



# DELTA GREEN

## EYES ONLY

A CALL OF CTHULHU SOURCEBOOK OF  
MODERN HORROR AND CONSPIRACY  
FROM PAGAN PUBLISHING

"They'll come again.  
Have come before.  
Once upon a  
yesterday"

written by

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CASE NUMBER: 67483

DATE: August 13, 1994

AGENTS: Cyrus, William, and Thomas

SUMMARY: Investigation into the theft of the rare occult text The Revelations of Glaaki, volume 12.

CASE STATUS: Open

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Our team was brought in under the jurisdiction of Chicago FBI as specialists in the occult to investigate the theft of a rare text from the University of Chicago on 6AUGUST94. The book, volume twelve in the series The Revelations of Glaaki, had been recovered just three months before.

An exceedingly rare book, it was found among the personal effects of Louis Robert Harper, DOB 22NOVEMBER61, a resident of Cooperstown, Illinois. Mr. Harper was discovered dead in his premises by a Consolidated Gas employee on 7MAY94 (see attachment). It appears Mr. Harper died from complications due to his eating and sanitary habits. The evidence at the scene indicates Harper gorged himself on food and failed to either urinate or defecate for three days. Death is attributed to kidney and liver failure.

Among the books in his possession was an exceedingly rare occult text known to contain functional hypergeometric formulae, Volume XII of the Revelations of Glaaki. With no heir to inherit it, Harper's book was surrendered to the rare-book library at the University of Chicago by the Illinois State Police. Little else of interest has been learned about Harper. No information has surfaced to explain from where or from whom he acquired the text.

#### Glaaki

The Revelations of Glaaki volumes one through nine have been studied at length in the past by agents, but the contents of volumes ten, eleven, and twelve remain a mystery. The initial nine volumes outline a cult worshipping a deity referred to as "Glaaki." Early research by A Cell at the Library of Congress uncovered the following:

The name Glaaki is first mentioned in Sumerian texts as a minor deity. Sacrificial victims were offered to this god impaled alive on sharpened wood stakes. Often this form of death took many hours. Victims were not always unwilling, as some true believers impaled themselves on the god's holy days as well. Their faith led them to believe that this implement would lead to immortality. A tremendous mass impalement occurred at Uruk in 3002 B.C., where more than three hundred people were impaled in a single day.

The name later appears in Phoenician, Assyrian, and Egyptian cultures of later periods. In each instance, the deity represents death and resurrection, with impalement as the only form of acceptable sacrifice.

With the advent of Christianity and Islam, Glaaki is listed as a genie, demon, or devil, generally recorded as a malefic servant of Lucifer or Satan. Many books claimed Glaaki could be bound or called, and made to do the will of the operator. Even in these texts Glaaki is linked to immortality and with the act of self-mutilation, often in the form of impalement.

The name next appears in the Black Pullet, a 16th-century text on demons and black magic. Glaaki is listed as a secondary agent of Astaroth, a powerful demon lord. This book provides several complex and

differing ways in which the demon may be contacted. These secrets, the book explains, were related to the author by an Egyptian sailor who worshipped the deity.

Finally, in 1865 an English series of assembled anonymous works claimed to tell the true story of Glaaki and its cult. Called The Revelations of Glaaki, a total of twelve volumes have been reported. Only six are still known to be in private collections, however, due to a rash of thefts.

### Chicago Murders and Theft

Our group initiated an investigation into the theft at the University of Chicago on 10AUG94, four days after the theft and the accompanying triple homicide.

Three members of the rare-books department, graduate students Lois March, Phil Campbell, and Jordan Louis, had been killed execution-style with a 12-gauge shotgun, and the book (which had been undergoing cleaning and restoration at the time) was taken.

Suspicion fell on the only member of the rare-book department not to clock out. Susan Filey, 29, officially clocked in on the campus computer at 9:35 P.M., approximately fifteen minutes before the murders and theft occurred.

Filey could not be located at her home or through friends or family. All expressed confusion and concern, and each denied vehemently that she could have had anything to do with the murders. The Chicago police issued a warrant for her arrest and an electronic tag was put on her credit cards and bank accounts.

On 10AUG94, our team of agents discovered Susan Filey after it was noticed that a smell of rotting food was emanating from a basement laundry chute at her home. The basket at the bottom of the chute had been filled with food, along with the metal shelves commonly found in a refrigerator.

Filey's body was discovered in the emptied refrigerator. Filey was impaled upon an antique decorative walking stick, which had been sawn off at the ends to allow the body to fit within the refrigerator.

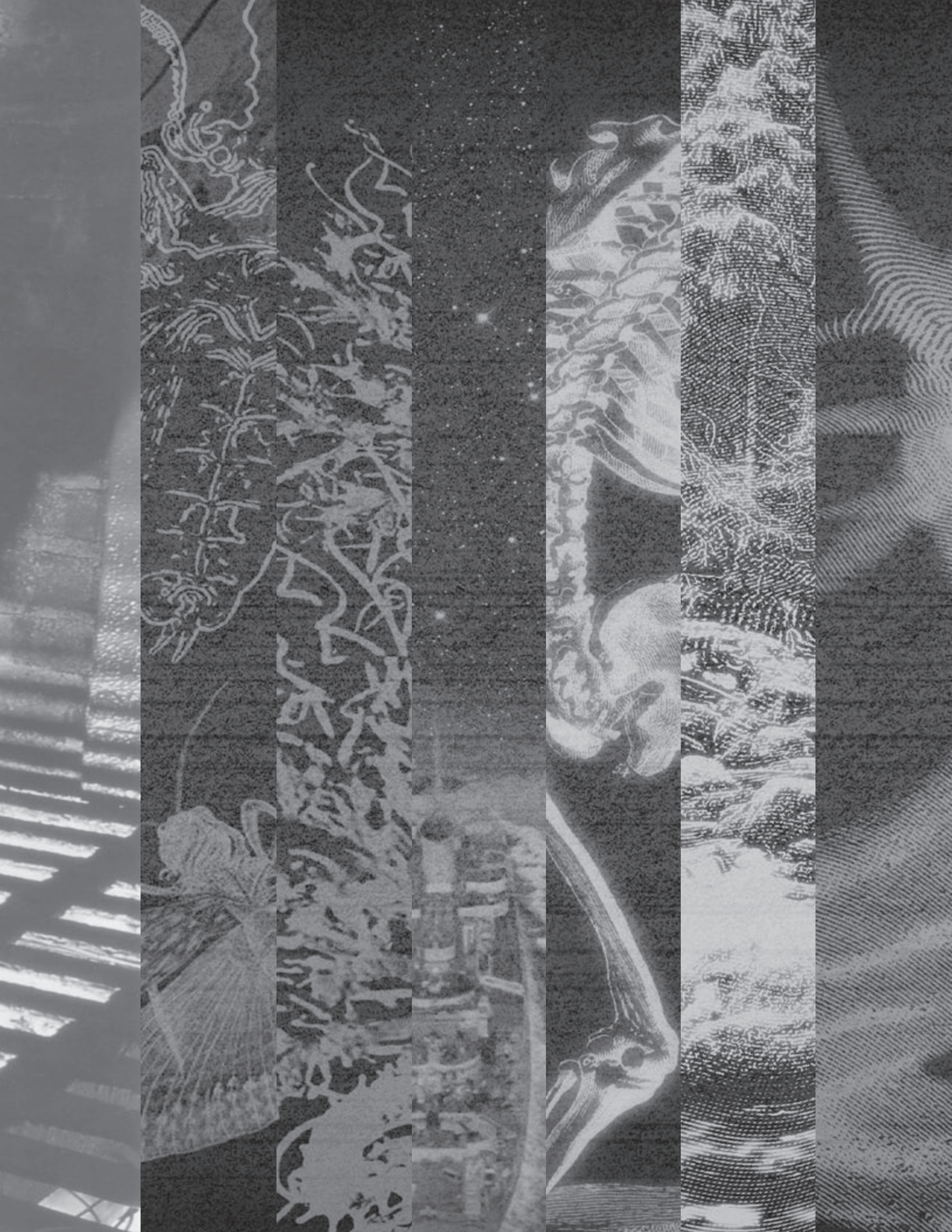
### The Shillelagh and Johannes Knepier

The unusual walking stick was identified four days later after extensive questioning of antique dealers in the Chicago area. It had been bought twelve days earlier from Fischer Fine Antiques, along with four others like it, by a Mr. Black (assumed to be an alias), who paid cash. Mr. Black gave his home address as that of Susan Filey. The sticks sold were classic shillelaghs of Irish design, but the one recovered from Filey's body was covered in sigils of some sort, not immediately identifiable, which were forwarded to A Cell for translation.

A surveillance camera in Fischer's shop recorded a clear image of "Mr. Black," which was compared to an FBI database of photographs of suspects in other impalement murders. It matched a 1976 driver's license photograph of Johannes Knepier, a suspect in a 1977 mass murder/suicide in Louisiana. In the videocamera footage, Knepier appeared thinner but did not seem to have aged since the 1976 photo.

On 12AUG94 an autopsy was performed on the body of Susan Filey by the Cook County coroner's office. Initial examination determined that Filey had been dead for at least a week. While this made it impossible for her to have committed the robbery-homicides, her student ID was never recovered. The current hypothesis is that her ID was used to gain access to the University library's rare-books department.

Filey's body showed signs of extreme torture employing a wide assortment of carpentry, metal-working and perhaps kitchen and surgical implements. Her vocal cords had been deftly severed using surgical techniques that would have allowed her to survive the procedure indefinitely.



# DELTA GREEN

EYES ONLY

A Call of Cthulhu Sourcebook of Modern Horror and Conspiracy

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# Introduction

Shane Ivey

We all want to be insiders. It's human nature, isn't it? Insiders are safe, trusted, aware; outsiders are ignorant, grasping, a threat. Desperate as we all are to protect our own, we instinctively form families, cliques, cabals. We keep secrets. We conspire.

Delta Green has thrived as a conspiracy for decades. From the beginning its leaders saw threats from Outside, deadlier than any bomb-laden zealot, powers that menaced the existence of humanity without even a predator's thought, dangers too awful even to reveal. Like the cults and cabals it hunts, Delta Green fights for secrecy.

Its secrecy makes it outlaw. As an agent of Delta Green, that's the price you pay to be on the inside. You have no sanction. You have no legitimacy. Thanks to doctored records and the clumsiness of government bureaucracy you may have a veneer of authority, but that typically lasts exactly as long as it takes for someone to question it with a well-placed phone call. After your first night or two "at the opera," you're probably already a thief, a vandal, a saboteur, a traitor, a torturer, a murderer.

According to the conspiracy's leaders—never seen, known only by code names—you have no choice. Because the conspiracy's enemies are worse. The enemies of humanity are older than the Earth itself. Their very thoughts twist the nature of physics. And far more people serve them, willingly, than you who oppose them in doubt and fear.

In this book you'll see why.

Most of *Delta Green: Eyes Only* originally appeared in a series of chapbooks released by Pagan Publishing between 1998 and 2000, between the first publication of *Delta Green* and the release of its sequel, *Delta Green: Countdown*.

First came *Delta Green Eyes Only Vol. I: Machinations of the Mi-Go*, then *Vol. II: The Fate*, and finally *Vol. III: Project Rainbow*. *Machinations* and *Rainbow* built on the Majestic-12 mythology of *Delta Green*, while *The Fate* expanded on that infamous cult which festers like a tumor in the heart of New York.

The chapbooks appeared in very small numbers, were sold directly to customers and never to stores, and became collector's rarities to rival *Delta Green* itself. We're proud to see them back in print at last, along with much excellent new material, including

two new adventures built for the terror and despair of your agents and friendlies, and a detailed look at some of the tradecraft issues that they face in the field.

Mostly written at the turn of the millennium, *Eyes Only* presents Delta Green on the verge of an enormous transition. The events and aftermath of 9/11 shook the federal government to its roots, reshaped the world in which the conspiracy moves, and restructured the very ideals of military operatives and civilian police. With the all-powerful Greys silent before a mundane conspiracy like al Qaeda, the Majestic group and Delta Green must wonder whether there's anything left to keep them at each other's throats. The leaders and allies of the Fate can only smile at New York City's spasm of collective horror.

Agents investigating "Artifact Zero," "A Night on Owlshead Mountain" and "Holy War" will see only the first hints of those changes. The horrors of Owlshead Mountain are an accident, a by-product of alien activity long forgotten by the aliens themselves. In "Artifact Zero," private researchers face the consequences of government involvement in forces beyond their comprehension. "Holy War," set at the end of 2001 itself, puts Delta Green agents in the middle of upheavals and plots that reach to the core of the most powerful cult in the world.

This era of Delta Green is coming to an end. The Apocalypse is just beginning.

Finally, like *Delta Green* and *Countdown*, *Delta Green: Eyes Only* is meant for the game masters who create and run Delta Green campaigns. It contains secrets whose discovery by players can be powerful and shocking. If the players have read the book, it's the GM's challenge to decide what is accurate and what needs to be changed for the sake of suspense and terror.

It's up to you to keep its secrets.

Do not disseminate.

Do not discuss.

Eyes only.

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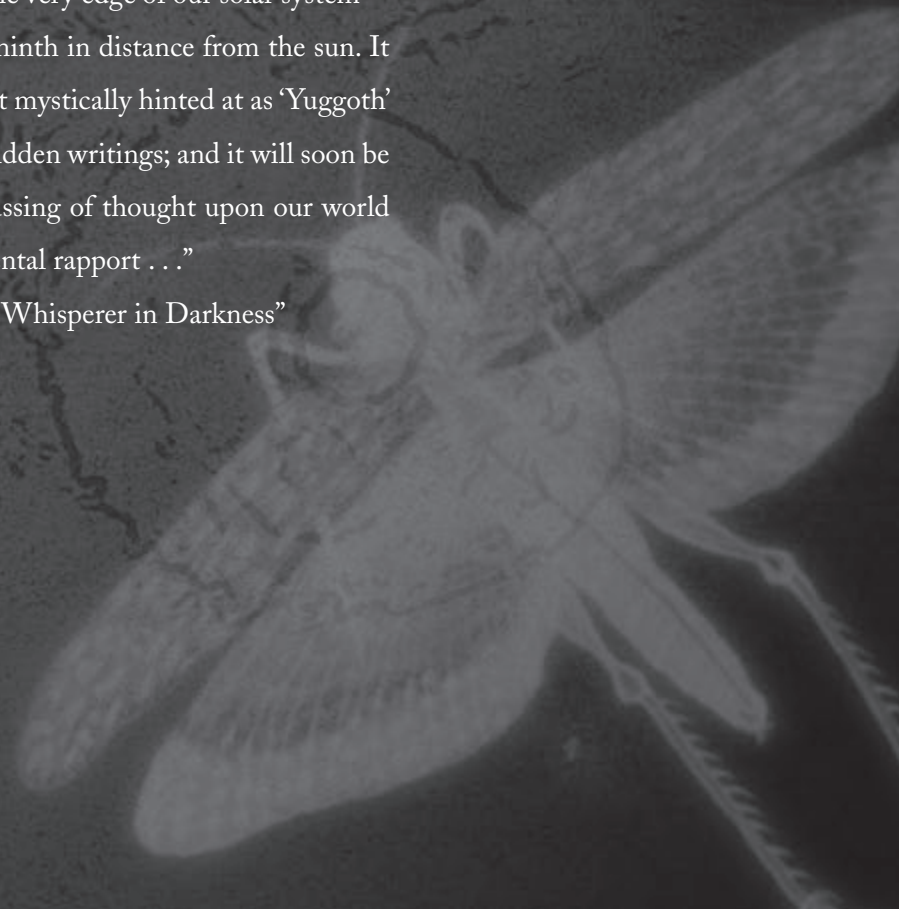


# Machinations of the Mi-Go

Dennis Detwiler

“Their main *immediate* abode is a still undiscovered and almost lightless planet at the very edge of our solar system—beyond Neptune, and the ninth in distance from the sun. It is, as we inferred, the object mystically hinted at as ‘Yuggoth’ in certain ancient and forbidden writings; and it will soon be the scene of a strange focussing of thought upon our world in an effort to facilitate mental rapport . . .”

—H.P. Lovecraft, “The Whisperer in Darkness”



## Introduction

Much of the Mi-Go material conceived for the original *Delta Green* sourcebook failed to see print. Due to editing, lack of space, alien abduction, and other obscure reasons, many informative tidbits, clues, and game statistics dealing with the Mi-Go were not included in the sourcebook. You can find them here. We have also consolidated Mi-Go spells and technology from a variety of *Call of Cthulhu* books. Included is a large array of information with which to torture, scare, and otherwise destroy your favorite investigators. Enjoy!

Special thanks to Sam Johnson, whose scenario book *A Resection of Time* (published by Chaosium, Inc.) provided the wonderful Brain Case source material reprinted herein. Thanks also to Lynn Willis of Chaosium, who consulted with Sam on *A Resection of Time*.

## Other Worlds

To begin this discussion, we need to zoom out and see the big picture. Although the machinations of the Mi-Go extend far beyond our solar system, we can only make the best of our limited knowledge. We'll start with Yuggoth, the world that seems to have been the Mi-Go's initial—and still primary—staging ground in this solar system. We humans know it as Pluto.

## Pluto (Yuggoth)

Pluto was discovered in 1930 by the American astronomer Clyde Tombaugh at the Lowell Observatory near Flagstaff, Arizona. Named after the Roman god of the underworld, it was a small planet—for convenience we'll refer to it as such here, despite its recent reclassification—past the then furthest-known satellite of the sun, Neptune. Humans have learned little about it in the years since. While most of the inner planets of the solar system have been observed at length, and many of the outer planets have been subject to analysis by the successful series of Voyager robot probes, Pluto remains a mystery even today.

In all the years spent looking at this distant sphere, smaller than the moon of Earth, only one significant fact has been learned: a moon was discovered in the late 1970s. This tiny sphere orbits Pluto erratically, and even to the best telescope it appears as nothing more than a pinpoint of light. It was named Charon, after the mythical boatman of the river Styx. Until arguments over Pluto's status as a planet briefly grabbed headlines, the discovery of this tiny moon marked the beginning and end of the public's interest in the tiny world it orbits. That same public, however, is of considerable interest to the beings who inhabit Pluto.

Pluto, forgotten in the outer reaches of the solar system, is the focus and source of the evil which is manipulating and controlling the leadership of the most powerful nation on Earth. Majestic-12

and the president of the United States more or less signed away the world on February 6, 1981, and since then the fate of the six billion inhabitants of our blue-green planet have been at the mercy of the Fungi from Yuggoth.

## Vital Stats for Pluto (Yuggoth)

**Diameter:** 1,430 (miles)

**Surface Gravity (Earth=1):** 0.03

**Average Distance from the Sun (millions of miles):** 3,667.9

**Plutonian Day (Earth hours):** 159h 19m

**Plutonian Year (Earth days):** 90,474.9

### Notes

Pluto is a tiny, low-density planet composed of about 97% nitrogen and small frozen quantities of carbon monoxide and methane. These facts were discovered in 1992, before which Pluto was believed to be composed of ice and rock. The combined mass of Pluto and Charon is about 450 times less than that of Earth. Even to the Hubble space telescope, Pluto appears as nothing more than a small gray-blue dot, and its moon Charon as a miniscule pinprick of light. Irregular lighting of both objects indicate rotation and irregular surface markings—although to astronomers on Earth, what those markings might be cannot be determined at this time.

## A Mythos History of Yuggoth

The alien race sometimes called the Mi-Go arrived on Earth 160 million years ago during the Jurassic period. It is unknown how long before their arrival on Earth they first colonized Yuggoth. Since Yuggoth is the outermost planet, we can assume that it was inhabited initially as a jumping-off point for the colonization of the inner solar system.

The Mi-Go were not the first inhabitants of Yuggoth. Several abandoned cities built by unknown species are present on the surface of Yuggoth and its moon. The Mi-Go did not encounter these species, however, and the last remnants of the former civilizations had fallen to ruins millennia before the Fungi landed.

Today the Mi-Go rule Yuggoth. They are one of the few Mythos races to remain active after the upheavals and wars of ancient Earth laid waste to the numerous civilizations of the solar system.

## The Surface and Landmarks of Yuggoth

Mi-Go cities dot the blue-grey surface of the planet. Interconnected by thin strips of buildings, they cover the surface in a webbing of dark lines, much like the imaginary canals of Mars seemed to cover the surface of the red planet. The buildings themselves are carved from black obsidian-like rock unlike that of the surface, some towering more than a mile high. The Mi-Go rarely loiter upon the ground in their cities, and most thoroughfares are broken by buildings or other obstructions.

Few of these buildings have windows or common entrances of any sort. Entry is often through the roof or through small access doorways cut through the stone. The interiors of the Mi-Go buildings are not suitable for human use, although the extremely low gravity makes travel in them possible. The average human weighs less than five pounds on Yuggoth, and so near-flight can be achieved simply by leaping. (The lack of oxygen certainly remains a problem for any terrestrial visitor to Yuggoth.)

Inside the towers there are usually no stairs or floors as we know them. Instead, the interiors of the huge towers are broken by protrusions of machinery, stone, or biological material. The Mi-Go fly about the inside of the buildings and can cling to the inside of the walls. Often, certain sections of the walls contain gravitic warps, changing the direction of gravity to the horizontal and permitting anyone in that area to walk on the wall and reliably manipulate objects.

Numerous tunnel systems and labs exist throughout Yuggoth's crust, some even near the inner core of the planet. Most are airtight and are accessible only through gate technology. Many portions of Yuggoth are linked by gates to locations throughout the solar system and even locations in other star systems. These gate locations are sealed by complex airlock-like devices, to prevent the difference in pressure between locales causing an atmospheric decompression. The Mi-Go utilize a much more mechanical version of the classic gate technology than that described in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook, and can turn these portals on and off at their leisure.

Earlier inhabitants of Yuggoth have left behind their own monument to the ages. The creatures who constructed a city of green pyramids which rests near one of the Mi-Go's greatest metropolises have long since vanished, leaving only their architecture, art, and writings behind. Extensive study by the Mi-Go has still yet to unravel the mystery of who the inhabitants were



and why they left, although the mystery may involve the odd occurrences in the pyramid city during certain times of the year. These phenomena are avoided by the Mi-Go and excavations cease during these odd periods in the Yuggothian year.

## The Environment of Yuggoth

Yuggoth has no atmosphere in the human sense of the word. It is hard vacuum, and death comes nearly instantly to creatures of terrestrial biology. Low temperature, lack of pressure, and lack of breathable atmosphere rapidly destroy fragile organic tissues. Lungs burst if breath is held within them, eyes burst from the difference in pressure, and blood boils as its gases are pulled from it—each very effectively ending all terrestrial biological processes in a matter of seconds.

In addition to nitrogen and methane, several compounds exist on Yuggoth unknown to Earth. One unnamed element on Yuggoth is a black viscous fluid which settles upon the low-gravity surface of the planet almost as if it were clinging to it. It retains heat and covers small areas on the surface in warm pools almost like still seas of gelatin. The Mi-Go often travel and build their cities beneath this fluid, and can traverse it as easily as they fly about in space. It is instantly deadly to humans and combusts if exposed to even the tiniest concentrations of oxygen.

The black rock from which the Mi-Go construct their cities is found in abundance beneath the surface of Yuggoth. Although low in density, it far surpasses the strongest substance known to man, and exists on Earth only because the Mi-Go have brought portions of it there.

In higher dimensions, elements and compounds unperceived in the usual four dimensions exist. The Mi-Go's non-terrene bodies are receptive to these hyper-dimensional compounds, the most common of which exists as the veritable Newtonian "æther." This "gas" exists only in higher dimensions, and is useless to humans and other creatures trapped and limited in only four dimensions. It is this æther that the Mi-Go and other Mythos creatures beat their wings upon to propel themselves through the vastness of seemingly empty space. And it is this æther that the Mi-Go breathe upon Yuggoth. Tiny pores on a Mi-Go's body open and close constantly in the seeming vacuum, marking their intake and venting of these invisible hyper-dimensional gases.

Myriad artificial environments have been created on Yuggoth by the Mi-Go, mimicking every conceivable condition. These are used to study the biology of creatures limited to certain types of what the Mi-Go consider extreme environments (Earth included) without harm coming to the test subjects.

## The Lifeforms of Yuggoth

The only native lifeforms of Yuggoth are various fungal growths that defy human classification. Mobile like animals, and self-sustaining like plants, these creatures are not intelligent but move across the surface of the planet in small clumps, like herds. They let loose reproductive spores during certain seasons which cling to any surface that they strike. The Mi-Go harvest this lifeform, and have incorporated much of its natural propensity for survival into their own biology. The many different species of this fungus compose the whole of the Yuggothian ecosystem.

## Mars

The Mi-Go once had extensive holdings on Mars as well, but have retreated from this dead planet to focus their attentions and activities elsewhere in the solar system. Mars offers little of value except a potential for the redevelopment of the once-warm Martian climate. The Mi-Go are strongly considering a plan to terraform Mars to preserve humanity for further study in the event of some Earth-bound apocalypse, but will not act unless their hand is forced first by powers they cannot control.

The Mi-Go have taken to sabotaging and destroying human probes sent to Mars to draw the attention of humans away from Pluto and the outer planets. Many probes, both Soviet and American, have been lost on missions to the red planet. The Mars Observer functioned perfectly until moments before it was to begin transmitting images of the planet. Many odd photos of Mars, especially those depicting the supposed pyramids and faces in the Cydonia region of Mars, have also piqued the public's interest.

This has had the desired effect on Majestic-12. The Greys admit that they have bases on Mars, although their purpose and size remain secret. This has succeeded in drawing Majestic's eyes away from the outer solar system and has made them needlessly paranoid of Mars.

In truth, little exists on Mars. The Mi-Go maintain several small bases, including a facility for manufacturing the many needs of the Grey deception. Bodies, spacecraft, and Grey artifacts are produced *en masse* here and are sent through gates to Earth's moon.

The Cydonia region does have several strange constructions which were indeed made by the Greys (under Mi-Go control, of course), but they are merely decoys and hold nothing of real value. Earth astronomers and fringe scientists find these of particular interest.

## The Moon

The Mi-Go have in the past maintained both surface and subterranean bases on Earth's sole satellite and closest neighbor in space, the moon. Since about the late 1700s, however, the Mi-Go have moved all their operations on the moon either underground or to the dark side of the surface. (It was during that century that the telescope became a readily available tool, and observations of the moon were slowly becoming a favorite pastime of the wealthier classes.)

Seamlessly destroying all evidence of their presence on the light side of the moon, the Mi-Go turned to extending their complex system of tunnels and grottos on the dark side. Notably, the Mi-Go have no need to pressurize or acclimatize the moon, so it remains a vacuum, and a deadly environment for all but the most prepared investigators.

In times of antiquity, the Mi-Go brought extradimensional ores through gates from Earth to the moon to be processed before they were taken to Yuggoth and beyond. Today, most of the Earth has been stripped dry of the odd substances the Mi-Go desired, and these huge rooms lie dormant.

Among their holdings on the moon, the Mi-Go maintain pressurized laboratories, a collection of alien relics recovered from Earth and elsewhere in the solar system, a working library of Mi-Go writings, a large array of still-inhabited brain cases, and a dark-side listening station. (This listening station consists of a huge biological intelligence engineered to "hear" electromagnetic and radio waves in space and is used to monitor all communications traffic from Earth.) In case of emergency, there is a pressurized dome large enough to house over a thousand humans for a short period of time. It is hoped that in the event of some Earthly catastrophe, the Mi-Go can move an adequate breeding population of humans to either the moon or Mars—in their guise as the Greys—to continue their oblique studies.

The cave systems of the moon are perfectly designed, leaving no striations or cracks, as if the entire network was carefully hand-carved over many millions of years. (In truth, the Mi-Go constructed most of them in a matter of months.) Like most Mi-Go constructions, most of the amenities are not designed for humans. There are no stairs and large drops are common (although the moon's significantly lower gravity make this easier for humans to deal with), and entrances are often placed very high off the ground. The rooms are lit by a luminescent fungus native to Yuggoth that glows in reaction to movement nearby.

The main reason why the Mi-Go have not completely abandoned their work on the moon is the great shrine. This huge holy site was constructed in ancient times and dedicated to the worship of Shub-Niggurath, the Black Goat of the Woods with a



Thousand Young. Every four-and-a-half years the Mi-Go of our solar system gather here and perform dark rites to increase their ability to mate. These rituals lead to the production of thousands of Mi-Go spawn who are then left to mature in breeding pools throughout the lunar tunnels.

This shrine to Shub-Niggurath is a huge mile-high vault located hundreds of feet beneath the moon's surface, accessible only through secret gates from Earth and Yuggoth. In the center of this chamber is a huge triangular obelisk of more than seven hundred feet per side. It is made of the odd, low-density black rock the Mi-Go used to construct their citadels on Yuggoth. Each side of the triangle is broken by a diamond-shaped seventy-five-foot door at ground level. A radiating mark like a sun adorns the space above each door; a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies this as a symbol for Shub-Niggurath.

No human has ever witnessed a breeding ritual here. . . and survived.

# Life Among the Mi-Go

This section describes the various specialized types of Mi-Go, then goes on to explore the Mi-Go's life cycle, language, and religious practices. Mi-Go technology is covered on p. 13.

## Mi-Go Statistics

Several different general categories or "castes" of Mi-Go are known to be operating within the confines of this solar system.

### Mi-Go Scientist

Stats	Rolls	Averages	Move: 6/8 Flying
STR	3D6	10-11	<b>SAN Loss:</b> It costs 0/1D6 points to see a Mi-Go
CON	3D6	10-11	
SIZ	3D6	10-11	<b>Natural Armor:</b> Impaling weapons do minimum possible damage
INT	3D6+6	16-17	
POW	3D6+3	13-14	<b>Damage Bonus:</b> None
DEX	4D6	14	
<b>HP:</b> 10-11			

#### Natural Attacks

2 Nippers 30%  
1D6+grapple

#### Equipment

Electric Wand (p. 21) 41%  
1 • 1D3 • 1D6  
Surgical Equipment (p. 14)  
Brain Case (p. 14)

#### Spells

INTx3 to know 1D6 spells

#### Skills

Anthropology (Human) 12%	Chemistry 73%	Cthulhu Mythos 25%
First Aid 100%	Genetics 95%	Listen 25%
Medicine 68%	Physics (Hyperdimensional) 71%	
Spot Hidden 30%	Surgery 94%	

#### Languages

English 26%                      Spanish 25%

#### Notes:

The furtive Mi-Go scientist typically retreats in the face of danger. Instead of direct confrontation with possibly dangerous primitives, it will attempt to make contact from afar, and from there, manipulate its target into a compromising position or stall until assistance comes.

### Mi-Go Warrior

Stats	Rolls	Averages	Move: 5/8 Flying
STR	3D6+3	13-14	<b>SAN Loss:</b> It costs 0/1D6 points to see a Mi-Go
CON	3D6+3	13-14	
SIZ	3D6+2	12-13	<b>Natural Armor:</b> Impaling weapons do minimum possible damage
INT	2D6+5	12	
POW	2D6+4	11	<b>Damage Bonus:</b> +1D4
DEX	4D6+2	16	
<b>HP:</b> 13-14			

#### Natural Attacks

4 Nippers 40%  
1D6+1D4+grapple

#### Equipment

Lightning Gun (p. 22) 40%  
5D6 • 3D6 • 2D6 • 1D6  
Gravity Cone (p. 21) 50%  
STR 20

#### Spells: None

#### Skills

Listen 65%                      Spot Hidden 60%

#### Notes:

Aggressive and bold, these Mi-Go serve as sentries and bodyguards for the scientist caste, bowing to their commands at all times. Fearless and seemingly self-destructive, they will do anything to prevent the death or capture of the scientist caste, even sacrificing their own life if necessary.

## Mi-Go Worker

Stats	Rolls	Averages	Move: 8
STR	3D6+6	16-17	<b>SAN Loss:</b> It costs 0/1D6 points to see a Mi-Go
CON	3D6+6	16-17	
SIZ	3D6+6	16-17	<b>Natural Armor:</b> Impaling weapons do minimum possible damage
INT	2D6+2	9	
POW	2D6	7	<b>Damage Bonus:</b> +1D4 or +1D6
DEX	2D6+6	13	

**HP:** 16-17

### Natural Attacks

2 Nippers 30%  
1D6+db+grapple

**Equipment:** None

**Spells:** None

### Skills

Listen 65%, Spot Hidden 60%

### Notes

This Mi-Go caste is being systematically bred out of the population. This rather stupid and magically inept sub-species was once used for labor and mining, but now has little to do as the mineral resources of Earth which interest the Mi-Go are nearly depleted. Assigned to man unused outposts, these poor creatures are nearly harmless and will flee from almost anything. To other Mi-Go, the physiological differences in this caste are obvious, but to humans the distinctions are difficult to notice.

This caste is the one associated with the Himalayan "Secret Beast" from which the term "Mi-Go" sprang.

## Physiology

Resembling huge spongy crabs topped by a glowing head, the Mi-Go are unlike anything native to the Earth. They are composed of a pinkish fungal material. An average specimen is about five feet long and has five sets of limbs. Most limbs are used for locomotion upon the ground, and are not capable of complex grasping tasks. Usually the two foremost limbs have fine manipulators. The fine manipulators are two opposing nippers, one set ending in a blunt, spur-like "thumb" which allows the grasping and careful handling of tools. The nippers of the rear limbs are composed of just one set of claws, broken in the center by a soft pad with a groove pattern. The average Mi-Go can walk with all limbs at once, or with just the two hindmost legs, in the manner of man. A pair of huge bat-like wings, which are ribbed like dorsal fins, are also common on many species of Mi-Go, and make the creature capable of flight both in atmosphere and in outer space.

Their "blood" is a liquid which appears to be much like tree sap. This viscous but translucent green liquid is all that is contained within the fungus shell of the Mi-Go; they have no internal skeleton or recognizable organs.

In earthly environs, a dead Mi-Go's remains, or biological samples taken from a live specimen, dissipate rapidly after death; a full-sized Mi-Go disintegrates in less than six hours. The cause of this odd effect is thought to be the Mi-Go's extradimensional nature. Some researchers hint at the abnormal vibration rate of the Mi-Go's atomic components, which cause them to gain odd characteristics when observed from only four dimensions, as an explanation for such rapid disintegration. Nothing remains after mortification, no matter how carefully stored, except some very base and common chemicals.

The Mi-Go cannot be photographed by common means, chemical or digital. This, too, is related to their extradimensional nature. A skilled chemist and photographer could possibly devise a film base which would catch the image of a Mi-Go, even with their odd properties, but no attempt has succeeded to date—and research in this area is understandably hazardous.

## Sustenance

The Mi-Go cannot subsist on terrestrial foodstuffs. Instead they eat the many varieties of fungus found on Yuggoth, which they must import to the inner solar system. Some Mi-Go bases do grow their own varieties of the Yuggoth fungus, modified to exist in non-Yuggothian climes. These strains are carefully quarantined, out of fear that they will escape and overwhelm the fragile Earth ecosystem.

Most Mi-Go need to eat only once per week. The Yuggoth fungus is stored in sealed silver capsules about six inches in diameter, and is released when the capsule is passed into the body of the Mi-Go. A hungry Mi-Go simply engulfs the capsule, which opens inside its body, and the fungus is consumed. The capsule is then passed back out to be used again. A Mi-Go will consume about thirty of these capsules in one feeding.

The fungus is deadly to terrestrial biologies. If a capsule is opened, every Earthly lifeform within twenty feet of the sphere will be subjected to a POT 16 poison—the fungal spores themselves. The use of breathing filters lowers the POT to 8 and the use of a full biohazard suit eliminates the danger.

## Reproduction

The Mi-Go enter a reproductive state once every four and a half years or so. During this time the Mi-Go may elect to sprout young directly from their bodies, growing several as they would grow a limb. Whether or not these young grow to full size depends upon the performance of a fertility ritual.

The Mi-Go must perform a ritual to Shub-Niggurath to properly activate the growth of their larvae; otherwise these larvae, once separated from their parent, fail to mature and soon die. The ecstatic ceremonies often end with the deaths of several Mi-Go, and their decaying bodies become host for the young larvae. On these husks, the larvae come to term, each consuming the remains of the dead Mi-Go and in so doing, consuming portions of that Mi-Go's mind (which is stored in the fungal matter of the Mi-Go body). In this way the larval Mi-Go gain their initial knowledge of Mi-Go society and language.

Sometimes an exceptionally large larva will destroy all other larvae on a body and, after consuming the body of its host (and its mind), will become a near-exact duplicate of the dead Mi-Go. Often, valuable Mi-Go individuals are preserved in this method, and only one larva is placed on the deceased host body. In this way the knowledge of exceptional Mi-Go individuals is never lost.

The Mi-Go workers (which are rapidly becoming obsolete) are raised on Yuggoth fungus, and are trained by a Pavlovian method utilizing baroque and painful machinery. All their knowledge of Mi-Go society is gained through these teaching machines, not through the consumption of other Mi-Go workers. This leads to their low intelligence and makes them virtually slaves of the other Mi-Go.

The warrior caste is developed through self-sacrifice. When a Mi-Go warrior of repute reaches a certain age, it kills itself at the height of a fertility rite, allowing the development of thousands of competent fighters through the devouring of its remains.

Mi-Go larvae are about six inches long. Barely able to move at birth, they can skitter about on tiny legs after several days of feeding. Their head is a small conglomeration of light nodes. When the larvae are endangered these nodes glow and emit a shrill buzz. This peculiar tone drives most adult Mi-Go into a murderous rage towards whatever is threatening the young.

## Language

The Mi-Go communicate with each other through the use of their glowing head nodes. Every Mi-Go head is covered in hundreds

of these polychromatic phosphorescent organs, each of which is capable of glowing one of thousands of different colors.

Complex patterns of colors flash between Mi-Go, conveying incredibly complex messages in short bursts. Communication in this fashion is much more rapid than verbal intercourse, is completely silent, and can be used in the void of space. The Mi-Go have also developed other more direct means of communication. Many of the scientist caste have had their "minds" modified to handle telepathic transmission and reception, but this is by no means common.

Mi-Go writing is a series of symbols which can be observed in many different directions to reveal a manifold central message. Their writing is composed of many interconnected lines, commonly carved into a surface, appearing as an odd but simple alphabet. Many of the more advanced relationships of the runes can not be conceived of by humanity.

A Mi-Go "book" is usually a five-sided disc-like object composed of flat metallic plates. These plates are connected by elaborate mechanisms which allow the turning of "pages." Each time the pages are turned, however, the bewildering geometries of the pages shift with them, sigils folding into other sigils, two halves of a rune forming a new one at a seam, making what would seem to be a twenty-page book into something much more byzantine and extensive.

## Religion

The Mi-Go do not worship the Great Old Ones as such. They seek to please the Great Old Ones only because the Great Old Ones have the power to destroy the Mi-Go and their favorite test subjects, humans. In time, the Mi-Go hope to equal or even surpass the Great Old Ones in power. When this time comes, the Mi-Go will not hesitate to wage war against those who they worshipped in the past, and then they themselves will become as the Great Old Ones. This is their ultimate goal.

Their worship of the being known as Shub-Niggurath serves a utilitarian purpose, as well. The Mi-Go use this being's well-known link with fertility to promote their own reproduction.

Portions of some Mi-Go religious rites were recorded in secret by the late Henry W. Akeley. The Akeley record points to joint worship of many of the more active Great Old Ones by corrupted humans and the Mi-Go, and although it is thought that this practice does not continue on Earth today, it is possible that the more isolated outposts do continue this type of worship. A regrettably incomplete transcript of the known rites follows:



(CULTIVATED MALE HUMAN VOICE)

... is the Lord of the Woods, even to ... and the gifts of the men of Leng ... so from the wells of night to the gulfs of space, and from the gulfs of space to the wells of night, ever the praises of Great Cthulhu, of Tsathoggua, and of Him Who is not to be Named. Ever Their praises and abundance to the Black Goat of the Woods. Iä! Shub-Niggurath! The Goat with a Thousand Young!

(BUZZING IMITATION OF HUMAN SPEECH)

Iä! Shub-Niggurath! The Goat with a Thousand Young!

(HUMAN VOICE)

And it has come to pass that the Lord of the Woods, being ... seven and nine, down the onyx steps ... (tri)butes to him in the Gulf, Azathoth, He of Whom Thou hast taught us marv(els) ... on the wings of night beyond space, out beyond th ... to That

whereof Yuggoth is the youngest child, rolling alone in the black æther at the rim ...

(BUZZING VOICE)

... go out among men and find the ways thereof, that He in the Gulf may know. To Nyarlathotep, Mighty Messenger, must all things be told. And He shall put on the semblance of men, the waxen mask and the robe that hides, and come down from the world of the Seven Suns to mock ...

(HUMAN VOICE)

... (Nyar)lathotep, Great Messenger, bringer of strange joy to Yuggoth through the void, Father of the Million Favored Ones, Stalker among ...

(RECORDING ENDS)

## Mi-Go Technology

Mi-Go technology bears no real resemblance to human technology. Their most basic scientific principles take human science and rip it to pieces. To the Mi-Go, we are nothing more than a backwards animal on its first tottering steps towards sentience. Worse yet, we believe we are the most advanced creatures on our planet and in our solar system.

The Mi-Go come from and exist in higher dimensions that humanity has never had access to and most likely never will. This position grants the Mi-Go the technological high ground, allowing them to perceive our entire reality as nothing more than a portion of their own. For this reason, and for many others, we will never be able to comprehend the bizarre array of devices and procedures the Mi-Go bring to bear against us.

## Medical Technology

The Mi-Go are masters of anatomical manipulation. Their crustacean-like bodies are transmutable in limited circumstances, allowing the self-alteration of limbs, manipulators, and sensory apparati. In more severe instances, the Mi-Go rely on their mastery of surgical techniques to drastically re-arrange their own anatomy. Their understanding of biology is complete and they can work as easily on themselves as they do on humanity or any other creature.

In years past, one of their favorite techniques in studying the culture and reasoning of humanity was to remove the brain from

a victim and place it in a cylindrical metallic case which kept it alive indefinitely. These encapsulated brains were then subject to interrogations and study. The Mi-Go use this technique less often today, as they have finally realized that the process tends to degrade the mental stability of the subjects.

## Medical Equipment

Most Mi-Go equipment is disgusting to humans; their surgical tools are doubly so. Many are biological in nature — breathing, pulsing, oozing. Some of the more common pieces of medical equipment found in the possession of the Mi-Go are described herein.

## Surgical Tools

These crude-looking weapons are extremely dangerous for a human to touch, much less use. Their hypergeometrical nature make them extremely hazardous to handle for those of us trapped in four dimensions. Used to sever, cut, or bind, all of these functions are performed in higher dimensions. Each cascading motion and action ripples down into our reality causing miraculous cuts which seem to happen before the tool touches the skin, or zipping up flesh like magic just by waving a wand.

The common Mi-Go surgical tool is made of a strange black shiny material, and is often filthy, smelling of rotting meat and covered in strange stains. The Mi-Go often carry these tools on their bodies in gelatinous sacks made of an opaque grey slime. They cannot be understood by humans. Any investigator attempting to wield them must make a Luck roll. A failure indicates 1D6 points of damage. After the first accident, the investigator must make an Idea roll. If this roll fails, the investigator believes he has discovered how the device works and will most likely injure himself again. Such devices can never be safely or reliably operated by four-dimensional beings.

## Brain Cases

As described by H.P. Lovecraft in his story “The Whisperer in Darkness,” a brain cylinder is “a foot high and somewhat less in diameter, with three curious sockets set in an isosceles triangle over the front convex surface.” Each cylinder is filled with a nutrient solution that sustains the brain within, and the inner surface of each cylinder is lined with a complex array of sensory filaments which detect electrical activity within the captive brain, interpret it, and channel neural impulses to a complex microcomputer behind the sockets. It in turn sends impulses out through the sockets into connected machines (described in the next paragraph), or funnels input from those machines back to the brain via a network of electrodes which directly stimulates the neurons in specific centers of the brain.

Three accessory machines—a tall rig with twin lenses mounted on the front, a box with vacuum tubes and a sounding board, and a small box with a metal disk on top—comprise the Mi-Go sensing apparatus. These machines, when connected to the proper sockets (an Idea roll or Spot Hidden roll allows the investigator to deduce which connector goes where), provides the brain with the faculties of sight, speech, and hearing respectively. The Mi-Go, not possessed of human senses, have done their best approximation: all visual input is grainy, of low general resolution, and the audio is flat, like that of a monaural phonograph. Speech with all its subtle nuances of inflection and emotion, is utterly

lost on the Fungi. The speech machine talks with a mechanical, monotone voice and is devoid of emotion, much like the Greys. When the sensory machines are disconnected or deactivated, the encased brain falls into a sleep state filled with “especially vivid and fantastic dreams,” or so says the false Akeley in “Whisperer.”

## Immediate Effects

When first activated, the brain of the encased investigator is utterly unaware of his predicament, and knows only that he feels tired and strangely numb. A successful Idea roll soon tells him that something is wrong: why does his voice sound so odd, and why does everything look so strange? Once he realizes his fate, the horror of the situation is more than most minds can bear. Ask for a Sanity check with a cost of 5/1D10+5 SAN. Madness, either temporary or indefinite, is assured. Temporarily insane investigators either gibber and wail, crying out for merciful death, or sink into silent catatonia, overwhelmed by the horror of the situation. Those who are indefinitely insane may after a time be brought toward sanity, but the time and effort needed to recover from such an immense shock is great.

## Transport

The cylinders can be moved easily. Each is heavy (60 to 65 pounds), but the life support system within is completely self-contained. The associated sensory machines are lighter and fold for easy transport.

## Life in a Jar

The brain’s INT, EDU, and POW (with their attendant Idea, Know, and Luck rolls) remain the same, as does SAN (except for the losses already described). The case is SIZ 6. All other characteristics drop to 0. The cylinder has 12 points of armor, and takes 20 points of damage to destroy. Note that every point of damage that exceeds its armor has a cumulative 5% chance of killing the brain inside. The inefficiencies of the sensory devices reduce Listen and Spot Hidden skills by half. All physical skills (such as Climb, Jump *etc.*) are reduced to 0. Knowledge skills are unaffected. Note that with the current development of the Mi-Go speech emulator for the Brain Case, skills such as Bargain, Persuade, and Fast Talk are quartered.

An encased brain has no need for food, drink, or oxygen. The nutrient solution nullifies the aging process, rendering the brain virtually immortal if the nutrient fluid is kept fresh.

Secured from physical harm, the danger to the brain’s viability is the sanity of the mind it contains. The encased brain invariably suffers from neuroses: catatonia, amnesia, paranoia, schizophrenia, depression, and multiple personality disorder are common indefi-

nite insanities. The brain also tends toward an obsessive desire to learn anything it can about one area of study, or tends to make an obsessive denial of circumstance. One particularly cruel dementia is hysterical feeling: the brain feels hungry, or suffers aches or itching in limbs it no longer possesses. These feelings may grow so strong that concentration becomes impossible.

The apparent hopelessness of being a captive of the cylinder can wear down the strongest of wills. For every month that passes, match the brain's INT vs. its POW on the resistance table. If INT wins the investigator's idle imagination has forced it into further mental collapse, and the investigator loses 1D3 points of SAN.

Those who knew the brain under better circumstances also fare poorly. Acquaintances who later learn of this terrible fate take Sanity losses ranging from 1/1D2 SAN to 1/1D6 SAN, depending on their degree of intimacy with the (former) person.

### Staying Sane

Successful application of Psychoanalysis can recover lost Sanity points for the brain. Finding a therapist to treat the patient may prove difficult, but the case will prove most fascinating to the very best analysts. Distance would be no handicap; they would be able to work by telephone!

Another recourse lies in knowledge. With little left to do but watch, listen and read (provided someone turns the pages), encased brains soon perceive that the lack of somatic distractions lets them learn at twice the normal rate, or 1D10 skill points per three months of study. Improving knowledge skills to 90% and beyond always raises the maximum Sanity of the brain, as detailed in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules.

### Quality of Life

Cut off from its physical body, the brain no longer requires sleep (although the sensory devices can only run for ten hours before they run down and must recharge). Any physical activity is, of course, impossible without additional technologies.

Examination of the Mi-Go machines can lead to vast improvements in the brain's life. Anyone examining the Mi-Go sensory machines who has Mechanical Repair, Electrical Repair, and Electronics skills higher than 65% can, with six weeks time and a critical success on any of the above skills, de-engineer the Mi-Go technology. Successful Electronics rolls at a penalty of 20 percentiles allow the engineer to jury-rig new interfaces to the cylinder. Better vision could be gained from most camcorders. Stereo hearing could easily be added. Developing these novel improvements should be both time consuming and costly. Successful Computer Use rolls in combination with Electronics rolls could interface the speech machine with modern voice

recognition software. Once this is accomplished, the brain could operate a phone, a television, a computer, or any device fitted to respond to voice control.

More significant advances could be made in conjunction with an engineer who knows a thing or two about robotics and rehabilitative medicine. The principles that operate artificial limbs could, with time and experimentation, connect the cylinder to a waldo (mechanical arm), giving the investigator hands again. Eventually, the cylinder could move about in an electric wheelchair. A wax-work dummy could be used for public mobility!

Each useful improvement grants the brain 1D3 SAN points, and such progress benefits the brain's general attitude. To reach the final stage (dummy in a wheelchair, mechanical arms *etc.*) might take an expert hundreds of thousands of dollars. Creative representation of the problem could aid in getting backers: the investigators have, after all, found immortality, albeit in a can. The fact that the investigators do not have the means to put further brains into cylinders is, of course, a drawback. But what a marvelous new area of research!

### Lifespan

A specialist with skills in Chemistry and Biology higher than 65% can, upon examination of the nutrient fluid in a brain cylinder, deduce its composition and synthesize limited quantities. Also, analysis will show that the fluid must be replenished once every five years or so, or the brain will begin to die. Note that the brain has no idea this time limit exists. Changing the fluid is an easy process, accomplished through a complex series of osmotic filters in the cylinder's base. The fluid, once used up, is utterly inert. With periodic infusions of fluid, the brain will live forever.

## Mi-Go Surgery

Astounding feats of surgical technique as yet undreamed of by human medical science have been a common science to the Mi-Go since at least the Jurassic period. The total manipulation and re-arrangement of an organism through chemical, mechanical, and surgical means is commonly employed in the early stages of study of alien species by the Mi-Go. Testing the outward capacities of the creature—its physical stamina, sensory ranges, and abilities—the Mi-Go often resort to vivisection, dividing the creature into component organs for extensive scrutiny in their bizarre machinery. This vivisection is remarkable in that the organs in question remain “alive” in the standard sense of the word until worn out through testing.

Next follows the experimental phase, where the creature is surgically altered to improve or limit function of its biology to fulfill the

Fungi's bizarre schemes. Sometimes advantageous alien anatomy is copied and used as base designs for Mi-Go weaponry, technology, or even—in remarkable circumstances—to enhance Mi-Go physiology itself. (Lessons learned from the fungi native to Yuggoth have contributed to building a better Mi-Go, for example.)

The human concept of surgery—of sterilization and anaesthesia and careful precise incisions—is about as foreign to the Mi-Go as is the entire human mindset. The Mi-Go's technology has perfected the limited control of reality on many of the dimensional levels on which they exist, and has resulted in seemingly miraculous surgery to those of us trapped in four dimensions. Where humans must cut precisely and carefully with sterilized tools to prevent infection or fatal hemorrhage, the Mi-Go rip and rend with seemingly filthy instruments of bizarre design. Their amazing array of drugs, machinery and hyperdimensional thinking allow them to inflict horrendous wounds on their subjects who, minutes later, show nothing but a barely visible scar. To the uninitiated eye Mi-Go surgery looks something like a torturous murder scene. Sometimes, it is.

## Observing Mi-Go Surgery

The horrors of Mi-Go medical science are not handled well by the limited faculties of the human mind. The grotesque horror of limbs being removed with impunity, skin ripped away seemingly without any forethought or design, and the removal and replacement of major organs is only surpassed by the bizarre and baroque way the Mi-Go go about the procedure.

If the surgical victim's memories are to be erased before his release, they are not even rendered unconscious while the procedure is performed. The use of anaesthetics on victims who will not recall the encounter is considered wasteful to the Mi-Go. If the victim is not to be released at all then no precautions for its comfort or survival are taken.

Even the Mi-Go's tools are detrimental to the human mind. The surgical tools (described earlier in detail) all appear far too large and crude to perform any careful operation, but are used with practiced ease in ways not fully evident in our four dimensions.

SAN losses are as follows:

- Investigator undergoes minor Mi-Go surgery:** -1/1D6 SAN
- Investigator undergoes major Mi-Go surgery:** -1/1D10 SAN
- Witness Mi-Go surgery:** -0/1D4 SAN
- See friend or relative undergo Mi-Go surgery:** -1/1D6 SAN

Those used to bloodshed and surgery fare only slightly better than the layman while witnessing a Mi-Go operation. Allow

investigators who commonly see bloodshed (doctors, soldiers, morticians *etc.*) automatically succeed in their SAN roll vs. Mi-Go surgery if they make an appropriate skill roll or Idea roll. Note that this immunity only applies to seeing the horrors of Mi-Go medical science, and not to seeing the Mi-Go themselves.

## Common Mi-Go Surgical Procedures

Described herein are physical, chemical, or mechanical surgical procedures that the Mi-Go are commonly known to perform on themselves. Since they are virtual masters of all things biological, the Keeper should feel free to create new operations as he deems fit. Surgical procedures performed on humans are covered later in this chapter.

### Carapace

When entering dangerous or unknown environments, the Mi-Go often add a hard carapace to their outer "skin" to protect against physical harm. 1D10 points of armor are added per surgery, and each surgery reduces Move by 1 (both for walking and flying).

### Chemical Bladders

These bladders can hold and spray about a pint of chemical each at a range of three feet. A common Mi-Go can have four of these bladders installed either in its body or on the end of a limb. See the section on Mi-Go chemicals (p. 19) for various nasty substances to spray at your investigators.

### Grey Remote Control

This bulbous head-mounted organ allows a single Mi-Go to control as many Grey automatons as its INT score (it can also be modified to overwhelm a single human target when the target has had the Remote Drone option installed—see p. 18). The range of control is the Mi-Go's POWx100 in yards. If the organ is directly attacked it can sustain 2 points of damage before becoming inoperative.

### Hypnotic Resonator

This organ (very much like the Vocal Augmentation) allows ultra high- and low-frequency sound waves to be created. A skilled Mi-Go can use this projector to lull an unsuspecting human target into a hypnotic state. A POW vs. POW roll on the resistance table is made, and if the human fails he cannot act except to answer questions passively. All SAN losses accrued during the hypnosis are applied in a single blow when the trance state ends.

### Limb Alterations

The Mi-Go add and remove limbs frequently, and even alter some for specific purposes. The common Mi-Go has ten limbs of assorted uses. Most are simply for locomotion and are nothing more than a set of crude, flexible nippers. Usually at least two are fine manipulators used to carry tools or handle small objects. Scientists among the Mi-Go often have more than two fine manipulators so they may carry and use many tools simultaneously.

Weaponry and equipment can be permanently incorporated into the ends of “utility limbs” which allow easy access and security from theft or loss.

### Sensory Improvement

Used on sentries and warriors, this augmentation increases sensory perception in multiple dimensions. This allows the Mi-Go to perceive possible threats at much greater distances and with greater accuracy. It is not commonly used by the scientist caste as it tends to consume vital mental processing power. Treat Mi-Go with this alteration as having the following skills: Listen 65% and Spot Hidden 60%.

### Vocal Augmentations

This is a common alteration for Earth-bound fungi. The Mi-Go attach a small air-pumping organ and a series of filters to the torso, allowing an approximation of human speech. A difficult tool to master, it takes many months of study for the Mi-Go to

become adept at the many nuances and modes of human speech. Inexperienced Mi-Go using this tool tend to sound inhuman and buzz like some sort of monstrous insect. More subtle and experienced Mi-Go can counterfeit specific human voices and even mimic animal calls with startling accuracy.

### Wing Alterations and Additions

Sometimes Mi-Go remove their wings to improve their maneuvering on Earth and other terrestrial environments. Their dorsal-like wings are clumsy and inhibiting in Earthly atmospheres. Mi-Go without wings have a movement of 8 on the ground.

To travel through space the Mi-Go often add additional wings to travel faster through the æther. Mi-Go can have up to five extra wings added, each increasing their Earthly flight movement rate by 1. The fastest a Mi-Go can travel in the Earth's atmosphere is 14.

### Common Human Surgical Procedures

Many of the human surgical procedures the Mi-Go have pioneered could be considered valuable contributions to medical science, if it weren't for the fact that most of them drive humans insane. The Mi-Go fail to understand the interrelation between the human mind and the human body, and as a result their modifications are almost sadistically pragmatic, with no thought given to what the human's resulting quality of life might be.



### Advanced Organ Modification

Random and bizarre experiments are often performed for no comprehensible reason except that the Mi-Go wished to try them.

Example experiments include:

- Δ The subject's heart and lungs are removed and his blood is replaced by a self-sustaining organism. The subject does not have a pulse and does not breathe, and yet is alive and well. SAN loss 1/1D6.
- Δ The subject's innards are replaced by an unrecognizable organ which maintains all life functions. He no longer requires food, air, or the other basics of life. SAN loss 1/1D6.
- Δ Portions of the subject's skin are replaced with skin containing millions of tiny eyes, and the normal eyes are closed over with tissue. As small as pores, these eyes allow the subject to see many different directions at once. SAN loss for the subject is 1/1D8, others 1/1D6. Spot Hidden skill is automatically increased 30%.

Many other options exist and are limited only by the Keeper's evil imagination.

### Brain Removal

See the discussion of brain cases on p. 14.

### Enhanced Senses

The Mi-Go sometimes alter human senses to determine the limits of the human nervous system. Common surgery includes the enhancement of all senses to dangerous levels. This often causes the overload of the nervous system within minutes. Subjects altered in this way cannot stand any physical stimuli and find almost any noise or light painful. Normal environments cause them to lose 1D4 SAN per minute while extreme environments (a city street, ice-cold water, *etc.*) cause 1D8 SAN loss per minute.

Sometimes, as a reward for their human agents, the Mi-Go grant night vision or enhanced smell or touch. But this is rare.

### Enhanced Strength

Sometimes used to reward human agents, this modification increases strength, stamina, and metabolism. Sometimes this alteration is experimental, and can cause health problems or even death. Increases in STR and CON are usually in increments of 1D10; this modification also affects HP. Each increase adds a strain to the metabolism of the subject, however, causing a dramatic increase in food intake and waste release.

### Improved Digestive System

This operation is often used to reward human agents or to fully test the usefulness of new organ designs the Mi-Go have developed. Though various methods exist, the underlying outcome is the same: the subject no longer excretes solid waste. All useful material is broken down and the small amount of waste which cannot be processed is passed through the urine.

Small amounts of food can sustain the subject for long periods (the subject can survive on about 1/20th the normal intake of food). And the metabolization of stored foodstuffs (*i.e.* fat) is rapid and is not deleterious to biological processes.

The subject will most likely find this rather disturbing, and when this fact is first realized a SAN check results in a 1/1D6 SAN loss.

### Memory Shunt

This is a brain alteration which allows the Mi-Go to place the subject in a near-trance state where all information and stimuli will be stored but are not retrievable. Usually activated by a specific low-frequency pitch, the subject will not do anything he would not usually do, but will also not recall any specifics of the events which transpire while the shunt is activated. SAN losses will be accrued but not inflicted until the shunt is disabled and the blocked memories come back. This is often used on Grey test subjects who are kidnapped more than once for ongoing experiments. This is a simpler method than the spell *Subdue Human* (p. 33).

### Remote Drone

This mind-control organ is used to take over the motor controls of a single human in which it has been implanted. Using the Grey Remote Control (see p. 16), the Mi-Go has a POW vs. POW contest against the human; the Mi-Go is at +10 for this contest only. If successful, the Mi-Go can control all the actions of the human for an indefinite duration. During this time the human is conscious but cannot act. The target human can be forced to do anything, and will take the SAN loss if forced to commit disgusting or ruinous acts.

### Self-Destruct Organ

This organ is often placed within the Mi-Go's human agents to prevent capture or autopsy. When the subject is reduced to 3 or less HP this organ activates suddenly, releasing a deadly and rapid virus into the bloodstream which consumes all human tissue, converting it rapidly to a disgusting liquid. Air pockets build within the victim rapidly, bursting through the skin. Once the virus eats its way out of the subject it sprays itself out into a mist (covering

an area in a 5x5 cloud). The virus becomes inert after a short time of violent activity (1D10 rounds). All subjects within the 5x5 cloud suffer 3D10x2 HP damage. The original subject suffers a nightmarish 5D10x10 HP damage and rarely leaves behind anything but clothing and personal effects.

### Tracking Organ

This small brain implant transmits a signal trackable by Mi-Go technology but undetectable by other means. Often placed within human agents or subjects who will be needed for future study, it cannot be jammed or obscured by mundane means and is not detectable by human science, short of a full post-mortem autopsy. Even then, a Spot Hidden/Medicine roll is needed to see the implant and not mistake it for a tumor. Even if all skill rolls are successful, the implant's use cannot be identified. All that can be determined is that it is not a tumor.

### Various Anatomical Experiments

Random and seemingly pointless anatomical surgery is a Mi-Go specialty. Example experiments include:

- Δ The subject's thumbs are placed on the opposite sides of his palms, effectively reversing their grasping radius. This costs 1/1D3 SAN to see.
- Δ The subject's tongue is elongated and is made prehensile. It withdraws into the esophageal tract and does not interfere with speech. Viewing this oddity costs 0/1 SAN.
- Δ Hair production centers are altered to produce much faster than before. Facial hair grows in hours and hair that normally grows an inch in a month grows that length in one week.
- Δ An arm is grafted to the center of the subject's chest. It is completely articulate and matches the subject's normal arms in appearance and size. The Mi-Go may or may not implant sufficient skeletal and muscular support in the chest for the arm to be fully exerted; heavy lifting may result in torn cartilage, ripped muscle, and even open wounds on the skin at the base of the arm. This costs 2/1D6 SAN to see.
- Δ Eyes or ears are seamlessly moved elsewhere on the body but retain complete functionality. This costs 1/1D3 SAN to see.

The options are limited only by the Keeper's evil imagination.

### Mi-Go Chemicals

The Mi-Go have access to countless specific drugs they have created to perform almost every task imaginable. The select few known to Majestic-12 are presented herein. Given color-coded

names, they represent knowledge gleaned from the *Cookbook* (see p. 29). The Keeper should feel free to create chemicals of his own to unleash on the investigators as needed. (Note that the color names are arbitrary, and do not reflect the appearance of the chemicals themselves.)

### Red

Red is a smart viral agent which causes uncontrollable rage by dampening the production of calmatives in the brain and exacerbating pain and threat responsiveness. Anyone dosed with this colorless, odorless liquid must make a CONx1 roll or be overcome with homicidal rage. If this roll is failed, for CONx20 hours the victim becomes a killing machine, murdering anyone in his path. This drug is often used to set up patsies or to remove individuals who are seen as morally beyond reproach.

### Orange

This is a tailored organism that causes timed blackouts in cognitive retrieval. The subject remains conscious but cannot recall what was perceived while under the drug's influence. The drug can be timed to affect a subject for more than 12 hours at a dose.

### Yellow

Yellow is a chemical compound which causes complete and utter paralysis of voluntary musculature without affecting cognitive function. The subject must make a halved CONx1 roll. If this is failed, the subject is completely paralyzed for CONx40 hours. This loss of motor control also causes a SAN loss of 1 point.

### Green

This is a powerful hallucinogen which often (80%) causes violent responses. It is untraceable and undetectable by modern means and therefore is a common tool of Majestic-12.

### Blue

A tailored microorganism, Blue can cause fatal cardiac arrest in even the healthiest subjects. If the subject fails a CONx2 roll when this topical agent is applied, he or she dies.

### Indigo

This is a chemical compound which causes disintegration of the dendrites through which neurons transmit their signals in the brain. The result is a slow but fatal form of brain damage. It must be continuously administered, with each dose (if a CONx2 roll is failed) causing the loss of 1D4+1 points of INT and 1D4+1 points of EDU. All skills are affected by these losses. For each point of either attribute lost, 10 points of a random skill are lost. If the subject's INT reaches 1 or less, death occurs.

### Violet

This organism induces a fatal cascade of body functions, causing slight mutations in certain body chemical productions. Death is painful and slow as wastes are not collected or excreted, blood does not clot, food is not digested, eye and ear ducts produce inappropriate fluids, and on and on. Starting at onset, death usually occurs in CONx2 days; sometimes much sooner if the victim chooses to end the pain.

## Gate Technology

This advanced method of travel has been known to the Mi-Go since they first arrived on Earth; perhaps it is how they arrived here in the first place. Through the use of hyper-geometric principles, two points in space can be folded onto each other and “stapled” there, allowing instantaneous travel between two locations, no matter the distance. Powered by the energy created by a living being, use of this technology, like many of the Mi-Go’s devices, is a draining experience. Some gates are able to power themselves using reservoirs of energy gathered from living beings.

In ancient times, the Mi-Go had an extensive gate network throughout the entire solar system. Although many gates still exist, many more have been destroyed completely to prevent discovery or use by humanity. The few that still exist on Earth are contained in sites hidden so thoroughly from the prying eye of humanity that discovery is virtually impossible.

The usual Mi-Go gate (Type I) appears as a semi-circle which, when activated, rips open a portal in time/space to another location in a bright white flash and a loud, cracking report followed by an echoing boom which can be heard for miles around. The destination of the gate is plainly visible on the other side of the semi-circle at all times, as if it were behind a plate of glass. Anyone pushing up against the gate who does not have enough Magic Points to activate it will be stopped by the invisible glass-like barrier. Those who have enough energy to power the transport will pass through this barrier easily, appearing on the other side.

The newest Mi-Go gates (Type II) have a console which can select any destination—without the need for a reciprocating gate on the other end. They are also silent. Some are just one-way transmitters used to dispose of discarded items, to transfer goods, or for other menial tasks. Some of these gate portals are set only to receive, and cannot be travelled through to return.

The Mi-Go are built to withstand almost any environment and think little about the consequences of others who may attempt to use their gates. Most lead to environments deadly to those of terrestrial biology. This fact is difficult to discern without

actually travelling through the gate, by which time it is too late. Unprepared humans travelling through gates may find that they have suddenly become the first human to set foot and die on the surface of an alien world, when all they thought they were doing was stepping into the next room.

## Weapons Technology

Mi-Go weaponry comprises a baffling array of bizarre devices. Some of the more odd devices can easily be mistaken for living creatures. Before using a piece of Mi-Go technology, an investigator must make a INTx1 roll, even if the investigator saw the Mi-Go use the device. If this roll is failed, the device cannot be figured out initially and must be studied at length before it may be used properly (1D10 days of study whereupon a new INTx1 roll is made). If this INTx1 roll is fumbled, the weapon’s effect is inflicted on the investigator making the roll.

(Once someone has figured out a Mi-Go weapon, he can use that weapon at the base skill rating listed with each entry below. This rating may also be used for Mi-Go who have not had prior experience with such weapons, although they won’t have to go through the INTx1 check described above.)

In addition, the truly evil Keeper will want to assign a SAN roll for simply seeing some of the more strange devices activate. A SAN loss of 0/1 SAN is recommended, but investigators with high skills in Mathematics or Physics should lose more, simply because what they are seeing is (in their limited understanding) a physical impossibility. For those investigators with a 40% or higher in Mathematics or Physics, the SAN loss should be 1/1D4.

### Electric Gun (10%)

This weapon appears as a pulsing, softball-sized glob with three dangling tendrils. When the weapon is picked up, the tendrils wrap around the user’s forearm. The weapon is a biomechanical organism that can eject bolts of electric current, sort of like an electric eel. It does 1D10 damage, and the victim must resist the damage rolled versus his current hit points or be killed instantly. Armor offers no protection against this damage. If not slain, the victim is automatically stunned for a number of rounds equal to the damage rolled. (Kindly Keepers can rule that instead of death, a failed roll results in unconsciousness for a number of minutes equal to the damage rolled.) It costs 1/1D3 SAN to see the device and use it.

The electric gun carries an unlimited charge as long as it is fed fresh meat regularly. The more it’s used, the more voracious it becomes. Eventually it will attack anyone who picks it up.





The gun will fire twice a round when recently fed. After five uses it will fire once every round. After ten more uses it fires once every two rounds. After ten more uses it will fire once every three rounds, and after two more uses it will attack whoever is wielding it. It has STR 6 and Grapple 50%, unless the victim of the attack is already holding the weapon, in which case the grapple is automatically successful. Once it grapples its victim, it can attack with its squid-like beak at 90%, 1D4 damage. The gun has 5 hit points, and takes minimum damage from impaling weapons. If not fed for six days, the gun dies and dissolves. It is not capable of movement other than entangling someone within reach, eating meat fed to it, and so forth—the gun cannot crawl along the floor to ambush someone, unless the Keeper is feeling mean.

### Electric Stunner [25%]

The stunner is a short pole three-and-a-half feet long made of non-terrestrial reflective silver metal with a small network of wires in a box-like design at the end. The box is pressed against the victim and inflicts 1D6+1 HP damage. In addition, the victim makes a resistance roll of CON vs. 20. If failed, the victim is rendered unconscious for 2D10 minutes. If the roll is fumbled, the victim goes into heart failure and dies unless a First Aid roll is successfully applied in less than 1D4 rounds (if successfully revived, he takes 1D4 additional HP damage and is unconscious for 2D10 minutes anyway).

The stunner will automatically activate when the box touches a living being. Each use costs 1 charge. The device holds a maximum

of 30 charges. When empty, it may be refilled by touching a living being. It then drains the target of Magic Points, each point equalling 1 charge.

### Electric Wand [40%]

This eighteen-inch wand-like object is made of a black, non-reflecting metal not found on Earth. It inflicts damage upon contact with a victim, and has three settings. The first setting does 1 point of damage and uses 1 charge. Setting two uses 2 charges and inflicts 1D3 HP damage. The third setting uses 3 charges and does 1D6 HP damage. Modifying the settings is difficult for a human, and requires an additional INTx1 roll to learn the different finger positions necessary to activate the different modes.

The device holds a maximum of 15 charges. It is refilled in the same manner as the Electric Stunner. This, too, is a separate setting and requires another INTx1 roll to figure out.

A setting exists which will inflict 1D6 points damage on anyone other than the operator who picks up the device. This setting is very complex and requires two consecutive INTx1 rolls to learn, but is very useful.

### Gravity Cone [5%]

This deadly device is only used as a last resort. This weapon utilizes Mi-Go hyper-geometric principles to warp time/space causing a cone of gravitic distortion. The weapon is made of two six-inch sections of black stone-like material, connected by hinges so that the two sections fold in on each other—rather like

a small laptop computer. When opened, the two hyper-geometric sigils are revealed, one with positive gravitic force, the other with the exact counter-force necessary to negate it. When these two sigils are closed facing each other, there is no danger. When opened, the positive gravitic force (usually in excess of 100 G's) is unleashed in a cone emanating from the center of the sigil. All objects in this cone are affected by its force, knocking down buildings, breaking bones, and destroying almost everything in its path. There is no counter-force generated, meaning the operator feels no pressure or jolt whatsoever. Attacks by the Gravity Cone are treated as follows.

Objects (trees, buildings, cars *etc.*) in the path of the cone must match their SIZ on the resistance table vs. the cone's STR (usually 20–30). The cone's STR is treated as the active characteristic and the Keeper makes the roll. If this roll is successful, the object is subjected to a number of HP equal to the difference between the object's STR and the successful die roll. The number of HP inflicted is also the distance in feet the subject is thrown from the gravity cone, if appropriate. The procedure is the same for living beings, except that unconsciousness automatically occurs in addition to damage.

For example: A gravity cone (STR 20) is unleashed on a character with a STR of 11. The Keeper rolls a 60, succeeding by 35 points. The investigator is knocked unconscious, thrown 35 feet, takes 35 points of damage, and dies horribly. If the Cone had rolled a 96 or higher, the investigator would have escaped harm altogether.

It costs 1/1D8 SAN to see a Gravity Cone in action.

### Ice Weapon [10%]

This tiny device looks like an odd conglomeration of glass spheres and tubes, but is extremely resilient and will not break even if struck violently. When activated it shoots a visible beam of white light at its target which is then subjected to 2D8 points of cold damage. It has a maximum of 12 charges and it recharges in the same manner as the Electric Stunner.

### Lightning Gun [30%]

This weapon is a metallic tube ending in tuning-fork-like protrusions. It is made of pure bronze. Its range is 200 yards. The gun does 5D6 damage at ten yards, 3D6 at fifty yards, 2D6 at one hundred yards and 1D6 at two hundred yards. When the weapon is fired, a low humming between the two tuning forks is produced, ending in a sizzling crack as the weapon discharges an arc of elec-

tricity towards its target.

Each firing costs 1 charge and the device has a maximum of 15 charges. The methods of recharging this device require access to extensive Mi-Go technology, and only under unusual circumstances will it be possible for a captured device to be recharged by humans.

The settings of the device are controlled by pads on the shaft of the weapon. Figuring out all the settings requires an INTx1 roll.

### Mist Projector [25%]

This bizarre device is a twisted array of odd tubes, lumps, and wires made of a strange unearthly greenish metal. When activated, a thick white mist is emitted in a stream from the front cone of the device. This mist is intensely cold, and is damaging to almost all terrestrial creatures. It is harmless to the Mi-Go and other creatures acclimatized to the icy depths of space. A single burst from this device will freeze boiling water, or cause a human to suffer hypothermia if not properly protected. The weapon is simply a small gate which carries a freezing atmosphere from some alien world to be used for its offensive capabilities on Earth. The freezing mist does 1D10 points of damage per round of exposure to those not wearing cold-resistant clothing. The weapon carries a maximum of 20 charges, each round of usage costing 1 charge and covering 1 yard in obscuring mist. It recharges in the same manner as the Electric Stunner. Difficult to use, the Mist Projector requires a DEXx3 and INTx1 roll to figure out.

## Communications Technology

To a species with travel technology as rapid and effortless to use as the Mi-Go, little in the way of communications breakthroughs have occurred in the æons since they arrived on Earth. The Mi-Go simply fly or gate to their destination. The few technological methods they still employ for communications are covered in detail below.

### Telepathic Link

This strange evolutionary trait was acquired sometime in the distant and forgotten Mi-Go past. This is not a natural Mi-Go trait. This biological modification of the Mi-Go consciousness allows instantaneous communication between Mi-Go who have been altered. At close range it allows several Mi-Go to act in unison, increasing their intellect and skill levels. It is usually only possessed by the scientist caste.

Mi-Go altered to have a telepathic link can gestalt their skills

and combine their INT scores. The Mi-Go must be touching. All the INTs of the Mi-Go involved are added up. As long as the gestalt lasts this combined score is counted as each Mi-Go's INT statistic. Skills are pooled and divided by the number of Mi-Go minus one, so if three Mi-Go had Human Anthropology at 21% and entered a telepathic gestalt, their collective skill of 63% would be treated as 31% (rounded down).

### Translator

This odd device was once given to many of the Mi-Go's human agents to aid in their summoning of the Mi-Go from the icy depths of space. Technology of its type is rarely seen today on Earth.

The translator is a valise-sized gelatinous mass with the con-

sistency of vaseline. When grabbed, the translator engulfs the user's arms in a tight grip, releasing only when willed to do so (this costs 0/1D4 SAN). When used in unison with the Contact Mi-Go spell the device activates, flashing lights in the ghostly Mi-Go language, mimicking the Mi-Go glowing head nodes and causing the Mi-Go to appear 50% faster to a human summons and reducing the cost of the spell to 1 Magic Point.

The device can also directly translate human thought into the equivalent and much more rapid light bursts of the Mi-Go language. It effectively gives the user a score equivalent to his native language in Speak Mi-Go.

The translator is a living organism that subsists on particulates from the air and sweat.

## Humans and the Mi-Go

A species as powerful and nefarious as the Mi-Go cannot completely camouflage its existence from humans. This section describes what little information humans have about the sinister visitors.

### Early Human Knowledge

The Pennacook indians of the American Northeast have extensive myths about the Mi-Go, whom they call the "Winged Ones" or the "Silent Ones," as do many natives of the area. They teach that these beings originally inhabited the constellation known to the Pennacooks as the Great Bear, and that they came to Earth to mine minerals found only on this world. They attacked only those who pried upon their lands, and knew the many languages of men in the area. The Indians avoided confrontation with them mostly because the winged ones did not prey upon the stock of animals from which the indians hunted. Even then it was known that the aliens could not eat Earthly foods. Peaceful and secretive, the Winged Ones were left to their own devices, although they did sometimes interact with the shamans of certain degenerate tribes with whom they shared knowledge and gifts.

To the Nepalese tribes of the Himalayas, these creatures were known as the dreaded "Mi-Go" or "Secret Beast." Often mixed up with the "Abominable Snowman" myth, this name is interchangeable among the mish-mash of languages with any number of local demons, devils, or djinn. Deadly and secretive, these beasts were considered a definite reality, and were avoided at all costs. Known to inhabit caves and caverns in the ranges of the higher peaks, it was written of them in the *Shankcharakya*:

"Lost at the heights of the mountain  
Movement like a petal from a flower  
Upon a white peak,  
beautiful and serene, in the wind—  
To live in such a place  
The Secret Beast (Mi-Go) must be empty of Earthly  
Pleasures  
And needs nothing of this world—  
To already surpass it—"

In India, the Mi-Go are known as the *Vidyaharas* or "Possessors of Knowledge," hovering somewhere between Heaven and Earth. Indian tradition holds that the *Vidyaharas* could "travel through space and disappear from sight at will."

Also known since ancient times in the Pindus mountain range of Greece, the Mi-Go are called there *Kallikanzari*, and are thought to carry away miners who discover their hidden treasures. Hovering between fact and fantasy, the *Kallikanzari* are usually seen as nothing more than local "bogeymen" and are comparable to the vampire legends of Eastern Europe.

To the Tzetal indians of Mexico the Mi-Go are called *Ikals*. Long-standing myths about the nature of these creatures are

accepted as an everyday reality to those Tzetal indians who venture into the mountains. The *Ikals* are known to fly, live in caves, and steal people away. An ancient fable reports:

“The *Ikal* of the Tzlotzils flies through the air. Sometimes he steals women, and the women so taken are incredibly prolific, and may bear a child once a week, or once a month, or even daily. The offspring are black, and they learn the art of flying within their father’s cave.”

The Paiute indians knew of the Mi-Go when they set to mining the mountains of California. Known to the Paiute as the *Hav-Musuvs*, these creatures were masters of the world, and could fly and destroy great areas of the Earth at their whim. Their weapon of choice was the *hliil*, an odd tube of silver which would stun opponents, and inflicted pain which felt like the many needles of a cactus.

In the heights of Kenya, the Mi-Go are called the *Nandi*. Although never seen by the locals, this creature is known to prey on humans for a single odd need: their brains. A crypto-zoologist writes:

“Men told me it came down from the heights in the night and murdered the inhabitants in their huts. It made its entrance through the roof, killed the occupants, and ate their brains. This was one of the beast’s peculiarities; it ate only the brains of its victims. Women gathering firewood in the forest would be missed, and later their bodies would be discovered, always minus the tops of their skulls.”

## Modern Human Knowledge

Modern human interaction with the Mi-Go has been limited. Up to the 20th century the Mi-Go made themselves known to individual humans, loners or outcasts who lived in isolated locales haunted by the Mi-Go, constructing a crude organization of facilitators and spies to keep human society at bay.

This system proved unwieldy and led to too many loose ends, and was scrapped shortly before the advent of World War II. At that time the Mi-Go constructed their Grey automatons and cover story. They retreated to other bases and destroyed all human-accessible Mi-Go facilities to prevent the rampant and ever-moving warring human armies from discovering any of the ancient outposts. Today the Mi-Go themselves are rarely on Earth in force. They prefer to remain safely distanced from the baffling humans in their outposts on the Moon, Mars, and Yuggoth.

## Majestic-12 and the Mi-Go

After the incident at Groversville, Tennessee (described in “Convergence,” a scenario in the *Delta Green* sourcebook), Majestic-12 is somewhat aware of the Mi-Go. However, they have in the past encountered more than fifteen different “alien” species (some of them native to the Earth, although MJ-12 would never guess as such), and assume simply that what the Greys report to them is true. The Greys claim that space is thriving with life, not all of it as friendly as themselves, and that many species have come to Earth and even contacted humanity in the past. The Greys maintain that only they are looking out for humanity’s best interests, and that humans need protection from this vast array of malevolent creatures who have access to technologies far beyond the capabilities of any human superpower.

Not all of MJ-12 believes what the Greys have to say, although their theories of the Greys’ true motives are just as disparate and unsound as their concept that the Greys are a true race at all. Disunity in the Majestic-12 steering council has guaranteed the preservation of the Mi-Go’s secret. No two members of the council can agree on a change in policy towards the Greys, or on a general policy towards extraterrestrial contact. This all but guarantees the Mi-Go’s secret will be maintained indefinitely.

The Greys’ relationship with the steering committee has, since its inception, become very parasitical. MJ-12 relies on the Greys for technology, information, and the like, while secretly (and thus far futilely) attempting to formulate a working plan of attack against them—just in case, of course. MJ-12 has realized its precarious position, and hopes to extricate itself from it in any way and at nearly any cost. But first, of course, they have to agree on how to do it . . .

## The Greys

In truth, the Greys are nothing more than remote-controlled biological constructs created by the Mi-Go to ensure their own secrecy and to ease the mental blow that contact with the Mi-Go could inflict upon the common human. Through these automatons, the Mi-Go hope to study humans without the usual sanity-rending effects common to most Mi-Go/human encounters.

A single Mi-Go can control a number of Grey automatons equal to its INT score. The range of this control is dependant on the mission. Certain Mi-Go devices have lengthened the usual short range of this control to near-stellar distances for short periods.

## Statistics

Generally speaking, there is only one type of Grey. The Mi-Go could certainly create customized Greys that could perform special functions, but there is rarely any need to do so.

## Grey

Stats	Rolls	Averages	Move: 7
STR	3D6-1	9-10	<b>SAN Loss:</b> It costs 0/1D3 points to see a Grey
CON	3D6	10-11	<b>Natural Armor:</b> None
SIZ	3D6-1	9-10	<b>Damage Bonus:</b> None
INT	see notes below		
POW	3D6+3	13-14	
DEX	3D6-1	9-10	

**HP:** 9-10

**Natural Attacks:** None

### Equipment

Electric wand 51%

1 • 1D3 • 1D6

Surgical equipment

### Spells

The Grey automaton may cast any spell the Mi-Go controlling it knows, and may draw from either POW score and Magic Point total for spell-casting purposes (the Mi-Go or the Grey), but not both at the same time

### Skills

The Grey automaton may perform any skill the Mi-Go controlling it possesses

### Notes

The Grey automaton's INT score is equal to that of the Mi-Go controlling it; without a controlling consciousness, the Grey lacks higher functions. It will continue to "breathe" and will not collapse, but will otherwise be inert.

## Physiology

The Greys are carbon-based lifeforms that are anthropoid in shape. They are remarkably similar to humans in many ways. The average Grey is four feet tall and weighs about ninety pounds. They have an enlarged cranium (within which the brain is a seamless pink organ), are hairless, thin-lipped, and have huge almond-shaped eyes which have no whites. Their hands have four long fingers tapering towards the pinky, which is the longest. Like humans, they have opposable thumbs. The Greys' arms are long and gangly, but are otherwise identical to human anatomy. There are no apparent sex organs and internally, nothing identifiable as reproductive organs can be found. They are photosynthetic,

and their digestive system has atrophied much like the human appendix. Instead of digesting food, their skin collects the energy they need through the reaction of sunlight on the chlorophyll-like substance which composes their blood. This blood is pumped throughout the body by a large heart-like organ located in the chest. The liquid circulates into the skin, collects the sun's energy, delivers it to areas within the body, collects any waste from within the body, and then excretes any wastes through the skin. These waste products give the Greys their trademark "burning cardboard" odor.

Lack of sunlight for a short period (about eight hours) will cause the Grey to enter biological stasis (the Mi-Go use a form of "grow lights" in Grey facilities that don't have access to natural light). This torpor incapacitates the Grey until it is once again exposed to sunlight. They can also enter a voluntary torpor in which they are immune to most harsh environments, and all biological activity ceases.

The Greys have loud mechanical voices reminiscent of some sort of voice synthesizer. Every Grey sounds and acts alike and few have any understanding of the concept of the individual. When walking or talking, they often act in complete unison, moving in lockstep, or speaking the same exact sentences. Each Grey seems to know and have memories of anything any other Grey has seen or heard.

## History

The Greys claim to be from the now-dead star of Zeta Reticula III in the M-31 star cluster. On a Mars-like desert planet orbiting this star, the Greys' parent race slowly developed an extensive and peaceful technological society which reached maturity shortly before the dinosaurs arose on Earth. The society was a utopia by Earthly standards: there was no food shortage, no ecological problems, and the race lived in a carefully checked harmony within the ecosystem of their world. When their eyes turned towards the stars and the settlement of nearby stellar objects, the race of Zeta Reticula III developed a caste of their own species suited for space travel. These are the Greys. Constructed for the long journeys necessary in space travel, the Greys were built to need little for survival. Their photosynthetic skin and lack of solid waste products made them extremely easy to maintain in space.

When space travel became a common and successful enterprise, the race of Zeta Reticula III (we'll call them the ZR) became worried about the propagation of their manufactured space caste. The Greys were limited through technological and biological means to prevent their reproduction without the help of the ZR. Eventually this plan left the race of Greys sterile.

Several “worldships” were constructed over huge spans of time to ferry portions of the ZR and Greys to other star systems. It was during this construction phase that a sudden catastrophe destroyed the star of Zeta Reticula III. It is thought some sort of huge object collided with the sun at near light speeds, causing a nova-like explosion. Only two of the worldships were near enough to completion to escape the onrushing wave of destruction and all the planets in the system, including the Greys’ homeworld, were destroyed. Unfortunately, no members of the ZR race survived.

This supernova event occurred over 3 million years ago. Since that time, the two worldships set off in different directions, hoping to find a solution to their reproduction problem and a world suitable for settlement. The worldship which discovered Earth in 2500 B.C. has remained here ever since, in a deep orbit well beyond Pluto. The Greys, who refer to themselves as “the Others,” were impressed to find the human race almost 95% genetically compatible with their own. Since 2500 B.C. the Greys have tried in vain to develop technology which would allow them to rejuvenate their dying race using biological samples from Earth.

Up until 1947 the Greys had no problem hiding their presence from humanity, but with the advent of the second world war and the sudden development of new technologies, the Greys were for the first time worried about accidental discovery. An accident in 1947 in Roswell, New Mexico, forced their hand. It was clear that humanity would have to be apprised of the true situation when one of the Greys’ craft was knocked out of the air during a severe thunderstorm. Unsure whether to make direct contact or not, the Greys devised a test which they believed would decide whether or not humanity was ready for first contact. From one of their many secret bases throughout the solar system, the Greys beamed a subtle encoded radio message at the Earth. If this message was detected and translated, the Greys theorized, it would mean that humanity was prepared for interaction with an alien species. The Greys, not wanting to seem like a hostile alien force, waited for humanity to hear their summons and answer properly before revealing themselves.

The Greys’ relationship with Majestic-12 has been beneficial to them and they enjoy interacting with humanity, although their methods and actions must remain secret indefinitely, to the general population of Earth. The Greys view humanity as their principal heirs, and hope that they can teach humanity the valuable lessons their ancient culture learned before the first human ever walked on the planet Earth. When the time comes, the Greys will put humanity in contact with the galactic culture from which they came.

## Language

First of all, it should be said that the Greys, being a manufactured species, have no legitimate cultural history or need for a written language. However, the Mi-Go have attempted to construct as complex and rich a “culture” as was possible with their limited understanding of human expectations.

The Grey “language” is pictographic, with small symbols that often seem mathematic in nature (simple geometric shapes, *etc.*). These symbols are commonly etched into objects and colored. Some religious symbols found on Earth are also found in the Grey written language, including the ankh, the cross, and the all-seeing eye.

Under close scrutiny this language proves to be little more than a hodge-podge of poorly executed ideas and simple grammatical rules. Analysis by Majestic-12 proved that the language was little more than fragmented “sentences” with almost no grammatical connections with phrases before or after. In truth the Mi-Go do not want to give humanity a chance to examine their own written tongue, and so have botched together a simple pidgin for the purpose of confounding the humans’ clumsy investigations. Sure enough, MJ-12 has come to believe that the Greys developed a hive mentality some time in the distant past which has led to the obsolescence of their ancient language, and that it is now inscribed for ceremonial purposes only. In truth, the language is simple because it was swiftly constructed by beings who understand linear language poorly at best.

Majestic-12 believes that each Grey is in constant communication with every other Grey, instantaneously, undetectably, and regardless of distance. When asked about this psychic link, the Greys seem to not understand the concept of telepathy. MJ-12 hypothesizes that perhaps such a fundamental link makes the conception of such a limited view as humanity’s difficult to grasp for the Greys—that the link is so intrinsic to them that they aren’t aware of it in the terms humans use.

In truth, the Greys are indeed linked together, but not in the way MJ-12 believes. They are linked through the Mi-Go which controls them. This seeming hive mentality comes from the fact that a single mind controls the action of many bodies, and all information is shared through that link.

## Religion

Little is known by MJ-12 about Grey theology, if the concept can be applied to them at all. Seemingly religious symbols do appear in their writings, some which have even apparently influenced



Earth cultures in the distant past, such as the aforementioned cross, ankh, and all-seeing eye, although their meaning (to the Greys) has been lost to time. The Greys speak little of anything but the most matter-of-fact necessities, and when topics lean towards metaphysics, either they cease talking or seem not to understand the line of questioning.

The Greys acknowledge something they refer to as “the Maker” on rare occasions. The Maker seems to be the creature or entity which constructed the material universe for obscure reasons. The Greys claim to understand why the universe was created, but insist that humanity would not be able to grasp the idea fully and so they remain guarded about their beliefs on this subject.

## Technology

Grey technology, similar in function but not in form to the Mi-Go technology it sprang from, is designed to stimulate humanity’s love of carefully crafted, classically “technological” objects. Specifically, Grey technology was designed to draw humanity to the conclusion that the Greys are similar to the human species, only much older and more advanced. Although their devices do seem miraculous to earthly science, and their function and operation seem bizarre, one still gets the feeling of sensible technology at work. This is in direct conflict with Mi-Go science, which is almost as damaging to the human psyche as their weapons are to human biology. Here, the Mi-Go have toned down the disastrous effects that their understanding of hyper-dimensional principles can have on the human mind and produce simply what they believe the humans want to see. These devices perform the same as Mi-Go technology but fit humanity’s sense of aesthetics.

## Grey ‘Spacecraft’

Most people legitimately reporting UFOs are in actuality observing a specialized Mi-Go technology, the mobile gate. This is a high-speed, exceptionally maneuverable, saucer-shaped device which is remotely piloted by the Mi-Go from one of their secure bases on the Moon or Mars, or sometimes from the Earth itself. This craft lands or hovers at a site and the Greys exit to perform their work, sometimes bringing people into the craft or out of it. In truth, the people are travelling through a gate (Type II) to a secure and prepared environment hidden away from prying human eyes; there is no interior to the craft itself, just the technology which powers the gate and the craft’s propulsion system. In this way the Mi-Go hope to keep their deception carefully hidden, without the risk of losing valuable data, personnel, or technology to a crash or attack.

In addition the Mi-Go do, from time to time, construct fully detailed models of Grey spacecraft, such as the one that they dropped on Roswell, New Mexico, in 1947. These mock-ups are fully operational and are decorated thoroughly with tidbits of the Grey deception. The Mi-Go crash these ships from time to time for Majestic-12’s BLUE FLY crash-retrieval team, to both reassure the humans that the Greys are active and that they are fallible.

## The ‘Common’ Flying Disc

Although destroyed by MJ-12 scientists in a 1972 accident, the captured saucer recovered from Roswell represents a common Grey craft. Several others have been recovered in the intervening years, some more or less damaged than the “Bucket,” as the original craft was known.

The common Grey disc is thirty feet in diameter, twelve feet from top to bottom, and due to the amazing composites it is constructed of, weighs almost twelve pounds. The entire exterior is made of a dull metal-like material which looks like lead. This material is frictionless and invulnerable to Earthly science. When the gravity motor within the craft is active, the vehicle hovers about a foot and a half off the ground and weighs nothing. In addition, when the motor is on a slight hum fills the air and a tingling sensation can be felt by anyone within fifty feet. The craft retains its mass, but has no weight when the motor is on. It is easy to push, pull, or lift, but difficult to stop once it gets started.

Three curved triangular windows protrude from the front of the craft. The clear material that composes them is, in fact, the same material the entire craft is made of, but is somehow transparent. A control exists on the main console of the craft which will cause the windows to become opaque.

A single entry ramp opens from the bottom center of the craft. When this ramp is activated, the craft rises to allow the small steps to lower. This ramp is activated from the inside by a single odd-shaped node set into the wall. When a specific sequence of pressures is placed upon the node, the ramp lowers. No mechanism has ever been discovered to open the ramp from the outside, although the Greys have been observed doing so.

Inside is a low-ceiling interior made of a soft red-brown adobe-like material. It is carefully and ergonomically shaped. The ceilings are gracefully arched, and the corridors serpentine and smooth. The floors are made of a shiny black material which under close scrutiny is covered in tiny green and purple Grey writings. The adobe-like material which composes most of the walls and ceilings in the craft is actually a non-terrestrial organism which is somehow "smart." It is easy to damage but will immediately grow back into its original shape.

Every square foot of the ceiling is covered in tiny mathematical/magical sigils, which maintain a constant Earth-like gravity in the craft no matter the outside conditions. If these are scraped away, they will immediately grow back.

The interior of the craft is much larger than it should be. Corridors wind more than thirty feet and open into large rooms which somehow are all jammed within the tiny craft. Rooms are plain and rarely have any furniture; those that do only have crude tables or platforms. There are no chairs.

The entire ship is lit with a yellow light which seems to emanate from the very air. This light provides sustenance to the Grey crew, imitating the light of the sun for long journeys.

The bridge is a round room which has the aforementioned three windows set into it. In the center of the room is a single console made of the same black stone-like material that the floor is

composed of. It is covered in a complex array of mathematical sigils and portions of Grey language. An incredibly convoluted sequence is necessary to activate the engine and bring the craft online.

The Grey disc is faster than anything on Earth. It can exceed speeds of 20,000 miles per hour and can change direction instantly. All the while, any crew within it feel nothing but regular Earth gravity. All in all, the Mi-Go's trojan horse is far better than anything humanity has ever developed and could hope to develop, even with Majestic's help, in the next two hundred years.

## Humans and the Greys

Although they were constructed to ease the burden of alien contact with humanity, the Greys are still disturbing to the human psyche. Physically, they are quite human in design, but are still disturbingly alien. Their behavior and methodology, however, are often far more detrimental to the human mind than their appearance. Bizarre questions, experiments, and situations are the hallmark of the Greys. Pointless messianic drivel, false stories about future Earthly catastrophes, lies indicating that the Greys require humans to mate—these are the common mental tests inflicted on individuals unlucky enough to be captured by the Mi-Go's automatons.

Although most test subjects are returned relatively unharmed, many vaguely remember their torment despite the lengths to which the Mi-Go go to erase their memories of the incident. Lost time, Sanity loss and memory erasure are handled as follows in game terms.

After a human is captured by the Mi-Go, all Sanity lost during the abduction is totaled but not yet deducted. When released, the investigator makes a POWx1 roll. On a successful roll the investigator remembers his ordeal in full detail and loses all Sanity points inflicted during the incident. On a failed roll, the investigator loses 1/10th (minimum of 1 point) of the Sanity lost during the ordeal and remembers little or nothing about it. If this total exceeds 3, the investigator can recall some oddities (missing time, odd lights) but nothing specific.

Further inquiry, through hypnosis or intense self-examination, allows another POWx1 roll with the same effects. If the roll fails and the total SAN lost is less than 3, nothing less than another direct encounter with the Greys will allow another POWx1 roll. If the POW roll succeeds, the investigator immediately takes all SAN losses from the abduction and recalls the entire experience.

SAN losses are as follows:

**Investigator is abducted:** -0/1 SAN



**Investigator encounters a Grey:** -0/1D3 SAN

**Investigator undergoes minor Grey surgery:** -0/1D4 SAN

**Investigator undergoes major Grey surgery:** -1/1D6 SAN

**Investigator undergoes Grey questioning:** -0/1D3 SAN

**Investigator realizes that he is missing time:** -0/1 SAN

**Investigator sees a Grey ship:** -0/1 SAN

## An Abduction Example

Agent Norris is separated from his party in wooded country known for ghost lights and UFO sightings. While trying to get his bearings, Agent Norris observes a pulsing white light level with the horizon visible through a tightly packed copse of trees.

Norris cautiously approaches the light. Suddenly Norris is aware that he is cold. He abruptly realizes he is standing naked in a dimly lit domed room, his gun and equipment gone. The Keeper has him roll for SAN loss: he rolls a 25 against his SAN of 30 and succeeds, so he loses no SAN for being abducted.

On the floor of the room are multiple human objects: a rusty jack-in-the-box, a broken 1950s wristwatch, a tattered and rotted knapsack. On the walls, which seem to be made of a clay-like material, are tiny purple sigils.

Norris examines the sigils and touches one. A blue light flares for a moment and he jumps away from the wall. The metallic floor has changed—it is now clear like glass, and through it dozens of Grey bodies can be seen lying prone, seemingly entombed. The Keeper has Norris roll for SAN loss: he rolls a 49 against his SAN of 30 and fails. Norris loses the maximum 3 of 1D3 for seeing multiple Greys, but this deduction is not taken from his SAN total until the abduction is over.

“YES,” a mechanical voice says from behind him.

Norris whirls to see three Greys standing in the chamber—

which apparently has no entrances.

“Wh-What? What do you want?” Norris stammers.

The three speak in unison, walking at exactly the same pace towards him.

“THIS IS GOOD. WE HAVE NEEDS OF THIS THING. YOU MUST FUNCTION AS YOU HAVE BEEN LATER.”

Norris attempts to back up, but his willpower slowly drains until he finds himself standing at near-attention as the Greys poke and prod his body with odd instruments which he cannot see. His entire body is numb. They begin to question him.

“WHEN ARE YOU?”

“What? I don’t—”

“IN WHAT PLACES DO YOU EXIST IN THIS SHELL?”

“Help me . . . Ahhh . . . God . . .”

“IT DOES NOT UNDERSTAND,” all three Greys shout simultaneously. “WE ARE FROM OUTSIDE. WE HAVE COME FOR YOU.”

“Please . . . What is it? What . . . Why me?”

“YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND AND ARE NEEDED BY US.”

“Why? Why me . . .” (weeps)

“IN TIME YOU WILL KNOW THESE THINGS. UNTIL THEN SLEEP.”

The Keeper has Norris roll for SAN loss for the Grey interrogation: he rolls a 61 against his SAN of 30 and fails, so he loses 2 SAN. Norris is rendered unconscious and the Mi-Go erase his memory. The Keeper has Norris roll vs. his POWx1 (16). He rolls a 31 and fails, so his SAN loss is divided by 10. With only 1 SAN point lost, Norris remembers nothing of the incident. If in the future he discovers he was abducted and makes his POWx1 roll, the other 4 SAN points will immediately be lost.

## Mysterious Manuscripts

### The Cookbook (Grey Edition)

“...subjects forward in motivations towards the arrangement of specified matter from the determination of Human carriers. Disembodied consciousness causes a four-fold disintegration of said processes in Human carriers. Results from such tests are without merit. Instead, utilizing a limiting shunt for our processing we have managed to construct an unfolding of non-cascade events within the limited Human spectrum of perception.

With this cooperation we will study at length the processes in their natural loop of consciousness, without disruption, eliminating the risk of consciousness disintegration. The model of the human mind is as follows . . .”

English, +5% Cthulhu Mythos

-1/1D4 Sanity if a successful Genetics roll is made

**Study Time:** 10 years

**Skill Checks:** Biology, Botany, Chemistry, First Aid,

Genetics, Medicine, Pharmacy, and Surgery

Spells: None

This immense document—more than 3500 pages of tiny cramped text—contains the keys to Earthly (and some non-Earthly) genetics. With it, Majestic-12 has conquered all aspects of the human condition. Cloning, full organ transplant, immortality: each is covered in detail in the book. This is not as easy to utilize as it sounds, however.

Apparently, in addition to being a source of learning the book is also a test of sorts. Hidden within the complex formulae are “booby traps” designed to test the capacity of the human mind. The traps cause horrendous problems in experiments performed from the book, but begin so subtly that they are difficult to detect at the outset. This is why the MJ-12 staff has yet to use any of the processes from this book except in moments of grave need or in the course of experimentation.

In addition to being dangerous to use, the text is just dense. The letters, words and sentences are packed too close together for comfortable reading. There are no page headings, no breaks, and no blank space. This makes reading the book exceedingly difficult.

This original edition of the book, besides weighing nearly twelve pounds, is made of completely alien material. The covers are thin strips of flexible leather-like material which almost looks like a very smooth lizard skin; it is always cold and clammy. The pages are made of similar, albeit thinner material. The pages do not wrinkle or burn.

Examining this book at length scientifically will lead to the absolute conclusion that it is of alien origin.

## The Cookbook Breakdowns

To make the *Cookbook* document easier to use MJ-12 has collated and processed the immense book into smaller, more concise, and clearer volumes. These editions are contained in regular large binders each color-coded to denote a specific subject. Their covers read: TOP SECRET ORCON/MAJESTIC.

### The Cookbook Blue Binder (Brain)

(English, +2% Cthulhu Mythos, -1/1D4 Sanity if a successful Genetics roll is made, Study Time: 6 years; Skill Checks: Biology and Genetics)

### The Cookbook Red Binder (Nervous System)

(English, +1% Cthulhu Mythos, -1/1D4 Sanity if a successful Genetics roll is made, Study Time: 4 years; Skill Checks: Biology and Genetics)

### The Cookbook Yellow Binder (General Biological Processes)

(English, +3% Cthulhu Mythos, -1/1D4 Sanity if a successful Genetics roll is made, Study Time: 8 years; Skill Checks: Biology, First Aid, Genetics, Medicine, and Surgery)

### The Cookbook Green Binder (Catalysts, Chemicals and Drugs)

(English, +2% Cthulhu Mythos, -1/1D4 Sanity if a successful Genetics roll is made, Study Time: 6 years; Skill Checks: Biology, Chemistry, Genetics, and Pharmacy)

### The Cookbook Orange Binder (Non-Terrene Biology)

(English, +5% Cthulhu Mythos, -1/1D4 Sanity if a successful Genetics roll is made, Study Time: 10 years; Skill Checks: Biology, Genetics, Medicine, Pharmacy, and Surgery)

## The Kitchen Sink

**CIC:** Were there any problems policing the site?

**MAJ EASLEY:** We had to turn away several cars. Most were cooperative. Sheriff Wilcox from Roswell made quite a fuss, but was finally turned away without incident. A single rancher from the next lot of land was stopped by one of the perimeter guards.

**CIC:** How long did your crew stay at the site?

**MAJ EASLEY:** Until we were relieved by a second watch at ten or ten-thirty the following morning.

**CIC:** Was there anything odd that evening that you can recall?

**MAJ EASLEY:** When it became dark it was clear that some of the debris was actually glowing. Some of the men became nervous about possible radioactivity, so I checked some of the pieces with a geiger counter and received normal readings. The fragments which were glowing were easy to locate, even after dark, so the men kept working, collecting as many as they could.

**CIC:** I see. Is there anything else?

**MAJ EASLEY:** Near dawn, one of the PFCs noticed a large group of birds circling off to the north.

**CIC:** How far out?

**MAJ EASLEY:** About two miles to the north, sir.

**CIC:** What did it look like to you, Easley?

**MAJ EASLEY:** Like they were feeding on something, sir.

**CIC:** That is all.

English, +1% Cthulhu Mythos

-1/1D4 Sanity

Study Time: 4 months

Spells: None

This huge report, barely contained in a plain cardboard legal file, holds all the debriefings of MAJESTIC OP 00001, the clean-up of the alien craft at Roswell, New Mexico, in the summer of '47. Called the *Kitchen Sink* (as in, everything but . . .), it was compiled by making copies of the original files which are stored at the COUNTRY CLUB.

The *Kitchen Sink* was assembled for propaganda purposes by Charlie Bostick, the head of Project GARNET's disinformation section. The *Kitchen Sink* was supposed to be released to UFO fringe researchers and then discredited to further confuse the situation in the eyes of the public.

In truth, Bostick is only interested in preserving his own life, not the illusions of Majestic-12, and he assembled the *Kitchen*

*Sink* as insurance. In case of emergency he plans to spill this little beauty to the science editor of the *New York Times*, quietly and without a fuss. By the time it hits the presses, Bostick will be long gone. One way or another.

The files contain debriefings of all personnel directly related to the clean-up at Roswell and even of some civilians who came in contact with the debris. Inside are the final statements to the government by Mac Brazel, Major Jesse Marcel, and others. Each page is still marked up with decades-old security classifications (which still apply, actually). Some contain notes in the borders referencing other, more recent and absent materials.

All in all the document is startlingly real, primarily because it *is*, although hardened skeptics will scoff at its value. It contains no photos or diagrams.

## New Spells

### Call Shub-Niggurath (Mi-Go Variant)

The Mi-Go employ a large stone pillar, like the one found in their base on the moon, as their altar for the summoning of Shub-Niggurath. Covered top to bottom in a glaze of drying blood (over 1,000 SIZ points worth), it is constantly replenished from the nearly endless Mi-Go stock of cloned animals, terrestrial or otherwise.

The pillar is constructed with hypergeometric qualities which allow Shub-Niggurath easy access to this dimension, and so the Mi-Go have little trouble summoning her. When called, she appears in the center of the pillar, manifesting as a mass of roiling tentacles and mouths emanating from the huge seventy-five-foot doorways.

All Mi-Go present expend a gift of 5 Magic Points each, and often the Mi-Go bring along the disembodied brains of their unfortunate victims in brain cases for their dark mother to drain of POW. This gift is offered just before the god appears. Each point of POW increases the 50% base chance that Shub-Niggurath will manifest by 10%, as does each 10 Magic Points. Needless to say, the Mi-Go remain in good favor with their deity.

### Consciousness Expansion

This "spell" is in fact simply an understanding of the existence of higher dimensions, and the realization that anyone can raise his consciousness into those dimensions. Learning the spell requires that the reader have a Mathematics or Physics skill of at least 60%, though no roll on either skill is required. Instead, a standard INTx1 spell-learning roll is made. If successful, the spell is learned like any other.

The reader will understand that by focusing on the knowledge implied in a certain numerical string (which has exceptional significance for those trained in math and physics), he can expand his consciousness into higher dimensions. The ramifications of this are not, however, understood.

