

CTHULHU BRITANNICA
LONDON



CREDITS

Written by Stuart Boon, Paula Dempsey, Steve Dempsey, Scott Dorward,
Brett Kramer, David Wade and James Wallis.

Cover Art by Jon Hodgson

Interior Artwork by Brandon Leach, Pat Loboyko, Eric Lofgren,
Sam Manley, Scott Neil and Scott Purdy.

Edited by Andrew Kenrick

Layout and Graphic Design by Paul Bourne

Managing Developer: Stuart Boon

Art Direction by Jon Hodgson

Publisher: Dominic McDowall

Published by Cubicle 7 Entertainment Ltd

Riverside House, Osney Mead, Oxford OX2 0ES, UK, Reg. no: 6036414

Special Thanks to Brian Lavelle, Paul McInally, Peter McNamara.

Call of Cthulhu is the Registered Trademark of Chaosium Inc., and is used with their permission. <http://www.chaosium.com>

This book, including all art, concepts, characters, text, and intellectual properties
(besides those belonging to Chaosium and used under license) © 2014 Cubicle 7 Entertainment Ltd.

Any unauthorised use of copyrighted material is illegal. Any trademarked names are used in a historical or fictional manner; no infringement is intended.

Find out more about Cthulhu Britannica: London and our other games at www.cubicle7.co.uk

Disclaimer

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.



Printed in the USA

CONTENTS

Introduction

Miss Fowler Commands
Introduction

Bringing Mythos London to Life

London's Dreaming
London's Hiding
London's Creeping
London's Screaming

A Keeper's History of London

The Romans and Londinium
Post-Roman and Anglo-Saxon London
Viking London
William The Conqueror
Medieval London
Tudor London
The Stuarts And The Civil War
The Restoration of the Monarchy
The Growth Of Empire
Imperial London
Victorian London
London in the Early 20th Century
Mythos Timeline of London
Historical Occult Figures in London
Unusual and Fortean Events in London

Unusual Locations

Below the Surface
Camden Catacombs
Chiselhurst Caves
Crystal Palace
Dorset Street
The House of Aleister Crowley
The House of Doctor Dee
5 Great Stanhope Street
Imperial War Museum
Jezreel's Palace
The Masonic Court
The Necropolis Railway
Occult Bookshops of London
38 Parliament Street
Plague Pits

5 St James Garlickhythe
5 St Saviour's Burial Ground
8 Tower Bridge
54 Welbeck Street

The People of London

10 Occult Organisations
14 The Argentium Astrum
17 The Blind Man of St Martin's
The Friends of Mrs Attwood
21 The Ghost Club
21 The Hellfire Club
22 The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn
22 The Kindred of the Kibbo Kift
22 The Little World
23 The New Thought Movement
23 The Ordo Templi Orientis
23 The Society for Psychological Research
24 The Spiritualist Movement
24 The Theosophical Society
24 Potential Allies and Associates
24 Doctor Alexander Mikalovich Denikin
25 Father Peter Benedict
25 Captain Roderick Chealingham
28 Countess Lidiya Nastya Eristavi
35 Morris Fischstein
Leander Rapture Grieve
38 Robert Milton Brooksbank
38 "Professor" Wallace Gregory
39 Gabriel James Langdon Hetherington
40 Thomas Horsefall
40 Douglas Lee Haxton
41 Enid Miller
42 David Pentleton
42 Sheikh Rashid ibn Ibrahim
43 Pearl Smith
43 Patricia "Tiggy" Smythe
44 Sergeant Percival Waring
44 Krysztof Weisz
45 Heinz Wetenschapper
45 The Daedalus Club
46 The Icarus Club

49 **Mythos Threats** 84
50 Boudicca's Army 84
51 The Brothers of the Dragon 85
51 The Cult of Cybele 87
The Dark Aesthetes 88
53 Ghouls of London 90
53 The Greater Service 92
53 Lesser Powers of London 94
54 Queen Rat 96
54 The Vine that the Lightning Strikes 97
56 The Society of London for the Exploration
and Development of the Esoteric Sciences 98
57 Studies and Experiments 100
58 Medicine 100
58 Biology 101
59 Zoology 101
59 Botany 102
60 Psychoanalysis 103
60 Psychology 105
61 Physics 106
61 Chemistry 107
61 Significant Fellows of the Society 108
62 Scenario Seeds 110
64 **Mythos Spells and Tomes** 113
65 The Books of Dr Dee 113
66 Occult Chemistry 116
67 Other Mythos Tomes 117
68 The Second Diary of Jacob Falk 118
68 The True Discoveries of Witches
and Demons 119
70
71 **Appendix: 6th Edition Stats** 121
71 Potential Allies and Associates 121
72 Mythos Threats 124
73 The Society of London for the Exploration
and Development of the Esoteric Sciences 126
75
75 Index 127
76
77
81



M... -POST



half as many as
means the difference
for East End families

HYDE PARK
THE MALL (BUCKINGHAM ST. JAMES'S PARK)

Free on Saturdays and

Circles are drawn at intervals of One Mile from Charing Cross Station

Miss Fowler Commands

"Miss Fowler," said Mr Panu, "Do you think it is right and proper that I, an unmarried student, be unaccompanied in your house." He stood up from the cosy armchair and passed over his cup, catching the last few crumbs of biscuit from the saucer as he did so.

"Mr Panu. I'm surprised at you. This is 1922. We have had a woman on the throne as recently as 1903, we have the vote and during the war I drove an ambulance. At times I was alone with six or seven men, some of them bleeding profusely. The time for such niceties is over, particularly when we are about to raise the dead." She took the tray out into the kitchen and placed it on the side, donned an apron over her tweeds and made for the back door.

"Now, bring the bones," she called back to Mr Panu.

They made their way together out of the kitchen and down the narrow gravel path, beyond the rhododendron bushes at the back of the lawn to the shed. Miss Fowler carried a storm lantern and Mr Panu a faded black leather Gladstone bag. They were a strange pair: she a small, slight spinster in her forties, but vivacious and busy; and he a large Indian man, no older than 25, with dark eyes and a bushy black beard. He was easily a foot taller than Miss Fowler, and trailed awkwardly behind her. It was a crisp night in early February, an auspicious date, with a new moon and thin starlight.

"Mind your hat there," she said as they entered the shed.

"It is not a hat. It is a *dastar*, a symbol of my spiritual courage."

"Good. After what happened last night, we will need all the courage we can muster."

It was quite a large shed with space for a workbench to run all around the walls, and still have space

for a worktable and two chairs in the middle. The windows, indeed all the walls and the back of the door, had been covered over with dark rough blankets and the inside of the roof covered in felt. No light could be seen from outside, nor hardly a sound. The room smelled musty, of smoke, earth and damp. Miss Fowler gave Mr Panu the lamp and he hung it on a hook in the ceiling. He placed his bag a workbench and opened it. On top sat his lab coat, which was mostly white, and below that a parcel, wrapped in newspaper and string, which he placed on the table.

Whilst Mr Panu donned his lab coat, Miss Fowler opened a draw from which she extracted a small book, a rolled up white cloth and a knife that she passed to Mr Panu.

"You do the honours Talib."

Although in the dim light of the lantern it was not obvious, Miss Fowler could tell he was blushing.

"Talib, remember what we agreed. In here, in the presence of the great work, we are all equal. You must call me Alice."

"Yes Alice."

"Good, now let us begin."

Talib had cut the string and opened the parcel. Inside was a large bone, about a foot long with two large oblong lumps at one end. The other end had been cut through neatly.

"What is that?" asked Alice.

"It is the thigh bone of a cow. At the university, we have been studying herbivore anatomy. I said I would take it for a neighbour's dog. But wait, what is this?" He thrust his fingers into the truncated end

and pulled out a short curved dark specimen and held it out for Alice to see.

"It looks like a tooth."

"It is. It is the tooth of a Megalonyx, a large sloth-like creature that lived in Florida before the last Ice Age." He smiled.

"What are the marks down its side?" Alice pointed to where the tooth bore peculiar light striations.

"I do not know. It is maybe a million years old. It has been through a lot." Talib looked at bit put-out.

"Did you say large creature? Do you think it would fit in this shed?"

Talib considered this for a moment. "Oh yes. This is from a juvenile. And also ..." He reached into his bag and pulled out a dog lead and collar. "I have thought of everything."

"Right," said Alice, and unfurled the rolled-up cloth. On it were inscribed strange words Y'AI 'NG'NHAH and F'AI THRODOG in a circle around a sigil that

resembled a five pointed star but with extra lines and squiggles.

"Put the tooth in the middle and I will read the passage from Miss Attwood's Hermetic Mystery." Talib placed the tooth on the symbol and fetched from the work bench two vials that were also standing in magic circles, burned with a poker into the wood. These he placed next to the tooth.

"Alice," said Talib, almost making her start. "Did you cleanse the ritual space?"

"Isn't it a bit late to ask that? I did it earlier before you arrived, using the Lesser Banishing Ritual of Pentagram."

"Not the Golden Dawn! They are so Christian."

"Talib, do I have to remind you?"

"No. All ways lead to God, even the strange ones."

They stood at opposites side of the table, their arms stretched out at their sides and started their breathing exercises, soon entering into the practised



rhythm. In and out, slowly and deeply until their heads both felt light and their vision narrowed to the items on the table. They started to chant, softly at first and then rising and falling, as if calling something from afar.

“Per Adonai Eloim, Adonai Jehova, Adonai Sabaoth, Metraton On Agla Mathon ...”

On and on went the chant, learned by heart, repeated over and over and now it was being used. They kept this up for twenty minutes of more until their hearts and lungs felt fit to burst and a heavy sense of expectancy hung in the air. Alice took the first vial and poured out its contents, a thin yellow liquid, made gold in the lamp light. It ran over the tooth and as they watched breathless, it gradually soaked into the stone until not a drop remind and the cloth itself was dry. Outside, and of one voice, every single dog for two miles around, including Alice’s pug Eliphaz, started howling. Had not the shed been padded, the cacophony would have been impossible to ignore. They forged on. Next was a different chant which had to be said back and forth across the tooth.

“Yi-nash-Yog-Sothoth-he-lgeb-fi-throdog-Yah!” said Alice. And on the Yah! She thrust out her hand and pointed at the tooth. Nothing apparent happened.

“Yi-nash-Yog-Sothoth-he-lgeb-fi-throdog-Yah!” said Talib and he too pointed at the tooth. Back and forth they went thirty, one hundred, three hundred times, and, as the light started to dim as the oil ran low, they saw. Whereas the tooth itself stayed black and inert, the striations noticed earlier by Alice glowed very faintly. At each Yah! the glow pulsed and strengthened. It became noticeable between the words. They pressed on, their spirits lifted by this results and they put more energy into the chanting, urging, forcing the tooth to glow and it responded. Soon the light was stronger than the lamp, and then like a gas standard, their shadows cast strongly

against the walls. They had stopped shouting the whole chant and were now fully caught up in the ritual, dancing from foot to foot, waving their hands and shouting Yah! Yah! Yah!

On the table, the light was shining so bright it was difficult to look at directly.

“The second vial, quick.” said Alice. Talib grabbed it and poured where he thought the tooth was. Out came a red viscous liquid, it smelled sweet and metallic and set his teeth on edge. There was a quick sucking noise and the glow was extinguished, and so was the lantern. They could see nothing but they could feel a deep rumbling vibration which started to shake the whole shed. The lantern swung noisily from side to side and the door popped open, letting in what little starlight there was.

“Oh twadi,” said Talib and lunged for the door, dragging Alice behind him, clutching the book to her breast, a big smile on her face.

“It works!”

There was a sharp crack and the tooth burst into tiny fragments that pinged around the inside of the shed and the dust cloud, like the ricochet of a bullet. The ground stopped shaking. It was quiet. They peered into the shed. On the table was the smear left by the exploding tooth. There was nothing else around, except an intense coldness in the air. They could clearly see their breaths. Talib advanced cautiously with his hand out in front of him, there was a snapping noise and the hand disappeared, the wound frozen over. Talib screamed and fell backwards. There was a great rush upwards and the roof of the shed burst away as something pushed up from inside and out into the night sky. It wasn’t directly visible but as it flew or floated off, Alice, cradling Talib on the ground could make out a shimmer in the sky as it passed in front of the stars and off over the rooftops. What had they started?

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the 'other' London, the real London, if you like. This book is a guide to Mythos London. This is a London full of dark import and home to a conspiracy that may well bring down the British Empire and the world with it.

In this London, ghouls lurk in the tunnels and pits under the city, sleeping gods are bound beneath the city's sodden clay and dangerous cults from across the Empire vie for power to fulfil the goals of their hidden masters.

All four authors of this book have lived, plotted and survived London. Some yet remain while other have been sent to sanatoriums in the English countryside, but herein you will find our vision of a Mythos London. It includes historical and practical information that complements the material from the first volume, *An Investigator's Guide to London* helping you to build a deeper campaign of your own in London. It also contains a selection of unusual locations and characters, as well as a number of different occult organisations and Mythos threats.

The London presented here is a city of competing Mythos cults, ancient history and interwoven folklore. It is also the capital of the British Empire, held up as the greatest city in the world, and seen as the centre of the Commonwealth's aspirations. However, witnessed against the backdrop of the vastness and true cosmic horror of the Cthulhu Mythos, London's greatness is inconsequential, simultaneously expressing mankind's self-importance and utter insignificance.

Amidst the lies and conspiracies, London wages a quiet war against the Mythos, but an ancient confrontation draws to a head. London may soon become a battlefield, but for now her streets and courtyards are home to mystery and veiled threats. Investigators have so little time and so very much to discover.



M... ..
-POST



THE ZOO'S
AQUARIUM



THE NEW AQUARIUM
NOW OPEN
Book to
REGENT'S PARK
or CAMDEN TOWN
UNDERGROUND

314 000 18 3 24

VINCENT BROOKS DRY & SON LTD. Lth. London W.C.2

HISTORICAL BUILDINGS

NAME	NEAREST
CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN	ST. MARTIN
CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW	ST. ANDREW
CHURCH OF ST. JOHN	ST. JOHN
CHURCH OF ST. PETER	ST. PETER
CHURCH OF ST. PAUL	ST. PAUL
CHURCH OF ST. MARY	ST. MARY
CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL	ST. MICHAEL
CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE	ST. GEORGE
CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS	ST. NICHOLAS
CHURCH OF ST. EDWARD	ST. EDWARD
CHURCH OF ST. DENIS	ST. DENIS
CHURCH OF ST. GILES	ST. GILES
CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN	ST. MARTIN
CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW	ST. ANDREW
CHURCH OF ST. JOHN	ST. JOHN
CHURCH OF ST. PETER	ST. PETER
CHURCH OF ST. PAUL	ST. PAUL
CHURCH OF ST. MARY	ST. MARY
CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL	ST. MICHAEL
CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE	ST. GEORGE
CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS	ST. NICHOLAS
CHURCH OF ST. EDWARD	ST. EDWARD
CHURCH OF ST. DENIS	ST. DENIS
CHURCH OF ST. GILES	ST. GILES

PUBLIC BUILDING HOSPITALS

NAME	NEAREST
HOSPITAL OF ST. MARTIN	ST. MARTIN
HOSPITAL OF ST. ANDREW	ST. ANDREW
HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN	ST. JOHN
HOSPITAL OF ST. PETER	ST. PETER
HOSPITAL OF ST. PAUL	ST. PAUL
HOSPITAL OF ST. MARY	ST. MARY
HOSPITAL OF ST. MICHAEL	ST. MICHAEL
HOSPITAL OF ST. GEORGE	ST. GEORGE
HOSPITAL OF ST. NICHOLAS	ST. NICHOLAS
HOSPITAL OF ST. EDWARD	ST. EDWARD
HOSPITAL OF ST. DENIS	ST. DENIS
HOSPITAL OF ST. GILES	ST. GILES

The a...
The id...
Much of...
e assess...
in the East...
looking for...
half as many...
means the difference...
for East End families

DE THE S

CRICKET	St. Paul's Cricket Club
FOOTBALL GROUNDS	St. Paul's Football Ground
GOLF COURSES	St. Paul's Golf Course
TENNIS	St. Paul's Tennis Ground
ATHLETICS	St. Paul's Athletic Ground
FLYING	St. Paul's Flying Ground



BRINGING MYTHOS LONDON TO LIFE

London, 1920: the world's largest city, the busiest seaport, the world finance centre and the capital city of the largest empire in history, ruling over a fifth of the world's population. Given the power and magnificence of the empire and London's prominence within it, where is the horror, the Mythos, to be found?

In this chapter, we'll discuss at length how you as you might go about running a scenario or campaign set in London, discussing both the real and Mythos threats to the capital, plots to inspire your own games, as well as the themes and motifs you can use to bring the city – and the horror – to life.

LONDON'S DREAMING

“London is a modern Babylon.”

– Benjamin Disraeli, *Tancred*, 1847

To set the scene, a short introduction about the real threats to Britain in the 1920s. This is not a glorious empire. Britain is under attack from within and without. The economy is not quite on its last legs but Britain has lost to Germany and the USA the supremacy it held for a century. It wasn't until 1930 that the economy regained its pre-war production levels.

Britain has just survived two enormous challenges; the Great War against Germany which killed 2% of the population; mostly men and disproportionately those from the upper classes. What's more the Kaiser's Zeppelins mounted the first significant attack directly on British soil since 1066, spreading panic among the population of London.

Immediately after the war the Spanish Flu (which actually started in Kansas) killed another 1% of the population, disproportionately from amongst people in their twenties. A further 17 million died in India, the core of the Empire's raw material production. Everyone had been touched by death.

*I had a little bird
Its name was Enza,
I opened the Window
And in-flew Enza.*

– Children's rhyme, 1919

As the centre of the Empire London is a primary target for foreign malcontents. Not only those who seek to destabilise Britain: Fenians seeking an Irish Free State, Boers who survived the war, Arabs and Palestinians seeking more autonomy; but also those fleeing from oppression in their own countries such as Jewish émigrés from Russia, Tsarists and whichever Communist party was out of favour. They all threatened the British way of life with the Yellow Peril, the White Slave Trade, anarchism and Bolshevism.

From within London itself there are just as many dangers from a rising underclass, with a big economic divide between the manufacturing centres of the North, and the South with its predominantly service based economy. Whilst the later Crash would bring deprivation to the North, London was not severely affected. London still has its Victorian slums, which are gradually cleared away during the 1920s.

There are other upheavals too. Women have the vote for the first time, although full enfranchisement won't happen until 1928, but they can work as police officers. Eugenics is seriously promoted as a solution to poverty. A forced mixing of social classes on the battlefield has given society a greater sense of social responsibility and the pre-war class system is breaking down. The big houses as described by Wodehouse hark back to a past now gone forever. The glittering highlight of the social season, the Debutante's Ball, is being replaced by the Bright Young Things who run riot through London's new Jazz Age nightlife. Gangsters are making a comeback, fighting for control of the lucrative on-course and illegal off-course betting trade.

The failure of God to protect Britain from the horrors of war has led to a resurgence of spiritualism, including such grandees as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. There are fairies at the bottom of the garden and a big interest in folklore, magic, an Egyptian craze and the possibility of a witch cult. Art and literature are threatened by the coldness of modernism, more raw and direct than previous art forms.

Much as Britain's place in the world is ever-changing, so are the people who live and work there, over eight million of them in 1920.

LONDON'S HIDING

"All London was one grey temple of an awful rite, ring within ring of wizard stones circled about some central place, every circle was an initiation, every initiation eternal loss."

– Arthur Machen, *The Hill of Dreams*, 1907

Much as London is the equivocal heart of British Empire so Azathoth is the boiling chaos at the centre of the universe. All things are possible. With this in mind, when running a game of Lovecraftian horror set in London look for common themes between the many facets of London and the Mythos, be they from the creatures or the deities. Here's a look at some Lovecraftian themes and how they can be related to London.

The past has been covered over or abandoned. It has to be dug up or found.

In Lovecraft's fiction the past has been buried, the landscape changing as time passes. In the case of *The Rats in the Walls* and *Shadow Out of Time*, the ruins of Exham Priory and the Australian outback are shown to harbour hidden ancient cities. Much the same is true in *At the Mountains of Madness*. The tracks of history have been covered over so that the secrets have become inaccessible. Other stories, such as *The Unnameable* or *The Tomb*, or *The Shattered House*, have literal burials.



There have been settlements in London for over 3500 years. It was old when the Romans arrived 2000 years ago. Many civilisations grew up and disappeared in those years, barely recorded in the scattered finds of archaeologists. What traces might be found under or between the many layered remains of people since then?

- Sewer-men report tracks visible in the mud of the banks of the River Fleet, buried underground for over a hundred years. If offered something stronger than ale, they tell tales of a quivering jelly that clears out the toshes, the massive lumps of congealed fat, from the Victorian sewers around Soho. It can move at great speed and is often accompanied by a strange call which has earned it the nickname “Taka Lady”.
- In the crypt of Kensal Green, one of the big seven cemeteries, sit the unclaimed wooden coffins, lead-sealed, triple-shelled, of the unknown. All except the very latest are covered in years of cobwebs, but all show discreet signs of interference, the end board, has it been removed and replaced? What are those claw marks down the side? There is one, however, that sits undisturbed in its slot in the wall. The ledger shows it has been here in vault 133 of Catacomb B, beneath the Anglican Chapel, since the opening of the cemetery in 1833. Perhaps it was here even before then.
- Slum clearance in Bethnal Green uncovers a wide area of land hidden behind the facades of crumbling buildings. Strange trees grow here and there is a glow in one of the glades. Workmen ventured in but only one returned. He was incapable of speech but exhibited a vast and disquieting joy.
- The Old Operating Theatre in a garret of a church near St Thomas’ Hospital was closed in 1862 for use in public operations. However, it is said that the porters still assemble there on nights when “the tides are right” to perform an operation on “King Thomas”, who is said to be a vagrant picked up earlier in the day under the south side of London Bridge, still technically part of the City of London. Afterwards they retire to the Bunch of Grapes across the road for spirits, of another kind perhaps.
- In the basement of Imperial College a new prototype linear accelerator is being put to use at all hours by professors and students alike, keen to understand the secrets of the universe. The early Monday morning slot is the least sought after, not just because of the unsocial hour, but also because of reports of strange luminescences in the corridors and some possibly organic material that has to be cleaned out of the vacuum chambers each time. As the device is locked down each Friday evening, it is clear that this is a prank that has just gone on too long.
- One of the keener accountants at the Treasury has spotted financial discrepancies at the Colonial Office but has been warned off investigating any further. But someone has to take the blame for what seems to be the disappearance of the entire sugar cane crop of a South Pacific island. Perhaps some light might be shed on this by matching it up to the recorded weather at the Met Office and the Register of Ships at Lloyd’s, as well as some of the stranger reports at the Zoological Society, or the *Handbook of the Ethnographical Collection* (British Museum, 1910, with updates).
- Who knows what is to be found from cross-referencing small ads in the newspaper morgue of the Morning Post, between reading its serialisation of the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* and checking the turf section for the form of the runners, but there’s a bookie who operates out of the Wheatsheaf in Charlotte St who is running scared, and not just of the Sabini gang.

The bigger picture has been fractured or obscured. It has to be assembled or unhidden.

When secrets were not hidden by time, by just by ignorance, they can be found by people with the right tools: science, in the case of *From Beyond* or *Herbert West: Reanimator*, magic for *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward*, or just through the dogged piecing together of disparate clues in *The Call of Cthulhu*. In London, there are of course the universities and independent researchers who can uncover such things, as well as many rich sources of information in the libraries, museums, newspapers and from gossip in dock-side taverns.

We are already doomed by our knowledge or dreams or our genetics or inheritance.

Other horrors are hidden inside us and emerge as we dream (*Dreams in the Witch-House*) or come of age (*The Shadow over Innsmouth*), or discover one’s family tree (*Facts*

Concerning the Late Arthur Jermyn and his Family) or even just look in the mirror (*The Outside*). Family is important in London, in all social classes. It's a matter of inheritance for the rich and looking after each other for the poor.

- There's a close-knit family of East End dockers who control the union at the Royal Albert. They are very particular about who can join, with many workers only allowed associate status rather than full membership. What is the significance of the sharp piece of flint each carries? And why are they so belligerent about immigrants, particularly the new influx of Laotians?
- The leafy suburbs of West Dulwich seem an unlikely place to hear foreign chanting on a Sunday afternoon. Mr Earles the Sanskrit master claims that it is just extra tuition for the boys, and certainly it's showing in the quality of their prep. The debating society has been sweeping all before it, not just because of the quality of the arguments, but also because some teams are refusing compete, questioning the age of the Dulwich boys and the suitability of their talk.
- The reading of *The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner* is banned under the rules of Ogham's, the club for gentlefolk in Bishopsgate. That it should admit women is strange enough but that each year they should hold a walk in full club regalia to Billingsgate. The only reason you know this is that your cousin is a member and has put your name forward for membership, without even asking you. The cheek of it!

It is bigger, more powerful, more complicated than expected, or than they are now.

Consider those stories in which a discovery leads to a massive widening out of knowledge. In *At the Mountains of Madness*, we find out about the origins and purpose of humanity, in *The Whisperer in Darkness*, we learn about visitors from outer space who have been coming to our world forever, in *The Terrible Old Man* and *The Music of Eric Zann*, we find out that magic exists.

London has a rich history of strange ceremonies such as the Knollys Rose, Blessing of the Throat at St Etheldreda's Church and Doggett's Coat and Badge Race for apprentice watermen. What deeper truths could they be concealing? Take any seemingly innocuous London event and spin it out into a world-changing event.

- London is a green and leafy city, home to many birds, especially in the park and leafy suburbs. The most well-known bird is the pigeon, which throngs about the high cornices of the city and masses in Trafalgar Square. This however is as nothing to the spectacular displays of the starlings that congregate by their thousands each January. They take to the air above London massing and swirling in their thousands, to the extent that the sky actually darkens. Astronomers have noted that this display seems to reach a peak as Gamma Corvi (also known as Djenah al Ghyrab al Eymen, the right wing of the crow) passes the horizon, be it night or day. Akin to cloud or fire gazing, one might watch them for hours as they swirl and glide through intricate three dimensional shapes if it wasn't for the noise. The chattering of the murmuration (or constellation), as a group of starlings is known, is almost unbearable, although an ornithologist from Bow swears that by recording and playing the song at different speeds he has been able to discern a singular pattern.

"I came back to the churchyard at a quarter past four, and the boughs were bending and black with hundreds of starlings. Starlings fluttered about the bell-towers of the Cathedral, about the dome, about the orb and cross above the dome; starlings dotted the sky-line of the apse, studded ledges of entablatures, perched about arches, niches, cornices, the tracery of windows, the hollows of carved stone; starlings swept down in flocks to dome, roof, towers, swept up again like swarms of bees, swung down again, whirled up again. And every bird about the church was singing. From the swaying tops of the planes, from every line and level of masonry, from every shadow and angle of plinth and pillar, starlings were whistling and chattering and twittering, making every sort of starlings' noise, from long-drawn melodious piping to the tiniest of shaking of castanets".

– *The Spectator*, March 1926

Charles Babbage, the well-known scientist and inventor of the difference engine, has had a singular after-life. His brain was preserved and donated to the Hunterian Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields. In 1907, the distinguished physician Sir Victor Horsley, published a short monograph entitled *Description of*

the Brain of Mr. Charles Babbage, F.R.S. This paper carries nothing much of interest, perhaps much of it was redacted because it did lead to the brain being split into two equal parts. The left hemisphere is now kept in the Science Museum in Kensington, three miles away from the right in the Hunterian. Each year the Royal Institution, equidistant between the two in Piccadilly holds a closed session in the auditorium to which only a few senior members are admitted. They fetch their own equipment, although it is known to involve a wireless set and even a cathode ray tube.

- Psychologists at the Maudsley in Camberwell are troubled. One of their in-patients, a Mr Henry Coal, previously an employee at the Library of the Order of St John in Clerkenwell, has been found on several occasions wandering the streets of the City, four miles from the hospital. He is always found in a semi-somnolent state and claims to be searching for “the stairs up”. He also mentions Commander Nash but who this is the doctors are none the wiser. He manages to escape, even when restrained and sedated, and claims that he moves across the city “as if in a dream”.

LONDON'S CREEPING

“Loathsomeness waits and dreams in the deep, and decay spreads over the tottering cities of men.”

– H.P. Lovecraft, *The Call of Cthulhu*, 1928

Turning now to the creatures of the Mythos that one might encounter in London, we've separated them into six broad categories based on how mankind usually encounters them, each with a capital twist. You might see these as Londoners like any, or the rightful rulers of the land, come to reclaim what is theirs, or just passing through and squashing people like ants.

Those that live with us: Deep Ones, Ghouls and Serpent-Folk

These are the Mythos creatures that live with humanity, often unseen or ignored. They seemingly just go about their business, although with a measure of malevolent intent. Sometimes they look like us. Some are aware of their monstrous inheritance, or it comes upon them unbidden, or it is there all along but is suppressed or disguised it. In London such folk are all around.

- On the bus or the Underground, one man on his way to work looks pretty much like another, hat, coat, umbrella, perhaps the morning newspaper tucked under an arm. But look more closely, the shoes are from Church's, the coat from Jermyn Street, the suit from Saville Row. All are a sure sign of breeding, but what kind? Are the teeth a little sharper than one might expect?
- That costermonger selling fish in the street, he has a good catch regardless of the weather or season. You're not sure that's really a plaice, but it does smell so very tasty. It has big eyes, like the fishmonger's, so suited to seeing underwater, and a neck that looks very, well, flabby.
- The professor looks a very dapper sort, and sprightly too for man his age. Also, very occasionally he seems to spout utter nonsense. The Dho-Na formula, what's all that about? You've never seen that in any book. His party trick is knowing the next biggest prime number than any integer. It's as if he has solved the Riemann equation. The very thought of it. Last time it took you a whole weekend with log tables to work out that the nineteen digit number was indeed prime.

Those that visit: Elder Things, Shoggoths, Mi-go, Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath

These Mythos creatures are present on the Earth, or visit us regularly, but usually only under special circumstances. The Elder Things and their servitors the shoggoths are only to be found in the deepest ocean or the coldest parts of the poles. The mi-go come here to mine certain precious minerals only to be found on earth. Although interested in humanity in a detached way, they tend to avoid contact, hunted as they are by the Brotherhood of the Yellow Sign. Dark young are associated with the worshippers of Shub-Niggurath and usually only appear when summoned, although they may roam more freely in primordial woodland.

- Fishing boats come into London on the tide and deposit their catches at Billingsgate Market, the Italianate building right on the Thames. It seems that not everything packed in ice on a boat is happy to become the evening meal at a West End restaurant. Someone or something has been emptying the “pudding bowl”, although it's difficult to understand what anyone would do with the contents of the hopper for guts and other undesirables, destined for cat food.

- Oxleas Wood, atop Shooters Hill in the eastern part of the borough of Greenwich, is over 8000 years old. This ancient woodland contains Servendroog Castle, a putatively built to commemorate the capture of Suvarnadurg Fort in India by William James in 1755. On a clear day one can see seven counties from the top. On a clear night, the trees seem to cluster around the bottom, swaying even when there is no wind. In the morning, the massive door is often covered in deep gouges and has to be replaced at least twice a year. What could be contained in the tower that angers the woods so?

Those that live inside us: the Colour Out of Space, the Shan, Yithians

Some Mythos entities can only exist inside us, either draining our vitality such as The Colour out of Space, physically inside our brains, subtly controlling us like the shan, or swapping minds with people like the Yithians. In London there are many who might live of others, be it parasitical diseases, usurers or religious orders.

- Doctors at the London Chest Hospital are worried about the resurgence of tuberculosis in parts of Hackney. It isn't responding to usual treatments. What's more some of the patients seem to be glowing, so perhaps it's related to phosphor jaw, an occupational disease caused by exposure to white phosphorus. A statistical study of cases centres the outbreak around the Sidney Road orphanages, just off Wanstead Flats, where some of the children have been playing in a pond, but that seems an unlikely cause.
- A young researcher at the Theosophical Society who had been doing a study of aura photography was recently found dead in his studio in Hampton Wick after a fire. Investigators have been puzzled by a portfolio that luckily escaped the conflagration with only minor smoke damage. It shows what must be double exposures, photographs of what look like faeries superimposed on the subjects' heads.

Those that haunt time and space: Hounds of Tindalos, Rat-things

Hounds of Tindalos travel naturally through the corners of time. The Hounds are wild animals but perhaps they hunt to stop the modifications of time that threaten us all through paradox. Rat-things use non-euclidean magic or mathematics to move through time and space. They are the familiars of

witches, given continuous existence in Margaret Murray's *The Witch-Cult in Western Europe* (1921), Nyarlathotep's servants, degenerate humanity.

- In 1720, after supping on Holy Ghost Pie at the Greyhound Tavern in Bury Street, Lord Wharton and his Hellfire Club friends tumbled out into St James's Square and there, in front of the house where later Ada Lovelace was to live, performed a perverted black mass in mockery of Catholicism. Such an electric storm blew up as to cause much damage to London. Wharton and his cronies all took shelter in Chatham House next door at No. 10, banging on the door until given access by the servants who they summarily kicked out into the rain. The master being absent, the men drank a large quantity of claret from his cellar before retiring for the night. In the morning, three of them were dead and the rest refused to ever discuss what had transpired.

“A storm of hail, thunder, and lightning, as never was seen the like in any man's memory, especially the tempest of wind, being southwest, which subverted, besides huge trees, many houses, innumerable chimneys (among others that of my parlour at Sayes Court), and made such havoc at land and sea, that several perished on both. Divers lamentable fires were also kindled at this time; so exceedingly was God's hand against this ungrateful and vicious nation and Court.”

– John Evelyn, *The Diary of John Evelyn*

- Some mudlarks or toshers have an uncanny skill in finding lost items, which, for a fee they will recover from a sewer or mud-bound riverbank. Invariably they have a trained animal, perhaps a rat or a tamarin, which does the work for the smelly urchin. I wonder what the familiar gets in return, but even more, how the items often look as if they have spent no time at all in the river?

Those that fly: Flying Polyps, Nightgaunts, Haunting Horrors, Byakhee and Star Vampires

Invariably difficult to see because invisible or the colour of night, these creatures can be summoned to carry away or to carry off. Some, such as the flying polyps are more canny and

inhabitant vast basalt towers, such as the Tower of London. Others are sent to do the bidding of Nodens (nightgaunts) or Nyarlathotep (haunting horrors) or Hastur (byakhee) or murders (star vampire).

- There is a sideshow at the annual Blackheath Fair that purports to show Monstro the Giant Sky Shark. In the dingy tent, for a mere shilling, you can see in a cage the horror of the age. It's quite difficult to make out because it is entirely black, even the teeth. Some say it is a man in a suit, but when the showman throws it a live chicken you can appreciate how dangerous it is. Control of the beast seems to depend on words spoken in a strange eastern tongue and the possession of an amulet bearing a yellow glyph. Some whisper that for a not inconsiderable sum, the showman will ask the beast to perform more complex tasks for your enjoyment or convenience.
- Three times now the exsanguinated corpses of travellers have been found in suitcases in the left luggage office at King's Cross station. What's more the skins bear the marks of many suckers, as if they had been attacked by some infernal device. So drained of fluid are they, that they have been folded up to fit in a relatively small cases. The corpses are only discovered when not having been reclaimed they start to smell. Staff at the station, and several others, are now insisting on looking inside any luggage they store.

Those that live beneath: Cthonians, Formless Spawn, Lloigor

Under the earth move the dhole, weaving tunnels between our world and the Dreamlands. That's why the toshers avoid anywhere around Old Street; you never know where you might end up. The cthonians are banished from London. There hasn't been an earthquake here since 1750, the last time the London Stone went without being properly consecrated. All it would take is one careless developer for the capital to suffer the retaliation from centuries of absence. Others lurk in darkness, formless, waiting to be given a shape and bidden to act. The lloigor were once a force of nature, but where does their natural power come from in the New Babylon? They were brought low by men with iron lances but they are in the earth not of it. Are they still secure?

- It has been said that the extension of the Bakerloo Line south from the Elephant & Castle to Sydenham has been put on hold because of the difficulties in tunnelling in such low-lying land. However there is another theory that test bores found a set of already-existing tunnels that were quickly closed over. It was also at this time that the Camber Well, near the top of Denmark Hill, was also concreted over and hidden under three feet of earth. It is said that on cold clear nights if one puts ones ear to the ground in Pelham Close, one can hear the noise of gravel being trodden, or rock being crushed.



- At ten locations around the City of London, the boundary is marked by a dragon bearing the shield of the city. One might suppose that this is to indicate the might of the City, the world's money and insurance market. However there is another theory that these boundary markers have been set there to keep something in. St Mary-le-Bow in Eastcheap is central to the myth of the City. Only those born within the sound of its bells, which were rung to indicate the city curfew, are true cockneys. The church roof came off in a storm in 1091, although one report at the time by Honorius of Autun, in his *Elucidarium* (1097), mentions that the storm blew up from inside the church. It is shortly after this that the dragons were first used as markers and the church gained a dragon weathercock.

they work as great thematic engines, setting the mood for the game, bringing disparate storyline together, giving motives to lesser actors. Try finding two or three motifs for any deity that you might use and putting them into descriptions of scenes, more in the background to start but becoming more forceful as the game progresses.

For example, a game about Cthugha worshippers might feature, incidentally, warm weather out of season, a trip on a river with light flashing off the surface, an argument on the top deck of a bus with an uncommonly ungracious passenger, the changing of the guard (with all the red soldiers) and a display of roses in a shop window. It is important not to draw too much attention to these details, just include them in off hand remarks or as part of descriptions.

LONDON'S SCREAMING

"Eternal London haunts us still."

– Thomas Moore, *Rhymes on the Road*, 1823

Mythos deities, or powerful aliens or allegories, however you might like to represent them, are usually too powerful to appear in all but the finale of a longer campaign. If one of these is used, then it is usually as a bringer of the end of if not the whole world, then at least that of the characters. As such they should probably be used sparingly in a direct sense. However,

Azathoth

The swirling chaos at the centre of the universe can be seen in crowds of people or animals. Commuters on London Bridge or market workers in Covent Garden, milling around to such an extent that one becomes lost in the middle of a street. Pigeons, flying round in a spiral pattern until falling dead in a rain of birds. Azathoth is also the King with his court of mindless servants, and this can be inferred from the presence of royalty or its representatives. His colour might be the coronal glow of a black hole, or the two-bar electric heater in the betting shop, or the torch dropped in the alley way.



Chaugnar Faugn

This elephant deity can be used to represent colonisation and its effects, as well as the disintegration of the Empire. Use foreigners, being pushy; strange animals, a raccoon instead of a fox, or a bear wandering through the streets at night; and food with very odd flavours. Use loud trumpeting noises, a jazz band playing in a park, the colour grey and large lumbering people.

Cthugha

The fire in the sky can be brought into play with unseasonably hot weather, factories, blinding reflections off shiny surfaces. Also the colour red, amorous entanglements, anger and other moments of strong emotion.

Cthulhu

His call reached London, and as a slumbering underwater god, he represents inspiration, the unconscious and hidden truths resurfacing. He is present in artists and their works, icebergs and, of course, eerie dreams. Use wet surfaces, fish scales, the smell of ozone and the deep noises of the ocean, perhaps a fog horn or the feeling when walking in the City that one is at the bottom of an undersea canyon.

His colours are murky green and beams of light filtering through from above, through stained glass perhaps in a cathedral.

Dagon

He is the god of undersea plenty, the riches of gold and fish. His presence can be shown by unexpected windfalls, men from the coast and seagulls, and the gentle lapping sound of waves against barges on the Thames. Use people from afar with unfamiliar names and strange dress that one might witness in the street, being shown around by a local mayor.

Daoloth

Daoloth points to the dangers of learning which inevitably draws us into more than humanity can cope with. Use numbers, strange mathematical theorems, inferences that just seem too wild to work, libraries and conspiracy theorists. Use electronic white noise, crackles on tannoys on the Tube, the whine between stations on the wireless, or whispers of overheard secrets, perhaps students discussing new discoveries in a Lyons Corner House, or two priests discussing a confession whilst smoking cigarettes behind a church in Islington.

Hastur

His home, Carcosa, is a reflection of London, or is it the other way round? Feed players strange inconsistent perceptions and introduce elements from *The King in Yellow* play. As the god of entropy he represents decay, not just in a physical sense, but also the inevitable wearing out of ideas, all ideas



and the collapse into pointlessness. Things will just give up. Use crumbling buildings, stones even, land-slides, the colour yellow, suppuration and the sound of cracking infrastructure or the grinding gears of a passing taxi. Use fog and give misleading architectural details about the investigators' surroundings, and muffled sounds.

Mordiggian

The god of ghouls is present wherever there is death, so in funerals, in dead flowers and anything coming to an end, and then being devoured. He is also present in inappropriate food, poor hygiene and bad table manners, and teeth, pointy teeth. Use black, arum lilies, the smell of meat, slightly decayed, and dirty water. Have a butcher's shop window with hanging carcasses and heads, which on closer inspection turn out to only be pigs. His colour is the grey of bone or the sky before a storm.

Nyarlahotep

This deity is closest to mankind in his scheming. He can be the Devil for Christians, Shaitan for Muslims, the dark man in the woods for witches and all that symbolise these things: goats, hoofs, brooms, licentiousness, but also devious plots, extremist political parties and salesmen with annoying patter who insist on buying you a drink in the pub.

Shub-Niggurath

She is the mother of all, rampant fertility, things giving birth that shouldn't be able to, feral animals and weird plant life – not just the dark young, but Venus fly-traps and the titan arum, the world's biggest, smelliest flower (there's one in Kew Gardens). But she can also be any aspect of motherhood, such as a woman feeding a baby from a bottle in a cafe, a nurse in

a park playing hide and seek with her charge, or a pregnant woman in need of helping into a taxi.

Y'Golonac

For his kind of seedy desire, look no further than the darker parts of Soho, people who offer themselves up, drugs and offers that seem too good to be true. His colour is that of flesh, pasty and white or dusky and alluring. His sound is that of chattering mouths, or just teeth – the noise that some cats make before they are about to eat.

Yig

Yig calls to the race memory of a time when humanity was under the yoke of the serpent-folk. He comes in sudden shocks, such as a police horse suddenly rearing and shying away in the middle of the street, disgusting visions of twisting bodies, perhaps just some tripe seen through the window of an eatery on the Strand, and the sense of *deja-vu*, from a previous experience or even a past-life. He is shown in the two tone patterns such as those on a snake's back, or in the tiles in the hall way of the Professor's house.

Yog-sothoth

The gate and the key, so mysterious doorways that aren't always there, keys that open doors they shouldn't but also less-usual transport: a river boat, a hot air balloon or plane trailing a message through the sky that is difficult to make out. He can also be seen in the layers of London between which one might move, starting from the deepest parts of the tube network via the culverted rivers to crowded basement gambling dens to attic kitchens and narrow spiral staircases leading to wide vistas from the roof of a tall building.





EMM. KAUFFER, 13

LONDON HISTORY AT THE
LONDON MUSEUM
 DOVER STREET
 OR ST. JAMES'S PARK STATION.

(1) 1000 8 2 23.

VINCENT BROOKS DAY & SON LTD. LITH. LONDON W.C.2



Circles are drawn at intervals of One Mile from Charing Cross Station

A KEEPER'S HISTORY OF LONDON

London as a settlement or inhabitation has existed in one state or another for thousands of years. Geographically, the whole region the city now stands upon was originally marsh and bog with the broad River Thames running through it. When Roman soldiers under General Aulus Plautius invaded Britain in AD43, the sodden site of modern London represented both a serious barrier to travel and a military hazard as the British tribes could easily hide and regroup within the soggy fen. The Romans probably first built a bridge across the river where Westminster stands today in order to pursue their foes.

