



Cthulhu Britannica Folklore

CALL of
CTHULHU



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This book contains descriptions of real places, real events, and real people. These may not be presented accurately and with conformity to the real world nature of these places, people, and events and are described in terms of the folklore, myths, and legends about them, further reinterpreted through the lens of the Cthulhu Mythos.

No offence to anyone living or dead or to the inhabitants of any of these places is intended. Just as these stories have formed the basis for local folklore, so they are being used here as the basis around which to spin tales about the ancient horrors from the imagination of H. P. Lovecraft and those who have expanded upon his visions.





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My friend,

I am newly returned from Ireland. I would have written earlier from the train had not the damned baggage handler in Glasgow thrown my rucksack in with my other luggage. I have little time now and less time to write. I must reach Newcastle tomorrow and escape to the continent.

All that I uncovered in Ireland hidden in those detestable bogs south of Fivemiletown and everything I have learned over the past fifteen years of research I now send to you. I pray you accept it as one folklorist to another. Some of it you will recognise, but much of it you will not. And even that which you profess to know and believe to be true will be tested by what you read herein.

You may surmise, upon flipping through this tome, that I sleep little and that my waking hours are full of nightmares. And you would not be wrong. I must warn you against reading too deeply of the secrets you find within. Take care, my friend, and read cautiously!

For in this well-worn tome you will find accounts of the most cunning, deadly, and seemingly magical creatures inhabiting the British Isles. Their blasphemous and detestable motivations, their unseemly and gruesome machinations, and their insidious connections to truths and powers darker still are here laid bare. Between its pages, you will encounter spells and incantations, rites and rituals, and calculations and computations—all which threaten to drive less rational minds mad. So little in this world is as simple and safe as it seems, my friend. Even the significance of days, months, and the wheeling of the sun in the sky must be reconsidered.

But now to the very heart of the matter: our deeper, more earnest study of folklore has always entailed some danger as we sought the secrets and monsters that lurked in the shadows. And what monsters we have found hidden in our collective folklore, conveyed in story, rhyme, tradition, and song. We have long known, you and I, that our Great Britain is home to wonders almost too strange and numerous to account for. But we were wrong to think ourselves wise, to think that we knew its secrets.

There are greater, darker secrets still and monsters and entities more terrible and weird than we could possibly imagine, lurking not just in the shadows or on the fringes of our society but inhabiting adjoining dimensions and even the very chaos outside time and space. And they are here, with us! These things too form part of our collective folklore—their stories coincide with ours.

I have writ what I can in this tome now in your hands. Thinking on it now and writing this letter fills me with the worst dread. For I have learned too much and what I have learned threatens to unhinge my troubled mind. The secrets I have uncovered and scribed in this tome place me in the gravest danger. I am being watched even now. I am sure of it.

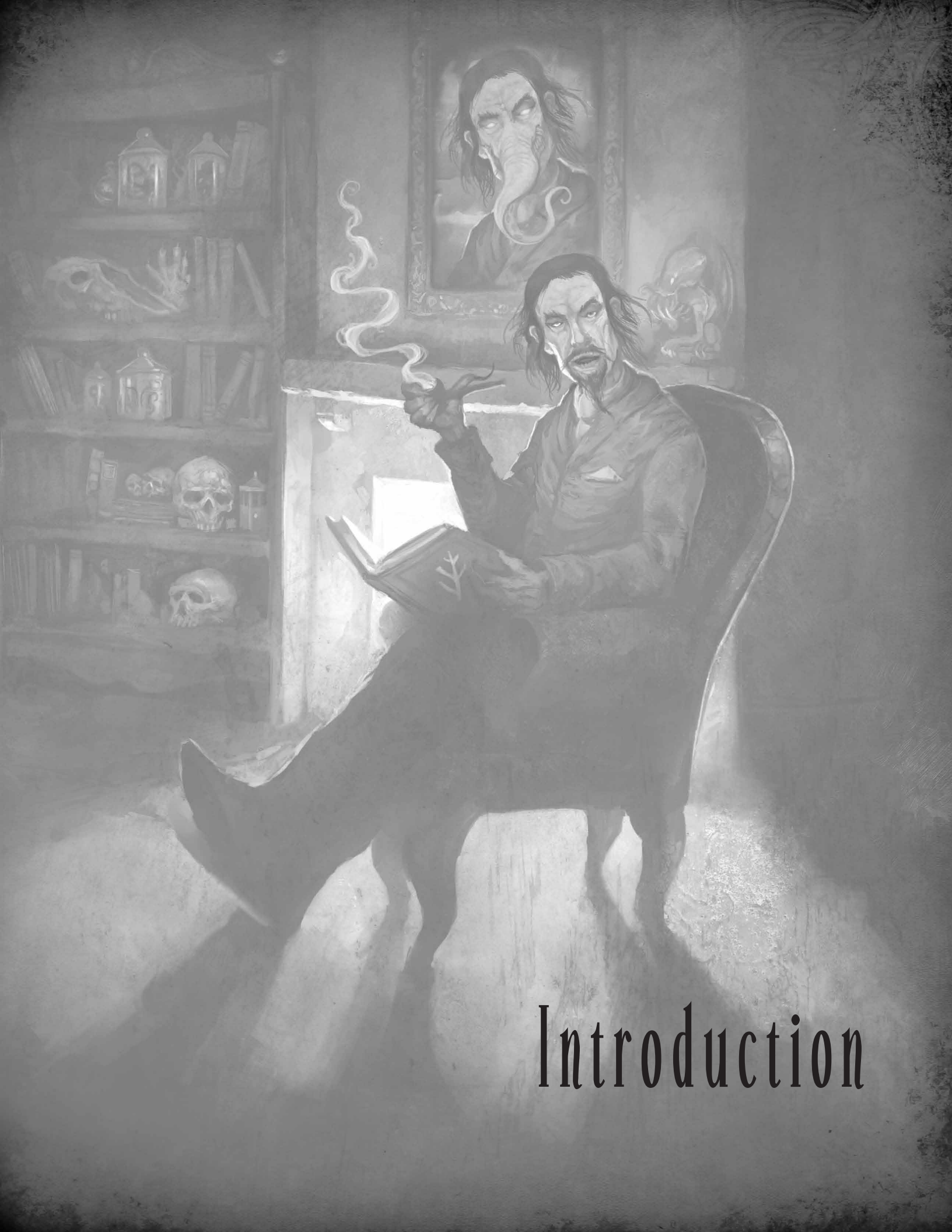
Some things are not meant to be known or understood, I see that now. The truths expressed here are all too awful and I fear I will pay a terrible price for such knowledge. Beware the secrets held in this tome, my friend. Take care in what you read. It may come to haunt you as it does me!

I must away. Something moves even now in the shadows across the road.

I remain your friend,

D.





Introduction

-Introduction-

Great Britain in the 1920s is a nation steeped in stories drawn from history, myth, legend, and folklore. From the northernmost tip of the Shetland Islands to the southernmost beaches of Devon and Cornwall, from the Irish Sea and the Atlantic Ocean to the North Sea and the English Channel, the United Kingdom is awash with tales passed down from one generation to the next. The very hills and mountains, lakes and lochs, and valleys and gorges of Britain are filled with stories of strange events and stranger creatures.

The folklore of Great Britain binds the people to the land, the seasons, the known, and the unknown. It tells of experiences both mundane and supernatural, wrapped up in stories meant to teach, to entertain, and often to serve as warnings. These stories and fables are shared in schoolyards, in town halls, and on city streets. They are discussed in university lecture theatres and whispered in the dark corners of backstreet pubs. Taken together these stories, fables, and traditions form the 'lore of the folk' and, thus, wherever there are folk, there is folklore.

And so, the great cities and industrial centres of the United Kingdom are overflowing with fantastic tales tied variously to places, people, times, dates, and odd happenings. Likewise, the smallest hamlets or the most remote promontories and islands have their own folklore traditions—and, even if they did not, some enterprising person would no doubt make one up for you. Behind the modern façade of Britain in the 1920s is a country teeming with links to the supernatural.



From *The Influence of Folklore on Modern Britain* by Mortimer Hargreaves, Rose House Press, 1919.

Take, for instance, my own small village, deep in the picturesque Hampshire countryside. In this small plot of land containing not even two thousand people, one can find a huge variety of folk stories and peculiar landmarks that form, or inform, the folklore surrounding the village. For example, it is believed that the devil himself will appear and drag down to the fiery pit anyone caught running around a particular gravestone whilst intoning the word “widdershins” seven times. Just which gravestone it is and why uttering the word “widdershins” should cause such a thing is a complete mystery!

And yet correspondence I have received from all over Britain has shown that this instance of folklore is quite common. In each case, running anticlockwise around a particular headstone, church, or tree will result in the perpetrator being transported to Hell, Elfland, or other locations unknown. In fact many of the hamlets and villages roundabout mine evince similar folklore elements, such as ancient yew trees and marble fountains of special significance.

Ghosts and goblins are present in abundance as well. A phantom coach and horses is said to appear on moonlit nights in the local school grounds and the ghost of an unfortunate suicide haunts the hill overlooking the town. Upon that self-same hill stands the “Lone Barn,” being a place where mysterious chalk images of horses are often found drawn onto the walls in a style reminiscent of Celtic art or ancient hill carvings in nearby Wiltshire. In the freshly ploughed fields, farmers find “Shepherd’s crowns,” also known as “Faerie loaves” or “Snakes’ eggs,” in abundance, each with their own different folktale behind them.

These are but a few of the tales of folklore to be found in this one small, rural village in one county of England. Others hint of spells and witchcraft, meteorites and strange rocks possessing power, and tomes of magic or other occult books found in the derelict houses. Such is the influence of folklore in modern Britain today. It is everywhere in every field, stream, rock, and wood. This rich folkloric tradition is part of what makes Britain British.

The wealth of folklore in 1920s Britain can, at least in part, be traced back to the many cultures and peoples that have settled in the various parts of the United Kingdom over its history. England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland have been invaded and inhabited by numerous different folk since the Stone Age and each has left their own mark upon the land and the folk beliefs of the people. Amongst the most influential we might count the Celts, the Picts, the Vikings, the Anglo-Saxons, the Romans, and the Normans—each of whom were prosperous and populous enough to leave lasting influences on the histories, traditions, and cultural memories of the nation.

As a result, the folklore of the United Kingdom is abundantly varied, sharing with and drawing upon the special histories and traditions of the peoples of Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland, and England. It is this extremely rich, diverse, and multicultural past that Britain’s folklore draws upon. And it is this same rich diversity that Keepers can draw upon in creating adventures and scenarios in 1920s Britain. The folkloric wealth of the United Kingdom is in your hands: its tales and stories, its occult and scientific secrets, its history and pageantry, and the very rocks upon which the country itself are built provide a rich basis from which to spin fantastic and mysterious tales.



The largely supernatural nature of British folklore makes it a perfect breeding ground for investigative scenarios and provides a colourful backdrop for Mythos stories. The choice is yours as to how to incorporate or use folklore in your adventures and campaigns. The options are numerous. Certainly there are enough references to fantastic beings and monsters, witches and black sorcerers, secret societies and dark cults found all over the United Kingdom to satisfy most Keepers and confound most investigators.

With a few subtle alterations or minor tweaks, any folklore element can combine with the Cthulhu Mythos, providing a uniquely British vision of the Weird that encompasses the

gibbering and otherworldly horrors of the Great Old Ones as well as something so seemingly innocuous as well-dressings and Morris dancing.

The sections that follow look deeper into what constitutes folklore, what are its boundaries and what does it include, and how to use folklore in *Call of Cthulhu* games, focusing on incorporating folklore events, creatures, and magic into scenarios and campaigns. Subsequent sections provide Keepers with a detailed folklore bestiary, a look at Great Old Ones and Outer Gods that might lurk behind the folklore, and a host of folklore/mythos plots or scenario seeds to test the abilities and sanity of their investigators.

Further Reading

A Dictionary of English Folklore by Simpson and Roud (2000). Oxford: Oxford University Press.

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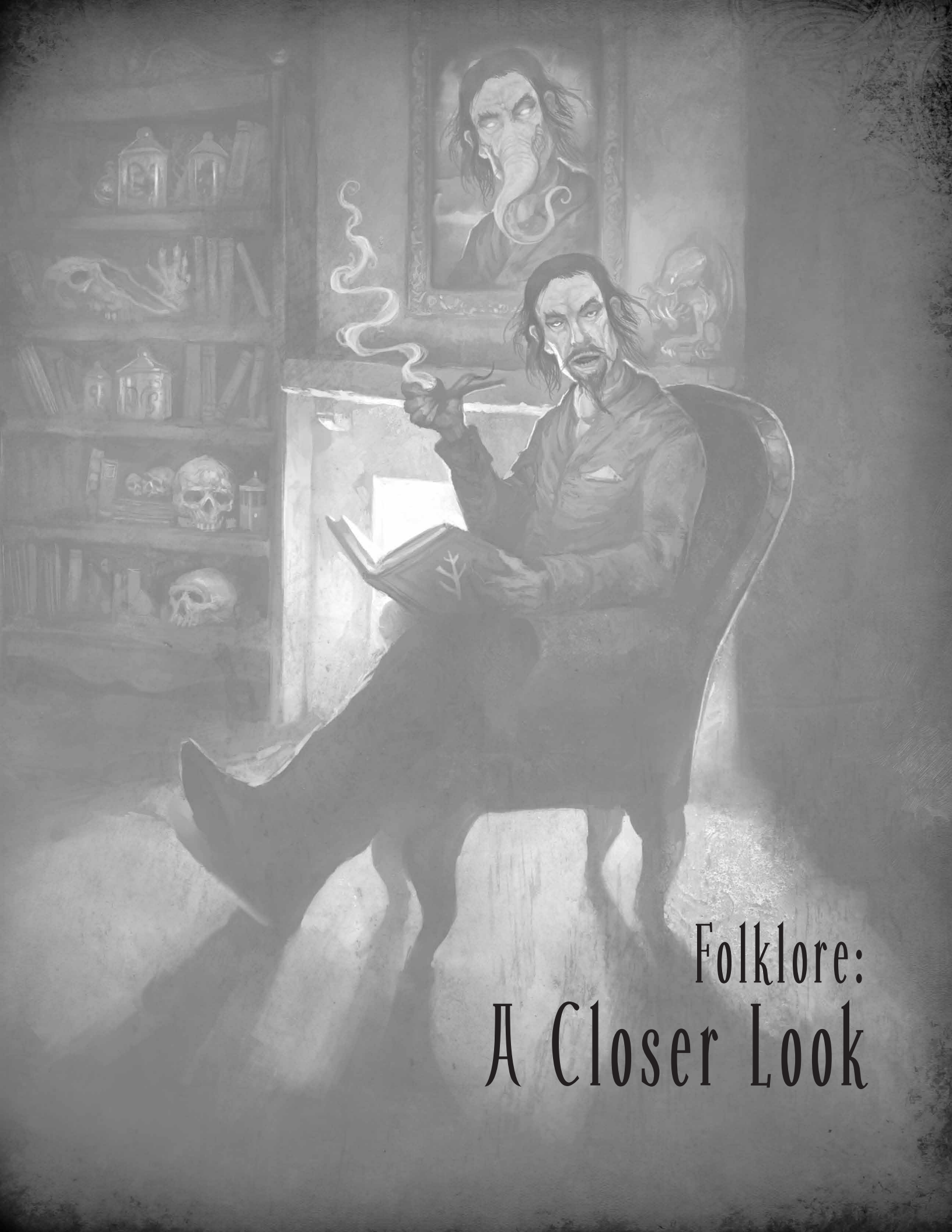
Folklore of the Scottish Highlands by Anne Ross (2000). Stroud: Tempus Publishing.

Folklore of Wales by Anne Ross (2001). Stroud: Tempus Publishing.

In Search of Lost Gods: A Guide to British Folklore by Ralph Whitlock (1979). London: Phaidon.

Locating Irish Folklore: Tradition, Modernity, Identity by Diarmuid Ó Giolláin (2000). Cork: Cork University Press.





Folklore:
A Closer Look



-Folklore: A Closer Look-

“To say that we actually believed in vampires or werewolves would be a carelessly inclusive statement. Rather must it be said that we were not prepared to deny the possibility of certain unfamiliar and unclassified modifications of vital force and attenuated matter; existing very infrequently in three-dimensional space because of its more intimate connexion with other spatial units, yet close enough to the boundary of our own to furnish us occasional manifestations which we, for lack of a proper vantage-point, may never hope to understand.”

(Howard Phillips Lovecraft, *The Shunned House*, 1937)

How do you know what you know, and where do you turn for answers when the unexplained occurs or tragedy strikes? What do you have in common with your neighbours, and how do you create shared understanding and shared meanings with them? Before science, before medicine, before television, people shared their knowledge and entertained each other with stories that were not held in any library but that lived in the minds, speech, song, and work of the community. Only when people began to live outside these beliefs, only when there was a rupture in the continuity of this traditional culture, could the term ‘folklore’ be used by those who wished to preserve from oblivion a cultural heritage that seemed to belong to a rapidly receding past.

In the early 1800s, Britain was transformed by urbanization and industrialization. Between 1800 and 1825 the population more than doubled, from nine to twenty million. The construction of thousands of miles of railways in the 1840s further contributed to emptying the countryside as the formerly agrarian, rural population sought higher wages and standards of living in the new industrial cities. There were those who realized that the Industrial Revolution was also a cultural revolution.

They recognised that, as rural populations dwindled and their traditions were abandoned, replaced by the speed and smoke of a new age, part of the British way of life was being left behind. ‘Antiquaries’ or amateur historians began to collect and preserve these traditions that seemed in danger of disappearing forever. Some of the traditions related to practical aspects of life, such as ways to thatch a roof or make cloth. Others related to the stories and songs passed down orally. Still others served as lessons or warnings regarding the creatures and monsters that exist on the fringes of human settlements or lurk dangerously in the shadows. Antiquaries began to develop a language to describe their object of study, labelled in various awkward phrases such as “the ways of folk” or “the lore of the people”. William J. Thoms was one such antiquary, a clerk at Chelsea Hospital and subsequently Deputy Librarian to the House of Lords. In 1846 he coined the term “folklore” as a catch-all description of these disparate areas of historical and cultural enquiry.

- What is folklore? -

Folklore is a moveable feast that has never been tied down to a single meaning, leading some scholars to question whether it is even useful as a concept, but at the same time producing a rich and varied tapestry in our cultural record. Folklore encompasses the traditional customs, stories, beliefs, songs, dances, myths, legends, visual art, practical knowledge, crafts and superstitions passed down orally from one generation to the next.



Folklore can take as its subject mundane aspects of daily life, such as how to mend fishing nets or the origins of place names. At the same time, folklore can cross the boundaries between ordinary life and the magical, unseen world, allowing the weather to be predicted, spells cast or the future divined.

Folklore can soar to the heights of fancy, passing through the lands of elves and giants to the spirit world and beyond in the company of heroes, princesses and fabulous creatures. And folklore can penetrate to the darkest corners of existence, taking us behind the veil of reality to witness for ourselves the terrible, alien truths of the universe beyond, capturing vague notions of evil, malevolent beings, their horrible deeds, and the primal fears that they inspire for preservation in the cultural memory.

phenomena, or recount the deeds of gods and goddesses who once walked the earth in common with humanity, but have since withdrawn to distant realms.

To read folklore now is to find out what it was like to live in a time when the human imagination was free to create explanations for lived experiences unfettered by scientific principles or religious doctrine. From this freedom sprang proverbs, beliefs, and tales that generation after generation of storytellers crafted and honed into memorable forms preserved in the life of the community, their survival ensured because they met fundamental human needs, not just for roofs and fishing nets but for excitement, consolation or reassurance, and the thrill of fear.



Fairy tales, myths, and legends are sub-categories of folklore. Fairy tales are stories intended for children that frequently make use of folkloric elements such as magical objects and creatures. They use archetypal characters such as kings and queens, knights and princesses, fools and peasants, and beings imbued with magic (good or evil) such as fairies and phantoms, witches and wizards, and talking animals. Legends are traditional stories presented as having some historical basis yet with uncertain truth-value, such as the stories of King Arthur and his court, or Fionn MacCumhaill and the Fianna warriors. Myths, like legends, are traditional stories set in a long-ago time, but derive their truth-value from cultural or religious belief rather than putative historicity. Myths tell stories of the creation of the world, explain natural

The knowledge embodied in folklore could satisfy primal psychological needs, explain mysterious events, and even give power over life and death. The stories of heroes and monsters, great deeds, and magic gave even the poorest folk their cultural treasures to be re-told and passed down to their children.

- Folklore in 1920s Britain -

In the 1920s, science was well embedded in the United Kingdom as the dominant paradigm for explaining natural and seemingly unnatural phenomena. New technologies dazzled the imagination on a daily basis and steadily infiltrated every



aspect of daily life. Scientific study in Britain at the time was primarily forward-looking, dealing with the future more than the present or past. In contrast, the study of folklore was an area of scholarship reflecting on traditions, stories, customs, and attitudes that concerned the past and present.

Folklore, with its powerful images and characters, was sometimes used by radical separatists to shore up regional identities or by conservatives to promote nationalism, but science ruled the day. For some, folklore represented a sentimental nostalgia for a fictive, imaginary past that proffered an idyllic, imagined British countryside full of colourful inhabitants. For others, such as the poor or working class entering the universities and becoming upwardly mobile, the study of folklore represented a legitimization of their own cultural background, their beliefs, and their ancestral way of life. The elite meanwhile could utilise folklore as well to assert their own greater sophistication and cultural power, using the collection of folklore to demonstrate the primitivism and ignorance of people and cultures they sought to dominate.

Since Victorian times, adventurers, explorers, and scholars had been returning from the four corners of the Empire, carrying with them the material spoils, but also the rich, native folklore, of other cultures. As a result, the study of folklore grew to encompass the beliefs and stories belonging to the whole Empire. The study of British folklore was subsequently enriched through comparison to these other, foreign folklores. Throughout the 1920s, folklore as a whole achieves greater notice and is taken more seriously.

No longer just a curious pastime, the study of folklore becomes a more accepted occupation than it has been previously. Men and women researching the ancestral stories, songs, and traditions of ancient Britain and visiting sites of folkloric

significance around the country are not as rare as they once were. The “folklorist” profession gains credibility and becomes more widely recognised in the media and popular culture. Folklorists themselves are contracted by governments, universities, and other specialist institutions to collect and research the socio-cultural knowledge of the people. The preservation of folklore becomes an accepted national concern.

And yet, for all the interest in folklore, it is a subject that remains on the fringes of mainstream 1920s culture, ever superseded by Britain’s thirst for innovation, technology, and the wonder of science. Perhaps the only exception to this rule comes in the persistence of ‘old ways’ in the rural and more isolated regions of the British Isles. Folklore and folklorists have their day from time to time throughout the decade, but more often they exist in the background or on the periphery, waiting for some strange occurrence, some bizarre situation, or some supernatural event to bring them centre stage once more.

For Keepers, folklorists can contribute to story progression by supplying information about traditional tales, creatures, or beliefs that may be relevant to the investigators’ activities. As experts in local history and lore, they may be able to help investigators find long-forgotten locations or translate local dialects such as Cornish or Manx. They may appear as interesting NPCs and have varied motivations for collecting and studying folklore. For example, they might be disaffected urbanites trying to rediscover the lost and best-forgotten secrets of their rural ancestors, or alternatively they might in fact be scientific purists interested in debunking local superstitions that prove to have an all-too-real basis. Or perhaps they might be international adventurers bringing home the crafts and spells of aboriginal cultures or the unsettling tales and blasphemous beliefs of a lost civilization whose dark powers and darker purposes can scarcely be guessed at.

New Occupation: Folklorist

Folklorists are methodical students of folklore, folk magic, and folk medicine in a professional sense. They do not necessarily believe that there is truth behind all folklore and folk magic traditions—though many do—but spend their time exploring, collecting, and analysing folk stories, songs, rhymes, traditions, and beliefs. A folklorist spends much of his or her time in the field, visiting significant sites and talking with local people to collect and gather as much information as possible. Many folklorists are familiar with a broad range of folk histories and traditions governing

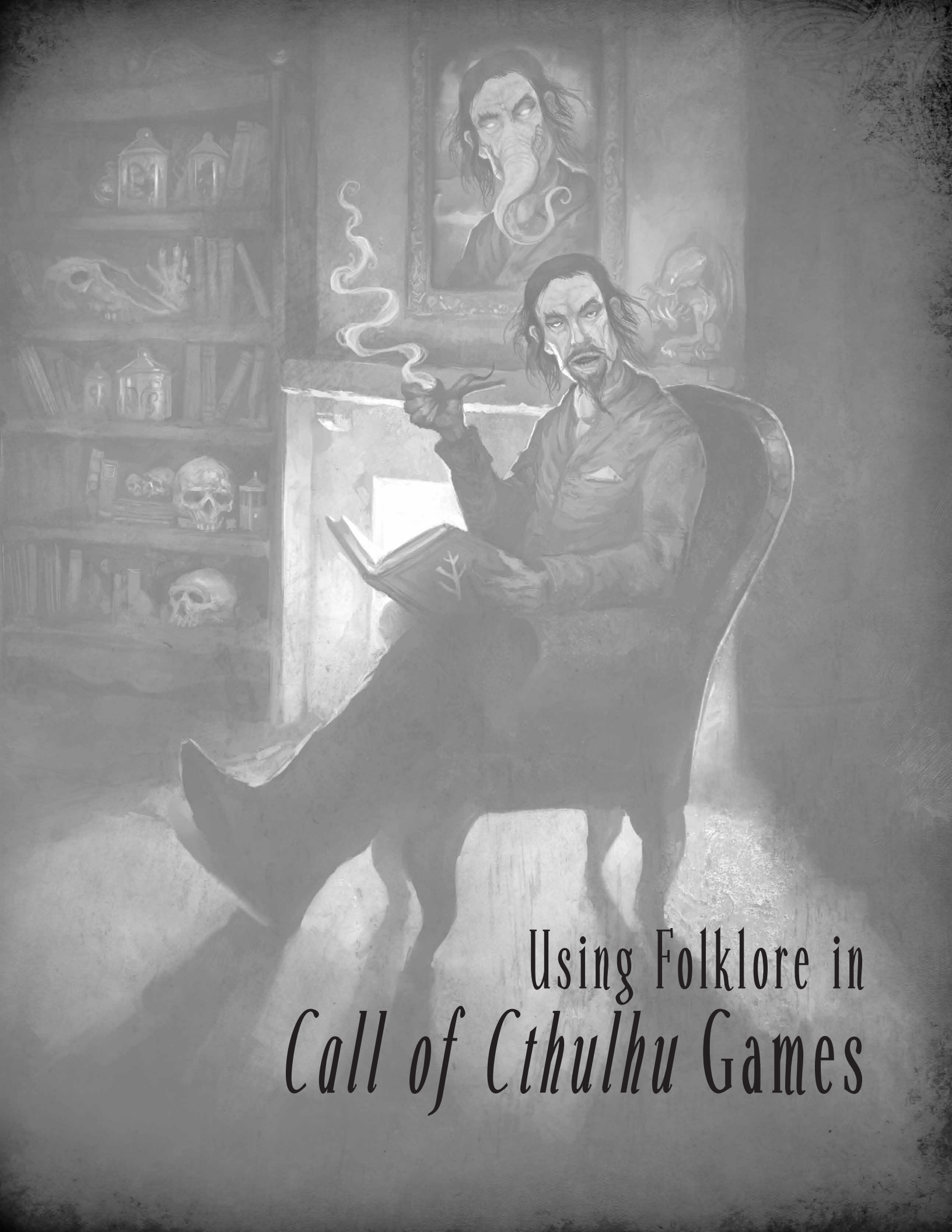
many cultures, whilst a fewer number might specialise in the folklore of a single country, region, or people.

Earnings: Upper Lower to Middle Class.

Contacts and Connections: Libraries, universities and scholars, folklore societies, other folklorists, and locals in their current area of study.

Skills: Anthropology, English, History, Library Use, Natural History, Occult, Other Languages (especially disappearing or dead languages; e.g. Gaelic or Latin).





Using Folklore in
Call of Cthulhu Games



-Using Folklore in *Call of Cthulhu* Games-

“Possibly Gilman ought not to have studied so hard. Non-Euclidean calculus and quantum physics are enough to stretch any brain, and when one mixes them with folklore, and tries to trace a strange background of multi-dimensional reality behind the ghoulish hints of the Gothic tales and the wild whispers of the chimney-corner, one can hardly expect to be wholly free from mental tension.”

(Howard Phillips Lovecraft,
The Dreams in the Witch House, 1933)

Like many writers before him, H. P. Lovecraft wove elements taken directly from folklore and occult traditions into many of his stories. In *The Dreams in the Witch House*, for example, Keziah Mason is very much seen as a classically evil witch, stealing babies and sacrificing them to the devil on Walpurgisnacht (May Day or Beltane in British pagan tradition), but she also uses otherworldly occult knowledge and advanced mathematics to warp the curvature of space time. Keziah represents a hybrid incorporating elements of folklore woven together with distinctly Lovecraftian elements.

Authors making use of, or contributing to, the Cthulhu Mythos often utilise folklore elements and do so for good reason: using folklore grounds the Mythos elements in a traditional and cultural context that we can understand, that we know and share. But beyond providing a useful point of connection, calling upon a rich folkloric tradition also adds historical depth (fictional or otherwise) and evocative colour, often tapping into some preternatural race memory. In short, the use of folklore can help readers and players begin to imagine and contextualise the Mythos element, bringing it alive or making it ‘real’ for them.

The same benefits clearly apply for *Call of Cthulhu* Keepers: introducing folklore elements adds interest, depth, and excitement to scenes and scenarios. Just how, where, when, and why the folklore elements are included is up to the Keeper. The following sections explore different means of incorporating folklore into your *Call of Cthulhu* games, outlining options and some useful models that Keepers might wish to use, modify, or build upon.

- Using Folklore - Placement and Role

Using folklore in a *Call of Cthulhu* game involves a number of choices; first and foremost amongst them are questions of role and placement or, in other words, where does the folklore come in and what role or place does it occupy.

Placement

Where does folklore sit in relation to the central story? What “place” does it inhabit in the scenario? What significance or importance does it have? How does it relate to the investigators and / or their investigation?

Often placement is one of the first things that a Keeper thinks of when devising a scene or scenario, namely considering what situation, monster, or event will be in the foreground and what, if anything, will lie in the background. For a scenario involving the murderous activities of a cult devoted to Tsathoggua, for example, chances are good that the cult itself and the worship of Tsathoggua are going to be front and centre in the foreground. In that same scenario perhaps a story of deadly conflict between two powerful rival families stands as a backdrop to the central action. Or perhaps the only background given is uncovered in the letters and diary extracts of a murdered private investigator or amateur occultist who was investigating the case prior to the characters’ involvement.

Simply put, you are considering where the Mythos or folklore element is placed in relation to your main story. Is it the protagonist, antagonist, or prime mover in your adventure? Is it an interesting bystander or an important bit of culture encountered by the investigators? Or is the folklore there simply to add background colour, helping to establish mood, create a particular atmosphere, or have some other effect? When thinking about the location or placement of folklore, Keepers may wish to consider a number of different positions that folklore can occupy in relation to the plot, namely: external to the story, parallel to the story, behind the story, a part of the story, or being the story itself. This is by no means



an exhaustive list, but looking at each option in more detail below should provide some ideas for incorporating folklore into your games. Examples and references to folklore creatures and events given below are taken from the Folklore Bestiary (page 29) and Folklore Calendar (page 66), respectively.

Folklore is External to the Story

In this case, folklore is entirely in the background. It is not part of the central story and does not play an active role in the action. In some cases, the folklore element may be largely descriptive: for example, the scenario takes place in a small Yorkshire town that has strong folkloric beliefs, but those beliefs serve only to add colour to the proceedings and do not affect the story or its outcome. Perhaps the events in another scenario take place in the run up to Up Helly Aa or Lúnasa, again providing an interesting backdrop for the investigators' adventures.

If the folklore element is a creature or monster and it is external to the story, then it might serve as a red herring seeking to distract the investigators from the main plot. For example, folktales of knockers or bwca in Cornwall or Wales, respectively, might draw the investigators away from the truth of mi-go or chthonian activity in the local mines. In this case, the folklore element has no other function beyond adding interest and diverting the players from the real goal.

Folklore is Parallel to the Story

A less frequently used method of placing folklore into a *Call of Cthulhu* scenario or campaign is to have the folklore thread or story run parallel to the main plot. The folklore story progresses alongside the Mythos story. The two threads or plots are independent of one another and the activities of one do not take part in the core action of the other, but they may be intertwined. The folklore element remains external, but does add interest and colour to events, possibly providing continuity as well. Take a situation where the machinations of a Mythos sorcerer mimic the folkloric traditions of Celtic druids and the characters' investigations reveal the story behind the druids' actions while uncovering the true events taking place in a dark wood. Here the folklore is not actually part of the Mythos story arc—far from it—but the reference could add considerably to the mystery and mood of the piece.

Similarly a scenario could be run in parallel with the re-telling or re-enactment of a folktale during a Yule festival, providing it with a colourful thematic or atmospheric backdrop. Or perhaps repeated appearances of mysterious black dogs on the Lincolnshire fens coincide with the characters' investigations

of deep ones near King's Lynn. The black dogs could be used to add to the local colour, to act as a red herring, or to increase tension in the main story. Enterprising Keepers might also choose to use this method to introduce, link to, or lead into a scenario that involves the folklore element directly.

Folklore is Behind the Story

In this configuration, the folklore element lies behind the main story arc, directly informing the action. It provides the background or a backdrop for the story you are telling. It may, for example, provide historical background or act as a precedent for the events taking place in the scenario. A folktale regarding the black deeds carried out in a once-noble house might provide a means of dealing with a dangerous spirit haunting the now ramshackle residence. The appearance of Faerie folk might presage a series of beneficial or disastrous events. Or a series of seasonal murders might have a precedent in a folktale, behind which lurks the real Mythos threat.

It is the informing action that is significant here. The folklore element is not a 'part' of the current story as such, but does have an impact on how the story unfolds. Just how directly the folklore informs the story depends on how the Keeper wants to play it. As in the case of an established folk song or tale, the influence could be very direct, quite literally providing answers to the questions that baffle the characters. Alternatively, the appearance of a figure or creature from folklore might have only the vaguest or most nebulous influence on the story, perhaps even injecting doubt and provoking more questions than it answers.

Folklore is Part of the Story

If the folklore is more concretely part of the story, then its influence and impact are necessarily significant. In this instance, the folklore element plays out a role in the central action in the scenario or campaign, affecting its outcome for good or ill. A horde of ghoulish imps, for example, might be working in league with an alien race seeking to conjure Ubbo-Sathla. A group of selkies might work with a servant of Nodens, or a horde of spriggans, brownies, and pixies might do the bidding of The Horned Man, an avatar of Nyarlathotep. Mythos agents could be using the Beltane festival to summon Cthugha. Any number of combinations is possible.

With folklore taking a more prominent role in the scenario, Keepers will want to carefully consider its role and its relationship to the Mythos, both of which are examined in more detail below. Give some careful consideration as well to how the player characters can interact with the folklore



element, if such a thing is desirable or possible. Calling upon the rich folkloric tradition of Great Britain can certainly bring about some fantastic and novel roleplaying experiences. It is not every day, for instance, that 1920s *Call of Cthulhu* investigators come face to face with water horses or screaming skulls.

Folklore is the Story

Here the folklore element is the prime mover, the motivation for the sequence of events within the scenario, and its significance is inescapable. Whether the folklore element bears any connection to the Mythos is up to the Keeper. You may, for example, wish to create a scenario where the Mythos is downplayed or even non-existent. A truly interesting way of keeping your players guessing would be to have them believe that they are on the trail of a Mythos entity only to end up facing a nightmarish folklore creature. As always, prey upon the player's preconceptions.

Remember that there is plenty of horror in folklore stories: there is a lot that can be built upon and given a Lovecraftian treatment. Indeed, as Grimm's fairy tales show us, violence and terror can be found in the most seemingly innocent and harmless places. Take an archetypally good or helpful creature and put it at the heart of an evil conspiracy against Mankind. Have a beneficial festival or folklore event turn deadly. Upset tradition and give the characters a real mystery to unravel.

Having established the placement of the folklore element(s) in a scenario or campaign, Keepers will likely already have a good idea of what role they would like that folklore to play in the story. Below we briefly consider how different roles can establish, change, or introduce twists in the action, before looking at how folklore integrates with the Mythos.

Role

What active role does the folklore element perform in your scenario? Is it a relatively minor red herring used to distract the investigators or is it the central driver for a huge, empire-spanning campaign? Does the role of the folklore element change over time? How does it function in a given scene or throughout the entire piece?

Most folklore elements are ambiguous enough that you can attribute almost any role to them. A witch, for example, can be good or evil, helpful or antagonistic, or entirely neutral. She can be a healer, a wise woman, or a dark sorceress. One of folklore's most useful attributes for Keepers is its malleability, its ability to be shaped, changed, or altered.

Using an archetypal or traditional role for a chosen folklore creature or event might provide a useful and colourful introduction, but altering the role or mixing it up a little will keep the investigators on their toes.



Keepers should never be afraid to modify, augment, or outright break established conceptions. Want a campaign that sees 1920s Britain struggling against an otherworldly uprising of fairy folk? Or want an ogre to act as an informant rather than a mindless brute whose only interest is in eating



the characters? Not a problem. To keep things fresh, whenever possible Keepers should steer away from traditional stereotypes and staid archetypes. As the Keeper, you can make the world your own.

Ambiguity again works in the Keeper's favour when considering how big a role the folklore element will have in the scenario or campaign. If your players encounter a vampire or dragon in your scenario they will likely assume that it will have a large role in the action as it plays out. Playing on that assumption could lead to some interesting gameplay. Perhaps the dragon is nothing but a huge red herring, or perhaps the vampire wants nothing but to be left alone. Challenge your players' preconceived notions and their investigations will be all the more interesting for it.

The same is true if the folklore element is an event or phenomenon. The significance of a children's folklore rhyme, for example, could be next to nothing or it could be world shattering. A seemingly innocuous festival game or similar event that is virtually unknown in London might have life-threatening implications in a small village in the Highlands or the Welsh Hills. In essence, from a design point of view, the appearance of a folklore element in your scenario could have huge, climactic impact or might merely inject a little mystery into the characters' affairs. The choice is yours.

Lastly, when considering role, remember that the role played by the folklore element need not be static. You don't want the selkie, druid, or pixie to appear wooden or stilted, as though a cardboard character was simply popping up from time to time. Folkloric individuals and creatures should change and progress as your scenario or campaign progresses. They too can have motivations that are gradually revealed or change over time, or be pursuing their own ends in parallel with the investigators' pursuits. Even strange happenings and curious phenomena can change as time passes. Be sure to keep your folklore elements alive and keep your investigators on their toes.

- Using Folklore - Relationship to the Mythos

When using folklore in a *Call of Cthulhu* scenario, the Keeper has several options for establishing how the folklore elements relate to the Mythos elements. The most common relationship that we find in Lovecraftian literature and published scenarios and campaigns ultimately reveals the Mythos as the dark truth behind the folklore: the "Green Man" of the woods is, in fact, a

chosen priest of Nyarlathotep; the redcaps or tommyknockers who torment miners in Welsh coal mines are actually shape-shifting spawn from the black abyss of N'Kai; or the seemingly innocent Harvest Festival offerings and activities in reality empower a Shub-Niggurath cult. When the investigators look more closely into the folklore, they garner clues about what is really going on, ultimately locating the secret truth behind the folk tradition.

However common this approach is, it remains only one of a number of possible relationships available to Keepers. When considering the link between folklore and the Mythos, you may wish to consider a number of different relationships that can offer creative and novel possibilities for your scenarios, including: where no real relationship exists, where the folklore elements 'serve' the Mythos, where the folklore and Mythos are one and the same, and where the folklore element is a degenerative or ancestral representative of an original Mythos element. All of these options are explored in more detail below, but again this is by no means an exhaustive list, and Keepers are encouraged to devise relationships to suit the stories they want to tell.

No Relationship

As noted earlier, a Keeper might decide to design a scenario or campaign in which no real relationship exists between the folklore and the Mythos. If, for example, folklore elements are external to the Mythos plot or merely co-exist, running in parallel to the Mythos story, then there may be no true link or relationship between them. They may simply coincide. Or perhaps the scenario is based solely around the investigation of a folklore creature – say a mountain drake in Snowdonia, or a series of folkloric events, perhaps some peculiar happenings occurring in Uffmoor Wood during the winter solstice.

A suitably Lovecraftian folklore scenario need not contain any Mythos elements: the folklore itself can be the central mystery to be investigated and, with some investment, can be as grisly and horrific as many Mythos encounters.

In *Call of Cthulhu* games, elements—folklore-based or otherwise—that bear no relationship to the central story are most commonly used as distractions or red herrings. Folklore is particularly useful as a distraction as it possesses its own sense of mystery and wonder, enough to pique the curiosity of most player characters or at least be worthy of a look. Even a relatively simple investigation can be made much more complex and entertaining by adding in a few blind alleys and some wild speculation for the characters to follow up. If the investigators assume that every local folktale or drunken



sighting is a clue to be followed up, then as long as it suits your purpose, lead them on with ghost stories and tales of black beasts that have nothing to do with the real mystery.

The Keeper can also use instances of folklore or red herrings to unbalance and unsettle the investigators. If the local wise woman presses a crude effigy of Pan into the hand of one of the investigators and whispers that his or her soul is doomed, then that player is going to suspect that something ghastly is going to happen to him or her. Remember that festivals, towns, and other environs heavily invested with folklore and strange traditions can act as disquieting backdrops for investigations: describe a city-wide festival where vast crowds pour into the city streets wearing masks and dancing lewdly with open fires lighting the night sky, and the investigators might well begin to suspect everyone in the city of being a cultist or being under some eldritch influence. Even traditions that seem silly in the cold light of day, like Morris dancing or wearing fancy dress, can be eerie in the right circumstances.

Servitor Relationship

Here the folklore element in some way serves or reveres the Mythos element. Folklore creatures, for example, might worship or otherwise be in the service of a powerful Mythos entity, or a folklore event might be used to secretly summon or rouse an Outer God. Power plays an important part in such relationships: normally the folklore element will be acting from a position of relative weakness, seeking to do the bidding of or satisfy the needs of the Mythos element. A coven of witches in Brichester and Camside, for example, might serve a group of Eihort's brood. A colony of leprechauns could be causing havoc in County Armagh in the name of a lesser Outer God or a group of dwarves might be working alongside Tcho-tchos in the service of Chaugnar Faugn.

The nature of the servitor role and what lengths the servitor will go to achieve its master's goals are important points to consider. Outer Gods, Great Old Ones, and other major Mythos figures will inspire, or demand, unflinching loyalty, but there may still be lengths to which a druid, or even a hob, might not go. A very interesting gameplay opportunity might arise if the characters could find a means of convincing or coercing the servitor to quit its service or switch sides. More usually, however, the servitors' loyalty would be unassailable, even unto death.

In the servitor role, the folklore element may also act as a red herring, distracting the characters and inhibiting their investigations, particularly if this is the will of their masters.

Keepers might wish to consider taking this red herring option one step further, however, and having the servitor act as a double-agent or mole within the investigators' party, ever trying to mislead them or bring about their destruction. A seemingly well-meaning elf or gnome, for example, could ingratiate itself, seeking to win the characters' trust, whilst secretly acting for its master. As ever, going against tradition and undermining the players' preconceptions can lead to novel and memorable game experiences.

Integral Relationship

In this relationship, the folklore element and the Mythos element are integral to one another or are, in fact, one in the same. The most common use of this relationship, and the one used as a default in most of the entries in this book, is where a folklore element is revealed as an aspect of the Cthulhu Mythos. In essence, the Mythos entity is the true power or primary antagonist lurking behind or masquerading as folklore tradition.

An elaborate thanksgiving tradition, for instance, proves to be a means of worshipping Dagon or Cthulhu, or a folklore creature is ultimately exposed as a horrifying Mythos monster. It is interesting to note that the "truth" of it can run either way: the folklore element can be revealed as a Mythos element or, more unusually, the Mythos element could be shown to be a folklore element. Either way, the climax of the story should integrate what is known with what is unknown to bring about a new and terrible realisation.

When taking this approach, the Keeper can either have the folklore element in the foreground, or use it as a background element to the main investigation. Take the tradition of "need-fire," a special sacrificial flame used in the Beltane rites in Scotland. This fire can only be kindled by rubbing wood together; once lit, the flames are said to be sacred and purifying, and cattle were driven through the smoke from the fire to protect them from disease. If the Keeper chooses to use this folklore tradition in the foreground, then the need-fire could act as a periapt against disease or magically repel supernatural creatures, and the investigators' survival might hinge on their ability to produce the need-fire at a critical moment. Alternatively, and more dramatically, the need-fire might actually form part of a summoning ritual for a particular Mythos entity, perhaps a fire vampire or even Cyaegha.

If, on the other hand, the Keeper uses the need-fire as a background element, then the characters may or may not



encounter the folklore tradition as part of their investigations. For example, the characters might be called in to investigate a mysterious murder at an astronomical observatory in Scotland. While the investigators are dealing with the scientific trappings of modern telescopes and celestial mechanics, the locals below follow their own, long-established traditions. In the end, the investigators might discern an eerie connection between the kindling of the need-fires and their own inquiries, as if science and folklore are two halves of the same terrible hidden truth.

When developing an integral relationship in a scenario or across a whole campaign, the Keeper should rely on ambiguity in descriptions, never describing the folklore element with absolute accuracy. Details such as statistics, special abilities, and even the history or motivation behind the thing, whether a monster, an individual, an event or an item, are best kept behind the Keeper's screen.

Remember that folklore is contradictory and multi-layered, the work of many generations. Stories and tales are passed down from parent to child, between families and cultures, and always change along the way. Accounts are conflated with other similar events, or changed to be more appropriate or pleasing to the current audience. And so pagan gods are replaced by Christian saints as old, half-forgotten stories are updated and retold. Remember that what truth there is in folklore is usually wrapped up in honest misunderstandings, imaginative retellings, and a lot of "creative licence."

Rather than being a problem, the flexibility and fluidity of meaning and truth work in our favour. The intermingling of mystery, reality, and otherworldly elements in folklore provides a gateway for the Mythos. In essence we can trade one unknown (e.g. the potential existence of the Sidhe or Aos Sí) for another unknown (e.g. the actual existence of the mi-Go or lloigor). This blurring of folklore and Mythos allows us to interject serpent people into Midlothian, deep ones into Cambridgeshire, flying polyps into Devon, chthonian into Brecknockshire, ghouls into County Down, and everything else in between. Wherever a folktale or folk tradition will allow it, Keepers can incorporate a suitable Mythos entity. And taking things one step further, Keepers can design the folklore too.

For the investigators, discerning the truth, if it even exists, within all these many layers of myth, history, and retelling, to get at the Mythos explanation at the deepest point, can be as challenging as the Keeper chooses to make it. It could be the scholarly work of a lifetime as one creeps ever closer to

the terrible reality of the matter, or a split-second realisation when faced with a Mythos monster rather than a folklore one, but no matter the time period the discovery should be as dangerous to sanity as any other study of the Mythos.

Ancestral or Degenerate Relationship

An ancestral or degenerate relationship describes a situation where the folklore element owes its origins to a Mythos element. The folklore element—more likely a creature or individual in this instance, although traditions, events, and even items are possible—may or may not be a direct descendant, but can trace its lineage back to the Mythos. Distant ancestors of original Mythos creatures, for example, could appear as less powerful versions of their forebears or they might be more independent, no longer possessing a viable connection to their progenitors or the wider Cthulhu Mythos.

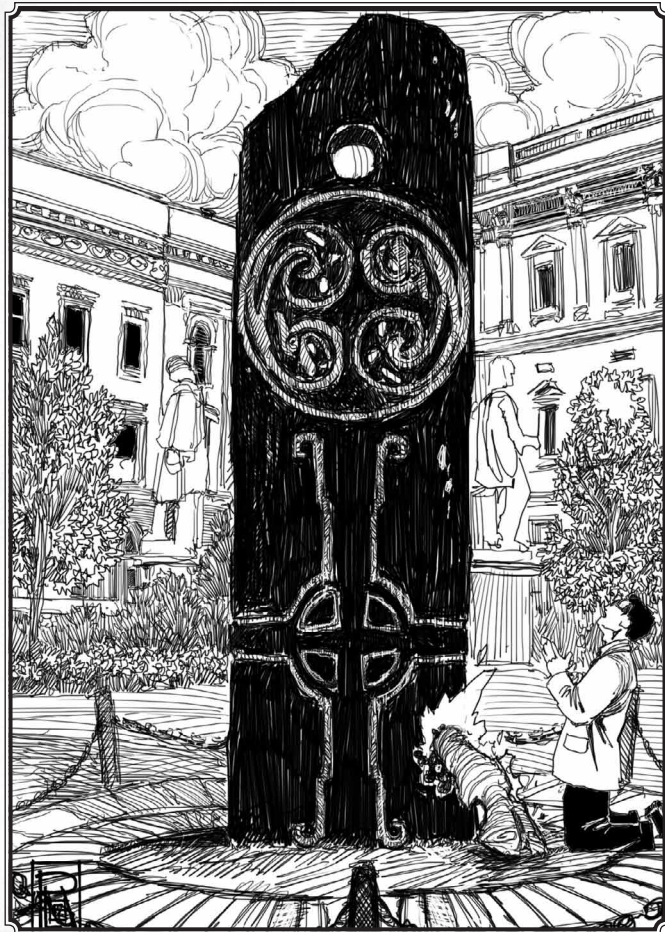
Distance and disconnection from the Mythos play a more significant role in degenerate relationships where the folklore element is far removed from, and may bear little resemblance to, its Mythos forerunner. Inbreeding or hybridization could result in a degenerate form of just about any Mythos species, and are endemic practices in some cultures (e.g. deep ones). Over time, truly degenerate varieties of Mythos creatures might appear that share few of their ancestor's traits and even less of their power and potential. Additionally, these strange adaptations might have adopted or developed mores and traditions of their own, breaking off from the Mythos and ultimately becoming part of folklore.

Similarly it is possible that any number of folklore items, events, and traditions current in 1920s Britain have descended from or degenerated from Mythos beginnings. A traditional children's nursery rhyme, for example, might be traced back to a protective Mythos spell or a schoolyard taunt might once have been a potent curse. Perhaps for the purpose of a scenario, however, neither the rhyme nor the taunt possesses any real power in the 1920s, having been corrupted and confused over time, and become impotent degenerates of the original magic. Any number of ancestral or degenerate links back to a Mythos origin can be devised to imbue folklore elements with mystery and horrific potency.

