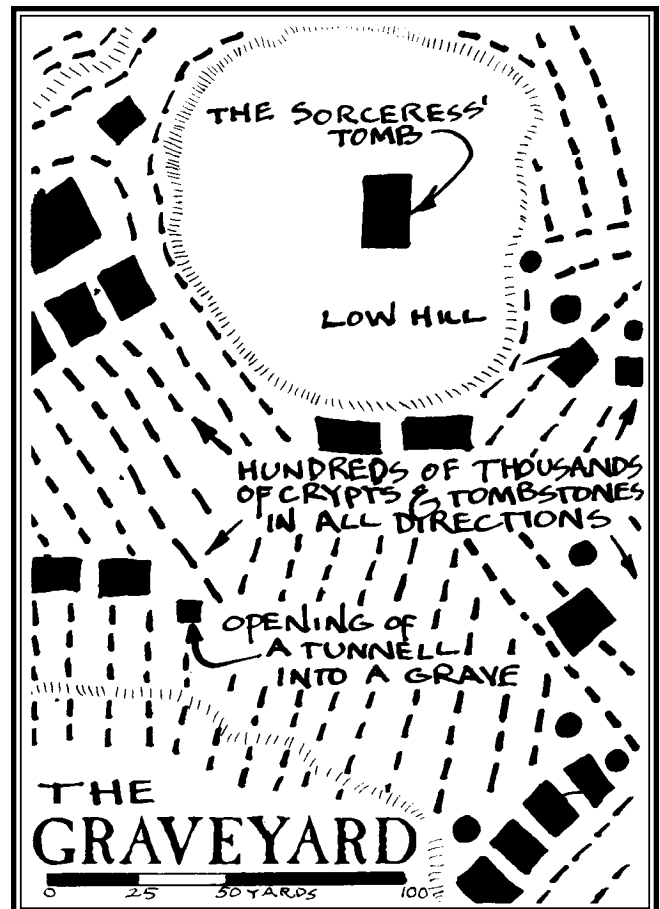
arrangements with some ghouls from a nearby burrow to show the dreamers a secret tunnel leading to the tomb-place. This tunnel goes on for many miles. Under no circumstances do any ghouls accompany the dreamers through the tunnel—ghouls never visit the sorceress' crypt, and not even wamps go there at night.

The loathsome ghouls await the dreamers' return at their end of the tunnel. The tunnel is warm, damp, and a little too low-ceilinged for humans, though slouching ghouls find it quite comfortable. The dreamers must walk for days to reach the end.

THE GRAVEYARD

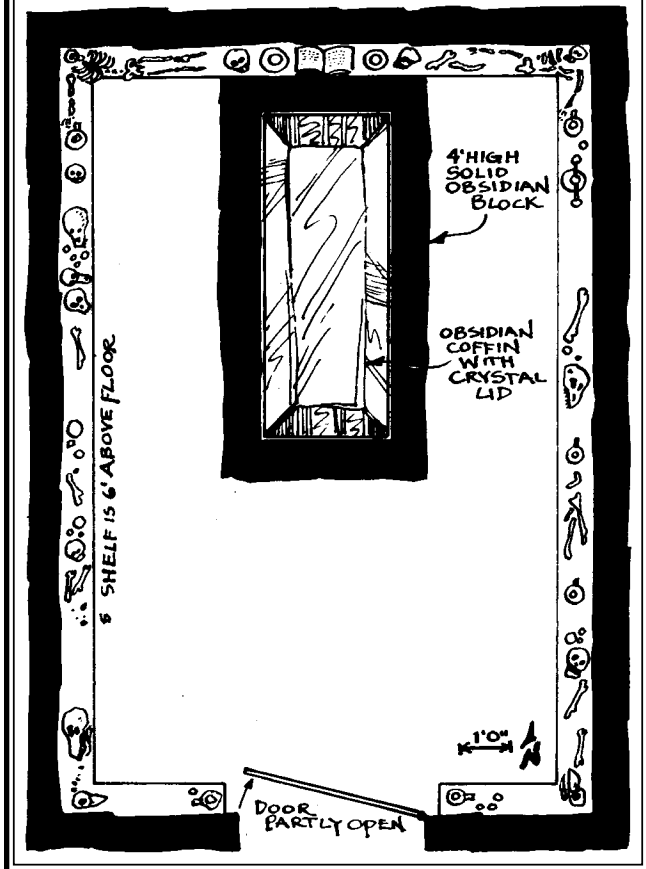
The dreamers emerge from the end of the tunnel to find themselves in a vast cemetery that stretches in all directions. It is night and a silvery mist covers the ground to a depth of a foot or more. The gravestones are shaped of obsidian and ornamented by strips of precious metals which both decorate the edges of the blocks and highlight the strange runes carved upon their surface. A hundred yards off on a low rise stands a large tomb, also made of obsidian, the most impressive structure within sight. Its door stands partially open.

The tomb is that of the sorceress. If the dreamers peek in the partially opened door, they see a barren chamber, four





SORCERESS' TOMB



yards wide and six yards long. A shelf runs around the four walls at a height of about six feet above the floor. Placed atop it are thick yellow candles in ornate brass holders and the skulls of unidentifiable animals, all with wicked curling horns. At the far end of the room, upon a block of obsidian four feet high, rests a coffin made of the same material while above it, on the shelf, rests a huge, very worn book.

As mentioned, the door is open, but not far enough to admit anyone of more than SIZ 10. The door can be swung open further, but it then grates, glass to glass, with a hideous shrieking that echoes through the night air of the alien graveyard. The dreamers may fear that this may arouse the sorceress' corpse (or something worse) but not so—it is for effect only. A Sneak roll is required to enter the tomb. If it fails, the sorceress awakens and attacks. In any case, once the grimoire is picked up, the sorceress awakens. The only difference is that if the Sneak roll was a success, she awakens after the dreamers have their hands on the grimoire, so they need only escape her wrath to succeed in their mission. If the Sneak roll failed, they must defeat her to take the book. If a dreamer wishes to snatch some of the candles or skulls from the shelf, an additional Sneak roll is needed for each object attempted. None but the grimoire prove of any use to the dreamers.

As stated, if the Sneak roll fails, the sorceress awakens. She does not make this known, however, until the dreamer is standing over the coffin actually reaching up to the book on the shelf above. While the dreamer is in this vulnerable position, the sorceress attacks and tries to strangle the character by smashing her clawed hands through the top of the coffin.

If the Sneak roll succeeded, just as the investigators are moving towards the door to leave, she stands up from her coffin, which shatters explosively.

THE SORCERESS

When the sorceress shatters the lid of the glass coffin, the rest of the sarcophagus breaks into fragments and falls away with an echoing, tinkling sound revealing the blackened corpse of the long-dead enchantress. She is seven feet tall and generally of human appearance, though startling details are noticeable. Her feet are single hooves, while through the rotting shroud of black silk, a short but prehensile tail twists and writhes as she rises to her feet. Her face is a crumbling ruin and red coals burn in the pits of her empty eye-sockets. Her jaw, reduced to stained bone, opens and closes spasmodically, gnashing curved, one-inch fangs together with an audible grinding noise. Scraggly patches of white hair still adhere to her skull and a slippery dark blue tongue slides in and out of her mouth like a serpent's.

The sorceress is unable to leave her tomb and can pursue the dreamers no farther than the doorway. From here she will cast spells, such as Raise Corpses.

THE SORCERESS

STR 20 CON 20 SIZ 20 INT 25 POW 20*
DEX 10 HP 20

* the sorceress has access to 100 additional magic points stored in another dimension; she casts these before touching her personal magic points.

Skills: Dodge 25%.

Weapon: Grapple 85%, damage special**

** the sorceress' main attack is to use her Grapple to reach out with her long curving talons to grip her victim by the throat. If the attack is successful the victim suffers choking damage as per nor-

Assist Dreamer, A Spell

This spell can be cast only in the Waking World by an experienced dreamer upon going to sleep. It costs 8 magic points, no SAN, and catapults the dreamer directly to the dark and forbidding Underworld, bypassing the Upper Dreamlands completely.

The dreamer finds him- or herself on the floor of the dread Vale of Pnath, covered with countless bones and inhabited by the strange and terrible dholes.



mal Call of Cthulhu rules. However, in addition, the sorceress' claws do 1D10 damage per round, as the sorceress' fingers are pressed with inhuman strength right through the soft flesh, breaking arteries and crushing the victim's windpipe and esophagus. This continues round by round until the victim dies or breaks free by successfully applying his STR against hers in a resistance contest. It is unlikely, however, that her victim will survive the second or third round. Witnessing such a demise costs the viewers 0/1D6 SAN.

Armor: the moist pulpy flesh of the sorceress is already dead, so all weapons do only minimum damage. Once her hit points are reduced to zero, she is totally dismembered, and can no longer cast spells. Her living parts continue to writhe and flop on the tomb floor and may individually attack the dreamers with claws and bites.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D8 to see the sorceress.

Spells: Devolution, Dissolve Skeleton, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Explode Heart, Living Clothes, Raise Corpses.

The sorceress will not use Raise Corpses until the dreamers have fled the tomb and are racing across the nighted cemetery toward the tunnel leading back to the Underworld. All of the dead bodies within the cemetery rise up, crumbling and decaying, from their graves. Rotted hands spring up from the graves, followed by the reeking corpses clumsily pawing their ways to the surface and stumbling after the dreamers in desperate pursuit.

The corpses resemble the sorceress, with hooves and inhuman heads. They also share the sorceress' long flickering tongue, which they flash disgustingly at the fleeing dreamers as they reach out to pull them down.

Crossing the graveyard while the corpses are rising requires the dreamers to make three Dodge rolls each. Each failure means that one of the corpses has risen from the ground near the dreamer and attempts to pull him down by the legs.

Once the dreamers make it to the end of the ghoulish tunnel, the waiting ghouls are happy to relieve any victimized dreamer of any corpse arms still clutching them. The ghouls find the rotten arms delicious, and are not above asking the investigators to go back for more.

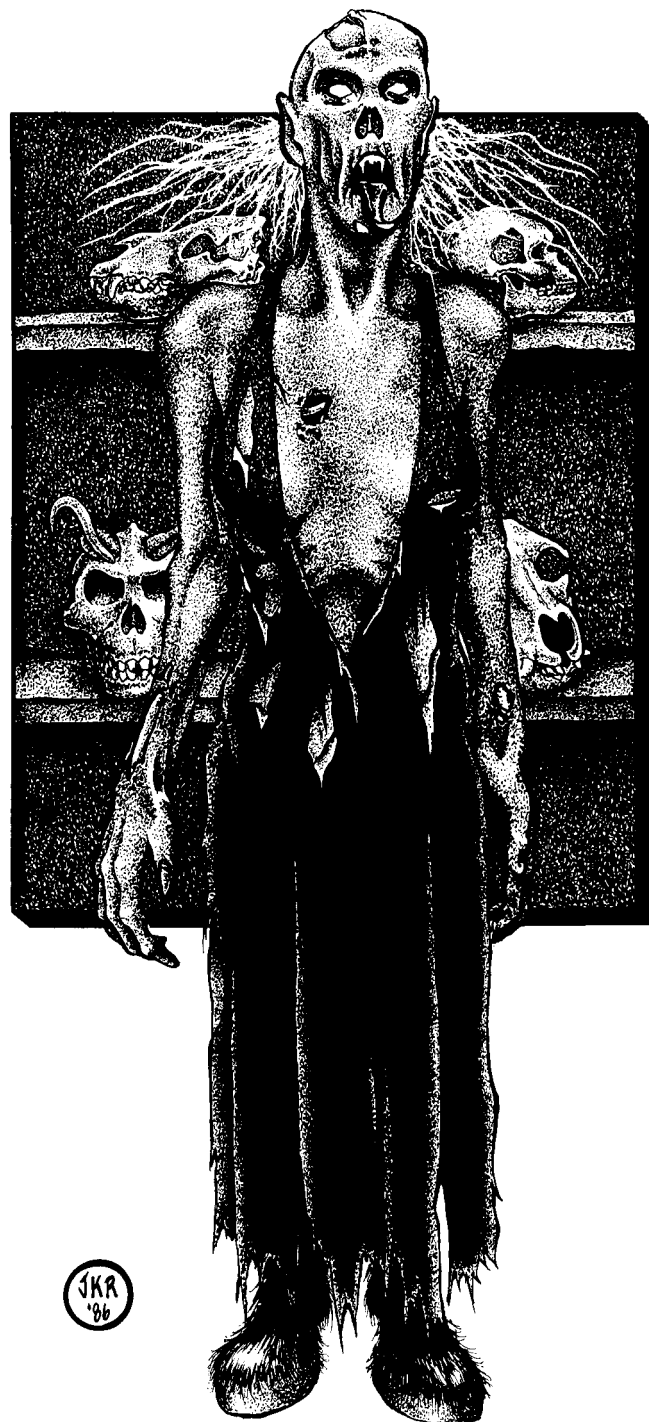
This portion of the dream-adventure has the potential to act as a recurring nightmare, since it may require more than one attempt to retrieve the book. Each time the dreamers return to this place, it has returned to the state first described; door partially opened, coffin intact, etc. Differences occur only if one or more of the dreamers have been killed in previous attempts to loot the tomb. These corpses are found lying about the tomb in odd, doll-like postures, inanimate but grotesque. The sight of these familiar corpses costs 0/1D4 SAN. These corpses, too, move and attack if the sorceress again casts Raise Corpses.

The sorceress is more susceptible to magic attacks than physical ones, but the dreamers will probably do best if they

can find a sneaky character to retrieve the book, and then run like crazy.

THE SORCERESS' GRIMOIRE

This book of knowledge is written in dream-symbols universally understandable and requires 2D6 months to read. Fortunately, since one waking-world hour is equal to about a



THE SORCERESS



dream-week, only one or two nights should be enough to master the book. The book is untitled, costs 2D6 SAN to read, adds 6% to Dream Lore and 3% to Cthulhu Mythos, and has a spell multiplier of x5. The book contains the spells of Dread Curse of Azathoth, Explode Heart, Dissolve Skeleton, Living Clothes, Devolution, and Raise Corpses.

In addition, there are two other spells which may be more useful to the dreamers. One is the Spell of Oneiro-Dismissal, identical to the spell found in some copies of the *Book of Eibon*. The other spell is called Assist Dreamer and is described nearby.

Finally, there is a useful bit of information, as shown by *The Pickman Papers #10*.

The Fungus Forest

As the characters learn from the sorceress' grimoire, in the eastern regions of the great fungus forest grows a mushroom that, if ingested, allows a person to walk underwater with no fear of drowning. The dreamers are likely to come here in search of this desired growth.

The fungus forest is huge, and the whole place glows with eldritch lights-blues, greens, violets-all caused by the rampant phosphorescent fungi. Mushrooms, molds, yeasts, and mildew all grow in wild profusion over the ground and each other, covering the diseased trees with their bloated obscene growths. Within the forest it is quite cool, and so damp that fogs and mists are everywhere. This moisture collects on the cadaverous trees and the falling drips of water sound like continuous low rainfall.

Any open wound quickly collects invisible spores suspended in the air and within an hour the wound breaks out in a riot of fungal growth. Each hour the victim remains in the forest, 1 SIZ of him or her is further infested by the loathsome fungi until the whole body is a mass of filaments and tumors, whereupon the person dies. If the dreamer manages to make it outside the forest before death, the fungi rapidly withers and dies in the unfavorable conditions beyond. However, the victim's STR, CON, and APP are each reduced by 1 point per 3 SIZ points covered by fungi before being cured. This loss only affects the dream-self.

After three hours in the fungus forest, all dreamers' clothing begins to suffer from the effects of fungal growth. This growth is mostly harmless, but the increasing weight of the characters' garments may become uncomfortable. If allowed to continue for more than ten hours, the cloth mildews and drops away in large pieces, totally ruined. Leather is likewise affected but lasts for twenty hours of continual exposure to spores before it disintegrates.

THE BLUE PUFFBALLS

This sought-after fungus, mentioned in the sorceress' grimoire, can only be found by carefully searching the fungus forest. It grows in low-lying areas which tend to be covered by mists. Every six hours, call for a Spot Hidden roll. Each success locates enough of the fungus for one investigator. When discovered, the puffballs are about six inches in diameter and of a sky-blue color with deep-purple veins.

Pulling one of the puffballs out of the ground proves easy, but this action is accompanied by a horrifying scream as the growth breaks free. Beneath the puffball and attached to it, the dreamers find a small being less than a foot in height. The tiny thing chokes, quickly dying, and upon examination proves to be part of the fungus itself. In fact the puffball is the exposed brain of the tiny victim. The puffball can easily be cut loose from the small corpse. Each and every time that the investigators rip on of the helpless creatures from the ground, the investigators lose 0/1D3 SAN as they listen to its death rattles. As indicated in the grimoire, some of the puffballs are deadly poison. If the investigators are unable to use Biology to positively identify the proper specimens, they risk almost instant death by eating a poisonous one. There is a 25% chance that a puffball is poisonous.

THE PICKMAN PAPERS #10

The Sorceress' Grimoire

(excerpts)

. . . in the depths of the fungal forest is found a small pale-blue sphere, veined in purple. These are easily removed and the top part ingested to provide the worshiper the ability to pass by the servants of Ghadamon and thereby pay obeisance. Take care, for growing amongst these are a similar type, but fatal to man and beast . . . and here Ghadamon shall lie until one shall come for him and Ghadamon shall pass into another realm and there take his place beneath the sea, to grow and wait for the Day. On this day He Who Waits to Spawn will leave his nest and find his terrible cold mate who has awaited him forever. These days, when the Beast shall rampage and dark R'lyeh rise from its watery crypt will see the passage of great Cthulhu



EXPLORING THE FUNGUS FOREST

Every six hours, there is also a 25% chance of an encounter. To determine an encounter, roll 1D6 on the Fungus Forest Encounters table:

- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| 1 | <i>witches</i> |
| 2 | <i>slime mold</i> |
| 3 | <i>fairy ring</i> |
| 4 | <i>parasite</i> |
| 5 | <i>Robigus</i> |
| 6 | <i>deadly filaments</i> |

Explanations and statistics for the encounters follow.

WITCHES: This encounter can only happen once. If it is rolled again, reroll or invent your own encounter. The dreamers stumble upon a small grassy clearing in the middle of the forest. Two old hags dressed in coarse brown cloaks work in the clearing, accompanied by a tall man, dressed in black, and standing with his back to the dreamers. The three take no notice of the dreamers' arrival. If they stay quiet, the investigators can watch as the two crones stoop amidst the grass, carefully scraping seeds into burlap bags.

A Know roll identifies the grass as rye, while a successful Biology or Natural History roll shows that the grain is infested with ergot, a fungal growth. This fungus contains a number of dangerous alkaloids plus lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD). In the past, eating bread made from infected rye has produced an affliction known as St. Anthony's Fire, a disease in which the victims experience horrifying hallucinations and suffer from madness, gangrene, and often death. Recently it has been proposed that many outbreaks of witchcraft and demonic possession can be attributed to the consumption of ergot-infected bread.

If the dreamers remain at the edge of the clearing for any length of time, or if they enter the clearing, the man standing with his back to them takes notice and turns to face them. His features are Caucasian, but he is pitch-black in color—even the "whites" of his eyes and grinning teeth are black. Anyone succeeding in a Cthulhu Mythos roll recognizes him as Nyarlathotep and anyone succeeding in an Occult roll recognizes him as the Black Man of the witch-cults. A successful roll in either skill costs the user 0/1D8 SAN. Those who do not comprehend who the man is lose only 0/1D3 SAN.

The man will not move to attack the dreamers and if they are the least bit wise, they will leave the clearing, leaving the trio to their devil's work. If any character should suffer a nightmare effect at the sight of the man, it results in the Black Man looming to colossal size in the dreamer's eyes and causing the dreamer helplessly to give himself over to the man. If his companions do not stop him, he steps into the clearing, changes into the monstrous red-tentacled form described in the *Call of Cthulhu* rule book, and then he devours the dreamer.

If the dreamers try to disrupt what is going on, Nyarlathotep transforms into the monstrous red-tentacled form and the two old hags pick up their bags and fly off into the sky, cackling madly.

SLIME MOLD: This encounter can occur again and again. These creatures are motile fungi like huge slimy amoebas that slide over the ground ingesting any food substance they find. They are difficult to damage physically, but are subject to magic attacks. They vary in size as noted and are found in a wide variety of bright colors. Often, stalked fruiting bodies adorn the mold's upper surface. Slime molds can easily hide among the fungus growth on the ground or even drop from tree limbs onto victims. See p. 120 for Slime Mold statistics.

A FAIRY RING: This encounter can occur again and again. A large circle of white mushrooms is found. The circle is twenty feet in diameter, while the mushrooms themselves are from six to eighteen inches in height. This ring is inhabited by an elven being, but he will only make his presence known if an investigator standing in the center of the ring calls for him and makes a successful Oratory or Sing roll. If the roll succeeds, the fairy appears suddenly, as if out of nowhere, seated upon one of the larger mushrooms. He is only three inches high and the dreamers must draw close to see him clearly.

The fairy is a little man, shabbily dressed in an old dark suit and worn top hat. He is shoeless and his feet are oversized, hairy, and possessed of long curved talons. He has no wings. He is willing to aid the investigators if they ask him politely, and can tell them where the nearest location of the sought-after fungus lies. If the dreamers are threatening or abusive, he disappears in the blink of an eye and never again will this or any other elf appear to the dreamer(s) who threatened him.

THE PARASITE: This encounter can happen again and again, though after the first such encounter the keeper may wish to have the fungus attach itself to other parts of the body.

A reddish, pulsing blob of fungus drops from a tree onto an investigator's face. If the investigator fails a Dodge roll, the fungus instantly attaches itself, shooting microscopic tendrils into its new host's flesh. The fungus is harmless, though repulsive. It can be forcibly torn away, but the tendrils are left in the flesh, and within the hour the blob has grown back completely. The fungus remains attached to the victim's dream-form forever, unless he finds some way to cure himself, and is his constant companion on any future visits to the Dreamlands, lowering his APP to 3.

ROBIGUS, GOD OF FUNGUS: This encounter can only happen once. If it is rolled again, reroll or invent your own encounter. The investigators hear a distant, pleasant piping. It is easy to judge which direction the sound comes from. If the investigators succeed at Sneak, they can approach the source unheeded.



In a small clearing sits a large, well-proportioned man in a throne of white fungus. He is handsome, and is flanked by a horse on one side and a wolf on the other, while upon his shoulder sits a small woodpecker. To either side of this group, and slightly behind them, stands a pair of eight-foot mushrooms, each slowly undulating their caps, causing the gills beneath to produce the eerie humming that was first heard by the investigators. Before the enthroned man dance a half-dozen large mushrooms similar to the pipers but slightly smaller. The man smiles and waves his hand in time to the music, obviously enjoying himself.

A successful Anthropology or Archaeology roll reveals this character to be Robigus, the Roman god of rust; a fungus that sometimes infests and destroys grain crops. In olden times Robigus was placated with a festival (called the Robigalia) in hopes that he would protect the crops from being ruined. He is nearly forgotten now, but still likes to recall the honors once offered to him.

If any investigator has failed his Sneak roll, he is noticed by Robigus, as are any dreamers who choose to reveal themselves openly. Robigus is pleased to receive a guest at his party and invites the dreamers to join him.

Robigus seems to be under the impression that the dreamers must participate in the festival, and will not listen to any argument. Robigus simply insists that the character(s) sing for him. Each dreamer has one chance at a successful Sing. If he succeeds, Robigus is highly pleased and is willing to speak more with the dreamer. If so asked, the god can direct the character to the nearest location of the desired fungus.

If the Sing roll fails, Robigus winces, plugs his ears, and calls a halt to the music. "You are right," he admits. "You are certainly no singer and therefore must be a dancer!" With this, Robigus waves a hand and turns the dreamer (should he fail the resistance roll) into one of the large dancing mushrooms already described.

Those who have gone unseen by Robigus can slip away if they wish.

Anyone trying to flee or leave after being invited to stay finds himself transfixed by Robigus' eye and incapable of movement. Robigus can only transfix one person per round.

Those dreamers turned into dancing mushrooms remain this way until freed. This can be accomplished by attacking and killing Robigus (who, as he is connected to Mars, god of war, is a formidable opponent) or more simply by successfully Singing for Robigus, asking a favor, and requesting him to re-transform his victims.

Upon returning to the Waking World, anyone turned into a mushroom suffers a minor side effect. A few days later, the investigator's home is infested with mushrooms in the carpets, mildew in the sinks, etc. These are all normal species and offer no real harm but the rampant growth of the fungus should prove uncomfortable. The mycological assault contin-

ues until the character has his home sprayed with fungicide by a professional.

See pp. 143 for full statistics on Robigus.

THE DEADLY FILAMENTS: This encounter can occur again and again. Lying among the fungus covering the ground are ropy filaments of snare-fungi that capture unwary dreamers. Anyone failing a Spot Hidden blunders into a tangle of these on the ground. If the investigator fails a Dodge, he or she is caught by the strands and quickly strangled, using the rules in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook. Unable to free him or herself, and if any companions attempt a rescue, they are likewise attacked. A Dreaming roll expending 1D6 magic points loosens the strands enough for him to try a second Dodge roll. He or she can keep trying once a round until choking.

At The Sterile Lake

As the dreamers have learned, Ghadamon lies a few hundred yards offshore near the center of this small lake. The water laps quietly at the deserted beach while tremendous bolts of lightning split the dark sky. The shore upon which the dreamers stand is composed of broken bits of bone and shell that crunch noisily underfoot while translucent crabs nearly a foot and a half across glide sideways, fleeing the dreamers' approach. The crabs make no sound as they travel across the beach.

If any of the dreamers enter the waters of the Sterile Lake without first eating one of the blue puffballs, he or she is attacked by the minions of Ghadamon.

Eating one of the puffballs causes the partaker quickly to feel the effects of the magic fungus. With this sensation comes the knowledge that the dreamer can push the water away from him or herself by force of will. Walking down the beach to the shoreline, he or she notices that the salty waters of the Sterile Lake withdraw from his or her presence. Sticking a hand or foot into the lake, the water quickly pulls back leaving a shimmering cavity wherever the dreamer placed the limb. The dreamer can walk into the lake and a bubble of air is maintained about his person at a distance of about two feet and lasting for about an hour. The bottom of the sea slopes gently. The Blakely-Thing lies only thirty yards off.

THE SERVANTS OF GHADAMON

If the dreamers have not already made their presence known, these things flock to them when they first enter the water. The dreamers can see them, darting through the water trailing streams of bubbles. Within seconds, the things surround the individual dreamers and the beasts themselves form the sphere about the character.

These things resemble large black fish with huge jaws and heads that taper back sharply to a narrow, snake-like tail, giving the entire fish a cone-like appearance. They are 3-4 feet



long and have brilliant yellow eyes that stare horribly, blankly-cold into the eyes of their victims.

SOME MINIONS OF GHADAMON

	<i>one</i>	<i>two</i>	<i>three</i>	<i>four</i>	<i>five</i>	<i>six</i>	<i>seven</i>
STR	3	4	2	5	6	1	4
CON	11	14	12	9	10	11	10
SIZ	2	3	1	3	2	1	2
INT	3	2	5	6	2	1	5
POW	4	3	5	6	6	3	1
DEX	14	14	12	11	10	21	12
HP	7	9	7	6	6	6	6

Move 10 swimming

Weapon: Bite 85%, Damage 1D6*

* *this attack can also be used to hold a victim and drag him underwater without injury, as occurred to Nelson Blakely. The victim may attempt a STR roll each round, opposed to the STR of the minions dragging him down to break free.*

Armor: 2 points of tough frog-like hide.

Sanity Loss: normally these beasts cause only 0/1D3 SAN loss, but when a victim is attacked by a mass of them, this may be altered.

Each dreamer finds him or herself suddenly completely surrounded by the black fish-things. Unless the dreamers are holding hands or otherwise linked (linking also joins their individual bubbles), they are cut off from one another. The dreamers see nothing but dark jaws, a foot or more in diameter, lined with two-inch curved fangs. Failing a SAN roll, the dreamer loses a full 6 points. If he or she suffers a Nightmare effect, the fish-things suddenly move closer, to within a foot of the character. Another SAN roll is now called for, and if the dreamer fails, the horrors close in suddenly as the dreamer's bubble completely collapses, devoured in a cloud of blood.

If at least one of the SAN rolls succeeds, the servants of Ghadamon keep their distance and cannot harm the dreamer unless he stays underwater longer than the hour's time that the fungus gives him. No light can penetrate the mass of squirming fish, so the investigators need torches or lamps to see underwater.

The Larva

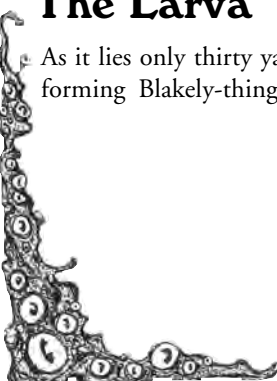
As it lies only thirty yards offshore, the body of the transforming Blakely-thing can quickly be found. The sight

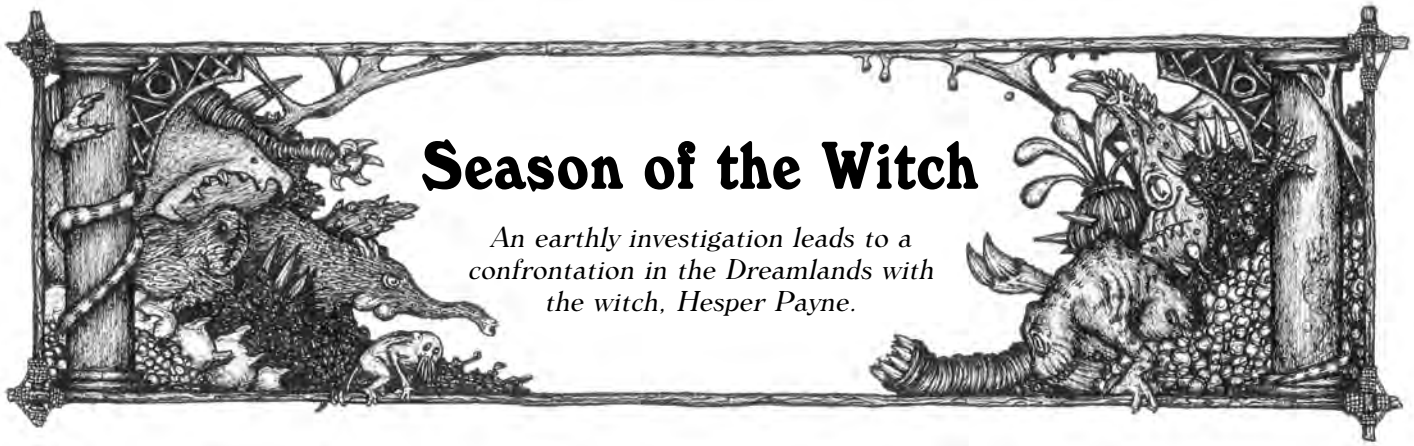
costs 0/1D6 SAN. It has the form and features of Nelson Blakely but it is nearly twelve feet long and composed entirely of a quivering, translucent, jelly-like substance. It is barely able to move, but the lips twitch and Blakely's feeble voice is heard, begging for release.

