

FOR
**Call of
Cthulhu**
1890s

DARK DESIGNS

Occult
Terrors in
1890s
England



Hallett, Jacklin, Isinwyll,
Gibbons, Geier, Triplett-Smith





Howard Phillips Lovecraft 1890-1937
Celebrating the Second Century

Dark Designs

Occult Terrors in 1890s England



DARK DESIGNS

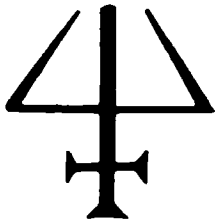
Occult Terrors in 1890s England
For Call of Cthulhu

by

David Hallett

Kevin W. Jacklin

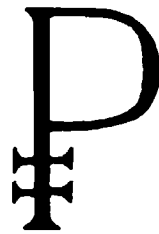
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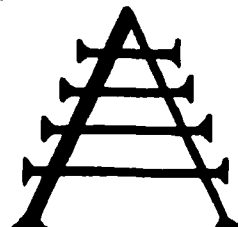
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Introduction

Here are three new scenarios for 1890s *Call of Cthulhu*. All are set in southern England. Though they might form a mini-campaign, no necessary link connects them.

On the opposing page, selected London locations are superimposed on a Baedeker plan of main streets and railways of the era. The darkest printing points to locations in the scenarios. Most locations are shown—enough that keepers may need no other reference.

Wanting more London detail, at the end of this book is a 17x22-inch sheet shot from strip maps printed in 1898 (sharp eyes will note where the three strips join). With this, one can wander street by street through the central London of that day. The numbered grid refers to the guide book, not to the scenarios. For setting London, a metropolitan map appears on page 47. Finally, a fold-out railways map for southern England and Wales is bound in after page 32; it names rail lines and counties, and shows many towns and cities.

1890s Investigators

Near the end of this book are copies of the guide to 1890s investigators, a summary for generating player-characters. These facing pages are unusually complete, since players often neglect to bring their own rulesbooks just when multiple rulesbooks would be most useful. The keeper may have to explain the significance of particular skills and answer general questions, but photocopying (or removing and passing around the extra set of instructions), should greatly speed generation.

This guide differs in minor ways with the *Gaslight* investigator-creation chapters. No conflict should be assumed. However, *Dark Designs* uniformly raises investigators to Upper Class status, to insulate them from day-to-day monetary need.

Britain in the 1890s is still a class-bound land, where money and power often reflect from aristocratic birth or connections. Doors are closed arbitrarily then, opportunity is very limited, and unwritten prohibitions about crossing class lines are often enforced by the police. Though some might enjoy playing Lower Class investigators in such a situation, many others may not enjoy being told “No!” again and again. Either the players are interested in the problem and become very ingenious or else the keeper makes special allowance. So might we generally.

In these scenarios the importance of Credit Rating has been emphasized. This was hinted at in *Arkham Unveiled*, but there investigators could be presumed no better than they ought to be, dubious sorts probably new to town. The investigators in *Dark Designs* are native to Britain or the Commonwealth, have lifelong friends and associates in England, and are rich enough to want to protect their status. Credit Rating is a two-edged sword in a small society, and aristocratic London is small, a few thousands of people, with several thousands more of income equal to or greater than the investigators'. A loss of much Credit Rating within this comparatively small circle is a loss of contacts, friendships, connections, entry, and cachét. Simply put, there life is easy with good reputation, and Credit Rating is a thing to protect.

The 1890s investigator section also includes a weapons table integrated to the period; examination discloses a few new weapons and an extension of the malfunction-number rule which first appeared in *Cthulhu Now*.

A new version of the investigator sheet specific to the 1890s then follows; this sheet is two-sided, but the back side merely consists of aids to memory. That side is screened back, for easy over-writing.

If photocopying this section, be sure to photocopy all of the pages for each player. The last 16 pages and the London street map are perforated to allow removal from the book.

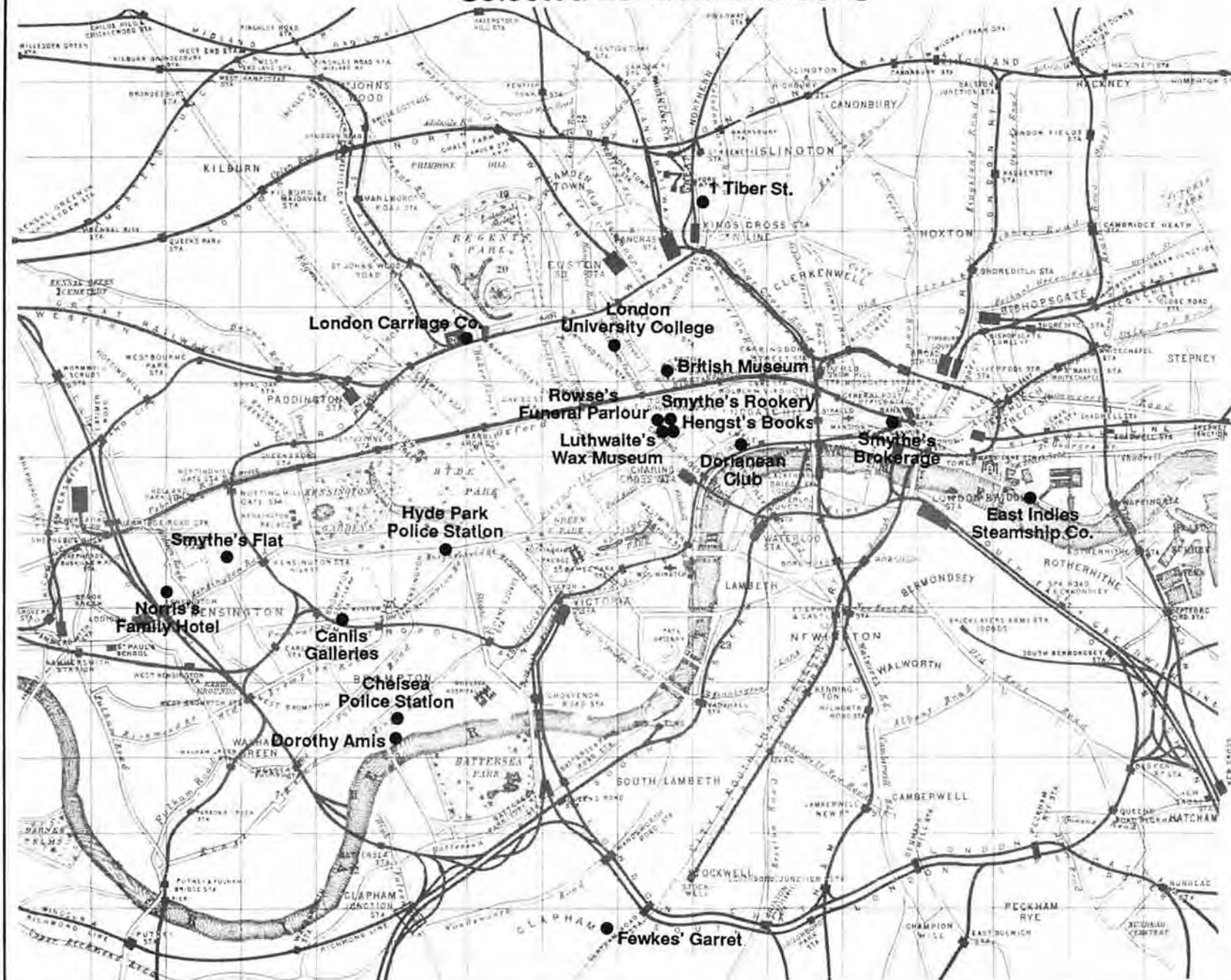
Final Points

If going to the trouble of generating investigators, why not build several per player? Sudden death or disablement often keeps a player from the action for a while. In groups of four players or less, keepers might consider routinely allowing two investigators to each player, to the end of continuity as well as to widen investigator scope of action. Two investigators per person also allows one to be Upper Class, and the other to be Lower Class—convenient when dirty or disreputable actions must be taken.

Always draw out the details of an investigation as carefully as combat. Never dismiss a line of clues with two or three quick die rolls. Investigation is truer to the game than combat heroics. Much of the material in this book is investigation: neglecting it in favor of the occasional lurid encounter is to pass over most of the game.



Selected London Locations



to the Albert Docks
to 14 Bridge St.

Eyes For The Blind

or, The Adventure of the Iron Knives, wherein the investigators confront villainy of the most monstrous kind, and find that good men and bad men alike can overreach themselves.

'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.

—Shakespeare. *King Lear*.

Scenario Considerations

Set in England in the 1890s, this scenario is intended for four to six investigators. They may be British, American, or of any nationality, but to be effective in this epoch investigators need Middle Class or Upper Class occupations, and Credit Ratings of at least 40%.

Investigators need not be extraordinarily experienced, but it could be helpful if one or more have some skill in Occult, or perhaps know a spell or two. Failing that, the keeper might so pace and arrange the adventure so that reasonable time can be spent acquiring such capability personally or via third parties, or adopt a solution to the scenario which does not require it.

At least one investigator should be an inquisitive sort, so that the adventure may start properly.

If 1890s-era investigators are to be generated for this adventure, read the introduction, which includes a modified investigator sheet. The volume *Gaslight* offers another approach to investigator skills, classes, and income.

Statistics for characters introduced in this adventure are found at its conclusion; an illustration of each important character accompanies the narrative, near the introduction of the character.

More background material than normal appears in this scenario, in an effort to situate keepers in not only times but places strange to most.

WEATHER

If the scenario's chronology is maintained, keep in mind that the initially pleasant summery conditions at the beginning of the game should intensify as the summer solstice approaches. The average temperature rises; showers become infrequent. Over the last four days, a heat-wave strikes the country. Harsh cloudless skies appear, along with wilting humidity. Temperatures climb to 90°F and higher. Heat and humidity then break in a cataclysmic storm during the conclusion.

CHRONOLOGY

The chronology of events found nearby assumes specific dates, and supplies dates and days of the week appropriate to a climax on the summer solstice. Arrange the year and the intervals within it as convenient—the chronology appears as a convenience, not as a command.

Scenario Events

Date	Event
24 May	Murder of Elias Cartwright.
26 May	Horatio shows Necronomicon to Hengst.
27 May	Gypsy fair leaves Aylesbury
28 May	Cartwright's funeral.
29 May	Horatio to Truro and the Black Lion.
30 May	Murder of Oldacre.
	Gypsy fair arrives at Henley.
2 June	Murder of Horatio Cartwright.
	Hotel fire in Cornish newspapers.
7 June	Gypsy fair leaves Henley.
9 June	Gypsy fair arrives Newbury
	Mortlake house burns down this evening.
15 June	Gypsy fair leaves Newbury.
17 June	Gypsy fair arrives at Silbury Hill.
21 June	Night of summer solstice: raising of Dulcamon.

To keep Henley Regatta in its normal month of July, English keepers should exchange summer solstice for some obscure occult day a month later, and shift down all the events by one month.

KEEPER RESERVES

Since both the cabal and Smythe's criminal network can have any number of members, the keeper should not want for extra thugs and murderers, but only madman Serge Verdain, the surgeon who performs Ferencz's skin grafts, is discussed at length. Find him in the "Silbury Hill" section; his statistics appear at the end of the adventure.

Keeper Information

As bystanders to a bizarre killing, the investigators come to the attention of the men who ordered the assassination. Especially if the investigators do not react, they are likely

to be threatened and perhaps murdered themselves. Intriguing clues lure them to Berkshire, Cornwall, and London. As they assemble evidence and perceive the dimensions of the plot, perils mount. The conclusion occurs near Avebury, on the night of the summer solstice.

A cabal of sorcerers intends to raise the Dulcamon, the intermediary life-spirit of Britain, an occult presence of great power and significance. Their plan requires particular preparations, among which is the building of an effigy, the Green Man, to house some of the spirit of the Dulcamon.

The leader of the cabal is a 452-year-old wizard, Nystor Ferencz, who lives in a caravan accompanying a gypsy fair. His second-in-command is the redoubtable David Smythe, wizard, stockbroker, keen-thinker, and commander of thugs—a Moriarty-like figure astride not merely organized crime but planar universes. These two, their lieutenants, and their organization are powerful, intelligent, ruthless, and energetic.

In raising or releasing the Dulcamon, the cabal expects the entity to diminish or extinguish civilization. Personal opportunities for the powerful and the greedy are greatest in dark ages and times of interregnum; these men fantasize of kingdoms and titles, human slaves and serfs, and possessing and dispensing all things precious and irreplaceable. Immortal rewards may be theirs as well.

Once freed, control of the Dulcamon is uncertain, but they also hope to appropriate its principle of fecundity to the benefit of Mythos species abroad on the earth.

The Dulcamon

According to the Oxford English Dictionary, the word is medieval Latin, borrowed from the Arabic *dulqamayn*, or two-horned, taking the meaning *bicornis* or *cornutus*—literally, 'lord of the two horns.' It came to mean a dilemma ('at dulcamon'), or a person in a dilemma ('halted between two opinions').

In this scenario the imputations of the word are literal: the Dulcamon is mostly used as a synonym for the Horned Man, the untamed stag-headed force who links humanity with the animal world, a symbol of life's extra-human virility, fecundity, and ferocity. In consort with the million-breasted Mother-Wife, the couple symbolically regenerate each year's life for the next year. With them in the shadow-land is all coming life. Without this couple, the land is barren, old life withers, and no new life conceives. Theirs is a true partnership; they are equal aspects, and one may not be removed from the other.

Silbury Hill, not far from Stonehenge, is the largest megalithic mound in Europe, 12.5 million cubic feet of earth, clay, gravel, and chalk block. It dates from at least 4500 BP. Though numerous excavations have determined how it was constructed, the purpose of its creation is unknown to archaeologists.

The legend adapted herein suggests that Merlin (or in later versions a Christian saint or good priest) imprisoned the malevolence of the Dulcamon beneath Silbury Hill, so that the land of Britain could become civilized—another truth which seems simple and turns out to be complex.

Considerable historical information assists the keeper narrative, but it is essential that he or she carefully read this adventure before attempting it.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF HIGH CREDIT RATING

Suggest—better yet, demonstrate—to the players that they should be chary of wielding too much influence at the murder scenes; investigating police will not take kindly to what may appear to be irresponsible and ghoulish curiosity-seeking. Repeated episodes undoubtedly bring police inquiries as to the purpose of these intrusions, and blunt reminders that the code of courtesy includes cooperation and respect for the men who are charged with the task of defending the Empire and civilized conduct from threats within.

As the murders accrue, the investigators themselves become links between these horrendous crimes, otherwise identifiable only by the strange dagger left in the body of each victim. Once involved with the official investigation, they must either report everything they learn, or they must consciously obstruct the course of justice, and become accessories to the crimes. The keeper should observe the styles with which the investigators react: did they uphold their own high Credit Ratings? If not, and if disreputable deeds come to light, they forfeit their standing in society.

Investigator Information

IT IS THE MORNING. The weather is fine and sunny. A gentle breeze wafts across Platform Five of Twyford station, where the investigators wait for the ten o'clock train to Henley-on-Thames.

Twyford is a medium-sized Berkshire village on the train line from Reading to London's Paddington station. The station also serves a branch line on which a small train runs to Wargrave, Shiplake and Henley-on-Thames, and it is on this smaller side platform that the investigators stand.

Various reasons may take the investigators to Henley.

The most obvious reason and the most enjoyable is the Henley Royal Regatta, in progress when this scenario begins. The annual regatta is at a peak of popularity in this period. Patronized by royalty, as the name suggests, it consists of a great number of rowing events and is an important event in the social round of the upper classes. Since people love to be associated with money and power even if they have none of their own, those of every status turn out to watch, and many locals find temporary employment during the regatta. Nothing would be more natural than that investigators of any social standing visit Henley on holiday, even if just for the day.

Alternately, investigators might live in Twyford and be visiting Henley for a shopping expedition. Or perhaps they live in Henley and are returning home by train, having visited Twyford, or London, or elsewhere.

ON THE TRAIN

Platform Five is where they are. Take time to have the players describe and introduce their investigators to each others if they have not met before. Then a tall man in a dark



Horatio Cartwright

suit and bowler hat approaches, carrying a briefcase. He has glasses, a handlebar moustache, and looks to be in his thirties. His manner is supercilious, but he does seem anxious or nervous. He sits on the wooden platform bench and glances about him from time to time.

The tall man is Horatio Cartwright, a City stockbroker, perhaps deducible from his appearance. Why should he be on the side platform of a

sleepy Berkshire station when he should be at work? He bears a hand-written message from his father, Dr. Elias Cartwright, now deceased, to a Jeremiah Oldacre of Henley. The younger Cartwright does not know it, but Oldacre is dead, too—as in minutes Horatio himself will be.

Today's train arrives, with only one car rather than two. During the Regatta, most passengers prefer to travel first class, and so the single car is a first-class carriage: to prevent inconvenience to regular users, the railway charges only the standard fare. Investigators of lower social station are doubtless impressed by the sumptuous furnishings.

If the keeper wishes, the platform can be crowded with men and women headed to the Regatta. This insures that the investigators, Cartwright, and the blind man sit nearby. On the other hand, if the train is nearly empty, no one sees if the investigators examine the scene of the crime to come. Consider the situation, especially potential relations with the police, before making a choice.

Cartwright gets into the carriage with everybody else. As the guard is about to blow his whistle, there is a shout from up the platform. The portly station-master is escorting a blind man down the platform.

The blind man wears a black suit and hat, and carries a stick. He walks stiffly and



The Blind Man

awkwardly. Opaque black spectacles cover his eyes. He is clean-shaven. Earlier, Cartwright waited before boarding, and then sat down as far as possible from the rest of the passengers. The blind man makes his way toward Cartwright and sits down opposite him with odd precision; Cartwright stiffens in annoyance at the intrusion but does not move.

A Journey Interrupted

The guard blows his whistle and the train moves unhurriedly out of the station. The little engine puffs along the riverside route. Sunlight streams in through the windows of the carriage, the air is fresh and healthful, and the land is verdant. Blind man and the stockbroker sit facing one another, neither speaking.

Halfway between Shiplake and Henley the train enters a short tunnel. As the carriage goes dark, a choked scream and a heavy thump occur as a body hit the floor. Then the jolt and squeal of the emergency brakes locks the passengers in their seats, and the little train grinds to a halt, still in the tunnel. The 1D3 investigators nearest the stockbroker feel sudden pulses of warm, sticky liquid, a fine spray as though from a tube. A sharp sweet scent fills the coach.

There is no conductor on so short a trip, but—the train stopped—the engineer can be heard in the distance speculating as to what sort of fool stopped the train in the tunnel. His angry footsteps approach through the gravel, but his intent is so removed from what the passengers immediately face that the sounds are not understood: the darkness is palpable, and the passengers are in the presence of something horrible.

Then the guard appears, bearing a lamp. The pool of light moves across the coach. Gasps of horror are general. The stockbroker dangles from the emergency cord, his right hand clutching it in a death grip, held upright against the seat by the bulk of the blind man. The hilt of a knife protrudes from the stockbroker's chest.

The blind man slumps frozen against the broker, the victim's blood staining the front of the blind man's clothes. The blind man, too, is dead, though without apparent wound. The stockbroker suddenly gurgles, then the cord slips from his grasp. That support lost, victim and murderer collapse on the floor.

Engineer and guard are horrified at the carnage; neither lose their heads. The engineer runs to Shiplake to telegraph the police, while the guard ushers the living from the carriage and then goes up and down the line to set out warning lights, as required by regulations.

No passenger knows either blind man or stockbroker.

Inspecting The Bodies

The investigators can investigate matters for themselves until the guard returns. If they do not, the keeper must supply alternate links to the mystery. If the players hesitate,

assure them that investigators of high status will be deferred to by the rural constabulary, and that in this era people of high status have power enough to insure the swift punishment of those who insult them. The police will be annoyed and the coroner's court indignant, nothing more.

THE BLIND MAN

The blind man is dead. He drips with blood, but is unwounded. The fresh blood on him is plainly Cartwright's. How then did the blind man die?

Even a forensic pathologist in an examining room could not answer, since the evidence is contradictory. The limbs of the blind man are stiffened with rigor mortis, the reason apparently that the two corpses remained upright for a few seconds, and the cadaver's temperature is not more than 80°F. Putrefaction has not begun. Post-mortem lividity is apparent on the corpse's chest and belly, not his feet, or back and buttocks as would be indicated by the final position of the corpse. But there should not be such lividity this soon after death, for the blood should not yet have clotted. Plainly the corpse died at least an hour or two before, and was dead before he climbed onto the train.

Removing the blind man's glasses, the investigators see that he was not merely sightless but eyeless, possessing empty hollow sockets.

He bears no identifying papers, and his clothes have no labels. His pockets, except for his ticket, are empty of money, matches, even of lint. His proximity and anonymity suggest his connection with the murder, but why?

THE STOCKBROKER

In contrast, the stockbroker offers bounteous evidence. He actually was stabbed three times, the last directly through the heart. He is Horatio Cartwright, an identity attested to by correspondence, calling cards, and business cards. His personal address, printed as a Chelsea address, has been altered in ink to *2 Church Street, Mortlake*. Mortlake is a western suburb of London, on the Thames.

THE STOCKBROKER'S BRIEFCASE

Mr. Cartwright's briefcase contains papers from assorted companies concerning investments and prospects, all unremarkable. If the keeper wishes, one innocuous letter is from Elias Cartwright, concerning a small sale of stock, incidentally establishing his relation to Horatio and his hand in writing, so that who has written Player Handout #1 is clear. Otherwise the point must be addressed later.

In addition, an unsealed brown envelope is addressed in copperplate handwriting to *J. Oldacre Esq., 9 Hart Street, Henley-on-Thames*. *By Hand* is written in the top right-hand corner. Within the envelope is a short letter.



Player Handout #1

My honoured friend Jeremiah,

By the time you read this I fear that I shall be dead. But the time has come to act. Nystor Ferencz means to raise the Dulcarnon, with incalculable consequences. He boasted much in his converse with me, and now I fear I know too much for his liking. Olaus Wormius I have instructed Horatio to hide and by now he should have destroyed the Green Man if all has gone well. I have buried the other things at Robin Hood's Bower; you know where. Go quickly and beware of blind men who are not what they seem.

Elias

THE MURDER WEAPON

The knife protruding from Cartwright's chest is embedded up to the weapon's plain circular guard. The hilt is of fine copper wire wrapped over an iron tang. The iron pommel is globular and smooth except for an encircling relief, a stylized serpent. Pommel, tang, and blade are cast as one.

Pulled out, this weapon has a curiously tapering triangular blade about ten inches long, more like that of a spear's head than an ordinary knife. The three cutting edges are sharp, and the tip is needle sharp. Clearly the weapon was intended to thrust, not to slash, chop, or parry. Manufacture appears new. Those knowledgeable about edged weapons do not recognize this design.

If removed from the body, a rather dire thing to do in a murder case, the investigator holding the knife notices that the fulcrum of the weapon is toward the tip of the blade, not near the guard as is common. The metal has an unpleasant

About The Special Knives

The knives which Strazi throws, which Smythe carries, and which the zombies used as murder weapons, are obtained by Ferencz from an unknown source, probably Chinese. All the weapons are identical in appearance and function.

Each has a curiously tapering triangular iron blade, about seven inches long. The three cutting edges are very sharp; the tip is needle sharp. The iron pommel is globular and smooth, except for the encircling relief of a stylized serpent. The guard is plain and circular. The hilt is of fine copper wire wrapped over an iron tang. The weapon weighs about two pounds.

The metal of the cylinder has an unpleasant slimy sheen and touch; washed, or wrapped in absorbent cloth, the slimy feeling persists, and cannot be expunged, even by acid baths and other drastic measures.

If the holder firmly grasps it in one hand, and the command *close!* is spoken or thought, then the knife seems to blur, squirm, and suddenly condenses into an iron cylinder, about a palms' length long. With a successful Spot Hidden, a faint vertical seam can be seen at one end, and a faint circular seam at the other end. No amount of pulling or wedging opens it in any way. The holder who gave the command loses a magic point; if he or she were then to command *open!*, the dagger would reform into itself, at the cost of another magic point. This startling effect may also cost a point or two of Sanity; judge how much by the situation, but allow a successful Sanity roll to avoid all or all but 1 point of loss.

slimy sheen and touch; washed, or wrapped in absorbent cloth, the slimy feeling persists.

Wielding such a weapon for very long would be unusually tiring, but this is a throwing knife, suited to an idiosyncratic knife-throwing style. The keeper should neither confirm nor deny such investigator suppositions; no way exists to know if such a guess is correct.

For more knife information, see the nearby box.

The Police, & Thereafter

When the guard returns, he prevents the investigators from further disturbing the scene of the crime, and soon everyone is caught up in a vaguely comforting whirl of human activity. Within forty minutes a half-dozen police arrive, headed by Inspector James Longtree, head of the Henley constabulary. The investigators and what other witnesses the keeper includes, are escorted to Henley police station and there requested to make written statements, without consultation. These are carefully scrutinized, and every inconsistency questioned before the investigators are allowed to depart.

If they deny particular knowledge, investigators with Credit Ratings of 70% or higher may depart quickly from the scene of the crime, merely indicating their names and likely movements for the next few days.

Longtree is 55 years old, balding, with a large bushy moustache. He is blond and plump. An experienced man of methodical bent, he questions everything and takes nothing for granted. He has an earnest impatience with meddling amateurs.

Investigators of higher social status who have reasonable stories see that Longtree treats them with greater respect than he does the unwashed and uneducated.

Eventually everyone is allowed to go.

The keeper must choose whether or not to emphasize the police during this scenario. Inspector Longtree can come to represent general police authority, though the investigations actually would be performed by his counterparts where the murders are discovered or committed.

INVESTIGATOR CHOICES

The investigators can go home and ignore the matter, or they can pursue the lines of inquiry leading from the evidence at the murder scene, including Oldacre's house in Henley, the Cartwright house in Mortlake, and Robin Hood's Bower—and later Rowse's Funeral Parlour, Abraham Hengst, and The Black Lion in Truro.



Inspector Longtree

The scenario deals with the leads in the order shown, then turns to Silbury Hill for the finale.

Activities of the Cabal

What the players cannot do is to continue with their peaceful lives. The cabal pursues the investigators if given reason to believe that they know anything. If they have examined the evidence at the murder scene, or have taken and/or read the letter to Oldacre, they may be watched.

Smythe's financial, social, and thieves'-citadel connections offer him several ways to learn from local police reports. Despite his excellent connections, Smythe cannot ask for confidential information directly, fearing to connect himself. But he can learn casually who has the information, and then set his underworld hirelings to acquire it independently from their police sources. That takes a day.

Smythe is suspicious if no message is found on Cartwright: he knows that Cartwright went to Henley to visit Oldacre, and Smythe deduces a message, since as a fellow broker Horatio Cartwright is a notorious duffer, with whom it would be pointless to confer, to negotiate, or otherwise attempt to think.

AGAINST THE INVESTIGATORS

If the investigators have been unknown to the cabal, it approaches them deliberately and methodically. If the investigators already have achieved something of note in England, the cabal treads even more carefully.

- First come break-ins by professional burglars at the investigators' homes. Little is taken or disturbed, but a successful know roll for each residence detects the intrusions. If investigators have large occult or Mythos book or artifact collections, those holdings will be rifled, and perhaps pilfered from. If they have it, the letter to Oldacre will be stolen.
- Underworld small-fry follow the investigators, monitor their activities, and learn of some of their friends and acquaintances. Are any Upper Class investigators members of clubs? Do they frequent the Reading Room at the British Museum, or other scholarly resources? Who are their solicitors? Their bankers? Do they regularly go to meetings, have a business, or frequent particular kinds of social functions?
- Then the attacks begin. An investigator returns home to find a pet maimed, a servant beaten, or his home aflame.
- If Smythe's men cannot do the job properly, he asks Ferencz's help. Day after day thereafter, the blind men begin to dog the investigators' movements, each armed with the same sort of triangularly-bladed dagger, waiting to kill. A short-cut down a mews or alleyway may lead to capture or death. At the scene of each death, police find the same of sort of dagger that killed Horatio Cartwright.

To protect themselves, the investigators must find out what is happening.

PLAYING THE BLIND MEN

Nystor Ferencz is described in the Silbury Hill section that concludes this adventure. He is 452 years old. He has kept himself alive by means at times hasty and desperate. He lives still, but his grossly-extended physical existence has prompted severe physical degeneration, confining him to a horse-drawn gypsy caravan wagon.

The blind men are Nystor's eyes and messengers, zombie corpses kept alive through magic, and adapted to Ferencz's requirements. They have no eyes because the sorcerer has removed them; the eyes sit in small tanks in his caravan. He can pick a pair of eyes at will and thrust them into his own orbless pits, then see through the zombie's eyes as though they were in the zombie and working. With this contact, he also magically controls the zombie's movements as if his own. Nystor's modifications apart, the blind men are equivalent to zombies; use zombie statistics at the end of this adventure if needing extras.

Ferencz can also cast spells via a blind man. This is difficult since the cadaver's dried throat and tongue do not respond easily, and the major muscles are clumsy and slow to respond. Nonetheless, they are hard to kill, they tell no tales, and can be disarmingly innocent in several ways.

For instance, Ferencz might have a blind man zombie stab itself in the chest, stagger into public view, point back at an astonished investigator, then collapse. When Ferencz withdraws his attention, the zombie falls to the ground dead. To bystanders and police, the investigator seems to have just killed a helpless blind man. The set-up must be invented, but the potential for fun is enormous.

Investigations

Henley-on-Thames

HENLEY IS a market town on the Berkshire-Oxfordshire border, astride the River Thames. Although one of the prettier towns on the Thames, Henley is famous only for Henley Royal Regatta, the world's premier rowing festival, attracting teams from many lands. It takes place annually, normally in early July.

The town has not yet heard of the horrible murder aboard the train; as it prepares for the Regatta it is a-buzz over something equally bizarre. The investigators see the headline at Henley station, and could read the story while waiting to give statements to Inspector Longtree.

Player Handout #2

INFANTS IN THE POST

Alerted by the strange noises emanating from a parcel in his van, a railway guard last night discovered that it contained two

unconscious children, a boy and a girl, neither of the pair more than a few months in age.

The police at Henley are most interested in speaking to anyone who can shed any light on this matter.

The babies were both alive and little the worse for their ordeal, provision for their breathing having been made, and they have been taken to Henley Old Orphanage, whereto anyone who can render assistance in the matter of their parentage should apply.

The parcel was addressed to Mr James O'Callaghan, care of Henley Post Office. It had been posted in the London area. Postal inspector Michael Perles expressed the opinion that the name is likely to be false. Other officers suggested that the mailing would prove to be someone's ignorant attempt to save money on a ticket.

Investigations continue today.

Police inquiries produce no information. "James O'Callaghan" is the pseudonym of Dr. Serge Verdain, the surgeon who maintains Nystor Ferencz's ailing body. An unstable and dangerous character, Verdain accompanies Ferencz in a gypsy fair, currently in a meadow outside of Henley. For information about Verdain or the gypsy fair, see the Silbury Hill section.

SETTING THE REGATTA

In describing joyful crowds and social flurry at Henley during the Regatta, take care to mention the gypsy fair in the fields by the river, but don't over-emphasize it. If the investigators decide to attend, only if the players state they are looking for the name of the fair should the investigators notice it—Ferencz's Famous Fandambulum of Fun. Failing the player statement, let the point pass, then bring it back at the conclusion of the adventure.

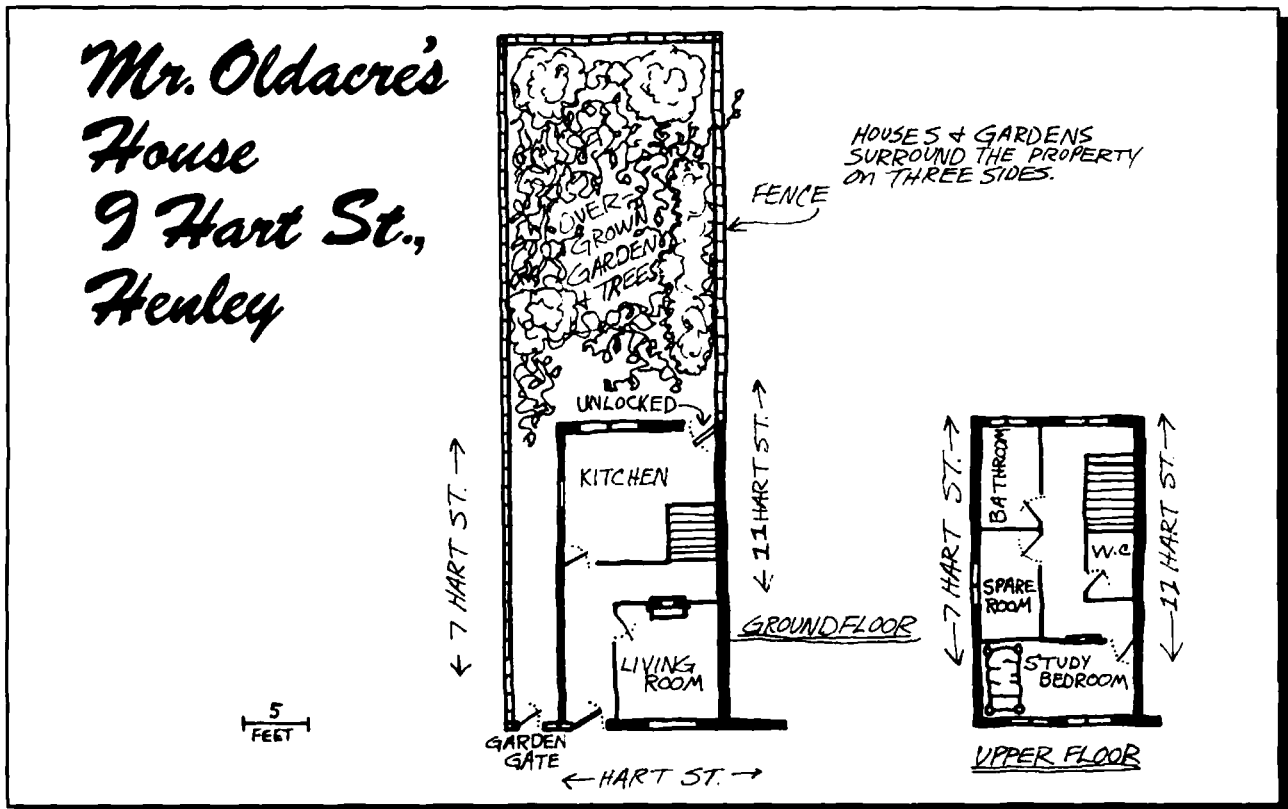
The Henley Regatta attracts many visitors, and is important to the social calendar of the British upper classes, who turn up in smartest attire and in great numbers. It is not essential to watch the rowing, though one may do so. It is definitely important to be seen, and perhaps to be mentioned in the society columns of the better newspapers.

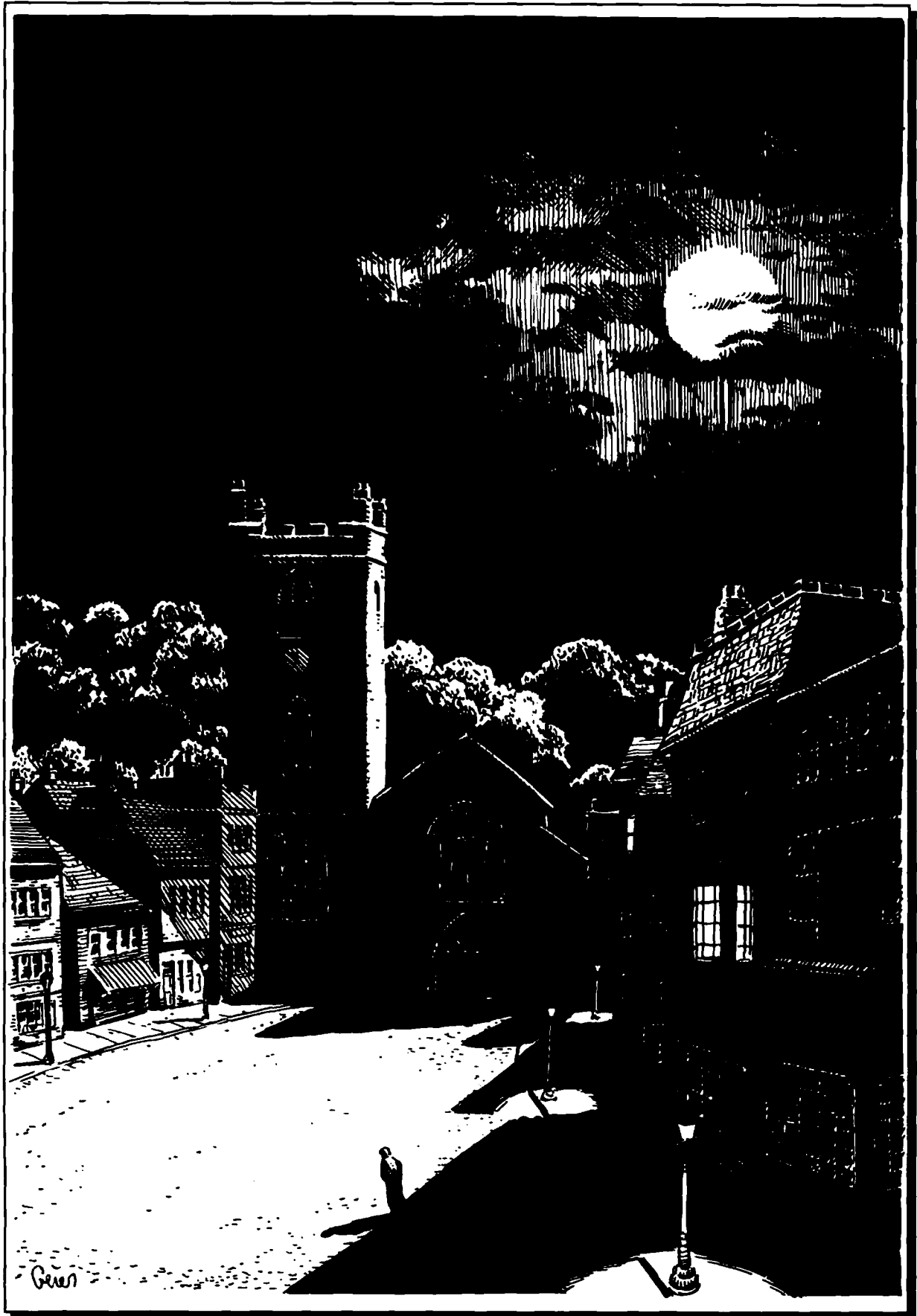
Great tents spring up along the river selling expensive food and drink, the hotels are booked full, the shops sell out, and the local inns do a roaring trade every evening. After the days of the Regatta, many people are hired just to clean up the mess.

The festivities are impressive. There is a fireworks display at the beginning and the end, floating chamber groups and small orchestras, flower displays, ceremonies, and much pomp and circumstance. Photographers offer riverside portraits, and painters and sketch artists do lightning portraits or views of Angel Bridge.

As competitions occur only to the north side of the bridge, boat operators to the south hire out craft of all description to spectators struck with sudden enthusiasm for the joys of boating; the river waters downstream of the bridge swarm with more craft than the space can sensibly accommodate. Accidents occur, usually ones not fatal. Everyone has a good time. Boating, it should be mentioned, is almost exclusively a middle-class activity.

Refreshments vary. The rich live on champagne, strawberries, and cream, with occasional recourse to caviar or avocado. The middle classes treat themselves to 'real Ital-





Upper Hart Street, Henley-on-Thames

ian' ice-cream from traveling stalls, accompanied by glasses of wine. The poor make do with 'hokey-pokey,' a crude, icy ice cream, sold at a penny per paper-wrapped lump. Whether this last goes well with the warm, flat liquid sold in the cheap-beer tent the investigators must judge for themselves.

The cries of the hokey-pokey man mingle with shouts of "Boats for hire! *BOATS* for hire!" and roars from spectators cheering on their Eight. Henley Royal Regatta is a noisy place.

Oldacre's House

Mr. Oldacre lived at 9 Hart Street, Henley-on-Thames. Though the investigators do not yet know it, Mr. Oldacre is now dead as well. The murder took place on Saturday, the day that Ferencz's fair arrived in Henley.

Oldacre's house is just away from the main shopping streets, a place reasonably busy by day. The house is small and undisturbed.

If the investigators did not take the letter to Oldacre from Horatio Cartwright's body, not only Ferencz but the police have gotten here first; in that case the body has been removed, the premises examined, and a constable stands in front to shoo curiosity-seekers. Confident investigators of worthy Credit Rating can get admittance from the awed constable upon giving their word to disturb nothing and after a successful Credit Rating roll. Those dubious of their chances might, with a successful Sneak roll, divert the constable's attention, take the side gate and path, and enter through the unlocked garden door.

This adventure assumes that the investigators are the first to discover the corpse.

HOUSE WITH BODY

The kitchen contains unwashed dishes. The loaf in the bread box is moldy and green. Flies buzz lazily around the room. The living room contains nothing remarkable or useful, not even photos.

Coming through the hall to the stairway, the investigators perceive a rotten odor. Up the stairs, the smell gets worse, and on the landing above it is quite unpleasant. There are four rooms on the upper floor: bathroom, water-closet, spare bedroom, and Oldacre's study-bedroom. In each of these and of course on the landing the characters observe clouds of flies. When they step to the study-bedroom, the room issues an appalling stench.

Dimly seen through humming swarms of swirling flies is the source of the repulsive odor—the deceased owner of the house, Jeremiah Oldacre, a scruffily-dressed man of sixty-five or so. He lies on the bed. His insides are on the floor. The warm weather has accelerated decay, and an open back window has promoted a fly-blown corpse now gripped by fat black flies and squirming maggots: lose 1/1D6 SAN to see this, though the loss is prompted as much

by the oppressive thickness of the swarm's sound as by their ceaseless motion.

Oldacre has been dispatched with the same sort of triangular-bladed dagger used to slay Horatio Cartwright. It was expelled as the corpse bloated, and lays beside the bed on the floor.

The shelves of books testify that the late Oldacre was a student of the occult. The keeper can choose the titles—the *Golden Bough* might be here, or the collected Madame Blavatsky, or perhaps genuine esoterica such as Kepler's *Concerning the More Certain Fundamentals of Astrology*, ca. 1602, in translation or in Latin original—but there are no Mythos tomes.

Oldacre's letters are stashed randomly on shelves and under the bed. His correspondence is unremarkable, consisting mostly of requests to booksellers (Blackwell's, Hatcher's, etc.) in England and abroad, and to university librarians. A few innocuous letters from Elias Cartwright exist, all dated from several or many years ago. Nowhere do these letters amplify Elias Cartwright's concerns.

A single ornate silver candle holder, of the sort which includes a finger ring for carrying and a cupping plate with which to catch dripping wax, rests on the table. It is much used, judging by the overlapping encrustations of various waxes, as well as by the many match stubs littering the table. Nearby is a half-empty tin of kitchen matches. A fresh stock of 34 white beeswax candles rests on a shelf nearby. Unlike most of the room neither candle holder nor candles are dusty. Did Oldacre read with a bare candle rather than use the functioning paraffin oil lamp on the same table?

The keeper might allow a successful Occult roll to answer this question, but knowledge of the spell Candle Communication is not widespread. A visit to Smythe's thieves' citadel resolves the question.

Careful examination of house and grounds finds no additional clues exist.

The Cartwright Home

The address is 2 Church Street, Mortlake, a London suburb near Kew Royal Botanic Gardens.

With a successful History roll, an investigator might know that this address was once the residence of the Renaissance philosopher Dr. John Dee. Or perhaps the green-grocer of whom they ask directions remarks, "Yes, gentlemen, the home of John Dee, the great sorcerer in the time of Elizabeth. It's well-known whereabouts. You can't miss it. Second left, second right, last on."

At the head of Church Street is a sprawling medieval building of haphazard design. Large additions in the reign of James I or earlier have been made. The brick and timber facings are very old, mostly in disrepair. The visitor cannot get a fair impression of it from the street, but from the river

it stretches back in a tottering jumble of cornices, gables, turrets, and roofs with missing slates.

One wing has settled by many degrees where a portion of the roof burned in a fire years ago. Bats and birds shelter around the broken chimney and within the glassless windows of the abandoned wing.

A POSSIBILITY

If the investigators go to 2 Church Street promptly after discovering the lead to Elias and the Cartwright home, the investigators notice a hearse waiting outside, its black, square-box shape and dangling over-fringe unmistakable. While the investigators are still fifty yards off, two men run from the house, leap into the hearse, and drive away. One man clearly had both arms wrapped around a large, heavy item—a successful Spot Hidden roll identifies the item as a book, probably an old one, judging by its size. The book is Olaus Wormius' Latin translation of the *Necronomicon*.

If the investigators try, there is no catching the villains in the hearse; they drive through the streets like maniacs, and any sane cabby will soon refuse to follow suit. Those with reasonable eyesight are able to read a name on the back of the hearse—Rowse's Funeral Parlour. Any London guide reveals this establishment to be in the Charing Cross Road. Inquiry describes a reputable firm of long standing.

Laggard investigators—the keeper must judge how long is too long—do not get this clue, nor is the Cartwright's housekeeper any longer on the premises. By that time, whether or not the investigators took E. Cartwright's letter to Oldacre, the police have stationed a constable at the Cartwright home while the investigation of Horatio Cartwright's death continues. The investigators must then deal with him.

ANOTHER POSSIBILITY

If the investigators have moved fast, the police have not yet contacted Mrs. Paterson, the housekeeper, who is just returning from shopping. Informed of Horatio's death, she gasps and crosses herself. "Two deaths, then death come all," she whispers, and soon excuses herself to pack. Now that both Cartwrights are dead, she takes the marketing

money in lieu of wages, and flees that afternoon, hoping to outwit rude Death by leaving no forwarding address.

Whether or not the investigators meet Mrs. Paterson, she has no information to impart. If the nice gentlemen have the time, she shows them about the mansion. On her tour, the investigators learn which rooms the Cartwrights commonly used.



Mrs. Paterson

Within The Mansion

The coolness of the mansion is welcome after the heat of the day. Mrs. Paterson knows nothing of the abandoned wing, which burned many years before. The inhabited mansion is of more than 40 rooms, plus attics and cellars. Some halls once quite large were later converted to rooms side-by-side or over-under. No complete plan of the building ever was made, nor of the alcoves and passages behind the panelled walls which once hid scurrying and laggard servants—or worse—from view. Within the mansion, orientation fails for lack of information, unaided as it is by outside windows, precise right angles, or the idea that any two rooms should be level with one another. Without visual clue or compass, one tiptoes through the endless unfurnished alien chambers as through a broken city. The Dee house must be learned.

Its ways and endings and overheads were milled and pegged-finished before any Englishman described how to insure one's safety against house fire or how to make things uniform and cheap—it was built and then enlarged many times to impress, to hold all that the master wished, to defend it, and to do it well.

Thus more than usual for old houses, the Dee house was built by no one man, and thus holds to no one man's reason, though across time it has gained reason of its own. The undersized doorways, windowless and dusty inner chambers whose jams are twisted and whose doors will not open when rain falls, narrow and twisting tiny-risered stairs, dim passages like coffins built firm and seemingly without exit, the splintering stenciled panels, and the rotting joists make an alliance of misintention and ambiguity. Here the wanderer becomes the intruder, and the irrational architecture parts before his or her logical eyes, and as quickly closes in behind.

Two rooms offer evidence. If the investigators search the cellars, they find only the now-empty hidden nook where the Wormius *Necronomicon* once rested.

ELIAS CARTWRIGHT'S LIBRARY

Given Cartwright's respectable connections and the low esteem with which the epoch held things medieval, alchemical, and mystical, the scholar was able to accumulate an excellent collection in some ways paralleling that which John Dee held. Alas, no Mythos tomes remain among the 14,000 volumes, now that the *Necronomicon* is stolen. The library is two stories high, with a second-story gallery to reach the upper shelves. Ancient leaded-glass windows illuminate a drafty, cavernous space, whose tables are piled high with medieval texts and ancient unbound manuscripts. There is no catalog; Elias Cartwright knew his library and had no reason to make one.

The elder Cartwright kept copious notes. To save the information from Horatio's unwary eyes, the pages are written in a medieval shorthand and each paragraph en-

crypted by a cipher keyed to the first word in consecutive lines of the *Wormius Necronomicon*, his rarest volume. Without Cartwright's edition of the *Necronomicon* and without the guess that it is the key volume, the Cartwright cipher can never be broken.

Encourage the investigators to cart away all the papers, however, since possession might prompt cabal attacks, or offer a resource for the keeper in some later adventure when decipherment seems in order.

HORATIO'S BEDROOM

Here are Horatio's yearly diaries, more than twenty of them, lined on the shelf in tedious splendor.

The diaries give an excellent portrait of Horatio Cartwright, a shallow man in contrast to his father. Horatio spends entire years mentioning nothing but clothes, seductions, and fashionable entertainments, as well as exhausting five-hour days at the brokerage spent gossiping with the old school chums who form his clientele.

He is astounded when his father dies on June 24th, and more than a little angry at the old man for not having had the foresight and decency to properly arrange financial matters before death. The next day's entry has interleaved the nearby *Times* clipping concerning the death.

Player Handout #3

SCHOLAR DIES IN CAB ACCIDENT

Dr Elias Cartwright, a well-respected academic and student of metaphysics, died yesterday afternoon shortly after being knocked down by a hansom cab. Eyewitnesses said that Dr Cartwright appeared to lose his footing near to the edge of the kerb, and fell directly into the horse's path. The unfortunate man was speedily conveyed to hospital hut the injuries proved fatal.

The funeral will be held on the 28th of the month at Mortlake Cemetery. Dr Cartwright was a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and an ex-Professor of Medieval Studies. Only 67, he was considered still to have much great work to come. He leaves a son.

The next interesting entry comes on the day of the funeral, the 28th. After the ceremony, Horatio returns to Mortlake house to inventory his father's vast array of possessions.

To his surprise, Horatio finds a package addressed to himself. From his father, it contains a letter of instruction and explanation, a small package marked *For Use at the Black Lion Hotel, Truro*, and a letter addressed to *J. Oldacre Esq.* The letter to Horatio has been placed in the diary. It is reprinted nearby.

Player Handout #4 —

My dear son Horatio,

Be assured that despite the appearance of parts of this note, I am still of sound mind and good judgement. By the time you read this, I will be dead. Unless someone has been very careless, you probably think of my death as an unfortunate accident. I assure you that it was nothing of the kind. Do not waste your time with the police, however, as those responsible are sure to have covered their

tracks well, and nothing will come of any investigations. Instead, please obey the following instructions to the letter. I assure you it is of the utmost importance that they be carried out. You were always a good and dutiful son to me in life. For the love of God do not fail me now.

First, go into the main library and look along the top shelf on the wall facing the window. On the far right hand end you will find a book in an unmarked black jacket, quite large. On no account are you even to glance at the contents. Instead, hide it somewhere safe. Do not show it to anyone, with one exception. If my friend Mr Oldacre from Henley, whom I believe you have met once or twice, should call and ask for it, he is to be given it without delay or question.

Secondly, you are to go as quickly as possible by train to Truro, and book yourself into the Black Lion Hotel for the night. Do not use your own name in the register. Any other will do. In the morning, rise very early, about 5 A.M., and open the package you see before you. It contains a candle and a piece of paper with writing on it. Light the candle and whisper aloud three times the verse upon the paper. Then leave at once. Do not extinguish the candle. Depart for London on the next train.

Thirdly, when you have done this, please deliver the envelope to my friend Mr Oldacre. Deliver it yourself; do not trust to the post. And be quite sure to place it into his hands and no others. If he is absent when you call, try again later.

Please do all these things as soon as possible, and further please take great care for your safety as there are many who would wish ill upon you. I should not advise staying in this house; instead put it on the market. You may well find it much easier to sell than the estate agents expect. I implore you once more not to disappoint me at the last.

Your loving father, Elias.

In Horatio's diary, the following two days, Friday the 28th and Saturday the 29th, see the son in an agony of confusion, indecision, embarrassment, and guilt. Doubts about his father's state of mind and the apparently ludicrous nature of the instructions are mixed with genuine worry.

Two days before the funeral and in need of quick cash, he had taken the most valuable-looking books from the library to a bookseller in London's Seven Dials, whom he knew to be one his father had used. The man was very interested in acquiring the volume mentioned in his father's note, so much so in fact that Horatio became suspicious and left without the sale he had sought.

Abraham Hengst is the only bookseller in Seven Dials. See him in the "London" section of this adventure.

On the evening of the 29th, Horatio resolves to follow his father's wishes even though he does not understand them, and decides to travel to Truro by the first train Sunday morning. There are no further entries in the diary, but he arrived safely at the Black Lion and did as his father

bade him. He left his diary at home. The Truro section has more information.

If the keeper pleases, the cabal can burn the Mortlake house to the ground on the 9th of the following month; in that case, Mrs. Paterson has wisely evacuated.

A HISTORY OF THE HOUSE, AS PERTINENT

The survey of 1616 describes the already-ancient house as a rambling place standing between the church and the river. Dee had expanded the property he inherited from his mother and had also acquired adjacent buildings. Space for his collections and laboratories was required, and also for his private library, probably the largest in Elizabethan England, and for the visiting scholars who read in it.

In the late nineteenth century, Dr. Elias Cartwright acquired the property, partly for its associations and atmosphere, but also because he hoped to find something hidden away which other owners had missed. By virtue of his knowledge of Dee, he eventually found it, hidden behind a false wall in a cellar—Olaus Wormius' Latin translation of the *Necronomicon*, from which Dee had produced his English version.

Over the next decade the elder Cartwright read deeply into the tome and became involved with the Mythos and the occult. He possessed great mental strength and, though his sanity weakened, his mind remained intact despite the weight of the universe's ghastrly secrets.

To avoid first-hand research in matters he saw as soul-destroying, Elias Cartwright became involved with a circle of wizards, of whom Nystor Ferencz was one. Elias never saw Ferencz, but spoke by candle with him a good deal, and too freely. Ferencz lusted for the Wormius *Necronomicon*, one translation nearer the Arabic source.

The scholar could not abide destroying the rare and historic volume. He instructed Horatio, his twit of a son, to hide it. As was his way, Horatio moved slowly and uncomprehendingly, for which he paid with his life.

Robin Hood's Bower

Try to get the investigators to this site early in the scenario—perhaps a quality of Elias Cartwright's handwriting leads the reader of it to conclude that something of great importance waits here. Perhaps its very proximity to Henley rules first in its favor.

Any successful Library Use or Occult roll locates Robin Hood's Bower, as can any good librarian in a proper atlas of England. Contrary to possible expectation, the spot is nowhere near Nottingham. It is south across the Thames, a pre-Christian enclosure of about an acre, not far from the villages of Knowl Hill and Maidenhead Thicket—a stroll of an hour or two from Henley. If they go during daylight, the weather is uncommonly warm and close, and the air thick with dust, pollen, swarming insects, and the swoop of feeding sparrows.

Dr. John Dee

John Dee was born in 1527, the son of a minor court official. He became one of the leading figures of the Elizabethan Renaissance and collected one of the biggest libraries of the time, numbering thousands of books. Educated at Cambridge, he was a scholar of philosophy, mathematics, architecture, and cartography amongst others.



His belief in English imperialism led him to propose ambitious plans for the Navy, and to promote English ventures to the New World. John Dee is at least partly responsible for the fact that Americans speak English (rather than French or Spanish), and he came close to owning vast amounts of Canada.

Dee was also interested in mystical matters. Of Welsh family, he claimed to be descended from an ancient British prince, and thought highly of the Arthurian legends. He styled himself a Christian Cabalist, communicating with angels and making a keen study of alchemy, numerology, and astrology.

During the period 1558 to 1583, when his favor with Elizabeth I was highest, he was not only court mathematician but also cast horoscopes for royalty. His influence made him many enemies, however, and most common folk thought him a sorcerer. In this period he undertook many translations from Latin to English, including works by Cornelius Agrippa. He also began to produce writings of his own.

In 1583 he left to tour the Continent with his assistant Edward Kelley, an alchemist of dubious reputation who was once pilloried for forgery. Together they traveled Europe, conducting seances and crystal-gazings. Dee wrote widely in this time and even invented his own language, Enochian. In this period he visited Baron von Hauptman in Transylvania and may have translated portions of Philetas' Greek edition of the *Necronomicon*.

At home, storm clouds gathered. Months after he left, a mob pillaged his house in Mortlake and much of the library was destroyed. The Leicester and Sidney families who had supported him at Court were decimated in the Armada conflict of 1588, while other friends, such as Sir Walter Raleigh, fell from favor.

Dee returned to England in 1589, perhaps with the Wormius *Necronomicon*, to find himself far less in favor than he had been, and facing accusations of witchcraft. James I became king in 1603, and the Witchcraft Act which he passed in 1604 did little to augment Dee's position. Dee petitioned the King to clear his name, but found himself shunned and friendless. The leading philosopher of the English Renaissance died in illness and poverty in his Mortlake house in 1608.

As the investigators ride along, or if they pause for a breather in some convenient public house, they read with interest the following article, their attentions focused by the news article reference to the mysterious blind man who wore tinted spectacles. No motive for his activity is given or speculated upon.

Player Handout #5

Baby-Farmers Case

Bizarre Defense

By Our Correspondent

Yesterday in the continuing trial of Pearly and Issobel Grubbe, the couple from the Ratcliffe Highway, the accused were at last brought to the stand to give testimony. Under examination, each admitted that they relieved women of easy virtue of unwanted offspring, and that they paid five shillings per such infant to the mother.

