

Cthulhu Britannica

Shadows Over Scotland



Call of Cthulhu Roleplaying in 1920s' Scotland
by Stuart Boon

CALL of
HORROR ROLEPLAYING
CTHULHU

-Credits-

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This book is dedicated to my wife Michele whose faith in me has made this project possible.

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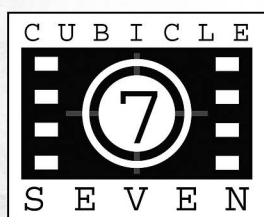
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Shadows over Scotland

An Introduction to
1920s
Scotland

-An Introduction to 1920s Scotland-

This section provides *Call of Cthulhu* Keepers with essential background to run adventures in 1920s Scotland. Particular attention is given to significant historical events and Mythos activities that have influenced, informed or otherwise made Scotland what it is in the Twenties. Additional elements are useful for creating mood and atmosphere, adopting the lingo of 1920s Scotland, introducing famous characters, and seeding further scenarios. Maps are provided highlighting locations significant to the text; more detailed regional maps of 1920s Scotland can also be found online at http://maps.nls.uk/os/popular_list.html.



-Introduction-

“You know that saying about things goin’ bump in the night ... aye, you know the one ... well, we invented that. And we still got plenty of cause to say it.”

(Jack McRae, *Memoirs of a Rambling Rogue*, 1901)

Scotland. From lush lowland borders in the south to desolate lonely isles in the north, Scotland is a country crosscut with tall crags and abyssal gorges, high fells and peat-bogged fens, impenetrable woods and barren wastelands. It is a rich and varied landscape formed and moulded through æons of violent action as rock ground rock, volcanoes burned and blistered the land, and wave and wind battered cliff and high mountaintop. The country’s long and colourful history is similarly marked by violence. Scotland has ever been a battleground.

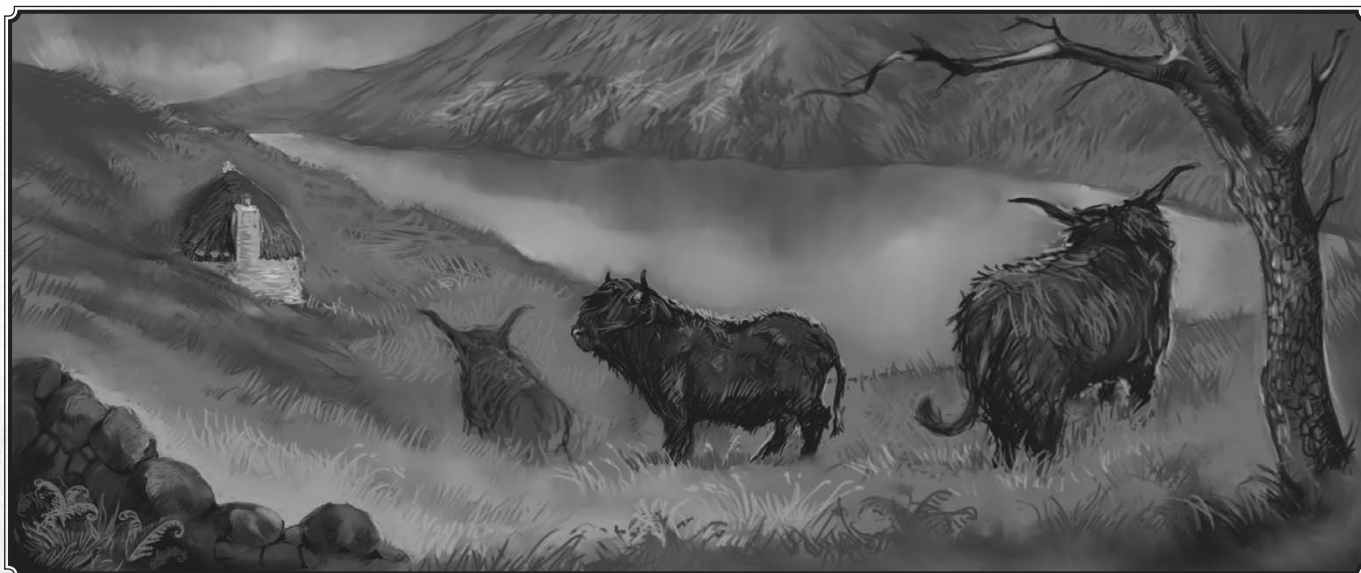
A succession of peoples and cultures from the Neolithic to the turn of the 20th century have warred and fought for this land, staining the soil, rock and stone with their blood. But not all battles have been fought against kin and kind, for Scotland is full of deep, dark and ancient places, and in some of these things older yet abide. In the blackest shadows ageless Old Ones lie sleeping and dreaming, heedless of the passing of time and the world of men, remembered only by their mad servitors. Others crawl forth in search of victims,

trailing their foul corrupting spoor and spawn behind them. Still others make puppets of men, bending their minds and moving them like pawns, amidst the industrial reek and electric glare of Scotland’s cities. The Mythos is everywhere, casting dark shadows over Scotland.

Mysterious, beautiful and wild, Scotland in the 1920s is home to horrors modern and ancient, man-made and star-born. From the rolling pastoral Lowlands to the snow-capped peaks of the Highlands, from the small fishing villages in the east to the seaweed-choked Western Isles, creatures and cultures of the Cthulhu Mythos have taken root in Scotland, and their maddening, corrupting influence can be felt in all levels of society.

The bright lights of the cinema and dance hall can do little to hold back this darkness. Newspapers fill with stories hinting of secret societies, cults and covens, of foul experiments and magics fouler still. The wireless crackles with tales of mystery, murder, and madness. And in sermons and on soapboxes from St Andrews to Portree the message is the same: take care and avoid the shadows, for all manner of wickedness is afoot.

Even now, it is said that fiendish things haunt the hive-like narrows, alleys and wynds of old Edinburgh, and Glasgow’s streets are alive with rumours of dark horrors hunting in the shadows of the shipyards lining the snaking, poisonous Clyde. Whispers heard on fishing boats and island ferries



speak of far older things, of sites of power and standing stones, of awakenings and stirrings in the darkest places of the world.

Ever mysterious, Scotland offers more than enough adventure for those investigators willing and daring enough to seek it out.

A Note on Historical Accuracy

Though the setting, history and culture of Scotland is richly drawn upon in this book, *Shadows Over Scotland* remains a work of fiction and is intended first and foremost a sourcebook for the Call of Cthulhu roleplaying game. Where appropriate or necessary details have been altered or enhanced to provide a better game play experience.

-Scotland in the 1920s-

What is it like to live and work in Scotland during the 1920s?

The answer to that question very much depends on your financial and social status. For the poor lower classes, life is brutal, troubled, and often short. For the growing middle classes life is hard, but opportunity exists, and the promise of greater wealth and prosperity beckons for those with the will and determination to fight for it. For the rich upper classes, life is more of a struggle than it was prior to the war, and requires some belt-tightening—but that doesn't mean the parties have to stop.

For all Scots, the 1920s are marked by change and harsh new realities. The Great War has ushered in a new world, and unbalanced everything that has gone before. Europe and Great Britain are scarred and forever altered; the industrial and commercial dominance that Scotland enjoyed prior to the Great War is simply gone. The world has changed, and Scotland will have to change with it.

The Great War stands, and God willing will continue to stand, as the single most destructive period in Europe's long history. Scotland played an important role in that struggle. Written history, however, would have us believe that Scotland's losses were relatively minor. We now know that the truth is different.

Statistics released by the recent Corden Commission put the number of Scottish dead at between 120,000 and 135,000. A number more than double that were severely wounded, approximately 250,000 to 300,000 men, and more than half a million suffered less debilitating wounds. Reports from the War Office have subsequently been criticized for playing down the losses with unrealistic statistics.

On the streets of Scotland's cities and in her towns, the impact of the Great War is more concretely evident. Few families are left untouched by the war. Stories of loss are commonplace. It is often said that no street is without its ghosts.

Losses were particularly numerous amongst Scotland's lower classes, but the pain of grief can be felt from croft and tenement to fine marbled halls. Whether for reasons personal, patriotic or economic, Scotland's sons and daughters rose to the challenge and paid the cost. Few, however, could have guessed the cost would be so dear.

From the book *The Great War and Scotland: Impacts and Influences* by Craig Kilcuddie, Mitchell & Robertson Publishers, Edinburgh, 1929

In the 1920s, Scotland is still healing its wounds. Many soldiers returning to Scotland have found themselves without jobs and at the mercy of a failing economy. For Scotland's poor and middle classes, unemployment, low pay, the cost of rent and a decreasing quality of life are now pressing concerns. The public blames the government for failing to have the people's interests at heart, and criticizes those in power for being both selfish and incompetent.

The government meanwhile preaches austerity and pragmatism, suggesting that Scots need to 'make do' until things settle down and return to normal. But the radical changes brought about by the Great War do not suggest that post-war Scotland will, or can, ever return to the privileged position she held at the height of the Industrial Revolution. Times have changed. Increasingly, Scots are dissatisfied with the government's inability or unwillingness to react to this change.

As time passes, the situation does not improve: in fact, it worsens dramatically. Unemployment skyrockets, housing and living conditions deteriorate, and oppressive poverty grips the working classes. Anger and confusion spark an explosion of protests. By the middle of the decade, Scotland's standard of living is more than ten percent lower than that of the rest of the UK, and a staggering three quarters of Scots are living in overcrowded conditions. Unhappy with the proposals of the Tory and Liberal parties, Scotland begins to look elsewhere for answers.



Whilst the rich remained comfortably ensconced in their mansions, manor houses and castles, the majority of Scots lived in far less admirable conditions.

By 1926, more than half the population of Scotland was living in one-room or two-room accommodations with all the attendant problems of overcrowding. Contrary to popular belief, conditions in the countryside were little better, with the bulk of lower- and middle-class families sharing one or two rooms.

These accommodations were all without heating, lacked sanitation (but for a bucket or pot), and were of an exceedingly poor standard. On the 18th of December, 1926, Mr Peter Fyfe, Health Correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* provided his readers with an example of one such apartment:

I give you a sample in the West-end, near the river. There is a single-apartment house occupied by an ex-soldier, whom I find lying in the enclosed bed very unwell. Five adults have to dwell in this room, the floor badly worn and uneven, several holes being in the underside of the skirting boards, through which mice come into the apartment. Bugs infest the bed space, the bottom of the coal bunker is all broken and coals have to be dumped on the flooring and woodwork ... all broken and destroyed. The factors would do no repairs and the rent is 21/3 [twenty-one shillings and threepence] per month. As one of the ex-servicemen said to me as I was leaving his humble dwelling: 'Sir, it takes a hero to live in a place like this.'

In such conditions, no person escapes the smells of the body, of cooked food, of urine and faeces, nor of drunkenness or infirmity. These places would be noisome and ever creaking with activity. It is well known that men and boys were banished on a Friday so as to provide the women and girls with a modicum of privacy.

Such a degree of wretchedness will likely be difficult for our noble readers to conceive, much less comprehend. But such was the case.

From *Housing in 1920s Scotland* by Geoffrey Marchand, Ozymandius Press, Glasgow, 1937.

Ignited by the populace's feelings of betrayal, Socialism spreads across Scotland like a wildfire. The Scottish Labour Party makes huge gains in both urban and rural constituencies. The Communist Party also appears for the first time in Scotland in 1920, riding on the reputation of the Russian revolution. Backed by the Scottish working classes, Socialist leaders push hard for reforms, and protests are commonplace. On the shores of the once-prosperous Clyde outside the closed shipyards, protests become increasingly violent, and the area garners the nickname 'Red Clydeside'.

Throughout the 1920s, the gap widens between rich and poor. This class divide highlights two very different power bases in Scotland: that of the wealthy landowners with their rural farms and estates in the countryside, and that of the

poor post-industrial masses in their overcrowded, inner-city tenements. Socialists and leftists do much to exploit this rift between those who work for a living and those who live off the capital generated by the workers.

Socialist doctrines fit well with Scottish traditions of hard work, fairness, and independence. Scotland's poor are still proud, honest men and women. They would work for their bread, if only there were work to be had. In response to growing poverty, Scots look to their community to deal with the challenges of modern life. They help themselves, and together help one another, building a strong sense of community spirit. In the days before state welfare, this strong community can be the difference between life and death.

Currency in 1920s Scotland

The system of coinage used in 1920s Scotland was the same system introduced by Henry II of England and used in Britain until decimalization in 1971. Based on the weight of precious metals, a pound literally equalled in value a pound of sterling silver. The most common denominations were the shilling (twenty to a pound) and penny or pence (twelve to a shilling). Shillings were denoted with the letter 's' and pence with the letter 'd'.

Common Denomination

2 Farthings
 2 Halfpence
 2 Pence
 3 Pence
 6 Pence
 12 Pence
 2 Shillings
 2 Shillings & 6 Pence
 5 Shillings
 10 Shillings
 10 Shillings & 6 Pence
 20 Shillings
 21 Shillings

Equivalent

1 Halfpenny or Ha'penny
 1 Penny (pl. Pence) or 1d
 Tuppence or 2d
 1 Thruppence (also 'thrupenny bit') or 3d
 1 Sixpence (also 'tanner') or 6d
 1 Shilling (also 'bob') or 1s
 1 Florin (also 'two bob piece') or 2s
 1 Half Crown or 2s/6d ('two-and-six')
 1 Crown or 5s ('five bob')
 1 Half Sovereign or 10s
 1 Half Guinea or 10s/6d
 1 Sovereign (also 'pound') or 20s
 1 Guinea or 1g

When written out, denominations were separated by either a slash (/) or a dash (-), such as 11s/3d or 11s-3d. For amounts over a pound, an additional slash or dash was added, such as £1/11s/3d or £1-11s-3d.

Whilst political and social unrest paints 1920s Scotland with a broad brush, the decade is not without its shining moments. Amidst desperation and difficulties, the arts flourish: theatre and pantomime, ballet and symphony, cinema and wireless, painting and sculpture, literature and poetry—people find escape, relevance and a renewed sense of identity in the creative arts. And much creativity is on display.

The decade sees a blaze of new painters and artists come to the fore, and galleries are bursting with new talent. Subject matter varies from romantic, escapist fare to harsher scenes depicting troubled modern life. George Douglas Brown, for example, becomes known for painting the darker side of Scottish life. But there is much beauty and cutting-edge innovation as well. Many of the finest works of the ‘Glasgow Boys’, famous for their creative blend of naturalism and realism, are first shown to the public in the 1920s. The ‘Four’, being the painters Herbert MacNair, Margaret and

Frances MacDonald, and the renowned architect Charles Rennie Mackintosh, have a huge impact on the art world with their unique mixing of Celtic and Japanese styles.

In the theatres, famous Scots writer J. M. Barrie is moving from strength to strength. *Peter Pan* and a number of Barrie’s other works, such as *Dear Brutus*, are playing on stages around Scotland. Scottish music is hitting high notes as well: the 1920s are seeing a revival of Gaelic folk songs, and traditional music is a favourite on the wireless and in the pubs. In the concert halls, a number of Romantic symphonic pieces by world-class composers take inspiration from the wild and majestic Scottish landscape.

Whilst in the bookstores, the works of John Buchan, Alexander Gray, Charles Murray and, of course, Arthur Conan Doyle are all becoming modern classics. By the latter half of the decade, Scotland is enjoying an artistic and cultural boom that is much in the news.

THE LINGO: THE TALK OF 1920s SCOTLAND

Alba (*noun*) – Scotland (in Scots Gaelic)

Argie-bargie (*noun*) – Altercation or dispute

Atspish (*slang*) – ‘That’s not so good’

Auld (*adjective*) – Old

Aye right (*phrase, slang*) – ‘No’, ‘Not likely’ or ‘I don’t believe it/that’

Baddy (*noun*) – Not a nice person

Bairn (*noun*) – Child

Barnie (*noun*) – Scuffle or bit of trouble

Ben (*noun*) – Mountain

Boak (*verb, slang*) – To vomit

Bob (*noun*) – Shilling (always singular; hence ‘a few bob’ rather than ‘a few bobs’)

Bog (*noun, slang*) – Toilet

Bogie (*noun*) – Any manner of frightful thing (esp. used to scare children)

Bonnet (*noun*) – Hat

Burn (*noun*) – Stream

Cannae (*verb*) – Cannot

Ceilidh (*noun*) – Dance or traditional social gathering (pronounced ‘kay-lee’)

Clan (*noun*) – Tribe or family unit

Clottie dumpling (*noun*) – A rich pudding or dessert made with dried fruits

Cludgie (*noun, slang*) – Toilet

Coo (*noun*) – Cow

Cracking (*adjective*) – ‘Very nice’

Cranachan (*noun*) – Pudding or dessert made from oatmeal, crowdie (cream) cheese, and raspberries

Cullen Skink (*noun*) – A smoked haddock and potato chowder

Deid (*adjective*) – Dead (pronounced ‘deed’)

Didnae (*verb*) – ‘Did not’

Dinnae (*verb*) – ‘Do not’

Dinnae ken (*verb*) – ‘Don’t know’ or ‘I don’t know’

Disnae (*verb*) – ‘Does not’

Dirk (*noun*) – Scottish long dagger

Doolally (*adjective*) – To give the appearance of being crazy

Dram (*noun*) – Small unit of volume (normally referring to whisky)

Dreich (*noun*) – Damp, dreary, or overcast weather

Drookit (*adjective*) – Soaked to the skin

Edgy (*adjective, slang*) – Aware

Eejit (*noun, slang*) – Idiot

Fag (*noun*) – Cigarette

Fash (*verb*) – To upset oneself, as in ‘Dinnae fash yurself, ya wee bairn!’

Footer (*verb*) – To meddle or fidget

Gies (*verb*) – ‘Give us’, as in ‘Gies a pint, barman!’

Gliff (*or glif; noun*) – Fright

Gob (*noun, slang*) – Mouth

Green (*noun*) – Park or expanse of grass

Haggis (*noun*) – Traditional Scottish dish made of mutton, oatmeal and spices

Howfin (*or howlin; adjective, slang*) – Bad smelling, as in ‘Och, yur shoes are howfin!’

Hoy (*verb*) – To throw

Isnae (*verb*) – ‘Is not’

Jake (*or Johnny Jump Up; noun, slang*) – a cheap strong alcoholic drink

Jammy (*adjective*) – Lucky

Ken (*verb*) – To know, as in ‘Dae ya ken wa’m sayin?’

Kilt (*noun*) – Pleated tartan garment

Kirk (*noun*) – Church

Lad (*noun*) – Young man

Lass (*noun*) – Young woman

Lied up (*adjective*) – Drunk

Linn (*noun*) – Waterfall

Loch (*noun*) – Lake

Manky (*adjective, slang*) – Unclean

Mince (*noun, slang*) – Nonsense, as in ‘Him? He’s talkin’ mince.’

Mingin’ (*adjective, slang*) – Unpleasant smelling

Neep (*noun*) – Turnip

Numpty (*noun, slang*) – Moron

Ootby (*adjective*) – Outdoors

Piece (*noun*) – Sandwich

Poke (*noun*) – Paper bag

Pollis (*noun*) – Police

Quaich (*noun*) – Traditional double-handled drinking cup

Quine (*noun*) – Girl or daughter

Reek (*noun*) – Chimney or industrial smoke

Saltire (*noun*) – Scottish flag

Sassanach (*noun*) – Englishman

Scran (*noun*) – Food

Scunner (*verb, slang*) – To bore or annoy, as in ‘Disnae all this pointless talk scunner ye?’

Sgian Dubh (*noun*) – Small ceremonial dagger (worn with a kilt; pronounced ‘skeen-doo’)

Shoogle (*verb*) – To shake

Silver (*noun*) – Pocket change

Sleekit (*adjective*) – Sly

Sporran (*noun*) – Men’s purse (worn with a kilt; pronounced ‘sporrin’)

Steamin’ (*adjective, slang*) – Drunk

Stovies (*noun*) – Hearty meal made with meat, potatoes and onions

Tartan (*noun*) – Colourful woven fabric that identifies a clan or other affiliation

Tattie (*noun*) – Potato

Teuchter (*noun, slang*) – a derogatory term for a Highlander. Using this in conversation could get you into a fight!

Totty (*adjective*) – Small

Wallies (*noun, slang*) – Teeth

Weegie (*noun, slang*) – A Glaswegian

Wheesht (*expression*) – ‘Be quiet’

Wisnae (*verb*) – ‘Was not’

Zoomer (*noun, slang*) – Highly-erratic or volatile person, as in ‘E’s a right Zoomer!’

A noted artistic innovation of the 1920s is the creation of a new dialect known as *Lallans* (Lowlands Scots). Literature and poetry written in this derivation of ancient Scottish words and the Scots vernacular herald the arrival of a cultural renaissance. The works of Hugh MacDiarmid typify this revival of interest in authentic Scottish culture.

For these artists and writers, the revival is not concerned with politics or economics, but rather with culture, ideology and identity. Such thought is instrumental in changing the way that Scots see themselves, and leads to a growth of nationalist feeling. It is a heady time of rediscovery for the Scottish people, but it has an international dimension as well: in the 1920s, Scotland’s culture and her majestic scenery attract large numbers of tourists from around the

world, many seeking to experience Scotland’s wild and romantic places.

Towards the end of the 1920s, Scotland begins to reconsider her place in the United Kingdom and the world. The year 1928 sees the formation of the National Party of Scotland, and calls for Scotland to exercise its political muscles are on the rise. Coming out of the horrors of the Great War, the Scottish people are standing on their own again, ready to create a strong future for themselves and for their country.

-A Keeper's History of Scotland-

"The histories written by learned men through the ages would have you think that Scotland's history is primarily a history of struggle: of man versus man and, to a lesser extent, man versus his environment. This represents an inherently, and some might say necessarily, limited view. In truth, her history is deeply marked by struggles of another and more desperate kind: man versus Mythos."

(Dr Adam S. Carlyle, *The Making of Modern Scotland*, 1920)

Prehistory

Geographically, Scotland was formed near the centre of the Pangaea supercontinent some three-hundred-and-fifty million years ago. Today it remains geologically distinct from Europe and has more in common with the ancient continent of Laurentia, which now makes up North America. In the Devonian period, the Scottish section of the Laurentian plate collided with the Avalonian plate (now England and Wales) and the landscape of Britain as we know it was formed.

Between its formation and the first settlements by man, Scotland experienced many periods of inhabitation by

various Mythos creatures and cultures. The spawn of Cthulhu, the serpent people, the mi-go and the Great Race of elder things with their shoggoth slaves all laid claim to parts of Scotland, and traces of their once great civilizations remain.

The rise and fall of these inhabitations closely follow long periods of glaciation that made Scotland, and most of the northern hemisphere, all but uninhabitable. The earliest human attempts to settle Scotland came after the last of the glaciers began to melt and recede, opening up the great valleys and glens around 10,000 BCE. Little is known of these first settlers, and few of their settlements have survived to be studied.

Most certainly these early settlers led difficult and likely short lives, particularly considering the strong presence of the Mythos in Scotland. Historians can only speculate as to the motives of the various Mythos entities and cultures inhabiting prehistoric Scotland, but their activities no doubt go some way to explaining why so little remains of the earliest human settlements. These first settlers, despite their determination and cunning, would have stood little chance against the more powerful and more established Mythos inhabitants. It is unsurprising then that much of what we know of these settlers today has been learned from their open graves, cairns and middens.



Stone Age Scotland

Between 4500 and 3500 BCE Neolithic groups of farmers from continental Europe began to settle in Scotland. As populations grew, permanent settlements began to take shape. The dense forests which once covered much of Scotland were cut back to allow for more farms or to supply grazing land for livestock. From the Lowlands to the northernmost Shetland Islands, populations continued to grow and settlements made use of the resources available to them by farming grains, raising sheep and cattle, and fishing and harvesting molluscs. At this time the first dwellings made of earth, wood and stone appeared.

Excellent examples of this type of construction can be found in the ruins of Skara Brae and Maes Howe on Orkney. Maes Howe, a large and impressive chambered tomb, is one of the finest architectural constructions of prehistoric Europe. At Skara Brae, Stone Age settlers

created a sophisticated collection of stone-built enclosures and edifices with wooden covered walkways and connecting passages. Close to the Bay of Skail, Skara Brae's location allowed its inhabitants to enrich their traditional diets with seafood and offered a means of establishing trade routes with other settlements. It is possible that these peoples traded with others as far away as Spain and remote parts of Scandinavia.



Stone Rings and Standing Stones

In addition to being skilled navigators and tradesmen, we know the early Scottish peoples were proficient engineers and astronomers. The mysterious standing stones and rings of stones that dot the Scottish landscape are a testament to their skill and religious fervour. The time and energy devoted to assembling these monuments, often quarried and transported miles from where they now stand, show us that they were a deeply spiritual and devout people.

Amongst the most famous of these structures are the Standing Stones of Stenness and the Ring of Brodgar on Orkney, and the concentric rings of the Callanish Stones, or Calanais in Gaelic, on the Isle of Lewis. These were significant sites of religious ceremony and worship, often aligned to the position or movement of the sun or moon and relating to specific seasonal changes. In 1680, John Morisone, a native of the Isle of Lewis, gave one of the earliest references to such megalithic sites, writing how the “gret stones standyng up in ranks were sett up in place for devotione”.

Amidst Scotland's tall megaliths and intricate stone circles, rites and rituals are still performed for the purpose of communing with gods and numerous deathless entities from the depths of space. Other henges, stone formations and singular or grouped megaliths are scattered across Scotland, the ritual significance of which has largely been lost or, in some cases, hidden.

Due to the lack of written and other documentary evidence, we have few records of Mythos activities in Scotland in the Stone Age. What research has shown is that the insignificant human populations were not seen as a threat or annoyance at this time; rather, it appears that many Mythos cultures saw the humans as a convenient 'tool' that they might manipulate at will. In addition, many humans actively worshipped Mythos deities and provided useful sacrifices.

Bronze Age Scotland

The influence of the 'Beaker' people—so called for having placed beakers of liquid in their tombs—is said to have ushered Scotland into the Bronze Age. The use of bronze was most significant in agriculture and the manufacture of weaponry. Bronze replaced stone, often flint, as the blade of choice for axes and knives. Populations, agricultural lands and productivity in Scotland grew steadily throughout the Bronze Age. Advances in metalworking and smelting followed and led to even better tools and weapons. However, the increasing need for land and the advent of new weaponry added up to war as village raided village, stealing land and livestock along the way.



As a response, a number of varied defensive fortifications were developed: substantial wooden hill forts, stone roundhouses, uniquely Scottish circular, dry-stone enclosures known as *brochs*, and small defensive artificial islands called *crannogs* built on Scotland's lochs. A large number of these fortifications were constructed and remained in use well after the Bronze and Iron ages. It is believed that they proved effective both against human invaders and lesser Mythos threats.

The recent excavation of a crannog near Lochgilphead by archaeologist Ewan Dundonald, for example, discovered a number of oddly deformed skulls possessing wide jaws and huge eye sockets. These strange skulls were apparently kept as trophies. This is the first such discovery in Scotland and suggests that the Bronze Age population was more successful in defeating Mythos foes than previously believed.

ARCHAEOLOGIST DUNDONALD GOES MISSING

The noted archaeologist Ewan Dundonald, known for his work on Bronze Age man, has apparently gone missing whilst working near Lochgilphead, Argyll. Professor Dundonald of St Andrews University was conducting research on a recently excavated crannog—a defensive fortification typical of the age—on the shores of Loch Fyne. Dundonald's assistant Marjory Plank awoke on Tuesday to find that Dundonald was missing, as were a number of artefacts only just uncovered the day before. Miss Plank alerted police, who have begun an investigation in the area and have asked locals for any information regarding Professor Dundonald's whereabouts or those of the missing artefacts. In a statement, Miss Plank said, "I simply don't understand what could have happened. Dr Dundonald certainly isn't the type to just wander off. We're all very concerned for him. And as for the artefacts, I can't fathom why anyone would want to steal those four grotesque skulls. I simply don't know what to think." A statement from the University of St Andrews has asked for anyone with information to come forward and said that it is currently hiring a team of investigators to look further into the matter. — *Helensburgh Articler*, June the 19th, 1921.

Iron Age Scotland

Warring in Scotland intensified into the Iron Age. Competition for land and resources increased significantly with successive waves of Celtic settlers arriving from Europe. Despite the construction of hundreds of forts, towers and brochs, the Celts would not be stopped. As Winston Churchill famously wrote in *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples*: “Men armed with iron entered Britain from the Continent and killed the men of bronze”.

Armed with the skill of iron-making, the Celts effected their settlement in Scotland, adding themselves to the already numerous warring groups. It was during this bloody age that unnatural nocturnal cannibals were first reported across Scotland, seemingly revelling in and sustaining themselves on the gore of the battlefields. The migration of the Celts into Scotland continued apace until just before the first Roman invasion, when Julius Caesar sent his armies across the English Channel in 55 BCE.

The Iron Age ended very much as it had begun, with competing tribes and peoples struggling to make a place for themselves and to secure their futures in light of threats from others—human and inhuman—leaving Scotland a land divided.

Roman Scotland

In the year 79, the Roman governor Agricola led twenty thousand men north into Caledonia (Scotland), building forts and roads and forcibly subduing local populations along the way. Despite initial success, the Romans found Scotland nearly impossible to control. The very land itself seemed to defy them.

Over the next decade, the rebellious Caledonian tribes so harassed the Romans that on his visit to Britain in 122 Emperor Hadrian ordered a wall to be built to contain the Scots and Picts or Picti (‘painted ones’).

The Mysterious Disappearance of the Ninth

Thirty years after governor Agricola’s invasion of Scotland, the infamous Legio Nona Hispana (Ninth Hispanic Legion), once led by Julius Caesar himself, marched north from York in 109 to push the Roman-held line more deeply into Scottish territory. The Ninth, more than five thousand veterans strong, passed the Roman fortifications near modern-day Jedburgh some weeks later, stopping only to resupply, and then continued north.

They were never heard from again. No sign of their passing, of any encampment or fierce battle, was ever discovered. The entire legion had seemingly vanished.

Recent research conducted by social historians from the University of Strathclyde provides one possible explanation. Pictish legend tells of a tribe of Picts led by a fearsome ‘warrior-witch’ who encountered a great Roman host. The Romans, being vastly superior in both number and skill, set about slaughtering the Picts. However, upon seeing her kin murdered, the Picts’ warrior-witch is said to have cursed the Romans, calling upon the ‘Hunter’ to avenge her fallen brethren.

The tale goes on to say that a terrible horned man then appeared and called to himself a great number of ghostly hunters riding on spectral steeds. This undead force rode upon the Romans and struck them down, taking them body and soul from this world. This ‘Hunter’ then claimed the warrior-witch herself, leaving the battlefield with her screams echoing in the night. Mythos researchers suggest that this ‘Horned Man’ is in fact an avatar of Nyarlathotep who possesses the power to call the ‘Wild Hunt’.

Only one other fragment exists regarding the disappearance of the Ninth: an account of a Roman historian, Marcus Cornelius Fronto, who wrote of an encounter with a madman who claimed to be a centurion of the Ninth. When Fronto asked the madman to explain what had happened in Scotland, the man began foaming at the mouth, screaming repeatedly, “in bello interfectus ... in bello atrox atrocitas” (‘killed in war ... killed by horrible barbarity’).



The diary of the legate Vitus Caelinus, however, suggests that the need to keep out “*atrum formidonis*” (‘dark terrors’) as well as the raiding Scots led to the Emperor’s decision.

In the year 142, another attempt to conquer Scotland was repelled and the Romans built yet another wall, the Antonine, between the Clyde and the Firth of Forth, to seal the frontier. During their three hundred-year occupation of Britain, the Romans never settled Caledonia. They did however give us the first accounts of the early Scottish people, including Dio Cassius’s dramatic description from 197:

“They can bear hunger and cold and all manner of hardship; they will retire into their marshes and hold out for days with only their heads above water, and in the forest they will subsist on barks and roots.”

Suffering continual attacks by the Scots, Picts and various barbarian groups, the Romans ultimately abandoned Britain, the last centurions leaving around 410.

First Millennium Scotland

During the first millennium, Scotland’s history falls into a pattern of near-constant struggle: first, for dominance between the warring factions of Picts, Celts, and Scots and second, against invasion by Britons to the south, Angles from the east (c. 500), and Vikings from the north (c. 800).

Pictland encompassed most of the north and the east, north of Fife. In the west, the Scottish Celts founded the kingdom of Dalriada with the Irish Celts. In the south, the lowland Scots held much of the formerly Roman-occupied lands that skirted northern Britain. Warfare between these groups was constant. The main issues for each faction were land and, by extension, power.

Ironically, warfare and conquest played a large role in bringing the disparate peoples of Scotland together. Another, more persuasive, role was played by the introduction of Christianity. St Ninian worked amongst the Picts whilst St Columba worked amongst the Gaelic-speaking ‘Scotti’ of Dalriada. The bulk of the lowland Scots and the Britons had converted to Christianity during Roman occupation. A shared Christian culture and intermarriage brought about more lasting peace. Conflict between Christians and Mythos cultists became commonplace, however.

In 843, the reign of Kenneth MacAlpine, or Cinead mac Ailpín in his native Gaelic, brought about the first union of the Scots and the creation of the united kingdom of Alba. At least in part, this union was further facilitated by continued attacks from the Angles to the south and the Vikings to the north and the need to stave off encroaching 'sea-bred horrors' along the coasts. Through a concerted programme of intermarriage, integration and force, Alba ultimately became Scotia, encompassing nearly all the lands known as Scotland today.

A Unified Scotland 1000-1500

From 1000 to 1500, Scotland developed its own powerbase and national identity, and began to assert its sovereignty. In the country, villages prospered and grew, more lands were made available for farming and grazing, and people experienced a relative peace that had previously been unknown. In the expanding burghs and towns, guilds and enterprising craftsmen prospered, manufacturing and commerce took off, and political and legal infrastructures appeared to support Scotland's national and international growth.

In 1266, King Alexander III finally forced the last of the Vikings from the Hebrides, consolidating much of Scotland's power in the north. Orkney and Shetland would not come under Scottish rule until 1470, however, and they would be given over in marriage rather than war. The 'gifting' of Orkney and Shetland recently became a matter of historical interest when Norwegian religious diaries dating from the mid-1400s were discovered. The texts spoke of a "skrekkelig besøk" ('terrible visitation') that ended in some terrible catastrophe known only as "det vissen" ('the withering'). Researchers are now attempting to determine the exact cause and nature of this phenomenon.

The clouds darken still. The storm has not broken for weeks. Not a moment's peace. We are forced indoors, huddling by our fires with nothing but dried fish and mead for our meals. I pray for an end to this suffering, but none comes.

Mikkel, Xana and little Mats passed in the night. Their bodies are placed with the others. We cannot even go outside to bury the dead. Ove and Pål, even old Halvor, talk openly of the Old Gods. They speak of fury and retribution, talking heresy in front of me. What can I do? So much has changed. I keep quiet, I pray, I do what I can for those stricken.

The withering takes more and more with every moonrise. In the day around our fires nothing happens. But the night brings the withering. We wake tired and drawn. The strong are made weak and the weak are brought unto death. Our skin pales and tightens, our muscles fade and diminish, our eyes hollow and sink. Are we all to die like this? Our bodies twisted and broken. Children dying with the faces of old men. Anya cries still. The storm howls outside. Who can stay awake? Who can hope to survive? I must pray. I must pray for us all.

The Withering (trans. Dr Agnetha B. Vagnilde, University of Oslo)

The death of Alexander III in 1286 brought an end to nearly two hundred years of peace between Scots and English, when the English King Edward I claimed sovereignty over Scotland.

In defiance of Edward, the Scots allied with France in 1295, forging a pact that would become known as the 'Auld Alliance' and prompt the English king to invade Scotland one year later. Resistance came in the form of small groups of rebel fighters who used skirmishing tactics to harass the sizeable English forces. The successes of this resistance led more and more Scots to join the cause under the leadership of a number of charismatic leaders, most notably William Wallace and Andrew Moray. Eventually forming a small army, the rebels won a number of memorable battles.

Following the execution of Wallace in 1305, Robert the Bruce rose up and crowned himself Robert I, King of Scots. Over the next decade, Robert succeeded in expelling the English from Scotland, culminating in the decisive Battle of Bannockburn in 1314. A turning point for Scottish independence then came in 1320 when an assembly of clergy and nobles drew up the 'Declaration of Arbroath', a petition to the Pope calling for an independent and sovereign Scotland.

The Declaration of Arbroath

"... for, as long as but a hundred of us remain alive, never will we on any conditions be brought under English rule. It is in truth not for glory, nor riches, nor honours that we are fighting, but for freedom—for that alone, which no honest man gives up but with life itself."

This famous statement was written into the Declaration of Arbroath on the 6th of April, 1320. A formal declaration of Scotland's independence, the Declaration is now held in the National Library of Scotland and remains one of the most significant documents in Scottish history.

Reformation and Revolution in Scotland 1500-1750

A number of important political and religious changes marked the period from 1500 to 1750. These changes came in response to continued English aggression and a growing dissatisfaction with the established religious order. In 1544, the English began a series of brutal attacks on Scotland, leading to another invasion in 1548. The Scots once more called upon the Auld Alliance with France. France suggested a marriage between Mary, Queen of Scots, and the Dauphin Francis II in exchange for French aid against the English.

Some thirteen years later, after the death of Francis, Mary returned to Scotland as Queen of France and Scotland only to be faced with squabbling nobles, rivals to her throne and the church in turmoil thanks in part to the machinations of

cultists seeking to destabilize both church and state. The Catholic queen faced considerable difficulty in ruling an increasingly Protestant population. Protestant reformer John Knox declared her an 'ungodly monarch' and at the age of twenty-five Mary was driven to exile in England. Perceived as a threat to the English throne, Mary was put to death in 1587.

Reformation of the Kirk, or Church, of Scotland was Knox's next step. The Scots' disdain for an English system where the authority of a secular Parliament lorded over the God-given authority of the Kirk led to increasing revolutionary activity. Religious opposition inspired military rebellion and a long and bloody series of battles were fought, particularly in the Lowlands, leading to the period between 1650 and 1700 being called 'The Killing Time', or by some 'The Feeding Time'.

Only the exile of the Catholic James II of England in 1689 and the crowning of Protestants William of Orange and Mary, the daughter of James II, finally resulted in peace. William and Mary restored the full Presbyterian structure of the Kirk and Scotland's religious reformation was completed. Unfortunately, the peace was not to last. Despite having found a solution for the Kirk in Scotland, the political tension between the Scottish Parliament and the English Crown continued.

Mort Ghlinne Comhann or The Massacre at Glencoe
William of Orange is blamed for one of the worst massacres in Scottish history. Having opposed the crowning of William, the MacDonald clan was offered a complete pardon by the English king, provided that they took an oath of allegiance by New Year's Day 1692. It is now widely held that the English king had no intention of pardoning the MacDonalds, being determined instead to see the clan pay for its resistance to his ascension.

In February of 1692, Captain Robert Campbell and one hundred and twenty men of the Earl of Argyll's Regiment of Foot arrived at the houses

of the MacDonalds in Glencoe, who—in Highland tradition—received them hospitably and provided them with food and lodging. On the 12th of February, 1692, in the dead of morning, the Captain's men rose up and, acting on secret orders, began murdering the MacDonalds.

Once word of the massacre reached the populace, this 'murder under trust' (that is, murdering those who have offered you shelter) caused a national scandal. Amongst Highland clans particularly, such murder was and is considered an unforgiveable crime. Regardless of the means and method, the Glen Coe Massacre remains one of the most infamous events in Scotland's long and bloody history.

Some documentary evidence suggests the King's troops purposefully herded the escaping MacDonalds towards the 'Devil's Staircase' along the treacherous ridge *Aonach Eagach*. The Devil's Staircase has long been associated with mysterious disappearances, leading to a local saying that "the black devil takes his due." Some Mythos researchers have since suggested that the King was aware of the shoggoth inhabiting the Staircase—a fact thought to be unknown until nearly two hundred years later.

In June 1897 a pair of German hikers was attacked on the Devil's Staircase. A Highlander walking on the ridge saw the attack and managed to help one of the hikers escape to safety. Both men described a black thing, twisting and writhing, which disappeared into a dark crag, pulling the broken body of the first hiker with it. The surviving hiker was heard to say repeatedly under his breath: "Jenes schwarze Ding war voll von Augen und Mündern" ("That black thing was full of eyes and mouths'.)

Nevertheless, amidst a fractious political situation and claims of corruption and bribery, the Scottish Parliament passed the Act of Union in January 1707, making Scotland a part of the United Kingdom. Time and old grievances led to a number of revolts, the most significant being the Jacobite

uprisings of 1715–1746. These ended with the Battle of Culloden, the most brutal battle of Scotland's history, where the Jacobite forces were soundly defeated and the wounded were slaughtered outright.

Scotland's Industrial Revolution 1750-1900

The latter half of the 18th century saw the population of Scotland rise dramatically. In the Highlands and Islands, for example, populations as much as doubled between 1750 and 1800 resulting in widespread unemployment. Clan chiefs and wealthy landowners found different ways of dealing with the problem. Many encouraged the unemployed to emigrate and vast numbers of Highlanders sailed to North America seeking a better life. Other landowners began mass evictions, clearing their estates of tenants in favour of using the land for sheep and cattle.

The Highland Clearances, as they became known, increased in frequency and severity well into the 19th century. The most dramatic clearances occurred between 1807 and 1821, when more than fifteen thousand Highlanders were brutally evicted from the lands of the Countess of Sutherland. The Countess burned peoples' homes in front of them. In one horrific case, an elderly woman died of severe burns when her house was set alight whilst she was still inside.

The Curious Case of Countess Sutherland

Evidence uncovered by a visiting professor from Miskatonic University in 1902 revealed that the real Countess of Sutherland died between 1797 and 1799, and that a mi-go doppelganger was in control of the Sutherland estate during the Clearances. Why a mi-go should be active in human affairs during this time is unknown. However, revisionist historians have taken this intervention as a sign that the Highland Clearances might have been, in part, an effort to reclaim lands that the fungi from Yuggoth held centuries before. This claim remains a point of considerable contestation amongst academics.

Years of famine followed the Clearances, and led to even greater emigration to Canada and the United States. During this period, large numbers of people from around Scotland also flocked to urban centres, especially the thriving industrial powerhouse of Glasgow, in hope of finding jobs and security.

By 1800 Glasgow was known as the 'workshop of Britain' and was already the largest producer of ironworks in all of Europe. In 1803, the Glasgow shipyards launched one of the world's first steamboats, the *Charlotte Dundas*, onto the Forth-Clyde canal, and in the next thirty years another ninety-five steamships would be built on Clydeside.

By 1850, Scotland had more than two hundred cotton mills fed by Scotland's substantial coal reserves. Massive growth in textiles spun off into development of other industries and much of Scotland's population moved south and west to take part. By 1860, Glasgow's population was well over two hundred thousand people, and more than one-third of Scotland's industrial workers lived in the county of Lanarkshire, labouring in the massive woollen mills.



Early 20th-century Scotland 1900-1920

The sudden increase in Scotland's urban population led to massive overcrowding. The growing population rapidly outstripped the housing available and, by the end of the 19th century, more than two-thirds of the Scottish population lived in single- or two-room dwellings. For the majority of Glasgow's workers, two claustrophobic rooms in a cramped tenement building was the best they could hope for.

Meanwhile the rich benefitted greatly from industrialization and the growing middle class found opportunities for advancement in shipbuilding, heavy industry, and international trade. The potential for industrial Scotland seemed to have no limit. Indeed, for a time, the world seemed to be Scotland's for the taking.

The early 20th century saw a tremendous increase in the number and membership of Mythos cults in Scotland. Competition, ruthlessness and lust for power, profit and influence encouraged businessmen, engineers and even simple labourers to open their minds to possibilities and vistas previously unimagined. Talk of new sciences and ancient magics, of technologies and dark powers, provided these men and women with a heady mix of conjured dreams.

What must have great Cthulhu, Tsathoggua, Yig, or Shub-Niggurath thought of this sudden influx of hungry human minds seeking power and unearthly wisdom beyond their ken? How many of those self-same men and women could have imagined their own cosmic insignificance or indeed that of the entire human race?

Such questions are perhaps for philosophers and Theosophists. What history tells us is that the desperate and frenzied appetite for industry and wealth at the turn of the century led a host of men and women to seek out powers born not of this world. Now a massing threat inhabits our streets, our industries and our halls of government. And not one of us is immune to this seething, growing cancer.

From the book *A World for the Taking: The Rise of Mythos Cults in Scotland* (Margaret Galston, Arbiters Press, Edinburgh, 1921)



World War I was to change that optimism forever. Nearly all of Scotland's major industries were tied to the export trade. World War I saw trading partners diminish, ports blocked and manufacturing given over to the war effort. The Great War, as it became known, lasted four long years and, at the end of those long years, the Scots found the world a changed place. Whilst Scotland was at war, new industrial centres in North America and Asia had developed and prospered, and the global demand for Scottish goods plummeted to a level from which it would never recover.

Scotland's industrial domination was at an end. Embittered, Scotland turned its wrath on a government that had exploited its cheap labour and skills, but given little back in the way of an increased standard of living. The early Scottish labour movement was born of these tensions, and it fought an increasingly militant campaign against the Tory and Liberal parties, working tirelessly for improvements in both working and social conditions. At the beginning of 1920, Scotland was still foundering in post-war difficulties. The lives of ordinary Scots were far from easy and the future did not hold the same promise it once had. The indomitable Scottish spirit would not falter long, however. Through conflict, toil and blood, the Scottish people had built a country for themselves. Now they would set about building themselves a new future.



-A Mythos Timeline-

"Time. Our lives are ruled by it, theirs are not. You might say it works against us, and you'd be right, sure enough. It doesn't work for us, it works for the Old Ones—always has and always will."

(Jack McRae, *Memoirs of a Rambling Rogue*, 1901)

The following is a comprehensive timeline incorporating known Mythos activity into the historical context of Scotland, from its prehistory roughly three hundred and fifty million years before our current era (BCE) to the first quarter of the 20th century.

350 million BCE: The supercontinent Pangaea is created in a violent collision of tectonic plates. Cthulhu and his host arrive on Earth and initiate a war with the elder things for dominance of the planet.

300 million BCE: A truce is established between Cthulhu and the elder things, who are much diminished.

275 million BCE: The serpent people create their greatest civilization, Valusia, in the centre of Pangaea, building on and under the lands that make up modern Scotland.

250 million BCE: The slave-bred shoggoths rebel against their elder thing masters. Many shoggoths escape and a number come to inhabit areas in Scotland.

225 million BCE: The coming of the dinosaurs brings about the decline of Valusia. The powerful serpent people elite chooses to enter hibernation deep below the surface of the Earth, ultimately becoming the 'sleepers' of legend.

190 million BCE: Tectonic activity rips Pangaea apart, tearing Scotland away from Laurentia and forming the Atlantic Ocean. Scotland collides violently with the Avalonian (England and Wales) and European plates, thrusting up mountains across much of the Scottish landscape.

150 million BCE: The mi-go arrive in Scotland. The recently formed mountains in Scotland's Highlands create a perfect habitat for the alien fungi from Yuggoth.

65 million BCE: Following the decline of the dinosaurs, mammals become the dominant form of life on Earth.

50 million BCE: The mi-go begin a war for dominance in Scotland against growing populations of deep ones and serpent people, as well as a much smaller number of dark ones, elder things, and unique Mythos entities.

45 million BCE: Despite having managed to rid Scotland of elder things and dark ones, the mi-go war is unsuccessful and they retreat to their mountainous Highland dwellings.

1 million BCE: The ice age begins. Over the subsequent centuries, glaciation and melting form the landscape of modern Scotland.

40,000 BCE: Neanderthals move north from what is now southern England and subsequently disappear. Empty settlements are all that remain.

8500 BCE: The first recorded human settlement is established in Scotland at Cramond, near Edinburgh.

5000 BCE: Seeing the encroaching human settlements as a threat, the serpent people begin a programme of genocide in the Scottish Lowlands. The humans have some success in pushing back the serpent attacks. Tales and legends of dragons proliferate.

3000 BCE: Stone Age peoples build the massive chambered tomb Maes Howe, or Maeshowe, on Orkney.

2750 BCE: On the Bay of Skaill, Orkney, the elaborate stone village of Skara Brae is built and occupied.

2020 BCE: A great unexplained catastrophe strikes the people of Orkney. Mass emigrations follow, leaving villages and settlements empty.

1400 BCE: An avatar of the Great Old One Byatis is summoned to Earth by deep one priests, and briefly terrorizes Lowland Scotland before heading south to warmer climes in England.

500 BCE: Defensive towers, forts, and distinctly Scottish *brochs* (circular dry-stone buildings) and *crannogs* (artificial islets or houses on stilts over lochs) come into use across Scotland.

200 BCE: On the Isle of Skye, the famed 'School for Heroes' is opened by the warrior-queen Sgathach at Dun Scaith, near Tarskavaig. Irish legend suggests that the heroes' training included means of resisting mind control and engaging in mortal combat with 'auld gods'.

50 BCE: A small band of hunters discovers an entrance to an emptied elder thing city on the northern face of Ben Nevis. A party of five men is sent inside to investigate the interior. They are never heard from again. After three days, a large rescue party of twelve men enters the void laden with supplies and torches. They too are lost to the darkness under the mountain. The fate of all seventeen men is sealed when a massive rockslide buries the entrance under tons of rock a week later. Thereafter, the area is shunned and renamed the 'Devil's Throat'.

Year 1 CE: Scotland is divided by a number of warring clans and peoples, most numerous amongst them the Picts, who rule nearly the whole of northern Scotland.

79: Roman governor of Britain Julius Agricola invades Scotland with twenty thousand men.

105: After numerous defeats, the Romans retreat from Scotland and take up a defensive line between the Solway and Tyne rivers, hoping to protect lands to the south from the raiding Scots and Picts.

109: Caesar's notorious Legio IX, or Ninth Legion, is sent north from York to subdue the Scots and push the Roman line into Scotland. Engaging a much smaller force of Picts near modern Pitlochry, the Ninth is nonetheless routed when a Pictish witch calls upon the 'Horned Man', an avatar of Nyarlathotep. Nyarlathotep summons the Wild Hunt and proceeds to annihilate the more than five thousand veterans.

122: Having witnessed first-hand an 'impossible horror' in Scotland, Emperor Hadrian orders the defensive line established seventeen years earlier be walled and heavily fortified, becoming known as Hadrian's Wall.

250: Celts, Picts and Scots fortify their lands in Scotland. A near-perpetual state of war exists between them and, most especially, against the Romans.

367: The Picts descend from the north, pushing the Romans back from Hadrian's Wall. Roman generals report that a dark shadow preceded the Pictish forces and an unearthly wailing drove their men mad with fear.

397: St Ninian brings Christianity to Scotland. The first Christian church at Whithorn is dedicated to St Martin.

500: The kingdom of Dalriada, forged by Celts and Scots, makes its capital at Dunadd in Glen Kilmartin, Argyll.

527: Fifteen Christian missionaries bound for Pictish lands vanish from their camp on the shores of Loch Ness. A series of strange events follows, ending finally with the lifeless bodies of twelve of the missionaries washing ashore near Fort Augustus.

552: St Mungo, also known as St Kentigern, erects a church in a 'great green place', the site that will later host Glasgow Cathedral.

563: St Columba arrives at Iona, a small island off the western tip of Mull, and founds a Christian settlement there.

614: Cursed by a group of cultists, St Mungo dies from a 'wund moste grave' and is buried in the church he founded at 'Clas-gu' or Glasgow.

638: Edinburgh is invaded by Angles. In conducting a detailed survey of the city, the Germanic invaders are amazed to find hundreds of labyrinthine passages and caves beneath the streets. Entrances to this underground maze are blocked up and, where possible, collapsed when encounters with this underworld's 'unholy denizens' prove too deadly.



685: The armies of the Angle king of Northumbria, Egfrith, are defeated at the Battle of Dunnichen or Nechtansmere, near modern Edinburgh.

795: Arriving in great long ships, Vikings raid farms and settlements on Iona. It is the first of many such attacks on Scottish lands, largely initiated from Orkney.

839: King Bridei VI and many Pictish nobility are killed in a terrible defeat at the hands of the Vikings. Nearly all the Pictish land north of the Firth of Forth and the Clyde are left momentarily leaderless.

840: The fungi of Yuggoth, who have been all but dormant for countless millennia, make a brief appearance in the Pictish Highlands. The mi-go set about establishing a number of cults and, for a time, involve themselves—although never directly—in human politics. However, two years later, the fungi retreat back into their mountain homes. The reason for this burst of activity is a matter of considerable debate to this day.

843: Kenneth MacAlpine, king of the Scots of Dalriada, unites the lands of Scotland for the first time in the country's history when he is also made king of the Picts of Pictland. This new unified country with its capital at Scone, near modern Perth, becomes known as the Kingdom of Alba.

900: A regiment of soldiers sent north by King Donald II of Alba to deal with a Viking incursion near Inverness is quite literally ripped to shreds by a trio of Tindalosian hybrids. Their motives and how they came to be in Scotland are never discovered.

1018: At the Battle of Carham, near the river Tweed, Malcolm II decisively defeats the armies of Northumbria. This victory leads to the demarcation and recognition of the border between England and Scotland.

1040: King Macbeth is crowned King of Scotland at Scone. Many disapprove of his ascension to the throne, particularly as Lady Macbeth is known to consort with witches and the cult of Tsathoggua.

1057: At the Battle of Lumphanan in Perthshire, Malcolm Canmore slays Macbeth and is crowned Malcolm III, King of Scotland.

1154: The Esoteric Brotherhood of the Spheres, an elite group with members from many of Europe's most senior noble houses and monarchies, receives a petition from King Henry II of England asking for aid 'bothe physicall and magikall' against Scotland.

1174: William I, the Lion of Scotland, is surprised, taken prisoner, and sent to Normandy, where he is forced to sign the Treaty of Falaise. The treaty makes all future 'kings of Scots' subordinate to England and cedes ownership of strategic castles throughout Scotland to the English.

1186: At Henry II's bidding, William, still a prisoner in France, is forced to marry Ermengard of Normandy and Edinburgh Castle is made a wedding present to her. Tribute from across Scotland is gathered and gifted to the Esoteric Brotherhood of the Spheres.

1266: Håkon IV of Norway relinquishes the Norwegian-held Hebrides and Western Isles at the Treaty of Perth in exchange for monies and ownership of Shetland and Orkney.

1295: France offers Scotland military aid through the Treaty of Paris. In response, Edward I of England declares war on Scotland.

1297: William Wallace sparks widespread resistance and becomes the first hero of the Scottish wars for independence by sacking Lanark Castle and killing its ruthless English sheriff. Months later, Andrew Murray becomes Scotland's second hero by besieging and re-capturing a series of strategic, English-held castles in the Highlands. Towards the end of the year, Murray and Wallace achieve a stunning victory against the English at the Battle of Stirling Bridge, but Murray later dies from his wounds.

1302: The Bringers of Fire, an ancient cult devoted to Cthugha, succeeds in gating the Great Old One to their stone circle at Ballymeanoch, near Slockavullin, Argyll. Cthugha arrives with more than one hundred flame vampires and immediately devours the stunned Bringers, scorching the circle black. The flame vampires frenetically set fire to surrounding lands and forests before following Cthugha back to the distant star Fomalhaut.

1305: Wallace is betrayed, removed to London, and publicly executed.

1306: Robert the Bruce has himself crowned Robert I, King of Scotland.

1314: As King of Scotland, Robert I defeats the English at the Battle of Bannockburn. The English king, Edward II, loses more than two thousand horse and sixteen thousand men and barely manages to escape with his life.

1315: The noted warlock Angus McKellan, gifted dreamer and one of Scotland's most learned men, is visited by Tawil At'Umr, the Guide and Guardian of the Gate and an avatar of Yog-Sothoth. The Ancient One offers to guide McKellan to times and places unknown. The warlock subsequently vanishes from his home outside Dalbeattie in Galloway, leaving only a hastily scrawled note.

1320: Nobles and clergy from across Scotland sign the Declaration of Arbroath, asking Pope John XXII to recognize Robert I as the rightful, sovereign king of Scotland and ensure the freedom of its people.

1335: Edward III initiates the largest English invasion to date and manages to take much of southern Scotland.

1349: More than two hundred thousand Scots succumb to the Black Death, leaving Scotland with a population of fewer than a million people. The ghoulish population of Scotland, particularly in Glasgow and Edinburgh, rises dramatically.

1371: Robert II, grandson of Robert the Bruce, establishes the Stewart dynasty. With few interruptions, the Stewarts rule Scotland for the next three hundred years.



1413: The University of St Andrews becomes Scotland's first university.

1451: The University of Glasgow is founded and quickly rivals St Andrews in size.

1469: An unexplained catastrophe befalls the Norwegian peoples inhabiting Shetland and Orkney. Large numbers of its people are struck down by a phenomenon known only as 'the withering'. A mass exodus follows.

1470: Norwegian King Håkon VI Magnusson sells Orkney and Shetland to Scotland for fifty-eight thousand Rhenish guilders, and two years later an act of parliament recognizes the islands as the northernmost reaches of the Scottish kingdom.

1494: The earliest recorded description of the delicate art of whisky distillation appears in a Scottish text.

1495: The University of Aberdeen is founded. It is one of the first universities in Scotland to offer courses in the emerging fields of metaphysics and occult sciences.

1543: Nine-month-old Mary, daughter of King James V and Marie de Guise, is crowned Queen of Scots at Stirling Castle.

1544: King Henry VIII of England takes military action against Scotland in an attempt to force the marriage of Mary, Queen of Scots, to his son. This period, typified by invasions from the south and naval attacks near Edinburgh, is to be known as the 'rough wooing'. The following seven years of military activity cost the English well over half a million pounds and bring its economy to a near standstill.

1548: In order to secure French aid, it is agreed that young Mary and the son of King Henri II of France will wed. The French land an imposing army at Leith in Edinburgh, attack the English at Haddington, and take Mary to France.

1552: More than fifty cultists are found dead in and around the Tomnaverie stone circle near Tarland, Aberdeenshire. The lifeless bodies are bent and contorted horribly. A copy of the Book of Iod is found beneath one of the bodies and is later made part of the Rare Books collection at the University of St Andrews.

1558: Mary, Queen of Scots, and François II, Dauphin of France, marry in Paris at the ages of fourteen and fifteen, respectively. That same year, Elizabeth is crowned queen, but due to her father's divorce the Catholic Church deems her illegitimate. The Church sees Mary, Queen of Scots, as the rightful Queen of England.

1559: John Knox leads a major Protestant uprising in Lowland Scotland.

1582: The University of Edinburgh is founded.

1586: Mary, Queen of Scots, is arrested for plotting to kill Queen Elizabeth and is put to death a year later at Fotheringay.

1590: James VI begins a fanatical hunt for witches that claims the lives of more than a thousand, predominantly female, Scots.

1603: Queen Elizabeth I of England dies and Scotland's James VI is crowned King James I of England in Edinburgh.

1638: Seeking to preserve Scottish religious and cultural practices, the National Covenant is signed, eventually by thousands of Scots, who by doing so become rebels against the English crown.

1664: Suspected sightings of werewolves are linked with a number of violent deaths in the north of Scotland. With the government otherwise occupied, Scots take the matter into their own hands and organize regular wolf hunts. In less than a century, the entire wolf population in Scotland is hunted to extinction.

1671: Rob Roy MacGregor is born near Loch Katrine.

1682: In Edinburgh, the Advocates' Library is constructed, laying the foundations for the National Library of Scotland.

1688: William of Orange arrives in England, at the request of the nobility and Church, with a huge army. In Scotland, nobles and clans are divided in their support for William and his queen, Mary.

1692: The clan chiefs of the MacDonalds of Glencoe are massacred in the night by government troops, who are also their guests. The murders are held up as punishment for the Macdonalds' failure to swear an oath of allegiance to William.

1696: The Bank of Scotland opens its doors.

1707: Despite opposition, the Treaty of Union is accepted by the Scottish parliament and Queen Anne becomes the first sovereign of the new kingdom of Great Britain.

1721: A travelling troupe of actors and musicians reports seeing strange lights above Loch Ness and the ruins of nearby Castle Urquhart. No evidence to support this sighting is ever uncovered.

1730: In response to increases in rent, the first mass emigration from the Scottish Highlands begins.

1745: Charles Edward Stuart, or Bonnie Prince Charlie, lands at Glenfinnan and begins to raise an army. Charles and his 'Jacobites' take Perth and then Edinburgh without incident. By the end of 1745, the Jacobites are less than one hundred and fifty miles from London and the city is in complete panic. The English king, George II, is reportedly looking to flee. Instead of pressing their advantage, the Jacobites return to Scotland.

1746: The Jacobites and government forces led by the Duke of Cumberland meet at the Battle of Culloden. The Jacobites are slain almost to a man. Bonnie Prince Charlie escapes to the beaches at Arisaig and flees to France.

1759: Scotland's bard, Robert 'Robbie' Burns is born.



1767: Edinburgh begins construction of its New Town.

1771: The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is first published in Edinburgh.

1773: The Highland Clearances begin as the first emigrants board the *Hector* in Ullapool and set sail for Nova Scotia, Canada, having watched their homes being burned to make more land for sheep and cattle.

1783: The first edition of the *Glasgow Herald* hits the city streets.

1784: The dead body of eminent socialite Fiona Gibbon is found in her home in Morningside, Edinburgh. Police reports describe the body as: “devoid of liquids and flattened, as tho pressed” and “possessing a large number of small, puncture-like wounds”. The strange case is hushed up in the Edinburgh press and goes unsolved.

1786: The New Lanark Mills grow to be the world’s largest cotton mills.

1787: At Kinnaird Head, near Fraserburgh, Scotland’s first lighthouse begins operation.

1801: Scotland’s rapidly growing population reaches 1,608,000.

1819: Scottish engineer and inventor James Watt, whose steam engine designs ushered in the Industrial Revolution, dies. Memorials take place across Scotland.

1829: Serial murderer William Burke is convicted and executed for the West Port Murders in Edinburgh. A total of seventeen known victims were ‘harvested’ by Burke, and his accomplice William Hare, for the purpose of selling the bodies to Edinburgh’s surgeons and anatomists as medical cadavers. Hare is found not guilty and is later released.

1838: Queen Victoria is crowned in Westminster Abbey.

1839: The body of William Hare is found mutilated almost beyond recognition in Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh. An autopsy suggests that a huge hound mauled Hare, prompting newspapers to write dramatic headlines of hell-hounds and a suspected pact with the Devil.

1841: The population of Scotland has grown to 2,620,000.

1842: Regular rail service between Glasgow and Edinburgh begins operation.

1852: John Brown Shipbuilding and Engineering is formed in Glasgow. The company moves to Clydebank in 1872.

1876: Scottish inventor Alexander Graham Bell patents the telephone.

1883: One hundred and twenty-four lives are lost when the short-haul steamer *Daphne* sinks on her maiden voyage on the Clyde.

1890: The Forth Rail Bridge is opened for travel.

1891: A series of gargantuan fossilized ‘footprints’ are discovered in an Ayrshire coalmine. Scientists from the University of Glasgow and The Royal College of Science and Technology examine the prints over a period of fourteen days before declaring the improbably-shaped footprints a hoax.

1894: Scotland mourns the loss of Robert Louis Stevenson, one of the country’s most famous authors and poets.

1896: The Glasgow District Subway begins operation.

1899: In Glasgow, the first electric-powered tram replaces the horse-drawn service.

1904: The next nine years see six hundred thousand Scots, roughly thirteen percent of the entire Scottish population, emigrate to Canada, the United States, and a number of Commonwealth countries around the globe.

1909: Causewayhead, near Stirling, is the setting for Harold and Frank Barnwell’s—and Scotland’s—first heavier than air flight.

1911: The Scottish population reaches 4,761,000.

1912: In a freak storm, the lighthouse on Bass Rock falters. Workmen sent to survey the damage find the lighthouse nearly destroyed with wood splintered, stones broken and many surfaces oddly stained. More disturbing still, the lighthouse keeper has vanished utterly and a horrible reek pervades the place. Despite the mystery, repairs begin a week later and the lighthouse is brought back to working order with an upgraded incandescent gas lantern.

1914: Great Britain declares war on Germany.

1915: British naval bases are built in Orkney at Scapa Flow and near Inverness at Invergordon.

1917: The Hand of Ayzou cult begins searching long-forgotten passages beneath Edinburgh for the ‘sleepers’ of serpent people legend.

1918: The Great War ends with more than one hundred and forty thousand Scottish dead and nearly a million wounded.

1919: The army is called in to quell riots in Glasgow over rising rent levels and demands for a shorter working week. Later in 1919, the Glasgow-built airship R34 makes a non-stop flight to the United States from East Fortune, near North Berwick. Andrew Carnegie, the noted industrialist and philanthropist, dies.

1920: Scotland enters the Roaring Twenties.

-Notable Figures of 1920s Scotland-

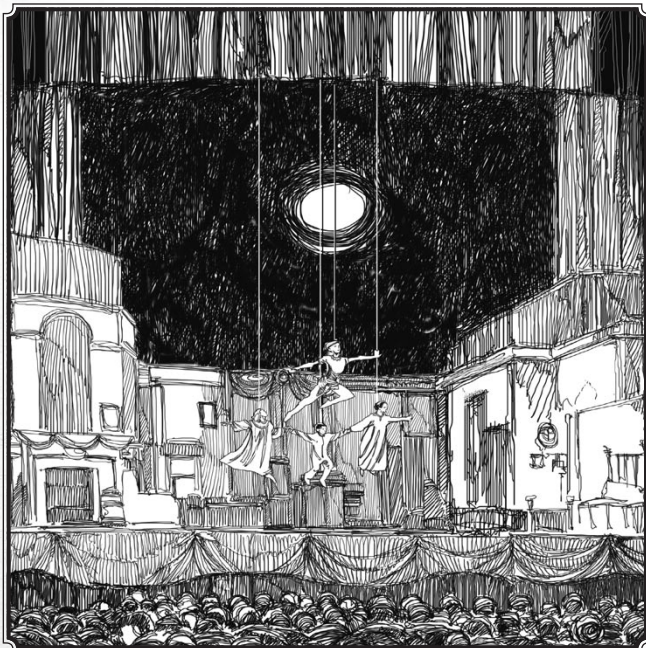
John Logie Baird (1888–1946)

Born in Helensburgh, Baird was an electrical engineer and the inventor of television. In 1924 he first successfully transmitted a television signal over a few short feet. On the 26th of January, 1926, he gave fifty scientists in London the world's first true television demonstration. One year later, Baird demonstrated a television transmission between London and Glasgow. His invention caught international attention in 1928 when the first transmission crossed the Atlantic from London to New York.



James Matthew Barrie (1860–1937)

Born in Kirriemuir, Barrie is most known for *Peter Pan*. He also wrote a number of other works, including *Peter and Wendy*, and very successful plays, including *Dear Brutus*, *The Twelve Pound Look* and *What Every Woman Knows*. Barrie continued to publish up to his death and his works were popular on Scottish stages throughout the 1920s.



Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon (1900–2002)

Though born in London, Bowes-Lyon was raised in Scotland at Glamis Castle, Angus. In 1923, she married George VI, the Duke of York and second in line to the British throne. On the abdication of Edward VIII in 1936, George became king and Elizabeth became Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother. A favourite amongst the people, she visited Scotland often, as did her children, including Queen Elizabeth II.

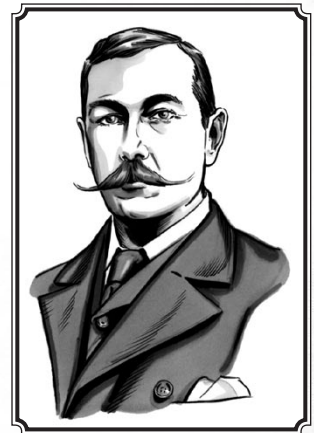


John Buchan (1875–1940)

Born in Perth, Buchan was a highly successful writer and a decorated diplomat. In addition to historical biographies, Buchan wrote action-adventure and mysteries, and achieved great renown for his tales of intrigue, including *The 39 Steps*. He would go on to have a distinguished career as a diplomat and before his death was made Governor General of Canada.

Arthur Conan Doyle (1859–1930)

Born in Edinburgh, Arthur Conan Doyle began his career studying medicine at Edinburgh University. He is most remembered for his novels and shorter adventures featuring Sherlock Holmes. Conan Doyle was a spiritualist and a member of 'The Ghost Club', a group that studied paranormal phenomena. His belief in fairies was evidenced in his publishing *The Coming of the Fairies* in 1921 and then *The History of Spiritualism* in 1926, in which he expressed an ardent belief in psychic powers and spirit manifestations.



**Alexander Fleming
(1881–1955)**

Born in the town of Loudoun, Fleming was a biologist and pharmacologist. His discovery of the antibiotic penicillin in 1928 made him a household name and is recognized as one of the most significant discoveries of the 20th century. Fleming, along with his partners Howard Florey and Ernst Chain, was awarded the 1945 Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine.

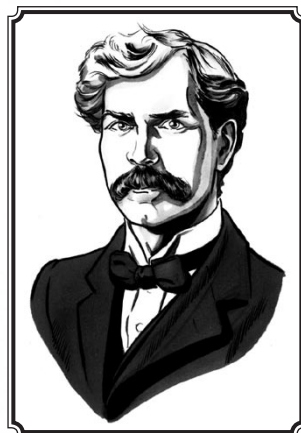


**Eric Henry Liddell
(1902–1945)**

Born in China to Scottish missionary parents, Liddell studied pure science at Edinburgh University in 1922 and ran in 100- and 220-yard races as a member of the athletics team. Little known before the Paris Olympics of the summer of 1924, he became an overnight British sensation when he won gold and bronze in the 400 and 200 metre, respectively. He continued to run until 1925 when he left Scotland to be a missionary in China. His life is immortalized in the Oscar-winning film *Chariots of Fire* (1981).

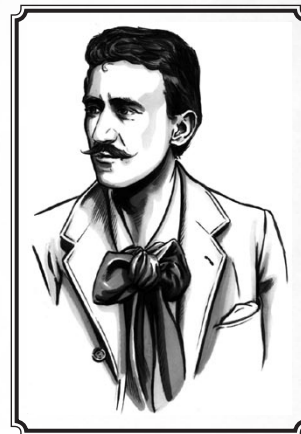
**Ramsay MacDonald
(1866–1937)**

Born in Lossiemouth, MacDonald started out as a schoolteacher, but found his true calling as a politician and statesman. He was elected the United Kingdom's first Labour Prime Minister in 1924 and was re-elected to another term in 1929. A gifted orator, MacDonald brought in reforms that supported the unemployed, expanded low-income housing, and amended insurance and benefits for Scotland's workers.



**Charles Rennie
MacKintosh
(1868–1928)**

Born in Glasgow, MacKintosh was a gifted architect and member of the Glasgow-based creative collective known as 'The Four'. Also a designer and water-colourist, MacKintosh is best known for his stylish, modern architecture, examples of which can be seen around Glasgow. By the 1920s, however, he had largely abandoned architecture in favour of painting, but never achieved much success. Disillusioned, MacKintosh left Scotland in 1923, moving to the south of France with his wife, Margaret.



Further Reading

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Shadows over Scotland

The Lowlands

-The Lowlands-



"More than any other region of Scotland, the Lowlands have been marked by war and battle. Whether by English kings, Roman governors, Stone Age tribes, or Great Old Ones, these fertile vistas have time and again been contested, raided, burnt and bloodied. Though seemingly bonny and bright today, the Scottish Lowlands harbour a brooding darkness bred into and branded onto its very heart."

(Dr Adam S. Carlyle, *The Making of Modern Scotland*, 1920)



-Geography-

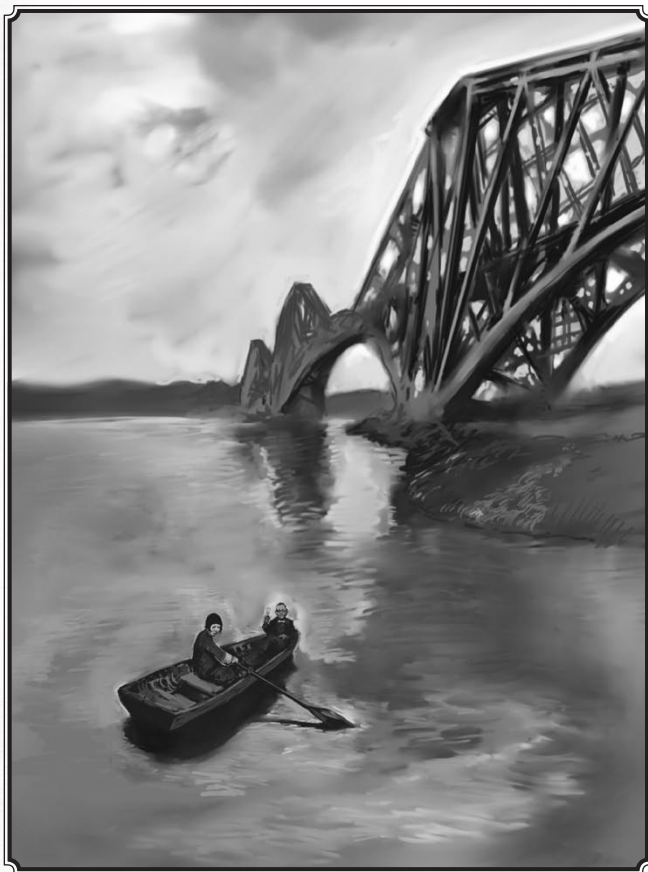
The Lowlands of Scotland comprise the modern-day Borders and Dumfries & Galloway in the south bordering England; Argyll, Perthshire and Angus & Dundee in the north bordering the Highlands; and Edinburgh & Lothian, the Kingdom of Fife, Glasgow & the Clyde Valley, and Ayrshire in between forming the central Lowlands. For simplicity's sake, the term 'Lowlands' is used to cover all of these regions. In geological terms, the true boundary between the Lowlands and Highlands is demarcated by the Highland Boundary Fault, which runs from the Isle of Arran and mainland Helensburgh in the west to Stonehaven in the east.

The geography of the Lowlands is typified by rolling hills, pastoral glens, and thinly forested areas curving around low mountains and occasional volcanic outcroppings. Fresh water lochs and rivers dot the land. The Clyde Estuary in the west and the Firth of Forth in the east provide access to the sea for Glasgow and Edinburgh, respectively. The shores of Lowland Scotland are home to high cliffs, sea caverns, and soft white-sand beaches. As it moves north, the west coast of Scotland becomes wilder and forms jagged promontories and peninsulas. Large numbers of fishing villages line each coast.

One is never far from water in Scotland. The valleys and long glens of Scotland are home to an amazing variety of lochs and rivers. Although the River Tay is Scotland's longest, the Lowland river Clyde remains the country's most significant waterway. In the 1920s, a great number of ocean-going vessels carrying both passengers and cargo still sail up the Clyde daily, to the docks and shipyards in Glasgow.

The wide bays or *firths* of Lowland Scotland are also worth noting. Both on the west and east coast, Scotland's many rivers flow into these broad firths, largest among which are

the Firth of Forth near Edinburgh and the Firth of Clyde near Glasgow. Scotland's waterways provide a useful means of access and transportation throughout the Lowlands—and not just for the more recent human population.



As for *lochs*, the Scottish lakes, Loch Lomond north of Glasgow is Scotland's largest at five miles wide and thirty miles long. A vast number of smaller lochs are situated across the Lowlands of Scotland nestled beneath worn peaks and barren hills. Rumour has it that many of these lochs are connected through a labyrinthine network of deep tunnels and dark cavernous expanses. To date, no one has been able to confirm the existence of such a network or to ascertain what might live or indeed thrive in those sunless depths.

Scotland is by far the most mountainous region of the United Kingdom. Although the Lowlands are not home to Scotland's highest peaks, a number of ranges are worth noting. The Sidlaw Hills north of Dundee, the Pentland Hills near Edinburgh, the Lammermuir Hills in the Borders, the Ochils

between Stirling and Perth, and the Campsie Fells north of Glasgow all provide dramatic backdrops for Scottish life in the 1920s. Less dramatic than the tall Highland peaks, the Lowland hills are infinitely older and home to a number of ageless horrors. These hills are typically covered in grass, scrub, and short shrubs at height and encircled by sparse forests, bracken and taller shrubs near their bases.

Remarkable volcanic plugs and outcroppings from Arthur's Seat and Castle Hill in the east to Loudoun Hill and Ailsa Craig in the west are a testament to the Lowlands' volcanic past. These locations are often frequented by Mythos entities for reasons unknown. Whether these massive rocky structures possess purely geological or potentially cosmic significance is a matter of considerable academic interest.

Other sources of interest and mystery are the many stone circles and standing stones featured around the Lowlands. Situated atop hills, in deep glens, hidden in forests or on open plains, the majority of these Neolithic sites have both social and religious significance. The exactitude and effort required to create them tell us just how very important these circles and standing stones were, and still may be, for the inhabitants—human and otherwise—of Lowland Scotland.

Most cities and burghs in the Lowlands hug rivers, lochs and open coastline, reinforcing the importance of water as a means of transport. Other centres lie in the wide glens and narrow passes that afford travel through the Lowlands and held strategic, and often military, significance. In the 1920s, the roads across Scotland are still works in progress. That said, the Lowlands have the best transport links in the country, with major roads and rail lines connecting all industrial and business centres.

The relatively uncomplicated geography of the Lowlands does not impede travel the way that it does in the Highlands and Islands. Regardless, getting from one destination to another can be a time-consuming process. Getting around the Lowlands is usually accomplished via train, motor coach, or car, just as it is today: for travel between major cities, the train is the most popular choice. Roads are generally good in the 1920s, but travel to the Highlands and Islands requires thought and planning.

Getting around the Lowlands

To determine travel times, a quick rule of thumb is to double the time it would take today to arrive at the chosen destination. Below are some examples of the average time needed to travel between cities in the 1920s:

- From Dundee to Edinburgh or Stirling: 2 hrs 30 mins
- From Dundee to Glasgow: 4 hrs 15 mins
- From Edinburgh to Glasgow or Stirling: 1 hr 30 mins
- From Edinburgh to St Andrews: 2 hrs and 45 mins
- From Glasgow to St Andrews: 4 hrs
- From Glasgow to Stirling or Edinburgh: 1 hr 30 mins

-Culture and People-

“Ne’er will you see a more curious mixture of folk as in the Lowlands of Scotland. A wild bunch of Scots descended from a hundred warring clans and tribes, some even having Roman and Sassenach blood. Good folk to be sure, but an unpredictable lot. Approach with caution, says I.”

(Jack McRae, *Memoirs of a Rambling Rogue*, 1901)

In the 1920s, the Lowlands is by far the country’s most populous region. Two-thirds of Scotland’s population resides in these agriculturally and historically rich lands. This disparity in numbers between the Lowlands and the rest of Scotland is the result of a number of economic, historical and environmental factors. The Highland Clearances, for example, saw the relocation of vast numbers of peoples from the Highlands and Islands.

The arrival of industrialization also saw Lowland cities swell with an increasing number of immigrants (particularly Irish) looking for work. The majority of these people settled in Edinburgh or Glasgow to work in factories and mills, becoming part of Scotland’s industrial machine.

The Lowlands of the 1920s are highly urbanized. Nearly three-quarters of folk live in towns and burghs of more than three thousand people. Most of these towns and villages are either dotted along the east and west coasts or lie around or between the chief cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

The industrial and populous ‘central belt’ between Glasgow and Edinburgh is also home to a number of Mythos entities that have either taken an interest in the affairs of mankind or simply followed their migrating prey. Such predators and other Mythos elements are detailed in the ‘The Mythos in Scotland’s Lowlands’ section below. Outside the central belt, other major centres such as Ayr, Dumfries, Dundee, Galashiels, Kilmarnock, Perth, Stirling, and Stranraer are useful as bases for scenarios in the Lowlands.

Historically, the people of Lowland Scotland have spoken a number of different languages and dialects. More so than in the Highlands and Islands, the Lowlands people have found themselves having to speak the *lingua franca* of a number of invading nations, including the English, Romans, Vikings, and, of course, Picts and Celts. Amalgamating elements from various languages and dialects, the Lowlanders developed the ‘Scots’ language, distinct from the Scottish Gaelic of the Highlands and Islands. English, however, is the first language of the Lowlands in the 1920s, although some may still use Scots or even the revivalist ‘Lallans’ language in addition to English.

Religion is a popular and often contentious topic in 1920s Scotland. In the Lowlands, the Scottish people put their faith in a number of religions, including those dedicated to Mythos gods. Christianity is the dominant religion in Scotland; however, a fractious division exists between practising Protestants and Catholics. The Presbyterian Church is the main Protestant body in Scotland, whilst the Roman Catholic Church is the main Catholic body. The actions of both groups towards one another are often anything but ‘Christian’ in reality. Normally, an uncomfortable truce is maintained between them, but when tempers flare in the streets and overcrowded slums of the Lowland cities, sectarian violence is common.

Mythos Cults in Scotland's Lowlands

The secretive Mythos cults of Scotland's Lowlands do not concern themselves with the machinations of Catholicism or Protestantism. Instead, they seek to serve the Old Ones, the great gods inhabiting the depths of space or other unfathomable dimensions. These cultists are an odd mixture of rich and poor, rural and urban dwellers. Their motivations are complex and numerous, but can be seen as variations on a theme. Common themes are lust for power (whether confined to a particular realm or on a cosmic, god-like scale), the desire for wealth and property, personal gratification (taking a number of dark forms), revenge (against any number of aggressors, real or imagined), and simple fear and insanity. This is only a short list taken from a nearly infinite number of possible variations.

The general populace of 1920s Scotland is motivated by a number of factors. For the poor lower classes of the Lowlands, the prime motivation is to achieve a better quality of life, usually manifesting as increased pay, more food and better housing. For the rich upper classes, motivations are invariably tied to the further acquisition of wealth and power. For the expanding middle classes, the Lowland cities are a proving ground for those who would circumvent class to become Scotland's new industrial and technological elite.

In this time of technology and change, the desire for knowledge is a powerful driver for a many people. Science has become a new religion and, in the country's research institutions and universities, learned men are busily trying to make a god of every man. By 1925 the number of cinemas in Glasgow rivals the number of churches, and great numbers of Scots put their faith in science and new technology. The feeling that humanity can shape its own destiny inspires a new generation of opportunists who are willing to explore every avenue to achieve their goals.

Living in this time of change, the Lowlands Scots are nonetheless products of a rich cultural tradition. Generalizations fall short of representing the diversity of the

population; however, investigators should find the majority of Lowlanders amiable, hard working and enterprising, having a strong sense of community and national identity. That communal spirit and identity coexist somewhat paradoxically with a fierce independence and thriving individualism. Lowland Scots are people of great initiative and innovation, given half a chance.

Further details on persons and groups of note can be found in each of the 'Cities in Detail' sections as well as the 'Mythos' sections for each region.

-Flora and Fauna-

The landscape of Scotland is rich with abundant plant and animal life. It is fair to say that investigators will never be far from some sort of wildlife: roe deer course around headstones and mausoleums in Glasgow's Necropolis; red foxes slip stealthily through Edinburgh's narrow streets and wynds; badgers amble down Stirling's byways at dusk; and ravens, kites and falcons wheel in the sky above or watch from their perches in tall firs and pines.

What follows is a short alphabetical list of some commonly encountered flora and fauna, any of which could be used to add verisimilitude to a scenario. Statistics are given for fauna that might threaten investigators.

Lowland Flora

Douglas Fir (*L. Pseudotsuga menziesii*) – The Douglas fir is a common evergreen coniferous tree introduced to Scotland from North America by the Scottish botanist David Douglas in 1827 at Drumlanrig Castle. The tallest recorded Douglas fir stands in the grounds of Dunans Castle in Argyll and reaches over sixty metres (roughly two hundred feet).

Gorse (*L. Ulex europaeus*) – Gorse is a hearty shrub with small green stems and tiny leaves that favours dry and sandy Lowland soils. Thriving in sunny sites, Gorse grows prodigiously and is considered a weed by many, especially farmers. Nonetheless, it is well liked for its brilliant yellow

flowers, which bloom throughout the spring and summer and have a sweet and distinctive coconut scent.

Scots Pine (*L. Pinus sylvestris*) – The Scots pine is the most common evergreen conifer in 1920s Scotland and is one of the most prevalent conifers worldwide. Scots pine can grow to thirty-six metres (roughly one hundred and twenty feet) in height, but average about nineteen to twenty metres (sixty to sixty-five feet) tall. The pine needles grow in pairs and are blue-green in colour. Red squirrels, grouse, and capercaillie are especially fond of Scots pine and are often found nesting in pinewoods.

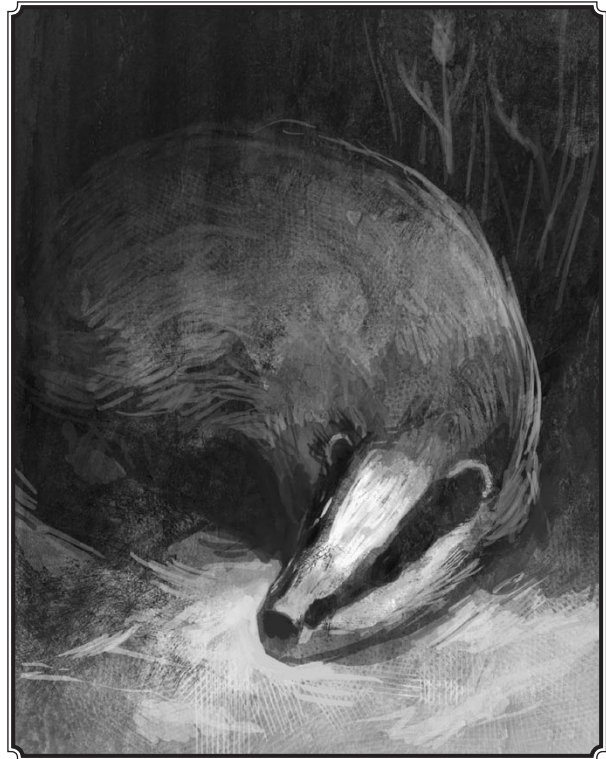
Spear Thistle (*L. Cirsium vulgare*) – Considered a weed in much of the United Kingdom, the spear thistle is nonetheless one of the national emblems of Scotland. A resilient plant, the spear thistle is usually recognized by its distinctive purple flower head and long, narrow and very spiny leaves. Capable of growing over a metre high, a thicket of spear thistle can present a serious obstacle to walkers and investigators alike.

Yew (*L. Taxus baccata*) – The yew is a small- to medium-sized evergreen tree that is particularly slow growing and can live for centuries. The Fortingall Yew, found in the Perthshire village of Fortingall, is an especially ancient yew. Protected in the village churchyard, the tree is estimated to be between two thousand five hundred and five thousand years old, making it the oldest tree in Europe. Favoured by druids and witches, the yew tree is linked to magic involving transformation and rebirth.

Lowland Flora

Badger (*L. Meles melus*) – Badgers are short-legged, stocky mammals related to weasels but considerably larger. Badgers are noted for their distinctive white and black facial markings. Throughout the day, they live underground in family groups but emerge at dusk to feed and play. Despite their size, badgers are capable of fending off much larger predators.

Badgers – Grumpy Ground Dwellers



Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	2D6	7
CON	2D6	7
SIZ	2D4	5
POW	2D5	7
DEX	1D4	2
HP		6

Movement:	5
Damage Bonus:	+0
Skills:	Sneak 40%; Spot Hidden 25%
Weapons:	Bite 50%, damage 1D3
Armour:	1-point hide
Number appearing:	1D2

Buzzard (*L. Buteo buteo*) – Buzzards are common to all areas of Great Britain, but are especially abundant in the Lowlands. Sometimes mistaken for golden eagles, buzzards are in fact much, much smaller. An attractive raptor, the Scottish buzzard should not be mistaken for the North

American vulture. Although normally not aggressive, during mating season buzzards become extremely territorial and will attack or harry larger birds and even humans.

Buzzards – Highly Territorial Raptors

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	2d6	7
CON	2d6+2	9
SIZ	1d6+2	5-6
POW	2d6	7
DEX	1d6+15	18
HP		7

Movement:	3 / 15 walk / fly
Damage Bonus:	+0
Skills:	Spot Hidden 45%
Weapons:	Bite 25%, damage 1D4 Claw 55%, damage 1D4
Armour:	None
Number appearing:	1

Otter (*L. Lutra lutra*) – The otter is a playful, water-dwelling mammal known for its solitary nature and its fishing expertise. Its sleek body, ending in a long tail, is covered in a soft, thick brown fur—a prize for which otters are sometimes hunted. Wary and secretive animals, otters inhabit both inland rivers and coastal areas and spend most of their waking lives in or near water.

Peregrine Falcon (*L. Falco peregrinus*) – The peregrine falcon is one of the fastest and most attractive birds of prey in the Scottish Lowlands. An accomplished and agile hunter, the peregrine has been used throughout Scotland's history as a trained raptor. The peregrine's blue-grey colouring, bright white face and black-topped head make it easy to distinguish even at distance. Swift and exceedingly manoeuvrable on its broad pointed wings, it is capable of chasing and catching all but the most nimble of prey.

Peregrine Falcons – Swift and Agile Raptors

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	2D4	5
CON	2D6	7
SIZ	1D4+1	3
POW	2D6	7
DEX	1D6+20	23
HP		5

Movement:	3 / 15 / 25 walk / fly / dive
Damage Bonus:	+0
Skills:	Spot Hidden 85%
Weapons:	Bite 50%, damage 1D2 Claw 75%, damage 1D4
Armour:	None
Number appearing:	1





Red Grouse (*L. Lagopus lagopus*) – Red grouse are medium-sized game birds common to the Scottish Lowlands. Noted for their reddish-brown colour, mature grouse have rounded bodies, short tails, thin white-feathered legs and slightly hooked beaks. Grouse spend most of their time feeding on insects, berries and seeds. When disturbed, the red grouse often startles walkers with a distinctive call that sounds eerily like ‘go-back, go-back, go-back’ as it suddenly appears whizzing up from tall grass.

Red Squirrel (*L. Sciurus vulgaris*) – Red squirrels are much beloved and iconic seed-eaters native to Scotland. Known for their agility and acrobatic skill, they are most at home in pine forests and are often seen darting from tree to tree in search of nuts and berries. Their numbers, however, have dropped to the point that in 1920, investigators are likely to see or encounter red squirrels only in rural areas and larger country parks.

-Climate-

The climate of the Lowlands is temperate, but its proximity to the ocean means that it is also highly variable, although rarely severe. The west of Scotland is usually warmer than the east due to the influence of the North Atlantic Drift, which brings warmer water and temperatures up the western coast. The eastern coast, on the other hand, experiences the colder surface temperatures of the North Sea. The warmer weather comes at the cost of higher rainfall, particularly in the cooler months. Glasgow and the western Lowlands receive considerably more precipitation than Edinburgh, St Andrews and other eastern regions.

Average temperatures in the Lowlands are generally higher than those in the Highlands and Islands. Rainfall is common year-round, but more common in the winter months. Snowfall is rare, particularly on the coasts, but becomes more common towards the interior and at altitude.

The weather of the Lowlands is highly changeable and residents often joke that it is possible to experience ‘all seasons in one day’. Most days will have a mix of clear and overcast conditions with occasional, sometimes heavy,

showers. Showers become more common as investigators head west. They will do well to carry an umbrella with them whenever travelling out of doors. This is often complicated, however, by strong and gusting winds.

Throughout the United Kingdom, the wind prevails from the southwest. In the case of the Scottish Lowlands, this means that warm, wet and highly unstable air is continually pushed overland from the Atlantic Ocean. As a result, gales and windstorms coming off the Atlantic are not uncommon.

The wind and weather of Scotland can be used effectively as a feature or even a character in Scottish scenarios. Howling winds, driving rain, towering clouds and impenetrable mists are superb for adding a little threat to scenarios.

Lowland Weather Averages

Average temperatures:

Summer averages:	15–17 °C	59–63 °F
Winter averages:	5–6 °C	41–42 °F

Average rainfall per year:

West Lowlands:	250 days per year (c. 1250 mm precipitation)
East Lowlands:	200 days per year (c. 1000 mm precipitation)

Average hours of sunlight:

January	7.4	July	16.5
February	9.3	August	15
March	11.5	September	12.5
April	14	October	10.3
May	16	November	8.2
June	17	December	7

[Source: British Meteorological Society]



-The Mythos in Scotland's Lowlands-

"I'd like to tell you that it's all sunshine, blue skies and bonny lasses in the Lowlands. I'd like to tell you there's no reason for lockin' your door at night. But then that'd make me a liar and might see you waking up dead."

(Jack McRae, *Memoirs of a Rambling Rogue*, 1901)

The Lowlands of Scotland have long been home to a variety of Mythos cultures and entities. Lurking in the shadows and working in secret at the frayed edges of human society, these gods and monsters put their dark plans into action. In the 1920s, a number of groups and individuals are slowly working towards finally bringing their monstrous plans to fruition. Behind the veil of sanity, they plot and scheme, waiting for the moment when their own stars are right.

This section provides Keepers with information on the activities and motivations of Mythos creatures inhabiting the Lowlands in the 1920s. For each instance of Mythos activity, information regarding the nature of the threat, opportunities for investigation, possible conclusions and means of involving players are detailed in four subsections—Intrigue, Introduction, Investigation, and Revelation. In addition to this, relevant information on locations, characters of note, monsters, spells and equipment, and maps are provided for Keepers' use. Although not described in the exacting detail given to the larger scenarios included in *Shadows over Scotland*, the intention here is to supply enough material to allow Keepers to quickly build scenarios of their own or to incorporate these materials into ongoing adventures.

Mythos Threat: Alexander 'Sawney' Bean

Intrigue

Alexander Bean, or 'Sawney Bean' as he is known in local legend, has been living in South Ayrshire for nearly two hundred and fifty years. In that time he has been

'shot dead' twice and immortalized in a number of cheap chapbooks or 'penny dreadfuls' that detail his murderous and cannibalistic ways. Despite fantastical reports to the contrary, Sawney is very much alive and approaching the height of his power.

Sawney was born in 1672 into a small coven of witches who worshipped the Great God Pan, an avatar of Shub-Niggurath, on the shores of the Galloway coast. A Child of Pan, the dark blessing of a union between a witch and Pan, Sawney was heralded as an earth-born god and revered by the coven. A haunting and beautiful child, he appeared as any other human boy apart from an unmistakable wildness and otherness in his eyes.

Early on, Sawney was told that he would possess god-like powers. The form and extent of those powers became evident on his seventh birthday when, by force of will alone, he drove five of the witches mad and caused them to leap to their deaths from the nearby sea cliffs. Their numbers diminished by half, the remaining witches sought to appease the boy through earnest worship, treating him as a god and providing for his every whim.

The witches also saw to Sawney's early education and taught him a number of rudimentary spells. This tutelage continued for four years until, on the night of the 18th of November, 1683, an encounter with a group of local farmers changed Sawney's destiny forever. On this night, Sawney had demanded to join the witches as they journeyed inland to negotiate for food. This 'negotiation' usually took the form of a mixture of minor magic performed to aid the farmers and base sexual rites in exchange for food. Keeping well back, Sawney watched all this coldly from afar.

As these negotiations finished, one of the farmers caught sight of Sawney at the field's edge. As he beheld the boy's brilliant and alien eyes, the man stopped transfixed. Angered by this discovery, Sawney bent the farmer's mind in on itself, crushing his reason and driving him utterly mad. Dropping to his knees, the farmer began to babble and then froth at the mouth, ripping his hair from his head and tearing his clothing from his body. As the kneeling man writhed and began clawing his own skin, the other farmers watched in abject horror. As though moved by an unheard rhythm, the



insane farmer began to jerk and slap himself with increasing violence until he was pulling and tearing at his own flesh. Finally gouging his eyes out, the poor man screamed until all breath had left his body and he slumped to the ground dead.

Fearing for their lives, the witches rushed back to their encampment with Sawney, but as dawn approached the sound of baying dogs alerted them to an approaching hunting party. A decision was made to split up. Sawney went north with the eldest of the witches into Ayrshire whilst the other four made their ways variously south and southwest. This ruse was ultimately successful, but the four witches who left Sawney's side that night were never heard from again.

On the Lowland coast at majestic Bennane Head, Sawney and the last witch found a series of caves near the water's edge in which they could hide themselves and rest. Although the caves offered excellent shelter, the surrounding shrubs and grasses offered little in terms of food or useful sustenance. Scared to go much further than the surrounding headland, they both weakened as the days wore on until finally their predicament was dire.

When no other resource could be called upon, the witch finally summoned the Great God Pan, calling him forth in the pale moonlight. The old witch begged Pan to provide Sawney with the means, the strength and the will to see his earthly mission accomplished and to take her life in payment. Granting her wish, the Great God Pan imbued Sawney with an unnatural strength and endurance, fortified his will and extended his life, and finally placed in his mind a spell which would allow him to take great succour from the blood of others. Transformed and awakened by Pan, Sawney turned to the old witch, clasped his cold hands around her neck suddenly and crushed her windpipe with his thumbs. Wasting no time, he cast the spell granted him by the Great God Pan and sank his teeth into the old woman's flesh.

Following his encounter with Pan, Sawney descended into utter madness. But Sawney's madness is not without purpose. Believing the stories fabricated by the witches and intoxicated with his own powers, Sawney has begun to create a cult of his own: he is, after all, the son of a god. To this effect, he has begun kidnapping likely followers. Overcoming their wills, entrancing them and pushing their sanity to the

Spell: Blood's Succour

Blood's Succour allows the caster to take sustenance and regenerate hit points from drinking the blood and eating the flesh of others. In addition, the spell gifts the caster with augmented Strength, Constitution and Dexterity for a period of time. This horrible spell requires the presence of a recently deceased person or persons, takes five rounds to cast and costs 1D10 Sanity and 8 magic points. After casting the spell, the caster must immediately feast upon the flesh and blood of the chosen victim or victims. Anyone watching the caster feast loses 1 / 1D4 Sanity points.

The caster must feast until utterly sated or the spell will have no effect. Once fully sated, the caster will be magically sustained for no less than thirty-six hours and require no other feedings. The feaster will regenerate a number of hit points equal to half the hit points of the once-living victim (e.g., feasting on a victim who whilst living had 14 hit points will regenerate 7 hit points in the caster). The augmentation of Strength, Constitution and Dexterity depends on the vitality of the blood and flesh and so will vary in relation to the freshness of the body. If the body is very recently dead (less than two hours) the caster's physical statistics will triple for a period of eight hours. If the body is recently dead (between three and six hours) the caster's physical statistics will double for a period of four hours. If the body died more than six hours previous, no augmentation will take place, but the blood and flesh will still sustain and regenerate the feaster. The only external change visible during this period of augmentation is that the whites of the caster's eyes will turn yellowy red as though bloodshot and jaundiced. This augmentation has a powerful euphoric effect and is extremely addictive. After the first feeding, normal sustenance will seem unbearably tasteless to the caster. Feasters will sour to normal foods altogether after 1D4 feedings, preferring to rely on Blood's Succour to sustain them.

snapping point, he then introduces them to the bloodlust of the dark feast. Over the last hundred years, Sawney has perfected this practice and can now turn his victims into raving cannibal servitors in less than forty-eight hours.

By 1920, Sawney Bean has a coterie of between twenty-one and twenty-six mad followers of varying ages. Although they do not have his powers or his prolonged life, his cult of cannibals serves his purposes well. Hunting for him, revering him, acquiescing to his every whim, their servitude is absolute and Sawney has succeeded in making himself a god on earth. He is not, however, content with this existence. Sawney Bean has far greater plans. But first he must swell his ranks, so now Alexander Bean, a tall dashing man in his early forties, walks the streets of south Ayrshire towns and cities, from Stranraer to Ayr itself, in search of new 'opportunities'.

Alexander 'Sawney' Bean

**Alexander 'Sawney' Bean, age 249,
Child of Pan and Would-be Cannibal God**

STR 14* **DEX** 13* **INT** 14 **CON** 13*
SIZ 15 **APP** 19 **POW** 23 **EDU** 12
SAN 00 **Hit Points:** 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4* (special; when augmented by the Blood's Succour spell, Sawney's STR, CON, and DEX can double or triple, providing him with a damage bonus of +2D6 or +3D6 respectively)

Skills: Astronomy 25%, Climb 88%, Dodge 45%, Fast Talk 55%, Kidnap 70%, Occult 50%, Oratory 55%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 50%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 55%, Swim 75%, Track 35%

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3 + db
Grapple and Bite, 85%, damage 1D4 + db, plus loss of 1-2 hit points due to lost blood every round after the first
Walking Stick 60%, damage 1D4 + db

Spells: Blood's Succour (see nearby textbox), Call / Dismiss Pan (Avatar of Shub-Niggurath), Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth

Sanity Cost: Seeing Sawney's otherworldly eyes costs 0 / 1D4 Sanity normally or 1 / 1D6 when augmented by the Blood's Succour spell

Appearance: By all human standards, Sawney is extremely attractive. He appears as a clean-shaven man in his early forties with hair the colour of straw and seemingly perfect facial features. His presence is at once striking and commanding. His brilliant pale green eyes are rimmed in darker green and flecked with gold. His pupils are much larger than those of normal humans. His gaze is both entrancing and terrifying. To this end, he must wear shaded spectacles when in the company of normal humans or attract considerable attention. Having the collected wealth of centuries of victims, Alexander Bean will be immaculately dressed in a finely tailored suit, complete with beautiful silk tie, gold tiepin and cuff links, and an ivory-handled walking stick.



Sawney's Followers

The mad cannibalistic followers of Sawney Bean are a mixed bunch, varying in sex and age. The small caves and caverns which make up their home could hold up to fifty people, but at the moment Sawney maintains a more comfortable, and manageable, population of 1D6+20 cannibals. When his followers die or are killed, Sawney 'collects' suitable victims to replace them.

Sawney has commanded that the cannibals avoid human contact and keep to the outskirts of Ayrshire society, operating by stealth and subterfuge instead. They prefer to stalk and kidnap single victims and have enough sense to prey on those they think won't be missed. If seen lurking in the shadows, Sawney's worshippers appear as poor street urchins or ne'er-do-wells, looking bedraggled in torn and unwashed clothing, but having 'hungry' eyes. Despite possessing average intelligence, they will flee from conversation and contact. Sawney has directed them and Sawney they obey.

Introduction

Investigators can be introduced to the threat posed by Sawney Bean in a number of ways. The most familiar method would be to have them called in to investigate the case of a missing person or persons. This could be, for example, a missing son or daughter, a minister or statesman, or even a bride or groom only days before the wedding. Alternatively, investigators could be asked to uncover the reasons behind numerous disappearances in a rural town or even the emptying of an entire small village. A less audacious scenario might have the investigators arrive at the farm of a local landowner who has found a large cache of human bones whilst tilling his field.

Brief encounters with Sawney and his cannibals might also fit nicely into current campaigns or scenarios. For example, the investigators might encounter one of Bean's cannibalistic cultists whilst on another case. A diversion might introduce the investigators to the Sawney legend or they might see the man himself. A particularly attractive option for adventurous Keepers would be to have Sawney determinedly stalking one of the investigators, having picked her or him as his most recent 'opportunity'.

Sawney's Worshippers, Insane Cannibals

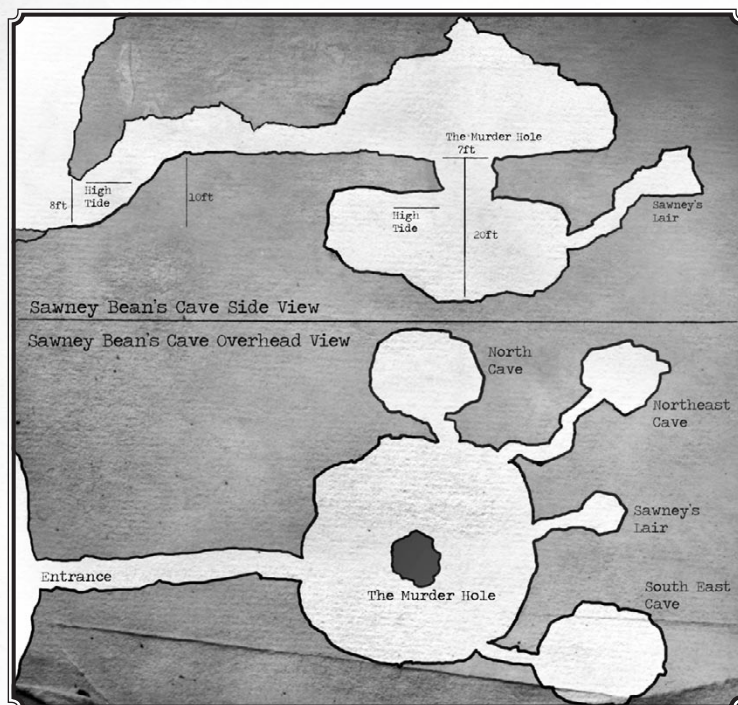
Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	3D6	10-11
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+5	11
INT	2D6+4	11
POW	3D6+3	13-14
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		11

Damage Bonus:	+0
Skills:	Climb 55%, Kidnap 40%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 45%, Track 30%
Weapons:	Fist / Punch 45%, damage 1D3 + db Grapple 35%, damage special
Number appearing:	1D4 wandering; 2D6+6 in Sawney Bean's cave
Sanity Loss:	1 / 1D4 to see a cannibal feeding

Investigation

Information regarding Sawney Bean, his cannibal cult, and their activities can be found through any number of means. Keepers will want to think about providing investigators with opportunities to uncover clues from police reports and newspaper clippings. A few colourful local characters can provide vital information or act as red herrings. Books on local history and folklore can be found in the community library and one or two of the 'penny dreadfuls' that contain fantastical accounts of Sawney Bean's activities might be floating about for investigators to peruse.

Ultimately, any successful investigation will likely lead to the discovery of Sawney Bean's cave at Bennane Head and a showdown with the cannibal man-god. Below is a description of what investigators can find when exploring the caves and what they can encounter there.



Sawney Bean's Cave

Sawney Bean's cave is located at the waterline on the ocean-facing side of Bennane Head in Ayrshire. The cave can be accessed at low tide via a small curving strip of beach or by a treacherous cliff walk ending in a steep and exceedingly perilous descent to a rocky cleft near the cave mouth. Those choosing the first option will first have to wait for the tide to recede enough to make the beach strip visible. Next they will have to walk around the point of Bennane Head, where they will find the entrance. Descent from the cliffs is not for the faint of heart and will require multiple successful Climb rolls. Difficulty is left up to the Keeper's discretion but investigators should be made aware of the grave peril they are putting themselves in.

Cavern Entrance

During low tide, it is possible to walk directly into this dark cavern. The mouth of the cave is a little more than eight feet in height and nearly as wide. A rocky cleft cuts along the side of this mouth and affords access to the cliffside. Once inside, the slick floor of the cavern slopes up steeply for the first thirty feet, rising more than ten feet before finally levelling out. The cavern stretches on for another twenty feet before a wall of wet and jagged rock. A small tunnel entrance low in the wall, some five feet high and roughly four feet wide, provides passage beyond.

At high tide, the surf comes crashing into the cavern and fills it to a level of seven feet, all but obscuring the entrance. The violence of the surf can send water as far as the mouth of the small tunnel, making movement here treacherous. To attempt to swim out of the cave at high tide is an extremely difficult manoeuvre, which could well result in characters being slammed against jagged rocks or dragged out in the undertow.

The Murder Hole

The tunnel from the entrance cavern continues for twelve feet before opening into a massive cavern nearly forty feet in diameter. This cave is roughly circular with another three small tunnels leading out of it to the north, northeast and southeast. The cavern gets its name from the seven-foot-wide hole that plunges down from the centre of the room into an uncertain blackness. The floor of the cavern slopes in gently to this jagged opening. At low tide, a lantern or other directional

light source reveals that the murder hole descends roughly twenty feet to a rocky floor covered in a large number of white human bones. Seeing this will cost investigators 0 / 1D3 sanity. At high tide, however, investigators will see only the surface of black water some thirteen feet down.