At this point the dreamers have two options. If they can successfully cast the Spell of Oneiro-Dismissal, they can reverse the transference of Ghadamon and Blakely, causing a complete recovery of the artist in a number of days equal to ten times those spent in changing to Ghadamon. If the dreamers have failed to discover or learn this spell, or should the spell fail, the investigators have the alternative of killing the thing beneath the lake, causing the death of Nelson Blakely but also forcing the thing growing in the bedroom of the Tilstrom house to return to the Dreamlands. Killing Blakely is only effective if the transformation is incomplete. If the changeover has been completed, killing Blakely frees his soul from its current horrible state, but does not return Ghadamon to the dream world. Blakely is easy to kill. His bluish body is fragile to the utmost degree, and even the smallest cut spills the fluid contained within his membranous skin into the lake water, causing death within minutes.

Conclusion

A SAN award of 2D10 points is appropriate for successfully halting the transference of Ghadamon and Nelson Blakely, reduced to 2D8 points if done in a manner so as to cause the death of the artist. If the investigators simply manage to kill Blakely after Ghadamon has escaped to the sea, the award is reduced to 1D8, and Ghadamon remains loose in the Waking World. If Penny is rescued from her destiny of madness, the characters receive an additional 1D6 SAN. Permanently disposing of Jerry the axemurderer awards the investigators with 1D6 more SAN, as well as the commendations of the police, if the investigators took evidence to the cops proving that Jerry was the culprit behind any axe murder. ❁





Season of the Witch

An earthly investigation leads to a confrontation in the Dreamlands with the witch, Hesper Payne.

Spring brings new life to the sleepy town of Arkham, Massachusetts. Trees begin to bud and flowers bloom as love dances in the hearts of youths and maids. Yet the dark past casts a shadow on the signs of the season.

The playgrounds do not carry the familiar sound of children's laughter. Mothers, filled with fear, cling tightly to their children behind barred doors.

The evening streets are barren, save where a few love-struck couples recklessly wander. The avenues reflect the haunted leg-ends of Arkham's past.

Many live in fear of the ancient tales. Others wait and watch. Only a few dare to challenge the Season of the Witch.

KEEPER INFORMATION

In 1692, Arkhamites executed Hesper Payne for witchcraft. As she stood on the scaffold, she foully cursed the village. This curse also sent her evil soul to the Dreamlands, where she has waited more than two centuries for the time that Arkham should feel her vengeance.

The time has come. A student at Miskatonic University, Susan Mason, has taken a room in an old Arkham boarding house, known locally as the "curse house", as it was Hesper Payne's home in mortal life.

Susan Mason chose to live in the dilapidated old building because she is a descendant of Hesper's sister. Hesper has been influencing Susan through her dreams, imparting to her an overpowering desire to research her Arkham family history.

Hesper's dream influence continued to grow after Susan moved into the curse house. Hesper took complete control after Susan found an engraving of Hesper in an old book at the Arkham Historical Society. Her resemblance to Hesper Payne was uncanny, complete to a facial mole and a recently-received scar on her ear. As Susan mentally reeled from the shock, the witch's malign influence took psychic control.

With Susan ready to do her bidding, Hesper Payne's plan for vengeance has been put into action. She caused Susan to dig up the graves of the old town fathers and take their bones to an underground sanctuary in the woods near the Aylesbury Hill graveyard. Once there, Susan cast a spell to transport the souls of these men to the Dreamlands, where Payne took them to a colony of moonbeasts for eternal torture. This completed the first part of Hesper Payne's curse.

Hesper's other revenge is to take place on Walpurgis (April 30, the night before May Day). A dual ceremony is planned,

with Hesper performing her ritual in the Dreamlands while Susan casts the same spell in an underground crypt in the woods at Aylesbury Hill. Then Hesper Payne's centuries of research in the Dreamlands will bear evil fruit. The ritual will physically transport Hesper, along with dozens of her dream-minions, to the waking world, and she will ravage Arkham with the monstrous creatures she brings with her.

INVESTIGATOR INFORMATION

A short newspaper article appears in the April 26th edition of the Boston *Globe*, or some other newspaper that better fits the locale of the keeper's campaign. A copy of it appears in a box below, *Witch Papers Handout #1*.

That same day a Mrs. Prynne of the Arkham Ladies' Historical Society visits the investigators if they live in New England, or telegrams them by urgent wire if they live elsewhere. The historical society to which she belongs has learned from police sources that the three old graves were robbed of their contents, not merely dug up. The Society fears that unscrupulous curio dealers from New York City are behind the incident, and that the incident is only the beginning of a concerted attempt to rob Arkham of the physical remnants of its glorious history.

She is not at all sure, however, why those three graves were chosen; there are many more important sites. She suggests that the investigators first research that question. They might exam-

WITCH PAPERS #1

GHOULS STRIKE ARKHAM!

ARKHAM (Mass) AP Police report that three graves on the historic Aylesbury Hill Graveyard were violated last night.

The graves were identified as the resting places of Randolph Smith, Sammuel Decker, and Jonathan Cooper. The sites were nearly two centuries old.

The groundskeeper reported seeing a violet light in the cemetery a little after midnight. That light may be connected with the hideous crime.

Police speculated that bootleggers may have dug into the graves while trying to hide a load of Canadian liquor.



in the Society records, the Arkham public library collection, and Miskatonic University's diverse holdings.

If the investigators are stuck later, she may be able to suggest other lines of attack, at the keeper's option, but also it may be convenient for her to visit her ailing mother in Bar Harbor if the investigators begin to lean upon her for ideas.

Research

In the Arkham Historical Society, the Arkham Public Library, and the Jeremiah Orne Library at Miskatonic University, information can be found about the men whose bodies were so mysteriously stolen. A separate successful Library Use roll is needed for each scrap of information.

RANDOLPH SMITH

- Civic records attest that Smith was one of the town fathers, and a trapper by profession. He was born in 1623 and died in 1699.

- Court records show that Smith was the main witness against Hesper Payne at her witchcraft trial in 1692. Smith stated that he saw her in the woods southeast of Aylesbury Hill, consorting with the Devil. Much of his testimony was later struck from the record.

- In *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New England Canaan*, a work on witchcraft, the author states that Smith described the Devil as a very tall Negro. Smith supposedly also saw Payne speaking with an unclean goat-like familiar. The goat had peculiar splay hooves and the face of a bearded man with sharp yellow fangs.

SAMMUEL DECKER

- Town records show that Decker was Mayor of Arkham from 1685 to 1710. He was born in 1647 and died in 1716.

- *Curiosities in Old New England Law*, a work with a self-explanatory title, states that in Arkham, between 1685 and 1695 one of the Mayor's duties was to maintain the tiny Arkham Jail and to oversee all corporal punishment and judicial questioning.

- In a letter from Decker's cousin to his aunt, the cousin mentions that Hesper Payne cursed Decker for his treatment of the imprisoned witches. She was hung in September, 1692.

JONATHAN COOPER

- Most histories of Arkham state that Cooper was the first lawyer to settle in Arkham. He was born in 1630 and died in 1699. He became a judge in 1690.

- All of the witch trial court records state that Judge Cooper presided during most of the witch trials in Arkham. He sentenced Hesper Payne to death by hanging, and verbally con-

demned her soul to Hell. For this last, he was later reprimanded by the authorities.

The Aylesbury Hill Graveyard

Player-characters visiting the burying-ground during the day can talk to the groundskeeper, Herman Walker. A successful Fast Talk is needed to obtain a statement from him, quote nearby. Alternatively, Herman is impressed by anyone with Credit Rating 40% or better, and is subservient and eager to cooperate with such elegant people. He expects neither a bribe nor a tip, but is pleasantly surprised by either if offered, and eagerly accepts. Nonetheless he has his principles: only a Credit Rating of 40% or more, or a successful Fast Talk roll, elicits his statement.

If the investigators wish to examine the violated gravesites, Herman gladly shows them. If the investigators do not visit the graves before April 29, they find the graves already filled-in (by Herman) with no clues to be found.

The opened graves are in the oldest part of the grounds. The headstones here are worn and cracked with age. Rotting old trees spread their ominous shadows over the player characters as they approach the scene of the crime.

The investigators find large piles of dirt heaped to either side of each opened grave. The decaying wooden coffins were thrown atop the heaps. All were pried open from the outside. Each coffin has been emptied of contents.

If a character climbs down into an open grave, the player may attempt a Spot Hidden roll. With a success, the investigator notices large loose clumps of dirt on the east wall of the grave. Examined, the clumps roll away and reveal the mouth of a narrow tunnel opening up into the grave. The same sort of concealed tunnel mouth can be found in the other two graves. A successful Geology roll shows that the tunnels were opened from below up to the graves. Realization of this costs 0/1D3 Sanity points.

If the investigators dig away the dirt shielding the tunnel mouth, they find the tunnel large enough to enter on hands and knees. At this point the players should try a second Spot Hidden roll. If this succeeds, the investigators notice several small hoof-prints in the dirt of the tunnel. These hoof-prints are cloven, and splayed outward in a peculiar fashion.

If the investigators explore the tunnels, the keeper can let them wander around for a couple of hours. Eventually they emerge blocks away, from a drainage pipe emptying into the Miskatonic River. While wandering, they have a 20% chance of encountering 1D6 ghouls. No ghoul could possibly pass up the chance to butcher a group of easy targets such as are the investigators while crawling through the dark, confusing tunnels.



Ghoul Menaces

A ghoul can attack with both claws and its bite in a single round. If the bite strikes home, then it hangs on instead of using claw attacks and worries the victim with its fangs, continuing to do 1D4 Bite damage automatically. A successful STR vs. STR Resistance Table roll dislodges the ghoul, breaking what amounts to a successful Grapple, and ending the Bite damage. For slightly more information, see the entry for Ghouls in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules.

In the narrow, dark confines of tunnels, combat is slightly different. A gun fires at its user's DEX; an investigator does not automatically get to shoot before melee combat occurs. Investigator skills with all melee weapons (except Fist/Punch, Head Butt, Dagger, and Knife) are halved. Ghoul attacks are not hampered.

SIX ATTACKING GHOULS

	one	two	three	four	five	six
POW	16	18	13	16	11	17
DEX	13	17	10	17	15	11
HP	18	18	13	13	12	17
Damage Bonus	+1D4			MOV 09		

Weapons: Claw 40%, damage 1D6 + automatic worry (comes 1D4 damage then)

Bite 35%, damage 1D6

Armor: firearms and projectiles do half of rolled damage; round up any fraction.

Spells: roll D100—if the roll is higher than the ghoul's INT, it knows no spells; if equal to or lower than INT, it knows that many spells, as chosen by the keeper.

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

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

Other Data

"SUSANS" AT MISKATONIC

As already stated, the university library holds information on Randolph Smith, Sammuel Decker, and Jonathan Cooper. It also has a mostly complete collection of local newspapers.

If the investigators visit the history department and ask about students named Susan [that name arises in Herman's Statement, *Witch Papers #2*], they are permitted to see Dr. Hampton, the department chairman. If any investigator teaches at Miskatonic, is a history professor from any university or college, or has a letter of reference from any faculty member at Miskatonic, Dr. Hampton is happy to help. Otherwise, it takes a successful Credit Rating, Fast Talk, or Persuade roll before he divulges confidential information to these outsiders.

WITCH PAPERS #2

Herman's Statement

"Well, I was taking the air on the burying-ground during the time of the robbery. I see a hazy glow, kind of violet, over by the holes. And that's all I see.

"The light's a ghost, you know. I know it, and you'll learn it. That light's a ghost. And I know whose ghost—Hesper Payne's, her that cursed Arkham and everyone in it. I think she's fixing to come back and watch her curse start working.

"And, oh yes, I remember something else, too. I remember a University girl snooping around the robbed graves a few days before they were opened up. I talked to her. Her name was Susan. I think she was studying history. A lot of history students sort of loiter around the older parts of the burying-ground. Looking up birth dates and that sort of thing."

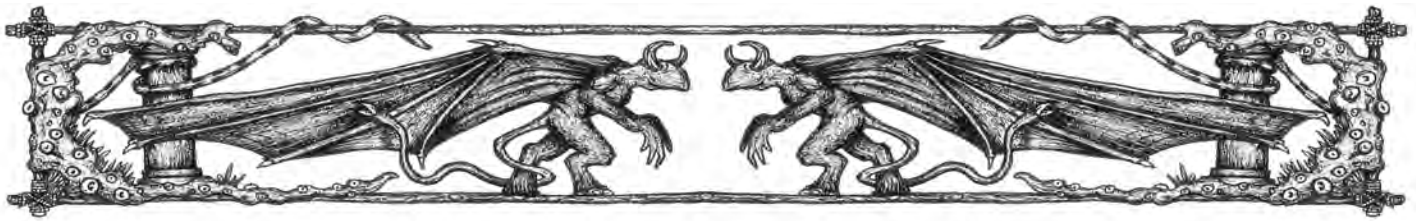
Dr. Hampton knows of five history majors named Susan, and can provide their addresses to the investigators.

Susan Dugan: the investigators find her at home in her dorm, and await her in the visitors' parlor. She is working on a term paper about the causes of the American Civil War. If the investigators behave in a friendly, informal manner, and ask her about a Susan who spends time near the old graveyard, she says that they must mean Susan Mason, who lives in a rat-infested dump across town. She'll also tell the player characters that Susan Mason doesn't come around school much any more. If the investigators are stiff and legalistic, however, she tells them nothing. If an investigator makes a pass at her, she flashes a diamond engagement ring in his face and awaits his apology.

Susan Mason: the professor says that she became so interested in her family history that she dropped out of school this semester. Her old address was 119 Jenkin St., Arkham.

Susan Crawford: her former roommate tells the investigators that Miss Crawford has dropped out of school to return home. If any investigators make an attempt to ask other history students about Susan Crawford, a successful Credit Rating roll elicits the information that she dropped out rather unexpectedly. One gossipy rumor holds that she was pregnant. If the investigators visit her home in South Bend, Indiana, they find the rumor to be true.

Susan Smith: she works as an assistant librarian in the Orne Library at Miskatonic. She lives at home. She states that she spends no time near that disgusting old graveyard. Her family and friends corroborate this statement.



Susan Craig: she is at a spare desk in the History Department offices, grading freshman papers. She and Susan Mason are the only female graduate students in the history department. She knows that Susan Mason spent a lot of time looking around the cemetery. The last time she saw Susan Mason, she was at the Arkham Historical Society studying the witch trials. Susan Mason lives in the “curse house”. She is glad to explain that reference if someone asks her.

THE ARKHAM ADVERTISER

The investigators can inspect bound volumes of back issues of the *Advertiser* either at the university library or at the newspaper’s offices. Only Miskatonic students or professors from any university can freely browse the back issues at the Orne library. At the newspaper offices, a successful Credit Rating or Persuade roll impresses the office-workers enough to permit the investigator to pore over the fat stack of recent, unbound back issues.

Historically, a competing newspaper, the *Arkham Gazette*, also exists, but it contains much the same information and so is ignored in this scenario.

One item of information can be obtained for each successful Library Use roll; the available clues are reprinted in the nearby boxes found to the right, *Witch Papers #3*.

A successful Occult roll identifies May 1 as the date of an important witches’ celebration.

NEWSPAPER CLUES

- Summary of impressions: for the past several years, strange happenings have occurred in Arkham on or near May 1. Articles dating back several years report such things as suicides, disappearances, and even sea monsters.

THE ARKHAM POLICE

A successful Law, Credit Rating, or Fast Talk roll is needed to extract information from the harried desk sergeant of the Arkham police. If a roll succeeds, Sergeant Cobb informs the investigators that the police have no lead concerning the violated graves on April 27. A trail of dirt was found leading into the woods on Aylesbury Hill, but the trail ended about a hundred yards into the wood. The case is not an important one, and the police, frankly, have other things on their minds.

If any investigator is canny enough to ask about the “other things” the police are concerned with, and the player succeeds with a Persuade or Fast Talk roll, the officer lets slip that there have been an increasing number of calls related to domestic squabbles. Evidently people are having trouble sleeping. Also, there have been many crank calls from folks claiming to have seen a witch’s ghost and a glowing violet light. Such frivolous activity wastes police time and endangers everyone, says Sergeant Cobb sternly.

LOCAL HISTORIANS

If the investigators contact a local antiquarian, or if their players can succeed in a History roll, they can find out that a curse was placed on the city by the witch Hesper Payne in the late 1600’s. In life, the old boarding house at 119 Jenkin Street was built and owned by Hesper Payne.

THE ARKHAM HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Arkham Historical Society building is open without charge, Monday through Friday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. It is closed on weekends. Given reason and her availability, Mrs. Prynne can admit the investigators at any respectable hour. There is no watchman. In addition to the information listed in the Research section for Randolph Smith, Sammuell Decker, and Jonathan Cooper, the following material can be obtained about Hesper Payne. A separate Library Use roll is needed for each bulleted piece of information. All this information is buried in

WITCH PAPERS #3

THE SPIRIT OF THE SEASON

For the last few weeks, the spirit of spring has been lacking in the hearts of the citizens. You can see it in the service without a smile at any local restaurant, the absence of people on the streets at night, and the number of people swarming to doctors’ offices throughout the city.

It seems that once again many people are having trouble sleeping. Dr. Cox, of the Arkham Sanitarium, reports that there has been a large influx of individuals experiencing nightmares. He also claims that many residents of Arkham are still quite superstitious, and therefore suffer from mental stress around Walpurgis.

— newspaper article, April 17th, this year.

STUDENT IS VICTIM

Eric Watson, 21, a mathematics student at Miskatonic University, was admitted to the Arkham Sanitarium last night. He is a boarder at 119 Jenkin St. (an address known locally as the “curse house”).

The police found young Watson wandering down north Garrison Street, near the Rotary Club, with a blank look on his face and babbling incoherently.

Doctors had no immediate diagnosis.

— newspaper article, April 26, this year.



long, sometimes tedious memoirs, letters, diaries, and family histories.

- In the *Rondford Family History*, William Rondford (1679-1734) told his grandson that he personally spied upon Hesper Payne many times when he was 12 and 13 years old. He was too frightened to give evidence in court, however.

Rondford frequently saw Payne in the woods at night, often with other women later tried and hung as witches. A violet light always accompanied her presence. Thrice he claims to have seen her with a tall, dark man on the eve of the full moon. This man was certainly none other than Satan.

Once he saw Hesper carrying a goat over her shoulders. This goat had a wicked human face, with long teeth. The hooves were deformed. The goat-thing whispered in Hesper's ear.

- Personal records of various court officers agree that Hesper's confession was ultimately achieved by the use of a peculiar branding iron. She was branded over her heart with a "Hebrew-looking" mark, at the instruction of Sammuell Decker. Immediately thereafter she made full confession, though she showed no signs of contrition. Judge Cooper demanded her death by hanging, after which she was to be buried in an unmarked grave outside the cemetery's bounds.

- The diary of Charity Smith, Randolph Smith's oldest daughter, contains an eyewitness account of Hesper's execution, *Witch Papers #4*.

A successful Spot Hidden roll permits the investigators to notice that, in the memoirs of the court recorder of the witch trials, the pages concerning Hesper Payne's trial have been recently torn out. These pages would doubtless have contained much information struck from the official records. If the investigators inform the librarian, she is shocked, and verbally sus-

WITCH PAPERS #4

Hesper Payne's Execution

As the wytch stooede on the scaffold, she spate and cursed the city. Her words cast feer into the hearts of all present. 'And bye the powerr of the Dark One I shall rise again from the lande of deep slumber, and mine anger shall be greate. The soules of Randolph Smyth, Sammuell Decker, and Jon Cooper shall be helde for mine vengeance and torment in the land of night-mares. This towne shall quake and the blackness of death shall rise up and mine power reign supreme once more!' Then was that wycked wych hanged.

— Charity Smith, *Diary*.

pects "Susan". If the investigators ask about this Susan, the librarian tells them that a student from Miskatonic named Susan used to come in regularly to study the Witch Trial books. She hasn't come for a few weeks, but the librarian assumes that she was a history student, since nobody else would spend so much time on a single historical subject.

ARKHAM SANITARIUM

The sanitarium is located on east Derby Street, and is open to visitors between the hours of 11 a.m. and 4 p.m., daily. If the investigators wish to visit Eric Watson, they must succeed in a Fast Talk or Medicine roll. If an investigator is a psychologist or psychiatrist, the group is allowed in immediately. Dr. Cox, acting head of the facility, accompanies the visitors.

In Watson's cell they find a young man sitting on the edge of a cot staring into space. He looks as though he has not slept for days. Dr. Cox confirms that this is the case. Dr. Cox tells the investigators that Eric has expressed fear of sleep. Eric claims to have strange dreams in which he sees a beautiful woman in old clothes with a hideous goat crouching at her side. Eric says that she called to him and led him to strange lands, helped by the light of a strange violet lamp.

In his moments of sanity, young Watson has told the doctors that he sometimes cannot tell whether his dreams are reality or whether his waking moments are just dreams. "A very interesting case," harrumphs Dr. Cox.

If the investigators wish to communicate with him, a player must succeed in a Psychoanalysis roll. If this fails, Eric Watson simply sets on the edge of his cot and stares blindly outward, at times reaching toward them with his hands and waving as if the investigators are some blurred vision.

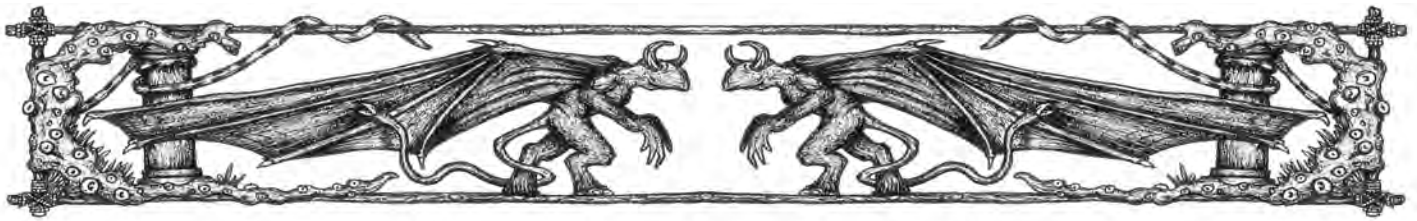
If the Psychoanalysis roll succeeds, he shares the following dream with them. He repeats what the doctors have already said about Hesper and her goat-like familiar, then describes the scenery as he follows her.

"We pass through a village with cobblestone streets and people dressed in strange costumes. Cats gather at our feet and hiss at the woman with the goat, and the people shun her as she passes. We pass open fields and come to a city full of seafaring men and dark taverns. Finally we journey out of this city and come to an old house rotten with time. Behind the house my purpose becomes clear. At an altar stands a huge dark Thing holding a sharp knife. She tells me to lie down, that my blood might fulfill the curse and then I would be as they are, rulers of dreams.

"Then I run away and find myself in my room. But there she stands, the goat next to her and her knife in hand. As I start back to my bed, the goat bites me. This morning, I awoke lying in bed in a cold sweat. Then I looked down and saw this!"

He holds out his bandaged hand and unwraps it to display a wound. A successful Medicine, Anthropology, or Zoology





roll detects that the bite appears to be human- or monkey-like, made by sharp fangs.

As the wound is examined, Eric drifts off again to his blank stare.

KEEPER INFORMATION ABOUT ERIC WATSON

Watson was and is being influenced from the Dreamlands by Hesper Payne. She wishes him to sacrifice his dream-self in her spell to destroy Arkham. When he awoke, he saw Susan Mason dressed as Hesper, carrying her familiar violet lantern and accompanied by her goat-like familiar, Specter.

Susan's intent is similar to Hesper's, to sacrifice Eric's real self as Hesper kills his dream-self, to aid in breaking Hesper through the wall of sleep and into the waking world.

A successful Cthulhu Mythos or Dream Lore roll tells the investigators they need to travel to the Dreamlands to solve these strange events.

The Curse House

Sooner or later the investigators visit 119 Jenkin Street, the old home of Hesper Payne. It's on the north side of town, not far from the intersection with west Derby. Arkham Sanitarium is a five-minute-walk away.

Three stories high, the curse house looks ominous and exudes a feeling of antique evil. It is presently a boarding house, attracting the poor and those curious about the witch legends. Both Susan Mason and Eric Watson were drawn here for the legends and now so too are the investigators.

Each resident of the curse house is described separately.

Mr. Dombrowski: the landlord. He is in his mid-fifties, bald, and overweight. He seems very stern, and glares at the investigator during their questions. He is happy to tell people about the house, though.

If asked about Susan Mason, he states that she is a good tenant, stays to herself, and pays her rent on time.

If asked about Eric Watson, he says that Watson was eccentric from the time he first moved in. Dombrowski knows that Watson was a math major at the University.

He tells the investigators that they are free to talk with any of the residents they wish. Just don't bother Mr. Dombrowski anymore.

Gretchen Campbell: no one answers at her door. If the investigators ask other tenants about her, they learn that the elderly woman has not been seen for days. Most suggest that she has

gone to Boston to visit her daughter. If the investigators break in, no one is at home, and they find nothing of use.

Dave Gilman: he was Eric's roommate, but now, of course, has the room to himself. He is studying for a chemistry examination. He is twenty years old and fairly good-looking. He has known Eric Watson for over a year and considers him to be very intelligent. He knows of Eric's dreams, and credits them to an over-active mind. He tells the investigators that neither his nor Eric's parents were wealthy, which is why the young men live in this old dump. If the investigators mention Eric's bite, Dave says that at one time or another, most of the residents of this rat-infested place have been bitten in their sleep.

He is not able to say much about Susan Mason. He has seen her, and finds her physically attractive, but not too sociable. She keeps to herself and spends a lot of time studying history.

Franklin McIntry: Frank is a PE major, tall, strong, and moderately intelligent. He opens his door just a little bit. He appears very nervous. A rancid stink and faint bubbling sounds emanate from the room. A successful Fast Talk or Psychology roll is needed to even keep him at the door. If the roll fails, he slams the door and says he doesn't want to buy anything.

Frank has something to hide, but not anything to concern the investigators. His crude still is making gin from barley. The stink and bubbling noise is the yeast ferment being boiled on Frank's hotplate to distill the alcohol for his gin.

He tries at all costs to keep the investigators out of his room. If they manage to get in, he holds up his hands to surrender, since he is sure that they are federal agents.

If the investigators ask the other tenants about Frank, they all know that he makes and sells bootleg gin to other members of the athletic department and to fraternity row.

If the investigators actually get to question Frank, they get nothing from him. Frank gives one stupid answer after the other, till the investigators give up. Then as they leave, he says, "Is it something I said?"

Paul Choynskis: he is in his mid-thirties. He nervously fumbles with a large crucifix he wears around his neck. He is happy to talk to the investigators. He confesses that he saw Eric Watson wandering the streets, but did not help him, because Eric was sure to be bad luck. He does not know what happened to Watson, but believes the supernatural to be behind it, because he saw a violet light coming from Watson's room the last few nights before Eric went mad. He knows the legends of such light being connected to Hesper Payne's witchcraft. He believes that Payne's ghost is haunting the house. He plans to move out as soon as he can get together money for a cheap room in Boston. All he knows about Susan Mason is that she is a fool for living on the third floor, which is where he believes Hesper's private room must have been.



Susan Mason: the stairs to the third floor are in worse shape than the other flights. The top of the stairs and the third floor hall are dark and musty. On this floor is only Susan's two-room apartment. If the investigators arrive between the hours of 6 p.m. and 2 a.m., she will not be home. Otherwise, she is there. If she is home, she is polite, but does not allow the investigators to enter her room. She'd rather stand out and talk in the hall. She gives no signs of eccentricity, but reacts to the mention of Hesper Payne. She acknowledges Hesper as her many-times great aunt and says that she is intrigued with her as a historical figure.

Keeper's Information: Susan is now suffers from a split personality. In her waking hours she is perfectly normal, but asleep she falls under the influence of Hesper and sleep-walks to do Hesper's bidding.

SUSAN MASON

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 14 APP 16 EDU 16 SAN 20 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: none.

Skills: Climb 35%, Hide 55%, History 55%, Jump 40%, Listen 49%, Occult 50%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 65%.

If the investigators somehow manage to get her back into her apartment, Susan Mason suddenly lapses into a trance-like state. Questioned, she says that she and Hesper are one and that through their actions her ancestress will have her revenge on Arkham. If she is asked where Hesper is, she replies, "In the land where great ones slumber, nightmares become reality, and time means naught. Pass through Dylath-Leen." After this, she sleeps.

If the investigators seize the opportunity to examine Susan's upper chest, to see if she has a brand thereon such as Hesper was supposed to have suffered before her death, they find a strawberry birthmark over Susan's heart. It is in the rough shape of an Elder Sign—recognizable by anyone that has seen an Elder Sign or who succeeds in a Cthulhu Mythos roll.

After Susan's collapse, or if the investigators visit when she is not home, they can quietly break into and search her rooms with a Mechanical Repair roll (a failed roll indicates that they made noise, and alerted Mr. Dumbrowski).

Susan's rooms are stacked with books and papers, mostly related to history and the Arkham witch trials. Looking under her bed produces a half-eaten raw steak, left there after a visit by Hesper's goatish familiar. It seems to have been chewed by a monkey or sharp-toothed human child. If the investigators have examined Eric Watson's hand, they recognize the tooth marks as similar.

In Susan's back room are heaps of geometric figures, evidently drawn based on the angles of the ceiling of the room. When the investigators look at the ceiling, each player character loses 0/1D3 SAN because of the peculiar angular shapes

which shift as the investigators stare at them. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the ceiling as some type of Gate. If an investigator concentrates on the geometric designs for more than thirty seconds, they begin to whirl before his eyes. If his player immediately succeeds in a roll of POW+INT or less on D100, the player character passes through the Gate and arrives in the underground temple in the woods on Aylesbury Hill. If the POW+INT roll fails, the whirling figures slow down and stop, and the investigator is back to normal. Once a character has passed through the Gate, he or she no longer needs the help of the POW+INT roll, but can access the Gate automatically. To the eyes of onlookers, a person passing through the Gate suddenly seems to shrink, as though he or she was moving rapidly far away, though the human form is still within the room. All at once the person vanishes in a violet glow, and the room is once again normal.

If the investigators stake out the curse house, each night they see a violet glow in Susan's rear window. That represents Susan, under Hesper's guidance, using the Gate to travel to the underground temple.