The Grubbes denied mistreating or disposing of the little ones, however, swearing that they kept them for a few months then sold them to a mysterious blind man in black for a sovereign each. Their description of this visitor was vague, a blind man in a smart black suit and tinted spectacles, who spoke lowly and hoarsely.

The couple maintained that there was nothing criminal in what they had done, despite persistent cross-examination from Mr Arthur Lyall, Q.C., Counsel for the Prosecution.

The hearing continues tomorrow.

Readers doubtless recall other public revelations of this traffic in helpless humanity. Such children, orphans or those unwanted by lubricious parents, have often been sold to sweeps or other employers of children upon reaching usable age. We may be dubious of any concern for their welfare in such transactions.

Prosecution of such cases is difficult while casual adoption remains legal. Only when death can be shown to directly result from baby-farmer negligence have successful prosecutions been made. The difficulty of obtaining proof acceptable to a court of law may readily be imagined.

Attendees at the baby-farmer hearings, they learn little. The villainous Grubbes are short-sighted and mundane, knowing nothing of value but gold and the things to spend it on. Their description of the blind man should resemble the man whom the investigators encountered on the train; any leads should be dead ends.

If the investigators arrive at the Bower very late in the adventure, they find a grassy field with a three-foot-deep hole near its north-east corner. Smythe has been and gone.

DAVID SMYTHE AND BODYGUARDS

Robin Hood's Bower is a neolithic enclosure now farmed as an ordinary field. Locals all know of it, though none of them know that its ancient stones were once thought re-

markable. The reference to Robin Hood is spurious.

As the day passed, clouds gathered overhead, and a light rain began to fall, a slight break in the heat wave oppressing southern England. The later afternoon is now dreary and close.

Assuming that the investigators promptly arrive at the site, they see in twilight a figure walking up and down the field, followed closely by two very large men in turbans. The leader is David Smythe; the hulking Sikhs are the Danh brothers, his bodyguards. They are twins, expert with the concealed quoits and knives they carry, and prepared to die in their master's service. Their English is limited, though they understand much more than they feign.

Smythe appears to be in his late twenties. He has green eyes, short straight dark hair, and is cleanly shaven. Strong, dark-arched brows and a square jaw frame his coolly handsome face. His gaze is penetrating. He wears a smart tweed suit and expensive boots.

David Smythe is the players' single most dangerous adversary. In public, he is an urbane, sophisticated, pleasant stockbroker respected by his colleagues and regarded as a highly eligible bachelor. Under an assumed name he commands an underworld network of vice and crime based in London. Secretly he is the loyal servant of arch-wizard Nystor Ferencz and a formidable magician in his own right. Despite appearances he is about fifty years of age. Smythe is invariably polite and unruffled, and seeks to resolve situations quietly and without undue fuss. He is particularly careful about using magic in public.

He is supremely confident in his abilities and enjoys high reputation amongst the swells of the underworld. Although he lacks Nystor's magical power, he is physically fit, and possesses more useful contacts in the mundane world than his master. He owns several houses around the country, notably a luxurious flat in Kensington, but is usually found in the aerie of his Seven Dials thieves' citadel.

The Danhs are identical twins, tall and strong, dressed also in tweed suits. They wear short beards. Their broad faces are expressionless. Each wears a turban. Both are

armed with 1D6+1 quoits; see the nearby box discussing quoits, the weapons list at the front of this book, and the twins' statistics at the end of this adventure. As the keeper needs, make up additional details. They are loyal to Smythe and unflinching in his service, taking pride in murdering neatly and without trace.

Approaching the trio, the investigators observe Smythe dowsing with a forked wil-



David Smythe



Pradesh Danh



Vavit Danh

low wand. He politely greets the newcomers, explaining if necessary that he is dowsing. If need be, he adds that dowsing is a folk method of finding underground water.

He modestly disclaims any ability in this direction, instead saying that he is merely interested in the notion, and seeks nothing but the experience. If the conversation continues, Smythe mentions that he is on a touring holiday in the area and met these two foreign gentleman in the hostel down the road where he is staying. Having spent time in the Punjab, he happens to speak their language, and they expressed interest in the activity.

Smythe says no more than he needs. The investigators must question him to obtain this information, and in turn probably supply lies of their own.

Attempts to bluff Smythe do not succeed. He is confident, intelligent, and knows he is on public land and well within his rights.

If approached by only one investigator, he may use magical means to hypnotize him or her and to extract information or send the person wandering off. In this latter case the investigator finds himself elsewhere in the countryside half an hour later with no recollection of getting there, and only a dim recollection of speaking to Smythe.

If the investigators make it clear to him that they know anything, he may be tempted to use his powers, perhaps demonstrating his capabilities on a single investigator to warn off the rest. If someone opens fire upon him or otherwise places him in extreme danger, he vanishes in a puff of green smoke, leaving only a strange odor, while the two Sikhs do their best to dispose of all the investigators; the outcome may require the police. Balked, Smythe nonetheless returns to the site a few days later.

If the investigators secretly observe from a distance, Smythe continues to wander the field, slowly homing in on a point near the northeast corner, about five yards in. He then takes something from his coat pocket and makes repeated movements to the ground. He briefly raises his hands in the air. With a successful Spot Hidden, an investigator notices a shimmering above the ground, reminiscent of the rolling distortion above an open fire. Smythe and his thugs then return to a nearby inn, the Seven Stars.

Where Smythe concluded his search now rest three smooth white stones, each about an inch across. They are arranged in a triangle, each side about two feet in length. A successful Track or idea roll shows that the stones have been freshly placed, since the short grass beneath them has not yet collapsed.

The three stones mark the perimeter of a Warding spell which Smythe has placed there to warn of disturbance. Smythe plans to return after the moon rises, to dig up in privacy whatever is buried there. A version of Warding accompanies Smythe's statistics.

Again, an appreciably-reduced Occult roll might reveal the significance of the stones, but the investigators should

QUOIT, a new weapon

A quoit is a heavy steel ring, four inches or more across and usually flattened. Generally a quoit's outside edge is hammered to a blunt edge rather than left a rolled, rounded surface. In any form the rotating ring is an efficient aerodynamic shape which carries for considerable distance.

The weapon is intended to be thrown at an opponent, either aimed directly at him or aimed to skip off hard-packed or rocky ground. A group can dispatch an impressive and lethal volume of quoits against charging foes, but the weapon's limited accuracy does not much allow for inevitable misses. Reputedly the ringing sounds of impacting quoits can be as dismaying as the sound of gunfire.

Starting skill with a quoit is 25%, and then increases as a distinct skill. The base range of the weapon is the character's STR x2 in yards. A quoit does 1D8+1 damage; two can be thrown per combat round.

A quoit may be thrown overhead or sidearm like a frisbee; some experts can carry a dozen or more quoits on an arm and with sinuous motions whip them off one after the other, for close-range volume fire—this last technique has a base range of the user's DEX in feet, and should not be allowed to characters of less than 70% Quoit. Some Punjabis wear turbans carefully wrapped to a column or point, upon which they carry a supply of quoits.

Quoits are made to individual specifications—the larger the person, the larger and heavier the quoit that he or she may elect to carry and to throw. Sometimes the quoit is sharpened to the outside, to cut as well as deliver a heavy blow. Users of such a dangerous edged weapon would necessarily be already expert with the blunt-edged quoit. The damage suggested for this weapon is therefore nominal, to be adjusted as needed.

Why this weapon evolved is unclear; some suggest that the quoit evades laws prohibiting the carrying of or display of knife or gun, and that therefore its skilled employment is relatively recent. Others point to its easy disguise as armband or bracelet, and say that the quoit is an ancient weapon of many heritages.

not need to be told that the stones (and the precision of their placement) are important. If any stone is moved, Smythe instantly knows of it, and swiftly returns to investigate. The distance from the inn to the field is about a half-mile.

It is possible to dig down outside the stone perimeter and then carefully excavate beneath the stones to reach the package which Elias Cartwright placed there. It is about three feet down.

In the ground are four items bundled in protective oilskins: a book, a glass vial containing an amber liquid, a piece of parchment inscribed with words in an unknown tongue, and a note to Jeremiah Oldacre.

A BOOK

The book is in English, a fat quarto volume with black boards and a half-leather binding. It is Cornelius Agrippa's *Mysteries of the Veil*, translated from the Latin by E. Cartwright. A bookmark has been inserted. It marks words underlined in black ink.

Player Handout #6

... And similarly that beast which is named Dulcarnon, to whom the ancient druids made sacrifice in Britain's elder days, sleeps beneath the hill that Merlyn raised to hold him. Yet it is written in the *Tablets of Aelda* that he shall awaken and that time shall be dread surpassing all the dreams of men.

A VIAL

The five-inch-long, conical vial is of cut glass, somehow sealed or glued so that it can be opened only by breaking the glass. It contains a potion. Rotated, the amber semi-liquid within gathers and drops down the center of the vial in precise spheres rather than down its sides, as a viscous liquid would normally do.

A MESSAGE

There is a short note, in English, written in the same hand and on the same sort of paper as the letters to Jeremiah Oldacre and Horatio Cartwright already given as handouts.

Player Handout #7

Dear Jeremiah,

You are my hope to avert the doom of Dulcarnon. Let this vial be your last resort in time of direst need. To use it, break the top and smell of it, then strike the rhythms revealed on the parchment. This will take much practice, I fear, for you may make no errors. Once taken, from the remedy of this extreme appeal there is no retreat.

Elias.

A PARCHMENT SCROLL

By its appearance, and by the blackness of the ink on it, the parchment is no more than a hundred years old. Unrolled, it is about a foot wide by nearly four feet long. Musical staves cover it.

Presumably cultured ladies and gentlemen have some ability to sight-read music; if the keeper pleases, require no roll for them to understand that a time signature of 11/16 begins the piece, that the two notes shown are D and B flat below middle C, and that the music shown is essentially a difficult piece of percussion, one not relying at all upon relationships of chord or scale, and possessing nothing resembling melody. Nonetheless, the clustering rhythms are of impressive emotional intensity.

As a sample, beat out a few seconds' worth of quick, staccato rhythms as an example. The left hand keeps the D-note rhythm, and the right hand keeps the B-flat notes. If the keeper can actually mark time in 11/16, all the better.

There is no chance that anyone unfamiliar with the clicking speech of the great race of Yith can understand what is inscribed here, but a keeper might allow an identifying Cthulhu Mythos roll—knowing what something is and understanding it are two different things.

These polyrhythms are a spell so-written as to approximate great race speech. Its existence provides the investiga-

tors with the course of action recommended by Elias Cartwright as a last resort, so the instructions are best followed at Silbury Hill if at all. The spell takes four minutes to cast.

Though there is no way to know this beforehand, the spell exchanges the mind of the caster with that of one of the great race of Yith. The Yithian understands what is occurring, and presumably finds a way to stop the ceremony. But the solution involves the destruction of the investigator's body, the mind and soul of the investigator are trapped in limbo, beyond space and time, when the great race mentality returns to claim its body. Perhaps the investigators can think of some way to rescue their friend, perhaps with a hint from the Yithian.

If investigators take this course early, the keeper must explain matters to the player of the investigator who inhales the fumes; that player must henceforth act convincingly as a representative of the great race of Yith in human form. Allow increases in INT and POW, and appropriate intellectual skills; establish initial difficulties with skills requiring physical coordination.

The Seven Stars

The inn Seven Stars is close to Knowl Hill, and about a half-mile from Robin Hood's Bower. It stands at a crossroads more than a hundred yards from any other building, a short enough walk for anyone with a thirst, its whitewashed exterior and cheery public room lights like beacons in the gathering night.

Built in 1714, the western half of it burned in 1805, its roof set aflame by embers from a bonfire celebrating the victory at Trafalgar. The present enlarged public room was then constructed upon the foundations of the old; two smaller rooms, the kitchens, a storeroom, and six guest rooms on the second floor survive from the original building. The exterior is of stone, with wooden beams and walls. Every floorboard has a separate squeak.

The public room is dim and smokey, day or night. By specification of the London owner, whose solicitors inspect the property quarterly, the Seven Stars opens for business at 11 A.M., closes at 2:30 P.M., reopens at 5:15 P.M. and closes for the night at 7:55 P.M., Monday through Saturday, allowing enough time to slake one's temptation for alcohol, but not to satiate it. Cleanliness of the establishment is indifferent, as is the quality of food served.

Its proprietor is Samuel Berry, a beefy 50-year-old with a great enthusiasm for country sports, and a popular fellow in the area. He has short dark hair, is balding,



Samuel Berry

clean-shaven, and chubby. He has a tough appearance.

Berry is a London underworld figure who made good, then retired as a publican. Investigators who receive successful History and Library Use rolls can learn this; London-based private investigators and consulting detectives already know of Mr. Berry.

Berry is an ex-employee of Smythe's, who set him up in a quiet country pub after exoneration in a sensational murder trial. Berry keeps his nose clean and enjoys country life. He is genial, but looks unkindly on anyone who inconveniences David Smythe.

If the investigators follow Smythe to the inn, they find that Smythe has a room and that the Sikhs share another, leaving four available. If the investigators take rooms, Smythe and the Danh brothers slip out about half an hour after the public room closes, returning to the field to dig up Elias Cartwright's hoard. They are back in an hour, calling for the landlord to unlock the door. If the investigators go out and come back, they must pry Mr. Berry from his downstairs rooms to let them in and out. Failing that, of course, a successful Sneak gets them out a first-floor window, and a second successful Sneak lets them back in, without Berry's help or notice.

The investigators may successfully tail Smythe, and intrude or not intrude at an auspicious moment; if that course is chosen, the keeper must supply the details.

If the investigators remain in their rooms until Smythe and the Danhs leave, a successful Mechanical Repair roll picks the lock of either room, presumably Smythe's. There are two changes of clothing appropriate for a walking tour, some innocent papers from Smythe's brokerage in the City which incidentally reveal his office address, a bottle of excellent cognac, and what appears to be a paperweight.

THE PAPERWEIGHT

It is an iron cylinder of about two pounds in weight, about a palm's-length long. With a successful Spot Hidden, a faint vertical seam can be seen at one end, and a faint circular seam at the other end. It seems clear either that the cylinder was cast in two parts and then made one, or that it comes apart. Pulling or wedging has no effect. The metal of the cylinder has an unpleasant slimy sheen and touch; washed, or wrapped in absorbent cloth, the slimy feeling persists.

If the holder firmly grasps the cylinder in one hand and the command *open!* is spoken or thought, then the cylinder seems to blur, squirm, and suddenly blossoms into a dagger, of design identical to those found at the murder scenes of Cartwright and Oldacre. Instruct the player of the investigator who manages to unfold this magical weapon to subtract one magic point from the investigator's current total. The command *close!* returns the weapon to its original cylindrical form, and doing so also costs another magic point.

London

Harry Trimble

THE DAY IS HOT in London, close to 90°F., and working indoors is stuffy to downright uncomfortable. If the investigators follow up the story of Elias Cartwright's death, they can identify the cabby involved in the accident by examining the records of the public inquest, which made clear the evidence in the case. In those proceedings, the contrite coachman, one Harry Trimble, was shown by the court to entirely innocent of wrongdoing.



Harry Trimble

Interviewed, Trimble adds nothing to his testimony save that, if specifically prompted, he recalls seeing a blind man just behind the doctor at the time of the accident. For investigators with Occult or hypnotic powers, Mr. Trimble may need to be hypnotized before he can recall this.

If the investigators are foreigners or provincials ignorant of London, Mr. Trimble can be an honest man who is useful to know.

Rowse's Funeral Parlour

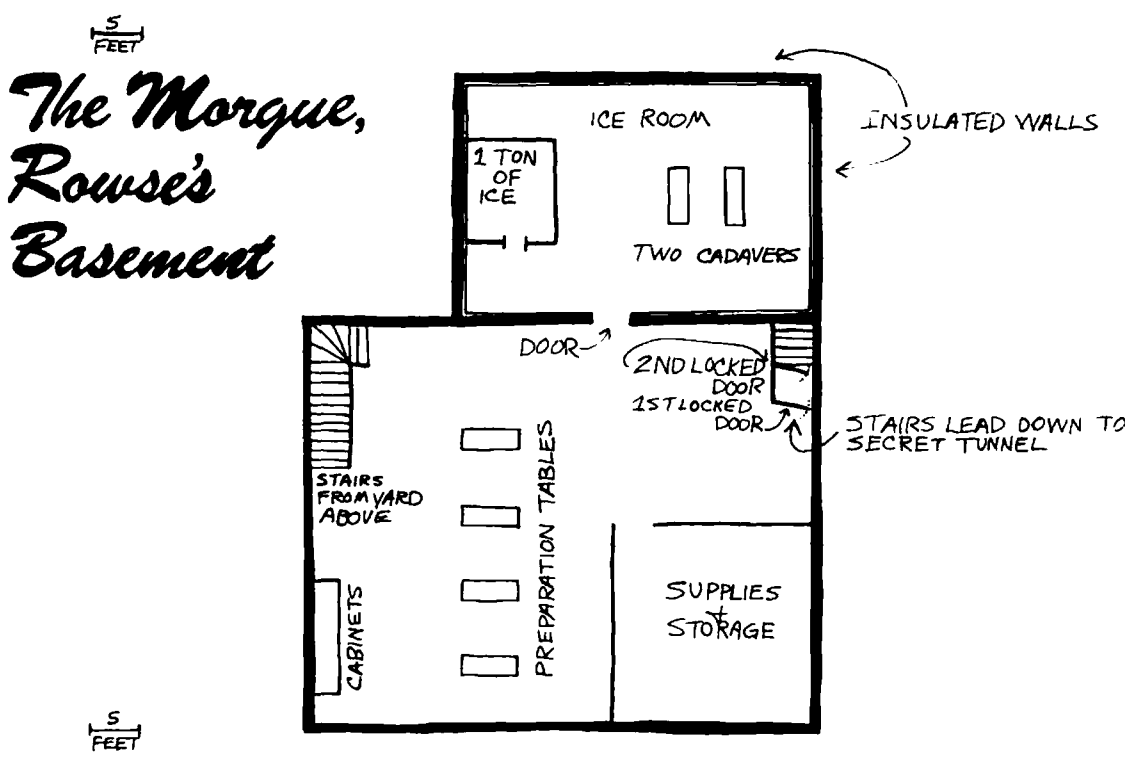
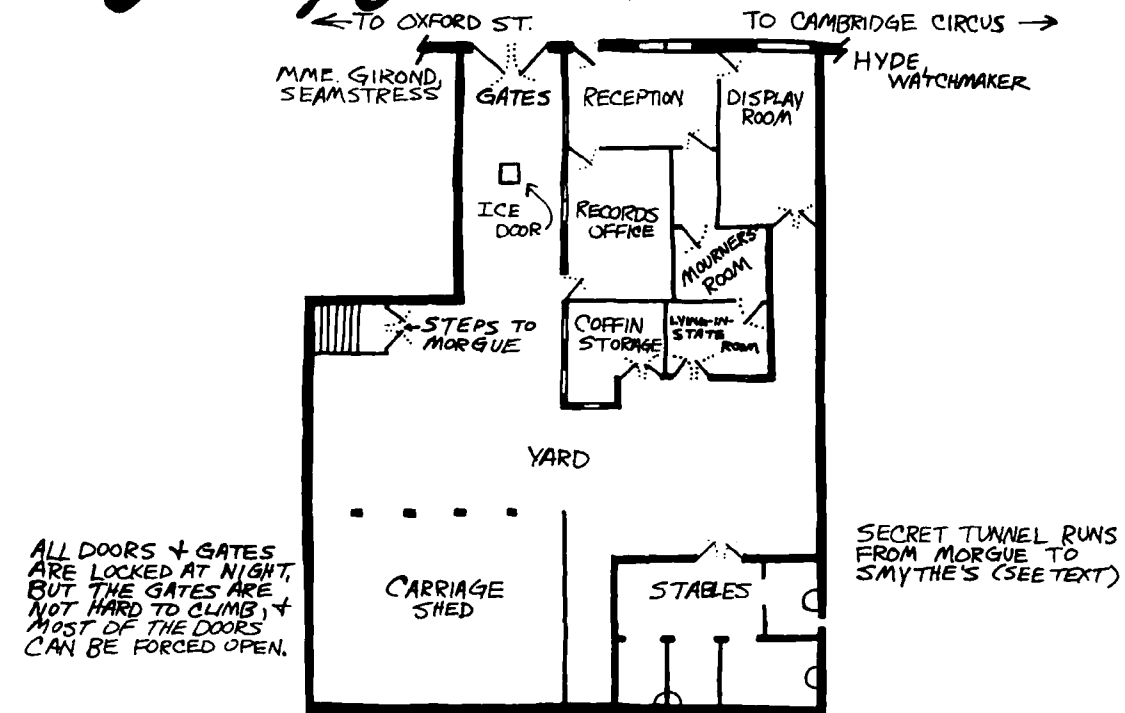
Rowse's is a respected establishment situated on the busy Charing Cross Road in central London. From the front, one sees only a large window of darkened glass with the establishment's name in tasteful gold lettering. Within, the outer rooms are clean, neat, and well-furnished in a manner acceptable to the middle class of the day. From this establishment Ferencz obtains the corpses for his blind men.

Many bodies arrive at Rowse's, but not all are buried. Instead, weighted coffins are placed in the earth. The staff knows of this subterfuge, but believes that the bodies are sold to universities and medical establishments for educational purposes. They are paid for silence, and some genuinely believe in science and social betterment, and are glad to act against superstition. Others fear to talk, since on staff



Jonas Rowse

Rouse's Funeral Parlour 45 Charing Cross Rd.



are underworld characters for whom Smythe has arranged employment as a cover. For the most part, Smythe's name is unknown. Rowse knows Smythe, though not even he knows the real reason that Smythe wants corpses.

As can be seen from the map, the building consists of offices at the front, with rooms to select coffins and to make other arrangements.

Mr. Rowse often mans the reception desk himself. He's a spry gentleman of 63 with a practiced grave-side manner. He has short gray hair, a hawk nose, and a neat white moustache. He wipes his brow with a clean handkerchief and complains earnestly of the heat. "Bad for custom, very bad," he sighs. "Yet, people will die."

Only the records office is of interest. The establishment is sensible enough never to send a body to Ferencz if the question of foul play might obviously arise, since an exhumation would be embarrassing.

Rowse is a respectable businessman whose establishment indulges in a little corpse-selling on the side. He does not know for what the bodies are used, but he knows that it pays not to ask. He is careful and covers his tracks well. It proves near-impossible to crack his veneer of courteous, sensitive decency, so practiced is his pious cant.

In the records office, a reception desk contains signed and numbered receipts for all cadavers brought in for preservation, holds notes concerning necessary cosmetic treatment, and has a register of all corpses taken out for burial. A successful Accounting roll and an hour's time establishes conclusively that four corpses should be in the cellar ice-room, not two—Smythe has made a recent withdrawal and shipped them to Ferencz.

IN THE MORGUE, AND BEYOND

Around back in the yard, dingy side stairs lead to an basement morgue.

Before the investigators break into the morgue, point out the vehicle shed. Here are three horse-drawn hearses and two light traps for transporting mourners, officials, etc. One hearse is that which the investigators saw outside the Cartwright house.

Attempting to implicate Rowse's in the Mortlake robbery is of no use. They reported the hearse stolen that day, and police later found the horse and vehicle abandoned near Hyde Park. No one at the funeral parlor knows how it was used. Smythe needed a vehicle, and disliked the notion of talkative cabbies.

The gates to Charing Cross Road are locked at night, as is the stairway door to the morgue, but the STR 16 of the latter poses no barrier to a determined man with a crowbar. A successful Mechanical Repair roll picks the lock.

Within is the dank slate and steel of the morgue and the heavy scent of formalin. An unlocked door opens into the ice room, where cadavers are stored. Two elderly corpses rest there, covered by sheets.

At the back of the preparation room is a stout (STR 35) locked door, opening inward, marked *No Admittance Under Any Circumstances*. The lock is new, and intricate; add 40 percentiles to any Mechanical Repair roll result if an investigator attempts to open it.

Beyond is a short landing, and a second identical door, locked with the identical lock. Any successful Mechanical Repair roll opens this one.

Beyond the second door is a short flight of stairs leading down another ten feet to a wet and smelly brick chamber. The investigators are in an abandoned London sewer. There is no light. The tunnel opens to the right only; the other direction is blocked by jumbled bricks and earth—a cave-in. At intervals the sagging roof of the remaining sewer has been strengthened by crossbeams and supporting posts; these reinforcing timbers are relatively new and quite strong. Though the tunnel is dark, and the roof sometimes sags, passage is uncomplicated and secure; a successful Spot Hidden directed at the floor shows that a few men often pass this way.

The tunnel runs to Hengst's book shop in Seven Dials. Along the way, a single alternate destination offers itself. A very long ladder which leads up to Smythe's command center in a thieves' house: see the "Smythe's Citadel" subsection later on.

A. Hengst, Books

Seven Dials is formed by the joining of seven streets at a point about two hundred yards east of the Charing Cross Road. Flanked to the west by Covent Garden, then still a bustling vegetable market with a lawless reputation, and to the east by Charing Cross and Soho, Seven Dials became most disreputable after the building of New Oxford Street drove the underworld south, out of St. Giles' rookery.

In the daytime, Seven Dials is popular with pickpockets, and in the evening with prostitutes. By night it is better avoided.

The buildings, mostly small and crookedly constructed, contain a mixture of pubs, coffee houses, and shops, the last representing a wide variety of trades with second-hand and stolen goods being particularly common. Items for sale lean toward the exotic and the unusual. Customers would do well to examine their change carefully: more forged coins and notes come out of Seven Dials than almost anywhere else in London.

Abraham Hengst is the bookseller to whom Horatio Cartwright showed the edition of Olaus Wormius.



Abraham Hengst

Hengst is also an important figure in Nystor Ferencz's organization, as well as a keen student of the occult and a supplier of secret and hidden lore to the cabal.

He is a short, slightly-built man of 52, dark and curly-haired, with a closely-trimmed beard. He wears spectacles, but always lowers them to look over their rims when asking or answering questions.

Hengst's shop is the only bookseller's on Seven Dials. It is flanked on the one side by a second-hand clothes shop and on the other by a repair shop—"No Job Too Large Or Too Small." Hengst's sizable front window is filled with shelving and books facing inward, not as displays for passersby. Hengst does not waste space.

Inside, the light is dim, and the must of old books fills the air. Hengst conducts business from a small counter set next to the door. The shop sells new and second-hand books; it is well-organized, though apparent disorder arises from packing so many books into so limited a space. The Occult section is a little larger than one might expect, but not greatly so; nothing unusual is therein. The shop is well-run, and the prices are reasonable.

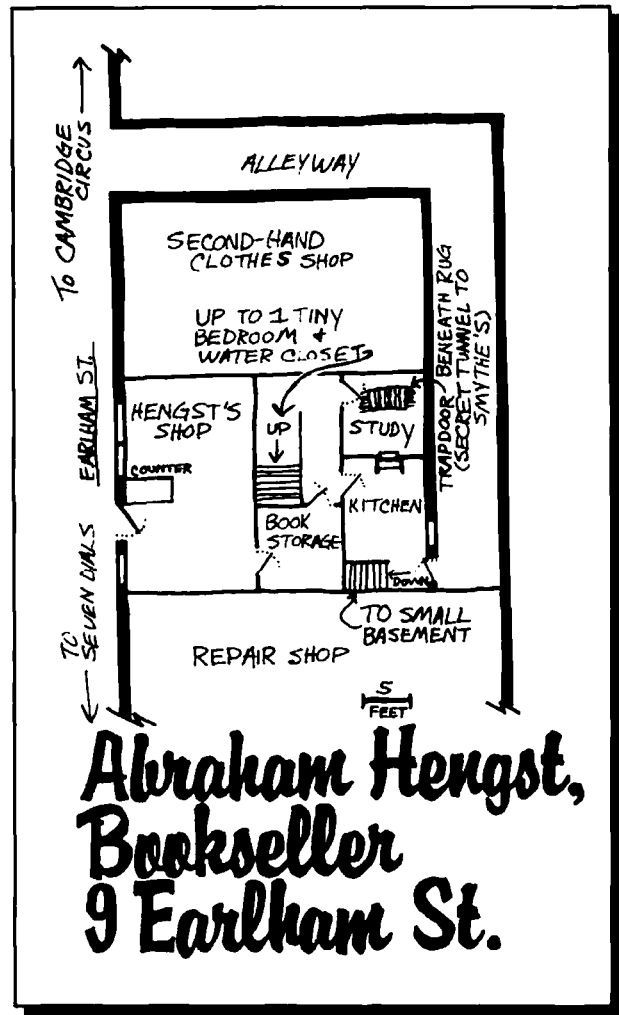
Abraham Hengst is a short fellow of about fifty, bearded and bespectacled. He is knowledgeable, intelligent, and helpful to anyone making ordinary requests. Asked about either of the two Cartwrights, he answers without evasion, reasoning that the questioner must be informed. Hengst reports the query to Smythe, however, and if Hengst can obtain the questioner's name somehow, so much the better.

"Yes, indeed I remember Dr. Cartwright," Hengst says. "A good customer and pleasant to talk to, though we never conversed for long. His son told me of the old man's death. Very sad. Yes, the younger Cartwright came in to have some books looked at, you know, to see what they were worth. Some were very interesting, quite old, though I could see I would have to do some research on them. Then Mr. Cartwright left quite suddenly. I don't know why. An engagement, perhaps."

Pressed, Hengst recalls the volume of Olaus Wormius, but he will not admit knowing its significance; his interest is that of a collector for an obviously old volume. Hengst is plausible and does his utmost to seem casual and open. However, a successful Psychology roll suggests a cautious man, one not easily befriended or taken in, who knows what he wants and who will lie to get it.

A door at the back of the shop leads into Hengst's living quarters. That entry has a notice on it saying "Private. No admittance to customers." Anyone testing the handle finds it locked. There is a back door in the kitchen, accessed from an alley entered from the other side of the clothes shop.

The alley is narrow, smelly, dark, and threatening. The kitchen window next to the door offers opportunity for those inclined to burglary.



Steps in the kitchen lead down to a small cellar, used to store food and fuel. Steps in the hall lead up to a tiny bedroom and W.C. Neither basement nor upper floor hold anything of interest, though even in this heat the building has a chill about it.

In Hengst's study, hundreds of books are entirely devoted to the occult; Hengst's interest in that topic is greater than he admitted. Some rare volumes are here, including alchemical works by Boyle and Newton, but nothing of great power. Hengst is a scholar, not a magician.

A successful Accounting roll reveals the shop to be a reasonably profitable business, and finds the accounts immaculately kept. No incriminating papers or cylindrical iron paper weight exist here. More interesting is the rug on which the desk-chair stands. Beneath it a wooden trap door opens to reveal a 15-foot shaft and ladder connecting Hengst with Smythe and with Rowse's Funeral Parlour.

Hengst keeps regular hours, shutting up shop Wednesday afternoons to make purchases and attend to errands. He closes all Saturday and Sunday. Hengst often is out evenings, leaving via the trap door for discussions with Smythe and others. The investigators can see a lamp in the kitchen window, but the curtains are drawn closed.

If the investigators keep watch for very many days, they see David Smythe come and go from this shop at odd hours, and at oddly-spaced intervals, sometimes of many hours or days.

Smythe's Citadel

Throughout the nineteenth century, areas of London existed where the forces of law and order were unable or unwilling to venture. Complex mazes formed of many older houses with newer dwellings squeezed between, the remaining spaces filled with ramshackle huts, barricades, or just rubbish, they were inhabited by people ranging from the destitute to the highly dangerous.

In general such a place would be made easy to defend against intruders and dangerous for outsiders to enter. Street entrances were sealed up in favor of concealed entries from other buildings alongside, such as brothels or coffee shops. Alleys, yards, and gardens were roofed over, and precarious walkways constructed between upstairs windows, sometimes three or more stories up. Tunnels might link cellars. Hazards ranged from the carelessness of the inhabitants, such as half-covered cesspits or collapsing doors, to murderously-intended deadfalls and pitfalls. Within these thieves' citadels—rookeries—robberies were planned, stolen goods disposed of, false coin struck, and forged documents commissioned. They also accommodated, albeit in abysmal style, the destitute, the criminal, and the fugitive.

The central room was a large kitchen, usually on the ground floor but sometimes a cellar, with a blazing fire and long tables. The rooms in which people slept were very small, perhaps six feet by four, with ceilings sometimes well below six feet. Writers of the time speak of walls the color of soot, of half-glazed greasy windows interspersed with straw, of rotting floorboards covered with verminous and inadequate bedding, and of unbelievable crowding.

A contemporary reports that of three small upstairs rooms in a boarding house (he does not specify the exact size) he saw 12 people in one room and 16 in another. The third room was used as a privy, the floor being composed entirely of human ordure. Where beds were available, up to six at a time might use one.

Smythe owns and often stays in a remnant of the infamous Holy Land or St. Giles rookery. This was acres-wide earlier in the century. The building of arterials such as New Oxford Street reduced its size considerably, but also concentrated the underworld into a smaller area and shifted its geographic center toward Seven Dials.

GETTING TO SMYTHE'S CITADEL

Smythe's main entrance is through the back of a Charing Cross coffee shop of rough custom, though he also enters via Hengst's shop, and other escape routes exist. Smythe's citadel is four stories tall, and virtually impregnable to the

police, not least because if Smythe is in the building at the time he will be able magically to befuddle intruders and generally strengthen resistance. The investigators should not be able to explore the citadel; with so many people jammed in it, secret movement is impossible.

From the tunnel linking Smythe, Hengst, and the funeral parlor, the ladder to Smythe's rookery is longer than the other two, nearly 35 feet of wobbly, slippery rungs. After the first fifteen feet or so, the investigators realize that they are moving upward inside a building and are no longer below ground. If at an appropriate hour, a successful Listen roll detects the sounds of coarse merrymaking or disgusting behavior.

The investigators have entered one of London's most dangerous buildings—a den of thieves and ruffians in which pickpockets, forgers, burglars, con-men, thugs, and every type of criminal receive hospitality of a sort, and over which Smythe is lord and master. The house itself is sizable and of four stories; Smythe's rooms are right at the top.

Of far less magnitude than existed earlier this century, this citadel is still viable, one of London's last surviving. Unless in great force, the police hesitate to venture here. No man on the beat will think of going in alone.

SMYTHE'S QUARTERS

The investigators have stumbled upon Smythe's route to and from the building that avoids the riff-raff below. The trap door at the top of the ladder opens into a small unpainted room with a plank floor. The room, little more than a closet, is empty. One door, closed now, opens out. Beneath it light can be seen, and faint voices come from within.

The door has a keyhole. With a successful Sneak roll, an investigator can creep to the door undetected. The room beyond is covered in black silk hangings, but without other furnishings. Smythe, an arrogantly handsome young man whom the investigators already may have met, sits cross-legged in the center of the floor, still in stockbroker garb. In front of him is a candle in a dish, its flame wavering slightly in the drafts of the room. That candle's light provides the only illumination, projecting Smythe's outline, much enlarged, against the wall to the left.

Smythe appears to be talking to the candle. His voice is low and it is difficult to make out anything specific. After a few moments, a disembodied voice replies to Smythe. The voice is very husky and quiet; as the candle flickers, so it becomes less audible, as if a poor radio signal.

Smythe is using Candle Communication (see his statistics) to converse with Nystor Ferencz, far away in his gypsy caravan. Ferencz has a similar candle lit at his end. They discuss the raising of the Dulcarnon. If the investigators already have made themselves felt, the sorcerers also discuss what to do about those nuisances. This could be a useful way to pass on necessary information to players who

missed things earlier, or perhaps they cannot make out even a word.

Sensible investigators learn what they can, then creep away. Smythe must survive this adventure in order to reappear in "Lord of the Dance." He counters attempts at physical assassination by using Vanish (also described near his statistics) to catch his breath, then counterattacking magically or escaping by some hidden route. In public he can deflect bullets with magic, as though the assassin had missed.

In this case, Vanish merely takes him into the next-door room, a study, also linked to the candle room by a door which can be locked (STR 18) behind the hangings (INT x3 per round to find the door). Beyond the study are two more rooms, those of the Danh twins. When Smythe shouts, they raise the alarm and come to his aid: the investigators must beat a hasty retreat or meet a sizable portion of London's underworld swarming up the stairs with murderous intent. There is no question of fighting their way downstairs without very potent magic, but they may be able to escape with their lives if they run quickly.

Investigators who choose to defend with guns from the bottom of the ladder risk being cut off by men sent in through Hengst's entrance a few hundred yards away.

Truro

IN THE 1890s, Truro is one of the largest towns of Cornwall, in the southwest of England. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Truro was a fashionable place on a par with Bath, luxuriant with the money the tin mines brought to the area. Fashions changed; in the 1890s, the town is no longer a haunt of the smart set, especially now that the tin industry is on the wane, but the grand houses of the time still stand, and prosperity is returning.

Clustered on the coast, straddling the River Allen, Truro is full of narrow, cobbled streets. Narrower alleys wind between huddled houses with strangely-shaped roofs, niggardly windows, and old porticos. Street names breathe history and atmosphere: Tanyard Court, Tippet's Backyard. Coombe Lane recalls the medieval wool trade, once important to the area. Squeezeguts Alley aptly describes the narrowest passage in the town. The cry of sea gulls echoes around the buildings, there is a clear quality to the light, and the smell of salt is strong in the air.

Cornishmen still see outsiders as foreigners, but in Truro a cosmopolitan atmosphere prevails and travelers are made to feel welcome. Though high society may have departed, the Pannier Market still bustles on a Thursday and the railway station is a major communications center. After

London, Truro is fresh, clean, quaint, innocent. The investigators may feel inclined to stay.

The Black Lion

The Black Lion Hotel is a comfortable hostelry in the center of Truro, not far from the still-incomplete cathedral church of St. Mary.

The Black Lion is owned and managed by a member of the cabal, Miles Graystone. Though not a wizard, Graystone is involved in the raising of the Dulcamon, and communicates regularly with Smythe. Within a day he knows everything that the cabal learns about the investigators.

The hotel has three floors. On the ground floor are the lobby, a bar, a lounge, offices, a dining room and kitchens; the two floors above contain the accommodations, fifty rooms of varying quality and size. Behind the hotel is a large walled garden with tables and chairs, reached from the lounge through the french windows, and from the kitchens via another back door.

WHAT WENT BEFORE

In the evening of the second day of this month, a small fire occurred at the hotel. Several rooms were badly damaged and are not yet returned to service, but the blaze was put out before it took hold.

The fire was Horatio Cartwright's doing. As his father intended, the words he read aloud summoned a fire vampire. It appeared a few minutes after Cartwright fled the room. Elias Cartwright hoped that the conflagration would destroy the thing in the cellar.

Unfortunately Horatio was placed in a corner room, rather than in a central one; the resulting blaze was quickly discovered and controlled, and the relatively minor damage did not affect the contents of the cellar.

WHAT CAN BE LEARNED

Having reached the hotel, and presumably taking rooms, the investigators have come to a dead end. They know that Horatio Cartwright registered here and performed a ceremony at his father's behest, but they do not know why.

Examination of the local newspapers quickly turns up the tale of the fire, including the registrant who fled the scene and left no clues. Investigators who manage to examine the register (successful Fast Talk to see materials which hotels traditionally keep confidential) can probably guess the identity of the mysterious J. Smith who occupied the room in which the fire began; imagination was not a strength of Horatio Cartwright.

Conversation with hotel staff—chambermaid, the night clerk, the headwaiter at the hotel restaurant—turns up the same story of the fire. Investigators who receive successes with Credit Rating, Fast Talk, or Debate can learn additional things, detailed below.

About Mr. Graystone

Though the staff respects Mr. Graystone, owner and general manager of the Black Lion, his performance during the fire was most unusual. Graystone lives nearby, and as per standing order, was immediately notified when the fire was discovered, and he arrived at the hotel nearly before the fire brigade. Since the extent of the danger was yet unknown, all the rooms were being evacuated. But Graystone did not oversee this vital task. Assured of its progress by the night manager, Graystone thereupon commandeered the night bellman and took him into the cellars.

Shortly thereafter, they and the boilerman emerged from the cellars. The employees carried a large, stiff bundle bigger than a man, shrouded in hotel linen. This was taken out of the hotel to the rear garden. The boilerman waited in the garden until all danger had passed. The fire out, the bundle was returned to the cellar by the same three people.

No one knows what was carried out with such urgency.

GRAYSTONE'S FRATERNITY

In another story, one evening a week men gather at the hotel to meet with the master. Graystone refers to them as "members of my fraternity." These middle or upper class men are unknown in Truro. Occasionally a young gypsy appears. The meeting often includes a blind man.

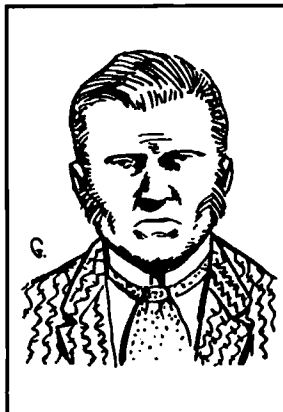
On several occasions the members trooped through the kitchens and took the stairs to the cellars, where they stayed for hours.

AN INTERVIEW WITH GRAYSTONE

Owner and manager of the Black Lion is Miles Millard Graystone, a Cornishman of ancient descent and respectable family, native to Truro.

Graystone is a tall, strongly-built man in his fifties, with short steel-gray hair. By training and inheritance a canny businessman, he is by impulse and heartfelt desire a romantic who finds it increasingly difficult to attend to day-to-day matters as the rise of the Dulcarnon approaches. His statistics appear at the end of this adventure.

Graystone dreams that the wakened Dulcarnon, which he associates with the mythic return of King Arthur, will restore the days of personal honor and delicate craft of Graystone's ancient Celt forebears, and will abolish the brutal technology and unthinking greed which now ruin Britain. If investigators happen to favorably mention matters occult, druidical, orders mystical, Britain's ancient heritage, the Pre-Raphaelites, the controversial agitator and traitor to his



Miles Millard Graystone

class Mr. William Morris, etc., Graystone proudly recites from the *Mabinogion* (or less-likely the *Idylls of the King*). He shows them his Arthurian engravings, and answers general questions and makes chitchat for hours. Questions specific to the events during the night of the fire, to the Dulcarnon, or to relations with David Smythe earn his enmity and perhaps fear, and receive only expletives for answers.

If the investigators anger Graystone, he evicts them from the hotel. This news spreads within minutes. After that, even the lowliest staff refuses conversation with people who have insulted the man who is both their employer and a person well-respected in the community. If this happens, drastically reduce the effective levels of investigator Credit Rating, Debate, Fast Talk, Oratory—any skill pertinent to communication with hotel staff. Only coercion, bribery, deceit, or the intervention of local authorities can be effective; one hopes that the investigators, as befits those of gentle deportment, maintain relations with the police.

Graystone may already know about the investigators, especially if they have clashed with Smythe. In that case Graystone is coolly polite, and warns all staff not to speak to men he implies are criminals. He refuses to extend their stay at the Black Lion beyond the next morning.

THE NIGHT BELLMAN

The night bellman is Jeremy Hawser, a small, wiry, hawk-nosed man about 45, once a jockey well-known in the West of England. Race fans joked that his nose was so long that he couldn't help finishing first. His statistics appear at the end of this adventure.

Hawser does not report until 9 P.M. When he does, he has already heard if the investigators have insulted Mr. Graystone; if they have, he refuses to talk.

If without reason to withhold information, he still refuses to talk, because Mr. Graystone asked him to be silent concerning the episode. But if any investigator is titled, or possesses a Credit Rating in excess of 80%, or receives a successful POW against POW roll (Hawser has POW 12), or if an important local official participates in the questioning, Hawser reluctantly recounts the event, but pleads with them not to tell Mr. Graystone that Jeremy Hawser has broken his word. Hawser is much reassured if the investigators so-promise. In any case, he has not much to add to what the investigators already know.

When the fire was detected just before 10 P.M., great uproar ensued. Not many guests were in the hotel that night, fortunately. Hawser had made sure that the third and fourth floors were



Jeremy Hawser

vacant when Mr. Graystone arrived, out of breathe. He immediately asked Hawser to come along to the cellars. There they met Ramekin Perkins—"a leering bully," Hawser opines.

Mr. Graystone asked Hawser to turn his back, and not to look around. Thereupon much shoving and movement could be heard at the end of the cellar far opposite the stairs. A door opened, and then something very heavy was pulled across the floor. When Graystone summoned Hawser to help, the bellman saw a long bundle wrapped in dirty hotel linen. Graystone instructed the employees to carry the bundle up and out to the garden. Once the fire was out, they carried it back into the basement.

Mr. Graystone volunteered no information, and Hawser asked no questions, as it was not proper that he do so as an employee. The parcel was heavy—"maybe fifteen stone," a bit more than 200 pounds. "It felt like it was bundles of sticks or wicker." Hawser has no other information.

THE NIGHT BOILERMAN

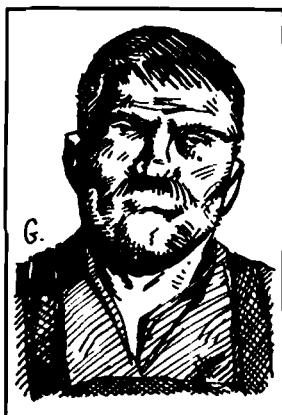
The night boilerman is Ramekin Perkins, an evil and perverse man about 50 years old—tall, burly, indifferently shaven, unclean. Like Hawser, he begins work at 9 P.M. sharp. His task is to maintain the coal-fed cellar furnaces and boilers, insuring that hotel guests always have hot water and steam heat. His statistics occur at the end of this adventure. Unlike Hawser, Perkins is complicit in the cabal, and will never cooperate with the investigators.

If they persist in questioning him, he threatens them: "Ain't no man got to put up with this. I'm warnin' you, fine gentlemen or no, to mind me fists and take yer leave!" With that, Perkins removes his jacket and bares coal-dark, muscular arms as thick as fire hydrants.

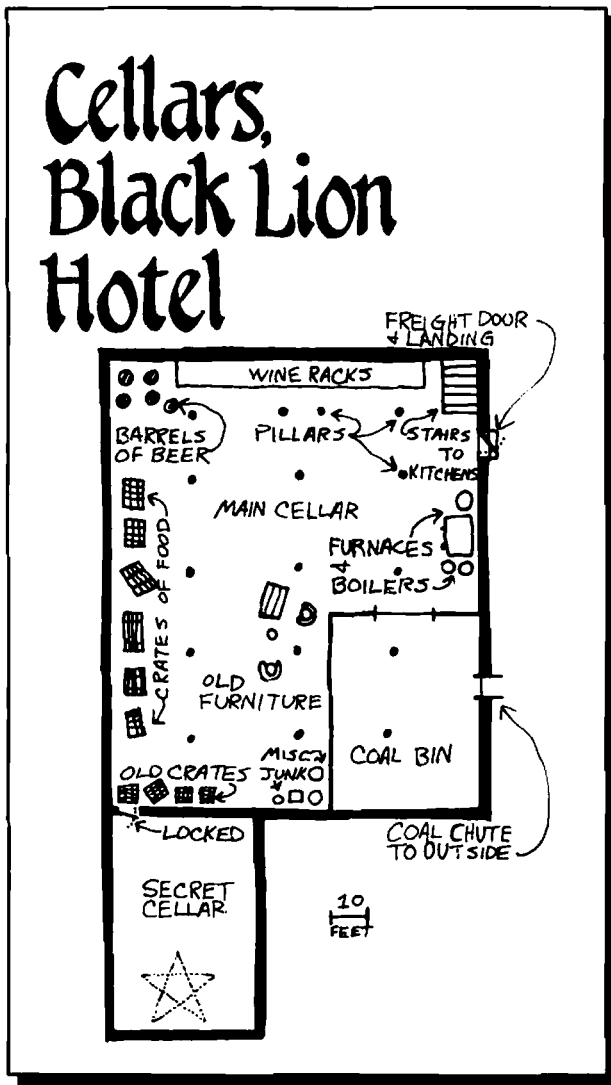
After the investigators question him, Perkins warns Graystone that certain gentlemen are taking an interest in events at the hotel. If the investigators are not already known to the cabal, they are hereafter.

The Cellars

Perkins works as night boilerman six days a week, every week of the year. Vacations are not much known in Truro. His substitute on Sundays is another member of Graystone's fraternity, a man not much different from Perkins, as hotel staff or the pubman down the street can testify. Different boilermen work days, of course, but then the kitchens are fully staffed. The Master Chef immediately intercepts intruders and notifies management and the police. To inspect the cellars is



Ramekin Perkins



nearly impossible without the cooperation of day or night staff (there are only two shifts).

Access is by the kitchen stairs, the freight dock, or down the coal chute. Dock and chute are locked from the inside except during deliveries. After the kitchens and lounge close, investigators could enter the back garden over the wall, break through the back door, and find the door to the cellar steps. The investigators might divert the night clerk somehow, and creep past into the dining room once closed, and from there into the kitchens. Obviously the investigators need subtlety and quietness to succeed in either operation: luck, Sneak, idea, Mechanical Repair, and Hide rolls might be requested as the situation develops.

A plan of the cellars appears nearby. The great room is cluttered with stores and storage, and indifferently lit with random electric lights. Only around the furnaces is there enough light to work. This place is covered with grime and coal dust; the shadows are menacing, and the menace is real.

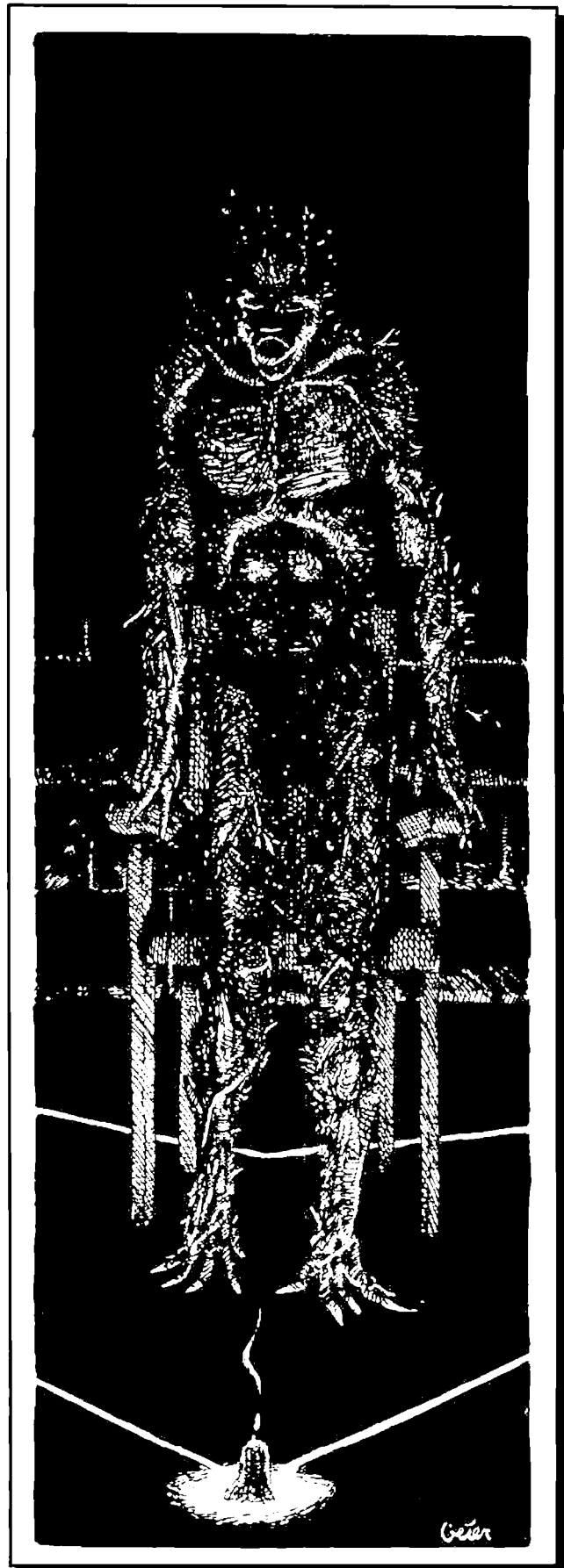
■ **WINDOWS** — none. Ventilators (SIZ 6 and smaller) recycle the air.

- **STAIR DOORS** — two double-hinged doors of STR 20 each. They are never locked, although the Master Chef has a padlock which can keep them closed. As swinging doors, they can nonetheless be lifted up and off their mounts (STR 14 or better to achieve this success).
- **FREIGHT DOOR** — the small freight dock is not much used, since most deliveries are directly to the kitchens and lounge upstairs. The door slides aside, along the wall. It is locked with a bolt from the inside; STR 85 from the outside.
- **COAL CHUTE** — a yard-square opening at the top of the cellar wall, opening to the outside, and locked outside (STR 20 door and padlock). A movable extension of the chute on the inside directs the flow of the coal; it is moved aside except during deliveries. The short interior portion of the chute now stops abruptly about ten feet above the present surface of the coal.
- **BARRELS OF BEER** — 45 kegs of green beer which Mr. Graystone purchased at substantial discount from a Truro pub now deservedly out of business.
- **WINE RACKS** — the wine cellar for the establishment, about 6000 bottles in three long double-sided racks. Ports, clarets, bordeauxs, and champagnes make up the greatest proportion of the holdings. Spirits are in a secure closet in the bar.
- **CRATES OF FOOD** — more exactly, cases of canned goods, sacks of coffee beans, bags and bins of potatoes, sacks of flour, sugar, and salt, wheels of Derby sage and other cheeses, mostly empty bins of apples and other temperate fruits, and other staples of which the restaurant or lounge requires long-term supplies.
- **OLD FURNITURE** — the center of the cellar mostly holds extra, worn, or broken furniture, often covered with drop cloths—a useful area for concealment.
- **MISCELLANEOUS JUNK** — the old furniture flows back in a low ridge to merge invisibly with abandoned luggage, broken plumbing fixtures, spare parts, a work bench with a small wood lathe and other carpentry tools, half-empty cans of paint, brushes, roof slates, and a lumber rack running along the outside of the coal bin.

BEHIND THE CRATES

The door which leads to the interesting part of the cellar is hidden behind a pile of empty wooden crates. It opens inward, and is locked (STR 30) to break through. Only Graystone has a key, but the lock opens with a successful Mechanical Repair.

The smaller room beyond is still nearly 60 feet long. As shown on the plan a 20-foot-across pentacle is the dominant element of the room, chalked again and again on the flagstones. In a totally dark room, or if a successful Spot Hidden is directed at it, the investigators see that the pentacle glows fitfully and that it occasionally emits tiny puffs of light, as though the surface of the markings was boiling. At each of the five corners of the pentacle, a brass dish holds a large black wax candle.



Plant Effigies In Britain

Human likenesses in plant form are ubiquitous in British folklore, and appear to be ancient in origin. Small corn dollies, for instance, are made by farmers from the last sheaves of the harvest to safeguard the next year's crop; and the Jack-in-the-Green or May King, a man completely enveloped in oak and hawthorn with only his face human, is a popular figure at fairs.

Many effigies are of mysterious antecedent, such as the Burry Man of Queensferry, near Edinburgh in Scotland. This peculiar figure appears annually on July 8th, the night before Ferry Fair, covered in thistle and teazle burrs, his head wreathed in flowers. A staff in each hand, he never speaks, but goes from house to house collecting tribute. His equivalent in the agricultural East of England is the Straw Bear, a man clad all in straw, who appears on Plough Monday (the Monday after Epiphany).

The ideas of tribute and sacrifice are central to such figures. In the case of male figures, the Jack-in-the-Green is given the prettiest girl in the village as his bride, (this was once more literally true, since May rites are fertility rites) and the Burry Man demands money or food.

Conversely, the female figures are sacrificed. The Ivy Girl of Kent (in fact a life-size corn doll) is burned, and in Cornwall similar effigies are thrown into the sea to ensure good fishing. The modern version of harvest chants are innocuous enough, but the original Cornish rendering holds sacrificial overtones with its cry for the head of a chicken.

The idea of the Guy Fawkes bonfire probably harks back to earlier rites, and the concept of the male plant figure demanding tribute occurs again in the Arthurian legend of the Green Knight, a figure who appears on New Year's day, who cannot be harmed, and who holds Gawain to a strange bargain.

Although perhaps relics of primitive nature-worship, with the theme of death and rebirth paramount, all these customs may be dim echoes of very real tributes and sacrifices made to a being or beings of great power and actually plant-like in appearance.

On a throne-like wooden chair in the center of the pentacle sits an extraordinary entity, the figure of a man, sitting some seven feet tall, entirely constructed of leaves, branches, plaited corn, fruits, and grasses woven together in an intricate and methodical design. The effect of the creation is distinctly chilling; lose 0/1D4 SAN. The dark stains on the floor around are decidedly sinister. This is the Green Man.

As a successful Occult roll might reveal, the Green Man is an oracle, activated by lighting the five candles. Thereupon a tiny fraction of the spirit of the greater spirit enters this Green Man, animates it, and allows it to answer questions. It cannot speak, but is able to nod or shake its head; questions should be phrased to receive a yes-or-no answer.

Before any questions, the Green Man requires a sacrifice. Until the candles are lit, the active pentacle denies entry—objects of any strength bounce off. The candles lit, the resistance becomes squasy, and a sacrifice may be pushed carefully into the interior of the pentacle.