A folklore site or location can also have an ancestral relationship to a Mythos location of some significance. Many of the stone circles that dot the British landscape could themselves have been constructed and raised in imitation of earlier, pre-human rings, thrown up to the surface when the



seas rolled back and lands rose to the surface at the end of the last Ice Age. These same seas that are now reclaiming Britain's coastline, inch by inch, year by year, may have swallowed up most of the Mythos-born circles, but some of the original eldritch stones may yet exist: buried in barrows or hidden in plain sight, standing amongst the other stones, these obscure, perhaps even magical, stones might still exert power over nearby villages, partly explaining faint racial memories shared amongst villagers whose strange behaviour has long gone without any real explanation.



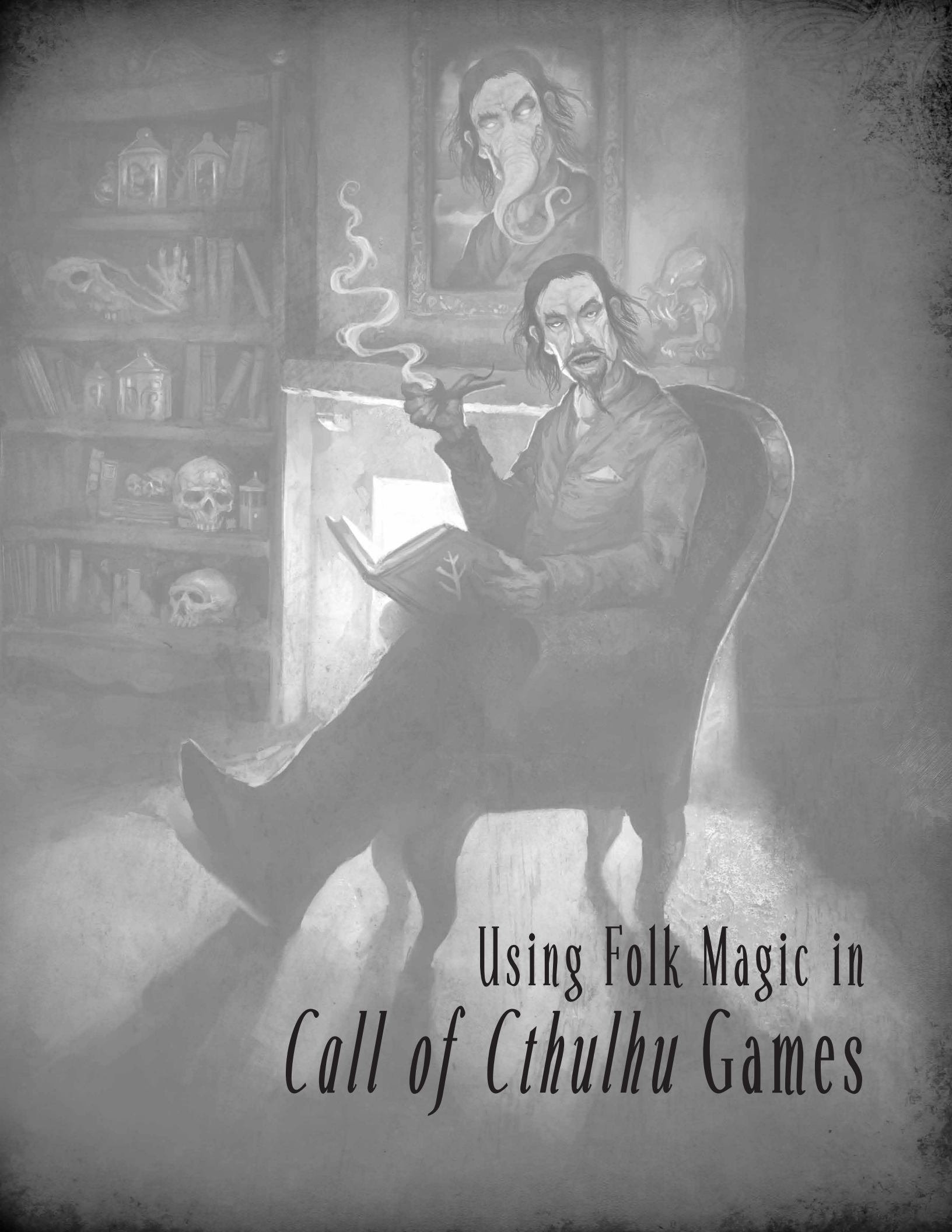
A Final Word on Using Folklore

In the sections to follow, an array of folklore elements, plots, and options are provided. A book such as this could never hope to encompass the depth and breadth of folklore that exists in the whole of the United Kingdom during the 1920s and neither should it intend to. Folklore is, after all, a shifting, protean subject and one that is open to a huge range of interpretations. As the Keeper, what will matter most to your scenarios and campaigns is your own interpretation of the folklore, your own unique take on why it exists, what it means, and how it relates to or affects the characters' investigations.

Within these pages we present a small, but representative, selection of British folklore and gameplay options for you to consider. By all means if a folklore tradition or creature you wish to use is not represented in this book, then use the guidance here to help bring it to life in your scenario or campaign. Wherever possible, Keepers are strongly encouraged to use and adapt the information herein to their own ends: amend and augment what you find; ignore what does not belong in your scenario; and build upon the information presented to you. The investment of even a few minutes to consider how a folklore element best fits into your story can have significant benefits.

Remember that with folklore there are few answers and far more questions. Use that haziness and uncertainty to your benefit and create unusual and novel situations for your players. Enjoy the process and enjoy your players' reactions when faced with something that skirts, or abandons altogether, the Lovecraftian norm and *Call of Cthulhu* convention.





Using Folk Magic in
Call of Cthulhu Games



- Using Folk Magic in *Call of Cthulhu* Games -

“What do we know... of the world and the universe about us? Our means of receiving impressions are absurdly few, and our notions of surrounding objects infinitely narrow. We see things only as we are constructed to see them, and can gain no idea of their absolute nature. With five feeble senses we pretend to comprehend the boundlessly complex cosmos, yet other beings with wider, stronger, or different range of senses might not only see very differently the things we see, but might see and study whole worlds of matter, energy, and life which lie close at hand yet can never be detected with the senses we have.”

(Howard Phillips Lovecraft, *From Beyond*, 1934)

Folklore and magic are often inseparable. Folk tales are full of magical creatures, supernatural events, magic spells, witches and magical creations. However, from one story to the next, the use of magic and its effects are often contradictory: bringing benefit or harm, existing invisibly or manifesting spectacularly, with its outcomes ranging from insignificant to miraculous.

The uses, effects, and indeed origins of magic in Lovecraft’s writing are no less contradictory, leaving much open for debate. Purist readers may argue that all magic in the Cthulhu Mythos is driven by non-Euclidean physics, hyper-advanced mathematics, and other alien sciences—being, in essence, not magic at all, but seen as such through uninitiated human eyes. Pulp readers, on the other hand, may be more inclined to allow other magic traditions into the Lovecraftian mix.

From its first edition, magic has always been a part of the *Call of Cthulhu* roleplaying game and, as it has developed, more and more earthly, traditional, or non-Mythos magic has been incorporated. Different supplements and adventures have introduced different flavours of magic: African tribal, Buddhist, Daoist folk, Egyptian, Hermetic, Native American, Psychic, and Voodoo, to name a few. The folk magic of Great Britain with its roots calling back to Celtic, druidic, and shamanistic traditions can be seen either as another school from this non-Mythos camp or as a derivative of Mythos magic.

Both options are presented below in greater detail. What should be noted is that the use of folk magic remains open to interpretation: its origins and requirements, its eldritch uses and effects, who can use it and who cannot, are all points to be contested and considered. Keepers will want to think about how folk magic—if used at all—might add to or enhance their stories. Just as with folklore, the nebulous and contradictory nature of folk magic provides Keepers with absolute freedom to create, shape, and direct the use of magic in their scenarios and campaigns.

- Folk Magic - as Derivative Mythos Magic

This philosophy of folk magic suggests that it is wholly derived from Mythos magic, from the unnatural laws and impossible calculations understood and practised by the Outer Gods and their alien servitors. Folk magic is expressly derivative in that it does not possess the power or scope of true Mythos magic: its connection to our reality and its imposed natural laws have limited and altered the arcane structures of the magic itself, diminishing it and reducing its potential.

Accordingly, folk magic spells, enchantments, and items manifest more “natural” and bounded powers, functioning as weak variants of their Mythos antecedents.

Users of folk magic are likely unaware of its link to Mythos magic. From a paradigmatic point of view, Mythos magic can be seen as the epitome of scientific understanding, encompassing all knowledge and the ability to manipulate matter and energy on a universal and multi-dimensional scale. It expresses and can act upon all universal truths: these are truths so vast, so all-encompassing, and, to our minds, inconceivable that to merely think on or gaze upon them reduces intelligent men to mindless, gibbering shades. Folk magic then represents a degenerate or vastly inferior paradigm of magic, which human minds can grasp and utilise.



How did the folk magic originate? The simplest possibility is that Mythos magic taught to distant ancestors has become diluted and been unwittingly reconfigured as it has passed from culture to culture and person to person. Another possibility is that folk magic has come about through generations of experimentation, through a deadly process of trial and error. If, for example, we see Mythos magic as essentially scientific in scope, then some early shaman may have stumbled on some elemental truth or theorem and refined it through the process of experimentation, eventually learning to bend it to his will. Over time, cautious magi may have learned more elements, calculations, and theories, becoming very accomplished sorcerers, while others drove themselves mad or died at the hands of horrors inadvertently summoned.

Regardless of its actual origin, as a derivative of Mythos magic, folk magic carries with it the same potential for sanity loss, albeit less extensive. Sanity costs and penalties should be reduced just as the scope and power of folk magic is reduced from its Mythos predecessor. The dangers of cumulative SAN loss remain as significant for witches and other folk magic practitioners as it does for Mythos sorcerers. A weather witch, for example, seeking to dispel a series of storm fronts threatening her village's crops might well end up raving from "exertion" (repeated SAN loss).

Given that folk magic is derivative, Keepers may wish to consider creating different or variant instructions and descriptions for folk spells. They can be as simple or elaborate

Derived Folk Magic Examples

The Divining (*Chant of Thoth* derivative): use of this spell may help to increase the caster's percentile chance to divine an answer or gain insight into a specific intellectual problem. The spell costs 1 Sanity point and requires a minimum of two hours of time in which the caster must continually chant or break the spell. Every magic point spent in the chanting allows the caster to increase his or her chance of success by 1 percentile. For example, an investigator trying to decode a Gaelic text could add 10 percentiles to his Language Other (Gaelic) roll provided he invested 10 magic points while chanting for the two hours previous. A character might similarly choose to increase his or her chance to learn a new spell, find significance in a piece of art, translate some ancient writing or otherwise gain knowledge from some activity; however, The Divining will only help if the caster already has a minimum of 20% in the associated skill. If the skill is below 20 percentiles, The Divining will not help.

Elfland's Blessing (*Flesh Ward* derivative): the Elfland's Blessing protects casters against physical attacks. Each casting costs 1D3 Sanity points and a variable number of magic points. Each point of magic invested provides the caster or the spell's target with 2 points of armour against non-magical attacks. Every point of physical damage reduces the Blessing's armour by the same amount: for example, if an investigator had invested 6 magic points to acquire 12 points of armour, but was subsequently hit for 7 points of damage, the armour would be reduced by 7 points, leaving only 5 points remaining to absorb further attacks. Elfland's Blessing must be cast at dawn's first light, takes 15 minutes to cast, and lasts until the following dawn or until the armour is used up. The spell may not be reinforced with further magic points, but can be recast at the next dawn.

Gods' Stride (*Create Gate* derivative): by means of this spell the caster can travel between two locations (a single entry point and a single exit point) instantly. The caster must know or have visited the location he or she intends to travel to. The caster must define or "mark" the entry point, usually with a symbol drawn in blood or created from stones. To open the connection to the exit point, the caster must permanently expend 1 point of POW for every 10 miles of distance between the two points. For example, a caster wishing to pass between two points 70 miles apart would need to permanently sacrifice 7 points of POW. The connection established, every passage between the two points costs a number of magic points equal to the initial POW sacrificed (e.g. 7 magic points for 7 POW) and 1D4 Sanity points. Arriving at the exit point, the caster must mark the exit point in a manner identical to the entry point. The return journey exacts the same cost in magic points and Sanity. If the caster lacks the magic points, the journey cannot be made. If passage requires all of the caster's magic points, he or she will pass through but lose a further point of POW in the process.



as the Keeper wishes. A folk magic spell derived from the Cthulhu Mythos spell Unmask Demon, for example, might require the sacrifice of a hen in the centre of a circle of at least 8 chanting people. Or the folk version might insist that the spell be cast at night, even a specific night or under a particular phase of the moon, while the target is bound to a north-facing standing stone in a circle of stones.

Similarly, folk magic derivatives will normally possess different spell names than their Mythos progenitors. For example, the folk magic derivative of Unmask Demon might be called Reveal True Form or, more dramatically, Pull Back the Veil of Night.

A derivative and much diminished version of the Create Gate spell might be called Devil's Breach or Gods' Stride and travelling by such means might be known as "walking out of Time" or "taking the Fairy Road." Call / Dismiss or Summon / Bind combinations are among the least likely of spells to have a folk magic derivative; however, if a Keeper wished to include a weak version of such a spell, the title of the summoning spell might be modified to something such as Night's Black Wings (Summon / Bind Byakhee) or Song of the Green Man (Call / Dismiss Nyarlathotep).

- Folk Magic - as Non-Mythos Magic

This philosophy of folk magic suggests that magic has developed out of human cultural beliefs, practices, and traditions. It is a non-derivative perversion of the same universal dynamics used by the Cthulhu Mythos, but is uniquely human and earthly in origin and context. This version of folk magic might originate from the base manipulation of natural laws and earthly energies or in the interrelation of psychic and spiritual domains and powers, but regardless it is not recognised or practised by Mythos entities: it is as alien to them as they are to us. The purist out there might still argue that non-Euclidean dynamics lie behind it all, but from a gameplay point of view this folk magic has no perspicuous association with, or clear relationship to, the Mythos.

In comparison to true Mythos magic, this aberrant magic is crude, limited, and unsophisticated, yet it manages to manipulate earthly elements, objects, and beings, and can even have an effect on Mythos creatures. An analogy informing

the difference between Mythos magic and non-Mythos folk magic might be drawn from the difference between modern pharmacology and homeopathy: the one is based on cutting-edge science and a highly evolved, highly specialised practice, while the other is based on cultural traditions and its practice is based on little or limited understanding of the underlying principles. Examples of such folk magic have appeared in many *Call of Cthulhu* publications, including *The Masks of Nyarlathotep*, *Miskatonic University*, *The Secrets of New Orleans*, and *Cthulhu Dark Ages*.

The scope of this non-Mythos magic is, by its nature, largely terrestrial and to a significantly lesser extent spiritual or psychic. The primary focus of most spells is on producing change in the real world in accordance to human motivations: gaining power, acquiring wealth, communicating with others, avoiding injury or death, controlling or affecting others, and, to a lesser extent, manipulating the elements, contacting the spirit world, etc. Unlike Mythos magic, this quintessentially human magic does not require opening one's mind to the eldritch sciences and alien realities inherent in the Cthulhu Mythos. As a result, learning, understanding, and practising folk magic should, in theory, result in considerably less Sanity loss than trying to reconcile the mind-shattering revelations and calculations common to Mythos magic. Nonetheless, there is always a price to pay.

When creating novel folk magic spells, particularly if your scenario or campaign will be shared or published, consider providing a proper description for the spell, which includes its name or title, a brief description of the form it takes and its effects, all requirements, and any special rules that apply. Remember to highlight the cost of using the folk magic, both in terms of magic points and in the potential for Sanity loss.

Lastly, Keepers should remember to keep folk magic bounded in human tradition and experience, taking care not to create spells that are overly powerful or grand in scale and scope. That said, even if Mythos magic is the real power in the universe, folk magic can still work wonders and produce powerful effects.

There are, of course, no limitations where the Keeper's imagination is concerned. Folk magic can have aspects and powers both wondrous and terrifying, favourable and disadvantageous. What matters most is that it adds to the gaming experience, for good or ill. A few examples are included here to provide flavour or act as a precedent.



Non-Mythos Folk Magic Examples

Beast Bane: by means of this spell the caster may unnerve and / or produce fear in any animal, irrespective of its size or intelligence. The spell requires four rounds to cast and costs one Sanity point, plus a variable number of magic points. During the casting, a clear line of sight must exist between the caster and the targeted animal; after that point the spell functions regardless of line of sight. For every magic point sacrificed, the caster can cause a number of animals equal to the magic points spent to become unsettled or fearful: cats will hiss or flee, dogs will whine and back away, horses will bray and buck, potentially dismounting riders, etc. This activity will continue until the caster has vacated the immediate area, the animal has escaped the immediate area, or until the caster releases the animal(s), whichever comes first.

Winter's Heart: Winter's Heart allows the caster to reduce the ambient temperature of a designated area. The spell costs a variable number of magic points (determining temperature) and Sanity points (determining area of effect). Casting the spell takes 10 rounds and requires the caster to hold a small branch or sprig of an evergreen tree in his or her left hand.

The spell lasts as long as the caster keeps the evergreen branch on his or her person, to a maximum of 24 hours. Each magic point sacrificed reduces the ambient temperature in the specified area by 1D4 degrees.

For example, sacrificing 5 magic points would reduce the ambient temperature by 5D4 degrees, averaging a 12-13 degree temperature drop. The area of effect directly affects Sanity loss. The initial casting costs 1 point of Sanity and creates an area of effect roughly equivalent to 10 cubic feet. With considerable mental strain, this chilling effect can be pushed beyond this 10 foot cubed boundary. The initial area of effect can be expanded exponentially at the cost of 1D4 points of Sanity per exponential increase (e.g. extending the area of effect to 100 cubic feet costs the initial 1 point of SAN and a further 1D4 SAN, or 1D4+1; expanding the original area to 1,000 cubic feet costs 2D4+1 SAN; 10,000 cubic feet costs 3D4+1 SAN; and so on). A significant expenditure in both SAN and magic points could envelop an entire village in sub-zero temperatures at the height of summer.

The Service of Owls: this spell allows the caster to shape-shift into the form of an owl, acquiring all of its physical qualities and abilities, including night vision and sustained flight.



The caster's consciousness remains unaffected. The Service of Owls must be cast after sunset in a forest or suitably wooded area. The spell requires the expenditure of 10 magic points and costs 1d6+1 Sanity points. The spell lasts until the caster returns to a similarly wooded location and chooses to return to his or her own form. However, prolonged shape-shifting, for more than one day, slowly degrades Sanity at a rate of 1 point per hour beyond 24 hours.



An Alternative to Folk Magic

Not all magic need be genuine. Not every spell needs to stem from the Cthulhu Mythos or some arcane human tradition. Magicians and charlatans the world over have long been trading on peoples' willingness to believe in magic, but that isn't to say that parlour tricks and snake oil can't have real effects upon those who believe or suspect there might be a grain of truth behind it all. This sort of "placebo" or psychosomatic magic is clearly the result of human psychology, and peoples' willingness to believe what they wish or desire to be true, rather than otherworldly powers. That does not mean it is without real power.

Imagine a situation where a maligned witch lays a potent curse upon a character or where the party is made aware of a superstition that means taking a particular action will bring about their deaths: would those characters dismiss the curse or superstition as errant foolishness or might they worry just a little bit? Perhaps more than just a little bit? Even a moment's nagging doubt gives some power to the notion. Now imagine what it might mean to a character who takes folk traditions to heart: how might that character react to a witch's curse or deadly superstition?

The point here is that the human mind can make the unreal real and give it the power to effect real change. An individual character's conception of magic and their belief systems are the engines that drive this possibility. Keepers interested in using this belief mechanic will find a brief framework for using beliefs in *Call of Cthulhu* below.

Belief Mechanics

Every character has belief systems of their own that can aid or hinder them in certain situations. A devoutly Christian character, for example, might react strongly to a blessing given to them by the local priest. This blessing might inspire the character, giving them hope and the confidence to proceed in a difficult task ahead; indeed, the blessing might, on some small level or to a great extent, make the characters more effective in their designated task.

That same character would be likely to scoff at an African witch doctor's claims of being able to heal the sick, but might be genuinely unsettled by the demonic blasphemies chanted by a Satanic cult and feel sickened or even frightened.

In each situation, it is the character's belief that produces a reaction, a real world result. Determine whether or not an effect appears (indicated by a success) on the Resistance Table using:

- Caster's POW plus character's POW versus character's INT, where the character's beliefs are *in accordance* with the magic;
- Caster's POW versus character's INT, where the character's response is *neutral*; or,
- Caster's POW versus character's POW plus INT, where the character's beliefs are opposed to the magic.

Example Effects

- +/- 1D6 percentiles to rolls in a particular skill category for 24 hours
- +/- 1D2 points of SAN
- Healing of one more or one fewer Hit Point in 24 hours
- +/- 1D10 percentiles to Luck rolls for 24 hours.



- Folk Medicine -

“Cha’n eil euslainte gun ioc-shlainte, agus cha’n eil tilleadh air a bhas.”

(Gaelic proverb: “There’s no disease without a remedy, and there’s no turning back of death.”)

Every different culture creates its own folk medicine, developing traditions and practices for healing the body, mind, and spirit. Folk medicine is often a practice handed down, performed, and built upon by a specific member of a society (e.g. shamans, witch doctors, etc.) or associated with a particular group (e.g. witches, wise women, etc.). Folk medicine is not magical, although it might bear the trappings of various thaumaturgies, and does not require magic points nor incur Sanity loss; rather, folk medicine functions as a skill. Indeed, investigators who learn from medicine men or folk healers might learn enough of this art to justify the creation of a Folk Medicine skill.

Folk medicine essentially requires two things: knowledge or practical experience of applying the medicine, and the medicine itself. The composition of folk medicines varies from culture to culture and their creation obviously requires access to the right materials.

Examples of British Folk Medicine

Healing Balm – A balm that aids in the regeneration of hit points, reducing healing times. Extract the oil from slow-boiled flax seeds and mix it into the powdered bark of a

slippery elm tree, continuing until you have enough to cover the affected area. Collect and wash a white cabbage, and remove individual leaves taking time to crack any veins or ridges present in the leaf. Gently rub the oil-bark mixture onto the wound and place the cracked cabbage leaves over top, pressing down gently. Remove the white cabbage leaf when it becomes soiled or hot to the touch, replacing it with a similarly prepared, fresh leaf.

Do this until the entire cabbage has been used up. Afterward, protect the affected area and let the oil-bark mixture create a crust over the wound. Repeat daily. Successful application doubles natural healing rates.

Coughing Bag – A traditional cure for coughs (e.g. whooping cough, colds, catarrh, etc.). Fill a small, fine cotton or muslin bag with the cooked, dried meat of two female crows. Add a spoonful of honey and a handful of live spiders to the bag and seal it tightly. Require that the target wears the bag at all times and rests as much as possible for the next 72 hours. Speeds recovery from coughs and colds.

Cure for The Shaking – A cure for epilepsy and other fits. Collect clippings from the target’s fingernails and toenails carefully wrapped in white cotton and mark it with the sign of a cross. Place the cotton wrap under the wing of a large black fowl and carry the bird to the place where the target had a fit (preferably the first fit). The fowl must be buried by the eldest and most pious man in the county, who must also then spend the night in the same place with a fire made from oak kindling. If the cure doesn’t take, the target must drink water from the skull of a suicide after each fit until the seizures cease. Cures most fits and convulsions.





A Folklore Bestiary

- A Folklore Bestiary -

"I felt flattered at having my folklore study taken so seriously, and did what I could to belittle the wild, vague tales which seemed so clearly an outgrowth of old rustic superstitions. It amused me to find several persons of education who insisted that some stratum of obscure, distorted fact might underlie the rumors."

(Howard Phillips Lovecraft,
The Whisperer in Darkness, 1931)

This folklore bestiary focuses on the most common spirits, monsters, creatures, and peoples discussed or encountered in 1920s Britain, looking at their motivations, their Mythos connections, and providing statistics for incorporating such creatures in play. There is not space enough in this single tome to cover the myriad, variable and different representations of each and every one of the folklore beings to be found in the British Isles in the 1920s; instead, this section provides descriptions of common classes of creatures (e.g. Spirits and Ghosts, Fairy Folk, etc.) in enough detail to allow Keepers to consider how to most effectively introduce them into new or published scenarios and campaigns.

Fairy Folk

Aos Sí, Daoine Sith, Fae, Fairy, Fey, Gwyllion,
Pillywiggins, Pixie, Seelie, Sidhe, Sprite, Trow, Unseelie

*"We were ere mortals had their birth, And long have watched the growing day;
The light now beams upon the earth, And warns us that we must away."*

(Traditional Irish poem excerpt)

The fairy folk of Great Britain are numerous indeed. Much of the landscape of the United Kingdom has some link or tie to their timeless cultures and traditions. It is believed that the fairies descend from pre-human gods or goddesses of nature or from other powerful, natural spirits. They are variously known to live underground, 'over the water' or across seas, or in a coexisting, parallel dimension invisible to humans. They are often known simply as "The Folk" or "Fair folk".

The majority of British fairies live underground in great halls, commonly beneath dunes, hillocks, and other mounds, and have little to do with humans. Their subterranean world can be accessed through caves, hollowed out trees, and via other natural 'fairy holes'. Destruction of their homes and entrances is a sure-fire way to incur their anger. Their halls are said to be full of all that is good on Earth: the best food and drink; an abundance of gold and precious gems; well-crafted musical instruments of all manner; and beautiful garments imbued with nature's finest colours.

Indeed, British fairies seem to lack only one thing: milk. Offerings of milk or oatmeal are amongst the best ways to secure their help or appease their anger.

Fairies (excepting the hateful Unseelie) are generally helpful and friendly, and considered good neighbours, but they prove vengeful tricksters to those that insult or harm them. They are especially fond of dancing and their spirited nightly dances sometimes leave behind circular fairy rings in the grass. They love music and are often particularly fond of traditional and regional music (e.g. harp, flute, and whistle music in Wales and England or fiddle, pipes, and accordion music in Ireland and Scotland). So enamoured of folk musicians are they that fairies will often try to tempt them underground or outright kidnap them.

Stories of fairy changelings are relatively common throughout the British Isles. For reasons both fantastic and unfathomable, fairies occasionally kidnap human children and adults and replace them with "changelings": often ugly or unwanted kin, or even enchanted dolls. Sometimes the changelings are discovered and an exchange is negotiated to return the changelings back, but a particularly effective changeling might remain undiscovered. Less commonly, fairies marry into human families on occasion and are prized for their striking beauty or otherworldly qualities and abilities.

All fairy folk are known to be dwindling in number with the ascendancy of mankind and tales of them are becoming less numerous as their halls grow deserted and their music departs this world.



Motivation

The motivations of the fairy folk are as varied as their number and kind. Few of the “fair folk” are keen on interacting with humans, preferring to keep to themselves, living and working in their underground halls. Many have become disenchanted with the world of men and limits imposed by mankind on the natural world. As a result, ever increasing numbers are fading away from contact and leaving for lands, dimensions, and worlds that men cannot invade and destroy.

Those who do choose to stay and live alongside humans are generally peaceful, motivated by their own desires to be helpful, to protect or enliven the natural world, or to cultivate beauty as they see it in nature, art, music, or dance. Virtually all fairy folk are tricksters to one extent or another, being overly fond of pranks and little mischiefs. Usually there is no harm intended in their playful machinations: it is done for amusement alone. The actions of the dark Unseelie are an exception, however, and are largely motivated by hatred,

Fairy Folk, Generic Statistics

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	1D4+2	4-5
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	1D6	3-4
INT	3D6	10-11
POW	3D6+2	14-15
DEX	3D6+6	16-17
HP		6-7

Move: 5 (10 in flight, see Special Ability below)

Damage Bonus: -1D6

Skills: Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 40%, and others as the Keeper desires

Weapons: Claws 35%, damage 1D6+db
Small Blade 25%, damage 1D4

Armour: N/A, or as the Keeper desires

Spells: 1D6 folk magic spells, or more at the Keeper’s discretion

Number appearing: 1D3 wandering; 3D6 in their underground halls

Sanity Loss: 1 / 1D4

Appearance: Small, thin and fond of wearing earthy, natural colours, the faerie folk appear as exceptionally diminutive humans, but possess an alluring, otherworldly or magical quality which manifests differently for each individual. Apart from an unnatural slenderness and a propensity for oddly shaped ears and noses, the faeries are exceptionally attractive, often possessing especially striking eyes in colours normally not observed in humans.

Special Ability: Flight – In British folk tradition, most fae creatures do not possess wings, but for those Keepers who wish to grace them with gossamer wings or the power of flight a movement statistic for this has been included above.



malevolence, and a desire to harm or bring hurt to humans. Their anger may stem from some ancient offence or insult, or from the encroachment of human civilization on their protected lands, but regardless of its origins, the Unseelie will almost always act violently towards humans.

Mythos Connections

It may well be that the fairy folk have no more connection to the Mythos than humans, that they are in fact subject to the same horror when learning of these alien terrors out of space and time. If so, they might be more inclined to help investigators who seek to rid the world, and especially their fairy homes and lands, of Mythos threats. However, it is just as likely that the fairy folk are aware of the Mythos and are either neutrally disposed to them or are, in fact, allied in some way to the dark horrors. One of the most plausible connections exists in the fairy folk in question having been influenced, cajoled, or threatened into serving a Mythos entity.

Alternatively, the fae might be acting as worshippers and servitors of the Green Man or the Great God Pan. Or perhaps they have joined a cult worshipping Shub-Niggurath, believing that their devotion and sacrifice will restore balance to the natural world. The black-hearted Unseelie might ally themselves with any malevolent entity who seeks to unbalance or destroy the world of men.

Sea Folk

Asrai, Mermaid, Merrow, Selkie, Trow

*"I am a man upon the land, I am a silkie in the sea;
And when I'm far frae every strand, My home it is in Sule
Skerry."*

(Traditional folk song, *The Great Silkie of Sule Skerry*)

Many folk tales exist in Great Britain relating to mermaids and similar sea-going creatures. They are especially plentiful along England's southern coast, in Northern Ireland, and throughout the north of Scotland. Numerous historical accounts attest to the existence of the sea folk inhabiting the waters and coastlines of the British Isles. The forms they take vary, with many manifesting some physical qualities or aspects of sea life, or possessing the ability to bodily shape-shift into



a suitable aquatic form. Trows of Shetland, for example, who possess many qualities similar to fairy folk, are known to be able to shape-shift into seals. Selkies similarly adopt human form, shedding their seal skin to walk on land, but later resume their seal form when returning to the coastal waters.

Beyond the power to shape-shift, many mermaids and other sea folk are believed to be able to foretell the future and to grant great wealth (usually in the form of gold or rare gems) or supernatural powers to humans. But many who make deals with the sea folk come to a bad end. This is not always the case, however, and some are more fortunate than others in folk tales. More generally, selkies, trows, and asrai are portrayed as kind and helpful, but fond of pranks. Again like the fair folk, most sea folk are strikingly beautiful or handsome. Stories from around Great Britain tell of sea folk falling in love with humans and eventually marrying them. Again, however, this does not always end well, with most sea folk ultimately being drawn back to the deep and leaving their mates lonely and desolate.

Other tales tell darker stories involving the sea folk imprisoning, kidnapping, or drowning humans. But common to all the tales is the desire amongst sea folk to interact—in one way or another—with those on land, perhaps suggesting a common ancestral heritage or long forgotten history.

Motivation

The motivations of the sea folk are largely individualistic. The ties of culture and brotherhood are especially weak among these free-willed, ocean-born peoples. They frequently interact with humans for their own entertainment or personal



gain, even to the point of seeking regular communion with, or marriage into, human settlements. Though drawn to humans, the pull of the sea is usually the greater of the two attractions and most sea folk/human relationships end with the mermaid or selkie returning to the ocean at last.

Not all interactions amongst humans and the sea folk are as profitable or positive. There are those among these ocean-going peoples who take a more violent approach to their dealings with mankind. An unintended slight, a reproach of some kind, or a spurned advance could lead to a vengeful trow or merrow kidnapping or even drowning the person responsible. Lastly, somewhere between the poles of positive and negative motivations, the sea folk, like their fae kin, are fond of pranks and get particular enjoyment from playing tricks on witless humans.

Mythos Connection

The sea folk are free spirits by nature and generally shun community on any large scale. Connections to the Mythos are likely to be decided on an individual basis rather than on a societal or cultural scale. The sea folk are most likely to ally with deep ones and worship Dagon or Cthulhu, but their natures would often work against organised efforts against mankind. They may more often be employed individually to ensnare or kidnap humans. Alternatively, the sea folk might align themselves with the Lord of the Great Abyss, the elder

god Nodens. In this case, they will usually act kindly to humans and be helpful wherever possible, especially if it is to benefit someone who is, or has been, persecuted by Great Old Ones or Nyarlathotep. Again, it is most likely that the sea folk will choose to aid Nodens individually rather than in groups and only under the most extraordinary circumstances would they willingly congregate and function as a team.

Little Folk

Bean-Tighe, Bluecap, Boggart, Bogie, Bogle, Brownie, Bwback, Bwca, Claurichan, Cofgod, Dwarf, Elf, Fenoderee, Ghillie Dhu, Gnome, Goblin, Gremlin, Hob, Imp, Leprechaun, Lutin, Knocker, Oschaert, Pixie, Pooka, Pwca, Puck, Redcap, Shellycoat, Spriggan

*"In a shady nook one moonlight night, A leprechaun I spied
With scarlet coat and cap of green, A cruiskeen by his side
Twas tick tack tick his hammer went, Upon a weeny shoe
And I laughed to think of a purse of gold, But the fairy was
laughing too."*

(Robert Dwyer Joyce, *The Leprechaun*, c. 1860)

By far the most numerous class of folklore creature, little folk are to be found in every corner of the British Isles. Unlike the fairy folk and sea folk, these little people often live in close proximity to humans and many of them (such as elves, bwca,

Sea Folk, Generic Statistics

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	3D6	10–11
CON	4D6	14
SIZ	3D6	10–11
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	3D6	10–11
DEX	3D6+2	12–13
HP		12

Move: 8 / 12 (walking / swimming)

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Hide in Water 45%, Listen 30%, Navigation 45%, Sneak in Water 55%, Spot Hidden 40%, Track in Water 30%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 35%, damage 1D4+db
Bash (underwater) 55%, damage 1D6+db

Armour: In sea form, 1-point toughened skin and scales or blubber

Spells: Shape Shifting, or others at the Keeper's discretion
Number appearing: 1 wandering; 1D3 in communal grottos

Sanity Loss: 1 / 1D4 in sea form, unless it is that of a normal seal or other natural, aquatic life form; 1D4 / 2D4 to witness the sea folk shift shape

Appearance: In sea form, these folk take on shapes specific to their species: trows and selkies appear as seals; mermaids and merrows as beautiful women with long, fish-like tails; and asrai, who have but one form, appear as diminutive women possessing webbed hands or feet, but being extraordinarily striking. In human form, the sea folk are invariably attractive, whether male or female—the only exception being the male merrow, which is horribly ugly and fish-like in appearance. Sea folk normally have long, wavy hair, fine features, and larger-than-average eyes, but otherwise appear as normal humans.



gnomes, boggarts, brownies, etc.) willingly share human accommodation. The one feature that is common to nearly all of the little folk is their ability to work prodigiously. When given or adopting tasks (e.g. cleaning a house, mending a stone wall, general farm work, etc.), little folk are capable of completing these tasks far faster—and often far better—than human beings. For their helpful qualities, many little people are actually welcomed into peoples' homes.

Should they be treated with respect and given the right offerings, the little folk will stay and do work that needs doing. Offerings commonly take the form of milk, oats, and cakes, or sometimes a portion of whatever is placed on the table that evening. Most little people will not take direction, but will complete tasks overheard or that one person describes to another as worrisome, vexing, or overly difficult. Helpful though they be, the little folk are also notoriously temperamental. If they are mistreated, perceive a word or deed as an insult, or do not receive their proper offerings, the little people will usually turn on the humans responsible, becoming bothersome rather than helpful, playing evil pranks, or exacting some terrible revenge.

Of course, some of the little folk, especially those who live out of doors or shun human company, are naturally more antagonistic in their attitude towards the “big folk”. It is difficult to say if any of the little folk are purely evil or purely good: like human beings, they seem to embody both aspects to some greater or lesser extent. Many pooka, bogles, ghillie dhuis, and shellycoats, for example, are primarily evil or at least bad tempered. The more mysterious redcaps, bluecaps, knockers, dwarves, and spriggans likewise often appear to be maliciously inclined. However, for each of these beings, there exist tales of them being kind or charitable in certain circumstances. The ghillie dhu, for example, will often gleefully waylay travellers, seeking to get them lost in a dark wood, but many folk tales recount that if a ghillie dhu encounters a lost child, it will do the child no harm and often will return the boy or girl to its parents. (Note: the derivative, goblinoid “little people” described in Chaosium’s *Miskatonic University* sourcebook and originating in an earlier Keith Herber scenario entitled “The Little People” are more universally evil and less representative of the little folk common to British folklore.)

The majority of little folk are less than three feet in height and many are considerably smaller. They come in all shapes and guises, but typically possess looks and forms that humans associate with older people: weathered skin, bulbous noses, arched backs, large ears, etc. The more wicked among them are described as having crooked or devilish features, complete

with predatory smiles and glinting or glowing eyes. While individually a little person might not pose much of a threat, when they arrive in groups, sometimes akin to small armies, they can pose a significant challenge for all but the most skilled groups of investigators. A great many of the little folk possess some magical skill, or alternatively skills that appear as magic to human beings. They are likely to torment those who insult them and seek vengeance in cases where they or one of their kind has been harmed or killed.

Motivation

What motivates individual little folk is largely a mystery. Why they choose to live with humans and do housework or protect farm animals is unknown. Why others actively seek to confuse, harm, or kill humans is again unknown. Thus, Keepers can attribute virtually any motivation to the little people in designed scenarios and campaigns. Generalisations such as little folk acting kindly towards humans whose habitation they share (until slighted) or individuals who inhabit woods acting aggressively or antagonistically towards humans need not necessarily apply. As many folk tales themselves reveal, the little folk are wildly inconsistent in their intentions and actions.

Mythos Connection

Again concerning how or why little folk might work for or ally themselves with Mythos entities, the Keeper has absolute freedom to construct plausible explanations and connections. While certain little people seem more likely to serve as agents of Mythos race or worshippers of the Outer Gods (e.g. boggarts or spriggans), there is no reason why even a seemingly benevolent bean-tighe or cofgod might not act as a servitor to some dark influence. Despite appearing as a diminutive, old woman who kindly looks after flocks of sheep, for example, a bean-tighe might act as a spy for a Tsathoggua or Cyogha cult or more actively interfere in the plans of the investigators.

On a greater level, a group of little folk might themselves form a cult or work alongside a human cult. In this case, the little people could present a more serious threat to the investigators and their investigations. A group of demonic imps, for example, serving Nyarlathotep might harass and torment the investigators walking through darkened city streets or bar their entry into a crypt or burial mound. Alternatively, a veritable flood of knockers in an Irish or Welsh mine might drag the poor investigators down into an impenetrable darkness from which there is no escape.



Little Folk, Generic Statistics

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	1D6	3-4
CON	2D6	7
SIZ	1D6+1	4
INT	2D6	7
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		5-6

Move: 6

Damage Bonus: -1D6

Skills: Hide 65%, History 30%, Listen 50%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 40%, and others as the Keeper desires

Weapons: Fist / Punch 40%, damage 1D2

Knife or Club 35%, damage 1D4

Armour: 1-point effective armour due to their size

Spells: 1D4 folk magic spells, or more at the Keeper's discretion

Number appearing: 1 wandering; 3D8 when congregating

Sanity Loss: 0 / 1D3 normally; 1 / 1D6 if especially small or grotesque

Appearance: The little people appear as especially small humans or grotesque humanoids, normally under three feet in height. They vary in appearance as much as humans do; however, they often appear as older persons to human eyes. A few types of little people are considerably more frightening in aspect, looking more devilish or goblinoid, having cat-like eyes, pointed ears, great wide noses, and / or jagged teeth. Those that wear clothing wear whatever colours they like, although redcaps and bluecaps have obvious predilections for red and blue, respectively.



Big Folk

Big Grey Man of Ben Macdui, Cailleach, Fomhair, Foawr, Giant,
Ogre, Troll, Trow, “True” Giant, Water Ogress

*“Wonder I very much do, Tom Noddy, If ever, when you are
aroam,
An Ogre from space, will stoop a lean face, And lug you home...
And hang you up stiff on a hook, Tom Noddy, From a stone-
cold pantry shelf,
Whence your eyes will glare in an empty stare, Until you are
cook’d yourself!”*

(Walter de la Mare, *Tit for Tat*, 1928)

Encounters with the giants, ogres, and other big folk of Britain are extraordinarily rare in the 1920s and, indeed, it is believed that few of their kind remain active or alive in the British Isles. Most of the big folk currently inhabiting the United Kingdom dwell in mountain caves, sea caverns, or other natural strongholds, and they range in size from being twice the height and breadth of an average man to truly gargantuan

proportions where individuals resemble mountains and can shape the landscape with their massive hands. While some recent tales tell of the former, few if any of the latter have been seen for hundreds of years. Most believe that the largest of Britain’s “true” giants have passed on now or lie sleeping in the various mountain ranges found in England, Wales, Scotland, and particularly Northern Ireland—often mistaken for mountains themselves.

Those that remain are collectively renowned for their foul tempers, their greediness, and their taste for human flesh. Human interactions with big folk tend to be short and deadly, with the humans more often than not ending up serving as a quick meal. However, killing humans is often more trouble for the big folk than it is worth, and so most have taken to killing and eating sheep or cattle. Indeed, the selective disappearance of livestock or the sudden appearance of a vast quantity of gnawed, large animal bones are the two most common indicators of nearby big folk activity. Another common indicator is the appearance of huge stones or balls of ice where they ought not to be: this stems from giants’ predilection for hurling huge boulders when they are angry, or as sport.





Big folks' anger is rarely reserved for human beings: flaring tempers often lead to great battles between ogres, trows, and giants. These battles involve the hurling of boulders as well as insults, and can go on for days or suddenly stop when both parties forget what they are fighting about. It must be said that most big folk are not invested with brains to match their large bodies, and they do have a reputation for being slow, forgetful, or outright stupid.

Outwitting an ogre, for example, is a relatively simple task for most people. As a result, many big folk can be convinced to aid humans for a time, but given their size and tendency to forget "the small things", working in close proximity to a giant or trow, for example, can be extremely dangerous. Most big folk care little for human affairs, however, and are more interested in their own battles, hurling stone, rock, and ice at one another from mountain cliffs and low lying plains.

There are a few exceptions to these generalities. The Scottish cailleachs, for example, are shape-shifters who can transform at will from flesh to stone or can assume the form of beautiful young women. They and the Famhairean are also known to be somewhat more intelligent than their less fortunate brethren. Some tales suggest that the Famhairean (or Fomorians) are in fact descended from wild gods and represent or protect nature, chaos, and the wild.

Motivation

The prime motivation for nearly all big folk is hunger. Their huge bodies require massive amounts of food each day. A relatively small number of them will consider humans as their most promising food source, although trolls are particularly fond of human flesh. In fact, as mentioned earlier, nearly all big folk will go out of their way to avoid humans. The reclusive

Big Folk, Generic Statistics

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	9D6	31-32
CON	8D6	24-25
SIZ	9D6+6	34-35
INT	1D6+1	4
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6	7
HP		30

Move: 12

Damage Bonus: +3D6

Skills: Spot Hidden 20%, and others as the Keeper desires

Weapons: Fist / Punch 30%, damage 2D6+db

Trample 35%, damage 3D6+db

Hurled stone 25%, damage varies (see below)

Armour: 3-point toughened skin

Spells: None, except Cailleach can shape-shift (to stone or woman form); others at the Keeper's discretion

Number appearing: 1

Sanity Loss: 0 / 1D4 normally; 1 / 1D6 if especially large or grotesque (e.g. true giant or troll)

Appearance: The big folk appear as especially large humans, always more than twice the size of an average man and often considerably larger. No one individual looks the same as another: hair, eye, and skin colour all vary greatly; overall looks range from humanoid to bestial; and apparent ages fluctuate from youthful to ancient.

A few types of big folk (e.g. trows and trolls) are more frightening in aspect, looking more brutish or animalistic. Due to their size, big folk wear clothing made from animal hides, if they wear clothing at all.

Special Attacks: Hurling – big folk, especially the larger varieties, are fond of hurling stones (from field stones weighing a hundred or more pounds to huge boulders weighing a ton or more, depending on their strength). As a baseline the smallest stone a trow or ogre might throw would be roughly 100 pounds (45 kg). A person hit by such a hurled stone would take 1D6 points of damage. For every additional 100 pounds add +1D6. Thus, a 500 pound (225 kg) stone would do 5D6 points of damage. A character crushed under a boulder thrown by a true giant and weighing a ton (2240 pounds / 1000kg) would take 22D6 points of damage. Remember to add half of the attacker's damage bonus. Keepers may wish to rule that glancing blows deliver half the normal damage.

A Note on Scale: The generic statistics given here are only a guideline. The true giants of British folklore are on a scale equivalent to Great Cthulhu himself and their strength, constitution, and size would be 4 to 5 times greater than those above. Alternatively, a degenerate troll might be only slightly larger than an ordinary man and have its physical stats reduced to one-third or one-quarter of those provided.



Foawr, for example, will shun any and all interaction, preferring to stealthily raid farms at night and steal away cattle. But if they are provoked, or perhaps starving, an individual giant or fahhair might be suitably motivated to crush or trample a human here or there.

The other main motivation for big folk is securing their lairs and hunting grounds, primarily from one another. Again this protective behaviour links in no small way to their need to eat a huge quantity of food daily. Whereas humans passing through a mountain range will not likely incur its anger, walking directly into a giant's cave is a sure-fire way to get its attention. Additionally, some big folk are protective of their natural environment and may take offence at anyone attempting to disrupt or destroy nearby habitat (e.g. chopping down trees, driving a road through a mountain pass, etc.).

The Big Grey Man of Ben Macdui, for example, is known to be fiercely territorial; however, it rarely attacks men, preferring to frighten them away from its home amid the peaks of the Cairngorms. In 1925, the celebrated climber John Norman Collie recounted an earlier run-in with the Big Grey Man in 1890 which resulted in his rapid departure from the area: "... [as] the eerie crunch, crunch, sounded behind me, I was seized with terror and took to my heels, staggering blindly among the boulders for four or five miles."

Mythos Connection

Big folk generally do not congregate in large numbers so connections to the Mythos will occur on an individual basis. The most likely situation might be that a Mythos entity or charismatic cult leader has convinced a troll or ogre, for example, to serve them in exchange for some suitable reward, most likely a large quantity of food. Of course if the Mythos entity is powerful enough, the big folk might simply comply out of fear. On rare occasions, big folk might form part of a Mythos cult, especially if membership provides it with the promise of greater food or territory. Given their intelligence, however, it is unlikely that the big folk will play a leading role in any Mythos plot; rather, they will more usually act as henchmen, guards, or mercenaries.

Note that the trolls of Britain should not be mistaken for the degenerate Voormis found in Norway and other Scandinavian countries (as found in Rowland's *Nightmare in Norway*, for example). These smaller, ape-like creatures bear little resemblance to British trolls.

Magic-wielding Humans

Cunning Folk, Druid, Hag, Magus, Seer, Warlock, Wise Woman, Witch, Wizard

"These miserable wretches are so odious unto all their neighbors, and so feared, as few dare offend them, or denie them anie thing they aske: whereby they take upon them; yea, and sometimes thinke, that they can doo such things as are beyond the abilitie of humane nature."

(Reginald Scot, *The Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584)

The British Isles are awash with tales of magic-wielding individuals, especially stories involving witches and witchcraft. These magic users themselves are differentiated from other humans only by their apparent ability to manipulate animals, persons, or the natural world around us: they are otherwise normally indistinguishable from regular folk. However, witches and, to a lesser extent, other mages are often characterised as being old, sometimes ugly, and possessing great wisdom or intelligence—or at least enough to unnerve and manipulate those around them.

The magic wielded by these beings is normally folk magic, but occasionally witches or magic users will in fact be cultists or servitors of Great Old Ones or Outer Gods. The majority, however, will practise folk magic arts passed down to them from ancestral elders and belonging to long-established folk traditions. Whether or not these witches and warlocks possess any real magic is a decision left to the Keeper. It is quite possible that the magi encountered have no true magical ability whatsoever, but work on the powers of the mind, using psychology to influence others and the world around them.

Some generalisations exist regarding different types of magic wielders: druids are most often associated with Nature and natural magic, and to a lesser extent astronomy; magi are normally associated with astrology, astronomy, and some divination; seers are almost exclusively associated with divination, scrying, and foretelling the future; warlocks are most usually associated with sorcery, black magic, and demonology; wise women are often seen as a less threatening version of a witch and associated with natural wisdom and healing arts; and, lastly, witches are perhaps the most versatile of all magic users and can be associated with virtually any arcane craft.

In situations where a witch specialises in one school of folk magic or another, she may be deemed variously a weather witch, hedgewitch, good/white witch, evil/black witch, or similar. Alternatively, she might be considered a healer,



sorceress, soothsayer, or enchantress, breaking away from the term witch altogether. Additionally, magic wielders are closely associated with certain animals (e.g. cats, hares, foxes, ravens, owls, etc.), are considered to use such animals as familiars, and frequently have shape-shifting abilities attributed to them. In the past, foxes and wild cats, for example, have been persecuted in Great Britain for their “connections” to witches, witchcraft, and the Devil.

Motivation

The acquisition of more and greater magic and / or knowledge is a common motivation for these cunning folk. For this group of folklore peoples, more than any other group, knowledge truly is power. Witches, warlocks, and other magic users will value magic—folk or Mythos based—above any other reward and will often serve or work alongside Mythos entities to acquire greater knowledge and access new spells. This route to greater power can prove a slippery slope for individuals, however, who become drawn to increasingly more dangerous and deadly magic over time.

Beyond the desire for magic and knowledge, magic wielders are motivated by other, more base, human desires, such as revenge, greed, lust, pride, etc., and more complex drivers such as loyalties to particular individuals or ideals. Unlike the various creatures, monsters, and fae folk listed elsewhere, these people are, above all, human beings, and suffer from the same insecurities and are driven by many of the same needs that are found throughout human populations.

This being the case, Keepers need not look far for the factors that motivate individual magic wielders. A sorceress seeking dark knowledge to increase her power over others, for example, is just as valid as a warlock or druid who is trying to regain the respect of his father or a whole village, a hag trying to amass great wealth, or a magician trying to force the affections of an unobtainable lover. Additionally, human beings are rarely driven by one all-encompassing motivation, but are played upon by a number of them. Richly drawn NPCs with complex motivations will be all the more memorable for them.