Soon after the Roman conquest, the transport and commercial value of the area was recognised and plans were put in place to locate a fort and trading post on the bank of the Thames. The river itself allowed for Roman ships to be harboured nearby and provided good access to the North Sea. The first buildings likely appeared on a small crop of high ground on the north bank – near the location of the Tower of London – which could be built up and fortified as a perfect bridging point across the powerful tidal river. And with that, Londinium was born.

THE ROMANS AND LONDINIUM

Londinium, the Roman city, was more permanently established between 43 AD and AD50. It was never a garrison town, and was created solely for the purpose of being a trade hub for this northernmost of Imperial provinces. The story of Londinium was nearly cut short within just a few years of its founding, however, when the uprising of the Iceni and Trinovantes tribes fell upon the undefended city with a furious savagery. Without soldiers to defend them, many of the Roman population fled, and those who stayed behind were largely massacred as the forces of Queen Boudicca engaged in a three-day frenzy of murder, looting and destruction.

Archaeologists among you take note: digging down beneath London's streets to a depth of roughly 13 feet, the buried strata of the original Londinium can be found, but comprises little more than a fine line of compacted, black soot that represents the total destruction wrought by the Iceni who burnt Londinium to the ground in 60 AD. The Romans rebuilt their trade port and, recovering from this tragic false-start, a small but vibrant



Roman town emerged. Oddly the city was rebuilt without any defensive wall and remained without walls until roughly AD190 when construction on the Roman walls began. The walls were completed circa AD200 and, unique to Roman design, the walls extended along the bank of the Thames as well.

Over time Londinium grew to become the largest Roman city in Britain and remained in place until about AD410. During its time, Roman London became an important city of trade. Though located on the edge of the far-flung Empire, London still attracted trade and visitors from right across the Empire. This wild, northern outpost was even deemed exotic and merchants came from all corners of the Empire to sell and buy, and many settled within its boundaries.

Ultimately, Roman London grew to become the commercial and administrative capital of the region. It was a vibrant part of the late Roman Empire and several times it supported rival claimants to the Imperial throne, once seeing a losing candidate's mercenary army occupy the city for a brief time. As the Empire buckled under a continued attacks and aggression from Europe, London similarly suffered at the hands of the Saxons. In AD368, a Saxon army overran and looted the city before the Romans were able to recapture it. London's importance in the latter stages of the Empire can be noted by the fact that it was briefly renamed Augusta.

POST-ROMAN AND ANGLO-SAXON LONDON

When the Legions finally left Londinium, one might assume that Roman culture left with them, but this was not the case. Long after the Roman authorities left the city, the Romano-British peoples continued to use London as one of their main cities – , although it was ever in decline. Over the years, the Roman municipal and street planning system ceased to be used and no new buildings were erected within the walls. Yet the city remained a bastion of the culture, harkening back to the Roman occupation. Despite the growing Saxon threat, the inhabitants held the city against invasion.

When the Saxons did overrun the region and established the nation of Essex, they left the ruins of Roman Londinium alone and allowed the city to decline. History provides no clear reason for why the Saxons seem to have avoided the crumbling city. London continued to decline and entered into a period of

neglect from roughly AD450 to AD600. During this odd 'dark age', no Anglo-Saxon burial sites or settlements were built within 8 miles of Londinium's old Roman walls.

Instead, the Saxons built a town downriver, near where The Strand is today. The town was called Lundenwic and grew to a considerable size. The monk and poet Bede described the city as a metropolis and as being a very successful and rich trading town. Indeed it was only later, in the 7th and 8th centuries, that the Saxons had to relocate Lundenwic inside the old defensive walls left by the Romans to provide them greater protection against Viking raids and later invasions.

VIKING LONDON

In subsequent decades, wave after wave of invading Vikings came down from Scandinavia and Anglo-Saxon London found itself increasingly on the front line of the Viking attacks. Several times in the following 300 years, Danes and Norwegians successfully attacked the city, either taking it for plunder or briefly making it their own. In 1014, London was finally settled by the Vikings and became part of their expanding kingdom.

Viking dominance in Britain and in the North Sea region ebbed and flowed. A complex web of dynastic alliances formed over the decades between the Danes and Saxons and, with the ever-changing fortunes of war, London changed hands several times. Even amongst their Viking brethren, infighting led to turbulent times for the city. At one point, the Danish king Olaf – remembered today across London as St Olaf – is said to have torn down London Bridge to prevent other Danish chiefs from using it to sack the city.

Toward the midpoint of the 11th century, London was subsumed into the Kingdom of Wessex and fell under the control of King Edward the Confessor. This devout king of Wessex is remembered largely for commanding that the first Westminster Abbey be built. The claim of his house, however, ended in 1066 with the arrival of William the Conqueror.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

When William the Conqueror took the throne of England, the Normans quickly realised that without control of London they would have difficulty subjugating the rest of the Kingdom. As a result, one of the first things they did was build the Tower

of London. This would not be just any castle: the Normans deliberately did not use local dark grey stone from which the rest of the city was built, but rather shipped in massive light grey blocks of Caen stones from their home in Normandy. The tall, imposing tower dominated the London skyline – it was, in fact, the largest building in England at the time – and provided a constant visual reminder of who was in control.

By now London had a population of about 10,000 and was prone to seeing massive fires break out within its walls; the increasing number of fires led William the Conqueror to institute London's first 'cuvrefeu' ('curfew') in 1068, banning anyone from allowing a fire to stay alight in their house after 8 o'clock. But fires were only one of London's growing problems: crime and unrest grew as the population did and soon London had developed a reputation as a volatile and dangerous city. The troubles would outlive William and continue well into the Middle Ages.

MEDIEVAL LONDON

London's commercial success and continued importance throughout the Medieval period put its citizenry in a position of considerable power. Several times during the early Middle Ages the city rebelled against the Kings and Queens of England, openly expressing its discontent and forcing a change to take place – usually resulting in some concession or other advantage being gained. The collective strength of London's people was enough to bring down governments and overthrow monarchs.

In 1141, for example, Londoners rose up in rebellion against Queen Matilda. The Queen was forcibly removed from the city and London was declared a 'commune' to support the claim of Stephen, a rival to the throne. In 1216, Londoners invited Louis, Dauphin of France and son of King Louis XV of France, to sail across to the city with an army to depose King John and become King of England. Even when the English barons that originally supported Louis swapped sides and advocated the rule of King John's infant son, the people of London held out in favour of Louis until Louis himself gave up.

Later, in 1262, the mayor of London led the city in an open rebellion against Henry III and, in 1326, a fearsome mob of Londoners – disgusted by the extraordinary excesses and inept rule of King Edward II – went on a rampage that ultimately saw the people storm the Tower of London and behead one of

the city's bishops in the streets. Into the later Medieval period, London was greatly influenced and, to an extent, ruled by its guilds and aldermen.

London at this time might be typified as a hard working and determined city that survived both the coming of the plague and the waxing and waning of its fortunes. Its heroes were the likes of Dick Whittington who, despite the myths, was a rich and successful mercer and merchant adventurer. Whittington was made mayor of London in 1397 – largely because the King owed him money and gave him the job to pay him off – and remained so until 1423. A powerful and influential man, Whittington later rode beside Henry V as he returned glorious from the Battle of Agincourt. In the 1420s, many great contributions to the city were built, including libraries, colleges and even the Whittington's Longhouse, a large public toilet just down river from St. Paul's Cathedral.

TUDOR LONDON

London grew even larger and richer during the Tudor period. Henry VIII's dissolution of the monasteries meant that vast tracts of church land in London were given to the state and then sold to the highest bidder. These new landlords tore down many magnificent medieval structures and rebuilt small tenement houses allowing the population to explode. During the Tudor period, London grew from being one of the smaller cities in Europe to being the largest.

The core 'City' of London remained but it now saw the suburbs link up the city with Westminster, Southwark and beyond. The city itself remained a bastion of puritan work ethics and prudish morality, while the suburbs were characterised as being home to all manner of vice and immoral distraction. Southwark on the southern banks of the Thames became especially infamous: it was the home of the theatres (including Shakespeare's Globe Theatre), of London's most organised brothels – known as the Stews – and of the Bear Gardens, the huge bear-baiting arena that was home to one of London's most popular bloodsports across the centuries.

THE STUARTS AND THE CIVIL WAR

As the Tudor Dynasty gave way to the Stuart Dynasty, London became a growing hotbed of radicalism. Its support of Parliament was crucial in the English Civil War. During the

protracted war, London became a vast fortress, protected by a massive series of defensive ditches and gun positions that were built around the city. The population of London volunteered their labour working in parties to shore up the city's defence and stand by the Parliamentarian 'Roundhead' soldiers.

The English Civil War ended in 1649 with the trial and execution of Charles I and the exile of Charles II, his son. In place of rule by monarchy, London and England became part of a self-governing Commonwealth of England for the next four years. Ultimately, however, Oliver Cromwell would become ruler of a British Protectorate in 1653, until the restoration of the monarchy seven years later.

THE RESTORATION OF THE MONARCHY

With the crown restored in 1660, London continued on much as it had done prior to the Civil War. Five years of relative peace followed until tragedy struck in 1666 when the Great Fire of London left much of the city a smouldering wasteland. As with previous fires, a new London would soon rise in its place. King Charles II tasked Sir Christopher Wren with designing a new city plan, but unfortunately many of his more ambitious ideas for the new London were overlooked or had to be cut back. Wren himself had hoped to recreate London as a 'Venice of the North' boasting Venetian style bridges and magnificent churches. The city developments, however, were trapped in a miasma of legal proceedings and much of London was finally rebuilt along the same plans as had existed prior to the Great Fire.

As the King's Surveyor of Works, Wren did give London one of its most iconic architectural masterpieces: the massive, Berinini-esque St Paul's Cathedral. St Paul's would become the dominant symbol of the London skyline for centuries to follow. Around it and the other fifty-odd churches Wren helped design, the pressures of a growing population ended any dreams that the London might ever be compared to Venice and its elegant piazzas.

THE GROWTH OF EMPIRE

As British power grew throughout the 18th century, London became a place of heady excess. The demands of overpopulation saw crime rise to terrifying levels and, during the era of the Napoleonic Wars, London was a filthy, crime-riddled city where the wealthy elite were forced to walk uneasily amongst

throng of thieves and beggars. The city was still a commercial giant in Europe and many made their fortunes whilst others lost everything.

The era was one where majestic developments such as Grosvenor Square and the new Treasury building were created and celebrated. However, around London scores of workhouses were also built to cope with the massing poor and unemployed, and social conditions were generally appalling. Geographically London continued to grow outward from the original city and its long-lost walls. Outside the city proper, certain areas and boroughs fell into lawlessness and exhibited terrible poverty. The gap between the prosperous and the poor would continue to widen unabated into the 19th century.

IMPERIAL LONDON

Events throughout the 19th century saw London reach its peak in many ways. The city became the recognised capital of the British Empire, and public buildings of epic proportion and splendour were erected. From the carefully designed elegance of the newly created Regent's Park to the massive and popular Tower Bridge, London expressed its power, wealth and dominance in its architecture.

London at this time was arguably the biggest and certainly the most influential city on Earth. Huge numbers of people were drawn to the city and its borders pushed ever outwards. A number of new bridges were built across the River Thames, linking to the massive dock developments in the east of the city and the city's police force faced a constant struggle not just to reduce crime, but simply to keep a lid on a poor population who were often entirely lawless. At its wealthy heart, London was a conservative city, led by the strict, prudish public morality of Queen Victoria and the Royal Family, and embraced by most Britons. The pride of the British Empire and its history was celebrated everywhere in London from Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square to the Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park. London and the Empire were the world's centre stage.

VICTORIAN LONDON

Throughout the Victorian era, technology changed London: gas, and later electric, lamps lit its streets, Underground trains carried its citizens to and fro, a modern sewer system stopped the Thames smelling like an open cesspool, and the coming of

the railways saw the first large-scale redevelopment of inner London since Tudor times. Whole neighbourhoods (like the blood-caked community of slaughterhouses around the rather dismal area of St Pancras) were demolished to make way for these new developments, cut up and laid down by stream-driven marvels of the age.

As London's importance grew, so did its docks, so important for commercial trade and connecting the Empire. In a desperate need for space, London pushed east, seeking new and larger berths for the vast flotilla of ships that brought to the city the spoils of Empire. Throughout the decades, vast purpose-built docks were built and with it whole new sections of the metropolis rose up, filled largely with working class dockers and the poor – London's infamous East End.

The Victorian era saw more and greater waves of foreign immigration. Foreign nationals from Eastern Europe, China, India and others from all over the world flocked to London and the city flourished with this influx of trade and workers, but simultaneously it struggled to house them all. Vast, overcrowded tenements above ground and labyrinths of filthy, basement rooms below ground appeared in every available space.

Outside the wealthy neighbourhoods, much of Victorian London was a grimy hellhole. Poverty, crime, and despair filled the streets that Dickens brought to life so vividly in the pages of

his numerous books. Many sought change and a better way of life, but neither would come quickly or easily.

LONDON IN THE EARLY 20TH CENTURY

Prior to the Great War, London remained undeniably powerful. It was the ruling seat of Great Britain, a globe-spanning Empire, and a newly created Commonwealth. The First World War would challenge the Empire and bring about sweeping change. London too would see great turmoil, but also continued growth and wealth throughout the first and into the first-half of the second decade. Around the globe, London continued to be recognised as one of the most – if not the most – important city in the world.

• MYTHOS TIMELINE • OF LONDON

4000 BCE: Early Stone Age settlements appear around the River Thames.

3250 BCE: Deep Ones begin to aggressively interbreed with settlers near the mouth of the Thames. Many settlements are abandoned and their populations move further inland and upriver.



2750 BCE: A vast column of flame erupts from a sorcerer's hut in a hamlet near modern Belvedere and travels chaotically westward, scorching the south side of the Thames for miles before vanishing.

2000 BCE: Numerous small settlements – likely those of itinerant or marauding tribes – form and reform throughout the London area.

1450 BCE: A 'dragon' avatar of Byatis briefly terrorises the London area.

1000 BCE: The London area settled by Celtic tribes.

43: The Romans invade and found Londinium.

60: Celtic Queen Boudicca sacks and burns Londinium, leaving precious few alive.

79: The Roman governor of Britain, Julius Agricola, invades Scotland with 20,000 men supplied through Londinium and Eboracum (York) in the north.

90-105: Londinium grows to become an important centre of trade in Roman Britain.

105: Roman forces retreat from Scotland, having suffered badly at the hands of the raiding Picts and Scots, and construct a defensive line between the Solway and Tyne to keep raiders from Eboracum and Londinium.

190-200: 20-foot high stone walls are built to better protect the city and its citizenry, particularly against increasing raids by Saxons in the south.

240-50: London becomes the capital of the British province with a population of some 5000 inhabitants.

286: Roman commander Aurelius Mausaeus Valerius Carausius sets himself up as Emperor of Britain and Gaul, claiming Londinium as his capital.

292: Carausius publicly beheads the five leaders of a Hydra cult and has another 40 of its members put to death in secret.

293: Emperor Carausius is found dead in his palace, presumed assassinated.

367-8: An army of Saxons, Scots and Picts surrounds Londinium but is unable to take or starve the city, and leaves defeated.

410: The Roman army leaves Britain, effectively ending Roman rule.

445: As fortunes fail, hardships multiply, and untimely deaths abound, her people declare the city to be cursed. Within the year, Londinium is largely abandoned and falls into ruin.

450: Saxons, with Angles and Jutes amongst them, settle an area outside old Roman London, calling it Lundenwic.

600: The Saxons re-inhabit London, primarily for its high Roman walls and other defensive capabilities.

604: Christianity takes hold in Britain and London's first bishop is appointed. The same year, St. Paul's Cathedral is founded. Cult activity moves underground.

650: With a population of around 20,000 inhabitants, Saxon London flourishes.

730: King Æthelbald of Mercia consolidates Mercian power in Anglo-Saxon Britain and takes control of London.

841: In Denmark, a secretive cult worshipping the Fungi of Yuggoth comes into political power and mandates that London must be taken. The reasons behind this move are never discovered.

842: Danish Vikings raid up and down the Thames between London and the North Sea.

851: London is sacked and burned by marauding Danes.

860: Under the rule of the Anglo-Saxon King, Alfred the Great, London rebuilds and thrives once more, quickly becoming the greatest city in England.

886: London is refortified – its Roman walls are rebuilt and defensive ditches are dug – outlining much of the area that would become the 'City of London'.

890: The Gainsborough wizard Ealhind is burned alive on 26 October at the exact time and in the exact place where Alfred the Great

died one year earlier. Before he surrendered his body to the flame, Ealhind is said to have invoked 'The Gate' of Yog-Sothoth. Witnesses note that the wizard smiled unwaveringly, even as the flames stripped the flesh from his bones.

1013-16: Danish Vikings besiege and eventually take London. Under King Cnut (Canute) the Great, London once again becomes the capital of England.

1031: The Deep Ones and their hybrid kin are largely forced out of the Thames, where they frequently harassed merchant ships. The hybrids on land were eventually driven to Foulness Island, east of London, where more than 80 are slaughtered and left to rot.

1066: William the Conqueror is crowned King at Westminster Abbey in London, after defeating King Harald II at Hastings.

1076: The White Tower (the keep of the Tower of London) is founded.

1100-35: London is permanently established as the capital of England during the reign of King Henry I.

1176: London Bridge is rebuilt in stone after being destroyed by fire.

1189: Henry Fitz-Ailwin de Londonestone is named the first mayor of London.

1215: The Magna Carta is signed by King John.

1297: Arnold Delving, an aspiring poet, unintentionally summons Cxaxukluth during a poetry reading in the city. The summoned Outer God reduces the poet, his audience, and the hall around them to burning ash before departing.

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

1348-49: Roughly 30,000 of London's c70,000 people die as the Black Death rages across the city.

1381: In the Great Rising of 1381, London peasants revolt over the poll tax, destroying buildings and storming the Tower of London.

1485: Henry VII becomes the first Tudor King of England and Lord of Ireland.

1500: Through the course of the 16th century, London grows to be the most important global centre for commerce and trade with a population rising of c120,000 people.

1540: The Outer God Yidhra appears in London on the night of May 14th in the form of a comely woman and visits the Royal Court of Henry VIII. The purpose of her visit is unknown.

1599: Shakespeare's cylindrical Globe Theatre is constructed in Southwark.

1600: The population of London grows to c. 250,000 people.

1603: King James I becomes the first Stuart King. Plague strikes London again.

1637: Charles I opens Hyde Park to the public.

1649: The Commonwealth is established as Charles I is beheaded. Four years later, Oliver Cromwell is named Lord Protector of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

1655: The bodies of more than 20 cultists are found in a house in Lambeth. None among the dead possesses eyes or tongues and their skin is horribly scarred. A copy of the Theophilus Wenn's True Magic is found atop a makeshift altar. The house is summarily condemned and burned to the ground.

1660: The monarchy is restored with Charles II reigning as King of Great Britain after Oliver Cromwell's death. London's population reaches half a million people.

1665-66: The Great Plague of London takes the lives of 100,000 people.

1666: The Great Fire of London, started in Pudding Lane, rages for days, ultimately destroying the Royal Exchange, Customs House, Bridewell Palace, and some 87 churches, including St Paul's Cathedral. Though only a handful of people died, more than 100,000 people were left homeless as the fire destroyed c. 13,500 homes.

1675: The rebuilding of St Paul's Cathedral begins (to be completed in 1711).

1699: Billingsgate is made a fish market.

1714: George I becomes King of Great Britain. London's population is c. 600,000 people.

1753: The British Museum is founded in Bloomsbury and opens to the public in 1759.

1761: Buckingham Palace is purchased by King George III as a private Royal residence for Queen Charlotte.

1801: London's population of roughly one million people is recorded by John Rickman in England's first census. The first gaslight lamps are used to light London's streets by night.

1818: A group of travelling French troubadours is found murdered in a West End pavilion. The bodies of the musicians lie carefully placed around a circle inscribed into the wooden stage with a silver dagger. Strange, indecipherable text encircles each body and the circle itself.

1826: The University of London is founded as University College.

1837: Buckingham Palace becomes the principal residence of British royalty as Queen Victoria takes the throne. Euston Station is opened and the first inter-city railway journeys begin.

1834: The Thames Tunnel is opened to the public, allowing pedestrians to walk beneath the river. It is the only tunnel of its kind in the world.

1840: The foundations of the new Houses of Parliament are laid and building begins.

1844: Trafalgar Square is completed and opened to the public.

1851: The Great Exhibition, also known as the Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations, or simply the Crystal Palace Exhibition, is opened in Hyde Park.

1860-75: London's new sewer system is constructed, seeking to improve public health and rid the city of the 'Big Stink' or 'Great Stench'.

1878: London's streetlights are converted to the new 'electric light'.

1880: The flayed corpse of philanthropist Dr Martin Courage is found in his Kensington home. His skin is later found hanging from scaffolding at the unopened British Museum. The skin appears whole, bearing no incisions of any kind; the occurrence is hushed up and Courage is said to have died in his sleep.

1881: The Natural History Museum, or more correctly the British Museum (Natural History), opens to the public.

1888: The infamous Whitechapel murders take place and the name 'Jack the Ripper' is immortalised.

1901: After reigning for 63 years and six months, Queen Victoria dies.

1910: King George V takes the throne.

1914-18: The Great War comes to Britain. London is raided by German Zeppelins and hundreds are killed, thousands are wounded.

1919: Treaty of Versailles is signed. The end of the First World War is heralded with victory parades across the United Kingdom.

1920: London joins the Jazz Age.

• NOTABLE HISTORICAL • OCCULT FIGURES IN LONDON

Bacon, Roger (1214? – 1292?)

A Franciscan Friar, Bacon studied in both Oxford and Paris and is perhaps best remembered for his pioneering work in mathematics, optics and astronomy and early steps towards formalised scientific method, which he used in his alchemical studies. One notable discovery from this was a means of producing saltpetre which quadrupled the explosive power of gunpowder. His alchemical researches also involved the search for the Philosopher's Stone (which would grant eternal life) and the method of transmuting base metals into gold. He wrote a number of books on the relationship between mathematics, philosophy, theology and other sciences. He also predicted the invention of the motor car, the submarine and the aeroplane.

Due to his learning, wide-ranging interests and discoveries, Bacon became known as a powerful magician who could achieve great wonders. This led to him being accused of promoting demonic forces and imprisoned between 1277-91. Roger Bacon was the inspiration for the character of Doctor Faustus, who sold his soul to the devil in exchange for occult knowledge. Legend also tells that he made himself a 'brazen head', which knew everything and could speak on its own.



Bennett, Charles Henry Alan (1872-1923)

Raised a Roman Catholic, Bennett rejected the religion in his teens and set out on a lifelong quest for spiritual meaning, which took him all over the world. He studied Chemistry at Bath University and was inducted into the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn (see pg. 57) shortly after graduating at the age of 22, where he was recognised as one of the society's leading thinkers, devoting himself to the study of white magic.

He was mentor to the young Aleister Crowley when he joined the society in 1898, and the two lived together at 67 Chancery Lane (see pg. 42), where Bennett's pursuit of mind-altering pharmaceuticals and Crowley's pursuit of sex soon got the place a bad reputation. According to Crowley, during this period Bennett displayed impressive magical abilities.

Bennett left England in 1890 to tour the Far East where he studied Yoga and was inducted as a Buddhist priest. Upon his return to Britain in 1908 he attempted to bring the study of Buddhism with him and spent his remaining years in this pursuit, often poor and stricken with illness.



Bingham, Jinney – aka 'Mother Damnable', 'Mother Redcap' (Dates Unknown)

According to legend, this witch lived in Camden on the spot where in the 1920s the Old Mother Redcap (later renamed the World's End) pub stands. After an itinerant childhood with her parents (both of whom were later tried and hanged for witchcraft), she took up with a series of men to whom unpleasant things tended to happen – one was hanged for stealing sheep, the next suddenly disappeared, she was arrested for trying to murder a third when he was found in her oven (although at her trial she was acquitted when it was claimed he used to hide in the oven to escape from the scoldings she gave him!), and a fourth died mysteriously after moving in with her.



She lived in Camden for many years and the locals consulted with her as a witch, fortune-teller and healer, although she only left her house at night as otherwise she was followed and mercilessly bullied by a mob. She wore a red cap and a shawl with black patches on it that were rumoured to be bats. One night it was said that the devil himself was seen entering her cottage but he never came out again – and in the morning both she and her cat were found dead beside the fireplace, and next to them was a potion. When someone fed some of this liquid to a cat, all its fur fell out and it quickly died.

Blake, William (1757-1827)

Blake was never more than a day’s travel from London his entire life. He produced a remarkable body of spiritually derived art and writing that created an astonishing vision of London as the new Jerusalem, as alternately Heaven and Hell. A combination of exposure to the writing of the radicals of the day like Thomas Paine, occult figures like Swedenborg and Paracelsus, and (possibly) being afflicted by visions led to Blake rejecting organised religion and creating his own cosmology based around the conflict between reason/law and imagination/freedom and the necessity of their reconciliation.

Blake’s view was that London was Hell, where people were shackled by laws and restrictions, but that a new Jerusalem might be built amidst “the dark, satanic mills”.



Blavatsky, Madame (1831-1891)

Helena Petrovna Blavatsky hailed from the Ukraine and, after a youthful unhappy marriage, claimed to have travelled widely around the world including time as a rider in a Serbian Circus, an interior designer in Paris, a fortune teller in Cairo, in a Buddhist retreat in Sri Lanka and at a monastery in Tibet where she was initiated into the highest level of knowledge.



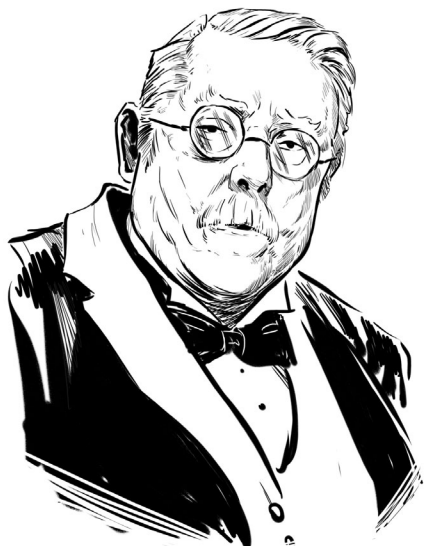
She founded the Theosophical movement (see pg.61) in New York in 1875 and it gained rapid support and spread internationally. From there she moved to India and Germany before arriving in London in 1884, where she lived for the rest of her life. Blavatsky claimed many powers, including mediumship, clairvoyance, levitation and telepathy, and was charismatic enough to attract a wide circle of followers.

Budge, Sir Ernest Alfred Thomson Wallis (1857-1934)

Born to poverty in Cornwall, Wallis was sent to live in London with his grandmother and aunt. He left school at 12 to work as a clerk, but pursued an interest in languages in his spare time – a quest that took him to the British Museum where he was taken under the wing of the Egyptology department and encouraged to study Assyrian and Egyptian Hieroglyphs. His dedication and ability came to the attention of several wealthy and charitable figures, including Prime Minister William Gladstone, who arranged for him to continue his studies at Cambridge University in 1878. He was formally employed by the British Museum upon graduation in 1883 and rose quickly in the organisation, acquiring and studying ancient Assyrian and Egyptian writings and publishing his translations.

By the 1920s he is head of the Egyptology Department at the museum and is probably the foremost authority upon ancient Egyptian and Middle-Eastern languages, ritual and magic in the world. Although other individuals may have a greater depth of knowledge in one subject or another, it is unlikely any one person can match Budge for breadth of interest.

He is a prolific writer, his credits including books on Egyptian magic, Hebrew translation, Assyrian, Ethiopian and Nubian histories and a magisterial translation of the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, which remained the standard reference work for decades. He retires from the British Museum in 1924 but continued to research, study, write and teach until his death in 1934.



Budge was a complex man. He was known for being a humorous and popular dinner guest and friend, generous with his time and knowledge and an inspiring and enthusiastic teacher, especially towards children that showed an interest in his passions. He was also opinionated, short-tempered and given to outbursts of angry rudeness towards people he considered poor scholars or dilettantes. Moreover, some of his archaeological methods were questionable to say the least – he was known to simply buy artefacts from treasure-hunters without any archaeological provenance.

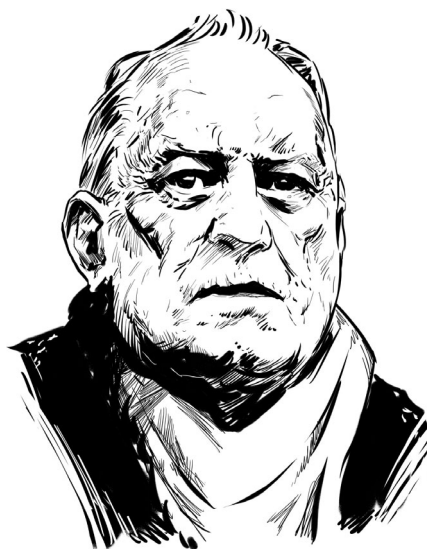
Cowper-Coles, Sherard (1866-1936)

Cowper-Coles was a keen spiritualist and photographer and had a large collection of photographs that he claimed were of spirits of the dead. These were largely of people, but when asked if he ever got pictures of terrible or repulsive things, Sherard replied “Sometimes, but I destroy those.”)



Crowley, Edward Alexander “Aleister” (1875- 1947)

“The wickedest man in the world”, a title he gave to himself in an act of self-publicity, was, like everything else Crowley did, completely shameless. Born into a deeply religious family, his behaviour as a child led his mother to accuse him of being the Antichrist and to call him the “Great Beast”. After a period at Cambridge where he failed to get a degree but experienced everything else life could offer him (including gonorrhoea), Crowley lived in London between 1897 and 1900 where he investigated the occult and also became a member of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn. It was during this period that he carried out what he called the Abra-Melin Operation – a six month magical experiment to contact higher places which resulted in many strange results, including over 300 ‘semi-materialised beings’ appearing in his rooms.



After a failed attempt to seize control of the Golden Dawn with a band of hired goons, Crowley travelled in Europe and Egypt with his wife, Rose, before moving to a house on the shores of Loch Ness where he continued to investigate the occult, write widely and cultivate his notoriety. In 1920 he founded a retreat in Sicily called the Abbey of Thelema, which resulted in his being expelled from Italy. Crowley was a many of many talents, including being a talented chess player and mountaineer. His most famous book was the *Liber vel al Legis*, or the *Book of the Law*, which he wrote after self-identifying as the Beast 666 of the Book of Revelations. Best remembered for the edict “Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law”, a quote that summed up Crowley’s life best of all.

Dashwood, Sir Francis, 15th Baron le Despenser (1708-1781)

Born to wealth (his father had made a fortune in trade with the Ottoman Empire and China), Francis Dashwood was educated at Eton and then sent on a Grand Tour of Europe, where he acquired the nickname “Il Diavolo” (the Devil) after an escapade in the Sistine Chapel. Dashwood showed a propensity for both learning and debauchery from a young age, and rejected organised religion. Dashwood entered court as a courtier to Frederick, Prince of Wales (son of George II) and later entered Parliament, eventually becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer to Prime Minister John Stuart.



He founded the Society of Dilletanti in 1732, ostensibly for people who had been on the Grand Tour, but in reality more of a drinking club. He followed this with the formation (in 1751) of the organisation he is best remembered for: “The

Order of the Friars of St. Francis of Wycombe” also known as “The Knights of St Francis”, “The Monks of Medmenham” or “The Hellfire Club”.

Dee, Doctor John (1527-1609)

One of the most famous English occultists, Dee was a renaissance man in the truest sense of the word, being a mathematician, occultist, navigator, writer, astronomer, astrologer, philosopher, alchemist and more. A precocious youth, Dee became a fellow of Trinity College Cambridge at the age of 20 before travelling widely in Europe. He returned to London in 1553 and lived in Dulwich, where he was astrologer and tutor to Queen Elizabeth I (he cast the horoscope for an auspicious date for her coronation) and became an ‘intelligencer’ for her – a term for one who seeks hidden knowledge, be it philosophical, magical, scientific. or maybe just spying.



After 1580 Dee turned increasingly to the supernatural in his search for knowledge, and in 1582 claimed to have made contact with the spirit world using an obsidian mirror (now in the British Museum). In the course of his occult researches Dee fell under the influence of a conman called Edward Kelly, who convinced Dee that he had mystical powers, and the two spent many years travelling Europe together (including a period as court alchemists to the Holy Roman Emperor Rudolph II). Dee returned to England in 1599 and died, virtually penniless, ten years later.

Dr Dee is associated with many occult manuscripts (see pg. 113). He was one-time owner of the *Voynich Manuscript*, a document written in an unknown language that he later sold

to Rudolph II. His most important occult book was the *Monas Hieroglyphica*, in which he outlined what he claimed were the ultimate secrets of occult knowledge. Legend has it that Dee was also one of the founders of Rosicrucianism.

Price, Harry (1881-1948)

Harry Price might well have stepped from the pages of a book, as he had an unusual occupation – he was a full-time, independently wealthy psychic investigator and ghost hunter, as well as being a keen amateur magician. At the age of 15 he investigated a haunted house, an experience that left him convinced of the reality of the supernatural, and he spent the rest of his life both looking for hard scientific evidence and debunking fraudsters with equal enthusiasm. He was a member of the Society for Psychical Research (see pg. 60) and the London Spiritualist Alliance, where he founded the National Laboratory for Psychical Research in 1925 after a falling out with the Society.



Price was involved in many investigations of the time, his most famous being that of Borley Rectory in Essex, the “Most haunted house in England” during the 1930s. A keen inventor and electrical engineer, Price built much of his equipment himself, although in the 1930s he convinced the University of London to start a University Council and Library for Psychical Research – with him at its head.

Falk, Jacob (1708-1782)

Rabbi, alchemist and magician, Jacob Falk arrived in London in 1742 after fleeing a sentence of being burned alive for sorcery

in Germany. He became known as the ‘Baal Shem of London’ – a term used for masters of the Kabbala who could perform magic through their knowledge of the names of God. Stories certainly support his title; apparently he once went six weeks without food or water, and Casanova himself visited hoping to learn magical sexual techniques.



According to Hermann Adler’s 1903 book *The Ba’al Shem of London*, Falk “caused a small taper to burn for many weeks. When he required coals...the lumps glided obediently into his cellar. [Gold], which he had left as a pledge with a pawnbroker, found its way into his chest in defiance of the laws of nature. When a fire threatened to destroy the Great Synagogue, he is said to have arrested the progress of the flames by writing four Hebrew letters on the door.” Falk became very wealthy and rumour said he often buried caches of gold in Epping Forest in north-east London. Other rumours said he devoted his later years to the building of a golem (see pg.118).

Hawksmoor, Nicholas (1661-1736)

Pupil, assistant and finally replacement of Sir Christopher Wren, Hawksmoor helped design many famous buildings, including Chelsea Hospital, St Paul’s Cathedral and Kensington Palace. However, it was not until Wren died in 1711 that he rose to prominence when he was appointed as the overseer of Queen Anne’s ‘Fifty New Churches’ Act.

The possessor of an immediately recognisable architectural style, Hawksmoor went on to design the towers on the front of Westminster Abbey and six new churches around London – the

arrangement of which was based upon a sacred measurement of 2000 cubits (about 2/3 of a mile, or the distance between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives).



Swedenborg, Emmanuel (1688-1772)

Born in Sweden, Swedenborg spent much of his life moving between his homeland, London and the Netherlands. A remarkable intellect, he studied astronomy, mining engineering, theology, philosophy, geometry, chemistry and metallurgy and held a number of important governmental and academic roles. He was also an inventor, claiming to have designed, amongst others, a flying machine and a submarine.



At the age of 56, whilst in London, he began to have visions and came to believe that God had chosen him to re-interpret the Bible. He also claimed to have developed psychic powers;

amongst other predictions, he successfully predicted the time of his own death.

He spent ten years interpreting every single passage of the Bible and concluded that the Time of Judgement had begun in 1757, and that the Bible described the passage of man from material to spiritual beings. When in London, Swedenborg lived in Wellclose Square and one of his neighbours was Jacob Falk. The two met often to discuss their ideas.

Watkins, Alfred (1855-1935)

An amateur archaeologist and antiquarian, Watkins travelled widely in his native Herefordshire where, in 1921, he was struck by the idea that the landscape was criss-crossed by a network of straight lines that dated from the Neolithic era – he called these patterns “Ley Lines” He published two books on the subject – *Early British Trackways* (1922) and *The Old Straight Track* (1925), and founded The Old Straight Track Club for Ley Line hunters in 1927, which he ran until he died. His ideas about Ley Lines have subsequently been seized upon by many who wish to see occult geometries in the landscape, not least those who want to find an occult significance to patterns in the alignment of churches built by Nicholas Hawksmoor.



Williams, John (17--?-1811)

Not a major figure in life, but famous for the manner of his death. Williams was convicted in 1811 for a series of brutal murders and sentenced to hang, but managed to commit suicide before his execution.

• UNUSUAL AND FORTEAN • EVENTS IN LONDON YEAR BY YEAR



To prevent him rising from the grave and continuing his bloody work, a stake was driven through his heart and he was buried at the crossroads where Cannon Street Road and Cable Street in the East End meet. Such was the notoriety of the case that an estimated 10,000 people turned up to watch him be staked and buried in a shallow grave dug deliberately too small for him to rest comfortably. According to Thomas de Quincey, Williams claimed to have been “raised above all the children of Cain”.

1920

A number of amnesiacs are found wandering the streets of Romford, Essex. Six are found between now and 9th December 1923 (14th January).

After heavy thunderstorms, a venomous Egyptian snake is found in the garden of a Dr Mitchie in Bloomsbury (1st May) with further snakes found over the next few days, including a large snake killed by a butcher (29th May) on Store street, a snake so large it stopped traffic in Westminster (June 2), and a snake of ‘unusual size’ killed in Willesden on (21st June).

Leonard Wadham of Walworth, South London, is out walking when he experienced what was described as “Magic – houses melting, fields appearing” and found himself in Dunstable, 30 miles away with no explanation of what had happened (27th September).

1921

A poltergeist strikes 8 Ferrestone Road in Hornsey, North London between January and April. Coal moved about and spontaneously combusted, and household objects flew around



the house. A little girl, Muriel Frost, died of terror on 1st April and her brother, Gordon, was hospitalised with a nervous breakdown. Exploding coal leads to suspicion that striking miners were mixing dynamite with it although the Society for Psychological Research suspects poltergeist activity.

England undergoes a great heatwave and drought. Both fireflies and locusts are reported in the country. In August London and Southern England suffer a plague of ladybirds (Summer); North London experiences a rain of frogs during thunderstorms (17th August).

1922

A large bat-like creature with a 6' wingspan is seen in West Drayton. A series of attacks follow in the vicinity, bearing many of the characteristics of a vampire. Rumours abounded that Police engaged a professional vampire-hunter to deal with the problem (April).

A man named Bill Brooks is sentenced at Bow Street magistrates court for being "in unlawful possession of an alligator" (June)

1923

A naked man is seen running through the estate of Lord Carnarvon in Newbury, Hampshire. On the same day, Carnarvon falls ill in Egypt. The naked man is seen repeatedly until 5th April, the day Carnarvon dies (March-April)

1924

The first baby is born on the London Underground at Elephant & Castle (April).

Heavy gales and flooding throughout Britain (December)

1925

Oxford crew sinks during the Boat Race (March).

Madame Tussaud's Waxworks destroyed by fire. It does not reopen until 1928 (19th March).

Many BBC Listeners are convinced that a play, *Broadcasting the Barricades*, which mimics a news broadcast of a revolution and anarchy in London, is real news and some panic ensues (April).

London hit by an unusually hot day followed by a freak storm which flooded streets and the underground and brought the city to a halt. Huge hailstones weighting up to 1lb were reported (21st-22nd July).

A house on Riverhall St., Lambeth explodes for no apparent reason. One person hospitalised (23rd July).

1926

Due to a sharp rise in passengers throwing themselves in front of trains on the Underground, 'suicide pits' are dug beneath the tracks at stations during this year. They are designed so people fall into them rather than onto the line.

A wild seal is found in the pond on Hampstead Heath (August); another seal is found in the same pond on Hampstead Heath (November).

1927

Eclipse of the sun visible in Britain (29th June), but it is hidden in London by fog.

1928

Copper coins and lumps of coal mysteriously appear from nowhere in closed rooms in a house in Battersea (January); abnormally high tides result in the Thames breaking its banks in central London, drowning 14 and flooding the Underground and the Tate gallery (17th January).

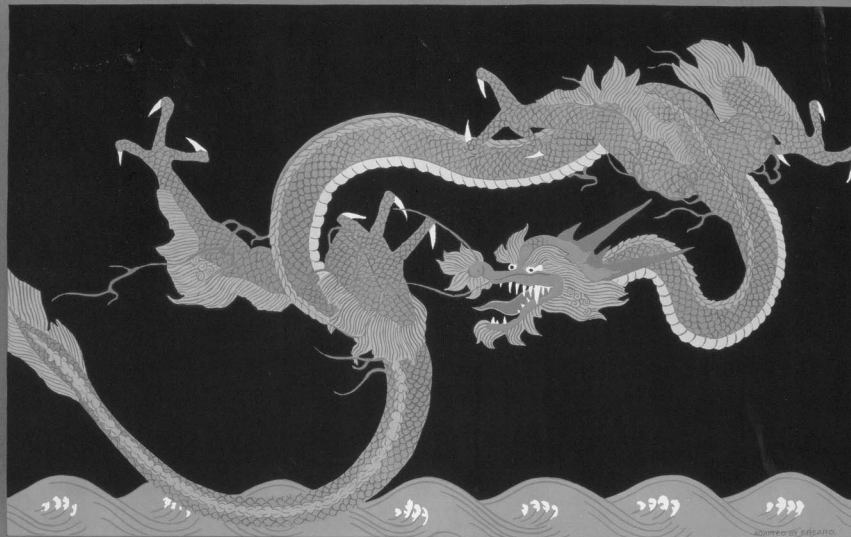
Large parts of the Underground system closed due to a series of fires (September).

Several houses in Bloomsbury destroyed by gas explosions (December).

It is noted that the population of carrion crows is surprisingly high in the new suburbs (December)

1929

Another severe heatwave and drought across England (July).



ADAPTED FROM A FIGURE ON A MODERN JAPANESE CLOISONNE ENAMEL VASE

THE TREASURE HOUSES OF LONDON.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM.

ADMISSION FREE

Weekdays
10-0 a.m. till 5-0 p.m.
Sundays 2-0 p.m. till dusk.
Fridays 2-30 p.m. till 6-0 p.m.

SOUTH KENSINGTON OR
BROMPTON ROAD STN.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

ADMISSION FREE

Weekdays 10-0 a.m. till dusk.
Sundays 2-0 p.m. till dusk.

SOUTH KENSINGTON STN.

SCIENCE MUSEUM.

ADMISSION FREE

Weekdays 10-0 a.m. till dusk.
Sundays 2-0 p.m. till dusk.

SOUTH KENSINGTON STN.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

ADMISSION FREE

Weekdays 10-0 a.m. till dusk.
Sundays 2-0 p.m. till 4-0 p.m.

HOLBORN (PICCADILLY RLY.)
OR BRITISH MUSEUM STNS.

LONDON MUSEUM.

LANCASTER HOUSE
ADMISSION FREE.