Occasionally the fraternity brings in a tramp or an urchin from the streets, someone who has already been spiritually devoured by crass entrepreneurship, brutal technology, and dark Satanic mills, thereby lessening by so much the sin of murder. Forced into the restraining pentacle, and unable to escape the thing within, the victim is raised to the Green Man's face; then within seconds he or she crumbles to an autumnal husk—all points of Strength, Constitution, Appearance, etc., are drained away. Then the Green Man grows slightly from this fresh fertilizer, and its leaves take on a denser, shinier look. Here and there a bud opens and flowers. The crumbling victim is tossed aside, now just dust—1/1D8 to witness this.

If the investigators decide to light the candles and then do not provide someone as a sacrifice, the Green Man soon rises from his throne and helps himself to that investigator present of the lowest Power; the target does not have to be within the pentacle, and the Green Man may move beyond the bounds of the pentacle to claim his victim. The Green Man moves quickly, is incredibly strong, and is resistant to damage.

THE GREEN MAN

STR 25 CON 90 SIZ 20 INT 20 POW 24
DEX 20 Move 12 HP 55

Armor: 6-point wood; impaling rolls do no additional damage; the green wood and fresh foliage will not burn from matches or torches, but the entity would burn in one of the hotel's coal-fired furnaces.

Weapons: Grab and Drain 95%, damage lose 20 characteristics points* per round until dead.

Answer Question 100%, damage is 1 SAN point lost from the questioner per question.

* If such an attack is interrupted, allow the victim's player to choose what points are withdrawn.

Spells: none.

Skills: Climb 70%, Dodge 70%, Hide 70%, Sneak 70%, Swim 70%, Track 70%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4 to see; 1/1D8 to witness a Grab and Drain attack.

Extinguishing one or more candles halts the attack and forces the Green Man back onto his throne, and forces out of the pentacle any humans within it. Having Grabbed and Drained, the Green Man returns to its throne and awaits consultation.

A cabalist consultation might concern the prospects for or technicalities of the Raise Dulcamon process. For each yes or no, charge the questioner one point of Sanity. If the investigators' queries begin to be tedious or extended, increase the charge to two SAN points, then three, etc.

If the investigators are eavesdropping, and the cabalists know their names, as they should by now, have them inquire as to the whereabouts of one of the individuals listening in. Begin with the most general query and narrow it down (is he or she in England? in London? in Truro? in the hotel? in the hotel cellars?). Perhaps Nystor sent a blind man this evening. Let the drama evolve.

Captured investigators should meet death. It is unlikely that all the investigators can be captured. Next time the investigators encounter a blind man, they may find it more difficult to recognize their friend without his eyes, but surely recognition will dawn.

The ceremony raising the Dulcamon takes place on Silbury Hill, but a Green Man effigy, magically prepared, is necessary to it. Destroying the effigy postpones the ritual until some later moment, perhaps the autumnal equinox in September, or some convenient date the keeper concocts. But another Green Man can be created.

The Truro version of the Green Man is like those built in ancient times. It houses a small portion of the Dulcamon. The Truro cabalists use the effigy as an oracle at present. When the Dulcamon is raised, the Green Man plays a magical role in its transubstantiation. The cabalists expect of the transformed a potency equivalent to a Great Old One.

Preparing For The Climax

Investigators can be led to Silbury Hill in various ways.

A clue exists in the translation of Agrippa which Elias Cartwright left in Robin Hood's Bower: it speaks of the Dulcamon imprisoned beneath a hill which Merlin raised to hold him. Silbury Hill, near Avebury, is a man-made flat-topped hill of considerable size whose actual purpose is obscure. Whether investigators see that Silbury Hill is the best candidate depends on their Occult or Library Use skill, or how persistently they consult people of better understanding than themselves.

Casually suggest an interview with James G. Frazer, at Trinity College, Cambridge. Frazer or a favored student could connect Silbury Hill with the Dulcamon. Frazer's monumental *Golden Bough* was published in 1890 to much scholarly admiration and acclaim, and reissued in 12 volumes between 1907-1915. He will be knighted in 1914; the single-volume abridgement with which lay readers might be familiar does not appear until 1922. Frazer's theme, of a perceivable intellectual evolution from magic to religion (to science) as revealed by the sub-text of tale and legend, especially relating to the symbolic functions of priest and king, remains embedded in Western thought, even if ethnography and anthropology has since transcended Frazer's literary exegesis, synthesis, and comparison.

Margaret A. Murray, who would publish *The Witch-Cult in Western Europe* in 1921, was already a recognized Egyptologist when she entered London University in 1894 at the age of 31. If the keeper prefers, she or a friend can suggest the same sort of link between the Dulcamon and Silbury Hill.

If the investigators are friendly with the police, or if they assiduously read Berkshire and Oxfordshire newspapers as well as those from London, they learn of another murder in which a blind man was concerned, in Newbury, which is directly on the way to Silbury Hill.

Player Handout #8

Horrible Canal Find At Newbury

A cloth sack whose contents were of a singularly revolting nature was yesterday discovered by a barge owner on the Kennet and Avon canal at Newbury. He pulled the sack on board his vessel, having observed it floating downstream. Shockingly, it proved to contain the bodies of two infant males, both of whom had been dead for several days.

The Inspector in charge of the case has expressed a deep disgust at the nature of the deed and has said that every effort will be made to trace the author. The police desire to speak with any members of the fair camped in the meadows nearby who might have noticed any suspicious occurrences. The inquiry continues.

A police doctor examining the bodies expressed the opinion that is was the work of a surgeon of the highest calibre, but he offered no suggestion as to why anyone should perpetrate such revolting acts. Each was systematically mutilated in a fashion unfit to state publicly.

In private, investigators can easily learn from the coroner that the infants were entirely skinned, by a very skillful surgeon.

These victims represent the same sort of drugged infants-in-the-post discovered at Henley, but Dr. Verdain has now finished with these. To maintain Ferencz's skin requires constant grafting of the youngest skin possible. Verdain finished, the remains were thrown into the canal. This time the weights used became detached from the bag; the tiny corpses bloated and rose to the surface.

Near the front of this adventure is an event sequence which includes the movements of Ferencz's traveling fair. If the players examine their map, an idea roll may be all that's necessary to show the trail toward Avebury, or perhaps a policeman idly comments on the coincidences of the fair and the discovery of the babies.

Silbury Hill

THE GREAT MOUND is about a mile south of the small village of Avebury in Wiltshire, which is famous for its stone circles. A map of the area appears nearby. The nearest town is Marlborough, about five miles to the east, which has a railway station. Swindon is some ten miles to the north. The hill lies only fifty yards from the London-to-Bath coach route (shown on modern maps as the A4)—Ferencz's route to Silbury Hill.

This megalithic mound is some 120 feet high, a man-made structure of tightly rammed chalk, a 15-foot-high core of gravel and clay and a surface layer of thin soil and grass. It was built circa 4500 B.P. for an unknown purpose. Some say the devil built it. Others hold Merlin responsible. Or perhaps it is the burial mound of King Zel, whose ghost gallops the downs on moonlight nights.

Archaeologists do not have better explanations. Site excavations were made in 1776, 1849, and 1968, all necessarily of limited extent to avoid destroying the mound. Nothing of great note was found and no testable theories exist concerning the reason for its construction. It is probably the largest man-made object in prehistoric Europe.

For the purposes of this scenario, Silbury Hill was indeed built by a great enchanter, remembered in legends as Merlin, who imprisoned—or who perhaps left guarded against later harm—in that heavy earth the spirit of the Dulcamon. Archaeological digs failed to find anything because most of the magical structure is below ground level. The 1776 excavation, which dug down, might have found the capstone near the surface at the top, but failed to do so by ill-chance.

The hill is a quiet place in the 1890s. Locals gather there, as well as amateur archaeologists and the occasional artist. The fair is not a regular occurrence, unlike the Palm Sunday picnics, but is in keeping with the way the locals view “Zilburry ‘Ill.”

The Famous Fandambulium

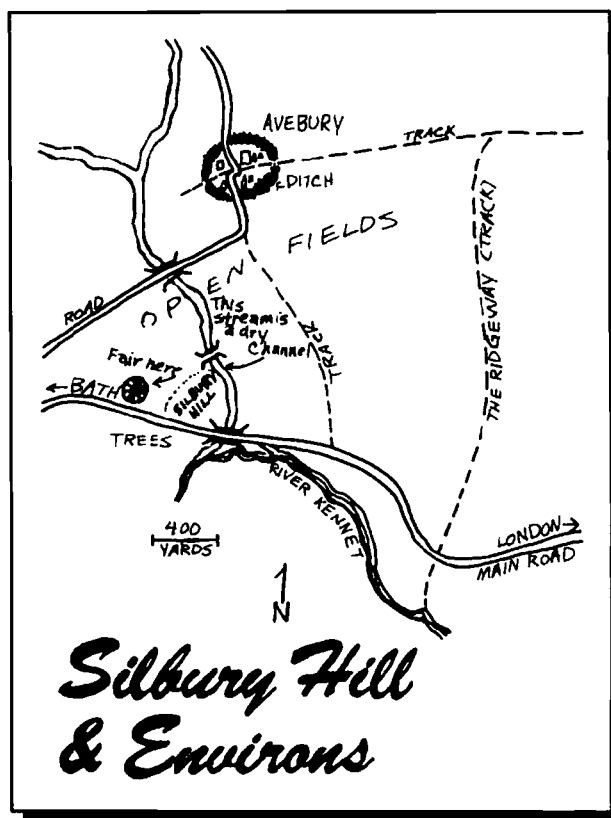
Traveling fairs have declined from their mid-century heyday, but most still attract good crowds. The ferment of the steam age continues to reward popular entertainment. Showmen abound.

The grandest traveling shows are great circuses and well-regarded theater companies. Smallish entertainment fairs, such as that commanded by Nystor Ferencz, consist of mechanical rides, stalls offering gambling games and shies (games where the players throw balls or staves to knock objects down), juggling, fortune telling, a dancing bear, card games, tests of strength, food, drink, and other diversions. They play smaller towns and localities.

Most folk have good times, though minor scuffles may break out between locals and fair people. The fair is a certain draw for every pickpocket and confidence trickster for miles about—the police know they are unwelcome at such events, and that their mere presence may prove provocative; they stay away unless serious rioting occurs. At night, they are even less likely to interfere.

Other hangers-on dog the fair—traveling traders and cheapjacks sell all manner of items at low prices, usually of poor quality or of stolen origin. Gangs of local ruffians, rowdy from the drinking tents, may be bent upon troublemaking as the sunlight fades and the paraffin lamps begin to glow. Such gangs occasionally provoke riots, though rarely at Henley, where nearly everyone is on his or her best behavior.

Since Silbury Hill itself is too steep and too small at the top to serve, the tents have been raised just north of the mound, in fields used for grazing sheep and cattle—flat and featureless stretches broken occasionally by trees and by a bridged stream running toward Avebury. To the south, the



ground rises sharply towards the main road; a light covering of trees on the other side of the road make feasible concealed approach at night.

About thirty tents of varying size are arranged more or less along an irregular street. About the same number of painted caravans stand behind or beside the tents. Approximately a hundred people present the fair, about thirty of whom are men and youths who might join in a fight.

INFORMATION FROM A VISIT

Investigators who have attended other traveling fairs notice nothing unusual about this one. Some, but not all the games, seem to be rigged. The beer tents are selling decent enough local brews picked up in Marlborough. Several ladies-of-the-tour appear to be understandably approachable. If any of the investigators want to try their hand at darts, three out of three successful Throw skill results gets the lucky winner or winners a tin serving plate; winner's choice between reproductions of the wise gaze of Thomas Huxley, the swing of Lady Margaret Scott, the regal serenity of Queen Victoria, or the flashing blade of Chinese Gordon in doomed battle at Khartoum.

Investigators can learn in conversation that Strazi handles all day-to-day operations of the fair, including finding lost young gentlemen, refunding moneys unfairly won (refunds do not often occur, save in the context of some greater and subtler fraud), determining the place to camp, selling and buying horses, and so on.

“Master Nystor Ferencz, Esq.” is announced as “Commander and First Buglereer of The Rovers Fair,” on an ancient, fading, shredded banner which hangs limply from a tent pole. A successful History roll tentatively identifies the design and execution of the embroidery as about a century old, from the late 18th century.

With a successful Fast Talk roll, the investigators are told casually that Ferencz is very old, very old indeed. “He no leave caravan now. And we most drive for him.” Ferencz no longer speaks to anyone but Strazi.

STRAZI THE SHOWMAN

Strazi is the fair’s knife-thrower. His foreigner-anarchist’s countenance with long black beard and glittering eyes makes every onlooker sure that the man intends to murder his bound and winsome female target.

If the point is not clear enough, the two boys who work the crowd for contributions imply that Strazi is a madman, an evil genius who has threatened his cowering target with death or disfigurement if enough money is not collected. “Fer luv o’ god, gents—shillin’s, not pennies!”

Strazi has incredible skill with his throwing knives. Their design is such that he holds each by the handle, rather than along the blade as with normal throwing knives. Strazi hurls them violently from various distances, uses mirrors by which to aim, throws blindfolded, throws blindfolded at a spinning target, hikes knives from between his legs, throws them up and hits them toward the target with cricket bats, and so on. The investigators have never seen better.

Request Spot Hidden rolls for all. If either the Horatio Cartwright or Jeremiah Oldacre murder weapons have been seen by any of the investigators, they recognize that Strazi is using what seem to be knives identical to them.

Strazi refuses to sell any of the blades, but offers of a sovereign or more plainly tempt him. If the offer is for far more than the knife is obviously worth, he grows suspicious and ends the conversation. The investigators’ best approach is to be foolish and flattering; with that tack, request POW x1 rolls for all the investigators—if someone succeeds, Strazi nervously accepts an offer of a sovereign

or more, and gives them one of his knives, warning the purchasers not to exhibit the weapon around camp. “I do it as favor to you.” A plea in his voice belies the gypsy’s bold and reckless persona; a successful Psychology roll suggests that greedy Strazi has good reason to fear some consequence of this transaction. Statistics for Strazi can be found at the end of this adventure.



Caldemono Strazi

The weapon the investigator buys is in all respects the same as either murder weapon, including its magical opening and closing. No other person achieves Strazi’s phenomenal accuracy throwing these knives. Ferencz has given Strazi a little prayer to say just before he performs. It works only for Strazi, and only so long as he does not throw a knife at Ferencz. Though he does



Gorgo the Bodyguard

not know it, it costs Strazi three magic points each performance. The text of this minor spell appears adjacent to Strazi’s statistics at the end of this adventure.

WHAT THE INVESTIGATORS NOTICE

A large tent of no apparent purpose has been erected atop Silbury Hill. Fair people occasionally climb to it or return from it, but outsiders who try to follow are immediately discouraged, with physical violence if necessary.

Inside it, three or four men work at any one time, using picks and shovels and storing the earth aside in sacks. After the fair has been camped for three days, the excavation is complete; a single man guards the site thereafter, until the night of the summer solstice.

Most of the caravans are gaily painted and decorated. Ferencz’s is uniformly black. This caravan is parked in the center of the fair. Only Strazi enters it.

A large and unfriendly man, Ferencz’s bodyguard Gorgo often sits on the front steps, trimming his nails with a huge, razor-sharp knife, discouraging anyone who seeks admittance to the caravan or answers to questions. Statistics for Gorgo occur at the end of this adventure.

Caravan of Nystor Ferencz

This enclosed and rigid-roofed wagon (caravan in British parlance) is Nystor Ferencz’s residence, a tiny windowless space crammed with magical materials and occult items. His naked physical form resides permanently in a chair in the caravan’s center, a 452-year-old body which has degenerated too far to allow him to move even a few feet. He has long since lost the need for sleep, exercise, digestion, or excretion.

His pale skin peels and rots. In the darkness of the caravan the great wrinkles and mottles which decorate the sagging flesh are like the markings of some sea creature. No head or body hair now exists. His eyes are deep empty pits, without eyeballs, lids, or lashes. His nose is flattened and mostly rotted away. His mouth is slack, drooling and sunken; he has no teeth, and no expression. Words come out of him in gasps and whispers; when he coughs, his

Dr. Serge Verdain

In his late thirties, Verdain is a short man with close-cropped dark hair and a sparse beard. He uses steel-rimmed spectacles. He is wild-eyed, with hollow cheeks.



Verdain is a brilliant surgeon with one French parent and one Russian, both deceased. He came into Nystor's employ a short while after having been debarred for a set of experiments which the disciplinary committee described as 'sick, grotesque and wholly unjustified.' His job is to maintain the ailing body of his master by skin grafts from infants at regular intervals.

Never a stable man, the things Verdain has seen since he entered the

wizard's employ have sharpened his insanity. He has several times performed impromptu operations with his scalpel on people who have annoyed him.

Verdain, with the pseudonym James Callaghan, is the man for whom the parcel of infants was intended. He is a spare keeper character in this adventure; keep him in mind for odd jobs.

His statistics occur at the end of this adventure.

whole body rustles uneasily, as though his being were stitched and frayed, ready to unravel.

His peeling skin, which can no longer be persuaded to bond to his body for more than a week or so, covers the floor around him. The smallest movement sloughs off skin in great sheets; replacement skin grafts are the primary reason for Verdain's presence. The constantly exposing flesh fills the tiny wagon with unwholesome scents. Ferencz takes great pains not to admit flies, and especially the eggs of flies.

Close to Ferencz's chair are small clear glass jars, each with a tightly-fitting glass cap. Each jar contains two human eyeballs and associated filaments and ganglia. Inserting a particular set of orbs into his empty sockets enables Ferencz to take control of the corresponding zombie's body. A zombie blind man might wander the fair, but it is likely that Ferencz focuses his attention elsewhere, perhaps in search of the investigators.

Ferencz's caravan is a dangerous place to be. Despite his blindness, the wizard is able to sense presences and events within a dozen yards or so, though he gets no clear sense of physical appearance.

In a tiny closet behind the caravan's driver seat, three zombies await Ferencz's activation, each dressed in black, wearing dark-tinted spectacles, and holding a cane. Others wait in secret places in London, and across the south of England, granting the sorcerer an effective ability to move

instantaneously, merely by trading eyeballs. Ferencz being Ferencz, still more zombies can lurk in odd recesses of the camp, as many as the keeper wishes, though only one at a time can be activated.

TALKING WITH NYSTOR FERENCZ

If police or other authorities insist upon admittance, Ferencz uses hypnosis. There is room in the caravan for only one visitor at a time. The target stands no chance of resist Ferencz's powers unless possessed of extraordinary will and knowledge of hypnotic technique; see Ferencz's statistics at the end of this adventure for details.

Those failing the POW against POW resistance-table struggle leave the caravan recalling only a clean, tidy interior, and a bearded, charismatic gypsy leader who was polite, welcoming, and who dealt satisfactorily with all questions. Details of the conversation cannot be remembered, since the real conversation has been hidden from the target: Ferencz uses these opportunities to extract everything that the target knows about the fair and its activities, and implants a strong suggestion that her or she stop worrying and go home and relax. After 1D10 days, random images from the real conversation start to appear in the person's mind, but systematic memories are repressed and forgotten because of the horror of Ferencz's appearance and his skill with hypnosis. Nonetheless, after a few sessions any skilled hypnotist is able to extract exactly what was experienced by the victim. He or she finds the information at once incredible and somehow true.

Attacking The Fair

Four general ways exist to attack Ferencz, his organization, and his plans.

ATTACKING THE CARAVAN

Handout #1 prompted the investigators to understand that Ferencz is the chief villain of this adventure. Logically, assassinating Ferencz might end the threat, though one hopes that true ladies and gentlemen do not so stoop.

Nonetheless, the wagon is situated in the middle of the fair, and any investigator can walk a few feet from Ferencz's caravan without attracting interest or notice. Given a suitable diversion, planting a bomb beneath the caravan, or riddling its walls with buckshot might seem like the best solution. Depending on what is actually done, damage in the area could be widespread, prompting newspaper headlines (*Anarchist Outrage at Silbury Hill!*) all over the British Isles. Though an explosion would devastate the fair, physical attacks have no effect on Ferencz's caravan, which has long been immune to everything outside it but the passage of time: the bombs go off, the bullets whine and thud, yet the black caravan merely sways after even the most horrendous blasts.



Magical attacks prompt Ferencz's magical replies; the more potent the attack, the more massive the response. If done earlier than the day of the solstice, Smythe can appear, to add power to Ferencz's magical counterattack.

ATTACKING THE EXCAVATION

The investigators might delay things for a while by attacking the excavation tent atop Silbury Hill, the idea being to stymie the ceremony by making it impossible to carry out during the appointed night of the summer solstice.

As a delaying tactic, this has merit. A band of determined men with high-powered rifles standing off at a thousand yards or so during the night have a tiny chance to affect Ferencz's concentration and prevent him from entering the trance needed to cast the spell. With astonishing luck, one attacker might avoid death or capture until morning, though evading hunting horrors and nightgaunts is hardly easy.

Doomed to failure are investigators who seize the hill-top and there try to defend it against Ferencz, his zombies,

his monsters, and the members of the fair approaching up the hill from various directions. To succeed, this perilous plan requires not one but several investigators armed with decent combinations of offensive and defensive spells.

USING THE CARTWRIGHT SPELL

Cartwright's spell requires the active participation of the keeper, and risks granting control of the scenario to a player. Given keeper preparation and a player willing to work closely with the keeper, the results can be memorable. The players should have to explain the situation insofar as they understand it, and they should have to convince the Yithian to cooperate—perhaps by argument, perhaps by bribes of intellectual resources. The course of action should allow the other players an important share in the action—sitting around watching one player talking with the keeper is not much improvement over watching the keeper talk to himself or herself.

The Yithian player should be reticent about his character's capabilities, and the Yithian's presence should be pre-

Gypsies and the Fair

Ferencz's Famous Fandambulum of Fun includes an unusually large gypsy enclave. Gypsy silk handkerchiefs and flamboyant appearances attract crowds; both sexes wear glittering jewelry in amounts entirely unseemly to Englishmen.

Also known as Romanies, gypsies have their own language and cultural identity, preserved for centuries despite persecution across Europe and Asia. They lead lives secretive to outsiders. The English father warns every son and daughter that gypsies are not to be trusted, and so the children find it exhilarating to be physically near such danger and yet to be safe; they flock to the fair.

By tradition and inclination the Romany are natural allies of the fair, racecourse, and circus; their country skills and expertise with animals and horses particularly are legendary. The horse trade often lends itself to practices of dubious legality—gypsies are unpopular with police, and the reverse is also true.

The panoply of superstition—from evil eyes, devil dolls, red

string around a finger, amulets, talismans, various painted symbols to the subtleties of palmistry and the Tarot—abound here, half believed-in, too profitable to think of abandoning.

Ferencz's organization mostly includes gypsies of mixed heritage, more like the underworld characters found in *Seven Dials* than the stereotypical gypsies we think we know from film.

Romany grammar appears to derive from Sanskrit, with additional cases from Bengali and Hindi, and all evidence indicates the original departure of the Romany in one or more waves from north India about a thousand years ago (Greek monks first record their appearance in Europe circa 1100 A.D.). No historical cause for the migration is known.

Since Romany is not a written language, it is hard for outsiders to learn, and is useful in that connection both as a secret language and as an easy way to distinguish who and who is not a gypsy.

Underworld Slang & Romany Words

barker	pistol
bluebottle	policeman
broads	playing cards
	("spread the broads")
chale(R)	children
chiv, shiv	knife
dabeno(R)	bad
deaner	shilling
deuce	twopence
deuce hog	two shillings
diddiki(R)	half-breed gypsies
fadge	farthing
finny	five pound note
gaff	show or fair
gadjos(R)	non-gypsies
gammon	to deceive

gatter	beer
gonoph	minor thief
gorgiki(R)	barbarians, yokels
half-inch	steal (from <i>pinch</i>)
jack	detective
jerry	watch
jolly	fracas, disturbance
kecks	trousers
ken	house, place
ker(R)	house, place
luggers	ear rings
Mary Blaine	railway train
nail	steal
nose	spy, informer
patrin(R)	a system of signs
	left at homes

pig	policeman
poggado(R)	broken
poshrats(R)	of mixed blood
rikeno(R)	fine, admirable
ruffles	handcuffs
slang cove	showman
sprat	sixpence
stir	prison
tatts	dice (esp. loaded dice)
tightener	good meal
trasseno(R)	bad, a bad person
voker(R)	to speak
	(voker Romany? =
	speak Romany?)
yag(R)	fire

In this list (R) indicates a Romany term.

sented as not decisive in itself. Treat investigator leads as still vital.

Thus there should be new lines for investigator research, new people to encounter, and devious, dangerous deeds to perform. Certainly the Yithian can agree to try some magical spell or action, but he should warn that he may fail. The investigators must share in the burden of getting him there, and in the guilt should they cooperate in stranding the psyche of their old investigator friend who-knows-where.

If the investigators wait to cast the Cartwright spell on the night of the summer solstice, that choice blends seamlessly into the choice offered next below. That the Yithian summons Mother-Wife into activity is the preferable rationale for the events that follow, not Ferencz and Smythe miscalculating invisibly to the investigators.

DOING NOTHING

For if the spell that Ferencz casts proves to be inherently mis-designed, leaving the conspirators as unwitting victims of their own arrogance, no investigator action has had ultimate consequence. It may be even that members of their households died because of their intervention. This deflating option should not be chosen casually.

If the investigators come to Silbury Hill and make no gesture of intervention, they are absorbed into the bloody wrath that follows, for the Mother-Wife protects only active friends. In that case, see the sub-section "Woe To Watchers" near the conclusion of this adventure.

THE RIGHT SOLUTION

The correct course for the investigators is to follow the age-old solution of life itself, as Mother-Wife and Horned Man always wish for their children—taking advantage of events, using resources effectively and economically, and never giving up in dismay. Investigators might, for example, overpower some guards, steal enough clothing to pass for gypsies in the torchlight, and infiltrate the ceremony. Night, grass, and trees provide cover. Shouts, gunshots, or some dismaying magic might put Ferencz's human accomplices on the run, and perhaps distract Ferencz from his spell-casting. Once Ferencz's awareness returned and he perceived the situation, one or more investigators will die, or be withered, or have Sanity drained, but the ceremony would be disrupted, perhaps delayed. Life takes gambles.

Night of the Solstice

The investigators may be downcast, hounded by zombie assassins, thwarted and tested by strong and intelligent enemies, and unable to achieve anything concrete. Some may be dead. Many may have no plan other than physical force for stopping the ceremony, though some teams can fall back on Elias Cartwright's vial and spell. This is as it should be.

Climax-building will be more difficult if your players are on the ball, bringing their investigators to Avebury days before the fair arrives. If this occurs, arrange some red herrings (*Blind Man Plague in Glasgow—Exclusive to Our Correspondent*, etc.) or some subterfuge by which to spin things out a bit. If the investigators are circumstantially linked with the murders, Inspector Longtree might decide to arrest them, to see if any crack: without a case to answer to, charges will not be brought—release takes up to a day for the wealthy, much longer for the poor.

THE CEREMONY BEGINS

Until now, the weather has grown persistently hotter and muggier. Tonight, the atmosphere is oppressively close. The warm, humid evening imparts a sense of great forces gathering; vast cumulus clouds began to boil high in the late afternoon, and now the clouded night is dense and pregnant. Not a ripple of breeze shakes the fair tents; no bird calls; no cricket sings. Sound carries from far away. Darkness cloaks all movement.

The fair shuts down at about half past ten and laggard customers are firmly escorted to the high road in a manner firmer than usual. The last straggler, drunken and weaving, staggers down the path and disappears into the night. Five men move out to a perimeter around the camp, and five more take stations around the base of Silbury Hill, idly moving, yawning, and slapping at stray insects. The guards are armed with knives and clubs, and each has a 20% chance of carrying a revolver. They remain on duty until the coming ritual concludes.

After a while, a big, confidently-moving man emerges from camp and goes to talk to each guard. If they have met him, investigators see that the new man is Strazi.

The remainder of the fair eat, joke, and relax until shortly before midnight.

As the hour approaches, groups from the camp begin to climb to the flat top of Silbury Hill. Some carry flaming torches to light the way. A procession of glowing dots of light ascends the hill. They lower the heavy canvas tent, take it apart, and carry it down the hill. Activity seems to be completed.

Then, a few minutes before midnight, with no animals hooked to it to pull it along, Ferencz's black caravan creaks, groans, and slowly rolls independently forward into the darkness. This magical movement alarms all the camp animals—horses, chickens, dogs, hogs, and donkeys set up a cacophony of barks, squeals, and brays continue long after Ferencz's caravan moves past.

The black caravan rolls to the base of the hill. Without hesitation or aid it rolls up the 40° slope, rocking and swaying. Only the keenest eye perceives a dim blue glow from it. The caravan seems to threaten to topple over and fall back, but it reaches the top of the hill safely, and positions itself on planks that have been placed across the capstone

hole. Ferencz is capable of levitating the caravan directly, but needs magic points for the spell yet to be cast, so strong does he anticipate that the ward of the Dulcamon will prove.

Ferencz puts himself in a trance before casting Raise Dulcamon, becoming temporarily unaware of outside events and unable to cast other spells. His blind men stand without moving. Smythe is in distant Truro, at the far end of the ley line that occultists euphemistically term the Rod Of Britain, unable to perceive or affect events here. For a while, Ferencz is protected only by the magical barrier inherent to the caravan, and by Strazi and the other humans who physically defend it. A surprise attack conducted with intelligence and vigor, and with enough magic to penetrate the barrier, might carry the day, or be construed to be effective enough to prompt the appearance of Mother-Wife.

Two Entities

Though the cause is undetectable, the walls and ceiling of Ferencz's caravan gradually go transparent. Those surfaces do not disappear, because the crowded jumble of things and shelves within do not fall or become displaced. Illuminating them is the swollen, dripping body of Ferencz, glowing from within in ghastly bone-white hues that paint every human face with disease and deceit.

The crowd silently follows the coach back up the hill. They begin a surging chant. The voices bind together to form a slow, arrogant pulse, like the beating of a hideous heart. Overhead, the close, heavily-clouded sky breaks and reforms with unnatural speed. After some minutes the cumuli part overhead, and those close to Silbury Hill see the dim frozen shape of a stag-horned man condense above the hill, a wild figure of glowing green which costs 1/1D6 SAN to see. This likeness, hundreds of feet tall, is known by every Britain from tradition, rural custom, and pictured Celtic hoard. Investigators who have concealed themselves by lying on the ground feel something huge stir deep within the earth.

The time has come for the investigators to act. Ferencz is lost to the world for perhaps twenty minutes more, as the casting of Raise Dulcamon continues. If they raise no hand against this ritual, they risk death thereafter, though they cannot know this now. At this point doing anything is better than doing nothing; the Mother will know their intentions whether or not the investigators succeed.

As the Horned Man coalesces and takes on substantiality, it slowly moves, though on legs which blend into the night and seem not to touch the land. At first only the head dips or sways, or a hand opens and closes; later the form writhes; later still the antlers lower, seemingly to smash against some unseen cosmic foe, and the now-well-defined biceps and thigh muscles tense and pulse as the Horned Man struggles with something unseen. Baffled, at last the form stands with arms outstretched and a vast and angry cry

emerges from the deer-headed mouth, a shattering sound of rage and loss costing 1/1D3 SAN to hear. Squealing, the chanting humans scatter in every direction.

THE MOTHER-WIFE, RAIS'D PROVOKED

The spell to free the Dulcamon has raised only the Horned Man aspect of it; what the cabal assumed to be a single force underlying earthly life has dual aspects, female and male, receptive and initiatory: in effect, the force of the spell which Ferencz has cast attempts to sever the two aspects, a prospect which the Dulcamon greets with great resistance and potent anger.

Not far from Ferencz's wagon, a crimson form taller than trees takes form and grows. The red glow pulses and the aspects change: innocent child, maiden, million-breasted mother, amazon warrior, wise woman, hag of vengeance, and more forms appear, too fast and too many to catalog or remember; 1/1D6 SAN to witness her. If female investigators are present, one might be possessed by the Mother-Wife, to be a conduit of explanation as the events occur.

If the investigators have brought forth the Yithian or are attempting some sort of attack or resistance, present that effort as causing the Mother-Wife to form. It should also be the reason that the Mother-Wife suspends action, giving the investigators a space in which to earn their victory.

Simultaneously, the gigantic Horned Man shrinks and solidifies. As she reaches to the sky, the Horned Man reaches downward—their hands touch and their sizes become equal, two entities as tall as bell towers, poised, their heartbeats like drumbeats, their palpable breaths like the roar of rivers.

If the investigators are close, they see Ferencz wake from his trance and turn horrified eyes to the red and green figures towering over him. He has no time and no magic points to attempt anything. Mother-Wife and Horned Man reach down together and lift the writhing sorcerer, ignore his screams, and effortlessly pull apart his corpulence and wet their fingers with the spray of his blood. Ferencz dead, his spell is extinguished.

The reds and greens of the couple brighten slightly. They turn and systematically comb the base of Silbury Hill, scooping up fleeing chanters, crushing each one as they go. The land is soon silent.

WOE TO WATCHERS

Sane and able investigators at the scene who did not act, either out of cowardice or of calculation, now reap a ghastly reward. This vengeance is not taken against wounded or those who have gone insane, only against those who might have fought, and who refused. The Mother-Wife finds each, no matter where he or she hides, or with what magicks he or she defends or flees with, as long their present locations are on or in the Earth. This special punishment for those



The Mother-Wife Provoked

who might have helped and who did not is not a matter for much appeal.

The process is the same for each: the Mother-Wife suddenly appears beside him or her, reaches down so quickly that no movement or dodge is possible, grabs the target around the knees with one enormous hand, and lifts each high into the air, upside down. After a dramatic pause (during which the investigator can squeal out an appeal) a glinting sickle suddenly appears in her free hand, and she wields it viciously, cleanly lopping off each struggling victim's feet and ankles. If a target can tell Mother-Wife why he or she should live, and then receive a successful Oratory roll, the cut by Mother-Wife does not bleed and is painless, and the stumps of the legs are healed. If the Oratory fails, the cuts are fresh and bleeding copiously, and the targets must have immediate and successful First Aids to survive the next few hours.

Recovery from such wounds is long, difficult, and dangerous. See the conclusion for more discussion. Alternately, the Mother-Wife slays shirkers out of hand.

Conclusion

As the fair folk are slaughtered, and as laggard investigators lose their feet, the storm finally breaks. Thunderclaps and lightning bolts add to the confusion. Rain pours, obscuring vision and disorienting everyone.

Their task finished and their duality again one, Mother-Wife and Horned Man disappear. They leave evidence behind: the chanting accomplices to Ferencz's spell are each impaled nearby on living-wood limbs or living-wood trunks of trees. Some fifty ghastly ornaments dangle and twitch. Remarkably, the impaling woods end not in spikes but in blossoms, or nuts, or vibrant foliage, as though each plant had grown fresh from each new corpse. Keepers so inclined might stage the Dulcarnon (and perhaps the investigators) in a hilltop fertility rite, to balance the new death with new life to come.

The folk who stayed at the encampment, Dr. Verdain among them, are unharmed physically, though cowed and perhaps maddened. Some harnessed their horses and already their caravans careen toward Marlborough, their brains throbbing with what they saw and the old stories of the De Deveski, the divine mother of all, which they already knew.

What Dr. Verdain achieves is for the keeper to decide. Perhaps he appears out of the haze of rain behind a lone investigator—a psychopath armed with a scalpel, giggling insanely. Perhaps he runs away, surviving to stalk the investigators in another adventure, attempting to revenge his master, attempting to make the world safe for a man who just wants to operate.

Ferencz's caravan was full of magical materials. It bursts into flames despite the rain, turning green and purple and strange nameless colors before disintegrating and fall-

ing into the hole. At the keeper's option, pages of Cartwright's or Ferencz's notes might show a way to bring back the investigator displaced by the Yithian. That information forms the basis for another episode.

THE NEXT DAY, AND THEREAFTER

As they learn of the ghastly slaughter at Silbury Hill, the authorities cordon off the area and slowly cart away the bodies. They arrest the handful of fair folk remaining at Silbury, and for a while these unfortunates face certain hanging "for most foul murder and heinous vendetta." But as the magnitude and oddities of the slaughter becomes apparent, and as the authorities perceive the unlikeliness of old people and children murdering strong men out of hand, the matter is quietly dropped; the authorities bow to the impression of a divine hand, and want to know no more.

Investigators on the scene contribute to this sense of divine intercession. Their descriptions are bureaucratically transmuted into angelic visitations. The public gets an impression of murderous rascals having met their due, but no newspaper ever makes clear that more than fifty people died that night.

The capstone is covered again with soil, and its location deliberately obscured. On the stone are found carvings that proclaim protection of that which exists and that which is to come—"to come" may prophesy Ferencz's spell, or perhaps civilization itself.

A story from Truro reports an explosion in the basement of the Black Lion Hotel at about midnight of the night of the summer solstice. Several men are reported dead, including Mr. Miles Graystone, but others reportedly escaped. The presumption is that leaking gas or accumulating coal dust fueled the explosion and fire. Though it goes unmentioned, David Smythe escaped unscathed, thanks to his Vanish spell.

Investigators whose feet were taken by Mother-Wife automatically lose 4 DEX. Skill rolls for Run, Jump, Climb, and Dodge automatically fail for many months or years; the keeper must make final dispositions concerning physical ability, but the art of the prosthetic is little advanced during the 1890s and for decades thereafter. Failing magical intervention, investigators whose feet were claimed by Mother-Wife remain cripples forever.

Rewards And Penalties

Investigators who have kept on the right side of law and propriety neither lose nor add Credit Rating. Those who preserved law and propriety while managing to foil the cabal receive 1D3 points of Credit Rating each. Those who were arrested or detained by the police lose 1D4 points of Credit Rating each. Those who were tried for criminal offenses each lose 1D10+10 Credit Rating points. Those convicted of a criminal offense lose 1D10+40 points of Credit

Rating; the important friends of these cads no longer see them or intercede for them.

Investigators who survived personal attack by one of Ferencz's blind men receive 1D3 SAN. Those who witnessed the destruction of Ferencz receive 1D6+2 SAN. Those who escaped the wrath of Mother-Wife receive another 1D2 SAN.

Bibliography

Inspirational Fiction: *The Anubis Gates* (Tim Powers), *Homunculus* (James Blaylock), *Infernal Devices* (K.W. Jeter), *Sherlock Holmes*, various (Arthur Conan Doyle).

Historical Information: *London's Underworld* (Henry Mayhew), *Mayhew's London* (Henry Mayhew), *The Victorian Underworld* (Kellow Chesney), *The Brotherhood* (Stephen Knight), *The Occult Philosophy in the Elizabethan Age* (Frances A. Yates), *Gaslight Sourcebook* (Bill Barton).

Statistics

These statistics are presented in order of encounter as the scenario is written. Re-use or create additional summary statistics for police, thugs, blind men, etc., as needed; they have no necessary limit to their numbers. A surplus Pick-pocket and Beggar are included for convenience.

Deliberately, no statistics exist for the Mother-Wife or the Horned Man. No interaction with what the cabal terms the Dulcarnon is considered possible for investigators. Green Man statistics do exist.

JAMES LONGTREE, Age 55, Inspector, Henley Police

STR 14 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 10 APP 10 EDU 11 SAN 62 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D4

Nightstick 50%, damage 1D6+1D4

.455 Revolver* 55%, damage 1D10+2

* Carries it only in unusually dangerous circumstances.

Skills: Credit Rating 55%, Debate 32%, Drive Carriage 35%, Fast Talk 48%, Forensic Medicine 15%, Law 65%, Listen 50%, Oratory 45%, Sneak 30% Spot Hidden 40%.

SIX POLICE CONSTABLES

All are male. Ages average 35. All are tall, and sturdy physique and of Sanity 70%.

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapon: Nightstick 70%, damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: Bargain 40%, Climb 45%, Credit Rating 20%, Dodge 45%, Fast Talk 35%, First Aid 40%, Law 10%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Psychology 35%, Spot Hidden 45%.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	13	13	13	14	14	13
Two	16	18	16	13	13	17
Three	14	18	12	12	13	15
Four	13	14	12	11	12	13

Five	14	13	18	11	10	16
Six	12	13	13	10	10	13

SIX ZOMBIE BLIND MEN

All are male. Ages vary from the twenties to the fifties. All are strongly built, expressionless, wear dark spectacles to conceal their empty eye sockets, and have pale, pinched faces.

Move: 6

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapon: Nystor's knife skill is 90%, damage 1D4+2+1D6

Skills & Spells: as per Nystor Ferencz; these zombies do not move independently of the sorcerer

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	17	17	16	12	1	17
Two	20	18	13	11	1	16
Three	19	20	15	10	1	18
Four	20	19	14	10	1	17
Five	15	14	18	10	1	16
Six	21	15	16	10	1	16

DAVID SMYTHE, Age 28 (50), stockbroker and wizard

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 17 POW 22
DEX 15 APP 16 EDU 16 SAN O HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: .38 Revolver 75%, damage 1D10

Skills: Accounting 40%, Astronomy 22%, Credit Rating 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 23%, Debate 55%, Dreaming 26%, Dream Lore 14%, English 90%, Greek (Classical) 90%, History 40%, Latin 34%, Law 20%, Library Use 50%, Occult 60%, Oratory 65%, Pick Pocket 20%, Spot Hidden 60%, Thieves' Cant 90%.

Spells: Call Yog-Sothoth, Candle Communication, Cloud Memory, Contact Deep Ones, Contact Ghoul, Create Mist of Releth, Deflect Harm, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Elder Sign, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Flesh Ward, Mental Suggestion, Mesmerize, Power Drain, Raise Dulcarnon, Steal Life, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Dark Young, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Vanish, Warding.

VAVIT DANH, Age 32, Smythe's Bodyguard

STR 17 CON 18 SIZ 16 INT 07 POW 11
DEX 13 APP 08 EDU 05 SAN 41 HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, damage 1D3+1D6

Kris (large knife) 70%, damage 1D4+2+1D6

Quoit (thrown) 75%, damage 1D8+1

Skills: Climb 50%, Jump 45%, Listen 45%, English 40%, Swim 60%, Throw 70%, Track 25%, Punjabi 60%.

PRADESH DANH, Age 32, Smythe's Bodyguard

STR 17 CON 18 SIZ 16 INT 07 POW 11
DEX 13 APP 08 EDU 05 SAN 41 HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 80%, damage 1D3+1D6

Kris (large knife) 85%, damage 1D4+2+1D6

Quoit (thrown) 70%, damage 1D8+1

Skills: Climb 60%, Jump 45%, Listen 45%, English 40%, Swim 60%, Throw 70%, Track 35%, Punjabi 60%.

SAMUEL BERRY, Age 50, Prop. of Seven Stars

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 16 INT 09 POW 13
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 08 SAN 62 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 80%, 1D3+1D4 damage
Club 60%, 1D6+1D4 damage
20-gauge Shotgun 45%, 2D6/1D6/1D3 damage

Skills: Accounting 25%, Climb 55%, Credit Rating 28%, Drive Carriage 65%, Listen 45%, Oratory 35%, Psychology 26%, English 45%, Ride 20%, Serve Beer 75%, Spot Hidden 50%.

HARRY TRIMBLE, Age 40, Hackman

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 13 APP 09 EDU 06 SAN 57 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3

Skills: Bargain 50%, Credit Rating 16%, Dodge 37%, Drive Carriage 75%, Fast Talk 40%, Handle Horse 70%, Hide 15%, Law 05%, Listen 45%, London Streets 85%, Psychology 25%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Vanish, a new spell

Vanish causes the caster to disappear in a puff of smoke, to reappear instantly in a previously chosen location. The location is defined by creating a charm made of a box containing components of the caster's body such as hair, teeth or nails. The box is magically prepared, taking about a day and requiring the investment of two POW points. Each casting of the spell, which takes about two seconds, will thereafter instantly recall the caster to the box's location at a cost of five magic points and one SAN point. If the box is destroyed, or opened and its contents scattered, the POW points are lost. It must be remade before the spell can work again. Smythe's box is kept in a secret drawer in his desk at the top of the London rookery.

Warding, a new spell

This spell requires a number of ordinary white stones. They are placed on the ground as the caster pleases except that each must be within a yard of each of the others. The spell takes about fifteen seconds to cast, during which a shimmer as of a heat-haze is observable over the stones. One magic point is expended for each stone used. Thereafter if any of the stones are moved the caster will be aware of the fact, even if asleep until then. Unconsciousness due to coma or magical trance will block it out. Once this has occurred the spell is ended and further movements go unsensed.

Candle Communication a new spell

This spell allows two sentient beings to communicate by voice at a distance. At a time usually pre-arranged, each must light a candle and speak the words of the spell over and over until the other's voice can be heard. This costs each 5 magic points and 1 Sanity point. They can then each hear sounds from the other's location. This spell has a limited range: at up to ten miles it works very clearly; at up to a hundred miles it transmits sounds in a manner equivalent to a poor telephone line; for each additional one hundred miles, the communication becomes 10% less likely to be understood—at one thousand miles, nothing may be heard at all. If the candle flame is blown out, communication is broken and the spell must be recast. Setting up such a line takes about two minutes.

SAMPLE PICKPOCKET

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 09 INT 11 POW 13
DEX 15 APP 12 EDU 04 SAN 50 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3

Small Knife 75%, damage 1D4
Skills: Bluff 35%, Climb 50%, Credit Rating 10%, Dodge 60%, Fast Talk 55%, Fraud 30%, Hide 35%, Listen 55%, Pick Pocket 65%, Poncing 25%, Psychology 15%, Sneak 50%.

SAMPLE BEGGAR

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 12 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 07 EDU 05 SAN 55 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4

Skills: Bargain 45%, Camouflage 25%, Dodge 35%, Fast Talk 55%, Hide 25%, Jump 30%, Listen 40%, Psychology 20%, Spot Hidden 35%, Whine 75%.

ABRAHAM HENGST, Age 52, Second-Hand Books

STR 09 CON 11 SIZ 08 INT 15 POW 15
DEX 13 APP 10 EDU 14 SAN 26 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none; never resorts to violence.

Skills: Accounting 40%, Credit Rating 30%, Cthulhu Mythos 19%, Debate 65%, English 85%, German 50%, Hebrew 80%, History 40%, Latin 40%, Law 35%, Library Use 60%, Linguist 30% Occult 57%, Psychology 30%, Spot Hidden 40%, Value Book 75%.

JONAS ROWSE, Age 63, Funeral Parlor Owner

STR 09 CON 08 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 13 SAN 49 HP 09

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none.

Skills: Accounting 70%, Console 75%, Credit Rating 35%, Direct Funeral 80%, Embalm Body 75%, Flatter 60%, Law 15%, Maintain Solemn Expression 85%, English 75%, Sing Hymn 60%.

MILES GRAYSTONE, Age 58, Prop. of Black Lion

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 10 APP 12 EDU 12 SAN 51 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+1D4

Skills: Accounting 45%, Credit Rating 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 04%, English 65%, Manage Hotel 75%, Occult 15%, Oratory 45%, Psychology 35%, Ride 40%, Spot Hidden 50%.

JEREMY HAWSER, Age 45, Night Bellman

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 08 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 14 APP 09 EDU 03 SAN 60 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D4
Cosh 70%, damage 1D4

Skills: Bargain 40%, Climb 60%, Credit Rating 16%, Dodge 75%, Fast Talk 70%, Handle Horses 80%, Hustle Tip 60%, Jump 50%, Listen 35%, Psychology 25%, Ride 85%, Zoology 10%.

RAMEKIN PERKINS, Age 50, Night Boilerman

STR 15 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 11 APP 08 EDU 03 SAN 08 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapon: Fist/Punch 80%, damage 1D3+1D4

Skills: Bargain 20%, Hide 40%, Listen 35%, Lurk 45%, Occult 25%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Molest Children 35%, Sneak 25%.

THE GREEN MAN

STR 25 CON 90 SIZ 20 INT 20 POW 24
DEX 20 Move 12 HP 55

Armor: 6-point wood; impaling rolls do no additional damage; the green wood and fresh foliage will not burn from matches or torches, but the entity would burn in one of the hotel's coal-fired furnaces.

Weapons: Grab and Drain 95%, damage lose 20 characteristics points* per round until dead.

Answer Question 100%, damage is 1 SAN point lost from the questioner per question.

* If such an attack is interrupted, allow the victim's player to choose what points are withdrawn.

Spells: none.

Skills: Climb 70%, Dodge 70%, Hide 70%, Sneak 70%, Swim 70%, Track 70%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4 to see; 1/1D8 to witness a Grab and Drain attack.

CALDEMONO STRAZI, Age 45, Manager of Nystor's Fair.

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 16 INT 14 POW 17
DEX 14 APP 13 EDU 09 SAN 07 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+1D4

Knife 95%, damage 1D4+2+1D4

Makeshift Club 60%, damage 1D6+1D4

.41 Revolver 50%, damage 1D10

Spell: Impeccable Throw.

Skills: Bargain 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 7%, Debate 35%, Drive Wagon 65%, English 50%, Fast Talk 55%, Handle Horses 65%, Law 20%, Listen 30%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Oratory 55%, Pick Pocket 40%, Ride 80%, Romany 55%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 55%, Throw 55%, Track 25%.

Impeccable Throw, a new spell

Reciting this short verse allows the caster to throw objects to exactly the point or points he or she desires for a period of the caster's POW in minutes. The spell costs 3 magic points to power the spell and 1 hit point for the physical effort; no Sanity is lost.

The objects thrown must be normally throwable by the caster to the point or points chosen—the spell only guides the objects on the correct trajectories.

GORGGO, Age 30, Ferencz's Bodyguard

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 17 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 15 APP 09 EDU 05 SAN 08 HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Fighting Knife 85%, damage 1D4+2+1D6

Garrote 80%, damage special (use drowning rules)

Skills: Bargain 25%, Climb 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 4%, Dodge 70%, Drive Wagon 60%, English 35%, Hide 25%, Handle Horses 65%, Jump 70%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 55%, Pick Pocket 15%, Ride 70%, Romany 55%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 55%, Throw 60%, Track 25%.

Enter Zombie, a new spell

Allows the caster to take direct control of an individual zombie which he or she has raised and prepared, and thereafter to perceive events from the viewpoint of that zombie while the spell remains in effect. Each casting costs 3 magic points and 5 SAN points.

The eyes of the zombie must first be removed and placed in a specified chemical bath. The caster also must have removed or had removed his or her own eyes. Then the eyes of the chosen zombie are inserted in the caster's empty sockets, and a short phrase murmured. The caster thereupon moves, perceives, and reacts as though actually in the body of the target zombie, until the eyeballs are removed from the caster's sockets.

Exchanging eyeballs requires a new casting of the spell.

Once activated, contact with an individual zombie target can be sustained unbroken for 1D3 months.

Raise Dulcarnon, a new spell

This spell was created by Nystor Ferencz and David Smythe, is nowhere written down, and is known only by them. It is a ritual intended to release a masculine Dulcarnon from its imprisonment beneath Silbury Hill and allow it once more to bestride the ancient land of Britain. The ritual, one completely mental and within the caster, takes about twenty minutes to complete. During it, the caster must enter a deep trance. In casting it, the caster must sacrifice 15 points of Power (not magic points). Participating chanters may each dedicate an additional point of Power.

A hazard of wizardry is that many spells must be tried untested. No one ever wishes to draw mistaken conclusions or depend on unexamined assumptions, but it happens nonetheless. As constituted, Raise Dulcarnon cannot work correctly, since it attempts to activate only the male occult principle inherent in the land of Britain; co-equal with and the dual aspect of the Horned Man is the Mother-Wife, the female principle. Ferencz and Smythe blindly make the attempt despite the implication of the bipolar term *Dulcarnon*.

NYSTOR FERENCZ, Age 452, Wizard and Alchemist

STR 06 CON 05 SIZ 17 INT 22 POW 24
DEX 07 APP 01 EDU 20 SAN 0 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapon: Magic Knife 90%, damage is per zombie wielder; Nystor no longer has the ability to make such an attack himself.

Skills: Alchemy 90%, Astronomy 90%, Botany 29%, Caribbean Cultures 35%, Credit Rating (if not seen) 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 65%, Debate 55%, Dreaming 38%, Dream Lore 35%, English 90%, English (Middle) 90%, English (Old) 85%, French 75%, French (Old) 65%, Gaelic 75%, Greek (Classical) 90%, History 60%, Hypnosis 85%, Latin 90%, Library Use 90%, Linguist 90%, Norse (Old) 90%, Occult 90%, Oratory 80%, Psychology 70%, Romany 90%, Spanish 85%, Steal Cleverly 78%, Treat Poison 45%, Xhosa 45%.

Spells: Barrier of Naach-Tich (modified), Black Binding, Brew Space Mead, Call Cthugha, Call Shub-Niggurath, Candle Communication, Contact Deep Ones, Contact Ghoul, Contact Nyarlathotep, Contact Sand Dweller, Contact Yig, Create Bad-Corpse Dust, Create Gate, Create Scrying Window, Create Zombie, Curse of the Stone, Enchant Book, Enchant Cane, Enchant Knife, Enchant Whistle, Enter Zombie, Flesh Ward, Levitate, Mental Suggestion, Mesmerize, Nightmare, Power Drain, Raise Dulcarnon, Resurrection, Seal of Isis, Shrivelling, Steal Life, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Dark Young, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Summon/Bind

Star Vampire, Vanish, Voice of Ra, Voorish Sign, Warding. The keeper may add any ten other spells.

Selected Items Of Potency: Briarwood Staff with 340 magic points, Silver Whistle, Silver Dagger, Book containing Summon Star Vampire.

SERGE VERDAIN, Age 38, Lunatic Surgeon.

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 08 INT 16 POW 15
DEX 16 APP 09 EDU 15 SAN 09 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Large Scalpel 65%, damage 1D6
Frenzied Flailing 15%, damage 1D4

Skills: Anatomy 80%, Chemistry 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Diagnose Disease 65%, Dodge 45%, Dreaming 42%, Dream Lore 58%, English 75%, First Aid 50%, French 50%, Linguist 40%, Infant Dermatology 85%, Pharmacy 75%, Russian 70%, Spot Hidden 45%, Spurious Logic 70%, Surgery 90%, Throw Tantrum 70%, Treat Disease 75%, Treat Poison 65%.

SIX MALE FAIR-FOLK

These men have moustaches or beards, wear earrings and colorful dress, and sport suspicious expressions.

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fighting Knife 75%, damage 1D4+2+1D4
Club 50%, damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: Bargain 35%, Dodge 40%, Handle Horses 45%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Ride 60%, Spot Hidden 40%, Throw 45%, Track 15%.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	13	13	14	17	12	14
Two	12	14	13	15	11	14
Three	15	12	11	13	11	12
Four	13	14	12	12	10	13
Five	15	14	12	10	12	13
Six	13	14	16	9	10	15

SIX FEMALE FAIR-FOLK

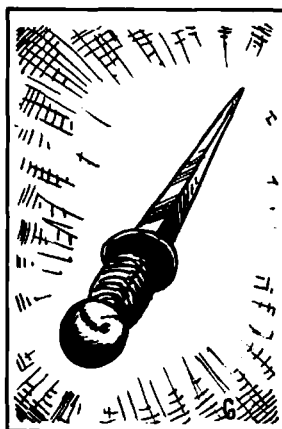
These women wear long, beautiful hair, often show an unusual extent of arm or leg, put on much jewelry and elaborate costumes, and sport suspicious or come-hither expressions, depending on the situation.

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapon: Dagger 55%, damage 1D4+2

Skills: Bargain 65%, Botany 20%, Cook 60%, Dance 35%, Handle Horses 55%, Hustle Fair-Goers 45%, Ride 60%, Sing 40%, Throw 35%, Track 15%, Treat Poison 20%.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	10	13	09	15	12	11
Two	11	11	10	13	11	11
Three	09	12	08	13	14	10
Four	10	10	10	12	10	10
Five	08	14	11	11	12	13
Six	11	11	09	10	10	10





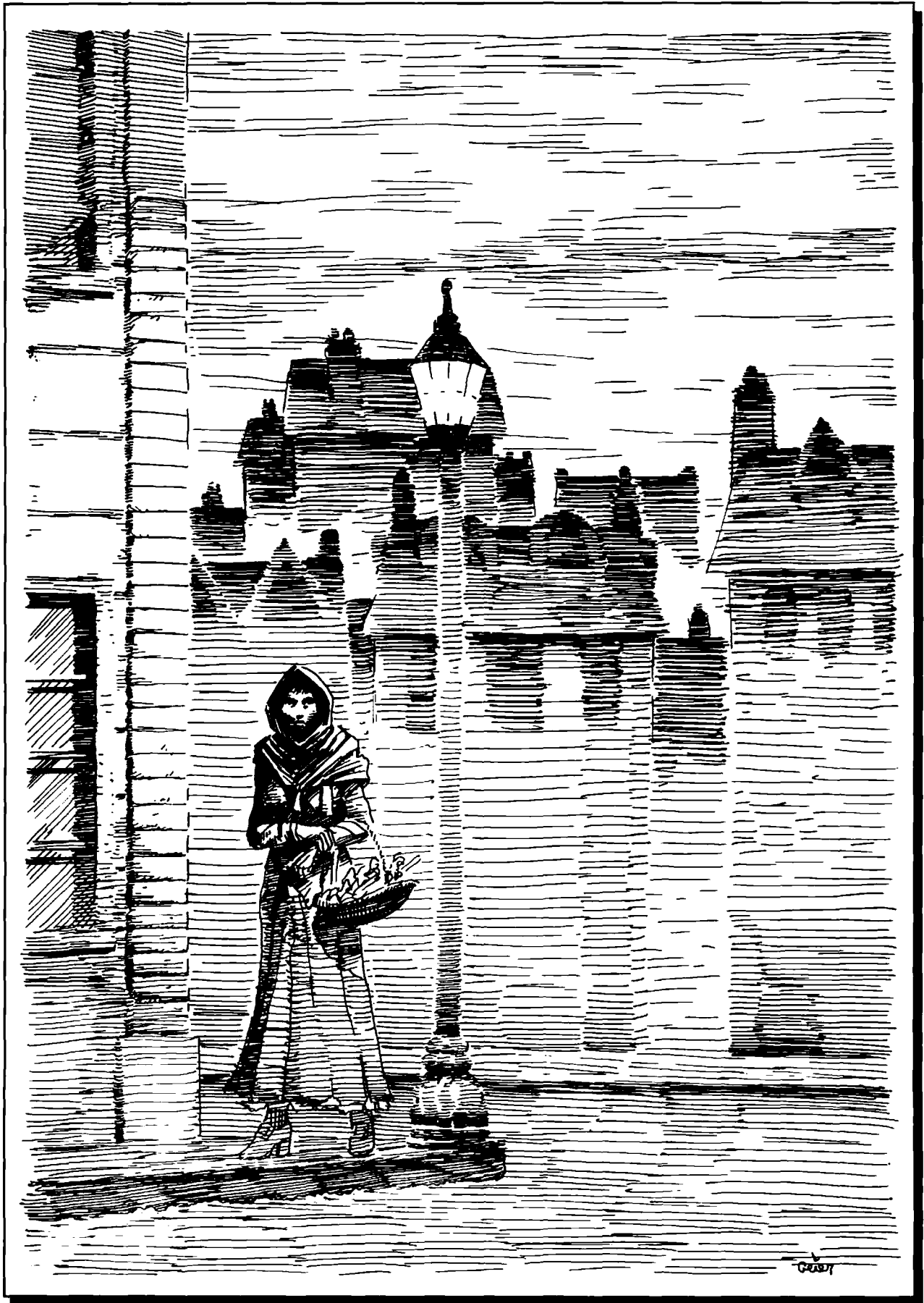
Metropolitan London

Statute Miles

1:191,400

(Three miles to an inch.)