A number of Sawney's followers (1D6) can be found here 50% of the time. Should their numbers be sufficient, they will attempt to grapple and subdue the characters. If successful, they will waste little time in calling others into the murder hole and will together delight in slamming the skulls of the investigators against the rough floor until they are dead. They will then cast Blood's Succour and feast upon the dead investigators' flesh and blood. If success looks unlikely, the cannibals will run to the small tunnel exits. Climbing down unaided into the murder hole requires a successful Climb roll.

Failure results in a potentially life-threatening fall (2D6+1 damage or 1D6+1 with a successful Jump roll) and surely a broken bone or two. A leap into the dark water at high tide will result in 1D4 damage regardless of any preparation. Investigators foolish enough to dive headfirst into the unknown will strike the jagged rock floor and suffer 2D6 damage and a concussion.

North Cave

A single flickering torch lights this roughly twenty-foot-diameter cave. More than fifteen rough cots made of a strange mix of materials (e.g., clothing, straw, empty sacks, etc.) are placed about the floor. A fire pit in the centre of the cave is smoking dully and a supply of firewood is built up against the eastern wall. 1D6+1 cannibals will always be present in this room. Should no alarm have been raised, they will be completely surprised by the investigators. Battle will ensue and they will fight to the death.

Northeast Cave

This cave is unlit. A trickling can be heard when approaching this rectangular, fifteen-foot-wide chamber. Inside the cave, a rivulet of fresh water courses noisily down the eastern wall before slipping down a crack in the floor. Five crude mattresses are dotted around the floor and 1D4 cannibals will be present. Due to the sound of the rushing water, investigators' Sneak skills are doubled here. Even if the cannibals are initially surprised, they will fight to the death.

Southeast Cave

The largest of the caves surrounding the murder hole, this chamber is nearly thirty feet in diameter. Smoke rises more than twenty-five feet into a crack in the roof from a large fire against the north wall. A three-sided wooden rack made up of driftwood and numerous planks of different sizes and thicknesses stands to either side and in front of the fire. A collection of human limbs hangs from thick ropes attached to various levels of the wooden racks, drying and curing in the smoke of the fire. A total of three arms, two legs to the knee and one full leg as well as a child's entire upper torso are dripping before the fire. Seeing this spectacle will cost investigators 1 / 1D3 Sanity. A heap of clothing, boots, shoes and other outer- and underwear lies opposite the fire. Six mattresses composed almost entirely of softer clothing lie on the stone floor. 1D4 cannibals will normally be present here; due to the crackling of the fire, investigators' Sneak rolls have a +25% skill bonus, and the cannibals may well be surprised by their arrival. Like the others, these cannibals will fight to the death.

Under the Murder Hole

Accessed via the murder hole above, this roughly circular chamber is nearly thirty-five feet in diameter. One small

passage leaves this cavern to the northwest and another larger opening exits directly west. The sound of surf and wave can be heard at a distance through this larger opening. During high tide, seawater rushes into this room from the western opening, violently sloshing to and fro, filling the lower seven feet of the fifteen-foot height with salty brine. The room takes three hours to fill completely and, once full, is very difficult to navigate (e.g., successful Swim rolls to perform any movement manoeuvre).

The space beneath the murder hole is unlit and utterly black. At low tide, any source of light will reveal hundreds and hundreds of broken, cracked and salt-bleached bones. No single skeleton remains intact due to the tidal forces; instead a sea of chalky remains covers the entire floor of this chamber to a depth of more than six inches. Walking atop the disintegrating and shifting bones is a tricky and time-consuming venture, making attempts to move silently or at speed impossible. At the western edge of the cavern, the sea passage is blocked after ten feet by a cluster of stalactites and stalagmites. The smaller tunnel to the northwest leads to Sawney's lair.

Sawney's Lair

The small tunnel from under the murder hole slopes up for roughly eleven feet before opening into a small chamber little more than twelve feet across. If it suits the Keeper, Sawney Bean himself can be found here amidst piles of silks, furs, collected riches and the occasional book. Sawney will immediately attempt to persuade, entrance, and/or dominate those entering his sanctum. There is a good chance that if Sawney is found here, he is revelling in the euphoria of a recent feast and, therefore, experiencing the effects of Blood's Succour augmentation. How this is played out is left up to the Keeper: should attempts to turn or dominate the investigators fail, Sawney will do what he can to kill or incapacitate his attackers and make good his escape. He is a cunning and wily fighter who will attempt to turn any weakness or opportunity to his advantage.

If Sawney is not here, investigators will have the pick of his 'loot', all of which has been taken from victims or, where possible, from the victims' homes. The only exception to this is a number of fine suits and accoutrements that lie protected in a large wooden chest at the back of the room.

None of the books will be Mythos tomes, but there is considerable wealth here in both gold and silver. The Keeper can decide on just how much, and how easily, investigators can extract from Sawney's ill-gotten hoard.

Revelation

After centuries of waiting, Sawney Bean is planning to make his move. His intention is to amass an army of cannibal followers. The adoration of his worshippers and his recent, if small-scale, successes have made Sawney bold and delusional. He is mad with power and bloodlust. Bereft of all reason or sense, nothing can now steer him from his course.

Only the death of Sawney Bean can eliminate this Mythos threat. At this point his cannibal cult remains small enough to be dealt with. For defeating Sawney, investigators should be rewarded with 1D10 Sanity points. Involving the police would make the task simpler, but they are unlikely to kill Sawney. Instead, he will very probably dominate them and escape. Sawney himself should not be underestimated. If he escapes, either from the investigators or from the police, the characters will suffer a 1 / 1D4 Sanity point loss. He will abandon everything and seek refuge elsewhere to begin again. By all accounts he can live for another two hundred and fifty years or more.

Mythos Threat: Serpent People

Intrigue

The serpent people have laid claim to Scottish lands since 275 million BCE, when they incorporated the whole of modern Scotland into their first and greatest empire of Valusia. After the fall of Valusia in 225 million BCE and the coming of first dinosaurs and then humans, serpent people numbers dwindled into insignificance. Great masses of serpent people were lost or killed and a small number of the Valusian serpent people elite are said to have gone into stasis deep underground. If the rumour of the so-called 'sleepers' can be believed, these powerful ancient serpent people sorcerers may still lie dormant beneath Scotland today. Twice since the Fall of Valusia the serpent people have tried to regain control and reassert

their former dominance over Scotland; both of these genocidal attacks were ultimately repelled.

The loss of the first empire, however, is a scar that has never healed, and many of the serpent people would see great Valusia rise once more. Possessing considerable magical and technical skills, the serpent people are deadly adversaries, limited only by their small numbers. In the 1920s, a small number of serpent people sorcerers and scientists remain in Scotland. Additionally, pockets of degenerate serpent people are found throughout the Lowlands, biding their time and conducting petty raids and attacks while awaiting the emergence of a great leader or saviour. Especially bold serpent people groups are believed to be working with and through humans to bring about a new empire.

Introduction

The serpent people are everywhere in 1920s Scotland. Individuals, small groups and larger organized collectives are to be found in every corner of the Lowlands, but are most populous in the Borders. They are tremendously capable foes when working together, and particularly when working under strong leadership. That said, serpent people are highly unlikely to ever mount an all-out attack: they rarely act openly, preferring to remain secret and use subterfuge wherever possible. A common spell amongst the serpent people enables them to take on the form of humans, allowing them to integrate into all levels of society. It is likely that investigators may encounter serpent people without ever realizing it. Beneath the surface, the machinations of this Mythos threat are everywhere.

Currently the serpent people are engaged in large-scale activities in Edinburgh (see 'The Hand of Abyzou' and 'Cities in Detail: Edinburgh' sections for further details) and in the Eildon Hills near Melrose and south of Galashiels. Smaller pockets of activity exist throughout the Borders, at Loudoun Hill in Ayrshire, Dumgoyne in the Campsie Fells near Glasgow, and under Largo Law in Fife. These activities taken together are an attempt to uncover underground ruins, resources, and long-lost secrets of the first Empire of Valusia. Investigators travelling to any of these areas will likely run afoul of serpent people and / or their human servants. Keepers could introduce serpent people scientists

or sorcerers to any Lowland scenario. Encounters with degenerate groups of serpent people are more likely to occur in rural areas. As serpent people do not operate in the open, some amount of investigation will always need to be undertaken to determine the nature of this Mythos threat.

Investigation

Because of the secrecy of the serpent people, whatever clues are available to investigators will likely be mysterious and cryptic. Keepers might want to consider providing players with a string of strange and seemingly unrelated events or clues that eventually leads to the discovery of the serpent people threat. If clues are to be found through the usual routes of research and documentary evidence, then they may include descriptions of usual happenings (e.g., news clippings, library books, etc.) or the activities of individual serpent people acting in the guise of one or more notable humans. Legends and folktales may serve to get investigators moving in the right direction.

Statistics and relevant information for serpent people can be found in Chaosium's *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook and *Malleus Monstrorum* supplement. Examples of statistics for serpent people sorcerers and scientists can be found in 'The Hand of Abyzou' and 'Cities in Detail: Edinburgh' sections of this volume.

Revelation

A number of luminary sorcerers and scientists have incited a revolution within the serpent people ranks. Their mission is to see the serpent people rise once more from the depths and reign as the dominant species on Earth. In order to make this happen, this radical group has begun a programme of reclamation. Specifically, they are plundering the wealth and knowledge of their forebears, seeking resources and knowledge lost to them. The elite of this group know that their only chance against humans is to recover the powers and technologies possessed by their ancestors.

A discovery in Edinburgh has led this serpent people elite to focus their efforts there, but other cells of serpent people are active throughout the Lowlands, slowly digging into their own past. Should they manage to regain even a small

part of their ancestors' former strength, they would become a very powerful threat. Should they find and successfully awaken the 'sleepers' of legend, the outlook for mankind would be dire indeed.

Mythos Threat: 'Old Maggie', the Crone of Appin Hill

Intrigue

The crone of Appin Hill, or 'Old Maggie', is a shoggoth lord living in Argyll near the port of Appin (full details of shoggoth lords can be found in the *Malleus Monstrorum* supplement by Chaosium; a shortened description is found below). A curiosity amongst the Argyllshire hills, Maggie has been living here for nearly two thousand years. Solitary, cunning and deadly, she has successfully evaded embroilment in Mythos or human affairs for the last millennium and a half. Old Maggie has little interest in upsetting the local populace and will venture out over a wide area to take her prey so as not to attract attention. However, she jealously guards her territory and will indiscriminately destroy any perceived intruders. Appin Hill is her sanctuary and her home, and she will tolerate no disruptions or incursions.

Above all, Old Maggie is a hedonist. She fills her lair with trinkets and oddities that delight her, she wanders the countryside seeking amusement in inciting the fears of humans, and she occasionally stalks the local byways or streets of Port Appin in search of her prey. She chooses her kills wisely and will never consume anyone or anything that might draw attention to her. When necessary, she has travelled as far south as Oban in order to find prey that she deemed both safe enough to consume and worthy of eating.

Despite her reclusiveness, her aged and seemingly frail appearance, and her finicky appetite, Maggie is a serious threat. She is a shoggoth lord of tremendous cunning and intellect. Often, she will use deception and traps to ensnare both prey and enemies; she will never show her true self unless in complete control of the situation and even then will do so only when she is ready to feed. Additionally, she has a taste for fear and will, if the fancy takes her, taunt and torture her victims to the brink of madness and beyond.

The Crone 'Old Maggie'

The Crone 'Old Maggie', age 1866, Reclusive Shoggoth Lord

In Human Form:

STR 14 **DEX** 09 **INT** 16 **CON** 11
SIZ 14 **APP** 03 **POW** 13 **EDU** —
SAN — **Hit Points:** 13

In Shoggoth Form:

STR 25 **DEX** 09 **INT** 16 **CON** 31
SIZ 17 **APP** — **POW** 13 **EDU** —
SAN — **Hit Points:** 24

Move: 11 in shoggoth form

Damage Bonus: +1D6 in human form, +2D6 in shoggoth form

Skills: As the Keeper desires

Weapons: Crush (shoggoth form) 100%, damage db
 Fist / Pseudopod 90%, damage 1D3 + db
 Grapple (shoggoth form), 85%, victim is pulled into the shoggoth lord's body and suffers 1D6 hit points of damage per round from digestive acids and fluids until completely digested; whilst grappled, the victim may try to break free by matching the Strength of the shoggoth on the Resistance Table on each round

Armour: None, but shoggoth lords regenerate 2 hit points per round and take only 1 hit point of damage from physical weapons; fire and electrical attacks do half damage

Spells: Cause/Cure Blindness, Consume Likeness

Sanity Cost: None in human form; 1D6 / 3D6 in shoggoth form; potential 1 / 1D3 cost for investigators who witness the transformation to shoggoth form

Appearance: Old Maggie appears as a large, severely overweight woman in her eighties or nineties. She has no hair whatsoever and wears a large cowl

hood whenever outside. Her face is bulbous and grotesque with small beady eyes, misshapen ears and a disproportionately large mouth. Her back is bent as though from age and she shuffles, dragging her left leg slightly, when she walks. All of this is a ruse, of course, as she is perfectly capable of standing straight and running. Close up, Old Maggie's skin exhibits an unpleasant plasticity that most will find disturbing, but no SAN roll is required. Perhaps more unpleasant is the overwhelming, pungent reek that exudes from her, akin to a stomach-turning mix of stale sweat, excrement and urine.



Introduction

As Old Maggie shuns society generally, an encounter with her will either be a chance event or be spurred on by some sort of local occurrence. A chance encounter with Old Maggie could be a wonderful red herring, taking investigators off the trail of their current quarry and introducing a bit of terror into their campaign. Otherwise a number of possibilities exist for introducing this unusual Mythos threat. For example, it is possible that Old Maggie has caught the attention of a researcher or detective, who subsequently goes missing.

Perhaps the daughter or son of an Edinburgh socialite or Glasgow politician has utterly vanished whilst vacationing in or near Port Appin. The gruesome discovery of a half-digested, partly absorbed human corpse could lead investigators to uncovering Maggie's existence. An uncharacteristic attack in public or a report from a villager happening to spy Maggie feeding would certainly raise suspicions and give investigators something to go on.

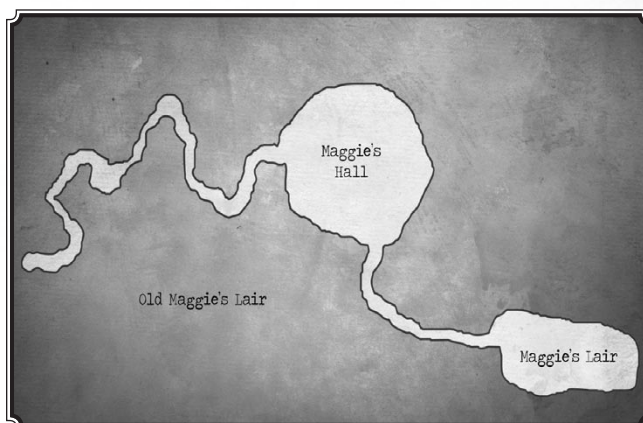
Investigation

Again, as Old Maggie remains at the edges of society and has little to do with humans, the clues to her existence will likely be few and far between. Stories of strange disappearances might be available in the local newspapers or through talking with folk in and around the Appin area. The single police constable at Port Appin might know something or perhaps has seen something himself. As the old crone has resided in this area for nearly two thousand years, it is likely that an old hag or crone will show up in legend, folktale and children's stories.

If investigators approach Appin Hill directly they may well encounter Old Maggie. The old crone is extremely territorial and, when not out hunting, will roam her hill and the surrounding forests almost tirelessly. If she is certain of meeting with success, she will attack investigators immediately or lead them into a trap, whereby she can subdue and overcome them. If, however, she is outnumbered or does not feel confident of absolute success, she will carefully watch the investigators and attempt to misdirect or mislead them away from her lair. If the investigators uncover and enter her lair, she will immediately attack. Given the small and cramped confines of her lair, her chances of successfully defeating the investigators will likely increase.

Even if wounded, Old Maggie will not abandon Appin Hill. If sufficiently threatened, she will retreat to the surrounding forest and make plans to take back what is hers at a later date. This outcome is less likely if the investigators enter her lair as she will be blinded by fury and potentially fight to the death. If ever she has the opportunity to avenge herself on the investigators, she will do so by singling out each investigator and feasting upon them one by one.

Old Maggie's Lair



Entrance

The entrance to Old Maggie's lair is hidden in a deep cleft in the rock near the western summit of Appin Hill. This cleft is covered with old brush and bracken whenever Maggie leaves her lair. She is careful not to leave clues to its whereabouts for anyone to find. A halved Spot Hidden roll is required to discover the entrance and even then investigators must be on the west side of the hill and within twenty feet of the rocky cleft.

Clearing the brush and bracken will take a few minutes, after which players will see the jagged six foot-high and two foot-wide hole in the side of the hill. Dropping down into the cleft and squeezing into the black hole, investigators will require a light source to go much further. A successful Idea Roll will reveal to the more curious players that a frail and bent old crone could not likely gain entrance to this tunnel.

Tunnel

The tunnel from the entrance to Maggie's hall runs for more than thirty feet into the side of Appin Hill and descends more than five feet. The height and width of the passage vary greatly between less than four feet to eight feet high and less than two feet to four feet wide, respectively. Navigating the tunnel carefully takes several rounds. Moving deeper and deeper into the complex, investigators will find that the terrible smells associated with Old Maggie become stronger and stronger.

Maggie's Hall

After some thirty feet, the floor of the tunnel drops by five feet. Unobservant investigators will suffer 1D3 hit points in the fall into Maggie's hall. The only way back into the tunnel is to climb up the five-foot drop, pulling oneself back up to the tunnel floor. Once lit, investigators can see that the cavern stretches up nearly twelve feet and is more than twenty feet in diameter.

Maggie's hall is full of collected 'treasures'. More than thirty collections are piled chaotically on the floor of the cavern, rising to different heights and varying in width and composition. Piles of broken wood, ironwork, and even bits of masonry mix with tall stacks of mouldering leather-backed books and a basket full of broken stained glass. A jumble of bleached animal skulls ranging in size from that of a field mouse to a bull rests in one spot; a tiny collection of spectacles, monocles and other eyewear sits nearby.

Between the piles, twisting paths cut through the room leading towards the only other exit. The paths appear to be 'swept' clean, but this whole space is filled with a horrible stench—and not just of mouldering garments, books and papers, but altogether more terrible and unnatural. The wide tunnel on the other side of Maggie's hall leads down into darkness: the awful reek is much more powerful there.

Maggie's Lair

Descending into Maggie's lair is like descending into a fetid bog full of human offal and sickly sweet secretions of a nature too awful to imagine. Every two minutes spent in Maggie's lair requires a halved CON roll: failure results in vomiting, and a second failure forces the investigator from the room for a minimum of 3D4 minutes. Investigators attempting to cover their mouths or hold their noses will find that there is no escape from this perpetual reek.

At the end of the thirteen-foot tunnel, investigators find themselves in a chamber with a slanted roof that slopes down to the floor after twenty feet. The room is roughly rectangular and the walls here are smoother than in the preceding hall. Against the northernmost wall, the naked bodies of a man and woman lie contorted and crushed, and a viscous secretion covers their hardened, greying flesh.

Small white worms riddle the two bodies, slipping in and out of black holes in rotting skin. Seeing this horror will cost investigators 0 / 1D4 SAN: anyone failing the roll will be compelled to leave the lair with the utmost speed.

If Old Maggie has been lying in wait here in shoggoth form, she will attack immediately, using her bulk and her knowledge of the lair to crush and defeat the invaders. If caught unawares (an unlikely event, perhaps 10% chance or a successful Sneak roll of 1/5 the normal chance) in human form, Maggie will be furious and, losing her composure, will transform into shoggoth form. Seeing Old Maggie transform will cost investigators 1 / 1D3 SAN, but should they make their rolls they will have one turn of initiative. Maggie will be so incensed to find intruders in her lair that there will be a 66% chance she will fight to the death.

Should Old Maggie be defeated, the only items of worth in her lair are three wallets containing a total of 2£/12s/19d and a number of household items of silver, which could fetch another 1£/3s. If defeated, her corpulent body will begin breaking down immediately into an unbearably rancid pool of steaming gelatinous sludge.

Revelation

Old Maggie's quiet reign of terror can only be stopped with her death. Though she is not overly active, she presents a constant threat to those living in or near Appin. She has successfully hunted here for nearly two millennia, and has taken countless lives. Killing the shoggoth lord is no easy task, however, and should be rewarded with 3D6 Sanity points.

Should investigators learn of her existence but not manage to dispatch her, she will come after them and hunt them down one by one. She is smart and cunning enough to avoid detection whilst tracking the offending investigators, and is also fiendishly clever enough to find or invent particularly painful means of torturing and slaying those with whom she has a grievance. Being hunted will cost the investigators 1D4 / 1D12 SAN. Old Maggie doesn't like to leave Appin Hill, but will pursue her prey as far as Oban or Taynuilt in the south or Ballacullish in the north.

Mythos Threat: Deep Ones

Intrigue

The deep ones pose a serious threat to mankind worldwide, and Scotland has long been home to these water-dwelling horrors. Since the arrival of Cthulhu and his star-born spawn in 350 million BCE, this ambitious amphibious race of servitors has built up a vast network of underwater cities and overland footholds. In 1920s Scotland, the deep one threat can be felt in the Western Isles, in Orkney and Shetland, and in the Lowland Kingdom of Fife. The coastline of Scotland provides the alien deep ones with a perfect habitat in which to feed, mate and increase Great Cthulhu's nightmarish brood.

As a Mythos threat, the deep ones are bold and arrogant, and involve themselves in the affairs of humans directly so as to further increase their horde of followers. They are extremely capable at manipulating, twisting and perverting weak-willed men and woman. Offering knowledge, power and wealth, deep ones frequently 'buy' human collaboration and/or servitude, often including interbreeding, leading to the births of foul hybrids with bulging eyes and grotesque amphibian features. The deep ones seek to taint bloodlines, corrupt minds and bodies, and infect humans with their dark will.

The threat of the deep ones haunts the coastline of Scotland, a horrible spectre beneath the waves. In the Lowlands, the greatest deep one presence is found in the ancient Kingdom of Fife, with its populous fishing villages and prosperous farms. That said, deep ones could be encountered along any stretch of Scottish coast. Their machinations are central to the scenario 'Uisge Beatha ('The Water of Life')' and figure in the 'Cities in Detail: St Andrews' section in this volume.

Introduction

The deep ones possess a monstrous desire to mate with and corrupt humanity. Their nefarious activities, though often confined to small seaside towns, are more obvious than those of other Mythos creatures. This is not to say that the deep ones do not value secrecy: they carefully maintain a distance while allowing their human conspirators and hybrid brothers to carry forth their plans on land. Investigators

near the coastal areas of the eastern and western Lowlands, and especially in the smaller fishing villages of Fife, will likely encounter deep ones or their human brethren.

Investigators encountering deep one hybrids, open worship of Dagon or Hydra, or strange events occurring in Lowland ports will no doubt uncover diabolical plots involving these dread worshippers of Cthulhu. The simplest way to instigate an investigation would be to have player characters visit a coastal village where deep ones are highly active: other introductions might involve police reports of unusual activity or motiveless murders; requests to investigate strange happenings at sea; or even desperate letters from poor souls undergoing the nightmarish transformation to a deep one.

Investigation

Investigation of a deep one threat is perhaps less likely to rely on clues and information garnered from non-player characters, as a whole village might be corrupted and essentially working against the investigators. However, this need not always be the case: it is equally possible that a terrified local has useful stories to tell and terrible horrors to recount. Human worshippers and hybrids will be hostile to investigators, so these encounters might be more suited to experienced players.

Should natives be truly hostile, characters should be given leave to find clues through parish and town records, local library holdings, newspaper clippings, wireless or police reports, letters, diaries and other forms of documentary evidence. One or two colourful characters capable of providing information while inspiring dread could usefully counteract the silence and antagonism of the deep ones and their conspirators. A cryptic religious leaflet or booklet would nicely fit in here as well. And, of course, intriguing folktales and local legends could help put investigators on the right path.

Statistics and further information for deep ones can be found in Chaosium's *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook and *Malleus Monstrorum*. Example statistics for deep ones and hybrids can also be found in the 'Uisge Beatha ('The Water of Life')' and 'Cities in Detail: St Andrews' sections below.

Revelation

The deep one threat is growing across Scotland. Their corrupting influence and dark will can be felt in an increasing number of human populations, from tiny villages to larger burghs. Recent successes in conversion and subverting human power structures in Fife and the Western Isles have made the priests of Cthulhu confident, and in the 1920s they are beginning to press their advantage. The ancient deep one city of Ur-Y'hlinai off the northeastern coast of Scotland is brimming with activity and potential, and as their own numbers swell and their influence grows, the deep ones pose a serious threat not only to Scotland, but to the world we know.

Deep one plans are often on such a grand scale that investigators might disrupt only a portion, but nonetheless their efforts against this terrible Mythos threat should be rewarded. For longer scenarios, Keepers might consider having the characters involved in an international investigation that uses Scotland as either the starting point or the setting for a climactic ending.

Mythos Threat: The Library of Michael Scot, the Wizard of Balwearie

Intrigue

Born about the year 1170 in Balwearie Castle near Kirkcaldy in Fife, Michael Scot was destined to be one of Scotland's greatest physicians and most learned men. Much of his early life was spent at Aikwood Tower near Selkirk under the tutelage of the great sage and theosophist Donald Black. Scot rapidly outgrew his tutor, however, and travelled abroad in search of greater and broader knowledge. Around 1217, Scot was recorded in Palermo acting as astrologer, philosopher and physician to the court of Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II.

His knowledge of esoteric writings, his interest in astrology and demonology, and his ability to translate Arabic ultimately brought him into the employ of a Count Frederico Eristano of Naples. Upon joining the Count's service, Scot retreated from public life.

Eventually his position at court was lost, his fame diminished and his name was nearly forgotten. Two years later a great fiery cataclysm destroyed the Eristano castello and killed the entire noble house of Eristano. A year of pestilence fell over the surrounding lands and rumours abounded of black magic and devilry.

At the end of that year, Michael Scot returned to Balwearie under suspicious circumstances. The pestilence followed him, and turned the lands around Balwearie Castle black and lifeless. Once heralded, Scot was now cursed and derided as the dark Wizard of Balwearie. Strange coloured lights and unearthly sounds escaped from the castle at night, and people grew worried and restless. On the 21st of December, 1225, Michael Scot was declared to be in league with Lucifer, and the townsfolk of Balwearie burned the castle to the ground with Scot inside.

Six days later a great oak chest nearly seven feet long, three feet deep and three feet wide was pulled from the ash and rubble. It was untouched, showing no sign of burning or scorching, and contained thirty-five leather-bound tomes and the dead body of Michael Scot. The chest and its contents were removed to the local kirk wherein the body of Michael Scot was first exorcised, then beheaded and finally covered in oil and burned in a peat fire until nothing but ash remained. The thirty-five leather-bound books were removed to Glenluce Abbey in modern-day Dumfries & Galloway and soon forgotten.

Introduction

Although not an active threat per se, the books that survived Michael Scot would be a very powerful threat in the wrong hands. How investigators come to hear about or find the books, locked in a vault in Glenluce Abbey, is up to the Keeper. The Keeper might decide to introduce the books as a threat to be destroyed against the possibility of future use or, alternatively, as an opportunity for magic-hungry investigators to take advantage of. The threat is real in either situation.

Another possibility is that investigators discover a Mythos cult that is on the trail of the books and must race to find, and likely destroy, the books.

Regardless of the means and motives, the dark knowledge and magic contained in the books should be emphasized. These are seriously powerful Mythos tomes that could unleash dark powers on an unsuspecting world. Is this knowledge that must never be shared or knowledge that must be acquired to better fight the unknowable? The choice is yours.

Investigation

Uncovering the location of the books can be as simple or convoluted a task as the Keeper wishes. The books are

described in accounts written at the time of Scot's return to Balwearie and his subsequent death. Church documents from the time also relate that thirty-five books were taken to Glenluce Abbey from the Balwearie Kirk. Beyond that, the Keeper can introduce a number of red herrings, stumbling blocks or encounters with cultists to make the search more challenging.

The books were contained in a vault beneath the abbey. As the abbey is now a ruin, investigators or cultists will need to estimate the location of the vault and be prepared to dig.

Michael Scot's Library

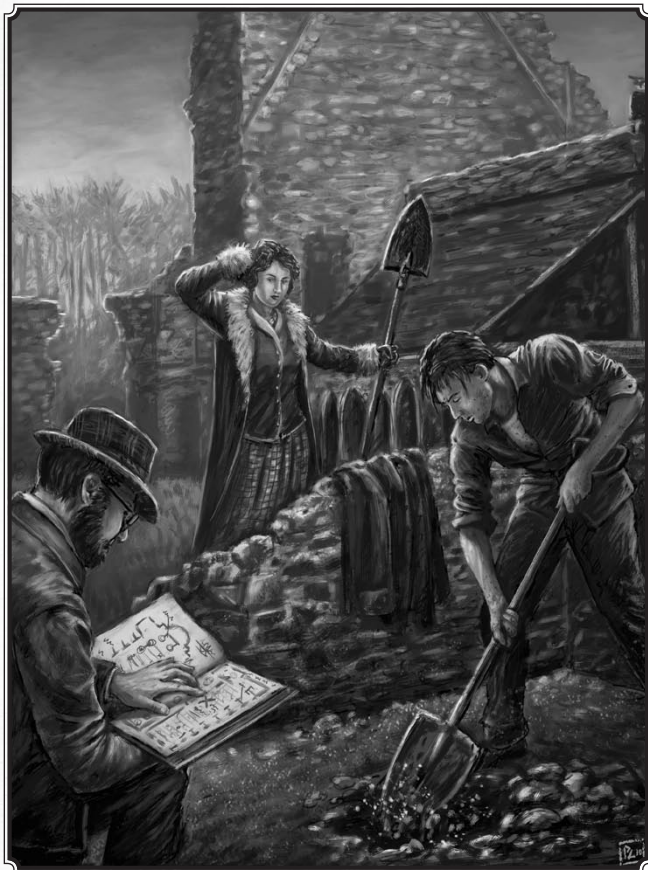
Although Michael Scot's library at Glenluce Abbey consists of a total of thirty-five magical texts, only three of them are Mythos texts, although they are significant and powerful:

Al-azif – in Arabic, by Abdul al-Hazred (Abd al-Azrad), c. 730. This early, mediaeval version of the *Necronomicon* was thought to be lost around the 12th century. A truly massive book covered in black leather inscribed with silver, *Al-azif* is a veritable encyclopaedia of the Mythos. *Sanity loss 1D10 / 2D10; Cthulhu Mythos score increase +18; average 68 weeks to comprehend fully.* Spells: Call / Dismiss Azathoth, Call / Dismiss Cthugha, Call / Dismiss Hastur, Call / Dismiss Nyogtha, Call / Dismiss Shub-Niggurath, Call / Dismiss Yog-Sothoth, Contact Ghoul, Contact Nyarlathotep, Contact Sand Dweller, Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Dust of Suleiman, Elder Sign, Powder of Ibn-Ghazi, Resurrection, Shrivelling, Summon / Bind Byakhee, Summon / Bind Fire Vampire, Summon / Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Voorish Sign.

De Nigroris Obscurorum Verbis (“Words of the Utmost Dark Ones”) – in Latin, translated from the original Arabic by Michael Scot, 1219. This is an original translation by Scot of an unknown Arabic text in red-tannin leather. The book recounts the dreams of a 6th-century seer and details a number of mind-bending visions and impossible truths regarding the Mythos. *Sanity loss 1D6/2D6; Cthulhu Mythos score increase +11; average 47 weeks to comprehend fully.* Spells: Curse of Fear (Implant Fear), Dream of the Black Wing (Summon / Bind Byakhee), Dream of the Dark One (Contact Nyogtha), Dream of the Faceless One (Call / Dismiss Nyarlathotep), Dream of the Sleepless Void (Contact Cthulhu), Dream of the Waking Earth (Summon / Bind Chthonian), Elder Sign, Mirror of Tarkhun Atep, Parting Sands, Voorish Sign.

De Conspectu Exsomni Noctis Perpetuae (“The Sleepless Gaze of Eternal Night”) – in Latin, translated from the original Arabic by Michael Scot, 1220. This worn tome is streaked with dried blood crisscrossing its faded brown leather cover. Inside, the work describes the blasphemies practiced by ancient Sumerian shamans and warlocks during the Uruk period. *Sanity loss 1D4/1D8; Cthulhu Mythos score increase +7; average 37 weeks to comprehend fully.* Spells: Bind Blood Servant (Summon / Bind Star Vampire), Candle Communication, Chant of Thoth, Commune with Tsathoggua (Contact Tsathoggua), Dispel Evil One (Prinn's Crux Ansata), Elder Sign, Unmask Demon.

The Keeper may want to include a clue or two that gives the approximate location of the vault. Once inside, the books are still within the massive oak chest they arrived in nearly eight hundred years ago. The body of Scot is nowhere to be seen.



Revelation

The books are only a threat if misused. If characters wish to learn the dark secrets within, keep in mind that the books are written in Arabic and Italian. They are extremely powerful Mythos texts if placed in the right—or wrong—hands. In this case, the objective of the investigators will probably be to try to keep the Mythos tomes out of the hands of cultists. Successfully destroying the books or secreting them away from any possible cultist eyes should be met with an appropriate Sanity reward. Failing to do so and realizing that these powers will now be unleashed on the Earth will cost the investigators 1D10 / 2D10 Sanity points.

Mythos Threat: Ghouls

Intrigue

Ghouls have been part of the landscape of the Scottish Lowlands since the Roman occupation. Some Mythos researchers have suggested that ghouls actively followed Roman legions in the early part of the first millennia, feasting in the wake of carnage and blood. Whether or not this is true, the ghouls found a rich and abundant source of carrion in the Lowlands as wave after wave of invaders, raiders, clans and armies fought and died there.

Over centuries of struggle and warfare, ghouls have glutted themselves on the bones and sinews of the dead. This rich diet has swelled the ghoul ranks and many colonies, particularly those beneath Scotland's major cities, are now overburdened with charnel hunters.

Now in the early 20th century, the combination of fewer deadly conflicts on Scottish soil and advances in medicine has changed the ghouls' fortunes from feast to famine: normally subterranean ghouls are crawling out from beneath cemeteries, sewers and slaughterhouses in search of new sources of the bone and rancid flesh they delight in.

Struggling to control the rebellious and starving masses in their vast underground colonies, some ghoul elders and priests have instituted new methods of acquiring the dead flesh they need. The boldest of these have begun to work with humans and, failing that, to hunt.

Introduction

Without exception, every Scottish city will have a colony of ghouls living under its streets, flagstones and floorboards. Having fed on Scotland's plentiful dead for centuries, these populations have grown large, but now their numbers and the relative peace of the last century have brought about a destabilization of the ghoul population. The normally secretive ghouls are coming out of their tunnels and walking in the shadows. Some come with gifts and promises for those who would aid them, whilst others come with fangs and claws, promising only a swift death.



Given the extremes to which ghouls now have to go to find new sources of sustenance, encounters with these charnel feeders are no longer limited to just graveyards and underground vaults. As ghouls stalk the cities of the Scottish Lowlands, investigators may find themselves embroiled in a mystery concerning a large number of seemingly unconnected murders. Alternatives might include strange sightings of dog-like creatures slipping from shadow to shadow or investigators being called in to investigate a minor cult that has suddenly gained tremendous power—achieved via the ghouls in exchange for dead bodies. Perhaps this cult or society has undergone a recent regime change and begun undertaking more nefarious activities. A more direct route would be to have one of the characters in the investigators' party survive an attack by a horrible, strangely rubbery beast smelling of death and decay.

Statistics and information on ghouls can be found in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook and *Malleus Monstrorum* from Chaosium. Further examples of ghouls and ghoulish activities can be found in the 'Death and Horror Incorporated' scenario and in the 'Cities in Detail: Glasgow' section of this book.

Investigation

Like the serpent people, the secrecy of ghouls means that few documentary clues will exist relating to their habitations, and those that do exist will be puzzling and enigmatic. Keepers might choose to give investigators a number of options and clues from which they can begin to grasp the big picture, form their own ideas, and ultimately uncover the nature of the ghoul threat.

Some research routes into ghoul activities might include reports of unusual sightings, strange events involving the dead or dying, and unsolved murders. Further clues could come in the form of Mythos writings, children's playground rhymes, and urban legends. If the machinations of the ghouls involve human collaborators or servants, then consider having them interact, even tangentially, with the investigators. A close encounter with a ghoul or a pack of ghouls could also provide the player characters with a spine-chilling surprise.

Revelation

The ghoul populations of the Lowlands are experiencing a period of change and challenge unlike any in their modern history. Their overcrowded colonies now mirror the overcrowded cities they reside under. Stretched to breaking point, the desperate ghouls have broken with tradition and begun to interact with and openly hunt humans. With the number of hungry and starving ghouls rising with every moonrise, a dangerous situation is developing.

The burgeoning threat of the ghouls' overpopulation presents a serious challenge. Should ghouls continue to become ever more aggressive and predatory, the human populations inhabiting Scotland's cities could be in grave danger. Investigators managing in some way to stem the tide or alleviate the ghoul issue in one of the Lowland cities should be rewarded with Sanity points and the satisfaction of having helped to remove an increasingly dangerous threat. Those unfortunate souls who realize the magnitude of the threat and are unable to effectively deal with it should suffer a significant Sanity loss.



-Cities in Detail: Edinburgh-

The royal burgh of Edinburgh in the 1920s is thriving, a banking and economic powerhouse and bustling high-society playground. It is also the capital of Scotland and home to the majestic Edinburgh Castle on Castle Hill. With its distinctive and dramatic skyline, Edinburgh is one of the most attractive of Europe's capitals.

The city is split into two distinct halves: Old Town and New Town. Providing a natural dividing line between these two halves is the verdant strip of Princes Street Gardens. Old Town to the south is home to the Royal Mile, which extends from the Palace of Holyrood, nestled at the foot of Arthur's Seat, up to the top of Castle Hill and Edinburgh Castle. The streets of Old Town follow a mediaeval layout and consist of a few major roads intertwined with a vast number of smaller, narrow streets. These small terraces, closes, stairs and wynds run between and under the close-set buildings that line Castle Hill, creating a veritable labyrinth of dark, cramped passages. A few mediaeval squares and markets remain surrounded by Edinburgh landmarks such as St Giles' Cathedral.

Beneath the streets and cutting through the volcanic rock on which Old Town sits, the Edinburgh Vaults extend to unfathomable depths. There are numerous entrances to this underground city throughout Old Town and even one or two entrances from distant New Town.

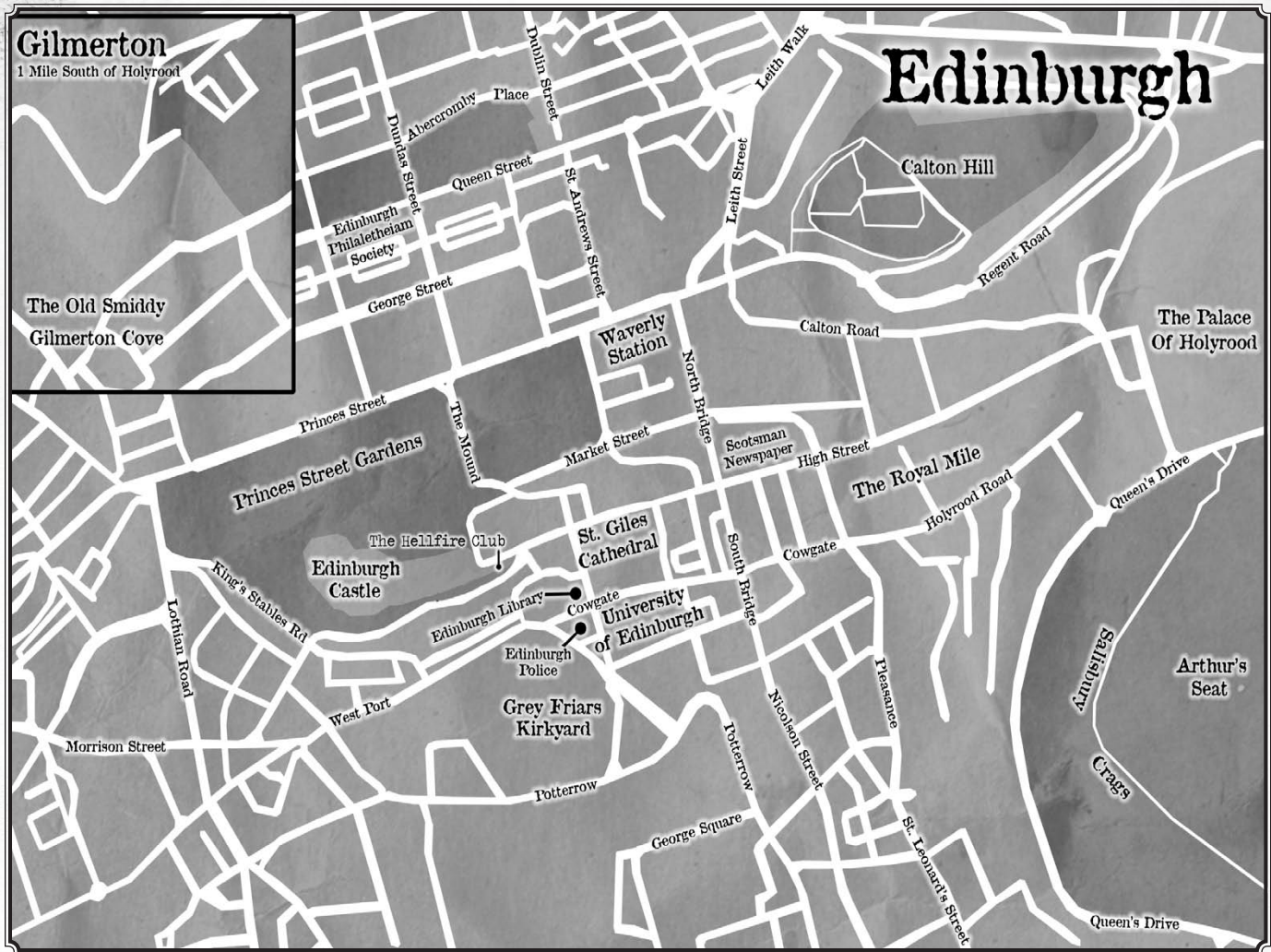
Thin passages and great vaults exist below the hustle and bustle of 1920s Edinburgh. For literally hundreds of years, these vaults have been home to the poor and dispossessed. Those unable to find lodging or pay rent, or those wishing to dodge the taxman or the constable, have ended up here in this city beneath the city. But few people are aware of other and more ancient depths. Below the Edinburgh Vaults another darker region lies forgotten, and it is here that the serpent people have long worked to their own nefarious ends.

With the castle looking over it, New Town on the north side of Princes Street Gardens is home to fashionable boutiques and department stores lining Princes Street. Behind these lies a neat grid of roads and buildings created in the 18th century as a solution to the problem of overcrowding in Old Town. Begun in 1766, New Town sits between Queen Street Gardens in the north and Princes Street Gardens in the south. Between the two gardens, George Street provides a major artery for traffic. Grassy Charlotte Square and St Andrew Square form the west and east ends of New Town, respectively.

So successful was the New Town development that it was further extended. In the 1920s, New Town extends down towards the Leith Docks and the Firth of Forth. The well-ordered streets and architect-designed houses of New Town stand in marked contrast to the mediaeval muddle of Old Town. The quality of life afforded by the new buildings is substantially better than in the confined, and often crumbling, stone buildings of Old Town. New Town residences are far more spacious and extravagant than those in Old Town. Every apartment and residence contains all the modern conveniences and most are lavishly designed.

In the Twenties, Edinburgh's social, economic and political elite dominates the New Town, highlighting the divide between the rich upper classes and poorer lower and middle classes. To investigators, New Town will clearly be seen as the home to the city's rich and powerful, whilst Old Town is for everyone else. Keepers might consider using this divide to their advantage, playing up the struggle and tension between Edinburgh's differing populations.

The descriptions of places and people below are intended as a resource to help Keepers create their own scenarios and adventures in Scotland's capital city.



Places and People of Note in Edinburgh

Arthur's Seat

Said to resemble a lion crouching, Arthur's Seat is an extinct volcano in the east end of Edinburgh, comprising much of Holyrood Park behind the Palace of Holyrood. Despite being part of the city, Arthur's Seat is surprisingly wild. Sheep roam the grassy meadows below the craggy peak and a mix of ruins, lochs and cliffs dot the surrounding landscape. A favourite of walkers and ramblers, Arthur's Seat is also home to stranger company.

Far beneath the surface of Arthur's Seat in the dark and labyrinthine bowels of the ancient volcano, serpent people scientists and sorcerers work tirelessly to uncover powerful magic and technology lost to them when their great first

empire fell. Buried deep underneath Edinburgh and other Lowland sites, they hope to find treasures that will empower them once again and give them the means to bring about a new glorious empire.

Two small volcanic vents and one larger tunnel lead down to these depths from the surface of Arthur's Seat. The serpent people use their illusion magic to hide these entrances from view and also guard them constantly. To this end, there will always be at least one serpent people guard at the two, smaller south-facing entrances and usually two guards at the larger, east-facing tunnel entrance.



Serpent People Guards, Cold-blooded Protectors

Char.	One	Two	Three	Four	Five
STR	13	12	11	13	14
CON	08	10	09	12	11
SIZ	09	10	10	12	13
INT	13	12	11	12	11
POW	11	12	10	10	10
DEX	14	10	12	14	13
HP	09	10	10	12	12

Move: 8

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: At Keeper's discretion

Weapons: Bite 55%, damage 1D8 + poison
(POT = serpent man's CON)
Grapple 25%, damage special

Armour: 1-point scales

Spells: All serpent people know the shape shifting spell Assume Shape, but serpent man guards are unlikely to use other magic

Sanity Loss: 0 / 1D6

Calton Hill

A volcanic outcropping rising up some three hundred and fifty feet over the eastern end of Princes Street, Calton Hill affords visitors one of the best views over both Old and New Town. The summit of Calton Hill is home to a strange assortment of monuments built primarily in the 18th and 19th centuries. The unfinished National Monument, for example, atop the hill was modelled on the Parthenon in Athens, but today consists of only twelve stone pillars on a raised platform. A number of other neoclassical monuments stand bunched around the top of the hill.

Should the investigators visit on a moonlit night, they may find Annie Brown (see below) inscribing a red chalk circle atop the National Monument to commune with Great Cthugha.

Of particular interest is the 18th-century observatory, built in 1776, extended in 1818, and extended once again in 1895. The observatory rises more than fifty feet above the apex of Calton Hill, but more interesting than its upper levels are the cellars and vaults dug deep into the volcanic rock below.

Behind a worn, locked door on the ground floor is a great stair that descends into the hill, spiralling down nearly two hundred feet. At intervals of forty feet lie five different vaults, once used for storage. After two hundred feet, the stair breaks into a natural lava tube, which curls further down to unknown depths below Calton Hill. A number of cellars were begun here, but were never finished. Beyond this cellar, the lava tube forms a steep and at times treacherous tunnel down below the level of the city vaults and ultimately to the sprawling, labyrinthine caves of the serpent people.

Knowledge of this entrance is not common and the serpent people never dedicate more than a single roving guard to secure this route into their domain. It is, however, maintained as a point of access for the serpent people themselves.

On the 30th of April every year, Calton Hill is the site of a secretive pagan fire ritual marking the Celtic May Day, or Beltane. The dawn ritual is known to only a handful of Edinburgh's most select and powerful witches and warlocks, including Annie Brown.



Annie Brown: The Witch of Calton Hill

**Annie Brown, age 78,
Wise Woman and Witch**

STR 06 **DEX** 07 **INT** 17 **CON** 10
SIZ 06 **APP** 11 **POW** 13 **EDU** 13
SAN 05 **Hit Points:** 8

Damage Bonus: -1D6

Skills: Bargain 25%, Credit Rating 48%, Cthulhu Mythos 31%, History 70%, Library Use 35%, Occult 62%, Psychology 25%, Sneak 25%

Spells: Call / Dismiss Cthugha, Contact Deity / Cthugha (as Contact Deity / Tsathoggua), and 1D6 spells at the Keeper's discretion

Appearance: A kind, pleasant-looking old woman, nothing in Annie Brown's demeanour would suggest that she is a witch, much less a devoted servant of Cthugha. Annie is a small, bent woman of nearly eighty who looks her age and quite a bit more. Her silver hair is thick and tied back in an untidy ponytail trailing down to her waist. Her face is marked by age with deep creases and 'laugh lines'. Her hazel eyes are clear and bright, suggesting a youth and vibrancy hidden beneath the wrinkles.

She is a poor woman and her clothing is accordingly out of fashion, worn and often mismatched. Still clinging to the last vestiges of her sanity, Annie may be of use to investigators as a source of local information. Should the Keeper wish it, Annie could equally be played as a threat or potential red herring.

Edinburgh Castle

Seated high on Castle Hill, Edinburgh Castle has dominated the city's skyline for centuries. In the 1920s, the castle remains a military stronghold, but is also a tourist attraction. Affording fantastic views over Edinburgh's Old and New Town, fortifications of one type or another have stood atop Castle Hill since the Bronze Age. Until the creation of Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh Castle was the seat of royalty in Scotland and within its deep vaults many of the treasures of Scotland are kept to this day.

One particularly ancient barrel vault in the castle was bricked up and hidden beneath a wall of stone and mortar more than one thousand years ago. Within this vault are a number of religious artefacts, documents and technologies uncovered by the Angles in 638 when they attempted to scour clean the catacombs of Din Eidyn (then Edinburgh).

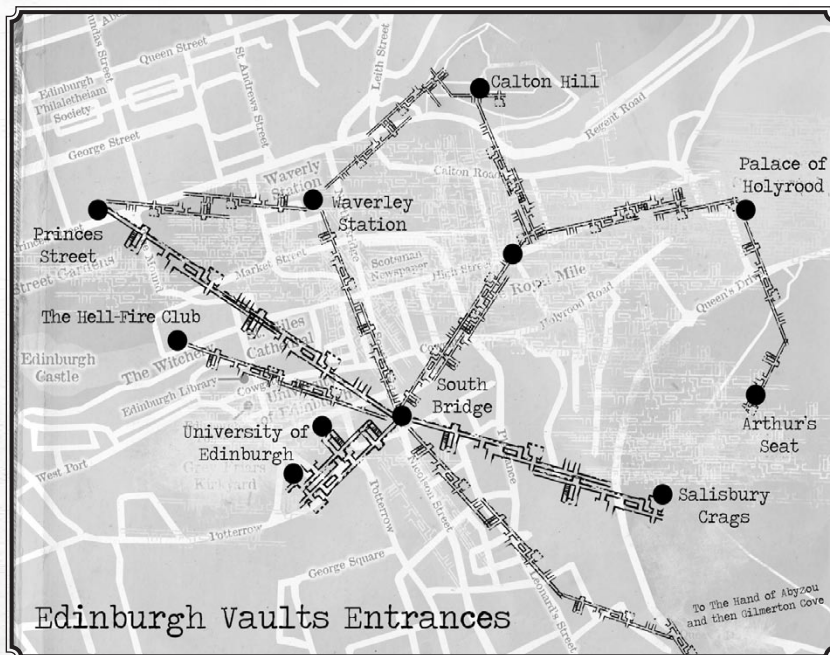
These dangerous items, records and plans were found amongst the 'demons' (serpent people) living in and beneath Edinburgh's vaults. The existence of this vault is known by an exceedingly small number of people. Amongst them, and likely the only person the investigators might meet who possesses this knowledge, is Professor Andrew C. Hambly of the University of Edinburgh's History department (see text box below).

The Edinburgh Vaults

The vaults beneath Edinburgh's Old Town are a series of human-made subterranean chambers and passageways lying just under the streets and buildings and well above the deeper and far more ancient volcanic domain of the serpent people. The best known of them appear to have been built in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and throughout their history they have proved useful as a refuge during times of war and as a means of storage. In the 1920s, the vaults are largely unused and, indeed, many tunnels and pathways are utterly forgotten. However, a percentage of the vaults are in use as homes for the dispossessed, hiding places for thieves and ne'er-do-wells, and as meeting and staging areas for Edinburgh's cults and covens.

Points of access to the vaults are plentiful from the streets, but most are hidden or obstructed from view. Getting in, however, should be a relatively routine affair: city folk, particularly the poor, are familiar with the back streets and narrows of Old Town and will likely know one or two entrances. Probably the most well known entrance to this underworld is at Mary King's Close, where some of Edinburgh's poor still cower in the dark. Mary King's Close was even documented in George Sinclair's famous work *Satan's Invisible World Discovered* published in 1685. The largest construction of vaults lies beneath South Bridge, where nineteen interconnected vaults span a distance of 1000 feet. Keepers might wish to use the South Bridge vaults as a starting point for explorations further into the vaults or as the setting for new scenarios.

Keepers should keep in mind that the vaults are extremely variable in their size, extent and usefulness. Many false turns, collapsed walls, impassable stairwells and dangerous rooms exist within the rough-hewn tunnels. Investigators venturing in will need to be very careful indeed. The cramped and claustrophobic conditions are perfect for creating a threatening atmosphere. The true extent of the Edinburgh vaults is unknown even in the 1920s: rumour has it that a number of ancient passageways connect to the vaults from as far away as New Town, the Palace of Holyrood, and even the University of Edinburgh.



The Edinburgh Vaults in History

We've taken a few liberties with the Edinburgh Vaults in *Shadows Over Scotland*. Current scholarship suggests that while the poor of Edinburgh did indeed live in these dreadful tunnels in the early part of the 19th century, after local industry had declared them unfit for use, to all intents and purposes they seem to have been abandoned by the 1820s and finally closed off sometime between the 1830s and 1870s. In *Shadows Over Scotland*, we couldn't resist keeping some of this spooky underworld open—and suitably occupied!

Greyfriars Kirkyard

Behind the Greyfriars Kirk is the small cemetery or kirkyard used since the 16th century. Since then the cemetery yard has been built up above street level as centuries of bodies were buried one on top of the other. So full is the cemetery in the 1920s, that the yard is unnaturally hilly and, in times of great rain, it is not uncommon for coffins to push through loose soil. During the 1800s, Greyfriars had to be put under guard to stop 'burkers' or grave robbers from stealing corpses to sell to Scotland's medical schools.

Ironically, the famous grave robber William Hare was found murdered in Greyfriars Kirkyard only days after the hanging of his accomplice, William Burke, in January 1829. Hare was not killed by blade or bludgeoning, but found covered in grievous wounds as though clawed to death by a massive hound. Mythos researchers have subsequently suggested that Hare died at the hands of ghouls and or, even more fantastically, that he was cursed and killed by a hound of Tindalos.

In the 1920s, the Kirkyard remains a dark and dangerous place. Murders still occur here with frightening regularity and rumours of hauntings and other strange events are commonplace amongst the locals.

Palace of Holyroodhouse or Holyrood Palace

Built between 1513 and 1679 on the site of the former Holyrood Abbey itself dating from 1128, Holyrood Palace is the former residence of the Scottish kings, and is still occasionally used as a royal residence by the British royal family in the 1920s. Standing at the lower end of the Royal Mile, the Palace has long been connected with Edinburgh's and Scotland's chaotic and often violent history. In the 1920s, the palace is occasionally used for ecclesiastical business, and is generally open to visitors, who may also walk its grounds and visit the ruined Chapel Royal, the 13th century nave of the former abbey.

The palace is also famously the site of the murder of David Rizzio, believed to be the lover of Mary, Queen of Scots, and tourists may visit the room where Mary's jealous husband, Lord Darnley, murdered Rizzio. The now infamous 'bloodstains' on the floor of this room mark the very spot where he was cut down on the night of the 9th of March, 1566.

Should investigators wish to undertake scenarios that involve persons in the royal family, any meetings or consultations with royalty would take place at Holyrood. Likewise any threats to royalty would see them protected by police and palace guards in Holyrood.

Princes Street

Home to many of Scotland's most fashionable shops, department stores and boutiques, Princes Street in the 1920s is Edinburgh's main shopping street and one of the major arteries through New Town. A tram runs along Princes Street to destinations in Leith and surrounding Lothian. Along the south side of Princes Street runs Princes Street Gardens in a valley between Old and New Town.

Edinburgh Castle sits high above the garden and is visible from any spot on Princes Street. At the eastern end of Princes Street is the regal Balmoral Hotel, perhaps Edinburgh's finest hotel. Beneath and behind the Balmoral is Waverley railway station, accessible from Princes Street by means of a long stair.

At the other end of Princes Street is Princes Street railway station, and St John's Episcopal Church, built in 1818. Under St John's is a large crypt that is home to many famous modern Scots. Notable amongst them is the grave of Dr William Thornhill, set under the floor in the crypt's southeast corner. A professor of Egyptology, Thornhill died under mysterious circumstances near Abu-Simbel, Egypt, and was shipped back to Scotland for burial. Three nights after the body's arrival in Edinburgh, Thornhill broke free of his wooden casket, having been transformed by means unknown into an undead mummy.

Unable to exorcise and unsure how to destroy the undead body, church leaders and constables finally decided to entomb the mummy in a specially constructed concrete and steel coffin until such time as the means of its destruction could be learned. The forgotten mummy lies in the crypt still, writhing in eternal torment.

Dr William Thornhill, The Mummy

Doctor William Thornhill, age 129, Mummified Egyptologist

STR 22	DEX 07	INT 11	CON 15
SIZ 13	APP 00	POW 16	EDU 15
SAN 00		Hit Points: 14	

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Skills: Sneak 55%, Stalk 60%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 70%, damage 1D6 + db
Grapple 30%, damage special

Armour: 2-point hardened skin; impaling weapons have no effect and are useful only to sever limbs or head

Spells: 1D3, at Keeper's discretion

Sanity Cost: 1 / 1D8

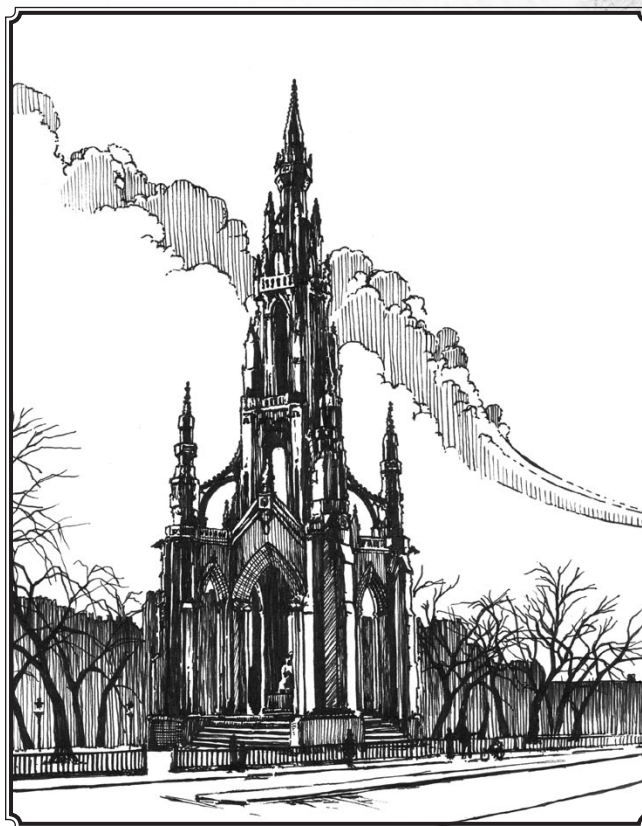
Appearance: An attractive, tall man in his early forties, Doctor Thornhill had thick brown hair, ruddy but rugged features and piercing grey eyes. His transformation to a mummy has seen his skin harden to a dull grey-brown, his once commanding eyes have sunken completely from their sockets, and his hair has fallen out.

His burial clothing, once his best suit, has clearly seen better days, and should Thornhill ever break free of his prison he will be covered in little more than rags. If freed, he will be very difficult to bargain with, preferring to take out his revenge on any and all he sees. He is utterly insane, and blames humanity at large for his imprisonment. First meetings are likely to be short and deadly.

Princes Street Gardens

Princes Street Gardens are the natural divide between Edinburgh's Old and New towns. Once a polluted loch, the Gardens were dredged and landscaped to create the lush valley park of today. The east and west ends of the Gardens are separated by the 'Mound', now home to Scotland's National Gallery. Princes Street Gardens is used by tourists and city folk as an attractive spot for lunch, for a walk, or just to escape the bustle of the city. East Princes Street Gardens ends at Waverley Station, where trains briefly cut through the park on their way to Glasgow and the west of Scotland.

In the West Gardens, the Scott Monument rises more than two hundred feet above the grass and flowers. A monument to famous Scots writer Sir Walter Scott, the neo-Gothic spire is visible from anywhere in the Gardens. The Gardens also hold an open-air bandstand, a golden fountain, and a seasonal floral clock made up of a variety of different flowers and shrubs.



At night constables patrol the Gardens, in spite of which a number of sensational murders have taken place amongst the moonlit foliage. Evidence acquired by police on a number of these occasions has suggested that not only men hunt in the dark shadows beneath Edinburgh Castle.

Princes Street Station

Located at the opposite end of Princes Street Gardens from the larger Waverley Station, this station receives traffic from Glasgow and Greenock, the south and southwest of Scotland, and also from England, either from London via Carlisle and Crewe or from Liverpool and Manchester.

Royal Mile

Running down from Edinburgh Castle to the Palace of Holyrood at the foot of Arthur's Seat is Edinburgh's Royal Mile. The cultural heart of Old Town, the Royal Mile has also become Edinburgh's central tourist area. In the summer particularly, visitors walk the same cobblestones that Scottish kings and queens walked for centuries.

In the 1920s, many of Edinburgh's most historic buildings line the Royal Mile, including Gladstone's Land, Mary King's Close, the John Knox House and the Civic Museum. Less historic, but nonetheless potentially interesting to investigators, is the Mythic Scotland shop run by Robert 'Bob' Briggs. Part tourist trap, part magic shop, Mythic Scotland is a potpourri of the strange and weird in Scotland. Bob is a bit of a charlatan, but no fool. He is aware of much of the cultist and Mythos-related activities in Edinburgh and can be a useful source of information.

Robert Briggs of Mythic Scotland

**Robert "Bob" Briggs, age 58,
Shopkeeper and Mythos Confidant**

STR 11 **DEX** 10 **INT** 13 **CON** 10
SIZ 13 **APP** 12 **POW** 12 **EDU** 11
SAN 35 **Hit Points:** 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Accounting 65%, Bargain 45%, Credit Rating 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Fast Talk 35%, History 20%, Latin 25%, Library Use 45%, Occult 80%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 25%

Appearance: Briggs is a stocky and overweight man, looking a few years older than his actual age (due to his penchant for pipe smoking). He is bald apart from a slight halo of grey-white hair: his thick goatee is the same colour, as are his almost non-existent eyebrows, usually hidden behind round, wire-framed glasses. Bob is never seen without a tie—and usually a shockingly garish one—but only wears his suit jacket out of doors. More than a little eccentric, Bob is nonetheless warm and helpful. Should the topic of the Mythos arise, Bob will drop his voice and become cautious. If the investigators pester him with questions, he will suggest they return for a chat after closing. However, if Bob feels threatened, he will revert to his helpful shopkeeper demeanour and avoid questions. If both threatened and pressed, he will respectfully ask the investigators to leave his establishment.

Salisbury Crag

A great volcanic up-thrust created this dramatic cliff face that rises beside Arthur's Seat and looks over Edinburgh. The Salisbury Crag is within half a mile of the Palace of Holyrood, Princes Street and Arthur's Seat. Below the tall crags runs the 'Radical Road' so called by Sir Walter Scott and which provides the people of Edinburgh with a beautiful view of the city, curving round from the north to the south.

On the southern side of the crags a single entrance to the Edinburgh Vaults is hidden amongst the jagged rock. Few know of its existence and fewer still have wandered into the unknown darkness beyond. A steep series of drops takes the tunnel beyond down to the lowest level of the vaults.

A volcanic pipe, little more than a vertical shaft dropping some three hundred feet, is located off this tunnel as it worms its way towards Old Town. This pipe connects the vaults to the caverns of the serpent people below, but only the most able of mountaineers or spelunkers with the most modern of equipment could successfully navigate the vertical passage.

St Giles Cathedral

St Giles Cathedral on the Royal Mile is the High Kirk of Edinburgh and one of the most eminent cathedrals of the Church of Scotland. Over its history it has been host to many faiths and for a brief time was home to a monastic order in the 17th century. It was during this time that a monk is said to have burst aflame and run screaming into the Royal Mile. Shrieking for his life, the monk ultimately perished near Cowgate after suffering terribly. No explanation is given for this strange event, but it was witnessed by a great many.

Since that time a number of people have seen the ghost of the monk near St Giles. He appears occasionally to this day as a shimmering apparition visibly covered in burns and screaming insanelly. The ghost is not aggressive and will not attack the investigators, or anyone else for that matter.

University of Edinburgh

The University of Edinburgh was founded in 1582 when granted a Royal Charter by James VI. It became Scotland's fourth university (at the time, neighbouring England had only two) and has since become one of the leading universities of the United Kingdom. In the 1920s, every subject is covered by University lecturers, including to a lesser extent the Cthulhu Mythos. The Mythos is carefully handled by a handful of academics, most notable among them Professor Andrew C. Hambly of the History department. Although ostracized by his colleagues, Hambly continues to study and investigate Mythos occurrences in Scotland's recent history, specializing in the 18th to 20th centuries. As such, Professor Hambly is a potential ally or source of information for investigators.

Professor Hambly at Edinburgh University

Professor Andrew Cornelius Hambly, age 55, Manic Mythos Historian

STR 10 **DEX** 10 **INT** 17 **CON** 11
SIZ 13 **APP** 10 **POW** 12 **EDU** 17
SAN 44 **Hit Points:** 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Anthropology 35%, Archaeology 15%, Credit Rating 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Drive Automobile 35%, Handgun 25%, History 90%, Latin 55%, Library Use 75%, Natural History 55%, Occult 30%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 15%

Spells: Elder Sign

Appearance: Professor Hambly is a thin, weedy man with a droopy, rather unfashionable moustache, thick horn-rimmed glasses, and dull brown eyes. He dresses in black tweeds that make him look even thinner. A brightly coloured bow tie is nearly the only thing that might distinguish him from a mortician.

Although an engaging teacher, Hambly is horribly inept at small talk and will seem extremely uncomfortable in simple conversation. This view of Hambly will persist until he is given the opportunity to talk about his favourite subject—the Mythos. At that point, a remarkable transformation takes place, and Hambly becomes an animated chatterbox. He is an extremely avid Mythos researcher and has even done some fieldwork in his day. If he can, he will help anyone who shares his interest and, if asked, will gladly accompany investigators on 'safe' research-oriented missions.

Waverley Station

Waverley Station is Edinburgh's main railway station and the second largest in Great Britain. It serves nearly as many passengers as Glasgow's Caledonian Central Station, making it the second busiest station in Scotland. The majority of traffic Waverley receives comes into the station from Glasgow and the west of Scotland, from Perth and the Highlands, and from London via Newcastle and York or Carlisle and Leeds. The most frequent service runs between Edinburgh and Glasgow.

The Hell-Fire Club

The Edinburgh branch of the notorious Hell-Fire Club holds monthly meetings in this derelict basement near Edinburgh Castle and has done so, with few interruptions, since 1726. Its popularity has waxed and waned with time, but in the 1920s, the Hell-Fire Club is once more ascendant. Within the basement hall and adjoining rooms all manner of debauchery, depravity, and wickedness can allegedly be encountered.

The membership and location of the club are highly guarded secrets and many men and women have died to keep it that way—some spectacularly so. Members gain access through a locked grate in a dark wynd near the castle wall, carefully hidden and watched over by loyal guards.

-Cities in Detail: Glasgow-

“During the heights of industrialization, Glasgow was held high in the public esteem as the great ‘workshop of the British Empire’. No one could have guessed that after the Great War she would tumble from that pedestal and certainly no one could have imagined she would have so far to fall.”

(Dr Adam S. Carlyle, *The Making of Modern Scotland*, 1920)

The royal burgh of Glasgow was and, to a lesser extent in the 1920s, still remains the industrial heart of Scotland. The largest city in Scotland’s Lowlands, Glasgow is home to well over a million people during the Twenties. Nearly two hundred thousand of these are soldiers recently returned to the city from service in the Great War, only to find themselves jobless and sometimes homeless. The core industries of shipbuilding, textiles, steel and heavy industry have all suffered in the post-war economy. As a result, the falling standard of living is the prime concern of nearly every Glaswegian.



Only in Glasgow’s prosperous West End are the effects of this troubled time less pronounced. In central Glasgow, businesses are foundering or teetering on the edge of financial collapse. In the East End and south of the river Clyde, the lower and middle classes are struggling to survive. In poor areas of the city, the housing conditions are regarded as the worst in Europe. Overcrowding and undernourishment have made the city vulnerable to epidemics: cholera, typhoid fever and typhus sweep through the city in deadly waves. The reeking, smog-filled air, poor water quality and general lack of sun make Glasgow a perfect environment for chronic diseases. Throughout the 1920s more people will die in Glasgow from tuberculosis than in any other European city.

The divide between the upper and lower classes is particularly acute in the Twenties. Glasgow’s overcrowded slums are an embarrassment for Britain, but the government lacks both the will and the ability to alter the conditions. The city has become characterized in newspapers and magazines as a filthy rat warren. As conditions worsen, crime increases exponentially. At the same time, Socialist and Communist political activity is gaining momentum. Along the ‘Red Clydeside’, streets are filled with violent and bloody protests.

Wealth sits in the centre and west of the city whilst poverty wracks the south and east. The rich travel little outside their comfort zones and the poor keep to their sides of the tracks as well. If they meet in the centre, it is to enjoy themselves at one of the glamorous dancehalls or go to the theatre. Providing a welcome escape from the daily struggle of life in Glasgow, theatres, music halls, and dancehalls see unparalleled growth in the Twenties. Music halls continue to draw in crowds from the working classes, and dance halls attract customers with stylish lighting, sprung floors, and cosmopolitan cocktails; throughout the 1920s Glasgow’s dance halls are amongst the most successful in Britain, with the Palais de Dance, the Locarno, the Plaza and Green’s Playhouse Ballroom all popular and award-winning venues.

The 1920s also see the rise of new art deco lounges and public houses serving both men and women, mixing hard shiny surfaces with soft lighting.

Fashionable drinks and exclusive cocktails such as Manhattans, Mint Juleps, Singapore Slings and Chocolate Martinis are the order of the day. By comparison, in the poor pubs in the south and east ends, men and women are drinking a mixture of cheap red wine and other spirits, known as 'Johnny Jump Up' or simply 'Jake'.

Temperance Hotels, Inns, and Bars

The scourge of alcoholism in the 18th and 19th centuries, and the social hardship, neglect, and domestic violence which followed in its wake, led to the formation of the Temperance Movement in the mid-19th century. With their origins in the 19th century, temperance hotels and bars were common throughout Scotland (and indeed the whole of the British Isles) in the 1920s. These hotels and bars promoted abstinence from alcohol and a lifestyle of moderation. Temperance hotels offered more modest accommodation and could generally be considered second-class, but charged significantly less than private, first-class hotels.

Temperance bars served no alcohol whatsoever, but offered patrons drinks such as ginger beer, cream soda, sarsaparilla, herb bitters, dandelion and burdock, and Vimto. Unlike conventional public houses, even women could be seen drinking in these establishments without stigma. Both bars and hotels were managed by temperance groups, often known as 'Friendly Societies', such as the Catholic League of the Cross, the British Women's Temperance Association and the enigmatic Independent Order of Rechabites.

The latter Order operated through local branches known as 'tents' (referring to the nomadic homes of the biblical Rechabites) and conducted 'rituals' involving designated High Chief Rulers, Levites, and Inside and Outside Guardians. The Order, which still exists today as a financial institution, campaigned for total abstinence and had some success. The Shetland Rechabites, for example, helped bring about prohibition on the island from 1921 to 1947.

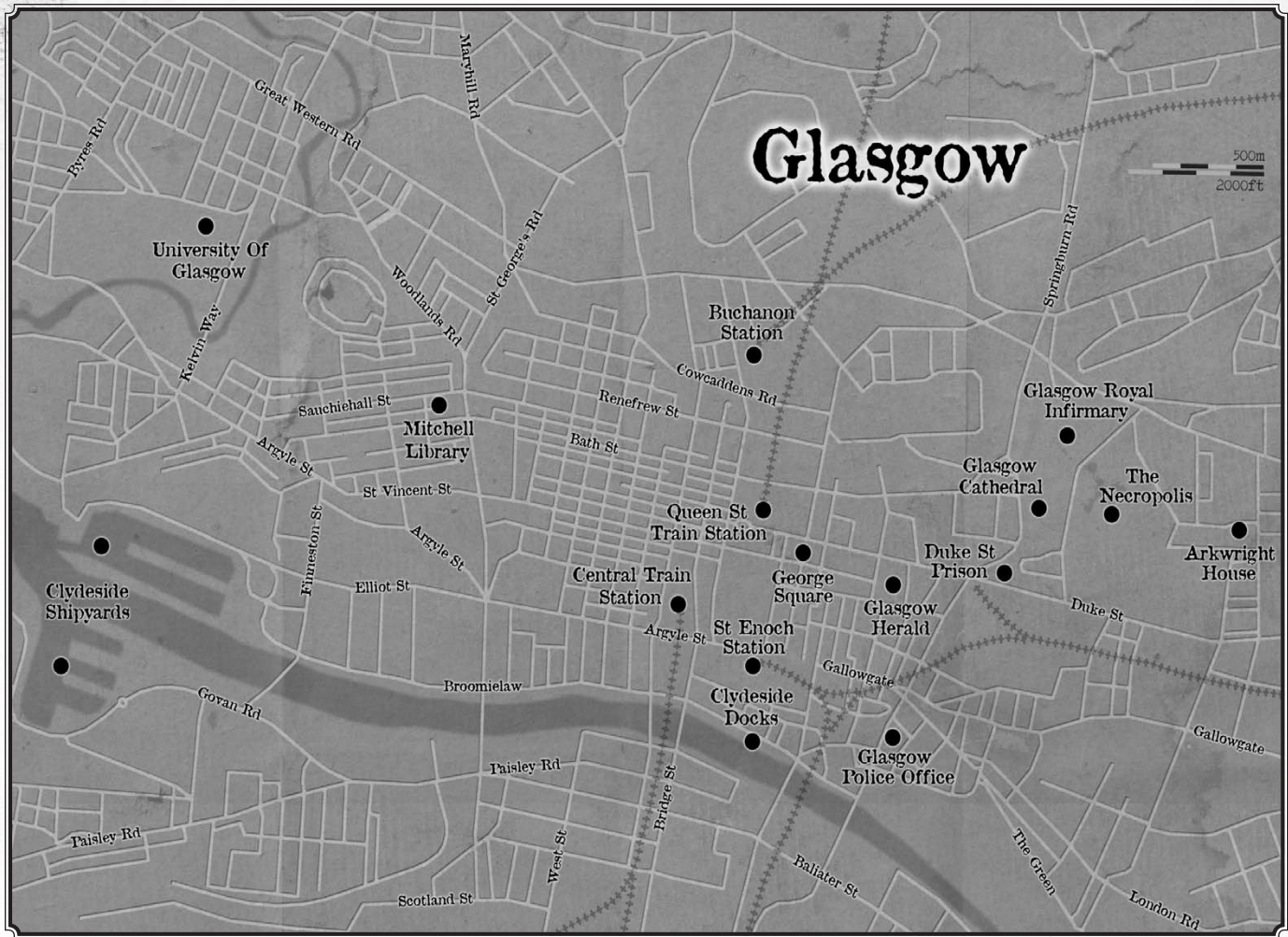
For those with little interest in music hall, dancing, or drinking, there is always shopping. Despite being economically depressed, Glasgow in the 1920s is home to a fantastic range of shops and boutiques encircling George Square at the city's centre. Buchanan, Gordon, and Sauchiehall streets are filled with sophisticated shops and up-market department stores. Glaswegian ladies can be seen any day of the week browsing the windows and taking their afternoon tea in specialist tearooms.

Those with fewer shillings and / or less time for leisure shopping stroll along Argyle and Jamaica streets, looking for bargains in the cheaper, national department stores.

Beyond shopping, there is always football, and, in the late 1920s, the wireless; the six Glasgow dailies, notably the *Glasgow Herald* and *Evening Times* newspapers; and going to the kirk on Sunday. At this time, football or 'fitba' is a solely masculine and primarily working class event and men religiously go down to Hampden Park, Ibrox Park, or Celtic Park to see their favourite teams play. Another ritual that is strictly adhered to is the Glaswegian summer-time escape 'doon the watter'. Essentially this involves families escaping the heat and smog of the city for the cool seaside breezes and clear views from small towns along the Firth of Clyde.

The Clyde acts as the life-blood of Glasgow in the 1920s. More than just providing a natural divide between Glasgow's north and south sides, the ebb and flow of the river determines the fortunes and futures of her inhabitants. It will be many decades yet before that situation changes.





Places and People of Note in Glasgow

Clydeside Shipyards

The River Clyde shipyards grew along with mining and steel work in industrial Glasgow. The successful dredging of the Clyde in the 18th and 19th centuries allowed for the passage of larger ships, and the prevalence of high-quality steel made Clydeside and the Firth of Clyde perfect environs for shipbuilding. A 'golden age' of shipbuilding followed, and at the end of the 19th century shipbuilding had become Glasgow's largest and most profitable industry.

Massive shipyards were built to handle increasingly large vessels and construction cradles. By 1900, the shipyards along Clydeside had earned the reputation of being the best shipbuilders in the world and were seen as a jewel in the

crown of the British Empire. The expression 'Clydebuilt' was synonymous with the highest quality, and Glasgow's ships were used as benchmarks of success.

At the outbreak of the Great War, shipbuilding was one of Glasgow's main sources of income, and thousands of people worked in the numerous shipyards. Some of the world's largest warships and ocean-going passenger vessels rolled from her many docks, including the luxury-liners the *Lusitania* and *SS Persia*.

From the founding of the first shipyard in 1712 to the end of the 1920s, nearly twenty-five thousand ships were built on the Clyde. In the years leading up to 1920, two hundred and fifty firms were involved in aspects of shipbuilding on Clydeside, employing a large proportion of Glasgow's population. The First World War was to change that.



In the 1920s, only two yards remain open—the Yarrow yard at Scotstoun and the Fairfields yard at Govan—and they are working with less than a quarter of their pre-war workers. The vast shipyards have become like graveyards, devoid of activity and life. Rumours abound however that something horrible is stirring in the black shadows of the vacant shipyards, and the papers are full of stories of drowning, murder and darker deeds.

Glasgow Cathedral

Glasgow Cathedral sits off the intersection of Castle Street and Cathedral Street in the north-eastern edge of Glasgow's city centre. Also known variably as St Mungo's and St Kentigern's, the cathedral is the High Kirk of Glasgow and has stood on this spot since the 13th century. The location of the church was decided by Saint Mungo, also known as Kentigern, who is now buried in the cathedral's crypt in a specially designed tomb. As it stands in the 1920s, Glasgow is the only medieval cathedral on Scottish soil to have survived the Reformation.

The especially constructed crypt where St Mungo is entombed was made in the mid-13th century and is decorated with black pillars painted with white tears. The marble coffin that contains the body of St Mungo is elaborately designed and contains an unusual crystal receptacle near the head of the coffin. A small tube runs from this receptacle into the floor of the coffin.

Since his death at the hands of the cultists he was trying to save, St Mungo has wept every day for the lost souls of those who murdered him. Even now the small crystal receptacle slowly fills with the tears of St Mungo. No science has been able to explain this phenomenon, despite sceptical claims that the tears are simple condensation. In the 19th century, anatomists illicitly opened St Mungo's tomb and were shocked to discover that not only was Mungo still crying, his grievous wounds received at the hands of the cultists had somehow healed.

The Tears of St Mungo

Saint Mungo's Tears, Unique Mythos Item

This unique liquid has absolutely no effect on human beings, but acts as a contact poison to Mythos creatures. The tears of St Mungo are colourless, odourless and like water to the touch. In order to be effective, the tears must come into contact with skin or a biological surface (for example, eyes, mouths, open wounds, etc.) that the toxin can be absorbed into. Thus, the tears will not affect hardened scale, dead flesh, exoskeletons, or similar. In order to have any effect on creatures protected in such a manner, the toxin would need to be swallowed or in some way introduced into the organism. At the Keeper's discretion, the tears may or may not work against Mythos entities whose physiology is partly or completely alien.

Affected creature(s) must roll to resist this 25 POT poison or suffer dire effects. Creatures that successfully resist will lose 1 STR and 1 CON per round until 1D8 STR and CON have been lost. Mythos entities failing to resist will lose STR and CON at a rate of 1 per round until unconscious or dead. Surviving creatures will begin to regain STR and CON after 1D6 hours at a rate of 1 STR and 1 CON every four hours.

The Glasgow District Subway

The Glasgow District Subway is a metropolitan underground passenger line running beneath much of Glasgow on either side of the River Clyde. Opened on the 14th of December, 1896, the subway is used by thousands of Glaswegians throughout the 1920s. The steam-operated system remains one of the oldest underground metros in Europe. In the 1920s, the subway is one of the fastest and most reliable ways of travelling around Glasgow for both humans and ghouls. Stops beneath Queen Street and near Central Station connect subway passengers to the over-ground railway system.

Glasgow's Caledonian Central and Queen Street Railway Stations

Glasgow's primary railway stations, Caledonian Central and Queen Street, handle heavy passenger traffic into and out of the city. The Caledonian takes the bulk of traffic from the south, including England, and the west, whilst Queen Street accepts traffic from the north, including the Highlands and Islands, and the east, most notably Edinburgh.

Both stations have upper and lower tracks: lower tracks serve inner city stops whilst upper tracks serve national destinations. Two smaller railway stations, Buchanan and St Enoch, receive trains from Oban and the northwest, and Ayr and the southeast, respectively.

His Majesty's Duke Street Prison

Duke Street Prison, also known as Bridewell or the North Prison, is the last remaining inner-city prison in 1920s Glasgow. First opened in 1798, the conditions within its tall, grey walls are notoriously awful and have even spawned a street song describing the terrible misery experienced by those held within (see the scenario "Death and Horror Incorporated" for the text of this song). Male and female prisoners are kept in different, isolated blocks but all suffer the same brutal treatment and squalid circumstances. During the 1920s, seven judicial hangings are carried out in the prison but scores more die due to disease, mistreatment, and more mysterious causes.

The Warden of His Majesty's Duke Street Prison is Mr John Black. If investigators wish to visit prisoners here, a request should be made through Mr Black's office.

Mitchell Library

The Mitchell Library in Glasgow's west end is one of the largest public reference libraries in 1920s Europe. The library is home to modern manuscripts as well as volumes, maps and chapbooks dating back to the 16th century. Older still are the mediaeval manuscripts, 'Books of Hours' and incunabula. In addition to these treasures, the Mitchell Library is home to large collections of rare 17th- and 18th-century print materials.

The Mitchell can provide investigators with books, maps, and photographs on a large number of subjects. In the basement of the Mitchell is a small collection of Mythos tomes held under lock and key and viewable only upon request and in the presence of the Head Librarian, Dr Althea Montrose. A no-nonsense librarian and sometime Mythos researcher, Dr Montrose will provide access to investigators only in cases of the utmost need. She has been involved in a number of 'dangerous' enterprises and will be unwilling to partake in any further 'adventures'. The extent of the Mythos library contained within the basement of the Mitchell is left to the discretion of the Keeper.

Dr Althea Montrose, Mythos Librarian

**Doctor Althea Margaret Montrose, age 44,
Librarian and Mythos Researcher**

STR 10	DEX 12	INT 18	CON 11
SIZ 12	APP 17	POW 14	EDU 16
SAN 45	Hit Points: 12		

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Credit Rating 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 21%, History 50%, Library Use 99%, Occult 32%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 10%

Spells: Candle Communication, Curse of Darkness, Dust of Suleiman, Elder Sign, and 1D4 spells at the Keeper's discretion

Appearance: A strikingly attractive woman of average height in her mid-forties, Althea Montrose has long jet-black hair, bright green eyes, full red lips and a devilish look about her. She is always impeccably dressed in finely tailored suits that accentuate her slim and curvy figure. Highly educated and exceptionally sophisticated, Dr Montrose is aware of the effect that her looks have, especially upon the male populace, but has little interest in engaging men, or anyone else for that matter, in anything but constructive and meaningful communication.

She will direct flirtatious men or women to the door immediately. As a source of information, Montrose is extremely useful. She is aware of the Mythos, has read a number of important texts, can cast Mythos spells and will be glad to help with serious enquiries. She has experienced enough of the Mythos—and subsequently spent some time ‘resting’ in a sanatorium—to know her own limits. She will never go beyond those limits. If information is needed, she will see that well-intending investigators get it. However, if she doesn’t like what she hears or she feels the investigators may come to harm or bring harm to others, she will usher them out of her library and ask that they not return.

Necropolis

Begun in 1831 on the site of Fir Park, which dates back to 1650, the Necropolis extends over a high hill and parkland behind Glasgow Cathedral. Connecting the Necropolis to the cathedral is the short, ornamental Bridge of Sighs. The cemetery was modelled on the Père-Lachaise in Paris. In the 1920s, the Necropolis has already witnessed more than thirty thousand burials and has more than three thousand tombs within its grounds, many of these built in a grand neo-classical style.

Extended in 1860 and again in 1877 and 1893, the size of the Necropolis effectively doubled within sixty-two years. A programme of planting and landscaping saw the cemetery populated with oak, elm and poplar trees. The grounds were cultivated in the style of an 18th-century pastoral garden. The Necropolis is popular with people wishing to escape the bustle of the city and receives a surprising number of tourists.

Of the tombs, mausoleums, and monuments in the Necropolis, the one dedicated to Protestant reformer John Knox stands tallest at fifty-eight feet. Many of the tombs are exceptional not only for their height but for their depth: a large number of the crypts and mausoleums extend below the surface of the hill more than twenty-five feet. Made with stone and brick walls, these deep chambers house the coffins of noteworthy Glasgow families. Most are closed, but a number of these ornamental buildings are gated and allow family members to visit the tombs of their ancestors.

In 1877 a small river or *burn* that ran under the Bridge of Sighs was diverted underground on its way to the Clyde. This burn now runs through the vast colony the ghouls have cut out beneath the Necropolis and provides them with a source of water and a means of accessing the darker waters of the Clyde.

Necropolis Glasguensis

In 1831, John Strang, then Chamberlain of the Merchants’ House, wrote a pamphlet entitled “Necropolis Glasguensis, or Thoughts on Death and Moral Stimulus”. In the pamphlet he related that the Necropolis should be seen as a Scottish Père-Lachaise that fit in beautifully with the cathedral and local scenery whilst affording ‘much wanted accommodation to the higher classes’. The fact that the cemetery would turn an ‘unproductive property into a general and lucrative source of profit’ was not lost on the Chamberlain.

Strang did suggest that the Necropolis should be a charitable institution at once ‘respectful to the dead, safe and sanitary to the living, dedicated to the Genius of Memory and to extend religious and moral feeling’. In the 1920s, it can be seen that the ‘charity’ of the Necropolis has extended well beyond the needs of the upper classes. The Glasgow Necropolis is now home to the largest colony of ghouls in the United Kingdom.

Beneath the thirty-seven landscaped acres a veritable army of ghouls has feasted upon the bones and dried flesh of Glasgow’s recent and centuries-old dead. From beneath, they have clawed their way into the tombs, mausoleums, and coffins of nearly all the buried dead by 1920.

In the 1920s, tunnels and chambers created by the ghouls riddle the entirety of the Necropolis. Having tapped its rich resources, the ghouls have grown desperate and begun to leave their tunnels in search of other sources of charnel nourishment. For this reason, encounters with the normally secretive ghouls are far more likely in Glasgow than anywhere else in Scotland or the United Kingdom.

The ghoul numbers are such that a crisis is at hand: this is covered in greater detail in the scenario “Death and Horror Incorporated” included in this volume. Below are some basic stats for average ghouls.

Ghouls, Charnel-eating Gravedwellers

Char.	One	Two	Three	Four	Five
STR	13	17	18	16	16
CON	08	10	09	12	11
SIZ	13	12	14	12	13
INT	13	12	11	12	10
POW	09	12	10	14	10
DEX	14	10	12	07	13
HP	11	11	12	12	12

Move: 9

Damage Bonus: +1D4

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

Weapons: Bite 30%, damage 1D6 + automatic worry (1D4 per CR unless a STR vs. STR Resistance roll is made to open the ghoul’s jaws)

Claws 30%, damage 1D6 + db

Armour: Projectiles do half damage

Spells: As desired by the Keeper

Number appearing: 1d3 wandering

Sanity Loss: 0 / 1D6

River Clyde

The Clyde (G. Abhainn Chluaidh) is Scotland’s third largest river and one of the longest rivers in Britain. It is historically significant as a point of access and trade route for the city of Glasgow. The city’s growth is closely tied to the success of the Clyde as a port during the Industrial Revolution. The success of the cotton and tobacco trade, for example, resulted in a population boom in Glasgow.

However, the Clyde proved to be too shallow for larger, ocean-going vessels, and a programme of dredging was begun in the 18th century. This deepened and widened the Clyde, allowing for greater drafts and resulting in an increase in Clydeside shipbuilding. The bulk of the shipyards in Glasgow grew alongside the river in the Clydebank, Govan, Patrick, Scotstoun and Whiteinch areas.

In the 1920s, however, the river Clyde is a poisonous, twisting mass. More than one hundred years of industrialization and, in particular, the influence of heavy and chemical industries has seen the river turn nearly black with contaminants, waste, and innumerable toxic substances. No one swims or fishes in the river Clyde now—no one would dare to.

The Thing in the Clyde

The Dark Horror in the Clyde, age unknown, Unique Mythos Entity

STR 65 **DEX** 10 **INT** 03 **CON** 43

SIZ 85 **APP** — **POW** 10 **EDU** —

SAN — **Hit Points:** 64

Move: 12 / 8 / 2 swimming / rolling / turning

Damage Bonus: +8D6

Weapons: Engulf / Swallow 40%, 4D6 damage, every round thereafter the victim suffers 1D6 + 6 damage from internal crushing and caustic digestive fluids

Ram / Crush 75%, damage db

Armour: None, but physical and impaling attacks do only 1 point of damage; fire and electricity do double damage

Sanity Cost: 1D8 / 2D8

Appearance: The Dark Horror in the Clyde appears as a great, twisting gelatinous slurry. Its massive shape is generally cylindrical tapering towards the fore and rear, but as it propels itself through the water its form bloats and pulsates. It has no externally visible sensory organs, appearing as a single shifting gelatinous mass. Its slick body is covered in thick excretions that constantly ooze from rings of pores all over its surface. These slimy excretions adhere to its body and provide it with a viscous slime-layer that allows it to slip through the water more easily. At the centre of these pore-rings are black sphincters that force water, taken in through a ring of small 'mouths' circling its central maw, outwards in powerful jets to propel the thing forwards. Its great slime-coated mouth is just a heavily muscled sphincter ringed with smaller openings and is capable of spiralling open or closed with incredible speed.

Possessing only a rudimentary intelligence, the thing in the Clyde thinks only of feeding and keeping itself alive. It is a highly successful killer and will attack groups as well as individuals. It prefers to attack targets already in the Clyde or at the water's edge, but will not hesitate to rise up out of the water (to a maximum height of twelve feet) to knock prey from piers and promenades. The thing attacks with a combination of ramming and rolling, seeking to crush its prey. In addition, once per round it can attempt to engulf or swallow anything with a SIZ less than 24. It will continue to attack until it has digested each target or it has been reduced to one quarter of its hit points, whereupon it will quickly retreat, disappearing beneath the surface and heading down river at top speed.

The University of Glasgow

Founded in the late mediaeval period, the University of Glasgow is Scotland's second-oldest university and the fourth-oldest university in Europe. From 1451 university instruction, called the 'Auld Pedagogy' by students, was first delivered in a small chapterhouse in Glasgow Cathedral and then in a series of buildings in nearby Rottenrow. In 1871 the university was relocated to its current position in the city's west end.

The University of Glasgow offers a broad liberal education (e.g., theology, literature, languages and social sciences) with a range of scientific and professional studies available, including law, medicine, veterinary sciences, and engineering. Within the College of Theology a handful of professors include theosophy and metaphysics in their curricula, but a recent setback has changed the university's attitude towards these subjects.

On the 18th of November, 1919, the upper floor of the Theology department was bathed in an unearthly light and awash in alien sounds for a period of roughly ninety seconds. After the horrid din and glow subsided, five professors were found to be missing from their rooms. To this day, no proper explanation has been found for the event. Behind closed doors blame has been placed on Dr Alfonso Don Rios, an enigmatic new lecturer freshly arrived from Spain and now one of the missing professors.



Dr Alfonso Don Rios, Mad Professor

**Doctor Alfonso Don Rios, age 39,
Insane and Enigmatic Professor**

STR 13 **DEX** 09 **INT** 15 **CON** 12
SIZ 14 **APP** 13 **POW** 14 **EDU** 16
SAN 00 **Hit Points:** 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Archaeology 15%, Cthulhu Mythos 27%, English 75%, Latin 45%, Library Use 38%, Natural History 44%, Persuade 55%, Psychoanalysis 15%, Psychology 10%, Spanish 95%, Theology 89%

Spells: Create Gate, and 1D3 spells at the Keeper's discretion

Sanity Cost: 1 / 1d4 for comprehending the professor's impossible journey

Appearance: Doctor Alfonso Don Rios is a husky Spaniard with dark hair, dark eyes and a tanned complexion. Should he return, Dr Rios can be played in a number of ways. Driven utterly mad by the revelations uncovered during his journey, Don Rios has the look of a haunted man, prone to staring out in space—perhaps 'seeing' beyond the walls of our own dimension. He can be docile or aggressive, cogent or blubbering insanely.

What this mad professor has done and/or experienced is unknown, perhaps even to himself. The nature and significance of his return are likewise unknown, leading one to question the otherworldly agency behind his journey.

-Cities in Detail: St Andrews-

Named after Scotland's patron saint, St Andrew the Apostle, the royal burgh of St Andrews stands along the east coast of modern-day Fife on a site that has been inhabited since the Mesolithic era (between 10,000 and 5000 BCE). In the 1920s St Andrews is famous primarily for being the birthplace of the game of golf and home to the oldest golf course in the world; it is also the site of Scotland's oldest university. In the early Middle Ages St Andrews was the ecclesiastical centre of Scotland, and its cathedral was amongst the largest in Europe. As such, this small burgh in the ancestral Kingdom of Fife wielded great political and economic power.



Throughout the later mediaeval period, St Andrews grew alongside the cathedral, stretching west towards the Links, now the site of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club and the famous Old Course. From the cathedral and following the coast, St Andrews evolved into a roughly triangular shape.

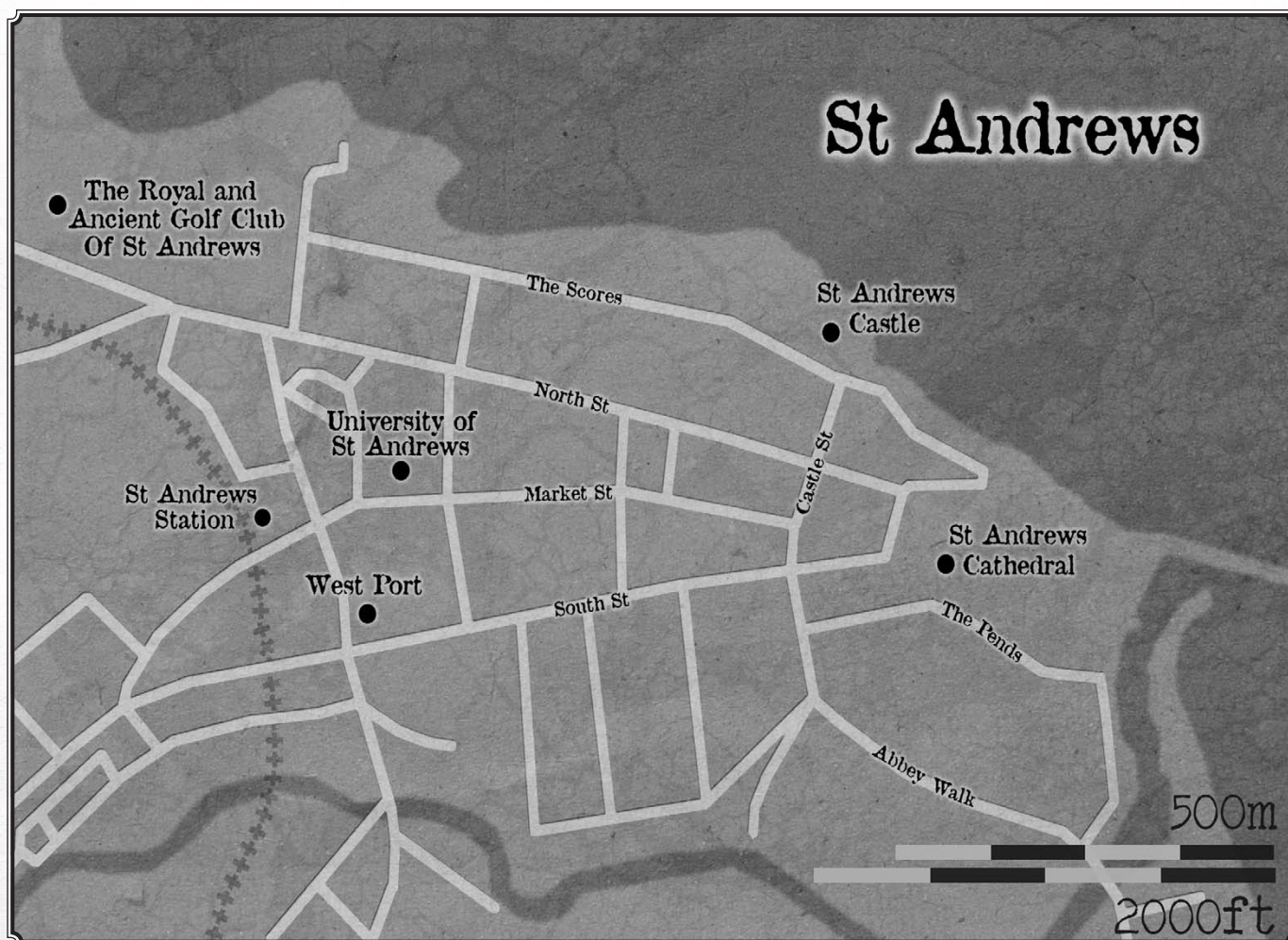
In the 1920s, the north angle of this triangle is North Street that runs from the cathedral, past the ruins of the castle, on to the university and finally ending at the Golf Links. On the south, South Street extends from the cathedral to the West Port, an ancient gate or 'gait' once providing access into the then-walled city. Connecting North and South Street is City Road which passes the railway station. Between North and South Street lies Market Street, which holds most of St

Andrews' shops. During term time, the university is very visible here, and its six hundred students play a significant role in St Andrews' economy and its population of ten thousand people. In the 1920s the university occupies several different colleges dispersed throughout the town and the United College on North Street in particular; investigators will never be far from groups of students clutching books and rushing from one class to another.

Near North Street and City Road, investigators are far more likely to encounter golfers in their tweeds with golf bags slung over their shoulders. The Golf Links extend from the corner of North Street and City Road and northwest to the sea on a headland shaped like a shark's fin. A single road follows the eastern edge of this fin out to its point. This is the West Sands Road, and a great many tired golfers have been rescued here and safely shuttled back to the Royal and Ancient Club house for a gin and tonic.

In the 1920s, tourism is a growing facet of the St Andrews economy; most visitors come to play a round or two on the Old Course, while others enjoy the seaside or visit the ruins of the cathedral or castle. Tourists buoy the population of St Andrews considerably in the summer months; in the winter, students staying in halls at the university provide an important stream of revenue.

In St Andrews' centre, most people live in the numerous narrow streets and wynds that sit between the cathedral ruins, the West Port, and the Links. The houses here are small but charming, dating back to the late mediaeval period; among and between them the old city walls run in various states of repair. Ornamental plaques, decorative work, and carved reliefs add to an old-world feel. Investigators walking through St Andrews may feel as though they have travelled back in time.



At the corner of Church Street and South Street sits Holy Trinity Parish Church, also known simply as Holy Trinity or the town kirk, St Andrews' most historic surviving church. Originally built near the southeast edge of the cathedral, it was moved to its present site in 1412 under the careful watch of Bishop Warlock. The church was recently restored to mediaeval style in 1909 and now only its towers and spires are original.

The main access routes into St Andrews are Edenside Road, along the southern edge of the Links, and East Sands Road, southeast of the cathedral. The small railway station on City Road connects St Andrews with Perth and Edinburgh.

Places and People of Note in St Andrews

Old Course and Golf Links

A place of pilgrimage for golfers from around the world, the St Andrews Golf Links gave birth to the celebrated game around the year 1400. In the 1920s, the Old Course at St Andrews is widely believed to be the best golf course in the world. Thousands of visitors arrive every year to test their abilities, bask in the history of the place, and to watch the masters play. Large numbers of international golfers will be present year-round.

The Links and the Old Course have an interesting history and were once submerged beneath the North Sea. When submerged, the Links may at one time have been part of a deep one domain. It is said that on certain nights of the year, men and women swim to the fin-like tip of the Old Course and conduct pagan rituals. These strange folk have yet to be caught, however, as it seems they immediately plunge into the cold North Sea and disappear from sight when their rites are disturbed.

Mythos researchers have long guessed that these 'pagan swimmers' are deep ones who return to the land on these nights for reasons unknown. Now in the early 20th century, these rituals seem to be occurring with greater frequency.

Deep Ones, Batrachian Servitors

Char.	One	Two	Three	Four	Five
STR	14	17	12	13	14
CON	09	11	10	12	09
SIZ	17	16	14	15	17
INT	11	12	13	12	10
POW	11	09	10	12	10
DEX	08	10	11	13	12
HP	13	14	12	14	13

Move: 8 / 10 walking / swimming

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Hide in Water 25%, Listen 30%, Sneak in Water 25%, Spot Hidden 30%

Weapons: Claws 35%, damage 1D6 + db
Fishing Net 15%, entangle
Hunting Spear 25%, damage 1D6 + db, impaling weapon

Armour: 1-point toughened skin and scales

Spells: At Keeper's discretion

Number appearing: 1D3 wandering

Sanity Loss: 0 / 1D6

St Andrews Castle

Destroyed during the Scottish Reformation, St Andrews Castle had been the seat of the Archbishops of St Andrews since the 13th century and was also known as the 'Bishops' Palace'. In the 1920s, the castle is a ruin and a popular tourist attraction where visitors can walk through the now grassy ruins and discover the infamous prison and bottle dungeon. The scenic ruins are located atop a low cliff and afford views over the North Sea.

St Andrews Cathedral and St Rule's Tower

St Andrews Cathedral was founded in 1160 and built upon the site of the previous Church of St Rule. Only the fortified tower of St Rule's Church remains, having survived both the church and cathedral. Now a ruin, when St Andrews

Cathedral was consecrated in 1318, it was the largest cathedral in Britain. During the Middle Ages, the relics of Saint Andrew were kept in St Rule's Tower and thousands of the faithful undertook pilgrimages to the site. During the Reformation, the cathedral was destroyed by an angry mob and the relics were removed.

Due to strange activities in the cathedral ruins, rumours persist that not all the relics were removed. These activities include the haunting of the churchyard by the 'White Lady' and strange rumblings from beneath the floor of the tower. The White Lady is believed to be a former nun seeking absolution through the relics. The rumblings beneath the tower are most often attributed to the tower's shifting foundation.

In truth, beneath the foundation of St Rule's Tower lies a prison built in a deep vault. Locked in this prison since the 15th century for his 'foule Devilrie and impius Wayes' is Bishop Warlock. So heinous were the black bishop's crimes that all knowledge of them was stricken from the recorded history. Condemned to death, the authorities found Warlock impossible to kill. An envoy from Rome was sent to deal with this threat and a prison inscribed in symbols both Christian and arcane was built. The foul bishop was then lured inside the vault with 'sertain terryble Offerings' whereupon the trap was sprung. Beneath St Rule's Tower, Bishop Warlock struggles eternally, unable to die or gain his freedom.

Bishop Warlock, the Undying Fiend

**Bishop Warlock, age 500+,
Soulless Imprisoned Sorcerer**

STR 15 **DEX** 10 **INT** 13 **CON** 10
SIZ 15 **APP** 09 **POW** 27 **EDU** 19
SAN 00 **Hit Points:** 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 71%; others as the Keeper desires

Weapons: Fist / Punch, 1D3 + db

Armour: None

Spells: Becoming One with Him (Apportion Ka), Chariot of the Gods (Journey to the Other Side), Claws of Lucifer (Spectral Razor), Inspire Faith (Mental Suggestion), Inspire Fear (Implant Fear), Power Drain, Resurrect Soul (Remortification), Shrivelling, Sign of Pain (Wrack), Summon Demon (Summon / Bind Nightgaunt), Unspeakable Promise, Walk Between the Walls (Create Window)

Sanity Cost: 1D4 / 2D4

Appearance: Bishop Warlock, if discovered, is utterly naked, his clothing having rotted from his body long ago. His skin, with the exception of his feet, hands, neck and head, is covered in blasphemous burnt-red tattoos. Across his chest, for example, is an upside-down cross made of entwining serpents and twisted, broken bodies, whilst gaping skulls adorn his shoulders.

Warlock looks just as he did more than five hundred years ago when he first cast Becoming One with Him, removing his soul from his body and offering it to Lucifer—in this case an avatar of Nyarlathotep. He appears as a man in his late forties with chestnut-brown hair and bright blue eyes. He sports a full beard and has a powerful air of authority about him. After 'becoming divine', the bishop became a powerful student of the Cthulhu Mythos and developed great skill with magic. He is now extraordinarily powerful and extremely malevolent.

Before his imprisonment, he travelled throughout the universe and even outside our own dimension. Should he be released, he will immediately cast Walk Between the Walls, putting great distance between himself and his prison. His next steps remain up to the wishes of the Keeper.

St Andrews University

Founded in 1413, St Andrews University is Scotland's oldest university and the third oldest in the English-speaking world. Today, St Andrews still maintains a number of mediaeval buildings dating from 1450. St Mary's College is the oldest on campus and its rough-hewn buildings are easily distinguished. United College was created in the 19th century from the union of two mediaeval colleges—St Leonard's and St Salvator's—and the ancient St Salvator's Chapel dates from the mid-15th century. The tower of St Salvator's is one of the most recognizable landmarks in St Andrews, visible from nearly every direction and every street.

In the 1920s, the university is known particularly for its strengths in the arts and divinity as well as social, biological and physical sciences. Academics conduct research and teach all subjects from archaeology to zoology. Throughout its history, St Andrews has taught a number of members of the royalty and is considered to be one of the more prestigious universities in the United Kingdom.

A small number of Mythos tomes (1D4) can be found in a specially constructed and cunningly hidden chamber within the Special Collections of the University of St Andrews Library. The key for the chamber is kept locked in a concealed compartment in the desk of the Special Collections librarian. Only twice in the past century has access been granted to this chamber and its presence is a closely guarded secret.

Professor Emeritus of Philosophy Dr Raymond Canter has returned to the university recently in search of this small cache of books. He can be found in the library most days or sometimes wandering about campus looking decidedly absent-minded. Should Professor Canter hear that the investigators are looking into Mythos phenomena, he will offer his help, but for two particular reasons: first, he seeks to learn what that the investigators know about the Mythos; and second, he will try to convince the investigators to help him retrieve the Mythos tomes hidden in the university's Special Collections.