Weekdays Apr 1st Oct 31st 10-0 a.m. till 6 p.m.
Sundays 2-0 p.m. till 6 p.m.
Nov 1st to Mar 31st close at 4 p.m.
Sixpence Tuesdays.

DOVER ST. (PICCADILLY RLY.)
OR ST. JAMES'S PARK.

PLACES WHERE ON WET DAYS
IT IS DRY AND COMFORTABLE.

TRAVEL BY



ELECTRIC RAILWAY HOUSE
BROADWAY W1 ESTIMOTEX
S.W.1

VINCENT BROOKS, DAY & SON Ltd London W.C.2

446 1500, 17.6.21

Circles are drawn at intervals of One Mile
from Charing Cross Station

UNUSUAL LOCATIONS

A city as old as London has more than its fair share of mysteries and secrets, any one of which could provide the basis for an adventure. In this chapter we present a selection of unusual (but real) locations that were deliberately omitted from *An Investigator's Guide to London*, as they provide unusual, mysterious or outright strange places for the Keeper to use in his own campaign.

BELOW THE SURFACE

London is like a wedding cake, with layers built upon layers. It has burnt down and been rebuilt at least three times in its history, and the ruins of its old incarnations have formed the foundations of the new version. Crews digging out the groundwork of new buildings routinely discover medieval, Saxon or even Roman remains deep below the present-day surface of the city.

Rivers

More than twenty rivers flow under London to empty into the Thames. Most are enclosed and it is highly dangerous for humans, even with breathing equipment, to attempt to explore them, though the bold or desperate could try it during

a particularly dry summer. Several of them connect with the sewer and storm-drain system. Notable rivers include the Westbourne, the Fleet, the Walbrook, and south of the Thames the Effra and the Wandle. To the east, the River Lea is mostly open to the air; it is traditionally sacred to the god Lugus.

The Westbourne, which rises in Hampstead and descends through Kilburn and Bayswater before crossing Hyde Park – it originally fed the Serpentine pond, though no more – and running under Chelsea. It has been contained in a large iron pipe since the mid-1800s; this can be seen in places, notably running diagonally above the open-air platforms at Sloane Square tube station.

London's largest underground river is the Fleet, which runs from Hampstead Heath, through Camden, King's Cross, Farringdon and Ludgate Circus, to join the Thames under Blackfriars Bridge. A major watercourse and medieval open sewer, it was first turned into a canal for receiving coal in 1680, and then slowly covered and built over between 1769 and 1870. Today it is 40 feet below street level, though its waters can be heard through gratings on Ray Street and Charterhouse Street.



The Walbrook runs below the City of London, past the site of an ancient Roman temple to Mithras. It has been covered since the 1500s and is now part of the Northern Low Level Sewer. In 1860 excavations found a large number of human skulls in the riverbed, thought to be from a Roman legion executed nearby around 300AD.

Most of London's sacred wells have now been built over or integrated into its system of sewers and subterranean rivers but they survive in district names: Camberwell, Clerkenwell, Brideswell, Ladywell and Wells Park, to name a few.

Sewers

The London sewer system was extensively rebuilt in the mid-1800s, and consists of 100 miles of brick-built interceptor sewers, 450 miles of main sewers and 13000 miles of local sewers, mostly gravity-driven, leading to processing plants north and south of the Thames. The same system deals with storm water. Most of the six interceptor sewers and the main sewers that feed them are navigable on foot, or even using small boats. Some run close enough to the surface to be illuminated by light from street-gratings; others are up to 40 feet below the ground.

The sewers provide a living for a small crew of toshers who search the tunnels illegally, finding coins and other items accidentally dropped into the filth from above. Toshing was a major trade in the 18th century but has become much harder since the sewer system was rebuilt and expanded, and there are less than a hundred regular toshers now. However they are large men of large build and florid complexion, with strong immune systems and often live into their eighties.

Other inhabitants of the sewers include a rumoured pack of ferocious black pigs who inhabit the upper reaches of the system towards Hampstead (see also pg. 111 for what these might really be); and packs of vicious rats. The rats, rather than the human sewer-flushers, are the toshers' main adversary, and are capable of biting a man to death and then stripping his corpse to the bone. There are also crayfish, which are harmless, and pockets of methane gas that are both suffocating and explosive.

Catacombs

Although the high water table of London makes it difficult to dig many underground structures, particularly close to the river, a number of systems of catacombs are known to exist.

One, under Camden Lock in north London, was originally used to stable horses working on the underground railways, and connects to an underground segment of the Regent's Canal. Another lies below the former Clerkenwell House of Detention and once housed prison cells.

Secret Tunnels and Citadels

Rumours persist of underground fortresses beneath Whitehall (more than one was actually built during WWII), some connecting important buildings, others linking the homes of the great and powerful, notably Buckingham Palace, with private spurs of the London Underground so that the Royal Family could be evacuated quickly and secretly in case of invasion or disaster.

Other Tunnels

There are a number of other tunnels hidden below London, some disused and others still operational. There is a wide network of service and pipe tunnels, often quite shallow, and easily traversed on foot, some carrying water mains, gas pipes, hydraulic pipes and electrical cables, others for phone lines. Many run alongside or beneath railway lines, and can be accessed by doors or gates set into the side of bridges.

The Post Office operates an electrical railway that runs between the main sorting offices at Paddington and Whitechapel. It is around 70 feet below the surface, with driverless mail-trains carrying letters through nine-foot diameter tunnels at up to 40 mph. It opened in 1927 with nine stations along its route, all corresponding to Post Office depots on the surface.

Similar to the Post Office mail-train, but disused, is the tunnel of the London Pneumatic Despatch Company, running between Euston Station and St Martin-Le-Grand close to St Pauls, via Holborn. This originally transported packages and parcels at up to 60 mph, though like the Post Office railway it was not impossible for people to ride on or in the three-ton wheeled capsules. However the capsules had a tendency to get stuck in the narrow tunnels and the business went into liquidation in 1875.

CAMDEN CATACOMBS

Beneath the streets of Camden lie a forgotten network of tunnels known as the Camden Catacombs. They were originally built during the 19th century as a combination of stabling for

some of the innumerable horses and ponies which were used for shunting at the local train yards, storage areas and an access point to the Regents canal. Due to the decline in the use of horses, by the 1920s the catacombs were sealed off and deserted.

The catacombs are large and extensive, and comprise brick-built vaults and tunnels, an underground docking and unloading pool attached to the canal, and basements to a number of the local warehouses.

Some visitors have reported an unsettling whistling which breathes through the tunnels with no obvious cause or source, leading to speculation that the catacombs are haunted.

Using the Camden Catacombs

As deserted section of tunnels near the centre of London provides many opportunities. It is a convenient place for cultists to meet and work unseen, or perhaps for a killer to easily dispose of and hide bodies. Hidden entrances to ghoulish warrens may extend from the vaults, meaning that a drunken passer-by seeing a dark alleyway as a handy latrine can be in for a nasty surprise.

CHISELHURST CAVES (SOUTH-EAST LONDON)

Situated near Bromley, to the south east of London, Chiselhurst Caves are not a natural formation but are actually old chalk and flint mine workings that were worked for at least 1000 years to the early 19th century. The British Archaeological Association suggested in 1903 that the caves had been worked as far back as the Roman period and some Roman and Druidic features were tentatively identified, but no hard evidence exists to back this up.

The caves are an extensive warren with several miles of passages often criss-crossing one another. During the Great War the caves were used to store munitions; during the 1920s they were decommissioned by the Army and used to grow mushrooms instead.

Using Chiselhurst Caves

The caves could indeed date back to pre-Roman times, and undiscovered sections of the network might hold secrets millennia old. Additionally, a number of Mythos creatures lair underground, and the caves would provide a useful access point to the surface for them.

Of course, using the caves as a mushroom farm might be a mere blind. Possibly some other form of less wholesome fungus may be cultivated there, or cultists use the cover of the farms to hold rituals underground, far out of sight of the authorities.

CRYSTAL PALACE (SOUTH-EAST LONDON)

Around eight miles south-east of the centre of the metropolis, in the large rolling park once known as Penge Common, stands the spectacular glass and iron structure of the Crystal Palace. Originally built in Hyde Park in 1851 for the Great Exhibition, it was moved to this area of the suburban city and re-erected on the north side of the park in 1854.

The Crystal Palace is more than a third of a mile long (568m), with an interior height of 128 feet (39m), and is made from over a million square feet of plate glass. It dominates the park and the surrounding area. At the south end are two 280-foot water towers designed by Isambard Kingdom Brunel, used to power a sequence of fountains at their base.

At the south end of the park there is a collection of life-size statues of dinosaurs and extinct creatures, the first of their kind in the world. They were moulded in concrete and were unveiled in 1854, displayed around a lake with wooded islands and include an ichthyosaurus, iguanodon, megalosaurus, the giant ground sloth megatherium, and pterodactyls. The sculptures were based on Victorian ideas of what dinosaurs looked like and some have more in common with colossal iguanas, turtles and toads, but they are still a major attraction. A motor-racing circuit is also built in the park in the late 1920s.

The 20th century was unkind to the Crystal Palace. It had once attracted over two million visitors a year, but in 1911 it went bankrupt and was purchased for the nation, becoming a naval training station during WWI and then the first home of the Imperial War Museum (see pg. 43).

In the twenties and thirties the building is still magnificent, but had become dilapidated and was showing its age. In 1933 John Logie Baird, the inventor of television, rented a large space in the palace to create laboratories, workshops and a studio for early broadcasts, using a 10kW 6.5m VHF aerial that could broadcast up to 30 miles on a frequency of 42.8MHz. The aerial was mounted on the southernmost of Brunel's water-towers, which no longer contained water.

That was an oversight, because on the night of 30th November 1936 a fire started in the women's cloakroom at the south end of the building. In the absence of a nearby water supply to fight the flames it took hold and despite the work of 89 fire engines and over 400 firemen the entire building was gone by morning. 100,000 people gathered to watch the blaze. The cause of the fire is not known.

Using Crystal Palace

The Crystal Palace was meant to be an ephemeral building, created specifically for the Great Exhibition. Why would someone move such a massive edifice to a high location in a remote suburb? Smart investigators will have noted that, with its steel frame, the entire building is a colossal Faraday Cage. Was it designed to keep something in – or out?

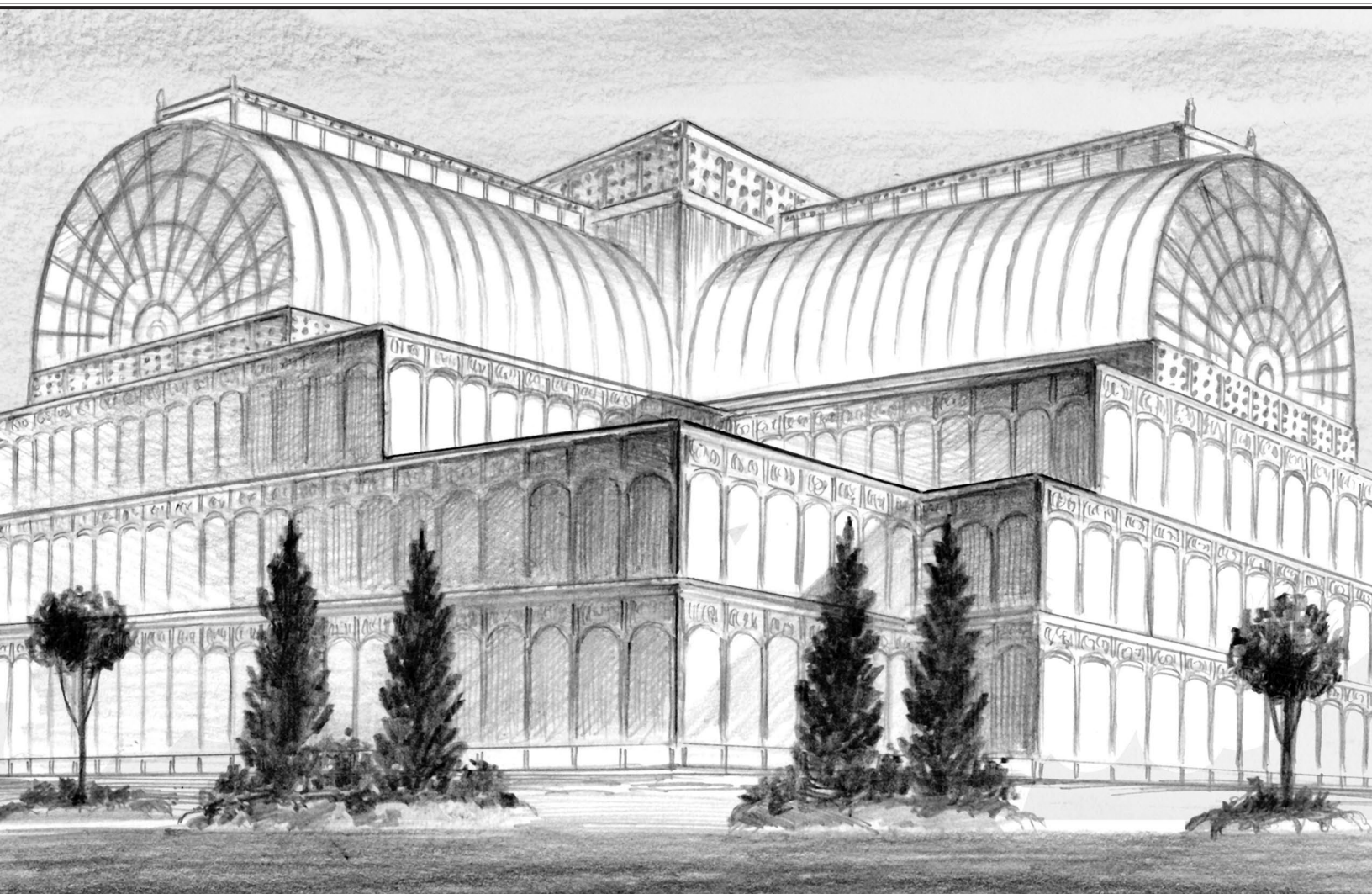
Logie Baird's experimental broadcasts into the ether may have come to the notice of things that he had not dreamed of. Might he and his team make contact with something able to

communicate through electromagnetic waves? Might that in fact have been the whole point of the experiment?

I need not tell you who was responsible for the fire that burns down the building in 1936. Obviously it was the investigators.

DORSET STREET (EAST END)

Whilst the East End is notorious for being rough, crime-riddled and dangerous, Dorset Street is the road wherever East Enders fear to tread. Dorset Street is lined with doss-houses (the very cheapest of accommodation) run by criminal gangs for manual labourers and the destitute. The street is notorious for prostitution, and especially as being the place where you could find the cheapest and most desperate of girls. It is no surprise that Millers Court, where Jack the Ripper murdered Mary Kelly in 1888, lies just off Dorset Street. The pub on the street corner was the Britannia (known as 'The Ringers'), where braver tourists from up west visit as it was the pub where



the Ripper's victims used to meet and drink. These tourists are prime targets for the muggers and drunkards who form a distressingly large proportion of the local population.

The Corporation of London bought the area in 1920 and marked it for redevelopment and the majority of the street, and Miller's Court, is pulled down in 1928.

Using Dorset Street

Dorset Street is the East End you've heard of. Desperate, poor, and filled with the crime and vice that desperation and poverty lead to. According to the Metropolitan Police, Dorset Street had more murders per head of population than any other street in London and the majority of them were never solved.

If the Keeper wants to introduce the investigators to the absolute dregs of the city, this is the place to take them – although any investigator deemed posh will be lucky to leave the street without abuse, desperate begging and offers of solicitation, and a good chance of being attacked by a drunkard with a razor or a cudgel if they don't keep a civil tongue in their head.

The link to the Ripper can also be used in adventures. The killing and dissection of Mary Kelly was meticulous and deranged, and such insanity and death can leave psychic scars upon a place.

THE HOUSE OF ALEISTER CROWLEY (CITY)

When Aleister Crowley left Cambridge (without graduating) in 1898, he took lodging with another occultist, Alan Bennett, at 67 Chancery Lane, where he threw himself into being as shocking as he possibly could with gusto. He had risen quickly through the ranks of the Golden Dawn but grew tired of the lack of ambition in its members' magic. The two men turned their home into a haven for ceremonial magic and occult experimentation.

As a result, legends surround the house; Crowley built two temples inside, one for worshipping the dark gods and the other for worshipping the gods of light; he owned a human skeleton that he would 'feed' with blood and small (live) animals in the hope of reviving it; orgies and sex magic rituals were held; he "conjured hundreds of demons, sometimes in an opiated haze" and visitors reported "an intense atmosphere of evil".

Whether these stories are true, and whatever the truth is, it is clear that by the standards of the time Crowley's brand of blasphemy was extreme and an ugly reputation stuck to the building after he left. Landlords found it difficult to let the place and few tenants stayed long. As late as 2006, workmen called in to renovate the derelict property discovered a pentagram with a human skull inside it in the cellar.

Using the House of Aleister Crowley

Crowley and the myth that has grown up around him make for a great plot hook. Irrespective of what he was really like, Crowley's reputation for occult knowledge, wickedness and occultism mean that wizards congregate in the place of his power. If he really did summon up demons and attempted to revive a skeleton, who can say what might still lurk in the house, incorporeally or hidden behind plasterwork or beneath the cellar floor?

The Keeper might like to have an investigator or NPC move into the house and only slowly discover the history and why it was let to them so cheap – and perhaps discover that a previous inhabitant or two might have vanished under peculiar circumstances. At the very least, "The House of Aleister Crowley" has overtones of *The Dreams in the Witch House*. Something unusual is bound to be discovered amongst the oddly-angled beams in the attic.

THE HOUSE OF DOCTOR DEE (RICHMOND)

Doctor John Dee lived at Mortlake near the Thames at Richmond between 1565-95, except for a six-year period when he travelled in Europe. After his death, the house was bought by the Crown and converted into the Mortlake Tapestry Works, and then later became part of a girl's school where a wooden hall 'decorated with carved roses' survived for centuries. The last of the house was finally demolished in 1951.

Using the House of Doctor Dee

John Dee is one of the foremost figures of occultism in British history, and a translation of the *Necronomicon* by him is held in the sealed collection at the British Museum. It is probable that Dee acquired a copy of the *Necronomicon* on his travels around Europe, when he also possessed copies of the *Voynich Manuscript* and the *Red Book of Soyga*. The translation probably took place after his return from the Continent in 1589.

As a location of such occult significance, the remains of the house are of great interest to both occultists and cultists; Dee studied magic, scrying, divination, alchemy and the summoning of angels, and it is possible that some lost secrets lie buried still in a forgotten subterranean chamber.

The truly horrific and unpleasant possibilities that ensue from the fact that this area of interest and possibly great occult significance is now occupied by a school will not be missed by the imaginative Keeper.

5 GREAT STANHOPE STREET (MAYFAIR)

Clarence Hatry moved from 56 Brook Street to 5 Stanhope Street in 1924. A financier and businessman, Hatry was one of the most famous faces of the 1920s boom, largely because of his unashamed flaunting of his wealth. Symptomatic of the age, Hatry was declared bankrupt three times but seemed to become wealthier every time, and his home on Great Stanhope Street was designed to leave people in no doubt of that. One of the few houses with a private indoor swimming pool (where he would hold pool parties) and its own mock-Tudor cocktail bar in the basement, the home was fitted with expensive but garish marble and gold throughout.

Eventually, in 1929, Hatry went bankrupt for the last time. Investors had flocked to his latest venture, a £40 million consolidation of iron and steelmaking corporations, only for a £1 million fraud to be discovered at the very heart of the deal on the 20th of September. The collapse of the deal, and Hatry's bankruptcy, are regarded as being contributory to the Great Crash a few days later.

Using 5 Great Stanhope Street

Away from the financial hub in the stock exchange, Hatry's house was a meeting place for wealthy insiders on the financial markets. Rather than the bright young things, his parties were attended by friends from the world of finance: who knows what sort of underhand financial deals take place there? Possibly unnatural powers are invoked to further the wealth of people who have little to live for but money.

It is worth nothing that Hatry was an enthusiastic swimmer. He used his pool every day he was at home, and swam from his yacht every day he was aboard her. Despite this, he always appeared to be in poor health; he is described as being a

"Sallow, baldish and unhealthy-looking little man". Keepers might consider this with his love of water and gold and come to their own conclusions...

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM (SOUTH KENSINGTON)

Established in 1920 and originally based in the Crystal Palace (see pg. 40), the Imperial War Museum was created as "not a monument of military glory, but a record of toil and sacrifice" of Britain and its colonies during the Great War. In the 1920s it was housed in two galleries adjacent to the Imperial Institute in South Kensington, with a collection of over 150,000 items. Not all are on display at one time: other pieces are stored off-site, and new items are constantly being acquired for the museum, often from appeals to the public to donate their personal possessions.

In 1936 the museum moved south of the river to Southwark, a much larger premises in a building formerly occupied by the 600-year-old Bethlem Royal Hospital (better known as the mental hospital 'Bedlam'), which had moved to Kent in 1930.

The museum's collection includes weapons and uniforms, artillery pieces, tanks and aeroplanes, as well as more mundane items like documents, signs and other evidence and ephemera of war. Many of the military exhibits are still in working order, and some were returned to service during the equipment shortages in the early days of WWII. It also houses an extensive library of photographs and images that the public can access, including thousands of pictures of men and women killed in the war or who had distinguished themselves with acts of heroism.

Using the Imperial War Museum

For many investigators the Imperial War Museum's archive of pictures and photographs will be a treasure-trove, not only to identify people but also to seek out details that other eyes might have missed. A mass blood-letting such as the Somme or Ypres may have resonated across unknown dimensions and attracted the attention of all manner of supernatural entities, and some may have attached themselves to Tommies returning from the war, or hidden away inside their equipment or records.

More prosaically, the museum's collection of weapons and artillery may prove useful.

JEZREEL'S PALACE (EAST LONDON)

On the 15th October, 1875, James Rowland White changed his name to James Jershon Jezreel and declared himself a prophet, attracting over 1400 followers over the next few years. They set about building themselves a new community in Gillingham, to the east of London, at the centre of which was an impressively large (124' to a side) square mansion of peculiar design ('A hideous mass of bricks and scaffold polish', commented *The Strand Magazine*, 1903) at the top of Chatham Hill. This was to be the home of the elect during the coming end of days.

The members of the movement believed, amongst other things, that no members would ever die and that drinking alcohol was forbidden, and so when James drank himself to death in 1885 this was quite a serious blow. Immediately afterwards, his 25 year old widow set about spending the remainder of the movements funds on expensive dresses, a nice coach and horses, and improvements to her house. The movement broke up in a mess of squabbling, recrimination and lawsuits.

Jezreel's Palace was never finished, and an attempt was made to sell the decaying hulk at auctioned in 1897 when the auctioneer observed that the building would serve "equally well as a brewery or a lunatic asylum". However, nothing was ever done with the unfinished shell and it slipped into further disrepair.

Using Jezreel's Palace

By the turn of the century Jezreel's Palace was falling into disrepair but, in the absence of a buyer, was still inhabited by the last few adherents to Jezreel's cult who made their living running a shop or two in the building for what little passing trade there was. They were evicted in 1907, but as nothing was subsequently done with the building it is perfectly possible that a few lunatic cult members sneaked back into the building and took up residence once more, or perhaps others were attracted to the desolate, occult reputation the place has?

Perhaps Jezreel himself was right and he did not die; perhaps he faked his death, and dwells even now in secret catacombs beneath the folly that bears his name.

THE MASONIC COURT (PICCADILLY CIRCUS)

London urban legend tells of a secret underground Masonic Temple beneath Piccadilly Circus; indeed, stories say it lies directly beneath the statue of Eros on the corner. Certainly, a number of the buildings nearby have Masonic connections; several hotels have Masonic meeting rooms, and rumour has it the top floor of Lilywhite's sporting goods store holds an important Masonic Lodge too.

The story goes that the underground Temple was built at the same time as the Criterion Theatre in 1873; the main



theatre hall at the Criterion is underground and substantial excavations were carried out during its construction. Access to the building is said to be through a secret door in the rear of the Criterion Restaurant. The temple is said to be the high court of Freemasonry, where those who reveal Masonic secrets are tried by the most senior of Freemasons; it is also said that those found guilty in these rooms are never seen alive again.

Using the Masonic Court

The Keeper may wish decide if, in his campaign, the Freemasons are potential allies or enemies of the investigators. Certainly the organisation has somewhat occult overtones, and the question as to whether the trappings of the occult indicate something far more sinister and unpleasant lying beneath, or if they are harmless blasphemies

The court might be used to try Freemason cultists from the very upper echelons of society who it would be too much of an embarrassment for the great and good to see publicly brought to justice, but whose misdeeds require trial and punishment. Alternatively, investigators who dig too deep and reveal a horrid truth lurking at the heart of the organisation might find themselves on trial here, desperately trying to convince stern-faced members of the upper echelons of Freemasonry of their innocence — or of the organisation's guilt.

THE NECROPOLIS RAILWAY

Amongst London's various railway lines and stations there is one that stands out: the London Necropolis Railway, a service that runs along a single route, taking the dead and their mourners from its own terminus near Waterloo Station and running 27 miles south to Brookwood Cemetery.

Brookwood had been built in the 1850s to be the largest cemetery in the world, planned to take the bodies of generations of future Londoners, as well as exhumed corpses from graveyards in the centre of the city as they were cleared to make way for urban redevelopment and expansion. The first train ran in 1854, but the anticipated demand of 50,000 bodies a year never materialised, and average traffic was closer to 2000-2500 funerals per annum. As a result usually only one train ran each day.

Three classes of funerals and rail tickets were available: first class, with a choice of grave-site within the cemetery and a 9' x 4' plot; second class, with less choice of location and having to

pay extra for a headstone; and third class which was reserved for paupers. After 1918 mourners were only allowed to travel first or third class, which cost 6 shillings and 2 shillings respectively; coffins could still travel second-class.

There are two stations at the cemetery end of the track: North Station, for Roman Catholics, Parsees, Jews and Nonconformist Christians; and South Station, for Anglicans. They are single-storey buildings with reception areas and refreshment rooms for mourners. The trains, like the stations, are divided into two along religious lines. In the inter-war years a large number of American soldiers who had died in the war were also interred at Brookwood.

The northern station and most of the LNR's rolling stock was destroyed in an air-raid in April 1941 and the railway never ran again.

Using the Necropolis Railway

The whole idea of a railway for the dead is Gothic enough for a good number of adventures dealing with ghosts, zombies, ghouls and those who have an interest in them, but there are other possibilities for the trains and stations of the Necropolis Railway. With the low number of passengers on the trains and the low income from ticket sales, enterprising groups may have found a way to use the railway to transport unpleasant shipments from the centre of London to the southern outskirts or back again. Some of them may travel in coffins, larger items could be concealed under the coal of the engine's tender, and some could pass as humans wearing the veils and heavy clothes of mourning.

Brookwood Cemetery itself has many possibilities. Being so large and built to be multi-denominational, ceremonies that are not described in any ordinary prayer-book will not attract the attention that they would in other, smaller cemeteries. What is being buried and why, and what rites are being said over them?

OCCULT BOOKSHOPS OF LONDON

London's occult bookshops are without question a gathering place for interested parties to not only buy and sell books, but also to meet like-minded persons and to disseminate information through pamphlets and noticeboards. The two most prominent occult bookshops in London are:

Watkins have been selling books at 21 Cecil Court, just off the Charing Cross Road for over twenty years and count members of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, leading Theosophists and Spiritualists amongst their customers, which gives a good indication of the books stocked. On their shelves one can find titles on Eastern and Western philosophy, astrology, tarot, Kabbalah and other magical systems, mythology and folklore plus journals on all these topics and a variety of equipment for ritual workings such as crystal balls, candles and incense. Watkins also functions as a publishing house for esoteric titles.

The Atlantis Bookshop in Museum Street, close to the British Museum, is a new venture that opened in 1922. It is a small and rather dark shop whose stock is of necessity smaller than that of Watkins and is restricted to tomes that are considered occult. While the shop is a business and therefore open to all customers, Mr Houghton the proprietor may view the casual browser with some suspicion as possession of some of these books could lead to prosecution under the Witchcraft Act. It is best to prepare

before making a visit, being clear on what is sought, whether a book or simply information. The basement of the shop is used partly as a stockroom but is also used by certain occult groups as meeting and ritual space. There is evidence that the Ordo Templi Orientis meet here on a regular basis and various other groups hire it from time to time for seances, meetings and rituals. All bookings are held in the shop's diary, which is kept securely in a drawer underneath the cash register. There is a rumour that the shop has a resident ghost.

38 PARLIAMENT STREET (WHITEHALL)

After becoming Prime Minister of a coalition government in 1916, David Lloyd George found himself without an effective party machine to generate political donations and slush money. As a result, in 1918, he turned to a well-connected dandy named Maundy Gregory to sell peerages in return for a commission and to transfer the money to Lloyd George's Liberal Party. Gregory was a swindler, blackmailer, suspected murderer and all-round

Odd Addresses

In a city as ancient and labyrinthine as London, where its roads and buildings have been reshaped by civil and foreign wars, disasters and developers, it is natural that some buildings have gone missing without being noticed.

The most famous is 23/24 Leinster Gardens, in West London. From the outside the street appears to be a terrace of normal five-storey Georgian townhouses. However the fronts of 23 and 24 are just a facade, around five feet deep, and nothing of the original building exists behind them except a void above a stretch of the District Line, created to let steam and smoke escape from the trains passing below. The addresses are a favourite of hoaxers: in the early 1930s someone sold hundreds of ten-guinea tickets to a ball to be held at Number 23, and the street was clogged with baffled and angry party-goers.

Much less famous, in fact almost ubiquitous, are odd street numbers. To take a single example, this author's street in the south London suburb of Tooting has no number 29, just a two-yard gap between 27 and 31. Post and deliveries arrive for the nonexistent address roughly twice a month.

Whatever the cause (local rumour claims it was two different companies of builders who miscounted the number of plots along the road, but that may be just what they want you to believe) it is far from unique.

The gap between 27 and 31 would be an easy fit for 10 Hyde Park Place, the narrowest house in London at just 3' 6" wide. It was built in 1805 to block an alleyway that led to St George's graveyard, where over 60,000 victims of the gallows at Tyburn were buried. The only tenant of its miniscule two-storey two-room space was the playwright and film producer Lewis Grant Wallace. It is now part of the convent next door.

'Number One, London' is the recognised address of Apsley House at Hyde Park Corner, former home of the Duke of Wellington. It is properly known as 149 Piccadilly, and sits on the site of an old coaching inn, the Hercules Pillars. Number One London is the spiritual and psychogeographical sister to the anonymous house on Royal Hospital Road in Chelsea where a painted notice simply states 'No One'.

cad, who was also possessed of considerable personal charm and social connections (he counted the Duke of York and the Earl of Birkenhead amongst his friends and is believed to have worked for the British Secret Services).

His offices at 38 Parliament Street were the hub of a trade in selling peerages for political donations for a decade (the Conservative Party also got in on the act), with a going rate ranging from £10,000 for a knighthood to £40,000 for a baronetcy. The sale of British peerages was stopped by the Unionist government of 1927, but Gregory continued selling foreign honours including those from Serbia, the Ukraine, and the Papacy. This continued until his arrest and conviction in 1933.

Using 38 Parliament Street

It might seem unfair that the only reward an investigator can realistically expect is insanity, mutilation or death, whilst an immortal Serpent Man sorcerer and cannibal can get a knighthood for handing over a mere £10,000. Cultists wishing to get close enough to the King to carry out some terrible ritual could do worse than to buy a knighthood, as the investiture ceremony is carried out by His Majesty.

PLAGUE PITS

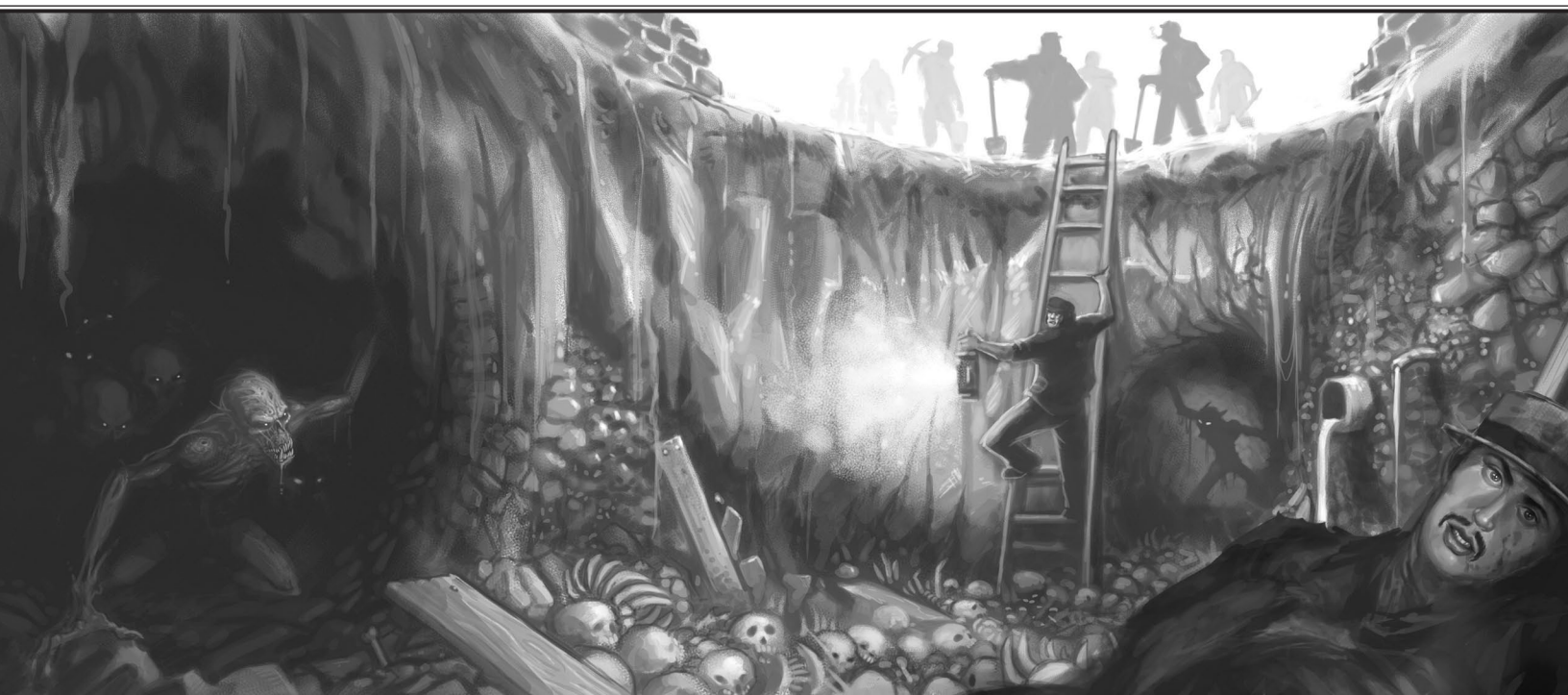
The Black Death arrived in Britain in 1348 and in its first twenty years in the country killed roughly half the population. Outbreaks of bubonic plague became a regular feature of

British life for three centuries until the last major epidemic, the Great Plague, in 1665.

A major outbreak in London in the later years could kill upwards of 100,000 people. The church graveyards were overwhelmed and many bodies were dumped in 'plague pits', mass graves that were quickly covered over and forgotten about. Many locations are now pleasant churchyards, city squares or buried beneath offices or smart houses.

There is no record of how many plague pits there are in London, or where they are, or who is buried in them. It is quite common for modern excavations or tunnelling activities to come to an abrupt stop as another one is uncovered. While the bubonic plague bacterium cannot survive for long without a host, there is a theory that some medieval contagions were caused by anthrax, and its spores can remain inactive for thousands of years. Whatever the reason, newly found plague pits are treated with great caution.

A plague pit may contain anywhere from less than a hundred bodies to as many as fifty thousand (such as the one found at Charterhouse Square). The corpses are usually clothed. In some cases they are neatly arranged in rows, in others they lie where they were tipped from the back of death-carts. Some are long trenches with the dead arranged in order; others, like the one in Aldgate, are a 'terrible pit', 40 feet long, 15 wide and up to 20 feet deep. Most are within two miles of London Bridge,



though the larger ones are outside the traditional boundaries of the City of London. Almost all are north of the Thames.

There are a few specific plague pits worth mentioning. Elephant & Castle station is the southernmost stop on the Bakerloo line (opened 1906), and beyond it is a stretch of tunnel used as a safe run-off for trains with braking problems. Behind a wall at the end of that tunnel is a plague pit. If you are prepared to trespass beside a live rail, you can reach it from the station platform. We do not recommend trying it.

Cross Bones on Southwark Street is an old graveyard that was not only a plague pit but also a place of burial for prostitutes, paupers and anonymous corpses in the middle ages. It was used as a plague pit in 1665, and then as a graveyard before being closed to new burials in 1853. Cross Bones has now become a shrine of mourning and remembrance for the shunned and dispossessed, the 'outcast dead'.

The Tothill Fields plague pit is now partly covered by playing fields for the nearby exclusive Westminster School, and partly by neighbouring government offices.

A plague pit lies beneath the central garden of Golden Square in Soho. It lies just east of Regent Street and was once the home of embassies, but by the 1920s mostly occupied by wool traders and musicians. In 1685 Lord Macaulay wrote that "the earth was deeply tainted with infection, and could not be disturbed without imminent risk to human life".

Using the Plague Pits

The Plague Pits are a natural place for a nest of ghouls to fester, and it is a brave investigator who travels the underground locations of London without a gun and a torch, lest they become fresh meat for its denizens. You can find out more about the ghouls of London on pg. 90.

Sacred Stones

When one thinks of Britain's sacred stones it is Stonehenge, Avebury and the Orkney Isles that come to mind. But the south-east of the country is dotted with neolithic stone monuments that predate the founding of London by thousands of years, and some of these stones have been absorbed into the city. Some of London's sacred stones have been here for thousands of years, while others are more recent arrivals.

The most famous is the London Stone, set into the wall of St Swithin's Church on Cannon Street behind an iron grille. In Roman times it was on the other side of the street, but was moved in 1742 when it became an obstacle to wheeled traffic. It is a block of white oolitic limestone measuring roughly 21" x 17" x 12", and used to be a major tourist attraction although it is not interesting to look at and its history and purpose are unknown.

Theories abound about it: every amateur London historian has their own. They include a druidic altar, a Roman measuring-point, and a prehistoric fetish-stone. One superstition states that 'So long as the Stone of Brutus [King Brutus of Troy, mythic founder of Britain] is safe,

so long shall London flourish'. People who believe in ley-lines say it lies at the intersection of several major ones. Unsubstantiated folklore claims that it is the stone from which Arthur drew his sword, and that Doctor John Dee was fascinated by its significance and alchemical power.

There are arguments that both the Tower of London and St Paul's Cathedral may be built on the sites of neolithic stone circles. St Paul's does lie on top of the ancient Temple of Diana, destroyed in AD597, but history and archaeology does not record what lay on the site before that.

Brixton, a prosperous suburb south of the river (not a major West Indian community until after WWII) takes its name from the Stone of Brixi or Brihtsige, a Saxon lord, originally sited on Brixton Hill. The stone, possibly a boundary marker or Roman milestone, is now lost or hidden. Further east, Brockley Railway Station is said to have an ancient stone menhir four yards long built into its structure, buried under Platform 1.

Not all of London's sacred stones have been there for millennia. The Stone of Scone, or the Stone of Destiny, is

an ancient symbol of Scottish independence on which the Scottish kings used to be crowned. It was captured by the English under King Edward I and brought to London in 1297. It now sits under the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey, from where rebellious Scots occasionally try to steal it. A rectangular piece of red sandstone 26" x 17" x 11", it weighs 336 lbs and is claimed by some to have come from the Temple in Jerusalem, where the kings of Judah were crowned on it, and was the stone that Jacob used as a pillow at Bethel, where he dreamed of a portal to another world populated by strange winged beings.

More recently, Cleopatra's Needle was brought from Egypt in 1878 and erected on the north bank of the Thames, overlooking Waterloo Bridge. It is made of red granite, weighs 224 tons and stands 69 feet high. The hieroglyphs carved on it celebrate the military victories of Ramesses II, though it actually dates from two centuries earlier, around 1450 BC: original carvings concerning the earlier Pharaoh Thutmose III may have been erased. Its twin stands in Central Park, New York.

A time-capsule is buried underneath the Needle containing a bizarre mix of objects: photographs of the twelve most beautiful English women of the time, a baby's bottle, children's toys, a razor, a box of hairpins, a box of cigars, a hydraulic jack, a 3' bronze model of the Needle, a portrait

of the queen, a translation of the inscriptions, the Bible in several languages, a copy of John 3:16 in 215 languages, and books including *Whitaker's Almanack* and *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*. And if you can't find an adventure seed in there then you're really not trying.



ST JAMES GARLICKHYTHE (GARLICK HILL, CITY OF LONDON)

St James Garlickhythe is one of London's many stone-built churches designed by Sir Christopher Wren in the wake of the Great Fire of London. Constructed in 1682 on the site of an earlier Saxon church destroyed in the fire, it is most remarkable for three things: it is a stop on the pilgrimage road that leads to Santiago de Compostella in Spain; a Bomb Sermon is preached annually to commemorate a near-miss from a device dropped by a German Zeppelin in WWI; and Jimmy Garlick.

Jimmy Garlick was discovered in 1855 in the vault of the church: the mummified, embalmed, naked corpse of an unknown man. For reasons that have been forgotten or concealed, the church's

elders decided not to rebury him, but instead placed the body in a cupboard in the church, later behind the organ and more recently in a glass cabinet, but always on display to the public in exchange for a small coin. Jimmy is balding, with sideburns and good eyelashes, bad teeth and arthritis, and died sometime after the mid-17th century.

Jimmy Garlick's identity has never been established, nor the cause of his death or why he was in the vault of St James's, but there are stories that he protects the church that has protected him for so long. People have seen a man described as "shrouded" or "pale robed" in the church, there was the matter of that Zeppelin near-miss, and in a few years a 500lb German bomb will plunge through the ceiling, strike the stone floor at the south-east corner, and not explode.

Jimmy Garlick is far from the only preserved body on display in London. In University College the body of the philosopher Jeremy Bentham is not only on view in a cabinet in the main building, but is taken out and seated at important college meetings, where it is listed as “present but not voting”. Bentham’s head is regularly stolen as a student prank. The British Museum has its share of mummies too: Sir John Soane’s museum can only boast the alabaster sarcophagus of Seti I but it does also contain two mummified cats in a cabinet.

There are countless more dessicated cats trapped in the walls and floors of London houses and shops, imprisoned there by medieval builders to give the place good luck, a spirit protector, a ward against witches or for other superstitious reasons. There are probably human mummies in the same spaces too.

Using Jimmy Garlick

The questions of who Jimmy Garlick was, how he died (and possibly at whose hands), and why his body did not simply rot can all become elements in a scenario or campaign. Perhaps he was involved in the activities of a group of cultists two centuries ago, and his death and lack of decomposition are both a result of their work.

Some subtle clue on or in his body or clothes may point to the location of a hidden cache of material left by that group,

possibly concealed before they were hunted down and killed themselves, or possibly for their successors to find and carry on their work when the stars would be in a more opportune alignment. Or perhaps Jimmy Garlick carries the information himself, in a form only other initiates of his circle could read. Sir Christopher Wren built for posterity, and if one is hiding something for hundreds of years then there are worse places than the dry crypt of a London church.