If an investigator decides not to visit the Dreamlands, but rather tries to guard Susan to keep her from assisting Hesper, Susan is fine until the evening of April 30, when Specter arrives. Susan falls completely under Hesper's mental control, and attacks the investigators. Unless Hesper is killed or Susan is killed or tied up, Susan will go to the underground temple and sacrifice Eric Watson at midnight on Walpurgis.

Dreamlands

If the investigators have spoken with Eric Watson, they should realize that they must go to Dylath-Leen. If they have not realized this, a Dream Lore roll informs them that the city of "seafaring men and dark taverns" likely refers to Dylath-Leen. If they have interviewed Susan in her trance state, she has told them outright that they must go to Dylath-Leen.

Dylath-Leen is most easily arrived at by traveling down the Seventy Steps of Light Slumber into the Cavern of Flame and thence into the zoogs' woods. From there, they can go through Ulthar (the "village of cats" mentioned by Eric Watson) and down the river to Dylath-Leen.

DYLATH-LEEN

In Dylath-Leen, the investigators' attention is drawn to a great black ship in the harbor, from whence a foul odor emanates. If the investigators ask about it, or about Hesper Payne, they are told that the black ship often does business with Hesper Payne.

If the investigators look for crewmen of the black ship, they find them in the seediest bar in town. These fellows wear tur-



bans and strange shoes, and gladly tell the investigators that last week they took Hesper Payne to a far land, along with a cargo of three corpses. They'll be glad to take the investigators, too, for a fee. The fee they set is up to the keeper, but the crewmen will settle for a very low price. Once the investigators are aboard and at sea, the crew (who are men from Leng) whip out swords and take prisoner the player characters.

Alternatively, if the investigators are interested, an amiable stevedore could smuggle the investigators aboard the ship, where they could stow away until the ship took them to Hesper Payne. If the investigators agree to this, they must succeed in a Hide roll once aboard. If the Hide roll fails, they are spotted, surrounded by crewmen brandishing swords, and taken prisoner.

The Cruise of the Black Ship

The investigators are in hiding, or else are prisoners aboard the ship. The ship travels swiftly, its oars moving mechanically in unison. If the investigators are overcome by curiosity and peer below decks to have a look at the rowers, they see rank upon rank of noisome moonbeasts. The peek costs the onlookers 1/1D4+4 Sanity points.

The ship travels south for six days, then makes port at a mysterious dark island, where it docks at a strange village made of windowless metallic buildings. If the investigators have been captured, they are escorted off the ship, taken to one of the metal buildings, and locked up in what appears to be a closet or storage area.

If the investigators have been captured, they can escape their little metal closet with a successful Mechanical Repair roll followed by a successful match their combined STR against a defensive STR 28 on the Resistance Table. If they escape the closet, they find themselves inside a huge metal building. If they investigate this building, go to "The Warehouse" sub-section below. If they wander out into the main city, go to "The Secret City" sub-section below.

If they fail to escape, after a few hours five men from Leng arrive, armed with knives. They are to carry the player characters to an inner room and there prepare them for torment and death. If the investigators cravenly accept their lot, each is tortured and killed. Each loses 0/1D10 Sanity points for the torture before their dream-self dies. That death is permanent, shocks the dreamer awake, bestows a Nightmare Effect, and the character forever loses the power to dream.

Courageous investigators who attack the men from Leng may overpower them and escape. If they fail to overpower their captors, they are tortured and killed as described above.

Escaping, if they also manage to capture one of the men from Leng, that man tells them everything he knows. He has never heard of Susan Mason; Hesper Payne is not currently at the secret moonbeast city, though she has visited it several

times; he knows nothing of her plans; the three corpses that were brought here by Hesper Payne are kept somewhere in the warehouse, he doesn't know where. If he is freed, he immediately runs away yelling for help and brings a swarm of hopping moonbeasts and men from Leng down onto the investigators.

FIVE TORTURERS FROM LENG

	<i>one</i>	<i>two</i>	<i>three</i>	<i>four</i>	<i>five</i>
STR	12	15	09	13	13
POW	11	13	09	11	10
DEX	13	12	11	10	09
HP	12	13	07	15	11

Weapon: Knife 25%, damage 1D4+2

The Secret City

If the investigators have remained hidden for the entire journey, they can sneak off-board at night, when the ship's loathsome crew is absent or sleeping. While they hide, they watch the crew unload the cargo—naked human slaves. After the cargo is unloaded, slippery hordes of moonbeasts pour from the ship's hold and follow the crew into the city.

If the investigators sneak out and wander about the city, they find its streets deserted. Occasional soundless sparks flicker from the tops of the metal buildings. What appears to be a warehouse, near the shore, is far larger than any other building, and a successful Idea roll informs the investigators that the building is the primary area of activity. All the other buildings prove to be hollow shells containing machinery, moonbeasts, and worse horrors. For each building entered, roll 1D6 and consult the Secret City Encounter Table.

Moonbeast Guards

All the moonbeast guards are armed with spears. If the investigators manage to free a cageful of slaves, they discover that all the slaves are drugged, and obey the investigators' orders slow-

SECRET CITY ENCOUNTER TABLE

<i>roll</i>	<i>encounter</i>
1D6	
1	machinery only, no living occupants
2	cages of human slaves, plus 1D3 moonbeast guards
3	machinery and 1D3 moonbeasts
4	machinery and 1D3 moonbeasts
5	sleeping quarters for 3D6 men from Leng accompanied by 1 D3 moonbeast guards
6	1D3 moon-beasts and a Loathly Horror (see next page)



ly and ineffectually. The alien drug requires 1D3 earthly days to wear off.

MOONBEAST GUARDS

	one*	two**	three***
POW	11	12	07
DEX	09	09	06
HP	14	17	16

Weapons: Spear 40%, damage 1D10+1D6

Paw 40%, damage 1D4+2D6

* *Contact Hound of Tindalos, Shrivelling, Woeful Itch(D).*

** *Contact Nyarlathotep, Wither Limb(D).*

*** *Lace Curtains of Hish(D).*

(D) = *Dreamlands spell.*

THE LOATHLY HORROR

The investigators come across a large tentacled, boiling, leprous thing sitting in the middle of the floor, being fed half-naked humans in quick succession by the moon-beasts. The monster devours the humans as rapidly as it is able.

THE LOATHLY HORROR

STR 36	CON 24	SIZ 41	INT 03	POW 02
DEX 10	MOV 1			HP 33

Weapon: Tentacle 50%, damage 3D3 per tentacle/round*

* *The Loathly H. makes 1D10 attacks per round. Once a tentacle has grabbed a victim, the victim stays attached until the monster or the victim is killed.*

Armor: 6-point slimy integument

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D20 Sanity points to see.

THE WAREHOUSE

Whether they sneak in from outside or escape their captivity from within the huge metal building, they find a huge round room opening onto an internal corridor heading underground. In one corner of the interior is a large structure of glowing lights and vibrating pipes. Anyone touching one of the glowing lights is burned for 1D6 points of damage. A successful Physics or Electrical Repair permits the user to surmise that the structure is some sort of power supply. If it is attacked, it proves impervious to any sort of damage the investigators can wield.

In the middle of the room is a large angular box with a concave lid. Perhaps it is the moon-beast equivalent of a chair. A spear leans against one wall, its shaft made of solid metal. On the floor next to the box-like seat are plates of black stone, laced together with thick wire to form a sort of book. Next to the plates is a disk of curved glass. A rod is attached to the glass disk as a handle. If a character looks through the glass at the plates, he or she can read the plates as though written in English. If the investigators spend more than an hour or two in this room, several moonbeasts arrive, and attack upon sighting the escaped prisoners.

The investigators will not have time to read the mysterious stone book here. However, if they take the glass disk and the black stone book back with them to more civilized parts of the Dreamlands, they can ultimately peruse the "pages" at their leisure.

The black plates of the *Book of the Black Stones* deal with the worship of Nyarlathotep in clinical detail. It discusses how to torture seventeen different alien species, including humankind. Interestingly, ghouls and humans are classified as the same species. The particulars for reading this book: *Sanity loss 1D4/1D10 Sanity points; Cthulhu Mythos +6 percentiles; Dream Lore +10 percentiles; average of 17 weeks to study and comprehend.* Spells: Awful Doom of Cerrit (D), Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep, Curse of Darkness, Lambent Flame (D), Mnomquah's Serpent (D), Seraph's Glory (D).

If the investigators progress down the tunnel in the back of the warehouse, they come to a door (past which the tunnel continues) which opens into an extremely large hall. The investigators can get in safely with successful Sneak rolls. If a Sneak fails, one of the four moonbeasts within spot the investigators, and the moonbeasts immediately attack with foul magic spells. The room is dark, lit only by a dull glow from the tri-lobed eye of a statue of a winged horror. Successful Cthulhu Mythos rolls identify the winged horror as an avatar of Nyarlathotep.

FOUR TEMPLE MOONBEASTS

	one*	two**	three***	four****
POW	15	17	12	27
DEX	10	09	10	08
HP	17	22	22	16

Weapon: Paw 40%, damage 1D4+2D6

Spells: * Awful Doom of Cerrit (D), Emerald Darts of Ptath (D)

** Deflection (D), Eviscerator (D)

*** Emerald Darts of Ptath (D), Black Box (D)

**** Lassitude of Phein (D), Lavender Spheres of Ptath (D), Maws of Pandemonium (D), Whirligig (D), White Web of Soren (D)

Gathered on a platform in front of the statue are four moonbeasts who, as mentioned before, only detect the investigators' presence on a failed Sneak roll. If the investigators snoop around the room, they find a pile of large angular box-like objects (more moonbeast seats?) and a small heap of spears and less definable weapons. If the investigators remain in the temple room for more than a half-hour, the four figures at the altar finish their ceremony, turn, and leave. Each investigator must receive a successful Hide roll or the moonbeasts notice them and attack with their magic.

THE TORTURE CHAMBER

Immediately upon opening the doorway to this room, the investigators hear terrible eldritch screams, as well as great



CURSE OF DARKNESS

a new spell

Forces a being from another plane or dimension to return whence it came. Also effective in the waking world. The spell costs 1D6 Sanity points to cast, and a variable amount of POW. A group surrounds the person who casts the spell. All must know the spell, and all chant it for at least two or three minutes. Each participant must sacrifice 1 POW, except that the caster may contribute none or as many as wished. For each POW point sacrificed, the chance of success rises by 10 percentiles. The entity has no chance to resist or evade the spell once it is begun. To be effective, the being's name must be known, or it must have been seen by one of the circle or the caster. The alien must be nearby, within a couple of miles.

whirring sounds and electrical pops and crackles. In the room are three half-fleshed human corpses strapped to a wire mesh-work. The mesh hums and glows blue with magical power, and sparks from it create a weird halo around the corpses. Also sitting in the room are three moon-beasts, all armed with insulated spears, amusing themselves periodically by prodding a random corpse with their spears, or by adjusting controls on a wall. Anyone seeing this loses 1/1D10 Sanity points. As soon as the investigators open the door, the moon-beasts see them and pursue them in hopes of claiming more playmates for their torture chamber.

MOONBEAST TORTURERS

	<i>one*</i>	<i>two**</i>	<i>three***</i>
POW	17	9	8
DEX	11	5	8
HP	21	15	16

Weapons: Spear 40%, damage 1D10+1D6

Paw 40%, damage 1D4+2D6

Spells: * Emerald Darts of Ptath (D), Lassitude of Phein (D), Maws of Pandemonium (D), Silver Spray (D)

** Cascades of Florin (D)

*** Eviscerator (D)

Do the player characters manage to beat off or kill the moonbeasts? If they do, and then pull off the tortured corpses from their wire frames (presumably using the moonbeasts' insulated spears to do so), they can speak with the corpses. These prove to be the resuscitated bodies of Randolph Smith, Sammuel Decker, and Jonathan Cooper, who were exhumed by Susan Mason in Arkham.

Clearly the corpses, far from being rotted and decayed, have fresh if sparse muscle, sinew, and nerves on their dry bones.

Evidently the moonbeasts' treatment is slowly restoring them to full bodily state. In creaky old voice, the corpses beg the investigators to return them to their peaceful grave-sleep. They know that Hesper Payne has books that reveal how to do this. They also know that she has already left the moon-beasts' hidden city, and have overheard the men from Leng mention that she is at her home north of Dylath-Leen, preparing for Walpurgis. The investigators must hurry, and the corpses need not accompany them. Instead, they creep off to the further parts of the moonbeast island to dig little scrapes in which to lie and gradually return to their former state.

THE REANIMATED CORPSES

	<i>Smith</i>	<i>Decker</i>	<i>Cooper</i>
STR	06	06	08
SIZ	12	16	13
INT	13	13	17
POW	14	15	13
DEX	13	11	16
Move	08	08	08

All three are quite weak. This is natural, for they were all old men at death.

The three corpses, in their half-fleshed state have the abilities and statistics of animated skeletons, as described in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules. They will help the investigators to escape from the moon-beast island by all means possible.

RETURNING TO DYLATH-LEEN

The investigators could try to escape by stowing aboard a dark ship and waiting for it to leave. This has the disadvantage that the ship may go elsewhere, up to and including the moon itself! Alternatively, the investigators might steal a smaller boat and try to row it back across the ocean to Dylath-Leen. Lastly, they may give up and simply wait until they awake from their dream, leaving the secret island behind.

If the investigators steal a small boat and try to navigate north back through the Southern Sea, a successful Dream Lore, Astronomy, or Navigation skill roll permits them to make it back to Dylath-Leen. Naturally, it takes longer for the investigators to sail back north than it did for the black galley, oared by the noisome moonbeasts, to sail south. It should take the investigators 1D6 weeks to find their way back, plus an additional week for every failed attempt at Dream Lore, Astronomy, or Navigation.

If the investigators stow aboard another of the great black ships, it is up to the keeper as to its destination. It will probably go to another Dreamlands port, though not Dylath-Leen. From this new port the investigators can perhaps escape the men from Leng and board a ship to Dylath-Leen.



HESPER AND WALPURGIS

The investigators may have traveled back here from the moonbeasts' secret island, or perhaps they did not leave on the great dark ship to begin with, preferring to remain in Dylath-Leen and search for Hesper Payne. They can purchase any supplies they deem necessary here. Traveling north of the city, they come to an old house that looks exactly like the curse house on Jenkin Street, in Arkham. With a successful Listen roll, the investigators hear chanting in the woods behind the house.

The house is empty of goods and people—its purpose has been served. In the woods behind the house, the investigators see firelight flickering in the distance. As they near, they see Hesper Payne standing behind an altar. She bears a striking resemblance to Susan Mason, but her robe is open and the investigators can see the brand-burn over her heart, in the shape of an Elder Sign. Clutched in her hands is a long knife. Laying on the altar is the dream-self of Eric Watson. Crouching beside her is Specter, her goatish familiar. Behind her a trio of wamps chitter mindlessly, awaiting the conclusion of the ceremony.

If Hesper is not stopped, she stabs the man on the stone altar through the heart, killing him instantly. At the same moment, Susan Mason in the real world stabs and kills Eric's real body. This act, coupled with the spells and incantations woven over the decades, completes the spell and permits Hesper and all her horrible servants to cross over to the waking world.

As soon as the investigators are spotted, Specter and the wamps scurry forward to buy time for their mistress to complete her spell.

THREE WAMPS

	<i>one</i>	<i>two</i>	<i>three</i>
POW	08	10	12
DEX	12	14	12
HP	30	23	26

Weapon: Bite 50%, damage 2D6

Armor: 2 points

SPECTER, the Familiar

STR	06	CON	12	SIZ	14	INT	10	POW	32
DEX	13	MOV	10					HP	13

Weapons: Bite 75%, 1D6 damage

Kick 95%, 1D4 damage

Specter can kick once or bite once per round.

Spells: Specter knows all of Hesper's spells.

HESPER PAYNE

STR	11	CON	12	SIZ	10	INT	15	POW	36
DEX	14	APP	16	EDU	34	SAN	00	HP	12

Weapon: Sacrificial Blade 90%, 1D6 damage





Spells: Awful Doom of Cerrit (D), Bloat (D), Brew Space Mead, Call Nyogtha, Concentric Rings of the Worm (D), Contact Moon-beast, Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep, Create Gate, Crystal World (D), Deflection (D), Emerald Darts of Ptath (D), Lambent Flame (D), Lavender Spheres of Ptath (D), Malenkamon's Impressive Bolt (D), Passing Unseen (D), Shrivelling, Spiral of Suth (D), Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Summon Minion of Karakal, Viridian Wind (D), Vortex of Far Journeying (D), White Web of Soren (D), Woeful Itch (D).

She also knows the following special spells: Contact Gug, Breach Dream-Barrier. *The former spell is self-explanatory, and can only be cast in the Underworld. The second is the ritual she is about to intone to send herself and her companions to the Waking World.*

Skills: Astronomy 55%, Botany 65%, Chemistry 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 80%, Listen 45%, Occult 95%, Sneak 50%.

Hesper must wait until the ultimate fruition of her ceremony to kill Eric Watson's dream-self. She must wait four rounds after the investigators have arrived before she can strike. If she is prevented from killing Eric, she shrieks in frustration and she, Specter, and any living wamps vanish in a cloud of roiling black smoke.

SUSAN AND WALPURGIS

If Susan is being watched by the investigators, she attempts to escape by taking the Gate from her room to the underground temple in the woods above Aylesbury Hill. The scene that takes place in the temple is identical to that in the Dreamlands, except that no wamps are present. Specter is in both places at once. At the waking world scene, Eric Watson's real body is being sacrificed. In the hours before the ceremony was to take

place, Specter created a Gate in Watson's room in the sanitarium and kidnapped him to the underground temple, where he has awaited Susan's knife.

Conclusion

If both Susan and Hesper complete their respective ceremonies, then Hesper Payne suddenly arrives in the underground temple with all her allies, consisting of a dozen gugs, three wamps, a moonbeast priest (#4 of those encountered in the temple to Nyarlathotep on the secret moonbeast island), and Specter. She kills Susan and sets up shop in the underground temple, burrowing out greater and great tunnels in which to hide her monsters until the time is ripe for her to send out the gugs to ravage the city of Arkham.

If Susan is prevented from fulfilling her part of the ceremony, but Hesper manages to kill Eric's dream-self, then the ceremony only partially succeeds. Hesper manages to breach the dream-barrier, but she arrives alone, without her allies. She will still try to kill Susan and take over the underground temple, but if the investigators attempt to prevent her, she flees into the woods to continue her plots.

If Hesper is kept from completing the ceremony, it fails completely.

Rewards

If the investigators prevent Hesper's plan from fulfillment, each receives a 2D6 gain in Sanity points. Saving Susan Mason nets each player character 1D8 Sanity points. Saving Eric Watson's real-world body is worth 1D4 Sanity points to each player character. Rescuing the corpse forms of Smith, Cooper, and Decker from their unnatural torment gains each investigator 1D6 Sanity points. ✱





Lemon Sails

*An adventure taking place
entirely within the Dreamlands.
Dream travel with no specific
Waking World goal.*

The following adventure takes place entirely within the Dreamlands and serves as a good introduction to them. It will involve travel through the Dreamlands and between the Dreamlands of Earth and other planets: Sarrub and Yundu. Although the adventure has no connection to events in the Waking World the keeper should feel free to incorporate it into an ongoing campaign as he sees fit. The adventure works equally well for investigators who are new to the Dreamlands, or for those who are experienced dreamers.

An age past, in Sarnath's frivolous youth, white ships bearing lemon-yellow sails came to the Nameless Lake. The ivory vessels belonged to strange yellow-eyed merchants who vended a heady chartreuse wine unavailable elsewhere. The strangers admitted only that they came from a land called Sarrub. No more could be discovered, despite the efforts of the people of Sarnath. The same crews seemed to return time after time, though centuries passed, and the Sarrubians appeared not to age a single year. The bearing of the visitors was unnerving, as though each one considered himself a king or prince; wise men whispered that the exotic traders shared secrets with the gods, and were party to dreadful, forbidden knowledge. The inhabitants of Sarnath were oftentimes unsettled by the sight and demeanor of their curious visitors, but none complained, because of the beautiful wine they brought.

Then the trade stopped. The last ivory ship seen in Earth's Dreamlands set sail in haste from the Nameless Lake, leaving three crew members behind. Rumors spread of great disaster upon Sarrub, the wrathful destruction of the vineyards by unknown powers, a horrible end to their entire race. When it became clear that the lemon-sailed ships were not going to return, the three remaining Sarrubians were scorned, enslaved, and separated, and the long-fabled wine now became a treasure fit only for kings. Short years later, with the destruction of Sarnath, most of the wine was lost, making it an even rarer delight. Of the slaves no one knows. If they miraculously survive after all this time, none recognize them. And surely even they cannot live that long!

KEEPER INFORMATION

Sarrubians do live that long, however. Mironim-Mer, the central non-player-character of this adventure, is over 10,000 years old, separated from his kin after they were stranded on the Dreamlands of Earth by their fleeing shipmates. Down the long centuries, he has sought the two others who were enslaved also. He escaped his servitude after his master died of old age, but his companions may not have been so lucky. Mayhap they

are dead, or have been slaves to generations of masters. Perhaps they are free, and looking for him.

PLAYER INFORMATION

The adventure opens in the city of Drinen, a medium sized city along the caravan route between the Valley of the Skai and Cuppar-Nombo. The investigators have just arrived. There is a great deal of activity in the town's market place, for a caravan is in town. The caravan only recently pulled into town, a long string of painted wagons bearing dark-skinned strangers, led by a man wearing a headdress with two horns and a golden disk thereon. They traded beads, and a crowd gathered to watch them sing of distant places, and play joyous tunes on tiny silver pipes. Dancers in emerald-bedecked attire performed for the crowd. Amidst this activity, a lean figure stalked away through the crowd to sit in the shade of a nearby wall. His pallid skin and dark hair show him to be a stranger to this part of the Dreamlands. His eyes have neither pupil nor iris—just a glistening expanse of yellow. He carries a large ceramic jug, wrapped in straw and slung over his back. And the ebony cat that slinks behind him is almost as queer; its eyes are too large and green for any normal cat, and its unreflecting fur seems more mole-like than cat-like. The stranger's clothes are sailor-fashion, but he obviously has no ship. Now, his woeful gaze falls upon you with a touch of interest, for you are also different to normal Dreamlands folk. He climbs to his feet and now approaches you, his step unflinching, his curiosity clearly aroused.

Meeting the Stranger

The man is Mironim-Mer, one of the three Sarrubians left behind so long ago. He sits close by the dreamers and asks casually if any of them have heard of Sarrub. A successful Dream Lore allows the listener to recall the tales of the vessels that came to Sarnath bearing weird wine, but none can know more than this. Mironim-Mer proceeds on to various other questions (where are the investigators from? what are they doing?), and works his way finally up to his biggest question: has anyone seen other folk such as him? But none have. At this he sighs, and explains his plight.

"Across the world have I sought my kin. I have seen the delicate minarets of Celephais, the wondrous gardens of Inquanok, the low wooden buildings of Rokol, and the squat stone fortresses of the Gnoph-Keh, but I did not find my friends there. Long ages ago we were enslaved, and taken to different lands. Now I am free, and I seek my kin, but grieve



because none have seen them. I have passed through the Forbidden Lands, and delved into the Underworld further than I care to remember, but still they remain lost. Thus I have traveled alone through the many lands of dream. I would be ready to discover lofty Kadath itself if I knew I would find my friends there. Ten thousand years of lonely travel have shown me that they must no longer be on Earth. My soul is wearied, and I am in need of aid and companionship. I know you are strangers also, travelers like myself. Would you be willing to accompany me on my final journey? I mean to return to Sarrub, for that is the only place I can imagine they could be now. But I fear what I may find. I offer you no payment, and the burden of my sorrow weighs heavy upon me. Show compassion. Will you help me?"

The investigators have two obvious choices: to travel with Mironim-Mer or hardheartedly ignore the impassioned plea of a despairing man. If the investigators crassly ask what profit they can expect from the trip, Mironim-Mer answers, "If you love travel, I offer experience. If you love wisdom, I offer the truth of Sarrub's doom. If you love crass luxury, I offer none, though perhaps there are remnants of the old Sarrubian wine left upon my world—if so, you are welcome to it. I, too, am a dreamer from the Waking World, though not of Earth. Help me, and may you be helped similarly in your need."

MIRONIM-MER, Wanderer, Age 10,280

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 16 POW 30
DEX 20 APP 17 EDU 1100 SAN n/a HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Whitewood Knife 88%, damage 1D4+4+1D4
Sling 99%, damage 1D8

Skills: Art (Sing) 90%, Art (Storytelling) 99%, Astronomy 84%, Bargain 80%, Climb 85%, Dodge 70%, Dream Lore 92%, Hide 85%, Jump 74%, Listen 54%, Navigate 90%, Pilot Boat 95%, Sneak 85%, Spot Hidden 88%, Sailing 85%, Swim 99%, Throw 55%.

Spells: Bolonath's Furnace (D), Brew Space-Mead, Crystal World (D), Deflection (D), Ironmind (D), Lambent Flame (D), Malenkamon's Impressive Bolt (D), Passing Unseen (D), Song of Glissande (D), Summon Lamp-Eft (D), White Web of Soren (D), Woeful Itch (D).

Mironim-Mer is currently in the fourth and longest phase of his life, searching for his kin, particularly his love Kalya-Kaan. He is accompanied by his long-term companion, the cat Fortune.

Mironim-Mer earns a modest living by singing or telling stories for goods he needs. He eats no solid food and drinks nothing but alcoholic beverages, though Earth's strong drinks are foul compared to his native wine. He never becomes drunk or violent, despite the large quantities he partakes. He plans to return to Sarrub, to seek his friends and consult the Oracle Mirror, which should tell him where they are, if not on Sarrub itself.

FORTUNE, Cat, indeterminate age

STR 01 CON 12 SIZ 01 INT 14 POW 17
DEX 34 Move 10 HP 07

Damage Bonus: -1D6.

Weapons: Bite 60%, damage 1D4-1D6
Claw 70%, damage 1D3-1D6
Rip 89%, damage 2D3-1D6

Skills: Hide 100%, Listen 99%, Sneak 100%, Spot Hidden 85%.

Spells: Deflection, The Emerald Darts of Prath, Ironmind, Lassitude of Phein, Mandrake, Minim, Passing Unseen, Stability, Woeful Itch.

Fortune has never been separated from Mironim-Mer for more than a few days. Fortune has a deep, growling purr, and a powerful love for cream.

The Search

Mironim-Mer's quest has three basic points of adventure: a journey to the slave markets of Dylath-Leen, on to Sarrub to consult the Oracle Mirror, and a trip to the world of Yundu to rescue the two remaining Sarrubians from the flabby clutches of the awful Wenelians.

The Streets Of Dylath-Leen

The dark towers of Dylath-Leen loom with rigid menace into the sky, overshadowing twisty, narrow alleys that do not always go whither they ought. The dismal city is a horrible mass of such spires, home to thieves and murderers, and less desirable things. The worst of the inhabitants are rumored to venture out at night, when the dark covers their odd forms. Even at noon, Dylath-Leen is a terrible city. Mironim-Mer warns the investigators to be on guard if they are not familiar with Dylath-Leen, for many dangerous and awful things meet here, and the city rulers choose to see only that which benefits them. Even the natives are swarthy and sullen; perhaps only the cats are trustworthy here.

Mironim-Mer wishes to visit this dismal city because it is an important slave port, where many queer slaves are sold to even queerer masters. It is a natural place to seek the Sarrubians one last time before embarking on a long journey to Sarrub itself. However, the markets are reserved solely for those who are sold and those who wish to buy, not for curious wanderers such as the investigators. Many of the slaves are bought behind closed doors because of the nature of the purchase or of the purchaser.

The markets themselves are a large ring of wooden buildings around a central enclosure, in which the choice slaves are bought and sold. The outer buildings are used for the purchase of lesser specimens (the aged, infirm, diseased, or non-human).



The huts are laxly guarded, though they are not supposed to be, and it is quite easy for a few investigators to slip in (though not a whole group). The inner auction area is bounded by a high wooden fence in which stand gates at regular intervals. Each gate is manned by two burly guards wearing black leather and iron armor, and toting iron tridents and heavy gray shields.

The investigators now are faced with the problem of gaining access past the aforementioned guards to the central markets; Mironim-Mer wears sailor's garb, clearly not a man of wealth. It is doubtful that any investigator is visually impressive enough to gain entrance either. A successful Credit Rating roll is needed to gain entrance past the guards into the slave market—one successful roll permits the entrance of all the party. If no one can succeed at Credit Rating, the guards must be bribed with wine, gold, or jewelry. As a last resort, Mironim-Mer can use his spell Song of Glissande to sneak the party past the dumb guards. Mironim-Mer is none too keen about flaunting magic in such a public and dangerous locale, and only resorts to its use if no other solution presents itself.

If the keeper wants to spice things up, he can always decide that one of the Black Galleys is currently in port. The mer-

chants from the galleys always make an appearance at the slave markets where they buy Pargan slaves. They purchase only the fattest slaves, and they pay by the pound. If the merchants are present the investigators may encounter them. The merchants may recognize Mironim-Mer for what he is, and, desiring to return him to their moonbeast masters, approach the party. Or the players might simply bump into them at the slave market. If the players speak to them of their search, the merchants will intimate that they have some information, but that they do not wish to share it here. They will try to lure the party to a private room at a nearby inn. Once there they will ply the group with their strange moon wine in the hopes of rendering them unconscious. Once done they will overpower anyone who has resisted the effects of the wine (Mironim-Mer is immune to its effects) and take all their prisoners aboard their ship, and from there to their home port on the dark side of the moon. What happens once they get there, and whether or not they can escape, is for the keeper to decide.

As it turns out, unless the keeper invents further adventures for the investigators, the slave market proves to be of little use. Only one trader speaks in a friendly manner to the investigators and Mironim-Mer, and he does recall a tall exotic woman-

The Sarrubian Secret

Sarrubians, beings now apparently extinct, lived an extremely long time in five phases or stages of existence, spanning up to 17,000 years of Dreamlands time (around 100 years of real time). Unlike Earth's Dreamlands, all Sarrub's dream-inhabitants were physically arrived from their Waking World. Sarrubians had the ability to physically enter the Dreamlands at will. When in the Dreamlands, the Sarrubians exploited Dreamlands reality to sail through space on ivory ships and trade with other worlds, and used the Dreaming skill to alter their body form to render such trading facile.