Kilometres



The Menace From Sumatra

or, The Adventure of the Explorers' Return, wherein investigators are drawn into deadly battle in the by-ways and fogs of metropolitan London, seat of empire.

Scenario Considerations

This adventure is less demanding (though no less deadly) than "Eyes For The Blind." Beginning players might safely tackle this one, as might investigators of all capabilities. The events take place entirely in the city of London, not much geography comes into play. The sketch map provided should be adequate to most requirements; the docks area in this adventure are located off the right edge of the large London map at the back of this book.

The Chaosium volume *Cthulhu by Gaslight* includes much London information specific to the 1890s.

Feel free to change this scenario in any fashion in the course of play. If the players conclude by feeling that they have encountered London, the metropolitan hub of a great empire, awash with travelers and agents from a hundred lands, then the keeper may be satisfied.

The keeper information section below is long and particular; it is the backbone of the scenario, and should be thoroughly digested before presenting the adventure; a portion of it may be offered if the investigators locate Susan Windebank, or if they locate Alfred Windebank's diary.

Every keeper will notice that this adventure begins in much the same way as did "Eyes For The Blind." If that scenario has already been presented, capitalize upon the resemblance and sew such confusion as is consonant with honesty, and enjoy the result. Otherwise this tale is unconnected with the one which begins this book.

Finally, Vibur and the blue fungus are mysteries beyond human capacity. They are conditions, not solvable problems; make every effort to insure that the players understand that by the end of the adventure, and their options will appear much clearer.

A SPECIAL NOTE

Systematically learn and record the Constitutions of all investigators before play begins; this allows the keeper to plot the progress of any fungus infestations without further tipping his or her hand.

Keeper Information

The investigators witness the bizarre death of a blind man. Unidentified at first, perhaps, the dead man proves to be a scientist, Dr. Alfred Windebank, recently returned from the Far East on the SS *Marie-Louise* with his young and idealistic wife, Susan, bringing with them a collection of rare flora and fauna from remote islands along the west coast of Sumatra. With Windebank was Dr. Arbuthnot Granger, of the University of London School of Tropical Medicine. They had received funds for a joint expedition from the Royal Geographical Society.

WHAT HAPPENED NEAR SUMATRA

At first the expedition went well. Windebank found many unknown or rare species, while Granger busily observed bacterial and fungi strains, and took untold slides.

Progressively less communicative, Granger sometimes disappeared for days, reappearing with some improbable excuse. Though they did not like to think of it, the Winde-

Background

London in the 1890s is the center, financial and otherwise, of the industrial world, despite worthy Parisian claims to domination of the worlds of culture and fashion. The power of worker movements and trade unions is on the rise; advances in agriculture, housing, and medicine now lift many people above mere existence: time and leisure exists for a broadened middle class to entertain ideas.

But most Londoners still live in squalor. Countless tunnels, passageways and alleys criss-cross this enormous, man-made labyrinth. Dense, choking fogs laden with coal smoke isolate it from reality. Every newspaper alerts the reader to bizarre events. Six and a half million people live in London—with each train that steams into a terminus, and with every ship that enters the Estuary, the chance of new adventure grows.

The rationalism of the Victorian age has flowered. Geographical clubs and scientific societies dispatch brave men and women to map and catalog the shrinking globe's unknown places. Not for the first time, returning explorers bring back more than new information, and artifacts to the rain-swept, fog-bound streets of London.

*Alfred & Susan Windebank*

banks came to suspect that Granger had formed a shameful liaison which he dared not announce.

Windebank, fired with enthusiasm for his own work, was therefore all the more grateful for the company of his own beloved wife. As Alfred shot, netted, trapped, pressed, and preserved, Susan instructed the camp servants in basic mathematics, English, moral compass, and the Scriptures, and gradually the couple's existence became edenic—almost like England. Their days passed happily, and they left Granger to his own devices.

But one morning they found that Granger had replaced all the pleasant Paget servants with new ones, ferocious Batak cannibals, fetched from Sumatra. Of the servants whom the Windebanks had grown to consider friends, there was no trace; Granger murmured vaguely of having had them shipped back when something of his was stolen. The couple could tell that he lied, though they did not know why. Ominously, these new servants could not (or would not) accept instruction from Susan, despite protestations to Granger. But, since the expedition would return to London in a few weeks, the Windebanks determined to make the best of Granger's increasing eccentricities, and did not oppose his will.

A few nights later, horrible screams awoke them. The screams came from a brilliant fire, perhaps a quarter-mile distant. There, encircled by squatting, grotesquely-painted celebrants, the scientists' camp servants held down a squirming captive, while a strange blue luminescence poured from Granger's hand onto him.

The captive thereupon cried out unceasingly, and so the Windebanks intervened, shouting out that Granger should in God's name stop inflicting such cruelty. The other celebrants fled. When the couple entered the clearing, only the victim and Granger remained. Ignoring the blue nimbus around the victim's head, Windebank attempted to aid the fellow, but the man died in his arms.

Granger paused only a moment. "You fool," he hissed, "you would doom you and your lovely wife!" Swearing mightily, Granger removed a blue-glowing stone from his pocket and handed it to the startled Susan Windebank. "If you love her, see that she keeps with her the blue stone always, or she shall surely die!" Then Granger ran into the jungle.

Waiting only for the first light of dawn, the Windebanks packed their specimens, a change of clothing, and fled. After difficult and dangerous times they reached the sizable town of Padang on the Sumatran coast, where Dutch authorities came to their aid. From Padang, the weekly government steamer took them to Batavia, Java, capital of the Dutch colony. From there the journey to Singapore and England was routine.

Alfred's physiology successfully resisted the spores, perhaps because he was inseparable from Susan, who took seriously Granger's statement about the blue stone, and kept it with her in a satchet.

ABOUT DR. ARBUTHNOT GRANGER

The disease specialist came across an obscure cult practiced by a handful of outcast Bataks. The cult long antedated the general conversion of the archipelago to Islam. Many such remnants exist in those islands; Granger was attracted to this one after studying a victim possessed by a terrifying blue fungus.

The nearby boxed entries "The Blue Fungus" and "The Blue Stones" hold information about those phenomena; for Vibur, the cult's god, go to the statistics section at the end of this adventure.

Granger's motives were high, but the man lacked character. He soon found it simplest to cooperate with the cultists in their degenerate practices. His experiences stripped him of his sanity. Despite the peril to civilization which the blue fungus represented, Granger determined to transport his astounding finds to London, where he could study god, fungus, and cult at length.

After the Windebanks fled, he too departed for Batavia, but aboard a swift, well-manned cult craft which made the run in 24 hours. At Batavia he hired a sturdy steamer, returned to the area, loaded aboard cultists and god, and set

sail for England at a steady nine knots. He offered the cult a new beginning in a place so crowded with strangers that the god's odd servants could walk abroad without comment, and fetch sacrifices without difficulty or combat.

Vibur and the cultists were illegally installed in a hidden temple in the East End, near the Albert Dock, where Granger also equipped a private laboratory.

THE RETURN TO LONDON

Granger imagined that the Windebanks, people he found insufferably naive, would have been lost at sea or murdered by pirates. He was thunderstruck when the pair arrived in London only seven weeks after he arrived.

He had reported to the Chief Clerk of the Royal Geographical Society that the Windebanks had left Sumatra

The Blue Fungus

"Fungus-like" might be more apt, since the infestation has many properties not seen in Earthly fungi. Fungus, though inaccurate, is close enough.

The fungus propagates from an infected host as spores are released in the coughs and breathing of a victim near death. Alternately one might gather it from Vibur's fur-like integument.

The blue fungus is dangerous to humans but not uniformly virulent; for each exposure a character who fails to receive a result of CON x5 or less on a D100 roll begins to experience the effects of the fungus in 1D10 days. Allow not more than one such exposure roll per day; if the concentration of exposure is greater, reduce the CON threshold to x4, x3, etc.

Once the disease has begun to spread, no cure is known; it enters the body through the lungs, and from the lungs into the blood supply, concentrating in the brain and especially in the optic nerves and the cerebral cortex.

Symptoms of infestation begin with the dimming of the physical senses, shortly accompanied by occasional searing attacks of pain in random body locations; these attacks usually last about a minute, but they become more frequent as infestation advances.

The physical senses fade, and the victim experiences terrible visions, confusing odors, and colors beyond human experience as the Vibur's senses begin to intrude between human consciousness and the world beyond. Victim reaction at this stage may include profound depression, clinical insanity, and vivid nightmares.

As the infestation gains control, the victim begins to lose access to the vol-

untary muscles and to physical sensation. A swelling of and hardening of the eyeballs shortly precedes the physical loss of the eyeballs, eaten away and replaced by bluish fluid which drips periodically from the ghastly sockets.

Finally the victim is totally controlled by Vibur, made a zombie in which the victim's consciousness and memory still exist irrevocably trapped and helpless.

Approximately one-third of all infested humans die within two weeks, blinded, forebrain nibbled at, and autonomic functions totally disrupted.

The fate of the majority of victims is worse. Embedded after days, weeks, or months, the fungus progressively strips the outer senses of the victim, finally locking the consciousness within ceaseless throbbing pain even while control of the body passes telepathically to Vibur, the rat-god, who squats inscrutably in some lair, dozens or hundreds of miles distant.

At this point Vibur has complete control of what has become an organ or extension of its body, and the victim is effectively dead. Victims so-controlled continue to eat and digest normally, and can operate for 1D6+1 months more before final and merciful death.

The Cure

A cure for the effects of the fungus exists, though the keeper may not wish to allow it. The newest reference is found in the pages of *Quigley's Encyclopaedic Tome of Diseases & Remedies*, published in York, 1742. A solution of four ounces of blue stone, ground to powder, mixed to solution in the urine of the victim, arrests the progress of the affliction at any stage, unless the victim's eyes

have been eaten away, at which time there is no hope.

Drinking this unpleasant radioactive concoction costs 2D10+2 hit points, two points per week after the first week. The imbibor sleeps for 24-36 hours, and faces probable general hair loss in recovery, a loss which he or she never replaces.

The Blue Stones

Cultist humans protect themselves from the blue fungus by gathering the glowing blue stones which Vibur occasionally emits feces-like from its left side. In hardness and color these pure blue stones most closely resemble the meta-silicate benitorte, exhibiting trigonal and hexagonal crystals of finger width and characteristically clumped in batches up to three inches in diameter.

Per volume, the crystals are much heavier than gold. A successful Chemistry or Physics roll suggests that the substance is an unknown transuranic element or isotope of very high atomic number, and that the crystals may be radioactive. Prolonged direct skin contact in fact produces third-degree burns.

A blue stone crystal decays to a stable, worthless state in a few hundred years, but until then emits radioactivity easily detectable by photo plate or spintharoscope. Lengthy exposure affects human gene plasm and sexual fertility.

The cultists know only that the stones protect them from the effects of the blue spores which cling to Vibur. A human who carries or is persistently within a few feet of such crystals can breathe the blue spores without harm.

suddenly, some days before he did, for personal reasons. When Alfred Windebank turned up at Granger's rooms in the University, Granger took him captive. Believing that Granger held more than due regard for Susan, Alfred Windebank steadfastly refused to disclose Susan's location; in a rage, Granger infected Windebank with the spores, hoping that the fellow would talk while delirious.

The Windebanks had closed their flat and stored their furniture while abroad. When they returned, they took shelter at the Norris Hotel. Worried at the overnight absence of her husband, Susan visited the University next morning. She was dismayed to recognize one of the men whom Granger had installed in their camp in the Dutch East Indies; this servant was just leaving Dr. Granger's rooms. Understandably, Susan followed the servant to the lair near the Albert Dock rather than going to the authorities for help. There she was set upon by thieves and left for dead.

She recovered consciousness the next day, an amnesiac. Mrs. Windebank now knows only that she must find someone whose name she cannot not recall; the keeper determines her fate, as related in the sub-section "Susan Windebank," near the end of this adventure.

That same day that Susan was assaulted, Alfred Windebank escaped from Granger's laboratory. Covering his

sores with rough bandages, he returned to the Norris Hotel to discover that his wife was missing. Desperate to find her, he stumbled into Hyde Park Police Station, and into the investigators' lives.

Investigator Information

IT IS A RAINY and cold London afternoon in early autumn. A political rally has occurred in Hyde Park, and a connected disturbance ensued; the investigators have been caught up by police sweeping the area.

The operation was led by Inspector J. Athelney Jones of Scotland Yard, and everyone is for the moment in the police station at Hyde Park, perhaps to be arrested, perhaps only to give a statement and receive the thanks of the police. Inspector Jones, a small, feisty man, is about to grill the investigators when attention diverts to a stranger who staggers in the door.



"His eyes! 'E's got no eyes!"

Despite the chill, the strange man wears no coat or overcoat, and his shirt and trousers are in shreds. Dark-lensed glasses shield his eyes. Tattered bandages trail from head and hands. He staggers and reels across the room, barely able to put one foot in front of another. He stops close to the investigators. His face and hands are covered with large, oozing, boil-like blisters.

Before anyone can reach him, the stranger collapses. It is obviously a great effort for him to talk, but he then raises himself a few inches, opens his cracked lips, and moans. Those who bend near hear "Save Susan, my Susan" grate from the man's throat.

Then he shudders and coughs, expelling a noticeable bluish vapor which quickly dissipates. If the players prove to be a sulky, suspicious lot, Windebank may extend his speech and chivvy them into agreeing to notify his wife. He isn't able to give the address, though; he dies first. Whether the speech is long or short, any successful Listen or idea roll identifies his accent and choice of words as refined and well-educated.

Then the stranger slumps to the floor, and his spectacles fall from his face. A blue goo, glowing slightly, oozes from one of the hollow sockets. A young nanny nearby gasps, "His eyes! His eyes! He's got no eyes!" She faints straight away, as might any investigator of delicate sensibility: Sanity loss to see this is 0/1D3 SAN.

Examination confirms that the man is dead.

At some point soon, perhaps when the investigators leave the station, call for CON rolls for all present. Any receiving rolls higher than CON x5 fail, and are infested with the blue fungus. Note these cases and consult the blue fungus information for the progress of infestation. Non-investigators, such as Mr. J. Athelney Jones, are infected only when the keeper wishes.

The Case Begins

Considerable confusion follows the stranger's entry and collapse. Jones leaves the room for a few minutes—"Don't touch the hevidence or you lot will really cop it!"—as he

goes to vomit. During his absence, the investigators can distract the sole constable at the door and disobey Jones if they decide to carry out the dying man's request.

This initial decision is important: if they take the steamship company receipt (rather than merely read it and replace it), they greatly handicap police and medical reaction to the fungus, and may soon find themselves without rescuers in the lair of



Inspc. J. Athelney Jones

Dr. Granger. Play fair by making sure that the investigators agree to steal this evidence.

- A quick search turns up only loose change (5s 4d). A successful Spot Hidden roll uncovers a folded paper tucked within the man's right sock—a receipt from the East Indies Steamship Company dated a few weeks before, authorizing passage aboard the *Marie-Louise* from Singapore to London, second class, for a Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Windebank. On the receipt, as is company policy, are entered all associated luggage and crates—five for the Windebanks.
- The dead man's torn, tropical-weight clothing has not been changed in some time, but is of good cut and quality. A trouser label identifies it as made by Rotbridge & Son, Tailors, Kensington.
- Anyone of reasonable medical knowledge, even anyone with First Aid of 50% or better, is perplexed as well as shocked by the body—it looks and smells as if decaying for many hours. How did the fellow manage to see without eyes? What vile stuff now drips from his sockets?
- A successful Treat Disease roll draws attention to the blue vapor which the dead man expelled, suggesting potential contamination from the mysterious blue aerosol or spores the poor man emitted.
- Later successful examination (a Chemistry roll or as the keeper sees fit) of a sample taken from the man's eye sockets confirms that the blue substance is fungus-like, but of unknown kind and of astonishing plasticity.

If a sample is taken from the corpse, then the possibility exists for additional exposures, tomorrow and thereafter. Learn what the investigator does with the sample, and how the investigator stores and examines the sample.

Allow the investigators the presentment to work fast, if they decide to investigate the fellow at all. Inspector Jones returns in two minutes, white as a sheet, gasping to the investigators that "at present we shall require nothin' more of you, gen'lemen."

As a second constable enters, Jones shouts to him, "Cover that tramp's body with a blanket, Walker. And escort these people off the premises—I'm a busy man!"

With that, the investigators are unceremoniously ejected from the station unless they can convince the good inspector that they should stay as witnesses, or offer him special skills ("I am a doctor, inspector; kindly step back!") or fresh information.

A LITERARY ASIDE

Keepers and players who know their Arthur Conan Doyle recognize the name Athelney Jones from the Sherlock Holmes stories. The character in this adventure is the original's brother, another bull-headed careerist who must offer perseverance and bluff where insight and genius get better results. If the investigators have heard of J. Athelney's redoubtable brother and of his conflicts with Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the sibling smiles and says, "Yes, my brother

East Indies Steamship Co.

London ♦ Port Said ♦ Bombay ♦ Singapore ♦ Sydney ♦ Hong Kong



PASSENGER RECEIPT

Ship Name Marie-Louise
 Captain GREGAN Purser R. Whitby
 Issuing Agent R.M. Office of Issue SINGAPORE
 Issuing Officer's Signature B. Brown
 Destination LONDON Date of Issue 1/1/74
 Date of Departure 1/10 Date of Arrival 1/1/74

Second Class

ITINERARY AND SERVICE

Alfred + Mrs. Windebank

LUGGAGE STORED

5 Large Crates



No Passengers

2

Passage

£32 6s

14

£39 10s

R.M.
Collection Made

Player Handout #1

taught me all I know, and I've never put a foot wrong. If you ask me, that Holmes fellow is an overrated meddler."

On The Street

Investigators who have done as instructed are now on the street, with little apparent chance to learn what is going on. Never fear: the possibilities are many.



Constable Merlicord Walker

CONSTABLE WALKER

The constable is off-duty in two hours; he's a friendly sort, easy to talk to. Should any investigator ask him, he'll blurt out everything he knows, since the information seems curious but unimportant: the blind man is dead of apparently natural causes, an autopsy will be performed, and (if the investigators did not take the steamship re-

ceipt) his name is Dr. Alfred Windebank, and he and his wife arrived on the *Marie-Louise* from Singapore not long ago.

Naturally the Constable talks easiest over a pint of bitter, though he'll never take a drink while in uniform. A believable friendship with the Constable can prove useful later in the adventure.

QUESTIONING PASSERSBY

No one who saw Windebank enter Hyde Park police station has bothered to stop, and the hansom cab that brought Windebank from the East End to Hyde Park police station via the Norris Hotel has disappeared into the busy afternoon traffic.

- The newspaper seller in a nearby stand remembers the hansom, since it had a name or bore numbers that suggested a felicitous combination of horses worth betting on: the cab came from the London Carriage Company.

At all costs, give the investigators the London Carriage Co. lead; it becomes useful several times in the course of this adventure.

TRYING A BLUFF

Since the dead man cannot contradict them, one or more investigators, perhaps after donning disguises, may report to the station that "a blind man without a cane" insulted him or her, or took something from him or her, or was heard shouting something innocuous, etc., in the hope of being told, overhearing, or somehow spying out information. Deceiving the police in this fashion is a punishable offense; foreigners found out in such a matter deserve a fine or short jail term, and perhaps expulsion from the country.

All the same, trying to deceive the Inspector could be an amusing bit of roleplaying.

WAITING FOR THE EVENING PAPERS

The police search the body, and begin to follow the leads, but since the death appears to be natural if bizarre, they desire all who know of this man to come forth, willingly sharing their information in the hope of getting more. The newspapers feature the story of the blind man.

If the investigators did not remove the identifying receipt, by tomorrow afternoon Granger, other faculty and students from University of London, Windebank's old landlord, the desk clerk at Norris Hotel, various friends and professional acquaintances, the Captain of the *Marie-Louise*, the office of the Dutch Ambassador, and the Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society have duly come forward, and everything is known about the couple until they disappeared from the Norris Hotel.

No one yet knows about Granger's true activities in the Dutch East Indies and how he arrived home, nor what he brought.

Alarmingly, Mrs. Windebank does not come forward. To Granger's comfort, the police concentrate their efforts on finding her. Unfortunately the police look for a well-dressed, respectable woman, not a cringing amnesiac wearing little more than a muddy shift, sprawled in an East End charity house, or whatever fate the keeper chooses.

If the investigators steal the steamship receipt from Windebank's body, it takes days for the investigators to learn what the police uncover overnight. Inspector Jones rightly is furious upon learning the indictable truth.

On the other hand, Granger would hope the investigators did take the evidence; otherwise he'll be facing the first of several police interviews within the day.

An Interlude

That night the investigator who cradled poor Windebank or who was the nearest to him has a strange dream. He or she stands in a cavernous room lit by a few feeble torches. At one end, almost lost in darkness, is a strange figure. Something about it is rat-like, yet the thing is a dozen or more feet high, with three red, three-lobed burning eyes. The thing never moves, yet the dreamer feels the thing's atten-

tion slide inexorably nearer. As the investigator's dread builds into terror, he or she wakes screaming.

East Indies Steamship Co.

These bustling offices and warehouses are downriver, not far from the customs house. The red-brick buildings are new, and in these damp days their yards are muddy from traffic. If they have the ticket receipt or the information that Windebank arrived on the *Marie-Louise*, the investigators logically visit these offices. With the receipt, they can if they wish collect those Windebank trunks and crates remaining at the dock.

From the clerk they learn a few unimportant details of the Windebanks' passage from Singapore. Arriving in London, Windebank signed for one trunk, but about 2800 pounds in four crates remains in East Indies storage. With the presentation of proper documentation (a letter from Mr. or Mrs. Windebank) and the storage charge of £7/4/2, the crates can be handed over. "We'll deliver next day if you like, sir." The clerk can arrange for the investigators to inspect the contents at the warehouse, if they wish.

The Windebanks had their specimens properly crated in Batavia, but before then the collection was exposed in their small craft. Tropical heat and damp caused significant deterioration. In the chill of an English warehouse, the rot has halted. The specimen beetles are in excellent condition, but the moths have suffered greatly. The curling identification cards are barely legible.

There are no clues. If the investigators learn of Windebank's connection to the University of London, they should arrange to have his collection sent there, or to the Royal Geographical Society, his sponsors. This is nearly all that remains of his professional life.

Looking For Evidence

The location may be the East Indies Steamship warehouse, or perhaps some police warehouse, or the storage room at the Norris Hotel, or the investigators' lodgings—wherever the specimen crates have been opened and examined. Granger has determined the location of the crates, but has been unable to get at them.

As the investigators leave, thugs in the pay of Dr. Granger follow them, while others scheme to examine whatever materials Windebank had brought home. Granger wants make sure his own trail is free of embarrassing diaries and letters, and he also wants to locate and silence Susan Windebank.

Granger would prefer to use his Batak cultists for such tasks, but they are not adapting well to London. They refuse to learn English. Worse yet, each time one leaves the block, he or she gets hopelessly lost in this horrifying place.

The London thugs wish to interrogate an investigator. They enter a random investigator's hotel room at night, or kidnap one from a restaurant or bar. They bind and gag the



"Now you'll talk!"

captive, then administer a rare derivative of barbituric acid to loosen the captive's tongue. The drug is powerful, and cannot be resisted for long. When they've learned everything the investigator knows, the unfortunate is left bound in his or her room to be found in the morning, or else robbed and set loose in some dismal corner of London.

Traces of sodium luminal can be discovered with a successful Chemistry roll after examining the victim's blood or urine. The presence of such a rare drug implies that a physician may be cooperating with the thugs, since that drug is in Part I of the Poison Schedule.

This encounter should alert the investigators to devious dealings afoot, heighten the tension, and to define and to lend urgency to their subsequent actions.

The Police Mortuary

The entrance is in the rear of a dingy stone building not far from the Embankment, unmarked except by a uniformed policeman who stands guard outside. Alfred Windebank's body is taken here shortly after death. If the investigators choose to follow the body, they learn nothing that day.

The next morning, a pathologist, Dr. Spencer, examines the corpse and quickly quarantines the area, immediately noting the horrible condition of the corpse and the obvious presence of unknown and possibly deadly spores.

Spencer notifies all who were exposed to report to him for instructions; this includes Inspector Jones, Constable Walker, and the investigators. At the meeting, Spencer outlines the possible dangers awaiting those who were in proximity to Windebank, but does not demand that everyone be quarantined.

He counsels them to be aware of and to report changes



Dr. Emory Spencer

in their health, and says that public health officers will visit them daily for the next few weeks. Ominously, no one is to depart London until the situation becomes clearer, and no one is to make any statement to the press.

In the next few days, doctors and hospitals throughout the metropolitan area are quietly questioned about and alerted to the ex-

istence of the strange blue fungus.

The cause of death was a virulent fungus in the brain and sensory organs, probably entering through the blood stream. No similar case can be found in the literature; for the moment Spencer prescribes sensible diet and elimination of stressful activity as prophylactic measures.

Viewed through Spencer's microscope, the blue spores are unmoving forms, roughly spherical, with many short projections or spines, each about nine microns across.

In the victim's case, some of the forebrain has been replaced by fungal-like tissue mimicking the convolutions and mass of the normal human brain. The eyeballs, timpani, and associated sensory nerves have been replaced by a viscous form of the fungus which cannot transmit nerve impulses. The subject was definitely blind and deaf. Spencer says with finality, though testimony contradicts this.

Various specialists are being consulted; whether or not the police know it is Alfred Windebank on the slab, they soon consult Dr. Granger among others.

The effects of the dead man are in a large envelope. They include 4s 3d in loose change. The receipt from the East Indies Steamship Company—if it has not been stolen by the investigators—is also there. Making a successful Fast Talk roll or merely offering a plausible excuse to see it, the investigators can now study the receipt at their leisure, learning all it has to offer, including the fact that Windebank had a wife.

Meanwhile Inspector Jones snorts about all the trouble one bloke can cause: "Dressed like a common or garden tramp, too. Anyway, if it's a disease 'e can't 'ave been murdered, can 'e?"

For the moment, it is unimportant whether or not any other person has been infested by the blue fungus.

London Carriage Company

Round the corner from Marylebone Station are the company headquarters, stables, and yards, full of the comings and goings of horses, hansoms, and of cynical, loquacious men. If the keeper likes, the investigators need a whole day of questioning Carriage Co. cabbies before locating the one who took Windebank on his last journey. Alternately, the keeper may declare that waybills are kept, and that all are in order, and that (for 1D10 shillings) the office manager allow our heroes to plod through the semi-literate scribbles of 150 drivers

If the investigators wait three days or more before searching at the company, the driver no longer remembers the trip unless they mention the Norris Hotel, since Windebank went to Hyde Park police station by stating a junction of streets.

The cabby's name is Cready Jarvis, a loquacious man of about 45 years. He has enough intelligence to know when to talk and when to be silent. Retired after the war,



Credny Jarvis

he's an ex-soldier who's seen much of the world. Being a cabman just shows him more.

He has no reason to lie. If the keeper wishes, he tries to dress up the tale in hopes of a tip. "Yeah, Guv, that sounds like him. In a bad way he was, lurchin' from side to side, but he had money, and I was pleased to find a fare in that part of town. Right down by the Albert Dock somewhere. I don't remember ex-

actly, as it was pourin' wet."

"First he has me drive out to Kensington, to the Norris. He sneaks in but comes out two minutes later in a bad way. Almost mad he was, mumblin' 'Susie, he's got my Susie!' By this time I think I ought to be takin' him to the nick, but off we go again, and you're right—we stopped closed to the Hyde Park Police Station. He scarpers away, leavin' me holdin' five quid that he pulls out of his sock!

"I'm praisin' my luck when this other gent leaps in and orders me to drive to Victoria Station. 'There's a guinea for you if you can do it in time for the Paris Express, my man,' he says. I do it, too. That were a day!"

Jarvis asks for the card of an investigator, or jots down their names and hotel. "In case I gets more knowledge, you see," This allows him to press upon them a London Carriage Co. card in case the investigators want a day rate.

Jarvis, now well-provided-for, has no other information. Perhaps the investigators need a ride.

Rotbridge & Son, Tailors

This quiet, respectable establishment is on the Kensington Road, not far from the Kensington Station. Without the actual garments to inspect, the well-spoken and efficient attendant cannot provide information. Their current clientele numbers in the hundreds of gentlemen.

Breaking into the quarantined police morgue and stealing the clothing would be a small adventure in itself, not treated in this scenario. Should the investigators succeed, all who enter the room or touch the garments must receive successful CON x5 rolls or less, or become infested with blue fungus.

Upon inspecting the garments, the tailors agree that they made them, but regretfully cannot identify the client. They have many.

They open their customer list to no one but the police. Dr. Alfred Windebank is on the list, his address given as at the University of London, one of 34 gentlemen answering to his measurements.

Norris's Family Hotel

The small hotel at which the Windebanks registered is at 48-53 Russell Road, Kensington, not far from Rotbridge & Son.

This unimposing building stands just opposite Addison Road Station. It is noted for its peaceful air, a refuge in a bustling city. A modest desk greets the traveller entering through the double front doors. An aged porter sits in a cubbyhole, dozing slightly. In neat copperplate above the letter racks, there is a sign.

NORRIS'S FAMILY HOTEL
Room & Attendance fr. 5/-
Dinner 5/-
Pension fr. £4/12/6 p.w.

The desk clerk is protective of information concerning guests, since all staff is regularly admonished to protect Norris's reputation for discretion and quiet accommodation. The clerk confirms that Mr. and Mrs. Windebank are guests of the hotel, adding that both are absent; as he does so, he nods unconsciously toward a hook labeled **104** from which hang two sets of keys. An investigator needs a successful Psychology roll to notice and understand the gesture. Who gets one knows the Windebanks' room number.

"If you would care to leave a message, they will collect it at their convenience," the clerk prods.

Should an investigator somehow threaten the tranquility or security of the hotel, the staff summons the police.

JENNY THE HOUSEMAID

She is co-operative. If the investigators examine the outside of the hotel, or stake out the place, they see her leave by the employees' entrance. An investigator of APP 13 or better, or one who receives a successful Fast Talk or Oratory roll persuades her that she needs a refreshing cup of tea at the coffee house next to the station. There Jenny answers questions, but only if any other investigators do not witness the conversation.

■ She saw Windebank return, bandaged and wrapped in a cloak. It was she who explained to him that Mrs. Windebank had not come back to the hotel for two days. She feared relating this to her employers, because she has been with Norris's for three months only, and feared that Windebank's frenzied behavior might somehow compromise her employ. Departing almost immediately, Windebank cast aside his cloak



Jenny Brown, Upstairs Maid

and raced downstairs clad in little more than rags—"He was like a madman," she says.

- With any successful investigator skill roll to impress her and further gain her confidence, she shows the investigators a photograph of the Windebanks taken before their scientific expedition. Susan Windebank, in great need of a friend, talked at length concerning her fears for her husband, who had gone to "a physician—a Doctor Ranger, I recall—for the gen'leman 'ad in some way wronged Mr. and Mrs. Windebank." She offered the photo as a keepsake.

The reproduction shows a well-dressed man and woman. This is the illustration presented early in this adventure. The man is recognizably the person who dropped dead in the anteroom of Hyde Park Police Station. The woman has a noble bearing and long, black hair. They make a handsome couple.

- Jenny will not provide a pass key to the room. She insinuates that anyone could get in easily by going along the ledge from the window at the end of the landing. "If they shouldn't mind the odd broken leg, that is," she laughs.

ROOM 104

This large, well-appointed room has an adjoining bath. It betrays no sign of flight or struggle. An empty frame on a side dresser fits Jenny's photo.

- Under the pillow on one side of the bed are several crumpled lace handkerchiefs, deeply creased because they were placed there wet with tears.
- If the investigators search thoroughly, they discover a small blue translucent stone made up of distinct crystals, tucked in a drawer of the writing desk. This pretty object is the size of a pigeon's egg. If anyone takes it, allow one luck roll daily to notice that it glows in the dark.
- In the same writing desk drawer, they find a somewhat rumpled diary in a masculine hand. Though it bears no attribution of ownership, the text refers to "Susan," "my wife," "my darling," and so on. Relevant extracts from the diary appear in a nearby box.

The diary is in Inspector Jones' desk if the police visit the Windebank's room before the investigators, but Constable Walker or the inspector can summarize the diary if well-treated, or if persuaded with a successful Credit Rating or Fast Talk roll; the police presume the issue still to be one of public health, not criminality.

The keeper might declare parts of the diary illegible, though restorable after special chemical treatment and reconstruction, and then add helpful clues at that time. If Susan Windebank is discovered first, she might tell the information here and at the beginning of the adventure.

Dr. Granger

The investigators may visit Granger's rooms at the School of Tropical Medicine of London University, since the good doctor is an authority on tropical fungal diseases, and since he plays a central role in Alfred Windebank's diary. From busy Gower Street, a narrow way of brick, stone, and iron,

Alfred Windebank's Diary

ENTRY — The results continue to be fruitful. My collection grows each day, each new island containing more unrecorded species. Surely the RGS will be pleased.

Susan, too, is very happy. She has a natural gift for illuminating the Scriptures, and our servants eagerly gather each day to listen to her stories.

Granger mentioned today that his work has taken an unexpected direction, but waits to describe the situation until he can present the matter systematically.

ENTRY — Granger believes he is close to a great discovery.

ENTRY — Dr. Granger has disappeared! Our servants and helpers are frightened, and wish to leave. What a strange situation! Susan and I have determined to continue searching for our colleague.

ENTRY — Offering no word of apology for disrupting our work, Granger turned up today, tired and withdrawn. He refused to be drawn out concerning his disappearance. We are insulted.

ENTRY — This is the fourth time Granger has left without informing us; we no longer bother to care about him personally, but Susan especially worries about the fate of a white man alone in these climes. Though I have not told my innocent darling, I begin to suspect Granger of disgraceful conduct. All this coming and going may be nothing more significant than extended visits to a paramour. We must sail soon, and he fritters away the opportunity of a lifetime!

ENTRY — Susan told me today that she had several times in the past week caught Granger casting lecherous glances at her, and that today Granger made a blunt suggestion which allowed for no misinterpretation by her. Even as my wife, she refused to repeat the words the cad used. I have informed this once-civilized man that such ways may obtain in the bush, *but our camp is English*. He will conduct himself accordingly or answer to me.

ENTRY — I didn't recognise a single person. He said that he had to replace them all, as they were becoming shifty and untrustworthy. I lost my temper, accusing him of acting like a bandit. He should have consulted me first. My work is disrupted without Lalit to do the mountings as I have taught him. The Secretary to the RGS shall hear of this in detail.

ENTRY — We and Granger no longer speak. He is ragged and tired-looking. I think he has lost several stones of weight, as his clothes do not fit as they did.

ENTRY — We have reached Padang. I chiefly blame myself for these troubles. Clearly Granger has gone mad, yet I find it impossible to denounce a fellow Englishman here at the end of the world. Dear Susan has been my strength and guide throughout.

ENTRY — Susan had entertained some hope of diverting him from his perverted course, but to no avail. Each small sound brings back to us the fear of that night we had thought left behind.

glistening with rain, leads to an unmarked door and a porter's window just within.

With a successful Credit Rating roll, the porter shows them upstairs and into a room containing souvenirs of Granger's previous expeditions. Masks, war clubs, swords, and fetishes litter the walls.

Some four thousand books confirm that Granger is widely-read, from *Aborigines of New South Wales* to *The Dynamics of an Asteroid* to *Quigley's Encyclopædic Tome of Diseases & Remedies* to *The Zoology of the Upper Zambezi*. Stacks of scholarly journals are honeycombed with markers and notes.

On a window sill lies a covered culture plate containing a blue fungus. Slight dust patterns show that other such plates have been there. If the investigators are able to inspect the current fungus under the microscope, they confirm that it is identical to that found in Windebank's body.

QUIGLEY'S TOME

It contains earnest and totally outdated nostrums and techniques used by doctors, surgeons, and barbers of the 18th century. By some oversight, the unscientific Quigley managed to include the cure to the blue fungus disease, listed in the contents summary to Chapter XIV as "The Sumatran Blue Death of the Fearsome Cannibal Battiks." Granger has cut away the leaf actually discussing the cure; it lies in the cupboard of his operating theater near the Albert Dock. A complete *Quigley's* can be had at the British Museum library. Blackwell's Books has intact copies as well.

CONVERSATION WITH GRANGER

After a few minutes, giving the investigators time to look about if they wish, Dr. Arbuthnot Granger bounds into the room, panting slightly, apologizing.

"Terribly sorry. Just ran up from the big library at the BM," he laughs, "There are one or two books I haven't here."

Dr. Granger is a tall, well-built man in early middle age. He has piercing blue eyes, a sharp chin, and a large brown moustache. He has lost a lot of weight recently, and his suit hangs on him. His complexion is sallow, rather than the healthy tan one might expect on one recently returned from the tropics.

Granger answers questions in a genial, light-hearted manner, though he words his answers carefully. Asked about the Dutch East Indies trip, he laments that Alfred Windebank took ill soon after arriving and started having delusions about everyone and everything.

"After a while he imagined I was the priest of a pagan cult," he jokes. "One night he tried to dismiss all the camp servants. A sad case." The keeper may continue Granger's tale, with many inversions of actual events.

"Eventually," Granger concludes, "Susan—Mrs. Windebank—and myself decided to send him back to England. She is a wonderful woman, and would support her husband to the ends of the earth. I know I left him in good hands when I sent them back."

If it is common knowledge that Windebank died in Hyde Park police station, Granger finishes with sentences of regret. "It appears that poor Alfred was sicker and more

physically affected than we had any way of knowing. I only wish I knew what had happened to Susan! This has become a double tragedy, I fear."

The meeting with Dr. Granger should leave the investigators confused. Has everything they so far have learned about Granger been lies or misconceptions? How can such a genial and obviously well-liked man have terrorized a young couple?

Let the investigators draw their own conclusions.



Dr. Arbuthnot Granger

GRANGER'S MOTIVATIONS

Granger is insane, and has been since his encounters with Vibur. He originally failed to tell Windebank of the discovery since he suspected that the cultists were practicing an elaborate trick—perhaps a dangerous one.

Once satisfied of their truth, he chose to protect his friends, especially Mrs. Windebank, from the blue fungus, deciding to keep matters secret until he could be sure that the fungus was containable.

But his zealous studies were undermined by the cruel and immoral practices in which he acquiesced, and to which he lost his sanity. The safety of the Windebanks and of many people fell before his ambition and arrogance. Now Granger steals from civilization and feels no obligation to it. He is dangerous and incurably insane.

Following Up

Watching Dr. Granger

TO DISCOVER Granger's true character requires only that the investigators keep watch at London University.

At about 7:45 P.M., he leaves his rooms, cloaked against the fine rain and carrying a small gladstone bag containing new medical instruments, purchased for his secret laboratory. He turns briskly down Gower Street and walks to the British Museum. He enters the famous Reading Room.

It is near closing time. Granger is the last person allowed into the Reading Room; for its hours and procedures, see "Library Research," below.

He exits minutes later with a parcel under his arm. Shortly he places it in his satchel, to protect the package against the rain which has just begun.

Granger stops to purchase a paper from a veteran of the Afghan War. Scanning it, he suddenly reads intently, mur-

murs "Great Scott!" and then leaps into a waiting hansom cab, disappearing into the light evening traffic. His journey takes him toward the Albert Docks. Prepared investigators have transport nearby and can bring it up quickly.

They'll certainly buy the same paper as did Arbuthnot Granger, the *Evening Express*. If the investigators are not following Dr. Granger, they hear a newsboy shout out the headline which alerted Granger.

Player Handout #3

Plague Threatens East End

Late this afternoon the bodies of two unidentified men were discovered in its basement by the landlord of a tenement building at 14 Brigge Street.

Eyewitnesses at the scene claimed, before the premises were closed by the police, that the deceased bore the signs of the Black Death bubonic plague.

Scotland Yard have appointed Insp. J. Athelney Jones in charge of the case. He urges the local populace to "remain calm," since "everything is under control."

The plague occurs occasionally in England as infected foreigners arrive, but our vigilant medical practitioners give this dread disease no chance of establishment. Several decades ago an entire ship docking at Whitby proved to be victimized by plague.

14 Brigge Street

In a dubious part of the East End, beside other broken and decaying buildings, a few onlookers mill nervously near the entrance to 14 Brigge Street. The rain already has chased away most of the curious. A police constable is on duty, caped and miserable in the drizzle.

THE FRONT ENTRANCE

Although Inspector Jones has ordered that no one enter, a successful Credit Rating or Fast Talk (it's a plus if the player has his investigator employ medical double-talk) bewilders the poor constable, who lets the investigators through. Within, Inspector Jones and a few others discuss the baffling case. They have used wax seals to close off the basement death-room; only the corpses are still there. One successful Sneak or DEX x5 or less roll gets the investigators past the self-absorbed CID men and to the sealed door. Both entrances to the basement bear the following sign.

Do not enter. Police investigation in progress.

By order, (signed) J. A. Jones (Insp.)

The two corpses are to be found in the cellar of the lodging house. The stairs behind the door are old and rotten; at their mid-point they divide, and one way leads up and out of the basement at the rear of the building, the other way leads

down to the basement proper. At the landing, a tall dark figure suddenly sprints past the investigators, cursing and spitting out an "Excuse me, gentlemen," as he goes out the rear entrance to the building.

The figure cannot be recognized, but if the investigators pursue him, they catch up to Arbuthnot Granger. See the conclusion to "The Back Entrance," just below.

The bottom of the stairs opens into a dark space so damp and so uninhabitable that the landlord has never been able to find anyone willing to pay to live in it. A single hurricane lamp hangs from a beam in the ceiling, illuminating the squalor. Rotten sacks, broken crates, and rusted barrel staves furnish the room.

At the far wall, a pile of sacking is the final resting place for two men, dressed as tramps but with the hair on their heads neatly shaven off. Examination proves that all body hair has also been removed. Their condition resembles that of Windebank: putrescent blisters cover hands and arms, eye sockets ooze a blue fluid, and blue spores can be found over an area of several feet around them. The heads of both men have been neatly sawn off at the neck, and then replaced in on their respective shoulders.

Sanity loss to see and understand this is 0/1D3 SAN. Each uninfested investigator must also receive a successful CON x5 or less result on D100, or fall victim to the blue fungus in 1D10 days.

THE BACK ENTRANCE

The alley is not lit. With some exploration, the pitch-black and unguarded rear entrance is discovered, mostly by the aid of the fresh white patch of the "Do not enter" sign posted by the Yard.

A flashlight or match can show that the wax sealing the door has been broken, and that the door itself has been forced open. Whether or not the investigators see this evidence, a tall cloaked man suddenly pushes his way past them and out of the building, with only an oath and an abrupt "Excuse me, gentlemen." This is Granger, flushed out of the death scene by the sound of the approaching investigators. Because he has chosen the moment, the investigators do not see his face, only his back, as he slips by. See the entry just above, "The Front Entrance," for what the investigators find in the basement room.

If they pursue the stranger, the investigators peacefully corner Arbuthnot Granger, who claims an innocent professional interest in the case, and who says that the door was already open. If the investigators bring him to Inspector Jones and insist that Dr. Granger open his satchel, within is a medical saw contaminated with specks of flesh, blood, and bits of blue fungus.

This bit of investigator daring nets the full cooperation of Inspector Jones thereafter. Though Granger offers a smooth excuse about securing laboratory samples, his secretive actions so violate the law that Jones sternly reprimands him.

mands him, admonishes him to stay in his rooms, and sends a constable as escort to see that he does.

When Granger has gone, Jones demands to know what the investigators are up to. This is another chance for them to give up the East Indies Steamship receipt if they have not already done so. If the investigators suspect Granger, they should say so. Jones still will reprimand them, but also starts to think of them as credible men and women—not foolish children mucking about in what look more and more like bizarre murders.

THE MUTILATIONS

If the investigators do not catch Granger, and then fail a single Sneak or DEX x5 roll for the group in order to leave the basement undetected, Inspector Jones and company are on them in a flash. Their tale of the “tall, cloaked man” is taken seriously only because the investigators carry no medical saw, the instrument most likely to have made the neat, fresh cuts which are immediately discovered.

“If I ’ad a bit more hevidence you ’d be up before the beak this instant. You meddling snoops ’ave been up an’ seen things hew oughtn’t to. I ’ope you feels thoroughly sick. You will no doubt be gettin’ a summons for obstructin’ the course of justice tomorrow morning. Good night!” Of course, if the investigators are of high enough Credit Rating, all Inspector Jones says is the last sentence. He thinks the rest.

Another Interlude

The investigator who first touched the corpses or who stood nearest them, that night has a strange dream. He or she is standing in a large, cavernous room, lit by a few feeble torches. At one end, almost lost in darkness, is a strange figure. Something about it is rat-like, yet the thing is a dozen or more feet high, with three red, three-lobed burning eyes. The thing never moves, yet the dreamer feels its attention slide inexorably toward him or her and, feeling the dread build into terror, he or she wakes screaming. The investigator wakes firmly convinced that the alien horror exists somewhere in London.

Norris’s Hotel Robbery

The next day, the investigators notice Player Handout #4 in the morning papers.

Player Handout #4

Robbery At The Norris Hotel

Police report that professional cracksmen last night bound a Norris Hotel clerk and made off with the contents of the hotel safe.

This morning the manager of the Norris Hotel refused comment concerning losses, terming them trifling and to be made good at once by the Hotel. He evidenced the most profound concern for the upset to guests, and stated that the most stringent precautions would be taken to prevent any recurrence.



A thing from beyond

A visit to the Norris turns up additional information. Not only was the safe broken into, but (according to their friend Jenny the upstairs maid) so was the Windebank's room, which was ransacked.

If the police or the investigators have not searched the room at the Norris before, now the blue stone and the diary are in Granger's hands.

If the investigators bother to inquire, the waitress at the coffee house across the street remembers a "tall, well-dressed gent, blond, sittin' by the window and watchin' the hotel yesterday afternoon. I think 'e were lookin' for a young married couple, as he showed me a photo of a young man and a woman, dark-haired, sittin' together. 'I think I may have seen the lady, but not the man,' I says to him."

Library Research

The British Museum offers the best reference library in the world. The Reading Room is described briefly in *Cthulhu by Gaslight*.

Here resides a collection of books, maps, and manuscripts unequalled since the library at Alexandria. The shelves contain most of the books published in the British Empire, sent here gratis upon publication. The library also acquires outstanding private collections. In this way vast holdings, among them ancient, unique, and irreplaceable tomes, accumulate.

Membership in the library (and hence admission to the reading room) is by application. A potential borrower should be ready to show that only the British Museum library has the material he needs to continue his studies. Letters of reference and high Credit Rating help. Only a titled scholar gets instant entrance. Membership must be renewed every six months. A member's ticket cannot be transferred.

The Reading Room itself is a large, domed, circular room. It has room for 360 readers. Hours are from 9 A.M. to 8 P.M. The 2,000 most useful reference works are available direct to readers on the shelves. Only the 20,000 next most popular works are stored inside the Reading Room itself. The rest of the holdings, and most of the special collections, are buried deep in the vaults of the museum.

To obtain a book, the borrower must complete a form which is handed to a librarian, who then finds the book. Finding the book may take 20 minutes or longer. It is delivered to the seat of the borrower. Borrowers are rarely allowed to take books out of the Reading Room. Notes may be made by the borrower at his desk.

Longer transcriptions may be made available by library staff. If a work is particularly rare, valuable, or delicate, permission may be needed in advance, so that a special viewing may be arranged.

A hurried investigator may be able to obtain day membership of the library, subject to criteria similar to that required of six-month ticket holders. Visitors may buy tickets

which allow them to see, but not to enter, the famous room. The book requests of ticket holders such as Dr. Granger (if located in the tortuous filing system) should be of interest to intrepid sleuths, as will the books themselves.

SPECIFIC RESEARCH

As noted, investigators must be members to conduct research here.

Granger has been studying rare manuscripts; his filled-out request cards bear witness to this. A successful Oratory or Credit Rating roll makes these records available. There are many completed request cards, all innocuous ("Tropical Diseases of Eastern Polynesia," "A New Treatment for Beri-beri," and so forth).

A successful idea roll (or an explanation by the ever-helpful librarian) guesses that Dr. Granger has access to the private collections as well; request records for these collections are stored elsewhere, and are difficult of access.

Membership by collection is much more restricted than membership in the library itself, and such memberships are available only by six-month ticket.

Each request card contains the location of the desk occupied by the requester, so that books may be delivered to that desk by the librarian. Close scrutiny of Granger's desk reveals a scrap of paper that has slipped underneath the blotter. It reads: ". . . taken in youre handes. The liquid, being now of a pure blue colour, is reddee. Ye may now call upon ye godde in lyke mannere aforsayd." Comparison of the hand with a sample of Granger's writing confirms that he wrote it. This is a red herring, part of a quotation from Quigley: Granger's frenzied researches lead in many directions. If the keeper wishes, it can come from some useful mythos tome. Put it in his hideout's Dissection Theater, or in his rooms.

As members, the investigators can request *Quigley's Encyclopædic Tome of Diseases & Remedies*, complete with the cure to the fungus disease. Granger's past request cards might also show that he requested this volume some weeks ago.

A Sudden Disappearance

If the investigators discovered Granger at 14 Brigge Street, and especially if a constable escorted the doctor back to his rooms at the University of London, Granger decides his current work is too controversial to be exposed to public scrutiny.

That evening he writes to tender his resignation from his academic post, "in order to shield the University from potential scandal." He recommends several capable scholars who can reasonably take over his academic duties. He plans to continue private researches, but offers no further explanation, nor even a forwarding address, saying only that he shall "be in touch as future events allow."

If this is a weekend, the Vice-Chancellor will not read Granger's communication until Monday morning.

This and other letters written and posted, Granger burns certain papers, packs others, wakes the porter at about midnight, and slips quietly into the night. Several changes of cab insure that his trail cannot be followed unless the investigators and/or the police have decided to watch and follow the doctor.

In his last change of cab, Granger makes the acquaintance of Cready Jarvis, who mentions picking up Windebank near where Granger wants to go. Alas for Jarvis, as we shall soon see.

Should the investigators visit Granger's rooms again, Josiah Smith, the porter there for twenty years, sighs and says "It ain't unusual for Doctor Granger to be away for months at a time. He didn't say he was going anywhere in particular. I expect he was off to look at those plague victims at the docks, though I doubt if he is still there. No place for a gentleman."

Granger's rooms are locked, and Josiah will not open them except for police or University officials. Should any investigator try his hand at burglary, nothing is now to be learned there.

The Next Morning

The day dawns cold, gray, and wet. A pea-souper shrouds London, the product of fog and countless smoking chimneys. The thick mist muffles the usual clatter of horse-drawn hansoms, wagons, and omnibuses, and the footsteps and conversations of pedestrians. Those who venture out are well-wrapped against the clinging, grimy dampness. Each person becomes an island in the mist. The city becomes fuzzy and indefinite, like a waking dream, but the morning newspaper headlines are real enough.

Player Handout #5

STOP PRESS

Another Plague Victim

The body of a man of condition similar to previous plague victims has been found on the Thames Estuary, near the foot of Emsworth Street.

Though police are withholding the name of the victim, he is dressed as a cabman, and apparently has been dead not more than a few hours.

Evidence at the scene, police say, shows he collapsed near the water, and did not wash up.

Not long after the investigators read this at the breakfast table, Inspector J. Athelney Jones and three constables are at their door. The inspector is upset at being called away from a perfect feast of eggs and rashers, and he takes it out on the investigators, whose names have inexplicably turned up in the dead man's pocket.

The dead cabman is Cready Jarvis, in whose pocket the police were more than slightly interested to find the name of an investigator. Informed of the coincidence, Inspector Jones swore several times. Now he wants to know everything they know: if the investigators have not before made clear their interest in and relation to this case, use this interview to force them to come down on the side of the police or to set themselves up for later criminal charges if they continue to withhold what is now obviously important information. From this point on, the narrative assumes that the investigators and Insp. Jones work together.

Having learned from them what he can, Jarvis takes them to the East End, to view the body. The police vehicle needs a long time to find its way to the scene.

The victim was found not far from the Java Coffee Importation Co., at the Albert Dock, a place more than normally desolate in the fog. From the distance comes the bone-like rattle of a freight train crossing a complicated switch. The mournful boom of the London Pool fog-warning siren occasionally permeates the mist.

Even in this weather, bystanders look on as divers from the Thames River Police search the tangled weed beneath the dock for further clues. The body has not been moved yet, though it soon will be. Investigators notice that a circular area four yards across has been staked out around the body, and that no one goes inside the stakes. The investigators can, of course, though Jones advises against it. "On the suggestion of Dr. Spencer, gentlemen." If they decide not to enter the circle, Jones takes them atop the wharf, where they can look down and study the body through the binoculars he offers.

Jarvis was the cabby who took Alfred Windebank on his fateful last ride. Even though the blue fungus has eaten out his eyes, the body of cabman Cready Jarvis is recognizable by all the investigators who met him. A successful idea roll or Spot Hidden roll shows none of the blistering normal to the other victims, but the eyeballs are eaten away, and blue goo pours out of the sockets.

If the investigators enter the circle of stakes, roll D100 for each: a result of CON x6 or less leaves them uninfested (presumably they now take more care in avoiding the spores than they did before).

Those who knew Jarvis must also receive a Sanity roll of 0/1D3. Since most of them have now seen four such corpses, they are growing used to the symptoms of the infestation itself.

After the investigators confirm that the man below is the cabman Cready Jarvis, and have made clear to Inspector Jones how their names came to be in his possession, Jones lets it slip that Jarvis had been working late last night, but that as late as 10 P.M. last night, a fellow cabby met him for tea and that Jarvis seemed normal. The progress of the fungus was very fast.

A Local Survey

Jones does not say so, but Jarvis' cab has not been found. This is not surprising in such dank weather. Note that if they and Jones are dire enemies at this point, the investigators are driven to the local station to give statements and are then dismissed summarily, stranded deep in the East End. At that point they can begin their own search of the area, perhaps finding the cab behind the debris with a successful Spot Hidden roll, and perhaps finding Susan Windebank.

- If the inspector believes the investigators to be respectable but of neutral importance to the case, he thanks them for their help, and a constable drives them to any London destination.
- If the investigators and the inspector are on friendly terms, he takes them along when a constable brings news of the discovering of Jarvis' hansom.

The discovery of Jarvis' cab and the subsequent discovery of Susan Windebank assumes that the investigators are working independently of the police, with full scope to make their own decisions. Even if they're friendly with the authorities, of course, Inspector Jones and his men have only to make a wrong decision during the search to leave the investigators headed toward independent danger.

Therefore, whatever the relation with Inspector Jones, a successful idea roll suggests that this area of London seems to be important in the progress of the plague, and might be worth investigating at length.

The cab is parked in an alley not far from Emsworth street, the uncomfortable horse still hitched up, tethered to a grate. Someone (there are no witnesses, or at least witnesses willing to talk) has piled crates and packing materials high enough to conceal the tall black vehicle; only a systematic search of the area has located it.

Without a careful search with magnifying lenses, nothing about the vehicle is unusual. If magnifiers are used, a tiny droplet of blue fungus is found on one door.

- The mud around the hansom is disturbed enough that no sense can be made of the prints without a successful Track roll, which only indicates that the driver and a passenger left at about the same time, and that the passenger is the one who stacked the boxes in front of the vehicle. While the passenger is purposeful in his strides, the driver seems hesitant and disoriented in his movements, though the evidence vanishes at the street.
- A successful Spot Hidden roll in the area detects glass glinting in a puddle. It is a small hypodermic syringe, needle attached. The plunger is fully depressed. Any contents seem exhausted, but magnified examination of the interior surface detects fungus-like structures, now dead and rotting to a neutral transparency.