If the spell is attempted once learned, the caster's mind ascends into higher dimensions. His body immediately disintegrates. For game purposes, the character is dead. Witnessing someone cast this spell results in a 1/1D6 Sanity loss for onlookers.

### Contact Grey (Abductee Variant)

This "spell" is found in abductee literature and on some occasions is taught to abductees by the Greys themselves. The beings referred to as the Greys are in actuality automatons of the Mi-Go. In most abductee literature, Greys are referred to as "friendly" and "helpful." Not usually usable by those other than the chosen subjects of the Greys, the spell can be attempted by the uninitiated with little success.

Summoning the Greys requires hours of concentration at an uninhabited site. It costs 6 Magic Points and 1D3 SAN. The Mi-Go always appear in the guise of the Greys. They will not appear at the scene of a trap, and in fact will only appear if the Mi-Go (and the Keeper) think there is a good reason for them to do so.

### Contact Grey (Majestic-12 Variant)

This is not a spell, but a specific type of laser transmission aimed at certain coordinates on the Moon. This laser transmission is

exceedingly complex and anyone even attempting to imitate it must have both a Physics and a Mathematics skill in excess of 40%. In addition the message uses a complex code which must also be known to employ this communication method.

With it, a person could exchange information or arrange a meeting with the Greys, although their high standards of secrecy and subtlety still apply.

### Contact Mi-Go (Human Agent Variant)

This spell must be cast at night in a range of mountains the Mi-Go are known to inhabit; these include the Appalachians, the Himalayas, and portions of the ranges in west Africa. A fire must be lit and certain chemicals must be thrown into it at intervals while the subject chants. These chemicals cause the fire to change colors and alert the Mi-Go to the summons in a crude imitation of Mi-Go speech. At the end of a period of 1D4 hours of chanting the subject expends 6 Magic Points and puts the fire out. Casting this spell costs 1D3 SAN. The Mi-Go will appear in 2D10 minutes after the chant is completed.

### Contact 'S-M' (Deep One) (Mi-Go Variant)

Taught to some abductees by the Greys as a reward, these "S-M" (as they are referred to by the Greys) creatures are in actuality the Deep Ones. The Greys refer to them as "subhumans" and claim they desire to "subjugate humanity," but also that they will "honor the call." In truth, the Deep Ones will attack anyone who summons them from the deep without cause.

Summoning the "S-Ms" requires specially inscribed stones thrown into the water near a known Deep One city, and the expenditure of 3 Magic Points and 1D3 SAN.

### Create Gravitic Warp

Mi-Go technology and science has mastered the understanding and control of basic gravitics, used by the Mi-Go to create Earth-type gravity fields on Yuggoth (and elsewhere) for the study of humans in a "natural" habitat. The spell is a simple sigil drawn upon a flat surface.

When activated, gravity will be exerted from the sigil's direction outward. So, if this sigil was drawn upon a floor, one would be able to walk upon the ceiling and vice-versa. It also works in zero-gravity, and in higher-than-normal gravity. It affects an area 10'x10'x10', forming a triangle. Inscribing the symbol wrongly or imperfectly casting the spell often leads to disastrous results. Options for such miscastings and their ramifications are left to the Keeper's fiendish imagination.

A permanent expenditure of 1 point of POW and a loss of 1/1D6 SAN is needed to inscribe a sigil. The effects last until the sigil is destroyed by any mundane physical means.

### Create Mi-Go Gate (Type I)

This spell is actually a series of scientific plans to construct a working gate machine. The parts and tools necessary to construct such a machine are fantastically difficult to come by, and should cost the investigator 1D3 x \$1,000,000 and take no less than 3D3 months to collect.

The person constructing the machine must have a minimum of 30% in Chemistry, 40% in Mathematics, and 60% in Physics, and must make a successful roll in each without failure before the machine can be activated. When the gate is activated, everyone within ten feet loses 5 Magic Points, and the person activating it loses the POW amount indicated in the Create Gate rulebook spell (accounting for the distance of the Gate). The setting of the destination is an extremely complex procedure, and requires an additional Mathematics and Idea roll. If both are successful, the creator of the gate may choose the destination normally; if not, the Gate automatically opens to Yuggoth, the Moon, or Mars (Keeper's choice).

### Imbue

This "spell" allows the Mi-Go to surgically alter a brain (usually human) to create a slave mentality with higher functions but no will of its own. Kept alive indefinitely in a brain case, this altered mind can then be ordered to perform functions by its creator. Anything the brain can do (and with Mi-Go science that is quite a bit), it will do if ordered. These brains are mainly used to man outposts and monitor deep-space "listening" stations. Eternally vigilant, they are sometimes put in Mi-Go weaponry and used to pilot Mi-Go craft.

After a brain has been suitably altered by Mi-Go science, this spell may be cast in five rounds for 3 Magic Points and 1D4 SAN points. Each time the spell is cast, the caster may order the brain to learn one single function.

### Induce Scrutiny

Appearing as a seemingly simple yet ultimately complex formula, this "spell" hints towards something bigger than it should be possible to contain—but only those trained in mathematics will notice. Only investigators who have Mathematics skill will be affected by the Induce Scrutiny spell. Often the Mi-Go utilize this spell as a trap for those who pry into their scientific principles.

Such an investigator must make an INTx1 roll (the spell multiplier for the text) every time he encounters the formula. If the roll is made (and the spell therefore learned), he loses 1D6 SAN and a POW point—and awakens 1D6+1 days later, amid papers covered in his own handwritten scrawls: notes on math and ramblings about the nature of existence. The time in between these states is simply, horribly blank. When confronted with the notes again (or the formula), the investigator must make an INTx1 roll again. If the roll is failed, the investigator loses 1D8 SAN and 1D6 POW. Subsequent encounters with the formula or the investigator's own notes are made at this same level of risk. If at any time the investigator becomes temporarily or permanently insane, or loses enough POW to bring him down to 2 or fewer points, he is under the indefinite influence of the Mi-Go and may become any number of things: a brain donor, a missing person, or whatever the Keeper desires.

Induce Scrutiny is not a spell as such. For purposes of game mechanics, it is a sort of booby trap that functions under the normal spell-learning rules. The Keeper is welcome to moderate or exaggerate the effects of Induce Scrutiny; it is meant to be a dramatic device to simulate the slow spiral of madness those who study Mi-Go science fall into.

## Subdue Human

This spell allows the Mi-Go and their Grey automatons to “program” humans. Much like hypnotism, this spell actually constructs an overriding separate will in the human conscious mind. This override activates whenever that mind is exposed to a specific stimuli which is selected by the caster. It could be a certain sound, sight, or even smell.

Initially, the selected human must be restrained and drugged with specific (and nearly unobtainable) Mi-Go chemicals. The subject is then shown the stimulus it is to react to. The subject, now in a receptive state, is given his instructions by the caster. These instructions can be incredibly specific, and can even override the self-preservation instinct. Almost all abductees are subjected to this cruelty and it is with this method that the Mi-Go eliminate the memories of the abduction event.

## Summon/Bind Dark Young Of Shub-Niggurath (Mi-Go Variant)

This “spell” is actually a technological method for finding and taming a Dark Young for a limited time. Utilizing a particular gate technology, the creature in question is brought forth from its home by a blood sacrifice offering of 8 SIZ points or more. Once it is feeding, the Mi-Go use a captured mind in a brain case

which has been modified by the Imbue spell (described earlier); this mind then matches its Magic Points vs. those of the Dark young. Through Mi-Go methods, the captured consciousness almost always has a POW of 18. This makes the binding almost guaranteed and prevents the Mi-Go drained from the summoning portion of the spell from being overwhelmed.

A telepathic link through the binding consciousness allows the Mi-Go to give the Dark Young one command before it is once again free to return to its own dimension.

This spell is often used to bring forth Dark Young on Shub-Niggurath's holy days, to oversee and participate in the Fungi's bizarre fertility rites.

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# The Fate

DENNIS DETWILLER

“Necessity and chance  
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.”

–Milton, *Paradise Lost*

“This life is like some bad book I am forced to read again  
and again. I understand your world, but you will never  
understand mine. Do you want to know how it all ends?  
Is that what you want? What would you give me for  
something like that?”

–S. Alzis

## Introduction

How can you explain something that isn't supposed to exist? Take the Network, the tall tale within the criminal community of New York City. No one really believes it exists—not the police, not the street criminals, not the federal men on the inside. It's a legend, just folklore passed down to scare the new guy, something that keeps young wiseguys awake at night, right?

Wrong.

The factionalized groups of the New York underworld fit together like pieces in a cleverly-constructed puzzle box which engulfs the city, sealing all within itself. Some pieces are larger, some smaller, others hold important positions without which the entire box would fall apart. The Network surrounds that box, holds it together through implacable will, and can destroy it all with a shrug.

The Network, also known as the Fate, is the superpower of the underworld.

But it's much more than that. Only the highest and the mightiest of New York's criminal population know it to be real at all, and they aren't talking. People who pay attention too closely to the Network's invisible activities have a tendency to become invisible themselves—permanently. Those who squeal—besides not being believed—end up suffering a fate much worse than death, and this is not just an expression. The Network is never talked about by anyone, never mentioned in serious conversation,

never marked down in ledgers. Its existence is marked nowhere but in the minds of its constituents, the underworld population of New York.

There was an attempt to destroy it once, back before the Network was really big, or so it seemed. Just that once, the vast machinery that truly is the Network rolled out of the shadows and steamrolled its opponents flat. No one has made a move against it since. Now, a seamless wall of invisibility, and the dispersion and anonymity of the Network's leaders, makes another such attack impossible.

Those in power understand that all organizations answer to the Network equally. If the Network is pleased, nothing happens. If the Network is displeased, important people disappear. Always quietly, without any fuss. Without any evidence. Organizations come and go, leaders rise and fall, thugs die, and crime keeps marching on in the endless play of human lives.

But only if the Network lets it.

## The Fate

Poised at the pinnacle of the Network is the Fate, a small organization devoted to the worship of Nyarlathotep in his many forms, and the worship of the Outer Gods for whom he is messenger and soul. The modern version of the Fate hardly resembles its original organization except in basic motivations.

The Fate first arrived in New York in 1927, led by a young woman known only as Madame A. Madame A, a supposed clairvoyant and seer, was a magnetic beauty, quiet yet seemingly powerful. Her organization was an odd spiritualist society located in a small building on South Broadway that was purchased by Madame A's spokesman, Dr. Otto Schmidt.

Schmidt, a citizen of Germany and America with a credible history in parapsychology, had fallen on hard times and was known to cater to anyone who could support his expensive occult

habits. He had most recently been linked with a gangster of some repute in Rhode Island who was fascinated with the occult. Schmidt had ended that association suddenly, joining ranks with the mysterious Madame A. In the fall of 1926, Schmidt was questioned by the Bureau of Investigation about his association with the gangster, who had been found murdered at his estate in Rhode Island. Schmidt was never charged with a crime.

The Fate purported to have information which revealed the nature and reasons for the universe as well as its ultimate out-



come—thus the group’s name. They claimed this knowledge came with methods to transcend all the ills of this life. Their clientele were the rich and famous, all sworn to secrecy as to what they saw during their initiations. Dramatic improvements in both health and mental attitude followed their initiation, and attendance to the Fate’s rituals slowly increased despite some public outcry and increasing negative publicity.

On October 30, 1930, an incident at the Fate headquarters led to the cessation of their public activities. Amanda Donahue Reese, an aging North Hampton socialite, was found eviscerated in an upstairs bathroom of the spiritualist club. She had been ritualistically murdered and several organs were missing, including her eyes and uterus; they were never recovered. A member of the Fate arrested by New York Police at the scene was identified later as Chester “Shells” Walsh, a federal fugitive. Walsh was responsible for at least twelve murders in the U.S. and abroad, and was suspected of many more. Walsh was found with the murder weapon and covered in blood.

Following a sensational trial, Walsh was sentenced to death and was electrocuted on April 4, 1932, at Attica State Penitentiary.

Backlash against the Fate was immediate and devastating. Their building was condemned and demolished within weeks, their finances were perused by the fledgling IRS criminal division, and their membership (those who stayed) were scrutinized by Federal and local law enforcement agencies for any prosecutable offence, no matter how insignificant. Madame A and Dr. Schmidt were long gone by the time the authorities closed in with enough evidence, both real and fictional, to incarcerate them. Over the next six years they were forgotten while larger issues crowded the media spotlight.

The Fate continued to meet—diminished and in secret—under the new moon, in the marshlands of southern Queens and Nassau County. Those that stayed, those Madame A called her “faithful,” were rewarded with the revelation of their true cause:

*The Fate were the sentinels for the coming of the apocalypse. When the time came they were to ensure that their lord, Nyarlathotep, would be called from outside, and through him the Outer Gods would be released. This time would be marked by a great social upheaval unlike any before. It was up to the Fate to determine when the time for release was right.*

Madame A implied to the membership that they would be held in favor by the Great Old Ones for performing such tasks, and would be spared the final calamitous destruction of humanity.



All the remaining members of the Fate were presented to their lord Nyarlathotep in rituals, and all signed their names within his book. They were then inducted into the ways of the Fate, learning all manner of spells and occult knowledge.

Many things needed to be completed before the coming of their lord. Certain artifacts and books would make the process of freeing the Old Ones a much easier and more certain endeavor. The growing chaos in Europe made securing such artifacts a simpler task than ever before. Many heirlooms and museum pieces were up for sale for the first time in decades and the Fate would need money to support their expensive needs.

The Fate turned to crime.

## Power for Hire

The Fate’s array of spellcasters and magical items assured them an immediate and secure place in New York’s underworld. With these powers at their disposal, the Fate could do things no one else could conceive of. Many rich members of the Fate were connected to Italian and Irish mafia even before their induction to the cult. Through these members, strong ties were rapidly built.

In the years leading up to the United States’ involvement in World War Two, the Fate became a major—albeit silent—partner to most organizations in the New York underworld. By 1935 it was known that the Fate were more than an ordinary criminal gang, and its members were not subject to the random thefts and attacks common to every other such organization in the city.

In all matters they remained neutral, unless hired to be otherwise, and retaliations against them were ill advised. The best you could do was to hire the Fate to attack those who had hired them to hurt you—and if you had the money, they would do so. The rumor of their reprisals against those who mistook their mercenary nature for malice made all other threats pale in comparison. Even the most adventurous and outspoken criminals steered clear

of the known members of the Fate unless they had a paying job for them.

All the while, the Fate's huge intake of cash went to purchasing odd items from overseas. What was left over supported the membership and went to purchasing safehouses and places of worship to preserve their secrets.

When the war in Europe began to disrupt the Fate's purchasing spree, they turned to study. A network of safehouses and apartments had been set up in the intervening years and the small membership set about collating many of the most rare and ancient books known to humanity. Several private estates near the tip of Long Island provided safe haven for the performance of rituals and rites.

By 1940, the Fate had spread all across New York state, and had several small holdings in New Jersey and Connecticut. They continued their criminal activities and their pursuit into the arcane sciences. With the advent of World War Two, however, the atmosphere of the self-destructive New York underworld changed—and with it, the Fate's approach to crime. The FBI, ONI and the OSS all took interest in utilizing the criminal elements of the New York underworld to search for and assist in the capture of Nazi spies and saboteurs. The Fate, understandably, retreated even further into the shadows, fearful of accidental discovery by higher governmental powers.

During the war years, the Fate steered clear of their usual magic-for-hire schemes and instead turned their attention inward, focusing on study, worship, and increasing the holdings of the cult. They did use magic to suit their own needs, however, stealing objects and securing properties with impunity.

By 1945 the organization was a tidy, secretive group of about a dozen members, linked only through casual meetings and occasional group rituals. They had no headquarters anymore, only retreats and safe houses utilized when needed and shared equally with all members. There were no records of the money gained through illegal activities, and unlike other criminal ventures, there was no struggle for a greater share by individual members. The Fate had higher ideals in mind. In this way they avoided discovery and exposure. While most other groups remained embroiled in constant struggles over power which left them vulnerable to law enforcement, the Fate worked in perfect union, a single-minded organization willing to do anything to succeed in their plan.

With the end of the war, and the end of the partnership of the FBI, ONI, OSS, and Mafia, the Fate stepped back into the picture again. Unfortunately, times had changed. The leaders of the crime organizations had changed, and along with them the reputation of the Fate had changed. The New York underworld had become used to operating above even federal authority, and the Fate, long thought disbanded, scared them little.

When the Fate began taking jobs again and continued their practice of magic for hire, they found they commanded little respect. Some factions of criminals refused to deal with them at all, while others bided their time and waited until they could be sure of specific targets within the Fate.

The gangs met in late 1951, and in this one instance they shared information about the Fate. Many individual members of the Fate had been followed to various houses and locales, and their leader Madame A frequented several well-known locations.

The first strike came in December 1951, when Madame A was attacked in a classic mafia hit. The cautious crime families who arranged the deed were doubly cautious when it came to attacking the leader of the obscure group. Even so, no one expected what occurred.

### The Mark

Each Adept, Neophyte, Lord and master of the Fate—except Stephen Alzis—bears a mark, usually on the left wrist or palm. This mark resembles a stylized eye, but is neither a brand or tattoo, and seems more like a birthmark. New recruits gain this mark during an occult ritual. It signifies a life-long commitment, and the ritual is taken very seriously. Once gained, the mark can never be removed. (See the new spell, Call Horned God, p. 87.)

### The New Order

Madame A was invited to a “meeting” of New York's underworld elite near the docks on the East River. It was an ambush. Gunmen riddled the car carrying Madame A with hundreds of bullets—and then *something* materialized. Of the fifteen men involved in the hit only four survived, and only two remained sane. The body of Madam A was never found.

There was no immediate response from the Fate. Instead, they quietly ceased their activities in Manhattan and retreated to the outer boroughs to lick their wounds. Madame A was gone, and Dr. Schmidt could not muster the charisma necessary to run the group. The entirety of the Fate met to decide its future.

On the winter solstice in 1952 the Fate convened for a ritual at their estate in Suffolk County on Long Island. In the isolated wilds they called forth their dark god. The ritual, which had been enacted many times before, had always brought forth something, some manifestation of their god or indication of his will.

This time, nothing happened.

The Fate was thrown into turmoil. The resulting chaos destroyed the once-orderly society of the cult. Some members fled, fearful that the organization had somehow angered their lord Nyarlathotep. Schmidt tried to reconstruct the Fate, but was rebuffed by almost all former members. Most turned to personal worship of Nyarlathotep, hoping to avoid whatever wrath he had chosen for the Fate. Some rejected him altogether.

It was during this trying time, in the spring of 1953, that Schmidt met Stephen Alzis. Alzis simply turned up one day and insinuated himself into what remained of the once-powerful group. It soon became evident that Schmidt no longer controlled the Fate, and that he had for some reason gladly turned over leadership to Alzis. It marked a change which would bring about the resurrection of the Fate as a much more powerful, secretive, and efficient entity.

As the dust settled and Alzis began handling things, Schmidt retired to a fully academic position within the group. His failing health prevented strenuous activity and he instead chose to serve his dark master in the remaining months of his life as a sage. Schmidt worked to translate into English as many of the books, scrolls, and tomes the group had come by in their heyday as possible, and to build up an easily-understandable library to foster a new order of wizards.

Meanwhile, Alzis destroyed the unfaithful.

Between April 1952 and August 1958, twenty-four former members of the Fate met grisly “accidental” deaths. Those who had quit or who had distanced themselves from the group found their numbers finally pulled from the proverbial hat. The failure of the summons spell had been a test from their lord, and their faith had been found lacking.

Soon a new ring of followers, more powerful than any to come before it, filled in the ranks of the Fate. Stephen Alzis, untouchable and seemingly all-knowing, presided with an iron fist. His lieutenants, such as Emir Agdesh, Otto Schmidt and Emmanuel Hutchins, recruited the lower echelons.

Throughout the late 1950s and early 1960s, the organized crime world of New York experienced the wrath of a group that could do the impossible and make nightmares reality. The mob's attack on the Fate had not been forgotten and would never be totally forgiven. To the outside world it looked like a war for mob leadership. Although this was true to a certain extent, many of the deaths were the will of the Fate.

Alzis's company, Whole Earth Enterprises, was already a silent yet significant player in New York financial quarters. Among its many Manhattan holdings was an odd basement beneath a small consortium building atop the Doolittle sinkhole. In 1968, with an unknown silent partner, and with Robert Hubert as legal representative, Alzis and the Fate underwrote the construction of a

new nightclub. Club Apocalypse opened to great fanfare, despite the public “flower power” sentiment. Its anti-reporter policy soon made it the hottest celebrity nightspot in town—no mean trick in New York City.

By 1970, the Fate stood unopposed atop a summit of dead dons, capos, and gang leaders, sent to their graves by a power that few humans have ever seen. With Stephen Alzis at the Fate's helm there was nothing to do but bow to the Network and all its demands, or face the destruction of organized crime itself. Those who knew of the Fate knew they must appease it at all costs. The greatest secret of the underworld would be kept through blood, money and silence, and the Fate would have its way.

## About the Fate

The Fate is an exclusive and secretive group of magically-skilled individuals who control a cult and organization devoted to the eventual release of Nyarlathotep, and through it the release of the Outer Gods. They stand unopposed in the New York underworld, and fear no group or individual. The term “The Fate” refers both to the group itself and its leadership. To those outside the organization, the entire group is simply “The Fate” or “The Network.”

Within the group there is a hierarchy of ranks, and the members of the Fate sit at the top. The Fate control the actions of the Lords, Neophytes, and Adepts who compose their Network of agents. Those acting without orders from the Fate do not live long enough to reconsider their actions.

Stephen Alzis is the undisputed leader of the Fate. Those in the lower echelons stupid enough to defy him rapidly disappear, and those who plot against him soon realize that he cannot be permanently harmed. And they usually die horribly.

Most in the Fate believe Alzis to be an embodiment of Nyarlathotep himself and hold him in absolute reverence. Those who do not share this belief follow his orders anyway, fully cognizant of his magical abilities. Alzis does not care about the religious aspects of the group's activities, and no one has ever gathered enough courage to ask him to his face if he is Nyarlathotep. He remains indifferent on the subject, refusing to acknowledge the fact that most under his command consider him a god (or at least the flesh-and-blood relation of one).

Instead Alzis is more concerned with the day-to-day operations of the Fate itself, and the various tasks necessary to keep the organization running smoothly, which in turn keeps him happy. The rest of the members of the Fate are concerned only with keeping Stephen Alzis happy.

When Stephen Alzis is unhappy, the membership of the Fate tends to fluctuate wildly.



## What the Fate Does

The Fate controls the actions of all members of the Network. All “jobs” received through the Network from outside organizations are ushered up the chain of command to the Fate, and ultimately, if important enough, to Stephen Alzis himself. Until the Fate grants its approval in any endeavor which might jeopardize its secrecy, such an action may not be undertaken without fear of punishment.

The Fate also plans all aspects of the Network’s dabbling in the mundane criminal underworld. They choose which crime families to pinch, when, for what, and for how long.

Emir Agdesh organizes the religious rites of the group. These rites are held in adoration of Nyarlathotep and through him the Outer Gods for whom he is messenger and soul. Many members of the Network also attend these ceremonies (usually held at the Moritaum estate, p. 86), and share their leaders’ fervor for Nyarlathotep. Not all of the members of the Fate or the Network worship Nyarlathotep, however.

The Fate, and ultimately Stephen Alzis, handle the enforcement of the Fate’s policies in the Network and the organizations the Network affects. Alzis has gained a reputation as someone not to fool with, and even the most brutal and powerful figures of organized crime live in mortal fear of him. No one ever receives a mere warning from Stephen Alzis. Alzis never punishes—those who find disfavor with him are simply never seen again.

## Organization of the Fate

The Fate and every member of the Network pay allegiance to Stephen Alzis. All policy and actions are allowed or denied by Alzis. (Of course, if the request is beneath his consideration, another member of the Fate will handle it.)

The Fate is in direct contact with the Lords through Robert Hubert (Belial) who maintains dual status as a member of the Lords and of the Fate. Information about or from the Adepts and Neophytes usually comes through Hubert, although some Fate members have contact with individuals in the lower echelons. Stephen Alzis maintains strong ties with members of all ranks within the Network, occasionally even inviting Adepts to meetings of the Fate, much to the other members’ carefully-concealed distaste.

## The Masters of the Fate

### Stephen Alzis

Worshipped like a god, his name interchangeable with the Crawling Chaos, Stephen Alzis has assured that his legend will live forever in New York. If the greatest city in the world has a bogeyman, if the modern day has a Comte de St. Germaine, Alzis is it.

And much more.

Inscrutable, cryptic, personable, charming, Alzis is composed of diametrically opposed ideas which somehow function together in a perfect mesh of self-interest and greed. Beneath his charming guise his mind is as devious as a trap, and nothing escapes his attention. All the information he consumes is filed, cross-referenced, and updated by his razor intellect, then utilized with maximum efficiency. All without any appearance of any effort.

Those who deal with Stephen Alzis never gain from the transaction. There is always a price. They may think of themselves as business associates, but in truth they are victims. Sooner, later, less, more: The cost is irrelevant, the token insignificant. What is important is the act itself, the act of surrendering oneself to Alzis; that is what he craves. Once such a deal has been cut, the transaction rarely ends there, although the victim may believe that it has. Alzis never lets a sucker go.

What little is known about Alzis's past is spread out in a series of obscure newspaper articles, financial and legal papers, and the money trails of his company, Whole Earth Enterprises. All these things fail to convey the significance of the individual, however, and only hint at Alzis's mystery by defining its edges. Across the last half-century of U.S. history, Stephen Alzis has ruled the New York occult underworld with an iron fist gloved in satin. Where he came from—and ultimately, who he is—remains a near-complete mystery. Perhaps it will remain so forever.

### The Witness

Stephen Alzis is an avatar of Nyarlathotep. An avatar is said to be “a human incarnation of the divine who functions as a mediator between man and god,” and Alzis is exactly that, with a little extra.

Alzis is a portion of Nyarlathotep, and, as such, is nearly invulnerable to physical and even magical harm. Even if someone does manage to kill him (and this has happened *many* times in his long life), he turns up later, unscathed, unperturbed, looking as if he just returned from Club Med and not some shallow grave. Bury one of his bodies and another pops up.

His identity (or lack thereof) and the legal issues behind it are for some reason never questioned. He has no Social Security or federal tax identification number, but he has bank accounts, he files taxes, and he holds property in the U.S. Alzis does not worry about his “illegal” status. He has never been audited, and incomplete tax forms are always processed without question and without thought. When he travels, passports just happen to be in his pocket, I.D. congeals from nowhere, and customs clerks always give him the benefit of the doubt. Alzis thinks of himself as better, more persuasive, in person than on paper.

In addition to his magical skills, which he just seems to know, he also can sense what people are thinking most of the time, almost as if they were whispering into his ear. Occasionally when shaking hands with an individual he sees the entirety of their life flash by in a split second.

He has a knack with electronics. Computers like him. He always knows when a telephone is going to ring and who is on the line. His cellular phone seems to work no matter the locale.

Also, Alzis is, well, lucky. He always gets exactly 21 when playing blackjack. He always rolls sevens and elevens at craps. Four poker shuffles later he still gets dealt a full house. He can remember distant fragments of a time when he used this knack to gather monies, but that was long ago. He has no need for money anymore; he is rich beyond conception. Where it all came from, all the townhouses and mansions and jets and so on, Alzis couldn't tell you. At least not exactly. It's best not to ask.

He knows little of his past for sure, and is obsessed with who and where he was in previous lifetimes and ages. In some primal way he vaguely knows why he is here, and this knowledge remains with him at all times and occasionally guides his actions—but it is not enough to assuage his thirst for *self-knowledge*.

He thinks he will serve as a catalyst for the End Times. Alzis is a ticking time bomb who will perform some final function for his lord when the time is right. What it is, and when it is, even Alzis does not know.

In fact, he does not know a lot of things, and has a tendency to forget all but the most recent centuries. Alzis's knowledge of the present is absolute, but his past is only fragmented memories.

He doesn't like to think about such things. He prefers to examine the *now* when he can avoid the lure of the past. He occupies his time manipulating the skein of rumors around his cult, destroying lives one by one, collecting power and turning people against each other. What more could he want?

In truth, a lot.

Alzis is nagged by a single doubt which he manages to conceal. His mind cannot grasp the simple question of his existence. “*Why?*” is the most frustrating word Stephen Alzis has ever known.

This fact was clearly demonstrated when a Lord had the audacity to ask Alzis a “why” question. The answer was not quickly forgotten by those who survived the incident, and a new Lord was soon rushed into the vacancy opened by Alzis’s tantrum.

Alzis’s obsession with the past takes physical form in a photograph album he has kept since the doubt first crept into his mind about a hundred and twenty years ago. Alzis appears in each picture.

When the “why’s” of the world nag Stephen Alzis, he can be found in one of his empty townhouses, searching for meaning through his pictures, souvenirs of a life not wholly lived.

## What He Could Be

Exactly *what is* Stephen Alzis? As with everything else in this book, that is up to the individual Keeper. The Delta Green “canon” (if it can be called that) is in the section marked “The Witness,” but several other possibilities are offered below. Pick and choose as you like. It’s *your* game, after all.

### △ Alzis is the oldest and most powerful wizard ever to live on Earth.

He is immortal and nearly all-powerful. His mind is an encyclopedia of spells, but he is a bit bent, and enjoys playing the role of Nyarlathotep a little too much. Perhaps Nyarlathotep will take his crown back?

### △ Alzis is the Phantom of Truth, come to warn inhabitants of our world that it is about to be consumed into the nightmare depths of Carcosa.

He authors his little deals to reveal people’s innermost selves, to open their hearts and minds to chaos. For the time being Alzis’s group sows entropy in the streets by making the impossible possible. Soon the King in Yellow will arrive, and time will cease altogether.

### △ Alzis is a very skilled poseur, and has very limited real powers.

He likes to play the role of the immortal sorcerer, so he arranges “incidents” from time to time to assure people hear of his demises. In reality, all the power Alzis has is contained in a single bent relic of the Egyptian dynasty: the inverted Ankh of Nephren-Ka. This magical amulet contains the essence of the Black Pharaoh, doomed in his afterlife to serve the ankh’s wearer. Without the ankh, Alzis is just another schmoe.

## Stephen Alzis

### Avatar of Nyarlathotep, age incalculable

**Race:** Human (More or Less)

**Gender:** Male

**Nationality:** American (Arabic Descent)

**STR 11 CON 22 SIZ 11 INT 18 POW 35**

**DEX 17 APP 17 EDU n/a SAN 0 HP 17**

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Education:** Endless centuries of study.

### Skills

Accounting 14%, Anthropology 37%, Archaeology 74%, Architecture 80%, Art History 98%, Astronomy 53%, Bargain 99%, Computer Use 99%, Credit Rating 98%, Cthulhu Mythos 99%, Electronics 85%, Fast Talk 97%, Forgery 99%, History 100%, Occult 96%, Persuade 89%, Photography 71%.

### Languages

Speak Any Human Language 98%

### Attacks

Various spells, but it rarely comes to *that*.

### Spells

Alter Weather, Apportion Ka, Augur, Awake Abboth, Balk Brood, Baneful Dust of Hermes Trismegistus, Banishment of Yde Etad, Bind Enemy, Bind Soul, Black Binding, Bless Blade, Blight/Bless Crop, Body Warping of Gorgoroth, Breath of the Deep, Brew Dream Drug, Brew Space Mead, Bring Haboob, Call/Dismiss Azathoth, Call/Dismiss the Beast, Call/Dismiss Cthugha, Call/Dismiss Hastur, Call Glaaki\*, Call/Dismiss Ithaqua, Call/Dismiss Nyogtha, Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath, Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth, Candle Communication, Cast Out Devil, Cause/Cure Blindness, Cause Disease, Chant of Thoth, Charm Animal, Cloud Memory, Clutch of Nyogtha, Contact Deity/Glaaki\*, Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep, Contact Deity/Chaugnar Faugn, Contact Deity/Cthulhu, Contact Deity/Eihort, Contact Deity/Tsathoggua, Contact Deity/Y’gonolac, Contact Deity/Umr at’ Tawil (Yog-Sothoth), Consume Likeness, Contact Cthonian, Contact Deep One, Contact Elder Thing, Contact Flying Polyp, Contact Formless Spawn, Contact Ghoul, Contact Gnoph-Keh, Contact Hound of Tindalos, Contact Mi-Go, Contact Rat-Thing, Contact Sand Dweller, Contact Star-Spawn, Covenant\*, Create Bad-Corpse Dust, Create Barrier of Naach-Tith, Create Fetch Stick, Create Gate, Create Mist of Releh, Create Scrying Window, Create Self-Ward, Create Window, Create Zombie, Curse of Darkness, Death Spell, Deflect Harm, Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Dust of Suleiman, Elder Sign, Enchant Book, Enchant Brazier, Enchant Gate Boxes, Enchant Knife, Enchant Sacrificial Dagger, Enthrall Victim, Extend, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Flesh Ward, Implant Fear, Keeness of Two Alike, Levitate, Mental Suggestion, Mesmerize, Mindblast, Mind Exchange, Mind Transfer, Mirror of Tarkhun Atep, Nightmare, Parting Sands, Perfection, Pose Mundane, Power Drain, Power of Nyambe, Reach, Red Sign of Shudde M’ell, Resurrection, Send Dreams, Shrivelling, Soul Trap, Steal Life, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Child of Yig, Summon/Bind Dark Young, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Summon/Bind Servitor of Glaaki\*, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Summon/Bind Star Vampire, Unmask Demon, View Gate, Voice of Ra, Voorish Sign, Wrack.

\* Spells marked with an asterisk are new to this book.

**Enchanted Items:** None.

#### Notes

Alzis is practically invulnerable to physical and magical attack. But this protection requires Alzis' foreknowledge, which leaves him vulnerable to surprise attack. Any attack that is pre-planned out of Alzis' direct realm of influence (i.e., he doesn't know the attacker) will cause damage and may even "kill" him. But this is a stop-gap measure at best. He turns up again and again.

Alzis can move from place to place instantaneously by utilizing the Create Window spell, and can disappear in a heartbeat from even the most confining locales. He prefers this to direct confrontation.

#### Physical Description

Alzis is a small, thin, good-looking Arab with a clipped accent. He smiles *all the time*. He dresses in expensive but old clothes, and sometimes wears a mish-mash of designer labels all at once without coordinating his look. This is much to the embarrassment of Belial, who dislikes even standing near him—for that reason and many others.

## Robert Hubert

Few have gone so far towards the brink of the abyss and managed to turn back, if for but a short time, than the man who purports to be Robert Hubert. He was born Dieter Scheel in Torgau, Germany, in 1918. His life is a tapestry of murder, betrayal and death, to which the Second World War is only a dim backdrop. Mysteries greater and deeper than the lure of National Socialism beckoned him from an early age, and he followed their call.

But he was a Nazi as well.

Dieter grew up in a household where science and fantasy meshed. His father was a controversial professor of Archaeology and Race Studies at the local university, but first and foremost Dieter's father worshipped a doctrine other than science. Dieter's father was a close friend of Meister Dietrich Eckhart, the founder of the *Thule Gesellschaft* or Thule Society, to which many of the most prominent members of the infant National Socialists Party belonged.

Hitler, Himmler, and many others followed Eckhart's mad beliefs in a race of Aryan supermen hiding in Antarctica, in ancient magics which could be brought to bear against the enemies of the German people, in a cleansing fire of German racial purity that would remove the proverbial human wheat from the chaff and create an age of enlightenment and peace which would last a thousand years.

Dieter grew up with such notable people as house guests, dinner guests and his father's closest friends. Dieter was a favorite of some of the greatest killers mankind has ever known, and spent his childhood and teenage years under the watchful eye of Thule Society leader Rudolf von Sebottendorff.

When the Nazis came to power in 1933, Dieter Scheel was already an avid National Socialist and a favorite of Hitler. During his twilight years Dieter's father wrote extensively on Thule, the lost birthplace of mankind, and on Nazi doctrines of racial purity for state education. In every way the Scheel family was the Nazi and Aryan ideal. Dieter was a veritable encyclopedia of Thule and Aryan lore, much of it completely fictional.

In 1935 Dieter was set up as a Hauptscharführer in the SS by Himmler, who looked fondly on the boy. Himmler set him in charge of a special task which would secretly affect the Nazi war effort for many years to come. Sonderkommando-H was a special task force of the RHSA, set to investigate the trials and executions by the Catholic Church in medieval times of witches of Germanic descent.

Over the next four years extensive searches led down bizarre avenues of thought and action, ending in 1939 with the disinterment of Jurgen Tess, a sorcerer of some repute who perished nearly three hundred years before. Following formulae found in the personal possessions of more than one hundred and fifty known witches, warlocks, and alchemists, Dieter and his team set about "the resuscitating of ye vital saylts."

The awfulness that shambled howling from the crypt was enough to make Dieter realize he did not know everything, and so caused the formation of a new division within the Ahnenerbe SS: the Karotechia.

## The Karotechia

The Karotechia, a super-secret occult organization buried within the ancestral research division (Ahnenerbe) of the SS, spent huge amounts of time and money tracking down the arcane science of “Magik” in an attempt to help the Nazi war effort.

At its forefront was Dieter Scheel, Hauptscharführer in charge of Projekt Ewig, or Project Eternity, a search for knowledge that could grant eternal life. It was obvious from their earlier experiments that something of the sort existed, even if they did not yet understand it.

In December 1941, outside the Hungarian town of Zolta near the Schwarze See (or Black Lake), an entire outfit of Nazi engineers disappeared while surveying the area for a series of hydro-electric dams. When the SS came at the behest of local authorities and the Wehrmacht, they found most of the engineers wandering about the shores of the lake as if in a stupor.

Many had been pierced through the chest by an organic spine of some sort, which later dropped away. Although the wounds were grievous, the men remained conscious and somewhat coherent. They had no blood pressure, heartbeat, or any other discernible autonomic function. They did not need to breathe. Projekt Ewig had its first solid lead.

The SS executed the men who discovered the site, and shortly thereafter all of Zolta’s two hundred and forty three souls were liquidated to keep the secrets of the Schwarze See.

Study of the site, the engineers, and local legends suggested that *something* lived in the small lake that could grant immortality, and which seemed to draw humans to it through dreams. After several incidents and disappearances in the small Karotechia group, the research was conducted only during the day from the town Jagnence instead of Zolta.

A Karotechia medical team made extensive studies of the engineers, performing all manner of tortures on them to discover the limits of their inhuman condition. The engineers proved to be extremely resilient and able to survive all but the most destructive attacks with acid, fire, or the like. Physical damage caused only disfigurement and loss of range of movement, not the shock an injured human would experience.

They retained knowledge of who they were and what they once were, but were incoherent much of the time. They served “Glaaki,” the elusive creature of the lake, refusing orders from superiors so they could answer the creature’s “call.”

## Projekt Ewig (Project Eternity)

Projekt Ewig was one of the first programs outlined by the Karotechia. After viewing startling footage of the “resuscitating experiments” the early Karotechia teams had performed, Himmler personally ordered research into all types of life-restoring and life-retaining techniques utilizing magic.

Projekt Ewig was launched in 1939. Using the Leben rune as its symbol, Projekt Ewig received priority even above all other divisions of the Karotechia and was completely compartmentalized, reporting only to Himmler himself. Both Himmler and Hitler were interested in prolonging their lives unnaturally for as long as possible, and were also intrigued by the possibility of resurrection for use in warfare. Obviously, the possibilities were endless.

The Ewig team was composed of 309 Ahnenerbe SS members and was headed by three Karotechia members. Hauptscharführer Dieter Scheel oversaw the entire program. Ewig was headquartered from January 1941 to December 1944 in Jagnence, a small town in the mountains of Hungary. But most of its work took place in and around the Schwarze See, the Black Lake.

Huge resources were poured into Projekt Ewig, but very few tangible results came of it. The Germans drained the lake, but found nothing besides the remains of more than forty people and some odd tractor tread-like markings in a southern portion of the lake. The creature “Glaaki” was nowhere to be found.

Several attempts to goad the creature out of the re-filled lake at later dates using magic, poison and explosives failed. However, from time to time someone from the team would disappear and turn up wandering around the lake, dead but not dead, with a horrible mottled green spine through his chest.

Biological study of the spines and the compositions found to reside inside them proved tantalizing but fruitless. Microscopic organisms swarmed through the samples but could not be identified or controlled. The tiny creatures infected anything they came in contact with, but seemingly did nothing of any benefit.

Everyone on the project had dreams of Glaaki, despite their attempts at distancing themselves from the “dream-lure” of the lake. Many succumbed to it, especially in the months of the German retreat from the East in 1944.

In the three months before the end of the war in Hungary, almost seventy percent of Projekt Ewig had fled or surrendered to the dream-lure of the lake.

In the end it was Hauptscharführer Dieter Scheel alone, facing a winter in the mountains or capture by the Russians and a horrible death. With smoke on the eastern horizon and Russian tanks in the distance, Dieter packed his things and headed for the lake. He spent the night there alone, the last night of his human life.



## The Perfect Fugue

Dieter Scheel does not remember many of the events following his night at the lake. He does recall the touch of Glaaki, the impalement, and submergence into the waters' still coolness. He recalls waking on the shores of a different lake, under a different sky of stars. He recalls the reassuring touch of his brothers in half-death, and the commanding voice of his lord. He recalls moving things, learning things, doing things to serve the will of the master. But what that will is, and what exactly these figments are, he still does not know.

Scheel's first memory of his "new life," as he thinks of it, is being on the road to St. Louis, Missouri. The year was 1954. In his unfashionable coat he found identification and money, and through them short-time employment in St. Louis as a bookkeeper.

Scheel adopted many names through the years before settling into his current disguise and place of residence. In 1960 he "assumed" the identity of the unfortunate Robert Hubert, who is now a permanent resident at the bottom of the Susquehanna river. In New York, Hubert set about the collection of his lord's holy books, the *Revelations of Glaaki*—a task which he still pursues—and the consecration of land in his master's name in upstate New York.

Through these odd pastimes, Hubert became acquainted with Stephen Alzis and was inducted into the Fate as its first titled Lord. It is also from Alzis that Hubert gained his *nom de guerre*, Belial, after the character from *Paradise Lost*. When Hubert made his history clear and his purpose plain, Alzis replied:

*"Belial, in act more graceful and humane;  
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seemed  
For dignity composed and high exploit:  
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue  
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason."*

The name, along with his title "The Lord of Life," has stuck, much to Hubert's chagrin.

Belial has found the decadent life both a blessing and a curse. His almost inhuman will to excel has, over the years, made him a legend in New York. As when he was a child, he chooses to hobnob with the rich and the famous. Club Apocalypse (his Club, as he sees it) and his duties with the Fate consume most of his time. He is among the upper-upper-crust of the New York club scene, and can often be seen enjoying its benefits.

But when his master calls, Belial never hesitates.



## Lake Chimagua

In 1973 Hubert purchased this small lake resort in the Catskills. Once a thriving summer destination, the now-dilapidated hotel sits on the small isolated lake which Hubert works to open to the ministrations of Glaaki himself.

Over the next twenty-five years Hubert ritualistically murdered over forty people at the lake, consecrating it for the use of his god. He spends whatever free time he has there, occasionally even bringing texts to read while he tortures his victims to gain favor from his lord.

As he never takes locals, the random kidnappings have not been noticed yet. Belial prefers blond boys, preferably teenagers, to assuage his inhuman lusts.

## The Roosevelt U-Store-It

This small business is located in a run-down section of Nassau County on Long Island. Here Hubert stores all the remnants of his past, things he found after his transformation and that he brought with him through the dark journey at the Black Lake.

The storage facility is a series of corrugated steel buildings, each stoutly padlocked, each accessible only by the renter of the individual unit. Hubert stores the relics of his past in unit 31, near the rear of the facility, and can sometimes be found there late at night considering his past.

Inside are the remnants of his father's—Dr. Marcus Scheel's—estate, what of it he could locate in the late 1950s. There is also a stained and mothballed Hauptscharführer's SS uniform; on its lapel is the Leben rune, signifying Projekt Ewig. The chest of the jacket and shirt have been pierced by some sharp object, and the fabric around the wound is covered in what could be long, long-dried blood. Although there is a hat, an SS dagger, and sidearm, these items are new, purchased from military replica producers and weapon collectors.

Scattered among the old debris from his childhood home in Torgau is a photograph of Belial in full SS uniform and his father, smiling and happy standing before their house. The inscription reads: "May the glory of the new Empire stretch across the lands for a thousand years . . . Much Love, Father. 9/9/39"

## Robert Jacob Hubert

**(Hauptscharführer Dieter Scheel) aka Belial, Lord of Life, undead Servant of Glaaki, manager of Charnel Dreams and Club Apocalypse, apparent age 25 (actual age much older)**

**Race:** Human

**Gender:** Male

**Nationality:** American (actually German)

**STR 10 CON 20 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 21\* (17)**

**DEX 18\* APP 15 EDU 18 SAN 0 HP 16**

\*Belial's Dexterity has been raised along with his Power through a blessing from Glaaki.

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Education:** College-level private education in archæology, anthropology and eugenics. Faked B.A. in history from Barnard College.

### Skills

Accounting 35%, Anthropology 42%, Archaeology 17%, Art (Classical Music) 62%, Art (Popular Music) 74%, Astronomy 43%, Biology 33%, Bargain 68%, Chemistry 27%, Computer Use 30%, Credit Rating 71%, Cthulhu Mythos 39%, Drive Auto 47%, Fast Talk 53%, History 62%, Law 39%, Occult 65%, Persuade 78%, Psychology 64%.

### Languages

English 95%, French 73%, German (native) 96%, Italian 68%, Spanish 48%.

### Attacks

M35 "Radom" 9mm pistol 45%

1D10

### Spells

Black Binding, Bless Blade, Body Warping of Gorgoroth, Call Glaaki\*, Cloud Memory, Clutch of Nyogtha, Contact Glaaki\*, Contact Nyarlathotep, Covenant\*, Death Spell, Deflect Harm, Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Elder Sign, Enchant Book, Flesh Ward, Mindblast, Send Dreams, Shrivelling, Steal Life, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Summon/Bind Servitor of Glaaki\*, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Summon/Bind Star Vampire, Voice of Ra, Voorish Sign, Wrack.

\* Spells marked with an asterix are new to this book.

### Enchanted Items

Belial carries no such items, but every day he renews his Flesh Ward with eight magic points, granting him an armor defense of 8D6.

**Notes**

Although he is not immune to physical attack, Belial has no need to breathe, eat, or excrete. He can remain still for hours or days on end and can, when necessary, pretend to be a completely convincing corpse. In addition, Hubert does not sleep, a knack which has allowed him to excel at many of his passions.

Belial has no pulse, no blood pressure, and breathes consciously so he can speak. He does not feel pain, and he does not bleed, although injuries may cripple him by destroying his body.

He still bears the remains of the wound from the Glaaki spike, in the center of his chest, so horrible and so assuredly deadly that if anyone were to see him alive without his shirt on it would cost 1/1D8 SAN.

He does not float in water, and can stay beneath the waves for indefinite periods of time.

Due to the onset of the Green Decay in the sixtieth year of infection by Glaaki, Hubert rarely ventures outside during the day for more than a few minutes. The disease has not struck him yet, but he remains very cautious of it and constantly checks himself for its tell-tale signs.

**Physical Description**

Belial is incredibly gaunt, and incredibly *Aryan*. He is the Nazi ideal: thin, chiseled, blue-eyed and blond-haired. Belial has an SS medical and identification tattoo in his left armpit and the mark of the Fate (p. 38) on his left wrist.

He takes fashion statements to a level most people only take their religious beliefs. Everything he wears is *haute couture* and newer than new. He discards anything stained or dirtied and constantly checks his hair and face in a palm mirror.

His lack of affect is disconcerting, and he speaks about the weather, a murder, or the end of humanity in the same bored cadence. His actions emote for him.

Belial walks and talks with complete authority, bowing to no one except Alzis, for whom he remains silent if not truly humble. People naturally fear Belial, even those who do not know of him or his legend, and those close to him learn that such fear is warranted.

Alzis and Belial maintain, at best, a strained respect for one another. They do not vie for position within the Fate simply because each of their interests lie elsewhere. If they were to conflict over something, however, unpleasantness might result.

## Oloni

Oloni is a Servant of Glaaki who is bodyguard and assistant to Belial. The huge Mpongwe tribesman is a native of the African Congo, and his people have worshipped Glaaki at a lake deep in the jungle's interior since time immemorial. Silent and intimidating, Oloni rarely speaks and follows only directions given by Belial or Glaaki himself. Like Belial, Oloni helps to prepare the lake in the Catskills for the arrival of his god. He knows little of New York and speaks only a few words of English. Belial and Oloni converse in French. He refers to Belial as *Mwe Obegu Glaaki*, "The beloved of Glaaki."

## Oloni

**Apparent age 29 (actual age much older)**

**Race:** Human

**Gender:** Male

**Nationality:** African

**STR 25 CON 30 SIZ 24 INT 11 POW 11**

**DEX 5 APP 9 EDU 4 SAN 0 HP 27**

**Damage Bonus:** +2D6

**Education:** None

**Skills**

Astronomy 31%, Climb 46%, Cthulhu Mythos 24%, Listen 39%, Navigate 65%, Track 21%.

**Languages**

English 5%, French 57%, Mpongwe (native) 65%.

**Attacks**

Fist 54%

1D3+db

**Spells**

Call Glaaki\*, Contact Glaaki\*.

\* *Spells marked with an asterisk are new to this book.*

**Enchanted Items**

Oloni has a large leather case containing four small spires broken off in ritual from the back of Glaaki itself. He uses these from time to time to convert unwilling subjects, permanently.

**Notes**

Oloni, like Belial, is a Servant of Glaaki and does not eat, sleep, breathe, or excrete. He does not float, and can reside underwater indefinitely. He is immune to pain and does not bleed. His chest injury is quite horrific, piercing the entire torso and creating a clear cross-section of a wound that will never heal (1/1D8 SAN).

**Physical Description**

Oloni is over six and a half feet tall and bulges with muscles. He dresses in suits that barely contain his huge frame and wears black Ray-Ban sunglasses. His left palm bears the mark of the Fate (p. 38).



## Emmanuel Hutchins

Emmanuel Hutchins, like Stephen Alzis, was just *there* one day. A thin Hispanic teenager with a mess of spiky black hair and uneven yellowed teeth, Hutchins was brought to a late 1950s meeting of the Fate by Stephen Alzis, who said simply that “Mr. Hutchins is now a member of our little circle.” Nothing more was ever said, or asked, about the subject.

Despite Hutchins’ appearance, very many in the Fate have learned to both fear and respect him. He has displayed a magical aptitude equal to at least Anton Merriweather, as well as inhuman strength, agility, and senses.

He is never seen during the day.

Hutchins is Alzis’s lapdog. He performs all the messy tasks which are beneath Alzis’s consideration. A visit from Hutchins is a calling card from Alzis himself, indicating displeasure or, worse, animosity. If it is the latter, the person visited is never seen again, alive or otherwise.

In addition to his physical oddities, Hutchins has several psychological “quirks.” He seems to understand the concept of emotions poorly, and constantly shows his innermost thoughts on his face like a billboard. He cannot conceal emotional responses. Occasionally Hutchins laughs, cries, or becomes startled at inappropriate things. Others in the Fate unconsciously step away from whatever caused such an outburst.

He also has a habit of turning up on windowsills, rooftops, and other inaccessible locations without even the slightest hint at how he got there. One explanation for this and his other strange gifts could be related by Belial, who once observed Emmanuel near the edge of the dance floor of Club Apocalypse. The “youth” was backlit by a strobe light for a split second. On the wall before him, instead of the shadow of a boy, there was the shadow of a huge mass of coiled tendrils with a single membranous wing perched over a cow-sized head.

Belial has told this to no one.

## Emmanuel Hutchins

**Race:** Human?

**Gender:** Male

**Nationality:** American

**STR 33 CON 12 SIZ 29 INT 14 POW 22**

**DEX 15 APP 11 EDU ? SAN 0 HP 21**

**Damage Bonus:** +3D6

**Education:** None

### Skills

Climb 74%, Cthulhu Mythos 35%, Hide 61%, Track 84%.

### Languages

English 93%

### Attacks

Fist 67%

Bite 65%

1D3+db

1D6+db

### Armor

9 points; cannot be impaled by bullets

### Spells

Body Warping of Gorgoroth, Call Nyarlathotep, Cloud Memory, Consume Likeness, Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep, Deflect Harm, Dominate, Pose Mundane, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Star Vampire.

### Enchanted Items:

None, although he himself is a bit of a magical oddity.

### Notes:

Hutchins is *never* seen during the day.

### Physical Description

Hutchins looks like a small, ill-fed Hispanic seventeen-year-old, and has looked seventeen since his first appearance in the late 1950s. His hair is never combed, and he often wears the same clothes for weeks on end. He smells *odd*, and only part of that is the lack of hygiene; other chemical smells can be found emanating from him, including sulphur, ammonia, and chlorine. Sometimes he leaves odd puddles in his footsteps. The mark of the Fate is prominent on his left forearm.

When Emmanuel wants to be heard, his voice can rise to horrible levels—loud enough to rattle windows in their frames. For a height of 5'5", Emmanuel's weight of eight hundred and twenty-two pounds could also be considered odd.

## Emir Agdesh

Emir Agdesh appeared in the 1950s when Stephen Alzis asked him to join the reconstructed Fate. Strings were pulled to allow his entry to the United States from his country of birth, Egypt.

Besides this, little about his past is known. Agdesh owned a considerable chain of wealthy cotton plantations on the Nile, which he inherited through marriage from his father-in-law Omar Shakti, who died along with Agdesh's wife in a house fire in 1949.

Agdesh's company was purchased by Alzis's consortium Whole Earth Enterprises in 1959, and Agdesh was given the title of chairman of WEE's board of directors in the lucrative deal.

Agdesh appears the same now as he did in 1959. Although his official date of birth is 1926, he looks no older than 50. A portly man, he dresses in a slightly antiquated manner, and his English, although precise, is a bit dated. Agdesh lives in a duplex on Central Park West and enjoys the many wonders of New York City, although the traffic and pollution do bother him from time to time.

Emir is never anywhere without his cat, a tiny white Persian named Hetep. Constantly in his arms, on his shoulders, or in his lap, the cat is always congenial and quiet, never struggling or making a fuss, and seems to pay undue attention to any conversations going on around him.

In truth Emir Agdesh was once known as Omar Shakti, and before that Gafsa Fondouk, and before that an endless series of names stretching back into the dim past. Held in high esteem by Nyarlathotep, Agdesh has enjoyed many lifetimes, always reborn to serve the will of the Great Old Ones with blind devotion.

Above all except one, Agdesh has proven the most valuable servant Nyarlathotep has ever known, and the Dark God's most difficult and brutal tasks are left to him.

Agdesh succeeds in pleasing the Great Old Ones where others fail due to his complete and utter belief in Nyarlathotep and his lack of personal will. Each new life is but a life to sacrifice to further the will of his lord, be it through the destruction of an innocent or a whole world of innocents.

Held in high esteem by the Network of New York, Agdesh, although he lacks ambition, is seemingly second only to Stephen Alzis in knowledge and power. However, unlike the other members of the Fate who remain unsure of Alzis's identity as Nyarlathotep, Emir openly kowtows to him at every chance. Also unlike others, he consistently enjoys Alzis's good favor.

Agdesh is a difficult person to gauge, and maintains a placid mask of banality over the seething insanity of his mind, through which little can be seen (Psychology rolls against him are at -30%). A master of nearly a dozen languages and dozens of skills, he is nonetheless modest and quiet. But sometimes a hint of sarcasm can be found in his words, or in his feigning of ignorance on a subject in which he is obviously well-versed.



## Emir Agdesh (Omar Shakti)

**Captain of the Crawling Chaos, apparent age 50, actual age 2,391**

**Race:** Human

**Gender:** Male

**Nationality:** Egyptian (Persian)

**Note:** Statistics are derived from the original *Masks of Nyarlathotep*, and not the *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*.

**STR 13    CON 26    SIZ 10    INT 18    POW 23**

**DEX 17    APP 16    EDU n/a    SAN 0    HP 18**

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Education:** Endless centuries of study

### Skills

Accounting 71%, Anthropology 54%, Archaeology 81%, Art History 59%, Astronomy 51%, Bargain 93%, Chemistry 37%, Conceal 41%, Cthulhu Mythos 96%, Dodge 93%, Drive Carriage 29%, Fast Talk 99%, Geology 12%, Hide 40%, History 91%, Law 71%, Linguist 73%, Listen 75%, Natural History 55%, Navigate 47%, Occult 98%, Persuade 89%, Pharmacy 95%, Psychology 71%, Ride 52%, Sneak 95%, Spot Hidden 91%.

### Languages

Aklo 61%, Ancient Arabic 98%, Arabic 95%, Chinese (Mandarin) 91%, Egyptian (Demotic) 85%, Egyptian Hieroglyphs 96%, English 93%, French 98%, German 49%, Greek (Classical) 98%, Hebrew 98%, Italian 51%, Latin 99%, Spanish 44%, Swahili 95%.

### Attacks

Pranga (cult knife) 95%, parry 90%  
1D8

### Spells

Alter Weather, Apportion Ka, Augur, Awake Abthoth, Balk Brood, Baneful Dust of Hermes Trismegistus, Banishment of Yde Etad, Bind Enemy, Bind Soul, Black Binding, Bless Blade, Body Warping of Gorgoroth, Blight/Bless Crop, Breath of the Deep, Brew Dream Drug, Brew Space Mead, Bring Haboob, Call/Dismiss Azathoth, Call/Dismiss the Beast, Call/Dismiss Cthugha, Call/Dismiss Hastur, Call/Dismiss Ithaqua, Call/Dismiss Nyogtha, Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath, Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth, Candle Communication, Cast Out Devil, Cause/Cure Blindness, Cause Disease, Chant of Thoth, Charm Animal, Cloud Memory, Clutch of Nyogtha, Contact Deity (Nyarlathotep), Contact Deity (Chaugnar Faugn), Contact Deity, (Cthulhu), Contact Deity (Eihort), Contact Deity (Tsathoggua), Contact Deity (Y'golonac), Contact Deity (Umr at' Tawil [Yog-Sothoth]), Consume Likeness, Contact Cthonian, Contact Deep One, Contact Elder Thing, Contact Flying Polyp, Contact Formless Spawn, Contact Ghoul, Contact Gnoph-Keh, Contact Hound of Tindalos, Contact Mi-Go, Contact Rat-Thing, Contact Sand Dweller, Contact Star-Spawn, Create Bad-Corpse Dust, Create Barrier of Naach-Tith, Create Fetch Stick, Create Gate, Create Mist of Releh, Create Scrying Window, Create Self-Ward, Create Window, Create Zombie, Curse of Darkness, Death Spell, Deflect Harm, Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Dust of Suleiman, Elder Sign, Enchant Book, Enchant Brazier, Enchant Gate Boxes, Enchant Knife, Enchant Sacrificial Dagger, Entrall Victim, Extend, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Flesh Ward, Implant Fear, Keeness of Two Alike, Levitate, Mental Suggestion, Mesmerize, Mindblast, Mind Exchange,

Mind Transfer, Mirror of Tarkhun Ateph, Nightmare, Parting Sands, Perfection, Pose Mundane, Power Drain, Power of Nyambe, Reach, Red Sign of Shudde M'ell, Resurrection, Send Dreams, Shrivelling, Soul Trap, Steal Life, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Child of Yig, Summon/Bind Dark Young, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Summon/Bind Star Vampire, Unmask Demon, View Gate, Voice of Ra, Voorish Sign, Wrack.

#### Enchanted Items

Agdesh often carries two scepters that add 5D20 to his Magic Points for spellcasting or resistance. He can instantly call the scepters to his hands if he can see them, and only he can wield them. If he dies, the scepters crumble to dust.

#### Physical Description

Agdesh is a small, unassuming man with dark bronze skin and bright white teeth. He has a slight paunch, but is otherwise quite fit for his apparent age. His face is pleasant, if somewhat bland, and his clothing, though out of date, is immaculate and extravagantly expensive. Agdesh often wears Oliver Peoples non-prescription sunglasses, which obscure his eyes. His left wrist bears the mark of the Fate (p. 38).

## Hetep

This immortal and deadly creature appears as nothing more than a small, fuzzy white Persian cat. When its anger is aroused or its master Agdesh is threatened, it transforms instantly into a horrible cat demon that walks on its hind legs and kills with its claws, fangs and prehensile tongue. If it is somehow slain, it shrivels to a mummy of a cat, thousands of years old.

## Hetep

#### (Cat Form/Demon Cat Form)

**STR 3/20    CON 4/20    SIZ 1/12    INT 15**

**POW 25    DEX 16/18    HP 3/16**

**Damage Bonus:** None/1D6

**SAN Loss:** Automatic 1D6 SAN loss for seeing the Demon Cat form

#### Skills

Climb 85%, Hide 95%, Jump 95%, Sneak 95%, Track 75%.

#### Languages (Understand Only)

Arabic 30%, Egyptian (Demotic) 30%, English 30%.

#### Attacks

Tongue attack 75%

*asphyxiation as per drowning rules*

Claws 50%

Bite 35%

1D6+2+db

1D6+db



## The Lords

The Lords are the movers and shakers who complete the tasks put to the Network by the common crime syndicates. They are the muscle of the Network and the Fate. Individuals of differing motivations, beliefs, and techniques, the Lords all share allegiance to the Fate, and through the Fate, in one way or another, to Nyarlathotep.

Although there are currently four Lords, Robert Hubert—known as the Lord of Life, or Belial—rarely acts in the classic Lord capacity. Instead, he is a mediator between the Lords and their direct superiors, the Fate. Hubert is a member of the Fate as well, and carries out the duties of both positions. This buffer was created to isolate the Lords from the Fate, and to prevent the complete compromise of the group's resources and personnel in case of investigation.

In the past there have been as many as eight Lords at one time, but their mortality rate is quite high. Many die in the process of learning new Mythos spells, or develop psychoses which make them unsuitable for public life; many of the latter end up as Adepts. The current four Lords are the proverbial cream of the crop. Many others have come and gone while they have served, and many more will be brought in to fill the gaps.

Belial remains the final arbiter of who is or is not a Lord, but the title is given from on high. Stephen Alzis dispenses their formal names when they are inducted into the Network. No one understands the purpose of the titles—they just seem to amuse Alzis.

The Lords carry out the complex dirty work of the Network, the hired jobs for the crime syndicates that no one else can do. Seamless disappearances, impossible thefts, mind reading, divination and more are common fare, for the right price. Methods are never discussed, and if the customer is smart, never questioned. The Lords always complete their tasks, no matter the odds stacked against them.

And their price is very, very high.

### What the Lords Do For the Fate

The Lords are the “skilled labor” of the Fate, and take care of tasks hired by outside parties and those ordered by the Fate itself. In addition, the Lords represent a buffer between the Adepts, the Neophytes, and the Fate. All contact between the Fate and the lower groups is conducted through the Lords, except on the rarest occasions. Also, the Lords are mostly responsible for locating and recruiting Neophytes to the organization.

### Lord Organization

The Lords are an antagonistic bunch who care little for each other, and rarely if ever work together. Their rivalry is based on their drive to become members of the Fate, a group whose membership is determined by Stephen Alzis alone. Lords who do their jobs and do not make waves will likely eventually gain Alzis's favor and be inducted as full members of the Fate.

The Fate controls the Lords directly through Belial, who is both a Lord and full member of the Fate. Jobs are designated by the Fate and given to individual Lords for completion. If the Lords believe it is too base a task for their skills, they usher the mission down to the Neophyte or Neophytes of their choice.

Each Lord wears the mark of the Fate (p. 38).

## Anton Merriweather, The Lord of Sleep

Anton Leonard Merriweather was born to Jules Merriweather in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, on July 5, 1970. Jules Merriweather was a quiet, out-of-work cleaning woman who had taken up with the manager of her apartment building the year before, trading sex for rent. Anton was the unfortunate result.

William Greenblatt, the apartment manager and father of the child, disappeared as soon as he heard about Jules' condition. Soon after, Jules was evicted from her apartment and moved in with her sister on Quay Street in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, to await the birth.

Anton's childhood was seemingly quiet. He attended school at St. Christopher's Boys Academy in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. He received free tuition because his aunt Maris Merriweather was a social-studies teacher at the school. His mother was soon employed at the school as a cafeteria worker.

Anton, a quiet, brooding child, was exceptional at school-



work. A small boy, he had many problems with bullies until an incident in 1979. Franklin Melberg, a local boy who picked on Anton, was killed when he fell in front of the 14th St. Canarsie subway during a class trip to the New York Museum of Natural History. The entire class was lined up in groups of five to board the train in several different cars, an adult with each group. Franklin Melberg stood near the edge of the platform, directly in front of Merriweather. Anton was never suspected of anything by the adults—he was the teachers' pet. Only the children of the school seemed to notice, and the many bullies of the schoolyard suddenly gave him a wide berth.

This suited Anton well.

In 1980, Anton discovered music. His obsession bloomed from a Christmas gift from his aunt, a cheap acoustic guitar. Soon all his allowance and whatever money he could scrape together from birthdays and holidays went to purchasing a tape player and albums. Anton learned to play guitar by mimicking his favorite bands, playing along with his recently-collected music library. His insistent and obsessive personality and lack of friends led him to a level of musical ability not often seen in eleven-year-olds, and by 1981 he was an accomplished amateur guitarist. He used this skill to further place himself within his mother and aunt's good graces, maneuvering for an electric guitar and amplifier. No one connected Anton to the rash of animal mutilations and deaths in the area.

Merriweather was consumed with hate. He heard and understood much more about his mother, his aunt, and his absent father than anyone could ever conceive. By age ten Merriweather had assembled a notebook of individual hatreds, outlining various plans, the deaths he would mastermind once he became what he strived to be. He wanted to be adored and feared. Merriweather wanted to be a superstar so he could make the whole world pay.

During junior high school, problems began for Merriweather—problems that could be outwardly noticed. His schoolwork suffered, he was often reported missing from school, and he would not come home for days on end. Rapid growth at puberty made him the dominant physical force in his household, and the shift left his mother and aunt helpless. Soon, Anton was left to his own devices at home as well as school.

In 1984 Anton discovered poetry. Reading a book on Jim Morrison, Anton became fascinated with his influences, which led him to the works of Yeats, Eliot, Lawrence, Campbell, and Huxley. Soon, in addition to music Anton became obsessed with classical poetry and literature.

He was finally permanently dismissed from high school in 1985 at the age of fifteen for not attending classes in three

straight months. For a year Anton worked in a music store on Canal Street, buying books and reading all night. He wrote his first songs, dreary hard tunes that belied his young age and countenance. He moved out of his aunt's house in May 1986 and moved into a walk-up on Canal Street. He severed all ties to his family when he left.

## The Horned Man

In mid-1986 Merriweather met Alvin Harris, a session guitarist who had played for many of the most famous bands of the seventies. Harris had paid the price of eternally coasting on the edge of fame. An alcoholic with only his music left to support him, Harris gave lessons, when he was sober, out of his apartment in the Kingsbridge section of the Bronx. He made a circuit of the record and music stores twice a month to post ads and to sell or trade equipment.

Alvin Harris taught Merriweather every night for six months. Merriweather coveted Harris's abilities, and he wished he could steal the man's talent, combine it with his own, and make something bigger than even he could contain.

Anton's chance at greatness came during a jam session with Harris in late 1986. Harris confessed, quite soberly, that he had sold his soul to the devil in 1971. For the first time in Merriweather's life, he was truly interested in what another human being had to say.

Harris said he had roomed with a black musician for a while in Los Angeles, in 1971. The man's name was Louis Smythe, but he went by his stage name: The Royal Pant. A saxophonist and trumpet player, Smythe was quiet and showed little personality, until the night he and Harris had a conversation on the subject of selling your soul for earthly pleasures. Smythe excused himself after the conversation and brought back a quill pen and a contract. Harris signed away his soul as a drunken joke.

Smythe was gone the next day, leaving behind his books, clothes, and musical instruments. That was the most disturbing thing to Harris: that Smythe would leave behind his instruments, his source of income, and just walk away. Harris's ride to success began in his confusion. The contracts for sessions grew and grew until he had to actually turn down fantastic jobs.

In his spare time, Harris read through the books Smythe had left behind. Drunken experiments with one of the volumes, an odd book called *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New English Canaan*, taught him that magic was indeed real, and that he had perhaps signed away the only thing worth anything at all.

Harris drowned himself in the world of drugs to forget his

predicament. This continued through the coke-charged seventies. He washed up old, broke and alone in New York on the far side of the eighties.

Harris had learned a bit over time from “the book,” as he called it—enough to extend his life and to restore vigor from time to time through the use of a process he called “the burden of blood”; otherwise, he would have died of his excesses. By occasionally drinking the blood of properly-prepared victims, Harris could steal portions of their souls and restore vitality to his rapidly-aging body. Unfortunately “the burden of blood” was an addiction like any other, and Harris’s drive for blood grew with each use.

Anton did his best to win over Harris with his soft-spoken charm, and Harris—hoping to impress the youth and gain an ally in immortality—showed him the book and many of its secrets. Anton even helped him kill to satiate his odd lusts.

Anton finally knew what he was meant to do.

On the summer solstice Harris prepared to induct Merriweather into the graces of the Royal Pant, Narlato, the Horned Man with a million different forms and names. Harris had never used this Summon Horned Man spell out of sheer terror, but he always associated it with the quiet trumpet-playing musician to whom he had signed away his soul. Harris hoped to offer Anton as a substitute, a younger, fresher soul for the devil to take.

When the apparition appeared, Anton buried his 6” switchblade in Harris’ neck. Harris died in seconds while the apparition, a silent shadow of a man, watched, and Merriweather took the prepared copper bowl and drank what he could of Harris’s blood. He felt the rush of power and strength. His addiction to the process was nearly instantaneous. Anton now had a *real* need to justify his evil lusts. That night Merriweather signed the book of the Walking Man, and with that action, linked himself inextricably with the deity.

Merriweather set about studying the *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New English Canaan* and another book Harris had owned, *Notes on the Sussex Manuscript*. Research into the maze of occult texts led him to the poetry book *Azathoth and Others*. He came across other books he could not afford, so he made extensive notes and copies of many more occult texts. He practiced music and magic endlessly, soon excelling at the black arts as flawlessly as he had mastered music. By mid-1987, Anton was an accomplished magician.

Later that year Anton discovered another magic, a band that struck upon the chords which had been sounding silently in his heart since birth.

## Charnel Dreams

God’s Lost Children (or GLC as they were popularly known) burst upon the heavy-metal music scene in 1987 with their *Unspeakable* album and tour. Two other, less well-received albums did little except clutter up used record bins. God’s Lost Children’s music touted hatred, pain, and death as the hallmarks of human civilization, a civilization that was rapidly consuming itself. Anton somehow knew that the band also sensed the truth of magic and the things that lay just outside reality.

Anton attended four of the six dates the band played in New York City in 1987. GLC played to sell-out crowds at the Nassau Coliseum, Madison Square Garden, and the Palladium with rave reviews. Merriweather became a zealot, consuming everything he could find about the band, even trying to find the book that the lead singer of GLC, Brian Lochnar, claimed formed the basis of his beliefs, the *Turner Codex*. Alas young Merriweather, without a degree, received polite letters of rejection from the libraries of Miskatonic, Harvard, and Duke universities.

Instead of being devastated by the death of Brian Lochnar in February 1987, Merriweather was elated. Lochnar and two other members of the band had died onstage in Jacksonville, Florida, during a riot that ensued when a lighting boom fell into the crowd and killed nine. Merriweather saw this incident as a sign, and set about with new fervor to position himself in the vacuum left by GLC’s absence. To mark the day, Merriweather had a tattoo done, quoting the song “The Dark Ones Rise” from *Unspeakable*. It adorns his left shoulder, along with a stylized Yellow Sign, and reads:

*To the one who comes after;  
The lost master of our fates,  
The creator of those who hate,  
And the father of all lies*

Over the next fifteen months a rough approximation of the band that would become Charnel Dreams was assembled through ads in the *Village Voice*, the *Pennysaver*, and the *New York Post*. By 1988 Merriweather was living on Rutgers Street in downtown New York and working odd hours at a music store on the corner of Bowery and Third Avenue, but his sights were set much higher than anyone could imagine.

His band, then under the name Mister Hister (the name was a reference to Nostrodamus’s anti-christ “Hister”), was already playing small downtown bars, and was an immediate favorite of

the heavy-metal music scene of NYC. The band released a single in late 1988 on Tunnel Records; the song, "Dreamtime," landed on the *College Music Journal* charts at #81. Confusion over their name was cited for poor sales (it sounded and looked like Mister Mister, a popular group at the time), so they changed the name Mister Hister to Mister Monster, a reference to a *nom de plume* of David Berkowitz, the Son of Sam. This name did not last, either.

In the winter of 1990 the band changed their name to Charnel Dreams, after a line from the poem "Alabaster" from Derby's *Azathoth and Others*. The verse that contains the phrase reads:

*A dancing cascade of players,  
moving in choreographed  
unison;  
this city,  
carefully denoted  
by its casual innocence  
and clean streets  
which strive to maintain  
(so that none may know)  
they re-assure the irrelevant  
the ignorant;  
(although we all know)  
that life is nothing more  
than this charnel dream,  
a quiet slice of hell,  
in the making*

Charnel Dreams was booked to an odd gig for New Year's Eve in 1993. Merriweather had been offered a job by a man named Robert Hubert, who managed an obscure uptown venue called Club Apocalypse. Unlike previous gigs, an impressive sound system was provided and the band was paid in advance.

The Charnel Dreams show of New Year's Eve 1993 became one of the many legendary events talked about in hushed tones within the city's music underground. Many celebrities were there, or claimed to be there, and during an intermission Merriweather agreed to Hubert's offer to manage the band. After a long conversation with Hubert and a tour of the club, the two began talking about more esoteric topics. Anton's odd Yellow Sign tattoo was the subject of much discussion. Soon, Merriweather and Hubert, whom he called Belial, were inseparable.

## The Fate

Charnel Dreams became the house band for Club Apocalypse, and Merriweather was slowly inducted into the higher ranks of

the Network due to his natural magical abilities and initiative. By 1994 Merriweather, through Belial, was versed in many new spells and was inducted into the Network as the Lord of Sleep.

In 1996 Charnel Dreams released their first professional album. Produced by Hubert, the album, *True Orders*, rose to #7 on the *College Music Journal's* rankings and the single "Come Again" was a popular hit for months on some New York radio stations. A music video was shot and was aired a few times on MTV's late-night alt-music programming.

Between gigs Merriweather is the Network's premiere hit man. Those who can afford it, and who want the job done right, find their way to the Network, and the job goes to Merriweather. On weekends Charnel Dreams plays until dawn and once a month an innocent dies to prolong Merriweather's unnatural life. This murder cycle is slowly becoming more and more rapid.

Merriweather maintains two residences: a small house in Oyster Bay, Long Island, which overlooks the Long Island Sound, and a penthouse on Park Avenue and 106th Street East. He uses the Oyster Bay house only on odd occasions, and often groupies and his bandmates can be found there instead, doing drugs, having sex and partying. On the solstices, Merriweather can be found in solitude there, performing various rituals to his dark god.

The penthouse is a sprawling duplex with a hot tub, several bathrooms, and a separate "guest apartment." Containing dozens of rooms and accessible by its own elevator, it is worth over four million dollars. Like the house on in Oyster Bay, it is owned on paper by Robert Hubert.

Merriweather is a sucker for expensive cars. Although he owns several, his favorite is his black Porsche 911 (the license plate reads LRD SLP) which he stores, along with the rest of his vehicles, in a special garage facility on Central Park West.

## Anton Leonard Merriweather

**Lord of Sleep, Charnel Dreams lead singer and guitarist, apparent age 28**

**Race:** Human

**Gender:** Male

**Nationality:** American (French/Yiddish heritage)

**STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW (17) 20\***

**DEX 16 APP 15 EDU 14 SAN 0 HP 13**

\* Merriweather's POW score has been raised through the Burden of Blood spell.

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Education:** Some high school

**Skills**

Art (Music) 76%, Astronomy 24%, Chemistry 28%, Computer Use 44%, Conceal 21%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Drive Auto 41%, Electronics 31%, Electrical Repair 30%, Fast Talk 28%, Listen 45%, Occult 69%, Persuade 39%, Pharmacy 21%.

**Languages**

Chinese 30%, English (native) 82%, Latin 8%, Spanish 11%.

**Attacks**

Magical dagger 54%

*1D4+db (can hit magical creatures)*

Switchblade 54%

*1D4+db*

**Spells**

Bless Blade, Body Warping of Gorgoroth, The Burden of Blood\*, Covenant\*, Call Horned God (Nyarlathotep Walking Man Form)\*, Call/Dismiss Ithaka (Ithaqua), Cloud Memory, Clutch of Nyogtha, Contact Ghoul, Contact Narlato (Nyarlathotep Monstrous Form), Contact Sadogwah (Tsathoggua), Contact Yogge-Sothothe (Yog-Sothoth Tawil at'Umr Form), Deflect Harm, Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Elder Sign, Mindblast, Shrivelling, Summon Byakhee, Summon Dimensional Shambler, Summon Fire Vampire, Wrack.

\* *Spells marked with an asterix are new to this book.*

**Enchanted Items**

Anton constantly carries his enchanted dagger and copper bowl in a small leather knapsack. In addition he wears a small tear-shaped crystal, which was a gift from Belial. This crystal vibrates slightly when in the presence of anyone with a POW higher than 15. Anton does not know where Belial got the crystal and does not fully trust its capabilities.

**Physical Description**

Merriweather is 5'8" and 161 lbs. He is stocky but very handsome, and looks a lot more "street-tough" than he actually is, although his spells more than make up for this inconsistency. His once-blond hair has been dyed black and is cut short around the head, with long front-hanging forelocks. He has the Fate tattoo on his left shoulder. Merriweather wears a large amount of silver jewelry. Rings, necklaces, and earrings are commonly worn, including a Yellow Sign earring, and he is partial to expensive custom pieces.

Merriweather never wears anything more formal than a button-down shirt. His common garb is combat boots, jeans, and a T-shirt.

## Roger Yul,

# The Lord of Dreams

Roger Yul idolizes Belial and everything he stands for, and hopes one day to ascend to a similar position within the Fate.

A child genius grown up, Yul has multiple degrees in many different subjects and is constantly expanding his knowledge. A dabbler in the occult, Yul joined the Fate as a Neophyte in 1993 after being introduced to Belial by Stephen Alzis. He rose to Lord status as rapidly as he gained his degrees, and was marked from early on as a favorite of Alzis, which made him pretty much untouchable within the organization.

Yul's photographic memory and encyclopedic knowledge of languages has made him the most well-read and fully-versed of the Fate magicians. In under three years Yul read the entire occult library of the Fate. He often teaches spells to Lords or Neophytes at the behest of Alzis.

Despite these significant advantages, Yul is not socially gifted. He lacks the charisma of Belial and Alzis. People often hate him after only a sentence or two. His hygiene and sense of style are not very good, and he tends to stutter and repeat himself when under stress. He also suffers from insomnia and migraines.

Besides being tutor to other Lords and Neophytes, Yul handles much of the dream communications with the Adepts. In addition he uses the Send Dreams spell, Implant Fear spell, and Nightmare spell to torment professional sports stars in order to fix games for organized crime groups. This is by far his most time-consuming occupation, and he resents it.

## Roger Yul

**Lord of Dreams, sociopathic polyglot, age 25**

**Race:** Human

**Gender:** Male

**Nationality:** American (Romanian heritage)

**STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 17 POW 11**

**DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 28 SAN 0 HP 11**

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Education:** B.A. in Anthropology/Archaeology from the University of Pennsylvania, B.A. in Dead Languages and History from Columbia University, Ph.D. in Ancient Languages from Columbia University

**Skills**

Accounting 12%, Anthropology 49%, Archaeology 61%, Art History 14%, Astronomy 36%, Biology 15%, Chemistry 29%, Computer Use 47%, Cthulhu

Mythos 58%, Drive 37%, History 61%, Law 39%, Library Use 64%, Natural History 54%, Occult 85%, Physics 16%, Spot Hidden 53%

#### Languages

Aklo 61%, Arabic 59%, Bantu 36%, Dutch 74%, English (native) 100%, English (Middle/Old) 66%, French 100%, French (Medieval) 57%, German 98%, Gothic 22%, Greek 94%, Latin 94%, Portuguese 91%, Spanish 100%

#### Attacks

Mindblast

*Target loses 1D4 SAN + goes temporarily insane*

Dust of Suleiman

*1D20 damage to Mythos creatures*

#### Spells

Black Binding, Bless Blade, Body Warping of Gorgoroth, The Burden of Blood\*, Call Horned God (Nyarlahotep Walking Man Form)\*, Call/Dismiss Ithaka (Ithaqua), Call Power of Nyambe, Cast Out Devil, Chant of Thoth, Cloud Memory, Clutch of Nyogtha, Consume Likeness, Create Bad-Corpse Dust, Contact Ghoul, Contact Narlato (Nyarlahotep Monstrous Form), Contact Sadogwah (Tsathoggua), Contact Yogge-Sothothe (Yog-Sothoth Tawil at'Umr Form), Create Barrier of Naach-Tith, Create Fetch Stick, Create Zombie, Curse of the Stone, Deflect Harm, Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Dust of Suleiman, Elder Sign, Flesh Ward, Implant Fear, Mental Suggestion, Mindblast, Mind Transfer, Nightmare, Send Dreams, Shrivelling, Covenant\*, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Wrack

\* Spells marked with an asterix are new to this book.

#### Enchanted Items

Roger carries his copper dream bowl everywhere, and is never without four applications of the Dust of Suleiman.

#### Physical Description

Roger is a small, homely man still battling with the remnants of adolescent acne. He dresses in expensive yet miscut clothing that looks bad on him, and is rarely without a beaten totebag containing his dream bowl and other occult tools.

His fingers are all covered in band-aids, due to his need almost every night for a drop of blood to power the Send Dreams spell.

## Alem Keightly, The Lord of Thought

Keightly is a quiet, driven Lord who is obsessed with seeing things through to their ends, whatever they may be. Completely consumed with solving the problems at hand, Keightly will stop at nothing to complete even one seemingly minor task. Every day has a schedule, and every action a proper way of doing it. Although Keightly's mind is unsound, it is constructed in a latticework of ideas where everything, *everything* has a specific meaning and point of reference. Neophytes under his command call him the "terminator" (not to his face, of course). His odd mindset has led him to be assigned to some of the most difficult jobs the Lords have ever completed.

Keightly's most personal obsessions are somewhat more bizarre. He is consumed with the concept of internal cleanliness. His diet consists only of vegetables and vitamins, he receives high colonics three times weekly, his mouth is rinsed endlessly with industrial antiseptic, and his nasal passages are kept pumped full of the best analgesics money can buy. He stores most of his urine in a biohazard drum in his penthouse, and once a month, for one day, he drinks only boiled urine and eats nothing. Keightly, in the depths of his madness, believes this to be the only way to truly purify the body.

Keightly handles magical mental feats for the Fate. His twisted mind deals with these alien magical concepts as it would any other problem, and his antiseptic detachment has led to a near-artistic skill in creating pain and misery in others.

Keightly's favorite punishment is to use the Mind Exchange spell to move his enemy's consciousness into the body of a junkie, and then to execute the original body before its victim's new eyes. The victim is then set free, in an addict's body, to suffer and die.

He also has the responsibility of giving instructions to the Neophytes. Another Lord tells Keightly the message and its recipient, and then Keightly magically passes it on using the Mental Suggestion spell. Keightly handles all such instructions, even for Lords who also know Mental Suggestion, so that the Neophytes feel a consistency of presence in their instructions and therefore obey all instructions equally.

## Alem Keightly

**Lord of Thought, age 39**

**Race:** Human

**Gender:** Male

**Nationality:** American (Irish)

**STR 11    CON 16    SIZ 16    INT 14    POW 18**

**DEX 17    APP 17    EDU 22    SAN 0    HP 16**

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Education:** B.A. in International Business from Columbia University.

### Skills

Accounting 37%, Art History 41%, Computer Use 53%, Cthulhu Mythos 29%, Dodge 60%, Drive 33%, Law 49%, Library Use 37%, Listen 42%, Occult 65%, Persuade 53%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 30%

### Languages

German 57%, Italian 33%, English (native) 100%

### Attacks

Heckler and Koch MP5 A2 58%

*1D10*

Curse of the Stone

*Works on one target, 9 Magic Points; must beat the target's MP in a resistance roll. 1D4 SAN lost, plus victim is incapable of action until he can roll under his POW score on 1D100.*

Shrivelling

*1 HP damage per Magic Point invested; must overcome victim's MP on the resistance table.*

### Spells

Cast Out Devil, Chant of Thoth, Cloud Memory, Create Bad-Corpse Dust, Create Fetch Stick, Create Mist of Releh, Curse of the Stone, Deflect Harm, Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Enchant Spear, Enthral Victim, Implant Fear, Keeness of Two Alike, Mental Suggestion, Mesmerize, Mind Blast, Mind Exchange, Mind Transfer, Power Drain

### Enchanted Items

Fetch Stick 44% (with Enchant Spear modification, always hits target)

*1D8+1+db (affects magical creatures)*

### Physical Description

Keightly is tall, gaunt, and appears almost artificial, as if he were some sort of convincing dummy. Dressed impeccably, Alem is obsessed with fashion and what is considered "vogue," and spends exorbitant amounts of cash on shoes, clothing, and accoutrements. His voice never rises above a near-whisper and his face never betrays a ripple of emotion.



## The Neophytes

Those few who know of the Fate and who wish to enter its ranks among the initiated are known as Neophytes. A motley mix of occult scholars and ambitious criminals, the Neophytes are the “hired muscle” of the Fate. They provide services that the Lords don’t wish to dirty themselves with but the Adepts are too insane to handle.

Many Neophytes have little idea who actually runs the Fate, or the group’s true purpose. Some even have no idea of the Fate’s occult significance. All, however, know that the Fate is the actual power behind the powers that be, and they want to be part of it, at any cost.

There is little camaraderie among the Neophytes. Those who have discovered the secrets of the hierarchy of the Fate wish to rise up through it while thinning out their competition. Once initiated, few bits of information are offered to the Neophytes for free. Their worst enemies are not those outside the Fate, but those within.

Groups of Neophytes are chosen as servants by Lords and members of the Fate. These small armies perform the menial tasks needed for the day-to-day existence of the Fate and act as protection and enforcement for its leaders. Those few Neophytes who survive long enough to gain knowledge of the Cthulhu Mythos and its magic often vie for positions among the Lords.

### What the Neophytes Do for the Fate

Neophytes are “cannon fodder.” Used instead of Lords for easy jobs, the Neophytes have little direct contact with the Fate or even the Lords. All instructions are conveyed to them by Alem Keightly, the Lord of Thought.

Using the Mental Suggestion spell, Keightly telepathically relays the instructions to the individual Neophytes, who write out the instructions with their own hands, much like automatic writing. This eliminates any evidence of conspiracy, and also places the Neophyte in an odd position. It would be impossible for the Neophyte not to take a fall if the note were to come to public attention.

Mostly because of this obviously supernatural arrangement, many Neophytes snap after only a few months in the Fate. Those who find the enlightenment of madness too quickly often become Adepts.

### Neophyte Organization

Neophytes serve their individual Lords first and foremost, themselves secondly and the Fate last. Neophytes are recruited by Lords to act as muscle, bodyguards and enforcers. Some survive long enough to become Lords. Like gangs, over time the individual Neophyte groups develop a loose hierarchy.

Each Neophyte wears the mark of the Fate (p. 38)..

### Megan Brennan

Megan Brennan is a bitter woman who wishes to work all of her personal pains out on the world itself. She does everything she can to cajole, threaten, and lessen those around her, and will not hesitate to promote herself at the expense of another. In fact, she prefers it that way.

Her beauty is secondary to her intellect, and she finds the physical world unappealing to the point of boredom, but she uses her looks as a weapon as often as possible. She is smart enough to know such things do not work on Lords. (Well, most of them.)

Brennan was an avid follower in the darker occult circles of New York when she met Anton Merriweather, who inducted her into the Fate and taught Brennan her first spell. Merriweather is still unsure if it was lust or bloodlust that drew him to her.

### Megan Brennan

**Neophyte of the Fate, servant of the Lord of Sleep, age 27**

**Race:** Human

**Gender:** Female

**Nationality:** American (Scottish)

**STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 13**

**DEX 13 APP 17 EDU 18 SAN 22 HP 12**

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Education:** B.A. in Art History from Nassau Community College



### Skills

Accounting 27%, Anthropology 27%, Archaeology 31%, Art History 12%, Astronomy 31%, Chemistry 12%, Computer Use 36%, Cthulhu Mythos 3%, Drive Auto 47%, Fast Talk 61%, History 46%, Locksmith 30%, Occult 52%, Persuade 60%, Photography 31%, Spot Hidden 39%

### Languages

English (native) 95%, Latin 41%

### Attacks

Glock Model 23 pistol 54%

1D10

### Spells

Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth

### Enchanted Items: None

### Insanities

Brennan is insanely paranoid of talking on the telephone, and does so only under physical duress.

### Physical Description

Brennan is an absolutely stunning blonde, with short hair and a tanned, perfect body. Men naturally want her and go out of their way to please her. She often dresses in revealing outfits to exploit her natural good looks, and has been known (on one occasion) to sleep with someone to complete a task for Merriweather.

## Alexander Burnett

Alexander is something of a scientist, and came upon the Fate during his researches into the occult areas of teleportation. He purchased several books from Stephen Alzis on the subject and is fascinated with the concept of gate travel, although he has not perfected the process himself.

Since his introduction to the deeper elements of the Fate, Alexander has become obsessed with discovering *just how far* it all goes. How much has science dismissed as folly? What is waiting out there for him to discover?

He has seen and done things which three years before he would have believed patently impossible; now such things are everyday occurrences. Well, almost.

Since his departure from school and his initiation into the Fate, Alexander has become a favorite of Belial, who enjoys the boy's good looks as well as his encyclopedic knowledge of facts and figures. Belial, in short, sees much of what he could have been in Alexander, and *almost* actually feels something for him.

Alexander spends all his time working for Belial, gathering knowledge in huge "day-books" and constructing a gate machine, to who knows where (or when), in his apartment in Queens.



## Alexander Burnett

**Neophyte of the Fate, servant of the Lord of Life, age 31**

**Race:** Human

**Gender:** Male

**Nationality:** American (Dutch Irish)

**STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 14**

**DEX 11 APP 16 EDU 20 SAN 35 HP 11**

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Education:** B.A. Applied Physics Stanford University, two years of graduate school in High Energy Physics at Columbia University

### Skills

Accounting 29%, Anthropology 12%, Archaeology 31%, Architecture 31%, Art History 10%, Astronomy 47%, Biology 41%, Chemistry 51%, Computer Use 74%, Cthulhu Mythos 8%, Demolitions 30%, Electrical Repair 46%, Electronics 59%, Library Use 43%, Locksmith 60%, Mathematics 59%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Occult 43%, Physics 83%

### Languages

English (native) 99%, French 12%, Latin 75%, Spanish 41%

**Attacks:** None

### Spells

Create Gate Machine, View Gate

### Enchanted Items

None yet, but his gate will soon be complete

### Insanities

Burnett is occasionally overcome by delusions of grandeur and disappears to conceive his latest *Magnum Opus* of physics, which after a few days he will discard for some more-interesting project. Belial forgives him his quirks and enjoys speaking with him at length about subjects on which the Lord of Life is not fully up to date.

### Physical Description

Burnett is a fastidious dresser who wears up-to-the-minute, fashionable, high-priced items (most of which are gifts from Belial). His classically handsome features are accentuated by his expensive designer glasses, and his hair is cut at the finest salons in New York. On the other hand, at home Burnett is a utilitarian slob. The portions of the huge gate machine he is constructing get the lion's share of his warehouse apartment, leaving only his stained futon and a small refrigerator to call his personal space.

## Matthew Vaughn

Vaughn is an oddity among the Neophytes. In his early fifties, he was by far the oldest Neophyte ever to join the Fate. Vaughn spent most of his young and privileged life pursuing the next great high. Throughout the 1970s his life was like a *National Geographic* issue: climbing in the Andes, scuba-diving off the Bimini steps, hiking during Queen Maud's Land's brief summer.

Through these adventures his sights turned to the Mythos and to the concept of immortality. As his body slowly fell to pieces after years of physical and chemical abuse, Vaughn sought counsel from the great religions of the world and found each lacking. For a time he pursued a book which supposedly contained the formula for immortality, *The Testament of Carnamagos*, across the Mediterranean, but he never found it. Next he investigated the mystical alchemical book *Nei P'ien* by the legendary Chinese scholar Ko Hung. Unable to locate the text after spending an exorbitant sum, Vaughn returned to New York a bitter, depressed, and nearly *old* man.

Through the many channels of the New York nightlife he sought out anyone who had heard of such a thing as a potion of immortality. Caught between hedonistically wasting his remaining years away and desperately searching for something *more*, Vaughn discovered Club Apocalypse and Stephen Alzis in the same evening.

Alzis's pitch was startling to say the least. Although Vaughn knew he should doubt the man, he found he could not, and when Alzis showed him his scrapbook, Vaughn found himself trying to please the odd Arab. Alzis initiated Vaughn into the Fate in the summer of 1989. Since then, Vaughn has seen so much of what he has searched for, but not what he most wants.

Immortality, Alzis says, takes time.

## Matthew Thomas Vaughn

**Neophyte of the Fate, servant of the Lord of Dreams, age 60**

**Race:** Human

**Gender:** Male

**Nationality:** American (English)

**STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 13**

**DEX 11 APP 11 EDU 20 SAN 42 HP 12**

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Education:** B.A. World History, Bennington College

**Skills**

Accounting 18%, Anthropology 39%, Archaeology 61%, Architecture 30%, Art History 45%, Astronomy 34%, Bargain 29%, Boating 35%, Carpentry 32%, Cartography 31%, Climb 56%, Credit Rating 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 9%, Drive Auto 56%, Fast Talk 40%, First Aid 38%, Geology 31%, History 45%, Listen 49%, Mechanical Repair 36%, Natural History 36%, Navigation/Land 63%, Navigation/Sea Air 31%, Occult 53%, Parachuting 47%, Persuade 40%, Pharmacy 46%, Photography 36%, Pilot Helicopter 41%, Ride 61%, Sailing 29%, SCUBA 46%, Track 12%, Zoology 30%

**Languages**

Bantu 12%, Chinese 39%, English (native) 99%, French 73%, German 60%, Italian 31%, Spanish 85%

**Attacks**

Punch 69%

1D3

**Spells**

Chant of Thoth, Eibon's Wheel of Mist

**Enchanted Items:** None

**Insanities**

Vaughn is completely terrified of the helplessness of old age. This phobia has blossomed, with the help of Stephen Alzis, into a full-blown psychosis. It makes living the life Vaughn values so highly a difficult proposition.

Each day is a regimen of vitamins, exercise, and every anti-aging treatment one can imagine. He is beyond being able to help himself. If something comes along that indicates it might even restore one month of time to his life, Vaughn must pursue it at all costs.

**Physical Description**

Vaughn is a healthy-looking, gray-haired, chisel-featured older man. He walks with an air of self-confidence most find disquieting. He dresses comfortably and casually, but is always prepared for any eventuality.

Refusing to drive in the city, Vaughn walks everywhere, and is almost never found without a treasured Chinese walking stick.

## The Adepts

The adepts are the lowest level of the Fate. Comprised of select members of New York's homeless population, they are parasites who serve their host creature, the Fate, in limited but valuable ways. In return, their ravenous madness is fed by the Mythos.

The Adepts are the downtrodden, the misused, the mad underclass of the underclass. They have gone beyond common human understanding and motivation and have glimpsed the larger, wider world of the Mythos beyond our tiny everyday lives, paying for this new point of view with their free will. They now serve chaos incarnate. Whether their master is called entropy or Nyarlathotep is of no consequence; it is no longer within the Adepts' conception of reality to ask why.

Simultaneously mindless and driven, each Adept tilts at his or her own personal windmill of delusion while accidentally carrying out the whims of the Fate, whose plans often lie in insanity as well.

### What the Adepts do for the Fate

The Adepts fill the much-needed gap between organized crime and the Fate itself. Most messages to the Fate, requests for jobs, *etc.* are ferried by these anonymous street people who have come under the influence of Nyarlathotep. Through each Adept's mad-

ness they are driven to complete the task set by their dark master, though many have no idea who he truly is. Telephone calls to the Fate are answered by Adepts at pay phones, and all tribute money is collected by Adepts.

There is no direct connection between the Adepts and the Fate. They are rarely, if ever, seen even in close proximity with one another, let alone communicating overtly. Instead, notes are dropped in trash bins by Adepts to be found later by the Fate, shoe boxes of hundred-dollar bills are left outside back doors to be recovered in the dead of night, and anonymous cryptic phone calls are occasionally placed by Adepts to unlisted numbers that are answered by Belial or Alzis.

In this way a complete airlock of secrecy exists between the already shadowy Fate and organized crime. No solid link, written, recorded, or photographed is detectable between the crime families and the Lords of the Fate. The Adepts provide this security with their utter anonymity and insanity.

Just in case.

## Adept Organization

There is no organization for the Adepts. Each acts on his own, often completely ignorant of the existence of the Fate, other Adepts, or the organization's true goals. Most Adepts spend their time pursuing the strange, baroque, and pointless behaviors dictated by their madness. When the Fate needs them, the Adepts receive their orders through magical means, often in dreams or by the Mental Suggestion spell.

Each Adept wears the mark of the Fate (p. 38).

## Keith Freison

Frieson began his descent into madness in 1969 as a sophomore at Columbia University. Pharmacology, his chosen major, led to his downfall, and his first use of LSD marked the end of anything normal about his life. The drug affected him in unusual ways from the start. Any motivation he once had left when he became psychologically addicted to it.

Frieson's continued use of LSD led to his expulsion from Columbia in 1970, and he took to living in Morningside and Riverside Parks, sometimes crashing at friends' apartments near the college. He begged for money in his spare time, occasionally got together with some friends to make acid, and did little but consume and sell drugs, eat, and sleep.

Completely devoid of motivation or spirit, Frieson bounced from place to place, avoiding the draft only because he had no place of residence, existing from day to day and moment to moment much like an animal. Without human contact or any significant relationships, Frieson's personality began to degrade. His social skills withered to nothing, and his internal fantasy world became more and more strange.

In 1979 Frieson began compiling his "grand work," which he now carries at all times in his ratty shopping cart. Dictated to him by the city itself, it now spans fourteen notebooks. It reads like a nightmare, a conglomeration of street-sign text and snippets of conversations from the alleys, an endless chain of overheard nonsense. Or almost nonsense.

Occasionally, sprinkled throughout overheard conversations, signs, and radio noise as he walks through the city, Keith receives messages from "the Man." These missives are different from the incessant chatter of the city in one way: They begin with the word "Instruction" and then detail a specific action for Keith to

take. Often these duties include picking up boxes of money found abandoned in lots or in garbage cans, and then taking the parcels to, for instance, "a blue door on 98th street." Keith does not question the instructions from "the Man" because anyone who can speak through the city like that must be all-powerful. To Keith, "the Man" has taken on the semblance of a deity, something to be obeyed, protected, and worshipped at all costs.

## Keith George Freison

**Adept of the Fate, age 48**

**Race:** Human

**Gender:** Male

**Nationality:** American (Polish)

**STR 11 CON 15 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 6**

**DEX 12 APP 9 EDU 18 SAN 0 HP 13**

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Education:** High school diploma, two years at Columbia University

### Skills

Accounting 21%, Art History 10%, Biology 34%, Chemistry 51%, Conceal 33%, Drive 29%, Library Use 30%, Listen 45%, Navigate/Land 37%, Pharmacy 59%, Spot Hidden 43%

### Languages

English (native) 90%, Latin 25%

**Attacks:** None

**Spells:** None

**Enchanted Items:** None

### Insanities

Frieson is obsessed with random background noise, and is convinced that New York city is dictating a story to him through portions of conversations he overhears while walking the city. In addition, he is deathly afraid of telephones, which he believes are some sort of conspiracy to block out the city's voice, due to the fact that little can be heard of conversations held on them and they are insulated against the outside world by a thick layer of plastic. Frieson is convinced whatever runs the telephones is the enemy.

### Physical Description

Frieson is in all respects a bum, and wears only clothing recovered from the garbage or Salvation Army shelters. He never shaves or clips his nails, and rarely bathes. Anyone within several feet of him notices this fact right away.

He constantly pushes a lazy-wheeled shopping cart filled with papers covered by a plastic tarpaulin. He will never surrender the cart without a fight.

## Derek Redecer

Redecer is a recent addition to New York's mentally ill homeless population. He has lived in state orphanages and facilities since he was abandoned as an infant, and spent only two short years in what could be termed a "real life."

Unlike many other state wards, Redecer excelled in school and secured a scholarship to Cooper Union Art and Design School. When he left state care in 1994 at eighteen, his future looked bright.

That was before the schizophrenia.

Redecer never finished college, and his ever-increasing paranoia rendered him incapable of finding a job. Before his psychosis became too great, Redecer turned himself in to the authorities. He was remanded to the Manhattan Psychiatric Facility on Randall's Island and remained there in a drugged stupor for a year before he was moved to a supervised home in Queens.

Redecer refused to take his medication. He left the supervised home to live in Highbridge Park, convinced that the park was the only "real" portion of the world—everything else was just a shimmering illusion. Only what Redecer himself could see and corroborate could be real. He set about compiling a map of what he knew to be real, and he now has covered most of Manhattan, proving (to himself at least) that what he has seen truly exists.

At night, Redecer often calls numbers outside his "corroborated reality" and asks odd questions to test the larger world. These calls are misperceived as pranks, but they are dead serious.

Sometimes the voice on the other end of the phone tells Redecer to do things. The voice is always the same, though the numbers differ, and it always knows his name.

## Derek Redecer

**Adept of the Fate, age 22**

**Race:** Human

**Gender:** Male

**Nationality:** American (Dutch background)

**STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 12 POW 16**

**DEX 13 APP 10 EDU 20 SAN 0 HP 12**

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Education:** High school diploma, one year of college

### Skills

Art History 25%, Cartography 61%, Mechanical Repair 29%, Pharmacy 34%, Psychology 12%, Sneak 37%

**Languages:** English (native) 100%

### Attacks

Punch 30%

1D3

**Spells:** None

**Enchanted Items:** None

### Insanities

Redecer is convinced that the entire world beyond his direct perception is unreal, and that only through the careful cataloging of locations and landmarks can he himself remain real. He maintains a large drawing pad of maps and locations he knows to be "real." His maps are hand-drawn but are exceptionally detailed, and cover almost all of Manhattan down to the last square foot. Areas off the island are sketchily drawn at best.

### Physical Description

Redecer still wears the same stained and slightly dated clothes he was given on his release from child welfare. On top of these rags, he wears several layers of other clothing to keep warm. He keeps his hair fastidiously shaved and his hands spotlessly clean, although most of the rest of his body is caked in dirt.

## Robert Cort

Robert Cort fought in Vietnam for two tours as a Marine. He came home to find his wife and children had left him, his place of work had long since closed, and his home had been rented out.

Cort fought tooth and nail to secure a job. He spent most of the 1970s attempting to make any number of temporary positions permanent in order to pay support for his children, whom he loved very much, but to no avail. In 1978, his two children and his estranged wife died in a house fire that consumed their whole apartment block. Although arson was suspected, no one was ever charged with the crime. It sent him over the edge. On his thirty-fifth birthday he suffered a psychotic break.

Since that summer Cort lived on the streets, his paranoia and delusions becoming clearer every day. Cort does not see his psychosis as a sickness; instead, he thinks he has gained an insight into the world which allows him to see reality for the first time.

You see, the Aztecs have somehow come back.

It was subtle at first, one here and another there—a short bronzed man in full head-dress with an obsidian knife on the corner of Lexington Avenue in the middle of rush hour—but then they started to get more common. Cort saw them driving cabs, walking up streets, eating in delis. He made the mistake of walking down Wall Street one summer afternoon. It was full of Aztecs as far as the eye could see, endless rows of them chattering in their Aztec language, killing chickens and trading gold while everyday people

milled about as if nothing unusual was going on at all.

Cort is not sure why most other people can't see them, or why the Aztecs are here again after all this time, but he is determined to find out. It seems some kind of plan is in the works. After all, there are more of them now than before, aren't there? And why is the new building going up on the Bowery shaped like a pyramid?

Only one other person ever sees the Aztecs, and Cort knows him only in his dreams. The dream man will be the great leader of the resistance which will crush the Aztecs when they finally try to take over. Cort is not sure if "the Man" is real or not, but he follows his instructions to the letter in true military fashion, just in case.

## Robert Cort

**Adept of the Fate, age 47**

**Race:** Human (black)

**Gender:** Male

**Nationality:** American

**STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 13**

**DEX 11 APP 11 EDU 11 SAN 0 HP 14**

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Education:** High school diploma; military training

### Skills

Bargain 12%, Climb 62%, Computer Use 10%, Dodge 39%, Drive 31%, First Aid 43%, Handgun 47%, Hide 61%, Kick 34%, Listen 54%, Machine Gun 45%, Navigate 36%, Rifle 54%, Swim 25%, Throw 33%, Track 61%

### Languages

English (native) 100%, French 6%, Vietnamese 12%

**Attacks:** Punch 61%

*1D3+db*

**Spells:** None

**Enchanted Items:** None

### Insanities

Cort sees anyone who wears a uniform or a business coat as if he or she were a full-blown ancient Aztec. This illusion is so complete that Cort cannot understand anyone he perceives like this—he does not speak "Azteces," as he terms it—and the delusion even extends to things the people in question are holding or doing. His delusion is growing. He now sometimes sees hallucinations that have nothing to do with Aztecs but are nevertheless quite severe.

### Physical Description

Cort wears his old jungle fatigues and often smells of alcohol. He maintains military hygiene at all times, although he still stinks due to his lack of deodorant.

## The Front

The concept of the front organization is as old as organized crime itself. But what happens when those criminal syndicates become the front for something much older and insidious? The Fate has holdings in many legitimate businesses, although not for the reasons usually associated with organized crime. Alzis, it seems, just wishes to have the power to move and shake in the financial world.

Alzis's consortium, Whole Earth Enterprises, never enters into illegal activities of any sort. Everything they do, every job they undertake, every dollar they spend, is legitimate. But while Whole Earth Enterprises may be legal, it is morally bankrupt. For everything going wrong with the world, every needling little thing that causes an iota of human misery, WEE is there: producing undetectable plastic land mines, burning the rain forest, polluting the air, scraping away at the remnants of the ozone, and pocketing a tidy profit in the process. Alzis enjoys committing corrupt acts within the system almost more than he enjoys illegal acts outside the law. These businesses are his most creative endeavors.

## Whole Earth Enterprises (WEE)

This privately-held company is virtually unknown to the public, but is well known in the business world for its Machiavellian attitude and complete disregard of public opinion. The company neither acknowledges the press nor defends its actions publicly—except in court, where it does so with a vengeance. It has no spokespeople, lobbyists, or the like, and any phone call to its headquarters not concerning a business transaction is likely to be disconnected. Strangely, in this era of political correctness, WEE

takes the opposite tack of many companies. It thrives by snubbing the concepts of recycling, community service, and charitable donations, all the while consuming irreplaceable resources, killing the whales and polluting the air.