Their reproductive cycle was lengthy and complex, and took place only in their Dreamlands. Their first stage of life lasted ten years, and in this period the Sarrubian was a mindless, pink, many-legged creature, thousands of which populated their world's deep green ocean. These were paradoxically preyed upon by the second stage, a small carnivore consisting mainly of bones and teeth. Enough pink first staggers existed to ensure that plenty of survivors made it to the second stage, despite the relentless attacks of the predators. The second stage spanned 30 years, after which the creature crawled to the ocean shore, bloated within its shell, and lay inert for several weeks. At this time, the hard shell broke open, and a slimy green reptilian creature emerged. This lizard-like being fed upon other, smaller, creatures for about 45 years, growing slowly but continuously, shedding its skin periodically, and its tail and various limbs throughout the process, until it became an adult Sarrubian—an intelligent, armored and spined alien thing. The new adult instinctively sought the nearest place of habitation. There it was taught to return to the Waking World for education and soon learned to travel between the worlds at will, as well as how to change its form via Dreaming to better allow it

to explore other worlds. In this fourth stage, the Sarrubian lived for many thousands of years. When the final stage neared, it became restless. Its personality broke up, and its intelligence quickly waned. Its only desire soon became to return to Sarrub. Upon its return, it crawled to the ocean shore and dried to a husk. Thousands of many-legged pink invertebrates crawled out, eating the body until they could barely walk, then they scurried into the sea, where they soon transformed into the first stage of the Sarrubian life-cycle.

Note the harshness of the Sarrubian life-cycle, involving tough opposition to the being's survival on every stage but the last. For a Sarrubian, the act of procreation was also the first step towards his own personal destruction, and self-sacrifice for the continuation of his species a necessity, not a moral luxury. Unlike many alien species, the Sarrubians rejoiced in an emotion similar to human love, and this was made more poignant by the fact that their own death was ultimately (perhaps not for many centuries) encompassed in the act of their mating. Theirs was obviously a carefully-balanced ecological cycle, based in a favorable habitat. It was perhaps the disruption of this cycle that brought disaster to Sarrub.

However, time moves differently in the Sarrubian Dreamlands; one reason that Mironim-Mer has not felt a particularly urgent need to return ere now. Though centuries of Earthly time have passed, back on Sarrub only a few seasons have gone by. Hence, Mironim-Mer has no reason to believe that things are utterly, seriously, wrong—something has come up preventing their return to Earth's Dreamlands for a few years. That is all. That must be all. Mironim-Mer steadfastly refuses to speculate on what news could have reached his shipmates to cause them to sail without him.



- ✦ *A dwelling containing the frozen corpses of two Sarrubians huddled together for warmth, and a curious mark on the remains of the shattered door.*
- ✦ *Huge shapeless footprints in the fresh snow, with a trail of blood alongside.*
- ✦ *Wandering figures in the dark, staggering aimlessly through the snow. They are never seen close up, and vanish if pursued. Perhaps they are spirits of the dead, though Mironim-Mer does not acknowledge this possibility.*

All the corpses seen are humanoid. If the investigators question this, knowing that the Sarrubians are actually nonhumans, Mironim-Mer surmises that the corpses are those of his crewmates, or crewmen from other ships called back from Earth's Dreamlands. No other Sarrubians seem to be evident, except for larval forms.

There are also dangers to be encountered. The party is likely to be confronted now and again by second- or third-stagers, though the reality of the other things sighted (the owner of the large skeleton, for instance) had best be left to the players' imagination. This part of the scenario should not degenerate into a long string of fierce battles. Emphasize the danger, but don't go overboard.

SECOND-STAGER ONE

STR 07 CON 14 SIZ 07 POW 10
DEX 11 HP 11

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Weapons: Claws (x2) 45%, damage 1D6-1D4
Bite 30%, damage 1D10-1D4

Armor: 3-point hide

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4

SECOND-STAGER TWO

STR 08 CON 12 SIZ 05 POW 08
DEX 08 HP 09

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Weapons: Claws (x2) 45%, damage 1D6-1D4
Bite 35%, damage 1D10-1D4

Armor: 3-point hide

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4

THIRD-STAGER

Third-stagers have four twisted legs, the first pair of which end in barbed claw-hooks. Their heads end in a gaping mouth surrounded by a beard of tendrils, and their bodies are brown and rugose.

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 14 POW 14
DEX 15 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Claws (x2) 55%, damage 1D6+1D4
Tentacles* 40%, damage 1D3 + draining

* *The wide mouth of a third-stager is surrounded by dozens of fibrous tentacles which grab prey and hold it while rows of sharp*

teeth suck blood at the rate of 1 STR per round. This STR is regained at the rate of 1 per day if the victim survives. The victim can pull away by overcoming the creature's STR with his own. Third-stagers used to have needle-like spines in their tentacles that injected paralysis poison into prey, remarks Mironim-Mer. They seem to have lost this ability.

Armor: 5-point hide

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a Third-stager.

Temple of the Oracle Mirror

Eventually the investigators reach Mironim-Mer's destination. The Temple sits on a low hill surrounded by now-empty homes. It is built of white stone, veined with gray; the path leading to it is flanked by broken columns of the same stone. The temple is low, and its doorless entrance yawns darkly. A figure crouches in the doorway, scrabbling in the snow with its fingers. As you approach, the figure scurries inside.

Mironim-Mer identifies the figure as the Keeper of the Temple; at least, it wears the Keeper's robe. Perhaps it is shy at the approach of humans—the Keeper never left Sarrub, so always maintained the normal Sarrubian shape.

As they near the temple, a hoarse voice from within shouts, warning the investigators away. "Leave! Doom awaits those who enter! Flee! Flee for your souls' sake!" The Keeper (for it is he) cannot prevent anyone from entering, however, and hides in the shadows if anyone does so, whimpering and cowering pitifully. The temple interior is empty except for small drifts of snow, icicles, and the Mirror, which is set in the middle of the floor.

If anyone approaches the Mirror, the Keeper in the corner begs them not to use it. But Mironim-Mer is adamant, and cannot turn back after so long. He takes a handful of colored crystals from his pocket and scatters them across the surface of the mirror, then he begins a hoarse chant, invoking the Mirror.

The skies outside redden and cloud over as the chant continues. With an outraged scream, a glistening limb reaches out of the Mirror and grasps Mironim-Mer, squeezing the breath out of him. Several green eyes glare balefully from the center of the Mirror, and a thundering voice bellows in a tongue which the investigators cannot understand. It is clear that the Mirror is dangerous. Mironim-Mer is being killed—losing 1D4 from his POW each round. The arm which holds Mironim-Mer is invulnerable to damage—no magic nor attack available to the investigators can harm it. It holds the Sarrubian with a grip that cannot be loosened. Someone among the investigators should be intelligent enough to think of breaking the Mirror. If no one is, then Mironim-Mer dies, and the investigators must perforce leave Sarrub, having failed in their mission. Perhaps the Keeper will agree to travel with them in their boat to navigate their way back to Earth's Dreamlands.

But if the investigators think of breaking the Mirror, there are plenty of chunks of stone lying around with which to do so.



When the Mirror is shattered the arm vanishes, thunder sounds outside, and heavy rainfall can be heard. Mironim-Mer grieves at the Mirror's breaking, and explains haltingly that a wendigo-demon possessed it, and that its influence on the Mirror doubtless exacerbated the disaster which had befallen Sarrub.

The Keeper scurries forward (costs 0/1D6 SAN to see), showing himself as a Sarrubian in natural form, an armored, spiked reptile-thing, squat and hideous. Its face is mobile and expressive. Hoarsely, the Keeper croaks that he was often allowed to gaze into the Mirror under the demon's control. He has watched Mironim-Mer for a long time, and it took all his will to cover the group's purpose from his master. He knows, where Kalya-Kaan and Taila-Tane (Mironim-Mer's two ship-mates) are held and what their fate has been.

Kalya-Kaan and Taila-Tane found each other, and made a skyboat to sail to Sarrub, but they were captured en route by horrible pirate-things, the weniens, from the world of Yundu. The Mirror showed him that they are held in the House of the Single Spire, on the shores of the Circle Island, on Yundu itself. Mironim-Mer thanks him and leaves hurriedly, having heard enough.

If the investigators ask Mironim-Mer about the weniens, he explains only that they ride green phosphorescent creatures, often preying upon Sarrubian trading vessels, and that their raids caused woe to many worlds. Of the weniens themselves little is known, and even less of the dread world that has spawned such dire folk.

Outside, the rains are washing away the snow, uncovering many things that are undesirable, but freshening the air. Perhaps Sarrub has not yet been utterly ruined.

To Yundu

Mironim-Mer pushes the boat as fast as possible, now that his goal is within reach. The journey takes a long time, but eventually the black roiling surface of Yundu becomes evident before them. Yundu has no sun: instead, a ring of what appear to be glowing red coals encircles it. Hence, on Yundu there is no day nor night, only eternal sullen twilight.

As Mironim-Mer steers the boat downwards, an island becomes visible, its peaks reaching above the filthy-looking ocean waves. This island is in the form of a ring. Perhaps it is a circular reef or, more likely, it is the remnants of an old crater whose inner and outer parts are now filled with liquid, leaving only the mountainous tips of the crater's rim above the surface. The boat touches down on the wrinkled surface of the tarry black liquid which passes for water on Yundu. The boat soon sails within sight of a jagged coast, and the



THE THING IN THE MIRROR



grim towers of an unpleasant city. One building, standing high up on a mountain edge, has a single enormous steeple spearing up into the sky, clearly the House of the Single Spire. The boat can sail in shadow right to the quayside, under the very noses of the wenelians.

A colossal glowing green horror (1D3/1D20 SAN to behold) with vast bat-wings, and attended by numerous wenelians, is being unloaded of prisoners and goods further along the dock. Hapless human and non-human slaves are nailed into boxes and floated off by the wenelians to fates best left unconsidered. A nightmare effect here could result in an investigator being nailed into a crate himself. Away from this area, the town is clearly visible. It is an unearthly gathering of abnormal buildings, tiled streets, black doorways, and dizzy vertical precipices, amidst which the wenelians float in the dark.

Either a Hide or Sneak roll will permit an investigator to make it from the boat to nearby cover behind some old wooden cases. A failed roll causes one of the loathsome wenelians to hear or catch a glimpse of the investigators and come over to investigate. If the unwanted curious wenelian can be disposed of in a single round, it sounds no alarm as it collapses, and the investigators can continue. Otherwise, the wenelian manages to emit a piercing hoot, and 2D6 more wenelians, plus the gigantic glowing phosphorescent monster, will hurry to its aid. The investigators and Mironim-Mer will be forced either to return to their ship and sail away immediately or to fight off this new threat before their activities can continue.

SOME WENELIAN ATTACKERS

	<i>one</i>	<i>two</i>	<i>three</i>	<i>four</i>	<i>five</i>	<i>six</i>
POW	16	8	12	11	7	15
DEX	15	4	13	8	9	9
HP	16	8	12	11	7	15
Dart	50%	45%	35%	15%	50%	40%
damage	1D8	1D8	1D8	1D8	1D8	1D8
	<i>seven</i>	<i>eight</i>	<i>nine</i>	<i>ten</i>	<i>eleven</i>	<i>twelve</i>
POW	15	11	3	15	6	9
DEX	15	14	13	12	15	16
Dart	35%	30%	30%	30%	10%	40%
damage	1D8	1D8	1D8	1D8	1D8	1D8

THE PHOSPHORESCENT MONSTER

STR 68 CON 29 SIZ 123 INT 2 POW 9
DEX 5 HP 76

Damage Bonus: +11D6.

Weapons: Mouth-Scoop 45%, damage swallowed
Wing-Beating 60%, damage 6D6

Armor: 10 points of glowing skin

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D20 to behold this beast.

The investigators and Mironim-Mer are doubtless

intelligent enough to head for the tall House of the Single Spire. This building is easy enough to sneak into, and consists mainly of a seemingly infinite flight of dark stairs leading to a circular room twenty feet in diameter; Kalya-Kaan and Taila-Tane are chained to staples in the center of the room. Taila is deceased, evidently due to some grievous wounds across his back. Kalya is disheveled and haggard, surrounded by remains of many uneaten meals, and horror is still in her eyes. Mironim-Mer rushes to them and comforts Kalya. He weeps for Taila-Tane.

The staples have a STR of 25, but a successful Mechanical Repair roll can be used to loosen them by 1D10 STR points. Once both Sarrubians are freed (Mironim-Mer will not leave without Taila-Tane's body), the flight down the stairs can be attempted; a solitary wenelian is encountered on the way, bearing another disgusting meal to the captives. This should present little problem for the determined Sarrubian and his companions.

Getting away from Yundu can present as little or as much of a problem as desired by the keeper, with the group being pursued by wenelians to the docks, tides being wrong and unnatural, hindering progress, and so forth.

Conclusion

Mironim-mer sails swiftly back to earth, a look of contentment spreading across his face. The destination is Celephaïs, or wherever else the investigators wish to be dropped off. As for Mironim-Mer, Kalya-Kaan, and Fortune, they intend to resettle on Sarrub. For such a happy ending, each investigator deserves 1D10 Sanity points. However, if Mironim-Mer's quest ended in failure, for their visions of a world destroyed, each investigator loses 1D8 Sanity points.

The adventure may not be over for the dreamers, however. The wenelians may be after vengeance for the stealing of their Sarrubian captives, and Earth's Dreamlands itself is not beyond their reach.

To dwell a moment on happier things, Sarrub is partly healed, Mironim-Mer and his love reunited, and perhaps someday in the future white ships with lemon sails will reappear on Earth to vend the heady chartreuse wine from beyond the world again. This may not take as long as one might suspect: remember how differently time flows in Sarrub? In any case, if ever this does happen again, the investigators will certainly be remembered in a most friendly manner by the Sarrubian traders. And, of course, the investigators are now privy to a secret whereby they can sail the winds of



The Land of Lost Dreams

A scenario for experienced investigators and keepers.

This adventure makes strong demands upon the narrative and descriptive powers of keepers. Study this adventure carefully before you decide to present it.

The descriptions for Thalarion and Xura (Zura) in this adventure differ from those provided in the chapter *Gazetteer of the Dreamlands*.

The real world location for “Land of Lost Dreams” is left to the keeper. The events could take place in any city. Unlike most scenarios, this one does not politely wait for the investigators to come to it; it violently attracts their attention.

KEEPER INFORMATION

Neil Bruford is a dreamer, but not a natural one. A mysterious drug supplied to him by an equally mysterious gentleman powers his nightly journeys to far off Dylath-Leen. Now Neil is in trouble. While in the Dreamlands he heard of Xura, the Land of Unattainable Pleasures, and determined to visit its enticing shore. On the night of February 11 (waking time), Bruford made a fateful journey into the Dreamlands. The next morning his landlady found him sprawled in his garret room, in a coma. He has been admitted to the hospital.

Bruford has indeed arrived in Xura, and has been ensnared by Xura itself, the sum of millennia of human frustration and yearning. An inhabitant of Xura, fueled by Bruford’s own bitter desires, has captured Neil, and is converting him into a gateway of flesh and blood. It will be free to walk in the Waking World soon after the investigators first encounter it; the process is complete at midnight on February 14th.

PLAYER INFORMATION

A male friend or relative of an investigator is sick or injured, and presently in the hospital. How or why is unimportant—the poor fellow could even be there as a result of the investigators’ incursions into the unknown, since those usually leave a goodly trail of casualties. For whatever reason, the investigators are in General Hospital on the night of February 12th, at 8 p.m.

The investigator’s friend is in high spirits, and has been advised by his doctor that he can expect to leave the hospital in a week. He gratefully accepts whatever flowers or chocolate which the investigators have brought.

At some stage a Roman Catholic priest, Father Gary Elwood, enters, doing his round of the patients. Father Elwood is a good and kind man, 38 years old and of average build with brown hair and eyes. He enjoys visiting the hospital, where he feels closer to his flock and of more direct use to them.

He visits the patient in the next room. The investigators’ attention is drawn to him when he comes out; he all but slams the door, and staggers erratically back into their room. He is white and shaking. If the investigators ask him what’s wrong, he waggles his head and stammers (and if they don’t say anything, he does exactly the same thing). A Psychoanalysis or Psychiatrist roll, plus physical efforts to calm him down (getting a cup of tea, etc.) gets him to speak of his fright. He does so in a detached tone, his eyes staring into space:

“I visited that poor boy, the one they think has brain damage . . . he’s still unconscious . . . and because of course I couldn’t speak reassuringly with him I just . . . laid my hand on his forehead, and—and—I think . . . it moved. It writhed, it wriggled, it was boiling to the touch. It was evil.”

More Father Elwood cannot say. A Psychology roll vouches that he has just suffered a tremendous shock. He believes he has experienced the most palpable manifestation of Satan in his life, and feels powerless to do anything about it. The investigators may well wish to inspect the young man first-hand. He is tucked into a hospital bed, apparently calmly asleep. He is blond, average-looking, in his mid-twenties. He has wavy blond hair and a struggling beard. Deep recent scratches are on his right cheek and on both hands. A chart at the foot of the bed identifies the patient as Neil Bruford.

A nurse, Nora Vincent, is busily taking his pulse and blood pressure—she rushed in when Father Elwood came staggering out, and she is relieved to discover that Neil Bruford seems all right. She is busy, cheerful, and efficient. All Nora knows about the young man is that he is in a coma from a suspected drug overdose. Then, unexpectedly, he begins to moan. “That’s odd,” comments the nurse, and she turns to fetch the doctor. But before she reaches the door, all Hell breaks loose.

Bruford’s moaning suddenly bursts into a howl. If the investigators haven’t entered the room yet, this will certainly attract them: “No! No! No! No!” he screams, tossing from side to side, then groans softly and seriously, “You cannot! God forbids it! Daoloth forbids it! *Eaugh!*” His last moan terminates in a scream. Then he convulses, and great, retching coughs tear from his chest, and blood and tissue spray from his mouth and nostrils. Nora, fearing he will choke, rushes to him to turn him on his side and let the fluid in his throat drain but, as she begins to turn him, his arm sweeps around in a spastic claw-like motion, strikes her across the face, and hurls her away. She strikes heavily against the wall, splitting open the side of her face, and flopping jerkily to the floor.



Bruford goes rigid and his whole body begins to tremble rapidly. Slowly, but surely, he rises up from the bed, stiff as a board, until he is standing straight up. His coughing slowly turns into a rumbling roar, while blood and mucus run down his chin, as something unused to human vocal chords prepares to speak through them.

At this point all the light bulbs in the ward blow out, detonating in showers of glass and blue sparks. And the guttural roar becomes a voice. It thunders incomprehensible words, shaking the window in its frame. *'Throdog Napet Savathath Thorin! Hoorn Vass Nazer Rytargho!'*

Then young Bruford's eyes open. The lids split far wider than is humanly possible, and the eyes bulge hideously outwards. They expose bulbous orange spheres as large as golf balls, veined with red and glowing with a fiery unearthly radiance.

At this point there is a thud! as a nurse behind the investigators—who has run to the room to see what is wrong—passes out. The investigators lose 1/1D6 Sanity points.

The horror continues to roar, then its voice switches to English. "This body must die! I must pass through!" Then it suddenly seems to notice the investigators (at least, it points those horrible pupil-less orange eyes at them), and it roars, "You must slay this body! I command you! Obey, else I rend you now, instead of when I pass through!" And it begins to stretch its arms stiffly towards the player characters, who presumably are not idiots enough to obey it.

(Well, some investigators might be tempted. If they seem about to let it come through, ask for Idea rolls—anybody receiving a successful one understands that this is not a good idea, and is able to actively stop the others.)

Then the eyes suddenly shut, and the stiff body drops like a board back to the blood-spattered pillow, comatose again. Several orderlies rush in and tend to the patient and the two nurses. One of them pulls up Bruford's bruised eyelid to check his pupillary contraction—his eyes are normal. The investigators are hustled out, questioned, and asked to return tomorrow morning at nine o'clock to describe the fit to the treating doctor. If they ask after Nora, they are told that she has suffered a broken jaw, a broken arm, facial lacerations, and might have a concussion. The other nurse, who fainted, is all right, and comes to even as the player characters watch.

Investigations

If they are worth their salt, the group is curious and anxious about young Bruford's obvious possession. They should be glad to talk with his doctor, who reaches them through their hospitalized friend and asks for a hospital con-

ference at 9 a.m. (Feb. 13th), in the waiting room conveniently near Bruford's hospital room.

The Brufords

When the investigators arrive, the head nurse asks that they wait for Doctor Edelson, who should arrive shortly. In reality, the good doctor will not arrive until eleven. He is presently standing by the road attempting to flag down assistance with his automobile from passing motorists.

At 9:05 a.m., a strange procession rounds the corner of the ward and aims right for Bruford's room. An imposing society matron strides purposefully ahead, the ward's head nurse scurries along beside her, protesting loudly. Behind them follow two older men: one is a balding, rather rabbit-like fellow; the other is tall and dominant, clearly a lawyer. The rabbit-like man is nervous and quiet, while the other's voice booms out clearly, interjecting cogent points of law applicable to the argument. Behind them come two powerful-looking youths, dressed in street clothes and wheeling a stretcher. Lastly come a small mob of curious nurses, patients, and orderlies.

Mrs. Bruford has come to get her son. She has heard of last night's incident, and has come with her family to carry him out. The little nervous man is Mr. Bruford, and the other is Langley Westlake, the Brufords' lawyer. The head nurse protests that to remain here would be best for the young man, but she is overwhelmed by Mrs. Bruford's attitude, W. Westlake's legalisms, and the whole impossible situation.

Neil's mother is an energetic and domineering woman. An heiress, she was denied nothing in her childhood and saw no reason to discontinue this program once reaching her adult life. The concept of not getting her own way is utterly alien to her. She is fifty. She has light brown hair and hard green eyes. Despite her fearsome willpower, she is fairly gullible. Besides Neil, she has two other sons, Adam and William, both fine and healthy.

Not much can or need be said about Nigel, the father. A quiet man, he retreats from company, seeking the refuge of his stamp collection. He is a competent, if uninteresting accountant, and looks the part, with sparse brown hair and watery blue eyes. He was originally the clerk in charge of Amanda's financial matters; she proposed to him. Nigel is too anxious to ever question the wisdom of marrying her.

Langley Westlake is a garrulous lawyer, one wise enough never to find a reason to disagree with Mrs. Bruford. He is at the hospital to provide legal muscle. He sets an intimidating figure, and uses this to his advantage in his practice. He is tall, 64 years old, and has a shock of silver hair.

When the parade reaches young Neil's room, Mrs. Bruford casts a tear-filled glance at the investigators, clutches her handkerchief to her bosom, and exclaims "His friends, waiting to visit him! How sweet!" She then storms in and secures her son.



He is rolled gently out of bed onto the stretcher, and wheeled to the Brufords' limousine, despite the staff's protests that they cannot be held responsible for any harm that comes to the Bruford son.

This may be rather alarming to the investigators. However, it is not difficult to get themselves invited to the Bruford house, especially as Mrs. Bruford misapprehends that they are Neil's friends. Failing that, they could just follow the Brufords home. Another possibility is to check with the hospital registrar for young Bruford's address. It is listed as a boarding house, 17 Sackville Row, run by Mrs. Hannah Krank.

Meanwhile, the young patient is borne to the Bruford family home, at 3 Hill Street, a large house in an exclusive section of the town. Neil Bruford is reinstated in his old room, with a private nurse. The walls and mantelpiece of his room are bedecked with various athletic and scholastic awards, all of which are for third place or honorable mention, none for first or second place.

If the investigators interview Mrs. Bruford, she speaks openly, if tearfully. "You know Neil decided to move from home six months ago. He was not doing as well as he could have been at college, and he attributed this to the drudgery of living with his parents. Neil never quite knew what it was he wanted. He rarely satisfied himself or us. He moved into the house of a dreadful German woman, clear down on Sackville. He visited us every weekend, but he was very taciturn. Why, it took all my energy to pry the least little detail from him. The next thing I knew, he was in the hospital. I'm certain that it was that German woman's negligence that led to Neil's accident."

At some stage in the conversation it should become apparent to her that the player characters are in fact not close acquaintances of her son (unless the investigators are particularly deceitful). If and when this occurs, it is up to them as to what story they tell her—she is surprisingly receptive to outrageous tales of alien entities and possession. Not only is she an avid believer in the supernatural, such a tale provides a guiltless explanation as to why her little Neil has been acting so oddly.

Hanna Krank

Neil Bruford's landlady is a jovial German widow; her premises in Sackville Row are spacious and clean. A successful Fast Talk or Credit Rating roll with a corresponding tale of private investigation easily gets her to talk about young Bruford.

"He vas such a strange young Herr; he slept in late, und hardly ever seemed to vork. Und der smells dat vould come from his room! I think he vas not the same after his friend disappears. Both stayed up late one night, und ven Herr Bruford voke up next day his friend vas gone. Nobody has seen him since. Two veeks later, I heard a terrible vailing und screeching in der night, coming from Herr Bruford's room. Und der next night der young Herr Bruford has this happen. I find him lying like dead next morning. So sad."

A further Bargain or Fast Talk, urging the importance of the research on Mrs. Krank, persuades her to let them into Neil Bruford's room. If this is attempted in German, add 30 percentiles to the chance for success, as Mrs. Krank is delighted to be addressed in her native tongue.

Neil's room at Hannah Krank's is at the head of the stairs. Within is a sparsely furnished chamber, with a bed, a desk, two chairs, and a wardrobe. Rubbish and dirty laundry are strewn everywhere, a strong contrast with the condition of the rest of the house.

A photograph on the desk shows Neil Bruford by the sea, in bathing costume. The image of another individual standing next to him has carefully been scissored out. A Spot Hidden finds the missing part in the litter, another young man. On the back of the photo is written *Me & Daryl 1919*.

A second Spot Hidden finds seventeen sprigs of a strange herb taped to the underside of the desk. A Botany or Natural History roll can tell only that the plant is from the tropics. Just what species it is cannot be determined from these minimal sprigs, though it is obviously a close relative of Indian hemp. The sprigs are wrapped in a sheet of onionskin paper, on which the following is written:

*HARR HARR HASS HASS KOOM YAR KOOM SSSSS
(repeat).*

A handwritten diary lies open on the desk.

The Diary of Neil Bruford

The diary is about a hundred pages long. It begins after Neil Bruford moved out of his parents' home on August 23 August, last year. He optimistically wrote "My New Life" in big, blacked-in letters on the first page. An English language roll is needed for the reader to comprehend Neil's atrocious handwriting.

Neil relates settling into his new abode, with many mundane observations of campus life. A successful Psychology or Psychoanalysis roll suggests that Bruford was a frustrated young man. The diary documents his attempts to escape himself, starting with bootleg alcohol in October. By November he had moved to hashish and opium. It is apparent that Neil sought these as alternatives to the constant disappointment of his daily life. See the nearby box for those entries which most pertain to Neil Bruford's present fate.

Bruford's is not an especially horrific journal, but it is disquieting. Any investigator reading it adds 1 point to his Dream Lore skill.

Daryl Brenton

If the investigators search newspapers dated around the 24th of January and receive a successful Library Use roll, they find a



Excerpts from Neil Bruford's Diary

January 4 Today Daryl got me something new, a strange herb, which he instructed me to chew before retiring. He also wrote a simple mantra for me to recite whilst going to bed. They were cheap, and I'll try anything once.

January 13 Tonight is especially dull, so I have decided to try the new herb; I'm all out of opium anyway.

January 14 My God, what revelations! The wonder! I chewed a bundle of stems and branches—it released a surprising amount of musty-flavored sticky stuff—and recited the nonsense rhyme about fifty times—it got easier and easier the more I chanted. I fell asleep, with the most incredible dreams, so clear, so real! I woke naked in a bare chamber, and robing myself I stepped out into a strange dark street, where sour-faced people rushed to and fro. I learned the name of the city: Dylath-Leen. Long I dwelt in that strange town, spending the days smoking thagweed with the silent sailors. I heard tales of distant lands, of Cathuria, of shadowed Leng, of Kadath in the Cold Waste. And I caught a glimpse of the woman of my dreams; her name is Bzai-kanaan, a dancer in the Street of Spices. I woke in the morning fully refreshed, yet it seemed I had spent weeks in that dark town. I shall savor the memory for now, but I cannot wait to dream again!

January 15 Quizzed Daryl about the herb. He said that his father got seeds for the plant when he was in China during the Boxer Rebellion. Daryl thinks his father stole them from one of the temples. Daryl grew the plants in the college greenhouse last semester and has been chewing them for months. He won't tell me where he learned the mantra. When I told him that I had visited Dylath-Leen, he was astounded, because he had visited there, too, after chewing the weed. Apparently his dreams always start out in the same dark building that I woke up in. Daryl was flabbergasted—I guess he thought that everyone that took the drug experienced their own personal set of dreams, but it looks like we have similar ones.

January 18 Life is tedious, and I wish again to see Bzai-kanaan. Shall return tonight to the port of Dylath-Leen, and confess my love for her.

January 19 The dream was stranger still. I could not find my love, but I met another woman, whose name was Sarah Farnham. She claimed to be a fellow dreamer from Earth! Together we traveled widely to lovely Celephaïs and from thence to Serannian, which floats in the sky. And Sarah told me of Xura, and warned me against it; but from what she

said, it is clearly the object of my lifelong quest. I woke before I could find where it lay.

January 22 Tonight Daryl and I are taking the drug together, to see if we experience the same dreams; if so, the marvelous land could all be real!

January 23 I woke alone. I could not dissuade him from his course, and when I woke he had already left. I can hardly bear to think of what he has done. As for myself, I shall continue search for my Bzai-kanaan, and she will lead me to Xura. But I must wait awhile; I do not care to meet him again, he must have time to move away.

February 10 I can stand it no longer. I dream again tonight. I shall find what I'm looking for, that which I need, have always needed.

February 11 Damnation! I was so close! Everything went right; I found Bzai-kanaan, and told her of my feelings. She did not react unfavorably, but she wouldn't promise herself to me yet (oh God is there anything in life I can ever have when I want it?), but no man has any claim on her, nor shall one while I live, so I am still full of hope. I learned of Xura, but no sailor would take me there—craven fools!

Finally I took passage on one of those odd green galleons which trade in unthinkable cargo, and of which no men speak but many whisper. Bzai-kanaan came with me. We sailed out of Dylath-Leen, past forgotten Zak, past damned Thalarion, and drew nigh opposite my goal: Xura. From the fair coast I heard a snatch of a beauteous melody, sung as if by some heavenly choir, and heard too the sounds of laughter and gaiety. Bzai-kanaan took my arm, and I turned and gazed at her incomparable beauty. My heart filled with joy, and impetuously I reached for her to take my first kiss . . . then I woke up in my dismal garret, with a tomcat from the neighboring alley pawing at me! I grabbed the wretched beast and hurled it out the window, and I hope it broke all its miserable bones in the fall. So near! Come nightfall I shall return to Dylath-Leen to start my trek all over again; Bzai-kanaan surely has returned to Dylath-Leen to await me.

It is now night, and I have made my room fast against cats and other pests. I shall find my goal tonight in the Land of Dreams.

[Here the diary ends]



brief report on the disappearance of one Daryl Brenton, age 23. A photograph is published with the article, and the investigators recognize him from the photo in their possession. The article says little, noting only that Mr. Brenton had been staying with a friend, had left early in the morning, and had not been seen since.