Mythos Connection

As noted above, the most obvious point of connection for magic wielders is the magic itself. Put simply, magic users will ever be drawn to more powerful and purer forms of magic. Whether the magic is folk magic or proper Mythos magic, the pull will be the same for all individuals: magic is the source of their power and identity and, therefore, it constitutes an essential path that they will pursue to enrich and strengthen themselves. Ironically, that same path and same powerful drive will finally drive most of them mad. Many folk magicians may not even be aware of the link to the Mythos. Others, however, will intuit the purer path or more direct route to power and seek out Mythos magic. Many folk magic wielders will only be initiated into the Mythos once they have learned all they can of folk magic and desire more and greater power. Regardless of the individual route or path they take, the end result is the same: the underlying connection to the Mythos is revealed through magic itself.

Magic-wielding Humans, Generic Statistics

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		12

Move: 9

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Anthropology 15%, First Aid 30%, History 25%, Occult 50%, Persuade 35%, Psychology 40%, and others as the Keeper desires

Weapons: Fist / Punch 20%, damage 1D4+db

Armour: NA

Spells: 1D6+6 folk magic or Mythos spells, or more at the Keeper’s discretion

Number appearing: 1 normally; 1D6+5 in a coven or similar assembly

Sanity Loss: None; however, seeing magic for the first time or witnessing disturbing magical effects might warrant a 1 / 1D3 loss

Appearance: There is no rough guide to the appearance of magic-wielding humans: they come in all shapes, sizes, and colours. Those who find it useful to hide behind or otherwise use traditional stereotypes might let their hair grow wild and wear strange or even outlandish clothing. Most rural witches and magi will, however, be indistinguishable from everyday folk.



Those who are aware of the connection may well exploit it: witches and wizards will, for example, join or initiate cults so as to acquire magic from a Mythos deity. Alternatively, Mythos entities will often look for febrile minds to seduce, entice, or even inhabit, using promises of dark secrets and powerful magic as tantalising bait. In other instances, the witch or spellcaster may be drawn to the Mythos to fulfil other desires. In many cases, the human involved will see servitude to, or alliance with, a Mythos power as a means to an end—a very dark and dangerous end. Overconfidence, wanton need, and lack of foresight will lead many to engage in dark pacts with Mythos powers.

Shape-Shifters

Baobhan Sith, Biasd Bheulach, Dearg-Diulai, Korrigan,
Leanan-Sidhe, Marbh Bheo, Vampire, Werewolf

“What came out of those woods, I cannot say. It appeared at first as a woman both beautiful and terrible lit by Night’s fulsome glow. But before our eyes, its aspect changed and its true Nature showed. It was as if a creature out of nightmare and legend had walked into our midst, seeking only our blood.”

(C. A. Markham, *Journeying Through Strange Lands*, 1899)

Shape-shifting is a power common to many creatures of folklore, often through the use of magic, but for a select few it is their defining characteristic. The shape-shifters of 1920s Britain are powerful beings defined by their innate ability to transform from a human or humanoid form to more bestial

or monstrous form. In the case of many of these shape-shifters, the change is forced upon them by the arrival of night or day, or with the coming of a particular lunar phase. Few are in absolute control of their ability to change shape. Each shape-shifter is unique but many share particular habits and methods: for example, all shape-shifters feed on, or make prey of, human beings; a great many of them use seduction as a means to entrap their victims; and they are often associated with the dead or with being undead. Werewolves or lycanthropes (literally “wolf man” in the original Greek *lykos anthrōpos*) are a possible exception to the latter two points.

Considerably more animalistic in aspect and action, werewolves are more prone to terrorising and hunting their prey rather than manipulating or seducing them, and are usually portrayed as living human beings who have become lycanthropes by means of a curse, disease, or spell. For these particular shape-shifters the transformation into wolf form is brought on by the phases of the moon, especially the full moon, and is often imagined in folk tales as a painful, body-wrenching experience. Once the shift to the werewolf shape is complete, the human consciousness is, in most instances, completely overcome by the animal need to hunt and feed. The werewolves themselves are impulsive, feral creatures of instinct and preternatural craving.

Vampires and their kin, on the other hand, while vicious and predatory in their own way, are more human in appearance and action. The vampires of folklore differ in some respects to the vampire as presented in Bram Stoker’s *Dracula* (1897) and early 20th century fiction—not having to return to its original soil or coffin, for example—but Keepers are encouraged to use whatever aspects, peculiarities, and motives best fit their





scenarios and adventures. Rather than working individually or in secret, in some folklore vampires are known to hunt in packs or congregate in great numbers. From time to time, vampire “plagues” have occurred across the British Isles.

The appearance of vampires is sometimes related to suicides, murder victims, or people wrongly executed rising from the grave, usually intending to revenge themselves upon the living. The *biadh bheulach* (“chattering beast” in Scots Gaelic) of the Isle of Skye appears both as a man with one leg and as a beast, howling and baying for blood, seeking vengeance for some terrible grievance. More often, however, encounters with vampires are motivated by their extraordinary hunger and need for human blood.

The Irish *dearg-diulai* (“drinker of human blood”) and *leanan-sidhe* (“barrow lover”), the Scottish *baobhan sith* (“banshee” or “white woman of the Highlands”), and the English *korrigan* all appear as beautiful women who seduce and feed upon primarily male targets. They are normally encountered in rural wilds, sometimes near wells or other sources of water, and appear uniformly as women who possess a beauty that

is otherworldly and utterly bewitching. Warm-blooded males stand little chance against the beguiling seductiveness of these vampires of folk tale—one by one they ultimately succumb to the vampire’s allure and charm.

The *baobhan sith* and *dearg-diulai* drain their male victims of their blood instantly, killing them and moving on to find new prey. The *korrigan*, who appears as a hag during the day and a beautiful woman at night, will only kill those men who fall in love with her: she will toy with their affections, use her formidable powers of seduction, and, once they have pronounced their undying love, she will kill them at last and drain their blood. Rather than blood, the *leanan-sidhe* drains her victims of vital energies. Like other vampires, the *leanan-sidhe*—again ugly by day and beautiful by night—will seduce and charm her lover, but she will also act as a dark muse to this individual, who will often reveal or develop incredible artistic ability. As this artistic ability grows, the *leanan-sidhe* simultaneously devours her lover’s spirit until her victim becomes a dried husk awaiting death’s release. When her lover dies, she will boil the artist’s blood in a cauldron and consume it to keep herself young and alluring.

Shape Shifters, Generic Statistics

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	6D6	21
CON	2D6+6	13
SIZ	3D6	10–11
INT	2D6+6*	13
POW	2D6+6	13
DEX	2D6+6	13
HP		12

Move: 12

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Skills: Hide 55%, Spot Hidden 40%, Track (or Sense Blood) 75%, and others as the Keeper desires

Weapons: Bite (Vampiric) 45%, damage 1D4 and blood drain every round after **

Bite (Werewolf) 30%, damage 1d6+db

Claws 35%, damage 1D6+db

Armour: 1-point hide for werewolves, otherwise none, but all shape changers regenerate 1 hit point per round

Spells: None, or at the Keeper’s discretion

Number appearing: 1 (Werewolf) or 1D3 (Vampiric)

Sanity Loss: 0 / 1D6 to see a shape changer; 1 / 1D4 to witness a shape changer transform

Appearance: In human form, shape changers appear no different from normal humans; however, vampiric shape changers normally possess striking or especially beautiful countenances. In monstrous form, werewolves appear as terrifying human-wolf hybrids having huge jaws and claws, thick fur or hide, and lupine eyes and ears. Vampiric shape changers largely retain their humanoid form, but exhibit otherworldly qualities or abilities, such as blood-red eyes and sharp fangs.

Special Attacks: Energy Drain (*Leanan-Sidhe* especially) – using this power, the shape-shifter drains the target of magic points and POW over an extended period (once per week). Have the shape-shifter and its human target match POW on the Resistance Table. If the energy drain is successful, the shape-shifter gains 1D10 magic points, while the victim loses the same amount of magic points and permanently loses 1 point of POW. Over time, the victim’s ability to resist the shape-shifter diminishes until she or he reaches zero POW and dies.

* In werewolf form, the intelligence of the shape-shifter is halved.

** See the Vampire entry in the *Call of Cthulhu* core rulebook for more information.



Not all vampires act in so premeditated a fashion, however. The marbh bhoe of Ireland rise from their graves on Hallowe'en for the Failte na Marbh (Festival of the Dead) and visit their living ancestors for a time of feasting. Having spent a year underground with no nourishment, these undead relatives arise starving and dehydrated. Should their living descendants provide them with ample food and drink, no ill befalls them, but if the offerings are too meagre, the marbh bhoe take their sustenance from their descendant hosts, feeding off their blood until sated.

Lastly, vampiric shape-shifters can often change into other natural forms, including bat-form, rat-form, and wolf-form, or even alter its physical shape into that of mist. Altering their forms drastically takes a tremendous amount of energy and most shape-shifters will use these alternate forms only for travel or to flee a life-threatening situation.

Motivation

The prime motivation for all shape-shifters is hunger: hunger for flesh in the case of the werewolf or hunger for human blood in the case of vampires and their brethren. This hunger is intensely supernatural and beyond human experience and understanding. It compels the shape-shifters to act and is a force against which the shape-shifter has little ability or opportunity to resist. The hunger is everything and overrides all other needs. For vampiric shape-shifters, blood is a source of nourishment and renewal: it sustains them throughout their eternal, undead lives.

For werewolves, the thrill of the hunt is another less powerful motivation, as vengeance is for some of the vampiric shape changers. Unlike humans, most shape-shifters do not possess overly complex drivers or mixed desires: there is only one real imperative and that is the kill. The kill is what drives them, directs their actions, and determines their fates.

Mythos Connection

For most shape-shifters, hunger is not only the prime driver but is also the prime reason why they would ally with or serve a Mythos entity, specifically in finding a means of satisfying that hunger. A vampire or werewolf, for example, might join a Mythos cult if doing so afforded it greater freedom or licence to hunt and sate its hunger. A group of dearg-diulai or baobhan sith might serve or worship a Mythos entity that promised an endless supply of humans to feed upon. Shape-shifters might also join cults or other such groupings for security or greater power when dealing with the human world. While most shape-shifters can never escape the hunger, a werewolf in human form is freed from the imperative to kill and feed. As a

human, he or she can establish different connections to Mythos entities. Perhaps the werewolf is, in fact, desperately seeking to overcome the curse of lycanthropy and believes an alliance with a particular Mythos creature or god will allow it to uncover a cure. Or alternatively the werewolf might have fully embraced its predatory nature and desires the same power in human form as it possesses in wolf form and so worships one of the Outer Gods to acquire that power.

Bodily Horrors

Bullbeggar, Rawhead & Bloodybones, Skeleton, and Screaming Skulls

*"Rawhead and Bloody Bones, Steals naughty children from their homes,
Takes them to his dirty den, And they are never seen again."*

(Traditional English Rhyme, *Rawhead and Bloody Bones*)

The bodily horrors of British folklore are an odd mix of decidedly bizarre creatures. What each of them shares is a grotesque appearance derived from a normal human form: screaming skulls and skeletons are collections of fleshless, magically animated or possessed bone, while the humanoid bullbeggars and rawheads & bloodybones are skinless (or possess tight, translucent skin), showing raw muscle, pumping blood, stretching sinew, and white bone with every movement. They can be found virtually anywhere in the British Isles, but each of them is more likely to be encountered in populated areas and, in the case of screaming skulls, are usually found indoors.

Bullbeggars feed off human fear and will go to incredible lengths, including pulling off their own heads, to inspire fear in their prey. They are also great tricksters and use pranks and mischief to wind up their victims over time, allowing their prey's fear to increase in the same way that a farmer might fatten up a goose. When the bullbeggar attacks, it seeks out an opportunity to elicit the greatest amount of fear from its prey. A common trick used by the creature is to lie prone in an isolated spot, waiting for its victim to draw near, whereupon it leaps up, growing to an uncanny size, emitting a blood-curdling scream, and tearing a limb or its head off. If the victim does not faint dead away, the bullbeggar will chase its prey to the point of exhaustion, sucking it dry of every last ounce of fear.

Rawhead & bloodybones also live off the primal energies of fear, but more specifically children's fears. Like the bullbeggar, rawhead & bloodybones appears as an exaggerated humanoid with exposed muscle, sinews, bones, veins and arteries. Rawhead & bloodybones usually lives in damp environs, but as close to children as possible: for example, lurking behind



dripping pipes in a cellar, beneath the warped floorboards of a bathroom, or in a water-logged shed outside a child's bedroom window. While it normally remains in the shadows or just out of sight, if rawhead & bloodybones is witnessed first-hand, it usually appears hunched, covered in weeping scabs, and having overly large eyes and razor-sharp claws. If the creature ever has the opportunity to attack the child in the open, it will seek to literally frighten the child to death.

Skeletons and screaming skulls do not normally feed off the living, but more often serve some purpose magically invested in them prior to or shortly after their deaths. Animated skeletons, for example, often act as guardians, bound to a particular place or building, or as informants, brought back to life temporarily to divulge some secret or other precious information. The magic used to animate a skeleton is often short-lived while a skull or skeleton possessed by a spirit can theoretically exist for centuries or until the bone itself erodes into dust.



As receptacles for possession, screaming skulls function significantly better than whole skeletons. The spirits possessing such skulls in folk tales are invariably the original owners. The individual wishing to cheat death in this way must ask that his or her skull be interred within a house or specific chamber as a final request and must specifically request that his or her spirit be bound to the skull for eternity. Less commonly, screaming

skulls are linked to stories of witches, mistresses, lesser brothers, servants, or even vengeful slaves who were mistreated or demeaned in life and who desire recognition in death.

Motivation

Each of these bodily horrors acts alone (e.g. bullbeggars avoid one another and will never group together) and each one is motivated individually. In fact, in the case of animated skeletons, direction and motivation are often not self-determined: they are magically created to perform a function or a task. For both possessed skeletons and screaming skulls, purpose and role are determined by the possessor and will normally be simplistic in scope. For example, a screaming skull might have resolved to spend eternity guarding its home or watching over its hereditary line. A possessed skeleton might have been brought to life to revenge itself upon its murderer or to drive insane its nemesis in life. In each case, the motivation is predetermined and does not vary from moment to moment.

For bullbeggars and rawheads & bloodybones, the prime motivation is to feast upon the fears of their chosen victims. They are single-minded beings and live to inspire fear. Any secondary or subsequent motivations or desires will be accomplished in service of their prime directive. A bullbeggar, for example, will orchestrate pranks and play cruel tricks upon its prey, but only to elicit and feed upon greater fear when its victim is suitably panicked. A rawhead & bloodybones similarly will torment a child or potentially an entire orphanage in a variety of ways, but always to feed from a greater pool of fear and the psychic energies produced.

Mythos Connection

So single-minded are bullbeggars and rawheads & bloodybones that they can serve few purposes for Mythos groups or entities; however, where the creation or inspiration of fear is the goal, these bodily horrors excel and might be enlisted for their natural talents. Should this be the case, the Mythos power will invariably control these horrors either through intimidation or by appealing to their desire to feed from ever greater sources of fear. The latter is undoubtedly the best means of ensuring their service and guaranteeing what little loyalty they possess.

In the case of skeletons and screaming skulls, the Mythos connection is considerably clearer and more tangible. Cultists and Mythos powers will occasionally use animated skeletons for simple occupations, where using an animal or another human being would be problematic or ineffective. For possessed skeletons and particularly screaming skulls, the connection to the Mythos is even more direct: the magic



used to bind their soul to their old bones is Mythos magic, usually acquired through a pact with a Great Old One or more significant deity, or learned in a powerful Mythos tome. In essence, screaming skulls and possessed skeletons are Mythos creatures and are usually bound to serve Mythos interests.

Special Variant: Possessed Screaming Skulls

A surprising number of great halls and manor farms around Britain in the 1920s have skulls in them, often taking pride

of place amongst the valuables of the household or displayed, securely but proudly, in a special place within the building. Tradition dictates that these skulls cannot be removed from the buildings or they will begin to scream and wail and will bring great misfortune upon those who moved them, or the household they were moved from, until such time as they are returned. Some of the skulls are also said to have the gift of prophecy or to react to great events by sweating blood, moaning, screaming, appearing to move around the house, or lobbing small items around the room like a poltergeist.

Bodily Horrors, Generic Statistics

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	3D6+6*	16-17
CON	3D6+6*	16-17
SIZ	2D6+4*	11
INT	3D6*	10-11
POW	2D6*	7
DEX	2D6+6*	13
HP		13

Move: 7

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Hide 65%, and others as the Keeper desires

Weapons: Bite 20%, damage 1D4

Claws 35%, damage 1D4+db

Weapon DEX x3, damage normal+db

Armour: None

Spells: None, or at the Keeper's discretion

Number appearing: 1

Sanity Loss: 0 / 1D6 to see a bodily horror; 1 / 1D4 to see a bullbeggar tear off a limb or remove its head

Appearance: Animated skulls and skeletons appear as bleached, white masses of bone. Bullbeggars and rawheads & bloodybones appear as grotesque, skinless humans: muscles, viscera, sinews and bone are all visible and act accordingly when the body moves. Both of these fleshless horrors possess large, bulging eyes and oversized teeth. They possess and wear no clothing of any kind.

* Statistics for Animated Skeletons are provided in the *Call of Cthulhu* core rulebook and special rules for Screaming Skulls are provided nearby.

Devil's Pact or Nyarlathotep's Gift?

Nyarlathotep comes in many forms, a thousand devilish guises, and he is more than willing to form pacts and deal with worshippers in any of them. His promises are empty, however, and while they may fulfil the letter of the bargain—if it suits his whim—more often than not they do not fulfil its spirit. One of the frequent gifts that Nyarlathotep offers is that of immortality. This might take the form of a twisted, misshapen, and undying body; an eternity as a trapped ghost or as part of a larger monstrosity in some other dimension; or, through the gift of a particular magic spell, providing an eternal existence as a skeleton or screaming skull.

Those afraid of death and its damning repercussions might find solace in the endless existence that Nyarlathotep offers. In the case of a screaming skull, the dark pact promises life everlasting achieved through a macabre spell, allowing the user to "live" or persist in a specified location until the end of the universe. To an extent this promise is true, as the caster is bound to his skull and the skull is bound to a particular location and sometimes bloodline. However, what goes unwritten is Nyarlathotep's single, unimaginable condition for the spell: should the skull be moved, the soul bound within the skull is wrenched free from it and sent immediately to Azathoth's insane court, bound finally to the whirling, incomprehensible chaos and made to dance for eternity among the multitude of mad gods that worship great Azathoth. Such is their inexpressible torment that their extra-dimensional screams echo back from the seething randomness of Azathoth's court to Earth and are given expression through the skull, threatening to drive insane all who hear them.

Nyarlathotep's dark gift, the Mythos spell for binding bones (see its description nearby) is rarely given. Its cruelty is subtle and unfolds over decades and centuries. It is given mostly freely to those of aristocratic blood, to the decadent, grasping people whose egotism demands that they see how their descendants live and continue to hold up their name or social standing. Nyarlathotep can then work on corrupting and rendering dissolute those same descendants, tormenting the damned souls and their bloodlines down the ages, and taking joy in all their degenerate madness. Even so, occasionally Nyarlathotep perversely grants the knowledge of the spell to the very lowest rungs of his worshippers, turning things around as part of his calculated insult and contempt for the higher classes dedicated to his worship.



Bound within the screaming skull is the soul and spirit of its original possessor, and, as such, it still possesses the intelligence, willpower, and the stored knowledge and education of the bound individual. This trapped spirit can look out from the skull into the world around it, but cannot speak directly to anyone or interact with anything without spending magic points (equal to the skull's POW as usual). Thus,

possessed screaming skulls are essentially mute observers of the world around them until they act upon one or more of their special abilities (see below). Being so limited and yet so aware is often a recipe for insanity and many of the souls bound into screaming skulls will have gone mad long before someone inadvertently triggers madness by removing them from their proper places.

Screaming Skulls, Possessed Crania

Char.	Roll	Avg.
INT	3D6*	10-11
POW	3D6*	10-11
EDU	3D6+3*	13-14
HP		3

Move: NA

Damage Bonus: NA

Skills: Spot Hidden 65%, and others as the Keeper desires

Weapons: See Special Abilities below

Armour: None

Spells: 1D3 spells, see Special Abilities below

Number appearing: 1

Sanity Loss: 0 / 1D3 points for witnessing a supernatural manifestation associated with a screaming skull (e.g. hurling or blood sweat)

Appearance: A possessed screaming skull is little more than a polished human skull, sometimes missing the jawbone and / or being cracked depending on the manner of death. Changes to the skull's appearance are only possible through the expenditure of magic points.

Special Abilities:

Apparition – the screaming skull can manifest a ghostly apparition in the form of its original body, anywhere within the home or confines it is bound to, for 1D4 minutes, with the expenditure of 5 magic points;

Blood Sweat – the screaming skull can manifest and sweat human blood with the expenditure of 3 magic points;

Family Curse – if removed from its resting place, anyone living in the house with which it is associated or of its bloodline suffers horrible nightmares that always involve

the skull. The same applies to the thief or whoever is responsible for removing it;

Hex – the screaming skull can cause anyone within its domain to become agitated and confused, subtracting 1D10 from all percentile roles and checks, with the expenditure of 3 magic points;

Hurling – the screaming skull can hurl small, light objects (e.g. fountain pens, picture frames, cups and saucers, etc.) for 1D3 minutes with the expenditure of 3 magic points;

Regeneration – if destroyed, a screaming skull reforms within twenty-four hours and, if the shards or pieces are within 10 miles, reappears at its customary resting place;

Screaming – if removed from its resting place the screaming skull begins to scream unceasingly, wailing and keening in an indescribably unsettling way, costing whomever is within earshot the loss of 1 SAN per day until it is returned to its resting place;

Shriek – the screaming skull can issue a single, ear-splitting shriek with the expenditure of a single magic point. All who hear the shriek must roll SAN or lose 0 / 1 point of Sanity; and,

Spellcasting – the screaming skull can cast any spells that it knows at the normal magic point cost, provided their casting does not require a body or any accoutrements. Typically a Screaming Skull knows 1D3 spells of the Keeper's choice.

* Possessed screaming skulls will have the INT, POW, and EDU of the original individual.



New Spell: Binding Bones

Binding Bones tethers a human soul to the remains of its physical body. The spell must be cast by, or onto, a willing subject prior to his death. Once cast, the spell takes effect immediately and the soul is bound both to the skull and the location of the binding, usually the target's home. Upon death, the skull of the deceased will become a screaming skull.

Casting the spell requires the expenditure of 10 magic points and the loss of 1D10 Sanity points and one permanent point of POW. The spell requires that the

caster be naked inside a circle inscribed in his or her blood and mortify the flesh of his or her arms with a silver knife in snaking patterns that mimic the writhing form of the Bloody Tongue and the insane geometry of Azathoth. Next the caster must sever one of his or her fingers at the first knuckle. Lastly, invoking the terrible name of Azathoth itself and that of Nyarlathotep, the caster must offer up his soul and swallow the knuckle of bone.

From that point on, in quiet moments or in solitude, the caster will forever hear the mad piping and chaotic music of Azathoth's court, serving as a terrible reminder and warning of what is to come.

Ghosts and Spirits

Banshee, Bogeyman, Corpse Candle, Foxfire, The Grey King, Headless Ghost, Ignis Faatus, Lob, Phantom, Poltergeist, Spunkie, Will-o'-the-Wisp, Wraith, and Jack-o'-Lantern

Tales of hauntings and other spectral activity are as common in 1920s Britain as they have ever been. Written accounts of ghosts and spirits in the British Isles date back to the earliest writings of the 6th and 7th centuries, recorded by missionaries such as St. Columba and St. Adamnan. Individual folk stories of ghosts, phantoms, and other ethereal beings can be found in every corner of England, Wales, Scotland, and Northern Ireland. In fact, so numerous are these otherworldly encounters that folklorists have developed a nomenclature or classification system for them (see nearby box).

In the 1920s, despite society's growing reliance on, and faith in, science and technology, few people have completely given up their belief in spectres and phantasms. Folk traditions and beliefs still loom large and strange, seemingly otherworldly activity is often attributed to ghosts and spirits. The most commonly held beliefs are that these spectres persist in the physical world because they have some unfinished business to attend to—some deed left undone in life or some unresolved conflict to see through—or that they are bound to protect or watch over some person, place, or thing. In the case of criminals or other wicked people, stories often tell how their restless spirits are trapped in limbo, purgatory, or some horrid “unlife” to pay for their crimes or misdeeds.

Regardless of their origins, ghosts and spirits are all bound by their ethereal natures and their general inability to act upon the physical world. All such creatures are essentially insubstantial.

Classification of Spirits

Animal Ghosts: Ghostly representations of cats, dogs, horses, etc. unknown to the investigators.

Apparitions: Ethereal beings known to the investigators, the spectral forms of deceased friends or family members.

Ghosts: Entities or beings who are unfamiliar to the investigators and whose significance is unknown.

Ghost Light/Sign: Strange ghostly sounds, lights, or other phenomena encountered by investigators, suggesting non-corporeal activity.

Harbingers: Terrifying spirits or phantoms who foretell the death of one of the investigators, or of others known to them.

Haunters: Beings bound to a single location or, more unusually, span of time; thus, encounters with such beings are limited to the haunted space or hour.

Living Phantasms: Spirit forms of living people familiar to the investigators, projections of friends or family members known to be living elsewhere.

Poltergeists: A frustrated or troubled entity that manifests its anxiety and anger physically by moving or hurling small objects, sometimes targeting investigators.

Visions: Phantasmal persons, objects, or even “events” that relate some meaning to the investigators



Efforts by them to interact with or influence the real world come at a cost and are normally only achieved through the expenditure of magic points. In order to avoid such costs, the majority of spirits attempt to bring about real world changes—for good or ill—by reaching out to, and motivating, living individuals, presenting them with potent signs or appearing to them in spectral form. Others use less direct means of interaction to convey messages from the spirit world. Corpse candles, for example, will move in and out of a house where someone is dying, foretelling the coming of death.

Wraiths and banshees also foretell death: wraiths will knock on the doors of a house in the dead of night, indicating that death will soon come to someone inside that house, while the wailing scream or keening of a banshee presages the imminent demise of the person hearing the wailing spirit, or of someone close to them. To see a wraith specifically within a churchyard is to foretell one's own, certain doom. Another harbinger of death is the will-o'-the-wisp who is drawn to death and is often witnessed as a small light or ghostly lantern moving by night in the direction of the dead or dying.

However, far from just foretelling death, some spirits actively seek to cause the deaths of humans. Many folk tales relating to jack-o'-lanterns, foxfire, will-o'-the-wisps, ignis faetus ("fool's

fire" in Latin), corpse candles, and similar "ghost light" reveal darker intentions, wherein the glowing lights attract unwary, foreign, or lost travellers to their doom. The bodies of such travellers are found at the bottom of crags, wash up on shores, or disappear altogether and are never found. What motivates these supernatural beings is unknown. Spunkies, which appear much the same as their ghost light brethren, are believed to be benign souls of unfortunate children, but their habit of dancing above jagged rocks and reefs has led to the untimely death of many sailors when their ships run aground.

The spectral, solitary figure of the grey king (*brenin llwyd* in Welsh) is an altogether more evil and hungry spirit who seeks to waylay travellers, often hiding in the mist at or near the tops of mountains. Those who encounter the grey king typically do not return down the mountain. While not attracted to, or seeking, death per se, the lob and bogeyman are no less gruesome and manipulative in their attitude towards humans. The lob is attracted to violence, pain, and sadness, and is often associated with war, disaster, illness, plagues and other blights. The lob feeds off the pain, worry, and anguish suffered by the people living in such circumstances, and will do whatever it can to protract suffering so that it may feed more languorously.



The immaterial bogeyman—like the bullbeggar, rawhead & bloodybones, and other such horrors—feeds on fear and is particularly attracted to the intoxicating fears of children. Both the lob and the bogeyman are essentially parasitic and will latch onto one source of fear and abide near it until it has found a more potent source of pain or fear, respectively. Bogeymen and lobs will normally be invisible, and struggle to remain so, but spells or powers that allow true seeing will reveal their hideous forms. The non-corporeal bogeyman is vaguely humanoid in shape, but terribly bent and malformed, possessing goblinoid features, huge red eyes, and a hideously large mouth. The lob, on the other hand, exists only as a dark, twisting cloud, lacking any defining shape or structure.

Also misshapen and horrifying in countenance are the many headless ghosts of Britain. Just why so many headless ghosts exist is something of a mystery. While some can clearly be identified as criminals, ordinary people, and even nobles who were beheaded or otherwise decapitated, there exist a surprising number of these ghastly horrors across the United Kingdom. Worse still, most of them seem inclined to use their shocking and abhorrent appearance to scare the wits out of travellers and their neighbours alike. The British Isles are also home to numerous spectral hounds, ghostly horses, and phantom coaches which are less openly antagonistic or hostile. The significance of such visions, if any, is often lost to the passage of time, and so provides Keepers with an opportunity to invent some useful meaning for their appearance.

Motivation

Motivation is key to the existence of ghosts and spirits. In fact, in many cases these spectres exist solely to accomplish a particular task or see a certain condition met. Thus, they are extraordinarily motivated and this is reflected in their POW scores. The nature of this motivation will not necessarily be obvious or easy for investigators to decipher. The presence of a phantom horse in a farmer's field, for example, could mean any number of things. In most situations where a ghost interacts with an investigator, however, the ethereal entity will be seeking the investigator's help. A trapped spirit might be seeking to escape from its eternal torment through the machinations of the investigators or a desperate poltergeist might be trying to prevent a powerful tome or magical item from falling into the hands of cultists.

Whatever the motivation, the introduction of a ghost or vision into a scenario provides an interesting puzzle for the characters and players to work through. Uncovering a ghost's hidden agenda can lead to a new line of investigation for the characters, present new information, and/or add a new

twist to an already established investigation. Keepers should carefully decide how the ghost's motivation will play out and how it will impact the plot, and neither point should be obvious to players when their investigators first encounter the ghostly apparition. Even in the case of a malevolent phantom or wraith that seeks to destroy the investigators, the characters will want to consider what motivated the attack.

Mythos Connection

There are a number of potential Mythos connections for ghosts and spirits. A ghost might be the restless spirit of a victim of a sacrifice to a dark god, seeking some means of laying its soul to rest. It might be a spectral guardian bound to the hateful will of a powerful Mythos sorcerer and desperately desiring release. A phantom might in fact be an investigator murdered by a cult leader, who is still pursuing him or her in the afterlife. Alternatively, a cultist might have willingly bound his or her soul to a place of dark worship, or a dark priest of Nyarlathotep or Shub-Niggurath might have prayed for immortal life and received more than he or she expected. Perhaps a group of particularly determined explorers of eldritch knowledge would not be parted from their Mythos library even after life parted from them, and in death they still pursue the dark knowledge that has long eluded them.

Unlike most other folklore entities, ghosts and spirits can be willingly or unwillingly connected to the Mythos. A choice is not required, for example, in a situation where a ghostly apparition has been summoned, wrenched from its spiritual home and its eternal rest, by a cult seeking information or power. Whether created willingly or unwillingly, ghosts are subject to experiences behind the veil of reality and exposed to universal truths and dimensions both fascinating and horrible. Few who return to an earthly existence do so with their sanity intact.

Many spirits and phantoms are eternally tormented and conflicted, trapped between existences, and so may behave nothing like their living, human versions. A kindly woman might thus become a banshee, a meek and quiet gentleman might become a poltergeist, and a benefactor and philanthropist might return as a violent wraith. Alternatively, a madman might find solace in death and become a lucid, helpful apparition. Any combination is possible.

One rarer possibility is that a will-o'-the-wisp, corpse candle, or jack-o'-lantern could in fact be one of the Lumens, a lesser servitor race of the Cthulhu Mythos. Lumens appear indistinguishable from ghost lights and act as guardians of special nexus points around the globe—several of which are to be found in the British Isles. Rarer still, what appears as



a ghost might in fact be a Spectral Hunter or similar Mythos creature who possesses the ability to become invisible and / or travel unseen. Keepers interested in incorporating the Lumens or Spectral Hunters into their scenarios or campaigns can find more information on these beings in Chaosium's *Malleus Monstrorum* supplement.

Ghosts and Spirits, Generic Statistics

Char.	Roll	Avg.
INT	3D6	10-11
POW	2D6+8	15

Move: 5

Damage Bonus: NA

Skills: As the Keeper desires

Weapons: Special Attack* (see below)

Armour: None, but being insubstantial they cannot be harmed by any conventional means and only spells that attack the spirit may have any effect

Spells: None, or at the Keeper's discretion

Number appearing: 1

Sanity Loss: 0 / 1D6 to see a ghost or spirit; 1 / 1D8 to see a particularly gruesome or terrifying phantom

Appearance: If visible at all, most ghosts and spirits appear as ethereal, softly glowing shades of their former selves, albeit sometimes headless; however, ghost lights such as will-o'-the-wisps and ignis fatuus appear as little more than small lights in the distance varying typically in colour from amber to white. Bogeymen and lobs remain invisible unless forced to show their true forms, at which point they appear as insubstantial, grotesque humanoids or as an amorphous, dark cloud, respectively.

Special Attacks: Absorb Power – attacking ghosts and spirits use their POW to psychically absorb their targets' POW. Match the ghost's POW with the target's POW on the Resistance Table. If the ghost succeeds, it absorbs between 1D2 and 1D6 points of POW depending on how enraged and / or powerful the ghost is (as determined by the Keeper). If reduced to zero POW, the target falls unconscious. Should the player succeed over the spirit, the intended POW loss affects the ghost instead. If the ghost is reduced to zero POW it either vanishes or is destroyed (again as determined by the Keeper).

* Additional rules for Ghosts and Wraiths exist in the *Call of Cthulhu* core rulebook.

Black Dogs

Barghest, Black Angus, Cú Sith, The Grim, Gwyllgi, Gytrash, Hairy Jack, Moddey Dhoo, Padfoot, Old Shuck, Spectre-hounds, Tchi-Co, Yeth Hound

"I heard a rush under the hedge, and close down by the hazel stems glided a great dog, whose black and white colour made him a distinct object against the trees. It was exactly one form of Bessie's Gytrash—a lion-like creature with long hair and a huge head... with strange pretercanine eyes...."

(Charlotte Brönte, *Jane Eyre*, 1847)

Sightings of black dogs are common across the whole of Great Britain and they are one of the most enduring creatures in British folklore. Black dogs are primarily nocturnal, phantom hounds of greater than average size and possessing otherworldly, glowing eyes. Encounters with black dogs are almost uniformly dangerous or deadly: the dogs themselves are powerful adversaries and even the appearance of a black dog on the horizon or outside a window is regarded as a portent of death.

Immortalized in Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes tale *The Hound of the Baskervilles* and mentioned in Brönte's *Jane Eyre*, black dogs usually inhabit desolate and lonely locations—moors and other wild environs—appearing at night, avoiding lamplight or firelight and generally shunning Britain's cities. Most encounters occur on disused roads up and down the country, where these huge ghostly dogs appear suddenly beneath the moonlight to hound their unlucky or cursed prey through the darkness unto their deaths. On rare occasions, black dogs will stalk the dark alleyways of small villages and at least one record has a black dog entering the city of York to hunt down its prey in the shadowy, cobbled wynds there.

Across Wales, Scotland, England and Northern Ireland, the black dogs have taken on numerous associations. The most common of these associations is with the Devil, but they are otherwise variously connected to: demons, ghosts, crossroads, dark lanes, black magic, storms, suicides, executions, and murderers or their victims. Many locations across the British Isles are said to be haunts of black dogs, who may on very rare occasions, or for a short time, act as guardians for evil witches and sorcerers. In these rare instances where the black dogs inhabit a fixed position or guard a particular estate, the stories are often reminiscent of older tales about dogs of the underworld from Celtic, Saxon, and older myths.



STRANGE BEAST SPOTTED AGAIN ON BODMIN MOOR

[By Cable—Exclusive Dispatch]

LONDON.—Bodmin Moor, one of England's most rugged and wild locations, has long been a favourite spot for walkers. Recently though, some walkers have seen something that has left them in fear of their lives. They speak of a great black dog, too large to be a common pet, roaming the moors and howling madly. Debate rages as to whether this unknown creature is a natural phenomenon, something supernatural, or just the over-active imaginations of exhausted walkers. One man, however, is sure that he knows.

Professor John Calton, noted zoologist at Oxford University, is certain that imagination is the only explanation: "Though it is one of the wildest spots in England, Bodmin Moor does not have vast forests or similar natural places where such a beast could hide, the gentle granite slopes simply do not allow for it. I think the works of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle are the likely source of this so-called beast, in particular 'The Hound of the Baskervilles,' which even the most ardent believer must admit, bears a striking similarity to the reports these walkers are giving.

"Their descriptions of the beast should also make any rational mind pause. It seems most commonly spotted on the horizon at sunset, but why? There is no reason that should be true of any real creature but twilight is renowned for distorting perception. We must also question its reported proportions and physical qualities: they do not appear to conform to any known canine breed. Perhaps we might attribute this to some peculiar cross-breeding. However, any sane biologist must find fault with the fanciful suggestion of the animal—of any animal for that matter—possessing glowing red eyes. For such a thing to be possible, we must enter the realm of fantasy.

"Of course eccentrics come up with all sorts of nonsense, and on a daily basis, to try and get around these problems. Perhaps the most common explanation they give is that the beast is the ghost of a prehistoric dog, something for which there is absolutely no evidence. The most outré explanation I have heard is that it is an *alien* dog, some sort of pet for beings from outer space. I think that owes more to H. G. Wells' 'War of the Worlds' than to Conan Doyle, but it is still, clearly, just a fiction."

Dissenting voices abound, not least that of the folklorist Dr Augustus Blake. "Mysterious black dogs have been seen and experienced in Britain as far back as our records go," he recently remarked in a statement to the Press. "There are churches with claw marks in their doors which are, in their locale, known to be the work of such a beast in the Middle Ages. Those claw marks are real, anyone can see them, touch them, but nobody can explain them. We have to accept that even in the 20th century there are things our science cannot explain."

As for the truth, we leave that for our readers to decide for themselves.

(Excerpted from *The Sunday Times*, 1922)

Still other traditions suggest that the black dogs are themselves forms adopted by shape-shifting wizards or witches. Alternatively, another human connection is provided where the black dogs turn out to be ghosts of men, especially murderers, who have been transformed into ghostly hounds bound in eternal torment due to the nature of their crimes. More commonly, however, folktales attribute the appearance of the black dogs to demons: for example, demons sent by the Devil as part of a punishment meted out upon sinners who revelled too much in their Sunday hunts, or otherwise put their own needs before those of God.

Tales of fairies make their appearance in connection to black dogs too; some tales make the black dogs out to be the servants of the fairy courts or especially important fairies themselves. Of all these various associations, connections, and interpretations, however, by far the most common one is that black dogs are the bringers, or the heralds, of doom, either hunting people through a dark wilderness or appearing to them and baying terribly before their deaths, in a very similar manner to the appearance of a banshee and its shrieking or screaming.



Black dogs are known by a huge number of different names and titles in addition to those given above, and often the name has regional or local significance, or a particular meaning that might be significant to investigations. Indeed, characters looking into the history of black dogs might be overwhelmed by what they find. So diverse and numerous are the stories of black dogs—each one changing over time and developing into newer versions—that the folklore behind the beast has grown more and more obscure over time. While this poses a potential challenge to investigators, it works very much in the favour of the Keeper.

A great deal of the information relating to the history, appearance, characteristics, and abilities of the black dogs is open to interpretation and Keepers can add to or take away from this rich folkloric mix what they will. Creating a unique name and folk story for your black dog will give the investigators a different, interesting challenge while still allowing them to dip into a deeper pool of folklore tradition. Regardless of its backstory or specific intent, the appearance of a black dog should always be played for atmosphere, disturbing the investigators or even hounding them to their deaths.

Motivation

What truly motivates the black dogs remains a mystery. In the rare cases where the black dog might be acting in the service of fairy folk or a powerful witch, they will act as their service demands. If they are free, however, the one constant that may be guaranteed is that the black dogs will act violently and with extreme malice. They are uniformly evil and will seek to do harm where harm can be done, usually inspiring as much fear as possible within their victims. Even when they do not act directly, the black dog will terrorise targets, causing as much psychological stress as they can.

Mythos Connection

If the black dogs are terrestrial, then they could potentially be the creation of a powerful magus or witch. The more interesting option, however, is to imagine the black dogs as shackled and crippled Hounds of Tindalos, bound by ancient magic to a single place and a specific track of time, unable to break free of the collars and chains that bind them by ancient rite until the passage of time might break those bonds. These aberrant black dogs might still leap around time and space within the bounds of their imprisonment, testing the walls



of their temporal and spatial prisons. The essential nature of these bound and diminished Hounds of Tindalos is corrupted and altered by their imprisonment, weakening them and forcing them to scavenge for whatever sustenance their bonds will allow them to find.

Special Variant: Tindalosian Black Dog – Greater Independent Variant

“Insubstantial as smoke, wreathed in mist, the dark form of the thing opened its slaving jaws as its glowing red eyes fixed upon him. Its heavy paws left no footprints on the dewy grass and an unnatural, steaming vapour rose from it in a constant, boiling effervescence, an unnatural tongue, flicking the air like some terrible metronome, marking the diminishing time of his life.”

(Unknown author, *The Winchester Codex*)

This especially rare variant of a black dog is, in fact, a bound and fettered Hound of Tindalos. Entrapped within bonds of arcane magic and restrained with magical chains designed to interfere with the Tindalosian’s “curved” nature, the Hound is

anchored to the universe of angles, essentially crippling it and binding it to our reality and time.

It is believed that the binding began with the Great Race of Yith, who imparted the knowledge and practice of the binding to shamans, magi, and Mythos scholars down the ages, to safeguard their communications and protect their time-based experiments, and themselves, from the terrible Hounds of Tindalos. While the Yithian mental projections usually slip past the Hounds’ rabid stalking of the corridors of time, humans, particularly those who were members of the Yithian cults or whose minds were in fact inhabited by the Great Race, were far more susceptible.

Being able to bind and pin down a Hound was not only useful for keeping them from attacking, but their presence also warded off other Hounds from attacking the same place and time that they exist in, reducing the risk of attacks through the time barrier. Knowledge of the binding ritual has passed from the Yithian cultists into darker strains of occult folklore, although the secret of summoning the dogs (as opposed to merely attracting their attention) is a much more closely guarded secret.





Black Dogs, Generic Statistics

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	3D6+4	14–15
CON	3D6+15	25–26
SIZ	3D6+6	16–17
INT	5D6	17–18
POW	7D6	24–25
DEX	3D6–1	9–10
HP		21–22

Move: 10

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: As the Keeper wishes

Weapons: Claw 80%, damage 1D6+db

Bite 80%, damage 1D4 plus 1 point of POW drained permanently

Armour: 2-point hide and regenerates 1 hit point per round; mundane weapons do a maximum of 1 point of damage per strike, but enchanted weapons and spells do full damage

Spells: Each black dog knows at least 1D4 spells, as the Keeper finds appropriate; however, they cannot cast them while bound

Number appearing: 1

Sanity Loss: 0 / 1D6 Sanity points to see a Black Dog

Appearance: Black dogs appear as large, phantasmal hounds, horrifying in aspect and shrouded in roiling mist and shadow. They possess great, burning, red eyes and glow with a faint otherworldly, blue-green phosphorescence around their entire form. Additionally, the skin of a black dog exudes a foul-smelling, greenish-black ichor that covers its entire body.

Special Attacks: A black dog can use its claws or its jaws to attack within a round, but not both. It usually attacks with its jaws because it is starving; unable to feed as a Hound of Tindalos normally would, a Black Dog is almost always striving for sustenance. If the Keeper wishes, he or she can roll for each attack using 1d6: a result of 1–4 indicates a bite attack, while 5–6 indicates a claw attack.

New Spell: Bind Hound of Tindalos

In order to bind a Hound of Tindalos and transform it into a Black Dog, first the chains that will bind it must be created, as detailed in *Bonds of the Black Dog* nearby. Next a Hound of Tindalos must be contacted and summoned (as detailed in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook). When the Hound arrives, those present need to tackle it and hold it long enough for the bonds to be wound around it—two turns of grappling is the minimum, though it might take longer at the Keeper's discretion. Once the bonds are fitted upon the Hound, it is rendered quiescent, and the spell can be completed. The spell requires the sacrifice of 5 magic points and 1D4 SAN (note that this does not include the initial SAN loss for summoning and seeing the Hound of Tindalos). The caster must draw the insane geometry of the bonds and the Hound together more permanently using a geas, which will remain active upon the Hound so long as its bonds remain. The Hound can be either bound to an area, typically a wilderness in which it can hunt, or bound to a task (e.g. protecting a specific area, preying upon a certain type of people, etc.). If the Hound does not receive its geas within five minutes of being bound, then the bonding is incomplete and fails, meaning that the Hound is free to wreak havoc upon those who would try and control it. If the binding is completed, the Hound will diminish and take on the form of a black dog, as described below.

Because these chains interfere with the very base nature of the Hound, its physical and spiritual properties are also altered. Such a Hound is much weaker than its free brethren and is tightly anchored to the same physical and temporal world as “angular” life, additionally making the black dog vulnerable to damage. Such Hounds cannot help but understand the limited scope of the world that they now occupy. The black dogs remain very intelligent, but their feral hunger and instinctive actions may make them seem

more like baser animals. They should not be underestimated, however: when black dogs have had time to acclimate, they will likely begin to make plans to secure their release, nudging people along the paths they desire. They will use all the power still open to them, including manifesting in different areas or before people, manipulating humans and human beliefs, and killing those who impede their escape, to provoke someone—anyone—into willingly or inadvertently breaking their bonds and freeing them.



Serious investigators trying to get to the bottom of the truth about a black dog might even find themselves manipulated by it. The bound Hound is not above aiding investigators in return for its deliverance. The creature's ultimate aim is always to arrange its freedom, to break free from its bonds, allowing it to return to its own time and race, perhaps to plot some terrible revenge upon those who caught it, their descendants, or even their distant ancestors.

Where Hounds of Tindalos are only vaguely dog-like in appearance, the black dogs are more strongly so. Four-legged and loping, they have a distinctly canine outline of shadow and smoke, with two burning red eyes, and a faint blue-green phosphorescence around their entire form. The greenish-black ichor that covers their bodies is constantly evaporating away, the viscous sweat resulting from the stress and strain of being restricted to a single timeline and dimensional reality.

Unlike their free brethren the Hounds of Tindalos, black dogs cannot move through angles of any sort and are bound by

the same physical dimensions as any other earthly, corporeal creature. They can, however, move limitedly through time, and so could, for example, gain entry to a building by moving back to a time when a door or gate was opened or left ajar, and then jump forward again to continue chasing what they seek inside the building. Their arrival is presaged by the shadowy mist that always surrounds them.

Black dogs can use their ability to travel through time to appear as harbingers of doom, to evade capture or killing (although they cannot travel to a point in time before their binding and thereby become free), and to try to influence the timeline to allow for future escape. A black dog is usually bound to a particular area or locale, be it a moor, a mountain, or a city. It cannot move beyond these magically-imposed boundaries. Additionally, if the creature has been further bound to a particular service, it must stay on task and not deviate from the goal intended by its master; however, it can potentially reinterpret the parameters of its task provided it meets the necessary outcome.

New Spell: Bonds of the Black Dog

The bonds required to bind a Hound of Tindalos and turn it into a black dog must be carefully prepared. The chains can be fashioned from an earthly metallic element, but it must be a pure element, not combined with any other metal: e.g. pure copper, iron, silver, gold, etc. The forged chain must then be inscribed with a complex set of curling patterns, whorls and knots to receive the creator's blood. Once inscribed, the caster must cut both palms and rub his or her own blood into the carved patterns so that each curve is defined in blood.

Finally, to empower the chains, the caster must sacrifice a permanent point of POW while continuing to run his or her palms over the inscribed markings, enough to keep the pattern wet with blood. Once so enchanted, the bonds are capable of binding, but not physically harming, a Hound of Tindalos. The created bonds can be used to attempt a binding only once, and if the attempt fails, they are rendered useless and another attempt will require another unique set of chains. The process of empowerment exposes the caster's mind to the alien geometries of the curved space that the Hounds of Tindalos inhabit and in addition to the sacrifice of POW requires that the caster make a SAN roll, suffering 1/1D3 points of Sanity.

Once empowered, the bonds can be broken only with a magical attack or enchanted weapon. However, the bonds

must be maintained over the centuries, or the creature will slip free. The caster who sacrificed a point of POW, or one of his blood kin, must re-enchance the bonds of the black dog once per year, performing the empowerment annually in order to keep the black dog secured. Again, this ritual involves the permanent sacrifice of 1 point of POW, although this time the main caster does not have to be the one to provide the sacrifice—other participants, willing or otherwise, can contribute some of their life-force to the binding ritual.

Traditionally, condemned criminals would be used in this way to keep the Dog at bay. If the empowerment ritual is not performed, there is a cumulative 10% chance per year that the black dog may slip its bonds and return to its proper form.

Anyone who took part in the ritual or any blood relative of the original caster should then consider himself or herself at risk. Freed from imprisonment as a black dog, the Hound of Tindalos can range over all of time and space to achieve their revenge. Hounds will commonly stalk both the immediate and ancestral family of the caster/gaoler throughout all recorded time, howling with joy at each death, for every dead member of the family brings the Hound one step closer to removing the caster and all his or her relatives from existence.



Black Dogs, Temporally Bound Hounds of Tindalos

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	3D6+4	14-15
CON	3D6+15	25-26
SIZ	3D6+6	16-17
INT	5D6	17-18
POW	7D6	24-25
DEX	3D6-1	9-10
HP		21-22

Move: 10

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: As the Keeper wishes.

Weapons: Claw 80%, damage 1D6+db

Bite 80%, damage 1D4 plus 1 point of POW drained permanently

Armour: 2-point hide and regenerates 1 hit point per round; mundane weapons do a maximum of 1 point of damage per strike, but enchanted weapons and spells do full damage

Spells: Each black dog knows at least 1D4 spells, as the Keeper finds appropriate; however, they cannot cast them while bound

Number appearing: 1

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D10 Sanity points to see a Black Dog

Appearance: Bound Hounds of Tindalos appear much the same as other black dogs, being large, phantasmal hounds, horrifying in aspect and shrouded in roiling mist and shadow. They are leaner and more skeletal than the free black dogs and do not possess the same burning, red eyes or otherworldly glow around their entire form. Instead the bound black dogs possess a highly disturbing spectral quality where light seems to curve around their bodies in peculiar ways, making them difficult to focus on or look at for long periods.

Special Abilities: Time Travel – A black dog can leap up to 6 hours into the past once per day and may choose either to relive the past or return to the present. Time travel into the future is more severely restricted by the magic that binds it and so a black dog may only leap up to 60 seconds into the future once per day. This is an innate ability and does not require magic points.