ST SAVIOUR’S BURIAL GROUND (SOUTHWARK)

South of the river on Redcross Way sits a sparse patch of waste ground, about which the locals still tell vague, uneasy stories. Until 1853 this was the burial ground of the parish of St Saviour; a paupers graveyard. Before that it was a graveyard for “single women”; that is, a burial ground for the prostitutes (known as ‘Winchester Geese’) who were licensed and worked in the brothels of south London during the Medieval and Elizabethan eras, and up to as late as the early 19th century.

St Saviour’s Burial Ground was closed in 1853 after becoming “Completely overcharged with the dead”. It is estimated that in excess of 15,000 people lie in this small patch of ground. Later archaeological work showed that a third of the dead were unborn or newborn children, and another tenth were under a year old. Most of the rest of the interred were women.



After it was closed the burial ground was sold for redevelopment and changed hands several times, but it was never built upon. By the 1920s it is just one more scrubby patch of land.

Using St Saviour's Burial Ground

If the plague pits of the city are a memorial of lives cut unexpectedly short, St Saviour's is a memorial to lives that were never going to be anything else. Bodies from the site have been found to have been suffering tuberculosis, rickets, smallpox and many other scourges of the poor. Moreover, the 'single women' would have been buried without benefit of a Christian ceremony, making this unhallowed earth. A wizard seeking a place of sex and death, misery and plague could not find a better place.

Alternatively, the Keeper might make something of the fact the site was never built on despite attempts to do so. Perhaps something protects the dead buried here – that rarest of things in such a cruel and uncaring world: a benign spirit, watching over the abandoned dead?

TOWER BRIDGE (CITY)

One of the most famous landmarks on the London skyline, Tower Bridge was built between 1886-94. Although the towers appear to be solid stone, they are hollow with a steel frame inside, as are the two huge pontoons that support them in the river.

By Act of Parliament in 1895, Tower Bridge must open when required as it was realized that the flow of shipping into the city must not be impeded by the new structure. Eight large steam-powered engines (housed in the base of the towers) provide the power to a hydraulic system that raises and lowers the bascules (the parts that open and shut).

Using Tower Bridge

Tower Bridge is often regarded as the 'gateway' to London, and it is perfectly possible that is more than a metaphorical description. As the law states the bridge must open upon demand, the Keeper might allow cultists to use the central opening of the bridge to be opened as a portal to somewhere

else – the thought of eldritch entities spilling out of the gap between the towers is certainly a vivid image.

Alternatively, the bridge can make for an excellent murder scene. The bascules open on pivots like two gigantic see-saws, with one end of each dipping down into the hollow pontoon as the other rises. A person restrained in the hollow pontoon and unable to escape would be reduced to a bloody smear as the 1250 ton weight of the bascule bore down upon them.

54 WELBECK STREET (WEST END)

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Elliott (1864-1936) a former member of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and retired ophthalmic surgeon lived at 54 Welbeck Street. As well as being a notable skilful surgeon, Elliott also had an abiding interest in magic and the occult and was made Chairman of the Magic Circle in 1919.

Elliott was a keen debunker of spiritualist and magical frauds, and firmly believed that there was nothing 'magical' that could not be rationally explained. He was sometimes aggressive in his confrontation and humiliation of fakery, such as when in 1926 he showed Lady Waghorn to be a liar for having claimed to have witnessed the Indian Rope trick (the Magic Circle later offered a reward of 500 guineas to anyone who could perform the trick in their presence. There were no takers).

Using Welbeck Street

Elliott is an excellent contact for the Keeper to develop. His house is full of arcana, magic tricks, books and paraphernalia and it is perfectly possible that he might acquire a genuinely occult artifact in the belief it is yet another harmless fake. Alternatively, it is only too possible that Colonel Elliott might set out to debunk a magician who genuinely does have magical powers, with unfortunate consequences for him.

Colonel Elliott has a wide circle of friends and contacts within the military, medical and occult & magical worlds and is well-respected in all three, meaning that if sufficiently convinced of a cause he can help make a lot of doors open.



THE PEOPLE OF LONDON

As ancient and mysterious as London is, it is made up of far more than bricks and mortar, wood and stone. As a thriving metropolis and the heart of an empire, all manner of people call London their home. Some are from families that have lived there since medieval times, others are more recent immigrants or are just passing through. Many of these folk have secrets of their own too.

In this chapter we take a look at some of the organisations that operated in London in the 1920s, some of which might act as allies of the investigators, some as antagonists or outright enemies. We also present a selection of ready-made NPCs, of the sort that might be handy in a pinch should the investigators have need of one during their investigations. Finally, we present a fully formed gentlemen's club, designed with the curious scholar of the Mythos in mind — perfect for the investigators to be members of, I'll say.

• OCCULT ORGANISATIONS • OPERATING IN 1920S LONDON

There existed countless unions, guilds, clubs and societies in London in the 1920s, and many wore their memberships of these organisations proudly. Many of these organisations are dealt with in *An Investigator's Guide to London*, but not all that operated within the capital were so widely known. Some of these organisations — call them secret societies, cults, whatever you wish — might prove to be allies of the investigators, others... less so. Note that although some of these organisations are antagonistic in nature, for true Mythos cults turn to Chapter Five: Mythos Threats.

THE ARGENTIUM ASTRUM

"Our method is Science, our aim is Religion"

— Aleister Crowley

After becoming disenchanted with the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn (see pg. 57) the eminent occult scholar Aleister

Crowley formed his own magical order, the Argentium Astrum or Order of the Silver Star. The Argentium Astrum employs a hierarchical structure loosely adapted from Freemasonry and not unlike that used by the Golden Dawn themselves. A singular feature of the group is that initiates know only the identity of those directly above and below them in the hierarchy and work alone, largely, with recourse to a mentor if required. Senior members of the order disguise themselves when taking part in one of the few group rituals; initiation of a new member, for example.

Once past the Probationer stage the initiate continues to climb within the organisation until he is considered worthy of entry to higher, hidden, orders. The Rosy Cross is one such, the name referencing links to Rosicrucianism.

Members are open to the influence of other-worldly entities and thus aim to unite themselves with their holy guardian angels. They also hope to experience the Abyss, a concept best explained by Crowley himself in his *Little Essays Towards Truth*:

"This doctrine is extremely difficult to explain; but it corresponds more or less to the gap in thought between the Real, which is ideal, and the Unreal, which is actual. In the Abyss all things exist, indeed, at least in posse, *but are without any possible meaning; for they lack the substratum of spiritual Reality. They are appearances without Law. They are thus Insane Delusions. Now the Abyss being thus the great storehouse of Phenomena, it is the source of all impressions.*"

Teaching is through a combination of studying Crowley's own texts and education in Kabbalah and Eastern religions. The body is to be disciplined as much as the mind, through yoga and fasting. There are unsubstantiated rumours that AA rituals include a sexual element; Crowley is known to be no slouch in that regard.

In short, the order prizes self-control in mind and body plus an enquiring nature and openness to a variety of religious and spiritual philosophies.

THE BLIND MAN OF ST MARTIN'S

The 19th and early 20th century was an era of poor literacy, spelling and handwriting, and unknown millions of letters were written. Some of these letters had addresses written on them which were unintelligible to the common man, and when the difficulty of deciphering the recipient surpassed the abilities of the everyday postman the Post Office turned to the Blind Man of St Martins, based at St Martin's le Grand sorting office in the City of London.

Despite the name, the Blind Man was neither an individual, nor blind. Instead the name derived from those situations where when others were 'blind', this group might render a guess at the address. Composed of puzzle and crossword aficionados, cryptographers and linguists, the Blind Men worked their way through tens of thousands of letters a year, scoring some impressive successes. They tracked down recipients of letters with addresses such as:

"E. R., a cook as lived temporary with a Mrs. L – or some such a name, a shoemaker in Castle-street about No. – Hobern in 1851. She is a Welsh person about 5 feet 1 stoutish. Livs in service somewere in London or naboured. London." and "Mr Owl O'Neill, the post office" (who was correctly identified as Sir Rowland Hill).

When the prowess of the Blind Man became known, some people began to send letters with addresses deliberately cryptic or encoded to test their abilities.

Using the Blind Man of St Martin's

The blind man group would make for an excellent background for an investigator, or even an entire party based upon the group. Untold numbers of peculiar objects are sent through the post, and many will end up passing in front of them. What better introduction to an adventure than a letter written in an unknown language or unreadable, alien script passed to the Blind Men to decipher? Who knows where such a clue might lead!

THE FRIENDS OF MRS ATTWOOD

The Friends of Mrs Attwood have their origins in the London publication of a work entitled *A Suggestive Enquiry with the Hermetic Mystery*, author unknown, in 1850. Some time later the writer was unveiled as one Mrs Mary Attwood and the book withdrawn from circulation because it was said to contain certain alchemical secrets deemed unsuitable to be placed in the public domain. Significantly, this was the last book Mrs Attwood published; she had produced an earlier volume, *Early Magnetism in its Higher Relations to Humanity*, some five years earlier.

Mrs Attwood's book was rescued from obscurity through the efforts of occult scholar and Huddersfield Freemason Walter Leslie Wilmshurst, with a new edition being produced in 1918. The lady's thinking parallels that of Theosophy and there is nothing in the book that appears dangerous or unsuitable



for the general reader. It may be, however, that the book was heavily edited prior to reissue. This is certainly the belief of her eponymous Friends. If the book is fully restored and made available to those with understanding of these matters, they opine, it will guide the way to a new Golden Age for Britain (no pun intended) as the methods of alchemy will refine Britannia's collective soul and make her great again.

The London group of the Friends meet monthly at the home of their President, Miss Fowler, in West Hill, Putney. While they do not advertise widely for new members, one can find details and a contact Post Office Box in the likes of *Light* or in pamphlets distributed through Watkins and Atlantis bookshops. A letter to Miss Fowler enclosing a first class stamp may well elicit a cordial invitation to a meeting. Be

Chinese Magical Organisations

London has traded with many countries of the world for a very long time. It is unsurprising that communities of foreigners have chosen to settle in the thriving metropolis, and they have brought their secret societies, their magic and their superstitions with them. The Chinese community is centred in London's East End and brings with it a strong belief in ancestor worship and a parallel world of gods, demons and spirits. While the Chinese don't have a codified system of magic in the manner of Western Hermeticism, they do enact various rituals in an attempt to influence the world around them. Magical organisations tend to be short-lived, as groups form in response to particular circumstances and disband once the situation is resolved. There are two exceptions, which will be dealt with in a moment.

Magical working is often performed by priests of any of the three main Chinese philosophical paths – Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism - and tends towards that which in the West is called Spiritualism; communication with and the casting out of spirits. The Chinese scholar Wang Wu-Fang tells us:

“Demons are of different kinds. There are those which clearly declare themselves and then those who work in secret... In cases of possession by familiar demons, what is said by the subject certainly does not proceed from his own will. When the demon has gone out (the subject)...has no recollection whatever of what he has said or done.

The methods by which the Chinese cast out demons are enticing them to leave by burning charms and paper money or by begging and exhorting them, or by frightening them away with magic spells and incantations, or driving them away by pricking with needles...in which case they cry out

and promise to go. I was formerly accustomed to drive out demons by means of needles”

There are Chinese occult organisations that are not run by priests of which the two largest are the Thian-ti-hwll (or Heaven and Earth League) and the Triad Society. Both of these have a presence in London.

The Heaven and Earth League began in its home country in the late 17th century and travelled to London with Chinese emigres shortly after. It can be compared to Freemasonry, with candidates for initiation being required to answer correctly 333 questions before they are initiated. Once past initiation, a member of the League is part of a brotherhood whose systems are derived from ancient Chinese customs and which include supporting their brethren and offering a magical service to the community, which may include interacting with spirits and demons.

The Triad Society began as a mystical order but has taken a more political bent in recent years, particularly in its native land, where it is actively involved in government. It formed as a friendly society of sorts, with members swearing to assist their brethren even at risk of their own life. Although its rituals are a closely-guarded secret with revelation punishable by death, some details of the initiation ritual are known outside of the order. The candidate is stripped and brought to a dark room where he beheads a sacrificial cockerel, mixing its blood with his own, while swearing an oath of fealty to the Triad. Following this, and his being assured that death will swiftly follow any transgression of the group's many laws, the initiate is told the secrets of the society and how to recognise a fellow member. Again, we see parallels with Freemasonry.

aware, however, that the London group is currently under investigation. Although the recent edition of Mrs Attwood's book is largely philosophical, Miss Fowler and her Friends have been carrying out a series of practical alchemical experiments in her garden shed which have attracted the attention of the authorities. The Metropolitan Police recently removed a varied collection of chemicals, letting the lady off with a stern warning and a lecture on the laws regarding hazardous substances. Neighbours have reported unpleasant smells and the shed windows glowing late at night, as well as chanting in Latin (which, if a crime, means the nearby Roman Catholic Church of St Joseph's is in trouble).

THE GHOST CLUB

Founded in London in 1862, the Ghost Club was the first organisation in England to attempt serious investigation of psychic phenomena, especially of Spiritualism, which was in vogue at the time. Unlike the Society for Psychical Research (with which the Ghost Club shared members and a — largely friendly — rivalry), the membership of the Ghost Club were believers in the supernatural who looked for scientific proof for their beliefs. By the 1920s, the club was in serious decline as serious scientific investigation had overtaken many of their beliefs and methods. However, the club was still active during the decade and is a good place for investigators to find knowledgeable and interested parties who are more inclined to believe in tales of the supernatural than to scoff. Notable

members during the 1920s included Harry Price (see pg. 33), Frederick Bond and Dr Nandor Fodor. Every year on the feast of All Souls, the names of all members, current and deceased (which includes Charles Dickens) would be read at the club dinner as it was believed the dead were still present.

THE HELLFIRE CLUB

There have been at least three organisations going by the name 'Hellfire Club' in the history of London, and almost certainly more in the shadows. The first was founded by Philip Wharton, 1st Duke of Wharton, in 1719. The club was meant largely as a joke by the wealthy and influential to mock popular morality. Wharton's group often met in the Greyhound Tavern in central London, but as it accepted both male and female members (and ladies simply did not go into taverns) gatherings at members' homes were more common. Drinking, licentiousness and a fashionable line in blasphemy were common themes of the meetings, with rumours of Black Masses and dealings with the devil following the group. The club was disbanded by a Royal Decree of King George I in 1721.

The Hellfire Club formed by Sir Francis Dashwood (see pg. 32) is the most (in)famous of the groups sharing the name. Once again started as a gentlemen's drinking club in the 1730s (at the George and Vulture pub in the City of London, which is still there in the 1920s), the club was originally known as The Knights of St Francis and became known as the Order



of Medmenham (or the Medmenham Monks) when the club moved to Medmenham Abbey near High Wycombe in 1750. The name 'Hellfire Club' only became attached to the group later. Here, away from the prying eyes of the city, drinking, gambling and feasting took place, and the wealthy and titled of London could retire to the country with their mistresses and prostitutes.

Dashwood's Hellfire Club appeared to have two faces: one group, who were only interested in the pleasures of the flesh, and another which had a genuine interest in reviving certain aspects of pagan cults. Dashwood had filled his house with representations of goddesses of love, fertility and motherhood, and turned an entire wing of his mansion in Wycombe into a temple to Dionysus. Beneath Medmenham Abbey, he paid for an elaborate series of caves to be tunnelled out of the rock where parties and rituals were held, and above the entrance to the Abbey was carved "Fais ce que tu voudras" ("Do what thou wilt") – a motto later taken up by Crowley.

Dashwood's club declined rather than fell; a succession of political scandals and the aging and death of key members of the group meant that by 1766 the group was no more. Finally, in 1781, Dashwood's nephew, Joseph Alderson, founded the Phoenix Society in honour of Sir Francis who had died that same year, and intended to be a continuation of Dashwood's old club. Under the motto of *Uno avulso non deficit alter* ("Where one is torn away, another succeeds") the society was founded at Brasenose College, Oxford, and still exists to this day as a dining society.

THE HERMETIC ORDER OF THE GOLDEN DAWN

Founded in 1887 by William Westcott, William Woodman and Samuel Mathers after Westcott acquired what was called the *Cipher Document*, a mysterious letter that appeared to show five spells of initiation, although cynics claimed that Westcott faked them to create his own rival organisation to theosophy. The Golden Dawn was a hit and had well over 300 members by the mid-1890s, including poet WB Yeats, weird-tales writer Algernon Blackwood, and Aleister Crowley. The Order was secretive about its beliefs except to its initiates, who had to progress through eleven degrees of membership to achieve true knowledge (it seems only Crowley ever managed all eleven).

After a succession of internal fallings-out, including an abortive coup by Crowley at the behest of Mathers, the society had largely ceased to exist by the 1920s and had splintered into several other groups including 'Alpha et Omega' (which took over the London temple, Isis-Urania) and the Stella Matutina. All these groups believed they had made contact with the secret chiefs of the world and were in receipt of instruction in the future evolution of mankind, as well as the secrets of magic and astral travel. It is likely that any senior occultist encountered by investigators in London will have been associated with the Golden Dawn at some point, and most are still in touch with each other at least informally.

Jewish Magical Organisations

Judaism's influence on Western magical practice is immense and comes largely through the system of Kabbalah, which the occultist Lewis Spence describes as "a Hebrew and Jewish system of theosophy". It is said that it originates in the dialogues between God and Adam, taught to man by the angels before being written down in the second century AD by Simon ben Yohai.

These writings remained hidden in a cave in Galilee for a thousand years. More prosaically, the roots of Kabbalah began in the early Middle Ages when what is now the Kabbalah became abstracted from the wider body of Jewish religious writing into a codified philosophy, probably by the scholar Moses de Leon. The Kabbalah tells us how the power of God is diffused into different spheres of being, or Sephiroth, which energise and are inhabited by all of His creation.

Jewish magicians working in London and elsewhere will follow the path of Kabbalah and while they may choose to work in groups they are not members of a magical order as such. As their magical practice is so closely aligned with their religious faith they will not engage with any deities other than their God but are often prepared to use their magical powers to aid others in conflict with hostile other-world entities. The few Jewish magicians that there are in London live in the Clerkenwell area, the waters of the well being especially pure and suitable for ritual working.

THE KINDRED OF THE KIBBO KIFT

Founded by a former Boy Scout leader, one John Hargrave, the Kibbo Kift is ostensibly a youth organisation along the similar lines to the Scouts but lacking the more militaristic aspects of Scouting. In a marked departure from similar youth organisations the Kibbo Kift is open to both genders. It may be that parents of the progressive type are most likely to let their sons and daughters join while those of a more conservative nature favour the Boy Scouts, Girl Guides or Boys and Girls Brigades.

It is evident that although wood-craft, camping and so on their stock in trade there is far more to the Kibbo Kift than merely toasting sausages on the camp fire. Hargrave, or "White Fox" as he is known, intends that each youthful member takes part in *"outdoor education, the learning of handicrafts, physical training, the re-introduction of ritual into modern life, the regeneration of urban man and the establishment of a new world civilisation."* The concern with ritual and a "new world civilisation" is of most relevance to the occultist. While Hargrave intends that these children embrace social equality, reject social class and enjoy learning about the myths and legends of other cultures, some observers are concerned about happenings on the periphery of what is already seen as a lunatic fringe organisation.

The Kibbo Kift take inspiration from various locations in both time and geographical space; thus their uniform is derived in part from the garb worn in Saxon England while their ceremonies nod in one direction towards those of the Native American and in another to the free expression espoused by philosopher and social reformer Rudolf Steiner. Anglo Saxon and Norse mythology seem to be their main inspirations, however, while their ethos is both socialist and pacifist; that young people should seek to live in peace with their peers throughout the world. They meet regularly in Tribes or Clans and enjoy an annual jamboree, known as the Althing after the parliament of the Vikings, each Whitsun.

Unlike the Boy Scouts who promise "to do their duty to God", the Kibbo Kift do not appear particularly concerned with organised religion, although most of the young people involved are of the Christian faith. In fact, the organisation has been criticised for its somewhat pagan sensibility. For example, upon joining the Kibbo Kift the new member chooses for himself or herself a new name which is usually of mythical origin. Further, critics point out that the Kibbo Kift's tendency to appropriate mythology

and ritual in somewhat haphazard fashion leaves their young adherents open to all manner of strange influences. This is especially true of the Brichester Tribe, whose presentation at last year's Althing comprised a ritual in gibberish and a totem so disturbing that some female attendees reported nightmares for some weeks afterwards. At the least, such exposure to a wide variety of historical and cultural influences at a tender age is bound to have a lasting effect and it could be suggested might serve to mould religious practices in adulthood.

The most well-known members of the Kibbo Kift today are the writer HG Wells; former Suffragettes Emmeline Pethick Lawrence and Evelyn Sharp; and Mary Neal, a pioneer of the English Folk Dance revival. All have been drawn to the organisation's appreciation for nature, belief in the equality of the sexes and its progressive, socialist political standpoint.

THE LITTLE WORLD

This secret society was founded in England in the 18th century, its sole purpose being to restore the Stuart monarchy. This would be of little interest to the modern student of occult organisations were it not for the strange methods these men used, and it is believed by many still use, to bring about their objective.

All their political machinations having come to naught and lacking the resources to commence another war with England, the Little World recruited a rather other-worldly ally in the Lord of Darkness himself! The tone of their meetings moved away from reasoned debate and formed a firm resolution to restore the Stuart heir by any means. Thus they drew upon the grimoires of the day which had themselves become passé after the Renaissance, to summon infernal forces to fight on their side. That it is now some two hundred years since this happened and that we are now ruled by the House of Windsor may lead one to conclude, rightly, that this demonic pact has failed and is unlikely to succeed now. But the Little World is still in existence, demonstrating the characteristics of Scotland's native terriers in its size and tenacity. Still they lurk on the fringes of London society and in the Hibernian outposts of the Houses of Parliament and the Lords, waiting for half an opportunity to put their plan into practice, even though the country appears perfectly stable under the current King. I may be that after so long they may well have lost their original purpose were it not that their new chief had moulded them to do his bidding.

THE NEW THOUGHT MOVEMENT

“To recognise our own divinity and our intimate relation to the Universal is to attach the belt of our machinery to the power-house of the Universe”

– Ralph Waldo Trine

The New Thought Movement shares much with the better-known Church of Christ, Scientist but has some peculiarly esoteric elements that may be of interest. The Movement originated in the United States and quickly became international, arriving in London during the war where doubtless it offered comfort to many afflicted by loss and ill-health. New Thought may be regarded as less rigorous than Christian Science as its adherents are not required to dispose with medicines altogether. It does posit a similar link between the mind and the body but draws on the science of hypnotism rather than directly upon divine healing to influence the unconscious mind and thus cure illness.

The Movement’s practitioners are said to exude a fluid, possibly ectoplasmic in nature, certainly luminous, from their fingertips that facilitates healing even when the practitioner is working some distance away from his patient. The fluid serves to better enable the channelling of healing energy, in the manner of electricity travelling through water. Critics from within the occult world liken it to the mother’s milk produced by priests in the little-known cult of Shub-Niggurath. If the two

are related, can forces other than healing also be transmitted by this fluid? There is no evidence that the two organisations are allied, but we have already seen that many occultists are members of several societies, it would not be unreasonable to propose a connexion.

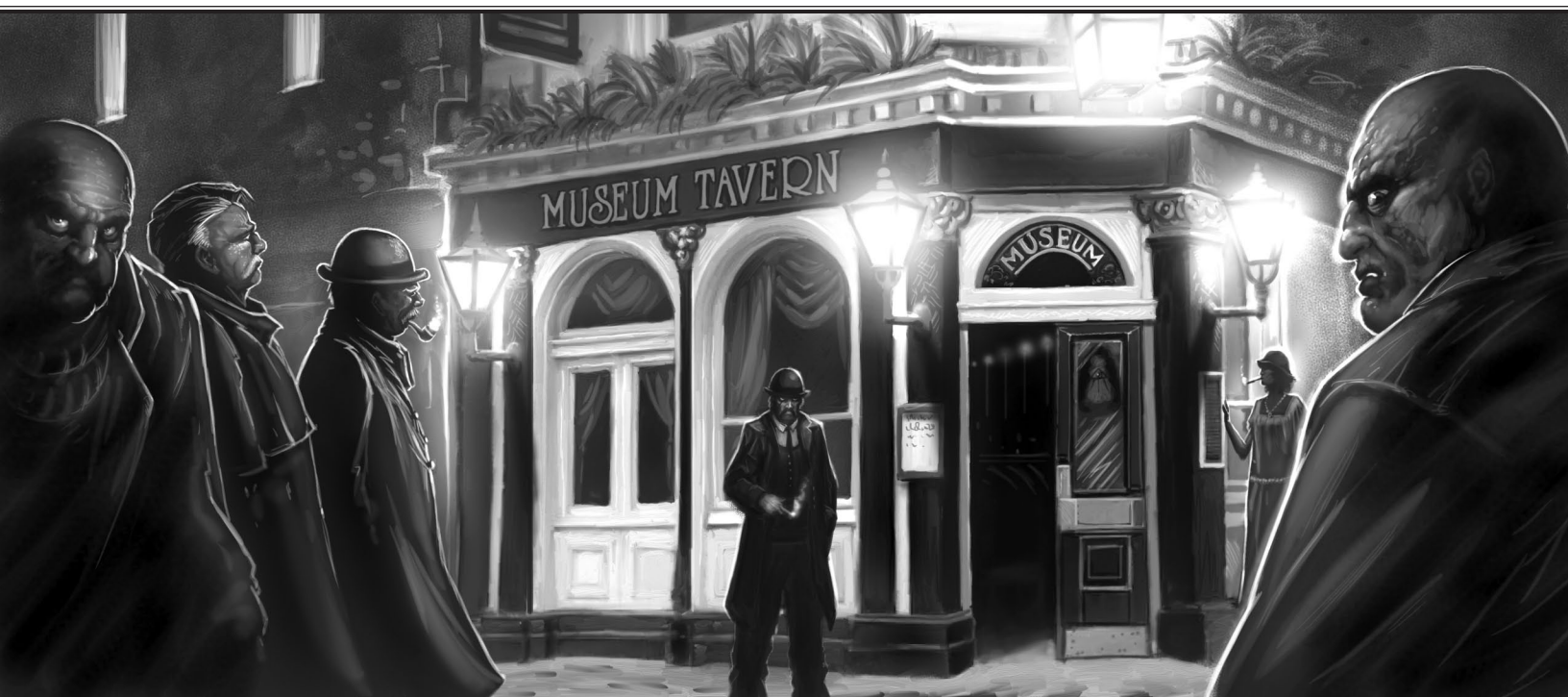
THE ORDO TEMPLI ORIENTIS

“Every man and woman is a star”

– Aleister Crowley

Another secret society modelled on Freemasonry, the Ordo Templi Orientis (commonly called the OTO) has its roots in turn of the century Germany and its flowering in modern day Britain. The well-known London occultist Aleister Crowley assumed leadership of the British temple in 1912 and soon began to adapt its rites and philosophies to promulgate his own religion, Thelema, and his attendant efforts to usher in the Aeon of Horus, heralding a new level of human spiritual evolution.

While the rites remain a closely guarded secret, they are likely to rely upon Crowley’s own *Book of the Law*, a channelled document given to Crowley and his wife by the angel Aiwass while the pair were resident in Cairo in 1904. Certainly the central tenet of the book, “Do What Thou Wilt Shall Be the Whole of the Law” appears regularly as a greeting in the society’s



correspondence. It is important to emphasise, however, that this is not an exhortation to adherents to do exactly as they please. Rather, the phrase encourages the adept to recognise his true will through various magickal practices – Crowley uses “magick” to distinguish the practice of ritual magic from that of the stage conjurer – and to take such actions as are necessary to improve himself spiritually and become closer to unity with the divine.

We can infer that the OTO relies heavily upon Egyptian mythology and symbolism, as does the Golden Dawn. It is also likely that it shares members with both the Golden Dawn and the Argentium Astrum. The location of the OTO’s temple in London is a closely-guarded secret, but is most likely to be in the basement of the Atlantis Bookshop in Museum Street (see pg. 46), a stone’s throw from the British Museum.

Significant dates in the occult calendar, equinoxes and so on, see Crowley and a number of his regular drinking chums in nearby hostelrys The Plough and the Museum Tavern; in all likelihood relaxing after a little arcane ritual working. One might opine that towards the end of the evening the barman may know as much about the goings-on as the gentlemen themselves!

THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

The Society for Psychical Research could only have been born in the Victorian era as the product of two of the greatest obsessions of the age; spiritualism and scientific research. Founded in 1882 and based at 49 Marloes Road, the society exists to approach psychic phenomena “without prejudice or prepossession of any kind, and in the same spirit of exact and unimpassioned enquiry which has enabled science to solve so many problems.”

The Society has been involved in investigating and unmasking charlatans (including Madame Blavatsky, see pg. 30). It has also been looking into the supernatural and has turned up a number of interesting results; a 30-year collection of automatic writings produced after the death of founding member Frederick Myers is held up as one of the best pieces of evidence of the survival of the mind after death. During the 1920s, George Tyrell investigated apparitional experiences – that is to say ‘ghosts’ in layman’s terms – although his results were inconclusive.

Notable members during the decade also included:

Flammarion, Camille (1842-1925)

President of the society in 1925, Flammarion was also a notable astronomer and writer who produced popular science books and science fiction, as well as being a keen investigator of extraterrestrial life and the migration of the human soul after death. As such, there may be no better person in London to ask whether the stars are right, especially as he maintains a private observatory in Juvisy-sur-Orge.

Dreisch, Professor Hans (1867-1941)

A true renaissance man of science, Dreisch studied medicine, chemistry and physics and incorporated them all into his work on understanding the origins of life at the embryonic level. Some authorities credit him with creating the first clone during his work on sea urchin embryos, during which he theorised it was possible for a single cell to reproduce every other cell in an organism. Dreisch travelled widely, and was awarded professorships at the universities of Aberdeen, Leipzig, Cologne, Nanjing and Beijing. He also maintained a keen interest in psychic phenomena, including telepathy, telekinesis and clairvoyance, and was president of the society from 1926-7.

Other members of the society included Sigmund Freud (joined in 1911), Carl Gustav Jung (1919), and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (who left in 1926 after a falling-out with the committee).

Using the Society for Psychical Research

Like Colonel Elliot, above, the society is a fantastic resource for investigators and can easily be used to introduce new characters. The fearless scientific investigation of the supernatural and unknown is a delightfully Lovecraftian concept and so the Keeper can also use the society as a starting place for adventures of almost any sort.

Some real events can also be used; Camille Flammarion’s 1887 novel *Lumen* describes an encounter with an “alien soul” capable of travelling across the galaxy at the speed of light. This could well be the description of an actual encounter with a member of the Great Race or similar entity.

THE SPIRITUALIST MOVEMENT

Although largely a Victorian movement, spiritualism enjoyed a resurgence in the wake of the Great War as bereaved relatives,

especially middle- and upper-class women, attempted to make sense of the loss of so many sons and husbands in the trenches. However, the movement came under sustained attack by professional debunkers during the same period, with both the Ghost Club and the Society for Psychical Research investigating mediums, as did individuals like stage magician John Maskelyne and Harry Houdini who made it a personal crusade to unmask frauds. The exposure of frauds was particularly damaging to the credibility of the movement, also damaging to the movement as the law, which regarded mediums in the same light as fortune telling: illegal.

Although the Spiritualist movement has no formal hierarchy or church, the most prominent Spiritualist organisation during the decade is the London Spiritualist Alliance, which opens offices on Queensberry Place in 1925. The Alliance was more of a meeting of like minds and a support network than an organisation, but it does have an extensive library of spiritualist books and resources which are freely available. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was the President of the Society until 1930, and when he died the movement was still sufficiently popular to fill the Royal Albert Hall with an attempt to contact his spirit..

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Another largely Victorian movement the Theosophical Society struggled to maintain unity after the death of Madame Blavatsky in 1891. However, the wide variety of people who had been members of the society and maintained contacts even after leaving meant that its teachings continued to be influential long after the society itself had ceased to be a major force. Influences (and former members) can be found in areas as diverse as the Catholic Church, environmentalism, literature and (allegedly) the psychoanalytical ideas of Jung.

POTENTIAL • ALLIES AND ASSOCIATES •

In a city the size of London, it can be easy to find oneself alone. People are wary of talking to strangers, and when help is needed it is all too likely that passersby will move quickly on. What follows is a selection of characters who the investigators might encounter during their adventures in London. Some

might spark the idea for a scenario, whilst others are handy to have at a pinch for when a player announces that they are going to see an alienist or talk to the local priest.

DOCTOR ALEXANDER MIKALOVICH DENIKIN, WHITE RUSSIAN ALIENIST

Distantly related to the Struve family of astronomers, Alexander Denikin is a slightly portly middle-aged White Russian émigré who, after considerable travels, has finally settled in London. Dr Denkin is able to maintain a good standard of living because he was able to bring a small fortune in gems with him when he arrived in Britain. After the defeat of the Tsarist forces in the Russian Civil War Alexander fled with the international forces that had occupied Siberia and, after much travelling, eventually ended up in London.

Dr Denikin is an alienist with many years of experience in his field before he volunteered to serve in the Russian Imperial Army at the outbreak of war in 1914. As such, he is able to treat those suffering from a psychological malady and also those in need of private medical care. As part a member of an exiled group the good doctor knows well the need for discretion. His connections to the White Russian diaspora give him access to an international network of contacts and information gatherers.



Dr Alexander Mikalovich Denikin

Major, Age 45, Exiled Alienist

STR 40	CON 70	SIZ 55	INT 80
POW 60	DEX 50	APP 55	EDU 92
HP 12	DB 0	Build 0	Move 6

Sanity: 60

Attacks: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5), damage 1D3
Dodge 25% (12/5)

Skills: Credit Rating 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 8%, Fast Talk 60%, Library Use 60%, Medicine 60%, Other Language (Latin) 20%, Other Language (English) 63%, Own Language (Russian) 100%, Persuade 60%, Pharmacy 50%, Psychoanalysis 70%, Psychology 70%, Handgun 40%, Rifle 40%, Science (Biology) 60%.

Spells: Contact Shub-Niggurath, Summon the Great God Pan (Avatar of Shub-Niggurath).

Personal Description: Denikin's face has allowed his hair and beard to grow long, refusing to cut it until he can step foot in Russia once again. Although by disposition a slender man, the trials and travails of his flight from Soviet Russia have given Denikin a rapacious appetite for good food and drink, both of which he has found in abundance in the finer dining establishments of London. Denikin stands just under six feet in height, he is slim except for his recently acquired small pot-belly and although his demeanour is slightly grim and morose his sparkling eyes draw people to him.

FATHER PETER BENEDICT, CATHOLIC PRIEST

Father Benedict runs a mission and chapel in an old boat shed just up from the Waterloo Docks in the East End. The nearby churches are very much for middle class ship officers and dock staff, meaning that there is little religious provision for the souls of the poor that live crammed six to a room in the tenements and terraces of the Isle of Dogs. It is to them and Catholic sailors from other countries who find themselves in London that Father Benedict extends his help.



Peter Benedict

Age 33, Do-gooding Priest

STR 55	CON 60	SIZ 45	INT 70
POW 70	DEX 70	APP 60	EDU 80
HP: 10	DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 9

Sanity: 70

Attacks: 1

Brawl (Boxing) 70% (35/13), damage 1D3
Dodge 58% (29/11)

Skills: Anthropology 36%, Art (Iconography) 15%, Credit Rating 30%, First Aid 42%, History 60%, Law 30%, Library Use 49%, Listen 50%, Medicine 15%, Natural World 25%, Occult 10%, Other Language (Latin 65%), Persuade 40%, Psychology 46%, Theology 65%.

Personal Description: A lean man, clean-shaven with neatly clipped hair, Father Benedict is a keen amateur boxer and one of his initiatives is running a boxing academy for local young men to teach them discipline. As a result he moves with a certain grace, which explains why his nose has never been broken. He is quick to smile, but rarely jokes himself.

The locals in the surrounding streets are a close-knit and private community who often do not trust strangers and remain reticent when approached. It has taken Father Benedict some years of work to be accepted, and he works hard not to betray their confidence – he finds doctors who are willing to work for charity cases when locals are sick and organises charitable drives in the wealthier West End for food and funds to help his own flock. Despite this, he sometimes wonders if he is pursuing a lost cause. The mortality rate in the local area is shockingly high, and drunkenness and violence are common, everyday occurrences. As well as this, sailors sometimes tell tales of horrors from the sea and locals of things which creep in the heavy fogs which linger over the docks. Father Benedict is slow to believe in stories of fish-men in the river and crawling things that steal babies into the sewers, but he is convinced that awful things happen to the very poorest and forgotten people in his flock and often feels powerless to actually change anything.

CAPTAIN RODERICK CHEALINGHAM, BARONET AND SOCIALITE

The heir to a large estate in Cheshire (including the village of Chealingham) and the responsibilities that went with it, Chealingham's life was shattered by the Great War. As a part of the war effort he put a great deal of effort into raising a small regiment of men from the village and farms on his estate, and he led the 'Chealingham Pals' to war himself as their captain. He was the only one who returned; most were killed when a stray shell hit the lorry that was carrying them to the front before they had even seen action. Chealingham had a breakdown and never served again.

Since the end of the war, Roderick has thrown himself into the mindless social whirl of the London season and its parties in an attempt to blot out his memories and guilt. He is very popular in the fast set, due to him being rich and gregarious. However, despite his hearty exterior Chealingham is fragile and given to attacks of nerves, especially when confronted by loud noises.

What Chealingham wants is some sort of purpose in a world which he believes is bereft of meaning. Investigators wanting to access London society, its parties and possibly its underbelly could do a lot worse than to recruit him; the feeling of having a goal and doing something worthwhile would do Roderick a lot of good. It is very possible that British investigators of the upper class might have been to school or university with him.

Roderick Chealingham

Age 36, Noble without a Cause

STR 45	CON 60	SIZ 50	INT 40
POW 40	DEX 50	APP 60	EDU 75
HP 11	DB 0	Build 0	Move 8

Sanity: 40

Attacks: 1

Brawl 60% (30/12), damage 1D3
 12-gauge double-barrelled shotgun 74% (37/14),
 damage 4D6, 2D6, 1D6
 .38 Webley Revolver 65% (32/13), damage 1D10
 Dodge 25% (12/5)

Skills: Art (Greek & Latin Classics) 40%, Climb 60%,
 Credit Rating 70%, Drive Auto 35%, First Aid 50%, History
 50%, Listen 49%, Other Language (Latin) 44%, Other
 Language (Greek) 37%, Other Language (French) 30%,
 Other Language (German) 25%, Persuade 62%, Psychology
 39%, Ride 43%, Stealth 43%, Spot Hidden 76%.

Personal Description: Always well turned out, Chealingham is a slight man with greying brown hair. He has recently grown a moustache in the mistaken belief that it makes him look sporting and a bit dashing.



COUNTESS LIDIYA NASTYA ERISTAVI, RUSSIAN EXILE

For hundreds of years, the Eristavi family ran their estates in central Asia. Life was good. The peasants were well fed and happy and in their simple, cow-like stupidity they loved their feudal lords, who in turn loved and protected them back. And then the bad times came: the communists. Whispering their poison, turning the serfs against the natural order. Lidiya was fortunate. When the revolution broke out she was on her yacht on the Cap d'Antibes from where she retired to London to wait for things to blow over so she could go home. She is still here, living in a large house in Mayfair, surrounded by relatives, servants and old family retainers, all telling themselves they will go home next year when the peasants realise their error and beg them to return.



Lidiya is every inch a noblewoman. Well educated, gracious, polite and exceedingly rich. She is also arrogant, with a tendency to lapse into shouting Russian curses when her blood is up. Thanks to many investments in London made by her late husband she retains great wealth, which cushions her from the world.

Lidiya is a firm believer in the supernatural and the occult, which makes her prey to charlatans like phony Spiritualists, fortune tellers and magicians. It also makes her an excellent patron for investigators as her great wealth and position in society can open a lot of doors and she is amenable to stories of eldritch horrors. In Central Asia they have Baba Yaga and

other monsters, and she claims to have seen a werewolf on more than one occasion (she sleeps with an ancient pepperpot pistol loaded with silver shot on her bedside table, much to the consternation of her maids), so evidence of monsters in England is likely to be considered seriously.

She maintains a hatred of communists and socialists, and left-wing characters who seek to associate with her would do well to keep their political opinions to themselves. Despite her usual impeccable manners and deportment, the Countess Eristavi is not above losing her temper and throwing a hand-mirror or hairbrush, or striking at someone's face with her riding crop.

Lidiya Eristavi

Age 70, Exiled Noblewoman

STR 40	CON 60	SIZ 60	INT 60
POW 90	DEX 65	APP 45	EDU 70
HP 14	DB +1D4	Build 1	Move 5

Sanity: 90

Attacks: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5), damage 1D3+1D4
 Riding Crop 25% (12/5), damage 1D8+1D4
 Pepperpot pistol 50% (25/10), damage 1D6
 Dodge 32% (16/6)

Skills: Art (Iconography) 55%, Art (Oil Painting) 45%, Art (Poetry) 16%, Credit Rating 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 4%, Drive Horses 70%, History 41%, Law 15%, Library Use 30%, Listen 05%, Natural World 34%, Navigate 25%, Other Language (English) 60%, Other Language (French) 55%, Own Language (Russian) 100%, Ride 67%, Track 40%.

Personal Description: Lidiya's family is descended from the ancient warlords of Central Asia. She loves riding and hunting and dresses as a Cossack warrior-woman when rising to hounds with the Hertfordshire hunt, and can be extremely intimidating when on a heavy horse in full regalia. The rest of the time she adheres to women's fashions a generation out of date, and so likes heavy make-up, pearls, satin and silk dresses and big flouncy hats.

MORRIS FISCHSTEIN, THEATRICAL AGENT

On the top floor of a terraced house in Soho that has been converted into shops below and offices above are the offices of Morris Fischstein, theatrical agent. Morris is a short, stocky man, almost entirely bald, with a fat cigar that he uses to emphasise his point by jabbing at whoever he is talking to. In other words Morris is a stereotype, and he is well aware of it – his business is the theatre after all. He goes so far as to try to affect an American accent when he thinks he can get away with it.



Access to his offices is up a steep flight of stairs lined with photographs of major and minor stars of stage and screen, all of which bear handwritten messages (“Dear Morris – thanks for everything! – Ivor Novello”), although sharp-eyed investigators may notice the handwriting on many of the pictures is remarkably similar. Between anyone reaching the top of the stairs and Morris himself is his secretary, Edna Reynolds, a lady of uncertain age who smokes far more than is good for her and who acts as the first line of defence against talentless hopefuls. Anyone who gets to Morris past Edna is at least worth his time to see.

Fischstein is hard headed, pushy, ambitious and argumentative. His business model involves advertising in the regional press for wannabe actors, dancers and performers interested in making it big in London and then ruthlessly weeding out all but the most likely. Any client who fails more than a few

auditions will find their details ending up in the back of a drawer as newer, more likely, candidates come through. Despite all this, Fischstein is not a bad person. He doesn’t abuse his position with aspiring starlets, he only takes 10%, and is paternalistically protective towards any of his clients who find any degree of success. He has been known to pull more than one pretty dancing girl out of a nightclub where she really ought not to have been and put her in a cab home at his own expense. Which leads to his problem.

Morris Fischstein

Age 46, A Luvvy, Darling

STR 65	CON 45	SIZ 55	INT 80
POW 70	DEX 80	APP 40	EDU 65
HP 10	DB 0	Build 0	Move 8

Sanity: 70

Attacks: 1

Brawl 40% (20/8), damage 1D3

Dodge 40% (20/8)

Skills: Accounting 64%, Credit Rating 49%, Dancing 65%, Fast Talk 55%, Jump 40%, Law 44%, Persuade 67%, Photography 50%, Psychology 60%, Sleight of Hand 30%, Spot Talent 80%.