Further investigations into Daryl Brenton discover that he has been an orphan since the age of ten, that his closest living relatives are some third cousins in Wales, and that no one in particular is looking for him. He had no criminal record.

Sarah Farnham

If the investigators scan city records and directories, they can learn something that Neil Bruford did not understand—that Sarah Farnham is real, and lives in town at 43 Blackrose Street, ten blocks from his family's home.

The Farnhams do not own a phone. If the investigators drop a note requesting a visit, they are invited to come over. They soon arrive at her parents' modest suburban house. Susan's mother answers the door. If she was not forewarned by a note, she is puzzled and suspicious, since she does not recognize any of the player characters. A successful Fast Talk or Credit Rating roll, or a letter of reference from a local physician is needed to get past her. She explains that Sarah has recently suffered a breakdown, and cautions the investigators against exciting her. She then grudgingly admits them.

Sarah is a gentle and intelligent young woman. She is in the sitting room playing the piano and quietly singing. The investigators note that she plays very well, before suddenly being chilled by her song:

*They say beyond the pillars that the ocean meets the sky,
that the gulf of stars yawns silent to the Sultan's mindless eye;
Though none can pass the archway where the aeons slowly die,
Men say amidst the chaos foul, sweet Cathuria must lie.*

When she realizes she has company she ceases her music, and turns to meet the investigators.

No skill rolls are necessary to get Sarah to speak of the Dreamlands. She does so sadly, with a far-off gleam in her eye. She explains that she came across a magic entryway one night in her dreams. Beyond it, she discovered a marvelous and enchanting land, to which she found she could return nightly. She tells the investigators that time there is different from time in the waking world, and that weeks can pass in a single night. If any of the investigators are dreamers, they discuss their experiences. She has never met anyone before who knew of the Dreamlands. The investigators are the first to treat her story with any belief, except of course for the psychologists, who are dreadfully interested by it all.

She had not realized that Neil Bruford lived in her town, and is thrilled to learn this. She remembers him well from the dream they shared, describing him as an energetic young man. A Psychology roll reveals that she speaks of him with considerable affection. When she hears of his plight she claps her hands in horror, and is almost overwhelmed when she learns he has set off for Xura. "Xura," she whispers, "The Land of Unattainable Pleasures! If only I had known, and now I cannot help him!" At this point she breaks into tears.

When she calms down, she tearfully relates that her dream-self has died in the Dreamlands; taking passage on a ship to Dylath-Leen, hoping that she could find Neil once more, she was murdered. If she is asked for details, she says that one night, a strange, deformed-looking man crawled from the sea onto her ship. The crew tended him for a few days, hoping he would recover from his apparent madness and explain his origin. But one night he escaped from his cabin, came to hers, carried her to the boat's railing and threw her into the sea to drown. As her last gasp bubbled out of her, she woke with a scream which roused neighbors two doors down. Since then she has been unable to return to the Dreamlands.

Sarah offers the investigators whatever assistance and advice she can provide. The keeper can use her to prompt the players as needed; after all, she is a moderately experienced dreamer.

Entering the Dreamlands

There is nothing more to be discovered in the waking world. On February 14, Neil dies when the Being from Xura emerges. It should be quite obvious that the only way for the investigators to get to the bottom of this mystery is to enter the Dreamlands. If some or all of the investigators have never entered the Dreamlands before, Neil's strange herb is the obvious route. Even those who are already dreamers may wish to use the herb, to save time in getting to Dylath-Leen.

The investigators should chew the herb and recite the mysterious mantra at least a dozen times each, then retire. They will experience the events described in the Falling section a paragraph below. Dreamers who visit the Dreamlands via more conventional methods must make their way to Dylath-Leen as best they can.

Now and then, descriptions in this adventure may differ strangely from that in the rest of the book. Treat this as another quality of the Dreamlands; do not try to free it of contradiction, any more than you would try to parse a dream.



FALLING

The dreamers drift. Occasionally they brush against each other in their floating descent, or perhaps against some other entity, whisper-soft but with a touch that chills their souls. Sometimes they glimpse each others' distorted faces, illuminated briefly by an unearthly glow.

Then they hit the ground, with the strange sensation of an impact which should break all their bones, but which is so gentle as to be imperceptible. They wake.

The dreamers find themselves lying nude on the floor of a black room. They are not sprawled in disorderly fashion—they are flat on their backs in a geometrically precise pattern: a triangle if there are three dreamers, a hexagram if there are six, etc. The room is large and high-ceilinged. No seams, bricks, or chisel marks mar the walls—it is one piece of stone, including the low altar jutting from the floor at one end of the room. The altar is not stained, scratched, or otherwise marked. No runes or icons are visible, and no indication of who or what is worshiped, or how, or if anything is worshiped. Strange greenish flames rise from stone insets in the walls. If a dreamer peers closely at a flame, the flame bends and reaches towards him, and he or she feels a strange yearning for something indefinable. In the wall opposite the altar, an arch opens to another chamber.

In this second chamber is a square black door leading to the outside. On pegs to either side of the door hang as many dull black robes as there are dreamers. Whatever the dreamer's size, when a robe is put on, it perfectly fits the wearer.

The dreamers can leave via the door. Looking back at the temple, they see that it has a featureless black exterior. If they ask the locals about it, they are told that it is dedicated to the Unknown God. A cowled priest who visits it nightly. If the dreamers wait for night to meet and converse this priest, it does not speak with them—it merely nods and chuckles dryly, then hurries inside the temple. If the dreamers follow, they find that the archway from the anteroom to the inner chamber has disappeared—they cannot reach the inner room (where they dropped out of the waking world), nor is the priest visible.

This silent and enigmatic figure is clad from head to foot in black. It tends the Unnamed Temple, filling the lanterns and replacing the black robes. It also mutters certain prayers to the black altar, but only when alone.

If attacked or threatened, the Cowled Priest casts the spell *Seraph's Glory*, followed by *Passing Unseen* next round. When the would-be assailants recover their sight (in 1D6 rounds), they are left with an empty black robe and a mystery.

The Unnamed Temple is notorious, for whenever a citizen of Dylath-Leen walks past it, he or she suffers a sudden longing for something impossible to have at that moment. This might be a kiss from a loved one who is miles away, or a food which cannot be found in the city—a dreamer might have a sudden yearning for a Chicago-style hot dog, for example. The

citizens do not like to speak of this, and those who are particularly bothered by the effect generally dwell no further upon it, but decide to walk down a different street in the future. Such is the wisdom of Dylath-Leen, that dark seaport wherein the dreamers now find themselves.

THE COWLED PRIEST

STR 16 CON 16 SIZ 16 INT 22 POW 25
DEX 20 APP 10 EDU 20 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: none.

Skills: Chuckle Enigmatically 100%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%,
Dream Lore 50%, Hide 90%, Sneak 90%.

Spells: Oblong Barrier(D), Passing Unseen(D), Send Dreams,
Seraph's Glory(D), Voorish Sign.

Dylath-Leen

Dylath-Leen is dark and brooding. Not only is it built of basalt, but the sky above seems eternally dismal and gray, much like the blank faces of its inhabitants. Dylath-Leen is visited by ships from across the Dreamlands, and from a few other worlds. Some ships are less welcome than others, but more of this later.

The streets of Dylath-Leen are narrow and winding. The Street of Tears, where the dreamers find themselves, is long, and slopes down towards the wharves. Numerous alleys intersect the street at crazy angles. Down these byways, the dreamers glimpse less than wholesome establishments. Nevertheless, despite the tangled network of alleys and paths, it is rare to become inextricably lost, for one can always make one's way down to the sea.

Dylath-Leen has a myriad black wharves, and one tall lighthouse. The lighthouse is thin and angular, sharp and menacing, as if its function is to warn ships away from the town as much as to warn them away from the rocks. At the wharves dock dozens of multi-colored barks, galleys, sailing ships, vessels of all conceivable designs (with a few that aren't), tended by a hybrid swarm of sailors. The jumble of masts cluster upwards as in mockery of the town below, beside which they are docked. Scarlet gulls wheel and soar about the piers and cliffs but, unlike the irritable scoundrels of Earth, these gulls do not fly down and beg or fight for food from men; instead, they stay well clear.

Near the wharves are taverns, inns, gambling houses and other establishments frequented by the sailors. Some are quite rough at times, but generally the managers of these places have beaten a degree of social conscience into their clientele. Here dreamers can swill mysterious dark ales and foaming green draughts, but they should be moderate in their drinking, lest their tongues loosen and they talk of things held unseemly by the taciturn sailors. The dreamers may join those sailors in a pipe of thagweed, powerful stuff which the sailors smoke by



the pouchful, but which dreamers may find to be more than their lungs can handle.

Everywhere can be found the people of Dylath-Leen. They share the common traits of sullenness and reserve, for it is best to remain silent in this city, lest one reveal what one should not. The dreamers encounter all manner of folk. Predominant, of course, are the city's sailors, but here also are merchants, craftsmen, priests, travelers, and even fellow dreamers. In general it takes effort to gain the confidence of the denizens. Once having done so, it is easy to lose it by asking unseemly questions about Leng or Kadath in the Cold Waste.

Gods are common in Dylath-Leen, and many strange temples and shrines are found in its twisting lanes. The multitudinous deities are impossible to catalog, but if one searched hard enough one could uncover any sect. Such a search would be unwise.

Far above Dylath-Leen sits its Prince, presiding silently over all. When he hears of anything which displeases him, he sends his Eyes, the secret guard of Dylath-Leen, to correct the matter.

All this the dreamers learn as they seek the trail of that fated one from Earth who lies silent in a darkened room.

The dreamers probably, and quite naturally, start asking around after Bruford. Eventually, they find someone who knew him—each evening of diligent search gives a chance equal to a Luck roll that the dreamers can find someone who remembers Neil. However, their information is of little value and supplies the dreamers only with the stale news that he decided to go to Xura. Everyone thinks he was foolhardy to sail with the green galleons. When he returned from his first voyage, they thought he was superhuman. When they learned that he intended to leave again for Xura by the same means, they thought he was insane. All three assumptions are correct.

Looking For Bzai-kanaan

Of Bzai-kanaan there is no trace, nor can the dreamers find anyone who knew her or of her. With some effort, they can obtain an interview with a swarthy little man who claims to know all the dancers in the city, but no, he knows of no Bzai-kanaan. He will not give the dreamers his name, but offers to lead them to an exclusive performance by Korannai of the Thirteen Elevations, the most fabulous dancer this side of the Liranian Desert.

The dreamers may visit the Street of Spices. It is a cobbled street filled with apothecaries, herbalists and alchemists; strange scents, lovely fragrances, and hellish stinks can all be discerned. Nowhere is there any place for a dancer, nor have any merchants heard of one.

In fact, Bzai-kanaan can be found only in the haunted mind of Neil Bruford. She never existed. She is a phantom, a dream of lost Xura, made tangible to entice Neil, frustration incarnate, to its damned shores.

The dreamers, stymied in their queries, must eventually find their way to the wharves and ask about passage to Xura. This is a resounding failure; one barrel-shaped captain bellows at them "Are you mad? Hungry for death? Dead? Stupid? Innocent?" Whatever reply is made, he says, "Well, I am none of those, so this ship will not go to Xura, nor, think I, shall any other, save perhaps those damnable green galleons."

The dreamers can easily find a fine inn which gladly accepts their custom, and they can question those who frequent there of the matters for which they seek answers.

An odd thing happens at the inn. On the first night, at the window of the dreamers' room comes a soft muffled tapping. Looking out, they see a muffled form sitting on the sill, trying to get in. If they open the window, the form seems to melt away, leaving behind only a strip of diaphanous yellow silk, such as a dancer might wear. But though it is pleasant to the touch and the sight, it reeks of bloated fly-blown corpses. Having delivered this cryptic clue, the form never returns.

The next day a putrid-looking green galleon comes to the harbor, and three strange merchants come to stay at the inn.

The Green Galleon

By the time the green galleon docks (the second day the dreamers spend in Dylath-Leen), the dreamers already know much of these ships. Things of the sea are common, almost dominant topics of conversation in Dylath-Leen, much the same as is discussion of the weather or football in the cities of Earth. There is much about the green galleons which the citizens do not know, but that which they do know is unsettling enough. Everyone has his or her own theory about the missing pieces of the puzzle.

From which port the green galleons come, no one knows. They never come to port when one of the infamous black galleys (which trade in rubies and slaves) is present, and if one of the black galleys shows up, the unspeakable green galleons quickly sail away. The merchants which come ashore from these ships are of a singularly unpleasant appearance: they have abnormally wide, though almost lipless mouths, immoderately deep-set eyes, excessively thin hands and necks—inhumanly thin, whisper some, ridiculously heavy clothes, and their distasteful dirty white turbans always cover their ears.

They come ashore with fabulous cloth, in silk, cloth-of-gold, and even more marvelous fabrics, some unknown anywhere else in the Dreamlands. These they trade for deformed slaves, left thumbs, and rotting animal carcasses (only the ripest and most loathsome will do). Condemned criminals generally supply the thumbs, but unscrupulous undertakers submit a share of them as well.

Merchants of the green galleons rarely take other goods. They never take provisions aboard, nor are they ever seen to eat or drink ashore, though they regularly book rooms in the local



inns to rest. At times, huge booming voices or evil choruses rise in chants from the depths of the green galleons. One old-timer tells the dreamers in whispers that he once saw something white crawl through one of the green galleon's portholes and swim to shore. He ran to see what it was, and found a dreadful thing, like a flesh-maggot but over a yard long. He killed it with his sword.

All of this the dreamers have learned when a report storms through town that one of the dread ships has docked. The merchants stalk ashore, and head for the Street of Beauty to sell their incomparable cloth. Should the dreamers watch they later see the merchants driving a cart filled with a horrible heap of maggot-riddled flesh and pulled by a pack of sweating hunchback slaves, all newly purchased.

And that night, the dreamers are further surprised when the merchants turn up in their inn. By now it should be apparent to them that these ships are the only ones likely to sail for Xura, and they can make inquiries regarding passage. The strange merchants are already aware of the dreamers' quest, and their black eyes shine with an evil mirth at the thought of delivering them to their doom, so the dreamers are indeed allowed to travel on that grim vessel. Normally only prisoners and slaves are granted the dubious honor of passage on their putrid decks, but the hopelessness of the dreamers' task and the certainty of their unnatural deaths appeals to the merchants' dark senses of humor.

Having struck whatever bargain the dreamers sought, the merchants retire to their rooms. They invite the dreamers to share a drink with them, and from one of their sleeves produce a cobwebbed bottle retaining the dust of centuries. The silver liquid poured from the bottle smells of musk and rat-warrens. The partaker finds a foul taste at first, but it rapidly changes into a pure clean flavor unlike anything he or she has ever drunk before. The dreamer's player then must successfully match CON against the drink's POT 15 on the Resistance Table, or pass out. The loser remains comatose for 1D6 days, ears filled with the silent roaring of the gulfs of space. The merchants find this terribly funny, and cart the unconscious dreamer on board anyway. They are not about to miss the fun of putting fools ashore at Xura.

MERCHANTS FROM THE GREEN GALLEON

There is not much to distinguish between the three merchants: each is equally soulless. Their names are unprintable. If attacked, they are not afraid to defend themselves. If they are slain, a terrible vengeance is wrought on their assassins. The citizens of Dylath-Leen know something of this, and give the merchants a wide berth.

If a dreamer should be so foolhardy as to disrobe one of these creatures and ascertain their foul nature, the Sanity point cost is 0/1D4 points. Surviving merchants will make the offender live to regret it, albeit briefly.

MERCHANT ONE

STR 14 CON 53 SIZ 09 INT 16 POW 11
DEX 10 APP 04 HP 31

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Knife 50%, damage 1D6

Skills: Bargain 75%, Dream Lore 45%, Listen 70%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 50%.

MERCHANT TWO

STR 16 CON 41 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 08 APP 04 HP 26

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Knife 50%, damage 1D6+1D4 damage

Skills: Bargain 85%, Dream Lore 35%, Listen 80%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 60%.

MERCHANT THREE

STR 15 CON 62 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 12
DEX 09 APP 04 HP 36

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Knife 45%, damage 1D6+1+1D4

Skills: Bargain 80%, Dream Lore 40%, Listen 75%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 55%.

The Thugs, Borbo and Dlany

That night two fearsome characters stomp into the inn, making the innkeeper quail and fall over himself to serve them. Each is seven feet tall and three feet wide. Their heads are shaven, and they wear strangely-designed jewelry in their pierced ears, noses, and lips. Their only clothes are leather britches and arm bands, exposing a disquieting amount of their flesh, which is covered with tattoos of a disturbing nature—demon faces which seemingly peer about, leer, and gibber.

Both men speak in incredibly high, squeaky voices. If any dreamer laughs at this or makes other snide comments, he has just picked himself a fight with the two juggernauts. One blocks the exit while the other moves in to maim the unfortunate humorist. No one else in the inn dares come to their aid, but each round (including the first) the victim's player can attempt a Luck roll. If he succeeds, one of the sinister merchants comes from his room and stands silently at the top of the stairs, shaking his malformed head. The jobs notice this, and their ugly faces turn into masks of fear. The dreamer's player may not realize why the jobs have changed their tune unless he or she succeeds at a Spot Hidden to see the merchant standing in the shadows at the top of the stairs. The curious figure then turns away, and the two brawlers flee the inn.

This pair, Borbo and Dlany, are two of the meanest and stupidest bruisers in Dylath-Leen. They once worked for the green galleon folk, breaking fingers and killing horses. Now



they are on their own. They drink hard and fight hard, and (for them) thinking is also extremely hard.

The next day two huge corpses wash ashore. The fishermen who find them do not pause to speculate on what made the terrible marks on the corpses, or what sight caused the frozen grimaces of absolute terror on the remains of the corpses' faces, but instead wisely weight them down and send them back to the sea.

BORBO the Stronger

STR 18 CON 17 SIZ 19 INT 07 POW 10
DEX 09 APP 06 EDU 02 SAN 50 HP 18

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3 + 1D6

Kick 50%, damage 1D6 + 1D6

Furniture 45%, damage 1D8 + 1D6

Thrown Furniture 35%, 1D8 + 1D3

Skills: Climb 50%, Dodge 45%, Hide 20%, Jump 55%, Listen 40%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 25%, Swim 60%, Track 25%.

DLANY the Weaker

STR 17 CON 18 SIZ 19 INT 07 POW 12
DEX 07 APP 05 EDU 01 SAN 57 HP 19

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3 + 1D6

Kick 60%, damage 1D6 + 1D6

Thrown Furniture 45%, damage 1D8 + 1D3

Furniture 35%, damage 1D8 + 1D6

Skills: Climb 50%, Dodge 45%, Hide 20%, Jump 55%, Listen 40%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 25%, Swim 60%, Track 25%.

Journey to Xura

Lovecraft gives a different twist to Xura (the location known in this book as Zura). Xura is the Land of Pleasures Unattained. It is a countryside of seeming beauty. Its pleasant coasts are bedecked with multicolored blossoms, and from gay arbors can be heard snatches of song and harmony, interspersed with delicious laughter. But if this damnable coast is approached too closely, its true nature becomes apparent. A wind may waft to the viewer the stench of plague-stricken towns and abattoirs. Or he may sight one of the grotesque inhabitants—obscene mockeries of the human race—scuttling along the shore. No man willingly lands on this shore to experience first-hand Xura's charnel gardens. See Lovecraft's story "The White Ship".

The day after Borbo and Dlany wash ashore, on the fourth day since the dreamers came to Dylath-Leen, the green galleon sets sail. The sailors of Dylath-Leen share new theories about those blasphemous vessels. They wager whether the dreamers will return, but none bet against never seeing them again. Perhaps it is true that thagweed heightens the wisdom.

It is assumed, with little choice in the matter, that the dreamers have chosen to sail with the green galleon. If they rejected this plan, they will have to spend another night dreaming to create enough treasure to tempt a normal ship into transporting them. If this is the case, they still cannot persuade the sailors to drop anchor near that lost land; instead, once they have put the dreamers ashore the sailors flee, no matter how much they were paid to wait. Henceforth, the narrative assumes that the dreamers have sailed with the malevolent merchants of the green galleon.

On Board

On that dire ship, the dreamers sleep under the awnings on the deck. The hatches to below-decks are shut. The stench wafting from them is so terrible that the player of each dreamer must succeed in a D100 roll of CON x2 or less, or have his or her character's STR temporarily halved. A new roll must be attempted each day until the roll finally succeeds, whereupon the dreamer has become used to the odor, and no longer needs a roll until he has been away from the loathsome ship for at least a week. The merchants gladly offer to share their horrible food, so it is hoped that the dreamers have wisely brought their own victuals.

Seen from onboard, the ship looks like a wreck. Strands of rotten seaweed are draped over the masts and sides. Emaciated rats and even spidery crabs openly prowl the deck. The dreamers may be foolhardy enough to raise the hatches and gaze below. The merchants do not prevent them doing so, but chuckle with glee as the dreamer gasps, horror-struck by what is seen: ranks and ranks of pustulent blimp-like monstrosities, who raise their maggot-riddled snouts upward to investigate the intrusion. The viewer loses 1/1D10 Sanity points.

If the Sanity roll succeeds, the dreamer is somehow convinced that it was too dark to see, and lets the hatch fall, losing no Sanity points. But if the player fails the character's Sanity roll, he or she also chances to observe the terrible use to which the monstrous half-dead horrors put their carefully-picked hunchbacks, clubfoots, and other slaves. This is a horror which I cannot and must not describe, but the dreamer must lose a further 1/1D10 Sanity points. The felines of Ulthar can teach the dreamers a thing or two about the dangers of curiosity later, if they survive this hellish journey.

The other dreamers must now act fast to save their friend, who has just stepped out of his brain for a few moments while



altered. If the dreamers allow the merchants to have their way, the swimmer is shot expertly and pulled aboard. The merchants drag the corpse across the deck, open a hatchway and roll it in. This sight costs the dreamers 0/1D4 Sanity points, partly because of the brutality of the murder, but also because the dreamers must wonder what becomes of the corpse.

If the dreamers call to stop the merchants from shooting it, the merchants wordlessly stomp away to the other end of the ship, and watch. The swimmer soon arrives at the side of the ship and starts to scale the side like a monkey, howling and blubbing. As it scrabbles nearer, the dreamers see that its eyes are now all pupil, as if expanded by vistas too great to comprehend.

The dreamers can elect to shove *The Thing That Was Once A Man* back into the sea as it reaches the railing, if they can overcome its DEX (16) with their STR. Each dreamer can try once—they cannot combine their STRs to do so. If it gets aboard, it peers from side to side, and gurgles in a Scottish accent: “Arrgghh . . . Thalarion . . . Lathi . . . the things I have seen . . . the things I have seen! The bones! The bones!”

THE MANIAC

STR 16 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 18 POW 19
DEX 15 APP 03 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Claw 45%, damage 1D4+1D4

Bite 35%, damage 1D6

Skills: Climb 90%, Swim 90%.

Screeching and roaring, it madly assaults the dreamers. This being has lost all reason, memory, sanity, rationality, and humanity. Its mind has been seared away by the forbidden revelations of Thalarion. The investigators have no choice but to fight back and kill it. *When they do, in a bedroom in Glasgow, a man awakens, screaming and sightless.*

This scene costs the dreamers 0/1D3 Sanity points, and should dissuade them from a visit to the gray walls of doomed Thalarion, though the merchants smirkingly offer to set them ashore here.

The dreamers are worn and haggard from their voyage when, on the sixth day, they reach their destination. The coastline of Xura is wonderful to behold, and at first the dreamers may be greatly relieved, and even eager to land. The Land of Xura appears as a riotous explosion of bounteous color. All manner of beautiful gardens flourish there. Pathways lead off between rows of blossoming trees and delightful shrubbery. And they hear too the sounds of Xura, beautiful fragments of glorious melodies, distant delicious laughter, the soft sighing of the trees swaying in the breeze, the cheerful bubble of a dozen little brooks meandering towards the sea. Of its own accord, the ship turns and heads towards the gorgeous coast.

And then the smell hits them.

It is the foul odor of necropoli, wrest asunder and festering beneath the sun. It is the stench of the putrescent pulp of a thousand acres of rotting fruit. It is the charnel fragrance of food and that which should not be food gone rancid. It is the ammonia-stink of an uncovered cesspool a mile across. It is the smell of decay, of rot, of disease, of pestilence, of over-ripeness, of putrefaction. It is the stink of death.

The player for each dreamer must roll CON x1 or less on D100, or his or her dreamer falls to the deck helplessly sick. The merchants laugh wickedly at this unexpected comedy, and from below-decks comes the booming mirth of something far more horrendous. The merchants lower a boat over the side and, when their passengers are ready, two of them seize the oars and stiffly row the boat ashore.

Once they have set the dreamers on land, they push off and return to their dreadful ship, happily rasping a disharmonic song in a revolting language. From the depths of the ship a monstrous choir joins in the chorus when they reach it. But the dreamers need take no heed, for they are by now wandering in the charnel gardens of Xura.

About Xura

Xura is a dangerous place. Not only can the dreamers lose their lives and minds, they can also lose their will to live, their self-confidence, their faith, and their souls.

Xura is a nightmare world from Hell. The dreamers' walk through Xura should be a series of bizarre and disturbing images. Some such images are supplied in the text; some may come from the players themselves, but most must derive from the keeper's own imagination. Mix images and scenes from all cultures and times; Xura is a melting pot for the loss and bitterness of centuries of mankind. The investigators' inadequacies and failings stand side by side with those of Socrates, Augustus Caesar, Herod the Great, Henry VIII, Vincent Van Gogh, Napoleon III, and the legions of history. Go to town on them.

The players are now nearing the end of their search. One dramatic technique which can be used to heighten tension is to digress occasionally, by making cryptic references to the waking world, where Sarah sits watching over the sleeping investigators. Slip in these observations next to your macabre and weird descriptions.

For example, “. . . And in a room far away there is a monotonous clacking sound, and a mental chanting, ‘knit one, purl one’ . . .” or “. . . Outside a building far away there is a quiet thumping as a branch sways in the wind and insistently taps against a fragile telephone wire.”

If something happens to affect a player character in both states of existence, this too can be described from the other end. By swapping the narrative to the third person you can make the tension unbearable. For example, if a dreamer suffers



the Nightmare Effect of nearly having a heart attack, you might say, “And far away a sleeper suddenly stiffens, and a worried woman checks for a pulse, finds none, and races out of the room—but no, weakly, the heart beats on, and the sleeper dreams on.” And so on. The keeper’s job is to simultaneously make the players’ experience both as unreal and as real as possible, and thereby to capture the essence of nightmare.

There is no map for Xura. Xura is a changing, multiformed dream. No map applies, because only those who dwell here can know where lies the place the dreamers seek, because such a being does not care whether or not the dreamers arrive there. A destination is where you desire to go, and since no desires are attainable in Xura, the dreamers could walk for fifty years and never arrive.

So, this section lasts as long as the keeper wishes. In one part of the gardens is a group of ghouls, one of whom used to be Daryl Brenton, and he can lead them to Neil. Until the keeper sees fit to have them meet the ghouls, the dreamers must wander without direction or hope. But they don’t know that.

THE GARDENS

The keeper needs the most potent and chilling words in his vocabulary to describe the horror of Xura. After a while mere suggestion will do, and the players’ minds can supply additional details.

When they step off the boat, their feet sink six inches into the vermin-infested rot which covers the ground. Pathways stretch off in all directions. Delicate music is audible in the distance, but it can never be reached. Bizarre and horrific events transpire—a dreamer suddenly tumbles into an open grave; hearing a sound to his left, he turns to see a balding man in red and black robes standing in front of a hedge, mumbling “Mine heresy is renounced. I shall not fall again. Mine heresy is renounced. I shall not fall again.” And then a huge rotten tendrill reaches out from the bush and pulls him in.

Arriving at the top of a slope, the dreamers see in the valley below a golden-haired cavalry officer triumphantly lead his men to victory, smashing their way through a circle of Sioux warriors. But as they gallop clear the corpses of the Indian braves suddenly transform into those of little children, and the ground suddenly opens and swallows up the cavalry.

A bearded man flaps past them in an outlandish self-powered flying contraption, shouting happily in Italian, before the craft folds in on itself and devours him, and the bones and pieces of wood fall to earth. Long lines of young men, dressed in British Army uniforms and gas masks, and clutching rifles, march across a desolate desert. As they walk, they turn into skeletons and collapse, their bones falling apart. More weird and tragic scenes occur around the dreamers.

UNATTAINED DREAMS

The dreamers are not immune to the haunting mockery of their own failures. With regularity they see or hear ghosts of

their possible pasts. One dreamer sees a blue ribbon lying on the ground—First Prize for the second grade spelling competition, with the dreamer’s name on it. Yet the dreamer remembers well that he did not place in the contest, though he dearly wanted to, and then the ribbon sprouts crab-like legs and crawls away.

Another hears a distant violin childishly scraping out a tune. He remembers the piece—it was always too difficult for him to play, and eventually caused him to give up the instrument, breaking his mother’s heart at the time. The playing blends into a cacophonous chorus of mocking laughter.

Another dreamer is suddenly hit on the back of the head by one of a flock of flying books, and sees that the title of the book is one which she once had the chance to read but had passed up, and had since been searching for it.

Another dreamer sees his old grandmother come walking smilingly by, seemingly not noticing him before she drops to all fours, changes form into something altogether more terrible, then scampers away. And so on. Each such manifestation costs the dreamer at whom it is aimed 0/1D3 Sanity points.