Water Horses

Capaill Uisce, Ceffyl Dwr, Each Uisge, Kelpie, Nuckelavee, Nuggle

“Belief in these and similar evil beings still persists in the Highlands, and endless are the lochs which are the reputed haunts of these monsters... The water-horse, water-bull, or kelpie...”

(M.E.M. Donaldson,

Wanderings in the Western Highlands and Islands, 1920)

The dreaded water horse is one of the most malicious and dangerous magical creatures in British folklore. An accomplished shape changer, the water horse is capable of taking on a number of forms, from men and women to animals of any nature, in addition to its true monstrous form. Its most favoured disguise is that of a beautifully groomed

and particularly powerful-looking horse of varying colour and temperament. The water horse is always found near water, most usually freshwater lakes or lochs, but some accounts speak of ocean-going kelpies as well. They are invariably wet when encountered. Even in human form, they will appear dripping wet or bedraggled with weeds in their hair.

Whether in horse or human form, the water horse is always extremely beautiful and possesses a magnetic quality. Its wet skin or hide is smooth and silky like a seal’s but deathly cold to the touch. The terrifying magnetic potential of the ceffyl dŵr or each uisge (“water horse” in Welsh and Scots Gaelic, respectively) becomes clear when a human mounts or touches the water horse: anyone laying a hand on or mounting a kelpie will soon discover that they cannot break the contact. No earthly power can sever the invisible bond between the water horse and its prey, although many folktales tell of people willingly severing their own limbs to save themselves from a worse fate.



The water horses' methods follow a recognisable pattern: at first they remain hidden, casting glammers or illusions to remain unseen; choosing their victims, they assume the appearance that will most beguile the targets; appearing before the victims, they lure their targets to mount them or, at the very least, to touch them; and, once ensnared, the water horse dives into the nearby water, drowning their helpless victims and devouring them.

Tales regarding the ceffyl dŵr sometimes differ in that, rather than diving into a nearby body of water, the ceffyl dŵr transforms into a fabulous winged steed, launches into the air, and drops their victims from a very great height, letting gravity do its work before landing to consume the unfortunate riders.

A less common power used by the water horse is the ability to raise water levels where it suits or provides some advantage. Within the water, the shape-shifting water horse or kelpie can return to its truly monstrous, aquatic form, which is normally considerably larger than its form on land. Some folktales tell of water horses extending to 70 or more feet in length with a long neck rising up out of the water. The most famous of these is, of course, the Loch Ness Monster, who would acquire worldwide attention in the late 1930s after several sensational sightings.

On rare occasions, water horses are known to have worked with humans, but only to meet their own needs; once those needs were met, the wicked creature returned to its evil ways.

Motivation

The water horses of 1920s Britain are uniformly evil. Their hunger drives them and they delight in entrapping, drowning, and feasting upon humans. Their desire for human flesh does not abate for any reason and their hunger is never sated. Thus, the water horses will attempt to lure and kill any and all people they come across. Regardless of time or season, they are ever driven to hunt, to kill, and to feed. Many water horses also take some pleasure in causing chaos and bedlam—this is especially true of the Nuckelavee of the Orkney islands. However, their primary motivation is always to feed. If, however, they can create havoc or bring about turmoil through their killing, then they will likely do so.

For example, a water horse who comes upon a party of travellers or a group of children might forego killing one of the party or group so as to seed pandemonium within a nearby village or town. It might also use such a tactic to draw more humans to its lake or loch, or to herd its fearful prey to new or different hunting grounds. The water horse's intent will always be to secure future feedings.

Water Horse, Generic Statistics

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	3D6+20	30–31
CON	3D6+6	16–17
SIZ	4D6+12	26
INT	3D6	10–11
POW	3D6	10–11
DEX	3D6	10–11
HP		21

Move: 12

Damage Bonus: +2D6

Skills: Dodge 45%, Hide 50%, Psychology (Human) 45%, and others as the Keeper desires

Weapons: Bite 5%, damage 1D10

Kick 5%, damage 1D8+db

Rear / Plunge 5%, damage 2D8+db

Armour: 2-point skin and muscle

Spells: Remain Unseen, and others at the Keeper's discretion

Number appearing: 1

Sanity Loss: None, but 1 / 1D4 to see a water horse transform, and an additional 0 / 1D2 to anyone finding themselves 'stuck' to the water horse

Appearance: In human form or horse form, water horses appear strikingly attractive and possess a powerful magnetic quality. In either form, they always appear wet. They can take on any colour or shape and will often appear in a form that is most persuasive to its prey. They will also cleverly move and act in ways that put their victims at ease and / or will convey the water horse's desire to be touched or ridden.

Special Ability: Bonding Flesh – anyone touching or riding a water horse will immediately find his or her skin adhering to the creature. The bond is impossibly strong and works through clothing, hide, and leather. Riders, for example, will find that their legs, seats, and hands are all 'stuck' to the water horse. This contact cannot be broken by physical or magical means. Separation is only possible via severing the flesh or limb in contact with the creature.



Mythos Connection

Water horses will rarely work with any other creature or individual. They are extraordinarily solitary and do not believe in human principles such as trust. Any Mythos connection then would need to appeal directly and very powerfully to the water horses' singular need to feed on humans.

A rare situation might exist, for example, where an Outer God (Nyarlathotep, for example) might agree to provide a water horse with an abundance of humans to toy with and devour should it help spread disarray and bedlam throughout the land.

Alternatively, a human wizard wishing to rid himself of a rival or a particularly troublesome villager might conspire with the water horse to bring about the target's untimely death. So overwhelming and indiscriminate is the water horse's desire, however, that it could easily turn on its supposed ally

or partner after dispatching the requested target. Regardless of how the connection is established, unless the water horse fears for its life, the connection will be tenuous and might be broken in an instant if the water horse believes it can acquire better victuals elsewhere.

Lastly, in winged form, the *ceffyl dŵr* might bear some relation to the Mythos star steeds, the *Byakhee*. Keepers wishing to play up this connection are encouraged to read further about this lesser servitor race in the *Call of Cthulhu* core rulebook or the *Malleus Monstrorum* supplement. Another distant possibility is that a water horse might in fact be one of the greater independent race known as the *Horses of the Invisible*. These powerful Horses are extraplanar creatures and differ from water horses in a number of ways, but Keepers might wish to consider them as possible Mythos connections. More information on the *Horses of the Invisible* can be found in the *Malleus Monstrorum*.

Nuckelavee, Powerful Hybrid Water Horse

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	3D6+20	30-31
CON	5D6+6	23-24
SIZ	4D6+20	34
INT	3D6	10-11
POW	5D6	17-18
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		28

Move: 12

Damage Bonus: +3D6

Skills: Spot Hidden 65%, and others as the Keeper desires

Weapons: Bite x2 35%, damage 1D10

Grapple 35%, no damage, however while grappled the *Nuckelavee's* Bite and Spit Poison percentile chances are doubled and victims must match STR with the creature on the Resistance Table to break free

Spit Poison 20%, damage special (see Special Attacks)

Trample 50%, damage 2D8+db

Armour: 2-point muscle, and regenerates 1 hit point per round

Spells: Remain Unseen, and others at the Keeper's discretion

Number appearing: 1

Sanity Loss: 1D2 / 1D10 to see the grotesque *Nuckelavee*

Appearance: The *Nuckelavee* is a horrific hybrid of man and horse, where the trunk of the "man" appears fixed or

joined to the back of the horse. It has no skin and its black blood, whitish sinew and bone, and red muscles show with every movement. The "human" head and arms are terribly exaggerated, being ape-like in both look and strength. The human head possesses a single red eye ringed in magical flame whilst the horse head has two glaring red eyes.

Special Ability: Venomous Mist – surrounding the *Nuckelavee* to a radius of roughly twenty feet is a thin black mist. This venomous vapour has a POT of 10 and investigators enveloped in the mist must match their CON against this vapour or lose 1 point of CON per round. Succeeding characters are unaffected.

Special Attacks: Poisonous Spit – the *Nuckelavee* can direct a rancid, toxic poison at targets in point blank or short range. If the attack succeeds, the poison contacts the target's flesh and they must match their CON against a POT of 15. Successfully poisoned investigators will lose 1D3 STR and 1 hit point per round starting one round after the success (i.e. one round will pass where no effects are felt). Investigators who resist the poison will still lose 1 point of STR per round beginning one round after their success. Washing the sickly poison off with fresh water or rainwater will allow the investigator to regenerate lost STR at a rate of 1 point per hour. All hit points lost are recovered normally. Washing the poison off with bottled water, alcohol, or even wet mud will stop the poison, but will not begin the regeneration of STR. Only fresh water or rainwater will reverse the loss.



Special Variant: The Nuckelavee or Devil o' the Sea

Unlike most folklore creatures which show some propensity toward doing a good act now and then, the Nuckelavee of Orkney is evil incarnate and universally feared amongst the islanders. A horrifying variation of the water horse, the Nuckelavee or Devil o' the Sea thrives on mayhem and death. In the 1920s, the Nuckelavee is believed to be the cause of a number of unsolved murders and disappearances and Orcadians know well not to invoke its name at night. Like the water horse, the Nuckelavee stays near water, preferring to skirt the coastline, but it does occasionally venture inland even to the point of crossing islands.

Most encounters with the Nuckelavee occur when it is on land, where it appears from a distance as a dark horse and rider. Only when the Nuckelavee approaches its intended victims do they realise the grim truth: this Devil of the Sea is a horrific hybrid of man and horse, as though the two had merged at the trunk or saddle. The "human" head of the Nuckelavee is many times larger than that of a normal man, with a wide maw filled with sharp teeth and having only one massive, single red eye, which in some accounts is ringed by flame. The body of the Nuckelavee is skinless, showing massive muscles writhing and twitching as it nears its victims. Its black blood courses visibly through translucent veins, feeding its powerful muscles and sinews.

Both horsehead and grotesque human head are used to bite and long ape-like limbs grapple those unfortunate enough to meet this Devil o' the Sea. From its two mouths the Nuckelavee spits foul-smelling poison and his breath is a venomous, black mist. His toxic breath and poison are said to be the cause of blights in the fields and contagion in the villages. Targets of the Nuckelavee have but one saving grace: the beast makes his home in the salt water of the ocean and cannot enter fresh water. Even a burn or small stream acts as a powerful barrier against the Nuckelavee, who avoids all sources of fresh water, including rainfall. Indeed, it is believed that were it not for the power of the sea and the wet Scottish weather, the Devil o' the Sea might claim every life on Orkney.

Dragons

Drake, Knucker, Sea Serpent, Winged Serpent, Worm, Wyrm, Wyvern

There are endless folk stories about dragons throughout the British Isles, especially in both England and Wales where they take on an almost patriotic significance. These great dragons of folklore tend, however, to be more often tales about "worms" and other huge serpents rather than the classical, winged

dragons of legend and myth. Many of these giant worms are credited with shaping local landscapes, creating hills and digging out gullies. Such stories are particularly common in Wales and the west of England. Strangely, dragon myths in Scotland, northern England and Northern Ireland are few by comparison, despite those areas being just as full of valleys and hills.

Dragon folk tales tend to highlight the struggles of knights and the villages they protect against the terrible might of a troublesome dragon. Surely the most famous dragon tale is that of Saint George and the Dragon, in which a noble knight of great virtue and ingenuity dispatches a terrible creature threatening a village. Ironically the iconic story of Saint George is widely believed in the 1920s to have originated not in England, but in Greece or the Middle East from whence it was brought to British shores by returning Crusaders. Regardless of its origins, the story forms an archetype for many such dragon folk tales.

One of the most famous and well-known stories of a British dragon is that of the Lambton Worm. The story goes that an heir to the castle in the Middle Ages was an arrogant and feckless youth who once caught a strange worm in the river and tossed it into a well to be rid of it. While he was away fighting in the Crusades and learning to be a proper man and a chivalrous knight, the worm grew to monstrous proportions and climbed out of the well, terrorising and killing people in the lands surrounding the castle. The beast spent its nights winding around the hill and carving grooves into it with its serpentine body. The locals tried to destroy it, but every time they cut it in two, the two halves joined back together again.

Seven years later the battle-hardened knight returned and found his homeland under duress from the terrible monster. He sought advice from a witch on how to deal with the beast, and she told him to cover his armour in spikes and barbs and to fight the creature in the river, extracting a rather biblical toll that he would kill the first thing to greet him after he won against the beast. The plan succeeded, the beast was destroyed by being cut into chunks that were swept away by the river before they could join back together, but the first person to greet the knight after the battle was his father, whom he refused to kill, so the witch laid a curse on the whole family to die tragic deaths ever after.

Saint George's dragon, the Lambton Worm, and the many serpents and drakes found in British folklore are often indistinguishable in their demeanour and methods. Folktales



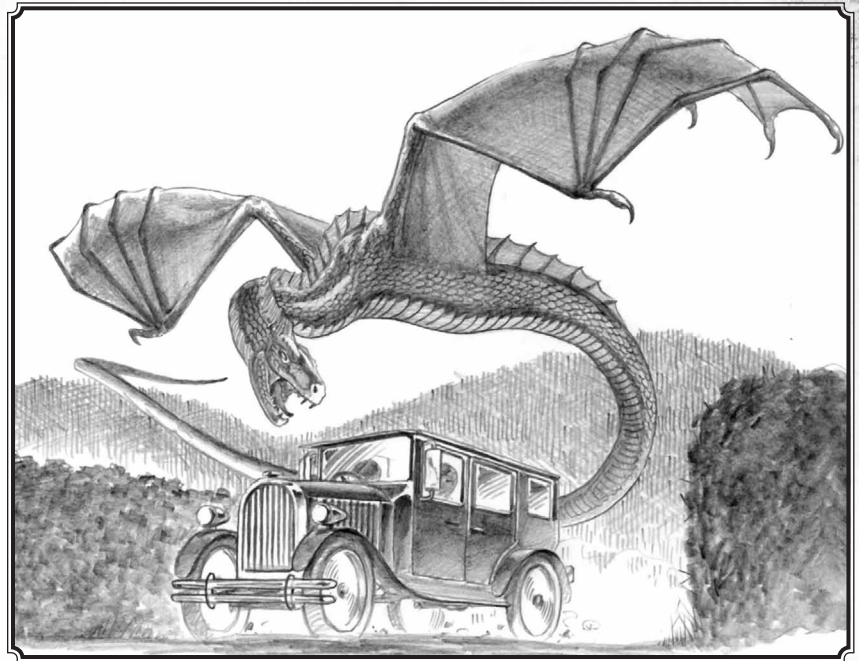
encountered up and down Britain show dragons to be rampaging beasts (as the Lambton Worm is remembered), using their formidable arsenal of weapons (teeth, claws, tail, fiery breath, and sheer size) to lay villages to waste and terrorise the countryside. However, this is not always the case as other wyrms and dragons were known to function more as extortionists and blackmailers, like the Burley Dragon, which demanded pails of milk and an offering of sheep in exchange for not consuming the locals—until it was bested by a passing knight.

Dragons have long been associated with sin, both in pagan and Christian traditions, and many folktales portray dragons as proud, wrathful, and greedy creatures. The triumph of humanity over the dragons can be seen as a mankind's triumph over sin. But a darker significance may lurk behind this perceived triumph as numerous Mythos monsters display draconic qualities or possess serpentine features. Could the triumphs heralded in folklore, in medieval paintings, and in early histories in fact be triumphs over nightmarish Mythos entities that laid waste to British settlements and decimated rural populations?

Mythos creatures themselves are often mistaken for drakes and wyrms. Chthonians and dholes appear as great and truly enormous worms, respectively, shaking the ground beneath peoples' feet, damaging buildings or shaping the very landscape around them. Hunting horrors haunt the night appearing as terrible winged serpents and wyverns, while the oceans are home to sea monsters and nightmarish creatures that may in fact be unique Mythos entities or Great Old Ones.

Motivation

Dragons are largely motivated by hunger, greed, and pride. The appetites of dragons for food, wealth, and power over its lesser neighbours are well documented. Put simply, dragons do not share: this is true whether it pertains to living in harmony with humans or folklore creatures or to cohabitating with other dragons. Given their fighting prowess and their position atop the food chain, dragons and worms make a habit of simply decimating or entirely annihilating the competition rather than sharing its territory or resources. This fierce individuality also means that dragons will never work in concert—their pride and suspicious natures forbid it.



Britain's great serpents and drakes cannot be generalised as purely evil. Each dragon is an individual. While most wyrms will prove aggressive, gluttonous, and haughty, some may approach encounters with investigators coolly, with interest or bemusement, or more rarely with complete indifference. Folktales that depict dragons as being informative, helpful, or kind are generally unheard of. That said, if the Keeper wishes an individual wyvern or sea serpent to assist the characters in some way, he or she might give some thought to the motivation behind such a gesture. Dragons do not move about, converse with strangers, or even wake up without a plan, set goal, or some other mysterious purpose in mind.

Understanding a dragon's motivation can be a relatively simple task or an activity that takes a lifetime. These great serpentine monsters do not think as humans do and will put plans in motion that may only come to fruition in generations to come. They will rarely share their motives, preferring to talk in riddles or toy with the humans they encounter—providing they choose only to toy with them.

Mythos Connection

Dragons are perhaps more likely to have Mythos connections than other folklore creatures, because they are similarly motivated. They are usually indifferent or antagonistic towards human communities; they seek wealth, resources, and greater power; and they are often driven by complex motives the outcome of which humans cannot understand. While dragons



might rarely work with Mythos cults, they might be inclined to ally with a powerful sorcerer or, more ideally, a Great Old One or other Mythos deity, particularly if that individual could reward it with food, territory, arcane knowledge, or power.

As noted above, Mythos entities are also often mistaken for dragons. Chthonians and dholes, for example, are the great “worms” of the Cthulhu Mythos. Hunting horrors or winged dragon warriors of Yig are very similar in shape to wyverns and winged serpents. The unique entity Ubb and the Great Old One Othuun are terrifying sea monsters and could be the very model of a sea serpent. On rare occasions, other Great Old Ones such as Shudde M’ell or Yig, the father of serpents, might be seen as especially large or powerful dragons or drakes. Even a degenerate descendant of the serpent people climbing out of a well could be mistaken for a diminutive knucker. There are numerous other possibilities and Keepers who have the *Malleus Monstrorum* supplement to hand will have an excellent resource for learning more about these draconic Mythos entities.

The Wild Hunt

There are many folktales of ghosts or devils riding through the sky or across the wild countryside of Britain, but the story of the wild hunt is particularly enigmatic and uncompromising. The wild hunt as described in folk tradition represents a virtually unstoppable, supernatural force, bent on running down and ki

lling its victims and caring little for those who get in its way. The ghostly wild hunt is comprised of a terrifying, massive horned huntsman leading a party of baying hounds and accompanying mounted and unmounted spectral hunters. The wild hunt’s purpose is to collect the souls of their chosen prey, who include, amongst others: deceivers and oath-breakers, suicides and the unfaithful, proud men and especially those who seek forbidden knowledge and power.

The terrible horned huntsman who leads this charge with such relentless capacity is often identified as the ghost Herne

Dragons, Generic Statistics

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	5D6+30	47–48
CON	5D6+15	32–33
SIZ	6D6+30	51
INT	3D6	10–11
POW	3D6+6	16–17
DEX	3D6	10–11
HP		42

Move: 8

Damage Bonus: +5D6

Skills: Sense Human 45%, and others as the Keeper desires

Weapons: Bite 50%, damage 2D6

Claw 45%, damage 1D8+db

Tail Bash 15%, damage 2D8

Armour: 12-point scale and hide

Spells: None, or as the Keeper desires

Number appearing: 1

Sanity Loss: 1 / 1D8 Sanity points to see a dragon

Appearance: Folklore dragons can measure up to 75 feet long and weigh several thousand pounds. While they share many similar features (e.g. serpentine or draconic heads,

huge fangs, scales and / or armoured hides, etc.), there are important differences between various types of dragons. Drakes, knuckers, and dragons themselves possess the shape most commonly found in heraldry and described in books, but may or may not be winged. Worms and wyrms do not have wings and often do not have legs. Winged serpents and wyverns always have wings, but often do not possess front legs. Sea serpents often take the shape of sea-going worms and often are portrayed as having fins.

Special Ability: Fiery Breath – this special ability is rare amongst British dragons, but it does present itself from time to time. Anyone caught in a cloud of the dragon’s fiery breath (at point blank or short range) takes 1D6+2 damage and his or her hair and clothing catch on fire. At medium distance, damage is reduced to 1D4 points of damage and the Keeper should roll Luck to see if the investigator’s clothing and hair catch fire.

A Note on Scale: The generic statistics given here are only a guideline. The dragons of British folklore vary considerably in regard to their strength, constitution, and size. Some larger dragons might be two to three times greater than the example provided above. Alternatively, smaller varieties have statistics rounded down to one-third or one-quarter of those provided.



the Hunter or the very Devil himself. Stories and imagery of huntsmen wearing antlers or horns go back to the Celtic horned god Cernunnos and to Odin of the Norse traditions brought to Britain by the Vikings and the Danelaw. He is a ghastly and merciless alien figure possessing dreadful, god-like powers and disdain for human life.

The beasts and hunters that join the huntsman are similarly otherworldly. The composition of the wild hunt varies from tale to tale, but often numbers over forty determined hunters and hounds. The earliest written reports of the wild hunt, dating from early medieval times, give its membership decidedly demonic appearances. The hounds that run alongside the

huntsman and hunters sound suspiciously like black dogs (as described above) and the hunters are described as being huge and hideous shades, some mounted on phantom steeds. Later medieval romances, though, give them a fae aspect, and link them very definitely with the fairy world; some even make the huntsman himself a legendary leader such as King Arthur.

To hear the baleful sounds made by the wild hunt is enough to make men and women faint, but to see the hunt first hand is enough to drive most witnesses insane. Like other ghosts and spirits, seeing the wild hunt is often a predictor of death. Other folk tales, though, suggest that seeing the wild hunt determines that one's soul is destined to join the hunt upon

THE CELTIC PANTHEON

In various parts of the British Isles, the Celtic pantheon survived the Roman invasion and the Romanization of several of its deities, and existed as the primary pantheon worshipped in ancient Britain for centuries. The Anglo-Saxon invasion did much to push this Celtic influence from England, and the rise of Christianity effectively ended its worship in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, but memories of those old ways remained in the countryside for some time after everyone had ostensibly converted to Christianity.

In many ways, the Celtic pantheon was a collection of strange and dark figures—perhaps echoing old, barely understood legends of the activities of Mythos deities and monsters. Below is a brief list of the most significant Celtic gods. Though Cernunnos is implicated in tales of the wild hunt, many other Celtic gods can similarly be associated with folklore tales found throughout 1920s Britain.

Bel – The god of life and death to whom Beltane is dedicated.

Brigit – A fertility goddess associated with the feast of Imbolc.

Cernunnos – “The Horned One,” god of nature, animals, agriculture, prosperity and the Otherworld. He may have, as time passed, become the head of the pantheon and seems

to be the closest the Celts came to a universal father god. His appearance, that of a man with the antlers of a stag, may have contributed to later interpretations of how the Devil looked.

Donn – Known as the “Dark One,” Donn is the Celtic god of the dead.

Daghdha – God of fertility and abundance, Daghdha is also known as the “Great Father”.

Lugh – Lugh is the god of sun and sky and of arts and crafts. The Celtic festival of Lúnása or Lughnasad is named after him.

Manannan – The god of the oceans, and specifically the sea journey to the Celtic Otherworld.

Morrigan – The grim goddess of war and the earth.

Oghma – God of writing and eloquence, Oghma is said to have invented the runes and script used by Celts.

Taranis – The god of thunder whom the Romans associated with Jupiter.

As a final note of interest, the few descriptions we have of the Celtic Otherworld might strike investigators familiar with the Mythos as being suspiciously like descriptions of the Dreamlands.



death. Souls bound to the hunt are said to live forever in whatever otherworld they inhabit (be it some hell or the fairy realm), only to return to this world when the wild hunt rides and collects new members or victims.

The huntsman and the hunt are only seen at night, coursing across dark ground and night sky, and are most often encountered in rural areas and what remains of Britain's natural wilderness. The wild hunt awaits its prey during the day, coming out after sunset to answer the huntsman's call and to deliver their prey to their fate. The huntsman is known to abide in forests and woodlands, the more remote the better, but he can be summoned in any substantial wild place.

The national parks and wildernesses throughout the British Isles are potential habitations for the huntsman and his ghostly companions. Windsor Great Park, for example, has long been associated with the legendary hunter Herne and sightings of the huntsman continue into the 1920s.

Motivation

The purpose of the wild hunt and the huntsman himself varies little in British folklore: he and they are hunters of souls, wicked or otherwise. The wild hunt is often portrayed as enforcing the rules of the gods or the dark underworld, pursuing and dragging souls to Hell and retribution. The wild hunt embodies primal aggression, tooth and claw, and the capricious cruelty of nature, even in a human form. The motivation of the huntsman and the hunters is never in question: they exist to hunt and to kill in service of the gods or their own ideas of justice.

Mythos Connection

The wild hunt is even more ancient than the Celtic or Nordic myths might have one surmise. The Huntsman is in fact the avatar known as the Horned Man and one of the thousand masks worn by the Outer God, Nyarlathotep. The Horned Man or huntsman represents all that is wild and lustful. Though

The Horned Man, Avatar of Nyarlathotep

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	--	29
CON	--	48
SIZ	--	20
INT	--	86
POW	--	50
DEX	--	20
HP		34

Move: 9

Damage Bonus: +2D6

Skills: As the Keeper desires

Weapons: Fist / Punch 90%, damage 1D6+db
Antlers / Gore 75%, damage 2D6+db

Armour: None, but the Horned Man can heal himself 1D10 hit points for every spent magic point

Spells: Alter Weather (see Special Abilities below), and others at the Keeper's discretion; additionally, the Horned Man can control any animal at will

Number appearing: 1

Sanity Loss: 1 / 1D6 points to see the Horned Man; hearing the wild hunt costs 0 / 1D2 and seeing it costs 1 / 1D8 (or higher if other Mythos creatures or entities are included)

Appearance: The Horned Man is seven feet tall with a slightly hunched back. He resembles a skinned corpse, whose muscles, bone and blood are all on show. His muscles writhe and twist around his bones in an ever-flowing motion that is extremely distressing to witness. His face is featureless, save for two coal-like eyes that burn with deep malevolence and cruel joy. Crowning his head are two great, deformed stag antlers that end in vicious hooks and barbs. The Horned Man stands on great, cloven black hooves. Anyone killed by this Avatar of Nyarlathotep lingers indefinitely at the point of death, crippled and torn, but unable to die, waiting until the Horned Man drags him away to join Azathoth's court or makes him serve as part of the wild hunt.

Special Ability: Alter Weather – the Horned Man can change cloud cover, wind direction, and levels of precipitation, temperature, and wind speed within a two-mile radius. Each alteration (e.g. from clear to foggy weather, from calm to breezy, from 5 degrees to 10 degrees, etc.) costs 5 magic points. The changes lasts 30 minutes for every further 5 magic points spent and the radius of effect can be increased by 1 mile for every further 5 magic points spent.

For a more in-depth discussion of the Horned Man avatar, his cults, and various characteristics, Keepers can refer to the *Malleus Monstrorum* supplement.



worship of Nyarlathotep in this particular form has declined over the centuries, many do still remember the Horned Man and the wild hunt. In the dark and wild places of the United Kingdom, his twisted taint can still be felt. The wild hunt is the name given to the Horned Man avatar and his unnatural entourage when they ride forth to hunt souls. The composition of the wild hunt is for Nyarlathotep to decide and he will on occasion call upon the Hounds of Tindalos and other dreadful Mythos monsters to help him carry out his dark will.

Steed of Yeth

Yeth is a grove deep in the Dreamlands, a place of influence for Nyarlathotep and his cults and followers. The grove appears to be little more than a stand of trees, but as one enters into it, it opens out into a great, twisted forest, filled with many forms of unnatural life and thick with a musky mist. The Huntsman abides here when he is not called to the Hunt and this is where he collects his steed and his pack for the pursuit.

Steed of Yeth, Mount of the Huntsman

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	3D6+18	28-29
CON	3D6+8	18-19
SIZ	4D6+12	26
INT	--	--
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		22-23

Move: 12

Damage Bonus: +2D6

Skills: Dodge 45%, Hide 25%, Sneak 25%

Weapons: Barbed hooves 50%, damage 1D8+db
Bite 50%, damage 1D10+db

Armour: 2-points skin and muscle, and the steed takes half damage from physical attacks, but full damage from magic, fire or electricity

Spells: None

Number appearing: 1

Sanity Loss: 1 / 1D6 Sanity points to see a steed of Yeth

Appearance: The steed of Yeth is the huntsman's mount, a horse-like creature with a skull-like face and a body that is a writhing mass of suppurating black muscle and bone. Unlike a horse, the steed of Yeth is carnivorous, its mouth filled with a mass of hooked teeth like those of a shark and its hooves twisted into wicked barbs.





Harriers of Yeth

Harriers of Yeth are the hunting dogs of the wild hunt, the baying hounds that pursue, run down and flush out the huntsman's prey, and even drag it down with their teeth and claws.

Harriers of Yeth, Hounds of the Wild Hunt

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	3D6+6	16-17
CON	4D6	14
SIZ	3D6+1	11-12
INT	--	--
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6+6	16-17
HP		12-13

Move: 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Dodge 55%, Hide 25%, Sneak 35%

Weapons: Bite 40%, damage 1D8+db
Hoof 40%, damage 1D6+db

Armour: 2-points skin and muscle, and the hound takes half damage from physical attacks, but full damage from magic, fire or electricity

Spells: None

Number appearing: 1D4

Sanity Loss: 1 / 1D6 Sanity points to see a harrier of Yeth

Appearance: Harriers of Yeth resemble half-decomposed wolves with matted, oily fur and jagged, criss-cross teeth. They have bladed hooves instead of paws, and their flesh seems to writhe with the same unnatural motions as that of the huntsman and his steed.

Summon the Wild Hunt & Summon / Bind Minion of Yeth

New Spell: Summon the Wild Hunt

Summon The Wild Hunt requires a stone altar consecrated to Nyarlathotep. An offering, usually in the form of a horse or large dog, is offered up and the huntsman invoked in the name of the Horned Man (though one of Nyarlathotep's many other guises might work just as well). The rite must be cast at night and costs the caster and any additional participants a total of 12 magic points between them. The caster loses 1D6 Sanity points and any additional casters lose 1D4, while any observers must make SAN rolls should the casting be successful. If successful the huntsman, mounted upon a steed of Yeth and accompanied by 2D4 harriers of Yeth, will appear through a portal from atop the altar and wait to be told whom it is that they hunt. The hunt ends with the defeat of the hunter or the death of the hunted.

New Spell: Summon / Bind Minion of Yeth

To summon either a steed of Yeth or 1D4 harriers of Yeth casters must first brew and drink a draught as per *Brew Dream Drug* (see the spell description in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook). Casters must successfully dream of Yeth, requiring a Cthulhu Mythos roll to imagine it correctly and find their way, and must then make offerings in that dank, benighted place. Casters must offer up 4 magic points to sculpt the dream into an appropriate sacrifice and lose 1D4 Sanity points. The following night the summoned creature(s) will make themselves known to the caster and will do his or her bidding until the following dawn.





The Folklore Calendar

- The Folklore Calendar -

"It is an unfortunate fact that the bulk of humanity is too limited in its mental vision to weigh with patience and intelligence those isolated phenomena, seen and felt only by a psychologically sensitive few, which lie outside its common experience."

(Howard Phillips Lovecraft, *The Tomb*, 1922)

The folklore calendar of the United Kingdom is a very full one. Few weeks of the year pass in Britain without some event or ritual taking place that calls back to, or makes use of, folklore tradition. In this section, a selection of significant dates are drawn from the numerous and varied events that happen annually across England, Northern Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. There are vast numbers of regional variations for each of the entries below, providing Keepers with endless opportunity for adaptation or the wholesale creation of new folklore events.

Some folklore events fall neatly into *Call of Cthulhu* scenarios and campaigns. For example, Samhain and Hallowe'en provide potent backdrops for investigations into mysterious or otherworldly events; however, even the most unlikely of candidates, say Christmas or St. Valentine's Day, can be used to create rich settings, taking on dark themes and terrible portents. Indeed, breaking with tradition is a great way to invent novel situations for the characters. Thus, each date listed below has potential: something as simple as well-dressings or as outrageous as the Day of the Burryman could have a sinister Mythos connection.

- The Folklore Year -

Although presented below in the order of the civic Gregorian calendar, prior to the end of the 16th Century a number of other calendars heralded the beginning and end of the year. The Celtic calendar, for example, ended with the harvest and started with the coming of winter (November 1st; Samhain). Differences or puzzling interrelationships between calendar traditions could present investigators with interesting challenges. As ever, Keepers are encouraged to play on the players' preconceptions to bring about interesting gameplay possibilities.

January

1st of January – New Year's Day – New Year's Day is traditionally one of the most celebrated days in the folklore calendar, filled with merriment and feasting. A common practice across Britain in the 1920s is "First Footing", whereupon neighbours or well-wishers arrive early in the day with gifts (usually in the form of whisky and cake) to share a drink, a compliment, and to exchange best wishes for the coming year.

2nd of January – The Unluckiest Day – Harkening back to an old Anglo-Saxon tradition, this day is deemed to be the unluckiest in the whole calendar, with all manner of misfortunes becoming possible.

5th of January – Twelfth Night / Twelfthtide – Twelfth Night (the twelfth night after Christmas) marks the end of the Celtic winter festival, begun on All Hallows Eve (October 31st). The symbolic order of things is believed to be reversed on this day (e.g. right is wrong, rich are poor, etc.), overseen by the mythic Lord of Misrule or Abbot of Unreason, until midnight when their reign ends and world order is restored. The following Monday is known as Plough Monday or St. Distaff's Day and marks the day on which men and women would return to work. Twelfth Night is associated with the Holly Man (Green Man) "bringing in the green", Mummer's plays (pantomime morality plays highlighting the struggle between good and evil), and wassailing (toasting people's good health).

13th of January – Coldest Day / St. Hilary's Feast Day – A commonly held belief is that the winter's cold would be most severe on or near the 13th of January.

20th of January – St. Agnes' Eve – On this eve, unmarried women and girls could undertake rituals to secure dreams of their future husbands. The rituals involved such things as fasting, eating specially prepared "dumb cakes" or walking upstairs backwards.

Last Tuesday in January – Up Helly Aa – Britain's largest fire festival is held in Lerwick, Scotland, on this day, culminating with the ritual burning of a replica Viking longship.

February

1st of February – Imbolc / St. Bride’s Day – Imbolc is the feast of the Celtic Spring goddess, dating back thousands of years.

2nd of February – Candlemas – The Christian festival of light. The celebration harkens back to ancient, pagan festivals that marked winter’s mid-point, halfway between the winter solstice and the spring equinox. The candles are used to illuminate the long winter darkness and push back bogeymen and evil spirits. It was also believed that the weather on Candlemas day could be used to predict the weather for the remaining winter period, as in this traditional couplet:

“If Candlemas Day be fair and bright, Winter will have another fight.

If Candlemas Day brings cloud and rain, Winter won’t come again.”



12th – 14th of February – Borrowed Days – These days are considered to be “borrowed” from January and the weather on these days can predict the weather for the coming year: sunny weather on the borrowed days would indicate

a miserable and stormy year to come, whereas wet weather would indicate a fine year ahead.

14th of February – St. Valentine’s Day – The day on which birds choose their mates and the date associated with numerous human traditions regarding courtship and love, most notably the exchange of paper or clay hearts.

29th of February – Leap Day / Year – Throughout the UK, tradition states that women may propose marriage on leap years and need not rely on the man to come forward and ask.

March

1st of March – St. David’s Day / Dydd Gŵyl Dewi – March 1st celebrates St. David, the patron saint of Wales, and is sometimes marked by the wearing of red clothing.

17th of March – St. Patrick’s Day / Lá Fhéile Pádraig – The patron saint of Ireland, St. Patrick, is celebrated on this day and it is common for people to wear green and shamrocks.

21st of March – Spring Equinox – The vernal equinox marks the first moment of spring and figures greatly in druidic ceremonies and many folk traditions as the symbolic moment when life returns to the natural world.

25th of March – Lady Day – It is said that some great disaster will happen to England should Easter land on Lady Day, as found in the following traditional rhyme:

*“When my Lord falls in my Lady’s lap;
England beware of some grave mishap.”*

April

1st of April – April Fool’s Day / Fool’s Day – Pranks, hoaxes, and practical jokes of all sorts are entertained on this day that has been celebrated for hundreds of years, although no one is quite certain of its origin.

14th of April – St. Tiburtis’ Day / Cuckoo Day – Cuckoos are known to start singing on this day until St. John’s Day (24th of June) and many festivals are associated with this sign of the arrival of spring.

23rd of April – St. George’s Day – April 23rd celebrates the life of St. George, England’s patron saint, made famous for slaying a dragon which threatened an English village. Many pageants across England are held on the day.



30th of April – Walpurgis Night / Beltane Eve – Bonfires lit on Walpurgis Night celebrate the start of the Celtic summer.

May

1st of May – May Day / Garland Day – Marking the end of spring and the coming of summer, May Day celebrates the return of the summer sun and the prosperity it brings. Girls rising at dawn can rush out to wash their faces with the May dew, which will ensure beauty throughout the year and remove spots and other blemishes. Many regions of Great Britain have their own unique ways of celebrating May Day. In Derbyshire, for example, the day is commemorated with traditional well-dressings (decorating local wells with pictures made from flower petals, seeds, etc.), a practice going back hundreds of years and a local event that lasts into September.

1st – 2nd of May – Beltane / Calan Mai – Beltane (Irish/Scots) or Calan Mai (Welsh) is the Celtic feast of Bel and Tin, the Celtic gods of the Underworld and of Fire, respectively. Usually falling in the first week of May, festivals taking place during Beltane celebrate the coming of summer.

15th of May – Whitsun / Summer's Day (Old Beltane) – Marked by festivals, Morris dancing, and feasting, similar in many respects to Beltane, celebrating the first day of summer and the start of the summer season.

Unlucky Days of May – Just why it is the case, no one knows, but May is home to more unlucky days than any other month: May 3rd, 6th, 7th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 20th are considered to be particularly unlucky. Additionally, May is considered to be a terrible month in which to marry, hence the saying: *“Marry in May, and you’ll rue the day!”*. Stranger still, some believe that washing or bathing in May will lead to death, leading to such rhymes as: *“Those who bathe in May will soon be under clay”* and *“If you wash a blanket in May, You will wash one of the family away”*.

June

21st – 24th of June – Summer Solstice / Midsummer / The Longest Day – The exact date varies between regions. The longest day of the year is often marked with little public fanfare across most of Great Britain, but it is said to be greatly celebrated by Fairy folk, witches, and druids with bonfires, feasting and dancing. Some traditions suggest that the witches and fey creatures travel to dark assemblies with old gods. Midsummer Eve is potentially a dangerous time when

evil spirits and powerful beings are free to roam the earth, so bonfires were lit to protect against these shadowy creatures. A different interpretation suggests that the bonfires are lit to strengthen the weakening and waning sun.

July

15th of July – St. Swithin's Day – St. Swithin's Day is notable for weather-watchers as the weather on the day is said to predict the weather for the next forty days:

“St Swithun's day if thou dost rain, For forty days it will remain;

St Swithun's day if thou be fair, For forty days 'twill rain nae mare.”

25th of July – St. James' Day / Grotto Day – In England, small caves and ornamental grottos are created by children from shells, especially scallop or cockle shells which represent St. James. Children would then sit on porches and steps beside their grottos, hoping to receive a penny or two, singing the following traditional tune:

“Please remember the Grotto. It's only once a year. Father's gone to sea.

Mother's gone to bring him back, So please remember me.”

August

1st of August – Lammas / Calan Awst / Lúnasa / Lughnasad – Lammas (England), Calan Awst (Welsh), Lúnasa (Scots Gaelic), and Lughnasad (Irish Gaelic) are the regional festivals associated with the first of the yearly harvests. Thanksgiving and feasting go hand in hand as the people celebrate Nature's bounty. A truly ancient festival, its exact origins have been lost to time, but the earliest cultures in Britain are believed to have held the first of August sacred. The Anglo-Saxons marked the day as the “Feast of the First Fruits.”

15th of August – Feast of St. Mary / Là Féill Moire – Another important harvest festival not long after Lammas, the traditions behind the Feast of St. Mary hinge on providing protection for family and friends over the coming year.

August Fairs – August is a popular month for festivals and fairs, and a vast number of events take place every year across the British Isles. Riding fairs stand alongside music festivals; games festivals take place alongside cattle fairs. Various



rituals and folkloric traditions belong to each of these fairs and festivals. One of the more peculiar rituals that take place in Scotland is the Day of the Burryman when a man dressed from head to toe in burdock burrs parades along the southern coast of the Firth of Forth. The meaning of this ancient ritual has long been forgotten but most believe the presence of the Burryman wards off evil spirits.

September

21st – 22nd of September – Autumnal (Vernal) Equinox – The autumnal equinox is marked by rituals and ceremonies commemorating harvest and the need to give thanks.

24th of September – Harvest Day / Calling the Mare / Corn Dollies – The traditional beginning of the harvesting season in England, a period of concentrated labour for farmers and fieldworkers. “Calling the Mare” is a friendly ceremony used to encourage each farmer to hasten his or her harvest. Using the last sheaves of wheat, the farmers create a rough mare representation that they then hurl into the fields of farmers not finished harvesting whilst calling out “Mare, mare, mare!” The receiving farmer must then do his best to finish his harvest and rid himself of the mare by hurling it into another farmer’s field. The last to complete his harvest has to keep the mare on display in his farm for the coming year as a reminder. Meanwhile children were encouraged to make corn dollies from the last sheaf of corn to keep the corn goddess alive over the winter.

29th of September – Michaelmas Day / Goose Day – The traditional end of the harvesting season. Traditions abound on Michaelmas Day: for example, finding a ring in a Michaelmas pie suggests marriage will soon find you; trees planted on Michaelmas Day will grow tall and strong; and eating a goose on Michaelmas day will bring good fortune, as noted in the traditional rhyme:

“Eat a goose on Michaelmas Day, Want not for money all the year.”

October

10th of October – Old Michaelmas Day / Mop Fair – Old Michaelmas Day represents the end of the traditional labourer’s year. On this day, labourers and servants go to the centre of town seeking out new employment for the year to come, bringing their tools (in the case of maids, their mops) with them.

18th of October – St. Luke’s Day – On St. Luke’s Day girls who wish to dream of their future husbands must apply honey, vinegar and various spices to their faces and go to bed singing the traditional, rhyming couplet:

“St. Luke, St. Luke, be kind to me; In dreams let me my true love see.”

31st of October – Hallowe’en – On this hallowed night all manner of spirits, good and evil, have leave to wander and do what mischief they might. As a result, it is quite common for mischievous pranks—human-devised or otherwise—to be blamed on the Fairy Folk who are believed to hold special revels on that night. Pranks commonly carried out in rural locations include: moving farmers’ tools or livestock, throwing apples or turnips at doors, upsetting carts, tearing up cabbages (often for the purpose of plugging chimneys), and similar. In towns and cities, most pranksters suffice with knocking on doors, throwing eggs (and sometimes stones) at windows, and running about in fancy dress. Hollowed out turnips or beets with carved faces are commonly placed in windows and lit with candles to frighten off evil spirits.

November

1st of November – Samhain / Hallowmas / All Saints Day – Samhain, often considered to run from October 31st to November 1st, is the Celtic feast of the dead and signals the last harvest of the year; also Samhuinn (Scots), Sauin (Gaelic), and Shamhna (Irish). It also stands as the Celtic New Year.

4th of November – Mischief Night – A night devoted to mischief and pranks, one of the most traditional being to remove things from their rightful place and move them to, or hide them in, other places.

5th of November – Bonfire Night – A relatively recent tradition (a little over 400 years old), bonfires, fireworks, and revelry are the main entertainments with effigies often being sacrificed to the raging fires as the night progresses.

11th of November – Martinmas / Old Hallowmas – Martinmas, or the Feast of St. Martin, is commemorated with festivities and feasting, and like Mop Fair (10th October) is a time for hiring labourers for the coming year.

30th of November – St. Andrew’s Day – The 30th of November is devoted to the patron saint of Scotland, St. Andrew.

December

21st of December – Winter Solstice – The first day of the traditional winter season.

24th of December – Christmas Eve – A time for celebration in preparation for Christmas Day. It is said that on Christmas Eve, animals can speak, but it is believed to be very bad luck to try to hear them do so.

25th of December – Christmas Day – In 1920s Britain most of the traditions used today (e.g. exchanging gifts, feasting, festive games, etc.) were already an established part of Christmas (or *La Nollaig* in Gaelic). Feasting, gift giving, games, and carolling are just a few of the traditional activities that take place on Christmas Day.

28th of December – Unluckiest Day of the Year – Tread lightly on December 28th for it is widely held as the unluckiest day of the year.

31st of December – New Years' Eve – the celebration of the last night of the calendar year, usually involving much drinking and merriment, and part of the Scottish tradition of Hogmanay (*Oidhche na Calluinn* in Gaelic). Hogmanay runs from New Years' Eve through New Years' Day and sometimes spills over into January 2nd. A joyous, extended celebration of well-wishing, drinking and partying, Hogmanay serves as a way to wish friends, families, and strangers alike a "guid New Year".



Omens and Bad Luck

*"Monday for wealth, Tuesday for health, Wednesday the best day of all,
Thursday for curses, Friday for losses, Saturday no luck at all."*

(Old English rhyme)

All manner of superstition, from the banal to the extraordinary, is found in British folklore tradition. The majority have to do with avoiding bad luck. Here is just a small selection of events and omens that investigators may want to watch out for:

- It is unlucky for visitors to enter a house through the back door.
- To see a snail, a new foal or young horse, or to hear a cuckoo call before one has had their breakfast means the day will be an unlucky one.
- Tables must always be set from left to right or bad luck will befall all who dine at it.
- Rocking an empty cradle will soon see it occupied by a newborn babe.
- A crow that caws all through the night from sundown to sunrise indicates that death is coming to an individual in the direction the crow faces.
- Spying a new moon through glass leads to grave misfortune.
- The persistent baying of a dog after sundown means someone will die that night.
- January and May are ill-favoured months and one should not even step out of doors, if at all possible, on January 2nd or May 14th.



Old Ones and Old Gods

- Old Ones and Old Gods -

“Some were the figures of well-known myth—gorgons, chimaeras, dragons, cyclops, and all their shuddersome congeners. Others were drawn from darker and more furtively whispered cycles of subterranean legend—black, formless Tsathoggua, many-tentacled Cthulhu, proboscidian Chaugnar Faugn, and other rumoured blasphemies from forbidden books like the Necronomicon, the Book of Eibon, or the Unaussprechlichen Kulten of von Junzt.”

(Howard Phillips Lovecraft,
The Horror in the Museum, 1932)

The Outer Gods of the Cthulhu Mythos are the only true gods in the universe, and are worshipped in many forms. Those who worship them directly are cultists, but if you peel away all the folk traditions and false names, then the Outer Gods can be found behind nearly every deity. Call her Bridget, call her Mary, call her by the name of every fertility goddess and saint that is venerated by rural communities praying for a good harvest, but her true name is Shub-Niggurath. Similarly, Yog-Sothoth is the truth behind every sky god; mercurial Nyarlathotep is every local devil, every trickster, and every shape-shifter.

Dancing round the maypole to bring fertility might be originally derived from the worship of Shub-Niggurath, but that does not mean that everyone at the village fête is a cultist—rather, it implies that the dark goddess Shub-Niggurath is inescapable, and all fertility goddesses and spirits are ultimately masks for her. (This interconnectedness may be an excellent way to disturb investigators that have too much knowledge of the Cthulhu Mythos, as they will start seeing potent Mythos connections appearing everywhere, in every place name and in every old superstition.)

Humanity exists in the shadow of these ancient and terrible powers: the Mythos is behind us, before us, and beneath us; indeed, it is all around us, but we are too small, too weak-minded, to perceive it directly. We see only the horrors nearest us and then only dimly, wreathed in shadowy memories and remembered as horrific myths and legends—so petrifying that we must cloak them in stories to make them bearable. Only the doomed investigators look for the truth behind the tales and legends, and shudder at the terrors they find there.

- Mythos Entities to Consider -

Listed below is a selection of appropriate Mythos entities and monsters that could easily be incorporated into folklore scenarios and campaigns taking place in 1920s Britain. This is by no means an exclusive or exhaustive list: there will be others, dark Gods and their servitors, who have reasons to come to these small islands, and, of course, there will also be those unique to these and all other shores, not to be found elsewhere, perhaps newly arrived from the gulfs of intergalactic space.

Chthonians

Though the United Kingdom is made up of a series of islands, chthonians may well be present, having been here since ages past or having arrived recently, digging deep into the earth's crust to avoid the seas and oceans. Once here, the chthonians find themselves locked in between Britain's shores, hemmed in by water on all sides and having to put up with a decidedly green, but rain-sodden landscape. Nonetheless, folktales are full of stories about caves, chasms, and deep places in which the chthonians might thrive. Alternatively, the chthonians inhabiting Britain could be seen as relatively weak, a lonely or even starving breed, held apart from the greater numbers found in the vast continents and made more desperate because of it.

Colours out of Space

It is possible that Britain might once have been a prime feeding ground for the Colours out of Space, their warping, twisting, and mutating abilities responsible for dark tales about the strangeness and danger of the forests, of fairy lights and earthlights. The Colours might be behind historic blights and famines that have struck the United Kingdom or could have had a hand in the deforestation of the British Isles. More indirectly, the transmuting and transfiguring powers of the Colours out of Space might be the cause of the emergence of many of the strange and terrible beasts that were said to roam the land in ancient times and found their way into folklore.

Cthugha and Fire Vampires

The Great Old One, Cthugha, and its fire vampire servants are amongst the oldest visitors to Earth, and the fire festivals are some of the oldest and most enduring celebrations in the British calendar. Even the name bonfire stems from the Middle English “bane fire” or “bone fire” and was associated with festivals of the dead, where fires in which bones were burned were common. In the 1920s, Cthugha’s cults are relatively rare, and those who engage in the various fire festivals and feats of daring with burning bales and tarred barrels are unlikely to remember who, or what, it is that they venerate with their actions.

Shub-Niggurath and the Dark Young

Agricultural life, the flow of the seasons, and the fertility of the animals and the fields have always been a huge part of life in the British Isles, and so it is little wonder that Shub-Niggurath has been worshipped in many guises over the course of British history and continues to be venerated today. Many of the old rites dedicated to The Black Goat of the Woods and its Thousand Young have been given a thin Christian veneer and changed drastically from their nigh-orgiastic roots. Still, druids, witches, and other cunning folk might have some understanding of the black god to which they truly call. Still others, namely those who worship the newer human gods, may instinctively or unconsciously understand this link, though desperately trying to stamp out witchcraft and pagan ways, which they see as the Devil’s work.