Raymond Canter, Seeker of Dark Knowledge

**Professor Emeritus Raymond Canter, age 69,
Seeker of Dark Knowledge**

STR 08	DEX 07	INT 16	CON 11
SIZ 12	APP 10	POW 14	EDU 18
SAN 27		Hit Points: 12	

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Anthropology 35%, Credit Rating 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 28%, French 75%, German 55%, Latin 75%, Library Use 38%, Old English 45%, Persuade 25%, Philosophy 95%, Theosophy 82%

Spells: Contact Deep One, Dominate, and 1D4 spells at the Keeper's discretion

Appearance: Professor Raymond Canter is a white-haired elderly gentleman with a wide, craggy face and rheumy eyes. He is roughly five and a half feet tall and dresses in a haphazard fashion. He is prone to wandering, often not looking where he is going, and mumbles a great deal. He appears to be much older than his sixty-nine years would suggest.

In truth, Canter adopts this guise so as to avoid suspicion whilst he seeks the Mythos tomes held in the University Library. He finds the 'old professor routine' works extremely well for getting what he wants, and what he wants are the Mythos books held in the university's Special Collections. He has been delving into the Mythos since a chance encounter with a deep one hybrid in Anstruther over a decade ago. The encounter left Professor Canter desperate for knowledge. He will use any opportunity to uncover this dark wisdom.



Shadows over Scotland

The Highlands

- The Highlands -

- Geography -



“At once beautiful, mysterious and foreboding, the Highlands are the most intriguing and enigmatic of Scotland’s varied landscapes. In the fierce and untamed wildness of the place, there is much to delight in and much to ponder, but make no mistake there is also a very great deal to fear.”

Dr Adam S. Carlyle, *The Making of Modern Scotland*, 1920)



The Highlands of Scotland constitute the less populated, wilder and more rural lands north of Scotland’s central belt and Lowlands. For simplicity’s sake, our 1920s interpretation of the Scottish Highlands includes modern-day Aberdeenshire & Grampian and excludes any isles or islands, providing us with a simpler north-south divide for our purposes rather than using the Highland Boundary Fault. Islands that today may be considered part of the Highlands, such as the Isle of Skye, are included in the Scottish Islands section.

The Highlands are home to tall mountains or *bens*, high crags and narrow gorges, deep lochs and fertile glens, and jagged coastal promontories. Above all the Scottish Highlands are a landscape of extremes. The north of Scotland possesses distinct environments, each with its own unique qualities. Lush farmland, swift-running rivers and white-sand beaches mix with barren tundra, peat bogs, stinking fens, and snow-capped peaks. As in the Lowlands, water is everywhere in the Highlands and takes a number of dramatic forms: fresh water and sea lochs, winding rivers and burns, high waterfalls and melting glaciers, hot springs and underground streams.

Great lochs and smaller bodies of water dot the Highlands landscape. Best known among these is the remarkable Loch Ness, the deepest and longest loch in Scotland. Loch Ness lies in the Great Glen running across the country in a roughly diagonal trench, the result of an ancient fault line. Ness is the largest—more than twenty-three miles long and over a thousand feet deep—of four lochs running the length of the Great Glen. The others are Loch Oich, Lochy and the sea loch Linnhe. Each of these is connected via the Caledonian Canal. The canal is an engineering marvel and incorporates the famous Neptune’s Staircase system of locks for moving between lochs.

The Loch Ness Monster

Loch Ness is, of course, best known for the story of 'Nessie', the Loch Ness monster. Tales of water spirits called 'kelpies' and strange monsters have always been a part of Loch Ness's history. So deep and cold is Loch Ness that it affects local weather, even causing mirages on warmer days. Some sceptics claim that Nessie is no more than one of these mirages. What truly lies beneath the dark cold waves remains a mystery.

The Loch Ness monster became an international phenomenon in the early 1930s when Mr and Mrs George Spicer and Mr Arthur Grant reported encountering the monster in July and August 1933, respectively. Countless sightings followed, but accounts of monstrous beasts and water-born horrors in the loch date back to the 7th Century and earlier. The nature, intent and appetites of the creature(s) remain unknown to this day.

For 1920s investigators, the thing beneath Loch Ness remains an utter mystery. Keepers might wish to create scenarios based around shadowy sightings and / or strange disappearances. It could well be that the monster is in fact a minion of a far greater threat. Alternatively, scenarios set in the 1930s might begin with a wealthy sceptic inviting the investigators to research these 'Nessie' claims, or focus instead on uncovering a dark cult which is behind the sudden appearance of the infamous monster.

With the monster in the public spotlight, modern-day investigator characters could visit the Loch Ness exhibitions that have sprung up in Drumnadrochit or even take a monster-sighting boat tour out from Fort Augustus. Regardless of time period, Keepers can use the Loch Ness monster as a catalyst for intriguing scenarios in the Highlands.

Stretching from one side of Scotland to another, the Great Glen is easily the largest of the Highland glens. It is home to crags and bens that saw glaciation in the last Ice Age and

gave us the gentle rolling slopes of the glen today. Here the bulk of Highland farming is done along the side of the four lochs and amidst tall stands of Douglas firs and ancient pines. Three other Highland glens are worth noting: Glen Affric, Glen Torridon and Glen Coe. Affric is known for its scenic vistas and its wildlife. The least accessible of the Highland glens, Affric is also the most dangerous of the four. A number of walkers, backpackers and other visitors disappear from Glen Affric every year, despite warnings and the best of preparation.

In Glen Torridon, high bens, rolling hills and crystal-clear lochs provide a postcard-perfect setting for adventure. Nestled between the peaks of Beinn Eighe, Beinn Alligin and the Sgurr Mhor, the tiny village of Torridon serves as an outpost for travellers and tourists. Glen Torridon is a haven for hikers, mountain climbers and hill walkers. Although not as wild or inaccessible as Glen Affric, Torridon is likewise plagued with tragedies. Every year a handful of visitors never return from their sightseeing and the single constable stationed at Torridon can do little but post warnings and file missing persons reports.

Of all the Highland glens, Glen Coe is the best known. Stretching from the barren Rannoch Moor to Loch Leven and the salt waters of Loch Linnhe, Glen Coe is famous for its incredible landscape of high peaks and spurs bundled tightly together. The glen is also infamous as the setting of one of the worst tragedies in Scottish history, the Massacre of Glencoe (see the 'Brief History of Scotland' section for details). Investigators visiting the glen will invariably be aware or be made aware of the slaughter of the MacDonalDs of Glencoe at the hands of the King's troops. In the 1920s, Glen Coe is all but uninhabited. Only the small village of Glencoe on the shores of Loch Leven provides a reprieve from the inhospitable wildness of the place. The dark spectre of the massacre still looms over the mountain-ringed glen.

The Highlands come by their name honestly as they are populated by more than one hundred and fifty of Great Britain's tallest peaks. Glen Coe is surrounded by many of these, including the cluster of peaks known as the 'Five Sisters'. None of these, however, comes close to the height of Ben Nevis, Scotland's highest peak, which towers over

nearby Fort William. At nearly four thousand five hundred feet (1344 metres), Nevis dominates the surrounding countryside. The summit of the peak is rarely visible as clouds frequently obstruct it. The ben has been a significant landmark for more than just the recent human population. In Scotland's prehistory, the elder things built a great city deep beneath the mountain's roots, but all mention of this vast metropolis has been lost or suppressed.

Dark Delvings: Mining and the Mythos

The mineral-rich Scottish bens have often been claimed or mined by different Mythos cultures. Although the elder things were the first to delve beneath the high peaks in search of rare elements and metals, the fungi from Yuggoth now lay claim to these resources. Despite having been largely inactive for centuries, the mi-go remain a palpable threat in the 1920s. They are known to have created fortresses in the taller western Highlands, but it is likely that the mi-go have outposts in the eastern Cairngorms as well.

The Cairngorm mountain range includes Scotland's second tallest mountain, Ben Macdui, which is just over four thousand two hundred feet (1300 metres) high. Whilst the western bens are covered in mossy peats and heathery scrub, the Cairngorms are tundra-like with little ground covering but for small grasses and some low-lying bracken. These eastern mountains are nearly devoid of forest, whereas the western glens are well forested. Investigators visiting the Cairngorms are more likely to see vast boulder fields and more persistent snow than in the western Highlands.

Due to the inhospitable nature of the Highlands, the majority of settlements reside in the fertile glens, alongside rivers and lochs. Others hug the rugged coastline or stand at the crossroads of transport arteries into and out of the Highlands. The three largest settlements—Aberdeen, Inverness and Fort William—all skirt the mountainous interior. A number of smaller towns and burghs, such as Fort Augustus and Drumnadrochit, lie within the Great Glen on the shores of Loch Ness and owe their existence to the significance of the Caledonian Canal as a means of transport.

The Highlands have resisted more concerted efforts at settlement and civilization. In the 1920s roads in and out are few, and the region generally has the worst transport links in Scotland. Even the remote islands have better and more viable means of travel. The rocky and precipitous landscape impedes travel by road and rail links are subject to rockfalls and landslides. The result is that travel within the Highlands can be a very time-consuming process.

Although a network of railroads runs between Aberdeen, Inverness and Fort William, other villages and much of the rocky interior can be reached only by coach, automobile, or on foot. Caledonian Trains run from Fort William down to Glasgow on the west coast and from Aberdeen to Edinburgh on the east coast line. Investigators choosing to drive into the Highlands will find dual lane roads running parallel to the rail lines but most other roads are still single-track roads with passing places spread out at a distance of every quarter of a mile or so.

Regardless of their destination, travel within the Highlands will take some thought and planning. This difficult landscape can make the geography of the Highlands seem antagonistic at best. This has its uses for creating mood and atmosphere: imagine, for example, the investigators' motor car breaking down on a dark, wind-swept moor requiring travel on foot through a high pass to a secluded village in a rain-soaked glen.

Getting around the Highlands

Again a simple and effective practice is to double the time it would take to arrive at the chosen destination using modern methods. Below are some relevant examples:

- From Aberdeen to Fort William via Inverness: 8 hrs
- From Aberdeen to Inverness: 5 hrs
- From Inverness to Fort William: 2 hrs 45 mins
- From Inverness to Drumnadrochit: 1 hr
- From Fort William to Fort Augustus: 1 hr 30 mins
- From Fort William to Kyle of Lochalsh: 3 hrs 30 mins

-Culture and People-

“Highlanders. Hearty, capable an’ as tough as the stone they trod on. Not the most welcoming folk off the mark, but get to know them an’ they’ll stand by ye no matter what’s comin’. And given where they’re at, that has its uses!”

(Jack McRae, *Memoirs of a Rambling Rogue*, 1901)

In the 1920s the Highlands hold less than a quarter of Scotland’s total population. Industrialization and the Great War saw large numbers of Highlanders heading south to work or enlist. Going back further still, the Highland Clearances saw whole villages forced off their lands and leaving Scotland for the colonies. In the Twenties, the Highlands are still recovering from these losses: the number of Highlanders is roughly equal to that of the remote Islanders. For people inhabiting these northern lands, their story has always been one of struggle, loss and determined perseverance.

Unlike the populous Lowlands of the 1920s, the Highlands are a mostly rural region. Only a small percentage of people live in towns and burghs with more than three thousand inhabitants. Instead, the bulk of Highlanders live in small settlements and villages alongside rivers, lochs, and coastal beaches. They scrape out an existence primarily through farming and fishing. In the cities, some industries have survived and a few, such as mining, still flourish.

Thanks to better transport links with the south of Scotland, tourism is a slowly developing market here as well. However, unemployment is rampant, and many get by with doing odd jobs or whatever other means they can find.

A Population under Siege: Highlanders and the Mythos

The small population of the Highlands suits many of the Mythos entities and cultures abiding there. Some, such as the fungi from Yuggoth, make use of these populations, invisibly pulling strings and working the humans like puppets. In some villages, people actively consort with ancient, otherworldly beings and openly worship Mythos deities. Faced with the predatory natures of Mythos creatures, many human settlements live in abject fear of their deadly neighbours. Uprisings against or open combat with Mythos elements are rare, short-lived, and usually costly. As a result, every year a large number of ‘disappearances’ are recorded by constables and noted in parish registers, and many tombstones in Highland cemeteries sit above empty graves.

Two languages are common in the Highlands: English and Scottish Gaelic. Unlike the Lowlands where a constant influx of different languages resulted in a number of recognizable dialects, the Highlands developed fewer variants. In the 1920s, Gaelic is still spoken, but its use is waning, particularly in the cities.

English is the everyday language for most Highland folk and is also important as the language of business and trade. Scottish Gaelic is spoken more in small villages, both in the interior and particularly along the western coast.

Investigators travelling in these areas will undoubtedly see the influence of Gaelic (in signs and place names, for example) and will hear it spoken predominantly amongst older and elderly residents. On occasion, locals might even switch to Gaelic to carry on a private conversation, effectively shutting out the characters. It is a difficult language to learn and investigators so inclined will need to spend a considerable amount of time in one of the few Highland colleges, such as the Ruthven Institute in Inverness.

Religion is a much less contentious subject in the Highlands than the Lowlands in 1920s Scotland. The Presbyterian Church of Scotland is the dominant faith with far fewer people belonging to the Roman Catholic Church or other denominations. The Church of Scotland may dominate the Christian faiths in the Highlands, but it still struggles against a significant number of Mythos cults. Where open worship of Cthulhu or Tsathoggua, for example, would be a near impossibility in the Lowlands, it is a reality in the Highlands. The Church does what it can to convert these lost souls, but often these ministrations fall on deaf ears.

Mythos Cults in Scotland's Highlands

Though more openly active than their Lowlands brethren, the Mythos cults of the Highlands still value secrecy and will not go out of their way to bring attention to themselves. Instead, these groups and covens worship the Great Old Ones in private ceremonies, and through vile rituals conducted in the dark of night. The cults are often surprisingly powerful given their small numbers, and many are far more closely engaged with the Mythos than the larger Lowland cults. Mythos cults in the Highlands often encompass entire populations, with whole villages under the sway of the Old Ones. A mixture of complex and chaotic urges motivates these Highland cultists, including a host of natural and unnatural desires, lust for personal wealth, and yearning for power. In addition, individual cultists may be looking to know the unknowable or to visit revenge upon enemies. Most cultists are utterly mad and totally subservient to the Mythos powers they worship.

Highlander motivations are varied, but like their cousins in the south are mainly economic. Amongst the poorest classes the prime motivation is survival, and anything beyond that is a godsend: life can be difficult in the Highlands and subsistence is enough for most honest folk. For those less than honest, there is always crime, although the criminal element in the Highlands is nowhere near as large or well-organized as the Lowlands. Amongst the rich farmers and landowners, the main motivations are as they have always been: more

wealth and power. Arable land is a major commodity, as is livestock, so the wealthy always attempt to use these to their advantage. The Highlands don't have a strong middle class, just a very strong divide between rich and poor.

Technology and change come slowly in the Highlands: the cult of science is not as prevalent here as it is in the Lowlands. This is particularly true in more rural areas, where farming and fishing practices haven't changed much in a hundred years. Only in the cities is the desire for knowledge and innovation felt to any great degree. Science in the Highlands is not the religion it has become in Glasgow and Edinburgh: far more people put their faith in God—or gods, as the case may be. As a result, investigators visiting the Highlands may sometimes feel they have stepped back in time, particularly when trying to find a telephone or telegraph.

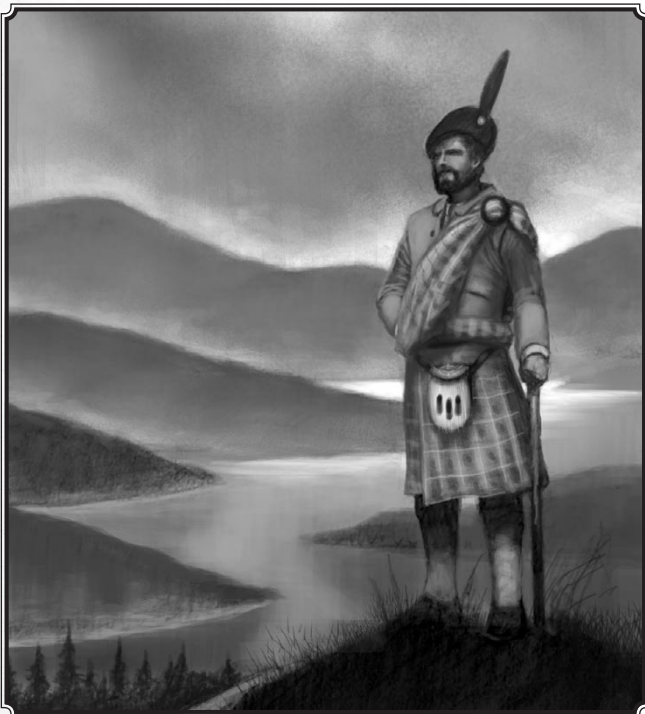
Highlanders are products of a rich cultural tradition and a harsh climate that challenges them on an almost daily basis. Generally speaking, investigators will find Highlanders to be reserved, stalwart, and hard working, possessing strong convictions and hearty natures. Humour is not lost on them, but neither does it come easily. Their lives are difficult, and each day is a struggle against an often unforgiving environment. Only the wealthy escape this daily toil, if not the inclement weather. More than any other people in Scotland, Highlanders believe in the importance of community and tradition; this can be seen in their willingness to help one another, and in their adherence to the creed and way of life set down by their ancestral chiefs.

The Clan System in the Highlands

The clan system in the Scottish Highlands had completely broken down by the year 1800, as a result of the Highland Clearances of the 1700s, where former clan chiefs became landowners and replaced crofters with sheep as a way to increase the value of their property. The Victorians "re-invented" the clan system as a romanticized view of the Highlanders, and although it did not reflect the social reality, it was (and still is) nevertheless very popular with tourists.

In *Shadows Over Scotland* we're assuming the clan system survives here and there to varying extents in the minds of the Highland peoples, especially in remote, tight-knit communities. According to this view, clan communities such as these are under the control of a clan chief, and share a communal identity linked to histories, traditions, castles, and regions belonging to ancestral families. Clan gatherings are held many times a year, important social events reinforcing the clan's identity and celebrating shared ancestry. In these communities, any investigator in the 1920s who bears the name of a clan chieftain will automatically be considered an ancestral part of that clan. Note that this approach is entirely optional—Keepers wanting strict historical accuracy should feel free to ignore this somewhat romanticized view of Scotland's clans.

In the Highlands, trust is something that has to be earned and is not given lightly. Once gained, however, Highlanders are welcoming, friendly and loyal to a fault. The same loyalty and honesty is expected in kind, and betrayal is seen as the gravest of crimes. More than any other peoples in Scotland, the Highlanders live by a code of honour and respect.



-Flora and Fauna-

In the Highland moors and glens roam red and roe deer, whilst ravens, buzzards and merlins fly high overhead. Wildcats, foxes and wild boars stalk the rolling hills and heather-ringed slopes of the bens; mountain hares and ptarmigan search for food in the snow atop the high peaks. In the ancient forests, pine martens and capercaillie dart amongst the birch, larch and oak. Nowhere else in Scotland is the wilderness of the country more readily accessible.

What follows is a short alphabetical list of some commonly encountered Highland flora and fauna, any of which could be used to add colour and local flavour to scenarios. Statistics are given for flora and fauna that might pose a threat to investigators.

Highland Flora

Bell Heather (*L. Erica cinerea*) – Bell heather is extremely common on the hill- and mountainsides of the Highland bens and is named for its bell-shaped purple flowers. In full bloom, vast fields of heather can turn much of the Highland uplands into a riot of bright purples. Celebrated for its colour, bell heather is often collected by locals and dried for decoration in homes and shops or for export to England and Europe.

Brambles (*L. Rubus fruticosus*) – Another very common plant in the Highlands, brambles are found widely throughout wooded glens, at the borders of fields and heaths, and in many other sandy and rocky areas. Brambles have extensive roots that burrow far underground and sharp, curving barbs and prickles protect its long stems, with small purplish-black edible fruit ripening in autumn and used in local cooking. In the wild, brambles climb over and cover just about anything—shrubs, fences, rocks—creating dense, impassable thickets.

Giant Hogweed (*L. Heracleum mantegazzianum*) – The giant hogweed is a dangerous and invasive plant that can grow to twenty feet and have leaves some five feet long and three feet wide. Often distinguished by its stout violet stem

and spotted leaf stalks, the giant hogweed secretes a thin moist sap that causes extremely severe skin inflammation and sensitivity to ultraviolet radiation.

Contact with the plant often results in redness and itching that soon forms painful burning blisters that in turn leave behind purple or black scars that last years. So toxic is this clear sap (equivalent to POT 15) that it may require hospitalization and can be fatal. Even tiny amounts of sap in the eyes can cause blindness.

Oak (*L. Quercus sessiliflora*) – The oak tree is commonly found in glens and on gentle sloping hillsides throughout the Highlands. It can grow up to one hundred feet tall (forty metres) and its wood is valued for its strength and durability. By the 1920s, much of Scotland’s oak has been cut down for use in shipbuilding, and it is a protected species.

Witches revere the oak as well and attribute protective qualities to oak leaves and acorns, which are used in casting defensive spells.

Rowan or Mountain Ash (*L. Sorbus aucuparia*) – Though not as dominant as the Scots pine (see the ‘Lowland Flora’ section), the rowan is one of the most successful trees in the higher altitudes of the Scottish Highlands. Rowan is able to survive in colder climes and thrives on steep slopes and cliffsides, extending its roots into cracks and packed soil. Rowan berries are often cultivated for use in cooking and the trees are common to Highland gardens as ornamentals.

Highland Fauna

Golden Eagle (*L. Aquila chryaestas*) – The golden eagle is Scotland’s largest bird of prey, possessing a substantial wingspan and long, broad tail feathers. Typically seen soaring and gliding high above open fields and moorland, golden eagles are creatures of habit and will return to the same hunting and breeding grounds for generations. Highly reclusive, these birds are normally only seen from a distance.

Pine Marten (*L. Martes martes*) – The pine marten has historically been highly valued for its wonderfully soft coat. In the Middle Ages, it was decreed that only kings should be allowed to wear the fur of the marten. In the 1920s, pine martens are protected and their Highland populations are numerous. Agile and quick, pine martens hunt in the ancient pine forests of Scotland and have a taste for the eggs of game birds and for hunting red squirrels. These rodents rarely grow more than two feet long and are generally wary of humans.

Raven (*L. Corvus corax*) – Ravens are among the largest birds found in the Scottish Highlands, and resemble oversized crows. Often well over two feet (66 cm) in height and with four to five-foot (124-155 cm) wingspans, ravens are larger than buzzards or even golden eagles. They are completely black in colour and have thick, curved bills, and in flight their long iridescent feathers make eerie creaking noises.

Ravens flock together and mob enemies or prey. Ravens are scavenging omnivores and are partial to picking apart carcasses left by other predators.

Ravens – Menacing Mobbing Scavengers

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	2D4+2	7
CON	2D6	7
SIZ	2D4	5
POW	2D6	7
DEX	2D6+12	19
HP		6

Movement:	3 / 12 walk / fly
Damage Bonus:	+0
Skills:	Spot Hidden 90%
Weapons:	Bite 45%, damage 1D4 Claw 45%, damage 1D4
Armour:	1-point feathers
Number appearing:	2D4

Red Deer (*L. Cervus elaphus*) – Red deer are the largest mammals inhabiting 1920s Scotland. Growing more than four feet tall (120 cm) at the shoulder, they are ruminant plant-eaters and are mistrustful of humans, having been hunted in Scotland for thousands of years. Investigators are likely to see them in small groups of four or five. If actively threatened, red deer defend themselves by ramming opponents.

-Climate-

The Highland climate is temperate but considerably more unsettled and severe than in the rest of Scotland. Investigators will be advised, or learn themselves, that Highland weather can be dangerous: flash floods, violent thunderstorms, and avalanches claim many lives every year. The interaction of ocean and mountain means that the weather is often inclement and dramatic. Rain and strong winds are omnipresent. In winter this translates to heavier snowfalls and bone-chilling winds. In the 1920s, it is not uncommon for villages to be completely isolated during winter storms and for unwary travellers to freeze to death.

The Highlands weather is by its very nature moody, brooding, and atmospheric. This is not to say that a sunny day is a rarity, but it is less common than in the Lowlands or Islands. The same east-west differences evident in the Lowlands are present in the Highlands: the east is cooler but drier whilst the west is warmer but wetter. The predominantly southwest winds mean that clouds often bunch up as they hit the Highland bens, signalling that rain is on its way. However the Highlands can have prolonged sunny spells when the sun warms even the coldest corner of the region.

Average temperatures in the Highlands are lower than the Lowlands and more southerly islands: only Orkney and Shetland are more extreme. When temperatures drop, snowfall—at times very heavy—is common, particularly in the glens as humid air is pushed up over the surrounding bens. When snowfall is heavy and consistent, roads and railways are often impassable. In winter, Highlanders endure long and often cold nights, but the summer months bring longer days when the night sky is never truly dark.

If the weather in Scotland is changeable, Highland weather is doubly so. Rain is ever in the forecast, particularly at night. Most days consist of a mix of different conditions. It is rare to have prolonged periods of rain without breaks, but the same logic applies to prolonged spells of sunshine.

As in the Lowlands, investigators would do well to be prepared for rain when out in the Highlands. Locals rarely carry umbrellas, however, as the wind renders them unusable.

Extreme conditions—gales, cyclones, thunderstorms, etc.—are more common in the Highlands than anywhere else in the United Kingdom. When these occur, the effects on the Highland landscape can be truly dramatic. Also common to the Scottish Highlands, if less spectacular, are dense fogs and frosty mists. Both are more likely on days when winds are reduced, and they can be a hazard for drivers and boaters alike.

Highland Weather Averages

Average temperatures:

Summer averages:	14–16 °C	57–61 °F
Winter averages:	2–4 °C	36–39 °F

Average rainfall per year:

West Highlands:	290 days per year (c. 1750 mm precipitation)
East Highlands:	220 days per year (c. 1200 mm precipitation)

Average hours of sunlight:

January	5.8	July	17
February	7.4	August	15
March	9.9	September	13.2
April	12	October	10
May	14.5	November	7.4
June	17.3	December	6.3

[Source: British Meteorological Society]

-The Mythos in Scotland's Highlands-

"The dark and corrupting influence of the Mythos is keenly felt in the Scottish Highlands. A very real and palpable dread stalks this northerly land. It is here that the Great Old Ones watch and wait, and one ever feels their cold and alien eyes."

(Dr Adam S. Carlyle, *The Making of Modern Scotland*, 1920)

Throughout its long history numerous different Mythos groups have inhabited the Highlands. The menace and intrigues of the Old Ones are felt everywhere, and Highland populations live closer to ancient and extra-terrene dangers than elsewhere in the country. In the shadows, these Mythos cultures and entities move towards their dark goals, leaving madness and death in their wake.

This section provides *Call of Cthulhu* Keepers with resources for creating scenarios: each Mythos threat is described in four subsections entitled Intrigue, Introduction, Investigation, and Revelation, outlining the nature of the Mythos threat, how it might be encountered, investigated, and potentially resolved. In addition, characters of note, maps and locations, spells and equipment, and statistics for monsters are given.

Mythos Threat: Mi-Go, the Fungi from Yuggoth

Intrigue

The mi-go, or the fungi from Yuggoth, arrived in Scotland from Yuggoth—the planet we know as Pluto—more than one hundred and fifty million years ago. Although now greatly diminished from their original number, they are a significant threat in the Scottish Highlands. They were attracted to the Highlands for the same reasons that brought the elder things, dark ones, and others—namely

the rare metals and rich mineral reserves beneath the Highland bens. In the past, the mi-go warred with other Mythos creatures for these lucrative resources, and were ultimately successful in removing most opposition. As a result, they are the most populous Mythos creatures in the Highlands of the 1920s.

Interestingly, despite their numbers, the fungi from Yuggoth are amongst the least visible, and for many centuries have lain dormant inside their mountain fortresses. However, this is all about to change: deep inside the Highland bens, the mi-go have begun to wake and mine the mountains once more. What has caused this reawakening is known to only a few of the mi-go elite. It is rumoured that a great discovery elsewhere has given the fungi from Yuggoth reason to work once more towards their plans of universal dominion. Whatever the truth, they have begun digging with renewed enthusiasm and considerable vigour.

This recent burst of activity has not gone unnoticed by human eyes, and the fungi from Yuggoth are attracting far more attention than they have ever done. Numerous mi-go agents are working in secret to manage the situation, and as ever the mi-go are happy to use humans whenever possible. Currently in Scotland a number of influential humans are working for them, including the wealthy landowner Sir Alan Moray, army Colonel Dougray McMillan, and Fort William industrialist Mr Graeme Bannock.

Each has been 'bought' with mined gold in exchange for their help in the mi-go scheme. Bannock is providing huge amounts of power from his coal-burning power station in Fort William, taxing the plant to dangerous levels; McMillan is using the army to lay and secure the lines of high-gauge wire required to carry the power to specially built 'barns' where massive transformers convert the power to mi-go specifications. The barns are on Moray's land, and beneath them vast tunnels have been dug to connect to the deep mi-go mines. He is further rewarded for his influence with the government and for generally keeping things quiet.

None of these men know what the fungi from Yuggoth are doing beneath the Highland bens, or are aware of the larger mi-go plot. Deep underground, the mi-go are fervently mining to meet a sudden demand from their distant homeworld, and the fungi colonies in the Highlands will do everything in their power to ensure that demand is met.

Should any of these human agents become a liability, he will be disposed of and a mi-go doppelganger will take his place, impersonating him until the ruse is no longer required. In any dealings with investigators, the fungi will be intelligent, ruthless, and extremely dangerous: they view humans with cold detachment, and will not hesitate to manipulate those they deem useful, and kill those they consider an annoyance or threat.

Introduction

The investigators can be introduced to the fungi threat in a number of ways. The sudden demand for power has led to the mi-go presence being felt in many areas. Most of the population of Fort William, for example, know of the increased military presence and the ongoing work at the power station; they have been told that a military project is tapping the city's power, but know little beyond that. The army officers and men under Dougray McMillan's command know little more; they have been ordered to lay huge power lines running more than three miles to a

specially constructed series of bunkers disguised as barns. What lies inside these 'barns' is top secret, and off limits to all but Colonel McMillan himself. Curiously, no one has ever seen any scientist or engineer going into or out of these bunkers.

Investigators arriving at Fort William or approaching any of the power lines will easily learn of this mysterious military project; the disappearance of a reporter or two might also get investigators involved. Perhaps someone was looking too closely at the military bunkers, or questioning the safety of running the Fort William coal plant at maximum capacity for weeks on end. With increased mi-go activity so close to a human settlement, it is also possible that one or more people have seen the fungi from Yuggoth themselves. Perhaps one of these witnesses contacts the investigators with wild stories of giant insect-like creatures creeping or flying over the Highlands by night...

One of the investigators may be a friend of Moray, Bannock, or McMillan; perhaps the wife of this friend has written to the investigators pleading for them to investigate strange changes in her husband's activity or habits. Perhaps the person in question talks in his sleep of horrible things or experiences. It's possible the investigators encounter the fungi from Yuggoth more directly, for example by meeting a disguised mi-go who sends them on a wild goose chase.



Lastly, the investigators might discover or be brought a strange piece of alien technology that leads them to question what kind of experiment the army is undertaking on Sir Alan Moray's land.

Investigation

A number of channels are open for characters to gather information and investigate the mi-go threat. Although there is little documentary evidence, there is a wealth of circumstantial information known openly or shared amongst different people in Fort William, in the army, and even in the employ of Sir Alan. Dialogue is key here, and a number of colourful characters can bring the threat alive.

The Fort William library has few, if any, resources useful to investigators. Likewise, the police and press have little to go on at the moment. If concrete documentary evidence is needed, a letter or dispatch between a mi-go agent and Sir Alan, for example, could hint at unusual or Mythos activity.

The most valuable sources of information for investigators are likely to be the three men who are working most closely with the mi-go; their scheming has pushed them to the brink, and the stress of trying to maintain the situation is weighing on them greatly.

After a suitable period of investigation, one of the men might 'crack', and leak vital information before either disappearing or being replaced with a mi-go doppelganger that vociferously denies the leaked information. Statistics for each of the men are provided in the adjacent boxes.

Mr Graeme Bannock,
Industrialist

Age 54,
Industrialist and
Mi-Go Collaborator



STR 14 **DEX** 12 **INT** 15 **CON** 12
SIZ 14 **APP** 10 **POW** 09 **EDU** 10
SAN 19 **Hit Points:** 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting 10%, Bargain 60%, Credit Rating 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 11%, Geology 45%, Law 20%, Mechanical Repair 55%, Metallurgy 35%, Mining 87%, Natural History 25%, Persuade 65%

Appearance: Bannock is a man of fifty-four years who currently looks twenty years older. Investigators will find him harried, stress-worn and tired. He is losing what thin white hair he still has, and is clean shaven. His eyes are grey and bloodshot and his mouth is overly large. He has little patience for anyone and has locked himself in his office, refusing all but the most important calls or visitors.

He will do whatever he can to avoid meeting the investigators; however, his growing paranoia will eventually get the better of him, and he will seek them out to find out what they know and what threat they pose to him, his industrial power base, and the mi-go schemes. Bannock has taken to muttering to himself, often concerning the condition of the power plant. He increasingly believes the plant is headed for disaster—and taking him with it.

Colonel Dougray
McMillan, Army Officer

Age 48,
Army Officer
and Mi-Go Collaborator



STR 17 DEX 13 INT 12 CON 15
SIZ 17 APP 11 POW 12 EDU 09
SAN 14 Hit Points: 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6

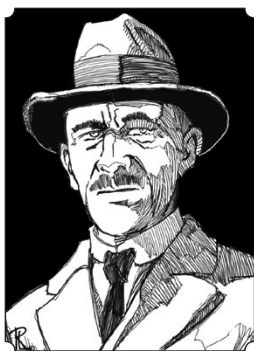
Skills: Boxing 55%, Conceal 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 04%, Dodge 45%, Martial Arts 10%, Military Command 75%, Navigate 35%, Occult 12%, Spot Hidden 55%, Track 20%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 65%, damage 1D4 + db
.38 Revolver 60%, damage 1D10

Appearance: McMillan is an imposing mountain of a man, well over six feet tall with broad shoulders and bulging biceps. He has military-cut jet-black hair, large brown eyes, and a flattened nose that has been through its share of brawling. His thin lips sit out of place against his large, jutting chin and wide jaw, giving him the impression of always being angry—which he usually is. McMillan is officious, business-like, and severe: he won't allow the investigators to trouble him for long. Should they get pushy, he'll push back much harder and threaten almost without thinking. McMillan is and always has been a bully, and he sees no reason to change now; he is motivated by greed and is exceedingly loyal to the mi-go. Secretly, the fungi from Yuggoth terrify McMillan, and he is hoping the current situation will end soon so that he can take his ill-gotten wealth and retreat to the country a rich man.

Sir Alan Moray,
Wealthy Landowner

Age 72,
Landed Gentry and
Mi-Go Collaborator



STR 09 DEX 08 INT 11 CON 06
SIZ 10 APP 13 POW 10 EDU 12
SAN 12 Hit Points: 08

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Credit Rating 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 07%, Drive Automobile 15%, French 35%, History 75%, Latin 20%, Occult 35%, Persuade 75%, Photography 65%

Weapons: Walking cane 15%, damage 1D3 + db

Appearance: Moray is an influential landowner belonging to an aristocratic family. His ancestry is his stock in trade, and he has made a fine living off the backs of others, primarily through rent and lucrative land deals. Not overly intelligent, he is nevertheless extremely shrewd, and knows how to get what he wants. He will be very careful with investigators so as not to give away his role in the mi-go intrigue, doing whatever he can to persuade them nothing is wrong: the fungi from Yuggoth are providing him with his greatest windfall in decades, and he is not about to see it taken away. Moray always dresses in fine Italian suits and walks with an ebony walking cane. He is bald with white eyebrows and a thin greying moustache; his eyes are a watery grey, but proud and steely nonetheless. His voice is a raspy baritone from too many Cuban cigars.

The investigators will likely want a look inside the specially constructed 'barns' for themselves. Should they manage to get around the military defences (perhaps two or three soldiers standing guard), they will find these bunkers unlocked. Inside they will find huge machines of gleaming metal covered in odd protuberances, pulsing with light, bearing strange symbols, and humming in a deep rhythmic manner: the wires from Fort William's power plant plug directly into them. A successful Electrical Repair roll or quartered Mechanical Repair roll will suggest these machines are transforming the power into another, unknown current, the purpose of which can only be guessed at.

The only exit from the bunkers leads down through a large hatch in the floor, opening which reveals a thirty-foot drop to a tunnel below. Each bunker connects to this underground passageway, which also houses a series of odd glass-like wires running down the tunnel and out of sight. The tunnel is unnaturally smooth, and slopes downwards at a steep angle to connect with mi-go mines beneath the Highland bens.



While investigating the strange bunkers and connecting tunnels, characters are likely to encounter either mi-go guards or workers coming to check on the power lines. Workers will be unarmed, and may choose to flee and inform guards further on; guards, however, will be armed with distinctive mi-go electric guns (see adjacent box for details). Guards will not flee but will immediately engage investigators.

Mi-Go Electric Gun

The mi-go electric gun appears to be a knobby lump of black metal covered in sharp, thin silver wires. It is small enough to fit in the palm of a human hand, but its shape suggests an alien origin.

The fungi from Yuggoth fire the weapon by squeezing it and changing the weapon's electrical resistance: when fired, a bluish bolt streaks from it to the target, inflicting 1D10 points of damage and wracking the target's body with painful and violent muscle spasms for a number of rounds equal to the damage taken. The target must also successfully roll against the risk of heart failure on the Resistance Table using his or her hit points versus the damage taken. Mi-go take full damage from this weapon, but are immune to the attendant physical effects.

Humans wishing to use this weapon must first delicately realign the wires on the weapon. Two successful Electrical Repair rolls are required to do so. Tweaked for human use, the weapon is highly unreliable, and investigators must roll 1D6 when firing: on a 1 or 2 the electric gun will fire normally with the effects stated above; on any other result, it will remain inert.

Should the investigators be undetected or manage to defeat any intervening mi-go, they will be free to investigate the wires running the length of the tunnel. They may also travel down to the mi-go mines; this could lead to an interesting situation with the investigators making their way into a mi-go colony. The fungi from Yuggoth are cunning and dangerous adversaries, and are present in great numbers

in their colonies; nevertheless, this could be a unique opportunity for investigators to learn the full extent of the galactic threat posed by the fungi from Yuggoth and their machinations in the Highlands.

Revelation

A recent discovery on Pluto has allowed the fungi from Yuggoth to overcome a technical problem which had stalled work on their greatest project: Charon. The mi-go are using rare earth minerals in conjunction with other animate or 'living' materials to create a biomechanical transport—a kind of living moon—in which they will be able to traverse both time and space to rebuild their once great empire. The mi-go have been working on Charon for millennia, and the great project has stalled or slowed a number of times. Now it appears their alien science has overcome the problem which has kept the project from completion.

Should the fungi from Yuggoth manage to complete Charon, they will set about establishing their dominion across the solar system and eventually the Milky Way galaxy. With the ability to jump through time, they will rewrite history to their benefit: no civilization, Mythos or human, will be safe from the wrath of the vengeful mi-go. At the very least, this will mean the subjugation of the entire human race; at worst, it could lead to the annihilation of humanity.

Characters realizing the mind-boggling nature of the Charon project must make one or more SAN rolls. Learning of Charon and the full mi-go threat but being utterly ineffective costs 2D10 / 2D20 Sanity points; on the other hand, investigators managing to interrupt, alter, or even ruin the far-reaching plans of the fungi from Yuggoth should be greatly rewarded, perhaps with 1D100 Sanity points, for example. For investigators who defeat the mi-go but never fully understand the scale of the threat they pose, a 2D10 Sanity point award will suffice.

Mythos Threat: The Thane of Cawdor

Intrigue

More than nine hundred years ago, the then queen of Scotland, Lady Macbeth, was a powerful witch in the service of Tsathoggua. Unbeknownst to all but her coven, her dark rites and sacrifices had led directly to Macbeth, Thane of Cawdor, being crowned King of Scotland. Her pride and her lust for power were unmatched in the Scottish nobility, and she sought to secure the future and supremacy of her offspring by calling upon Tsathoggua to bless her union with King Macbeth. The result was more than she bargained for.

Nine months later the thing that slipped from her swollen womb was unlike anything the world had ever seen. A human born with the formlessness of the spawn of Tsathoggua, it was a horrid mass of stinking rubbery flesh forever twisting and reforming. It seemed incapable of maintaining a single shape, and instead bloated, shifted, and contracted continually. This new Thane of Cawdor was quickly hidden away. The midwife met a disastrous end, and the king reported that his wife had sadly miscarried. In truth, the queen went mad at the sight of the thing, and physicians were brought in to tend to her.



The 'child' ate only raw meat, and preferred fresh kills to all other things. It possessed an abominable hunger and grew with an unnatural speed. When the queen recovered, she could not abide the thing, and demanded that it be sent from her sight. It was taken to Glamis Castle, and there locked in a high tower. Soon as large as a grown man and able to shift form at will, the new Thane of Cawdor quickly became a problem for its keepers: it managed to slip every bond they could manufacture and began to trouble nearby farmers and livestock.

Lady Macbeth herself was nearly killed when she came to see the thing one spring eve, whereupon she commanded a special chamber to be created within the castle wall to forever more contain the horror. For many centuries the chamber held the Thane, until finally the queen, her king, and their progeny were forgotten. New families moved into Glamis and Cawdor castles, and new thanes were born and raised, never knowing that their claim to the title was made illegitimate by the surviving horror in the castle wall. For the Thane of Cawdor did not die even after nine hundred years, and now, in the 20th century, it continues to be served by a coterie of witches, posing as servants, sworn to protect Queen Macbeth's terrible and ancient secret.

The Thane of Cawdor

The Thane of Cawdor, age c. 900, Aberrant Spawn of Tsathoggua

Newly released:

STR 09	DEX 19	INT 13	CON 11
SIZ 13	APP -	POW 13	EDU -
SAN -		Hit Points: 11	

Freed for some time:

STR 27	DEX 19	INT 13	CON 14
SIZ 33	APP -	POW 15	EDU -
SAN -		Hit Points: 22	

Damage Bonus: +0 / +3D6

Skills: Climb 25%, Dodge 28%, Sneak 15%, Spot Hidden 25%

Weapons: Bludgeon 45%, damage 1D4 + db
Engulf (anything smaller than its own size) 35%, damage 1D2 + db, plus 1 point of damage from suffocation on the first round doubling every round thereafter (i.e., 2 points in the second, 4 in the third, etc.) until death

Armour: Immune to physical weapons, including impaling or magical; fire, electricity, chemicals and spells have full effect

Sanity Cost: 1D4 / 2D8

Appearance: The Thane of Cawdor is a true horror. Vaguely human in colouration and texture, it is otherwise a freely shifting mass of terrifying plasticity. It does not possess a face or hair as we know them, but has a large protean opening that functions as a mouth. It is capable of assuming human shape (or indeed any other shape), but seems disinclined to do so: it might on occasion choose human shape to mock its victim. Its skin is remarkably flexible, and flows around structures and obstacles like liquid jelly, leaving behind a horrible acrid odour. Should the Thane be encountered in its chamber or shortly after being released, it will be only slightly bigger than an average man. If it has been freed for some time, it will have feasted and grown to gargantuan proportions over three times its original size, although it will have lost none of its speed or plasticity.

Introduction

As the Thane has been hidden from human eyes for so long, investigators may uncover legends telling of its existence and seek it out, or it may escape its chamber and rampage across the countryside. The investigators might hear of the legend from a friend who is a university professor or historian; perhaps his research has led him to the chamber, only to come face to face with the Thane or

its coven of guardians. If the Thane is already at large, the investigators' introduction could come through the police, a distraught landowner, or some other individual who has witnessed or been terrorized by the thing. Lastly, the investigators might stumble directly on the Thane while it is in the process of digesting someone or something, and uncover the horrible truth for themselves.

Investigation

Only a handful of people living in the 1920s know of the existence of the Thane of Cawdor, and most of those are the Thane's witch-keepers. Similarly, few documents exist that hint at the thing's birth, survival, and containment in Glamis Castle. The best sources of information are the witches who live near Glamis and act as the Thane's keepers; investigators who manage to get any of these witches to talk will quickly learn the whole horrific story.

Some documents may still remain talking about the lives of people at Cawdor or Glamis when the Thane was born or contained; a book in the local library, or even the castle library, might tell of strange happenings or a disturbing event or two. Investigation may prove difficult if the Thane is still trapped in its chamber in the wall of Glamis Castle; if the aim is to have the investigators uncover this chamber, the Keeper should create clues leading them to its location and the living horror inside.

If the Thane of Cawdor has escaped, someone will likely have seen the thing with their own eyes, and can recount their tales of terror to the investigators. After this, the investigation will likely consist of deducing the Thane's hunting patterns and establishing a means of tracking it. This could make for an interesting scenario involving a number of suspicious and highly disturbing deaths, a couple of near misses for the investigators, and a final showdown with the Thane itself.

Revelation

The Thane of Cawdor is anything but rational, and should it escape it will cut a bloody path through nearby towns and villages. Its hunger and thirst are insatiable, and it will continue to feed and grow until it has exhausted all its

available food. It is not a clever combatant, but what it lacks in ability it more than makes up for in natural defences. If threatened it will become quickly enraged and attack individuals or groups without thinking, attacking until killed or until all its targets are dead.

Trapped for nearly nine hundred years, the Thane of Cawdor's story is both sad and horrible. Investigators would do well to free it of its earthly bonds, and to protect the human population, by putting an end to its pitiful existence. For doing so, or for managing to ensure the Thane will no longer be a threat, investigators should be rewarded 2D6 Sanity points. If they're so unfortunate as to release the Thane and not be able to defeat it, or if they allow it to escape, they should lose 1D6 / 2D6 Sanity points.

Mythos Threat: The Floating Horror of Glen Affric

Intrigue

The floating horror of Glen Affric is a nightmarish monstrosity that has lived in the Highlands for millennia. It began life as an experiment in a lost city of elder things beneath the roots of Ben Nevis; what purpose they had in mind when creating it are unknown. Whether it escaped or was released from the elder things' city is likewise unknown, but it is likely the nameless horror has survived in Glen Affric since the defeat of the elder things by the mi-go some fifty million years ago.

The floating horror is a single-minded predator that feeds nightly on the blood and essential juices of whatever prey it can find. It is aware of earthly intelligences, and always seeks out the most intelligent prey, whether a visiting Harvard professor or an alert stag. It hunts by stealth and only at night. It appears as a huge conglomeration of fleshy bloated gas sacs, with a mass of hanging tentacles and tendrils along its underbelly.

By day it hides its corpulent, slimy bulk in a carefully chosen crag on the north side of Sgurr na Lapaich, a snow-capped *ben* towering above the glen. To descend into the crag, the thing releases the putrid gases from its massive sacs and deflates to a more manageable size.

When night falls, it inflates its sacs and lifts into the air. The floating horror is a careful and determined hunter, and never attacks groups foolishly, instead attempting to isolate its chosen prey before attacking.

A master of stealth, the floating horror moves by means of slowly expelling gas from the sacs around its body that bunch in a seemingly uncoordinated fashion around a larger central sac. It hovers in the dark sky and moves silently over land as it seeks its prey; having found a target, it approaches stealthily from above until it is within striking distance. The ends of its larger tentacles contain narrow 'mouths' that spit an acidic paralysing neurotoxin; individuals hit will soon find themselves immobilized.

Once its prey is paralysed, the floating horror descends and positions its great bulk over the target. The smaller tendrils continually seep a syrupy digestive fluid which drips from its dark, twisting underbelly; wrapping its larger tentacles over and around its prey, these smaller tendrils worm their way into the victim's flesh, the acidity of the thick digestive fluids eventually rendering all clothing, leather, wood and even soft metals down to a foul-smelling goo.

The Floating Horror of Glen Affric

The Floating Horror of Glen Affric, ageless, Unique Mythos Entity

STR 21 **DEX** 09 **INT** 08 **CON** 25
SIZ 45 **APP** — **POW** 14 **EDU** —
SAN - **Hit Points:** 35

Move: 6 / 12 hovering / flying

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Sense Prey 55%, Spot Hidden 85%, Stalk 95%, Stealth 98%

Weapons: Acid Spit 55%, damage 1D3 + paralysing neurotoxin (resist versus POT 25 or become utterly immobilized)

Grapple (tentacles) 15%, damage 1D4 per round from syrupy digestive acids and small tendrils that worm their way into the immobilized victim's flesh

Armour: None; double damage from fire

Sanity Cost: 1D6 / 2D6

Appearance: The Floating Horror of Glen Affric appears as a grotesque conglomeration of fleshy multi-coloured sacs and slick, glistening black tentacles. The largest central sac is a dark purple colour, and more leathery and much larger than the surrounding sacs. Various tuber-like growths ranging in length from inches to several feet extend from this central sac; the smaller numerous sacs that bunch oddly about it are more flesh-like, and a mottled black and red in colour, extending around its lower half and ending at its slick black underbelly, which itself is covered in a writhing mass of tentacles and tendrils that drip with the creature's vile digestive secretions.



Introduction

Investigators travelling to or near Glen Affric will hear stories about visitors and tourists, fishers and hunters going missing in the scenic glen, although no bodies or evidence have ever been recovered. Characters might be introduced to this horror by a missing persons report or a friend requesting help finding a lost relative; alternatively, perhaps a survivor does finally emerge from the glen alive, frightening hospital staff with stories of a hellish terror that struck in the night.

Keepers interested in challenging their players might have them become the hunted; locals, for example, could recommend Glen Affric as a good spot for a bit of recreational fishing and relaxation, but arriving in the majestic glen the investigators soon find themselves being targeted by an unknown—and very effective—hunter.

Keep in mind the horror in the glen attacks only by night, and so investigators would need reason to camp in or travel through the glen at night.

Investigation

As the floating horror is a capable hunter leaving little physical evidence, most clues available to investigators will be quite vague. The most readily available information comes from the Highlanders: locals know the stories, and there are fresh cases every season. Indeed, folk might be sick of hearing and relating tales of “fools goin’ intae the glen unprepared an’ gettin’ ‘emselves killed”. Others obviously show greater concern.

The police and press, in particular, are happy to provide information, especially if they feel the investigators seek answers to the mysterious disappearances. Eyewitnesses, if any, relate horrific tales of seeing companions struck down and / or being ‘hunted’ during their flight to civilization.

Stories never describe the attacker’s physical nature, but rather focus on the dread and horror experienced by the victims. Some accounts even describe feelings of mental or psychic invasion.

Any documentary evidence uncovered tells similar stories, namely that visitors and tourists go into the glen and are never heard from again, leaving police and search parties baffled.

Revelation

The Floating Horror in Glen Affric has managed to survive for centuries. It may not be as powerful, cunning, or devious as other Mythos threats, but it is superbly skilled at stalking and killing prey. It has little desire for more, and no interest in human or Mythos concerns: incapable of communication and single-minded in its predatory pursuits, it cannot be reasoned with.

Two main outcomes are likely here: first, investigators could discover the horror and flee Glen Affric, perhaps warning off the local population as well; second, they could destroy the horror and rid the glen of its constant threat. Should investigators manage to kill the horror, its own fluids will break down its fleshy body in a matter of hours, leaving only a fetid stinking pool. Defeating the floating horror should be rewarded with 1D10 Sanity points; investigators fleeing after seeing the Floating Horror should suffer an additional 1D10 Sanity point loss.



-Cities in Detail: Aberdeen-

The third largest city in Scotland, the royal burgh of Aberdeen is known by a number of names, including the Granite City and the Silver City. These names emphasize the economic importance of granite for the city: granite quarried near Aberdeen is shipped across Britain and Europe, and is prized for its shiny mica deposits. Fishing, textiles, and pulp paper remain economically significant industries as well. In the 1920s, however, the quarries and factories are running at reduced capacity, as demand falters and the city suffers from high unemployment.



Aberdeen lies on the east coast of Scotland, with the bulk of the city between the rivers Don and Dee. As a North Sea port, the city plays an important role in trade and transport: Market Street is always buzzing with activity as goods are brought off ships docked at the city piers.

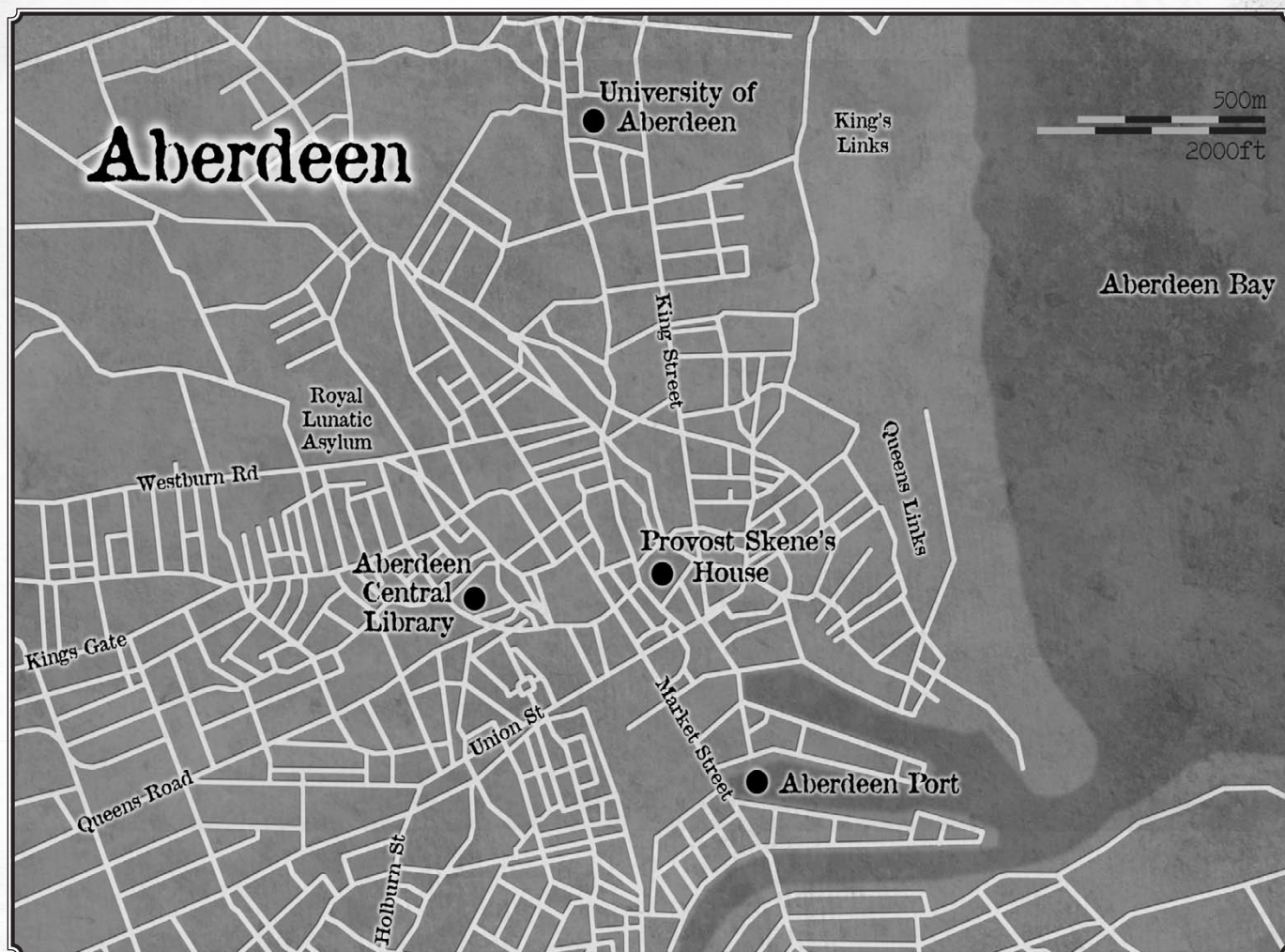
Behind Market Street, the railway station on College Street provides an important commercial and passenger link with Edinburgh to the south and Inverness to the west. The southern half of the city is largely industrial and residential, while the northern half is dominated by the halls and towers of the University of Aberdeen at Marischal College and extending as far as King's College in what was once the rural village of Old Aberdeen in the north.

As high-quality granite is readily available, nearly all of the city's buildings are made of the same grey, mica-flecked stone. Aberdeen hosts some of the most impressive granite structures in Europe, including the Gothic Marischal College buildings and the Citadel at Castlegate. The overall effect of all this granite is that the city can appear very grey, particularly on a rainy day, and is not to everyone's liking. That said, the bustling, lively atmosphere and the many colourful characters inhabiting Aberdeen more than make up for this oft-perceived greyness.

Aberdeen's city centre offers every amenity. One can find luxury and modest accommodation, goods from Scotland and Europe, and the diversions of the theatre, music hall, and dance hall, in addition to traditional public houses and restaurants. Being a larger city, there is also access to libraries, Highland police, the university, two respected daily newspapers, and, for those who require them, modern hospitals and asylums.

The major shopping street is Aberdeen's famous 'Granite Mile' on Union Street. Clothiers, boutiques, hardware shops, and national department stores line the Granite Mile, and characters can find whatever they are searching for here.

Outside the city, the main attraction is the picturesque Cairngorms mountains, an area containing tall peaks, high plateaus, small lochs, and Scotland's only area of tundra. The lands surrounding Aberdeen are also famous for whisky, and a number of prominent distilleries are within half a day's drive. These employ a large number of people from nearby villages and towns, particularly on the banks of the rivers Spey, Don, and Dee.



Aberdeen provides a point of departure for travels in and around the eastern Highlands and up to the northern isles of Orkney and Shetland. Trains run every six hours down to Edinburgh via Inverness and are considerably faster than alternative methods. Steamers to the Orkney Islands (24 hours) and Shetlands (36 hours) run twice weekly, as well as to Edinburgh and cities in England.

Motor cars may even be available for rent—for a hefty price—and there are some motor coach services running once a day at most to Inverness, St Andrews, and Edinburgh via Perth.

Places and People of Note in Aberdeen

Aberdeen Central Library

Situated on Spa Street off the Rosemount Viaduct, the Central Library of Aberdeen is a relatively new building constructed between 1889 and 1892. It includes a large reference section as well as collections of newspapers, maps, photographs, and registry records.

The holdings here, together with those of the University of Aberdeen, offer the largest collection of reference, historical and local information in the Highlands. The library also has a number of useful staff members, including Aidan White, who can help with investigators' queries.

Aidan White, Assistant Librarian

**Aidan White, age 39,
Assistant Librarian and Occult Enthusiast**

STR 11 **DEX** 10 **INT** 15 **CON** 10
SIZ 13 **APP** 10 **POW** 10 **EDU** 14
SAN 38 **Hit Points:** 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Anthropology 45%, Latin 20%, Library Use 95%, Listen 15%, Occult 80%, Spot Hidden 20%

Appearance: White is a slender man nearly forty years old with jet-black hair apart from a wisp of grey at his temples. He sports a tragic moustache and wears unattractive, thick-rimmed glasses that are overly large for his thin face. The Assistant Librarian is a keen student of the occult, and has amassed quite a collection in the library's rare books section. How he got funds to purchase some of the extremely rare books is unknown. Not secretive per se, White is very business-like. He spends much of his spare time researching occult occurrences.

Market Street and Aberdeen Port

The two broad piers at Aberdeen's port buzz with activity day and night. Lining the piers and much of Market Street are high pyramids of crates, sacks, and other odd containers. Dockhands and longshoremen go about their business whilst captains, traders, and wealthy magnates pore over manifests in the pubs and offices nearby. Cranes swing out over the hulls of ships moored at the piers as the loading and unloading continues endlessly.

One ship currently in port carries a particularly curious cargo. Secured in the hold of the *Taifoen*, a Dutch merchant vessel, is a purpose-built cage containing three gangly humanoid figures captured in South America and brought to Aberdeen at the request of Dr Alasdair Jacobi (see the University of Aberdeen entry below).

The horrific creatures are *xo tl'mi-go*, which possess webbed hands, tapeworm-like mouths, thick rubbery skin, and deeply inset black eyes. Caught underground, the naked *xo tl'mi-go* are covered in their own filth and lack obvious reproductive organs. Though incapable of human speech, the three chatter constantly in a series of clipped whoops, grunts and clicks. Anyone foolish enough to free the *xo tl'mi-go* will immediately be set upon and devoured.

The ship's captain, Harm Maatje, is eagerly awaiting Dr Jacobi and wants to be rid of the 'demons' in his hold. Jacobi promised Maatje handsome payment for the *xo tl'mi-go* but has yet to claim them. Maatje waits alternately in quarters on the *Taifoen* or the Eagle & Anvil pub on Market Street.

Xo tl'mi-go, Hungry Rallid Devourers

Char.	One	Two	Three
STR	14	17	15
CON	16	20	17
SIZ	13	15	12
INT	11	12	13
POW	08	10	09
DEX	12	09	11
HP	15	18	15

Move: 9

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Hide 70%, Jump 55%, Listen 75%, Sneak 80%

Weapons: Bite 25%, damage 1D6
 Claws 30%, damage 1D6 + db

Armour: 1-point thick, rubbery skin

Spells: None, or as Keeper desires

Sanity Loss: 0 / 1d6

Appearance: xo tl'mi-go are ashen, gangly humanoids with thick, slimy skin and webbed hands and feet. They are eyeless, possess small, lobeless ears and have circular, tapeworm-like mouths full of hooked teeth. Primarily living beneath ground, the xo tl'mi-go come out only at night. They are extremely aggressive, attacking first with their claws then mouths, and are driven by an insatiable need to increase their numbers. If freed, the xo tl'mi-go will seek out an underground shelter and begin systematically attacking and, wherever possible, impregnating human women. For further information on the xo tl'mi-go see p. 110 in the *Malleus Monstrorum* supplement by Chaosium, Inc.

Provost Skene's House

One of the oldest buildings in Aberdeen, Provost Skene's House was named after Sir George Skene, the provost of Aberdeen from 1675–1685. In the 1920s the house is in the process of being converted into an art gallery and contains a selection of paintings and costumes. At the moment it's a confused and unfinished collection, with military uniforms mixing with paintings of livestock.

The ghost of Elisabeth Aberdour, the wife of a noted city merchant, haunts the old parlour and kitchen of Provost Skene's House. Numerous people in recent years have witnessed a white shade in a long dress, jacket and bonnet. The ghost walks as though lost, and seems unable to interact with the human world.

The University of Aberdeen

The fifth oldest university in Great Britain and the third oldest in Scotland, Aberdeen University was founded in 1495. The King's College and Marischal College buildings are the focus of the university and date back to the 16th century. A significant amount of refurbishing and building has recently taken place on the university buildings, and it now possesses some of the most modern facilities and equipment in Scotland.

Taking advantage of these modern facilities are the three colleges of Medicine, Physical Sciences, and Arts & Social Sciences. Recently, Aberdeen has been recognized in the fields of medicine, anatomy and surgery. A number of elite medical professors reside and conduct research in the refurbished Marischal College buildings, including the renowned anatomist Dr Alasdair Jacobi.

Many of the university's most significant discoveries can be attributed to the enigmatic and reclusive Dr Jacobi; though some question his unusual appointment and shadowy comings and goings, most in the College of Medicine shower him with praise and leave the strange anatomist to his own devices.

If pressed, academics will admit they know remarkably little about Alasdair Jacobi, his research, or his appointment. What is most commonly known is that he suffers from a rare flesh-eating disease contracted in Africa, and must completely cover his body in sterile bandages and do whatever he can to avoid contagion. In truth, Dr Jacobi is hiding a dark secret.

Alasdair Jacobi is in fact a mi-go operative conducting research into human and humanoid anatomies. Using a biomechanical suit constricting his own alien shape, 'Jacobi' appears as an oddly bulky figure covered in bandages and hidden beneath thick coats. He wears shaded glasses whenever out of doors and avoids contact with humans. Safely inside the Marischal halls, the mi-go operative sheds his suit and conducts his dark experiments on an array of humanoid forms. The purpose of these investigations is as yet unknown. His activities have resulted in a number of disturbing incidents involving the vivisection and / or murder of a number of humans / humanoids.

Dr Alasdair Jacobi, Anatomist

**Doctor Alasdair Jacobi, age unknown,
Disguised Mi-Go Operative**

STR 11 **DEX** 15 **INT** 18 **CON** 10
SIZ 10 **APP** — **POW** 13 **EDU** —
SAN — **Hit Points:** 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Anatomy 80%, Anthropology 25%, Conceal 45%, English 78%, First Aid 65%, Listen 35%, Medicine 80%, Pharmacy 45%, Spot Hidden 22%

Weapons: Nippers 30%, damage 1D6 + grapple

Armour: If suited, 8-point biomechanical armour; impaling attacks do minimum damage

Spells: Cloud Memory, Contact Human, Enthral Victim, Mi-Go Hypnosis

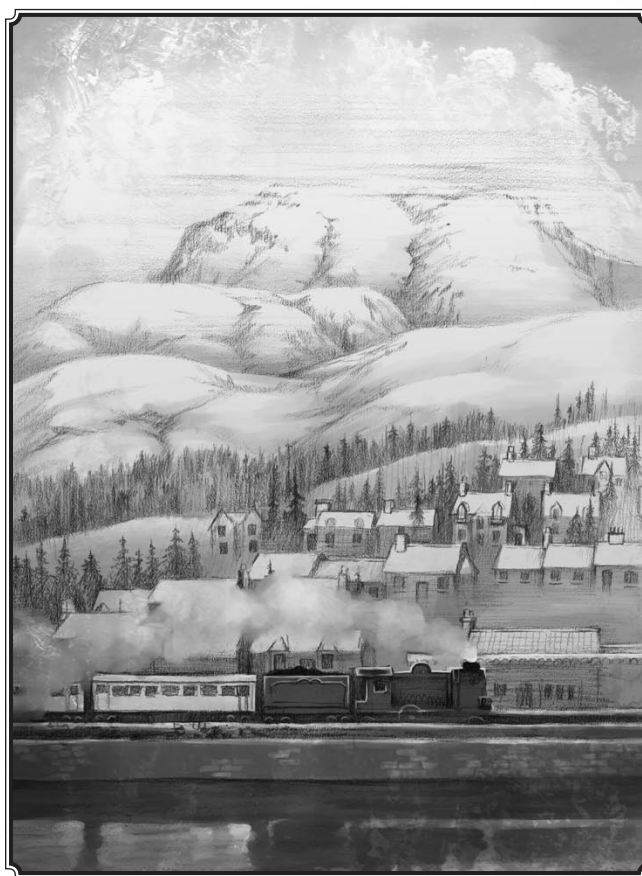
Sanity Cost: 0 / 1D6 to see Jacobi as a mi-go

Appearance: Outside of his disguise and the biomechanical suit, 'Jacobi' appears as any other mi-go. Fully disguised, Doctor Alasdair Jacobi is a bent, older man covered in cream-coloured bandages and thick black clothing. He is rarely seen outside his rooms in Marischal College, and will do whatever he can to avoid confrontation. In the suit, his shape is vaguely human and he moves with an odd lumbering gait. Jacobi speaks English via a voice modulator, which results in a strange, guttural monotone. If he fears discovery, Jacobi will first attempt escape. If that fails, he will use magic. As a last resort, Jacobi will fire his electric gun (for details, see the box in the 'Mythos in Scotland's Highlands' section on page 98). If captured, the fungi from Yuggoth will attempt suicide rather than be held by human captors. It will refuse to communicate and never reveal the purpose of its experiments.

-Cities in Detail: Fort William-

Fort William is a small port on the shores of Loch Linnhe that owes much to its military past. The small army camp and barracks two miles southeast of the town shares its name, and off-duty soldiers frequent its shops and pubs. Nothing remains of the original military fort—once situated on lands now used by the railway station.

In the 1920s, Fort William makes most of its income through fishing, and a number of good fish restaurants are open year round. The pier and waterfront are covered with all manner of fishing-related gear including brightly coloured nets, lobster traps and other paraphernalia. Small fishing vessels bob up and down in the swell of the water just off shore, and men on board work at tying nets, gutting fish, and similar tasks.



Fort William is of strategic and economic significance as the western Highlands' main transport hub. The main road runs northeast through the Great Glen past Fort Augustus, Castle Urquhart, and Drumnadrochit to Inverness, and motor coaches ply the route in the summer months. To the south a smaller road winds along the coast of Loch Linnhe before heading inland through Glen Coe and down to Loch Lomond and Glasgow. This is a treacherous road, particularly during the winter, and thus most travelling south use the train.

Caledonian trains down to Glasgow run twice a day and are usually busy. Fort William is often used as a point of departure for the Isle of Skye or northern Highlands. The town has only two hotels, the Abernevis and the Alexandra, but each offers decent accommodation. What Fort William does have in abundance are surprisingly high-quality restaurants, which make very good use of the fresh fish and seafood coming off the boats daily.

Fort William's High Street runs parallel to the shores of Loch Linnhe and the waterfront. It is home to shops, pubs, and cafes that primarily serve locals and the small military presence. Shopkeepers and staff will be delighted to help investigators part with a little of their money whilst visiting 'Fort Bill', as it is known locally. Further from the waterfront and High Street are the suburban streets that house most of the people employed in town or in the fisheries.

Standing out against the backdrop of the Nevis mountain range is a huge, coal-burning power station. Emblazoned with the initials GBI, it is owned and operated by the Highland industrialist Graeme Bannock and employs a significant number of townfolk. Bannock himself is well known in Fort William.

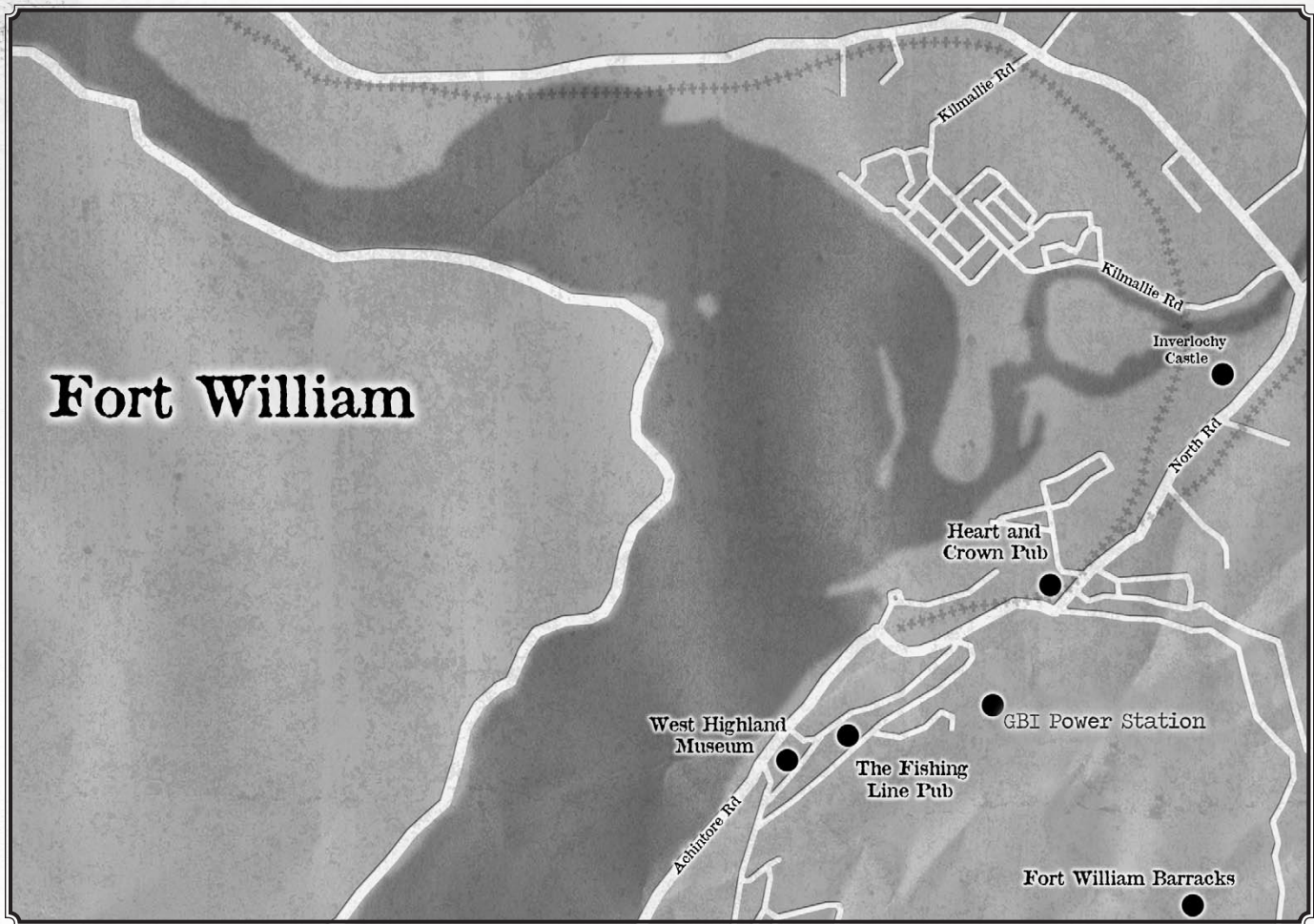
The power station supplies the town and adjacent fisheries with electricity; most locals see it as an eyesore, but a necessary evil. Some might mention the plant has recently been running day and night; this is due in large part to Bannock's collaboration with the mi-go who are siphoning off tremendous amounts of power for their underground mining operations (see the 'Mythos in Scotland's Highlands' section above).

Immediately outside Fort William is Glen Nevis, home to the river Nevis with the Nevis mountain range surrounding it. A popular site with anglers and tourists, the river is overshadowed by the bald peak of Ben Nevis, the United Kingdom's tallest mountain. At more than four thousand four hundred feet (1344 metres), Ben Nevis towers over Fort William and nearby Loch Linnhe. The Ben is a common attraction for hill walkers and climbers, although its high crags and cliff faces claim lives each year.

To the North of Fort William is the western entrance to the famous Caledonian Canal. Here investigators can find a series of stepped canal locks known as 'Neptune's Staircase'. In the 1920s, most water traffic on the canal ferries goods up to the small towns and villages lining the Great Glen, and steam vessels carrying passengers to Inverness or other destinations in the eastern Highlands traverse the canal daily. Small pleasure craft can be hired in Fort William to ride through the canal as far as Fort Augustus.

Foremost a working town, Fort William has few attractions for visitors beyond providing an excellent starting point for trips to scenic Highland sites. The people of the Fort tend to use their natural environment as entertainment. Walking, hiking, and sailing are common pursuits, and some enthusiastic winter hikers are even known to use snowshoes. In the evenings most of the town's men can be found in one of the public houses.

The town has three pubs, but only two are considered respectable: the Fishing Line, a small rectangular pub consisting of one long bar and a number of stools; and the larger Abernevis Pub attached to the selfsame hotel. Nearly out of town on the way to Banavie is the rougher Heart and Crown, which is notorious for hard drinking and less than cordial behaviour.



Places and People of Note in Fort William

The Fishing Line Public House

The Fishing Line is a small hole in the wall that serves drinks to any and all. It forms a long rectangular hall with the bar taking up most of the space. The clientele seem perfectly content to stand whilst having their drinks and discussing the day's events. The decor has a nautical theme and just the right amount of kitsch without being tacky. The walls are a deep blue and the majority of the fixtures and fittings are in brass and dark oak. The pub is owned and run by an unusually young man with wild blond hair and thick-lensed glasses. Locals know him as Bolshy Bill, but he will introduce himself as William Brown.

Brown is an energetic and talkative young man who fancies himself a Socialist or Communist—or something in between, depending on his mood. Regardless of his

ideological whimsy, he cares a great deal about what happens in Fort William, Scotland, and indeed the world; he's also happy to share his thoughts and what he knows—or suspects. He fancies himself a man-of-the-world and a bit of a revolutionary to boot.

William Brown, Pub Owner

**William 'Bolshy Bill' Brown, age 31,
Owner of the Fishing Line Pub**

STR 12	DEX 15	INT 13	CON 12
SIZ 11	APP 22	POW 10	EDU 11
SAN 55	Hit Points: 11		

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Credit Rating 33%, Fast Talk 25%, First Aid 25%, History 45%, Persuade 25%, Philosophy 85%, Russian 35%, Spot Hidden 20%

Appearance: Brown is a tall thin man in his early thirties with outrageous sandy blonde hair that appears to defy gravity and, apparently, combing. He wears wire-rimmed glasses that have exceedingly thick lenses and make his grey eyes appear huge. Brown grew up in Fort William, but has always had his sights set on the skies, if not the stars. He is an unrepentant dreamer and considers himself a philosopher.

He has read widely in an attempt to learn all he can about certain strands of philosophy, particularly the works of Karl Marx and his hero Leon Trotsky, or 'Leo' as he fondly calls him. Brown is the only Socialist Fort William has. He attends town council and community meetings and is generally tolerated. Above all Brown is helpful, and he'll bend over backwards to accommodate anyone he feels has a real grievance or problem he can help out with.

Fort William Barracks

The army barracks lie two miles south of the town centre on the Fort William-Glencoe military road. The barracks compound is little more than a large muddy square bordered by single-storey buildings, themselves surrounded by dense woods. A simple chain-link fence topped with barbed wire skirts the perimeter. A reinforced chain-link fence and a small guardhouse are all that welcome anyone travelling down the single-track road out of town. Investigators arriving at the gate will be asked to leave; asking to speak with someone in charge, they will be directed to the Colonel's office. Colonel Dougray McMillan is a large and officious man who will not be pleased to have snooping civilians on his base. He will be reluctant to answer questions, and will have investigators expelled if they prove bothersome. Statistics and a description of McMillan can be found in the 'Mythos in Scotland's Highlands' section above.

GBI Power Station

'Serving the electrical needs of Fort William and environs' reads the tag line beneath the mammoth GBI logo on the front of the power station. Glass-panelled doors across from a small car park lead into the offices of the Graeme Bannock Industries plant. Four smartly dressed men sit behind high wooden desks staggered about in the open office area; to the rear is a slimmer desk where Mr Bannock's personal assistant, Adele, waits to take telephone calls and welcome visitors. Promotional material lines the walls. Mr Bannock is a very busy man—particularly as demands from the mi-go are increasing—and investigators need to have a good reason to see the industrialist. Bannock's statistics and description can be found in the 'Mythos in Scotland's Highlands' section above.

Heart and Crown Pub

Walking into the Heart and Crown—just the 'Heart' to its drunken familiars—the first thing investigators will notice is the overwhelming stench of cigarette smoke and stale beer. The decor leaves everything to be desired, and much of what is on display is worn, broken, and has been regularly soaked in beer or worse. The reek is enough to turn most people off and, for the rest, a quick visit to the privy will likely result in a hasty retreat. The bar itself is a sticky mess and the proprietor, Ken Johnston, isn't much better. He is unpleasant and cantankerous, and will become hostile if pestered by questions. If investigators have come for a fight, they will get it, but if they come for any other reason, they are likely to be disappointed.

West Highland Museum

The newly opened West Highland Museum is something of a curiosity in Fort William, and most people were surprised when it received government funding. Regardless, the bright and clean museum now stands just off the High Street and is open daily. Inside are large numbers of collections describing what life was and is like in the western Highlands, including a smattering of interesting documents, memorabilia, and artefacts. Highly perceptive investigators—making a successful Spot Hidden roll and Cthulhu Mythos roll—will be surprised to see a carved stone from the Isle of Lewis on display portraying a deep one.

-Cities in Detail: Inverness-

The royal burgh of Inverness, often called the capital of the Highlands, has for centuries been an important town for trade and travel in Scotland. Situated on the Moray Firth and providing access to the Great Glen, Inverness is both an international port and a strategic crossroads.

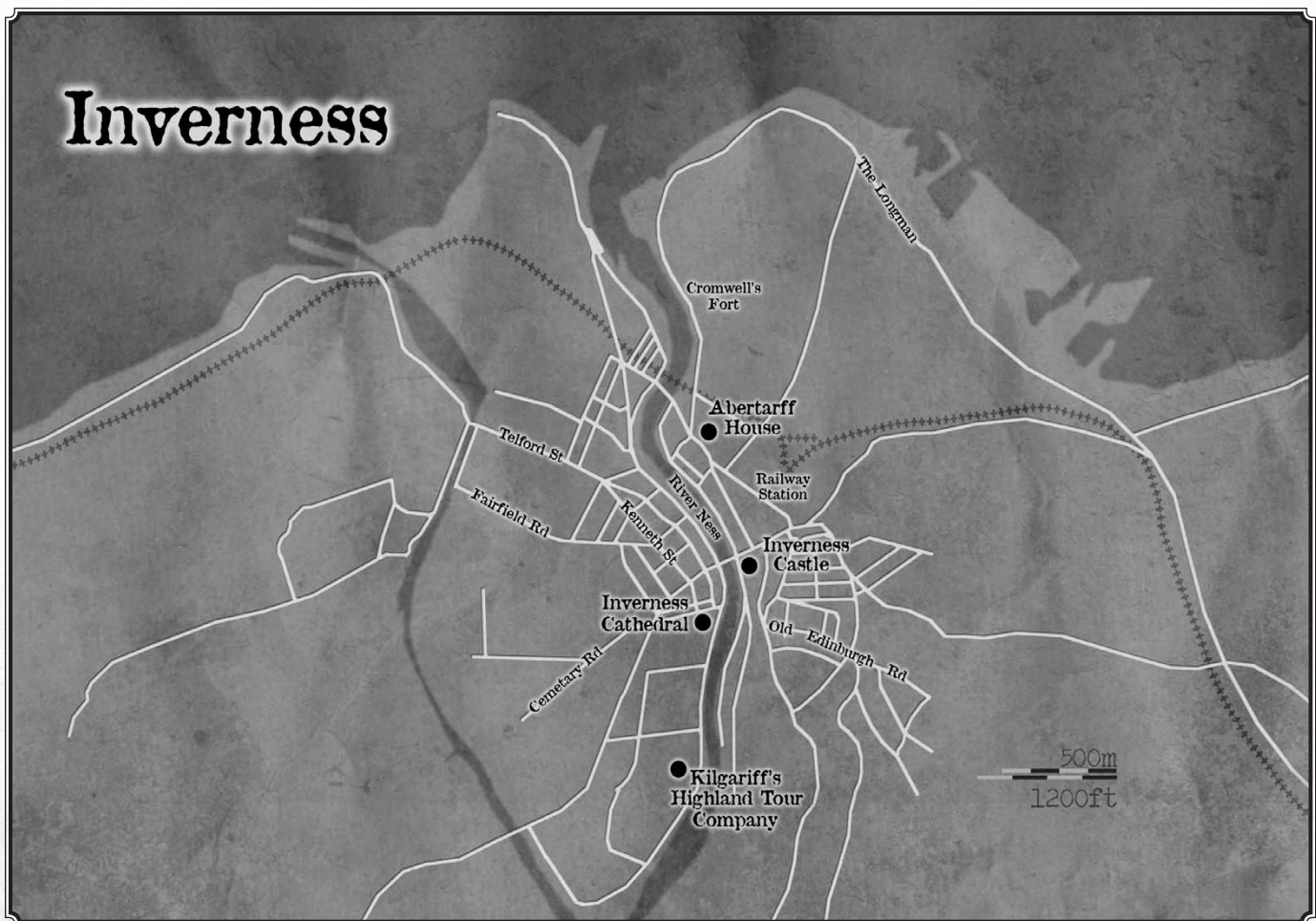
Serviceable roads connect Inverness with Fort William in the west and Aberdeen in the east, while rail lines travel to the south. In the 1920s, Inverness is the most convenient jumping-off point for travels deeper into the Highlands.

The town is encircled by majestic scenery, with ancient Ben Wyvis to the north, the Moray Firth to the east, and the Great Glen and Glen Affric to the west. The surrounding landscape also contains some of Scotland's most historic

sites and castles. Within the town, the river Ness divides the centre and provides an attractive backdrop for its castle and a few upscale hotels.

Inverness in the 1920s is a very business-oriented town. As an international port, it benefits from the buoyancy of foreign markets and profits from lucrative trade with the Netherlands, Belgium, and Scandinavia. Investigators exploring Inverness will hear European and Nordic languages spoken in eateries and hotels. Several enterprising individuals run motor coach tour companies that pander to the whims of visitors, especially in the summer months.

Within Inverness, the most historic sites are Inverness Castle, Abertarff House, and the Old High Church. Locals regard them with middling interest, often preferring more impressive sites outside the town such as Cawdor Castle



and Culloden. Most visitors do not come for the history of Inverness itself, but rather for the access it offers to the Highlands; most locations in Scotland's north lie within a day's travel.

Inverness is cosmopolitan enough to rival Glasgow and Edinburgh. Most amenities and hotels cling to the banks of the river Ness; the castle lies on the east side across from the cathedral and south of Abertarff House. Investigators may wish to stay at the Station Hotel, the Royal Highland Hotel, or the Inverness Palace Hotel: each offers fine dining and four-star service. The cheaper Castle Inn is a forty-minute walk from the town centre in Inverness' seedier east side. The town also has a large hospital and public sanatorium that might prove invaluable.



Motor coaches run between Inverness, Fort William, and Aberdeen at least once a day, more often in the summer months. Trains run twice a day to the south, and a motor car rental service has just opened locally.

A cheaper and more unusual means of travelling about the Highlands is in the back of the Post bus, which winds lazily through the countryside. Lastly, the aforementioned tour company has two small twelve-seater motor coaches that can be rented with or without a knowledgeable driver.

Places and People of Note in Inverness

Abertarff House

Abertarff House is a short walk down Church Street from the town centre, and is famous as the oldest building in Inverness. A late mediaeval building, its circular stair tower and unusual gabling stand out quite readily.

In the 1920s restoration work on Abertarff House has met with difficulty due to reports of a poltergeist; a local medium was brought in to remedy the situation but has had little success in dealing with 'Little Jimmy', a child whom the medium believes was murdered in Abertarff House in the early 17th century.

Work on the restoration has been brought to a standstill, and if the foreman discovers the investigators have expertise in dealing with such matters, he will comb Inverness to find them and plead for their help.

Little Jimmy MacBain, Angry Poltergeist

**'Little Jimmy' MacBain, ageless,
Poltergeist**

STR — **DEX** — **INT** 08 **CON** —
SIZ — **APP** — **POW** 18 **EDU** —
SAN — **Hit Points:** —

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Throw Stones 15%, damage 1D2

Armour: Ethereal and therefore invulnerable to all attacks but magical ones

Spells: Sicken (special; match Jimmy's POW versus investigator's CON on the Resistance Table—failures result in the loss of 1D6-1 CON and anyone brought to zero CON collapses; however, CON will return at a rate of one per hour when removed from the poltergeist's presence)

Sanity Cost: 1 / 1D8

Appearance: Little Jimmy can remain invisible, but otherwise appears as the insubstantial shadow of a sickly child. He appears roughly six years old, and his face is full of frustration and rage. Jimmy is trapped in Abertarff House; his bones are buried in the coal cellar of the old building, but he will suffer no one going near them, and will throw stones and debris at anyone moving towards the cellar. Should they continue, he will use his Sicken ability. Jimmy is not evil, merely confused and eternally tormented. In the early 17th century, little Jimmy worked as a stable boy for the Fraser family. When he fell ill, rather than call a doctor, the Fraser patriarch carried Jimmy down to the coal cellar and choked the life from the boy. He will only find final rest if his bones are removed and given a proper funeral. Alternatively, if the investigators are less compassionate, he can be dispersed by means of a magic spell.

Inverness Castle

A castle has existed on this site since the 11th century, but the current building dates from the 19th. It is now a tourist attraction, and used by the town as administrative offices and for diplomatic functions. The castle is notable for its red sandstone walls, which look pink at certain times of day. Robert the Bruce and Mary, Queen of Scots, both spent time here. Every night at seven o'clock a piper in full Highland dress signals the arrival of night with a touching lament for the diminishing of the light.

Inverness Cathedral

St Columba founded the cathedral in 1171, although the current building dates from Victorian times. A large and ancient cemetery surrounds the cathedral, and many of the headstones and graves show signs of gunfire. The cemetery keeper can relate the story of how surviving rebels of Culloden were gunned down here centuries ago. The keeper is a man nearly seventy years old who has spent a lifetime watching and listening to the goings-on in Inverness, and is present in the cemetery most days.

Old Man Binnie, Cemetery Keeper

**Mr Ranald Binnie, age 68,
Keeper of Secrets and Cemeteries**

STR 11 **DEX** 07 **INT** 12 **CON** 14
SIZ 12 **APP** 10 **POW** 08 **EDU** 08
SAN 57 **Hit Points:** 13

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: First Aid 35%, History 45%, Local History (Inverness) 88%, Oratory 45%, Persuade 25%, Philosophy 15%, Ride 25%, Spot Hidden 40%

Appearance: Binnie is a talkative man, which seems oddly out of character for a cemetery keeper. He spends most of his time on city benches, smoking a pleasant cherry tobacco in his rosewood pipe;

nearly everyone in town knows 'Old Man Binnie'. He is a keen observer of life, and has a mind like a trap: there is little he doesn't notice, and he can relate much about Inverness and about the Highlands in general. Binnie is roughly five foot eight with a slightly stocky build; his wide face seems to ever have a smile on it, and his eyes twinkle as he tells his tales. He lets what's left of his thin wispy hair blow to and fro in the breeze.

Kilgariff's Highland Tour Company

The Highland Tour Company run by Colin Kilgariff and his two sons, Adam and William, can be found on the northern edge of Bught Park south of the cathedral. The company owns two twelve-seater motor coaches which are well-suited to the narrow track roads of the surrounding Highlands. Colin and his sons are knowledgeable enough guides, and have managed to manufacture an entertaining patter to add to the local scenery. The Highland Tour Company also rents out their motor coaches, with or without a driver, for a more substantial fee.

Colin and Adam are both outgoing, while William is more reserved and spends every idle moment voraciously reading. In truth, William is no longer William: three months ago, the real William Kilgariff was scouting a new tourist location when he came upon a cave not noted on his map. Curiosity getting the better of him, he ventured into the cave, finding himself in a network of caverns with remarkably smooth floors. Venturing deeper, he came across a chamber full of oddly shaped, brightly coloured buildings of an alien and Cyclopean architecture, each more than thirty feet high, and some reaching the full height of the cave. With a mixture of excitement and fear, he entered the nearest building and found it full of even stranger shapes and forms, many of which glowed dimly. He ran his hand over one glowing shape and felt a connection take hold in his mind.

What inhabits William now is one of the Great Race of Yith, who traverse time and space by sending their minds into the bodies of others. William's own consciousness is now

inside one of the Great Race on a distant planet more than twenty thousand years in the past; meanwhile, the William who walked out of those caves is making the most of his visit to 1920s Scotland, learning all he can about the world around him and pleased to even act as a tour guide, if an awkward one. He is learning everything he can and will, if he can, engage the investigators in conversation on every topic under the sun.

Should 'William' feel one of the investigators might be a more suitable host, or if he is intrigued by the investigator's personality, he may return William sooner in the hope of inhabiting this interesting investigator's mind. Being party to a mind swap, the investigator will suddenly inhabit the body of one of the Great Race, immediately suffering a 2D10+10 Sanity point loss; in the meantime, the other investigators will notice a change of personality in the swapped individual.

Only someone well versed in the Cthulhu Mythos or aware of Yithian practices will be able to infer a swap has taken place. The mind switch lasts for five years; over that time, the new alien investigator will do as it pleases. Information on the Great Race of Yith can be found in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook or the *Malleus Monstrorum* supplement by Chaosium, Inc.



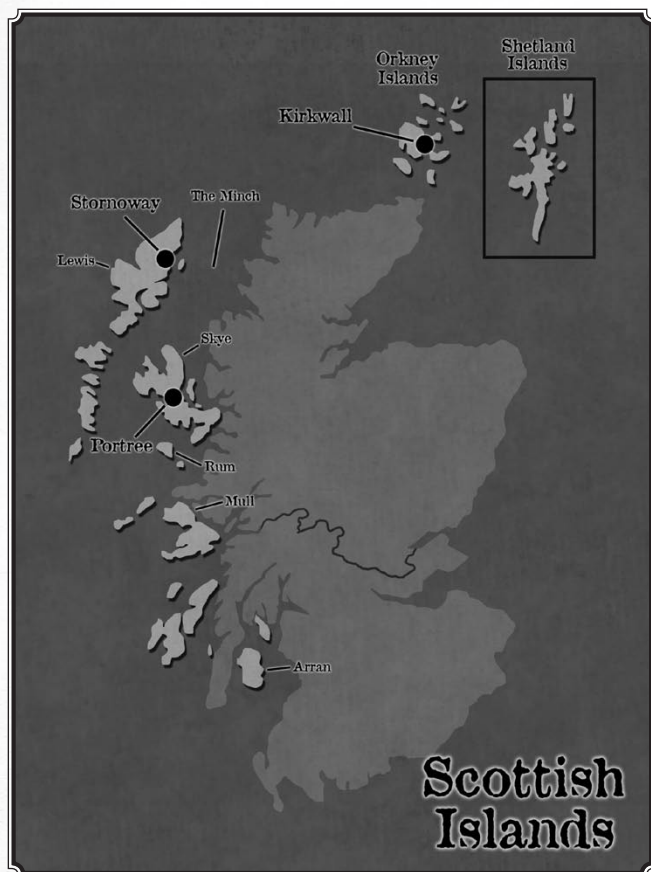


Shadows over Scotland

The Islands

- The Islands -

- Geography -



“Providin’ ye don’t mind boats, the Scottish Isles are a great place to get yourself lost, if that’s what you’re looking for. Between the high cliffs, the tumult and swell of the Atlantic, an’ the darker mysteries that haunt them islands, getting lost can become a permanent situation, right enough.”

(Jack McRae, *Memoirs of a Rambling Rogue*, 1901)



The isles and islands of Scotland mostly range along the west and north coasts, and provide the country with some of its most dramatic and picturesque scenery. Like the Highlands, the Islands of Scotland are largely wild and sparsely populated compared to the Lowlands. The majority lie off the western coast, from modern-day Argyll in the south to the Highlands in the north. Closest to mainland Scotland are the islands known as the Inner Hebrides, including the Isle of Skye; beyond are the Outer Hebrides, lying further offshore.

The larger northern Shetland and Orkney Islands are different in character from the Western Isles, and will be considered separately. For our purposes, the Inner Hebrides include the isles of Arran, Bute, Coll, Colonsay, Gigha, Iona, Islay, Jura, Mull, Oronsay, Skye and Tiree; the Outer Hebrides include Barra, Benbecula, Flannan, Harris, Lewis, North and South Uist, and St Kilda.

The warmer Inner Hebrides off the coast of Argyll and the south-western Highlands are rocky and owe much of their geography to their volcanic origin. Sharp, jagged outcroppings, tall crags, rocky hillsides, dense forests, verdant meadows, and a mixture of rocky and sandy beaches characterize the islands. Ben More (3171 feet) on the Isle of Mull and Goat Fell (2866 feet) on the Isle of Arran are the tallest mountains in the region, and are visible from a great distance. The jagged Cuillins and majestic Red Hills on Skye are nowhere near as tall as Ben More or Goat Fell, but provide a setting that is virtually unmatched in Scotland.

Some of the finest beaches in Britain and Europe are found on the western edges of these islands. As a result, the isles are popular destinations during the warmer months.

Not all of these beaches are sandy, however. Many beaches, commonly on the northern, eastern and southern sides of the islands, are rockier with stones varying in size from small pebbles to massive boulders. Protected from the crashing surf that hammers the western inlets, these natural harbours are home to a greater diversity of seabirds and aquatic life.



The Outer Hebrides comprise Scotland's westernmost regions. The Outer and Inner differ to a remarkable degree considering they are less than a hundred miles from one another: here bens and mountains are replaced by soft rolling hills and high plateaus; forests and brush give over to treeless expanses of bracken and moorland; and jagged sea cliffs and rough rocky outcroppings are supplanted by ocean-scoured stone and sweeping sandy beaches. Between the Inner and Outer isles lies 'the Minch', a long expanse of cool blue water long rumoured to be home to selkies and other odd aquatic creatures.

Extending far north of the Scottish mainland, Orkney and Shetland are utterly exposed to the harshness of the North Atlantic. Virtually flat in many areas, these northern isles have few hills. Trees are non-existent, and shrubs and brush lie close to the earth to avoid the raking claws of wind and weather. The coastlines are given over to sea birds that flock here in the tens of thousands to nest. The gently sloping grasslands inland contain fertile soil, and much has been converted to farmland, while sheep roam the areas of hardy grass and scrub.

The lashing and tumultuous North Atlantic surrounds Shetland and Orkney, clusters of islands huddled within small archipelagos, and getting about often includes one or a series of ferries from one small isle to another. This separation reinforces a strong sense of isolation. Orkney and Shetland are almost distinct entities from mainland Scotland, and they 'feel' very different; their history as Norse-occupied lands and the presence of so many Stone and Bronze Age sites add to this feeling of difference.

Getting to and from Orkney and Shetland requires major planning. Most settlements cling to the coast, as fishing is an essential part of Orcadian and Shetlander life. Steamers leave from Aberdeen in the east and Thurso along the northern coast.

Due to the utterly inhospitable nature of the North Atlantic, plans are made on the day, and travel can be cancelled at any time. Captains have the final say, and listen closely to the wireless for weather reports and advisories. When travel is possible, steamers make trips to Kirkwall three times weekly and only once per week to Lerwick.

Scheduled steamers run between the mainland, Inner and Outer Hebrides, and Shetland and Orkney, but getting to specific islands is often far from straightforward. Travel from the mainland to Lerwick on Shetland, for example, takes considerable time and involves a number of different ferries; in the Hebrides, motor boats can be hired more easily, and local ferries run between nearly all major ports. A regular service, for example, connects Skye to the mainland through Portree, Kyleakin and Armadale.

All water travel is dependent on good weather, and good weather is not always easy to come by in the north and west of Scotland.

On the islands, paved roads are few. Single-track gravel roads and bare rock are the norm, and make for distinctly uncomfortable travel: most people prefer to travel by water when possible. On a number of isles, travel through the interior is all but impossible due to impassable terrain. The Islanders philosophy about travel is that it will happen or it won't: when faced with rough seas, it doesn't pay to try one's luck. Misjudging the weather can introduce serious peril into even a relatively short trip from one Hebridean island to another; longer trips to Orkney and Shetland involve even greater risk.

Getting around the Islands

Due to the complexity of island travel, tripling or quadrupling modern travel times should be used as a rough guide. Below are examples of average times required for investigators to reach the following destinations by steamer or boat:

- From Kirkwall to Aberdeen: 24 hrs
- From Kirkwall to Thurso: 4 hrs and 45 mins
- From Lerwick to Aberdeen: 28 hrs
- From Lerwick to Thurso: 23 hrs 15 mins
- From Portree to Fort William: 4 hrs and 30 mins
- From Portree to Stornoway: 4 hrs and 15 mins
- From Portree to Ullapool: 7 hrs
- From Stornoway to Glasgow: 21 hrs and 45 mins
- From Stornoway to Ullapool: 12 hrs

-Culture and People-

"The Islanders are often characterized as more solitary, withdrawn and suspicious than other Scottish peoples. We would do well to remember that this demeanour is the result of a history full of mystery and tragedy, brought to them by a succession of conquerors, invaders, and far stranger visitors."

(Dr Adam S. Carlyle, *The Making of Modern Scotland*, 1920)

In the 1920s only a small proportion of Scotland's total population inhabits the Hebridean isles and more remote Orkney and Shetland Islands. The population of the Islands is roughly equal to that of the Highlands, but much more dispersed. Only Mull, Lewis, Orkney, Shetland, and Skye have populations over one thousand, and many of the smaller isles are home to fewer than one hundred people. A lack of local industry and amenity, and the remoteness of the islands, has traditionally meant that few choose to settle there.

As with other regions of Scotland, the Great War profoundly effected the population of the Islands. Tragedy followed tragedy for the Islanders, and far fewer soldiers returned than left. Island populations have not recovered from these losses, and there is a strong feeling they never will. As a result, in the 1920s the islands of Scotland are wounded and haunted lands, although the Islanders are a hearty people and persevere, despite their losses.

Economic hardship, even prior to industrialization, saw nearly all young people migrate down to Glasgow and Edinburgh. Few men and women aged between sixteen and thirty live on the islands; most are over thirty-five, with many more approaching retirement.

Most Islanders live along the coast and make their livelihood through fishing, either on boats or in local fisheries; fewer reside inland on small farms or crofts and sow crops or raise sheep for a living. A tiny proportion of Island folk live by other means, including retail, tourism,

handicrafts, and some service industries. Most of what is made locally is consumed locally, and only the fishing industry is involved in wide-scale exports to the mainland.

Scottish Gaelic and English are the dominant languages of the Islands. Unlike the Highlands and Lowlands, Gaelic is a living and thriving language on many of the more remote isles, and investigators visiting the Outer Hebrides, for example, will likely encounter Gaelic speakers far more often than English.

In addition to spoken Gaelic, investigators will come across all manner of signs and documents written in Gaelic, including most town and place names; it remains the 'first' language of the more remote Islands and many, especially older folk, speak nothing but.

That said, English is taught in schools and so will be known to the young and most people under the age of forty. It is also an important language for trade, and those in the fishing industry and in tourism readily converse in English. Generally, visitors can get by with English, but may experience difficulty dealing with older persons or more remote communities.

Learning Gaelic:

Ciamar a dh'ionnsaicheas mi Gàidhlig?

Scottish Gaelic is not an easy language to learn, but classes in Stornoway, Kirkwall, and Lerwick are available for enthusiastic investigators. A few Highland colleges, notably in Inverness and Aberdeen, and one college in Glasgow offer similar instruction. Investigators studying Gaelic for six months, or taking year-long night school courses, develop an Other Languages: Scottish Gaelic skill of 2D10 percent; entering into immersive Gaelic courses for six months results in a score of 20+2D10. Investigators wishing to develop more native fluency must immerse themselves in study for a year or more—usually involving living in a Gaelic-speaking community—at which point they receive an Other Languages: Scottish Gaelic score of 40+2D10.

Most Islanders are Presbyterians belonging to the Church of Scotland; Lutheran and Roman Catholic churches are present in some of the larger towns and burghs, but their denominations are small in comparison. Separated from the mainland and the traditional Presbytery, the Islands practice a more restrictive and formal version of Presbyterianism. The church has considerable power in the region, though less so in Orkney and Shetland, which have a more diverse ecumenical history. It is fair to say that the pastor, elders, and deacons of the church are seen as significant figures in a local community. Visitors will find that travel and shopping on Sundays is impossible.

Mythos Cults on Scotland's Islands

Mythos cults on the Islands of Scotland tend to be more active and zealous than in other regions. Distanced from prying eyes and the need to check their enthusiasm, many cults conduct their dark worship with an obsessive fanaticism, holding their black rituals in the open, where whole towns and settlements are often Mythos faithful. Nowhere else in Scotland is the maddening presence of the Great Old Ones so concretely experienced or expressed by its people.

In larger towns, cultists instead confer and congregate in night-time gatherings or behind closed doors. Their conviction is duly rewarded, and many cult leaders have been taught powerful spells and have influence with lesser Mythos servitors. Though fewer in number, Island cults wield eldritch powers comparable to larger cults in the Lowlands or Highlands and are similarly motivated. Though insane, Mythos cultists show remarkable reasoning and restraint in achieving their goals. Irrespective of geography, individual cultists are motivated by the same perverse desires as those inhabiting every other region of Scotland; some act out a fearful servitude, some seek to sate their dark appetites for power or money, some lust for the unknown and unknowable, but all are convinced that their sacrifices and faithful obeisance will bring about reward.

The isles have ever been at the mercy of fishing stocks and the vagaries of the weather. Most folk are content to live at subsistence levels, and seek out additional work where and when it can be had.

Few Islanders could be called wealthy, and the idea of living an idle life is all but fantasy. Clinging tenaciously to the rock and scrub of these remote islands, few think of more than getting by from one day to another. Those who have time to dream of a different life have already left for the cities in the south.

Most Islanders live without the conveniences and gadgets common on the Scottish mainland and the rest of the world. From the mid-1920s, the wireless is still a rare and expensive luxury, although some households may have the cheaper “Cat’s Whisker” crystal sets, which require no batteries; central heating is practically non-existent, some go without appliances, and few even possess wristwatches. Time and change happen here with the wheeling of the sky and the rising and setting of the sun. If science has had an impact, it is most likely seen in new fishing and farming techniques, not in the ways each man and woman lives.

Islanders exist in tight-knit communities with strong traditional belief systems. Faced with adversity on a daily basis, they are resolutely taciturn in nature, and may at first appear hostile to outsiders. However, after getting to know the locals, characters will find Islanders hearty, strong, and capable people. Of all Scotland’s peoples, the Islanders are least likely to form lasting relationships with outsiders—after all, mainlanders come and go—but in the meantime they will be happy to lend a hand and share a story or two.

-Flora and Fauna-

The Islands of Scotland generally contain fewer varieties of flora and fauna than elsewhere in the country, but what they lack in variation they more than make up for in number. Sea birds, for example, flock to the island cliffs and promontories in the tens of thousands, and the waters surrounding the isles are teeming with life.

In the *machair*—the low-lying grassland common to most of the islands—orchids and other rare flowers bloom in the summer sun.

What follows is a short alphabetical list of some commonly encountered Island flora and fauna, any of which could be used to add local colour and flavour to scenarios. Statistics are given for fauna that might pose a threat to investigators.

Island Flora

Kelp (L. *Phaeophyceae laminariales*) – Kelp, more commonly referred to as seaweed, grows throughout the Scottish isles and includes a large number of different species. Some are particularly fast-growing, and can add as much as half a metre to their length in a single day. While providing a safe haven for fish and sea life, the entangling stems and blade-like leaves of the kelp can be a danger to swimmers.

Machair – Not a single flower or plant, *machair* is a floral ecosystem that clings to low-lying areas between island beaches and inland peat fields and bogs. It is particularly significant as a habitat for carpet flowers such as orchids and Irish lady’s tresses, and some rare birds, including corncrakes and ringed plovers.

Peat (L. *Sphagnum affine*) – Peat is a peculiar mixed construction of living and decomposed organic material (that is, a living moss-like growth lying atop successive layers of old, dead growth) that grows in wet and humid environments. Vast peat bogs and mires are possible in waterlogged areas, and can make travel all but impossible.

Investigators wishing to cross a peat fen or bog should have their movement scores halved or worse, depending on the conditions. Peat is also an important energy source in the Scottish isles, where dried peat is burned as a robust fuel for heating homes and cooking.

Island Fauna

Giant Squid (*L. Teuthidae architeuthis*)

– The giant squid is a massive ocean-dwelling cephalopod capable of growing to eighty-two feet (25 metres) in length. Although generally confined to the deep oceans, giant squid occasionally attack small ships and have been known to capsize vessels with their long constricting tentacles. Carcasses of whales sometimes wash up on island shores showing scars of squid attacks, including deep penetrating gouges from the squid's huge beak. Due to its size and strength, a giant squid is a formidable opponent, and its hard beak is capable of snapping a man in half or cutting through wooden hulls. Statistics for giant squid can be found in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook.



Guillemots (*L. Charadriiformes aalge*) – Often compared to penguins for their upright stance and poor mobility on land, guillemots are thick-billed, short-winged fliers that spend much of their time defending their chosen nesting spots and hunting small fish. Generally black in colour but with bright white chests and orange beaks, guillemots are excellent divers and capable of pursuing their prey far beneath the water.

Midges (*L. Culicoides impunctatus*) – Midges, common to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, are tiny, mosquito-like nuisances. The females of the species prey on humans and other mammals in thick clouds, particularly at dawn and dusk. Midge bites, although not initially painful, produce itching inflammation of the skin. As a result, it is common to see folk covered from head to toe in red, itchy bumps and blotches in summer.

Orcas (*L. Orcinus orca*) – Orcas, commonly known as killer whales, are extremely effective ocean-dwelling predators. They are strategic, brutal hunters and will attack humans. Highly social, orcas communicate through vocalizations and clicks, and often hunt in familial packs or 'pods'.

Capable of growing up to thirty-three feet (ten metres) long and possessing dorsal fins in excess of six feet (two metres), larger orcas can easily swallow a man whole, but are more prone to crushing and shredding prey with their powerful jaws and teeth.