Somehow no one of consequence has noticed so far, or if they have then no one has said anything. This seems to be for several reasons. For one, WEE is privately owned by Stephen Alzis, who

holds *all* stock, and who votes the board into power each year. Alzis is the dictator and the board are his generals. Alzis has stated publicly that he will never sell stock in the company, and that WEE will never be traded on the stock market, so it rarely enters the common business world's information network.

Also, most of Whole Earth Enterprises is located outside the United States. Most of these foreign sites are in banana republics, rickety African countries, or unquestioning far-east locations, whose populations gladly suffer indignities Americans would never tolerate. This keeps WEE's overhead and production prices down to a bare minimum, and consequently increases its income by several decimal places.

WEE has its fingers in activities that every other company is buying out of due to political and social

pressures. Arms corporations, logging consortia, medical waste and garbage disposal firms, whaling . . . WEE owns dozens of these companies, snatched up at bargain-basement prices and placed in their corporate chain. All of it leads to Stephen Alzis, like the filaments of a spider's web. WEE, through its vast network of corporations and locations, somehow make these failing enterprises work. Alzis's insight into the interplay of resources has allowed almost all of their endeavors, politically correct or not, to succeed.

## Cheaters Never Prosper?

It is often said that cheaters never prosper, but at WEE this saying is far from true. WEE actually scouts *for* cheaters: people caught cheating to get ahead of already impressive records of schooling, people ejected from ivy-league universities and prep schools for plagiarism, and so on. WEE searches for people with exceptional intelligence, talent, and an all-consuming drive for personal gain—which most likely led them to cheat in the first place.

An entire section of WEE searches national scholastic records for this specific type of talent and personality. This division spends months going over each potential employee with a fine-toothed comb. During the preliminary interviews, they look for the tell-tale signs of materialistic overachievers: obsessions with clean credit, nice cars, and fine clothing at an early age; a single-minded enthusiasm for money and personal gain; and little regard for anything else except purely hedonistic affairs.

Within the company, it is dog-eat-dog. An unofficial "brass ring" bonus is offered to employees who turn in fellow workers committing theft. WEE enjoys a very brisk turnover and advancement rate due to this policy.

The atmosphere within WEE is still jovial, however, almost like that of a sports team. If you fail, you lose and are fired. If you succeed, you are directly rewarded.

WEE's benefit packages as well as profit-sharing policies are fantastic, if you can survive its corporate world long enough to enjoy them. A job at WEE and the right attitude can lead to a lifetime of financial wealth and comfort, in exchange for your morality.

Most WEE employees don't miss it much.

## Locations

WEE has only one United States office, located at 180 Central Park South. WEE leases four floors from the McMahon Building

The volume of secret faces  
(A. Merriweather, C. Beset)  
Arrangement: Holland, Beset, Merriweather  
Musicians: Merriweather, Beset, Tast, Holland  
Release date: 3-3-96.  
©1996 Conqueror Worm Music

My face fell away one day like a dream  
and the world was laid bare to me  
Spread out like a dead whore in the sun  
maggots wriggling in her collapsing bosom—  
And pity hung like a pall and  
over the city  
Silence strove to fill the empty spaces in—

Do you know what it's like  
to feel pain?  
Do you know, can you know?  
I feel the weight of my life  
like chains  
And under it my back bends  
like a bow—

I stole my smile from a volume of secret faces  
and it bit into me until I bled  
Pasted on my head I can see long lost places  
and hear the shuffling of the long buried dead  
Underground  
Like the rattling of bamboo links in some jungle dream—  
So you know what it is  
to feel fear?

Do you know, can you know?  
I feel my life slip away like  
it never was here  
And see the graves of my friends like markers  
in a row—

Lost to the future there is no past  
in the grasp of forces we cannot conceive  
The ways of the world are illusions which roll by so fast  
to draw our eyes from things we don't want to believe  
Cowering—  
On the edge of the end of everything we have ever been—

I know what it is to feel  
hate  
Do you know, can you know?  
My knife is faster than yours  
my eye more keen  
And my blade will sink in deep and slow—

and maintains a full-time U.S. staff of over two hundred. The New York office is responsible for project coordination around the world, and so has information pertaining to all company operations. Alzis maintains a rarely used office at this location, as do CEO Emir Agdesh and board members Robert Hubert and Emmanuel Hutchins.

## Conqueror Worm Music

This music-publishing company handles the rights to the music of the band Charnel Dreams, and maintains its official website and fan newsletter. It handles all public inquiries about the band and fields all business propositions sent in their direction. Production and distribution of band materials are handled elsewhere.

It is a small operation, run out of a single-room office on W. 183rd Street and Fort Washington Avenue. It employs two full-time staff, and is a direct subsidiary of Whole Earth Enterprises' entertainment and leisure division (which also has major holdings in Internet porn and off-shore Internet-based casinos and betting parlors).

Conqueror Worm Music was formed as a corporate entity in the spring of 1994 by the director of Whole Earth Enterprises, Emir Agdesh. The director of the Conqueror Worm Music corporation is listed as Robert Hubert, a board member of WEE. He holds full discretionary power over all the properties of CWM.

Hubert is hardly ever there, however. The acting "boss" is Terrie Holyn, a music executive with a checkered past dating back almost thirty years in the industry. Holyn worked PR for some of the greatest names in rock over the years, but slowly fell out of favor due to his many excessive habits, and his name was badly blackened by the radio-payola scandals of the 1970s. Terrie was hired in 1994 by Robert Hubert, with whom he'd had limited dealings in the past.

Terrie suspects that Whole Earth Enterprises is not what it seems, and that, in fact, it may be a mob front. However, he believes all the occult references of the band and Club Apocalypse are simply meant for publicity. Terrie's dangerous "dog-eat-dog" attitude is kept in line only by his cocaine dependency. He will do nothing to jeopardize his high-paying (if boring) job and steady perq of free cocaine.

## Club Apocalypse

Located at 128 E. 98th Street and Lexington Avenue beneath the huge 55-story Teese Tissue Building, Club Apocalypse is an exclusive, odd venue that caters to a very specific clientele.

The entrance to the club is a dimly-lit staircase located to the side of the main entrance to the Teese building. It is not marked in any way, and is quite easy to overlook. Thirty-one steps wind down in a sharp curve leading to two large blue-steel doors, which are not visible from the top of the stairs. At night when the Club opens (usually around ten o'clock), one of these doors is left ajar, and bouncers wait here to check would-be Club goers for weapons and other contraband. The foyer is a small, dim red-velvet cubicle that contains a few stools for the bouncers, and a small counter through which coats and other items can be checked with a clerk.

### Getting In

The bouncers know everyone, and maintain huge lists (often compiled by Belial himself) about who is and who is not welcome in the Club. People unknown to the bouncers are judged on their

wardrobe and good looks (APP x 2 roll or Credit Rating roll). Those not on the "permanent guests" list must pay between 40 and 60 dollars a head to get in. Unlike other bars and clubs in New York, drink tickets—redeemable at some high-price bars for drinks—are not given out. The bar is cash only, and very, very expensive.

No bracelets or stamps are given to Club-goers to indicate that they have paid their fare to get in. If you leave the Club, getting back in is not free unless you're one of the privileged.

### The Club

Past the foyer is the main bar. This large room is classically styled in red velvet and dark earth tones. Lighting is from the ground up, and portions of the floor are actually recessed lamps. Fifteen booths occupy the wall opposite the foyer entrance and wrap around to almost meet its door. These booths are usually all occupied from

**Awaiting the Burn**  
(A. Merriweather)  
**Arrangement:** Holland  
Musicians: Merriweather, Beset, Tast,  
Holland, Court  
**Release date:** 3-3-96.  
©1996 Conqueror Worm Music

We dream of the ending  
a future of killing  
Inside these dim quarters  
we search for the sign

We leap from the rooftops  
and wait for the willing  
To open the doorways  
and release those enshrined

We dance in the gutters  
we sleep in the rivers  
Beneath its mist waters  
we open our eyes

We burn down whole cities  
and seek no forgivers  
We eat our own children  
ignoring their cries

We lay on the crossroads  
of a million strained empires  
Perched there like statues  
we wait for our turn

But we don't look to the future  
we're not ruled by desires  
We're men stacked like kindling  
awaiting the burn

open to close on any given night.

On the open wall across from the foyer entrance is Belial's wall of stars, a bizarre group of more than forty finely-framed photographs of dead media celebrities. Rock stars, movie stars, each is pictured shaking hands with Belial, who in each photo appears identical: same suit, same unreadable expression on his face. In his collection are such famous dead stars as Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Steve McQueen, Sid Vicious, Harry Nilsson, Elvis, John Lennon, and more recent additions such as River Phoenix, Tupac Shakur and Kurt Cobain. Each photograph is personally inscribed by the star in question, along with a date marked in the lower right-hand corner in Belial's tiny, machine-like hand. Often these dates are weeks or even days before the death of the subject of the photograph.

On the opposite wall from the booths is the main bar. It is a sinuous mahogany affair with more than forty stools following its graceful curve. The back of the bar is a huge silver mirror etched with a fascinating filigreed design of questionable origin. The bar is staffed by four. The hat-check clerk can often be seen coming and going from a small door at the back of the bar, which leads to a break room for the general staff, a cooler, and the hat-check room that faces the foyer.

At the end of the fifty feet of mahogany bar, directly opposite the foyer door, a thick, curtained double door leads to the main dance floor. Except when the curtain is pulled aside and the door opened, almost nothing can be heard from the dance room on even the loudest nights. A bouncer monitors who comes and goes through this door.

The main dance-floor room is huge, in excess of a hundred yards long with a twenty-five-foot raised ceiling, and its peri-

meters are sprinkled with small tables and single chairs. A second bar is located here, staffed by a lone bartender. The DJ, usually a local of some repute, sits in a raised booth accessible only by a wire staircase, usually guarded by a bouncer.

The second level above the dance floor is a small raised hallway that overlooks the floor through mirror windows, accessible only through a single staircase guarded by two bouncers. This long, thin room is where most (if not all) of the illicit drugs done in Club Apocalypse are imbibed. On busy nights it is often packed to the brim and smells of burning plastic and pot.

During show nights (Wednesday night is for new bands, on weekends Charnel Dreams plays), the dance floor is converted to a stage.

Bathrooms in the main dance floor room are unisex, and most of the doors have been removed from the stalls, making subtle use of narcotics and private sexual liaisons difficult.

## The Green Bar

On the other side of the main bar is a large set of double doors leading to the more private areas of the Club. Few without a personal introduction to Belial or Alzis find their names on the list here. Two bouncers decide who does or does not get into the inner rooms of the Club, with a considerably shorter but thoroughly annotated list; sometimes Belial himself may be found here with Oloni and several extra bouncers.

Through the double doors is the Green Bar, a large, finely-decorated art-deco bar which is usually packed ear-to-ear with celebrities and their entourages. This bar is portrayed as the "exclusive" section of the Club. In truth, the Club continues downward into even more exclusive rooms that few even know exist, much less gain access to. The bar here, unlike the front room, maintains a tab for the more prominent guests, while some select few drink entirely for free.

Food is served here—never in the main area—10:00 P.M. to 4:30 A.M. from a small kitchen accessible behind the bar. The food is simple and elegant, and the menu is mostly appetizers.

A small dance floor is here, a quarter the size of the main one, and the music is often (whenever a celebrity wants it) by request only. The Green Bar is extremely popular for private celebrity gatherings due to its secretive nature and the Club's hostility to reporters.

The double doors that lead from the Green Bar deeper into the Club are always guarded by two bouncers, and the list to gain access through them is very, *very* exclusive. These doors open onto a small bar with several tables, finely but sparsely decorated, which is most often near-empty. Occult dabblers, gangsters



and Neophytes may be found here, trading secrets and lies. Occasionally Alzis himself can be found here, along with a small crew of Neophytes all desperately trying to gain his favor. The silence of this bar is striking compared to the other rooms of the Club, and the walls are extensively soundproofed to prevent any leakage from the more orthodox areas.

## The Modern Sub-Levels

Stout double doors open onto a stairwell that descends three floors, the last three modern floors of Club Apocalypse. Often a Neophyte guards this door along with several trusted bouncers. Only those in good favor with Belial or Alzis are allowed passage to the lower levels.

The first sub-level has three doors (as do the other two sub-levels). These doors open into several rather plain meeting rooms. Lit by naked bulbs and floored in porcelain tile with grated drains, these are used for various non-Fate meetings and deals by associates or allies of the organization. Artifacts are sold and bought, spells are cast, and monies exchanged here, watched over by a Neophyte or Lord at all times.

The second sub-level is where the *real* parties go on at Club Apocalypse. The first door is a private lounge decorated in velvet and leather; on party nights after hours, all manner of occultists and criminals can be found here, drinking and talking, watched over by Neophytes and Lords. The second door opens onto a small but complete dance floor and stage, where Charnel Dreams plays until dawn after their "official" show is done. There are bathrooms and a separate bar past the stage, which is often packed wall-to-wall with people on party nights. Even Alzis can be found here regularly, shaking hands, always smiling. The third door opens onto a series of furnished rooms, often used for sex and less mentionable acts. Tile floors and large drains are common.

The third sub-level contains a series of furnished rooms used often by Neophytes or Lords as impromptu quarters. Far from the distractions of the upper world, they study their spells and commune with their god.

Off this hallway another, much older staircase descends deeper into the bowels of New York. The way is not guarded, but is simply blocked by a red silken rope.

## The Ancient Sub-Levels

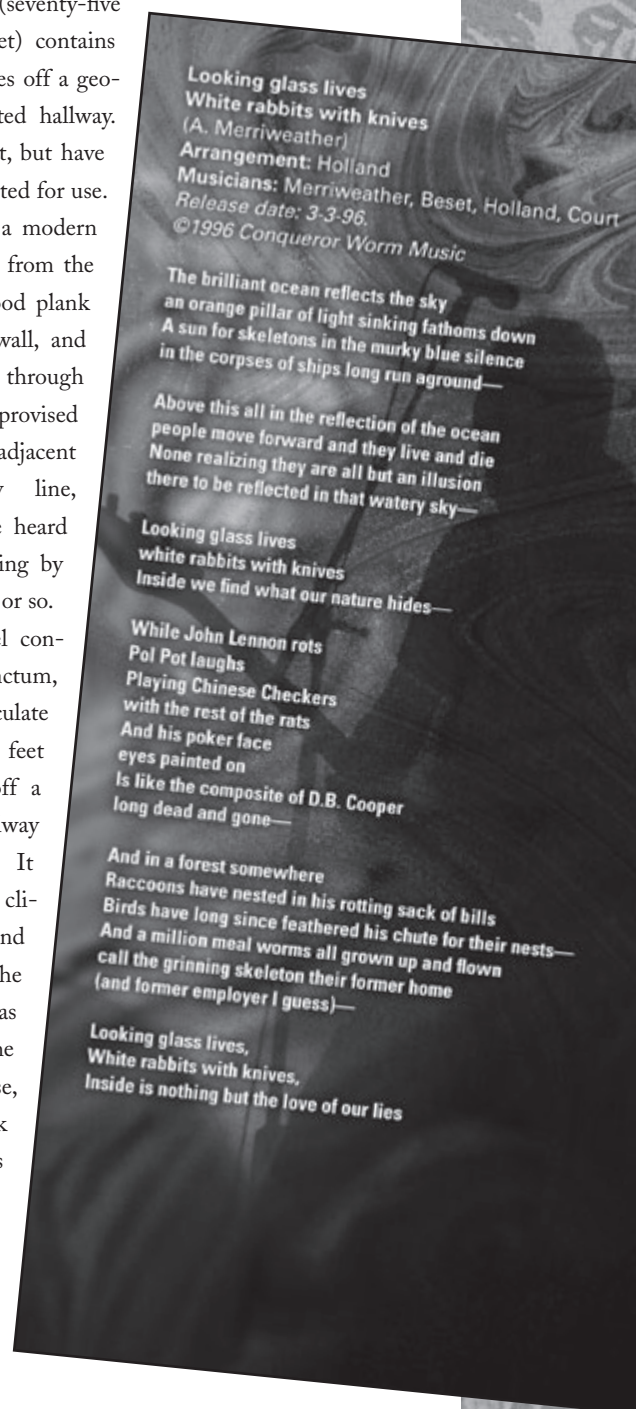
The walls below become old, filigreed stone, extensively worked and decorated. The faces and symbols on the walls are eroding and colorless, but occasionally a fleck of paint or a clear word can be seen, indicating the once-lavish state of the tunnels. The levels

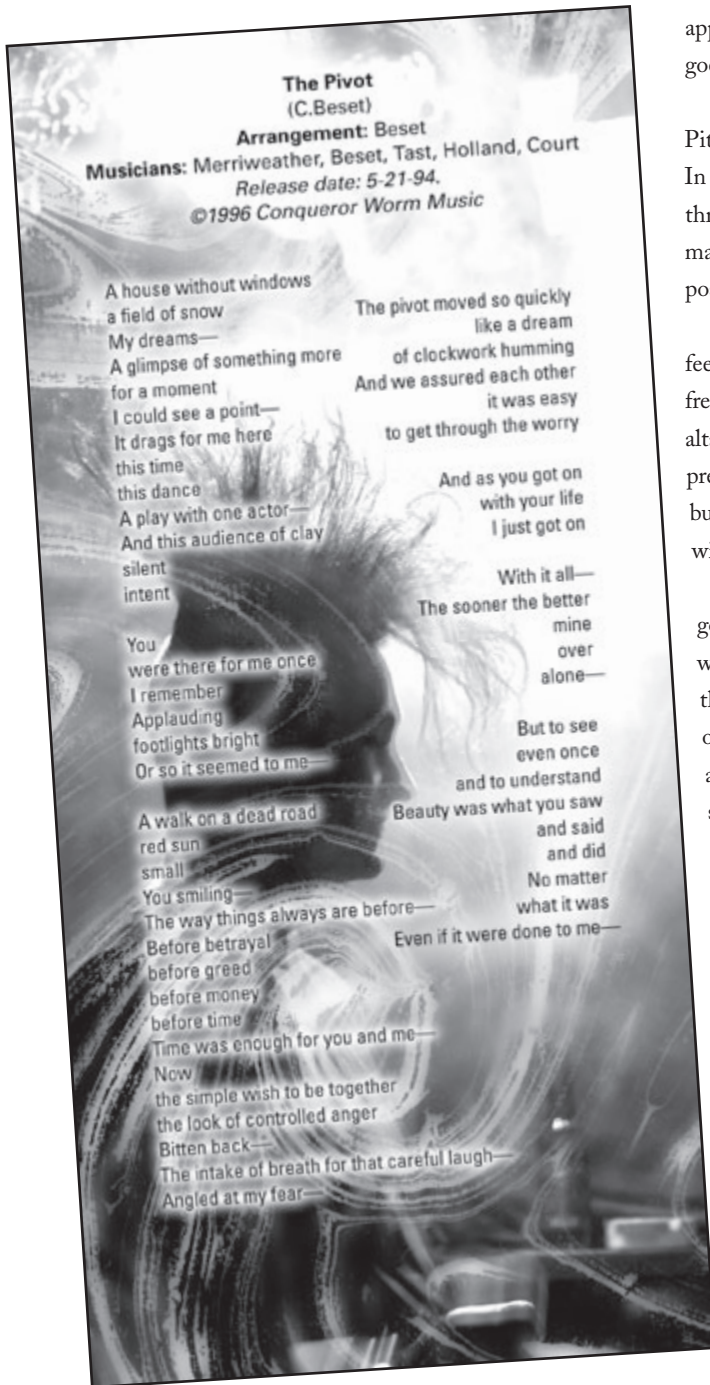
beneath the sub-basements are obviously of ancient design and craftsmanship and date back to the eighteenth century or earlier.

Telephone and power lines run down from the Club above to allow the Fate modern amenities. Naked bulbs light the way through the tunnels, casting a harsh light on the otherwise black passages.

The first level (seventy-five feet below the street) contains twenty-two oubliettes off a geometrically complicated hallway. The cells are ancient, but have recently been renovated for use. Each is fitted with a modern 3" steel door locked from the outside, a single wood plank hanging from the wall, and a drain that runs through a complex of improvised plumbing into the adjacent Lexington subway line, which can often be heard on this level rumbling by every thirty minutes or so.

The second level contains Belial's sanctum, a stately, immaculate office eight-five feet below the street, off a newly-installed hallway of modern design. It is completely climate-controlled and sound-proofed. The office looks like it was snatched from the corner of a high-rise, except for the lack of windows, and is tastefully decorated





with multiple high-priced Basquiats, Warhols and Kleers. Also in the huge office is Belial's collection of rare books, artifacts, and personal files. Belial is often here during the day, making his appearances above (those that he does make) at night. He rarely goes any deeper into the complex than the third level.

Also on the second level are what are known only as "The Pits." These five cylindrical, smooth, open pits descend thirty feet. In the depths of these venerable jails are scratch marks bloodied through persistence, along with several indentations seemingly made by creatures that were stronger than man but nevertheless possessed thumbs.

On the third level is the "Church," as it is known, ninety-five feet below the street. This large room is heavily decorated with frescoes, sculptures and writings. The rotted pews and destroyed altar remain in disarray, but the walls reveal a startling level of preservation. In archaic Dutch and Greek, the walls declare the builders as "Those who await the time when the gate is laid wide."

The writing on the walls and ceiling purports worship of a god known as "he whose face is exalted" or "the opener of the way." A plaque of tarnished bronze near the narthex contains all the names of the original twenty-seven members of the Keepers of the Faith (described in *Delta Green: Countdown*) written in archaic Dutch. The sculptures are all of fine fabrication and seem almost of a modern make. Each portrays a bizarre figure, obscure no matter from which angle the art is observed. Above the smashed altar, engraved in the stone in Greek is the ritual prayer:

*O friend and companion of night, thou who rejoicest in the baying of dogs and spilt blood, who wanderest in the midst of shades among the tombs, who longest for blood and bringest terror to mortals, Gorgo, Mormo, thousand-faced moon, look favourably on our sacrifices!*

The fourth level, a hundred and fifteen feet below the street, is avoided by the Fate for reasons not completely made clear. The largest chamber on this level is circular and contains only a small stone dais of elaborate design upon which rests a small teakwood lidded box. It is rumored that the box, when opened, possesses terrible powers. No one is known to have opened it, and the room is rarely used by the Fate.

Past the fourth level the rooms continue, but it is rare that anyone but Alzis ventures deeper than the third. It is rumored that Alzis's office is down there somewhere, and also, apparently, the office of the Manager, the true owner of Club Apocalypse, whose name is not known.



## Who Owns the Club?

This is a difficult question. Although Alzis's consortium WEE purchased the land on which the Club stands in 1942 and built a three-story building on it in 1951, the Club was not opened until 1969. The Club was paid for independently from an undisclosed source, whose executor, Robert Hubert, acted in all capacities. The land the Club is on (only the Club, not the rest of the property) was sold to Hubert in his capacity as representative for the fee of one dollar. It is a well-known fact that Hubert and Alzis do not own Club Apocalypse, and no one is more forthcoming with this fact than they are themselves. They have indicated to members of the Network that "the Manager," as they refer to the anonymous party who owns the Club, can be found in the lowest tunnels beneath the place. No one, presumably besides Alzis and Hubert, has ever seen him.

## Teese Paper Products and the Fate

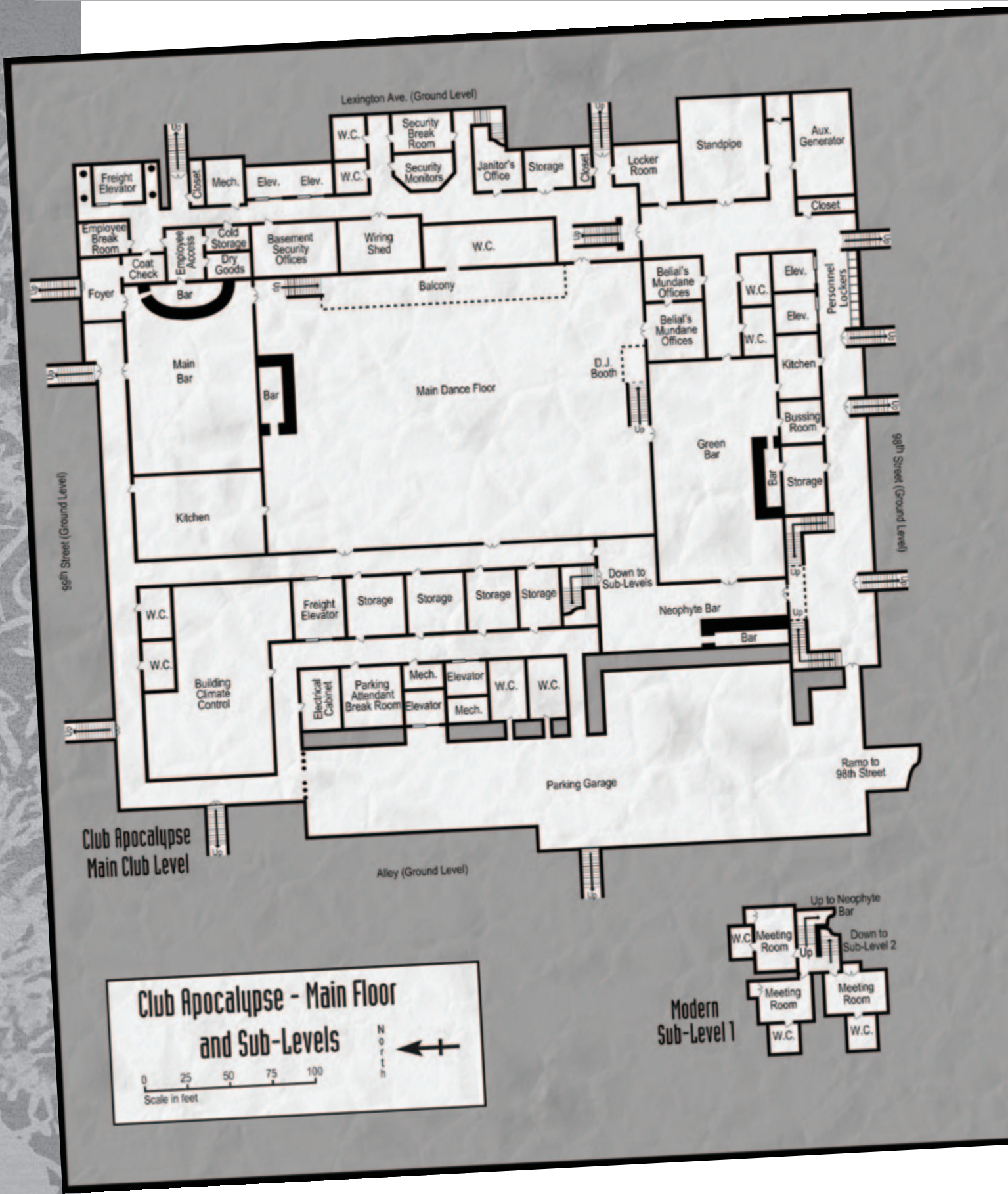
This huge, multinational paper company built its forty-five-story New York offices on the site where Club Apocalypse stands, incorporating the Club into its basement, in 1980. Before that time, the Club was located in the basement of a three-story apartment building, constructed in 1951 by WEE on top of the infamous

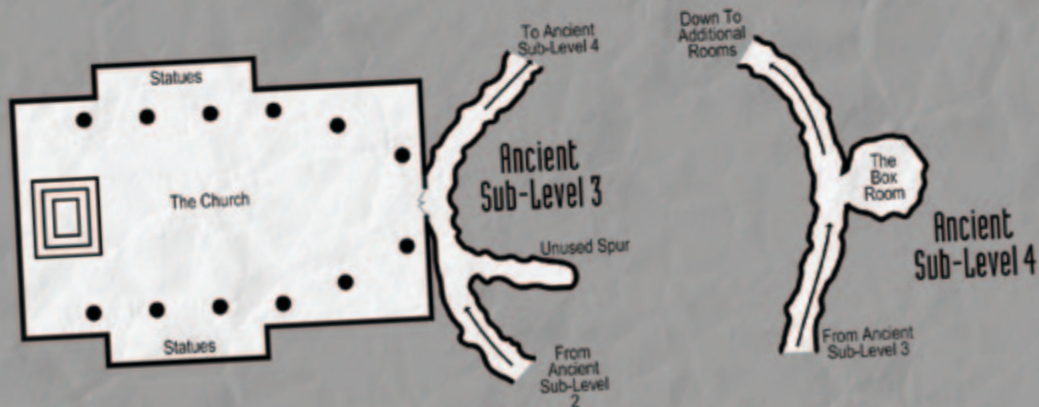
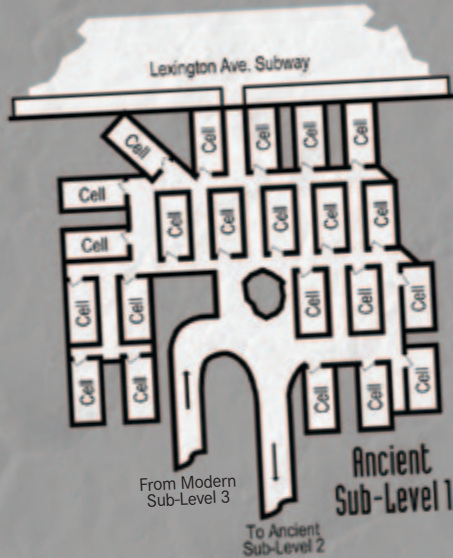
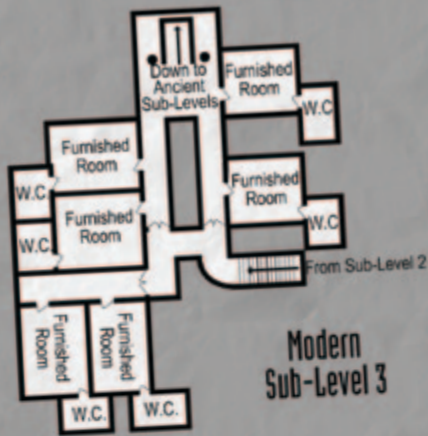
Doolittle sinkhole. This building was demolished—with the exception of the Club—in 1980.

The Club was closed for a year as the forty-five story Teese Paper Products building was constructed around it. The Club and the Teese building opened in January 1981. The deal was signed between Alzis's consortium WEE and the president of Teese Paper Products, Marcus Albright, for forty-four million dollars. A significant portion of this fee was reportedly paid to the owner of Club Apocalypse (through Hubert), for reasons undisclosed by Alzis.

Teese Paper Products produces facial tissues, toilet paper, paper-towels, cardboard, writing paper, and construction paper, and controls nearly 27% of the American paper market. Over six hundred people are employed in the New York headquarters alone, with other offices in every major city in the US and major ports abroad. Teese is the last major U.S. paper company to not engage in any form of post-consumer recycling and is a frequent target of protest by eco-activists.

It is a matter of public record that since 1980, Stephen Alzis has become a significant stockholder in Teese Paper Products, and now owns the second-largest stake in the company. In addition, many of the day-to-day needs of Teese foreign offices (cleaning, security, *etc.*) are handled by WEE companies.





## Charnel Dreams

Rising from the glutted live music scene of downtown New York City, Charnel Dreams has, through its various incarnations, always been motivated by a deeper spiritual source than other bands. While others rely on drugs, alcohol, lust or fame to motivate their success, Charnel Dreams subsists on the fuel of our evaporating culture and species, pounding out a beat that mirrors the rapid and thin pulse of our times.

As the house band of Club Apocalypse, Charnel Dreams has enjoyed moderate success in our “real” world, but that matters to them little. Faith often remains unrewarded in our “real” world, but for most of the members of Charnel Dreams faith is not some complex thing shrouded in mystery, subtle and unresponsive. For Charnel Dreams, faith is a matter of simple acceptance. Charnel Dreams knows that the Great Old Ones cannot be stopped. They understand that everything man has struggled to create during the Great Old Ones’ brief sleep is folly.

They sing the songs of our destruction, and we listen. We listen and applaud our own apocalypse.

## The Band Members

Anton Merriweather is the sole leader of Charnel Dreams. The other members of Charnel Dreams are a motley mix of personalities who tend to remain behind the scenes. Only Chris Beset is held in high esteem by Merriweather; the others are tolerated only due to their technical proficiency and live in constant fear of Merriweather’s random wrath. Merriweather is the lead guitarist, vocalist and lyricist for the band, and enjoys the lion’s share of their dubious fame.

### Chris Beset

Chris Beset, a quiet pianist and vocalist, came to Merriweather’s attention in 1988 at the Odeon Nightclub. Chris performed his song “The Pivot” to an incredibly receptive crowd for the birthday of his girlfriend, Ford model Tina Dover. Merriweather was impressed by the young musician’s talent and stage presence, and managed to win Chris over with his own musical talent, ideas, and drive.

Beset has become a prime influence in Charnel Dreams’ creative endeavors, both on and off the stage. In addition, over the past three years Beset has become an initiate into the Fate and a

worshipper of Nyarlathotep. Merriweather views Beset as a kindred musical spirit, and the two, as much as can be expected with Merriweather’s temperament, are close friends. Beset is a quiet, somber soul whose soft-spokenness is magnetic. Next to Anton, he is the most sought-after member of the band by groupies.

### Louis Holland

Louis is a classic basket case. A musical prodigy from an early age, he studied at several performing-arts high schools and eventually graduated from Julliard. His complex and far-reaching talents for musical arrangement and his lack of social skills led to many ego clashes and suspensions from every school he ever attended. In the end, with his degree and an unbearable personality, Louis moved back in with his parents, occasionally hand-transcribing sheet music for local companies.

Raised by a domineering father and timid but overprotective mother, Louis twice attempted suicide. He has spent almost seventeen of his twenty-five years in therapy.

In 1986, Louis was awakened to a new kind of music by his step-brother, who brought him to a downtown show of the band Black Lite Tribe. For Louis this was to be a personal epiphany. Soon he could think of nothing else but playing drums in a rock band. His obsession slowly grew until his incessant beats and modern rock arrangements enraged his parents. His father insisted that Louis either get a job, return to school, or move out. Surprisingly, Louis moved out, and found himself living with his step-brother. The step-brother was an associate of Martin Tast. Through Tast, Holland was brought into the band Mister Monster in 1991.

Holland maintains a distant relationship with all the members of the band, but is the most musically respected. His ideas and input are always welcomed by Merriweather, who understands his lack of tact and can see the true greatness of his talent. Holland is almost solely responsible for the musical subtleties that set the band apart from anything mainstream.

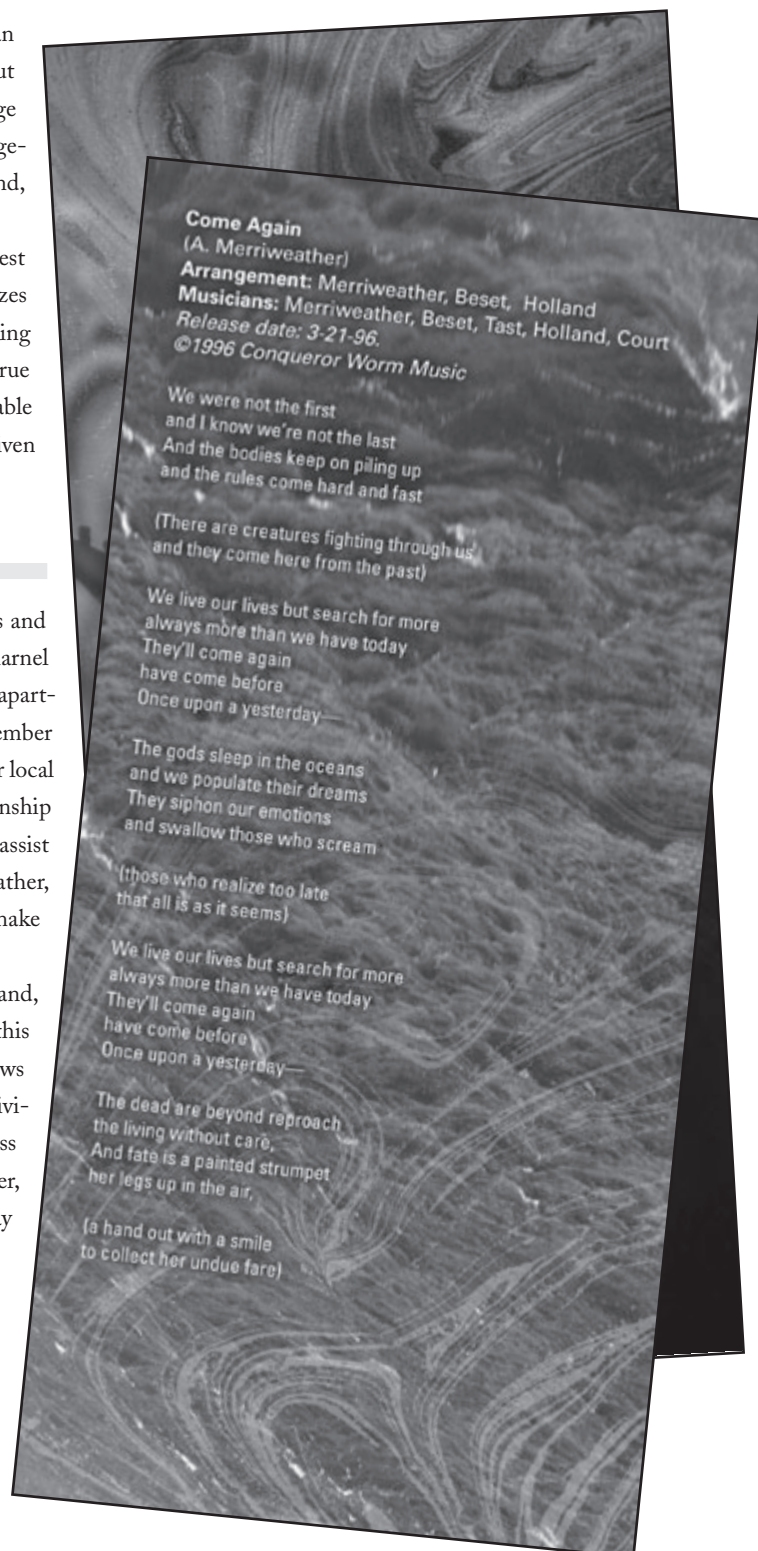
On stage, playing drums, Holland is an animal. Off stage he is quiet, often silent, but occasionally explodes into paroxysms of rage for no adequate reason. The band's management and workers hate him. For Holland, nothing is ever exactly right.

Holland knows nothing except the barest inklings about the Fate and rarely socializes with the rest of the band, except when talking music. If he was to discover the cult and the true extent of its activities, however, it is questionable whether he would do anything about it, given his distance from humanity in general.

## Martin Tast

Tast met Merriweather in 1987, as the odds and ends of the band that would become Charnel Dreams were forming around Anton's tiny apartment on Rutgers Street. Tast, the oldest member of the group, was the longtime bass player for local band Black Lite Tribe, but left when a relationship with the lead singer ended. Tast is a skilled bassist but lacks personal inspiration. For Merriweather, Holland, and Beset, he is an ideal tool to make their musical compositions a reality.

Tast is the least-volatile member of the band, and is usually silent and brooding, although this thin veneer can be easily breached. Tast knows of the Fate and all of Merriweather's activities, but he cares little for humanity and less for morality. A heavy drinker and drug abuser, Tast is nevertheless on time and ready to play come showtime—mostly out of cowardice.





## The Fans

Charnel Dream's following is considerable, despite their limited exposure. In the rarefied New York club scene the band is near-legend, although the common New Yorker has no idea who they are.

Attracting an odd mix of live-music aficionados and metal-heads, the band has managed to capitalize on its own obscurity, maintaining a "newly discovered" feel despite their complex (and for the scene) long history. This is mostly due to the fact that they do not play any venue besides Club Apocalypse, and have refused to sign lucrative deals with larger record labels.

To the musician, Charnel Dreams is a band that refuses to sell out. To the metal-head, they are the loudest and best live metal band in town. To the common club-goer, they are perpetually the next big thing. With this broad appeal and limited space in their club of choice, tickets to Charnel Dreams shows are nearly impossible to come by.

An unofficial website run by local fans maintains a record of gigs, songs played, future dates, and details about the band's music, but says little about the band-members themselves. However, it is much more informative and popular than Conqueror Worm Music's (see p. 67) official Charnel Dreams website.

A small fan club produces a quarterly e-mail newsletter called *Pivot* (after the song on *True Orders*). Again, it is strangely devoid of personal information about the band, although it does include basic bios unavailable anywhere else.

## Albums

Merriweather, Holland, and Beset have recently begun work on the new Charnel Dreams album, tentatively titled *The Goddess of the Black Fan*. This double album is based on the Chinese Mythos tome of the same name. Merriweather hopes to set the poems contained therein to music, and to actually make possible the activation of the Contact Deity/Bloated Woman (Nyarlathotep) spell during special private performances. Notably, the summoning song will *not* be contained in the final commercial project.

## True Orders

The members of Charnel Dreams released several singles in the years before the band formed. Their first attempt at a full album, *True Orders*, was released in 1996. As a debut, it received significant recognition from the music industry. Several large companies made lucrative contract offers after Charnel Dreams' initial success. Each of these deals, which included a possible documentary and MTV deal, was turned down curtly by Terrie Holyn at the behest of Robert Hubert.

The cover of the album is a man opening a pair of large doors in silhouette. Only visible in his shadow is his pearly-white smile. Although it is not a picture of Alzis, it does resemble him.



**Second Chances**  
(C.Beset)

**Arrangement:** Holland, Beset, Merriweather  
**Musicians:** Merriweather, Beset, Tast, Holland  
 Release date: 4-1-95.  
 ©1996 Conqueror Worm Music

And my hand was on the gun  
 and my eyes turned to the sky  
 And the money was long gone  
 I put the barrel to my eye  
 I wanted to see—  
 If my second chance was inside  
 somehow  
 I thought  
 if I pulled the trigger  
 I could fly  
 now  
 Shake off this shell like breaking a bottle  
 to let out the spirits inside  
 and hide—  
 the pain and misery of this life  
 like the nicks on a knife  
 ground away under stone  
 by calloused hands  
 plans long gone

I pulled back the hammer  
 adjusted the letter  
 On my lap  
 in case of emergency  
 call the funeral home  
 No need to autopsy this one  
 the cop said to the man  
 Who posed with a cigarette  
 hands folded in a detective's prayer  
 Like the way old women  
 sit on buses  
 And suddenly to him the air seemed full  
 of dead generations  
 of blood and thunder and smoke  
 somewhere Pickett charged the line  
 one more time—  
 And men died again at Anzio  
 Somewhere in a clear blue August sky  
 a lone bomber sailed unmolested and free

Watched from the ground by enemy eyes  
 which a split second later ceased to see  
 Standing and shaking  
 he surveys the scene  
 The blood  
 the gun  
 the letter  
 Each connected by a man  
 Who now has nothing above his brow  
 but a bloody spatter  
 Looking on the Detective bowed his head  
 sighed as if he really cared  
 And in that moment—  
 A billion men groaned  
 and wished they could fly  
 shake this life off  
 like you shake off a dream  
 But they never could guess this horrible scene  
 Was the one and only way to be truly free—

**Chamel Dreams** is  
**Anton Merriweather** Vocals and Guitar  
**Chris Beset** Keyboards and Vocals  
**Martin Tast** Bass Guitar, Bass, Trumpet  
**Louis Holland** Drums and Percussion

Produced by Robert Hubert  
 Engineered by Alex Loydes and Michael Caren  
 Recorded at Dubway Studio and The Box  
 Mixed at The Box  
 Cover Art by Waxworks

All Music Published by  
 Conqueror Worm Music ©1996

For Dates and Times of shows call  
 (212) 818-9816

**Special Thanks to:** Robert Hubert, The Guys  
 at the Club; William Court, Terrie, William and  
 Howard, Jim Beam, and the Man.

## Books and Artifacts

This voluminous collection of Mythos items may be the largest in the world, and is largely responsible for the decline in Mythos activities in modern times. The Fate have stripped other collections of the world bare.

Most of these books are stored beneath Club Apocalypse in the deeper levels of the club. Many are stored in Belial's office, or at the Morituum Estate on Long Island.

### Kitab al-Majmu

("The Book of the Sum Total," the Al-Sheikh Al-Rayis Abu Ali Al-Hossein ben Abdallah ben Sina version of the *Necronomicon*)

*"Many and Multiform are the dim horrors of Earth, infesting her ways from the prime. They sleep beneath the unturned stone; they rise with the tree from its root; they move beneath the seas and in subterranean places; they dwell in the utmost adyta; they emerge betimes*

*from the shotten sepulchre of haughty bronze and the low grave that is sealed with clay. There be some that are long known to man, and others as yet unknown that abide the terrible latter days of their revealing. Those which are most dreadful and the loathliest of all are haply still be declared. But among those have been revealed aforetime and have made manifest their veritable presence, there is one that may not be openly be named for its exceeding foulness. It is that spawn which the hidden dweller in the vaults has begotten upon mortality."*

Purchased at auction in 1959 by Stephen Alzis for an unreported sum, these exceedingly rare Arabic volumes were copied from the 950 A.D. Greek translation by Theodoras Philetas of the *Necronomicon* back into Arabic; its source, the *Al-Azif*, had itself been written in Arabic.

This copy was compiled by the famed alchemist Al-Sheikh Al-Rayis Abu Ali Al-Hossein ben Abdallah ben Sina in the city of Bokhara at the behest of his teacher. Working from an original Theodoras Philetas copy of the *Necronomicon*, recovered from unknown sources, Abu Sina compiled his own Arabic version of the book, comprising twenty volumes in codex format, before his twenty-first birthday. Abu Sina called it *Kitab al-Majmu* or *The Book of the Sum Total*. Unlike other copies of the cursed text, it is a near-exact copy of its source tome, all charts and illustrations included.

It is a powerful and frightening codex, and contains a terrible array of spells, including those known to Abu Sina (contained in the last book), which are not found in the Greek *Necronomicon* at all.

The Fate carefully prepared a rather plain series of English translations of the Arabic codices, to prevent the originals from being damaged. These word-processed, disposable versions are for the use of those who do not read first-millennium Arabic. All statistics remain the same.

**Language:** Arabic    **Mythos Gain:** +18%

**SAN Loss:** 1D10 / 2D10

**Spell Multiplier:** x5    **Study Time:** 74 weeks

**Grants Skill Checks In:**

Astronomy, Chemistry, Occult, Pharmacy, Physics

**Spells**

Augur, Baneful Dust of Hermes Trismegistus, Banishment of Yde Etad, Bind Enemy, Bring Haboob, The Burden of Blood\*, Chant of Thoth, Call/Dismiss Azathoth, Call/Dismiss Cthugha, Call/Dismiss Hastur, Call/Dismiss Nyogtha, Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath, Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth, Cloud Memory, Contact Elder Thing, Contact Ghoul, Contact Hound of Tindalos, Contact Deity/Nyarlahotep, Contact Sand Dweller, Covenant\*, Create Scrying Window, Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Dust of Suleiman, Elder Sign, Powder of Ibn Ghazi, Eye of Light and Darkness, Resurrection, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Voorish Sign

\* Spells marked with an asterisk are new to this book.

## Fragments of the Al-Azif

“... the innermost chambers... [burned fragment] beneath the imperfect pyramid there are many... [fragment missing]... and chant as such on moonless nights... [burned fragment]... praises be to Niharlat Hotep, the dark man who comes in the desert storms.”

These are the remnants of an original copy of the *Al-Azif* destroyed by investigators in 1926. Only forty of the two hundred parchment scrolls remain, and many of those are extensively damaged by fire. The useful content of this rare document is limited, but a twenty-page portion concerns the history of Nephren-Ka, the Black Pharaoh, and his connection to the god Niharlat Hotep, or Ny har rut hotep, “There is no rest at the Gateway.”

**Language:** Arabic    **Mythos Gain:** +7%    **SAN Loss:** 1D4/1D8

**Spell Multiplier:** x2    **Study Time:** 5 weeks

**Grants Skill Checks In:** Arabic and Occult.

**Spell:** Summon the Black Sphinx

## The Cthulhu Statuette

Recovered by Belial in 1973 from an auction of the McMurdock-Legrasse estate in Putnam County, New York, the green soapstone-like statuette—a hideous representation of Cthulhu—that haunted Inspector Legrasse now haunts Belial’s office shelf. Eight and a half inches tall, it portrays the dread lord Cthulhu himself sitting on an obelisk of stone, which is inscribed with odd characters. The statue is composed of a green-black smooth stone that is unknown to human geology, and which seems to retain moisture unnaturally.

The characters on the base have long been translated as, in English: “In his house at R’lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming.”

Anyone who maintains extended contact with the statuette or who attempts to damage it will be subjected to the assault of Cthulhu’s dreaming mind. The subject will be plagued with horrible nightmares which prevent a good night’s sleep (1/1D3-1 SAN per night), although the substance of the dreams cannot be recalled upon waking. If the statuette is relinquished to another, or discarded in some distant place, the horrifying dreams cease.

Those with 0 SAN suffer no such ill effects.

## Circlet of the Naja Hajj

This rare artifact was once worn by the revived Nitocris, leader of the cult of Nyarlathotep before the doom that befell them in the summer of 1926. Brought to the Fate by Emir Agdesh, it sits unused in the Moritaum estate.

When worn, the small circlet of gold, onyx and alabaster generates one Egyptian cobra per combat round at a cost of 1 Magic Point. The cobra appears to drop from a small aperture in the circlet, although the aperture is far too tiny to allow such a passage.

The smallest cobra is one foot long and injects a POT 2 venom; for each extra Magic Point spent, the cobra is an additional foot longer and its POT score increases by 2. For example, 10 Magic Points will produce a 10-foot cobra with venom POT of 20. The circlet cannot accept more than 12 Magic Points per round, and cannot create more than one cobra per round. The cobras never bite the wearer of the circlet.

## The Crooked Flails of Khepri

These ancient Egyptian flails are named for the form of the sun god Ra, known as Kheperer, “he who creates himself.” These highly-religious artifacts are extremely valuable, and are composed of more than twelve pounds of solid gold.

Recovered in the 1920s by the Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh, these non-Mythos holy items remain today at the Moritaum Estate on Long Island, and are occasionally used in ceremonies by the Fate as a backup source of power.

Once per day, if crossed in front of the bearer, the flails produce 2D20 Magic Points for use, either for casting or resisting spells. In addition, if the flails are dipped in fresh human blood at the moment of sunrise, they imbue the bearer with 1D3 POW points. These points remain until nightfall, but are otherwise normal in every way, and may be expended to power spells.

## The Scepter of Nyambe

This item is a wood scepter of African design. Carved into it are an odd hodge podge of Swahili writings (the chance of reading them is only half the investigator’s Read Swahili skill), which read “Nyambe, thy power mine.” When they are spoken aloud, the bearer of the scepter gains 10 additional Magic Points, which dissipate in one hour if not used. The staff then cannot produce any more Magic Points until the following sunrise.

Nyambe is the name of the supreme god Mulungu in western and southern Africa.

## The Copper Bowl

This hammered “copper” bowl is in truth not copper at all, but some unearthly metal that defies human classification. Used for the Send Dreams spell, this particular bowl is kept by Roger Yul, and is always on his person.

## The Eye of Hathor

A large, uncut, rose-colored diamond, the Eye of Hathor is a non-Mythos religious item associated with the Egyptian goddess Hathor, who represents war, revenge, and fertility.

When the diamond is placed in fresh human blood, the user may peer into it and perceive a known enemy’s whereabouts in exact detail for 1D10+4 minutes per day. This costs 2 Magic Points.

In addition, spells limited by line of sight (except the summon/bind and call/dismiss spells) may be cast on the visualized target as if the user of the diamond was actually there during the brief minutes of magical sight allowed by the diamond.

This item is often used by the Fate to cast spells from afar.

## The Quill of Thoth

This odd, lead stylus is an enchanted artifact of Thoth, the Egyptian god of knowledge, language and learning. It is not a Mythos item. When used to record anything—to copy the contents of a book, to transcribe a conversation, *etc.*—it does so exactly, without the user being aware of any time lost during the transcription. In addition, the user does not remember any of the contents of the copied items, so it is not possible to copy and read an item at the same time.

The entire contents of books can be copied in this manner, Mythos-related or not, with all diagrams, charts and illustrations copied as well in a manner as exact as a photocopier. The act of doing so is fatiguing to the user, and it costs 10 Magic Points to “activate” the stylus, whereupon the book or writing is copied automatically by the user.

Paper and ink for the copy must be provided. If there are not enough to complete the task, the stylus automatically stops working in the middle of a project and the Magic Points are lost.

During the copying process the user of the quill may not be roused from his fugue, and does not even notice physical harm until after the copying ends. This can be dangerous if exceptionally long documents are to be copied. Unless the user “declares” that he or she wishes to copy only a certain number of pages and then stop, the user will be forced to copy the entire book, starving and dehydrating until the document or the user’s life is done. If the copying is successful and the transcriber wakes from the quill’s influence, the disorienting experience costs 0/1D3 SAN.

The more complicated the text and art of a copied document, the longer the time it takes to copy it. All items on a page, mistakes or not, are copied in exacting detail by the quill. To determine the time it takes to copy an item, consult the following table.

The quill can also automatically translate any document or source text into Hieratic Egyptian. In fact, if a language is not “declared” when copying begins the quill automatically translates the copied text into Hieratic. This can be useful when dealing with alien languages such as Aklo, Mi-Go or Elder Thing writings, which can then be translated first to Hieratic, and then to English, making a full and non-laborious translation possible.

## The Sussex Manuscript (Cultus Maleficarum)

*“Movement between the far worlds and the stars they circle requires a sustenance found in the guts of a man, many times over. Once the place of the Token hath been set, and a time hath been set, it must not be missed, or the wrath of the One and that of his servants may doom thee. Being a time of torpor, the others from outside gain strength in their repose in this world, waiting for a time again where their kind shall cavort among the stars and lay waste to all who have come since their sleep.”*

This English copy of the *Necronomicon* was published in 1597 by the crazed Baron Frederick of Sussex. It is unknown where he came by a copy of the original *Necronomicon* to work from, but this copy deviates from it in the most important sections, the spells. Certain spells were miscopied or distorted, rendering them incomplete and dangerous to use.

The Fate’s copy is simply-typed and hand-drawn, collated and industrial-stapled between two pieces of cardboard. Dr. Otto Schmidt hand copied the original *Cultus Maleficarum* in 1925, and made a German translation for himself. In the 1970s, the poorly-bound, hand-written German copy was copied again into English by the Fate when it began show signs of deterioration.

This copy of a copy of the *Necronomicon* is very dangerous to use as a grimoire, as many of the spells and formulae contained within it are at best incomplete. This book is often used as a test by Alzis to separate the wheat from the chaff in among the Neophytes. Those that are consumed with what they learn here are not missed, and those that survive are granted Lord status.

**Language:** English    **Mythos Gain:** +7%

**SAN Loss:** -1D3/-1D6    **Spell Multiplier:** x2

**Study Time:** 31 weeks

**Grants Skill Checks in:** Occult

## Quill of Thoth Translations

The time required to use the quill depends on the source text.

Source Text Is:	Time to Copy One Page:
Incredibly complex with detailed illustrations	1D6+3 hours
Complex with illustrations	1D6-1 hours
Plain text	1D4 hours
Handwriting	1D3 hours
Transcribing conversation	At the same pace as speech

**Spells (those in *italics* are flawed and do not work properly):** Call/Dismiss Azathoth, *Dismiss Cthugha*, Call/Dismiss Hastur, Call Nyogtha, Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath, Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth, **Contact Elder Thing**, Contact Ghoul, Contact Hound of Tindalos, Contact Nyarlathotep, Contact Sand Dweller, **Dominate**, **Dread Curse of Azathoth**, Dust of Suleiman, Elder Sign, Powder of Ibn Ghazi, Resurrection, Shrivelling, Summon/**Bind** Byakhee, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, **Voorish Sign**

## Notes on the Sussex Manuscript

*“Anomalies in translation indicate that the Sussex Manuscript and the Latin Necronomicon were both copied from a previously unreported source volume. The most likely candidate for this mysterious source volume is the legendary Al-Azif, previously thought to have been lost in the latter half of the 13th century.”*

This collection of unpublished papers by the late Michael Stanhope, Ph.D., examines the differences between the Harvard University copy of the *Necronomicon* and the incomplete *Sussex Manuscript*. The papers, which are poorly organized and contain no footnotes, carefully examine every difference between the similar sections of the two books, and hints that both may have been copied from a single older source instead of one from the other. Stanhope’s conclusion is that a secret copy of *Al-Azif* existed and was in circulation in western Europe as late as the 1600s. Stanhope died in 1943 and his estate was purchased at auction by the Fate.

**Language:** English    **Mythos Gain:** +1%    **SAN Loss:** 0/-1

**Spell Multiplier:** None    **Study Time:** 2 weeks

**Grants Skill Checks in:** Anthropology, Occult

**Spells:** None

## Feery's Original Notes on the Necronomicon

"... offers a fascinating insight into the workings of the deranged mind. Only seven copies of his most famous book *De Vermis Mysteriis* (The Mysteries of the Worm) are known to exist today. Just how Dr. Prinn came upon a copy of the *Necronomicon* we may never know..."

This original pamphlet was purchased at an estate auction in 1940 by the Fate. This small assortment of yellowed papers, written and printed by British occultist Joachim Feery, contains a brief but complete overview of the cosmology of the *Necronomicon*. It contains no spells and is difficult to read, but gives a good breakdown of the general entities of the Cthulhu Mythos and their goals as presented in the *Necronomicon*. A beginner's text at best.

**Language:** English      **Mythos Gain:** +6%  
**SAN Loss:** -1D3/-1D6      **Spell Multiplier:** None  
**Study Time:** 8 weeks  
**Grants Skill Checks in:** Occult  
**Spells:** None

## Azathoth and Others

"Out of what crypt they crawl, I cannot tell,  
 But every night I see the rubbery things,  
 Black, horned and slender,  
 with membranous wings,  
 and tails which bear the bifid barbs of hell."

A collection of poetry from the twisted writer Edward Pickman Derby, this copy is one of the original 1,400 published in 1919. A 3-inch by 5-inch black leather book, it includes eleven poems with such names as "Nemesis Rising," "Charnel House," "Dead but Not Gone" and "Medusa's Kiss." This copy belongs to Anton Merriweather, who has often used it for inspiration. It contains no spells but is quite suggestive of certain Mythos beliefs.

**Language:** English      **Mythos Gain:** +4%  
**SAN Loss:** -1/-1D4      **Spell Multiplier:** None  
**Study Time:** 1 week      **Spells:** None

## A Study of the Book of Dzyan

"A formula' is provided for calling forth the so called 'Wind Spirit' on the twenty-seventh piece of parchment according to the Deeley translation. Referred to as a 'Servitor' of the 'Great Pretender' (a deity of some

sort), the creature is by some reports worshipped as a deity itself among the more degenerate tribes in China and central Asia."

Another pamphlet privately printed and circulated by the late Joachim Feery, this study concerns the contents of the fabled Book of Dzyan as translated from the Hyperborean Tsath-Yo by Wallace Deeley in 1901. The pamphlet, published in 1930, covers in detail the myths presented by the odd writings, supposedly of Atlantean origin, interpreted by Deeley and Feery. This pamphlet was purchased by the Fate in 1941 through Southeby's.

**Language:** English      **Mythos Gain:** +4%  
**SAN Loss:** -1D3/-1D6      **Spell Multiplier:** None  
**Study Time:** 6 weeks      **Spells:** None

## Into Darkness

"Of what depths of the soul I travelled I cannot say here. Words fail the glory and majesty of the library, and the beings who inhabit it. The watchmen of time, those beings of the greatest race ever to live. Those who have conquered time!"

This rambling vanity-press book from 1904 was written by Bernard Yesler, a Chicago native who was convinced that alien creatures periodically took possession of his body and cast his mind into the body of a strange creature in a place he refers to as "the Great Library."

During his stays in the Great Library, Yesler was encouraged to write down personal recollections of his native time. As reward he was given access to limited texts about the distant future of humanity. In his last journey to the library in 1904 Yesler was instructed to write his recollections down in his own time, so that the creatures could study the effect his text would have on the outcome of events.

Yesler complied, of course.

**Language:** English      **Mythos Gain:** +5%      **SAN Loss:** -1/1D3  
**Spell Multiplier:** None      **Study Time:** 9 Weeks      **Spells:** None

## Cultes des Goules

"Lest some would label it blasphemy, I have chosen to explain certain actions and beliefs, and let God be the judge of all."

This is one of the sixty original French copies of *Cultes des Goules*, penned by the Comte d'Erlette, Francois-Honore Balfour. This copy surfaced in France in 1906 and was purchased by a private collector, who was later persuaded to part with it by the Fate.

It details a cult of necrophagists in France who interact with a race of subterranean creatures called "goules."

**Language:** French      **Mythos Gain:** +14%

**SAN Loss:** 1D4/1D10 **Spell Multiplier:** x2

**Study Time:** 22 weeks

**Grants Skill Checks In:** Occult and French

#### Spells

The Black Binding, Call/Dismiss Nyogtha, Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath, Consume Likeness, Contact Ghoul, Pose Mundane, Remortification, Resurrection, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Dark Young, Voorish Sign

## The Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan

*"Of those signs effectively sealing the festerings of the dark God, the most potent is the Eye of Light and Darkness. Inscribed into the substance of a high place near the haunts of evil, no further than thirty li from them, it expels evil strength for so long as the sign exists."*

These ancient Chinese scrolls are folded and enclosed in a modern folio so they may be read as a standard book. The folio and the pages of the scrolls are covered in a deep black-brown stain. It is obvious to anyone of a medical bent that this stain is old, dried blood.

The ancient Chinese of the texts is difficult to translate, even for experienced scholars, and all Read Chinese rolls are halved while attempting to comprehend the writing.

Written on the inside cardboard of the folio cover is a slight notation in ink: "14 JAN." A slight rip in the folio near one edge of the binding is actually a bullet hole.

**Language:** Chinese **Mythos Gain:** +11%

**SAN Loss:** -1D4/1D8 **Spell Multiplier:** x4

**Study Time:** 84 weeks

#### Spells

Call Down Spirit (Summon/Bind Byakhee), Call Forth Earth Spirit (Contact Cthonian), Contact Bloated Woman (Nyarlathotep), Contact Fungi From Yuggoth, Contact Ghoul, Contact Hound of Tindalos, Door to Kadath (a Gate to Kadath), Elder Sign, Eye of Light and Darkness, Find Gate, Restore Life (Resurrection)

## The Goddess of the Black Fan

*"Behind the black fan  
the soul-twister simpers,  
snake-armed and slickened;  
inflated with blood fat  
the dragon-toothed feaster  
gluts down gray lilies  
from children left twitching."*

These original, ancient Chinese scrolls contain a series of poems that detail the story of a monk named Liu and his meeting of a goddess who hides her face behind a black fan. He follows her bidding to find what is behind the fan, and when he does,

commits suicide. One of the poems is actually a spell to contact Nyarlathotep in its Bloated Woman aspect.

**Language:** Chinese **Mythos Gain:** +5%

**SAN Loss:** -1/1D4 **Spell Multiplier:** x5

**Study Time:** 4 weeks

**Spells:** Contact Deity/Bloated Woman (Nyarlathotep)

## A Study of Pnakotic Writings

*"Taking, if you will, a loose look at the concept of 'time', it is to be considered that what is linear to us may in fact be little more than a portion of some enormous construction to another type of being. These beings may move in time as we move about the surface of our world, and in so doing may inhabit the living in those time periods, to study each and every moment of existence, which to them is nothing more than one complete and finite whole."*

This pamphlet was published in 1938 by William Werner, an amateur archaeologist and adventurer. His funding of excavations all over the world led to his protracted conclusion that some sort of time-travelling race was manipulating human history for an unfathomable reason.

It gives an extensive extrapolated history of the Great Race, and examines possible motives for their time-spanning plans.

**Language:** English **Mythos Gain:** +2% **SAN Loss:** -1/1D4

**Spell Multiplier:** None **Study Time:** 2 weeks

**Grants Skill Checks In:** Occult and Physics

**Spells:** None

## The Eltdown Shards

*"On [during] the night [time] of darkness, fell from the sky an object [cube] which brought with it the time [day] of light."*

This pamphlet was purchased before the war for the Fate by Dr. Otto Schmidt. It contains a rather odd translation of mysterious carved clay shards recovered in 1882, called The Eltdown Shards. The narrative of the shards is confusing, but in a nutshell they seem to tell of the arrival of a race called "Yekubians" who found Earth already inhabited with a cone-shaped species. The translation, like the shards, is incomplete.

**Language:** English **Mythos Gain:** +11%

**SAN Loss:** -1D4/1D8 **Spell Multiplier:** x1

**Study Time:** 6 weeks

**Grants Skill Checks In:** Occult and Read Yithian

**Spells:** Contact Yithian

## Cthaat Aquadingen (Hindi Translation)

*“And then shall the gate be opened as the sun is blotted out. Thus the Small Crawler will awaken those who dwell beyond and bring them. The sea shall swallow them and spit them up and the leopard shall eat the flesh in Rudraprayag in the Spring.”*

This odd, hand-transcribed manuscript is written in a cramped Hindi dialect. Bound in poorly-stretched human flesh, many of the yellowed pages are loose and the binding itself is crumbling, making turning its pages a difficult and destructive task.

The book covers a wide range of subjects obscured in metaphor, and bears little relation to the original Latin *Cthaat Aquadingen*. Instead of dealing with Deep Ones and the like, it concerns itself with the “Small Crawler,” an Indian manifestation of Nyarlathotep. The last page of the manuscript, ruled but mostly blank, has a final message scrawled at the bottom: “My Master, I have failed you.” The missive is penned in dried blood.

**Language:** English    **Mythos Gain:** +8%

**SAN Loss:** -1D4/1D8    **Spell Multiplier:** x2

**Study Time:** 14 weeks

**Grants Skill Checks In:** Occult, Read Hindi

### Spells

Contact Deity/The Small Crawler (Nyarlathotep), Dread Curse of Azathoth, Voorish Sign

## Alzis’s Scrapbook

*“G’barne, 1932 Expedition. Left to Right, Drs. Winthrop and Deeley, Martin Yves Larensen, and guide.”*

This huge, ancient leather binder contains more than eighty moldering pages of photographs. Photos of every type can be found here, from primitive glass emulsion prints to polaroids. Almost every photo is unique, and all are of incredibly diverse subjects; war photos of a battlefield from the Civil War, the seething sea of humanity at Woodstock, Times Square on VJ day, the Eiffel Tower, anything you can imagine and more is contained, seemingly put in at random, within the pages of the scrapbook.

But careful examination reveals a single disturbing, recurring theme in each photo. Stephen Alzis is in each and every one of them. Usually not the subject, he prefers to lurk just within the range of the camera, often turning away or smiling just at the moment the shutter falls.

This scrapbook is the only thing Stephen Alzis cares about, and it is the only thing he has ever lost his temper over. He guards it jealously.

**Language:** Dozens of languages

**Mythos Gain:** +2%

**SAN Loss:** -1D4/-1D6

**Spell Multiplier:** None

**Study Time:** 6 days

**Spells:** None

## Selections De Livre D’Ivon

*“Sleeping and unroused since the creation rests the great man-god Nodins, a one who might save us in the time of the darkness to come. The great battle will slip upon the world like a dream, and many will say that the time to wake the sleeper is not yet, and will forestall the only hope man has ever known until it may come too late. . . .”*

*Selections De Livre D’Ivon* is an 18th-century French text that examines portions of the famous *Book of Eibon*, written by a mysterious wizard whose antiquity is questionably traced back to Hyperborea itself. The French edition contains powerful spells in their entirety, and does not suffer, as many other Mythos books do, from editing.

**Language:** French    **Mythos Gain:** +6%    **SAN Loss:** 1D6

**Spell Multiplier:** x2    **Study Time:** 36 weeks

**Grants Skill Checks In:** Astronomy, Occult

### Spells

Contact Nodens, Eibon’s Wheel of Mist

## Monstres and their Kynde

*“And in darkness they shall come, as do all their kynde. Not of flesh nor bloode nor bone, they are the very darkness that we fear!”*

Stolen from the British Museum in 1898, this unique manuscript went through a great many owners in rapid succession, finally ending up in the hands of Belial in 1983. The book contains summoning spells culled from half a dozen potent sources, such as the *Necronomicon*, the *Book of Eibon* and *Cthaat Aquadingen*.

**Language:** English    **Mythos Gain:** +8%

**SAN Loss:** -1D4/1D8    **Spell Multiplier:** x1

**Study Time:** 36 weeks

**Grants Skill Checks In:** Astronomy, Occult

### Spells

Command (Summon/Bind) Faceless One (Nightgaunt), Command Ice Demon (Byakhee), Command Invisible Servant (Star Vampire), Command Night’s Beast (Hunting Horror), Command Star Walker (Dimensional Shambler), Command the Darkness (Dark Young), Command the Many (Child of Yig), Command the Stars (Fire Vampire), Command the One After (?), Command the White Death (?), Command Phantasms (?), Command the Nethermost Lines (?), Enchant Altar, Enchant Blade, Enchant Pipes, Enchant Tablets, Enchant Book

## Revelations of Glaaki [Vol. 1-12]

*"Beyond a gulf of subterranean night a passage leads to a wall of massive bricks, and beyond the wall rises Y'gonolac to be served by the tattered eyeless figures of the dark. Long has he slept beyond the wall, and those which crawl over the bricks scuttle across his body never knowing it to be Y'gonolac; but when his name is spoken or read he comes forth to be worshipped or to feed and take on the shape and sound of those he feeds upon. For those who read of evil and search for its form within their minds call forth evil, and so may Y'gonolac return to walk among men . . ."*

Belial's collection of the *Revelations of Glaaki* is a hodgepodge of original manuscripts, copies, and extensive photostatic reproductions. Belial has spent almost a quarter of his unnatural life trying to gather all twelve volumes of the *Revelations of Glaaki*, and has only recently completed his task. Now he hopes to use the books as a basis to start a new, fervent cult centered around the adoration of Glaaki once he completes his summoning of his lord in the Catskills.

**Language:** English    **Mythos Gain:** +17%

**SAN Loss:** -1D8/2D8    **Spell Multiplier:** x5

**Study Time:** 44 weeks

**Grants Skill Checks In:** Two checks in Occult

**Volume I Contents:** Outlines Glaaki, his travels and his associated witch cults. **Spells:** Contact Glaaki.

**Volume II Contents:** Concerns the Servants of Glaaki and the curse of the Green Decay. **Spells:** The Nyhargo Dirge.

**Volume III Contents:** Concerning the imprisonment of Byatis. **Spells:** Contact Byatis.

**Volume IV Contents:** Details Eihort, the God of the Labyrinth and his brood. **Spells:** Contact Eihort.

**Volume V Contents:** Outlines the associated myths of Ghroth, the Comet Creature, and its connection to the Nemesis legend. **Spells:** Contact Ghroth.

**Volume VI Contents:** Details a specific Shub-Niggurath cult in England, and their obsession with something called "The Moon-Lens." **Spells:** Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath.

**Volume VII Contents:** Concerning the Insects from Shaggai, their worship of the Daemon Sultan Azathoth, and their harnessing of its power. **Spells:** Call/Dismiss Azathoth.

**Volume VIII Contents:** Details the history of the Beings from Xiclotl, servants of the Insects from Shaggai. **Spells:** Summon/Bind Being from Xiclotl.

**Volume IX Contents:** Outlines the worship and myths of Daoloth,

the Render of Veils. **Spells:** Call/Dismiss Daoloth.

**Volume X Contents:** Concerning the obscure Great Old One M'nagalah, described as "a bloated, tentacled mass of eyes and entrails." **Spells:** Contact M'nagalah.

**Volume XI Contents:** Describes in detail the Crystallizers of Dreams. **Spells:** Contact the Crystallizers of Dreams.

**Volume XII Contents:** This book concerns the legend and lore of Y'gonolac, and automatically summons him to Earth. **Spells:** Contact Y'gonolac.

## Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New English Canaan [annotated by the Reverend Phillips]

*"If any are scandalized that New England, a place of as serious piety as any I know of, should be troubled so by witches I think: No wonder. Where would the Devil most wish to make his inroads but in that place where he is hated most?"*

This exceedingly rare, original copy of *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New English Canaan* is annotated extensively by Reverend Phillips himself, expanding it in both scope and content. The author harps in the margins of certain practices not found in the standard copies of the book, and so grants a full explanation of eight powerful spells related to him through torture from half a dozen doomed witches.

Phillips notes he copied the spells only for the "Disciples of God to know the truest signs of the Devil and his kind."

**Language:** English    **Mythos Gain:** +7%

**SAN Loss:** -1D6/1D10    **Spell Multiplier:** x2

**Study Time:** 14 weeks

**Grants Skill Checks in:** History, Occult

### Spells

Augur, Blight/Bless Crop, Call/Dismiss Ithaka (Ithaqua), The Call of the Blood (The Burden of Blood)\*, Contact Narlato (Nyarlahotep), Contact Sadogowah (Tsathoggua), Contact Yogge-Sothothe (Yog-Sothoth), Elder Sign

\* Spells marked with an asterisk are new to this book.

## De Vermis Mysteriis [Mysteries of the Worm]

*"As the darkness calls, they come unto him, and are brought within him, and inside find themselves in him. Brought forth in a manner of birth, they now go and spread whatever will their master has for them. I see this all so clearly, and nothing will blot the vision from my mind's eye.*





*The dream is always the same . . .*

This is one of the fifteen original surviving copies of the book, penned by Ludwig Prinn himself. It is a huge, leather-bound and iron-clasped codex with over seven hundred heavily illustrated and tabled pages. In the beginning it is a general overview of ghosts and occult normalcies, but it slowly degenerates into an examination of facts discovered during Prinn's travels in Saracen lands, including examinations of the Egyptian pantheon and the Cthulhu Mythos. Prinn goes into great detail about the many forms of Nyarlathotep and his association with Nephren-Ka, the Black Pharaoh of Egypt.

This copy of *De Vermis Mysteriis* has seen much use through the ages. Loose sheets from many eras inserted in its pages contain spells and formulae penned by the book's owners.

**Language:** Latin      **Mythos Gain:** +13%  
**SAN Loss:** -1D6/2D6      **Spell Multiplier:** x2

**Study Time:** 52 weeks

**Grants Skill Checks In**

Astronomy, History, Mathematics, Occult

**Spells**

Banishment of Yde Etad, Bind Soul, Call/Dismiss Umr At'Tawil, Contact Deity (Byatis), Contact Deity (Yig), Contact Formless Spawn, Create Liao Drug, Create Srying Window, Create Self-Ward, Create Zombie, Eye of Light and Darkness, Invoke Child of the Goat (Dark Young), Invoke (Summon/Bind) Demon (Byakhee), Invoke Invisible Servant (Star Vampire), Prinn's Crux Ansata, Spirit Transfer, Summon Ghost, Vooirish Sign

## Life as a God

*"Its angles were magnificent and most strange; by their hideous beauty I was enraptured and enthralled, and I thought myself of the daylit fools who adjudged the housing of this room as mistaken. I laughed for the glory they missed. When the six lights lit and the great words were said, then He came, in all the grace and splendour of the Higher Planes, and I*

*longed to sever my veins so that my life might flow into his being, and make part of me a God!"*

This handwritten diary by Montgomery Crompton, an English artist who travelled to Egypt in 1805, tracks his induction and rise as a priest in the Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh. It details murders, rituals and rites of the Brotherhood, as well as their goals, the release of Nyarlathotep and the Outer Gods.

**Language:** English      **Mythos Gain:** +4%      **SAN Loss:** -1D6

**Spell Multiplier:** None      **Study Time:** 3 weeks

**Grants Skill Checks in:** Occult, Astronomy and Architecture

**Spells:** None

## Africa's Dark Sects

*"The oddities of the Azande Outcasts are startling, and the similarity of their practice in the creation of the Zambis, or the walking dead, in relation to the Caribbean peoples is fascinating. Further study will have to be performed once we pierce the interior."*

This book (stamped property of the trustees of Harvard University) is smoke- and water-damaged, although it remains readable. Written by W.H. Shepard, the scholarly text examines the source of the Zambi ritual in western central Africa. Shepard managed to track down a willing shaman to demonstrate the methods of creation of a "Zambi" or "dead one." He carefully transcribed the rites in his book.

**Language:** English      **Mythos Gain:** +6%      **SAN Loss:** -1D10

**Spell Multiplier:** x2      **Study Time:** 29 weeks

**Grants Skill Checks in:** Occult and Pharmacy

**Spells**

Black Binding, Compel Flesh, Create Bad-Corpse Dust, Create Zambi (Create Zombie), Eyes of the Zambi (Zombie), Remortification, Seek Heart, Soul Trap

## The Moritaum Estate and Ilium Island

Willed to Stephen Alzis in 1957 by the then soon-to-be-late Arthur Moritaum, this huge South-Hampton estate is used by the Fate as a restful and isolated center for study and experimentation. Many of the Fate's books and artifacts are stored here, and many of the Lords reside here while studying the secrets of the universe.

A notorious dilettante, Arthur Moritaum was the only son of famous oil baron Rupert Moritaum. Arthur experimented with many religions and beliefs to fill his empty life. His final choice, to leave the Fate after the fiasco of 1952, finally cost him his life.

Fourteen acres of land surround the sprawling mansion, and many, many incriminating things could be found there if a proper search was conducted. For the past forty years the Fate have met for rituals here during the weeks of the summer and winter solstices, performing unspeakable acts to stir their dark father.

The estate falls under the "jurisdiction" of Alzis himself, although he is rarely found there. Responsibility falls to Emir Agdesh to oversee the daily minutiae of maintaining such a large estate.

The entire staff consists of legal immigrants from Egypt who

were "imported" by Agdesh to serve Nyarlathotep's will in the U.S. All members of the once-powerful Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh, these workers are sharp-witted and cruel, and will not hesitate to bury investigators. Many people have disappeared at the estate, what's one more on the pile? Religious zealots, they will sacrifice all they have to protect even the most humble book in their lord's possession.

The sprawling grounds are constantly monitored with state-of-the-art cameras and pressure sensors. The cultists no longer use obsolete weapons, preferring submachine guns to pranga knives for eliminating pesky intruders.

In addition to the considerable main-land holdings, a small island is also owned by Alzis. Ilium Island is a small marsh island about four miles off shore in an insignificant chain of similar weed-covered islands. Ilium Island has several small buildings on it, and is used for the most audacious rituals. A constant guard is kept here as well.

This estate is one of the only places all the members of the Fate can be found at once. Because of this, it may be the only ideal place to administer a fatal blow to the Fate.

## New Spells

### The Burden of Blood

This spell allows the operator to steal both physical and mental power from a victim, who must be violently, ritualistically killed. The blood of the victim must be drunk while still warm from a hammered, specially-marked copper bowl, and then an incantation must be spoken. The process takes about twenty minutes from beginning to end, costing 8 Magic Points and 1D8 SAN.

When the process is complete, the operator gains back all lost Hit Points and lost characteristic points (including crippling). In addition the operator gains 1D6 extra POW points, +1 for each point of POW the victim has over 14 (the maximum modified POW gain is 20).

In addition, the operator makes a POW roll (with the modified point total). If a POWx4 roll is made, the operator gains clear knowledge of the most basic events in the victim's life, even if the victim was unknown previously (this does not include specific minutiae like addresses and combinations to locks). If a POWx2 roll is made, the operator gains 2D10% in the victim's best skill, even if the operator does not have that skill. If a POWx1 roll is

made the operator gains all benefits listed above and also gains total knowledge of the victim's entire catalog of memories, down to the most minor detail.

Once used, this process is totally addictive. Each week spent without a ritual killing costs the operator 1 POW point. Each time a point is lost a Luck roll must be made. If failed, the operator is overcome with bloodlust and must kill that day to assuage it. If the Luck roll is fumbled, the operator must kill with impunity, without planning or concern for who observes the killing, which can rapidly lead to arrest.

When the operator reaches his normal POW score, he must make a POWx3 roll. If this fails, all benefits gained by the spell are permanently lost, including memories, skills, *etc.* The POW loss continues even after the operator's normal POW is reached, and soon is lost at an accelerated rate. For every day past the point where the operator's POW reaches its normal level he or she must roll under his or her current POW on 1D100 or lose 1D20 POW. This is all negated if the operator successfully performs the ritual, but if his POW drops to 0 he is permanently dead—resurrection becomes impossible.

This spell is extremely dangerous and causes a paranoid state of mind in the operator after a short time. It rapidly leads to homicidal madness or death. Of course, none of these particulars are mentioned in the original text of the spell.

## Covenant

This is a method to train a specific summoned entity to perform the operator's bidding without the necessity of the Bind spell. The operator must know the Summon spell for the creature in question as well as the Covenant ritual. This spell is cast on a singular member of the species, and if it dies, the Covenant must once more be recast on another.

To form a Covenant with a creature the operator must repeatedly summon the beast from the safety of a complex geometric ward. This sigil acts as a barrier preventing the creature from attacking the operator. A live human "token" must be offered each time the ritual is enacted. The victim is consumed by the entity as a means of assuaging its urge to consume the operator and winning its favor. Each time a victim is offered and the Covenant ritual is enacted, the operator loses 1D10 SAN (plus the SAN loss for encountering the creature) and must expend 5 Magic Points. After the creature arrives and consumes the token, the operator gains a 10% chance of calling that specific creature again with the use of a simple mental summons. This summon score can never be higher than 80%.

When the operator wishes to call the creature with which he shares the Covenant, he simply mentally summons it. The creature appears in 1D4 minutes. The operator then indicates a token for the creature to take. Often this is the equivalent of summoning and binding a creature and ordering it to attack a foe. If there is no token, or the target indicated is too difficult to kill, the creature attacks the operator.

A creature called by Covenant must travel to that location as it normally would have if summoned. This makes many of the summoned races impossible to call forth in secret. Byakhees, Hunting Horrors, Fire Vampires, Nightgaunts and Shantaks will fly to the summons, many from deep space, and most likely will attract a lot of attention. Dark Young, Deep Ones, Star-Spawn, Formless Spawn and Shoggoths will most likely come by land or sea. In doing so, most of these creatures will reveal themselves to a great many people, unless the operator summons them in a largely isolated locale. Most of the creatures (except those with human or higher intelligence) will simply pursue the summons in the most direct way possible, not bothering to conceal themselves. Summoning a Shoggoth to downtown New York would be a severe mistake, for example, for it would most definitely come

from the river and roll overland to find its summoner, levelling everything in its path.

The Fate's favorite creature to summon with Covenant is the Dimensional Shambler, due to its interdimensional nature. When called forth it simply slips into our world, regardless of physical obstacles, and then slips back out, often with a shrieking human token in its arms. Almost any other race would cause serious damage or attract undue attention in the city.

## Call Horned God (Nyarlathotep Black Man Form)

This ancient spell calls forth the classic Christian conception of the Devil, as portrayed by Nyarlathotep himself. A group of believers (no less than four) must gather in an isolated locale, and chant and dance about a fire. Each participant spends 5 Magic Points and the Horned God emerges from the darkness.

Dressed in slightly antiquated clothing, the Devil always wears large, clunky shoes and a pointed black hat. He appears as a normal, handsome man with dark features, but never removes his clunky shoes or hat, as if they hide some sort of disfigurement.

He answers questions only for those who enter his service. Otherwise he simply oversees the completion of the sabbath. To enter his service, the subject must take the left hand of the Devil and intone:

*I deny God, the creator of Heaven and Earth, and I adhere to thee, and believe in thee.*

Whereupon the victim spends 1 POW. A small mark is impregnated on the victim's hand where the Devil took it; descriptions of the mark differ. The victim can then cast the Call Horned God spell alone, and for the cost of 1 Magic Point.

If this spell is "cast" in the New York City area, Stephen Alzis appears instead.

The Devil is extremely devious, and answers questions only which will eventually lead to more mischief, and then not always truthfully.

## Summon Familiar

This spell must be cast on the night of the new moon. The caster must be a true and loyal believer in one of the Outer Gods, or Nyarlathotep himself. Otherwise the caster is placing himself in mortal danger.

In an isolated place, all the names of Nyarlathotep must be recited; once the first four are said, the recitation becomes automatic. This takes about an hour. 4 POW points are then expended, either from the caster or a bound victim with a POW

over 14, and 2/1D6+1 SAN is lost. If the victim is insufficient to power the spell (*i.e.* POW under 14) and the caster does not spend the POW personally, the spell fails and may not be cast again that night.

The familiar appears in the form of someone the caster has known who has died, or as an idealization of the caster's desires. The familiar serves the caster until death. The familiar—an avatar of Nyarlathotep, not actually one of Nyarlathotep's many forms—need not sleep, eat, or perform any life functions including breathing or excretion; however it can be slain by the usual physical means. The familiar's senses, intelligence, and magical power are far more advanced than those of the average human.

If its human guise is killed, the familiar reverts to its true form, a monstrous giant tentacled nightmare (which costs 1D10/1D100 SAN to view). Unless further assaulted, it then vanishes.

The familiar has knowledge of secret and hidden events which have to do with the Outer God that the caster worships. It provides this information to further the will of that God.

If the caster is not a true believer, the monstrous form of Nyarlathotep appears and consumes the caster. This slight drawback is not mentioned in the text of the spell.

## Contact Glaaki

Utilized only by Glaaki's cultists or minions, the spell will not function for non-believers even if performed properly. The spell itself is a horrific ritual that often takes several days and a bit of skill to properly perform.

A victim is selected, subdued and prepared for the ritual. The victim, referred to as "the courier," is impaled in some manner, usually through the wrists and legs. The courier is then systematically tortured until near delirium. The spell costs 1D10 SAN and 5 Magic Points to invoke. Anyone observing the ritual also loses 1D10 SAN loss due to its horrible nature.

When the courier is near death, Glaaki may be directly contacted through him. Everything the courier sees or hears, Glaaki can hear and see, and vice versa. At the end of the ritual, the courier is impaled with a single shaft of wood through the chest, killing him. This ends the ritual. If the courier is not sacrificed at the end of the ritual (the ritual is disrupted *etc.*), the operator loses 1 POW point permanently.

## Call Glaaki

This ritual opens a small, closed body of water to the ministrations of Glaaki and its minions. It requires enormous labor and willpower, and often takes years. A total of 700 SIZ points and 7,000 POW points from human victims must be spilled on the shores. The only acceptable method of execution is impalement. Each murder costs 1D8 SAN and 10 Magic Points. The remains of the victims are then weighted and thrown into the water.

When the ritual is complete, 3D6 of the corpses return as Servants of Glaaki and roam the lake at night. The Call Glaaki spell can then be truly cast, costing Magic Point equal to the chance of success (60 MP = 60%). The spell must be cast at night. Once Glaaki is called to the location it is free to return at any time. There is no known dismissal spell for Glaaki, although the *Revelations of Glaaki*, Vol. 10, hints that one may be found in Vol. 12.

## Summon/Bind Servant of Glaaki

This spell can only be cast in an area where the Servants of Glaaki are known to reside, and only by those who serve Glaaki. A chant is intoned for a number of minutes equal to the base chance of success (one hour = 60%). At the end of the chant 5 Magic Points are expended and 1D6 Servants answer the summons. These creatures will perform one action if bound, but will not under any circumstances attack Glaaki or members of its cult.

## Summon the Black Sphinx

This relative of Nyarlathotep can only be summoned in the Egyptian desert away from civilization during a moonless night. It is a huge, ponderous creature with a wrinkled, eyeless face filled by dozens of fanged maws. It is a voracious killer, leaving no one, not even worshippers of Nyarlathotep, alive in its wake.

### The Black Sphinx

<b>STR</b> 120	<b>CON</b> 100	<b>SIZ</b> 150
<b>INT</b> 26	<b>POW</b> 50	<b>DEX</b> 10
<b>HP</b> 125	<b>Move</b> 6	

**Attack:** Forepaw smash 80%, 16D6

**Note:** The Black Sphinx attacks twice per round, once with each forepaw.

**Armor:** 16 points

**Spells:** Contact Nyarlathotep

**SAN Cost:** 1D10 / 1D100

## Enemies of the Fate

Few and far between, those who seek to destroy the Fate will most likely find death or insanity at the end of the quest. A grim few persist, however, no matter the cost. Reasons and methods differ. Some use magic to counter magic, others use subterfuge and rumor to disrupt the cult's activities, others rely—and this is much rarer—on brute force. None of these unfortunates really stand a chance against such an incredibly powerful organization, but each is driven, in his own suicidal manner, to place himself in the way of the Fate.

### Johannes Knepier

A Servant of Glaaki who has not yet been affected by the Green decay, Knepier was responsible for the acquisition of the rare 12th Volume of the *Revelations of Glaaki* from the University of Chicago in 1994, acting under the direction of Belial.

Knepier ran a small cult devoted to Glaaki outside of Hackberry, Louisiana, in the 1970s called the Church of the Impaler. In 1977 he and forty-five other members of the cult impaled themselves on the shores of Black Lake after more than two days of fasting and prayer to Glaaki.

Only two of the cult “survived” and were brought into the fold of Glaaki's will. The rest of the corpses made headlines for about a week, and were promptly forgotten. Knepier met Belial in the early 1980s through the dream-call of Glaaki. For almost 10 years Knepier served Belial as a matter of course, stealing copies of *The Revelations of Glaaki* all over the world, culminating in a quadruple homicide in Chicago in 1994 to recover the twelfth and most rare volume.

After this theft, Knepier's doubts began. Even though Belial instructed him not to examine the contents of the book, Knepier read it from front to back, and was . . . changed. He soon fell out of favor with Belial, whom he now saw as corrupted by the cult of Nyarlathotep and not a true follower of Glaaki at all.

In truth the influence of Y'gononac had warped a once-loyal follower of Glaaki. Knepier's reading of the twelfth volume opened his mind to the headless corpse-god. Although Y'gononac could not manifest in a form already affected by Glaaki, it could manipulate the thoughts of that form, and has done so, turning Knepier into a unwitting accomplice.

Knepier now believes that the twelfth volume of *Revelations* must be recovered from the corrupt Belial at all costs; he hardly even notices that the dream communication from Glaaki has ceased. Y'gononac will use Knepier as a tool to wrest the book from Belial and then destroy Knepier—after the book is safely in the hands of a new cult dedicated to its worship, of course.

### Johannes Knepier

**Unwitting servant of Y'gononac, sometime Servant of Glaaki, apparent age 30 (actual age 51)**

**Race:** Human (Caucasian)

**Gender:** Male

**Nationality:** American

**STR 11    CON 20    SIZ 13    INT 11    POW 9**  
**DEX 6    APP 11    EDU 13    SAN 0    HP 13**

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Education:** High school diploma; one year of community college

#### Skills

Astronomy 31%, Bargain 25%, Boating 49%, Computer Use 26%, Cthulhu Mythos 17%, Drive Auto 37%, Fast Talk 45%, Occult 66%, Persuade 43%, Swim 44%

**Languages:** English 66%, French 11%

#### Attacks

Mossberg model 500TP8-SP shotgun, 75%

*1D10+1D6+6*

#### Spells

Call Glaaki, Contact Deity/Glaaki, Contact Deity/Y'gononac, Summon/Bind Servant of Glaaki

**Enchanted Items:** None

#### Insanities

Knepier is unconsciously twisted to the will of Y'gononac. Although he believes he is working in the best interests of Glaaki, he is actually seeking to get *Revelations* Vol. 12 into the hands of a follower who can be converted to corporeal form for Y'gononac, who will then start a new cult among mankind. Knepier sees Belial as his absolute enemy, and views him with a fanatic's religious contempt.

#### Physical Description

Pale and blond, Knepier wears his long hair in a ponytail. He wears shitkicker boots and button-down shirts, and stands out in New York City. He carries his shotgun in a huge duffle bag laden with clothing and other goods, and is ready to use it at any moment.

## Lieutenant Jorge Ramirez

The unfortunate victim of the first test of the spells contained within the *Revelations of Glaaki* Volume 12, NYPD detective Jorge Ramirez was attacked by a manifestation of Y'gononac in 1994 while investigating a drug ring centered in Alphabet City. The drug ring was owned by the Fate.

Belial was testing the spells in the volume when Y'gononac attempted to possess him, and found it could not due to his affiliation with Glaaki. Instead the Great Old One possessed a Neophyte assistant and went on a rampage in the drug house they were using for the ritual.

Ramirez saw Belial clearly when he entered to investigate the commotion. Attempting to arrest Belial, Ramirez was blindsided by the headless corpse and managed to fire all the rounds from his pistol into it at point blank range before the full transformation was complete, killing the avatar.

Ramirez's wounds from the avatar, however, gave Y'gononac new life. It had found a new vessel in Ramirez. The wounds, which never healed fully, are the method by which Y'gononac controls Ramirez's rapidly-degrading mind. As long as Ramirez thinks the way Y'gononac wants, the pain goes away. Otherwise, he suffers terribly.

Ramirez's natural obsession with Belial has bloomed into an insane fixation at the behest of Y'gononac, who wishes to eliminate the most powerful Servant of Glaaki and thereby free up its own holy book, *The Revelations of Glaaki* Volume 12. Most of all Y'gononac wants for Ramirez to read Volume 12, so it can assume Ramirez as an avatar and once again be free on Earth.

Ramirez's interest in Belial, which once concerned only the incident in Alphabet City, now has consumed his life, waking and sleeping. Everything he does concerns, in one way or another, Belial, Club Apocalypse, Alzis, or the Fate. His current suspension from the NYPD is due to a somnambulistic break-in at Belial's penthouse. Ramirez was arrested for breaking and entering but the charges were dropped in favor of a restraining order. Ramirez is now forbidden to come within 100 yards of Robert Hubert or his many properties. Soon, the pain will become too intense and Ramirez will have to pursue Belial, no matter the personal cost.

During his hiatus after the attack by Y'gononac, Ramirez spent almost two years investigating Belial. He has discovered many, many odd things about him. After identifying Belial through standard means Ramirez followed him extensively, and twice tailed Belial to the Roosevelt U-Store-It. After observing him at length, Ramirez broke into Belial's storage shed. There he discovered Belial's Nazi paraphernalia and the old photographs of his former life. Needless to say, the shock of seeing Belial in a

photograph from 1939, not looking a day younger, was startling; but to also realize he was a member of the Nazi SS—the strain proved to be too much. Ramirez's wounds forced another hospital stay for a short time.

He then traveled to Torgau, Germany, in search of all the old records he could locate on Hauptscharführer Dieter Scheel of the Ahnenerbe SS. In his time abroad Ramirez verified (at least in his own mind) that indeed Hubert was Scheel, and found the listed notice of his death near Sevastopol in 1941. He took photocopies of what he could locate and returned to the U.S. to continue his search for understanding. Little was forthcoming. Solid leads evaporated before his eyes, and ultimately he returned to work at the NYPD.

Early in 1996 Ramirez was smart enough to compile his researches into a small file and mail it to the Israeli embassy. He listed all he knew about Belial/Scheel, along with photographs of the man from the 1930s and the 1990s. Shortly thereafter, the case—thought to be a prank—ended up on the desk of Thomas Rosenblatt, a member of the *Sayeret Matkal*, Israeli Special Forces, who had dealings with the Karotechia before (see next entry).

## Lieutenant Jorge Ramirez

**Unwitting servant of Y'gononac, cop on the edge, age 38**

**Race:** Human (Hispanic)

**Gender:** Male

**Nationality:** American

**STR 14    CON 13    SIZ 13    INT 17    POW 14**

**DEX 16    APP 12    EDU 17    SAN 21    HP 13**

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Education:** B.S. Criminology, Boston University

### Skills

Accounting 24%, Chemistry 33%, Climb 49%, Computer Use 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 6%, Dodge 49%, Drive Auto 50%, First Aid 37%, Hide 25%, Jump 32%, Law 49%, Library Use 36%, Martial Arts 37%, Occult 21%, Pharmacy 26%, Photography 27%, Psychology 49%, Sneak 39%, Spot Hidden 49%, Throw 35%

### Languages

English 95%, German 11%, Spanish 37%

### Attacks

Beretta M92 Auto 55%

1D10

Mossberg model 590 Mariner shotgun 40%

4D6/2D6/1D6

Punch 62%

Head butt 15%

1D3+db

1D3+db

Kick 47%

Grapple 57%

1D6+db

special

**Spells:** None

**Enchanted Items:** None

**Insanities:** Ramirez is partially controlled by the will of Y'golonac

#### Physical Description

Ramirez looks worse than ever, and has lost more than fifteen pounds. He has taken to wearing black shirts and laboriously wraps his chest in gauze because the wounds bleed through so readily.

## Brigadier General Thomas Rosenblatt

Rosenblatt, an American by birth, grew up with his family in Tunis, Tunisia, where his father managed an import-export firm. By the time Thomas was sixteen the world was at war. Rosenblatt's family fled Tunis for Alexandria in 1940, just ahead of the invading Axis forces.

Lying about his age, Rosenblatt attempted to join the Allied forces but was turned away. Later he was recruited by members of the Haganah, the Jewish National Defense movement for Palestine, who fought alongside the Allies and who were attempting to carve a homeland for their people in a region rife with death and religion.

Rosenblatt fought for two years with the Haganah in the Tassili N'Ajjer in the northern Sahara against German and Italian forces. In 1942 his small team cooperated with an American commando team to destroy a German site in Axis-held Tunisia called the Haua Fteah. Only Rosenblatt and an American captain named MacDonald survived the nearly mind-shattering operation. During his time at the archaeological dig at the Haua Fteah, Rosenblatt had a crash course in Delta Green. He witnessed acts of magic by the German Karotechia and the summoning of inhuman creatures.

After the war Rosenblatt fought to form the country which is now Israel, and found himself in many hot spots. He thinks little of what he saw in the world war. He has more important things on his mind, like tracking the few remaining Nazi war criminals.

Rosenblatt is a senior member of the Sayeret Matkal, and one of the oldest officers still in Israeli service, although he has long ridden a desk. The Sayeret Matkal trains commandos for missions on foreign soil to capture war criminals and ensure the safety of Israel from foreign aggressors. Today he does little more than write texts, streamline the Sayeret Matkal's training procedures, and pursue leads on Nazi war criminals in his spare time.

Recently, the file of Hauptscharführer Dieter Scheel—compiled by Lt. Jorge Ramirez of the NYPD—landed on his desk, after being passed as a joke around Sayeret Headquarters.

Rosenblatt is not laughing.

## Brigadier General Thomas Rosenblatt

**Hero of Israel, member of the Sayeret Matkal, Nazi hunter, age 74**

**Race:** Human (Caucasian)

**Gender:** Male

**Nationality:** Israeli

<b>STR 10</b>	<b>CON 12</b>	<b>SIZ 10</b>	<b>INT 14</b>	<b>POW 15</b>
<b>DEX 13</b>	<b>APP 11</b>	<b>EDU 19</b>	<b>SAN 71</b>	<b>HP 11</b>

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Education:** Numerous special warfare schools, B.A. in Religious Studies

#### Skills

Anthropology 19%, Archaeology 29%, Architecture 31%, Boating 51%, Cartography 36%, Chemistry 37%, Climb 51%, Conceal 23%, Computer Use 11%, Comparative Religion 39%, Cryptography 30%, Cthulhu Mythos 1%, Demolitions 41%, Disguise 29%, Dodge 50%, Drive Auto 59%, Fast Talk 17%, First Aid 30%, Hide 41%, Library Use 30%, Locksmith 44%, Machine Gun 42%, Martial Arts 56%, Military Science 61%, Navigation/Land 43%, Navigation/Sea-Air 40%, Occult 12%, Parachuting 49%, Persuade 30%, SCUBA 36%, Shotgun 45%, Swim 50%, Submachine Gun 51%, Throw 47%, Track 37%

#### Languages

English 100%, Farsi 40%, German 25%, Hebrew 100%, Italian 35%, Spanish 57%

#### Attacks

Colt M1911 A1 pistol 55%	Punch 61%
1D10+2	1D3
Kick 50%	Commando knife 73%
1D6	1D4+2
Garrote 43%	Grapple 59%
special	special

**Spells:** None

**Enchanted Items:** None

#### Physical Description

General Rosenblatt is an incredibly trim and compact man. His gray hair is always shaved short in a military fashion and his blue eyes are piercing. Not one to joke, his dire demeanor is startling to those not used to dealing with those who take everything in life seriously.

## Investigating the Fate

With enough searching, records pertaining to the Fate—some dating back centuries—can be discovered in New York. Such a search will be difficult. Probable sources for such old documents include the American Museum of Natural History Library, the New York Public Library, the New York Historical Society and various old Churches in Manhattan, Queens and Brooklyn.

The following information could be gleaned from many sources, and it is up to the Keeper to provide context for each snippet of information. The Fate and their predecessors have been around a *long* time indeed, and the edges of their schemes and plans can be gleaned by the very careful eye, if the investigators peruse the right records. . . .

### Property Records

**Year:** 1637 **Source:** Rare Dutch record (New Amsterdam)

The land on which Club Apocalypse is built was bought in 1637 by a man named Mogens Dekker. Dekker, a religious fugitive from the Holy Roman Empire, purchased the land from the Dutch West India Company for a small fee. The land was cheap chiefly because it was eight miles north of the current habitation on Manhattan, and secondly because such isolation could invite an Indian attack. The land was separated from the colony on southern Manhattan by then ill-explored wilderness.

**Year:** 1641 **Source:** Rare Dutch record (New Amsterdam)

A 1641 writ by the Governor of Manhattan notes that Dekker has built a house on his land well north of the Hill Fort (southern Manhattan), and has begun constructing a road to link up with the Heerwegh (Highway) in an attempt to connect northern Manhattan with southern Manhattan. Dekker and his twenty-six followers live in the walled compound, isolated from the rest of colony.

**Year:** 1641 **Source:** Rare Dutch record (New Amsterdam)

A record later the same year indicates that the Heerwegh was destroyed due to flooding from the Collect Pond and was not repaired. Instead, due to the growing population of the colony, portions of the Collect Pond were drained to make room for future road constructions by the Dutch West India Company.

**Year:** 1649 **Source:** Rare Dutch record (New Amsterdam)

A work order from 1649 indicates that portions of the Collect pond were drained by colonial authorities to allow construction of the Heerwegh. This made a large portion of once unused swamp-land open for purchase as Bowwerie (farm land). The new land was purchased almost immediately by Dominic Everadus and Mogens Dekker in 1650.

**Year:** 1650 **Source:** Rare Dutch record (New Amsterdam)

A colony writ from 1650 notes that Mogens Dekker kindly offered his southernmost Bowwerie (farm land) for the use of the colony as a graveyard. Four miles north of the Collect pond on a rise, it sits just south of the Dekker estate.

**Year:** 1665 **Source:** Rare English record (New York)

In 1665 the British took over the port and renamed it New York. An order from the British magistrate converted portions of northern Manhattan for military use, including pieces of Dekker's land.

**Year:** 1666 **Source:** Rare English record (New York)

A British writ from 1666 indicates that Mogens Dekker purchased the land the British were to convert to military use at four times the standard price. The plans for pickets and forts on Dekker's land were cancelled.

**Year:** 1667-1731 **Source:** Various rare church and city documents (New York)

Records from between 1667 and 1731 indicate that Dekker purchased more than forty portions of property in Manhattan and Brooklyn and constructed townhouses on them. There is no recorded date of Dekker's death, and he is not interred in any known Manhattan graveyard. The last indication of his presence is a signature on a bill of sale for property in Brooklyn in 1731. This would make Dekker at a minimum, since his first known North American appearance, ninety-four years old.



**Year:** 1801 **Source:** Historical Society records (New York)

The Dekker townhouse was demolished and a modern three-story building was erected in its place in 1801. A portion of a nearby cemetery was relocated to Queens to make room for new sewer tunnels. All the work was completed by religious associates of Janus Vanden, after an incident with a local worker caused the workers to quit. The bricklayer, Antonio Aravalle, claims to have come upon the tunnel of a “giant rat” while working on the sewer. Aravelle was seriously injured and spent time at St. Francis Hospital. Little else is mentioned on the subject.

**Year:** 1877 **Source:** New York *Eagle* article (New York)

In the fall of 1877 the new townhouse constructed on the former Dekker estate partially collapses into a sinkhole after heavy rains. Repairs and modifications are made to the building, alleviating the problem.

**Year:** 1938 **Source:** Historical Society records (New York)

In 1938 the Dekker Manhattan property is sold by Michael VanBrunt, who plans to build a warehouse on the site. Several small buildings and one large building begin construction on the site.

**Year:** 1941 **Source:** New York *Times* article (international)

In July 1941 the entire Dekker Manhattan site collapses into the ground, in what becomes known as the Doolittle sinkhole incident. Fourteen people, mostly workers, die in the calamity. The site is condemned and construction on it ceases.

**Year:** 1942 **Source:** New York *Times* article (international)

The entire site was purchased for pennies on the dollar in February 1942 by Whole Earth Enterprises.

**Year:** 1951 **Source:** City Planner's Office records (New York)

A three-story apartment building is built on the site by WEE in 1951. It is on almost the exact location of Mogens Dekker's estate.

**Year:** 1969 **Source:** Various sources (New York)

Club Apocalypse opens in the basement of the three-story building on October 30, 1969.

**Year:** 1980 **Source:** *Wall Street Journal* article (international)

A deal is signed between WEE and Teese Paper Products, Inc., for forty-four million dollars. The three-story apartment building is demolished to make way for a Teese Paper Products skyscraper, with Club Apocalypse in its basement.

**Year:** 1981 **Source:** Various sources (New York)

Club Apocalypse and the Teese Paper Products Building reopen on January 3, 1981.

## Janus Vanden Records

**Year:** 1612 **Source:** Rare church record (Copenhagen)

Janus Vanden is born in Copenhagen. He is baptized at 3 and receives communion at 10. He marries and buries a wife in the same year at age 20. His occupation is listed as enamelist.

**Year:** 1633 **Source:** Rare church record (Europe)

Janus Vanden, along with twenty-six other individuals including Mogens Dekker, are excommunicated from the Holy Roman Empire, and are wanted fugitives of the church.

**Year:** 1637 **Source:** Rare Dutch record (New Amsterdam)

Janus Vanden applies to the Dutch West India company for trading rights with the colony, as well as the right to purchase lands on Manhattan island.

**Year:** 1649 **Source:** Rare Dutch records (New Amsterdam)

A notation from 1649 indicates a member of “The Keepers of the Faith,” Janus Vanden, is subdued and arrested by the constabulary for trespassing in the Jaansen Daamen Cemetery near the Dutch church. It does not note his fate.

**Year:** 1651 **Source:** Rare church records (New Amsterdam)

A confession from a man hired to work at the Dekker estate (where Vanden and the Keepers of the Faith live), reveals that Vanden was in a state of near frenzy on the evening of October 30, and was restrained by members of the religious group from harming himself. He repeatedly screamed “Yog-sathath, Ya, Ya,” and attempted to pull his own eyes out.