Images of horns and cloven hooves so common to much of British folklore are often now taken as manifestations of the Devil and before that were attributed to Cernunnos and others, but this imagery owes its origins to the one true Black Goat of the Woods. Far from being forgotten, cults and covens still persist in 1920s Britain and continue to grow in the dark and hidden places of the British Isles far from the eyes of government and religious institutions.

Deep Ones

Much of the south of England was once beneath the waves and might, in that watery prehistory, have been populated by the deep ones themselves. The exposed remnants of their once-great cities, dwellings, and places of worship may have

inspired the ancient peoples of Britain to worship them in turn. Their weather-worn menhirs may still remain at some of the stone circles and other Neolithic sites dotted across the landscape. On the eastern shores of the island the sea still threatens to reclaim the land, just as it wears away at the chalk cliffs in the south, and many villages have been lost to the waves over time, though perhaps they have not been lost at all. Meanwhile, deep one cities and outposts might lie just off the coasts of Scotland, Wales, or Northern Ireland.

Dholes

Though rarely seen on Earth, the descriptions of many dragons and giant “worms” mentioned in folk tales around the United Kingdom often seem to match up with the descriptions of juvenile dholes. These young dholes might well appear as noisome, slimy creatures that, legend tells, have shaped whole landscapes by winding around hills, forests, and even cities.

Ghouls

Wars, plagues, blights, and famine have meant that a succession of peoples and cultures have been buried across the British Isles. In the 1920s, Britain is home to huge numbers of cemeteries and other, older places where peoples’ bodies are interred. For the ghouls of Britain, there is rich feeding amongst the bones and charnel of these ancient peoples. The kingdom’s necropolises and cemeteries are no doubt home to these dog-like scavengers, inhabiting dark pits, closed-off crypts, tunnels, and deep caves.

Folktales of werewolves tell of human-canine hybrids that haunt ancient dwelling places and burial grounds, opening graves, feeding off the dead, and exuding a pall of death. It is likely that in some places, cults of humans and other creatures conspire with the Ghouls in exchange for their wisdom, their magic, or some hint as to the secret of their hideous transformation.

Glaaki and his Undead Servants

Great Glaaki is known to live beneath a lake somewhere in the Severn Valley in western England, haunting the dreams of nearby villages and, whenever possible, adding to its cult of undead servitors. These Servants of Glaaki—ghastly, undead creatures animated by the will of the foul god—are its horrible agents on the surface, and are most numerous in England,



but can be found almost anywhere in the United Kingdom, fulfilling some terrible and cryptic task. Glaaki's ability to gate from one large body of water to another allows it to grow its terrible army while extending its powerful psychic pull over the whole country.

Great Race of Yith

Britain has held such a prominent place in recent history that it is no wonder that the Great Race of Yith has shown interest in the affairs of the United Kingdom and the knowledge held in the minds of its great thinkers and leaders. Indeed, given the massive advances in, and contributions to, science and human understanding coming out of the British Isles during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it might not be entirely out of place to imagine that a cult was aiding or working with the Yithians in exchange for technological and scientific insights.

Hunting Horrors

The Hunting Horrors, servitors of the greater powers of the Mythos, might be another possible source of the folktales regarding worms and dragons throughout the United Kingdom. Their knowledge of magic combined with their unwholesome and unnatural appearance makes them a plausible fit. It is possible that sorcerers or cults from ages past have summoned the Horrors to do their bidding or destroy their enemies, requiring the knights and heroes of old to battle against these powerful "drakes" or "wyverns."

Insects from Shaggai

The mind-controlling, infesting insects from Shaggai may lie behind numerous barbaric and horrific acts immortalized in the most gruesome folk tales and legends. The parasitic lob are known to range across Wales and England, and have been recorded in Northern Ireland and Scotland, invisibly feeding off the intellect and emotions of humans. Wherever violence, death, and horror are found, the lob—in fact, the insects from Shaggai—are there, interfering and controlling people: pushing them to depraved acts, manipulating human minds and actions to increase suffering and torment, and instilling men with the desire for murder and war. Rarely seen, but often felt, the insects infect mankind and delight in torturing their mind-controlled slaves.

Men of K'n-Yan

It is very likely that there are entrances to the vast, underground realm of K'n-Yan in various locations across 1920s Britain. The mining tunnels beneath the Welsh hills or coal pits in the Scottish lowlands might well lead further down to the subterranean world of the Men of K'n-Yan. The K'n-Yani are likely behind the many myths of "fairy mounds" and mysterious other worlds. One especially evocative story of K'n-Yani activity is the tale of the "Green Children of Woolpit." In this story, a pair of green-skinned children appeared in the village of Woolpit in Suffolk. These strange children claimed to come from an underground world called St. Martin's Land, according to *Historia rerum anglicarum*. While the boy child sickened and died, his sister lived out her life in Woolpit, slowly forgetting her origins over time. Perhaps these children were in fact lost scions of the K'n-Yani?

Mi-go, the Fungi from Yuggoth

The mi-go have long had an interest in the Highlands and mountains of Scotland, mining them for the precious metals and ores that they require for their own dark projects. It is foolish to imagine that the alien plans of the mi-go were satisfied with inhabiting northern Scotland. At one time or another it is likely that the mi-go have managed or controlled areas in all the regions of the United Kingdom, leaving their mark in tunnels and caves, in stories and the actions of their followers. Though in 1920s Britain, Scotland still remains their spearhead in the British Isles, groups of agents and individual mi-go scientists have certainly invaded most of the country's cities.

More willing to work with humans than most other species of the Cthulhu Mythos, the mi-go have established cults and cells of activity through Britain. This same activity has most likely gone on for most of Britain's history. Small cults of followers, impressed by mi-go technology and their alien sciences, will be complicit in helping the fungi from Yuggoth achieve their plans.

Nyarlahotep and the Servitors of the Outer Gods

Music plays a large role in the folklore of the British Isles, and while much of this is probably due to the playful torments of Nyarlahotep, the sounds of pipes, drums, and fiddles turn up in more tales than that trickster-messenger can account for.



The other members of Azathoth's mad court might also make their presence felt in the wild places and deep tunnels, drawing people down into their strange underworlds and driving them mad with the revelations that they encounter there.



It seems likely that Nyarlathotep is responsible for many of the “devil tales” of trickery, debauchery, and diabolic challenges that form so many cautionary tales. These have turned into stories about the Devil taking people away for not following the religious rules about the Sabbath or punishing people's arrogance, but as with so many other tales, their roots are probably deeper, and Nyarlathotep would revel in luring people to die from their own failings or driving them insane, step by terrible step.

Serpent People

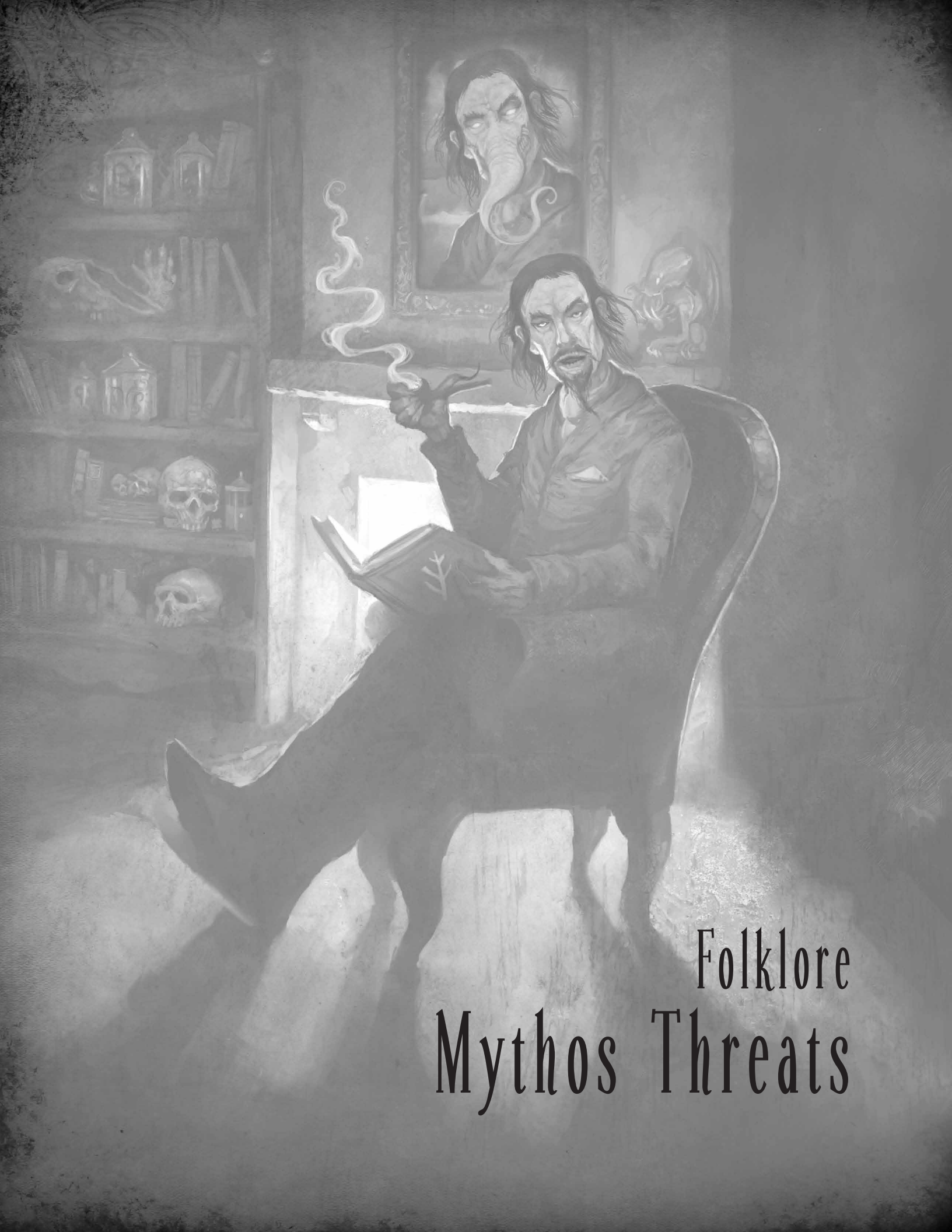
Like the mi-go, the serpent people have had a long history of involvement and activity in Great Britain. Working in the shadows or on the fringes of society, many serpent people seek to revive their once great empire, its powerful sorceries, and its arcane sciences. Stories of little people might be derived from these degenerate serpent people digging beneath the earth in search of ruins dating back to their former empire. While they are less likely to manipulate humans than other Mythos species, many snake cults can trace their beginnings to interactions with serpent people who might have introduced them to magic to secure their abject loyalty to the ophidians' causes.

Yog-Sothoth

The patron of sorcerers and mystics, Yog-Sothoth's cults are primarily interested in acquiring power through the black arts, witchcraft, and eldritch magic, not the natural magic that the druidic cults of Shub-Niggurath practise. Yog-Sothoth's magic is less an art and more a science focusing on leveraging universal, non-Euclidean dynamics and harnessing unthinkable, alien energies. The means of acquiring this magic is more an exchange than a dark pact: to those who are willing to dance to his maddening tune, Yog-Sothoth offers power and the ability to see behind the veil of this reality, to contact alien worlds and witness alternate dimensions and realities—abilities that have stood many a wandering mystic and many a royally-feted seer in good stead.

Many magicians and sorcerers, servants of Yog-Sothoth, have in the past been instrumental in adding to the security of the realm and acknowledged as amongst the most trusted advisors of royalty. However, such mind-bending knowledge and power come at a heavy cost and Yog-Sothoth is an unforgiving master.





Folklore
Mythos Threats

- Folklore Mythos Threats -

"Searchers after horror haunt strange, far places."

(Howard Phillips Lovecraft,
The Picture in the House, 1921)

Great Britain in the 1920s is home to a variety of Mythos threats lurking behind, or being mistaken for, folkloric creatures, individuals, and events. Folk stories describing these threats are found across the nation in many different guises and versions. These recurrent themes often indicate some greater force at work, something or someone whose influence reaches across the country and insinuates itself in many places, perhaps a greater archetype or a servitor of a stronger power. The following strange tales describe but a few of the Mythos powers and entities that can be found across the British Isles, where folklore and supernatural terror mix with a decidedly British flavour.

This section provides Keepers with information on the activities and motivations of a number of Mythos threats lurking behind British folklore 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 under the subheadings Intrigue, Introduction, Investigation and Revelation. In addition to this, relevant information on locations, characters of note, monsters, spells, and equipment are provided for Keepers' use. The intention here is to supply enough materials for Keepers to quickly build scenarios of their own or to incorporate these threats into pre-existing campaigns.

- The Beast of Bodmin - Intrigue

Bodmin Moor has a long history of Yithian activity dating back to the Stone Age when the first of the Great Race of Yith arrived to investigate activity in this newly settled area. Over time the Yithians used Bodmin and its surroundings as a site of transference and as a gateway. This activity eventually attracted the attention of the Hounds of Tindalos and the Tindalosians laid waste to several Yithian projects and

numerous human attendants. Seeking to avoid further attacks, in the Middle Ages the Yithians managed to entrap and bind a single Hound of Tindalos. Over the centuries, the imprisoned Tindalosian weakened and its imprisonment was entrusted to the Tangye family, who annually refreshed the binds holding their prisoner. The presence of the bound Hound of Tindalos has kept other Tindalosians from meddling in the Yithians' affairs.

Now in the early 20th Century, the fortunes of the Tindalosian 'Black Dog' are changing. Long it has been trapped and bound to Bodmin town, prevented from interfering with the burial sites, standing stones and ritual activities on the nearby moors, including the continuing machinations and transferences of the Great Race of Yith. But recently the Tangye family has forgotten its ancestral role as gaolers of the fearsome black dog. Testing its bonds, the black dog has begun to push against the limits placed upon it, ever desiring to find some opportunity, any opportunity, to break its bonds and to roam free once again. The failure of the Tangye family to renew the Tindalosian's bonds this century has provided the Hound with significant freedom to act in the present day.

The Hound has finally discerned that its weakened bonds can now be broken by a magic weapon or an appropriate spell, and has embarked on a course of action that will either see its bonds broken or its spirit freed through death. The imprisoned Tindalosian knows that its freedom—in either end—can only be found through conflict, conflict with men or women who possess magic or magical items. To this end the creature has baited a "trap," allowing itself to be seen by townsfolk and slaughtering anything and everything that it can get away with, despite its magical bonds. It intends to continue this slaughter until men or women intelligent enough to defeat it (or free it) arrive in Bodmin.

The townsfolk grow more and more alarmed as the beast that seemed content to haunt the road and appear to people about to die has newly taken to slaughtering sheep, cattle and now people. For the townsfolk, the death of Ennor Warrick, the young daughter of Kenver and Rosen Warrick, was the tipping point. Little Ennor Warrick was found with her throat torn out, having gone out on an errand for her parents. Now the village priest has sent word to London and beyond in hopes of



receiving aid from anyone who can help discover the beast's lair and bring an end its reign of terror.

Of course, this is precisely what the black dog wants. As the characters arrive, it plans to further manipulate events, and the investigators themselves if possible, to bring about its emancipation or its death.

Introduction

Characters can be introduced to the story of the beast through a number of means. They might, for example, read the story of the murdered girl and the suspected ghostly dog in the daily newspaper. They might already be travelling in the area and hear of the strange events from local farmers or townspeople. Alternatively, they might receive a letter or a visit from a local priest who knows something of their previous efforts and successes, entreating them to help the priest of St. Petroc's church in Bodmin. They might find themselves desiring to uncover the "real" murderer and debunk the idea of Ennor's ghostly killer, or they might be familiar with black dog folktales and seek to dispatch this terrible threat before it does more harm.

Investigation

Bodmin is a fairly small town, with just over 5,000 inhabitants, but it has a series of facilities that give it a greater importance and prestige than might otherwise be expected for a town of its size. It has a railway station, an important gaol (which was also used during World War I to store British treasures such as the Crown Jewels and the Domesday Book), and the nearby Cornwall County Lunatic Asylum. Bodmin is an important centre for the farming that is done on the surrounding moors.

Arriving within the town of Bodmin, the investigators will initially receive a warm welcome from the town priest who will tell them as much as he knows about what is going on. He will fill them in on the story of the ghost dog and the animal deaths, and what he knows of the death of the little girl, who is due to be buried in a day or two. The Bodmin townsfolk are understandably up in arms, and more claim to have seen the dog, some even to have fired a shotgun at it to no effect.

People are generally likely to be tight-lipped, however, suspicious of strangers and very wary of being taken for fools by people from the cities or the upper classes. There will be a broad divide between the local farming and trades people and those who hold more elevated positions—the police, the village

priest, and so forth. Those with some power and authority are more willing to aid any investigators, even though they would prefer not to believe in the superstitions. The poor and lower classes are far more willing to accept ghost stories and folktales, but are less likely to help initially.

Talking to the locals will bear little fruit, though if the investigators seem willing enough to go out with them on one of their hunts for the black dog, they may begin to relax a little and share some of their own folk tales and stories about the beast in their thick Cornish dialect.

As the investigation wears on, the manifestations of the black dog grow more frequent, deadly, and closer to the visiting investigators. Scared and angry locals might begin to invent some sort of connection between the black dog and the characters. This whole time the imprisoned Tindalosian will 'play' with the investigators, wherever possible messing with their minds and trying to provoke them, even attacking them outright. The Hound does this for a purpose: it is showing them how strong and virtually invulnerable it is and trying to make them realise that they will require magic or some special enchanted item to defeat it.

As this is going on, however, Jan Tangye suddenly comes forward and admits that he is responsible for the animal killings and Ennor's murder, which he managed through baiting his trained dogs. Tangye appears confused and as a man compelled—even eager—to confess and face the hangman's noose. Looking for anything tangible to blame, the authorities take him at his word and the townsfolk begin to be slowly convinced, even while the black dog continues to harass and taunt the investigators into a confrontation.

Persons of Interest

Reverend Martin Bailey, The Village Priest

Reverend Martin Bailey is the local priest, tending to the flock of the church of St. Petroc in the centre of Bodmin. He employs the dead girl's mother as a maid at his house and lives something of a solitary existence, a semi-retirement from his previous work as a vicar in the city. A lonely old soul, he genuinely cares about the people in his charge, is especially troubled by young Ennor's death. Bailey is almost entirely ignorant of the local folklore and does not believe in the black dog or any such superstition, although he does truly believe in the evil in men's hearts. He is an archetypal, apologetic Anglican minister, and does not even seem particularly comfortable in bringing up God, at least not directly.



The Warricks

Kenver and Rosen Warrick are a shepherd and the local priest's maid, respectively. They are distraught at the loss of their youngest daughter Ennor, but have several other children to take care of and cannot let themselves become too disconsolate. Neither of them saw the deed done, but both are willing to accept the idea that the Beast of Bodmin took her, especially since Kenver has seen its work first-hand upon his sheep. Less reluctant than the other townsfolk to help, Kenver is happy to take the investigators to see some of the damage the black dog has done to the flocks. Rosen claims she saw the creature once when she was a child, and that it looked at her, but she said a prayer and it disappeared "into the mist" and she never saw it again.

Jan Tangye

Age 26, Master of the Hounds

STR 13 **DEX** 12 **INT** 10 **CON** 13
SIZ 14 **APP** 10 **POW** 06 **EDU** 09
SAN 25 **Hit Points:** 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Climb 50%, Conceal 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Dodge 34%, Dog Training 85%, Fast Talk 20%, First Aid 50%, Hide 20%, Jump 35%, Listen 35%, Natural History 40%, Persuade 25%, Ride 55%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db

Knife 35%, damage 1D4+2+db

Grapple 35%, roll STR vs. STR on Resistance Table or be immobilized

Appearance: Haggard and unshaven, Tangye looks a mess. His dishevelled black hair is greasy and his face is covered in a sheen of dirt and sweat. His eyes are glassy and he looks slightly confused; in fact, he looks as though he hasn't slept properly in weeks. His drab clothing is covered in dust and dirt, and his boots are caked in mud.

Jan Tangye

Tangye is the last living descendant of the ancient Stone Age shamans and magicians who were charged with maintaining the imprisonment of the weakened Hound of Tindalos under the instruction of the Great Race of Yith. The elaborate binding tradition—or certainly part of it—has been passed down through the generations, though the exact understanding of the spells has been lost over time. He does

know why the black dog exists and has an inkling what it might be up to. By taking the blame and going to the rope, he hopes that it will break the spell holding the beast here. If the beast is free to leave, then surely it will depart and trouble the village no more. Tangye does not, and cannot, fully appreciate the vengeance that the Tindalosian intends to wreak upon his extended family and those in the nearby counties that carry the family name.

The Yithian

The area around Bodmin is full of tombs, earthworks, and other sacred spaces. The Great Race of Yith has pursued some mysterious purpose here for hundreds of thousands of years, and does not wish to be disturbed by meddlesome Hounds of Tindalos. If the investigators come close to freeing the Hound (or if Tangye is condemned to death), a Yithian agent transfers its mind into a suitable host (such as the village priest, or a madman from the asylum, or even a player character) and works to keep the Hound bound. It might guide the investigators to the Tangye barrow, or sabotage their attempts to find a magical weapon to defeat the hound.

Places of Interest

Chapel of St Thomas Becket

The Chapel of St. Thomas Becket is nothing more than a ruin now, overgrown with moss and ivy, though the crypt remains intact beneath. The chapel was built in the 14th century largely from stone taken from the moor. In the crypt, parts of the wall were cut from ancient menhirs. These old standing stones were broken up, but here and there swirling patterns of whorls and depictions of triangular shapes, fringed with tentacles, talking to figures of men, can barely be made out.

If pulled out of the wall and sharpened, one of these sections of ancient menhir might serve as a suitable enchanted weapon to cut through the black dog's bonds. The Hound is aware of the magic here and will appear in the ruins frequently or leave a dead corpse here to attract the attention of the investigators.

Bodmin Gaol

The gaol is run-down and likely soon to close. Prisoners are usually now taken to the larger prison in Exeter as Bodmin has space for only fifty at a time. The last execution to take place here was in 1909, though the gallows still remain and are likely to seal the fate of Jan Tangye at the hands of the mob if he has his way. The police and guards here regard this as an easy assignment and do not want to stir the pot too much.



graves being beneath the floor. Carvings in the walls, written in Ogham script, detail the spells necessary to summon, bind, and command the Hounds of Tindalos. They also convey some meaning relating to “meetings” between the Tangye family and the Great Race of Yith and the binding contract. Jan Tangye knows of this place as do numerous other townsfolk, but only Tangye knows the significance of the Ogham script.

Cornwall County Asylum

The Cornwall County Asylum is found close to Bodmin, and houses amongst its number several offshoots of the Tangye family with less resilient minds than Jan. The insane here have minds adrift in time, slightly out of phase, and are more aware of the Black Dog than most.

Barrows and Circles

There are many stone circles and barrows (ancient burial places which, to the untrained eye, look like small hills) dotted over the moor. The Tangye family still pays special reverence to a barely noticeable barrow dating back far into the history of the family. The burial chamber, hidden beneath the turf and through a small access tunnel, is octagonal and seemingly empty, the

Revelation

The Beast of Bodmin wishes to be freed and will manipulate the investigators, if possible, to attack it with magic or a magical weapon—perhaps found in a barrow or using a fragment of

The Beast of Bodmin, Bound and Weakened Hound of Tindalos

Char.	Roll	Avg.
STR	--	12
CON	--	20
SIZ	--	15
INT	--	22
POW	--	27
DEX	--	8
HP		21–22

Move: 8

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Dodge 50%, and more as the Keeper wishes

Weapons: Claw 80%, damage 1D6+db

Bite 80%, damage 1D4 plus 1 point of POW drained permanently

Armour: 2-point hide and regenerates 1 hit point per round; mundane weapons do a maximum of 1 point of damage per strike, though enchanted weapons and spells do full damage

Spells: The Beast knows at least 1D4 spells, as the Keeper finds appropriate; however, they cannot cast them while bound

Number appearing: 1

Sanity Loss: 1D3 / 1D10 Sanity points to see the Beast

Appearance: The Beast of Bodmin appears as a large, phantasmal hound, horrifying in aspect and shrouded in roiling mist and shadow. Its body is unnaturally thin and gaunt, an alien skeleton showing beneath tight skin, and light seems to curve around its body in a peculiar and disturbing way.

Special Abilities: Time Travel – The Beast can leap up to 6 hours into the past time once per day and may choose either to relive the past or return to the present. Time travel into the future is more severely restricted by the magic that binds it and so the Beast may only leap up to 60 seconds into the future once per day. This is an innate ability and does not require magic points.



enchanted stone from the Chapel. The Beast will attempt to dodge so that any blows cut its bonds. If freed, it will vanish into time to take its revenge, altering history, eliminating the Tangye family, and destroying the barrow so that the binding spell might never be used again.

If it fails to escape, death also fulfils its desire to be free of this bondage, though destroying it might attract the attention of other Hounds of Tindalos who will then begin to hunt the investigators across time and space. Destroying or freeing the Beast also means that other Hounds can trespass into the Yithians' area of interest, causing a temporal conflict around Bodmin that is (and was, and will be) far worse than the predations of the Beast.

Both of these results can be considered failures for the investigators, though they will have solved the mystery and the black dog will be gone. A reward of 1D3 SAN should be given for "defeating" the hound. Should they ever come to understand the significance of the Hounds and the Yithians, and hear of stranger events consuming the village, they should suffer a loss of 1 / 1D8 Sanity. Letting Tangye go to his death costs 1D3 Sanity.

The best course of action is for the characters to keep Tangye out of prison, then find the family barrow and translate the inscriptions there to learn the Bonds of the Black Dog spell (as outlined previously in the Black Dogs section of the Folklore Bestiary). They can then have Tangye recast the binding spell, bringing the rampaging Hound to heel and stopping further killings. An agent of the Great Race of Yith can intercede if the players need help, but the goals of the Yithian are not necessarily in accord with those of the investigators—the Yithian cares nothing for the suffering of the villagers of Bodmin, it just wants its million-year experiments to go undisturbed by meddling Tindalosians. Successfully rebinding the Hound in this way should be rewarded with 1D8 point of Sanity.

- Head Over Heels -

Intrigue

The Blake family have been down on their luck for some time, and their fortunes have continued to worsen at an increasing rate into the 20th century. The head of the family, Lord David Blake, recently died and left little or nothing to his inheritors save debts and a crumbling manor that can barely be maintained on what income and holdings the family have left. Dissolute hedonists with little or no regard for history

or family honour, his inheritors, the new Lord Simon Blake and his sister Dorothea Blake, have been selling off the family treasures one by one to fund their lifestyle of high-stakes gambling and opium- and alcohol-fuelled parties.

Recently, Simon and Dorothea were offered an obscene sum for a particularly grisly relic of the family: the ancient, polished skull of Lord Talbot Blake. In the 17th Century, it was Talbot's seemingly untimely death that marked the beginning of the downturn in the Blake fortunes. It was said that if the skull were removed from the house it would supposedly scream and bring grave misfortune to those responsible for its removal. Both Simon and Dorothea knew the childhood tale, no doubt told to keep young hands from playing with the macabre heirloom. Being children of the 20th Century, however, neither the new Lord nor his sister paid such superstitious nonsense any heed. The sum offered by the strange foreign collector made them both more than willing to part with the grotesque family curiosity. In truth, they couldn't believe their good luck.

Then everything turned sour. Since the skull was removed from the Blake manor, rather than profiting from the deal, the Blakes have watched their fortunes tumble and diminish. Their gambling losses, always a problem, have now become a serious issue as their luck at the tables seems to have abandoned them completely. Their business dealings, largely built on high-risk ventures, are all coming in poorly, as are their trade dealings; and various other incidents of "bad luck" now plague them. A number of their pets have died mysteriously, servants have suffered mental breakdowns, and the old manor seems to be suddenly collapsing around them in an accelerated manner. Impossible as it seems, they have come to realise that there might have been some truth to the childhood story about Lord Talbot's skull.

In truth, Lord Talbot Blake made a pact with Nyarlathotep in the late 1600s to secure his immortality. Talbot was essentially tricked into becoming a screaming skull (see the Bodily Horrors section in the Folklore Bestiary above). Since that time, the skull has been removed several times from the house, damning Talbot's soul to Azathoth's court and reducing him to abject madness. Outside of its resting place, the screaming skull now screams eternally. Nyarlathotep continues to toy with the family line, subtly dragging his descendants into degeneracy to further torment what remains of Talbot Blake's consciousness.

With what little money they have left, they have determined that they must somehow recover the skull, but they have encountered a wall of resistance from the strange collector who



is unwilling to part with it for any amount, considering it to be the prized piece in his collection. Lord Simon and Dorothea are now frantic. Given the supernatural nature of the item and the need for secrecy to maintain their ‘good’ names, both are willing to do virtually anything, even if it must skirt the edges of legality, to retrieve the troublesome heirloom.

Trading in Death

It might seem odd that the Blakes did not smell a rat immediately when a man offered to pay an obscene amount for an old skull, but the trade in such relics has a long history in Britain. There is evidence that prehistoric tribes on the islands traded the bones of their ancestors with each other. During the Middle Ages monasteries would pay to house bones of the saints, which drew pilgrims from near and far who would pay handsomely to touch the reliquary in which the bones were kept. Likewise in the Victorian era, anthropologist-antiquarians, such as the famous Augustus Pitt Rivers, sought artefacts of the dead for their collections, while at the same time several members of the upper-middle classes bought mummies (some genuine, some fake) during the craze for Egyptology. Among the right sort of people, bones have always been big business in Britain.

Introduction

The Blakes are looking for the “right” sort of people with a certain amount of moral flexibility and some experience in working in strange circumstances. They can cast a wide net through their social contacts to find the right sort who will help them out. In this case, characters with a criminal background would be right at home. Otherwise, they are looking for anyone who is willing to look the other way when the job requires activity that blurs the boundary between right and wrong. Initially they will not talk about the supernatural consequences or the childhood story, simply trying to present it as the loss of a family heirloom with a certain reputation, which must be retrieved at any cost from the foreign collector.

In fact, the Blakes will begin by concocting a story about their dealings and initially claim that the collector, Mr Asaph of London, was refused in his representations to buy the skull on several occasions. They will then report that the skull “went missing” and that they have come to believe that Mr Asaph himself, or men hired by him, stole the curious heirloom.

Either way, they believe Mr Asaph now holds their precious family treasure and will entreat the investigators to retrieve it, requesting that they make every effort to do so secretly.

If in the course of their investigations the characters discover the Blakes’ lie, they will desperately offer to double their fee in order to recover the skull by any means necessary. If pressed, they will reveal the truth of the situation and their involvement, relating the extraordinary extent of their bad luck and the problems that have befallen them since the skull disappeared. They will go to virtually any length to secure the skull from Mr Asaph and discussions may take a decidedly dark turn, suggesting that the foreign collector may need to be ‘dealt with’.

Investigation

Investigation of Blake House reveals the ruined and desperate state of the building. The skull was kept in the relatively intact western wing of the manor under lock and key, within a glass case on a silken cushion. There is no sign of a break-in or of force of any kind as it was not stolen, but the investigators will likely not know that. The library, on the other hand, might reveal Lord Talbot Blake’s interest in the occult, though nothing in the library directly ties in the Cthulhu Mythos. Amongst the occult books of his collection—now suffering greatly from damp and neglect—are plans for a folly he had built, a small, pentagon-shaped building set in the woods at the edge of the Blakes’ land, the design of which does incorporate certain aspects of non-Euclidean geometry.

In the folly, hidden away behind secret stone panels (requiring a successful Spot Hidden roll to find), are Lord Talbot Blake’s genuine library and artefacts. Again most of Talbot’s collection is occult nonsense, but amongst the writings is his codex. This codex contains lore revealed to him through his worship and service to Nyarlathotep. It is written in a simple substitution cipher, but can be decoded and made comprehensible with a few days’ dedicated study.

Mr Asaph is well known in London as a collector of curiosities, and any investigation of auction houses, occult dealerships, or other sources of interesting paraphernalia will turn up the contact information for him. He is perfectly willing to meet with the investigators and to discuss how he came to be in possession of the Blake family skull.

Mr Asaph will reveal that it was an above board business dealing, and will be even able to produce receipts to support his assertion. He is absolutely adamant, however, that he will not sell the skull, not for any price. No screaming can be



heard at his house though it is clear from the other artefacts and items in his front room that he maintains his collection here. Mr Asaph is a “foreign” gentleman, though he is never specific on the details of his past and is attended by his mute, fez-wearing servant, Ahrmen, apparently a Turk.

The skull of Lord Talbot is being stored in Mr Asaph’s cellar beneath Durstan House along with several other Mythos artefacts and items, though few, if any, have any real power and all relate to Nyarlathotep, more in the character of mementos than real artefacts. The skull is stored in a soundproof box, as it screams constantly in a blood-curdling manner.



Mr Asaph is absolutely unwilling to produce the skull and will call the police should the investigators become too difficult. Under no circumstances will he let them see the rest of his house or the cellar where he has stored the screaming skull. In fact, Mr Asaph’s house is little more than a front room with a decrepit and rotting hulk behind it. The only room safe to inhabit is the storeroom that is filled with minor Mythos artefacts and the sealed box containing the screaming skull. Asaph’s servant, Ahrmen, is virtually always present here and is willing to die to protect Mr Asaph’s collection.

LORD TALBOT BLAKE’S CODEX

LORD BLAKE’S CODEX – *in English by Lord Talbot Blake*, c. 1675. Blake’s codex is a large book made of fine vellum and bound in crocodile skin, a physical make-up far more regal than its contents—Blake’s crabbed scratchings and doodles—would warrant. The book is written in early modern English and uses a simple substitution cypher that must be decoded prior to reading. The book contains a record of his activities and various disturbing deeds in the name of great Nyarlathotep, and the spells ultimately revealed to him through constant worship to the Outer God. *Sanity Loss: 1D4 / 2D4; Cthulhu Mythos increase +5; average 16 weeks to comprehend fully.* Spells: Augur, Binding Bones, Chant of Thoth, Contact Nyarlathotep, Evil Eye, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, and Warding.

Persons of Interest

Lord Simon Blake

Age 29, Dissolute Aristocrat

STR 11	DEX 12	INT 15	CON 07
SIZ 13	APP 16	POW 12	EDU 15
SAN 50		Hit Points: 10	

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Accounting 20%, Art 55%, Bargain 55%, Conceal 35%, Credit Rating 45%, Drive Automobile 60%, Fast Talk 65%, French 51%, History 30%, Persuade 65%, Ride 35%, Shotgun 60%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db

Appearance: Lord Blake is a slender man of 29 years with hungry eyes above a slightly feminine mouth. His slicked back hair is extremely dark, though his complexion is pale and almost waxy. He has a twitchy, nervous disposition during the period of the investigation, and both drinks and smokes heavily as a way of coping. He is very well dressed, and flashes his wealth ostentatiously, perhaps compensating for the fact that his real fortune is draining away at an alarming rate.



Dorothea Blake

Age 26, Dilettante

STR 8	DEX 14	INT 15	CON 9
SIZ 6	APP 11	POW 16	EDU 16
SAN 35		Hit Points: 7	

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Accounting 30%, Archaeology 11%, Art 45%, Bargain 45%, Chemistry 31%, Conceal 45%, Credit Rating 55%, Drive Automobile 50%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 20%, History 30%, Persuade 35%, Photography 75%, Ride 45%, Sneak 20%, Swim 45%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 30%, damage 1D3+db

Appearance: Lord Blake's sister, Dorothea Blake, is a photographer of some skill. Just as dissolute as her brother, she has a little more steel than he does and a lot more paranoia. She wishes to avoid scandal, so she works very hard at being discreet. Still, like her brother, she has her vices. Dorothea is extremely petite, barely five feet tall, with dark hair like her brother and even paler features. Despite her snappy demeanour, she finds it very hard to meet anyone's eyes, and almost always looks away or casts her eyes down.

Mr Asaph

Asaph is in truth a possessed puppet of Nyarlathotep, performing his will. He is barely a man at all, but an empty husk tasked with collecting and storing mementos desired

by the dark Outer God for purposes unknown. As servants of Nyarlathotep, neither he nor his servant Ahrmen is subject to the curse of Talbot's screaming skull.

Mr Asaph

Age unknown, Puppet of Nyarlathotep

STR 10	DEX 19	INT 86	CON 18
SIZ 11	APP 12	POW 100	EDU -
SAN -		Hit Points: 15	

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: As the Keeper desires

Weapons: Any weapon 100%, damage as per weapon

Armour: None; however, if killed Mr Asaph's flesh splits open and vomits forth a mass of tentacular light (causing the loss of 1D8 / 2D8 SAN) which vanishes into the sky

Appearance: Mr Asaph, who never gives his first name, is a tall and elegant man with a golden, tanned complexion and dark, close-cropped curly hair, turning to red in the highlights. He speaks with impeccable English and yet with a strange, lilting tone. He never reveals where he is from, simply referring to himself as being foreign, though he does have a faint Middle Eastern or North African air about him. He is polite to a fault, but nonetheless carries himself without fear and with a distinctly arrogant air. Asaph is an aspect of Nyarlathotep, a possessed body that may or may not have ever really been a person in his own right.

Ahrmen

Age unknown, Mr Asaph's Slave

STR 22	DEX 07	INT -	CON 16
SIZ 14	APP 06	POW 01	EDU -
SAN -		Hit Points: 15	

Move: 7

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Skills: Spot Hidden 45%, and others as the Keeper desires

Weapons: Fist / Punch 70%, damage 1D3+db

Grapple 65%, roll STR vs. STR on Resistance Table or be immobilised

Armour: 2-point hardened skin and muscle; impaling weapons are useless unless severing a limb/head, etc.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D8, if it becomes apparent that he is undead

Appearance: Ahrmen was once the head of a cult devoted to Nyarlathotep in Turkey that preached the glory of eternal servitude to the dark god. Ahrmen was chosen and taken up, twisted into an undead mockery of his living self and given over as a servant to Asaph, the slave to a puppet of the messenger god of the Mythos. Ahrmen is now little more than a zombie. He appears to be a Turkish gentleman in his fifties, never speaking, and smelling strongly of sweet coffee, used to hide the smell of his dead flesh.



Places of Interest

Blake Manor

Blake Manor is a sprawling country manor house in the English countryside. It has a large garden, laid out in a fine pattern, but now overgrown and barely maintained. A good half of the house is in a state of disrepair, surrounded by a rusting scaffold, which looks as though it has been there some time. Only one wing of the house remains relatively intact and liveable, though even this looks as though nobody spends much, if any, time there. It contrasts with the current Blakes by being old, musty, and unkempt while they are neat, modern, and young.

Durstan House

From the outside, Durstan House is a detached, well-kept building on the outskirts of London. High hedges on all sides surround it, and the garden is unkempt and dark, but the house itself appears to be in a state of good repair. Inside, the front hall and reception room are similarly well-kept, and beautifully appointed with various items and antiques, many of which have a dubious occult history, but none of which relate to the Mythos. Behind this façade the rest of the house is rotting away on the inside, infested with insects and rodents. The cellar is a mausoleum of Mythos artefacts and items, mementos of Nyarlathotep's depredations upon humanity, including the screaming skull, secured within a soundproof box. While Mr Asaph occasionally leaves the house on his own, often at night, Ahrmen usually stands guard and is alerted by magical warding stones should anyone breach the cellar.

The Screaming Skull

Lord Talbot Blake, Undead, Tormented Soul

STR – **DEX** – **INT** 13 **CON** –
SIZ – **APP** – **POW** 15 **EDU** 17
SAN – **Hit Points:** 03

Skills: Art 55%, Astronomy 66%, Cthulhu Mythos 55%, History 70%, Law 65%, Occult 75%, Spot Hidden 25%, and others as the Keeper desires

Weapons: None

Armour: None

Spells: Augur, Binding Bones, Evil Eye, and others as the Keeper desires

Sanity Loss: 0 / 1D3 points for witnessing a supernatural manifestation associated with a screaming skull (e.g. hurling or blood sweat)

Special Abilities: see Screaming Skull Special Abilities on page 44

Revelation

Recovery of the skull will put Talbot Blake to relative rest once again, and will restore some of the Blakes' fading fortunes. Investigators achieving this are rewarded 1D4 points of Sanity. Though they will not be able to pay whatever they owe to the investigators, the Blakes may still be useful contacts and future patrons, due to the deference still given to the upper classes. With the skull returned, the Blakes will continue their debauched lives, in part inspired by the machinations of Nyarlathotep upon the family line. Investigators may realise that returning the skull to the family again would, to some small degree, thwart Nyarlathotep, and might draw that god's attention to the investigators. Any investigator comprehending this will potentially lose 1 / 1D6 points of Sanity.

Recovering the skull will annoy the Outer God, particularly if violence against his avatar or his servant was used to gain access to the skull. Nyarlathotep may consider exacting some kind of revenge and pursue the investigators, or he might simply be amused by this latest turn of events and focus on matters elsewhere. The choice is left to the Keeper.

- The Writhing Hill - Intrigue

The chalk downs and hills of Hampshire are the remnants of an ancient seabed dating back sixty million years. The chalk is made up of the tiny, powdered skeletons of millions upon millions of sea creatures from that ancient time, fallen and compacted into the sea floor before being thrust up by the shifting crust and the fall in sea levels to form the farmland of today. The evidence of this ancient seabed can be found by anyone walking the chalky land. Not only do the ancient skeletons in the chalk reveal themselves under the microscope, but also any number of fossils can be found simply through casual examination of the fields after ploughing.

These fossils include ammonites, ancient sea creatures with ornate, swirling shells much like those of the modern nautilus, which were long believed to be snakes turned to stone by medieval saints or Stone Age shamans. The remains of sea urchins fossilized into round pitted shapes are also commonly found and are known locally as "fairy loaves", "shepherd's crowns", and any number of other peculiar names. Fossils older and stranger still speak of different kinds of life that once inhabited the seas and oceans, things best not examined too closely or considered too deeply.



Many fanciful myths and legends surround the fossils found in these areas. The period in which these fossils were formed corresponds roughly to the time when the flying polyps rose from their subterranean prisons and battled both the Great Race of Yith and the elder things for control of the planet.

These battles contributed to the fall of the elder things and the final departure of the Yithians, before the flying polyps returned to their underground homes, apparently content to remain there and live their blasphemous and peculiar lives, waiting out eternity.

True enough, many of these peculiar fossil finds are of the strange remains of the Yithians, flying polyps, and elder things, and what remains of their organic technologies. Fortunately for the people of these rural farming communities, most of these alien technologies are now harmless, having been worn down and crushed until useless. Intact devices have similarly spent their power supplies and lain completely inert for millions of years, or are so complex and so attuned to the strange anatomy and nature of their creators that no human could ever hope to work out what they are, let alone how to use them. Occasionally though, through sheer bad luck a farmer or walker will stumble upon something beyond mortal ken, and suffer the consequences.

On the other hand, many of these ancient artefacts, including graven elder signs on fist-sized rounded stones, are efficacious against the creatures and entities of the Mythos and, though rare, are more commonly found here than many other places in the world, making the chalk lands of the south of England a

potential arsenal for cultists and investigators who come into regular contact with unnatural powers. Indeed, this corner of Great Britain has a long history of Mythos activity and of its people carving out their existence in opposition to, or in alliance with, alien intelligences.

For example, long ago the Iron Age peoples of the Tilbury region, under the guidance of their soothsayers and magicians, managed to capture a young chthonian within their waterlogged earthworks. Intent on using the Mythos creature as a sacrifice, the people carefully controlled and manipulated the huge creature, alternating feedings with threats of drowning it.

Over time, the chthonian grew into its adult shape and the people quickly fashioned a temple and series of earthworks around its spiralling shape, continuing to keep it subdued. With their temple and towers finally in place, the stars were deemed right and the newly adult chthonian was sacrificed to their pagan gods. Its chamber beneath the great mound that had been built was flooded.

Having reached maturity, however, the chthonian left behind many eggs, which the tribe gathered and secured within oil-filled clay pots to prevent the eggs from hatching. Each of these pots was buried beneath the hill to mark the place of sacrifice and over time, like the tribe, they were forgotten. The pagan tribe and its legacy died out, and new settlers with new traditions occupied the land. The old ways were forgotten, and the crumbling earthworks and half-remembered tales were all that remained.



In the centuries before the twentieth, digs were occasionally conducted at the site of the ancient sacrifice, but most had been half-hearted and amateurish. Now in the 1920s, Giles Carnby and his archaeological team have returned to do it right. Excited and encouraged by early coin finds, Carnby is hopeful that a greater bounty might be found beneath the hill, and has received additional funding for a continued dig into the centre of the hill. He is confident enough of his successes that he has also dug deep into his own pockets to further fund the venture.

The surge of interest caused by Carnby and his various appearances and assurances in the news has caused the archaeological team to proceed apace and without their usual care. Unwittingly, they have cracked open one of the old earthenware pots in the process and released the trapped chthonian egg within. Unbeknownst to anyone, the egg hatched some weeks ago and the immature chthonian has been growing ever since, trapped within the great bowl at the heart of the mound and surrounded by sodden clay.

Over the course of the new dig, the chthonian has matured and it has developed its telepathic powers, trying to contact other chthonians. Although it has not managed to contact any of its alien elders, reaching its juvenile mind outward, it has managed to exert psychic control over Honest John, a simple-minded young man employed by Carnby. The young chthonian is now using Honest John to further its plans, waiting for the right moment for its escape. Most recently, the chthonian has managed to manipulate John into procuring and feeding it a number of murdered victims—labourers and diggers now missing from the archaeological site.

Within the hill, the immature creature is kept trapped by the sodden, waterlogged earth around it, which would sear its flesh if contacted and which hinders its telepathic distress calls. The alien worm now seeks a way to leave the mound and vacate the vicinity. It has determined that manipulating Honest John and / or waiting for the humans' pumping machines to clear out enough water might allow it to finally escape and to be able to call for aid from massive, adult chthonians deep beneath the earth.

Introduction

Tilbury Hill is an old Iron Age mound in Shropshire on the border between Wales and England. The hill's earthworks have long been a quiet anomaly, as they form neither a bank nor a ditch, but rather spiral inwards to the central mound. Amateur

archaeologists digging at the mound have not found a great deal in the past, but a new team of archaeologists working on the site is taking a more professional and methodical approach to the dig.

Giles Carnby, head of the current archaeological team engaged in studying the site, has a passing familiarity with the investigators through their work and their reputation for occult and esoteric knowledge. Having found some peculiar artefacts, he seeks their assistance in identifying them and the pagan gods to which they refer. Not that he will pay much attention to warnings or threats of an occult nature: he merely wants to tap into their expertise to help his investigations, for which he will pay them a consultancy fee and acknowledge them in any papers that he submits. In exchange for their help, he is willing to pay two pounds a day plus their room and board in Tilbury's central inn, The George.

Investigation

The investigation on Tilbury Hill is very much time-dependent, as matters will evolve from one day to the next towards their horrible conclusion. The village contains many hints of its bloodier past, such as the inn named for St. George, although the village has little sense of its history and very few records. It was thought to be a pagan holdout up until the Romans abandoned Britain, and so was part of the British Iron Age until its end.

There are very few clues in or around the village about the mound or the people who lived there, so investigating the village will yield little but superstitious tales. The most popular story suggests that Tilbury Hill was actually created by a dragon and that the body of the dragon still lies beneath the hill. Most residents don't pay the old folktale any mind, but regardless there are those who most definitely do not approve of the mound being "poked at."

The village church is one place where investigation might lead to some interesting possibilities, particularly as its walls are partially built from old standing stones from the hill. However, learning anything from the ancient stones requires the investigators to interpret them correctly. It is more likely that their main clues are going to come from the site at Tilbury Hill itself.



Schedule of Dig Events

Day Zero

Peculiar coins and large, round-bodied clay jugs have already been found when the investigators arrive. Faded artwork on the jugs clearly shows dragon-like creatures and other strange shapes. Digging continues while they examine these relics and investigate around the village and the site.

Day One

More coins are found along with animal bones and torcs. Amongst the other debris dug out of the excavation pit are several large clay jugs, capped with thick, cracked wax and apparently filled with oil. One of the jugs has broken in half; the clay is more than two inches thick and the interior is stained darkly from the oil. What oil is left in the broken jug is dark, thick, and unpleasant. Also on day one, some of the tools being used in the dig are sabotaged or stolen and hidden at the bottom of Honest John's garden in a shallow pit. The pumps and lights, however, are not sabotaged and remain operational.

Day Two

A graven stone and some human bones are found within the mound, as well as the rim of an enormous volcanic glass "bowl" (see Day Three below). The graven stone has spiralling, interlocking patterns circling a central pictogram, which is difficult to make out but can eventually be deciphered. The pictogram refers to a lesser Celtic deity known as Crom Cruach, whose name can be interpreted as "the Crooked One of the Mound."

Beneath the graven stone are found many human bones, most of them crushed beyond recognition, but those that are intact have been bored into by some means and are hollowed out, stripped, and brittle. The edge of the volcanic glass rim encircles much of the dig site and appears to have been vitrified, or melted smooth, by some tremendous heat or acid. It is impossible to tell how deep the bowl goes and the clay within it is exceptionally sodden and heavy. Without drying out, the clay will take many days of hard labour to remove.

Additionally, overnight two well-liked diggers—John Metcalfe and Duncan Whitchurch—go missing, but Honest John explains they told him they no longer wanted to take part in the dig. While many labourers come and go from the site regularly, particularly if they find better work elsewhere, the disappearance of Metcalfe and Whitchurch is particularly odd considering comments they made recently about being paid extravagantly for the type of work being done. Metcalfe and Whitchurch also appear to have left their packs and belongings behind.

Day Three

The day begins with a puzzling and fantastic find dredged up from oily clay within the vitrified bowl: a seemingly perfectly preserved human skeleton, still white and still relatively robust. The skeleton seems a little too modern and clean to be Iron Age remains, not to mention too tall. Of course, the obvious reason for this is that the skeleton actually belongs to Duncan Whitchurch, who was devoured by the young chthonian now lurking just beneath the surface of the clay. Found near the cleaned skeleton is another thick clay jug; however, this one bears a wide crack and glutinous oil is dripping from it. Within the oil and still partially submerged is a large, smooth-surfaced geode—a chthonian egg. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll can identify this chthonian egg as being intact and viable. Scattered throughout the clay are several gold, silver, and bronze torcs, typical offerings to British gods, all bearing imagery of dragons or draconic creatures carved in waving patterns that some investigators might discern as being oddly tentacular.

Day Four

All hell breaks loose as the Tilbury Worm finally escapes from the pit and feeds upon the archaeological team before fleeing its confines.

Persons of Interest

Giles Carnby

Carnby has pretensions to being a famous archaeologist, but in reality is little more than a glorified treasure hunter, squandering what money he does have on spurious and chancy digs and expeditions based on dubious information. Convinced of his own greatness, he is unfailingly confident and doggedly protective of any discovery, no matter how small.