Orcas – Intelligent Aquatic Predators

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	10D6+10	43
CON	5D6+25	42–43
SIZ	10D6+15	48
POW	2D6+6	13
DEX	2D6+6	13
HP	5D6+28	45–46

Movement:	14 swim
Damage Bonus:	+5D6
Skills:	Sense Prey 80%
Weapons:	Bash 35%, damage db Bite 40%, damage 2D10
Armour:	8-point thick skin and blubber
Number appearing:	2D6

Seals (*L. Pinnipedia phocidae*) – Seals are sleek, finned aquatic mammals that spend most of their lives in the water or at its edge. They are graceful and playful hunters that propel their muscular bodies through the water with great agility. They are capable of diving to tremendous depths, and possess the stamina and constitution necessary to undertake long ocean voyages as well. Seals communicate by guttural vocalizations and by slapping the water with their short fins. A common Islander legend relating to seals is that of the ‘selkie’, a mythical seal that can shed its skin to walk the land as a human being.

-Climate-

The climate of the Islands is temperate, although there is considerable variation in temper and temperature between the Hebrides and Orkney and Shetland. In the Hebrides, the weather is generally warmer and much less inclement than in Shetland and Orkney. The more remote northern isles are often battered by competing storms from the Atlantic Ocean and the North Sea; gales, thunderstorms, and pounding rain are near-daily occurrences on these northern isles.

The Hebrides, by comparison, enjoy more sun and benefit from the Gulf Stream, bringing warmer weather up to even the most northerly of the western isles. That said, hurricane-like conditions are possible and storm clouds appear on the horizon daily. In both Shetland and Orkney, and the Inner and Outer Hebrides, cooler temperatures at night usually bring rain. As in the rest of Scotland, investigators should prepare for rain and might wish to consider purchasing suitable attire, as umbrellas, however strongly reinforced, tend to snap in the high winds.

Average temperatures in Orkney and Shetland are among the most extreme in all of Scotland, whereas the averages for the Hebrides closely follow those of the mainland. In the winter months, snowfall is common on the northern isles, but uncommon in the west. When it comes, snowfall can be heavy and consistent, making roads impassable. Extreme weather in the Islands can be truly awe-inspiring.

Lashing rain, towering clouds, ear-splitting thunder and fierce winds can make life interesting and add considerably to mood and atmosphere. Travel by boat is impossible in such conditions, and getting temporarily stranded is a strong possibility.

Highland Weather Averages

Average temperatures:

Western summer averages: 14–16 °C 57–61 °F

Western winter averages: 2–4 °C 36–39 °F

Northern summer averages: 12–13 °C 54–55 °F

Northern winter averages: 0–2 °C 32–36 °F

Average rainfall per year:

Inner and Outer Hebrides: 255 days per year
(c. 1400 mm precipitation)

Orkney and Shetland: 290 days per year
(c. 1800 mm precipitation)

Average hours of sunlight:

(Note: For Hebridean averages, use the Highland averages provided in the Highlands section. Statistics below are for Shetland and Orkney only.)

January	4.1	July	15.4
February	5.8	August	13.4
March	8.3	September	11.6
April	11.4	October	8.4
May	12.9	November	5.8
June	15.7	December	4.7

[Source: British Meteorological Society]

-The Mythos in Scotland's Islands-

“For the folk inhabiting the Scottish Isles, the sea is both a vital source of nourishment and livelihood, and a source of fear, trepidation, and ancient dread. Simultaneously a life-giver and life-stealer, the dark waters and the denizens therein hold in their multiform hands the future of virtually every Islander.”

(Dr Adam S. Carlyle, *The Making of Modern Scotland*, 1920)

In a region dominated by ocean and sea, it comes as no surprise that the Mythos elements in the region are primarily aquatic. Islanders have long sought to appease the powerful Mythos entities that live and dream beneath the waves; great stone circles and tall standing stones attest to the rituals performed and sacrifices made to these Old Ones. Though hidden from view, the Mythos is alive beneath the water, and its influence on Island life is all too apparent. Isolated from the mainland and with little means of escape, the people of the Isles are ever under threat from these dark malign powers.

The following section provides Keepers with scenario seeds and resources for adventures in the Islands during the 1920s. As with the Lowlands and Highlands, each Mythos Threat is described in detail, and information on locations, spells and equipment are provided along with statistics.

Mythos Threat: Røgryndr the Unnumbered

Intrigue

Only one known tale exists of Røgryndr the Unnumbered, and none still live who have witnessed this colossal unspeakable horror. The tale comes from the early Vikings, who gave the beast its enigmatic name and title. The name defies translation, and the meaning of the epithet ‘The

Unnumbered’ remains a mystery. So successful a predator is Røgryndr the Unnumbered that no study of this leviathan of the deep has ever been made: all attempts to approach the mammoth creature have ended swiftly and suddenly.

Attempts to establish a dialogue have similarly failed, albeit less dramatically: its gargantuan intellect seems to operate outside our reality, and communication has proved impossible. Others suggest that like Great Cthulhu, Røgryndr the Unnumbered is merely dreaming at the bottom of the Atlantic, allowing its consciousness to roam in dimensions that our insignificant minds can neither imagine nor survive.

Its age, motives—if it thinks on such levels—and how it came to be on Earth are unknown. The fragile Norse vellum that contains the singular tale of Røgryndr the Unnumbered describes a thing akin to an oceanic titan or god: an impossibly large thing, rising from the depths like an island of pallid, whitish flesh. Its Cyclopean glistening bulk is said to have stretched out like a great undulating continent, complete with mountainous muscular structures and tower-like protuberances, mouths like great sea caverns and hundreds of long ‘seeking’ arms. These arms or tentacles extend hundreds of metres before ending in flat, blade-like appendages bristling with translucent, chitinous spines.

According to the tale of the lone Viking survivor, the size of the beast was such that as it rose from the depths the ocean bulged and then broke into tidal waves that capsized four longboats. The great tentacular arms then claimed another four longboats, with men and boats skewered on the long, sword-like spines as massive flat blades constricted around them.

The Viking watched as long arms carried the doomed men and crushed ships towards gaping cavern-like mouths set in its mountainous flesh; although he could see no eyes or ears, he related that Røgryndr the Unnumbered ‘knew’ precisely where the longboats lay in the water, and its numerous vile arms made straight for them.

No motive is given for the beast's rising, no reason why it spared the last longboat. The Viking describes the slow descent of the immense white thing back into the ocean depths, its gaping maws opening and closing ominously, its massive arms swinging ponderously to and fro, and the mountains of muscle slowly contracting as it slipped beneath the dark waves. Fortunately for him and us, the Viking survived the subsequent in-rush of water and churning foam as the displaced ocean waves crashed over the thing's titanic sinking form.

In the 1920s, Røgryndr the Unnumbered is believed to inhabit an area west of Orkney and Shetland, north of the Outer Hebrides, and south of the Faroe Islands. This two hundred square mile (five hundred square kilometre) expanse of the North Atlantic is not commonly travelled, but is frequently fished: the Gulf Stream brings a bountiful variety of aquatic life up to these northern climes. It is possible that Røgryndr benefits in some way from this location.

No further sightings of Røgryndr the Unnumbered have taken place. Some researchers suggest that Røgryndr might range up and down the entire western coast of Scotland and as far north as the coasts of Iceland and Norway: however, marine ecologists and climatologists have refuted this idea, stating that the movements of an entity as large as Røgryndr would disrupt oceanic currents, destroy sea-life habitats, and possibly even affect local weather patterns.

In short, such movement would be impossible to miss. It is more likely that the enormous creature has never moved from its centuries-old resting place—a theory advanced by a group of Mythos academics who believe Røgryndr the Unnumbered in fact lies dormant beneath the waves.



Røgryndr the Unnumbered

Røgryndr the Unnumbered, ageless, Unique Mythos Entity

STR 242 **DEX** 18 **INT** 37 **CON** 259
SIZ 487 **APP** — **POW** 33 **EDU** —
SAN — **Hit Points:** 361

Move: 2

Damage Bonus: +24D6

Skills: Sense Prey 95%, and others at the Keeper's discretion

Weapons: Grapple (tentacles) 100%, damage db

Armour: 25-point hardened skin and muscle; magical attacks do minimum damage

Spells: None, or at the Keeper's discretion

Sanity Cost: 1D10 / 1D100

Appearance: Røgryndr the Unnumbered appears as a colossal whitish-grey mass replete with long, extensible tentacular arms ending in flat, gripping appendages bristling with sword-like chitinous spines. It is thought to be more than a mile wide and several hundred feet high, given its mountainous and tower-like growths. These fleshy mountains house various cavernous 'mouths', each of which is served by a cluster of dedicated arms. The extent of Røgryndr's body that extends below the waves is a matter of some conjecture. No visible sensory organs are evident across its form, and it is widely held that it possesses alien senses that allow it to unerringly locate prey.

Introduction

As so few people know of the existence of Røgryndr the Unnumbered, introductions are likely to take one of two forms: either investigators come upon the legend of the Unnumbered One themselves while travelling in Shetland or Orkney; or they are contracted by academics or interested parties to undertake a fact-finding mission to ascertain the location and / or condition of the fabled creature. Another method might involve strange events off the shores of Orkney and Shetland; perhaps the characters are brought in to investigate a series of seemingly random or unconnected events that lead to discovery of this terror dwelling in the ocean depths.

Alternatively, a number of fishing vessels may have gone missing, and local fishermen are blaming one another, unaware of the Mythos threat. The investigators might arrive suspecting deep ones, only to stumble upon a different threat. Investigators are likely to be utterly unaware of the existence of Røgryndr the Unnumbered until they are suddenly faced with the monstrosity.

One could leave the physical immensity of Røgryndr the Unnumbered out of the scenario entirely, and instead focus on an adventure involving the leviathan's incalculable intellect. Perhaps a small Shetland village is tearing itself apart, driven by a sudden madness or deprived of sleep by terrifying recurring dreams. Or perhaps one human has finally managed—wittingly or unwittingly—to commune with Røgryndr, and comes to the investigators pleading for help as he is being driven insane. Another possibility is that the Unnumbered One has developed a sudden interest in worldly matters, and is bending and twisting the minds and wills of a group of individuals to do his dark bidding, and the investigators must find some way to break its hold over the group and put an end to its plans.

Investigation

The most significant piece of the puzzle for any investigation of Røgryndr the Unnumbered is the original vellum manuscript and a translation of the Viking text. The manuscript could be in a museum, in the special collection

of the Kirkwall City Library, or in the private collection of an enigmatic, wealthy shipping magnate. A new translation could reveal cryptic information or new revelations, possibly including a key to Røgryndr's location that previous translations have failed to note. No further documentary evidence of this Mythos entity exists on Earth. That said, enterprising Keepers might provide the characters with means of uncovering evidence not of the Earth...

Colourful locals and fishermen might also give accounts of strange happenings and provide vital clues. Locals may be plagued by strange dreams, for example, containing disturbing messages intertwined with mad imaginings. A collaborative or competitive Mythos researcher might already be working on the problem and prove helpful or harmful. Other interactions depend on whether the investigators are seeking to encounter Røgryndr the Unnumbered in the flesh, or are dealing with the machinations of his unearthly intellect.

Revelation

Røgryndr the Unnumbered cares little for earthly affairs. For millennia, it has subsisted on the ocean floor, taking nutrition from the abundant sea life filtering through its many mouths and swimming within reach of its long arms. In that time, it has sent its mind out to the deep gulfs of space, communing with other such entities when it has found them. Such dialogues are often difficult and time-consuming, as Røgryndr experiences time, space, and thought differently from all other known entities. It does, however, have a keen understanding of energy and resource, and acts accordingly to maintain its store of both.

Despite spending much of its time projecting its intellect into outer space, Røgryndr the Unnumbered is extremely territorial and will brook no competition or threat to its domination over the region it inhabits. It alone is the reason why the deep ones, including Father Dagon and Mother Hydra, shun this area and will not venture beyond the northern tip of mainland Scotland. A number of Old Ones and Great Old Ones are similarly aware of Røgryndr the Unnumbered and give it a wide berth or grudging respect.

Should investigators devise a means of achieving communication with Røgryndr the Unnumbered, it will be surprised and potentially amused by the contact. The response from Røgryndr will flood the minds of the investigators with a deluge of confusing and mind-bending visions, feelings and messages. This initial exchange with the alien will cost 2D6 / 4D6 Sanity points; if the dialogue continues over time, Røgryndr the Unnumbered will learn to attenuate its thought-sending to result in better and clearer communication. So alien are its thoughts that each subsequent communication will cost investigators an additional 1 / 1D6 SAN. Effecting mutual understanding will take time, but vigilant characters should be rewarded with the unique spell Contact Røgryndr the Unnumbered. The leviathan will be intrigued by this dialogue, and will coolly and logically consider any argument put forward by investigators. The challenge here will be to convince this vast otherworldly intelligence of the need to act for their or others' benefit: success should be rewarded suitably, perhaps with 5D10 SAN.

Players concluding they can 'deal' with Røgryndr the Unnumbered physically will be sorely disappointed: any attacks on the leviathan will be met with a swift and deadly response. No human force can match Røgryndr the Unnumbered once battle is engaged: simply put, in the 1920s Røgryndr the Unnumbered cannot be killed or defeated by any known means—earthly or otherwise. Investigators realizing this will lose 1D6 / 2D6 Sanity points.

Mythos Threat: 'Salty Bob', or Captain Robert Dawson

Intrigue

The tale of 'Salty Bob' or Captain Robert Dawson is a peculiar one. Robert Craig Dawson was born in 1743 in Armadale on the Isle of Skye, and spent much of his youth working as a cook's assistant aboard a number of small merchant vessels. After his sixteenth birthday Dawson travelled to King's Lynn in Norfolk, where he joined the Royal Navy as a bosun's mate.

Over the next decade, Dawson was promoted to bosun, second mate, first mate, and finally captain in 1773. In the following year, he was given captaincy of the *Turnberry Swift*, a small and agile privateering vessel.

Dawson took to privateering like a duck to water, and within a matter of years had secured a significant amount of booty through a number of high-profile attacks on foreign merchants and traders. Word of his success even reached his home of Armadale, where locals gave Dawson the moniker 'Salty Bob'. Between 1775 and 1785 Dawson lived the high life and enjoyed the spoils of his privateering; he became a gambler of some renown, if limited success, and was said to have kept mistresses in a number of ports. All of this changed on the 17th of November, 1785, when the Crown signed an agreement limiting privateering and the *Turnberry Swift* was reassigned.

Robbed of his ship, Dawson was given a pension and offered the opportunity to captain a naval supply vessel. It was an offer that Dawson rejected out of hand before returning to Armadale with what little booty had survived his lust for gambling and his many mistresses. In Armadale once more, 'Salty Bob' was a broken man, and after a short stint as a fishing boat captain soon fell in with a ring of smugglers operating throughout the Hebrides. His naval service proved advantageous in this new pursuit, and Dawson soon proved himself a successful smuggler.

A year later, however, his pride was still stinging and his pocket was far too light for his liking. Seeking to remedy the situation, Dawson roped a group of ambitious smugglers into conducting a raid on the HMS *Cormorant*—the very supply ship that he had been offered command of. The *Cormorant*, Dawson knew, carried more than supplies to Fort William and Fort Augustus: twice a year, it carried soldiers' and officers' pay north, and returned south to Liverpool carrying Crown taxes. Dawson planned to make off with both.

In a daring morning raid in the summer of 1787, he succeeded and escaped with not just the Crown's taxes, but a large cache of gold bullion destined for the King himself. On the way back to Armadale, Dawson made a pact with his first mate, Coll MacEwen, to keep the lot for themselves

and do away with the other smugglers. In the dead of night they did just that, and put the bodies overboard before sailing into the Sound of Sleat. They went to an isolated smuggling cove south of Tarskavaig, planning to bury the booty there for the time being.

For all his cunning, Dawson must not have suspected that his trusted first mate would murder him on the return to Armadale, and throw his body overboard into the Sound of Sleat. It was all for naught, however, as the Crown captured MacEwen less than two weeks later and summarily hanged him for piracy. The booty and Salty Bob's body were never recovered.

Imagine Dawson's shock when, more than a century later, he found himself brought back from the dead, lying prone inside a pentangle inscribed in blood with a single cultist chanting furiously over him. Imagine further his sudden realization that a century of salty brine had reduced him to a set of brightly bleached bones that, despite lacking cartilage and sinew, functioned like a complete body. Imagine finally the surprise of the cultist who saw Salty Bob rise anew, suddenly grab the sacrificial knife from his hand, and plunge it into the cultist's own fleshy gut.

Perhaps unsurprisingly, this magical revivification left Salty Bob insane and raving. Finding himself in the 1920s did little to help the situation: today, Salty Bob lurks on the edges of civilization, occasionally slipping into the small burghs and towns on Skye by night, and at other times wandering deep into the island's forests and moorlands. For reasons even he likely does not comprehend, some months ago he stole a pair of worn leather boots, a thick brown overcoat, and a black fedora from the home of Charlie Gibson, a pensioner in Kilbeg. He now wears these articles of clothing wherever he goes.

Salty Bob has returned several times to the smuggler's cove south of Tarskavaig, but found no solace in the booty still buried there. He has also revisited the now rotting carcass of the cultist who brought him back to life, and has even thrown a handful of gold bullion over his swollen body. Salty Bob believes (correctly) that the cultist was after the ill-gotten booty.

Salty Bob is a lost soul, his days filled with confusion, torment, and madness. He does experience moments of lucidity, but they come and go with frightening rapidity. His daily existence and actions are chaotic, and he walks the earth as a skeletal embodiment of madness. He is as likely to save a puppy from drowning as to stick his rusty cutlass in a tourist's stomach.

Salty Bob

**Salty Bob, undead,
Animated Skeleton of Robert Dawson**

STR 09 **DEX** 08 **INT** 12 **CON** —
SIZ 12 **APP** — **POW** 11 **EDU** 08
SAN — **Hit Points:** 12

Move: 5 / 10 walking / running

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: As the Keeper desires

Weapons: Rusty cutlass 20%, damage 1D6

Armour: None, but projectiles have only 33% chance of hitting bone; being a magical reconstruction, Salty Bob takes double damage from magical attacks

Sanity Cost: 1 / 1D8

Appearance: Salty Bob is little more than a bleached white skeleton, with no flesh whatsoever and wearing a pair of old brown leather boots, thick woollen overcoat, and a black fedora (which he physically holds down on his skull in anything more than a slight breeze). These features alone distinguish him from the garden-variety animated skeleton. In life, Robert Dawson fancied himself a swashbuckler, but as he has lost much of his agility he now has difficulty wielding his rusty cutlass with any efficiency. His preferred method of attack, should

the mood take him, is a clunky and straightforward stabbing motion. Otherwise his movements are surprisingly life-like, given his condition.



Introduction

The story of Captain Dawson is well known in and around Armadale. Fishermen and old maritimers in Portree, Stornoway and even Fort William have heard stories of Robert Dawson, although none of them are aware that Salty Bob now walks the earth as a magically animated skeleton. Nonetheless, investigators can be introduced to Salty Bob in a number of ways, the simplest of which is to encounter him personally, and then have the investigators work backwards to learn the full story and find some means of freeing the unfortunate creature from its torment.

Additionally, if the body of the cultist is discovered, the characters might be brought in to investigate, and might find the gold bullion left at the scene a useful clue to work from. Also, as mad as he is, Salty Bob is not the most careful of creatures, and may have been spotted

stalking across farmers' fields, hillside meadows, or even darkened town streets; the appearance of a partially clothed walking corpse will not go unnoticed, and should provide investigators with an intriguing mystery. A more intriguing introduction might involve a local historian or intrepid amateur detective who has pieced together the puzzle of Dawson's disappearance and the raid on the HMS *Cormorant*, only to be discovered dead, with only his or her journal a clue to the seemingly motiveless murder.

Alternatively, as an amusing break between hair-raising Mythos scenarios, Salty Bob could be presented as a 'treasure hunt', where investigators learn of Dawson, the raid on the *Cormorant*, MacEwen's betrayal, the enterprising cultist, the rise of Salty Bob, and ultimately the location of the buried booty. However the investigators encounter Salty Bob, some emphasis should be given to ensuring he is sent to his final and eternal rest.

Investigation

A host of local characters can provide investigators with information about Salty Bob. Histories and documents in Portree and Armadale tell of the original Captain Robert Dawson and his demise at the hands of Coll MacEwen. Conflicting or contradictory stories might require investigators to determine the truth behind the events. Legends concerning the lost booty are plentiful as well, and some may even have a grain of truth in them. The ancestors of the original smugglers who still reside in or near Armadale might share information, or pass on logs or diaries hinting of buried treasure and hidden coves.

If Salty Bob has been seen, terrified witnesses provide exaggerated tales of the undead horror stalking the island. Perhaps old age pensioner Charlie Gibson will recognize the skeleton in these tales is wearing his stolen boots, overcoat and hat! The police will be a particularly useful source of information and clues if the scenario involves the discovery of the slain cultist or the murder of a tourist; perhaps the cultist was in possession of a dangerous tome providing spells for resurrection and revivification, or perhaps Salty Bob's madness has led him to pepper the landscape with odd signs, evidence of bizarre happenings, and strange clues for the investigators to find and ponder.

Revelation

Salty Bob is perhaps more Mythos mystery than threat, although he is clearly capable of murder and is a danger to the local populace. Is he a tragic figure or a raving murderer? It's safe to say the tormented skeleton doesn't even know himself. The threat posed by Salty Bob will likely be resolved in one of two ways: either his bodily form will be physically destroyed, or he will be magically disembodied. Only the latter will lay Robert Dawson finally to rest.

If Salty Bob's body is destroyed—and this can be managed quite easily—his soul will remain trapped in this world and his torment will increase tenfold. Over time, driven by increasing madness, he may become a powerful poltergeist or wraith, and further intervention may be required to see him finally at peace. Investigators choosing to simply destroy the skeleton will feel the job has only been half done, and will experience lingering doubts. If they later hear of Salty Bob's continuing activities they will lose 1 / 1D10 Sanity points, realizing they left the problem unsolved.

On the other hand, investigators reversing the cultist's spell or somehow magically releasing the trapped soul will see Salty Bob make some fleeting sign of thanks before departing forever from this world. Successfully releasing Dawson's soul and removing this Mythos threat will merit a 2D10 Sanity point reward.

Mythos Threat: The Blue Men of the Minch

Intrigue

The Blue Men of the Minch are a degenerate group of deep one hybrids that have been cut off from their deep one kin largely due to the presence of Røgryndr the Unnumbered (see above). The Blue Men inhabit the 'Minch', a body of water lying north of the Isle of Skye and sandwiched between the Isle of Lewis and the Scottish mainland. More specifically, the Blue Men live in a system of underwater caverns that lie at the base of the Shiant Islands south of Stornoway.

The existence of the Blue Men can be traced back to Pictish times, when a group of deep ones travelled through the Highland Lochs from the east coast of Scotland seeking new habitats to exploit. During that time, the migrant deep ones established a cult amongst the Picts and began a programme of interbreeding that resulted in numerous deep one hybrids. These hybrids were inculcated into deep one society and brought beneath the waters of the Minch. The most capable were taught rudimentary magic and schooled as priests of Great Cthulhu.

For more than a hundred years this interbreeding continued, and the number of hybrids grew steadily. Moving on from this success in the Minch, the deep one elders decided to travel north to seed their foul influence in Orkney and Shetland. Entrusting the Minch colony to the eldest hybrids, the deep ones travelled north; their fate is unknown, but they never returned to the Minch.

In subsequent years the hybrids failed to command the respect of the Pictish cultists and the cult died out completely. Beneath the waters of the Minch, however, the hybrids continued the dark rituals taught them by their deep one masters. They successfully bred among themselves, but their progeny grew ever more degenerate. Though long-lived, over time the number of successful breeders dwindled, and so did their population; further inbreeding resulted in terrible mutations and reduced intelligence in successive generations. These generations forgot the ceremonies and lore that had been passed on to them by the deep ones, and finally forgot the deep ones themselves.

In the 19th century, the degenerate hybrids began attacking ships and small settlements, resulting in vibrant tales of the 'Blue Men of The Minch'. Far more disturbing in the 1920s is the increasing incidence of Blue Men kidnapping whole families on the isle of Lewis; the motive behind these kidnappings is unknown, and police are baffled by the disappearances.

The degenerate hybrids, with their thick bluish-white skin, grossly proportioned amphibian features, and curving bent backs, are far more grotesque than the hybrids that first went under the waves so many centuries ago.

They no longer value humans, nor think of collaborating with them; instead, they take what they desire, and destroy everything else. Among the Islanders, the Blue Men of the Minch are considered to be monsters out of legend.

Few people really believe in the Blue Men, and fewer still attribute the recent disappearances to them. Nonetheless, over the past eighteen months, the Blue Men have managed to 'collect' eight families, consisting of sixteen adults and twenty-two children and young adults. Interestingly, no person over the age of forty-five has ever been taken and, more perplexing, five babies were left screaming in their cribs.

Blue Men of the Minch, Degenerate Deep One Hybrids

Char.	One	Two	Three	Four	Five
STR	15	16	13	14	12
CON	09	08	09	10	09
SIZ	14	13	15	14	11
INT	05	06	07	03	05
POW	10	10	11	09	11
DEX	09	11	10	12	11
HP	13	12	12	12	10

Move: 8 / 10 walking / swimming

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Hide in Water 35%, Listen 30%, Sneak in Water 35%, Spot Hidden 40%

Weapons: Claws 35%, damage 1D6 + db
Hunting Spear 25%, damage 1D6 + db, impaling weapon

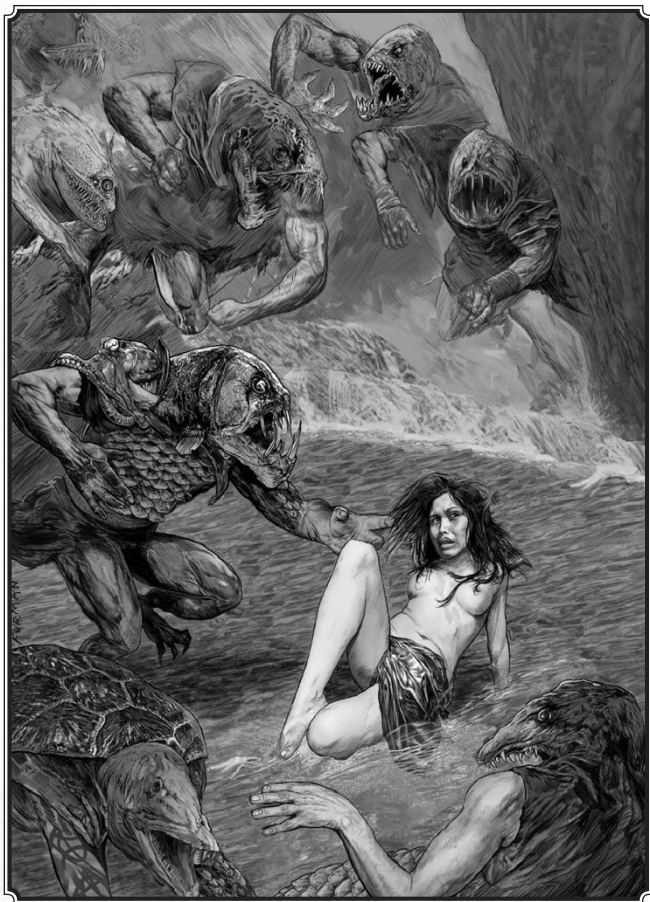
Armour: 1-point toughened skin and scales

Spells: None, or at the Keeper's discretion

Sanity Loss: 0 / 1D6

Introduction

It is unlikely that the investigators will stumble upon the Blue Men of the Minch themselves. Instead, the most likely introduction will be through concerned persons, communities, or police asking them to look into the unfathomable disappearances. A friend who has lost a family member, for example, or is concerned for one of the missing families, might call the investigators in; perhaps a wealthy landowner invites them to his estate after two working families suddenly disappear from his lands. Perplexed Lewis police might even be inclined to contact the investigators after hearing word of their success in other unusual cases.



Alternatively, a terrified farmer or other local citizen might witness horribly bent, goggle-eyed figures kidnapping a family living nearby; afraid to admit to such a sighting to police for fear of being pronounced crazy, he or she contacts the investigators through a friend in the hope they can help. Another interesting idea might be for one, two, or indeed all of the investigators to themselves

fall into the clutches of the Blue Men, and thereafter try to free themselves and other captives from their foul clutches and ensure their disturbing schemes are brought to an end.

Investigation

Investigating the Blue Men likely could entail three different elements: physical evidence examined or uncovered at the scenes of disappearances; interviews with police, witnesses (if any), and local islanders; and documentary evidence relating to the Blue Men of the Minch, such as old legends or recent sightings. Dealing with the Blue Men allows for some real sleuthing, as investigators must first try to ascertain how and why these disappearances are taking place, and then decide on a course of action to resolve the situation.

For physical evidence, investigators may gain access to the site of the latest disappearance(s), and any information already discovered by police. Local police can be helpful or a hindrance—each offers interesting role-playing opportunities. The homes of kidnapped families are best suited to these investigations, and may hold a number of tantalizing and possibly misleading clues.

Investigators may wish to interview any local islander claiming to have witnessed one of the Blue Men attacks; they will describe strangely crouched humanoids whose mottled naked skin shone oddly in the moonlight, and who seemed to possess superhuman strength. Police and others will discount such sightings, and investigators will have to determine the veracity of such claims themselves.

Eventually investigators will discover the Blue Men of the Minch are behind the kidnappings. The next step should be to rescue the kidnapped families and put an end to the Blue Men's evil machinations. Again, this can be achieved in a number of ways; investigators may even infiltrate the Blue Men caverns beneath the Shiant Islands and rescue the families in person. The degenerate hybrids are strong in body but dull in mind, and investigators can easily outwit them. If engaged in combat, however, the Blue Men will fight viciously.

Another possibility is for the investigators to somehow contact the Blue Men and try to negotiate the release of the kidnapped islanders. The Blue Men will suggest an initial meeting place and, should the investigators take the bait, will fall upon them, seeking either to kill them outright or kidnap them. If, at any point during the scenario, the Blue Men recognize the threat posed by the investigators, they will also attempt to kill or kidnap them.

Revelation

The Blue Men of the Minch have reached a perilous point in their history. The elders have watched as generation after generation of mutated and inferior offspring have weakened their bloodlines. Now it seems the latest generation is incapable of siring new young, and mutation has made procreation with older breeders impossible. Their twisted young seem susceptible to disease, and often die before reaching maturity.

The elders dimly recall the olden times of the Pictish cult and the first hybrids, but have no understanding of how those hybrids came about. All they remember is that somehow they need the humans, and to this end they have begun kidnapping human families and experimenting upon them. These awful experiments have been unsuccessful, and many of the frail humans have died in the process. Prone to frustration and violence, the Blue Men are especially cruel gaolers, and further kidnappings have been necessary to compensate for these deaths.

The Blue Men of the Minch present a considerable threat to the Hebridean peoples. The kidnappings and the gruesome 'experiments' look set to continue; the determination of the Blue Men is matched only by their lack of understanding, and taken together these are a dangerous combination. From the Islanders' point of view, the only acceptable solution is the death of the dangerous hybrids, particularly in light of the mistreatment and murder of their kin. The Blue Men caves hold a population of more than thirty hybrids, some of whom are so degenerate as to be incapable of combat. Still, this number is significant enough to require careful planning if an attack of any kind is to be made.

If destroying the Blue Men is not an option, the investigators may try to convince the hybrids to leave the area. This less satisfactory solution at least gives the Lewis islanders some peace. A more interesting alternative might be for investigators to persuade the Blue Men to travel north in search of their deep one ancestors, particularly if they are unaware of the presence of Røgryndr the Unnumbered. Such a move would see the Blue Men threat dealt with by another Mythos threat.

Defeating the Blue Men of the Minch and returning the surviving families to Lewis should be rewarded with a healthy Sanity reward, perhaps 3d10. Lesser rewards should be given for solutions that do not involve the rescue of the Islanders or leave any Blue Men to strike again. Using Røgryndr the Unnumbered as an innovative means of despatching the Blue Men might warrant an additional 1d10 reward.

-Cities in Detail: Kirkwall-

Originally a Norse outpost, Kirkwall on Orkney was founded in 1035 by Earl Rognvald Brusason. Acquired by James III of Scotland in the mid-1500s, Kirkwall quickly established itself as an important transport hub for the northern isles. Now a royal burgh, Kirkwall in the 1920s is the commercial, administrative, and transport centre of Orkney. Once the centre of a Norse empire linking Scandinavia to Iceland, Ireland, Argyll, and the Western Isles, Kirkwall still retains some of its Norse aspects, particularly in its Old Town and the magnificent St Magnus Cathedral.

Kirkwall looks decidedly more Scandinavian than Scottish and, despite nearly four hundred years of Scottish rule, still feels at times as though it were a Norse port. The name Kirkwall derives from Kirkjuvagr, Norse for 'Church Bay', and refers to St Olaf's Church built in the 11th century. Kirkwall's development is tied to its strategic and economic importance as a port; in the Twenties, it lies at the centre of the Orcadian archipelago, and all roads on the island lead there.



Kirkwall is the point of arrival and departure for anyone visiting Orkney. Large ocean-going steamers to Aberdeen run twice weekly, while smaller steamers such as the 'Orcadia' travel three times a week to the north of Orkney. The Aberdeen steamers bring large numbers of people into the town, especially in the summer when its hotels swell with businessmen, fishermen, and a few adventurous tourists. The harbour is undoubtedly the busiest part of town, and is often full of multicoloured vessels bobbing up and down at the pierside or anchored in Kirkwall Bay.

Although the fishing industry is important to Kirkwall, farming is more reliably profitable. The low-lying lands surrounding the city are full of farms, taking their livelihood from the black, fertile soil. The nearby Highland Park Distillery—the most northerly distillery in Scotland—supplements the island's farming and fishing trades. The distillery began life as an illegal distilling and smuggling operation back in the 18th century, but is now a legitimate enterprise. Whether whisky, crops, or seafood, Orkney's goods are exported through Kirkwall and Stromness to the mainland and further afield.

The port facilities in Kirkwall employ a considerable number of Kirkwall's residents, with the Orcadia steamer a regular visitor. The layout of Kirkwall itself, however, takes some getting used to: busy Harbour Street runs along the waterfront and hosts most of the port facilities; Bridge Street and Junction Street run perpendicular to the harbour and lead inland towards the town centre.

Kirkwall's main street is Broad Street, which is home to the Town Hall, St Magnus Cathedral, and most of the town's hotels and shops. At the end of Broad Street, the Earl's and Bishop's Palaces are located on the aptly titled Palace Street. East of the town is 'The Mount', the remains of a Cromwellian fort.

Shopping on Bridge, Albert, and Broad Streets is on a par with just about any other small town in Scotland. The narrow streets of Old Town, namely Castle Street and the Strynd, are mediaeval in origin, with worn cobblestones and tiny sandstone buildings pressing in from every angle. These two streets are home to some of Kirkwall's poorer and odder establishments. Beyond these stand the larger

hotels—notably the Royal, Queen's and Castle Hotels—and buildings of Kirkwall, including the palaces, St Magnus Cathedral, and the Town Hall.

The town banks, post office, police station, and newspaper can all be found on Junction Road behind the Town Hall. Every Thursday, Kirkwall's newspaper *The Orcadian* offers local news and colourful commentary. The Kirkwall police station is little more than a hole in the wall and is often empty as Kirkwall's three constables walk the streets. The town's pubs are dotted around the city and are generally quiet and comfortable.

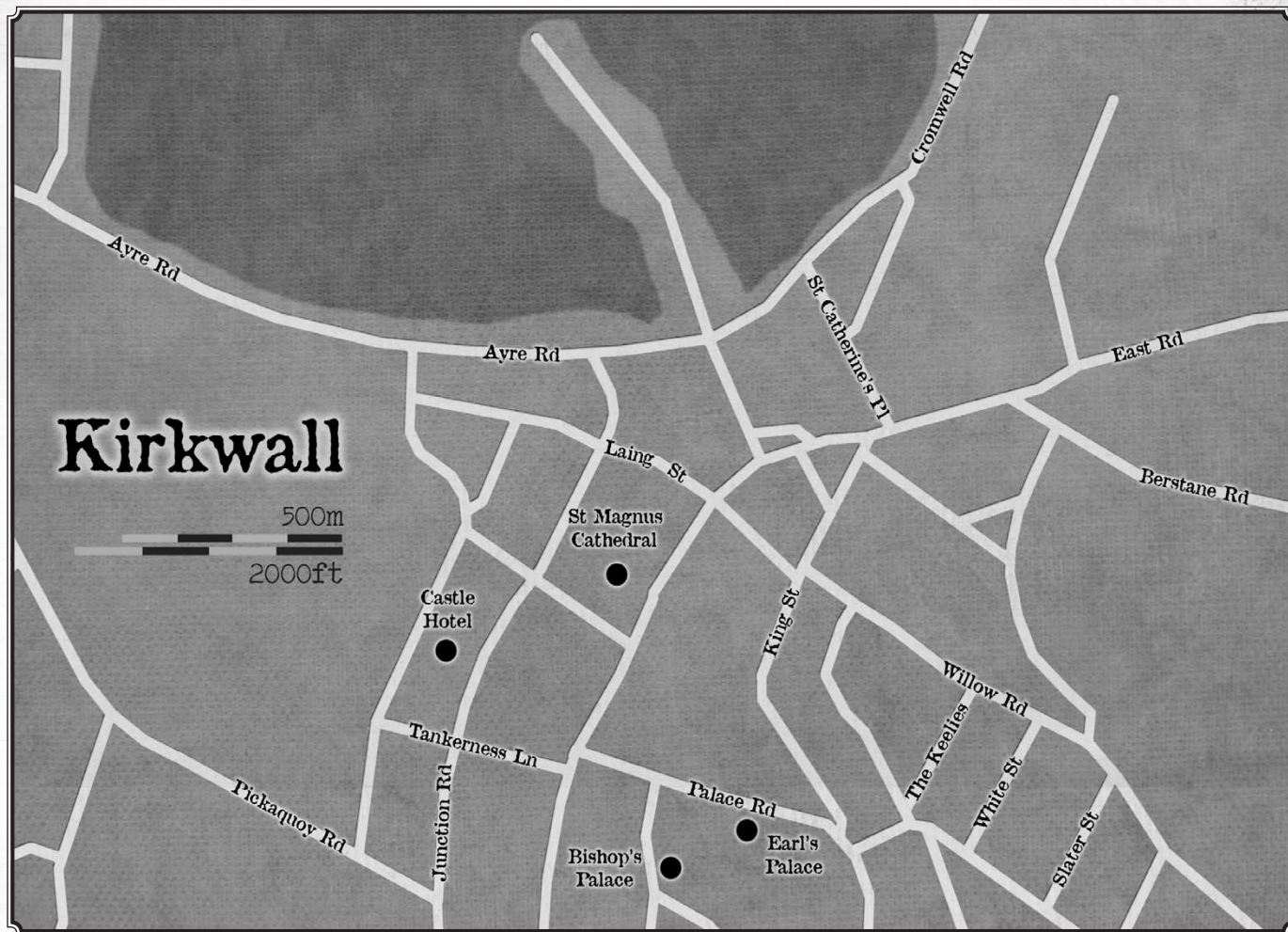
Investigators wishing to visit the many Norse and Neolithic sites that pepper the island, such as Maes Howe, the Stones of Stenness, and Skara Brae, will either require their own motor car or need to hire a coach out of Kirkwall, which can be arranged through their hotel. A cheaper alternative would be to use the 'mail-gigs' that leave very early each morning for different locations on the island, or to wait for the daily motorbus which connects the main outlying communities, and which stops at Maes Howe and Stenness. Investigators will need to register their intention to join the mail-gig with the Post Office.

Travel to any of the islands of the Orcadian archipelago is accomplished using the inter-island steamer the 'Orcadia' that leaves from Kirkwall three times weekly. Shorter trips could potentially be arranged by approaching fishermen or locals directly. As with all sea travel, weather plays an extremely significant role in determining whether or not ships leave the harbour at all.

Places and People of Note in Kirkwall

Bishop's Palace

The stone walls, high round tower, and lush grounds are all that remain of this ruined palace, home to the Bishop of Orkney in the 12th century. The palace is famously where King Haakon of Norway died in 1263 after the Battle of Largs. On a successful Spot Hidden roll, perceptive investigators will note Elder Signs inscribed into the stonework of the ruined chapel; on a successful halved



Archaeology roll or quartered Geology roll, investigators will discover signs of a buried stairwell leading down into the earth.

Excavating the stairwell will take time, and reveal a door to a hidden vault beneath the ruined chapel. The door is petrified but inscribed in gold with an Elder Sign. Behind the door is a small room with a curious square well in its centre. All around this well are further small Elder Signs. The well itself is four feet square and descends into inky blackness below.

The room contains nothing else apart from a great deal of mould. A successful halved Spot Hidden roll will reveal some writing scratched into the soft stone wall; the text is mostly obliterated, but anyone knowing Norwegian may discern the phrase “*veien å helvete*” (‘the way to Hell’). Where this well leads or what it connects to is left open; it

could, for example, access a long-hid underground complex or the lair of a malevolent creature. Or perhaps the well acts as a gate and investigators sending a rope down will have it summarily ripped from their hands after it reaches a certain depth.

Earl's Palace

Sitting next to the Bishop's Palace is the Earl's Palace built by the famously cruel Earl Patrick Stewart in the 17th century. The extensive palace was known to be constructed by forced labour and many of the labourers are said to have died from overwork and been buried outside the palace walls. Despite the stories, the palace is not known to be haunted. Now lacking its original wooden roof, the palace is still an interesting site full of grand rooms with huge fireplaces as well as a series of descending passages leading to a deep, claustrophobic dungeon.

St Magnus Cathedral

St Magnus Cathedral is geographically and spiritually the heart of Kirkwall as well as being the town's foremost site of interest. In the 1920s, the cathedral is working towards its 800th anniversary and is one of the oldest standing cathedrals in Scotland. Inside the great sandstone structure, the architecture and styling are distinctly Scandinavian. A number of prominent Orcadians are buried here, including the Arctic explorer John Rae and Saint Magnus himself. Many tombs are sculpted with skulls and exposed skeletons and inscribed with chilling sayings. One memorable tomb bears the inscription: 'remember death waits us all, the hour none knows'.

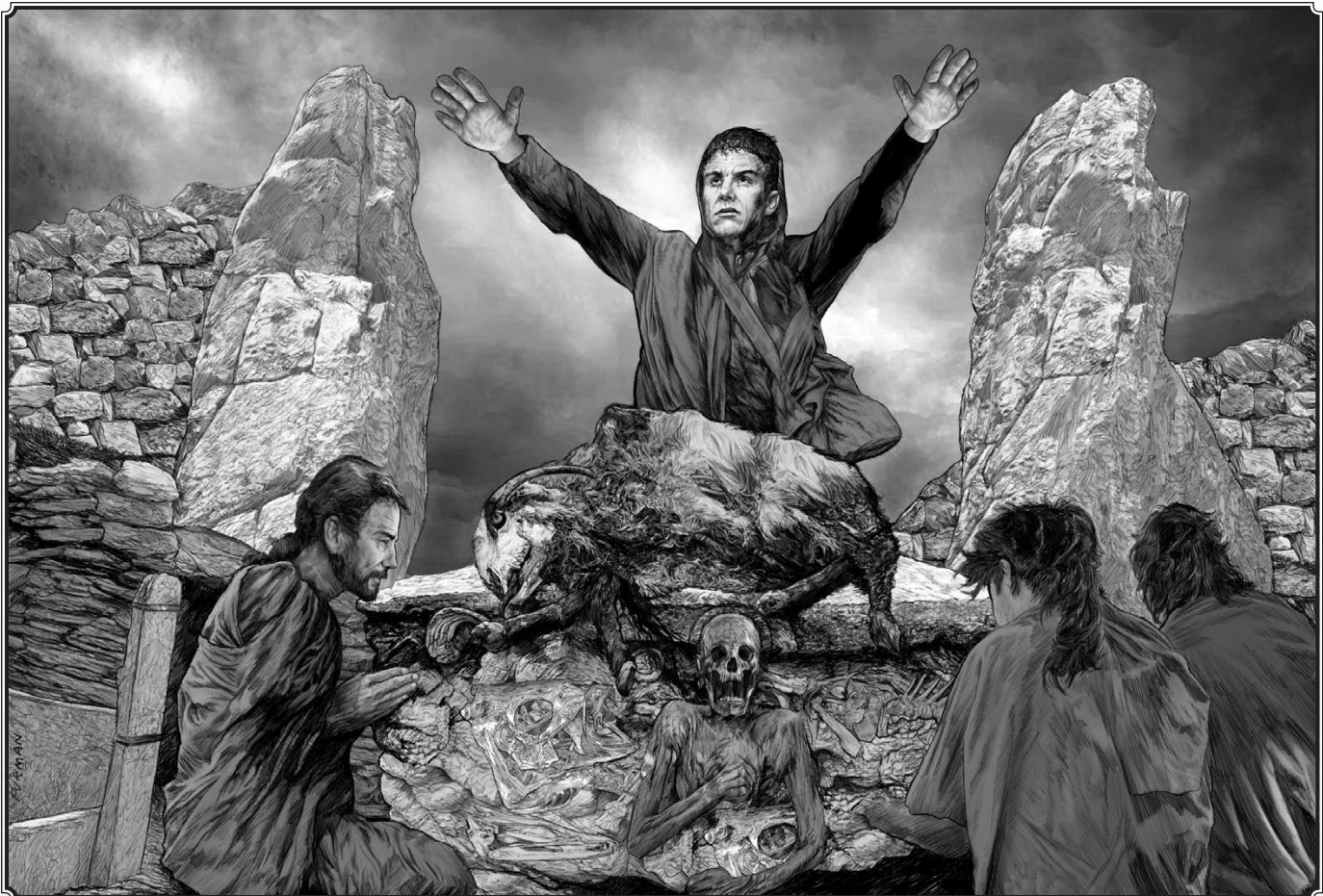
On display in the cathedral are a number of historic artefacts, and one in particular might be noted by investigators: a mediaeval witch's spell box. Although protected behind glass, the opened box reveals a number of sheaves of yellow paper bearing a writing that is both otherworldly and highly disturbing. Foul images run in

line with the indecipherable text and appear as horrific children's drawings. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll reveals two of the three visible pages contain poorly drawn sketches of fire vampires. The text is a mystery, and does not conform to any known language.

Castle Hotel

Kirkwall's Castle Hotel is amongst the finer establishments on Orkney. Expensive by local standards, it is remarkably affordable considering the quality of the service and the posh decor. Normally home to well-to-do businessmen and wealthy landowners, Kirkwall's more down-to-earth residents generally shun the Castle Hotel. Nonetheless, it would certainly suit upper-class characters.

For the past three months a wealthy American by the name of Mr Trevor Smithson has rented out the most expensive suite in the hotel. Over that time, Smithson has been present at most of the high-profile social events



in Kirkwall. He has become a dinner guest at all the best houses and has been aggressively targeting wealthy islanders for some sort of private venture. Few are privy to the nature of this venture, but a number of top players in Orcadian society have already joined. The venture is in fact a new society for the Orcadian elite. Under the premise of a profitable gentlemen's club and unbeknownst to its newest members, Smithson is actually laying the foundations for a new branch of the Cult of the Bloody Tongue.

Smithson is a priest of the cult, and devoutly worships the Bloody Tongue, an avatar of Nyarlathotep. He has come to Kirkwall from New York after encountering several Orcadian businessmen on one of his travels. Smithson is now actively recruiting members and already has planning permission for the club. If the investigators are even remotely wealthy, they will likely encounter Smithson during their travels and he will solicit their membership.

Smithson is a powerful priest of the Bloody Tongue and will not hesitate to use magic to get his way or to remove opposition. He has managed to ingratiate himself with many of Kirkwall's most powerful families, and could make life difficult for investigators. He has already converted several members to the cult, and will not stop until he has created a powerful branch operating out of Orkney.

Mr Trevor Smithson, Entrepreneur

**Trevor Smithson, age 42,
Priest of the Bloody Tongue**

STR 14 **DEX** 12 **INT** 13 **CON** 13
SIZ 14 **APP** 14 **POW** 12 **EDU** 15
SAN 00 **Hit Points:** 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting 21%, Credit Rating 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 18%, Fast Talk 58%, First Aid 22%, Medicine 18%, Other Languages: Scottish Gaelic 20%, Photography 40%, Ride 35%, Spot Hidden 20%

Weapons: Ivory-topped walking cane 25%, damage 1D4 + db

Armour: None

Spells: Body Warping of Gorgoroth, Contact Bloody Tongue (Nyarlathotep), Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Flesh Ward, Shrivelling, Stop Heart, Summon / Bind Byakhee, Summon / Bind Star Vampire

Appearance: Smithson is a tall handsome man in his early forties with a deep, rhythmic voice and confident persona. He is clean-shaven, wears tailored suits from New York's finest tailors, smokes expensive French cigarettes, and smells faintly of sandalwood and pine. His brown eyes are deep-set beneath his brow and his dark brown hair is normally slicked back or kept out of sight beneath a black fedora.

Smithson has the look of an active man, despite a lifestyle brimming with expensive lunches and dinners, fine wines and costly cognacs. This outward appearance is a ruse, of course. When alone in his apartments, Smithson spends his midnight hours working dark magics and punishing his body in ways too vile to describe. Blood and sweat literally soak his sheets and Smithson pays for the linens which he burns every morning in the suite's fireplace. Smithson is very good at playing the American entrepreneur role and even takes some pleasure in the act. His true desire is to serve the Bloody Tongue. If threatened, he will find a way of dispatching the threat as quickly and efficiently as possible, likely using magic.

-Cities in Detail: Portree-

Portree, or Port-an-Rìgh in Scottish Gaelic, is the largest settlement on Skye and the main centre of commerce and trade for the island. Tiny in comparison with mainland towns, Portree consists of three broad squares around which most of the amenities and local businesses are clustered. Roads in and out lead either towards the steamer at Kyleakin or into the interior of Skye.

Despite a native population of under a thousand people, Portree is a thriving and busy port. A number of hotels accommodate merchants and tourists, and in the summer months the town's population swells with visitors drawn to Skye's natural beauty.

Portree began life as Kiltragen, but changed its name to Port-an-Rìgh ('King's Port') following a royal visit by King James V in 1540. It has been an important port since the mediaeval period, with fishing always its main industry.

In the 1920s the harbour is a hive of activity, with fresh fish and seafood being unloaded, bought, and sold from dawn to dusk. The fish market off Quay Street brings a large number of Hebridean boats into port and, subsequently, Portree is often home to a diverse collection of Islanders.

Sitting on the shores of the Sound of Raasay, Portree is surrounded by dramatic sea cliffs, rocky beaches, and green rolling hills. Across the harbour lies a thin peninsula known locally as 'The Lump', where public hangings were carried out up until 1898. It is said that the ghost of the 18th-century thief Hamish MacDonald walks the peninsula to this day with his neck broken, his head resting on his shoulder, and his swollen tongue lolling from his gaping mouth.

The town centre lies behind the bustling harbour piers. Bank Street is Portree's main street, and runs parallel to the harbourfront. Somerled Square is home to a recently commissioned war memorial for soldiers lost in the Great War, as well as the centuries-old *mercat cross* or market

cross. From the later 1920s onwards, privately run motor coaches stop in the square before travelling out to the far corners of Skye, although most excursions are by motor cars from outlying villages arriving to meet the steamer. At the southern tip of Bank Street is the newly constructed hospital, Skye's only modern medical facility. Most of the town's stores, hotels and restaurants line the roads leading into Somerled Square.

Shops in Portree sell essentials but offer little in the way of luxuries. The hotels, likewise, are functional but uninspiring: the Royal Hotel off of Somerled Square is best known for hosting historic guests such as Bonnie Prince Charlie; the King's Hotel and Isle of Skye Inn also offer perfectly acceptable accommodation. Three local public houses serve the population of Portree: the Kingfisher inside the Royal Hotel is a brightly lit lounge; the Boom and Bowsprit, affectionately known as the 'Boomer', is midway up Stormy Hill road and popular with Portree's residents; and the Press Gang on Quay Street is a rougher establishment full of fishermen and dockworkers.

Of all the local shops, Macallans on Somerled Square has the largest selection and items can be ordered in, if necessary, but delivery can take a week or more. The town library is also on the square and holds a decent selection of modern books as well as a smaller collection of historical texts and newspapers dating back to the 18th century. The Portree Free Church and St Mary's Church provide for the town's faithful Protestants and Catholics respectively, and are full to capacity every Sunday morning.

Portree receives weekly steamers from Oban, Stornoway and Glasgow. The 'Chieftain' and 'Claymore' steamers leave for Stornoway on Wednesdays and Saturdays, respectively. Steamers for Glasgow and Oban leave on Tuesdays and Thursdays, respectively. Regular ferry travel to the mainland is managed through Kyleakin further down the coast. Roads across Skye from Portree are primarily single-track and vary tremendously in quality; the roads between Portree, Kyleakin, and Armadale in the south are by far the busiest.

Investigators travelling beyond Portree will need to hire a vehicle, unless they have their own, or hire a motor car with driver. Kenneth Muir runs a small transport company, K.W. Muir Conveyance, on the outskirts of Portree and can provide automobiles for hire. Travel to smaller islands such as Raasay, Eigg, and Rum is accomplished by ferry or motor launch from Portree or Armadale.

Places and People of Note in Portree

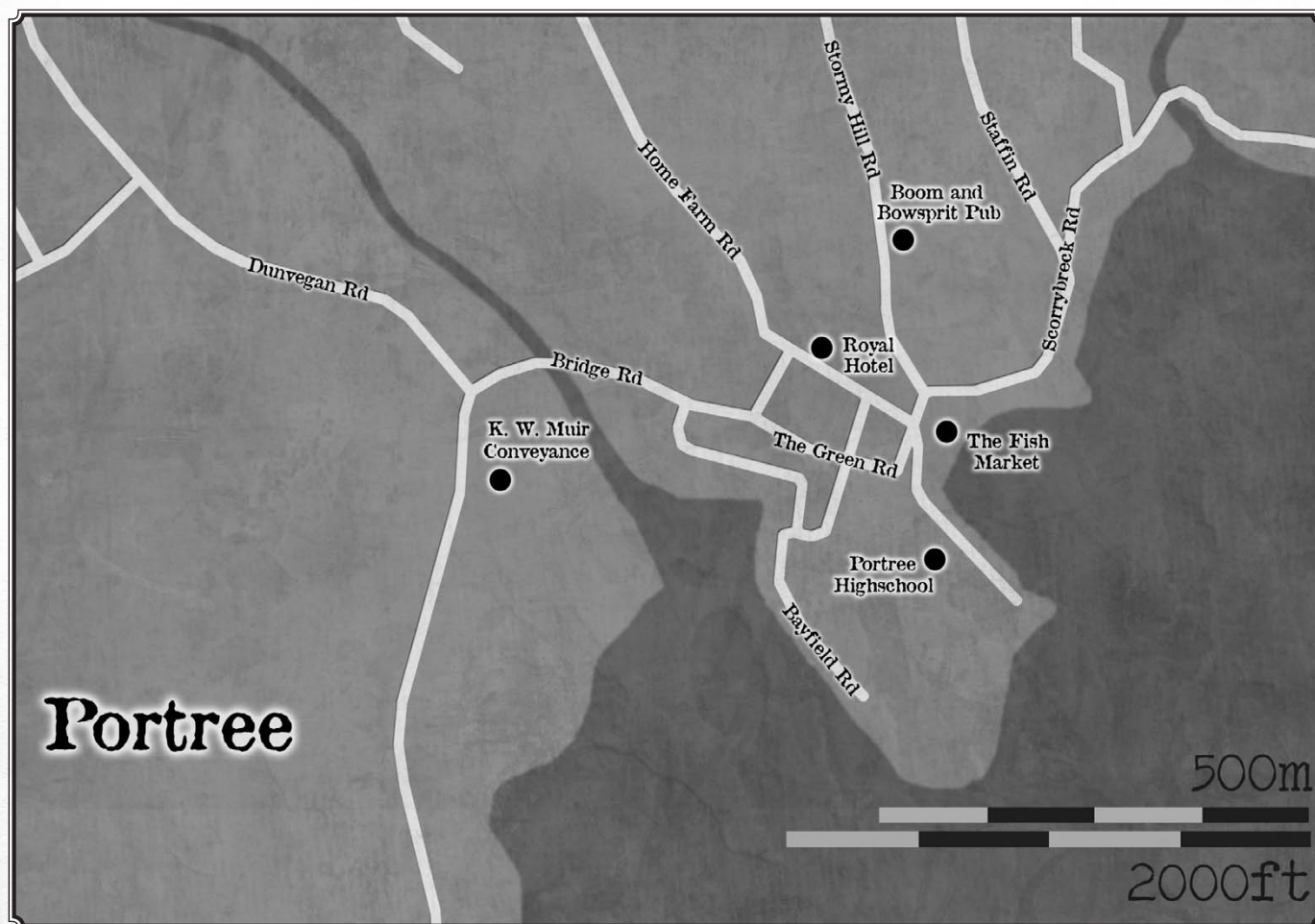
Boom and Bowsprit Public House

The Boom and Bowsprit, or 'Boomer', is easily the busiest pub in Portree. The worn bar, brass fixtures, pitted oak floor, and burnt red walls are familiar to a large portion of Portree's residents. Bric-a-brac and knick-knacks cover nearly every available surface and add a colourful, cluttered charm. The pub owners, George and Marjorie Hendry, are

accustomed to locals bringing oddities from around Skye and the world to fill the spaces that remain.

Apart from its ales, wines and whiskies, the next best thing on offer at the Boomer is conversation. Information and opinion on nearly every topic are available from the clientele. Notable in this company of talkers is old Marjorie herself. With her wild, wiry silver hair, sparkling green eyes and a rapier wit, Mrs Hendry stands out easily from the crowd. The proprietor's wife is ever-present, and regularly the only woman in the pub. The locals have long come to terms with the 'old man's wife' serving up drinks and talking up a storm.

Marjorie Hendry is the closest thing Portree has to a wise woman, and she knows a thing or two about just about everything. Locals call her 'Mammy' and 'Marj' but she prefers Mrs Hendry or Marjorie. She has keen eyes and keener ears, and the Mythos has not escaped her attention.



She knows enough to treat any Mythos threat as a real danger and will do whatever she can to be helpful. Marjorie Hendry is well-respected, and most folk will listen when she has something to say. By extension, most people will readily help investigators if Mrs Hendry is involved. When not in the Boomer, she will either be sleeping in her bed or at the Lavender Tea Rooms two doors down from the pub.

Mrs Marjorie Hendry, Proprietor of the Boom & Bowsprit

**Marjorie Hendry, age 72,
Knowledgeable Town Matriarch**

STR 06 **DEX** 07 **INT** 16 **CON** 08
SIZ 06 **APP** 12 **POW** 12 **EDU** 12
SAN 45 **Hit Points:** 07

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Bargain 77%, Credit Rating 21%, Cthulhu Mythos 06%, English 94%, Fast Talk 58%, Listen 45%, History 85%, Occult 15%, Persuade 53%

Appearance: Hendry is a tiny woman just over five feet tall, whose deeply wrinkled face and stooped figure make her appear a good decade older than she is. Beneath the silver-grey façade, Hendry is a little firecracker with great mental acuity. She has sparkling green eyes, a small slightly rounded nose, and a smile that could brighten any room. Her long, wiry hair is pulled back messily in a wild tangle and her choice of clothing is at best outrageous. She is fond of green shoes, flowery blue dresses and bright yellow cardigans.

Hendry is an exceptional listener and will ask probing questions before ever offering an educated, or at least informed, opinion. She has considerable sway with Portree residents and often uses her influence to see that things get done.

The Fish Market and Portree High School

The Portree Fish Market bustles with activity. If fish is what the investigators are after, they will find it here in abundance. Every once in a while something decidedly different arrives in the fish market. Mutations are a part of life, but some of the things that crawl into fishermen's traps beggar belief. What is perhaps more disturbing is the local schoolteacher's desire to collect these aquatic horrors. Philip Archer's predilection for the strange has not gone unnoticed by locals and many are none too happy to have him teaching their children. A recent addition to Portree from London, Mr Archer has been in town less than a year.

They have reason to worry as Archer is in fact a cultist and plans to raise a Cthulhu cult on Skye. In the dead of night, Archer makes dark sacrifices of these mutations, hoping to be blessed by Great Cthulhu. In his madness, he believes every sacrifice brings him closer to Cthulhu, and will do virtually anything to acquire the sacrifices he needs.

Mr Philip Archer, Science Teacher

**Philip Archer, age 35,
Teacher and Cthulhu Cultist**

STR 12 **DEX** 15 **INT** 14 **CON** 11
SIZ 12 **APP** 09 **POW** 13 **EDU** 17
SAN 00 **Hit Points:** 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Anthropology 15%, Cthulhu Mythos 26%, Fast Talk 48%, Geology 24%, Meteorology 19%, Natural History 81%, Persuade 15%, Psychology 37%

Spells: Contact Deep One, Contact Cthulhu, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Wrack.

Appearance: Archer is a thin, reedy man of average height with short, thinning blond hair and a slightly darker moustache. His high cheekbones and piercing blue eyes give him a severe and commanding look.

His demeanour and manner of dress suggest an English heritage, but it is his Oxfordshire accent that gives him away immediately. Archer typically dresses in darker suits and never goes anywhere without his trademark black umbrella. He is universally despised by his pupils, but believes himself to be an inspiring orator and takes some enjoyment in teaching. Far more important in his mind, however, is his quest to serve Great Cthulhu and provide the sleeping god with sacrifices. At the moment, his sacrifices are confined to special 'offerings' provided by the sea, but Archer has plans for so much more.

K.W. Muir Conveyance

Kenneth Muir is the owner and proprietor of K.W. Muir Conveyance, a delivery and transport outfit situated on the south-eastern edge of the town. Muir will be useful to investigators should they wish to hire a car, have something delivered, or need the use of a large truck or van. His enterprise is currently a small yard with a handful of vehicles. His tiny wooden shack operates as the business headquarters of the growing Muir empire—at least so he hopes. Possessing an entrepreneurial spirit, Muir will be glad to help investigators provided there is profit in it.

Royal Hotel

One of the largest buildings in Portree, the Royal Hotel is also one of the oldest. With eighty rooms, a lounge, a restaurant, catering facilities, and a large open lobby, the Royal is frequently booked up throughout the summer due to its popularity with tourists (and devastatingly empty during the winter...). The Kingfisher lounge and Starling restaurant are among the most expensive venues in Portree, and the clientele of both tend not to mix with local residents.

Despite its reputation and the cost of its rooms, the accommodation and service at the Royal are not significantly better than those of Portree's other hotels.

-Cities in Detail: Stornoway-

In the 1920s, Stornoway (Old Norse for 'Steering Bay') on the Isle of Lewis is the largest town in the Hebrides. It is a popular departure point for exploring Lewis and the other islands making up the Outer Hebrides. Situated on a magnificent natural harbour, it has for centuries been an important port for trade and travel. As a Scottish settlement, Stornoway dates back to the 11th century, when the MacNicol family built Stornoway Castle. Today the castle is no more, having been destroyed by Cromwell in 1653 and its stonework used to construct a new pier in the early 19th century.

Farming, fishing and to a much lesser extent mining are the main industries in Stornoway and Lewis. The people of the Outer Hebrides have never been particularly well off, and poverty in the 1920s remains a major problem. In 1918, Lord Leverhulme of the Lever Soap empire purchased the whole of Lewis and neighbouring Harris, intent on dragging the isles into the 20th century.



His 'MacFisheries' national retail chain of fish and seafood outlets seems to be taking off and he has also put considerable funds into regional farming. However, the Great War has had a terrible impact on the lives and livelihoods of the Lewis islanders. Stornoway and the rest of Lewis are also still in mourning after the horrible Iolaire Disaster.

The Iolaire Disaster

On New Year's Eve 1919, 284 Lewis servicemen, family, and friends boarded the *Iolaire* at 7.30 pm to cross the Minch to Stornoway. In the early hours of the morning, and for reasons unknown, the *Iolaire* struck a rocky outcropping called the Beasts of Holm (*G. Blastan Thuilm*) and foundered. In the black and moonless night, all but a handful of men drowned. In the 1920s, not a single village has been left untouched by the disaster and many still grieve the loss of family and friends. Only recently have some begun to question the event that led to the disaster and a few have even suggested that 'supernatural' forces were at work that night.

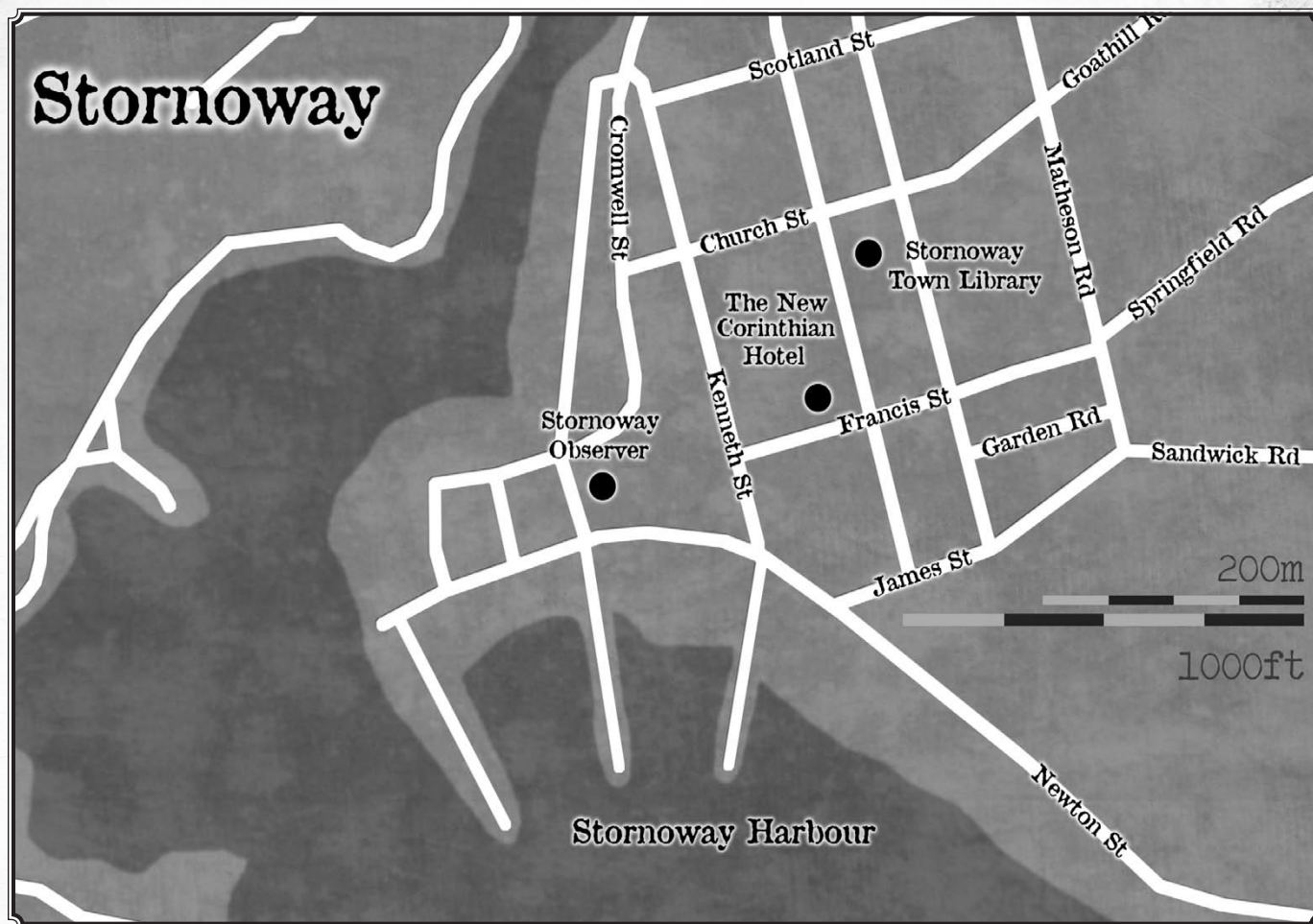
Investigators arriving in Stornoway's busy port will find the town full of fishermen, farmers, dockworkers and merchants. Particularly in the early 1920s, Stornoway is a town on the move. Isolated from the financial and political crises of Glasgow and Edinburgh, Stornoway has weathered the storm surprisingly well. New steamer services to Glasgow, Oban and as far away as Stromness and Liverpool brought about a surge of growth.

As the largest settlement in the Western Isles, Stornoway is the main hub for business and is full of shops that cater to a wide gamut of needs and tastes. Back from Shell Street and the harbour, the Town Hall, library, and the local Free Church stand near the town centre. A host of shops and even a few national department stores surround these. Shops are open daily except on Sundays, when all venues are shut, with no exception.

The harbour and its piers have shaped the layout of Stornoway and remain central to the town's economy. Public houses and restaurants lining South Beach and Shell streets are full of fishermen, cannery workers, and others working in the fishing industry. During the 1920s, more than three thousand fishermen work out of Stornoway, swelling the town's population to just over four thousand people: the local police force struggles nightly to deal with the brawling that results from this overpopulation and attendant over-indulgence. The *Stornoway Observer*, the town's newspaper, has become infamous for reporting the sordid details behind these altercations and, when it can, naming and shaming those involved.

Travel in and around Stornoway is accomplished primarily via boat and motor car. If the investigators do not have their own vehicle, automobile hire can be arranged through hotels and dedicated drivers can be hired for an additional fee. Roads are single-track, coming perilously close to sea cliffs and can be overrun with sheep. For characters with an archaeological background, travel outside the city is certainly worthwhile as the Isle of Lewis is dotted with a tremendous number of important and spectacular prehistoric sites.

Calanais (also known as Callanish), some forty-five miles from Stornoway, represents one of Scotland's most dramatic series of standing stones, the original purpose of which is still hotly debated. Tourism, though very much in its infancy, does bring the occasional national and international visitor out to Calanais and similar sites across Lewis. As a result, Scandinavian, Germanic and Romance languages mix with the prevailing Gaelic on Stornoway streets.



Places and People of Note in Stornoway

New Corinthian Hotel

The New Corinthian has recently been taken on by new management and undergone a four-month-long facelift. The new owners, Grant and Mary MacLeod, have been drumming up business on the piers and docks with promises of an affordable room with breakfast and dinner included. Investigators are likely to encounter the MacLeods and will find the couple charming and sincere. Their offer of a cheap room, cooked breakfast, and filling evening meal is the best deal in Stornoway.

Due to the MacLeods' unorthodox marketing methods a number of the people currently staying at the hotel are not the sort who would normally stay at a four-star hotel. One such person is Mr Marcus Kilpatrick, a fishing supply

salesman from Liverpool. Kilpatrick has recently come up on the steamer from England to speak with the people at MacFisheries.

Kilpatrick appears as a nervous, frighteningly apologetic character who seems physically distressed. Anyone commenting on this distress will be told that Kilpatrick hasn't been sleeping well of late. With a successful halved Spot Hidden roll, the investigator(s) become aware of something very unusual about his ashen, sweaty skin. Over time and with another success, the investigators will notice Kilpatrick's skin crawling, as though something were independently moving beneath it.

If Kilpatrick notices the investigators looking at him, he will quickly excuse himself from whatever situation he is in and return to his hotel room. If he later allows himself to be examined, a successful Medicine roll will confirm that

his condition is unnatural. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will lead investigators to consider possession. If they have had experience with Eihort or his brood (see page 188 of the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook or Chaosium's *Malleus Monstrorum*), they will suspect that Kilpatrick has been infested with an immature brood.

The situation for Kilpatrick is very dire indeed. Even if investigators want to do something to help him, there is little that can be done. Kilpatrick has completely blocked knowledge of his infestation from his conscious mind, although he relives moments of the initial horror over and over in his nightmares. He will not be able to tell the investigators how he was originally implanted: to remember would kill him, he is sure of that much. If Kilpatrick is made aware of his condition in a way he cannot ignore, he will suffer an immediate 1D20 Sanity loss.

If the players alleviate Kilpatrick's suffering—even temporarily—they should receive a 1D6 Sanity point reward. If they magically or otherwise remove the Brood of Eihort infestation, they should receive a 1D20 Sanity point reward, and Marcus Kilpatrick will reward them however he can. Whether he lives or dies, characters might investigate the cause of his infestation, potentially leading to another scenario.

Mr Marcus Kilpatrick, Fishing Supply Salesman

**Marcus Kilpatrick, age 55,
Unfortunate Infested Salesman**

STR 14 **DEX** 10 **INT** 10 **CON** 12
SIZ 16 **APP** 05 **POW** 08 **EDU** 10
SAN 11 **Hit Points:** 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting 80%, Law 27%, Library Use 26%,
 Listen 32%, Persuade 82%, Pharmacy 45%, Spot
 Hidden 22%

Sanity Cost: 1D6 / 2D10 to see Kilpatrick split apart by the Brood of Eihort

Appearance: Kilpatrick is an unattractive, obese man in an ill-fitting brown suit and a gold-striped black tie, accessorized with little gold anchor cufflinks. His obesity brings him much unwanted attention and Kilpatrick spends an inordinate amount of time apologizing for this or that. His face is ashen, his skin is a pale, almost translucent white, and he sweats profusely no matter what the temperature. His light-brown eyes are slightly jaundiced and very bloodshot.

Kilpatrick suffers from truly horrible nightmares; for months, he has been fighting the controlling influence of the Brood of Eihort teeming beneath his skin. The brood is maturing fast, and it is only a matter of time before they split open Kilpatrick's body and free themselves. More than a thousand small, white, globular spider-like creatures creep beneath Kilpatrick's sweaty flesh, vying for control over his wracked body. Kilpatrick is only aware of this on a subconscious level, although the physical manifestations of his infestation disturb him greatly. He has not gone to a physician and will refuse any medical attention, choosing instead to ignore his condition.

The Stornoway Observer

The *Stornoway Observer* prides itself on hard-nosed reporting. Run by the eclectic Malcolm MacBrayne, the *Observer* under his leadership has moved on from merely printing farm reports, church announcements, and classifieds. MacBrayne is intent on investigating the 'doun 'n' dirty' elements in Stornoway society. He is already criticized for being overly dramatic, and not everyone in town appreciates his 'getting to the bottom' of things.

Nonetheless MacBrayne is a potential ally. He is tenacious, and investigators might use that tenacity to their benefit if they can convince MacBrayne that something is worth investigating. Alternatively, it might be MacBrayne who comes to them when a story pushes beyond the boundaries of 'responsible journalism'. Either way, MacBrayne gladly collaborates to see the truth brought to light.

Mr Malcolm MacBrayne, Reporter

**Malcolm MacBrayne, age 42,
Owner, Editor and Reporter of the Stornoway
Observer**

STR 11 **DEX** 08 **INT** 15 **CON** 14
SIZ 11 **APP** 09 **POW** 10 **EDU** 12
SAN 55 **Hit Points:** 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Accounting 10%, Credit Rating 15%, English 68%, Fast Talk 77%, Journalism 81%, Law 46%, Library Use 65%, Listen 45%, Sneak 10%, Spot Hidden 40%

Appearance: MacBrayne is a slender man just under six feet tall with a thin moustache and wire-frame glasses. He is never without his worn brown hat and trademark tan Oxford overcoat. MacBrayne has bright grey-blue eyes, a thin aquiline nose, and a contagious smile. His voice is not overly deep, but is very loud and he makes good use of it. If MacBrayne is one thing, he's a talker. His mouth gets more mileage than most island steamers. Nonetheless, his constant prattle is always interesting, if controversial. He's a helpful man, particularly if he can see a personal or professional benefit in being helpful. He's also not afraid of accepting payment for information or of paying for it. Whatever gets the job done is fine by him.

Stornoway Town Library

The local library has a surprisingly good collection of modern and ancient texts on subjects relating to life in the Scottish Isles. Newspapers, maps, and archival material are all available for research on histories, historical figures, persons of note, and events relating to Lewis, the Hebrides, and Scotland in general. The librarian is helpful and skilled at her job. The library also houses an excellent collection of photographs, many of which are on display throughout the building.





Shadows over Scotland

Scenarios

-Death and Horror Incorporated-

A string of nightmarish incidents in Glasgow's East End leads investigators to Glasgow Cathedral, HM Duke Street Prison, the Royal Infirmary, and the Necropolis—all situated within a mile of each other—to uncover a dark nexus of evil.

-Introduction-

This scenario is designed for experienced *Call of Cthulhu* players and requires the investigators to put together pieces of a complex puzzle. It can, however, be reworked for novice characters. The scenario takes place entirely within the Glasgow city limits, and most of the action is confined to a single square mile, as shown on the map below.

The scenario is essentially a Mythos 'murder mystery', involving a diverse cast of antagonists and supplemental characters, numerous locations, and a range of clues and

evidence. A 'plot map' is provided to keep track of characters, locations, motivations, and clues; evidence and clues are embedded in each section, also available as downloadable player handouts at www.cubicle7.co.uk.

There is no predetermined order of play, and investigators will likely require time to piece together the Mythos threat behind the seemingly motiveless murders. The scenario is open-ended, and so can incorporate diversions or scenario breaks. By all means let investigators struggle along, believing they are on the trail of a serial killer, cultists, or even werewolves, before finally learning of the danger lying beneath Glasgow's Necropolis.



-Keeper's Information-

The Story So Far

Scotland's long and bloody history has made the country a near perfect habitat for colonies of ghouls. These charnel-hungry monsters have fed off Scotland's dead for centuries. The colony living beneath Glasgow's Necropolis is now the largest in Britain, and rivals the greatest colonies in Europe. However, over time, the swelling ghoul population has begun to outgrow the precious resources available to it. The bones and corpse flesh of Glasgow's dead can no longer sustain the vast numbers of ghouls inhabiting the Necropolis.

In the 1920s, this situation has become untenable, and the normally reclusive ghouls have begun to emerge from their dark underground colony and stalk the streets of Glasgow. Hungry and increasingly desperate, some are hunting the living. Meanwhile, the colony's elders seek more permanent solutions. One ghoul warlock, Garachar, believes he has found the answer or, at the very least, a means to sustain the colony whilst working towards a solution.

Garachar, Elite Ghoul Warlock

**Garachar, age 158,
Elite Ghoul and Powerful Warlock**

STR 17 **DEX** 13 **INT** 13 **CON** 16
SIZ 15 **APP** — **POW** 18 **EDU** —
SAN — **Hit Points:** 14

Move: 9

Damage Bonus: +1D4

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

Weapons: Bite 36%, 1D6 + automatic worry (1D4 per round unless a STR vs. STR Resistance roll is made to open the ghoul's jaws)
 Claws 44%, damage 1D6 + db

Armour: Projectiles do half damage

Spells: Augur, Cause / Cure Blindness, Cause Disease, Clutch of Nyogtha, Detect Enchantment, Dominate, Implant Fear, Mask (Pose Mundane), Stop Heart, Summon / Bind Hunting Horror

Sanity Cost: 0 / 1D6

Appearance: At nearly seven feet when standing erect, Garachar is tall for a ghoul, but he is also considerably thinner than his brethren. Like all ghouls, his bent hind legs terminate in black, cloven hooves, and his features are decidedly canine in appearance. His foul rubbery skin is mottled black and dark brown, and covered in sparse, spiky hair or bristles. His eyes are blood red and his teeth a sickly yellow. Garachar has a deep and commanding voice. As with all ghouls, he communicates through a mixture of growling, gibbering, and guttural noises.

Garachar has enlisted a pioneering human anatomist Dr James Cullen in a complex plan to provide the ghouls with much-needed corpses. A brilliant but disturbed mind, the doctor has been driven mad in his quest for power over death itself. Cullen believes fervently and single-mindedly that the 'seat of intelligence'—his term for the conscious self—is contained 'in the flesh', and he is determined to find its hiding place. Garachar has convinced Cullen that this consciousness can be passed from one body to another through a combination of ritual and magic, thereby achieving a kind of immortality.

Dr James Cullen, Anatomist

**Doctor James Cullen, age 38,
Delusional and Insane Anatomist**

STR 09 **DEX** 14 **INT** 18 **CON** 12
SIZ 10 **APP** 12 **POW** 16 **EDU** 18
SAN 00 **Hit Points:** 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Anatomy 98%, Chemistry 54%, Cthulhu Mythos 22%, First Aid 51%, German 38%, Latin 55%, Library Use 39%, Listen 27%, Medicine 89%, Persuade 41%, Pharmacy 65%, Theology 19%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 15%, damage 1D4 + db**Spells:** Contact Ghoul, Dominate, Secrets of the Flesh*, Stop Heart

(*Secrets of the Flesh is in fact a ritual invented by Garachar to encourage Cullen's experiments and deepen his madness. The disturbing ritual involves the mutilation of bodies and costs 1D4 Sanity points but has no other effect)

Appearance: Doctor James Cullen is a man of average height and weight with thin, greasy black hair, pockmarked skin, and squinting, close-set eyes. He is an insufferable know-it-all, and highly critical of everyone he meets and everything they say. He takes great pains to listen to everything people say, openly glaring at them or staring at their mouths: his intention is always to look for flaws in arguments and then attack. Thus, conversations involve long pauses, much ogling, and snide comments. He will suffer no criticism of himself or his work, and will immediately disengage from any conversation he feels does not benefit him.

Cullen is prisoner to his lust for power. He believes he alone possesses the knowledge and skills to discover the seat of intelligence and achieve immortality; he has carefully inculcated this belief in one other individual:

the noted Glasgow philanthropist Sir Gregory Arkwright. Arkwright visits Dr Cullen's clinic in hopes of overcoming a rare degenerative disease. The first symptoms of this disease appeared in his forty-fifth year; now forty-eight, Arkwright appears to be about ninety years old, and is confined to a wheelchair. He is desperate for a solution and believes that Cullen's research holds the answer. A student of the occult, Arkwright is intrigued by Cullen's hypothesis concerning the seat of intelligence. Arkwright now provides Cullen with considerable funding in the hope he will be able to cheat death. His faith in Cullen is unwavering, and he would give the anatomist everything he owned if it would secure his immortality. Cullen has kept the exact nature of his gruesome research and the ghoulish connection hidden from Arkwright.

Sir Gregory Arkwright, Philanthropist

**Sir Gregory Arkwright, age 48,
Desperate and Troubled Philanthropist**

STR 06 **DEX** 05 **INT** 15 **CON** 06
SIZ 10 **APP** 09 **POW** 10 **EDU** 12
SAN 38 **Hit Points:** 08

Damage Bonus: -1D4

Skills: Accounting 17%, Bargain 85%, Credit Rating 86%, Fast Talk 75%, French 45%, Naval History 45%, Occult 57%, Psychology 21%, Rifle 45%

Appearance: Arkwright is confined to a wheelchair and looks ninety years of age, despite only recently turning forty-eight. He suffers from a rare degenerative disease that is rapidly killing him. A year ago, he was still able to walk and take care of himself; two years before that, he was the toast of Glasgow and perhaps the city's most eligible and wealthy bachelor. Now he rarely leaves his home, and cannot function without aid from others. He has no facial hair, and his face is crisscrossed with deep-set wrinkles. Arkwright is a keen student of the occult, and is terrified of death.

Cullen cares only for his own desires. In exchange for dark wisdom and magic, the anatomist gives the ghouls fresh corpses from the wards of Glasgow's Royal Infirmary. A month prior to the arrival of the investigators, while working in secret in the basement of the infirmary, Cullen created a lethal draught. He then set about distributing this deadly toxin throughout the hospital's population. The initial application killed more than a hundred patients, clinicians, and staff, including many of his colleagues.

Ingeniously, Cullen then offered to work in quarantine with the bodies in hopes of developing a cure for this sudden outbreak. The quarantine provided him with the freedom to act, and access to facilities needed to carry out his own experiments. When he finished with the rotting corpses, rather than send them to the incinerator, he secreted them out of the morgue where ghouls carried them across the Bridge of Sighs to the Necropolis under the cover of night.

It didn't take Cullen long to realize that the hospital population could not support the requirements of his research or the ghouls. He needs more bodies, more equipment, and more money. In the meantime, he has created an interim 'cure', and scores of patients and staff have been saved with a simple inoculation. This cure is not perfected, and Cullen was quick to point out that further research on this disease is required. Arkwright has publicly offered to fund this research and has been lauded for this humanitarian effort.

Cullen's 'research' suggested that the disease could strike in other contained, heavily populated environments and, within a week, fresh cases were found in the city's slums, and in His Majesty's Duke Street Prison. Waves of panic gripped the city, and Cullen was awarded additional funds. In fact, Cullen has been distributing his lethal draught throughout the city through a network of underworld contacts. The anatomist has also paid a substantial sum to the warden of the Duke Street Prison, John Black, to secure his help in providing Cullen with further bodies. Finally, the doctor has enlisted the ghouls to hunt down specific bodies for his experiments.

Mr John Black, Warden of HM Duke Street Prison

**John Black, age 47,
Corrupt and Egotistical Prison Warden**

STR 14 **DEX** 09 **INT** 11 **CON** 12
SIZ 14 **APP** 06 **POW** 08 **EDU** 11
SAN 50 **Hit Points:** 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting 15%, Bargain 35%, Boxing 47%, Handgun 28%, Law 55%, Listen 38%, Locksmith 22%, Psychology 40%, Rifle 37%, Spot Hidden 39%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 55%, damage 1D4 + db
 Head Butt 35%, damage 1D4 + db

Appearance: Black is a repulsive, overweight man in his late forties. He is only ever seen in black trousers, held up with thick suspenders, and starched white shirts. A repetitious creature of habit, he is also exceedingly difficult and bullish, unpleasant to talk to and not shy of using vulgar and abusive language. The prison is his personal fiefdom, and he protects it like a dragon protecting its horde. Black is addicted to gambling and to visiting prostitutes; as a result, he is desperate for money, and doesn't much care what he has to do to get it.

Cullen is convinced that the seat of intelligence will be found through the investigation of variation rather than commonality, and he is looking to achieve a rich and complex understanding of anatomy. To this end, he has targeted victims from different races, ages and backgrounds. The ghouls are effective but brutal hunters, and a number of high-profile murders have resulted from Cullen's selective targeting. The Glasgow police, however, are baffled by these random and motiveless murders. The ghoul warlock Garachar actively encourages Cullen in his madness, profiting from the anatomist's lust for knowledge and power. The doctor provides the ghoul colony with a small stream of corpses; little more than a palliative to the

ghouls' problem, but Garachar has plans—plans in which the human anatomist figures largely, as he has proven to be an effective tool.

Garachar's latest plan involves a great tome of ghoulish magic known to contain powerful rituals and possibly a solution to their predicament. This dark tome was lost nearly a century ago when a grave robber invaded their inner sanctum and stole it. The thief was killed behind the cathedral, but the tome was gone; Garachar suspected it had never left the churchyard, and that it lay somewhere within Glasgow Cathedral. In this he has been proved correct, but the cathedral has long been warded against entry by Mythos creatures, and the tome is beyond his reach.

Rev. Dr. W. J. Grimond, Minister of
Glasgow Cathedral

The Very Reverend Doctor Walter James Grimond, age 56, Harried Minister

STR 10 **DEX** 11 **INT** 15 **CON** 11
SIZ 11 **APP** 13 **POW** 16 **EDU** 16
SAN 21 **Hit Points:** 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Art (Music) 27%, Bargain 15%, Latin 45%, Library Use 39%, Natural History 43%, Oratory 76%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 27%, Theology 84%

Appearance: The Very Reverend Doctor Grimond, or just Reverend Grimond, is a pleasant man in his late fifties with thin grey hair and a close-cut, silvery beard. He wears round wire-frame glasses that slightly accentuate his hazel eyes—eyes which are, however, bloodshot from lack of sleep. The smile lines around his mouth and eyes show that he's a man prone to smiling and laughter, but not of late. He is a soft-spoken and gentle man, but his voice has acquired an edge due to the pressure he is under. Nonetheless, he is a kind man, and will seek to help anyone who comes to him in need.

Garachar instructed Cullen to seek the book, but his agents were unsuccessful: now he has the ghouls digging nightly at the cathedral's foundations, seeking to bypass the ancient wards. The Reverend has seen black shapes running through the churchyard by night, and believes his cathedral is beset by demons. The digging and clawing at the walls has taken a terrible toll on his sanity. Grimond's suspicions regarding the demons and the unusual tome in the cathedral's keeping were recently confirmed by two events: first, the church was burgled; and, second, the philanthropist Arkwright visited and offered to buy the book for a vast sum. Grimond is now convinced that the tome is something far more than anyone ever imagined, and that the devil himself wants it back. Grimond has no intention of handing it over.

The situation in Glasgow is dire: brutal unsolved murders are taking place across the city, a terrifying disease is killing people, strange creatures are stalking the night, and people are reported missing daily. The press and pulpit claim the city is under siege. Two days prior to the investigators' arrival, another disturbing mystery comes to light: an Irish sloop is found derelict at the Clydeside piers with a hold full of dead bodies. The police and the public don't know what to make of this latest horror.

Meanwhile, in his quarantined laboratory, Cullen is fuming. At considerable expense, Cullen and Warden Black conspired to murder an entire small Irish village and ship their bodies to Glasgow. These bodies were intended as an offering for Garachar in exchange of more ghoulish magic. The anatomist must now find means of retrieving the bodies and getting the magic he needs.

Involving the Investigators

If the characters are already in Glasgow, they will hear about the grisly murders that have taken place over the past ten months; the sightings of wolves and stranger things at night; the disappearances of friends and family; the 'death ship' found derelict at the Clydeside docks; and the fatal disease plaguing the city's slums, Royal Infirmary, and Duke Street Prison. Newspaper headlines talk of the 'Glasgow Ripper', deadly plagues, and even werewolves.

The streets and pubs are full of nervous chatter and questions about the mysteries hanging over the city.

Characters can use any of these subplots as a point of entry to the larger ghoul plot: one approach might be for the investigators to visit the Glasgow Police and offer their services. The police are desperate for help in the face of so many different horrors, but can offer only a small fee for investigators' aid, but at least they will be officially at liberty to investigate any of the mysteries. The most recent of these are the Irish sloop at the Clydeside docks, and the

appalling murder of young Lucy Siddons, an unwed and pregnant maid, near Firpark Street. Characters can go with Detective Constable McKeegan to interview Miss Siddons's former employer, Sir Gregory Arkwright. Alternatively, they can join Detective Constable Harris at the docks or start any other location.

If the characters are not in Glasgow, Mr Hugh Cadden, private secretary to Glasgow's Lord Provost (equivalent to the city's mayor), will request their help in a letter (Handout 1, see below) hand delivered at considerable expense.

~ The Office of the Lord Provost ~

Mr Hugh Cadden
Private Secretary to the Right Honourable Lord Provost of Glasgow
City Chambers, George Square
Glasgow

Dear Sirs,

I write to you on behalf of the Lord Provost and the Corporation of the City of Glasgow who extend to you an invitation to help us with matters of the utmost importance and urgency. We understand that this request will come to you unexpectedly and may seem extraordinary, but we assure you the circumstances behind it are more extraordinary still. The Office of the Lord Provost has undertaken an exhaustive search to seek out individuals who might be equal to the task, and your names were presented to us this very morning.

To come to the point, the City of Glasgow has of late been plagued by a series of unexplained and disturbing murders. Our own dedicated police force has had little success in finding the perpetrator or perpetrators of these vicious and seemingly unconnected crimes, whose scale and nature are too horrible for words. Our Procurator Fiscal has declared that these killings are not the result of the usual, and lamentable, violence that man inflicts upon man; this is something altogether different and more perverse. He went so far as to call them unholy.

I have been instructed by the Lord Provost and the Councillors of the City of Glasgow to request formally your help in dealing with these murders, and beseech you to come to Glasgow as soon as is possible. This barbaric murderer must be stopped, and we believe you to be our best hope in this regard.

The Corporation of Glasgow and the Office of the Lord Provost will spare no expense to bring you to Glasgow swiftly and to accommodate you in the style to which you are accustomed as our honoured guests. The Lord Provost sends his assurances that you will have every assistance available. In addition, the City and Corporation of Glasgow will provide you with a substantial retainer during your stay and a handsome reward upon bringing this murderer, or murderers, as the case may be, to justice.

Our need is great. We implore you to help us with these deplorable murders. No one should suffer as these men and women have been made to. If you are able, please come to Glasgow to help us resolve this terrible situation.

We hope for a quick and positive response by telegraph or courier.

Yours Most Sincerely,



Mr Hugh Cadden
Private Secretary to the Lord Provost

Handout 1. Letter from the Office of the Lord Provost

Cadden offers a ‘handsome reward’ and healthy retainer for their assistance in solving the problems plaguing the city. Food and accommodation will be provided gratis and reasonable requests for further necessities will be considered. Travel costs—even if the characters are coming from America or further afield—will also be included.

The characters can make their way to Glasgow in whatever fashion they choose. The city and corporation of Glasgow will pay for first class accommodation aboard any steamer or train service. Alternatively, if the investigators are nearby in Scotland, a driver will be sent out to retrieve the characters from any Lowland town or city.

Arriving in Glasgow

As characters step out of their cabs, off their steamships, or walk out of one of the railway stations, they will have their first introduction to 1920s Glasgow. Stepping out into the rain-soaked streets of Glasgow, they will become aware of an oppressive weight hanging over the city. Above the dull grey cobbles, tall granite and sandstone buildings reach up like prison walls. In the downpour, people walk quickly to and fro bent against the rain and the wind. They do not look at one another, but pass by mutely. Gaunt children sit on the worn steps of buildings in filthy clothing, their hair matted in the rain, and their hands outstretched in hopes of a random copper or two. Every other business, restaurant and shop is closed and boarded up, their windows cracked and grimy. This is a wounded place, a city besieged.

It was not always so. During the height of the British Empire and the Industrial Revolution, Glasgow was heralded as the second city of Great Britain, competing with London in terms of wealth, industry and prosperity. She was the workshop of the empire. Goods exported worldwide bore the ‘Clydebuilt’ badge of quality and, in return, vast wealth flowed into the city from all corners of the globe. By contrast, the city the investigators walk through now seems a dark and withering shadow of its former self. The only wealth that they see will be hidden away in exclusive cafes or expensive motor cars noisily navigating the overcrowded streets.

Glasgow is riddled with unemployment, overcrowding, illness, and personal and political strife. The inky headlines on the cover of the *Glasgow Herald* and the *Scotsman* talk of the ‘Glasgow Ripper,’ of murders and disappearances, of disease and suffering, and of strange, unexplained events. Every word breathes further threat and worry into the already heavy atmosphere of fear that pervades the city.

When the investigators come to George Square, the ancestral centre of Glasgow, they will see the elegant and monolithic City Chambers standing over the square and nearby buildings. A testament to the city’s former glory, the bold grandeur of the building seems inappropriate now. Walking through the grand entryway, the characters will be greeted by a welcoming warmth and soft electric glow. A wide desk of polished oak stands across the room and, from behind it, two pleasant looking receptionists smile in their general direction.

If the characters ask for the private secretary Hugh Cadden, Mr Gibbs the attendant to the private secretary will be sent down directly. If investigators ask further questions of the two receptionists, they will respond to requests for local information and direction. They know a good deal about Glasgow and the rumours circulating the city, but will be reticent to discuss such matters, as it is ‘not their place’ to talk of such things. After a moment, Mr Gibbs will appear.

Gibbs is a tall young man with flame-red hair, dressed in a navy blue suit. On the way up to the private secretary’s office, Gibbs will respond to questions and provide as much help as he can. He has not been privy to the same level of information as the private secretary and knows little of the specifics regarding the murders, but can provide information relating to Glasgow, recent events, the Lord Provost’s Office, and the social and political history of Scotland.

If asked about the murders, the Irish sloop, or the strange disease affecting the city slums, Gibbs will admit that he knows little but what is in the Herald. He will ask if they have seen a copy of the newspaper and, if they have not, he will suggest they might find it helpful. If the investigators express an interest in the paper, then after their meeting with Hugh Cadden, Gibbs will provide them with his own copy of the *Glasgow Herald* before escorting them back

to the main entrance. Otherwise, the paper can be picked up from any corner shop or directly from the newspaper's offices several streets east of the City Chambers.

Meeting with Hugh Cadden

The private secretary's office is on the first floor of the City Chambers. Thick polished oak doors lead into a room filled with portraits of former Lord Provosts, plush leather chairs, reflective marble tiling and tall windows overlooking George Square. Depending on the year the scenario takes place, the actual Lord Provost will be Sir Thomas Paxton (1920-1923), Sir Matthew Walker Montgomery (1923-1926) or Sir David Mason (1926-1929).

The Lord Provost's private secretary, Mr Hugh Cadden, will rise from behind a mahogany desk and come forward to shake their hands. Cadden appears to be in his mid-fifties and is dressed smartly in a black suit, charcoal vest and black tie. His hair is uniformly silver and perceptive investigators will notice a kindness in his eyes and the genuineness of his smile.

"Welcome, welcome," he says. "Please do come in. Thank you, Gibbs, if you'll wait outside." He waits a moment until his attendant has closed the thick oak doors behind him. "Please come, sit down."

After the investigators sit down and any initial chitchat is done, he will begin to tell them of a new terrible murder that has only just taken place:

"Thank you for coming. I wish that I had good news for you, but far from being better, our situation has worsened. Another terrible murder has taken place no less than two days ago. A girl, I should say, a young woman was found near Firpark Street off Wishart Street in the early morning. I'm told the scene was a grisly one. She had been...well apparently her body had been quite torn in half."

This is just the latest in a series of grisly murders. Cadden had been in post for three months when the first of these awful murders took place. A dockworker was found killed outside of a Clydeside warehouse. The body had been

butchered and police suggested some kind of animal must have inflicted the wounds, perhaps a large rabid dog. A fortnight later, a second murder took place now in Govan on the south side of the river near the Govan subway stop. The same brutality was featured but this murder occurred indoors and the body had then been dragged outside through a secured door—something no dog could manage.

A third murder followed, then another, and another. No motive could be ascertained and evidence was scanty at best. People started to whisper, and then the newspapers began calling this faceless killer the 'Glasgow Ripper'. The murders were shockingly gruesome and continued regardless of increased police presence. Victims seem chosen at random: men and women of every age, creed, and class have been taken, and sadly two boys and one girl as well.

The violence behind these murders and the condition of the bodies is unlike anything Glasgow has ever seen. Sometimes mauled, sometimes butchered, bodies are often found missing limbs or organs. Some are decapitated, some disembowelled. Many feel these are ungodly acts. Lucy Siddons, a young woman working as a maid and shockingly and shamefully discovered to have been pregnant, is the latest to lose her life—the eighteenth murder in ten months. Those same ten months have seen a significant number of people disappear across Glasgow. The police fear that the murders and these disappearances are connected.

Now death seems to follow death. On the night of Lucy Siddons' murder an Irish sloop docked on the Clyde. It was unexpected, and when the harbourmaster went to meet the ship at dawn, he found it utterly derelict. An investigation of the ship found the hold locked. After forcibly gaining access, something altogether evil was revealed inside: more than fifty bodies of presumably Irish men, women, and children lay in the dark, their bodies swollen and reeking. And all this coincides with a medical disaster. A little over a month ago, a strange disease appeared in the Royal Infirmary and took the lives of more than one hundred patients and staff. Dr Cullen, a noted anatomist at the Infirmary, was able to devise an inoculation, but not before the disease took root in other densely populated areas, including the local prison and the slums in the East End. The losses have been substantial.

Although the murders are the investigators' first priority, the Lord Provost's private secretary will ask that they keep their eyes and ears open for other clues and pass these on to the police. The number of ongoing investigations has already stretched the police force thin. Cadden can arrange meetings for the investigators with just about anyone in the city and he, and the Lord Provost's office, are at their disposal. Gibbs will be waiting outside the office when they are done and usher the investigators down to street level and to an awaiting cab.

If the characters are not already checked into a hotel, Gibbs will suggest the Central, Grand or Royal hotels. These high-profile hotels are excellent, whilst the Old Waverley, Cockburn and Bridge Street hotels are less expensive and will draw far less attention to the investigators. All the hotels are located in the city centre.

-Locations-

Many locations available to the investigators in Glasgow are described in the 'Cities in Detail: Glasgow' section of the 'Lowlands' chapter of this book. Below, essential and supplemental information is provided for the major sites of investigation.

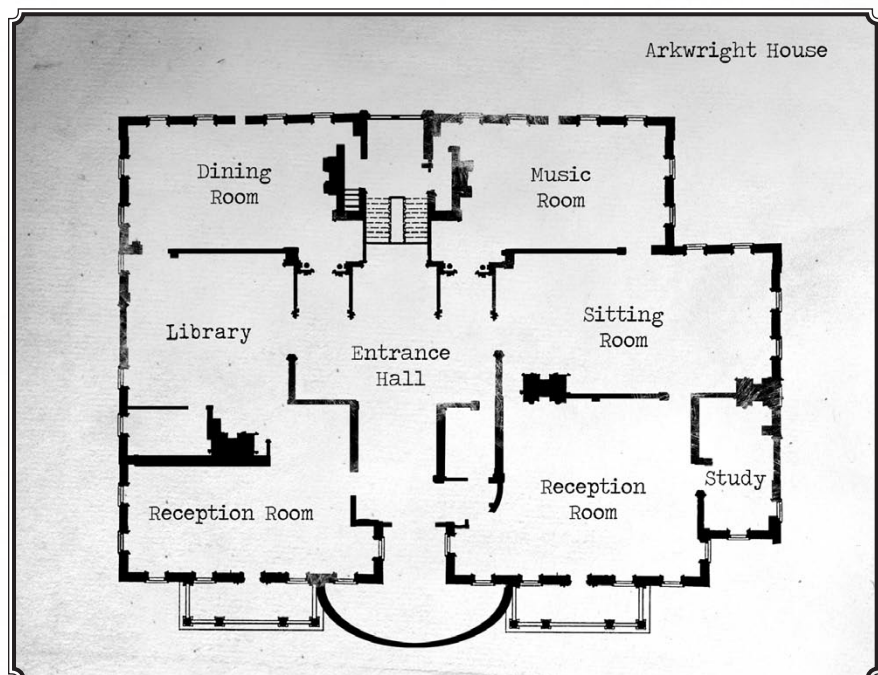
Arkwright House

Situated in the centre of Dennistoun, Arkwright House inhabits a wealthy pocket of this otherwise poor suburb east of the city's centre. The house is a mansion by any standard, consisting of three storeys of elegant marble and granite set in a Neo-classical style, and taking up nearly half a city block. Tall windows throughout offer glimpses into the opulence contained within. A high marbled arch curves over the broad front doors at the centre of the house. Overhead a lantern-shaped glass enclosure emits a soft electric glow, which reflects off the polished bronze door handles and bevelled trim.

Mrs Geddes, Arkwright's dedicated housekeeper, will meet the investigators at the door. She wears a functional black shift with white trim, typical of serving staff. Her face is ashen and her eyes look bloodshot. A successful Psychology roll will reveal that Mrs Geddes is highly agitated and may have been crying.

If the investigators have come to see Sir Gregory Arkwright, she will ask them to wait in the sitting room whilst she informs him. The sitting room is a grandly furnished room over fifteen feet square. A number of plush chairs cluster around two low mahogany tables. A collection of books sits near the window atop an ornamental desk. The books all relate to the history of shipping and shipbuilding in Glasgow. If the investigators have come with Detective Constable McKeegan, he will explain that Sir Gregory made the bulk of his money in shipbuilding prior to the Great War.

After a few minutes, Mrs Geddes will return and ask the characters to follow her. She will lead them across the wide hall to an oak-panelled reception room. Here Sir Gregory Arkwright waits in his wheelchair. He appears extremely frail in his cushioned wheelchair and easily ninety years old. Wispy white hair sits atop his otherwise bald head; his face is deeply wrinkled and covered in age spots. His eyes, on the other hand, appear bright, clear and are a brilliant crystal blue.



Unless the characters have already learned of Sir Gregory's degenerative disease, they cannot know that he is only forty-eight years old. Photographs around the room show Sir Gregory in better days, launching grand ships, his thick black hair tousled in the wind and his crystal eyes smiling. Investigators may think they are pictures of his son.

Arkwright will be happy to answer questions, particularly if the investigators are in the company of the police. McKeegan will begin with a number of questions concerning Lucy Siddons, her work at the house, and why she would be out of doors in the middle of the night. Arkwright has no idea whatsoever what 'errant foolishness' caused the young girl to leave the house two nights ago. He is also quite sure that no one had any motive to murder the maid: "Lucy was a fine maid. Never any trouble, never talked back. Good at her job and pleasant enough. She kept the bedrooms tidy and clean. She was no trouble at all."

Arkwright has no idea that Lucy Siddons was pregnant. If he is made aware of this, his shock and dismay will be immediately apparent, saying: "But how? She never... I... I didn't know. I had no idea." A successful Psychology roll will reveal that Arkwright is genuinely upset by this news. Arkwright will become considerably quieter and more addled after learning of Siddons's shameful pregnancy. He will be less receptive to questions and will try to cut the characters' visit short.

Arkwright knows nothing of the Irish sloop apart from what he has read in the *Glasgow Herald* and knows little of the strange disease that has struck the Royal Infirmary,

the Duke Street prison, and the city's slums. His only likely comment on both matters is: "Shocking stuff. Makes you wonder what the world is coming to." If pressed on the matter of the disease, he may offer his opinion that Glasgow would be a "damn sight worse if it weren't for Dr Cullen and his efforts". If asked about Cullen, Arkwright will say: "Brilliant chap, we're lucky to have him. Ahead of his time, that one. A real innovator and a bloody hero, if you ask me." Under no circumstances will Arkwright reveal his relationship with Cullen. If the investigators have not done so already, McKeegan will ask to see Lucy's room. Arkwright will have Mrs Geddes take McKeegan and the characters up to the servants' quarters and into Miss Siddons' room.

On their way to the servants' quarters in the attic, the characters will pass by a sumptuously decorated dining room and a beautifully panelled library before walking through the kitchen to a tiny stairwell. The servants' quarters share none of the opulence found in the main house. The walls here are whitewashed and lit by bare electric bulbs. The creaking stair leads to the top of the house where Lucy Siddons' small room looked over the garden to the rear.

Lucy Siddons' Room

Lucy's room is no more than ten feet long by five wide. A tall dresser stands near a thin window overlooking the back garden. A small bedside table and chair sit to the left of the narrow single bed. A brightly coloured, floral blanket folded at the foot of the bed is the only thing in the room that seems to bear some personality.

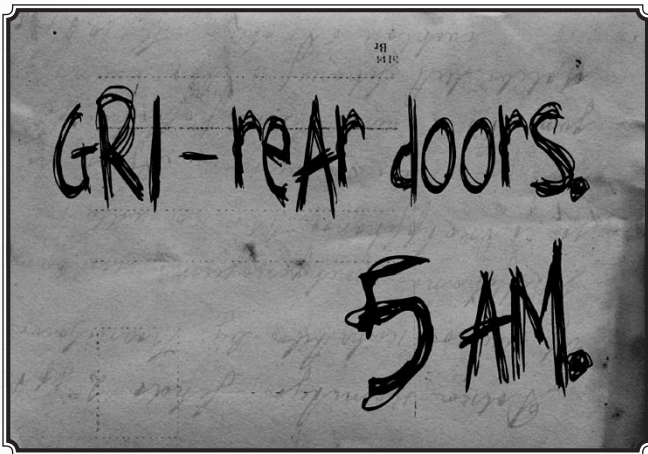
I don't know what to do or who to talk to. I cannae go home, I cannae leave Arkwright House. I'm terrified Sir Gregory and the others will notice. Am I really trapped?

I broke down today before Mrs Geddes. I don't know how, but I had to tell someone, and she's always been so good to me. She's promised not to tell Sir Gregory. Thank God! And she understands about my family and said that she would try to help. I only hope she can. The baby is starting to show more and more. I don't know what to do.

I caught Sir Gregory and that doctor looking at me queerly today. I almost ran from the room. I've got to do something. **But What? What?**

If Detective Constable McKeegan is here with the investigators, he will begin a cursory check of the desk, dresser and bed. He will be quiet about his work, but is intently looking for some kind of clue. He—or the investigators—will turn up Lucy’s diary (Handout 2) in a drawer of the dresser. Quickly skimming, investigators will read of an increasingly nervous Lucy desperate for a solution to her pregnancy. She has convinced herself that she will be released from Sir Gregory’s service and will disgrace her family.