Personal Description: Morris has a nimbleness that belies his build – he was a dancer in his younger days and likes to keep in practice even now. His suits are well-tailored but not of the best materials (he gets theatrical tailors to make them for him) and he always smells faintly of smoke, even when he doesn’t have a cigar lit. He often wears a fancy hat, tilted just so.

Fischstein has had a casting request from a Name. A Big Name. He’s been asked to find a girl, and not just any girl. The note he got is filled with words like “young”, and “ingenué”, and “innocent”: in short, Morris is convinced that the Name is looking for a virgin, and he really isn’t happy about it. On the one hand, making a successful placement in a Name production could open the door to the big time he has always wanted but never achieved. On the other hand, why are they so specific in their requirements? And what possible theatrical purpose can

it serve? He doesn't want to appear difficult, and so what he really needs is someone to look into this production and find out why they need such a... specialised... casting choice. Just to set his mind at rest.

If cultivated, Morris can be an excellent contact in Theatreland. He is widely known and respected, if not necessarily liked, and can make introductions and get invitations into the close-knit theatrical and cinematic community.

LEANDER RAPTURE GRIEVE, BOOKSHOP PROPRIETOR AND ANTIQUARIAN

Leander Rapture Grieve is probably the foremost authority on rare and esoteric books in London. An avid reader of auction-house sale guides, catalogues of private libraries, histories and small-press publications, Grieve's knowledge of the provenances, locations and values of books is second to none. In the highly specialised world of book collecting, Grieve reigns supreme – and he knows it. If you want to know which collections hold a rare monograph or who bought that unusual Armenian Bible at Sotheby's last year, Grieve is the person to ask.



His eponymous shop is in a tall Victorian terrace down a side street off the Charing Cross Road and fills the entire four floors of the building, although only the ground floor, which is filled with shelves of books and prints, is open to regular customers.

He spends most of his time here, sitting next to a stove (lit, even in the warmest weather) in an overstuffed armchair drinking cup after cup of sweet tea and holding court to whoever might have need of his knowledge – although buying a book or two will be a necessary step in getting him to open up.

Persons gaining Grieve's trust might be invited to see the other floors of the building which hold what he calls his 'gems' – increasingly rare tomes the further up you go, which have correspondingly high prices. At the top of the building is a doorway with a locked iron grille in front of it. This leads to both Grieve's living quarters and his private collection – a selection of very rare and valuable first editions and curiosities, possibly some genuine Mythos tomes, as well as a number of undoubtedly illegal French and German books and pictures.

Leander Rapture Grieve

Age 44, Antique Bookseller

STR 55	CON 60	SIZ 75	INT 75
POW 70	DEX 40	APP 35	EDU 60
HP 13	DB +1D4	Build 1	Move 6

Sanity: 70

Attacks: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5), damage 1D3+1D4

Dodge 20% (10/4)

Skills: Accounting 17%, Art 79%, Credit Rating 60%, History 56%, Law 35%, Library-Use 88%, Locksmith 12%, Occult 35%, Other Language (Latin) 68%, Other Language (French) 53%, Other Language (Flemish) 40%, Other Language (German) 34%, Persuade 50%, Sleight of Hand 23%.

Personal Description: Grieve has dark, thinning hair which is always brushed to one side, and a short, neatly trimmed moustache and beard. His eyes constantly dart about, except when he is examining a book for the first time. Then they stare intently, as though looking beyond the pages at vistas only he can see. Although in no way threatening, he has an air about him that makes people feel slightly uncomfortable in his company.

ROBERT MILTON BROOKSBANK RABBLE ROUSER AND DEMAGOGUE

“Things need to change don't they? We can't keep going in the direction in which we are going, it's time for something new, something different, yet something that we all feel deep inside of us. We are all bound by the way that we have been brought up. The values our families, friends and society gently, and not so gently, pressed upon us. But, they are wrong, aren't they? You have always known that on a deep fundamental level, that everything you have been told, everything that you have been forced to choke down is built on a foundation of sand. It is time to wash all of these old lies away, wash them away in the sea of truth and then rebuild our world as it really is. Watch the waves break around you sweeping away the liars and the cowards, and embrace the cold clean never changing ocean...”



Hear one hear all! So says Robert Brooksbank. Brooksbank is no minister, nor politician, but he espouses a programme that is part theology, part political manifesto and promises to change not just London but the world entire. His belief in his message and his passion for his cause are clear for anyone to see. Class shall be torn down, greed and exploitation of others made capital crimes and “man is to return whence he came”. But what is to be given in return? When pressed on this last point Brooksbank evades, obfuscates and digresses before skilfully diverting the subject; his power to do this seems nearly magical.

Appearing in the East End of London only a handful of years ago, no one seems sure exactly when Brooksbank began his career a street corner demagogue. Within a year he had enough followers and support to purchase an old red brick warehouse and convert it into a meeting house for his strange organisation. However, Robert had best tread carefully. His wild talk of far reaching, revolutionary change has attracted the attention of the British State.

Members of Special Branch of the Metropolitan Police have been instructed to keep an eye on the Cult and it's beguiling leader. Fortunately for them, at least one of these fine and upstanding officers has quietly joined the group after attending one of its private baptisms, held in the basement of the meetinghouse where the waters of Old Father Thames washes into when the tide is high.

Robert Milton Brooksbank

Age 34, Self-made Revolutionary

STR 60	CON 45	SIZ 65	INT 75
POW 80	DEX 55	APP 55	EDU 75
HP 11	DB +1D4	Build 1	Move 8

Sanity: 80

Attacks: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5), damage 1D3+1D4

Mauser "Broomhandle" M1912 35% (17/7), damage 1D8

Dodge 27% (13/5)

Skills: Accounting 50%, Astronomy 31%, Credit Rating 60%, Fast Talk 75%, Occult 50%, Persuade 75%, Psychology 75%, Swim 40%.

Spells: Contact Shub-Niggurath, Summon the Great God Pan (Avatar of Shub-Niggurath).

Personal Description: A man of ordinary looks and demeanour, it is Robert's superior oratorical skills that allow him to transmit his message with a power and purity rarely seen, ensnaring new members to his movement on a weekly basis. He dresses as one of the "common men" he is so beloved of, shabby suit with tie pulled down and battered hat at a jaunty, disrespectful angle.

“PROFESSOR” WALLACE GREGORY, AMATEUR PSYCHOTHERAPIST

Operating under the guise of a string of false credentials, Wallace Gregory operates a psychotherapy practice, albeit as a misguided amateur. He frequently moves his office from one set of small hired rooms to another, all within the vicinity of Harley Street, endeavouring to keep ahead of both creditors and the families of suspicious patients alike. If questioned about his qualifications he rarely sticks to the same story and will make outrageous claims to personal knowledge and instruction at the hands of the field’s leading minds.

Anyone unfortunate enough to respond to the advertisements placed by Gregory will find themselves ushered into an uncomfortable, beaten leather chair and asked to divulge their worries. He will listen, seemingly with great interest, before making a bizarre and disjointed diagnosis and prescribing a course of almost totally unsuitable treatment. Normally that will mean expensive, experimental medication (prepared by Gregory and, once in a while, accidentally poisonous) but if he takes a dislike to a particular individual he may recommend some “pain therapy”. This involves Gregory inflicting small amounts of physical trauma on the patient through a variety of methods until he concedes that they are cured.



GABRIEL JAMES LANGDON HETHERINGTON, SEASONED EXPLORER

Gabriel Hetherington served on the Mesopotamian Front during the Great War, rising to the rank of Captain and his recent wartime service combined with his academic interest in the Ancient Near East make him something of an expert on the region and physical artefacts that originate from there.



“Professor” Wallace Gregory

Age 45, Fraudulent Shrink

STR 65 CON 70 SIZ 70 INT 70
POW 50 DEX 55 APP 50 EDU 70
HP 14 DB +1D4 Build 1 Move 6
Sanity: 36

Attacks: 1

Brawl 40% (20/8), damage 1D3+1D4
Dodge 27% (13/5)

Skills: Accounting 27%, Credit Rating 30%, Fast Talk 29%, Persuade 28%, Psychoanalysis 2%, Psychology 07%.

Personal Description: Middle-aged, with hair turning to grey in places, the good Professor is always impeccably turned out. He sounds like he knows his stuff, with the addition of a pair of spectacles completing the deception.

His wealth gives him the freedom to pursue his interests and Gabriel is currently planning an expedition to Transoxiana to investigate what he believes to be a lost and unrecorded ancient culture.

He can generally be found at his gentlemen's club or the Reading Room of the British Library. With those he believes to be genuinely interested, Gabriel will happily discuss ancient history, anthropology and archaeology.

Gabriel James Langdon Hetherington

Age 36, Explorer and Archaeologist

STR 65 CON 45 SIZ 75 INT 70
POW 75 DEX 45 APP 40 EDU 92
HP 12 DB +1D4 Build 1 Move 7

Sanity: 75

Attacks: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5), damage 1D3+1D4

Wbley-Fosbery Automatic Revolver .455 40% (20/8),
damage 1D10+2

Dodge 22% (11/4)

Skills: Anthropology 32%, Archaeology 70%,
Astronomy 36%, Credit Rating 65%, Cthulhu Mythos
9%, Drive Auto 40%, First Aid 50%, Geology 36%,
History 70%, Library Use 75%, Natural World 60%,
Occult 25%, Other Language (Arabic) 30%, Other
Language (Farsi) 20%, Other Language (Latin) 50%,
Photography 40%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Personal Description: A tall rangy man with long limbs and an easy smile. Gabriel's natural charm, good upbringing and keen intellect allow him to easily fit into almost any social environment. Gabriel Hetherington possesses an over-active mind, giving the impression of him being slightly disorganised, but allows him to effectively juggle his numerous social and academic commitments, current projects and plans for future ventures. This is mirrored by his not-quite-buttoned up appearance, where his scarf is often left flapping, and his ungainly physical deportment conspire with his poor coordination to make him appear dangerously clumsy.

THOMAS HORSEFALL, CLASSICS TEACHER AND AMATEUR OCCULTIST

Thomas Horsefall is a diminutive, boyish junior teacher of Classics in a local boys' school. He is so meek and fresh-faced that he could easily be mistaken for one of the older boys in the school, and his inherent shyness makes him fade into the background in social settings.



He keeps himself to himself in the school but, in a vain attempt to extricate himself from the social discomfort he feels and try to make friends in a city he has adopted as his home, he has taken to going for a drink in some of the pubs near to the school. Bookish in all senses, Thomas has a keen interest in the occult and has a well-stocked library of the esoteric which would cause the eyebrows of his fellow teachers, to raise in disapproval.

He would be willing to assist investigators with research into the occult if they happen upon him, and may even tag along if allowed. His name might be dropped by the owners of bookshops who value his custom; he spends all his spare money on esoteric books.

His amateur photography skills might come in useful for investigators, particular since he has a small but usable darkroom installed in a converted cupboard in his top floor flat in.

Thomas Horsefall

Age 26, Bookish Amateur

STR 35 CON 30 SIZ 40 INT 75
 POW 60 DEX 55 APP 55 EDU 85
 HP 7 DB -1 Build -1 Move 8
 Sanity: 0

Attacks: 1

Brawl 27% (13/5), damage 1D3-1
 Dodge 27% (13/5)

Skills: Archaeology 15%, Credit Rating 35%, History 47%, Library Use 79%, Other Language (Latin) 76%, Other Language (Classical Greek) 72%, Occult 53%, Persuade 10%, Photography 61%, Stealth 31%.

Personal Description: Were he 20 years older Horsefall would look everything like the eccentric old antiquarian. He's just started early.

that flows through the capital. However, those contacting him should be wary as he may also take an interest in those who he feels threatens the peace of His Majesty's greatest city.



DOUGLAS LEE HAXTON, DETECTIVE SERGEANT

Douglas Lee Haxton is one of the best detectives in the Metropolitan Police. He solves a very high percentage of the cases he is allocated, is assuredly discrete no matter who is involved and has contacts and informants at all levels of society across London, not just from his borough. However, it has been claimed he is amoral in his pursuit of suspects, often employing methods that are both distasteful and illegal to gain information. Haxton's willingness to transgress legal and moral boundaries, together with his fine and incisive mind, make him a dangerous adversary. The Detective Sergeant is never seen on the streets alone and is always accompanied by a minder, another member of CID, Detective Constable Hawley whose job it is to undertake the physical side of their duties and to keep an eye on Haxton.

Detective Sergeant Haxton is a valuable contact and ally for investigators operating in London. His diverse range of contacts from governmental and political to criminal and religious make him an important nexus for much interesting information

Douglas Lee Haxton

Age 39, Unconventional Detective

STR 50 CON 55 SIZ 40 INT 85
 POW 45 DEX 45 APP 50 EDU 91
 HP 9 DB 0 Build 0 Move 7
 Sanity: 0

Attacks: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5), damage 1D3
 Enfield .38 No. 2 Mark I, Handgun 60% (30/12) 1D10
 Dodge 22% (11/4)

Skills: Credit Rating 49%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Fast Talk 70%, Law 60%, Library Use 65%, Listen 70%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Persuade 70%, Psychology 70%, Spot Hidden 75%, Track 50%.

Personal Description: Haxton's appearance might best be described as somewhat dishevelled; his suit is always dirty with mud or blood, his tie often loose, but his eyes are always bright and keen.

ENID MILLER, INVENTOR

A pariah within her conservative rural family, non-conformist intellectual Enid escaped to London's capital to pursue her fascination with science and technology. Armed with a passion for invention and belligerent self-belief, she is adept at persuading investors to back her plans for various physics-defying inventions with large sums of money. Enid is not, however, as exceptional as she believes and her designs are little more than fanciful nonsense, doomed to failure from the outset. Her curiosity, and perhaps a little desperation, has led her into the fringes of the Mythos. At any one time she may be holding alien technology, with little or no idea of its function, or be actively in pursuit of the same. On occasion she will place an advertisement in the press offering her services as an "inventor of the machines of the future". She is a competent engineer and scientist and it is possible that one day she will make a groundbreaking advance, provided she can stay ahead of the angry mob of loss-making investors snapping at her heels.



Enid Miller

Age 26, Bluestocking

STR 50	CON 55	SIZ 45	INT 85
POW 40	DEX 75	APP 60	EDU 94
HP 10	DB 0	Build 0	Move 9

Sanity: 29

Attacks: 1

Brawl 35% (17/7), damage 1D3

Dodge 36% (18/7)

Skills: Anthropology 05%, Astronomy 22%, Biology 09%, Chemistry 48%, Credit Rating 19%, Cthulhu Mythos 01%, Electr. Repair 55%, Geology 10%, History 34%, Library Use 40%, Locksmith 19%, Mech. Repair 61%, Natural World 08%, Operate Heavy Machinery 44%, Other Language (French) 23%, Other Language (German) 25%, Persuade 68%, Pharmacy 20%, Science (Biology) 09%, Science (Chemistry) 48%, Science (Physics) 64%.

Personal Description: Charming, tidy and well-educated, Enid usually makes a good first impression but she can quickly become irritable if challenged about the plausibility of her promises.

DAVID PENTLETON, BARRISTER

Outwardly, Pentleton is a well-dressed, suavely handsome barrister, part of a large chambers at the Middle Temple. He is also unfailingly obnoxious and arrogant with everyone apart from judges and more senior counsel, principally because he can't treat them in the same way with any kind of impunity. He has an ingrained but successfully concealed inferiority complex, verging on extreme paranoia, since he struggles to get instructions compared to his fellow members of the bar; his lack of work is largely a result of the unpleasant air of haughtiness and superiority that shrouds him equally in his professional and personal lives, although he is blind to that fact. At best, he is tolerated by his colleagues in the chambers as a result of his breeding and they grudgingly respect what appears to be a considerable prowess in court. However, his skill is based on Pentleton's ability to obfuscate and dazzle with oratory; more a case of smoke and mirrors than any great acumen in legal knowledge.

Despite his unfortunate manner with anyone he considers less than his intellectual and social equal, he has a number of influential connections in the legal world, including amongst the judiciary. He also has contacts in the underworld since some of his successful cases have been to defend those accused of criminal behaviour of the most serious kind. Given his paranoia and the frequency with which he mixes with the dregs of civilised society, he carries a small revolver in the bottom of

his metal wig case. His ego will need to be stoked with flattery and fine dining if the investigators are to get any helpful introductions from him at all.



David Pentleton

Age 48, Arrogant Lawyer

STR 60 CON 45 SIZ 55 INT 90
 POW 45 DEX 65 APP 50 EDU 85
 HP 10 DB 0 Build 0 Move 9
 Sanity: 45

Attacks: 1

Brawl 35% (17/7), damage 1D3
 .32 Revolver 20% (10/4), damage 1D8
 Dodge 32% (16/6)

Skills: Credit Rating 50%, Fast Talk 89%, History 32%, Law 50%, Library Use 48%, Persuade 76%, Psychology 57%, Other Language: Latin 46%, Spot Hidden 38%.

Personal Description: David Pentleton's slicked-back hair may have started to turn to grey, and the first lines might have appeared around his eyes, but in court he comes to life with renewed vigour.

HIS EXCELLENCY SHEIKH RASHID IBN IBRAHIM, ARAB PRINCE

Sent to Eton College at the age of 14 by his father to learn the ways of the English, Rashid returned to his homeland the age of 22 with the outbreak of the Great War and fought against the occupying Turks. He was a successful guerrilla leader and was feared by his enemies for his ability to vanish into the desert like a ghost.

It was when he was hiding in the vast empty deserts of the Arabian interior that he stumbled upon Irem, City of Pillars, and discovered that the world was not at all what he thought it was – he speaks to few of what he learnt there, but it was then that he became aware of the Mythos.

Returning to London after the war, he hoped to study at one of the great centres of learning in England, but his investigations into the Mythos repeatedly came to nothing; either academics did not take him seriously, or he found himself blocked. And so he waits. London is the centre of the world, and eventually knowledge will come to him – he believes this to be Allah's will.



Rashid can be a valuable ally to investigators. He moves in the highest echelons of society and is widely known and at least respected if not liked (he is a consummate horseman and plays polo with the Duke of Westminster's sons, as well as having raced at Cheltenham). His great wealth can open many doors to those he believes battle the Mythos.

Sheikh Raschid

Age 43, Foreign Playboy

STR 65 CON 60 SIZ 70 INT 70
 POW 90 DEX 70 APP 65 EDU 85
 HP 13 DB +1D4 Build 1 Move 7
 Sanity: 80

Attacks: 1

Jambiya dagger 65% (32/13), damage 2D4+2
 Jezzail Rifle (single shot, breech loading, one shot every 2 rounds) 80% (40/9), damage 1D10
 Dodge 35% (17/7)

Skills: Art (Falconry) 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Climb 49%, Credit Rating 83%, Listen 56%, Natural World 50%, Navigate 43%, Occult 48%, Other Language (Arabic) 86%, Other Language (English) 60%, Other Language (Farsi) 55%, Persuade 73%, Ride 90%, Stealth 62%, Spot Hidden 67%, Track 72%

Personal Description: Tall, imperious and bearded, Prince Rashid maintains a grave, almost fatalistic demeanour due to believing everything to be the will of Allah. When his facade cracks, he gives in to his passions – this can make him a fast and delightful friend, a fervent lover, or an implacable foe. He normally wears well-tailored suits or military uniforms, but is not above wearing his native regalia when he really wants to make an impression.

PEARL SMITH, ENTREPRENEUR

At the age of 11, Pearl asked her mother if she could give her only one piece of advice for her life what would it be? Pearl's mother thought for a good long while before answering "Always make sure you've got your own income", she said "Don't be financially dependant upon a man."

Pearl took the advice to heart. 30 years on, she is a successful small businesswoman and is not dependant upon her income to any man and she couldn't be happier. Her company is the "Ladies' Assistance" bureau, which supplies female staff for any purpose. On her books, Pearl has the obvious servants,

secretaries, nurses, nannies and typists, but she can also supply drivers and chaperones, personal shoppers, fashion, style and makeup consultants, seamstresses, ex-army girls... indeed, almost any job a woman can be envisaged doing can almost certainly be done by a girl in Pearl's files. The one thing Pearl simply will not countenance is unsavoury or inappropriate offers to her girls, and many a male caller has felt the sharp edge of her tongue because she suspects his motivations.

From offices above the shops on Regent Street, Pearl runs her little empire by telephone and a huge selection of index cards cross-referenced by location and skills and likes and dislikes. The bread and butter of her organisation is a typing bureau on the same floor where local businesses send letters and documents to be typed up by one of Pearl's efficient young ladies.



In a city the size of London there are many lonely people, and one service Pearl's Bureau makes a tidy income from is paid companionship. Not in the sense that one might find in specialised houses in Soho, but instead there are a lot of single women, often elderly, who have few friends or family and a little money, and who are willing to spend a few shillings for some company – someone to come and sit and chat for an afternoon, share a pot of tea, go for a walk or to the shops, and generally act like a friend. This is popular, easy work for a friendly woman and Pearl has no shortage of women willing to supplement their income: some of the girls on her books have as many as half a dozen regulars and spend an afternoon a week with each.

Two weeks ago Maude Clarke, one of these paid companions, was robbed on the bus home from one of her clients and her little book with the names and addresses of her clients stolen. Since then all of them have died. One slipped in the bath, another drank lye by mistake, a third fell downstairs, another was found dead of a heart attack and partially consumed by her cats. On Monday last, another of Pearl's ladies, Kathy O'Neill, was robbed and lost her book too. Pearl has been to the police, but they didn't take her seriously. A few old ladies died – well, old ladies are forever doing that and there's nothing suspicious or unusual about it and the desk sergeant didn't see any reason why these were any different. Perhaps the investigators could look into things for her?

Pearl Smith

Age 40, Independent Businesswoman

STR 30 CON 45 SIZ 35 INT 75
 POW 80 DEX 45 APP 50 EDU 70
 HP 8 DB -1 Build -1 Move 7
 Sanity: 80

Attacks: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5), damage 1D3
 Dodge 22% (11/4)

Skills: Accounting 70%, Credit Rating 50%, Law 35%, Library Use 48%, Listen 30%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 45%.

Personal Description: Pearl dresses tremendously well. She likes to save up for something from Coco Chanel when she can afford it. Her hair is black (although she recently started dying her roots), and she has deep brown eyes and a somewhat stern and serious face.

PATRICIA "TIGGY" SMYTHE, PSYCHIATRIST

Born into money, Patricia horrified her parents when she refused to do the decent thing and get married when she left school and instead took herself off to university in London. Her alienation from her parents was completed when she successfully qualified as a doctor and, in the wake of the Great War, took an interest in the new discipline of psychiatry in order to help returning soldiers with mental problems. Despite this ambition, Patricia has ended up specialising in "women's issues" and incurable

cases, largely because these are really the only patients she can get in an almost entirely male-dominated profession.

Patricia "Tiggy" Smythe

Age 33, Pioneering Psychiatrist

STR 45 CON 40 SIZ 65 INT 70
 POW 40 DEX 40 APP 45 EDU 85
 HP 10 DB 0 Build 0 Move 9
 Sanity: 40

Attacks: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5), damage 1D3
 Dodge 20% (10/4)

Skills: Art (Sketching) 15%, Credit Rating 45%, First Aid 45%, Library Use 55%, Medicine 75%, Natural World 40%, Other Language (Latin) 41%, Psychoanalysis 56%, Psychology 34%, Science (Biology) 31%, Spot Hidden 48%.

Personal Description: Tiggy has cultivated a quick, self-deprecating sense of humour as a defence mechanism to survive in the mostly male world of psychiatry, and can be tremendous company with people she trusts. She dresses simply but smartly, often hiding her blonde hair beneath a hat when she is out.



The fact that the male world of psychiatry has closed ranks against her has led to her drawing odd conclusions about some of her incurable cases – the symptoms of babbling terror of great and horrible powers, usually following a single sudden breakdown – suggest a new illness or perhaps a consistent cause. Unfortunately, few of her colleagues take her seriously enough to listen to her concerns. What Patricia needs is someone willing to hear her out, and look into some of her patients.

SERGEANT PERCIVAL WARING, POLICEMAN

Percy Waring wasn't old enough to join the army and go off to the war – it was over before he could pass as 18. So in peacetime he did what he thought the next best thing and joined the police. He got a smart uniform, a regular wage and a responsible job protecting people. He even got a plum posting to Belgravia Police Station and a beat that took him on patrol through some of the nicest streets in Mayfair. Crime there was low, everyone was polite and respectful, and he even got a little something slipped into his hand by one of the rich folk who lived thereabouts. For a young copper in his twenties, it was great.



Until the night he heard cries coming from one of the big houses on his beat. Bursting into the house he found several well-dressed toffs surrounding a woman giving birth on a snooker table – giving birth to something undescrivable. He rushed into the street and blew his whistle again and again for help, but by the time he had the nerve to return they were gone and there was a van outside containing some men in hats and

long coats with official-looking papers who sent him back to the station to await orders. His fellow officers don't believe his story and laugh at his youthful imagination, but a week later he became the youngest sergeant in London with a suggestion that if he played by the rules and didn't go spreading nonsense he had a bright career ahead of him. Percival is confused and unhappy and has nobody to talk to about the thing he doesn't understand. People either think him mad or go very quiet when he tries to tell his story so, for now, he's investigating the mystery by himself.

Percival Waring

Age 24, Overly Inquisitive Police Sergeant

STR 70	CON 60	SIZ 65	INT 45
POW 55	DEX 60	APP 60	EDU 40
HP 12	DB +1D4	Build 1	Move 8

Sanity: 50

Attacks: 1

Brawl 60% (30/12), damage 1D3+1D4
 Truncheon 60% (30/12), damage 1D6+1D4
 Dodge 30% (15/6)

Skills: Climb 50%, Conceal 33%, Credit Rating 30%, Drive Auto 30%, First Aid 40%, Jump 38%, Law 40%, Listen 46%, Psychology 25%, Stealth 39%, Throw 34%, Track 14%.

Personal Description: Young and keen, PC Waring takes every care his uniform is immaculately turned out. Although his faith in the force has been shaken, he still believes in his duty to set an example and serve London. However, should a decent offer come along, he would not be adverse to resigning from the force and becoming an investigator full time.

KRYSZTOF WEISZ, CAMERA MAKER AND PHOTOGRAPHER

During the 1920s Europe saw a great exodus over the Atlantic to the Americas. It was unusual for people to migrate the other way, but Krzysztof Weisz came from America – running from something to hide himself in the teeming metropolis of the largest city in the world.

Krysztof Weisz

Age 45, Cameraman who Saw too Much

STR 35 CON 60 SIZ 45 INT 80
 POW 85 DEX 45 APP 40 EDU 85
 HP 10 DB 0 Build 0 Move 7
 Sanity: 58

Attacks: 1

Brawl 30% (15/6), damage 1D3
 Dodge 22% (11/4)

Skills: Art/Craft (Lens making) 67%, Art/Craft (Photography) 55%, Credit Rating 12%, Drive Auto 25%, Electrical Repair 37%, Locksmith 21%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Natural World 16%, Occult 8%, Pharmacy 38%, Science (Astronomy) 48%, Science (Chemistry) 63%, Science (Physics) 40%, Spot Hidden 30%, Stealth 43%.

Personal Description: An unremarkable man, Krysztof vanishes into the mass of London – just the way he likes it. Looking older than he really is, his face seems constantly either quizzical or startled. His suit was once clearly well-made but is now shabby and, although he attempts to keep up appearances, it is hard to hide that he lacks funds.



Weisz fled Hollywood after being involved in the failed *Prince of Baghdad* shoot (see the *Shadows of Yog Sothoth*). Part of the team that assembled the cameras, he learnt his trade there and through the lenses he saw things... terrible things. He now has the knowledge of how to make lenses through which can be seen otherworldly beings, or things as they truly are, or even things that normally hide in the cracks between worlds. This knowledge terrifies him and horrifies him but he also finds it unpleasantly irresistible. Knowing what is hidden in the world he sometimes cannot help but go looking for it. As a result his sanity is slipping away from him and he is becoming less able to resist his obsession. Sooner or later he will use his lenses to look out of his window to see the true nature of the people walking by outside – and one of them will look back and see him staring.

HEINZ WETENSCHAPPER, SCIENTIST

Heinz Wetenschapper was born in Dusseldorf, Germany. Showing early promise in the sciences, when he was 16 he enrolled at Bonn University and had earned his first doctorate in Physical Sciences 3 years later. Being much shorter than his peers, he was the butt of many jokes.



One of his early jobs as a research student was in the excavations of Troy during the 1890s, following the death of Schliemann, where his skills in the nascent science of electricity saw him recruited to operate the electric carbon

filament lamps used to illuminate the digging. It was here that he discovered an unusual artefact – a length of metallic tube, curiously shaped and decorated, which when held in a certain way discharged electricity. It was buried deep within the ruins and Heinz realised it was an impossible find; and the archaeologists agreed with him, accusing him of planting it and firing him from the dig. He returned to Dusseldorf and the university where his reputation had been damaged and he sank into a lowly position as an assistant researcher.

Fleeing to London at the outbreak of the war, he found work in the engineering department of the University of London, where he is a great deal more respected than he was back home, although he claims to be Dutch to avoid anti-German animosity. His impossible find still nags at him and he still works on it, hoping to find out what it is he owns.

Heinz Wetenschapper

Age 45, Discoverer of the Impossible

STR 40	CON 55	SIZ 45	INT 70
POW 60	DEX 55	APP 45	EDU 60
HP 10	DB 0	Build 0	Move 6

Sanity: 56

Attacks: 1

Brawl 30% (15/6), damage 1D3

Dodge 27% (13/5)

Skills: Archaeology 35%, Astronomy 55%, Credit Rating 45%, Electrical Repair 50%, Geology 25%, Library Use 76%, Other Language (English) 69%, Other Language (Dutch) 75%, Own Language (German) 100% Science (Biology) 50%, Science (Chemistry) 50%, Science (Physics) 70%

Personal Description: Wild-haired and full of energy, Heinz could do more for his appearance – but the omnipresent specks of chalk on his jacket indicate that he has other things on his mind.

• THE DAEDALUS CLUB •

There are clubs for Liberals and Tories, clubs for sportsmen and card players, clubs for actors and gardeners... and there is a club for those who love puzzles. The Daedalus Club is a social organisation for those who love to solve puzzles – mystery writers, explorers, cryptographers... and investigators.

The Daedalus Club is a convenience for the Keeper; a way to justify the gathering of investigators, introducing scenarios, and providing replacement investigators when necessary. It can even serve as the nucleus for a campaign, if desired.

ABOUT THE CLUB

The Daedalus Club is one of London's myriad specialised gentlemen's clubs, in this case for men and women with a particular interest in the puzzles, mysteries and exploration.

The club has its origins with a group of friends, mostly Cambridge alumni, who were members of the Portland Club. Grown tired of bridge, the clique formed their own club in 1883, dedicated to puzzles, riddles and other intellectual mysteries. The Daedalus Club's original home was Prescott Terrace near Regent's Park, moving to Mayfair in 1902 when the club inherited the home of former member.

The club is primarily a social one, with some interest in charity, and dedicated to the superiority of brain over brawn (though with no disrespect to manly vigour). Its recruitment of members based in part of merit rather than social standing has limited the club's reputation among the more elite of London society; nevertheless those who are most likely to be interested in membership are uninterested in the concerns of the peerage.

Members of the club have not been shy in involving themselves in the puzzles and mysteries of the day. Club members have been consulted by the Metropolitan Police, London, Midland and Scottish Railway Police, and the French Sûreté; a popular rumour at the club is that the Special Intelligence Service has also called upon one member or another for help, but such rumours are always second-hand.

Additionally, several club members are also quietly involved with the Society for Psychical Research. The club discourages

involvement in 'occult' mysteries after the arrest of three members in 1919 during an investigation of the haunting of 50 Berkeley Square, though this injunction carries no real weight.

THE CLUB TODAY

The Daedalus Club is a marginally respectable but not especially well-known club outside of its rarified circle. While its members may join other clubs (overlap with the Travellers Club and the Orion Club being the most typical), many more-elite clubs view the Daedalus Club with disdain.

Recruitment

The Daedalus Club employs two methods to recruit new members to the club- the recommendation of current members and a most unusual self-selection process. Every year the club elects a 'Labyrinth Committee' who are responsible for seeding London (and beyond) with puzzles in an attempt to draw to the club those clever enough to solve them. These puzzles usually blend cryptography, geographical trivia and other puzzle-solving skills so that no one type of clue predominates.

Recommended and self-selected members are still required to go through an interview process to weed out criminal, delusional or remorselessly anti-social types. Those lacking the mean to pay their own dues are covered by the Club's membership pool, as directed by the Club Man. New members

are inducted annually at the Club's Founder's Day Ball; before induction, new members are referred to as 'Provisionals'.

THE CLUB BUILDING

The club is located today at 14 ½ Hays Mews in Mayfair, (telephone Mayfair 4711; nearest Underground station Down Street). It once was the former townhouse of Oscar Godfrey, one of the club's founding members, who willed it to the club upon his death in 1902. The townhouse, built in 1867, is a five-storey affair, with a tan sandstone facade and a front and rear entrance.

The club has not only a large common room (taking up most of the second floor), but a library, gentlemen's (and ladies') rooms, a billiard room, a map room, a kitchen, a smoking rooms and a suite of small apartments on the top floor for members in need of temporary housing.

Membership Privileges and Dues

Members of the Club gain a number of particular privileges, including:

- The use of the club's facilities.
- The right to invite guests to the public room.
- The right to nominate members (after a one-year probationary period).
- A letter of recommendation to London's libraries, should admission be desired.

A Sample Puzzle

In 1922, the Labyrinth Committee conducted four different recruitment drives. In the August drive, personal advertisements were placed in several London newspapers. In each was a coded message:

*Tethera Covera Tethera-bumfit Tan / tethera-figgot
bumfit tethera-bumfit pethera pethera-bumfit tethera-
figgot bumfit tethera-bumfit figgot hovera/ Tan-a-dik
/ Daedalus*

This code can be translated as:

*September 9, 1802 / WORDSWORTH / 12 / Daedalus; a
reference to Wordsworth's "Upon Westminster Bridge".*

Those arriving at Westminster Bridge on the appointed date would encounter a man carrying a man wearing a sandwich board with a copy of Wordsworth's poem and distributing leaflets advertising a local bakery. On the reverse was an encrypted message:

sqkl opsr ltqu ukui svku idfm idvf klub upht thth bdzg ollw.

This in turn can be decoded, using the Playfair cipher, with the word 'Daedalus' as the keyword as: "Come to fourteen and one half Hays Mews at noon on Saturday."

Three people arrived at the club at noon the next Saturday and were invited inside...

- Calling cards, in the member's name and listing the club's address.
- The club will also accept mail, telegrams, and telephone messages on the member's behalf.

Members are required to pay annual membership dues of £90, though this expense is covered in whole or in part for less well-to-do members. Members are also required to assist with committees, attend semi-annual meetings and perform other volunteer work for the club, as requested by the club President. Members are expected to conduct themselves as gentleman (and ladies) and in their personal lives to uphold the club's ethos. Those who fail to do so (such as by law-breaking or ungentlemanly conduct) may be brought before the club's board for a disciplinary hearing, with punishments up to and including expulsion.

Activities

The Daedalus Club has an active schedule of events for its members:

- **Weekly Lectures** – The common room hosts lectures for members and their guests on topics of interest. Lectures, given by members and invited speakers, typically cover subjects close to the purpose of the club, though the schedule has been known to include a few oddities.
- **Edifying Walks** – Similar to the lecture program, these walks are intended to introduce members to lesser-known spots in the city, tour monuments, historical sites and the like. These are of particular interest to current president Colonel Holt (see below), who personally leads at least one a month. Two porters trail the group in an automobile, with refreshments and to chauffeur older members as needed.
- **The Christmas Challenge** – A series of puzzles crafted by a special committee to be enjoyed over the Christmas holiday. It is a great honour to be asked to help craft puzzles. Typically teams of members compete and a bit of 'razzing' between teams is de rigueur.
- **Founders' Day Ball** – The club's only formal event occurs in May where new members and 'Provisionals' are inducted into the club. For the past three years the Ball has been held at Colonel Holt's estate in Hertfordshire (to the grumbling of a few members who darkly hint of vote currying). Transportation from the city is provided by the club.

Recent Lectures

- London's Haunted Theatres.
- Tokyo's Great Earthquake and the Shinto Religion.
- An Introduction to Anglo-Saxon Riddles.
- A Report of Mrs Calloway on her visit to Soudan and the Kenyan Crown Colony.
- The Rongo-Rongo Script: A Translation?
- New Evidence in the Pimlico Mystery.
- "Thieves Cant" – the Language of the Criminal.
- The Voyages of Ibn-Battua.
- A Technique for Determining the Origins of Found Hair at Crime Scenes.
- An Innovation Using the Techniques of Pitou and Julia.

Resources

Like every club, the Daedalus Club offers all sorts of amenities for its members, though it possesses a few that are out of the ordinary

Housing – A limited number of rooms are available on the fifth floor for members in need of a bed, either for a night or on a short-term basis as needed. Rooming for longer than the night requires the permission of the Chief Porter. The rooms themselves are simply furnished but comfortable. There is a shared bathroom.

Kitchen – Meals are available to all members and their guests. After 8pm a limited menu remains available for members unwilling to retire for the evening. While the quality of food – mostly cold sandwiches and reheated seconds from the previous day – prepared by the porters is not outstanding, they keep the copper samovar (said to have belonged to the Bey of Shakhrisabz) in the common room hot and full with an efficiency that is legendary.

Bar – It is customary among the membership of the club to will one's liquor and wine cellar, resulting in an eclectic and sometimes exceptional selection of wines and liquors. While some lament the quality of the pedestrian vermouth, the Daedalus Club is likely the only place in London with a choice of Vietnamese Rượu rần, Ethiopian Tej or century-old Bolivian Singani.

The Library – Beyond a respectable mix of history, philosophy, religion, and anthropology, the Daedalus Club has one of the better collections of works related to cryptology and ciphers in London. A locked cabinet holds a wide array of books on crime and criminals, some of which are technically illegal due to their prurient content. In the library there is also mounted a 3”x5” fragment of ceramic plate inscribed with odd looking characters; an Extreme Know (or *Hard Greek*) roll identifies the script as Linear A. Dr Tarbell (of London University) has a standing £1000 prize to anyone who can translate it. There are no Mythos works.

The Open Board – By custom there is a notice board in the club’s entry hall, when any member might post a question, riddle or puzzle that they wish solved. While it is often used to pose a challenge to other members (these are called “quizzes”), some are legitimate questions in need of resolutions (called “breakers”). Questions can be posted or answered anonymously, if desired.

LEADERSHIP AND STAFF

While it is beyond the scope of this section to detail every member of the club, a few personalities may help to sketch out its unique character.

Doorman – Mr Dunn

Though not the sole doorman, Mr. Dunn has a certain reputation for firmness and an unwavering adherence to the Club’s admission policy. His age is indeterminate – somewhere between 40 and 60 but his dress is always the same perfect black suit (with black coat and hat, should the weather require it – a scarf and gloves for the absolutely coldest days). There is a rumour among the membership that he has a fondness for a particular brand of cigarettes, though he is never seen to smoke.

Chief Porter – Nicholas Frobisher

New to his position, Frobisher comes to the club from a private home in Lincolnshire – a family friend of Colonel Holt it is said – replacing Mr Turck, who had held the position for many years. He is still learning the club’s members habits, though, and does his best to conceal his nervousness behind a mask of perfect service.

Cook – Mrs Dunwoody

A better baker than a chef, Mrs Dunwoody, a modest woman in her early forties, does her best to keep the larder stocked on

the budget she is allotted. Members are prohibited from the kitchen save during the holiday season, when, by custom, they are permitted to sample her array of pies, cakes, and others delights in order to vote on what should be served on Christmas Day and in the New Year.

Club President – Colonel William Hoyt Holt

Colonel Holt has served as President for the past five years. Holt served with the Army in Indian and Burma and has a large collection of artefacts from the Subcontinent and the Far East. In his early sixties but still vigorous, Holt joined the club via a friend, after he was refused admission to the East India Club due to rumours he had fathered a child with a native woman. Since then has become fond of the Club’s eccentric nature and he brags that the club’s membership contains the brightest minds in London. Holt favours the active life and views it as his mission to help round out the Club’s membership; he is fond of quoting Marcus Aurelius and injecting Hindi expressions into everyday speech. He is forever attempting to convince Mrs Dunwoody to offer Indian dishes.

Treasurer – Miss Amelia Courtiss

Miss Courtiss was an unexpected choice for treasurer. Barely in her thirties, Courtiss was widowed in the Great War and lives off the estate of her husband. Courtiss is an avid student of crosswords, cryptograms and penning acrostics; few members know that she has had multiple crosswords published in several newspapers. In her duties as treasurer, Courtiss has done much to regularise the Club’s finances, demonstrating her talents extend to the organisation of money as much as letters. She has also published several mystery novels under the pen name J. A. Duncan.

Secretary – Halden Petrie

Mr. Petrie is a relatively new member who works as an editor at a publisher in the city. With a great attention to detail, he has served well as secretary, though he is routinely exasperated by Colonel Holt’s bluff demeanour and lack of focus at committee meetings. He comes from money, though he rarely mentions his family. Several female members of the club have targeted him for introduction to their unmarried daughters and nieces, to little effect.

Club Man – Reverend Witherspoon

A mostly honorific position, the Club Man serves as a combination of historian and morale officer. Rev. Witherspoon, the oldest surviving active member of the club is an 83 year-

old retired vicar and tireless booster of the club. He makes it a point to visit the club every day and to introduce himself to all new members, taking note of their interests, and works to introduce them to current members with similar tastes. A stroke in 1915 has left him partially paralysed on his right side, immobilising his face and causing great weakness in that arm.

Labyrinth Committee Chairman – Flora Evert-Cunningham

At 27, the youngest Labyrinth Committee chair in the Club's history, Evert-Cunningham (please, darling, call her "EC") is a legacy member on both sides of the family. The club's resident Bohemian, she has cultivated a reputation as a hellion (for the club at least), arguing against having a separate private room for men and women, wearing slacks and inviting a guru to give a live demonstration of yoga during her lecture on meditation and hypnosis.

She divides her time between London and Paris, where she shares a home with the aviatrix Cornelia du Tondé. Her work on the Labyrinth Committee has been outstanding, giving more hidebound members little room to criticise her.

Head of the Charitable Fund – Mrs. James B. Dwight III

Mrs Dwight is the 81 year-old widow of James B. Dwight, a member of the club who died in 1905. She has absolutely no interest in puzzles, riddles, exploration and the like. Instead, her sole interest is in directing the club's respectable charity fund, the leadership of which she has retained for the better part of two decades. Her charity interests tend to focus on the uplift of the poor of foreign nations and the Colonies, especially the construction of libraries.

She retains a keen mind and an attention to detail; any charity seeking aid from the Club will have to submit their account books for review. She does not care for Reverend Witherspoon one bit.

• THE ICARUS CLUB •

Since the Daedalus Club's earliest days there has been a sort of 'shadow' club, dubbed "the Icarus Club" by its members, that has dared to probe into mysteries that most have done their best to ignore – the powers and beings of the Cthulhu Mythos. Though currently inactive, it is possible that this other club might resume its work with new investigators at its core.