Giles Carnby

Age 33, Faux Archaeologist

STR 12 **DEX** 12 **INT** 10 **CON** 11
SIZ 13 **APP** 09 **POW** 17 **EDU** 13
SAN 60 **Hit Points:** 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting 20%, Archaeology 31%, Art 25%, Bargain 35%, Credit Rating 55%, Drive Automobile 60%, Fast Talk 55%, History 50%, Law 25%, Occult 15%, Persuade 45%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db
.455 Webley Revolver 60%, damage 1D10+2

Appearance: Giles Carnby is an upper-class toff with lank hair and a noticeable overbite. He is driven primarily by greed. In the face of a threat to his gains he will rapidly unravel and use his military pistol to protect his assets. His intense charisma and strength of will make up for his shortcomings, moral and otherwise, but these characteristics also make him proud, arrogant, and unwilling to compromise, even in the face of the devil himself.

John Cooper, or “Honest John”

As the dig progresses, Honest John, a simple-minded helper from the village, falls under the telepathic control of the young chthonian in the pit, which manipulates John into selectively sabotaging the dig and slowing down its progress. The immature chthonian needs to feed and to grow before it can escape its confines and it uses John to procure sacrifices for it before making its bid for freedom on the final day, when it will finally have the strength to destroy anything in its path and—with John’s help—to escape.

John never strays far from Tilbury—it has been impressed upon him from a young age that he is so witless that he would

certainly get into trouble if he wandered off. This has developed into a pathological terror of leaving the village. Even the mere suggestion of leaving alarms him. If anyone were to try to drag him beyond the village boundaries, he would start fighting back with terrifying ferocity. Fortunately for humanity, this also means that the chthonian has not been able to use Honest John to travel beyond the boundaries of the waterlogged area around the mound.

“Honest” John Cooper

Age 20, Simple Labourer

STR 15 **DEX** 08 **INT** 07 **CON** 12
SIZ 17 **APP** 09 **POW** 03 **EDU** 06
SAN 15 **Hit Points:** 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Climb 60%, Conceal 45%, Drive Horses 30%, Hide 40%, Jump 35%, Sneak 40%, Swim 35%, Throw 45%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 60%, damage 1d3+db
Grapple 55%, roll STR vs. STR on Resistance Table or be immobilised

Appearance: “Honest” John is a simple-minded 20 year old who has a mental age of roughly 5 years old. Physically strong and very tall, he finds work as a labourer around the village and has fallen in with the archaeology dig, where Giles finds his simple-minded enthusiasm and willingness to muck in with just about anything very useful. His weakness of intellect has also made him useful to the chthonian in the pit, his being the only mind weak and easy enough for the young chthonian to dominate. As the creature’s servant, his eyes take on a new, sharper light, his jaw tightens, and anyone with any perception can see the malevolence lurking behind his now strangely animated gaze.

Charles Fields

Charles Fields is a teacher in the local school, an amateur antiquarian and historian. He has studied the village’s history in detail and was Giles Carnby’s first choice as an expert consultant. Fields and Carnby clashed almost instantly—Giles is a high-spirited upper-class lush who sees archaeology as a grand treasure hunt, while Fields is a dour teetotaller who believes the relics of the past should be treated with the utmost respect. Fields also demanded that he should have the primary credit on any published papers, as he has made Tilbury’s history his life’s work, but Giles refused, claiming that as he



was running the dig, he should get the kudos. Fields now loathes Carnby. Fields' role in this mystery is primarily as red herring—the investigators initially perceive him as a sinister figure, possibly even an occultist. As soon as the sabotage starts, Giles proffers Fields' name as a possible suspect.

Charles Fields

Age 48, Amateur Historian

STR 09 **DEX** 08 **INT** 14 **CON** 10
SIZ 12 **APP** 10 **POW** 10 **EDU** 14
SAN 50 **Hit Points:** 11

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Anthropology 50%, Archaeology 45%,
 Hide 40%, History 60%, Occult 40%, Sneak 40%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 25%, damage 1D3+db

Appearance: Thin and gaunt, Fields is always dressed in a suit, but not a particularly well-maintained or well-tailored one. He wears round spectacles over his dull, brown eyes, propped up over his hawkish nose. He gives the impression of not being particularly well, and blows his nose into his handkerchief with worrying frequency.

Places of Interest

Tilbury Church

The site of Tilbury Church has been occupied by a place of devotion to God for well over a thousand years, and parts of all those previous buildings remain, from single wooden beams to stones in the walls. It has two major features. First are the stained glass windows depicting the saints of the various countries of the British Isles; unusually for a church not far from Wales (whose patron saint is St. David), St. Patrick and St. George are the saints depicted in the largest and most detailed windows. Built into the walls are fragments of the pagan stones that once stood atop Tilbury Hill; these are worn and almost unintelligible, but spiralling patterns and strange, interlocking “knots” can still be made out carved into many of the rocks. The knots are said to describe the “church worm”, a draconic figure known to Tilbury's children and teenagers who often play in the churchyard.

Tilbury Hill

Tilbury Hill is not a hill at all, but rather a man-made mound. Years of erosion have washed out its spiralling shape and removed a great deal of its definition, but its overall shape

can still be discerned, a maze of banks and ditches, spiralling in towards the central mound. The archaeological team has set up canvas tents in the field next to the Hill, where they process their finds. A pump and electric lamps have also been set up around the excavation pit they have dug into the central mound, extracting the water and lighting the site to allow them to work later into the night.



The ground around and under the mound is extremely waterlogged and muddy even at the height of summer, suggesting that there is an underground stream nearby. This makes for difficult archaeology, as trenches flood with water as soon as they are dug. Giles' pumping machinery is slowly making some headway against the waters. It is these waters which kept the original Tilbury Worm from escaping back into the subterranean depths, and which are now keeping its spawn trapped as well.

Carnby is a dilettante and does not really know a great deal about archaeology, though many of the people working with him do. They are not necessarily experts on the right period, however, just experts at digging and dating artefacts. He really needs the investigators' advice and insight, but tries to present their involvement in the dig as being a favour that he is doing for them.



Carnby is constantly pushing the diggers to work faster and harder, and as a result the archaeology is suffering. Encouraged by the discovery of the coins, he is treasure hunting, thinking he may have found a hoard of gold or a sacrificial site, and thus expecting to find all sorts of riches that may have been offered to the site's pagan gods over the centuries.

Vitrified Stone

The vitrified, partially melted stone of the bowl within the mound is strongly reminiscent of the outer walls of the mysterious "vitrified forts" of Scotland. These are walls, usually located on hillsides, whose stones have been fused and melted together as if by some tremendous heat. The origin of these forts, and how such heat was brought to bear on the rocks, is a mystery.

Experiments in the 1930s showed that it was possible to use a tremendous bonfire to cause vitrification, but that does not wholly explain the phenomenon. A huge bonfire only caused a few stones to vitrify — doing the same to a whole hill fort would require seemingly impossible amounts of fuel. The effects of vitrification also make it hard to assign an age to the forts, but they are generally assumed to date from 900 BC to 900 AD. Most of the vitrified forts are in Scotland, but other examples have been found elsewhere.

The revelation that a chthonian was involved in the creation of the Tilbury bowl might impel investigators to look into the stone forts. Keepers interested in discovering what terrifying horrors gnaw the ancient granite of Scotland might look to *Cthulhu Britannica: Shadows Over Scotland*, which provides extensive coverage of Scotland and the Mythos terrors that inhabit that northern country in the 1920s.

The Tilbury Worm

The Tilbury Worm is a crippled, half-starved, juvenile chthonian, desperate to escape from its prison. It is half insane from its confinement and from the psychically induced, rapid growth it has been forced to undergo. It is almost entirely reliant on John's eyes, ears, and hands to do much of anything, and harbours an irrational hatred for the minds it detects around the dig site, blaming the interfering humans for the fact that it was even born into such an enclosed and terrible place.

The Tilbury Worm

Juvenile Chthonian

STR 13 **DEX** 08 **INT** 15 **CON** 22
SIZ 19 **APP** – **POW** 16 **EDU** –
SAN – **Hit Points:** 17

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Crush 50%, damage 3D6+db

Tentacles 45%, damage 1D6 on first hit and 1D6+1D6 CON drain each round following

Armour: 1-point skin and the chthonian regenerates 1 hit point per round

Sanity Loss: 1 / 1D10 to see the immature chthonian

Appearance: Vaguely dragon-like, but in fact more like an earth-bound squid, the immature chthonian is greyish in colour and covered in a thick, viscous slime. A weak chanting sound accompanies it, seeming to come from nowhere and everywhere at the same time. Though small, the creature is still more than 10 feet long and possesses 1D4+1 tentacles that can reach another 5 feet.

Revelation

The chthonian's initial scheme was to have Honest John carry it out of the village, away from the water-logged ground, but the simple-minded youth would not leave his home. On its own, the chthonian hopes to get far enough away from the village to escape the humans and the waterlogged soil so that it can burrow down into the earth and call its kin from the depths via telepathy.

The creature's plan requires John to help it delay the dig until the pumps have removed enough water to allow it to escape and later establish a telepathic connection to the underworld. It will then call for help—and if this happens, there are few powers on Earth capable of stopping its colossal brethren.

Destroying the young chthonian is worth 1D10 Sanity points. However, unless the characters can extricate John from its psychic tendrils first, he shares in the creature's death agonies and is driven mad, which will cost each of the characters 1D6 points of Sanity.



- The Horror Out of Time -

Intrigue

Before the advent of humanity, in a time when the Earth was young, the flying polyps warred against the elder things and the Great Race of Yith. The invading polyps had been beaten back before, but in this latest conflict they prevailed. However, not every battle went their way, and many polyps were injured or killed by the combined technology and magic of the elder things and Yithians as they battled over the ancient Earth.

An untold number of injured flying polyps could not be removed from the battlefields, and so were put in hibernation capsules, entering into a dormant state, protected by magic and organic, multidimensional technology far beyond human understanding. Not all of these alien capsules survived intact; many malfunctioned or were interfered with, killing the injured polyps within or causing their dormancy to extend for millions of years, sustained by their unnatural technology. One such casualty of the ages old war has lain in dreamless sleep beneath the hillside above the village of St. Mary Bourne for all these aeons. That is until recently, when Alan Cullen's plough struck something just beneath the surface of his field with a resounding "clang" and set off an unimaginably ancient defence system, blasting both him and his tractor with the concussive force native to the flying polyps. The farmer's ploughing has disturbed the buried capsule of a dormant, injured flying polyp, setting in motion a series of events that will culminate with the release of this ancient horror. The alien capsule has begun to draw natural energies from nearby plant and animal sources in order to awaken and release its wounded occupant.

The violent impact from the blade of the plough and the concomitant blast of unnatural energy destroyed the tractor and the plough, and severely injured old Alan Cullen. The village doctor, Samuel Everest, is doing his best to treat Cullen and is intrigued by the old farmer's story. Delirious from his trauma, Cullen has been talking of fairies and the fairylands since his explosive experience. The farmer is convinced that he has inadvertently ploughed into an underground fairy home and brought about the anger of the "fair folk".

Dr Everest is fascinated by the occult and the uncanny, and was originally attracted to St. Mary Bourne in part because of folklore associated with the village and in part through his keen interest in geology and fossils. Alan Cullen's stories of fairies and his proposal that he, and possibly the whole village, might be in danger of fairy reprisals has further intrigued the good doctor. A mystery like this unfolding on his very doorstep is almost a dream come true for Everest, and when the time

comes, he will propose that he join the investigators as they look into the strange circumstances in the farmer's field.

The doctor's initial investigation of the injured farmer, the field, and the impossible crater are inconclusive but he does find rich deposits of ancient fossils and the tip of the strange "rock" that the farmer's plough struck. Over the next few days, the submerged capsule absorbs organic energy at an alarming rate, powering up and preparing to disinter the ancient polyp. As the investigators arrive, the eldritch magic and advanced technologies of the flying polyps conspire to heal and awaken the polyp contained within. The capsule is now draining vital energies from the surrounding area both to power itself and to heal its occupant. Only a day or two remain before the process is complete. Each day is accompanied by strange lights and sounds near the crater, and failing crops and dying animals in the surrounding fields. Soon the great flying polyp will emerge in a great rush of wind, looking to feed and make war.

Introduction

A certain Dr Everest of St. Mary Bourne, a small village near the garrison towns of Andover and Tidworth, the former in Hampshire and the latter straddling the Hampshire-Wiltshire border, contacts the investigators. An accident has occurred in the fields around the village during the end of summer ploughing, an explosion of sorts, but like no explosion the doctor has ever seen, causing wounds he has never before encountered. The village doctor has a keen interest in Fortean phenomena, part of the reason he settled his practice in the area, and also the reason why he knew of the investigators' reputation. He asks if they might be able to assist him in treating the wounds and getting to the bottom of what happened in the fields of St. Mary Bourne.

Investigation

The investigators' first port of call will be Dr Everest himself, who will initially be more excited to see them and question them about their past adventures than to get them involved in his own, perplexing problem. Eventually, however, he will reveal that Alan Cullen, the farmer injured in the accident, has been taken to Andover hospital, some five miles distant, but getting the investigators to see him will not be an issue as Everest still has a clinical role at the hospital and is, in fact, the man's personal physician. When describing the nature of Cullen's wounds, investigators experienced with flying polyps might become suspicious of the presence of one of these ancient horrors—or at least the effects of their powers—but they probably will not be able to offer any particular advice on treatment.



The hillside field in which the accident occurred has not yet been cleared, and the wreckage of the Fordson tractor still lies overturned and scattered about, as well as the twisted wreck of the plough. A large crater has been torn out of the earth—the site of the explosion itself. Closer examination will reveal the top of the rock-like capsule buried in the earth here. Everest will recount the many fanciful tales Cullen was spouting in his delirium of fairies, the fairy court, and the retribution he would face for harming one of their homes or broaching a hidden entrance to fairyland itself.

Continued investigation at the site of the accident will reveal that a great many fossils and other strange things have been dug up. Dr Everest maintains a collection himself, which he is happy for the investigators to examine, and they might even turn up something interesting themselves in the earth dislodged by the explosion. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll at the site will suggest that some of the “fossils” might in fact be eroded or cracked pieces from larger artefacts of unknown, even unearthly, origin.

Particularly enterprising investigators might decide to attempt to dig up the “rock” with another tractor from a nearby farm. Doing so will set off further alarms within the capsule and cause the interned flying polyp to be ejected early. It will be significantly weakened, but nonetheless a powerful adversary. Whether they force the attack now or wait until the polyp emerges under its own power, a physical confrontation with the polyp will be required to destroy or drive it away, and to protect the villagers as it wakes up hungry and in need of sustenance to empower its return to its own kind.

Persons of Interest

Alan Cullen

The farmer Alan Cullen was a hale and hearty man in his mid-fifties when the explosion occurred. Now he is desiccated and withered down one side of his body, as though all the fluid had been sucked out of him, his skin wrinkled like a prune, his muscle wasted away, and the skin reddened and burned like leather, agonising to the touch. Doctors are trying to rehydrate him to save his life, and have him heavily sedated on morphine, which makes him less than coherent. He can, however, still describe his accident. Cullen is convinced that his wounds and the destruction of his farming equipment are the consequences of having damaged an underground entrance to fairyland or to a powerful fairy’s subterranean halls. He will recount at length the stories told to him as a child about the powerful and often benevolent fair folk but also of the terrible price that would be paid for destroying any of their properties. Regarding the moments before the explosion, he explains:

“There was a terrible, loud clang. I’d hit something under the soil, something hidden. At first I thought it might just a big flint, but then the tractor packed up, and there was this huge gust of wind right up from under the ground. It weren’t an explosion as such, but more like a gale, and it burned, burned something awful, where it touched me, like fire but wi’ no fire. The explosion sent the tractor and plough flying up and breakin’ apart like kids’ toys. Then the howlin’ wind stopped, and I could see that the ground had collapsed around the fairy stone. I’m lucky someone heard it. The fairies might’ve dragged me away then and there!”

Doctor Everest

Dr Samuel Everest is a keen young city doctor who has moved out to the countryside to build himself a practice. He took to St Mary Bourne in particular, due to his interest in fossils and investigations in Victorian times into the seemingly peculiar longevity of its residents. Now that something really interesting is happening, he is eager to join the investigators every step of the way, offering his amateurish insights and thoughts as he does so. The doctor is an avid collector of fossils and local folklore, and so might actually prove genuinely useful.

Doctor Samuel Everest

Age 32, Village Doctor

STR 10	DEX 08	INT 17	CON 10
SIZ 12	APP 15	POW 12	EDU 18
SAN 60		Hit Points: 11	

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Archaeology 21%, Astronomy 21%, Biology 71%, Credit Rating 45%, Drive Automobile 50%, First Aid 90%, Handgun 50%, History 40%, Library Use 65%, Medicine 85%, Natural History 30%, Occult 45%, Pharmacy 51%, Shotgun 40%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db

Appearance: Dr Everest is a young, energetic and attractive man of 32 years. He wears a simple but well-fitting country suit in shades of grey and occasionally a matching hat. He has a lean physique, owing to his fondness for walking along the country lanes. His bright blue eyes and tousled strawberry blonde hair bring him much attention from the local women, but he has to this point refrained from entering into any romantic engagements. His interests lie in his current practice and in the Fortean aspects of the surrounding countryside.



Doctor Everest's Fossil Collection

The doctor maintains a collection of fossils taken from the surrounding fields, bought from curio shops, or purchased directly from some of the locals of St. Mary Bourne. The overwhelming majority are simply sea urchins and ammonites, but among his collection are a few more esoteric objects. One of these is the fossilized limb of an elder thing, though there is little to mark it as such in its current state, but investigators who have knowledge or experience of such things—roll Cthulhu Mythos—might feel a wave of terror rush over them. Have those investigators roll SAN and lose 0 / 1D2 points of Sanity accordingly.

The second item is a strange stone engraved with an unusually drawn elder sign. The stone is roughly the size of a large man's fist and weighs five pounds. The elder sign itself is potent, but the stone has been invested with elder thing magic—something utterly incomprehensible to the human mind. The stone feels warm to the touch regardless of external temperatures, as though something inside it were emitting a gentle heat. The power of this elder sign will remain unknown until acted upon by other Mythos magic. In essence, the possessor of this elder sign is magically protected against 1D6 magical attacks, whether the magic is cast or resulting from an innate power (e.g. a flying polyp's tentacle attack). The empowered elder sign completely negates all magical effects until its power is spent, at which point it functions as a normal elder sign.



Places of Interest

St. Mary Bourne

The village of St. Mary Bourne is a pleasant and picturesque village in the heart of Hampshire, nestled between two chalk hills and surrounded by deciduous copses and lush farmer's fields. The river Bourne, a trickling stream of very clear and pure water, bisects it. The village is a popular and prosperous place to live and is very old, appearing in the Domesday Book with buildings dating back to 1066 still dotted about the village.

St. Mary Bourne is currently expanding, with construction going on in various places around the village to provide more homes to meet demand. The village has two pubs and a Methodist chapel in addition to its main Church of England church. The main road winds through the length of the village, and the village's expansion is gradually joining it to two nearby villages, Stoke and Binley, turning them into a single settlement, although they retain their separate identities for now.

Fortean St. Mary Bourne

There are a couple of ghost stories and numerous fairy tales associated with St. Mary Bourne and the surrounding valley, but nothing that would make the village particularly famous. During the Victorian era, the village was mainly known for the longevity of its residents: a great many locals—far more than the national average—lived into their nineties. Local folklore suggested that this longevity came from living in close proximity to the ageless fairy folk. Other, stranger folk tales suggested that the locals in question were descended from fairy changelings.

Several doctors came from London and elsewhere in the country to study this anomalous longevity, but none of this research ever resulted in a solid conclusion. Dr Everest has been seeking an answer to the same question himself, though the difference in lifespan is no longer as pronounced as it once was. His evidence so far points towards the valley's microclimate and the rich calcium in the water, but he is also willing to consider more esoteric causes, especially after Alan Cullen's strange encounter and insistence on the existence of the fair folk.



The Smithy

The village blacksmith and motor mechanic operate out of the same premises, fixing the local farm machinery, from surviving steam engines to the newer tractors and motor cars, as well as selling fuel and tyres. They can offer some insights into what damaged the tractor in Cullen's accident: for example, explaining that the vehicle appeared to have been shoved forcefully upwards or "blown up" from below.

Additionally, the oil and fuel in Cullen's tractor were completely dried out into a caking sludge and the paint stripped from the bodywork, the metal beneath pitted and scored as though sand-blasted. The blacksmith can perform any bespoke work that the investigators might want doing, including welding and metalworking.

The George Pub

The George is the main pub in the village. A solid, red-brick building, it is the most popular watering hole and sits on the village square serving food and drink to everyone. Formerly an important coaching stop, it offers a place to stay for visiting investigators. The pub is also likely to be the place people will seek communal refuge if or when the flying polyp breaks free and attacks the village. The pub is the closest thing to a fortified building in town apart from the church (St. Peter's), another likely place of shelter. A number of paintings, plaques, and other curious pieces of folk art depict scenes that include fairies and other fae spirits.

Derry Down Copse

On the crest of the hill where Cullen's accident occurred, Derry Down Copse is a popular dog-walking area where primroses and bluebells grow in the spring. Its trees provide good cover for anyone watching the field while hidden, although they form only a relatively thin strip between the fields on either side of the hill. Much of the woods are overgrown with thorns, bramble, and dog roses off the main paths. Numerous fairy rings decorate the grassy edges of the copse.

Hillside Field

The hillside field is overgrown with grass and has barely been ploughed, with a brown scar running from the top right of the field to about halfway across before coming to an abrupt end in a large sinkhole-like crater. Cullen's broken tractor is still there, overturned, missing a wheel, its body bent and badly scratched. The plough, on the other hand, has been snapped in half, and sections of the various blades are distributed around the field over more than 500 feet.

Especially attuned characters—rolling a critical or impale Spot Hidden result—may note that the bizarre crater itself seems to hum with power. Anyone walking into the crater and touching the ground will be surprised to find it deathly cold to the touch. In fact, prolonged exposure (e.g. more than fifteen minutes in the area) will cause the loss of one hit point as the hidden alien capsule leeches the warmth and life energy from anyone nearby. All the plant life in the area is slowly dying off, turning oddly black and brittle. As the days progress, nearby animals in the adjacent woods and fields will start to sicken and die as well, and the circle of dead vegetation spreads further.

Extending several metres beneath the crater is an enormous chitinous capsule. The exposed end of the capsule looks like nothing so much as a large grey rock, bearing a long crack where the plough impacted with it. If the investigators dig down more than a metre, however, the look of the thing changes greatly. More than a metre below the surface the exterior of the capsule looks more like a giant insect's chrysalis or a coral growth, still largely grey, but with portions of the shape covered in a strange gold-brown sheen. Exposing the capsule to this depth costs 0 / 1D2 points of SAN.

The capsule is extremely resistant to damage and virtually impervious to anything except heavy machinery or explosives. Lurking within the biomechanical cylinder is the dormant flying polyp, slowly being roused to wakefulness, occasionally shifting and causing a discernible motion just beneath the capsule shell. Fully exposing the capsule, which requires many hours and the use of tractors or similar heavy equipment, incurs a further Sanity loss of 1 / 1D4.

The Flying Polyp

The flying polyp has lain beneath the chalk downs for aeons, waiting to re-awaken. When it finally does so, it will find that the world has changed unimaginably. Whether the creature is driven mad or not is impossible to tell, but its intention is to feed on the local fauna—including the villagers of St. Mary Bourne—to regain its strength before attempting to return to its own kind.

To that end, when it emerges from the upward end of the capsule, it will aim to consume a number of hit points equal to its SIZ (i.e. 50 points in total) by attacking with its tentacles. That accomplished, it will fly up into the sky and out of sight, to seek out a surviving polyp city elsewhere in the world, the closest one likely being somewhere in the mountainous highlands of Scotland to the north.



Flying Polyp, Ageless

Weakened Ancient Warrior

STR 45 **DEX** 16 **INT** 18 **CON** 25
SIZ 50 **APP** – **POW** 23 **EDU** –
SAN – **Hit Points:** 26

Move: 8 / 12 flying

Damage Bonus: +5D6 (applies to wind blast only)

Weapons: Tentacle 75%, damage 1D10

Wind blast 60%, damage db, but decreasing by 1D6 for every 50 feet of intervening distance

Armour: 4-point, plus invisibility (see below); additionally, the flying polyp takes minimum damage from physical weapons, but enchanted weapons, elements, and other energies do full damage

Spells: None, or as the Keeper desires

Skills: Hide 30%, Track 35%

Sanity Loss: 1D3 / 1D20 to see a Flying Polyp

Appearance: The polyp is a squirming, writhing mass of black tentacles, dark with age, its body bulging and twitching with staring eyes and gaping mouths, constantly whistling like a kettle and piping in an unearthly fashion. As it emerges, its capsule will crack open like a scab, bleeding a vaporous, oily goo as the polyp breaks free, rising above the crater and setting its many eyes upon the lights of the village below.

Special Abilities: Invisibility – spending a single magic point, the flying polyp turns invisible for a single round, though it can still be attacked with a successful Listen roll

and attack roll at –50%. Polyyps are always phasing in and out of this reality, and so any attacks made against them are at –25% in any case.

Special Attacks: Each special attack below costs the flying polyp 1 magic point to use.

Fixing Attack – the polyp can create a sucking wind that fixes its prey in place, but still allows it to move. Characters must match their STR against the flying polyp's POW on the Resistance Table. From 200 to 1,000 yards the difficulty to resist is equal to half the polyp's POW; within 200 yards it is equal to its POW. Add +5% to each target's chance to resist if employed against multiple targets.

Tentacle Attack – flying polyyps are constantly extruding and absorbing tentacles. In its weakened state, the polyp can only attack with 1D6 tentacles in any round. Damage is always 1D10, but ignores armour: the wound desiccates and drains the tissue of life.

Wind Blast – the flying polyp attacks with a 10 foot-diameter column of literally flesh-stripping wind out to a distance of 50 feet doing 5D6 damage, sending targets tumbling a number of feet equal to the damage inflicted. For every 50 feet beyond the initial attack radius, damage is reduced 1D6.

Windstorm Attack – the polyp can create a twelve mile-per-hour wind within 200 yards, losing five miles per hour after that and another five for every additional 200 yards further away.

Revelation

The investigators have two likely choices in this scenario: they can either organise a dig to confront the polyp while still within its capsule—that is, assuming they know or learn what lies within—or they can attempt to prepare for the moment when the polyp emerges, fortifying themselves as best they can. Alternatively, the characters might use the time they have to try to develop a means of sealing the creature away for good and ensuring that it can never escape from its chalky tomb.

Waiting for the flying polyp to emerge will give the investigators time to call in favours, potential allies, and additional firepower. They might even overcome the villagers'

disbelief, debunking the fairy connection and convincing the villagers to leave or take up arms against the creature before it is too late. If the village is completely deserted when the polyp emerges, it might just sate itself with woodland creatures or livestock rather than people before departing.

This scenario involves a genuine and direct encounter with something truly alien and ancient, similar in atmosphere to the opening scenes of H. G. Wells' *The War of the Worlds*. A similar sort of incredulity and horror on the part of the villagers would be an appropriate response to the presence of this ancient evil in their quiet and slumbering village.

Successfully destroying the polyp is worth 1D10 Sanity. Leaving the polyp free to ravage the world costs 1D10 Sanity.



Imprisoning the creature to let future generations deal with it costs 1D4 Sanity—the characters have temporarily averted the horror, but the polyp is still there, waiting, and at night the investigators hear the wind in the treetops and shudder.

- Daughters of the Sea - Intrigue

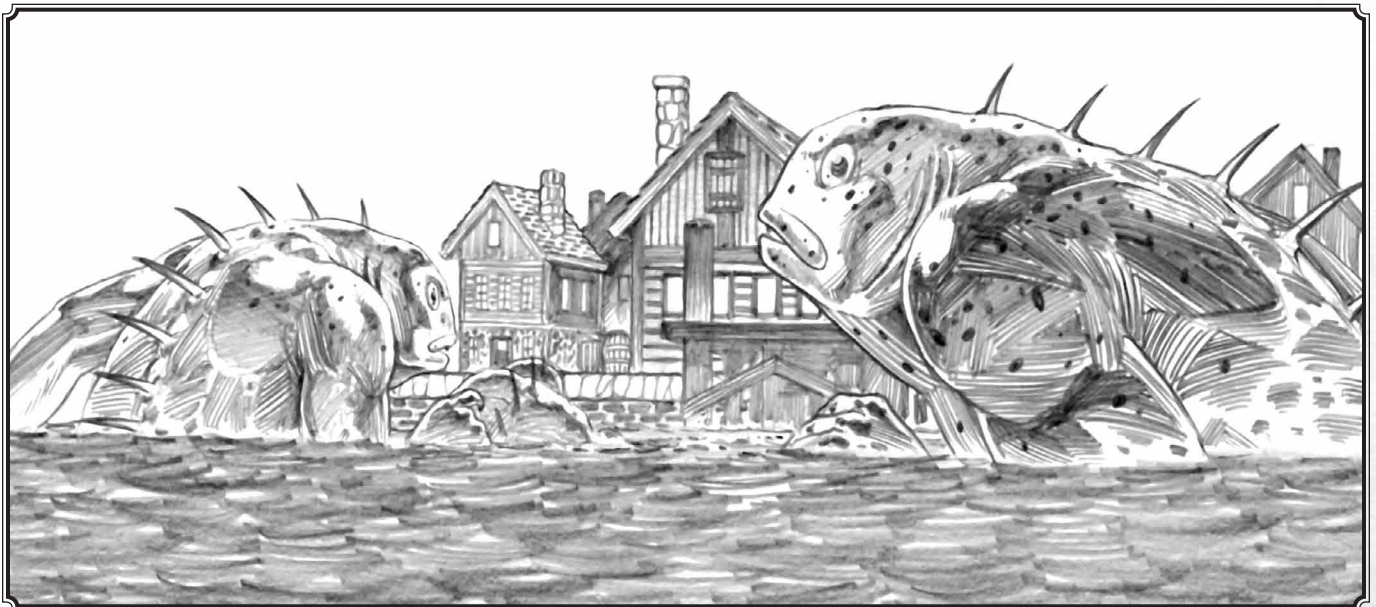
All along the Devon and Cornwall coast smuggling and wrecking were important sources of income for local people, and the source of much of their folklore and local heroes, in the same way that Robin Hood and Dick Turpin were lionized elsewhere. Immortalized in the book *Jamaica Inn*, the activities of the wreckers and smugglers have been somewhat exaggerated, but all the same there did exist genuine “characters” such as John Carter, the “King of Prussia,” who surrounded his Land’s End base with cannon to see off the Excise men.

The old laws stipulated that anything washed up on the shore, such as a shipwreck, was free salvage, and fishing villages could grow rich off such plunder. However, if anyone on the wreck was found alive, the salvage rights did not apply. As a result, bedraggled and sodden survivors were often murdered and tossed back into the sea to ensure that the wreckers reaped the full spoils of their “good fortune.” They would completely disassemble a ship, carrying away everything from its cargo to its sails and timbers, leaving almost nothing behind to show that the wreck had ever existed.

While this may seem dreadful enough, the wreckers’ terrible reputation comes from folk stories of them deliberately wrecking ships. Some wreckers were known to set false lights on the shoreline to make ships lose their bearings and cause them to run aground. Others were said to tie lanterns to horses’ saddles and drive them across the cliff tops so that ships might crash on the jagged rocks below. Numerous other nefarious and equally apocryphal methods can be found in folklore throughout the British Isles.

The same stretches of coast are often also associated with folk tales of weather witches and sea witches. Tradition holds that sailors lived in fear of these powerful witches and their ability to call up storms and drive ships upon the rocks. So fearful were seamen and so sure of the witches’ existence that they often called on sorcery and superstition to protect themselves. Some folklore suggests that Sir Francis Drake sold his soul to the devil to ensure his protection against weather witches and sea monsters, which could account for his many long and successful voyages. Other tales recount that Drake himself conspired with sea witches to call down storms and tumult upon the Spanish Armada so as to sink it.

So although wreckers were indeed seen as a blight along the British coastline, the power of the sea witches was deemed a far greater threat. Sadly for merchant sailors and their captains, the two often worked side by side and tales of weather witches and wreckers are thus closely entwined, as witch-called storms brought wreck after wreck to British shores, particularly along the coasts of Devon, Cornwall, and the Scilly Isles. On these southernmost shores of England, many successful wreckers relied wholly on the powers of their weather witches, and on





the ties between the deep ones and the many fishing villages of the Cornish coast.

Even in the 1920s, the influence of the deep ones and their ancient magic is closely reflected in many Cornish traditions, and even in the peculiarities of the Cornish language and the local dialect. This is largely due to the proximity of a significant deep one city, Ahu-Y'hloa, lying off the coast of Cornwall between Penzance and Paimpol in France, and exerting its subtle influence from St. Just to Dartmouth. The preponderance of Neolithic sites across these southernmost counties again shows the influence of these blasphemous, batrachian creatures down through human history, although many of the more obscene megaliths have since been destroyed, buried, or defaced in the centuries that followed.

The origins of the contract between deep ones and humans has long been forgotten by the majority of local fisher folk, but never by the deep ones themselves. Centuries ago, the deep ones made contact with the humans of the Cornish coast and, driven by their inhuman mating urges, sought to breed with them. The humans refused and instead placated the deep ones by ensuring regular sacrifices to Dagon. The ships wrecked by the sea witches and plundered by the wreckers provided more than enough bodies to appease Dagon and his deep one disciples. And so, satisfied with the regular drowned sacrifices, the deep ones left the villagers largely unmolested and have continued to honour this simple contract for centuries.

In the 1920s, however, wrecking has all but died out due to changes in the law and more effective enforcement. Acts of intentional wrecking have been rare in the last half century, although the occasional wreck still provides scavengers with a windfall, and weather witches might still continue to exist in some of the more isolated villages. Most people in these small coastal villages have all but forgotten the connection between the wreckers, the sea witches, and the dark contract that has kept them safe from those who dwell beneath the dark waves. The deep ones, however, forget nothing.

Introduction

The village of Cadgwith has had lifeboats since 1867 and its lifeboat-men have built up a heroic reputation, holding the record for the most lives saved in a single rescue, namely two hundred and twenty-seven souls saved when the SS Suevic foundered in fog and gales upon the Stag Rocks in 1907. It is a reputation that has put Cadgwith on the map

and brought a much needed boost to the pride of a village otherwise stagnating from widespread unemployment and lack of investment.

Being experienced sailors, the lifeboat-men are a superstitious lot at the best of times, but the things they have seen during their recent rescues have convinced them all the more that something strange and unnatural is happening just off the shores of England. Increasingly concerned for their own safety and that of passing ships, and reluctant to bring their concerns to the proper authorities for fear of ridicule, they have instead decided to approach freelance investigators for help. None of them has any definite evidence, but their superstitions and suspicions might be enough to put the investigators on the right track.

The simplest way to introduce the investigators to the worries of the lifeboat-men is to have word reach them via letter, telegraph, or a contact near the investigators' homes. Another alternative is that the investigators are already in the region and their reputation is discovered in a pub one night, which ultimately leads to someone approaching them to solicit their help in the troubles at Cadgwith.

Another possibility is that the characters hear of a rash of disappearances in Cadgwith as the deep ones of Ahu-Y'hloa finally react to the lack of sacrifices from Cadgwith. If the humans will not honour Father Dagon and Mother Hydra with drownings, the deep ones will make sure that the errant humans honour Dagon and Hydra with their flesh instead. Some will be killed, but the deep ones' greater intention is to mate with the villagers and produce hybrid offspring.

Meanwhile the cabal of weather witches in Cadgwith begins to conduct its own parallel research into the strange disappearances and drownings. They might well manipulate the investigators to further their own aims (e.g. getting them to help translate ancient inscriptions or stealing the investigators' notes at night), if an opportunity presents itself. Once the cabal learns of the truth behind the ancient contract with the deep ones and understands that the town, and the witches themselves, have failed to fulfil that contract, the cabal of witches grows divided. Some argue that they should give up their powers, in the hopes that the deep ones will accept that the ancient bargain has lapsed. Others point out that if they do not continue to work their weather magic, their husbands and sons will be at risk when fishing and sailing. One of the cabal, Mary Tregarthen, secretly wants the deep ones to claim her—she has, in fact, taken to worshipping Dagon and Hydra in secret.



Investigation

Cadgwith is a village of two halves. As it has expanded and grown in importance, a new wave of settlers has arrived, displacing and supplementing the descendants of the original medieval population that has lived here uninterrupted since the 1300s. One half of this original population—mostly male—are welcoming enough to the investigators, despite viewing them as outsiders with strange accents and behaviour; however, the other half—largely female—are cold and distant to the investigators, and far less willing to answer their questions.

Research into the town's history shows that while other communities in the area have suffered from shipwrecks, storms, and other disasters, Cadgwith has enjoyed an almost 'charmed' existence for centuries. The boats of Cadgwith hardly ever sink and the fishermen always bring in a good catch. There are several odd relics in the village that might prove relevant, such as ancient carved stones with oddly inhuman glyphs, and salvage from wrecks bearing strange claw-like markings, possibly made by the deep ones themselves.

During the investigation, the villagers hold an annual ceremony called the "Wedding of the Sea". In this ritual, one of the village girls is ceremonially wedded to the sea, symbolising the village's dependence on the ocean's bounty. The village bride wades into the water in a white gown, whereupon a young man (traditionally the bride's brother or lover) runs in after her, pushes her to safety toward the shore, and then pretends to drown, thus reminding the villagers of the eternal dangers of the sea. This year, the intended bride is young Alice Boddinar, but she "falls sick" that morning, and Mary Tregarthen takes her place. When the time comes for Mary to be "rescued" from the ocean, she struggles overly dramatically with the young man, who suffers a cramp and actually drowns (see the write-up for Mary Tregarthen in the Persons of Interest section below for the truth behind this apparent tragedy).

Eventually investigation will reveal the tight-lipped conspiracy of a small number of Cadgwith's women. They are in fact weather witches who use their witchcraft to calm the sea and protect their lifeboat-men and to call up great shoals of fish for their fishermen. Characters with occult knowledge or experience of similar coastal villages may recognise signs of deep one influence with a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll, but none of the villagers has the tell-tale Innsmouth look—at this point, they are all humans, not hybrid monsters.

Over the course of the investigation, the village is beset by strange events. Decaying bodies wash up on shore—the victims of decades-old shipwrecks. Curious storms wrack the skies, but never affect the harbour. Eerie lights are seen underwater as something comes closer and closer to the shore. Most alarming of all, investigators outside at night might be abducted by noisome things from the sea.

Persons of Interest

The Lifeboat-men

The lifeboat-men talk of the unnatural weather during their recent excursions, how storms now come up out of nothing, and how villages further down the coast never seem to report the same sort of thing. They speak of fog rising up impossibly fast in clear conditions, fog so thick that you cannot see a foot in front of your face, and of empty ships drifting crewless onto the rocks with no living crew and no bodies ever being found or recovered. In particular, they speak of how every time they've put out to sea recently for a rescue, the storms and waves have seemed to rise against them, as though the sea itself were trying to hamper their efforts. And yet, despite all these perils, the lifeboat-men themselves never seem to be at risk. They have an enviable safety record.

The Fishermen

The fishermen have their own tales, very different from those of the lifeboat-men, which tell of calm and peaceful seas that teem with fish whatever the season, and say that life in Cadgwith is an easy one compared to many villages. For them the sea is a welcoming place, hard but fair, which has bestowed them with great bounty and reward. If pressed further, however, many fishing families will admit to missing sons and daughters, attributing their loss to the treacherous coast and the difficulties of the fishing life, even in relatively calm waters. They seem inured to losses that are so common here. Through their traditions, the fishermen unwittingly know the spell *Attract Fish* (for a description of the spell refer to the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook) remembered as nonsense rhymes and songs to the sea that they always intone and sing while out fishing.

The Women

When first encountered, the women of the village tend to be tight-lipped and more prone to scowling unwelcomingly rather than smiling. They are openly suspicious of the investigators' presence and covertly doing all they can to stonewall their investigations. Their concern is that the investigators will spread nonsense that will bring further misfortune to the village and leave it with a bad reputation. If pressed about



witchcraft, most women in the village will laugh (a little too nervously) and tell the investigators to put such fanciful thoughts behind them.

In truth, only the wives and mothers of six old families retain the lore and constitute the weather witch cabal: the Boddinar, Carbis, Geefe, Kliskey, Penaluna, and Tregarthen families. Many of the other families are aware of a past that involved witchcraft, but do not believe that such activities have continued into the present day. Should any of the true weather witches be accosted directly or be otherwise intimidated, their defence for keeping quiet is that accusations of witchcraft cost many lives in olden times, and they are not particularly keen to see such witch-hunts return in the present day. They will stand by their firm belief that, although they use magic, they do no harm.

Dunstan Montgomery

Age 37, Diver and Self-Proclaimed Adventurer

STR 15 **DEX** 14 **INT** 12 **CON** 13
SIZ 15 **APP** 09 **POW** 08 **EDU** 12
SAN 40 **Hit Points:** 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Archaeology 41%, Bargain 15%, Climb 50%, Credit Rating 25%, Dodge 38%, Drive Automobile 30%, Electrical Repair 30%, First Aid 40%, Geology 31%, History 40%, Library Use 35%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Natural History 30%, Navigate 40%, Pilot Boat 31%, Spot Hidden 55%, Swim 55%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db

Appearance: Montgomery is short, slightly overweight and otherwise unremarkable. He is very keen, but neither particularly noteworthy nor capable. He likes to think of himself as part of the grand tradition of great explorers and “men of the age,” but while physically capable he lacks the focus and dedication necessary to really make a go of it. Fortunately for him, “Monty”, as he is known back home, comes from a very wealthy family.

Dunstan Montgomery

Dunstan is entirely incidental to the investigation, but he is present in the village, with several pairs of diving suits and helmets and a small team of assistants, diving the waters around the Stags and the Manacles (see Places of Interest

below) to examine the wrecks there and see what items of archaeological interest he can recover. If suitably convinced—or sufficiently bribed—he will be more than willing to let the investigators use his equipment or accompany him on one of his dives. Many of the wrecks are indeed a little peculiar, with claw marks on the wood and metal and leftover signs of struggle, such as musket shot stuck into the wooden beams, and other indicators that seem only partially consistent with foundering in a storm. Deep one scouts might even be glimpsed down there, hiding among the kelp, with a critical or impale result on Spot Hidden, for example. These scouts will immediately vanish into the murky depths.

Colenso Tregarthen, the Weather Witch Matriarch

Colenso Tregarthen is the “queen bee” of the weather witches and of the old Cadgwith families. Although she does not realise it, she has inspired the worst sort of attitude and empty pride in her daughter Mary.

Colenso Tregarthen

Age 50, Weather Witch Matriarch

STR 10 **DEX** 08 **INT** 14 **CON** 12
SIZ 12 **APP** 16 **POW** 16 **EDU** 12
SAN 20 **Hit Points:** 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Art (Singing) 35%, Astronomy 31%, Bargain 35%, Climb 50%, Craft (Net making) 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 26%, Fast Talk 25%, First Aid 50%, History 40%, Natural History 30%, Navigate 30%, Occult 75%, Persuade 35%, Pilot Boat 21%, Swim 55%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 20%, damage 1D3+db

Spells: Alter Weather, Attract Fish, Augur, Contact Deep One, Evil Eye; each spell has been passed down through oral history from largely erroneous grimoires dating back to the Middle Ages

Appearance: A formidable and rather imposing woman who has been careful to maintain her good looks and appears to be significantly younger than her fifty years, Colenso has long steel-grey hair and an imperious carriage. She keeps the other witches and village women in line as much through fear as anything else. She has personally lost three sons to the call of the sea, and draws meaning for that loss from the old traditions, using them to prop up her failing sanity.



Mary Tregarthen

Colenso Tregarthen's eldest daughter, and one of the youngest members of the cabal, Mary has gone beyond her mother's tutelage and spent years reading the mouldering books of lore she dug out of the family's attic. She knows that the "sea devils" are more than just myth, and that the wrecks are actually a form of sacrifice. She has become obsessed with the worship of Dagon and dreams of sunken Ahu-Y'hloa. She would welcome the chance to consort with the deep ones. During the ritual wedding, she poisons Alice Boddinar so she can be ceremonially "wed to the sea" herself, which she believes will presage her mating with a deep one.

*Mary Tregarthen***Age 23, Weather Witch and Neophyte of Dagon**

STR 12 **DEX** 10 **INT** 13 **CON** 12
SIZ 11 **APP** 14 **POW** 18 **EDU** 14
SAN 0 **Hit Points:** 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Art (Singing) 50%, Climb 60%, Craft (Net making) 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dodge 30%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 40%, History 30%, Natural History 20%, Navigate 30%, Occult 75%, Persuade 25%, Pilot Boat 21%, Swim 55%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 30%, damage 1D3+db

Spells: Alter Weather, Attract Fish, Augur, and Evil Eye

Appearance: Mary Tregarthen bears a youthful beauty that makes many women jealous of her. Her mother, however, is not one of them and is more striking still. This has led to conflict between them in the past and Mary has always proven strident and wayward. Her lithe form, long blonde hair, and warm hazel eyes have also attracted the gaze of the young men of the village, but Mary is 'saving herself' for something very different. She dreams nightly of being taken as a deep one bride and living in Ahu-Y'hloa under the penetrating gaze of Father Dagon.

Weather Witches

The weather witches of Cadgwith have all been raised with the secret and all-consuming belief that they alone can provide protection for their families from the sea, and that the prosperity of Cadgwith and the village folk depends on their secret magic. The cabal of witches is comprised of eight girls and young women, and seven wives and mothers. Between

them, the women range in age between twelve and forty, and all are subservient to the cabal matriarch, Colenso Tregarthen. The witches are helped by some of their menfolk, another fifteen men and boys of the same age range.

Each of the witches knows how to assist in Colenso's *Alter Weather* spell, in essence sacrificing their magic points along with hers, and typically also know one of Colenso's other spells, though she reserves knowledge of the Evil Eye spell for herself and her daughter to preserve her family's supremacy and to keep the rest of the women in line. None of the witches, including Colenso Tregarthen, knows of Mary Tregarthen's secret desire to join the deep ones.

The witches of Cadgwith have dealt with intruders and enemies in the past. If they decide the investigators present a threat to the coven, matriarch Colenso will take action and, as a result, the characters might suffer nasty boating accidents, be attacked by unnatural weather phenomena, or find the entire village has turned against them. However, if the investigators are sympathetic and helpful, the weather-witches might be willing to listen to them. Later, when the unnatural phenomena affecting the village and villagers grow more forceful and more obviously dangerous, the witches might actively seek out the help of the investigators, particularly if they have shown themselves to have some experience in similar matters.





Places of Interest

Todden Passage

A promontory called the Todden divides the two beaches of the village. One beach is a shallow slope, mostly shingle and small stones, and the other is a mix of sand and boulders. The Todden divides the two and also contains a natural passage from one to the other. This rocky passage is a shelter from both shore and sea. It is in this natural shelter that the sea witches meet when there is need and at certain times when the tide is out. They cast their spells here in a whispered huddle around a single lantern, guarded by the handful of menfolk who are part of the conspiracy.

The Stags and the Manacles

The Stags and the Manacles are two sets of rocks in the sea off the Cornwall coast. These jagged rocky outcroppings are particularly notorious as foundering and wrecking sites, widely recognised as being among the most dangerous points along the already infamous Lizard peninsula, forming the most southerly point in the British Isles. The water here is treacherous and the rocks are particularly sharp and deadly. Many a ship has been sunk here with all hands lost after smashing into these rocks; the sea around is littered with the wrecks of dozens of ships that have succumbed during storms. The area is a site of particular interest to both Dunstan and the deep ones.

Revelation

If the investigators do nothing, then the deep ones will come ashore and force themselves on the villagers. Over the next few years, Cadgwith will slowly become another Innsmouth.

If the witch cult bands together, they might be able to pool their powers and possibly force the deep ones to leave – but this would mean angering the sea devils. Alternatively, the cult might resume the practice of sacrificing ships to the sea – if there are again regular sacrifices to Dagon and Hydra, the deep ones will leave the village alone. If the investigators have already antagonised the cabal, then the witches might start with them!

Wiping out the whole cabal is another option, but this means killing fifteen women, most of whom are innocent of any evil intent. The loss of the witches will also ruin the village's future. The best solution for the investigators may simply be to hand over the worst of the witches to the deep ones, and to find a way for Cadgwith to cope without its weather magic.

The Sanity gain for saving the village is 1D10; letting it become another Innsmouth or beginning the cycle of sacrifices again costs 1D6 Sanity points. If the investigators become enemies of the deep ones, the creatures might seek revenge on them in the future.

- The Body Politic - Intrigue

In Scotland and Ireland, nomadic groups of “tinkers” or “travellers” have journeyed along the byways of both countries for more than three centuries, with records of their existence appearing in early 16th century communications of King James IV. It is likely that these nomadic groups, similar to the continental Romani or gypsies, have actually been travelling throughout the British Isles long before that. In the 1920s, these people have taken to calling themselves “travellers” instead of tinkers, and many are beginning to settle down rather than continue their nomadic lifestyle. They have taken native Scots, Irish, and some Europeans into their fold, but still remain very much their own people, with their own traditions, customs, and language—a pidgin of Gaelic, Romany, and their own unique slang.

Folklore has not been kind to these people and many stories link them to criminal activities, witchcraft, and dark diablerie. They are said to openly conduct pagan rites and practise folk magic, hurling curses and other harmful sorceries at any who cross them. The travellers are even believed to have a special relationship with the little folk and other folklore creatures, particularly those having devious or mischievous natures. Of course, there is no evidence to warrant this characterization and these attributions are largely the result of their living outside accepted society.

The travellers have also long been persecuted as beggars, outsiders, and thieves, and have been given the unwarranted reputation of being dirty and unclean. Unsurprisingly, the travellers have developed a significant persecution complex and a complex mythology surrounding it. One persecution myth in particular has proven remarkably resilient of late, namely the belief that travellers are actively being hunted for especially gruesome purposes.

In the wake of the Burke and Hare medical murders in Edinburgh in the 1820s, the travellers of Scotland have believed themselves to be at particular risk of being “body snatched” and their corpses used for institutionalized medical



practice. An increasing number of unexplained disappearances since the turn of the 20th century seem to give credence to this possibility. Now in the 1920s, the number of travellers that seem to go missing year on year has reached an alarming rate, and the travelling folk and other itinerant wanderers feel they are being targeted, as though they were, in fact, being 'selected' for this horrible end.

THE LEGALITIES OF BODY SNATCHING

The outcasts of society have always had good reason to be afraid of the establishment, and though it might seem that the body snatchers of the early 19th century were outcasts as well, the practice of body snatching—though technically illegal—was in many ways quietly condoned by those in power and seen as having benefits for the citizenry at large.