A successful Spot Hidden roll will reveal a slip of paper that has fallen between the bed frame and the wall behind the tiny desk. The paper (Handout 3) has only a hastily written phrase and a time: “GRI – rear doors. 5AM.” The handwriting is deeply impressed into the paper and appears to be that of a woman. There is nothing further to be found in Lucy’s apartment.



Handout 3. Note in Lucy Siddons’ Room

Arkwright’s Library

Investigators stopping in Arkwright’s library will find it filled with impressive leather-bound volumes. Several over-stuffed chairs dot the room and a desk sits before a great stained glass window at the rear. A successful Library Use roll will reveal the collection consists of shipbuilding, naval history, and, surprisingly, occult texts. A further successful Library Use determines that the more than one hundred occult books cover extra-sensory perception, astral projection, and parapsychology (with an emphasis on séances). A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will show that while a number of the books contain references to

‘strange or otherworldly manifestations’, none explicitly refers to the Mythos.

On Arkwright’s desk is a copy of the day’s *Glasgow Herald* and Scotsman newspapers, a large crystal ink well, and a number of pens. Sheets of clean white paper lie in the centre of the desk and a large black telephone occupies one corner. The drawers of the desk are locked; Arkwright has the only key. However, a successful Locksmith roll will give the investigators access. A number of legal files are here, but none is particularly relevant. The only thing that will immediately catch the investigators’ eyes is Sir Gregory’s chequebook.

A thick leather affair, the chequebook contains a few remaining cheques and a number of stubs from previous cheques. A successful Accounting roll will reveal that over a period of ten months, Arkwright has written a number of increasingly large cheques for registered charities and philanthropic societies. However, the largest sums have been given to an unknown party signified on the cheque stubs with the initials ‘DJC’. The last of these cheques was for £5000—a positively astronomical sum. The opened drawer can be locked with another successful Locksmith roll.

If the characters specifically scrutinize the white paper or roll under half their Spot Hidden while investigating the desk, they will find that one of the clean white sheets bears the impression of someone’s handwriting. Using an appropriate means of discerning the impressed handwriting (e.g. rubbing charcoal over the surface), they will uncover the phrase and time ‘GRI – rear door. 5AM.’ The handwriting appears to be that of a woman.

Speaking with Mrs Geddes

Mrs Geddes will be surprised to be interviewed. She will resist all attempts at Fast Talk, but a successful Persuade roll will have her answering honestly. Any questions about poor Lucy Siddons’ murder will result in Mrs Geddes bursting into tears and declaring it a “right ungodly act”. If pressed, the housekeeper will say that “Lucy should ne’er have had tae go tha’ night”. If pressed, Mrs Geddes will usher them into a quiet room and reveal that poor Lucy was “wi’ child and soon tae show”.

Any further questions will result in Mrs Geddes confessing her role in the affair: "It wouldnae do, you see. I knew Sir Gregory wouldnae have it, not in this house. He'd have her gone like a shot. And she'd be disgraced. She was a lovely lass and there wisnae anythin' fur it. I spoke to that Doctor Cullen when he was last here last an' I said he must help our wee Lucy. Later that day, the Doctor called on the telephone an' he'd arranged it. He said it'd all be fine."

At this point, Mrs Geddes will become inconsolable with grief for a time. Once she's regained her composure, she will admit that she'd written down the location and time on a slip of paper and given it to Lucy. The location was Glasgow's Royal Infirmary and the time was five o'clock in the morning. Lucy was to come to the rear doors of the infirmary. That was the last time Mrs Geddes saw Lucy alive.

Clydeside Docks

The now infamous Irish sloop is docked on the Clyde across from a candle warehouse and a small canning factory. The Glasgow Police have put up a cordon around the ship and a constable is stationed here around the clock. The constables work on 6-hour rotating shifts; none of them has yet reported any strange activity. Since the sloop's arrival, the harbourmaster, Arthur Williams, has insisted on having a man of his own at the scene. He has hired Andrew Grant to patrol the Clyde bank from dusk to dawn. If Detective Constable Harris is here, he will chat to the harbourmaster briefly before wandering off to stare into the black Clyde, smoking a cigarette.

The Irish sloop is a wooden-hulled, single-masted ship seventy feet long and eighteen wide. The ship's hull does not bear a name, but chipped paint near the aft lists her carrying weight as one hundred and fifty-five tons. Her single massive hold contains the only cargo. The smell of rotting flesh will turn most stomachs, and characters must make a CON x5 roll or begin gagging and retching. The hold is windowless and utterly black. Using a torch or lantern, they will see the bodies piled upon one another bloated and swollen. The corpses all bear signs of being stabbed or slashed; most have had their throats slit.

Speaking with the harbourmaster

Captain Arthur Williams is a typical old sea dog and has been the Clydeside harbourmaster for nearly eight years. Apart from a few union disputes, he has never had any trouble during that time. This 'death ship' business is beyond him and, perhaps more than anyone in Glasgow, Williams is hoping for a quick solution. His first knowledge of the sloop came when he arrived into work to find the derelict ship docked illegally; he was first to open the hold, and since then his days and nights have been full of nightmares. He made inquiries with his contacts in Ireland regarding the sloop, but so far nothing has turned up.

Speaking with the dock guard

Andrew Grant will be eager to talk. He's convinced that something odd is going on, and will be glad for anyone who will listen. Almost every night, Grant has seen strange shadows creeping nearer and nearer the sloop. He will admit he hasn't got a proper look yet, but he has seen 'dark shapes, queer shapes ... hungry shapes' in the night. He'll also admit that if he didn't need the money, he'd be well rid of this job.

Glasgow Cathedral

The centuries-old Glasgow Cathedral is set back from High Street and dwarfed by the Victorian Glasgow Royal Infirmary to its left. The 13th-century cathedral is a grand Gothic structure, but its position downwind of city factories has left its façade covered in soot and grime. The walls, roof, and spires of the cathedral are coated black, giving it the look of having been burned: the original decorative façade and its impressive stonework can only be seen with closer inspection.

A grassy churchyard surrounds the cathedral, dotted with gravestones and monuments. At the rear is an impressive stone bridge leading over Wishart Street and connecting to the Glasgow Necropolis. This is the Bridge of Sighs, constructed to allow the wealthy of Glasgow to transport their dead across the short span to the Necropolis and waiting family mausoleums and crypts. The Glasgow Necropolis rises up like a vast mound behind the blackened cathedral and is covered by a veritable sea of headstones, obelisks, and impressive mausoleums.

Inside the cathedral, the structure reveals its Gothic roots in the ornate stonemasonry and the sweeping arches of the high roof. The interior is one single mammoth room partitioned at points with elegant low wooden dividers. Two great rows of pews stretch from the back of the cathedral to the huge altar at the head of the building beneath a cluster of massive stained glass panels. An organ stands behind the pews and its tall pipes and bellows rise up half the height of the cathedral.

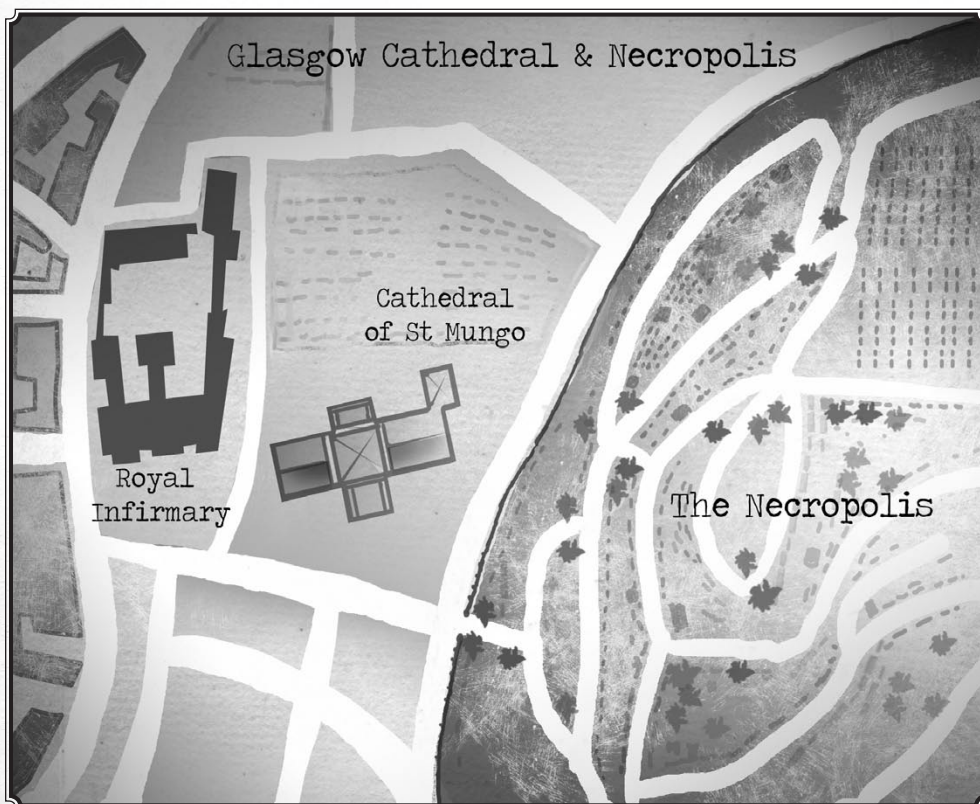
The cathedral's altar is richly decorated in red and gold. A beautifully sewn altar cover depicts the Crucifixion of Christ against a white and gold backdrop. Stone stairs to either side of the altar lead down into the cathedral crypts. The main crypt is filled with numerous sarcophagi, and is meant as a place of quiet contemplation and prayer. From this main crypt, a further stair leads down to St Mungo's crypt and the sarcophagus of the much-revered saint.

Behind locked panelled doors at the back of the main crypt are the offices of Reverend Grimond and other cathedral staff. From within the minister's office a final stairwell leads down into Grimond's private chapel.

The organist and boys' choir provide a musical score for visits. The organist or choirmaster can direct characters to Grimond's office below. If engaged in discussion, they reveal that Reverend Grimond has been troubled of late with the problems plaguing the city.

Unless a meeting has been arranged by the Lord Provost or during a previous visit, the Very Reverend Dr W. J. Grimond will be quite surprised to find anyone knocking on his office door. Grimond's office is sparsely furnished and decorated, but has enough chairs to seat everyone comfortably. An archway behind his small desk leads down and the flicker of candlelight can be seen emanating dimly from within.

Grimond will help investigators however he can, although he knows little of current events as he hasn't been outside the cathedral in nearly a month. Most of what he knows of the murders, the strange disease, and the Irish sloop is taken from the *Glasgow Herald*. If investigators ask about the stories of wolves on the Bridge of Sighs, or of werewolves, he will scoff and say enigmatically: "Were it only wolves or creatures of fantasy".



Even from a relatively short dialogue, it will be apparent that Grimond is under considerable stress. A successful Psychology roll will reveal that the minister is suffering from extreme anxiety and possibly a mild form of paranoia. If the characters offer their aid, he will first deny that he needs help, stating that "God's will is God's will". If they insist, or if Grimond is convinced of their sincerity, then he will reveal the challenge facing him:

"For some months now, this cathedral has been under siege. Preposterous, you might say, but the truth is that by night I have seen dark fiends in the churchyard.

Strange, bent demons covering distance at speed and running sometimes on two bowed legs and sometimes on four. And their eyes... their eyes glint red in the moonlight, and their terrible mouths are full of gnashing teeth. So trampled is the churchyard that no single track can be made out, but I assure you they are there."

"They are digging, these demonic horrors, clawing at the very foundations of the cathedral. I hear their claws scratching and raking nightly. They are trying to find a way in."

If the investigators ask why these demons are seeking entrance, Grimond will again go oddly quiet and say, "I'm afraid some things are best left unknown." A successful Persuade or halved Fast Talk roll will result in Grimond saying, "Come, see the horrible truth for yourselves."

Grimond takes the investigators down to his private chapel. The worn stone steps lead down sixteen feet to a small room no more than eight feet square. A small altar made of gold-inlaid mahogany stands in the centre, with a kneeling cushion before it. On the altar is an ancient bible with a red silk bookmark. A successful Spot Hidden roll will reveal that the bible is open at *Revelations*. Once all are in the chapel, Grimond will begin:

"When I became minister of Glasgow Cathedral, the outgoing minister charged me with a very great secret. In this private chapel and contained within this altar is a black book writ in some devilish tongue. Though some mad soul seems to have translated it, I have not read it, nor had my predecessor. No word of it has been read aloud in this cathedral and never will be. It remains here for protection until our Lord returns once more."

Before he left twelve years ago, the previous minister told Grimond: "This book must not be read, it must not be known, and it cannot be destroyed, but in the burning lake of fire that shall come with the ending of all Earthly things." Grimond believes the Devil himself is after the

book, sending his black servants to seek it out while he prays nightly for its eternal containment.

If asked, Grimond will retrieve the book, unlocking a compartment within the altar using a small gold key from around his neck. He will carefully hand the book, which is wrapped in a pure white cloth, to the character who asked to see it. He will reiterate nervously that the book must not be read. Unwrapping it, the investigators will find an ancient black goatskin cover bearing no title. If the characters go so far as to open the book, Grimond will reprimand them: "You must not".

The Black Book

Untitled black book – *in English, translated from the original Ghoulish by persons unknown, age unknown.* The black goatskin book does not appear to have any title or inscription of any kind. The leather cover is, however, indented and impressed in a way that could be meaningful in some unknown manner. The pages inside are made of thick, almost bark-like paper that has yellowed over time. Bizarre lettering of jagged and triangular shapes fills each page, and underneath it is an English translation in faded black ink. *Sanity loss 1D4 / 2D6; Cthulhu Mythos score increase +8; average 22 weeks to comprehend fully.* Spells: Dream Travel (Wandering Soul), Enthral Chamon (Bait Human), Kin Word (Contact Ghoul), The Voyager's Song (Handout 4). Skimming the book will take eight hours.

In addition to a number of magic spells, the book tells the history of a ghoulish colony that through 'dream travel' ultimately discovered a means of entering the Dreamlands. Therein, they uncovered the bones and dried flesh of creatures far older and more powerful than any on Earth. So rich was the feasting there that they never returned and were never heard from again. A spell entitled 'The Voyager's Song', which allows for the mass transportation of ghouls—willingly or unwillingly—to the Dreamlands is included in the book (Handout 4).

-The Voyagers' Song-

By means of this spell, every ghoul within a two-mile radius will be magically transported to the Dreamlands. The spell creates a vast shimmering globe of power to extend out from the caster(s) for two miles in every direction. The spell must be cast out of doors under a night sky. The spell requires 30 magic points—this expense can be shared amongst the casters—and costs each participant 1D3 Sanity points. The 'song' must be chanted for twelve minutes as the clock strikes midnight without interruption or the spell will fail. After the twelfth minute, the globe will fade and the ghouls will fade out from our reality and fade into the Dreamlands.

The song that must be sung is as follows and should be intoned slowly and deliberately:

*Uhhrkurg girreggah wuul girreggah
Rharrerra fuuhrugg fuuhrugg graowgachar
Gur kurreg gur kurreg chrach oorrech
Hri ur fechech howuuff grigorr aghourr*

Handout 4. Ghoulish spell 'The Voyagers' Song'

An investigator with experience of ghouls may make a Know roll to recognize the chaotic scrawl as belonging to that dog-like race; otherwise, a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will be required. Beneath the thick ghoulish cursive someone has provided a translation in English: it appears clear and competent. To read the book, the investigators must secure it from Grimond. This requires a successful Persuade roll, and a POW vs POW roll on the Resistance Table to overcome his determined will. If successful, the minister will shake his head but hand over the black book, asking the investigators to promise to return it as soon as possible.

Grimond will demand that they protect the book and show it to no one. He will report that not six days ago the philanthropist Sir Gregory Arkwright came to him and attempted to buy the book from him for an unbelievable sum. How Arkwright came to know about the secret book is completely unknown to Grimond, but he turned the man away, denying its existence utterly. Then, three nights ago,

burglars broke into the cathedral. They made a mess, but ultimately nothing was stolen. The Reverend is convinced that the Devil is behind these events.

Glasgow Central Police Office

The Central Police Office for Glasgow is located in Turnbull Street near the city centre. A drab granite building, the offices and interrogation rooms are abuzz with activity relating to the murders, the Irish sloop, and panicked violence in the slums resulting from recent outbreaks of the disease that first struck the Glasgow Royal Infirmary.

Detective Constable Charlie McKeegan is currently in charge of the murder investigations, whilst Detective Constable Ross Harris is looking into the dead bodies on the sloop. McKeegan is overworked, but dedicated. He hates the term 'Glasgow Ripper', and is convinced that there is a motive to these killings that has yet to be realized. He is scheduled to visit Sir George Arkwright, the last employer of young Lucy Siddons, and will be glad if the investigators would like to accompany him.

WEREWOLVES SIGHTED ON THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

Three local bakers claim to have seen werewolves running across the Bridge of Sighs on the very night that the maid Lucy Siddons was murdered near Firpark Street. The men, who were walking up Wishart Street on their way to the Cairns Bakery, claim the strange creatures ran in the direction of Glasgow Cathedral and possessed "glinting red eyes and great white teeth". The three men insist that what they saw "was not human but not animal either".

Glasgow Police, however, believe that the 'werewolves' witnessed by the three bakers may in fact have been the killers escaping the scene of Miss Siddons' murder. The police have asked the public to come forwards with any further information that might help lead to the capture of these cruel fiends. Any information should be sent to Detective Constable McKeegan in Turnbull Street.

[Excerpt from the *Glasgow Herald*]

Handout 5. Werewolves Sighted on the Bridge of Sighs

If McKeegan or any other officer is asked about the Siddons case and previous murders, they will state virtually the same thing: each showed a level of brutality unlike anything they've ever seen; and, as yet, little but this overwhelming brutality seems to tie the murders to one another.

Detective Constable Ross Harris is lazy and doesn't really care if the sloop mystery is ever solved. He is near retirement and 'can't be arsed wi' running after ghosts'. He checks the location daily and will be 'delighted' if investigators join him during one of his jaunts. If asked for details regarding the 'death ship', Harris will be unhelpful at best, saying: "Nothing yet, but it's early days, ye?" He will deflect questions as a matter of course, ditch the investigators when he can, and head to the pub.

The Glasgow Herald

The Herald Building, designed by Charles Rennie Mackintosh, sits on Mitchell Street near the city centre. The Glasgow Herald was first published in 1783, making it one of the world's oldest surviving English-language newspapers. The building, though grand, offers little of interest to the public beyond archives dating back to the 18th century. In the archives, investigators will find an abundance of stories relating to the current problems: the paper has published stories on the murders, disease, and the sloop. The majority of these rehash the same details over and over. A few hours of searching and a successful Library Use roll will result in the investigators finding a story relating to werewolves (Handout 5).

The Glasgow Royal Infirmary

The Glasgow Royal Infirmary is not a single building but five buildings connected by walkways and tunnels. The infirmary's main building is the iconic Victorian-era structure standing just off Castle Street next to Glasgow Cathedral. At six storeys high, this central building is one of the tallest buildings in Glasgow. Off this main building the other four blocks contain the hospital's laboratories, nurses' residence, morgue, and coal-fired electricity generator. Public access to these blocks is restricted at all times, but especially now as a result of the quarantine.

The main building houses the patient wards and surgeries, a small store, and admissions offices on the main floor. The infirmary's chapel was built on the back of the main building and has seen a massive increase in use over the past month and a half.

A few consultants, surgeons, and anatomists have their offices and laboratories in the basement of the main building, including Dr James Cullen. These offices, some storage spaces and a shipping bay make up much of the main building's basement. Deliveries to and from the Royal Infirmary go through of a set of double doors in the shipping bay.

Three entrances access the main building from Castle Street: the north and south wings of the main building have their own small entrances, whilst the larger, main entrance lies in the central block. Investigators walking into any entrance will be met with a receptionist seated behind a high desk. Enquiries for specific individuals, including Dr Cullen, will be referred to the main entrance desk, where a member of staff will be sent to enquire whether the doctor is busy or available for visits.

Requests to meet with James Cullen will be met with special requirements as the good doctor is working in quarantine. If the investigators come uninvited, they will either be made to wait, as it takes the anatomist an hour to 'decontaminate' himself; or (for example if it is late in the day) they will be asked to return at a suitable time the next day.

If the investigators have come to speak other physicians, they will be shown directly to the specific office by an orderly. Two other anatomists are working out of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary: Dr David McLean and Dr Kenneth Burden; either will be happy to offer what help they can to the investigators.

Speaking with Dr James Cullen

When Cullen is available to speak to, the investigators will be taken to his spartan and windowless office in the basement of the infirmary, directly beneath the chapel. The walls are a drab off-white, the furniture plain, and four ceiling-mounted lamps light everything in the room in a

sickly yellow-white glow. A desk and matching chair, two tall bookcases, four chairs, and two small tables are within.

A cursory glance reveals that very little of Cullen's time is spent in this office: the desk top is spotless, but a layer of thin dust covers the nearby bookcases and tables. A successful Library Use roll reveals the room relates to anatomy, biology and chemistry. One title does jump out: *The Seat of Intelligence* by Dr James Cullen. Cullen does not drink coffee or tea and will not offer the investigators anything apart from a seat before sitting down himself.

Despite being certifiably insane, Cullen's outward appearance is calm, and his responses carefully measured; he minces over every word he hears and scrutinizes every argument before formulating his considered reply. Dialogue is thus punctuated by long pauses in which his sharp black eyes stare coldly at the speaker, sometimes accompanied by a wry or all-knowing smile. Cullen is known for being an exceptional thinker, but not an effective communicator.

If the Lord Provost's office arranged the investigators' visit, the anatomist will be wary, and will do all he can to convince them he knows nothing of the murders and that his only concern is finding a cure for the perplexing disease. When asked about the disease, he will offer a full explanation:

"The disease took everyone by surprise; none of us in the Infirmary knew where to look. This is often the case with something undiagnosed like this. It was a horrible shock: it struck at random, killing doctors, nurses, patients of both sexes, all ages, all walks of life. Many of my closest colleagues died in that first outbreak: there were five of us in the anatomy department before the outbreak. Now we are only three."

Cullen will explain the hospital was gripped with fear; no one knew what had happened. The dead were everywhere, but the nurses and orderlies were afraid to approach the bodies, which were covered in pustules, their necks swollen and their skin a jaundiced yellow.

"Most of my colleagues and the clinicians at the infirmary are family men. I am not. When the time came for someone to step forward, I felt I was the right choice: I wouldn't be leaving anyone behind, as it were. So I commandeered three of the four labs in the basement here, and quarantined the lot."

Cullen explains he is now trying to isolate the disease and the factors that contribute to its spread. His current hypothesis is that it is transmitted via the air, and affects liver function, possibly poisoning the victims' blood. He cannot say more as he's awaiting further results, except to say it's gruesome work: the infirmary's incinerator is running day and night.

If asked about the 'seat of intelligence', the doctor will look bemused and ask what the investigators know of his work. If they can display credible knowledge of his theory, or make a successful Fast Talk roll, Cullen will begin a long tirade on philosophy, religion, and most especially anatomy: he is utterly convinced that the human 'soul' is a fraudulent and anachronistic ideal, and believes the site of consciousness, knowledge and feeling—his 'seat of intelligence'—lies in the flesh.

If asked about his relationship with Sir Gregory Arkwright, Cullen mentions he has met the philanthropist on occasion to discuss his degenerative disease. Concerning Arkwright's cheques, Cullen states that Sir George is generously funding research into a cure for the disease and nothing more. If pressed further, Cullen will become annoyed, suggesting anything further is a private matter between himself and Arkwright.

Cullen will not comment on Lucy Siddons' murder, except to declare it a tragedy: he disavows all knowledge of her pregnancy and Mrs Geddes' request, and becomes notably frosty.

If asked about the Irish sloop, Dr Cullen responds quickly and angrily: "And just how am I supposed to be involved in such things? I spend all my hours in quarantine, and if you'll excuse me, gentlemen, that is where I'll be getting back to."

Throughout the conversation, if Cullen perceives any disrespect or dislikes the questions asked, he will end the interview, rising slowly and declaring that he has no more time for discussion. However the conversation ends, he will ask for the investigators' cards so that he can stay in touch.

Cullen will use the cards to provide the ghoul hunters with a scent; from this point on, whenever the investigators travel abroad by night, there's a 50% chance they'll be stalked by ghouls (statistics can be found on page 160 of the *Call of Cthulhu* rules book).

Speaking with Dr David McLean or Dr Kenneth Burden

Dr McLean and Dr Burden know nothing about the murders apart from what they've read in the papers, and even less about the Irish sloop, but they can relate much about the horrible disease that struck the infirmary a month ago.

"The disease didn't so much spread as attack. There were no real symptoms or warning signs: within twenty-four hours there were bodies everywhere. Every ward, every building, every level of staff was hit. The only clear factor appears to be that the disease strikes overcrowded and overpopulated areas: the prison on Duke Street and the East End slums have new cases almost daily. Dr Cullen's inoculation is having some success, but it's far from a cure. He would say the same himself, I'm sure."

If asked about Cullen's treatment, the anatomists admit that they know little; they haven't spoken to Cullen in weeks, and he has kept the formula secret. Regarding his controversial theories, they suggest Cullen is an idealist and brilliant, but that his "drivel" about the seat of intelligence is quite frankly mad—juvenile in scope and rationale.

The doctors relate that Cullen is working night and day on the cure, locked away in his quarantined labs. Others have offered to work with him, but Cullen has always refused, and gone back to doing "whatever it is he's doing in there".

Cullen's Quarantined Laboratory

The quarantined labs in the basement of the infirmary are situated just off the broad corridor that runs the length of the main building; their central location means they can be easily reached from any of the building's entrances. Access from the rear of the building is available through the nearby shipping bay.

New and substantial brass locks secure three of the quarantine labs; those nearest the chapel stairs and the shipping bay also have thick black tape over the keyholes. Every laboratory door bears notices reading 'Quarantine Hazard: Do Not Enter', and a sign warning 'Biological Quarantine: Entry By Express Permission Of Dr J. Cullen Only - Face Mask To Be Worn At All Times'.

The central lab door lacks tape, and its lock shows wear: a successful Locksmith roll will gain entry. Infirmary guards walk the lower corridor every fifteen minutes, and are especially concerned about lab security: anyone loitering will be asked to leave. The guards do not have keys to the labs.

The central lab is lit dull yellow, and the fat blades of an extraction fan turn noisily overhead. The walls and floors are tiled a light green; the tiles immediately beneath the investigators' feet are clear of debris. A mop and bucket near the door appear to have been used to occasionally keep a semi-circle before the door clean.

However, outside the semi-circle, the floor of the thirty-foot lab is covered in debris, dried blood, and discarded body bags. Against the walls a collection of drawers and tables are covered with opened bottles of saline and other solutions; rolls of bandages; used swabs and shallow metal trays; and bloodied knives and saws of various sizes and implementation, from glistening scalpels to great serrated cutting tools.

Nine gurneys (surgical trolleys) are scattered about the room, atop them the bloated and reeking bodies of six men and three women. None of the bodies is complete: the chest and stomach cavities of each have been cut open, and flies buzz around the mutilated bodies.

Have each player roll SAN: failure results in a 1D4 Sanity loss, and requires the affected character leave the lab to collect himself.

The smell in the room—and indeed in every quarantined lab—is so terrible that investigators must make a CON x5 roll every five minutes or spend a minute gagging and retching; characters who are sick multiple times should suffer negative effects from physical distress.

There is nothing to be found in the central lab, although a successful Medicine roll will reveal that the manner of dissection and amputation is strange and unorthodox. There seems no satisfactory reason for the level of butchery evidenced in the room.

The southern lab is a duplicate of the central lab in size and colour, although the door does not open fully as the room is full of gurneys, a number blocking the doorway.

Against the back wall, the gurneys are weighed down with two and sometimes three body bags: closer to the door, each

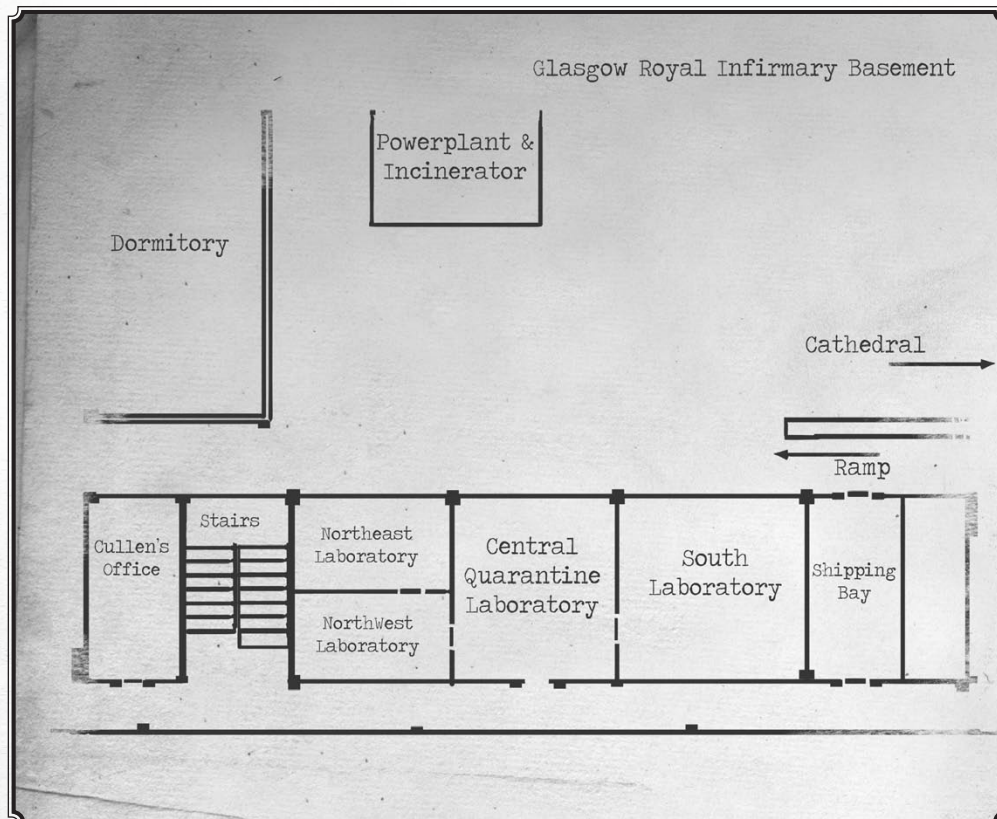
holds a single body, wrapped in thick, blue burlap. Strips of flypaper choked with insect bodies sway in the pull of the ceiling extractor fan.

There are thirty-nine dead bodies in the room. Unless the characters wish to open the body bags to uncover the dead within, there is nothing else here. For the curious, the dead exhibit the same disturbing yellow colouring, skin blistered with purple pustules, and necks swollen out of all proportion. Opening any of the body bags requires a CON x5 roll to avoid being physically sick.

The north-western lab is the same thirty-foot width as the central and southern labs, but half as long: a door in the east wall leads to the north-eastern lab. The lab smells overwhelmingly of formaldehyde and ammonia; after a few moments, it will be all the investigators can smell and taste.

Atop numerous desks around the outside wall and three broad tables in the room's centre stand a host of glass jars and vials, varying in size from a few inches tall to well over a foot. Floating or resting within each are body parts cut from the diseased dead; internal organs are especially plentiful, and many human hearts, lungs and livers. A few empty containers are stacked on a desk along the northern wall beside great glass jars of formaldehyde.

An open ledger sits on the table nearest the door to the central lab, a catalogue of the preserved body parts with strange annotations of unknown significance beside each entry. A successful Accounting roll reveals the number of entries greatly exceeds the number of preserved body parts collected here.



The north-eastern lab is locked with a similar brass lock to the doors to the quarantined area: a successful Locksmith roll will open it. Alternatively, investigators can smash the frosted glass pane in the door's upper half: doing so causes considerable noise and alerts anyone walking down the basement corridor. The lab will remain shrouded in darkness until the investigators find the light switch; turning on the light also starts up the noisy extractor fan near the ceiling.

In the north-eastern corner of the room a great burnt red circle has been drawn on the floor in blood: inside is a similarly drawn inverted triangle. In the centre of the triangle a revolting composition lies splayed like some demonic work of art: an exaggerated human body constructed from pieces taken from different bodies.

Skin, organs, bone, and tissue are mismatched, laid side by side and end to end to create this horrid, fetid amalgam. The thing crawls with small flies and white grubs, and the reek is stomach-churning.



The Sanity cost for witnessing Dr Cullen's experiment is 1 / 1D10; investigators failing SAN rolls are physically sick and must leave the room. Those remaining will notice the thick scrawl, a kind of language, written in blood around the larger circle and inside the inverted triangle: poorly executed, it's impossible to read. Investigators looking more closely at the foul body parts will see both male and female are represented, overlaid; and also that many of the parts seem to have been clawed or violently ripped apart. This does not seem in keeping with the bodies in the central lab.

More filled glass jars line the desks, alongside some very delicate and expensive medical equipment. On one table near the door, a very modern microscope sits near an inkwell and a collection of small books and journals; next to the microscope is a preserved foetus floating lifelessly in formaldehyde. The foetus has only one leg; the other appears to have been torn off at the hip. Looking into the microscope will reveal a specimen of blood taken from one of the bodies, but yields no further information. Most of the journals are written in strange medical shorthand: a successful Medicine roll suggests Cullen is seeking something *in the flesh* of these different bodies.

Additionally, investigators will find references to magic and 'dark rituals' that the anatomist seemed to believe would provide the answers he seeks: the most telling clues are found in extracts from Cullen's diary (Handout 6).

5.45 am

They brought the girl in this morning—or what was left of her. What a blasted mess! But the foetus has provided me with a new source of research. The seat will be found through an examination of variation, yes, but why had I not before considered the usefulness of examining such a thing, a veritable tabula rasa, an unborn babe. This one was damaged. I must have more soon. In addition, I must widen my search for new sources of variation. The answer is near.

10.15 am

That damned fool! I should never have trusted that dim-witted dullard! He'd rather rot with whores and throw his money at cards than do the simplest bloody thing right. Now Garachar's gifts are trapped at the docks while I'm left to find an answer to the debacle. The whole affair has gone to Hell, but I must know what Garachar knows. I must have his magics. The bodies must be retrieved.

7.00 pm

Black has informed me that Cadden has brought in some investigators to look into the murders. Need to look into this. Nothing must interfere with my experiments.

1.20 am

They ask for more. Always more, more! And I must find a way. Black is a moron and Arkwright is useless. So I alone must find a way.

Handout 6. Cullen's Laboratory Diary

There is nothing else of relevance in the clutter of the lab.

Confronting Cullen

Cullen may be present in the quarantined labs, at the Keeper's discretion; or perhaps the investigators make sure he has left before they attempt entry. If Cullen is present, he will react in one of two ways, depending on his situation.

First, if Cullen detects the investigators prior to their entry into the northern labs, he will appear suddenly from the northern door with a surgical mask covering his mouth. He will be livid and will berate the investigators for their foolishness. He will rush to the hall and shout for guards. Should they let themselves be captured, Cullen will have them isolated and 'treated'.

This treatment will consist of being injected with the deadly toxin used to create the strange disease that has killed so many Glaswegians. If they are injected, they will die horribly

in 2D6+12 hours: there is no cure. If, on the other hand, the investigators escape Cullen and the guards, the anatomist will contact Garachar immediately, and the investigators will be hunted for the remainder of the scenario.

Second, if the investigators surprise Cullen in his private labs, the anatomist will be incensed. If he encounters them in the north-west lab, there's a 50% chance he will attempt to use the same tactics as if he had discovered them in the central lab. He will push them roughly out of the north-western lab, yelling at them as he does so, and rush for the hall to call for infirmary guards. There's an equal likelihood however that Dr Cullen will be unable to control his fury; he will accost them, shouting "You fools! You bloody fools! I will not have you stand in my way!"

If he has time, Cullen will cast Stop Heart (roll POW vs. POW on the Resistance Table, or the victim suffers a massive heart attack and takes 4D6 points of damage) on one investigator before running out of the room. He will make his way out of the labs, into the shipping bay, and out the rear of the Royal Infirmary, running in the direction of the cathedral and the Bridge of Sighs. If the investigators pursue, he will run into the Necropolis and attempt to lose them among the tombs and mausoleums. Should he reach the MacColl family mausoleum ahead of the investigators, he will effectively disappear.

His Majesty's Duke Street Prison

Visits to His Majesty's Duke Street Prison need to be cleared with the warden, John Black. A hard and uncompromising man, the criminal element in Glasgow call him the 'Black Goat', a clear reference to the devil, and some would say he lives up to the name. During each of Black's fifteen years as warden, prison conditions have worsened; anyone from the Lowlands of Scotland will have heard about the notorious HM Duke Street Prison.

Outside the prison gate on Duke Street, investigators encounter children playing and singing a rhyming song with surprising lyrics:

*“There is a happy land, doon Duke Street Jail,
Where a’ the prisoners stand, tied tae a nail.
Ham an’ eggs they never see, dirty watter fur yer tea;
There they live in misery, God save the Queen!”*

The prison is four storeys tall, looks like a giant warehouse, and has only two gates. Small barred windows allow people on the streets to hear yelling and catcalling from the prison cells. The walls are a foot thick, and both gates are heavily fortified and guarded: only the Duke Street gate is used for foot traffic. Inside, a guard escorts investigators to a waiting room outside Warden Black’s office.

The air inside the prison is warm, with an unpleasant mix of odours: the only seats are hard wooden chairs that could use a clean. The warden’s secretary, Mrs Matthews, is a bedraggled and weedy-looking woman. She will call through to Black before taking investigators to his office, nervously halting before the door.

John Black will not get up from his desk and only glances to the door. He is an unpleasantly obese man with a pronounced bald patch and greasy hair. A thin and uneven moustache sits above his fat wet lips. He introduces himself by saying: ‘I’m a busy man, gentlemen. Spare me the pleasantries and tell me what you want?’

Black is actively dismissive and unpleasant, and has no intention of helping the investigators; any insolence or disrespect results in him verbally attacking them for wasting his time. If they retaliate, he will press a button on his desk and two prison guards will arrive to remove them from the prison. They will not be granted another audience. Alternatively, if investigators play up to Black or attempt to appease him, he’ll listen to their questions.

As he is being paid extremely well for his part in the ghoulish conspiracy, the warden will say nothing regarding Dr Cullen or highlight his involvement in the Irish sloop affair. He is under considerable stress, particularly as Cullen is leaning on him to get the bodies trapped on the sloop to the infirmary: a successful Psychology roll detects this easily, though not its cause. If someone remarks on

his stress, he will blame it on ‘this damnable disease’. In truth, he is happy to kill off troublemakers in the prison for a tidy sum.

A successful Spot Hidden roll reveals the words ‘need more cleanser’ hand scribbled and underlined atop a requisition order beneath his right arm; another allows investigator(s) to make out the edge of a business card wedged beneath the corner of Black’s office telephone, an unusual symbol visible on it. A successful halved Medicine roll, or rolling under 10% of their Know roll, identifies the symbol as the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh: lifting up the phone reveals the business card of Dr James Cullen.

If asked about the disease, Black suggests the investigators inspect the prison yard for themselves. If the characters agree, he ensures a guard escorts them; otherwise he suggests they ask Dr James Cullen at the Royal Infirmary—now. Should the investigators take more than ten minutes of Black’s time, he says he has ‘important things to do’; if they persist, Black becomes abusive and gets rid of them one way or another, even calling guards in to forcibly remove them.

The Prison Yard

The yard is a muddy square filled with prisoners shuffling about aimlessly. Engaged in conversation, they complain about prison conditions, Black, and their fellow prisoners dropping like flies. The prisoners are skittish: more than thirty have succumbed to the strange disease. If asked about symptoms, they report they have seen none, but that most deaths have occurred at night: “When you hear the screamin’ in the night, you know they’s a goner. Ne’ver se’em after that.”

Stalking Black

Leaving the prison, Black goes directly to the Blackfriars pub, where he disappears into a back room for several hours. The back room is a haven for illegal gambling and, should they persuade or bribe one of the bar staff, investigators discover that Black regularly loses a ‘bloody fortune’.

Leaving Blackfriars, the warden heads down towards the docks where he picks up a prostitute and hires a cab. The cab takes Black and the prostitute to a darkened house on the south side of the river—Black’s home.

The Necropolis

The Necropolis consists of thirty-seven landscaped acres behind Glasgow Cathedral. Roughly triangular in shape, the cemetery is bordered by Wishart Street to the west, Firpark Street to the east, and some derelict land above Duke Street to the south. High stone walls block the south and curving east sides of the Necropolis, while the west is lined with an ornate wrought-iron fence.

Both entrances are on the cemetery’s west side: the first exits directly onto Wishart Street, whilst the second is across the Bridge of Sighs, which curves high above Wishart Street to connect the Necropolis to the back of Glasgow Cathedral. Within the graveyard, simple headstones, ornamental obelisks, and massive family mausoleums vie for space.

During the day, investigators will find themselves alone in the cemetery. At night, they will only feel themselves to be alone; in all likelihood 1D3 ghouls will be watching them from a distance. Investigators that are foolish enough to come to the Necropolis alone at night, or separated from their colleagues by a considerable distance, will be attacked. Sample statistics for ghouls are provided on page 68.

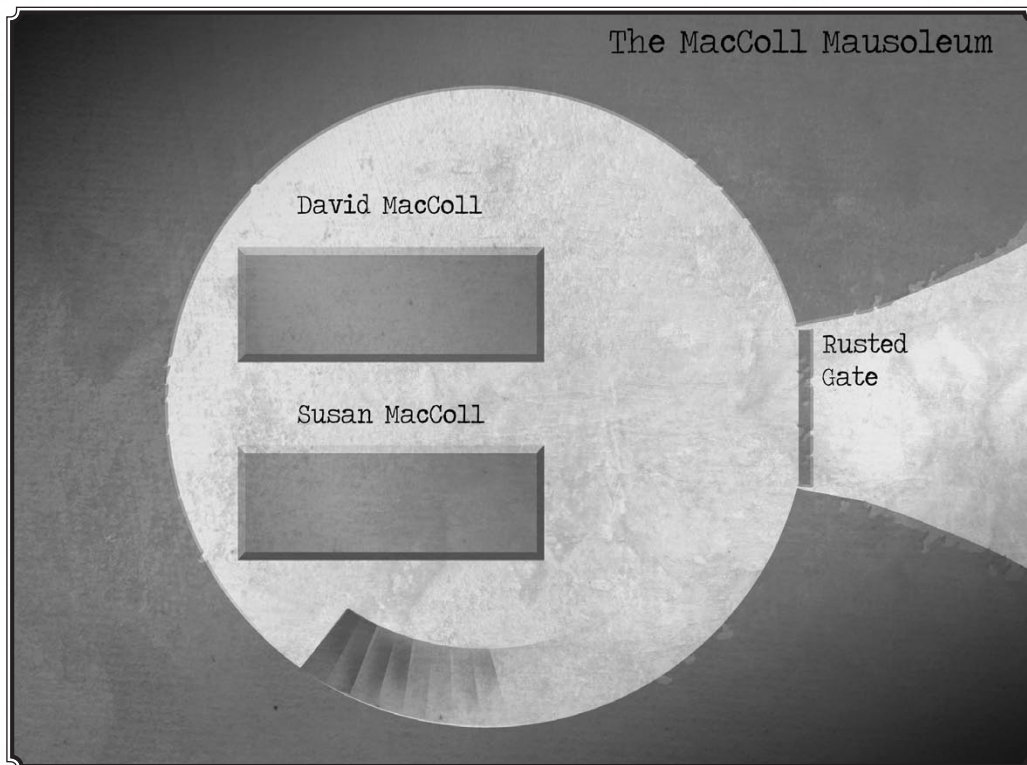
The labyrinthine layout of the Necropolis is bothersome by day and a nightmare at night; without a light source, investigators will most

likely find themselves walking in circles. During the day, a proper investigation of the cemetery will take the whole of an afternoon: a successful Track or halved Spot Hidden roll near the MacColl family mausoleum reveals tracks leading to and from the mausoleum’s iron gate or significant wear on the gate, respectively; close inspection of either uncovers claw-like abrasions. To discover the same by night requires quartered Track or Spot Hidden rolls.

The MacColl Mausoleum

The name ‘MacColl’ is inscribed in the red sandstone above the black gate, and the gate swings open freely: the hinges are free of rust and quite worn. Inside investigators find two large sarcophagi all but filling the circular vault: daylight or torchlight shows the names of David and Susan MacColl on the respective sarcophagi. The walls bear the names of their children, entombed within the stone.

Anyone opening the sarcophagi (a difficult and time-consuming task) will discover the bodies of Susan and David are missing. Towards the back of the room, a set of stairs leads down into darkness.





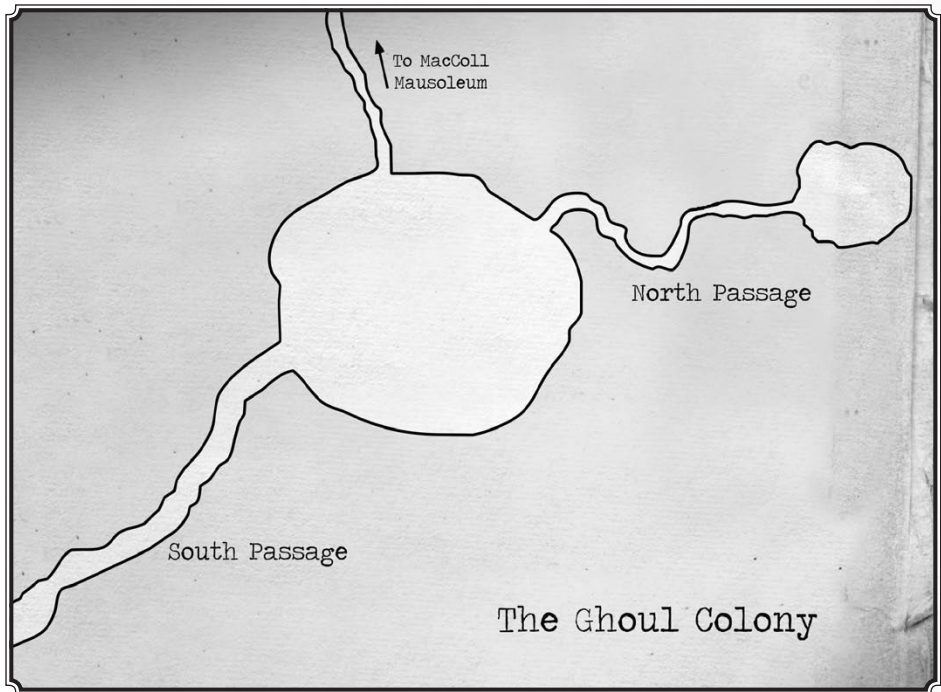
Fifteen feet down is a second crypt. It is immediately apparent it has been defiled: the single sarcophagus lies in pieces, great blocks of masonry pulled apart and cracked. More worrying is the five-foot-high and three-foot-wide tunnel cut into the base of this undercrypt.

The sarcophagus here once held Finn MacColl, but is now a shambles. The wooden casket inside shows signs of being violently clawed open: a successful Spot Hidden roll uncovers a splintered bit of bone with some unusual markings, as though gnawed or bitten in two.

Dark musty earth from the interior of the tunnel has fallen into the second crypt, as have sandstone blocks making up the original wall. The tunnel descends sharply into the earth below the crypt, and curves out of view after some forty feet: a successful Geology roll reveals the walls are tightly packed and structurally sound, but their construction is unlike anything the character has ever seen. The low tunnel does not seem well suited for people.

Tunnel to the Ghoul Colony

Bent almost double, the investigators can make their way slowly down into the dark earth. The air around them becomes increasingly close, and after forty feet they will feel their lungs struggling. After sixty feet the tunnel tightens further but then suddenly levels out: twenty feet further and it connects with a large cavern; its walls extend into shadow, but here and there are signs of inhabitation (footprints, discarded pieces of cloth, etc).



GLASGOW CATHEDRAL WELCOMES YOU

The Cathedral is proud to be an exceptionally active Christian congregation within the Presbytery of Glasgow and the Church of Scotland. We hope to see you at our forthcoming services and events. May the Lord watch over and guide you.

—The Very Reverend Dr W. J. Grimond

9.00 am – Early Morning Prayer

11.00 am – Morning Service. Rev. Grimond

12.20 pm – Holy Communion

6.30 pm – Evening Service. Rev. Westerton

Today's Music:

Herr Jesu Christ, dich zu uns wend' BWV 655 – JS Bach

Sanctus (Messe Basse) – Fauré

Above all praise and all majesty – Mendelssohn

Tonstych Op 22 No 1 – Neils Gade



The cavern smells strongly of earth, mould, and musty organics: small shiny beetles scuttle around. There is no sound. The air is warm and thick with a powerful sense of pressure, and breathing is shallow and laboured. The packed dirt floor shows signs of considerable traffic.

Passageways lead north and south from this cavern, in addition to the tunnel to the MacColl mausoleum; a successful Track roll reveals most traffic travels to the south. Distinctive marks and scratches are visible in the dirt, and a Spot Hidden roll or some digging will uncover small fragments of bone.

The North Passage

The north passage is rougher than the tunnel from the MacColl crypt, and travel requires investigators crouch whilst avoiding sharp and jagged rocks. The tunnel twists and turns, cutting them off from the cavern behind, and the stifling air makes investigators gasp as they struggle along. Suddenly things come to a crisis point: the overwhelming weight of the earth above seems to be crushing down, smothering them.

Have the players make SAN rolls. If successful, they assure themselves that the passage is sound and not closing in around them; if unsuccessful, a blind panic grips them and they lose 1D4 Sanity points as they struggle and shriek that they cannot breathe and/or are being crushed.

If the way is clear, they will flee back to the cavern and the ascending passage; once back under the sky, they will recover after 1D20+10 minutes. To enter the tunnels again requires a POW x5 roll; failure means they cannot attempt again for one hour.

If unsuccessful characters find their exit to the surface blocked (for example by other characters behind them in the passage), they will push and even fight their way out. Each character blocking the tunnel must make a DEX roll to allow the panicking character to pass in the tight passage; failure means the panicking character is effectively trapped, and must make a POW x3 roll. Failure on this second roll results in him fainting from anxiety and

losing an additional Sanity point; success means that he continues to struggle and push his way out of the tunnels.

If at any time other characters grapple or otherwise restrain the panicking character, then he or she must make another SAN roll; success allows him to regain his composure. Failure results in a further 1D4 Sanity point loss, and the character experiencing paranoia, possibly screaming out, 'You're trying to kill me! Let me go, you villains!' Failure on this second SAN roll means the stricken investigator must return to the surface.

Anyone making considerable noise (or failing a Sneak roll when the Keeper requires one) must make a Luck roll to avoid attracting the attention of 1D3 ghouls. Also, if a fleeing character has no light source, he may run blindly into the southern passage rather than up to the MacColl mausoleum!

Beyond the narrowing point, the north passage continues another twenty-five feet before ending in a small cave ten feet in diameter. A shallow oval depression in the floor suggests a body has been resting or sleeping here; next to this depression, a collection of wooden boards has been used to create a kind of plinth or altar. Atop this plinth are a collection of small bones, a number of rough crystal stones, a couple of sheaves of stained parchment, and a dirty paper pamphlet.

A successful Medicine or Biology roll reveals the small bones are of human origin and bear scratches and marks that suggest they have been chewed or gnawed upon. A successful Geology roll reveals the crystals are simple quartzes and fluorspars, and of little value. The pieces of parchment appear to have been ripped from an old book, and cover a general history of the cathedral district of Glasgow, focusing on the cathedral itself; a small tear in one sheaf marks a passage describing valuable religious texts kept in the cathedral. Finally, the dirty pamphlet is from a recent service at Glasgow Cathedral and names Reverend Dr W. J. Grimond as the current minister of the church (Handout 7).

The South Passage

The south passage descends quite sharply but after fifty feet widens to join a natural fissure of wet, smooth granite. A successful Listen roll allows investigators to make out a guttural muttering coming from further down.

Continuing down, investigators will begin to hear strange sounds over their laboured breathing, oddly distorted and echoing. If they stop to listen, the sounds can be broken down into growling, barking, hyena-like gibbering, and wolf-like howling. Investigators may realize these otherworldly utterances sound like some kind of alien communication; if they have encountered ghouls before, a successful Idea roll will recognize their guttural chatter.

If the investigators are approaching the cave ahead with torches or lanterns lit, they must succeed in a POW x3 Luck roll to avoid the ghoulish horde noticing them. If they continue with the lights any further, they will automatically alert the hundreds of ghouls to their presence.



A few feet more, and the passage turns a sharp corner and opens into a vast open space, with the investigators on a high rocky ledge over a colossal underground cavern. Illuminated by small fires throughout are hundreds of bent, dog-like humanoid figures, the firelight reflecting off their rubbery skins as they shift and move below. There are so many that the entire cavern floor seems to undulate and twist, an unthinkable, impossible sight.

Have the players make SAN rolls at this point. A successful role allows them to continue unaffected; failure has them afflicted with terror and crying out unless their fellows can calm them with Psychoanalysis, Fast Talk, or other appropriate rolls (possibly including knocking the panicked character senseless!).

Whilst the ghouls' eyesight is not acute, their hearing is, and if the investigators do end up making sound, make a single Listen roll for the ghouls for each round of disturbance to see if one of them detects the investigators above the gibbering chatter.

If the investigators remain undetected and continue to observe the host below, they will see a group of ghouls rise up on their haunches near the centre of the fire-lit cavern. One rises taller than the others: a towering, lean figure with horribly glinting red eyes. Around its neck are a string of crystal-like stones. As it bellows into the shadows, each ghoulish turns inwards and for the first time there is calm.

Grunting, chirping, and snarling, the tall black ghoulish gestures to the throng with raking claws and flashing yellow teeth, and a kind of speech commences. The cavern is deathly silent; investigators making any actions must also succeed at a Sneak roll to avoid detection, halved if the investigators attempt actions during one of the lulls in the speech. Should they be detected, the alerted ghoulish will call out a bark sounding like "Chamon! Chamon!", daring even to interrupt Garachar's speech; the cavern will quickly descend into chaos and the hunt will begin!

Plot Twist: Captured by Garachar

During the adventure, any number of situations might arise that result in a character—or indeed the whole party—being captured by the ghouls and brought before Garachar. Far from being a simpleminded predator, the ghoul elder is an extremely intelligent tactician and manipulator, and he will wish to interrogate the characters thoroughly before he decides their fate.

This could make an interesting plot twist: Garachar is always looking for new ways to deal with the dilemma facing his ghoul colony. If possible, he'll 'use' the investigators in the same way as he's using Cullen and the others. They might serve him in retrieving the Black Book from the Cathedral, for example, succeeding where Arkwright and Cullen's 'burglars' have failed. In this case, the investigators would effectively be working 'for' the ghouls; rather than being a disaster, this twist may even result in them learning about the 'Voyager's Song' spell, and discovering a way to remove the ghoul colony from the Necropolis peacefully.

Whatever the task given them, Garachar will use some means to ensure that they do his bidding. He may, for example, use a ghoulish spell to 'mark' the chosen character(s), binding them to the task or cursing them with wracking pain should they stray. And if they should fail him, he will have them hunted down, and destroyed—eventually...

If the investigators declare they are listening carefully to the ghoul leader's speech, a successful Listen roll distinguishes a single word or phrase repeated a number of times; a quartered Listen roll will pick up on this even if the investigators aren't paying particular attention.

The guttural utterance sounds like "Ghuhrren" (Cullen) and is often linked to "chamon" (human). After five minutes, the speech suddenly ends and a chorus of chants rises up from the assembled creatures below, filling the dark

cavern; investigators may make out the repeated utterance 'Grakkar', 'Garrchar', or 'Garachar'. Chanting this over and over, the whole congregation rises to its feet.

Should the investigators stay, they will see the ghouls exit the chamber into numerous connecting passages; a number will make their way up to the ledge where the investigators are hiding! If the investigators do not retreat immediately and at full speed, the ghouls may make a Spot Hidden or Scent roll to detect them—and the hunting call of "Chamon! Chamon!" will echo through the tunnels.

If the characters escape the tunnels undetected, they should not linger: if they remain to catch their breath outside the mausoleum, they should make Sneak rolls, halved at night, to avoid 1D4 ghouls bursting forth to immediately attack them.

If detected whilst still in the tunnels, investigators will be attacked by ghouls in great numbers and unhindered, so numerous that they will fill the tunnels and climb over one another to sink their claws and teeth into them. Trapped investigators will not last long: their only hope is to hold off the ravaging ghouls until they can reach the MacColl crypt.

By day, 1D6-1 ghouls will pursue investigators out of the mausoleum to continue the attack, hoping to quickly kill them and retreat into the darkness. By night, on the other hand, investigators will find ghouls appearing from behind every crypt, mausoleum and headstone. Faced with this overwhelming horde, no amount of skill or firepower will save them. They will be torn limb from limb, their screams drowned out by the hideous gibbering and howling of the ghoul hunters. Merciful Keepers may allow characters to make POW x1 Luck rolls to survive with either Indefinite Insanity or unconscious with 1 or 2 hit points.

-Conclusion-

There are numerous ways in which the scenario can end, some more satisfying than others. The only way to completely rid Glasgow of the ghoul threat is to remove the colony from beneath the Necropolis; this can only be achieved through the use of 'The Voyagers' Song' contained in the black book held by Reverend Grimond in Glasgow Cathedral. An interesting twist on this ending would be to have the investigators somehow convince Garachar that it is in his, and his colony's, best interests to depart for the Dreamlands. It is not an unreasonable idea as Garachar and the ghoul elite are looking for a permanent solution to their problem.

The only other way to rid Glasgow of the ghoul threat is through violence. However, investigators who walk into the colony armed to the teeth will be quickly overrun and torn to shreds: the ghouls' overwhelming numbers and resistance to bullets make them very hard to kill. However, with careful planning a long and drawn out battle against the ghoul hordes is possible. An ending involving the ghouls

overrunning Glasgow and the investigators having to make an expeditious retreat would certainly be entertaining, but leave the original problem in place.

It's possible that the investigators never learn of the black book or the ghoulish spell and, therefore, have little chance of removing the ghoul threat. In this case, the best the investigators can hope for is to put an end to Dr Cullen and his nefarious schemes, possibly shutting down Black at the same time. If the investigators solve the problem of the murders, the strange disease and perhaps the Irish sloop as well, the Lord Provost and the City of Glasgow will celebrate them as heroes.

For successfully putting an end to Dr Cullen and his dark plans, investigators will be handsomely rewarded by the City of Glasgow and should also be awarded 1D10 Sanity points. For successfully removing the ghoul threat from the Necropolis, the investigators should be awarded 2D10 Sanity points. Investigators who are aware of the ghoul threat but cannot satisfactorily deal with it may lose 1d6 or more Sanity points.



-Appendix I: Plot Map for 'Death and Horror Incorporated' -

Location	Personas	Relationships	Motivation	Clues
Necropolis	Garachar, ghoulish warlock	Manipulates Cullen; harasses Grimond; leads ghouls	Seeks lost Mythos text and fresh bodies; seeks solution to ghoulish population problem	Cathedral service pamphlet Papers on religious texts held in cathedral
Glasgow Royal Infirmary	Anatomists James Cullen, David McLean and Kenneth Burden	Cullen relies on Garachar for dark sorcery; receives funding from Arkwright; pays Black for bodies	Insane; rabidly anti-religious; believes can discover the 'seat of intelligence' and achieve a ghastly immortality for himself	Cullen's horrific experiments Unborn foetus Cullen's published work
His Majesty's Duke Street Prison	Warden John Black	Does Cullen's dirty work	Money—Black is addicted to gambling and prostitutes	Cullen's business card Speaking with prisoners (strange deaths)
Glasgow Cathedral	The Very Reverend Dr W. J. Grimond	Harassed by ghouls	Religious fervour; believes he must hold out against the 'demons' and protect the black book	Ghoulish activities 'Black book' (tome of ghoulish magic)
Arkwright House, Dennistoun	Sir Gregory Arkwright, philanthropist; Mrs Geddes, housekeeper	Finances Cullen; employs Geddes; Siddons' former employer	Self-preservation; believes Cullen's research may offer him a cure for his rare degenerative disease	Lucy Siddons' diary Speaking with Mrs Geddes Discarded note Arkwright's chequebook
Police Office	Detective Constables Ross Harris and Charlie McKeegan	Harris works 'with' Williams; McKeegan works on Siddons' murder	Harris is unmotivated; McKeegan is devoted to finding Lucy Siddons' murderer	Working with police
Clydeside Docks	Arthur Williams, shipmaster; Andrew Grant, dock guard	Williams hires Grant to guard Irish sloop	Williams wants 'death ship' business cleared up; Grant is terrified but needs the job	Irish sloop
Mitchell Library	Librarians, etc.			Copy of <i>The Seat of Intelligence</i> General information on Glasgow, Necropolis, etc.
Glasgow University	Professors, etc.			Copy of <i>The Seat of Intelligence</i>
Glasgow Herald	Journalists, etc.			<i>Wolves witnessed on the Bridge of Sighs</i> clipping

- The Hand of Abyzou -

When an old friend ends up in an Edinburgh asylum raving about witchcraft and the end of the world, the investigators must uncover the mystery of the 'sleepers' and venture into Edinburgh's vaults to face an ancient terror that must never wake.

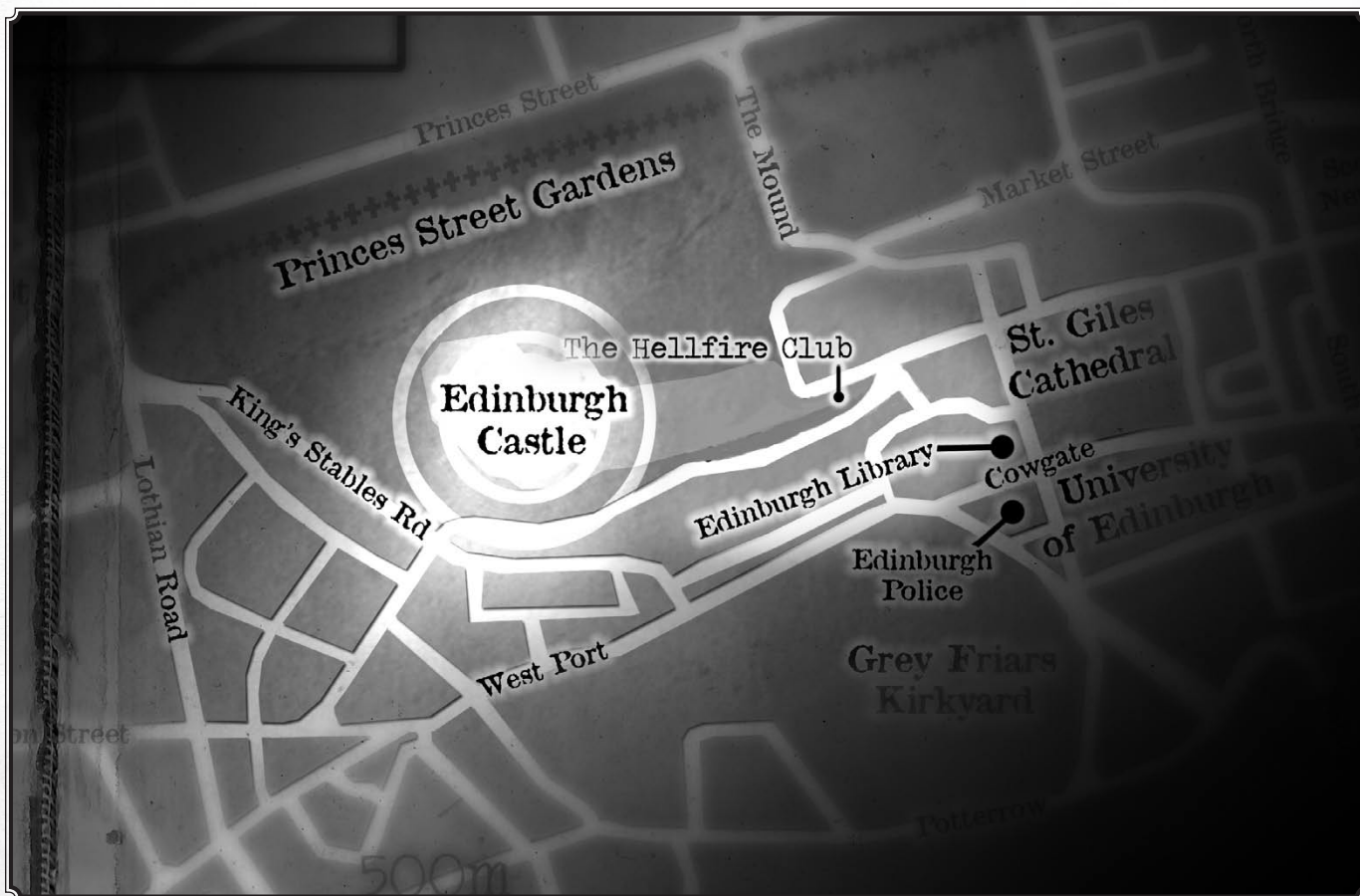
- Introduction -

This scenario for both novice and experienced players takes place in Scotland's capital city of Edinburgh, and much of the action occurs in the vaults far below its streets. The map below indicates the relevant sites of interest.

This scenario begins as an investigation into a friend's commitment to a lunatic asylum, and ends as a desperate race against time. A plot map is provided on page 196 to keep track of locations, characters, motivations, and evidence.

The scenario follows a three-act structure incorporating action on Edinburgh's streets, in the vaults below, and lastly in the ancient serpent people halls deep beneath Castle Hill. Clues and documents available to the investigators are embedded in the text, and also available as downloadable player handouts at www.cubicle7.co.uk.

Two possible outcomes detailed at the end of the scenario either bring the action to a frenzied conclusion, or lead to further Scottish adventures. Do the investigators prevent the dreaded 'sleepers' from awakening, or do the ageless serpent people mages arise anew?



-Keeper's Information-

The Story So Far

More than two hundred and seventy million years ago, the serpent people created a vast empire—their first and greatest—called Valusia. Its capital lay at the centre of the early Pangaeon super-continent on the lands which now make up the Scottish Lowlands. This opulent city stretched for miles above and beneath the earth, and was a centre of science and magic. During the next forty million years, the Valusian Empire experienced a golden age of achievement: new technologies, brave new sciences, and powerful new magics were developed. There seemed no limit to their potential, until suddenly disaster struck: a cataclysm two hundred and thirty million years ago laid waste to most of the serpent people cities, including their magnificent capital with its population of scientists and mages.

Valusia never recovered. The struggle to rebuild was hampered by the arrival of the dinosaurs, and of other Mythos races, until finally the first empire collapsed completely in 225 million BCE. During those final days, small numbers of the serpent people elite went into hibernation or stasis deep underground, to be awakened when the conditions were right for their return. In the aeons which followed, the serpent people numbers dwindled into insignificance, and memory of the sleeping mages was lost. In the 1920s, these powerful and ancient sorcerers still lie dormant deep beneath Edinburgh's Castle Hill.

The loss of Valusia was a wound that has never healed, and many surviving serpent people today still dream of its return. Despite their reduced numbers, the serpent people still possess powerful magic and highly advanced technological know-how, making them capable and deadly foes. One particularly powerful serpent people mage, known only as 'the Elder', has uncovered information which has led him and a small coterie of followers to believe that the 'sleepers' of serpent people legend may yet survive in their stasis chambers. They have been searching tirelessly for the sleepers' location, and their research has at last led them to Scotland.

The Elder, Serpent Mage

**The Elder, age 273,
Powerful Serpent People Mage**

STR 10	DEX 13	INT 23	CON 11
SIZ 12	APP —	POW 18	EDU —
SAN —		Hit Points: 11	

Move: 8

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Archaeology (Human) 24%, Archaeology (Serpent People) 85%, Climb 31%, English 79%, Hide 20%, Oratory 70%, Persuade 66%, Scent Danger 65%, Sneak 22%, Spot Hidden 34%

Weapons: Bite 34%, damage 1D8 + poison (POT 11)

Armour: 1-point scales

Spells: All known spells, including Assume Shape, a common serpent people spell allowing them to masquerade as humans

Sanity Cost: 0 / 1D6

Appearance: Like other serpent people, the Elder is an upright serpent with an ophidian head and snake-like scales, with two arms and legs. He dresses in an ornate robe of blue and green with gold trim, a style of dress in keeping with serpent people tradition and whose colours denote his position as a powerful serpent people mage. The Elder's large broad head is crested with hard scales around his eyes, and his long pink tongue constantly flicks in and out of his mouth. All serpent people use their tongues to detect danger and intruders (see the Scent Danger skill above), and they also play a role in communication, as serpent people can effectively 'taste' one another's emotions.

The Elder is slightly taller and considerably older than the others in his company, and moves slowly and deliberately; this slowness carries over into his human persona, where he appears to be a white-haired man of great age, possibly a hundred years old. When masquerading as a human, he plays the 'wise old man', and speaks slowly and with great gravitas.

Over the past twenty years, this small band of sorcerers and scientists has systematically visited and studied a number of potential sites in the Scottish Lowlands, but has yet to discover the resting place of their ancient brethren. In the 1920s, they have begun to focus their attention on some of the oldest accessible serpent people ruins beneath Edinburgh: the mammoth volcanic plug of Castle Hill is riddled with a maze of avenues, corridors and passageways running just beneath the modern city streets and down to impossibly deep chasms in the earth. The upper vaults are infested with humans, while the lower levels house ancient serpent people halls so numerous that mapping them is the work of decades.

The serpent people have devised a plan to use the humans to their advantage. Using magic to walk amongst them, they have lured a number of suitable humans with promises of power and everlasting life. Building on the humans' desires and motivations, the serpent people have established a witch cult based on a mythical snake goddess named 'Abyzou'.

Over the past three years this cult has grown to more than sixty members, and developed a ruling hierarchy of five men and women, including a High Priestess (Fiona MacAllister) and High Priest (Dougal Curran). This witch-cult coven calls itself 'the Hand of Abyzou'.

Fiona MacAllister, High Priestess of Abyzou

**Fiona MacAllister, age 33,
Zealous High Priestess of Abyzou**

STR 10 **DEX** 15 **INT** 11 **CON** 12
SIZ 09 **APP** 15 **POW** 12 **EDU** 14
SAN 00 **Hit Points:** 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Art (Theatre) 64%, Climb 41%, Conceal 35%, Disguise 69%, Hide 31%, Persuade 73%, Sneak 34%, Spot Hidden 45%

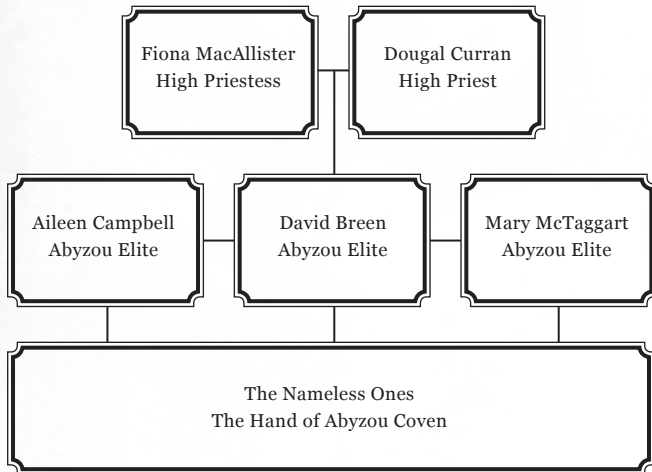
Weapons: A small ceremonial dagger, damage 1D4 + db

Spells: Abyzou's Word (Candle Communication), Enchant Knife, Mental Suggestion, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler.

Appearance: Fiona MacAllister is a thin attractive woman with flame-red hair and piercing blue eyes. Somewhat elfin in appearance, she has long used her striking features to get her way in life. Now as the devout High Priestess of Abyzou, her narcissism and ego have grown to nearly epic proportions. A former music hall actress, she is adept at using makeup both to enhance her appearance and to disguise herself; she is also a good mimic and can adopt a number of convincing accents.

MacAllister intentionally wears clothing that borders on the provocative, taking some pride in the effect she has on men. She considers herself to be the true leader of the Hand, and likes to keep Curran one step behind.

The Hand of Abyzou



The serpent people have convinced the human coven that the locus of Abyzou's power is hidden in an ancient temple, part of a lost city deep beneath Edinburgh. Encouraged and incited by the Elder and the other serpent people, the leaders of the Hand of Abyzou are determined to find the source of Abyzou's power. Groups of cultists undertake 'missions' to seek the temple of Abyzou, unknowingly aiding the serpent people in their search for the sleepers: human and serpent people groups are continually searching the deep tunnels and caverns for the powers they desire.

In addition to these missions, others within the Hand are tasked with searching for signs and artefacts of Abyzou in the Edinburgh Vaults, including the strange and stylized ancient script which they are calling the "language of Abyzou"—in fact the written language of the serpent people. As a result, the serpent people have found numerous references and writings telling of the final days of Valusia.

Dougal Curran, High Priest of Abyzou

**Dougal Curran, age 43,
Troubled High Priest of Abyzou**

STR 13 **DEX** 10 **INT** 11 **CON** 12
SIZ 13 **APP** 08 **POW** 11 **EDU** 15
SAN 00 **Hit Points:** 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Astronomy 44%, Biology 26%, Climb 45%, Fast Talk 56%, German 49%, Library Use 44%, Persuade 46%, Spot Hidden 27%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 34%, damage 1D4 + db

Spells: Abyzou's Word (Candle Communication), Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Grasp of Cthulhu, Wrack

Appearance: Dougal Curran is slightly taller than average, with dark brown hair, brown eyes, and a reddish-brown goatee. He has a booming voice that makes him perfect in the role of high priest, but his subservience to MacAllister means he often takes the back seat in coven affairs.

Curran's knowledge of physical spells, particularly Wrack, has helped to keep him safely in power, but he is secretly worried that MacAllister is trying to oust him from his position and take sole control of the Hand. Curran is thus preoccupied and distracted much of the time.

Mary McTaggart, Hand of Abyzou Elite

**Mary McTaggart, age 38,
Devoted Hand Elite**

STR 08 **DEX** 12 **INT** 16 **CON** 10
SIZ 06 **APP** 09 **POW** 13 **EDU** 15
SAN 00 **Hit Points:** 09

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Accounting 14%, Art (Literature) 76%, Climb 40%, French 43%, Latin 39%, Library Use 55%, Linguistics 72%, Listen 54%, Persuade 26%, Spot Hidden 26%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 24%, damage 1D4 + db

Spells: Abyzou's Word (Candle Communication)

Appearance: Mary McTaggart is an innocuous and mousy brunette with striking green eyes but an otherwise commonplace appearance. Though barely five feet tall, she commands considerable respect in the coven as her wit and intelligence often lead her to successful solutions for difficult problems. She appears to many as the 'brains' behind the coven elite. Quiet and introspective, preferring books to people, she is also quite in love with and utterly devoted to MacAllister, and this warmth of feeling is occasionally visible in her actions and words.

Up until three weeks before the investigators' arrival, the activities of the Hand of Abyzou and the disguised serpent people had gone unnoticed. In the guise of an old human mystic, the Elder has been carefully orchestrating this human arm of the search for the sleepers. To the coven, the 'Auld One' is living proof of Abyzou's power: he professes to have been alive for more than two hundred years, and possesses powerful arcane magic. The serpent people sorcerer has carefully cultivated the coven's devotion to him and to the fictitious goddess Abyzou, initiating the five coven elite into the Cthulhu Mythos and taking considerable pleasure in watching their madness grow.

He has rewarded their zeal with individualized spells, making sure to maintain a balance of powers in the group.

Lured by the promise of power and eternal life, an ever-increasing number of people are being initiated into the Hand of Abyzou. It was word of a fantastical new religion and the goddess Abyzou that piqued the interest of Professor Michael Ashbury at the University of Edinburgh. As a practicing Theosophist, member of the Edinburgh Philaletheian Society (EPS), and professor of theology, Ashbury was duty-bound to investigate the Hand of Abyzou and its religious teachings.

Professor Michael Ashbury, Theosophist

**Doctor Michael Ashbury, age 59,
Theosophist and Professor of Theology**

STR 11 **DEX** 10 **INT** 15 **CON** 12
SIZ 10 **APP** 12 **POW** 13 **EDU** 17
SAN 00 **Hit Points:** 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Anthropology 54%, Credit Rating 21%, Hide 30%, History 66%, Library Use 70%, Listen 35%, Other Language: German 39%, Other Language: Latin 50%, Sneak 32%, Spot Hidden 34%, Theology 89%

Spells: Abyzou's Word (Candle Communication)

Appearance: Professor Michael Ashbury is an unassuming gentleman of average height and weight. Approaching sixty years of age, his pale blonde hair is flecked with silver, and gray patches mark his beard. Ashbury has a pleasant smile and a very 'honest' face. From an aristocratic background, he often wears fine suits, but for his misadventure with the Hand of Abyzou he donned a common workman's jacket and trousers. Now in the Royal Edinburgh Asylum for the Insane, he wears a white hospital gown and little else. Should he regain his sanity, he will be very excitable and animated, insisting something be done about the Hand and the 'serpents' beneath Castle Hill.

Intrigued by what he found, Ashbury's investigations took him deeper into a growing mystery, joining the coven as one of the 'devout Nameless Ones'. He soon found himself scurrying about the Edinburgh Vaults with other new members looking for 'signs and texts' of Abyzou. It all seemed exceedingly bizarre, but Ashbury persevered; he listened to other initiates talk of magic and rituals, of devotion rewarded with power, and of becoming immortal.

Of course, Ashbury dismissed this chatter: he had seen similar mass delusions while conducting research in Africa and Asia Minor. In the days which followed, he was encouraged to stay in the vaults, to live solely within the group, cutting off all contact with the world above, and to give himself to Abyzou. What he had taken for a harmless religious fancy was looking more and more like a dangerous cult. Beneath the city streets time became confused, and he began to question how long he'd spent underground.

After what must have been days, Ashbury was selected for a 'mission', and saw this as an opportunity to escape. His relief turned to horror when he was told the mission was not to the surface but deeper into the earth, into the unknown depths beneath Castle Hill. In preparation, he was made to learn a spell of communication using a lit candle. Ashbury was dumbstruck when the spell worked: was he losing his mind? Had he been drugged? Aghast, Ashbury considered fleeing into the darkness, but realized he could no longer navigate the night-world of the vaults. He was lost.

Led by one of the coven elite, Aileen Campbell, Ashbury and the group descended through a dark Cyclopean realm unlike anything he could have imagined. Could this be a waking nightmare? But the serpentine masonry and alien markings were all too real. Campbell held aloft a fantastical shining globe that lit their surroundings and took them deeper into the abyss. Ashbury had to get away: he could feel his mind slipping.

Aileen Campbell, Hand of Abyzou Elite

**Aileen Campbell, age 37,
Hand Elite**

STR 11	DEX 15	INT 13	CON 10
SIZ 10	APP 14	POW 10	EDU 08
SAN 00		Hit Points: 10	

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Bargain 24%, Climb 44%, Dodge 45%, First Aid 69%, Occult 15%, Persuade 46%, Spot Hidden 64%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 33%, damage 1D4 + db

Spells: Abyzou's Word (Candle Communication), Detect Enchantment, Enchant Globe.

Appearance: Aileen Campbell is an attractive woman of average height with a lean and agile body. Her long brown hair is always tied back and she does not wear makeup. Though a former nurse, Campbell has a less than pleasant bedside manner: she is all business and can be very abrupt. An adventurous and intelligent woman, Campbell is highly suited to lead the 'missions' to discover the temple of Abyzou. Her ability to spot danger and to get herself and others out of minor scrapes has made her extremely valuable to the coven.

When they finally stopped, Ashbury decided to make good his escape. Taking a handful of the candles used for the communication spell, Ashbury made his way into the dark alone, half mad with terror. He travelled for hours, but never seemed to find a passage leading upwards. The other Nameless Ones would soon awake and find him missing. Desperate to put some space between him and Campbell, he suddenly stumbled upon something he did not expect.

Ashbury found himself on a high bridge crossing a vast underground chamber. Ahead a dim glow emerged from the mouth of a tunnel far below. Dousing his candle, Ashbury crouched and peered over the bridge edge to see the 'Auld One' entering the cavern with David Breen, one of the coven leaders. Ashbury listened as they talked of 'sleepers', of the return of the 'old gods' who would form a new empire over humankind. Breen vowed his eternal allegiance to these gods, and declared himself a 'tool of the Old Ones'.

David Breen, Hand of Abyzou Elite

**David Breen, age 35,
Hand Elite and Self-professed 'God Tool'**

STR 18 DEX 12 INT 08 CON 15
SIZ 17 APP 10 POW 05 EDU 03
SAN 00 Hit Points: 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Skills: Climb 37%, Dodge 49%, Drive Automobile 79%, Electrical Repair 20%, Mechanical Repair 66%, Operate Heavy Machinery 20%, Spot Hidden 34%, Throw 36%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 45%, damage 1D4 + db
 Headbutt 35%, damage 1D4 + db
 Kick 40%, damage 1D6 + db

Spells: Abyzou's Word (Candle Communication)

Appearance: David Breen is a huge man with a massive angular jaw and stony features. At over six and a half feet tall, he is by far the tallest and largest member of the coven elite. A former army driver, Breen has a deep, growling voice, but rarely speaks. His devotion to the 'Auld One' is absolute, and he has become one of the Elder's favourites: the serpent people mage has gone so far as to tell Breen about the sleepers and the true destiny of mankind. Breen's madness takes the form of selfless, utter subservience to the serpent people: he considers himself the 'god tool' of the serpent people.

The Auld One sent Breen back to the coven, standing silent and unmoving until Breen had gone. Ashbury panicked: could the mystic somehow sense his presence? Then, moving into the dim circle of candlelight, a host of horrible robed figures appeared. Ashbury could not believe his eyes, nor could he tear them from the sight: they were ophidian in shape, but stood on two powerful legs, with sinewy arms. Long tails snaked out from beneath their robes, and thin tongues flicked from their wide mouths.

Ashbury perceived the air around the Auld One seem to shimmer, and his form alter until he too was one of the serpent people. The sight was too much for Ashbury: his world cracked and splintered, and he pushed himself down into the cool stone of the bridge, shaking alone in the dark. How long he lay there, no one knows: finally he managed to crawl, then to stand. He had to get out, tell someone. What horrible truth had he uncovered here?

Finally, somehow, Ashbury stumbled on an exit, and found himself beneath Edinburgh Castle near Princes Street Gardens. He ran into New Town, making his way to the Edinburgh Philaetheian Society on Thistle Street: he had to warn everyone!

Dr Montague Albans, Philaetheian

**Doctor Montague Albans, age 52,
Director of the Edinburgh
Philaetheian Society**

STR 11 DEX 12 INT 17 CON 11
SIZ 15 APP 13 POW 12 EDU 15
SAN 45 Hit Points: 13

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Biology 54%, Chemistry 35%, Credit Rating 55%, First Aid 44%, Latin 39%, Medicine 90%, Persuade 46%, Theology 34%, Theosophy 71%

Appearance: Dr Montague Albans is a tall man from a very wealthy family who carries himself with an air of superiority.

He dresses in the finest tailored suits and carries a gentleman's walking stick everywhere he goes. His grey hair is thick at the sides but fades to a bald spot atop his head; his moustache still retains some of its original dark brown colour. Albans' beady grey-blue eyes peer at the world through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. He accessorizes with gold and ivory cufflinks and a silk handkerchief. Albans will appear stiff even when relaxing, his back straight and never slouching.

Bursting into the luxurious environs of the gentlemen's club, Ashbury found only the Society director, Dr Montague Albans, and his friend Dr William McAlpine seated in the lounge, served by the butler Gordon Killin. Seeing their friend bedraggled and overwrought, McAlpine and Albans sat Ashbury down whilst Killin fetched him a drink. Tears streaming down his face, Ashbury began to tell the men of his alarming misadventure with the Hand of Abyzou and the unearthly terror he had found in the ancient lost city beneath Castle Hill. He continued for more than an hour whilst the men sat amazed by his tale.

Dr William McAlpine, Philaetheian

**Doctor William McAlpine, age 45,
Ashbury's Friend and Member of the EPS**

STR 12 **DEX** 12 **INT** 15 **CON** 12
SIZ 13 **APP** 12 **POW** 09 **EDU** 15
SAN 52 **Hit Points:** 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Biology 25%, Chemistry 64%, Climb 44%, Credit Rating 21%, Hide 40%, Latin 49%, Persuade 56%, Pharmacy 91%, Sneak 39%, Spot Hidden 54%, Theosophy 48%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 35%, damage 1D4 + db

Appearance: Dr William McAlpine has jet black hair, a thick black moustache and a tuft of hair beneath his bottom lip. He possesses a grand Roman nose and attractive green eyes. A pharmaceutical chemist by trade, McAlpine does not possess the wealth or standing of Albans, but he is obviously a man of some means. He dresses in black or navy blue suits, usually with a white or cream shirt and matching tie. The only gold McAlpine wears is a gold tiepin. He is unmarried, though not for lack of trying. He is an extremely likeable chap, but his frank manner and his hatred of dishonesty tend to get him into trouble.

Suddenly all three were aware of a presence, and a moment later the locked doors of the society building blew inwards. Ashbury visibly shrank in his chair and the others looked on speechlessly as an old man walked into their midst, power bristling around him. The old man looked at Ashbury and declared: "your mind is broken". He then turned and disappeared into the night through the open doors.

When McAlpine and Albans looked back at Ashbury, they found his eyes unfocused and his jaw slack. After an initial examination at the Royal Infirmary, Ashbury was passed to the Royal Edinburgh Asylum for the Insane. Back at the Philaetheian Society, Dr Albans has quickly had the doors to the building repaired, but has not talked about the events that night to anyone, especially McAlpine, and has threatened to sack the barman if word of what happened gets out. McAlpine meanwhile is desperate to help Ashbury, and discover if the threat of the Hand of Abyzou and the 'serpent people' is real.

At the start of the adventure, Professor Ashbury is catatonic in the Royal Edinburgh Asylum for the Insane. Doctor McAlpine has been carefully contacting Ashbury's friends to find someone who will help him. Meanwhile, the activities of the Hand of Abyzou and the plans of the serpent people continue apace.

Involving the Investigators

The simplest way to involve the investigators is to have them receive Doctor McAlpine's letter, beseeching them to help him aid Professor Ashbury and to investigate the Hand of Abyzou. Alternatively, if one of the investigators is a friend of Ashbury's, his absence from a number of events such as scheduled meetings or dinners may be noticed, leading inexorably to the Royal Edinburgh Asylum for the Insane.

Investigators may also hear of Ashbury's insanity from asylum staff or the Edinburgh Police when they find one of the investigator's business cards in the professor's wallet.

In this case, Professor Ashbury may begin to recover and tell the investigators what he has discovered first-hand.

Assuming the investigators receive Doctor McAlpine's letter, it will explain much of the current situation and a little of Ashbury's back-story. It will also suggest Doctor McAlpine has every intention of seeking out the Hand of Abyzou himself, believing they have put Ashbury under some kind of spell or curse. McAlpine is sincere in his desire to help Ashbury, and will ask to join the investigators on any ventures into the vaults and, particularly, against the Hand.

Doctor William McAlpine

(PSGB, RPS, FEPS)

The Chancellor's Building - The University of Edinburgh

Dear Sir,

I write to inform you that our mutual friend, Professor Michael Ashbury, has been committed to the Royal Edinburgh Asylum for the Insane after a recent misadventure. This will no doubt come as a shock: Ashbury was nothing if not a sensible man. Allow me to explain.

Three days ago, I was relaxing at the Edinburgh Philaletheian Society in New Town, when the Professor burst in and proceeded to relate the story I shall now endeavour to tell you. He was very poorly dressed, looked quite the madman, and was positively filthy from days spent in the Edinburgh Vaults... but I am getting ahead of myself.

When Dr. Montague Albans, director of the EPS, and I had managed to sit Ashbury down, he began to tell us of a new 'snake cult' he had discovered by word of mouth. As a member of the Philaletheian Society and Professor of Theology, you will imagine his interest. You will also likely be aware that Ashbury has published an article or two on the subject of snake cults. He explained he made efforts to learn more of the cult's activities and the nature of its deity.

According to Ashbury, the cult calls itself the 'Hand of Abyzou', and worships a snake goddess of the same name. Ashbury seems to have been desperate for information, because (as he put it) he 'signed up' with the cult and became (again in his words) one of the 'devout nameless ones'. Apparently the cult operates in the Edinburgh Vaults, and particularly beneath the Old Town and Castle Hill. Ashbury stayed with them for days: he explained the cult seemed to be looking for some kind of temple, as well as writings and artefacts relating to 'Abyzou', within the Vaults.

Fanciful stuff when written on the page, but I assure you the Professor was in a state of panic and horror as he told us his tale. He told us he was forced into performing rituals, and even made to learn some kind of 'spell'. All this disturbed him greatly, and in his own words he began to feel himself 'coming unhinged'. He said he made up his mind to withdraw from the cult.

Before he could leave, Ashbury explained he was roped into a 'mission' of sorts—a search beneath Edinburgh for a 'temple of Abyzou'. According to Ashbury, there are tunnels beneath the city which are completely unknown, and he and a group of cult members walked for perhaps days through this 'lost city'. Ashbury told us he suspected these tunnels to be far older than anything currently known to science; he said they looked nothing like anything built by Man.

Please read further: I am relating what Ashbury told us, and I am aware it seems deranged. I must stress however that during his entire account, the Professor was absolutely serious, and the state of his clothing and body suggested the truth of the matter.

Ashbury told us he finally managed to escape from the cult, but was horribly lost, hundreds of feet below Edinburgh, in total darkness but for a few small candles.

At this point Ashbury's story becomes somewhat unbelievable, but I shall present it as he told it, as it explains why he came to us at the Philaetheian Society. It is as follows.

Ashbury came across a great cavern beneath Edinburgh, apparently lit, in which he observed a strange old fellow who Ashbury declared must be the ringleader of the cult—the Hand of Abyzou—and a man by the name of Breen whom Ashbury knew. (I've made a note of all the names I could remember from Ashbury's story, and will enclose them with this letter). Ashbury heard Breen and the old man talking of 'old sleeping gods', although this apparently did not refer to Abyzou. This Breen fellow was eventually dismissed, and Ashbury says he witnessed a group of robed figures enter the cavern.

Ashbury says these figures were not human, but some kind of 'snake people'. He says the old cult ringleader then also transformed into one of these snake people right before Ashbury's eyes.

I cannot emphasise enough just how disturbed Professor Ashbury was as he related this. The experience appears to have caused something of a temporary breakdown, and I should not have believed his account at all but for what happened next.

As the Professor was talking, I experienced a strange sensation which made my skin crawl. I saw Ashbury and Doctor Albans were experiencing the same thing. I cannot explain it except to say it was something like the feeling of static electricity. Then, the doors of the Philaetheian Society simply blew in, as though the devil's own gale were blowing, and a grizzled old man walked into the lounge: the doorman was so aghast he did nothing to stop him.



I'm not sure how to phrase this, but the old man had some kind of mesmeric quality about him, like the witch-doctors of the Dark Continent or the juju men of Voodoo. He strode in, bold as brass, glared at Ashbury (who by now was cowering and whimpering), and said to him: 'your mind is broken'. Then he turned slowly and left the building. By my soul, all of us were so taken aback that none of us lifted a finger, a fact of which I am not at all proud.

When I looked at Ashbury I saw immediately he was not well: he seemed in some kind of trance—there, that 'mesmerism' again—slack-jawed and staring blindly into the middle distance. Albans is a medical doctor and I a pharmacist, but neither of us could find a way to rouse him; his eyes were terribly vacant, and he was completely unresponsive. Finally we called for an ambulance. At the Royal Infirmary they could find nothing wrong, but referred him to the Asylum, where they suspected complete nervous collapse. He is still there now.

You may think me foolish myself, but I am convinced something utterly beyond the ordinary has harmed Professor Ashbury, and I have no confidence that our doctors will be able to treat it in a conventional way. I am sure his condition is linked to this strange coven—the Hand of Abyzou—and the formidable old fellow who appears to lead it. I have no doubt that the old man who invaded the Philaetheian Society is the same as the ringleader Ashbury claims to have witnessed in the cavern beneath the vaults. As to the rest of Ashbury's story, of snake people and strange transformations, I have no opinion other than to beg your understanding of a colleague's frightful mental state.

I have taken time off work to look into Ashbury's condition and do what I can. I can be contacted in the Edinburgh Philaetheian Society on Thistle Street. I am in desperate need of your help—I fear there is no time to lose if we are to help our mutual friend. If you can, please reply by return of post or come to see me at the Society.

With utmost respect and urgency,

W. McAlpine

W. McAlpine

P.S. The names mentioned by Ashbury were: Breen, Campbell, McTaggart, MacAllister, and Curren or Curran. These apparently form some kind of elite within the coven. He gave no name for the old ringleader other than 'the Auld One', which the rest of the coven seems to call him also.

Part One: -The Streets of Edinburgh-

In this first part of the scenario, the investigators' prime motive should be to discover as much as they can concerning the Hand of Abyzou and the professor's story before coming face to face with the coven itself. It is important that the characters find some way into the coven's hiding place within the Vaults, whether through joining the coven, as Ashbury did, or by shadowing a member of the coven to discover an entry point.

Locations

Royal Edinburgh Asylum for the Insane

The Royal Edinburgh Asylum for the Insane is a large, multi-storey Victorian complex in Edinburgh's south end (Keeper's Note: If your game takes place after 1922, the name of the asylum has been changed to the Royal Edinburgh Hospital for Mental and Nervous Disorders). An ugly granite structure, the asylum is the largest such facility in Scotland and can house up to five hundred visiting and semi-permanent 'guests'. Professor Michael Ashbury is in an observation ward in the asylum's west wing. All visitors must sign in at the asylum's registration desk, and an orderly will guide them to Ashbury's ward.

Ashbury and five other catatonics are lying in hospital beds, eyes variously open or closed, without focus or apparent life. Staff move the patients every three hours to avoid bedsores. Ashbury is lying in the bed nearest the door and is completely unresponsive: a successful Medicine roll will reveal that the professor is suffering from a state of profound catatonia.

The staff have little information: the Professor was brought in several days ago, having been transferred from the Royal Infirmary; he was and still is unresponsive, and in a catatonic state. They are doing what they can, and know in cases of this type the patient's condition may change in the next minute, the next day, or not at all. All patients

are watched over carefully and, should Ashbury make any progress, they will immediately inform the family and friends they have on file.

If the investigators examine Ashbury's body or succeed in a Spot Hidden roll, they will find a strange symbol tattooed on his skin near the left wrist, half an inch high; investigators who know Ashbury will not remember him having this before. The tattoo, rather hastily and less than hygienically done, is the Sign of Abyzou, used as a means of quickly recognizing fellow coven members.



Handout 2. The Sign of Abyzou

There is little else to be learned at the asylum, unless the Keeper decides Ashbury should waken or be awake, in which case he will be in a private room, and will look drawn and ashen-faced from his ordeal. Once on the topic of the Hand of Abyzou, the Auld One, the serpent people, or the sleepers, he will become animated. Ashbury can be a useful source of information, but care should be taken that he doesn't completely give the game away—perhaps he is suffering from partial amnesia...

Edinburgh Philaetheian Society

The Edinburgh Philaetheian Society is housed in a grand Georgian building on Thistle Street in Edinburgh's New Town. The EPS, as its members abbreviate it, opened its doors some seven years ago, since when a small but tight-knit group of primarily upper-class and academic men and women have met regularly to discuss Theosophy and the search for ultimate truths.

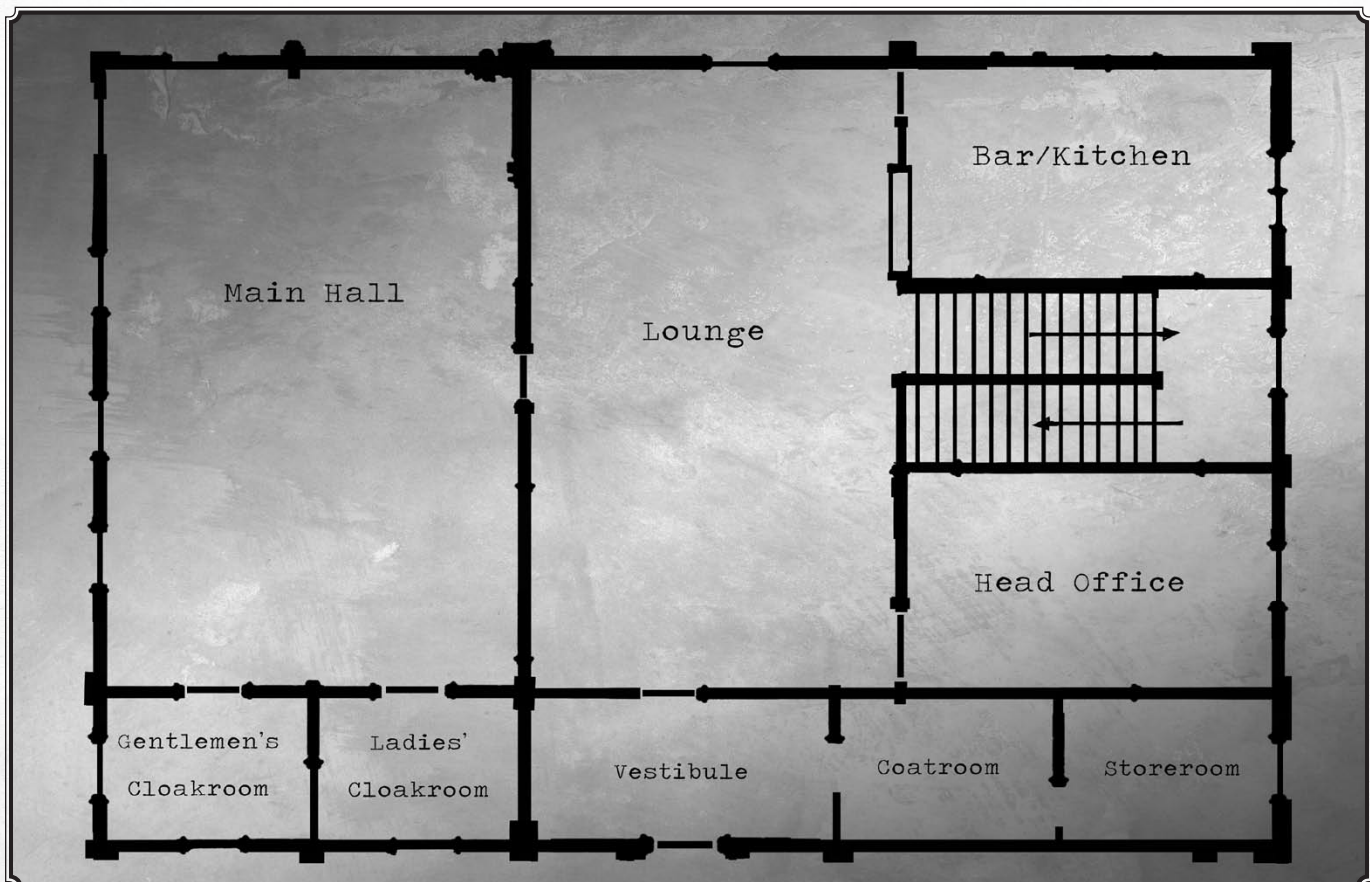
Doctor Montague Albans is the current director and one of the original founders; the only two employees are Gordon Killin, the barman and cook, and Lucy Gilmore, the maid and housekeeper. Gilmore only works during the day, whereas Killin works from 11 am to 11 pm at night. Albans all but lives in the Thistle Street building, and can be found there night and day.

Once through the recently-replaced double doors, a small vestibule leads to the lounge, which takes up one third of the main floor, and a door to the right leads into a small coatroom. Above the lintel to the lounge there is a gold

inscription in the dark wood which reads: 'Nothing Before Truth'. This is the motto of the Edinburgh Philaetheian Society and a mantra for its members, who consider themselves committed lovers of truth. The lounge is a luxuriously furnished room twenty feet wide and forty feet long; tall stained glass windows let in a colourful spectrum of light during the day. Double doors to the main meeting hall stand midway on the left wall, while the bar/kitchen, stairs to the second floor, and Director's office line the right wall.

Fine rosewood tables are scattered through the lounge, surrounded by comfortable, red leather chairs. The bar serves a wide selection of ales, wines and whiskies, and sandwiches and small snacks are available as well. The office of the Director is similarly furnished, with a broad desk, a number of chairs, three tall filing cabinets, and a small safe; it is normally locked unless Dr Albans is inside.

The stairwell on the right wall leads up to the second floor, which is populated with smaller individual meeting rooms



and bedrooms for members and guests. There is also a small library devoted to Theosophy and Philaletheism. Dr Albans currently lives out of one of the bedrooms, and Dr McAlpine has commandeered one of the small meeting rooms as a centre of operations for his investigations into the Hand of Abyzou.

Speaking to Doctor McAlpine

McAlpine appears tired and haggard; he has been working tirelessly to resolve Ashbury's dilemma and has had a number of dispiriting arguments with Albans. Despite this, he will greet the investigators with genuine enthusiasm and proceed to tell them all he has learned. Unfortunately, this is very little indeed: he has been trying to trace the surnames Ashbury mentioned, but without success. The police will have nothing to do with him, and the press have refused to print a story he'd produced to trick Hand members into showing themselves.

McAlpine admits the job requires a more expert hand than his—and more of them. He suggests a partnership: he has first-hand knowledge of what happened to Ashbury; some resources available to him at the university and through the EPS; some hunting experience; and determination to see the job done. McAlpine is also a highly intelligent and well-educated lecturer in pharmaceutical chemistry.

If the investigators agree, McAlpine will get them rooms at the EPS free of charge. He will also mention that he has an inheritance he can tap into, if needs be. In short, he'll be as helpful as he can. If the investigators decline McAlpine's offer, he will continue to work at the problem in his own manner. He will not begrudge them this choice: he's very grateful they are taking an interest at all.

If the investigators ask McAlpine for more information, he will recount the events in his letter, only more floridly and perhaps throwing in questions here and there. If questioned specifically about the serpent people, he knows little but that Ashbury was one of the foremost experts on snake cults. The Professor's interest in the Hand of Abyzou suggests to him that there is a real story behind it.

Concerning Ashbury's account of the old ringleader who transformed into a 'snake man', McAlpine will shake his head.

"I know it sounds foolish, but I cannot help thinking the Professor wouldn't simply invent something like that. You knew him: you know what I mean. I thought perhaps his own study of snake cults had affected him in some way, but there was something in the way that he described it all. Ashbury has explained enough of his work for me to recognize this wasn't just some fantasy: he really encountered something down there. The thought of the whole thing fills me with dread. But something must be done—and at the moment we seem to be the only ones in a position to do so."

Speaking to Doctor Albans

Dr Albans is doing his best to protect the Philaletheian Society in the light of recent events. He is not interested in talking about what happened to Ashbury, nor about the Hand of Abyzou and the other nonsense he heard that night. In short, he's in denial, and secretly terrified the Hand will return. This doesn't mean he is opposed to McAlpine using a private room upstairs, or that he'll deny the investigators use of the society's facilities: if the investigators want to join McAlpine on his fool's errand, then so be it. He just wants to be left out of the whole affair, and his life to return to normal.

Ashbury's 'lunatic rantings' have unsettled Albans, and his faith in the truth has been shaken. If the investigators provoke him, and especially if they point out he is denying a possible truth, he will ask them to leave and take their questions to McAlpine. His attitude will not change until the threat of the Hand of Abyzou is over, and even then it's unlikely he will reconsider what he has seen and heard.

Speaking to Gordon Killin

A quiet and unassuming man in his late thirties, Killin will initially refuse to talk about Ashbury and the Auld One's attack on the Society; if Albans is in the room, his eyes will nervously dart to his employer. Albans has told Killin he wants no more discussion of the events of that night, and all but threatened to sack him if he talks. Killin is actually

bursting to tell someone; if the investigators provide proper conditions for Killin to talk without feeling threatened, or provide enough incentive for him to risk losing his job, he'll readily tell them what he saw.

"It was the queerest thing I've ever seen. I'd locked the doors myself. Professor Ashbury was going on about these strange doings underground, and suddenly I had this damndest feeling, like a storm was coming. Then—boom! Those big front doors of ours just came blasting in! An' I know they were locked—locked and barred!"

"Then things went really strange, as this queer old bloke walks in through the doors. A right wee thing, he was, but—I'm getting goose pimples just thinkin' about it—glowin' like he was lit up like a street lamp. I was terrified, I can tell ye. Professor Ashbury was in an awful way, shaking and shrinking intae his seat. Then the old chap looks right at the Professor and says, 'yer mind, it's broken', then then just turns and walks right out.

"Proved to be true, too. The Professor was out of it. I figured it was some kind o' curse, like witchcraft. I should maybe ha' done something, but it all happened so fast. That's really all I can tell ye or Doctor Albans'll have my hide an' I'll be out of a job."

If asked if he can remember anything else (the Keeper may want to require a Fast Talk or Persuade roll), Killin will add:

"Well, it might not be anything, but I remember when I gave the Professor his drink, I could see he had a tattoo. Not like a gentleman at all. An' it was a new one: red raw it was round the black ink, like it had been done wi'out much skill. I used to see a lot o' that in the Navy—takes a few days to calm down. I cannae remember exactly what it was—maybe a triangle shape? I couldnae ever think o' the Professor as the type to be getting a tattoo..."

The Edinburgh Police

The Edinburgh Police will be antagonistic to investigators—at least initially. Constables and detective constables will be dismissive, and intractable once they hear talk of witchcraft and madness. They may direct investigators to the Lunatic Asylum. However, if the investigators describe or draw the Sign of Abyzou, the police will suddenly take notice.

The police have a thief in their cells who has a Sign of Abyzou tattoo on his left wrist; he has refused to talk and they have been unable to identify him. He was discovered trying to make off with a truck full of food from a local grocer, although the police have no idea where he was planning to take it.

If the investigators try talking with this 'Nameless One', he will remain utterly silent, smiling at them unceasingly with a wild look in his eyes. He looks like he's been the recipient of a few recent beatings; dried blood spots his filthy shirt, but apparently nothing can wipe that eerie grin from his dirty face. A successful Psychology or Psychoanalysis roll will suggest he's insane; nothing the investigators can do will get him to talk.

Should the investigators somehow persuade the police to release the Nameless One, or help him escape, he will rush to the Old Town Smiddy (see below), dodging madly through alleyways to lose pursuers, then underground to the Hand of Abyzou. A successful Track roll allows the investigators to follow him to the Old Town Smiddy, then a second roll to track him to the cult.

Failing all else, investigators will at least get a good look at the Sign of Abyzou tattoo. If they have seen the tattoo on Ashbury's wrist, or had it described to them by Gordon Killin at the Philaletheian Society, they will note that it's the same. This tattoo is also inexpertly done, and like Ashbury's a rough approximation of the original design.

The Edinburgh Public Library

The Edinburgh Public Library stands across from the National Library of Scotland just off the George IV Bridge. Originally built as a bank, it serves the library well. The library has a

relatively large staff, and a librarian or two will always be free to assist investigators. It holds a large number of books, although a large proportion are fiction or simple reference books (dictionaries, encyclopaedias, thesauruses, etc). The library does however have a surprisingly large collection on the occult and, in particular, witchcraft.

The occult tomes and books on witchcraft will not provide the investigators with much useful information on the Hand of Abyzou, which is far too young to be mentioned in published works.

The name Abyzou however is the name of a mythical female demon possessing snake or serpent-like features; a successful Library Use roll will also discover that Abyzou is also known as Abizou, Abzu, Byzou, Obyzouth, Obizuth, and Obizu, and is often related to the Lilith of the Jewish and Christian traditions. One book suggests her name is a corruption of the word 'abyss', while another implies Abyzou was the mother of Satan. Yet another even relates that early scholars believed snake cults were inspired by a 'racial memory' of an antediluvian species of anthropomorphic snakes—an idea soundly rejected today.