A BRIEF HISTORY

The exact origins of the Icarus Club is unclear. As far as Reverend Witherspoon knows, several of the founding of the Daedalus Club had an encounter with otherworldly mysteries even before it was founded. While no formal records are kept, reviewing the papers and books in the Icarus Club's secret library suggests that it has been active since before 1890. A paper tacked on the wall of the library lists over two dozen names of former club members who have fallen in its service – four names alone for 1915. The Icarus Club has been inactive since that year, after half a dozen club members were killed or went mad during the investigation of an apparently Egyptian-inspired cult operating in the Kensal Green Cemetery. A minor scandal surrounding these assorted deaths, disappearances and insanities resulted in the surviving members electing to retire from their investigations. A minority of the Icarus Club's members – chiefly Reverend Witherspoon – dissented, but lacked the numbers or health to continue their work. Witherspoon has been using his position as Club Man to find other like-minded souls to revive the Icarus Club, should the need arise.

MEMBERSHIP

Today the Icarus Club is mostly moribund with only Rev. Witherspoon still visiting the forgotten sub-cellar that makes up the club's chambers, keeping the place generally clean and in order. There are a few former members of the Icarus Club still alive that he may be able to call upon though most of them are no longer active with the Daedalus Club.

RESOURCES

The Library – The Icarus Club has a small collection of texts collected during their old investigations. There is no organisation to the papers and books, save being placed on a shelf. There might be a few minor Mythos tomes or other papers containing Mythos information. The exact nature of these works is left to the Keeper as best suits your campaign.

The "Museum" – On one of the shelves in the library is a collection of curious artefacts, Mythos and otherwise. The exact content of the "museum", like the library, is left to the Keeper, but here are a few examples:

- A poorly preserved humanoid forearm, covered in white fur and wrapped in canvas.

- A carved wooden fetish of African origins. It depicts a three-legged creature with a long trunk.
- A specimen jar filled with alcohol and containing part of a strange scorpion like creature, perhaps 1 foot across. About one third of it has been destroyed by a shotgun
- A basalt tablet, 3"x4", covered in an unknown script.
- A barnacle-cruste bronze mechanism, roughly shaped like a lantern, containing a strange clear quartz crystal in one section. The metal is uncorroded.

The Icarus "Clubhouse"

The Icarus Club occupies four rooms off the main basement of the Daedalus Club. Reverend Witherspoon has said that he keeps Daedalus Club records and other material in these small rooms, to which he has the only current key. The rooms themselves predate the Daedalus Club itself and were, judging by the architecture, the wine cellar of a now-forgotten manor from the 14th century. The first room is a store-room, little used and mostly kept up as such to discourage further inspection. Beyond another locked door is a long, vaulted room holding desks, chairs, and the Icarus Club's small library. An unknown artist has painted the Icarus Club's symbol on one column – a white feather, quill tip pointing up, topped by a little flame. Leading off that room are two smaller chambers, one containing several cots and lanterns, the other serving as a larder, and small footlocker containing a smattering of knives, pistols, a few rifles and possibly more exotic weapons.

USING THE CLUBS IN YOUR GAME

Who Might Be Members?

The Daedalus Club has a wide variety of members and nearly any sort of investigator might be a member. Consider the following guidelines for membership:

- **Academics** – anyone with an advanced degree in the sciences, particularly mathematics, physics or history.
- **Authors** – journalists and mystery writers in particular.
- **Explorers** – including missionaries and big-game hunters possibly.
- **Spiritualists** – those who are moderately respectable.
- Anyone with an INT of 15 or higher.

Benefits

At the Keeper's discretion, there might be some game mechanical benefit to club membership in addition to the abstract roleplaying advantages.

- **Skill Increases** – bonuses might be provided to Cryptology, History, Anthropology, Mathematics, Spot Hidden and possibly others, depending on the lectures and walks attended.
- **Credit Rating increase** – though not the most exclusive of London's clubs, membership conveys at least some greater respectability.
- **Sanity Increase** – regular involvement with club activities might help investigators hold onto their mental health, allowing for occasional small improvement to current Sanity.

Building a Campaign

The Daedalus Club provides a potential anchor for a larger London-based campaign. It provides a justification for bringing together investigators and for introducing scenarios. The investigators may then be recruited to the Icarus Club by Reverend Witherspoon, who is also a possible source of future leads. The investigators' connections to both clubs can serve as a point of tension, as any misconduct or criminal activity might jeopardise their standing there.

Why Daedalus and Icarus?

Investigators pondering the significance of the club's (and its secret club-within-a-club's) name will recall, with a successful Know roll, that Daedalus is a figure from Greek mythology, his name itself meaning "clever worker" in Greek. He is said to have been a master craftsman and the architect of the Labyrinth, the maze holding the Minotaur. Imprisoned by King Minos to protect the secrets of the Labyrinth, Daedalus constructed wax wings so that he and his son Icarus might fly to safety. Icarus, ignoring his father's warning, flew too close to the sun, causing his wings to melt and him to plunge to his death. The hidden subtext of this myth is plainly a warning...



Memorandum

-POST



- 1 ADELPHI
- 2 ALDWYCH
- 3 ALHAMBRA
- 4 AMBASSADORS
- 5 APOLLO
- 6 COLISEUM
- 7 COMEDY
- 8 COVENT GDN
- 9 CRITERION
- 10 DA LYS
- 11 DRURY LANE
- 12 D OF YORKS
- 13 EMPIRE
- 14 GAITY
- 15 GARRICK
- 16 GLOBE
- 17 HAYMARKET
- 18 HIPPODROME
- 19 HIS MAJESTYS
- 20 HOLY EMPIRE
- 1 KINGSWAY
- 2 LITTLE

- 1 LOP HOUSE 23
- 2 LYCEUM 4
- 3 NEW 5
- 4 NEW 6
- 5 NEW OXFORD 7
- 6 OLD VIC 8
- 7 PALACE 9
- 8 PALLADIUM 30
- 9 PAVILION 1
- 10 PLAYHOUSE 2
- 11 POF WALES 3
- 12 PRINCES 4
- 13 QUEEN'S 5
- 14 ROYALTY 6
- 15 ST JAMES 7
- 16 ST MARTIN'S 8
- 17 SAVOY 9
- 18 S CALA 40
- 19 SHAFTESBURY 1
- 20 STRAND 2
- 1 VAUDEVILLE 3
- 2 WINTER GDN 4
- 3 WYNDHAM'S 5

NIGHTLY UNDERGROUND CARNIVAL



means the difference
for East End families

HYDE PARK
THE MALL (BUCKINGHAM PALACE)

Free on Saturdays and

MYTHOS THREATS

While the adversities and organisations presented in this book might well have their own agendas and, at times, prove to be effective threats to the investigators, they do not pose a realistic and active danger to the investigators... or London. That is about to change with this chapter, for London is home to many denizens — and worshippers of such — who actively seek to harm and destroy all that the investigators hold dear.

This chapter presents a number of lesser Mythos threats, from cults and ghouls to some of the forgotten, but not dormant, deities of the capital. It concludes with a fully fleshed out Mythos threat around which you could build an entire campaign: The Society of London for the Exploration and Development of the Esoteric Sciences.

BOUDICCA'S ARMY

The modern gentleman should not stand in the way of progress nor assume that the fairer sex is any less intelligent or less capable of surviving in the hurly-burly of politics than himself. Men who huff and puff about monstrous regiments of women must surely recognise that these regiments mobilised magnificently in the recent conflict and thoroughly deserve to be enfranchised. The modern gentleman also knows better than to express any opinion to the contrary in the presence of one of Boudicca's Army.

If one considers the radical acts performed by Mrs Pankhurst's Suffragettes, the damage to public property and running battles with police in the streets, this is but a fraction of the chaos wrought by these militant creatures. It appears that now their political objective has been achieved they cannot release the compulsion to violent protest and they will accept nothing short of complete anarchy and destruction.

In recent weeks the *Daily Telegraph* has carried a number of reports of criminal acts relating to this group including a fire-bomb through the window of a noted public school for boys, irreparable damage to a portrait of the King at London's Guildhall and, most oddly, the theft of an altar to the Goddess Cybele from a storage room in the British Museum. *The Times*

believes that a death threat written as a parody of biblical prophecy was sent recently to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Church of England have so far declined to comment.

Miss Louise Marchant

Age 23, Devotee of Boudicca

STR 70	CON 60	SIZ 50	INT 65
POW 70	DEX 65	APP 70	EDU 75
HP 12	DB 0	Build 0	Move 9
Sanity: 25			

Attacks: 1

Brawl 35% (17/7), damage 1D3

Spear 35% (17/7), damage 1D8+1

Dodge 55% (27/11)

Skills: Apply Woad 40%, Credit Rating 60%, History 40%, Other Language (Latin) 60%, Other Language (Greek) 50%, Other Language (Anglo Saxon) 60%, Throw 50%.

Personal Description: A Classics student recently suspended from King's College, London for vandalising a statue of Socrates, she is inspired by Boudicca being the leader of her tribe and being prepared to defend her people by violent means. Marchant aspires to be the first British female Prime Minister.

Spear of the Iceni: although the shaft is new, the pitted ancient iron head is the original that belonged to the Iceni leader and is still infused with her military bravery and spirit. It costs 5 SAN and 15 POW to attune to the spear. For 3 MP it confers unnatural bravery to any follower decorated with woad, they will not break and gain +30% Spear attack, but -15% Dodge. For 1 SAN, the bearer can create an aura of fear that will affect any men who opposed her (opposed POW roll or run away).

Many meeting halls in the capital now refuse to allow meetings of Boudicca's Army to be held on their premises and a number of young women undergraduates have been suspended from their studies at the University of London for heckling male lecturers and defacing books in the library. One was recently fined 15s for criminal damage to a rare 16th century grimoire from the University's theology collection.

Some newspapers have drawn parallels between Boudicca's Army and the maenads of antiquity who ripped men to shreds in the intensity of their worship of Dionysus. The Metropolitan Police have enlisted the aid of doctors from Colney Hatch Hospital to try and ascertain whether the women are suffering from some collective form of criminal insanity.

It is extraordinary that a small group of young women, perhaps only 30 or so strong, could create such a climate of fear and, it must be allowed, helplessness in the forces of law and order.

THE BROTHERS OF THE DRAGON

North Cornwall, 1908

At 12 years old, Iain Cartwright had known as long as he could remember that something was wrong with his father. People would whisper *drunk* about him when they thought Iain wasn't listening. He was often sent away from home in the East End to be looked after by his uncle in Cornwall. Cornwall where the

sun shone and the sea was blue and there were woodlands and farms and animals. He loved it there and he loved his uncle, a huge bear of a man with a wild beard and a wealth of stories about pixies and the old people who lived under the hills. One night he pretended to fall asleep, and he watched through the bedroom window as his uncle left the house wearing a ram's skin and horns and headed for the cove as the moon rose over the sea.

Iain followed, quietly, but his uncle didn't look back. On the beach at the foot of the cliffs were the old caves which his uncle had told him dragons lived in, and Iain watched as he and a group of others danced and chanted before the cave mouth. Iain was over the entrance to the cave, but from the noises he knew *something* was within.

From then on he always poured his milk away, and he followed his uncle to the beach and watched the dance and listened to the chants, and he remembered.

Flanders, 1916

Somewhere in the network of tunnels there were Germans, and quite a few of them. For Corporal Iain Cartwright and what remained of his squad of sappers there was no retreat; the tunnel they had been digging to lay mines under the German trenches had collapsed behind them under shellfire, and the only way out was through the German tunnel they had intercepted.



Three of the squad were already dead and Private Plunkett was wounded. When they broke through into the German tunnels they had encountered a group like themselves, armed with digging tools and nasty wooden cudgels: the melee that ensued was bloody, scrappy work and when it was over corpses of Germans and their squad mates littered the tunnel floor.

Extinguishing the lights, the men whispered to each other suggestions of what to do next. The likelihood was that they would all die. Although prisoners might be taken on the surface, in the underground war that proceeded at the pace of pick and shovel no prisoners were taken and between the squad and sunlight there were only German tunnels and trenches and heavily armed soldiers. The best idea anyone had was to pray.

One of the squad, Private Kinneer, had been a lay preacher at his church and led the prayers, but after some hours the darkness did not lift and they were not delivered. The calls in German were growing louder.

Corporal Cartwright realised God wasn't going to answer, but in his desperation he recalled his childhood and wondered if something else would. With nothing else to lose, he began the chant he learned from his uncle a decade before. The German cries grew closer bringing with them lights that played into the tunnels. As his men tried to hush him, Cartwright raised his voice further and danced, and the Germans heard him and came running.

And then the dragon came. It rose from the earth; a great column of striated muscle topped with thick, powerful tentacles and it fell upon the Germans and destroyed them utterly. Then it turned and, although it had no eyes, Cartwright knew it was looking at him.

It was usual, after a squad had been through a tunnel collapse, to give them leave, but after their return Cartwright and his men volunteered – demanded – to go back underground as quickly as possible. Their request was refused. A good officer can spot a man who is as much a danger to his own side as the enemy, and Cartwright's squad had that look to them. Instead, they were discharged and sent home.

London, 1920

The maintenance of the Underground network and the construction of its extensions needs men with experience of

tunnelling and who don't mind staying below ground for long hours in the darkness. That's why Cartwright and his team are welcomed by management, even if the other crews don't like to work with them. There's something queer about them, they say, and stories circulate about how they were trapped in tunnels under the trenches and had to kill dozens of Germans to get out. Something in the experience changed them, the story goes.

Corporal Iain Cartwright

Age 28, Dragon Worshipper

STR 80	CON 85	SIZ 75	INT 45
POW 35	DEX 75	APP 40	EDU 40
HP 15	DB +1D4	Build 1	Move 8

Sanity: 0

Attacks: 1

Brawl 60% (30/12), damage 1D3+1D4

Pick Axe 60% (30/12), damage 1D6+1D4+1

Dodge 37% (18/7)

Skills: Conceal 47%, Credit Rating 9%, Cthulhu Mythos 8%, First Aid 35%, Geology 65%, Listen 66%, Mechanical Repair 38%, Navvyng 65%, Occult 6%, Operate Heavy Machine 55%, Other Language (Cornish) 25%, Tunnel Engineering 60%, Stealth 61%, Throw 46%.

Spells: Contact Cthonian.

Personal Description: Before Cartwright joined up he had spent two years in a Cornish tin mine and a decade of working machinery and a pick and shovel has given him a physical strength and endurance most men would envy. His preference for being underground has ruined what looks he ever might have had, though. His skin is pale and his hair unkempt. He bathes irregularly and so he often smells of damp soil, and the earth is ground into his skin and under his nails, giving him a grubby appearance.

The stories are wrong. Cartwright and his group are worshippers of Cthonians, who they call "dragons", and see themselves as kin to the burrowers. At secluded places and in the underground darkness or in the early hours on the Thames mud they use

ancient rituals to call a Cthonian up from the earth and feed it some poor victim as an offering and sacrifice. They choose people who will not be missed, or who was unlucky enough to be alone on the last train home.



However, Cartwright and his group have bigger plans. After all, what are people building this wonderful underground network for if not as a home for the dragons? The tunnels might not be big enough for the greatest of the Cthonians, but they would be an ideal place for many of them to dwell. Of course this would need a massive number of magical power to summon enough Cthonians, but there is magic in death and a few carefully orchestrated Tube crashes could kill hundreds. A tunnel collapse here, a set of switched points there and there could be casualties of appalling proportions. Cartwright and his men plan for the day when they can bring this about, and raise the dragons to their new home in easy reach of all the food they could ever want on the surface of the city above.

THE CULT OF CYBELE

'Make me perfect in theurgy. And in all that I undertake, in the affairs of the state and the army, grant me virtue and good fortune, and that the close of my life may be painless and glorious, in the good hope that it is to you, the gods, that I journey!'

– *Hymn to Cybele*, Julian the Apostate, c. 362

Mr G.A. Warren, “Bunny” to his few friends, purchased the Cybele altar from a man in the Black Dog pub in Streatham in 1892. He wasn't really looking for a Roman altar but had recently had an argument with his sister who said that his utter dullness meant that he would never get married. Perhaps the man in the pub recognised this in him, and relieved him of £20. Bunny had the devil of a time getting it back home in a rickety old barrow, which cost him another 5s. He was 28 then, living in the house left to him by his namesake uncle who had died rich from land speculation in Matabeleland. Now, in the 1920s, things are very different, but not in the way Bunny ever expected.

Bunny Warren

Age 48, Priest of Cybele

STR 55	CON 75	SIZ 60	INT 60
POW 85	DEX 70	APP 55	EDU 60
HP 13	DB 0	Build 0	Move 7
Sanity: 0			

Attacks: 1

Brawl 35% (17/7), damage 1D3, but he also has two panthers that accompany him at most times.

Dodge 35% (17/7)

Skills: Accountancy 40%, Art/Craft (Dancing) 60%, Art/Craft (Female Impersonation) 50%, Credit Rating 55%, Persuade 60%.

Spells: Contact Cybele (Contact Nyarlathotep), Day of Blood (see pg. 88), Initiate Follower (castrates and turns a man into an unswerving follower), Boil Blood (Shrivelling), Blood Calls Blood (a person can be located with any amount of their blood, costs 1 MP), Dominate Panther.

The altar is about 2' tall and 1' square around the base. The sides bear bas reliefs showing the goddess Cybele sitting on her throne flanked by panthers, the goddess burying her lover Attis, welcoming him back from the dead and opening her cista mystica (box of mysteries). The last particularly intrigued Bunny who, once he had set up the altar in his front parlour, took it upon himself to study, understand and unlock the mysteries of Cybele. He saw himself as Attis, in a mirroring of

the carving, reawakening Cybele. This became his life's work. He bought and studied Roman and Greek manuscripts in translation, and then learned Greek. Eventually he came to see himself as the consort of the goddess. He conducted many rituals to her worship, including self-castration which was performed with sacred bronze clamps stolen from a museum in Istanbul.

This magical initiation attracted the attention of Nyarlathotep who appeared to him on Streatham Common in the form of a large black cat, the animal sacred to the goddess. Bunny made a terrible bargain with the avatar of Nyarlathotep, giving his arm to let blood and promising it worshippers in return for power. He has left his job as a bank clerk and opened a night club called Metroon (as Cybele's temples were called) in Fitzrovia, in which he stars as a drag act called Galli (the title of the priests of Cybele). He has a live black panther in his act. He uses the venue to ensnare homosexual men. Homosexuality is illegal and once Bunny has their secret, he blackmails these men into attending the Rites of Cybele in which they are initiated into the cult and castrated.

Bunny plans for an event to celebrate his devotion to the goddess. Cybele's annual festival is in March. On the 15th a pine tree is brought to the shrine and adorned with violets considered to have sprung from the blood of Attis. Following a week of mourning for Attis, on 24th March, the "Day of Blood," the chief priest draws blood from his arms and offers it to Cybele in a frenzy of music and bloodletting from the followers. On 27th March a silver statue of the goddess is borne in procession from Bunny's house in nearby Streatham and bathed in the Effra, a tributary of the Thames, in Convent Wood in the grounds of Virgo Fidelis Convent School. However, given that Bunny's patron is actually Nyarlathotep, it is likely that the effect of this ritual will be more than just a tribute to Cybele.

THE DARK AESTHETES

A pseudo-cult, whose members originally emerged as an art movement in response to the cause célèbre of the 'Bright Young Things', the Dark Aesthetes find beauty in materials and subject matter that others would find repulsive. There is little to connect the individual artists other than a common philosophy, the occasional bad romance and a dangerous inclination towards incorporating elements of the Mythos into their art. One or more of the Dark Aesthetes may be encountered in the course of an investigation, most often as unfortunate dabblers seeking

to enhance their artistic credibility by involving themselves with genuine cultists. They may also be attendees at gallery exhibitions or other creative hang outs. On occasion, however, a Dark Aesthete may perpetrate an atrocity as an intrinsic part of his or her creative statement.

John Tennant Young, Leader of the Dark Aesthetes

The de facto leader of the Dark Aesthetes, John Tennant Young is a respected, if unpopular, figure within London's art community. He considers himself to be an "emotional realist", portraying with graphic precision the worst of human feelings in his paintings. His close-cropped hair and handsome face - now marred with a scar, acquired during sadistic throes of passion with Annalise - belie a life built on luxury and benign neglect. Few, if any, know him well. His casual acquaintances describe him as intense and introspective.



On his 34th birthday he began a love affair with Henrietta Spinks. She introduced him to the Mythos, sending him on meta-physical journeys into the Dreamlands. His experiences drive him to acquire greater knowledge and to take ever increasing risks. He stands in the shallows of the Mythos, ready to sink deeper but not yet beyond rescue. Without intervention his demons may, perhaps literally, consume him. He lives alone in comfortable quarters, surrounded by his books and paintings, planning to summon a living nightmare as the next step in his artistic journey.

John Tennant Young

Age 34, Troubled Painter

STR 60 CON 65 SIZ 55 INT 60
POW 70 DEX 65 APP 40 EDU 90
HP 12 DB 0 Build 0 Move 9
Sanity: 20

Attacks: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5), damage 1D3

Dodge 32% (16/6)

Skills: Art (Painting) 65%, Credit Rating 37%,
Cthulhu Mythos 11%, Library Use 40%, Occult 22%,
Other Language (French) 26%, Persuade 43%,
Psychology 20%, Spot Hidden 47%.

Spells: Summon/Bind Dark Young,
Candle Communication.

Henrietta Spinks, Bad Poet

Intended to shock and disturb, the poetry of Henrietta Spinks is horrific for all the wrong reasons. Desperately aware of her literary shortcomings, she attached herself to John Tennant Young's rising star, seducing him first with her body and then with the promise of access to the Mythos.

She learned *Journey to the Other Side* in mysterious circumstances when visiting a friend's estate in Scotland and subsequently used the spell to travel with John into the Dreamlands to "expand their artistic horizon". Unlike her lover, her desire to become further involved in the Mythos is limited.

The more John pursues his growing obsession the further it drives a frightened Henrietta from him. Although she still lives in his rooms, she cares little for John and would quickly leave him if a more attractive proposition arrived. Manipulative and careless, Henrietta is almost completely self-serving and unreliable. She uses her good looks and promise of mystery to manoeuvre men into helping her.

Uniquely amongst the Dark Aesthetes, she can be found frequenting the events of the Bright Young People and other socialites, always hunting for a better prospect.

Henrietta Spinks

Age 30, Manipulative Socialite

STR 40 CON 35 SIZ 55 INT 70
POW 55 DEX 55 APP 70 EDU 85
HP 9 DB 0 Build 0 Move 8
Sanity: 40

Attacks: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5), damage 1D3

Dodge 27% (13/5)

Skills: Art (Drawing) 20%, Art (Poetry) 5%, Cthulhu
Mythos 3%, Drive Auto 33%, Fast Talk 21%, Occult
41%, Persuade 68%, Psychology 25%.

Spells: Journey to the Other Side, Candle
Communication.

Annaliese Later, Macabre Sculptor

German-born Annaliese is infamous within the London art community for her recent exhibition of grotesque stone sculptures, each portraying a human body with its neck broken. Few suspect the truth: that the models are based on real victims, whose bones were snapped by Annaliese herself. Her predilection for neck-snapping originated as a sinister outlet for childhood cruelty, a game practised on small animals and dolls. It became a murderous vocation due to chance events. Searching for her sometime lover John Tennant Young one night, she disturbed him lying in the arms of Henrietta Spinks. Her fragile sanity dissolved into a jealous rage. Breaking into his rooms, intent on destroying his possessions, she stumbled across a strangely intriguing book.

Stealing away with the book, she consumed its knowledge and used a spell contained within its pages to enhance her own physical strength. The spell transformed her petit frame in a matter of weeks. Her shoulders rounded and her forearms became thick and powerful. Her torso bloated until her neck disappeared into its folds. Her skin turned blotchy and pock-marked. Possessed of the physical means, Annaliese began scouring the city streets at night, seeking victims amongst the alone and vulnerable. She carries each broken body back to her dingy studio to be posed as the subject for her latest work.

Annaliese Later

Age 21, Murderous Artist

STR 100	CON 90	SIZ 45	INT 45
POW 60	DEX 50	APP 30	EDU 80
HP 13	DB +1D4	Build 1	Move 9

Sanity: 0

Attacks: 1

Brawl 60% (30/12)*, damage 1D3+1D4

Dodge 25% (12/5)

*If Annaliese can succeed in maintaining a grapple for three uninterrupted rounds, she may attempt a STR check to break the victim's neck, causing instant death.

Skills: Art (Sculpture) 60%, Credit Rating 10%, Cthulhu Mythos 6%, Hide 35%, Listen 29%, Natural World 14%,

Other Language (German) 70%, Science (Biology) 12%, Stealth 28%, Track 18%.

Spells: Deformed Strength (see below).

New Spell: Deformed Strength

Grants the caster superhuman strength, by sapping their natural beauty. The caster must invoke a dread deity and repeat the phrases of the spell for 1D6+4 minutes while expending 6 magic points and an additional magic point for each 5 points of STR and/or CON to be gained.

For every additional magic point spent, the caster's APP is permanently reduced by 5. This spell also costs 2D6 Sanity points and 5 points of POW each time the spell is cast. The spell is permanent and cannot be cast on another being.



GHOULS OF LONDON

Many of London's plague pits have been occupied by tribes of ghouls for hundreds of years: they moved in originally to feast

on the corpses, and remained because this is where they live. Some have routes to the surface, others make use of London's extensive subterranean networks (see pg. 39) to move around and find food. The reputations of the pits keeps humans away.

There are those on the surface who are aware of the ghouls, and who are not averse to making use of them. The multi-generational banking houses, guilds and secret societies may have nurtured a tribe for centuries, dropping animal carcasses into the sewers, on the offchance that they may need the ghouls' unique abilities to disrupt underground workings, create a connecting tunnel, recover a long-buried item from some graveyard, or to attack another tribe.

The ghouls in London have become fiercely territorial. There are six different tribes, five north of the river (the City, Farringdon, Aldgate, Soho and Westminster) and one, the largest, south of the river (Southwark and Lambeth). They attack each other on sight, but do not plan attacks on rival territory unless they are starving, or unless a patron persuades them to do so. The only man in London who has studied them says that it is impossible to distinguish between the tribes visually, and one must understand their language to detect the subtle differences in the groups' accents.

At this time there are no ghouls living in or around Brookwood Cemetery (see pg. 45)

Using the Ghouls

London's ghouls can be introduced into a campaign in any number of ways. There are all the usual ghoul plots for a start. An uncovered plague pit or old cemetery may show signs of habitation that will set investigators off on a trail. More modern burial places may suffer from an outbreak of grave-robbing as they are discovered by hungry ghouls; perhaps even a serial killer's body-dump could be brought to light that way.

Or there could be an outbreak.

Students at University College Hospital are succumbing to an outbreak of anthrax – not an unknown disease by any means, but one that's hard to fight in an era before antibiotics. What's more, this strain appears to be particularly virulent, and is not stopped by any of the usual vaccines or medicines. For the moment it is being contained within the hospital and its halls of residence, and there is no public panic or even awareness that people are dying – seven by the time the investigators hear of it. But if the bacterium reaches the wider population, the outbreak will be uncontrollable.

Further Investigation

Someone notices or is informed that the specific symptoms of the disease match those described in a medieval manuscript about the plague. These are not symptoms of the black death. There is no clear indication where the dead from this plague were buried: most likely in or near to churchyards in what is now the City.

Anthrax spores can remain infectious for centuries after all. Investigation yields a clue to two students who have not been seen in the Halls of Residence since before the outbreak started. They can be tracked to private lodgings, where one has already died and the other is suffering badly. In a pneumatic fever he speaks of the basement of the hospital, something hidden in the morgue and of an expedition to recover something from the Underground.

Two weeks before, at around midnight, the university received a phone call from the London Underground authorities to come and recover a body. Four student medics who were on volunteer ambulance duty that evening – for London is still short of fit bodies, even ten years after the Great War and the deprivations of the Spanish Flu, the closest thing to a plague that London has faced in 250 years – went to Old Street station, where they found a most unusual corpse: short and twisted, with a dog-like face and claw-like hands. It was partially clothed but they were not sure it was even human. During the drive back to the hospital they discussed what to do with it, and eventually agreed that to pass such a weird specimen over to the authorities would be a waste, and it would be much more useful – and interesting – for them to practise their dissection techniques on it.

The corpse is a ghoul, of course. It is concealed in a cold room in the basement of the university hospital, where it is proving an excellent incubator for anthrax spores.



Revelation

Two months ago one of the smaller City-based tribes of ghouls discovered a hitherto unknown medieval plague-pit. Unfortunately for them its corpses were from one of the City's rare anthrax outbreaks, and the anthrax bacterium is adept at jumping species. The colony was ravaged by it, with most dying in their home pits. A few tried to escape, mostly out into London's subterranean world, and this one in particular into the Northern Line, where it died.

The outbreak in the hospital is a red herring: the medics there are far better equipped to handle it than the PCs. The problem is that the void and territory left by the dead ghouls are being fought over by the Farringdon and Aldgate tribes, and before long they too will stumble into the new pit and become infected themselves. Being in the middle of a war, they may be less eager to stay in their traditional hunting grounds, and may seek escape in the surface city, spreading the infection much further afield.

To solve the problem will require the investigators to work out the cause of the outbreak in the hospital, investigate the nature of ghoul society in London – there are those who have studied it, and some who even frequent it – and finally to enter into the underworld below the City, to seal or destroy the infected plague pit without becoming fodder for the flesh-eating denizens of the cryptic tunnels. They may decide they should attempt to wipe out the ghouls too, or leave the disease to do it for them – if they can be sure that none of the infected will escape, to bring London a new plague.

THE GREATER SERVICE

When Sir Hugh Stoker-Woolf killed himself in 1907, London society was shocked. Sir Hugh was well-liked and a regular figure at society events in the city, but one night he simply retired to his library with a revolver and a bottle of whisky and did away with himself.

Sir Hugh's unpleasant interests had come to the attention of powerful senior figures in government, and to avoid the scandal of a trial it was suggested he killed himself, lest he might fall victim to a "meaningless" and "random" crime. Sir Hugh took the easy way out. A short while later his valet, Mortimer, was arrested and "died attempting to escape" from custody.

His former butler, Kingsley Dickson, was never investigated, having left Sir Hugh's service six months earlier. Kingsley has an instinct for leaving when things are going to go wrong. He has been doing this for a long time...

Kingsley Dickson

Age 398, Butler to the Outer Gods

STR 55	CON 70	SIZ 60	INT 95
POW 90	DEX 60	APP 45	EDU 91
HP 13	DB 0	Build 0	Move 7
Sanity: 0			

Attacks: 1

Brawl 45% (22/9), damage 1D3

Dodge 30% (15/6)

Skills: Accounting 57%, Anticipate Desire 83%,

Conceal 58%, Cough Discreetly 90%, Craft (Tailoring) 40%, Credit Rating 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 60%, Drive Auto 55%, Drive Carriage 67%, Etiquette 99%, History 60%, Impeccable Buttlng 80%, Law 40%, Library Use 52%, Listen 95%, Locksmith 38%, Manage Household Staff 85%, Mechanical Repair 44%, Occult 59%, Other Language (Latin) 65%, Other Language (French) 60%, Persuade 85%, Psychology 79%, Raise Eyebrow 90%, Science (Astronomy) 35%, Stealth 47%, Spot Hidden 81%, The Done Thing 95%.

Spells: Augur, Chant of Thoth, Cloud Memory, Contact Nyarltothotep, Contact Servitor of the Outer Gods, Pose Mundane, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Dark Young.

Personal Description: A man of middle height, neat appearance and discreet presence, Kingsley is the perfect butler. He fulfils his duties to perfection; running his employer's household and ensuring any need is fulfilled promptly and as fully as possible. At night he is known to run his employer's bath, serve his supper, see him to bed, and then after his master is asleep, to read horrid secrets into his ear. It is all part of the service a good servant should provide.



“Going into service” is a normal and accepted career for girls and boys of the lower classes. The wealthy (and aspirational) middle and upper classes have a constant need for maids and cooks and chauffeurs and grooms and boot boys and so on, and for a youngster with few prospects it can be a job for a few years until they settle down and get married, a job for life, or even the chance of a career whereby a child can start scrubbing floors and cleaning boots in a grand house and over their life grow to a position of respect and even power as butler or housekeeper.

Servants have always known that their masters aren’t like them and their motivations might not make sense. They can be stupid, inbred, inconsistent or incomprehensible, cruel, peculiar, violent, eccentric or sometimes just downright insane. This is just the way the world works, and servants just nod their head and keep beating the carpets. For some it isn’t a great leap to discover that the universe is just the same and from this comes the idea of entering into a Greater Service – working for an earthly master and an unearthly one too. When one master is insane, why shouldn’t god and the universe be as well? It just makes sense.

Kingsley Dickson founded the Greater Service hundreds of years ago when the raving Earl of Woodseaves whispered unholy secrets into his ear. Since then Kingsley has moved from service to service, master to master, telling other servants the truth about the universe so they in turn spread the word. In some grand houses, all the staff are members of the cult, in others just one. In smaller middle class houses the family cook might whisper prayers to Azathoth as she stirs the dinner. The footman who takes your coat at the Countess’ ball might seem normal enough, but who can say what he does out of sight, below stairs?

Over time, a network has built up. In servants’ quarters throughout London, servants bow and curtsy to their earthly masters during the day, and their unearthly ones at night.

The cult seeks to suborn their earthly masters and ensure that the will of dark gods is done. Houses with bored rich women, lonely children and angry, ambitious men are rich pickings, swayed by a few words here and there from a sympathetic, trusted old family servant. Gossip and secrets travel quickly. If the Duke of Hull has an affair with Mrs Joyce-Webster, the cult knows quickly as their housekeeper has dinner on her Sundays off with the lady who serves coffee to the Prime Minister at Chequers, who in turn has an understanding with the groom of the Laird of Ashgill.

When the Bishop chats to his trusted manservant about the vote for the Naval budget in the House of Lords tomorrow, a few choice words can result in him thinking that perhaps a few extra battleships might not be a bad idea after all, to protect the good work missionaries are doing in the far-flung corners of the world.

Madness is spread amongst the great and good in the cult’s wake. The will of Azathoth and Nyarlathotep is done by the people who run your bath and scrub the stairs and nobody ever suspects as the consequences are hushed up by the close-knit world of the rich and titled.



Lesser Powers of London

Bran, the Watcher and Protector

And at the end of the great battle Bran lay dead, his head severed from his body. Then the head called out to his loyal warband "Take my head with you as you travel the land. I will know when we have reached my final resting place"

The men did as Bran bade them, being soldiers and used to following orders. For a year and a day they journeyed until eventually they turned to the east of the land and came to a hill on the edge of the city that is London. And Bran said "Bury my head here, facing out to see so I can guard England against all who come against her". A hole was dug and Bran's head, with due reverence and in a jewelled casket, interred there and became the immortal guardian of the hill, of London and of the whole of England.

As time went on, the people forgot Bran's head was there but remembered that this place is of special significance. A tower was built to fortify the hill and served to honour his memory. Its windows become Bran's eyes and the drawbridge his mouth. And the name Bran became both the name of the guardian spirit and of his servants, the ravens, as Bran means Crow in Celtic. Even today the ravens remain at the tower as a sign that Bran is there.

As the legend of Bran is inextricably linked to the security of the land, it is unsurprising that certain groups continue to revere the spirit. A notable Bran cultist was King Charles II, who visited the Tower of London regularly in secret to carry out rituals to honour England's protector. Charles it was who decreed that there must always be six ravens at the Tower to remind us, albeit unconsciously, that Bran is there and this awareness reaches into the spirit world and strengthens him in his role of Watcher. If the ravens leave, legend tells us, the monarchy must fall.

Bran cultists have been especially active since the last war, when the nation seemed so close to defeat and invasion. Rituals have been held regularly at both the Tower and Buckingham Palace since 1914. The present King, George V, is mindful that he rules not by divine right but as a proxy of Bran and with the god's permission. The Prince of Wales,

however, dismisses this as superstition. Because of the association with royalty, Bran cultists tend to come from the upper echelons of society; the Royal Family, aristocracy and family retainers. They can be identified by the small raven emblem they will have somewhere on their person, often as a ring or other piece of jewellery and always incorporated into ceremonial robes.

Their role is to restore England's psychic defences but the sheer amount of energy they have poured into this in recent years may eventually lead to the nation's isolation on the psychic plane. Bran's head can be seen as a battery, storing energy ready for when it must be used to defend his country. And the cultists continue to pour this energy into something so incredibly ancient, so alien to modern thinking that they cannot truly estimate its power.

Herne, God of Wild Things

London was once forest. The Great North Wood covered much of the city south of the river, from what is now Camberwell to Croydon, then Man the Builder came and in the last one hundred years or so has quarried the London clay for bricks and replaced the trees with elegant villas and rows of tenements, with farmland, parks and overcrowded slums.

As ever, where humans encroach the animals retreat. And their god, Herne, the God of Wild Things, retreats with them. Where once the people lived in harmony with the land taking diseased wood and diseased animals and giving back by creating space for new growth, now the altars to the god exist only in rabbit burrow and blackbird nest; the humans have all but forgotten him.

In the suburbs however, Herne lingers in place names – Norwood for the North Wood, Dog Kennel Hill where the king's hunting hounds were kept and, especially, Herne Hill, which remains sacred to him although the only horses there now are iron ones running on the railways criss-crossing the landscape and linking inner London with leafy Surrey. Herne watched there as King Canute rowed up the River Effra, which once flowed along the foot of the hill.

Even then, he saw the coming of Christian civilisation as the end for him and his followers.

The god tried. He clothed himself as a man for a time and became the best huntsman a King of England could have. But eventually he followed his animals and, like them, stays in the shadows, a barely-glimpsed figure in the corner of an eye just as the park gates close at twilight.

Today some men rebel against the urban sprawl. For the poet and the artist the new London villages lack a certain aesthetic. The social reformers hate the factories and the slums which treat living people like cogs in the capitalist machine. When these people began to speak, Herne came back. The altars now are above ground in parks, woodlands, gardens; anywhere where mankind can commune with nature and with his inner nature. Adherents of the cult of Herne know that soon the god will be restored to his full power. Then the land will be reclaimed, the despoilers driven away and the woodland restored to the chosen people and the creatures.

Tamesis, Goddess of Water

Before the Romans arrived in Britain and, in secret, for many years after, native Londoners worshipped Tamesis, the River Thames in goddess form. If there are any written accounts of how she was worshipped two millennia ago, these are long vanished. The worshippers of Tamesis did not record their rites in stone, as the Romans did, but the dedicated seeker can still commune with the goddess simply by spending time at the river's side watching the ebb and flow of the tide.

No god ever truly disappears. Religions mutate, but they do not vanish. There are no temples to Tamesis but her cult continues in those who make their living from the river, whether they are human or animal.

The Guild of Watermen are one of London's many guilds and have battled over the years to keep their trade alive. Five hundred years ago they carried wealthy men from Whitehall to the theatres, bear pits and brothels of Southwark. Now they carry fruit to Covent Garden, fish to Billingsgate, tea, coffee and wine to the many bonded warehouses on the

riverbank there to await the customs men and collection by merchants. Every so often a word is whispered and a portion of the consignment, small but of value, slips over the edge of the boat and into the Mother River. Sometimes the watermen feel that a greater sacrifice is necessary but usually the river takes her own. Not all drownings in the Thames are accidents or suicides; this goddess needs to dine on souls.

The mudlarks, too, pray for a good haul before they set out for their day's work combing the river's banks. These urchins live a hand to mouth existence as they pick through the mud seeking anything useful or valuable that was dropped in the streets of the bustling metropolis and washed down a storm drain. Better it makes a crust of bread for them than it is washed away to the sea. And the goddess does not give unwillingly, happy to share these unintended offerings with her children in return for the occasional youngster caught at high tide or slipping from a log into the fast flowing current.

Not all of the goddess' servants have two legs, however. The rats and she have been companions for thousands of years. They sustain each other, the rats living on the city's detritus while cleaning the Lady's face. They run errands for her and come back from their journeys in the city's many underground tunnels with accounts of how her people are faring.

In recent years the balance of goddess and worshippers has been disturbed. For too long her flowing robes have been a conduit for the city's waste. Now the mudlarks leave her banks for school and the watermen are replaced by bridges and railways; Tamesis feels neglected. Mankind poisons underground sewers and waste ground to kill her loyal subjects, the rats. Man plunders the river for sacrificial offerings left long ago and calls it "archaeology". As Tamesis flows to the coast and surrenders herself to the sea in a state of constant renewal, she knows that eventually all will change and nothing will change and that mankind's sojourn on this earth is but a short one. Her worshippers have realised that it is time to restore the balance, to summon the mighty river goddess to rise and swamp those who disrupt the delicate system of river, animals and man. Already the fish have left the river.

QUEEN RAT

The toshers of the London sewers tell stories of a guardian spirit who watches over them in their work, known as Queen Rat – a monstrous rat the size of a human who lives in the tunnels and brings good luck to those she favoured. If she saw a tosher or explorer who she particularly favoured she could assume human form and meet her target outside the underworld, where she would seduce him. As long as he satisfied her and spoke to nobody of their encounter he would have good luck and be safe in his sordid work; if he refused or underperformed then his luck would falter and his end would likely be unpleasant.

Jerry Sweetly, a tosher who died in 1904, described his encounter with Queen Rat. Out drinking as a young man, he met a girl who drank and danced with him, then led him to a rag warehouse. As they were making love she bit him on the neck – a regular feature of these stories – and as he pushed her away she vanished and reappeared in the rafters as a giant rat, hissing, “You’ll get your luck, tosher, but you ain’t done paying for it yet!” before she disappeared. Jerry suffered the traditional price for offending the Rat Queen: both his wives died horribly, and one of his six children bore the mark of a daughter of the Rat Queen: mismatched eyes, one blue and one grey. It’s said that if the Rat Queen’s daughters marry toshers then their children will never die by drowning.

In her human form the Rat Queen is reported to have a few telltale signs that reveal her true nature: in light her eyes shine

like an animal’s, and her toes have claws not nails. Modern geneticists with a liking for the supernatural might speculate that she has some way of affecting the DNA of her lovers, introducing a recessive mutation that gives its inheritors a form of luck, or at least enhanced abilities to thrive in the specialised environment of the sewers.

Queen Rat is a unique being, with aspects of succubus, lycanthrope, sorceress, ghost and place-spirit. Underworld London is her domain and as it expands she grows more powerful. She is impossible to track: she does not simply inhabit this space, but to a large extent she is it. Anyone who ventures beyond the well-lit tunnels of the Underground would do well not to antagonise her. She knows the ghouls of the plague pits: they respect her but the two have few dealings.

Using Queen Rat

As part of another mission or investigation, the investigators come into contact with a daughter of the Rat King: she has an unusual affinity for underground spaces and can either guide them through subterranean London or retrieve anything that has been lost or hidden down there. Initially the investigators should assume that she is an urban spelunker with good contacts to the small tosher community, but the more they see her, the more they may suspect that she is something more. If they treat her well they will come to the attention of Queen Rat, who may give them good luck in their own excursions in the underworld. If there is a handsome young man in the group,



he may become the focus of a more personal encounter, and the result of that may affect all of the group's future relations with the underworld and its denizens.

Queen Rat cannot be contacted or appealed to, and will never appear directly or fight for anyone, nor will she send hordes of rats to attack friends or foes. The results of her blessing or curse are more subtle and at arm's length, but no less effective for that. Remember Jerry Sweetly's second wife, crushed to death between a barge and a wharf as a river-current shifted unexpectedly.

Revelation

Queen Rat is not a threat to anyone who does not cross her. Removing her would require some very powerful energies, and doing so would seriously upset the ecology of subterranean London, as well as causing permanent and damaging effects to those who carry her genetic marker. That's not to say that there aren't those in London who would like to see her gone: she is a representative of the ancient city, of traditional powers and forces that may stand in the way of any efforts to summon a different ruler.