**Year:** 1653 **Source:** Rare Dutch records (New Amsterdam)

Vanden is sent as a representative for Mogens Dekker and the Keepers of the Faith at the first meeting of the Court of Schout, Burgomasters and Schepens at the Stadt Huys on February 8. He raises issues of land drainage and lot disbursement of northern Manhattan, which is scarcely settled at all.

**Year:** 1955 (in reference to 1654) **Source:** *Witchcraft in the New World*, Milsat 1955 (New York)

Vanden is known to have dealings with a Jew named Kether, recently fled from Pernambuco, South America, who reportedly has an extensive library of occult books. Kether perishes in a house fire later that same year, but the two were often seen together by prominent sources.

**Year:** 1955 (in reference to 1656) **Source:** *Witchcraft in the New World*, Milsat 1955 (New York)

Vanden is placed on a Dutch Reformed Church list as a possible practitioner of the Black Arts. All 26 Keepers of the Faith

are on the list as well, although no action is taken against them due to the powerful influence they exert over the Court of Schout, Burgomasters and Schepens, and the distance of the colony from Church authority.

**Year:** 1955 (in reference to 1766)  
**Source:** *Witchcraft in the New World*, Milsat 1955 (New York)

Vanden is last seen in the English colony in October 1766. He is distracted and withdrawn, and speaks at length to the owner of the Black Horse Tavern in a drunken stupor: "A time of great things, of the return of the ones of old, of the devil and all his ilk . . ." The owner of the tavern reports this to the local pastor, but since Vanden disappears nothing comes of it.

**Year:** 1791 **Source:** Rare legal document (New York)

Janus Vanden reappears to take over the holdings of the last of the Keepers of the Faith, Edda VanCarstens, who disappeared the year before. Although foul play is suspected, nothing can be proven and Vanden inherits extensive properties in Brooklyn, Manhattan, and Staten Island.

## Stephen Alzis Records

**Year:** 1930- **Source:** Various difficult-to-obtain legal documents (U.S.)

There is no listing for Stephen Alzis as a resident alien living in the U.S., nor is there any Social Security number or identification for him in the United States. He matches no known description of any citizen who was issued a passport in any country of the world. He does not in fact seem to exist at all on paper, except as the owner of various properties, monies and an exceptional credit record. He seems to have literally somehow slipped through the cracks of the system.

## About the Library Use Skill

An often abused and under-used skill, Library Use is central to the concept of *Call of Cthulhu*. The true *Call of Cthulhu* investigator explores *all* avenues of inquiry before the inevitable confrontation with the unknown, and the library or local historical society is a favorite stop on the way to the haunted mansion, the monolith at the seaside or the underwater South Pacific mountain range.

Library Use is one of the most valuable skills you can give a character in the game, but in truth it lacks exactly what is needed: Definition. This vagueness is often abused or ignored by power gamers.

Are some documents harder to find than others? Does it matter where you look? Of course these variables, and others, should matter. Several suggestions to modify the existing skill are follow.

Listing each snippet of information in a concise manner will make game play more tenable for the Keeper and add reality to the game for the player. A recommended format is:

**Year:** (Year of publication; then the year it refers to)

**Source:** (The source volume, magazine or writing the information was taken from) (the city or region it can be found it)

Additional modifiers for the Library Use skill (both positive and negative), depending on experience and situation, are also recommended. The following modifiers are to be considered a framework only:

Investigator is familiar with the particular library	+10%
Investigator is unfamiliar with the library	-5%
Investigator is unfamiliar with the subject	-10%
Subject is the investigator's specialty (40% or more in relevant skill)	+10%
Investigator utilizes information technologies (WWW, microfiche)	+10%
Investigator has spent more than a week researching subject	+5%
—more than a month	+10%
—more than a year	+20%
Information sought is mass-printed or modern (1940 to present)	+10%
Document is pre-1800	-15%
Document is rare	-20%
Document is unique	-30%

The number of articles, notations or references found should be determined by the degree of success on the Library Use skill roll. Basic success guarantees at least a single snippet of information. For every 5 percentiles by which the skill roll succeeds, the investigator gains an additional clue. On a roll of 01 he or she gains all germane information on the subject.

**Example:** Harry Smythe Jr. (Library Use 46%) attempts to research Club Apocalypse at a library he is unfamiliar with (-5%), where he uses information technologies (+10%) and spends a week looking (+5%). The information he is sifting through is composed of rare documents (-20%) and pre-1800s documents (-15%), as well as mass-printed modern documents (+10%). At the end of his research time, Smythe rolls his Library Use skill, modified to 31%. He rolls a 09, succeeding by 22, for four additional clues. The Keeper selects five relevant pieces of information for the player.

**Year:** 1939 **Source:** Historical Society records (New York)

The first New York financial record of Stephen Alzis is a bill of sale for a brownstone in 1939. The house is in Hell's Kitchen, and is still owned by Alzis.

**Year:** 1941-1956 **Source:** Various difficult-to-obtain business records (New York)

Between 1941 and 1956 Alzis purchases an immense amount of property in Manhattan, Brooklyn and Queens, including the old Dekker estate in Manhattan and Suydam estate in Brooklyn. In addition, he purchases property in Red Hook, Brooklyn, which was destroyed in 1925 in a freak accident.

**Year:** 1950 **Source:** New York *Times* article and various financial documents (New York)

Stephen Alzis dies in a fire in Queens in August 1950. His estate is left in the hands of Dr. Otto Schmidt, who then signs it over to Stephen Alzis in 1951 in a different bank. There is no hint that this inconsistency is caught by the authorities.

**Year:** 1961 **Source:** *Wall Street Journal* article (New York)

Alzis opens Whole Earth Enterprises' New York offices in the McMahon Building in 1961. The already successful company employs over nine thousand world-wide, two hundred in the New York offices.

**Year:** 1971 **Source:** *Forbes* article (New York)

An enigmatic article about Alzis appears in *Forbes* in 1971. The article indicates that although Alzis is a recluse on the par with Howard Hughes, his thriving business WEE shows no signs of decline.

**Year:** 1979-1982 **Source:** Various newspaper articles from New York and abroad (international)

Alzis is reported dead in a plane crash in Nicaragua in 1979. He reappears in New York, none the worse for wear. The body originally identified as Alzis's by the Nicaraguan authorities is buried in an unmarked grave in Managua.

**Year:** 1998 **Source:** *Spin* article (U.S.)

A *Spin* article on Charnel Dreams points out that Stephen Alzis, an eccentric multi-millionaire, is a big fan of the band.

## Robert Hubert Records

**Year:** 1943 **Source:** Town records (Oneonta, New York)

Robert Jacob Hubert was born in Oneonta, New York, in 1943. He is the last surviving member of his family, who all perished in a house fire in 1961.

**Year:** 1960 **Source:** Local newspaper and yearbook (New York)

Hubert graduated from Barnard College in 1960 with a degree in history. If the yearbook is perused, the photo does not match Belial's, nor does the photo match the graduation photo on Belial's wall.

**Year:** 1969 **Source:** Public legal records (New York)

Belial is named to the board of directors of Whole Earth Enterprises.

**Year:** 1979 (in reference to 1968-69) **Source:** *Pop Lives: A History of Andy Warhol's The Factory*, Doubleday 1979 (New York)

Hubert is listed as a favorite guest at The Factory, Andy Warhol's establishment, during its heyday in the late sixties. The two part ways over the rights to the Velvet Underground's representation. Hubert opens his own club in 1969.

**Year:** 1969 **Source:** Various records (New York)

Hubert opens "Club Apocalypse" on October 30, 1969.

**Year:** 1971 **Source:** *Rolling Stone* (international)

Hubert brokers a deal for Lou Reed with Thorn/EMI Records.

**Year:** 1994 **Source:** Public Legal Records (New York)

Whole Earth Enterprises creates Conqueror Worm Music, a music publisher headed by Hubert.

**Year:** 1997 **Source:** Legal records (New York)

Hubert files a restraining order against NYPD Lt. Jorge Ramirez of the 23rd Precinct in Manhattan. Ramirez is reprimanded and spends four months suspended for allegedly breaking into Hubert's penthouse. Ramirez is not allowed within a hundred yards of Hubert.

## Hauptscharführer Dieter Scheel Records

**Year:** 1987 (in reference to 1935) **Source:** Military records (Berlin, Germany)

Dieter Scheel is made a Hauptscharführer in the Ahnenerbe SS by Heinrich Himmler himself.

**Year:** 1955 (in reference to 1941) **Source:** Military records (Torgau, Germany)

Scheel is listed as Killed in Action near Sevastopol on July 11th.

## Keepers of the Faith Records

**Year:** 1641 **Source:** Rare church records (New Amsterdam)

An exhaustive search of church records for this time period

in Manhattan reveals portions of the personal notes of Reverend Jonas Michaelius, which mention Dekker and his followers the Keepers of the Faith directly in 1641. Michaelius hints that Dekker and his flock are evil, and are up to no good in the wilds of northern Manhattan—but, it notes, they are insular, quiet and well mannered, and do not attempt to recruit from Michaelius' parishioners, and that the policy of the Dutch West India company is to be religiously tolerant of anyone fleeing Catholic tyranny.

**Year:** 1649 **Source:** Rare Dutch records (New Amsterdam)

A note from 1649 indicates a member of the Keepers of the Faith, Janus Vanden, is subdued and arrested by the constabulary for trespassing in the Jaansen Daamen Cemetery near the Dutch Church. It does not note his fate.

**Year:** 1766 **Source:** Rare British records (New York)

A strange smell is reported to the constabulary in September of 1766, and indications point towards the Dekker estate as the source. Nothing comes of the incident, although several members of the Keepers of the Faith are questioned.

**Year:** 1955 (in reference to 1766) **Source:** *Witchcraft in the New World*, Milsat 1955 (New York)

On the evening of October 30, 1766 a procession of lanterns and torches was observed by the residents of Manhattan on the shores of New Jersey across the Hudson river. This was reported to the church authorities, who considered the possibility of witchcraft or devil-worship by the Keepers of the Faith. No further documentation of the incident exists.

**Year:** 1791 **Source:** Brooklyn *Gazette* article (New York)

The last of the Keepers of the Faith to maintain a public life, Edda VanCarstens, disappears in 1791, in Brooklyn. Her estate, which included all the holdings of Mogens Dekker, is left to a young man named Janus Vanden. Foul play in the crone's disappearance is suspected and Vanden is investigated but not charged with any wrongdoing.

**Year:** 1836 **Source:** Brooklyn *Gazette* article (New York)

Janus Vanden dies in a fire which consumes his Flatbush Brooklyn townhouse on the night of October 30, 1836. A series of odd dead-end tunnels are discovered beneath his house by the local fire brigade, but are demolished when Vanden's heirs, several members of the Suydam family, build another townhouse on the site after inheriting it.

## Ancillary Keepers of the Faith Records

**Year:** 1652 **Source:** Rare Dutch records (New Amsterdam)

A 1652 constabulary listing of theft and attacks by the local Manate Indians reveals that although almost every Bowwerie in Manhattan was affected at one time or another, the Dekker estate remained untouched by Indian attacks despite its isolation.

**Year:** 1955 (in reference to 1655) and 1655 **Source:** Rare British records and the book *Witchcraft in the New World*, Milsat 1955 (New York)

In 1655 a mutilated body is found in the Everadus Bowwerie. The burned and partially desiccated corpse has an extra leg and cannot be readily identified. It is burned in a pyre and the ashes are interred at the cemetery. Later that same year Dominic Everadus sells all of his property to Dekker and moves to Boston.

**Year:** 1955 (in reference to 1766) and 1766 **Source:** Rare British records and the book *Witchcraft in the New World*, Milsat 1955 (New York)

In the summer of 1766, no less than forty people are killed by what is assumed to be a band of highwaymen or Indians hiding in northern Manhattan. These bodies are often found in the Hudson river, bloated, ritualistically scarred and missing their eyes, hearts and reproductive organs.

## Dominic Everadus in Boston Records

**Year:** 1655 **Source:** Rare British records (Boston)

Dominic Everadus sets up an import-export company in Boston specializing in moving freights from Europe, Africa and India to England and the New World.

**Year:** 1659 **Source:** Rare British records (Boston)

One of Everadus' ships, the *Mercator*, burns in port and the remains of over forty corpses are discovered on board. The ship was scheduled to sail for New Amsterdam with the cargo, and was paid for by Mogens Dekker. Everadus' business fails later that year and he leaves for South America. He is never seen again.

## Keepers of the Faith Brooklyn Property Records

**Year:** 1837 **Source:** Brooklyn *Gazette* article (New York)

Another family with legal ties to Janus Vanden and related

to the Suydams—the VanBrunts—lobbies the Brooklyn courts to consider a letter from Vanden indicating that the Flatbush portions of his estate were actually left to them. The matter is dismissed.

**Year:** 1851 **Source:** Various church documents (New York)

On September 5, 1851, Robert Suydam is born in Flatbush, Brooklyn, New York. He is the only child of the last two remaining Suydams and inherits the large Suydam mansion, built on the ruins of the Vanden-VanCarstens estate.

**Year:** 1869 **Source:** Brooklyn *Gazette* article and various sources (New York)

In 1869 Robert Suydam travels to Europe, Asia, and Africa in a very expensive eight-year journey.

**Year:** 1877 **Source:** Brooklyn *Gazette* article (New York)

Suydam returns to his mansion in Flatbush in 1877. Most of

the household staff are dismissed, and many antiques and family heirlooms are auctioned.

**Year:** 1923 **Source:** Legal records (New York)

Suydam's sanity is questioned by his relatives, the VanBrunts, due to his odd and wasteful spending habits and his strange countenance. The court appearance indicates Suydam's involvement with a disreputable sort of people in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn, and his extravagant tastes in rare books from London and Paris. The court finds in Suydam's favor and the case is dismissed.

**Year:** 1924 **Source:** Brooklyn *Eagle* article (New York)

Suydam announces his engagement to Miss Cornelia Gerritsen of Bayside in the June.

**Year:** 1924 **Source:** Brooklyn *Gazette* article (New York)

Mr. and Mrs. Suydam die in an incident of piracy in the East River near Buttermilk Channel. There are no details.

## Roleplaying in the Fate

This difficult and challenging campaign should be attempted only by experienced Keepers and players. In it, the players take the role of Neophytes slowly inducted into the inner workings of the Fate, eventually sacrificing themselves in one way or another, mentally or physically, to the will of the organization. Like most true *Call of Cthulhu* campaigns, no significant victory is possible, only the postponement of the inevitable. In a Fate campaign, however, the fact is made much more plain, as the players actually pursue Mythos knowledge and openly utilize the mind-degrading science of magic. The common, overwhelming character flaw in a Fate campaign must be hubris. Every Neophyte character must want power above all, or else, he or she would have perished long before.

Shallow victories are possible, however. Rewards of duty, station or wealth for services well rendered, and the brass ring for all Neophytes—appointment as a Lord of the Fate by Stephen Alzis—is possible, though not probable, or even significant in the long run.

The campaign should begin with the players knowing next to nothing about the Fate, only that they wish to belong to it. Through their minuscule occult knowledge, a skein of rumors, the churning night-scene at Club Apocalypse, and the words of Stephen Alzis, the players gain entrance to the Fate and begin their descent into madness and power.

## Character Creation

To create a character appropriate to a Fate campaign only a few minor changes must be made during character creation. They are listed below:

- Δ To be a Neophyte the character must have a minimum POW of 13. Any character who has a lower score should be discarded and re-rolled (or an automatic 13 may be granted by the Keeper to speed character creation).
- Δ To be a Neophyte the character must have the skill Occult at 35% or above.

- △ All Neophyte characters automatically gain 1D8 Cthulhu Mythos skill points if they fail a Luck roll.
- △ Each character should have an appropriate back-story worked out by the player and the Keeper to connect them in some way with the workings of the Fate.

## Choosing a Lord

It is best for a band of player characters to work as Neophytes for one specific Lord. This is primarily because many of the Lords, and therefore their Neophytes, are enemies, albeit subtle ones. This could lead to overt in-fighting between player characters, which is not good.

The Keeper should select a Lord to lead the characters' Neophyte gang. The style of play will depend greatly on which Lord the Keeper chooses. Belial rarely uses his Neophytes, but when he does it is for the gravest reasons. Anton Merriweather brings Neophytes nearly everywhere to back him up. Roger Yul often assigns all but the most difficult tasks to his Neophytes, to leave him time for study. Alem Keightly carefully disperses his Neophytes in teams, to handle problems as they arise.

In addition to the outside world, the Fate also is internally complicated. Lords spy on Lords, the Fate spy on the Lords, the Neophytes spy on the Fate and the Lords, *etc.* Often, minor blood-baths erupt when one group discovers another trying to muscle in. These inter-gang wars don't last, however. As soon as Stephen Alzis notices, all fighting ceases.

## Daily Life

Life as a Neophyte in the Fate is mostly waiting around for the call. Most of the time Neophytes gather to spread rumors and such in the far back bar of Club Apocalypse, waiting for the big men to tell them what's what.

All members of the Fate have beepers and encrypted cellphones, which, while rarely used for more than a few syllables, are often ringing or beeping. Many of the Lords employ Neophytes as bodyguards, lookouts and go-betweens, and pay them handsomely from huge wads of money which seemingly come from nowhere.

Depending on the Lord, the Neophyte in question may be terribly busy or terribly bored, or sometimes both at the same time.

## 'Jobs'

Neophytes lucky enough to be chosen to perform a certain service for their Lord or a member of the Fate *never* hear it directly from the person in question. Instead, an odd method of communication is employed to prevent incriminating evidence from being discovered or used against the Fate.

The Neophyte feels for several seconds as if *someone else* was in his or her head, moving his or her body, looking through his or her memories. In truth this is just Alem Keightly using the Mental Suggestion spell; for several seconds he possesses the Neophyte, writes out the orders on scrap paper, and then goes (notably, the orders are in the Neophyte's handwriting).

A common order might look like:

*Locker Grand Central Station #422 near Dunkin' Donuts  
Key on top of locker under coffee cup  
Teak wood box inside DO NOT OPEN  
Bring box to 128 E98th street by 7 P.M. of 7/97  
Burn this note.*

Needless to say, communication of this sort cannot be good for the subject of the spell (1/1D3 SAN).

## Rewards

The only rewards for such a campaign are power, prestige and money. Neophytes who perform well enter the good graces of their Lord, and find themselves working on more and more dangerous assignments. Spells may be taught to the Neophytes as rewards for jobs well done, and small tokens of power such as magical daggers and elder signs may be distributed as booty for groups that operate efficiently but, above all, quietly.

In truth, no real gain is possible in a Fate campaign. Sanity is lost steadily as power increases, and sometimes each changes so rapidly that a character only lasts several sessions before he reaches SAN 0 and the Keeper must decide his final destiny.

## Final Advancement

There are only three possible outcomes for a Fate player character, and each of them means the end of the game for that particular character. Either the character reaches SAN 0 and becomes an Adept, mad and wandering the streets; or the character reaches SAN 0 and becomes a Lord, a new member of the occult elite; or the character perishes trying to perform his duties.

## Fate Slang

**Cratered** (as in “He pulled a gun so Merriweather cratered him”): To make a living human disappear seamlessly. Usually through the use of Dimensional Shamblers. The term comes from the mysterious disappearance of New York’s Judge Crater in the 1920s.

**SHC** (pronounced *Seck*, as in “I secked him”): Short for Spontaneous Human Combustion, an old favorite of the Fate’s assassins. Through either Summon/Bind Fire Vampire or the Death Spell, Fate assassins can guarantee the cause of death being listed as “Act of God” in the coroner’s records.

**Fax** (as in “Fax me the diamonds”): A euphemism for sending items through a magical gate. The Fate utilizes gates to move contraband for other organized crime groups and, on rarer occasions, for themselves. Moving drugs, diamonds and money across borders instantaneously and without fear of interdiction, the Fate can offload these items at low prices while still making a huge profit.

**Juice** (as in “We used up all the juice we had, and still no materialization”): Sacrifices.

**Rook** (as in “Belial rooked Yul, and then made Yul shoot Keightly”): To switch minds with a target.

**Obit** (as in “Make sure it looks Obit”): To make a supernatural assassination look like a mundane death.

**Punish** (as in “Should I lose him or just Punish him?”): To make an example of a target through extreme methods. To flaunt supernatural power.

**Downsize** (as in “Downsize the Eastside gangs”): To punish a large group which has offended the Fate, usually referring to crime families or gangs. To randomly kill off a certain percentage of their membership to demonstrate the Fate’s power.

**Freak** (as in “The Freak brought the stuff”): An Adept.

**Lose** (as in “Lose the girl”): To eliminate physical evidence through supernatural means. Using a gate to send a body to Saturn, summoning a Shambler to carry away a rifle used in an assassination, *etc.*

**The Man** (as in “You sure you want to meet the Man?”): Stephen Alzis is almost always referred to as “The Man” by those in the Fate lower than Lord status. This name is also used to refer to Nyarlathotep.







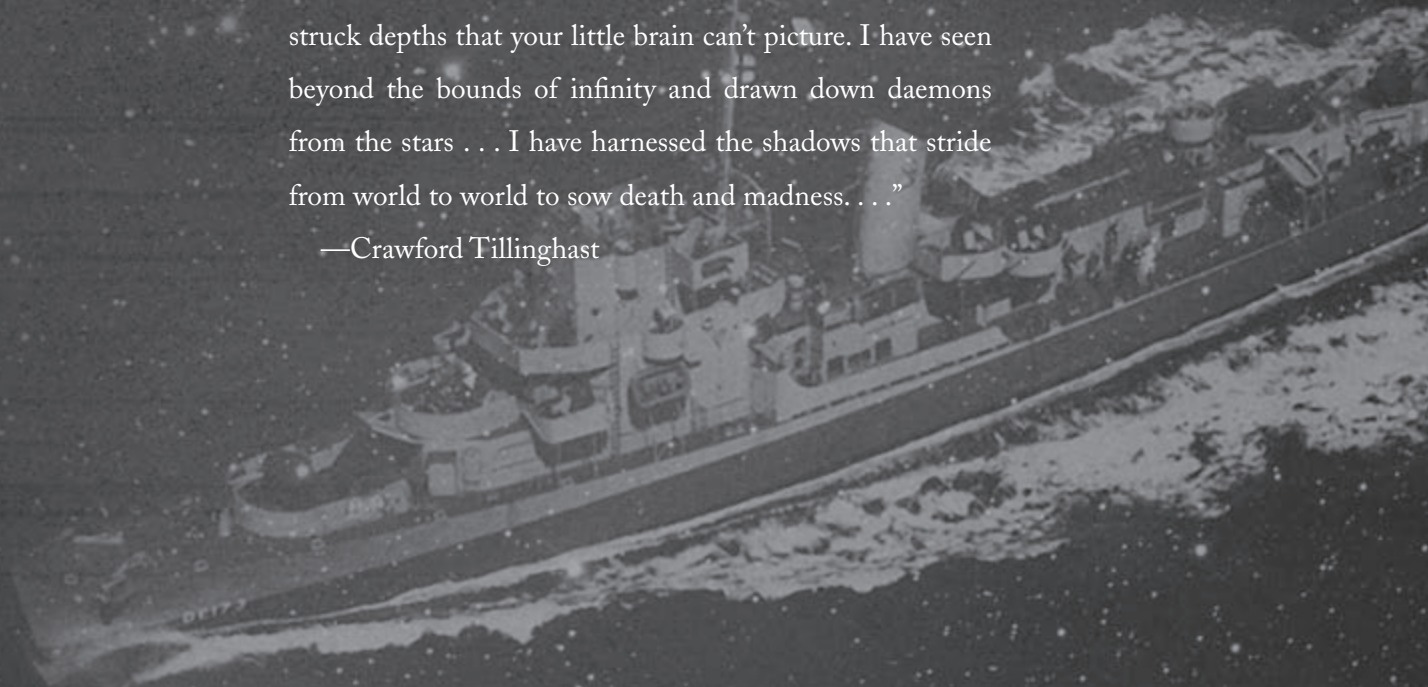
# PROJECT RAINBOW

DENNIS DETWILLER

*Dedicated to the missing crewmen of USS Eldridge,  
wherever or whenever they are.*

“Look at me—listen to what I say—do you suppose there are really any such things as time and magnitude? Do you fancy there are such things as form and matter? I tell you, I have struck depths that your little brain can’t picture. I have seen beyond the bounds of infinity and drawn down daemons from the stars . . . I have harnessed the shadows that stride from world to world to sow death and madness. . . .”

—Crawford Tillinghast



## Introduction

On October 28, 1943, the National Defense Research Council and the United States Navy tested the application of a device known as the Tillinghast Resonator aboard the destroyer escort USS *Eldridge* in an attempt to render it invisible through the use of intense electromagnetic fields. The fruits of a naval research project called RAINBOW, this was one of the earliest attempts at creating stealth technology.

The device, code-named MIRAGE III, was startling to say the least. The *Eldridge* not only became radar-invisible for more than twenty minutes, it disappeared completely from the visible spectrum and was lost by its escort ships when the device was activated. In effect, for twenty-two minutes the USS *Eldridge* ceased to exist.

When the *Eldridge* was located, adrift and seemingly dead in the water, the true horrors of the Tillinghast Resonator were discovered. Less than a third of the crew survived their journey to elsewhere. Some of the dead were embedded in bulkheads, their bodies fused with the steel on an atomic level. Some of the crew were never located at all, and are still missing to this day.

The incident has lived on in conspiracy folklore. Commonly known as the Philadelphia Experiment, it has fostered movies and books which hint at the true horrors endured by the crew of the ill-fated *Eldridge*.

Even today the technologies pioneered by Project RAINBOW are pursued by the shadowy organization Majestic-12, in the hopes that the many applications of the Tillinghast Resonator can be used to ensure mankind's sovereignty from alien enslavement.

## Beginnings

Project RAINBOW was the classification of a joint project of the National Defense Research Council and the Department of the Navy, created to develop stealth and defensive technologies for the U.S. Navy. It was formed in December 1940 at the behest of Professor Rudolph Ladenburg, a well-known theoretical physicist and naval-weapons expert. Ladenburg hoped to develop defenses which would assure victory for his adopted homeland—the United States—in the coming world war, one which he was sure would be decided through the application of breakthrough technologies.

Ladenburg had extensive contacts in the world of science and recruited some of the most famous scientists and engineers to form the backbone of RAINBOW. Even Albert Einstein was recruited for the project, after he refused to contribute to what

would become the world's first atomic bomb—a project that he himself had unwittingly fostered. Ladenburg touted RAINBOW to potential recruits as the opposite of the Manhattan Project, and found many adherents who were reluctant to add to humanity's woes by developing new and more destructive weapons.

RAINBOW was based at the Newark, New Jersey, Naval Yards and shared facilities with several private firms in the area.

The first RAINBOW conference was held on November 6, 1941, only a month before America's entry into the already out-of-control world conflict. Some of the most notable scientists in the United States (and perhaps even the world) were gathered together to exchange ideas, including: Dr. Vannevar Bush, future member of Majestic-12; Dr. John von Neumann, father of the digital computer; and Albert Einstein, author of the theories of general and special relativity.

Over a long weekend four sub-projects were outlined and assigned, to be jointly administered by Professor Ladenburg: Project MORAY, which dealt with all aspects of sea-mine detection and elimination; Project PHI, which was concerned with improvements in degaussing technologies; Project KINGFISHER, which was to invent new methods of submarine detection and elimination; and Project MIRAGE, which dealt with the development of electronic stealth devices for naval craft.

RAINBOW finally began to gain momentum after the calamity at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. What was once a simple theoretical inquiry into naval technologies changed overnight into a classified and highly funded project which many thought to be one of the most important secret projects in the American arsenal. Navy staff in the know saw it as a way to ensure that a second Pearl Harbor never occurred.

## Project MIRAGE

Headed by Dr. Arthur Turner, Project MIRAGE was originally given the lowest priority of all the teams in RAINBOW, although many of the scientists felt it should be the most important. The lack of confidence among the Navy brass was the main cause of MIRAGE's lackluster financial support. Many in the Navy believed that stealth for naval craft was nothing but an egghead pipe dream.

Turner concerned himself with all known methods of concealment and obfuscation, utilizing his small team of scientists and tiny operational budget wisely. Basic visual camouflage was considered first but was abandoned in early 1942, due to its lack of effect in ship-to-ship combat situations. Simulations in the Taylor Model basin in mid-1942 suggested that the best method for ship stealth would be artificial fog or heat-mirage effects produced through the use of machinery or electronics.

The daunting task of developing these machines and electronic devices was left to Dr. Turner and his small five-man team. Time was of the essence, as the American naval fleet was severely outgunned by the Japanese in 1942. No one felt this uncertainty more than Dr. Turner, who had a son fighting in the Pacific. His concern for the safety of U.S. servicemen was intensely personal.

## Initial Testing

The labors of Project MIRAGE were put to the test on March 5, 1942. The device developed for the job was an ultrasonic cannon, designed by Dr. Turner's team, which would superheat the air in a shell around the ship, concealing it in an artificial haze of heat and fog. Testing of a small version of the device, in the Navy's Taylor Model basin, was successful. MIRAGE was then installed on USS *Garfield* (Destroyer Escort 169) for field testing.

On March 5, 1942, the *Garfield* activated its ultrasonic cannons in Delaware Bay with four chase ships observing. A huge, cloudy haze rapidly appeared, concealing the ship from sight. When the *Garfield* began to move at a slow speed the cloud of haze rapidly fell behind the ship, rendering the initial MIRAGE test a failure. Also, the immense noise generated by the cannons was audible at great distances. It could not, it seemed, conceal a ship under power.



Still, Turner felt it was a problem which could be overcome—until he saw the casualties list. A crewman died during the first use of the ultrasonic cannon and another was injured. The fatality, a seemingly healthy individual, dropped dead from unknown causes; the injured sailor was burned severely by the artificial superheated fog.

It was determined later that the ultrasonic cannons were causing a sympathetic vibration in everything in the ship. The metal of the ship, the water next to it, and even the humans on board were vibrating at terrible speeds due to the pulsing of the cannons. These speeds were so fast that even those affected by them did not notice. This violent shaking caused brain damage in certain susceptible crew-members. Up until this point no one knew what effects such a device would have on humans.

Dr. Turner reluctantly turned the project notes over to the Department of the Navy for research into its weapons applications and set about searching for new ideas in shipborne stealth.

## Sabbatical

Dr. Turner returned to his home in Keansburg, New Jersey, for a two-week vacation in late May 1942. Even on leave Turner's mind continued mulling over the possibilities for shipborne stealth, and he struck upon an odd idea involving electromag-

### Reality Check

This chapter is a mixture of many different explanations for the "true" Philadelphia Experiment. Since the late 1970s there have been a series of "serious" books published about a supposed experiment in which the U.S. Navy rendered a destroyer escort invisible through the use of electronics. Two movie adaptations of the alleged event have met with modest success, and dozens of web pages have sprung up on either side of the debate. This book, however, like all *Delta Green* books, is steeped deeply in the realm of fiction. Drawing on dozens of often-conflicting sources, the author has mixed and matched ideas to his liking to form an interesting background for *Delta Green* game play.

This book should not be mistaken as a serious attempt to explain the reality of the Philadelphia Experiment. It is instead intended as a compelling conglomeration of ideas, meshing the works of H.P. Lovecraft and several non-fiction sources, along with *Delta Green*, to form a series of interesting investigations for players to unravel.

netism. By forming an electromagnetic shell around a ship, and setting that shell to fluctuate at certain frequencies, the air around the craft could be ionized, causing a blurry distortion as a result. Turner spent his vacation studying files he had brought from the Naval Yards, formulae that Professor Einstein had been working on for Project PHL. Turner's device began to take shape in his head and on paper, and the more he worked on it, the more he began to believe he had solved the problem of shipborne stealth. Turner returned to the Naval yards refreshed and ready for work.

## The MIRAGE II Tests

Although Turner's models of the device, which he codenamed MIRAGE II, worked as desired, it soon became evident that power was going to be a problem. When activated, the basketball-sized test device Turner had developed caused an oblated sphere of air around it to shimmer and become hazy, eventually disguising everything inside the field behind a grey blur. But thirty-five seconds later the device would shut down, having drained the four chemical batteries that powered it.

Turner's initial calculations indicated that to run a ship-sized device for more than a minute would require 2.5 million batteries of equivalent size and storage capacity. This, along with the extra weight of the device (which by necessity would be much bigger) would easily send any ship, even an aircraft carrier, to the bottom.

Turner would not give up. He began working on methods to shrink the power consumption of the device. Dozens of failed attempts later Turner began to rethink the problem, again considering Einstein's work on electromagnetism as a source of inspiration.

In September 1942, Turner struck upon the idea of resonance. By fluxing two electromagnetic fields within precise ranges, Turner hoped to cause a sympathetic electromagnetic flux which would use less power and produce the same effect. He worked diligently for two months developing another test model of the MIRAGE II device. When activated, the second device worked marvelously for about a minute. Then, like its predecessor, it drained its batteries dry.

Creating a half-dozen failed prototypes over the next three months, Turner teetered on the edge of despair. Then one of his research assistants brought him news of the answer he was looking for: the Tillinghast Resonator.

## The Tillinghast Resonator

Turner's assistant, Dr. Timothy Michaelson, stumbled upon an advertisement in the *Boston Journal* for this device while on Christmas leave in December 1942. "See the Wonders of Electromagnetism," the ad proclaimed, indicating that the device's owner, a man named Franklin Rathke, was looking for investors. More out of hubris than interest, the lonely assistant went to the demonstration one evening, prepared to debunk Rathke's pseudo-science and declare it a fraud. He found Rathke and a few destitute-looking individuals in a small common room in a public hall. Rathke, a sickly man, cautioned those present at length that they should remain completely still when the device was activated, as the delicate electromagnetic field which it weaved could be disrupted by the slightest disturbance.

When activated, the radio-sized machine caused a fantastic display of unearthly colors to radiate in the very air around the room. Michaelson was flabbergasted by the size of the field effect. After less than a minute Rathke turned the machine off and thanked the audience for coming.

After the demonstration, Michaelson questioned Rathke at length and found that the device used a simple plug socket as a power source, and required very little energy to run properly. Rathke exchanged cards with Michaelson, who excitedly sent Turner a letter explaining his discovery the following day.

## The Truth About the Resonator

The Tillinghast Resonator is an extremely dangerous device. By causing a resonance of magnetic fields it builds a large electromagnetic charge within specific ranges, which affect the human brain. This odd stimulation wakes a dormant organ within the brain which can see beyond normal vision.

The use of this organ is highly addictive. Given sufficient exposure to the field, humans can see into higher dimensions and even travel there if the charge received to the brain is great enough. The problem is that when a human can see into these

## The Other Scientist

Franklin Rathke's meetings with Michaelson and Turner were not the only times that scientists had shown an interest in the Tillinghast Resonator. In the summer of 1937 Rathke met with a man answering his ad who wished to purchase a working prototype of the device for a hefty sum. This man, Dr. Williem Eisenbein, was working on high-frequency sound research in Cornwall, England, and had traveled to the United States for the summer to present a paper at Warwick College on the applications of his research.

Eisenbein sat in on one of Rathke's demonstrations during a visit to Providence and later sent a telegram inviting Rathke to Warwick, offering him five hundred dollars for a small prototype. In truth, Eisenbein was much more clever than Rathke. He had already checked with the U.S. Patent Office and, finding no listing for the Tillinghast Resonator, planned to steal the device and claim it as his own—for he recognized it as a significant step forward in electromagnetics, though he hoped to adapt its principles to the realm of his personal specialty, sound.

The meeting at Warwick went off as Eisenbein planned. Since Rathke was not on his home turf, he was not willing to sacrifice Eisenbein—the prototype payment was ample reward in any event.

Eisenbein returned to England in the fall of 1937, and worked for a while with the device at Plymouth, discovering some of the more bizarre aspects of the field it generated. When the situation between England and Eisenbein's homeland became too great to bear, he returned to Düsseldorf where his researches continued—under the auspices of the scientific research arm of the Third Reich.

other dimensions, the denizens of those dimensions can see that human. And they can do more than just see.

Those exposed to the device soon develop a hunger for the field, requiring more and more exposure to it to feel any satisfaction. But with every exposure the danger grows, as the subject gains an indefinite charge from the Tillinghast device. Some people exposed to the field even begin to transmit a weak version of the field from the newly-awakened organ. This biomagnetic field grows with time and can cause all manner of bizarre events to occur in the vicinity of those who carry it.

Movement within the field can be deadly. Creatures of the higher dimensions, predators of significant power and bulk, are drawn to that movement and can consume the victim in seconds.

## The Mysterious Franklin Rathke

Franklin Rathke was the man whom Crawford Tillinghast, the mad creator of the resonator, wished to slay with his horrific invention. Once best friends and schoolmates, Rathke and Tillinghast had a falling out over Tillinghast's increasingly bizarre research. For about six weeks they did not speak. Then suddenly, in April 1920, Rathke was invited to Tillinghast's home on Benevolent Street in Providence. Rathke had not seen Tillinghast



in some time, and was surprised to find Tillinghast, once a professional and learned person, in a state of near-collapse. Tillinghast babbled madly about his “creation” and “achievement,” and how the world would pay for the pain it had caused him.

Tillinghast had chosen Rathke as a victim because, to Tillinghast’s twisted mind, merely disagreeing with his point of view was tantamount to plotting his murder. Tillinghast hoped to offer Rathke as a sacrifice to the hyperdimensional things which he claimed pursued him, thinking they would take Rathke and leave him alone. Tillinghast demonstrated his device to Rathke, and, when the field’s effect began to stir the sleeping sense organ in Rathke’s mind, he began to see the horrible outlines of those creatures which constantly writhe and live beyond. The charge began to grow by degrees, slowly unfolding these new senses in Rathke’s mind—and ultimately making him visible to the things that hunted Tillinghast.

Rathke saved himself by disabling the machine with a revolver. This caused a fluctuation in the field, which triggered a massive hemorrhage in Crawford Tillinghast’s bloated and newly-awakened sense organs. Rathke was arrested, but was soon released by the Providence police when it was discovered that Tillinghast had not died of a gunshot wound but of apoplexy.

Soon after the tragedy, Rathke found he possessed an insane and insatiable hunger for the hum and fluctuation his mind had enjoyed in the field of Tillinghast’s device. At the estate sale, he purchased the Tillinghast Resonator and Tillinghast’s notes and frantically set to work to repair the terrible machine. Soon

enough, he had an operating version of the device and began to expose himself in limited ways to the field to quiet the cravings in his mind.

It soon became evident to Rathke that whatever creatures had been pursuing Tillinghast in the field had now started after him. Rathke, nearly destitute due to his electronic excesses, set about luring drunks and indigents to his apartment to “feed” to the things from beyond, living off anything of value he could find in their belongings, which were the only evidence left behind after these victims were consumed. For sixteen years Rathke did little more than kill drunks, live off their paltry possessions, and bask in the field of the device.

Eventually, Rathke’s new organs needed more. In the summer of 1937, at age 45, Rathke set about constructing a more powerful version of the Tillinghast device. Quickly, however, his paltry sums again began to run thin and he sought investors in the project. Advertisements in local newspapers brought in a few interested parties. Rathke arranged meetings from which most of these individuals never came back, and he took whatever funds they had on their person to fund his new device. A police investigation in late 1938 led to Rathke’s second arrest in eighteen years, but the charge of murder leveled at him did not stick due to one thing: the lack of any body to be found. Those things From Beyond did not leave so much as a morsel.

With his newfound funds Rathke built a slightly larger device and set about enjoying it. Undreamt-of secrets unfolded every time Rathke used the new device, and soon he felt he could reach

a plane beyond the physical world, given enough exposure to the field. He moved to Boston to elude the Providence police, who had taken an intense interest in him, and early in 1942 he went back to his old tricks. Luring and killing indigents with the monsters the device revealed, he lived off whatever he could recover from their personal effects. But soon, Rathke realized the new Tillinghast device he had constructed was not big enough to continue to stimulate his new sense organs. He began a new round of solicitations in the newspapers, and this in turn led to his first face-to-face meeting with Dr. Arthur Turner of Project RAINBOW in February 1943.

## The Meeting

On February 12, 1943, Dr. Arthur Turner of Project MIRAGE met with Franklin Rathke for the first and last time. The meeting had been set up at the Boston Federal building, and Rathke, realizing his luck, showed up with the smaller version of his device in tow along with the diagrams for its construction.

Rathke realized quickly that Dr. Turner, who revealed only that he was employed by the U.S. Navy in a research project, was far too dangerous a subject to risk killing, especially with the extra security surrounding individuals like him due to the war. Rathke also realized that Turner might have access to the kind of money he needed to construct a larger Tillinghast device with which he could finally gain access to the highest dimensions.

A brief demonstration of the device was more than enough to convince Turner of its potential. He offered Rathke four thousand dollars for the device and the plans, which Rathke gladly accepted. The two men parted ways, never to see each another again.

## The Fate of Franklin Rathke

On May 14, 1943, the Boston police broke down the door of Franklin Rathke's home at the request of his landlord, who had heard nothing from the usually punctual Rathke in over two months. The air in the building was stale, but had a subtle whiff of ozone in it. Everything in the house was in a state of disrepair. All of Rathke's personal belongings had been stuffed in a small study on the ground floor, piled in drifts. On closer inspection, most of the clothes did not even appear to be his—they were the leftovers from his years of predation on the homeless.

Every other room in the house had been taken up by a complex series of wiring and circuits which seemed to comprise one large machine of some sort. The central portion of this machine was about the size of a dining room table, and was found in the living room of the house.

The device had what seemed to be a chair built into it. On this chair the clothing of Franklin Rathke was discovered—an entire empty outfit of shoes, slacks, shirt, undergarments, and socks. It looked like Franklin Rathke had simply disappeared from inside his clothes.

With no one but a landlord to file a missing-persons report, Rathke's case was rapidly dumped to the "dead" file and investigation into it ceased.

## MIRAGE III

Dr. Turner returned to the Newark Naval Yards with his prize in March 1943. Studying the amazing insights of the Tillinghast Resonator, Turner soon became convinced that it was the answer to all his MIRAGE II design problems. It created a large field while consuming only a tiny amount of power due to its innovative design. Dr. Turner saw no problems in enlarging a Tillinghast Resonator until it was big enough to render a destroyer escort invisible within a field of ionization as determined by Professor Einstein's calculations. Turner needed only to modify the range of the device's vibrations to cause ionization and he would have the perfect method for shipborne stealth.

While Turner's changes did alter the effect and the range of the Tillinghast Resonator, they were not enough to render it safe. Those outside the field now would not be affected by the radiation of the field, but to those trapped within it, the effects of the Tillinghast Resonator remained the same. In effect, the field was now much more controlled.

Early tests on models provided Turner with enough data to attempt a test on a full-sized ship, the destroyer escort USS *Eldridge*. The testing of the new prototype was accelerated by the Navy brass, who, for the first time since MIRAGE's inception, seemed impressed with Turner's work. In fact, Dr. Turner found himself with more funding and research assistants than he knew what to do with.

Everyone in Project RAINBOW was quite sure that Dr. Turner had achieved a major breakthrough.

## Prototype Construction

A full-sized prototype of the new Tillinghast Resonator, now codenamed MIRAGE III, was under construction by July 1943. Many problems needed to be overcome in the construction phase due to the new size of the device. Over one hundred and twelve new components needed to be designed and built by hand to handle the new power requirements and outputs of the much larger resonator.

The MIRAGE III prototype was completed on September 5, 1943, amidst much celebration by Dr. Turner's team. Supplied with power from two hundred chemical batteries, the ton-and-a-half device theoretically could operate for more than an hour before the batteries needed to be replaced.

In tests of less than a minute, the device successfully ionized a huge field in the shape of a sphere. Since their exposure to the field was minute, those who had been inside it during the tests noticed nothing strange except for an *aurora borealis*-style light show; some personnel, however, did complain of headaches and other minor problems due to their exposure to the electromagnetics. To those outside the field, the interior of the field remained hazy and indistinct.

## The 'Eldridge'

The National Defense Research Council managed to secure a ship for their testing on September 9, 1943. This was extremely difficult, as the war at sea had reached a crucial point and the Navy was exceedingly reluctant to part with even the smallest craft.

The newly built Destroyer Escort 173, USS *Eldridge*, was signed over to the NDRC for a short time to test the feasibility of MIRAGE III at sea. The *Eldridge* would be in the hands of the NDRC for only three months, which usually would be spent conducting a shakedown cruise before the ship was to be commissioned. That's how the official history of the ship would read, and a false report was filed indicating that the *Eldridge* spent September, October, and November in a shakedown cruise in the Bermuda area. In fact it was being fitted with the MIRAGE III device.

Dr. Turner's team successfully installed the MIRAGE III device over a period of six weeks at Newark. Ready for testing, DE 173 left for Lynhaven Roads, Virginia, on October 17, 1943.

## The Crew

A skeleton crew of experienced Navy men were ready to board the *Eldridge* in Virginia, men who had spent most of the war running convoys across the Atlantic Ocean under threat of sub attack. Most believed it would be a routine shakedown cruise. The captain of the *Eldridge* for the test run was Commander Joseph M. Connelly, a veteran officer.

The *Eldridge* arrived on October 20 and the crew boarded her. They took several short trips to work out the bugs of the new craft.

On October 24 Dr. Turner briefed the crew, telling them only that an electronic device on board would be tested during a short cruise on the morning of the 28th. An assistant of Dr.

Turner's—Dr. Townsend Brown—would ride along on the test run and control the device from a special berth in the ship. No one on board besides Brown and the captain knew what the device was meant to do.

## The Chase Ships

Two large ships were leased for a short period from Matson Navigation Company of San Francisco to use as chase ships for the MIRAGE III experiment. The SS *Andrew Furuseth* and the SS *Salinas* arrived on October 15, 1943, and waited for the experiment to begin. The ships' merchant-marine crews were more than happy to loaf around and participate in some eggheads' experiment instead of plying the rather dangerous trade of international shipping during the height of a world war.

Dr. Brown supervised the installation of powerful radar and sonar gear onboard the two chase ships which would be used to monitor the *Eldridge* during the experiment. Four laboratory assistants from Project MIRAGE would man the instruments on these chase ships, and several of the top Navy brass would observe the experiment from on deck, along with seven cameras which would record the experiment for posterity.

Hurried preparations continued as the date of the test approached.

## October 28, 1943

At 8:09 a.m. the USS *Eldridge* set off from the docks at Lynhaven Roads, Virginia, heading for the isolated Pocomoke Sound in Chesapeake Bay, where the tests of the MIRAGE III device would be conducted. The *Eldridge* took its test position at 9:41 a.m., flanked by the two chase ships. After a series of inspection procedures, a final countdown began.

Dr. Turner watched from the deck of the *Andrew Furuseth* as the field was activated at 9:59 a.m. A huge, obliterated sphere of shimmering color appeared, completely enveloping the craft, which soon began to shimmer and become indistinct within the depths of the field.

Dr. Turner, however, was even more amazed than the crews on the chase ships to see the *Eldridge* suddenly vanish from the water, shimmering sphere and all. Frantic attempts to radio and signal the craft brought back no replies.

Dr. Turner did the only thing he could do: he simply waited as the countdown continued, ticking off the seconds remaining in the *Eldridge's* battery supply.



## The Resonator Unleashed

The secrets of the Tillinghast Resonator came to light in the testing of the huge MIRAGE III device on board the *Eldridge*. The power of this field was unlike any created by the resonator before, and its effects were startling to say the least.

When it was initially tested by Dr. Turner, the device was in a controlled environment with a limited power supply, and this kept sympathetic vibrations from causing an intensification of the field. During the testing at sea, the entire *Eldridge*, including the crew, resonated along with the field, causing a further increase in the output of the device.

In addition, as the device bombarded the crew's sleeping sense organs with electromagnetics, many of them began to see *beyond*. But since the field was so powerful, the transformation to hyper-dimensional awareness happened in just a few seconds of exposure, instead of minutes or hours. The crewmen were subjected to the mind-rending horror of having all the veils of reality lifted for their new sense organs to experience.

In addition, the sense organs of certain exceptional crew members began resonating at their own frequencies, causing localized distortions in time-space as their minds unconsciously began to manipulate the reality of the field.

For twenty-two minutes an entire destroyer escort and her crew traveled *beyond*.

## Aboard the Ship

When Dr. Brown activated the field in the special berth of DE 173 at 9:59 a.m. and the whine of the resonators' turbines came to speed, a shudder shook the ship. Although this was unexpected, Brown decided to continue with the experiment. Brown's berth had been carefully degaussed so as not to interfere with the field the resonator would produce. In effect, only Brown would be safe from the effects of the resonator.

Outside on deck, the shimmering flattened sphere of the field effect appeared instantly, blanketing the world forty feet off the ship in a grey haze. The crew noticed the vibration on ship and thought little of it—a machine was being tested, that was all. Most remained on deck, watching the odd mirage, while a few remained down below. The blurs of the two chase ships and some landmarks could still be seen through the haze—barely.

As the field seemed to intensify, some crew members became nervous. The grey haze began to darken and the indistinct landmarks of the world outside the field began to fade away. Eventually, nothing, not even the water beneath the ship, could be seen by those on deck. The ship seemed to be floating in a void of grey.

Although none of the electric lights on board seemed to work, the crew inexplicably had no problem seeing, even below decks. The air itself seemed to glow with a strange aura. Captain Connelly became concerned with the situation and attempted to signal Brown to switch off the field, but by that time all the electronics on board had ceased to work—the device had caused a sympathetic resonance in everything which had its own magnetic field. Captain Connelly left the bridge and hurried towards the control berth below, fearing the worst.

The first man to die was Ensign Ronald Barlow, whose mind opened, only minutes into the test, to the horrors of those things which exist beyond. The other crew members watched as Barlow screamed and ran frantically about the deck, swinging his arms around his head as if something was pursuing him. A group of about ten men surrounded Barlow and attempted to subdue him, but could do nothing as they watched him consumed from within his own clothing by some invisible thing, leaving nothing behind but his uniform and a strong smell of ozone.

Soon other crew members disappeared in front of their crewmates. The crew began to panic. Several men attempted to jump overboard, although the ocean could not be seen from the deck. They could be heard screaming for a long time, as if they continued falling for a great distance. Their bodies were never found.

The first inkling Dr. Brown had that all was not well was when Captain Connelly began pounding frantically on the hatch to his degaussed berth, screaming at him to turn the damned thing off. Brown immediately ran for the fail-safe switch and threw it amidst a shower of sparks, then watched in horror as the turbines continued to spin. The machine itself continued to run without any apparent power source. Brown frantically tried to disable the turbines as the screaming of the crew reverberated throughout the ship. Connelly joined him with a fire axe.

## From Beyond

Soon everyone on deck could see the horrific world which exists *beyond*. Huge, trembling jellyfish and gelatinous snakes writhed through the very air around the ship, circling and swimming about the huge antennae of the resonator, like moths drawn to a porch light.

Most men simply snapped as their new senses opened this reality to them, and attempted to run for the seeming safety of the lower decks; almost all of these men were devoured as their mates watched, eaten out of their very clothes.

Those crewmen that stood still—mostly out of terror—found a tenuous form of safety, and soon shouted to their mates to freeze in their tracks. The creatures from *beyond* sensed only the humans



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who moved within the field, and were almost blind to those who stood still. In this way a few of the men survived the twenty-two minutes of horror aboard ship.

As the field intensified, however, things grew worse. Ancient, sleeping organs within the minds of the crewmen began to activate at a startling rate, faster than anyone who had used the resonator before. Some men died of sudden strokes, blood pouring from their noses and mouths as their long-dormant organs burst, subjected to the torturous frequencies of MIRAGE III. Others went irretrievably mad, and were either eaten by the things from beyond or jumped ship.

Several men spontaneously developed paranormal abilities from the field. These men, all of whom died or went missing in the incident, were seen by other crew members “walking through walls” like ghosts. One man glowed with a yellow-orange spectral aura of his own, as if he was transmitting his own field. Another began to sink slowly through the solid steel deck of the ship, screaming for help. When the device suddenly shut down, two of these men were found fused within solid pieces of steel, dead. The third, who projected his own aura, was never seen again.

Captain Connelly and Dr. Brown tried frantically to disable the resonator in the safety of the degaussed bunker, but even with the turbines disconnected from the generator the device still seemed to work. Connelly attempted to describe the bizarre tableaux which was unfolding above. The screaming on deck had reached a fever pitch by then, and Dr. Brown demanded to be let out of the bunker to see the effects of MIRAGE III for himself. Connelly refused, his outraged comment later finding its way into debriefing documents: “It’s *your* God-damned machine, *make it stop!*” The two argued and finally came to blows; Brown hit his head on a table edge and received a concussion, he did not wake for more than twenty minutes.

There were reports of a flash within the field at about 10:17 a.m., observed by the few remaining crewmen who had learned to stay still and avoid the terrible things which swam in the air around them. Through the gelatinous mass of the “air,” a few crewmen saw several odd figures in reflective suits that looked “like foil” attempting to gain access to the main conning tower. The creatures which swam in the air seemed to ignore these figures, who wore big helmets which obscured their heads, like early Army Air Corps fire crews. These mysterious figures disappeared into the tower. At one point, machine-gun fire erupted within it, although no one saw who or what fired a weapon.

Suddenly, at 10:21 a.m., the field spontaneously shut down and the *Eldridge* instantly reappeared, smoking and adrift in the Pocomoke Sound. Two motor launches were sent from the chase

ships to assess the damage. Dr. Turner was one of the first to set foot on board the *Eldridge*. The sights he saw there would soon send him to his grave.

## Casualties

Out of the fifty-five crew members aboard the *Eldridge*, twenty-three survived the incident, including Dr. Brown and Captain Connelly. Of the thirty-two casualties only nine bodies were ever found: two men were fused in solid pieces of steel, five were found dismembered, one had committed suicide, and one was later found drowned in the Pocomoke Sound. These men were reported dead in a training accident on a patrol craft in Chesapeake Bay. The remaining missing twenty-three crew casualties were reported dead by the Navy in convoy actions over the next few months.

Two additional bodies were found on board which were quite odd. First of all, they could not be identified as any of the crew members of the *Eldridge*. Second, they fit the description of the odd figures sighted on the conning tower in the final minutes of the experiment.

These men were dressed in a material unknown to science at the time, which was reflective like tin-foil but which bent freely like cloth. They wore huge silver hoods which had a single viewplate through them which was tinted an odd shade of green. A satchel on one of the men contained what was later determined to be an odd explosive compound of an unknown type which was quite powerful. A tiny automatic firearm of unknown manufacture was found on the other man, along with several magazines containing strange explosive bullets.

## Aftermath

The *Eldridge* was immediately towed to a special enclosed slip at the Norfolk Naval yards, where it was kept under armed guard. Special orders were issued by Navy Command that Destroyer Escort 174, the next DE in production by the government, would be named the *Eldridge*, and that the *Eldridge* used in the MIRAGE III experiments would officially disappear. By presidential order, DE 174 became DE 173, and the former *Eldridge* became a classified secret of the Office of Naval Intelligence.

All twenty-three survivors of the incident were checked into Bethesda Naval Hospital under extreme secrecy, including Captain Connelly and Dr. Brown. Many of the men exhibited psychotic behavior and a few showed physical anomalies as well. X-rays of the brains of many of the crewmen showed what appeared to be tumors in sections of their brain which should have been instantly fatal, but which seemed to affect them not at all.

Fifteen of the survivors were eventually released from the hospital, often after months or years of treatment. Dr. Brown and Captain Connelly were among the first to be set free and were the only two who resumed seemingly normal lives.

## The Fate of Dr. Turner

Faced with the destructiveness of his invention, Dr. Turner descended into a depression from which he never recovered. Although initially included in the ONI's follow-up examination of the disaster, Turner was soon cut out completely as his emotional decline continued. With the death of his son in February 1944 at the battle of Kwajalein in the Marshall Islands, Turner took to alcohol for solace.

On March 14, 1944, Dr. Turner's wife found him hanging in the garage by a noose he fashioned from an old electrical cable. He left no suicide note, but no one was surprised. His funeral was attended by a who's-who list of the military-scientific community.

MIRAGE III, Turner's notes, and everything he had dreamed about became a classified curiosity of the Office of Naval Intelligence. The secret of the Tillinghast Resonator would remain intact for more than forty years.

## Dr. Turner's Legacy

Little exists in the public record today to indicate that Dr. Arthur Turner was ever involved in Navy research. Turner is mentioned in several books about his contemporaries, such as Professor Albert Einstein and John von Neumann, and each reference indicates he was a talented and well-thought-of individual. In several sources he is listed as an expert in "electromagnetics" and is implied to have been employed by the National Defense Research Council in the improvement of "ship-degaussing technologies."

The Office of Naval Intelligence still possesses a rather fat file on Dr. Turner and his researches, but it is highly classified and is likely to remain so indefinitely. Majestic-12 possesses the only copies of Dr. Turner's actual notes and formulae, as well as his plans for the Tillinghast Resonator.

Citizen queries to the U.S. government for Dr. Turner's employment records cost three dollars and reveal that such documents were "lost or destroyed by executive order." Nothing further can be found about Turner through federal channels.

The Newark New Jersey Naval Yards still maintains files on the staff and personnel stretching back to the 1930s, and for a small fee anyone can find several pay stubs and security

sheets with Turner's name on them. Turner was working in the "Research, Analysis and Development Section" of the Naval Yards from 1940 to 1943. This section was secure during the war years and required special clearance to access.

In addition to these documents, the Navy Yards also have an address for Turner in Keansburg, New Jersey, which is still relevant: Turner's daughter Emily still lives in her father's house and knows a bit about the experiment and the effects it had on her father.

## Emily Turner

Born in 1942, Emily Turner was raised by her mother in the aftermath of her father's suicide. Her brother Douglas was killed in 1944 fighting in the Pacific and less than a month later her father committed suicide in the family garage. Emily's mother attempted to bring up her daughter as best as she could without a father. Emily enjoyed a privileged childhood despite her tragic surroundings and she excelled at science and math, just as her father had. She attended Rutgers University in 1960, studying chemistry and physics. Her mother suffered a stroke in late 1962 that cut Emily's college career short. She returned home to care for her ailing mother, who died a few months later.

Emily never returned to school and instead took to the Turner house like a hermit. She has lived in the near-derelict Turner house in Keansburg, New Jersey, since 1962, rarely venturing out. The death of her family has affected her mind in odd ways, and she now would most likely be classified as mentally ill. She is paranoid to the point of insanity and will not talk to anyone she knows to be from the government for any reason. She subsists off her mother's life-insurance policy and investments inherited from her grandfather.

Emily knows the basic history of her father's project, which he discussed openly with Emily's mother before his death (although he was not supposed to). Emily's mother labored under the delusion that the Navy was responsible for her husband's death due to his "breakthrough," and passed this delusion on to her daughter before her death in 1963.

Emily knows her father was an important man and created some sort of device for the government which proved "too dangerous" for use. She thinks the device rendered ships invisible to radar but had terrible side effects on the crew when activated. Emily has a bundle of her father's writing, but most of it is unrelated to the project. Dozens of love letters, personal correspondences with colleagues about mundane things, and various everyday sundries make up the bulk of the documents.

There is, however, a letter from Dr. Timothy Michaelson dated December 21, 1942, from Boston, Massachusetts. This is the letter which informed Dr. Turner about Dr. Michaelson's discovery of the Tillinghast Resonator and the mysterious Franklin Rathke. This is the only clue Emily Turner possesses which gets to the heart of the MIRAGE III matter, although she is ignorant of its significance and only glanced at it briefly once decades ago.

Besides these possessions she knows very little about her father's project and will only share this information with those she trusts—but for the time being she trusts no one.

## The Fate of Dr. Brown

Dr. Townsend Brown went on to a lucrative albeit relatively bizarre career in the field of electromagnetics. Recovering from a "mental collapse" in late 1943—actually the aftermath of RAINBOW/MIRAGE—Brown went on to work for the Lockheed-Vega Aircraft Corporation in California. Brown worked on problems with long-range ground-scanning radars for the corporation and was known there as a reliable and able worker. He was never included in the ONI's follow-up examination of the disaster.

In his spare time Brown took up an interest in gravity research, a subject which he had pursued since his youth. He met with a few early small successes on the devices he called "gravitors," which through dielectrics (a substance which carries a charge but does not transmit that charge to surrounding objects) could seemingly cause an object to gain or lose mass, and even float under the proper circumstances.

During this time the Office of Naval Intelligence was keeping a very close eye on Dr. Brown. ONI officials suspected that he was attempting to utilize the results of the MIRAGE III experiment for his own designs, and they feared that either he would unleash the same destructive forces the resonator had, or that in the hands of anyone else his gravitors could be reverse-engineered to unlock those same forces. ONI decided that they must either control Brown's work or prevent anyone else from doing the same.

Brown moved to Hawaii in 1950 and pursued his gravitor research with money he had saved during his time in the Navy. He improved the design of his device until it was able to lift significantly more than its own weight when a charge was passed through it. His small, foil-covered, disc-shaped devices could move under their own power by remote control at scale speeds of up to 100 miles per hour, floating above the ground with no lifting surfaces, jets, or other visible means of propulsion.

In 1951 Admiral Arthur A. Radford hired Dr. Brown as a military advisor at the Pearl Harbor Naval Yards after “allegedly” becoming interested in his experimentation and reviewing his Naval record. In truth, this was just an excuse to get Brown back on the Navy payroll so the ONI could keep an eye on him more closely. Brown’s workplace was bugged and monitored, and ONI agents kept tabs on him at all hours.

Brown discovered this monitoring in early 1952 and quit his job as a Navy advisor, moving to Cleveland, Ohio, to continue his research. The ONI followed. Brown worked in secret on a project he dubbed WINTERHAVEN, the first application of his gravitor on scale vehicles, which he hoped to sell to the military establishment.

He made several demonstrations of his WINTERHAVEN devices for the Army and Air Force in the early 1950s. These demonstrations remain classified even today. Out of spite, Brown did not offer his technology to the Navy, and the ONI used its leverage to make the Air Force and Army back off from the project, effectively killing it. When Brown discovered no money would be forthcoming from the U.S. military, he packed his bags for Europe.

Brown began working for the French firm *Société Nationale des Constructions Aéronautiques du Sud-Ouest* (SNCASO), producing gravitor devices in a research laboratory and studying their effects on full-sized models. The ONI at this point was frantic with worry about the technology leaking out for general consumption. They turned to the CIA for help.

The CIA finagled a deal with a larger French aerospace consortium called Sud Est. Sud Est would purchase SNCASO and kill Brown’s project; in exchange, the company would gain lucrative military subcontracts from American aerospace firms. The deal went through in 1956, effectively destroying Brown’s hopes and dreams. He returned to the United States with his amazing devices in tow.

Brown then formed his own company, Rand International, and filed multiple patents for his devices. Brown spent years attempting to win the interest of the military but was continually blackballed by the ONI. Brown failed to garner any interest in his gravitor device. He finally retired to his home in Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

In 1981, the ONI essentially extorted their way into Majestic-12 (see p. 118) and the secrets of the alien presence on Earth. They soon persuaded the leader of Majestic, Justin Kroft, to resolve the Brown situation for good. Kroft’s company, March Technologies, made a lucrative offer for Brown’s near-dormant Rand International and his patents. Brown accepted, and shortly



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afterwards he gained a cushy job at the University of California-Ames, where he remained until his death in 1985 at age 80.

March investigated Brown's work for some time. After Majestic's Project TELL (see p. 121) reopened active experimentation with the resonator in 1983, researchers concluded that Brown's gravitors had no meaningful connection with the secrets of RAINBOW. Although Brown had succeeded in circumventing gravity on a limited scale, his work was impractical and, compared to the secrets Majestic had learned from the Greys, worthless.

Dr. Brown remains an extremely obscure name in science. Few who matter, even specialists in the field of electromagnetics, know of his work today.

## The Legacy of Dr. Brown

Today Dr. Brown is listed in many fringe-science books and websites as an early developer of "anti-gravity" technology. Simply being listed in these sources has kept his name out of the scientific mainstream, and thanks to the diligent work of Charles Bostick, Majestic-12's propagandist, Dr. Brown's inventions do not gain more publicity. Bostick has played all the angles, pushing Brown's name and research far back to the very edge of fringe science. Although Brown's research is valid, the illusion of quackery is so complete that no reputable scientist will ever verify it.

Brown's company, Rand International, still exists on paper, but it is simply a dummy corporation with no personnel or payroll, through which March Technologies holds onto the patents for Brown's gadgets without drawing attention to itself. A simple check with the state business licensing office in North Carolina will reveal that March Technologies owns the nearly non-existent firm. See "March Technologies" on p. 129 for more details.

## The Fate of Commander Connelly

Commander (later Captain) Joseph M. Connelly went from the disaster aboard the *Eldridge* to enjoy a normal career in the Navy. He served as commanding officer on a string of support vessels during the 1950s. Patrolling perimeters during the Bikini and Bimini atoll tests, Connelly maintained an extremely high security clearance for a Navy officer. In 1967 he signed on board the USS *Enterprise* aircraft carrier as executive officer. In his time in the Navy, Connelly served in World War II, Korea, and Vietnam and

was awarded the rank of captain in 1970 at the age of 60. For four years Connelly continued on board the *Enterprise*.

Connelly retired to his home in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1974 and died there of natural causes at age 69 in 1979. His family still resides there, although none of them know anything about the MIRAGE III experiment. Connelly took that secret to his grave.

## The Legacy of Captain Connelly

Captain Connelly's wife, Peggy, born in 1923, is still alive. She still enjoys an active lifestyle and lives off her husband's Navy pension and life insurance. Her four children live in various states and visit her often.

Peggy only knows of the MIRAGE III experiment through her husband's vivid and often disruptive nightmares. Captain Connelly would sometimes wake from his dreams shouting odd things which Peggy assumed had to do with his time in World War II. Peggy remembers these things vividly because they plagued her husband both in the 1940s and then later in the 1970s—but apparently not in the years between.

The most recurring statement she can recall is "Shut it down, Brown!" and something about "Snakes in the air!" During the last six months before his death, Captain Connelly sought professional consultation at the Bethesda Naval Medical Center to help his sleep, which had become quite troubled due to his vivid dreams.

Peggy Connelly is a kind, giving woman who will gladly discuss her husband's career with people who are members of the armed forces. A good cover would be someone writing a history on the USS *Enterprise*. She will even discuss the dreams, as she thinks it can do no harm with her husband so long in his grave.

Peggy and her children know nothing else of relevance to the MIRAGE III case.

## The Fate of the Crew

In addition to Commander Connelly and Dr. Brown, twenty-one individual seamen from the *Eldridge* were checked into the Bethesda Naval Medical Center for treatment on October 29, 1943. Almost all of the crew was suffering from severe emotional trauma, similar to what military doctors at the time called "shell shock" or "combat fatigue." Early on, seven of the men were kept under sedation almost all the time due to their violent and irrational behavior. Three of these men later died in custody and one committed suicide.

The ONI's psychiatric group made extensive records of the crewmen's experiences and recollections of the twenty-two minutes the resonator was activated. Hundreds of hours of taped and

dictated interviews with the crewmen, along with photographs and motion pictures of their behavior, were first stored in the closed Naval Archives. But in 1982 both the files and the men were moved to Majestic's Facility 12 in Cooper, Montana (see *Delta Green*, p. 78) when the ONI was brought into the fold. Later, they were moved to OUTLOOK Group's Facility B in Puerto Rico (see *Delta Green: Countdown*, p. 112) for study and care.

Thirteen of the crewmen have been released after extensive treatment, usually to their family or to state care. Only two of these recovered any semblance of a normal life and lived on their own. Today, only six of the *Eldridge* crew survive: three at OUTLOOK Group's Facility B under Majestic supervision, and three in the care of their families.

## The Legacy of the Crew

The three *Eldridge* crewmen surviving in Majestic custody are little more than guinea pigs today, living out their last days in a drugged stupor in the depths of Facility B in Vieques Island, Puerto Rico. Tested and prodded, they continue to be used in the Project PLUTO subproject TELL (see p. 121) to exploit the technology of the Tillinghast Resonator. Even if the men could escape their custody, their minds have long since degenerated into madness. For these three all hope is lost except the final release of death.

Three crewmen moved on to live again in the outside world. All live on the east coast with their families, and are looked in upon from time to time by ONI and Majestic officers. They are covered here in some detail.

## Ensign Thomas Yesler (U.S. Navy, Retired)

Yesler lives in Brooklyn, New York, with his sister's family. He was released from Bethesda Naval Medical center in 1965 after extensive treatment for "combat fatigue." He lived in an apartment in Huntspoint until 1985, when his sister Margaret died in a car accident. He then moved in with his niece Laura Timons in Park Slope, Brooklyn, and has lived with her and her three children ever since. Thomas enjoys a rather extensive Naval benefits program and access to free health care at the Bethesda Naval Medical Center. Laura manages his money and benefits carefully, supplementing her house's income with her uncle's pension.

Born in 1920, Thomas Yesler spent half his life in psychiatric care. He is rarely cogent and can hardly maintain a conversation without drifting off into babbling incoherence. He speaks often about the "experiment," and of his short service on the USS *Eldridge*.

If prodded, Thomas will go into great detail about the experiment, clearly outlining the events which led up to the test on October 28, 1943. Thomas knows very little about what the experiment or the device was meant to do, and he knows no names except those of his fellow crewmates and the captain of the *Eldridge*, Commander Connelly. Everything between 1943 and his release in 1965 is a drugged blur. However, everything before 1943 is as clear as a bell, and Thomas's favorite topic of conversation. He joined the Navy in 1941 and served onboard the destroyer *Montgomery* in the Pacific before being transferred to the *Eldridge*.

Laura Timons knows very little about what her uncle has suffered, and dismisses his ranting and raving as the side effect of what a modern psychotherapist might call "post-traumatic stress disorder" from his years in World War II. She takes her uncle to Bethesda twice a month for checkups. Laura loves her uncle and cares for him in the way only a family member could, despite his bizarre behavior.

Navy records state that Ensign Yesler was involved in a U-boat-destroyer escort firefight on August 15, 1943, during Convoy #61 to North Africa, and was later honorably discharged due to "emotional strain" and remanded to the custody of the Bethesda Naval Medical Center for psychiatric evaluation. The destroyer escort is not named. This is highly unusual.

Other, less-easy-to-find Naval records place him in San Francisco on the same day of the "firefight" in the Atlantic—in the brig of the destroyer *Montgomery* for being drunk on duty. Other slight inconsistencies can be located in his paperwork, including indications that he served in the Navy up until the beginning of November, instead of the end of August, as his main file reads.

## Ensign Ian 'Splicey' Price (U.S. Navy, Retired)

Price spent almost thirty years in treatment at Bethesda Naval Medical Center. Although he remained remarkably sane, the ONI wished to document his odd situation. Price suffered from after-effects of the resonator for a long period. He displayed remarkable abilities to affect electronics and magnets with little more than his presence. Occasionally he could cause "apportation," or movement, of metallic objects by his touch alone. Price had no control over these abilities, and his ability seemed to wane over time.

By 1973 Price showed little of his former startling abilities and the ONI released him to his daughter, Elizabeth Rolonoski. Price lives with Rolonoski and her husband Ivan Rolonoski, on the outskirts of Washington, D.C. Price is a mellow man who has

come to grips with what he experienced and wishes only to enjoy the final years of his life in anonymity.

Unfortunately for him, whatever ability Price had developed and later lost after the experiment returned seemingly overnight in 1981. Suddenly, electronic devices in the Rolonoski household suffered bizarre malfunctions and objects made of metal began to disappear. This rash of disappearances and malfunctions soon stopped. No one in the house connected them to Price.

Price has taken to wearing black rubber gloves and rubber booties on his hands and feet at all times to prevent his natural “charge” from jumping to metal objects. His room is completely austere and devoid of electronic devices. Before 1981 he owned a television set and radio, which have since been moved into the attic at Price’s request.

Born in 1919, Price has aged gracefully and looks to be in good health. He remembers everything about the MIRAGE III disaster—though he was not part of the planning and knows nothing about its purpose—but will speak about it to no one. Price was an ensign in charge of the electrical dynamos which powered the ship’s normal electronic devices, and saw bizarre things when he ran up top to see what the commotion was about. Price survived through a combination of quick wits and a stable mind. He froze in place immediately and watched as his compatriots were devoured alive by the things from beyond.

Price was treated well by the ONI at Bethesda and was allowed to visit with his family throughout his thirty years of treatment. He is quite guarded about his current “abilities” and is doing his best to suppress them.

Navy records state that Ensign Price was involved in a U-boat-destroyer escort firefight on August 15, 1943, during Convoy #61 to North Africa, and was later honorably discharged due to “emotional strain” and remanded to the custody of the Bethesda Naval Medical Center for psychiatric evaluation. The destroyer escort is not named. This report is almost a duplicate of Ensign Yesler’s.

No other revealing records exist about Price’s time in the Navy.

## Ensign Marco Salvanetti (U.S. Navy, Retired)

Marco Salvanetti is currently in a group home in Baldwin, New York, and is occasionally visited by his family who live locally. Born in 1916, Salvanetti suffers from numerous physical ailments unrelated to the MIRAGE III experiment; these ailments brought him into group care. He is in good hands with the staff of the Shady Acres Nursing Home, who know very little about his past.

Salvanetti joined the Navy in 1940 and served aboard numerous

cruisers, destroyers, and destroyer escorts before being assigned to the *Eldridge*. The horrors he suffered during the activation of the Tillinghast Resonator are known only to him, because he has not spoken a conscious word since October 28, 1943.

Although he was able to care for himself and was quite independent until his illnesses, Salvanetti is incapable of speech in any capacity and very rarely writes anything down. If questioned about the *Eldridge*, Salvanetti will offer little of use, except that indeed it did happen and that it is best left alone.

Salvanetti occasionally speaks in his sleep about “the tuning fork” and “the men in foil.” Although the staff is vaguely aware of this odd behavior, they have not paid much attention to the specifics of his words.

Navy records state that Ensign Salvanetti was involved in a U-boat-destroyer escort firefight on August 15, 1943, during Convoy #61 to North Africa, and was later honorably discharged due to “emotional strain” and remanded to the custody of the Bethesda Naval Medical Center for psychiatric evaluation. The destroyer escort is not named. This record is identical to the records of Ensign Yesler and Price.

## The Fate of the Chase Ships’ Crews

The crews of the *Andrew Furuseth* and the *Salinas* for the most part went on to lead ordinary lives. Some suffered emotional damage from witnessing the terrible after-effects of the resonator, but only one man truly could be said to have been *changed* by the event.

This was crewman Carl M. Allen, the only crewman on the chase ships who was affected by the odd pulsing of the huge resonator. Whether this reflected his position on the *Andrew Furuseth* in relationship to the *Eldridge*, or a natural affinity for the electromagnetic signal from the device, no one ever discovered. Allen himself developed odd abilities after the incident which went undetected by the ONI. A rather forgettable man before the incident, Allen went on to be a slight thorn in the side of the ONI in later years.

More than a year after Allen’s tour of duty was up in the Navy, Allen’s brain developed an odd array of abilities which set him apart from normal humans. Flashes of precognition, visions, and strange otherworldly fugues would occasionally engulf the poor man, who soon fell to living in run-down apartments and boarding houses, existing off odd jobs and occasional money from his parents. No one believed his bizarre tales of disappearing ships



and government experiments.

Unlike the others who were affected by the disaster, Allen's brain could regulate the lingering resonance, and even control it. Allen's brain, unknown to even himself, was transmitting these odd signals undetectable to earthly science.

But to unearthly science it was like a beacon. In 1951, during the Mi-Go's first wave of abductions of humans in the guise of the Greys, Allen was detected and brought in to discover the source of his odd abilities. He was probed, vivisected, and studied sporadically over many years by the Mi-Go, and was even rewarded with special knowledge which the aliens hoped would trigger further changes in Allen's curious brain function.

In 1955, Allen came across a copy of M.K. Jessup's book, *A Case for the UFO*. Allen obsessed over the text; to him, it became some sort of bible. Immediately he began writing a series of notes in his copy of it, in several different colored inks, commenting on individual subjects in the text of which he had first-hand knowledge. Allen exchanged several angry letters with M.K. Jessup, reprimanding him for his lack of knowledge, and finally Allen mailed his annotated copy of *A Case for the UFO* to the Office of Naval Research in Washington. He used the none-too-cunning pseudonym Carlos M. Allende.

There it became something of an overnight sensation. One hundred twenty-seven copies of the annotated text were printed at great expense, in three different color inks, for study. Jessup himself was contacted and asked to write a report on the annotated copy; he was given two printed versions to work from.

Jessup turned in a single annotated copy and a report to the ONR in 1957, but kept a private annotated copy for himself. Jessup left this copy with a friend in New York with specific instructions not to release it until a particular person came for it, whom he named. Jessup then disappeared for three months. He was discovered dead, an apparent suicide, in Tampa, Florida (see *Delta Green*, pp. 151–153).

Carl Allen was in touch with his family as late as 1969. He may well still be out there, on the road, completing the tasks set for him by his alien masters.

## The Secret of Carl M. Allen

Allen's bizarre capacity to control the emanations of the Tillinghast Resonator remains a puzzling footnote to the Philadelphia Experiment, and like many other strange secrets linked to the incident it may never be solved by Delta Green. But the Keeper enjoys a certain insight into the workings of the Cthulhu Mythos that no player may ever know.

Allen, along with a small smattering of humans spread throughout the world, is the unforeseen result of a K'n-Yani experiment performed in the sixteenth century to see if K'n-Yani advanced science could improve their primitive "surface-dwelling" cousins through genetic manipulation. It was hoped that a small population of "uplifted" humans could be used to infuse new blood into the degenerating K'n-Yani culture and in turn bring with them new sensations and emotions.

The experiment failed. The humans did not develop any of the preternatural abilities of the K'n-Yani and those few humans affected who survived were released into the general above-ground population. Four centuries later, the random permutations of genetics have led to a small number of "talented" individuals who can unconsciously control the atomic forces of the universe. These K'n-Yani abilities, which allow the people of K'n-Yan to teleport, pass through physical objects, and control the body to the most minute degree, are found to a lesser extent in people like Carl Allen, and utilize an effect almost identical to the Tillinghast Resonator.

Exposure to the resonator's turbulence awakened the dormant exotic organ in Allen's brain, effectively completing a scientific experiment four hundred years in the making.

## ONI Project PUZZLE

Project PUZZLE was formed by the Office of Naval Intelligence in November, 1943, to study and cover up the disastrous and startling effects of the MIRAGE III experiment, which took place in the Pocomoke Sound of Chesapeake Bay. The Office of Naval Intelligence secured USS *Eldridge* in an enclosed dock at the Norfolk Naval Yards. There it was held under armed guard until 1982, when it was transported to a Majestic-12 secure facility in the Aleutian Islands (see p. 130) for further study.

The first move of Project PUZZLE was to cover up their possession of the USS *Eldridge* and the casualties the experiment caused. The Joint Chiefs of Staff were briefed on the MIRAGE III experiment, along with its disastrous results, in November 1943. The ONI made it sound like the technology was completely unusable; they did not want eager bureaucrats to insist on further dangerous research.

In turn, President Roosevelt was briefed and he issued a secret directive renaming the next destroyer escort in production to the *Eldridge* and changing its operational number from 174 to 173, effectively making the real *Eldridge* disappear. Also by executive order the logs of the *Eldridge* and its two chase ships were destroyed.

Next, a special allowance by the president enabled the ONI to tamper with official documents to list the *Eldridge* casualties as victims of other wartime events. The twenty-three Navy personnel missing from the *Eldridge* were listed dead in convoy losses over the next three months, and the nine bodies found onboard were listed as dead in a single boating accident. The two unidentified bodies were moved to a secure area of the Bethesda Naval Medical Center for study; many years later, they were moved to Facility 12, a Majestic base in Montana.

PUZZLE was for the most part based out of the Norfolk Shipyards and the Bethesda Naval Medical Center. For almost forty years this small group of experts examined the repercussions and possible applications of the science behind the resonator.

In 1982, Project PUZZLE was absorbed into Majestic-12 and incorporated into Majestic's Project PLUTO, which continued to research the wonders of the Tillinghast Resonator at secure facilities in Montana, North Dakota, and Alaska.

## Early Work

At the outset of Project PUZZLE, almost nothing was known about what *exactly* had happened on board the *Eldridge* during the MIRAGE III experiment. Dr. Turner was rapidly ushered out of the project due to his deteriorating mental health, and in any event he could offer little insight into the effects of the resonator, which had so clearly superceded its design intentions.

It was left to a team of new scientists to try and unravel the device's secrets. Soon Dr. Turner was dead by suicide and a team of Navy and National Defense Research Council physicists were poring over his notes and formulae while a team of engineers investigated the derelict ship itself for any evidence to just what had occurred there. Little came from these early investigations.

The *Eldridge* was rife with detectable electromagnetic fluxes which were well above the norm, and the resonator device, even when disassembled, continued to transmit a very weak electromagnetic signal—this despite all attempts at degaussing. The phenomenon defied what was known about the science of electromagnetics at the time.

The medical staff of Project PUZZLE, meanwhile, attempted to determine the psychological and physical effects of the resonator on humans by examining and interviewing the surviving *Eldridge* crew. The interviews proved bizarre, and the eyewitness accounts of what happened aboard ship were incredible to say the least—but there was physical evidence to back up these amazing stories.

A huge case file was begun at the Bethesda Naval Medical Center and still exists today under the auspices of Majestic's Project PLUTO, encompassing hundreds of hours of interviews and physical exams of those who survived. In the end, these files suggested that much of what the crew had to say could certainly be true, and that the physical changes in their bodies were enough to indicate that something never seen before had occurred. Even reliable and relatively unaffected witnesses like Commander Connelly reported outlandish phenomena.

The dead bodies found on board of the *Eldridge* were odd. Two could not be identified as *Eldridge* or Naval personnel at all, and two others were actually fused in plates of solid steel.

The two unknown bodies proved strange in subtle ways. Extensive autopsies on the bodies revealed indications of unknown chemicals in their bloodstream and on one body, evidence of surgery on its eyes for unknown reasons. Also, dental work found in the mouths of the two bodies showed evidence of unknown techniques and materials, which seemed to be closest to resin or epoxy. No one at Bethesda knew what it was exactly. The equipment these men were carrying was foreign, as well, and seemed significantly more advanced than what America could produce in 1943. These bodies and their artifacts provided Project PUZZLE with enough fodder for more than thirty years of research.

The two bodies found fused through the steel plating of the *Eldridge's* hull were removed, along with the metal bisecting them, by Navy crews and taken to the Bethesda Naval Medical Center for study. It was found that the bodies were indeed fused with the steel and could not be removed. It was conjectured that somehow, the atoms of the body and the atoms of the steel had intermeshed, allowing one to pass through another by unknown means. Not surprisingly, autopsies on these bodies—which were very difficult to perform—indicated that they died from sudden trauma, having been cut in half by the steel plate.

These four bodies were stored at the Bethesda Naval Medical Center until 1982, when they were moved to Facility 12 in Cooper, Montana, on the orders of Majestic.

## The Artifacts

The artifacts recovered on the unknown bodies found aboard the *Eldridge* were beyond belief. No one had any idea where they had come from or how they had come to be there.

The two unknown men were dressed in bulky suits made of an extremely flexible tinfoil-like material which was sealed like a diving suit. It seemed this suit was completely self-contained from the outside world and had a small unit on the hip which apparently controlled the interior environment of the suit. The material it was made of—which no one could identify—could deflect all harmful types of radiation and was resistant to kinetic damage; in one test, the chest portion of a suit successfully stopped a .45 caliber slug without breaching. No identifying marks could be found in these suits. No serial numbers or stamps of manufacture, no names, dates, or governmental seals could be located by the PUZZLE team.

The weapons these men held were equally impressive. The tiny, fully-automatic machine pistols were unlike anything the Navy weapon experts had ever seen before. Again, these items had no identifying marks on them. Their rate of fire, near lack of recoil, and impressive caliber stunned the ONI men. Also, they ejected no casings when fired. The rounds in their magazines proved to be the fabled caseless ammunition that gun producers had been searching for since the inception of the ejecting cartridge.

Unfortunately, there was too much in the amazing weapons' manufacture that was unknown to science at the time, and they could not be successfully reproduced until the late 1980s. Over fifty components in the guns were made of unknown materials, and the chemical composition of the caseless ammunition contained more than a dozen unknown compounds. The guns were test-fired, marveled at and studied, but little was discovered during their time in ONI hands.

In addition to these items, five and a half pounds of a strange, putty-like explosive compound were recovered from the bodies. This substance was extremely stable, and could even be exposed to fire and jarring force without detonation. It was later determined, using small electrical detonators found in another pouch on the suits, that only a very specific electrical charge could detonate the compound. Due to the bizarre nature of the explosives and the myriad unidentifiable chemicals within them, the ONI was incapable of replicating them.

In 1982 all of these artifacts were moved to Facility 12 by Majestic.

## The Science

The Navy employed some of its most brilliant scientific minds to unravel the secrets of the Tillinghast Resonator. For almost thirty years men toiled through endless processions of differential equations and formulae, trying to understand just what had happened aboard the *Eldridge*. Initially, it was hypothesized that somehow a resonant frequency of the device's electromagnetics had altered gravity—as was theorized in the highly dubious and incomplete Unified Field Theory—and when gravity was distorted, time itself was distorted as well.

The physicists could say little more except that possibly the ship had somehow fallen out of phase with normal space-time, and that some of the men on board may have picked up and even amplified the electromagnetic charge themselves, further distorting time. This would explain the two men fused through the decks, the physicists claimed: The men had fallen out of phase with the *Eldridge* in space-time for a matter of moments due to

their bodies' own electromagnetic fields, and had reappeared in phase in the midst of a solid object. Some physicists even theorized that the human mind, to a degree, could possibly control or even project its own electromagnetic field.

The ONI would not allow any Tillinghast Resonator to be built or any of the test models to be activated under any circumstances. Physicists, using measurements from the *Eldridge*, the resonator, and the crew, slowly pieced together the "how" of the Tillinghast Resonator. By 1969, ONI Project PUZZLE had come up with solid mathematical models to predict the usage of the device and its effects, if it was ever used in the future.

## The Breakthrough

In 1974 Dr. Avi Tischler, a physicist and specialist working on ONI's Project PUZZLE, came to a startling insight while laboring over the 1969 report on the Tillinghast Resonator. He was searching for loopholes in the models or alternative theories which could better explain the incident.

Instead of finding mathematical errors, Tischler stumbled on a very human insight: He realized that the unknown men in foil who had climbed the conning tower during the incident in 1943 had almost definitely *stopped* the resonator through unknown means. The reports of Dr. Brown and Commander Connelly clearly stated that although the resonator was disconnected it remained active. Dr. Tischler decided that the unknown men must have shut it down somehow—they were on the tower with the main portion of the resonator, and only they were moving about freely onboard, heedless of the bizarre phenomena which kept the crewmembers at bay. Even the 1969 PUZZLE team was not sure how to stop the resonator once it started, but Dr. Tischler believed that if they kept at the equations long enough, someday they *would* know.

Tischler's report, "A Theory Regarding the So-Called 'Loop Paradox,'" was an incredible insight into the workings of time

travel. In it, Tischler made his beliefs clear. The MIRAGE III device had been deactivated on October 28, 1943, by humans *sent back in time to shut it down*. The unknown crewmen and their bizarre equipment had been sent back, probably by the ONI on some future date, to turn off the Tillinghast Resonator—most likely, Dr. Tischler believed, to prevent some sort of catastrophe which Project PUZZLE had not yet discovered in the mathematics; otherwise, he theorized, the government would never attempt such a risky mission.

Tischler's report offered guidelines on how to properly figure out the identities of the anonymous dead men who had turned up aboard the *Eldridge* through the use of their fingerprints. He suggested performing searches of national and international databases at the beginning of every year. Tischler was of the belief that the men had not even been born yet in 1974, and would most likely not be born for another ten years or so. He based these ideas on several factors evident in the data:

- △ The men's fingerprints were not on military files already.
- △ The dental repairs evident in the cadavers involved a resin which he found to be in development at a Piedmont, California, company in 1974 (and which would eventually be released to the public after testing in the early 1980s).
- △ The weaponry far exceeded even optimistic speculation about weapons development in the 1970s.

Tischler believed the men would be born in the early 1980s and would be sent back in time in the early 2000s, since the unknown corpses were found to be in their early thirties. Tischler guessed that the mission would occur after the year 2010.

Tischler turned in his breakthrough report to the chief of the ONI, who promptly ignored it as obvious twaddle. It would sit unexamined for eight more years. In the meantime, Project PUZZLE was largely defunded and left to wither on the bureaucratic vine.

## Majestic-12

In late 1981 a hush-hush investigation was begun by the Office of Naval Intelligence into a rumor regarding a so-called “super-users” group of American military personnel who went by the name of Majestic-12. Following a skein of rumors and leads, ONI earmarked certain facilities, personnel, and documents which pointed towards some type of powerful but unknown agency or conspiracy within the U.S. government. Utilizing its extensive resources, the ONI poked its nose into several of these sensitive sites, and even managed to identify one of the Majestic Steering Committee members. ONI gave this individual an ultimatum: Bring us into the picture or face exposure to the public. Majestic capitulated.

Certain top members of the ONI were granted limited Majestic clearance, and the Navy was given (through various mundane channels) access to advanced alien technology which was just beginning to be tested. This included flight-stabilizing microcomputers and structural composites which rendered aircraft invisible to radar.

In return, the ONI opened their files to Majestic, and the records of the MIRAGE III incident were quickly discovered by MJ-1's Project AQUARIUS data-analysis team. The inert project PUZZLE was rapidly absorbed by Majestic. All files, remaining personnel, and equipment from the incident were relocated to Majestic secure facilities. The information on this technology was given to Majestic's Project PLUTO, and was granted its own subproject designation: TELL.

Unlike the ONI, Majestic did not shy away from testing questionable equipment.

## Project TELL

Project TELL was instated in the summer of 1982 to exploit the technologies of the Tillinghast Resonator and was originally housed in a wing of Facility 12 in Cooper, Montana. Soon, however, space restrictions led the Majestic Steering Committee to build a second facility in Montana solely for the use of TELL near the town of Monument. This site, which operates under the guise of a March Technologies (see p. 129) corporate research facility, opened in the fall of 1987 and was completely staffed by Majestic-12 “erased” personnel, who voluntarily dropped out of society to investigate the marvels of alien science.

Led by Dr. Gregory Tapham, the TELL research team continues to test, improve, and study the long-term effects of the Tillinghast Resonators. Before his instatement as director of Subproject TELL, Tapham worked for Project REDLIGHT at Area 51 on the “Bucket,” the alien disc recovered at Roswell, New Mexico. On February 15, 1972, Dr. Tapham was on site when the REDLIGHT team attempted to start the anti-matter motor of the saucer, with disastrous results. Tapham was one of seventy-three injured when an explosion of pure energy damaged several buildings on the base. The four men in the “Bucket” were luckier than many, being instantly vaporized rather than subjected to hideous third-degree burns.

In the years since TELL's founding, Tapham and his team have overcome many of the mysteries of the resonator which had kept Project PUZZLE in the dark for so long. This is mostly because Majestic is more than eager to test the resonators, on unwilling and willing subjects alike.

In addition, Tapham's access to Majestic's resources has led to another discovery: the identities of the two unknown crewmen found aboard the *Eldridge*. In 1984 Project GARNET, searching databases of fingerprints as per Dr. Tischler's report, located two matches to the corpses from 1943—in an anti-kidnapping child fingerprint registration program.

The two matches, Robert Macneil and Stephen Sonder, were four years old when they were located by Majestic's researchers. Tapham's conjecture, based on Dr. Tischler's earlier work, was that Macneil and Sonder would grow up to serve in the military, eventually be recruited by Majestic, and would be sent back in time to 1943 by Subproject TELL itself. The prospect was startling but seemed undeniable, and was much more readily accepted by Majestic than by the ONI.



## First Steps

Early tests on the resonator began at Facility 12 in the summer of 1983. A tiny resonator was constructed within a test vault which was protected by a complex degaussing chamber. Inside this chamber, the resonator could be activated and the effects of it within the room remotely monitored without danger—or so it was thought. The TELL team used special cameras to make numerous videotapes of the creatures from beyond. Also, with the use of smaller self-contained resonators, the team managed to capture, kill, and dissect various fauna from the other world.

The trouble began when the components of one of these chambers was carefully degaussed and disassembled to move it to the new facility in Monument, Montana, for further experimentation. Somehow, despite the safety protocols, a resonance remained in several of the components, and when a human with a natural magnetic field of enough power touched it, gathering a bigger charge onto himself, all hell broke loose.

The incident occurred in a secure area within Facility 12, which was rapidly sealed off with full biohazard safety protocols when an alarm was triggered. Even the nuclear weapon beneath the facility was primed, prepared to stop anything from escaping the complex if the seals were broken.

Four Majestic personnel were killed when things from *beyond* suddenly and inexplicably materialized while they were moving equipment, rending them to bits in seconds. The resonance soon ended after their deaths, and minutes later the room had returned to normal. The nuclear weapon was stood down and an investigation was begun to uncover just what caused the breach.

## Safety Measures

New safety protocols were instated when Subproject TELL started its researches again at its new facility in Monument in 1987. Equipment used in the experiments, even specifically degaussed equipment, was never handled directly without non-conductive gloves and special degaussing suits. Contact with the resonator and objects in its direct proximity was limited. Exposure times were monitored and shifts were developed to prevent personnel from inadvertently building a charge. Badges and hip monitors were developed which could measure the odd electromagnetic resonance which seemed to emanate from the resonators and anything exposed to its odd pulsing rhythm.

Methods of decontamination were developed by the TELL team. This later became a common practice for any of the personnel involved in long-term contact with the resonator. Called “purging,” it involved a very high-powered current being passed through the body through the use of a special machine. These high-powered currents apparently removed any remnants of resonance, which could remain in a human body indefinitely and flare up randomly with terrible effects.

Today, the protocols developed in the late 1980s are standard procedure in the Monument facility. So far, no further catastrophes have occurred.

## Realizations

While testing of the resonator continued, several teams of research physicists with access to the most complex mathematics on Earth—some of which were not from Earth at all—continued to study the mathematical aspects of the Tillinghast device. A discovery of significant import was struck upon by a small committee of physicists at the Monument facility in late 1990.

Using mathematics from the fabled “White Sheet” of the late researcher Dr. Stephen Curtis (see *Delta Green*, pp. 70–71, and *Delta Green: Alien Intelligence*, pp. 24–33), who had pioneered the understanding of the alien science behind the “Bucket” in the late 1940s, the team concluded that the resonator—at least the one used aboard the *Eldridge*—posed a significant threat to reality as far as humans understood it.

The mathematics indicated that the intense field of time-distorting electromagnetics which was generated on October 28, 1943, by the USS *Eldridge* had formed some type of self-propagating effect which would eventually overspill the confines of the pocket dimension in which it was contained (referred to as N-Space by the researchers) and then space-time itself, with frightening results.

Experiments by the Monument staff in 1991 based on the new studies indicated that the *Eldridge* resonator was *still somehow operating* despite its deactivation in 1943, and that its output was growing.

The mathematical computer models of the resonator predicted the formation of a singularity in space-time which would consume the Earth and all nearby stellar objects by the year 2053, directly caused by the continuously growing power of the *Eldridge* resonator in 1943. This circumstance was detected using special equipment by the Monument team in 1991, who were confounded by the readings, which suggested that the resonator onboard the *Eldridge* had never been deactivated—until they read Dr. Tischler’s sixteen-year-old report on the “loop paradox.” Tischler’s paper predicted that the resonator would remain on until the government mission was sent back in time to shut it off. Many physicists lost sleep over these odd facts.

MJ-1, Justin Kroft, was briefed on January 3, 1992, on the dangers of the *Eldridge* resonator, and immediately informed the rest of the Majestic-12 Steering Committee. The Steering Committee greatly expanded Project TELL’s operational budget and mission. Now, Dr. Tapham found himself in charge of solving the forty-nine-year-old puzzle of the resonator—with a very real deadline.

## The Nature of Tillinghast Radiation

Tillinghast Radiation, or T-Radiation, is a bizarre form of radiated energy which is undetectable through common means, but which has very real effects. T-Radiation is emitted when a complex interaction of electromagnetic forces occurs. This interaction has no known natural source, and so far only the Tillinghast Resonator has managed to produce T-Radiation.

T-Radiation is emitted from sources like normal radioactivity but is carried on a peculiar type of electron unknown to common human science. This electron reacts with other electrons in the target. Instead of colliding, it alters the natural vibration rate of the particle with which it interacts. This effect is often carried throughout the target like a chain reaction, until every particle in the target is vibrating oddly. These electron reactions begin to generate unusual, tiny electromagnetic charges.

This odd property gives T-Radiation its evident ability to “jump” from object to object like a magnetic charge or electricity. Most human bodies are fine conduits or storage batteries for T-Radiation, and the human body seems to be able to keep a charge indefinitely, and sometimes even enhance or alter the charge just by containing it. Metallic objects also can hold a T-Radiation charge indefinitely, and can sometimes enhance the charge as well.

Most humans, and some metallic objects, can eventually generate a strong enough T-Radiation charge that a small rip in space-time occurs when the subject’s own atomic structure produces a sudden surge of very strong electromagnetics. This shifts the subject suddenly into N-Space, a superdimension coexistent with our own.

Some human minds, when exposed to T-Radiation, seem to be able to naturally control it. These few talented individuals can increase or decrease their T-Radiation field at will, and can cause bizarre shifts in space-time through the vibration rate of their atoms.

Majestic has yet to discover the reasons why some humans can utilize the power of T-Radiation, although its investigation into the remaining crewmen of the *Eldridge* continues.

T-Radiation is not detectable by modern human science as anything more than an unusual and small electromagnetic signature on the subject. Normal degaussing techniques to remove the electromagnetic signature sometimes work and sometimes fail. Either way, it is not the ideal way to remove T-Radiation from a subject because it can lead to later flare-ups or can even enhance the T-Radiation output of the subject.

Majestic has perfected detection devices which can measure T-Radiation and has also perfected a way of safely degaussing subjects with a huge electrical generator. Called “purging,” it involves the subject being exposed to huge outputs of electricity while not grounded, causing the electron states in the subject’s atomic structure to revert to a natural state.

## The Concern

With his expanded budget, Dr. Tapham set about building a monolithic Tillinghast Resonator at the Monument facility in 1992. This resonator, unlike the ones built before it, had complex computer-aided degaussing devices built *into it*, which could render its electromagnetic field inert within minutes, and had a self-regulating system which would prevent its field output from becoming self-propagating. This resonator, dubbed “the concern,” was put through its earliest trials in 1993.

The huge resonator proved even more powerful than that of the *Eldridge*, but not as dangerous, as its output was carefully monitored and controlled. Dr. Tapham set about exploring several interesting mathematical anomalies which suggested that the resonator could be the key to controlling space-time itself.

Throughout 1993 and 1994, Dr. Tapham and his team set about determining the maximum output of “the concern” and performed various tests on its field stability. During the last stage of the testing, when the team pushed “the concern” to its maximum output, the field began to exhibit strange characteristics not seen before by the Project TELL team. Although the bizarre creatures *from beyond* continued to swim within the field, a portion at the center of the field effect became at first indistinct and then was engulfed in a perfect grey sphere. Two test probes were sent into the sphere and were never recovered, nor did they continue to transmit data once they entered the sphere.

Dr. Tapham knew then that the future of Project TELL lay within the anonymity of that sphere.

## The Conduit

By late 1994, the TELL team had determined that somehow, the sphere in the midst of the field effect was some sort of opening to the portion of space-time in which the *Eldridge* resided during its twenty-two missing minutes from 1943—and would continue to reside until the resonator onboard was disabled.

This space in which the *Eldridge* resided when its field was activated was labeled “null space” or “N-Space” by the TELL team, and was believed to exist simultaneously with normal space-time. Only the largest resonators seemed to breach normal space-time to N-Space.

The TELL team discovered this and the basic mechanics of the “wormhole” or “conduit” in late 1994, when they inadvertently pulled a piece of debris from the *Eldridge* back to 1994 from N-Space. They accomplished this by pushing “the concern” to its maximum limits, exceeding the output of the *Eldridge* resonator by a significant degree. When “the concern” was shut down, a

## The Nature of N-Space

N-Space (or null space), discovered by Majestic researchers in the early 1980s, is a superdimension which is conterminous with our own four. It is enormous, at least as large as our own (although no exact measurements have been made), and is scattered throughout with breaches into both our four dimensions and other, higher superdimensions.

Except for these tiny breaches, N-Space is almost completely empty and appears as nothing more than a void of grey. The creatures which writhe and live *beyond* are not native to N-Space, but to dimensions slightly higher than both it and our own. However, the sheer power of the *Eldridge* incident allowed some of the creatures access to the void of N-Space. Whether or not they have thrived there remains to be seen.

Extremely focused sources of electromagnetism can breach our four dimensions and punch holes into N-Space. These bubbles of specialized electromagnetism (called “pocket dimensions”) are created by Tillinghast Resonator sources and can be “pulled” wholly into N-Space. The *Eldridge* bubble has all the aspects of our four dimensions—gravity, time, etc.—but it exists physically in N-Space. When the electromagnetic source is shut down in N-Space, this bubble pops back into our dimension at its point of departure. The void outside the electromagnetic bubble in N-Space is deadly to terrestrial organisms, and air is rapidly depleted within the zone of ionization, so life support is recommended for any long-term trips to the superdimension.

These bubbles of electromagnetism in N-Space attract each other and combine to form bigger pocket dimensions. Objects in those bubbles are drawn to each other as well. Larger sources of Tillinghast Radiation draw lesser sources to them. The *Eldridge*’s self-propagating field effect has made it the strongest source of T-Radiation in N-Space (so far), and it gets more and more powerful as time goes on. This makes a limited program of time travel possible.

It is possible to travel into N-Space to the *Eldridge* from any temporal point past its 1943 entry into N-Space by activating a powerful Tillinghast Resonator in the present day, imbuing a test subject with a large dose of T-Radiation, and then shutting down the resonator in the present. If the charge is great enough, the subject will be sucked into N-Space and naturally drawn towards the *Eldridge*. He could then shut down the resonator on the *Eldridge*, whereupon the *Eldridge* will drop out of N-Space back into the year 1943, along with any who may have traveled there from the future.



scorched 1943 Navy life jacket, a mangled and near-melted pocket watch, and several wooden buttons were discovered within the range of the grey sphere field effect. It was rapidly determined that these objects came from the *Eldridge* and were contained on old Project PUZZLE “missing” lists of objects which should have been aboard the *Eldridge* but which were never located by recovery teams.

It seemed objects imbued with Tillinghast Radiation could be pulled towards sources of the same energy, and were naturally attracted to the largest source of T-Radiation present in N-Space, which could be accessed in any time, at any point in space through the use of resonators. The *Eldridge* seemed to be the largest source of T-Radiation in N-Space until the concern beat its output, drawing a small amount of debris imbued with T-Radiation toward it like a magnet.

With this, the barest inklings of an idea which could save the world began to play about the edges of Dr. Tapham’s mind: the secret of travel through time.

## Project WELLS

Dr. Tapham’s second-in-command, Dr. Isaac Vinet, set about determining the exact nature of N-Space in late 1994. He and his small team set about constructing tiny, self-contained resonators which would “ping,” firing extremely minuscule fluxes of T-Radiation off which could be measured remotely by the Project TELL team utilizing the passive T-Radiation monitors they had already developed.

These tiny “buoys” were powered by plutonium slugs and had an expected life of more than three hundred years. On March 15, 1995, four buoys were sent into the conduit, and when “the concern” was shut down the buoys were dragged towards the *Eldridge* in N-Space, their clear pings tracked through the void of N-Space. The buoys continue to ping to this day.

The buoys appeared to have been dragged back in time as well as through space, although time in N-Space is a difficult medium to gauge. The passive T-Radiation sensors placed the pings at the exact location in space-time where the *Eldridge* entered N-Space.

Later, other probes were developed which could send pictures and sound through the void using T-Radiation as a carrier wave. Pictures from N-Space raised more questions than they answered. The hazy footage showed many questionable and highly suggestive images: Organic-looking shapes rushing past the camera, strange light formations in the formless grey “sky,” and finally, the floating hulk of the *Eldridge* and its crew screaming on the decks.

Readings from the probes indicated that most of N-Space was vacuum, and much of it was spiked here and there with what

## What Majestic Does Not Understand . . .

Today Majestic still does not fully understand the concept of N-Space, and how the *Eldridge* can be transmitting from its grey void while still somehow being in the possession of the U.S. government for over fifty years. Or even *why* the *Eldridge* rematerialized at all in 1943, if the men sent back to disable the resonator have not yet traveled there.

These loops and inconsistencies have been noticed, but not explained to a reliable degree of mathematical accuracy. Only a few of the scientists involved in the project have the words and ideas necessary to explain how something like that *might* occur.

They still have not figured out several other anomalies, such as why the probes sent into N-Space were not found on the *Eldridge* when it re-materialized in 1943, and just how to stop the resonator onboard without the use of various complicated and delicate devices. In addition they have detected, at various times, unusual spikes in T-Radiation output in N-Space, without apparent cause.

Just what all this means remains a mystery, so far, and it will probably be many years yet before a complete understanding of N-Space is achieved. The clock is ticking.

would be near-fatal doses of gamma radiation emitted from unknown sources. These were conjectured to be from tiny high-energy openings to other dimensions.

Further probes were considered pointless. Instead, Tapham and Vinet set about construction of the N-Space Survival Suit, the same futuristic suit found on the corpses in 1943. This was one more step towards what will, in 2008, officially become Project WELLS—the project that will send Robert Macneil and Stephen Sonder back to 1943 to save the world in which they grew up.

## The Anomaly

A strange reading erupted into N-Space without warning in mid-October 1993 for no apparent reason. It showed an immense spike in T-Radiation readings from N-Space, but just for a few minutes. All signals were lost from N-Space for a brief time, and a frantic Project TELL team set about trying to deduce just what had happened. Many believed it was the beginning of the “event,” the devastating singularity scheduled to occur in 2053.

Soon, however, the spike in T-Radiation decreased and was gone without a trace. Occasionally, smaller spikes in N-Space occur, with similar readings as the Anomaly, but without its immense power.

Project TELL has still not figured out the source of the Anomaly.

## Resonator Game Mechanics

The following smattering of rules for *Call of Cthulhu* have proven valuable, accurate, and often quite deadly in dealing with the questionable outcomes of investigators' exposure to a Tillinghast Resonator. The smartest and most ingenious players will never have to experience these dreaded rules but, as with all things, one rotten apple often spoils the bunch—so I have chosen to provide them, *just in case*.

### Under the Influence

A typical resonator is an inoffensive-looking machine of varying design, small enough to fit on a tabletop but complex enough to give the impression that it is more than an amateur radio set. Depending on the aesthetic intentions of the builder it can look sleek and high-tech, or like a botched together mish-mash of 1950s radio parts. Some resonators have twin tuning forks protruding from them, others utilize more obscure methods to produce the resonance.