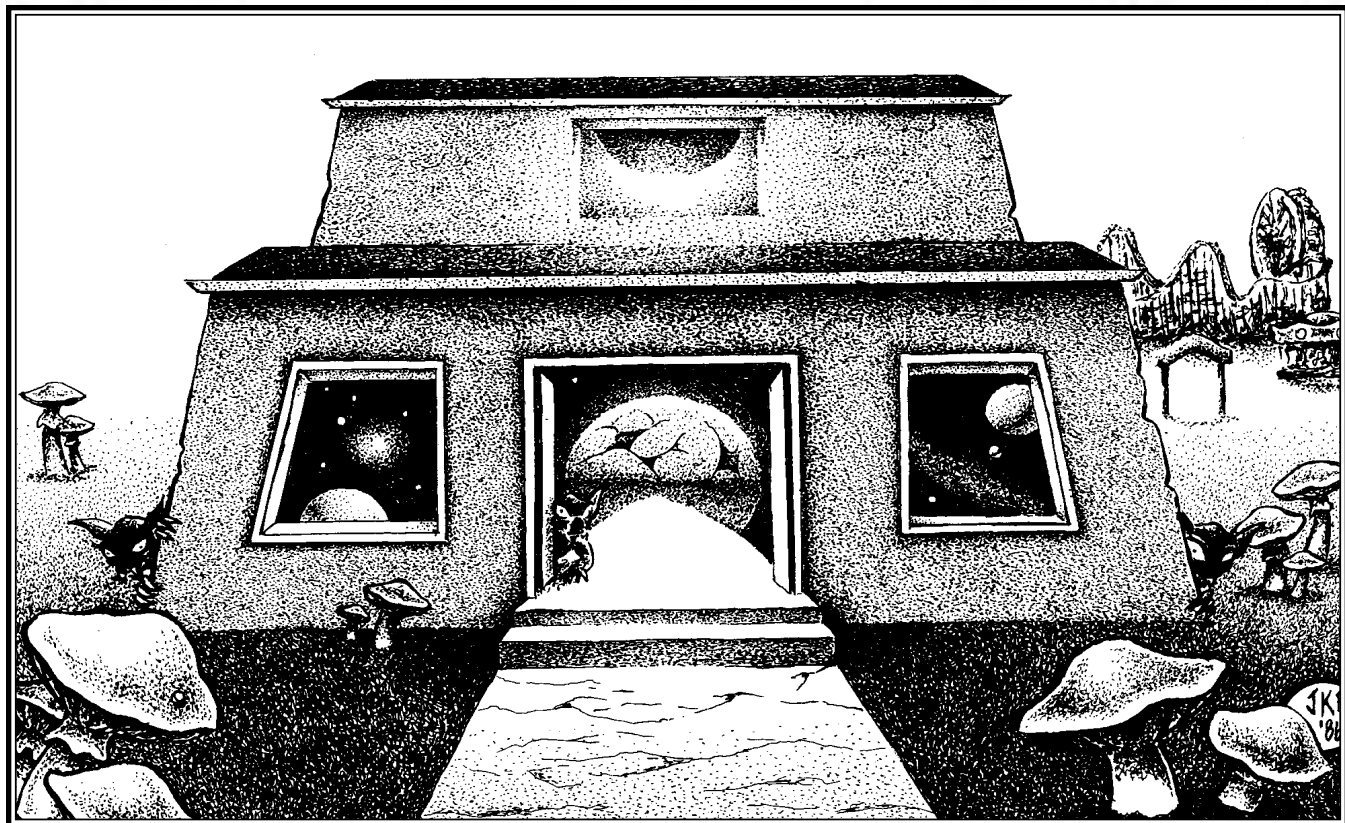
When the keeper senses that the players are heartily sick of Xura, and that they would much rather give up on their quest and go back to the Waking World, the means for the completion of their task can be made available. At this point, keepers might point out (perhaps by an Idea roll) that the investigators can now find the way because they no longer desire to find it.

THE GHOULS

The keeper stops the action beside a hedge, and calls for a Listen roll. Those with successes begin to make out a guttural discussion of the gastronomic delights of necrophagy from beyond the hedge. This is not a particularly intellectual conversation, consisting of such statements as “Meself, I likes the innards best when they’re ALL full of worms,” or “Me, I’m a marrow man,” followed by a sharp *crack!* and a disgusting sucking sound.

As the dreamers become aware of their unpleasant company, so too do the ghouls detect their approach, and one sticks his face up over the hedge to have a look. Although the features are hideously altered, and though the hair is plastered to the skull in lank greasy strands, and though a nameless piece of moldy flesh dangles from his quivering jowls, the dreamers can still recognize him as having once been Daryl Brenton. This disgusting revelation costs them 1/1D6 Sanity points, which also includes the SAN loss for seeing the ghoul.

The ghoul who was Daryl cheerfully greets the dreamers, for he recognizes them as visitors from the Waking World. As a conversation ensues, occasional suspicious-looking pieces of meat are flung over the hedge from the other side, and the revolting sounds of a noxious repast continue. Daryl mockingly invites them to the feast, but the dreamers doubtless decline.



THE HOUSE AT XURA

If they peer over the hedge and see on what the ghouls are picnicking, each loses another 0/1D6 Sanity points.

The dreamers probably ask the ghoul that was Daryl Brenton about Neil Bruford. A thoughtful look crosses his features, he cocks his head to one side, and says “Ah yes, Neil. We fell out, you know. He didn’t see that it is any boy’s right to become a ghoul. Such times we could be having, Neil old boy, you and I, in the lightless caverns! Such times!” But then, for just an instant, a look of unbearable anguish and torment passes through his eyes, and the dreamers know that Daryl Brenton did not choose this life—it was chosen for him. He makes no further indication of his inner agony, however, and puts on his mask of jollity for the rest of the adventure.

“Are you looking for Neil, perhaps?” asks the ghoul that was Daryl Brenton. “I thought that was why you had come, for not many come to Xura, unless they’re like us. Oh, yes, you’re safe enough, we don’t come to Xura to hunt, but to scavenge, if you know what I mean. . . . As for Neil, yes. We once had a friendship which meant a lot to me. I believe I shall take you to him.” With that the ghoul vaults over the hedge and scuttles off down the pathway, hopefully with the dreamers in tow.

The ghoul leads them down a fantastic route, past terrible and wonderful sights: duck ponds covered with happy gossiping fowls, yet beneath the surface can be seen the yellow bones of hundreds of men, grasping silently toward the air. Past an enormous broken statue, at which a skeletal poet beats his head

repeatedly. Past a laughing red and yellow clown pushing screaming people into one end of a grinding machine. And other unsettling sights.

Finally the dreamers arrive at a low crumbling building. The ghoul that was Daryl Brenton shakes the hands of each dreamer (but is not offended if they recoil from his touch), wishes them luck, then bounds away.

Before he passes out of sight, he stops once and calls out “Be seeing you.” And with that he is seen no more.

The Soul of Xura

The building the dreamers stand by does not stand itself: it crouches. It is quite small, with only one story and no windows. A wide opening marks the place where the door should be. The walls are of an evil-looking gray rock. Towards the top, the stone seems distinctly rubbery in consistency.

Within is madness. The dreamers see a huge entrance hall devoid of furniture. And the exits—the exits! Each wall has many doors and archways. Passages and rooms open up on the main chamber. A dozen stairs lead upward, and as many more



lead down. Also visible are ladders, trapdoors, chutes, elevators, and pits.

The dreamers go through a passage, whichever one they please, and they are split up. It doesn't matter if they were holding hands or roped together—suddenly they are separated. Each finds himself alone in a room, small but well-furnished. Here in this room, he or she must confront his or her greatest failure in life. This varies from person to person; some examples follow. The keeper must determine the encounter appropriate to each investigator. In each case, the dreamer can speak with the personification of his failure, and the keeper should use all his skills in this conversation. The individual whom the dreamer meets is no illusion—he or she is real, though only a dream.

Love: the dreamer, who in this case might be a loner, or a misogynist, stands before a beautiful woman. She rises from her seat, her arms outstretched, and commands, "Love!" And he loves. She is the one woman he could truly have loved, if he had ever been truly in love. And it is clear, from her expression, from her voice, from the look in her eyes, that she loves him dearly, too. She speaks with him lovingly. Yes, she's a real person, living somewhere in the waking world. Yes, she's an illusion of Xura as well, for this is her dream-self, the self that she has never been, will never be. For she can never meet the dreamer now. If only he'd been a little less selfish. If only he'd searched, just a little longer for her. He would have met her. As they touch, she fades, and a back door to the room opens. He passes through.

Hate: the dreamer, who is a rather passive fellow, stands before a tall, dark figure, who steps forward, exposing his furrowed face to the light, and commands, "Hate!" And he hates. This is his Enemy. An Enemy he must despise and fear. The Enemy speaks. Yes, he's a real person, living somewhere in the waking world. If they had met, they would have been grand foes. The Enemy's fornications, plots, and villainy would have undermined honor and justice, and only the dreamer would have had the will and the ability to frustrate him. Ultimately, they would meet in final confrontation, from which only one would emerge victorious. But they will never meet. If only the dreamer had been less apathetic, more eager to seek a purpose to his life. If he had been brave enough to live, rather than just exist. But the Enemy fades, and a back door opens. The dreamer passes through.

Faith: the dreamer, who is a skeptic about religious matters, stands before a portly cleric, who reaches his arms to the sky, and commands "Believe!" in a deep golden voice. And he believes. This is the one priest that the dreamer could have believed, who could have proven to the dreamer, with self-sacrifice and fatherly wisdom, that God lives, that hope is not forlorn, that the universe is not unjust, and that all is part of a great Eternal Plan. They speak together. When the dreamer tries to question the priest about religion or religious matters the priest begins to turn translucent and his voice becomes fainter. But this is only the priest's dream form—he

really does exist on Earth. If only the dreamer had been less cynical, more willing to risk some of his personality to find the ultimate truth behind the universe. But it is too late. The priest fades from view, and a door opens in the back wall. The dreamer passes through.

Other dreamers might meet their best friend, the father-figure they never knew, etc. You as the keeper should carefully evaluate how the dreamer conducted himself during this interview. If he was crushed by the vision of his failure, but accepted it and seems depressed or fatalistic (according to his personality), give him (secretly) 3 points. If he reacted violently, trying to destroy the vision or attacking it, give him 2 points. If he tried to deny the vision's reality, pretending or claiming that it is all an illusion, give him 2 points. If he seemed apathetic to the vision, not caring much or acting flippantly about it, give him 1 point.

Keep track of these points. They'll be useful later.

Alone With Themselves

Each dreamer now has faced his or her Failure. Now they must face the specter of their lost success. As the dreamers each step through into the next room, they find a place special to themselves. Entering from the opposite end of that chamber comes their Ultimate Self. Again, you as the keeper must utilize your knowledge of the persona of each dreamer to describe this.

For example, a professor from Miskatonic University may find himself standing in the ivy halls of Oxford. On the walls are pasted newspaper cuttings of glowing reviews of his books (books which he hasn't written yet, nor will ever). Then, from the other end of the hall comes himself, well-groomed, with a book under each arm and clad in the robes of an Oxford Dean.

A young flapper may find herself in a garage containing the car she would love to own. On the walls are photographs of her winning prestigious races in that car, and then her double rolls in, laughing with a handsome man on each arm, whom she sends away and then stands with hands on hips, smiling.

A reporter might find himself in the office of the editor of the *New York Times*. On the desk is a Pulitzer Prize. Just as the reporter realizes that the name on the prize is his own, himself as the editor bursts in, clutching an armful of copy.

A small-town mayor or councilman finds himself in the Oval Office of the White House, where behind Abraham Lincoln's desk sits himself as President.

Deal with each player one by one. Their Ultimate Selves are pleased to see them, and invite them to sit down and have a talk. As they talk, it becomes obvious that the Self is the dreamer. He is the creature who made all the right decisions in life, got all the breaks, and has arrived at a place in life to which the real dreamer can never reasonably hope to attain. But, just perhaps, he could have once.



Eventually, the dreamer must react to this vision. Once again, you the keeper must evaluate his reaction. If, in your opinion, he reacts well, and stoically, or accepts himself as he is, rather than as he could have been, give him 2 more points. If he goes berserk, and attacks his tormentor, by pulling down those newspaper clippings, smashing those photographs, or telling his Ultimate Self to go to hell, or even physically assaulting him, give him 1 point. If he claims that this, too is not real, that he never could have been his Ultimate Self, no matter what, then give him 1 point. If he acts unbelievably, amusedly, or apathetically, give him no points.

Just after the dreamer finishes his conversation, the reality of the last two experiences—what he could have been and what he could have shared sinks deeply into him. Now he must successfully overcome his own INT with his own POW on the Resistance Table. However, he can add the number of points he has earned to his chances of success. (Thus, if POW was 14 and INT was 14, and he had 2 points to add to his POW, the chance would be 60%). If the roll fails, the dreamer fills with despair and sinks to the floor weeping. Move on to the next player. If the roll succeeds, everything vanishes, and the dreamer is now somewhere else. Then move on to the next player. Finish with everyone before revealing the new location.

When the last dreamer has beaten or been conquered by his Great Failure and Ultimate Self, all arrive together in a gray place. No walls are visible, but a gray ceiling can be seen about twenty feet overhead. Standing free in the room are all those dreamers who got successful results from the POW against INT rolls; those who failed are also there, but each is imprisoned, floating suspended in the air in a separate, huge, tear-shaped crystal. Within each crystal the dreamer can be seen, weeping. It is impossible to release the dreamers or even attract their attention. They are locked in their own misery.

Between the dreamers is a large blob of flesh-colored matter with an enormous face, the face of Neil Bruford.

Before the dreamers can act, a door materializes in the air and then opens. Standing beckoning in the doorway is a figure, clearly seen. The figure is perceived differently by each dreamer, for it is their Perfect Partner. If one of the dreamers has already seen the Woman (or Man) He (or She) Could Have Loved in a previous encounter, this is a different person. This being represents pure sexual and carnal lust—the needs of the body rather than the soul. The tortured brain of Neil Bruford sees Bzai-kanaan standing there and the massive bulk whimpers, and a tear slowly courses down what was once a cheek.

Each dreamer is again involved in a struggle with his own will. Add each dreamer's INT plus POW and multiply the total by the Points he earned in his previous encounters with his Ultimate Failure and Ultimate Self. His player must try to roll that total or less on 1D100. For instance, if a dreamer's INT + POW is 15, and he has a total of 2 points, the player would have to roll 30 or less to be victorious. A failed roll means that the investigator cannot resist his or her Partner's APP of 100,

and is helpless not to go through the door. Because everyone is suffering the same crisis simultaneously, those who succeed are unable to assist those who fail. Once all the victims have passed through the door, it vanishes, and there appears in the room as many huge heart-shaped crystals as there were victims. Within the crystals they sit, contented and smiling, but as helplessly imprisoned as those caught in their own tears.

Only a few dreamers remain at this point, if any. The blobby Neil-Thing on the floor turns to them and speaks. It emits the same roaring voice which the dreamers heard coming from Neil's tortured throat back in the hospital ward, so many centuries ago. "Welcome," it thunders, and smiles.

The dreamers must now decide what to do. If they try to speak with one another, they find that each other's voices are inaudible, though they can hear their own voice well enough. If they wish to speak with the Neil-Thing, they can converse amicably enough. It senses that it may soon be beaten, but it is not beaten yet. The players must decide individually, without consulting one another, how to act against it, to save themselves and their client. Those dreamers who attack or otherwise attempt violence on the Neil-Thing are lost. Calmly tell them that they are supposed to be men and women of learning and vision, of the breed which produced penicillin, and will produce "A Farewell To Arms". All who attack find themselves each imprisoned in a bomb-shaped crystal, fighting and smashing futilely on the walls of their impenetrable prisons. And so, if there is anyone left to fight, the fight must be won with words.

The Neil-Thing's Questions

The Neil-Thing opens its mouth and ask the following series of questions: "Is there a meaning to life? What do you love? Why do you love it? What does it matter? Why do you care?" Once more, the keeper must judge the appropriateness of the dreamers' answers, rating them on a 1-10 scale.

SCORES OF 1-3 . . .

The worst answers possible: "I don't know!" "Who cares?" "Fuck off!"

SCORES OF 4-7 . . .

Rote dogma given from shallowness. "The meaning of life is to work for the benefit of the proletariat and ultimate socialist victory." "The meaning of life is to have fun." "The meaning of life is to work hard and never ask why."

SCORES OF 8-10 . . .

Well-thought-out answers, no matter what their nature. "We must understand the nature of God's love to understand human love. We are His children." "Since none of us know the meaning of life, let us treat each other compassionately, while we strive to know."



Now the Neil-Thing asks the hardest question, "Should you exist?" And the question rings right through the core of each dreamer's heart and soul. The dreamer's own soul, takes over, and answers.

Take the rating and add it to the Points which the dreamer earned earlier in the adventure to derive a total. Now roll 1D10. If the die roll is equal to or less than the total just derived, the dreamer's soul answers "Yes." Otherwise, it answers "No."

But if the answer is affirmative and given here, in the heart of the Land of Unattained Pleasures, then the sentiment and the conviction defeat this being.

IF THEY FAIL

If all the dreamers are trapped in one or other of Xura's imprisonments, they stay there for the duration of their sleep. Upon waking, they will have to devise some plan to escape their horrible fate. Until then, every night that they dream, they experience the same sort of dream. For those engaged in teardrop crystals, they are dreams of frustration and failure. For those in heart-shaped crystals, all the dreams are erotic. For those in the bomb-shaped crystals, all the dreams are violent and bloody.

On midnight, on February 14th, Neil Bruford awakes screaming in agony. His back arches, his eyes roll up, and there is a wet tearing sound as he is rent open from head to groin. As his twitching body peels open, a formless black shadow swirls up from his steaming innards and sweeps out of the room, over the city. That cloud bears feelings of insignificance and misery for all who come in contact with it. By the next day it has dissipated and permeated the entire city. Gangster wars become violent and bootlegging and alcoholism rampant. The suicide rate doubles. The divorce rate triples. Everywhere people gloomily ponder on what they could have been and could have done. Everyone in the city loses 1D6 Sanity points except the investigators, who because they know why it happened and could have prevented it, lose 2D6 Sanity points.

Nevertheless, just because they have failed does not mean they are beaten. They could find a way to free themselves and try again. Such an adventure is up to the keeper to plot and determine.

More direct solutions are possible; they know that Bruford is going to become a gateway, and a standard way to close a gateway is with an Elder Sign. They could place one on Neil's body, which would prevent the Spirit from passing through him, and thus save his life. However, the instant the sign is

removed the Spirit breaks through, and it is unlikely that Neil will have enough presence of mind to keep in contact with an Elder Sign for the rest of his life. But in the meantime, the investigators gain 1D6 Sanity, which is lost as soon as they hear of Neil's strange and violent death some time later.

The investigators may think to get the Elder Sign directly on to Neil's body, by way of a tattoo or a scar in the shape of the five-pointed star, enchanted appropriately. However, Mrs. Bruford will not hear of this, and if the investigators try, she will forcibly try to prevent them. If they overpower her and eventually succeed in doing their deed, a few weeks later she prevails on Neil to have the tattoo surgically removed. Need we dwell on the grim scene in that operating room should the surgeon succeed?

A less agreeable solution is to seal up Neil somewhere and place an Elder Sign on the entrance. He still dies, but so long as the Sign stays in place the Spirit cannot pass into the world. This callous decision gains no Sanity points for the investigators.

IF THEY SUCCEED

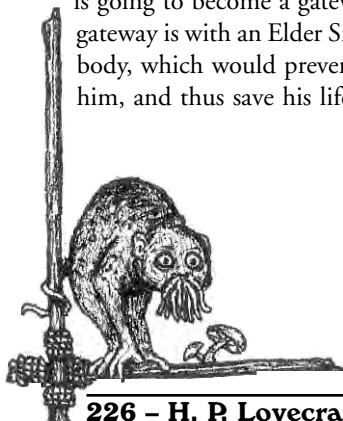
If the dreamers beat the Spirit in Xura, the shock causes it to lose hold of Neil entirely. Sadly, only its will holds his festering dream-self together, so the dream-self explodes into fragments of pulsating tissue as the dreamers all awaken. The real Neil awakes safe and sound, though shaken up. After these experiences, his Sanity is only 48. Sarah selflessly nurses him back to health, and perhaps eventually the two find happiness. The investigators gain 2D6 Sanity points each.

Next time the dreamers enter the Dreamlands, they no longer find themselves in Xura. That charnel land has expelled them.

Conclusion

Whatever the outcome, there is no hope for the dream Neil; the corruption of Xura has transformed it into something utterly inhuman and abominable. A tortured fragment of Neil's mind remains somewhere within it, but only a fragment. When the process is complete, the Spirit of Xura will annihilate the alien mass which is now Neil's dream-self, thus bringing his waking self out of the coma. *But oh, the brief and crimson horror of that awakening!*

As for the Spirit of Xura, it still seeks an avatar. Perhaps one day soon it will find one. ❖





PART III: APPENDICES

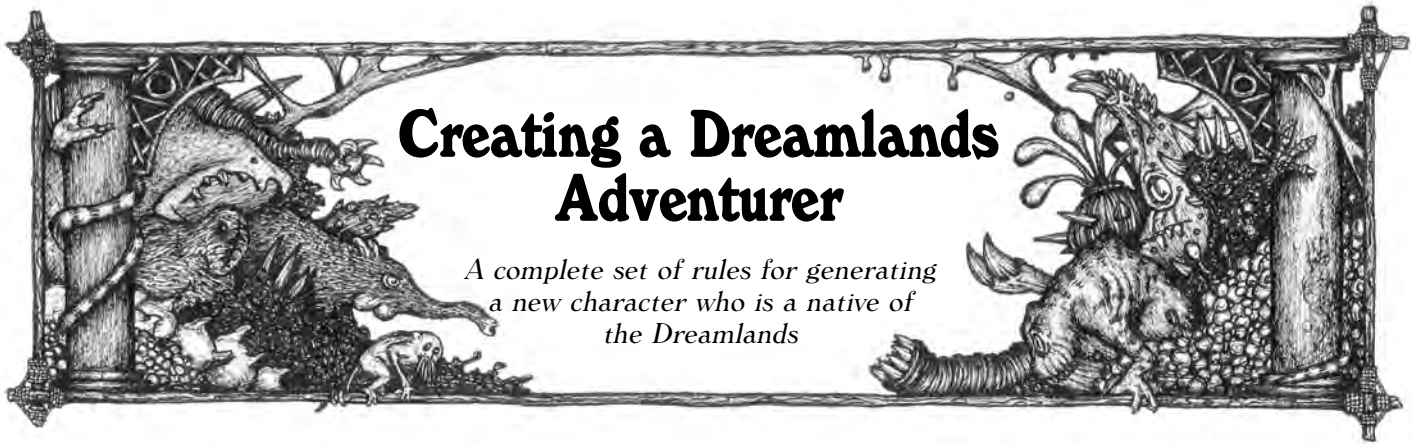


This last section of the book includes a set of appendices. They are peripheral sources, but it is hoped that they will add to your enjoyment of this book. There are three appendices.

Appendix One, **Creating A Dreamlands Adventurer**, gives information on creating a native of the Dreamlands. Traditionally, the Dreamlands has been used as an adjunct to the Waking World, a place where investigators may visit for a short time. With the system given in this appendix, you can begin to build a Dreamlands-only campaign.

Appendix Two, **A Dreamlands Bibliography**, provides a solid listing of the majority of Dreamlands stories that have been written. If you've finished reading this supplement, and you still want more information, these are the places to look.

Appendix Three, **A Dreamlands Chronology**, lists a number of the most important Dreamlands stories in a hypothetical chronology based on internal references.



Creating a Dreamlands Adventurer

A complete set of rules for generating a new character who is a native of the Dreamlands

Traditionally, most *Call of Cthulhu* investigators have followed in the footsteps of Randolph Carter and King Kuranen in their explorations of the Dreamlands. Like these two heroes, they begin life in the Waking World, and cross over to the Dreamlands through the veil of sleep, exploring a strange world of fantasy and horror that is in sharp contrast to their own. This book is written largely with that view point in mind.

However, as an alternative, *Call of Cthulhu* players may decide to play natives of the Dreamlands who know little of the Waking World. This can allow for a totally Dreamlands-based campaign, rather than one that uses the Dreamlands as just an occasional detour. This Appendix gives complete rules for creating a native Dreamlands Adventurer. The *Call of Cthulhu* investigator creation rules are used as a basis, but they have been slightly modified.

Statistics for weapons located in this appendix may also be of use for more standard *Call of Cthulhu* adventures.

	Investigator Name _____ Occupation _____ Guilds/Degrees _____ Birthplace _____ Mental Disorders _____ Sex _____ Age _____	Characteristics & Rolls STR _____ DEX _____ INT _____ Idea _____ CON _____ APP _____ POW _____ Luck _____ SIZ _____ SAN _____ EDU _____ Know _____ 99 Cthulhu Myths _____ Damage Bonus _____																																																																							
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Locales & Occupations

THE WEST

- Dylath-Leenthieves, thugs
- Enchanted Woodhunters
- Hlanithartists, merchants
- Ilarnekk.....merchants, sages
- Kadatheronherders, sages
- Oonai.....artists, entertainers
- Thraaherders, merchants
- Ultharfarmer, tradesmen

THE EAST

- Celephaïs.....merchants, priests
- Ilek-Vadtradesmen, sages
- Rinar.....sailors

THE NORTH

- Inquanoktradesmen (masons), laborers

ISLAND CITIES

- Baharna.....artists, tradesmen (potters)
- Serranian.....nobles

The Dreamlands Adventurer Sheet

The character sheet provided in this chapter serves two purposes: it can be used for both the Dreamlands native character and for the *Call of Cthulhu* investigator who has acquired the Dreaming and Dream Lore skills, and a couple other skills useful mainly in the Dream world. Modifications to this sheet are found primarily in the Skills section.

SKILLS & "SCIENCE" SKILLS

Typical *Call of Cthulhu* investigators know skills neither available nor imagined by most Dreamlands inhabitants. Skills available to the Dreamlands native-born character are listed with the familiar square experience checkbox (☐) beside them.



Dreamlands Occupations

Artist—Painters, sculptors, and other creators of beauty. Many artists are members of trade guilds. *Skills:* Art, Bargain, Dream Lore, Fast Talk, Legal Customs, Library Use, Spot Hidden. *Equipment:* tools appropriate for the art form, enough medium to create a few works of art.

Beggar—Those unfortunates either unable or unwilling to work. *Skills:* Bargain, Conceal, Fast Talk, Hide, Persuade, Sneak, one skill as a personal specialty. *Equipment:* none.

Clerk—Assistants to nobles or merchants. Some clerks are members of trade guilds. *Skills:* Accounting, Bargain, Drive Carriage, Legal Customs, Navigate, Spot Hidden, one skill as a personal specialty. *Equipment:* abacus, fine clothes, a small gem.

Entertainer—Bards, storytellers, and troubadours. Some entertainers are members of trade guilds. *Skills:* Art, Dodge, Dream Lore, Fast Talk, Listen, Other Language, one skill as a personal specialty. *Equipment:* tools appropriate for the entertainment style, good walking shoes.

Farmer—Those who make their living primarily by growing crops. *Skills:* Bargain, Craft (Farming), Drive Wagon, Natural History, Spot Hidden, one impromptu weapon skill (e.g., a bludgeon, a pitchfork), one skill as a personal specialty. *Equipment:* an impromptu weapon.

Fisherman—Those who live off of the ocean's bounty. *Skills:* Listen, Natural History, Navigate, Pilot Boat, Spot Hidden, Swim, Throw. *Equipment:* small boat, fishing gear.

Healer—Respected villagers trained in the healing arts. *Skills:* Fast Talk, First Aid, Medicine, Natural History, Spot Hidden, one other language, one skill as a personal specialty. *Equipment:* bandages, herbs, and other first aid supplies.

Herder—Domesticators of livestock. *Skills:* Listen, Natural History, Ride, Spot Hidden, Throw, one impromptu weapon skill (e.g., a staff), one skill as a personal specialty. *Equipment:* one impromptu weapon.

Hunter—Trappers and trackers. *Skills:* Conceal, Hide, Jump, Listen, Sneak, Track, one weapon skill. *Equipment:* any desired trapping equipment (e.g., snares, etc), a weapon.

Laborer—Menial workers of all type. In Inqanok, the laborers are primarily miners. *Skills:* Climb, Dodge, Fast Talk, Jump, Throw, one weapon skill, any one skill as personal specialty. *Equipment:* one weapon, old and well-used.

Mercenary—A wandering warrior or sell-sword. *Skills:* Dodge, Fist/Punch, Dream Lore, Jump, two weapon skills, one skill as a personal specialty. *Equipment:* two weapons or a weapon and a shield, armor no better than chain mail.

Merchant—Sellers of merchandise, sometimes stationary and sometimes travelling. *Skills:* Accounting, Bargain, Conceal,

Fast Talk, Legal Customs, Persuade, any one skill appropriate to a commonly sold product. *Equipment:* fine clothing, two small gems, common goods for sale.

Noble—Lesser nobles, not destined to inherit titles. *Skills:* Art, Bargain, Dream Lore, Legal Customs, Occult, Persuade, any one skill as a personal specialty. *Equipment:* fine clothing, two small gems, and one medium-sized gem.

Priest—The greatest worshipers of the Great Ones. *Skills:* Dream Lore, Dreaming*, Fast Talk, Occult, Legal Customs, Persuade, any one skill as a personal specialty. *Equipment:* a small holy symbol appropriate to the Great One the Priest worships, made of a precious metal.

Sage—Scholars, librarians, and other seekers of knowledge. *Skills:* Dream Lore, Natural History, Occult, any two Other Languages, any one Craft skill as an area of knowledge, any one other skill as a personal specialty. *Equipment:* one book.

Sailor—Common ship works, mates, or captains. *Skills:* Climb, Dream Lore, Jump, Navigate, Other Language, Pilot Boat or Pilot Sky Galleon, Swim. *Equipment:* warm clothing.

Soldier—Guards and other warriors who are lawfully employed. *Skills:* Dodge, Fist/Punch, Jump, Legal Customs, two weapon skills, one other skill as a personal specialty. *Equipment:* two weapons or a weapon and a shield, armor no better than chain mail.

Teacher—A private tutor or good-hearted educator. *Skills:* Dream Lore, Fast Talk, Natural History, Other Language, Persuade, any two other skills as a personal specialties. *Equipment:* one book.

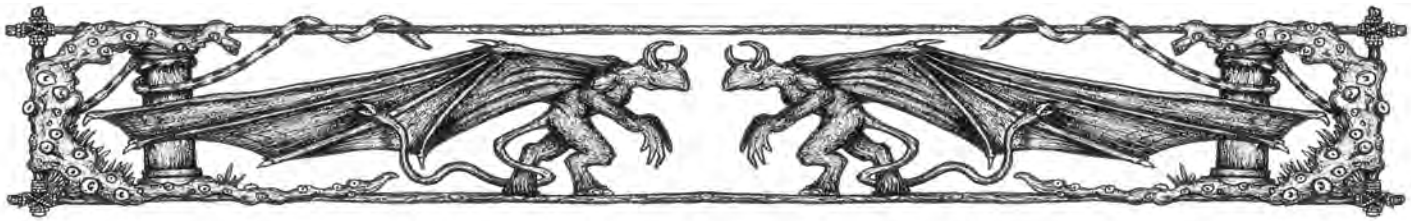
Thief—Rogues, and cutpurses. *Skills:* Climb, Conceal, Fast Talk, Hide, Locksmith, Sneak, any one weapon skill. *Equipment:* a few stolen trinkets of minimal value, a weapon.

Thug—Black-hearted warriors who work outside the law. *Skills:* Dodge, Fist/Punch, Jump, Persuade, Sneak, Spot Hidden, one weapon skill. *Equipment:* one weapon, leather armor.

Tradesmen—Members of trade guilds. This occupation covers a wide variety of professions which create things, include smiths, wrights, brewers, masons, carpenters, and more. *Skills:* any two Crafts or Arts appropriate to the adventurer's trade, Bargain, Fast Talk, Persuade, Spot Hidden, any other skill as a personal specialty. *Equipment:* tools appropriate for the craft, a few created items from the craft.