Susan Windebank

Depending on the investigators' situation and activities, the keeper will choose one of the following ways to bring

Susan Windebank into the adventure, or will create his or her own. It is only important that Mrs. Windebank have been unable to communicate or to initiate action during the last few days.

AN INFORMATIVE PASSERBY

As the day advances, more people emerge onto the street. Many refuse to speak, fearing the investigators' accents,



Mrs. Susan Windebank

perhaps, or fearing involvement with authorities. Quite a few people should refuse the investigators, in fact, before one man, Bert The Whiter (distinguishing him from his brother, who never bathes at all), sizes them up and decides to talk.

"I ain't seen no new gent roundabout for a piece," he spits, "but there was a young dark-haired woman let in down the way, at the charity place. Some days ago I seen her, hurt and cryin' on the steps."

'Down the way' is several streets removed to the east, in a converted tenement, now the Mortar Of The Lord Christian Charity Hospice For Women.

The old woman who answers the door is very suspicious if all the investigators are male (but pleasant if at least one is female). "There are bad sorts hereabout, men who stop at nothin'," she growls at last. "What would you be needin'?"

If the investigators can show her Jenny's photo of the Windebanks, their purpose is clear, and the old woman immediately cooperates, bringing Susan forth. If the investigators describe Mrs. Windebanks, the old woman wants to know their intent and the circumstances of the missing woman. A successful Credit Rating roll helps greatly, as does a chivalric donation to the hospice.

Thereupon the trembling young woman comes forward, still amnesiac, now in a cheap cast-off dress, her face washed but tear-stained. A successful Psychology roll comforts her, and begins to put her at ease. She remembers nothing before waking near here, bleeding, robbed even of her outer garment and shoes, though she feels that she must correct some wrong or challenge some evil.

She blinks upon hearing her name, as though it might mean something she can't comprehend. Nonetheless, in the following twelve hours she begins to remember her life before, and in 1D10 hours has recalled and gladly announces the building to which she followed Arbutnot Granger—the Java Coffee Importation Co.

THE WRAITH IN THE FOG

Or, as the investigators trudge through the fog, questioning the local residents and trying to pick up a clue, they bump



Bert the Whiter

into Bert the Whiter (so-called to distinguish Bert from his brother, who never bathes at all); the indifferently clean Bert screams like a banshee, then recovers himself.

"Excuse me, gents," he trembles. "I thought you was the Emsworth ghost!"

He begins to retreat into the fog, but a question or a proffered shilling detains him indefinitely. "Ain't no question that she's a ghost, guv.

She's always dressed in a shift, muddy and blood-stained, and carryin' a butcher knife the size of me arm, cacklin' like a maniac. You see her once, you don't want to see her again."

He begins to disappear into the fog. "You stick around here, you'll see her sure."

If the investigators stay in the area, they do hear something unusual in about half an hour, an indistinct laughing and crying which is plainly mad, raising the hackles of everyone who hears it.

Then drifting in and out of the fog, she appears, just as Bert The White described, holding the knife high, slashing at invisible foes. "Granger! Granger!" she cries, ignoring the investigators utterly. It would be best if those vulnerable stepped from in front of the butcher knife.

She stops at the long unused entrance to the Java Coffee Importation Co. warehouse and sinks her knife once, twice, three times into a boarded-over door already well-slashed, then continues her crazed and gruesome rounds.

The investigators, though shocked at her condition, easily recognize Susan Windebank. A successful Psychology roll or sympathetic strength of arms disarms her, and the next twelve hours of doubtless tender care begin to clear her fevered brain. The investigators confirm, if they did not already guess, that Granger's hideout is in the old Java Coffee warehouse.

A SCREAM FROM A WINDOW

Or, with or without encountering Bert The Whiter, the fog lifts to the rooftops, and the filthy, squalid streets can be seen plainly. As the investigators pass the Java Coffee Importation Co. warehouse, a successful Listen roll detects a muffled cry. Looking up, he or she glimpses a dark-haired young woman struggling in the grasp of an assailant. Then she disappears from view.

A moment later, a man with blond hair briefly comes into view, notices the watching investigators, then ducks away from the window. The keeper may or may not require some roll (a Spot Hidden, or idea, or even a CON roll for accuracy of eyesight) to identify Dr. Granger, who found

poor Mrs. Windebank on the street after her robbery and assault, brought her to his secret laboratory, and has held her since as his captive.

Java Coffee Co.

This long, brick-faced frame building has not been used for business in many years. The fog is close enough that only part of it can be seen at one time, and gives it a ghostly impression. The sills of the upstairs windows are rotting and the panes dirty or broken. Though all the ground-floor windows and doors are boarded over and locked tight, a large freight door has been used recently. This sliding door is locked tight and cannot be forced, short of axes to hack through the sound wood. Investigators armed with crow-bars, or helped by someone of STR 16 or better, enter through one of the barricaded doors in 1D6+2 minutes.

The building has three floors. Its dimensions at ground level are 40' x 120'.

GROUND FLOOR

This level extends the full length and width of the building. The front third consists of small empty offices, long stoppered conveniences, and barren halls. The rear two-thirds is clear two-story warehouse space, now occupied only by scattered trash, support columns, and a variety of bird and bat excrement. There is an unusual mothball-like smell. Stairs lead up and down.

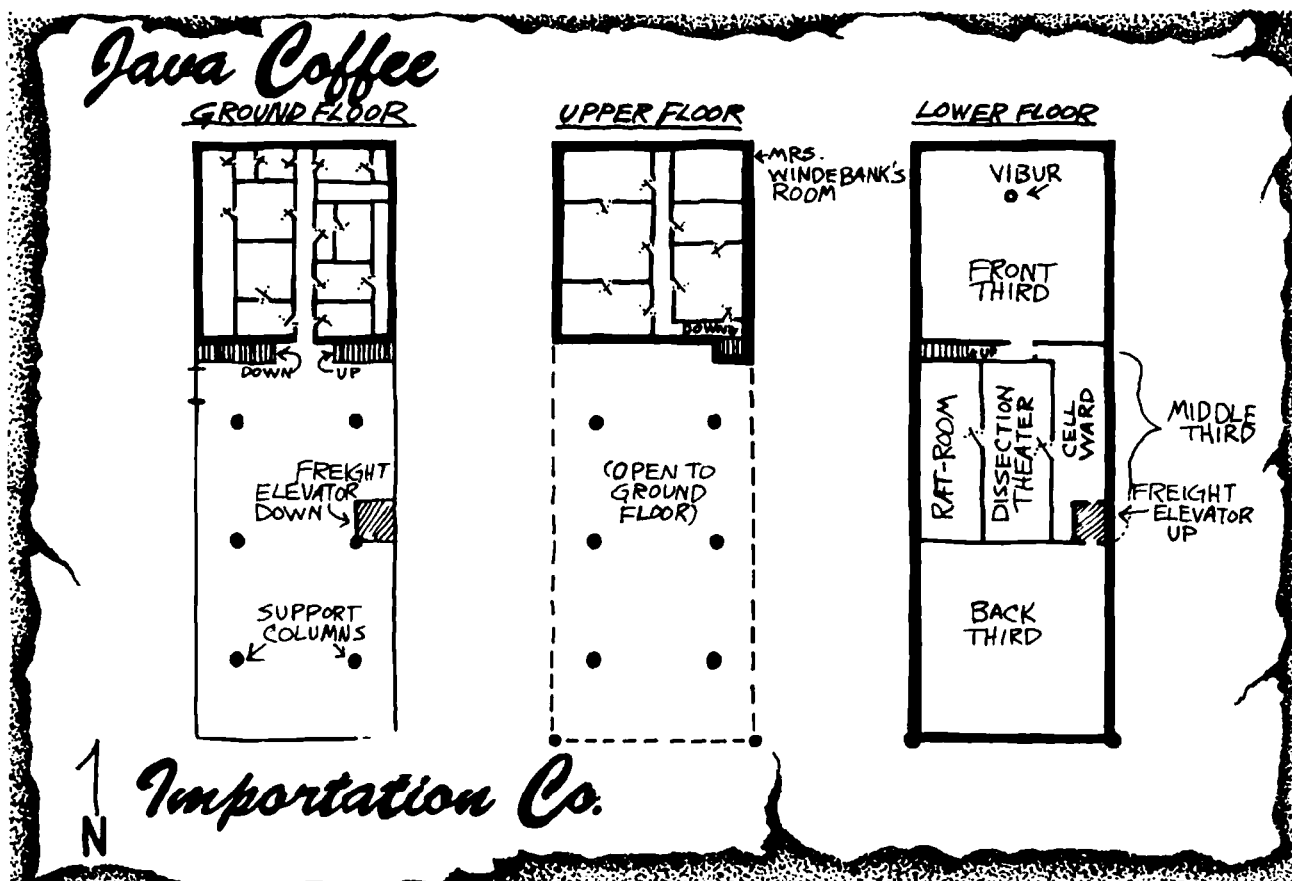
A successful Track roll points the investigators to the cellar stairs, where traces of fresh mud cling. A filled and primed oil lamp hangs over those steps.

If the investigators carefully examine the two-story warehouse area, they learn that what seems to be a freight exit on the opposite wall is actually an operable freight elevator—stenciled as *goods lift*—leading down to the Lower Floor. It opens between the Front Third and Middle Third of that floor. A successful Track roll shows that something very large was moved from the freight entrance to the freight elevator within the past few months.

UPPER FLOOR

This floor is where the investigators may have glimpsed Mrs. Windebank's struggles with Dr. Granger. She had escaped the small closet where Granger kept her and sought help from any likely pedestrian.

Whether Granger has returned her to the foul, shabby closet from which she escaped, or has forced her down the stairs to the Lower Floor is for the keeper to determine: if Granger has kept some sense of decency, he will not use another person as a shield, especially a woman for whom he imagines he has regard. In that case, Susan Windebank is a brutalized captive, but one essentially safe and whole, a strong woman who recovers physically and emotionally in the months to come.



If Granger is a maddened criminal, then he acts as he needs, and thinks of her as a tool or pawn. The choice for the keeper is not an obvious one: an insane Granger offers enjoyable histrionics which formally signal the climax of an adventure; on the other hand, a Granger of mixed motives, one half-hoping to be apprehended, is a man who can supply missing evidence, tie up loose ends, and discuss ways of eliminating or moving the horror inhabiting the lower floor.

If Granger has captured Mrs. Windebank, he has told her why she needs to keep the blue stone close to her.

Lower Floor

THE LOWER floor is mostly windowless and pitch-black. The Back Third is unused. The Middle Third is Granger's laboratory and lock-up. The Front Third is the temple to Vibur.

The stairs down open between the Back Third and the Middle Third. The freight elevator opens between the Middle Third and the Front Third.

The Back Third

This third of the lower floor is the closest to the river. Here the Java Coffee building is hopelessly moldy and rotten; sometime in the next decade this part of the structure will collapse. Nothing is of interest in this warren of rooms except the chance to take 1D6 damage from falling through weakened floorboards.

The Middle Third

Granger has cleaned up and repainted this section, insanely bringing the Victorian virtues of cleanliness and efficiency to a cruel and murderous situation.

Though he has sought nothing but time for study, Granger has accomplished almost nothing since returning to London. His dreams of serious work on the blue fungus and the creature growing it have been lost daily in details, disorganization, and the mushrooming complexities surrounding his illegalities. Granger is caught on a treadmill of crime; each criminal deed initially seems a shortcut, but then two or three new deeds are necessary to conceal the first. Worse yet, his new crimes expose him in fresh and unexpected ways. He is tired of thrashing around but, if the keeper wishes, is ready for one more match.

THE ENTRANCE

Whether the investigators take the stairs or the freight elevator, the unlocked door into the Middle Third opens to the cell-ward.

As they test the door, the investigators hear a distant rumbling sound. The ground shakes a little, and then the rumble becomes a roar, filling the passage and echoing in the investigators' ears. A train is passing somewhere close by. The last trucks rattle away, leaving a silence more profound than before. The door, although rusty, has recently oiled hinges. It is unlocked.

THE CELL-WARD

This room has three exits, to the stairs, to the freight elevator, and to the dissection theater.

Opening the door, a sweltering heat hits everyone. All of the other rooms in the Middle Third and Back Third are equally warm and humid, maintained by free-standing gas heaters.

A gas mantle illuminates the room with a powerful, if greenish, glow. The cell-ward is a large, high-ceilinged room in which rest six large steel cages. Each cage contains a cot. Four unmoving men, their heads and bodies shaven to allow accurate visual observation, lay restrained on cots.

On the wall opposite the six cages is a large locked cupboard. Within are sheets and other sundries, and a large key hanging from a hook; the key opens any cage.

A cell contains only a steel-frame cot. Leather restraints on each bed hold the occupant motionless. In one cage a quart jar and drip-feed insert pulsing blue liquid into the arm of a victim. His eyes bulge as he views the terrors of another world.

The four men are of no help, and do not respond to questions. Several of the unconscious men show obvious symptoms of the blue fungus.

The investigators have not heard that four men had disappeared; London is enormous—who misses a sailor between ships or a vagrant wandering the East End?

Since Dr. Granger and the cultists all have blue stones, little special care is taken here concerning the fungus: each investigator must receive a successful CON x6 roll on D100 or become infested with the horrible fungus.

It was from this room that the two subjects found at 14 Brigg Street managed to escape. They quickly succumbed to delirium, just as did Cready Jarvis. Granger has since taught the cultists how to properly close the cage doors, and further escapes have not occurred.

THE DISSECTION THEATER

Two ways enter the dissection theater, from the cell-ward and from the rat-room.

The dissection theater is also gas-lit, and most prominently contains a steel dissection table with blood grooves, chests of instruments, a gas-powered autoclave, two large

gas-powered refrigerators, and Granger's desk, piled high with notes and the missing pages from *Quigley's Encyclopaedic Tome of Diseases & Remedies* which tell how to cure humans of the blue fungus infestation.

The room is lit mainly from a large hanging gas-mantle arrangement surrounded by reflectors and glass lenses, the light concentrating on the steel table. On the steel table is a nude male corpse, completely shaven, whose intestines and other internal organs are being removed and placed into large glass jars and covered with embalming solution. All the jars read *Subject 14*, an accurate count of victim quantity to this point.

Within a glass cupboard, numerous bottles and phials contain variously-colored liquids and reagents.

Another set of shelves hold jars of preserved specimens. Most are laboratory rats in various stages of dissection, but in one large jar a blue substance irritably pulses and glows.

Granger already has retreated to the Front Third, where Vibur squats.

The floor shakes and trembles once more, another train. Is it their imagination, but at the height of the train's thunderous passage does a hideous moaning scream emerge not far away?

THE RAT-ROOM

Maddened by deed and circumstance, Granger has lost his grip on reality: in compensation for the humans he has been infesting and butchering, he has grown sentimental about his lab rats, and chose to free them all. Correctly calculating that 120 rats would be too many underfoot, he opened their cages but kept closed the door to the rat-room. There they have lurked and scratched for several days, steadily growing hungrier and angrier, eating one another and trying to get through a door lined inside with sheet metal.

When the door opens, they spring.

In the first round, only the lead investigator is attacked, and only by 1D2 packs. In the second round the lead and second investigators are attacked by 1D2 packs each. And so on, until the investigators retreat, until all are under attack, or until all the packs have targets. Allow one investigator per turn a DEX x1 chance on D100 to close the door on the remaining rat packs.

These rat packs fight just as in the *Sourcebook* rules, with the exception that each of the twelve packs is made up of ten rats, giving each pack a 50% chance to attack successfully in a given round. Each successful attack does 1D3 damage to an investigator.

These starving creatures crave food and drink. Gunshots, sudden movements, or shouts do not deter them. The investigators probably retreat and close the door. Roll 2D6 to learn how many packs remain in the dissection theater when the door closes. Then the investigators may deal with the rodents, and vice versa.



A diversion in the dissection theater

If the keeper desires, the rats lunge at the tasty corpse on the dissection table, and the investigators can leave relatively unscathed.

The Front Third

The investigators reach the Front Third, where Vibur squats, either by taking the stairs down or by taking the north door from the cell-ward. Upon opening the door, everyone becomes aware of a moth-ball-like stench of camphor, Vibur's characteristic scent.

The Front Third has a ceiling under which Vibur can just be squeezed. Wordless ancient symbols have been carved into the floor. Torches line the walls. Six cultists crouch not far from the door, blowguns ready. Behind them Granger stands, revolver in hand. Granger's English hirelings have by now fled this unprofessional relationship.

At the far end of the room, the floor slopes steeply to make a circular depression wherein Vibur rests, its shimmering blue patches obvious in the gloom. Approaching Vibur, lots of glowing blue stones can be seen piled up against its left side.

The initiative now rests with the investigators, or possibly with the police. Whoever goes in first dies if attempting an assault; a negotiation may be possible even if Granger has lost all sanity. Suggest negotiation by calling for Psychology rolls.

THE ASSAULT

Up to six cultists can be present, and each has a short curved sword (Chinese trade stock), a blowgun, and 1D4 poisoned darts. A blowgun takes one round to reload. Each cultist has 50% skill with blowgun and sword. The dart is poisoned with POT 14 poison; if the hit overcomes target CON on the resistance table, the target drops unconscious; at the keeper's option, only those with Constitutions of 13 or less actually die.

Granger has a revolver which contains five bullets; he has no reloads. His skill with the gun is 60%; a bullet does 1D10+2 damage.

Two blowgun users fire each time a man comes through the door; Granger fires only when they miss. When a cultist runs out of darts, he closes and uses his sword.

Whether or not it is defended, Vibur does not move, nor does it need to—it is invulnerable to projectiles, poisons, fire, and so forth.

Whether the keeper devises a minor Götterdämmerung, Vibur and its blue fungus survive.

In a fight, it's likely that most investigators die. Be prepared to pick up the pieces, or offer the investigators a cheap way to outflank these murderers.

THE NEGOTIATION

This more interesting option keeps the investigators headed toward problem-solving, and gives Granger an opportunity

to cure to those infested with the blue fungus, whereupon most investigators survive the adventure. 'Survive' has consequences for the city of London as well, so the ultimate solution may involve a number of CID men and governmental authorities. Investigators may find it easiest to move Vibur, associated cultists, and perhaps even Granger back to the Dutch East Indies. It seems unlikely that anyone mentions the matter to Dutch colonial officers in Batavia.

A Third Interlude

The investigator who first touched the dissecting table corpse or who stood nearest it (a random roll if necessary), that night has a strange dream. He or she is standing in a large, cavernous room, lit by a few feeble torches. At one end, almost lost in darkness, is a strange figure. Something about it is rat-like, yet the thing is a dozen or more feet high, with three red, three-lobed burning eyes. The thing never moves, yet the dreamer feels its attention slide inexorably toward him or her and, feeling the dread build into terror, he or she wakes screaming.

The investigator wakes with the firm knowledge that the alien horror waits this day in London, that its presence will do irreparable harm to one of the jewels of civilization, and that the thing and its cultists are best returned home.

Conclusion

Susan Windebank recovers after a few weeks of rest at her aunt's home in Sussex. Mrs. Windebank is a strong-willed woman, determined to set evil to rest wherever she can, as a tribute to her beloved Alfred. She may become an investigator, or enlist their aid at some future time. Doyle's classic Sherlock Holmes story "The Adventure of the Copper Beeches" offers an excellent model for Susan Windebank in Miss Violet Hunter.

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS

If the investigators have put an end to Granger's human experiments and halted the spread of the blue fungus, victory is reasonably theirs: allow each investigator 1D8 SAN as a reward.

If they manage to return Vibur and any remaining cultists to their Sumatran starting point, increase the reward to 1D10 SAN.

If Granger is instead imprisoned or institutionalized after legal proceedings, increase the reward to 1D10+1 SAN.

Murdering Granger or a cultist is punishable by death in the United Kingdom; self-defense or other extenuating circumstances must be proven in a court of law.

Investigators who have managed to stay on the right side of law and propriety neither lose nor add Credit Rating. Those who preserved law and propriety while managing to foil Dr. Granger receive 1D3 points of Credit Rating each. Those who were arrested or detained by the police lose 1D4 points of Credit Rating each. Those who were

tried for criminal offenses each lose 1D10+10 Credit Rating points. Those convicted of a criminal offense lose 1D10+40 points of Credit Rating; important friends of these proven cads no longer see them or intercede for them.

Foreign investigators who willfully withheld evidence germane to a potential catastrophe should receive stiff jail sentences or fines, and face permanent exclusion from Crown territories.

SENTENCED TO DEATH?

The keeper will have recorded the number of days elapsing since any particular investigator was infested. Investigators who take the cure survive, though at the cost of some heads of hair.

THE CULTISTS

Since the cultists were incompetent in darkest London, their barrister argues that their crimes include kidnaping and accessory to murder, but not murder, unless someone died during the conclusion of the affair.

Granger, though a mass-murderer of great scale, is obviously so demented that Defense and Prosecution stipulate to insanity, locking up the doctor for life.

IF GRANGER ESCAPES

Keepers who enjoy master criminals may offer Granger an escape route to some secret, secure hiding place. Granger thereupon goes abroad, following any movement of Vibur from a distance. If Vibur goes to Sumatra again, so does Granger. The keeper may then determine whether or not the investigators follow.

Statistics

J. ATHELNEY JONES, Age 45, Inspector CID

STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 15
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 10 SAN 65 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: .45 Revolver 65%, damage 1D10+2
Nightstick 70%, damage 1D6

Skills: Accounting 10%, Bargain 70%, Climb 50%, Criminal Law 25%, Debate 20%, Dodge 48%, Drive Auto 50%, Fast Talk 60%, First Aid 40%, Library Use 30%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Listen 60%, Photography 25%, Pick Pocket 28%, Psychology 45%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 55%, Track 15%.

DR. ARBUTHNOT GRANGER, Age 35, Mad Scientist

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 17 POW 16
DEX 9 APP 13 EDU 21 SAN 0 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D4
Hatchet 35%, damage 1D6+1+1D4
.45 Revolver 45%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Speak Batak 35%, Biology 70%, Botany 20%, Chemistry 70%, Credit Rating 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 7%, Diagnose Disease 25%, Dutch 30%, First Aid 45%, German 35%, Latin 25%, Library Use 80%, Linguist 25%, Oratory 60%, Pharmacy 85%, Psychology 25%, Swim 60%, Treat Disease 45%, Treat Poison 40%.

MRS. SUSAN WINDEBANKS, Age 25, Widow

STR 11 CON 15 SIZ 9 INT 15 POW 18
DEX 15 APP 15 EDU 17 SAN 75 HP 12

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: none.

Skills: Biology 20%, Credit Rating 65%, French 45%, Holy Bible 55%, Italian 40%, Psychology 55%, Sketch Accurately 65%, Tell Moral Tales 70%.

SIX STALWART CONSTABLES

All are male. Ages average 33. Sanities are 70%.

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapon: Nightstick 70%, damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: Bargain 40%, Climb 45%, Credit Rating 20%, Dodge 45%, Fast Talk 35%, First Aid 40%, Law 10%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Psychology 35%, Spot Hidden 45%.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	13	13	13	14	14	13
Two	16	18	16	13	13	17
Three	14	18	12	12	13	15
Four	13	14	12	11	12	13
Five	14	13	18	11	10	16
Six	12	13	13	10	10	13

SIX GUARDIAN CULTISTS, Fearsome Cannibal Bataks

Cultist	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	13	14	11	13	9	13
Two	10	12	12	12	14	12
Three	10	9	8	15	12	9
Four	9	11	9	11	11	10
Five	11	10	10	10	12	10
Six	11	12	12	12	11	12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Chinese Trade Sword 50%, Damage 1D6+1 Poisoned Dart 50%, damage POT 14 poison

Skills: Track 75%. Make Poison Dart 50%.

A Thing From Beyond

Description: Vibur, an immortal entity from another plane of existence, has stopped on Earth for half-dozen millennia while it gathers strength for the next stage of its unimaginable journey.

It stands about twelve feet tall and weighs about three tons. Vibur crouches on possibly many haunches, rarely

moving; writings allude to it every century or so and invariably describe it as a 'giant rat,' ascriptions stemming mostly from the red intensity of its three times three-lobed stares, and from its preference for places of darkness.

It has no limbs or feet for movement, but allows itself to shift from point to point according to convenience. A matted black covering, fur-like but more akin to the synthetic product holofil, covers most of the lumpy, pear-shaped body, across which a small tentacle occasionally passes or twitches.

It may be that, like the humans, the fungus has no intrinsic relation to Vibur, acting as an opportunistic killer parasite in this universe but in other universes creating effects no more significant than dandruff.

Though its mental acuity is dazzling, Vibur's metabolism and perception are unrelated to this universe; at times it seems synchronized with our universe, at other times centuries pass in our time while it sends out a tentacle to brush down some annoying knot of fur.

Notes: nothing is known of Vibur's lifespan, reproduction if any, or intentions. While the cultists which tend it seem to have found a way of life which lets them survive in proximity to it, it is not at all clear that Vibur needs them, wants their service, or even is aware of their arguably ectosymbiotic performances.

Attacks: perhaps because it is not fully within this universe, no physical or magical attack which humans can make much affects Vibur. An extraordinarily potent physical attack—a nuclear blast, for example, or depositing Vibur on the surface of the Sun—conceivably could cause the entity to shift itself to another location, rippling slightly as it moves an inch, a mile, or a light year to avoid the event. Nonetheless, Vibur probably does not need to.

VIBUR, Thing From Beyond

STR 42 CON 104 SIZ 57 INT 50 POW 28
DEX 14 HP 81

Damage Bonus: +5D6

Move: instantaneous

Weapons: Crush attack by teleportation

Armor: 10-point furry filament

Spells: all defensive spells, Mythos or not.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 SAN.



Lord Of The Dance

or, The Puzzle of the Missing Artist, wherein our heroes explore the environs of London, the fringe of bohemia, and the depths and terrors of the human heart.

Scenario Considerations

This adventure can be a sequel to "Eyes for the Blind" or a scenario completely independent. Presented as a sequel, allow one or more other adventures to intervene. Presented independently, change David Smythe's name, and excise the minor references to the iron knives; Smythe's Vanish spell might disappear, as well.

A summary discussion of the Dulcarnon occurs in the first few pages of "Eyes For The Blind."

Keepers are urged to understand the logic of the evidence in this adventure before starting play. A review of the Create Gate spell and a review of the Limbo Gate information in this adventure is of use, as will be study of Luthwaite's mirror.

As always, keepers should change, replace, expand, or delete whatever in this adventure they please.

THE USE OF THE DREAMLANDS

An episode in this adventure depicts a portion of the Dreamlands as momentarily connecting to a point on our planet. Some players and keepers will prefer that the Dreamlands should be forever subjective experience only. The *Dream-Quest* as a major exception, this viewpoint has merit, since it protects the fragile lassitude Lovecraft created in several shorter tales and sketches.

Keepers of such persuasion may want to patch matters. The investigators can get to Sebastian Fewkes by potion and dream, and via new clues (ones which must be inserted into the adventure by the keeper), rather than by physical visit. Perhaps Smythe leads the way to Fewkes, making the journey to quiz him on some point, and thus returns with information, not the Receptor. Perhaps Fewkes' mental self is only in the mirror, a place entered through another limbo Gate, and the Dreamlands are not mentioned. The possibilities are many.

No keeper should ever present an incident or episode which he or she finds silly, in bad taste, or of the wrong tone. Tastes differ. All scenarios are really tool kits for keepers, albeit ones which we hope are entertaining enough and systematic enough to offer pleasurable value.

Keeper Information

David Smythe, survivor of "Eyes," again attempts to set the power of the Dulcarnon abroad in the land. This time, instead of trying for its unfathomable totality, Smythe wants to channel a fraction of the Dulcarnon's potency into Sebastian Fewkes, a painter. Using Fewkes as a template, he intends to produce an incarnation who can wield power from the Dulcarnon, who in turn can be controlled by David Smythe.

Dorothy Amis accidentally witnessed the unwilling initiation of Sebastian Fewkes, her lover, and has been since confined to a nursing home. She may never be sane again. She is a cousin or acquaintance of one or more investigators, who learn of her inexplicable loss of reason and are thereby drawn into the adventure. Alternately, the investigators may be hired or persuaded to handle the affair by Agnes Cardew, a friend of Miss Amis.

In London, points of investigation include the living quarters of Amis and of Fewkes, the London Underground where Amis was found, and an at-first unnamed waxworks museum. Investigator attention turns to locating Sebastian Fewkes, whose body is held captive in Cornwall by the Polseaze brothers, while his mind and soul have been locked in the Dreamlands.

Leads beyond London take the investigators variously to Carn Gluze (a neolithic site on the south-west tip of Cornwall), to the Horn Dance at Thaxted (an occult ceremony), and to Tollesbury on the Essex coast (where a sunken city rises from the mud of the estuary).

The conclusion returns them to Carn Gluze, where the investigators must use wizards' tools to permanently defeat the Smythe cabal.

Investigator Information

Bereft of reason, Miss Dorothy Amis has been admitted to a private nursing home in Kent. How the investigators learn of her tragic condition depends upon their background. In a play-test, an investigator had friends among the London art world, and was contacted by Agnes Cardew, an acquaintance of Miss Amis.

Player Handout #1

Dorothy Amis: What You Know

Dorothy Amis is 27, with pale features, dark eyes, and long black hair. Although reasonably bright, she tends to be shy and nervous. Her parents are rich, and support her comfortably. She has never worked.

*Miss Dorothy Amis*

She has always had an interest in the arts. She has never shown great ability with pen or brush, but her friends are usually people in the London art scene.

Sebastian Fewkes, a well-regarded young portraitist, became her lover about six months ago. The match was not expected to last; Fewkes' bad temper is widely known, and Amis' exasperating passivity was

expected to regularly enrage him. Oddly enough, this did not happen, or has not happened yet.

Miss Cardew, whose talents are obscure but whose decision and force of personality are only too evident, sent importuning telegrams to one or more investigators. Though a caring woman, Agnes Cardew knows that burdens shared early are shared best, or is it easiest? —she never can recall. She summons everyone she feels might help, and the investigators could then all meet at her house. In some fashion link the investigators to Miss Cardew, since Amis' condition admits of no communication, and get on with the action.

Dorothy Amis was discovered two days prior, huddled in an unfinished Underground tunnel not far from King's Cross Station in London. The police were able to contact Agnes Cardew from her entry Amis' address book. Cardew already had an aunt staying at Brookbury, and so made comfortable arrangements there for Dorothy Amis. Sebastian Fewkes has not been at his flat for several days, and cannot be located.

*Miss Agnes Cardew*

The Brookbury Nursing Hospital, in Sevenoaks, Kent, is half an hour by train from London Bridge Station. Brookbury is a clean, modern establishment caring for

the mentally ill and the elderly. Landscaped grounds surround the main building, and the interior is airy and well-lit. Security at the hospital is relaxed; the institution accepts no patient thought to be dangerous. Patients receive individual rooms, good food, and considerable individual attention—investigators anticipating the conditions of a century before will be disap-

*Dr. William G. Symes, M.D.*

pointed. In return, of course, patients and guardians receive sizable bills for payment.

Miss Amis' costs are being paid by her parents, who have lived in Australia for the last five years. Learning of their daughter's condition, they have set sail for Britain.

Doctor William Symes has accepted Dorothy Amis as a patient. He meets Miss Cardew and the investigators in the reception area. If they have not made an appointment (Miss Cardew has certainly neglected to do so), they must wait 60 minus Credit Rating minutes to see him. A plump, middle-aged man, he is polite and helpful, somewhat pompous, and condescending towards women of less than high Credit Rating.

No statistics for him exist. Keepers may present him as proves useful; Brookbury is a decent institution where insane investigators could be kept safely.

Symes asks that only those who know Miss Amis visit her, and then in small groups.

On the way to Dorothy's room, Symes explains that she is "currently in a state which we doctors call catatonia. That is to say, she has lost touch with the outside world and is not responding to stimuli other than with the most reflexive actions, such as pupillary responses. How long this condition will last I cannot say, and no one can predict. I hope she emerges from it soon; we shall do our best for her meantime."

If the investigators ask about treatment, or about the expected length of Miss Amis' stay, Symes states that the hospital does not believe in methods such as cold-water or electro-shock therapy; he does not expect quick changes in her condition. Nonetheless, she may usefully effect a recovery of some sort; see the conclusion of the London section, "Miss Amis Revives."

The party arrives at Dorothy Amis' room. She sits in an armchair in the corner of the room, swathed in Victorian nightclothes and dressing-gown. She does not react to anyone who enters, continuing to stare blankly into the middle distance. Her bed has been made, and the room is tidy and clean; she is well-attended.

Communication with Dorothy Amis is largely unsuccessful. She does not respond to her name, to sounds, or to touch. In the unlikely event that someone does something to cause her pain, she does not respond to that, either. Since he does not know Fewkes' name, Symes has not uttered it, but repeating the word "Sebastian" does get a response. Miss Amis quietly begins a hymn that all British investigators have sung in childhood. She sings slowly and softly, unsteadily and without emphasis, but in tune.

*Jesus bids us shine with a pure, clear light
Like a little candle burning the night;
In this world is darkness, so we must shine,
You in your small corner, and I in mine.*

As she sings, Miss Amis' eyes take on a horrible vacuity which hypnotizes those gazing into her eyes; O/ID3 to see a human who still lives and yet seems to have lost every vestige of hope.

After repeating the verse, Amis' words fade away, and she returns to passivity. She does not react again to Sebastian for several or many minutes; the word then repeated, the same cycle occurs. Eventually the investigators leave.

On the way out, Symes remarks that Miss Amis suffers from unusually vivid nightmares. Each night she makes small noises of protest and motions of resistance with her hands, as though someone were trying to, well, touch her. After about half an hour, she stops and is peaceful thereafter. Symes murmurs that a patient who has entirely lost contact with the outside world may well have a perfectly good imagination—"It is to be expected."

The ride back to London is quiet. The visit has upset Miss Cardew, as it has any investigator who knows Miss Amis, or who received a failed Sanity roll when she sang her verse. Miss Cardew is shocked by Amis' condition, but shocked even more by what she perceived when Dorothy Amis sang the verse.

"Her eyes were both empty and horrifying. That is not the Dorothy Amis we have known," she says firmly. "Something profound has happened to her. Perhaps if we learn what, we can find a way to reach her, and to bring her back to us." She appeals to the investigators for their aid; surely the investigators cannot turn down this charitable enterprise. Religion, class, reputation perhaps, and sheer humanity demand that the investigators intercede.

London

THE INVESTIGATORS may or may not include among them Agnes Cardew; the keeper may decide to include her at certain points and not at others. Though she can be a useful



Miss Amis in hospital

Previous Locations

Investigators who survived "Eyes For The Blind" may wish to reinvestigate locations from that adventure, once they discover Smythe's involvement.

Hengst's book shop has closed, leaving an empty storefront.

Rowse's is in business unless the investigators managed to make body-trading charges stick. Nowadays it is entirely respectable and above-board.

It is possible for the investigators to gain entry to Smythe's quarters via Hengst's and the underground passage, but there should be some new protection present if the investigators were detected here in the first adventure.

If the investigators are having trouble, exposing them to information at Smythe's could be useful. They could witness a conversation between Smythe and Luthwaite, or the sheet of astrological calculations in Luthwaite's library might be left on Smythe's desk. Whenever appropriate, scare off the investigators with the sound of returning feet.

Exploring the downstairs of Smythe's underworld headquarters is still quite impossible, since the crowding is so extreme, and still quite useless, since everything of value has long since been pawned, fenced, or broken.

nag, to keep the investigators moving, the keeper should be careful not to make her tedious. Let her be a complete human being, who sometimes is baffled as well as insightful, and who in this epoch usually defers to her male companions, all else equal.

Four lines of inquiry initially exist in London, and the investigators may pursue them in any order: Miss Amis' flat, Mr. Fewkes' rooms, the police report concerning the discovery of Miss Amis, and the new Underground diggings north of King's Cross, where Amis was discovered.

Leads from some of those locations in turn direct the investigators to 1 Tiber Street, the Dorianean Club and David Smythe, Luthwaite's Wax Museum, and out of London to Carn Gluze and beyond.

The Police Station

As the police interview plays out, the keeper might interrupt it by random questions from people who wander in, or by a constable dragging in by the ear a protesting juvenile pickpocket. Police stations are rarely tranquil. The desk sergeant can excuse himself and find more important duties. Presumably the investigators pass his scrutiny; a successful Credit Rating roll or Fast Talk does the job.

The investigators must then state how long have they known Dorothy, their relation to her, whether they ever known this kind of thing to happen to Miss Amis before, whether there any warning signs, whether she was taking medication, and so forth. Sergeant Wibbern, satisfied that the investigators are genuine friends of Miss Amis and that they seek to help her, provides full information concerning her discovery.

The King's Cross police took Amis into custody at 5:32 A.M. two mornings before. A patrolling constable was alerted by a member of the station staff that someone was wandering about in a tunnel. Two constables thereupon entered a section of the Kings Cross Underground closed off from the public by padlocked gates. The gates were locked and showed no sign of having been breached. They admit into a tunnel currently under construction running north toward Finsbury Park, to be known as the Piccadilly line.

Miss Amis was about fifty yards beyond the gate. The constables saw that the stumbling woman was in a bad way, and not responsible for her actions. They brought her without resistance to the station, where they made their report.

Working his way up the tunnel, another constable discovered Amis' purse about two hundred yards further north. In it were her keys, £10 6s, her address book, and an innocuous recent letter from "Mother," Mrs. Cecil Amis of Queensland, still in its envelope. Equipped with the address book, police began to contact those entered in it, successfully reaching Agnes Cardew at 8:25 A.M.

Upon examination, the attending physician found no evidence of physical abuse, though the poor woman had apparently stumbled and fallen to her knees more than once. Referring to dilated pupils and other signs, the doctor described Miss Amis' current condition as "mental excitement of the most extreme sort, with coordinate loss of mental perception," but gave no opinion concerning probable cause other than profound shock.

Having interviewed Miss Cardew, police then attempted to interview Mr. Sebastian Fewkes, whom Miss Cardew delicately termed Miss Amis' fiancée. Miss Cardew did not have Mr. Fewkes' address, but a reference to Canlis Galleries uncovered it. Unfortunately, attempts to locate this artist fellow failed, and Mr. Fewkes' landlady declared that the painter had been absent for several days. Although they would like to talk to Fewkes, the police have no reason to suspect foul play. "Young men under your personal burdens go off without warning every day of the week. Were we to investigate all of them," Sergeant Wibbern winks, "we shouldn't have time for criminals, now would we?"



Sgt. Gustavus Wibbern

Later that morning, following representations from the Crown, Miss Cardew's solicitors, and with the testimony of Amis' own solicitor, a magistrate allowed Amis' temporary commitment at Brookbury, though the woman's formal custody remains with the court until Amis pater and mater arrive from Australia via oceanliner after several anxious weeks of travel.

Miss Amis' Flat

Dorothy Amis lives at 8 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, then and now a smart portion of London. In a small building of white-painted brick, she keeps an upper floor flat which looks out over the River Thames toward Clapham. Agnes Cardew can supply the address.

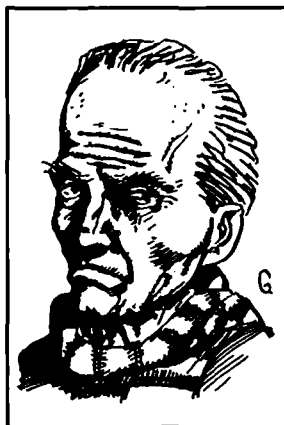
Cardew does not have keys to the flat, nor will the police hand them over. If an investigator has 80% or better Credit Rating, Sergeant Wibbern sends round a constable with the keys. The constable waits while the investigators make their inspection of the flat, then locks up. If the investigators wish to bring something away with them, they are honor-bound to inform Sergeant Wibbern of what they have taken. Failing that, the investigators must convince the landlord to let them enter 8 Cheyne Walk, or else to enter there illegally.

The landlord is Soames Puzey, a wrinkled old widower who is surprisingly spry. He is cross, crusty, and hard of hearing, but he lives on the ground floor and must be dealt with. A successful Credit Rating roll does the trick, as does the negotiating tact of a pretty young female investigator who allows the old gentleman a gentle pat in private. Skills such as Fast Talk, Oratory, and Debate achieve nothing: Puzey can barely hear a cannon discharge.

For the same reason, the investigators can force the lock (STR 20) at their leisure, since Puzey could not notice if they pried out the entire door.

Nonetheless, Puzey understands well enough if he can watch a speaker's lips move slowly. He is concerned about Miss Amis, and the terrible fate which has befallen her. He cannot imagine this happening to her. He had always thought of her as strong, if quiet. Should an investigator mention Sebastian Fewkes, Puzey calls him a blackguard and a man of bad character, intent on evading his responsibilities to Miss Amis. By this Puzey means that the relation of Fewkes and Amis has not gone unnoticed, and that Fewkes should do right by the girl, immediately change his way of life, marry her at once, and settle down to respectability.

The Amis flat is attractively decorated with new Mackintosh tables, chairs, and other furnishings; Amis is not an artist, but in this she had excellent taste. In another century, the pieces she has acquired for less than a thousand pounds will be worth a hundred times that. Apart from this intrinsic excellence, little is to be found. Clothing and jewelry, though good, are of lesser standard; her books are negligible ro-



Capt. Soames Puzey (Ret.)

mances, filling several large bookcases.

In her bedroom hangs a vivid charcoal sketch of her face in happier times, signed *S. Fewkes*. The deft precision of the execution suggests that Fewkes actually may be an artist of merit, and not the mere poseur that Mr. Puzey, for one, imagines.

Mail for the past few days, brought in by Puzey and left on a hall table salver, consists merely of a seven-guinea statement of account from Mme. Solange's Millinery.

The Wall Safe

If the players state that their investigators are going to thoroughly search the flat, ask for Spot Hidden rolls. With a success, in taking out and replacing books from the bookcases the investigator notices a small wall safe behind one span of novels. The safe is locked.

The police, who made only a cursory inspection of the flat to look for anything which seemed unusual, did not find this safe.

This wall safe has a combination lock which is opened by dialing a series of numbers from 1-50, alternating left and right turns. The combination L15-R30-L45 opens it. This sequence is written on a tiny slip of paper in turn glued to the underside of Miss Amis's uppermost bureau drawer, but only a nine-hour search and a POW x1 or less result on D100 locates it.

An INT x1 chance per day exists that any unskilled person can persistently try combinations or listen carefully for the fall of tumblers, and thereby open this safe. It has three tumblers which must fall before it unlocks. Keepers who wish a slightly more elaborate scheme might require an INT of x2 or x3, followed by a DEX x3 roll for each tumbler in the set. Each roll could represent an hour or two of elapsed time. Once a number is learned, it can be written down and saved. This latter method allows repeated attempts to have a pleasing sense of progress.

A professional safecracker—a cracksman—can open the wall safe in two minutes.

Investigators who use force to get inside must exceed the door's STR 18 on a resistance table roll. If the force used seems excessive (dynamite, for example) or risky (thermite, for another), then require a luck roll to avoid destroying the contents of the safe, if not the whole building. Lacking the strength to smash open the safe or the wit to hire someone to do it, the investigators might cut the safe out of the wall, which takes about an hour with ordinary tools, working from both sides of the wall. Once on the floor, the puny safe is short work.

Within the safe is a copy of her father's will, £30 in banknotes, and four diaries, each recording one year since her parents moved to Australia. Only this year is relevant.

THE DIARY: A SUMMARY

She met Sebastian Fewkes at a party about six months ago and was personally attracted. Then she studied some of his work at Canlis Galleries, and was impressed with his talent. She spent several weeks maneuvering for his attention, and then got it in full measure—as several lengthy passages attest, to their mutual satisfaction. Amis was thereupon blissfully happy.

In the past four weeks, however, she complains of Fewkes spending too much time at a private club, the Dorianean. She feels neglected and grows suspicious as the weeks advance. With great embarrassment, she records that twice in the past ten days she followed him on evening forays, but he did nothing of consequence. Nonetheless she implies that matters are coming to a head. Agnes Cardew confirms this deduction if asked directly.

In an earlier episode, one she narrates with considerable gusto, Sebastian persuades her to pose in the nude for a new acquaintance of his, Tom, at an unnamed waxworks. The proprietor is a curious man, very courteous but licentious in his directions. She and Fewkes laugh about it afterward, and she affirms the afternoon's erotic impact. Amis returned two days later to sit for Tom again, again in Fewkes's company. This time Tom is workmanlike and efficient. In neither entry does she mention the subject of her pose, only "in the manner of Paionois."

A successful know roll or a trip to the library establishes that Paionois was a sculptor of classical Greece, whose remarkable *Nike* has survived to great admiration.

There are a dozen waxworks in London, and many more establishments which number wax effigies among their offerings. With a successful Spot Hidden, one advertisement for a St. Martin's Lane establishment is seen to mention in tiny type that Thomas Luthwaite is proprietor.

Amis' diary records the address of Sebastian Fewkes.

Canlis Galleries

Investigators who cannot otherwise obtain Fewkes' home address may recall the name of the smart Kensington gallery (just off the Cromwell Road) where his work is currently shown. Agnes Cardew can also supply the reference, as can anyone conversant with London's artistic and bohemian circles.

The shopfront is narrow, but one room in the establishment flows into another and, counting framing and service areas, the gallery occupies much of a small block.

Upon entering, a successful Credit Rating roll brings immediate service; a failure (perhaps the gentlemen have plaster dust on them, or look like valets) leaves them standing about like fools. If any player offers a clever way to recover their investigators' standing in the eyes of the gallery staff, allow a new Credit Rating roll; otherwise usher them out the door after a polite, embarrassing interval.



Mr. Brian Beausoirs-Price

Mr. Brian Beausoirs-Price, age 26, a floorman at the gallery, is reluctant to provide Mr. Fewkes' address. Possession of that knowledge allows potential purchasers to go direct, so to speak, separating the gallery from rightful commissions. A banknote (the smallest extant in this epoch is £5) quietly proffered does much to satisfy Mr. Beausoirs-Price's in-

nate sense of propriety.

Failing the bribe which the young, flop-haired man perhaps has requested in entirely too delicate a manner, he unctuously steers the investigators to view Mr. Fewkes' work in the portrait gallery. In the long hall hang a dozen oils from Fewkes, some grandiose full-length portraits on vast canvases, others more modestly scaled to the heads and shoulders of various aristocrats. One remarkable and disquieting small canvas shows the face of a young girl staring out of darkness. The bareness of her skin and the painful accuracy of her features reminds the viewer of the Flemish painters of long ago, but the amused directness of her eyes and expression returns the viewer to the present with a sharp and upsetting rush of comprehension.

"A superb miniature, don't you think, gentlemen?" Beausoirs-Price says. "Some of our regular collectors find it a bit disturbing, but the technique is astonishing." Beausoirs-Price knows not to insult his betters by mentioning price, but he insinuates that this minor masterpiece can be had for pocket change. He coughs gently. "Mr. Fewkes enjoys visits from his patrons."

The bargain price proves to be 100 guineas, subject to some negotiation. Beausoirs-Price has 70% Bargain, if the keeper wishes to resolve the situation with dice. By any test or roll that the players may suggest, the purchase is an excellent buy, and the owner of it finds in it a lifetime of freshness and interest. Nonetheless, he or she has spent about £100 for an address.

Fulfilling his part of the bargain, and armed with a new story concerning the foolish haut bourgeoisie up with whom he must put, Beausoirs-Price writes for the purchaser a short letter of introduction to Mr. Sebastian Fewkes, Portraitist.

The Rooms of the Artist

Fewkes occupies the garret floor at 17 Bromells Road, south of the Thames, a metropolitan area which is working-class and unrefined, but better than a slum. The police can supply the address, if they and the investigators are on good terms, or the investigators can do as the police did, and visit Canlis Galleries.

With his career well-advanced, Fewkes could afford quarters better than the garret of a sooty rowhouse in Clapham, but he is intelligent enough to have noticed that wealthy collectors enjoy the artistic experience inherent in visiting such an unfashionable location, trudging up three flights of stairs, and poking around his rooms sniffing out jolly tales about the real bohemia.

His rooms are in a house owned by Mrs. Eulalie Barton. She is an agreeable, sharp-eyed widow of about 50 who has become used to Mr. Fewkes' hoity-toity visitors, and she is not slow to claim a share in his success, as casual conversation with the investigators should evidence.



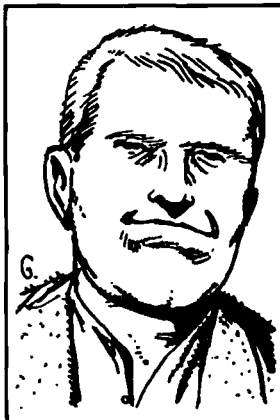
Mrs. Eulalie Barton

She admits no investigator without good reason, though she is impressed by successful Credit Rating rolls. A successful Psychology roll suggests that if the investigators show that they share her concern for Fewkes's disappearance, she may accept them as allies, and will let them search for clues among her renter's possessions. Presumably the players decide to take such an

economical route; if not, their investigators should have a difficult time getting in, because Mrs. Barton and her enormous young son Willie fiercely guard the property.

Because she hopes that her prosperous tenant will yet reappear, Mrs. Barton has not told police that she fears for him, only that he is not at home and has not been for several days. She last saw Fewkes the evening before Dorothy Amis was found. She heard him go out at about 7:15 P.M., but did not look out to see what he was wearing. If the investigators think to ask, Mrs. Barton can supply a recent photo of Fewkes.

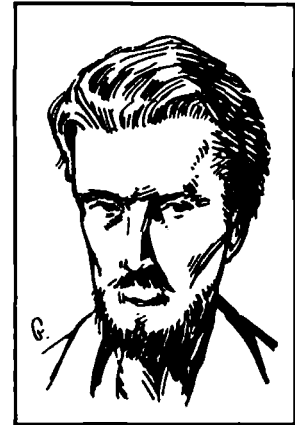
The top floor is spacious and well-lit, and amounts to a single long room broken by screens or flimsy partitions.



Mr. Willie Barton

Clean, good-quality furniture in the sitting area provide safe little islands on which presumably fastidious guests can sit while they talk with Fewkes, or watch him at work beneath the north windows of the studio area. The areas behind the studio and sitting room are more chaotic, much darker, and filled by furniture and bric-a-brac which Fewkes has collected over the years.

Many canvases cling to the walls, especially early landscapes of indifferent quality which the painter is now hoping to sell at high prices. In the bedroom is an interesting series in which a male and a female form are shown grown together or else emerging, one from the other. Reading left to right, the last canvas endows the male figure with antlers.



Mr. Sebastian Fewkes

Fewkes' desk contains nothing of special interest. A successful Accounting roll estimates his net worth as about £4000, including considerable ready cash, a respectable achievement for an artist of independent means who has not yet reached 30.

His leather-bound address book rests on a night table. Inserted between two pages is a note. It is in the same hand which made the address entries: *1 Tiber Street, rear, 8 o'clock sharp.* Where the note is inserted, the left-hand page is blank; the right-hand page bears only one entry: *Smythe, David; Dorianean Club, The Strand.*

Meeting David Smythe

It is entirely possible that the investigators decide to interview or to confront David Smythe. If the scenario "Eyes For The Blind" has been played through by some of the present players, but not by any present investigators, arrange a letter or other communication which can summarize Smythe's significance. If no one knows anything, of course, they'll have to find out. Though Smythe has a place of business in the City, and a luxurious Kensington flat, it may be simplest if they meet Smythe in semi-public surroundings that offer protection, such as at the Dorianean.

This respectable gentlemen's club is in the center of the city. It is a red-brick Victorian gothic pile of many floors, spires, and gables, designed by Waterhouse a year before he did the National Liberal Club. Non-members are not allowed beyond the porter's desk and the visitor's room, unless the guest of a member. (Blakeman the head porter knows every member of the club by sight, and is vigilant from before luncheon until long after dinner.) Women are allowed only in the visitor's room; they may not, for instance, dine at the Dorianean.

If they wish, lords can gain membership quickly. Untitled investigators, even if wealthy, have trouble joining this club quickly, and must be sponsored. Those not wealthy will not be able to get in at all.

There is no point in joining except to meet or to observe at length David Smythe.

He is dangerous. Whether or not the investigators have opposed him before, he is urbane, sophisticated, and pleas-



"Blakeman, I am no longer present to these gentlemen."

ant in public, fully living up to his stockbroker persona. His secret personas include commander of an underworld syndicate of vice and crime, formidable sorcerer, and leader of the Thaxted Ancients. Though he looks about 30, he is more than 50 years old; the Thaxted Horn Dance is responsible for his youthfulness.

Polite and unruffled, Smythe seeks to resolve situations quietly and without undue fuss. He will not perform magic in public unless his life depends on it. He is supremely confident in his abilities and has an awesome reputation among London criminals. His personal wealth has no practical limit.

Confronted by the investigators, Smythe coolly warns them against interference. He knows nothing about Dorothy Amis. "What a pity that good-looking women should be troubled by anything. But Sebastian Fewkes is entirely within my protection, and far beyond the reach of anyone in this world. Find him if you can," he smiles. If they are in the Dorianean, Smythe instructs Blakeman that in the future he is not present to the investigators, then walks casually into the library and disappears. Thereafter, investigators who tail him, break into his flat, or interfere with him may be assaulted by henchmen and thugs, or perhaps set upon magically.

Investigators who disturb the decorum of the Dorianean are sternly dealt with by the police, or else lose significant

Credit Rating: if they are above the casual reach of the law, then fisticuffs, shouts, or wild accusations cost each investigator 1D10 points of Credit Rating on the spot, as the tale spreads.

Inspection of Smythe's Kensington flat, or his brokerage offices in the City yields no clues or evidence. Smythe keeps incriminating evidence, or things of occult or Mythos significance at his thieves' citadel, described in "Eyes For The Blind."

Getting to the Chamber

The police reported that Dorothy Amis was first noticed wandering in the underground diggings near King's Cross Station, and that a survey of the area located her purse two hundred yards further north in the diggings. A successful idea roll can deduce, if necessary, that (1) it is unclear how she got beyond the locked gates, and (2) that other evidence might be further down the new tunnel.

It is public record that the new deep-level Piccadilly line is being extended north of King's Cross to run towards the Royal Arsenal. While work on the tunnel continues, activity has been suspended at Yorkway Station because of unusual soil conditions which have required the redesign of that portion of the project.

Not even well-connected investigators know that the recent excavations for the proposed station turned up an underground chamber dating from pre-Roman London. Involved in the project's financing, Smythe learned about the chamber just hours after the discovery. Once he recognized the importance of the site, he arranged that an archaeological committee should decide how or whether to deal with it. Several members of the committee understand very well that they should not hurry to arrive at a decision. If Smythe has his way, the Yorkway Station will never be built.

Smythe had already acquired the surface buildings above the chamber, incidentally profiting from the purchase of the land by the consortium. Now he secretly opened a shaft down to the chamber. Access to the pre-Roman chamber can be had from sturdy wooden steps leading down from 1 Tiber Street, as well as through the locked door of the protective hoarding which shields the space from the excavations beyond.

The two routes are discussed in "1 Tiber Street" and in "Through The Underground," respectively.

1 Tiber Street

The investigators can learn of 1 Tiber Street from the note in Fewkes' address book, but they may also enter the property up the stairs after having reached the chamber through the Underground.

A check of the property at the local planning office shows that the consortium recently completed acquisition of it from one David Smythe. With a successful idea roll, the investigators discover that Smythe also owned several other properties in the immediate area, acquired in the past several years from various people. A successful Library Use roll and six hours of effort reveals that Smythe also has underwritten large loans to the consortium, and that he holds great though unofficial influence with the board. His name does not appear on the charter.

The building at 1 Tiber Street is a small brick residence

knife, identical to those the investigators may have encountered in "Eyes For The Blind."

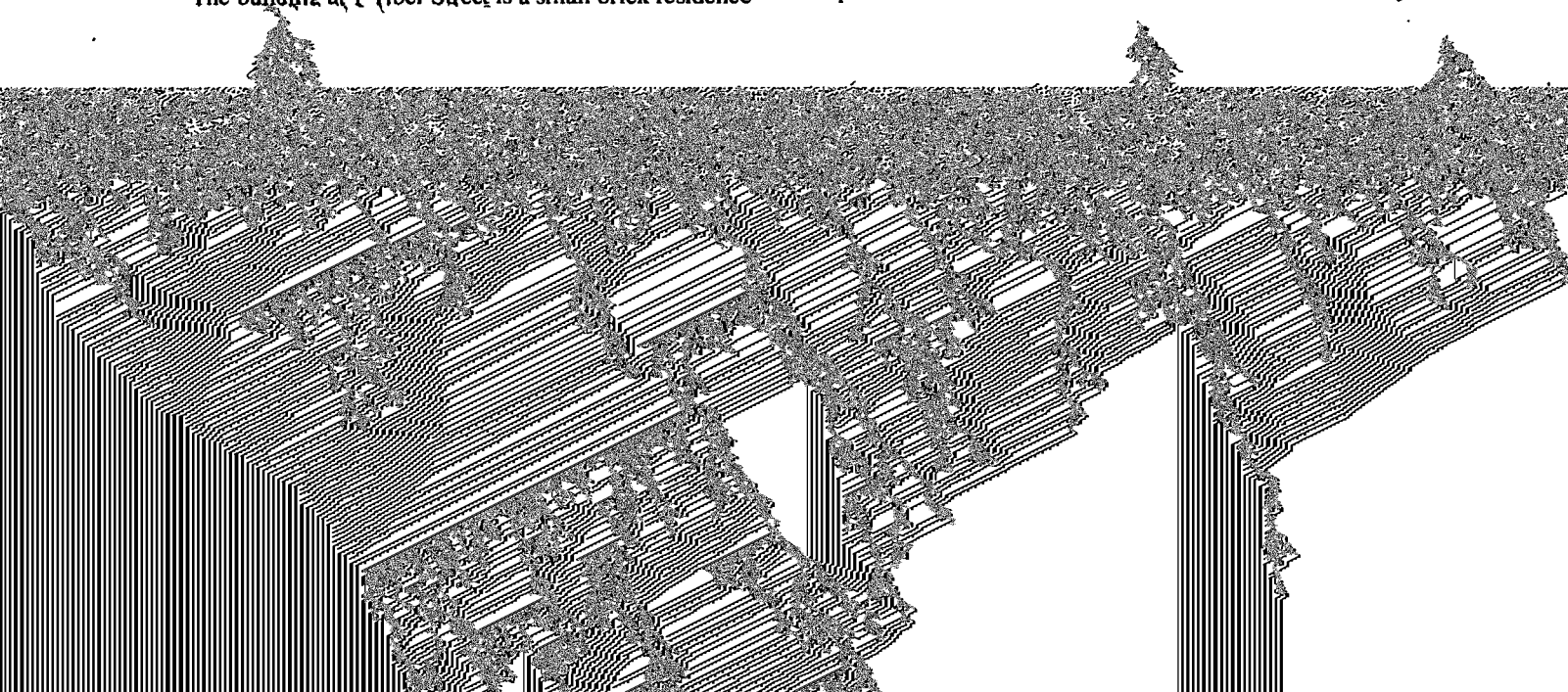
Through The Underground

Investigators of substantial means and reputable character find it easy to tour the diggings. The consortium is proud of its project and always wishes to attract new capital. Investigators without money or connections need successful Credit Rating rolls and letters of reference to gain access ("at your own risk, gentlemen"). Investigators of dubious reputation such as journalists are refused without comment.