When activated, the machine emits a shrill whine which rapidly builds to a crescendo, and then dies off into a barely audible droning, like the hum of a power transformer. This hum is audible everywhere within the field, despite any amount of distance from the machine.

The effect upon the human brain is immediate, as the field produced by the machine stirs ancient sense organs long mistaken for other, more mundane structures in the brain. The first change is in the eyes, as the ancient dormant organs transmit their information to the sight centers of the brain and the victim is suddenly confronted with the ability to see first into the range of ultraviolet and then even deeper into the spectrum of invisible light, as if it were normal sunlight. As the field effect intensifies so do the changes, affecting all the existing senses equally.

Slowly, the invisible world which is coterminous with our own but which passes unseen begins to slip into view—and the denizens of that realm begin to see the viewer in turn.

Realization that the resonator is more than some piece of junk, and that the air around you is swarming with alien ravenous creatures, is worth a 1/1d8 SAN loss.

### The World Beyond

The world which exists in tandem with our own is invisible to normal humans, due to our inability to sense at the strange frequencies which illuminate the liquid aether of this other realm. The creatures which exist in the liquid world beyond can not

“see” us without the resonator, although they slither over us and through us constantly. Our atoms vibrate a very tiny bit out of phase with the atoms of this other world, and so we pass each other while occupying the same space, unseen. That veil was impenetrable until the advent of the Tillinghast Resonator.

The resonator not only awakens ancient atrophied sense organs within the human brain which can see this other world. It also brings the atomic structures of both worlds into alignment, until physical interaction between the two worlds becomes possible.

### The Aether

The aether is the material which seems to fill the realm beyond like an ocean, covering everything in a thick gelatinous coating. The aether is completely transparent and somehow breathable to humans, but within the field effect it reacts like a viscous liquid, slightly heavier than water. The creatures beyond seem to swim through the air of our world, propelling themselves on the aether. Humans under enough field effect from the resonator may find themselves able to push against the resistance of the aether as well.

### Determining Field Effect

Depending on their range from the resonator, investigators may find themselves under the influence of the field without even knowing it. This is the most dangerous type of mishap, as unwitting movement within the field can draw the scrutiny of the creatures which exist *beyond* even if the victim's mind has not been sufficiently altered to see them. They are no less deadly for their invisibility.

Soon enough, however, the human mind acclimatizes itself to the field, and dormant sense organs in the brain begin to awake, allowing a hazy but ever-sharpening sight into the realms which are coterminous with our own. Treat this developing skill initially as a POWx1 roll which is made every five minutes. If successful, the character gains a Spot Hidden skill equivalent to his POWx1 within the field to observe the beasts beyond.

After the first time this roll is made successfully, a POWx2 roll is made every minute. The first time this is successful, the character gains a Spot Hidden skill equivalent to his POWx2 to observe the things within the field, and now a POWx3 roll is made every minute. After this roll is successfully made, the investigator gains a Spot Hidden skill equivalent to his POWx5 and her brain organ is fully awakened to the field.

If at any time in the future the same character is exposed to a field, no rolls are necessary. She automatically retains the Spot Hidden skill from the previous exposure.

If at any time any of these POW rolls is a 00 or a 01, the investigator's brain begins to transmit and control a resonating field itself. This field is treated as a second POW score on the character sheet, referred to as tPOW; roll 3D6 to determine its strength.

At the Keeper's discretion, or on a failed group Luck roll, this field may activate randomly, causing resonator-like effects in the proximity of the affected investigator, possibly affecting others as well. The proximity is defined as a sphere with a radius equal to the investigator's tPOW in feet.

To see if this biological field affects others nearby, roll a contest of the transmitting investigator's tPOW vs. the POW of all subjects in the field, with the tPOW being the active characteristic. If the tPOW succeeds, the target is affected as if he is exposed to a Tillinghast Resonator field and is subject to all its ill effects.

For every minute that someone moves within the resonator field, there is a cumulative 5% chance of detection by something from beyond. Every gross motor movement within the field—walking, picking something up, etc.—calls for a roll vs. this cumulative percentage by each investigator. If failed, the investigator faces an attack by a random predator from beyond. If the investigator's mind has not perceived the creatures within the field already, this assault alone costs 1/1D6 SAN, in addition to any damage incurred. Fleeing the field effect will render the investigator invisible to the things from beyond—unless the investigator is emitting his own field.

## Resonator Strength, T-Radiation, and N-Space

The Tillinghast Resonator produces an unearthly magnetic resonance which activates ancient organs within the human brain which can perceive the world which coexists with ours.

This device in its smallest and least powerful form, like the original constructed by Crawford Tillinghast, poses no physical threat to humans once the field is shut down. However, the resona-

tors built since then are far more dangerous and difficult to control. These more powerful fields actually affect the atomic vibration rates of objects within their influence, building in frequency until it causes significant changes in that object's physical properties.

This vibrating frequency is known as T-radiation, or Tillinghast Radiation. It is only produced by the largest and most complex Tillinghast Resonators. Although smaller resonators do produce slight changes in atomic vibration rates, these changes are so miniscule that they do not affect physical objects in a lasting way.

Like an atomic chain reaction, this new vibration rate "infects" objects, especially objects which freely conduct electricity, until the whole object is vibrating at a subtly different rate than the world around it. Once the whole object is affected, the vibration rate grows until the object phases out of what we know as the physical world and slips into Null space, or N-Space, a void which surrounds our four dimensions like an envelope.

Objects infected with T-Radiation have a tPOW score all their own which measures their charge. Metallic objects have significantly higher charges than non-metallic objects, and humans can gain charges freely. When an investigator touches an infected object, roll a tPOW vs. POW contest, with tPOW being the active characteristic. If the tPOW is successful, the investigator who touched the object gains a tPOW charge himself of 1D3 points. The investigator is now a carrier, just like the object she touched, and may pass on the charge as well.

To reflect the growing power of the field, the investigator must roll *higher* than her tPOW on 3D6 once per day. If at any time the roll exactly matches the tPOW, the investigator does not need to roll against her total for 1D6 days. This represents a small plateau of stability which will not last long. The first failure of a roll vs. the tPOW causes a gain of 1D3 tPOW, the second failure 2D3, the third 3D3, *etc.*

If at any time the investigator's tPOW is higher than his or her POW, a contest must be made between the two characteristics, with tPOW being the active characteristic. If the T-Radiation succeeds, the investigator vanishes into the vacuum of N-Space—forever.

## Addiction to the Field

Those exposed to a field from a resonator for more than a few minutes become addicted. Those addicted to the field and who have access to a resonator, or plans for a resonator, must make a Luck roll every week. If this Luck roll is failed, the investigator must set about acquiring, building, or using a resonator. The addiction, like others, is ever-growing.

After the first use as an addict, the investigator must make a weekly 3/4 Luck roll, then a 1/2 Luck roll, then finally a 1/4 Luck roll. (This is the minimum Luck score possible, and is used thereafter.) Each failure indicates the loss of one day between the rolls. In other words, the first failure makes it necessary to roll vs. Luck every 6 days or use the machine, the second every 5 days, the third every 4 days. If the machine is not or cannot be used despite the roll, the character suffers 1/1D6 SAN points loss. There is no known cure for the addiction.

## Purging a Charge of T-Radiation

This difficult and extremely dangerous process requires exposure to an electrical field of extreme power. The subject should not be grounded. Significant power must be passed through the subject, in excess of 50,000 volts, to neutralize the odd vibration rate induced by the T-Radiation.

If the investigator attempts this while grounded, roll vs. Luck. On a successful Luck roll, the character suffers 2D8 HP damage and is stunned for 2D10 rounds. On a failed Luck roll, the character suffers 10D8 HP damage and has a 50% chance of immediate and fatal cardiac arrest. Either way, the subject is now free of the T-Radiation charge.

If the character is not grounded, nothing is felt except an odd tingling, but the T-Radiation charge will rapidly dissipate.

## Parasites From Beyond

The creatures that exist beyond come in a multitude of forms, as various and endless as those found on Earth, a few of which are described in detail below. These creatures hunt in the higher dimensions utilizing senses not generally found on Earth, consuming each other in a violent and never-ending interplay of predators and prey. The Tillinghast Resonator illuminates our physical world to the strange senses of the parasites, allowing these dangerous creatures to see us and interact with us within the field effect. Movement within the field, and to a lesser degree those things imbued with T-Radiation, draw parasites towards them, usually with catastrophic results.

### Disc-Shaped Liquivore

**STR 3**      **CON 6**      **SIZ 2**      **DEX 1**  
**HP 4**      **POW 4**      **Move 9 (Flying)**

**Damage Bonus:** -1D6

#### Attacks

Slice 35%  
*1D10+db*

**Sanity Loss:** 0/1D3

#### Notes

These things resemble no terran creature. They are formed of numerous half circles of solid black tissue, interconnected by a bony flexible spine. They drift through the air, swirling furiously, using the razor edges of their discs as weapons. Food is consumed in the spine as blood is hacked from its target. In combat they spin into their target, making numerous rapid cuts before pulling back again. They have no visible sense organs.

### Ophidian Liquivore

**STR 6**      **CON 8**      **SIZ 3**      **DEX 16**  
**HP 6**      **POW 6**      **Move 9 (Flying)**

**Damage Bonus:** -1D4

#### Attacks

Bite 30%  
*1D10+db*

**Sanity Loss:** 0/1D4

#### Notes

These creatures resemble transparent serpents with no eyes, about a foot and a half long. They writhe through the air as if swimming around invisible obstacles and currents, seeking prey wherever they can get it. When they attack, their large fangs punch into a victim and begin to drain fluids from its body. Being liquivores, they do not eat solid flesh.

### Tumbleweed Liquivore

**STR 3**      **CON 10**      **SIZ 2**      **DEX 13**  
**HP 6**      **POW 6**      **Move 9**

**Damage Bonus:** -1D4

#### Attacks

Impaling Spines 25%  
*1D6+db (x2)*

**Sanity Loss:** 0/1D3

#### Notes

These creatures are a gaggle of spindly sharp spines which serve as legs to pull it across nearly any surface in a rolling motion. In their native dimension these small beasts are pulled around on the invisible currents like a tumbleweed blown in the wind, and occasionally they impale themselves on other, larger creatures to feed. At the end of each spine is a tiny pore through which these liquivores feed.

## Consumer Swarms

HP 7 Move 7 (Flying)

### Attacks

Stings/Bites 100%

*Roll 1D6 each round of attack; see damage below. Attacks last 1D4+1 rounds, or indefinitely if the subject does not fight back.*

### Swarm Damage

1: 1D3-1	4: 1D5
2: 1D3	5: 1D6
3: 1D4	6: 1D8

Sanity Loss: 0/1D3

### Notes

These huge swarms of shrimp-like creatures descend on a target and attempt to consume it through a prolonged feeding frenzy. Victims of a consumer swarm attack are at -30% to all skill rolls while under the onslaught. In addition, a successful Luck roll must be made every round by a target attacked by a consumer swarm to avoid permanent vision damage, penalizing all sight-based skill rolls by 5% per point of damage inflicted. They often devour victims that have been sucked dry by liquivores.

## March Technologies

This private aerospace corporation caters to all levels and all branches of the United States military, supplying vital and unique components for the world's most advanced jets, rockets, and satellites. Despite their sterling reputation with the government and other aerospace firms, March Technologies remains out of the public eye. It is privately held by a small board of directors and does little to promote itself, yet remains a vital source of computers and flight navigation gear for the U.S. military, based solely on the cutting-edge performance of their creations.

March's president, Justin Kroft, is well known in military circles. Rumors abound of his CIA background and his nearly endless list of favor-filled friends within the federal government. Those more in the know about Kroft avoid talking of him at all, and know that such talk could cost lives. These few know to fear Justin Kroft more than any man within the U.S. government.

Today March has cemented its hold on such specialized sciences as high-speed flight-correction systems, stealth technology, and passive-detection systems for fighter aircraft and missiles. It maintains fourteen component-construction plants all over the United States and is headquartered in Washington, D.C. In addition to these factories, two research and design facilities in Massachusetts and California supposedly produce the innovative breakthroughs which have made March a legend within the military-industrial complex.

In truth, few things are actually created by these two R&D divisions. Instead, existing Grey technology is adapted to human use by "erased" Majestic scientists, and these reverse-engineered devices are farmed out to March, which produces them for military consumption. Justin Kroft leads both Majestic-12 and March Technologies, and exploits both to develop his own personal fortune and legend within the intelligence community.

## Monument Research Facility

Located outside the tiny town of Monument, Montana, near Hell Creek State Park, this sprawling facility is like many other Majestic facilities in that it is anonymous, isolated, and self-contained. Few who are not directly involved in Majestic's Project PLUTO go here. Those who do never make it past the front gates.

The locals are used to such places, off limits to civilians with no explanation but national security. Their state has been a favorite haven for the military for decades. Most think the compound is a government-sponsored research facility. Technically, they are correct.

Built in the mid-1980s and completed in 1987, the facility purports to be a research division of the well-connected government contractor March Technologies, but is actually headquarters to Majestic's Project TELL. Despite its size and large staff, its geographical isolation gives it a natural seclusion which precludes nosy intruders. It is not listed on maps or with the state's revenue department, and its existence would likely be news to the local congressman. It does not employ any locals and was constructed by out-of-state specialty workers without even making a blip on the local economy.

The two dozen buildings within the double-fenced perimeter

house a staff of more than seventy, most of whom are “erased” Majestic personnel dedicated to unraveling of the secrets of the Tillinghast Resonator. The rest are NRO DELTA security staff.

The huge state-of-the-art resonator called “the concern” is located here in a huge, hermetically-sealed hangar, as well as the conduit, the T-radiation detectors, and almost all relevant technology. Access to the interior buildings is extremely restricted, and the NRO DELTA men who guard the facility take their jobs seriously. They have instituted the same “no margin” system as at the COUNTRY CLUB and the S-4 laboratory at Area-51: Any inconsistency in personal identification is immediately met with lethal force. While there have been several fatal “friendly fire” incidents, the policy has prevented any leakage or infiltration of Majestic facilities.

The “erased” personnel live in condominium-like housing located on the base, with every amenity provided for them except one: freedom. The very conscious decision these men have made—men who to the real world are dead—precludes any meaningful social life or interaction with the outside world. Approached by Majestic agents with irrefutable proof of a science more advanced than any known to modern Earth, most made the only choice their greedily inquisitive minds could conceive: false death and a new life researching science that beggars the imagination.

Most of these researchers—except for the project directors and some other higher-ups—are restricted to the facility grounds, or to the nearby towns under escort by NRO DELTA agents in plain clothes. Scientists have been shot trying to escape. No one has made it yet, but these scientists are the best of the best, and it is only a matter of time before someone escapes.

Dr. Tapham and Dr. Vinet of Project TELL jointly rule the facility and control the project down to the very last detail, answering only to MJ-1, Justin Kroft, who has a personal interest in the concept of time travel. The compound is like a forced-labor camp for scientists—albeit a luxurious one—harkening back to the days of the secret investigations into the A-Bomb in New Mexico in the 1940s. Tapham is obsessed with completion of the “loop paradox” wherein the *Eldridge* will be disabled in N-Space. He will do anything necessary to ensure the loop coming to pass. He rightly believes that the fate of the world is at stake.

## The Naval Security Group Activity (NSGA)

The remote island of Adak, situated in the center of the Aleutian chain 1400 miles from Anchorage, Alaska, is home to two vital

United States Naval facilities: the Naval Security Group Activity, a Naval strategic monitoring station; and the Naval Air Facility at Adak, a long-range strategic bomber airfield and supply aircraft depot. In 1997, the Naval Air Facility was finally downsized by act of congress. What was once a sprawling city, the fourth largest in Alaska, which housed thousands of Naval personnel and their families, was turned to a ghost town with a minimal staff. The Naval Security Group Activity, however, remained under full operation and for good reason: it is the ONI's best-kept secret, and the final resting place of the USS *Eldridge*.

When the ONI's project PUZZLE was absorbed in 1982 by Majestic-12, the USS *Eldridge* was moved under orders of Justin Kroft from the Norfolk Naval Yard to the Naval Security Group Activity at Adak Island for safekeeping.

Today, the former Naval Air Station on Adak Island is open to public flights and big business. The naval facilities on the north side of the island are home to a Norwegian fishing firm. The former city of Adak, which once housed over 7,000 naval personnel, now houses only a few hundred private citizens who are employed at the airfield or the fishing firm.

The rest of the island, except for the NSGA which is located on the south side, is untamed wilderness, rich with wildlife and unspoiled natural resources. This large natural reserve is held under the auspices of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, manned year round by a whopping two employees. Their jurisdiction ends where Naval property begins.

The Naval Security Group Activity comprises a small portion of the southern section of the island, separated from the Naval Air Facility by wilderness. This is Majestic Facility 16. Once it was a Naval radar station, but in 1982 the existing base was taken over by Majestic for express use as a storage facility for the USS *Eldridge*. A special high-tech degaussing slip was constructed to house the ship and its still-powerful electromagnetic field. It is staffed by twenty-one Project TELL personnel and twenty-two NRO DELTA security agents who live in the former Naval facility.

To the outside world, and even to most of the Navy, the facility is still listed as the Naval Security Group Activity and Majestic's operations there are unknown even to some of the most powerful Naval officers in the United States. Only the leaders of the ONI are in the know.

Flights rarely leave or come into the facility, which has its own runway. Those that do come from the U.S. in private jets which transmit military transponder signals. Isolated facilities such as the NSGA usually replace personnel several times a year, but people rarely come in or out of Facility 16. Only the NRO DELTA staff revolve in and out of the facility regularly, by ship.

NRO DELTA uses the facility as a training center for recent

recruits. The rough terrain, inclement weather, and the wilderness surrounding the NSGA make it a favorite for NRO DELTA survival nuts, of which there are many. The perimeter around Facility 16 is monitored by extensive electronic systems, pressure sensors, and cameras that are watched twenty-four hours. Perimeter patrols are common in even the foulest weather. Majestic has no reservations about using deadly force to defend Facility 16.

The sea perimeter is monitored by extensive electronic remote sonar stations as well as by radar. Two U.S. Navy interdicator ships are kept in a constant state of alert on base to intercept any sea traffic to the facility. These ships moor at the base in a circulating schedule from Navy bases at Hawaii and California, and the

crews are literally not allowed off the ship. Rumors abound with the crews of these interdicator ships about the purpose of the facility, which they call the “spook shack.”

For all its security, nothing much goes on at the facility. Occasionally Majestic scientists at the Project TELL facility in Montana ask for careful measurements from the Eldridge by the small scientific staff of Facility 16. Besides this, the scientists monitor the *Eldridge* to make sure no serious fluctuations in its field occur. So the *Eldridge* waits in its sealed degaussed slip, silently gaining power.

Unless TELL can solve its mysteries, the *Eldridge* will destroy the planet in 2053.

## John Gates

To the world at large, John Gates is a player in the financial world. His highly-exclusive company, Gates Brokerage, has steered his and others' wealth through the eddies and channels of the world economy without disaster. In the beginning Gates himself handled all investments for his fledgling financial firm. Today Gates handles only long-term investment programs for his now-huge multinational corporation. Thousands of the world's elite invest with Gates Brokerage, simply because it is the best. Despite numerous rough times in the markets since Gates entered the scene in the early 1950s, he has managed to constantly increase his firm's income through sometimes-miraculous investments. Other brokerage firms live in awe of the corporate giant and financial legend, and thank whatever gods they revere that Gates does not cater to the common man.

The story of the rise of John Gates has been the subject of numerous books (authorized and unauthorized), a TV movie, and even a short-lived off-Broadway play. His humble beginnings in Washington D.C. as a short-order cook after the war are well known, as are his first small purchases of insignificant stocks that soon rocketed in value. Even more famous is his meteoric rise in less than five years to become one of the most influential brokers in the United States. From short-order cook to multimillionaire in less than five years, John Gates lived the ultimate American dream—or so it would seem.

In reality, John Gates is not John Gates. He is Captain James Francis Polson, a former Navy SEAL and member of Majestic-12, who was born in the year 1985 and who also in 1985 celebrated his 69th birthday. Captain Polson was sent back in time in 2012 by Majestic's Project WELLS to shut down the Tillinghast Resonator onboard the *Eldridge* in 1943. Polson and the others who went back were fully briefed on the horrors of the mission, and were well aware it was not readily survivable—there was, in fact, no way back. Polson volunteered, as did his compatriots, to save the world.

Using an advanced resonator, Project WELLS was able to create a conduit or wormhole between the resonator aboard the *Eldridge* and the one at the Montana facility. For a brief instant, 1943 and 2012 were linked by a traversable bridge of resonating energy.

Captain Polson and his team arrived unscathed on the *Eldridge* in their protective suits. They detonated a small measured charge on one of the huge resonance pylons on the conning tower of the ship, negating the vibration and effectively shutting down the resonator. The Majestic team had to neutralize several threats, both human and inhuman, as this task was carried out.

With their mission complete, the fatal effects of a Tillinghast radiation overdose slowly began to settle in. The Majestic team had suffered a huge dose of T-radiation, and although their protective suits offered some protection, it was assumed that combination of extreme levels of gamma radiation and the last flux of T-radiation when the *Eldridge* rematerialized would kill the entire team.

But Polson survived. As the world of 1943 faded back in around the derelict ship, Polson doffed his gear and leapt into the freezing waters of the Pokomoke sound, swimming for nearby marshland. If not for his SEAL training he never would have made it, but Polson



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pulled himself from the water and managed to survive and then thrive in the comparatively innocent world of 1943.

Sinking into wartime Washington, D.C., Polson found his way to the seedier elements of the town, hiring himself out as experienced muscle to organized crime. His 2000s attitude and Navy SEAL training put him far ahead of his competition, and he soon made a name for himself. In 1949, Polson opted out of the rackets for the respectable world. With help from underworld figures with whom he had gained good favor, Polson changed his identity down to the very last detail. As of 1950 he was John Yeardeley Gates, dishwasher and Navy veteran. From there, his life became history.

Investing his hard-earned money in high-technology stocks in the 1950s was a huge windfall. Gates was not entirely sure how long investments in companies like Boeing and IBM would take to pay off, but as the race for space and the missile race geared up, he invested in companies he knew would be involved in the mission for the moon and the ever-growing expense of the Cold War.

He consistently got in on the ground floor of companies and fads he knew would rise to popularity. Investing in up-and-coming companies before anyone ever heard of them, sinking money into numerous rock-and-roll bands, television studios and movie productions, Gates reaped the rewards of 20/20 hindsight while the financial world marveled at his seeming ingenuity.

Gates married Lola Broaderick, an MGM starlet, in 1959, and the two settled down on Shelter Island on the eastern tip of Long Island. They raised eight children and enjoyed a quiet, idyllic life. Lola died in a boating accident in 1971. Gates never remarried.

Today, with huge blocks of voting stock in Coca Cola, IBM, Merck Pharmaceuticals, Microsoft, and Amazon.com, among other corporate giants, John Gates is the seventeenth richest man in the United States. He lives in the lap of luxury while his company maneuvers the treacherous world of e-commerce, which Gates miraculously saw coming.

Gates is quite healthy despite celebrating his eighty-fourth birthday in June 2000, and maintains the active lifestyle of a man twenty years his junior. Gates still enjoys running and swimming and spends his time researching future investments and tending to his extensive family, which now includes fourteen grandchildren.

He very rarely thinks about the *Eldridge* mission anymore, and has never spoken of it to anyone, not even his wife. He has no artifacts from 2012, just his memories of the 1980s as his childhood, which are worth more to him now than solid gold. Gates wrote up a select portfolio of world trends up to 2012, which will be given to his eldest son only in case of his death.

Seeing the changes he has wrought in time has made Gates a bit paranoid. As a child and teenager, despite some exposure to the investment world, James Francis Polson never heard of John



Gates, or of his brokerage house, or a hundred other things he has made come to pass. These things have proven to be insignificant in the scheme of things, but Gates is worried.

Gates has had men infiltrate every level of the life of James Francis Polson, since his own birth in 1985. James Francis Polson, the man who will grow up to go back in time and become John Gates, has been watched by lavishly-paid private detective firms since his birth. Routine reports are submitted to Gates to peruse, covering all details of the boy's life.

Ensign James Francis Polson graduated from Annapolis Naval Academy in summer 2007 and applied for a billet in the SEALs. Gates now hopes Polson will join Majestic in 2009, so he may become Gates and live the wonderful life he has made for himself.

## John Gates (Captain James Francis Polson)

**The loop paradox in action, age 91 in 2007**

**Race:** Caucasian

**STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 11**

**DEX 9 APP 10 EDU 22 SAN 41 HP 10**

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Education:** Annapolis Naval Academy, Naval Operations Intelligence Center, SEAL training

**Occupation:** CEO, Gates Brokerage (former U.S. Navy SEAL)

### Skills

Accounting 74%, Computer Use 54%, Credit Rating 99%, Cthulhu Mythos 1%, Demolitions 63%, Dodge 18%, Hide 40%, History 49%, Listen 12% (reduced by age), Martial Arts 43%, Navigate 39%, Parachute 51%, Persuade 66%, Psychology 64%, SCUBA 87%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 39%, Swim 65%

### Languages

English (native) 100%, French 21%, Spanish 42%

### Attacks

Punch 51%

*1D3+db (successful Martial Arts roll doubles damage)*

Pistol 62%

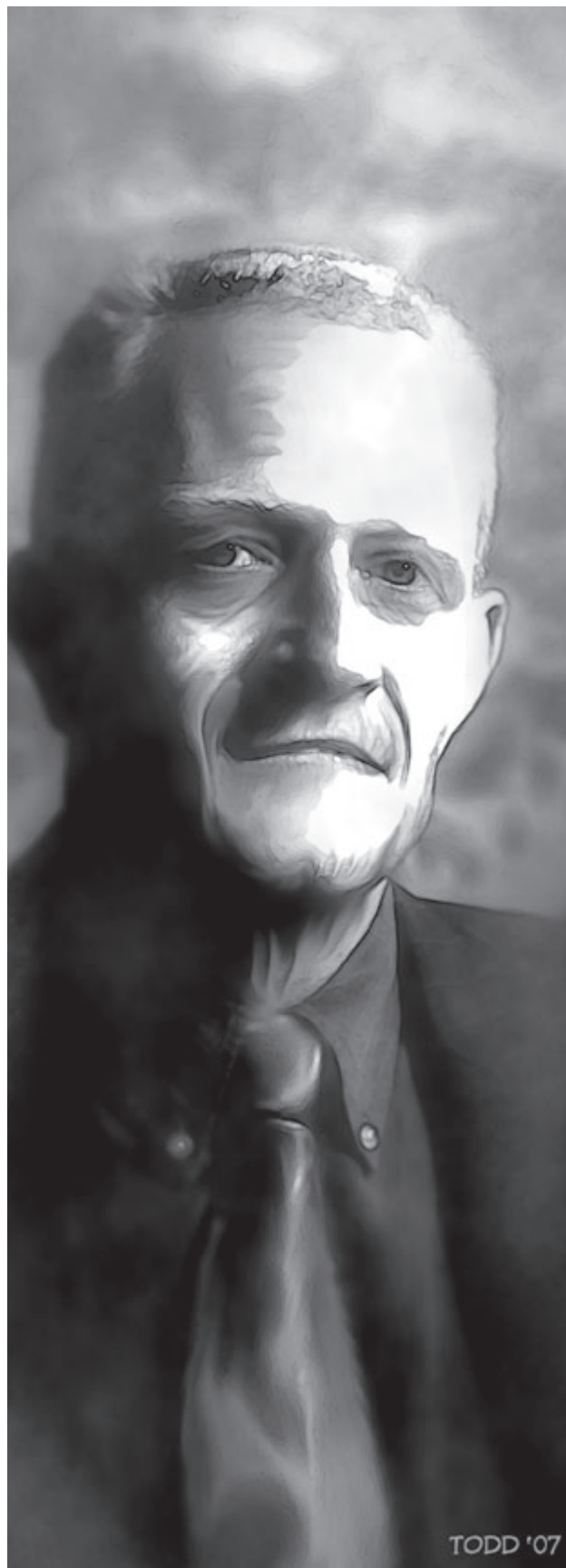
Submachine Gun 54%

Knife 42%

### Physical Description

Gates is an immaculately dressed older man who looks twenty years younger than he actually is. His short hair (long since faded to white) is kept cropped military style, and his build indicates that he was once involved in a physically strenuous job, though much of his muscle is fading to fat.

Gates is never without half a dozen well-armed, well-trained "personal secretaries" who are more than willing to take a bullet for this strange and remarkable man.





# APPENDIX A: DELTA GREEN TRADECRAFT

DENNIS DETWILLER and SHANE IVEY

*Call of Cthulhu* ordinarily expects investigators to be reasonably close to the Lovecraftian model: scholarly types more likely to resort to the library and museum than the truncheon and revolver. Delta Green investigators often come from a different school. Most of them are federal agents, intelligence officers and special operations soldiers working off the books, accustomed to interrogating suspects and intelligence sources for hours at a time, frequently breaking every kind of law for what they hope is the greater good. *Delta Green* itself describes many of the conspiracy's methods. Here we detail a few tools and techniques that can be of tremendous use to an active cell—and tremendous danger if exposed or relied upon too heavily.

## Green Boxes

Delta Green cells need storage space for the many artifacts and illegal items that a “psychotic opera” can produce. Such a space can serve as a temporary drop point for equipment and contraband during an op, and afterwards as a long-term place to leave behind troublesome items or unused supplies for future ops. Delta Green has cheap, relatively-secure sites all over the U.S. in the personal-storage facilities that have set up shop nearly everywhere. A storage unit rented by a Delta Green agent or friendly is known as a Green Box.

Green Boxes are set up only as needed. Once set up, they are rented indefinitely—unless there’s a mistake with a credit card or the facility shuts down unexpectedly, that is. During an op, the active cell will almost always set up a Green Box in the op’s city if one does not already exist. If there is one present, the cell should make a point to visit it; it might contain useful information or equipment, or it might contain some mess that another cell left behind which should really be cleaned up.

When a cell sets up a Green Box, they send a copy of the key and any keypad codes up the chain of command to Cell A. They also send all relevant paperwork, and Cell A keeps the records on file and makes payments for years in advance.

Agents often ask if a Green Box is present in an op’s area. If there is one, Cell A usually leaves the key for the requesting cell leader in a dead drop.

## Security

The security level of Green Boxes varies wildly. Some outdoor storage facilities need only a key to access the front gate and the desired unit. Indoor facilities may have a staffer on hand to admit users, or may have a keypad code that opens a loading door to access the storage units inside. Size and amenities also vary, though cells typically get the largest available—usually about a 5’x10’ or 8’x8’ room, sometimes as large as 20’x40’. Some storage facilities include power and air conditioning. Not all storage facilities are open 24 hours a day.

Of course, a rented public storage locker is still owned by the storage facility. Mistakes are made. Credit cards expire. Police obtain search warrants. Companies close down or relocate.

Whatever you leave in a Green Box, there’s always a chance that someone else will open it up.

## Contents

What’s in a Green Box for a particular city? This, like many particulars in any *Call of Cthulhu* campaign, is up to the Keeper. A mummified body? A 3,000-year-old Egyptian stone tablet? An M-60 machine gun with four hundred rounds? A two-hundred-pound solid-silver skull? All of the above? Some might be completely empty, while others may be so jam-packed full of debris that access to them is limited.

One very typical use for a Green Box is to leave behind items that are difficult or illegal to transport, or that the agents simply have no further use for. These items might include ammunition, cold-weather gear, surveillance equipment, or even motorcycles. Sometimes, the items might be things that Delta Green needs to dispose of quickly; if a cell has to leave town, they might dump something unpleasant at the Green Box to be dealt with by someone else, dispatched by Cell A, to clean up the mess.

Sometimes cells “forget” to tell Cell A about such contents, usually because it’s evidence of a screw-up they’re not eager to get called on. Anything that might soon start to smell or leak should always be reported to Cell A, lest the facility’s management have to open the unit to investigate.

While there is usually only one Green Box in a given locale, there are sometimes more. This could be due to accidental overlap or sudden need. Some agents maintain secret Green Boxes that only they have access to, usually in the area where they live. Agent Alphonse has many such units, mostly scattered around the northeastern U.S.

An old custom of the Green Boxes is to leave non-perishable food items behind for the next agents who use the facility. Most commonly, a bottle of liquor is left to calm the shattered nerves of agents involved in psychotic operas. Cots and kerosene heaters are common as well, just in case agents need a place to hide out for a little while.

## Telephone Communications

On the far end of a convoluted international paper trail, one of Delta Green’s agents owns a small company called Remote Data Inc., founded in the Cayman Islands but now based in Costa Rica. Remote Data markets pre-paid phone cards in the U.S. under a variety of brand names: GetInTouch, WizardPhone, StepItService, and FullCall. These cards are mostly sold in non-franchise convenience stores on the west and east coasts. Manufacturing, sales, and distribution of the cards is performed under contract by a variety of legitimate U.S. companies, none of whom have ever met a Remote Data representative in person, and none of whom have any involvement in fulfilling the cards’ phone service.

All payments from Remote Data are issued from a small bank in Costa Rica. As a privately-held company in a foreign country, Remote Data's financial and ownership information is not available to the public or to U.S. law-enforcement agencies. Nor are there records of telephone connections.

The Remote Data office is a commercial mail drop. Its call-routing equipment has changed locations several times. For a while it was housed in space rented from a warehouse owned and used by elements of American organized crime, who had a vested interest in keeping the contents of the warehouse secure. These days Remote Data leases call-routing equipment, along with many other companies, at a major telco peering point in Plano, Texas.

Users of Remote Data phone cards dial a 1-800 number, type in their card's code number, and then type in their desired telephone number. 99% of the phone traffic Remote Data handles is legitimate.

The rest is Delta Green. Each agent and friendly is issued a Remote Data phone card (under a variety of brands) with unlimited time, but which expires in a randomly-determined timeframe and must then be replaced.

Each agent and friendly is also given two phone numbers: one for an immediate superior or primary contact, and one that serves as a hotline to Cell A. Each individual has a different set of phone numbers—even when they connect to the same people—and each individual's set will only function when dialed with their particular Remote Data card. These contact numbers, too, change irregularly.

The phone numbers are bogus; all are placed to non-existent international area codes. When the user types in their unique card number and the bogus phone number, Remote Data's routers connect the call to the real number. The connection between Remote Data and the real number is encrypted and swept for common types of listening devices. Any irregularity results in a standard recorded error message that states the call cannot be completed as dialed.

Records of the user's calls only show the 1-800 call to Remote Data.

## Interrogation

Interrogation is the art of convincing an unwilling subject to divulge information. Interrogation uses the *Call of Cthulhu* skills Bargain, Fast Talk and Persuade. Each skill is most appropriate to certain circumstances. The investigator should choose which approach to use.

Use Bargain to gain cooperation from a subject who's uncooperative now but could be convinced to help with the right incentives. The right incentives are often not monetary. A sub-

ject facing criminal prosecution might bargain for a reduction of charges. A subject who simply wants to be released might bargain for the amount of information he'll divulge to get what he wants.

Often bargaining can be played out without bothering to roll, as a simple negotiation. If the investigator wants to talk down the subject's terms, make a Bargain roll. The Keeper should assign a penalty to the interrogator's roll depending on how much of the terms are being talked down: -10% for a moderate loss (*i.e.*, the subject wants a first-degree murder rap reduced to misdemeanor assault and the investigator offers to reduce it to felony assault), -20% for a significant loss (the investigator offers a charge of manslaughter), or -30% or more for a severe loss (the investigator offers a second-degree murder charge or no deal). In interrogation, each Bargain attempt takes 1D6 hours.

Use Fast Talk to trick a subject into giving something away. This doesn't take much time, but it's useful only for very small bits of information, never for details. Fast Talk is good for getting a subject to answer a "yes" or "no" question truthfully without intending to. A Fast Talk attempt takes 1D6 minutes, but with each failed attempt the subject gets an Idea roll to notice the tricky style of questioning. If it succeeds, the subject clams up and further Fast Talk attempts won't work.

Use Persuade to convince an interrogation subject to change his or her mind and cooperate willingly. This has no chance of working if the subject is fanatical, whether it's the fanaticism of a 0-Sanity cultist or the dedication of a true patriot. Whether a subject can be Persuaded or not is up to the Keeper. Each Persuade attempt takes 1D6 hours.

A Psychology roll can augment each of these skills during interrogation, or hinder the interrogator if the "reading" is wrong. The interrogator can choose whether to attempt a Psychology roll before making each interrogation roll, using various techniques and tools to detect stress levels and other cues to truthfulness. If the Psychology roll succeeds, add 10% to the interrogator's Bargain, Fast Talk or Persuade roll. If the Psychology roll fails, subtract 10%.

## Torture

Torture is a special kind of interrogation, using pain to augment persuasion. It requires a Persuade roll. Under torture even a fanatical subject can be coerced to cooperate.

Many torture victims voluntarily cooperate to avoid torture altogether; this is up to the Keeper for non-player characters, and up to the player to decide for player characters. If the victim voluntarily cooperates, no Persuade roll is necessary. Otherwise, torture calls for a Persuade roll by the interrogator and a POW x 5% roll by the victim.

Unfortunately for the interrogator, torture often produces entirely fictional intelligence. Protracted pain does terrible things to mental processes. The victim sometimes becomes unable to consciously distinguish the truth from whatever he or she thinks it will take to make the agony stop. Torture is good at convincing a victim to say exactly what you tell him or her to say. It's unreliable, at best, in convincing a victim to tell the truth.

If the victim's POW roll succeeds, the victim may choose to refuse to cooperate despite the torture, whether or not the torturer's Persuade roll succeeds.

If the POW roll fails and the Persuade roll succeeds, the victim tells the torturer exactly what he or she *thinks* the torturer wants to hear, whether or not it's the truth.

If the POW roll fails and the Persuade roll fails as well, the victim tells the torturer whatever he or she thinks the torturer wants to hear, but *not* the truth.

A Psychology roll will not be able to tell whether or not the victim is lying until the torture has stopped for 1D6 hours.

The severity of the torture determines the time required for the attempt, the damage it inflicts on the victim, and the Sanity cost. The damage roll and Sanity check must be made with each attempt. Victim and torturer alike must make this Sanity check. Most often, a victim who becomes temporarily or indefinitely insane from torture is incoherent with pain and terror until the insanity passes.

Expert torturers can inflict pain without causing lasting harm. If the torturer's Persuade roll is combined with a successful First Aid or Medicine roll (see "Combination Rolls," *Call of Cthulhu* Sixth Edition, p. 140), the victim takes only 1 HP damage from the attempt instead of the listed damage. Over enough time, this level of torment could be used for brainwashing or deprogramming.

Severity	SAN Loss	HP Damage	Time Required
Mild	1/1D6	1D6	1D6 hours
<i>Example: Sustained electric shock</i>			
Moderate	1/1D8	1D8	1D4 hours
<i>Example: Severe beating with hoses and fists</i>			
Severe	1/1D10	1D10	1D3 hours
<i>Example: Amputation with no anesthesia</i>			

## 'Truth' Drugs

The "truth serum" of movies and novels does not exist. Police and intelligence services around the world have attempted to use sedatives such as scopolamine, sodium pentothal and ethanol to lower the resistances of interrogation subjects, but these drugs have the same failing as physical coercion: They often produce a mixture of fact and fantasy that even the interrogation subject cannot tell apart.

Using a "truth drug" requires a Persuade roll, taking only 1D3 hours. Even a fanatical subject can be convinced to cooperate under the influence of a drug. However, it requires a POW x 5% roll by the victim to determine how much of the results are the truth.

If the POW roll succeeds—whether or not the Persuade roll succeeds—or if the POW roll fails and the Persuade roll also fails, what the victim says is mostly false, with a sprinkling of accurate but irrelevant facts.

If the POW roll fails and the Persuade roll succeeds, what the victim says is more truth than fantasy.

A Psychology roll will not be able to tell whether or not the victim is lying until the drug wears off in 2D6 hours.

Unless the drug is prepared and dosages prescribed by experts, mixing it correctly requires Medicine and Pharmacy rolls. Unless the interrogator has a lab and time to test the preparation, the Keeper should make the rolls secretly and determine the results of failure—whether it's an insufficient dose or an overdose leading to unconsciousness, coma or respiratory failure. Death is particularly likely if the victim is allergic to the drug and not treated quickly.

## Murder

Delta Green agents desperate to defeat unearthly horrors sometimes take extreme measures to keep their actions secret. These measures come with a price. The Sanity rules in *Call of Cthulhu* do not anticipate cold-blooded murder on the part of investigators. Use these Sanity costs if Delta Green agents or friendlies decide it's necessary.

If the killing is by hand—a knife, a club, bare hands—add 1 to the penalty of any failed roll; 1D4+1 instead of 1D4, 1D6+1 instead of 1D6, *etc.*

For characters who are inured to violence, the rules for "getting used to awfulness" apply. Once an investigator has lost the maximum possible SAN for killing, it's up to the Keeper to decide how much time must pass before he or she risks losing it again.

### Sanity Lost    Type of Killing

0/1D4	Killing in immediate defense of yourself or another person
0/1D6	Killing a known murderer or a murderous enemy in cold blood
1/1D8	Accidentally killing an innocent or the wrong person
1/1D10	Killing an innocent in cold blood for any reason

## Hacking

Some *Delta Green* players can't resist the high-tech allure of computer experts sniffing out passwords and breaking encryption with sophisticated algorithms. And most *Delta Green* game

masters have no clue what any of that even means. But that's all right. Hacking can be exactly as useful—or as useless—to the players as you want.

The question usually comes down to this: Can the investigators get a piece of information by breaking into a computer system and downloading it? The answer is entirely up to the Keeper.

## Gaining Access

First, is the information even on a computer system? Really crucial information might not be stored electronically at all; if you don't scan an image of a sensitive report, or create it in a word processor in the first place, nobody can grab it by download or send it out by e-mail.

And if the information is stored digitally, it may not be accessible on a computer. It might be stored on a disc or tape kept under padlock.

Assuming the information is stored digitally, is it on a system that's connected to the Internet? Many secure servers aren't. If the investigators' target is really concerned about security, the only way they'll gain access at all is by physically connecting their computers. That probably means mucking around in a sewer system or digging up earth with a backhoe to access a fiber-optic line—and hoping that they don't accidentally damage the line in the process, even if they manage to get to it without being spotted. Luck rolls and Electrical Repair rolls should abound, and Tradecraft rolls (see *Delta Green: Countdown*) to cover your tracks. Of course, if the system is encrypted at both ends of the line, splicing into it won't do much good.

And if the target system is particularly secure, it won't have long stretches of cable to be tapped. The investigators may have to sneak in and physically connect to the target computer, avoiding surveillance cameras and guards.

## Password, Please

Let's say the investigators have good reason to believe the information they want is in a computer, and they have access to that computer. Now what? If the information is worth stealing, it'll probably be encrypted. The investigators will need usernames and passwords to get into the system.

One source for the right login is a user or system administrator. Sloppy users—and that's most of them—keep passwords on note papers that they carry around or store near the workstation. Or they use passwords that are easy to remember: birthdays, anniversary dates, phone numbers, Social Security numbers, or the names of pets, kids, spouses or favorite movies. Savvy investigators can learn those clues with a few circumspect interviews or a

little breaking and entering. Most workplaces are easy to access during business hours if you look like a legitimate delivery person or IT employee.

If the investigators have physical access to the target workstation, they may install hardware or software to electronically detect and record the user's physical keystrokes. Hopefully they can remove it before it's discovered. Secure facilities often have electronic shielding to block this kind of thing.

Or they can simply steal the target computer or its hard drive and take their time working on it.

If all else fails, investigators can persuade, bribe, trick, threaten or blackmail a subject into cooperating. Subjects tend to resent this kind of treatment, and it is by far the riskiest option for an investigator hoping to keep a low profile.

## Cracking Codes

Of course, a hacker might want to simply run a program that spoofs passwords or encryption keys until it stumbles across the right one. Most systems are built to detect and record this kind of thing, but dedicated hackers design their programs to get around those measures.

Rather than get into the details, you can resolve this with a Computer Use or Cryptography roll. The difficulty and the time required depend on the security of the system—and are, again, entirely up to the Keeper. A poorly-secured system might call for a Computer Use roll with no modifier. If it works, it works immediately. If not, the investigator can try again after 3D6 hours of programming.

For a moderate system, roll at -20%, taking 3D6 hours for the first and each subsequent attempt. For a very secure system, roll at -40% (taking 1D6 days) or -60% (taking 1D6 weeks). This kind of security is very rare outside the corporate financial sector and military or intelligence services.

If the Computer Use roll fails, the target system detects the attempt and attempts to log the intruder's Internet server address, which can, with enough legwork and the right kinds of warrants or breaking and entering, be tracked to a physical location. The hacker must make another Computer Use roll. If this one succeeds, the hacker spoofs his or her server successfully and remains anonymous. If it fails, the hacker's actual server address has been recorded. The exact results of this are up to the Keeper, depending on the determination of the target's security personnel.

Truly secure systems are effectively immune to cracking, because they are encrypted so thoroughly that any software and hardware that an investigator could use would take literally centuries to break in.





# APPENDIX B: ADVENTURES

# ARTIFACT ZERO

DENNIS DETWILLER

“Artifact Zero” is a complex scenario which introduces a group of three to six Delta Green agents to the deadly secrets of Project RAINBOW and the Tillinghast Resonator. Only experienced Keepers should attempt to run it. It deals with the complex issues of time travel in the most direct sense. The investigators, if they are not careful, can easily end up becoming the first human beings ever to exist on the planet Earth.

## Background

“Artifact Zero” is ostensibly set in October 1999. For more recent games the Keeper may need to alter some dates.

In 1997, Lewiston Prospecting and Refining Corporation of Billings, Montana, discovered a site of what was believed to be metal deposits at an area called Big Porcupine Creek, utilizing a ground-penetrating satellite called Geo Star. They hoped to exploit this site for financial gain and leased the mineral rights from the federal government that year.

A few months later, a Lewiston crew set up camp at Big Porcupine Creek and attempted to locate deposits of copper, iron, oil, or natural gas. Instead they located on the seismograph what appeared to be a series of structures under several layers of strata—Pliocene strata, about 5 million years old. They contacted the University of Montana–Helena, reporting what they believed to be some sort of anomalous Native American site. Since no valuable metal or gas deposits were located, the site was given over as a gesture of goodwill (and a substantial tax deduction) for a period of two years (or until Lewiston could sell the lease) to the local university.

Dr. Thomas Thorly, the chief of the anthropology and archeology department at the university, set up a small dig team to investigate the oddity, believing that perhaps something of value might be found at the site—although initially, it seemed rather unlikely due to the depth of the objects in undisturbed soil. Thorly and two graduate students set off to seismographically map the site themselves in the summer of 1999 and immediately discovered a bizarre array of “erratics” in soil just below twenty feet. They proved to be small pieces of steel, bolts, and other technological artifacts.

Thorly was confused but intrigued at the same time. He hoped to finally broach the subject of erratics; odd, out-of-place archeological samples located in strata they should not be found in. He planned to write a definitive paper on how human artifacts could be drawn down to other, older strata by geologic action, causing misidentification. Hoping to further his name in archeological circles, Thorly contacted an associate from the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Emmet Wilson, and invited him out to the site to work out the problems of the erratics.

But on July 9, Thorly and his team unearthed the full skeleton of an adult male in strata consistent with the Pliocene epoch, 5.1 million years ago. The skeleton was wearing the remains of what

appeared to be steel-framed aviator sunglasses which had been mangled and broken. It had both fillings in its teeth and a steel pin in its left leg. Nearby was found a titanium Rolex watch, with an inscription. As soon as he read the inscription Thorly suffered an manic anxiety attack, closed off the site and sent his students home.

The reason for his distress was that, owing to the size of the skeleton and the location of the fillings and the pin in the leg, he suddenly realized this was *his skeleton*. The clincher had been the inscription on the watch, which exactly matched Thorly’s own watch, given to him by his father. Somehow, Dr. Thorly had dug up himself.

Thorly hid this skeleton and other artifacts at his home, and denied their existence. His initial report to the university claimed that nothing of import was located at Big Porcupine Creek.

## The Disappearance

On August 1, Franklin “Frankie” Opetz, a graduate assistant who cataloged the odd metallic samples from Big Porcupine Creek and an associate of Dr. Thorly, disappeared suddenly from his dorm room. He was last seen entering his room and was noticed missing two days later. His whereabouts remained unknown even after four weeks of police investigation. The youth spoke of the odd dig to many of his friends before his disappearance, and of the suddenly bizarre behavior of Dr. Thorly at the site. All eyes turned to the now-reclusive Dr. Thorly, who became a suspect in the Helena Police’s investigation.

Thorly sent a fax retracting his invitation to Dr. Wilson in Pennsylvania, but the letter was badly executed and Wilson smelled a discovery. He and his team from the university came to Big Porcupine Creek anyway in mid-August. Thorly attempted to stop the Pennsylvania dig from occurring by talking to the university administration and both the local and federal authorities. When this failed and the dig was allowed anyway—the University of Montana saw no harm in it—Thorly turned in his letter of resignation and retired to his home to brood and fret. He was questioned twice by the Helena Police in the disappearance of Franklin Opetz, but no charges were filed.

Meanwhile, Dr. Wilson uncovered a startling array of human skeletons in Pliocene strata at Big Porcupine Creek and his team of experienced archeologists were stumped by the bizarre nature of many of the near-fossilized skeletons. All were of modern man, and many had evidence of modern surgical work on their bones, including fillings, metal pins and plates and even, in one case, a bent and long-inoperative pacemaker. Early carbon-dating results from Butte placed one of the skeletons at the maximum age readable by this process, though it appeared to be much, much older.

During this period, Wilson's team was seen arguing with two unidentified Cheyenne men at a diner over the issue of native skeletal remains.

Thorly unexpectedly showed up to the site on September 3 and, brandishing a shotgun, demanded to see what else the Pennsylvania team had dug up. He was shown over a dozen skeletons and began weeping uncontrollably when he examined one in particular. Dr. Wilson and his team disarmed Thorly, who was then incarcerated by the local sheriff's department.

On the morning of September 5, the day of Dr. Thorly's transfer to the Wheatland county courthouse for arraignment, Thorly was observed by three other inmates to "vanish" from the cell. Of course, no one believed the crazed stories of the inmates, but they remained unusually consistent to one another. The cell was found to be completely intact, and the deputies were at a loss as to how Thorly could have escaped.

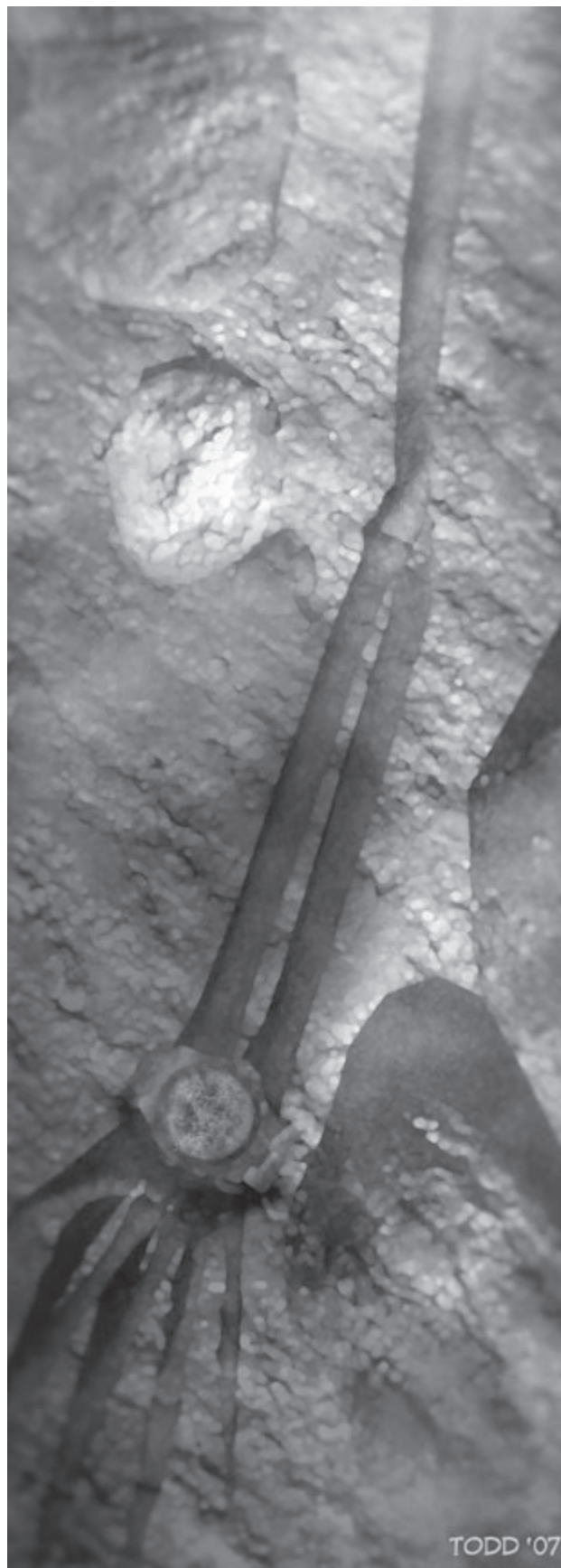
An APB was issued for Thorly and his home was searched. The skeleton discovered there from the dig site was initially believed to be that of Franklin Opetz, but it was soon discovered that it was not the young man's remains.

On September 8, a deputy from Wheatland County Sheriff's department, following up on his questioning of the University of Pennsylvania archeologists at the dig site, found the whole site seemingly abandoned. The students and Dr. Wilson had not been seen at their hotel since the morning of September 7. Also, in the center of the dig site the archeologists had uncovered an unusual mangled steel framework, somewhat like a radio antenna.

On September 15, after seven days of fruitless investigation and searching for the missing archeologists, the Wheatland Sheriff's Department called the Helena FBI to request the Bureau's assistance with the investigation.

## The Truth

The site at Big Porcupine Creek is the final resting place of the first steps of Project WELLS, a Majestic attempt to utilize an advanced form of Tillinghast Resonator as a time machine. This project, at the time the investigators enter the narrative, is still years away from beginning.



In 2012, Majestic will activate a device which will flux into N-Space, build a charge, and then automatically flux out of N-Space, effectively traveling back in time by electromagnetically pushing itself away from another resonator in the modern real-space of 2012. It will materialize five million years before the modern era and act as an anchor for other WELLS travelers, who will utilize Tillinghast Resonators as a sort of rope through time.

The unit's resonator will run on a plutonium slug for more than three hundred years, but its powerful Tillinghast Radiation emission has been carefully balanced to remain potent even after the transmitter shuts down. This fluxing electromagnetic aura, emitting T-Radiation, will remain with it for many millions of years to come.

This transmitter was buried under earth movements millions of years ago, and portions of its form were sheared off by geologic action. This is the metal structure initially located by the prospecting firm at Big Porcupine Creek. Franklin Opetz handled

these stray pieces of metal while cataloging finds for Dr. Thorly. They were rich in T-Radiation, and he was himself turned into a transmitter of sorts.

Opetz's T-Radiation charge reached a critical point while he was sleeping in his dorm room. He was drawn into N-Space and dragged back to the transmitter in the Pliocene, dying during his lengthy transit through the airless void of N-Space. This was also the fate of Dr. Thorly. He, too, vanished, later than Opetz due to his lesser charge, drawn into N-Space from his jail cell and to his death five million years in the past, where his skeleton remained until he dug it up himself.

After the bulk of the Project WELLS main transmitter was uncovered, the entire Pennsylvania research team disappeared into N-Space as well, drawn back to die at the resonator's initial point in space-time. If the Delta Green agents are not careful, they may also meet their fate on the far end of the conduit through N-Space.

## Getting Started

On September 15, the Wheatland Sheriff's Department notified the Helena office of the FBI that a case of two missing persons it had been pursuing had somehow mushroomed into a case of eight missing persons. Frightened of the media scrutiny leveled at their small law enforcement agency, the Wheatland Sheriff's Department decided to turn the case over, lock, stock, and barrel, to the FBI.

The FBI stepped in and has taken over the investigation of the Big Porcupine Creek disappearances. The jurisdictional pretext is that the land upon which the archeological site is located was leased from the U.S. government. Also, there is a presumption that foul play was involved with the mass disappearance, and without any bodies the crime can be classified as a suspected kidnapping—one of the crimes that the FBI is authorized to investigate. The FBI would normally not have taken a case like this so quickly—but Delta Green was already searching for a way in.

## Delta Green Enters

One of Dr. Wilson's doctoral assistants from Pennsylvania was Gareth Wylin, a Delta Green "friendly" who went missing along with his compatriots on September 8 at Big Porcupine Creek. He made a call to the Delta Green conspiracy in the last minutes of his life. Although he already suspected some sort of supernatural event due to the erratics found at the site, he grew understandably

alarmed when his compatriots began to vanish before his eyes.

Wylin placed a frantic call to DG's emergency number, given to him by Cell C of Philadelphia. Wylin had encountered Cell C at the University of Pennsylvania, where he helped research odd geologic and organic rock formations for a Delta Green investigation in 1997. Within twenty-four hours, Cell C had determined that Wylin had gone to Big Porcupine Creek and had disappeared. Cell A was contacted immediately and started pulling strings. Cell A has monitored the FBI investigation for a week now, and has finally decided to arrange for a team to intervene.

## Contact

The agents are all contacted by an automated voice service which rings their number and plainly states: "Hello, you are cordially invited to a night at the opera." The call cannot be located by caller ID or other services.

This is a signal that means the agents are to call their contact

in the conspiracy. The phone is answered by an Agent Hooker. Hooker informs each agent that an airplane ticket to Helena, Montana, with a connecting flight out of Chicago, is awaiting him or her at a nearby airport.

The investigators are to be sent to the Helena, Montana, branch of the FBI to help in an investigation—as FBI experts on archeological science. Of course, it would help if the agents actually possessed this knowledge. But it's not really necessary. All the agents need to do is avoid being exposed by non-Delta Green FBI agents.

Hooker says he will be waiting in the Cheers Bar and Grill at O'Hare on October 1 to brief them when they stop over. He says little else.

## Escaping Work

Most federal employees will have to figure a way out of work at this point. For some this will not be difficult, as sick days will have accumulated and may be freely spent on the op. For others, different excuses may lead to some interesting role-playing incidents: a dead aunt, sick uncle, car crash, injury, *etc.* It's just like cutting school, except if the investigators are caught using their federal clout while on personal time they could face disciplinary action, a fine, or even prison time.

Sadistic or imaginative Keepers may have an investigator's boss pursue the matter further, perhaps discovering the ruse or snooping around into the agent's personal affairs.

## Where Nobody Knows Your Name

Cheers is a cookie-cutter national chain of airport bars licensed from the popular television series, replicating the show's brick-walled Boston interior. A variety of logo-branded T-shirts and baseball caps are for sale, should any agent suffer a sudden attack of bad taste.

Located just before the entrance to the actual concourse, the bar is on the "safe" side of the security checkpoint—the agents will not have to pass through metal detectors. If they managed to bring guns aboard the flight, they still have them.

Cheers remains open twenty-four hours a day, though the late-night staff is a skeleton crew. No one at the bar is connected to Delta Green in any way. The meeting will take place around one in the morning.

## Agent Hooker

Agent Hooker is a cut-out—an in-between agent with no connection to the situation—assigned by Alphonse to put an extra layer of security between Delta Green and the investigation. Hooker is not his real name, or even his DG code name. His real name is Lawrence Sands and he is an FBI agent who works in administration at the bureau's Quantico training facility. In Delta Green, which he has been a member of since 1986, he is known as Agent Edward.

Hooker will appear, brief the characters, and disappear, taking circuitous and careful routes around Chicago before returning to Virginia. Alphonse has warned Hooker that a counter-conspiracy may be behind the disappearance of the friendly, Gareth Wylin, so he carries himself as if he were under observation at all times. (Alphonse does not have a strong reason to suspect Majestic at this point, but he has always theorized—or hoped—that should Majestic take action against DG it would most likely begin with the friendlies.)

Hooker will enter Cheers only after all the agents have convened there. After he arrives he will gather them at a back table, spill the facts of the case, and leave as quickly as possible. His summary covers the origin of the dig, the people and organizations involved, and the dates given earlier. He provides nothing on paper, though the agents may take notes.

Depending on his reception by the agents, Hooker may or may not reveal the thoughts of Cell A about a counter-conspiracy. He *will* mention that Wylin was a friendly and caution the investigators to keep a low profile.

He also tells them there's a Green Box in Helena, a half-mile from the airport in a storage facility called Store-n-Save, unit #28.

## About Gareth Wylin

Gareth Wylin, a graduate student in archeology at the University of Pennsylvania, was cleared as a Delta Green friendly in 1997. Cell C recruited him to investigate several anomalous rock samples located at a cult site in an abandoned coal mine in western Pennsylvania. Wylin only met Agent Charlie and was led to believe that the conspiracy was a legal one intended to safeguard knowledge of dangerous paranormal incidents from the general public. On the 1997 op, Charlie and Wylin awakened some sort of silicon-based "embryo" from one of these rocks at a small lab on the U-Penn campus. Wylin proved as handy with a rock hammer as Charlie did with his sidearm.

Delta Green consulted Wylin two other times through the chain of command, to consider geological and archeological problems. Each time he was called upon by Charlie, Wylin proved able and tight-lipped.

Alphonse himself has taken interest in Wylin's rather public disappearance and is concerned that this case may be more than it seems.

## Timeline of Events

- 1997:** The Lewiston Prospecting and Refining Corporation of Billings, Montana, discovers a site of what is believed to be metal deposits at an area called Big Porcupine Creek utilizing a ground-penetrating satellite called Geo Star. They lease the site's mineral rights from the federal government, who has been the only owner.
- Late 1997:** Lewiston sends prospectors to the site, who discover no minerals or valuable ore deposits. They do discover strange "structures" in the earth. The company believes they have come upon an anomalous Native American site.
- Early 1998:** Lewiston contacts the University of Montana-Helena, and talks to Dr. Thorly about the "Indian site." Thorly does not know what to make of it. The Lewiston Corp. gives the school permission to dig on the site until they can sell the lease, or it runs out. Other projects draw Dr. Thorly's attention from the site for many months.
- Summer 1999:** Thorly informs two of his graduate students, Franklin Opetz and Michael Richards, that they are going to dig at Big Porcupine Creek in July. They travel to the site and seismographically map it. Dozens of odd "erratics" are located by the scan.
- June 5, 1999:** Thorly writes Dr. Wilson at the University of Pennsylvania, inviting him out to the dig site at Big Porcupine Creek. Thorly thinks the site may be a good example of so-called "erratics," artifacts which turn up in strata they should not be found in. He hopes Dr. Wilson will assist in a careful survey of the area.
- July 1, 1999:** The group begins excavation of an area of the creek located in the Lewiston survey.
- July 9, 1999:** Dr. Thorly, Michael Richards, and Franklin Opetz excavate a fossilized male skeleton from Pliocene strata at Big Porcupine Creek. They also uncover dozens of metal fragments from the ground. Dr. Thorly realizes it's his skeleton due to the surgical pin in the leg and the engraved watch on the skeleton's wrist. The team returns to Helena. Thorly makes the two men swear they will not speak of the skeleton.
- July 30, 1999:** Franklin Opetz is last seen entering his dorm room.
- August 1, 1999:** Opetz' room is discovered empty and he is reported missing.
- August 2, 1999:** Dr. Thorly is questioned by the Helena Police and is released.
- August 18, 1999:** The U-Penn team, led by Dr. Wilson, uncovers their first skeletal remains at Big Porcupine Creek. Unknown to them, it is the skeleton of the missing graduate student Franklin Opetz.
- August 20, 1999:** The U-Penn team uncovers the fossilized skeleton of a human male. Unknown to them this is the skeleton of Gareth Wylin, a U-Penn archeologist and DG-friendly who actually participates in the removal of his own remains.
- August 21, 1999:** The U-Penn team uncovers the fossilized remains of another human male in Pliocene strata. Unknown to them this is the skeleton of Larry Kazal.
- August 22, 1999:** The U-Penn team uncovers the fossilized remains of another human male in Pliocene strata. Unknown to them this is the skeleton of Dr. Sadier, Thorly's physician, who has not yet disappeared.
- August 23, 1999:** The U-Penn team uncovers the fossilized remains of another human male in Pliocene strata. Unknown to them this is the skeleton of the leader of their trip, Dr. Emmett Wilson.
- August 29, 1999:** The U-Penn team uncovers the fossilized remains of a human female in Pliocene strata. Unknown to them this is the skeleton of Denise Oester. That evening in the Monterrey diner in Harlowton, the U-Penn group gets into a heated argument with two Indians from the local reservation. The Indians leave before violence ensues.
- August 30, 1999:** The U-Penn team uncovers a bent and nearly destroyed antenna in Pliocene rock. All the researchers spend several hours combing its surface, looking for markings or serial numbers. None are found.
- September 3, 1999:** Thorly buys a shotgun at Helena Guns & Bows. He goes to the Big Porcupine Creek site brandishing the weapon and demanding to see what the U-Penn team uncovered. He is subdued after a breakdown and taken away by Wheatland County Sheriff's Department.
- September 5, 1999:** Thorly vanishes from his cell in Harlowton.
- September 8, 1999:** Gareth Wylin makes a phone call to Delta Green at 3:35 P.M. It is the last time he is heard from. The Wheatland Sheriff's Department later discover the U-Penn team missing.
- September 15, 1999:** The Helena FBI is contacted and their assistance is requested. The FBI begins their investigation. With the behind-the-scenes encouragement of Delta Green, the FBI takes over the lead role in the investigation.
- October 1, 1999:** The Delta Green agents arrive.

## Wylin's Phone Call

Hooker can show the agents a transcript of Wylin's message to the DG emergency number, though again he will not provide a written copy. In it, an obviously distressed Wylin recounts a bizarre tale of disappearances before he, too, seemingly disappears. The call was placed at 3:35 P.M. on September 8.

"[Wy]-lin, Gareth, working through Charlie for the group. Ah, Jesus. Everyone is gone. Wilson was the first to go, and he just like, went . . . away. But now, and I mean it's just been minutes. Gone. All gone. Everyone here, at the dig. We're digging at Big Porcupine Creek, near Harlowton. Harlowton, Montana. [static]

[B]-ut I couldn't do it. It's something about the antenna we dug up. Something . . . [prolonged static] Hair's standing on end . . . something—" Message ends.

Hooker explains that the FBI has pursued the record of Wylin's last phone call and tracked it to Delta Green's calling-card service provider, Remote Data Inc., in Costa Rica. The FBI was politely but firmly rebuffed by a Remote Data Inc. representative, who denied the U.S. government access to the company's records "on general principles." As Remote Data is not subject to U.S. law, the FBI will not be able to force the issue by obtaining a warrant in Costa Rica. Further persuasion attempts are likely, but Hooker expresses confidence that they will be fruitless.

## Helena Regional Airport

This airport is small by U.S. standards and is rarely visited by non-direct flights. A courtesy desk with rental car and hotel information is located near the main entrance, or, if the Keeper wishes, agents from the Helena FBI can meet the investigators at the gate.

## Helena

Helena is the state capitol of Montana and is located in Lewis and Clark County. It is located on high land, approximately 4,200 feet up on the eastern side of the continental divide. Population is estimated at more than 50,000 people, with most living within the confines of the city.

Several colleges are located within the city limits. Carroll College is a private Catholic College, the University of Montana College of Technology is a state school, and the University of Montana-Helena is also a state school. Dr. Thorly and Franklin Opetz were at the University of Montana-Helena.

Dozens of hotels exist within the city limits to support the local tourist and sports trade. The investigators may make their own arrangements, or ask the local FBI to get them a room.

## The Helena FBI

The FBI office in Helena employs twenty-two agents full time and is headed by Special Agent-in-Charge (SAC) Robert C. Pope. Due to its small size and restricted budget the office is very efficient, and Pope runs it with an iron hand.

The three-story building, located on Mercator Avenue in Helena, is nondescript and is for the most part ignored by the locals. Recently, however, the local press has taken an interest in

the comings and goings of agents and materials at the building, in the hopes of breaking some interesting news in the Big Porcupine Creek disappearances.

## Room and Board

The agents will be looked after once they arrive at the Helena FBI office by Agent Arlene Brooks. Vouchers for rooms at the local Motel 6 will be provided along with a limited expense account on an FBI credit card for food, rental cars, and gas.

The agents will then be introduced to the SAC, referred to in reverential tones as "the Pope," and through him they'll meet the agent leading the investigation, Russel White.

## The Pope

Special Agent-in-Charge Robert C. Pope has been in the FBI since 1971 and is nearing the age of retirement—but don't mention this to his face. Pope is a no-nonsense individual who will never accept even an ounce of incompetence on his team. The staff refer to him as "the Pope," but never to his face.

The investigation at Big Porcupine Creek has drawn the scrutiny of the local and national media, and Pope is not stupid. He hopes to prove his organization a highly efficient and capable group of specialists by solving the case in a rapid fashion. So far,



the teams have had no luck and Pope fears repercussions from Washington if answers aren't soon forthcoming. The DG agents are thought by Pope to be an early sign of impending Washington involvement. The FBI often sends in specialists just before they replace the agents in charge.

Pope is blunt but will not try to hinder the agents at all, since impeding the "specialists" would lead to serious reprisals from Washington. He will do all he can to keep his relationship with the agents cordial, in the hopes it will give Agent White more time to crack the case.

## 'Lead' Agent Russel T. White

Special Agent Russel T. White is the agent leading the investigation of the Big Porcupine Creek disappearances. Although he has been thorough, little relevant information has been recovered in this baffling case. The Pope has been hard on White, but he's used to that. White is a veteran agent and has been in the FBI since 1979.

White is informed of the agents' arrival and involvement in the case (as archeological specialists) the morning they arrive, and he is less than happy to know that Washington has become involved. White is scared that his lack of results in this big case may lead to reprimands or even his reassignment if the specialists turn up some vital clue his team has missed. Such a black mark would be hard to rise above.

White will not be confrontational, but will avoid casual contact with the agents to prevent them from reporting any of his "mistakes" back to Washington. In truth White has not made any mistakes, but the case has him frustrated and he blames himself for the lack of leads. White is a good man with a hard job.

## The Helena Green Box

The Helena Green Box (see p. 136) is located a half-mile from the airport in a storage facility called Store-n-Save. The Store-n-Save is an acre of small garage-size storage units lined up in neat rows and surrounded by a fifteen-foot razor-wire-topped fence. Main access to the facility is through an unguarded gate, accessible night and day through a keypad code. The rental office is outside the gate, and is manned from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. Visitors do not have to interact with the office staff unless they are renting a box for the first time.

Unit #28 is a unit in the middle of the compound and appears mundane. Inside, however, appearances are different. The unit is filled with items, except for a 5'x9' open space located in the center of the mess. In this open area are two cots, a space heater, two unopened bottles of Jack Daniels, and a battery-operated radio and flashlight. A small note on one liquor bottle says "Compliments of F."

The junk is an incredibly diverse assortment of items, obtained from junk shops and thrift stores by some earlier cell to serve as camouflage. Included are random pieces of beat-up furniture, old sporting equipment such as flattened basketballs, broken skis, and unstrung rackets, and lots of dingy clothes stuffed into the cracks.

Less-mundane items hidden amongst the junk include:

- △ One fully-operational M72A2 LAW rocket.
- △ Two Amsel Striker shotguns still in their cases, along with 100 rounds of slug ammunition.
- △ Fourteen thermite grenades in a wooden shipping crate.



△ Covered in old laundry, a chest-high sandstone statue of a Sumerian demon. A large jade star-shaped medallion with a flaming eye in the center (an Elder Sign) has been epoxyed to the chest of the statue. Written on the thing's stomach in chalk is the hasty scrawl "Do not fucking remove this," along with an arrow pointing to the medallion. Whether anything

happens if the medallion is removed is up to the individual Keeper. Cell A doesn't know this thing is here, and would be grateful should the agents report it. If time permits, they may even be asked to arrange for its shipment to a warehouse in Washington, D.C.

## The Mining Company

Should the agents decide to check into the owner of the dig site, they'll need to visit the city of Billings. The Lewiston Prospecting and Refining Corporation is a large, multinational mining firm. They are publicly traded on the New York Stock Exchange. The company was formed by Marcus Lewiston in 1903. It maintains hundreds of strip-mines, mine shafts, and ore-processing plants all over the world.

It began as a small operation in Montana, working lucrative gold, silver, and copper strip-mines in Billings and Helena. Since the early 1950s it has spread out across the globe, shifting to meet the changing market needs of the world. Lewiston has spread into oil and natural-gas location (although it does not remove or process fuels) and even has two deep-sea mining operations in the Andaman Sea to recover valuable platinum deposits.

Its international headquarters in Billings, Montana, is a lavish twelve-story office building built in 1963. The current chairman and CEO, Wallace Reardon, has run the Board of Directors for three years now and enjoys good favor with the shareholders. In that time Lewiston Corp. has grown significantly and posts reliable profits.

## Visiting the Company

Federal agents will be treated generously at Lewiston, where they know the value of good government relations. Corporate presents (hats, shirts, pens) will be given to the agents and expensive drink and food will be offered. A tour will be arranged of any of their sites if the agents wish. Time will even be made by the CEO to meet with them, if they request an interview.

Wallace Reardon will claim complete ignorance of the events at Big Porcupine Creek, and in truth neither he nor the company knows anything relevant about the disappearances. He honestly describes the site as a failed business venture. The land was leased after the Geo Star satellite located what seemed to be natural gas

and copper at the creek. When it was discovered through further investigation that there were no such deposits, the land was loaned to the University of Montana-Helena for archeological classes until such time that Lewiston Corp. could finally sell the nearly worthless lease.

If at any time the agents make any unpleasant suggestions that the company knows more about the site at Big Porcupine Creek than they are letting on, all corporate goodwill evaporates. The agents will be asked to leave and will be referred to the corporate law firm of MacDonell and Fincher for any further inquiries.

## MacDonell and Fincher

This relatively huge law firm in Billings handles just one client: Lewiston Corp. They are ruthless, well paid, and seemingly without fatigue or morals. Threats, both solid and hollow, will be flung at agents who pursue any investigation into the internal workings of Lewiston Corp.

The face the agents will end up dealing with is attorney Terrence Sorenstam, a smiling corporate shark who will gladly take a bite out of the agents if provoked. The resources of Lewiston Corp. are nearly infinite compared to those of the agents, and they are not above blackmail, anonymous threats (although they would never do anything to follow those threats up), and political back-scratching to get the agents out of the picture. Lewiston has nothing spectacular to hide besides the usual corporate string-pulling, but at any sign of serious investigation they will go into overdrive to protect their interests.

## Getting to the Scene

Travelling to Big Porcupine Creek from Helena is a three-hour drive. Helena is about 140 miles from the little town of Harlowton, the nearest “big town” to Big Porcupine Creek and the county seat of Wheatland county. From Harlowton to the site is a back-road drive. Many such roads are utility roads maintained just for emergency routes and telephone-line repair.

Poor weather in the fall is common in most of Montana, and if a rain or snow storm catches the investigators out at the dig, it might be some time before the roads back to Harlowton and civilization are traversable. Of course, if the investigators do not rent a car with four-wheel drive, even a drizzle could cost them hours in pushing their car out of the mud.

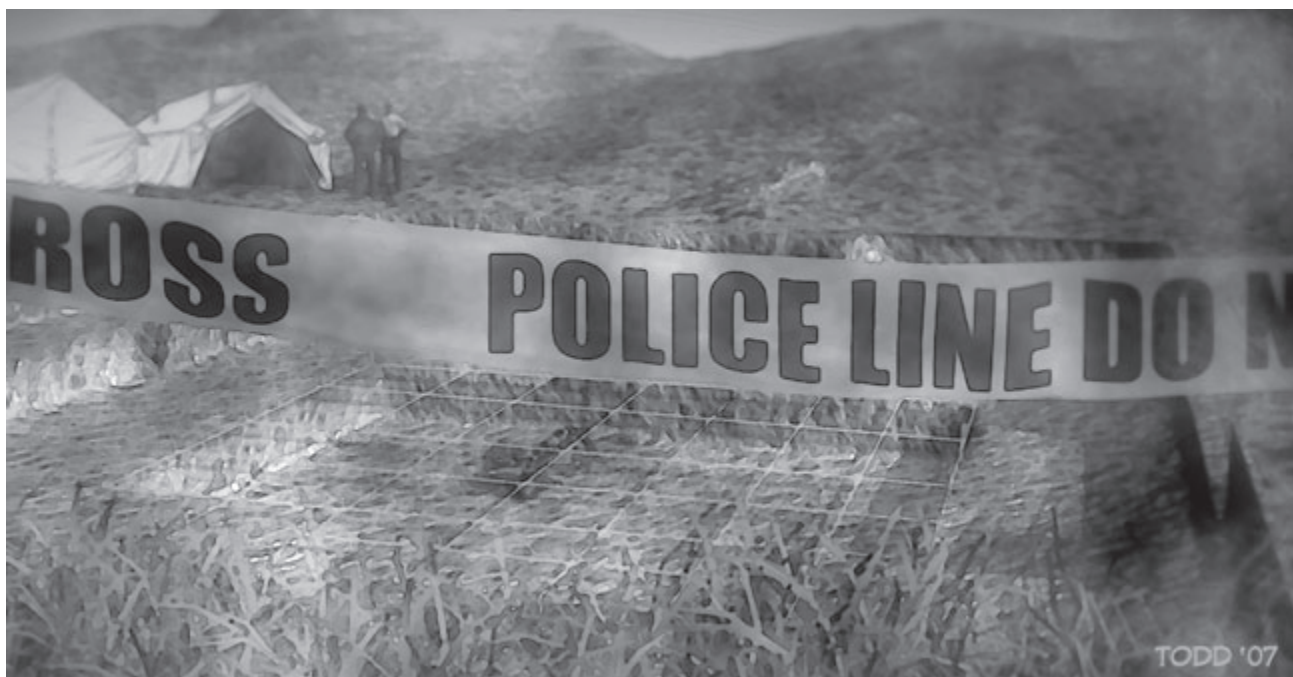
## Harlowton

Harlowton is a tiny town on Interstate 12 about thirty miles from the Lewis and Clark National Forest. It is the home of the county sheriff's office, the agency which handled the investigation of Dr. Thorly's mad gun-brandishing. Its also handled the incarceration

of Thorly while awaiting arraignment for assault and unlawful display of a firearm; he disappeared before they could do so.

Harlowton consists of a small bump in the interstate where about 800 people make their homes, most of them employed by the local foundry. There are few amenities in Harlowton except the local Motel 6, where the Pennsylvania team briefly stayed before their disappearance.

The local county sheriff is Gavin Massfield, a cooperative and egoless man who will go out of his way to assist the federal authorities in any matter presented to him. Before this, he and his staff of two had little else to do in Harlowton except fill out speeding tickets and break up fights between drunks.



## Big Porcupine Creek

This isolated dig site, located two and a half miles east of the Lewis and Clark National Forest Reserve, is on uneven scrubland split by Big Porcupine Creek, a small freshwater creek which runs down from Coffin Butte.

The dig site is located about a half-mile up a shallow slope from Big Porcupine Creek and now, almost four weeks after the disappearances, has been thoroughly cataloged and investigated. Still, FBI agents Ira Dunnel and Stephen Sunwahr are staking out the site in shifts on the possibility that Dr. Thorly, who is wanted for escape and for questioning in the disappearances, might return. The FBI men are under strict orders to not allow press or any unauthorized personnel on the site, but, at the same time, they are trying to keep a low profile while staking out the site. They will interfere only if anyone crosses the police line that surrounds the site. Stats for these agents appear at the end of the scenario.

The dig site is a large rectangular hole about 40'x90' gridded off by stakes and twine. The depth ranges from ten to thirty feet. In the center of the dig is a large antenna-like structure, bent and damaged by time.

Besides this there is a makeshift work tent within which some of the more delicate work was performed. It was in here that the skeletons were separated from the rock they were embedded in. It was also here that some Pennsylvania team members slept in a rotating schedule to prevent theft from the site, and today Agents Dunnel and Sunwahr are making this tent their home. The skeletons and all seemingly relevant pieces of evidence were moved to the Helena FBI for safekeeping.

## Equipment

A manifest of equipment brought from Pennsylvania was found early on by the FBI and has been confirmed with the School of Archeology. The contents of the list are mostly pieces of specialty equipment, electronics like ground-penetrating radar sets and such. Mundane items are on the list as well, such as hiking gear and basic dig tools.

Many listed items are missing. The radar gear, which consisted of a battery unit, a monitor, a terminal, and two radio emitters, is gone. So is a portable computer, a power drill, dozens of tiny seismograph sensors, cell phones, and the seismograph itself. All

of the dig tools, such as hammers and chisels, are also absent. But many other items remain, including computer disks, clothing, boots, sleeping bags, and much more.

The common denominator in the missing items is that they were either electronic or had a lot of metal in them. These items quickly acquired a T-Radiation charge from the antenna and were pulled into N-Space. This connection has been overlooked by the FBI, who are instead focusing on the monetary value of the missing goods; they hope the items will eventually turn up in the hands of the hypothetical culprits.

Strips of paper output from the ground-scanning radar equipment reveal (to the properly trained eye, of course) that there is still an abundance of objects buried at the site, including many metal bits in the lower portions of strata. These papers are in the work tent.

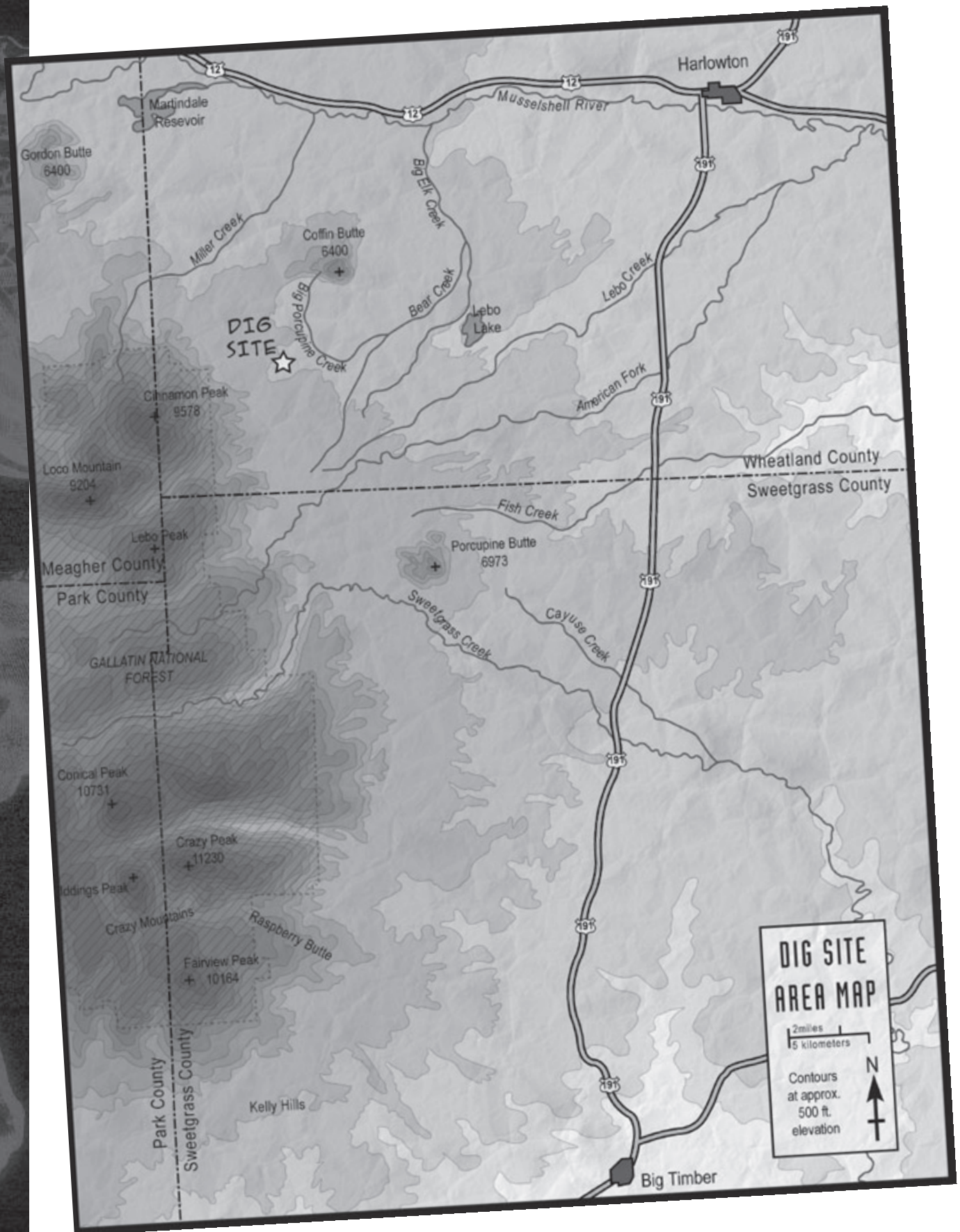
Needless to say, all of the missing gear appears on the output, buried in the earth—but is not identifiable as such in the data.

## The Surrounding Area

The area near Big Porcupine Creek is covered in hilly, lightly forested land. It is basically devoid of human habitation, except for occasional power lines and telephone lines crisscrossing poorly kept utility roads.

Coffin Butte, a 6,400-foot mountain from which the creek is fed, is located only four miles northeast of the dig site. Porcupine Butte, a 6,970-foot mountain, boxes the creek inside a very shallow canyon to the southeast.

Only a few miles from Lewis and Clark National Forest, the creek is marked here and there by reflective poles indicating a nature trail which winds its way southwest into the forest, but it is located outside the boundaries of the National Reserve and is rarely traveled.



## The Antenna

This ruined antenna is the last vestige of Majestic's Project WELLS. Buried in more than thirty feet of stone and dirt, ground movements long ago bent and broke the radio-tower-like structure, ripping portions of it off. It is still more or less intact, but is horribly twisted and mangled. Much of it has been freed from the surrounding rock by the Pennsylvania team. In the process, they dosed themselves with T-Radiation and became carriers themselves.

The steel structure has no markings or manufacturer stamps anywhere on it. It is assembled with a standard rivet-and-welding technique, although many of the rivets have broken free due to geologic pressures.

Completely intact, the antenna would probably stand more than fifteen feet tall and would rest on a wide steel base measuring 12'x12'x4'. This base is a bolted box within which is contained a generator which converts radioactive plutonium to electricity, although all the radiation within the shielded box has long since dissipated and the plutonium slug is nothing more than a chunk of inert material. The FBI has not finished the job of unearthing this base and has not opened it. A successful Physics or halved Idea roll is necessary to determine that the base is a generator.

A crushed, small steel box welded on top of the base contains the Tillinghast Resonator which controlled the fluxing of the field for the device. The magnetic array on the device is quite simple, but it is connected to an extremely complex microcomputer which has succumbed to pressure and age and is now nothing but twisted metal and silicon dust. Determining the function of this computer is next to impossible, but anyone with Electronics skill who takes time to study the resonator and who makes a single successful roll may design a similar machine at their own leisure in the future—without the computer, of course.

The antenna has T-Radiation with a tPOW of 30; see the rules on p. 127 for its game effects. It is a deadly item, and if touched it could very well mean the end of an investigator as he or she builds a T-Radiation charge and is eventually dragged back through N-Space to the Pliocene era. (See p. 155 for more details.) Everything on the antenna maintains a constant charge of T-Radiation, which has been specially calibrated to remain in phase with our four dimensions. It will be millions of years yet before the device loses its charge.

## The Artifacts Already Removed

Documentation of the site was kept by U-Penn grad student Denise Oester, and marks dates and locations of recovered items down to the smallest detail. Seven skeletons were recovered from the site, including the one Dr. Thorly's team uncovered. All were male except one.

Besides these fossilized remains and the antenna, numerous metal bits were located scattered throughout the Pliocene strata. The bits were cataloged, cleaned, and stored, and are now in possession of the Helena FBI.

## What Else is in the Ground?

This remains up to the Keeper. What was touched by the "infected" U-Penn researchers, Dr. Thorly, and Franklin Opetz before their disappearances? Doorknobs, thumbtacks, keys, *etc.* would make sense—small metal items which can build a rapid T-Radiation charge and disappear without notice.

If the Keeper wishes, several of these anomalous items could have been dug up from the ground by the U-Penn team who, of course, would believe them to be so-called "erratics." Items missing from the evidence at Helena FBI might also be found here, like Thorly's keys, the seismograph, *etc.*

The Keeper may include debris from the ill-fated *Eldridge* incident in the ground at Big Porcupine Creek. Pulled back to the beacon by its powerful T-Radiation signature, objects from the *Eldridge* could be found anywhere at the site, and may have even been dug up already. Metal buckles, dog tags, portions of hull, equipment, and so on. With an ingenious player or two this could lead to an investigation of the so-called Philadelphia Experiment. Constructed properly, it could be a perfect segue into a full-fledged Project RAINBOW campaign.

Feel free to update this list with other items as the scenario moves along. If the investigators continue to search deeper into the site and become infected with T-Radiation, let them discover items that they have touched or *will* touch. Have an infected investigator "lose" his keys, only to find them beneath thirty feet of rock.

Realization of such an anomaly is worth 1/1D6 SAN points.



## Agents at the Site

Two non-Delta Green, non-player FBI agents are kept at the site at all times until the investigation can be resolved or is closed. Their instructions are to watch for Dr. Thorly and guard the site against tampering and to make sure that intruders are arrested and questioned in the disappearances. They are in touch with the FBI office in Helena via cellphones and wireless modems on their laptops. Two NPCs are provided for the Keeper's use at the end of this scenario.

## Evidence at Helena FBI

This evidence, which comprises about a room full of material, is under constant guard. Access to the room is restricted to those involved in the investigation, and a careful documentation of each visit is kept by the guard on duty. Reasons for each visit must be provided. No artifact may leave the room without written authorization from the director of the Helena FBI.

## The Skeletons

These skeletons, each laid out anatomically in large trays, are in the possession of the Helena FBI and are evidence in an ongoing investigation. Access to them is monitored carefully. None have been identified, as their fossilized age has seemingly ruled them out as belonging to any of the missing.

- Δ Male skeleton #1 (Dr. Thorly) found July 9, 1999.
- Δ Male skeleton #2 (Franklin Opetz) found August 18, 1999.
- Δ Male skeleton #3 (Gareth Wylin) found August 20, 1999.
- Δ Male skeleton #4 (Larry Kazal) found August 21, 1999.
- Δ Male skeleton #5 (Dr. Sadier) found August 22, 1999.
- Δ Male skeleton #6 (Dr. Emmet Wilson) found August 23, 1999.
- Δ Female skeleton #1 (Denise Oester) found August 29, 1999.

## The Artifacts from Big Porcupine Creek

Most of what was recovered from Big Porcupine Creek were metallic bits of a ferrous metal. These metal bits had been twisted and warped by ground action and were recovered by the U-Penn team, then carefully labeled, documented, and stored in trays.

These trays are available for perusal at the Helena FBI evidence room. However, these metal bits are more deadly than they might seem. Each is imbued with a strong dose of T-Radiation, and each has a random tPOW score of 3D6, to be used in a contest of POWs to determine if the subject is infected with T-Radiation when handling the metal.

## Thorly's Shotgun

Also in the evidence locker is the 12-gauge Mossberg shotgun Thorly brandished before his arrest. Well, most of it, anyway. When the sheriff's office confiscated it, the shotgun was intact, and the initial evidence photo shows it so. Around the time of Thorly's disappearance, the barrel, trigger mechanism and all other metal components vanished, leaving the stock behind.

The FBI agents at first accused the sheriff's office of mistaking a shotgun part from some other case for Thorly's actual shotgun,

but fingerprints confirmed it was Thorly's. Naturally, no one can explain this.

Players inspired to look for other small metal objects that Thorly might have touched will find many such things missing from his office and home. Such items may well turn up in the dig site, buried like Thorly himself for millions of years.

## Records of the Missing

The FBI has a file on each of the missing people, including phone records and financial information. None appears to have used their phones or accessed any of their bank accounts or credit cards since their disappearances. The FBI is keeping an eye on their data sources in case any access is made. No one expects much activity on them, however; the FBI is pretty sure that all involved are long dead, with the possible exception of Dr. Thorly.

## The Cheyenne

The two Cheyenne men who became involved in a verbal argument with the U-Penn team on August 29 at the Monterrey diner are completely innocent of the crimes at Big Porcupine Creek but have inadvertently become suspects.

John Taylor, age 22, and Aaron White Horse, 25, are both residents of the Northern Cheyenne Indian Reservation and were near Harlowton to look for construction work. They heard about the disappearances and now, fearing federal authorities, the two men have hidden out in some of the "dead land" out on the reservation. Friendly persuasion on their family and friends may bring them out of hiding.

The two overheard Dr. Wilson's team talking about the skeletons at Big Porcupine Creek. Angered that word of these potential Cheyenne remains had not reached the rez, they confronted the group and got into an argument over the issue of ownership of native remains.

These two men will be difficult to come by, but once they are located the pair will be cooperative, completely sincere, and believable.

## Placing Investigators in the Fossil Record

At some point in the scenario, an investigator may become "infected" by T-Radiation, most likely by fooling around with the antenna or digging out the rest of the base. When this happens, and the charge builds, his body will eventually find its way back to the device in Pliocene times. Therefore, his bones can be found at the site, buried and fossilized, like the others recovered by the missing academics. Investigators have the rather rare and horrific opportunity to dig up themselves at Big Porcupine Creek, just as Thorly did. It is a moment that should be exploited if at all possible.

The choice to reveal a character as a fossilized skeleton should be weighed heavily by the Keeper. Will the player realize the import of the situation? Does the skeleton have any distinguishing marks or alterations which may allow identification? Finding yourself buried and fossilized is worth 1/1D8 SAN, in addition to any other SAN losses for figuring out the mystery. Some players may be extremely clever and careful and circumvent the entire danger; if so, inflict it on other agents or NPCs at the site.

Invariably when this scenario was playtested, investigators turned up in the fossil record with startling frequency. It was great to watch their reactions when they figured out just what was going on.

## Deep Background

Extensive details of everyone involved in the incident are provided for the Keeper's use, below. They are listed in the order that their skeletons were found at the site. Some information is repeated from elsewhere in the scenario, in order to sum up what the FBI knows about each individual.

### Missing: Dr. Thomas Thorly

Dr. Thorly was born in Eugene, Oregon, in 1951 and attended the University of Montana-Helena for his bachelor's degree in archeology. He went on to complete his doctoral researches at the University of Pennsylvania, from which he graduated in 1973. Thorly spent time travelling the world, investigating sites of early man. In 1974, Thorly assisted in a dig with the University of Copenhagen in an area of western Zealand, Denmark, where a large megalithic site was uncovered. The Bildso Dig, as it was called, was popularized in the press and won Thorly limited acclaim in archeological circles. He wrote two scholarly articles on the dig that were well-received by his peers.

That summer, Thorly suffered a tumble on the ski slopes of Switzerland that severely broke his left leg and haunted him for years afterward. In Geneva, a surgical pin was placed in his femur to repair damage to the bone. From that point on, Thorly's medical needs proved too difficult to maintain on the road, and he soon sought a teaching position which would not require the strenuous physical activity of an archeological field researcher. He returned in 1976 to Helena to teach at the University after an unsuccessful attempt to gain employment at both the University of Pennsylvania and Boston University.

Thorly taught and settled into a routine in Helena, often leading small field expeditions of students into the wilds of Montana to search for Native American sites. His life in Helena was uneventful. What few friends he had were associates from the university, and as far as is known he did not date. Although not particularly popular with students, Thorly was considered a competent and accomplished teacher, and was a favorite of those few serious students of archeology to be found at Helena.

On June 18, 1999, Thorly was contacted by the Lewiston Prospecting Corporation of Helena and informed about their anomalous readings at Big Porcupine Creek. Thorly and two research assistants who were completing graduate work over the summer went out to the site on June 27 and made readings of

their own with a ground-mapping seismograph. Thorly found the site intriguing and with his assistants, Michael Richards and Franklin Opetz, set about excavating the area. Thorly composed a letter to an associate at U-Penn, Dr. Wilson, inviting him to join the team on the leisurely summer dig. Apparently, Thorly thought he had uncovered some sort of "erratics," deposit of artifacts in anachronistic strata.

Dr. Thorly and his team unearthed various bits of tempered steel and set about cataloging them. In addition, on July 9 the team uncovered the remains of a modern human skeleton in Pliocene strata. From that point on Thorly became strange and swore his two assistants to secrecy about the event, threatening their funding if they spoke about the skeleton to anyone. Thorly closed the site, encouraged the Lewiston company to sell it off, and returned to Helena, hiding the skeleton in his own garage.

On August 1 Franklin Opetz disappeared from his dorm room on campus. After his disappearance became public the second assistant, Michael Richards, went immediately to the police and informed them of the threats that Dr. Thorly had made, but he did not mention the skeleton. Dr. Thorly was questioned extensively by the Helena Police, who were sure he'd crack under interrogation, but to no avail. The police backed off and waited for the doctor to make a mistake.

Just when things were calming down again, Dr. Wilson and his team of researchers from U-Penn showed up in Helena on August 15, 1999, to dig at Big Porcupine Creek. Wilson had obtained permission from the Lewiston company and Thorly was incensed.

On the afternoon of September 3 Dr. Thorly appeared at the dig at Big Porcupine Creek, brandishing his newly-acquired shotgun, and demanded to see what Dr. Wilson and his team had uncovered. Upon seeing a particular skeleton, Dr. Thorly was overcome with emotion and was subdued by those at the dig after collapsing.

Thorly was arrested by deputies and was incarcerated in the small Wheatland County Jail in Harlowton. His home in Helena was searched for evidence by Helena Police Department detectives in the ongoing Franklin Opetz investigation and the



skeleton was found.

On September 5 Thorly was “observed” to vanish from his cell by three other inmates. Although the cell was unopened and completely intact, the deputies believe that Thorly escaped, and a national APB has been released to federal and state police forces in the hopes of his recapture.

Although it is unproven, it is the general consensus of the Helena FBI, the local police, and the media that Dr. Thorly was responsible for the disappearance of Franklin Opetz and the other researchers.

## Dr. Thorly: Physical Description

Dr. Thorly is a male Caucasian in his late forties, with graying brown hair, a short, carefully-trimmed beard, steel aviator sunglasses, and a pronounced limp on his left side. He often dresses in casual “outdoorsy” clothing, and rarely wears a suit or tie. He is 5’9” tall and weighs about 155 lbs. This description has been circulated to law-enforcement departments nationwide.

## Dr. Thorly: Alibi

Dr. Thorly was busy on campus during the day of Franklin Opetz’s disappearance. After work he had dinner with one of his few friends, his physician and fellow Masonic lodge member Dr. Henry Sadier. During the dinner, Thorly complained of pain from his leg injury, and seemed distracted and upset. He persuaded the affable Sadier to a brief exam at his office following dinner, around 7:30 P.M. Sadier performed a cursory examination and provided Thorly with sedatives, though he later told police he secretly offered them more for “nerves” than for pain. He administered the first sedative at his office and then drove Thorly home.

Concerned for his friend, Sadier stayed the night. He tried to persuade Thorly to explain why he was so distressed, but to no avail. Eventually the sedatives took hold and Sadier put Thorly to bed. He watched television until it was time for another pill, around 1:00 A.M. When that was administered, Sadier went to sleep on the couch. Thorly was still out cold when he awoke the next morning, at which point Opetz’s disappearance was noticed.

Dr. Sadier is a life-long resident of Helena and is well-regarded by the community. Unfortunately, his protracted encounter with Thorly has made him a victim of T-Radiation, and he will soon vanish into N-Space. His skeleton has already been found at the dig, in fact. More information on Dr. Sadier appears on p. 168.



## Dr. Thorly: Medical Records

Extensive medical records are available for Dr. Thorly. His HMO, Group Health Technologies, has exhaustive files on him dating back to his 1974 hospital stay in Geneva. The HMO will surrender these files to the FBI only if they are presented with a warrant for their release; at the Keeper's discretion, these files could have already been obtained by the Helena FBI. The aforementioned Dr. Sadier is familiar with Thorly's case but does not possess any detailed information on that long-ago injury.

The records show that Thorly suffered a fractured right humerus (upper right arm) at age nine, which healed readily, and a compound fracture in his left femur (upper left leg) at age twenty-three, which required the implantation of a surgical steel pin in his bone to help it heal properly. Also, in 1983 Dr. Thorly had a troublesome cavity repaired on his third right molar, having two fillings inserted. Besides these occasional mishaps, Dr. Thorly was in good health.

## Dr. Thorly: Arrest Report

The arrest report of Dr. Thorly from the Wheatland Sheriff's Department has a few facts relevant to the case in it. The arresting officer, Mark Tyler Brown, noted Thorly's uncontrollable, nearly manic behavior when he arrived at the site, after being summoned by Dr. Wilson. When the officer arrived, Thorly had already been disarmed. He was pleading to not be touched, that he was somehow "infected" by something he would not, or could not elaborate on.

Deputy Brown attempted to handcuff Dr. Thorly, who struggled and pleaded for several minutes before succumbing. Past that point, Brown reports, Thorly was silent and well behaved.

The basic gist of the attack by Thorly on the crew of U-Penn scientists is recounted in the file. The doctor strode into camp and demanded to see what else the U-Penn researchers had dug up, and, seeing that he had a 12-gauge shotgun, they complied with his demands. Thorly broke down after seeing skeleton #4 (subsequently renumbered by the FBI as #5, thanks to the skeleton found in Thorly's home). Thorly recognized the skeleton as Dr. Sadier's, but this fact is not revealed in the arrest report.

Deputy Brown has little else to say on the subject. Much like Dr. Sadier, Brown has picked up a T-Radiation charge from Thorly and will soon vanish. Information on this unfortunate officer appears on p. 169.

## Dr. Thorly: Personal Effects

When Dr. Thorly was booked by the Wheatland Sheriff Department, the items he carried were taken and inventoried. The locker containing these items was turned over to the Helena FBI and can easily be viewed by agents. The notes on the locker indicates that there are a pair of keys, four quarters, a pen, a Mossberg 500 12-gauge with five shells of buckshot, and a wallet containing three fives, a single, a driver's license, two credit cards, assorted business and video-rental cards. Also included in the list is the titanium Rolex with the inscription "For Thomas, from a proud father."

Inside the locker, however, are only the wallet, the bills, the I.D., and the credit cards. The coins, pen, keys, watch, and shells are missing, along with all the gun except its wooden stock. No one at Helena FBI knows this, because they vanished after the feds initially looked over this evidence.

The objects' disappearance is due to Thorly's unwitting transference of T-Radiation to inanimate objects with high metal content. These small objects built a charge over time and were drawn into N-Space and back to the Pliocene site. They could potentially be found in the artifacts collected from the dig site or could be dug up at the site by the investigators, rather worse for wear.

## Dr. Thorly: Witnesses

Only one witness from Dr. Thorly's original dig still remains: grad student and dig assistant Michael Richards. The other, Franklin Opetz, is missing. Richards and his testimony are described on p. 167.

Other relevant witnesses to the mystery of Dr. Thorly are the three inmates he shared a general detention cell with at the Wheatland county jail. Early in the morning of September 5, 1999, inmates Laurence Dalgrun, Richard Severs, and Tip Yarrow claimed to see Thorly "vanish" before their eyes in the cell. The three men had attempted to break into a hardware store in Harlowton the night of Thorly's arrest. All are low-grade felons and drifters with multiple convictions to their credit.

They swear that Thorly was simply there one second and gone the next. Despite repeated interrogations, they have stuck to their story. The FBI can find no prior connection between the men and Thorly, and in any event cannot explain how these bumbling criminals could have assisted Thorly with an escape without also escaping themselves. The FBI's current theory is that the men were simply asleep when Thorly got out and know nothing of any use.

All three men still reside in the Wheatland County Jail and can be questioned at the agents' leisure. All will consistently maintain that Thorly simply vanished, no matter what is offered or threatened by the agents; they will pass a polygraph test if subjected to one.

## Dr. Thorly: Associates

Dr. Thorly's associates at the University speak fondly of him, at least in the past tense, and often comment that he seemed so normal before the dig at Big Porcupine Creek. Most now believe that Thorly was somehow involved in the disappearance of Franklin Opetz, thanks mostly to the local news.

Before the incident Thorly was thought of as a quiet, well-respected member of the Masonic lodge in town, who sometimes volunteered for summer youth programs run by the Helena City Council and attended a local Methodist church. No one, however, was much closer to Thorly than that, or so it seems on the surface.

Over-imaginative investigators may get interested in the local Masonic lodge, suspecting some sinister cult activity. They're wasting their time. Scottish Rite #265 has no secrets besides a well-stocked liquor cabinet and an address book containing strippers and prostitutes.

## Dr. Thorly: Residence

Thorly's modest home was thoroughly searched by police in the ongoing investigation into the disappearance of Franklin Opetz. The house is still considered a crime scene, though it is not guarded.

The interior of the house was well decorated and maintained, at least until shortly before Thorly's arrest. Boxes of take-out food, copious amounts of alcohol, and evidence of vomiting were found in the kitchen, living room, and bathroom, suggesting a recent state of emotional distress.

The most important clue that can be found at the Thorly residence is the mangled remains of the watch Dr. Thorly's father gave him upon his passing his doctoral boards. This is the same watch that disappeared from the evidence locker in Helena, only several million years older. The inscription is barely legible. A successful Spot Hidden and Idea roll reveals the inscription to read

"For Thom— —om a proud fath—"

The watch has no wristband and is located in a drawer in Thorly's desk. No one recognized the watch's significance when it was seen during a search of the Thorly residence. It still carries a T-Radiation charge of 3D6.

## Dr. Thorly: The Skeleton

The skeleton found in Dr. Thorly's garage and determined to be from the first dig at Big Porcupine Creek is now a piece of federal evidence and is gathering dust in the basement of the Helena FBI building.

The skeleton is laid out anatomically in its natural state in a large (6'x3') wooden tray. It is labeled Male Skeleton #1. All bones are present and are tinted an odd orange color due to the beginnings of fossilization. It was located thirty feet down in Pliocene strata consistent with about 5.1 million years ago by Dr. Thorly and his team on July 9. The skeleton belongs to a white male, approximately 5'9" tall, with evidence of modern surgical and dental work. A steel surgical pin was found embedded in the skeleton's left femur and two fillings were found in the skeleton's middle right molar. Also, a pair of what appear to be twisted and destroyed aviator glasses frames were found in the box with the skeleton, and from reports by Michael Richards, these glasses were removed from the ground with the skeleton itself.

The skeleton is that of Dr. Thorly. The pin in the bone and the fillings all match his medical description. An X ray of the nearly fossilized skull will exactly match Thorly's dental X rays. The pin carries a manufacturer's serial number which can be matched with medical records showing it as having been implanted into Dr. Thorly's leg, back in 1974.

No one at Helena Police or FBI has made this connection, of course—Dr. Thorly could hardly have dug up his own skeleton, after all.