If the investigators search specifically for images related to Abyzou, they will find nothing matching the Sign (which the Elder created for his cult from whole cloth).

Finally, there is a chance (make a POW x3 Luck roll for the highest POW investigator) that Mary McTaggart is here doing research for the Hand, and looking for the same books as the characters.

Old Town Smiddy and Gilmerton Cove

The Old Town Smiddy is a small public house a mile south of Holyrood Palace in an area of the city known as Gilmerton. The pub interior is very traditional, with dark plastered walls, stained and worn floorboards, and a smattering of odd local artefacts and stuffed animals on display. A long bar vies for space with a small number of tables and low chairs.

At the Keeper's discretion, Dougal Curran may be here drinking and looking for potential new recruits into the Hand; alternatively, investigators talking about occult matters and making successful Fast Talk or Persuade rolls may result in someone going out to get him.

The landlord of the Old Town Smiddy is Donald Johnston, who has a reputation as a good-natured cheapskate. Johnston is always looking for opportunities to supplement the meagre money he makes from the pub, and currently uses its unusual basement to store illicit goods which come his way. This basement is part of the 'Gilmerton Cove', natural tunnels which have historically harboured thieves and revolutionaries. The Cove's location was lost when an enterprising blacksmith built a smithy (or 'smiddy') atop the entrance in the early 16th century.



Mr Donald Johnston, Public House Landlord

**Donald Johnston, age 46,
Landlord of the Old Town Smiddy**

STR 14 **DEX** 08 **INT** 12 **CON** 12
SIZ 09 **APP** 06 **POW** 11 **EDU** 06
SAN 42 **Hit Points:** 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Accounting 27%, Conceal 66%, Credit Rating 44%, Cthulhu Mythos 02%, Fast Talk 84%, Handgun 55%, Hide 42%, Persuade 51%, Sneak 29%, Spot Hidden 51%, Throw 44%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 43%, damage 1D4 + db

Appearance: Donald Johnston is a thin, wiry figure with dull features, black eyes, and thinning black hair. Not an attractive man, it's not so much his looks as his slimy manner that bothers people: he's extremely good at manipulating conversations and events to his own benefit. When meeting anyone new, he sizes them up, gets them talking—usually by asking an inordinate amount of questions—and looks for opportunities in what they say. To most people his tactic seems innocuous, and even makes them feel as though he cares about them; in truth, Johnston cares about no one but himself.

Johnston uses Gilmerton Cove to hide from the taxman while keeping an eye on his 'stock'. For the past two years, however, his home has also been the secret entry and exit point for the Hand of Abyzou. It was Aileen Campbell who discovered the connecting passage from the main vaults down a long and winding tunnel to the Cove. When the passage was finally cleared of debris, she was shocked to find a loaded pistol aimed at her. Johnston was likewise shocked to find an attractive woman crawling out of the blocked-up tunnel at the back of his bedroom.

Since then, Johnston and Campbell have come to an agreement, and the Old Town Smiddy is now the preferred entrance into the section of the vaults used by the Hand of Abyzou. For turning a blind eye to the Hand and its strange membership, Johnston receives some monies and takes part in the Hand's orgies. It's certainly not the sort of thing he admits to pub clientele; everything is nice and secret, and that's the way he likes it.

If visitors to the Old Town Smiddy start asking questions about covens, magic, and stranger things, Johnston will become very nervous very quickly; a successful Psychology roll will say as much. Realizing his profitable secret is no longer so secret, he will use Fast Talk to misdirect the investigators from the trail. If this doesn't work, he'll simply lie outright, claiming to have seen some folk with odd tattoos heading out into nearby Drum Wood.

If the investigators try to strong-arm Johnston, he'll crumple pathetically and come clean with surprising rapidity. Persuade and Fast Talk will result in a game of verbal chess. The easiest way to get Johnston to give up the cult is to bribe him—his loyalty is in his pocket. In the end, he'll divulge everything, including the arrangement with the Hand, the strange 'Roman' scratchings on the cove walls, and even the orgiastic rituals he's attended.

If the investigators ask to see the cove, Johnston will lead them behind the bar and into the back room, where a cellar door opens near the north-western corner to reveal a series of seemingly natural, worn stone steps leading underground.

Inside Gilmerton Cove

Gilmerton Cove is a complex of six small, interlinked caverns twenty feet below the Old Town Smiddy. Four are filled with stacked wooden crates, most containing beer, ale, wine and some spirits. The only accessible caves are the two near the end of the complex.

To the south is a cavern used as a makeshift kitchen, with pots, pans, and utensils piled on crates and boxes; a central fire pit shows signs of recent use. Near the exit is a partially blocked passage less than a foot in width. A strong breeze flows out of the cove and up the small passage.

The only other accessible cave is the basement where Johnston sleeps. A greasy eiderdown lies atop a filthy looking mattress, while three suitcases of clothing are piled about the floor. The only thing of interest is a strange triangular section of cavern wall that appears smoother and more regular than any other, inscribed with strange markings of vaguely triangular shapes and odd dots and slashes.

A successful Spot Hidden roll reveals the corner of a journal sticking out from beneath the mattress. The journal is a simple affair, but has a large number of pages ripped out. Investigators smart enough to make a page rubbing with pencil, charcoal, or even dust will find the impressions from the previous page are still visible. The text is as follows (Handout 3):

Sunday—Johnston has gone up to the Smiddy and finally left me in peace. He has cleaned the wall as I requested, and the script and markings of this strange language are easier to make out. I was right to think that not only is shape significant, but that depth might also be a factor, perhaps some kind of emphasis? I cannot fathom the mechanics and nuances yet.

It angers me the Auld One does not trust us enough to teach us this language. Fiona thinks he's holding something back, and I think it likely. He has us searching far and wide for these writings but tells us nothing. Abyzou's scripture or something else? I wonder. In fact, I wonder whether we are meant to understand at all. This writing seems to have no link to any form of human writing that I've ever seen or heard of. But if it was not written by humans—then who? Abyzou herself? To what end?

I need to speak with Fiona.

Handout 3. McTaggart's Working Journal

A tunnel leads downwards from the back of this natural bedchamber, a gentle breeze rising from its depths smelling strongly of old earth. The tunnel is a little more than four feet wide and roughly six feet high; without a torch or lantern, the investigators cannot make out more than twenty feet down, whereupon the tunnel fades into darkness. There is no sound.

The tunnel connects a quarter of a mile away with the section of the Edinburgh Vaults used by the Hand of Abyzou as a base of operations.

The Scotsman Newspaper

The offices of Edinburgh's foremost newspaper, *The Scotsman*, are located on the North Bridge. A tall, unassuming building, its interior is abuzz with journalists and copywriters. The front desk has a helpful receptionist and the newspaper archives are open to the public upon signing a register. As the layout of the ground floor is open, it is possible for the investigators to speak with journalists first hand, should they wish. So far the Hand of Abyzou has remained unknown to every paper in Edinburgh. Journalists will be interested, and highly sceptical, of stories involving witchcraft, covens, or cults, but with enough detail they can be persuaded to run a story or look into it themselves.

In the archives, investigators can search more than a century of back issues, dating to the newspaper's founding in 1817. A successful Library Use roll uncovers numerous stories relating to the Vaults—often as a scene of murder, thievery, or homeless desperation—but nothing directly relating to witchcraft or cult activity. A large percentage of stories discussing the Vaults do link to mysterious disappearances, although in most cases the person was looking to disappear.

The University of Edinburgh

(Note: For a general description of Edinburgh University, see 'Cities in Detail: Edinburgh', page 61.)

Professor Ashbury's rooms in the Theology Department at the University of Edinburgh are a shambles: papers are all over the floor, on chairs, and piled high on shelves.



His desk is almost hidden under mountains of books, manuscripts, articles, and the like. Despite the chaos, there is no sign of a break-in or burglary; rather it seems that Ashbury is simply exceptionally disorganized.

Two filing cabinets and a low table are similarly topped with articles, some papers for marking, and a mass of administrative work relating to the many committees Ashbury sits on. Only the professor's chair is free of papers. His desk is full of more paper, a few pens and coloured inks, and a number of pencils, most with broken points. An apparent doodle on a piece of paper will catch the eye of investigators, particularly if they have already visited Ashbury in the hospital, spoken to Killin, or seen the Nameless One in the police office: it's a rough sketch of the Sign of Abyzou (Handout 2). Above it, Ashbury has enigmatically written 'left wrist'.

A successful Spot Hidden roll uncovers the Professor's last published article, entitled 'On the Proliferation of Snake Cults in Lowland Scotland' (Handout 4).

In addition to this article, a successful Library Use roll will reveal that most of the books on his desk relate to witchcraft. A quick scan of the books will reveal them to be primarily reproductions of works published in the 16th and 17th centuries. One is the *Malleus Maleficarum*, the famous 'Hammer of Witches', published in 1487.

-Part Two: In the Vaults-

This second part of the scenario takes place in the Edinburgh Vaults, and introduces the investigators to the nefarious activities of the Hand of Abyzou and the deepening mystery surrounding the serpent people and the ancient 'sleepers'. It invites investigators to take a more physical role, and to employ some of their less frequently-used skills. Keepers should gauge the level of action and number of coven members involved to challenge the investigators appropriately.

Locations

The section of the Vaults used by the Hand of Abyzou is near Holyrood Palace, and consists of five long-forgotten vaults and one small natural cave. All chambers are connected by narrow passages dug in an earlier age by enterprising thieves. Accessing the underground base requires a long and potentially dangerous walk from the Gilmerton Cove beneath the Old Town Smiddy public house.

The Edinburgh Vaults are ancient and riddled with hazards, and Keepers may wish to roll to see if investigators encounter unforeseen dangers—see the table below for some possibilities.

Excerpt from 'On the Proliferation of Snake Cults in Scotland'

Of one thing we can be sure: Scotland has, for one reason or another, always been a hotbed of activity for such snake cults. Whilst in the Highlands recently I encountered an old man who, when I told him of my research into pre-Christian snake cults, said 'If you're looking for snakes that walk upright, you've come to the right place, that's for sure'. I laughed at this and bade him farewell, but as I walked a lonely path up to my hotel a sudden thought struck me.

Of course I had assumed that the old man was disparaging other men, those of us who are sometimes attributed with snake-like features or qualities—men with forked tongues, for example. But what if this old man had meant something altogether different and more literal, what if he was in fact suggesting that there are snake folk walking among us? Surely such thoughts are fantasy, but given Man's ancient connection with the cold-blooded serpent, we can perhaps understand why such thoughts persist.

Handout 4. Excerpt from Ashbury's 'On the Proliferation of Snake Cults in Scotland'

Hazards in the Vaults (D100)

01–15 The floor suddenly gives way, collapsing into a tunnel or chamber below. Make a Luck roll: a success indicates the investigators land well, suffering only 1D4 damage; failure indicates a bad fall and 2D4 damage. Make another Luck roll to see whether any torches, lanterns, or other delicate equipment were destroyed in the fall.

16–30 The air becomes foul, smelling of methane or some other natural gas. Make a CON x5 roll: success indicates the investigator is not overcome, whereas failure indicates he faints dead away.

31–45 Investigators hear the sound of water ahead, and arrive at a section of tunnel that has been washed away, leaving a deep chasm six feet wide. Make a Jump or DEX x2 roll, whichever is higher: failing investigators must make a Luck roll. Success indicates the investigator falls short, landing painfully against the chasm edge and taking 1d6 damage before scrambling up; failure indicates the hapless investigator slips or trips and tumbles into the chasm, taking 2D6 damage, and being swept away to points unknown: other investigators may make Luck rolls to catch their colleague before the fall, a success on which means the investigator only takes 1D3 damage and can try again.

46–60 A section of wall near the investigators collapses, bringing down rubble and great chunks of rock. Make a Dodge roll: a failure means a slab of falling rock catches them on the shoulder, doing 1D4 points of damage. Make a Luck roll to see whether any equipment is crushed.

61–75 Characters are surprised by one of the Nameless Ones, who turns tail and runs towards the Hand of Abyzou base, intent on warning the coven.

76–00 Investigators come to an unexpected fork in the tunnel (or the chamber has an additional exit they were not expecting), and they must decide which direction to take. Make a Track or halved Spot Hidden roll: success indicates they quickly find the right direction; failure indicates they are unsure and must guess. Where the unexpected route takes them is up to the Keeper.

Hand of Abyzou Base of Operations

The locations listed below are given in the order that investigators arriving from the Old Town Smiddy would encounter them.

Guard Cave

This small circular cave is twelve feet in diameter and seven feet high. Wooden crates along one wall have been clustered together to form a bench; a series of candles provides a dull and dancing amber light. A tight curve in the preceding tunnel means investigators may be unable to see the light ahead.

Investigators succeeding in Sneak rolls will surprise the 1D3+1 guards in the cave; otherwise the guards will be alert and standing flat against the opening wall ready to ambush. Guards will try to grapple and disarm the investigators; if outnumbered, they'll attempt to subdue as many as they can while calling for reinforcements.

Nameless Ones Guards, Coven Brates

Char.	One	Two	Three	Four
STR	15	14	17	13
CON	10	11	14	14
SIZ	10	13	10	14
INT	07	13	10	11
POW	12	10	08	07
DEX	11	08	07	09
HP	10	12	12	14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Climb 45%, Hide 30%, Jump 35%, Listen 40%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 50%, Track 40%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 40%, damage 1D4 + db
Grapple 30%, roll STR vs. STR on Resistance Table or be immobilized

Number appearing: 1D3+

Storage Vaults

The storage vaults are unlit and unguarded. Eight vaulted alcoves open off the central corridor, each containing different foodstuffs, crates and boxes, drums and barrels, and bits of equipment. Five of the eight alcoves store the Hand's provisions of dried meat and fruit, vegetables (primarily potatoes), and grain. There is enough food here to keep sixty or seventy people going for a few weeks. One of the vaults is filled entirely with ales, wines, and spirits—the same as in Gilmerton Cove. Another contains tins and drums of all sizes, holding jams, preserves, and canned vegetables, as well as cooking and lantern oil.

Lastly, at the back of the vault is an alcove containing digging and mountaineering equipment including: rope in varying thicknesses, small hammers and pitons, mountaineering clips and water flasks, small shovels and larger mining picks,

leather gloves, belts, and boots. At first glance it looks like the coven has stolen the entire stock of one of Edinburgh's mountaineering stores; in fact, it has raided all three of the city's specialist shops to create this stockpile.

Main Hall

The largest chamber in the Hand of Abyzou's base, the main hall is home to all the Nameless Ones currently in the coven, apart from those on guard duty or away on missions in the serpent halls. 20+2D10 people are here, each bearing the same Sign of Abyzou tattoo above their left wrist. The Hand elite do not live with the Nameless Ones, but have their own chambers further on. Some of the Nameless Ones chatter in small groups, others cook or repair equipment, others still try to sleep at the far end of this sixty by eighty foot chamber.

The ceiling of the main hall is held aloft by twenty-four thick stone pillars eight feet high. In the centre is a brick chute eight feet square which once housed a wooden stair leading to the disused factory above; now the space is filled with a blazing fire, around which a number of iron pots and kettles sit with their contents simmering. A large supply of wood and kindling is kept by the brick chute. In addition to the fire, the chamber is lit by lanterns throughout the room; fewer towards the back of the hall, where people are sleeping. The two entrances are ten feet apart, but there is no cover from the people sitting, working, and sleeping in the hall.



The Nameless Ones by the entrances are chattering noisily. Investigators making successful Listen rolls will hear a number of intriguing statements:

"It won't be long now... Now that the temple is found, we will have power over everyone... I always suspected Campbell would find the temple, she knows the caves like no one else... Did you see Breen run off with the Auld One the moment the messenger returned? They didn't even wait for MacAllister and Curran—just ran out like a shot. You'd have thought they'd wait for the High Priestess and the Priest... Why did McTaggart stay behind though...? Probably to watch over us, for what she's worth... Don't matter, soon we'll have Abyzou's power and we won't need watchin' o'er will we?... True, it'll be us lording over the fools up there on the streets."

Nameless Ones, Hapless Followers of the Hand of Abyzou

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	3D6	10–11
CON	3D6	10–11
SIZ	2D6+6	13
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	3D6	10–11
DEX	3D6	10–11
HP		10–11

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Climb 45%, Hide 30%, Jump 35%, Listen 35%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 30%, Track 20%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 25%, damage 1D4 + db
Grapple 30%, roll STR vs. STR on Resistance Table or be immobilized

Number appearing: 2D10+20 working / sleeping

Most Nameless Ones will be wrapped up in conversation or their work, but investigators should make successful Sneak rolls to avoid being noticed. Any alarm raised will

eventually gain the attention of every man and woman in the chamber, meaning that the investigators could have upwards of forty people after them. Only a percentage will actively pursue, but their number will never be fewer than double the number of investigators. They will try to subdue investigators and hold them for the High Priest and Priestess.

To pass through the main hall, investigators will need an innovative solution, such as a distraction or possibly magic. There is little to be gained from searching the hall itself: the Nameless Ones have given up possessions for the promise of arcane power and immortality.

Meeting Chamber

Roughly half the size of the main hall, although the ceiling is higher and held aloft by bricked arches, an old well occupies one corner of this chamber, with a collection of buckets and tins around it. A large Sign of Abyzou is painted in black along the wall opposite the two exits leading to the coven elite's chambers; two other exits lead to other more distant areas of the Vaults. Only one of these will put investigators on the road to the serpent halls beneath Castle Hill; those taking the other passage will find themselves wandering aimlessly in the dark for hours and encountering untold hazards. A Track roll can determine the correct passage.

Passage to the Serpent Halls

This rough-hewn passage connects to an older section of the Vaults; some of McTaggart and Campbell's findings suggest the caves here date back to a Germanic invasion of Edinburgh and perhaps even to the Roman occupation. The route to the serpent halls is circuitous, dangerous, and difficult to navigate; the Elder provided the Hand with a map which has allowed them to search for the 'temple'; without it, investigators could spend weeks lost in the dark (an Idea roll will reveal how foolhardy proceeding without a map is). Without a map, make a Track roll to avoid becoming lost, then another per twenty-four hours thereafter to stumble back to civilization, with a 0 / 1D4 Sanity roll every twenty-four hours spent lost. Did the investigators bring any food and water? There is a copy of the map in Campbell's belongings, and McTaggart also has one on her person.



Curran and Breen's Lodgings

Curran and Breen share this small twelve by eight foot vault. The walls, ceiling, and floor are bare rock, and only two flat mattresses and some bedding provide an indication of inhabitation. Atop Curran's bedding are a number of sheets of paper with handwriting on them, a pile of clothing carefully folded, and a small satchel. The satchel contains a toothbrush, a cut-throat razor, and some soap. Breen's only possession seems to be a journal, which he keeps, rather carelessly, beneath his filthy pillow. The last entries read as follows (Handout 5):

MacAllister, McTaggart and Campbell's Lodgings

Fiona MacAllister, Mary McTaggart, and Aileen Campbell all share a single large chamber twenty feet by eleven, with three arches supporting the nine foot ceiling. The walls are undecorated, but each women has taken pains to individualize her living space. Nearest the door, Campbell's mattress and bedding look as though they haven't been slept in for some time. A pile of folded clothing and a leather bag sit atop the bedding; the bag contains a small vial of perfume, a couple of bars of soap, a silver locket, a couple of different rings of no particular value, and a

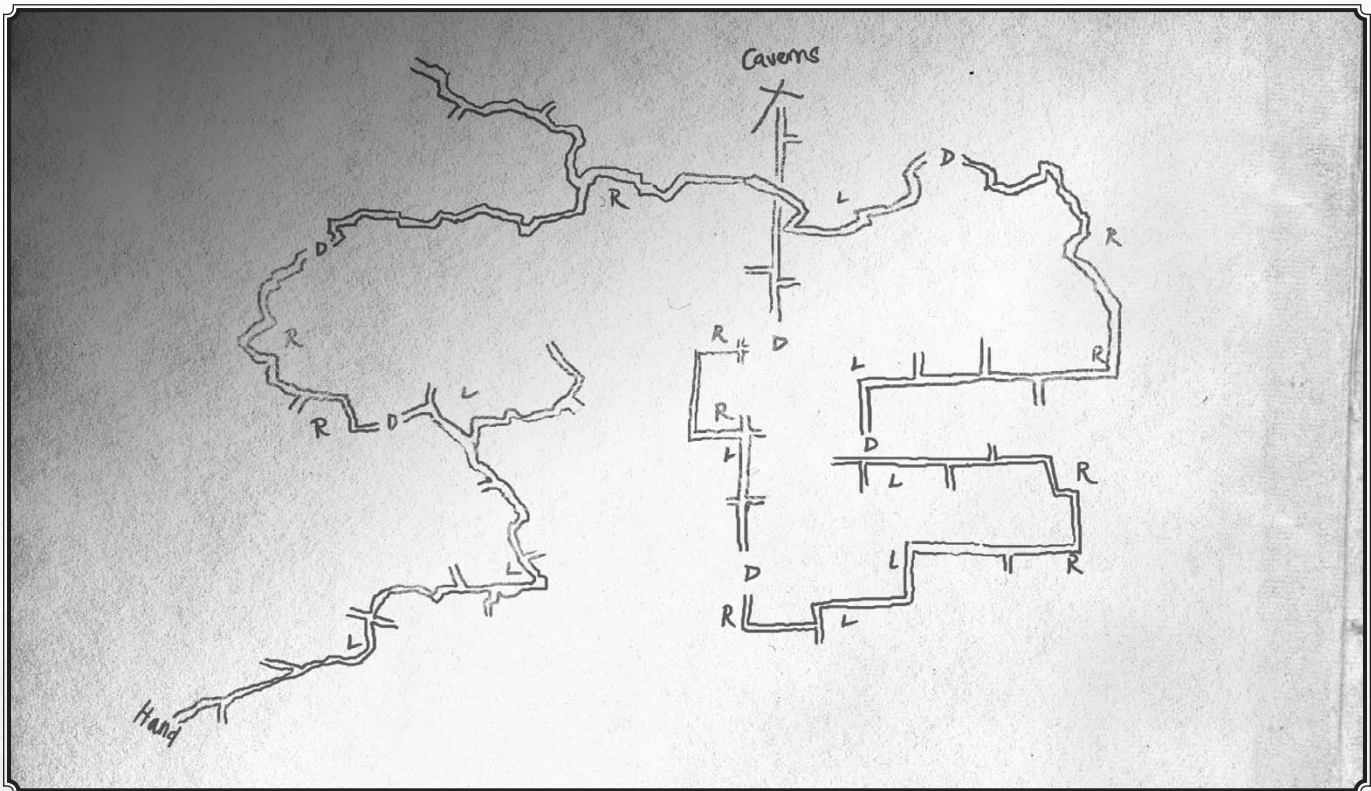
The Auld One has gone out to deal with the escaped Nameless One. Campbell is to blame for letting the fool out of her sight and MacAllister for her poor choice. These Nameless Ones are not the chosen. They're just ordinary men and women. Pitiful and useless.

Campbell for all her faults has found a deeper section of the serpent city. She says it is older and my master is delighted with this progress. Perhaps we will find those who sleep. Perhaps the awakening is soon.

i have devoted myself to the serpents. They are the all-powerful. The gods of Earth. i am their tool. i have promised my life to the Auld One again and he has accepted me. i need nothing more.

it is found! A messenger returned with a map marking the site of the Sleepers. i leave at once! A new age begins!

Handout 5. Breen's Journal



Handout 6. Campbell's Map to the Lair of the Sleepers



postcard of the beach at Arisaig. Also within this bag is a folded map showing the precise location of the sleepers' lair (marked 'Caverns') in the oldest part of the serpent city (see below and Handout 6). The map is annotated with letters indicating which direction to turn (e.g., L for left, R for right, and D for down). More information on using the map and orchestrating the race to the lair of the sleepers is provided below in Part Three.

In the middle of the chamber, MacAllister's mattress and bedding are ruffled, and clothing lies strewn about as though thrown in a hurry. Her soap and unmentionables lie uncovered here and there on the stone; a small black book lies tucked under her pillow. Inside this book is an indication that she does not entirely trust the Auld One (Handout 7):

Make this my prophecy: the magics Abyzou grants us are mighty indeed, but there is I feel a darker and more powerful magic yet. I fear the old man is using us in some way, for some hidden purpose. I have seen with my own eyes how he conspires with others amongst us, and I note their departures from our host to errands unknown in places unknown.

These men do not praise Abyzou as they ought. They do not join our rituals. They do not drink with us, eat with us. This Auld One does not eat, he does not drink: I scarce think he breathes. I am not fooled as others are. I see that weak powers are meted down to us, while greater powers are kept from us. Rather than a High Priestess of Abyzou, I feel myself a lowly servant.

We are being fooled by some trickery, of this I am sure. Abyzou guide us from this old man who professes to be your saviour. Guide us to true power and immortality. Guide us, Goddess! For, mark my words, we are led by one who is not what he seems.

Handout 7. MacAllister's Prophecy

At the back of the room, Mary McTaggart lies sleeping in her bed. Unless the investigators are inordinately loud or the entire complex has been alerted to their presence, she will still be asleep on their arrival. Unhappy at being left behind, she told the Nameless Ones not to bother her, and has quite literally cried herself to sleep. She will be very surprised by the investigators: given any opportunity, she will try to escape and / or call for help.

Although intelligent, McTaggart is insane, and her love for MacAllister will lead her to try to confuse and stall the investigators. Doing this, she believes, will give MacAllister time to secure the power of Abyzou. To infuriate and keep them occupied, she will spout all manner of cryptic pseudo-religious nonsense.

McTaggart is in possession of one of the maps to the sleepers' lair (Handout 6). She has it folded in the small purse that she carries everywhere. Investigators searching her will find it; she will claw and bite anyone trying to take it, and will need to be successfully grappled to get it from her. Once they have the map, McTaggart will begin cursing the investigators, repeatedly telling them they are going to die. When they finally leave, she will become overwrought, sobbing to herself.

-Part Three: In the Serpent Halls-

The investigators should now have realized the lair of the sleepers has been discovered. They may also realize that individual members of the coven elite are becoming increasingly fractious and paranoid, with various members vying for power or feeling threatened. The fallout from this paranoiac division will be seen in the serpent people encampment.

Realizing that the Hand of Abyzou and / or the serpent people are about to achieve their goal of raising ancient and deadly powers, investigators will likely want to race to the sleepers' lair and thwart this dire awakening. This last section depicts the investigators' desperate race, potentially culminating in a climactic battle against the serpent people as they attempt to wake the legendary sleepers.



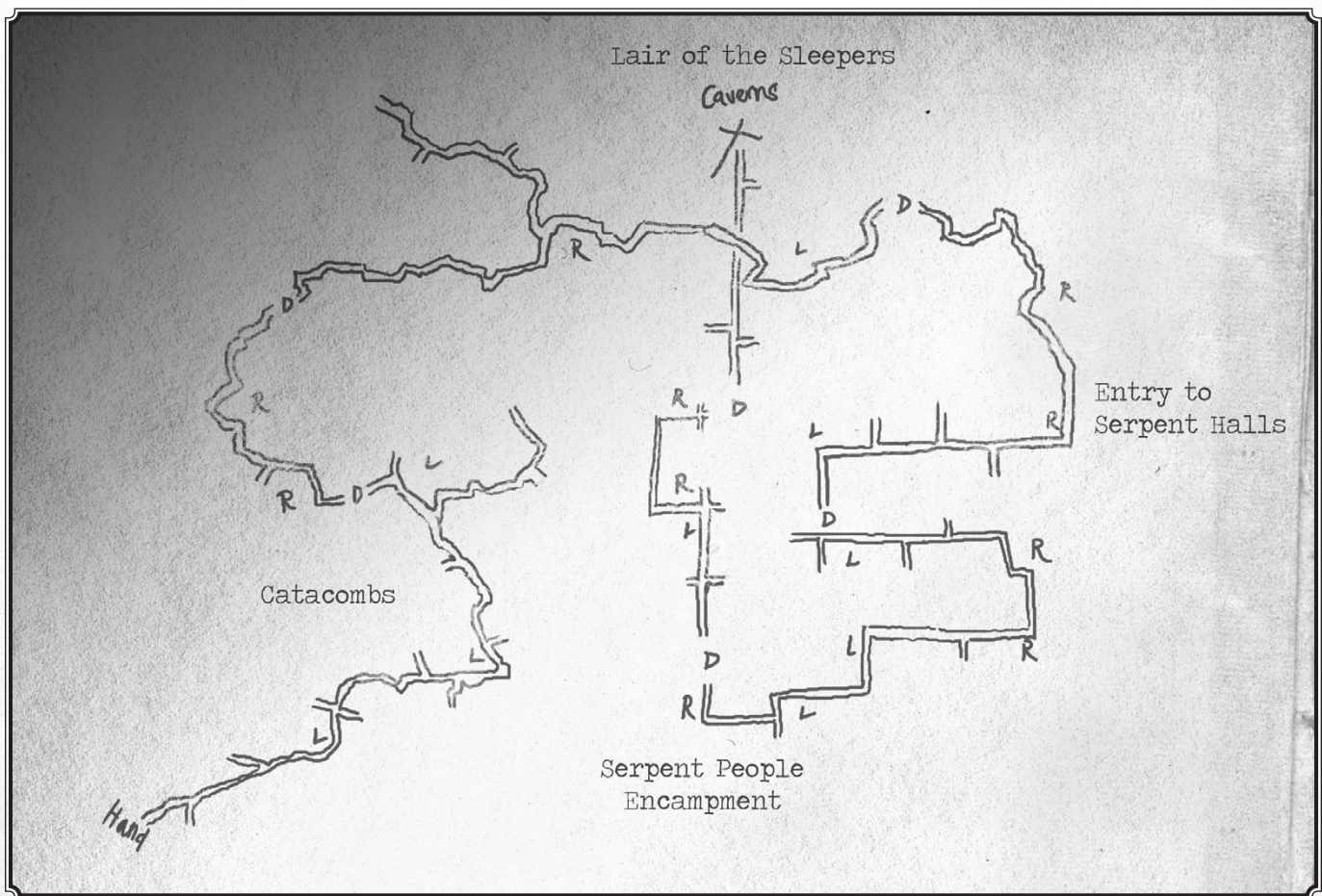
The action takes place in two scenes: the serpent people encampment, and the lair of the sleepers. What happens in the lead up to, in between, and after these scenes is up to players and Keepers: the race can be as quick or as drawn out as desired. The 'Hazards in the Vaults' (in Part Two) may again prove useful, in which case consider altering the '61-75' result to the investigators finding the body of a dead Nameless One.

The mood should be tense desperation, the atmosphere oppressive as investigators get nearer the lair, always one step behind. Entering the serpent halls (marked on the Keeper's Map below), investigators will be discomfited by their alien and Cyclopean surroundings.

The serpent halls are built according to the organic and angular physics of the serpent people, and investigators will feel the obvious alien strangeness of the place immediately.

A fondness for the triangular is found in nearly every structure and artefact; halls are vaguely trapezoidal rather than square or rectangular, and anyone entering the place will feel the steeply angled walls closing in, about to collapse at any moment. Investigators making successful Geology rolls will note the stone is 'knitted' in some fashion beyond their comprehension. Strangely shaped artefacts stand out from the walls, and the odd writing they encountered in Gilmerton Cove is inscribed everywhere. The otherness is highly disturbing; investigators will feel distanced from all they know, as though they were no longer even on the Earth.

During their journey, the investigators have constantly been descending. The rate of descent varies, but at each of the sites on the map labelled 'D', investigators must descend a near-vertical shaft using rope and any mountaineering or spelunking equipment they brought with them—Climb rolls can be made if exciting, but don't go overboard with



Keeper's Map of the Serpent Halls

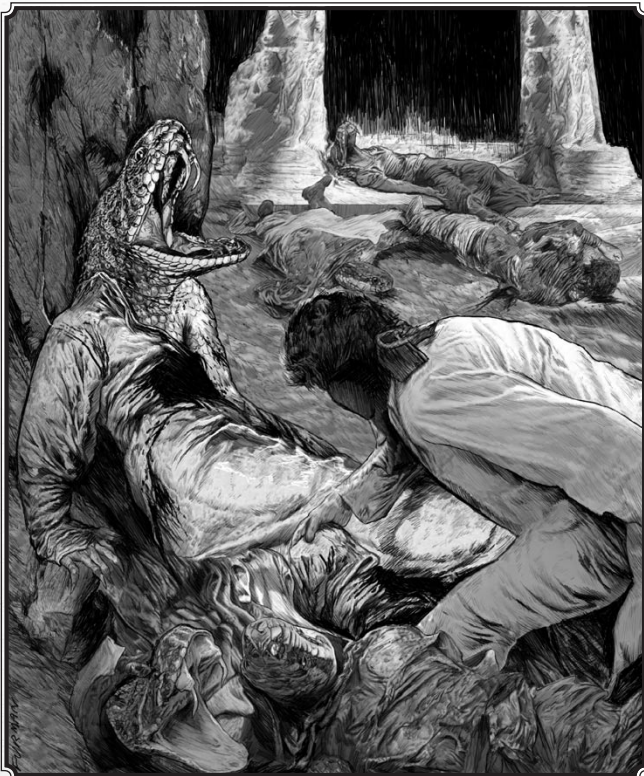


requiring too many. Successful Geology rolls or halved Know rolls suggest some sort of cataclysm tore sections of the vaults and serpent halls apart, creating these deep fissures which must be traversed in order to continue.

Locations

Serpent People Encampment

Midway through their journey through the serpent halls, the investigators come upon the scene of a veritable bloodbath: a cavern, filled with many broken and bloodied bodies, lying everywhere, some showing signs of being badly burned or scalded. A scene of mayhem. Then—something unexpected. On the cavern floor lies an impossible thing—a robed snake-like creature. Then another and another; as their eyes adjust, the investigators see them everywhere, finally finding one lying crumpled against a rock outcrop, its narrow chest still rising and falling—it's alive! With an ophidian head and serpentine tail, two arms and two powerful legs, it is covered in scales and dressed in a strange and elaborately decorated robe. A thin black liquid covers much of the robe.



Have the investigators make a SAN roll. Witnessing this scene costs 1 / 1D6 Sanity points.

Dark cuts and deep gouges cross the serpent man's body; the black liquid is blood, which it is losing copiously. It turns its head towards the investigators, its brilliant serpent eyes locking on them, and its forked tongue darts from between scaly lips. 'More humans,' it curses, 'more fools and ruiners'. It coughs. 'You are too late.' It then hisses something in an alien tongue.

This dying serpent man is in fact the Elder mage, the Auld One. His magic points are spent and he is little threat; he will not last five minutes, so the investigators must be quick with their questions. He will answer their questions provided they are worth answering; he is philosophical as he approaches final death. He is also jubilant, as he believes his serpent people brothers will soon awaken the sleepers.

If the investigators ask the Elder about the battle, he will answer:

"You humans exist to fight amongst yourselves, don't you? Always warring on your own kind. It's a wonder you haven't made yourselves extinct. Jealously, paranoia, rage. That is what happened here—and then fear. Fear when I and my kin were unmasked—the same fear I see on your faces now. Their foolish minds were not ready to look upon the serpent host, despite months of preparation. Fools and imbeciles. When the fear took them, they raised their weapons and fell upon us. Four of us lie here and more than twenty of them have died. Fools."

If the characters ask about the Hand of Abyzou, the Elder will respond that Abyzou was merely a convenient fiction, a temporary means of providing it with human resources and a growing workforce. It laughs, saying humankind has some use as slaves—even when they do not know it.

If the investigators ask about the sleepers, his eyes will widen and a wry smile will twist his serpentine mouth.

"You ask about something you cannot possibly comprehend. There is no word in your pitiful language to describe great Valusia, the first empire of the serpent people. The sleepers are our elite—mages and scientists of awe-inspiring power. They are being awakened even now. Though I die, you... you will see them achieve dominion once more. Valusia will rise again, and my people will ascend to greatness!"

Investigators asking how to reach the lair of the sleepers will find the Elder defiant, laughing at them and refusing to divulge its location. If they ask any question the Elder doesn't deem important or interesting enough, he will simply not answer; if they annoy him sufficiently, he will curse in the serpent people tongue and berate them for their uselessness.

Searching the scene of battle will reveal twenty-two Hand of Abyzou dead, including Fiona MacAllister, Dougal Curran, Aileen Campbell, and David Breen, the latter actually slain by Curran. Each bears the Sign of Abyzou above the left wrist; none carries anything particular or of use, although there are several more copies of the map to the lair of the sleepers. If the Elder is still alive when the investigators search the bodies, he will sneer mockingly: "scavengers and looters as well... what a species...."

The bodies of the serpent people are covered in bruises and deep gashes; three of the four clasp an odd crystal vial with three metal plungers, an alien device that defies immediate interpretation. These are in fact serpent people jet guns (see the adjacent box). Closely examining the devices will reveal three chambers of liquid within the crystal: depressing one of the plungers will eject a jet of serum at whatever the device was aiming at (including another character, unless a successful Dodge roll is made); roll 1D3 to see which serum was activated.

If the jet hits an investigator in the face, he will feel the full effect of the serum. If however, the liquid jet splashes elsewhere on his body, the amnesia and paralysis toxins will have no discernable effect, but the death toxin will cause 1D4 hit points in burns, and scar the affected area permanently.

Serpent People Jet Gun

These crystal and metal devices are a simple means of delivering jets of rare and powerful toxins into the faces, eyes, and respiratory systems of enemies. The serpent people are masters of toxicology, and their jet guns hold three different serums: the first causes short-term amnesia, the victim losing memory of the last 1D6 hours; the second causes full body paralysis unless the character succeeds in a CON roll on the Resistance Table versus the 18 POT toxin; the last causes death in 3D10 seconds, against which there is no saving roll.

Dedicated plungers atop the crystal reservoirs are laid out in a flower petal-like formation and trigger each of the different serums. Though tricky to handle, as it is specially shaped for serpentine hands, the gun can be used by humans. In operation, the jet gun forces a pressurized stream of fluid through a small metal hole between the three plungers and is accurate to a distance of fifteen feet. A single hit to the face, eyes, or mouth of a target is usually enough for the chosen toxin to take effect.

The first two serums evaporate quickly and leave no trace behind. The death toxin, on the other hand, has an acidic component that leaves the body scarred as if burned. The first two toxins have no effect on the serpent people themselves, but the death toxin does 1D4 damage and irritates their scaly skin.

As a weapon, the jet gun has a base chance equal to the user's DEX x3%. Successful hits will strike the target's face on a roll of one-fifth of the user's attack skill or less (ie treat as an impale).

The Lair of the Sleepers

The lair of the sleepers lies near the deepest point of the ancient Valusian city (Handout 8). A magnificent natural chamber rising more than seventy feet and roughly one hundred and twenty feet square, a series of high lamps of unknown manufacture illuminate it with an eerie orange light.



Handout 8. Map of the Sleepers' Lair

There are four entrances: one from the south (the entry point for the investigators); one to the east leading to regions unknown; and two smaller triangular tunnels atop steep ramps, leading to other areas of the lost city. A boulder field of massive chunks of granite occupies the cavern centre, many over five feet high and providing cover. In the western corner, massive stalagmites and stalactites form brilliantly-coloured columns and spikes.

This is the scene for the final climactic battle against the serpent people as they try to awaken the sleepers of Valusia. Six serpent people scientists and two mages survived the battle with the Hand of Abyzou, although one of each is badly wounded. The six scientists cluster around two tall triangular instrument panels which gleam and sparkle with multicoloured lights; they are utterly engrossed in the process of revivifying the ancient sleepers. The two mages stand before the colossal triangular crystal chamber which houses the sleepers, chanting in their strange serpent people tongue (and actually casting a welcome ritual). Like the scientists, they are initially oblivious to the possibility of more humans arriving.

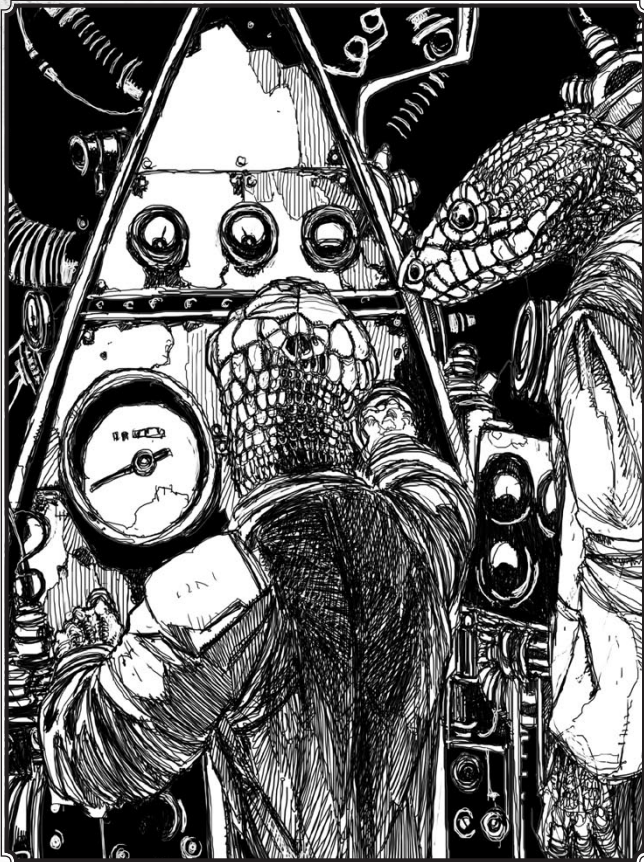
Thirty-six ancient and powerful serpent people from the Valusian Empire are held in suspended animation within

the triangular crystal chamber—twelve on each side. Investigators can identify two sets of six serpent people mages—one atop the other—standing frozen behind the transparent crystal. Little of their individual features can be made out, but their serpentine shape is unmistakable. Should they be awoken, these sleepers will be more than enough to annihilate any resistance by the investigators. Once apprised of the world they have woken into, they will begin to gather their forces and power, and eventually overcome mankind to rule the Earth once more.

It's likely the investigators will want to prevent this. Stopping the serpent people scientists and destroying the glimmering instrument panels will both bring the revivification process to a halt, and ensure the sleepers lie forever more entombed. Modern-day serpent people do not possess the technology to replicate the Valusian instruments, and their destruction will therefore prevent any attempt, at least in the near future, to reawaken the sleepers.

A pitched battle involving magic, poisons, and guns is more than likely here. The natural layout of the lair of the sleepers allows for various approaches: investigators can take cover behind the boulder field, stalagmites and stalactites, and the two ramps; or can temporarily retreat down any of the four tunnels (although the serpent people will pursue once engaged).

Visibility is the only likely impediment to using guns and magic, although range is a serious issue for the serpent people jet guns wielded by the scientists (but not the mages). The cavern is large and cover plentiful enough to render jet guns ineffective unless investigators advance to melee range.



This battle can easily turn very deadly. If the investigators' party is small, perhaps reduce the number of opponents; two of the eight serpent people are badly wounded, and others bear scars from the fight with the Hand. However, the technology and magic of the serpent people are more advanced than those of the humans, and in order to defeat them without major losses the investigators will need to use terrain and cover whenever possible. Players not realizing this will likely see their characters fall quickly indeed; maybe describe one or two close misses to bring home the dangers of having investigators standing out in the open!

The serpent people are no longer interested in negotiation: words will have no effect, and only one of the mages can even understand human speech. The scientists and mages will fight to the death.

Serpent People Scientists and Mages, Pre-mammalian Plotters

Char	Mage	Mage	Sci.	Sci.	Sci.	Sci.	Sci.	Sci.
STR	09	10	12	11	10	12	13	10
CON	08	09	10	12	09	11	14	11
SIZ	12	10	10	13	11	12	10	09
INT	16	17	21	20	22	20	24	21
POW	18	16	13	12	12	10	14	11
DEX	10	10	12	11	13	08	10	12
HP	4*	10	10	3*	10	12	12	10

Move: 8

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: At Keeper's discretion

Weapons: Bite 35%, damage 1D8 + poison (POT = serpent's CON)
Serpent Jet Gun (scientists only) 25%, damage per toxin

Armour: 1-point scales

Spells: All serpent people know the shape shifting spell Assume Shape, but the scientists know no other spells; the mages know virtually all relevant Mythos spells

Sanity Loss: 0 / 1D6

(* already wounded)

-Conclusion-

If the investigators defeat the serpent people, they can examine the strange triangular instrument panels—provided they haven't already destroyed them during the battle. If they have been destroyed, the complex will power down as described below, and any remaining scientists and mages will attempt to escape, recognizing the sleepers are doomed.

The technology used by the Valusian serpent people is unlike anything the investigators will have ever seen, and completely incomprehensible to a 20th-century mind. A successful Spot Hidden, Electrical Repair, Mechanical Repair, Operate Heavy Machinery, or INT x3 Idea roll while examining the strange multi-coloured patterns of dancing lights will identify a line of golden lights which seem to be forming an incrementing sequence—like some kind of countdown. This should suggest to the investigators that there is no time like the present to destroy the machines!

Should they choose not to destroy the panels and / or fail to halt the revivification of the sleepers, then when all the gold lights on the panels are lit the crystalline structure will emit a deafening hiss of high-frequency white noise and become obscured by a vast cloud of white dust (in fact, atomized crystal). When this clears, the investigators will witness the awakening of the Sleepers of Valusia, and lose 1D6 / 2D10 SAN. The thirty-six sleepers will move slowly at first, disoriented for 1D6 rounds, whereupon they will assess the situation via the instrument panels and make their initial plans. Any humans they encounter will be dealt with swiftly and viciously.

The two instrument panels are fragile, and a good kick will damage them beyond repair. Once damaged, a single high tone will sound out, then fall until it fades out at the lower register of human hearing; the orange lamps high above will go out one by one, leaving the investigators in inky darkness. Finally, the power that supported the crystalline structure gone, the sleeper cells will grow dark and opaque.

Attempts to destroy the crystalline structure will fail, unless a series of explosive detonations are carried out near its base. Even then, the massive crystal triangle will merely topple slightly, otherwise remaining intact: only a diamond drill will penetrate the sleepers' cells, only to find the decomposing forms of the now dead serpent people.

As for the Hand of Abyzou, the Edinburgh police will be happy to round up McTaggart and / or the remaining Nameless Ones. Involving the police will, however, require some careful explanation by the investigators. Alternatively, investigators might retrace their steps and find their way out from the lost Valusian city and then the Vaults; should they return to the Hand's vaults, they will find them deserted.

If they did not take McAlpine with them, the investigators should inform him that the serpent people threat and the Hand of Abyzou have been dealt with. He will be very grateful, and ask if they've discovered a 'cure' for poor Ashbury. Of course, there is no true cure; however, in 2D10 days he will suddenly call out and wake from his torpor. He will track them down (personally, if the investigators are still in Edinburgh, otherwise by letter) and thank them for dealing with that 'snake cult horror!'

For thwarting the serpent people's plot to awaken the sleepers, investigators should be awarded 3D10 Sanity points; a further 1D4 may be rewarded for successfully dealing with the remnants of the Hand of Abyzou. If any serpent people escape, however, investigators will suffer a 1D6 penalty.

-Appendix I: Plot Map for 'The Hand of Abyzou'-

Location	Personas	Relationships	Motivation	Clues
Royal Edinburgh Asylum for the Insane, Morningside	Prof. Michael Ashbury, theosophist and member of the EPS	Old friend of one of the investigators and McAlpine; target of the Hand	If awake, Ashbury's only motivation is to foil the plans of the Hand	Speaking with Ashbury (if awake) Talking to Asylum staff The Sign of Abyzou
Edinburgh Philaetheian Society, New Town	Dr Montague Albans, director of the EPS; Dr William McAlpine, pharmacist; Gordon Killin, barman	Albans knows Ashbury and McAlpine, and employs Killin; McAlpine is a friend of Ashbury and knows Albans; Killin works for Albans	Albans wants to protect the EPS; McAlpine seeks to help Ashbury; Killin wants to keep his job	Talking to Albans Talking to McAlpine Talking to Killin Philaetheian texts
Gilmerton Cove	Donald Johnston, proprietor of the Old Town Smiddy	Takes monies from the Hand	Greed and lust	Talking to Johnston The writing on the wall
Edinburgh Vaults (Hand of Abyzou)	Fiona MacAllister; Dougal Curran; Aileen Campbell; David Breen; Mary McTaggart; Nameless Ones	Hand elite work together; McTaggart loves MacAllister; Breen secretly serves the 'Auld One'	MacAllister and Curran desire power; Breen seeks to be the 'God tool' of the serpent people; Campbell wants personal freedom and adventure; McTaggart seeks praise and love from MacAllister	MacAllister's prophecy Breen's journal Talking to McTaggart Map to Sleepers' Lair
Edinburgh Vaults (Serpent Halls)	The Elder, serpent people mage, also 'The Auld One'; serpent people scientists and mages	The Elder rules the elite serpent people group and controls the Hand as the 'Auld One'	The Elder seeks to awaken the 'Sleepers' and bring about a new serpent people empire	Speaking with the Auld One
Edinburgh Vaults (Lair of the Sleepers)	The 'Sleepers', ancient mages		World domination	
Edinburgh Public Library	Librarians, etc.			Witchcraft tome
Edinburgh University	Professors, etc.			<i>On the Proliferation of Snake Cults</i> The Sign of Abyzou
Edinburgh Police	Police, etc.			The Sign of Abyzou Nameless One thief
The Scotsman	Journalists, etc.			Information on Edinburgh Vaults

-Uisge Beatha ("The Water of Life")-

A new young laird from America gets more than he bargained for when he visits the ancient whisky distillery on his land. The investigators receive a frosty reception from the locals, and discover there truly is 'something in the water'.

-Introduction-

This scenario is intended for experienced players, but may be modified for more inexperienced players, too. The investigators stumble upon a Mythos mystery in rural Aberdeenshire in the northeast of Scotland, some three hours north of Aberdeen. The map below shows relevant locations.

This scenario begins with a telegram from a young laird, recently arrived from America, who has just taken possession of his ancestral home situated near the Loch

of Strathbeg and the small port of St Combs on the north Aberdeenshire coast. The laird invites the investigators to Glencorrie Castle to look into the curious pagan activities and beliefs expressed by some of the people on his newly inherited land. Upon their arrival, player characters can guide the investigation however they see fit; there is no assumed order to events. The machinations of the deep ones and the Order of Hydra continues despite investigators poking their noses around; if, or when, the player characters become a nuisance, the Order will try to eliminate them—see the section 'Actions and Consequences' below.



As the people of St Combs and Strathkilm are essentially one huge Cthulhu cult, individuals the investigators interact with will often refuse to speak, be openly hostile, or attempt to confuse or misdirect them. Each cult elder has at least one 'diversion' (see the 'Diversions' section below) that the Keeper may use to send investigators on wild goose chases.

A 'plot map' is provided at the end of the scenario to track locations, characters, motivations, and evidence. Clues and documents are also embedded in the text and are available as downloadable player handouts at www.cubicle7.co.uk.

eventually underwent horrible transformations to become deep ones and depart beneath the waves for Ur-Y'hlinai.

In 1876, the cultists and hybrid priests created the Order of Hydra to organize the expanding cult and disseminate deep one wishes and demands to their human worshippers. The Order assumed the role and property of the village church, and forcibly converted its minister. Years passed, and the cult grew prosperous and powerful, its control over the surrounding land and settlements absolute. More hybrids were born, swelling Ur-Y'hlinai's population. The will of Cthulhu was done.

-Keeper's Information-

The Story So Far

The second largest deep one city in the northern hemisphere lies a mere five miles off the coast of north-eastern Aberdeenshire. Named Ur-Y'hlinai, this city boasts a population of more than fifty thousand deep ones. Effectively immortal, these awful, amphibious humanoids pass the centuries worshipping the Great Old One Cthulhu and seeking to orchestrate his awakening and the rise of his Cyclopean island tomb. A council of deep one priests of Father Dagon and Mother Hydra oversees Ur-Y'hlinai, seeking to increase their numbers in preparation for Great Cthulhu's return.

The deep ones of Ur-Y'hlinai have long had a foothold in the many fishing villages and towns along Scotland's eastern coasts. Nowhere is this more evident than the remote rural communities of Aberdeenshire, where whole populations have fallen under the sway of the deep ones, who offer gold, power, and everlasting life to willing initiates. More than a hundred years ago, deep one priests approached the elders of the small fishing community of St Combs with promises of wealth and power; the elders accepted, but with their rewards came growing madness, and the town sold its collective soul. In the following decades, the madness swept through the towns and countryside like wildfire. People interbred with the foul amphibians and gave birth to inhuman hybrids, ugly, degenerate children with deformed, frog-like features, who

Mr Hugh Irvine, Distillery Owner

**Hugh Irvine, age 41,
Elder Cultist and Proprietor of the Strathbeg
Distillery**

STR 14	DEX 11	INT 18	CON 12
SIZ 16	APP 07	POW 18	EDU 16
SAN 00	Hit Points: 15		

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting 37%, Art (Acting) 25%, Biology 66%, Chemistry 91%, Credit Rating 23%, Distil 89%, Drive Auto 33%, Fast Talk 24%, Medicine 37%, Persuade 57%, Pharmacy 46%, Spot Hidden 31%, Swim 43%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 53%, damage 1D3 + db

Spells: Breath of the Deep, Contact Deep One, Create Mist of Releh, Grasp of Cthulhu, Healing, Wrack

Appearance: Hugh Irvine is a tall elegant man in his early forties. He has short-cropped black hair, dark brown eyes, small thin lips and an aquiline nose. He speaks with great confidence in a deep and rhythmic voice and gives the impression that he has never failed at anything in his life. His clothing seems distinctly out of place; though Irvine acts and talks like an upper-class businessman, he

dresses like a middle-class salesman who hasn't had a sale in a while. His suits are just this side of threadbare, and his shoes have never seen a drop of polish. Irvine acts the part of a welcoming and helpful figure—though of course he's anything but.

Some of the deep one unions resulted in superior hybrids with great intelligence and cunning, whilst others were tentacled abominations and alien monstrosities named by the priests the 'Beloved of Cthulhu'. In 1881, a hybrid was born whose intelligence and aptitude for magic nearly matched the deep one priests; his talent was recognized early, and the young Hugh Irvine was given access to magic and knowledge that few other hybrids ever saw.

Unusually, Irvine was sent to Aberdeen University to learn more of the human world and seek more esoteric ways to further the deep one cause. He returned a worldly man, and set up a number of profitable businesses in the area, including the fishery and the Strathbeg distillery, which he owns and where he currently oversees operations. He has successfully turned the fortunes of the distillery around, and Strathbeg whisky has become a hot commodity, receiving numerous industry awards. However, Irvine has plans for his whisky that go well beyond financial success and industry approval.

Using a combination of deep one magic and modern science, Irvine has been developing a preparation that will infect those drinking it with the 'taint' of the deep ones. In small doses, the preparation causes hybrid births; in large doses it results in an inexorable and irreversible transformation into a deep one hybrid. This solution is his *uisge beatha* (Gaelic for 'water of life'), which he believes will give birth to a glorious new generation of hybrids. Over the past three years, Irvine has tested the solution on several subjects in one of the distillery's unused cellars, with mixed and unsatisfactory results. However, a recent breakthrough has resulted in a formulation that blends perfectly and has the desired transformative effect, and Irvine hopes it will cause a sudden and marked increase in deep one hybrid births and transformations throughout Great Britain and worldwide. This formulation is currently maturing in

his latest batch of whisky stocks, which will be ready for bottling in the coming year. Henceforth, every bottle of Strathbeg whisky will be infected with the deep one taint, and in future Irvine intends to incorporate it into products leaving the St Combs fishery, too.

Mr Collin Gillie, Priest of Cthulhu

**Collin Gillie, age 52,
Elder Cultist and Order of the Hydra High Priest**

STR 09	DEX 10	INT 12	CON 10
SIZ 06	APP 09	POW 16	EDU 13
SAN 00		Hit Points: 8	

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Conceal 36%, Credit Rating 14%, Hide 32%, Mechanical Repair 72%, Occult 40%, Oratory 34%, Persuade 71%, Sneak 24%, Spot Hidden 11%, Theology 47%

Weapons: Butcher Knife 20%, damage 1D4 + db
Fist / Punch 22%, damage 1D3 + db

Armour: None

Spells: Contact Deep One, Contact Deity / Cthulhu, Vanish, Voorish Sign, Warding, Wrack

Appearance: Collin Gillie is a short and quite unattractive man in his early fifties. A former mechanic, he might seem an unusual choice for High Priest of the Order, but his fervent faith and zealous fanaticism make him an inspired choice. Gillie believes himself to be 'living in Cthulhu', and his worship of the Great Old One is the foremost activity in his life—everything else is secondary. This means eating, hygiene, and dressing himself properly—amongst other things; he's unpleasant to be around, and distinctly more 'mad' than any of the other cultists. His fluctuating demeanour, habit of speaking to himself, and sudden and unpredictable physical movements accentuate this.

The elder cultists in St Combs and Strathkilm monitor Irvine's progress closely, hoping to exceed the expectations of their masters, the deep one priests, and Cthulhu himself. In addition to Hugh Irvine, Collin Gillie, Duncan Calder and Connor Andrews comprise the four most senior members of the Order of Hydra. Collin Gillie is a fanatical Cthulhu priest and religious figurehead of the Order; Duncan Calder is the owner of the Sigil & Sign pub in St Combs, and keeps a close eye on all activity—deep one and otherwise—in the town and environs; and Connor Andrews is the town's harbourmaster, and oversees shipping, trade and the St Combs Fishery.

Mr Duncan Calder, Pub Owner

**Duncan Calder, age 47,
Elder Cultist and Proprietor of the Sigil & Sign**

STR 15 DEX 12 INT 12 CON 12
SIZ 15 APP 11 POW 13 EDU 11
SAN 00 Hit Points: 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting 17%, Art (Sketching) 46%, Climb 24%, Dodge 33%, Fast Talk 63%, Listen 36%, Navigate 31%, Rifle 59%, Spot Hidden 61%, Taxidermy 46%, Track 48%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 60%, damage 1D3 + db
Headbutt 45%, damage 1D4 + db

Spells: Contact Deep One, Enchant Whistle, Summon / Bind Byakhee

Appearance: Duncan Calder is a large and imposing figure in his late forties, a great, bear-like man with a huge reddish-brown beard curling up into a thick mane of light brown hair, a fat broad nose, and bright hazel eyes. A renowned hunter, Calder is always dressed in hunting shirt and trousers, and his pub—the Sigil & Sign—is decorated with a vast number of stuffed animals. Calder is the 'eyes and ears' of the Order, and knows what everyone in the area is up to. He will talk with the investigators, showing apparent interest but seeking to understand their motivations.

Under these four men the Order has run like clockwork for the past decade, so conditioned and devout are its members that there has never been any resistance to its commands. Members are obedient and hard-working, worshipping Great Cthulhu, offering him their young, working towards his awakening; in the years leading up to 1920, the schemes of the deep ones and the Order of Hydra moved forwards steadily and quietly.

Mr Connor Andrews, Harbourmaster

**Connor Andrews, age 58,
Elder Cultist and St Combs Harbourmaster**

STR 13 DEX 11 INT 12 CON 15
SIZ 14 APP 09 POW 13 EDU 10
SAN 00 Hit Points: 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting 35%, Astronomy 14%, Conceal 72%, Credit Rating 13%, Drive Auto 37%, Navigate 56%, Operate Heavy Machinery 34%, Pilot (Boat / Ship) 68%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 47%, damage 1D3 + db
Walking Cane 35%, damage 1D6 + db

Spells: Contact Deep One

Appearance: Connor Andrews is an older, grey-haired man, with a rough, weathered face, full of lines and cracks, and grey and watery bloodshot eyes. Born and bred a seafaring man, Andrews wears his nautical gear like a badge of authenticity. He is a difficult and cruel man, prone to shouting; he dislikes strangers, and avoids speaking with anyone he doesn't know. When the investigators encounter Andrews, he will sneer at them, barely holding back his bile. If they ask too many questions or otherwise annoy him, he'll become verbally abusive and may simply walk away from the conversation.

However, the death of a wealthy businessman in Boston and the discovery of a long-lost hereditary claim have introduced an unwelcome disruption into the calm of Strathkilm and St Combs. At the reading of his father's will in Los Angeles, California, the businessman's son Patrick McKerrell, a philosophy postgraduate at the University of California, learned he had inherited the title of the Much Honoured Patrick McKerrell of Strathbeg, the 21st Laird of Strathbeg.

Mr Patrick McKerrell, 21st Laird of Strathbeg

**Patrick McKerrell, age 28,
Newly Inherited Laird of Strathbeg**

STR 12 **DEX** 14 **INT** 16 **CON** 14
SIZ 13 **APP** 13 **POW** 12 **EDU** 15
SAN 60 **Hit Points:** 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Anthropology 26%, Art (Sculpture) 35%, Credit Rating 54%, Drive Auto 33%, First Aid 24%, History 25%, Philosophy 71%, Photography 27%, Psychology 19%, Ride 15%, Spot Hidden 21%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 33%, damage 1D3 + db

Appearance: Patrick McKerrell, the 21st Laird of Strathbeg, is an attractive man in his late twenties. Having recently inherited a great deal of money, he has kitted himself out with fine suits from London's Savile Row and a collection of Italian leather shoes. His bright blue eyes, curly blond hair, wide toothy grin and thick American accent make him the archetypal Californian youth, despite being born in Massachusetts. His demeanour is warm and friendly, if a little overconfident. However, after three weeks of nothing but cold cultists for company, McKerrell will seem a little more desperate and needy than he otherwise would.

McKerrell's sudden arrival at Glencorrie Castle in Strathkilm was an unwelcome surprise and an unforeseen complication for the Order. By law the Laird of Strathbeg owns much of the land the Order secretly controls, including St Combs and the surrounding villages. The young laird has made a nuisance of himself by visiting 'his' lands and calling at the Strathbeg distillery, the fishery, and many other prominent locations in and around St Combs. He has made numerous attempts to socialize with town leaders and cult elders, even inquiring about membership in the Order. In short, the laird is becoming a problem.

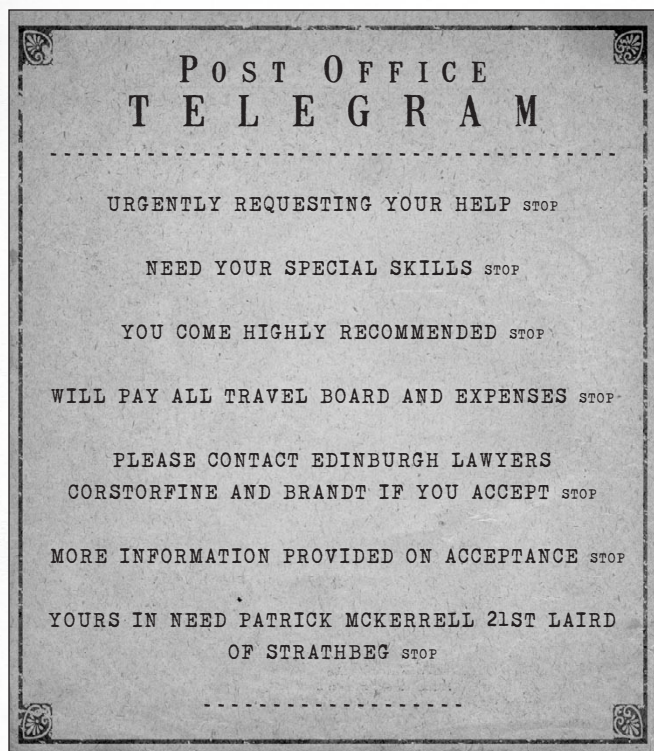
McKerrell is intelligent enough to realize his arrival has unsettled and even greatly annoyed some people. He had expected his arrival to cause surprise, as his father had never lived in Glencorrie Castle, nor claimed the lairdship, and his grandfather had left for America when still a child. He had also expected that his being American might ruffle some Scottish feathers, but nonetheless has been surprised to find the people of Strathkilm and St Combs cold, if not downright hostile. More worrying for him, however, are the possibly pagan activities of the villagers.

Upon arriving at Glencorrie, McKerrell found the castle in a state of disrepair. Unlived in for more than ninety years, many of its windows and doors were boarded up, and the castle was without electricity or running water and was essentially uninhabitable. The young laird was therefore surprised to find the two larger halls did show signs of use, but of a very disturbing kind: one held a ramshackle altar inscribed with strange runes and with a small, sculpted basalt figure atop it, unlike anything McKerrell had ever seen, despite being a fancier of fine art. Primitive in design, cut at odd angles, it had a terrible, impossible demonic form—a great crouching thing with wings, claws, and other discomforting shapes.

In another hall, the laird found a huge circle drawn in sheep's blood, with numerous skulls laid at points around its circumference. The blood was flaking and decomposing, but he made out strange symbols between and around the skulls. McKerrell was taken aback by these discoveries; difficult people and a dilapidated castle he could put up with, but as a staunch Baptist unholy pagan activities were another matter entirely! After his cold reception, the laird

decided against taking the matter up with the locals, whom he half-suspected might even be involved; rather, he called his lawyers in Edinburgh to find someone to look into the strange situation and perhaps suggest some resolution.

The laird's lawyers, Corstorfine & Brandt, tracked down the investigators, and McKerrell has telegraphed them from Aberdeen (below and Handout 1):



Handout 1. Telegram from Patrick McKerrell

When the investigators contact Corstorfine & Brandt, the lawyers will briefly inform them the laird has found evidence of pagan activity on his land and wishes them to investigate. The laird has sent a photograph (Handout 2) of the basalt sculpture. McKerrell will pay travel and expenses. Unfortunately, due to the state of the castle, neither the investigators nor the laird can stay at Glencorrie; instead he suggests they stay at the local pub, the Sigil & Sign, where he currently rooms.



Handout 2. Photograph of Basalt Statue

-Actions and Consequences-

The arrival of the Laird of Strathbeg has been a thorn in the side of the Order of Hydra these past three weeks. Due to his high profile, no attempts have yet been made to dispose of the annoying young American. However, should the Order discover the laird has brought in a team of investigators, its annoyance will boil over into vengeful anger, and it will act to protect itself and its interests at the distillery and in the town. Leaders will likely respond to any perceived threat with sudden and determined violence.

The investigators' impact on the Order is at the Keeper's discretion: with so much riding on the plans at the Strathbeg distillery, the townsfolk may favour secrecy and discretion over violent action; on the other hand, the townspeople may quickly turn against the investigators, and the hunters will become the hunted. A thrilling and challenging scenario could involve the investigators working out what is happening in St Combs while on the run from its insane inhabitants.

The Order of Hydra, Crazy Cthulhu Cultists

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	3D6	10-11
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	3D6	10-11
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		10-11

Damage Bonus:	+0
Skills:	Listen 20%, Spot Hidden 30%
Weapons:	Punch / Fist 25%, damage 1D3 + db
Spells:	As the Keeper desires
Number appearing:	As the Keeper desires

From the moment the investigators arrive in St Combs, they will find themselves in a number of uncomfortable and possibly deadly situations. Their actions—even small and seemingly insignificant ones—will annoy, disturb and threaten the Order's cultists, and most likely eventually lead to a violent response. To keep track of this growing resentment, the Keeper might wish to use the optional system in the nearby section 'Tracking Anger in St Combs'.

However the cult responds to the investigators, two things make this scenario a potential party killer. First, the investigators likely have no idea of the Order's intentions until they are suddenly set upon; and, second, the sheer number of cultists involved. The scenario is intended to challenge experienced players, and Keepers should ensure a plausible balance of action and response: players will enjoy a string of close calls, plot twists, and stressful action sequences far more than a single titanic battle against an impossible horde.

Tracking Anger in St Combs

Use this simple point-tracking system for determining the Order's response to the investigators' activities. Keepers should alter the values below to their own preferences and add points for additional events. As the investigators accumulate points, the Order will intervene to deal with them.

Points	Investigator Activity
1	Investigators are seen interacting with Patrick McKerrell
1	Investigators are seen interacting with non-Order townsfolk (e.g., Alison MacNeil, Duncan MacGillivray, Jamie McKindless, etc.)
1	Investigators are seen 'snooping around' in St Combs or any outlying village
3	Investigators ask questions about 'pagan' or 'cult' activities
3	Investigators annoy a member of the Order
3	Investigators are seen or suspected of committing a minor illegal act
5	Investigators bully or threaten a member of the Order
5	Investigators visit the Strathbeg distillery, the Order of Hydra, or the harbour, or are known to have visited Glencorrie Castle
7	Investigators are seen or suspected of committing a major illegal act (e.g., breaking and entering, bribery, etc.)
10	Investigators physically harm a member of the Order
10	Investigators attempt to involve the Aberdeen Police
20	Investigators murder a member of the Order
20	Investigators mention 'deep ones' or 'Cthulhu'
25	Investigators murder one of the Order's elders
50	Investigators break into the Strathbeg Distillery or the Order of Hydra



When the investigators accumulate a certain number of points they will trigger the responses below:

Points	Cultist Response
5	Investigators are approached by a towns person and told they 'should be careful' but given no indication why.
10	Investigators are approached by a towns person and told 'St Combs doesn't need your kind. If you're smart, you'll leave before you're made to'.
25	A call is put out to have one of the investigators murdered as a warning to leave the area. If unsuccessful, the Order will wait to see the investigators' responses before trying again.
50	The Order of Hydra mobilizes the population of St Combs and surrounding villages in a manhunt. The hunt continues until the investigators are killed or driven off.

Another possible response is the murder of the Laird, Patrick McKerrell, especially if the Order feels it can do away with him and the investigators at the same time. Should the laird be murdered, his death will be kept secret by the townsfolk and a story invented that he returned to America and has not been heard from since.

Even if the Order of Hydra calls for the extermination of the investigators, they should have a chance of getting out alive. In a full-scale manhunt, the Crimonmogate cultists will block the road to St Combs and watch every small access road, and cultists will comb the forests and guard the boats in port. However, this does not mean the characters cannot use these routes to escape, but rather that escape will involve a challenge.

Investigators may choose to commandeer McKerrell's four-seater Rover 8 or one of the rusting vehicles in town, and attempt to fight their way through the roadblock at Crimonmogate. They may seek to slip aboard a trawler or cargo vessel at the fishery pier and pilot away from St Combs or stay on as stowaways. They may try to evade the cultists in the dense upland forests, making for some unknown town or hamlet. If they have powerful magic, they may even wish to Gate out to safety. Lastly, investigators may try to hide somewhere in the town or thereabouts until they can make themselves scarce.

Let the investigators come up with their own means of escape. They should quickly realize they cannot talk or shoot their way out, and need a proper strategy for getting themselves, and potentially McKerrell, to safety.

-Diversions-

These diversionary tactics may be employed by the four cult elders Andrews, Calder, Gillie, and Irvine when interacting with the investigators.

Connor Andrews

Andrews relates that a number of local fishermen and trawlers have reported seeing strange lights in a sea cave two miles south of St Combs. He says he's been meaning to send someone to have a look, and asks if the investigators would accompany his man on the short journey. If they agree, he arranges for his man to ferry the characters to the cave.

There is in fact a sea cave two miles down the coast, sometimes used by deep ones for rituals which must be cast above the waves. Should the investigators examine the cave, Andrews uses the spell Contact Deep One to have a party of deep ones await them there; they will take cover in the cave's nooks and crannies and ambush the investigators.

Deep Ones, Amphibious Ambashers

Char.	One	Two	Three	Four	Five	Six
STR	13	15	15	14	13	14
CON	10	12	10	11	10	11
SIZ	15	17	15	14	17	15
INT	10	11	09	13	10	11
POW	10	10	12	11	09	10
DEX	10	09	11	12	11	10
HP	13	15	13	13	14	13

Move:	8 / 10 walking / swimming
Damage Bonus:	+1D4
Skills:	Hide in Water 25%, Listen 30%, Sneak in Water 25%, Spot Hidden 30%
Weapons:	Claws 35%, damage 1D6 + db Fishing Net 15%, entangle Hunting Spear 25%, damage 1D6 + db, impaling weapon
Armour:	1-point toughened skin and scales
Spells:	At Keeper's discretion
Number appearing:	1 per investigator
Sanity Loss:	0 / 1D6

The cave is a rough circle twenty feet in diameter, with a surprisingly smooth floor due to wave erosion. The number of deep ones will equal the number of investigators; they will attack with claws and spears. Surviving investigators will find the boat and pilot gone, leaving them trapped.

If the scenario takes place in winter, swimming to land is out of the question; the investigators would freeze to death, and so have no choice other than a difficult climb. In any other season, the twenty-minute swim requires two successful Swim rolls, failing either of which may precipitate Drowning rolls (see the *Call of Cthulhu* rule book page 57).

Investigators may rescue a drowning swimmer with an additional Swim roll at -10% penalty. Once all characters have made two successful Swim rolls, they crawl out onto a deserted rocky beach, tired and bedraggled.

Characters climbing out of the cave require two successful Climb rolls: the cliff face above the sea cave is nearly vertical, with few decent footholds. Failing either roll results in a fall into the crashing waves below, causing 1D8 points of damage if the first roll failed, or 2D8 if the second—and of course leaving the investigator in the sea!

Should the investigators return to Andrews, he will be truly surprised to see them, reporting his man and his boat never returned to port: he thought them all lost at sea. If the investigators look for the boat, have them make an Idea roll (to determine if they can differentiate one wooden boat from another) and a Spot Hidden roll. A success on both means they spot the boat that transported them to the cave anchored in the small marina. If they approach Andrews, he will flatly deny it is the same boat.

Duncan Calder

If the investigators inquire about strange activities at the Sigil & Sign (or elsewhere within Calder's earshot), he relates a story about a couple of campers who reported being awoken by strange noises in the night as they camped on the shores of Loch Strathbeg. Leaving their tents to investigate, they saw shadows moving over the black waters of the loch and ran for their lives, leaving their tent and all their belongings behind. The campers told him of its location in case he was ever able to retrieve anything; he has never had the opportunity to look into it.

Calder suggests that it sounds like the sort of thing the investigators might be interested in, and gives them a small map to the camping site on the north shore of the loch. Of course, there is no camp, and never were any campers: Calder summons a byakhee to the spot where the investigators are meant to find the campers' tent, commanding it to swoop down and carry one of them (chosen randomly) up into outer space.

Byakhee, Summoned Star-steed

STR 18 **DEX** 15 **INT** 12 **CON** 11
SIZ 18 **APP** — **POW** 12 **EDU** —
SAN — **Hit Points:** 15

Move: 5 / 20 walking / flying

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Skills: Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 50%

Weapons: Bite 35%, damage 1D6 + blood drain (1D6 STR per CR until death) Claws 35%, damage 1D6 + db

Armour: 2-point fur and tough hide

Spells: At Keeper's discretion

Sanity Loss: 1 / 1D6

Number appearing: 1 summoned

If the byakhee is wounded below half hit points, it will quit the fight and escape into the night sky. If the investigators return to Calder, he will be astonished at their tale and their narrow escape and commend them for their bravery, hiding his anger and disappointment.

Collin Gillie

If the investigators manage to get an audience with Gillie—not easy as he spends most of his time locked in the Order's building—he suggests they investigate Old Willett's Farm on the other side of Cairness. Rumour has it that a strange group of people has taken up residence in the old barn; he has heard that they appeared only recently and have an unnatural look.

Old Willett's Farm is a mile west of Cairness up an overgrown lane. All the buildings have seen better days, and each is dangerous in its own way. The small farmhouse

has a rotting roof and floor; any investigator walking in will plummet ten feet to a disused coal cellar unless he makes a successful Luck or Jump roll; failure results in 1D6 damage and a 50% chance of a broken arm or leg.

The small stable behind the farmhouse contains a hornets' nest; opening the upper half of the stable door causes the nest to fall to the ground, sending hundreds of angry hornets flying everywhere. Investigators failing Dodge rolls will suffer 1D2 damage from stings each combat round they remain in the area, and the hornets will attack for 2D6 rounds before departing.

The old barn is the most dangerous. Badly listing to one side, it's more than ready to collapse. The original double doors and lintel were cracked and broken long ago and lie in mouldy pieces on the ground. The investigators ought to know better than to go inside, but if they do they will find that the floorboards and supporting beams are rotting away, the floor cracking and bowing beneath their weight.

Each investigator entering adds to the barn's instability, with a cumulative 10% chance that the entire structure will come down around them. Once inside, a successful Idea or Know roll will indicate that the barn shouldn't even be standing; a Spot Hidden roll will reveal it has been unused for many decades.

Should the structure collapse around the investigators, each person inside suffers 5D6 damage; a successful Dodge roll results in half damage. The character closest to the door may roll Jump to leap for the diagonal opening, taking no damage if successful; any survivors have a 90% chance of multiple broken bones. If any characters survive and return to town, Gillie will avoid the investigators as best he can. If cornered, he will suggest that the rumour must have been wrong.

Hugh Irvine

Hugh Irvine will be responsive to the investigators' questions, quite unlike the other cultists and townsfolk they have encountered. He is almost animated in his discussions of the distillery and the area's history, and

will invite the investigators to taste the latest blend he is producing for the Royal Highland Games. Taking them into one of the distillery's bottling chambers, he will have one of his men retrieve Lot 218 from the cellar. He will pour the amber liquid into a number of fine crystal tumblers, handing one to each of the investigators. If anyone refuses, Irvine will press them to change their mind, but not overly much.

Lot 218 is in fact a poison that Irvine developed to take care of his more troublesome experiments. When injected or imbibed, it immediately causes blurred vision, ringing in the ears, tremors, heart palpitations and extreme dizziness. The investigators must resist the poison (POT 11) with their CON on the Resistance Table; success leads to a slow recovery over 1D4 hours, with the victim having halved STR, CON, and DEX rolls in the interim; failure leads to heart failure.

There is no doctor at the distillery, so one of the investigators must roll 'First Aid' or 'Medicine' to successfully save a dying colleague; success results in the revived character experiencing the same negative effects as those who succeeded in their resistance rolls. Failure results in the character's untimely death.

Survivors will find Irvine shocked. Apologizing profusely and cursing himself for not checking the bottle before pouring, he assures them that their poisoning was a mistake: "A terrible mistake, but simple human error on my co-worker's part. I'm afraid this is not Lot 218!" If a death has resulted, Irvine will offer to pay for all funeral costs and provide a handsome sum to the family of the deceased. Otherwise, he will see the characters to the door and apologize again. Later that day, a case of Strathbeg whisky will be delivered to the investigators' rooms at the Sigil & Sign, with a letter offering a further apology and Irvine's best wishes. Every bottle of the gifted whisky contains the deep one taint.

-Locations-

Aberdeen

Aberdeen Police Station

Detective Constable Craig Millar at the Aberdeen Police Station will listen to the characters should they call or visit him in person, but will be of little help, as St Combs and Strathkilm are out of his jurisdiction—assuming he believes their story in the first place. He knows little about the area, and is even less interested in learning more. However, if they can convince Millar of a real injustice in St Combs and its environs, and provide tangible proof, he will mobilize his men and call Scotland Yard before moving into St Combs.

Cairness

The small village of Cairness lies halfway between Crimonmogate and St Combs just off the local road to the main road to Aberdeen. Little more than a collection of houses, the village has no shops or amenities, but acts as a bedroom community for the nearby Strathbeg Distillery and the fishery and other industries in St Combs. Investigators stopping in Cairness will see the residents closing their windows and doors; there is little to see but a dusty road, a collection of barely maintained houses with peeling paint and worn roof tiles, and an unfriendly batch of villagers.

Crimonmogate

Crimonmogate is a backwater town off the main road from Aberdeen to Inverness. It serves little purpose apart from being a fork in the road with a petrol station. Its station is run and maintained by the Order, and acts as a sentry and observation post for movements into and out of St Combs: if needs be, the Order can secure and block the road into St Combs and cut off all vehicular travel in the region. The petrol station is a lacklustre affair with a small selection of odd vehicular goods, and a few dusty postcards.

Behind the petrol station and off the road, a cluster of eleven small houses makes up the town. The houses are beyond shabby, with exposed brick and woodwork, broken or cracked windows, and damp or mould obviously growing in cracks and under eaves. Every person in Crimonmogate is a member of the Order, and will refuse to answer questions on the pretence of being busy or knowing nothing about the related subject. If the investigators persist or attempt to Fast Talk or intimidate the inhabitants, they will become verbally abusive and eventually violent.

Gowanhill

Gowanhill is the smallest of the villages around St Combs, and is set well into the thickly forested uplands back from the coast and port. Originally a small tin mining village, two long rows of miner's cottages run parallel to the road to St Combs. The tin mine has long since been boarded up, though it could provide investigators with a place to hide if the Order turns against them. The miner's cottages—all twelve of them—are single-storey dwellings of the same simple brick construction. Thick smoke rises from a number of chimneys, but the people of Gowanhill will be reticent to speak to anyone outside the Order.

Connor Andrews, harbourmaster at St Combs, lives in one of the rundown miner's cottages. He has done so since he was a child and took over the place when his parents died. Since joining the Order he, like all the cultists, has stopped caring for the small house or its outrageously overgrown garden.

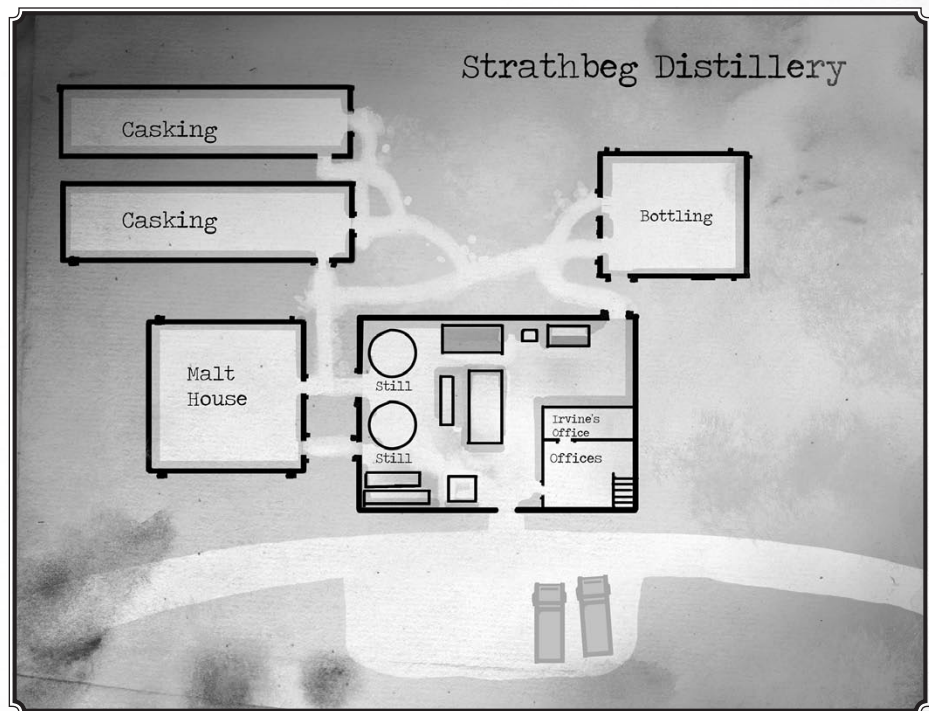
If the investigators come to Gowanhill in the evening or at night, Andrews will be the only person in the village who will talk to them. The rest will shy away and refuse to answer their doors.

Loch of Strathbeg

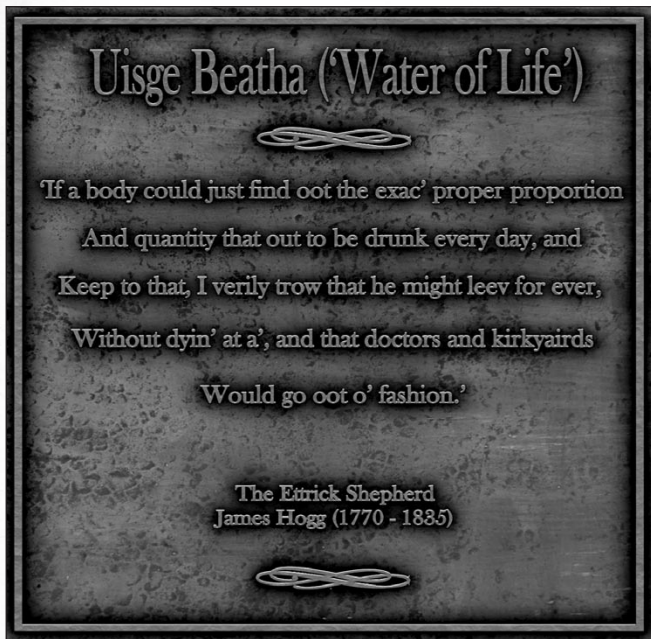
Strathbeg Distillery

The Strathbeg Distillery in Strathkilm is accessed via a dedicated road off the main road into St Combs. Approaching the distillery, the investigators see three tall, whitewashed buildings and behind them a further two low, long buildings. The distillery's main entrance is just off the road and across from a small park that sees little use but is currently home to two large trucks. Above the door to the main building a large decorative sign reads: 'Strathbeg Distillery, Strathkilm, Aberdeenshire' and 'Home of Strathbeg Whisky, Since 1911'. A bronze plaque to the left of the distillery's doors is inscribed with the quotation shown overleaf (Handout 3):

Inside the tall building the first thing the investigators will notice is the increase in temperature and humidity, accompanied by a wonderful smell of malt and whisky mixing with burning peat. The building is open to the rafters except for a small block of offices against the right wall. Machinery and pipes are everywhere, filling every available space. An array of dials and gauges monitor temperature, pressure and a host of other forces.



Visible from anywhere inside the building are the distillery's two massive, swan-necked copper stills. The elegantly shaped and brightly coloured stills are heated from a bed of peat burning beneath them. A wall of tempered glass protects nearby workers from the full heat of the naked flames.



Handout 3. Strathbeg Distillery Bronze Plaque

A bank of windows in the office block allows investigators a clear view of the distillery's twelve administration staff busy at their desks. More staff work in this building and the other four, monitoring the mash tuns and malt kilns, operating the Galland pneumatic drum, or working in the casking and bottling sections. A large office near the back of the block holds a large desk with a variety of whisky bottles and is decorated with posters promoting different Strathbeg blended and single-malt whiskies. Standing in front of one poster is a man with short-cropped black hair in a fine tailored suit.

Talking with Hugh Irvine

Whether the investigators ask for the man in charge, inquire after Irvine by name, or merely walk in unannounced, distillery staff will alert Mr Irvine, who welcomes the investigators, introducing himself as "Hugh Irvine, owner and managing director of Strathbeg distillery". He is surprised by the characters' arrival, and asks the reason for their visit. If the investigators do not

immediately own up, he will assume they are tourists or businessmen and offer them a quick twenty-five to thirty minute tour of the mashing house (to the left of the main building), the stills and the distilling operation here in the main building, and the casking and bottling operations in the building to the right and behind the main building. He will finish by showing the investigators inside one of the long low buildings at the back of the complex, each of which houses hundreds of aged oak casks where the whisky is matured between eight and sixteen years. Irvine will mention that additional special and commissioned whiskies are stored in the cellars beneath the main building.

Irvine will answer the investigators' questions concerning distilling with an unerring accuracy and authority. If they ask pointed questions about cults, pagan rituals or other such topics, he will answer that he is a businessman and knows nothing about such things. Secretly, he will be alarmed to learn the characters are investigating the Order of Hydra, and will immediately regard them as a serious threat.

Towards the end of the tour, Irvine will mention it is customary for visitors to be given a wee dram of Strathbeg's finest. If the investigators have already been deemed a threat, Irvine will instead invite them to taste the latest blend he is producing for the Royal Highland Games (see the repercussions of tasting Lot 218 in the 'Diversions' section above). Investigators with a taste for whisky or alcohol in general will note the Strathbeg whisky is very fine indeed, with a dry smoky flavour complemented by a complex aroma of peat and sherry.

Talking with Strathbeg Staff

The majority of Strathbeg staff refuse to speak to the investigators on the pretence of being too busy. Two individuals respond to questions: John Cairns, Strathbeg's master distiller, and Annie Corman, Irvine's private secretary. Cairns is a career distiller and has worked in numerous distilleries across the north of Scotland. He is a short, white-haired gentleman in his early sixties, and drives in every day from Aberdeen, where he lives with his wife and their three children. Cairns is oblivious of the operations and involvement of the Order, caring only for his work and the final product.

Cairns can answer any questions about distilling, and offers an opinion on Irvine as well:

“He’s one of a kind, I can tell you. I’ve worked for plenty of different distilleries and he’s the only owner I’ve ever worked for that takes such an interest in the day to day and in the process of improving the whisky. He’s got a lab in the cellar beneath us, he got degrees in distilling and chemistry, and he’s down there slaving away most days, trying to get the best possible out of Strathbeg.”

If asked about St Combs or his co-workers, Cairns shrugs and answers noncommittally: “People are people, and some are stranger than others. What can you do?” He doesn’t drive into St Combs so has no opinion of the town or townsfolk. What matters to him is the distillery, and making the best whisky possible.

Irvine’s private secretary, Annie Corman, is a shrewish waif in a brown paisley dress. She is extremely protective of Irvine, refusing to answer any questions that might make her boss look anything but a perfect gentleman. If asked to describe Irvine she says:

“You won’t find a more dedicated businessman. Or a better employer. He works tirelessly for the distillery and for us all. For St Combs and Strathkilm, I mean. He’s always working in his office or the lab downstairs. He probably works more hours than he ought to.”

If asked about the lab, Corman replies she doesn’t go down there, but that Irvine is constantly working there on bettering the company’s whiskies.

Investigating the Distillery Cellars

Irvine’s office in the main building is a front used for occasional business meetings but little else; his real work is in his lab in the cellars, where he stores his different ‘experiments’. The cellars are accessed from the office area on the main floor, and comprise eight sealed concrete rooms with reinforced steel doors, four a side along a single long hall. Irvine’s lab is the furthest down, past three vaults containing stores of whiskies and solutions: on the

opposite side, the first three rooms contain unremarkable distilling equipment; the final room across from the lab is unmarked.

Irvine’s Private Lab

The door to Irvine’s lab is locked, and a key is hidden in his office upstairs (Spot Hidden to find). The only other key is on Irvine’s person, with him at all times. If Irvine is not working, he will be conducting Order business in St Combs or at home in a small bungalow further down from the distillery. His key is kept with his house key on a keyring normally in his right trouser pocket. Breaking through the reinforced steel door is a foolhardy move that will only lead to frustration and disappointment: forcing the door requires explosives, and in this narrow concrete corridor the blast from even a small explosion would kill every person in the hall or at least cause permanent deafness, as well as destroying everything in the lab and setting much of the alcohol inside alight.

The lab contains a surprising amount of sophisticated equipment. Successful Biology, Chemistry, Medicine and / or Pharmacy rolls indicate much of the equipment relates to biology rather than distilling; a Know roll suggests the equipment would be at home in any modern hospital. Some of the microscopes and delicate chemical glasswork, for example, seem out of place in a distillery. The room smells strongly of chemicals and biological agents, too many for the investigators to pick out individually.

Beakers on one desk are labelled with lot numbers, some of which have been crossed out; those labelled Lot 211 to Lot 218 have all been written over with a great red ‘X’. The contents of others, labelled 189 to 210, have long since dried and evaporated, leaving the beakers stained transparent orange. Two full beakers of a light orange solution labelled Lot 219 and Lot 220 sit on a different desk amidst a collection of Petri dishes, microscopic slides, and chemical filtration equipment. A pad of paper near the beakers contains some hastily written notes (Handout 4):

LOT 219

DISTRIBUTION PLANS PROGRESSING—NO PROBLEMS WITH THE MATURATION PROCESS. 6 MOS ?

FIRST RUN 12,000 BOTTLES / BRITAIN AND EUROPE—POTENTIAL HYBRIDIZATION NUMBERS—EST. BIRTHS 120,000? MORE? COMPLETE TRANSFORMATIONS IN HUNDREDS? DEATH RATE?

MUTATION RATE ACCEPTABLE, REDUCED STILL IN 220. FUNCTIONING HYBRIDS GUARANTEED.

LATEST TEST SUBJECT (220) FULLY TRANSFORMED IN c. 138 HOURS. AS WITH THE LAST 8, COMPULSION TO JOIN UR-YHLINAI WAS IMMEDIATE.

LOT 220 SET FOR CASKING. NEED TO BRIEF ORDER.

Handout 4. Hugh Irvine's Notes

There is little else of interest in Irvine's lab. Should investigators decide to taste Lot 219 or 220, they must roll to resist the POT 18 undiluted solution; failure results in death in 1D10 seconds, and success sees the investigator crumple to the ground unconscious in 1D10 seconds. When he awakes he will be temporarily blind, with a CON score of 1 and DEX and STR both halved, all of which return to normal in 1D6 days. By that time, however, the investigator will have begun the painful, unstoppable, and irreversible transformation into a deep one hybrid, taking 2D10+5 days, after which he will do absolutely anything to escape beneath the ocean waves, including murdering anyone who gets in his way.

Should the characters decide to destroy the lab, they will find it a simple matter due to the amount of pure distilled alcohol in the room. Once alight, the lab will be engulfed in a fireball of such ferocity that nothing can escape: investigators should make sure that they are well back from the explosion!

The Unmarked Room

The reinforced steel door to this room is locked, and can be unlocked with the same key that unlocks Irvine's private lab, or a successful Locksmith roll with appropriate picks and tools. A successful Listen roll at the door discerns a strange, muffled murmuring; opening the door, investigators will be assaulted by a horrible stench like a sickly mix of rotting meat, human waste, and damp straw. Have the investigators make CON x5 rolls to avoid gagging for 1D3 rounds from the overwhelming stench. A light switch is visible on the wall left of the door.

When the investigators open the door, any murmuring will cease immediately; when they turn on the light, an unearthly chorus of wailing, shrieking and screaming will rise, much of it distinctly child-like. The investigators will see a series of tall barred cages, inside which are the test subjects from Irvine's experiments with the deep one taint. There are twenty-six cages, with a narrow passage between them: the cages are a little over three feet square and six feet high.



The test subjects nearest the door are immediately visible, shrieking horribly and clawing at the bars; the piercing din hurts the investigators' ears and makes their hair stand on end. By their sizes and voice pitch, these horrors are unmistakably children who have been hideously transformed into nightmarish shapes. Those nearest the door are the most 'human', while those in the next row are utterly unrecognizable. The cages at the back of the room are filled with the stinking corpses of more failed experiments. Even the less mutated test subjects nearest the investigators exhibit bulbous, festering, frog-like features with distended limbs and curved backs; the older subjects are more hideous, with thick skins, mouths and limbs where none should be, and worse. One notable creature slumped dumbly against the bars of its cage has no facial features but a face full of writhing, slimy tentacles.

Have the investigators make SAN rolls. The penalty for witnessing Irvine's gruesome and inhuman experiments is 4 / 4D6 Sanity points; failure likely means the investigators run from the distillery cellar in utter horror.

The subjects scream plaintively at the investigators, but have lost any capacity for speech. Communication attempts result in excited but futile wailing and screaming. Should the investigators get close enough, the confused mutants will grip and pull them to the bars (make a Dodge roll to avoid), some with frightening strength; a held character needs to resist the mutant's strength (roll 3D6) on the Resistance Table. If the characters spend more than a few minutes in this room, the poor wretches become severely agitated and begin thrashing against the cage bars with such violence that the floor begins to shake. Their agitation will turn to anger, and they will attempt to grapple and attack any investigators in the room.

The cages are marked in descending order from 211 to 185, with 211 closest to the door and 185 at the back of the room. The locks on the cages are secure industrial models that are extremely difficult to pick—halve the investigator's Locksmith skill, and only a roll of one-fifth of the reduced skill or less succeeds, assuming the right picks and tools are available. Investigators should consider what the result would be should they manage to free one of these horribly mutated children. Realistically, there is little that the investigators can do to help; the solutions given to the

children have irrevocably altered their physical and mental make up, and there seems no way of correcting what has been done to them.

Investigators will probably be left with a difficult choice that may strengthen their resolve to deal with the Cthulhu cult and their perverse plans for creating new ranks of deep one hybrids.

Strathkilm

Strathkilm is a triangular area of land between the Loch of Strathbeg, Cairness, and St Combs, extending to the North Sea coast. It is forested and of little value apart from being the ancestral seat of the Lairds of Strathbeg. The once magnificent Glencorrie Castle sits equidistant between the north-western shore of Strathbeg Loch and the main road running between St Combs and Crimonmogate. The castle was once surrounded by beautiful manicured gardens, but as the last laird to live in the castle cared little for 'idle greenery' and a great deal more for the entertainments of London, the surrounding gardens have become wild and overgrown.

The forests of Strathkilm are thick with tall firs and dense ground vegetation. Nettles and brambles make passage through the forest difficult; nearer the loch, the forest thins and takes on a more pleasant aspect, but is still far from an ideal spot for a picnic or holiday. The road to Glencorrie Castle was once well kept, but is now difficult to follow because of weeds and overgrown shrubberies; Keepers should keep in mind that the castle has not been inhabited for more than eighty years.

Glencorrie Castle

Once a stately castle built in the Scottish Baronial style in the first quarter of the 18th century, Glencorrie Castle now resembles a dilapidated heap of stone and mortar. The broad square main floor has few remaining intact windows, and the front door hangs precariously off two rusted hinges. The two round towers atop the main floor have lost their roofs, and thick green lichen clings to the once decorative stonework.



Inside, the wood panelling of the foyer is damp and rotting, the high chandelier hanging lifelessly from the ceiling, and the floor is covered with thick dust. The few bits of furniture are too far gone to be salvageable, reeking of mould and mildew. The wide staircase to the second floor is worn and rotting, as is the once-green—now black—carpet running its length. Four doors exit the foyer, but a trail in the dust reveals the two doors to the left and right have recently been used.

The Main Hall

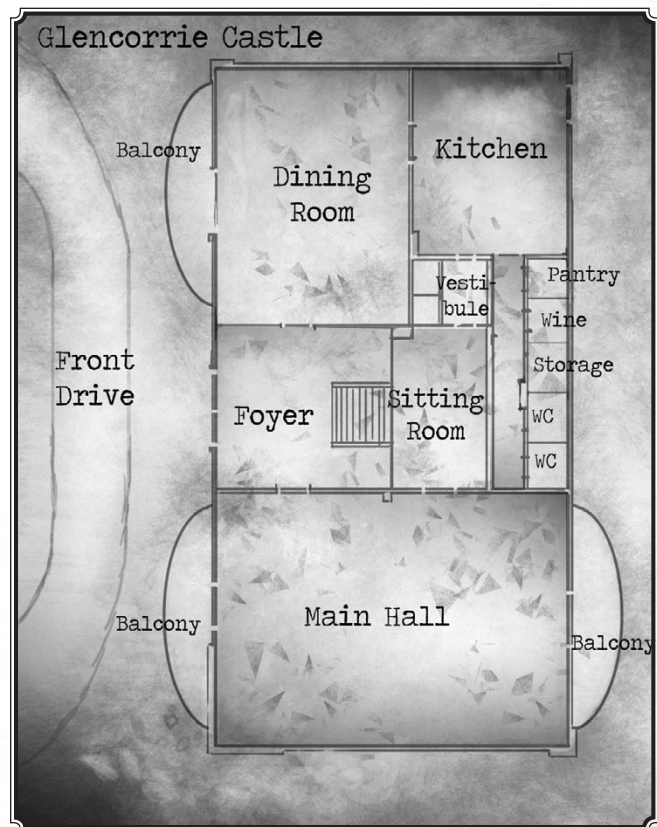
The main hall is exactly as McKerrell described it. The strange, crudely built altar sits against the far wall, obscuring much of the fireplace behind it. The altar has been repeatedly washed down in blood, leaving the wood blackened with cracks and lines full of rust-coloured deposits. A white cloth backdrop hanging from the fireplace mantel is held in place with large irregular stones; it appears to be an old tablecloth, inscribed with strange symbols drawn crudely in blood. More symbols are drawn on the stone floor around the altar.

Absent is the strange sculpture McKerrell described and photographed; clearly the hall has been visited since the laird's discovery and the idol removed. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll indicates many of the symbols relate to rituals and sacrifices to the Great Old One Cthulhu; a successful Spot Hidden roll reveals the word 'Ktulu' written

in a cryptic script in blood on the floor behind the altar. A successful Track roll reveals recent footprints leading from the altar through the broken French windows at the back of the house and into the overgrown rear garden; a further successful Track roll in the garden reveals a trail to the Temple of Cthulhu near the shores of Loch Strathbeg.

The Dining Hall

The dining hall still contains the bloody summoning circle the laird discovered on his arrival. A wide five foot-diameter circle drawn in sheep's blood lies in the centre of the hall, out of place beneath the beautiful bronze and crystal chandelier. Nine sheep skulls are placed at regular intervals facing inwards around the dried and flaking circle; throughout the circle and surrounding the skulls are strange, cryptic symbols (the same as found in the main hall).



If the investigators have not already identified the symbols, a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll does so here. A successful Biology or Zoology roll reveals the sheep are a typical Scottish breed, but does not reveal the manner of their death. A successful Spot Hidden roll discovers traces of dried blood near the kitchen door.

The kitchen is typical of such a castle, with multiple fireplaces, a large central wooden table, and panoply of copper and iron pots, pans, and other cooking implements hanging from the ceiling and walls. A spiral staircase in the eastern wall leads to servants' quarters in the attic, and two doors lead to the courtyard and gardens behind the castle and to the pantry, storage vaults, and wine cellar. The kitchen is covered in thick dust; a successful Track roll reveals traffic between the dining room door and the rear of the castle.

The Upper Floors and Exterior

The upper floors are empty, apart from rotting furniture and carpets, leaves and branches blown in through cracked windows, and a great deal of mould. The two towers are home to crows that will send up an awful din if the investigators approach; much of the wood there has rotted away, and anyone trying to climb further up the towers stands a good chance of coming to a bad end (at the Keeper's discretion).

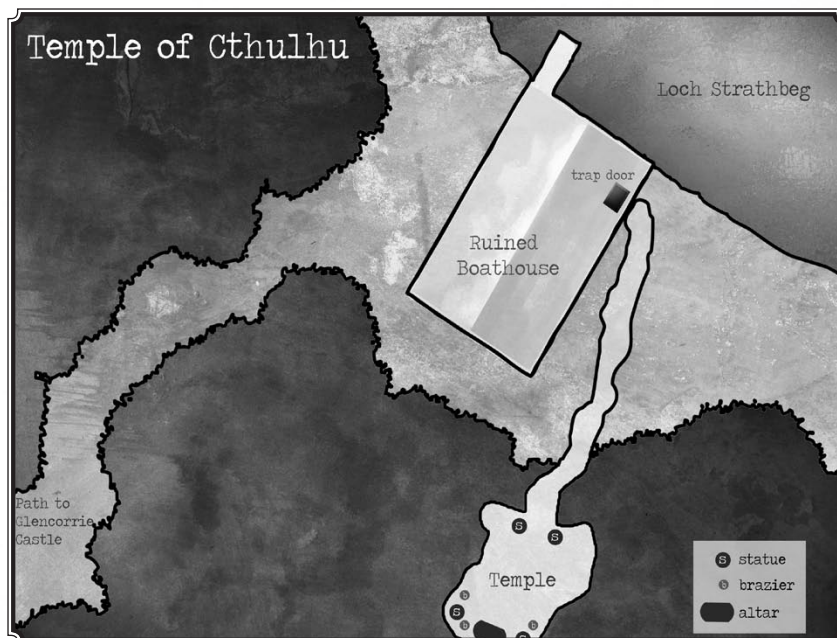
The rear courtyard is completely overgrown, as are the ornamental gardens, the fountains choked, and the statues covered in creeper vines. A successful Track roll reveals traffic through the garden to the wood behind the castle; a further Track roll in the wood leads the investigators to the entrance to the Temple of Cthulhu (see below).

Failure means they emerge on the shores of Loch Strathbeg, although they can retrace their steps. At the Keeper's discretion (and perhaps a Spot Hidden roll), the investigators might be able to see the ruins of a boathouse—in fact the Temple entrance—a quarter of a mile along the shore of the loch.

The Temple of Cthulhu

When the investigators emerge from the woods, they find themselves in a small clearing overlooking the Loch with the ruins of a small wooden boathouse before them. The boathouse looks like a dangerous wreck, and has lost most of its roof and many of the planks making up the outer walls. Should the investigators enter, a simple search reveals a trap door in the northeast corner, with a ladder beneath leading down into darkness.

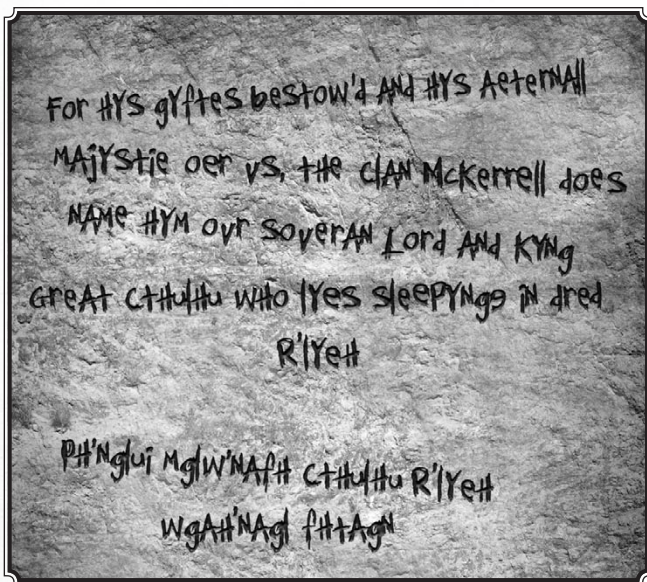
At the bottom of the ladder, a narrow natural tunnel twists downwards and away from the loch for more than forty feet, twice descending so sharply the investigators need to stabilize themselves against the tunnel walls. The tunnel then opens into an irregular cavern ten feet wide and eighteen feet long; there are no other exits, and at the mouth of the tunnel two grotesque statues sit atop granite obelisks.



Anyone familiar with the Cthulhu Mythos will recognize the statues as Great Cthulhu, so exquisitely done that viewers must roll SAN 0 / 1D2 to avoid being repulsed from the cavern. Another pair of statues stands on either side of a wide granite altar at the other end of the cave: four huge braziers stand beside the altar and obelisks. Atop the altar is the rough-hewn basalt sculpture of Cthulhu that McKerrell photographed in the main hall of Glencorrie Castle. Though not nearly as good a representation of the Great

Old One, this jagged and angular statue has a fearsome power: a Detect Enchantment cast on it will reveal that magic points of sacrifices have been stored inside. Casters cannot however access those points. Touching or gazing upon the statue is unnerving, causing investigators to feel threatened and uncomfortable. The statue can be destroyed with small explosives or the application of considerable force (e.g., using a sledgehammer or dropping it from a great height).

Behind the altar is an inscription carved into the cavern wall that reads (Handout 5):



Handout 5. Temple of Cthulhu inscription

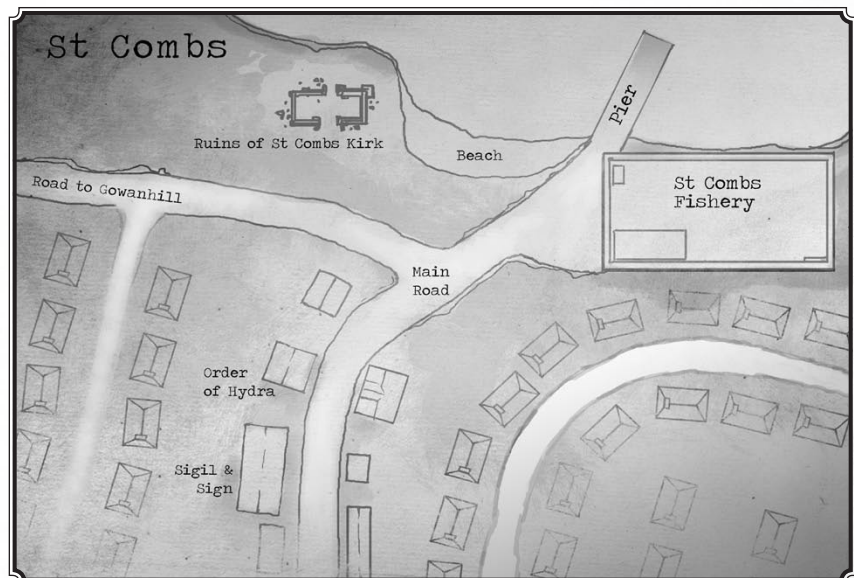
If McKerrell is made aware of this inscription and the existence of the Temple of Cthulhu, he will be deeply upset. He won't know what to think about the discovery, and will be discomfited for the rest of the scenario. If he thinks the investigators suspect his involvement, he will resolutely deny he has anything to do with the 'pagan' horrors.