If for whatever reason the investigators wish to break in through the gates at King's Cross Station, the problem is not much more difficult. While some stand watch, one can jump down from a platform and try to open the two padlocks—a successful Mechanical Repair for each lock does the trick. Failing that, investigators could conceal themselves in the station until it has closed soon after midnight, then open the gates with bolt shears or a jemmy. Bribing a watchman works, if the investigators wish to rely on a dishonest man.

Beyond the gates, the tunnel is wide; although Underground tubes are slightly wider than one train, this bore has yet to be divided into northbound and southbound tunnels, and so is about twenty-five feet in diameter. The finish of the tunnel is still rough, and in places joists support the work. It is dark and lonely: far underground, linked to the surface only through exits closed, locked, and unmanned, this dim, echoing tunnel is a fine place for murder, or worse—burial soil could be moved aside, replaced, and bricked over without a clue. Scattered safety lamps only deepen the gloom; the enormous spaces amplify the drip-drip of water.

If the investigators look for the signs, they find evidence of Dorothy Amis rather easily. She is the only woman to have entered the workings, and the occasional imprint of a woman's shoe in soft earth can be seen. If they



Limbo Gate

A limbo Gate costs 3 POW to create. It costs 3 magic points to pass through. It does not lead to an exit, but instead to a nether dimension (for convenience's sake called limbo), a shadowy plane potentially coterminous with many times and spaces, and inhabited by ghastly things.

All Gates leading into limbo can be reached from limbo, by traveling to that shadowy place and departing through the appropriate Gate. Explorers who do not know the pathways through the various dimensions can easily become lost.

A Gate can be created only leading to limbo, not passing through limbo—thus to get to distant planets or times, entities from those places must already have created their own limbo Gates.

Entering a limbo Gate, the traveler loses 3 magic points and finds himself or herself in a gray, shadowy expanse, vaguely reminiscent of thick London fog. Entering this shadow dimension costs 0/1D4 SAN. Visible as far as the traveler cares to walk are glowing geometric diagrams hanging suspended in the air at various angles. These things can be entered—they are the Gates leading out of limbo; each costs another 3 magic points to use.

Where each Gate leads is a matter for the keeper's fertile imagination—ideally, a combination of the exotic, the mundane, and the horrifying.

irregular stone sections. Floor and walls are also of dry stone. The place was filled in and gradually buried by centuries of mud and debris; encountering it, the Underground workers cleared much of the room, then Smythe's thugs saw to the rest. When the floor and stone had been cleaned, Smythe rededicated the room with fresh sacrifices, whose bones are stacked in a corner.

Three features are important. First, wooden stairs lead down from the ceiling at one end of the hall. They lead to I Tiber. This structure has weakened the ceiling, and fresh wooden vaulting has been introduced as supports.

The second is a five-foot-deep pit near the far end of the hall. Centered in it is a black, cubical boulder, more than a yard on a side, carved everywhere visible with bizarre and intricate alien forms. On the rock is a wooden throne of new, crude construction. And on the throne sits a life-sized female wax figure of rather emphatic posture, windblown hair streaming back, draped incidentally at points by the thinnest linen. In its face they see great resemblance to Dorothy Amis. Those familiar with the sculptor Paionoiss see his technique in the stretch of arms and the flow of cloth.

Although indeed of wax, fashioned by the lecherous hands of Thomas Luthwaite, the statue proves quite impossible either to move or to damage, since very strong magical protection has been put on it.

The third important feature is the chalk diagram in the center of the far wall. Investigators who have encountered Gates before immediately recognize this as one. A successful Occult roll identifies it as a pattern of great power but unknown significance. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll

identifies it as a Gate, and notes that disorientation and uneasiness may follow use of it.

After the ceremony which drove Dorothy Amis mad, Smythe and company used this Gate to take Fewkes to Cornwall, where the brothers Polseaze tend the Child of the Dulcarnon (the Burden, as the wizards say). One simply walks into the Gate to pass through it. It is of the limbo type; see the nearby box for a summary concerning such Gates. The "Final Confrontation" section in *Gaslight* contains slightly more information.

It is best that the players enter this Gate now or later, though they can bypass it in favor of Tollesbury. If the investigators do not know about Gates, this is a great opportunity to learn. For events after entrance, turn to the Carn Gluze section.

Luthwaite's Wax Museum

Waxworks weren't made to be looked at for nothing.

— Lewis Carroll, *Through The Looking Glass*.

The investigators can learn of it from the mention in Amis' diary. They can discover that it may have significance by seeing the wax figure in the ancient chamber underground.

St. Martin's Lane is one of the roads running off of Seven Dials, not far from the book shop of Abraham Hengst, who played a role in "Eyes For The Blind." This is a low, dubious, dirty area of town. Patrons of a public house opposite, the *Dog & Bucket*, supply what they know about the museum and its proprietor for the price of a pint.

Thomas Luthwaite has run the museum as long as the oldest gaffer can remember. He is a man of very regular

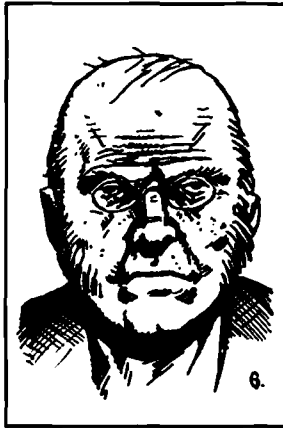
Waxwork Museums

Effigies and representations made of wax have long been used as casts for bronze and other metals, and painted replicas made of wax survive from as long ago as dynastic Egypt. Wax statuettes and fruits were important in the Roman saturnalia. Wax religious figures and magical effigies were common in medieval times.

Waxen representations of human faces and hands are much easier made than those of metal or wood, and amenable to astonishing detail. The touch, smoothness, and warmth possible to wax mimics human skin to a degree not possible before the invention of certain plastics in the 20th century.

Waxwork museums have been popular in London since a Mrs. Salmon opened the first in the 1700s. Originally based in Aldgate, it later moved to Fleet Street where it survived until 1831, when financial difficulties forced the owner to sell the collection.

The better-known Mme. Tussaud's first opened in Paris in 1780, moving to the Lyceum Theatre in London in 1802, then to the Baker St. Bazaar in 1884. A fire at the Bazaar in 1925 destroyed much of the original collection, which has been largely rebuilt for the museum as we know it today. Luthwaite's Wax Museum is entirely fictitious, but quite in keeping with the historical possibilities.



Thomas Luthwaite

habits. Every afternoon at four exactly, he closes up the museum and crosses the street to the coffee shop twenty yards away. There he sits with his tea for about half an hour. Apart from this, and occasional evenings out, old Tom is always home. He's an unsociable bloke, but smart as a whip. And he knows a lot about old kings like George III—makes one think

Tom was actually there.

If the keeper wishes, unnoticed as yet by the locals and unknown to Smythe, Luthwaite has begun to enter the ancient chamber at 1 Tiber almost every night. There he can magically molest Dorothy Amis' catatonic form at Sevenoaks via the waxen simulacrum. Or Luthwaite contents himself with the results of the more lubricious of the two sittings with Miss Amis, which he has fitted out as Mary, Queen of Scots, and placed in the Tudors section of the museum.

Luthwaite is more than three hundred years old. He has spent his life studying occult arts and improving his hand at wax sculpture. Luthwaite belongs to the circle of sorcerers of which Smythe, Ferencz, and Cartwright were members in "Eyes For The Blind," and knows some details of the debacle on Silbury Hill. Although not as powerful as Smythe, he is a learned sorcerer, and Smythe treats him with great respect.

Luthwaite is gray-haired but balding, with long sideburns and small gold-rimmed pince-nez spectacles. His bulbous nose and blotched skin suggests severe bouts with alcohol in the past. He is scrawny generally, but with a pronounced pot belly. The man is obsequiously polite, losing his temper only if someone tampers with his precious wax figures, but he has an annoyingly persistent manner and is devious and subtle in the pursuit of his desires.

If the investigators have the patience to wait for an evening when he is out, then it will be a much safer burglary to attempt, but they are more likely to try for a quick ransacking in the afternoon. This makes for an exciting search, with the investigators desperate to find something of significance before Luthwaite returns.

Luthwaite has lived in St. Martin's Lane for several hundred years. He opened the museum in 1801, gradually improving and strengthening the long wooden shed, armor-ing its exterior with alternating layers of oak and tin to leave it essentially bullet-proof and fire-proof from the outside. It burns readily enough from from the inside, however, given all the books and wax figures.

Luthwaite does not age, nor is he vulnerable to any physical harm. He has enchanted a waxwork in his own

image which absorbs all such damage, after the manner of Dorian Gray's picture. Bullets that strike him will appear to enter his body, blades will feel as though they sink in, yet no damage occurs to him, routed instead to his waxwork simulacrum.

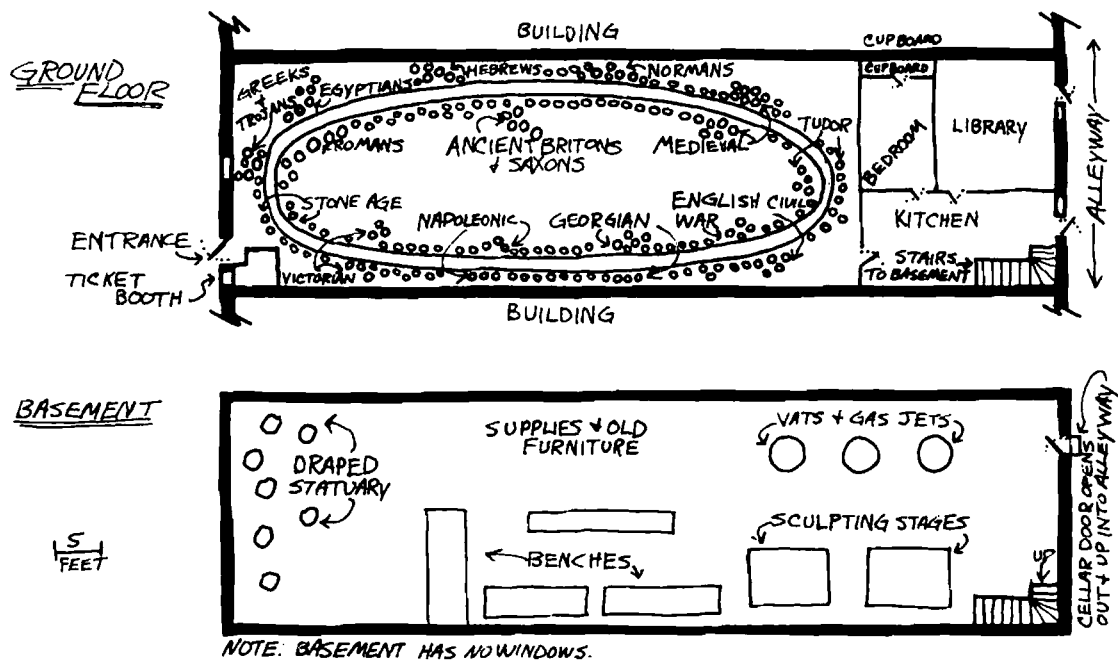
The sorcerer avoids confrontations. Should a fight become necessary, he is a vicious and reckless combatant hand-to-hand, since he is physically invulnerable. He is not a member of the Thaxted Ancients—his enchanted statue ages in his place. Horn Dance attendance is superfluous.

LUTHWAITE'S WAX MUSEUM
Thos. Luthwaite, Proprietor
Open 11 A.M — 4 P.M. Monday to Saturday
Adults 3d — Children 1d
NO ANIMALS

The museum is laid out as a long, winding aisle down which visitors walk. On each side famous scenes from history show the progress of civilization and things British from the Stone Age to its triumphant zenith in Victorian England. The following lists some of the current exhibit themes and figures. As the keeper wishes, these figures can have movable parts, or be moved by spring-action at intervals.

- **Stone Age**—Cave men huddled around small fire; wall-painting being painted to the left.
- **Greeks and Trojans**—Archimedes, Homer, Achilles, Agamemnon, Hippocrates, and Helen.
- **Egyptians**—sundry late Pharaohs; Nefertiti and Cleopatra.
- **Romans**—Julius Caesar; Nero with violin; Caligula; Virgil writing poetry; gladiator with net and trident; centurion.
- **Hebrews**—Moses parting the Red Sea; Joseph and his coat of many colors; the Nativity.
- **Ancient Britons and Saxons**—Boadicea; Canute on throne; Hereward the Wake; Harold with an arrow in his eye; King Alfred.
- **Normans**—William I and courtiers; a peasant household.
- **Medieval**—Richard the Lionheart; Richard III; Simon de Mountfort; knight, friar, and peasant.
- **Tudor**—courtship of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn; Elizabeth I courtiers; Drake playing bowls; Raleigh; Spencer; Mary Queen of Scots at her execution.
- **English Civil War**—Charles I; Cromwell; Prince Rupert; a Cavalier; a Roundhead.
- **Georgian**—The Pitts, Older and Younger; mad George III; William IV sailing a boat; Beau Nash; Marlborough; Dick Turpin.

Thomas Luthwaite's Wax Museum



- **Napoleonic**—Napoleon; Wellington; Blucher; the death of Nelson; typical British soldier and sailor.
- **Victorian**—Victoria; Livingstone; Brunel; Gladstone; Disraeli; Palmerstone; Shaftesbury; Florence Nightingale; Grace Darling; Robert Peel; Jethro Tull; Charles Dickens; others as the keeper desires.

The investigator who best knows Dorothy Amis instantly recognizes her as the model for Mary; the likeness is excellent. As the keeper wishes, the likeness may continue if her skirts are lifted.

Although Luthwaite has no visible means of observation, he acutely perceives touches to his creations. In a trice he races to the insult, to warn the visitor against further impertinence and destructive activity.

BREAKING IN

The investigators may visit Luthwaite's museum while it is open, to learn what is inside. To learn any more than any visitor would, however, they'll need to resort to burglary.

Forcible entrance is likely to be made into the kitchen via the back door from the alley, or else from the museum through the locked door into his quarters.

The ticket office is of no interest, and Luthwaite keeps the day's receipts on his person. Only two rooms on the ground floor are significant—the library and the bedroom.

Luthwaite's Library

Inside the closed door of this room, a small gas heater burns steadily; the air here is less chill and drier—perfect for preserving books. All but the most dull-witted who enter here notice the shelves lined with worn bound books of occult lore and alchemical philosophy. A comprehensive survey of titles would take many hours. Thousands of books in a variety of languages are here, ranked on sagging ancient deal shelves and stacked in corners and on and beneath furniture. Where no books are rest instead stacks of foolscap scribbles in Luthwaite's hand, and in those of his correspondents.

If the keeper fancies giving investigators a Mythos tome which blasts their sanity and is of no help at all in the adventure, this is the time to do it.

As in Oldacre's study, recent correspondence is innocuous. That dating a century and more ago openly discusses dire and blasphemous matters. When Luthwaite's circle obtained Candle Communication, their need to write greatly lessened.

THE LIBRARY DESK

Investigators of limited time should examine the Georgian table Luthwaite uses as a desk. On its greasy, married top rest quills, a quill pen, a penknife, an ink pot, a sheet of stained paper bearing astrological notations, another sheet

with a pattern of swirls on it, and a book containing a bookmark.

The book's binding is sticky black leather of unidentifiable kind, and it bears neither title nor author. Made entirely in Luthwaite's hand, the contents would seem to be a compilation of mystical writings. At the bookmark, a passage is underlined and annotated which relates the use of the mirror to be found in Luthwaite's bedroom. It is reprinted in a nearby box.

Player Handout #2—

*Divers Notes on ye Mirour from Remigius, his VIIth Chap-
tre & c.—*

*According to thereof, ye Mirror brought to Europe by
Easterne Sojourn'rs and be of gratest Antiquitie. R saith it
maye be us'd to Imprisson Spirit or Essense of any
Thinge whiche doth Live howsoever save it needes pos-
sess a Facultie of Seeinge. To accomlishe, ye Mirour
shalle be plac'd so that ye Subjecte shalle See his very Re-
flexion therein. Then Conjour'r Sayeth IIN' SNA' KTISK
SHNAA'HAA IOK' SOTOTT and Strate shalle Subjecte
Soule be Encaptur'd and as Signe thereof alle who Looke
upon the Glasse shalle see dimlie a Like-ness of ye Victim
within. Thisse Physickal Claye of ye Imprisson'd shalle
be a Mind-less Slave to that Conjour'r, and doe as Bid in
alle Thinges. Ye Sage sayeth Alsoe that Those plac'd in
saide Mirour are Render'd Weake to any Magicks that
shalle be perform'd on them. Onlie one victim shalle be
Keep'd therein at any Tyme, but this State of Matt'rs doth
laste untill release of Subjecte by Reversing of ye Can-
tickle of Imprisson-ment, save of course His Name,
whiche is to Saye HAA'SHNAA KTISK'SNA'IIN IOK'SO-
TOTT in voice Gratelie Emphatical.*

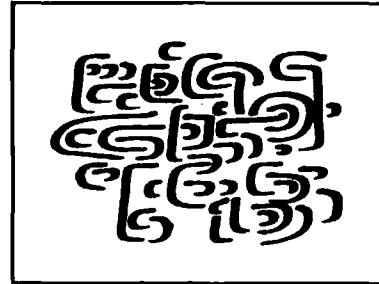
*Who-else shalle be rplc'd & notte Rev'sd? Doeth not this
onlie Shalle ye furst demittere be Willed, for Death so
bidde cometh of Hastie Speede, and moste Painful by
Looke.*

*Ye Glass is of Magickal Makeinge, and maye not be Broke
by any common Meanes. Yet if it be Strucke with a Ham-
m'r on which a Flaminge Eye withe a Pentackle without
hath been graven withe proper rite then it shalle Shatt'r
and be Loste forever and any Imprisson'd within shalle
Perishe Utterlie. R speaketh also at muche Lengthe to ye
Meaninge of Runes graven about, but to littel Under
standinge of myne for he liketh them to Aklo, of whiche I
wot notte.*

Any investigator who has visited Limbo recognizes the drawing as a Gate diagram. Those who have not, still notice a kinship with the chalk marks on the wall in the Underground. It is a picture of the Gate from limbo to Carn Gluze,

in Cornwall. The handout is a two-dimensional representation, not a true Gate.

Player Handout #3



The sheet of astrological calculations (handout #4) is not shown here, only in the player handouts. A successful Occult roll summarizes its meaning: Luthwaite is attempting to calculate when the sunken city will rise at these coordinates. The investigators might be able to take this document to an expert astrologer (is Aleister Crowley in town just now?), but they learn only that an important event is fated to occur at that point. Everyone can comprehend the set of geographical coordinates on the sheet; the latitude and longitude mark a part of the estuary just off Tollesbury, on the Essex coast of England.

The calculations may be incomplete and difficult even for an expert to follow. It might be desirable to leave the date of rising unfixed, particularly if the investigators decide not to take the Gate to Cornwall. Or perhaps they need reassuring that they can explore Carn Gluze via Gate before untoward events unfold in Essex.

Finally, if the investigators browse through Luthwaite's book, they find a recent entry just before the blank pages begin. There a passage discusses Sebastian Fewkes, though identifying him only by initials.

Player Handout #5

*... whereof we didde gratelie Seek a Sonne of Adam w/
Minde Sette Pekulyar, as Orne wud Saye, & soe Bekon'd
we to SF, himme half loste to ye Worlde of Sleep's
Imag'ng, for in Suche alle Obstk'l twixt Rote & Raison
he onlie Disguise & Pretense, & as tro for his Supl
Wenche. Dangle Desire, & who shud notte follow?*

The Bed Chamber

The walls of the cold, dark, damp bedroom are of flaking gilt and peeling wallpaper. The air is tinged with mold, must, and mildew, and a coat of slimy growth coats most of the surfaces. There are two points of interest, a mirror and a cupboard.

THE MIRROR

Hanging from the wall nearest the door is an object covered by a stained velvet cloth. Beneath is a circular mirror about

two feet across. The investigator who removes the cloth is in for a surprise, because he or she sees the saturnine face of a bearded young man looking back, rather than his or her own: lose 0/1D3 SAN unless he or she has already read and understood the place marked in Remigius. The effect is more of looking through a filmy porthole rather than through a mirror; no background can be seen.

The young man is Sebastian Fewkes. The player who knows Dorothy Arnis may also recognize Fewkes, or the investigators may be able to recognize him from the photo in his rooms. The frame of the mirror is medieval Spanish workmanship, made of ornate silver with many unusual signs inset. Wooden backing adds to a weight totalling more than 40 pounds.

Luthwaite has put Fewkes into the world of the mirror so that only Fewkes' unresistant body is available as a template for creating the entity to come. Separating Fewkes' will from his body ensures that the wills of the sorcerers actualize the Child.

If the investigators connect the Remigius passage with the mirror, they are in a position to halt the present effort to raise the Dulcarnon, though at the expense of the life of Sebastian Fewkes. If the players choose this option, make clear to them the consequence, including the Sanity loss, and request successive Occult, know, and idea rolls.

- With a successful Occult roll, the investigator suspects that altering the mirror might alert Luthwaite and other principals of the cabal.
- A successful know roll suggests that if Fewkes is sacrificed, the cabal can easily select another victim and proceed again, this time without interference.
- A successful idea roll deduces that as yet nothing will be lost by not acting—rather than destroying the museum, a better plan might be to copy out the relevant words from Remigius, search the rest of the establishment, and then leave.

THE CUPBOARD

The head of the bed blocks a closed cupboard. To open the door to it, the investigators must move the bed aside. A successful Spot Hidden notices a triangle of three small stones embedded in the cupboard door. These stones mark a Warding spell which Luthwaite has placed on the door. Opening the door alerts Luthwaite to the intruder. Inside is a strange life-sized wax statue—slashed, dented, scorched, wrinkled, distorted, and dirty with age, the nude effigy's face is still recognizably that of Thomas Luthwaite.

If across the street, Luthwaite returns immediately, stealing up the back stairs. He attacks as willingly with knife or poker as with spell, so confident is he of his physical invulnerability, and so concerned is he for his effigy.

Destruction of the wax effigy destroys Thomas Luthwaite, and the thing can be stabbed, hacked apart, burned, melted, trampled, shot, or otherwise damaged. Whatever

The Mirror

Luthwaite's magic mirror can affect only one target at a time. For instance, Fewkes must first be withdrawn from the mirror before another can be imprisoned, or Fewkes's soul will be dispersed and his unguided body soon dies. Once Fewkes has been removed, another victim may be put in the mirror. Removal from or insertion into the mirror each requires one combat round; each removal or insertion costs the caster four magic points and six points of Sanity. If a prisoner already occupies the mirror, and a new prisoner is introduced, the two struggle POW against POW on the resistance table to find who keeps the mirror and whose soul is dispersed. The mirror cannot be broken except by a hammer bearing the Elder Sign.

the investigators do to the effigy is done to Luthwaite. The combined effects of three hundred years of aging plus all the violence that the effigy protected against should not make pleasant viewing: lose 1D3/1D6+2 to view the stinking result, and roll CON x4 or less to avoid losing one's stomach. Statistics for Luthwaite and the effigy are at the end of the scenario.

USE OF FIREARMS

Gunshots bring police and an angry crowd. Even the best Credit Rating cannot much protect an investigator who has savagely murdered an old and helpless man, no matter how accidentally. The least damaging result is that one investigator volunteers to take all blame, and the rest are exonerated, though losing great amounts of Credit Rating. The thrill-killer trial preoccupies the British press for weeks or for months if reporters turn up investigator involvement in other, previous bizarre events. Death by hanging is the inevitable conclusion. If the investigator is to escape, Smythe's offer of the Vanish spell in return for non-interference has a logical ring, and perhaps a prelude to a later overture of recruitment.

The Cellar

Investigators may not have time to search the cellar. If they are able, it is a large workshop where all the waxworks are made, full of benches, tools, beeswax, and melting vats.

In a far corner, gauzy drapery laden with dust covers a number of bulky statuettes, all of well-armatured wax, all quite fragile. The drapery removed, miniature great old ones with tentacles for faces jostle with 18-inch-high elder things. Peculiar worms and globular masses stand beside other shapes too dismaying for words. The detailed, intricate, unusual work is yet so ominous that it could not ascend from any one man's imagination: these things are real. Sanity loss in comprehending this collection is 1D3/1D8 SAN.

If taken away and preserved, in the years to come some of these little horrors have genuine intellectual value to scholars of the Mythos, but at present no one could object if

the righteous hand of Christian decency smote every blasphemical form.

Miss Amis Revives

If the keeper desires, Dorothy Amis can emerge from catatonia at this point—perhaps permanently, perhaps with partial amnesia. She nonetheless can tell that part of the tale unknowable to the investigators.

Still jealous of Fewkes' attentions, she followed him a third time, this time to 1 Tiber Street. She feared the neighborhood and entered the old house only after great hesitation. The ceremony was underway when she crept down the stairs. The great chamber was dimly lit, and the men at the far end too preoccupied to notice her. She moved closer to see what was happening. A ghastly glare lit up the throne area, and she looked upon the glowing figure of herself holding Fewkes' lifeless body in its arms. The glow crackled and spat, and then traveled down the figure's arms until Sebastian glowed as well, his body twisting and in spasms like those of a man being hanged. The figure gently laid him down, and returned to the throne. Its light gradually departed, but the chest of Sebastian Fewkes glowed on.

Dorothy Amis collapsed. When she came to, the chamber was empty and dark. The stair door was locked. Madened with fear, she at last found her way through the wooden hoarding and wandered the tunnel until discovered that morning. Her last memory of Sebastian, glowing like an ember, is the reason for her song, "Jesus bids us . . ."

What happens to Dorothy Amis thereafter is not considered in this adventure. The keeper may devise her fate.

Carn Gluze

THIS EPISODE occurs only if brave investigators explore the Gate in the cellar at 1 Tiber Street.

Through The Gate

If the investigators have not blown up or otherwise sealed off the area, 1 Tiber Street is unchanged. The Gate in the ancient chamber can be used by stepping into it; it is not keyed or otherwise inaccessible, since the cabal imagines the limbo interchange to be defense enough.

Each person stepping through the Gate to limbo pays a toll of 3 magic points. In limbo, if the player so states, he or she can turn around and attempt to memorize the shifting, distorting patterns of the Gate through which he or she has just emerged. With a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll, memorization occurs, and that investigator can identify this limbo Gate entrance thereafter. Deduct one Sanity point for successfully ramming hyperdimensional symbols into the human brain.

The gray, shadowy nature of the place is as previously mentioned in the boxed Limbo Gate discussion; the Sanity cost to be here is 0/1D4 SAN. Glowing signs evocative of Luthwaite's sketch are found after a few minutes of bewildered wandering.

If the keeper wishes to create an encounter with a horrible something as the investigators search, limit the ferocity of this random attack. No statistics have been supplied.

The investigators emerge from limbo with a dislocating lurch. A strong wind blows; the air smells of the sea. Not far away, heavy waves crash on shore. The land is of rock and grass, with a few small windblown trees. Kerosene lanterns gutter in the wind. The moon is low in the west; patchy clouds chase across it, making its light dim and confusing.

Deduct another 3 magic points from each investigator for this new passage. With another successful Cthulhu Mythos roll, an investigator is able to memorize the invisible location of this end of the Gate. Powder of Ibn Ghazi can locate the Gate as well.

About thirty yards away is a set of low, rough stone walls of great size and ancient aspect. This is Carn Gluze. About 200 yards to the west is a rocky beach and the surging sea beyond. Fifty yards to the east is a grassy track; to the left it leads 150 yards to a large old house, and to the right it winds out of sight around a low hill. The Cornish village of St. Just is about a mile distant down the track to the right, but it cannot be seen.

An Ancient Place

This archaeological site is one of the most unusual in Southern Britain. About two hundred yards from the coast and just south of Cape Cornwall, it was excavated in 1874 by Borlase and Lukas.

Overall the structure now consists of roughly circular inner and outer walls approximately thirty and sixty feet in diameter, respectively, surrounding a central T-shaped pit. The inner wall is the base of what was originally a dome some twenty feet in height, with no apparent means of entry or exit. The outer wall was the foundation for an earthen dome of even more impressive proportions.

The outer wall is nearly twenty feet thick in places; a burial chamber about ten feet across is set into the southwest side of this outer wall. The chamber has a neolithic post-and-lintel entrance through which one originally crawled to enter. Burnt bones and pottery shards were found under its floor.

The central pit was found to have four miniature Bronze Age urns set into cysts around it; Borlase and Lukas removed them. There is no sign of this part of the cairn having been used for burial, and archaeologists suggest it must have served some ritual function, possibly involving the worship of some entity thought to reside underground or perhaps in darkness. The pit is about seven feet deep, with steps leading down into it. Inner and outer walls nowa-

days are about five feet high, though portions of them may be presented as much lower.

The site remains mysterious to the present day. According to the National Trust guide, the spot has a dubious reputation locally and is best avoided by night. A successful Occult roll, perhaps modified to attest how recondite is this information, suggests that Carn Gluze is built where the First Dream was dreamt; centered here forever are the timeless First Deeds.

A site diagram exists at the end of this adventure.

Carn Gluze is also a likely spot for encountering the Little People, the source for British legends concerning gnomes, elves, fairies, and so forth; Arthur Machen describes them in "The Shining Pyramid" and other stories. They converse in high, hissing voices or fierce whispers, with the benefit of an outlook best described as alien and uncompromisingly malevolent. Investigators who explore the area can hear these unnerving voices drift on the wind without a confrontation. Pursued, the whispers and gurgling laughter gradually fade, leaving the investigators alone in the cold, black night.

The Gate is fixed near Carn Gluze, and not in the nearby house of the brothers Polseaze, because Things wandering limbo sometimes choose to explore this Gate. A few hundred yards is near enough to the potential of trumpeting 20-ton tentacled horrors dripping sulfuric acid.

The Dark Old House

Polseaze House is large, of twelve bedrooms and winding, unending cellars. It is crudely Palladian in style, weather-beaten and age-stained. Tonight the creaking mansion is completely dark, since the brothers Polseaze are headed toward Thaxted, in a wagon with Sebastian's body and the Burden.

Since it's cold and dark, the investigators may decide to enter even though no one answers their knocks; the unlocked door swings open easily. Sadly, entering for any reason is a very bad idea.

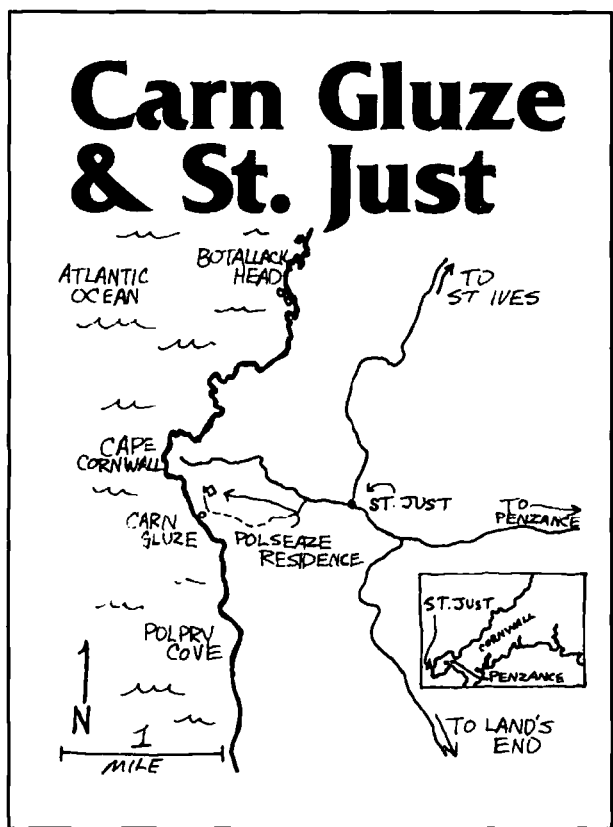
The Polseaze twins are wizards, and they guard their premises with sorcery. Dimensional distortion is the basic principle. After entering, as the investigators walk further from the front door in any direction, the interior hall gets bigger and bigger in a totally incomprehensible way. From the open front door, everything looks fine. But as an investigator advances past the door toward, say, the far fireplace, then perspective and distance distort. The ceiling becomes high and higher, the fireplace at once gets further away and bigger, then suddenly comes near, as huge as a blast furnace, andirons chin-high and of tons apparent weight. When the investigator looks back, the open door seems a hundred yards or more distant.

An observer at the outer door sees merely a friend strolling the hall to the fireplace. But the stroller, having reached the fireplace, becomes aware of immense and frightening spaces. Overhead the gulf of the hall has become so vast that the ceiling is lost in mist, and the front door has receded to a point on an infinite plane. There is a rush of wind, and the scent of a ghastly presence. Something is clearly wrong, even if the observer at the front door can't see it.

If a resolute investigator attempts to advance any further into Polseaze House, a dimensional shambler soon looms up out of the mist and slashes out with a razor-sharp claw. If it hits, declare the injury superficial, then ask if the investigator wishes to stay. If against all odds the investigator stays, then the shambler should do its worst and carry off the carcass, fading to another dimension in a few combat rounds.

For entire parties of well-armed, persistent fools, more shamblers appear, at least one per investigator. But the shamblers soon halt their pursuit once the investigator reach the outside, perhaps diverted by Alice Tremarshin and John Penruthlan, who briefly enter the story in the next sub-section.

Running back to the front door is a horrible experience. It seems miles away and the shambler is closing in from behind. The doorway obstinately refuses to get any closer for several combat rounds, then suddenly hurtles toward the fleeing investigator, who will probably not even slow down as he charges past the startled observer. The loss is





1/1D6 SAN for the experience, and 0/1D10 SAN if one or more shamblers appear.

To the observer, of course, the investigator and the shambler appeared to move at a normal pace, though their movements are curiously grotesque, as though running.

The limited moral of this story is that some houses aren't right for prowling. If the investigators know the location of the Gate, they can now return through it. If occurring within a few hours, the Gate round-trip via limbo costs each investigator a total of 12 magic points, an amount large enough to remember and perhaps prohibitive to some.

If they can't or won't find the Gate, or if the shambler somehow cuts them off, then the dark ruts of the track are before them.

A misaligned signpost leads them south for a bit, then they see lights from the village behind and to their left; they retrace their steps and they reach St. Just after twenty-five minutes of anxious trotting and running.

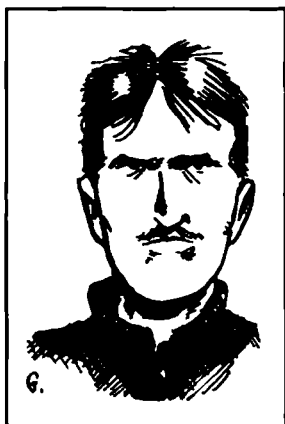
St. Just, Cornwall

This village of some forty souls lags a century behind the march of Late Victorian progress. There is no telegraph, and electricity is unknown. The one shop doubles as a tiny post office. Except for the semi-retired vicar, no one in St. Just has ever seen a motor car. As they have for centuries, residents scrape precarious livings from the land or brave the rough Atlantic waters in small fishing boats. Rather than Cornish, the people speak English nowadays, though with a thick accent almost impenetrable to foreigners. The village is a handful of small one- and two-story white-washed houses huddled against the force of the dominant westerlies. Trees are few.

No matter the time of night, the investigators see flickering light from small lamps or candles in several homes. The door at which the investigators choose to knock contains a room in which Constable Norman Arnett, of the Penzance constabulary, is holding court. Penzance is the nearest large town.

Born in Sussex, an officious, self-important, and a humorless man, Arnett is not popular in St. Just. Tonight he has suffered a nasty fall from his bicycle and is staying over with the rector, to be returned by cart to Penzance in the morning. An unexpected emergency has roused him from his bed, and he has hobbled to the Penruthlan house.

As the investigators enter, Arnett has just completed questioning young John Penruthlan, his parents, and as



*Const. Norman Arnett
(unbuttoned)*

many bystanders as the keeper wishes.

Alice Tremarshin, the beauty of the village, has disappeared and her young man, John Penruthlan, also of the village, has turned up completely mad. Though it is apparent that the two were trysting near Carn Gluze, young Penruthlan has been able to say little more than to shriek "It wor ungodly! It gave on 'er and took 'er!" Depending on what the investigators have done, either John and Alice met and diverted the shambler who chased the investigator out of Polseaze House, or they entered the house on a dare and were chased out themselves.

Because the parents are tending to their son for the moment, Arnett answers the door and greets the investigators. The timing of the investigators' arrival seems suspiciously pertinent to the disappearance of Miss Tremarshin, but Arnett is smart enough to let the visitors present their story first, exactly as they choose. The constable's statistics occur at the end of this adventure.

If the investigators tell the truth, Arnett treats their story seriously—at least the part about the great pursuing devil—because it fits so neatly with Penruthlan's frantic comments heard a few minutes before. He's less inclined to believe anything about a Gate: he wants to know how exactly the investigators came to St. Just. If they can show Arnett the Gate and bring him to limbo and back, he's completely convinced and becomes their fast ally.

However, the more the investigators dissemble, evade, or rely upon their doubtless excellent Credit Ratings to entirely avoid explanation, the more Constable Arnett suspects them of complicity in some cruel upper-class, Public-School-style lark which has gotten out of hand and which is destined for headlines in the yellow press. Since John Penruthlan does not regain sanity for 1D6 more days, the investigators may be confined to or even jailed in Penzance until Penruthlan's testimony clears them.

The Polseaze Twins

If the investigators include that the monster emerged after they unwisely entered Polseaze House, a murmur goes round the room. "The Polseaze!" "Arr, the Polseaze!"

This part of their tale rings true to the residents. By general agreement in St. Just, the brothers Polseaze are a bad lot; nasty, ill-mannered, and best left alone. They have plenty of money, though none know from where. Valuables have a way of having disappeared after these two strange little men ("Scarce bigger un children, un fiercely mean") stroll by. And the occupants of the room can tell as many tales as the keeper wishes of livestock poisonings or disappearances, of unexpected storms and fires, and of great dismal cries from the dark bowels of Polseaze House. "Their cousin before 'em wor no better." "But he wor a yuman-zeemin' koind—they twins be ztraight from 'Ell."

When they walk abroad, each brother always carries a peculiar long staff, maybe six or seven feet tall, much taller than they are. Capping each staff is a pair of deer antlers.

Warming to the subject, and encouraged by Constable Arnett, the villagers say that the Polseaze brothers left St. Just yesterday in a cart, and they had a young man with them, wrapped in blankets as though ill. In fact, the brothers always disappear at this time of year, but the young man was a stranger. He corresponds to Sebastian Fewkes' description. If shown a photo of him, all agree that it was Fewkes. ('Aye, a wizpy beard on 'im.') None know the Polseazes' destination.

Wellington Penruthlan, John's father, relates an incident concerning the staves. "Well, I says to them, 'Don't your'n be gettin' a mite heavy fer a short man such as you be?' and I think twas James who said back, 'Don't ye find yer rear parts a-itchin too much?' in that nasty voice he has, and I was about to say 'No, never,' when he made a motion like a wigglin' bird's wing with a hand, and I felt a sudden savage itch all round meself. Well, that left them both a-cackle, don't you think! When I got home, I had mad boils and welts all across, and they lasted three days. So no more did I query the Polseazes about their staves and horns."

Assuming that the investigators tell the truth and thereby gain everyone's trust, Arnett and the elder Penruthlans agree to let them see John. He's 21, with dark hair and blue eyes, already suntanned from years at sea. He's of good features, but he screams at the light, since the light might beckon the monstrous thing which took Alice Tremarshin. Approached too closely, he curls up into a foetal position. Then he falls silent, his body racked by shudders, and gives no information.

MORE ABOUT THE POLSEAZES

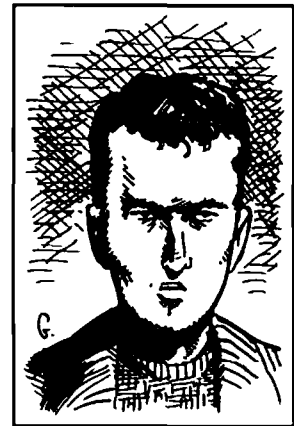
Few people and few books exist in St. Just, and Penzance has not much better facility for research. But with a successful Occult roll—or with a successful Library Use roll at some large collection—the investigators understand that the horned staves are paraphernalia unique in England to the Thaxted Horn Dance. Other British ceremonies involve horns, but they all use antlered headgear rather than topped staves. The Horn Dance is performed annually and the next performance is soon; how soon depends on how long it takes the investigators to reach Thaxted.

Though keepers should adjust the Polseaze itinerary as needed, the following represents their intent: the Polseaze twins drive a few miles east toward Penzance, then turn left toward Chysauster Abbey and around to the north of Penzance, past St. Erth, to reach Camborne late that night. Early the next morning, they, the wagon, and Fewkes's comatose body are put aboard appropriate cars of the Great Western, to reach the vicinity of Eton that afternoon. There they disembark, acquire new horses, and set out north

around the bustle of metropolitan London the next morning, reaching Tollesbury two or three days later.

Concerted Action

If the investigators' story has closely matched Penruthlan's, any successful Debate or Law roll stirs Constable Arnett to action. Credit Rating will not, since Arnett must worry first about convincing his own superiors of the wisdom of independent action.



John Penruthlan

Wellington Penruthlan hitches up his pony cart and the group hoists the injured constable aboard, and then most of the men and women of St. Just accompany the constable, the elder Penruthlan, and presumably the investigators through the windy night to the dark and brooding mansion. The keeper may include flaming torches and angry cries, though it's more likely that the chill of the night cools down everyone by the time they get to Polseaze House. They find a large pool of coagulating blood at the spot where Penruthlan and Tremarshin were forced apart.

From then on, matters must go unscripted. No matter where, who, or how many times entry is made, extreme dimensional distortion is encountered, presumably greatly impressing the constable. Even so, having an enormous hall with clouds in it which is bigger on the inside than on the outside is not in itself a crime, he points out.

Then one or more dimensional shamblers appear, chasing out everyone. If a villager manages to kill one, it dissolves within minutes.

Because of the darkness, and because the dimensional distortion within the mansion affects guns and other weapons just as it does investigators, quarter at the very least all base chances with firearms. Keepers who can make the point stick might rule instead that firearms must seem to touch a shambler before they can hit the target. When a bullet or blast is fired, an observer who holds a steady lamp can actually watch the bullet or shotgun pattern on its way toward the target, gradually getting smaller, its path of flight gradually getting closer and closer to the floor, and then plowing into it: relating this is a good way to describe why firearms are not much use inside the mansion.

They do better outside, of course, though darkness still halves the effective level of firearm skills. Once the shambler has slain someone, it picks up her or him and begins to shimmer; in four combat rounds the thing vanishes, transporting itself and its victim to another plane, where Alice Tremarshin's have gone.

Fire is the best solution. Though Polseaze House is protected within, it can be attacked and destroyed from without. Constable Arnett proclaims the known existence inside of one or more disguised individuals of murderous intent within the mansion.

“Where else could these cruel men”—which he does not have to describe as dimensional shamblers, after all—“where else could they have gone,” he asks at the hearing. “There was no other logical hiding place.”

Receiving no response after repeated calls for surrender, Arnett has done his duty. He makes no objection when someone—an investigator, a Penruthian, a Tremarshin?—dashes forward in the dark, breaks a window, and empties paraffin oil (kerosene) within.

Other villagers do the same. Their work is satisfyingly systematic. When the fires are lit, most of the outer walls of the house are soon blazing, and portions of the stone exterior fall not long thereafter, to general cheers.

The fire takes a long time to reach the center of the house, however, and for a long time the dark panelled walls, the stairs and hidden passages, the gilt-framed portraits of ancient wicked men, the plate and silks that they stole, the books and letters hoarded by the Polseaze, and the skeletons and horrors in the cellars resist even being touched by the embers and ash that drift toward Penzance.

One by one, though, the outer walls burn and collapse, until only the roof and interior of the house stand, like an enormous doll house whose sides have been lifted away. When at last the flames break the magical barrier cast by the Polseaze brothers, all is consumed. Though none are great blasts, sporadic explosions continue in the cellars. For a while a brittle, glassy sound fills the air, deafening everyone. No one ever learns its source, but the intensity of the noise pushes everyone back.

Polseaze House is well-burnt by morning; though much was there, all is now ash and melted metal. Skeletons best not described are found on the day following; a traveling parson does his best to lay those remains to rest.

A Discovery

If the investigators inspect the rubble and remains in the light of day, or the house itself if no fire burned it to the ground, a successful Spot Hidden turns up a mostly charred sheet of foolscap covered by clumsy handwriting. Only the following words now exist.

Player Handouts #6 & #7

whereof ye Heade may Nurse w potencie Greate, thus weer Gloues gainst. Naotte know howe That within it de- parteth the Beyonde and Cometh heer, yette onect resolv'd ye Lure doth holdeth Stille alike Springed Clocke and Water-Clockes, flie and cockerel, sans Motilitie as if Rendr'd, & Life beyonde Goeth As Whilom.

A Turning be made alswo, it maketh ye Call and thereon Answereth a Thing Horrible and of Dire Visage and Bloodie Keenness whiche haveth its Way. None may Gainsayeth it, save onlie that Man who onect & n'ermore avvers in man'r after Kinge David, MANAGIH IPARAS CENAMA NOLIM LANANA and maketh Plaine His Wille in this, or otherwise Hurlerth it as at Bowls a rod or Greater for Proximitate Mali

It begins and ends in mid-sentence. The player handout version of this clue is in two versions. The first includes only the words here made bold. The italicized words are on paper which is darkened and charred; they become visible only after chemical treatment and a successful Chemistry or Archaeology roll. The second version is complete, presented as is the quote above.

- A successful Occult roll indicates that “man'r after David” requires a Hebraic pronunciation of the words, and that the words themselves probably derive from magic squares.
- The word “onlie” may only be guessed at, but the phrase “oncet & n'ermore” indicates that the magical words are effective only once.
- The keeper should take the phrase “and Maketh Plaine His Wille” to indicate that a POW against POW roll on the resistance table may be called for, or perhaps only a Power roll of x2 to x4 on D100. Choose the scale of difficulty with regard to the desired narrative effect.
- The phrase “Proximitate Mali” here is dog-Latin for “nearest evil,” in context translating perhaps more effectively as “the bad thing you want the Tindalos to kill.”
- The keeper might allow English or Anthropology rolls now or later to make clear the procedure which can destroy the wizards and make clear the words (if spoken correctly) which may save the speaker from the Tindalos.

An End to the Affair

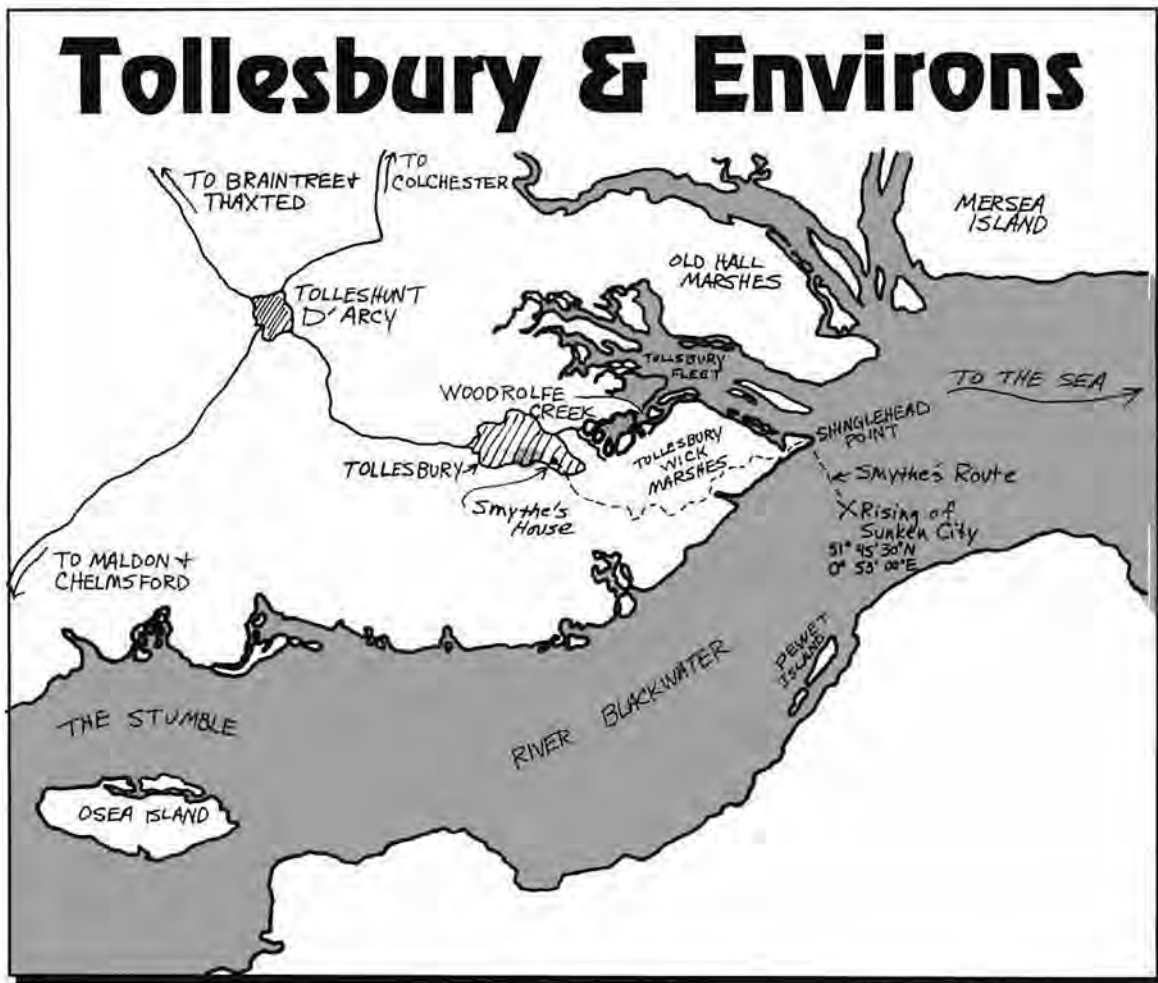
In Penzance, Constable Arnett reports the incident as an apparently accidental conflagration started by a transient or transients unknown, probably seeking shelter for the night. He recommends that hereafter the brothers Polseaze remember to lock their doors.

Tollesbury

SEVERAL LEADS to Tollesbury exist. The best is the sheet of astrological calculations in Luthwaite's library: it indicates the place, and the keeper may allow the investigators to detect or deduce the proper date and time from the chart and from cryptic notes beside it.



Poiseaze House aflame



Alternately, the investigators might follow Smythe; once his presence has arisen in the scenario, he's not likely to be forgotten.

Though the keeper must develop the event, a search through the ruins of Polseaze House could turn up the identical clue as existed in Luthwaite's library.

Finally, the Polseaze brothers (with the unconscious Sebastian) are still on the road. Though each hour that passes brings them closer to Tollesbury, the keeper could choose that they not go by train, but take their wagon all the way across England. Investigators should not be allowed to blow the thing up, or even get close to the wagon (diceable perhaps as 38 POW against POW for any one investigator on the resistance table), but its leisurely pace along the back roads make it easy to follow at a respectful distance.

A busy fishing village on the Essex coast, Tollesbury has a large village fleet and many oyster beds. The waterside faces out on to Woodrolfe Creek, which flows into the Blackwater estuary, an area of extensive tidal flats. These seemingly barren reaches crawl with a variety of small creatures whose edibility attracts birds of many sorts: several villagers make livings as wild-fowlers. Without knowledge of the estuary channels, even the best yachtsman runs aground.

Many more villagers work ashore as sail makers, chandlers, and boat builders. The sail makers' lofts are distinctive buildings made of pitch-blackened timbers; they stand on wooden stilts and have steps leading up to a floor about three or four feet off the ground. The stories above, often numbering two or more, are reached by ladders which lean out from the front of the building, rather than by internal stairs.

In a quiet part of the main village, David Smythe owns a small detached house with a gabled thatch roof which he

Big News In Tollesbury

The village proper is about half a mile from the waterside and has a squat eleventh century church. The font was provided in 1718 by a villager, one John Norman, who swore while in the church and was fined in consequence. The priest had the following lines inscribed around the font's edge as a warning to others.

*Good people all I pray take care
That in ye church you do not swear
As this man did.*

History records not the effect of this admonition.

uses from time to time. If they follow Smythe to Tollesbury, he stays there until braving the mud flats to the risen city. If the investigators arrive knowing that something will happen here but not when, let them spot Smythe buying groceries in the market and then follow him back to the house. Their watch upon the house is rewarded by the journey into the estuary. The house itself contains nothing unusual or untoward, and Smythe has brought nothing suspicious except one of the condensing knives introduced in "Eyes For The Blind."

Smythe's home at Tollesbury is not by chance. At times of occult significance, a physical link occasionally opens between the Dreamlands and an area just off the Essex coast. The area is that marked on the sheet in Luthwaite's library, prophesied this time to occur at those exact coordinates. This phenomena is not one new to this coast: a successful History roll reminds the investigator of the Icenii revolt against the Romans at Camulodunum, near modern Colchester, of which Tacitus reported that "an apparition of a destroyed city was seen out on the estuary. The sea looked bloody, and in the ebb, effigies of human bodies were left washed up on the shore."

The Tollesbury link is to the Sunken City in the Southern Sea of Earth's Dreamlands, described by Randolph Carter in the *Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*. The Sunken City rises from the deep for the occasion, appearing like a mirage out of the mud in the estuary. The link lasts for an hour or so, then the city appears to recede into the mud and the link is broken. Smythe intends to visit the Sunken City to obtain an item needed for the Burden's birth ceremony. If they follow Smythe, the investigators have a chance to hear important information from Sebastian Fewkes, whose mind and soul is locked in the Dreamlands.

Dreams Of The Temple

The night before Smythe visits the Sunken City, one or more investigators dream of the place. All of the dreams have a happy, satisfying tone which the sleepers remember when they wake. Read them aloud to the players.

- **A DREAM:** looking down into the depths over the rail of a sailing ship. The smell of the sea is strong, and the air clear. Beneath the surface, a square building with an interior court can be seen, overgrown with kelp and above which shoals of fish dart. As the dreamer watches, the surface of the sea turns into a mirror, and the sleeper feels that the building is just behind him or her, and that if turning around, he or she could be there.
- **ANOTHER DREAM:** the dreamer swims happily in the sea, past beautiful corals and exotic tropical fish. The water is clear and warm to swim in. On a hill is a low, square building. Peering in through one of the little round windows the dreamer sees large fish resting quietly in the shadows. A wise old grouper approaches the dreamer and begins a long and interesting conversation, though the dreamer cannot remember what was said.

- **A THIRD DREAM:** in a long, dark, cool place in the sea, a place so dark that features cannot be seen, something that the dreamer knows to be human sleeps. "I cannot be wakened, not yet, save by you," comes a voice. "I hope you will save me." The voice is male, and the dreamer almost recognizes it before the dream fades.

As wanted, additional foreshadowing of the Sunken City and of Sebastian Fewkes can exist. See the "Sunken City" sub-section below for more ideas.

The City Rises

On the night of the rising, the lights in Smythe's bungalow stay on past his normal sleeping time. A little before midnight, Smythe slips out, bundled warmly against the chill damp air. He walks steadily toward the mud flats, and makes no attempt to conceal himself. Significantly, he carries a long staff.

If the investigators already know the time and place, then they need merely wait near there; Smythe shows up right on schedule. If the investigators have hired a boat, and are waiting on the spot, then the city rises up right underneath them through the suddenly translucent water (an effect costing everyone 1/1D4 SAN), and they reach the Sunken City well ahead of Smythe. In that case, they see Smythe's lantern approaching across the water. If the boat is very removed from the city's rising, the investigators must row to the city, but there is no other consequence. If the boat is near but not at the point of rising, then the keeper may rule the craft swamped, and force the investigators to swim for Smythe's magical path or for the Sunken City. The rest of this section is written assuming that the investigators follow Smythe, rather than wait for him to return.