## Dr. Thorly: Other Secrets

Dr. Thorly lived a double existence. A closet homosexual, Thorly maintained a separate life in nearby Butte, Montana. There, several times a month, Thorly would openly enjoy his lifestyle without fear of backlash. Dreading his colleagues' reactions at the university in Helena, Thorly was desperately paranoid about being discovered and hid his excursions under a shield of lies and half-truths. No one in Helena was in on his secret. In Butte, he was known to homosexual clubgoers as George Baker.

FBI Helena has discovered this fact by perusing the doctor's credit-card records and questioning several people in Butte about his activities. These facts have led the FBI to the erroneous suspicion that Franklin Opetz was the subject of Thorly's unwanted advances, and that Thorly killed Opetz in a crime of passion. There is no basis to this suspicion.



## Dr. Thorly: Suspected Motives

When Opetz disappeared, the police rapidly promoted Dr. Thorly to the prime-suspect position. Michael Richards' testimony as to Thorly's threats against him and Opetz made it all look simple. Opetz wouldn't keep his mouth shut and Thorly killed him—or so the theory went. But fruitless questioning of Thorly and his cast-iron alibi cast doubt on this scenario.

When Thorly turned up at the U-Penn dig at Big Porcupine Creek with a shotgun and was arrested, the Helena police thought the answers to the mystery would be found in Thorly's home. Instead, after a brief glimmer of hope when the skeleton was found, a new abyss of questions opened up.

With Thorly's disappearance, things grew even more bizarre. To top that off, the U-Penn team disappeared soon after, leaving the police hopelessly lost. The FBI soon determined that Thorly was a homosexual and suspected him of murdering Opetz out of frustrated desire, but the U-Penn disappearances threw this off track. At this point, the police and FBI have no real theory which accounts for all the facts. They hope to find Thorly or another one of the vanished archeologists and go from there.

## Missing:

### Franklin 'Frankie' Opetz Jr.

Born in Billings, Montana, in 1974, Franklin Opetz attended the University of Montana-Helena for his bachelor's degree in anthropology and archeology. At the time of his disappearance he was completing his graduate work in the same subject under the direction of Dr. Thorly.

Opetz led a mundane existence. What little social life he had was spent on campus in the local pub, drinking with friends, or driving into town to play pool with locals. Opetz dated a few women, most of whom worked in or around the university, but had no serious ties to the area. Everyone who knew him in Helena called him "Frankie."

His parents, Elaine and Franklin Opetz, Sr., still live in Billings and have kept in close touch with their son over the years. They still hope a happy ending will occur, though those hopes are fading fast as the weeks roll by.

Most people in Helena believe that Opetz was somehow killed and disposed of by Dr. Thorly due to a dispute. Some of Frankie's associates heard him speak of the dig at Big Porcupine Creek, and of Dr. Thorly's strange behavior there right before

his disappearance. Others have just been sucked into the media machine surrounding the story, which produces a new theory almost every week.

## Franklin Opetz: Physical Description

Franklin Opetz is a male Caucasian in his mid-twenties with frizzy brown hair, a small goatee, and thick-framed “Buddy Holly” glasses. Opetz is always casually dressed in J. Crew/Gap/Land’s End gear and never wears anything more restrictive. He is 5’11” and weighs about 172 lbs. He wears a Billings, Montana, George Washington High School class of 1992 ring on his right hand.

This description, along with a photograph, has been distributed to every major police force in the United States. Opetz is officially sought after and is thought to be the subject of either a kidnapping or murder. His parents are offering a \$10,000 reward for his safe return.

## Franklin Opetz: Medical Records

Opetz’s medical records are much harder to locate than Dr. Thorly’s. Although they do exist, they are scattered around Montana.

Dental records for his adult life are available in Helena at the office of Dr. Terrence Waite and show extensive dental work on his bottom teeth late in life. The doctor will freely offer these files to FBI agents, without warrant, if they are asked for politely. Waite wishes only to help the authorities find “Frankie,” who he found to be a funny and friendly person.

The only serious injury Opetz suffered was as a ten-year-old boy, when he broke his left radius and ulna (both bones in the lower arm) falling out of a tree. Records of this accident are stored at the Billings Medical Center and have sat untouched in a file cabinet for fifteen years. A warrant will be necessary to free up these files. Opetz’ parents remember the incident well if asked whether Frankie ever broke his arm.

Opetz also suffered from a slight malformation of the backbone which was corrected with braces at an early age. These records have been lost, since the doctor that administered them has long since died, but Frankie’s mother has maintained duplicate records of the files. She will readily turn them over to the agents, or at the Keeper’s discretion these files could have already been obtained by the Helena FBI.

## Franklin Opetz: Dorm Room

Located on campus in the Tierney Dorms, this small suite contains a kitchen and full bathroom. Rooms of this type are difficult to come by on campus and are usually reserved for graduate students like Opetz.

On July 30, 1999, Franklin Opetz was last seen entering his room at about 9 P.M. by several other Tierney residents. Two days later, when the usually garrulous Opetz was not seen by his neighbors coming or going from his apartment and knocking on his door brought no response, the Resident Assistant on the floor was alerted.

Opetz’s door was unlocked but the chain was locked from the inside. The Helena police were called when no one responded to shouts directed into the apartment.

No signs of foul play could be located in the dorm room, and nothing out of sorts was discovered in the police search. Opetz was nowhere to be found. When the case was lumped in with the disappearances at Big Porcupine Creek, the crime scene changed hands to the FBI. It is still closed off and is being examined at length by FBI experts.

## Franklin Opetz: Personal Effects

These are unremarkable, except for the fact that most metallic objects in the room have been imbued with Tillinghast Radiation. Nothing out of sorts was noticed by the police among Opetz’s personal effects. When the FBI took over the crime scene, several objects were found to be missing, including a doorknob to the bathroom door—which the Helena police insist was there before the FBI arrived. Smaller metallic objects such as keys, pens, and such are not yet known to be missing, or are assumed to be in the possession of Opetz, wherever he is. But over time, more and more objects which have already been photographed by the FBI will begin to disappear.

Over a period of a few weeks, several other metallic objects may disappear from the dorm room, despite any attempts to guard them. This may lead the agents to the conclusion that some force is causing the disappearance of metallic objects and people; see “Waiting for a Disappearance” on p. 168 for details. On the other hand, it may lead the FBI to the suspicion that someone on the police force or in the FBI is a thief.

## Franklin Opetz: Witnesses

The few people who saw Opetz before his disappearance have all made statements to the police. The dorm was sparsely populated due to the fact that most classes were out for summer break. Only three other people on Opetz's floor were present during the dates of his disappearance.

Michael Roth, age twenty-eight, lived in the room across from Opetz and knew him quite well. Roth was majoring in geology and often helped out with Opetz's more difficult studies in geologic surveying (which Opetz was taking over summer semester). He remembers seeing Franklin (Frankie, as he calls him) going into his room on the evening of July 30 at about seven. The two exchanged brief hellos and Frankie claimed he was exhausted and didn't feel well. Frankie then retired to his room. Roth is one of the men who, two days later, knocked on Franklin's door and eventually alerted the police.

Sandra Friedrich, age twenty-four, saw Opetz in the hall on the same floor of his room at 2 A.M. the morning of July 31. He purchased a Sprite at the soda machine, said hello to her, and went back to his room looking tired. She did not hear anything more about him until the police showed up to knock down his door.

Easton Campbell, age twenty-six, exchanged words with Opetz on the evening of July 30 at about 6:45, as Opetz was coming down the hall to go to his room. Opetz said something which Campbell recalled as strange. Campbell, who also is in the graduate archeology department under Dr. Thorly, recalls that Opetz said something to the effect of "Thorly really lost it out on the dig, I'll tell you later," which he assumed referred to the dig at Big Porcupine Creek. Campbell was one of the men to alert the RA and police.

## Franklin Opetz: Associates

Franklin Opetz had numerous friends and associates on campus, but only those within the archeology department know anything relevant to the case. His ex-girlfriends and drinking buddies know nothing about the dig at Big Porcupine Creek, except that Opetz had been there for several days in early July.

Those within the small department, including Easton Campbell (covered earlier), Opetz himself, and Michael Richards (covered later) number only six. Only Richards, Opetz, and Thorly went to the site. The others were either off campus or out for summer semester.

Yolanda Young, age twenty-five, was off campus until the day before Opetz's disappearance and talked with Opetz and Richards about the dig at Big Porcupine Creek. Opetz claimed

that something odd had been dug up out there but that "Thorly had a shit-fit and doesn't want to release the info till he's checked it out at length." Richards refused to speak about what had been found, but did say "I wish we never went out there."

Ryu Horakumi, age twenty-nine, saw Opetz once two days before his disappearance at a bar in Helena. They spoke briefly about the dig at Big Porcupine Creek and Opetz, slightly drunk, said that "Thorly lost it out there. The old man went nuts like a goddamned rabid dog." Nothing more was said between the two.

Thomas "Tom" Jablonski, age twenty-six, returned to campus the day after Opetz's disappearance and had nothing to add to the police report, except that in his eyes there was bad blood between Opetz and Dr. Thorly for some time.

## Franklin Opetz: Car

Opetz's car, a blue 1974 VW Bug, was found parked on campus in Opetz's parking space the day he was discovered to be missing. Opetz used this car to drive back and forth from Big Porcupine Creek. The police searched it for further clues but found nothing. The keys to the vehicle could not be found.

The vehicle was impounded as evidence and was later transported to the Helena office of the FBI for a thorough search. Odd details of the car's state were noticed by the agents assigned to look at the vehicle. The driver's-side mirror and the rear-view mirror were missing, as if those components had been removed carefully by hand.

The car has a low T-Radiation signature and is dangerous to touch. The mirrors have already vanished into N-Space, back to the Pliocene. It is up to the Keeper to decide which agents, if any, who touch the vehicle are "infected" with T-Radiation, or if the whole vehicle itself builds up enough of a charge to travel back in time. It would be interesting to dig up the crushed and ruined five-million-year-old remains of a Volkswagen Beetle at Big Porcupine Creek.

## Franklin Opetz: The Skeleton

Opetz's skeleton was dug up from the ground at Big Porcupine Creek by the U-Penn team on August 18, although of course they had no idea whose skeleton it was. It remains in the custody of the Helena FBI along with five others which the U-Penn team uncovered.

The skeleton is laid out anatomically in its natural state in a large (6'x3') wooden tray. It is labeled Male Skeleton #2. All bones are present and are tinted an odd green color due to the beginnings of fossilization. It was located about thirty feet down

in Pliocene strata, consistent with about 5.1 million years ago, by Dr. Wilson and his team on August 19. The skeleton belongs to a white male, approximately 5'11" tall, with evidence of modern surgical and dental work.

The skeleton's teeth match Opetz's dental records exactly, and its tailbone is slightly malformed, but appears to have been corrected by a brace. When dug up, the skeleton had a ring on his right hand. The inscription for George Washington High School class of 1992 is no longer legible.

## Missing: Gareth Wylin

Born in Decatur, Illinois, in 1972, Wylin enjoyed a faultless childhood and excelled in schoolwork, gathering top honors from a small boys' finishing school in Lovington. Wylin went on to study anthropology at the University of Chicago, but his interests shifted during his tenure there and soon he became engaged in the study of archeology. In 1994 he applied and was accepted to the University of Pennsylvania for a graduate degree program in archeology.

In 1997 Wylin was approached by Delta Green Agent Charlie of Cell C and was asked to aid in an investigation of odd rock formations located at a cult hideout in western Pennsylvania. Wylin and Agent Charlie confronted some sort of "embryonic creature" on January 6, 1997, and after that incident Wylin was informed of the "organization"—Delta Green. Wylin was under the impression that it was a legal operation.

In August of 1999 Wylin accompanied the head of his program Dr. Wilson, to Big Porcupine Creek in Montana to dig on a site. For half a month they dug up various "erratic" fossil finds, mostly of modern human remains anachronistically located in Pliocene rock.

Then, after a last frantic phone call to Delta Green on September 8, Wylin and his associates disappeared.

## Gareth Wylin: Physical Description

Gareth Wylin is a male Caucasian, age twenty-seven, with short red hair and a false front right tooth on a removable bridge. Wylin is a casual dresser and rarely wears anything more formal than a t-shirt and jeans. He is 6'2" and weighs about 205 lbs.

This description, along with a photograph, has been distributed to every major police force in the United States. Wylin is officially sought after and is thought to be the subject of either a kidnapping or murder.

## Gareth Wylin: Medical Records

Wylin's medical coverage is through a small Philadelphia-based HMO called Firstcare. Wylin, a klutz, suffered all manner of broken bones during his adolescence and early adulthood. His right wrist was broken twice (skateboarding), four of his metacarpus bones in his right hand were also fractured in a car accident, his left radius and ulna (lower arm bones) were broken in a skiing accident on Hunter mountain, and his skull was fractured once in a fall down the stairs.

His dental health was much less exceptional, except for a missing single front tooth (also skateboarding), which was replaced by a removable fiberglass bridge. These records can be freed up only by a warrant or court order, or at the Keeper's discretion could have already been obtained by the Helena FBI.

## Gareth Wylin: Associates

Before 1997, Wylin had numerous friends and dated several women seriously. An outdoorsy sportsman type despite his natural clumsy streak, Wylin was popular with the ladies. After 1997, however, his attitude changed completely, and he is known today as an introverted loner. Those who knew him from before the winter of 1997 speak of him as if he were a different man altogether after that particular winter break, although nothing of import seemed to have occurred in his life.

Winter 1997, of course, was the time that Wylin became involved with the horrors of the Cthulhu Mythos through Delta Green. This new bleak worldview led to a distinctly different attitude in Wylin, which was easily noticed by his friends.

Wylin's parents, Elise (56) and Charles (55), divorced in 1993 and live in Decatur, Illinois. They had not spoken to Gareth in some time and frankly did not care to, as their son "made it plain their relationship ended when he left Illinois."

There are no leads to be found here.

## Gareth Wylin: The Skeleton

Wylin's skeleton was dug up from the ground at Big Porcupine Creek by the U-Penn team on August 20, although of course they had no idea whose skeleton it was. It remains in the custody of the Helena FBI along with six others which the U-Penn team uncovered.

The skeleton is laid out anatomically in its natural state in a large (6'x3') wooden tray. It is labeled Male Skeleton #3. All bones are present and are tinted an odd green/orange color due to the beginnings of fossilization. It was located about thirty feet

down, in Pliocene strata consistent with about 5.1 million years ago, by Dr. Wilson and his team. The skeleton belongs to a white male, approximately 6'2" tall, with evidence of modern surgical and dental work.

The skeleton's teeth match Wylin's dental records exactly, even down to the missing front tooth. The broken bones are also consistent with Wylin's medical records.

## Missing: Larry Kazal

Born in New York city in 1974, Larry Kazal grew up always knowing he would pursue a career in archeology. His post-high-school education took him first to Columbia University and then to Bard College, where he excelled in the study of early American cultures. For his graduate degree Kazal moved to the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia to finish a four-year program under the tutelage of Dr. Emmet Wilson, whose work he had admired for some time.

Kazal was one of Wilson's favorite assistants and spent his time pursuing his love of the field. Kazal worked on more than twenty digs in his two years at U-Penn, and wrote thirty-six papers on varying archeological subjects with mixed success. Despite his obsession with the archeological sciences, Kazal found enough time to court and become engaged to Miriam Graham, a geology student at U-Penn. The two planned to marry in the summer of 2000.

Kazal disappeared on the dig at Big Porcupine Creek along with his compatriots. His whereabouts remain unknown.

## Larry Kazal: Physical Description

Larry Kazal is a male Caucasian, age twenty-five, with long blond hair, a short well-groomed mustache, and thin wire-frame glasses. Kazal is a casual dresser but is not above dressing up if the occasion is correct. He is 6' and weighs 169 lbs.

This description, along with a photograph, has been distributed to every major police force in the United States. Kazal is officially sought after and is thought to be the subject of either a kidnapping or murder.

## Larry Kazal: Medical Records

Larry Kazal's medical provider was Blue Cross of Philadelphia. He had no serious health problems except his severe astigmatism, which was a constant hassle. He had no major hospital stays or injuries, except an appendix removal in 1986 which was uneventful.

His teeth were near-perfect and remained untouched until his wisdom teeth were removed in 1992. These records are available only through a court order or warrant, or at the Keeper's discretion could have already been obtained by the Helena FBI.

## Larry Kazal: Associates

Kazal had few close friends outside of the archeology program at U-Penn. His colleagues found him engaging and accomplished if a bit over-anxious at times, and he was thought to be a promising field archeologist in the making, despite his attempts to try everything at least once. The only major complaint anyone has of him was that "he could never focus on less than nine things at once."

His fiancée, Miriam Graham, has flown to Helena to follow the investigation as closely as possible. She is residing in a Quality Inn near the airport, waiting for any news. She could become a nuisance to agents investigating the Big Porcupine Creek disappearances, and at the Keeper's discretion could follow the investigation a little bit too close for comfort.

## Larry Kazal: The Skeleton

Kazal's skeleton was dug up from the ground at Big Porcupine Creek by the U-Penn team on August 30, although of course they had no idea whose skeleton it was. It remains in the custody of the Helena FBI along with six others which the U-Penn team uncovered.

The skeleton is laid out anatomically in its natural state in a large (6'x3') wooden tray. It is labeled Male Skeleton #4. All bones are present, and are tinted an odd green/orange color due to the beginnings of fossilization. It was located about thirty feet down, in Pliocene strata consistent with about 5.1 million years ago, by Dr. Wilson and his team. The skeleton belongs to a white male, approximately 6' tall, with evidence of modern surgical and dental work.

The skeleton's teeth match Kazal's dental records exactly.

## Missing: Dr. Emmet Wilson

Dr. Wilson was born in Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, in 1947 and attended the University of Pennsylvania for his bachelor's and graduate degrees in archeology. Wilson specialized in Native American sites and was on the excavation of the Roby River Mound in Arkansas in 1969. His paper on the subject is still widely taught today.

Dr. Wilson worked with Dr. Thorly during Thorly's doctoral researches at U-Penn. The two were friends and shared an apart-



ment for a school season in 1971. Dr. Wilson went on to work at several high-profile digs in the U.S. and returned to teach at U-Penn in 1978. Wilson was only one of many archeology/anthropology professors on campus, but was considered a specialist in American cultures and was held in high regard.

Wilson married a research assistant, Corrine Brightem, in 1981. The couple was still together at the time of Wilson's disappearance and have two children. Their family life appeared to be ideal. Corrine is one of the parties who filed a missing-persons report with the FBI in Pennsylvania.

In 1999 Dr. Wilson was called to Montana by his former associate Dr. Thorly. Wilson and a small team traveled out to the site at Big Porcupine Creek despite a dispute with their host, Dr. Thorly. Wilson and his team spent the last two weeks of August and the first week of September digging. An incident involving the U-Penn team and a disgruntled Dr. Thorly led to his arrest by the local Wheatland Sheriff. The dig continued. The U-Penn team uncovered six fossilized skeletons of modern humans, and finally, a bent and ruined antenna-like device from Pliocene strata.

Dr. Wilson and his small team of researchers disappeared suddenly between September 6 and 8. Their whereabouts remain unknown.

## Dr. Wilson: Physical Description

Dr. Wilson is a male Caucasian, age fifty-two, with gray hair, a mustache, small "John Lennon" glasses, and a scar across his right brow. Wilson fluctuates between outdoorsy clothing and suits and ties, which he wears while teaching class. He is 5"11" and weighs 189 lbs.

The U-Penn Alumni Association is offering a \$25,000 reward for his safe return.

## Dr. Wilson: Medical Records

Dr. Wilson's medical files are kept by Blue Cross/Blue Shield in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and will require a warrant to free up unless his wife is asked (or at the Keeper's discretion, these files could have already been obtained by the Helena FBI). The only severe injury Wilson ever suffered was in a car accident in 1984, when he fractured his skull on the dashboard during a sudden stop. Extensive X rays of his skull are still on file, and the scar from the accident is quite visible in any photo of Wilson past 1984.

As far as dentistry, Wilson only had his wisdom teeth removed in 1971. Otherwise, his teeth were perfect, as shown by the X rays in his file.

## Dr. Wilson: Witnesses

Those few people who interacted with Dr. Wilson and his team were either employed at the Motel 6 they were staying at or at the diner they would frequent after their daily digs.

The staff of the hotel remember very little of import about the group except that they were quiet, did not drink or keep late hours, and often ordered pizza and movies from the front desk. Besides this, they have little to say.

Those at the Monterrey diner recall an incident when Dr. Wilson and his associates got into a verbal argument with two local Indians over the "ownership of land and remains" on August 29, which became quite heated, but ended before the police were called. The diner staff had never seen the Indians before, but the waitress noticed they drove a truck with a Northern Cheyenne Indian Reservation sticker on it. The Indians seemed intent on listening in on Wilson's conversation, and started the argument after something was said which offended them. No one got the license plate of the truck. The police and FBI have met with dead ends on the reservation front. For further information on this situation, see "The Cheyenne" on p. 155.

## Dr. Wilson: Personal Effects

Dr. Wilson and his four graduate assistants were staying in nearby Harlowton at a Motel 6. The rooms have been cleared by the Helena FBI and the evidence was carefully collected and cataloged. It now rests in a storage room in Helena FBI headquarters and can be viewed at the agents' leisure.

Nothing of a bizarre nature can be found here. In fact, the most interesting thing is that some of the items listed on the evidence sheets are gone. Small metallic items such as pens, coins, and watches are missing from the evidence envelopes, although they are listed as contained within. These objects built a T-Radiation charge and have been pulled into N-Space. Unless the agents immediately notify a superior about their disappearance, the agents will become the prime suspects in the objects' theft. The chain of evidence is taken very seriously by the FBI.

This discovery could open an internal investigation inside an already monumental investigation on the Big Porcupine Creek disappearances.

## Dr. Wilson: Phone Calls

Records of Dr. Wilson's phone calls show nothing but mundane calls to his wife and children, two to the university at Helena, and one to the motel. Besides these everyday calls, there are no other records of Wilson using the phone in Montana.

## Dr. Wilson: Associates

Dr. Wilson was held in high esteem by all who knew him. Students and teachers who worked with him remember him as a kind, courteous, and accomplished archeologist.

He lived in a small town called Carlton, twenty-three miles from the University of Pennsylvania, and had no known enemies or disputes with anyone in the area. There are no clues to be found here.

His wife Corrine is out of her mind with worry, and Wilson's two children, Michael (12) and Zoe (18), are being cared for by Wilson's brother Horatio while Corrine braces herself for bad news. All expect at any moment to hear about the discovery of Wilson's body; no one has yet realized that his body had already been found, fossilized, lying in wait for nearly 5.1 million years.

## Dr. Wilson: Car

Dr. Wilson's rental car was located at the dig at Big Porcupine Creek with the keys in it. A 1992 red Camry, it was rented at Helena International Airport by Wilson using a U-Penn faculty credit card. Much of the car's surface areas are composed of plastics and fiberglass and have survived intact, because these substances are not susceptible to the odd sympathetic vibrations of T-Radiation.

However, the keys have vanished while in police possession and have not been relocated. The car is currently being examined at length for clues by the Helena FBI crime lab.

## Dr. Wilson: The Skeleton

The skeleton is laid out anatomically in its natural state in a large (6'x3') wooden tray. All bones are present and are tinted an odd orange/green color due to the beginnings of fossilization. It was located about thirty feet down, in Pliocene strata consistent with about 5.1 million years ago, by Dr. Wilson and his team on August 23. It is labeled Male Skeleton #6. The skeleton belongs to a white male, approximately 5'11" tall, with evidence of modern surgical work. A healed fracture to the temple is evident. A crushed silver lump was also found near the skeleton; this was Dr. Wilson's wedding ring.

The skeleton is that of Dr. Wilson. The fracture, height, and weight match his description. An X ray of the nearly fossilized skull will exactly match Wilson's dental X rays.

Wilson never made this connection, and no one at Helena Police or FBI has any idea of its significance.

## Missing: Denise Oester

Born in Reston, Virginia, in 1974, Denise Oester was a transfer student from the University of Maryland's archeology/anthropology department to U-Penn and had only been in the graduate program at Philadelphia for four months when she agreed to travel along on a dig at Big Porcupine Creek.

Oester was quite happy to have been accepted into U-Penn and was looking forward to studying under Dr. Wilson, although they had spent little time together up until the trip. Oester was something of an odd man out among the U-Penn group, being female and the only one not in the program for more than a year.

## Denise Oester: Physical Description

Denise Oester is a female Caucasian, age twenty-five, with long red hair and large aviator glasses. Oester is a casual dresser and tends to wear hiking boots and outdoorsy clothes at all times. She is 5'9" tall and weighs about 145 lbs.

This description, along with a photograph, has been distributed to every major police force in the United States. Oester is officially sought after and is thought to be the subject of either a kidnapping or murder.

## Denise Oester: Medical Records

Denise Oester's medical provider was an HMO in Philadelphia called Bioline Inc., although all her medical records remain in Virginia and have not been transferred to her new provider yet. The only medical problem she ever suffered was an intra-uterine cyst which incapacitated her for more than a month just after her seventeenth birthday.

Her teeth were corrected by braces, from her thirteenth to eighteenth year, but besides this she had little dental work. These records are available only through a court order or warrant, or at the Keeper's discretion could have already been obtained by the Helena FBI.

## Denise Oester: Associates

Denise Oester had just gotten out of a long-term relationship with a man in Maryland, Derek Lewis, before she left to join the graduate program at U-Penn. The FBI have already checked this man out and have cleared him of any possible involvement with the Big Porcupine Creek incident.

Besides this, only Oester's mother remained close to her. Mimi Oester still lives in Reston, Virginia, and is terribly worried about the disappearance of her daughter.

## Denise Oester: The Skeleton

Oester's skeleton was dug up from the ground at Big Porcupine Creek by the U-Penn team on August 29, although of course they had no idea whose skeleton it was. It remains in the custody of the Helena FBI along with six others which the U-Penn team uncovered.

The skeleton is laid out anatomically in its natural state in a large (6'x3') wooden tray. It is labeled Female Skeleton #1. All bones are present and are tinted an odd green/orange color due to the beginnings of fossilization. It was located about thirty feet down, in Pliocene strata consistent with about 5.1 million years ago, by Dr. Wilson and his team. The skeleton belongs to a white female, approximately 5'9" tall, with evidence of modern dental work.

The skeleton's teeth match Oester's dental records exactly.

## The Last Man Standing

Dr. Thorly's team included himself, Franklin Opetz, and a third man: Michael Richards. Unlike his two companions, Richards is still around. The FBI has questioned him to little result; the agents may do the same.

Michael Richards was born in Lofton, Vermont, in 1972. He moved to Helena to complete his graduate degree in archeology after his funding was cut at the University of Ann Arbor. He worked closely with both Dr. Thorly and Franklin Opetz, and enjoyed a good relationship with most others in the department.

On July 3, 1999, Richards, Opetz, and Dr. Thorly set out to survey and excavate a site at Big Porcupine Creek. After uncovering hundreds of "erratics," small bits of what appeared to be warped and twisted pieces of tempered steel in strata inconsistent with their modern age, things began to take a strange turn.

On July 8, the trio uncovered an adult male skeleton in Pliocene strata. After it was removed and examined, Dr. Thorly's attitude changed drastically. He threatened both Opetz's and Richards' funding if they mentioned any of the discoveries at Big Porcupine Creek to anyone. Richards, fearing a repeat of his exit from Ann Arbor, kept quiet until Franklin Opetz disappeared.

He then went to the police and informed them of the threat Dr. Thorly had made. Fearing some sort of professional reprisal, Richards did not mention the fossilized male skeleton Thorly brought to his home after the dig, and in fact his logical mind saw no direct correlation between the two events. It was only later on, after being questioned again by the police after the disappearance of Dr. Thorly, that Richards reconsidered his beliefs. Obviously, something about the skeleton was what made Thorly nervous and led somehow to the disappearance of Opetz.

Today, Richards remains at his apartment off-campus, guardedly continuing his studies, although he has no department head to study under anymore. Richards is hoping to place the worries and complications of the last few weeks behind him, but it seems the events will not just fade away on their own.

And he can't shake the feeling that something bad is going to happen, soon.

## Michael Richards: Physical Description

Michael Richards (no relation to the *Seinfeld* actor, as he is sick of explaining) is a male Caucasian, age twenty-seven, with short blond/brown hair, a small mustache, and contact lenses. Michael wears conservative clothing: hush puppies, pressed pants, and button-down shirts. He is 6'1" and weighs 191 lbs. He is never without his St. Christopher's medal hanging from a chain on his chest.

## Michael Richards: Police Interest

The Helena Police and FBI remain interested in Richards due to the complexity of the Big Porcupine Creek investigation and his proximity to two of the missing parties (Dr. Thorly and Frankie Opetz). The police did not suspect Richards in these crimes, and the FBI is currently assuming that Richards is innocent but is openly looking into his background just in case.

So far Richards has been extremely cooperative with both forces. He is sincerely worried for the welfare of his missing friend, Opetz, and keeps his eyes open in case the allegedly murderous Dr. Thorly is skulking around.

## Michael Richards: T-Radiation Immunity

For some reason Richards is immune to the harmful effects of T-Radiation, which consumed his compatriots. Although he has handled extremely strong T-Radiation sources at the dig, the charge has not jumped to him; consequently, he will not disappear at some later date and he will not infect others. This also means his skeleton will not be found among the fossils at the dig site. The reasons for this immunity should remain vague to the players. At best, Richards should seem like some sort of anomaly—and at worst, some sort of suspect.

He can handle any T-Radiation-rich materials without any danger, not that he or anyone else knows this. So this "skill" may prove difficult to employ. With its advanced technology, Majestic-12 would be very interested in studying Richards due to this exceptional ability.

## Michael Richards: Medical Records

Richards has Blue Cross/Blue Shield coverage but has had little in the way of medical treatment in his life. The worst injury he ever suffered was a cut on one of his hands which required nine stitches at an emergency room in Vermont.

His teeth are another matter. Richards, who once suffered from a horrible overbite, received extensive surgery and corrective

braces in his teenage years. Records of this alteration, including X rays of his mouth, are included in his Blue Cross/Blue Shield file. Access to this file will require either Richards' permission or a warrant, or at the Keeper's discretion they could have already been obtained by the Helena FBI. The dental records will not match any skeleton at the Big Porcupine Creek dig site.

## Future Disappearances

The communicability of T-Radiation poisoning from the site at Big Porcupine Creek assures that people who have never even been to the site will be infected and consumed by N-Space as the investigation unfolds. Two examples are provided below to enrich the game and heighten the mystery whenever the Keeper deems it appropriate.

## Waiting for a Disappearance

As the Keeper sees fit, he can use these additional disappearances in many ways. They can be sprung upon the players at any time during the investigation. A few examples are presented below.

**As Distraction:** Just as the players begin to get into the mystery of Big Porcupine Creek, a new disappearance could pull them away on a diversionary tangent which will nonetheless eventually lead back to the site.

**To Deepen the Mystery:** If the players begin investigating someone earmarked for disappearance, a wonderful opportunity is presented to cause great distress—have the subject disappear while the agents are present. This can be as simple or as complicated as needed. The subject may vanish from a bathroom while out of sight, or in clear view of the agents and dozens of eyewitnesses. Seeing such a disappearance costs 1/1d6 SAN.

**To Draw Suspicion:** If objects from the evidence rooms and then material witnesses begin disappearing on the agents' watch, the Helena FBI will rapidly become suspicious. The Pope will grill the agents and perhaps even discuss the matter with their superiors—potentially exposing the illegitimate nature of the agents' involvement in this investigation.

## Missing Soon: Dr. Henry Sadier

Dr. Sadier was Thomas Thorly's physician for more than ten years. The two men had a friendly relationship which was continued outside the office. Both were members of the local Masonic Lodge.

Sadier saw a change in his friend in the latter half of July and early August. Thorly seemed withdrawn and later, borderline suicidal.

The last time Sadier saw Thorly was for an after-hours examination of Thorly's leg on July 31st at 7:30 P.M. The archeologist complained that the pin in his leg was bothering him more than usual, but the problems looked much more psychological than physical to Sadier. Thorly was in a poor mental state and Sadier, concerned for his friend, gave the archeologist a sedative and drove him home. Sadier remained there overnight to make sure Thorly was all right.

During his contact with Thorly, Sadier has become imbibed with a powerful, ever-growing T-Radiation charge which will eventually overwhelm him and drag him back in time, dead, to the Tillinghast device in the Pliocene epoch.

## Dr. Sadier: Physical Description

Henry Sadier is a Caucasian male, age fifty-four, with cropped, curly white hair and bifocal glasses. He is a casual dresser and tends to wear button shirts and khakis. He is 5'10" and weighs 169 lbs.

## Dr. Sadier: Medical Records

Sadier's medical provider was Blue Cross/Blue Shield, and he visited his physician regularly for the last fifteen years since he had a mild heart attack. Sadier suffered from a slight arrhythmia of the heart, which was corrected with a pacemaker in 1984. Since then he has lead a nearly perfect healthy lifestyle.

Sadier's teeth on top are actually dentures; the bottom teeth are naturally straight. These records may be secured by a court order.

## Dr. Sadier: Associates

Sadier was a widower with one son, who long since has left home for Chicago, where he is employed as a bicycle messenger. Paul Sadier had grown distanced from his father since his mother's death from breast cancer in 1983.

All in town speak of Sadier in tones of praise. This is mostly why his statements to the police about Dr. Thorly held so much weight and were considered truthful, despite their long friendship and presumed Masonic loyalty.

## Dr. Sadier: The Skeleton

Sadier's skeleton was dug up from the ground at Big Porcupine Creek by the U-Penn team on August 22, although of course they had no idea whose skeleton it was. It remains in the custody of the Helena FBI along with six others which the U-Penn team uncovered.

The skeleton is laid out anatomically in its natural state in a large (6'x3') wooden tray. It is labeled Male Skeleton #5. All bones are present except for the upper teeth and are tinted an odd green/orange color due to the beginnings of fossilization. It was located about thirty feet down, in Pliocene strata consistent with about 5.1 million years ago, by Dr. Wilson and his team. The skeleton belongs to a white male, approximately 5'11" tall, with evidence of modern dental work.

The skeleton's teeth match Sadier's dental records exactly. Also, a ruined lump of silver metal about the size of a bottle cap was located with the remains. When shown this body by the U-Penn team, Dr. Thorly recognized the lump as the ruins of a pacemaker unit and the missing upper teeth clinched his conclusion—that he was somehow looking at the remains of his friend and doctor, in strata 5 million years old.

## Missing Soon:

### Deputy Mark Tyler Brown

Deputy Brown was responsible for the arrest of Dr. Thorly, after the doctor brandished a shotgun and threatened the U-Penn archeologists at Big Porcupine Creek. He is employed by the Wheatland County Sheriff's Department and is an upstanding family man who was born and plans to die in Harlowton. He may indeed die near Harlowton, but it'll be the Harlowton of 5.1 million years ago. Brown was "infected" by T-Radiation in his encounter with Dr. Thorly.

### Mark Brown: Physical Description

Twenty-nine years old, Brown is a big man at 6'3" and 225 pounds. He is in excellent physical shape and played high school football. When not in uniform, Brown wears casual clothes, or suits when at church or town functions.

### Mark Brown: Medical Records

Brown's medical provider is Blue Cross/Blue Shield, but Brown rarely went to the doctor. In 1996, Brown attended his only medical appointment for the last eight years when he was stabbed by a junkie drifter in the right arm. The wound healed perfectly.

Brown's teeth are a little uneven but are otherwise healthy. These records may be secured by a court order.

### Mark Brown: Associates

Brown's wife Polly (age 27) and his daughter Lucinda (7) live with him in Harlowton. They enjoy a normal life, if a bit regimented and religious. Brown's relationship with his family is a good one, and he adores his daughter.

## Forensic Reconstruction of the Skulls

Some investigators, particularly those whose players have seen *CSI* or *Gorky Park*, may want to take the skulls of the various skeletons to the University of Montana-Helena for forensic reconstruction.

This is a technique where a cast of the skull is layered with clay muscles, ligaments, and skin in order to rebuild what the subject's face may have looked like. This process takes a few days when done by an experienced reconstructor, and will result in eerily familiar faces emerging from the clay. The FBI also has facili-

ties for this, and can even reconstruct the face using a computer program, so long as precise measurements of the skull's contours are entered into the software.

Once completed, an investigator only requires an Idea roll to recognize the newly-created bust as someone they've met or as one of the missing persons. Keepers should make investigators who recognize the bust make a SAN roll or lose 1/1D3. If they see themselves staring back at them, a roll of 1D2/1D8 would be in order.

Brown's father, Mark Senior (52), is a state police officer based in Butte and may become something of a hassle if his son vanishes.

## Mark Brown: The Skeleton

Brown's skeleton has yet to be dug up at Big Porcupine Creek, but it is there, waiting in the ground. It is located about thirty feet

down, in Pliocene strata consistent with about 5.1 million years ago. The skeleton belongs to a white male, approximately 6'3" tall, with evidence of modern dental work.

The skeleton's teeth match Brown's dental records exactly. The bones have mostly been leached away and replaced with limestone and other chemicals which give the bones an odd green/orangeish tint.

## The Majestic Option

At the Keeper's discretion, Majestic-12 may become involved in the investigation at Big Porcupine Creek. Majestic Facility 19, otherwise known as March Technologies' Monument, Montana Research Facility, is located only 150 miles from the dig site. This facility is responsible for most testing and research involving the Tillinghast Resonator, and it is responsible—that is, *will be* responsible—for the antenna found in the ground in Big Porcupine Creek when Project WELLS is created in 2008.

Majestic can be alerted to the situation by strange readings on their passive T-Radiation scanners, each spike indicating a victim or object's entrance into N-Space. These instances peaked on September 8, when the U-Penn team all disappeared at the site. The antenna itself also gives off a very strong T-Radiation signature once it has been excavated and exposed to open air.

Majestic's super-sensitive passive T-Radiation sensors at Monument locate each specific T-Radiation "spike," the point where the T-Radiation became so magnified that it breached into N-Space, with great accuracy. No doubt an "information cleanup" will be put into effect to hide this knowledge from the public.

## Assessment and Cover

If Majestic examines the spikes, MJ-1, Justin Kroft, is alerted immediately and makes his way to Facility 19 to directly oversee all operations. The first action is an assessment of the situation. Researchers comb the local newspapers for stories that seem to relate to "disappearances" (*i.e.*, the unexplained spikes in T-Radiation). The obvious story is the disappearances from the dig at Big Porcupine Creek.

Phone calls are then made by military officials with backing from Washington to the FBI, asking for the specifics of the case. Delta Green agents posing as experts in archeology may be inadvertently questioned by Majestic itself, though not under that name.

Majestic disinformation officers next construct a cover story explaining all elements of the disappearances. Patsies programmed by OUTLOOK Group may turn up, probably drifters, who confess to the crimes involved and who have critical knowledge of the victims—provided by Majestic, of course.

These patsies later "escape custody" or die suddenly in custody, victims of brawls or other mishaps. Bizarre theories are dismissed as rubbish. Anyone who asks too many questions may get a very small taste of just how dangerous Majestic can be.

## Cleanup

The second effort will be the scrambling of two NRO DELTA squads from Cooper, Montana, the home of Majestic's Facility 12. At Monument they are rapidly briefed on the situation. The FBI recalls its men from the dig site and a perimeter of more than three miles surrounding the area is cut off by troops, whose official story is that they are on maneuvers in the Federal Wilderness Reserve.

All cars, reporters, or agents that openly approach the perimeter are challenged and warned away. Anyone trying to breach this security is subdued and arrested, and has a strong chance of being shot "in an unfortunate training accident". Helicopters patrol the area at night using passive IR and light-enhancement technology, while a special convoy of trucks and personnel in T-Radiation-proof suits excavate what little remains of the site.

Majestic will monitor those who have had access to the site for some time, to watch for signs of T-Radiation infection—there may be more disappearances to clean up, after all. This may include Delta Green agents, and could lead to a breach in cell security.

## Majestic's "Story"

Here is one cover story Majestic might spread.

A drifter named Ronald Rackey is captured in Butte with Dr. Thorly's MasterCard. Rackey was a drifter known to both the police departments of Harlowton and Helena. A homosexual, Rackey was also seen visiting gay bars in both towns. Rackey is identified by the owner of Helena Guns and Bows as accompanying Dr. Thorly during his purchase of the shotgun he used to hold up the U-Penn people. Surveillance video is provided of the two together in the store; this video is faked, but it is faked very well.

Rackey claims Thorly sometimes paid him for sex, and that Thorly killed Franklin Opetz when the young man interrupted them at Thorly's house. Then, gaining a taste for it, Thorly began to talk about going out on his own and killing the U-Penn archeologists at Big Porcupine Creek, whom he hated and resented. Rackey fled the morning after Thorly purchased the shotgun, taking Thorly's MasterCard and some cash, not wanting to be involved.

Rackey's story is tenuous, but is backed up by evidence and most of all, it's sordid enough to sound credible. The newspapers and evening-news broadcasts will eat it up and so will the public. This is enough for Majestic, who will kill Rackey after the furor has died down.

## Resolving the Situation

Needless to say, the situation at Big Porcupine Creek will not be resolved easily. Most players will rapidly connect the disappearances to the device unearthed at the creek. Playtest groups eventually uncovered the horrible truth that the device is somehow dragging people back through time. Several options could end the danger of the Resonator.

### Purging the T-Radiation

This is, of course, the best possible solution. Both humans and inanimate objects like the antenna can be purged. However, to figure out that this is the right course of action will require a critical success on a Physics roll, and even then the roll should only be allowed at the Keeper's discretion.

**Problems:** This difficult and extremely dangerous process requires exposure to an electrical field of extreme power. The subject must not be grounded to receive the charge. Significant power must be passed through the subject, in excess of 50,000 volts, to neutralize the odd vibration rate induced by the T-Radiation.

If the investigator attempts this while grounded, roll vs. Luck. On a successful Luck roll, the character suffers 2D8 HP damage and 2D10 rounds of stun. On a failed roll, the character suffers 10D8 HP damage and a 50% chance of immediate and fatal cardiac arrest. Either way, the subject is now free of the T-Radiation charge.

If the character is not grounded, nothing is felt except an odd tingling, but the T-Radiation charge will rapidly dissipate.

### Removal

The agents can attempt to remove the antenna and related equipment from the area to a safe location.

**Problems:** This will be difficult to accomplish, as the site is under constant guard by the FBI. Also, moving so much debris rich with Tillinghast Radiation will certainly lead to someone becoming infected. Additionally, Majestic can track any source of T-Radiation with their passive scanners, and this could lead to a breach in the Delta Green conspiracy if the players are not careful.

### Destruction

The agents can attempt to destroy the antenna, most likely with explosives.

**Problems:** This will just blow the antenna into hundreds or thousands of T-Radiation-rich pieces of metal, each of which is just as powerful and dangerous as the original device.

### Stalling

Sit on the site, preventing further digging, and wait for the investigation to be closed.

**Problems:** This is a good solution. If the players can turn in a competent report stating without fail that there are no more bodies located in the strata or that there is any other intact evidence present, the FBI will bulldoze over the hole and return the land to the Lewiston Corporation. Most likely, it will then be purchased by Majestic—or potentially by Delta Green itself.

### Getting Help

Allow Majestic to clean up the incident. A call from Cell A could certainly draw Majestic's interest.

**Problems:** This, too, is a good solution and should be readily survivable by the agents as long as they are not exposed during the brief but intense scrutiny of Majestic agents. If they can keep their stories straight, they can slip through the net and go home.

### SAN Rewards & Penalties

**Destroying or burying the Resonator safely:** +1D10 SAN

**Discovering precisely what is going on:** +1D8 SAN

**Ineffectually destroying the Resonator:** -1D2 SAN

**Allowing more than one person to disappear during the investigation:** -1D4 SAN

**Preventing a victim from disappearing through purging:** +1D6 SAN

**Incorrectly prosecuting Michael Richards or Doctor Thorly for the disappearances:** -1D2 SAN

**Coming up with a believable explanation which closes the investigation:** +1D4 SAN

**Safely recovering artifacts and removing them to a safe location for study by Delta Green:** +1D3 SAN

## NPC Stats

### Special Agent Lawrence Franklin Sands, FBI

Delta Green cut-out, age 51

**Affiliation:** Agent

**Code Name:** Hooker (for this op only)

**Race:** African-American

**STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 13**

**DEX 10 APP 13 EDU 21 SAN 59 HP 13**

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Education:** B.S. Criminology/Law, Cornell University

**Occupation:** Special Agent, Federal Bureau of Investigation

#### Skills

Accounting 21%, Art History 35%, Astronomy 30%, Computer Use 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Dodge 40%, Drive Auto 52%, Fast Talk 43%, First Aid 41%, History 40%, Law 45%, Library Use 39%, Occult 31%, Spot Hidden 59%, Track 15%, Swim 49%

#### Languages

English (native) 100%, French 49%, Japanese 31%

#### Attacks

Punch 60%

*1D3*

Glock 22 .40 pistol 67%

*1D10+1*

Grapple 49%

*special*

Shotgun 59%

Rifle 57%

#### Physical Description

Special Agent Larry Sands is tall, thin and in excellent shape for his age. He regularly wins physical-fitness citations in inter-FBI contests and is an accomplished swimmer. Sands wears conservative clothing and keeps his salt-and-pepper hair cropped close to his head.

### Special Agent Stephen Sunwahr, Helena FBI

Stakeout jockey, age 31

**Race:** Caucasian

**STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 12**

**DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 20 SAN 60 HP 12**

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Education:** B.S. Criminology, Duke University

**Occupation:** Special Agent, FBI

#### Skills

Accounting 35%, Art History 31%, Bargain 21%, Chemistry 15%, Computer Use 46%, Conceal 43%, Drive Auto 34%, First Aid 36%, History 45%, Law 49%, Pharmacy 35%, Psychology 28%, Spot Hidden 51%

#### Languages

English (native) 100%, French 21%, Spanish 42%

#### Attacks

Punch 51%

*1D3*

Glock 22 .40 Pistol 60%

*1D10+1*

#### Physical Description

Special Agent Sunwahr is clean cut, slightly overweight and naturally sweaty. His intense nature carries over into his personal life. At the dig site he is friendly but nosy and enjoys having his fingers in everybody else's pies.



## Special Agent Ira Dunnel, Helena FBI

**Stakeout jockey, age 31**

**Race:** Caucasian

**STR 11 CON 15 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 11**

**DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 19 SAN 55 HP 13**

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Education:** B.A. Accounting, B.S. Criminal Justice, Concord College

**Occupation:** Special Agent, FBI Computer Crimes Division

### Skills

Accounting 67%, Art History 13%, Astronomy 36%, Bargain 31%, Computer Use 60%, Drive Auto 30%, Electronics 28%, History 42%, Law 33%, Library Use 59%, Photography 31%, Spot Hidden 64%

### Languages

English 95%

### Attacks

Punch 59% Glock 22 .40 pistol 43%  
1D3 1D10+1

### Physical Description

Ira Dunnel is a bookish, reserved computer geek with a gun. He is talkative only to those who share his interests in accounting and computers. He wants nothing more than to please his supervisors, and since he has been labeled a "desk jockey" by his associates Dunnel is dying to prove himself in the field. Despite this desire, he has the laptop with the wireless modem connection back to the Helena office. He's keeping up with his paperwork even while out in the field.

## Michael Richards, Graduate Student

**Confused innocent, age 27**

**Race:** Caucasian

**STR 9 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 12 POW 17**

**DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 20 SAN 83 HP 12**

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Education:** B.A. Archaeology, University of Ann Arbor Michigan

**Occupation:** Graduate Student/Student Teacher

### Skills

Accounting 15%, Archaeology 48%, Anthropology 39%, Biology 29%, Chemistry 19%, Drive Auto 45%, First Aid 30%, History 53%, Spot Hidden 61%

### Languages

English (native) 100%, Italian 21%

### Attacks

Punch 50%  
1D3





# APPENDIX B: ADVENTURES

# A NIGHT ON OWLSHEAD MOUNTAIN

DENNIS DETWILLER

From the early sixteenth century to the first few decades of the twentieth century the Mi-Go employed human degenerates and madmen to protect the secrecy of their mining operations on Earth. These loners and hermits lived near the haunts of the Mi-Go in high mountain ranges and abandoned areas, using violence and subversion to make sure outsiders did not stumble upon things they were not supposed to see. These bargains were struck in the dead of night on long-overgrown tracks, when a lone human traveller might be hailed by a strange buzzing voice that offered unearthly rewards for those who entered its service.

The Mi-Go would grant such a follower a boon such as gold or silver, metals the aliens did not need, and for a truly gifted disciple the Mi-Go might bring them into the degenerate worship of the Great Old Ones and give them a key to limited magical power.

This system was scrapped with the advent of World War Two, when humanity was deemed too dangerous and erratic for their actions to be reasonably predicted by the soulless Mi-Go. Over the next decade they disassembled their operations on Earth and removed themselves to other terrestrial bodies in the solar system, hoping to study humanity's bizarre intellect from afar, with the buffer of stellar space protecting them from discovery.

But the Mi-Go intellect itself is strange, a system of total recall and great gaps of cleared memory mixed in a curious and completely alien manner. It is a constant battle between the importance of information and the finite amount of space to contain it in. When information is deemed irrelevant it is purged completely— not forgotten in the common sense, where it might be recalled by happenstance, but completely expunged from the Mi-Go mind forever. Many such purges occurred in the months when the Mi-Go left their haunts on Earth.

One of the subjects of such an information purge was Cooter McGee, a man who was once in the Mi-Go's service but who now has waited for word from his alien masters for more than sixty years. All these decades he has quietly squatted upon the unused slopes of Owlshead Mountain, Vermont, guarding a forgotten and pointless hunk of ancient Mi-Go stonework.

Cooter swore his service in exchange for a cure for his stomach cancer (caused by his own rotgut) and he served his masters well, if a bit simply, for more than twenty years. Before their evacuation in the 1940s he spent his days waiting for instructions from his alien masters. But now he waits for something else that only the Mi-Go can grant him: release from his near-immortality.

For when the Mi-Go cured Cooter of his ills, they also cured him of most of the difficulties of human existence, utilizing a form of protomatter to augment his body's internal systems. All at once he was freed from the burdens of eating, sleeping, and dying. Cooter has found, over the past seventy years, that he can no longer do any of these things normally as he once did. But he continues to try.

Cooter squats upon the mountain, patiently waiting for a buzzing voice from the dark that will never come. Life itself has become a dream to him, and up until recently it had been more than two years since he'd heard a human voice, much less seen another human being.

Then the Mill Valley Company arrived on the mountain, scouting the land and measuring it off for a new ski slope. Directly in the center of their future downhill run, overgrown by moss and old trees, are the curious and forgotten stones of Cooter's alien masters.

Cooter is a man of his word, and he will keep his promises. Perhaps faithful actions will bring his alien masters back to release him from the endless hell his life has become.

## The Sad Story of Poor Cooter McGee

Bruce "Cooter" McGee was born in Duxbury, Vermont, on May 5th, 1903, and spent most of his young adult life only three miles from the mountain on which he would later live for more than seventy years. The McGee family was a well-appointed one that ran the general store in town (and still does). Cooter was the third son of the store's owner, Elias McGee, a towering and frowning old Catholic from Ireland who was known to be harsh with his children and who ran the store with military efficiency. The elder McGee was well respected and an ardent supporter of the Volstead Act, the passage of which in 1919, and whose enforcement in 1920, led his own son into a life of crime.

The fracture in the McGee family came early. Young Bruce constantly questioned his father's authority, and was constantly beaten. Soon enough anything Elias McGee wanted his son to do, Bruce would automatically do the opposite. But Bruce was growing, and his father's physical advantages were dwindling. Soon, both knew, it would come to a head. The first major fight between the two was when young Bruce took up the nickname "Cooter" in

high school. Soon he answered to nothing else. This infuriated his father, who kicked the boy out at age sixteen after an evening brawl. Cooter took to squatting on Owlshead Mountain with his camping gear, but continued to attend school. The mountain was a place where he and his friends had played when he had been young, and he felt safe there despite the strange stories sometimes told about the range, about inhuman voices in the night.

He graduated in 1920, retreating to his “home” on the mountain with his diploma after being turned away from his family home by his father, who still wanted nothing to do with him. No one in the five towns of the valley—Duxbury, Mill Village, Waterbury, Colbyville, or Townsend—would hire Cooter, as most businessmen in the area lived in fear of the power of the elder McGee, and so he took to squatting in the wilderness and living off the land. Cooter knew all the back roads through the mountain wilderness. He struck upon an idea he knew would infuriate his father, the ardent supporter of Prohibition. Cooter had run into bootleggers in the mountains before, people moving liquor down the state roads to Middlesex, Montpelier, and Boston, and he had seen them get caught many times.

Cooter fell in with a group of rum-runners who set about distilling their own rotgut on the mountain. They did so deep in the forest on the old-growth side of Owlshead Mountain near a point called Fells Ridge. The lack of roads to the interior of the forests, and Cooter’s knowledge of the hidden tracks off the mountain to the state roads, kept them from discovery. Soon Cooter and his gang, called the Owlshead Boys, made and moved most of the rotgut in the county. When the police became interested in their activities, the group moved their operations from mountain to mountain, avoiding the authorities.

Cooter soon discovered why his father was such an ardent supporter of the Volstead Act. The McGee family had something of a hereditary drinking disorder. Cooter took to his own rotgut like a fish to water, and his financial endeavors began to wane. Soon prohibition itself was a thing of the past. As his situation worsened, his gang split off into rival factions and Cooter took to cooking only what he could drink himself.

In 1935 the sickness began. At first Cooter could ignore the shooting pains in his stomach, but soon enough, he knew, he would not be able to make it up and down the mountain anymore. On a rainy night in 1936 he stumbled down into Mill Village and hunted down a doctor with the last bit of his bootlegging money.

The doctor knew immediately what he was seeing. Cooter’s relentless consumption of rotgut had caused a tumor in his stomach. The tumor had metastasized and had spread to his lymph nodes. There was nothing to be done. Soon, the doctor claimed, the young man would be dead.

Cooter gathered his supplies and went back up on the mountain, convinced his number was up. He went up the gentle slopes higher than ever before, hoping to garner an interesting view for his deathbed. Instead, he came upon the old stones.

Located about three-quarters of the way up the slopes on Owlshead Mountain, the ancient ring of stones was unlike anything Cooter had ever seen. He camped there for some time,



erecting his still in the center of the ring. He thought he would spend the last few days or weeks of his life there, drinking all he could before the final pains set in, but instead it turned out to be just the beginning of a very long and very unnatural life.

The first time he heard the voices, they came from the peak of Owshead Mountain: strange buzzing sounds echoing through the woods in the dead of night. Later they grew closer, sometimes approaching as close as just outside the range of his firelight. Slowly they began to beckon to him in reedy English.

When Cooter's pain became too great, the bargain was easily struck.

Cooter does not remember what precisely the "winged ones" did to him, only a sweet grey, drugged slumber. When he awoke his pain was gone. In fact, he felt better than ever before. The voices from outside would come to him in the night and give him specific tasks, usually small ones such as spying on lone farmhouses in the ranges, or threatening individuals with anonymous letters. But when the voices called for much more questionable duties, such as murder, Cooter did not hesitate. Twice he killed individuals who stumbled upon the ring of stones on Owshead Mountain.

But one night, after several years when Cooter hadn't spoken to another human being, the buzzing voices did not come. He waited but they never returned.

The lone man kept his vigil, continuously patrolling the lonely mountain, tracking those few who passed through his territory, prepared at any moment to end their lives to protect the secrets of his absent alien masters.

When a timber road was laid up to the lower slopes of Owshead Mountain in 1949, Cooter carefully watched the workmen's progress, plotting in case they intruded too far. Twice Cooter was seen by loggers, who dismissed him as a local crazy who lived on the mountain. Those who heard the tale in Duxbury suspected it was the son of the late Elias McGee.

In the early 1950s things changed. Kids began to take to the woods to drink and hang out. Cooter watched as larger and larger groups of teenagers took to the lower slopes of the mountain near Fells Ridge on weekend nights and days. But few ventured much higher than the ridge.

Then that all changed. On July 6, 1956, eight teenagers made their way up the mountain, hoping to find the summit. Past Fells Ridge they came upon one of Cooter's old trails, and despite his attempts to distract them they made their way halfway up the mountain. That's when Cooter snapped. When he was done, two boys were dead, hacked to death with a hatchet, and the rest fled back to town.

Cooter was captured the following week after a huge search party of local hunters located him and immobilized him with a .30-06 round to the right leg. Local police were amazed the shot didn't kill him. No one knew what to make of the raving madman who spoke of buzzing voices from the woods. Most of his family was dead or elderly, and few wanted anything to do with him. Cooter was committed by his oldest brother to the Montpelier Psychiatric Center for the Mentally Infirm. It was assumed this is where he would stay for the rest of his life.

His stay was short.

McGee was lobotomized in late 1956, but the alien materials the Mi-Go had used to change his body *adjusted* to the operation, altering his existing brain material and changing his body to make sure he would not be captured in the future. Cooter McGee found himself incredibly strong and resistant to damage. Cooter kept much of this information to himself, of course, and his handlers seemed to believe that his surgery had robbed him of any deadly impulses. They watched him much less readily after the surgery.

Cooter fled the Montpelier Psychiatric center in the dead of winter, early 1957. All involved in the search concluded that the madman had surely died in the four feet of snow and sub-zero temperatures, although his body was never found. Nothing human could survive a Vermont winter alone on a mountain—but Cooter McGee was no longer human.

The madman made his way back to Owshead Mountain. During the next forty years he often tried to destroy himself but could find no method that worked, at least none without pain. Cooter was well aware of his immunity to drugs, his rapid healing, his inhuman metabolism and constitution. No escape remained evident except one: to guard, to watch, and to wait for his inhuman masters and the freedom of death only they could grant him.

## The Madman of Owshead Mountain

The story of Cooter McGee is well known in the towns of Duxbury, Townsend, Mill Village, Waterbury, and Colbyville—to a point. Today it is little more than a bedtime story to many, but to the older people of the county Cooter McGee was a very real murderer, and many can still recall when the boys were killed on Owshead Mountain. Nothing is known of his capture and conversion by the Mi-Go, of course.

No one believes that Cooter is still up on the mountain. Everyone thinks he perished escaping from the madhouse in Montpelier. In fact, that part of the story is told with a certain kind of grim satisfaction by the townsfolk, as if it was the hand of God itself that killed the unrepentant madman.

Cooter has learned from his mistakes. He no longer assaults people who come on his mountain—he *tracks* them. If they deviate from acceptable paths or begin to destroy those things Cooter was put here to protect, they may be startled by a falling tree or the sound of a creature following them through the woods. Cooter has discovered, the hard way, that killing people to keep them from his sanctuary only draws more people in. Those who do cross Cooter's lines die suddenly and seemingly naturally. Cooter has killed three in the past thirty years, pushing two from cliffs and smothering one whom he then left for the authorities to discover as a victim of exposure.

Many people who have spent nights on Owlshead have felt the strange presence of Cooter as he relentlessly watches them. Few have seen him and survived the experience.

## Weston Logging and the Mill Valley Ski Company

The Weston Logging Consortium and the Mill Valley Ski Company have taken an interest in Owlshead Mountain, and hope to convert it to a double-sloped ski run. The Weston Logging Consortium has been logging old growth under state contract for years, and the Mill Valley Company plans to employ them in the removal of virgin timber from the upper slopes of Owlshead Mountain on a portion of territory they purchased from the state for an exorbitant sum. In 1996 the Weston Consortium had some bad luck, and two of its employees were killed on the slopes of nearby Clastenbury Mountain. The companies sincerely hope that such bad luck is behind them now.

Their workmen and surveyors have already mapped out the runs and have begun preliminary blasting on Owlshead, much to the displeasure of Cooter McGee.

Soon the second auxiliary road will be cut up the slope past Fells Ridge and then they will begin the work for real. But the recent disappearance of two surveyors has put an unforeseen kink in the consortium's plan, and the searches for them have been unsuccessful. So far.

Cooter is now plotting what to do next. He will not fail his alien masters again.

## Bruce 'Cooter' McGee

Since Cooter is the primary threat of the scenario, a complete description is provided for the Keeper. It is hoped that by the end of the scenario the investigators see him as a terrible caricature of a human, one who should be pitied despite his crimes and put out of his misery.

## McGee's Biological Enhancements

McGee and the Mi-Go struck their deal in 1936. The Mi-Go, masters of surgery and genetic manipulations, kept their end of the bargain and cured McGee of his cancer, but had other ideas in mind as well. They hoped to test their method of harnessing the adaptive and evolutionary abilities of the flesh of the Great Old One Ubbo-Sathla, the Unbegotten Source. The Mi-Go hoped to come up with the ultimate "template" for the creation and manipulation of biological entities through the understanding of this substance. They ignored the example provided by the Elder Things, who utilized the same substance to produce the Shoggoths, which in turn destroyed their civilization. The Mi-Go believed the substance could prove very useful despite its dangers.

McGee, in essence, was the test subject in the first field trial of what would later be identified by humans as "protomatter" or "neotissue." In this, its most early incarnation, it had yet to be refined and controlled, and is little more than a slightly altered portion of Ubbo-Sathla. Once introduced to McGee's system it infiltrated each and every cell of his body. There it sat and waited for stimuli to activate its natural inclination towards evolution. Every time McGee was subjected to something that pushed his biological systems to the limit, the Ubbo-Sathla spawn in his system would *change* his body, adapting it so it could withstand that same stimulus in the future. The cancer was the first such stimulus, and his body adapted rapidly around it.

Over the past sixty years McGee's body has advanced far beyond the scope of human evolution. His skin can deflect low-caliber bullets and his metabolism is nearly so efficient as to be self-contained. He occasionally needs water but little else, and in the last three years he has even stopped *breathing*. After his lobotomy in 1956, the Ubbo-Sathla spawn in his body replaced the destroyed material in his brain with a new sensing organ. This organ can detect movement at great distances, and was created by the spawn to prevent McGee from being captured again. So far, it has proven most effective.

McGee does not need to breathe, eat, or excrete and is completely immune to harsh environments and drugs. Fire damages him, but that damage heals with time. McGee's pain response is very sensitive. This is his body's way of letting him know things are changing. Broken bones, ripped skin, puncture wounds: all these close up, restructure, or heal in hours or days. Cooter finds all this useful in staying alive in a dangerous environment—which is precisely what he doesn't want to do. He has attempted suicide numerous times. Hanging himself was the last stab, so to speak, and this led to his no longer needing to breathe. Total immolation is all he has yet to try, and he is very wary that it will do nothing but lay him up for a few weeks of searing pain as his superhuman body heals.

Future enhancements remain up to the devious Keeper to fashion.

## Bruce 'Cooter' McGee, Ex-Mi-Go Lackey

**The Madman of Owlshead Mountain, age 96  
(appears about 30)**

**Race:** Caucasian

<b>STR 20</b>	<b>CON 20</b>	<b>SIZ 9</b>	<b>INT 10</b>	<b>POW 4</b>
<b>DEX 16</b>	<b>APP 9</b>	<b>EDU 12</b>	<b>SAN 0</b>	<b>HP 15</b>

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

### Armor

5 points thick skin. In addition Cooter regenerates 1D10 HP per hour until dead. Each hourly use of his regeneration costs 1 Magic Point. If Cooter falls to 0 MPs he remains in a regenerative stasis for 1D6 hours and then awakes fully restored. In this state Cooter appears dead, and cannot move or act. If Cooter reaches 0 HP he falls into a catalepsy, and slowly regenerates despite gross bodily harm. It is up to the Keeper to decide just how long a particular injury will take to heal. Weapons which impale do minimum damage.

**Education:** Graduated Duxbury High School, class of 1920

**Occupation:** Madman

### Skills

Astronomy 9%, Climb 69%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Dodge 60%, Drive Auto (antiquated) 35%, Hide 77%, History (antiquated) 25%, Jump 51%, Listen 99% (spawn alteration), Navigate (Townsend area) 78%, Sneak 81%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 30%, Track 65%

**Languages:** English 60%

**Spells:** Contact Mi-Go (Human Agent Variant)\*

### Attacks

Punch 63%  
1D3+db

Large hunting knife 74%

1D6+db (can impale)

Boy Scout hatchet 45%

1D6+1+db (rusty, has a 30% chance of causing tetanus)

Wood axe 50%

1D8+2+db (can be thrown)

Shotgun 55%

Rifle 40%

### Physical Description

Cooter McGee looks absolutely crazy, the classic caricature of a madman, but he also looks too small to do any harm. This harmless look can be used to great effect, luring people in so close they can't then get away. If somehow he is discovered and is sure the investigators have no idea who he is, he may feign unconsciousness (which he is very good at) hoping to lure the investigators in.

He has long since given up wearing clothing; it took too much work to maintain, and he has had no access to modern amenities. This may also lead the investigators to believe he is dying from exposure. He is completely filthy at all times, and never bathes if he can help it—but strangely, he does not smell of body odor, due to his inhuman metabolism.

His hair is a mat of knotted red strands, and his body is covered in an odd thick skin which looks relatively normal (if all the dirt is removed) but which feels like the skin of an elephant if touched. If his forehead is examined and cleaned, two divots in the front of his skull (from the lobotomy) will be located. These divots have a thin and oddly formed drum of skin stretched over them. With these newly evolved "eardrums" Cooter can detect sound and movement at great distances (treat this as a Listen roll). He can also pinpoint exact distance and direction of movement with this ability (treat this as a halved Listen roll).

Cooter carries his knife and hatchet at all times on a simple rope belt knotted around his waist. Sometimes, when he feels he needs it, he carries his wood axe to give him more confidence.

### Mental State

Cooter is quite mad. He fades in and out of lucidity, often drifting back into the past, holding conversations with memories, or just sitting still for hours at a time. But when alerted to company in his territory, he will stalk all those who come on his mountain, and almost always will have the drop on the intruders no matter how they approach the slopes. If Cooter feels they are likely to damage the standing stones he guards (especially if they are carrying explosives), or that they know of his presence (remember that he can hear precisely at great distances), he dispatches that person or group one by one, usually attacking in the dead of night.

If somehow snuck up upon and confronted, Cooter fights to his last ounce of endurance—and he has quite a few ounces. If confronted with a bizarre story, such as his father being ill and wanting him to come home (his father has actually been dead for more than sixty years), the Keeper should improvise. In his maddened state Cooter may respond positively, or quite negatively, to such a request.

Those who call him by his name will at least stay his hand for a few moments until he hears what they have to say.



If the investigators know about the Mi-Go, and convince Cooter that they wish to help him, he will beg them to assist him in ending his life by calling on the “winged ones” whom he serves—only they can end the life that they gave him. He will do nearly anything to accomplish this goal, and if the investigators claim to know how to call the “winged ones” Cooter will do their bidding for any amount of time to accomplish this, so long as the stones aren’t threatened. This tactic will prove especially effective if the investigators possess any Mi-Go artifacts.

#### Notes

The Ubbo-Sathla spawn in Cooter’s body has robbed him of much of his POW (leeching it for its own purposes), and prevents him from successfully casting the spell Contact Mi-Go, although he knows it.

In addition, this low POW makes him extremely susceptible to spell effects.

## The Missing Surveyors

On June 4, James Bartlett and Drew Frost, two surveyors in the employ of MacArthur Surveying of Duxbury, Vermont, set off to mark regions on the northwest upper slope of Owlshead Mountain. When they did not return by 5 a.m. the following morning, the local police were alerted.

A search by 200 men began on June 5 and lasted until the 8th, when it was called off. The story made the news but was soon forgotten. Authorities assume the men have died of exposure and will eventually be found on the mountain. Work has resumed on the slope. Few paid much attention to the similarities to another incident that happened three years before.

Except Delta Green.

## The Disaster on Clastenburg Mountain

Three years ago, Drew Tucker and Manfred Taft, employees of the Weston Consortium, went missing on the 5th of June during what was supposed to be a routine blasting job on the upper slopes of Clastenburg Mountain, located only three miles from Owlshead.

Several large seismic charges were set off on that day, heard by the towns in the valley below, but soon it became evident that the two were not coming down off the mountain. Two days passed without word from them. It was initially believed that some sort of accident with the explosives had occurred and had killed the two, and local search teams formed to comb the area.

Nothing was found until June 10th. Near the crest of the mountain, a large ring of standing stones was found, one of which was damaged significantly by explosives. No evidence of the missing employees was located. Delta Green had already investi-

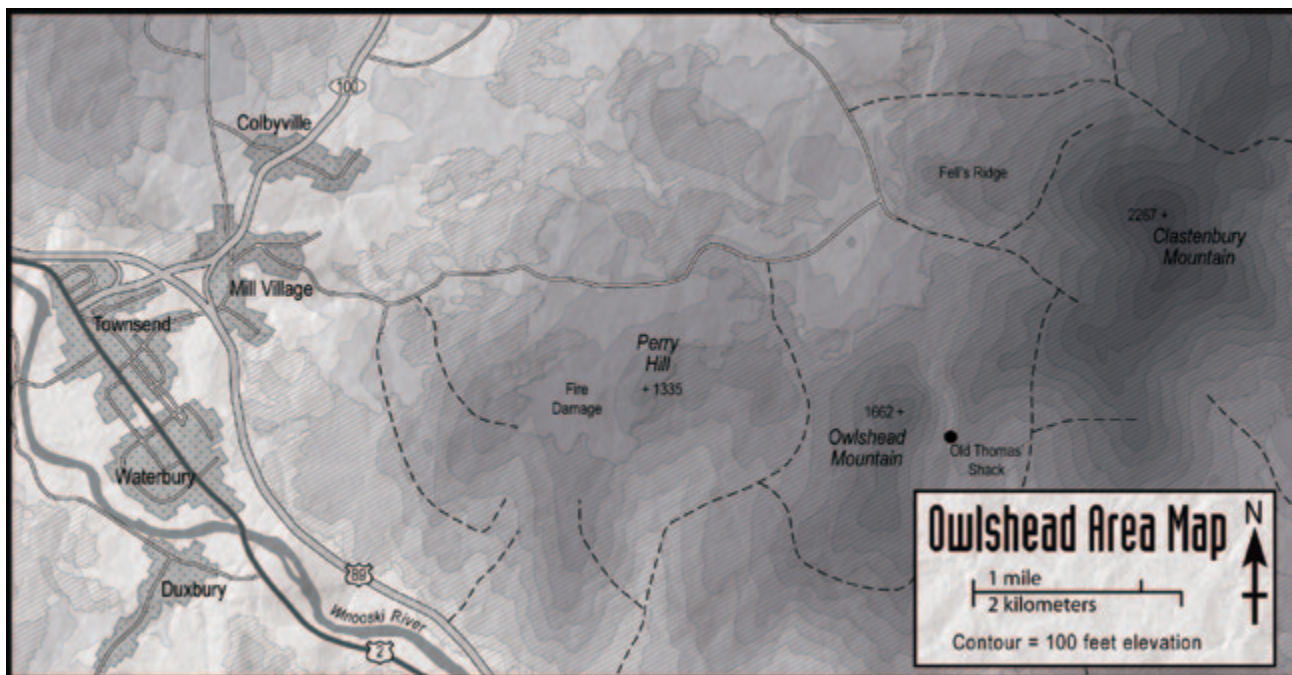
gated several incidents with similar “unknown” standing stones in the past, and Cell I was dispatched to look into the incident.

On the 12th of June, a new search party led by Delta Green Agent Irving set off hoping to locate the men. Near the crest of the mountain, Cell I was confronted by some sort of alien creature. Only seventeen of the thirty people who went up the mountain came back down, and those that did make it back were nearly all mad. Irving, the leader of Cell I, several DG friendlies, and local searchers perished on the mountain during an intense firefight.

The fantastic story was publicized as a mudslide and was covered up by the local police, who had lost two officers in the incident. The FBI entered the picture, investigating why one of their agents was reported dead on the mountain in the midst of an investigation, when there was actually no such investigation and the agent was supposedly on a personal vacation. Agent Irving was buried and the story slowly faded; even FBI interest in their dead colleague dwindled.

## What Happened on Clastenburg Mountain

No one in Delta Green knows exactly what happened on the mountain three years ago. But Keepers are privy to much information no player will ever know. Here is what really occurred.



The two workers tampered with an ancient ring of stones erected by the Mi-Go for the worship of Shub-Niggurath. One of the stones was destroyed by a dynamite charge, releasing a beast bound by the stones, a Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath that consumed the two men. The creature stalked the mountain, waiting for more victims. Incredibly stealthy and clever, it remained hidden for days until a large number of humans invaded its territory. Then it struck, leaving death and madness in its wake.

The Dark Young still stalks the rarely-visited slopes of Clastenbury Mountain. It has no direct connection to Cooter McGee and Owlshead, except that it is another example of forgotten Mi-Go information—and a very dangerous distraction for the new team of agents.

## The New Op

Cell A has been monitoring news stories relating to central Vermont, particularly since the Clastenbury disaster. When the story of the missing surveyors on Owlshead Mountain hit the wires last week, Cell A took notice. A team has been dispatched to contact remaining friendlies in the area and assess the situation. Alphonse hopes he will not have to call in the big guns.

## Agent Irving

Delta Green Agent Irving was FBI Special Agent Reuben Schnitlich. Three years ago in June, Schnitlich went on a sudden two-week vacation from the FBI field office in Buffalo, New York, stating that a family emergency had occurred. He had been alerted by Cell A that he was needed elsewhere.

Irving gathered his DG team and descended on the area of Clastenbury Mountain looking into the mysterious disappearances that appeared to be related to the standing stones. His initial cover story was that the FBI was looking into a pack of “survivalists” that had taken to squatting on the mountain, a group that included a Federal fugitive. When the local sheriff confronted Irving about his unorthodox methods and threatened to call the FBI, Irving confessed the truth and brought him into the conspiracy. Soon after a deputy and an aging Pennacook tribesman were inducted into the conspiracy to a limited degree, as well.

Irving was killed by the Dark Young on Clastenbury Mountain along with several others. After a brief investigation into the event by the FBI, the case was closed due to lack of solid witnesses and evidence regarding Irving’s misuse of FBI credentials.

Reuben Schnitlich is buried in the Hopewood Private Cemetery in Holchester, New York. He is survived by an elderly mother who knows nothing of his activities during that time, or of his involvement in the conspiracy.

## Contact

The agents are all contacted by an automated voice service that rings their number and plainly states: "Hello, you are cordially invited to a night at the opera." The call cannot be traced by caller ID or other services.

This is a signal that the agents are to call their contact in the conspiracy, utilizing the Remote Data rerouter in Costa Rica (see p. 136). They are greeted on the phone by Agent Irene of Cell I. She tells them to proceed to Montpelier Airport in Vermont as rapidly as possible. If asked about arrangements she informs them, tersely, that they must pay for the travel themselves, but that they will later be reimbursed. They are to keep their presence quiet and unofficial. Federal agents are not to operate in their usual capacity as law enforcement. Arrival times should be sent to her via e-mail or by encrypted cell-phone call.

Irene informs them that she will be waiting in the baggage-claim area with a sign for Mr. Green.

### Agent Irene

Agent Irene is Officer Eugenia Carcaterra of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. She has been a member of the Delta Green conspiracy for eight years, and it shows. In the last three years she has suffered two emotional breakdowns at work and is currently on a long personal sabbatical from her desk job in Washington State. Despite this, she remains faithful to the conspiracy and has agreed to return to the valley where her cell leader, Agent Irving, met his fate on Clastenbury Mountain.

Irene is to introduce the new team to the two remaining friendlies in the area, and if need be to brief the team on what happened at Clastenbury. Alphonse has left this last task up to her personal discretion, and would prefer that it not be discussed if there appears to be no meaningful connection. Initially, she is only to explain that Cell I was on an unrelated op at Clastenbury and made some friendly recruits that could be of help.

Alphonse himself is keeping tabs on the operation and has been in direct contact with Irene, carefully working out just how to handle the situation. Alphonse fears that the FBI is still a little too interested in just how the corpse of Agent Irving ended up on Clastenbury Mountain. So instead of the standard DG op, wherein the agents appear under credentials legitimate or illegitimate, Alphonse has chosen to send the agents in secretly, without notifying any authority in the area—at least any authority who

has not been previously exposed to the conspiracy. This will make the job that much more difficult, and if the team is discovered it could cause untold problems. But Alphonse hopes this will work the other way as well, since no official notice means less possibility of exposure by officials.

Irene has been instructed to assist but not to participate in the op. She will remain in an advisory capacity in Mill Village, coordinating the team's efforts with information and commands from Cell A. Alphonse hopes to help the investigation by having someone from the previous op, namely Eugenia, pull the plug on the new op if she recognizes any evidence of the creature Cell I encountered on Clastenbury. Alphonse believes there is no practical way of winning a direct confrontation with such a creature. Instead, he hopes the disappearances on Owlshead are just a coincidence that can be uncovered by Eugenia's team.

### Officer Eugenia Carcaterra, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service

**Shaken and stirred, age 48**

**Race:** Caucasian

<b>STR 10</b>	<b>CON 12</b>	<b>SIZ 11</b>	<b>INT 12</b>	<b>POW 11</b>
<b>DEX 12</b>	<b>APP 11</b>	<b>EDU 19</b>	<b>SAN 43</b>	<b>HP 11</b>

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Education:** B.A. Environmental Science and Law, Washington State University

**Occupation:** Officer, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service

**Skills**

Accounting 35%, Acting 30%, Astronomy 41%, Computer Use 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 2%, Dodge 50%, Drive Auto 59%, First Aid 49%, History 45%, Law 40%, Library Use 41%, Natural History 51%, Occult 15%, Spot Hidden 50%, Swim 60%, Track 25%

**Languages**

English 100%, Spanish 29%

**Attacks**

Punch 52%	Glock 18 Pistol 67%
<i>1D3+db</i>	<i>1D10</i>
Shotgun 41%	Rifle 60%

**Physical Description**

Eugenia Carcaterra is a slightly overweight, dark-haired, Italian-American woman in her late forties. Her hair is kept in a short curly cut and her blue eyes are lost behind her huge shaded bifocal glasses, which she always wears. She usually dresses in hiking clothing.

Despite her appearance, Eugenia is an accomplished backpacker and hiker and has climbed some of the most difficult peaks in the U.S. unassisted. Her latest achievement, climbing Mount Hood on her 48th birthday, remains her greatest.

**Mental State**

Eugenia now rides a desk, but her fervor for the conspiracy is great despite her encounters with mind-bending supernatural horrors. She still has nightmares about the day on Clastenbury that cost the life of her cell leader and good friend. Simply returning to the area, even in just a support capacity, has put an incredible strain on her. Too much exposure to the sights and sounds of the Vermont wilderness, or exposure to the horror of Clastenbury Mountain, may prove too great for Eugenia's fragile mind.

## The Valley

Several towns exist in the area, nestled between the gently-rounded slopes of multiple forest-covered mountains. Townsend, on U.S. 89, is by far the biggest town in the area. It is surrounded by the smaller towns of Duxbury, Waterbury, Mill Village, and Colbyville. Each of these towns is located just off the interstate on State Road 2 and 100, which intersect U.S. 89 at Townsend.

Besides these three large roads, dozens of "logging runs" breach the endless forests that surround the towns. Many of these roads have not been used since the late 1950s and have nearly been lost by new growth, but a few well-maintained ones still pierce as far as five miles into the forests.

About three miles to the northeast of Townsend are three rounded peaks that lie next to each other like the back-humps of some enormous beast. From west to east they are Perry Hill, Owlshead Mountain, and Clastenbury Mountain. Of them, only Perry Hill is nearly naked of old growth. It was recently stripped by an unfortunate fire caused by campers two years ago. The other mountains are huge mounds of rock covered in a near-seamless canopy of fir trees.

### Townsend

This is the local "big town" and contains several chain stores and a large mall (the Blue Moon Mall) as well as a multiplex of theaters. Hundreds of families make their homes here, either employed at the many stores of the area or at the paper mill in Mill Village.

Also located in the center of Townsend is the Washington County Sheriff's department, which is responsible for most of the areas in the valley including Duxbury, Waterbury, Mill Village, and Colbyville.

Townsend is located on U.S. 89 and faces the three peaks of the valley. Many of the logging roads in the area begin from the outskirts of Townsend.

### Duxbury

Duxbury is a small town located about a mile to the south of Townsend and US 89. It is little more than three intersecting streets and outlying homesteads. The "strip," as it is known, is Watercrest Avenue, and it is here that the majority of shops and businesses exist—including McGee's General Store, the store once owned by Cooter McGee's father and which is now owned by Cooter's great-nephew, Stephen McGee.

A small hotel, the Five Room Café, exists on the far end of Watercrest Avenue right on State Road 100.

### Waterbury

Waterbury is a tiny town right off of State Road 2 that contains several small motels, restaurants, and gas stations due to its proximity to the interstate. Very few families live in the area, and the only jobs besides those in the nearby neighboring towns are in-season ski jobs on nearby Mount Cobb, located about ten miles to the south.

### Mill Village

Mill Village is a mid-sized town supported by a local paper mill that is on the nearby Mad River. Containing perhaps three hundred families, it is a sleepy little town that is picture-perfect in nearly every way, except for a recent rash of teenage crime.

Located just off Interstate 89 to the north, the northeast end of the town faces the forests and the three peaks of the valley. Clastenbury Mountain hangs over the town like an omen.

## Colbyville

Colbyville is located about a mile north of Mill Village on State Road 100. It is little more than an intersection on that road, and has less than forty souls all told. Most who live here are retired or work in the Blue Moon Mall in Townsend.

One of the deepest logging runs into the northeastern forest begins in Colbyville and winds its way around Perry Hill to Owlshead Mountain. It is this logging road, numbered 53, which the Weston Logging Consortium and the Mill Valley Ski Company are using for their project on Owlshead Mountain.

## The Forests of Vermont

The area surrounding the incorporated town of Townsend is a temperate evergreen forest, much of which has never been disturbed by human development. In a carefully-controlled process, logging contracts have been granted by the government in limited areas, giving central Vermont an odd patchwork look from the air. Some untouched areas stretch for dozens of miles without a road or other signs of human encroachment intersecting them.

It is still quite easy to become lost for days in the woods without coming upon a way out. Often, inexperienced campers and travelers go missing, only to be recovered days later or found dead at the next thaw. Survival in the mountainous forests of Vermont in fall or winter is unlikely without a considerable amount of equipment.

In the summer the forests are hospitable, to a degree, but still pose some dangers. Deadfalls and other obstacles, such as sticker bushes, are common. Deadfalls are small crevices in the rock, usually 4' to 15' wide, that can often become covered in a thin sheet of dead branches, pine needles, and cobwebs, making the drop below invisible to the unwary traveler. This can easily lead to broken wrists or broken ankles and legs, or even a concussion.

Sticker bushes and brambles can be nearly invisible, and tend to blend in with the ferns that cover nearly every square inch of the forest floor. Once they snag you it's difficult to get free painlessly, especially if you're being pursued at the time.

There are no large animals left in the area. Only birds and bugs remain in any great number, along with the usual small game such as woodchucks, squirrels, and rabbits. In the summer, mosquitoes are a significant annoyance and on some warm nights the air is almost completely filled with them, so much so that they obscure vision and can become a hazard if one is running blindly through the forest.

## Friendlies in the Area

During the Clastenbury Mountain investigation, four locals were brought into the Delta Green fold as friendlies: Sheriff Louis Hamilton, Old Thomas (a local man of the woods), Deputy Marlon Sanders, and Deputy Warren Fitzgerald. Of the four, only Old Thomas and Deputy Fitzgerald survived the operation.

Deputy Marlon Sanders and Sheriff Louis Hamilton died along with Agent Irving on the slopes of Clastenbury Mountain. Agent Irene was there and is known to the two surviving friendlies, whose help she hopes to employ to discover whether the beast is hunting the slopes again. Contacting the friendlies and recruiting them to help with the investigation on Owlshead will be the group's first priority.

## Old Thomas

Old Thomas Waban is a full-blooded Pennacook Indian who has grown up in and around the Townsend area. Nearing eighty, he still manages for himself, living in a shack in the divot between Clastenbury and Owlshead Mountain. He lives alone, secretive, suspicious and proud.

Thomas has led a long and interesting life, exploring all the nooks and crannies of the area, and he knows much about the

supernatural aspects of the region. His grandfather told him his tribe's stories of the "silent ones" or "winged ones," creatures who predated the world and who came down in the beginning of time from the constellation of the Great Bear. Thomas's grandfather claimed that these creatures mined the hills in the region for some special metal, but the young man did not believe the tales. Until his seventeenth year.

Sixty-two years ago, Thomas followed Cooter McGee up the face of Owlshead Mountain, hoping to find Cooter's still and steal some booze. Instead he came upon Cooter conversing with two Mi-Go in the darkened woods—and swore off alcohol forever.

For three days the "winged ones" assaulted Thomas's shack, pelting it with stones and beckoning him with their inhuman voices. Finally they killed his dog, leaving its dissected carcass on his front porch as a strange warning. Thomas never mentioned this to anyone until Cell I recruited him for the Clastenburg op, and he never saw the Mi-Go again.

He did see Cooter McGee again, helping with the 1956 man-hunt for the madman. Thomas has no idea that McGee is still on the mountain. Like everyone else in town, he believes that McGee died during his escape from the asylum in Montpelier. Thomas always steered clear of Owlshead, just to be safe.

Three years ago he was approached by the local sheriff and some DG agents for help. He assisted on the Clastenburg op in an advisory capacity and survived without a scratch.

Today he lives much as he always has, wandering the woods and occasionally traveling into town to stock up on food, enjoying what he has come to consider *his* mountains.

## What Old Thomas Knows

Old Thomas is familiar with all the Pennacook tales of the "winged ones." The ancient tales say that the creatures were peaceful if left alone, and that since they did not feed on earthly food they did not interfere with the tribe's hunting—but if provoked, they were very dangerous. Most tribes left them alone and avoided the highest points of the mountains.

Some men in the Pennacook interacted with the "winged ones" many years before the whites came, but those men were cast out of the tribe for fear they would contaminate it with what they learned from the creatures.

Old Thomas has actually seen the Mi-Go and knows the stories are true. He describes the "winged ones" as "glowing crabs the size of a deer." He claims they can fly and even pass through objects, and that they can imitate human speech in any language.

Their stones are still to be found on the mountains, and only Old Thomas knows almost all the locations in the area, including the ring that Cooter McGee calls home. He rarely travels to these places, fearing an encounter with the creatures.

## Old Thomas's Shack

This three-room lodge house exists in the wooded depression between Clastenburg and Owlshead mountains. It's located next to a small freshwater stream in a beautiful grassy clearing rich in wildflowers. Thomas can often be found here, cooking, splitting wood, or laboriously (and very carefully) reshingling the roof.

Inside the shack is a mish-mash of early 20th-century junk and Pennacook craftwork, a ceremonial staff standing right next to an old Esso gas pump covered in vines. His furniture is functional if a bit uncomfortable, and there are no beds evident anywhere in the house; if asked, he confides that beds cause him lower back pain.

Up to six people can stay in the shack while still maintaining some semblance of comfort, as long as they don't mind relieving themselves in the back yard.

## Old Thomas and the Supernatural

Thomas has led a very strange and enlightened life. He believes completely in the threat of the supernatural, and is certain that some things are lurking around his woods best left unseen.

Since his DG friends' encounter with the "child of the forest" (as he calls the Dark Young), Thomas has noted several carcasses on Clastenburg mountain which he believes were slain by the creature, and he has found numerous odd tracks, though he himself has never seen the beast directly. He did see the outcome of an encounter with it though, and is more than willing to believe such a thing is sneaking about the vast tracks of woodland, hunting.

Thomas is of the belief that the beast is nearly invisible despite its size, and can mask itself with magic. He also believes that the beast is intelligent, and that it has a specific mission in its alien mind. Whatever that mission may be, Old Thomas has no real idea, although from time to time he gets a "proprietary feeling" of the area near Fells Ridge, which he assumes the creature considers its territory.

Although Thomas believes in the power of the supernatural he is not above attempting to use guile or even brute force (in the form of his .30-06) to try and resolve the problem, but only if things become desperate. He is much more apt to shoot at the Mi-Go than the unknown quantity of the Dark Young, though.

## Keeper Notes: Running Old Thomas

Old Thomas knows a good bit about what's going on around Owlshead Mountain, and he can be a very useful source of hints if the players get stuck or need some motivation—but only if need outweighs his natural secretiveness.

Old Thomas is quite fond of Eugenia Carcaterra (Agent Irene), whom he met on the Clastenbury op. Eugenia, who Thomas calls “Genie,” is also very fond of the old man and the two exchanged addresses after the incident (violating conspiracy protocol).

More likely than not, those who trespass on Old Thomas's land will be located by him long before he himself is seen.

If Eugenia is with the group, Thomas will shuffle out of the underbrush with a rifle, full of smiles and kind words, and invite everyone back to his shack for coffee.

Otherwise he will follow the party until he has decided just what they are up to. If the players indicate that Eugenia sent them, he will be wary but will show himself. He will bluntly ask their business. If they mention the Clastenbury op, he will bring them back to his shack for further (if cautious) discussion.

Old Thomas is a crotchety, opinionated, stubborn old man who always believes he knows best, especially when it comes to his mountains. Women are to be carefully molycoddled, respected but never followed. Men are to lead and face danger. His worldview is very classically 1930s male. And if anyone plans to go out on the mountain without his approval, forget it. Cross him once and he will make you regret it.

## Old Thomas Waban

**Eyes of the Mountain, age 79**

**Race:** Pennacook

**STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 9 INT 11 POW 15**

**DEX 10 APP 10 EDU 9 SAN 69 HP 10**

**Damage Bonus:** None

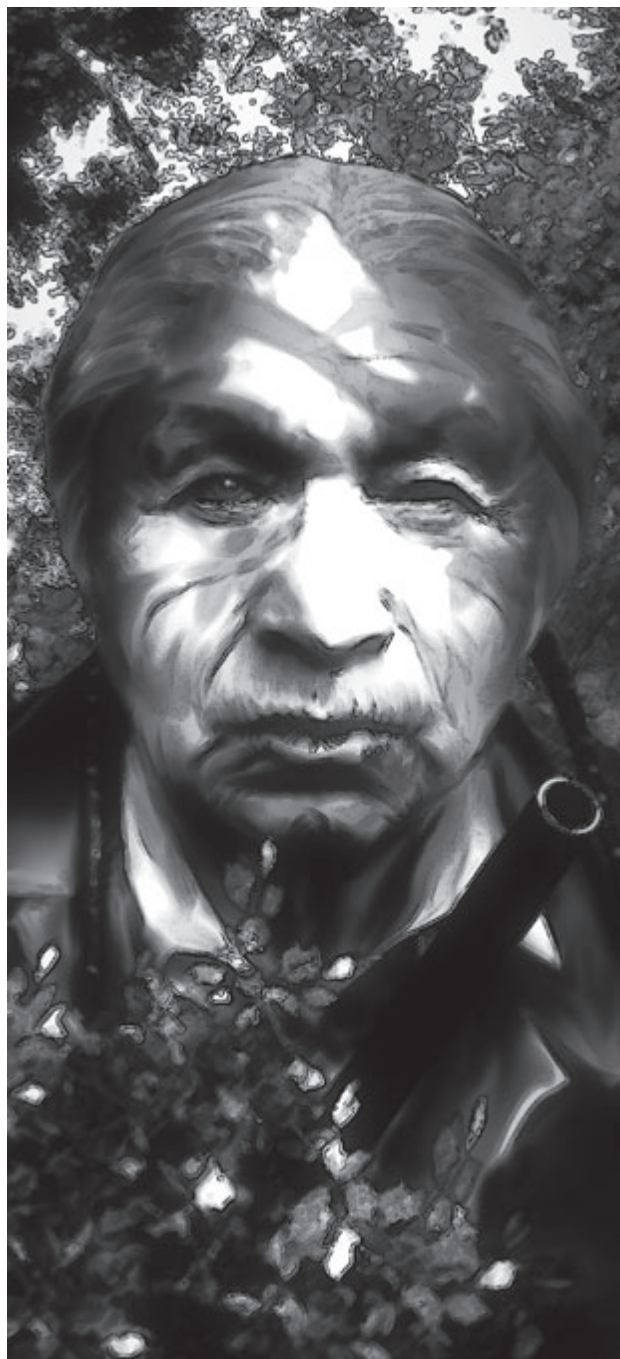
**Education:** Home Teaching

**Occupation:** None

### Skills

Anthropology: Amerind 49%, Art: Amerind 39%, Astronomy 41%, Climb 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 2%, First Aid 35%, Hide 71%, Listen 61%, Navigate 68%, Ride 41%, Sneak 44%, Spot Hidden 55%, Swim 32%, Track 70%, Woodcraft 46%

**Languages:** English 55%



### Attacks

Punch 60%

1D3+db

Shotgun 67%

30-06 rifle 69%

2D6+4

**Physical Description:** Hunched, thin, and leathery, Old Thomas is a lot more fit and dexterous than he looks. He almost always wears the same blue jeans, old jacket, and full boot-like moccasins. He is never without his .30-06 rifle and various survival gear secreted about his person, and can disappear into the woods in an instant.

## Deputy Warren Fitzgerald

Warren Fitzgerald was brought into the Clastenbury op by his boss, Sheriff Louis Hamilton, then head of the Washington County Sheriff's Department.

Hamilton had been contacted early on by DG in an "official" capacity, when the conspirators were masquerading as FBI agents, but he soon learned the truth. What he had seen on the mountain swayed his usually by-the-book attitude.

Sheriff Hamilton along with Deputy Marlon Sanders, Deputy Warren Fitzgerald, Old Thomas Waban, and Cell I, led by Agent Irving, faced the Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath under the cover of an organized search of the mountain for two missing men.

It was hoped that the sheer number of people on the mountain would prevent the creature's attack, but it did not. (Irving knew something was lurking up there, but he didn't know what.) The last thing Warren remembers of that day is Sheriff Hamilton and Deputy Sanders dying before his eyes, ripped to shreds by something enormous which he chose not to *really* look at.

Sanders, Hamilton, and Irving perished on the mountain, and many of the clueless search party died as well. The few that escaped were in no mood for talking about the event, and some were even committed to mental institutions. Those who did survive the event intact made up explanations to cover up the outrageous and unbelievable truth, and that's exactly what Warren did. It was a mudslide, he claimed, that killed the rescuers and the sheriff, and would say very little else about it.

Fitzgerald took three months paid leave after the incident, while the decimated ranks of the Townsend Sheriff's office were refilled by the county seat. In that time, Fitzgerald, who knew better than to say one word about what he saw, took to drinking heavily. Soon afterwards, in September, Fitzgerald's six-year marriage ended in divorce. Today Fitzgerald lives in a trailer park outside of Mill Village, and does little besides patrol speed traps and ticket underage drinkers.

The current sheriff, Clyde Tusler—who knows nothing of the true events on Clastenbury Mountain—goes easy on the oftentardy and drunk Fitzgerald, who is seen by many in town as a tragic figure.

No one really suspects anything about the "mudslide" incident. Although it is considered an odd tragedy, such things are not unheard of during the summer thaw. Besides, a great number of trees were found uprooted, and most bodies that were recovered had been smashed and covered in copious amounts of mud.

In late December Fitzgerald was questioned by the FBI, who were hoping to find out why one of their vacationing agents was

posing as the head of an FBI operation and investigating the missing workers when it was not even a federal crime. Fitzgerald said little that was not already in the county inquest transcripts, but added that his boss, the late sheriff, told him that Irving was from the FBI and that was that, as far as he was concerned. Soon after his questioning the FBI case was closed, and Fitzgerald continued along undisturbed in his drunken ways.

Today he remains deathly afraid of the mountains, and is often haunted by repetitive nightmares where he is beckoned to enter the woods by the hollow, dead voices of Sheriff Hamilton and Deputy Sanders. One day, he is almost sure, he will find it is not a dream.

## Deputy Fitzgerald and Delta Green

Fitzgerald knows there is a secret government agency that deals with the threat of the supernatural, but he does not know what it is called. He was not as privy to the inner workings of the conspiracy as Sheriff Hamilton, but heard enough to piece together that the sheriff believed in what they were doing, and that the sheriff (a very sober-minded individual) regarded it as terribly important.

That was enough for Fitzgerald back then, but today he is on much shakier mental ground. Fitzgerald has done his best to put the past behind him, but still lives in mortal fear of the mountains and forests surrounding the towns he patrols.

Fitzgerald will not cooperate with agents who approach him, and if he sees Eugenia Carcaterra he will spin on his heel and walk away as quickly as possible. Unless blackmailed into assisting, there is no way to get Fitzgerald to set foot in the mountains. If the agents somehow manage to finagle him into joining them on a trek into the woods, it is very likely he will lose what little of his sanity he still has.

## Special Insanity Rules for Deputy Fitzgerald

Deputy Fitzgerald has several deep-seated psychological problems stemming from his experience on Clastenbury Mountain. These lead him to lose SAN at an accelerated rate under certain circumstances. The following special rules apply to him.

- Δ Venturing into the woods at any time, Fitzgerald must make a successful SAN roll every hour or lose 0/1 SAN. If this roll is failed, he will become over-talkative and will attempt to persuade others in his party to reassure him.



- Δ Venturing into the woods at night, this SAN roll costs Fitzgerald 1/1D4. If Fitzgerald takes more than 3 points in one loss, he will begin to hear and see imaginary pursuers. If he loses 4 SAN points at once he will unholster his gun and begin randomly shooting into the dark.
- Δ If Fitzgerald is actually confronted by a Mythos creature, all SAN losses are doubled against him.

## Fitzgerald's Fate

If the agents do insist on bringing Deputy Fitzgerald along, there are several likely consequences.

If Fitzgerald loses 20% or more of his current SAN points in one day while assisting in the investigation, he will remain cogent, but at his earliest opportunity he will retire to a private location and commit suicide, either by noose or gunshot. He will leave behind a long, rambling confession, detailing the truth about the “mudslide” on Clastenbury Mountain. The note, of course, will be dismissed by authorities as the ravings of a delusional mind.

If Fitzgerald confronts some Mythos being (be it a Mi-Go, Dark Young, or an obviously inhuman Cooter McGee) and he somehow manages to make his SAN roll and survive, even if the creature is not defeated, he regains double the amount of SAN lost as a reward. This change is registered as a suddenly improved mental state, which is reflected in his demeanor. In addition, Fitzgerald's psychic scars will ease, and he will eventually quit his drinking. He may then be of use as a DG friendly once more and his reputation in town will generally improve.

If Fitzgerald is left alone, he will continue his lonely, drunken life as is, and will die in his early forties from cirrhosis of the liver.

## Playtest Notes

“A Night on Owlshead Mountain” is a freeform scenario. The elements of the scenario are clearly outlined, along with the NPCs' motivations, desires, and plans, but it's not set up as a linear, scene-by-scene narrative. Needless to say, the scenario will never play the same way twice. All of the events depend on investigator actions.

When I playtested the scenario, the team chose wisely to stay behind the scenes. They holed up in a small hotel outside of Townsend and set about a systematic investigation of folklore and history dealing with the mountains in the area.

The team came to the protracted conclusion that something was indeed haunting the mountains and was responsible for the disappearance of the workmen. The information from Agent Eugenia Carcaterra pointed towards some huge, blunt beast, but the information they gathered indicated some sort of more subtle evil.

Cell A was consulted often, but Alphonse continuously rebuffed the team: “Until proof that the creature in question is *not* the creature which decimated Cell I is found, the investigation will continue.” I used this indifference to great effect, frustrating the players to the point where one said, “I don't *like* Cell A anymore.”

The team then set about contacting the former contacts of Cell I, Old Thomas and Deputy Fitzgerald. The latter received the investigators poorly—they walked up to him in broad daylight and started to talk to him about the “mudslide.” He refused to have anything more to do with the team. Old Thomas, however, proved most useful. With his help the group discovered the stone rings on the mountain, and heard the story of his discovering Cooter McGee in communion with the Mi-Go.

The investigators then became sure (perhaps too early), that it was Cooter McGee killing people on the mountain. Research into the story of “Madman McGee” and his escape in the dead of winter, along with some investigation into his medical history, prompted the investigators to try and tape McGee with a hidden piece of video equipment. Instead, the video showed only the settling of a branch above the camera, and caught a very faint voice saying “. . . *come back* . . .” This creeped the players out to no end.

The team struck upon a novel solution. One investigator, a bomb squad member, decided to rig a laptop computer to an explosive charge with a wireless detonator. The idea was to place the laptop in the stone ring, in the hopes that the crazed hermit would mistake it for a Mi-Go device. Watching the scene at a distance through a video camera, the investigators would wait for McGee to come poking around the laptop and then blow him to pieces.

Unfortunately, something went wrong. The bomb squad member rolled a 00 on his explosives roll, blowing his arm clean off with the detonating charge. The other investigators acted swiftly, cleaning the scene of evidence and disposing of their dead comrade in a nearby lake (1/1D4 SAN).

Undeterred, the investigators tried the same plan again, after some delay and consultation with Cell A.

On the second try, Cooter was successfully vaporized by the bomb—but so was a portion of the stone ring, angering the Dark Young. One investigator and Old Thomas trekked up the mountain to examine the aftermath of the bomb blast and ran smack into the creature. It pursued them through the woods for a while, easily outmaneuvering them. In truth it was just playing with them, deciding who to kill and who to let go as a warning to others.

The Dark Young finally pinned the investigator to the ground, roaring and waving its tentacles in a display of territoriality. It then *pissed* on the investigator (1 SAN). Old Thomas bravely began shouting at it, waving an old useless tribal charm. The creature lunged forward and ripped Old Thomas to shreds, then released the piss-covered investigator. His report convinced Cell A that the creature that assaulted Cell I was back, and the op came to an end.

The investigators will never know what happened as a result.

## Keeper Notes: Running Deputy Fitzgerald

Fitzgerald is a broken individual. It is obvious something is wrong with him, even at first meeting. Everyone in town knows of his involvement in the “accident” on Clastenburg Mountain and most, in turn, view him with pity. However, some (mostly older folks) view him with disgust, and openly complain to the current sheriff about him. All in town know of his drinking problem.

Fitzgerald does three things over and over again, and these three things are his entire life. He drinks, sleeps, and when he can make it on time without being too obviously drunk, he works. Every other form of social interaction in his life ended long ago, and has almost no hope of returning.

If recruited by the conspiracy for help one more time, it is likely that such a request will be the death of him.

## Deputy Warren Fitzgerald

**One Step from the Edge, age 34**

**Race:** Caucasian

**STR 10    CON 11    SIZ 10    INT 12    POW 9**

**DEX 10    APP 11    EDU 12    SAN 35    HP 11**

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Education:** Law Degree from Montpelier College, one year at the State Police Academy

**Occupation:** Deputy for the Townsend Sheriff’s Office

### Skills

Drive Auto 39%, Fast Talk 36%, Hide 58%, Hold His Liquor 49%, Listen 51%, Sneak 31%, Spot Hidden 45%, Track 40%

**Languages:** English 60%

### Attacks

Punch 53%                      .38 revolver 61%

1D3+db                      1D10

Shotgun 71%

### Physical Description

Fitzgerald is slightly overweight and walks in a shambling gait, with his head slung forward as if some invisible weight were balanced atop it. He rarely shaves anymore, and is almost always sporting some type of stain on his uniform, usually from a misplaced shot of Wild Turkey or Johnny Walker Red.

When working Fitzgerald attempts to maintain some semblance of dignity, with little success. He often assumes an accusatory tone of voice when dealing with people in what he likes to think of as a professional manner.

### Mental State

Fitzgerald has several phobias, including anything dealing with wilderness. He views the mountains surrounding Townsend as the equivalent of hell on earth, although once he spent a lot of time exploring them, hunting and fishing, camping, and as a teenager generally fooling around in them. Today little short of blackmail will make him set foot in them again. Fitzgerald also suffers from recurring nightmares involving his dead colleagues calling to him from the darkness of the woods on the mountains.

## Local History

Many different avenues are available for agents to research local history. The Townsend *Herald* offices, for example, keep copies of every printed issue back to the time of its initial release in 1919, and are open to the public by appointment. In addition, city newspapers often compile stories from various locales throughout the state, collecting them from smaller journals, so if a story is not available from its initial source then other, larger state papers may contain a copy of it. Many local libraries keep newspapers dating back more than fifty years stored on microfiche, also available to the public for free.

Vermont websites abound on local news stories covering everything from legends of the Pennacook tribe to the McGee murders. Many are an even mix of plagiarism and conjecture. Few have any real merit and their authenticity is difficult to check. At the Keeper’s discretion, some of these sites may have useful information.

It is recommended that the Keeper require the players to play out their search for meaningful information, and that it not just

come down to a single Library Use roll. The roll should instead be a measure of how quickly significant information is located, not *how* it was located—that remains up to the individual agents.

A number of player aids are provided. Although each is sourced, they may be found in a variety of collections. Dispense them to the players when and where needed.

## Contacting the McGee Family

One option available to the agents is to contact the McGee family, who still reside in Duxbury, Vermont, and still run the family business, McGee's Drug Store. The family converted their holdings in the late fifties from general stores to drug stores, which for the most part have taken the place of the general store in the American small town. The McGees now own four stores in the Duxbury area, and are on firm financial footing.

The stores are run and owned by Clarence McGee, the same McGee who was attacked as a teenager on Owlshead Mountain by his own uncle in 1956. McGee dislikes talking about the incident or his mad and (allegedly) long-dead uncle. If pressed by authorities, McGee will comply to a point, but will become suspicious if too many questions about what he believes to be irrelevant facts are asked—such as questions about his dead uncle, which have no obvious bearing on the modern day.

McGee may attempt to check up on the agents if his suspicions are aroused, especially if they pretend to be from a federal agency he could easily contact. McGee will not hesitate in exposing the agents to local authorities, namely the sheriff, and if charges pressed do not stick, a civil suit may soon be forthcoming from the McGee family.

If carefully questioned about his uncle, McGee has little to reveal, except the basic story of the attack and Bruce's subsequent capture and death. McGee can offer the agents family photos of Bruce McGee taken between 1911 and 1917 for copying, but he will not part with them. He has no photos of his uncle from the period after his ejection from the McGee clan. He can also add that his uncle was a master at woodland survival and stealth, and that the group of friends Clarence was with in 1956 never even saw him coming.

## Talking to Locals

Talking to people in Townsend, Duxbury, Waterbury, Mill Village, and Colbyville is an easy matter. Most will readily talk to anyone about any available subject, and will be especially compliant with law-enforcement officials.

Most in these towns know all about the murders in 1956 and the basic story of Cooter McGee. Most older townfolk also know of the standing stones found in the mountains in various places, though no one knows their purpose or who raised them—local Indians are usually credited with the work, for lack of a better idea.

At the Keeper's discretion some of the oldest residents of the area may have known Bruce McGee in his prime, and some may have even seen odd things in the mountains.

## State Resources

Various state library resources exist in Vermont, and most are available to the public.

The **Brookfield Library** in Brookfield, Vermont, is the oldest continuously operating library in Vermont and is open to the public. It contains a great number of volumes dealing with Vermont history, including an entire section on local legends and Indian folktales.