The practice came about due to the needs of anatomists seeking to advance their knowledge of the human body and to present such findings to the eager medical minds of the day. It also came down to numbers: anatomists, surgeons, and other medical lecturers at Britain's most prestigious universities were paid based on the number of students who attended lectures, and those lecturers who could present a cadaver for dissection were guaranteed a large audience. These professors and learned men were very much members of the establishment and the upper class, and so certain laws were "amended" or overlooked to ensure that they and their noble practices were above any recriminations. The fact that this cutting-edge science led to something as disgraceful as body snatching was largely ignored.

Buying the fresh corpses that body snatchers "obtained" was not illegal and, in fact, the doctor who famously bought cadavers from Burke and Hare—Edinburgh's Dr Knox—was never prosecuted, despite having bought obviously murdered bodies and potentially even encouraged the body snatchers to procure fresher specimens. Digging up corpses after their burial was illegal, although the punishment was less severe than that for theft. Thieves were hanged, whereas body snatchers were merely deported (and for this reason body snatchers, or "Burkers" as they came to be known, were often careful to strip the bodies quickly, disposing of any clothing and jewellery so as to avoid any accusation of theft).

So, despite its unsavoury—and indeed blasphemous—nature, body snatching was tacitly encouraged until the shock of Burke and Hare's murders forced the authorities to re-evaluate how Britain's medical establishments procured the cadavers they needed for dissection.

Although it was never proven true, both Marischal and King's Colleges in Aberdeen (now part of the University of Aberdeen) were believed to be the provinces of a more rarefied form of body snatching, practised not by the criminal element but by doctors and anatomists themselves, and their carefully selected

graduate students, sometimes known as "noddies." Thus teams of gentlemen Burkers and their devout noddies went around the Aberdeen area hunting down people who would not be missed, kidnapping and murdering them so as to use their fresh corpses for anatomical dissection and medical experiments.

Folklore built up among the travellers concerning body snatchers and their poor victims. Elaborate folk stories were drawn up, fancifully claiming that the Burkers would travel around in black, horse-drawn hearses; that the horses' shoes were rubber-padded so that their hooves would not sound on the cobblestones; and that the hearses were fitted with a perforated zinc floor to drain the blood away as the snatchers moved from kill to kill. The Burkers and their noddies, it was claimed, even dressed as undertakers, all the better to conceal their nefarious deeds from any casual observer.

Though colourful and perhaps overly dramatic, the folklore surrounding the body snatching of the 1820s hides a darker truth in the 1920s. A hundred years on, the travellers remain cautious, being especially wary of city folk and other 'outsiders', and keeping their small communities tightly knit. They have a right to be cautious and, indeed, suspicious as various disappearances and other strange instances have continued over the past century. The education of anatomists and surgeons can no longer be blamed for people vanishing from their homes or camps: something darker and altogether more evil is at work in the shadows outside the electric glare of the modern streetlamps.

In Aberdeen, this darker aspect is expressed by a certain Dr Fintry, who is currently seeking to unravel the medical marvels and mysteries that he uncovered on a series of recent expeditions. His intent and sole desire is to bring about a complete paradigm shift in modern medicine. He believes he is on the cusp of advancing the study of anatomy and human physiology one hundred fold. With the knowledge he has uncovered and is still deciphering, mankind will enter an era of development unlike any that has come before it—such is his conviction.

An accomplished international traveller, Fintry found—and ultimately managed to translate—the alien script written on a series of strange metal tablets discovered during a Tibetan expedition. Data he found within the tablets' text suggested further tablets and strange artefacts might be found in a remote region of the Scottish Highlands. The next summer he personally funded a small venture to recover what might be found in the Highlands. Not only did he find a further collection of alien tablets, but odd artefacts having geometries and structures not native to Earth. Paying his guides handsomely



for their work and their silence, the doctor worked into the autumn moving the artefacts into his secure laboratory at the University of Aberdeen. He has spent much of the last year in isolation, poring over the tablets, deciphering their hidden, astonishing meanings, and learning what he can of the operation of the strange devices that he brought down from the Highlands.

At the start of this year, Fintry finally felt confident enough to begin experimenting with both his new knowledge and the alien artefacts and, to date, he has performed a number of minor medical ‘miracles’, which he has wisely kept quiet. He is a man on the verge of achieving greatness, or so he believes, but his professional pride requires that he continue his tests. For this purpose, he needs human bodies to experiment upon and to build up appropriate evidence before he can finally take his discoveries public and revolutionize medical science.

To this end, Dr Fintry has been quietly kidnapping people who are unlikely to be missed and using them in his experiments, dead or alive. He has been making enormous progress and has a genius intellect, but his experiments and discoveries have gnawed away at his sanity and left him virtually without conscience or compunction and with no sympathy for ‘lesser’ human beings. He started by hunting amongst the city’s streets and slums, but soon began to worry that this would raise too much attention. He next turned to the traveller populations around Aberdeen, but then discovered that, although politically powerless and unable to call upon the forces of law and order, the Scottish tinkers have other ways of protecting themselves.

After a botched body snatching by Dr Fintry, a group of travellers decided to take matters into their own hands and several young men from the tinkers tried to break into the University of Aberdeen, looking to rid themselves of Fintry and destroy his laboratory. When the travellers could not find a means of entering Fintry’s secured lab and ran afoul of the University’s security guards, the bungled plan took a turn for the worse. Most of the young men ran and disappeared into the night, but Boldo Lovel, one of the young men involved, was arrested fleeing the scene, and is now being held in the local gaol to await his time before the sheriff.

In desperation, the travellers have called upon a friend, Dr Andrew Kilbride, who has helped them in the past and is one of the few physicians willing to treat them. It is Kilbride who makes the initial contact with the investigators after the tinkers tell him their seemingly outrageous story. The traveller community is willing to pay whatever is necessary to secure the release of Boldo and see Dr Fintry brought to justice.

Introduction

The investigators receive a personal letter from a Dr Andrew Kilbride of Aberdeen, asking for their help in clearing up a strange situation involving a community of Scottish travellers and an esteemed doctor of anatomy at the University. Kilbride mentions that the tinkers have reason to believe that the noted surgeon, Dr George Fintry, may be behind the disappearance of a number of travellers and local vagrants. Lastly, Dr Kilbride explains the lamentable situation regarding the capture of Boldo Lovel and that clarity regarding Dr Fintry’s activities should result in the release of Lovel, or at least a shortening of his sentence.

When the investigators arrive in Aberdeen, they will be met by Kilbride and eventually taken outside the city limits to the travellers’ encampment. There they will hear the full story of the misadventure of their rebellious young men and the supposed actions of Dr Fintry that preceded and instigated it.

The investigators have the opportunity to do some research, talk to the tinkers and listen to their stories, talk to the police and coroner, and nose around the University of Aberdeen colleges for clues. If they are too overt in their investigations, they might attract the attentions of the paranoid Dr Fintry, who might in turn lash out if he feels threatened.

Fintry himself has several fresh bodies and captives at his disposal at the moment, and so has no need to go out and capture any more for the time being. There will be a period of calm, perhaps a week, before Fintry ventures out on the streets of Aberdeen again and someone else will go missing. This episode of calm might suggest that the tinkers’ stories are wildly overblown, but the investigators will find that the details they relate are fairly accurate.

Hints about what Dr Fintry might be up to and where some of his “unique” ideas and advances may have come from can be found in his background and his accomplishments. This sort of information can be uncovered in his office and from his records, and may set investigators on the right track, depending on their experience or understanding of the Cthulhu Mythos. Once Dr Fintry’s deeds are uncovered, the investigators should react as they see fit. Either they can deal with him themselves in a vigilante fashion, or they can turn him over to the authorities, who will lock him up, never to be seen again. Meanwhile his experiments, logs, and much of his equipment at the University will be mysteriously spirited away (see Dr Alasdair Jacobi below).



FINTRY AND THE MI-GO

From the age of 25 through to 45, Dr Fintry travelled all over the world with various adventurers and explorers, acting as their medical advisor and physician, helping climbers, trekkers, archaeologists, and other curious individuals with their injuries and doing his best to answer their medical and anthropological questions. On his travels he saw and collected many strange things, but none so strange or fascinating as the metallic tablets and alien artefacts belonging to the alien race of Yuggoth, the mi-go or fungi of the planet recognised as Pluto.

The information he deciphered from the tablets led him to a mi-go laboratory in the Scottish Highlands hidden near the summit of a mountain peak. In this laboratory, Fintry found not only more metallic records, but also the body of an injured mi-go suspended in a strange crystalline tank. It was Fintry's intention to remove the alien creature to his lab, but the crystalline structure broke en route and Fintry has done his best to preserve what could be salvaged of the impossible fungus.

One thing has become clear to Fintry in his study of these nefarious fungi from Yuggoth: these extra-terrestrial beings have an impossibly advanced understanding of surgery and, disturbingly, of human anatomy. Their knowledge and practices far surpass anything that humanity in its dull infancy has managed to learn. Decoding and comprehending even the barest bones of their superior, alien science has opened Fintry's eyes to the infernal chaos at the centre of the universe and driven the doctor mad in the process. Fintry now accepts their truth as his own: he approaches life from a purely mechanical and chemical point of view, rejecting the idea of a soul, the value of emotions or moral imperatives, or the significance of any human agenda or activity.

The doctor's mental processes are still human, albeit stripped of emotion, morality, and any social mores, but his world view has been completely shattered. His perception is bifurcated between a fearful contempt for human insignificance and a

horrified dread of mi-go supremacy. All his effort now goes into trying to bridge the gap between the two. Fintry is convinced that humanity must become more like the fungi of Yuggoth. To do anything else would be to submit to madness and see the human race left powerless against the terrible might of the dark cosmic powers that now watch from afar. To Fintry's mind, understanding the mi-go and their technology is the only way to protect mankind from the sanity-blasting horrors at its doorstep. His mission is a desperate one and, because of this, he has become incredibly paranoid.

Dr Fintry believes that he alone can delve into the darkness and penetrate the truth of the fungi from Yuggoth. He has set about protecting his discoveries—and himself—from snoopers and interlopers, and will go to any length to ensure that he and his discoveries are safe. He is now utterly obsessed with making as much progress as possible in his studies, no matter the cost or how dark the deeds necessary to his remaining purpose. Simply put, he must learn the mi-go secrets: they are, to him, the key to the future of humanity.

In need of specimens for his experiments, he has devoted himself—and some of his disturbing creations in the form of the noddies—to capturing test subjects from among the local vagrants and travellers, people who, he believes, will not be missed and who will not go to the authorities for help. These sacrifices are necessary to ensure the safety of mankind. The good doctor knows he has no other choice.

What Dr Fintry does not realize is that his activities have attracted the attention of the mi-go themselves and that he is under the watch of an agent much closer than he could possibly imagine. Dr Alasdair Jacobi, a fellow anatomist and something of a recluse, is in fact one of the fungi of Yuggoth, a mi-go scientist who has insinuated himself within the University of Aberdeen's anatomy department. Jacobi watches from a distance and does not interact with Fintry on any level. Should Fintry be killed or taken away, Jacobi has orders to infiltrate the human's laboratory and remove or destroy all evidence of a mi-go presence.



Persons of Interest

Doctor George Fintry

Age 51, Addled Genius

STR 11 **DEX** 14 **INT** 18 **CON** 09
SIZ 13 **APP** 11 **POW** 13 **EDU** 21
SAN 0 **Hit Points:** 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Anthropology 51%, Archaeology 21%, Astronomy 21%, Bargain 25%, Biology 91%, Chemistry 41%, Climb 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Drive Horses 50%, Electrical Repair 30%, Fast Talk 25%, First Aid 60%, History 30%, Jump 35%, Library Use 55%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Medicine 95%, Natural History 30%, Occult 15%, Persuade 25%, Pharmacy 31%, Photography 20%, Physics 31%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db
 Grapple 35%, roll STR vs. STR on Resistance Table or be immobilised

Armour: Fintry has access to a set of mi-go biomechanical armour that would provide him with 8-point armour against blunt attacks, flame, electricity, etc., although it is vulnerable to piercing attacks; however, his inexperience with the suit reduces its effectiveness to 4-point armour

Spells: Body Warping of Gorgoroth, Compel Flesh, Consume Likeness, Contact Mi-Go, Control Skin, Create Noddy, Create Zombie, Enchant Flesh, Enchant Knife, Flesh Ward, Graft Flesh, Heal, Healing, Nutrient Fluid, Resurrection, Transfer Organ

Appearance: Dr George Fintry is a formidable man in his early fifties with a light Scots accent and a deep, authoritative voice. His hair is greying and receding at the temples, and he maintains a short, greying beard. His eyes are hollow and deeply shadowed with fatigue, as he has been keeping himself awake with ephedrine to aid his concentration and further his work. Fintry believes in his work and nothing else: all other concerns are subordinate. He will argue adamantly that his work is for the betterment of mankind and the advancement of the human species, but on a personal side, the pursuit of this alien knowledge is all he has left. The doctor is extremely paranoid and protective of his work. If he is ever cornered or found out, he will attempt to defend himself by rationalizing his actions, trying to convince himself as much as anyone.

New Spells: Create Noddy & Nutrient Fluid

New Spell: Create Noddy

Casting this spell first requires the casting of the Resurrection spell in order to produce the vital ash (composed of essential salts and compounds). The resulting blue-grey ash is then mixed with the caster's blood to create a sticky, dark paste. Enough paste is created for two noddies. At dawn, the Create Noddy spell is cast with the caster facing east and intoning the name of Shub-Niggurath. This paste must then be fed to a living victim within one hour. The victim will grow quiescent and become the willing slave of the caster for 1D4 days, whereupon the caster must refresh the spell for further effect. The created noddy will not do anything that will obviously endanger its own life. Casting the spell costs 3 magic points and the loss of 1D3 Sanity (in addition to the magic points and Sanity expended in casting Resurrection).

New Spell: Nutrient Fluid

Creating Nutrient Fluid first requires the casting of the Resurrection spell in order to reduce a mi-go, or mi-go body parts, to a foul-smelling, luminescent pink slurry. This vaguely organic, watery mixture can be used to maintain or revivify mi-go biomechanical armour or other Yuggothian technology. Casting the spell requires that the caster apply the recombinant mixture to the biomechanical construct while sacrificing a varying number of magic points. Casting the spell costs 1 point of Sanity. The applied slurry maintains a single piece of mi-go equipment for one month per magic point expended. Seeing the pink slurry come alive and bond to the biomechanical equipment costs a further 0 / 1 Sanity point.

The Noddies

The noddies are zombie-like slaves created by Dr Fintry using a stolen mi-go technique. They are people of flesh and blood, reduced to unthinking biological automatons. For his first noddies, Fintry used his graduate students, but found that most of them were too weak for his purposes. He has since taken to using kidnapped labourers or sailors for his sleepwalking henchmen.

Noddies are rendered mute and highly suggestible; however, they respond only to the person whose blood was used in

their creation. They function in an amnesiac state, having no recollection of their previous lives and unable to remember one thing from one moment to the next. They are exceptionally good at performing simple—and simple-minded—tasks. For more complex tasks, the noddies must function by doing each part or process step by step.

The noddies are bound to Dr Fintry, being both mindlessly obedient and completely loyal to the doctor. The doctor's current complement of noddies resides in a special house rented by Fintry. When they are not employed, the noddies will always be at home, sitting silently and staring blankly into space. Fintry must make sure to provide the noddies with food daily, but other biological processes are carried out autonomously. If killed, noddies do not regain their memories or awareness: they die as empty husks robbed of feeling or purpose.

Noddy

Age varies, Biological Automaton

STR 11* **DEX** 11* **INT** – **CON** 11*
SIZ 11* **APP** 11* **POW** – **EDU** –
SAN – **Hit Points:** 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: None

Weapons: Fist / Punch 40%, damage 1D3+db
 Grapple 25%, roll STR vs. STR on Resistance Table or be immobilised

Sanity: Comprehending fully what the noddies are costs 0 / 1 Sanity point

Appearance: Noddies vary in appearance as any normal humans do. What they share amongst them are their extraordinary blank stares and their uncommunicative natures. When not working, the noddies are exceptionally still, showing no emotion and expressing no body language whatsoever.

* These are average statistics and Keepers should feel free to alter them as they see fit.

The Travellers

The band of Scottish travellers or tinkers who have set up camp just outside Aberdeen are similar in most respects to other travellers, gypsies and continental Romani peoples.

The travellers now have men on watch every night. For the time being, they are trying to avoid going into the city, but need money and business from the city folk to scrape a living. Normally a quiet community, the travellers have grown restless in response to a number of sudden and unexplained disappearances from their group.

As time passes they have become increasingly agitated and have grown ever more defensive, feeling themselves to be singled out and persecuted for their chosen way of life. They are now reeling from the recent attempt by Boldo Lovel and other young men in their community to take matters into their own hands. Things now look worse than ever before and the travellers are growing desperate. People talk of leaving, but they cannot and will not leave Boldo behind.

Normally the travellers' trust must be gained before they would even consider talking to outsiders, but in the investigators' case, they will make an exception and give them all the help they can.

Boldo Lovel

Boldo Lovel is a young son of the traveller camp and the unluckiest member of the group of young tinker men who ill-advisedly broke into the University of Aberdeen to "sort things out". Boldo's friends escaped unharmed and returned to the camp from their night-time foray into Marischal College, but Boldo ran right into four university guards and ended up in the hands of the Aberdeen police. The police are holding him for mischief and pending any further complaints from the University. They are unwilling to let him go until sentencing and consider him a very real flight risk as he is a traveller.

However, if the investigators can provide bail and take responsibility for his whereabouts, the police will have little choice but to release him for the time being. Achieving his release is the surest means of securing the help and assistance of the travellers, not to mention Boldo's undying gratitude.

Whether he is released or not, Boldo will tell any visiting investigators about his group's failure to access Dr Fintry's lab and about the strange, silent companions that the young men saw leaving the lab with the doctor. As a parting thought, he will mention that through the door of the laboratory, he could glimpse strange metallic machines unlike anything he has ever seen before.



Boldo Lovel

Age 22, Young Tinker

STR 14 **DEX** 11 **INT** 12 **CON** 16
SIZ 15 **APP** 08 **POW** 07 **EDU** 06
SAN 31 **Hit Points:** 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Bargain 25%, Climb 50%, Conceal 25%, Craft (Horn) 45%, Dodge 24%, Drive Horses 40%, Fast Talk 15%, First Aid 40%, Hide 20%, Jump 35%, Ride 35%, Shotgun 40%, Sneak 20%, Throw 35%, Track 20%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 70%, damage 1D3+db
 Grapple 45%, roll STR vs. STR on Resistance Table or be immobilised

Appearance: Boldo Lovel is a tall, thin man of 22 years. He has wavy auburn hair and deep blue eyes. His overly large ears and angular jaw sit uncomfortably with his high cheekbones and Roman nose. He is a robust character in the prime of his life and more than a little eager to see the world. He rails against the limitations placed against him and his friends in the traveller camp, but he also acknowledges that without them, he would be lost.

Doctor Andrew Kilbride

Dr Andrew Kilbride is friendly with the travellers, far more than most city persons care to be, and helps take care of them and particularly their children when they are ill. He is one of the few people in Aberdeen that the tinkers feel that they can go to for help, and the one person who they believe might be able to find investigators who could offer the right kind of assistance. Dr Kilbride knows of Dr Fintry, but only really by reputation as an explorer, a man of adventure, and more recently as a dark figure in the travellers' stories. Prior to the arrival of the investigators, Kilbride tried to learn more about Fintry, but was stymied at all turns: the University anatomist seems little more than a distant and obsessive researcher now. Dr Kilbride will help patch up any injured investigators, no questions asked, should the need arise, but he desperately wants the situation to have a positive and harm-free conclusion.

Doctor Alasdair Jacobi

Although not a major figure in this story, the mysterious Dr Jacobi hangs in the background like a dark shadow ready to sweep in and clear up much of the mystery behind Dr Fintry's activities. As the nearest mi-go agent to Dr Fintry—indeed

just down the hall—Jacobi has been told to watch Fintry. And watch he does, using biomechanical recorders to monitor Dr Fintry's progress and to mark his failures. Little does Fintry realize that he has become the subject of some research back on Yuggoth. Fintry's ability to learn, use, and adapt mi-go technology is being subtly observed and documented.

Jacobi is also a fail-safe against other humans—the investigators included—finding out about Dr Fintry's discoveries and the Yuggothian technology. Should it be required, Jacobi will take every action to retrieve or utterly annihilate any information, research, or physical evidence of the fungi of Yuggoth's activity on this planet. For further information on Dr Jacobi and his own dark strain of research, Keepers can find discussion of Jacobi's efforts in the 'Cities in Detail: Aberdeen' section of *Cthulhu Britannica: Shadows over Scotland* published by Cubicle 7.

Places of Interest

Marischal College Aberdeen

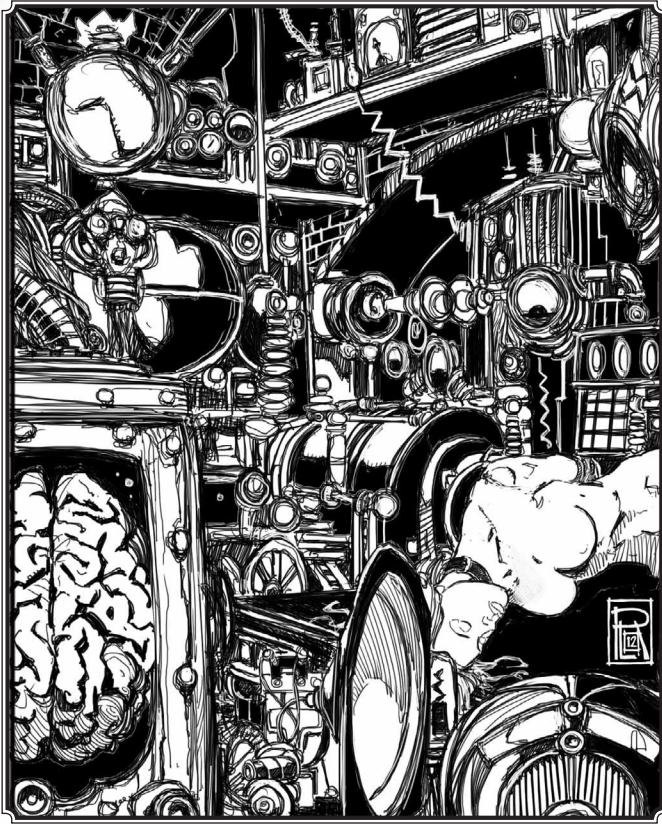
Marischal College is a significant Gothic building with high, pointed towers, reminiscent of the Tower of Westminster. Its halls and rooms are important seats of learning, particularly in the life sciences and medicine. Its interior can be somewhat labyrinthine, and its students and faculty are as set apart from the life of the city as the travellers are—just in a different direction.

Dr Fintry's Laboratory

Dr Fintry maintains an electrically lit laboratory in the basement behind an impressive, armoured door with a unique electrical lock, inspired by his knowledge of mi-go technology. Attempts to open it require a successful critical or impale Locksmith roll or, alternatively, a halved success on Electrical Repair in combination with a normal success on a Mechanical Repair roll. The door is otherwise impossible to move or budge without a welding torch and several hours or several sticks of dynamite—both of which would draw considerable attention.

The laboratory itself contains welded cages in which live subjects are kept drugged and chained, as well as a refrigerator in which body parts are kept on ice. Blue-grey Resurrection dust is stored in a cabinet beside a collection of otherworldly, strange devices and an array of surgical tools. More medical paraphernalia litter the small tables and floor of the laboratory, but there are no notes, as Fintry retains all his knowledge in his head, or hidden well away from prying academic eyes. Any investigator who discerns that much of the equipment in the lab is of alien design and origin will suffer the loss of 1 / 1D4 points of Sanity.





Hidden in the lab is a large mi-go brain cylinder containing the fungoid head of the mi-go that Fintry unsuccessfully transported back to the lab from the Yuggothian laboratory in the Scottish Highlands. The doctor has managed to reanimate the mi-go brain, and has successfully interrogated it to learn more of medical secrets of the fungi from Yuggoth. If the investigators find the brain cylinder and activate it (0 / 1D3 SAN loss), the imprisoned mi-go pretends to be a human victim of the doctor, and asks them to stop the madman by recovering the metal tablets and destroying them along with everything in the lab—including itself—to end the doctor's diabolical plans.

Unaware of Dr Jacobi's observations and the directive from Yuggoth, the entrapped mi-go brain is trying to ensure that all knowledge of it and the Yuggothian technology is destroyed. It will continue to attempt to manipulate the characters towards this course of action, even if denied and removed from the laboratory. The mi-go knows that Fintry's mindless servants carry the tablets with them off campus, but it does not know where.

The Noddy House

The Noddy House is a rented tenement flat on Berry Street not far from Marischal College. The curtains are always drawn and there is never any light from within. The noddies stay inside,

sitting in silence when they are not taking care of their (very basic) physical needs. They only become animated when Dr Fintry comes to take them away to do something. The only thing of real interest in the dirty and smelly house is a chest hidden away in the tiny cellar. The noddies present will do what they can to protect the mi-go tablets contained in the chest, but not to the point of losing their own lives.

The Cool Room

Marischal College has a cool room for anatomical samples and the preservation of other items. Dr Fintry retains a locker here in which he keeps jars containing the dissected remains of the mi-go retrieved from the Highlands. There are not many items or samples left, however, as much of it has either dissolved away or been rendered down to nutrient fluid by Dr Fintry. Discovering these alien fungoid remains and understanding their significance costs 0 / 1D4 Sanity points. Other samples in the doctor's locker are mostly from human sources, though some are unusual: fused limbs, adult-sized body parts with infantile characteristics, completely new skin, flexible bone, and so on. These are the results of the doctor's experiments with mi-go medical techniques.

King's College Aberdeen

King's College is an ancient building, older than Marischal College, and this is reflected in its relative lack of ornamentation. It is a much more squat, solid-looking structure, the location of the main function rooms of the university as well as many of the offices of both the administration and the faculty. Outsiders are easily spotted; people who should not be there are frequently and easily challenged by people who should. Dr Fintry's study lies on the second floor of the college.

Doctor Fintry's Study

Dr Fintry retains a study / office in King's College, but it is readily apparent on first entering the room that he has not used it in some time. It is covered in a thin layer of dust, and most of his reference books and materials are missing. There is evidence of his explorations in the form of photographs and trophies from around the world, showing him in Antarctica, the Himalayas, and South America with his various friends. A bundle of unopened correspondence stands on the table outside the office. There is nothing else of interest here.

The Records Office

Entries and information in the Records Office show that Dr Fintry has a locker in the cool room and an office in King's College, and rents lodgings on Berry Street north of Marischal College. It also shows that much of his current work is being self-funded, although he does receive regular funding and assistance from the University, as does every active researcher.



An Accounting skill roll reveals that Fintry has no listed home address and that all correspondence is currently being taken to his office. Another successful Accounting roll reveals the precise address of the Berry Street tenement flat (see the Noddy House above).

The Mi-Go Tablets

The mi-go tablets found in the chest in the cellar of the Noddy House are made of a strange, dense, and surprisingly heavy metal with an oil-like sheen. When tilted, the sigils—raised lumps on the surface, designed to be felt—flicker through a kaleidoscope of different colours, some seemingly impossible, as the light hits them. In this manner they contain a huge amount of information, in a form usually readable only by the mi-go. Dr Fintry's extraordinary genius has allowed him to decode and understand the text in a rudimentary fashion.

While granting him knowledge of numerous medical advances never before imagined, his reading of the tablets has also corrupted his worldview and utterly eroded his sanity over time. Reading the tablets requires a Cthulhu Mythos roll, and success gives an experience check to both the Medicine and Biology skills, as well as the opportunity to learn one of the surgical techniques that Dr Fintry has already learned, at the Keeper's discretion. Any investigator successfully reading the tablets suffers the loss of 1 / 1D4 points of SAN, increases their Cthulhu Mythos score by 1 point, and can, should they wish it, learn the spell Contact Mi-Go. A description of the spell and its costs to the caster can be found in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook.

Revelation

A successful conclusion to this story sees Boldo Lovel return to his traveller camp and Dr Fintry in the hands of the authorities or dead. The travellers will not be truly satisfied with anything but blood for blood and they do not trust the justice of the city folk (with good reason). If turned over to the authorities, the travellers might yet try to pass their own judgment on Dr Fintry, but they will not succeed as the mi-go—who will consider the Fintry experiment ended and need to ensure that the doctor's knowledge goes no further—will execute him within hours of capture. Back at the University of Aberdeen, Dr Jacobi will spirit away what he can of Fintry's mi-go discoveries and destroy the human's laboratory. Should any of the investigators have taken a Yugothian souvenir, they might well find Jacobi darkening their door.

Meanwhile less successful or unsuccessful conclusions would allow Dr Fintry to continue his experiments on human subjects and / or see Boldo Lovel incarcerated. If Dr Fintry is allowed to continue his work, the investigators should lose 1D4 Sanity knowing that the doctor's murderous endeavours will continue unabated. However, if the investigators are successful in stopping Fintry and exposing his deadly activities, they should be rewarded with 1D6 points of Sanity. Keepers may wish to assign further rewards or penalties depending on how they deal with the mi-go tablets or whether they encounter Dr Jacobi.

- Wedded to the Deep - Intrigue

For thousands of years the deep ones have interbred with groups of Fenlanders inhabiting isolated villages in the naturally marshy east of England. Only with the draining of the Fens and their transformation into rich farmland did this established tradition dwindle, becoming less common overall and, in many areas, dying out completely. Stories of water spirits, changelings, and shape-shifters intermingled with other folklore in these parts and soon the tales of bogeymen from the seas who would kidnap Fenlanders and steal them away to the fairylands were relegated to the nursery as children's bedtime stories. The horrible truth behind such folktales has largely been forgotten.

Deep one blood, however, runs strongly all throughout the east of England and Scotland. This dark heritage is especially prevalent along the eastern coastline ports, villages, and towns of Britain, from Wick in the north to Margate in the south, and in many of the island communities from Orkney and the Shetlands to the Scilly Islands. Every so often, the combination of bloodlines and the chance genetics of a particular child throws up a viable hybrid, whose deep one taint comes alive, brings about the grotesque mutation into one of the batrachian creatures, and ultimately draws them back to the sea.

Such hybrids and the circumstances of their mysterious disappearances are oft remembered in folklore as changelings returning home, men and women kidnapped by jealous spirits, or people drawn to their deaths by jack-o'-lanterns, fox fires, or will-o'-the-wisps—all underlying the truth of deep ones travelling into the fens to procure sacrifices to Dagon, Hydra, or Cthulhu, and / or to steal away children, men, or women for other depraved and abominable purposes. In the 1920s,



such strange circumstances still occur with men, women, and children vanishing from beaches and, less occasionally, village or town streets.

Take for example the case of a beautiful young bride being left at the altar of her local church in the small Lincolnshire town of Alford. The groom, Martin Tunstall of the nearby village of Sloothby, never turned up for his wedding, leaving his fiancée, Emma Sheldon, and his in-laws-to-be distraught. The missed wedding is all the more perplexing as Martin and Emma were so clearly in love and had been promised to one another for some time. Both had received the blessings of their families and it seemed a match made in heaven.

Now Martin appears to have simply vanished, raising the concerns of both Emma's and his own family, and genuinely shocking most of the people of his village. Sloothby, home to the Tunstall family for generations, is a small, close-knit farming community that retains many of the old Fenlander folk traditions and stories. Tunstall's fiancée, Emma, is from further afield, though not too far: she and her extended family live in the town of Alford, which is currently expanding and has a considerably more modern outlook than the insular, outlying villages. The Sheldons are relatively new to the Alford community, having only lived there for two generations.

Given the reports of jack-o'-lanterns and will-o'-the-wisps the night before and other reports of odd strangers in Sloothby the day that Tunstall went missing, two distinct suspicions have taken root. Mostly dismissing the relevance of the strange lights seen the night before, the Alford townsfolk are of the opinion that the groom must have fallen foul of kidnappers, although why they should want to steal away poor Martin Tunstall is a mystery. Meanwhile, the generally more superstitious villagers of Sloothby believe that something decidedly supernatural is behind the groom's disappearance.

Over the ensuing hours and days, the Sheldons and the Tunstalls have argued back and forth, but to no useful conclusion. In the end, Emma's father, Michael Sheldon, has decided that this case requires dedicated private investigators as the police have been of no use whatsoever. He has sent word to his solicitors to contract the services of a group of investigators who might solve this mystery sooner rather than later. Emma is distraught and the longer this drags out the less likely it is that a satisfactory conclusion will result. If some foul play is involved, then something needs to be done to secure Martin's safety. Meanwhile in Sloothby, the Tunstall family and the villagers remain convinced that something uncanny is afoot, harking back to the old ways, but have no idea how to effect Martin's return.

Introduction

Either through word of mouth or through a request from the Sheldons' solicitors, the investigators will learn of the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Martin Tunstall. If the characters hear of the disappearance through the solicitors, they will receive little more information but will be reassured that they will be fully informed upon arrival and will be paid an appropriate sum for their assistance in finding and / or recovering the lost groom. If, on the other hand, the characters hear of Martin's vanishing through word of mouth or the local news, then they will learn of the conflicting suspicions of the Alford townspeople and Sloothby villages, likely with some disparaging commentary questioning the honour of the young man himself and remarking on the despicable act of leaving a bride at the altar.

The characters may begin their investigations in either Alford or Sloothby, and will receive differing information from each population. The folkloric elements will be particularly hard to miss in Sloothby, but will also be mentioned, if rather derisively, in Alford. The characters must choose whether to pursue the kidnapping theory or follow the supernatural path of investigation and the families involved will respond differently according to the investigators' choices.

Investigation

The investigators face some serious challenges in getting to the bottom of the case and discovering what has happened to Martin Tunstall. The Sheldons are a wealthy family, but they want a particular outcome from the investigation, and pay little heed to talk of the supernatural, not wishing the investigators to waste their time on wild goose chases. As far as they are concerned, the most likely explanation is that Martin got cold feet and ran away somewhere, although they are disturbed by the suggestion that the young man might have actually been kidnapped. They want the investigators to figure out where he has gone, to pursue him, and to bring him back—either to 'face the music' and honour his promise to their daughter or to secure him from his kidnappers and allow the wedding to proceed. They will offer plenty of aid and money to the investigators, as long as—at least on the face of it—the characters are pursuing normal and sane lines of inquiry.

The Tunstalls, on the other hand, will act cagey towards the investigators. They espouse a firm belief that something supernatural has taken place, but that everything will 'come



right' in the end. Although they will not actively dissuade the characters from their investigations, they do—somewhat surprisingly—not want the investigators to interfere overly much. They will fall back on traditional sayings such as “Nature takes care of itself” and “What is meant to be is meant to be”. Keepers will want to make sure initially that the characters don't perceive this as a lack of caring, but more as a way of coping with a difficult situation.

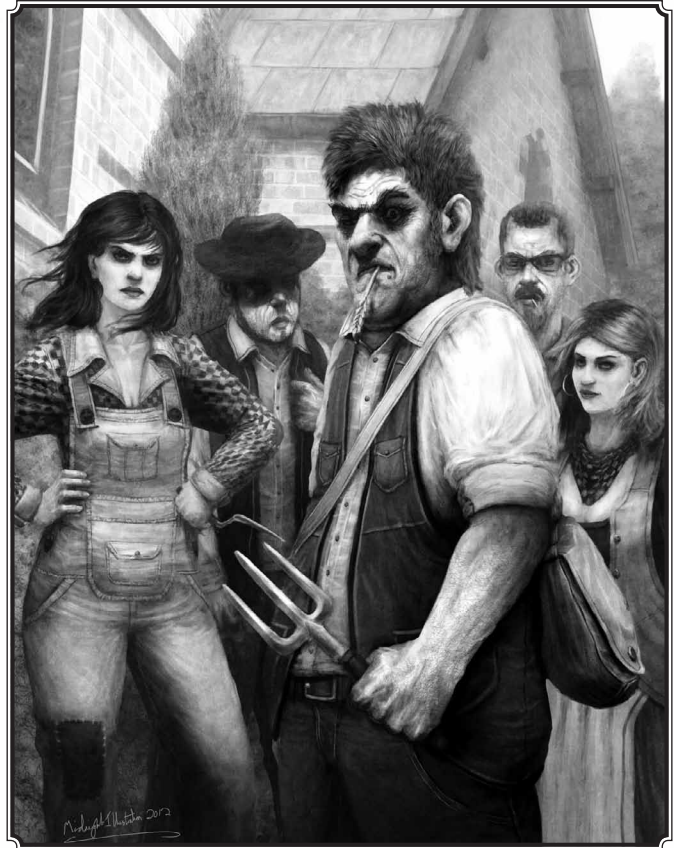
That said, the Sloothby villagers and the Tunstall family certainly do not trust outsiders. They also don't expect the investigators to either understand Fenlander traditions or respect their ways. As a result, they appear extremely recalcitrant and seem to want nothing to do with the investigation. This is, in fact, the truth of the matter as the overwhelming majority of the villagers just want the investigators to go and leave nature to its course. The Tunstalls will not willingly cooperate in any way with the investigation, even to the point of refusing to provide a photograph of their son to the investigators.

The village priest, Reverend Kelby Mervin, is the only exception to this prevailing attitude: he will be as helpful as he can be, offering every assistance in finding Martin. He is keen, even eager, to see him returned to the loving bosom of his family and fulfil his obligations to his fiancée, Emma. His motives appear to be genuine. He will even offer to find the investigators lodgings while they carry out their plans for finding Martin.

Over the next few days, the investigation should slowly reveal that Martin has not exactly been kidnapped, but rather that he is been shut away for his own good and the peace of mind of his family and the villagers of Sloothby. There are others looking for him—apart from the investigators—who mean to take him away to a particularly horrific fate, but one that might be unavoidable. In Alford, the Sheldons have no idea what is going on and have been deliberately kept in the dark by the Tunstalls and the Sloothby villagers. Not long before the wedding, the Tunstalls began to notice a change in Martin: he would stare out toward the sea in the east for hours at a time, his skin grew pale and clammy, he developed a thirst that could not be quenched, and he began to suffer from breathing problems.

Martin's family and the villagers knew these symptoms all too well from their own local folklore: Martin had been bewitched by the “water spirits” of old. Reading back into their earliest traditions, they discovered that Martin himself would likely mutate into something not entirely human, something truly terrible. To hide this horrid transformation while they search desperately for some kind of cure, the Tunstalls have locked

him away in a farm outbuilding with clothes, food, and water, and then spread the rumour that he had simply vanished. Over time, however, their searches have produced no information that might allow Martin to return to his normal, human form. Instead, they have had to watch as he has continued to change and grow more alien with each passing day. The few villagers who know the truth are growing spooked by this unnatural event, but his family can still see that the thing is Martin, no matter what he looks like.



More worryingly, Reverend Mervin, the village priest of Sloothby, is not what he seems: the Reverend is secretly part of a cult of Mother Hydra known as the Hafgufan (pronounced *haff-goo-fan*), which has a long tradition of manipulating bloodlines and driving transformations such as Martin's throughout the Fenlands. Becoming aware of the signs of change in Martin some time ago, Mervin contacted the elders of the Hafgufan cult and brought some of its members to the village to collect Martin and open his eyes to his glorious destiny. By the time they had arrived, however, it was already too late and Martin had disappeared. Currently the cultists remain in the village, staying with the priest, still hoping that they might retrieve Martin and spirit him away to the sea.

Should the investigators find Martin Tunstall's location, they will discover him suffering through a strange metamorphosis.



A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will determine that Martin is transforming into a deep one hybrid and that the transformation is well upon him. His blood possesses the deep one taint and he is now irrevocably on the path to becoming a hybrid. There is nothing the investigators or his family could possibly do to stop it. They might, however, save him from the dark plans of the Hafgufan who wish to imprison Martin, use him as breeding stock, and infect other young people with the deep one taint.

Martin himself is no longer fully human: he remembers Emma and his promise, but the draw of the sea is simply too powerful to fight and, having become a monster, he knows he is better off returning to the deep. If the investigators discover him, Martin will attempt to convince them to spirit him away to the coast where he can complete his transformation and join the deep ones, avoiding the perverse machinations of the Hafgufan cult. If they agree, he will also ask them to deliver a note to Emma detailing his undying love and his anguish with having to be eternally parted.

Persons of Interest

Martin Tunstall

At the centre of this tale, Martin Tunstall has been betrayed by his own nature. Until the change came upon him, he was a happy young man preparing for his wedding to Emma and a future full of possibility. Now wracked with pain, the human side of Martin is slowly losing out to the deep one taint within him. He thinks little of Emma, less of his family, and desires only to reach the sea.

Emma Sheldon

Emma Sheldon was to be Martin Tunstall's bride. Now all of that seems to have changed. Despite her suffering Emma does her best to be helpful and will talk at length with the investigators conveying whatever information they might find useful. While Martin is of farming stock, Emma is from a more privileged background, owing to the landowning heritage of her family. She is a slight and attractive woman with bright green eyes and cascading blonde hair. The loss of her fiancé has been a terrible strain and she has recently become paler and thinner than she ever was.

She is happy to talk about Martin, though she cannot do so without a few tears. She noticed that he had been acting strangely and had become wistful and distant as the wedding approached. She thought he might even be falling ill due to his pallor and cold sweats. She admits now that these physical signs might, in truth, have been evidence of his stress regarding his plans to abandon her. She has no idea why Martin would want to leave her. She might guess that another woman was behind it, but Martin's actions never suggested any such possibility. Despite his disappearance and being left at the altar, Emma still wants him back.

Reverend Kelby Mervin

Reverend Mervin is of old stock, but despite that—or perhaps because of it—he stands apart from the village and their traditions, keeping to his own and, for the sake of appearances, to those of the church. In reality he is an important member of the Hafgufan, a deep one cult devoted to Mother Hydra. The cult has existed in secret for the past century or so and

Martin Tunstall

Age 23, Deep One Hybrid

STR 17/20* **DEX** 11 **INT** 15 **CON** 16
SIZ 12/15* **APP** 13/00* **POW** 09 **EDU** 09
SAN 04/00* **Hit Points:** 13/14

Damage Bonus: +1D4 / +1D6*

Skills: Bargain 25%, Climb 60%, Craft (Animal Husbandry) 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Dodge 44%, Drive Horses 50%, Hide 30%, Jump 45%, Ride 25%, Shotgun 50%, Sneak 30%, Swim 45%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 45%, damage 1D3+db
 Claws 55%, damage 2D6 (after transformation)

Sanity Loss: 0 / 1D4 to see Martin in transition; 0 / 1D6 to see 'Martin' after his transformation

Appearance: Martin is the victim of his own bloodline, betrayed by his own genes. Once a fairly handsome man, he is now fully in the grip of transformation, writhing in pain as his body changes, his face elongating, his eyes darkening and becoming expressionless, flaps of flesh flickering at his neck, hands hooking into claws and growing webs between their fingers. At the same time as his body changes, strange new instincts are coming to the fore, strange new knowledge flooding his mind, driving his human side irrevocably insane, eroding it like the ebb and flow of the tide against the shore. The two halves of his nature are in conflict, and the sea is winning...

(* Statistics given before the slash are for his "half-changed" form; once he has fully transformed, the latter statistics apply)



was populous when he joined 30 years ago, but more recently its membership has been on the wane. Mervin is keen to find Martin and secure him away from his family and the village. The Hafgufan cult has great plans for the deep one taint in his blood and his potential as a breeding partner. They intend to keep him imprisoned until their number of viable hybrids increases. Once he has served the cult for many years they will return him to the coast and offer him up to the deep ones themselves.

Reverend Mervin

Age 51, Village Priest

STR 12 **DEX** 12 **INT** 15 **CON** 08
SIZ 15 **APP** 05 **POW** 15 **EDU** 12
SAN 06 **Hit Points:** 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Anthropology 11%, Archaeology 21%, Astronomy 21%, Conceal 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Drive Automobile 40%, Fast Talk 55%, Hide 20%, History 40%, Library Use 45%, Occult 35%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 35%, Sneak 30%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 50%, damage 1D3+db
 Bone Blade 45%, damage 1D6+db

Spells: Alter Weather, Contact Deep One, and Lure of the Deep

Appearance: Mervin is a disarming figure, roly-poly, red-faced and sweating, with a cheery personality that can light up a room, though he can be a little manic. He possesses a deep one relic by virtue of his double life as a cultist leader, a blade of bone with a coral hilt once gifted to his cultist predecessors by the deep ones.

The Tunstall Family

The Tunstall family consists of grandfather Joseph, mother Ellen, father Eli, daughter Jennifer, and three sons David, Craig, and Martin. The Tunstalls live in an old farmhouse and still work the land, although these days they take more of a supervisory role over their numerous employees rather than getting their hands dirty. Stoic and quite honourable, the family members prefer to say nothing rather than lie, and will do all they can to shut out and dissuade the investigators. They have entrusted Martin to the care of a close neighbour, John Kelly, who holds the troubled youth secured in one of his farm outbuildings. Ellen and Jennifer sneak off nightly to take Martin food, drink, and a few provisions, although he is increasingly less interested in eating human food and taking care of hygiene. It breaks both mother's and daughter's heart

to see him as he is now, not to mention costing them some Sanity points as well.

New Spell: Lure of the Deep

The spell Lure of the Deep conjures forth a series of dancing, phosphorescent orbs, like those found glowing on the bodies of deep water fish. One orb is created for every 2 magic points spent and each orb can keep one target hypnotized and subject to suggestions. Casting the spell costs a single Sanity point and causes those who perceive the glowing orbs to make a POW vs. POW roll on the Resistance Table or become transfixed and susceptible to simple suggestions from the caster, such as "follow me." Any more complex or dangerous commands allow the target another Resistance roll. The orbs can be created only at night and last only as long as they are kept out of the light. Any light source stronger than a candle immediately disrupts and destroys the orbs. A person hypnotized by means of the orbs must maintain constant line of sight with the orbs or the trance will be instantly broken.

The Sheldon Family

Emma Sheldon is an only child, and the Sheldons are extremely protective of her and extremely mindful of their social position. Unlike the Tunstalls, they do not work the land, instead making their money from the loan or sale of land to farmers and the rental of houses, as well as some business dabblings. While they want the investigators to succeed, they do not want to be associated openly with them, preferring to act through their solicitors. The Sheldons expect the investigation to proceed along mundane, conventional lines without any of this "supernatural" nonsense. Other than that, they will be extremely helpful, and happy to bankroll the investigation and any sensible expenditures.

The Hafgufan

The Hafgufan are the remnants of an ancient cult devoted to the deep ones and Mother Hydra, made up principally of those in whom the deep one blood flows most strongly. Although in decline, the Hafgufan can nonetheless still muster a handful or two of cultists to try and help those on whom the bloodline has begun to work its transformation, helping them to the sea to fulfil their destiny and serve their masters. Their priesthood retains some magical lore, but otherwise the cult acts more like a small-scale masonic lodge among the farmers and fishermen along the coast and in the Fens. Many members also seek positions in local politics or the church. The four cultist brutes who have come to help Reverend Mervin are currently sleeping in his attic and spare room, all having arrived by motor car, of



which there are two parked outside the rectory. They have no special magical knowledge or gear.

Hafgufan Cultists

Servitor Brutes

Char.	1	2	3
STR	15	14	17
CON	10	11	14
SIZ	10	13	10
INT	07	13	10
POW	12	10	08
DEX	11	08	07
HP	10	12	12

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 immobilised

Appearance: The Hafgufan cultists look no different from most people in the area, despite each having something of the deep one taint in their blood. They are indistinguishable from most people on Sloothby's streets. They are, however, extremely devoted to the Hafgufan cult and the plan to acquire Martin Tunstall. As a result, they will do everything in their power, short of endangering their lives, to secure the deep one hybrid.

Places of Interest

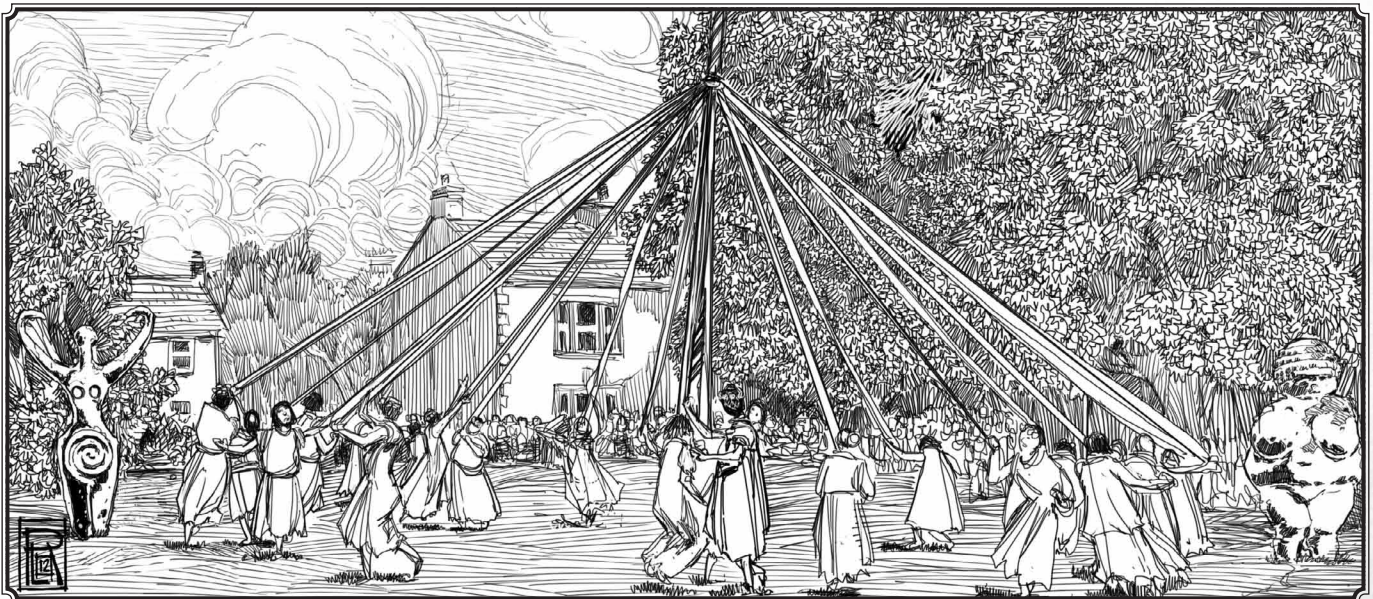
The Village Fête

It was to have been a summer wedding before everything went wrong, and the village will still hold its annual fête during the time the investigators are there, kidnapping or not. The Sloothby fête is a small affair and, despite it being summertime rather than spring, they have maypole dancing with garlanded girls clutching strands of blue, white, and green cloth circling the pole. Other fête traditions include the ceremonial casting of a gold or silver coin into a well to grant luck and clean water for the year to come. Finally, the priest walks the bounds of the village, bestowing a blessing for much the same purpose, giving the local superstitions a Christian, churchy veneer.