Wanderer—Adventurers and explorers. *Skills:* Climb, Dream Lore, Legal Customs, Natural History, Navigate, Swim, one weapon skill. *Equipment:* one weapon, shield, armor no better than leather.

*This occupation may put points in Dreaming up to 25%.



Those skills deemed grounded in Waking World reality, science, mechanics, dogma, and the codification of data are antithetical to the nature of the dream world. These skills are listed with a round experience checkbox (○) and are forbidden to dreamlands natives.

Finally, waking world investigators whose total percentiles in these “scientific” skills equals or exceeds 300 points lose the natural ability to enter the dreamlands merely by dreaming. Such investigators must resort to other mechanical, magical, or chemical means of passing beyond the veil of sleep.

Characteristics

Dreamlands adventurers possess the same basic characteristics as standard *Call of Cthulhu* investigators. They have Strength, Constitution, Size, Intelligence, Power, Dexterity, Appearance, Education, and Sanity, just as their Waking World counterparts. However, the characteristic of Education has a slightly different meaning in the Dreamlands, as is described below.

Most adventurers in the Dreamlands are more robust, and less learned, than the scholarly knowledge seeker who is the typical *Call of Cthulhu* investigator. For that reason, characteristic rolls are slightly different in the Dreamlands. First, roll 3D6 for each of STR, POW, APP, CON, and DEX. Afterward, however, divide 3 extra points among these characteristics, increasing no characteristic to greater than 18. Then, roll 2D6+6 for SIZ and INT. Finally, EDU is only 3D6 for Dreamlands natives.

EDU (EDUCATION)

In the Dreamlands, Education is more of a measure of life experience than formal education. It may include apprenticeships, as well as knowledge gained over a lifetime. A Dreamlands adventurer with an EDU of 13 is just as knowledgeable as a *Call of Cthulhu* investigator with the same EDU, but they have gained this knowledge in different ways, and are likely familiar with vastly different topics.

Much Education in the Dreamlands is done through trade guilds. Adventurers with an EDU of 12 or less were likely Apprentices in a trade. They worked cleaning, doing menial labor, and running errands for their master, and perhaps learning a little bit about their profession in the process. Adventurers with an EDU of 13 to 18 were probably journeymen in their trade. After completing their apprenticeships, they journeyed from town to town plying their trade for day wages. An adventurer with a EDU of 18 has the minimum requirements to become a master of his trade. However, he must also complete a masterpiece, and have it accepted by the

Characteristic Rolls

STR: roll 3D6* DEX: roll 3D6* INT: roll 2D6+6
 CON: roll 3D6* APP: roll 3D6* POW: roll 3D6*
 SIZ: roll 2D6+6 SAN: POWx5 EDU: roll 3D6
 Idea: INTx5 Luck: POWx5 Know: EDUx5

* After rolling for these characteristics, divide 3 extra points among them, increasing none to greater than 18.

Damage Bonuses

STR+SIZ	DB	STR+SIZ	DB
2 to 12	-1D6	73 to 88	+4D6
13 to 16	-1D4	89 to 104	+5D6
17 to 24	+0	105 to 120	+6D6
25 to 32	+1D4	121 to 136	+7D6
33 to 40	+1D6	137 to 152	+8D6
41 to 56	+2D6	153 to 168	+9D6
57 to 72	+3D6	179 to 184	+10D6

* Each +16 or fraction thereof, +1D6 more

other masters of his guild. Not only does this require the journeyman to complete an item of great beauty or utility, but he must also deal with the politics of his guild. If an adventurer wishes to become a master tradesman, this should be pursued in game play.

Characteristic Rolls

All characteristic rolls are determined in exactly the same way as in the main *Call of Cthulhu* rules. At this time, an adventurer should determine his Idea, Luck, and Knowledge rolls, as well as his Damage Bonus, his hit points, and his magic points.

Background

Before filling out the rest of your adventurer’s background, you should first skim through the box on Dreamlands occupations. Select an occupation for your adventurer, and keep it in mind.

NAME

Names in the Dreamlands are distinctly non-earthly, as the NPCs in this book show. People in the Dreamlands most fre-



quently have a single name, although this is occasionally modified by a description (e.g., the Wanderer, or the Searcher).

TRADE GUILD STATUS

Based upon your EDU, you can determine your adventurer's trade guild status. Was your adventurer in a trade guild or is all of his Education from life experience? Did your adventure complete an apprenticeship? Is your adventurer still an apprentice, or did he leave? If your apprentice is a journeyman, is he actively seeking to become a master?

BIRTHPLACE

The box on page 228, Locales & Occupations, lists a number of the most famous locations in the Dreamlands and occupations that are particularly associated with those locations. Don't

let this table limit you. Your adventurer can come from whatever place strikes your fancy, though certain places are renowned for certain occupations.

SEX AND AGE

Sex can be male or female, and has no other specific game effect. Age must be at least EDU+6.

MARKS, SCARS, MENTAL DISORDERS

If something significant to the adventurer's background story produced body changes or mutilations or emotional scarring, that could be entered here.

THE PICTURE

Draw or photocopy a picture here. Or, alternatively, use this space for notes.

Dreamlands Skills

*Following is a listing of skills most common in the Dreamlands. Skills in **Bold** are either new to this book, or have notes on how the Dreamlands version of the skill differs from that in the Waking World.*

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

Accounting 10%
 Art 5%
 Bargain 5%
 Climb 40%
 Conceal 15%
Craft 5%
 Cthulhu Mythos 00%
 Dodge DEX x2%
Dreaming 00%
Dream Lore 10%
 Drive Carriage 20%
 Fast Talk 5%
 First Aid 30%
 Hide 10%
 Jump 25%
Legal Customs 05%
 Library Use 25%
 Listen 25%
Locksmith 00%
Martial Arts 00%
Medicine 05%
 Natural History 10%
 Navigate 10%
 Occult 05%

Other Language 00% Own Language EDUx5%

Persuade 15%
Pilot 00%
Ride 05%
 Sneak 10%
 Spot Hidden 25%
 Swim 25%
 Throw 25%
 Track 10%

COMBAT SKILLS

Archery 10%
Axe 20%
Fencing Foil 10%
 Fist/Foil 50%
 Grapple 25%
 Head Butt 10%
 Kick 25%
Knife 25%
Lance 10%
Pole Arm 10%
Spear 15%
Specific Weapon (varies)

Occupation, Skills, and Equipment

At this point, you can fill in the rest of your adventurer's background by selecting an occupation. You can either choose one from the nearby box of Dreamlands Occupations, or make up your own. Each occupation lists a few background notes, a set of seven skills, and starting equipment.

SKILL POINTS

Having chosen an occupation, multiply your adventurer's EDU x20, and allocate those points to the skills listed for the occupations. Points do not have to be allocated to every skill. Any allotted points are added to those already pre-printed on the adventurer sheet. Unless noted otherwise, points may not be allocated to Cthulhu Mythos or Dreaming.

PERSONAL INTERESTS

Even in the world of the Dreamlands, adventurers have time for personal interests. Multiply INT x10 and allot the points to any skills other than Cthulhu Mythos or Dreaming.

EQUIPMENT

Each occupation lists certain equipment that you start out with. In many cases, you will need to define exactly what this equipment is. Adventurers should also get additional starting equipment related to any skills which are at least 50% at start. For example, a sage who put points into Craft (Pottery) might start with a potter's wheel, while a tradesman who put his personal interest points toward a weapon could have it at starting, assuming in both cases that their skills were at least 50%.

HOW TO CREATE YOUR

1. Determine Characteristics

Find a blank Adventurer Sheet. Write your name in the space on the side.

- * Roll 3D6 once each for the characteristics STR, CON, POW, DEX, and APP. Afterward, you may allocate a total of 3 points to some combination of these characteristics, though you may not increase any above 18.
- * Roll 2D6+6 once each for SIZ and INT.
- * Roll 3D6 for EDU.
- * SAN equals POW x5.

These numbers form the skeleton of your adventurer. Be alert for ways to flesh out your adventurer by explaining the number you roll. If you don't like the numbers you've rolled, erase all and roll anew.

6. Determine Additional Background

- * Choose the gender of your investigator
- * Marks, scars, and mental disorders may come in the course of play.
- * Make sure your name is on the left side of the sheet, and not at the top—that's where your investigator's name goes.
- * The minimum age is EDU+6 in years. For each ten years older that you make your investigator, add a point of EDU, and therefore an additional 20 occupation points for each decade. Maturity has a price: for each ten-year interval or fraction above age 40, subtract a point of STR, CON, DEX, or APP.
- * Determine if you are a member of a trade guild, and what rank you have achieved. This will vary depending on your occupation.
- * Choose a birthplace, using the Gazetteer of the Dreamlands, and possibly the box of cities and occupations on p. 228.

5. Determine Weapon Statistics

Even if your investigator took no weapons, the weapons section contains four personal attacks. Enter their current skill point amounts. Find their attack damages in the Dreamlands Weapon Table. Unless the investigator's damage bonus is zero, enter it after the attack damage, as for instance 1D3+1D4 or 1D3-1D4 for the Fist/Punch skill.

- * Firearms are not available in the Dreamlands.
- * A list of common Dreamlands combat skills is on p. 231. A list of common Dreamlands weapons, along with complete stats, is on p. 234.

The Dreamlands Investigator Sheet includes the following sections:

- Investigator Name:** _____
- Occupation:** _____
- Guns/Degrees:** _____
- Birthplace:** _____
- Mental Disorders:** _____
- Sex:** _____ **Age:** _____
- Sanity Points:** A grid from 15 to 99.
- Investigator Skills:**
 - Accounting (10%)
 - Anthropology (01%)
 - Archaeology (01%)
 - Art (05%)
 - Astronomy (01%)
 - Bargain (05%)
 - Biology (01%)
 - Chemistry (01%)
 - Clubs (40%)
 - Conceal (15%)
 - Craft (05%)
 - Credit Rating (15%)
 - Cthulhu Myths (00%)
 - Disguise (01%)
 - Dodge (DEX x2)
 - Dream Lore (01%)
 - Dreaming (00%)
 - Drive Carriage (20%)
 - Fast Talk (05%)
 - First Aid (30%)
 - Geology (01%)
 - Hide (10%)
 - History (20%)
 - Jump (25%)
 - Law (05%)
 - Legal Customs (0)
 - Library Use (25%)
 - Listen (25%)
 - Locksmith (01%)
 - Martial Arts (01%)
 - Mech. Repair (20)
 - Medicine (05%)
 - Natural History (1
 - Navigate (0%)
 - Occult (05%)
 - Opt. Heavy Mch (
 - Other Language (
 - Own Language (E
 - Prexide (15%)
 - Pharmacy (01%)
 - Photography (10)
 - Physics (01%)
 - Pilot (01%)
 - Psychology (05%)
- Weapons:**

weapon	%	damage	ind	rng	#att	hp	we
<input type="checkbox"/> Fist (50%)	---	1D3+db	1	0'	1	n/a	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Grapple (25%)	---	special	2	0'	1	n/a	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Head (10%)	---	1D4+db	0	0'	1	n/a	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Kick (25%)	---	1D6+db	0	0'	1	n/a	<input type="checkbox"/>



DREAMLANDS ADVENTURER

Characteristics & Rolls

STR ___ DEX ___ INT ___ Idea ___
 CON ___ APP ___ POW ___ Luck ___
 SIZ ___ SAN ___ EDU ___ Know ___

99 Cthulhu Mythos _____ Damage Bonus _____

Magic Points **Hit Points**

Uncommon: 0 1 2 3 Deal: -2 -1 0 1 2 3
 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43

Skill Tests:

Ride (05%)
 Sneak (10%)
 Spot Hidden (25%)
 Swim (25%)
 Throw (25%)
 Track (10%)

WEAPON CLASSES

Archery (10%)
 Axe (20%)
 Fencing Foil (10%)
 Handgun (20%)
 Knife (25%)
 Machine Gun (15%)
 Pole Arms (10%)
 Rifle (25%)
 Shotgun (30%)
 Spear (15%)

Weapon **%** **Damage** **Hand** **Range** **Att** **HP**

2. Determine Characteristic Rolls

- * Multiply INT x5 for Idea, POW x5 for Luck, and EDU x5 for Know, and enter the results.
- * Add STR to SIZ, and find the die roll in the Damage Bonus Table (below). Write in that roll. The roll may be a negative or positive amount; if none, write in none.
- * Enter the number 99 for 99 minus Cthulhu Mythos. As your adventurer gains points in that skill, lower this number a like amount.

3. Determine Derived Characteristic Points

- * Add CON + SIZ and divide by 2, rounding up, to determine initial hit points.
- * Initial magic points are equal to POW.
- * Initial Sanity points are equal to POW x5.

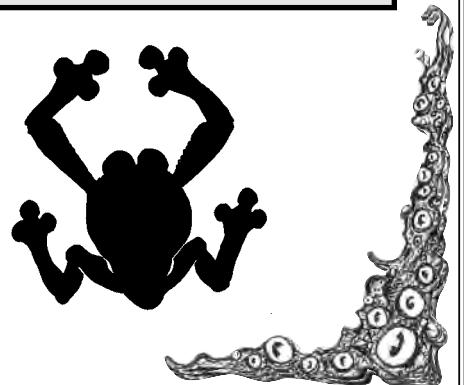
4. Determine Occupation & Skills

- * Choose an occupation
- * To determine occupational skills, multiply the adventurer's EDU by 20, and give points only to those skills listed for the occupation.
- * To determine personal interest skills, multiply the adventurer's INT by 10, and give points to any skills other than Cthulhu Mythos and Dreaming. Note that skills should be chosen from the list of common Dreamlands skills on p. 231.
- * Pencil in any printed base chance above zero.
- * Allocate any equipment listed in the occupation to the adventurer.

Damage Bonuses

STR+SIZ	DB	STR+SIZ	DB
2 to 12	-1D6	73 to 88	+4D6
13 to 16	-1D4	89 to 104	+5D6
17 to 24	+0	105 to 120	+6D6
25 to 32	+1D4	121 to 136	+7D6
33 to 40	+1D6	137 to 152	+8D6
41 to 56	+2D6	153 to 168	+9D6
57 to 72	+3D6	179 to 184	+10D6

* Each +16 or fraction thereof, +1D6 more





Dreamlands Weapons & Armor

ARMOR

Soft Leather	1HP
Stiff Leather	2HP
Cuirbolli	3HP
Ringmail	5HP
Scalemail	6HP
Chainmail	7HP
Platemail	8HP
Shield*	+2HP

*—Needs one free hand

PERSONAL ATTACKS

	%	damage	hands	range	att/rnd
Fist/Punch	50	1D3+db	1	touch	1
Grapple	25	special	2	touch	1
Head Butt	10	1D4+db	0	touch	1
Kick	25	1D6+db	0	touch	1

HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

	%	damage	hands	range	att/rnd	hit points
Axe, Battle	20	1D8+2+db	1	touch	1	15
Axe, Kledian	20	2D6+db	1	touch	1	15
Blackjack	40	1D8+db	1	touch	1	4
Club, Large	25	1D8+db	1	touch	1	20
Club, Small	25	1D6+db	1	touch	1	15
Dagger*	25	1D4+2+db	1	touch	1	15
Epee*	10	1D6+db	1	touch	1	15
Flail, Morning Star	10	1D10+1+db	1	touch	1	12
Flail, Three Chain	10	1D6+2+db	1	touch	1	20
Foil*	10	1D6+1+db	1	touch	1	10
Garrote	15	strangle**	2	touch	1	1
Halberd*	10	3D6+db	2	touch	1	12
Hatchet	20	1D6+1+db	1	touch	1	12
Hook	10	2D6+2	2	touch	1	12
Knife*	25	1D6+db	1	touch	1	12
Lance	10	1D8+1+1D6***	2	touch	1	15
Mace	25	1D6+2+db	1	touch	1	20
Pike*	10	1D10+2+db	2	touch	1	15
Rapier*	10	1D6+1+db	1	touch	1	12
Sickle	20	1D6+1+db	2	touch	1	12
Spear, Long*	15	1D8+1+db	2	touch	1	15
Spear, Short*	15	1D6+1+db	1	touch	1	15
Sword, Cane*	20	1D6+db	1	touch	1	10
Sword, Desert*	15	1D8+1+db	1	touch	1	20
Sword, Great	5	2D8+db	2	touch	1	20
Sword, Short*	15	1D6+1+db	1	touch	1	20
War Hammer	25	1D6+2+db	1	touch	1	20
Whip	5	1D3 or grapple	1	10 feet	1	4

RANGED WEAPONS*

Blowgun	10	1D3	2	10 yards	1	4
Bow, Composite@	5	1D8+1	2	40 yards	2	10
Bow, Long	5	1D8+1	2	30 yards	2	9
Bow, Ossaran@@	5	1D6+1	2	30 yards	2	9
Sling	5	1D8	2	30 yards	1	1

THROWN WEAPONS

Thrown Dagger*	Throw%	1D4+2	1	see Throw	1	15
Thrown Rock	Throw%	1D4	1	see Throw	1	10
Thrown Spear*	Throw%	1D8+1	1	see Throw	1/2	15
War Boomerang	Throw%	1D8	1	see Throw	1/2	8

*—This weapon or class can impale

**—Use rulesbook drowning procedure to determine hit point loss or death

***—Assumes use from horseback

@—These bows are rare

@@—May be used from horseback, at the minimum of the Archery or Ride skill





Skills

The following skills are either new to the Dreamlands, or are slightly altered from the same skill in the Waking world. See the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook for complete descriptions of skills.

CRAFT (05%)

Crafts are skills used to create pleasing effects. Subject to keeper approval, nearly any job or profession that earns income is a craft. Common crafts in the Dreamlands include: armorer, blacksmith, boatwright, brewer, carpenter, fletcher, leather worker, mason, shipwright, and weaver. Although they are not listed in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulesbook, Craft skills are also appropriate in the Waking World. However, most of Lovecraft's protagonists did not have skills of this type. The Craft skill may include both the creation and the mending of items appropriate to the profession. The adventurer sheet contains blank spaces for different versions of this skill.

DREAMING (00%)

The Dreaming skill is explained in full in Chapter One of this book. As is noted there, permanent residents of the Dreamlands are not as skilled at Dreaming. The reality of the Dreamlands is more concrete to them. Natives of the Dreamlands must roll one-fifth of their actual Dreaming skill to succeed. Unlike Waking World characters, natives of the Dreamlands do not start off with any Dreaming skill.

DREAM LORE (01%)

The Dream Lore skill is explained in full in Chapter One of this book. To permanent residents of the Dreamlands, this skill represents a very natural understanding of the world around them. As with normal investigators, every two points that a Dreamlands adventurer receives in Cthulhu Mythos also causes an increase of one point in Dream Lore.

LEGAL CUSTOMS (05%)

In the Waking World, the Law skill allows investigators to understand legal precedent and case history as it might apply to a particular hearing. There is no similarly complex legal system in the Dreamlands. Instead, law is based upon simple customs set forth tens or hundreds of years ago. This skill allows investigators to recognize relevant legal customs for the varied countries of the Dreamlands.

LOCKSMITH (01%)

In the Dreamlands, the skill of Locksmith is more properly Pick Lock. It provides no knowledge of sophisticated, electronic alarm systems.

Natives & Spells

The Dreamlands is a fantastic realm, much more magical than our own. For this reason, many spells are available in the Dreamlands that could not be cast in the Waking World (see pp. 148-155).

In addition, because natives of the Dreamlands are more used to the fantastic, they find casting spells less Sanity blasting. Whenever a native of the Dreamlands casts a Waking World spell, they lose only the minimum rolled SAN. Even natives of the Dreamlands must still roll normally for the spells of the Dreamlands, since they are typically more horrible, powerful, or reality shattering than those of the Waking World.

MARTIAL ARTS (01%)

This skill is relatively rare in the Dreamlands. One of the few groups known to practice it is the priesthood of the yellow-skulled monks of Yuth.

MEDICINE (05%)

Medicine as we know it is extremely rare in the Dreamlands. It is a rare Dreamlands practitioner that can exceed 50% in this skill.

OTHER LANGUAGE (01%)

Specify the language. All humans of the Dreamlands speak the same common language, and visitors to the Dreamlands will find themselves able to speak and understand that language with no effort. Certain other peoples within the Dreamlands have their own languages, including: cats, ghaists, ghouls, moonbeasts, and zoogs. Aklo is an ancient language of the Dreamlands, now dead.

OWN LANGUAGE (EDU x5%)

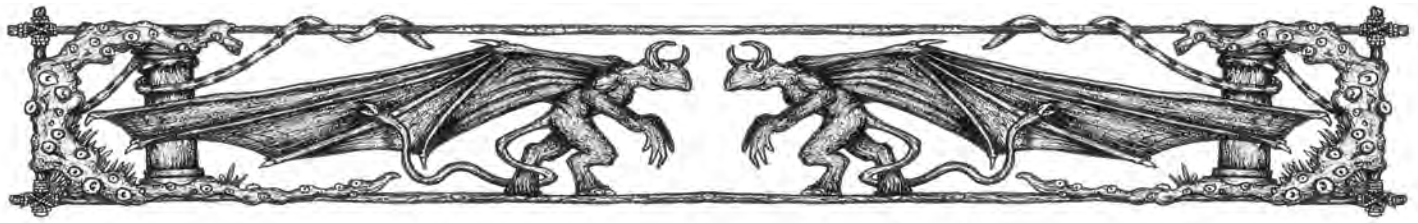
See Other Language.

PILOT (01%)

Two main versions of this skill exist in the Dreamlands—Pilot Boat and Pilot Sky Galleon. The latter is used for sailing the strange ships which fly up to Serannian or off the edge of the world. An adventurer unskilled in Pilot Sky Galleon may instead roll half of Pilot Boat. In all other ways, Pilot Sky Galleon is very similar to the standard skill, Pilot Aircraft.

RIDE (05%)

Among the most common riding beasts in the Dreamlands are yaks, zebras, dromedaries, and elephants.



Combat Skills

In general, the weapons of the Dreamlands are more diverse than those of the Waking World. This means that adventurers will usually train in a specific type of weapon, and not necessarily be well-versed in other similar weapons, due to differences in weight and fighting style.

ARCHERY (10%)

This skill includes short bows, long bows, and composite bows. Crossbows do not commonly exist in the Dreamlands. If they did, they could not be used with this skill.

AXE (20%)

A variety of Axes including wood axes and battle axes.

FENCING FOIL (10%)

This skill includes foils, rapiers, and epees.

KNIFE (25%)

This skill includes all manner of short slashing and stabbing weapons, including butcher knives, hunting knives, dirks, daggers, and kitchen knives.

LANCE (10%)

The use of a lancing weapon from horseback. When an attack is made, use the minimum of Lance and Ride.

PERSONAL ATTACK (VARIES)

These are the standard *Call of Cthulhu* combat skills of Fist/Punch, Head Butt, Kick, and Grapple. They are not a coherent class of skills, and an increase in one skill has no effect on the others.

POLE ARMS (10%)

A class of weapons that are essentially very long sticks with sharp edges on the end. Includes halberds, pikes, and hooks. Primarily used by trained soldiers in formation.

SPEAR (15%)

Long spears and short spears.

SPECIFIC WEAPONS (VARIES)

Other weapons are diverse enough that they do not form coherent classes of skills, and increases in one skill have no effect on the others. Swords of all types, the various types of clubbing weapons, blackjacks, flails, lances, nets, sickles, and whips all fall into this broad classification.

Reverse of Sheet

Much as the normal *Call of Cthulhu* sheet, the back of the Dreamlands sheet contains a variety of personal information. Note that the Income & Savings section is gone. Although some kingdoms have coinage, the majority of the economics of the Dreamlands is through barter. Savings, personal property, and real estate are all concepts that are virtually unknown, except to nobles.

The Artifacts and Spells area is larger on the back of the Dreamlands sheet, mainly to reflect the increased availability of these items in this fantastic realm.

What Now?

Now that you've created an adventurer, you'll need to figure what he or she is now doing. Being a realm of fantasy, the Dreamlands is a little more accepting of groups of roving explorers than *Call of Cthulhu* is. It's possible that your adventurer could have left his past occupation behind to see the world.

Alternatively, your keeper may decide to run things in a more traditional *Call of Cthulhu* style. When horror surfaces again in the Dreamlands, your adventurer might find himself irrevocably entwined by its tendrils, forced to leave his peaceful life behind for a time for the better of all. ☞





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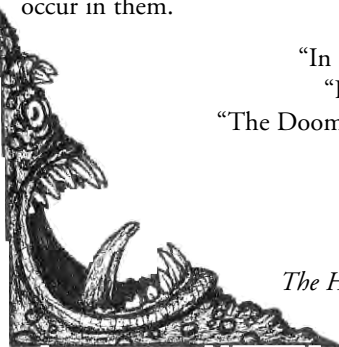
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A Dreamlands Chronology

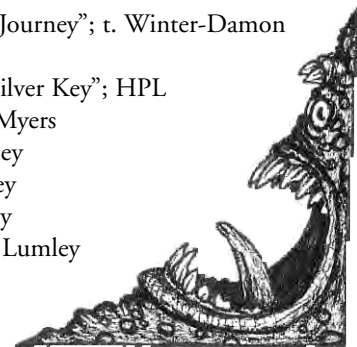
Being a conjectural listing of Dreamlands stories in chronological order

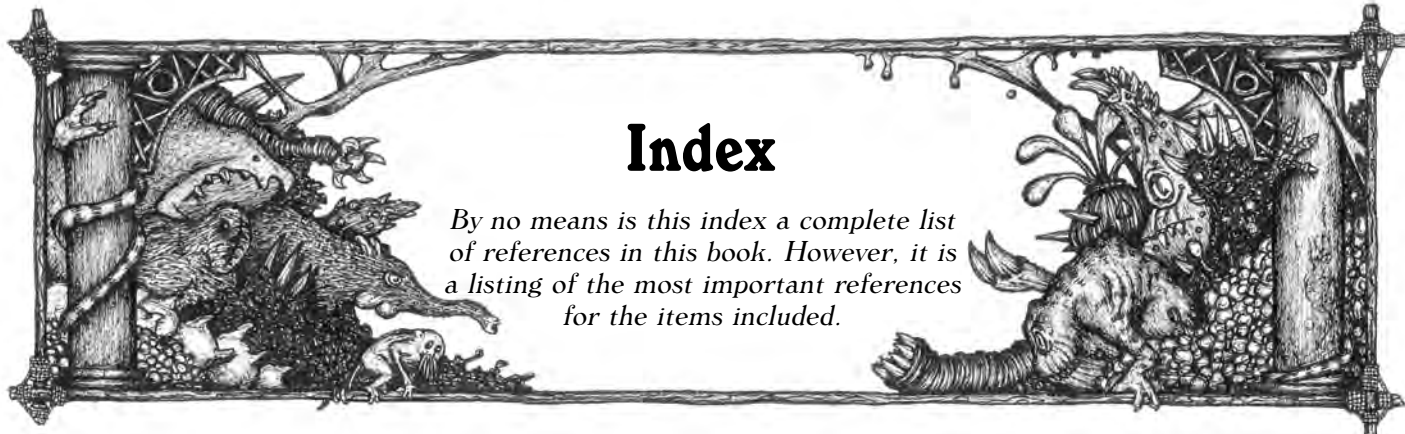
What follows, for those that are interested, is a rough timeline of the various books and stories which are set in the Dreamlands. The order in which they appear is not that in which they were written or published. Rather they are in order based on the events which occur in them.



"In the Vale of Pnath"; Lin Carter
"K'n-Yan"; Walter C. DeBill, Jr
"The Doom that Came to Sarnath"; HPL
"The Cats of Ulthar"; HPL
"The Other Gods"; HPL
"The Quest of Iranon"; HPL
"Celephaïs"; HPL
The House of the Worm; Gary Myers

"The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath"; HPL
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"The White Ship"; HPL
"The Return of the White Ship"; AWL Breach
"Ex Oblivione"; HPL
"Polaris"; HPL
"Kadath/The Vision & The Journey"; t. Winter-Damon
"The Silver Key"; HPL
"Through the Gates of the Silver Key"; HPL
"The Gods of Earth"; Gary Myers
Clock of Dreams; Brian Lumley
Hero of Dreams; Brian Lumley
Ship of Dreams; Brian Lumley
Mad Moon of Dreams; Brian Lumley
Iced on Aran; Brian Lumley
Elysia; Brian Lumley





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Handouts

Duplicates of handouts found in the scenarios. Cut out and give to the players as their investigators find them. Permission to photocopy for personal use.

I know you are probably very confused. Try not to be. You are in the Enchanted Wood, a somewhat dangerous place. Go straight ahead from the gate, do not turn left or right, and do not listen to the whispers and chirps you'll hear. Soon you'll be in the open lands of dream. You'll soon find a road or a cottage, and be able to ask directions to the town of Ulthar, where I await you.