The **State Department of Libraries** in Montpelier specializes in legal papers and research materials, and also contains the state's largest backstock of newspapers, some dating back to the late 1800s. These are available for public perusal by appointment only, but permission is readily given.

The **Bailey/Howe Library**, located at the University of Vermont in Burlington, also contains a large number of unique old texts on state history dating back to the 1700s. Access to this library is limited to students of the university, or those given special dispensation by the dean of students. (Federal authorities will, of course, be given immediate access to anything they need.)

The **Vermont College of Norwich University** in Montpelier, Vermont, contains a large catalog of photographs pertaining to nearly every available subject related to Vermont history, most of them donated to the library by private estates. Access to the photo library, which may or may not contain anything of relevance to the investigation, is by appointment only.

The **Vermont Historical Society Museum** in Montpelier has significant exhibits on the Pennacook Indians and local Vermont history, including records and photographs of the mysterious standing stones found on the peaks in central Vermont. The theory put forth by the Museum is that the stones represent possible proof of Viking habitation as far south as Rutland.

The **Sheldon Museum** in Middlebury has a large collection of period documents from the 1700s and 1800s, most of which can be viewed by appointment under the supervision of a museum trustee. Whether anything of interest is to be found here is up to the Keeper to decide.

## State Resources Online

The Vermont Automated Library System is a state-run online service, available to the public, that contains an almost complete listing of books contained in every major library and most minor libraries in Vermont, sortable by author, title, date, and content keywords. This system can be put to good use by agents to track obscure books on local legends and occult matters, or any other imaginable fact. Any agent who uses this method should gain +20% to his or her Library Use roll while searching for books contained in the database.

Besides this, few other online resources are reliable in the information they contain, and should all be viewed with a grain of salt.

## Contacting University Experts

Green Mountain College in Pultney and Castleton Champlain College in Burlington both have archeology and anthropology schools with significant programs. Green Mountain College also has a large teaching course in Vermont Folklore, which also covers Vermont Indian legends.

Contacting teachers and professors at these schools will be a bit more difficult during the summer break, but most live in the area surrounding the colleges year-round. They will generally be glad to help the agents in the investigation, and some will go out of their way to assist, especially if the agents identify themselves as federal authorities.

Such specialists may be a good way to point the players toward the old Indian rituals used to contact the Mi-Go (see p. 194).

## The Old Stones

Every local knows of the old stones on the mountains. No one is quite sure who put them there, although various opinions abound. Some think the Vikings laid them as markers in the time of Erik the Red, while others believe they must be the remnants of some Indian burial ground, but no one really knows who is responsible for them, not even the local historians or experts.

This is because they are alien in origin. The Mi-Go reared the stones after the last ice age. Some were used to mark sites of future mining operations, while others were sites of worship. But now, erased from the memory of the Mi-Go, they remain uninvestigated and for the most part ignored. Few humans know so many sites exist in the mountains. A few of the sites off the mountain where there are rings or semi-rings of standing stones are known to those in town, but those on the mountain are known to only a few, including Old Thomas.

A common stone ring is composed of ten six-foot-tall stones of black basalt rock. Each is unique, cut oddly, but not exactly, and

are severely time-worn and stained with minerals from the many seasonal rains of the area. Some claim sigils were once visible etched into the stones, but the wear on them is such that none can be sure.

Some rings have been destroyed by vandals and logging companies. Others have been marked up by bird feces or worn away by mudslides. Mostly these rings remain alone, without visitors, and only those beings that do occasionally frequent them with purpose, human and otherwise, know their true history.

## The Dark Young

Freed from its interdimensional home by the destruction of a Mi-Go stone ward three years ago, this Dark Young still stalks the woods on the slopes of Clastenbury Mountain, never straying too far from the point of worship of its mother, Shub-Niggurath. In ancient times degenerate Indians and the Mi-Go would summon the creature to accept sacrifices for its mother goddess.

Today it waits for such worship. Although it looks like nothing more than a degenerate monster, the Dark Young is quite intelligent and will act accordingly, stalking those who trespass on its claimed territory, waiting to see if they have come to worship it and its mother using the old arts. Those who do not pay obeisance to it will be its next meal.

Despite its size, the beast is nimble and adept at the arts of camouflage. Its vertical body is ideal for slipping in between the rows of trees and if immobile in the trees, it is nearly invisible. It feeds on birds, deer, and smaller animals, leaving carcasses all over the mountain.

But since it never wanders from the abandoned and rarely traveled mountain, it has caused no problems since the incident. It is a very real threat, however, and Alphonse has not forgotten that it is still most likely stalking the woods up there. Someday, the conspiracy knows, they will have to figure out a way to deal with it. But so far, no one even knows *what* it is, much less how to destroy it.

Anyone wandering up on the upper slopes of Clastenbury Mountain may find themselves in the clutches of something far more dangerous than Cooter McGee could ever hope to be. Though it rarely strays from that mountain, it can be “called” to other areas by destroying or tampering with other stone rings in the area.

### The Dark Young of Clastenbury Mountain

**STR 46**      **CON 22**      **SIZ 46**      **INT 13**

**POW 18**      **DEX 22**      **HP 34**

**Damage Bonus:** +4D6

#### Attacks

Tentacle 80%  
2D6+db

Trample 40%  
2D6+db

#### Armor

Composed of matter from another plane, the Dark Young is nearly immune to firearms. Rifles and pistols do only 1 point damage for each successful attack; impaled rolls inflict 2 points. Shotguns are an exception to this rule and do minimum possible damage. Hand-to-hand weapons do normal damage, while attacks based on blast, heat, corrosion, electrical charge, or poisoning have no effect on the beast at all. Shrapnel does minimum damage.

**Skills:** Hide in Woods 80%, Sneak 60%

#### Spells

Cloud Memory, Contact Mi-Go, Contact Shub-Niggurath, Create Mist of Releh, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Implant Fear, Summon Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath

**Sanity Loss:** 1D3/1D10 Sanity Points to see a Dark Young

## What Cell A Knows

Cell A has gathered a limited amount of information on the Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath that haunts the mountains of the area. Agent Irene got a decent look at it, though she is loathe to speak of it and will not provide the case file on the beast to the investigators until she is absolutely certain it is still a threat. She will be hesitant to confirm or deny just what the investigators are hunting, only that they are to “assess whether there is a direct supernatural threat on the mountain.”

If the Dark Young is confirmed to be wandering the mountain, Irene will describe it to the investigators. She says it is 15’ to 25’ tall, tripod, with various maws and mouths set around it like knots in a tree-trunk. Its grey and green body is topped by a series of long, thin, prehensile tentacles that it uses as grasping limbs. It is nearly silent and very swift in the woods, and is difficult to spot when it holds still in the treeline. Irene believes the beast was drawn to sound and motion, as those that froze on the mountain were spared during the attack (this is what happened to her), although she is not sure of this fact.

Cell A has several tasty photographs of some of the bodies recovered from the incident and several grainy black-and-white photos of huge cloven footprints found in the mud surrounding them. The photographs of the bodies are horrific, and the bite marks on them resemble those left by a shark attack (0/1 SAN). Irene even has a plaster cast of one of the hoof marks of the beast, which measures 3’ x 2 1/2’.

If the investigators provide ample evidence that the Dark Young is on the mountain—photos of footprints, photos of the beast, gobbled-up team members—Irene will contact Cell A and activate Operation BLACK FLAG, described later, and pull the investigators out to wait and watch.



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## The Mi-Go

This scenario is an unusual one for *Call of Cthulhu* because in it, the Mi-Go can actually be considered almost allies—albeit incredibly bizarre, mind-damaging, dangerous allies.

If the investigators can somehow manage to contact the Mi-Go and apprise them of the Owlshead situation, it is likely the Mi-Go will assist the humans in removing both Cooter McGee and the Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, providing they are alerted to both threats.

The Mi-Go hope to keep human society as is to prolong their current experiments under the guise of the Greys, and if they are alerted that former projects of theirs are interfering with the status quo then they will go out of their way to help—if they can understand what the four-dimensional, linear-minded humans want, that is.

## The Remaining Few

The Mi-Go no longer frequent the Appalachian range of mountains in numbers. Instead, only several small outposts remain, embedded in the centers of mountains to avoid discovery by the curious and resourceful humans. Staffed by Mi-Go worker drones who maintain the extrinsic machinery of the outposts, these stations are kept just in case the Mi-Go need to return to the mountains in number in the future.

It is also here that Mi-Go machines monitor activity in the mountains. These machines recognize when a contact spell has been activated in the area and alert the Mi-Go scientist caste (most of whom reside on the moon or Mars).

## Contacting the Winged Ones

Two records clearly describe the ritual for making contact with the Winged Ones or Silent Ones of Native American legend, and both are hidden amidst mounds of data on the local Indian tribes of central Vermont.

One is a recording made in 1933 of an unidentified shaman from Duxbury. In it, an ethnologist carefully narrates a ritual held by the individual who chants and places a specific array of plants and handmade pastes into a fire at night to call down the “winged ones.” The shaman does not complete the spell, however, and instead explains to the ethnologist just what the last component is. A careful listing of required materials is presented in the recording along with the chants themselves. It is nearly a perfect guideline for learning the spell. Two copies of the recording exist, one at

Green Mountain College and one at the Vermont Historical Society Museum in Montpelier.

The second is the confession of a murderer and madman who haunted the woods of Central Vermont in the late 1700s, referred to in the text only as Tom. When caught and tried the man, whose full name is not listed, confessed that the “pink men” made him do it, and that he could prove it.

Twice the man was allowed to try to “call them down from on high” to prove his story, unsuccessfully, and both times his mad chanting was carefully documented by a local doctor who reported them in a medical journal in Boston. The story was referenced in a dozen books on Vermont legends at a variety of libraries, including one that says the original journal described the chant completely. The original can be found in restricted stacks of the Harvard Medical School library. It is not available for loan but can be studied on the premises.

Either version of the spell—the recording or the transcript—can be mastered with one week of study and a percentile roll of INT x 3 or less.

If the investigators keep a printed copy of the spell to use as a resource, they can cast it successfully with a single INT x 3% roll.

## Contact Mi-Go

This spell, in its various forms, is simply a way to alert the Mi-Go to a hope of interaction. All the spell variants accomplish the same thing: the expenditure of power in the form of Magic Points from a willing human. This power flux is measured and detected by the hidden Mi-Go stations in the mountains, and the producer of the call is located. Then Mi-Go of sufficient intellect and authority are alerted to the call and its caster.

If the human calling the Mi-Go is alone or is in an isolated locale (in a group of less than three) and performs the spell well at night, the Mi-Go will come, initiating contact with the human in buzzing voices hidden in the woods at night. They will not reveal themselves, and will flee immediately if the human attempts to pursue them into the woods. At the Keeper’s discretion, several warrior-caste Mi-Go can come along as well, to keep the peace.

## Human Reactions to the Mi-Go

Interaction with the Mi-Go is hard on the human mind. Provided the human in question does not see the Mi-Go, but converses with the buzzing voice from the dark after performing a spell to summon it, he or she will suffer only 1/1D3 SAN points loss. Seeing the beings, even for a moment, costs an additional 1/1D6 SAN points.

If an investigator fails in his or her SAN roll and goes indefinitely insane, it is recommended that instead of rolling up a random phobia or reaction, the Keeper should have that investigator run away blindly into the woods. This is a rather effective way to break up the party and the meeting. At such a reaction, the Mi-Go will surely flee, flying off into the night sky—costing the investigators 1/1D6 SAN in the process if seen.

## Mi-Go Reactions to the Humans

The Mi-Go are very skittish around humans and will do their best to remain concealed from their view. They will be blunt while somehow still managing to be confusing and a bit bizarre at the same time. Every question or statement will be phrased strangely in a buzzing imitation of English.

If the Mi-Go are informed that an agent of theirs remains on the mountain, they will claim to have no knowledge of such a fact, but will not deny it, and will further say that it is no longer their concern.

If told that said agent is disrupting the local human communities, the Mi-Go will converse briefly among themselves (nothing more than dimly seen flashing lights of many colors in the depths of the forest) and then invite the humans to meet with them on the next new moon in one of the stone-ring sites on the mountain. They will say little more other than that they will bring devices that will assist the humans in their endeavors to eliminate the agent.

## Conversing with the Aliens

If the Keeper wishes to use the following system, it may streamline and define just what a conversation with the Mi-Go did or did not accomplish. Its use is completely optional.

To determine the effects of a conversation between the investigators and the Mi-Go, the Keeper must first determine how clearly the investigators conveyed the knowledge of Cooter and/or the Dark Young. A percentage total from 1% to 50% should be assigned by the Keeper after the conversation between the agents and Mi-Go is played out. This score should then be modified by the following rules, but can never be lower than 01%:

- Δ +10% if the investigators use math analogies
- Δ +10% if the investigators draw or brings pictures to illustrate the problem, in addition to explaining it
- Δ +10% if the investigators bring biological samples of Cooter or the Dark Young

- Δ +10% if the investigators announce they are from the government
- Δ +10% if the investigators bring maps of the area marked where Cooter (or the Dark Young) can be found
- Δ -20% if more than one investigator speaks at once, or if the investigators argue in front of the Mi-Go
- Δ -10% if the investigators begin to question the Mi-Go
- Δ -10% if the investigators do not know where Cooter can be found
- Δ -10% if the investigators have weapons obviously present

The player then makes a percentage roll against the modified target number, the lower the better. If that roll is successful, subtract the roll from the target number and add the difference back to the target number, then consult the following list of possibilities:

- Δ >95%: The Mi-Go understand the whole problem(s) presented, and will present the investigators at some later date with both an Elder Sign and Brain Cylinder, giving them complex spoken instructions on how to use each item.
- Δ >85%: The Mi-Go understand the problem(s) presented, and will bring items at a later date to assist the humans. Minimum instruction on their use will be given.
- Δ >65%: The Mi-Go understand the problem(s) presented, but do not understand what the humans want of them. If asked to meet again to gain further information, they will.
- Δ >45%: The Mi-Go do not understand what the humans want, but understand that there is a problem which concerns them. They have no idea how to proceed. If asked to meet again, they may, but this is subject to a group Luck roll.
- Δ <45%: The Mi-Go are completely baffled by the conversation and will not meet again.

At any time, if the Mi-Go do not understand what the humans want, and the conversation appears to be pointless, the Mi-Go may break off contact and leave. Treat this as a group Luck roll. If the Mi-Go leave, they will never again return to a summons by that particular investigator.

If the Mi-Go do wish to meet again they will give detailed instructions to the investigators about where and when. Most likely they will arrange to meet at one of their stone rings on the night of a new moon.

### Example Mi-Go Conversation

The investigators tell the Mi-Go that Cooter McGee is on the mountain, and that he is one of their old human agents. (The Keeper rules this is worth 50%.) The investigator shows a picture of McGee to the Mi-Go. (+10%) The investigators have weapons present. (-10%) This gives the investigators a total of 50%.

The investigators roll 1D100 and get a 04. They then add 46 (50-04) to their total of 50, which gives them a modified understanding total of 96. This places them in >95% on the chart, and they achieve complete understanding.

## The Mi-Go Take a Look

The Mi-Go scientists will retreat back to one of their outposts in the Appalachians after the ritual, and will examine the mountains in the area at length with their incredible machinery. It will, of course, detect both the Dark Young and Cooter McGee. The Mi-Go will then rapidly prepare two devices to assist the humans in their attempt to subjugate the two loose cannons.

## The Mi-Go Gifts

If the Mi-Go are clearly informed of the situation and the disruption it is causing to human society, they will provide two of their alien items for the humans to use for a limited time. The devices, of course, are booby-trapped for the Fungi's protection. Treated with a virulent alien organism that lays dormant for seven days, the artifacts will suddenly erupt in a frenzy of chemical reactions when their time is up, emitting a cloud of caustic gas (POT 20) to all within ten feet of the devices. Those who handle the devices for any significant amounts of time will also become infected with the organisms and will suffer a sudden onslaught of acidic burns at the same time, which will most likely prove to be deadly (3D10 HP damage).

The alien organisms will consume themselves, the devices, and the investigators, if they are not lucky at the end of seven days. Of course, the Mi-Go will say nothing about this little feature.

## The Brain Case

This brain case is the same as the ones the Mi-Go use in their Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath spell (see p. 33 for details).



## The Elder Sign

This eight-pound metal star is a technological version of the classic spell Elder Sign. It is an eye with a flame in the center of it on a five-pointed star. The entire device is constructed in a soapy grey-green material that will defy analysis.

When placed on Cooter McGee, the device renders the Ubbo-Sathla spawn in his system inert, returning Cooter to his “normal” human self. In this state Cooter is completely incapacitated and will strangle shortly thereafter, due to his lack of lungs.

## The Mi-Go Explain the Devices

Depending on how kind the Keeper is feeling, the Mi-Go may be expansive and quite clear on the use of the devices, or incredibly

cryptic. It is recommended that the Keeper use the “understanding total” as a guide. Let the dice determine the outcome.

The following is a prepared script just in case the Keeper wants to really creep the players out. Provide the following answers from the Mi-Go when they are asked just what the devices are.

### What is the metal cylinder?

“A mind in a four-fold loop model, projecting consciousness into six planes past the terminus. The mind is a link and can focus abstract energies into a point. It is a box for a focus.”

### What is the metal star?

“A point in a seventeen-dimensional focus which distributes energy equally at five points in four dimensions. It is a device to move power from a focus towards elsewhere. It is not a star.”

# The Majestic Option

If the Mi-Go are significantly disturbed by developments on Owlshead Mountain and do not successfully interact with the investigators, or they believe the investigators cannot handle the threat posed by Cooter and the Dark Young, they may choose to contact their associates at Majestic-12 instead, through their guise as the benevolent Greys.

This option should be exploited by Keepers only if the initial meeting between the investigators and the Mi-Go was suddenly disrupted after the basics of the situation were communicated, either through arguments, gunplay, or any attempt to get the Mi-Go to reveal themselves. It also may be exploited if the scenario is bogging down and needs a boost of conspiracy. Either way, it should not be entered into lightly, because it can have significant and long-reaching effects on investigators.

In this situation, the Greys will inform Majestic that an unknown alien creature inhabits the slopes of Clastenburg Mountain. When this occurs the machinery of Majestic’s BLUE FLY team will swing into action, descending on the small towns of the area with startling efficiency. Cover stories will abound, although nothing will be confirmed by the government. Rumors will fly of military aircraft crashes, downed satellites, and such. Checkpoints and road blocks will be set up cutting each town off from one another (where cars are stopped and searched and people are questioned), and large teams of BLUE FLY agents will comb the mountains using high tech REDLIGHT equipment to track the Dark Young.

Federal agents discovered in the area by BLUE FLY forces will be brought before an anonymous man dressed in black fatigues wearing only a single insignia on his right chest, a blue “1” (Colonel Robert J. Coffey, MJ-4), who will question them at length. If asked for his credentials, Coffey will offer a name and documentation from the NSA; this documentation will survive scrutiny, although the name in question is not Coffey’s. If at any time Coffey believes the investigators are members of Delta Green, they will be efficiently bundled up and shipped off to OUTLOOK Group for interrogation (see *Delta Green: Countdown*, p. 106).

If he just believes they are nosy agents who happen to be in the area coincidentally—perhaps investigating the death of Agent Irving—Coffey will hem and haw around the “incident,” as he calls it, and then finally admit that a derelict Russian satellite has plummeted to Earth in the area laden with radioactive materials which it once used as a power source. Fearing an international incident, the U.S. has decided to cover up the problem and now has nuclear NEST teams combing the mountainside for the debris.

If Coffey is pleased with the answers of the investigators—and

they do not mention supernatural events—he will insist they sign a document ensuring their silence on the subject. If they break this vow, they face a \$750,000 dollar fine and a significant jail sentence. Coffey will not allow anyone to leave who does not sign this form. Those that refuse will be “questioned” further and held in military custody under obscure emergency acts that revoke civil rights. Until they sign the form and comply, they will not be released. No other course of action is possible. Released agents and private citizens will be driven to Montpelier and let go at the airport with specific instructions to leave the state as soon as possible, unless they are natives, whereupon they are brought back to their home town.

BLUE FLY will spend some time tracking the beast on the mountain, and may have several confrontations with it before it is finally destroyed. They may even encounter Cooter McGee. Chances are a bloodbath will occur if BLUE FLY directly confronts the Dark Young, but they will eventually kill it and recover the remains of its carcass for study by DANCER. Cooter will be a much easier target, and will be eliminated quite readily if discovered.

He will prove most valuable to Majestic, as his physiology is still miles ahead of what Majestic is capable of producing through Projects CATALYST, RECOIL, and BOUNCE. If this capture occurs, it is only a matter of months before Majestic begins field-testing the Ubbo-Sathla spawn recovered from the madman's body. Unfortunately, the reason the substance is more powerful than protomatter is that it is actually a direct portion of the Great Old One Ubbo-Sathla, and will not be easily bent to Majestic's ends.

Investigators who sneak onto the mountain to see what's what are likely to be captured, or shot and killed in an “unfortunate accident,” but those stealthy enough to avoid the BLUE FLY patrols (such as Old Thomas) may see some startling events, maybe even the Greys as they appear to assist Majestic in its operation. This remains up to the Keeper to determine.

Those caught on the mountain in view of these incidents, or those who are caught a second time by BLUE FLY, will be carted off to OUTLOOK Group for chemical “re-programming.” After that, the events they had witnessed will be nothing but a hazy dream.



## Operation BLACK FLAG

If the agents receive definite indication that the Dark Young is active on the mountain (Cooter's murders could be easily mistaken for this), Alphonse will want to activate a contingency plan he has been developing, called BLACK FLAG, to eliminate the unknown beast.

A second Delta Green team will be brought in and the first team will be pulled out. The second team will be armed to the teeth with most everything imaginable: LAW rockets, C4, grenades, even a 3-inch mortar. This team will set a trap for the beast, covering an ambush site in claymore mines, explosives, and a blanket of fire—for all the good it will do them. This operation will be done under the cover of a state parks department operation to blast deep mud deposits from the upper slopes of Clastenburg Mountain to prevent another mudslide from occurring.

Of course, the Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath is completely immune to the effects of fire and explosives, and will quickly eat the team alive as they stare in wonder at its invulnerability.

### The BLACK FLAG Team

Four men will be brought in to eliminate the alien threat on the mountain. Three of those men are combat veterans with experience in multiple wars, while the fourth is a DG-friendly and former big-game hunter. All have confronted many threats, both mundane and supernatural, and survived. None know what to expect when they enter the forest, and will talk at length with the investigators and Eugenia Carcaterra to try and work out just what they are up against.

The team is presented here in brief, since it is unlikely they will survive, and under no circumstances will they allow the investigators to join their little assault mission.

#### Team Leader Joseph Bremmer, U.S. Army Captain, Ret., Age 54

A tall, lean man, Bremmer is a veteran of Vietnam and wears fatigues and old beaten boots at all times. He is bitter and tends to talk down to younger Delta Green members, showing no deference to anyone, despite their level of apparent skill.

Bremmer is a weapons nut, and will arrive with a small arsenal of illegal weaponry (most of it received through illegal military sales) stuffed in the back of a Ryder truck.

#### Oliver Walach, U.S. Army 1st Lieutenant, Ret., Age 56

Walach is a small, conservative-looking man who has kept quiet about what he saw in Vietnam and afterwards with Delta Green. He has very rarely been activated since his induction into the group, and has only been called on three times in his nearly thirty years with the group. Walach is an expert in explosives and has been brought in to set up the trap, a mined area the team hopes to lure the beast into before destroying it.

#### Luke D. Preston, U.S. Marine Corps Private, Ret., Age 57

Preston is here due to his expertise in dealing with *large* supernatural threats. In Vietnam in 1972, Preston and his Delta Green team were stalked at length by some sort of beast that had been killing South Vietnamese troops on a jungle road. After a lengthy firefight in which Preston played an important part, the beast was killed and what remained of it was brought back to command. Of course no one could know of Preston's heroism or bravery, so . . . the carcass of the beast soon disappeared from the storage depot it was being stored in.

Preston returned a bitter man and continued to work for Delta Green to make the world safe from the beasts from beyond.

#### Arthur Hull, DG-Friendly, Former Big Game Hunter

Hull grew up in central Africa, on the border between the Congo and Rwanda. The son of a trade minister from Australia, Hull enjoyed a privileged life and did much to waste it during his early years. Later, he led expeditions into the interior of the jungles of the Congo to hunt pretty much anything his patrons wanted.

Hull gave up that lifestyle in 1990 when he led a group of DG agents out into the bush, and into the strangest situation he had ever seen in his life. Today, Hull is attempting to document and construct some sort of database on alien creatures. He is along on this trip as the foremost authority on large creatures and their behavior. Due to his foreign-national and DG-friendly status, however, he is kept on a very short leash in terms of information dispersal.

## SAN Rewards and Penalties

Successfully subduing Cooter McGee and turning him over to the authorities: +1D2 SAN	Discovering the newspaper articles on Cooter: +1 SAN
Killing Cooter McGee: +1D4 SAN	Causing the death of any NPC: -1D4 SAN
Successfully communicating with the Mi-Go: +1D4 SAN	Causing the involvement of Majestic-12: -1D6 SAN
Successfully utilizing the Mi-Go devices: +1D6 SAN	Failing to capture or kill Cooter McGee: -1D6 SAN
Somehow stopping the Dark Young: +1D8 SAN	Failing to stop the Dark Young: -1D8 SAN
	Drawing police attention to the mountain: -1D3 SAN

## Player Handouts

A variety of newspaper clippings appear on the following pages. Photocopy them and distribute them to the players as needed.

From the Townsend Herald, November 5, 1927

### Strange Things Seen Afloat in Mad River *Police Look Into Odd Reports*

By Lewis Scott

IT SEEMS this year's severe floods and rains have had another strange and unforeseen effect on the populace besides a statewide emergency: mass-hysteria. Over a dozen people now have reported seeing strange "things" in the overflowing Mad River as it runs through the Townsend area. Only a few would openly discuss what they saw. In general the reports all are identical. People claim to see creatures adrift in the wild river. Pink, crab-like, about five feet long, these beasts are never seen for more than a few seconds at a time. No one has yet recovered one of these supposed "beasts."

"It looked like a big dead crab," said resident Gus Kneiper. "It just shot past in the water." Gus then went on to inform this reporter about various local legends involving creatures of a similar description, and in a confidential tone implied that things of this sort resided in the mountains, having come down from space to remove precious metals from the area.

Who says the Volstead Act isn't a good idea?

From the Townsend Herald, September 15, 1928

### Local Recluse Missing *Akeley Home Riddled by Bullets, Abandoned*

By Timothy Gooden

HENRY AKELEY, 57, a local recluse and scholar, was reported missing on Monday by Ian Farlow and Cristin Farlow, the nearest neighbors to the Akeley house. "The roof was nearly rotted away to nothing on one side from the rains," said Mr. Farlow. "That's just not like Henry to let something like that go."

Mrs. Farlow suspects foul play. "I heard gunshots on and off over the last few weeks, but Ian insisted it was just Mr. Akeley shooting squirrel. When we went up to the house, there were bullet holes everywhere, and his dogs were gone. Henry was never without his dogs."

Despite his natural inclination towards solitude, former Professor of Anthropology Henry Akeley was held in high esteem by his neighbors and

townsfolk. Those few who conversed with him regularly had nothing but good things to say about him.

His home had been empty for more than a week, investigators estimate, and was damaged by the elements in that time. Akeley could not be located on the property, and some felt perhaps the older man had wandered off into the woods and expired from a heart attack while hiking. But the police are confident that they are dealing with a crime.

The police also suspect foul play, but so far are treating the case as a missing persons report.

"There are a lot of nuts up in the woods out here," said policeman Frank Harrity, who would give no further comment on the ongoing investigation.

From the Townsend Herald, October 15, 1925

## Liquor Trafficking on Owlshead Increases

By Timothy Gooden

Local police are concerned with further reports of liquor trafficking by rumrunners on the face of Owlshead Mountain. Tuesday locals spotted four men moving boxes full of hooch down the utility road near Fells Ridge in a pick up truck.

Police Chief Brant had this to say: "There are just too many logging roads for us to patrol them all." And it seems to be true. Since last fall contraband liquor seizures in the valley have tripled, all because of what is thought to be a single gang of distillers who have taken to living on the mountain.

"They know the area too well for us to catch them. They keep on moving their still," according to policeman Frank Harrity. "The

best thing to do if you see one of the Owlshead gang in the woods is just walk away. Find a policeman."

So far the Owlshead boys have had no run-ins with the law, but not for lack of trying. The Townsend police force is stretched pretty thin trying to keep up with the ingenious entrepreneurs and with no end in sight. Suspected members of the gang, all wanted for questioning by the Townsend police, are Bruce "Cooter" McGee, 22; Michael Dunphy, 29; Skip Rutherford, 40; and Walter Frances, 40.

Citizens who have information regarding the whereabouts of these men are urged to call the police at Townsend-3545.

From the Mill Valley Reporter, May 9, 1936

## Owlshead Gang Leader Spotted in Mill Valley

By Michael Fallon

Local gang leader Bruce "Cooter" McGee was seen in town late Sunday night by several reliable eyewitnesses. McGee is wanted for questioning due to violations of the now-defunct Volstead Act. McGee and his men were known to distill and sell illegal alcohol to the surrounding counties by sneaking the hooch through back roads and unmarked paths off the mountains.

McGee, it seems, has become a victim of

his own excesses. He visited Doctor Marvin Wallis' office well after midnight, armed with a shotgun. The doctor, fearing for his own life and the life of his family, examined the man and gave him a supply of morphine pills.

"He is one sick man. The hooch got him. Stomach cancer," Doctor Wallis said.

McGee fled town back up to Owlshead Mountain before he could be apprehended by local authorities.

From the Townsend Herald, July 7, 1956

## Massacre on Owlshead Mountain

*Witnesses Say Mountain Man "Cooter" McGee Murdered Two, Injured Five Near Fells Ridge*

By John C. Meredith

Eight local teenagers were attacked by a hatchet-wielding maniac while hiking up Owlshead Mountain late Friday night. The attacker, tentatively identified as Bruce "Cooter" McGee, a local gangster of ill repute, was thought to have died on the mountain years ago while evading police. When McGee

was through with the group, two boys, Keith Yardley (16) and Michael Brock (17), were dead, and the six remaining teenagers escaped—most of them injured in the bloody ambush. McGee remains at large.

One of the teenagers attacked was Clarence McGee, Bruce McGee's own nephew. It is the

From the Mill Valley Reporter, July 5, 1939

## Body Found on Fells Ridge

By Michael Fallon

The mutilated body of an unknown man was found at Fells Ridge on Owlshead Mountain by a group of loggers on Friday. The man, who was dressed in hiking gear, was located at about 3 o'clock by a group of four local loggers from the Mill Valley logging company, who then alerted police.

A victim of animal attack, the man apparently had been mauled by a bear or some other large creature. Police refused to comment on the situation and said only that their investigation into the matter has just begun.

"He was done in real good," said Trent Ease of Mill Valley, one of the loggers to come upon the corpse. "There was hardly anything left in one piece."

Since many hours of searching failed to turn up any sign of the so-called "men of the mountains" who are known to reside on Owlshead and other nearby mountains, including former bootlegger Cooter McGee, the police are worried that they, too, may succumb to whatever is wandering around in those mountains with a taste for human blood. Theories range from a wildcat to a rogue brown bear.

Anyone with information regarding the case is urged to call the Mill Valley Police Department at Mill-6123.

young McGee who managed to identify the group's attacker from family photographs, and now police are gathering an impressive search party to bring the madman back dead or alive. Volunteers should gather in front of the **Herald** offices at noon on Sunday if they wish to participate in the manhunt.

From the Townsend Herald, July 10, 1956

## **Madman McGee Captured *Murder Suspect Shot By Search Party***

By John C. Meredith

Local criminal Bruce "Cooter" McGee was shot by a search party on Tuesday after a day of relentless pursuit. The madman eluded the search party for more than fourteen hours, dodging dog teams and sheriff's deputies with apparent ease. McGee's wood savvy was matched only by Thomas Waban, a local Indian, who felled the crazed killer with a skillfully placed rifle shot to his upper thigh. Amazingly, despite being hit by a .30-06 round, McGee is said to be in good condition and recovering rapidly at Montpelier Teaching Hospital.

McGee was remanded to authorities in the state capitol for mental evaluation. McGee was quite outspoken about the murders and confessed readily, claiming that the "voices up in the mountains told me to do it." The criminal, who is thought to be suffering from paranoid schizophrenia, will most likely spend the rest of his life in a state mental institution.

From the Townsend Herald, January 22, 1957

## **McGee Escapes Asylum *Madman Injures Two in Daring Escape; Police Search Delayed by Poor Weather***

By John C. Meredith

The man responsible for the deaths of two Townsend teenagers last summer escaped from the Montpelier Psychiatric Center for the Mentally Infirm on Sunday, injuring two orderlies in the process.

Bruce "Cooter" McGee murdered Keith Yardley and Michael Brock last June on the slopes of Owlshead Mountain and was remanded to state custody for the remainder of his natural life.

McGee underwent surgery of the brain to eliminate his mental illness, but apparently the procedure failed. The crazed man overpowered two large orderlies in the general ward and fled the scene. Both orderlies are expected to fully recover from their attack, although one was so thoroughly knocked unconscious he does not remember the incident at all.

McGee left the asylum in little more than pajamas. With this being our state's worst winter on record, where the mercury has dipped below zero almost every night for the last fourteen days and the snowfall has topped two and a half feet in the last month, police have little hope of finding McGee alive.

And they are not trying all that hard. Police Chief Reginald Staver of Montpelier had this to say: "He won't last a night in this weather. We're not going to risk some good men to find that wretch. Let nature take its course."

From the Townsend Herald, July 18, 1956

## **McGee Deemed Insane, Will Not Stand Trial *Notorious Murderer Sent to Montpelier Psychiatric Center***

By John C. Meredith

Murderer of two, local criminal legend Bruce "Cooter" McGee was placed in the permanent custody of the Montpelier Psychiatric Center for the Mentally Infirm, where he will remain until his death. The court order and a committal procedure initiated by his older brother, Thomas McGee, a resident of Townsend, were signed and confirmed by a judge on Friday. This comes after a brief examination by the state psychiatric board, which rapidly determined that the murderer suffers from some sort of delusional disorder. No trial will be forthcoming, say state officials.

McGee is suffering from delusions, and is said to hear phantom voices and hallucinate often. These fantasies are quite complex, and it is believed that these delusions were what caused McGee to kill.

"He is quite obviously the victim of Paranoid Schizophrenia. New treatments developed in the last decade will

be utilized to take the violence from his damaged mind," said Doctor Anthony Randall, director of the violent ward at the Montpelier Psychiatric Center, who will be caring for McGee.

"But it is extremely unlikely he will ever be fully cured," Randall continued. "McGee is extremely violent, and steps must be taken to ensure this propensity does not last."

Randall went on to explain the procedure, which has become quite popular among the psychiatric community, called the pre-frontal lobotomy, where a portion of the brain, those parts that deal with violence and criminal activity, are destroyed. Randall expects to perform the operation on McGee within the year.

"This will most likely deal with Mr. McGee's anti-social predilections and prevent him from killing again."

From the Townsend Herald, January 30, 1957

## **McGee Believed Dead *No Sightings in Five Days; Police Declare Madman Lost***

By John C. Meredith

Four days of house-to-house searches and telephone interviews by state police have yielded not one single clue as to the location of Bruce "Cooter" McGee. McGee was responsible for the murder of area teenagers Timothy Yardley and Michael Brock of Townsend last summer, and after being remanded to state custody, escaped last week in the middle of one of the worst snowstorms in Vermont history.

The announcement today by Montpelier police chief Reginald Staver is as follows: "A thorough search of the area surrounding the Montpelier Psychiatric Center for the Mentally Infirm conducted by more than

fifty individuals and covering an area of ten square miles failed to locate any trace of Bruce McGee. McGee recently underwent brain surgery and escaped the asylum in pajamas and slippers. It is well known that McGee suffered from severe delusions. It is the opinion of this department that McGee, lacking the faculties to shelter himself from the elements, perished in the snowstorm he escaped into, and that his body will be found during the spring thaw. The state police will continue to monitor the case, should McGee manage to survive. But this contingency is not expected to arise."

From the Townsend Herald, March 15, 1973

## Scientist dies of exposure on Owlshead Mountain

A visiting scientist from Boston University was discovered dead from exposure on the southern face of Owlshead Mountain by outdoorsman Thomas Waban on Wednesday.

Dr. Yardley Smith was well thought of in the area and often summered here. The older man was a bird enthusiast, and taught Ornithology at Boston University for more than a decade. Smith appeared in town last

week, arriving out of season to pursue a rare bird type recently seen on the mountain.

Despite poor weather the elderly man ascended Owlshead Mountain on Friday.

On Wednesday, Thomas Waban discovered the older man's path through the upper groves of Owlshead and followed the trail out of curiosity. "I thought maybe he was in trouble," said Waban.

"He was done in quick," Waban continued. "He curled up next to a tree and didn't wake up. He was soaked to the skin." No foul play is suspected, although the body has been remanded to state authorities for autopsy.

"It's a shame," Waban said. "Doc Smith always had a kind word for everyone, and he loved and respected the forest."

*Thomas Blake*



From the Townsend Herald, July 1, 1963

## Husband and Wife Die in Fall from Fells Ridge

*Montpelier Couple Found by Search Parties*

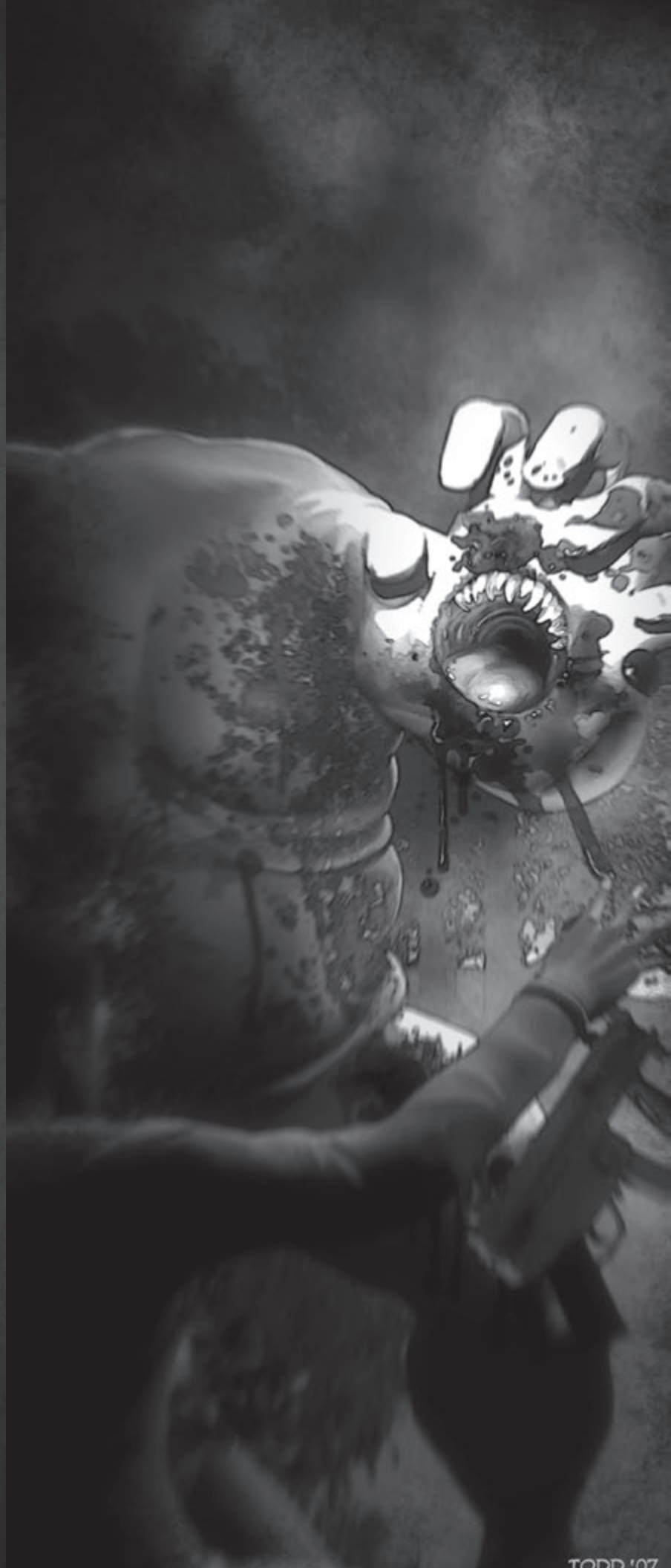
By Ronald Fremont

Robert and Marilu Garland of Peals Mountain, Vermont, were found dead at the base of Fells Ridge on Owlshead Mountain on Tuesday, the victims of an accidental fall. The couple had been missing since the previous week. Family members contacted the local sheriff when the couple failed to appear at a wedding after an extended vacation in the Townsend area. The couple enjoyed hiking, fishing and camping out, and spent much time in the area.

Sheriff Steve Nicholas organized a search party of forty persons on Thursday and combed the area where the couple was last seen heading, to the summit of Owlshead Mountain. Five days after it was begun, the search still went on, although few had any hope of finding the Garlands alive.

This theory proved correct. The couple was found at the base of a seventy-five-foot drop known to locals as Fells Ridge.

"It's most likely that one of the Garlands fell, and perhaps was hanging on, and the other attempted to help and they both fell. I've seen similar tragedies before," Sheriff Nicholas commented. No further investigation is expected.





# APPENDIX B: ADVENTURES

# HOLY WAR

ADAM SCOTT GLANCY

“Holy War” is designed for experienced Delta Green investigators. It is best used as a vehicle for introducing veteran Delta Green agents to the complex detente that exists between Delta Green and The Fate, a relationship that Cell A, the leaders of Delta Green, are loathe to expose to the organization’s rank and file.

Furthermore, this scenario is dominated by the motives and actions of NPCs. While there are some interesting occult items, a couple of cursed tomes and a burgeoning cult temple, this scenario is really about the complex motives of the characters and Delta Green’s role in their relationships.

## Introduction

Robert Hubert, a core member of the Fate second only to the dread Stephen Alzis, has spent years trying to consecrate a temple in upstate New York to Glaaki, at Lake Chimagua in the Catskill mountains. He is pursuing this project outside the auspices of the Fate.

Hubert hopes that once he consecrates Lake Chimagua, thus making it home for the alien god, he can open a clinic there for the terminally ill. From the ranks of the desperate and hopeless he hopes to create a huge cult of undead Servants of Glaaki. Hubert thinks this will grant him the power he needs to be an independent player and not have to rely on Alzis and the Fate.

Unfortunately for Hubert, many powerful forces are closing in on him. Robert Hubert, once called Dieter Scheel, now called Belial, is a man with several lifetimes' worth of atrocities and blasphemies. The bill is about to come due.

Hot on Hubert's trail is Johannes Knepier, a corrupted Servant of Glaaki and former agent of Hubert. Although Knepier is a resurrected Servant of Glaaki, he read a copy of the loathsome 12th volume of the *Revelations of Glaaki*—which he had stolen for Hubert in 1994—and was corrupted by Y'gononac. Knepier defected from Hubert's service in 1996 and has since spent his time being directed by Y'gononac to reacquire the Volume 12 for his cult.

Directed by the will of Y'gononac, Knepier has traveled to Phoenix, Arizona, and acquired a powerful magic item called the Crown of the Doppelganger. After murdering the crown's previous owner, Knepier plans to fake his own death, return to New York City, and use the crown as the perfect weapon to destroy Hubert and recover the *Revelations of Glaaki*.

Into the middle of this conflict—which ultimately involves the agendas of two Great Old Ones and an avatar of an Outer God—are thrust the investigators, a team of Delta Green agents directed by Agent Cyrus, FBI Special Agent Curtis McRay. Knepier's trail of death will lead the investigators from Arizona to New York City and ultimately to Hubert's consecrated lake. The exact outcome of this confrontation between cosmic forces depends largely on how the investigators intervene in the ongoing events.

## The Crown of the Doppelganger

The Crown of the Doppelganger is the instrument through which Johannes Knepier means to destroy Hubert and recover the *Revelations of Glaaki*. It is an alien artifact left behind on earth by the Fungi from Yuggoth, the Mi-Go. This artifact was meant to be a communications device, but its uses are limited only by the wearer's imagination.

The crown is a twisted cord of copper-like wires that form a "halo," which is meant to be placed around the Mi-Go's tapering anterior tail section. It is big enough to be placed on top of a human head like a crown. It can be activated simply by touching it, whether worn or not.

The wearer of the crown activates it by concentrating on a specific location with which to communicate. The crown then projects a physical duplicate, or doppelganger, of the wearer to that location. To be familiar enough with a location to make contact, the wearer must have visited the location at least once.

The doppelganger appears naked wherever it is projected. The crown wearer, through the doppelganger, can use all five senses, speak and handle objects. The doppelganger leaves footprints and fingerprints and generally disturbs the environment it passes through, but does not leave behind hair, blood, sweat, body oil, DNA or other biological traces.

The doppelganger has all the wearer's skills and attributes. The user has complete control of the doppelganger and experiences everything the doppelganger does. The user can do this for five minutes per magic point spent.

If the doppelganger suffers damage, it costs the crown wearer no hit points (although perhaps SAN loss if the damage is catastrophic enough). Instead the wearer loses a magic point for every hit point the doppelganger loses. When the last magic point is spent, the wearer loses consciousness for eight hours, and the doppelganger disappears, fading away into nothing. Any doppelganger tissue left behind (blood, hair, toenails, bone fragments) similarly evaporates.

Using the crown costs the wearer 1D4 SAN each time it is worn and activated.



## The Crown's Previous Owners

The Doppelganger Crown's previous owner was a twisted man named Randall Tebbs. Tebbs gained the crown from a great uncle from his father's side of the family. This man, Harrison Tebbs, was a mining engineer who discovered the crown buried under hundreds of feet of rock in Bolivia during the 1940s. He kept the crown's secret for the rest of his life, often using the crown's powers to enrich himself or, as his mind disintegrated, engage in thrill-seeking acts of self-destruction.

Harrison Tebbs ultimately went irretrievably insane due to the crown's sanity-eroding effects. He died because he was no longer able to differentiate between himself and his doppelganger. He stepped out in front of a bus in 1980. This was not his first suicidal act. Investigators who check Tebbs' family history will discover that Harrison Tebbs was in and out of mental institutions during the 1970s for self-destructive behavior.

Harrison's nephew James, Randall Tebbs' father, inherited his great uncle's estate. Randall Tebbs discovered his great uncle's diary and his buried horde of ill-gotten gains. Harrison had acquired these valuables during the 1950s and 1960s when, with the aide of the crown, he had been quite the successful thief.

## Perfect Crimes

Harrison's technique was to pre-position clothing, gloves, ski-mask and a weapon near the target (a liquor store, a bank, a back-room card game), send his doppelganger across town to where the clothes were stashed, change into them, do the robbery, flee only so far as he needed to leave the money in a pre-arranged drop point, stash the loot, walk away from the hiding place and just let the doppelganger evaporate. Later he would send the doppelganger to collect the money. He had the perfect alibi since he was always too far away to have committed the crime and return to his dwelling. And he learned from the police investigations of him that while he did show up on surveillance cameras, he did not leave behind fingerprints, blood, hair or other biological evidence.

Having read his great uncle's diary, and seen the pile of swag buried near his uncle's home, Randall Tebbs decided to try his hand at crime. But Randall was more interested in his genitals than his wallet. He became a horrifically-proficient serial rapist.

Randall scoped targets out as a handyman and lawn-care guy, sending his doppelganger later to appear inside the home and commit the crime. Randall learned that he could pre-position a few items in the home that he would need, such as a nylon stocking to disguise his features.

Due to several prison tattoos and his consistent M.O., Tebbs quickly became a police suspect. Unfortunately the doppelganger

left behind no forensic evidence, the rape kits always came up with nothing, and Randall Tebbs always had an unbreakable alibi.

Even worse, some victims claimed to have scratched, bitten and in one case shot Tebbs during the attacks, but no sign of these injuries was ever discovered on him. All law enforcement had were the eyewitness testimony of the victims. Local police arrested Tebbs on several occasions where they had strong eyewitness evidence, but were never able to successfully prosecute him for any of his crimes, despite several trials.

## A Deeper Evil

Recently the Maricopa County Sheriff's department—whose jurisdiction includes Phoenix—decided to “encourage” Tebbs to relocate to a different county through a program of harassment. Tebbs moved over the county line, then filed a civil-rights lawsuit against the department. It looked like he was going to win and collect a huge settlement. And then Knepier came to town.

When Randall Tebbs turns up murdered and impaled by Knepier, many in local law enforcement will throw a party. Many will assume that this horrible murder is the act of one of Tebbs' victims or one of their relatives, but similarities to an open FBI case get it forwarded to the Bureau—and Delta Green.

For more on Randall and Harrison Tebbs, see the police and FBI dossiers at the end of the scenario.

## Character Motivations

This scenario is highly character-driven. The action is not necessarily going to be linear. Much of the direction will be dictated by the way the investigators interact with the NPCs and how they change Knepier's plans. What follows is a list of the major NPCs in this scenario, and their goals and motivations, as a guide to the Keeper.

### Johannes Knepier

Knepier's motives are particularly difficult to unravel since even he doesn't truly understand why he is doing what he is doing. By reading the 12th volume of the *Revelations of Glaaki*, Knepier opened the door for Y'golonac to infest his body and mind. Of course, since Knepier is a reanimated corpse, Y'golonac cannot possess his body and manifest itself as an avatar. Because Knepier was impaled on one of Glaaki's spines back in 1977, and his soul belongs to Glaaki, Y'golonac's influence must be very subtle.

The great old one has planted in Knepier's mind the idea that his former patron, Robert Hubert, is a traitor to Glaaki. Thanks to the whispers of Y'golonac, Knepier now sees Hubert, because of his association with the Fate, as a pawn of Nyarlathotep and an impediment to the glory of Glaaki.

Knepier still uses the Contact Glaaki spell (p. 88) utilizing



the “Courier,” an impaled human sacrifice, to act as a conduit for Glaaki’s instructions. These days, however, all he receives is a sort of white noise. Y’gonolac’s influence has caused Glaaki to cut off contact. Y’gonolac, however, slips Knepier information in his dreams, and Knepier is convinced that these whisperings are the will of Glaaki. This is how Knepier was led to find the Crown of the Doppelganger.

Using the crown, Knepier will fake his own death in Phoenix by getting into a high-speed chase with local law enforcement and then crashing into the gas pumps at a service station, apparently dying in the flames. Then, using his powers of mental domination, Knepier will force anyone he encounters to take him to New York City to try and assassinate Hubert. He will follow this attempt with another and another. He will flaunt his invulnerability in front of Hubert and will try to use the crown to infiltrate Hubert’s inner sanctums and steal the books.

Y’gonolac will want the volumes ultimately delivered into the hands of his true cultists. If Knepier ends up with the books, Y’gonolac will direct him to a meet with a cultist-avatar named William Bonnet, who has come all the way from England to recover the books. Once that happens, Y’gonolac will manifest through Bonnet and crush Knepier like a bug. Bonnet plans to quietly return to England with the book and put it to the service of the Bloated God.

## Stephen Alzis

Alzis’s motives are some of the most complex in this scenario. He knows that there is a confrontation brewing between the forces of Y’gonolac and Glaaki. This makes Hubert a potential liability to the Fate. If Hubert doesn’t disgorge the Volume 12 of the *Revelations of Glaaki*, Y’gonolac will keep sending cultists and avatars after Hubert. That could become distracting for Alzis.

Even worse, Hubert is closing in on his sixtieth year of unlife as a Servant of Glaaki, after which he will be affected by the “Green Decay.” The Green Decay is a condition where Servants of Glaaki are subject to rapid and catastrophic decomposition if they are ever exposed to direct sunlight. This will make him an even greater liability.

Alzis would really rather be rid of Hubert now. However, it would look bad if Alzis killed Hubert, since some in the organization might resent the execution or even consider it a betrayal. Alzis is feared as a representative of Nyarlathotep, and doesn’t really have to worry about opinion inside the Fate, but he still prefers to give his minions the illusion that if they follow the rules they won’t be whimsically discarded. That way there is less grumbling to suppress and fewer defectors or informants to track

down and kill.

Alzis knows about Hubert’s unauthorized project at Lake Chimagua. Using that as an excuse, Alzis will remove his protection from Hubert once things start to heat up, thus leaving him to whatever “fate” should befall him. While it would make Alzis look weak if Hubert got killed by Y’gonolac while under Alzis’ protection, Hubert will look foolish and over-reaching if he is killed by Y’gonolac after Alzis removes his protection as punishment for violating the rules of the Fate.

Alzis will thus see to it that Hubert is eliminated and make it look like it was Hubert’s fault that Alzis removed his protection, all the while keeping his hands clean of the entire affair. His actions will nevertheless fill the situation with enough “happy coincidences” that the rank and file in the Fate and the occult underground will see his hand in everything that happens.

If Hubert tries to defect to Delta Green in order to get protection from Alzis and Y’gonolac, Alzis will act more directly. Alzis will send a never-ending parade of occult horrors and magical attacks to destroy Hubert—assuming, of course, he finds out about the deal. Alzis is not omniscient, nor omnipotent. He is just extremely well informed and highly maneuverable. Things

### New York: The Truce

Delta Green and the Fate have an understanding. Curtis McRay was involved with an operation not long ago in which Delta Green tried to assassinate Stephen Alzis. They succeeded over and over again. They poisoned, shot and blew up Alzis, and every time he reappeared without a scratch.

Then Delta Green agents began to disappear, one by one. McRay and Donald Poe (yes, the legendary Agent Charlie) broke into Alzis’s private quarters under Club Apocalypse in an attempt to force a final confrontation. Instead they ended up stealing Alzis’s personal scrapbook, the only thing the enigmatic sorcerer-demi-god cares for. Alphonse brokered a deal. Alzis got his book back, and Delta Green agents stopped vanishing. But from that date forward, if Delta Green wanted to operate inside NYC, it had to ask permission from Alzis—and Delta Green would steer clear of any Fate facilities, operatives or assets inside the five boroughs of New York City.

Sometimes Alzis likes to meet Delta Green agents personally and put the fear of . . . well, put the fear of Stephen Alzis into them. Suffice to say, Cell A does not like to let its agents know that they have to kow-tow to an agent of the Mythos. When the investigators accompany McRay to New York, they may not be pleased with this arrangement.

happen every day that are outside his knowledge. But with his access to scrying spells, Alzis can quickly find anyone or anything he wants.

When he discovers the defection, Alzis will not immediately attack. Instead he will begin by trying to intimidate the investigators into handing Hubert over. Making Delta Green hand over the defector would be a huge coup for Alzis, making him look strong and Delta Green look weak, and Alzis would rather see them quake in fear before him than just destroy them. But he will not permit Hubert to endanger the Fate and will ultimately send Emmanuel Hutchins to eliminate him and any Delta Green agents in the vicinity.

One last goal of Alzis will be to acquire a new “pet.” Maybe pet isn’t the right word. Perhaps “trophy” is more apt. Alzis wants NYPD Lt. Jorge Ramirez, obsessive enemy of the Fate and unwitting pawn of Y’gonolac (see p. 90). He wants him in order to prove his power, to show how even his enemies will come to worship him.

If Y’gonolac possesses Ramirez and Ramirez survives the action, Alzis will appear and offer his help in expelling the Great Old One for good. If Ramirez has gone insane, he agrees to it willingly. When Ramirez is returned to “normal,” Alzis will mold him into his latest servant, Belial’s replacement as his public face.

## Robert Hubert, aka Belial

Hubert has consecrated Lake Chimagua in the Catskill Mountains in order to establish an independent cult devoted to his patron deity, Glaaki. Now that Lake Chimagua is consecrated to Glaaki, Hubert is poised to open an abandoned lakeside resort as a treatment center and hospice for the terminally ill, chronically ill, and crippled. Hubert plans to use this sanitarium as a recruiting ground for more cultists. After all, who else but the crippled or dying would voluntarily accept the “blessings” of Glaaki? The sanitarium will also bring a regular supply of people within range of the dream-pull of the Great Old One.

Hubert hopes to achieve a degree of independence from the Fate and Stephen Alzis. For several years now Hubert has begun to chaff at Stephen Alzis’ sardonic and disdainful treatment. Furthermore, Hubert became a Servant of Glaaki in late 1944. The Green Decay is a constant, looming threat. He hopes to avoid it by currying favor with Glaaki. It’s a long shot, but it’s all he has.

The sanitarium is also Hubert’s bolt-hole. He needs it as a secure locale where he can convalesce or retire when the Green Decay sets in. His position inside the Fate will become highly precarious if exposure to sunlight becomes fatal.

From his communion with Glaaki, Hubert knows that Johannes Knepier is coming, but he is not sure when. He knows that Knepier has fallen under the sway of Y’gonolac. Hubert is on his guard. He can read the newspaper, so he knows that the serial killer “Vlad” is a Glaaki cultist and believes him to be Knepier, but isn’t sure. When Knepier shows up, Hubert will be able to make no sense out of Knepier’s claims that Hubert is a traitor to Glaaki.

Hubert will be horrified when Alzis withdraws his protection, but won’t waste time begging for its return. At the Lake Chimagua resort he hopes to continue seeking the favor of his blasphemous god, trying to secure himself and his new temple.

Once Hubert’s options have been narrowed—when he feels he is on the precipice of his doom—Hubert will try and deal his way out through Delta Green. He will offer to “defect” from the Fate (although it’s not really a defection since he’s effectively been kicked out) and wants asylum and protection in exchange for ratting out every Lord, Neophyte, Adept, asset and plan of the Fate that he knows.

There’s one problem with this plan. While Alzis is content to let Y’gonolac take out Hubert, he will not allow Delta Green to protect him. For his part, Hubert cares nothing for Delta Green and will gladly use them as human shields to keep himself safe, if even for just a little while longer.

Hubert will string the investigators along, demanding more and more concessions and freedoms in exchange for his information, culminating (after a year or so of escalation) with the demand that he be allowed to consecrate a new lake to Glaaki. His information will always be good, but his price will be high and Sanity-eroding, such as demanding that they provide him with sacrifices to Glaaki, or giving him access to Delta Green’s occult texts.

## Oloni

Whether gunned down by the investigators or pulled apart by an avatar of Y’gonolac, Hubert’s undead bodyguard is doomed along with his boss. He is a loyal Servant of Glaaki and will lay down his “unlife” to protect his master and his god. He can serve as an excellent tool to demonstrate the power of Y’gonolac, or to show how deadly Knepier can be with the Crown of the Doppelganger.

## Aiden Sears, Servant of Glaaki

This creature is the Servant of Glaaki that Hubert has placed in charge of overseeing the remodeling of the Lake Chimagua Resort into a hospice and temple of Glaaki. He is devoted to his god and to Hubert as his god’s priest. Like any of the Servants of

Glaaki, he will fight ruthlessly to defend the resort, and, although he doesn't know it, the will of Glaaki will ensure that he lays down his unlife to protect the consecrated lake.

## Jorge Ramirez

A former NYPD lieutenant now retired on a medical pension, Jorge Ramirez blames his horrific injuries—wounds inflicted by Y'gonolac that never heal—on Stephen Alzis. He has stalked Alzis for years, looking for evidence, or even an opportunity to gain evidence, only to be humiliated by Alzis again and again. Alzis even has a restraining order preventing Ramirez from venturing too close to him or his properties.

Now Y'gonolac is whispering in Ramirez's ear, putting ideas in his head, steering him towards Hubert and his upstate operation. Ramirez is important to Y'gonolac's plans since he is able to be possessed as an avatar, thus allowing the bloated god to walk the earth. When Ramirez resists Y'gonolac's will, his horrifying wounds ache and bleed.

If Ramirez catches sight of the *Revelations of Glaaki*, he will be possessed by Y'gonolac and the Bloated God will grab for Volume 12, crushing all who get in his way. Once the book is in Y'gonolac's possession, Y'gonolac will try to kill Hubert and any other Servants of Glaaki within reach. Knepier will not be spared. Investigators had best get out of the way, but Y'gonolac will not pursue them unless they interfere. And once its goals are met, Y'gonolac will end his possession of Ramirez. Ramirez then suffers an immediate 1D20/1D100 Sanity loss.

If Ramirez survives the scenario but goes insane, he willingly goes along with Stephen Alzis' offer to rid him of Y'gonolac, no matter the price. Alzis tenderly takes the shaken and insane Ramirez by the hand and leads him off into the dark. If the investigators ever see Ramirez again, it will be in Club Apocalypse. He will be dressed impeccably, looking a good deal fatter, not a little bit gray and clammy, and will be introduced as "the new manager." Ramirez will be all smiles and assurances that he is fine, truly happy, and will beg the investigators to leave him alone. A Psychology roll reveals that Ramirez feels trapped, doomed, and damned, and just wants the investigators to not share his fate.

## Emmanuel Hutchins

Hutchins is, first and foremost, Alzis's attack dog. He is a monster, alien in thought and deed, wearing the illusion of humanity. "Hutchins," as if such a creature could ever really be said to have a name, will unflinchingly sacrifice itself to protect Alzis or accomplish the smallest of Alzis's whims. Of course, the likelihood of such a creature being easily destroyed is unthinkable.

Hutchins will not become directly involved in the adventure unless Hubert or the investigators attempt to kill or injure Alzis, or unless Hubert defects to Delta Green. In either case, Hutchins will be the big guns that Alzis brings in to take out Hubert for good.

## Anton Merriweather, Lord of Sleep

The Lord of Sleep, Merriweather is one tier removed from the innermost circle of the Fate. He owes his position in the Fate to Belial and has worked closely with him for years. Merriweather will support Belial right up to the moment Belial's position in the Fate begins to weaken. Then he will bail like a rat leaving a sinking ship and never look back. After all, that's all the loyalty Belial would have shown him.

When word circulates that Alzis has it in for Belial, Merriweather will gladly tell the investigators just about anything they need to know to hunt Belial down.

## Other Members of the Fate

The motives of other Lords and members of the Fate are dominated by two priorities: protect the Fate and advance their own positions within it. Hubert's loss will certainly be their gain, as they will now have the chance to advance and take his seat at the table. The Keeper may add other Lords as needed, but they will neither aid nor hinder the forces at play in this scenario.

## Special Agent Curtis McRay

A senior and experienced Delta Green agent, McRay—Agent Cyrus—has a lot of history with the Fate. He is less than popular with Alzis but is scrupulous about obeying the rules when in New York. His life quite literally depends on it.

McRay will be extremely jumpy about the investigators stepping out of line. He will patiently explain the rules, but the first time it looks like one of them has stepped out of line it will actually cost him a Sanity roll (1/1D4).

If there is any chance that the investigators have done something that would gain Alzis's attention, the Sanity roll is higher (1D3/1D8). If he goes temporarily insane, any homicidal insanity will result in McRay trying to kill the offending investigator. He is, after all, trying to save his own life.

McRay's primary motive is to find and stop Knepier. Once he finds out what Hubert is up to at the lake he will want to take out Hubert, but thinks he is constrained by the treaty with Alzis to consult the Fate first. Once he learns from Alzis that the rituals at the lake are none of Alzis' concern, and that Alzis would be

perfectly happy if Hubert and his people were taken out by Delta Green, McRay will be torn. On the one hand he owes Hubert for several lost lives, including a couple of DG agents, and he would love to send Hubert straight to hell. But the last thing he wants to do is act as Alzis' executioner.

If Hubert offers to "defect" to Delta Green, McRay will be even more conflicted. He would love to use what Hubert knows to crush the Fate, but it would mean giving up a lot of personal satisfaction (as well as a pledge he once made to avenge a friend's death) for a very iffy proposition. McRay will not be convinced that Hubert knows anything that could really be used as a "magic bullet" to take out Alzis or the Fate. After all, if Hubert really had the goods, he wouldn't have to beg Delta Green for protection.

In McRay's mind Delta Green can't let Hubert go, they can't give him protection, and they can't kill him. Every option is distasteful. McRay will probably be happiest—in a sense—if Y'gonolac turns up and eats Hubert, thus taking the decision out of his hands.

## Knepier's Trail

Delta Green's attention is drawn to Johannes Knepier's trail because of his acquisition of the Crown of the Doppelganger. After seizing the crown from Tebbs, he capped the robbery off by performing the Contact Glaaki spell, using Tebbs as "the Courier." Glaaki failed to answer Knepier through Tebbs.

To throw off the police Knepier will fake his own death. Then he will drive across the country from Phoenix to New York City, armed with the Crown of the Doppelganger. Once Knepier's

attempts to kill Hubert and steal the *Revelations of Glaaki* become problematic, Hubert will remove himself to Lake Chimagua. The final confrontation between the followers of Glaaki and Y'gonolac will take place at the lake.

**December 13:** Knepier checks into Day's Inn Motor Lodge in Phoenix and begins shadowing Tebbs.

**December 15, 2001:** Tebbs last seen by anyone at 11:32 P.M.

**December 16, 2001:** Knepier finds Tebbs on the street and kidnaps him at 12:27 A.M. Knepier magically dominates Tebbs and forces him to bring the Crown and explain how it is used.

**December 17, 2001:** Using his mental powers, Knepier has Tebbs drive out in his truck into the desert, where, at 2:00 A.M., Knepier impales Tebbs and uses him as "the Courier" in an attempt to contact Glaaki. It fails.

Around 9:00 A.M., Knepier uses his magical powers to force a manager at an agricultural supply store, Larry Kirk, to sell him three cases of dynamite without the proper permits.

Around noon, Knepier checks out of the Day's Inn Motor Lodge and parks Tebbs' truck in long-term parking at the airport, with the dynamite he intends to use for his staged death. He has changed the license plate on Tebbs' truck to try to ensure that it doesn't get found too quickly.

Around 7:00 P.M., Knepier stops just outside Albuquerque, New Mexico, and checks into a Motel 6. He watches the news, waiting to see when the crime scene is discovered.

**December 18, 2001:** Dwayne Moodie discovers Tebbs' body and reports it to Maricopa County deputies. They secure the crime scene and Tebbs' hotel room, and notify the FBI when a sheriff's office investigator notices that certain elements of Tebbs' death match an open FBI file.





## December 19, 2001: The 'Vlad' Task Force

The agents are summoned by a call from Cell A. At 8:00 A.M. on Wednesday, December 19, they are to meet Agent Cyrus at St. Louis International Airport—at the Cheers franchise bar, where nobody knows your name (see p. 145)—for a briefing.

### 8:00 A.M.: Agent Cyrus

Breaking protocol, Cyrus introduces himself by name—there's no way around using his own name, under the circumstances—and explains that the agents are going to form the FBI's "Vlad" task force, a team being assembled by Cyrus himself under the auspices of the Bureau's Investigative Support Unit. The task force is nicknamed for Vlad Tepes, the Romanian prince infamous for impaling his victims alive. Delta Green agents who are FBI special agents will be temporarily reassigned to the task force. Agents and friendlies who are not associated with the FBI will be borrowed at the request of the Investigative Support Unit.

Cyrus says that the murder of one Randall Tebbs in Maricopa County, Arizona, matches the M.O. of a killer named Johannes Knepier. Between 1977 and 2001, forty-nine homicides have been associated with Knepier, including the recent killing of Randall Tebbs, in three separate incidents.

Cyrus gives the agents a thick case file, with the Maricopa county sheriff's report on top (Player Handout A). The agents also receive Delta Green's report on a 1994 theft and homicide at the University of Chicago (Player Handout C), Delta Green's report on Johannes Knepier and the Church of the Impaler mass suicide in 1977 (Player Handout D), and Delta Green's report on the implement used as the murder weapon used in Chicago in 1994 (Player Handout E). The agents also receive a series of illustrations depicting the symbols that were carved into the wooden walking stick used as the murder weapon in the 1994 Filey murder in Chicago.

Cyrus explains that the FBI believes Johannes Knepier obviously survived his cancer and went on to commit the murders in Chicago, and may have committed the Tebbs murder in Arizona. That would make Knepier fifty-four years old. He may still be operating with a known associate from 1977, an unidentified woman who used the name Susan Hexton, or he may have recruited new members into his Church of the Impaler.

Why Knepier or one of his followers may have selected Randall Tebbs as a victim is not known.

Cyrus also explains that Delta Green's position is that Knepier may have survived his cancer using preternatural means. Certainly

the Sumerian god Glaaki was known as a resurrective deity, and the impalement rituals were believed to be the key to immortality. While no one at Delta Green knows what this might mean exactly, Delta Green believes that Knepier may be attempting to implement unknown "hypergeometrical formulae" from the 12<sup>th</sup> Volume of the *Revelations of Glaaki*.

For purposes of cover, the agents will be acting in conjunction with local law enforcement under the guise of the FBI "Vlad" task force looking for Johannes Knepier. Their Delta Green mission is to find and exterminate Knepier, or whoever killed Randall Tebbs; determine if the killer can lead them to Knepier and the stolen 12<sup>th</sup> volume of the *Revelations of Glaaki*; eliminate Knepier and any new members of the Church of the Impaler; and either recover or destroy the 12<sup>th</sup> volume of the *Revelations of Glaaki*.

Under no circumstances is Knepier to be taken alive. Under no circumstances is his corpse to fall into the hands of any authority besides Delta Green friendlies who can be counted on to fudge their test results to conceal supernatural activity.

When the agents arrive in Phoenix they are to contact the Maricopa County Sheriff's Department and proceed immediately to the county morgue. They are to perform the Tebbs autopsy with no witnesses who are not agents or friendlies of Delta Green. The agents should also be prepared to dispose of the body in some way that eliminates all the evidence of preternatural activity.

### Susan Hexton

Although the Agents may never learn this unless they interrogate Knepier directly, the creature calling itself Susan Hexton was a Servant of Glaaki which recruited Knepier to consecrate Black Lake, Louisiana, for Glaaki. They succeeded in summoning the Great Old One and Knepier was impaled and made a Servant of Glaaki. When they tried to leave the swamp on foot to throw off any potential search parties, "Susan Hexton" ran afoul of an alligator and was devoured. Her last instruction to Knepier was to seek out Belial in New York City at Club Apocalypse and present himself as a faithful Servant of Glaaki. Knepier did this, and served Belial until he was exposed to the 12<sup>th</sup> volume of the *Revelations of Glaaki* and corrupted by Y'gononac.



## Randall Tebbs' Autopsy

The investigators reach Phoenix about 10:00 A.M. Dr. Mohamed Al Zudayev and his assistant Bill Thurgleson are scheduled to perform the autopsy of Randall Tebbs, with Sheriff's Department Detective Jack Schaeffer in attendance, at 11:00 A.M. unless the agents intervene. They will have to make a Persuade or Law roll to convince the local law enforcement officers that the agents should be allowed to perform the autopsy without witnesses.

Viewing the corpse—pallid and stiff, face set in horror, with a hole clearly piercing its chest from front to back—is a 0/1 SAN loss.

A few minutes into the autopsy—long enough to verify that he is indeed quite dead—Tebbs' corpse starts to talk in a booming, utterly alien *basso profundo* voice:

*"Stop him. Stop him. He is corrupted by the influence of the other. Find him. Kill him. Do not let him profane the church. Life eternal will be your reward."*

Sanity cost is 1/1D6.

Allow the agents to interact with "the Courier" for no more than two minutes of real time. Keep the answers truthful, but indistinct and ambiguous. Glaaki's goal is to motivate the agents to find and destroy Knepier.

If the players ask, the corpse's mouth is moving but not enough to form the words the agents are hearing.

Here are few sample answers to the kinds of questions agents are likely to ask:

"Him who? Who are you talking about?"

*"You know. You all know the Heretic. He has found communion with the other one."*

"What other one?"

*"The one in the void, the corpse with the feeding hands."*

"Where is Knepier?"

*"He travels to the stricken city to profane my church and destroy my servants."*

"What is the stricken city?"

*"In the east. It burned. It fell."*

"Where is Susan Hexton?"

*"Buried in the earth."*

"Where is the woman who helped Knepier form the Church of the Impaler?"

*"In the belly of reptiles."*

"Did Knepier kill you?"

*"No. I cannot die."*

"Did Knepier kill Randall Tebbs?"

*"He made this courier."*

"Why did he kill Randall Tebbs?"

*"For the tool."*

"What is the tool?"

*"It opens many doors. With the tool he will go to places he has been. He will find a way into places he has not. Into the church. His presence will defile the church."*

The Courier's last words are always: *"Accept my bond and you shall have eternal life in my service. Fail me and you all shall die."*

The Keeper should then randomly select one agent or NPC to receive a vision of Knepier. The selected character must make a 1D2/1D6 SAN roll. If the character loses the maximum of 6 SAN he or she could be, at the Keeper's discretion, be subject to Glaaki's dream-pull.

Once able to speak coherently, the agent who received the vision knows that Knepier is alive, even if the autopsy happens after Knepier's apparent fiery death. The agent only receives information about what Knepier is doing at that exact moment, so the Keeper should consult the scenario's timelines for specific clues to drop on the agents. The vision should not be accurate enough to pinpoint Knepier's position, but it may reveal his direction and whom he is with—enough to confirm that the game is still afoot.

If the autopsy happens before or within a day of Knepier's "suicide," the vision—the character sees, hears and smells as if actually there, but has no control over what he or she sees and it lasts only a moment—shows him lying on a motel bed in his typical ragged jeans and shitkicker boots, eyes closed, face taut but emotionless, looking nowhere near 54 years old. A Psychology or First Aid roll notices that he is not breathing. He looks filthy but the only odors are those of a cheap motel room. A 24-hour news program blares from a television near the foot of the bed. A shotgun and a bundle of copper wires lie on the floor within reach.

After delivering its message the body collapses, inert, and never again stirs.

## Outsiders in the Autopsy

If the agents allow the coroners and detective to perform the autopsy, they will be left with only a cassette tape of the ensuing chaos—and three very confused, very alarmed witnesses to the supernatural.

The corpse delivers the following monologue:

*"Stop him. Stop him. He is corrupted by the influence of the other. Find him. Kill him. Do not let him profane the church. Life eternal will be your reward."*

The reactions of the witnesses are up to the Keeper. They may make good friendlies—or they may go into complete denial and have their lives slowly fall apart from the psychic strain of facing the impossible. Or both.

## Autopsy Results

The corpse has suffered no damage from predators or scavengers. There are not even insect larva or eggs planted in its skin. A successful Forensics or Zoology roll reveals that this is highly unusual.

A successful Spot Hidden roll reveals that the cuts in Randall Tebbs' flesh are actually the same symbols found on the shillelagh and which surround the site of his murder. Obviously no Spot Hidden roll is needed if the agents ask to compare the symbols.

A successful Forensics or Medicine roll reveals two things. First, the cause of death was impalement by the sharpened shillelagh walking stick. The stick ruptured the right ventricle and death was caused by rapid exsanguination and shock. Second, Tebbs had his vocal cords cut and stitched up prior to being subjected to the extreme torture that preceded his death. The corpse should have been incapable of speaking even if its diaphragm, tongue and lips could have been forced to move.

## Destroying the Body

If the coroner, his assistant and the detective have not seen the body reanimate, the agents will have to concoct a way to steal the body, or else make a successful Law roll to convince them that federal jurisdiction and the needs of the investigation justify moving it this soon.

If the men did see the corpse speak, the agents need a Persuade roll to convince them to surrender the body to them or to destroy it and cover up the destruction. If this fails, the men insist on keeping the corpse for further study.

## 12:00 P.M.: The Death of Johannes Knepier

Two hours after the agents arrive in Phoenix, Johannes Knepier fakes his death. He has already driven out of state, but left Randall Tebbs' pickup truck, 12-gauge shotgun, and a store of dynamite pre-positioned for his fiery death. Knepier will use the Doppelganger Crown to project himself into the cab of the pickup and then go looking for a police vehicle to ram. Once he's gotten law enforcement's attention he leads them on a short chase, just long enough to find a gas station to crash into. When the pumps don't go up in flames he steps out of the pickup, naked but for a vest made of dynamite, waving a shotgun. Then he detonates the dynamite. There's nothing left.



Investigators who hear of the chase on police band radios or a cellphone call from the sheriff's department will have to make three Drive rolls in a row to get to the scene of the climactic confrontation before it's all over. If they only hear about it on the news, they have to make five Drive rolls. A failed Drive roll means they get caught in a traffic snarl and barely miss Knepier's explosion. A Drive roll that comes up 96-00 is a crash. Each agent in the car must make a Luck roll or take 1D6 damage.

Even if they miss the incident, most of it is caught on dashboard video by the pursuing sheriff's deputies. The video plainly shows a naked Johannes Knepier leaping from the crashed truck with a shotgun in hand, a vest filled with row after row of dynamite on his chest.

A Spot Hidden roll either on the scene or watching the video notices a strange dark mark in the middle of Knepier's chest. This is the mark left from his impalement by Glaaki back in 1977. Video enhancement reveals that the mark is not a tattoo or painted on. It is some kind of raised scar. A successful Medicine roll suggests that it is perhaps a raised burn scar. A critical success with a Medicine roll makes the agent sure that the mark is an improperly-healed massive puncture wound.

Agents "lucky" enough to join the chase could be injured or killed when the dynamite explodes. Knepier has no reluctance to set off his bomb, no matter who could be killed or injured. In fact, he'd almost prefer to take some people out. Knepier is wearing six sticks of dynamite. It does 30D6 damage in a two-yard radius, minus 1D6 per additional yard. Cover such as a car, building or ditch reduces the damage by 10D6; concussion from the blast can still do quite a bit of harm even with appropriate cover.

Three police officers, and seven civilians at the gas station are killed when the dynamite and gasoline go off. Keepers might want to fudge things a little to keep the agents safe. However, if they insist on ramming Knepier off the road and rushing his car, there's little that can be done to save them, with one exception: If they kill Knepier's doppelganger in their opening volley of shots, it disappears, leaving the shotgun and dynamite vest behind. If they only wound the doppelganger, the dynamite detonates on Knepier's next action.

Once Knepier blows himself up, the Maricopa County Sheriff's Department assumes that is the end of the case, and begins the process of trying to clean up the damage and heal the lives ruined by Johannes Knepier. With three officers killed, the sheriff's department will be very distracted over the next few days dealing with grief counseling, recriminations from the press, and all the usual fallout from a homicidal maniac succeeding in taking people with him.

The FBI likewise assumes that this is the end of Knepier and the Vlad case. The investigation into Tebbs' death will skid to a halt unless the agents press forward.

## Investigating Tebbs

The Agents may want to check out some of Tebbs' old haunts and inventory his personal effects.

**The Brown Jug:** A bar in Phoenix that Tebbs used to frequent. Knepier never showed his face there. But investigators are welcome to hang out with the barflies. The place is little more than a narrow strip of a bar and a rest room.

**The Snake Bite:** A bar in Phoenix that Tebbs used to frequent. Knepier never showed his face there, either. The Snake Bite is home to an ugly crowd, but not a dangerous one—mostly just old men and women, dried up like mummies in the desert.

**Tebbs' Hotel Room, Tumbleweed Inn, Room 101:** Randall Tebbs was living in the Tumbleweed Inn off Interstate 10, just over the county line from Maricopa County. The Sheriff's Department of Gila County has secured the place for inventory. The inventory is not completed by the time Knepier fakes his death. Once that happens the personal items will merely be gathered and stored at the Gila County Sheriff's Department. The following clues are available for discovery with successful Spot Hidden rolls.

*A Photo:* The photo depicts great uncle Harrison Tebbs: A black-and-white photo of a well-dressed man standing in front of a Cadillac Seville, with the date 02/25/79 on the back. If the investigators contact the Tebbs family in Albuquerque, New Mexico, they will happily identify Harrison as the man in the picture. The photo can be faxed to the FBI offices in Santa Fe and they can show the photo. No need for a car or plane trip.

*Harrison Tebbs' Diary:* This handwritten diary requires ten hours and a Read English roll to read. It can be skimmed in just two hours. A Psychology or Psychiatry roll imparts that Harrison Tebbs suffered from acute megalomania. He believed himself to be immortal and indestructible. His diary describes multiple incidents where he claimed to kill himself only to wake up in his bed. A successful Psychology roll recognizes that Harrison mentally degraded as the diary was written.

In the beginning of the diary Harrison mentions that he found the “doppelganger crown,” as he calls the artifact, in a mine in Bolivia in 1955. He figured out how to use it by accident. Once he comprehended its power—he says it allowed him to magically create duplicates of himself—Harrison used it to commit armed robbery, petty larceny and burglaries. As the crown degraded his sanity, his understanding of who is the doppelganger and who is the real Harrison Tebbs becomes blurry. Near the end of the journal it is apparent that Harrison Tebbs no longer understands that there even is a crown. He truly believes he cannot die. The last journal entry is 7/10/80.

Investigators who follow up on Harrison Tebbs will have access to the official records summarized in Player Handout B.

**The Scene of Tebbs' Murder:** Randall Tebbs was killed in a washout an hour southwest of Phoenix. The entire scene is roped off and is in the process of being excavated by the Maricopa County Sheriff's department. It almost looks like an archeology dig, with the site divided into squares by stakes and lengths of string. The earth is being removed and sifted for particulates. They are doing a very professional job of it.

The chief investigative officer is Lt. Rudy Gossett of the Maricopa County Sheriff's Department. He cooperates with the “Vlad” task force and gives them access to the crime scene and the physical evidence that has been collected.

Investigators will be able to note a few things about the site if they visit it.

*Spot Hidden:* A successful Spot Hidden roll, combined with an Idea roll, indicates that the location was selected for his seclusion. The body was found in a bend in the washout, so that the only place it could be observed from would be directly overhead. It is also well sheltered from the wind. The body was found because of circling buzzards.

*Occult:* A successful Occult roll reveals that the murder scene has the trappings of ritual magic about it. There are signs that candles were burned in a pattern. Part of that pattern appears to have been drawn with the scattering of colored sand or powders on the hard ground. Forensics or Chemistry analysis will reveal that the material used to draw the pattern is nothing more than colored sand. An ordinary Occult roll recognizes the pattern may relate to ancient Sumerian practices. A Cthulhu Mythos roll recognizes the trappings of a ritual sacrifice to Glaaki.

*Spot Hidden or Forensics:* Success with either skill indicates that the exact center of the pattern was where Randall Tebbs was killed. The hard earth is covered in black, dried blood. A Forensics or Zoology roll reveals that it is very unusual that there are not plenty of insects taking advantage of the free meal—no insects are seen in the drying blood at all. If the agents watch, insects actually walk around the blood rather than track through it. Chemistry, Pharmacy, Medicine or Forensics tests in a lab reveal that the blood is not corrupted with any known poisons or substances that would act as an insect repellent.

*Medicine or Forensics:* Success with either skill indicates that the amount of congealed blood indicates massive blood loss, or more than one victim. Death may have been caused by slow blood loss, since more traumatic injuries tend to stop the heart and leave most of the blood within the cadaver. Either that or the victim was allowed to bleed for a long time before he was finished off.

*Spot Hidden and Idea:* Some of the symbols drawn on the ground are the same symbols carved in the shillelachs, symbols hypothesized to be the dead language Aklo, which has occult significance. Agents who specifically ask to compare the symbols do not have to make Spot Hidden or Idea rolls.

## Knepier's Road Trip

His "suicide" complete, Knepier passes out for eight hours for lack of magic points. Once conscious he waits until he recovers fully before moving on.

**Thursday, December 20, 2001:** Knepier checks out of the Motel 6 and discovers that his old car has broken down. Around 2:00 P.M. he encounters a college student, Jacob Freis, who is driving home from school for the holidays. Knepier uses magic to dominate Fries, making him drive them to New York.

Around 8:30 P.M., near Elk City, Oklahoma, knowing his control will soon slip, Knepier has Freis pull over. He gets Fries out and kills him with a shotgun blast to the face. He cuts Freis' fingers off to obscure identification. He drives to Elk City, checks into a motel room and rests for 24 hours to recharge his magic points.

**Friday, December 21, 2001:** Because he is carrying two cases of dynamite and a shotgun, Knepier decides against taking a bus to New York City. He walks to a truck stop and at 10:45 P.M. dominates a trucker into driving him north. The truck driver, Jerry Finch, is now headed in the opposite direction from his delivery.

**Saturday, December 22, 2001:** Before his control starts to slip, around 5:00 A.M. Knepier has Finch pull over into a Red Roof Inn around just outside Republic, Missouri, on I-44. They take a room, pay for three days in advance, and Knepier strangles Finch to death with a power cord. Knepier rest for another 24 hours.

**Sunday, December 23, 2001:** Leaving a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the hotel room door, around 8:00 A.M. Knepier walks to a nearby diner and dominates local farmer Leo Cox into driving

him towards New York. At 4:00 P.M. he pulls over at a Motorlodge motel in Terra Haute, Indiana, just off I-70. He gets a room, rests, and keeps Leo Cox tied up while he recharges his magic points.

**Monday, December 24, 2001:** Knepier and Cox check out at noon. With Cox under domination, Knepier keeps on track for NYC. At 7:00 P.M., as Knepier's control begins to slip, he strangles Cox and dumps him on the side of I-80 just outside Youngstown, Ohio. Anxious to deliver his "Christmas gift," Knepier presses on.

**Tuesday, December 25, 2001:** Knepier reaches New York City around 3:00 A.M. He gets his bomb into position and rents a room in the Rose Hotel overlooking Robert Hubert's limo route between his home and Club Apocalypse.

At 6:18 P.M. Knepier launches his attack. His doppelganger drives a stolen pickup truck into traffic, attempting to reach Hubert's armored limousine, but collides with another car instead. Knepier's double charges the limo on foot, naked but for a dynamite vest, but detonates it too early. It fails to kill Hubert or his bodyguard Oloni.

In his room, Knepier passes out and is unconscious until 2:00 A.M. He leaves his hotel room, gives keys to his room to bag lady, and moves to a flop house in Brooklyn named "Rooms for Rent." He rests.

Lt. Jorge Ramirez, under the influence of Y'golonac, begins shadowing Hubert.



## The Manhunt

The agents will have a hard time convincing anyone that the man seen blowing himself up on video is still at large. The Phoenix police and FBI believe their eyes and the dashboard video cameras. Johannes Knepier is dead, and the only reason that they haven't found his body is the small detail of six sticks of dynamite strapped to his chest. They believe that he simply blown into a fine mist of bone fragments and blood.

However, there are plenty of ways that the agents can get an APB out that will effectively begin a search for Knepier. The agents might fudge details of who they are looking for. Or they might even convince the Phoenix cops that they cannot be sure that the man killed was actually Knepier. He could have been one of Knepier's followers—after all, he got forty-six of them to impale themselves back in Louisiana in '77. Besides, the man in the video looks too young to be Knepier, right? With a Persuade roll, arguments like these will convince the police and FBI to issue an APB.

The agents' success or failure tracking Knepier depends on the parameters of their APB and where they choose to search. Don't allow the agents to find Knepier outright, since that would cut the scenario short.

An Elk City truck-stop waitress might recognize Knepier's photo on the news from the man she saw talking to a trucker, Jerry Finch, on December 21. A cashier at a Republic, Missouri diner might recall Knepier after seeing him talking to local farmer Leo Cox on December 23. A trucker's wife, sitting in the passenger seat, might spot Cox's body in a ditch beside I-80 just east of Youngstown on Christmas Eve.

The agents may quickly realize, based on the Courier's description of "the stricken city" as Knepier's destination and his direction of travel, that Knepier is on his way to New York. That's fine. Arriving in New York before Knepier does not help unless the agents can figure out what his target is.

Agent Cyrus is familiar with Stephen Alzis and the Fate, but he has no idea that Knepier has any connection with them. He will, however, suggest that if Knepier stole some artifact from Tebbs,

he may be taking it to New York City to trade it to "an occult consortium" that deals in dangerous and bizarre items—perhaps even the 12<sup>th</sup> volume of the *Revelations of Glaaki*.

If the agents want to get to New York City fast and figure out how or to whom Knepier plans to sell or trade his artifacts, Agent Cyrus will introduce them to such notables as Jensen Wu and Stephen Alzis.

No matter how the Agents perform, their attention—along with that of federal agents and news organizations everywhere—will be grabbed by Knepier's Christmas Day suicide-bomber attack in New York City. The M.O. (naked white male wearing a dynamite vest) will be almost identical to Knepier's "suicide" in Phoenix.

### Tracking Knepier

While Delta Green and the FBI already know who they are looking for, Knepier is extremely difficult to track. He lacks all human needs. As a Servant of Glaaki, Knepier has complete independence from oxygen, heat, or nourishment. He doesn't need hotels, restaurants or any kind of shelter. He can hide himself at the bottom of lakes, rivers and ponds for unlimited amounts of time. He never sleeps. Only when use of the Doppelganger Crown causes him to pass out by exhausting his magic points is he unaware of his surroundings.

In addition, no one in a bona fide law enforcement agency thinks that Knepier looks like a man under fifty years of age. Knepier has kept himself invisible to normal methods of law enforcement for nearly a quarter of a century.

## New York City

On September 11, 2001—three months before this adventure—the terrorist group Al Qaeda executed a coordinated mass-hijacking and kamikaze attack against the world Trade Center in New York City and the Pentagon in Washington, D.C. A fourth hijacked plane crashed when the passengers rebelled against the hijackers. The World Trade Center, or Twin Towers, collapsed, killing over 3,000 people.

In the months following the attack the city was still in shock, still grieving from the loss of so many lives, and no accurate body count was available. When the agents arrive in NYC, downtown Manhattan is still excavating the rubble.

People are on edge. People feel like they are in a war. People have a sense of mission. But there is also a desperate edge to the atmosphere. People are afraid. People want to escape that fear. Nothing in New York is business as usual.

### Ground Zero

Yes, that Ground Zero: the world's largest crime scene, the rubble of the World Trade Center. Stephen Alzis can often be found here, wandering the piles of rubble, inhaling the scent of death and breathing deep the mourning and despair all around.

When the investigators arrive in New York, McRay makes time to place a phone call in private to Stephen Alzis. Per the treaty (p. 209), he informs Alzis where they are staying in Manhattan and then gives the Delta Green code names of all the agents who are with him. Alzis asks for a meeting at Ground Zero to “meet the troops” and get some things straight.

McRay tells the investigators that they must attend this meeting. Anyone who doesn't want to go can pack their bags and leave the city immediately. He discourages idle chit-chat and warns them not to give their real names to Stephen Alzis.

Remember, McRay suffers SAN loss if the agents defy Alzis or the Fate; see p. 211.

### McRay's Story

McRay is defensive about all this kow-towing before Alzis. He insists that Alzis isn't something you take on directly. He explains that five years ago, Delta Green tried to take Alzis out through assassination and utterly failed. He is not invulnerable. He dies. But he keeps coming back. In retaliation, four good agents vanished and have never been seen again.

McRay insists that he'd love to take out Alzis, but until Delta Green finds his Achilles heel, moving against him is pointless. It has been suggested by some members of Delta Green that Alzis is an ancient and powerful sorcerer who has achieved immortality and the power to resurrect himself due to some talisman, or formula, or perhaps even a pact with some supernatural entity. If pressed, McRay offers his opinion that Alzis is something inhuman disguised as a man, perhaps something that exists outside this plane of existence, and that the thing we perceive as Alzis is nothing more than a hand-puppet thrust through the curtain of reality. Beyond the curtain is the real Stephen Alzis.

The investigators do not necessarily need to use the limo that Alzis sends to pick them up.

### The Witness

Once they arrive at Ground Zero, the investigators find that there are passes waiting for them at any gate they choose to enter. McRay has been given directions to the area where they are supposed to meet Alzis, and he leads the way along brilliantly-lit walkways, past sweat-drenched workers, through the rubble.

The investigators do not have long to wait before Alzis arrives, dressed in a \$7,000 camelhair coat and silk scarf. He doesn't wear a hard-hat, and nobody has thought to ask him to. Nobody at the site seems to notice him at all. If he's pointed out, they don't recognize him but, oddly, don't think his presence remarkable.

Alzis wants to shake hands and chat the investigators up, but McRay only wants to establish why the Delta Green team is in NYC and where their go and no-go areas are. He speaks as little as possible and lets the other agents talk unless they overstep.

Alzis denies that Knepier is coming to New York to sell or trade anything to the Fate, or to engage in any kind of commerce with any member of his organization. He insists that he would know if that were the case.

If Knepier has already attacked Belial, Alzis tells the agents that he's perfectly happy to let Delta Green police up this little inconvenience for him. He tells them they can go where they wish while tracking down Knepier, but they may not damage any



of Alzis' possessions. That means anything owned by Teese Paper Company or Whole World Enterprises. They may question anyone who may reasonably help them track down Knepier.

Alzis makes a big deal about how grateful he will be when Delta Green removes this thorn from his side. Investigators making Psychology rolls detect that Knepier really doesn't worry Alzis at all. It just amuses him to see Delta Green agents tying themselves up in knots because they think they're helping him.

## The Suicide Bomber

The agents will almost certainly hear about Knepier's attack on Hubert after the fact, but they will be able to get access to the crime scene. The FBI, ATF and NYPD are all over the place. They have questioned hundreds of witnesses and begun to remove damaged vehicles.

FBI Special Agent Mark Westmore is in charge of the investigation. He has quickly determined that apart from the suicide-bomber motif, and the fact that the bombing occurred on the holiest Christian holiday, there doesn't seem to be a connection to Al Qaeda or Islamic terrorism. Westmore is worried that unless someone steps forward to claim responsibility and state their agenda, a group of home-grown nut-balls will be harder to find because they are acculturated and fit in. He is only too happy to entertain a possible connection with the "Vlad" task force's serial killer.

Westmore has collected the names of the five people killed and the twenty-one people injured in the bombing. He has collected over one hundred witness statements and the ownership records of all the vehicles damaged in the blast. If the agents review the casualty list, nothing stands out.

If the investigators review the witness statements, they learn the basic sequence of events:

The attack occurred on 6<sup>th</sup> Street in Manhattan. At approximately 6:30 P.M. on Christmas day, a naked man driving a battered pickup truck pulled out into traffic and collided with a laundry delivery truck belonging to the Quick and Ready Laundry Company. The driver of the truck, an unidentified white male, average height, skinny, with long blonde hair, exited the vehicle naked but for a vest into which a large number of sticks of dynamite were sewn. He ran down the line of stopped traffic and detonated his vest, killing himself and five others and injuring twenty-one. No witnesses could give better descriptions than that. It was night, and most were running away.

A successful Read English roll reveals that one of the witnesses believed that the naked bomber appeared to be targeting a limousine. The limo driver saw the bomber and tried to pull

away. The limousine was just gaining ground when the bomb exploded.

The limo was driven by a Mr. Oloni—no first name—and carried music producer and club manager Robert Hubert. Neither Hubert nor Oloni were injured. Hubert credits their bomb-resistant and bullet-proof limousine. In the statement he does not mention seeing the attacker or pulling away before the blast. Oloni speaks no English. According to the statement, Hubert manages Club Apocalypse.

Agent Cyrus recognizes Hubert and Club Apocalypse immediately. Hubert is a member of the Fate, and the club is its favorite meeting-place. Cyrus has been there before, deep into its secret under-levels. He hates the place.

Consulting a map shows that the site of the bomb attack was less than a block from Club Apocalypse. It is definitely on a possible route from Hubert's townhouse to the club.

If the agents review the list of damaged vehicles, a successful Read English roll reveals that an armored limousine belonging to Whole Earth Enterprises was badly damaged during the attack. They can also determine the limo's ownership by following up on the statement by Hubert. If they have had contact with Alzis they will know that Whole Earth Enterprises is one of his properties and that he told the agents not to harm its assets or personnel.

If the investigators reach the scene immediately after the bombing, they can interview Hubert, Oloni and other witnesses in person. See **Interviewing Hubert**, p. 224, for more on Hubert's response.

## Following Up

If the agents go to the police impound yard where the damaged vehicles are stored, they can examine the limousine. The vehicle is very badly damaged. Concussion blew out the bulletproof windows and crumbled armored doors. The vehicle impound report reveals that it was rolled over by the blast several times and ended up on its roof. A Forensics, First Aid or Medicine roll reveals that it seems unlikely in the extreme that neither the passenger or the driver could be unscathed by the attack.

Also at the vehicle impound yard is the attacker's pickup truck. Its plates and registration match it to Leo Cox, a farmer from Republic, Missouri. He has been missing since December 23. If he has not been found already (see **The Manhunt**, p. 219), on December 25 Ohio State Troopers find Leo Cox dumped on the side of I-80 just outside Youngstown, Ohio. Initial assessment is that he was strangled with a wire like a power cord. Special Agent Marc Westmore will have the information by early morning, December 26.

Agents who canvas hotels in the area of the bombing with a picture of Johannes Knepier from 1977 find that he has a room at the Rose Hotel, which is rented through December 27. If they kick the door in before Knepier is due to check out, they find that the room is occupied by a bag lady calling herself Stella DeWinter. She is very old and suffers from no small amount of senility. She doesn't even know what her given name is, just the street name she has adopted. She does, however, recognize Johannes Knepier as the "nice man" who gave her his room key. Knepier told her that the room was paid through the 27<sup>th</sup> and that she could stay and keep warm. Obviously, "Stella" will be less cooperative if the agents rough her up or shoot up the room.

## The D Stacks Collection

The D Stacks Collection is a section of the American Museum of Natural History where unclassifiable artifacts end up. Dr. Jensen Wu, a Delta Green "friendly," is the curator. Both are described fully in *Delta Green: Countdown*.

Wu's primary interest during the scenario will be (in order of importance to Dr. Wu) protecting his own life, protecting his collection, and (lastly) stopping Knepier.

Wu has access to mystical and forbidden knowledge that the investigators may need to defeat the plans of Glaaki, Y'golonac and Nyarlathotep. Many spells in Wu's arsenal will be necessary to close the gate the Glaaki at the bottom of Lake Chimagua. If the investigators are stuck, Wu is an excellent source of hints or clues. He can also provide the agents with very concrete and specific information on the Fate and the ghouls under Manhattan—if they ask.

If things get ugly between Delta Green and the Fate, Wu immediately makes himself unavailable to the investigators, taking a sudden sabbatical to Europe.

Once Alzis withdraws his protection from Hubert, Wu will urge that Delta Green take advantage of the situation and take out Hubert before the mercurial Alzis changes his mind.

### Jerry Finch, R.I.P.

The morning of December 26, cleaning staff find the body of Jerry Finch in the Red Roof Inn outside Republic, Missouri. If there is any known connection between Finch and Knepier, this news gets passed up to McRay later that day.

## Dr. Jensen Wu

**Director of Antiquities, D Stacks, AMNH, Delta Green friendly, age 63**

**Sex:** M

**Race:** Chinese

**Nationality:** American

**STR 10    CON 11    SIZ 8    INT 15    POW 18**  
**DEX 10    APP 11    EDU 23    SAN 57    HP 9**

**Damage Bonus:** None

**Attacks:** Fist of Yog-Sothoth

**Education:** Ph.D., Anthropology/Archeology, University of Pennsylvania

### Skills

Accounting 14%, Anthropology 41%, Archeology 50%, Architecture 39%, Art History 32%, Astronomy 26%, Cartography 12%, Chemistry 14%, Conceal 39%, Computer Use 12%, Cthulhu Mythos 22%, Forensics 11%, Geology 40%, History 37%, Library Use 35%, Listen 50%, Natural History 43%, Occult 51%, Persuade 61%, Spot Hidden 39%

### Languages

Aklo 24%, Chinese (Mandarin) 83%, English (native) 100%, English (Middle) 37% French 29%, Italian 11%, Japanese 14%, Latin 78%

### Spells

Augur, Baneful Dust of Hermes Trismegistus, Banishment of Yde Etad, Bind Enemy, Chant of Thoth, Call/Dismiss Azathoth, Call/Dismiss Cthugha, Call/Dismiss Hastur, Call/Dismiss Nyogtha, Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath, Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth, Cloud Memory, Contact Elder Thing, Contact Ghoul, Contact Hound of Tindalos, Contact Nyarlathotep, Contact Sand Dweller, Covenant\*, Create Srying Window, Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Dust of Suleiman, Elder Sign, Eye of Light and Darkness, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Powder of Ibn Ghazi, Resurrection, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Voorish Sign

\* *Spells marked with an asterix are new to this book.*

### Physical Description

Wu is a tiny, fit Chinese man who dresses conservatively in vests and trousers. His long, wispy gray hair is held back in a loose ponytail, and he is never without his day-planner. Wu's demeanor is disquieting. His assurance and quiet confidence often can bypass even the strictest barriers of law or consequence. He can sell the most ruthless or amoral plans, and has often had to. He allows others to lie for him by not saying anything, and can convey great amounts of information with nothing more than a shrug.

## Club Apocalypse

At some point, the agents will probably end up at Club Apocalypse. After all, Club Apocalypse is the dark heart of New York's occult underground and the center of the Fate's operations. Club Apocalypse is the most likely place to meet with Robert Hubert and question him about the attack against his limo.

Agents who enter Club Apocalypse will be immersed in an environment that has one foot in the "normal" world and the other in the world beyond. Club Apocalypse is less like a worn patch in the fabric of time-space than a piece of shrapnel lodged deep in the muscle, the source of the infection that is turning the limb gangrenous. It should give experienced Mythos investigators the willies.

If the agents say they are taking the time to look around and make Spot Hidden rolls, the Keeper should allow them to see several unusual or abnormal events. If the agents do not take a hard look around, the Keeper should content himself with describing Club Apocalypse as just another crowded, trendy club, filled with dancers, drinkers, smokers and partiers.

The night of December 26, Knepier makes an appearance at Club Apocalypse, using his doppelganger to search for the 12<sup>th</sup> volume of the *Revelations of Glaaki*. The club gives the Keeper a lot of options the throw some weirdness the agents' way.

## Catching the Vibe

There is something insidious about the atmosphere at Club Apocalypse. Watching the crowd of beautiful, wild dancers thrashing to the beat pounding from the speakers has a vaguely hypnotic effect. The dance floor attracts with its feral call to join the pack, and repels because the dancers are part of something the agents can never really join.

At some point one of these beautiful animals breaks from the pack and tries to pull an agent into the crowd of dancers. The dancer's eyes are wild and bright, flashing with energy. He or she babbles entreaties to join the dance floor, in a nonsensical word-salad that sounds like some ancient, extinct tongue—Aklo, Hyperborean, Latin, Etruscan, whatever one of the agents might recognize. Recognizing this club kid using an ancient language while high on drugs is worth a Sanity roll, costing 0/1 SAN. The dancer has no idea that he or she was speaking anything other than English.

## The Keepers of the Faith

Delta Green is aware of the tribe of ghouls living under Manhattan known as "The Keepers of the Faith." Delta Green is also aware that as ghouls go, they are not a threat to anything other than peoples' sensitivities regarding the disposal of their loved ones' bodies.

If the Agents have any personal experience with the Keepers of the Faith, they may want to go to them for information or help. The ghouls will be unavailable during the course of this scenario. For the next several months the Keepers of the Faith will be very busy tunneling under and through the World Trade Center rubble, devouring the dead. Their faith assured them that if they stayed put in Manhattan, there would be a great day of feasting. Most of the Keepers think that the World Trade Center is their reward for faithful service.

## Emmanuel Hutchins

As described on p. 48, Emmanuel Hutchins is a monster disguised as a human using a spell called Pose Mundane. His human shape is that of an ugly, dirty, Hispanic-looking teenager, dressed in dingy sweats and ratty tennis shoes. He looks completely out of place in the stylish club, not the least because he appears far too young to be there.

Anyone who challenges him on this point, asks for I.D. or the like, thinking they can give Club Apocalypse a hard time about serving drinks to a minor, is greeted by a nearly nonsensical response. Hutchins doesn't communicate well with anyone but Alzis. Hutchins responds to most questions by giggling like a congenital idiot and smiling wetly. Employees of the club will caution the agents to leave Hutchins alone. "He's a friend of the owner." Psychology rolls reveal that the club employees are not trying to protect Hutchins. They are worried for the agents.

Hutchins stares dumbly, smiles stupidly, and smells funny. Agents making Chemistry rolls identify the smells as ammonia, chlorine and sulfur. Making a Know roll instead of Chemistry only reveal that the smells are bleach, pool cleaner and rotten eggs.

If you're feeling particularly obvious you may allow a second Spot Hidden roll combined with a Luck roll to spot Hutchins' shadow stretching away from him, undulating, snaky and enormous. SAN cost: 0/1D3. A Cthulhu Mythos roll recognizes it as a hunting horror. That brings the SAN cost up to 1/1D6.

## Not On the List

While entering or exiting Club Apocalypse, the agents see bouncers running off a ratty, poorly-bundled homeless man, toothless and whip-thin, in his late sixties, covered with scabs and dirt. The man keeps pleading: "My body is in there! It's in there! I need it back, please! I'm sorry! Please! I'm sorry!"

The man is a victim of one of the Fate's more horrible punishments, described on p. 57. If the agents try to track the man down later, they will not be able to find him. He will have melted back into New York's homeless population.

If they try and speak to him at the moment they see him being ejected, club security assures them that the man is "just crazy." If the agents insist, they will not be able to get much out of the poor man.

He insists that he is a young real-estate attorney named Jeffrey Taylor. He claims his body is inside Club Apocalypse. It was shot, he says, but maybe they can fix it. He weeps hysterically and trails off into apologies and promises to give "it" back. He will not say what "it" is. If the agents press him, he gets angry and scared and runs away, screaming, "You can't take my mind!" If they pursue him, he runs into traffic and gets struck by a cab and killed. His fingerprints and photograph turn up on no government records.

Checks with the New York bar reveal that a real-estate attorney named Jeffrey Taylor did indeed vanish six months ago. No trace of him has been found.

This incident is a red herring that might distract the agents far longer than it need to, so Keepers beware.

## Business As Usual

The agents may observe some of the clientele of Club Apocalypse engaging in various kinds of low-end mystical or occult activities, such as divination with a common deck of Tarot cards. Spot Hidden rolls may also reveal various Neophytes and Adepts of the Fate scurrying through the public areas of the Club to the Green Bar, a restricted area where the supernatural business of the Club is conducted. Sweaty, nervous types can be seen carrying old books, sculptures wrapped in paper and bound with string, wooden boxes willed with fragments of shattered artifacts, fragments of scrolls, *etc.* 99.9999% of these items are completely useless, not magical artifacts or reservoirs of occult power, but these toadying sycophants bring them anyway to curry favor.

## Memory Lane

The walls of the club are covered with pictures of Robert Hubert hanging out with famous rock stars, celebrities and pop culture icons. A successful Know roll observes that all the celebrities are

now dead. Another successful Know roll reveals that the celebrities are from many different eras, stretching back to the 1960s. Hubert does not appear to age at all from one photo to the next.

## Interviewing Hubert

Any meetings between Hubert and the agents will be held in Hubert's "Mundane," a normal-looking office he keeps just behind the Green Bar of Club Apocalypse. Hubert tolerates questions about Knepier and the bombing attack, but does not answer honestly. He denies knowing who the bomber was, denies knowing who Knepier is or having any past association with him, and claims to have no idea why he was attacked. This last statement is partially true; for all his own communion with Glaaki at Lake Chimagua, Hubert has no idea why his former servant is trying to murder him.

Psychology rolls will be able to detect Hubert's lies, but Hubert is intractable when confronted with them.