The map shows Smythe's convoluted route to Shinglehead Point. Tollesbury Wick Marshes consist of banks of solid ground, generally a few yards wide and from ten to a hundred yards in length, separated by channels about three to four feet deep, with mud at the bottom. The channels vary from two feet to twenty feet across. The smaller ones can be jumped or forded, but the wide gaps contain mud as thin as quicksand, and can easily swallow the incautious. Smythe uses the bridges provided, most of which are just convenient planks of wood. At intervals, under-posts support longer spans; there are no handrails. Investigators may have to receive a DEX roll now and then.

The night is dark, with little moon and a cold breeze blows seaward. The tide is high. Smythe halts at the water's edge and raises his plain wooden staff above his head. After some moments he murmurs a few words. The staff springs into light, glowing lurid red, lighting the nearby marsh. Silence follows. Smythe puts down his staff and now merely watches the events unfold. The keeper should relate this sequence quickly and not prompt the players to cause their investigators to attack.

After nearly a minute, a faint vibration shakes everything. The tremors gradually strengthen. If the investigators are close to Smythe, by the radiance of his staff they can see the agitated water in the estuary rush up and back.

Within a minute, the water has risen a foot or more, and has turned milky and foamy in the dim light. If the investigators look to sea, a phosphorescent churning hundreds of yards wide is plainly visible. The first towers of the city break the surface about half a mile into the estuary.

The rising takes several minutes, though no sound comes of cascading waters. If the investigators are close to the city, they notice an oily quality to the water that dampens the sound of its flow. In the end the investigators see outlined against the sky a city whose architecture is unlike anything they know.

Now Smythe chants a few words loudly, and his staff flashes. A glowing path forms across the water to the city as, starting at the beach end, a road of steaming mud emerges from the sea. As the stuff solidifies and cools, Smythe sets off down the path he has created.

The investigators should feel secure in following Smythe. His lamp has little range, and he shows no awareness of them. After a few paces, the fog becomes shrouded in steamy mist. After ten yards down the path they no longer see Smythe, just the glow of his lamp as it bobs along. Unless the keeper desires otherwise, passage is easy and uneventful.

The Sunken City

The Dreamlands are an alternate plane of reality which human consciousness may explore during sleep. As soon as the investigators enter the open gates of the city, they are physically in the Dreamlands. After a few paces or some several seconds, investigator artifacts and equipment change ineluctably, twisting and wriggling into medieval analogies of themselves: a rifle becomes a crossbow, a flashlight becomes an oil lamp, a tweed jacket becomes a wool cape or jerkin, a printed book becomes a long vellum scroll covered with minute, unreadable squiggles since the words have yet to be written. Keepers may find it amusing to catalog investigator gear which has been altered, since such items never change back again. The investigators return to Tollesbury as though from a costume ball, a wet and muddy one.

Time passes irregularly in the Dreamlands, sometimes stretching out relative to Earth, sometimes compacting bewilderingly. Tonight the investigators can have up to seven hours in the city before it begins to lose touch with Earth, but when they return to Earth, not more than an hour has passed.

The gate toward which Smythe's path leads was once a proud entrance, lined with bas reliefs of ancient imperial triumphs. Now the great gates are broken and cast down into the mud, and Smythe's footprints are the only tracks to

mar the silted floor. Bereft of life and change, but not unaware, the city waits.

Randolph Carter reported "weedy walls and broken columns of a sunken city too old for memory . . . [with] so many moving shadows in that deep place that simple folk disliked it." Up close, those shadows move in disquieting ways, and the place smells as only something entombed beneath the waves for millennia can. The walls of the houses are encrusted in barnacles and draped in seaweed, and the cobbled streets are slippery with slime and mud. After a while, the shadows resolve into the shades who inhabit these empty houses: ghosts of Roman soldiers, Icenian tribesmen, sailors of Oriab dressed in silken robes, sullen inhabitants of Dylath-Leen, perhaps even characters from the investigators' past or present. All appear fleetingly in translucent form and are only half-real. They cannot harm the investigators, nor are they aware of the investigators or of Smythe; they serve their own wills. This is not true of the ghost-zoogs in the Temple, however—Luthwaite has pacted with them as guards.

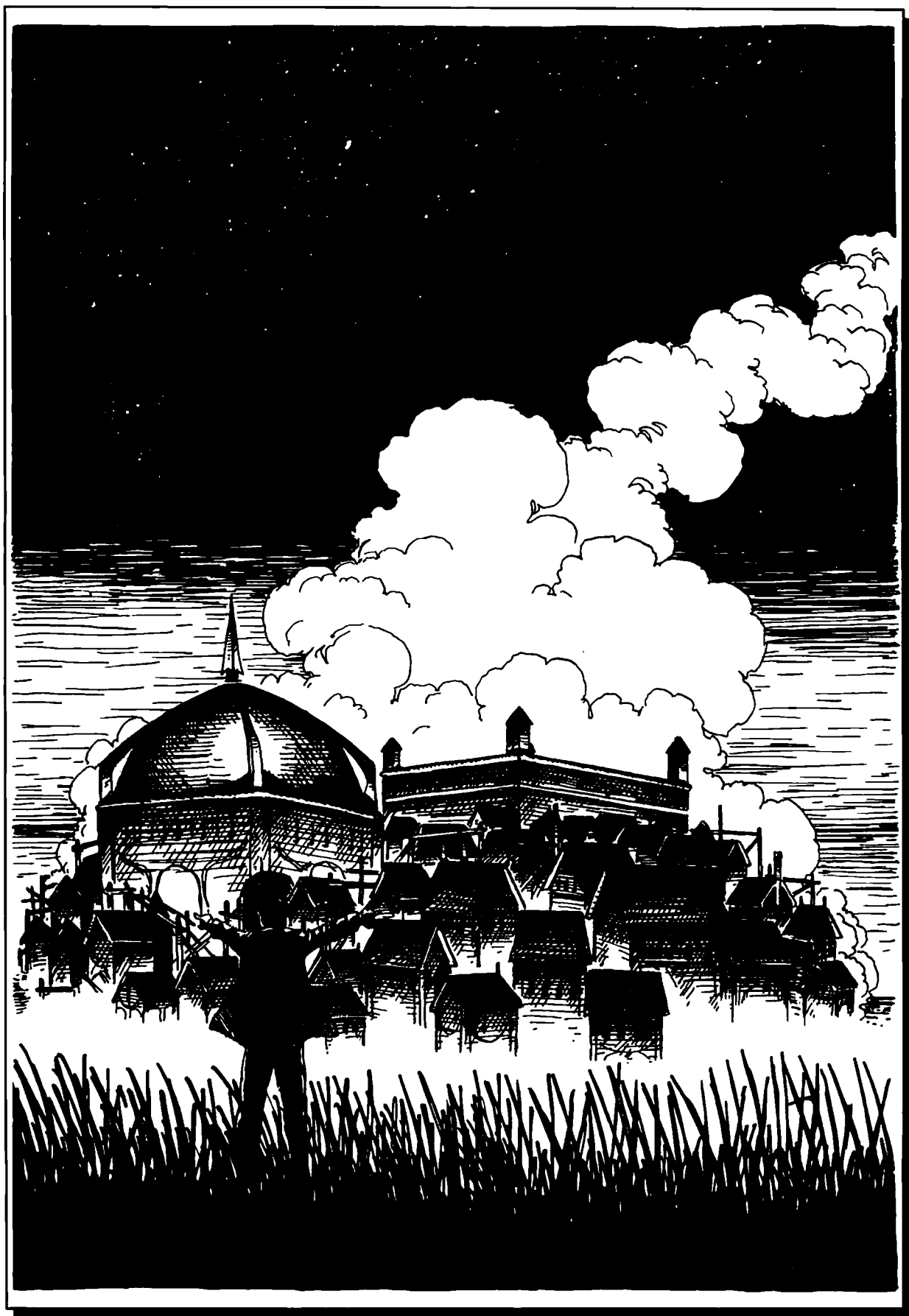
Once inside, investigators looking back toward Tollesbury see an endless ocean surrounding the city, with a phantom path leading to a ghostly version of Tollesbury's lights. If the investigators depart the Sunken City, that vision solidifies into reality, and the endless reaches of the Southern Sea disappear.

Smythe heads for a domed temple, where he takes the Receptor of Serranian from among the loot that fills the temple interior, and places the stone in a bag. The Receptor is a basalt carving of undulating form, little bigger than a human head. He lingers in the temple to search out other items of equal value; regretfully ignoring the mounds of gold, he finds nothing else worth carrying to Earth, but it takes him time to decide this.

All the city is dark, save for one building on a distant hill. Randolph Carter saw the structure: "it was dark and low and covered four sides of a square, with a tower at each corner, a paved court in the center, and small curious round windows all over it. Probably it was of basalt, though weeds draped the greater part; and such was its lonely and impressive place on that far hill that it may have been a temple or a monastery. . . . He noticed an odd high monolith in that center court, and saw [tied to it] a sailor in the silk robes of Oriab, head downwards and without any eyes." This place is the Temple of the Shining Labyrinth. A phosphorescent glow lights it from within. Each investigator who dreamed of it last night now recognizes the temple, and knows that something important is within.

The Temple

Where the investigators choose to go in this building is of no relevance, and no map has been provided. The Temple is a great covered maze of many architectural styles and materials, added to and expanded perhaps over many centu-



There came a rush of waters.

ries; there are left forks and right forks, stairs and pits, featureless halls and dry fountains, and high-walled courts which open to the night above and to gusts of the night winds. Room, court, and hall are empty of furnishings and decorations. All but two are uninhabited, even by ghosts. Everywhere the walls, ceiling, and floor are white or whitish, smooth, and a-flicker with unearthly light.

Any attempt to Make Maps here automatically fails. All other skills remain unchanged.

The Temple is much bigger on the inside than on the outside, but unlike Polseaze House its dimensions room by room do not change; everything has a manageable, comfortable feel, except the monolith in the central court.

Two successful INT rolls bring the investigators to the wide, paved central court. The great stone rising in its center is covered with slime, but it can be scraped away easily. Blackened and slimy ropes rot nearby. Flame reveals hideous and potent runes of power covering the monolith. Require Occult rolls for each investigator who sees them: with each success comes a fuller understanding of a great stone which lusts to drain the souls from men. Charge each investigator 1/1D3 SAN for the knowledge.

In Dreamlands time, it will be a hundred years and more before Randolph Carter glimpses the Sunken City. That sailor in the silk robes of Oriab who was tied to the monolith has not yet been born.

A Second Mirror

After appropriate wanderings, the investigators should come to a room which bears a full-length mirror on the left-hand wall. The mirror is reminiscent of Luthwaite's, its silver frame embossed with strange signs and runes. Whoever looks into the mirror squarely enough to anticipate seeing his or her own reflection sees instead Sebastian Fewkes standing in an identical room, with no sign of the viewer's reflection. The mirror acts like a window. Fewkes sees the investigators as well, and looks pleased. He beckons to them. Anyone who attempts to touch the surface of the mirror finds no resistance, though something glassy to the eyes continues to intervene. This insubstantial surface cannot be broken, though one can reach or move through it. Fewkes grips the intruding hand patiently, and gently tugs on the investigator to bring him or her through. He knows that the investigators are not with the wizards—perhaps by a successful Psychology roll, or perhaps through the mirror he was able to dream what they did at Luthwaite's.

The investigators can pass freely back and forth, but Fewkes cannot.

If anyone has brought Luthwaite's mirror, it will not pass the glass-like surface between the two rooms, so Fewkes must be on one side, and Luthwaite's mirror on the other. To those who remain outside, Fewkes continues to sleep in the Luthwaite mirror, while moving about alertly in

the Dreamlands mirror. The Luthwaite mirror shows Fewkes' mental condition as it is on Earth.

The room on the other side of the mirror is little different. Only investigators still in the first room now can be seen in the full-length mirror.

FEWKES' INFORMATION

Fewkes is impatient with careful investigations of mirror phenomena, since he has important information to impart to the investigators and limited time in which to do so. Briefly, he explains that the waking world and the Dreamlands have linked together for a few minutes or an hour. The link will begin to break when they feel tremors, as though from a small earthquake.

He understands that his waking form somehow lives in or is ruled through a mirror. He has also had dreams from Luthwaite's mirror when it has been in the company of the wizards. In them, he has seen his own body swollen and glowing; Fewkes says that he is much happier imprisoned in this strange, glowing room.

He also has heard something about a birth, something called the Thaxted Horn Dance and, most significantly, heard Luthwaite say to Smythe that the Horn Dance artifact might stop time by realigning the two halves of the Head. Smythe replied that doing so is dangerous, but he did not say why.

Fewkes also relates that one night Luthwaite had a lengthy argument with a talking candle, in which various voices finally agreed to leave the Head where it is. "Perhaps this last was a real dream," Fewkes blushes. "It makes no sense at all to me."

At this point comes a soft rustling, like an army of rats passing overhead. Fewkes looks anxious. He asks to be remembered to Dorothy Amis. "Leave quickly, now," he says, "You must go at once! The zoogs scent your presence. Get out!"

Fewkes is bound to the room. He curses his weakness that Luthwaite was ever able to tempt him into association with him. Fewkes assures the investigators that he is safe where he is, but that they must now escape or else the zoogs will attack on both sides of the imprisoning mirror. "They move through that strange surface without effort." A successful Occult roll suggests that to break either mirror at this point will probably strand Fewkes' mind forever in the Dreamlands. The Luthwaite papers may provide some clue to unlocking him and reuniting him with his body.

Presumably the investigators take Fewkes' advice. Whether or not the investigators invested time trying to map the Temple or the Sunken City, a gradually growing army of ghostly, translucent zoogs assembles on the investigators' trail, loping and scuttling after them with ravenous longing. Investigators who delay are physically and magically attacked by them; see their statistics at the end of this adventure.

As the investigators run, they can just see the light of a lantern bobbing ahead. It looks very like Smythe's. Maybe the path lasts long enough for them to get back. Maybe it gives out twenty yards from home and they have to swim the rest of the way. It's up to the keeper. When the link closes, tremors rock the magical path; set the waters foaming and boiling again as the great city returns to the sea. Finally it sinks back into the depths with a deep groaning sigh, not to reappear for another hundred or another thousand years.

If the investigators catch up with Smythe, they see that along with his lantern he now carries a heavy object, wrapped but about the size of a human head. It is the Receptor of Serranian, necessary for the final ceremony at Carn Gluze.

TRANSITION

Next morning, perhaps the investigators follow Smythe inland to Thaxted, for the Horn Dance, or to Tarrant's house in preparation for the birth of the Burden.

If the investigators have already seen the Horn Dance and stolen the Head without knowing its significance, then Smythe may go straight to Carn Gluze for the conclusion, to be followed by the investigators.

The Horn Dance

HOW TO BRING the investigators to the Thaxted Horn Dance? With a successful Occult or Anthropology roll, they can deduce it from the description of the strange staves carried by the Polseaze brothers: postulate the Horn Dance as a well-known regional event. Or Fewkes tells them about it when they visit him in the Sunken City. Or perhaps they see a poster advertising it or a newspaper article discussing it while they are in Tollesbury—after all, Smythe and his cronies want many people to attend.

Thaxted

A market town in the center of Essex, Thaxted can claim to be the most nearly medieval settlement in East Anglia. Many of the buildings were converted in the eighteenth century, but the medieval street plan remains, as do many major constructions of the time.

Thaxted's heyday came in the fourteenth century when it appears to have been the center of a thriving cutlery trade, although the reasons why cutlers should have gone there remain obscure. There was also a strong cloth industry, and those craftsmen are usually credited for the building of the large guild hall in about 1400. This large structure has an open-arch ground floor, the site of the town market for

hundreds of years. Two enclosed stories stand upon these arches and were used for guild functions.

Even more impressive is the church of St. John the Baptist, built around 1350, and expanded circa 1510. A building of almost cathedral-like proportions, its tall spire, supported by flying buttresses, can be seen for miles across the flat Essex countryside. The spire was partially rebuilt in 1814 after being hit by lightning. Behind the church are two rows of medieval almshouses, built out of the largesse of town merchants, and a windmill. East Anglia is, at the turn of the century, the only part of the country in which windmills are prevalent. A few survive yet.

Thaxted retains a great sense of the past in its narrow streets and white-plastered buildings, many of which are still thatched in the 1890s, and also in the street names: Stony Lane marks the cobbled way from the guild hall to the church, Mill End reminds us of the area's long association with wind power, and Watling Street harks back to the Roman occupation of Colchester.

As much as anything, Thaxted's atmosphere survives because the town has not fared well since the boom days of the 1400s. It suffered a sharp decline in the eighteenth century, and in Victoria's reign slowly but steadily loses population. It is destined for revival come the twentieth-century tourist industry, but for now it is a quiet town perfect for the cabal's purposes.

The Ceremony

Thaxted is nowadays a center for Morris Dancing and other folk celebrations. Although no annual festival existed until 1930, present-day festivities hark back to an earlier tradition of folk-dance, performed in the town from time to time in the nineteenth century, and very likely earlier. The Horn Dance is unsubstantiated, but reasonable.

Unless the investigators have followed the Polseaze twins, they will not know that Fewkes's body has been carried to the church to receive there the benefit of the spell soon to be cast.

The Horn Dance is performed each year at moonrise in the churchyard. This evening a crowd of nearly two hundred people are present. The late-Victorian folk and crafts revival is strong, and bears a leftist political tinge.

Lanterns strung from poles light the area. With a successful Spot Hidden, the investigators notice that the vicar is taking a careful count of the audience, which he relates to David Smythe.

The vicar, holding a violin and bow, thanks the audience for their attendance. He



The Head

says that he sees many who attended last year, and will attempt to freshen his remarks. He sketches out the known history of the Horn Dance, mentioned as early as in Tacitus and the writings of the Venerable Bede (a successful History roll shows this statement not to be true). The vicar says that the dance is one of many ties with Britain's immemorial past, the loss of which would be cause for great regret. He adds almost by afterthought that it is good luck to touch the head of Mary (Smythe holds it high for all to see) at the conclusion of the dance—"Do come and touch."

The vicar is a harmless man whose interest in things mystical and ancient has come to Smythe's attention. Smythe has inserted so many misapprehensions into the vicar's mind that the poor man is now only half in touch with the real world.

Five men participate: four hold staves with antlers on top (the Thaxted Ancients), while a fifth, the vicar, plays the violin. The Four Ancients are Smythe, two men of identical bizarre appearance (the Polseaze brothers) and a tall man in his fifties with a handlebar moustache, dressed in country tweeds. Any local identifies this last as Howard Tarrant, a landowner who lives in the big house on the road to Debden Cross.

By contrast with Tarrant, who appears perfectly normal, the Polseaze brothers are about five feet in height, with masses of tatty, long blond hair, and flowing beards to match. They wear small gold-rimmed spectacles and clothing redolent of the 1700s. Their expressions indicate less than complete happiness and occasionally they mutter to one another, though the words never can be made out.

The Four Ancients carry antlered staves. Smythe also holds, in his other hand, what appears to be a very old wooden head of the Madonna, of primitive workmanship and blackened by time. The eyes of the head seem to be crude glass beads. This is the Horn Dance artifact to which Fewkes referred to in the Sunken City.

Silence falls as the dance begins. The tune played is a *pibroch*, a type of music normally played by bagpipes. The fiddler uses the lowest string as a drone, while bowing out a mournful tune on one or more higher strings.

The dance is slow and stately. The dancers circle round, stepping in and out, sometimes thumping the ground with the heel of their staves at the end of a phrase, sometimes pushing the horned ends at each other as though mimicking the fighting of stags. Toward the end, Smythe steps into the center, holding aloft the head in his left hand and the staff in his right. The other dancers and the fiddler take up the points of the compass, and begin to beat the ground in time with every beat of the tune, chanting words in an unknown tongue. Call for Cthulhu Mythos rolls. With a success, the investigators understand that the dancers intend to Steal Life from everyone here. Assume that the Mythos roll summarizes the effects and conditions of the spell, not to show that the investigators can cast the magic. If the investigators

are uncertain of their course, call for idea rolls. A successful result offers the investigators three general options, any of which yields the possibility of success.

- Do nothing. Each investigator loses 1 characteristic point of his or her player's choosing. Those who decide to touch the Head lose a single magic point as well.
- Move away from the ceremony. The range of the spell is almost certainly limited to sight, and a corner of the church is conveniently near. Moving away may not be very irresponsible, since people in attendance last year, the vicar among them, survived the dance—therefore victims are drained minimally, not to unconsciousness.
- Interrupt the ceremony by attacking the wizards, or by attempting to herd people away, or by staging some sort of diversionary disturbance. Managed correctly, the spell is broken before it does harm, and the investigators do nothing too foolish. Perhaps the least controversial ploy is to stage a Christian protest of this pagan ritual occurring upon hallowed ground; gauge the success of the demonstration with the audience by the success of Oratory rolls.

If the investigators stage some reasonable action, they should succeed. If he recognizes them, Smythe approaches, and says merely, "I will not pursue the matter here. Savor your next few hours of life, gentlemen." Smythe then attacks with nightgaunts later that night.

Uninterrupted, the ceremony suddenly stills. Those watching feel a gust of warm air strike them. If the keeper needs blatancy, allow a Spot Hidden roll to see the eyes of the head briefly flash red at that moment.

The dance over, many in the crowd come close to touch the Head, to congratulate the dancers, and ask friendly questions. An elderly woman who touched the Head suddenly collapses, and must be helped from the churchyard; an elderly gentleman who touched the Head suddenly feels faint, and must retire to a bench. As the crowd disperses, the dancers disappear into the church, and then shortly emerge to share in a light supper.

The spell is a version which takes life-force from the crowd; those points flow equally into the antlered staves of the Four Ancients. Each ancient becomes a week younger in exchange for each set of five points from the characteristics STR, CON, DEX, POW, and APP. Thus 200 people yield up 200 weeks of youth, which divided among the Four make each Ancient 50 weeks younger. This year, however, the points go into the body of Sebastian Fewkes, to strengthen him for the separation ordeal soon to come.

The people who touch the Head surrender a single magic point as well. Those points are collected by the Head, with which the cabal in turn will intend to empower the Burden and its host, Sebastian Fewkes.

Therefore, when the Ancients return to the church after the Horn Dance, Smythe murmurs words and touches the Head to the sac of the Burden. There is a brief arc discharge with an angry flare, quickening the Burden within, which thereafter can be seen to noticeably move. After a bit more



They chanted words in an unknown tongue.

ritual, Smythe places it against Fewkes, and the same type of discharge occurs. Thereafter the image of Fewkes in Luthwaite's mirror actively stirs and writhes, though it does not wake.

AN ATTACK?

If the investigators become obstructions, Smythe now moves to the offensive. Mild interference is punished by a beating at the hands of thugs. Smythe meets strong interventions with strong revenge—an assault by byakhee, who may attack to kill, or to leave the investigators to die in some dire Dreamlands place or the remoteness of the Hebrides. Attacks likely occur at night, perhaps while the investigators spy on the Tarrant mansion. Statistics occur at the end of this adventure.

Selbury Manor

If the Sunken City has not yet risen, Smythe now departs for Tollesbury, miles distant on the Essex coast, leaving the unconscious Fewkes and the brothers Polseaze at Selbury Manor, Tarrant's home. If the Sunken City has risen, all go to Tarrant's house to prepare for the journey back to Carn Gluze, and for the birth of the Burden.

The investigators find it easy enough to trace Tarrant and his guests to Selbury Manor, but approaching the Georgian mansion in the daytime is difficult. Elegant open grounds surround the eighteenth-century buildings. Tarrant's servants have been instructed not to let Mr. Howard or his guests be disturbed, and to set the dogs on intruders.

Successful Credit Rating rolls free trespassing investigators without calls to the police. Nonetheless, the servants do not admit the investigators, nor is it easy to think why the investigators would want to risk confronting a group of evil sorcerers, unless they have moved the Head here for better security.

Tarrant is a believer, not a wizard. Smythe is slowly initiating him into deeper mysteries, but Tarrant is far from ready to witness the birth of the Burden; indeed, Smythe is using hypnosis to ease Tarrant's mind about Fewkes' enormous hump. Though he knows that there is more to the ceremony than meets the public eye, Tarrant does not understand the function of the Horn Dance for the cabal. When Smythe, his bodyguards, and the Polseazes leave quietly after midnight, Tarrant stays behind.

Tarrant lives in Selbury Manor with his wife and about fifteen staff. Smythe is gradually preparing him for induction into the Cabal, which will take many more years. Because of the Horn Dance, Tarrant appears to be in his forties; actually he is sixty-one. He is a typical British Tory, firmly in favor of Law and Order, and he has useful allies in the local police who eagerly act

on his behalf if the investigators happen to make nuisances of themselves.

After a few days, then, the wizards and Fewkes set out for Carn Gluze, where the ritual must occur. With Fewkes and the Burden strengthened, they can use the Gate beneath 1 Tiber Street unless the investigators disabled it. Failing that (since no wizard wants to waste Power building a one-time-use Gate), they are likely to return by wagon and train to Cornwall instead.

The Wooden Head

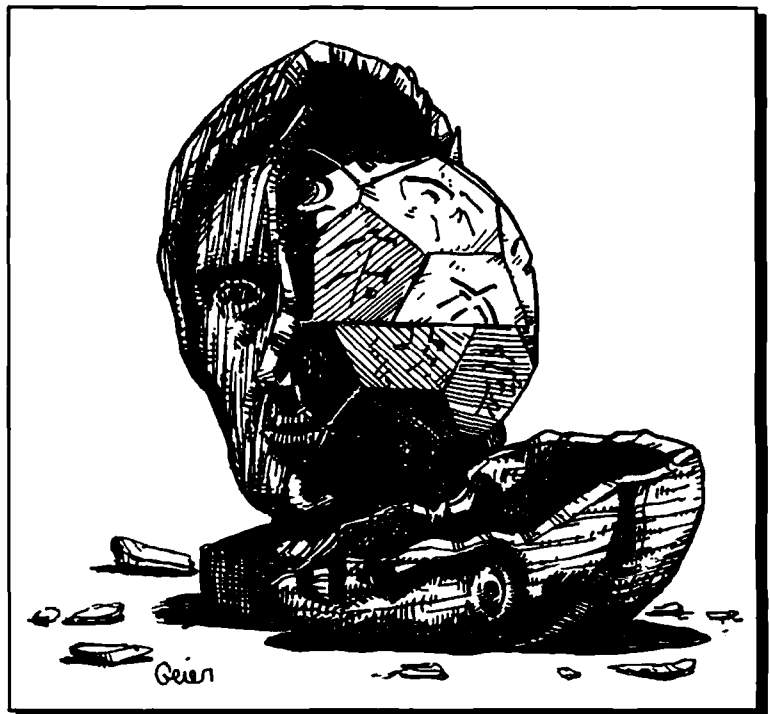
The wizards and their tame priest returned to the church to transfer the leached life-force into Fewkes and the Burden. A candle was lit to include Luthwaite if alive, and the usual argument ensued. Each sorcerer wished possession of a device which could store unlimited magic points, and each grudgingly agreed to leave the Head in Thaxted, and respect the truce of the Cabal, for each desired the thing's powers and saw how it could increase his own strength.

Smythe then placed the Head in its usual resting place, a casket in a niche in the wall of the nave. In this placid town, church and casket needed no guard.

Nonetheless, protection is built into the very nature of the artifact, as might be deduced if anyone ponders the laconic Latin which Smythe years before scratched on the inside lip of the casket's lid:

cave canem,

literally, "beware of the dog," though Smythe knows well that a Tindalos is no earthly animal. If the keeper wishes, require a successful Latin roll to translate the phrase. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll could emphasize the possi-



The Wooden Head, smashed open.

ble connection of *canem* to *hound*, and from that hypothesize the reference to *Hound of Tindalos*.

The casket is a hinged egg, made of brass wires braided in a fine network and bolted into the wall. The Head can be taken, but the casket cannot be removed without tearing out a portion of the wall.

If the investigators inquire, they are told that the Head was found recently during renovation of the church crypt, and that an anonymous benefactor presented the casket. Smythe actually supplied both objects; his hypnotic abilities have convinced the priest otherwise. Upon examination, a successful Archaeology roll shows that the wood-working is of this century, not the much earlier era that the vicar suggests.

No matter: this untended artifact should be irresistible to the investigators, and it is the key to foiling Smythe and the Polseaze twins. Theft is best done by night, as in the daytime people go in and out of the church to pray, to clean it and tidy up, and to admire its impressive architecture. A resourceful group could obtain the head in daylight, but nocturnal entry is straightforward. The substantial main door and its stout bolt are nearly impossible to force, but the south door yields (STR 15) easily. If the investigators mind their lights and don't shout, they have no interruption.

Anyone hefting the Head knows that it is far too heavy to be solid wood. Though the joints of the wood are cleverly made and the hinges concealed, a small catch in its base opens the Head. Clumsy investigators smash it apart.

Within gleams a roundish metal form with preternaturally smooth facets, each of equal area. We may term it the Lure. The Lure has the volume of a handball and has about the same number of sides as an icosahedron. A different unidentifiable rune is cast into each of the 23 sides. A fine equatorial seam appears to divide the metal form into two equal halves. If, however, a count of the sides is made, the top half always has 21 equal surfaces, and the bottom half always has 22. Either half (or the sum of the two halves) is quite impossible; the facets cannot be equal-area surfaces, though they are. Noticing this, charge 1/1D4 SAN.

The fine seam bifurcates ten of the sides, and the top and bottom are laterally misaligned by about half an inch. To realign them, the halves must be pulled apart along something like a central internal column, then twisted left and right until the sides and runes correctly match. The whole can then be pressed together, and the seam is no longer visible. That done, ticks of clocks and pocket watches get louder, static crackles, the air twists and shimmers, a hum begins, and the Lure vibrates.

Once the halves are aligned and pushed together, all clocks within the area of effect stop, and all sound is curiously muffled. In a few seconds a Tindalos appears.

The Powers of the Lure

Perhaps crafted by Yithians or Elder Things, or perhaps created on some other world in some other epoch of the universe, the Lure is presently enclosed within a carved wooden Head made up of four hinged sections. By intent this casing physically prevents the Lure from closing and activating.

Each time it is touched, the Head (or the Lure, if the encasing Head has been opened and set aside) drains 1 magic point from he who touches. That point remains within the Lure, which can store any number of magic points. Probably these points are collected in order to power a Time Gate (see *Gaslight* for details) into the Tindalos epoch, but they can be used for other purposes as well, if the proper verbal formula is spoken. Though Smythe, Luthwaite, and the Polseazes know these words, they are nowhere written, and should remain forever unknown to investigators.

Aligning and closing the halves of the Lure has consequences.

(1) A Time Gate opens, through which a random Hound of Tindalos appears in 1D10+10 seconds. A Tindalos intends to kill and devour; each is exceptionally intelligent, and unamenable to reason or earthly persuasion. The cover illustration to this book depicts the ventral anterior portion of an attacking Tindalos. Additional notes concerning the Tindalos appear with its statistics at the end of this adventure.

(2) Time is locally displaced. Within the sphere of effect, event greatly slows. Outside the sphere, time flows uninterrupted. The sphere of effect collapses after eight combat rounds. While operating, the sphere of effect cannot be exited. No markers or colors give visible boundary to this effect.

(3) After one such use, the Lure empties of magic points. Any points not used in opening the Time Gate are lost.

The Lure summons but does not dispatch the Tindalos; the Tindalos stays as long as it wishes, certainly as long as the temporal displacement continues. Once the sphere of effect collapses, the Tindalos may vanish with it or it may seize one more victim and then vanish, as the keeper wishes.

At the keeper's option, each use of the Lure generates an additional Tindalos. If one comes through the first time, then two appear the second time, three the third, and so forth.

Keepers for whom this artifact seems too potent should allow it to disappear after one or two uses, perhaps swallowed by a Tindalos.

Final Crisis

AT ABOUT 2 A.M. one morning, a carriage drawn by four horses emerges from Tarrant's mansion. James Polseaze drives it; a faint glow illuminates the interior. The four-wheeler moves steadily, but a fit group on foot can keep up with it for many miles, presumably sending someone to hire horses and then ride at break-neck speed to catch up.

Expand the events of the chase as desired. Investigators may like skulking about, riding balky rental horses, muf-fling hooves and being kicked, or mapping a maze of un-

marked country lanes. If investigators have not so far earned many skills checks, here's a good chance.

The cabal's immediate destination is either 1 Tiber Street, London, or a Great Western freight depot, Paddington Station west.

1 TIBER STREET

If the investigators witness the transfer of Fewkes through the Tiber Street Gate, they are horrified to see his present condition. The hump on his back is as big as the withered, drawn, half-naked figure who supports it, now bent double by weight. Fewkes moves dully, still in a dream, and must be aided by the Danh twins. The lump—now truly a Burden—glows with an orange light and pulses rhythmically. Peculiar tendril-like structures can be seen inside the semi-transparent sac, and movement can be glimpsed within. Onlookers lose 1/1D4 SAN.

Once the last member of the cabal has passed through the Gate, the investigators must move quickly through the Gate themselves, in order to see where the wizards are going. If the keeper wishes for a minor fight now, Smythe's bodyguards can stay behind to attack the investigators—it's ultimately vital only that one uninjured investigator and the Lure pass through to Carn Gluze.

A FREIGHT DEPOT

If the wizards entrain their four-wheeler (and Fewkes within it) for Penzance, the investigators easily learn its destination. They can hop a passenger express which gets there sooner, and thus be ready with horses, carriages, or bicycles with which to shadow the cabal on the final leg to Carn Gluze. Or they can simply wait at the embers of Polseaze House for the wizards to arrive.

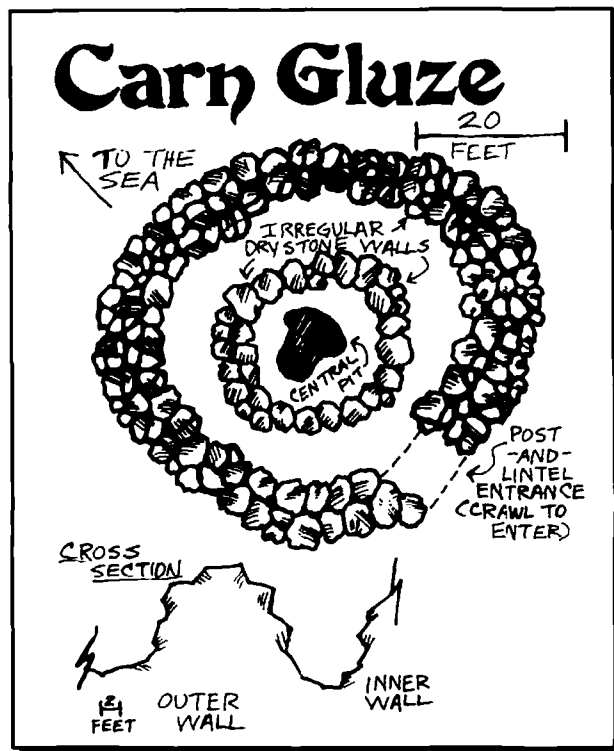
TIMING

If the investigators decide to attack before the Burden separates from Fewkes' back, a successful idea roll establishes that Fewkes will likely die: if the investigators wish to preserve his life (has Dorothy Amis awakened, and made some plea? has Agnes Cardew accompanied them?), they should wait for the birth before attacking.

The Ceremony

The birth of the Child occurs at Carn Gluze, as close to midnight as the keeper can reasonably manage. An erratic wind alternately makes the cabal's conversation easy and impossible to hear.

If Polseaze House has burned, the brothers swear mightily at having lost their mansion and all within. As they survey the ruin, the Polseazes make blasphemous oaths to destroy St. Just and all who live there (hearing this, investigators of moral probity no longer need stay intrusion or attack); nonetheless the wizards continue to prepare for the Child. For the moment, the village is safe.



Using leather thongs, the sorcerers busily lash together a makeshift wooden framework, tie the comatose Fewkes to it face down, and then suspend the entire array over the central T-shaped pit of the cairn. The Danh twins are strong and wizards hate to do work, but this diverts the twins from their normal guard duties.

The Danhs place a heavy bundle near Fewkes' sagging form. Within is the object which Smythe retrieved from the Sunken City. The sorcerers intend to use it now to draw out the Burden and transform it into the Child. Its covering removed, the object proves to be a peculiarly-carved basalt stone, roughly a foot in diameter, which the Polseaze brothers then carefully orient and measure to the Burden. The undulating voids hollowed into the basalt are perfect niches—as smooth, strong, mysterious, and endless as the sea.

Though the investigators may never know it, the stone is the Receptor of Serranian, stolen long ago from the beautiful cloud city of the Dreamlands. This holy sculpture is of such beauty that anyone caressing it for the first time receives a crystalline moment of contented insight. Within that moment the investigator perceives his or her innermost character and motives, and then forgives all that he or she discovers.

WHAT THE INVESTIGATORS WITNESS

As the investigators close in from the surrounding hills or emerge from the Gate, they'll be looking for concealment. The nearest hiding-place is a pile of boulders about twenty yards behind the sorcerers. If the investigators move decisively to the rocks while the Cabal is preoccupied, they

reach concealment without being noticed. If they do nothing, some will surely be seen.

Smythe positions himself in the T-shaped pit beneath Fewkes and the Burden, laying down on his back but mimicking the way that Fewkes above him has been lashed down—arms out, legs together. The Danh twins resume their guard duties, standing a short distance away but facing away from the participants, ready to stop, maim, or kill anyone who would interrupt. James and Robert Polseaze, their staves in their left and right hands, respectively, wait at either side of the Receptor.

Smythe begins the ceremony, his seemingly disembodied voice echoing eerily from the stone-lined pit. The words are not English, perhaps not human. As the harsh syllables spill out, listeners sense that the words palpably scrape against the edges and bones of this time and space, and that the language and the language's intent are unfathomable, timelessly potent, unfailingly malevolent.

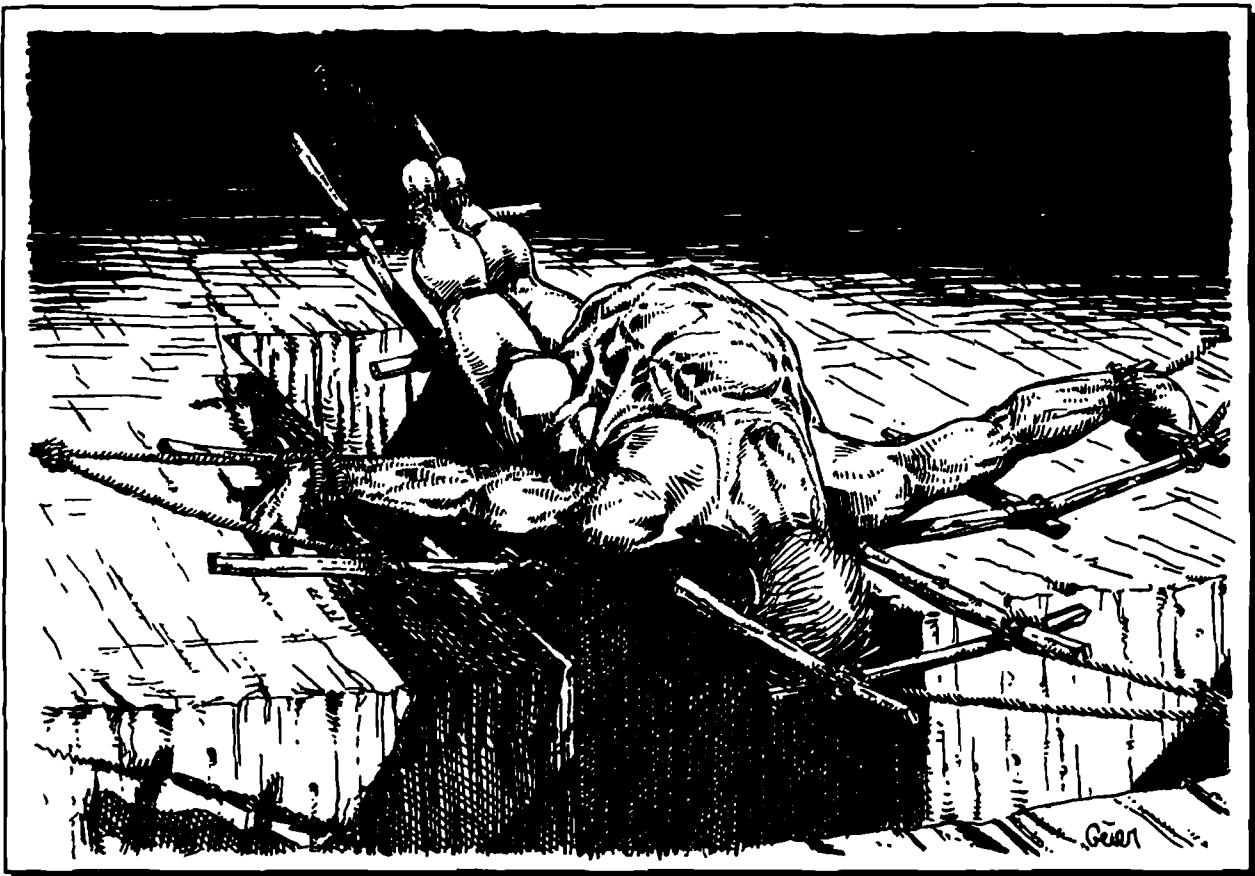
The Polseazes begin to interject responses. Each time they finish a round, they pound the butts of their horned staves into the earth. Each time they do, the great rheumy tumor on Fewkes' back glows in response and brightens. Seen through a folding telescope, the surface of the great metastasy ripples madly, like scum a-boil in a caldron: 1D2/1D6 SAN to watch this.

After a short time, putrescent green sparks begin to erupt from every surface in the area; if it was night before, these ghastly scintillations now lend dim daylight to everything—grass, objects, books, people—but the light comes from every form, and washes away all shadow. The sparks grow thicker than hail, and bounce up like buckshot hurled back from sheet steel, dissolving and reforming with blurring speed. From the pit, an orange beam points skyward and slowly intensifies, while a stinking sweetness wafts from everywhere.

The wizards chant in a different tongue, less horrible to hear than the first but still alien and hair-raising. Now the Polseazes take the lead, their shrill voices growing ever more strident and insisting, while Smythe's now-hoarse responses soften and yield. Luminous clouds rush across the sky. The glow from the Burden permeates the whole area around the cairn.

The surface of the Burden splits. There is a trumpeting scream, and something begins to lift out. At the same time the chanting hushes and the confusing light steadies. In the comparative quiet the slosh and drip of amniotic fluid into the pit and Smythe's muffled oaths in consequence can be heard plainly.

Fewkes' body spasms. The thing within the sac crawls out. Once the Burden has severed itself from Fewkes, the



The Burden just before birth

investigators need wait no longer. Options are discussed in the sub-section "Interruptions."

THE CHILD BORN

The Burden is still slick with the sac's amniotic fluid. Except for his hair, it has taken most of the form of Fewkes, but it has the natural head of a stag and its ankles conclude in hooves, not human feet. On its head are downy nubs from which great foliate antlers will sprout and grow splendid in the months to come. Its eyes shine brightly with a green, unholy light. Even in its weakened, uncertain condition it radiates a feeling of enormous internal power. The investigators perceive in themselves a great yearning toward it, even as they understand that this thing should not so embody the contradictions necessary between human life, human origin, and human dream.

It crawls for some time, then bleats softly, rises, and staggers toward the now-crooning Polseaze twins. When it reaches them, they lift the Receptor and touch it to the Burden, and the thing comes to know itself—no longer the Burden, but now the Child, a wet and bewildered creature standing about four feet tall.

The Polseazes offer food. Whatever the Child eats is thereafter its inclination, just as whatever it is taught is thereafter its impulse. It can eat anything digestible by humans; according to the keeper's conception, the Polseazes offer a bowl of milk, cooked grains, or meat, and this meal may be as innocuous, as symbolic, or as ghastly as the keeper's narrative demands.

Smythe emerges, wipes himself off, and the three sorcerers place their staves over the eating Child. The three staves touching one another, they murmur quickly, then shout: a bolt of flame erupts downward into the Child, who collapses under its force. A few moments later it rises and stands meekly, awaiting command. The Child is now theirs.

LATER DEVELOPMENTS

Thereafter they abandon Fewkes's earthly body, and murder his Dreamlands-bound soul. Since Polseaze House no longer stands, and since Smythe has no need of a stag-headed infant in London, they hire a hall at Tintagel and there pervert the thing's education over the next several years. Until death, it never questions what the three tell it in unison. The Child grows rapidly and learns voraciously. After Victoria dies in 1901, it becomes an occult power in the land, twisting lives and fortunes at the bidding of its masters. Later developments are beyond the scope of this adventure.

Interruptions

In halting the Burden's birth or preventing its transformation, investigator options may be undertaken independently or employed concurrently.

If the investigators have not interfered thus far, or interfered only ineffectually, the sorcerers do not set out preternatural guards—only the Danh twins. If a perilous fight occurred in which the investigators acquitted themselves well, then they are taken as serious threats. One or both Polseazes put out byakhee, shamblers, or whatever creatures seem useful and possible to the situation. A two-stage fight may evolve, then, in which the investigators lose the chance for surprise.

THE LURE

If the investigators have understood the significance of the Lure, it is simple enough to use. A successful Throw roll pitches it to the feet of the sorcerers as they lock their staves. Within seconds the Tindalos appears and hurtles to the attack. If an earlier trial of the Lure brought forth a Tindalos, perhaps two now appear.

If the Throw roll misses, and if the keeper desires, allow a luck roll for a carom off a nearby rock, or postulate that the nearest sharp intersection of planes is still within the group of sorcerers. Or let the investigators take their lumps.

The Tindalos does not materialize out of the Lure because the Lure's exterior angles are too flat as intersecting planes to admit the entity. Provoked and summoned by the Lure, the Tindalos erupts from whatever corner the keeper can justify and gain narrative benefit thereby: a fat Mythos tome, for instance, might be just the thing. The point of appearance must be as near to the Lure as possible.

Having been summoned by the irritating device, and costing each witness 1D3/1D20 SAN to see it, the Tindalos does not bother with the Lure once here because it is drained of magic points and is unidentifiable. The Tindalos kills one or more sorcerers and departs, leaving its acrid, nauseating scent behind and handing the final battle to the investigators.

The Tindalos has the advantage of surprise attack: the wizards are concentrating so intensely that even if a successful Spot Hidden reveals the Lure, they have only POW x1 chances to react during the first round.

The Tindalos always attacks either the human who has earned its attention or that nearby human with the highest POW, first with a Paw and then with its peculiar POW-draining Tongue attack. This victim is David Smythe, who stands an good chance of going unconscious in the first round, and never recovering. After four rounds, whether or not Smythe is dead, the Tindalos turns to one of the Polseazes in rounds five through eight.

The other Polseaze may escape or attempt to cast spells. Neither of the Danh twins is close enough to intervene. When Smythe goes down, they attempt to escape.

THE MIRROR

Luthwaite's magic mirror is distinctly more difficult to use than the Lure, and can affect only one of the six at a time.

By Luthwaite's summary of Remigius, Fewkes must first be withdrawn from the mirror before another can be imprisoned, or else Fewkes will die. Once Fewkes has been removed, any number may be successively put in the mirror, removed, or dispatched with its aid. Each removal from or insertion into the mirror requires one combat round; each removal or insertion costs the caster four magic points and six points of Sanity. If a prisoner already occupies the mirror, and a new prisoner is introduced, the two struggle POW against POW on the resistance table to find who stays within the mirror and who is dispersed. The mirror cannot be broken except by a hammer bearing the Elder Sign.

PHYSICAL ATTACK

Staged with surprise, a charge by trained soldiers, concerted long-distance rifle fire, or naval bombardment has a fair chance of harming significantly or of eliminating the group. All the wizards have the spell Flesh Ward, however, and Smythe's Vanish spell can whisk him from the scene within one or two combat rounds. The Danh twins are experts at hand-to-hand fighting. If the initial attack does not carry the day, the group hunts down the investigators and slaughters them.

ATTACK BY SPELL

The comments concerning physical attack also apply to magical attacks, with the disadvantage that most spells re-

quire time to cast and do not result in instantaneous destruction of their targets. Whatever capabilities the investigators have, they must use them to mount a crushing blow.

Certain men within Her Majesty's government might have knowledge of the occult and of its effects; the development of such resources is left to the keeper.

Conclusion

If Sebastian Fewkes can be retrieved and made whole, criminal proceedings against survivors of the cabal can be instituted. Formal legal action insures the investigators against loss of Credit Rating in this affair. A tidy conclusion earns each investigator the heartfelt thanks of the police. Should Fewkes die, he can no longer bring action, leaving a much murkier set of possibilities.

SEBASTIAN FEWKES

Fewkes' spirit may be safely returned to his body by reversing the mirror chant. Fewkes' body needs tender and considerate nursing to survive, including a successful First Aid roll at the scene. Where the Burden clung, his skin is seared and burnt as though by acid. His recovery requires long hospitalization. Thereafter his paintings take on a darker, more acidic cast, and his portraiture falls from fashion after several too-truthful renderings. Anyone who has spent time in a mirror is bound to be a little odd for it; as his canvases become bizarre and uncommercial, he corresponds with



budding artists in New England and New York, among them R.U. Pickman.

DOROTHY AMIS

She can wake from her long sleep at the keeper's will. If Fewkes survives, she tends him until he recovers, then they drift apart, bohemians to the core.

If Fewkes dies, she swears lifelong devotion to him, then six months later falls in love with an Bavarian count who is in town to sell off his Cellinis. Informed of the investigators' deeds, she doesn't believe a word; they are bad company, like the men who drugged and murdered Sebastian. If, in addition, the investigators made a mess of her flat, thereafter she says of them only spiteful things.

AGNES CARDEW

She may have accompanied the investigators for some or all of the adventure, and may wish to join their circle. If she does not, she considers their part in the affair to be over when Dorothy Amis regains consciousness.

Should Miss Cardew learn of the depth of investigator participation in the battle against the wizards, she finds such actions beyond the bounds of good taste for ladies and gentlemen, who should leave such matters to the police. She is thereafter coolly polite, and never invites them to parties.

THE CHILD

The existence of the Child offers the investigators an excellent way to convince responsible men, particularly influential clergy, that something unusual has happened and that the investigators should not be blamed out of hand for it.

Smythe designed the Child to seek out and serve unquenchably some great will: though it is innocent by deed, it is corrupt by nature. The consequences of this are not simple.

The Child might be returned to the Dulcarnon via some ritual or quest, the province of which is beyond this scenario. Provided that the stuff of life actually is not limitless, that return leaves whole the nature of Britain, a desirable conclusion.

Or the Child might be placed within the mirror in the same way as was Sebastian Fewkes. At some time or in some age, it will be released, of course, for forever is a long time. Without guidance, its tendencies are ultimately acquiescent and therefore suspect.

Whether the Child has a soul, and whether forgiveness and love are adequate to the task of ensuring its goodness must be decided by philosophers.

SURVIVING SORCERERS

Almost certainly one sorcerer survives and escapes. The Tindalos does not do all the work, no matter how convenient that might be for everyone. Smythe probably dies, but one Polseaze either may escape or turn into a babbling

madman from the experience. Either route leaves him free to turn up later, of course, and with motive for revenge.

THE RECEPTOR OF SERRANIAN

This sculpture is more beautiful than can long endure on Earth. For a while its appearance and feel give every witness great joy and contentment. Then one morning the investigators wake to find the Receptor's color faded and streaked, and its appearance no longer gladdens the eye. Day by day its shape sags and the touch of it coarsens, till finally it is worse than garbage. If the investigators seek a solution in dreams, they find it: to keep glorious their memory of the Receptor, it must be buried with the honors granted to an intimate friend. Failing that, and finally watching it turn to ashes and slag, each investigator loses 1/1D6 SAN.

LOOSE ENDS

Unless they already destroyed the site, the investigators read in the London papers of a localized collapse of houses in Tiber Street, north of King's Cross. The authorities blame the subsidence on poor building standards and unlicensed property alterations. A company spokesman says that work on the nearby Underground line will not be seriously affected. Yorkway Station—whose excavation exposed the ancient chamber—is, however, never built.

Rewards And Penalties

CREDIT RATING

Investigators who have acted properly and within the law at all times should have good chances of neither losing nor adding Credit Rating.

If Fewkes survives and a court of law disposes of all lingering considerations, grant each investigator 1D4 additional points, to a maximum of 99.

If Fewkes dies, leaving several or many corpses littering Cornwall, London, and places adjacent, a nimbus of suspicion and innuendo dogs the investigators: lose 1D8+1 Credit Rating each.

If the investigators were arrested and detained by police, lose 1D4 points each, whether or not charges were made or a trial begun.

Those who are tried and convicted for any substantial crime—*theft, assault, fraud, perjury, or murder*—lose 1D10+40 points of Credit Rating and all their important friends.

SANITY

For freeing Sebastian Fewkes and returning him to normal life, 1D6 Sanity; for stopping the cabal from controlling and manipulating the Child, 1D6+4 points of Sanity; for returning the Child to the Dulcarnon, 1D3 points. Killing or dispelling monsters brings normal rewards. Dispatching

one wizard yields 1D2 SAN; two wizards yields 1D4+1 SAN; dispatching all three wizards yields 1D8+1 SAN.

Statistics

Miss DOROTHY AMIS, Age 27, Indefinitely Insane

STR 08 CON 09 SIZ 09 INT 10 POW 11
DEX 13 APP 14 EDU 14 SAN 42 HP 09

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none.

Skills: Accounting 15%, Bargain 35%, Credit Rating 55%, Debate 25%, Dreaming 13%, English 75%, French 45%, History 28%, Italian 40%, Library Use 31%, Linguist 12%, Photography 18%, Ride 45%, Sing 35%, Sneak 45%, Track 15%.

Miss AGNES CARDEW, Age 29, Pushy Friend

STR 09 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 14 POW 15
DEX 11 APP 11 EDU 14 SAN 73 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none.

Skills: Accounting 20%, Anthropology 25%, Bargain 65%, Credit Rating 57%, Debate 78%, Drive Automobile 45%, Fast Talk 35%, Law 20%, Library Use 30%, Oratory 20%, Psychology 60%, Ride 10%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Sgt. WIBBERN, Age 40, Chelsea Station Constable

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 10 APP 10 EDU 8 SAN 55 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Truncheon (nightstick) 65%, damage 1D6+1D4
.41 Revolver 50%, damage 1D10

Skills: Accounting 11%, Bargain 45%, Bully 40%, Credit Rating 30%, Debate 15%, Dodge 42%, Fast Talk 45%, Law 15%, Listen 35%, Oratory 6%, Pick Pocket 11%, Psychology 50%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 45%, Warn Off Young Toffs 39%.

DAVID SMYTHE, Age 29 (51), stockbroker and wizard

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 17 POW 22
DEX 15 APP 16 EDU 16 SAN 0 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: .38 Revolver 75%, damage 1D10

Skills: Accounting 40%, Astronomy 22%, Credit Rating 68%, Cthulhu Mythos 23%, Debate 57%, Dreaming 27%, Dream Lore 14%, English 90%, Greek (Classical) 90%, History 40%, Latin 36%, Law 20%, Library Use 53%, Occult 60%, Oratory 65%, Pick Pocket 25%, Spot Hidden 61%, Thieves' Cant 90%.

Spells: Call Yog-Sothoth, Candle Communication, Cloud Memory, Contact Deep Ones, Contact Ghoul, Create Mist of Releh, Deflect Harm, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Elder Sign, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Flesh Ward, Mental Suggestion, Mesmerize, Power Drain, Raise Dulcaron, Steal Life, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Dark Young, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Vanish, Warding, plus two spells of the keeper's choosing or invention.

VAVIT DANH, Age 33, Smythe's Bodyguard

STR 17 CON 18 SIZ 16 INT 07 POW 11
DEX 13 APP 08 EDU 05 SAN 41 HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, damage 1D3+1D6
Kris (large knife) 70%, damage 1D4+2+1D6
Quoit (thrown) 75%, damage 1D8+1

Skills: Climb 50%, Jump 45%, Listen 45%, English 40%, Swim 60%, Throw 70%, Track 25%, Urdu 60%.

PRADESH DANH, Age 33, Smythe's Other Bodyguard

STR 17 CON 18 SIZ 16 INT 07 POW 11
DEX 13 APP 08 EDU 05 SAN 41 HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 80%, damage 1D3+1D6
Kris (large knife) 85%, damage 1D4+2+1D6
Quoit (thrown) 70%, damage 1D8+1

Skills: Climb 60%, Jump 45%, Listen 45%, English 40%, Swim 60%, Throw 70%, Track 35%, Urdu 60%.

Vanish, a new spell

Vanish causes the caster to disappear in a puff of smoke, to reappear instantly in a previously chosen location. The location is defined by creating a charm made of a box containing components of the caster's body such as hair, teeth or nails. The box is magically prepared, taking about a day and requiring the investment of two POW points. Each casting of the spell, which takes about two seconds, will thereafter instantly recall the caster to the box's location at a cost of five magic points and one SAN point. If the box is destroyed, or opened and its contents scattered, the POW points are lost. It must be remade before the spell can work again. Smythe's box is kept in a secret drawer in his desk at the top of the London rookery.

Warding, a new spell

This spell requires a number of ordinary white stones. They are placed on the ground as the caster pleases except that each must be within a yard of each of the others. The spell takes about fifteen seconds to cast, during which a shimmer as of a heat-haze is observable over the stones. One magic point is expended for each stone used. Thereafter if any of the stones are moved the caster will be aware of the fact, even if asleep at the time, though unconsciousness due to coma or magical trance may block it out. Once this has occurred the spell is ended and further movements will not be sensed.