It is possible that if one Queen Rat dies or is removed from London, one of her daughters will mutate to take over the vacant role. This may turn out to be the investigators' contact above.

THE VINE THAT THE LIGHTNING STRIKES

"The doctors downstairs were sitting over their supper, the warders softly slipped from room to room, and when in that cosy dormitory of Hanwell they saw the king still standing erect and royal, his face resolute, they came up to him and addressed him:

"Go to bed," they said – "pretty bed." So he lay down and soon was fast asleep: the great day was over.'

– *The Coronation of Mr. Thomas Shap*, Lord Dunsany, 1912

"Hell is empty/And all the devils are here."

– *The Tempest*, Act 1, Scene 2

Lily Keller is the wife of the Reverend Brian Keller, Anglican vicar of the Church of St Stephen the Martyr in the parish of East Ealing. As the vicar's wife, Lily is expected to support her

husband in all his duties, run the house, organise church events, visit the sick of the parish, act as a shoulder on which to cry and in all things be saintly and beyond reproach. Lily however is of a different stock. She was an active suffragette, being an accomplice of 'Slasher' Richardson who attacked the *Rokeby Venus* in the National Gallery. She was only spared imprisonment, to her great consternation, to avoid any embarrassment for her husband. During the War, Lily worked tirelessly at the London County Asylum, Hanwell caring for victims of shell-shock.

On top of all the horrific suffering, it was here that she heard many stories of strange things seen in and around the trenches, of creatures that gnaw on bones, of glowing bowmen and woods that move in the night. It was also during this period that she became sickened by what men were doing to the world and resolved to bring the feminine back into the Church of England. The Catholics had their saints and the Virgin Mary but Protestantism had, for Lily, done away with any female influence. On the prompting of one of her patients, she read Helena Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled* but was not impressed by the handling of Christian doctrine.

Isis Unveiled *Occult +5, No SAN loss, see **The Keeper's Companion*** (by Keith Herber, published by Chaosium Inc) p28.

However, on the back of this Lily read Carl Jung and there found in his description of the collective unconscious and in particular archetypes a way to mend her faith. She was fortunate enough to attend Jung's lecture in Cornwall in 1920 and discuss with him and see his *Red Book*. This was a private diary that he started in 1913 as a means to explore his own inner journey. Influenced by the calligraphy and illuminations of the *Books of Kells* and William Blake, this details his exploration of his own psyche, guided by figures he initialled identified as the biblical Elijah and Salome.

Jung encouraged Lily to attempt her own inner journey and thus she produced the *Book of the Mother*. Lily's meditations started with the five wounds of Jesus and in particular the one caused by the spear of Longinus. In a revelation, which approached the beliefs of the Moravian sect (of which William Blake was a member), she saw the wound become a womb from which all the bad qualities of the world, all of Jesus's human

weaknesses, were let into the world, a sort of Pandora's box. Lily then saw it as her mission to fight these bad qualities, which she saw as having overt existence.

Book of the Mother, Details of the cult of Shub-Niggurath and how to summon monsters and fight them. *Mythos +10, SAN loss 1D6/2D6, Spells: Summon Shub-Niggurath, Contact Shub-Niggurath, Summon/Bind Dark Young, Elder Sign.*



She started a small group of like minded women in Ealing called *The Vine that the Lightning Strikes*. Joining the group involves an encounter with the Great God Pan, whom Lily sees as Jesus. The group has scoured ancient manuscripts to find references to any monsters that they could encounter and defeat. They had some initial success with a ghoul at Kensal Green cemetery but have now moved on to bigger enemies. They managed to summon and destroy a Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, at the cost of two members. This has encouraged rather than deterred them and their final goal is to summon Shub-Niggurath, as an embodiment of all that is wrong with the world, and destroy her.

Lily Keller

Age 42, Enemy of Shub-Niggurath

STR 50	CON 60	SIZ 50	INT 80
POW 80	DEX 65	APP 60	EDU 70
HP 11	DB 0	Build 0	Move 7

Sanity: 0

Attacks: 1

Brawl 35% (17/7), damage 1D3

Dodge 45% (22/9)

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Credit Rating 55%, Fast Talk 40%, Psychology 50%, Occult 40%, Theology 60%, Throw 40%.

Spells: Contact Shub-Niggurath, Summon the Great God Pan (Avatar of Shub-Niggurath).

• THE SOCIETY OF LONDON • FOR THE EXPLORATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE ESOTERIC SCIENCES

HISTORY

In 1897, a young medical doctor by the name of Henry Yeoward received a bequest from his late uncle Jeremiah comprising £30,000 pounds, a townhouse in Belgravia and a battered copy of the *Liber Ivonis*. While the first two items made his life stable and comfortable, it was the third that transformed it forever.

Being of a scientific bent, Yeoward scoffed at the contents of the book at first. As he read on, however, he began to see the strange ideas and formulae less as occult nonsense and more as elements of a science beyond his experience and understanding. Deciding that he needed help in decoding the book's secrets, Yeoward approached various scientists, medical practitioners and intellectuals of his acquaintance and shared his discoveries with them. Most were repelled by Yeoward's new

ideas, or simply considered him mad, but a few open-minded individuals were intrigued, and this small circle formed the initial Fellows of the Society of London for the Exploration and Development of the Esoteric Sciences.

Over the ensuing years, the membership of the Society has grown from five Fellows to more than thirty, drawn from various scientific and academic backgrounds. The Society has maintained its policy of eschewing occultism, and any petitioners who show the slightest interest in magic, astrology and the like are denied membership. This has also led to large sections of the *Liber Ivonis* being disregarded, especially those relating to enchanting items or summoning deities.

There is no official hierarchy to the Society, with the Fellows considered a group of peers, but Yeoward is the de facto leader. There is a committee that serves him, providing administrative and financial management, but they have no more standing in the Society than any other Fellow.

The steep membership fees demanded by the Society have allowed it to purchase permanent premises in Holland Park, where it holds regular dinners, lectures, demonstrations and debates for Fellows only, as well as providing a home for the Society's eclectic library.

The fees have also allowed the Society to purchase additional Mythos tomes, although the main study remains that of the *Liber Ivonis*, as it is most in keeping with the rationalist dogma of Yeoward.

THE SOCIETY AS ANTAGONISTS

The Fellows of the Society provide a powerful antagonistic force for a campaign. The range of their interests and the breadth of membership mean that there is plenty of variety for investigators to encounter. Moreover, their repeated failures in containing and understanding their experiments lead to many horrors, often of an almost blatant sort.

There are three factors that make the Society dangerous. The first and most obvious is that the membership is largely wealthy, with no small amount of social and political influence. The Society has the means and the inclination to destroy the reputations of those who would expose their practices, or to arrange for legal or financial troubles.

The second, more serious danger is the dogmatism with which the Society carries out its researches. The insistence of Yeoward to look at the *Liber Ivonis* solely as a scientific text means that many of its instructions and protections are ignored as "superstitious poppycock". This has led to many accidents and unintended consequences, often with a cost in human life and sanity. Any Fellows who attempt to convince Yeoward of this error are drummed out of the Society unceremoniously, with dark reminders as to the consequences of revealing its secrets.

The third and most subtle danger is that the Fellows believe themselves to be working towards the betterment of mankind. While they know that the occasional experiments they carry out on human subjects are illegal and harmful, the Fellows believe them to be justified. The combination of clinical detachment and Mythos-induced insanity leads to some horrifying experiments and abuses. The Society is also quick to cover up its mistakes, and can be utterly ruthless in doing so.

THE SOCIETY AS AN INVESTIGATOR GROUP

With their use of Mythos magic and artefacts, and their clinical disregard for the human cost of some of their experiments, it is easy to view the Society as wholly evil. In practice, they see themselves as benevolent, extending human knowledge and discovering new techniques to improve medical techniques, develop new agricultural techniques and find new modes of transport.

Not every member of the Society is privy to its secrets. Newer recruits will only know that the Society is dedicated to finding the scientific truth behind certain archaic writings. These members may be tasked with tracking down new Mythos tomes and artefacts, containing or covering up complications resulting from unsuccessful experiments, ensuring the silence or cooperation of those who would work against the Society or assisting with experiments under the guidance of more experienced and knowledgeable Fellows. These junior Fellows will only be exposed to otherworldly entities, human experimentation and direct Mythos knowledge once they have proved themselves.

Of course, once a group of investigators learn the truth about the kind of people they work for, the Society may switch from being patrons to antagonists. This will be a matter of conscience for the investigators.

THE MEETING HALL

The Society's meeting hall in Holland Park is a large converted Victorian townhouse, built in the French gothic revival style. The house is two storeys high, and features a three-storey tower on a front-facing corner. The walls are hard red brick with stone dressings, and the roof is grey slate.

The ground floor holds the dining room, kitchens and a drawing room where Fellows can spend evenings discussing experiments and new theories over brandy and cigars. The meeting room where the Fellows conduct their private lectures is on the first floor, and can seat 30 attendees comfortably. The two bedrooms on this floor have been converted into libraries, with leather armchairs for comfortable reading. The Mythos tomes that the Society has tracked down can be found here, kept in a locked glass cabinet along with other rare volumes. Dr Yeoward carries the only key to this cabinet, and he carefully controls access to the tomes. The books in the cabinet include the *Liber Ivonis* around which the Society was formed, a worm-eaten copy of the *Sussex Manuscript* and a previously unknown transcription of the *Celaeno Fragments*.

The sizeable cellars have been extended and fortified, making them suitable to contain dangerous specimens and to carry out some of the Society's more delicate and private experiments. The larger and more hospitable rooms are used as laboratories, with the rest given over to storage of supplies and experimental subjects, human and otherwise. The worst of these rooms are rough brick with earthen floors, cold and dank even in the height of summer.

STUDIES AND EXPERIMENTS

MEDICINE

Of all the scientific disciplines followed by the Society, medicine is held in the highest esteem. This is partly because the Fellows see it as the field in which Eibon's secrets have the most potential to transform human life, but the reality is that Dr Yeoward's informal leadership has resulted in focus on his personal interests. He has been following the experiments of Herbert West with interest. While West has no legitimacy in the scientific world, and his findings remain unpublished, Yeoward and West have conducted an extensive personal correspondence. Yeoward believes that West's formula has some connection with the *Spark of Life* mentioned by Eibon,

and he is working on a synthesis of the two approaches. However mad he may be, Yeoward is under no illusions that West's work is mature enough for safe use on human subjects, although this has not stopped him performing limited experiments on animals. This experimentation has extended as far as animating whole animal carcasses, individual limbs and organs, and chimerae composed of discreet parts of various organisms; these last subjects have proved to be the most successful for reasons that Yeoward is unable to identify.

A number of these reanimated chimerae are kept in cages underneath the meeting hall. Any society member so much as mentioning the name "Frankenstein" in the presence of Dr Yeoward will experience the full force of his wrath.

While a few Fellows have learned the *Wither Limb* spell from the *Liber Ivonis*, the inability to find a rational explanation for it has led to research on the subject being suspended.

Chimera

Yeoward and his close associates have produced a number of chimerae of various shapes and sizes, made of components from mammals, reptiles, birds, fish and, on rare occasions, human subjects.

Chimera

STR 55	CON 60	SIZ 30	
INT 10	POW 40	DEX 40	
HP 9	DB 0	Build 0	Move 6

Attacks: 1

Scratch/Bite 40% (30/12), 1D4

Armour: None, although their dead flesh renders impaling weapons and firearms (except shotguns) useless.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 to see a chimera exhibiting signs of life.

While some chimerae are as bizarre as human hands with rats' eyes grafted onto the fingertips and lizards' legs providing locomotion, most are more mundane, resembling zoological frauds such as the Feejee Mermaid or Jackalope. One unusual

side-effect of the process used by Yeoward is that the disparate parts knit together so well that no joins can be found, giving the appearance of a single organism. The flesh of the chimerae is often desiccated or slightly decayed.

The process of reanimation is confusing and frightening for the subjects, and they tend to be in perpetual states of fight or flight. This makes them mildly dangerous when they get loose.



BIOLOGY

After decades of experimenting with various elements of summoning and contacting spells, Fellows of the Society have found that certain combinations of chemicals will draw forth particular creatures. Society members refer to these chemicals as “alarm substances”, but in modern parlance they would be called pheromones. The two most potent alarm substances developed so far attract Deep Ones and byakhee.

Deep One Alarm Substance

Physically, the Deep One alarm substance is a thick, cloudy white liquid that carries an overpowering stench of rotten fish, musk and stale sweat. It is composed of a distillation of the dead skin, slime and sexual secretions of mature Deep Ones.

The Fellows handle the substance with care, as it is extremely difficult to remove the odour from any object with which it comes into contact, including human skin.

If a single fluid ounce of the substance is placed in a body of water that connects to the sea, 1D6 Deep Ones will be drawn to the location over the course of the following three days. Given the sexual signals conveyed by the pheromones, the Deep Ones will arrive in expectation of finding breeding partners. There have been a number of unfortunate incidents arising from a Society experiment that deposited a significant quantity of the alarm substance in the London sewers near Millwall.

Byakhee Alarm Substance

Unlike the Deep One alarm substance, the byakhee pheromone is entirely artificial in composition. It was synthesised by Sir Simon Pemberton, a leading researcher in the field of organic chemistry and a long-standing Fellow of the Society. The process involved decoding the mystical names given by Eibon to various substances used in his spell, *The Drawing of the Star Steed*, often by use of educated guesswork. A few components proved indecipherable or impossible to obtain, so Sir Simon substituted what he hoped would be suitable analogues. After almost two years of frustration, Sir Simon finally met with success of a sort.

When exposed to the air, the alarm substance attracts a single byakhee, which will arrive in 1D20 hours. As Sir Simon learned to his cost, the alarm substance affords no degree of control over the beast, and in fact appears to provoke aggression or hunger. The few drops of the substance that had spilled on Sir Simon’s shoes meant that he was unable to hide from the byakhee, and he was devoured before he could find help.

After the regrettable demise of Sir Simon, the Society has learned to treat the alarm substance with caution. In recent years they have used it sparingly, placing a few drops on the clothing of those who would cause trouble for the Society or its Fellows.

ZOOLOGY

Two Deep Ones, one male and one female, captured using the alarm substance mentioned above, are held in cells in the cellars of the meeting hall. Dr Harold Manser, a Harley Street physician who specialises in the fledgling science of artificial insemination, has become fascinated by the ability of these

creatures to interbreed with humans and has been conducting a series of experiments.

Manser has used his own sperm, as well as semen from a number of male Fellows, to impregnate the female Deep One, and has vivisected most of the resulting offspring. He has kept one specimen alive, as it appeared the most human, and is raising it within his own family to monitor its development. The girl, named Celia, is now 3 years old and shows no signs of her inhuman heritage yet. She lives in a cage in the cellars.

Not wanting to trouble any female Fellows of the Society, Manser has used his medical practice to inseminate a number of unsuspecting patients with sperm from the male Deep One. He has been taking special interest in the gestation cycle of these subjects, and has kept in contact with those who have survived childbirth.

The Society has had to pay Mr Reginald Palin, a legal clerk from Ealing, for his silence following the death of his wife. Mr Palin was present when the 8-month-old foetus ate its way out of his mother. While Dr Manser arranged for Mr Palin to have the memory removed (see Psychology below), the procedure failed and Manser did not have the stomach for cold-blooded murder, so the Society funds an annual payment of £1000 to ensure Mr Palin's cooperation and to pay for the upkeep of his young son, Dennis.

BOTANY

Lady Cynthia Cummings, a patron and enthusiastic volunteer at The Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, has taken a keen interest in the only portion of the *Liber Ivonis* that appears to fall within her purview. In strict contravention of the Society's prohibitions on treating the wisdom of the book as mystical, Lady Cynthia has, in secret, carried out the *Green Decay* ritual, using a particularly ill-tempered hunting dog as her target. While she does not plan to break this prohibition again, she has collected samples of the green mould that consumed the dog and is experimenting with its cultivation.

While the raw samples of the mould have proved inert, Lady Cynthia has used various nutrients to create a strain that is as virulent as the spell. The Alpha Strain, as Lady Cynthia calls it, is capable of consuming most organisms within a week of exposure in the same hideous manner as the source spell.

Unlike the spell, it cannot be halted by killing the caster; the only hope for a victim is the excision or amputation of affected areas, which will prove fatal once four days of exposure have passed and the mould has spread to vital organs.

In her pursuit of a less aggressive, more malleable strain, Lady Cynthia has mixed the Alpha Strain with some of the strange elixirs outlined in the *Liber Ivonis*. In doing so, she has created a new organism that is both sentient and subtle in its effects. Lady Cynthia herself is now infected with this Beta Strain, but the only physical symptom is the occasional thick green discharge from her nose and mouth. The infection has reached her brain, and she is being compelled to spread the Beta Strain to other human subjects. New victims will join the hive mind that is spawning under Lady Cynthia's thoughts.

The Beta Strain

The mould that comprises the Beta Strain looks unremarkable under normal light: it is green with grey and white patches, largely mossy and specked with small, hairy tendrils. In darkness, it is slightly bioluminescent, and pulsates with a sickly yellow-green glow.

An investigator who touches the mould with bare skin needs to make a Hard CON roll to avoid infection. If the investigator washes his or her hands immediately afterwards, this becomes a normal CON roll, and if the washing is carried out with alcohol or a suitably abrasive or corrosive substance, the investigator gains a bonus die on the roll. If an investigator ingests the mould, an Extreme CON roll is needed to resist infection. These guidelines also apply to any investigator unlucky enough to come into contact with the Alpha Strain.

The mould takes a week to infect a target fully. During this time the target will experience delusions as if they were undergoing a bout of madness. They will also discharge thick green mucous from their nose and mouth, with visible spores moving within. Experiencing this calls for a SAN roll (1/1D8).

Once infection is complete, the target will start to hear the surface thoughts of everyone else infected with the Beta Strain. As the central node, Lady Cynthia exerts a degree of control, and is able to plant commands in the minds of other infected parties as per the *Dominant* spell, with the same magic point cost but only one point of SAN loss. Only direct exposure to the spores discharged by Lady Cynthia will spread the infection.

While other infected parties are compelled to attempt to expose others to the mould spores in their nasal discharge once per day (a SAN roll can be made to resist this impulse), the mucous is inert and poses no threat beyond being disgusting.

The sentient mould is trying to recruit enough members to its incipient hive mind that it can become truly self-aware and powerful. This will happen when the number of linked minds reaches 20; at present, Lady Cynthia has infected twelve others, both Fellows and unsuspecting friends. Even the Beta Strain itself has no idea what it will be capable of once it achieves full sentience.



PSYCHOANALYSIS

Some Society members have accepted as reality the hints about the reality of a “land of dreams” hinted at in the *Liber Ivonis*, while others take a more Freudian view. Both factions have discovered that Eibon’s workings allow them to bring back artefacts and entities from their dreams on occasion (requiring an Extreme Dreaming skill roll and the permanent expenditure of 1D6 x 10 points of POW). This has led to one unfortunate

incident, when Edwina Atherton, a promising young recruit to the society, brought a ghoul from the Dreamlands back to her lodgings in Penge, resulting in both her and her landlady being devoured.

A small number of artefacts from the Dreamlands are stored at the meeting hall or are in the hands of individual Fellows for analysis. One such object is the Heart of the Black Pharaoh, a fist-sized, jet-black gem that Edwin Hoggarth discovered in his bed after attempting one of Eibon’s “dream meditations”. Hoggarth remembers taking it from the chest of a crumbling corpse, held in a basalt sarcophagus in an ancient cavern of endless night. In the dream, he had heard rumours that when a human heart was replaced with the gem, it would provide a means to communicate with entities that lived outside of time. The only attempt to perform this replacement to date, using an anonymous child from a Society-sponsored orphanage, simply led to the death of the subject as soon as her heart was excised, and placing the gem in the cavity did nothing to change this. The failure was simply because of the standard Society practice of excising the mystical elements from any ritual. Further experiments have been scheduled.

Dr Emerich Winter, a former member of Sigmund Freud’s discussion group in Vienna, has been conducting psychoanalytical sessions with Society Fellows who have been experimenting with Eibon’s dream meditations. Winter started with the belief that the meditations caused the subjects to dream so vividly that they were somehow able to create these objects from sheer strength of will. The uncanny similarities between events and locations in the dreams of different subjects are beginning to change his mind, and he has started mapping this land of dreams and writing what he hopes will become the definitive work on the subject. Dr Winter is keeping this endeavour from Dr Yeoward, as it is just the sort of thing that Yeoward would attack as superstitious nonsense.

The Heart of the Black Pharaoh

When the Heart of the Black Pharaoh is placed within the chest of a living host, the host finds him- or herself in psychic contact with Nyarlathotep. The host can ask questions, which Nyarlathotep must answer truthfully; these can also take the form of a favour that Nyarlathotep must grant, such as providing healing or destroying an enemy. Asking a question or favour requires the permanent sacrifice of 1D6 x 10 points of POW and the host loses 1D6 points of SAN. If the host runs out

of either POW or SAN, they become an avatar of Nyarlathotep in the form of the Black Pharaoh, and all trace of the host's identity is destroyed.

In order to place the Heart within a host, the person inserting it needs to chant seven forgotten names for Nyarlathotep over and over until the stone becomes a pulsating ball of black light. It can then be pushed through the skin of the host without any physical harm (although it can only be removed again by cutting the gem from the core of the host's heart, almost inevitably with fatal consequences). Hoggarth and the other Fellows have decided that this chanting is superstition, and have relied on surgical techniques, as mentioned above.

A legend from the Dreamlands holds that Nyarlathotep removed his heart from his chest and hid it deep at the bottom of a well with sides of smooth volcanic rock. The waters of the well were filled with fish and vermin that ate the flesh and drank the blood of any foolhardy enough to enter. In time the bottom of the well was layered thick with the bones of the brave and the foolish.

The orphan boys, Theus and Thrane, heard the story of the treasure hidden beneath the deadly waters and decided that they were quick and clever enough to succeed where all others had failed. Theus rubbed his skin with the repellent discharge of carrion worms and the poisonous sap of the black tongue orchid, and Thrane lowered him down the well on a stout rope.

After the first few nibbles, the scavengers and predators in the water avoided Theus as he dug around amongst the submerged skeletons. Some of the bones had been cracked by powerful claws for their marrow, and just as Theus laid his hand on the leaden box that held the gem, he cut his leg on a shattered thigh bone.

The blood in the water was enough to rekindle the interest of the hungry creatures that surrounded Theus. He screamed for Thrane to lift him, but between the unexpected weight of the lead box and the tangled bones that threatened to trap him in the water, it took minutes for Thrane to pull Theus free. By this stage the flesh on his legs was little more than tatters, barely covering the gleaming white bone beneath.

Realising that he was dying, Theus begged Thrane to help him place the heart within his own chest. Thrane called upon the power of the Black Pharaoh and thrust the gem deep inside his friend's thorax. Immediately Theus felt himself in contact with Nyarlathotep in his many incarnations, the whispers of each filling his head. Theus pleaded with the voices to save him, and he heard the sound of mocking laughter as everything went black.

Many hours later, Theus awoke. He found that his legs had been restored, but instead of flesh they were now made of something dead and leathery. In panic, he asked the voice inside his head what was happening to him. The answer came that Theus was becoming a god. With that, the new flesh spread slowly across his body. When Thrane came to check on his injured friend,



he found the towering form of the Black Pharaoh, and quickly became the first sacrifice to this new god.

The Dream Journals of Dr Emerich Winter

These journals cover both Dr Winter's own dream diaries and his analyses of the dreams of other Fellows who have been following the Eibon's meditations over the previous 18 months. They take the form of eight hand-written notebooks, bound in leather, each detailing the experiences of one of the participants.

The Dream Journals of Dr Emerich Winter, Study 4 weeks, Mythos +1/+3, SAN loss 1D6, Mythos Rating 12%, Spells: Journey to the Other Side, Brew Dream Drug.

A full study of the journals will also provide 5 points in the Dreaming skill and 10 points in Dream Lore.

PSYCHOLOGY

While opinion in the Society is divided about whether hypnosis has any scientific foundation or whether it is simply the domain of charlatans and mountebanks, Dr Anthony Dormer, a keen student of the human mind, has been applying some of the techniques from the *Liber Ivonis* to the practice of mesmerism. In particular, he has tried to break down two spells to their scientific core, with varying degrees of success.

Excision

Cost: 1D6 magic points; 1D2 Sanity points

Casting time: 30 minutes

Dr Dormer's reinterpretation of the *Cloud Memory* spell, listed in the *Liber Ivonis* as *The Black Fog of Undoing*, has on occasion allowed him to erase specific memories from the mind of a subject. On one occasion it removed the power of speech and on another it destroyed all memories in the subject's mind; on this latter occasion, a post mortem revealed that the subject's brain had been left as smooth as a bladder, with no ridges or crevices.

The *Excision* technique resembles hypnosis, in that the first stage requires the caster to put the subject into a trance. This

process does not have to be voluntary, and usually is not, but it does require the caster to talk to the target for up to a minute to initiate the trance. Most of Dr Dormer's subjects are physically restrained for this portion of the procedure.

The rest of the process takes up to 30 minutes, as the caster teases the memory out of the subject's head using a series of questions asked in Aklo. Dr Dormer cannot explain why this works, but his hypothesis is that Aklo accesses the mind at a much deeper level than any human language and is capable of manipulating the structure of the brain itself. Dormer hopes that a linguist will join the Society soon so that they can investigate this subject in depth. As per the *Cloud Memory* spell, *Excision* requires an opposed POW roll, but if the caster fumbles then there is irreparable damage to the target's mind. This may range from forgetting something minor, such as how to tie shoelaces, to the complete destruction of all memories. Roll 1D6 on the following table to determine the effect.

Roll	Effect
1	The target forgets a minor but useful ability, such as how to use a knife and fork. The Keeper should select something appropriate, ideally related to the memory under assault.
2	The target loses all memories relating to a single important person in their life. The Keeper should select someone appropriate, ideally related to the memory under assault.
3	The target loses all points in their highest knowledge skill, taking it down to the base value.
4	The target loses the ability of speech in all languages and will need to learn once more how to talk, read and write.
5	All the target's memories of their identity are lost, never to return. Their skills are still intact, however.
6	The target's brain is wiped completely, resulting in death as they forget how to breathe.

Compulsion

Cost: 1D6 magic points; 1D2 Sanity points

Casting time: 30 minutes

As per the *Excision* procedure, Dormer has adapted the more mystical *Dominate* spell (listed in the *Liber Ivonis* as *The*

Taming of the Will) to fit into his understanding of hypnosis. Again, this means that the spell takes longer to cast and that the effects are sometimes unpredictable. In this case, though, the main effect of the spell has also been altered.

As per *Excision*, *Compulsion* requires the caster to place the subject into a trance and then speak to them in Aklo, planting a single goal into their mind. Once this is complete, the subject will awaken from the trance within an hour, with no memory of the spell being cast. The subject must then make one attempt to achieve the goal implanted by the caster. This goal cannot be physically impossible (such as “levitate”) or directly suicidal (such as “shoot yourself in the head”). It can, however, place the target in great physical danger or require them to hurt or kill another person. If the target is physically restrained in pursuit of this goal, the compulsion is broken.

Casting *Compulsion* requires a successful opposed POW roll. If the caster fumbles the roll, there will be a disastrous impact on the target’s psyche. Roll 1D6 on the following table to determine the effect.

Roll	Effect
1	The target falls passionately in love with the caster and will do anything in his or her power to try to become part of the caster’s life.
2	The target develops a mania related to the goal specified by the caster. If the goal involves robbing a museum, for example, the target may become obsessed with breaking and entering.
3	The target develops a phobia related to the goal specified by the caster. If the goal requires shooting someone, for example, the subject may develop a phobia of guns.
4	The target will perform the next action asked of them by anyone, no matter how dangerous. If the action is physically impossible, the target must still attempt it.
5	The target needs to make a POW roll to refuse any request made of them by any party from now on.
6	The target’s will is broken completely and they will, without hesitation, perform any action asked of them by anyone who talks to them from now on.

PHYSICS

Professor Bartholomew Graeme of the Department of Physics at the Imperial College of Science and Technology has spent over 10 years trying to understand how the revelations about the nature of time and space contained within the *Liber Ivonis* relate to Einstein’s theories of relativity. In particular, he has deconstructed the *Create Gate* spell found in the book and believes that it supports the view of space and time being part of a single continuum.

Professor Graeme’s first attempt to create a gate was a mixed success. While the Gate provided a stable connection through time from Graeme’s test chamber under the meeting hall to the Upper Carboniferous period, none of the Fellows involved in the research could work out how to shut it down again. When an eight-foot-long, venomous giant centipede crawled through the gate, killed a promising laboratory assistant by the name of Williams, and dragged the corpse back to its own time, Graeme realised that urgent action was required.

The door to the laboratory holding the Gate has now been bricked over. The occasional scuttling or scratching noise can be heard from behind the bricks, but the Fellows try not to pay it any heed when working in the cellars. The wall is weakening, despite regular maintenance, and it is only a matter of time before it needs to be torn down and rebuilt.

Professor Graeme has learned his lesson from the accident, and now conducts his experiments in open ground that is unaffiliated with the Society. He is presently trying to open a gate to Yuggoth in Epping Forest.

The Society’s half-hearted investigation into the *Levitate* spell has so far only led to a small number of white rats that float an inch above the floor of their cage. No one has worked out how to dispel this effect, so human trials have yet to be approved.

Giant Centipede

The giant centipede resembles its modern-day cousins, but is around ten times as large as a tropical centipede and proportionately much thicker. It is covered in black chitin, and is fast, flexible and a voracious hunter.

When taking down large prey, the centipede will bite aggressively until its target is weakened by venom or dead, before grabbing its prey and dragging it somewhere quiet to be eaten at leisure.



Giant Centipede

STR 80 CON 70 SIZ 90
 INT 10 POW 40 DEX 72
 HP 16 DB +1D6 Build 2 Move 10

Attacks: 1

Bite 60% (30/12), 1D6 + DB + venom (see below).
 Hold 60% (30/12) (manoeuvre)

The venomous bite of the centipede will take 15 to 30 minutes to take full effect, with building chills, sweats, nausea and convulsions. At this point it will inflict 2D10 in damage (halved if the target makes an Extreme CON roll).

Armour: 2 points of thick chitin.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D3 to see a living giant centipede.

CHEMISTRY

It is in the field of chemistry that the Society has had most success, as the instructions for creating various elixirs and

potions contained in the *Liber Ivonis* survive the exclusion of the mystical element better than any other procedures. The most successful experiments have been in reproducing the *Create Mist of R'lyeh* spell, although this has, in practical terms, been reduced to a simple physical smoke bomb that apes the effects. The only enhancement that Eibon's formulations has offered is that the glass cylinder that holds the chemical components is little larger than the button of an overcoat. Using the smoke bomb does not provoke any SAN loss or use magic points.

The main research conducted by Alexander Quiller-Jones, a successful industrial chemist and long-standing Fellow of the Society, is into Eibon's formulation for the plutonian drug. Many of the ingredients that Eibon listed are difficult to translate into modern terms, and over a year of animal testing was required before Quiller-Jones created a drug that was not gravely toxic.

The first human trial led to Diana Montague, the youngest daughter of the Bishop of Willesden, having her mind thrust back to the furthest reaches of time. Due to the use of some unsuitable substitutions in Quiller-Jones' formula, this version of the drug had an unexpected effect, and Montague's mind was exchanged with that of a Hound of Tindalos.

Montague's body, with its new host, is now resident at the Royal Bethlem hospital, where staff are unable to account for why a previously healthy young woman now snarls, growls and attempts to bite the throat out of anyone who approaches her. The bishop has been asking a lot of difficult questions of Yeoward and other Fellows, and is looking for help in uncovering what befell his daughter.

Meanwhile, Diana Montague's mind, broken by her experiences, is beginning to gain some control over her lean and monstrous new form and is trying to work out how to make her way home through time.

Subsequent trials have proved less disastrous, but in his attempts to make the drug safer, Quiller-Jones has limited the effect to the extent that a user's mind will be sent back in time no more than 100 years. While this means that the drug is less useful for discovering cosmic truths, it has provided the Society with a number of personal secrets of powerful people that may be used for blackmail, if necessary.

SIGNIFICANT FELLOWS OF THE SOCIETY

DR HENRY YEOWARD, SOCIETY FOUNDER

No longer a practicing physician, Dr Yeoward now concentrates his energies on research and the smooth running of the Society. His insistence on a strictly rational approach to the study of the Liber Ivonis sometimes sits uncomfortably with the other Fellows, but Yeoward's rule is absolute in this matter.



Apart from his dogmatism, Yeoward is a generally charismatic and popular figure, and he is at the centre of all the Society's activities and accomplishments. In the world outside the Society, he is seen as a philanthropist, influential medical researcher and popular after-dinner speaker, with a keen wit and unusual insights on a broad range of topics. He counts politicians, powerful business leaders and members of the aristocracy amongst his friends, and is able to draw upon them for favours when necessary.

Some members of the scientific establishment who turned down Yeoward's invitation to join the Society view him as a crackpot, but his charitable works have gone a long way to preserving his reputation.

Dr Henry Yeoward

Age 55, Dogmatic Rationalist

STR 45	CON 40	SIZ 65	INT 90
POW 30	DEX 47	APP 60	EDU 100
HP 10	DB 0	Build 0	Move 5

Sanity: 18

Attacks:1

Brawl 25% (12/5), damage 1D3

Dodge 23% (11/4)

Skills: Credit Rating 60% , First Aid 60%, Intimidate 70%, Medicine 70%, Science (Biology) 70%, Science (Chemistry) 60%.

Personal Description: Tall and gaunt, with white hair that has receded into a marked widow's peak. His deep-set and hooded eyes give him the appearance of a chronic insomniac, but he is rarely less than energetic and keen-witted. He is quick to deride anything he perceives as superstition or mysticism.

DR ANTHONY DORMER, PSYCHOLOGIST

While ostensibly a psychologist, researcher and former medical practitioner, Dr Dormer finds himself increasingly in the role of troubleshooter and enforcer for the Society. His abilities to remove memories from or plant compulsions in the minds of others have made him invaluable. While he finds this work interesting and a good application of his studies, he also considers it somewhat constricting. Dormer's increasing dissatisfaction with the Society is exacerbated by his growing interest in the mystical and magical aspects of the Mythos tomes in the Society's library. He considers Dr Yeoward's strict rationalist approach to be myopic, and sometimes considers using his abilities to change Yeoward's mind on the matter. Dr Dormer has all but retired from his mundane working life, focusing almost exclusively on his duties and researches with the Society.



Dr Anthony Dormer

Age 43, Manipulator of minds

STR 55	DEX 43	INT 80	CON 60
SIZ 75	APP 40	POW 80	EDU 85
HP 13	DB 0	Build 0	Move 5

Sanity: 25

Attacks: 1

Brawl 30% (15/6), damage 1D3

Dodge 21% (10/4)

Skills: Credit Rating 60% , Hypnosis 80%, Medicine 40%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 70%.

Spells: Compulsion, Excision.

Personal Description: Portly and jowly, with curly greying hair and muttonchop sideburns. Always dresses impeccably. Dormer carries an extremely valuable gold fob watch in his waistcoat. He smiles insincerely when talking to people, and is often patronising without realising it.

LADY CYNTHIA CUMMINGS, HORTICULTURALIST

The daughter of a wealthy Yorkshire steel magnate, Lady Cynthia married well, wedding the son of a minor noble. They shared a love of botany, and swept up in her husband's enthusiasm, Cummings made an academic study of the subject. When her husband, Edgar, died at the age of 40, Cummings threw herself into her work, becoming a researcher at Kew Gardens before being invited to become a Fellow of the Society.

Since her infection with the Beta Strain, Lady Cynthia finds herself both powerful and helpless, able to control the minds of those in her thrall, but subject to strange impulses she does not understand. She knows that there is a purpose to her actions and fears what it may be.

In her mundane life, Lady Cynthia is still active at Kew Gardens and is a popular figure in London society, famed for her creative parties and the stunning floral arrangements that adorn them.



Lady Cynthia Cummings

Age 48, Vehicle for alien intelligence

STR 55 CON 60 SIZ 50 INT 80

POW 50 DEX 62 APP 60 EDU 75

HP 11 DB 0 Build 0 Move 7

Sanity: 15

Attacks:1

Brawl 25% (12/5), damage 1D3

Dodge 31% (15/6)

Skills: Art/Craft (Flower Arranging) 70%, Charm 60%, Credit Rating 80%, Science (Botany) 70%.

Personal Description: Cynthia has a gentle, almost maternal manner, but her eyes often look glassy and unfocused when she is speaking. Her nose is often streaming as though she has a constant cold.

• SCENARIO SEEDS •

DEADLY CURIOS

Dr Yeoward has been experimenting with new formulations of the *Spark of Life*, based more on the scientific approach of Herbert West, but he considers it a failure. While Yeoward has successfully reanimated individual parts with this new formula, his trials with whole animal carcasses and chimerae have proved fruitless. What Yeoward does not realise is that the formulation works, but that it takes up to a week to show results. While Dr Yeoward has instructed one of his assistants, a student by the name of Edward Ryan, to dispose of the remains of his experiments in the furnace, Ryan has seen the opportunity for some much-needed financial gain. He has sold the chimerae to Brewer's Curios, a shop in Hackney. Norman Brewer, the proprietor of the shop, was delighted to make these purchases. They are the finest taxidermic frauds he has ever seen, and the lack of obvious splices has left him wondering whether some of the creatures are in fact specimens of previously unknown species. He has sold a few of the items to wealthy collectors, but has sent three of them to a friend at the Natural History Museum for examination. Now that a week has passed since Yeoward applied the Spark of Life to the first of these test

subjects, they are starting to awaken. Dr Webster of the Natural History Museum has been found dead in his office, with an impossible combination of bites, scratches and stings on his body. Strange sounds have been heard coming from the poorly lit access tunnels under the museum. In the meantime, Lord Ballentine, a passionate collector of oddities and a regular customer of Brewer's, has been sedated by his physician after taking a shotgun to a room full of hunting trophies in his country house, claiming that they were stalking him. Norman Brewer has locked himself in his office after seeing what was clawing at the inside of the display cabinet in his shop.

A MOST DANGEROUS PROOF

Joseph Hooke, an ambitious young Fellow and associate of Dr Manser, retrieved the corpse of one of the giant centipedes from the cellar of the meeting house, and has been trying to use it to build his reputation in the less secretive scientific circles of London. He has been laughed out of the Royal Society, where his badly decomposed specimen was dismissed as an obvious hoax. With his good name and ego damaged, Hooke has taken desperate measures to salvage the situation. Using the pretence of working late on a new Deep One breeding experiment, Hooke has broken down the wall that secured the Time Gate in the cellar of the meeting house and has successfully trapped one of the giant centipedes in a steamer chest. With little uninterrupted time in which to work, he has done the best job he can of securing the wall again, but he is no builder and it is only a matter of time before a centipede breaks through it. Hooke is now ready to take his live specimen back to the Royal Society and prove that he is not a charlatan. The centipede is growing increasingly ill-tempered from being trapped and shaken around, and will be decidedly uncooperative when Hooke opens the chest.

GLADYS ROWBOTTOM VANISHES

The staff employed to attend to the meeting hall and those who meet there are carefully vetted and well-paid to ensure the secrecy upon which the Society depends. Moreover, they are instructed about precisely which areas are off-limits, which includes all of the cellars. Gladys Rowbottom, a mother of three from Stepney, was employed as a cleaner six months previously. Three weeks ago she was drawn down to the cellars by some strange noises that sounded like screaming. Her interruption allowed the Deep One that was being vivisected to break free for a moment, and it eviscerated her before Dr Manser could restrain it again. Harold Rowbottom, the husband of Gladys,

is a merchant seaman and was at sea when the incident happened. He arrived home four days ago to discover his wife missing and his children being cared for by a neighbour. After asking around his friends and family, he deduced that Gladys had never come home from work on the day she vanished. Harold announced that he was going to see the “toffs” and find out what happened to his wife.

Now the same friends and family are worried about Harold. He denies ever having a wife and he cannot account for how he ended up with all these children. All memory of Gladys seems to have vanished from his brain and he is in great distress. Harold himself is half mad and near suicidal from the confusion that has resulted from Dr Dormer’s intrusions into his psyche. He needs someone to help him understand what has happened to him and his family.

DEEP ONE BREEDING PROGRAMME

Following his success in producing human hybrids, Dr Manser has started experimenting with breeding Deep Ones with other mammals. He has discovered that Deep One sperm will fertilise most mammalian eggs, and his most successful trials to date have involved impregnating pigs. Manser has conducted these trials at Stamford Hill Farm in Stoke Newington, North London. While the farm is not owned by the Society, Manser has convinced Dr Yeoward to invest in it, buying the cooperation and silence of the farmer. This cooperation is breaking down, following recent events. The first of the sows gave birth to a litter two months ago. The delivery took place in the middle of the night, before Dr Manser could be notified, and the vet and farmhands were ill-equipped to cope with offspring that were more monster than pig. One of the farmhands was maimed, and the vet has been hospitalised with nervous exhaustion. The entire litter escaped, with one hybrid still loose on the farm and the other four having made their way into the London sewer system. Sewer workers have reported seeing strange creatures under the city and a number of vagrants have vanished. It is only a matter of time before the creatures reach breeding age themselves. A group of investigators hearing the stories of monsters in the sewers may be the best hope London has against a larger infestation.

Deep One/Pig Hybrid

While these creatures are not fully grown yet, they are developing much faster than normal pigs and are extremely dangerous. They have the hardiness and omnivorous appetites of pigs, and the

intelligence and amphibious adaptation of Deep Ones. Physically they are squat, muscular quadrupeds with saggy, black wrinkled hides. Their eyes are bulbous and fishy, and their mouths are filled with sharp teeth and incipient tusks. While they are more comfortable on four legs, their forelegs end in humanoid hands, with claws. Like their Deep One progenitor, they are capable of surviving underwater for extended periods of time.



Deep One/Pig Hybrid

STR 80	CON 60	SIZ 70	
INT 50	POW 40	DEX 42	
HP 13	DB +1D4	Build 1	Move 9

Attacks: 1

Fighting attacks: A Deep One/pig hybrid will first charge an opponent, which will knock them prone if he manoeuvre succeeds. It will then attempt to gore the prone opponent with its tusks and teeth.

Claw 40% (20/5) 1D4 + 1D4 damage bonus

Gore 60% (30/12) 1D6 + 1D4 damage bonus against a prone target (manoeuvre).

Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armour: 2 points of thick hide and blubber.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 to see a Deep One/Pig Hybrid.



Meinert Lubben

Henry

-POST CARD



OPEN WEEKDAYS
FROM 9.0 A.M.
ADMISSION 1/-
(EXCEPT MONDAYS: 6/-)

BOOK TO
REGENT'S PARK
OR
CAMDEN TOWN
STATIONS

HYDE PARK
THE MALL

(BUCKINGHAM PALACE
ST. JAMES'S PARK)

Free on Saturdays and

Circles are drawn at intervals of One Mile
from Charing Cross Station

MYTHOS SPELLS AND TOMES

THE BOOKS OF DR DEE

“It will be readily understood that the mysteries of our Monad cannot be extracted unless one is drawn towards the pharmacy of this same Monad, and that these mysteries must not be revealed to any but the Initiates.”

Dr John Dee (1527-1609) was perhaps the most famous Londoner of the 16th century. The astrologer by appointment to Queen Elizabeth I, he was a polymath who spanned the worlds of science, politics and magic at the University of Cambridge, the courts of Elizabeth and Rudolf II in Prague. He promoted the idea of the British Empire, the use of cartography and the practice of alchemy and left a body of scientific work unrivalled by any other Englishman of that era. Yet he died in poverty, disregarded by the new monarch James I.