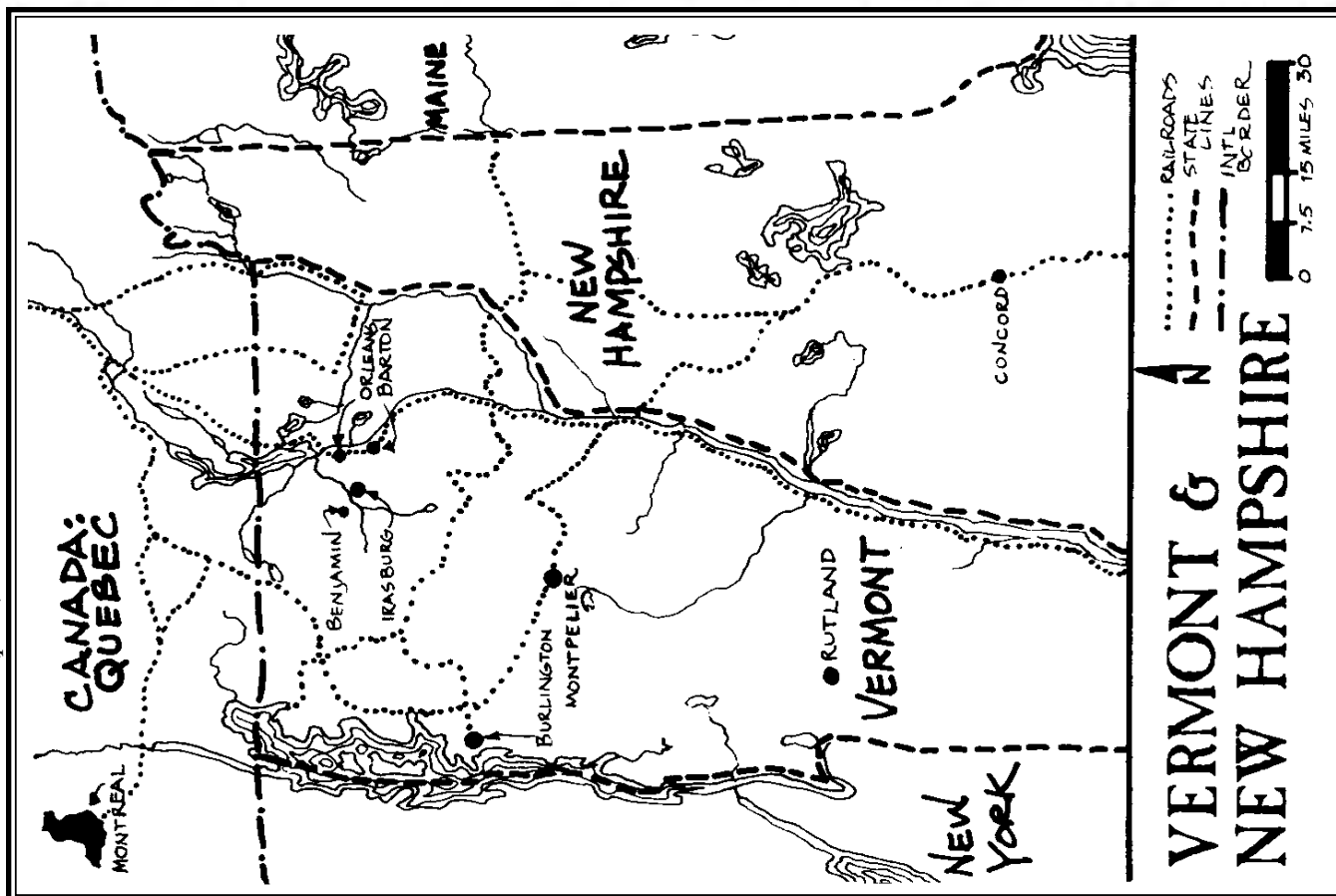
So

Sincerely,

Roger Ramboen



CAPTIVES PAPERS #1 (p. 159)



CAPTIVES PAPERS #2 (p. 161)

THE DOCTOR'S TALE

"I arrived in Bensamin in September 1917, with three other doctors and our assistants. Before we arrived, some government workmen built us a small clinic, and so we were expecting to find a nice new building in which to work. When we got there, we found that the local folk had broken all the windows in the clinic, stolen both the front and the back door, and set up a pigsty in the front yard. Hardly an auspicious beginning. We managed to get rid of the pigs, put brown paper over the broken windows, and get replacement doors from Irasburg. Then we began our program of examining the townsfolk and prescribing for their ills.

"At least, that was the plan. But not one of the townsfolk would come to our clinic. There is a lot of disease in that town, and we could have done a lot of good if only they'd have let us. But they just didn't care. They'd rather go insane and die from their diseases than have outsiders like us messing around. The only man that helped us at all was the town's only outsider, Mr. Monroe. The townsfolk seemed to respect him a little, and so we got him to accompany us while we went house-to-house to examine the locals. At least then they'd let us through the door. But they wouldn't take the medicine we prescribed and they wouldn't do the exercises or activities we ordered.

"It was unbelievable. I can remember one woman who had a huge cyst in her left cheek, as big as an apple! We decided to take her to Montpelier for an operation to remove the cyst—it must have been horribly uncomfortable, not to mention the disfigurement it caused! But when we went by her house to pick her up and take her to the train station, we found that she'd actually fled from town and taken to the woods so we couldn't put her in the hospital. And that's just one example. Despite Mr. Monroe's best efforts, they just wouldn't cooperate.

"And they kept trying to drive us off. They killed Dr. Darry's pet cat by stomping it to death. They set fire to the clinic three times—burnt down a whole wing once, with all our records. So what can I tell you? They won. We finally left, stymied. I've never seen anything like it."



UNCLE JOHN'S STORY

"I moved here in 1902. Back then, the people of Bensamin—they like to call themselves Bensaminites, by the way—were just as unfriendly as they are today. They completely ostracized me for the first year. But I kept buying food from them and hiring them on to help a little around the house, and eventually they warmed to me. They didn't really become friendly, though, until 1916, when the fire happened. Almost half the town was wiped out. When I was younger, I'd served in a volunteer fire department, so I organized the Bensaminites into a bucket brigade and stopped the fire. I even charged into one burning shack to save a baby. Strange, though, the fellow whose son I'd saved seemed more disturbed about the loss of his dog than the fact I'd rescued his son. Anyway, not to play up my part too much, after that, they started to respect me. I think that they have adopted me, so to speak, though they still don't let me in on their little town secrets."

If the investigators ask Uncle John about the slime reported in Agatha Ross' bedroom, he seems perturbed. Then he says,

"I first moved here because I was very interested in zoology. I had heard from a friend that a huge gastropod had been reported from the area during a period of intense flooding. I came out to find it. I never did, and as the years went by, I forgot about it and just enjoyed living here—I guess I've never been much for social company, and so the unfriendly Bensaminites suit me just fine. When Sally saw that streak of slime, I immediately thought of the gastropod. But I'm sixty-eight years old now. I can't go running around in river bottoms looking for giant slugs. Not only that, I've lost all my connections with the scientific world. But I think that <that> is what she saw—the trail of the creature that I originally came here to look for. I can't believe that a giant slug could possibly have harmed Agatha, though. I think that the slug crept in the window, frightened Agatha out of her wits, sending her fleeing from the house. And then, out in the woods, she met that tramp who killed her. I'm not sure why she didn't scream when she saw the thing. Perhaps she thought it would hear her and come after her."

CAPTIVES PAPERS #3 (p. 162)

THE PICKMAN PAPERS #2 (p. 173)

THE PICKMAN PAPERS #1 (p. 169)

LOCAL ARTIST FALLS VICTIM TO ACCIDENT

BOSTON—Nelson Blakely, a local artist, was discovered unconscious in his North End apartment today. Unable to rouse Blakely, his landlord opened the door to discover the young painter lying apparently dead upon his couch. Taken to St. Mary's emergency, the artist remains unconscious at the time of writing.

Police ruled out the possibility of foul play. It is not known how long Blakely lay unconscious nor has the cause of his coma been determined.

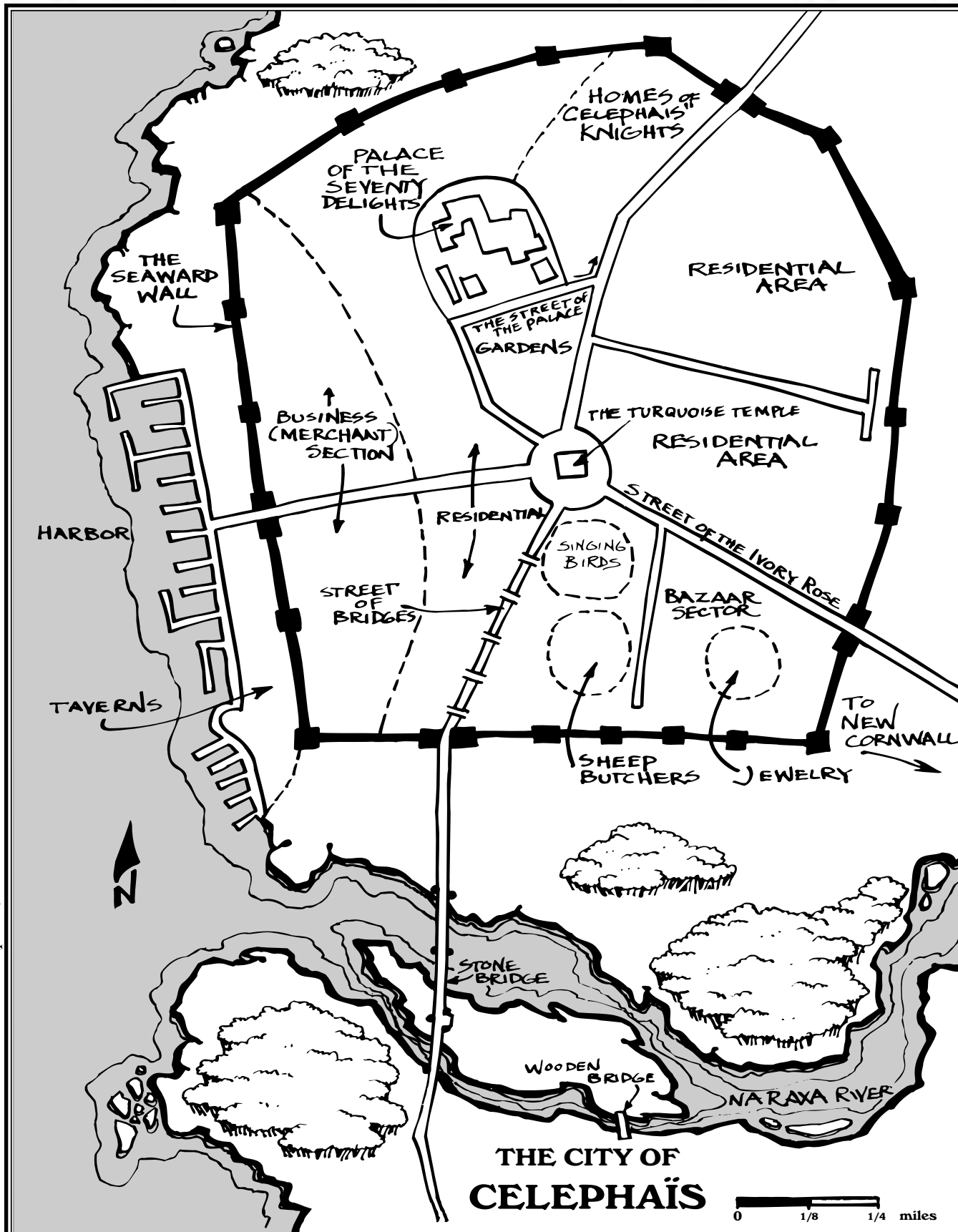
Socialite Penny Tilstrom, Blakely's fiancée, has claimed custody of the coma-bound artist.

Blakely was known for portraiture of a characteristically strange, dream-like style.

POLICE REPORT: NELSON BLAKELY

...were called to the scene at 112 Folger Ave. by Andrew Mallin, the owner of the building. Upon arrival, Mallin was found in the apartment beside the unconscious form of a man later identified by Mr. Mallin as Nelson Blakely. Upon preliminary examination, the victim's lungs were found filled with water. An ambulance was called. Artificial respiration was applied, to no apparent avail.

Investigation showed that the apartment was securely locked from within and there were no signs of forced entry. The victim's clothes were soaked with water, as was the couch on which he lay. This water was quite salty. Its source was not determined.



CAPTIVES PAPERS: CELEPHAÏS MAP (p. 166)

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Item "FATE"

Price \$225 -

Sold to Reggie Van Statler



Dear Nelson,

I really can't believe you take this Dream stuff so seriously. Why, really I'm sure all of us have some time on another used a Dream image for inspiration; in fact, my latest line of stationary was inspired by a dream I had experienced. But as for relying upon this as a source of inspiration, I cannot possibly believe you to be serious, nor can I recommend this procedure for any serious artist. And what is this talk of Pickman? You speak of him as if you had talked with him just yesterday. After all, the man dropped out of sight ages ago, probably a suicide, if you wish my opinion.

As for the ability of dreams to predict the future — egad! Are you totally unread? Have you not perused Freud? Or perhaps you have not even heard the name, tucked away in that dirty little hole the way you are, but never mind. That's for witch-doctors and voodooist primitives, an age and culture thankfully far behind.

Scientifically yours,

Oliver Baldry



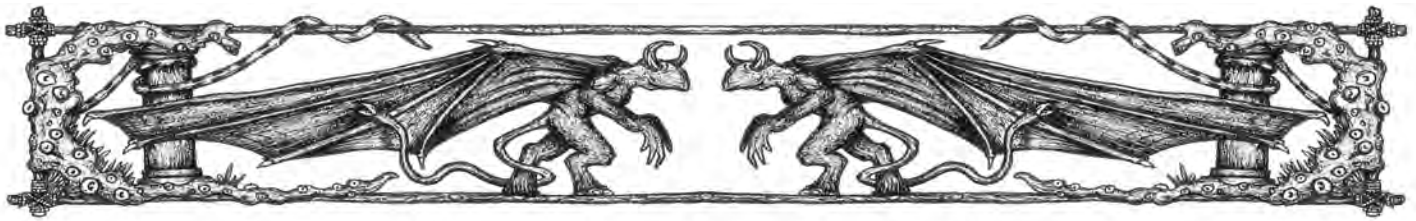
THE PICKMAN PAPERS # 7 (p. 175), letter from Blakely to Baldrige

and Pickman told me of how he could be Reached.
I had in my Possession once a painting I could
use to visit him, but I sold it for money. I
would be happy for the return of that PAINTING
now.

THE PICKMAN PAPERS # 5 (p. 174), letter from Pickman

and so for reasons of health I have decided
to retire, so to speak, and go away from
the Boston area, probably forever. You will
know where to reach where I will
be. Come and visit often, but do not
forget to bear the sign of Aegyptus when
you come. I enclose a photograph of
me (and my friend, Eliot) taken some time
back, when my health was better.

P



THE PICKMAN PAPERS #9 (p. 178)

THE BOOK OF EIBON, excerpts

... and it has been said that another realm, beyond that of common occurrence, lies waiting those who dare to enter. Many have tried drugs and herbs while others recommend to me the use of mesmerism to journey to these bizarre and distant worlds. Within, much can be learned first-hand ... others have told of the great artist, Rhydagand, who needed but to paint a picture of whither he wished to journey, and then by sleeping near this drawing was magically transported there... those who would travel in these, the darkest parts of this strange world, do well to protect themselves against the foul dog-like denizens of this unholy realm. This protection is partially afforded by that sign of ancient Aegyptus, the scholar says, the ankh, which is revered as much as anything by the beasts that live in the pestiferous burrows that dot this land ... this odd man, traveler to foreign realms, related the story of Ghadamon to me. How the thing had been spawned on the flesh of human brains and secreted beneath a great lake in a fearsome world of darkness where it would lie for eternal ages, feeding, growing, and waiting. This man did claim that Ghadamon is coming and coming soon. I deemed him mad, but soon later he was murdered by the Oriental One

The Sorceress' Grimoire

(excerpts)

... in the depths of the fungal forest is found a small pale-blue sphere, veined in purple. These are easily removed and the top part ingested to provide the worshiper the ability to pass by the servants of Ghadamon and thereby pay obeisance. Take care, for growing amongst these are a similar type, but fatal to man and beast ... and here Ghadamon shall lie until one shall come for him and Ghadamon shall pass into another realm and there take his place beneath the sea, to grow and wait for the Day. On this day He Who Waits to Spawn will leave his nest and find his terrible cold mate who has awaited him forever. These days, when the Beast shall rampage and dark R'lyeh rise from its watery crypt will see the passage of great Cthulhu

THE PICKMAN PAPERS #10 (p. 188)

THE PICKMAN PAPERS #8 (p. 178)

LOCAL ARTIST MURDERED

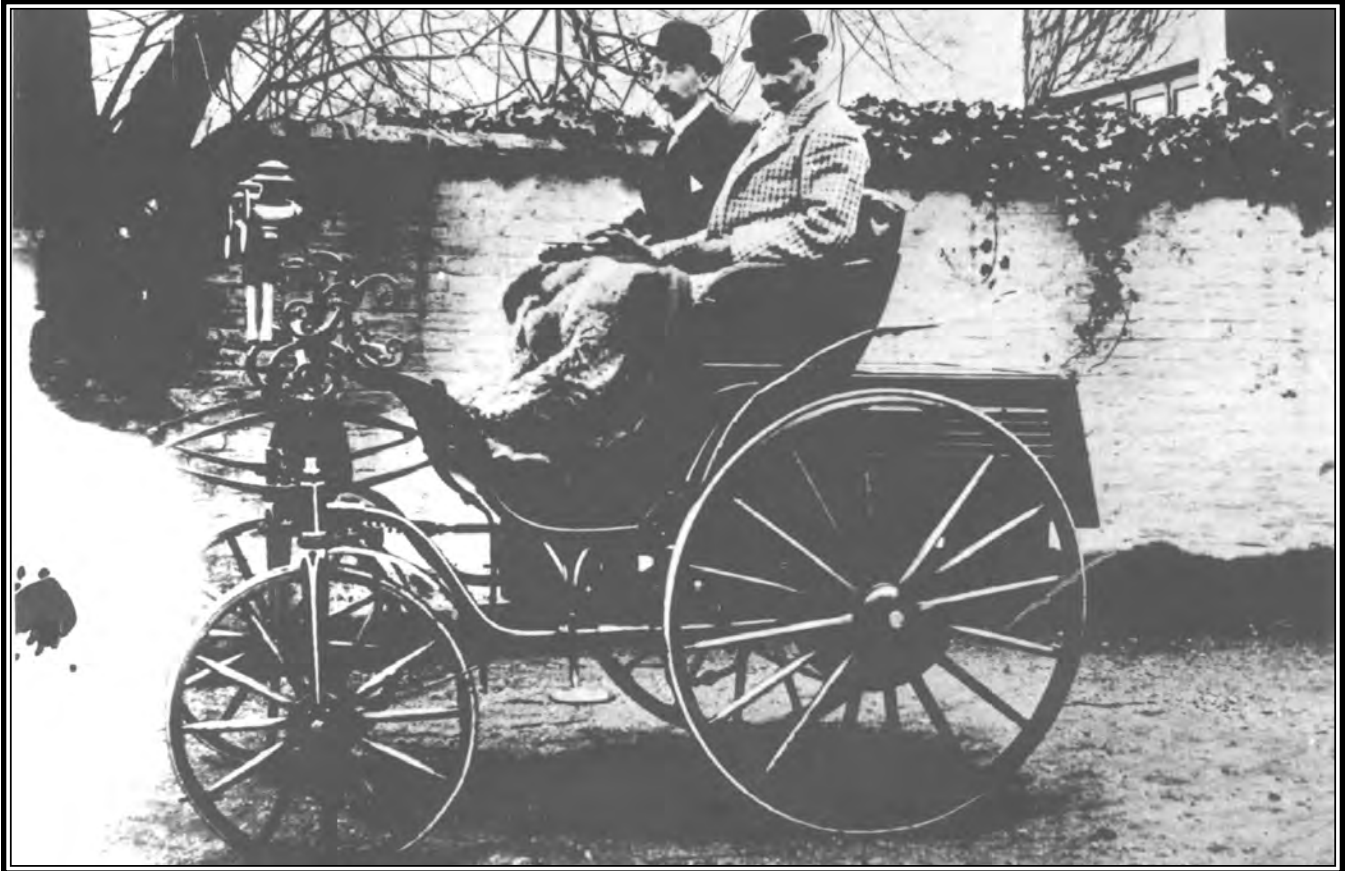
BOSTON, MA—Sculptor Roger Baldrige today was found decapitated in his studio. Police are presently without suspects in the grisly slaying.

Police were called to 1662 Whitehead Ave. when a client, unable to rouse Baldrige, peered in a window to see the prostrate form of the artist.

Lying on the floor in a pool of blood was the decapitated corpse, bearing multiple injuries. A search of the building revealed no clues other than one unlocked window. Officers were at first unsure of the victim's identity. When a tarp was removed from what appeared to be a statue that Baldrige was working on, beneath it was discovered the bloody severed head of Roger Baldrige, placed carefully atop the otherwise headless nude statue.

The same killer is believed responsible for another brutal murder several months ago, and is suspect in several other violent crimes. The killer is believed to be male, in his late twenties or early thirties, and quite powerful. He is considered to be extremely dangerous.

Persons with information about this crime should contact the police immediately.



THE PICKMAN PAPERS #6 (p. 175)

Pickman (right) and friend

WITCH PAPERS #1 (p. 192)

GHOULS STRIKE ARKHAM!

ARKHAM (Mass) AP Police report that three graves on the historic Aylesbury Hill Graveyard were violated last night.

The graves were identified as the resting places of Randolph Smith, Sammuell Decker, and Jonathan Cooper. The sites were nearly two centuries old.

The groundskeeper reported seeing a violet light in the cemetery a little after midnight. That light may be connected with the hideous crime.

Police speculated that bootleggers may have dug into the graves while trying to hide a load of Canadian liquor.

WITCH PAPERS #2 (p. 194)

Herman's Statement

“Well, I was taking the air on the burying-ground during the time of the robbery. I see a hazy glow, kind of violet, over by the holes. And that’s all I see.

“The light’s a ghost, you know. I know it, and you’ll learn it. That light’s a ghost. And I know whose ghost—Hesper Payne’s, her that cursed Arkham and everyone in it. I think she’s fixing to come back and watch her curse start working.

“And, oh yes, I remember something else, too. I remember a University girl snooping around the robbed graves a few days before they were opened up. I talked to her. Her name was Susan. I think she was studying history. A lot of history students sort of loiter around the older parts of the burying-ground. Looking up birth dates and that sort of thing.”



WITCH PAPERS #4 (p. 196)

Hesper Payne's Execution
As the wytch stooode on the scaf-
fold, she spate and cursed the city.
Her words cast feer into the
hearts of all present. And bye
the powerr of the Dark One I
shall rise again from the lande of
deep slumber, and mine anger
shall be greate. The soules of
Randolph Smyth, Sammuell
Decker, and Jon Cooper shall be
helde for mine vengeance and
torment in the land of night-
mares. This towne shall quake
and the blackness of death shall
rise up and mine power reign
supreme once more! Then was
that wycked wych hanged.
— Charity Smith, *Diary*.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SEASON?

For the last few weeks, the spirit of spring has been lacking in the hearts of the citizens. You can see it in the service without a smile at any local restaurant, the absence of people on the streets at night, and the number of people swarming to doctors' offices throughout the city.

It seems that once again many people are having trouble sleeping. Dr. Cox, of the Arkham Sanitarium, reports that there has been a large influx of individuals experiencing nightmares. He also claims that many residents of Arkham are still quite superstitious, and therefore suffer from mental stress around Walpurgis.

— newspaper article, April 17th, this year.

WITCH PAPERS #3 (p. 195)

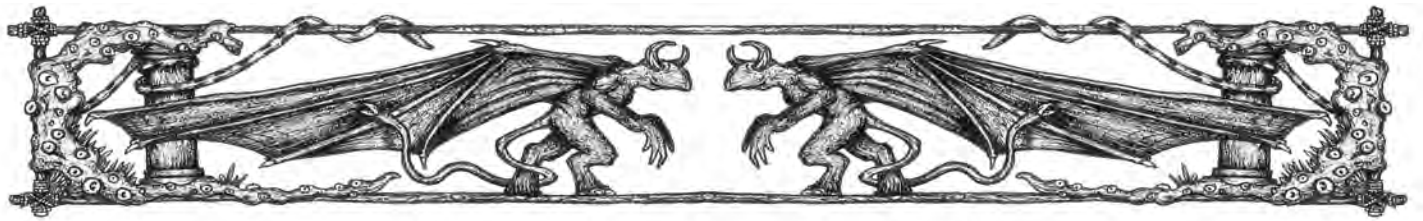
STUDENT IS VICTIM

Eric Watson, 21, a mathematics student at Miskatonic University, was admitted to the Arkham Sanitarium last night. He is a boarder at 119 Jenkin St. (an address known locally as the "curse house").

The police found young Watson wandering down north Garrison Street, near the Rotary Club, with a blank look on his face and babbling incoherently.

Doctors had no immediate diagnosis.

— newspaper article,
April 26, this year.



January 4 Today Daryl got me something new, a strange herb, which he instructed me to chew before retiring. He also wrote a simple mantra for me to recite whilst going to bed. They were cheap, and I'll try anything once.

January 13 Tonight is especially dull, so I have decided to try the new herb; I'm all out of opium anyway.

January 14 My God, what revelations! The wonder! I chewed a bundle of stems and branches—it released a surprising amount of musty-flavored sticky stuff—and recited the nonsense rhyme about fifty times—it got easier and easier the more I chanted. I fell asleep, with the most incredible dreams, so clear, so real! I woke naked in a bare chamber, and robing myself I stepped out into a strange dark street, where sour-faced people rushed to and fro. I learned the name of the city: Dylath-Leen. Long I dwelt in that strange town, spending the days smoking thagweed with the silent sailors. I heard tales of distant lands, of Cathuria, of shadowed Leng, of Kadath in the Cold Waste. And I caught a glimpse of the woman of my dreams; her name is Bzai-kanaan, a dancer in the Street of Spices. I woke in the morning fully refreshed, yet it seemed I had spent weeks in that dark town. I shall savor the memory for now, but I cannot wait to dream again!

January 15 Quizzed Daryl about the herb. He said that his father got seeds for the plant when he was in China during the Boxer Rebellion. Daryl thinks his father stole them from one of the temples. Daryl grew the plants in the college greenhouse last semester and has been chewing them for months. He won't tell me where he learned the mantra. When I told him that I had visited Dylath-Leen, he was astounded, because he had visited there, too, after chewing the weed. Apparently his dreams always start out in the same dark building that I woke up in. Daryl was flabbergasted—I guess he thought that everyone that took the drug experienced their own personal set of dreams, but it looks like we have similar ones.

January 18 Life is tedious, and I wish again to see Bzai-kanaan. Shall return tonight to the port of Dylath-Leen, and confess my love for her.

January 19 The dream was stranger still. I could not find my love, but I met another woman, whose name was Sarah Farnham. She claimed to be a fellow dreamer from Earth! Together we traveled widely to lovely Celephaïs and from thence to Serannian, which floats in the sky. And Sarah told me of Xura, and warned me against it; but from what she said, it is clearly the object of my lifelong quest. I woke before I could find where it lay.

January 22 Tonight Daryl and I are taking the drug together, to see if we experience the same dreams; if so, the marvelous land could all be real!

January 23 I woke alone. I could not dissuade him from his course, and when I woke he had already left. I can hardly bear to think of what he has done. As for myself, I shall continue search for my Bzai-kanaan, and she will lead me to Xura. But I must wait awhile; I do not care to meet him again, he must have time to move away.

February 10 I can stand it no longer. I dream again tonight. I shall find what I'm looking for, that which I need, have always needed.

February 11 Damnation! I was so close! Everything went right; I found Bzai-kanaan, and told her of my feelings. She did not react unfavorably, but she wouldn't promise herself to me yet (oh God is there anything in life I can ever have when I want it?), but no man has any claim on her, nor shall one while I live, so I am still full of hope. I learned of Xura, but no sailor would take me there—craven fools!

Finally I took passage on one of those odd green galleons which trade in unthinkable cargo, and of which no men speak but many whisper. Bzai-kanaan came with me. We sailed out of Dylath-Leen, past forgotten Zak, past damned Thalarion, and drew nigh opposite my goal: Xura. From the fair coast I heard a snatch of a beautiful melody, sung as if by some heavenly choir, and heard too the sounds of laughter and gaiety. Bzai-kanaan took my arm, and I turned and gazed at her incomparable beauty. My heart filled with joy, and impetuously I reached for her to take my first kiss . . . then I woke up in my dismal garret, with a tomcat from the neighboring alley pawing at me! I grabbed the wretched beast and hurled it out the window, and I hope it broke all its miserable bones in the fall. So near! Come nightfall I shall return to Dylath-Leen to start my trek all over again; Bzai-kanaan surely has returned to Dylath-Leen to await me.

It is now night, and I have made my room fast against cats and other pests. I shall find my goal tonight in the Land of Dreams.

[Here the diary ends]



A Portion of the Dreamlands





Investigator Name _____
 Occupation _____
 Guilds/Degrees _____
 Birthplace _____
 Mental Disorders _____
 Sex _____ Age _____

Characteristics & Rolls

STR ____ DEX ____ INT ____ Idea ____
 CON ____ APP ____ POW ____ Luck ____
 SIZ ____ SAN ____ EDU ____ Know ____
 99-Cthulhu Mythos ____ Damage Bonus ____



Sanity Points

Insane 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14
 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48
 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65
 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82
 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

Magic Points

Unconscious 0 1 2 3
 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43

Hit Points

Dead -2 -1 0 1 2 3
 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43

Investigator Skills

— standard skills.
 — waking world skills forbidden to dreamworld natives.

<input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (10%) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> History (20%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (01%) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Jump (25%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (01%) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Law (05%) _____
Art (05%):	<input type="checkbox"/> Legal Customs (05%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (25%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Listen (25%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Astronomy (01%) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith (01%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Bargain (05%) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Martial Arts (01%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Biology (01%) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Mech. Repair (20%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry (01%) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine (05%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Climb (40%) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Natural History (10%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Conceal (15%) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Navigate (10%) _____
Craft (05%):	<input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Opr. Heavy Mch (01%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	Other Language (01%):
<input type="checkbox"/> Credit Rating (15%) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
Cthulhu Mythos (00%) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Disguise (01%) _____	Own Language (EDUx5):
<input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (DEX x2) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Dream Lore (01%) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Persuade (15%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Dreaming (00%) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy (01%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive Carriage (20%) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Photography (10%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Electr. Repair (10%) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Physics (01%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05%) _____	Pilot (01%):
<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30%) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Geology (01%) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Hide (10%) _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychology (05%) _____

Skill Total: _____

<input type="checkbox"/> Ride (05%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Sneak (10%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Swim (25%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Throw (25%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Track (10%) _____

WEAPON CLASSES

<input type="checkbox"/> Archery (10%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Axe (20%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Fencing Foil (10%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Handgun (20%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Knife (25%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Machine Gun (15%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Pole Arms (10%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Rifle (25%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Shotgun (30%) _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Spear (15%) _____

Weapons

weapon	%	damage	hnd	rng	#att	hp	weapon	%	damage	hnd	rng	#att	hp
<input type="checkbox"/> Fist (50%)	_____	1D3+db	1	0'	1	n/a	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
<input type="checkbox"/> Grapple (25%)	_____	special	2	0'	1	n/a	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
<input type="checkbox"/> Head (10%)	_____	1D4+db	0	0'	1	n/a	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
<input type="checkbox"/> Kick (25%)	_____	1D6+db	0	0'	1	n/a	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

Personal Data

Investigator Name _____	Episodes of Insanity _____
Residence _____	_____
Personal Description _____	_____
_____	Wounds & Injuries _____
_____	_____
Family & Friends _____	Marks & Scars _____
_____	_____
_____	_____



Investigator History

_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

Mythos Tomes Read

_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

Gear & Possessions

_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

Magical Artifacts

_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

Entities Encountered



_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

Spells Known

<i>Spell</i>	<i>Cost</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Rng</i>
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

H.P. Lovecraft's
DREAMLANDS

We all dream. For some, dreams can become reality. This book provides everything needed for **Call of Cthulhu** investigators to travel down the seven hundred steps, through the Gate of Deeper Slumber, and into the land of dreams. It includes a travelogue of the Dreamlands, a huge gazetteer, statistics for over thirty prominent non-player characters, a bestiary of over sixty creatures, information on the gods of the Dreamlands and their cults, a colorful fold-out map, and more. Also present are six adventures to help get keepers started adventuring in the land of Dream.



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