The fête is a good opportunity for the investigators to gather information from beer-loosened tongues and to observe the strangely maritime rituals, tales, and songs of the village, more suited to the salty bogs of old or the seaside than to a simple farming community. Everything winds down towards sunset when people retire to their homes. The last remaining revellers will either go to a party held in one of their homes or to the local pub.

Martin Tunstall's Hideaway

Martin is hidden away in a brick outbuilding on the fields belonging to John Kelly, one of the Tunstall family's most trusted friends. The building is boarded up and rickety-looking, with a partially caved-in roof, but is otherwise quite stable. Inside, Martin is chained to several deeply-buried metal stakes. His clothes and personal items, brought from the house, are arrayed around him on the dusty floor, although he





can no longer fit into them. A nearby trough of water lets him wet himself down and drink his fill as he is very thirsty. His mother and sister bring him food each night, but of late he has not eaten it as he is losing his appetite for human food. The building is well out of earshot, but given the flatness of the surrounding land, anyone approaching with a lantern and torch-light by night could be observed from any of the neighbouring farms.

Revelation

Martin Tunstall's imprisonment has done nothing whatsoever to slow his transformation into a deep one hybrid, and he is now too far gone for any hope of recovery. His humanity is slipping away piece by piece, and within days there will be nothing but a deep one left in his place. His love for his fiancée will be one of the last things to fade, but everyone and everything else is lost to him. When his transformation is complete, Martin will be a danger to anyone around him and will fight to break his bonds and run overland for the nearby sea. The Hafgufan, however, want to turn one imprisonment into another and don't mind who gets hurt in the process.

Although it will break Emma's heart, the most satisfactory solution comes from the investigators helping her unfortunate fiancé to flee to the water's edge and to sink below the waves to complete his transformation into a deep one. If the investigators successfully avoid the Hafgufan cult and free Martin, they should be rewarded with 1D8 SAN. If they free Martin but are blissfully unaware of the cult's plans for him, they should be rewarded 1D6 points of Sanity. The investigators may go on from here to expose the dangerous cult and Keepers might wish to develop scenarios that will allow them to engage with the cult and perhaps their deep one masters.

The loss of Martin may be mitigated if the investigators are able to deliver a note from Martin to Emma or if they are able to concoct a story that maintains the honour of both parties and allows Emma to move on. For successfully achieving this, Keepers may wish to reward the characters with an additional point of Sanity. The Sheldon family will, good to their word, reward the investigators financially for bringing the matter to a close, even if their worst fears are realized. The Tunstall family will be grateful for any help that the investigators bring in dealing with their son's troubles.

If, however, the investigators do not succeed in freeing Martin Tunstall and he is acquired by the Hafgufan cult, they should lose 1D6 points of Sanity and will have to live with the knowledge that the diabolical cult intends to use him and his tainted blood

to expand their numbers and the worship of the blasphemous Mother Hydra. This penalty may be raised to 1D8 points of SAN if the investigators—unwittingly or otherwise—hand Martin over to the Hafgufan cult. Lastly, if the characters learn the true prevalence of the deep one taint historically throughout this area of England and understand what that means in terms of leading to further hybrid problems, Keepers might choose to have the investigators lose an additional point of Sanity.

- The Company of Wolves - Intrigue

From 1904 to 1905 rumours and folk tales of the "Allendale Wolf" were rife in the north of England. The massive wolf, larger than any canine beast, was said to be killing livestock and frightening local people. Some compared its appearance to that of the black dogs of folklore while others claimed the beast was more like a werewolf. It was witnessed by a large number of people, but was never caught. Traditional hunting techniques as well as the most modern, scientific tracking methods of the day were used, but neither method produced any evidence of the Allendale Wolf. Eventually the number of sightings dropped away, and with it people's concern and apprehension regarding the mysterious beast.

In the end, the wolf of Allendale became one more folktale to join a long list of myths and legends about mysterious dogs, large cats, and other strange animals said to roam the British countryside. Over the next decade and more, the tale and the wolf were largely forgotten. Forgotten or not, however, two "wolves" do in fact roam the farmlands around Hexham, but not true wolves as people imagine. They are in truth two ancient and powerful spirit guardians, created millennia ago in a terrifying Celtic ritual. Throughout history, these spirit guardians have been kept in check, controlled—to a large extent—by whoever possesses the strange pair of stone-carved heads that hold their essence.

Each of these carved stone heads presents a vague likeness of the original man who gave up his life and bound his spirit eternally to the carving so as to create one of the guardians. Also bound to the carved heads are the souls of wolves trapped and sacrificed centuries ago. Not werewolves in the conventionally understood sense, the spirits of men and wolves are intertwined within the spirit guardians. The wolves' force of will and hunting prowess are tempered by the men's loyalty, purpose, and essential humanity. Together, the spirit guardians protected the Celtic tribe of the region against the



dark and unnatural forces that once preyed upon man with impunity. The combined wolf-man spirits were able to attack foes that were immune to flint, bronze, iron, or fire, and could pursue enemies even into the spirit world and other perilous dimensions. As such, they offered some protection against the Mythos creatures inhabiting Britain in that age.

The original Celtic tribe that created the wolf spirits have long since disappeared. As their civilization waned, the Celts were driven out by invaders. The sacred carved heads were buried with one of the Celtic chieftains in a burial mound. There the spirit guardians slumbered for uncounted years, until they were awoken again when the carved heads were accidentally uncovered in 1904 by a local farmer, who had unwittingly unearthed the edge of an ancient barrow while ploughing close to a woodland on the edge of his fields.

The fist-sized stone carvings lay on the surface, unnoticed by the farmer, mixed in with the ploughed earth. Unforeseen by the Celtic druids and shamans, the centuries alone with only the company of wolves had driven the human spirits mad and resulted in them resurfacing as raving, predatory creatures. The guardian spirits were guardians no more and the unchecked aggression of the wolves raged out against the world around them. They attacked and killed livestock and pets, and harassed and terrorized humans throughout the area.

The frightened and perplexed people of Hexham formed a committee to investigate and deal with the threat. That committee hired William Briddick, an experienced hunter who promised to hunt down the wolves "on scientific lines". His methods initially proved totally ineffective against the supernatural creatures, but one moonless night he stumbled by accident across the trail of one of the wolves. He followed it through the woods, but over the course of the night, the hunter became the hunted. The ghostly wolves stalked Briddick, toying with him, until by chance he found the lonely barrow on the edge of the woods where the carved heads lay exposed.

He found that the wolves would not attack as he lay panting on the edge of the barrow. They would not advance and they did not threaten him as they had done. When his hand hit one of the carved heads, the corresponding ghost wolf howled. As he found the second head, again the corresponding wolf spirit howled. He thought to throw them, but instead buried the stone heads in the tilled earth and to his relief the ghostly wolves vanished completely. Briddick staggered out of the woods that morning exhausted and half-mad. He never spoke of the heads, or his misadventure, to anyone. He quit his contract with the Hexham committee and did his best to suppress his own memories of the wolves.

Nearly twenty years passed quietly with no further mention of the strange Allendale wolf, of black dogs, or of other strange beasts prowling near Hexham. Then suddenly in the 1920s, the attacks began again. A person or persons unknown have dug up the stone heads and the guardian spirits are being used for some decidedly unsavoury purpose by whoever has gained control of them. Fearful of another public panic, the authorities are trying to keep the recent murder and the possible return of the wolves a secret.

William McBride, a local historian and amateur archaeologist, knows well the story of the Allendale Wolf. He was a boy at the time of the original attacks and has long been studying the peculiar mystery of the appearance and then disappearance of the wolf. McBride also has suspicions about the Celtic tribes that once lived in this part of the British Isles and about the nature of a reportedly grisly murder that occurred recently in Hexham and that has been kept very quiet by the police and doctors involved.

McBride's own research has led him to believe that the Allendale Wolf was in fact a creature that was half-man, half-wolf and quite possibly non-corporeal, or rather some kind of ghost or spirit. Following up on this theory he has stumbled upon a kernel of truth regarding the Celtic tribe's use of carved stone heads, which they believed could be used as receptacles for a person's or animal's soul. The Celts believed that whoever possessed the heads possessed the power of the souls contained in the carvings. Further research told McBride that the Celts often attributed a symbolic purpose to their carved heads, a purpose often related to protection or power and dominance. At other times the heads were said to provide links to the spiritual strength of a beast or of gods, strength that would then manifest itself as a power that the Celts could wield against their enemies.

Stone heads carved by the Celts were found across Britain from time to time. McBride began to wonder whether the discovery of a spirit-possessed, carved head could be linked to the mysterious appearance, and just as mysterious disappearance, of the Allendale Wolf. Was the thing actually a spirit wolf? It might be a long shot, but what if such a thing was possible? And what if someone was actually in control of the thing?

Introduction

Wanting to get to the bottom of things and suspecting the worst, McBride has gone out on a limb and contacted the investigators. He has some understanding of the occult and Fortean matters, but not enough to confirm his hypothesis. He is hoping the investigators' unique skills together with his knowledge will bring them to the proper solution.



McBride suggests that the townsfolk need to be kept in the dark about what is going on to avoid panic and he does not trust the forces of law and order to keep the situation under control or deal with it effectively. He cannot offer much to go on apart from his own hypothesis about the Celtic carved heads. What he lacks in actual evidence, McBride more than makes up for with enthusiasm. He truly believes that the investigators might be able to get to the bottom of this mystery and bring matters to a close before anyone else is hurt—on the latter point, he is very much mistaken—and he is willing to do what he can to help.

Investigation

The Hexham police, the local doctor, and the town undertaker are collectively working to keep the murder of Timothy Leigh under wraps until the police can determine more about the killing. The fact that Timothy looks to have been viciously mauled to death by a huge wolf is greatly troubling, and the police are busily working to determine whether or not some foul play is involved or whether or not it truly is possible that the Allendale Wolf—or whatever the thing is—has returned after nearly 20 years. They have released no information to the public and only a very select group of people within Hexham will be aware that Leigh has, in fact, been murdered.

At the beginning of their investigations, the characters will be forced to rely on McBride's enthusiastic but patchy theories and what little they can ascertain from the local populace. McBride only knows about Timothy Leigh's death through a friend in the police force—a friend whom he will not name for fear of getting the officer sacked. Any and all attempts to work with the police will be emphatically turned down and the officers they contact will warn them about spreading news of

the murder. They may even threaten the investigators. Thus, if the investigators are keen to examine the body, they will need to break into the Hexham funeral home, an act that, if discovered, could certainly land them in gaol. If several days pass before the investigators attempt to examine the body, they will have to take the extra step of snatching the body from a local graveyard where Leigh's body will have been buried days earlier. Either way, the wounds on Leigh's body, which are also documented in the police report and doctor's files, are consistent with an attack by a large animal such as a bear or a very large wolf.

Over the course of the characters' investigation, a number of other murders will take place until finally the police cannot afford to keep the public uninformed and a general call of information regarding the murders and victims is put out. This will only happen when the third murdered victim, Gregory Gibbons, is discovered; otherwise the investigators' first day or two may be quite quiet. In the days to follow, however, it will become rapidly apparent that Hexham is in the grip of a series of seemingly random murders, occurring in faster and faster succession. The investigators themselves may ultimately be targeted if they are not too careful.

There is a single thread uniting all the murders, but it is a far from obvious thread and will require a good bit of investigation to pull out of the apparent muddle of unconnected information. The uniting factor is that all of the victims have at one time or another been rivals, enemies, or great annoyances to a certain Margaret Shane. An unassuming and somewhat mousy woman, Shane has a dark side that few, if any, in Hexham might know about. Unbeknownst to all, Margaret Shane is a witch, possessing a special sensitivity to psychic events, and is a young woman who is altogether too fascinated with dark tales of witchcraft and the powers of the Elder Gods.

Margaret Shane's Victims

Margaret Shane's first victim—the first one that the characters can investigate—is Timothy Leigh, a young man who rejected Margaret's earnest advances. As the investigators continue their investigations in Hexham, further murders will occur, including:

- a rival society girl, one of the very few from the upper classes living in Hexham, who always seemed to do better than Margaret;
- Gregory Gibbons, a young, attractive man who spurned her advances;
- a church usher from Margaret's local church who kept trying to intercede in her gradual drift away from the Church;
- a policeman who spotted her out one evening in the fields beyond the town, in the company of a very large "dog" (one of the wolf spirits); and,
- other deaths at random, for pettier and pettier reasons.

Other connected events that might be brought to the investigators' attention include the bizarre massacre of a herd of sheep belonging to a local farmer and the deaths of numerous pets in and around Hexham.



Margaret's true magical knowledge is limited and most of her spells are hokum, but she does have a great deal of confidence and is a natural psychic. That self-assurance and paranormal sensitivity, together with her occult and historical knowledge, granted her enough insight to work out that an ancient power was buried not far from her home. With a little investigation, Margaret found the location of the heads and made the connection between the stone relics and the tales of wolves in the area twenty years ago—the same connection made by McBride. She went out into the forest early one morning and dug into the ancient barrow (see below). After surprisingly little effort, Shane acquired one of the heads, not realising that its companion lay buried close by.

As possessor of the carved stone head, Margaret now controls the wolf spirit guardian bound within and she has learned how to manipulate it for her own purpose. The head responds best to violence and the wolves' spirits have exerted the same corruptive influence on the witch as they have done to crush the human spirit bound with them. For Shane the journey into madness was short and now she is only too happy to single out targets for her aggression. She grows more accustomed to the wild power of the carved head daily and has begun lashing out at anyone who has crossed her in the past or gets on her nerves in the present.

Little, quiet Margaret Shane has grown drunk on power and that power has driven her insane, unable to cope with the realization that her dark dreams of magic and mayhem are both true and inherently deadly. At some point, she overreaches herself, thinking the wolf spirit has somehow made her

invincible. Eventually either the police or the investigators will catch up with her. Perhaps they will do what she no longer can: confront the dangerous wolf spirit or find a way to lay it to rest—possibly by burying it again, away from the moonlight and stars, or by finding a means of breaking the enchantment and freeing the souls trapped in the strange carved face.



The Guardian Spirits

The Celtic guardian spirits always appear in the form of a massive wolf, which at sunset and sunrise take on a distinctly ghostly quality. The spirit guardians were created several millennia ago during a lengthy ritual sacrifice of twenty-eight wolves, killed in a “wolf pit”, which are now located within the town perimeter on a patch of ground on the edge of Hexham park. Several metres beneath the surface there lies a stone-capped mass grave containing the remains of these twenty-eight wolves, and also of two men, dating back to an era when the region belonged to Celtic tribes. Uncanny, eldritch magics were used to fuse the ferocious and tenacious spirits of the wolves with the animating force, minds, and sense of duty of the men, and to bind them within the two carved stone heads.

As long as these carved heads are kept underground, they remain dormant, shielded from the enervating light of the stars and moon. If

they are exposed to moon or star light, however, the spirit guardians are able to manifest, and will follow the orders of whoever bears the head to which they are bound—in this most recent case, the Hexham witch, Margaret Shane. The spirits have been bound for considerably longer than they were intended to be and the wolf souls have corrupted the human soul in each head. The result of this is that the spirit guardians are now savage and unchained.

The power and violence of the heads can prove intoxicating to some minds. Margaret Shane has been seduced by this strength and animal ferocity, which allows her to indulge her basest desires for power and recognition. As the days wear on and the influence of the wolf spirits grows stronger, it will become increasingly difficult for anyone to discern where the witch's desire ends and the wolves' begins.



Persons of Interest

William Briddick

William Briddick now lives some distance away from Hexham and it is a whole day's round trip to visit him. He is wizened and sun-weathered, surrounded by trophies of past glories and drunk to the point of near-incoherence for much of the day. He is still strong and fit, but he appears addled and grows quiet whenever anyone asks about his experiences with the Allendale Wolf in 1904 and 1905. The memory of those wolves still gnaws away at his mind.

Briddick was the hunter involved in the original hunt for the Allendale Wolf back between 1904 and 1905, and who stumbled upon the connection between the ancient carved heads and the wolves. He is in his sixties now, and somewhat worse for wear due to his hard-drinking lifestyle. It is clear that the experience took a considerable toll on Mr Briddick, and asking too many questions might upset the old man. Interestingly, the investigators are not the only ones to have asked him about the wolves recently: he recalls a young lady calling on him a month or so ago. They shared a few drinks and talked, but he cannot remember much about her.

Looking back some 20 years, he cannot recall much of what happened during his short hunt for the Allendale Wolf. In fact, he's managed to obliterate much of his memory of that night with whisky, gin, and whatever else was to hand. He does still remember a few harrowing points: first, that the horrible beasts did not seem even slightly injured by conventional weaponry, and second, that the only thing that seemed to save him that night was stumbling on two stone carved heads, which he pushed and buried under the ground in a farmer's field on the outskirts of Hexham. He can direct the investigators there,

but will not go himself. He also recalls that the wolves only seemed to come out at night and that they appeared ghostly under the stars and moonlight.

Margaret Shane, the Hexham Witch

A member of Hexham's close-knit, upper-middle classes, Margaret Shane lives at her parents' expense in an annex of their house in the centre of the town, and largely keeps herself to herself. Without any real direction in life, she thinks of herself as liberated, a free spirit. She spends most of her days reading endlessly, writing terrible poetry, and dreaming of a world in which her situation with her parents was reversed, where she had the power to do whatever she wanted without being questioned or stopped. It was partly her desire to free herself from her parents' bond that brought her to witchcraft. Helpless to wrest herself from her parents' control, she sought out power of her own. Her stumbling pursuit of witchcraft and black magic has led Margaret to few successes. For the most part, she has squandered her time and her parents' money on pointless dabbling in the occult. As a result, her real magical and Mythos knowledge is limited—she knows just enough to be dangerous. Regardless, Margaret Shane fancies herself a proper witch and has given herself the title of the “Hexham Witch”. Margaret does indeed have a natural susceptibility to magic, and a heightened sensitivity to the psychic world. Wolves have run through her dreams as long as she can remember. Possibly awakened through some ancient ancestry, or perhaps as a result of her own clumsy dabbings with magic of late, a mysterious psychic connection was established that eventually led her to the barrow and the buried heads.

Shane and McBride know each other in passing and share some common interests. She takes as much of an interest in local history as McBride, but where his preference is for social

Margaret Shane

age 24, the Hexham Witch

STR 11	DEX 11	INT 13	CON 10
SIZ 10	APP 13	POW 12	EDU 14
SAN 02	Hit Points: 11		

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Archaeology 11%, Bargain 35%, Conceal 45%, Craft (Jewellery) 15%, Credit Rating 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 02%, Drive Automobile 05%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 40%, History 50%, Library Use 55%, Occult 75%, Sneak 50%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 25%, 1D3+db

Spells: 1D3 folk magic spells, or as the Keeper desires

Appearance: Margaret Shane is a petite woman of 24 years with long, flowing brown hair and deep brown eyes. She only wears long dresses that cover the arms completely. She wears an old lace shawl—a gift from her grandmother—atop whatever dress she is wearing that day. In attitude, Shane is full of contrasts and contradictions. She is mousy and quiet on the one hand, but prone to sudden bursts of animation and gregariousness on the other. She adopts a façade of being carefree and disinterested in most of life's affairs, but beneath that façade, she desperately desires power and control, and has an appetite for violence which surprises even her. Her communion with the wolf spirits and the delight she has taken from Timothy Leigh's murder have pushed her to the edge of madness. Shane now hangs on the very precipice of insanity.



history, her inclination leans far more towards the occult, the strange, and the paranormal. The two have only been civil to one another and, as a result, it would never occur to William to suspect Margaret, or for her to suspect him of recruiting the investigators.

THE HEXHAM HEADS

The two carven stone heads are extremely stylized representations of men's faces, each about the size of a large orange or a human fist. Both heads are shaped with piercing, staring eyes standing over a sculpted bearded face with an oddly sweeping neck. Both of the stones can stand freely and, while obviously very old, they are in surprisingly good condition for their age. The heads can be scorched, scratched, and chipped, but seem otherwise indestructible by ordinary means. To destroy them utterly would take considerable pressure or explosive force (e.g. a stick of dynamite each or placing them in a stone grinder or steel press). The bonded magic upon the heads might be broken if the investigators could discover a suitable magic spell.

Any person possessing these stones is immune to the guardian wolf spirits within and can learn to commune with the spirits and ultimately to command them. The nature of the commands that the guardian spirit can follow is limited: with the wolves' souls completely dominating the human soul trapped within, the spirit guardian only truly responds to commands to kill or spare an individual person. The spirit guardians become active every night as the stars and moon rise above the horizon and remain active until the sun rises the following dawn. They are normally dormant throughout the day. A state of dormancy can also be achieved if the carved heads are buried beneath the ground. They need not be buried deeply or in any particular configuration, but must be deep enough so that they are not exposed to moon or starlight. They have to be buried in the earth itself: for example, burying them in a box or chest full of dirt will have no effect.

The wilful, rebellious wolf souls ever seek to corrupt those around them and even short-term exposure to the heads can be perilous. The bearer of a head must wrestle with the spirits within nightly (requiring a POW versus POW roll on the Resistance Table) or the wolves' subtle influence will worm its way into the bearer's mind. Each contest of wills costs the bearer one point of SAN. Over time, as they have done with the original human soul, the wolves will seek to drive the human bearer insane and insinuate their collective will within him or her.

William McBride, Local Historian

McBride is an expert on local history and the author of several poorly selling books on the Hexham area. Although

not wealthy, he lives comfortably and has enough money to encourage the investigators to look into what is going on in the town. He is not an expert in the occult and knows nothing of the Mythos, but he does remember the commotion caused by the previous sightings of the wolves in 1904 and 1905, and that many at the time said that the beast was "unnatural".

William McBride

Age 33, Local Historian

STR 07	DEX 10	INT 15	CON 06
SIZ 13	APP 13	POW 09	EDU 13
SAN 40		Hit Points: 10	

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Anthropology 31%, Archaeology 41%, Credit Rating 35%, Drive Automobile 50%, Handgun 50%, History 90%, Library Use 95%, Natural History 40%, Occult 25%, Photography 50%

Weapons: Fist / Punch 35%, 1D3+db

Spells: None

Appearance: McBride is a gangly fellow who suffers terribly from asthma. At the age of 33, he has lost virtually all of his hair and has taken to wearing hats to cover his bald head. With sparkling grey eyes and an aquiline nose, he is attractive in his own way but has absolutely no luck with women. While his severe asthma does not stop him from doing the things he wishes to do, it does prevent him from doing many things well. He lives a somewhat lonely life with his magazines, scientific papers, and research books, but he would be the first to tell you that he is content with his lot.

Chief Inspector Albert Googe

Chief Inspector Googe runs Hexham's police station and its small complement of officers. He too is old enough to remember the wolf panic of 1904-05, and is determined to bag the animal this time without people becoming hysterical. To that end, he has conspired with Hexham's doctors and the local undertaker, as well as the parish priest, to get the dead man buried as quickly and quietly as possible, with the minimum of fuss, in order to cover up the real cause of death. Most of the police are in the know, at least the ones he trusts, but he will resent any attempt on the part of the investigators to inquire as to the cause of the man's death, viewing them as a potential information leak and, hence, the cause of another mass panic.



Chief Inspector Albert Googe

age 43, Policeman

STR 11 DEX 15 INT 13 CON 10
 SIZ 10 APP 07 POW 13 EDU 11
 SAN 50 Hit Points: 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Accounting 30%, Bargain 15%, Climb 50%, Dodge 40%, Drive Automobile 50%, Fast Talk 35%, First Aid 40%, Jump 35%, Law 45%, Listen 65%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 45%, Spot Hidden 65%, Track 40%

Weapons: Fist 60%, damage 1D3+db

Grapple 55%, roll STR vs. STR on Resistance Table or be immobilized

Truncheon 65%, damage 1D6, Shotgun 50%, damage 4D6

Spells: None

Appearance: Thin, pale, and greasy, Albert Googe is an unpleasant character to behold. At 43 years old, he has reached a plateau in his career, but that suits him fine. He is happy enough to hold his position as chief inspector until retirement. Googe doesn't like adventure and likes the folks who bring adventure his way even less. A naturally suspicious man, he is fond of interrogating people, even during polite conversation. Were it not for his position, Googe would likely find himself living a very lonely life.

The Hexham Wolves, Ancient Celtic Spirit Guardians

Although embodying a wolf-form, the spirit guardians are in fact a collection of wolf souls and a single human male soul. Over the centuries, however, the human souls have been driven mad and grown quiescent, and now only the wolf aspect remains.



Spirit Guardians

Ageless, Great Ghostly Wolves

STR 25 DEX 15 INT 06 CON 11
 SIZ 10 APP – POW 18 EDU –
 SAN – Hit Points: 10

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Skills: Hide 40%, Tracking 30%

Weapons: Bite 40%, damage 1D8+db, and the wolf's bite should be considered a magical attack

Armour: 3-point thick hide and insubstantial form, and the spirit guardian regenerates at a rate of 1HP per round

Sanity Loss: 0 / 1D3 to see the ghostly spirit guardian

Appearance: These ancient wolf spirit guardians take the form of loping, black beasts, considerably larger than a normal wolf, with glowing orange eyes and a massive, horribly fanged muzzle. They shimmer and seem to 'shift' from moment to moment, normally appearing solid but in some light looking ghostly or insubstantial. They can slip in and out of this world and the next at the command of whomever holds the carved head into which they are bound.

Special Abilities: Soul Bound – The souls of both wolf and man bound into the carved stone heads cannot be killed as such in spirit guardian form. To free the souls, the carved heads must be utterly destroyed. If the spirit guardian is attacked and killed, its wolf-form will vanish in shadows and mist, and the bound souls will return to the carved head. Killed in this manner, the spirit guardian cannot manifest again until the next evening, when it will return unharmed in its original form.



Places of Interest

Hexham

Hexham is a market town in the north of England with a population of a few thousand. It is notable for its abbey, located inside rather than outside of the town, and its railway station, a likely place for the investigators to arrive. Historically, given its position on the Scottish borders, the town has frequently been the target of raids or caught up in various battles, and much of its history is bound to the ebb and flow of Scotland to the north. The town is rather spacious, with well-spaced buildings and significant parkland, the latter the site of the old wolf pit and the ancient tribal settlement.

The Wolf Pit

The wolf pit is buried several metres beneath Hexham park, capped with stone and containing the remains of twenty-eight wolves, all killed sacrificially and mingled with the bones of two men, killed the same way. The site has an intense magical residue, such as might cause dousing rods to twitch, psychics to feel a presence, or gates between worlds to be opened.

The Celtic Barrow

The ancient Celtic barrow lies next to a small woodland copse in Farmer Johnstone's field on the western edge of Hexham. Little more than a raised bit of ground to the casual eye, the sunken barrow has been on this site for centuries unknown to all. Currently one edge of the barrow is exposed as the farmer's plough and Margaret Shane's trowel have turned up the black earth. Shane did nothing to hide her 'excavation' and the site shows several dug holes going down to depth of about two feet. Hidden towards the centre of the upturned earth and very near another of Shane's dug holes is the second Hexham head lying no more than three inches below the soil. It appears little different from its brother stone and exhibits all the same properties.

Should the investigators maintain possession of the second carved head, then come sunset the character holding the head will be in for a great surprise. A psychic connection between the bound wolf souls and the investigator will be established. Characters unassociated with such connections will suffer the loss of 0 / 1D2 points of Sanity. Additionally, the wolves will secretly attempt to insinuate their will into the bearer (see the Hexham Heads box above). A moment later the spirit guardian in its wolf-form will appear before the character (see associated SAN loss above). It will not, however, move to attack. If any of the attending investigators succeed a POW x5 roll and an Idea roll, he or she will determine that the carved head gives the bearer immunity from the spirit guardian and a limited amount of control over the creature.

Revelation

From William Briddick's account, it is clear that the only way to deal with the wolf spirits is to bury the heads. He does not realise that the heads themselves can be destroyed. Margaret Shane has one of the heads in her possession and knows how to manipulate it. She is unaware that there is a companion head. Any attempts to retrieve the carved head from her will be met with stern denial by day and likely with violence by night. If she can, she will call up the spirit guardian whenever threatened and command the ghostly wolf to attack.

There are several routes the investigators might take to stop Shane and her murderous rampage:

- they could distract Margaret, by making her send the wolf spirit off on some errand of revenge, and then attempt to get the carved head from her;
- one of the investigators could try winning her confidence and then steal the stone;
- if they have succeeded in recovering the carved stone head, they could find a way to destroy it, ridding Hexham of the dangerous artefact;
- if the investigators intuit that a second carved head is still buried out in the barrow, they could retrieve it and potentially pit the second guardian against Shane's guardian; or,
- the investigators could keep one or both of the heads for themselves as powerful tools against the Mythos, though subjecting themselves to a nightly contest of wills and SAN loss.

Any public display or trouble will see the investigators ostracized by the local forces of law and order, and possibly arrested and imprisoned, even if they do manage to save the town. Otherwise the police and the town will appreciate the investigators' success, if they know of it. McBride could be a useful point of contact—if the investigators are successful—for future adventures in the northern parts of England.

Investigators who successfully retrieve the carved head from Margaret Shane should be rewarded with 1D4 points of Sanity. Burying one or both of the heads should result in a further point of SAN gained whilst finding a way of successfully destroying one or both heads should be rewarded with another 1D4 points of Sanity. For each of Shane's victims lost, the Keeper might choose to deduct a point of SAN. Lastly, if the investigators destroy only one stone head and are aware that Shane will undoubtedly seek out the other, that knowledge should cost them 1D4 points of Sanity.

- The Black Spring Gate - Intrigue

Ogof Ffynnon Ddu (“Cave of the Black Spring” in English) is a vast cave system located under a series of hills in the Upper Swansea Valley near the small hamlet of Penwyllt. It also contains one of the largest and most spectacular entrances to Fairyland on the planet. As such, it is a site of great magical power and mystical significance. Hidden far within the 1000 foot deep and 42 mile long cave network, the entrance has long remained invisible to human eyes. Only a handful of locals are even aware of the existence of the Ogof Ffynnon Ddu, much less the entrance to Fairyland deep within.

The fairies themselves are sworn never to give the secret of its location to any human being or any other intelligent creature. Thus, it came as a shock when a fairy prince, Gwynfor y Tragwyddol Golau, arrived at the subterranean entrance in the company of a powerful human sorcerer, Dr Donald Matheson. Upon arriving at the entrance, Matheson unleashed a torrent of Mythos magic, killing the fairy guards and, with Gwynfor’s help, effectively closed the entrance to all fairy kind. Matheson has since begun a series of profane sacrifices and eldritch magic rites that will see the power of the fairy entrance corrupted to act instead as an immense gate or window through which Mythos entities may travel to our reality from domains and dimensions far too horrible to imagine.

Just how the human sorcerer managed to ensnare and ensorcel the fairy prince is unknown, but his sister Seren y Tragwyddol Golau is desperate to find a way to free her brother and undo what he and the sorcerer have done. With that in mind, Seren travelled overland from the closest entrance to Ogof Ffynnon Ddu to see what her brother and this human wizard were doing. When she arrived she found the entrance bathed in the blood of sacrifice and the human enacting some dark ritual while her spellbound brother protected him. With Gwynfor working against her, Seren was unable to stop the human and his black magic continues to twist and warp the fairy entrance.

Growing desperate and fearing that either her brother will be killed, the human will succeed, or both, Seren has devised a bold plan to enlist humans of her own to deal with the sorcerer while she deals with her brother. She has called upon the seers and scryers of Fairyland to find men and women nearby capable of helping her and has used her own powerful glamours to bring them to her. Now she must convince them to help her before the situation worsens.

The Cave of the Black Spring

The Cave of the Black Spring, or Ogof Ffynnon Ddu in Welsh, is the deepest and one of the largest cave systems in Britain. It is virtually unknown in the 1920s and won’t receive public attention for another twenty years when Peter Harvey and Ian Nixon, then of the South Wales Caving Club, make the first known forays into the massive complex. Taken together, the depth and length of the cave system make it remarkable and its intricate, labyrinthine structure and numerous water-filled passages make it more impressive still. The presence of water allows the caves to host an impressive collection of adaptive flora and fauna. The underground streams are home to ghostly-white trout and tiny cave shrimp while vast cracks in the hills and moorland above allow sunlight to penetrate the gloom and provide habitats for mosses, fungi, and even flowers such as lily of the valley.

The Ogof Ffynnon Ddu system is mostly cut from limestone and coarse-grained sandstones beneath the Brecon Beacons and roughly follows the course of the Tawe Valley in South Wales. The environment of the caves varies from eroded, water-smoothed limestone to jagged outcroppings of granite and other stone. A huge variety of stalactites and stalagmites are present, forming spikes, columns, and curtains of calcite. Though beautiful and often otherworldly, the complexity of the cave system makes it extremely challenging to navigate. The bones of many small animals can be found scattered throughout the caves and serve as a potent reminder that it can be extraordinarily difficult to find an exit from the maze-like network of caverns.

Keepers might wish to halve or quarter all Navigation and Track rolls while in the Cave of the Black Spring.

Introduction

Returning from Sennybridge on a day trip through the magnificent Brecon Beacons (“Bannau Brycheiniog” in Welsh), the investigators’ car—their own or a rental from Swansea—rolls to a stop where a section of the Brecon Road back to Swansea has been washed away by the raging River Tawe, swollen from the previous night’s rainfall. As the characters are unfolding their maps, an old man walks up out of the forest at the side of the road with his hunting hound. He kindly directs them back up the Brecon Road, telling them to turn left at the vicarage a

mile or two back and head up to the small Welsh hamlet of Penwyllt. From Penwyllt, the investigators will be able to take another small track that skirts along the hillside and meets back up with the Brecon Road heading south near Pen-y-cae.

As the investigators turn off the main road and travel up through the hillside towards Penwyllt, their car begins to protest as it climbs the steep grade. As they come into the tiny hamlet itself, their car dies suddenly, rolling to a stop and refusing all attempts to get it running again. Luckily they are only a few hundred feet from an inn, the Dyn Gwyrdd (“Green Man” in Welsh). The Dyn Gwyrdd is a particularly attractive inn dressed in greens and golds against a backdrop of tall conifers. With the hour growing late and a crack of thunder sounding overhead, the investigators will have to choose whether to abandon their car for the evening or to attempt repairs in the dark. (If they choose the latter, they will have no success as the car is being magically inhibited.)

Inside the Dyn Gwyrdd, the atmosphere is bright and relaxing. A fire in one corner of the great room is crackling brightly and giving off a wonderful peaty smell. The unattended tables are beautifully laid with gold-trimmed tableware, glassware, and cutlery and sweet-smelling floral centrepieces. A few older Welsh patrons sit at the bar, all brightly dressed in their Sunday best and chattering happily amongst themselves. As the door closes behind them, a very petite young woman walks up to them and asks them if they would like to take a seat at one of the tables.

The young woman, who they might take for an exceptionally beautiful barmaid or waitress, is in fact the fairy princess

Seren. The washed away road, the old man and his hunting dog, and the Green Man Inn are all illusions created by Seren to bring the investigators to her. When the investigators walk into the Dyn Gwyrdd, they have in fact walked into a corner of Fairyland that Seren has opened to them. If she cannot convince the characters to help her, then she intends to force them. If they eat the food she provides or sleep within this small annex of Fairyland, they will be forever trapped, their souls bound to that enchanted realm. Of course, she will offer to end their entrapment if they will help her against her brother and the sorcerer.

Thus, she will not enlist their aid until they have either eaten or slept within the Dyn Gwyrdd. If the characters will eat, they will be provided whatever they wish—the “kitchens” can produce any dish—and the food they are finally presented with will be richer, sweeter, or more succulent than anything they have ever eaten. If they will not eat, then Seren will offer them rooms and again the quality of the accommodation and the sleep that they enjoy will be truly out of this world. Once they have eaten and / or slept, Seren will waste no time in making her plea to the characters.

She knows she is running out of time and will explain the situation as clearly and honestly as she can. She is hoping that the investigators will acquiesce to her request and that she will not have to force them to aid her. She will be polite and frank, knowing that these investigators have experienced situations and events far outside the norm. If they require proof of her otherworldliness, she will drop the glamour surrounding her and appear before them in her true fairy form. Have the players roll SAN for their characters as appropriate.





If the investigators refuse to help or resist overly much, Seren will resort to plan 'B' and force the players' hands. As diplomatically and apologetically as she can, she will explain that she had little choice: the investigators were the only humans close enough and experienced enough to provide adequate help and now they must help her or they will never see their homes and families again. This is certainly not the course of action she hopes to take, but if it is necessary, then so be it. Once the investigators have agreed to help her, they will be allowed to retrieve anything they might have left in the car and to ready themselves before she transports herself and the characters to the fairy gate.

Investigation

Things do not go according to Seren's plan right from the start. Since her last intrusion—and, unbeknownst to her, other intrusions by other powerful fairies—Matheson has thrown up another defensive barrier blocking fairy folk from coming within half a mile of the fairy entrance. Thus, Seren and the investigators find themselves unceremoniously dumped not at the fairy entrance but half a mile from it, in a preternaturally dark void more than 800 feet underground. The transportation into this seemingly alien environment costs the characters 0 / 1D2 points of Sanity. Luckily, however, the barrier does not stop humans and so the investigators are able to progress towards the entrance without the fairy princess. Seren is able to pinpoint three magical wards that are preventing her and all other fairy folk from reaching the entrance. She can direct the investigators towards each one, but cannot divine the route needed to reach the wards. The characters will have to find their way themselves.

Persons of Interest

Seren y Tragwyddol Golau

A princess of the Fairylands, Seren y Tragwyddol Golau is a rare creature. Normally attending business at the fairy court, Seren has been brought out of the fae realms by her brother's

strange and dangerous actions. Where her brother is the more intelligent and industrious of the two, Seren is more feeling, more determined and, in many ways, more powerful than her brother. She will not leave the human realm without her brother, not if she can help it, and she is more than willing to pull a few strings to see Gwynfor safely back home.

Seren y Tragwyddol Golau

Ageless, Fairy Princess

STR 05 **DEX** 15 **INT** 16 **CON** 11
SIZ 04 **APP** 20 **POW** 19 **EDU** –
SAN – **Hit Points:** 07

Move: 5

Damage Bonus: -1D6

Skills: Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 50%, and others as the Keeper desires

Weapons: Claws 35%, damage 1D6+db
 Small Blade 25%, damage 1D4

Armour: None

Spells: Dreamer's Song (Send Dreams), Fae Blade (Spectral Razor), Glamour, Heart's Gift (Siren's Song), Remove Glamour (Unmask Demon), Stone's Warning (Warding), The Wandering Road (Fairyland Gate)

Sanity Loss: 1 / 1D4 to see Seren in her true fairy form

Appearance: In her human glamour, Seren appears as a diminutive but extraordinarily attractive woman in her mid-twenties. With short, brunette hair and green eyes, she is an image of loveliness, wrapped up in a simple brown dress. In her true fairy form, Seren is small, thin and possesses a truly otherworldly beauty. She has striking light purple eyes and cascading chestnut-coloured hair. She dresses in an immaculately cut dress of startling design in gold, green, amber, and apple-red. Her nose and ears are pointed, but not enough to detract from her attractiveness. For her size, she has a surprisingly resonant voice that is always musical.

New Folk Magic Spell: Glamour

By means of this spell, the caster can assume the likeness of any person or creature as imagined by the caster. Glamours are limited to a SIZ between ½ and 2x the caster's original SIZ. As the glamour is a product of the caster's imagination, the illusion is only as good as the imagined creation. Thus, hastily created or poorly imagined glamours will lack detail, appearing bland and lifeless or even incomplete, whereas

well-imagined glamours will appear utterly lifelike. Every 5 minutes devoted to the imagining strengthens the illusion by 10 percentiles (e.g. a glamour imagined for 10 minutes would only appear lifelike to 20% of people, whereas a glamour imagined for 50 minutes would appear authentic to 100% of observers, or virtually indistinguishable from the real). Each glamour costs 3 magic points and 1D3 points of Sanity, and lasts for 24 hours or until the illusion is dismissed.



Gwynfor y Tragwyddol Golau

Gwynfor y Tragwyddol Golau has been absent from the fairy court for more than a month. However, unlike on previous occasions, this absence has not been caused by an engrossing tome, a fascinating bit of research, a game of cards, or a professed broken heart. On this occasion, Gwynfor just vanished, leaving the Fairylands and telling no one of his destination or purpose. Perhaps it was one of his researched spells or incantations that connected him to Dr Donald Matheson—that allowed their minds to touch—but Gwynfor could never have suspected the deviousness and power that would be used against him. He knows nothing of his actions since the connection to the doctor was established, the events within Ogof Ffynnon Ddu, nor how cruelly he has been used. Matheson controls him as a child controls a toy.

*Gwynfor y Tragwyddol Golau***Ageless, Ensorcelled Fairy Prince**

STR 06 **DEX** 12 **INT** 17 **CON** 11
SIZ 04 **APP** 19 **POW** 14 **EDU** –
SAN – **Hit Points:** 07

Move: 5**Damage Bonus:** -1D6**Skills:** Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 50%, and others as the Keeper desires**Weapons:** Claws 35%, damage 1D6+db
Small Blade 25%, damage 1D4**Armour:** None**Spells:** Dreamer's Song (Send Dreams), Fae Blade (Spectral Razor), Far Seeing (Create Scrying Window), Glamour, Heart's Gift (Siren's Song), Remove Glamour (Unmask Demon), Stone's Warning (Warding), The Wandering Road (Fairyland Gate)**Sanity Loss:** 1 / 1D4 to see Gwynfor in fairy form**Appearance:** Gwynfor is roughly the same size and stature as his sister, with the same pointed ears and nose. He too bears a striking appearance that is enthralling to humans. His hair is a creamy white, like blonde oak, and his eyes are a piercing aquamarine colour flecked with gold. While under Matheson's control, Gwynfor does not speak or emote, which is starkly different from his usually energetic, loquacious, and charming demeanour.*Doctor Donald Matheson***Age 53, Sorcerer and Mythos Savant**

STR 09 **DEX** 09 **INT** 19 **CON** 10
SIZ 10 **APP** 09 **POW** 19 **EDU** 18
SAN 00 **Hit Points:** 10

Damage Bonus: +0**Skills:** Anthropology 25%, Archaeology 22%, Astronomy 34%, Conceal 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 23%, Drive Automobile 60%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 21%, Hide 26%, History 78%, Library Use 86%, Medicine 42%, Occult 87%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 55%, Sneak 24%, Tracking 35%**Weapons:** Fist / Punch 40%, damage 1D3+db**Spells:** Augur, Bind Enemy, Bless Blade, Body Warping of Gorgoroth, Brew Dream Drug, Brew Space Mead, Call / Dismiss Yog-Sothoth, Cause / Cure Blindness, Cloud Memory, Compel Flesh, Consume Likeness, Create Gate, Create Scrying Window, Create Time Gate, Create Window, Deflect Harm, Elder Sign, Enchant Knife, Find Gate, Flesh Ward, Implant Suggestion, Imprison Mind, Journey to the Other Side, Nightmare, Plutonian Drug, Power Drain, Reach, Sense Life, Summon / Bind Dimensional Shambler, and Unmask Demon**Appearance:** Dr Donald Matheson is the epitome of the mundane. He is the sort of man you might walk past every day without noticing. Of middling height, slightly balding, and wearing wire-frame glasses, Matheson looks like a history teacher or an ageing accountant—in fact, nothing in his dull, workaday appearance suggests that he is a powerful sorcerer. Matheson is completely mad and assured of his own ability to create the portal and his invulnerability to virtually all attackers—human or Mythos. Though he is an extremely capable spell-caster, Matheson is also just an ordinary human being and quite fallible. He, however, believes himself to be a near demi-god.**Doctor Donald Matheson**

An especially powerful human sorcerer, Dr Donald Matheson is a man obsessed with power, so obsessed that he is willing to do virtually anything to increase his strength and his mastery of the arcane arts. When one of Gwynfor's more potent experiments reached out from Fairyland and caught the doctor's attention, he had but to wait for the next opportunity to ensnare the prince's mind. Over the past month, Matheson



has learned much of the fae realm and of their peculiar magics—enough finally to identify a source of power he could exploit. Now with Gwynfor's help, Matheson is corrupting the fairy entrance to act as a portal to agencies and intelligences far beyond his own, in the hope that he will be able to glean their secrets and discover their powers for his own gain. Utterly mad, he thinks nothing of his actions and their consequences, seeing only profit in the venture.

Places of Interest

The Cave of the Black Spring

Ogof Ffynnon Ddu presents Keepers with a subterranean environment with almost limitless possibilities. Though this small scenario places the investigators only half a mile from the fairy entrance, Keepers could choose to create longer scenarios with more numerous encounters in this fascinating underworld. Between each ward (see below), the investigators will need to roll a successful Navigation or Track roll, otherwise they will find themselves lost, perhaps even circling on themselves and finding Seren again. Keepers should take care to ensure that this situation is building tension and not creating too much frustration. At each ward, the characters will find a unique challenge to overcome.

The First Ward

The investigators arrive in a massive chamber with a steeply sloping floor. Rivulets of water run from the glistening walls along the incline of the floor and drip into a large 10-foot wide hole at the centre of the cavern. The stone floor here is slippery with glassy calcite. The 10-foot hole drops down into an impenetrable darkness beyond 50 feet. However, a successful Spot Hidden roll reveals a chalk-like inscription—the first ward—written into a dry recess a little over 10 feet down the hole. A successful Cthulhu Mythos or Occult roll reveals this to be a magical ward.

If the investigators have rope, this might be quite a simple challenge. The chalk-drawn ward needs only to be rubbed away fully to break the enchantment. Without rope, this test becomes more daunting. The point here is to build suspense and challenge the players, not necessarily kill them outright. If one of the investigators chooses to climb down, this requires two successful Climb rolls (essentially to scale the near vertical face of the hole itself). A failed roll requires a Luck roll to grasp an available ledge and allow a further Climb attempt. If the character fails Luck, he or she plunges headlong into the darkness and is never seen again.

If the characters create a human chain or use any other Strength-based manoeuvre, test their STR appropriately. For example,

rolling under STR x10 will only test the weaker characters on the way down, but rolling under STR x5 to bring people back up will challenge everyone involved. Again, Luck rolls can be used to give the investigators another chance and / or the characters can choose to use Climb rolls to get out of the hole. If Keepers would rather not have the investigators face death at this point, Seren instead might transport the falling characters back to her position. The shaken investigators should roll SAN and suffer 0 / 1D2 losses for failure.

The Second Ward

On their way to the second ward, the players hear a rushing torrent of water ahead of them. Turning into a new tunnel, they can see that an underground stream has broken into this tunnel. Moving forward requires that the investigators get their feet wet, but when the tunnel angles down twelve feet a greater threat appears. The only way forward is to swim down through the black water flooding the tunnel. The distance they must swim is unknown. In truth, the distance is only 20 feet but it might as well be 400 feet from where the investigators are standing in the knee-deep, cold water. No manner of natural or electric light can be used beneath the surface of the water.

The characters must roll under POW x 5 to force themselves into the cold, black water. From this point a successful Swim roll will see them past the danger. Characters who fail their POW roll cannot advance unless they either roll under POW x 3 to finally master themselves or one of the other characters returns from having successfully swum the distance (requiring this character to successfully roll Swim again). If characters fail their Swim roll, they crash into the jagged tunnel wall losing 1 hit point before the current deposits them on the other shore.

Re-igniting their torches or other light sources—perhaps after having to dry them out—the investigators see the second ward ahead on the tunnel wall. Again, rubbing the chalk away completely destroys the magic of the ward.

The Third Ward

The simplest of the wards, the third ward is encountered just outside the huge cavern containing the fairy entrance. The ward is plainly visible, but placed around it are a series of drawn images that undulate and move in an entrancing dance. The shapes twist and merge disturbingly suggesting blasphemous and impossible situations and relationships. The characters should roll SAN. Success means the characters lose no Sanity points and can tear their eyes from the horrific, swirling collage. Failure, however, means the characters lose one point of Sanity and must roll SAN again. Further failures incur the same penalty as the investigators are locked in a cycle of terror.



Those who succeed against the horrific images can rub them and the final ward from the limestone wall. If any characters lose enough Sanity to go temporarily insane, there is a 25% chance that they will scream, alerting Gwynfor and Donald in the next chamber. Otherwise, Seren walks out from the stone behind the ward, holding a finger to her lips, and greets the characters. She alerts them that the fairy entrance, her brother, and the human sorcerer are in the next cavern.

The Fairy Entrance / Mythos Gate

The entrance to the Fairylands is a natural arch some 20 feet wide and 15 feet high at the end of a massive limestone cavern more than 200 feet long and 40 feet wide. A stone alcove sits behind the arch, but when the entrance is active a field of verdant green under a stunning, blue sky lies through the arch and all of Fairyland beyond it. Currently, however, the arch and the alcove behind are splashed with the blood of thirteen human sacrifices.

The bodies of the sacrifices lay clustered in a heap to the left of the arch and just to the right of the bodies the sorcerer Donald Matheson sits chanting, bloodstained and bedraggled, in the centre of an arcane chalk circle. The chalk circle emits a ghostly green light that casts dim shadows on the nearby arch and pile of bodies. Some 10 feet ahead of the crouched doctor is Gwynfor y Tragwyddol Golau, the ensnared prince of Fairyland, standing silently staring into the darkness that fills the cavern.

The investigators enter into the large cavern from a tunnel more than 150 feet from the fairy prince. Much of the massive limestone cavern is filled with calcite columns, stalactites, and stalagmites, providing good cover, should they use it.

Hide and Sneak percentiles are doubled in the gloom of the underground hall. However, the low light also affects targeting and firearms rolls are reduced by 25%.

Revelation

When the investigators arrive, Matheson is less than 30 minutes from completing his sickening ritual that will forever corrupt the fairy entrance and turn it into a portal for Mythos creatures wishing entrance to this world. Should he succeed, the investigators will suffer the loss of 1D10 Sanity points, knowing that the open portal will allow Mythos entities to pour into our reality. Stopping Matheson requires that the characters first deal with Gwynfor, who is bound to protect the sorcerer. Getting past the fairy prince requires that his enchantment is broken, he is knocked unconscious, or he is killed. Any of these conditions will allow the investigators to attack Matheson.

If attacked, Matheson will discontinue his ritual and, in great frustration, turn upon the investigators. He will fight to the death, believing himself to be more or less invulnerable. If he is stopped or killed, the characters should receive 1D8 Sanity points as a reward. If they managed to stop Matheson without killing Gwynfor, the investigators should be rewarded an additional 1D2 points of Sanity. With or without Gwynfor's help, if the rite has been stopped, Seren will begin reversing the damage done to the fairy entrance. She will be extraordinarily grateful to the investigators, particularly if her brother has been saved. She can give them gold or other rewards, should they wish, but Seren might be considerably more useful as an occasional ally or informant against the Mythos.





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