Dee's dominance of Elizabethan scholarship is such that almost a third of the surviving English manuscripts from this period passed through his library at Mortlake. Dee's books are easily recognisable by his marginalia, which included references to other works, corrections, commentary and diagrams. Helpfully for the bibliophile, he also wrote down information on the source and authors of manuscripts, as well as adding tables of contents.

However, as noted by M.R. James in his *List of Manuscripts formerly owned by Dr John Dee*, 1921, Dee claimed to own around 4000 volumes before his library was pillaged whilst he was away in Europe and many of these tomes have never been found. This would include his translation of the *Necronomicon* from the Latin version, *De Normis Necium*, Bologna c1228. This predates Olaus Wormius' better known work of 1624 which used Dee's marginalia to improve the translation of the secondary Greek text, as mentioned grudgingly in the introduction. Indeed Dee's text dating from around 1555, of which but a few fragments survive in the British Library, is probably not of the highest quality but it does include several magical workings.

Necronomicon of Dr Dee (fragments) Spells: Contact Angel (see below), Dread Curse of Azathoth, Voorish Sign, Contact Azathoth, SAN Loss D6, Mythos +2/+3, Occult +8, Mythos rating 15%.

New Spell: Contact Angel

Contact Angel (aka Contact Mi-go) uses a mirror made of black obsidian. Other suitable items may be substituted as long as they contain adyarium gas, (see Occult Chemistry, pg. 116) which is of interest to the mi-go and one of the reasons they visit the Earth. Adyarium is typically only found in mountains as it requires the great heat and pressures caused by tectonic activity to be created. It is not infrequently captured in tiny bubbles in lava or obsidian. For this ritual, the magician must achieve a higher state of consciousness, typically through fasting and chanting (and failing a CON test, 1 allowed per day, take 1D3 damage on failure). The magician will then be contacted by a figure that takes an culturally appropriate form. Crowley in New York in 1918 saw Lam, a short man with a bulbous head, not unlike a grey alien. Kelley in the 1580s saw angels. The nature and tone of the interaction very much depends on the whim of the entity so contacted. Cost 3 MP.

It was this work of translation that gave Dee the impetus and means to contact otherworldly entities, which he called angels. Indeed Dee had in his possession a black obsidian mirror, of Aztec origin, which he found to be the key to such endeavours. The entities he contacted were in fact the Mi-go who were developing a scientific curiosity about the inhabitants of earth, creatures they had only previously seen as a lower life-form,

beneath their interest. They were also interested in whether there had been any repercussions from the approaching meteor containing Glaaki which crashed in the Severn Valley around 1600.

Dee's earliest published occult work was the *Monas Hieroglyphica*, 1564, in which explained the source and construction of a kabalistic design which concentrated the mind on otherworldly possibilities.

Monas Hieroglyphica, Dee, 1564, a guide to creating a magical glyph. *Occult +3, Spells: Magical Glyph.*

New Spell: Magical Glyph

A student who follows Dee's method to creature their own glyph and attunes themselves to it reduces the cost of spell casting when using the glyph by 2 MP, to a minimum of 1 MP, Cost 2 SAN

In spite of this, Dee's experiments were unsatisfactory until 1582, when he met and employed Edward Kelley who mediated between him and the spirits. Kelley was able to contact the Mi-go using a crystal ball made from clear volcanic glass and was better able to understand their difficult communication. In 1583 a breakthrough came when the Enochian alphabet and language was transmitted, allowing for easier communication between the two parties. Even so, the interchange between the mi-go and humans placed a great strain on both sides and transfer was intermittent and still difficult to interpret.

Later in 1583, Dee and Kelley journeyed to Poland and Bohemia with their families, in a bid to advance their magical knowledge, the central European mountains being a favoured location for the Mi-go. This was unfortunate because they missed the visit of Giordano Bruno (1548-1600) to London in 1585. This apostate Catholic scholar had fled the Inquisition in Naples in 1576 and travelled around Europe. He had read the *Monas* in Paris, sent to him by the English diplomat and poet Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586). In Dee's work, Bruno recognised elements of the *Picatrix* which he had studied through the earlier papers of the neo-platonist Marsilio Ficino (1433-1499).

Picatrix (Ghayat al-hakim or Goal of the wise), an 11th century Arabic grimoire on the uses of astrology in talismanic magic. It has four volumes which are derived largely from earlier works and underpin much of later Western occultism. It is also available in Latin. *Occult +10, SAN loss 0, Spells: None.*

Bruno immediately sought Dee in London in 1585 but he had already left for the Continent. Instead Bruno met Sidney and the young playwright Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593). After telling them his theories and visiting London and Oxford, Bruno then went in search of Dee. They finally met in Trebon in Southern Bohemia in December 1588. Their discussions regarding the Monad, and the *Picatrix* Book II Chapter X that deals with the metals of other planets and mentions the Monad, caused Dee and Bruno to undertake a magical working, as a result of which, the *Book of Silvered Leaves* – inscribed directly by Spirits (in other words, the mi-go) onto metal, was retrieved still steaming, from the Vlatva River near Prague, on Walpurgis Night 1589.

The Book of Silvered Leaves

A large tome, inscribed in Enochian directly onto unknown metal sheets by the mi-go for Dr John Dee in 1589. It gives details of the true history of the Earth, albeit couched in such a way that is difficult to understand. It also details the knowledge of the mi-go regarding Azathoth, the chaos at the centre of the universe from which all is derived and to which all returns. This is the Azoth, the Ayn Sof of the Kabbala as depicted by the *Monas Hieroglyphica*. *Occult +10, Mythos +4/+8, SAN loss 2D6, Mythos rating 36%, Spells: Contact Mi-go, Brew Space Mead, Create Gate, Dismiss Azathoth, Elder Sign.*

On his way back to London on 27th June 1589 Dee visited Heinrich Khunrath in Bremen (1560-1605), and showed him the Book and the monad from the *Picatrix*. Khunrath, a fellow hermetic alchemist and engraver then wrote and illustrated *The Amphitheater of Eternal Wisdom* 1595 in which he drew a black bird named Azoth, inside a disguised version of Dee's monad. A link perhaps to Azathoth?

Dee arrived in Mortlake in September 1589 to find his house ransacked and his library gone. As a favour, Queen Elizabeth made him Warden of Christ's College Manchester but his star had waned and he returned to London in 1605. His health and sanity failed him and he spent his last few years living in penury. He did strike up acquaintance with an apprentice printer Nicholas Okes (1571-1645), who worked near Holborn bridge. Printing was strictly controlled by the Company of Stationers and the Crown. Unauthorised print works or publications would incur a fine or even imprisonment but apprentices were required to create small practice works during their training and for a small fee could be encouraged to run off small print runs of dubious material. The only known piece from this late period in Dee's life is *Navigationem Caelorum v ii*. This is the second pamphlet in what is supposed to be a series describing visits to other planets in the solar system. There seems to be no question that Dee ever undertook these journeys but perhaps they were described to him by his angels. Dee died in 1609.

Navigationem Caelorum v ii, a quarto pamphlet describing a visit to the planets Mars and Venus. It is surprisingly accurate given the date. It gives details of inhabitants of both bodies and also mentions the twelve planets of the solar system which includes Yuggothe and Ghroth, but not Uranus. *Physics +10, Occult +2, Mythos +1/+4, SAN loss 1D6, Mythos rating 15%.*

It should be noted that anyone who discussed the *Monas Hieroglyphica* with Giordano Bruno after 1583 died not very long after. This is all the work of the Brotherhood of the Yellow Sign, who have dedicated themselves to removing the influence of the Mi-go from the Earth. They worked carefully, ransacking Dee's house, having Sidney and Marlowe murdered, destroying the reputations of Dee and Khunrath and drawing Bruno back to Venice where he could be captured by the Inquisition and burned. They even managed to destabilise Rudolf II who was



forced to cede the crown to his younger brother in 1612. However Dee's work, although difficult to penetrate is still extant and his *Book of Silvered Leaves* has never been recovered. Pointers to its location can be found in Dee's many marginalia which contain references to the Book but are spread across Dee's work. Given the ubiquity of his manuscripts, the Keeper should feel free to include such things in any old manuscript the investigators find. Clues could be Dee's signature, Jon Δ, or even just Δ, map references to buried items, or half sentences that need to be paired up to those in other manuscripts to make sense.

OCCULT CHEMISTRY

***I'm very good at integral and differential calculus;
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous;
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.***

– Major-General's Song, Gilbert and Sullivan, 1879

“In reply to the question 'How did the eggs get into the blood,' C. W. L. said: 'I am presumably drawing them in with the breath. How do they get into the blood? Through the lungs I should say. They are like unfertilized eggs; they drift in and out of the body.' ”

– Occult Chemistry, page 382

Published in 1908 and then in a revised edition in 1919, *Occult Chemistry: Investigations by Clairvoyant Magnification into the Structure of the Atoms of the Periodic Table and Some Compounds* was written by Charles Leadbeater and Annie Besant, both members of the Theosophical Society (see pg. 61). This volume covers the microscopic clairvoyant examination of all the known chemical elements, and a few unknown to science such as occultum, adyarium and meta-krypton. Elements are found to have complicated structures in the shape of cigars, dumbbells, stars and platonic solids and they are made up of indivisible particles called anu. These anu aren't so much matter but rather gateways through which force pours between our plane and fourth dimensional space, the Astral Plane. The direction is into our plane, for the positive or male anu, or into the Astral, for the negative or female. The number of anu in an element determine its weight, there are for example 18 in hydrogen. Leadbeater and Besants found that their calculations agree to a high

degree of accuracy with scientific measurements. There are also descriptions of how this method of scrying was used to examine the shape of other microscopic particles such as smallpox, described as resembling a “round ruler”.

This copy of the book was owned by Leonard Macklin, erstwhile member of the Golden Dawn (see pg. 57) who, having survived the First World War, died of particularly nasty bout of Spanish Flu that partially dissolved his body. The book was auctioned off along with his belongings but, having been mislabelled as a chemistry manual, was sold with a batch of other text books to the Crouch End school in North London. This copy is special because it contains Macklin's notes, intercalated with the book. Macklin was particularly alarmed by the description of illnesses, including smallpox and the way in which the body defends itself against smallpox. There exists, according to the book, millions of tiny eggs in the blood, separate to white blood cells, which when stimulated by outside action hatch and change from their inert state into tiny crablike creatures and thence onto a cheese-mite stage. In this stage, they swallow smallpox germs until they explode, spreading through the blood a poison that kills the smallpox on contact. Macklin attempted scientific research into these eggs and their progeny but was unable with any microscope or other analysis to detect them. However, a suggestion from Mary, Leonard's wife, that he contact the Society for Psychical Research (see pg. 60) bore fruit. Working with Eleanor Karinthy, a clairvoyant psychic endorsed by Harry Price (see pg. 33], Leonard was able to develop a compound that allowed these microscopic entities, or animacules as he called them, to be seen.

Macklin-Karinthy Visualisation Powder

A variant on the Powder of Ibn-Ghazi, which, instead of mummy dust, uses finely powdered radium. When blown upon previously invisible entities it causes them to glow green. It works best in the dark. It requires 2 hours to prepare in a well-stocked laboratory (and a Science (Chemistry) roll) and 3 MP per dose. Each dose can cover one human-sized entity but works for three rounds. One drawback is that the dust is toxic and prolonged use or exposure can cause severe health problems such as skin, mouth or lung cancer.

Leonard's theory for the powder is that invisibility occurs when the careful alignment of the chemistry of a substance allows the light falling upon it to be diverted into the Astral Plane via the negative anu and then out through the positive anu into our plane. Thus any reflection or absorption is avoided. Radium disrupts this alignment, perhaps through radiation effects.

Leonard was not able to determine the source of the tiny eggs, but he was able, through testing with various harmful compounds, to show that the tiny crabs would take on a different final stage depending on the nature of the threat. It was cheese-mites for smallpox, worms that bore into poliomyelitis, and enveloping sheets for yellow fever. Leonard was working on a way of creating new animacules to deal with other threats such as cancer or hysteria.

Using static electrical fields, he was able to arrest the development of the animacules to the middle crablike stage, at which point they could be goaded into attacking new substances introduced to them. Leonard's work was interrupted by the advent of war. A conscientious objector, he refused to fight but was happy to be conscripted to the Royal Army Medical Corps. He was wounded at Polygon Wood in 1917 whilst retrieving wounded in no-man's-land and was invalided back to Blighty. Having survived the war Leonard unfortunately contracted Spanish Flu in the post-war epidemic.

Whilst feverous and attempting to create an animaculous cure, he clumsily broke a test tube and a cloud of luminous animacules attacked and partially devoured him before being sated.

Occult Chemistry, Besant and Leadbeater, 1908, additions by Macklin (1909 to 1918). *Occult* +8, *Cthulhu Mythos* +0/+2, *SAN* loss 1D6, *Mythos* rating 6%. *Spells*: *Macklin-Karinthy Visualisation Powder* (see opposite), *Bind Animalcule* (see below).

New Spell: Bind Animalcule

Through ingenious pulsing of static electrical fields, microscopic entities can be contained allowing them to be worked on without fear of contamination. Also works on the Brood of Eihort. Requires intense concentration and knowledge of physics. Cost 4 MP to set up and 1 MP per hour to maintain. Requires a well-stocked laboratory and a Science (Physics) roll.

OTHER MYTHOS TOMES

AoS Cards

Matthew Osman, artist and visionary created these cards apparently as an aid to meditation. They are similar in size to tarot cards, 2.75" x 4.75", and each shows a different image but they are not from the standard deck. Only eight are known to exist, having been sold individually through the Atlantis bookshop. It is possible that the artist created more but he perished in a fire in 1919. Each card bears the same printed back design, the letters AoS in a triangular pattern on a background of arabesques in blue and gold. However the front of each card was individually hand drawn and inked.

The known cards are:

The Market – An unkempt beggar in Smithfield market floats suspended in mid-air, as if falling backwards. His torso, arms and head are visible but his lower body has disappeared, as being devoured by something invisible. Hanging around in the butchers' kiosks around are the carcasses, but they are all human.

The Key – This shows a mossy stone with a key hole in a ravine in a park. The top of St Paul's Cathedral can be seen over top of ravine. A bright light shining just out of the picture causes a bizarre shadow to be cast on the rock.

The Yard – In a dimly lit alleyway, a man on the right is embracing something in the shadows, two women seen from the back are in the middle ground walking away, while on the left a man peers out of the shadows. Above the alley are lights that may be stars.

The King – A man walks among the graves in a large cemetery. It could be Kensal Green as there is a gasholder in the background. The man carries a mace and wears a crown. One of the mausoleums is in the Egyptian style and there are eyes watching from cracks in the wall.



The River – This card shows small boats on a green river. There is a park to one side and a mass of houses built right up to the river on the other. Visible under the surface is a giant woman on her back, hair flowing round the head. She bears a contented expression.

The Temple – Shows a low altar in the middle of a crossroads. The view is from high. Tall stone buildings line the roads. There is a lone naked sexless supplicant wearing a tall cylindrical hat. On some of the angles of the buildings, in the shadows, crouch animals that might be large cats, but their markings are strange.

The Warrior – A head on a spike sits above a gate. Ravens have pecked out the eyes and hold them in their beaks, tentacles issue forth from the mouth and empty eye sockets. Geese are entering through the gate, and at the end of the road under the gate is a low ruined tower.

The Hunt – Shows the view along a hill, on the right, at the bottom of the hill is a mansion, wings stretched out along a

river. Coming up the hill in a spiral pattern from the mansion are the hunters on horse back, dressed darkly, bearing horns. Their steeds and hounds are misshapen. On the left at the top of the hill is a golden line along the ground that disappears down over the ridge, just before it does, there is a figure of the decay of particles as seen in a bubble chamber, giving off a blue glow as if emitting Heaviside radiation.

Other cards are rumoured. One called **The Beetle** came up for auction at Christie's but was withdrawn from sale despite considerable interest.

The Mirror is said to figure John Dee in his Mortlake house looking out of the window at the Thames, which reflects something other than the magus.

Anyone meditating upon a card (succeed a Luck roll, spend 2 MPs, takes one hour) will start a six-night dream sequence which each night advances towards a finale that features the image on the card. The SAN loss from the dream, let alone anything encountered in the dream, increases each night from 1 to 6 for a failed SAN roll, or 1 otherwise.

Each night the dreamer also gains +1 Cthulhu Mythos. On the seventh day, the scene on the card takes place in the waking world, with whatever dire consequences the Keeper wishes to inflict on the dreamer.

The Second Diary of Jacob Falk

Falk kept two diaries – the first, in which he recorded his dreams and the true names of angels, is now kept in the library of the London Synagogue. His second diary, in which he recorded further observations about alchemy, his spells and the nature of the occult entities he communicated with, was believed lost after his death.

No copies are known to have been made, so this book is unique. Handwritten in Hebrew and possibly a personal code. Average 30 weeks to study and comprehend.

***The Second Diary of Jacob Falk.** SAN loss 2/1D6. Cthulhu Mythos +2/5, Mythos rating 21%. Spells: Create Golem, Command Golem, Brew Space-Mead, Eibon's Wheel of Dust, Dream Vision, Brew Dream Drug.*

New Spells

Create Golem

The spell allows the caster to create a golem – a mindless servant made from baked clay which will do exactly the bidding of its master. The creation of a golem is a huge task and can take years, as it requires the building of the golem, the firing of the body in a kiln, and then the expenditure of 5 permanent points of POW per hit point the resulting creature is to have – SIZ and CON should be allocated appropriately to the size of body created and the number of Hit Points endowed in this way. Whilst it is possible to create a weak, tiny 2 Hit Point golem (a golem cannot be less than SIZ and CON 1), doing so would be almost entirely pointless. No more than 1 POW can be imparted per day, and doing so requires a time-consuming and complex ritual.

Command Golem

When a Golem is created, the spell gives the resulting creature a set command word or phrase that may then be used to give it orders. The words must be spoken at the start of each order, and each order costs 1 temporary point of POW to give. Orders may not be more than a single sentence, and wiser wizards will not give complex orders; Golems are mindless and utterly literal, and will do exactly as they are told - the more complex the order the more likely they are to get something wrong.

The True Discoveries of Witches and Demons

Published by an unknown printer, only two copies of this book are known to exist. One in the library of the British Museum, and the other in the library of a private collector in Sussex. The book is written in an obscure runic code that requires a successful Cryptography roll to decipher into Elizabethan English.

It contains details of witch-cults and the summoning of devils in the South-East of England in the first half of the 16th century and is presented as being written by someone with direct first-hand experience.

The edition in the British Museum has had the pages containing the spell removed by someone with a very steady hand using a small pair of scissors.

Average 12 weeks to study and comprehend. In a peculiar runic cipher from the English, 1540s, folio.

The True Discoveries of Witches and Demons.
Occult +7%, Cthulhu Mythos +0/+2, SAN loss 1D4, Mythos rating 6%. Spells: Summon/Bind Hunting Horror.

APPENDIX

CALL OF CTHULHU 6TH EDITION STATS

• POTENTIAL ALLIES • AND ASSOCIATES

Dr Alexander Mikalovich Denikin, age 45, Exiled Alienist

STR 8 DEX 10 INT 16 CON 14
SIZ 11 APP 11 POW 12 EDU 20
SAN 60 HP 9

Damage Bonus: NA

Skills: Biology 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 8%, Fast Talk 60%, Library Use 60%, Medicine 60%, Latin 20%, English 63%, Russian 100%, Persuade 60%, Pharmacy 50%, Psychoanalysis 70%, Psychology 70%, Handgun 40%, Rifle 40%.

Peter Benedict, age 33, Catholic Priest

STR 11 DEX 14 INT 14 CON 12
SIZ 09 APP 12 POW 14 EDU 16
SAN 70 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Anthropology 36%, Art (Iconography) 15%, Bargain 40%, Dodge 58%, First Aid 42%, History 60%, Law 30%, Library use 49%, Listen 50%, Medicine 15%, Natural History 25%, Occult 10%, Other Language (Latin 65%), Persuade 39%, Psychology 46%, Theology 65%

Weapons: Punch / Kick (Boxing) 70%, damage 1D3+db

Spells: None

Roderick Chealingham, Captain, age 36, Baronet

STR 09 DEX 10 INT 08 CON 12
SIZ 10 APP 12 POW 8 EDU 15
SAN 40 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Art (Greek & Latin Classics) 40, Bargain 35, Climb 60, Credit Rating 35, Drive Auto 35, Etiquette 70%, First Aid 50, Hide 55, History 50, Listen 49, Other Language (Latin) 44, Other Language (Greek) 37, Other Language (French) 30, Other Language (German) 25, Persuade 62, Psychology 39, Ride 43, Sneak 43, Spot Hidden 76 %.

Weapons: Punch / Kick 60%, damage 1D3+db
12-guage double Barrelled shotgun 74%,
damage 4D6, 2D6, 1D6
.38 Webley Revolver 65, damage 1D10

Lidiya Eristavi, age 70, Exiled Russian Noblewoman

STR 09 DEX 13 INT 12 CON 12
SIZ 12 APP 09 POW 18 EDU 14
SAN 90 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Art (Iconography) 55%, Art (Oil Painting 45%), Art (Poetry) 16%, Credit Rating 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 4%, Drive Horses 70%, History 41%, Law 15%, Library Use 30%, Listen 05%, Natural History 34%, Navigate 25%, Other Language (English) 60%, Other Language (French) 55%, Ride 67%, Track 40%

Weapons: Fist/Punch 45%, dmg 1D4+ db
Pepperpot pistol 50% dmg 1D6
Riding crop 60%, dmg 1D6+1 + db

Morris Fischstein, age 46, Theatrical Agent

STR 13 DEX 16 INT 16 CON 09
 SIZ 11 APP 08 POW 14 EDU 15
 SAN 70 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting 64%, Bargain 67%, Conceal 30%, Credit rating 49%, Dancing 65%, Dodge 45%, Fast Talk 55%, Jump 40%, Law 44%, Persuade 58%, Photography 50%, Psychology 60%, Spot Talent 80%

Weapons: Punch/Kick 65%, dmg 1D4 + bonus**Leander Rapture Grieve, age 74, Bookshop Proprietor and Antiquarian**

STR 11 DEX 08 INT 15 CON 12
 SIZ 15 APP 7 POW 14 EDU 12
 SAN 70 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Accounting 17%, Art (Books as objects) 79%, Bargain 50%, Conceal 23%, History 56%, Law 35%, Library Use 88%, Locksmith 12%, Occult 35%, Other Language (Latin) 68%, Other Language (French) 53%, Other Language (Flemish) 40%, Other Language (German) 34%, Photography 38%

Weapons: Punch / Kick 25%, damage 1D3+db**Robert Milton Brooksbank, age 34, Rabble Rouser and Demagogue**

STR 12 DEX 11 INT 15 CON 9
 SIZ 13 APP 11 POW 16 EDU 15
 SAN 80 HP 11 MP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting 50%, Astronomy 31%, Bargain 75%, Credit Rating 60%, Fast Talk 75%, Occult 50%, Persuade 75%, Psychology 75%, Swim 40%.

Weapons: Mauser "Broomhandle" M1912, Handgun 35% 1D8.**"Professor" Wallace Gregory, age 45, Amateur Psychotherapist**

STR 13 DEX 11 INT 14 CON 14
 SIZ 14 APP 10 POW 10 EDU 14
 SAN 36 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Accounting 27%, Bargain 11%, Fast Talk 29%, Persuade 28%, Psychoanalysis 2%, Psychology 07%.

Weapons: Fist 65% damage 1D3+1D4**Gabriel James Langdon Hetherington, age 36, Explorer and Archaeologist**

STR 13 DEX 9 INT 15 CON 14
 SIZ 10 APP 8 POW 15 EDU 20
 SAN 75 HP 12

Damage Bonus: NA

Skills: Anthropology 32%, Archaeology 70%, Astronomy 36%, Credit Rating 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 9%, Dodge 18%, Drive Auto 40%, First Aid 50%, Geology 36%, History 70%, Library Use 75%, Natural History 60%, Occult 25%, Farsi 20%, Arabic 30%, Latin 50%, English 100%, Photography 40%, Spot Hidden 45%, Handgun 40%, Rifle 45%.

Weapons: Webley-Fosbery Automatic Revolver .455Webley, safely stored in a drawer and forgotten about in his London home.**Thomas Horsefall, age 26, Classics Teacher**

STR 07 DEX 11 INT 15 CON 06
 SIZ 08 APP 11 POW 12 EDU 17
 SAN 60 HP 07

Damage Bonus: -1D4

Skills: Archaeology 15%, Bargain 10%, History 47%, Library Use 79%, Other Language: Latin 76%, Other Language: Classical Greek 72%, Occult 53%, Photography 61%, Sneak 31%

Weapons: Fist 50%, dmg 1D3

**Douglas Lee Haxton, age 39,
Detective Sergeant**

STR 10 DEX 09 INT 17 CON 11
SIZ 08 APP 10 POW 09 EDU 19
SAN 45 HP 9

Damage Bonus: NA

Skills: Bargain 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Fast Talk 70%, Law 60%, Library Use 65%, Listen 70%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Persuade 70%, Psychology 70%, Spot Hidden 75%, Track 50%.

Weapons: Enfield .38 No. 2 Mark I, Handgun 60% 1D10.

Enid Miller, age 26, Inventor

STR 10 DEX 15 INT 17 CON 11
SIZ 09 APP 12 POW 08 EDU 22
SAN 29 HP 10

Damage Bonus: none

Skills: Anthropology 05%, Astronomy 22%, Bargain 53%, Biology 09%, Chemistry 48%, Credit Rating 19%, Cthulhu Mythos 01%, Electr. Repair 55%, Geology 10%, History 34%, Library Use 40%, Locksmith 19%, Mech. Repair 61%, Natural History 08%, Operate Heavy Machinery 44%, Other Language (French) 23%, Other Language (German) 25%, Persuade 68%, Pharmacy 20%, Physics 64%.

Weapons: Fist 50% damage 1D3

David Pentleton, age 48, Arrogant Lawyer

STR 12 DEX 13 INT 18 CON 09
SIZ 11 APP 10 POW 09 EDU 19
SAN 45 HP 10

Damage Bonus: none

Skills: Credit Rating 50%, Dodge 32%, Fast Talk 89%, History 32%, Law 50%, Library Use 48%, Persuade 76%, Psychology 57%, Other Language: Latin 46%, Spot Hidden 38%.

Weapons: Revolver 20%, damage 1D8

**Sheikh Raschid, age 43,
Arab Prince and Playboy**

STR 13 DEX 14 INT 14 CON 12
SIZ 14 APP 13 POW 18 EDU 17
SAN 90 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Art: Falconry: 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Climb 49%, Credit Rating 83%, Hide 62%, Listen 56%, Natural History 50%, Navigate 43%, Occult 48%, Other Language (Arabic) 86%, Other Language (English) 60%, Other Language (Farsi) 55%, Persuade 73%, Ride 90%, Sneak 58%, Spot Hidden 67%, Track 72%

Weapons: Jezzail Rifle (Single shot, breech loading, one shot every 2 rounds) 80%, damage 1D10.
Jambiya Dagger 61%, damage 1D4+2 +db

Pearl Smith, age 40, Entrepreneur

STR 06 DEX 09 INT 15 CON 11
SIZ 07 APP 10 POW 16 EDU 14
SAN 80 HP 07

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Accounting 70%, Bargain 50%, Credit rating 50%, Law 35%, Library Use 48%, Listen 30%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 45%

Weapons: Fist/Punch 15%, dmg 1D4

Patricia “Tiggy” Smythe, age 33, Psychiatrist

STR 09 DEX 08 INT 14 CON 08
SIZ 13 APP 09 POW 08 EDU 17
SAN 40 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Art (Sketching) 15%, Biology 31%, Credit Rating 45%, First Aid 45%, Library Use 55%, Medicine 75%, Natural History 40%, Other Language (Latin) 41%, Psychoanalysis 56%, Psychology 34%, Spot Hidden 48%

Weapons: 12-gauge shotgun 53%, damage 4D6, 2D6, 1D6

Percival Waring, age 24, Police Sergeant

STR 14 DEX 12 INT 09 CON 14
 SIZ 13 APP 12 POW 11 EDU 8
 SAN 50 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D3

Skills: Climb 50%, Conceal 33%, Dodge 35%, Drive Auto 30%,
 First Aid 40%, Hide 26%, Jump 38%, Law 40%, Listen 46%,
 Psychology 25%, Sneak 39%, Throw 34%, Track 14%

Weapons: Punch / Kick 60%, damage 1D3+db
 Truncheon: 55%, damage 1D6 + db
 Grapple: 60%

**Krzysztof Weisz, age 45,
Camera Maker and Photographer**

STR 07 DEX 09 INT 16 CON 12
 SIZ 09 APP 08 POW 17 EDU 17
 SAN 58 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Astronomy 48%, Chemistry 63%, Craft (grind lenses)
 67%, Credit Rating 12%, Drive Auto 25%, Electrical repair 37%,
 Hide 43%, Locksmith 21%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Natural
 History 16%, Occult 8%, Pharmacy 38%, Photography 55%,
 Physics 40%. Spot Hidden 30%.

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

Heinz Wetenschapper, age 45, Scientist

STR 08 DEX 11 INT 14 CON 11
 SIZ 09 APP 09 POW 12 EDU 19
 SAN 56 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Archaeology 35%, Astronomy 55%, Biology 50%,
 Chemistry 50%, Electrical Repair 50%, Geology 25%, Library
 Use 76%, Other Language (English) 69%, Other Language
 (Dutch) 68%, Physics 70%

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

• MYTHOS THREATS •**Miss Louise Marchant, age 23,
Devotee of Boudicca**

STR 14 DEX 13 INT 13 CON 12
 SIZ 10 APP 14 POW 14 EDU 15
 SAN 25 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none

Skills: Apply Woad 40%, Credit Rating 60%, Dodge 45%,
 History 40%, Other Language (Latin) 60%, Other Language
 (Greek) 50%, Other Language (Anglo Saxon) 60%, Throw 50%.

Weapons: Spear 65%, damage 1D8+1

**Corporal Iain Cartwright, age 28,
Cthonian Cultist**

STR 16 DEX 15 INT 09 CON 17
 SIZ 15 APP 08 POW 07 EDU 08
 SAN 00 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Skills: Conceal 47%, Cthulhu Mythos 8%, Dodge 40%, First Aid
 35%, Geology 65%, Hide 45%, Listen 66%, Mechanical Repair
 38%, Navvying 65%, Occult 6%, Operate Heavy Machine 55%,
 Other Language (Cornish) 25%, Tunnel Engineering 60%,
 Sneak 61%, Throw 46%

Weapons: Pick Axe 60%, dmg 1D6+1 + bonus

Spells: Contact Cthonian

Bunny Warren, Predatory Priest of Cybele

STR 11 DEX 14 INT 12 CON 15
 SIZ 12 APP 11 POW 17 EDU 12
 SAN 00 HP 15 MP 17

Skills: Dancing 60%, Female Impersonation 50%,
 Accountancy 40%, Persuade 60%, Credit Rating 55%, Attack:
 Punch 35%, but he also has two panthers which accompany
 him at most times.

Spells: Contact Cybele (Contact Nyarlathotep), Day of Blood (see pg.88), Initiate Follower (castrates and turns a man into an unswerving follower), Boil Blood (Shrivelling), Blood Calls Blood (a person can be located with any amount of their blood, costs 1 MP), Dominate Panther.

**John Tennant Young, age 37,
Dark Aesthete, Artist (painter)**

STR 12 DEX 13 INT 12 CON 13
SIZ 11 APP 08 POW 14 EDU 18
SAN 20 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none

Skills: Art (Painting) 65%, Credit Rating 37%, Cthulhu Mythos 11%, Library Use 40%, Occult 22%, Other Language (French) 26%, Persuade 43%, Psychology 20%, Spot Hidden 47%.

Weapons: Fist 50% damage 1D3

Spells: Summon/Bind Dark Young, Candle Communications

**Henrietta Spinks, age 30,
Dark Aesthete, Artist (poet)**

STR 08 DEX 11 INT 14 CON 07
SIZ 11 APP 14 POW 11 EDU 17
SAN 40 HP 09

Damage Bonus: none

Skills: Art (Drawing) 20%, Art (Poetry) 5%, Bargain 17%, Cthulhu Mythos 3%, Drive Auto 33%, Fast Talk 21%, Occult 41%, Persuade 68%, Psychology 25%.

Weapons: Fist 50% damage 1D3

Spells: The Sending, Candle Communications

**Annaliese Later, age 21,
Dark Aesthete, Artist (sculptor)**

STR 20 DEX 10 INT 09 CON 18
SIZ 15 APP 06 POW 12 EDU 16
SAN 00 HP 17

Damage Bonus: 1D6

Skills: Art (Sculpture) 60%, Biology 12%, Credit Rating 10%, Cthulhu Mythos 6%, Hide 35%, Listen 29%, Natural History 14%, Other Language (German) 70%, Sneak 28%, Track 18%.

Weapons: Fist 50% damage 1D3 + 1D6
Grapple 60%
Neck Snap*

*Once Annaliese has succeeded in maintaining a grapple for three uninterrupted rounds, she may attempt a resistance check (her STR v. victim's STR) to break the victim's neck, causing instant death.

**Kingsley Dickson, age 398,
Butler to the Outer Gods**

STR 11 DEX 12 INT 19 CON 14
SIZ 12 APP 09 POW 18 EDU 19
SAN 00 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0

Skills: Accounting 57%, Anticipate Desire 83%, Astronomy 35%, Bargain 27%, Conceal 58%, Cough Discretely 90%, Craft (Tailoring) 40%, Credit Rating 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 60%, Drive Auto 55%, Drive Carriage 67%, History 60%, Impeccable Buttlng 80%, Law 40%, Library Use 52%, Listen 95%, Locksmith 38%, Manage Household Staff 85%, Mechanical Repair 44%, Occult 59%, Other Language (Latin) 65%, Other Language (French) 60%, Persuade 85%, Psychology 79%, Raise Eyebrow 90%, Sneak 47%, Spot Hidden 81%, The Done Thing 95%

Weapons: Improvised Melee Weapon (e.g lamp, flatiron, mop) 70%, dmg varies

Spells: Augur, Chant of Thoth, Cloud Memory, Contact Azathoth, Contact Nyarltothotep. Pose Mundane, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shuh-Niggurath

Lily Keller, Enemy of Shub-Niggurath

STR 10 DEX 13 INT 16 CON 12
 SIZ 10 APP 12 POW 16 EDU 13
 SAN 00 HP 12 MP 16

Skills: Dancing 60%, Female Impersonation 50%,
 Accountancy 40%, Persuade 60%, Credit Rating 55%, Artist
 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 55%.

Spells: Contact Shub-Niggurath, Summon the Great God Pan
 (Avatar of Shub-Niggurath).

Attack: Knife 35%

• THE SOCIETY OF LONDON •
 FOR THE
 EXPLORATION AND DEVELOPMENT
 OF THE ESOTERIC SCIENCES

**Lady Cynthia Cummings, age 48,
Vehicle for alien intelligence**

STR 11 DEX 12 INT 16 CON 12
 SIZ 10 APP 12 POW 10 EDU 15
 SAN 00 HP 11 DB 00

Brawl 25%, damage 1D3
 Dodge 35%

Skills: Art/Craft (Flower Arranging) 70%, Charm 60%, Credit
 Rating 80%, Science (Botany) 70%.

**Dr Anthony Dormer, age 43,
Manipulator of Minds**

STR 11 DEX 08 INT 16 CON 12
 SIZ 15 APP 08 POW 16 EDU 17
 SAN 25 HP 13 DB 00

Attacks: 1
 Brawl 30%, damage 1D3
 Dodge 21%

Skills: Credit Rating 60% , Hypnosis 80%, Medicine 40%,
 Persuade 60%, Psychology 70%.

Spells: Compulsion, Excision.

**Dr Henry Yeoward, age 55,
Dogmatic Rationalist**

STR 09 DEX 09 INT 18 CON 08
 SIZ 13 APP 12 POW 06 EDU 20
 SAN 18 HP 10 DB 00 Build 00
 Move 05

Brawl 25%, damage 1D3
 Dodge 23%

Skills: Credit Rating 60% , First Aid 60%, Intimidate 70%,
 Medicine 70%, Science (Biology) 70%, Science (Chemistry)
 60%.

A		D		(The) Growth Of Empire	24
(Potential) Allies and Associates	61	(The) Daedalus Club	77		
(The) Argentium Astrum	53	About the Club	77	H	
AoS Cards	117	Activities	79	Hawksmoor, Nicholas	33
Appendix	121	(The) Club Building	78	(Douglas Lee) Haxton	70, 123
(The) Atlantis Bookshop	46	(The) Club Today	78	(The) Heart of the Black Pharaoh	103
		Leadership and Staff	80	(The) Hellfire Club	56
B		Membership Privileges and Dues	78	(The) Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn	57
Bacon, Roger	28	Recent Lectures	79	Herne, God of Wild Things	94
Below the Surface	38	Recruitment	78	(Gabriel James Langdon) Hetherington	68, 122
(Father Peter) Benedict	62, 121	Resources	79	(Notable) Historical Occult Figures in London	28
Bennett, Charles Henry Alan	29	(Why) Daedalus and Icarus?	82	(Colonel William Hoyt) Holt	80
(The) Beta Strain	102	(The) Dark Aesthetes	88	(Thomas) Horsefall	69, 122
(New Spell:) Bind Animalcule	117	Dashwood, Sir Francis	32	(The) House of Aleister Crowley	42
Bingham, Jinney	29	Deadly Curios	110	(The) House of Doctor Dee	42
Biology	101	Dee, Doctor John	32		
Blake, William	30	Deep One Alarm Substance	101	I	
Blavatsky, Madame	30	Deep One Breeding Programme	111	(The) Icarus Club	81
(The) Blind Man of St Martin's	54	Deep One/Pig Hybrid	111	(A) Brief History	81
(The) Book of Silvered Leaves	114	(Doctor Alexander Mikalovich) Denikin	61, 121	(The) Icarus "Clubhouse"	82
Book of the Mother	98	(Kingsley) Dickson	92, 125	Membership	81
(The) Books of Dr Dee	113	(Dr Anthony) Dormer	108, 126	Resources	81
Botany	102	Dorset Street	41	Imperial London	24
Boudicca's Army	84	(The) Dream Journals of Dr Emerich Winter	105	Imperial War Museum	43
Bran, the Watcher and Protector	94	Dreich, Professor Hans	60	Introduction	8
Bringing Mythos London to Life	10	(Mr) Dunn	80		
(Robert Milton) Brooksbank	67, 122	(Mrs) Dunwoody	80	J	
(The) Brothers of the Dragon	85	(Mrs. James B.) Dwight III	81	(St) James Garlickhythe	49
Budge, Sir Ernest Alfred Thomson Wallis	30			Jewish Magical Organisations	57
Building a Campaign	82	E		Jezreel's Palace	44
Byakhee Alarm Substance	101	(Countess Lidiya Nastya) Eristavi	64, 121		
		(Flora) Evert-Cunningham	81	K	
C		Excision	105	(A) Keeper's History of London	21
Camden Catacombs	39			(Lily) Keller	98, 126
(Corporal Iain) Cartwright	86, 124	F		(The) Kindred of the Kibbo Kift	58
Catacombs	39	Falk, Jacob	33		
(Giant) Centipede	106	(Morris) Fischstein	65, 122	L	
(Captain Roderick) Chealingham	63, 121	Flammarion, Camille	60	(Annaliese) Later	89, 125
Chemistry	107	Flanders, 1916	85	Lesser Powers of London	94
Chimera	100	(The) Friends of Mrs Attwood	54	(The) Little World	58
Chinese Magical Organisations	55	(Nicholas) Frobisher	80	London, 1920	86
Chiselhurst Caves	40			London in the Early 20th Century	25
Command Golem	119	G		London's Creeping	14
Compulsion	105	(The) Ghost Club	56	London's Dreaming	10
(New Spell:) Contact Angel	113	Ghouls of London	90	London's Hiding	11
Cowper-Coles, Sherard	31	Further Investigation	91	London's Screaming	17
(Miss Amelia) Courtiss	80	Revelation	92		
Create Golem	119	Gladys Rowbottom Vanishes	110	M	
(Edward Alexander "Aleister") Crowley	31	(5) Great Stanhope Street	43	Macklin-Karinthy Visualisation Powder	116
Crystal Palace	40	(The) Greater Service	92	(New Spell:) Magical Glyph	114
(The) Cult of Cybele	87	("Professor" Wallace) Gregory	68, 122	(Miss Louise) Marchant	84, 124
(Lady Cynthia) Cummings	109, 126	(Leander Rapture) Grieve	66, 122	(The) Masonic Court	44

Medicine	100	Q	Tower Bridge	51
Medieval London	23	Queen Rat	96 (The) True Discoveries of Witches and Demons	119
(Enid) Miller	71, 123	Revelation	97 Tudor London	23
Miss Fowler Commands	5	Using Queen Rat	96 (Other) Tunnels	39
Monas Hieroglyphica	114		(Secret) Tunnels and Citadels	39
(A) Most Dangerous Proof	110	R		
Mythos Spells and Tomes	113	(His Excellency Sheikh) Rashid ibn Ibrahim	72, 123 U	
Mythos Timeline of London	25	(The) Restoration of the Monarchy	24 Unusual and Fortean Events in London	35
Mythos Threats	84	Rivers	38 Unusual Locations	38
(Other) Mythos Tomes	117	(The) Romans and Londinium	21 Using the Clubs in Your Game	82
			Benefits	82
			Who Might Be Members?	82
N		S		
Navigationem Caelorum	115	Sacred Stones	48	
(The) Necropolis Railway	45	(A) Sample Puzzle	78 V	
New Spells	119	(St) Saviour's Burial Ground	50 Victorian London	24
(The) New Thought Movement	59	Scenario Seeds	110 Viking London	22
North Cornwall, 1908	85	(The) Second Diary of Jacob Falk	118 (The) Vine that the Lightning Strikes	97
		Sewers	39	
		(Pearl) Smith	73, 123 W	
O		(Patricia "Tiggy") Smythe	74, 123 (Sergeant Percival) Waring	75, 124
Occult Bookshops of London	45	(The) Society for Psychical Research	60 (Bunny) Warren	87, 124
Occult Chemistry	116	(The) Society of London for the Exploration	Watkins	46
Occult Organisations Operating in 1920s London	53	and Development of the Esoteric Sciences	98 Watkins, Alfred	34
Odd Addresses	46	History	98 (Krzysztof) Weisz	75, 124
(The) Ordo Templi Orientis	59	(The) Meeting Hall	100 (54) Welbeck Street	51
		Significant Fellows of the Society	108 (Heinz) Wetenschapper	76, 124
P		(The) Society as an Investigator group	99 William The Conqueror	22
(38) Parliament Street	46	(The) Society as Antagonists	99 Williams, John	34
(David) Pentleton	71, 123	(Henrietta) Spinks	89, 125 (Reverend) Witherspoon	80
(The) People of London	53	(The) Spiritualist Movement	60	
(Halden) Petrie	80	(The) Stuarts And The Civil War	23 Y	
Physics	106	Studies and Experiments	100 (Dr Henry) Yeoward	108, 126
Picatrix	114	Swedenborg, Emmanuel	34 (John Tennant) Young	88, 125
Plague Pits	47			
Post-Roman and Anglo-Saxon London	22			
Price, Harry	33	T	Z	
Psychoanalysis	103	Tamesis, Goddess of Water	95 Zoology	101
Psychology	105	(The) Theosophical Society	61	