Candle Communications, a new spell

This spell allows two sentient beings to communicate by voice at a distance. At a time usually pre-arranged, each must light a candle and speak the words of the spell over and over until the other's voice can be heard. This costs each 5 magic points and 1 Sanity point. They can then each hear sounds from the other's location. This spell has a limited range: at up to ten miles it works very clearly; at up to a hundred miles it transmits sounds in a manner equivalent to a poor telephone line; for each additional one hundred miles, the communication becomes 10% less likely to be understood—at one thousand miles, nothing may be heard at all. If the candle flame is blown out, communication is broken and the spell must be recast. Setting up such a line takes about two minutes.

SIX BRUTAL BYAKHEE**Damage Bonus:** +2D6 **Move:** 5/20 flying**Weapons:** Claw 35%, damage 1D6+2D6

Bite 35%, damage 1D6+2D6

	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	DEX	POW	HP
One	22	13	22	11	17	13	18
Two	21	14	27	12	16	12	21
Three	20	18	24	10	15	11	21
Four	23	12	31	11	14	12	22
Five	25	13	20	11	13	16	17
Six	21	12	33	10	12	10	23

Sanity Loss to See: 1/1D6 SAN.**SIX SNIGGERING THUGS**

All are male, average age 30, of sturdy size and physique. Sanities average 50.

Damage Bonus: +1D4**Weapons:** Small Club 60%, damage 1D6+1D4

Cosh (blackjack) 70%, damage 1D8+1D4

Small Knife 55%, damage 1D4+1D4

Skills: Bargain 50%, Climb 55%, Credit Rating 01%, Dodge 50%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 20%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Psychology 35%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 35%.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	13	12	12	13	11	12
Two	16	16	16	12	10	16
Three	14	10	12	11	9	11
Four	12	13	14	11	12	14
Five	13	13	13	11	10	13
Six	12	13	13	10	10	13

THOMAS LUTHWAITE, Age 318, Wizard & Waxworks Curator

STR 10 CON 9* SIZ 8 INT 16 POW 22

DEX 14 APP 8 EDU 20 SAN O HP *

* all damage is passed to Luthwaite's effigy.

Damage Bonus: +0**Weapons:** Kitchen Knife 60%, damage 1D6

Fire-Iron 70%, damage 1D6+1

Spells: Brew Space-Mead, Call Yog-Sothoth, Contact Ghoul, Create Gate, Create Mist of Releh, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Powder of Ibn-Ghazi, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Star Vampire, and Voorish Sign. *Various additional spells not relevant to the scenario involve wax statues, including some indecent and unnatural, which are left to the keeper.***Skills:** Alchemy 80%, Astronomy 40%, Chemistry 18%, Cthulhu Mythos 35%, Debate 65%, Dodge 44%, English 94%, English (Middle) 79%, English (Old) 57%, Greek (Classical) 80%, Hide 30%, History 70%, Latin (Classical) 90%, Library Use 80%, Linguist 40%, Occult 70%, Oratory 40%, Psychology 50%, Treat Poison 69%, Wax Sculpting 96%.**LUTHWAITE'S EFFIGY**

STR — CON ∞* SIZ 11 INT — POW 22*

DEX — APP — EDU — SAN — HP 8 (∞*)

* for purposes of resistance.

Luthwaite can transmit infinite damage to the effigy, which is never destroyed from that damage. But if the effigy loses its 8 hit points from damage done directly to it and not via Luthwaite, Luthwaite then dies.

NORMAN ARNETT, Police Constable

STR 15 CON 12 SIZ 15 INT 10 POW 10

DEX 09 APP 11 EDU 10 SAN 50 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4**Weapons:** Truncheon 65%, 1D6+1D4 damage.**Skills:** Bargain 55%, Debate 35%, English 60%, Law 15%, Psychology 40%, Ride Bicycle 35%, Spot Hidden 45%.**SIX ANGRY VILLAGERS, St. Just**

All are male, average age 37, of sturdy size and physique. Sanities average 60.

Damage Bonus: +1D4**Weapons:** Small Club 50%, damage 1D6+1D4

Fisherman's Knife 65%, damage 1D4+2+1D4

Pitchfork 35%, damage 1D6+2+1D4

Skills: Bargain 40%, Boating 45%, Climb 50%, Cornish 25%, Credit Rating 10%, Dodge 50%, English 55%, Farming 55%, Fast Talk 25%, Fishing 55%, Gossip 40%, Hide 10%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 55%, Psychology 25%, Sneak 5%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 50%.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	15	15	15	15	11	15
Two	12	13	13	14	10	13
Three	12	10	16	13	13	13
Four	13	12	14	12	12	13
Five	11	12	14	11	10	13
Six	14	11	15	10	10	14

SIX DIMENSIONAL SHAMBLERS**Damage Bonus:** +1D6 **Move:** 7**Weapons:** Claw 30%, damage 1D6+1D6**Spells:** Dread Curse of Azathoth, Shrivelling, or Flesh Ward—choose one per shambler.

	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	DEX	POW	HP
One	19	21	20	10	14	12	21
Two	20	24	19	10	14	14	22
Three	20	19	18	10	13	11	19
Four	21	18	18	10	13	9	18
Five	20	19	19	10	12	16	19
Six	17	23	22	10	12	10	23

Sanity Loss to See: 0/1D10 SAN.**JAMES POLSEAZE, Age 149, Cornish Wizard and Twin**

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 07 INT 17 POW 19

DEX 10 APP 08 EDU 18 SAN O HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0**Weapon:** Dagger 60%, damage 1D4+2**Skills:** Alchemy 60%, Astronomy 80%, Cornish 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 55%, Debate 75%, Drive Wagon 40%, English 89%, English (Middle) 80%, Greek (Classical) 50%, History 70%, Latin 70%, Library Use 80%, Occult 80%, Oratory 30%, Psychology 40%, Ride 45%.**Spells:** Brew Space-Mead, Call Hastur, Call Yog-Sothoth, Contact Ghoul, Create Gate, Create Mist of Releh, Deflect Harm, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Flesh Ward, Powder of Ibn-Ghazi, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Dark Young, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Voorish Sign.**ROBERT POLSEAZE, Age 149, Cornish Wizard and Twin**

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 07 INT 17 POW 19

DEX 10 APP 08 EDU 18 SAN O HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0**Weapons:** Dagger 65%, damage 1D4+2.**Skills:** Alchemy 50%, Astronomy 65%, Cornish 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 55%, Debate 70%, Drive Wagon 40%, English 80%, English (Middle) 80%, Greek (Classical) 60%, History 45%, Latin 75%, Li-

brary Use 81%, Occult 78%, Oratory 55%, Psychology 40%, Ride 45%.

Spells: Brew Space-Mead, Call Hastur, Call Yog-Sothoth, Contact Ghoul, Create Gate, Create Mist of Releh, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Find Gate, Flesh Ward, Powder of Ibn-Ghazi, Shriveling, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Dark Young, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Voorish Sign.

HOWARD TARRANT, Thaxted Landowner

STR 13 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 14
DEX 08 APP 10 EDU 15 SAN 0 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: 20-gauge Shotgun 55%, 2D6/1D6/1D3 damage.

Skills: Accounting 25%, Collect Arrears 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Debate 35%, English 75%, History 40%, Hunt Foxes 55%, Law 15%, Library Use 35%, Occult 20%, Oratory 40%, Psychology 40%, Ride 65%, Threaten Tenants 65%, Track 15%.

SIX GHOSTLY ZOOGS

Within the Sunken City, these zoogs act as would normal zoogs of the Dreamlands, but they take no damage and can be seen through.

Damage Bonus: -1D4 **Move:** 8

Weapons: Bite 40%, damage 1D4-1D4
Butcher Knife 35%, damage 1D6-1D4
Dart 45%, damage 1D6-1D4

	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	DEX	POW	HP
One	4	7	2	11	25	12	5
Two	5	9	3	11	24	13	6
Three	6	6	2	12	23	12	4
Four	3	10	1	13	23	10	6
Five	4	8	3	12	22	17	6
Six	5	10	3	9	22	11	7

Sanity Loss to See: 1D2/1D6 SAN.

THE CHILD, just after birth

STR 7 CON 65 SIZ 6 INT 24 POW 60
DEX 12* HP 36

* increases 1 point per hour to a maximum of 24.

Weapons: none.

Armor: can be harmed only by enchanted weapons or by magic.

Spells, Skills: none yet.

Bibliography

Non-Fiction: James Dyer, *The Penguin Guide to Prehistoric England and Wales*; Courlandt Conby, *A Guide to the Archaeological Sites of the British Isles*; David W. Lloyd, *Historic Towns of East Anglia*; Norman Scarfe, *Essex*; L.C.B. Seaman, *Life in Victorian London*.

Fiction: Arthur Machen, *The Novel of the Black Seal*; *The Red Hand*; and *The Shining Pyramid*; Garry Kilworth, "The Lord of the Dance," in *The Songbirds of Pain*; H.P. Lovecraft, *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*.

Apologies: to Andy Bennison for stealing the idea of "Jesus bids us shine" for my own foul purposes.

SEBASTIAN FEWKES, Portraitist *

* *Fewkes' body is on Earth and his mind is in the Dreamlands; keepers must decide the location of the relevant characteristic or skill. While he is so-split, halve all physical skills.*

STR 10 CON 9 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 12
DEX 14 APP 13 EDU 16 SAN 59 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapon: Berserk Flailing 30%, damage 1D4.

Skills: Accounting 15%, Anthropology 15%, Bargain 50%, Credit Rating 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 1%, Debate 20%, Dreaming 22%, Dream Lore 5%, English 90%, Fast Talk 55%, Flatter 55%, Get Commission 45%, Library Use 8%, Listen 40%, Oratory 35%, Paint Portrait 60%, Photography 16%, Psychology 35%, Spot Hidden 40%.

HOUND OF TINDALOS

STR 21 CON 32 SIZ 22 INT 18 POW 25
DEX 11 HP 27

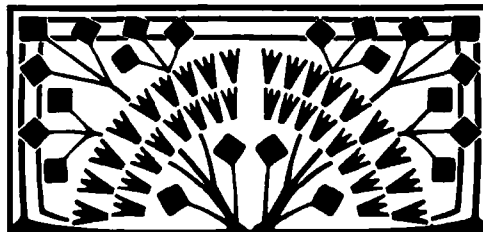
Weapons: Paw 90%, 2D6+ichor damage
Tongue 90%, 1D3 POW drain.

Armor: 2-point hide + regenerate 4 HP per combat round; invulnerable to physical attack except by enchanted weapons, but normally vulnerable to applicable magical attack.

Spells: Contact Chthonian, Contact Flying Polyp, Contact Formless Spawn, Contact Elder Thing, and 1D4 others not usable on Earth or not understandable by us.

Skills: Dodge 90%, Find Angle of Spacetime 90%, Jump 45%, Spot Hidden 90%, Track Through Spacetime 90%, and any 1D4 of the keeper's choosing.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D20 SAN.



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Procedure

- Take a fresh investigator sheet and write your name in the space provided on the left side. Many entries on the sheet will gradually change; use pencil.
- Higher characteristics mean more investigator Intelligence, Strength, Constitution, Power, etc. Roll three six-sided dice (abbreviated 3D6) for the characteristics STR, CON, POW, DEX, APP. Write in the results. Now roll 2D6+6 (two six-sided dice and add six to the result) each for SIZ and for INT; enter each total. Next roll 3D6+3 for EDU; enter the result. Finally, multiply POW x5 to derive SAN, the ninth characteristic; enter the result.
 - If the sum of the first eight characteristics is less than 100 and if your keeper agrees, distribute 3 more points among them. SAN may not increase. With the exceptions of SAN (99) and EDU (21), no characteristic exceeds 18.
 - In the magic points section, circle the number identical to the value for POW. In the Sanity points section, circle the number equal to the value for SAN.
- Choose the investigator's age, or roll 2D10+20 for it. As an option for an investigator older than 30, remove 1 point from a characteristic other than Sanity, and add 1 point to EDU, to a maximum of EDU 21.
- Multiply the value of INT by 5 to determine Idea; multiply POW by 5 to determine Luck; multiply EDU by 5 to determine Know. Write in those values.
- To determine damage bonus or penalty, total STR and SIZ, and consult below. Append the modifier to attack and melee weapons damages in the weapons section.
 - STR+SIZ / modifier*
 - 13-16 = -1D4
 - 17-24 = none
 - 25-32 = +1D4
 - 33-40 = +1D6
- For hit points, add SIZ to CON, divide by two, and round up any fraction. Circle the result in the hit points section.
- Keeping in mind the characteristics you just rolled, choose whether your investigator is male or female.
- Now decide whether or not he or she owes allegiance to the British Empire; a subject of the Empire gets more servants, contacts, property, and identity than do Americans, Italians, and other foreigners. A Crown subject may be British-born or a colonial from South Africa, India, etc., as you choose.
- Roll 1D10 to determine income level in pounds sterling: a result of 1 = £1000, a result of 2 = £2000, and so on. The investigator's income for this year is in his or her pocket or purse. (A pound sterling in the 1890s equaled \$5 U.S., and bought approximately 25 times more than today.) In the 1890s, even £1000 is an excellent income, approaching Upper Class; in comparison, the average yearly Middle Class income is about £170. A casual laborer makes less than £100 per year.
- Now multiply that 1D10 income result times 10, and enter the number beside Credit Rating, in the investigator skills section, adding the parenthesized 15 to the total. Credit Rating cannot exceed 99; points above that amount are lost.
- If you rolled a 10 for income and your investigator is a Crown subject, he or she inherits the title of Baronet, written as "Sir —, Baronet / Bart. / Bt." or "Dame —" etc. (for game purposes, allow females complete equality of inheritance). Create the story of how and when (May, 1611 or later) an ancestor obtained the title. If not a subject of the Crown, the investigator gets the money but not the title.
- Name your investigator.
- Choose an investigator occupation from the following: Lovecraft's work often included men of such professions. Other occupations are possible, but your keeper must create or locate a new skills list for each new occupation; to save work and time, select one already prepared.
 - AUTHOR:** English, History, Library Use, Oratory, Other Language, Psychology, 2 other skills.
 - DILETTANTE:** any 5 skills.
 - DOCTOR of MEDICINE:** Biology, Credit Rating, Diagnose Disease, First Aid, Latin, Pharmacy, Psychoanalysis, Psychology, Treat Disease, Treat Poison.
 - HISTORIAN / ANTIQUARIAN:** Bargain, History, Law, Library Use, Make Maps, 2 Other Languages, 1 other skill.

JOURNALIST: Debate, English, Fast Talk, Oratory, one Other Language, Psychology, 2 other skills.

LAWYER / SOLICITOR: Accounting, Credit Rating, Debate, Fast Talk, Latin, Law, Library Use, Oratory, Psychology.

PARAPSYCHOLOGIST / ALIENIST: Anthropology, Archaeology, Biology, First Aid, Library Use, Occult, one Other Language, Psychoanalysis, Psychology, Treat Disease.

INVESTIGATOR / CONSULTING DETECTIVE: Accounting, Camouflage, Credit Rating, Fast Talk, First Aid, Hide, Law, Listen, Psychology, Sneak, Spot Hidden, 1 Handgun.

PROFESSOR / ACADEMICIAN: Anthropology, Archaeology, Astronomy, Biology, Botany, Chemistry, Debate, French, Geology, German, History, Latin, Library Use, Law, Linguist, Occult, Physics, Zoology.

Language skills assume facility in reading and writing as well as in speaking, if the language has a written form.

- Allocate a total of EDU x15 points only among those skills listed for the chosen occupation; of them, choose only skills you want. On the investigator sheet, skills show appended parenthetical amounts, zero or better; for instance, all investigators start with at least 25 points of Throw, and hence have at least a 25% chance to Throw successfully, while no one begins with any skill in Archaeology. These skills amounts represent abilities common to everyone—add to them the points you allot, and write the totals in the blanks to the right. Since no one knows everything, no skill is ever higher than 99. Cthulhu Mythos excepted, a higher skill value always is better. Note that the initial amounts of two skills, Dodge and English, are functions of the value for DEX and EDU, respectively.

The parenthesized amounts on the investigator sheet are exactly the same as the percentage amounts on the selected weapons table. Both represent skills points, treatable as percentiles. A D100 roll equal to or less than the skill amount means that the investigator successfully used the skill. Only the keeper decides when a skill roll is necessary.

- Now multiply INT x5; these points reflect personal interests. Except for Cthulhu Mythos, allot these points among the skills, including weapons and attacks. Together, the investigator sheet and weapons table list all skills available to investigators.
- An investigator has personal property in an amount of ten times yearly income. One-tenth of that total is already banked, as cash. Another tenth is in stocks, bonds, and personal notes, convertible to cash in no less than thirty days or as the keeper disposes. The remaining eight-tenths is in land, property, a fine residence, jewelry, old books, etc., heirlooms and symbols of family pride and achievement not to be turned into cash lightly, and not without loss of considerable Credit Rating.
- Is the investigator in love? Betrothed? Married? Are there children? Lost loves? Have tragedies occurred?
- This entry pertains only to investigators who are British subjects, though the ideas can be applied to investigators of other nationalities. As decisions concerning this material

occur in the days or weeks to come, write them down on the back of the investigator sheet.

A sumptuous flat, luxurious town-home, spacious villa, or glittering mansion needs servants—one per £1000 of income. Positions might include manservant or lady's maid, butler, housekeeper, chauffeur, downstairs maid, gardener, cook or chef, personal secretary, stable boy, upstairs maid, scullery maid, and paid companion (a post useful to female investigators who wish to travel respectably; this last position often devolves on a poor relation who is all the more reliable because she is family). As servants acquire names, personalities, and functions, write them down.

A Paid Companion skills list might look like this: Accounting, Bargain, English, Library Use, one Other Language, Psychology, one other skill.

For Manservant, try Bargain, Fast Talk, Fist/Punch, Mechanical Repair, Psychology, Spot Hidden, one other skill.

What schools did the investigator attend, and for how long? Were degrees taken? Were tutors influential?

The investigator has four good friends important in United Kingdom government, finance, the arts, the courts, the Church of England, the military, or academia. Over time choose their names, positions, and personalities

Did the investigator have combat or military intelligence experience? Did he or she serve in a war? What rank or position? Were there wounds? Mentions in dispatches?

Who are the investigator's family? What is their origin? Gradually write down fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, living or dead. A baronet is likely the oldest survivor in the line. Friends and relatives offer convenient personalities if investigators must be retired.

What is the investigator's religion? Baronets generally will be Church of England, since that is the faith of the aristocracy, though several proud families of Catholic tradition exist. Given such high incomes, Dissenters will be rare. From time to time, keepers may modify Credit Rating for faith; in this era, only Church of England predictably retains full Credit Rating in dealing with British authorities.

- A visiting foreign investigator brings income, a letter of credit in the amount of his or her savings, a single servant, and an inability to speak proper English. Each such investigator has one well-connected friend in the United Kingdom; figure out who. The investigator stays in a hotel appropriate to his or her Credit Rating; name it.
 - What is the investigator like? Examine the characteristics and skills for hints. Is she or he quiet, rowdy, lusty, stuffy, respectable, brilliant, erratic, mystical, charitable, money-grubbing, short, dark, tall, pale, good-looking, ugly, plain, dowdy, elegant, punctilious, frenzied, chivalric, nervous, intellectual, brawny, vigorous, mousy, courteous, impulsive, excitable, foolish, bald, bearded, thin, crippled, hairy, sleek?
- CTHULHU BY GASLIGHT* includes price lists, occupational skills lists for many diverse sorts of people, London locations, maps, and much more. Take specific questions first to it. The 1910-11 *Britannica* reflects the mind-set of the times; though since superseded especially in the sciences, the 11th edition is superbly written and remains the finest encyclopedia ever published in English. ●

SKILLS: Personal Attacks & Selected Weapons

	starting skill points	hit points destroyed per successful attack	base range of attack	attacks per round	bullets in gun	HPs resisting attack	£ cost of weapon	MF
HAND-TO-HAND (Melee)								
Fist/Punch	50	1D3+db†	touch	1	—	—	—	—
Head Butt	10	1D4+db	touch	1	—	—	—	—
Kick	25	1D6+db	touch	1	—	—	—	—
Grapple	25	special	touch	1	—	—	—	—
Fencing Foil*, sharpened	20	1D6+1+db	touch	1	—	10	15s.	—
Sword Cane*	20	1D6+db	touch	1	—	10	£2	—
Rapier / Heavy Epee*	10	1D6+1+db	touch	1	—	15	£1 2s.	—
Cavalier Sabre	15	1D8+1+db	touch	1	—	20	£3	—
Cavalry Lance*	10	1D8+1+1D6**	touch	1	—	15	£3T	—
Wood Axe	20	1D8+2+db	touch	1	—	15	3/2	—
Hatchet / Sickle	20	1D6+1+db	touch	1	—	12	1/6	—
Fighting Knife* (dirk, etc.)	20	1D4+2+db	touch	1	—	15	6s.	—
Butcher Knife*	25	1D6+db	touch	1	—	12	1s.	—
Small Knife* (switchblade, etc.)	25	1D4+db	touch	1	—	9	12d.	—
Pocketknife*	25	1D3+db	touch	1	—	6	10d.	—
Cosh (life-preserver, blackjack)	40	1D8+db	touch	1	—	4	4d.	—
Cricket Bat / Poker	25	1D8+db	touch	1	—	20	6s.	—
Nightstick / Small Club	25	1D6+db	touch	1	—	15	10s.	—
Garrote	15	strangle***	touch	1	—	1	1s.	—
Quoit	25	1D8+1	Throw%	2	—	15	1s.	—
HANDGUNS*								
.22 Revolver	20	1D6	10 yards	3	6	10	£2	00
.25 Derringer (1B)	20	1D6	5 yards	1	1	5	£1 6s.	00
.32 Revolver	20	1D8	15 yards	3	6	10	£2 6s.	00
.38 Revolver	20	1D10	15 yards	2	6	10	£3	00
.41 Revolver	20	1D10	15 yards	1	6	10	£4	00
.45 Revolver	20	1D10+2	15 yards	1	6	10	£4 6s.	00
RIFLES*								
.22 Bolt-Action Rifle	10	1D6+2	30 yards	1	6	9	£3	99
.30 Lever-Action Carbine	10	2D6	50 yards	1	6	8	£5	98
Moran's Air Rifle *	10	2D6+1	20 yards	1/3	1	7	£22	88
.30-06 Bolt-Action Rifle	10	2D6+3	100 yards	1/2	5	12	£6	00
Elephant Gun (2B)	10	3D6+3	100 yards	1 or 2	2	12	£20	00
SHOTGUNS☆								
20-gauge Shotgun (2B)	30	2D6/1D6/1D3	10/20/50 yards	1 or 2	2	8	£3	00
12-gauge Shotgun (2B)	30	4D6/2D6/1D6	10/20/50 yards	1 or 2	2	10	£6	00

† +db — plus damage bonus, which varies by investigator; some have zero, or even a minus rating.

special — see grapple rules in rulesbook.

* — this weapon or class of weapon can impale, doing double damage on a skill roll result of one-fifth or less than the investigator's current level. Shotguns do not impale.

** — the listed damage bonus assumes use from horseback.

*** — use rulesbook drowning procedure to determine hit point loss or death.

* — uses compressed air rather than explosive propellant, achieving relatively silent operation.

1B, 2B — one barrel, two barrels.

1/2, 1/3 — can be accurately fired every second/third round.

1 or 2 — one or both barrels can be fired in the same round.

MF = Malfunction Number — with any attack die roll result equal to or higher than the firing weapon's malfunction number, the shooter does not merely miss: his or her weapon does not fire. If the weapon is a revolver, break-open gun, or bolt-action rifle, the problem is merely a dud round. If the weapon is lever-action, the malfunction is a jam. [] Fixing a jam takes 1D6 combat rounds plus a successful Mechanical Repair roll or appropriate firearm skill roll (e.g., one's Rifle skill could fix a jammed rifle). The user can keep trying until succeeding destroying the mechanism on a Mechanical Repair result of 96-00.

☆ — in Britain, gauge is spoken of as *bore*.

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Language skills assume facility in reading and writing as well as in speaking, if the language has a written form.

- Allocate a total of EDU x15 points only among those skills listed for the chosen occupation; of them, choose only skills you want. On the investigator sheet, skills show appended parenthetical amounts, zero or better; for instance, all investigators start with at least 25 points of Throw, and hence have at least a 25% chance to Throw successfully, while no one begins with any skill in Archaeology. These skills amounts represent abilities common to everyone—add to them the points you allot, and write the totals in the blanks to the right. Since no one knows everything, no skill is ever higher than 99. Cthulhu Mythos excepted, a higher skill value always is better. Note that the initial amounts of two skills, Dodge and English, are functions of the value for DEX and EDU, respectively.

The parenthesized amounts on the investigator sheet are exactly the same as the percentage amounts on the selected weapons table. Both represent skills points, treatable as percentages. A D100 roll equal to or less than the skill amount means that the investigator successfully used the skill. Only the keeper decides when a skill roll is necessary.

- Now multiply INT x5; these points reflect personal interests. Except for Cthulhu Mythos, allot these points among the skills, including weapons and attacks. Together, the investigator sheet and weapons table list all skills available to investigators.
- An investigator has personal property in an amount of ten times yearly income. One-tenth of that total is already banked, as cash. Another tenth is in stocks, bonds, and personal notes, convertible to cash in no less than thirty days or as the keeper disposes. The remaining eight-tenths is in land, property, a fine residence, jewelry, old books, etc., heirlooms and symbols of family pride and achievement not to be turned into cash lightly, and not without loss of considerable Credit Rating.
- Is the investigator in love? Betrothed? Married? Are there children? Lost loves? Have tragedies occurred?
- This entry pertains only to investigators who are British subjects, though the ideas can be applied to investigators of other nationalities. As decisions concerning this material

occur in the days or weeks to come, write them down on the back of the investigator sheet.

A sumptuous flat, luxurious town-home, spacious villa, or glittering mansion needs servants—one per £1000 of income. Positions might include manservant or lady's maid, butler, housekeeper, chauffeur, downstairs maid, gardener, cook or chef, personal secretary, stable boy, upstairs maid, scullery maid, and paid companion (a post useful to female investigators who wish to travel respectably; this last position often devolves on a poor relation who is all the more reliable because she is family). As servants acquire names, personalities, and functions, write them down.

A Paid Companion skills list might look like this: Accounting, Bargain, English, Library Use, one Other Language, Psychology, one other skill.

For Manservant, try Bargain, Fast Talk, Fist/Punch, Mechanical Repair, Psychology, Spot Hidden, one other skill.

What schools did the investigator attend, and for how long? Were degrees taken? Were tutors influential?

The investigator has four good friends important in United Kingdom government, finance, the arts, the courts, the Church of England, the military, or academia. Over time choose their names, positions, and personalities

Did the investigator have combat or military intelligence experience? Did he or she serve in a war? What rank or position? Were there wounds? Mentions in dispatches?

Who are the investigator's family? What is their origin? Gradually write down fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, living or dead. A baronet is likely the oldest survivor in the line. Friends and relatives offer convenient personalities if investigators must be retired.

What is the investigator's religion? Baronets generally will be Church of England, since that is the faith of the aristocracy, though several proud families of Catholic tradition exist. Given such high incomes, Dissenters will be rare. From time to time, keepers may modify Credit Rating for faith; in this era, only Church of England predictably retains full Credit Rating in dealing with British authorities.

- A visiting foreign investigator brings income, a letter of credit in the amount of his or her savings, a single servant, and an inability to speak proper English. Each such investigator has one well-connected friend in the United Kingdom; figure out who. The investigator stays in a hotel appropriate to his or her Credit Rating; name it.
 - What is the investigator like? Examine the characteristics and skills for hints. Is she or he quiet, rowdy, lusty, stuffy, respectable, brilliant, erratic, mystical, charitable, money-grubbing, short, dark, tall, pale, good-looking, ugly, plain, dowdy, elegant, punctilious, frenzied, chivalric, nervous, intellectual, brawny, vigorous, mousy, courteous, impulsive, excitable, foolish, bald, bearded, thin, crippled, hairy, sleek?
- CTHULHU BY GASLIGHT* includes price lists, occupational skills lists for many diverse sorts of people, London locations, maps, and much more. Take specific questions first to it. The 1910-11 *Britannica* reflects the mind-set of the times; though since superseded especially in the sciences, the 11th edition is superbly written and remains the finest encyclopedia ever published in English. ●

CALL of CTHULHU®

Investigator Name _____ Sex _____
 Occupation _____ Age _____
 Colleges _____ Degrees _____
 Nationality _____
 Identifying Marks or Scars _____
 Mythos Tomes Studied _____

Player Name _____

INVESTIGATOR CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS

STR _____ DEX _____ INT _____ Idea _____
 CON _____ APP _____ POW _____ Luck _____
 SIZ _____ SAN _____ EDU _____ Know _____
 Damage Bonus/Penalty _____

MAGIC POINTS

Unconscious = 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 20 21 22 23

HIT POINTS

UNCONSCIOUS

Dead = 0 1 2 3 4
 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
 12 13 14 15 16 17 18
 19 20 21 22 23 24 25

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Linguist (0) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (0) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Listen (25) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (0) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Make Maps (10) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Astronomy (0) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Repair (20) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bargain (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Biology (0) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Operate Hvy. Machine (0) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Botany (0) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Oratory (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Camouflage (25) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Other Languages (0): _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry (0) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Climb (40) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Credit Rating (15) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cthulhu Mythos (0) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy (0) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Debate (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Photography (10) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Diagnose Disease (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Physics (0) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dreaming (POW) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Pick Pocket (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dream Lore (1/2 Mythos) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Pilot Balloon (0) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (DEX x2) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis (0) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Drive Carriage (20) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychology (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Repair (0) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Ride (20) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> English (EDU x5) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Sing (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Sneak (10) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Geology (0) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Swim (25) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hide (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Throw (25) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> History (20) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Track (10) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Jump (25) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Treat Disease (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Treat Poison (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (25) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Zoology (0) _____ |

SANITY POINTS

Permanent Insanity = 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22
 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32
 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42
 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52
 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62
 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72
 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82
 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92
 93 94 95 96 97 98 99
 (20% current SAN: _____)

INVESTIGATOR PORTRAIT

ATTACKS & WEAPONS

attack type or weapon name	current skill %	HP destroyed per successful attack	base range	attacks per round	shots in gun	malfunc. number	hit points of item
Fist / Punch (50)	_____	_____	touch	1	_____	_____	_____
Head Butt (10)	_____	_____	touch	1	_____	_____	_____
Kick (25)	_____	_____	touch	1	_____	_____	_____
Grapple (25)	_____	_____	touch	1	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

NOTES

Cash on Hand _____

Spells _____

Mental Disorders _____

SKILLS: Personal Attacks & Selected Weapons

	starting skill points	hit points destroyed per successful attack	base range of attack	attacks per round	bullets in gun	HPs resisting attack	£ cost of weapon	MF
HAND-TO-HAND (Melee)								
Fist/Punch	50	1D3+db†	touch	1	—	—	—	—
Head Butt	10	1D4+db	touch	1	—	—	—	—
Kick	25	1D6+db	touch	1	—	—	—	—
Grapple	25	special	touch	1	—	—	—	—
Fencing Foil*, sharpened	20	1D6+1+db	touch	1	—	10	15s.	—
Sword Cane*	20	1D6+db	touch	1	—	10	£2	—
Rapier / Heavy Epee*	10	1D6+1+db	touch	1	—	15	£1 2s.	—
Cavalier Sabre	15	1D8+1+db	touch	1	—	20	£3	—
Cavalry Lance*	10	1D8+1+1D6**	touch	1	—	15	£3T	—
Wood Axe	20	1D8+2+db	touch	1	—	15	3/2	—
Hatchet / Sickle	20	1D6+1+db	touch	1	—	12	1/6	—
Fighting Knife* (dirk, etc.)	20	1D4+2+db	touch	1	—	15	6s.	—
Butcher Knife*	25	1D6+db	touch	1	—	12	1s.	—
Small Knife* (switchblade, etc.)	25	1D4+db	touch	1	—	9	12d.	—
Pocketknife*	25	1D3+db	touch	1	—	6	10d.	—
Cosh (life-preserver, blackjack)	40	1D8+db	touch	1	—	4	4d.	—
Cricket Bat / Poker	25	1D8+db	touch	1	—	20	6s.	—
Nightstick / Small Club	25	1D6+db	touch	1	—	15	10s.	—
Garrote	15	strangle***	touch	1	—	1	1s.	—
Quoit	25	1D8+1	Throw%	2	—	15	1s.	—
HANDGUNS*								
.22 Revolver	20	1D6	10 yards	3	6	10	£2	00
.25 Derringer (1B)	20	1D6	5 yards	1	1	5	£1 6s.	00
.32 Revolver	20	1D8	15 yards	3	6	10	£2 6s.	00
.38 Revolver	20	1D10	15 yards	2	6	10	£3	00
.41 Revolver	20	1D10	15 yards	1	6	10	£4	00
.45 Revolver	20	1D10+2	15 yards	1	6	10	£4 6s.	00
RIFLES*								
.22 Bolt-Action Rifle	10	1D6+2	30 yards	1	6	9	£3	99
.30 Lever-Action Carbine	10	2D6	50 yards	1	6	8	£5	98
Moran's Air Rifle *	10	2D6+1	20 yards	1/3	1	7	£22	88
.30-06 Bolt-Action Rifle	10	2D6+3	100 yards	1/2	5	12	£6	00
Elephant Gun (2B)	10	3D6+3	100 yards	1 or 2	2	12	£20	00
SHOTGUNS☆								
20-gauge Shotgun (2B)	30	2D6/1D6/1D3	10/20/50 yards	1 or 2	2	8	£3	00
12-gauge Shotgun (2B)	30	4D6/2D6/1D6	10/20/50 yards	1 or 2	2	10	£6	00

† +db — plus damage bonus, which varies by investigator; some have zero, or even a minus rating.

special — see grapple rules in rulesbook.

* — this weapon or class of weapon can impale, doing double damage on a skill roll result of one-fifth or less than the investigator's current level. Shotguns do not impale.

** — the listed damage bonus assumes use from horseback.

*** — use rulesbook drowning procedure to determine hit point loss or death.

* — uses compressed air rather than explosive propellant, achieving relatively silent operation.

1B, 2B — one barrel, two barrels.

1/2, 1/3 — can be accurately fired every second/third round.

1 or 2 — one or both barrels can be fired in the same round.

MF = Malfunction Number — with any attack die roll result equal to or higher than the firing weapon's malfunction number, the shooter does not merely miss: his or her weapon does not fire. If the weapon is a revolver, break-open gun, or bolt-action rifle, the problem is merely a dud round. If the weapon is lever-action, the malfunction is a jam. [] Fixing a jam takes 1D6 combat rounds plus a successful Mechanical Repair roll or appropriate firearm skill roll (e.g., one's Rifle skill could fix a jammed rifle). The user can keep trying until succeeding destroying the mechanism on a Mechanical Repair result of 96-00.

☆ — in Britain, gauge is spoken of as *bore*.



HANDOUTS

EYES #1

My honored friend Jeremiah,
By the time you read this I fear that I shall be dead. But the time has come to act. Nystor Ferenez means to raise the Dulcannon, with incalculable consequences. He boasted much in his converse with me, and now I fear I know too much for his liking. Olaus Wormius I have instructed Horatio to ride and by now he should have destroyed the Green Man if all has gone well. I have buried the other things at Robin Hood's Bower; you know where. Go quickly and beware of blind men who are not what they seem.

Elias

EYES #2

INFANTS IN THE POST

Alerted by the strange noises emanating from a parcel in his van, a railway guard last night discovered that it contained two unconscious children, a boy and a girl, neither of the pair more than a few months in age.

The police at Henley are most interested in speaking to anyone who can shed any light on this matter.

The babies were both alive and little the worse for their ordeal, provision for their breathing having been made, and they have been taken to Henley Old Orphanage, whereto anyone who can render assistance in the matter of their parentage should apply.

The parcel was addressed to Mr James O'Callaghan, care of Henley Post Office. It had been posted in the London area. Postal inspector Michael Perles expressed the opinion that the name is likely to be false. Other officers suggested that the mailing would prove to be someone's ignorant attempt to save money on a ticket.

Investigations continue today.

EYES #3

SCHOLAR DIES IN CAB ACCIDENT

Dr Elias Cartwright, a well-respected academic and student of metaphysics, died yesterday afternoon shortly after being knocked down by a hansom cab. Eyewitnesses said that Dr Cartwright appeared to lose his footing near to the edge of the kerb, and fell directly into the horse's path. The unfortunate man was speedily conveyed to hospital but the injuries proved fatal.

The funeral will be held on the 28th of the month at Mortlake Cemetery. Dr Cartwright was a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and an ex-Professor of Medieval Studies. Only 67, he was considered still to have much great work to come. He leaves a son.

EYES #8

Horrible Canal Find At Newbury

A cloth sack whose contents were of a singularly revolting nature was yesterday discovered by a barge owner on the Kennet and Avon canal at Newbury. He pulled the sack on board his vessel, having observed it floating downstream. Shockingly, it proved to contain the bodies of two infant males, both of whom had been dead for several days.

The Inspector in charge of the case has expressed a deep disgust at the nature of the deed and has said that every effort will be made to trace the author. The police desire to speak with any members of the fair camped in the meadows nearby who might have noticed any suspicious occurrences. The inquiry continues.

A police doctor examining the bodies expressed the opinion that it was the work of a surgeon of the highest calibre, but he offered no suggestion as to why anyone should perpetrate such revolting acts. Each was systematically mutilated in a fashion unfit to state publicly.

EYES #4

My dear son Horatio;

Be warned that despite the appearance of post of this note, I am still of sound mind and good judgment. By the time you read this, I will be dead. Unless someone has been very careless, you probably think of my death as an unfortunate accident. I assure you that it was nothing of the kind. Do not waste your time with the police, however, as those responsible are wise to have covered their tracks well, and nothing will come of any investigations. Instead, please obey the following instructions to the letter. I assure you it is of the utmost importance that they be carried out. You were always a good and dutiful son to me in life. For the love of God do not fail me now.

First, go into the main library and look along the top shelf on the wall facing the window. On the far right hand end you will find a book in an unmarked black jacket, quite large. On no account are you even to glance at the contents. Instead, hide it somewhere safe. Do not show it to anyone, with one exception: My friend Mr. Oldacre from Henley, whom I believe you have met once or twice, should call and ask for it, he is to be given it without delay or question.

Secondly, you are to go as quickly as possible by train to Stour, and look yourself into the

Grand Lion Hotel for the night. Do not use your own name in the register. Any other will do. In the morning, rise very early, about 5 A.M., and open the package you see before you. It contains a candle and a piece of paper with writing on. Light the candle and whisper aloud three times the verse upon the paper. Then leave it once. Do not extinguish the candle. Report for London on the night train.

Thirdly, when you have done this, please deliver the envelope to my friend Mr. Oldacre. Deliver it yourself; do not trust the post. And be quite sure to place it into his hands and no other. He is absent when you call, try again later.

Please do all these things as soon as possible, and further please take great care for your safety as there are many who would wish ill upon you. I should not advise staying in the hotel; instead put it on the market. You may well find it much easier to sell than the estate agents expect. I implore you once more not to disappoint me at the last,

Your loving father, {Lear

EYES #5

Baby-Farmers Case

Bizarre Defense

By Our Correspondent

Yesterday in the continuing trial of Pearly and Issobel Grubbe, the couple from the Ratcliffe Highway, the accused were at last brought to the stand to give testimony. Under examination, each admitted that they relieved women of easy virtue of unwanted offspring, and that they paid five shillings per such infant to the mother.

The Grubbes denied mistreating or disposing of the little ones, however, swearing that they kept them for a few months then sold them to a mysterious blind man in black for a sovereign each. Their description of this visitor was vague, a blind man in a smart black suit and tinted spectacles, who spoke lowly and hoarsely.

The couple maintained that there was nothing criminal in what they had done, despite persistent

cross-examination from Mr Arthur Lyall, Q.C., Counsel for the Prosecution.

The hearing continues tomorrow.

Readers doubtless recall other public revelations of this traffic in helpless humanity. Such children, orphans or those unwanted by lubricitous parents, have often been sold to sweeps or other employers of children upon reaching usable age. We may be dubious of any concern for their welfare in such transactions.

Prosecution of such cases is difficult while casual adoption remains legal. Only when death can be shown to directly result from baby-farmer negligence have successful prosecutions been made in the courts. The difficulty of obtaining proof acceptable to a court of law may readily be imagined.

... And similarly that beast which is named Dulcarnon, to whom the ancient druids made sacrifice in Britain's elder days, sleeps beneath the hill that Merlyn raised to hold him. Yet it is written in the Tablets of Aelda that he shall awaken and that time shall be dread surpassing all the dreams of men.

EYES #6

EYES #7

Dear Jeremiah,

You are my hope to avert the doom of Dulcarnon. Let this vial be your last resort in time of direst need. So use it, break the top and smell of it, then strike the rhythms revealed on the parchment. This will take much practice, I fear, for you may make no errors. Once taken, from the remedy of this extreme appeal there is no retreat.

Elias

MENACE #1

East Indies Steamship Co.

London ♦ Port Said ♦ Bombay ♦ Singapore ♦ Sydney ♦ Hong Kong



PASSENGER RECEIPT

Ship Name Maie Louise
 Captain Gregson Purser R. Whitby
 Issuing Agent R.M. Office of Issue Singapore
 Issuing Officer's Signature B. Bunn
 Destination London Date of Issue 1/19/24
 Date of Departure 1/10 Date of Arrival 1/12

Second Class

ITINERARY AND SERVICE

Alex + Mrs. Windshaker

No Passengers

2

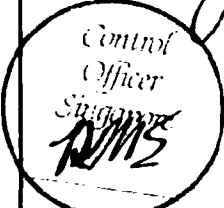
LUGGAGE STORED

5 Large crates

Passage

£32 6s

14



£39 10s

Collection Made

MENACE #3

Plague Threatens East End

Late this afternoon the bodies of two unidentified men were discovered in its basement by the landlord of a tenement building at 14 Bridge Street, E.

Eyewitnesses at the scene claimed, before the premises were closed by the police, that the deceased bore the signs of the Black Death—bubonic plague.

Scotland Yard have appointed Insp. Athelney Jones in charge of the case. He urged the local populace to "remain calm," since "everything is under control."

The plague occurs occasionally in London as infected individuals arrive, but our vigilant medical practitioners give this dread disease no chance of establishment. Several decades ago an entire ship docking at Whitby proved to be victimized by plague.

MENACE #2

Alfred Windebank's Diary

ENTRY — The results continue to be fruitful. My collection grows each day, each new island containing more unrecorded species. Surely the RGS will be pleased.

Susan, too, is very happy. She has a natural gift for illuminating the Scriptures, and our servants gather eagerly each day to listen to her stories.

Granger mentioned today that his work has taken an unexpected direction, but waits to describe the situation until he can present the matter systematically.

ENTRY — Granger believes that he is close to a great discovery.

ENTRY — Dr. Granger has disappeared. Our servants and helpers are frightened, and wish to leave. What a strange situation! Susan and I have determined to continue searching for our colleague.

ENTRY — Offering not a word of apology for disrupting our work, Granger turned up today, tired and withdrawn. He refused to be drawn out concerning his disappearance. We are insulted.

ENTRY — This is the fourth time Granger has left without informing us; we no longer bother to care about him personally, but Susan especially worries about the fate of a white man alone in these climes.

Though I have not told my innocent darling, I begin to suspect Granger of disgraceful conduct. All this coming and going may be nothing more significant than extended visits to a paramour. We must sail soon, and he fritters away the opportunity of a lifetime!

ENTRY — Susan told me today that she had several times in the past week caught Granger casting lecherous glances at her, and that today Granger made a blunt suggestion which allowed for no misinterpretation by her. Even as my wife, she refused to repeat the words the cad used. I have informed this once-civilized man that such ways may obtain in the bush, *but our camp is English*. He will conduct himself accordingly or answer to me.

ENTRY — I didn't recognise a single person. He said that he had to replace them all, as they were becoming shiftier and untrustworthy. I lost my temper, accusing him of acting like a bandit. He should have consulted me first. My work is disrupted without Lalit to do the mountings as I have taught him. The Secretary to the RGS shall hear of this in detail.

ENTRY — We and Granger no longer speak. He is ragged and tired-looking. I think he has lost several stones, as his clothes do not seem to fit as they did.

ENTRY — We have reached Padang. I chiefly blame myself for these troubles. Granger has clearly gone mad, yet I find it impossible to denounce a fellow Englishman here at what seems the end of the world. Dear Susan has been my strength and guide throughout.

ENTRY — Susan had entertained some hope of diverting him from his perverted course, but to no avail. Each small sound brings back to us the fear of that night we had thought left behind. But I have run out of ink. I shall continue this journal when I can.

MENACE #4

Robbery At The Norris Hotel

Police report that professional cracksmen last night bound a Norris Hotel clerk and made off with the contents of the hotel safe.

This morning the manager of the Norris Hotel refused comment concerning losses, terming them trifling and to be made good at once by the Hotel. He evidenced the most profound concern for the upset to guests, and stated that the most stringent precautions would be taken to prevent any recurrence.

MENACE #5

STOP PRESS**Another
Plague Victim**

The body of a man of condition similar to previous plague victims has been found on the Thames Estuary, near the foot of Emsworth Street.

Though police are withholding the name of the victim, he is dressed as a cabman, and apparently has been dead not more than a few hours.

Evidence at the scene, police say, shows he collapsed near the water, and did not wash up.

LORD #1

What You Know About Dorothy Amis

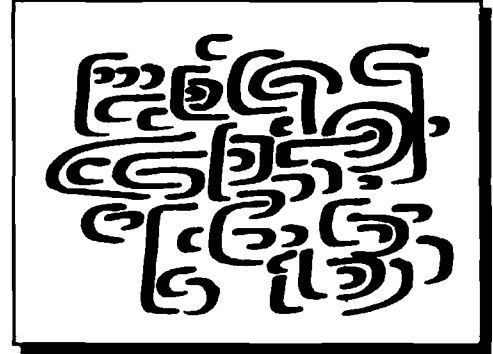
Dorothy Amis is 27, with pale features, dark eyes, and long black hair. Although reasonably bright, she tends to be shy and nervous. Her parents are rich, and support her comfortably. She has never worked.



She has always had an interest in the arts. She has never shown great ability with pen or brush, but her friends are usually people in the London art scene.

Sebastian Fewkes, a well-regarded young portraitist, became her lover about six months ago. The match was not expected to last; Fewkes' bad temper is widely known, and Amis' exasperating passivity was expected to regularly enrage him. Oddly enough, this did not happen, or has not happened yet.

LORD #3



LORD #7

whereby, y^e Heade may Nouris & potencie Breate, thus
 were, & have yainst. Nettle know howe F hat within it
 depenteth the Beyond and Cometh here, yethonnet
 resolved y^e Lure doth holdeth Still alike Sprung
 Clocke and Water Clocke, lie and cackered, same
 Motilitie as if radid, & Lipe beyonde Soeth as
 Whilom. A Furning he made alure, it undeth
 y^e Call and Thowr Answereth a Thing Horrible
 and of hire Misage and Blasphe Keenere which
 haveth its waye. Nowe my Gainsayth it, save
 onlie that Nour yha onet & n'ermore avers
 in man's after King David; MANAGIH IPRAS
 CENAMA NOLIM LARVA and Maketh Plaine His
 Wille in this, or clewies Hurlth it as at Bowls
 a rod or Greater for Proximitate Mali

LORD #6

depeneth the Beyond and Cometh here, yethonnet
 resolved y^e Lure doth holdeth Still alike Sprung
 Clocke and Water Clocke, lie and cackered, same
 Motilitie as if radid, & Lipe beyonde Soeth as
 Whilom. A Furning he made alure, it undeth
 y^e Call and Thowr Answereth a Thing Horrible
 and of hire Misage and

F hat within it

LORD #2

Divers Notes on y^e Mirror from Rengino, his VIIth Chapter &c. -
 According to thereof, y^e Mirror brought to Europe by Eastern
 sojourners and be of greatest Antiquity. It saith it maye be used
 to Imprison Spirit or Essence of any Thing which hath Fine
 humours, save it needes possess a Facultie of Seizing. To accomplish,
 y^e Mirror shall be plac'd so that y^e Subject shall see his very
 Reflection therein. Then Conjuror sayeth IIJ'IA'KTISK
 SH'NA IOK'SO-TOTT and State shall Subject Soul be
 Exempted and as Sign thereof all who look upon the Glass shall
 see double a Life-man of y^e Victim within. These Physicall Change
 of y^e Imprison'd shall be a Mind-less Slave to that Conjuror's, and
 do as Bid in alle Things. y^e Sage sayeth above that those plac'd in said
 Mirror are Releas'd Weepe to any Magicks that shall be perform'd on
 them. Onlie one victim shall be kept therein at any time, but
 this State of Matt'ne doth laste untill release of Imprison'd
 Gentle of y^e merit, save of y^e Name, which is to Saye HAA
 SH'NA KTISK STA II'IOK'SO-TOTT in voice Gravelic
 Emphatical.

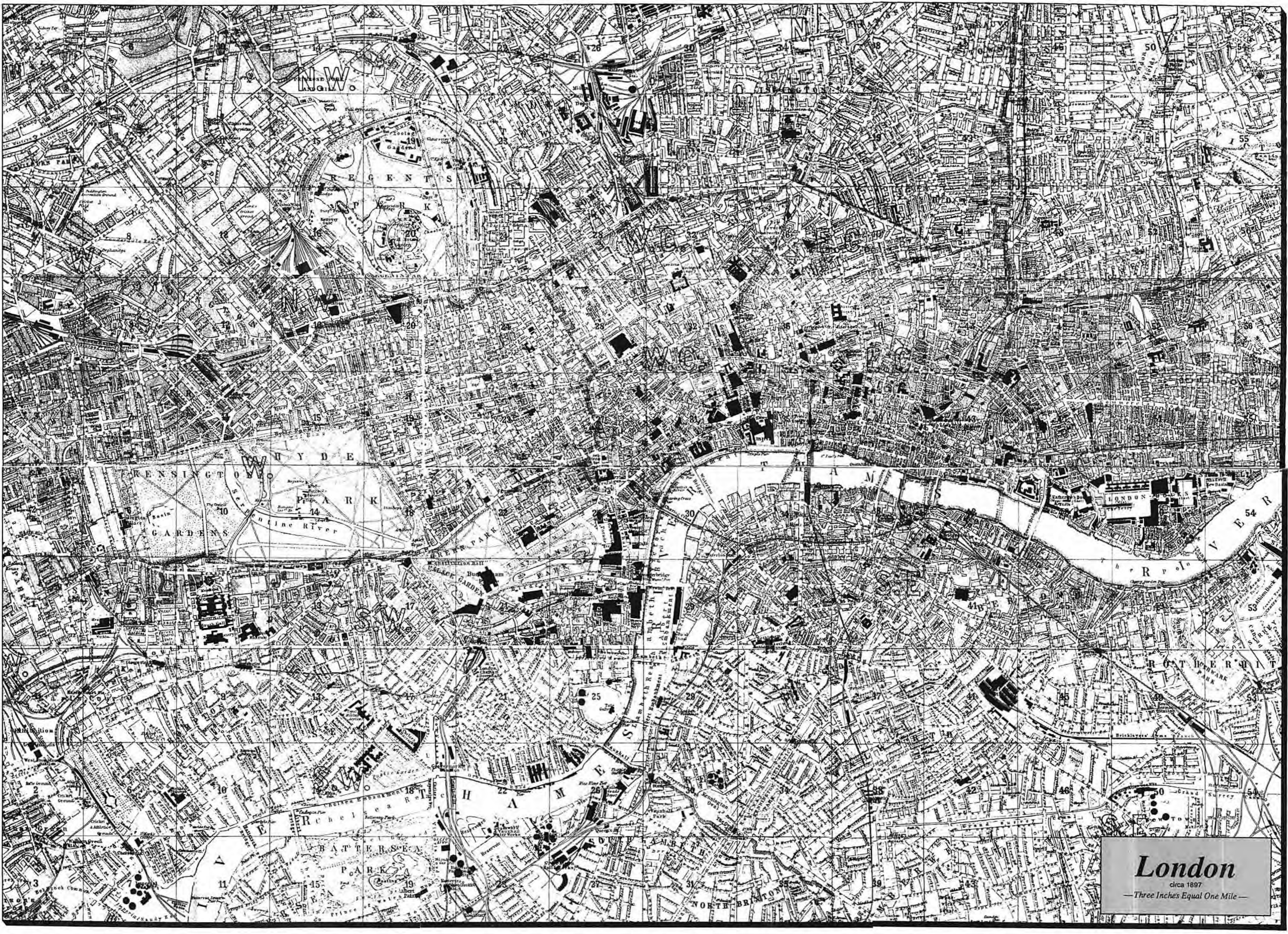
Who else shall be repl'd I nothe Re'ed & Doeth not this onlie
 shall y^e first demittere be killed, for Death so hidde cometh of
 Heavie Speede, and moote p'form'd by look.

y^e Glass is of Magickal Makinge and maye not be Broke by any common
 Meane, yet if it be Struck with a Hammer as whil a flouzye Eye with
 a p'nticle without hath beene given with proper rite it shall Strutt
 and be lost forever and any Imprison'd within shall Perish. Utterlic.

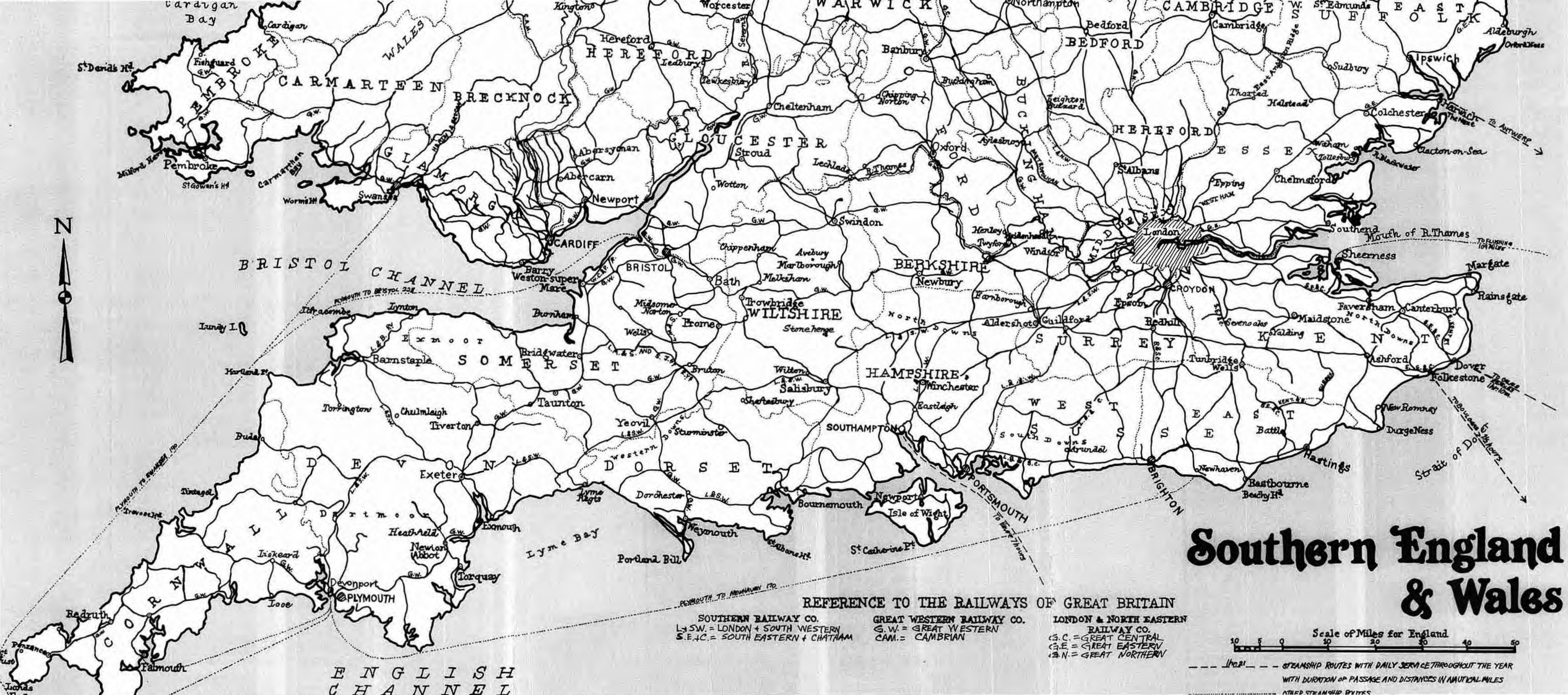
R. speaketh above it muche farther to y^e Meanings of Rusee growen
 about, but to littel Understanding of anye for he speaketh than to shew of
 which I not nothe.

LORD #5

wherof we hidde gravelic saye a course of Adon of mind Set
 peculjar, as Arise and Saye, I see y^e upon it w^l to
 S.F. himne left loose to y^e Wolden of Slay's Inging. for in
 such alle Obett'd turne Rouse & Reason be onlie Disgrace
 & Practise, I see too for his Suppl Wanche. Dungle
 Doine & who shud notte follow?



London
circa 1897
— Three Inches Equal One Mile —



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— H.P. Lovecraft

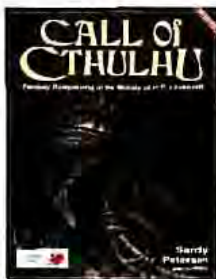
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