St Combs

The population of St Combs is just under five hundred people, or one thousand including smaller surrounding settlements. All but a handful of these are members of the Order of Hydra, and the bank, post office, fishery, distillery, shops, restaurants, and other industries in and around St Combs are all owned and operated by Order members. Essentially everyone the investigators meet is a potential adversary.

St Combs is the largest settlement for more than twenty miles, despite appearing little more than a crossroads and cluster of streets. To reach St Combs directly, investigators will need to travel by motor car or similar; the old railway platform north of town has not been used since the Great War, and is overgrown and derelict.

Most residents work in the local fishery and at the Strathbeg distillery; a few others run the town's amenities. All are more concerned about serving Great Cthulhu and the deep ones than about keeping the town in perfect order, and as a result St Combs looks like a living ghost town: buildings are shambolic, having been left to rot and crack in the elements, and the streets, streetlights, and fences show similar wear. If any investigator asks about the town's dilapidation, the townsfolk may respond genuinely saying that they hadn't realized. No one in St Combs really sees the town; Cthulhu fills their sleeping and waking minds.



Ruins of St Combs Kirk

The ruins of the original St Combs Kirk lie north of the harbour and fishery atop a high bluff overlooking the North Sea. Little is left of the original 11th-century church dedicated to St Columba and whose name was later shortened to St Combs; a few low walls and crumbling stones reveal the shape of the original structure against the low grass. The ruins offer no protection from the elements, in particular the howling wind, and none of the townsfolk visit the spot, except Mrs Alison MacNeil.

MacNeil, or 'Old Lady MacNeil', walks the ruins as though she were walking the ruins of her life; she lives on a small farmstead north of St Combs, which she ran with her husband Cameron until his death last year. Since then, her world has turned grey and she has lost interest in keeping the farm or herself. In short, MacNeil is waiting to die; she walks through the ruins of St Combs Kirk daily, praying for her own and her husband's salvation amidst the wickedness she sees around her. A strange détente exists between MacNeil and the cultists of the Order. She does not go into town or use local services, and they leave her to haunt the ruins of the old kirk. She has lived long enough to witness more than a few strange things in St Combs, and will share some of these with the investigators if they visit the ruins and chat with her.

She has, for example, seen young men and women walk into the North Sea and never walk out again. Not mere suicides, she will tell them, as other townsfolk come to watch them go. She has seen darker, stranger things come walking out of the waters too, and watched the town elders meet them on the beach and, from a distance, she has wondered what they might be saying to one another. If these things are mermaids, they are nothing like the fairytales she read as a child.

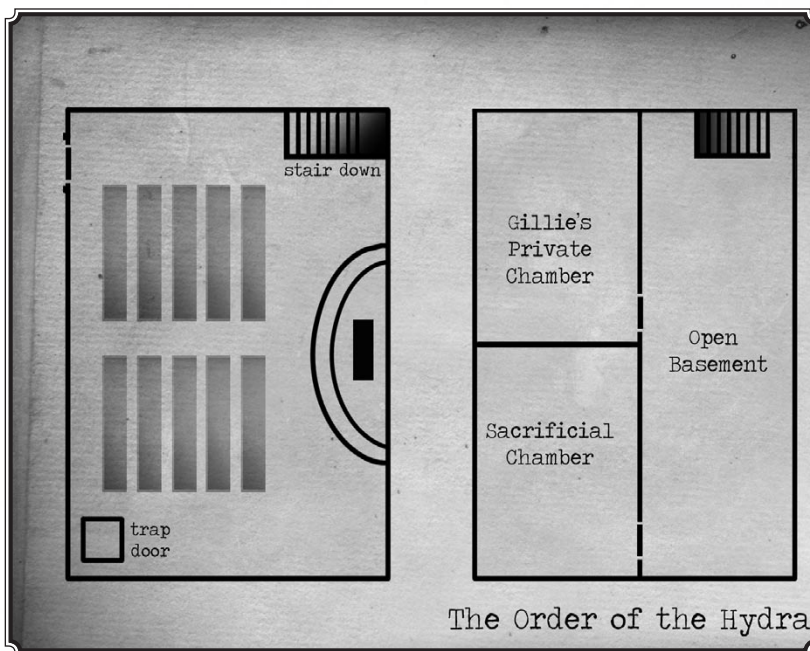
If the investigators ask about her husband, MacNeil says he left one morning to go into St Combs and never returned. The harbourmaster Connor Andrews found him near the pier; it must have been a heart attack, he told her, as Cameron's hand was still clutching at his chest. MacNeil

doesn't believe a word of this, as she knows her husband was in good health when he left that day. She believes the townsfolk had something to do with his death.

She is half right. Cameron MacNeil suffered a massive heart attack when he saw a deep one rise out of the water near the fishery pier. Though he was no real trouble and occasionally had his uses, Andrews watched him die before arranging for the body to be returned to Mrs MacNeil.

The Order of Hydra

At the turn of the century, St Combs and nearby Gowanhill, Cairness, Strathkilm, and Crimonmogate were completely under the control of the deep ones and the Order of Hydra. The Order is located in what was St Combs' only active Christian church, exercising authority over the lives of nearly every living soul within a ten-mile radius.



The few who are not members of the Order are either new to the area, have yet to be indoctrinated, or are living in mortal fear; those who move into the area, often to work in the local fishery or whisky distillery, are initially judged by the Order and, if the cult decides they would be a useful addition, are asked to join. Those who refuse are either forcibly adopted or destroyed. Those who are deemed worthless are 'encouraged' to leave; if they do not, they are sacrificed.

The door to the church is always locked, except when Collin Gillie is holding it open for his congregation. The lock is conventional, and requires a successful Locksmith roll to open. The door is sturdy, but will not withstand a bashing by two or more characters with a combined STR of 20 or more, although this method of entry will make considerable noise and permanently damage the door and its frame. There are no external windows apart from the three tall stained glass panes at the back of the building.

The formerly Presbyterian church now housing the Order of Hydra is essentially a single room with a high ceiling held aloft by angled wood beams. Two long rows of pews lead up to the altar area; the altar stands on a semicircular dais at the back of the church below panes of stained glass. A metal frame and nails protrude from the wall beneath the stained glass, where presumably a crucifix had once been fixed. To the right of the entrance stand an ornate collection box and empty table; beneath is a large, empty three-sided box made from simple pine planks. In the northwest corner of the church, stairs lead down to the basement. A fire door near the southwest corner leads to a rickety wooden stair on the building's exterior.

There is no decoration in the church; no paintings, pictures, or artwork of any kind adorn the walls. In fact, the interior seems to have been systematically stripped. The pews are solid birch, and exhibit deep scratches and gouging; there are no prayer books, no bibles, no books or writing of any kind. The red carpets are filthy, caked in dirt and mire, and a sickly sweet smell pervades the air. There is little else of interest in the main hall.

Gillie almost never leaves the church; there's only a 10% chance he'll be elsewhere. If he is present, roll D100: on a 01–10, he's in the upper chapel; on a 11–35, the open area of the basement, drawing eldritch symbols in blood on the floor; on a 36–95, he's in his private chambers, doing something equally horrible; and finally on a 96–00, he's in the barred cell where the Order holds initiates and sacrifices.

Entering the basement, investigators will find the sickly smell growing stronger and increasingly foul. Anyone with a military background or who has seen front-line action may

make a Know roll to see if the smell triggers an unpleasant memory; success indicates the smell is identified as rotting human flesh.

The Basement of the Order

The floor of the large, thirty foot-square open area in the basement is covered in dried blood. If Randal MacGillivray has been murdered in the last twenty-four hours, the arcane circle and accompanying deep one symbols may still be sticky, and a bucket of coagulating blood will be in a corner near Gillie's chambers. If Gillie is here, he will be on his hands and knees, using his fingers to redraw the symbols afresh with MacGillivray's or another's blood. Unless the investigators call out or make a racket in the church above, Gillie will be found muttering to himself, drawing with blood-soaked fingers, occasionally singing phrases of the deep one language he has memorized. Have the investigators make a SAN roll: failure costs them 1D3 Sanity points, and requires them to make a CON x5 roll or be physically sick.

Gillie is not overly perceptive and stands a good chance of being caught unaware. When he does register the investigators' presence he will react angrily and with surprising and frightening ferocity. He will immediately cast Wrack to take one adversary out of the fight, and then attack with the knife atop the pot-bellied stove or rush past the investigators and up the stairs into the hall above. If he is greatly outnumbered or sees no other way out, he will cast Vanish and reappear in the specially constructed pine box in the church hall; he will then run screaming from the Order, shouting about intruders and heretics and cursing in tongues unknown to the investigators.

Gillie's Private Chamber

If Gillie is in his private chamber, he will have his door closed and either be sleeping, praying before a small effigy of Cthulhu he has created out of a large chunk of soap, or cooking on the small pot-bellied stove in the corner. He will likely be completely surprised by the investigators, but even if cornered will not parlay: outraged, he'll either kill the investigators or flee to gather enough cultists to help him do so. Either way, once Gillie is despatched, the investigators will find his chamber a reeking pit of filth. A bucket in one corner is filled with urine and excrement, his

bed is sweat-soaked and flea-ridden, and dirt and grime are everywhere. Atop the pot-bellied stove is a pan with some meat of very dubious origin.

A full and thorough search or a successful Spot Hidden roll reveals a small sheaf of yellowing paper behind a loose wood knot in the wall by his bed—Gillie’s ‘diary’. The text is largely nonsensical, but has a recurring theme (Handout 6). If Gillie escapes, he will run to the Sigil & Sign and return with Calder and a small mob of 1D6+5 cultists and, if the investigators are still in the building, the mob will try and kill them. For cultist statistics refer to the Order of Hydra section in ‘Actions and Consequences’ above.

Sacrificial Chamber

The only other chamber in the basement is the holding cell for sacrifices. Depending on whether the investigators have visited the fishery and encountered Randal MacGillivray, the sacrificial chamber may be empty, or may hold MacGillivray’s corpse. If he has already been murdered, his body will be suspended upside-down from a thick butcher’s hook in the ceiling; a huge gash in his neck drips what is left of his blood onto the stone floor beneath his thickly matted hair.

Have the investigators make a SAN roll; failure results in a 1D3 Sanity loss and the character must leave the room, but can return after a moment spent catching his breath. MacGillivray’s face is frozen in a look of terror, but the investigators will have no trouble identifying him. His feet and hands are bound with dirty rope and a three by five inch section of MacGillivray’s right thigh has been cut away.

To remove the body from the hook, two or more characters must make a STR x5 roll, or one character must make a STR x3 roll. MacGillivray is naked, but his clothes are piled nearby; a quick look through reveals his wallet, which holds only some spare change and a picture of an unknown young woman and a note from the MacGillivray Family Farm near Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire.

The Sigil & Sign Pub

The three-storied Sigil & Sign is one of the tallest buildings in town, and dates back to the late 18th century. It has always been the town’s social centre, and is also located at its physical centre on St Combs’ main street near the bank and post office. Above the door hangs a large pub sign portraying a sigil and sign in white. Unlike nearly every

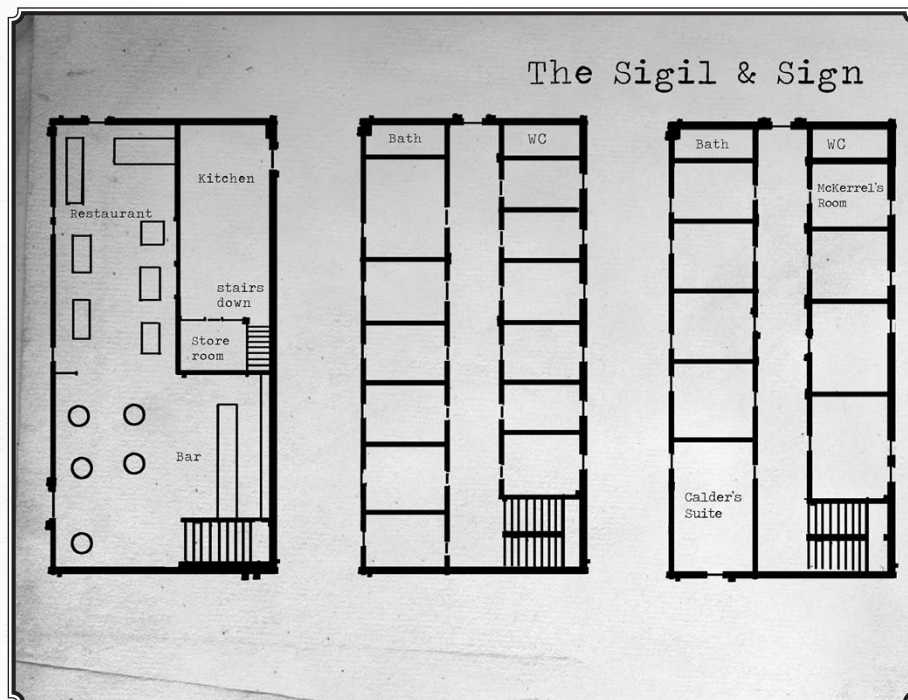
We are the flesh of Cthulhu. We live in Great Cthulhu. We must crawl before him to receive his blessing. Mother Hydra knows this. Mother Hydra tells us to bow down and grovel before his might. We few who know the truth do as we are bid. I sink into the dirt to become the dirt. I eat the flesh to be the flesh. I am the filth that crawls before him. Worthless and worthy. The Deep Ones understand this. We are worthless to them, but have worth still.

Our plans move in their favour, but we do this for Cthulhu alone, our true master. Our plans mature like the uisge beatha, the water of life. Uisge beatha, whisky, water of life—three in one. The water of life that brother Irvine has created will spawn a new generation of servitors. We will make the world bow and crawl. We will all become filth. We who are the flesh of Great Cthulhu shall become worthless. We will be reborn. We will bring about new flesh. A hundred thousand flesh things. A gift to Mother Hydra and her master, the true god, the star-spawned Cthulhu. We are the flesh. The flesh is flesh.

Handout 6. Gillie’s Mad Rantings

other building in St Combs, owner and proprietor Duncan Calder works hard to maintain the old pub, and it is easily the most attractive and welcoming place in town.

The first floor has two large public rooms at the front, and a kitchen, pantry and small office at the back; the two public rooms are the bar and restaurant. A broad stairwell to the first and second floors leads up from the bar, and a narrow stair to the cellar is just off the kitchen. The first and second floors contain visitors' rooms, although Calder stays in a double suite on the top floor; each floor has a public washroom and the upper floors each have a bath. Every room in the Sigil & Sign has a window overlooking some aspect of the town.



The upper rooms are normally vacant, as visitors to St Combs are few. Patrick McKerrell is currently staying in the best suite next to Calder's own rooms on the third floor; the investigators can take rooms on the second or third floor. The only other person staying at the hotel during their visit is the young fishery worker Randal MacGillivray; if the investigators do not encounter him at the St Combs Fishery, then they may do so here. Regardless, MacGillivray will respond in a similar manner to that described in the 'Fishery' section below.

Arriving at the Sigil & Sign

Investigators will most likely encounter Duncan Calder first, working behind the bar. The most cunning and two-faced of the Order's elders, he will greet the investigators warmly, and show an interest in their journey to St Combs and how they find the town. Should they ask about strange pagan activities, cults, or the like, Calder will laugh at the suggestion, shaking his head; the Keeper might wish to use this moment to introduce Calder's diversion (see the 'Diversions' section on page 205 above).

When the investigators enquire about the Laird of Strathbeg, he will look momentarily puzzled and then tell them that Patrick McKerrell is indeed staying at the hotel, currently in his room on the third floor. Calder will ask the characters to sign the register and put down a small deposit for rooms of their own; everything seems honest and above board.

If the characters look around during their exchange, they see five or six locals quietly drinking pints by the bar, each of them watching coldly, glaring with a combination of interest and disapproval. The bar is nicely decorated with attractive paintings of rural life and livestock; four small circular tables each have three chairs, and the bar is clean and polished, although the investigators will not recognize any of the ales on tap. Whiskies on offer include two bottles

of Strathbeg; Calder will explain it's produced in the local distillery and has won many awards. As a welcoming gesture, Calder offers each of the investigators a free dram; this contains the deep one taint.

Drinking the Tainted Whisky

Members of the Order are happily serving the tainted Strathbeg whisky in and around St Combs, and it's possible the investigators may end up inadvertently tasting a sample. The taint is colourless, tasteless and odourless; without extensive chemical analysis (make a Biology, Chemistry or possibly Pharmacy roll with an appropriately equipped laboratory), there is no way for a character to determine its presence; nor is there any way for an investigator to know they have been infected by the taint upon drinking it.

Drinking a few drams or even an entire bottle of the tainted Strathbeg will have no immediate physical or mental effects, beyond the obvious inebriation. However, infected parties will produce hybrid offspring, and the taint will persist in successive generations.

Drunk regularly or taken in large quantities, the taint shows its influence more clearly, as the drinker begins to metamorphose slowly and irreversibly into a deep one hybrid. So slow is this transformation that the process will seem natural (though disturbing); eyes will begin to bulge, lips thicken and widen, the nose flatten, and ears become misshapen. The transformation occurs over months, although the process may occur more quickly, particularly in a scenario involving tainted investigators attempting to stop or reverse it.

In concentrated form before it has been mixed with the whisky, such as in Lots 219 and 220 in Irvine's private lab, the taint has more immediate and potentially deadly effects.

Next to the bar, the restaurant has statelier decor and more comfortable cushioned chairs; six small and two large tables take up most of the space. A door to the kitchen is visible at the rear. The food served is largely fish-based thanks to the fresh seafood coming out of the fishery, but

beef, pork and mutton are also available. The restaurant does not serve more unusual dishes, but the quality and service are high for such a small town.

Investigators anxious to meet Patrick McKerrell will find him in his suite on the third floor. When they return to the bar, they find a new character sprawled in one of the bar chairs, a bottle of Talisker whisky and two pints of dark ale before him; this is the town drunk, Jamie McKindless.

Talking with Patrick McKerrell

The young American is so happy to see the investigators that he comes across as a little giddy; he has been cooped up in the Sigil & Sign for nearly two weeks, except for his daily forays to see more of the town and countryside. All his attempts to socialize have been rebuffed, and he has begun to lose heart; only Calder gives him much time, and he imagines that is because he is a paying customer. McKerrell is unhappy with the state of affairs: the castle is almost a ruin, people are openly hostile, the countryside is wild and unkempt, and it has done nothing but rain for most of the three weeks he's been here.

McKerrell is feeling distinctly out of place, but more than that the evidence he's found in Glencorrie Castle has upset him greatly. He asks the investigators if they have had time to consider the photograph he sent; he has not been back to Glencorrie Castle since. He couldn't face seeing the scene again, and had hoped to find cleaners to visit the castle, but hasn't been able to find anyone in St Combs who will do the job. He will not tolerate the idolatry he has uncovered here, finding it shocking that "in this day and age, people could put their faith in such things!"

McKerrell is sure that some 'foul druid or warlock' is leading these pagan worshippers astray, and asks for the investigators' help in tracking him down and bringing him (or her) to justice. He still holds out hope that St Combs and Strathkilm can be saved, and that his idyllic vision of a Scottish lairdship can be realized. Though naive and slightly out of touch, the young laird means well and has a tremendous amount of money to throw at the problem. He'll be happy to do whatever it takes to supply the investigators; his own 'investigations' have not been

fruitful, and he can only suggest the investigators begin with the town's two biggest industries—the St Combs Fishery and the Strathbeg Distillery. As Calder has been helpful, McKindless may also suggest they speak with him in the bar below.

Talking with Jamie McKindless

McKindless clings to his bottle of Talisker whisky like a life raft and he is lost at sea. Virtually everyone in town knows 'Jelly' McKindless: he spends nearly every waking hour in the Sigil & Sign, drinking through his family inheritance. When the investigators approach, his hand will slip nervously round the base of the bottle and he'll pull his accompanying pint or pints closer to him, looking up at them drowsily, his head bobbing almost comically. Once he has registered that they are not townfolk (this can take some time), McKindless will smile and greet them warmly, kicking one or two chairs back and inviting the visitors to sit with him.

Refusing will insult McKindless, and he'll make a disparaging remark before returning to his drink, treating the characters with hostility from that point onwards. If they accept his offer, he'll relax into his seat, his body becoming even more jelly-like than before. He'll ask them what brought them to St Combs and Strathkilm; he hates the town and its townfolk, and even himself for being a 'spineless fool'. He calls St Combs a 'pit' or, if he's feeling colourful, 'the arse end o' the universe'.

After some initial chat, McKindless leans towards the investigators and, in a breathy alcoholic whisper, offers two bits of advice, the first relating to their length of stay in town, and the second a more direct warning against the townfolk and Calder in particular. "If yer going tae stay, dinnae stay long," he says. "This town has ... eh, how do I put it ... a way of eating people up. Myself included, but ne'er mind that. If ye know what's good for ye, ye'll get out fast."

With regard to Calder, McKindless is less cryptic: "If ye havnae already worked it out, folk round here aren't like in other parts, and ye'd best be mindful o' them. Not regular folk, but characters like our gaoler there," he nods in the

direction of the bar, "Calder an' his mates. They run the town and they're watching ye, so ye best watch yerself. I dinnae ken what they're up tae, but none of it's good, that I can tell ye." At this point, he'll lean back into his chair and announce that he needs a 'pish'. He gets up and wanders drunkenly to the toilets outside.

If the investigators pursue him, McKindless becomes irate. "I've told ye what ye need tae know. I spend all o' my time in here, I know I'm not good for much, but I've got two eyes. Use yours and leave me be. Or take my advice and get out now. But leave me be." He offers no further information, returning to his pints and whisky. Calder watches McKindless the whole time, with the same cold detachment and amusement he has these many months, as McKindless slowly drinks himself to death.

Calder's Suite

On the top floor is Duncan Calder's own private double suite, the door to which is always kept locked. The lock is not of a conventional design, requiring a Locksmith roll at a -10% penalty to open. On a failure, an hour spent working with the intricate lock allows another attempt with the penalty removed. Should the investigators fail to pass the lock, they will have to devise another way of getting in.

Inside, they find that Calder likes his luxuries: the double suite is furnished to a high standard, including a bedroom, sitting room, kitchenette, and full-size bathroom. Like the rest of the pub, it's kept immaculately clean and the rooms devoid of clutter. The bedroom contains a dresser, wardrobe, small pedestal sink, and large double bed. The investigators will note a distinct lack of books, photographs, or any kind of memorabilia.

The sitting room contains a three-seater couch, two armchairs, and a low coffee table, laid out in a manner that suggests that Calder often entertains guests; the Order elders often meet here. The kitchenette is undecorated and spotless, but on the small dinner table is a roll of thick art paper tied together with butcher's twine; unrolling it reveals a number of sketches (Handout 7).



Handout 7. Calder's Artwork

The artwork is disturbing to say the least: a seven-page study of a horrible statue, followed by twelve pages of visionary drawings of Great Cthulhu, then finally twenty or more pages of sketches of deep ones and hybrids. The drawings are by Calder, done with great care and attention; anyone viewing them must make a SAN roll to lose 0 / 1D3 Sanity points.

Investigators who have already visited the Temple of Cthulhu will recognize the statue; Calder has drawn it with painstaking detail. Those with a Cthulhu Mythos score of 10% or more will immediately recognize the horrible figure as the Great Old One Cthulhu; a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will likewise identify Cthulhu. Slipped between the last two portraits is a hand-drawn diagram with a number of strange symbols, some text and arrows, and a group of initials in a circle (Handout 8):



Handout 8. Calder's Doodle

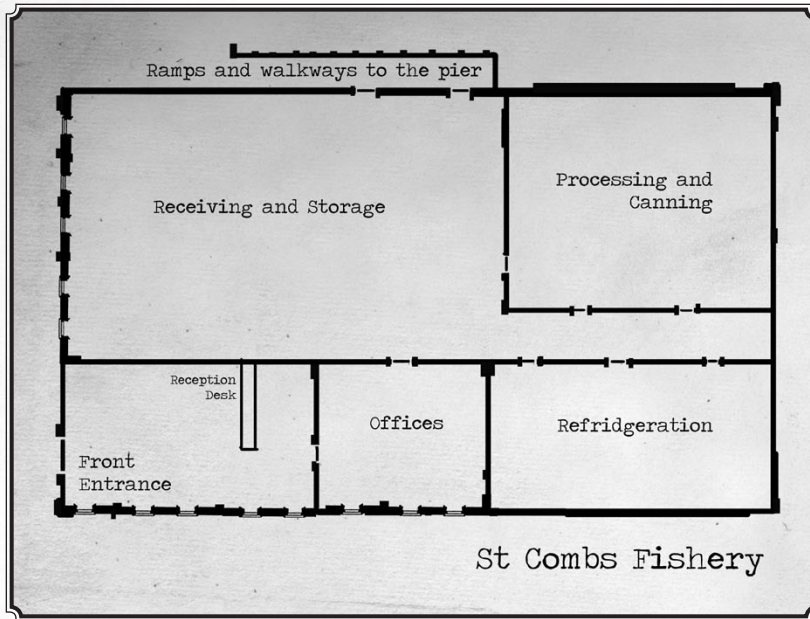
St Combs Bank

The St Combs bank is a single-storey reinforced brick building near the centre of town. It has a single front entrance of thick oak doors and no windows to speak of. The interior is prison-like, with bars, brick and bare wood. The bank serves the businesses of St Combs and the surrounding area, and conducts transactions with national banks throughout Great Britain and the world. Accounts are available to Order members but denied to everyone else; in any case most people are paid in coin for their labours.

Investigators will not be welcomed by bank staff—two older women in dirty orange frocks—nor by its manager, James Wilson, a great toad of a man, who though human appears to be a deep one hybrid (although his beady black eyes do not resemble the frog-like, bulging eyes of the hybrids). Wilson is not a violent man, but his pettiness knows no bounds; he will do all he can to frustrate the investigators.

St Combs Fishery

The huge St Combs Fishery is the town's largest employer and is responsible for most of its trade. Steamboats and other cargo vessels offload fresh fish and seafood or take on finished products at the fishery pier. Day-to-day operations are overseen by harbourmaster Connor Andrews, who keeps track of every vessel and seaman coming into St Combs.



The fishery is a legitimate company run 'by the book', and is the primary income generator and a necessary part of town life. There is nothing unusual about the fishery; Irvine's plan to infect its seafood products with deep one taint is still a work in progress. Investigators exploring the fishery will have to go through Andrews, who will initially resist, likely wondering why they are interested in the operation. If they can convince him, Andrews will provide them with a very brief tour; they will find nothing out of place.

Talking to Andrews

Andrews will answer any questions curtly. He is a deeply unpleasant man, and makes no attempt to hide his annoyance at any questions put to him. He will not discuss the town, the Order, or anything relating to McKerrell's arrival, scoffing at suggestions of cult-like or pagan activities as 'bloody rubbish' and 'old fishwife tales'. He will likely take the opportunity to introduce his 'Diversion' to the investigators (see page 204). Secretly, he notes everything the investigators say and reports back to the Order, and will henceforth be very wary of the investigators.

Talking to MacGillivray

A worker at the fishery by the name of Randal MacGillivray will seek to attract the investigators' attention. If he fails to get their attention or is ignored, he will return to his work and not try again (and subsequently avoid being murdered).

A decent man who has recently started work in the fishery for purely financial reasons, MacGillivray hates the work but needs the money to realize his dream of emigrating to Canada. Coming from a small town twenty-two miles north of St Combs, the fishery was the best option going, and the pay is good.

Randal MacGillivray has grown increasingly uncomfortable with his work and his co-workers in particular. If he contacts the investigators, he will be relieved to talk to 'normal people': "These Combers are anythin' but normal and they sure dun talk much." MacGillivray will relate some strange facts he's learned: "No, they dun talk and they dun eat anythin' but fish. Fish fer breakie, fish fer dinner, and

fish fer your tea. They're right strange folk, miserable and ne'er smiling or laughing. And have you noticed there's no wee ones, no bairns. That's awful strange."

MacGillivray will ask what the investigators are doing in St Combs. If they answer truthfully, MacGillivray responds: "I can well believe it. These folk don't strike me as the church-goin' type, if you take my meaning. In fact, there's no church at all, just this Order that people go on about. I dinnae ken what goes on in there, and they'll no be tellin' ye either." MacGillivray will ask where the investigators are staying; if they're staying in the Sigil & Sign, he'll mention he is bunking there as well. By this point, MacGillivray will be getting angry looks from other co-workers and, if Andrews is anywhere nearby, the young fishery worker will be told to get back to work and see the harbourmaster after his shift.

That evening, MacGillivray will not make it back to the Sigil & Sign. Andrews will have him murdered quietly in the fishery and then have his body transported to the Order building for Gillie's use. His body will be stored in the sacrificial chamber in the basement.

St Combs Post Office

The St Combs Post Office is a tiny single-room building across from the bank, run by Mrs Maggie Crimble, an elderly crone with a great bonnet of oddly purplish



hair towering above her craggy face. The post office is full of yellowing postcards, greying stationery, and curling magazines; nothing here is current, and even the newspapers and magazines are from well over five years ago. Mrs Crimble is quite addled, and has the habit of spitting when she talks.

If the investigators try to send and receive mail or telegrams, open a post box, or do just about anything else, Mrs Crimble will take their money, mail, and telegrams, and keep them for herself. She will open their mail and read their telegrams to see if they contain anything that might be useful to the Order. Should the characters be present when any Order members are in the post office, they will see a marked difference in Mrs Crimble's behaviour; she will serve them diligently, although still with a great deal of spittle involved.

Ur-Y'hlinai (optional)

The deep one city of Ur-Y'hlinai lies a mere five miles off the coast from St Combs. It lies completely underwater, and any visit requires diving suits and suitable air supply, or magic such as *Breath of the Deep* (see the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook). It is unlikely that any human will discover Ur-Y'hlinai without a deep one or hybrid as guide or perhaps captor; it is virtually invisible to any form of detection available in the 1920s.

Ur-Y'hlinai is an utterly alien environment; just seeing the Cyclopean deep one city requires a SAN roll with a 1 / 1D10 penalty. The realization that not just hundreds or thousands but tens of thousands of deep ones inhabit the city will likely require another SAN roll, perhaps resulting in a 2 / 2D10 Sanity point loss.

Transportation to, or perhaps imprisonment in, Ur-Y'hlinai could be a suitably horrific ending to the scenario if the investigators end up captured or defeated. Leave them with the dreadful awareness that their characters will be sacrificed to Great Cthulhu and their flesh will feed the mad desires of the deep ones.

-Conclusion-

There are a number of possible outcomes to the scenario—some more pleasant than others. Any ending that involves the investigators living to see another day must be counted as a success; as it's impossible for them to completely remove the Mythos threat, success and rewards should be based on how much they have uncovered and thwarted. Keepers might reward investigators with 1D4 Sanity points for each of the following:

- Uncovering the Order of Hydra as a Cthulhu cult, and recognizing that the entire population of St Combs (with few exceptions) is involved
- Escaping the Order of Hydra
- Surviving the Elders' diversions
- Getting Patrick McKerrell safely out of St Combs
- Putting a stop to Irvine's plan to distribute Strathbeg whisky with the deep one taint
- Destroying key Order locations (i.e., the Order building, the distillery, the fishery, the Temple of Cthulhu)
- Saving the lives of any of the incidental NPCs encountered (e.g., Alison MacNeil, Randal McGillivray, Jamie McKindless, etc.)

If the characters do not stop the Order's plans for distributing the deep one taint in the Strathbeg Whisky, then the whisky will go out as planned the following year and the deep one population at Ur-Y'hlinai will increase greatly in the years to come. The deep ones will undertake greater and bolder plans, seeking to bring about Cthulhu's return and increase his horde of mad worshippers. Being aware of this and their own failure, the investigators should suffer an appropriate Sanity penalty.

If the young Laird of Strathbeg survives the scenario, he will renounce the title and return to his studies in California, leaving Scotland forever. Depending on the state the investigators leave the Order in, it will either continue, perhaps struggling along, or will thrive and continue its nefarious plans. There's a very good chance the Order will seek retribution for any loss or damage done, and Keepers might consider throwing further interactions with the Order into future scenarios.

-Appendix I: Plot Map for 'Uisge Beatha ('The Water of Life')'-

Location	Personas	Relationships	Motivation	Clues
Glencorrie Castle, Strathkilm	The Much Honoured Patrick McKerrell of Strathbeg, or simply the 21st Laird of Strathbeg	Hires investigators; laird of the hereditary lands of Strathbeg, Glencorrie and the small fishing village of St Combs	McKerrell seeks to be a good laird but finds the people cold and thinks there is something decidedly 'fishy' going on	Talking to McKerrell Temple of Cthulhu Family secrets?
Strathbeg Distillery	Hugh Irvine, proprietor; John Cairns, master distiller; Annie Corman, secretary	Irvine employs nearly a third of St Combs at the Strathbeg distillery; he lords it over Cairns and Corman	Irvine seeks to bring forwards the plans of Mother Hydra and Father Dagon on Earth; Cairns just wants to work; Corman seeks Irvine's praise	Talking to Irvine Talking to Cairns Whisky tasting Talking to Corman
Deep One City Ur-Y'hlinai	Deep one priests and deep ones	Work with Irvine, Gillie, Calder and Andrews	Seek to increase the population of Ur-Y'hlinai and corrupt the humans	Deep one sculptures and runes
Order of Hydra, St Combs	Collin Gillie, priest	Gillie reveres Mother Hydra; works with Irvine, Calder, Andrews and the deep one priests	Gillie sees himself as a deep one and shares their motivation	Gillie's mad ranting
The Sigil & Sign Public House	Duncan Calder, proprietor; Jamie 'Jelly' McKindless, local drunk	Calder works with Irvine, Andrews and Gillie; McKindless mistrusts everyone in St Combs	Calder seeks to please the deep ones; McKindless just wants to disappear into a bottle	Talking to Calder Jelly's rumours Whisky tasting
Ruins of St Combs Kirk	Mrs Alison 'Old Lady' MacNeil, local historian	MacNeil has little to do with the populace of St Combs	MacNeil is waiting for death and praying for salvation from the wickedness around her	Talking to MacNeil
St Combs Harbour	Connor Andrews, harbourmaster; Randal MacGillivray, fishery worker	Andrews employs MacGillivray and works with Irvine, Gillie and Calder; MacGillivray works for Andrews	Andrews seeks to increase the powers of the Order; MacGillivray needs money to emigrate to Canada	Talking to Andrews Talking to MacGillivray MacGillivray's murder
Aberdeen Police Office	Detective Constable Craig Millar	Millar knows little of St Combs, Strathbeg and Glencorrie	Millar is just doing his job.	

-Heed the Kraken's Call-

Determined to plumb the depths of Loch Ness, the world's deepest loch, Norway's celebrated naval explorer Erik Øland arrives in Inverness. But when his purpose-built ship, The Kraken, is set alight in the Moray Firth and Øland found murdered, the investigators are called in to solve the mystery.

-Introduction-

This discovery-based scenario is for new or experienced investigators, who will find themselves at the heart of a mystery involving a high-profile murder, a secretive Highland clan, the walking dead, and a terrible Great Old One—who might be the original Loch Ness monster. It takes place in three Highland sites along the Great Glen: Inverness, Fort Augustus, and Drumnadrochit on Loch Ness. These locations are shown on the map below.

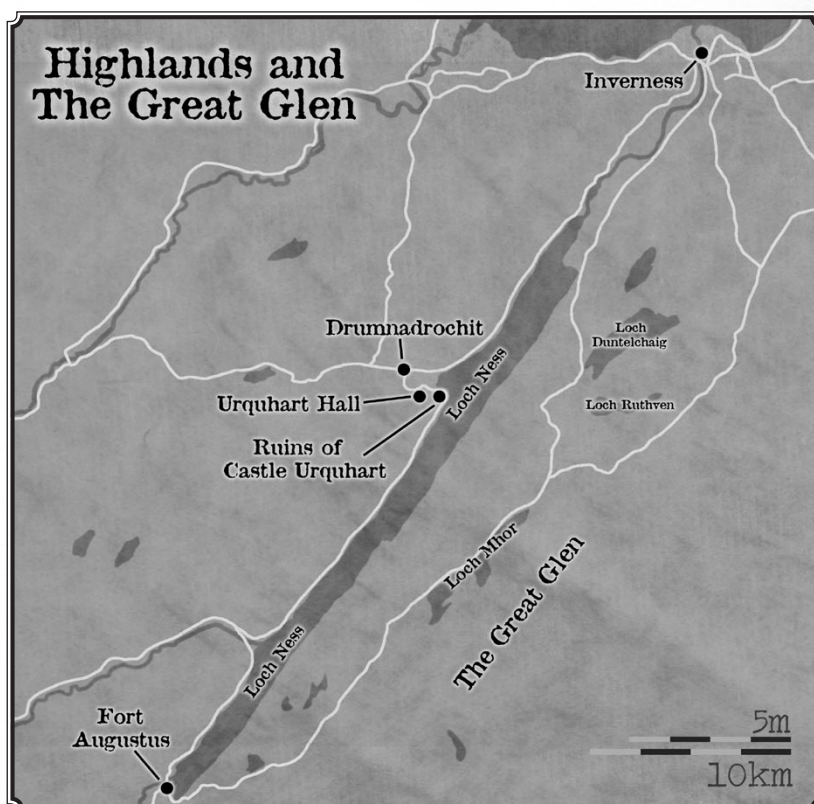
The famous Norwegian naval explorer Erik Øland has been found dead in his room at the Inverness Station Hotel. Two extraordinary clues found at the scene, and two further discoveries outside the hotel, reveal that Øland's murder was anything but motiveless, and suggest a great mystery is behind it all. After the initial investigation, the order of events is entirely up to the players, freely moving between Inverness, Fort Augustus, and Drumnadrochit. The scenario likely ends with a climactic confrontation with the Great Old One Glaaki, and his horde of undead minions.

It's useful if one of the investigators is a former police officer, private investigator, or similar, but this isn't required. A 'plot map' is provided at the end of the scenario, and clues and evidence presented in the scenario are also available as downloadable player handouts at www.cubicle7.co.uk.

-Keeper's Information-

The Story So Far

Beneath the dark waters of Loch Ness a terrible power stirs. The Great Old One, Glaaki, which dwells at the bottom of a distant English lake, has many gates to other bodies of water around the world; one such leads to Loch Ness, where the Great Old One has been manipulating the dreams and corrupting the wills of a growing cult of followers. This dark malevolence bears no relation to the modern legend of the Loch Ness monster, and is nothing like the serpentine entity that figures in those tales; but people watch the waters fearfully, whispering something evil stirs beneath.



Glaaki has spent the past two centuries slowly building and rebuilding this cult of followers. It does this using the 'Dream-Pull', a hypnotic power whereby it infests the dreams of potential initiates and seduces them with gifts of arcane knowledge and eldritch magic. As the Dream-Pull is short-ranged, Glaaki occasionally gates from one body of water to another to find and 'pull' more initiates; this requires great power, and the number of initiates required to sustain it ever increases. What Glaaki needs, and has been waiting centuries for, is an opportunity to greatly increase its horde of followers quickly. More details of Glaaki, and the Dream-Pull attack and its method of 'initiation' in particular, can be found on page 189 of the *Call of Cthulhu* core book.



Glaaki has now realized this opportunity in a partnership with the abbot of the Fort Augustus Monastery on Loch Ness, Father Anselm Balgarth. Balgarth is an exceptionally wilful man and, after five years as resident abbot, has found his meagre existence at the monastery wanting. His desire for greater truths was answered in

his dreams, when Glaaki introduced Balgarth to dark wisdom beyond his wildest imaginings; the abbot found himself seduced by this god of dreams which offered him true enlightenment.

Father Anselm Balgarth, Abbot

**Anselm Balgarth, age 55,
Insane Abbot of the Fort Augustus Monastery**

STR 12 **DEX** 10 **INT** 12 **CON** 14
SIZ 14 **APP** 09 **POW** 18 **EDU** 10
SAN 00 **Hit Points:** 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Art (Theatre) 28%, Credit Rating 13%, Disguise 48%, Drive Auto 40%, Fast Talk 34%, History 65%, Occult 37%, Other Languages: Scottish Gaelic 18%, Persuade 45%, Spot Hidden 29%, Theology 89%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 27%, damage 1D4 + db

Spells: Alter Weather, Cloud Memory, Contact Glaaki, Create Gate, Create Mist of Releh, Enchant Pipes, Pipes of Madness

Appearance: Father Anselm Balgarth is a tall, stout man in his mid-fifties with greying hair and an overly large mouth and nose. He dresses only in his Benedictine robes unless travelling outside Fort Augustus, in which case he dons a simple grey suit. He has dark brown eyes and a ruddy complexion. His immaculately kept beard is close-cut to his sharp cheekbones and does little to improve his serious looks. A high forehead and deep-set eyes add to his imposing appearance. Balgarth walks and moves with an air of superiority and has the habit of staring people in the eye until they look away. A generally unpleasant man, he nonetheless acts as though he is the saint of kindness, at least to people's faces.

In exchange for knowledge of the Mythos and gifts of eldritch magic, Balgarth became the willing servant of Glaaki. Being exceptionally wilful, however, he has thus far resisted the Dream-Pull, and has remained alive and mostly human, although bereft of his sanity. Together with Glaaki he has put into action a plan to greatly increase his master's undead worshippers—a plan which began with the initiation of the monastery's prior, Father James Douglas.

Late one summer night, the abbot asked Douglas down to the shores of Loch Ness to discuss private matters. Balgarth took him to a secluded cove where Glaaki rose from the depths; the prior went immediately insane at the sight of the Great Old One and attempted to flee, but Balgarth held the thrashing man while Glaaki speared him with a great metallic spine. The attack killed Douglas outright, and the abbot dragged his dead body beneath cover, ensuring the spine remained firmly in its chest.

Two nights later, as Glaaki had promised, the prior returned to his rooms at the monastery as though nothing had happened. Douglas is now an undead Servant of Glaaki, and a conduit for communication between the Great Old One and Balgarth. As a servitor of Glaaki, Douglas shares the memories and much of the knowledge of the Great Old One, acting as the right hand of Glaaki and helping Balgarth initiate the entire population of the monastery.

Father James Douglas, Prior

**James Douglas, age 51,
Undead Prior of the Fort Augustus Monastery
and Servant of Glaaki**

STR 11 **DEX** 05 **INT** 14 **CON** 23
SIZ 11 **APP** 03 **POW** 13 **EDU** 10
SAN — **Hit Points:** 17

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Anthropology 20%, Art (Secular Music) 33%, Drive Auto 20%, Listen 45%, Other Languages: Scottish Gaelic 22%, Persuade 29%, Psychology 39%, Theology 77%

Weapons: Grapple 29%, damage special

Spells: Contact Deity/Glaaki, Implant Fear

Sanity Cost: None, but 0 / 1D6 to realize that Douglas is one of the walking dead

Appearance: Prior James Douglas appears as an average man in most physical respects. However, having been undead for some months, he is now beginning to show signs of his condition: his blue eyes are misty, as though he is suffering from cataracts, his bald head is covered with age spots, and his skin is decidedly ashen in colour and has an unpleasant smell. This significantly affects his interactions with humans and his Appearance score. Anyone touching Douglas will find his skin cold and unnaturally dry. The undead Servant of Glaaki has taken to using restoratives on his skin at night to try to forestall the decay of his earthly flesh.

Abbot Balgarth now commands a horde of thirty-eight undead worshippers with Douglas, an increase which has also increased Glaaki's power. Its former weakness is leaving it, and the Great Old One has now turned its attention to a problem that has plagued it for more than a century. When it first gated into Loch Ness in the late 18th century, Glaaki became aware of a source of great power, which it tracked to the ruins of Castle Urquhart near modern Drumnadrochit (note: the nature of this source of power is purposely left ambiguous as Keepers might wish to incorporate it into other scenarios. It could be a meeting of mystic ley lines, a powerful artefact, some alien technology, or whatever the Keeper desires).

Servants of Glaaki

Glaaki's undead slaves share its memories, and over time almost become an extension of its being. They retain much of their autonomy, however, and can make individual decisions and act independently.

Servants of Glaaki, Decaying Undead Slaves

Char.	One	Two	Three	Four	Five
STR	12	11	11	10	09
CON	23	20	21	22	22
SIZ	12	12	15	10	11
INT	11	12	12	13	11
POW	10	09	10	11	11
DEX	03	05	04	06	04
HP	18	16	18	16	17

Move: 5

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Sneak 35%

Weapons: Grapple 20%, damage special
Normal blunt or bladed weapons
DEX x2, damage as per weapon

Armour: None

Spells: At Keeper's discretion

Number appearing: 1D2; more if summoned
(38 will arrive in the final battle)

Sanity Loss: 1 / 1d8 if perceived as undead

Servants of Glaaki begin unlife looking quite normal, although exhibiting stiffness and some discolouration. Over time, however, they begin to dry out and decay, becoming corpse-like: intelligent or determined Servants will hide or disguise this, some even using magic or scientific techniques to forestall decay.

Crawling out of the water, the Great Old One thundered up the hillside towards the ruined castle; whether Glaaki or the congregation of Highlanders feasting in the ruins were more surprised by the subsequent encounter is a matter of debate. The clan Urquhart, with a host of Grants and other families, had gathered there earlier that day to celebrate

a great victory against the clan MacDonald, when suddenly the vast horror of Glaaki appeared at the edge of the ruins. While most ran in terror, the Urquhart and Grant elders held their ground, and defended their ancestral home.

The battle was brief and costly for the Highlanders. Though weakened, Glaaki speared more than a dozen men before being forced back. It was the valiant actions of one Highlander in particular that changed the course of the battle: seeing an opportunity, Stuart Grant, patriarch of clan Grant, rolled a barrel of whisky into a fire pit near the monster. The barrel exploded, covering the Great Old One in blistering flames. Grant himself was knocked back and badly burned, but still alive.

Glaaki retreated from the ruin, angered and confused, but not before dispatching this last heroic attacker. It speared Stuart Grant with a javelin-like spine, and disappeared into the dark waters of the loch. The patriarch did not survive the attack and was carried off to Urquhart Hall, while other survivors created a pyre for the fallen in the ruins.

A strange situation was to result from this chance autumnal encounter. Arriving at Urquhart Hall, the shaken clansmen put off immediately burying Stuart Grant and huddled around the fire, Grant's body being kept in a locked room until he could be properly prepared for burial. As it turned out, that would not be necessary: Stuart Grant rose up from the dead the very next night.

Again, both Glaaki and the Highlanders were surprised by this turn of events. Though the man was clearly dead, the Urquharts and Grants found Stuart very animated. If the events of the previous night had not been strange enough, now the clan patriarch had returned from the dead. Through the locked door, it was clear that Grant was possessed, and yet was also capable of independent thought and action. Declaring himself a 'Servant of Glaaki', he demanded his release. The cunning Urquhart elder inquired how the dead man could possibly be a servant of anyone, and Grant, possessing Glaaki's memories and much of his knowledge, began to speak of strange and impossible things, of undead worshippers, and of the Great Old Ones.

Stuart Grant, Undead Highlander

**'Uncle Stuart' Grant, age 157,
Undead Servant of Glaaki**

STR 05* **DEX** 01* **INT** 12 **CON** 18
SIZ 04* **APP** 01 **POW** 04 **EDU** —
SAN — **Hit Points:** 11

Damage Bonus: -1D6

Skills: None, or at the Keeper's discretion

Weapons: Grapple 19%, damage special

Spells: Contact Glaaki

Sanity Cost: 0 / 1D8 to see what is left of 'Uncle Stuart'

*Lacking any physical form below the hips, Uncle Stuart is literally half a man, and his STR, SIZ and DEX statistics reflect this.

Appearance: Stuart Grant was a good-looking man of thirty-four years when he encountered Glaaki. As an undead Servant of Glaaki, his appeal has declined over time. 'Uncle Stuart', as he is called by the Urquharts and Grants of the 1920s, has been kept alive by the use of alcohol as a preservative. In the autumn of 1889, Stuart managed to overpower his guardian and attempt to escape; as he strode from the shadows past a window, the fading sunlight disintegrated the lower half of his body, leaving him without an effective form of locomotion. Since then, Uncle Stuart has been kept in a huge cask of twelve-year-old MacAllan single malt whisky, refreshed yearly, and he is only brought out at night to be questioned. His tight skin—or what is left of it—has an amber pallor, and his undead body is bereft of eyes and any facial or body hair.

Glaaki was immediately aware of this communication between the Highlanders and its latest undead Servant, and used this unexpected link to ask questions of its own. It learned of the clan, of the men it had fought, and their ancestral claim to the ruined castle; it also discovered they knew nothing of the source of power—that in short they were no threat, but merely a temporary barrier to its eventual conquest. The Great Old One sank deep beneath the waters of Loch Ness, and gated back to its lake in the Severn Valley.

Twenty-three years passed before Glaaki returned to Loch Ness to seek new worshippers. Once more it was surprised: the Highlanders had managed to keep the problematic Servant alive, knew of Glaaki's arrival, and had garrisoned the ruins of Castle Urquhart against it. Festering with anger but too weak to make reprisals, Glaaki left the Highlands once more. It would not return for nearly a century.

Glaaki's fortunes changed dramatically in the early 1920s. Its partnership with Father Balgarth has greatly increased its power and given it a small army of worshippers—enough to mount an attack on the ruins and deal with the troublesome Highlanders once and for all. It has also determined that the clan Urquhart is much diminished. For Glaaki, the power beneath the ruins is a means of restoring its own diminished strength. The Highlanders will not expect an army of undead servitors; it will use Balgarth and the undead monks to crush them.

Balgarth is preparing the way, and has enough influence to ensure the route to Glaaki's ascension is clear. That is, until a story reaches him of an impending exploration of Loch Ness. The celebrated Norwegian naval explorer Erik Øland has recently arrived in Inverness fresh from his recent success in Africa at Lake Tanganyika. He has brought with him a new, specially constructed vessel brimming with the latest technologies, and has every intention of exploring the deepest depths of Loch Ness. For Balgarth and Glaaki, this news couldn't come at a worse time: their preparations have been made, and their plans are in motion. To delay would threaten everything. There is only one thing for it: Øland and his vessel *The Kraken* must never reach Loch Ness.

To this end, the abbot arrived in Inverness with two Servants. Checking into the shady Castle Inn, Balgarth made enquiries at the docks and the *Inverness Courier* to determine the location of Erik Øland and his ship. That evening, he sent one Servant to the docks with sufficient dynamite to ensure the vessel's destruction, whilst he and the other Servant arrived at the Station Hotel near the centre of Inverness to deal with the explorer. Near midnight the job was done, and Øland lay dead in his room with a ceremonial *sgian dubh*—a Highlander's traditional dagger—thrusting up from his back. Back in the hotel lobby, the abbot heard the massive explosion at the docks that signalled the success of the other Servant.

As Balgarth and the undead monk made their way to the door of the Station Hotel, a runner from the docks barged in, knocking the Servant to the ground and causing a terrible commotion. With everyone in the lobby staring, the abbot quickly helped the Servant to its feet and they rushed from the hotel. Meanwhile, the runner informed the hotel manager that *The Kraken* had just exploded in the harbour. The hotel manager, Mr Matthew Muir, sent the maid Jenny Flynn to wake Mr Øland at once. But upon reaching Øland's apartment, Miss Flynn found the Norwegian dead on the floor clutching a piece of paper, with a sinister-looking dagger piercing his back.

Back in his room at the Castle Inn, the scene in the Station Hotel lobby made Balgarth nervous. Had anyone noticed anything odd about the undead monk? Whilst Balgarth was quite well disguised, the undead servant of Glaaki had been the focus of too many people's attentions. Balgarth panicked. Instructing the Servant to lie on the floor, the abbot retrieved another *sgian dubh*—the twin of the one that slew Øland—from his suitcase and proceeded to sever the dead monk's head from his body. Just under an hour later, Balgarth slipped downstairs with the remaining Servant and left the inn. Driving through the night, Balgarth arrived at the Fort Augustus Monastery shortly before dawn.

As the sun rose in Inverness, detective constable John Carmichael examined the body of Erik Øland. Prying a hastily written note from the Norwegian's hand, Carmichael read the note and raised an eyebrow. The note read:

“han var en død mann—morderen”. A quick phone call resulted in the perplexing translation: “he was a dead man—the murderer”. There was clearly more to this murder than he first expected, and the detective constable realized one other thing: he was going to need help.

-Sequencing the Action-

Although beginning in Inverness with the murder of Erik Øland and the destruction of *The Kraken*, the journey from there very much depends on the investigators' skills and intuition. Clues in Inverness point to both Drumnadrochit—ancestral seat of the Urquharts and Grants—and Fort Augustus—home to the monastery and Glaaki's undead Servants. Travel between Inverness, Drumnadrochit, and Fort Augustus is accomplished by motor car or steamer via the Caledonian Canal, and the investigation might usefully range between the three locations.

If the characters arrive in Drumnadrochit first, they will likely encounter the Grants and Urquharts, potentially uncovering the truth of the Great Old One lying beneath the surface of Loch Ness. They might be at a loss, however, to see how Glaaki figures into Øland's murder; even interrogating Uncle Stuart will reveal nothing concerning Balgarth and Glaaki's plans to take Castle Urquhart. Investigators arriving in Fort Augustus first will find the abbot and prior genial hosts, if a little odd, but the townsfolk will have a great deal more to say about the monks and strange goings-on at the monastery. Balgarth, meanwhile, will deflect their investigation towards Urquhart Hall and the 'satanic' rituals conducted in the ruins of Urquhart Castle.

The scenario is structured around a climactic confrontation in the castle ruins, as Glaaki and its Servants, lead by Father Balgarth, attempt to finally destroy the Urquhart clan. What role the investigators play in this confrontation is very much up to the Keeper; investigators arriving at the scene before the Highlanders may witness the undead Servants of Glaaki appearing from beneath the Loch and entering the ruins. The Urquharts and Grants will arrive to defend the ruins, and perhaps join forces with the investigators (if willing!) to repel the



Great Old One and its host. If the investigators are still in Fort Augustus or elsewhere in the run up to this battle, the Highlanders may dispatch someone to seek their aid.

The scenario concludes with the outcome of this battle. Will the investigators unravel the mystery and rise to the occasion to defend the Highlands and mankind against the Great Old One Glaaki—successfully or otherwise? Will they come face to face with the terrible machinations of Glaaki and Balgarth, most notably the horde of undead monks, and realize that Øland's unfortunate death was a result of the plans for the ascension of the Great Old One?

-Involving the Investigators-

The investigators will receive an unusual letter from Detective Constable Carmichael of the Inverness Police. The letter is couriered to them directly and at considerable expense, and begs their help in a troubling murder (Handout 1):

The Inverness Police will quietly make arrangements for the investigators to reach the city from any location in Scotland, and accommodate them in the Station Hotel upon arrival in rooms near the suite where Øland was murdered.

Detective Constable John Carmichael
Inverness Police Office
19 Union Street
Inverness, Highlands

Dear Sir,

I write to you requesting your aid in a terrible tragedy here in Inverness. Not more than twenty-four hours ago, the celebrated Norwegian naval explorer Erik Øland was murdered in his hotel room under mysterious circumstances. At the same time, or thereabouts, his vessel 'The Kraken' was dynamited near the Inverness docks in the Moray Firth. Word of Øland's murder has not yet reached the newspapers and, for the time being, we are keeping matters quiet to help facilitate our investigation. The explosion has been explained away as belonging to an accident aboard a decrepit fishing trawler.

Let me briefly explain the situation. Øland was found murdered shortly after midnight by a hotel maid, who was asked to inform him of the destruction of The Kraken. This maid found the explorer lying face down on the floor with a Highlanders' dagger protruding from his back. He was clutching a bloodied piece of paper in his left hand. On the paper was a Norwegian phrase: "han var en død mann-morderen". We have had this translated as: "he was a dead man-the murderer". Øland appears to state that his murderer was 'a dead man'; we are currently looking into other possible explanations, including metaphorical, for this message.

As I am the only detective constable in Inverness, and this is a high profile case requiring delicate and urgent attention, I have requested and been granted leave to invite you, and any colleagues who may prove useful in the investigation, to Inverness. You were recommended to me by a number of individuals in the service for your discretion and experience with matters of unusual nature such as this, and I trust that your expertise will be invaluable. We will of course reimburse any travel and accommodation expenses you incur, and have arranged to pay you a retainer for the duration of the investigation. This is a matter of the utmost urgency, and I would ask that you kindly reply as quickly as possible, hopefully in the affirmative. In the meantime, the Inverness procurator fiscal and I will continue our initial investigations.

I hope very much to hear from you shortly,

J. Carmichael

Handout 1. Carmichael's Letter

-Locations-

Inverness

Inverness Courier

The *Inverness Courier* is the only daily newspaper in Inverness and has its offices on Crown Road. The small public office is little more than a reception area containing a number of worn chairs, a pile of old *Couriers* and a high desk separating visitors from newspaper staff. The public is welcome to view archives dating back to 1901 and can speak with any of the journalists in the office at the time. Whilst the arrival of Erik Øland has generated a number of by-lines, only one story from earlier in the year contains any significant detail (Handout 2):

NORWAY'S ERIK ØLAND SET TO PLUMB THE COLD DEPTHS OF OUR OWN LOCH NESS

INVERNESS – THE COURIER HAS LEARNED THAT THE NOTED NORWEGIAN NAVAL EXPLORER ERIK ØLAND HAS SET HIS SIGHTS ON LOCH NESS FOR HIS NEXT ADVENTURE. HE ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTIONS AT A PRESS CONFERENCE IN DAR ES SALAAM, WHERE THE EXPLORER HAD JUST COMPLETED THE DEEPEST FRESHWATER DESCENT EVER RECORDED IN LAKE TANGANYIKA.

ØLAND STATED THAT HIS NEXT ADVENTURE WOULD BE IN SCOTLAND'S LOCH NESS. THE NORWEGIAN SAID THAT HE PLANS TO CONDUCT THE DEEPEST FRESHWATER DESCENT IN EUROPE WHILST EXPLORING THE LOCH'S HIDDEN DEPTHS USING SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT ONLY RECENTLY DEVELOPED BY THE NORWEGIAN NAVY. OVER A PERIOD OF MORE THAN FOUR MONTHS, ØLAND INTENDS TO ACCOMPLISH THE MOST EXTENSIVE MAPPING OF ANY FRESHWATER BODY EVER UNDERTAKEN, MARKING ANOTHER FIRST FOR THE RENOWNED EXPLORER.

ØLAND IS REPORTEDLY ALREADY DEVELOPING A SOPHISTICATED, PURPOSE-BUILT CRAFT FOR HIS SCOTTISH ADVENTURE, WHICH HE CALLS 'THE KRAKEN'. HE HAS SLATED THIS LATEST ADVENTURE TO BEGIN AROUND MIDSUMMER. – I. BLOOM

(Excerpted from the *Inverness Courier*)

Handout 2. Newspaper Clipping 'Explorer Oland's Next Adventure: Loch Ness!

Mr Ian Bloom, reporter on this story, is an alert and inquisitive man in his early thirties with wispy blond hair and bright green eyes. He will be glad to answer questions about the naval explorer, saying that he has yet to interview Øland, but that he certainly is proving popular (remember the police haven't released information about Øland's murder yet). A gentleman was in only the other day asking where Øland would be staying; if asked to describe him, Bloom will describe a man generally resembling Anselm Balgarth, but in no great detail ('a tall man', 'late forties? early fifties?', 'greying hair, quite stout', and so on). Bloom has no idea why the man might have been looking for Øland, but imagines he must be interested in the explorer's upcoming expedition.

Inverness Docks

The docks extend along the northern and north-eastern edges of the city, with the Harbour Office at their centre, where the port authority and most of the administrative functions are stationed. Harbourmaster Mr Arthur Galston is a gentle old man with thick white hair and a brushed white beard, wearing a navy blue overcoat. Harbourmaster for twenty years, he is a trusted city advisor; though not on duty when *The Kraken* was dynamited, he did drive the vessel into its berth in the harbour and has some knowledge of what was on board.

"An ugly thing, bad lines, but it had some of the most modern equipment I've ever had the pleasure of using. Too low in the water, though, likely because of all the blasted gadgetry about it."

If asked to elaborate, Galston reveals that *The Kraken* was brimming with nautical exploration gear, including a prototype ASDIC (a precursor of SONAR) system.

Regarding the explosion and wreckage, Galston informs them that nothing was left of the ship; it was a prodigious blast, with shrapnel found a quarter of a mile away. Most of the firth-facing windows in the Harbour Centre are in the process of being repaired. Filled with heavy electronics and batteries, the wreckage doubtless sank to the seabed in seconds; there is quite literally nothing left.

The person on staff who witnessed the explosion was night watchman Mr Peter Finnie, an excitable man who paints a florid, dramatic picture of the explosion and the 'burning wreckage plummeting to the black and icy depths of the Moray Firth'. In truth, when the explosion occurred, Finnie spent a good two minutes on the floor with his hands over his ears—not that he will admit this. When he recovered, Finnie did see something strange through his binoculars: "after the last bits o' The Kraken sank, I saw somethin' odd: a lone man liftin' himself out of the water on the ladder on the far side o' the dock." Finnie did not try to apprehend the individual.

"I couldn't see so much as it was dark, but it took him ages to get to the top of that ladder, like he was havin' trouble moving, all slow an' stiff. Mind you that water would be bloody freezin' so he must 'a been stiff all right."

If asked where the man might have been heading, Finnie replies: "the last I saw he was walking towards Seafield Road down by the Castle Inn."

Inverness Police Station

Inverness Police Station is on Bridge Street near the town centre. A relatively unattractive granite box, the station houses the town constables, police surgeon, chief of police, and the only detective constable, John Carmichael. Carmichael is the de facto head of all criminal investigations in Inverness; he reports to the chief, Charles 'Charlie' Canmore, and works closely with the police surgeon, Herbert Drummond. Carmichael is stationed in an office on the second floor of the building, and the surgeon's office is near the back of the building below ground.

Mr John Carmichael, Detective Constable

**John Carmichael, age 45,
Dedicated Police Detective**

STR 15	DEX 10	INT 14	CON 14
SIZ 15	APP 11	POW 13	EDU 11
SAN 43		Hit Points: 11	

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Anthropology 13%, Climb 48%, Criminology 58%, Drive Auto 45%, First Aid 34%, Jump 45%, Law 67%, Other Languages: Scottish Gaelic 21%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 33%, Spot Hidden 69%, Track 45%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 57%, damage 1D3 + db
.44 Revolver 56%, damage 1D10+2

Appearance: Carmichael is a tall, muscular man in his mid-forties with thick, wavy black hair, a bushy black moustache and deep-set brown eyes. A career policeman, Carmichael takes a no-nonsense approach to everything. He is all about the work and is extremely proud of his achievements as a detective constable. He has a deep and musical voice that might be right at home in a concert hall, but the only singing he does is in the shower. Carmichael will be extraordinarily business-like with investigators and give them the same respect he gives to anyone doing 'his' sort of work. He'll help them in any way he can and will, should they ask, accompany them on any investigation.

Although Carmichael and Drummond work closely together, a degree of animosity exists between them. Carmichael believes that Drummond's love of food and drink will be his undoing, whilst Drummond thinks that Carmichael's lack of social life and family makes him cold and inhuman. Both men will have a go at the other whenever they are brought up in conversation.

Mr Herbert Drummond, Police Surgeon

**Herbert Drummond, age 62,
Curmudgeonly Surgeon**

STR 11 **DEX** 07 **INT** 17 **CON** 12
SIZ 08 **APP** 07 **POW** 10 **EDU** 15
SAN 48 **Hit Points:** 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Biology 87%, Criminology 38%, Fast Talk 28%, First Aid 45%, Forensics 90%, Law 25%, Medicine 69%, Pharmacy 21%, Psychology 22%, Spot Hidden 56%

Appearance: Drummond is a short pudgy man in his early sixties with little hair atop his bald head and no facial hair to speak of. His eyes are a dull grey and his skin is rough and pock-marked. As police surgeon Drummond works closely with Carmichael and reports directly to the town's procurator fiscal regarding fatal accident inquiries. His curmudgeonly, overly frank, and often dismissive attitude doesn't make him friends; Drummond is the opposite of a 'people person'. Nonetheless, he is extremely capable at his job, and more than willing to help out where needed. He will be pleasant enough with investigators, but largely because Carmichael has threatened to make his life difficult should he do otherwise.

Talking to Carmichael

Upon their arrival in Inverness, if the investigators do not immediately visit Carmichael at the police station, he'll send word to their hotel asking them to meet him the following morning. He'll meet the investigators at the door, hopeful that a good working relationship can be established; once introductions are over, he'll show them up to his office on the second floor.

By no means large, Carmichael's office is nonetheless comfortable. Carmichael will answer any initial questions the investigators might have before refreshing them on the

investigation so far. He'll gladly join the investigators in their journeys if desired, otherwise, he'll continue with his own investigations and act as advisor and facilitator.

Unlocking a small safe behind his desk, Carmichael will present the investigators with the bloodied note pried from Erik Øland's hand (Handout 3) and the murder weapon, a traditional Highlander sgian dubh, wrapped in linen (Handout 4):



Handout 3. Oland's Handwritten Note

Other than the Norwegian text and Øland's smeared inky fingerprint, there is little to be gathered from the paper. The translation—"he was a dead man—the murderer"—remains a mystery to Carmichael, who dismisses any notion that the murderer might have been a 'dead man', stating "the dead don't come back to kill the living". The detective constable is convinced that Øland was indicating his murderer was a person he believed to be dead.

Concerning the dagger, Carmichael is more hopeful; he knows of only a few smiths in the Highlands still making traditional sgian dubhs. He'll direct the investigators to the smith's imprint on the bottom of the blade near the hilt—the letters "A.U.", and beside them the single word "Drum". 'Drum' as a surname rings no bells with Carmichael. In fact, the initials are those of Angus Urquhart ('A.U.'), patriarch of clan Urquhart, who works near Drumnadrochit ('Drum'); any shop selling Highland dress will be able to tell investigators the blade was made by Urquhart.



Handout 4. The Murder Weapon

If the investigators don't think of it themselves, Carmichael can also suggest they visit the crime scene in the Station Hotel, and perhaps interview the hotel manager and the maid who found the corpse; as well as visit the police surgeon to inspect the naval explorer's body. He'll ask them to keep him informed of any developments.

Talking to Drummond

At the back of the police station in a rather unpleasant basement is the office of Mr Herbert Drummond, the police surgeon. Next door is an examination room and morgue. Drummond will either be in his office—likely eating or drinking something—or in the examination room with one or more cadavers. Whilst his office is normally unlocked, the examination room is always locked and requires that Drummond open it from within.

Drummond has been expecting the investigators and will offer them a draft of his initial police surgeon's report on the deceased Erik Øland (Handout 5):

Royal Burgh of Inverness - Office of the Procurator Fiscal
Police Surgeon's Report

Dated: _____

Name of the Deceased: Mr Erik Øland

Age: 48

Sex: Male

Race: White

Weight: 12st

Height: 5ft 10in

Place of Death: Inverness, Station Hotel, Academy Street

Time and Date of Death: c. 11:50pm

Cause of Death: Stabbing

Examination of Remains: *Single posterior stab wound piercing left lung, left atrium of heart and right pulmonary artery. Haemodynamic failure likely to result in death in less than two minutes.*

Victim discovered with steel dagger (sqian dubh) penetrating upper back between 8th and 9th ribs. Substantial force required and height of blade entry suggests killer was male.

Police Surgeon's Signature

Date

Handout 5. Draft of Police Surgeon's Report

Drummond may also become involved when or if the decapitated body of the dead monk is found in the Castle Inn. His examination will reveal several confusing things: the body appears to have been dead for several weeks, possibly more than a month; some sort of preservative or restorative appears to have been applied with some regularity to the skin; and the neck near the decapitation point and the hands show signs of being covered in theatrical paint or makeup.

As for the method, the head was severed slowly with long, slicing motions by a blade some four to six inches in length. The force required to sever the spinal column would have been considerable, and due to the sudden change in angle, Drummond believes that the blade may have been pushed down with a foot while another person held the blade still. Drummond murmurs: "Why decapitate a man weeks after death?"

Drummond's initial study of the preservative suggests it was paraffin-based and included a mixture of camphor, naphthalene, and natural oils, resulting in a strong unpleasant smell. It's nothing like the police surgeon has encountered before. The theatrical paint and makeup used on the corpse are conventional materials available in various shops. If the investigators suggest the dagger that murdered Øland might also fit this decapitation, Drummond will agree.

The police surgeon will continue his investigations and continue to help the investigators however he can, but cannot come to any more informed conclusions about the dead monk.

Inverness Public Library

The Public Library in Farraline Park is a grand old neo-classical building, popular with local residents and busy regardless of day or hour. It has a wide collection of fiction and non-fiction books, and its reference section and archives are open to the public and offer excellent sources covering local and regional history, business and commerce, and the arts and sciences. Library staff are

generous with their time and glad to help investigators who fail their Library Use rolls.

General and historical information about the Highlands, Great Glen, and Inverness, in particular, will be easy to find. Little refers to Øland and his naval adventures, but Keepers might wish to throw a red herring or two in the investigators' paths. More fanciful and less helpful will be any information the investigators find on the subject of the undead.

Searching for the acronym 'FAM' will result in all manner of strange associations, but nothing ties the acronym to the Fort Augustus Monastery. Looking up 'sgian dubh' will result in descriptions of its use as an accessory in traditional Highland dress. In modern times, these single-edged weapons are purely ornamental; most are four-inch-long blades with decorative handles carved from darker woods and often with gemstones inset into their pommels.

The Castle Inn

The Castle Inn is a three-storey brick building just off Seafield Road near the docks. Popular with fishermen and longshoremen, the inn has a rowdy, overcrowded bar, a small restaurant that frequently acts as an overflow area for the bar, and twelve small rooms upstairs that cater to infrequent guests and the occasional unfortunate tourist.

Behind the bar and restaurant, the offices and kitchens of the Castle Inn are staffed by a thankless crew of lower-class misfits. Overseeing them all is the inn's most-unusual owner and proprietor Josephine Dawson, known locally as 'Ma Dawson'. Just how Dawson came to own the Castle Inn is a mystery, but over the years she has earned the 'respect' of the locals.

Dawson runs a tight ship and is clearly in the business for profit. She has a 'don't know, don't tell' policy regarding her clientele and the various activities they get up to, and is on first-name terms with many nefarious characters from Inverness's criminal underbelly. Ma Dawson keeps things quiet, and turns a blind eye to just about anything. She'll be

extraordinarily reserved in her initial conversations with the investigators; Fast Talk rolls will fail abysmally, and Persuade rolls only succeed if accompanied by a 'donation' or bribe.

The Keeper can decide whether Ma Dawson is aware that two of her guests have left without paying and that the third is currently decapitated and festering in his room. If she is, then she's likely keeping it to herself and planning on dumping the body in the firth come nightfall. If unaware, she'll deny everything, unless there's a clear profit to be made from providing information.

If a generous bribe is on offer, Ma will reveal that three men are currently staying on the third floor; the largest, who lorded it over the other two, did all the talking and registered under the name 'Brown', signing the other two in as 'MacKay' and 'Winter'. She remembers the two men with Brown kept their faces hidden and didn't speak, and that they smelled of camphor and naphthalene (i.e., like mothballs). Only a *very* generous bribe will induce Ma to hand over any keys.

Finding MacKay's Body

In Room 9, the rotting decapitated corpse of Callum MacKay lies on a thin woven carpet; investigators are unlikely to ever learn his name unless Balgarth needs to use him as a scapegoat. MacKay was a devout and highly religious Benedictine monk for thirteen years before Balgarth and Douglas took him out to the shores of Loch Ness to end his life and begin his unlife as a Servant of Glaaki. Lying on the floor of the Castle Inn hotel room is all that is left of this once kind man.

The strong smell of camphor and naphthalene mixes with the putrescent odour of decaying flesh; anyone seeing the decapitated body must make a SAN roll (losing 0 / 1D2 Sanity Points). MacKay's body is a disturbing grey-green colour, and the stump of his neck is a gory mess. Dressed in a simple brown suit and a long black Oxford overcoat, the pockets of which are empty, a thorough search of the body or a successful Spot Hidden roll will discover a label sewn into the man's undershirt. The label sports the acronym

"FAM", linking it to the Fort Augustus Monastery, which could easily be mistaken for the man's initials.

A successful Medicine roll reveals the victim has been dead for more than twenty-four hours. The investigators may notice that there is no blood, and that the carpet beneath the body is unsoiled apart from some flaking, grey-green flesh and obvious blade marks. The only other thing of note is a missing pillowcase—used to transport the head of the undead monk. Investigators should arrange for the body to be removed to the police surgeon's office or at the very least contact Detective Constable Carmichael at the Inverness Police. The police surgeon will produce a more detailed report on MacKay's unusual demise.

The Station Hotel

The Station Hotel on Academy Street is one of Inverness's oldest and most historic hotels, extending over four floors and encompassing more than seventy rooms, a ballroom, lounge and bar, and state-of-the-art gymnasium and spa. Under the management of Matthew Muir, the hotel has undergone an extensive, two-year-long renovation, and only recently reopened for business.

The high-profile visit of Erik Øland was to be one of the highlights of the refurbished hotel's reopening year; it was hoped that the explorer's reputation would entice the rich and famous. Muir had gone to considerable efforts to secure Øland's patronage, and his murder inside the hotel has brought him to the brink of a nervous breakdown.

Muir will nevertheless be business-like when the investigators call; at DC Carmichael's request, Muir has put the investigators up in suites next to where Øland was murdered, and will provide them with a key to inspect the room, which has remained unoccupied since (and will remain so until the floors and carpets are restored). Muir will not show the investigators the room himself: he is avoiding it just now for 'personal reasons'; he's not being dramatic, but avoiding stress at his doctor's suggestion.

Speaking with the hotel manager

The hotel manager will wax lyrical about Erik Øland, singing his praises and talking at length of how he had hoped Øland's visit would spark a renewed interest in the Station Hotel. He is troubled greatly by the murder, and worries the hotel will now receive interest of an unsavoury sort. He has nightmares of newsmen and lawyers descending like locusts.

Muir first met the Norwegian when he arrived at the hotel, and they shared a complimentary drink in the refurbished bar. Muir was impressed with Øland, a man who seemed to live every moment to the full, always seeking out adventure on the lakes, seas, and oceans of the world. He seemed particularly keen on adding another feather to his cap with the mapping of Loch Ness. He spoke of new technologies developed by the world's navies for mapping the world's deepest ocean trenches. Øland's excitement was palpable; he was full of life.

Speaking with the maid

Jenny Flynn the hotel maid discovered Øland murdered in his room, and hasn't been the same since. In her early twenties, a mousy figure with long brown hair and brown eyes, Flynn more than anything wants to forget Øland's bloody body with that awful dagger sticking up from his back. She desperately wishes that she had not been the one sent to awaken the Norwegian.

Jenny does remember one odd thing about the night in question: moments before she was asked by the hotel manager to go up to Mr Øland's room to awaken him, she caught an awful whiff of mothballs off one of the guests. She remembers two men in the hotel lobby: when the runner from the docks arrived, he crashed into one of the men and sent him sprawling to the ground.

The fallen man had great difficulty getting up and eventually had to be helped to his feet by the other, larger gentleman. It was the man who fell who smelt so strongly of camphor or mothballs.

She couldn't get rid of that awful smell for the rest of the evening. When she went up to awaken Øland, she remembers the smell still clinging to the air and her clothing: "That awful smell must have got on my clothes and in my hair. When I got to Mr Øland's room, it was all I could smell. I'll think of dead men and mothballs forever now. What a horror!"

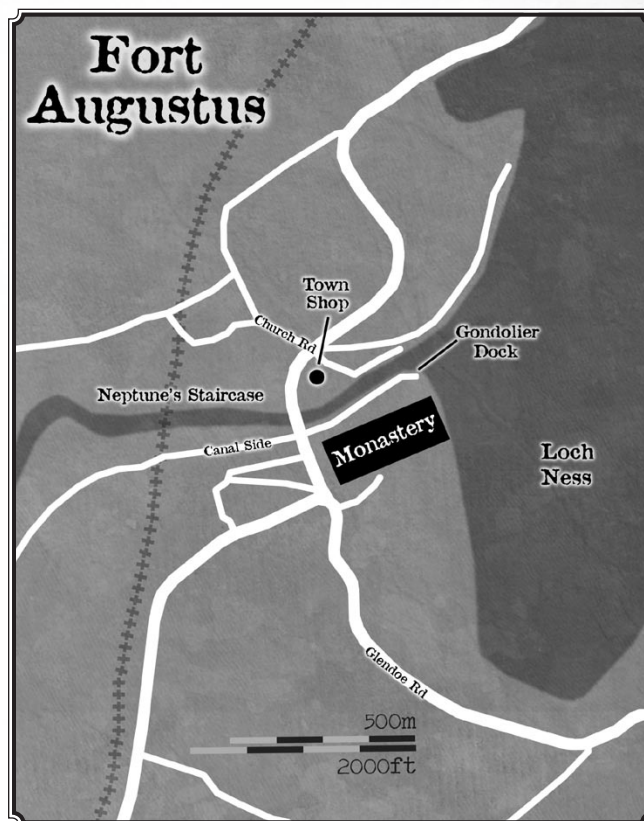
Beyond that, Flynn will admit she didn't pay the men in the lobby much attention, although she believes the man who fell might be an actor or entertainer: she's quite sure he was wearing stage makeup.

Viewing the murder scene

Little has been touched in the suite where Erik Øland was found murdered. Investigators will be greeted with the stale reek of dried blood and a faint smell of camphor and naphthalene. On the ornamental Indian rug is a huge clotted bloodstain; on the floor near the head of the carpet are an overturned inkwell, a fountain pen, and a sprawl of hotel stationery paper. The pool of dark ink has dried, permanently staining the hardwood floor.

A successful Idea roll suggests Øland may have been knocked back from the door and fallen to the floor. One corner of the room is full of large steamer trunks containing Øland's clothing and personal effects; these are untouched and will likely be returned to Øland's family once the investigation is complete.

The suite's bathroom and sitting room look largely unused. Atop the queen-sized bed is a 1909 copy of *Når den ny vin blomstrer* ('When the New Wine Blooms') by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson.



Fort Augustus

Fort Augustus Monastery

The Fort Augustus Monastery sits on a thin peninsula at the southern tip of Loch Ness, a short distance from the town of Fort Augustus and the road from Inverness to Fort William. It comprises a cluster of twelve main buildings around a central quadrangle, with smaller outbuildings providing storage and utility space.

Since 1901, the monastery has hosted a Beuronese Benedictine congregation under the aegis of the Holy See, and is therefore under papal jurisdiction and legally separate from the laws of Great Britain. Until recently, it was a place of quiet contemplation and religious worship. Father Anselm Balgarth became abbot shortly after Father James Douglas took up residency as the new prior of the monastery; where Douglas is a devout member of the Benedictine congregation and revered by the monks, from the outset Balgarth has been more vocal, opinionated, and driven than the prior.

Balgarth initially planned for great changes at the monastery; over the years, he has found these plans constantly frustrated or blocked, his attempts to modernize and make the monastery more entrepreneurial sidelined. Defeated, Balgarth nonetheless remained hopeful that an opportunity would present itself. In the meantime, he could dream. And dream he did. Balgarth began to have powerful and emotive dreams, disturbing and persuasive. They spoke to him of unwritten truths, powers beyond imagining, opportunities beyond the scope of mere mortal action. He felt the dark pull of the dreams, as though there was a sentience and motive behind them. He resisted its pull, though he willingly opened himself up to the lessons it offered.

Soon, Balgarth began to relish the 'sendings' of this dream-god, Glaaki. He learned of a pantheon of strange deities, accepted gifts of magic and eldritch knowledge, and willingly let his sanity slip in exchange for Glaaki's dark truths. Finally, a new opportunity presented itself: Balgarth joined forces with the Great Old One, and devised a diabolical plan to create an undead army from the monastery monks.



The monastery comes to the investigators' attention during the final days—if not the final hours—before Balgarth makes his attack on Castle Urquhart. The monastery, which houses about forty monks, will be utterly empty apart from Balgarth and the enigmatic prior. The investigators will find them in the monastery's chapel, where they are discussing plans for the attack on the castle ruins.

Talking to Balgarth

Balgarth is a consummate liar with theatrical experience and absolute faith in his plan. He appears confident, capable, even likeable, using his Art (Theatre) to deceive the investigators, always playing the role of benevolent abbot. He will do all the talking—Douglas will remain dutifully silent—and will pretend to offer as much aid to the investigators as he possibly can. Prior Douglas will leave the chapel almost immediately; if the investigators ask him a direct question before he does, the abbot will interrupt, saying the prior has lost his voice.

Successful Medicine rolls will note prior Douglas does not look at all well; his skin is an unhealthy colour, and his eyes appear unfocused. Should they offer medical attention, the prior will wave them off and quickly exit the room. Balgarth will explain the prior has a 'morbid' fear of doctors.

If asked about the missing monks, Balgarth will convincingly lie that they are on a religious retreat. If pressed, he will say that they are delivering food and clothing to needy families in the northern Highlands. In fact, the monks are on their way to the ruins of Urquhart Castle. If asked about the murder of Erik Øland and the destruction of *The Kraken*, Balgarth will implicate Angus Urquhart and his clansmen, reporting that a number of people have told him the Urquhart and Grant clans hold satanic rituals on their lands near Drumnadrochit. Some even say the elder Urquhart has sold his soul to the devil and enslaved his brethren. Balgarth says he cannot confirm any of this, but prays nightly for their deliverance.

If asked about visits to Inverness, he will deny that any visits have taken place, adding that the monks are nearly self-sufficient, and have little reason to go outside the monastery. If informed of the mysterious death at the Castle Inn, Balgarth will look genuinely shocked and profess to know nothing about the matter. Concerning *sgian dubhs*, the abbot will say he believes Angus Urquhart is a smith of some renown.

Investigating Balgarth's Room

Balgarth's room is on the third floor of the main building above the library. The room is locked; inside, it is undecorated and unattractive apart from an excellent view over Loch Ness. Balgarth's bed is neatly made, and the few papers atop his desk by the window are tidily arranged. An inkwell and fountain pen sit atop a shelf over the desk alongside religious texts.

A successful Library Use roll will reveal that all the books relate to the Benedictine order and to the management of monastic institutions. One, entitled *Achieving Peace in His Name*, is authored by prior Douglas, and describes means for achieving harmonious living in monasteries.



A successful Spot Hidden roll reveals a small chest beneath the abbot's bed; the investigators will have to move the bed to retrieve it. Two leather straps secure the chest, but it is otherwise unlocked.

Inside is a surprisingly large amount of theatrical paint and makeup. A variety of brushes and pads for application sit atop an array of small containers and tubes; it looks enough to make up a small theatrical group.

Investigating the Monks' Cells

The monks' dormitories smell strongly of camphor and naphthalene. Each of the monks' cells, including the prior's room above the largest dormitory, contains a large jar—normally used for preserving fruit—filled with a strange, whitish wax-like paste. A successful Chemistry, or Pharmacy roll identifies it as a powerful-smelling concoction of paraffin, natural oils, and camphor and naphthalene.

A successful Pharmacy roll also reveals the paste could be applied to skin as a kind of preservative or restorative, although the presence of naphthalene is odd as a concentration of this sort would cause illness. A successful Medicine or halved Pharmacy roll suggests the concentrated naphthalene would destroy red blood cells and cause haemolytic anaemia, symptoms of which include pale or discoloured skin, lack of appetite, and restlessness.

Over time, exposure to such large amounts of naphthalene would cause dizziness, nausea, diarrhoea, and urinary bleeding; long-term exposure would be fatal. A pharmacist, chemist, funeral director or similar in the party can make a Know roll to add that camphor is used in embalming processes.

Apart from these jars, the monks' cells are equally basic, with a bed and desk, both neatly kept, and little else. If the characters seek out Prior Douglas' room, they will find it vacant and identical to the other monks' cells.

Neptune's Staircase (Caledonian Canal)

Neptune's Staircase—the Caledonian Canal—is a series of water locks connecting the lochs of the Great Glen and providing a means of travelling from one side of the Highlands to the other. It runs sixty miles through the Great Glen, from Fort William to Inverness and cutting through Fort Augustus. The town has used the canal to draw in visitors; benches line the 'stair' of the lock system, and nearby shops offer ices and teas to visitors passing through.

Seated daily on one of these benches are Boyd and Ginny Bannen, a kindly, white-haired old couple, contentedly spending their old age watching the comings and goings in Fort Augustus. They have watched the small town grow up around them—for more years than they care to remember—and are happy to tell investigators a thing or two if they stop by. If they see the investigators, they will call out to say hello.

The Bannens are continually surprised that the canal brings visitors to Fort Augustus, but admit that the money it brings into the community is helpful. Of the monastery, the Bannens relate that until a month ago they used to see the monks coming up out of the monastery to send letters, take tea, or just walk about the town: "it was nice tae see them, they were allus so peaceful. They'd allus say hello tae ye too, no' like young people today..."

If asked what happened a month or so ago, the Bannens will shake their heads:

"No one knows, but ye don't see the laddies out now. Only that Balgarth fellow, and he disnae give anyone the time o' day. He disnae seem like the other monks. Aye, he smiles and nods, all right, but ye should see how he scowls when he thinks no one is looking..."

The Bannens know little of events outside Fort Augustus, and have nothing to say about Drumnadrochit other than that's 'it's a nice wee place'.

Town Shop

The Town Shop on the High Street is the largest store in Fort Augustus, and carries a little bit of everything. Investigators can find most things they'll need provided it isn't too exotic, expensive, or illegal.

The town's only petrol station is attached to the shop, and the owner of both is a friendly widow named Mrs Susie McAdams. Mrs McAdams took over the place after her husband Graeme died two years ago, and she manages a small staff of four men to help her. She's a fixture in the town, and knows everyone's comings and goings and is on a first-name basis with just about everyone—with the abbot of the Fort Augustus Monastery one of the few exceptions.

Any mention of the abbot, the prior, or the monks in general will start Mrs. McAdams ranting. They were never particularly friendly, but of late the abbot has taken to telling Mrs McAdams to mind her own business and, on a couple of occasions, he's looked as though he might say much worse. She has no idea what has brought about this animosity—and he's the only one from the monastery who comes into her shop these days.

Though the monks were never the best of customers, they would occasionally drop in. All of that stopped a month ago, and she hasn't seen any of them since. Only Balgarth comes and goes, and he keeps very peculiar hours: just the other day he wanted his car filling near midnight, and then sped off. Then a day or two ago he pulled in before dawn needing petrol again, as difficult as ever. Mrs McAdams has just about had enough of the man, abbot or not.

If the investigators ask her to specify the times of the abbot's two visits, she will offer them her log book while she deals with a few other customers. A successful Accounting or Library Use roll reveals the abbot paid for petrol the morning after Øland was found dead in his room, and late in the evening the night before. If they ask if Balgarth was alone, Mrs McAdams will remember that he had two of the monks with him before midnight, but only one with him when he called in the morning.

McAdams will be happy to answer the investigators' questions, although things will go much more smoothly if they buy a thing or two from her shop.

The Steamer 'Gondolier'

The *Gondolier* is a tourist steamer that docks in Fort Augustus and takes tourists on pleasure cruises up and down Loch Ness, provided the weather is amenable. Mr Gordon Mungo, a former fisherman who purchased the steamer a year and a half ago, captains the *Gondolier* and is making a go of it as a tour operator. He has hired the young and attractive Miss Fiona MacDonald as a guide and commentator for the hour-long journeys around the loch.



Piloting the *Gondolier* is Mungo's way of easing into retirement. He has only a few years to go and plans to sell the business to some enterprising youngster if he can make it profitable. So far bad weather and low numbers have plagued the enterprise, but Mungo remains hopeful.

Miss MacDonald wants little from her job; in truth, she is hoping to ‘snag’ a husband and be rid of this small-town existence in Fort Augustus. That hasn’t worked out so far, but she’s keeping her options open. Though most find beauty in the loch, she is oddly disturbed by it: if asked to explain, she admits there are places on the loch where she can feel ‘a kind of presence’, before becoming suddenly embarrassed.

In his long career as a fisherman, Mungo has seen plenty of strange things, and is happy to recount stories of ‘monsters’ from the deep. By these he mostly means aberrant or mutated fish and other sea creatures, but a successful Psychology roll might give the investigators the feeling that the old man has also seen something he can’t quite bring himself to talk about. Something in the way he nods his head to the investigators knowingly suggests he has had an experience, or perhaps more than one, that he cannot face. Keepers may want to use this opportunity to provide further information on the scenario events, or even introduce other Mythos elements or another scenario.

“The Loch? Aye, sir, she’s deep, deep and long, that’s a fact. There’s a whole lot o’ room beneath for something tae be hiding, and who’s tae say what roams about on God’s green earth. We’ve had dinosaurs and all manner o’ beasties, who knows what’s still out there. I don’t know, but I’d wager there’d be something in the loch. It’s like Shakespeare said, isn’t it, sir?”

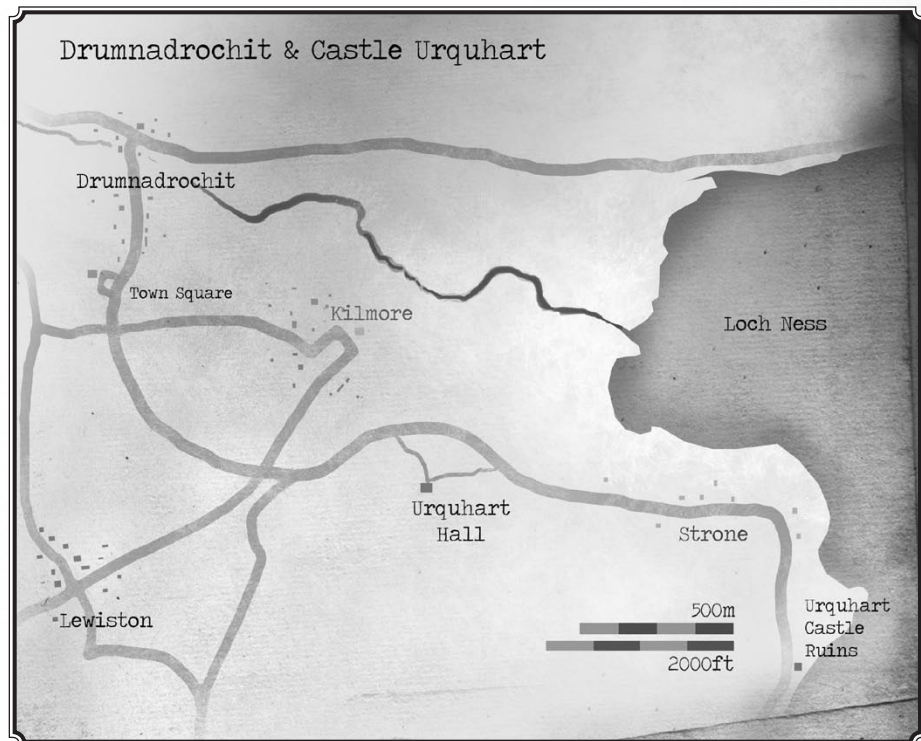
If the investigators ask further, Mungo will misquote Hamlet: “As Hamlet says tae Horatio, there’s more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt about in our philosophy.” He’ll nod and wink knowingly before returning to his work.

Neither Mungo nor Miss MacDonald knows Balgarth, but they’ve frequently seen the monks of Fort Augustus Monastery at the lochside or even wading into the waters. Miss MacDonald will shiver at the thought, and Mungo will laugh, saying: “they must be powerful hot-blooded, those monks, ‘cause the water about here is some o’ the coldest you’ll find—it’ll damn near freeze the balls off a brass monkey!”

Drumnadrochit and Castle Urquhart

The Shores of Loch Ness

The waters of Loch Ness are almost always a deep, steel-blue colour, due in part to the cold and the depth of the loch. Just over twenty-five miles long (forty kilometres), and in places more than seven-hundred-and-fifty feet deep (two-hundred-and-thirty metres), it is Scotland’s largest lake by volume and contains more fresh water than all the combined lakes in the rest of Great Britain. It is large enough and cold enough to play a role in determining local weather conditions.



Loch Ness is perhaps most atmospheric when the wind is howling, the waves are crashing on the shore, and the rain is pounding down from a tumult of low clouds overhead. But even on a sunny day, the Loch seems to possess a power all its own. This may be in part due to the Great Old One Glaaki lying in wait far beneath the surface, or to the ancient site of power beneath the nearby ruins of Urquhart Castle; whatever the reason, Loch Ness is a powerful force in the Great Glen, demanding respect of Highlander and visitor alike.

The shores of the loch tend to be short, steep, and rocky; Loch Ness is no place for wading or sunbathing, or romantic sunset walks. The loch and lochsides are quite dangerous, and visitors often express the oddest feeling as though the loch wanted to 'swallow them up'. From nearly any stretch of the shore near Drumnadrochit, the ruins of Castle Urquhart will be clearly visible overlooking the waters.



Town Square

The Town Square in Drumnadrochit is little more than a collection of buildings, shops, and public houses surrounding the ancient village green, but it's nonetheless the social hub of the small town. The post office, bank, and other amenities bring most of the town's populace into the tiny square on an almost daily basis; the town green at its centre is pleasant, clean, and manicured, and the competition for the wooden benches placed around the square can be surprisingly stiff when the sun comes out.

Occupying one of these benches when the investigators arrive is William McMaster, known locally as 'Auld Wully'. Auld Wully knows almost everyone, and almost everyone knows him: he's the town drunkard and malcontent. Depending on the time of day and the amount of alcohol he's had, he'll be more a malcontent and less a drunkard, or vice versa. Auld Wully isn't above begging, and if he sees the investigators coming, he'll introduce himself and try to worm his way into their wallets.

Auld Wully has lived in Drumnadrochit his whole life, and knows a thing or two. If he finds the characters are looking for information, he'll suddenly become the town encyclopaedia, offering advice and opinions on this, that, and the other. If the subject turns to clan Urquhart and / or Grant, Wully will grow even more animated, suggesting the investigators give those 'lawless clans' a wide berth.

If pushed (a successful Persuade or Fast Talk roll, for example), he'll reveal the clan Urquhart have allied themselves with 'the devil himself!'

This time last year, Auld Wully found himself by the ruins of Castle Urquhart, and happened upon a strange ritual:

"I didnae stick around long enough tae be caught, ye see, but if I didnae see that old jackanapes Angus Urquhart runnin' the show, jabberin' on somethin' awful about dark gods and such ... and preaching as though it were a kirk!"

Auld Wully will say he's never trusted Angus Urquhart, and that he's 'always had an unnatural kind o' luck'. If asked where to find him he'll shake his head and suggest the characters keep well away from the man and 'his disciples'— but if they were of a mind to, they'd find him in Urquhart Hall south of the town.

On almost any other topic, Auld Wully will offer what information he knows and what he thinks the investigators likely want to hear, hoping to be duly rewarded for his advice with enough to buy another bottle of whisky. If the investigators ever insult him, however, he'll become belligerent and eventually move off.

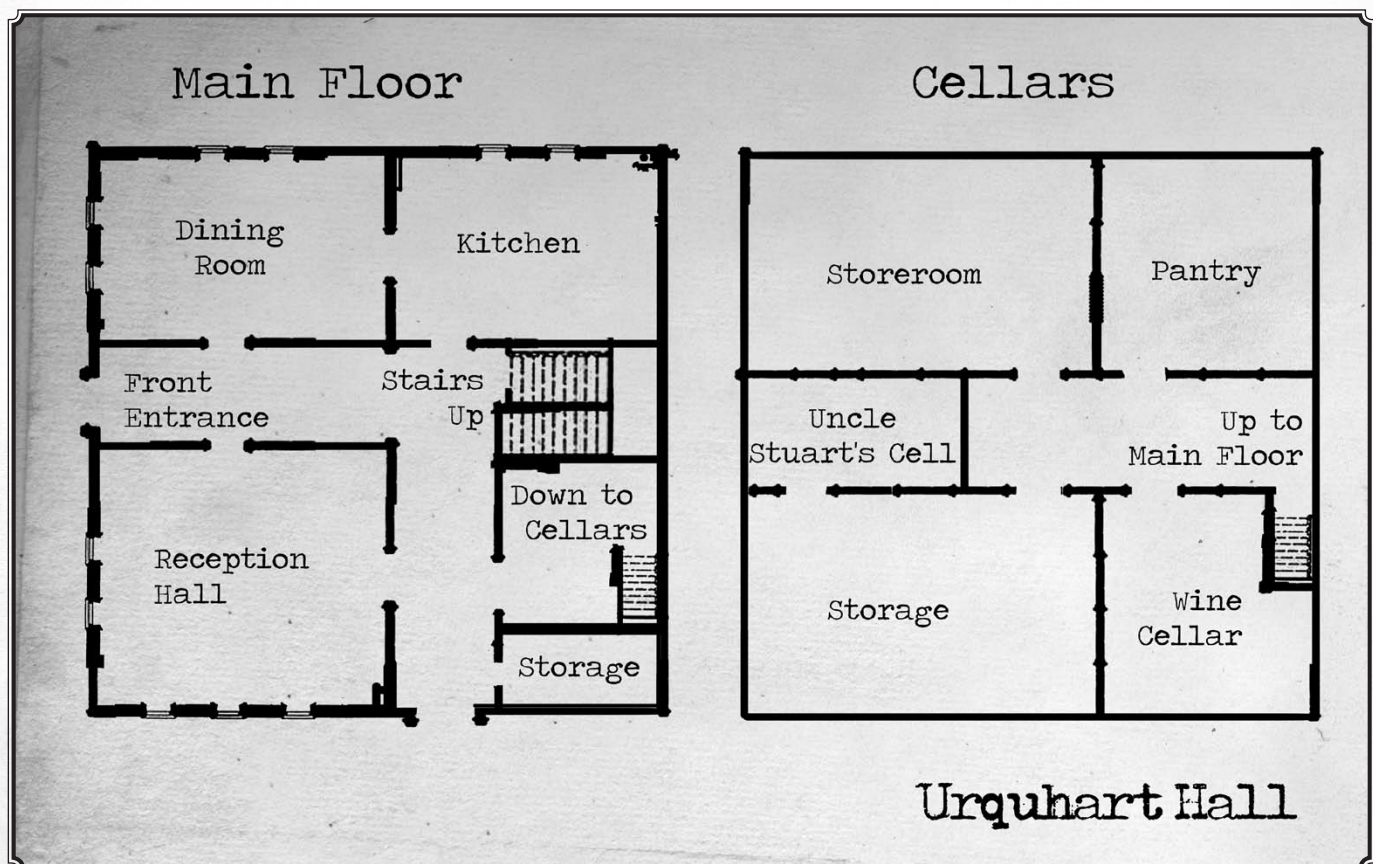
Urquhart Hall

Urquhart Hall is equidistant from Drumnadrochit and the ruins of Castle Urquhart, two miles away from both. Constructed in the early 18th century, it has passed down from generation to generation ever since. The main floor holds the reception room, dining room, kitchen, storage room with access to the cellars, and one of the hall's three

bathrooms; the upper floors are primarily for family use, and include bedrooms, bathrooms, a sitting room, a study, and a small library.

While the modern-day Urquharts are by no means rich, the hall is decorated with heirlooms and artwork handed down from earlier generations. A great many paintings, sculptures, handicrafts, and stuffed animals adorn the rooms on the main floor; a truly massive mounted boar's head above the front door is always a talking point for visitors first coming into the house. Investigators will be ushered into the main reception hall and offered a seat and a drink.

Angus Urquhart will not keep them waiting unless he's currently working in his smithy behind the house, in which case he'll take some time to clean up before presenting himself. The Urquhart patriarch will welcome the characters, shake their hands and ask how he can be of service. Initial impressions will be of a polite older man with an air of authority and strength.



Mr Angus Urquhart, Smith and Patriarch

**Angus Urquhart, age 63,
Patriarch of the Urquharts and Capable Smith**

STR 14 **DEX** 13 **INT** 12 **CON** 13
SIZ 13 **APP** 10 **POW** 06 **EDU** 10
SAN 48 **Hit Points:** 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting 28%, Credit Rating 28%, Cthulhu Mythos 08%, Listen 42%, Persuade 45%, Rifle 31%, Smelting 45%, Smithing 89%, Spot Hidden 42%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 45%, damage 1D3 + db
 Highland Dirk 67%, damage 1D6 + db

Appearance: Urquhart is the dour and taciturn patriarch of the clan Urquhart. A tough but fair man who demands respect and gives it out just as freely to those who deserve it, he has thick curly white hair and a thick white beard. He does not appreciate the comparison, but looks a great deal like Father Christmas. Though moving into his senior years, Urquhart is in fantastic form, particularly his well-muscled arms toned from years of working with hammer and anvil. He has a surprisingly quiet voice and is a thoughtful man, given to quiet contemplation rather than outbursts. He is extremely well-respected by most in Drumnadrochit and all in his extended family.

If the investigators have come under some sort of pretence, he'll be kind enough in answering their questions, but astute enough to see through the charade. He'll be bold and blunt enough to tell them to 'come true' and to get to the point. On the other hand, if they are honest with him, he will be honest with them. If they continue to play games, or simply do not trust the man, then Urquhart will tire of their antics and ask them to leave before long.

If the investigators at any point raise the subject of the undead, Great Old Ones, or the Mythos, or directly name

Glaaki, Urquhart will raise an eyebrow and ask what they know about the matter. Once he is convinced of their honesty and integrity, he will reveal what he knows as well—including all the information relating to his clan's long-standing fight against the Great Old One—and ultimately introduce them to 'Uncle Stuart'. If Urquhart is not under pressure, he'll wait until Derek Grant and Adam Durward are present before taking the characters down into the cellars of Urquhart Hall to visit the oldest 'living' member of the household.

Mr Derek Grant, Farmer

**Derek Grant, age 58,
Patriarch of the Clan Grant and Successful Farmer**

STR 13 **DEX** 15 **INT** 14 **CON** 12
SIZ 10 **APP** 13 **POW** 16 **EDU** 09
SAN 47 **Hit Points:** 15

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Agriculture 87%, Animal Husbandry 45%, Biology 18%, Botany 28%, Credit Rating 25%, Drive Automobile 34%, Listen 54%, Persuade 25%, Ride 33%, Spot Hidden 22%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 35%, damage 1D3 + db
 .30-06 Bolt-action Rifle 45%, damage 2D6 + 4

Appearance: Grant is the soft-spoken patriarch of clan Grant. Husband to wife Annie and father to daughter Isobel, he runs a successful farm outside Drumnadrochit and is a much-respected member of Urquhart's inner circle. Of average height and weight with greying chestnut hair and blue eyes, Grant has no facial hair, and dresses simply as he feels befits a farmer. Both conversational and caring, he cannot tolerate suffering and will do everything in his power to correct injustice. Although he possesses neither the confidence nor boldness of Angus Urquhart, he inspires equal respect through his actions.

'Uncle Stuart' is, of course, the undead ancestor of Derek Grant and the Servant of Glaaki who has been kept alive and periodically brought out for questioning for more than a century. Not much is left of the undead Grant patriarch after an unfortunate incident in the fall of 1889, when the lower half of his body disintegrated in the sun. The young Angus Urquhart gave the undead Grant the moniker of 'Uncle Stuart', when he was first introduced to him as a child.

Since then, Uncle Stuart has been kept preserved in a large oak cask filled with twelve-year-old MacAllan single malt whisky, refreshed yearly. His body is raised and lowered into the cask via a rope and pulley system devised by Angus' father. These days, Uncle Stuart is brought out only once or twice a month to discern whether Glaaki has returned to Loch Ness; in the past month and a half, poor Uncle Stuart has received more than his share of nightly visitations. He will be unsurprised to find himself raised once more this evening.

As a Servant of Glaaki, Uncle Stuart is always trying to secure his release so that he might go serve the 'noble Great Old One'. As a means of getting Uncle Stuart to talk, the Highlanders frequently promise to release the tortured soul if he'll provide them with the information they seek; despite the fact that they've never kept their part of the bargain, his POW has diminished to the point that his willpower is easily overcome and he is fooled time and again.

Unless forewarned, investigators will be sufficiently disquieted by Uncle Stuart's appearance from a cask of whisky to require a SAN roll with a 1D8 penalty for failure. He is a horribly skeletal figure with tight amber-coloured skin, and bright white teeth shining ominously beneath unnaturally thinned lips. When he starts to move and thrash, it is quite horrible to witness, although the horror is in some tiny way mitigated by the fact that Uncle Stuart actually smells quite pleasant...

Hanging from the rope and pulley, the undead Servant of Glaaki will randomly spout curses at the assembled group. Lacking eyes, it has no idea who is addressing it, but will—if promised release—answer questions relating to Glaaki and

its location. Uncle Stuart can verify that Glaaki is deep within Loch Ness, and that his 'master's plans are coming to fruition'. The whisky-infused corpse will provide no detail of these plans.

Though tight-lipped, Uncle Stuart will unintentionally warn the Urquharts and Grants of Glaaki's imminent arrival at the castle ruins. Just when he does this is at the Keeper's discretion. When Glaaki moves to attack the castle ruins, Uncle Stuart will shriek: "He comes! He comes! My Master comes! The time of His ascension is near!"

The jubilation of the undead Servant will be enough to frighten the Highlanders into action, and in a short time they will amass and prepare to meet the Great Old One in the ruins of Castle Urquhart.

If the stars aren't yet right, and Uncle Stuart has served his usefulness, he'll be unceremoniously dumped back in the whisky cask, but not before letting off some choice insults for his gaolers. Having revealed so much to the investigators, Urquhart will suggest they remain in contact concerning any information they receive on Glaaki and his 'plans'; he'll promise to send word of any news if they leave contact details with him.

Urquhart Castle Ruins

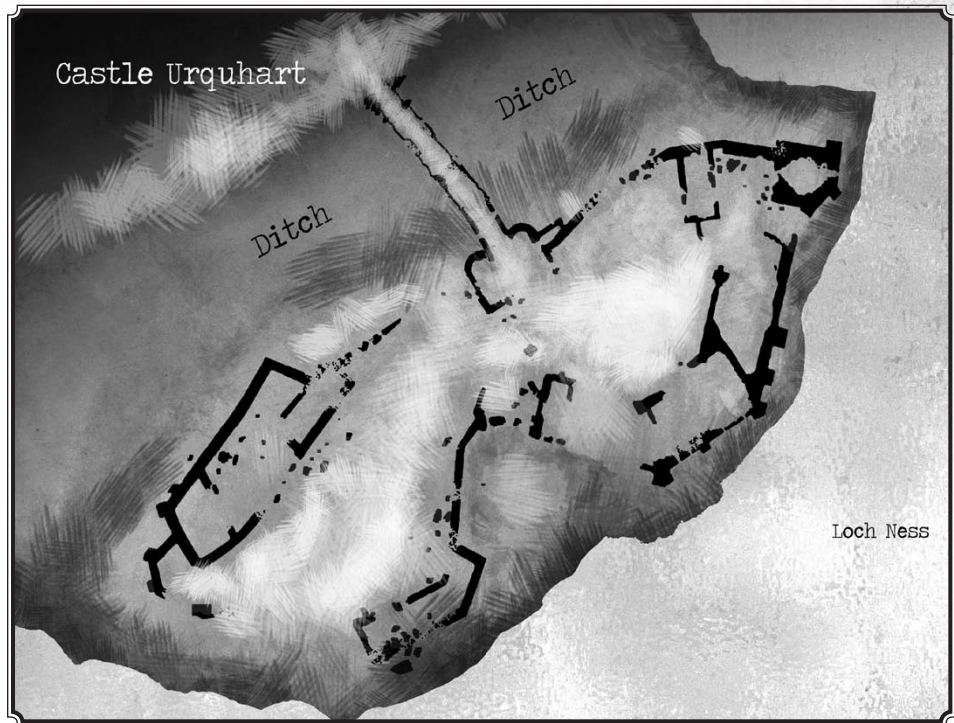
The ruins of Urquhart Castle (Handout 6) stand atop a rocky promontory on the north-west shore of Loch Ness. Once one of Scotland's largest castles, it still remains impressive as a majestic ruin with a commanding view over the loch.

The tower house that remains standing offers spectacular views over Loch Ness and the whole of the Great Glen. Otherwise only a few high walls and arches remain of the original structure, ruined following the Jacobite rebellion when the castle was sacked and quite literally blown apart.

Throughout its six-hundred-year history, the mediaeval fortress played an important role in the Highlands, occupying a strategic position in the Great Glen. Additionally, there is evidence that the site the castle was built upon holds a much older and more powerful secret.

A number of noble Highland clans and families, including Durwards, Grants, MacDonalds, and of course Urquharts, have held ownership of the castle during its history.

In the 1920s, the ruin is only starting to realise its potential as a tourist site. Few people travel out to the ruin, and getting there from the main road is far from easy. The ruins are maintained and kept by a groundskeeper at the site, Mr Adam Durward, who lives nearby and is on the site from sunrise until sunset. Durward will generally ignore anyone coming into the ruins, unless they get up to mischief; he's a man of few words, but will respond to questions if approached.



Handout 6. The Ruins of Urquhart Castle

Mr Adam Durward, Groundskeeper

Adam Durward, age 48,
Quiet Groundskeeper and Urquhart Kinsman

STR 14 **DEX** 11 **INT** 10 **CON** 15
SIZ 15 **APP** 14 **POW** 12 **EDU** 06
SAN 42 **Hit Points:** 15

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Skills: Climb 38%, Hide 28%, Jump 45%, Listen 60%,
Navigate 25%, Ride 22%, Rifle 61%, Spot Hidden 52%

Weapons: Cudgel 60%, damage 1D4+db
Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3 + db

Appearance: Durward is a tall, broad and attractive figure. Though his dark brown hair is greying, it does little to detract from his apparent strength and vitality. He has a full beard, thick eyebrows, and stunning blue-green eyes.

Durward prefers actions to words, and has a reputation for getting things done quickly and quietly. A former infantryman in the Black Watch, he knows his way around a battlefield and is a very capable soldier; on his return from the Great War, he chose a simpler life, and enjoys being a groundskeeper. As a kinsman of Urquhart and Grant, Durward is aware of the ancestral struggle against Glaaki, and is prepared to do his part.

Talking to Durward

Not an overly talkative chap, Durward will keep most of his answers short and brutally honest; if he doesn't know something, he'll just say so. If the investigators ask about the Urquharts, he'll suggest they visit Urquhart Hall not more than two miles up the Drumnadrochit road. If they tell him they've heard of strange rituals carried out in the ruins or by the Urquharts, he'll say: "Atspish. Rubbish." Mentioning Glaaki or anything Mythos-related will cause Durward to become very suspicious, and he'll find a way to excuse himself from the conversation and send word to Angus Urquhart to be on the lookout for the investigators.

If the investigators ask too many questions, Durward will shrug and tell them he needs to get back to work. Any aggression or anger directed towards him will be met in kind, although he'll avoid physical confrontation: if he must, he'll back down, leave the ruins, and contact Urquhart to report this strange development.

Investigating the castle ruins

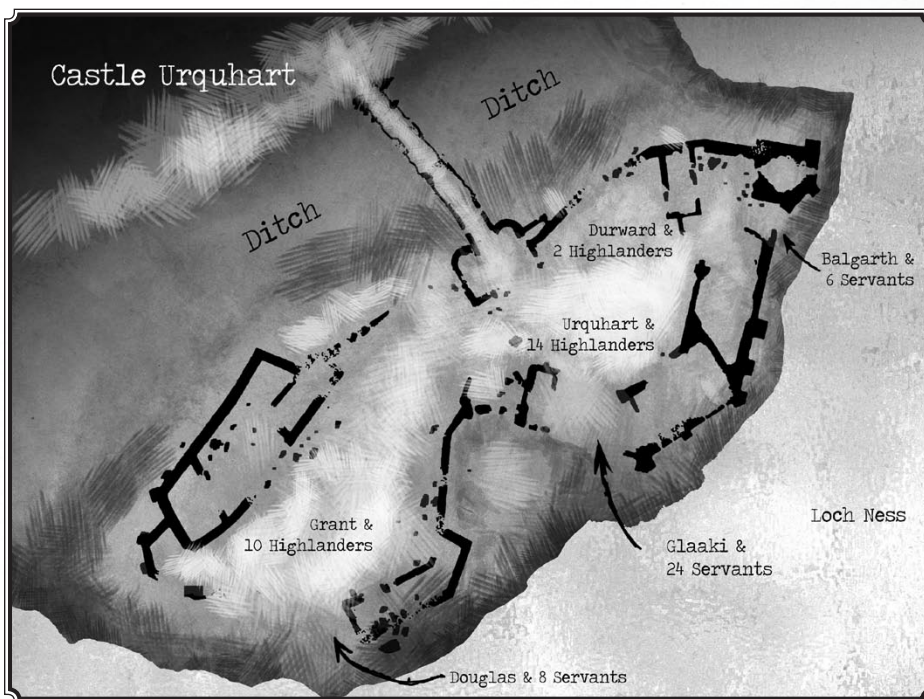
A twenty-foot-deep ditch separates the ruins from the surrounding lands. The distance from one side of the ditch to the other is about fifty feet, and its boggy slope is steep enough to give most people pause. A perilous-looking ruined bridge provides access to the castle; in fact it's safe, and will easily transport a number of people at one time. The bridge is seventy-five feet long; once across and through the former gatehouse, the investigators will be in the castle's main courtyard. Few walls are complete; only the high towerhouse has four standing walls, and even those do not inspire confidence. Throughout the interior of the ruins, a series of former buildings and rooms are easily discernable against the grass. Towards the south and east, Loch Ness is visible through the many breaks in the walls; climbing the towerhouse will provide an uninterrupted view over the whole of the loch.

A quick walk around the ruins reveals three points where a person could walk down to the water. At each of these, the slope is less steep and does not require Climb rolls. Investigators approaching the water's edge should make POW x5 rolls; success results in them feeling uneasy about the water—although nothing more. Should any investigator cast a spell within the castle ruins, they'll find its effect doubled. Casting Detect Enchantment will reveal that buried beneath the castle is some great anomalous power—both vast and powerful—that otherwise defies description. This source of power is purposely left ambiguous for Keepers to use as they see fit.

The Final Battle: Battling Glaaki and Balgarth

Glaaki and Balgarth have come up with a plan to attack the ruins of Castle Urquhart at sunset using a three-fold pincer movement (see the 'Keeper's Map of the Ruins of Castle Urquhart'). The largest host of undead Servants of Glaaki—two dozen monks in total—will approach from beneath Loch Ness near the middle of the castle; once this force has reached the walls, Glaaki will rise from the water and move to attack. Six Servants will also rise from the water, and attack through a small access point in the north-eastern wall beside the towerhouse; Balgarth will also Gate to this position. Lastly, Prior Douglas and eight Servants will approach from the south-eastern shore, and make their way through the ruins.

The Highlanders will take up positions roughly corresponding to the attacking monks: Durward and two clansmen will watch for attacks from the north-eastern shore; Grant and ten Highlanders will be ready at the south-eastern point; and Urquhart and fourteen Highlanders will stand at the main access point in the middle of the castle ruins. Any investigators present can choose where they want to be before the battle begins, or as the undead monks start appearing from beneath the surface of the loch.



Keeper's Map of the Ruins of Castle Urquhart

The Highlanders possess rifles, pistols, dirks, and cudgels, and so have the advantage in terms of firepower; however, they are outnumbered by the Servants of Glaaki, not to mention the Great Old One itself, as well as Balgarth and Douglas. None of the Highlanders will be expecting the arrival of an undead army, and some may flee in terror; even more will quit the field if Balgarth casts the Pipes of Madness spell on his enchanted pipes. The Keeper should decide how many Highlanders flee the camp, and whether any return after mastering their fear.

Depending on the number of clansmen who flee, the investigators could find themselves in desperate straits, especially given that all of this likely happens before they see the real enemy, the Great Old One Glaaki. Investigators will need to make SAN rolls both for seeing the undead Servants, and also for witnessing the Great Old One. Undead monks reaching the walls will grapple the Highlanders and hold them for Glaaki to spear with its metallic spines; once a clansman has been speared,

they will go to the next, and so on. The Servants have been directed to undertake this simple task and will do so despite being attacked.

Prior Douglas will use Implant Fear if the tide of the battle is turning, otherwise he too will grapple foes for Glaaki to spear. Only Balgarth will actively attack the Highlanders and, potentially, the characters, and his attacks will be indirect. For example, he might cast Create Mist of Releh to hide himself, and then cast Pipes of Madness for the duration of the battle. Glaaki will also stay well back, not approaching the ruins until success is assured, but instead launching metallic spines into the bodies of its enemies.

If Glaaki is successful in overcoming the Highlanders and investigators, it will thunder into the ruins and begin to cast restorative spells. If its army of undead Servants is destroyed, the clansmen will rain bullets and Molotov cocktails down on the monster, taking cover to avoid its metallic spines.





Glaaki is no fool, and will only menace the surviving Highlanders for a moment or two before letting out an awful wail and thundering back into the dark waters of Loch Ness. It will retreat to the deepest part of the loch, and gate back to the Severn Valley in England.

Back at Urquhart Hall, the surviving Highlanders will confirm Glaaki has left the loch by interrogating Uncle Stuart; at this point, the good bottles of whisky will be brought up, and the Highlanders will celebrate their victory.

-Conclusion-

In all likelihood, this scenario will conclude with an epic confrontation in the ruins of Urquhart Castle, where the investigators either help to repel the Great Old One Glaaki, or are defeated and very likely become undead Servants themselves. Particularly determined investigators may be able to thwart the attack on Urquhart castle in its entirety.

The investigators may also realize that Erik Øland was murdered and *The Kraken* dynamited so that nothing would interfere with Glaaki's plans for attacking the castle ruins and restoring itself to full power. Investigators who puzzle

this out and conclude that Balgarth was behind Øland's murder, and manage to either kill the insane abbot or see him put behind bars, should receive 1d8 Sanity points as reward.

Investigators who discover and thwart Glaaki's plans should receive 2D10 Sanity points, although Keepers may wish to subtract points for minions who escape: for example, five for Balgarth, two for Douglas, and one for each monk. If the investigators survive, but do not manage to defeat Glaaki and Balgarth, and the Great Old One is allowed to restore its powers in the ruins, they will suffer a 2D8 Sanity point loss for the realization that Glaaki is now immeasurably more powerful and has the strength to create a vast army of undead Servants. Investigators who remain near Loch Ness will be terrorized nightly by Glaaki's Dream-Pull.

If Glaaki is forced back and vanishes from Loch Ness, the Urquharts and Grants will continue to be on alert and to use Uncle Stuart—until he disintegrates entirely—for word of Glaaki's return. They will be grateful for the investigators' help, and Angus Urquhart will present them each with a gift of a fine silver *sgian dubh* sheathed in handsome, patterned leather. The investigators will always be welcome at Urquhart Hall, and will be known as friends of the Urquharts and Grants throughout the Highlands.



-Appendix I: Plot Map for 'Heed the Kraken's Call'-

Location	Personas	Relationships	Motivation	Clues
Station Hotel, Inverness	Erik Øland (deceased); Matthew Muir, proprietor; Jenny Flynn, maid	Muir employs Flynn; Flynn works for Muir	Muir seeks status and wealth; Flynn just wants to get her life back to normal	Talking to Flynn Talking to Muir
Inverness Docks	Arthur Galston, harbourmaster; Peter Finnie, night guardsman	Galston employs Finnie indirectly; Finnie works for Galston	Galston seeks to help others; Finnie craves excitement in his dull life	Talking to Galston Talking to Finnie
Castle Inn	Josephine 'Ma' Dawson, owner and proprietor; Callum MacKay (deceased former monk of Fort Augustus Monastery)	'Ma' Dawson keeps her relationships with her clients purely professional	Profit; Dawson cares only for monetary gain	MacKay's body Talking to Dawson
Inverness Police Office	Detective Constable John Carmichael; Herbert Drummond, police surgeon	Carmichael knows Drummond; Drummond knows and dislikes Carmichael	Carmichael seeks fame and status; Drummond just wants a simple life	Talking to Carmichael Talking to Drummond Øland's bloody note Murder weapon: Highland dirk Police surgeon's report MacKay's autopsy
Inverness Public Library	Librarians, etc.			Books relating to the Loch Ness Monster
Inverness Courier	Ian Broom, journalist			<i>Øland's Next Adventure: Loch Ness!</i> clipping
Drumnadrochit Town Square	William 'Auld Wully' McMaster, town malcontent	Everyone knows McMaster and he knows almost everyone	'Auld Wully' is motivated by two things: drink and more drink	Talking to McMaster
Urquhart Castle Ruins	Adam Durward, groundskeeper	Durward works for the Urquharts and knows pretty much everyone in town, but keeps to himself	Durward desires little beyond doing his job guarding Urquhart Castle	Talking to Durward



Location	Personas	Relationships	Motivation	Cues
Urquhart Hall	Angus Urquhart, owner and patriarch; Hugh Urquhart, farmer; Derek Grant, farmer; Annie Grant, farmer	The Urquharts and Grants know everyone in Drum-nadrochit and everyone knows them	The Urquharts and Grants seek to uphold tradition, preserve the Clan Urquhart and protect their families	Talking to the Urquharts Talking to the Grants 'Uncle' Stuart
Fort Augustus 'Town Shop'	Mrs Susie McAdams, shopkeeper	Mrs McAdams knows everyone in Fort Augustus but mistrusts Balgarth	Mrs McAdams just wants to be useful and turn a tidy profit	Talking to Mrs McAdams
Fort Augustus Monastery	Father Anselm Balgarth, abbot; James Douglas, prior; monks	Father Balgarth rules the 'monks' and serves Glaaki with Douglas	Balgarth wants power; Douglas only wishes to serve Glaaki	Talking to Balgarth Talking to Douglas The monks
Steamer Gondolier	'Captain' Gordon Mungo; Miss Fiona MacDonald, guide	Mungo employs MacDonald; MacDonald knows most in Fort Augustus and works for Mungo	Mungo wants to retire—he cares for little else; Miss MacDonald wants out of Fort Augustus	Talking to Miss MacDonald Talking to Mungo



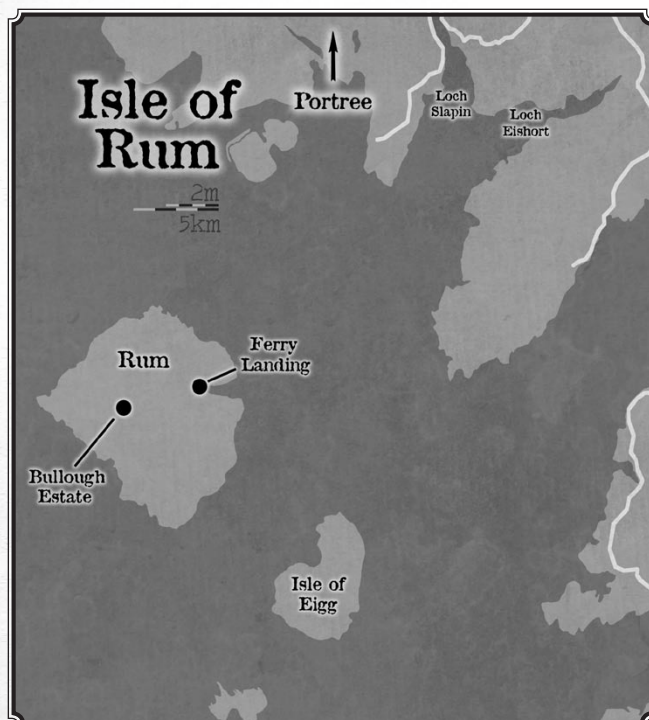
- The Forbidden Isle -

With plans of turning the island into a luxurious playground for Britain's rich and famous, Sir George Bullough invites the investigators to the Western Isle of Rum to discover why neighbouring islanders refuse to set foot on the 'Forbidden Isle', and what nameless horror has claimed the island for its home.

- Introduction -

This short scenario for both novice and experienced players offers investigators the opportunity to uncover a dark Mythos horror behind mysterious disappearances on the Western Isle of Rum. The action takes place entirely on the island and involves a relatively small cast of characters. Locations of interest are shown on the map below.

The investigators receive a letter from Sir George Bullough, a wealthy landowner and son of the noted industrialist John Bullough, inviting them to the island of Rum to investigate a number of disappearances on the 'forbidden isle'. The action is fast-paced, with non-player characters going missing on an often daily basis; a plot map is provided on page 270.



The atmosphere on Rum is one of menace; players should feel their beloved investigators could easily be the next ones to disappear, and that they're on the clock to quickly determine the nature of the Mythos horror, and find some way of dealing with it.

- Keeper's Information -

The Story So Far

In 1888, the prominent industrialist John Bullough purchased the sleepy Isle of Rum in western Scotland for the princely sum of £35,000, and built a grand mansion in the foothills beneath the island's high mountains. Bullough had made millions from the cotton industry, having introduced a number of profitable innovations. It was his intention to make the island a comfortable retreat for himself and his wife from busy Glasgow and his mills at Lanark; over the next five years, little expense was spared on the construction of Bullough House, until its completion in the spring of 1894.

In the summer of that year, the industrialist and his young wife Alexandria moved into Bullough House. As a grand mansion with extensive gardens and grounds, the upkeep of the estate required a staff of more than fifteen men and women, overseen by a butler, housekeeper, and dedicated groundskeeper. The isle's population of fishermen and crofters welcomed the Bulloughs, and a number of their sons and daughters took employment at the house. Over the following year, numerous fetes, grand balls, and parties were held, and John Bullough's dream of country living seemed to have come true.

Over the five years which followed, John made several additions to the estate, including building a family mausoleum and restoring an old henge atop a hill near the southern border of his lands. He took up photography, studied astronomy and history, and built up a considerable library at the house. There he delved into the history of the Isles, and became fascinated by fanciful tales of monsters and magic. From these he developed an interest in the occult, particularly in druidism. Alexandria dismissed this as foolishness, and consoled herself with gardening and writing to her sisters in London.

In the summer of 1904, John Bullough was taken ill with a mysterious sickness that confounded his doctors. Over the following two years, the sickness worsened, and Bullough was finally bed-ridden. His wife Alexandria was encouraged to stay in their London apartment in case the sickness was catching, and John was left alone at Bullough House with his butler, cook, maid, and doctor. During that time, Rum islanders began to go missing; farmers would not return from the fields, fishermen would disappear from their homes, and young children vanished from their beds.

An inspector from the mainland was sent to the island, but he too disappeared. The islanders began to panic, and those who could leave did so in droves. There were hushed whispers of kidnappings, murders, and even cannibalism; more and more people disappeared, until finally whole families were vanishing at a time. In the final days of 1909, a mass exodus took place that left Rum virtually deserted.

The last communication between John Bullough and his lawyers in Glasgow occurred in September 1910. In the spring of 1911, when his lawyers came to Rum with documents for signing, they found Bullough House deserted. A series of documents in Bullough's study revealed that John Bullough had passed away quietly in February 1911. Seeing his end at hand, the industrialist had signed over ownership of his assets to his wife Alexandria and their only son George. His faithful butler, doctor, and cook had interred John Bullough in the family mausoleum before quitting his service. With everything seemingly in order, Bullough's lawyers returned to Glasgow, and duly informed his wife and son of the unfortunate news.

Alexandria never returned to Rum. George Bullough had never had a good relationship with his parents, and had spent his youth in exclusive private schools, only seeing his father at Christmas and Easter. Later he went up to Cambridge to read Economics. Although he cared little for his studies, George quickly gained a reputation for his love of sport and his impressive horsemanship; as captain of the polo team, his popularity skyrocketed. At over six feet tall and both handsome and well-built, George also gained a reputation as a ladies' man, which did nothing to help his relationship with his mother and father.

At the end of his university days, George was 'encouraged' to take a number of years to explore the Mediterranean, the Middle East, and India to 'find himself'. George took this as an indication of his father's displeasure at his performance at Cambridge. He accepted his father's money and the use of the family yacht, the *Mystery*, and sailed south for Gibraltar.

Five years passed before George received word that his father had passed away. He had never even known his father was ill, but was unsurprised to learn that his mother would not see or write to him. He made his way back to Britain, only to find the country preparing for war; he signed up immediately, and spent four years serving King and Country. At the end of the Great War, he returned a highly decorated officer and a knight of the realm: Sir George Bullough.

Bullough visited Rum in 1919 and found it much changed. The house had fallen into disrepair and the lands were overgrown, but Sir George saw potential in the place. He did not stay long, but put plans in motion that would see the small isle turned into a leisure playground for himself and his sport-loving friends. He hired a new crew for the *Mystery*, and then hired builders, joiners, plumbers, and electricians to restore Bullough House. They sailed to Rum in the summer of 1920.

Once the repairs were done, Bullough began the process of interviewing for staff, but found the local islanders surprisingly uninterested. He managed to hire a gamekeeper, housekeeper, stable boy, and most recently a groundskeeper, but had little luck in holding onto cooks

and maids from the nearby islands. Regardless of the wages he threw at them, the locals refused to work on the 'forbidden isle'. The few islanders he did manage—at great expense—to cajole into working for him disappeared after as little as two weeks. His housekeeper, Mrs MacCrimmon, assured him that these disappearances were due to the locals being superstitious.

Throughout this whole affair, Sir George has been equally amazed and frustrated by the islanders' backwards beliefs and seeming unwillingness to accept his more-than-generous offers of employment. But as the disappearances

mounted and Bullough learned of a similar pattern of events on the isle more than a decade earlier, he decided to bring professionals in to investigate the apparent mystery. He still intends to see the little isle transformed, and wants an end to this strange business. With that in mind, he despatches a letter to the investigators inviting them to Rum.

Involving the Investigators

The investigators receive a letter from Sir George Bullough out of the blue:

Sir George Bullough
Bullough House
Isle of Rum
Scotland

Dear Sir or Madam,

I am writing to you with a proposition for your consideration. I have of late encountered a perplexing mystery which I would like to invite you to investigate personally. The mystery surrounds a number of disappearances, namely of members of my own household staff. In brief, I would like you to ascertain whether these 'vanishings' are the result of some sort of foul play, or simply the actions of a number of disgruntled servants. I have little evidence of either eventuality, but I have heard some peculiar talk on nearby islands that have referred to Rum as 'the forbidden isle.'

I myself have been living on the island these past four months, and have witnessed nothing in the local scenery to elicit such a dramatic characterization. I am, in fact, at a loss to explain both the attitude of the local islanders or the disappearances of my staff, which is why I am requesting your services. It may seem a trifling matter, and indeed perhaps it is, but even so I would like it seen to professionally. I can assure you that you will be very well treated as my guests at Bullough House and, even if there is nothing to the matter in the end, you will have earned yourself a fine paid holiday.

To this end, I hope you will see fit to reply to this letter in the affirmative. If so, I will make preparation to see you brought up to the Western Isles forthwith. I am prepared to pay any fee or retainer that you feel justly reflects the requirements of your investigation. We can conduct such business in person, or through my lawyers in London. I leave the decision up to you.

I look forward to hearing from you.

*Yours sincerely,
G. Bullough*

Handout 1. Letter from Sir George Bullough

True to his word, Sir George will arrange for first-class travel for each of the investigators, including (but not limited to) train travel from Edinburgh or Glasgow to Mallaig and a chartered steamer from Mallaig to the Isle of Rum.

The Steamer to Rum

When the investigators arrive in the tiny fishing village of Mallaig, they will find that a charter steamer to Rum has been especially arranged for them. Normal ferries to the island were suspended when the islanders left for Skye, Eigg, and other nearby islands; travel must now be arranged with the charter operator in Mallaig. Steamers run only during good weather, and all travel is dependent on local and national maritime forecasts.

The investigators will be the sole occupants of the small steamer apart from the ferryman, Graham McInnes, a quiet man in his late fifties who has lived on these waters all his life. During the ninety-minute journey to Rum, McInnes will not initiate conversation, but will respond to questions. If the investigators ask why Rum is called ‘the forbidden isle’, McInnes will have little to say, other than suggesting it might go back to the disappearances of 1908 and 1909.

If asked to elaborate, McInnes will relate the story of the disappearances (see above) and how all the inhabitants of Rum eventually left for other islands. He was a young man at the time, but he can remember hearing about the disappearances. However, to his knowledge, nothing ever came of it: no one was ever found, no murder or kidnapper was discovered, and when the island was abandoned the stories simply stopped. Regarding the ‘forbidden isle’ title, McInnes will say: *“I never could work out whether people were suggesting something forbidden was done on the isle, or that people should be forbidden tae return tae it... It’s hard to get people tae even talk about it, even now. Ye’ll find out yourselves, soon enough.”*

As the steamer pulls into the harbour, investigators will note a large and expensive-looking pleasure yacht bearing the name ‘Mystery’, and make out a solitary figure standing at the dock.

Arriving on Rum

Upon disembarking at the old Kinloch dock, the investigators are met by Bullough’s gamekeeper Jack Brodie, a dour and taciturn figure in his late forties dressed in a dark tweed overcoat, worn leather boots, and hunting green Trilby hat. He carries a thin polished-oak walking stick in his right hand.

“Welcome tae Rum. I’m here tae see ye up tae the hoose. Car’s this way,” he says, quickly turning on his heel.

A lone wolf in more ways than one, Brodie is unused to socializing and offers little more than shrugs and short, sharp replies to questions. His goal is to get the investigators to the Bullough estate, and he’ll perceive any attempt to deviate from this as a severe annoyance. Any investigator paying particular attention to Brodie (or making a successful Spot Hidden roll, for example) will note a slight limp when he walks, the result of a clipped nerve from an injury in the Great War. He won’t talk about it, and will be very suspicious of anyone who points it out.

Mr Jack Brodie, Gamekeeper

**Jack Brodie, age 52,
Bullough House Gamekeeper**

STR 13 **DEX** 08 **INT** 12 **CON** 15
SIZ 11 **APP** 09 **POW** 13 **EDU** 09
SAN 51 **Hit Points:** 13

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Bargain 17%, Dodge 45%, Drive Automobile 54%, First Aid 18%, Listen 54%, Natural History 68%, Ride 25%, Spot Hidden 43%, Track 62%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 48%, damage 1D3 + db
Hunting Rifle 53%, damage 2D6 + 2

Appearance: Brodie is a man of average height and weight with jet-black hair and beady black eyes.

He's exceptionally dour, even by Scottish standards, resulting in him appearing recalcitrant, difficult, and irritable to most people. When he does talk, he grumbles or growls in low tones, and will utter monosyllables if he can get away with it. In fact, he'd rather not talk at all, and will often try to communicate non-verbally. Bullough first encountered Brodie in the Great War, and actively recruited him for duty on Rum. Brodie dislikes Bullough less than most people, and so agreed to take up the post of gamekeeper.

The drive up from the harbour to the Bullough mansion takes five minutes in the gamekeeper's aging Crossley 19.6 coupe. For anyone unaccustomed to the natural beauty of Scotland's Western Isles, the view from the pebbled road is breathtaking; Rum is notable for its wildness, being home to all manner of birds, mammals, and sea life. Rising high above this wild expanse, the mountains of Rum are tall and forbidding: the desolate peaks overshadow everything on the island. At their feet, steep hills bunch and curve before sloping off towards the sea.



Atop one of these hills the investigators first glimpse Bullough House. A sullen grey affair from the road, it is only once the Crossley is pulling into the front drive that the size of the estate and the elegant masonry of the house impress. Built in the Scottish Baronial style, the house has a regal and slightly military air.

Brodie stops outside a grand double staircase leading from the drive to a pair of high black doors, hopping from the driver's seat and ushering the investigators up the stairs. The doors swing heavily inwards and a small but powerfully built woman appears just inside. The gamekeeper takes his leave, saying not a word more to the investigators.

The stout woman introduces herself as the housekeeper, Mrs MacCrimmon. She leads the investigators to Sir George in the library, where the investigators are greeted with the smells and sights of aging books, polished wood, leather armchairs, and sheaves of bright paper. It smells strongly of ink, paraffin and expensive cigars, and ever so faintly of cognac and brandy.

A successful Library Use roll determines the collection is mostly older histories and literary works; a second roll reveals the copy of the *Scotsman* newspaper being read by Sir George is more than a month old. A successful Spot Hidden roll reveals the bookcase nearest the north wall is a cleverly disguised door to a room or passage beyond.

Looking up from his paper, Sir George Bullough stands up sharply and straightens his suit before extending his hand and walking briskly towards the investigators.

Sir George will give them a warm welcome, even fussing somewhat: a successful Psychology roll will suggest he is actively trying to hide a profound nervousness. In this initial meeting, he will give the characters a full run-down of the state of Bullough House and Rum, including a list of all the people currently in his employ, and a history of the disappearances that have occurred since his arrival several months ago. At some point, MacCrimmon will come in with tea, and a plate of sandwiches and small cakes.

Sir George Bullough, Wealthy Landowner

**Sir George Bullough, age 38,
Ageing Playboy and Sports Enthusiast**

STR 14 **DEX** 13 **INT** 11 **CON** 13
SIZ 15 **APP** 15 **POW** 10 **EDU** 12
SAN 56 **Hit Points:** 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting 11%, Drive Automobile 42%, Economics 45%, History 21%, Law 08%, Persuade 18%, Ride 68%, Spot Hidden 52%, Swim 55%, Throw 65%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 36%, damage 1D3 + db
Hunting Rifle 26%, damage 2D6 + 2

Appearance: Bullough is a tall and striking man in his late thirties. He has an air of effortless confidence and the physique of a natural sportsman. He looks slightly younger than his actual age, but telltale lines are starting to show beside his blue eyes. He has a pleasant voice, and speaks with a strong, upper-class English accent; his tone at times verges on the dramatic, but is largely for effect. Bullough cares a great deal about first impressions and looking every part the rich, handsome gentleman. Beneath the swagger and bravado is a man who has yet to find his place in the world; he is hoping to make Rum that place.

In addition to Mrs MacCrimmon, the housekeeper, and Jack Brodie, the gamekeeper, Bullough employs a groundskeeper, Isaac Hart, and a stable boy, young Charlie Lewis. In the past week, two maids have left his service: one disappeared, leaving her personal effects behind, and one quit, citing personal reasons. His latest cook vanished thirteen days ago, and Mrs MacCrimmon is filling in. His recent trips to Eigg, Skye, and Mallaig to recruit new staff have failed utterly, and he has had to arrange for new staff to travel up from Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Stirling; they should arrive later in the week.

Bullough House is now in good repair, and even the outbuildings and the Celtic folly at the bottom of the garden have been restored. Investigators can also visit the stables, gardens and aviary, the Bullough mausoleum, and the aforementioned folly, which Sir George laughingly calls 'Bullough Henge'. As for venturing further afield, Bullough owns the whole of Rum but it is virtually abandoned: the small village of Harris on the southern coast was the last inhabited village before the final exodus in 1909.

As the discussion closes, Bullough will reiterate that the investigators have complete access to anything on the isle. They can talk to whomever they like, visit wherever they like, and do as they please. All that Bullough asks is that they find out whatever is going on with his staff and clear up this 'forbidden isle' nonsense once and for all. With that, he asks Mrs MacCrimmon to show the investigators to their rooms and invites them to the main dining room for dinner that evening.

In the meantime, the investigators can do as they wish.

-Locations-

Investigators can explore locations all over the Isle of Rum. In addition to those listed below, Keepers might wish to provide other locations for the investigators to explore and discover elements related to the story or potential diversions.

Bullough House

Bullough's Study

Bullough's study is on the third floor beside the bedrooms for Bullough and the investigators. It is unlocked, and contains the sorts of things you'd expect: piles of papers, an ornate cigar box on a polished oak desk, high-backed leather armchairs by an elegantly worked fireplace, and shelves filled with books and personal mementos.

A successful Accounting roll reveals the papers involve mostly day-to-day transactions. The desk itself is locked;

a successful Locksmith roll reveals more papers and several ledgers relating to Bullough's finances. Another successful Accounting roll determines that Sir George is doing extremely well with his numerous investments. He certainly has the funds to back up his dream of turning Rum into a playground for the rich and famous.

The books and the newspapers are standard fare. The mementos are from Bullough's travels in the Mediterranean, Middle East, and India, including many small statues and souvenirs of strange deities. A successful Occult roll reveals that Bullough has collected a selection of random religious figures; perhaps he found them attractive or intriguing.

John Bullough's Personal Library

John Bullough's personal library is accessible only from the main library on the ground floor. It has remained unopened for more than a decade, and is covered in a thick layer of dust: investigators rushing in will kick up great choking clouds of the stuff. The only window in this small twelve-foot-square room is an iris-like octagon of glass panels in the ceiling. The room is without electricity and, at night, investigators will need a suitable light source. Currently a selection of dusty and cracked candles is the only alternative to darkness.

The small library is similar in many respects to the main library. The walls are covered in bookshelves somewhat haphazardly collected in categories: art, astronomy, ancient history, Celtic culture, and the legends and folklore of Scotland.

The shelves along the library's rear wall contain books of a different kind altogether: here, John Bullough collected an array of occult tomes related to druidism, astrology, animism, Celtic polytheism, and ritual sacrifice. A successful Library Use roll uncovers a small number of Mythos tomes, including: *True Magic*, *Revelations of Glaaki*, *The Secret Watcher*, and *Magic and the Black Arts* (full details of these can be found in the *Call of Cthulhu* core rulebook).

Investigators skimming the book *The Secret Watcher* (see the *Call of Cthulhu* rules for possible Sanity loss) will note

that one spell title is underlined: 'Commune with the Dark Stars' (Call / Dismiss Blackness from the Stars; see the nearby textbox for further details).

New Spell: Commune with the Dark Stars

The spell Commune with the Dark Stars (Call / Dismiss Blackness from the Stars) is a powerful spell that summons the Outer God known only as the 'Blackness from the Stars' to Earth. Normally a group of people is assembled to call the Outer God, although it's possible for a single individual to invoke the Outer God's name and bring it forth.

The caster who begins the call expends one magic point. To join the call, others must do the same. From this moment on, all who call the Blackness can sacrifice as many magic points as they possess to increase the spell's chances of success: the total magic points sacrificed is the percentile chance the spell will succeed. For example, five cultists sacrificing five magic points each would result in a 25% chance.

Commune with the Dark Stars must be cast out of doors on a moonless night in a circle of stone; casting the spell costs the caster 1D10 Sanity points.

If successful, the spell calls forth the Blackness from the Stars above the stone circle against the night sky; all present—including the caster—must make a SAN roll for 1D3 / 1D10+4 Sanity points. If an individual goes insane in its presence, the Blackness will use its Enthral power to enslave him. Those who retain their will may 'commune' with the Blackness, asking questions and seeking the wisdom of the Outer God. Full details for the Blackness from the Stars are provided in the section 'The Henge' below.

Tucked within the pages of *Magic and the Black Arts* is a hand-written note in messy pencil (Handout 2):

I CANNOT STOP THE CUTTING,
THE BURNING. I CANNOT CONTROL IT.
MY SKIN, MY FACE - I DON'T EVEN
RECOGNIZE THEM NOW.

BUT IT THRIVES ON THIS - I CAN
ALMOST SEE THAT IT TAKE
PLEASURE IN IT, THRIVING ON
THE BLOOD SPILT, THE PAIN FELT.

BUT I AM NOT SO MAD AS TO
GIVE IN TO ITS DEMANDS FOR
MORE, MORE SACRIFICES. I
MUST FIND A WAY TO UNDO
WHAT I'VE DONE. FOR MY
ALEXANDRIA, FOR GEORGE,
FOR EVERYONE.

IF ONLY I COULD SLEEP,
PERHAPS I COULD THINK -

Handout 2. John Bullough's Scribbled Note

Etched into the top of a table is the phrase "No LIGHT" (Handout 3); the wood is deeply gouged, as though by a sharp blade. A successful Spot Hidden roll reveals long-dried blood stains the cut wood where the phrase has been etched.



Handout 3. Picture of Etched Table Top

Kitchen

The kitchen of Bullough House is a huge room more than thirty feet long by fifteen wide. The fourteen-foot ceiling is fitted with hanging racks with a huge range of cooking utensils, pots, and pans; modern cooking appliances line the walls. The floor is made up of rough granite tiles and the walls are plain white.

Mrs MacCrimmon is usually here preparing meals and managing the wine stocks, if she's not running around the house trying to stay on top of the cleaning and dusting. She is excellent at her job, but prefers to be left in peace. Despite the increased workload with the general lack of staff, she is happy for the peace and quiet and finds that, up until now, she has been more than capable of running the household on her own.

Mrs MacCrimmon knows little of the mystery surrounding the missing staff. If asked, she will emphasize their weakness, laziness, and general dislike of 'good, honest work', declaring that 'young people today' aren't prepared to do the work required to keep an estate like Bullough House running properly. In fact, no one but Mrs MacCrimmon can live up to her impossibly high standards.

She has similarly low opinions of Brodie, Hart, Lewis, and even Bullough himself, painting unflattering pictures of each. She can seem inordinately harsh and resentful of others, particularly the maids and cooks "who have just up and disappeared for no good reason!" The Keeper might wish to play up Mrs MacCrimmon's resentment as a red herring.

Investigators making successful Psychology rolls will recognize decidedly anti-social tendencies in Mrs MacCrimmon. If they confront her, or reject one of her assertions, she'll become quietly hostile, stating: "everyone has a right tae their opinions". As far as she's concerned, that will be the end of the conversation.

Library

The library smells of musty books, cigar smoke, paraffin, and ink. The walls are covered in floor to ceiling bookshelves of polished mahogany, and a large mahogany table sits beneath the only window. The bookshelves

are uniformly full—someone has gone to the trouble of finding the right combination of books to perfectly fit each shelf. A close inspection shows that subjects and topics intermingle, and in some cases volumes of the same work have been separated: a successful Library Use roll indicates the collection comprises older histories and centuries-old literary works of middling to minor interest.

The newspapers on the tables are all out of date: the most recent copy of the *Scotsman* is over a month old. An elegant ebony drinks trolley in one corner holds a selection of fine cognac, sherry, port, and whisky: the intervening space is artfully filled with attractive leather chairs. A successful Spot Hidden roll reveals the bookcase nearest the north wall is a cleverly disguised door.

This hidden ‘door’ lacks a handle or other visible means of opening. A successful Conceal or halved Spot Hidden roll discovers something unusual about the John Locke volume *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding*: pushing its spine inwards and sliding it upwards reveals a tiny handle with a lock beneath. Pulling the handle reveals the concealed door is locked: a successful halved Locksmith roll will open it with some difficulty.

Investigators asking Sir George about the door will find it has frustrated him as well: “I’m afraid I’ve been unable to find a key, and I’ve had no luck contracting a locksmith either!” If the characters suggest forcing the door, Bullough will become visibly uncomfortable, saying there must be some other way: he’s loathe to harm the wood in the library.

Investigators seeking out John Locke’s *Of the Conduct of the Understanding* on the other side of the library will find the book hollowed out and a slightly rusty steel key inside. This key will open the door to John Bullough’s private library.

Sitting Room

The sitting room is accessed via double doors from the front foyer or the dining room. It is little more than a collection of fine art and furniture, amongst which are fine statues and sculptures in silver, bronze, and hardwoods, as well as ivory, jade and gold. The naturalistic carvings and

sculptures mostly depict animals or idealized human forms: a few have a decidedly Indian or Middle Eastern flavour.

A huge collection of paintings lines the faded lime-green walls, largely by local and commissioned artists, but a few with famous names and worth more than a shilling or two (make an Art or EDU x2 Know roll to realise this).

Six paintings have been taken down and are resting on the floor against a small table near the back of the room, stacked so that the elaborately framed art is hidden from view. They are all portraits of John Bullough, Sir George’s father. Two also include his mother Alexandria. In each painting, the face of John Bullough has been torn or cut, obliterating the patriarch’s features. A successful Art roll determines that these paintings are oil on canvas and date back more than twenty years. The oldest, showing John Bullough as a young man, is more than fifty years old. Careful examination reveals that a blade has slashed through Bullough’s face; in the two paintings depicting John and Alexandria, Bullough’s face has not only been slashed, but the canvas appears to have been torn and stripped by human hands.

Attic

The attic above Bullough House is accessible only through the servants’ stair at the back of the house. The door is a flimsy pine panel on rusty iron hinges; the attic is a massive space broken up with angled beams and cross braces. There is no natural light and it is uncomfortably warm, but with a torch or similar light source the space is easily traversed.

The attic holds many boxes and chests. Steamer trunks and hatboxes fill one corner; a collection of old books sits on bookshelves clustered in another. Around the wide, central chimney shaft stand four wardrobes, the doors to two of which are open, and several winter coats, furs, and overcoats are piled on the floor nearby.

A thick layer of dust covers everything, with the exception of the furs and coats. A successful Track or halved Spot Hidden roll reveals a trail of steps between the attic door and the wardrobes: close inspection reveal the footsteps are two months old or more. The clothing has been piled to create a roughly rectangular bed on the attic floor.

Examining the furs and coats, investigators realize that most are made for a woman; only three men's overcoats are used in the makeshift bedding, and they are nearest the attic floor.

Basement

Like the attic, the basement is reached via the servants' stair. It is lit by bare bulbs at irregular intervals; it does not run the length of the house, and is considerably smaller than the ground floor above. It contains a short-walled bay for coal, three alcoves currently used for storage, and several wooden wine racks.

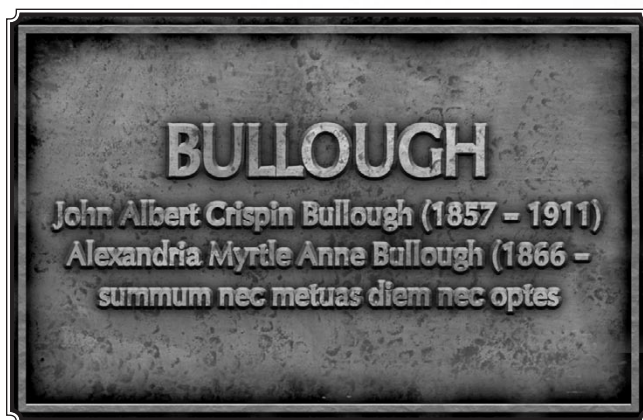
Access to the rear of the house is via a short set of steps and a steel door on the back of the building. The door is new, very sturdy, and locked with a massive mortise key lock as well as a deadbolt near the floor. The only other entry point is the coal chute, which drops into the coal bay from five feet up the exterior brick wall.

A small selection of wine bottles—recently brought up from Glasgow—is kept in the wine racks. Most contain Bullough's favourite Semillon Blanc from Bordeaux, but a few bottles of red and a rosé or two are stored here as well. The alcoves contain mostly dried foodstuffs. The coal bay is a foot deep in coal; a successful Spot Hidden roll reveals two clear handprints in the coal dust near the chute. Additionally, the bottom of the chute is streaked as though something—or someone—has slid down it, perhaps recently.

Bullough Mausoleum

The Bullough mausoleum stands near the back of the ornamental gardens, a beautifully crafted neo-classical structure which would not be out of place in a Roman garden. Its single gated entrance has a wrought iron latch with space for a lock, although there is no lock at present and the gate swings open easily once the latch is lifted.

Inside is a marbled room fifteen feet square; two large, white-marble sarcophagi nine feet long and three feet wide stand three feet apart. Above them is a bronze wall plaque (Handout 4):



Handout 4. Bullough Mausoleum Plaque

A successful Latin roll—or fifteen minutes spent with one of the Latin-English dictionaries in the Bullough library—translates the inscription as: “neither fear nor wish for your last day”. If the investigators ask Sir George about the inscription, he will shake his head and laugh: “not an inspired choice, is it. I’ve no idea why he chose it.” If they ask him why his own name is missing from the plaque, Bullough says that he and his parents never saw eye-to-eye: to his knowledge, his mother is still alive in London, although he hasn’t made any attempt to contact her in over four years.

If the investigators examine the two sarcophagi, have them make Spot Hidden rolls: success reveals a lack of dust around the bottom of the lids. Looking more closely, they will note some scratching on the underside of the lids and around their edges. A successful Geology roll or a halved Know roll suggests the sarcophagus has been repeatedly opened and closed. To shift either lid requires a STR roll on the Resistance Table versus a score of 15. Characters can work together to add their STR scores.

The interiors of both sarcophagi contain the rotting bodies of the recently sacrificed cooks and maids, lying atop a host of older bones dating back to the disappearances of 1904–1909. Have the players make SAN rolls: failure costs the investigators 1D3 Sanity points, and they must make CON x5 rolls or be physically sick at the sight and smell. Examining the bodies, the investigators will discover that John Bullough's sarcophagus contains only male bodies and skeletons—more than twenty-five—and the sarcophagus prepared for Alexandria Bullough contains only female—more than fifteen bodies, including the two recent maids. The bones at the base of the sarcophagi are so numerous and mixed that exact numbers are difficult to determine, made more difficult by the incompleteness of many skeletons. None of the corpses' clothing or effects are contained in the sarcophagi.

Although it's pretty much impossible for the investigators to discover at this point, the body of John Bullough is not included in the jumble of bones and rotting flesh.

Gardens and Aviary

The rear gardens and glass aviary within are still a work in progress after years of neglect. The gardens have seen some care, but the shrubbery and other foliage are in desperate need of a gardener's touch. Most glass panels in the currently empty aviary are cracked and badly stained; a crate of new panels sits by the door. Despite the lack of care, it's still possible to imagine how attractive the garden must have looked in better days.

By day the investigators will encounter Isaac Hart, the new groundskeeper, repairing and revivifying the Bullough

gardens. By night, Hart either sleeps in his quarters, plays poker with Brodie, or conducts investigations of his own.

Mr Isaac Hart, Groundskeeper

Isaac Hart, age 34,
Secretive Groundskeeper and Avenger

STR 12	DEX 10	INT 12	CON 14
SIZ 14	APP 10	POW 12	EDU 08
SAN 46		Hit Points: 14	

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Agriculture 17%, Botany 23%, Conceal 25%, Drive Automobile 22%, Fast Talk 66%, Law 28%, Persuade 48%, Ride 43%, Spot Hidden 42%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 38%, damage 1D3 + db
.38 Pistol 56%, damage 1D6 + 1

Appearance: Hart is a severe-looking man in his mid-thirties with a shaved head and no facial hair. His large, crooked nose sits awkwardly in his face below blue-grey eyes. Born on Rum outside the small village of Harris, his early childhood was scarred by the death of his parents at the hands of the 'Last Man' (see The Lair, below). Hart was hidden in a wardrobe when the creature broke into his parents' cottage and murdered them. After his parent's 'disappearance', the young Hart was shipped off to the mainland and spent the rest of his childhood moving from one foster home to another. A life of petty theft and minor crime followed until Hart caught word that Bullough was returning to Rum. He has returned to find the monstrous thing that killed his parents and see them finally avenged.

Hart is, in truth, no more a groundskeeper than Bullough himself, but is counting on being able to avenge his parents before Sir George realizes. Any investigator with a rural background or profession will be able to tell Hart is an imposter—or, at least, woefully bad at his job—after

thirty minutes observation and a successful Know roll. If anyone mentions it, Hart states he's 'rusty' after working in different jobs on the mainland for so long.

Hart will not trust the investigators, worrying they'll steal his opportunity to avenge his parents. He'll shadow them and attempt to use them and / or their findings to flush out the monster before putting a bullet through its head. A successful Psychology roll when interacting with Hart reveals he is hiding something. Hart could be a red herring, or alternatively he could be useful in the investigators' battle against the thing in the lair.

A successful Track or Spot Hidden roll in the garden reveals a narrow path of crushed grass to one side of the Bullough mausoleum; it leads clearly up the side of the nearby hillock and terminates at the hilltop henge.

Stables

The stables are to the right of the main house and contain stalls for five horses, as well as a small workroom and office. Bullough owns a pair of Highland colts—unimaginatively named Thunderbolt and Lightning—that the stable boy, Charlie Lewis, looks after full time, as well as helping Mrs MacCrimmon in the evenings. Of all Bullough's employees, young Lewis is the happiest and most appreciative: he was looking for a break, and is delighted to be working for someone as famous as Sir George. He loves his job, living in Bullough House, and the adventure of 'being an adult, like'.

Lewis is a little over five and a half feet tall with longish brown hair, bright brown eyes, and a wide, toothy grin. He's thin and weedy, but uses what strength and dexterity he has to effectively control the horses. Honest to a fault, he'll answer the investigators' questions with candour: unfortunately he knows nothing about the intrigues at Bullough House, although he can be helpful in a more general way—indeed he'll bend over backwards to help the investigators.

Lewis is well-liked at Bullough House, and he thinks highly of them, too, especially Bullough and Mrs MacCrimmon. Being smaller and younger than the others, Lewis may

be targeted early by the 'Last Man', and his sudden 'disappearance' might provide an excellent motivator for the investigators.

The Henge

The stone henge at the back of the Bullough House gardens stands on a small hillock and affords a charming view over the estate and hills surrounding the house. By day, it's a pleasant enough spot, although much of the grass near the centre of the circle has died away, leaving a bald patch of dried dirt and sand. By night, however, the henge is home and prison to the 'Blackness from the Stars'—a hungry and malevolent Outer God which John Bullough summoned more than two decades ago, but did not have the power to dismiss.



The elder Bullough did, however, manage to confine the Blackness to the henge, and there it has remained trapped ever since. Now, every night, the angry and vengeful Blackness tortures and feeds off the elder Bullough, keeping him alive for its entertainment and nourishment until it can find a means of setting itself free. John Bullough's only respite comes with the full moon, for the Blackness cannot stand bright light.

Though largely immaterial, the Blackness feeds off blood and pain. It has enthralled John Bullough, twisting and corrupting him: when the isle was populated, the Blackness had Bullough murder the islanders and bring them to the henge as sacrifices. When the remaining islanders left, the Blackness subsisted off Bullough, commanding its thrall to replenish himself by feeding on gannets, fish, and the eggs of larger seabirds. Now that humans walk on Rum again, the Blackness from the Stars has commanded sacrifices once more.

The Blackness from the Stars, Lesser Outer God

The Blackness from the Stars, ageless, Trapped Outer God

STR — **DEX** — **INT** 19 **CON** 40
SIZ 60 **APP** — **POW** 35 **EDU** —
SAN — **Hit Points:** 50

Damage Bonus: n/a

Skills: At Keeper's discretion

Weapons: See special abilities and effects below

Armour: None, but immune to heat, cold, acid, electricity, and non-enchanted weapons; magic affects it normally, but it regenerates 3 HP per round; bright light causes it damage or even death (see special abilities and effects below)

Sanity Cost: 1D3 / 1D10+4

Appearance: The Blackness from the Stars appears as an immobile and immaterial mass of shimmering, sentient darkness. Most often distinguished as a horrible void against the backdrop of night, or a vaguely glinting volume of utter darkness, the Outer God will not communicate nor suffer fools who attempt to converse with it. It is a thing of pure malevolence and insatiable hunger.

Special Abilities and Effects:

Enthral: Victims become obsessed with the Outer God. Match the target's POW versus the Blackness's POW on the Resistance Table. Each day the victim is enthralled costs 1D6 Sanity points; once SAN reaches zero, the victim becomes a willing slave of the Blackness from the Stars. The Outer God can enthrall one target per day.

Light Weakness: The Outer God cannot endure light stronger than pale moonlight: direct sunlight would sear it to ashes. Bright artificial light (car headlights, flares, movie lighting, etc.) inflicts 1D6 points of damage per round; lesser lights such as torches or lanterns inflict 1D4 damage per round. Even dim light sources such as candles do 1D2 damage per round to the Blackness from the Stars. The Outer God will not tolerate any light near itself, and will immediately cast Vortex if anyone should bring light into its presence.

Psychic Sendings: Victims are plagued with nightmarish dreams of the Outer God; individuals with a history of temporary insanity or mental instability are the most common targets. Victims must be asleep and within twenty miles of the Blackness for effect, and lose 0 / 1D3 Sanity from experiencing these horrific dreams.

Vortex: The Blackness from the Stars can manipulate the air around it into a sudden vortex of hurricane-force wind radiating in a spiral around the Outer God. Creating the vortex costs twenty magic points, and causes 1D20 damage to everything in a ten-yard radius.

Being trapped, the Outer God can do little unless the investigators enter the circle of the henge. Should they bring a light source within ten yards of the thing, it will immediately lash out with its Vortex ability, seeking to extinguish the light and those who bear it. Utterly silent and nearly immaterial, the Blackness from the Stars may not

be immediately perceptible to the investigators, although they'll feel an intense cold and an uncomfortable pressure within the henge as though a great weight were pushing down upon them. Investigators seeing the Blackness must make SAN rolls. The Blackness may also try to enthrall anyone entering the circle of the henge.

Killing the Blackness is relatively straightforward once the investigators have worked out what can harm it. The most expeditious method would be to drive one or two vehicles to the side of the henge and angle the headlights to the top of the stone structure. Again, if the Blackness has enough magic points, it will lash out with Vortex, doing 1D20 damage to everything within ten yards and possibly destroying any vehicle headlights, and certainly any torches or lanterns held by the investigators.

The Lair

The lair is little more than a shallow cave a mile from Bullough House. The 'Last Man' has resided here since Sir George Bullough's arrival. The 'Last Man' is in fact John Bullough, or what is left of him. The 'Last Man' is a title that he gave himself after finding himself alone on Rum more than a decade ago. Over time, the Blackness from the Stars has had the elder Bullough mutilate himself, cutting and carving his flesh, branding and burning his body, and worse.

A successful Track roll and a successful Sneak roll will lead the investigators directly to the Last Man's lair unobserved; failure on either means the investigators will either encounter the Last Man out of his lair, or will arrive at the lair to find the Last Man alerted, and about to flee or possibly attack. Inclement weather will result in a -10% penalty to Track rolls and a +10% bonus to Sneak.

The cave is full of clothing, some of which belonged to the recently missing cooks and maids, and a tremendous number of tiny bones—due to the Last Man's diet of fish, sea birds, and small rodents.

When the investigators encounter the Last Man, there will be very little left of John Bullough to recognize. In fact, only

his wedding ring will identify him as Sir George's father: the Last Man is no longer human, but a twisted and mutilated slave of the Blackness from the Stars.

The Last Man, Thrall of the Blackness from the Stars

John Bullough, age 61,

Self-proclaimed 'Last Man' and Insane Thrall

STR 14	DEX 10	INT 01	CON 10
SIz 12	APP 01	POw 08	EDU —
SAN —		Hit Points: 14	

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: At Keeper's discretion

Weapons: Fist / Punch 58%, damage 1D3 + db
Grapple, damage special

Sanity Cost: 1 / 1D6

Appearance: The Last Man appears as a burned and mutilated walking corpse—not dead, but not truly alive either. As a thrall of the Blackness from the Stars, the abomination has been kept alive for the Outer God's amusement and as a means of achieving its revenge and acquiring sustenance. Although vaguely human in shape, the Last Man's skin has been cut, burned, and torn repeatedly, leaving it misshapen. It wears no clothes, and its naked flesh is a horrible conglomeration of blistered red, sickly yellow, and cracked charcoal colours. The Last Man doesn't talk—it no longer can—and thinks only of its own survival. It's purely instinctual and completely insane.

The investigators will face a difficult choice: the Last Man will attack them if threatened, but will otherwise seek to escape. Should they attack, it will put up a fierce fight, but will be no match for armed investigators.

Should they let the thing escape, it will continue to murder the inhabitants of Rum as sacrifices to the Blackness from the Stars.

If the Blackness is destroyed, the Last Man will return to the Bullough Mausoleum if it can, there to finally succumb to its wounds.

If the Last Man is killed and the corpse examined, the investigators will find John Bullough's wedding ring. If informed, Sir George will be shocked and appalled to learn the monster was in fact his father: however, examination of the sarcophagi will confirm his father's role.

A Twist in the Tale

A possible twist in the tale may occur if the investigators kill the Last Man before they learn about the Blackness from the Stars and its imprisonment in the henge. In such a case, the Outer God will likely seek to enthrall another of Bullough's servants—or even one of the investigators or Bullough himself—and begin the whole cycle again.

The Mystery

The Bullough family yacht, the *Mystery*, is docked in the harbour. Although probably little use in their investigation, it does provide the player characters with a means of escaping the island should things go terribly wrong.

The Village of Harris

The tiny, uninhabited village of Harris is on the southwestern shore of Rum. The village is an opportunity for Keepers to introduce elements that can help guide players or diversions to lengthen or add new dimensions to the investigation.

-Conclusion-

Investigators will hopefully conclude this scenario by resolving the mystery of the 'forbidden isle', possibly by finding and destroying the Last Man preying on the island's inhabitants, but also possibly by working out the causes behind his existence and the island's troubled history—namely the Blackness from the Stars.

Sir George Bullough will reward investigators for any successful outcome: if they uncover the identity of the Last Man, he will likely ask them to keep the truth to themselves, so as not to taint his family name. Sir George will also be glad to be rid of the dangerous books in his father's secret library if the investigators are interested in them.

For successfully dealing with the Last Man and putting an end to the murders and disappearances on Rum, investigators should be rewarded 1D6 Sanity points. If they also manage to destroy or otherwise rid Rum of the Blackness from the Stars, they should receive a further 2D6 Sanity points.



-Appendix I: Plot Map for 'The Forbidden Isle'-

Location	Personas	Relationships	Motivation	Clues
Rum Charter Steamer	Graham McInnes, ferryman		Getting by without too much bother	Talking to McInnes
Kinloch Dock	Jack Brodie, gamekeeper	Works for Bullough, tolerates everyone else	Money and loyalty to Bullough	Talking to Brodie
Bullough House, Rum	Sir George Bullough, wealthy land owner; Mrs Jane MacCrimmon, housekeeper; Isaac Hart, groundskeeper	Bullough employs Brodie, Mrs MacCrimmon, Lewis and Hart;	Bullough seeks fame and pleasure; Mrs MacCrimmon seeks to control the household; Hart is looking for his parents' murderer	Talking to Bullough Talking to Mrs MacCrimmon Talking to Hart John Bullough's private library John Bullough's scribbled note Etched table top
Bullough House Stables	Charlie Lewis, stable boy	Works for Bullough and is adored by Mrs MacCrimmon	Charlie is looking for a break and is delighted to be working for someone as famous as Sir George	Talking to Charlie
Harris				Keeper's discretion
Bullough Mausoleum				Mausoleum plaque Sarcophagi full of bodies
The Henge	The Blackness from the Stars	Controls the 'Last Man'	Vengeance and survival	Seeing the Blackness from the Stars
The Lair	The 'Last Man'	Thrall of the 'Blackness from the Stars'	Insane and mindless, the 'Last Man' is driven by the needs of the 'Blackness from the Stars'.	Remains of the 'Last Man'

- Star Seed -

Archaeologist John McNamara invites the investigators to Skara Brae to confer on a strange artefact he's discovered. If he's right, there might have been a very good reason why the settlement was abandoned so suddenly millennia ago. Worse, it would appear the stars are aligning once more, and that same 'reason' might well be returning from the timeless depths of space.

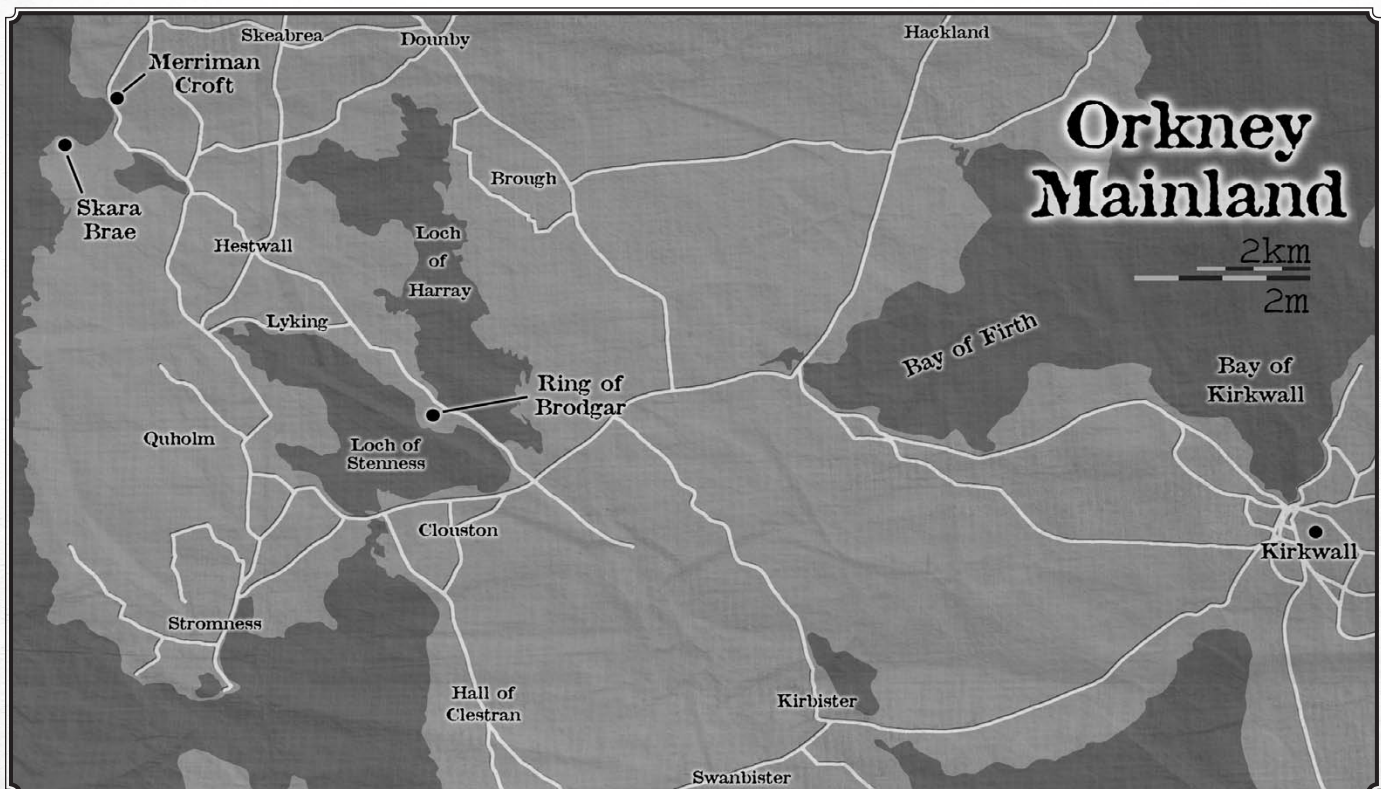
- Introduction -

This short scenario for novice investigators can easily be tailored for experienced ones too. If historical accuracy is a concern, it should take place in the latter half of the 1920s, as Skara Brae was not fully excavated until 1928-30. Rather than a face-to-face encounter with a Mythos entity, *Star Seed* sees the investigators attempting to forestall a particularly deadly encounter with the Colours Out of Space (see page 153 of the *Call of Cthulhu* core book).

Set on the northern island of Orkney, places of interest are shown on the map below. The investigators receive a letter from a friend, Dr John McNamara, an eminent archaeologist

from Miskatonic University in Massachusetts. McNamara has considerable experience with the Cthulhu Mythos and has been drawn to the site of Skara Brae on Orkney, where he has uncovered something that needs looking into and for which he has contacted the investigators (archaeologist or historian investigators will be particularly suitable).

Events in the scenario move from initial investigation to prevention, as the investigators play a vital role in thwarting the Mythos threat. If successful, they will prevent the return of the Colours Out of Space; if they fail, the Colours will attempt to consume the life-force of every living human, animal, and plant on the island, leaving Orkney a lifeless rock in the North Atlantic.



-Keeper's Information-

The Story So Far

For more than seven hundred and fifty million years, a powerful sentient race inhabiting the black gulfs of intergalactic space has seeded nearby star systems with black crystalline shards. Known only as the 'Colours Out of Space', these insubstantial beings exist in a dimension where our natural laws and constants, such as time and matter, are meaningless. The purpose of their crystalline 'star seeds' is unknown, but in each case wherever a star seed is encountered widespread devastation follows. Mythos historians have uncovered evidence of five such encounters in human history: in the Northwest Territories of Canada in 23,470 BCE; northern Australia in 10,277 BCE; Xinjiang Province, China, in 3102 BCE; Mayan Guatemala in 705CE; and in central Africa in 1007CE. It is possible that other encounters have taken place but are unrecorded.

In each of these cases, no crystalline shard was ever found or recovered, and in all of the known instances, the level and pattern of devastation were surprisingly similar. These encounters and the resulting loss of life have historically been explained away as natural disasters (droughts, forest fires, and so on); only the most recent encounter has provided Mythos academics with any real documentary evidence establishing a connection—if rather tenuous—between these events and the Colours Out of Space.

In the summer of 1869, Professor Karl Arnulf Brecht and his team of thirteen researchers from the University of Göttingen, together with an entourage of thirty-five African labourers, vanished in the dense jungle near the Sibiti River in Tanganyika. Weeks later, Brecht's journal was discovered at the heart of a mystery: a dead jungle full of twisted and desiccated vegetation scattered with the grey husks of dead animals and insects, and Brecht's camp, utterly devoid of life. An area of more than twenty-five miles radiating out from Brecht's camp had somehow been rendered completely lifeless.

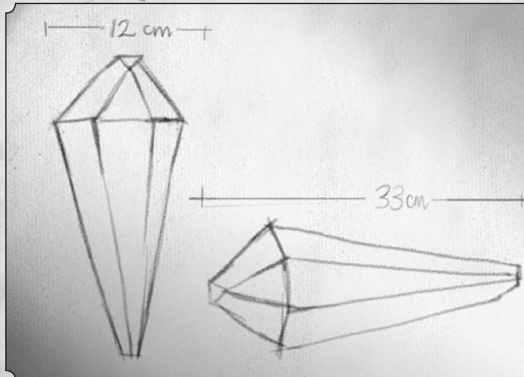
At the camp, tents stood empty, fires had long burnt out, and grey ash covered everything. Only Brecht's journal,

found on his desk, spoke of the mysterious events which had occurred weeks before. The journal detailed the German archaeologist's search for the ruins of an ancient Unyamwezi settlement. Brecht believed he would find the ruins near the Sibiti in an area of jungle that the modern Nyamwezi tribes considered unholy and avoided at all costs. The professor was undeterred by such superstitious nonsense. In his journal, he wrote at length of his determination and "zunehmende Besessenheit"—increasing obsession—to find this lost jungle city, which the Nyamwezi had called 'the City That Eats Men'.

A month into the search, Brecht's team came upon a series of impressive ruins and began excavations. A few days later, the professor celebrated the finding of a great temple beneath the jungle vines and undergrowth—he had indeed discovered the lost Unyamwezi city. A week later they uncovered a small chamber dug into the earth at the centre of the temple. Within that dark chamber, Brecht's team discovered a strange, glass-like stone set in the earth which was oddly warm to the touch. Carefully excavating the artefact, Brecht wrote of what they found in his journal (Handout 1):

The 23rd of August, 1869. Noon.

The final excavation is complete. This miraculous thing remains a mystery. I shall attempt to draw it below. 33 centimetres in length and 12 centimetres at its widest point, but tapering to two obelisk-like ends. It could be a great shard of obsidian, but its shape is surprisingly crystalline and angular. The angles and lines are perfectly straight. It is unlike anything I have ever seen. Stranger still is the warmth it exudes, warmer I would guess than 20 degrees Celsius. I have no theory to explain this warmth. To find such a thing in the African jungle — I don't know what to make of it. Reinhardt has dubbed it 'the black shard', which seems a perfectly usable descriptor. It is all I can think about. This black shard is something truly exceptional. I can feel it. I am eager to get it back to the labs in Göttingen.



[translated from the original German]

Handout 1. Brecht's African Journal, Part 1

Some hours later, Brecht writes of a great disturbance (Handout 2):

The 24th of August, 1869. 2.42 am.

Awoken by an explosion 20 minutes ago. My ears are ringing, not from the sound but the pressure. By the time we had all risen and lit our lanterns, there was nothing to be seen in the camp: nothing broken, nothing ablaze... Simply, nothing. Half the slaves have run off into the night. The other half are terrified, murmuring dark things. Lehmann and Wechsler are talking nonsense about the shard.

The 24th of August, 1869. 3.21 am.

The camp has been thoroughly checked. The only possibility... cannot be true. All the evidence points to the black shard. I'm still shaking from the strange blast... no, not a blast, exactly. I am strangely tired. I feel confused and irritable as well. We all do. Is it possible? Could the shard have emitted some kind of pulse of energy or force? The whole camp shook with it. It seems impossible, and yet — when I touched the thing just ten minutes ago, it was cold, no longer warm but cold like steel. I could have sworn beneath its black surface, deep within the shard, I saw the dimmest flickering light. I must sleep. I am too tired to think more of this.

The 24th of August, 1869. 9.40 am.

Only the Usambara guide remains — all the other Africans stole away before dawn, convinced of a curse. We are reduced to 15 men, but thank God in heaven our guide stayed true. Wechsler demands we return to Zanzibar, but I managed to get the others to see reason. We have enough food and supplies for more than a month. With a work rotation, we can still accomplish all we came here to do.

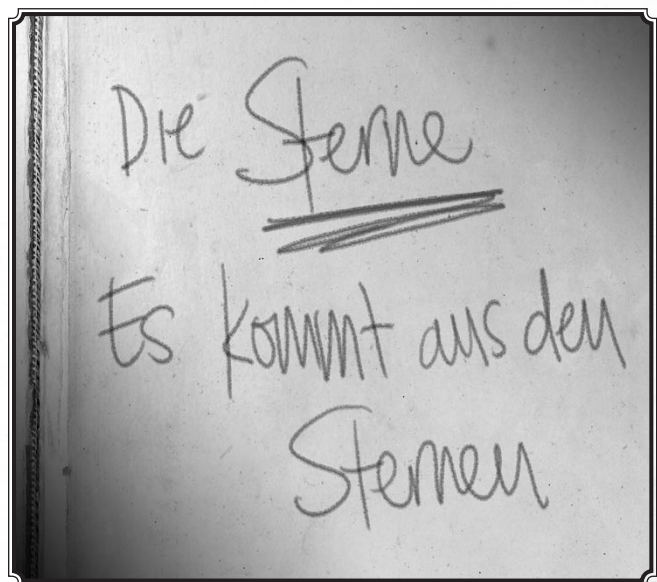
The 25th August, 1869. 7.40 pm.

It seems impossible, but there can be no doubt about the black shard now. The light that grows inside it gets brighter with each passing day. Perhaps I am going mad, but I see luminescence everywhere — in the jungle, in the camp, in the faces of my colleagues. The same damnable glow everywhere!

[translated from the original German]

Handout 2. Brecht's African Journal, Part 2

The journal ends three days later with Brecht manically scrawling across the page (Handout 3): “Die Sterne. Es kommt aus den Sternen” (“The stars. It comes from the stars”).



Handout 3. Brecht's African Journal, Part 3

Academics have long pondered this enigmatic final statement by the German archaeologist and the mystery surrounding the 'black shard' mentioned in his journal. No such artefact was ever found at Brecht's camp. Some suggest the shard may have been stolen; others believe it was destroyed in the 'elemental maelstrom' that annihilated the surrounding forest. The truth remains unknown.

One academic who has spent a lifetime researching the little-known Colours Out of Space is Doctor John McNamara of Miskatonic University. An eminent archaeologist and Mythos historian, McNamara has researched the subject for more than twenty years, and undertaken numerous digs in search of evidence further establishing the connection between the Colours and the mysterious 'star seeds'. His efforts have taken him around the world, primarily to sites where a rapid depopulation is linked to mysterious events.

Doctor John McNamara, Archaeologist

**John McNamara, age 44,
Professor of Archaeology at Miskatonic
University**

STR 12 **DEX** 09 **INT** 16 **CON** 12
SIZ 10 **APP** 11 **POW** 13 **EDU** 17
SAN 36 **Hit Points:** 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Anthropology 67%, Archaeology 88%, Climb 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 19%, Drive Automobile 27%, Geology 58%, History 69%, Occult 46%, Persuade 33%, Spot Hidden 82%, Theology 46%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 48%, damage 1D3 + db
.38 Pistol 41%, damage 1D6

Appearance: McNamara is a man of average size and build in his mid-forties. In fact, he is exceedingly average in just about every physical respect. With thinning, light brown hair, bright brown eyes, and a nose slightly too large for his face, behind his average

facade he hides a stunning intellect and critical mind. McNamara is an academic firecracker who has rocketed to the forefront of his field in less than a decade, and become the youngest professor in the Archaeology Department at Miskatonic University. McNamara prefers quiet work to boisterous debate, and can be easily overshadowed in conversation, but when he wants to impress he can hold his own with any academic of the time.

Most recently, Dr McNamara has received funding to dig in and around the Neolithic settlement of Skara Brae on the northern Scottish island of Orkney. Skara Brae was abandoned mysteriously in approximately 2500 BCE. McNamara believes that the sudden depopulation may be connected to a star seed, and is hoping to find evidence to corroborate his theory through a month-long investigation of the site.

What Dr McNamara had not expected, and was completely unprepared for, was the discovery of an intact black shard at Skara Brae, hidden behind a blocked-off passageway. Aware that this might be one of the most significant archaeological finds in human history, McNamara was beside himself with a mixture of excitement and trepidation. Unsure what steps to take next, he needed a second opinion and to think out options for revealing this great discovery to the world. McNamara sent a letter to an old friend—one of the investigators—for assistance. The archaeologist continued his excavations at Skara Brae while thinking how better to examine the star seed. The shard appeared to be an exact copy of the one Brecht drew in his African journal more than fifty years earlier. More than a week passed as McNamara awaited his friend's arrival, but he found his willpower greatly tested. He tried to busy himself with other explorations, but time and again he was drawn to the star seed.

Finally, his curiosity got the better of him. Less than forty-eight hours before the investigators' arrival, McNamara found himself staring at the black shard. He had to know if it exuded the same warmth as Brecht's: reaching out his hand, he was amazed to find it did. However, a sudden gust of wind caused the archaeologist to lose his balance and

knock the star seed from its position, sending it tumbling. To protect it, he grasped the shard and lifted it from the ground. He held it aloft for only a moment, feeling its warmth in his hands, then placed it carefully back in the earth. Shaken and distracted, he walked back to his tent. As he sat down before his journal, his heart was pounding and he was covered in a cold sweat. What had he done? What events might he have triggered? As clearly and honestly as he could, he wrote up the day in his diary before returning to neighbouring Skail Farm where he had rented a room. Unable to eat, when night came sleep was impossible: he picked up his copy of Brecht's journal and read those final, fateful passages, a sinking feeling in his stomach.

Shortly before dawn his fears were realized when a massive pressure wave hit the farm followed by a single,

thunderous, unearthly tone which permeated earth, stone, and flesh before passing into nothingness. Drawn to his feet, McNamara felt sick. He had to see for himself: it would not do to sit here shaking with fear. He had to return to the site, to feel the shard grown cold and see for himself the faint light glowing within the star seed. He had to know the awful truth.

Involving the Investigators

The scenario begins with the arrival of a letter (Handout 4) from Dr McNamara beseeching them to come to Skara Brae. He has received a considerable grant from the university to undertake this work and can afford to bring the investigators out as consultants.

From the desk of Doctor John McNamara - Professor of Archaeology, Miskatonic University, Arkham, Mass.

timendi causa est nescire

My dearest friend,

This letter will no doubt come as a surprise. I know it has been a long time, and you'll have to forgive me for not including a longer note in last Christmas' card, but I've been terribly busy of late. I do trust that you are keeping well

I'll get straight to the point. I am writing you from Skara Brae, Scotland, on the island of Orkney, where I've made the most remarkable discovery. I'm afraid it is not the sort of thing I can discuss here, but I can tell you that it is of the utmost significance—and not just to my own narrow band of research! I have discovered an artifact on site that offers us a rather unique opportunity, but one that needs to be clearly thought out. And this is precisely why I am writing now.

I'm alone out here at the moment, but I find myself very much in need of an expert mind to confer with and one with Mythos experience as well. Naturally, I thought of you. I know that this is all rather sudden, but I really do need your help to deal with this extraordinary situation. I'm also aware that this letter must seem maddeningly vague, but I can assure you all will become clear. I need someone I can trust, my friend, and someone with an open mind. To be frank, you are the only person who can help me.

Miskatonic has provided me with a substantial grant, and I can easily afford to bring you out to Orkney as a consultant. If you've anyone you feel would be of assistance then by all means bring them along as well. I can make arrangements for you or reimburse you once you are here—whatever suits. I know this is a tremendous favor to ask of you, but I think you will understand why I'm playing my cards so closely when you see for yourself what I have found.

I do hope you'll come. I'm staying at the address below and, of course, I will arrange for your accommodation here as well. Please send me your answer at this address and I'll deal with any requirements you may have. Apologies again for all this damnable mystery, old friend, but you'll understand the reason when you're here!

All the best,

J.

Skail Home Farm, Skail, Orkney Islands, Scotland

P.S. Bring a raincoat!

Handout 4. McNamara's Letter to Investigators

One way or another, the investigators should soon find themselves arriving at Skaill Home Farm. However, the situation they find on their arrival will come as a shock. Whilst they were en route to Orkney, a strange series of events occurred, culminating in McNamara falling seriously ill. Rather than being welcomed by the archaeologist, the investigators will be met at Skaill Home Farm by owners Arthur and Margaret Moodie.

The Moodies will reveal that not forty-eight hours ago a strange earthquake shook the farm and surrounding area. Immediately after, Dr McNamara ran out to the Skara Brae dig site. The archaeologist did not return all day and night, until finally Margaret Moodie insisted her husband go to check the doctor was safe, and not wanting dinner that evening. An hour later, Arthur returned carrying Dr McNamara: the doctor was pale and unresponsive and, not knowing what more to do, the Moodies put him to bed. He's lain there ever since, and hasn't eaten a thing. They are about to send for a doctor when the investigators arrive.

Countdown to Disaster

From the moment the investigators arrive at Skaill Home Farm, they have a mere forty-eight hours to discover what has happened and devise a means of circumventing the coming disaster. The countdown has begun, and time is very much against them. When running this scenario, you'll need both to keep an eye on how much time has elapsed in-game, and also communicate this to the players. Reading Brecht's journal is one way the investigators can work out that time is running out, and how much time they have left; also, the condition the star seed is in and McNamara's condition may also be a gauge. Indeed, by this point, they may find that much time has already been eaten up investigating the circumstances that led to McNamara's condition. You don't need to be accurate to the minute with this countdown—it should be a way of injecting a sense of excitement and urgency into your game, rather than a rigid straitjacket.

After forty-eight hours have elapsed, the Colours Out of Space will arrive at the site of the black shard and begin feeding on all living matter they find. As they feed, their power will grow until they are almost unstoppable. The

Colours will spread out from the shard site and not stop feeding until their hunger is sated—in this case, some three weeks later. Eventually the Colours will consume all life on Orkney. The investigators' only hope is to destroy the star seed or remove it from the planet before forty-eight hours have passed. Just how they accomplish this is up to them: a couple of possibilities are mentioned in the section 'Destroying the Star Seed'.

Should time run out or the conditions for dealing with the star seed not be met, the Colours Out of Space will arrive and the investigators will have two options: to combat these extraterrene horrors, or flee in abject terror. Details of this eventuality, including statistics for the Colours, are provided on page 285.

-Locations-

Merriman Croft

Merriman Croft is three miles from Skaill Home Farm on a picturesque promontory on the Bay of Skaill. Accessible via dirt track from the main road, it's a short drive from Skara Brae. Mrs Anne Merriman, known locally as 'Old Lady Merriman', and her young maid Miss Fiona Hestwall live together in the crofter's cottage. A single-storey dwelling with five rooms, the cottage is far from glamorous, but is a comfortable enough home.

When the investigators arrive, either by foot or car, Miss Hestwall will greet them. A very attractive young woman with long, dark brown hair, pale white skin, and striking blue eyes, she's quiet, though exceptionally intelligent, and very protective of Mrs Merriman. As the old woman's protégé and apprentice, Miss Hestwall has spent the last few years learning about magic and the Mythos; she'll be intrigued to hear what brings the investigators to Merriman Croft—as will Mrs Merriman.

Mrs Anne Merriman ('Old Lady Merriman')

**Anne Merriman, age 100+,
Wise Woman and Hedgewitch**

STR 05 **DEX** 04 **INT** 18 **CON** 08
SIZ 06 **APP** 09 **POW** 19 **EDU** 08
SAN 41 **Hit Points:** 07

Damage Bonus: -1D6

Skills: Agriculture 47%, Craft (Knitting) 63%,
Cthulhu Mythos 54%, History 56%, Occult 28%,
Persuade 48%, Ride 43%, Spot Hidden 42%

Spells: The Sending (see box), and virtually every
Mythos spell

Appearance: Mrs Anne Merriman is an infirm woman of indeterminate age and power. No one alive now remembers a time when she was not a part of the local landscape, but most are sure that the hedgewitch is well over a hundred years old. She is a tiny, thin, bent and wrinkled old thing, who requires a maid for most day-to-day needs. Her wispy hair is pure white, her eyes a milky blue, and her wrinkled skin is covered in faded age spots. She rarely leaves the house these days, spending most of her time sitting by the fire, regaling her maid with tales from long ago.

Despite her years, Mrs Merriman's mind is sharp, and contains wisdom beyond that of most humans. This is due to the fact that in her youth her intellect attracted the attention of one of the Great Race of Yith, which swapped minds with the young woman. For the next twenty-seven years Mrs Merriman lived on a number of alien planets and experienced countless Mythos races and cultures; somehow her mind remained intact, and she returned to Earth with untold wisdom and knowledge.

Old Lady Merriman sits in a rocking chair by the fire beneath a heap of blankets with a leather-bound book on her lap. To say she looks as old as the hills is an understatement: investigators will likely never have encountered someone so old (still alive, that is). Merriman is already aware of the predicament the investigators face, but will not let on, preferring to hear them tell their story in full. She'll sit listening intently to their tale, never looking surprised or shocked, but perhaps slightly amused.

When they have finished, she'll reply that she felt the 'pressure wave' and heard the sound some nights ago. She knows what Dr McNamara discovered at Skara Brae—indeed, she is perhaps the only person who knows the truth of the star seed and the abandonment of the Neolithic settlement more than three thousand years ago.

Although Merriman talks in riddles and metaphor, it won't take long before she gets to the point. There is a way to be rid of the shard, but neither she nor anyone in the room possesses enough power to see it done. Luckily, she knows a means of acquiring the power the investigators need; they must seek out an entity known as 'the Guardian', who resides in a desolate corner of the Dreamlands and who can help them rid the Earth of the seed. In order to find the Guardian, the investigators will need to enter its realm and undergo a number of trials. Merriman knows a spell that will transport the investigators to the Dreamlands, on the path to the Guardian. With their permission, she will cast it on them.

New Spell: The Sending

The caster can 'send' a number of willing participants into the Dreamlands. Each sending requires one magic point, and casting the spell incurs the loss of one point of Sanity. No actual physical transportation occurs; rather, participants' consciousnesses are transferred to a chosen point within the Dreamlands. The Sending does not provide for the return of these consciousnesses—that is, it is a one-way trip, and participants must find their own way out of the Dreamlands. The physical bodies of the participants become inert, and remain in a kind of torpor until their consciousnesses return.

The Dreamlands – Undergoing the Trials

The investigators' entry into the Dreamlands begins with a shock, as the world around them drains of colour and fades to black; a moment later they awaken, startled as if from a dream of falling. In each trial, the players should try to make sense of the situation they find their characters in and find an effective course of action.

Trial the First

The investigators find themselves in a cave, but everything seems topsy-turvy. They are standing amongst the stalactites on the cave's ceiling, whilst a pool on the cave floor hangs above them. Beneath the surface of the pool is a bright blue sky filled with wispy clouds. The cavern roof and the bright pool seem to have no end and stretch off into an impossible distance.

The investigators must will themselves to fall 'up'; a successful POW x5 roll will enable them to drop upwards from the ceiling to the pool above them. The successful 'drop' costs investigators one Sanity point; any characters that fail their rolls will find themselves still rooted to the cavern ceiling as their colleagues vanish into the open sky "beneath" the pool. Seeing this will cost them one Sanity point.

To escape the cave, they must continue to try to fall; every failure costs an additional Sanity point as they struggle with the possibility of being trapped in this cave forever.

Trial the Second

Hitting the surface of the pool, the investigators will spin head over foot as they tumble through a crystal blue sky towards the earth below. The pressure of the air is so high they can hardly breathe.

To pass this second trial, the characters must make INT x5 Idea rolls to re-orient themselves in the cave, which they never left. Success means they see the "air" around them shimmer like water, and find themselves swimming upwards to surface by the rocky shore of the cave pool they thought they had left; failure on the Idea roll means

they lose one Sanity point and continue to 'fall'. Every subsequent failure costs an additional Sanity point as they tumble towards their doom.

Trial the Third

Pulling themselves from the bright sky-water, the investigators find themselves on a rocky cave floor leading to a tunnel into impenetrable darkness. The investigators must make EDU x3 Know rolls; success lets them run their hands along the tunnel walls and gradually work their way to an exit. Failure in this case leads the investigators to wander randomly through a labyrinth of passages before eventually finding themselves back at the cave pool they started from, costing them one Sanity point. Every subsequent failure costs an additional Sanity point as they realize they may be lost beneath the earth forever.

Trial the Fourth

The fourth and final challenge is a test of Sanity as the investigators reach the tunnel's end and find themselves on a high cliff overlooking the Dreamlands. It is night, and the moon hangs over the Dreamlands landscape, looming four times larger than on Earth, and presenting its alien dark side to the investigators. Below, the Forbidden Lands twist and turn with dark shapes weaving between phosphorescent fungi of impossible size. The panorama is truly mind-bending; have each character make a SAN roll. Failure costs 2D6 Sanity points as the investigator becomes a gibbering wreck at the sight, incapable of speech or action for 1D10 rounds, and able only to follow simple commands for 2D20 rounds after that. Successful investigators will lose two points of Sanity, but suffer no further effects.

The Guardian

A moment after they arrive, the darkness around them will shift and coalesce, finally forming a shadowy figure at the cliff's edge: the Guardian. A raspy, disembodied voice will ask: "Whence have you come and whom do you seek?" If the investigators answer honestly, the Guardian will listen to their request, although as a guardian of life it will be unmoved by any request for aid that does not involve

safeguarding lives. If the investigators make it clear that the Guardian's aid will result in lives being saved, it will agree to help them.

The Guardian will ask the investigators to bring the star seed to the Ring of Brodgar on Orkney the following night, and to be prepared to 'give of yourselves to save yourselves'. With that, the investigators will find themselves waking in Old Lady Merriman's front room, as though nothing had happened. No more than a few minutes have passed.

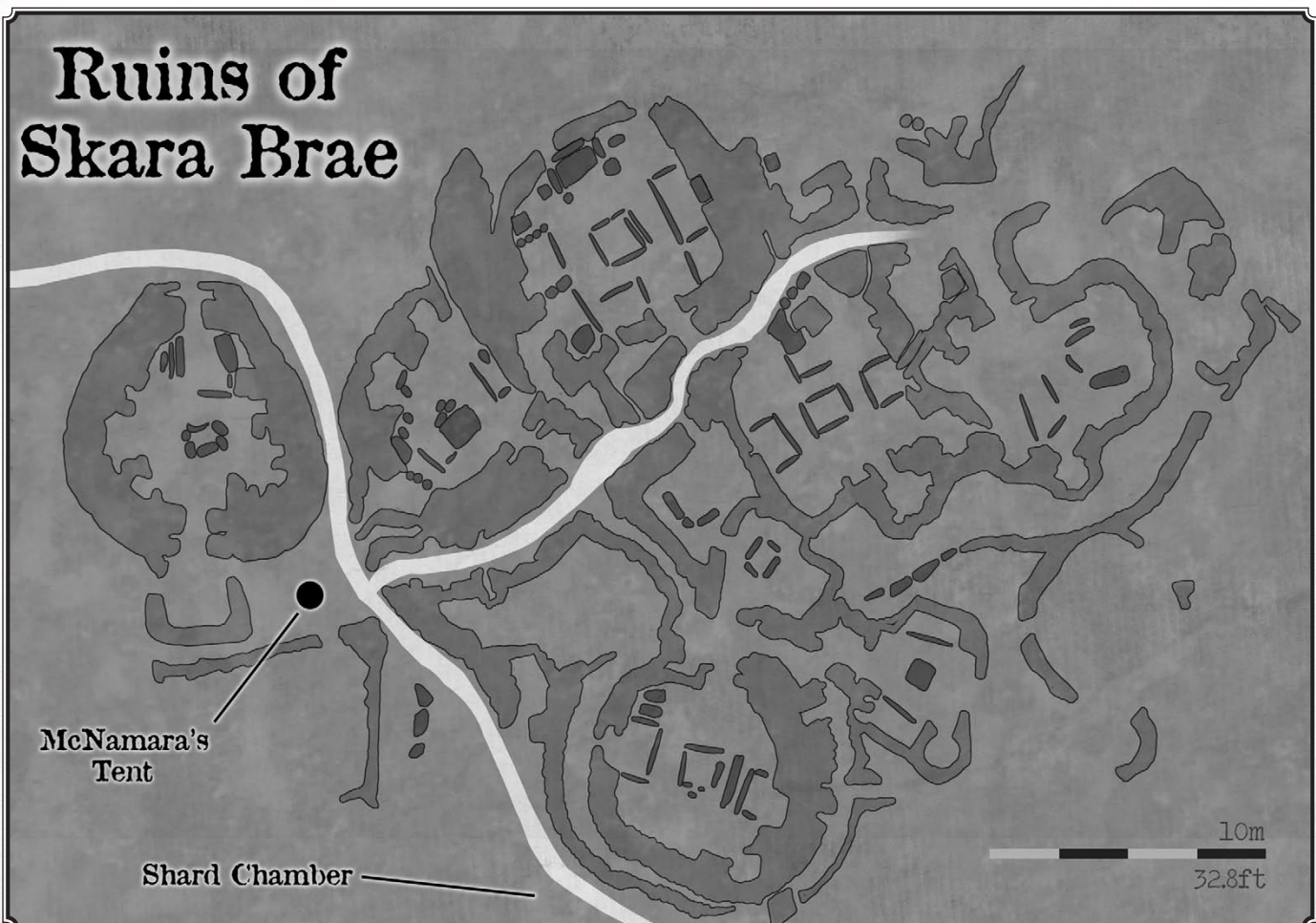
Skara Brae

In the late 1920s, Skara Brae stands as the most recent and most significant Neolithic find in Northern Europe. The site was almost perfectly preserved beneath the sands and grasses of Orkney until a storm in the winter of 1850

exposed the ruins. The excavation is still on-going in the 1920s. Skara Brae is centuries older than Stonehenge, and predates the pyramids of Egypt. Investigators on the site will be walking among ruins five thousand years old.

The Neolithic village consists of ten houses connected via covered walkways or passages. Each house is sunk into the earth seven feet or more, and was originally covered with flat stone slabs and whalebone arches topped with skins and grasses. The exposed passageways are roughly four feet deep. The ruins contain stone chairs, box-beds, and other furniture surrounding a central hearth. There is evidence of small water tanks built into the floors.

McNamara's dig site—especially the small red peak of McNamara's tent—is easily visible near the southern edge of the settlement.



McNamara's Tent

McNamara's tent covers a five-foot square within one of the Neolithic houses, twenty-five feet from the shard chamber. It holds two small tables, a single folding wooden chair, and a number of leather sacks and satchels full of archaeological equipment. On the desks are a range of books and papers held down by smooth stones gathered from the site; a successful Spot Hidden roll reveals McNamara's working journal, held open with two flat stones. The last entries of the journal (Handout 5) read as follows:

Tuesday. 6:11 PM.

I keep finding myself drawn back to the shard chamber. Drawn back to the shard itself. Can I legitimately call it a star seed? I should leave that decision until my friend arrives, I know, but the possibility so intrigues me that my mind cannot rest. What can I do but stare at it? Marvel at it. It is a perfect twin to Brecht's find in Africa. Perfect in every way, although I have not come so close as to determine whether it gives off warmth. In this blasted rain, would I be able to tell anyway?

I've found precious little else today and, to be honest, my attention wanders. All I think about is this star seed and what it might mean. Back to the farm now. More tomorrow.

Wednesday. 12:32 PM.

Barely lunch time and already I've found it impossible to work, to tear my mind from the shard. Was Brecht so addled by the thing? I've forgotten his journal by my bed this morning, so I can't even tell. I'm becoming absentminded. I must try to get some work done. There will be more to be found here. I must try to concentrate, particularly as it is finally sunny.

Tue Wednesday. 4:47 PM.

I must write out what just happened. All day I continued to excavate the south passage, though my mind was elsewhere. I found nothing of interest, so decided to call it an early day. On the way back to the tent, I stopped at the shard chamber. I had not intended to do anything... although, if I'm honest with myself, perhaps I did. I am obsessed with the thing and I wanted to know—even needed to know—if it exhibited the same warmth that Brecht described.

I reached out, extending my arm over the excavated earth, and put my hand near it. Sure enough, it was warm. I could feel that impossible heat radiating from it. My pulse raced with this further confirmation. But I lingered too long. A gust of wind knocked me off balance and though I pulled my hand up, my elbow hit the shard and knocked it from its perch. What happened next happened so fast. It spun and rolled down towards my feet. I couldn't let it be damaged so—

I caught it in my hands. Held it for the briefest moment, then put it back in the earth. I am shaking just now thinking of it. I can't be sure of anything, but I had always suspected that Brecht's mistake was in handling the thing, the star seed. And now so have I. I shudder to think—but now I can't be sure. It might be nothing. I cannot presume to know what killed Brecht and his team. I cannot be sure of anything. I feel a bit weak, a bit sick.

God, what have I done?

Handout 5. McNamara's Dig Journal

If the investigators wish, the excavation tools they find here may be of use at the dig site or the shard chamber.

The Dig Site

On the southernmost edge of Skara Brae, Dr McNamara has excavated two formerly blocked passages. In one he discovered the blocked-up shard chamber that contains the star seed; the other is unfinished, and has revealed little of interest. If the investigators wish to closely examine the dig site, have them make Archaeology rolls for every two hours work.

On a successful roll, the investigators will uncover a Neolithic pictogram etched on a smooth slab of stone near the shard chamber (Handout 6):

The pictogram depicts some kind of ceremony involving a black shard, but offers little more beyond this.



Handout 6. Neolithic Pictogram

The Shard Chamber

The shard chamber is a four-foot square alcove on the southernmost edge of Skara Brae. It holds nothing other than the ominous ‘black shard’—the star seed of the Colours Out of Space. The earth around and, to an extent, beneath the star seed has been cleared away, so that it stands on a ‘pedestal’ of packed earth. It’s easy to see that the shard has fallen forwards at some point and rolled towards the mouth of the chamber.



The black shard is exactly thirty-three centimetres long and twelve centimetres wide at its widest point, and apparently constructed of an obsidian-like black glass. The points, lines, and angles across its surface are sharp and mathematically perfect; although more difficult to perceive by day, the interior of the star seed glows with an eldritch light. Should one of the investigators dare touch its surface, they will discover that the star seed is cold.

The glow within the star seed will brighten with each passing day, until the arrival of the Colours Out of Space. The increase is obvious to anyone interacting with the shard for more than four hours. Towards the end of its life, the shard will glow amber with a

bright, slowly pulsating light; at this point, it will also emit a low, oscillating signal that acts as a homing beacon for the Colours Out of Space. The star seed is a tool for increasing tension in the game, and for pacing the action. From reading Brecht’s African journal, the investigators should be aware that the star seed is essentially a time bomb—and they need to act quickly to defuse it!

Destroying the Star Seed

The black shard is practically indestructible, the obsidian-like material harder than diamond and exceptionally resistant to physical attacks. It has already survived planetfall without a scratch, and there is likely little the investigators can do to affect it. Only the power of a nuclear furnace, such as the interior of the sun, will destroy it.

Although impervious to physical attacks, the star seed can be manipulated with magic. In fact, magic is the best chance the investigators have of destroying the star seed and circumventing the arrival of the Colours Out of Space. If the investigators encounter Old Lady Merriman, for example (see page 277), she will provide them with a means of contacting an entity known as ‘the Guardian’, who will in turn help them use the nearby Ring of Brodgar to send the star seed back to the intergalactic gulfs whence it came.

This could also be achieved with the Gate spell, but would require the permanent expenditure (i.e., loss) of 20 points of POW. Even to gate the black shard into the centre of the sun (roughly one astronomical unit away) would cost 7

points of POW. By contrast, using the Ring of Brodgar and the power of the Guardian requires the shared expenditure of a mere 20 magic points. Clever players may come up with additional means of magically dispensing with the star seed—any interesting and remotely plausible plan should have a reasonable chance of success.

Skaill Home Farm

Arthur and Margaret Moodie own and operate Skaill Home Farm north of Stromness. One of the largest on the island, it encompasses more than eight hundred acres of arable farmland bordered by grassy coastline. The farm includes a number of stone buildings dating to the 18th century, when the land belonged to the Earl of Orkney. The term ‘skaill’ refers to a home that an earl would use while visiting different parts of his realm.

The Moodies are simple folk who supplement their income as farmers by renting out rooms to visitors: with Skara Brae increasingly attracting archaeologists and academics, the couple decided to profit from the situation. They have repurposed a couple of small outbuildings as lodges to rent out to visitors; these lodges can accommodate up to five people comfortably.

The Moodies live in the main building. Other buildings house tractors and farm equipment. Four refurbished lodges cluster behind the main house, roughly one hundred yards apart. Dr McNamara is currently staying in the lodge nearest the main house; the others are unoccupied.

The Skara Brae site is a mile and a half from the main house. A well-worn path leads from the farm to the Neolithic settlement, and Arthur Moodie has also created a number of hand-painted signs to guide academics and visitors.

Talking with the Moodies

The Moodies are pleasant people, and kind to a fault, and will offer to help the investigators in whatever way they can. They are quite concerned about Dr McNamara, and if the investigators are unable to help, they will call a doctor from Stromness. Arthur Moodie will gladly recount the events of the night he brought McNamara back, and Margaret Moodie

remembers well the ‘quake’ that hit the house two nights ago. The Moodies are a double-act, responding to questions in tandem. Of the evening that Arthur found McNamara unconscious, Margaret will start by expressing her worry for the archaeologist, who had left his lodge following the quake and not returned to the farm all day. She demanded that Arthur go to check on the academic at seven o’clock.

When Arthur reached Skara Brae, the site was dark and full of shadows. He couldn’t see McNamara’s lantern anywhere, so made his way down into the dig site, and found the archaeologist on his knees beside his desk with his head slumped down over his chest. He called out, but McNamara didn’t respond; although breathing, he seemed incapable of action. His skin was cold to the touch, and Arthur had trouble lifting the man onto his shoulders.

No longer a young man, Moodie had to rest several times on the way, but finally returned to Skaill Home Farm bearing McNamara. Margaret was in a terrible fright by this point, and even more so when she discovered the archaeologist unresponsive. Nor would he take food. Arthur figured it was sheer exhaustion causing McNamara’s condition, but Margaret felt there was more to it. They put the man to bed and decided to see how he was the following morning. Unfortunately by then he was no better, despite the Moodies trying to rouse him and get him to eat. They considered driving over to Old Lady Merriman’s, but finally decided a doctor was needed.

If asked about the ‘quake’, both the Moodies call it strange: “There’s never been earthquakes on Orkney.” The shock of it hit first, shaking the stone house to its foundations and rattling loose crockery and pans. A split second later a strange, unearthly tone rang out—“not so much a sound you hear as a sound that you feel, but real powerful.”

If the investigators ever apprise the Moodies of the situation with the black shard or suggest anything too out of the ordinary, they will recommend that the characters take up the issue with Old Lady Merriman, who is a ‘hedgewitch’ and ‘a bit queer’, and knows more about what goes on in the heavens and on Earth than anyone they know. The Merriman Croft is a few miles up the road.

McNamara's Lodge

The door to this small stone building is open, as the Moodies have been coming and going regularly to check on McNamara. It comprises a small sitting room with a low table and chairs, a tiny washroom and toilet containing the archaeologist's shaving gear and not much else, and a large communal bedroom with four narrow beds and bedside tables. McNamara is in the bed nearest the door.

McNamara has been tucked into his bed and appears not to have moved a muscle since. He is completely unresponsive; no matter what the investigators try, the archaeologist will not move or speak. His eyes stare coldly and blankly at the ceiling. There is nothing on his person that gives any indication of what has happened to cause this catatonia-like state, although a successful Spot Hidden, Medicine or INTx4 Idea roll will reveal a strange luminescence about the archaeologist's body. A closer look reveals the glow seems to be coming from under his skin. Investigators with prior experience of the Colours Out of Space may attempt a Cthulhu Mythos roll to identify this luminescence as a symptom of the Colour's manner of feeding.

Apart from the luminescence, the only other clue in McNamara's lodge is the African journal of Karl Arnulf Brecht. The reprinted journal is more than two-hundred-and-fifty pages long, but McNamara has helpfully dog-eared the pages relating to the discovery of the black shard and its aftermath (see Handouts 1, 2, and 3). Reading Brecht's journal, investigators may again make Cthulhu Mythos rolls to attribute the events described and statements made in the journal to the Colours Out of Space.

The Ring of Brodgar

The Ring of Brodgar is a ring of standing stones forming a mathematically correct circle nearly one hundred yards wide, making it the third largest stone circle in the United Kingdom. Although it originally had sixty standing megaliths, many of these have fallen, cracked, or been worn down in the four thousand years since the ring's construction. Of the twenty-seven remaining stones, the longest continuous run is a mere eight megaliths in length.

The megaliths vary greatly in height, from a worn and eroded seven feet (2.1 m) to a more representative fifteen feet (4.5 m). A massive ditch ten feet (3 m) deep and thirty feet (9 m) wide surrounds the ring; two causeways cut across the ditch to the southeast and northwest. The northwest causeway is widest at four yards (3.8 m). A short, circular altar stone with a remarkably flat top marks the exact centre of the Ring; at the centre of this altar is a shallow depression ten inches (25 cm) in diameter.



Conducting the Ritual

Placing the black shard at the centre of the Ring of Brodgar's altar stone will cause the Guardian to appear. Still little more than a shade in the night, it will ask the investigators to take their places. If they are unsure what the Guardian means, it will respond by asking them to "become one with the stone".

This entails the investigators placing themselves between the standing stones and stretching their hands outwards to the stones, as depicted on the Neolithic pictogram found at Skara Brae. Should they be unaware of the pictogram or fail to place themselves properly, the Guardian will tell them exactly what to do.

The Guardian begins to chant in an unrecognizable language. The chanting sounds both near and far away as the stones begin to ring with the alien rhythm. Moments later, the star seed will rise upwards to hover a foot above the altar, and begin to slowly revolve.

At this point investigators may notice that the Guardian has disappeared.

What follows next is a strange sight. The standing stones beside the characters fade, and in their place ghostly figures appear standing exactly as the investigators stand. One by one a ghostly trail like luminous vapour pours from the ghostly figures and stretches out to the altar stone and the slowly spinning star seed. A voice inside their heads asks the investigators: “Of what do you give?” The only answer that will suffice involves the sacrifice of one of their characteristics. For example, “I give of my strength” or “I give my intelligence” are acceptable replies.

Whatever characteristic the investigator sacrifices will be permanently reduced by one point. Upon sacrificing the characteristic, a ghostly trail will pour forth from them and extend to the altar. Once all the investigators have made their sacrifices, the star seed will rise above the Ring of Brodgar revolving faster and faster until finally an unearthly spark appears beneath the spinning shard. A split-second later, the spark flashes and time seems to slow.

The investigators will see the Ring of Brodgar as though it were daylight. All around the circle stand figures with their arms outstretched. Although there is no time to count, more than one hundred and fifty figures complete the circle. In the same moment, the investigators see the star seed rocket up towards the night sky and quickly vanish into the darkness. The darkness will deepen around the characters, and again they will hear the voice of the Guardian in their minds: “for your gift of sacrifice are you now rewarded”.

At the Keeper’s discretion, the investigators may be rewarded with a 2- or 3-point increase in a single characteristic. This can be chosen at random from STR, DEX, INT, CON, APP, or POW on a 1D6, or can be decided by the Keeper; the sacrificed and rewarded characteristics should not be the same. After the reward, the investigators will see the world around them return to normal, and find themselves standing once more in the crumbling Ring of Brodgar.

-Conclusion-

Any conclusion in which the investigators successfully thwart the return of the Colours out of Space to Orkney should be considered successful. Even if they’re unable to prevent the Colours’ return, this doesn’t automatically spell failure—although at this point the stakes have suddenly become very high. See the statistics for the Colours out of Space on page 153 of the *Call of Cthulhu* core book and the pregenerated statistics in the box below; for inexperienced investigators, the Keeper might determine that one Colour has returned to Skara Brae; for more experienced characters, two or three Colours may be appropriate.

At this point the scenario will switch from focusing on investigation and prevention to one of resistance and attack—with the future of the entire of Orkney at stake as the Colours feed off the life-force of the island and its inhabitants! Keepers who don’t wish to run an action- and combat-oriented game of this nature should end the scenario with the investigators’ failure to prevent the Colours’ return.

If the star seed has been sent back into space or destroyed outright, Dr McNamara will make a quick recovery and be anxious to hear how the investigators saved him and the whole of Orkney from disaster; investigators should be rewarded with 2d6 Sanity points and McNamara’s heartfelt thanks. He will be happy to have survived and have photographs of the shard for his research. If the characters do not use the Guardian ritual, but still manage to defeat the Colours Out of Space, the Keeper should reward them accordingly.

Investigators failing to deal with the star seed and the Colours Out of Space but still surviving the scenario (probably by fleeing the impending disaster) will be haunted by nightmares of Skara Brae, the black shard, and the alien imaginings of the Colours Out of Space. These unfortunates will also lose an additional 2D6 Sanity for failing to stop the horror on Orkney, and for their role in the annihilation of the island’s population. Orkney will be rendered lifeless, with only desiccated plant life and dried husks of animals and humans left behind from the Colours’ feasting.

The Colours Out of Space, Greater Independent Race

Char.	One	Two	Three
STR	08	07	07
CON	N/A	N/A	N/A
SIZ	11	12	10
INT	16	14	15
POW	11*	12*	10*
DEX	23	19	22
HP	N/A	N/A	N/A

Move: 12 / 20 pouring / flying

Damage Bonus: n/a

Skills: None

Weapons: Disintegrate 100%, damage physical disintegration
 Feed 85%, damage 1D6 + characteristic loss (see page 153 of the core rulebook)
 Grasp 85%, no damage
 Mental Attack 100%, damage 1D6 magic points + 1D6 Sanity points

Armour: None; invulnerable to physical attacks; affected by strong magnetic fields, which can imprison them, or magic

Spells: None

Number appearing: One for every 2 investigators

Sanity Loss: 0 / 1D4 SAN to see a Colour;
 1 / 1D8 to see a Feed victim

(* base amount that increases as the Colour feeds)

-Appendix I: Plot Map for 'Star Seed'-

Location	Personas	Relationships	Motivation	Clues
Skara Brae, Orkney	Dr John McNamara, archaeologist	Known to at least one of the investigators	Pure academic fervour; believes he is on to something big	McNamara's dig journal The black shard Neolithic pictograms
Skail Home Farm McNamara's Lodge	Arthur and Margaret Moodie, farmers	Sheltering McNamara and investigators	The Moodies are looking to supplement their meagre income as farmers	Talking to the Moodies Brecht's African journal
Merriman Croft	Mrs Anne 'Old Lady' Merriman, hedgewitch; Miss Fiona Hestwall, 'maid'	Merriman mentors Hestwall; Hestwall serves Merriman	Benevolence; both Merriman and Hestwall are only interested in helping others	Talking to Merriman Talking to Hestwall The ritual
Ring of Brodgar				Destroying the shard



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