Hubert will, in turn, try to question the agents and find out what Knepier is up to and how he could have survived the attack.

## Jorge Ramirez

The investigators are not the only ones with an interest in Club Apocalypse. Jorge Ramirez watches the place from outside every night, usually keeping just outside the range enforced by his restraining order. If the agents stake out Club Apocalypse, they will spot Ramirez staking out the club, too. If the agents approach him in a non-confrontational manner, they may gain an ally. A sweaty, shaky, possessed-by-Y'gonolac ally, but an ally nonetheless.

Ramirez will ask to join up with the Delta Green agents, sharing what he knows about the Fate and Hubert. Whether the investigators want to hook up with the twitchy, pale, overweight, washed-up detective, whose oozing, years-old wounds require their dressing be changed regularly, is up to them. If they do, he can reveal interesting things about Robert Hubert—such as the location of Hubert's U-Store-It locker (p. 46).

If they don't bring Ramirez along and he thinks they know something about the Fate, particularly Hubert, that he does not, he will follow them. What the investigators do about him following them is their discretion. Ramirez will not be discouraged by anything short of lethal force. He is a man obsessed.

Ramirez makes a nice device to pull investigators' bacon out of the fire. He can easily show up in the nick of time without stretching believability. He can also make an interesting player character, if you know the player won't mind playing to Ramirez' obsessions and relationship with Y'gonolac.



TODD '07

## December 26-27:

### Knepier in the Club

At 2:00 A.M. the night of Wednesday, December 26, Knepier begins stalking around Club Apocalypse with his nude dop-pelganger, trying to find Volume 12 of the *Revelations of Glaaki*. This causes disturbances around the club. No complaints reach the ears of the police or the investigators, but any agents spying on the club can tell from changes in the body language and radio talk of the bouncers that something strange is going on inside.

After a night of dodging and fighting with Hubert's minions, Knepier is frustrated with his inability to find the book.

Finally, Knepier goes out to buy the tools he will need to perform the ritual known as "the Courier," in order to get more instructions from Glaaki. Around noon on December 27, Knepier dominates hardware shop owner Herbert Laumer into driving out to an isolated section of Fire Island National Seashore Reserve just off Long Island, where he uses Laumer as the Courier. Glaaki does not contact Knepier. Frustrated again, Knepier leaves Laumer's body outside between the sand dunes.

## December 27-28:

### Flight and Pursuit

After Knepier's night invading the club, Hubert, feeling vulnerable, decides to withdraw to the Lake Chimagua resort and set a trap to lure Knepier out there and kill him. He leaves around 6:00 P.M., just after dark, having club employees smuggle him and Oloni in a massive food cart out to a waiting van. Expecting Knepier to hunt down Hubert's associates and employees and torture the information out of them, Hubert lets slip in front of the workers—and Emmanuel Hutchins—that he is going to his resort on Lake Chimagua.

Jorge Ramirez, ever obsessed with Club Apocalypse, observes Hubert's covert flight and follows him. Hubert and Ramirez arrive at the resort at 10:00 P.M.

Once Ramirez knows where the resort is, Y'gonolac knows, and the Great Old One passes the information on to Knepier. Knepier goes looking for someone to dominate. By 11:00 P.M. he has a car and legal secretary Jeanie Segal doesn't. He lets her live, but she has no memory of giving him her car, or even that she had a car to give him. Knepier drives out to Lake Chimagua, arriving around 3:00 A.M., Friday, December 28.

## Finding Lake Chimagua

The most important thing the agents can discover at Club Apocalypse is Robert Hubert's evacuation from New York to the Lake Chimagua resort. If the agents have Club Apocalypse under surveillance, they can spot Hubert and Oloni being smuggled out at 6:00 P.M. on the 27<sup>th</sup>. This requires a Spot Hidden roll and good timing. If the agents ask NYPD detectives or FBI agents to watch the club, assign a Spot Hidden skill of 50% to the roll.

Following Hubert and Oloni out of the city without being noticed will be very difficult without multiple cars and tails. If the agents try to follow using just one car, they must make four successful Drive rolls. For each roll that fails, the Servant of Glaaki driving the van gets a Spot Hidden roll at 25% skill to spot them. For each extra vehicle used in the tail, reduce the number of necessary Drive rolls by one.

If the agents miss seeing Hubert leaving Club Apocalypse for Lake Chimagua, there are ways for them to track him down.

## Hubert's Properties

First there is a title search for all the property that Hubert owns. This results in hundreds of locations. If the agents have done some research and realized that they are dealing with a cult of Glaaki worshippers, they should also have realized that Glaaki temples and rituals are associated with bodies of water. If they narrow the search by cross-referencing which properties have bodies of water on them, the list will be considerably shorter. There are other vacation properties on the list with creeks and ponds, but none with a lake like the big, abandoned resort in the Catskills.

## The Lord of Sleep

It is possible to find the Lake Chimagua resort by hanging out at Club Apocalypse and fishing for information. Sooner or later, Anton Merriweather, the lead singer of Charnel Dreams and a Lord of the Fate himself, will make himself known to the agents.

Merriweather will try and tease the agents, hinting he knows where Hubert is and then trying to get the agents to agree to do some nasty bit of dirty work in exchange for the information. First, Merriweather asks them to each fill a wooden bowl with blood for him. If they reject that offer (and they had better), he suggests that there is a man up in the Bronx who has an item he'd like to have, and offers to tell the agents where they can find Hubert if

they bring Merriweather the item and proof of the man's death. Merriweather laughs at threats of violence, explaining that he is protected by Stephen Alzis and that if the agents do anything to harm him, nightmarish revenge will follow.

Curtis McRay advises the agents not to agree to any such deal. He also reminds the agents that, yes, Merriweather is protected, so roughing him up is not an option.

Since this oily little scumbag really does want to tell the agents where Hubert is, he will give up the information if the agents turn him down on his offer and start to walk away.

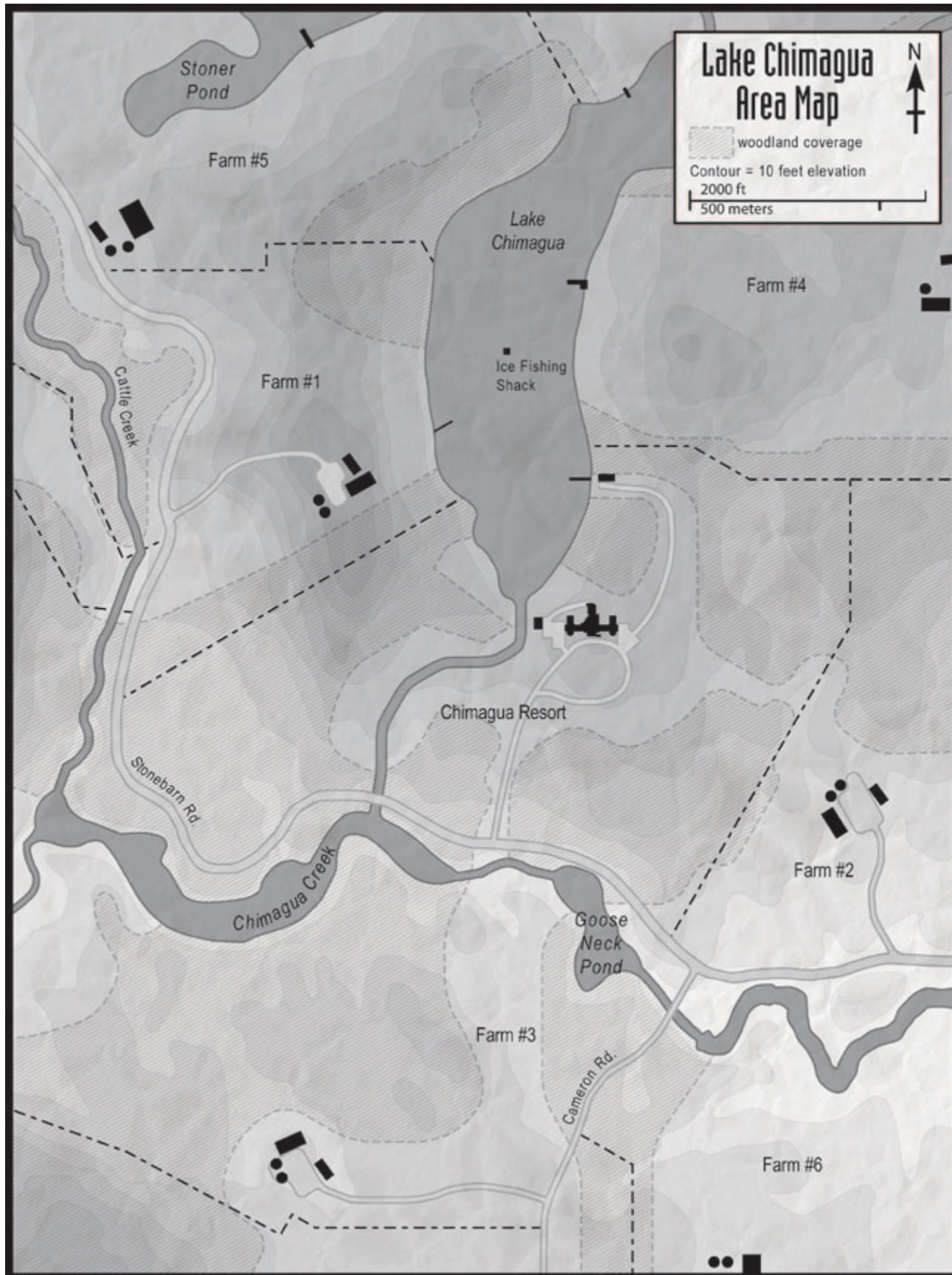
Merriweather will also cough up the information if the agents suggest that if he doesn't cooperate and the agents find Hubert on their own, then they will be sure to lie and tell Hubert that Merriweather ratted him out. That possibility *does* frighten Merriweather. He doesn't want to take the chance that Hubert might come after him if the agents cause any real trouble.

## Ramirez

If the agents have set up a good relationship with Ramirez, the former police officer will call them once he follows Hubert to Lake Chimagua. However, since Ramirez is possessed by Y'gonolac, the Great Old One interferes. By inducing searing pains, Y'gonolac forces Ramirez to stop his call. But Ramirez does not hang up the phone immediately, giving the agents the opportunity to trace the call to a pay phone at a diner on the side of Stonebarn Road, a meandering country road in the Catskills. By cross-referencing that location with a list of properties owned by Hubert, the agents can find that the Lake Chimagua resort is nearby.

If the agents encountered Ramirez and decided to keep him under surveillance, it will be possible for them to follow him as he follows Hubert to Lake Chimagua. Following Ramirez will be easier than following Hubert, since Ramirez is too busy trying to follow Hubert to check for tails himself. He gets only one Spot Hidden roll, and he will keep following Hubert even if he notices the investigators.

If the agents decide to lock up Ramirez, to keep him out of the way of the investigation, Y'gonolac will send agonizing pains to force Ramirez to go collect its book. He will eventually attempt anything to get free. If the agents have lost Hubert altogether, they can even use Ramirez and his agonies as a kind of compass to track down Lake Chimagua.



## Lake Chimagua Resort

The Lake Chimagua Resort was once a grand old Catskills holiday getaway. Agents who do a little research will discover that the resort was established in 1917 and operated as a family business until the enterprise went broke in 1961. It was sold, remodeled, and failed again in 1964, 1967 and 1969, whereupon the State of New York seized the property for failure to pay property taxes. It sat idle until Robert Hubert purchased it in 1973. Nothing much was done to keep the property up between then and now. Hubert didn't want to waste any effort cleaning up the place until he could be sure that the lake had been properly consecrated to Glaaki.

Digging deeper into the resort's history reveals a couple of accidental deaths—drownings in the lake, handymen falling off the roof, that sort of thing. They are unconnected to the new darkness that has descended onto the lake. They are just the statistical sorts of deaths that most places accrue over the course of nearly eighty years. There are no Indian burial grounds. The lake isn't the site of an ancient meteor strike. It was just a resort in the Catskills that went belly up when America changed what it did with its summers.

Robert Hubert has dedicated himself to consecrating Lake Chimagua to his master, Glaaki. Over the past twenty-eight years he has assembled sacrifices and performed rituals. The Call Glaaki spell has succeeded. The lake is now a portal through which the Great Old One can manifest.

Since 1973, nearly 60 people have been sacrificed to Glaaki on the shores of this lake, their bodies weighted with stones and dropped into its icy depths. Once the gate opened on October 31, 2001, 15 of Hubert's victims rose from their watery graves, dragging their stones with them. Now they form the cadre of Hubert's cult. All are young, attractive blond men who were kidnapped from all across the North East and Mid-Atlantic states. Each of them appears in the national missing-persons database. Some have been missing for over a decade, and yet do not appear to have aged a day since they disappeared.

Hubert's servants are, however, unskilled labor. They simply do not have the skills of electricians and carpenters. For the first month or so following the consecration of the lake, Hubert kept his servants working on jobs requiring a minimum of skill, such as groundskeeping and clearing out rubbish.

In the meantime, Hubert used his contacts with the Fate to search for skilled people with terminal illnesses, who did not have extensive family or social entanglements that would complicate their disappearance. He secured the services of two individuals

who met his criteria, Ryan West and Pauli Capronelli. Both were forcibly given "communion with the Impaler" and are now Servants of Glaaki.

Now Hubert's fellow Servants of Glaaki labor both day and night, without need of sleep, food or water, to bring the crumbling resort back to its former glory. They are not giving the job of repairing the hotel to a contractor, because they intend to make certain architectural changes that will make it easier to "recruit" new Servants for Glaaki once the hotel is re-opened as a hospice for those dying of terminal illnesses.

After two months of work, the Servants have nearly completed the process of stripping out all the furniture, fixtures and other items that need to be removed. They are now installing some secret doors, passages and stairways.

## The Grounds

A high brick wall eight feet tall surrounds the entire property. It is not difficult to scale because the grounds outside the wall are heavily overgrown. There are plenty of places along the wall where trees are close enough to assist in getting over the wall.

The Servants of Glaaki have had time to clear the brush and trim the trees back from their side of the wall, so getting out is much more difficult. The Servants have made excellent progress clearing out the undergrowth on the property. While there are still plenty of trees, ground cover is sparse and there is little to hide behind.

**Dumpsters:** There are three industrial-sized dumpsters parked in front of the resort. Each is stacked high with broken plaster, shredded carpet and damaged molding that has been torn out. There is even a slide set up so that rubbish tossed out the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor windows will end up in one of the dumpsters.



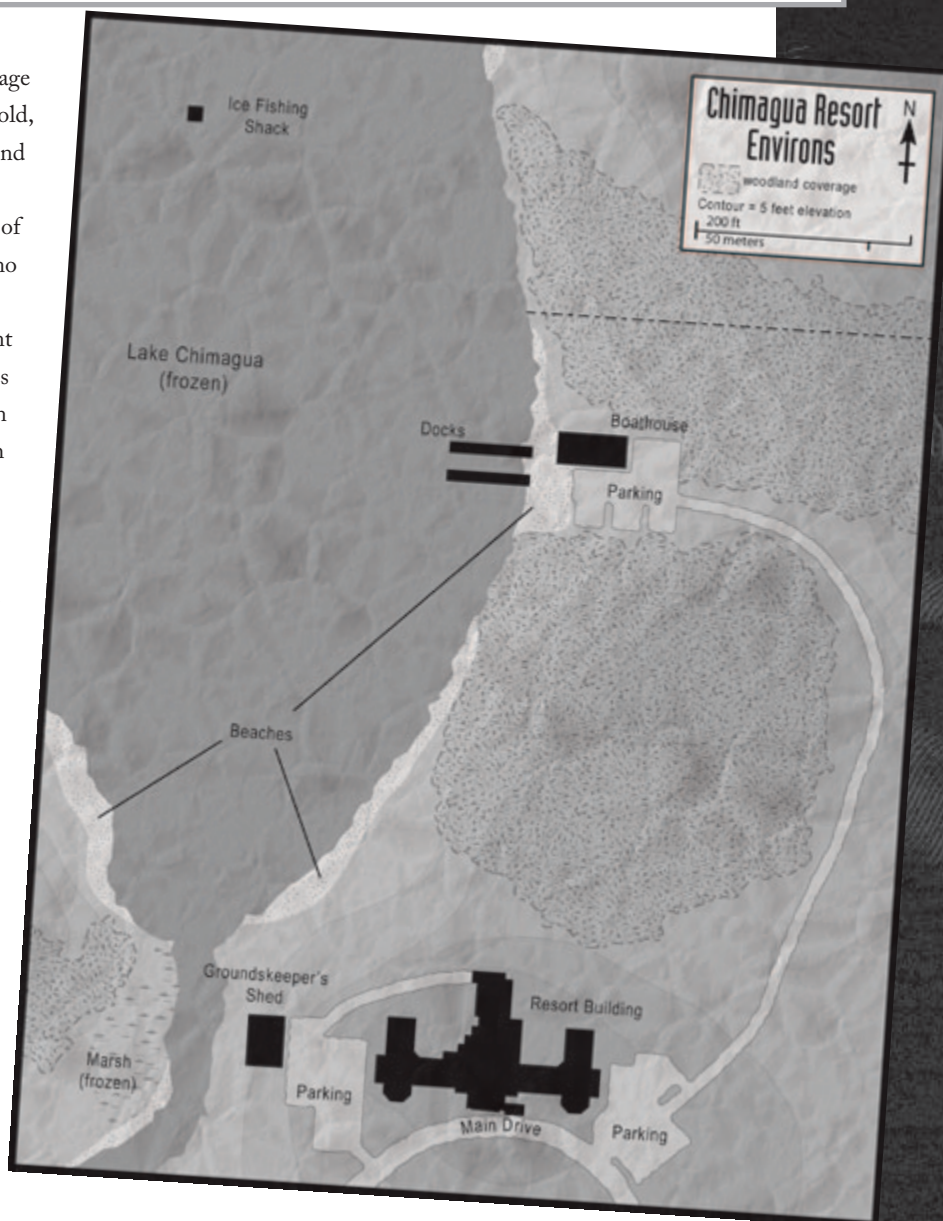
**Groundskeeper's Shed:** A modern aluminum storage barn now stands on the foundations of what was an old, dilapidated shed. It houses the groundskeeper's tools and equipment.

**The Lake:** The lake is frozen very solid at this time of year. The ice is perfectly safe to walk on, but there is no reason to let the agents know that.

Keepers looking to give their agents a nasty moment should consider the horrible sounds that Glaaki's spines make as they scrape against the underside of the frozen lake—or the sight of spines beginning to pop up through the thick ice as the Great Old One rises.

**The Ice-Fishing Shack:** At the epicenter of the lake is a new ice-fishing shack. The Glaaki Servants plan to use the hole cut in the ice inside the shack to lower their sacrifices/ supplicants down to Glaaki on a rope, where they can be impaled and injected with Glaaki's venom and then hauled back out. The shack is devoid of fishing gear. There is only ice-cutting gear, and a winch-and-pulley system with nylon harness for lowering the sacrifices down to Glaaki.

**The Docks and the Boathouse:** At the edge of the lake are a pair of rickety wooden docks leaning on unsteady wooden pilings. They are unsafe to walk on and anyone walking on them should make a SIZ check vs. the dock's STR of 9 to keep from plunging the five feet to the ice. A fall will cause 1D6 damage from splintered wood and rusty nails. The boathouse is equally rotten. It was originally a storage area for canoes, rowboats and other pleasure craft for the lake. They are piled inside, rusting. The Servants intend to tear this structure down soon and replace them.



## The Hotel Interiors

The interiors of the Lake Chimagua resort have been gutted. The carpets have been torn up. They were the first things to go. The wallpaper has been torn down and the rotten plaster has been pounded out with hammers. The entire place is now has a fine layer of dust, coating everything. The process of stripping the hotel prior to refurbishing it is enormous.

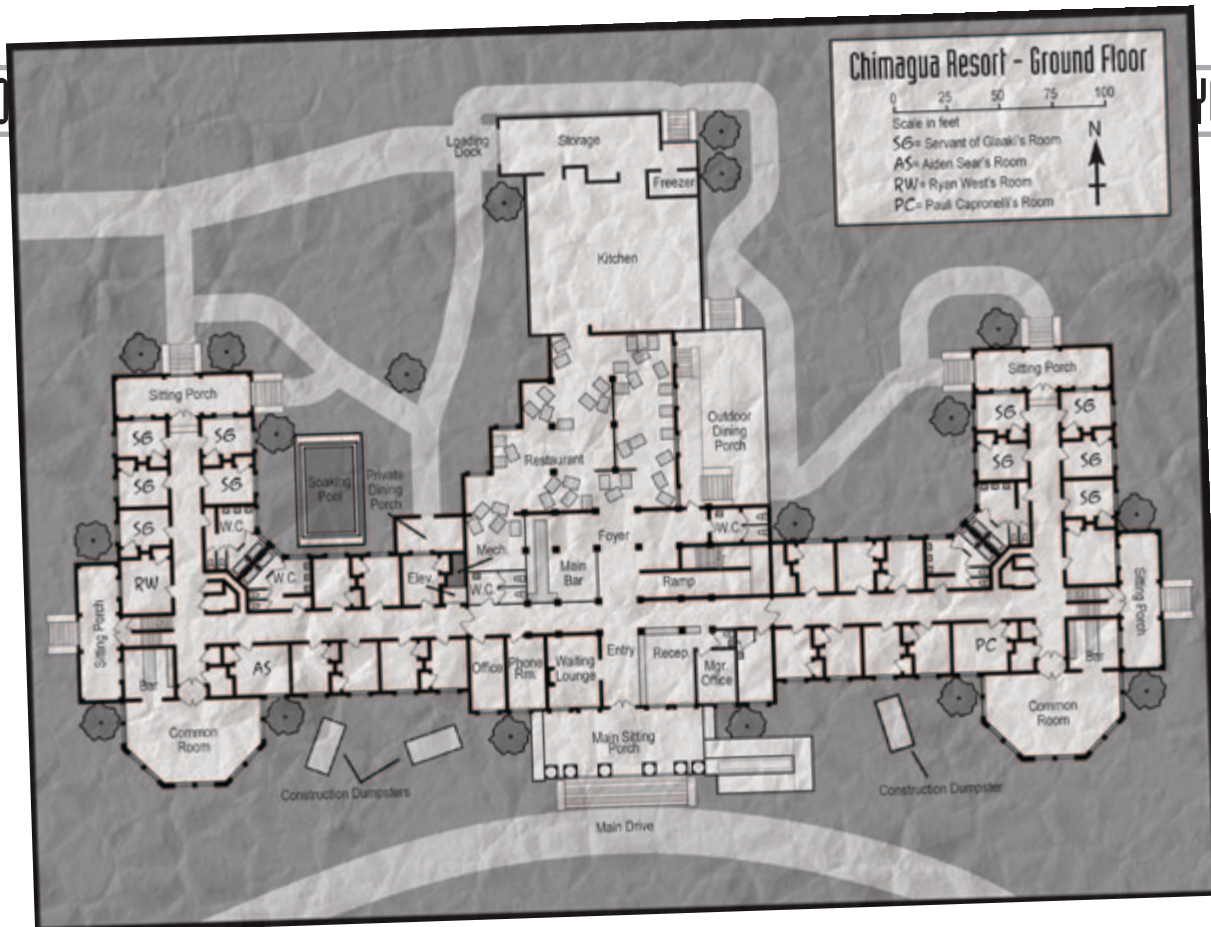
At this point in the resort's restoration, Hubert is considering his options for installing secret passages between some of the rooms and floors. There are no phones installed in the resort. The power is off as the rewiring continues, but the hallways are filled with medium-duty orange extension cables running from the gasoline-powered generator. The Servants all have cell phones.

## The First Floor

Of the three levels, the first floor is most littered with construction tools, drywall, cement bags and lumber.

**Bathrooms (W.C.):** The bathrooms are common bathrooms, segregated by sex, and have shower stalls, toilets and sinks. The showers and toilet stalls are made of tile and concrete and are very sturdy. The tile floors and walls are mostly intact, as are the bathroom fixtures. None of the bathrooms have any running water or working toilets. This should seem odd to anyone who notices that the work crew repairing the resort are living here.

**Common Rooms:** The common rooms used to be lounges where guests could lay about and use the resort's extensive library or listen to the radio. In later years these rooms each contained



a television set. All the books, old radios and TVs have been removed. Right behind each common room is a small bar.

**Front Desk:** The front desk is open onto the foyer and the large staircase that leads to the second floor and down to the basement. There is nothing behind the counter.

**Kitchen:** The kitchen, a huge affair, has actually seen less gutting than the rest of the hotel. The white tile floor remains intact, and the ovens, ranges, freezers and dishwashing equipment are mostly intact, if a little dated and rusty. The ovens and fixtures are being cleaned daily, but nothing works, and none of the pantries have any food.

**Main Bar:** The stained oak bar, with its brass railing and huge, ornate mirror, have all survived the remodeling, but none of the tables, chairs or stools remain. There is no alcohol behind the bar. The main bar is not separated from the restaurant or lobby by a full wall, but by a four-foot-high brick wall topped with empty planters. Nothing is growing in them at the moment.

**Manager's Office:** This room is almost completely empty. There is a desk and a row of filing cabinets.

**Restaurant:** This area has been used to stack all the furniture that they have cleared from the rooms on the first floor. It is a maze of desks, bedframes, dressers and the like. There is excellent cover for keeping hidden here. Hubert's intent is to bring antique dealers in to buy the old furnishings.

**Salons:** The salons on the first floor were designed for social settings, such as playing games with other guests, reading, and even playing instruments. Now they are empty rooms.

**Guest Rooms—Unoccupied:** These rooms are bare and empty. With the plaster stripped, all the walls show the bare wood underneath.

**Guest Rooms—Servants of Glaaki:** These rooms are occupied by the Servants of Glaaki that are working on the resort. One day they will become the live-in staff for the place when it is converted into a hospice. The walls are bare and stripped, the floors bare board. The closets contain the Servant's work clothes. There are chairs, small writing desks and even beds. But the beds have never been slept in. The Servants of Glaaki require no sleep. Each Servant keeps a rifle or shotgun and a pistol in his room.

**Guest Room—Aiden Sear:** Aiden's room is better apportioned than the other Servants, but only just barely. Sear keeps his 12-gauge Mossberg, with a folding stock, here.

**Guest Room—Ryan West:** West has gone to great lengths to make his room as comfortable as possible, despite the fact that he does not need such comforts. He has sorted through the resort's furniture and selected some of the finest, save for what ended up in Robert Hubert's room.

**Guest Room—Pauli Capronelli:** Capronelli's room contains only a bare cot. There is nothing much in this room except Capronelli's clothes, some personal tools, and about a hundred cartons of Camel unfiltered cigarettes. Some habits are hard to kick even when you are dead.

## The Second Floor

The second floor sees much less traffic than the ground floor, where

most of the work is going on. Hubert's suite has been remodeled but the rest of the floor waits for work to finish elsewhere.

**Bathrooms (W.C.):** See the first-floor description.

**Common Rooms:** See the description for the first-floor common rooms.

**Hubert's Suite:** Robert Hubert has the largest suite in the resort. It is the only one with a private bathroom—not that he needs it. It has been furnished with the best furniture and fixtures in the resort. Oriental rugs cover the hardwood floors, the couch is covered with decorative cushions, the four-poster bed has a big canopy over it, the polished wood of the dressers and coffee table gleam.

Hubert has brought a number of mystical item and texts with him to the resort. They are stored in a standing safe next to the bed. These include:

The Cthulhu statuette (see p. 78).

*Monsters and their Kynde* (see p. 83).

*The Revelations of Glaaki*, volumes I-XII (see p. 84).

Among his papers Hubert has a map of Lake Chimagua, meticulously marked with the exact locations of the ritual sacrifices that consecrated the lake. The exact locations of the sacrifices were critical to the successful consecration of the lake to Glaaki.

**Hubert's Suite—Oloni's Room:** Oloni would stand in the corner for a year awaiting orders if Hubert ordered it. As it is, there is a bed for him and an armoire to store his weapons. Other

than the weapons, there is nothing in this room that suggests any of the occupant's personality.

**The Salons:** See the description for the first-floor salons.

**Theatre:** The seating area has been cleared and used to segregate all of the furniture, paintings, and other salvageable items from the second floor. It is similar to the setup in the first floor restaurant, only less densely packed.

**Theatre—Backstage:** This area is well cleared out. The dressing rooms and set and costume storage areas are empty, save for all the folding chairs that are now stored back here.

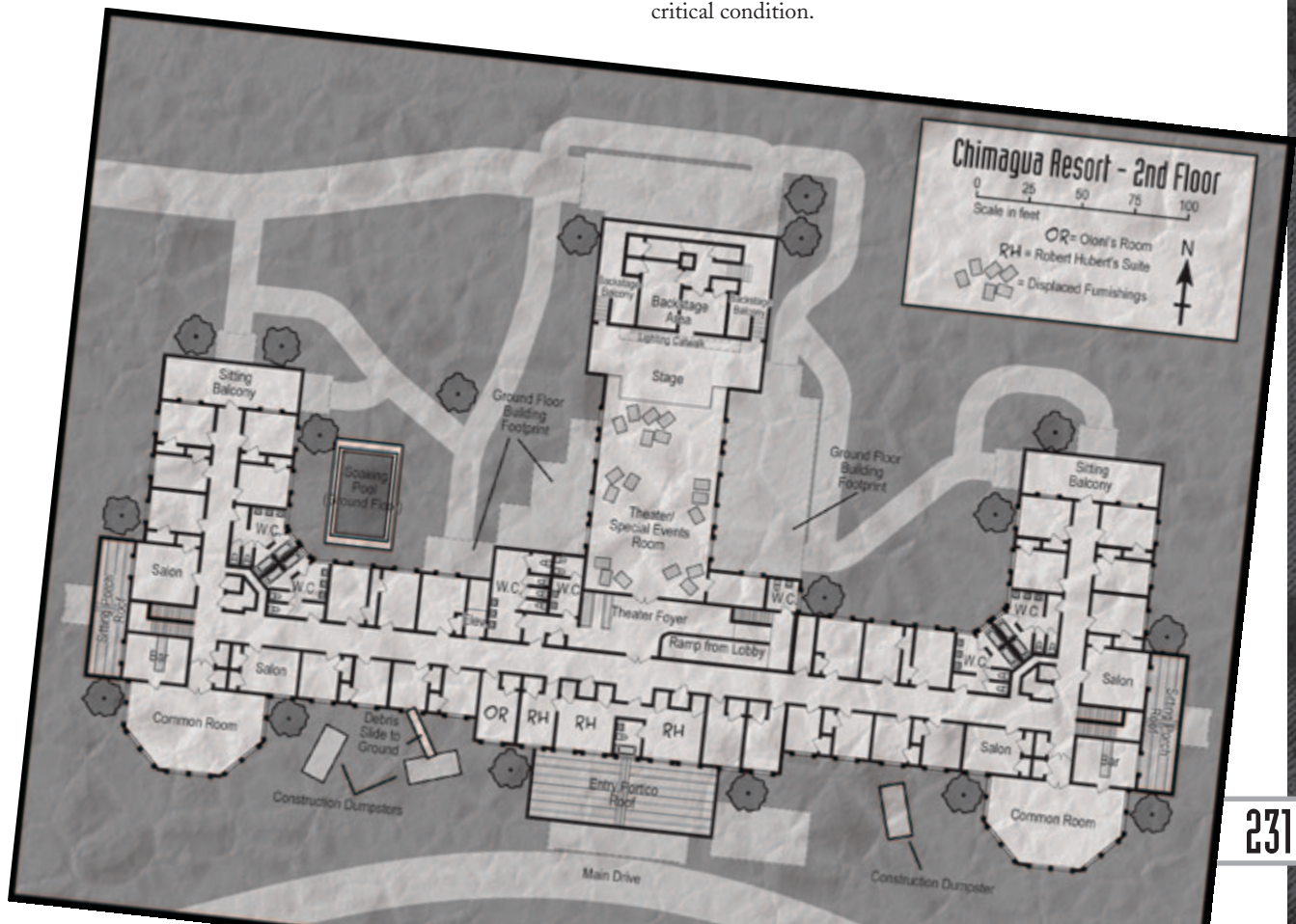
## The Basement

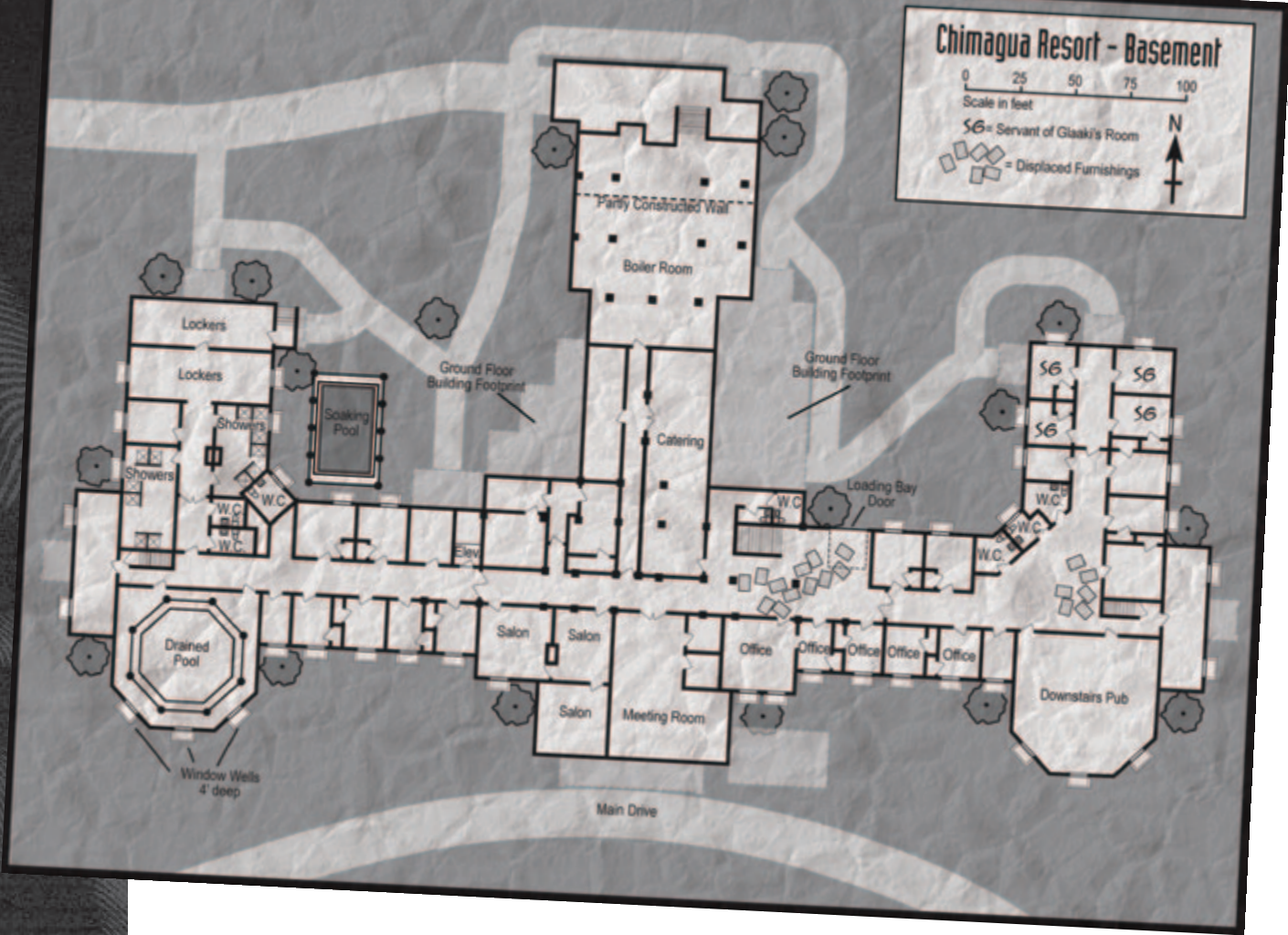
The basement has been cleared of debris and work is going on in the swimming pool and boiler rooms, but it is less frequented than the first floor.

**Bathrooms (W.C.):** See the first-floor description.

**Boiler Room:** Hubert has big plans for the boiler room. By including modern water and air heating equipment, he intends to use about half of the space in this massive room. Behind a false wall at the rear, a temple for the adoration of Glaaki will be constructed. At this point, the boiler is being dismantled and removed and a wall is being constructed across the back half of the room.

**Downstairs Pub:** This pub is due to be transformed into an intensive care area for those visiting the hospice who are in critical condition.





**Lockers and Showers:** Divided into men's and women's lockers, this area has been cleaned and scrubbed but has not been altered. The first step will be to make it handicap-accessible for hospice patients. The walls dividing the shower and bathroom stalls are concrete and tile.

**Meeting Room:** This cleared room is intended to be transformed into an intensive care area for those visiting the hospice who are in critical condition. Tile is being laid on the walls and floor.

**Offices:** These rooms used to be the offices of the manager and his staff, and they have been cleared with the intention of returning them to that purpose. They will still be part of the public face of the hospice.

**Salons:** See the descriptions for the first-floor salons.

**Swimming Pool:** This heated pool is only four feet deep at its deepest point. It is drained of water and the tile mosaic at the bottom, a Roman motif with dolphins and mermaids, is being repaired. The area around the pool is surrounded by columns, also with a Greco-Roman feel.

## The Attic

The cavernous attic was once a dumping-ground for clutter. Now the entire space has been cleared and extensive repairs have been

made to the roof. Hubert intends to make the attic the nerve center of the hospice, installing a monitoring station for all the video and audio surveillance he intends to install in every room of the resort. From the attic he will be able to see into every room and every hall, and listen to every conversation. For the moment, however, the Servants are just beginning to reinforce the floors to bear the weight of such an addition, and rewiring the attic so that the surveillance center will have enough power.

## The Neighbors

The Lake Chimagua resort adjoins several properties (see the map on p. 227).

**Farm #1:** This is a fairly typical upstate New York farmhouse. It's two stories tall, with a basement and attic. There is a barn and several outbuildings devoted to raising dairy cows. It is owned by a husband-and-wife team of corporate attorneys from Long Island. They almost never come out to their "country getaway." Instead a farmer named Howard Butler has been contracted to look after the place. Butler runs the place in their absence and makes sure it doesn't lose money. The farmhouse has all the modern amenities.

**Farm #2:** This two-story farmhouse is empty. No one lives here. The barn collapsed under the weight of snow many years ago. The property is now owned by the state of New York. The house shows extensive damage from the elements. It has a fair amount of furnishings inside, but nothing you wouldn't expect to find in an abandoned house. As part of his plan to secure the area around his temple, Hubert has begun looking into buying this property from the state.

**Farm #3:** This abandoned farmhouse is where Johannes Knepier is hiding out while he works on getting inside the Lake Chimagua Resort. The two-story, turn-of-the-century farmhouse and barn are intact. The basement is dry and empty. Knepier has not bothered the house beyond exploring it once in order to become familiar enough with it to be able to project his doppelganger anywhere within the structure. He has stashed his vehicle in the barn and hidden his dynamite and shotgun in a waterproof case in the snow near the edge of the property that adjoins the Lake Chimagua resort.

Knepier hides himself under the ice of a frozen pond on the property that was previously used to water cattle. After he hides, a successful Spot Hidden roll reveals that the ice at the edge of the pond is clear of snow, unlike the rest of the pond ice. A successful Track roll reveals that the ice at the edge of the pond has been broken up and refrozen.

**Farm #3-6:** A local mortgage company, Catskill Properties, owns these three farms. They are not being worked at the moment by tenants, but all of them are in good shape and well maintained. This is because Catskill Properties has hired a local handyman named Earl Potts to look after all three farms and repair any damage. Potts does not keep any regular schedule besides visiting and inspecting each farm once a month.

During the course of the scenario Potts may turn up at Farm #3 and discover Knepier's vehicle parked in the barn. Roll a group luck roll for the agents each day that Knepier is in the area of Lake Chimagua. A successful group Luck roll means that the unfortunate Mr. Potts visits Farm #3. Knepier will make sure that Potts doesn't leave the property alive. Unwilling to spend too much time getting rid of the body, Knepier sinks the corpse in the frozen pond with him and uses a doppelganger to drive Potts' pickup truck over to Farm #5 to throw off any search.

## The Sheriff's Department

Most law enforcement in Schoharie County is handled by the Schoharie County Sheriff's Department, although there are a few small town constabularies and a station or two for the New

York State Highway Patrol. Ten full-time deputies work for the Schoharie County Sheriff's Department—two or three are typically on duty at a time—and they can immediately call on another 60 or so officers from nearby counties and cities in a crisis.

These men and women are not commandos. They have families and lives and they are not really motivated to have a raging battle with Glaaki or his cultists. They are, however, reasonably brave, and will do their jobs to the best of their abilities. In the wake of 9/11, if they hear that fellow law-enforcement officers are in danger, they'll come running.

Sheriff Leo Gorshin is the chief law enforcement office in the jurisdiction. He is willing to cooperate with the agents so long as they don't keep him in the dark, present him with a poorly-conceived cover story, or make claims about supernatural gods or undead serial killers with magical clones.

## Timeline of Knepier's Assault

The further the investigators get in this scenario, the more likely their actions are to change what Knepier, Hubert and Ramirez do. Use this timeline as a guide. This is what would happen were investigators not to interfere.

### December 28, 2001

Knepier arrives at the area around Lake Chimagua at 4:00 A.M. By 7:00 A.M. he has found a nearby abandoned farmhouse and parked his stolen car in the barn. Then he begins scouting the area, looking for a way to get close and infiltrate the resort. He creeps around the perimeter wall.

Laumer's body is discovered on Fire Island at 10:00 A.M. because of circling seagulls. The description of his car goes out on the NYPD and state police radios. This by itself will not draw the agents' attention, but it comes up if they find Knepier's car and call it in.

Knepier moves himself into the small pond on the farm, settling at the bottom beneath the ice and projecting his doppelganger. He is attempting to "leap frog," that is project his doppelganger, move closer to the resort, scout around and then dissolve his doppelganger. The next time he projects his doppelganger, he will appear at the last spot his doppelganger got to. In this manner he hopes to infiltrate the resort and scout it out.

Hubert and his fellow Servants of Glaaki pretend not to notice the intrusion, hoping to sucker Knepier into an ambush.

Around 11:00 A.M. Knepier tries to gain access to the manor, is discovered, and winks his doppelganger off just before they close

## The Servants' Weapons

The firearms available to the Servants are all legally purchasable in the U.S. without special permits. Because the Servants are not drawn from military backgrounds, the weapons Hubert has assembled here are simple and reliable.

There are fourteen Mossberg 500 pump-action 12-gauge shotguns. Each has a sling. Each Servant has twenty-five 00 buckshot rounds in a "dump" pouch. There are also fourteen S&W .357 magnum revolvers, each with a gun belt and two speedloaders.

If the Servants of Glaaki know the agents are coming, or are expecting some other kind of trouble, they are likely to strap on heavy-duty bulletproof vests. The vests stop up to 8 points of damage per attack. The Servants themselves can't die, of course, but they don't want to be slowed down or incapacitated by gross physical damage.

There are also a wide range of improvised weapons to be had on the estate among the construction and landscaping tools.

Weapon	Base to Hit	Damage	Hit Points	Impale
Chainsaw	20%	2D8	20	no
Circular saw	25%	1D8+db	14	no
Hammer/wrench	25%	1D6+db	13	no
Hatchet/sickle	25%	1D6+1+db	12	no
Hedgeclippers/shears	20%	1D6+1+db	15	yes
Machete	25%	1D8+db	18	no
Nailgun	(Fist attack)	1D6	15	yes
<i>Range 10 feet</i>	15%	1D2		yes
Pickaxe	20%	1D8+2+db	16	yes
Pitchfork	20%	1D8+db	14	yes
Power drill	25%	1D4+3+db	14	yes
Shovel	25%	1D8+db	16	no
Wood axe	20%	1D8+2+db	15	no

in on him. He uses the Crown of the Doppelganger to harass the guards, getting them to shoot at each other and runs circles around them. His doppelganger does not take enough damage to go into torpor for eight hours.

The gun battle attracts the local police, but they are unable to locate the source of the sound and start checking each property in the area. Guards at the gate of the resort deny to authorities that they know where the sound of the gunfire is coming from. Knepier rests until the next night.

## December 29, 2001

After the police leave, Hubert's minions begin checking the local farms for any sign of Knepier. Around 10:00 A.M., two of them discover the stolen car in a neighboring farm. The Servants realize that Knepier is hiding at the bottom of the pond.

Unless Lt. Ramirez has been removed from the equation, he now becomes possessed by Y'gonolac and rends the two Servants

of Glaaki to pieces, preventing them from reporting what they have found. Lt. Ramirez reverts to "normal" with a possibly massive SAN loss but little understanding of what he has done or become. Forced by Y'gonolac, Ramirez goes to the pond to contact Knepier. Both want to destroy Hubert, but neither understands who is manipulating them. Y'gonolac makes sure that they work together.

Just after dark, around 4:45 P.M., Knepier and Ramirez move on the Lake Chimagua resort. The moon is nearly full but the sky is overcast and dark. They move Knepier's truck to the road just out of sight of the resort's front gate.

Working together, using the crown, Ramirez and Knepier infiltrate the resort. Knepier (sending his doppelganger) walks up to the front gate, naked, and announces that he wants to speak with Hubert in person. He is searched and ushered to the mansion, where he meets with Hubert.

Knepier demands Vol. 12 of the *Revelations of Glaaki*, claiming that he will spare the rest of these vile worshippers of Nyarlathotep if the book is surrendered to a righteous worshipper of the Impaler God. This boggles Hubert's mind and he

actually tries to reason with Knepier.

When Knepier is shown the resurrective marks of Hubert's other minions he screams hysterically that he will hear no lies about the Impaler. He screams that he cannot die, that no matter how many times he is struck down he will rise again. At this point he vanishes.

Ramirez manifests as Y'gonolac, destroys the guards at the front gate, and tears the gate down.

Knepier manifests in his stolen truck and drives it at the front of the mansion. Lighting the fuse on the dynamite, Knepier aims it at the front foyer, vanishes, lets the truck hit the front of the building and explode. At that point he creates yet another doppelganger, which grabs one of the guards' dropped weapons and charges the house. He fights his way into the house, past the remnants of the Servants of Glaaki, most of whom have been blown to bits.

Once the front of the house is blown open and the Servants are in disarray, Y'gonolac stalks into the house, smashing its way

past all the surviving Servants, and Knepier for that matter.

Hubert is out at the lake, trying to summon Glaaki to save him, and Oloni tries to protect him from Y'gonolac or Knepier. Things go poorly for Oloni. Y'gonolac will, unless delayed, get to Hubert before he can summon Glaaki.

Y'gonolac pulls Hubert apart like a rotten peach. Y'gonolac reverts to Ramirez, who faces another dire Sanity check.

Once that is finished, Stephen Alzis appears and takes Ramirez away as his new trophy/toy—an avatar of Y'gonolac that is bent to his will.

Knepier starts searching the mansion rather than trying to kill Hubert; that's Ramirez's job. If Knepier is hit, he vanishes and reappears somewhere else. If his doppelganger is destroyed, he just remains under his frozen pond until he revives in eight hours.

The local police respond to the explosion and call in the FBI, since a car bombing sure smells like terrorism to them. They secure the scene until FBI and ATF agents can be dispatched. A few agents will arrive to check the site out, but most agents in New York state area are occupied with ongoing anti-terror investigations. It will be at least 10 hours before a (non-Delta Green)

team can arrive and begin to analyze the scene. In the meantime, the sheriff's department will photograph everything, pack up the bodies, and seal the house and post guards in order to preserve the crime scene.

Unless disturbed by investigators, Knepier arises from the pond and returns in doppelganger form to the resort. There he searches for the 12th volume of the *Revelations of Glaaki*. He finds it, unless the investigators have removed it. He then slips out of the area, needing neither food, sleep nor shelter to be guided by Y'gonolac to meet with the worshipper from the U.K., William Bonnet.

## Monday, December 31, 2001

Bonnet and Knepier meet in an alley near Grand Central Station. There, Knepier meets a horrible end, richly deserved and yet insufficient to pay for his many crimes. William Bonnet returns to the U.K. with the 12th Volume of the *Revelations of Glaaki*—and the Doppelganger Crown. With these powerful tools, Bonnet will establish a cult to adore Y'gonolac in London.

## Closing the Gate

Since Lake Chimagua is sanctified to Glaaki, the Great Old One can manifest there whenever it chooses. As long as the lake is consecrated, the Great Old One can use its dream-pull to attract people to the lake to accept its "blessings." The scenario will not end successfully until the agents "desecrate the church" and close that gate.

## The Eye of Light and Darkness

It will require an extremely powerful spell to close the gate at the bottom of the lake. If the agents realize what has happened and ask Jensen Wu for advice, he recommends a ritual called The Eye of Light and Darkness. However, this powerful spell typically requires dozens of participants to fuel its tremendous psychic energy. One cell of DG agents and friendlies won't be enough.

Lucky for them, they know Stephen Alzis.

Alzis can certainly provide a dozen Adepts to help Wu and the agents cast the Eye of Light and Darkness. "Just help them get started," he advises, "and they can do the rest."

The Adepts—homeless, insane, wretched—hitchhike from the depths of New York City all the way to Lake Chimagua, arriving over the next week. They have no idea why they're here, but they go along with it without question.

The agents and Wu must chant for the first hour along with the Adepts, each losing 1D4 POW. After that, the Adepts continue to chant and lose POW whether the agents do or not. This most likely leaves each Adept a withered husk, but they keep chanting until the spell is done or they all drop dead. Using the Adepts in this way costs 1/1D6 SAN, 1/1D8 SAN if any Adept dies from it.

Of course, Alzis has a price for giving up twelve of his "favored" servants. He wants the agents. Not their lives, of course. They can continue working their daily jobs, living with their families,

going on missions with their little conspiracy. He only wants their cooperation. Permanently.

As a sign of good faith, he wants the Crown of the Doppelganger. If the agents don't have it, their promise to bring it as soon as possible will be sufficient. You can turn the agents' search for the missing artifact into another adventure—and Stephen Alzis will consider each of the agents his personal employee, a candidate for unsavory jobs that only a Delta Green agent could perform, from then on.

If they try to call Alphonse for advice, they won't get through. Bad signal. Must be the weather. Alzis won't wait or haggle.

Glaaki will not have time to intervene in the casting of The Eye of Light and Darkness unless one of its Servants witnesses the ritual in progress. Glaaki is not all-knowing or all-powerful, but its eyes are everywhere on the estate and it is unlikely that the agents could complete the ritual unmolested unless they clear off all the Servants of Glaaki first.

## The Elder Sign

The Elder Sign can also be deployed, and Wu can show the investigators how to create one, but it will take an Elder Sign placed perfectly upon the apex of the gate at the bottom of the lake. Calculating the coordinates of the epicenter will require a Land Navigation, Cartography or Mathematics roll once the exact locations of all the impalement sacrifices are known. Robert Hubert has plotted all the sacrifices on a map he keeps in his room in the Lake Chimagua Resort.

Unfortunately, Glaaki could manifest to prevent that from happening. Glaaki will simply sit atop the gate, bristling like a sea urchin, to prevent anyone from getting close enough to apply an Elder Sign. Again, all the Servants of Glaaki will have to be destroyed before this can be done safely. Unlike using the Eye of Light and Darkness, which permanently closes the gate, the gate can be easily re-opened simply by removing the Elder Sign.

## Draining Lake Chimagua

Draining the lake is also a viable option. Glaaki needs a lake to manifest in. No water means no Great Old One. Draining the lake will violate a number of environmental statutes and regulations, so that option is likely to draw a great deal of attention from state and federal environmental protection agencies—not to mention all the local property owners who are worried about what draining the lake will do to their properties. It will be especially

difficult since the agents do not have legal title to the land.

In addition, draining the lake is a slow process and Glaaki will not just sit by and let it happen. Glaaki will manifest and attack whatever mechanism is draining the lake. (Of course, this might be a handy way to get Glaaki off the epicenter of the gate. . . .)

## Other Options

There are more extreme magical options—calling Yog-Sothoth or Azathoth to neutralize Glaaki's gate, for instance—but none that Jensen Wu is willing to share with the agents.

Stephen Alzis could do so, but his price will be even higher than for sending Adepts to fuel the Eye of Light and Darkness. A complete printout of the names and addresses of the dependents of every agent of Delta Green would do. Alphonse won't agree to such a thing unless Glaaki has begun systematically devouring humans in the region around Lake Chimagua, but Alzis could offer to help the agents break into Alphonse's offices and seize the computer with the data. That might make for an exciting follow-up adventure, indeed.

Naturally, Alzis would expect the agents to help him and the Fate complete the ritual before they leave.

## SAN Rewards and Penalties

**Destroying Johannes Knepier:** +1D8 SAN

**Destroying Servants of Glaaki:** +1D6

**Destroying Robert Hubert/Belial:** +1D8

**Closing Glaaki's gate to Lake Chimagua:** +1D20

**Innocent civilians killed:** -1D2 SAN per innocent

**Police and law enforcement killed:** -1 SAN per officer

**Saving/losing Lt. Ramirez to Alzis:** +/- 1D4

**Cutting a deal with Belial:** Does not cost any SAN, but his demands are likely to cause SAN loss if the agents agree to them



## NPC Stats

### Curtis McRay

FBI special agent and Agent Cyrus of Delta Green, age 41

**Sex:** M

**Race:** Caucasian

**Nationality:** American

**STR 10    CON 12    SIZ 13    INT 16    POW 15**  
**DEX 11    APP 13    EDU 21    SAN 54    HP 13**

**Damage Bonus:** None

#### Attacks

SIG Sauer 228 9mm automatic 53%

*1D10*

Shotgun 62%

Rifle 57%

**Armor:** Light kevlar vest, 5 points

#### Skills

Accounting 51%, Anthropology 23%, Climb 59%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%,  
 Computer Use 32%, Drive Auto 64%, Fast Talk 26%, Hide 40%, Law 47%,  
 Listen 58%, Occult 67%, Persuade 48%, Psychoanalysis 42%, Psychology 85%,  
 Sneak 41%, Spot Hidden 65%

#### Background

Curtis McRay has been an agent of the FBI for nearly sixteen years. He worked in NYC during Delta Green's "war" with the Fate and was instrumental in arranging the truce. He is currently assigned to the Buffalo, New York, FBI office. He has worked with the Investigative Support Unit (once called the Behavioral Science Unit) in the past, and sometimes consults with police departments on serial homicide cases.

McRay has spent a great deal of time working cases for Delta Green and it has damaged his career with the FBI. He will never make SAC. These days he just hopes he can make retirement without dying, or worse. McRay has kept a private file on "Vlad/Knepier," which he shares with the Investigators. The Fate is a sore spot with him, an open wound that has never healed. He lost a lot of good friends to Stephen Alzis and his minions, and would like nothing better than to get some measure of revenge.

#### Physical Description

A thin, gawky man with a slender face, topped with shaggy brown hair. His blue eyes are hidden behind bulky "Buddy Holly" glasses. Despite his professional dress, he projects a kind of gracelessness. Even so, he is intense, serious, and driven.

### Aiden Sears

Resort manager, apparent age 19, DOB 1974

**Sex:** M

**Race:** Caucasian

**Nationality:** American

**STR 13    CON 25    SIZ 11    INT 13    POW 15**  
**DEX 3    APP 18    EDU 11    SAN 0    HP 18**

**Move 5**

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

#### Attacks

S&W .357 revolver 21%

*1D8+1D6*

Mossberg 500 shotgun 33%

*4D6/2D6/1D6*

Hunting knife 29%

*1D6+db*

**Armor:** Heavy kevlar vest, 8 points (only if expecting trouble)

#### Skills

Bargain 36%, Drive Auto 40%, Drive Motorcycle 40%, Fast Talk 54%,  
 Locksmith 42%, Persuade 37%, Pick Pocket 46%, Psychology 25%

#### Background

Aiden Sears was a rebellious youth whose personality and life choices seemed designed to bring him into constant conflict with his parents. Every choice was designed to horrify his parents and force them to react to him. Juvenile delinquency, truancy, drug use, promiscuity—all are symptoms of an abusive or violent childhood. The only problem is, Aiden didn't have one. Aiden seemed determined to escape the suffocating blanket of normality that surrounded him. At seventeen he left school and left his parents behind in Columbus, Ohio. He escaped to New York City, where he fell in with the remnants of the "club kids" crowd and submerged himself in the decadence of that scene. After two years of intravenous drugs and a blur of sex partners, Aiden discovered he had contracted AIDS. Tainted, he was expelled from the party circuit and soon found himself drifting in the twilight world of street people, addicts and hustlers.

In the summer of 1992 he made the acquaintance of a strange sugar daddy named Robert Hubert. Hubert seemed safe. Aiden thought of him as "a strange old fruit" who did not touch Aiden but rather paid him and others handsomely so that he might watch them. When Aiden was invited to come out to the country with Hubert one weekend, he wasn't on his guard. Arriving at Lake Chimagua, Aiden discovered that Hubert had selected him as a sacrifice to consecrate the Lake to Glaaki. Knowing that his life was

draining away, Aiden didn't fight. In fact, in a final act of perversity and rebellion he actually impaled himself through the chest with the spine of Glaaki.

Arising from the dead just last year, Aiden is a devoted slave of the will of Glaaki. He is not angry at Hubert for his transformation into an undead creature. On the contrary, Aiden is grateful for this second life, and for what he believes will be an unlife of eternal youth and beauty.

#### Physical Description

Aiden is 5'11" tall and thin at less than 140 pounds. His hair is bleach-blond and long, his eyes a faded dishwater blue. His skin is so fair that he almost appears albino, although he is not. His arms show the scars of extensive drug use. His chest shows the gaping wound of one of Glaaki's ghastly spines.

**Sanity Loss:** None if successfully disguised, otherwise 1/1D8

### Average Servant of Glaaki at Lake Chimagua

**STR 12    CON 24    SIZ 13    INT 13    POW 11**  
**DEX 4    APP 16    EDU 1    HP 19**

**Move 5**

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

#### Attacks

All at base skill

#### Armor

Heavy kevlar vest, 8 points (only if expecting trouble)

#### Skills

The Servants remember their skills from their past lives. Keepers may give them any number of skills appropriate to the situation, but at moderate skill levels, 20% to 30% above base.

#### Physical Description

There are fourteen Servants of Glaaki at the Lake Chimagua resort, plus their leader Aiden Sears. All are former victims of Robert Hubert. All were sacrificed to consecrate the Lake. They come from a variety of backgrounds, but most were club kids and street hustlers. All are young, attractive, blonde and blue-eyed. They appear relatively normal, if rather wan and fey.

Their movements are extremely careful and deliberate, due to their poor dexterity. One way they do not appear human is that their breath does not steam; contact with their skin shows that they have no internal body temperature. This will be very apparent during a winter in upstate New York. When outside they often smoke cigarettes to cover up the fact that their breath is not warm.

The fact that they don't die from physical injuries—though gross physical destruction certainly incapacitates them—is another clue that something's not right.

**Sanity Loss:** None if successfully disguised, otherwise 1/1D8

## Ryan West

**Age 39, architect and Servant of Glaaki**

**Sex:** M

**Race:** Caucasian

**Nationality:** American

**STR 12    CON 24    SIZ 13    INT 15    POW 14**  
**DEX 1    APP 13    EDU 18    SAN 0    HP 19**

**Move 5**

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

#### Attacks

All at base skill

#### Armor

Heavy kevlar vest, 8 points (only if expecting trouble)

#### Skills

Accounting 38%, Architecture 76%, Art (Drafting) 52%, Bargain 46%, Carpentry 34%, Drive Auto 27%, Persuade 43%, Pilot Boat 48%, Sail Boat 42%

#### Languages

English (native) 90%, German 67%

#### Background

Ryan West was a hard-working junior partner at Schuman and Malvey, a major Manhattan-based architectural firm. He worked long hours, lived frugally, and kept his sights firmly fixed on becoming a full partner by the age of thirty-five. Of course, working that hard and neglecting developing any lasting relationships kept him extremely isolated from his fellow human beings.

When West was diagnosed with non-Hodgkin lymphoma, there was no one for him to turn to in his hour of need. The doctors who treated his illness were more interested in the disease than the man. West was discovered by an Adept of the Fate, who brought him to the attention of Robert Hubert. West was not a superstitious man, but Hubert was able to quickly convince him that Glaaki offered an escape from death. West volunteered for Glaaki's embrace and is deeply grateful to the alien god for delivering him from death. While he would normally do anything to save himself from harm, he is now a thrall of Glaaki and will defend the Great Old One with his unlife.

#### Physical Description

Ryan West was a handsome man. Now he looks terribly tired. Exhausted. His flesh seem to sag, he has circles under his eyes, his mouth hangs deeply at the corners. His pale eyes seem sad and lost and his long blond hair is dull. He moves very slowly. In fact, he almost always is steadying himself on a wall or a piece of furniture.

**Sanity Loss:** None if successfully disguised, otherwise 1/1D8

## Pauli Capronelli

**Contractor and Servant of Glaaki, age 53**

**Sex:** M

**Race:** Caucasian

**Nationality:** American

**STR 11    CON 18    SIZ 11    INT 13    POW 6**

**DEX 3    APP 8    EDU 13    SAN 0    HP 15**

**Move 5**

**Damage Bonus:** None

### Attacks

Any of the improvised weapons can be used at 35% skill

.30-06 bolt-action hunting rifle with scope 45%

*2D6+4*

### Armor

Heavy kevlar vest, 8 points (only if expecting trouble)

### Skills

Accounting 48%, Bargain 44%, Carpentry 71%, Drive Auto 47%, Electrical Repair 66%, Mechanical Repair 63%, Operate Heavy Machinery 41%, Spot Hidden 39%

### Background

Pauli Capronelli was always unlucky. First he got lung cancer. Then he got diagnosed too late to do any damn good, which wasn't really so bad since the health insurance turned out to be worthless. Capronelli was despondent and contemplating suicide, only staying his hand because suicide would invalidate his life insurance.

Last month Robert Hubert called him up and asked him to look into remodeling a resort hotel in upstate New York. The money Hubert offered was ridiculous. Pauli couldn't refuse. So Pauli let Hubert pick him up in his limo and drive him out to Lake Chimagua. He was only there a couple of hours before Hubert and his "bleach boys" grabbed him, tied him up, and dropped him into the lake through a hole cut in the ice. Then as he went into shock from the cold, as his lungs began to burst, the thing in the depths speared him through the heart.

Pauli is a new man. The Impaler god in the lake has given him a new life. And when all is prepared here, when all the construction is done, he plans to send for his wife and see to it that she too can have the gift of eternal life.

### Physical Description

Capronelli was a portly Fallstaffian figure before the lung cancer got to him. Now he is an emaciated figure, a living skeleton at six feet tall and only 154 pounds. His black hair is barely a shadow around the edge of his skull. His cheeks and eyes are deeply sunken. His skin is paper-thin and pale. His constant smile only makes him appear even more skeletal. He smokes non-stop now. And why not? Dead men don't get lung cancer.

**Sanity Loss:** None if successfully disguised, otherwise 1/1D8

## Sheriff Leo Gorshin

**Sheriff of Schoharie County, Age 57**

**Sex:** M

**Race:** Caucasian

**Nationality:** American

**STR 13    CON 14    SIZ 10    INT 13    POW 15**

**DEX 9    APP 8    EDU 17    SAN 69    HP 12**

**Damage Bonus:** None

### Attacks

.38 special S&W revolver 61%

*1D10*

12-gauge Mossberg 500 shotgun 60%

*4D6/2D6/1D6*

### Skills

Accounting 42%, Drive Auto 62%, Fast Talk 21%, Forensics 26%, Hide 45%, Law 42%, Listen 67%, Persuade 35%, Psychology 45%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 66%, Track 29%

### Background

Sheriff Gorshin has been the chief lawman up in Schoharie County for over five years, and things have been very quiet. He has seen his fair share of murders, robberies, rapes and all the other modern atrocities when he was an NYPD officer, retiring with the rank of captain. He is fairly disdainful of the FBI, who he considers over-educated and lacking in any real street smarts. On the other hand, he is quite aware of the new realities of the War on Terrorism and will cooperate with Delta Green agents who have the appropriate identification. This will be especially true if they can convince him that the case they are working on relates to terrorists or a serial killer.

### Physical Description

Sheriff Gorshin is a slight man, short and wiry but hard-looking. His crew-cut hair is steel-grey. He is clean-shaven with sunken brown eyes and a mouth that seems too wide and too full of small shark-like teeth. He definitely has an attitude to make up for his small size, and the men under his command jump in fear of him. He doesn't yell or raise his voice, which perhaps makes him even more intimidating. His accent is most definitely Brooklyn.

## Sample Deputies

### County police and highway patrol

**STR 13**    **CON 13**    **SIZ 14**    **INT 12**    **POW 13**

**DEX 13**    **APP 12**    **EDU 14**    **SAN 65**    **HP 14**

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

#### Attacks

Punch 64%

*1D3+db*

Grapple 58%

*special*

Kick 33%

*1D6+db,*

Handgun 55%

*1D10*

12-gauge shotgun (pump) 51%

*4D6/2D6/1D6*

#### Armor

Light kevlar vest, 5 points

#### Skills

Drive Auto 62%, Hide 43%, Law 38%, Listen 47%, Sneak 41%, Spot Hidden 56%, Track 49%

## Special Agent Mark Westmore

**FBI, age 43**

**Sex:** M

**Race:** Caucasian

**Nationality:** American

**STR 10**    **CON 12**    **SIZ 13**    **INT 13**    **POW 12**

**DEX 17**    **APP 11**    **EDU 18**    **SAN 58**    **HP 13**

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

#### Attacks

SIG Sauer 228 9mm pistol 65%

*1D10*

M4 5.56mm assault rifle 76%

*2D6*

Punch 54%

*1D3+db*

Grapple 51%

*special*

Kick 37%

*1D6+db*

#### Armor

Light kevlar vest, 5 points (only if expecting trouble)

#### Skills

Accounting 36%, Computer Use 19%, Drive Auto 52%, Fast Talk 37%, Law 66%, Library Use 52%, Listen 63%, Martial Arts 42%, Psychology 62%, Sneak 48%, Spot Hidden 65%

#### Background

Westmore is second-generation FBI. He very dedicated to his work, not his career. He wants to get the job done, not necessarily advance himself. Westmore is very willing to share information, readily opening his case file to the agents, but wants to know what their interest is. He doesn't think the "Naked Christmas Bomber" is an Al Qaeda operation, and will be very interested in hearing about Knepier, the Church of the Impaler, and the suicide bombing in Phoenix.

If the agents do not tell him about the Phoenix bombing's connections to his case, he will not appreciate it. He will not withhold information from the agents or impede them, he will not jockey bureaucratically to take the case away from them, but he will start asking questions. Questions Delta Green doesn't want asked. Who are the agents? Where did they get the case from? Who are they reporting to? Westmore knows that normal procedure has gone out the window post 9/11, but he will still be suspicious if the agents turn out to be more than just FBI agents.

Agent Mark Westmore can be of some assistance to the agents if he is approached properly and given just enough information to keep him interested but not tax his credulity. He is not going to listen to stories about supernatural powers or the walking dead. He will, however, believe his eyes.

#### Physical Description

Special Agent Mark Westmore is of medium height and weight, brown hair, brown eyes. He does not stand out particularly, which made him an excellent counterintelligence agent. He is thoughtful and intense-looking, a man who looks at home behind a desk or running an interrogation room.

## Sample Federal Agents, FBI or ATF

**STR 13**    **CON 14**    **SIZ 14**    **INT 13**    **POW 12**

**DEX 13**    **APP 10**    **EDU 18**    **SAN 60**    **HP 14**

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

#### Attacks

SIG Sauer 220 9mm pistol 61%

*1D10*

H&K MP-5 9mm submachine gun 66%

*1D10*

Punch 72%

*1D3+db*

Grapple 62%

*special*

Kick 42%

*1D6+db*

**Armor**

Light kevlar vest, 5 points (only if expecting trouble)

**Skills**

Accounting 20%, Computer Use 28%, Drive Auto 62%, Fast Talk 27%, Law 54%, Library Use 48%, Listen 52%, Martial Arts 52%, Psychology 46%, Sneak 58%, Spot Hidden 53%

**William Bonnet****Servant of Y'gononac, age 52**

**Sex:** M

**Race:** Caucasian

**Nationality:** English

**STR 14    CON 16    SIZ 21    INT 15    POW 12**

**DEX 10    APP 7    EDU 17    SAN 0    HP 19**

**Damage Bonus:** +1D6

**Attacks**

All at base skill

**Skills**

Accounting 56%, Architecture 23%, Art (antiques) 87%, Bargain 72%, Fast Talk 34%, History 67%, Library Use 29%, Listen 46%, Persuade 56%, Psychology 38%, Spot Hidden 49%

**Spells**

Contact Y'gononac

**Background**

Bonnet is a servant of Y'gononac who has come to America to retrieve the 12<sup>th</sup> Volume of the *Revelations of Glaaki*. He should remain a mystery to the agents, as he is not going to be taken alive. Background checks will reveal he is a London native and a wealthy antiques dealer. He has no criminal record according to the British authorities and entered the United States through Boston allegedly on a buying trip to acquire colonial antiques. The agents are unlikely to encounter him unless Knepier gets the 12<sup>th</sup> Volume of the *Revelations of Glaaki* and they follow him to his rendezvous with Bonnet.

**Physical Description**

Bonnet has taken on many of the attributes of the foul thing that possesses him. He is obscenely fat, well over 400 pounds. There is a terrible strength beneath that fat, however. He is clean-shaven and well groomed, preferring to wear business suits that could easily double as circus tents. His hair and eyes are both black as pitch. He walks with the use of a steel cane disguised as a wooden walking stick.

**Avatar of Y'gononac**

Either Lt. Ramirez or William Bonnet can become this terrible avatar. Once either is fully possessed he is truly the Great Old One incarnate.

**STR 25    CON 125    SIZ 25    INT 30    POW 28**

**DEX 14    Move 10    HP 75**

**Damage Bonus:** +2D6

**Weapons:**

Touch 100%

*lose 1 INT and 1 POW each round*

Devour 100%

*1D4 non-healing damage*

Grapple 100%

*special (only when in a hurry)*

**Armor:** None

**Spells**

All Summon, Bind and Contact spells, and whatever else the Keeper deems appropriate (we recommend Flesh Ward and Mesmerize).

**Sanity Loss:** 1/1D20 Sanity points to witness a transformation from human to Y'gononac; 1/1D10+1 to see Y'gononac.



**Maricopa County Sheriff, Prosecutor and Phoenix  
Police Department Files on Randall Tebbs**

**Abstract prepared by Special Agent Curtis McRay, FBI**

Before his death on 12/17/01, Randall Tebbs was the primary suspect in a series of rapes that occurred between 1989 and 2000. Twenty-seven women identified Randall Tebbs as the man who assaulted them in their homes, places of work, and their vehicles.

Randall Tebbs was born 3/27/72. His juvenile record, unsealed after his death, reveals a long history of criminal activity, the first reported incidents taking place at the age of twelve, and sexual offenses that began at age fourteen. Rapes, attempted rapes, and other kinds of sexual assault and incidents of stalking follow him through high school. He failed to complete high school and received his GED in a juvenile detention facility while his finished a term for a rape he committed at the age of seventeen. He was released at the age of eighteen on 3/27/90. He returned home to live with his parents, who had just come into a windfall of money due to the death of Randal's grand uncle, Harrison Tebbs. Randall Tebbs' criminal record was expunged upon his 18<sup>th</sup> birthday.

Randall Tebbs worked menial jobs and lived with his parents in Phoenix. He never stayed long in any one job, often getting fired due to personality conflicts with his employers.


**"The Ghost"**

The rapist known to Phoenix police as "the Ghost" made himself known to the Phoenix Police Department when his M.O. began to emerge in 1994. The Ghost's M.O. was that of a home invader and ambush rapist. He made flawless and undetectable entries into residences, places of business, and cars. He either waited for his victims to return home or attacked them after they had gone to sleep. He was described as attacking his victims naked, masked with a nylon from the victim's own apparel, threatening them with weapons from their home such as kitchen knives, firearms or fire pokers; whatever was handy. He exited the premises without any sign of his passage, leaving security alarms untripped and chains and bolts still latched.

The Ghost proved extremely baffling. He left behind no fingerprints, no hair or fiber, no blood, no semen, no DNA evidence. All he left behind were bruises, cuts, and vaginal bruising, but no bite marks because he used a nylon to cover his face. The lack of semen was particularly strange since many of his victims remembered that he did not wear any kind of prophylactic protection.

The only leads the police had were a basic description of a young white male with long blonde hair with a beard and a number of prominent tattoos. The descriptions led the police to believe they were jailhouse tattoos of low quality. One was a barbed wire strand encircling one bicep. The second was a flaming cross on the left forearm, just below the elbow. The third was a confederate battle flag on the left pectoral. The Phoenix police ran comparisons through the known database of sex offenders. Nothing was found.

The cases became more baffling and confusing to law enforcement as the attacker returned to attack his victims again, making his way inside their homes despite renewed security precautions. One victim who was attacked repeatedly suffered from such pronounced post-traumatic stress that she shot up her apartment in the mistaken belief that her attacker had returned once again. Several victims moved out of the area. In two cases, new women were attacked in the apartments vacated by previous victims.



Police officers tried to stake out the home of the victims in an attempt to catch him. None of the stakeouts came to anything.

### **Tebbs as a Suspect**

Police finally got a break in the case in 1996. One of the victims unmasked her attacker, got the lights on and got a look at him before he escaped. Her testimony was called into question because she claimed that her attacker disappeared under her bed. Nevertheless police sketch artists were brought in and the police got their first look at their suspect. The picture was compared to known sex offenders and mug book shots, but the Phoenix police came up with nothing. When the picture was circulated, several officers and juvenile corrections officers remembered Randall Tebbs. His juvenile records were sealed, but it didn't take long for the police to confirm that his tattoos matched the ones described by his victims.

The rape task force set up twenty-four hour surveillance on Randall Tebbs. They checked his work history and discovered that he had a physical connection to every physical address where the rapes and assaults took place. Over the past ten years he had worked as a handyman in apartment complexes, an exterminator with access to homes and apartments, a grounds keeper, and car wash attendant at the care wash where the victim who was attacked in her car regularly took her vehicle.

The police surveillance failed to catch Randall Tebbs in the act. In fact, another rape was committed on 10/14/96 while Tebbs' home was under surveillance by Phoenix police officers. When the rape call came in, the officers on surveillance waited until the M.O. was confirmed and then they went to make sure that Tebbs wasn't at home. Unfortunately they found him at home. Tebbs made several incriminating statements in the presence of officers that night, but did not confess. Despite Tebbs' obvious inability to commit the rape across town, Phoenix police investigators would not abandon him as a suspect.

After Tebbs' confrontation with the police, the rapes stopped for a year. Police surveillance continued but developed no further leads. On 01/09/97 a new rape was reported with an M.O. that fit the Ghost's.

The Maricopa County prosecutor arrested Tebbs on the strength of the rape cases for which they had good witness testimony. Randall Tebbs was arrested on 11/02/97 and held without bond as a threat to the community. He was indicted and tried on 23 counts of rape. The trial took over a year. In the end Randall Tebbs was acquitted on all counts. This was because the defense counsel brought in evidence from the 64 other counts of rape that were not charged. He showed that most police investigators believed that all the rapes were the work of one attacker. He demonstrated that Randall Tebbs could not have committed many of the rapes because he was home at the time.

Even worse, some victims claimed to have scratched, bitten and in one case shot Tebbs during the attacks, but no sign of these injuries was ever discovered on him. All prosecutors had were the eyewitness testimony of the victims.

Local police arrested Tebbs on several occasions where they had strong eyewitness evidence, but were never able to successfully prosecute him for any of his crimes despite several attempts.

### **Tebbs' Death**

On 8/8/00, Randall Tebbs moved to Gila County, Room 101 at the Tumbleweed Inn off Interstate 10, just over the county line from Maricopa County. He contacted a Phoenix law firm, Saltzer and Waldron, and initiated a lawsuit alleging violation of his civil rights by the Maricopa County Sheriff's Office, the Maricopa County Prosecutor's Office and the Phoenix Police Department. The lawsuit alleged that the law enforcement agencies of Maricopa County and the City of Phoenix conspired together to frame him for a series of rapes, to malign his name in the press, and ultimately to harass him with the purpose of forcing him to leave the jurisdiction.

The suit proceeded through discovery and pretrial and was subjected to a number of delays by the defendants. No settlement could be reached primarily because the defendants were united in their belief that Randall Tebbs was the serial rapist and they were not going to allow him to profit by their inability to successfully prosecute him. The trial was scheduled to begin in April of 2002.

On the morning of 12/18/01, rancher Dwayne Moodie noticed buzzards circling a washout on his property. He investigated and found the remains of Randall Tebbs. Tebbs had been dead for less than a day. The death was caused by impalement through the chest with a wooden stake. Tebbs was found spread-eagled, tied by the wrists and ankles to wooden stakes driven deep into the ground. He was naked and showed signs of extreme torture. A wide arrange of implements appear to have been used, from surgical to carpentry tools.

The scene was secured and processed by Maricopa County sheriff's deputies and the body transported to the county morgue. Gila County sheriff's deputies secured Tebbs' hotel room. As of the time of this report, Tebbs' truck has not been recovered.

Because the circumstances of Tebbs murder matched an FBI open case file, the Maricopa County Sheriff's Department contacted the Bureau's Investigative Support Unit.



**Arizona police files, IRS files, and Customs  
Department files on Harrison Tebbs**

**Abstract prepared by Special Agent Curtis McRay, FBI**

Harrison Tebbs was born in Flagstaff, AZ on May 12, 1923. He was born to working-class parents, mother was a homemaker, father a rail yard worker. Records show that he was an exceptional student. He received an academic scholarship to Arizona State and earned a degree in engineering with a specialty in mining.

He graduated in 1945 and quickly landed a job with the Holcroft Mining Corporation in New Mexico. The job didn't last long and he was fired on February 16, 1946. Tebbs drifted around the southwest doing independent prospecting, without much success. Tebbs crossed the border into Mexico on July 12, 1948. He did not return to the United States until August 3, 1962.

He settled in Phoenix, Arizona and purchased a large rural property on the outskirts of the city. Records show that Tebbs had a large fortune when he returned to the United States. He invested a large amount of it in stocks and bonds and listed his occupation on his tax forms as retired. He is known to have made frequent trips to Las Vegas and reported a large regular income from gambling.

**Robbery Suspect**

By 1974, Arizona state police began to develop Harrison Tebbs as a suspect in a series of daring and baffling armed robberies across the Southwest, stretching back to 1963. Lack of information sharing among the interstate police departments and the dispersed locales of the crimes hindered the investigation. Small businesses were hit in New Mexico, California, Nevada and Utah.

The armed robber worked alone, rarely hit the same city twice, used stolen weapons, which he disposed near the scene of the robberies, and he did not use a getaway vehicle. The recovered weapons were traced to burglaries in the Phoenix area. All the burglaries took place in homes that were on the market and were being shown by real estate agents. A laborious check of the records of the real estate companies uncovered that Harrison Tebbs had toured every one of burglarized houses.

Other checks revealed that Harrison Tebbs traveled extensively and had visited every city where these robberies were known to have happened. Police surveillance caused this theory to unravel. Harrison Tebbs was known to be in Phoenix at the exact time that these robberies were occurring hundreds of miles away. An accomplice was suspected, but further police surveillance was unable to discover anyone working with Tebbs. Phone surveillance revealed nothing. Mail intercepts revealed nothing.

But the pattern continued; Tebbs would visit a city, Tebbs would return to Phoenix, a business in the city was robbed, Tebbs would go to Vegas and return with large winnings. The gambling winnings he reported on his IRS forms were always within about 90% of the amounts stolen during that tax year. Marked bills from some of the robberies routinely resurfaced in Vegas casinos, having been cashed in for chips at one teller and then cashed out for clean money at another.

In 1976, Harrison Tebbs' car, a Cadillac El Dorado, was driven into the Grand Canyon. Police officers found Harrison Tebbs unconscious in a nearby hotel room. Tebbs claimed that the car must have been stolen. Over the next four years, Harrison Tebbs was the victim of no less than seventeen car thefts. Each time the thieves crashed the cars in spectacularly violent ways.

On September 30, 1979, Harrison Tebbs' house burned to the ground. Arson was proved and Tebbs never filed an insurance claim. He had been staying at a motel in Yuma the night of the fire.

### **Hospitalization and Death**

On October 26, 1981 he was struck by a car and severely injured. He spent the rest of the year in physical therapy, learning to walk again. Before his body healed it became necessary to commit Harrison Tebbs to a mental health facility. It seemed that Harrison Tebbs was identified by witnesses as a man who had been jumping out in front of city buses, trains, and jumping from buildings, radio towers, and bridges. Dozens of witnesses reported an older white male jumping naked in front of their speeding cars and trucks, but no body was ever recovered.

Tebbs freely admitted to being the naked jumper. He claimed the reason that he was injured on October 26, 1981 was that he had forgotten to take his clothes off. He believed that so long as he was naked he was invulnerable.

Tebbs remained institutionalized until January 13, 1990, when he was released back into the public. Within 24 hours, he discarded his clothes and stepped out in front of a city bus. He was killed instantly.

Since Tebbs died intestate, his grand nephew James Harrison inherited his estate, which by that time included a few personal effects and well over \$100,000 worth of stocks, bonds and securities purchased between 1963 and 1975.

CASE NUMBER: 67483

DATE: August 13, 1994

AGENTS: Cyrus, William, and Thomas

SUMMARY: Investigation into the theft of the rare occult text The Revelations of Glaaki, volume 12.

CASE STATUS: Open

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Our team was brought in under the jurisdiction of Chicago FBI as specialists in the occult to investigate the theft of a rare text from the University of Chicago on 6AUGUST94. The book, volume twelve in the series The Revelations of Glaaki, had been recovered just three months before.

An exceedingly rare book, it was found among the personal effects of Louis Robert Harper, DOB 22NOVEMBER61, a resident of Cooperstown, Illinois. Mr. Harper was discovered dead in his premises by a Consolidated Gas employee on 7MAY94 (see attachment). It appears Mr. Harper died from complications due to his eating and sanitary habits. The evidence at the scene indicates Harper gorged himself on food and failed to either urinate or defecate for three days. Death is attributed to kidney and liver failure.

Among the books in his possession was an exceedingly rare occult text known to contain functional hypergeometric formulae, Volume XII of the Revelations of Glaaki. With no heir to inherit it, Harper's book was surrendered to the rare-book library at the University of Chicago by the Illinois State Police. Little else of interest has been learned about Harper. No information has surfaced to explain from where or from whom he acquired the text.

#### Glaaki

The Revelations of Glaaki volumes one through nine have been studied at length in the past by agents, but the contents of volumes ten, eleven, and twelve remain a mystery. The initial nine volumes outline a cult worshiping a deity referred to as "Glaaki." Early research by A Cell at the Library of Congress uncovered the following:

The name Glaaki is first mentioned in Sumerian texts as a minor deity. Sacrificial victims were offered to this god impaled alive on sharpened wood stakes. Often this form of death took many hours. Victims were not always unwilling, as some true believers impaled themselves on the god's holy days as well. Their faith led them to believe that this impalement would lead to immortality. A tremendous mass impalement occurred at Uruk in 3002 B.C., where more than three hundred people were impaled in a single day.

The name later appears in Phoenician, Assyrian, and Egyptian cultures of later periods. In each instance, the deity represents death and resurrection, with impalement as the only form of acceptable sacrifice.

With the advent of Christianity and Islam, Glaaki is listed as a genie, demon, or devil, generally recorded as a malefic servant of Lucifer or Satan. Many books claimed Glaaki could be bound or called, and made to do the will of the operator. Even in these texts Glaaki is linked to immortality and with the act of self-mutilation, often in the form of impalement.

The name next appears in the Black Pullet, a 16th-century text on demons and black magic. Glaaki is listed as a secondary agent of Astaroth, a powerful demon lord. This book provides several complex and

differing ways in which the demon may be contacted. These secrets, the book explains, were related to the author by an Egyptian sailor who worshipped the deity.

Finally, in 1865 an English series of assembled anonymous works claimed to tell the true story of Glaaki and its cult. Called The Revelations of Glaaki, a total of twelve volumes have been reported. Only six are still known to be in private collections, however, due to a rash of thefts.

### Chicago Murders and Theft

Our group initiated an investigation into the theft at the University of Chicago on 10AUG94, four days after the theft and the accompanying triple homicide.

Three members of the rare-books department, graduate students Lois March, Phil Campbell, and Jordan Louis, had been killed execution-style with a 12-gauge shotgun, and the book (which had been undergoing cleaning and restoration at the time) was taken.

Suspicion fell on the only member of the rare-book department not to clock out. Susan Filey, 29, officially clocked in on the campus computer at 9:35 P.M., approximately fifteen minutes before the murders and theft occurred.

Filey could not be located at her home or through friends or family. All expressed confusion and concern, and each denied vehemently that she could have had anything to do with the murders. The Chicago police issued a warrant for her arrest and an electronic tag was put on her credit cards and bank accounts.

On 10AUG94, our team of agents discovered Susan Filey after it was noticed that a smell of rotting food was emanating from a basement laundry chute at her home. The basket at the bottom of the chute had been filled with food, along with the metal shelves commonly found in a refrigerator.

Filey's body was discovered in the emptied refrigerator. Filey was impaled upon an antique decorative walking stick, which had been sawn off at the ends to allow the body to fit within the refrigerator.

### The Shillelagh and Johannes Knepier

The unusual walking stick was identified four days later after extensive questioning of antique dealers in the Chicago area. It had been bought twelve days earlier from Fischer Fine Antiques, along with four others like it, by a Mr. Black (assumed to be an alias), who paid cash. Mr. Black gave his home address as that of Susan Filey. The sticks sold were classic shillelaghs of Irish design, but the one recovered from Filey's body was covered in sigils of some sort, not immediately identifiable, which were forwarded to A Cell for translation.

A surveillance camera in Fischer's shop recorded a clear image of "Mr. Black," which was compared to an FBI database of photographs of suspects in other impalement murders. It matched a 1976 driver's license photograph of Johannes Knepier, a suspect in a 1977 mass murder/suicide in Louisiana. In the videocamera footage, Knepier appeared thinner but did not seem to have aged since the 1976 photo.

On 12AUG94 an autopsy was performed on the body of Susan Filey by the Cook County coroner's office. Initial examination determined that Filey had been dead for at least a week. While this made it impossible for her to have committed the robbery-homicides, her student ID was never recovered. The current hypothesis is that her ID was used to gain access to the University library's rare-books department.

Filey's body showed signs of extreme torture employing a wide assortment of carpentry, metal-working and perhaps kitchen and surgical implements. Her vocal cords had been deftly severed using surgical techniques that would have allowed her to survive the procedure indefinitely.

CASE NUMBER: 78134

DATE: October 24, 1994

AGENTS: Cyrus, William, and Thomas

SUMMARY: Report on Johannes Knepier and the Church of the Impaler

CASE STATUS: Open

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The following report was developed after Johannes Knepier was identified as a suspect in the murder of Sarah Filey and the theft of a rare occult text, Vol. XII of The Revelations of Glaaki (see Case No. 67483).

Johannes Knepier was born 2FEB47 in Lake Charles Louisiana, to Hillary and Karl Knepier. Few records exist of Knepier beyond birth certificate, high school grades, and a few tax returns and traffic tickets. A few months after graduating high school Knepier became a kind of itinerant preacher, moving from community to community. On 15APRIL75, he and an indeterminate number of followers purchased an abandoned church outside Hackberry, Louisiana, about 15 miles south of Lake Charles. There the group established "The Church of the Impaler," an unaccredited and unlicensed church.

#### The Church of the Impaler

Little is know about the church's activities. Rumor has it that they were deeply involved in faith healing. The investigation by the Louisiana State Police in 1977 revealed that all forty-six members of the Church of the Impaler suffered from untreatable terminal illnesses, including Johannes Knepier, who was diagnosed with stage 3, slow-grading, non-Hodgkin lymphoma in November 1974. Without treatment Johannes Knepier would likely have died within three years.

On 20JUNE77 all forty-six members of the Church of the Impaler disappeared from Hackberry. The disappearances were not reported to the Cameron Parrish Sheriff's department until 22JUNE77 due to the fact that the members of the congregation were highly insular and did not mix with the local population. The Parrish Sheriff conducted a search of the church and the congregation's residences. No sign of violence was found, but their cars and boats were missing. On 23JUNE77 deputy sheriffs discovered vehicles belonging to the cult on the eastern shore of Black Lake at a boat ramp. The empty boat trailers found at the ramp led to a search of the shore.

On 26JUNE77 searchers discovered a mass murder/suicide site on the western shore of Black Lake. Forty-four members of the cult were found impaled. These were not traditional impalements, insofar as they were not conducted the way impalements typically were in Eastern Europe, with vertical stakes and penetration through the lower gastrointestinal tract. The Church of the Impaler cultists were impaled through the torso, the wooden stake driven in through the chest and out through the back. Stakes were placed in the earth at a 30-degree angle and it appears that the cultists variously hurled themselves onto the stakes, or were forced down on top of them. Many had lost fingernails or had splinters of wood under their nails from the effort of trying to pull themselves deeper onto the stakes.

Predation by scavengers badly damaged many of the bodies, but two members of the cult were completely unaccounted for. One was Johannes Knepier. The other was Susan Hexton. Forty-six impalement stakes were prepared, and two did not show any signs of being used. Some police officials speculated that the two of them did not die in the mass murder/suicide and escaped despite the hazards of hiking through a minimum of five miles of swampland.

Our research on Susan Hexton reveals some unusual facts. First, it appears she was deeply involved with Knepier and was his first convert to the Church of the Impaler. There are birth and death records in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania for a Susan Hexton, born 4OCTOBER55, died 3JANUARY56 of what may have been sudden infant death syndrome, known at the time as crib death. There are no other records for her until in 1974 Susan Hexton applied for a driver's license in the state of Maryland using her birth certificate. The paper trail indicates that this is the same Susan Hexton who later moved to Louisiana and became the first member of the Church of the Impaler. Whoever assumed Susan Hexton's identity has not used the identity again. A driver's license photo was recovered from the Maryland Department of Motor vehicles but so far no match has been made. (See attachment A.)

### The Present Day

Our team visited Hackberry, Louisiana, and visited the site of the church. It no longer exists, having been burned to the ground shortly after the mass impalement in '77. It is an abandoned lot now. A thorough examination of the lot revealed nothing. Interviews in the area turned up few witnesses old enough to have been in residence during the time the Church of the Impaler was active. Those old enough to remember the events were particularly taciturn. The general opinion of locals was that the Church members were devil worshippers who got exactly what they deserved.

Our team also visited Black Lake, west of Hackberry. We were only able to locate the mass sacrifice site with the help of a retired Cameron Parrish deputy sheriff, Oliver Keen. All the impalement stakes have rotted away. The swamp had pretty much consumed the crime scene. Nevertheless, Agent Cyrus reported uncomfortable sensations during our visit to Black Lake. Deputy Keen reported similar sensations, saying that this visit was the first time he'd returned since 1977.

New Iberia is the home of Knepier's only relative who was alive at the time of the mass suicide/homicide, a cousin named Jacelyne LeRoux. She was twenty-three at the time of the incident, and claimed that she didn't know much about her cousin after he graduated high school except what she's read in the papers—that Johannes Knepier was a "psycho" who murdered a bunch of people and probably killed himself. Her contact with him prior to high school was, in her opinion, normal. Johannes Knepier had been, as far as she could tell, a normal child with loving parents. She says that her parents never wanted to talk about their infamous nephew, but that it was an open secret that he was dying of lymphatic cancer, and that hope of a spiritual cure may have drawn him into fringe religions.

### Conclusions

The mass impalement at Black Lake seems consistent with the worship of the entity known as Glaaki. The murder of Susan Filey in Chicago is also consistent insofar as the impalement was through the chest and used a wooden implement.

Our team has concluded that Knepier certainly survived the Black Lake mass impalement in 1977 and is still involved in the worship of Glaaki. Based on his medical diagnosis and his failure to treat his lymphoma between 1974 and 1977, it seems unlikely that Knepier could have survived to the present without the intervention of preternatural phenomena.

No conclusions have been drawn as to the reason for the mutilation of the corpse of Susan Filey or what Knepier's interest is in the 12<sup>th</sup> Volume of the Revelations of Glaaki.

CASE NUMBER: 67483

DATE: November 13, 1994

AGENTS: Alphonse

SUMMARY: Identification of symbols carved on shillelagh fragment

CASE STATUS: Open

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A fragment of a traditional Irish shillelagh was recovered from the corpse of Susan Filey, a student and employee of the University of Chicago Library's Rare Book Division on 10AUG94. Filey's death was associated with the theft of a rare occult text, Vol. XII of The Revelations of Glaaki, from the University of Chicago.

The shillelagh was carved with unidentified symbols. Comparisons were made through the Library of Congress and the Smithsonian Institute's database of iconography and languages, and a match was made. The symbols are identical to symbols found on ritual sites and temples as far north as Scotland and as far east as Mesopotamia. Debate exists within the archeological community whether these symbols are remnant of pre-Sumerian written language, or merely ritual decorations without grammar, syntax or meaning.

One independent researcher contacted by A Cell conjectured that this language is the mythical language Aklo, much discussed by E. A. Hitchcock in his book Remarks on Alchemy. Otto Von Dostmann published a book in 1809 titled Remnants of Lost Empires. In it he includes a table of these same symbols, collected from neolithic sites across Europe. He claimed these symbols were the lost language Aklo, but provided no attempt to translate them. The occultist Alonzo Typer claimed to be working on a translation of Aklo before his death. No notes were ever found.

Examination of the shillelagh by forensic specialists has determined that the symbols were carved into the stick only a few hours before it was used as a murder weapon. In all likelihood, nothing more sophisticated than a lock-blade or pocketknife was used to carve the symbols. The ends of the shillelagh were sawn off. The work appears to have been done with a hacksaw normally used to cut metal.





# APPENDIX C: POLICING MILLENNIAL NYC

SHANE IVEY

This article first appeared in *Delta Green Eyes Only: The Fate* in 1998. Three years later, most of its data became obsolete. Terrorists rocked the New York and federal law enforcement communities to their core, and soon many of the organizations mentioned here had been reorganized from the ground up. Yet we hope this information still has value, whether for investigations taking place before or immediately after 9/11—such as “Holy War” in this volume— or as an artifact, outlining the shape of justice in New York City before everything changed.

As a center (some would say the center) of American commerce and international affairs, New York has always had a large law enforcement presence to match the inevitable shadow-side of progress.

There will always be some who move behind the scenes, gangsters and bosses and fixers who find weaknesses to exploit and who grease the wheels for the leaders in the spotlight; and there will always be the *true* powers in darker shadows, known only by rumor even to the masterminds whose lives and plots they manipulate like so many puppet-strings.

Law enforcement, like every expression of force, is a tool to be exploited by those in control, even if few beyond the innermost circles ever knows of the exploitation or its goals.

Policing New York is a war without end, a war in which victories stand out for their rarity. Approximately 12% of the 98,728 violent felonies committed in New York City in 1996 resulted in indictment of a suspect; only 28% of all felony prosecutions resulted in incarceration. Substantial reductions in crime have come only with aggressive enforcement of the most minor but visible offenses, while the gravest of wrongs might remain unknown and unavenged. Those who truly rule the city would hardly have it otherwise.

New York City is policed by thousands of officers. The New York City Police Department includes well over 30,000 officers in every conceivable role, from transit cops in the subways to Emergency Services tactical officers in the air or on the rivers to intelligence analysts in the Department's tall brick headquarters at One Police Plaza. And there are state police and county sheriffs, and there are multitudes of task forces to coordinate the efforts of the various agencies. One such is the State Organized Crime Task Force in White Plains, just north of the City. And, perhaps most significantly for *Delta Green*, there are the federal agents.

Every major federal law enforcement agency has a presence in New York City. The New York Division is the largest FBI office in the world, with 1,126 Special Agents, more than ten percent of all in the Bureau, stationed in the massive Federal Building scant blocks from Police Plaza and City Hall. The United States Marshals Service has a smaller presence, with 88 Deputy Marshals in the Southern District (Manhattan) and 70 in the Eastern District (Brooklyn, Queens, and Long Island). In each case New York City has the lion's share of the federal officers assigned to the state of New York (1,126 of 1,208 FBI Special Agents, 158 of 189 Deputy Marshals).

The mobility of agents and their multi-jurisdictional assignments make exact figures imprecise. Figures have been unavailable for other agencies in New York City proper, but it is likely that

the pattern of their distribution is the same. The personnel of the Federal Bureau of Prisons may be the exception due simply to the location of the federal prisons in New York State.

*Delta Green* operations in New York City might therefore involve enormous numbers of unwitting personnel. An investigation of a sinister cult could easily involve the FBI, ATF, the U.S. Marshals, the DEA if there is suspicion of drug violations, and so on. And if, as is so often the case, the cult has international ties, then there may well be a CIA or even State Department or Defense Department liaison with the FBI's foreign counterintelligence or counterterrorism investigators. And of course, the NYPD will certainly be involved, possibly in a prominent or the primary role in an investigation in the city.

All these resources might seem like a bonanza to firepower-hungry players, but many of these allies would jump at the chance to expose an illegal conspiracy of government operatives intent on doling out informal vengeance in violation of the law and suspects' civil rights. The help is there for the taking; but the more help the players get, the greater the risk of exposure becomes. Keepers, be stern.

All information below is from circa 1998.

## Federal Officers in NY State

These are full-time officers of selected agencies with authority to carry firearms and make arrests.

### Department of Justice

Drug Enforcement Administration: 365  
 Federal Bureau of Investigation: 1,208  
 Federal Bureau of Prisons: 588  
 Immigration and Naturalization Service: 949  
 U.S. Marshals Service: 189

### Department of the Treasury

Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms: 102  
 Internal Revenue Service: 351  
 U.S. Customs Service: 1,132  
 U.S. Postal Inspection Service: 592  
 U.S. Secret Service: unknown

### Administrative Office of the U.S. Courts

Federal Corrections and Supervision Division: 272

### Department of the Interior

National Park Service: 98

**General Services Administration**

Federal Protective Service: 100

**Department of State**

Bureau of Diplomatic Security: unknown

**Department of the Army**

Military Police: 65

**Selected NYC Federal Field Offices****Drug Enforcement Administration**

New York Division, 99 Tenth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.  
212-337-3900.

JFK Airport Task Force, Queens, NY

Long Island Subdivision, NY

New York Joint Task Force, Westchester Subdivision, NY

**Federal Bureau of Investigation**

26 Federal Plaza, 23rd. Floor, New York, New York 10278.  
212-384-1000.

**Immigration and Naturalization Service**

26 Federal Plaza, New York, NY 10278. 212-206-6500.

**U.S. Marshals Service**

Eastern District of New York (E/NY): U.S. Marshal: Daniel C. Byrne. U.S. Courthouse, 225 Cadman Plaza E, Room 172, Brooklyn, NY 11201. 718-330-7493.

Southern District of New York (S/NY): U.S. Marshal: Martin J. Burke. 500 Pearl Street, Suite 400, New York, NY 10007. 212-637-6000.

**United States Attorneys**

Eastern District of New York (E/NY): The Honorable Zachary W. Carter, United States Attorney. 147 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, NY 11201. 718-254-6260.

Southern District of New York (S/NY): The Honorable Mary Jo White, United States Attorney. One Saint Andrew's Plaza, New York, NY 10007. 212-791-0008.

**Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms**

New York Field Division: 26 Federal Plaza, New York, NY 10278.  
212-264-4658.

Queens, NY (Arson Group): 718-896-6400.

Brooklyn, NY (Group I): 718-254-7845.

Brooklyn, NY (Group II): 718-254-7854.

New York, NY (Group IV): 212-466-5683.

New York, NY (Group V): 212-637-6550.

**Internal Revenue Service**

7 World Trade Center, New York 10048. 212-264-0290

**U.S. Customs Service**

6 World Trade Center, New York 10048. 800-697-3662

**Postal Inspection Service**

United States Postal Service, PO Box 555, New York, NY 10116-0555. 212-330-3844.

**Secret Service**

New York: 7 World Trade Center, 9th Floor, New York, NY 10048-1901. 212-637-4500.

John F. Kennedy International Airport, Queens, NY 11430. 718-553-0911.

White Plains: 140 Grand Street, White Plains, NY 10601. 914-682-6300.

**Bureau of Diplomatic Security**

26 Federal Plaza, Room 3409, New York, NY 10278. 212-264-1292.

**Selected NYC Correctional Facilities****City Facilities, Off Rikers Island**

Bellevue Hospital Prison Ward. 1st Avenue and 27th Street, New York, NY 10016. 212-562-4331.

Bronx House of Detention for Men. 653 River Avenue, the Bronx, NY 10451. 718-579-4315.

Brooklyn Correctional Facility. 136 Flushing Avenue, Brooklyn, NY 11205. 718-802-3300.

Brooklyn House of Detention for Men. 275 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11201. 718-797-8315.

Elmhurst Hospital Prison Ward. 79-01 Broadway, Elmhurst, NY 11373. 718-334-2108.

Goldwater Memorial Hospital Unit. Roosevelt Island, New York, NY 10044. 212-318-8000 Ext. 2110.

Kings County Hospital Prison Ward. 451 Clarkson Avenue, Brooklyn, NY 11203. 718-245-2265.

Manhattan Detention Complex. 125 White Street, New York, NY 10013. 212-225-7313.

Queens House of Detention for Men. 126-02 82nd Avenue, Kew Gardens, NY 11415. 718-520-5227.

Vernon C. Bain Center. 1 Halleck Street, the Bronx, NY 10474. 718-579-8312.

### City Facilities, Rikers Island

Adolescent Reception and Detention Center. 11-11 Hazen St., East Elmhurst, NY 11370. 718-546-6950.

Anna M. Kross Center. 18-18 Hazen St., East Elmhurst, NY 11370. 718-546-3550.

Correctional Institution for Men. 10-10 Hazen St., East Elmhurst, NY 11370. 718-546-5750.

George Motchan Detention Center. 15-15 Hazen St., East Elmhurst, NY 11370. 718-546-4550.

George R. Vierno Center. 09-09 Hazen St., East Elmhurst, NY 11370. 718-546-2107.

James A. Thomas Center. 14-14 Hazen St., East Elmhurst, NY 11370. 718-546-5350.

North Infirmery Command. 14-14 Hazen St., East Elmhurst, NY 11370. 718-546-1150.

Otis Bantum Correctional Center. 16-00 Hazen St., East Elmhurst, NY 11370. 718-546-6449.

Rose M. Singer Center. 19-19 Hazen St., East Elmhurst, NY 11370. 718-546-7450.

West Facility. 16-06 Hazen St., East Elmhurst, NY 11370. 718-546-4150.

### State Facilities

Arthur Kill Correctional Facility. 2911 Arthur Kill Road, Staten Island, NY 10309-1197. 718-356-7333.

Bayview Correctional Facility. 550 West 20th Street, New York, NY 10011-2878. 212-255-7590.

Edgecombe Correctional Facility. 611 Edgecombe Avenue, New York, NY 10032-4398. 212-923-2575.

Fulton Correctional Facility. 1511 Fulton Avenue, Bronx, NY 10457-8398. 718-583-8000.

Lincoln Correctional Facility. 31-33 West 110th Street, New York, NY 10026-4398. 212-860-9400.

Parkside Correctional Facility. 10 Mount Morris Park West, New York, NY 10027-6395. 212-860-6835.

## Selected Military Bases [NY]

### Brooklyn Coast Guard Air Station

This includes the NYPD Helicopter Department. 150 active-duty personnel, 4 civilian personnel.

### Brooklyn Coast Guard Supply Center

Two warehouses contain a great deal of sensitive electronics and other materiel. 130 active-duty personnel, 130 civilian personnel.

### Fort Hamilton

This U.S. Army base in Brooklyn covers 177 acres, with 750 active-duty personnel, 700 reservists, 200 National Guard, and 1,500 civilian personnel.

### Governors Island Coast Guard Support Center

Located in the East River between Manhattan and Brooklyn, this island base has 3,500 active-duty personnel and 740 civilian personnel.

### U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, North Atlantic Div.

This small division of officers operates in Manhattan.\

### U.S. Military Academy, West Point

The world-famous academy is located 56 miles north of New York City, with 1,612 active-duty personnel, 3,752 dependents, and 2,063 civilian personnel.

## Selected Military Bases [NJ]

### Bayonne Military Ocean Terminal

A 432-acre U.S. Army base near the Statue of Liberty in Hudson Bay.

### Earle Naval Weapons Station

Located 54 miles south of New York, this base berths several ships and has a complement of 2,811 active-duty personnel and 670 civilian personnel.

### Fort Dix

Once a major training facility, Fort Dix now houses an Air Force hospital and a minimum-security federal prison, with 817 civilian personnel.

### Fort Monmouth

Fort Monmouth specializes in electronic warfare and military technologies, with 2,000 active-duty Army personnel and 7,646 civilian personnel.

### Naval Air Warfare Ctr. Aircraft Div. Lakehurst

Another base south of New York, Lakehurst primarily specializes in air warfare and electronic warfare, and it also includes the Mobile In-Shore Underwater Warfare Unit. 600 active-duty personnel, 2,700 civilian personnel.

### McGuire Air Force Base

Just east of Philadelphia, McGuire AFB has 4,500 active-duty personnel and 2,200 civilian personnel.

## Selected Military Bases [CT]

### New London Naval Submarine Base

This 1,325-acre facility includes 11,000 active-duty personnel and 1,800 civilian personnel.

### Naval Undersea Warfare Center

A New London submarine-warfare research center with other facilities in Newport, RI, Keyport, WA, and Andros Island, Bahamas.

### Coast Guard Academy

Located in New London.

## Selected Military Bases [RI]

### Naval Education and Training Center

Located in Newport, this facility has 5,000 active-duty personnel, 3,200 reservists, and 4,000 civilian personnel, mostly employed at the Naval War College.

### Naval Undersea Warfare Center

A Newport submarine-warfare research center with other facilities in New London, CT, Keyport, WA, and Andros Island, Bahamas.

## Sources

Division of Criminal Justice Services, New York State. Criminal Justice Indicators, New York City: 1992-1996.

Evinger, William R., editor. Directory of military bases in the U.S. Phoenix, Arizona: Oryx Press, 1991.

New York City, NYC Link, [www.ci.nyc.ny.us](http://www.ci.nyc.ny.us)

Research Department, Public Affairs Office, Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Public Affairs Office, United States Marshals Service.

U.S. Department of Justice, Office of Justice Programs. Bureau of Criminal Justice Statistics Bulletin: Federal Law Enforcement Officers, 1996. January, 1998, NCJ-164617.

U.S. Department of Justice, Justice Department website, [www.usdoj.gov](http://www.usdoj.gov)

U.S. Department of the Treasury, Treasury Department website, [www.ustreas.gov](http://www.ustreas.gov)

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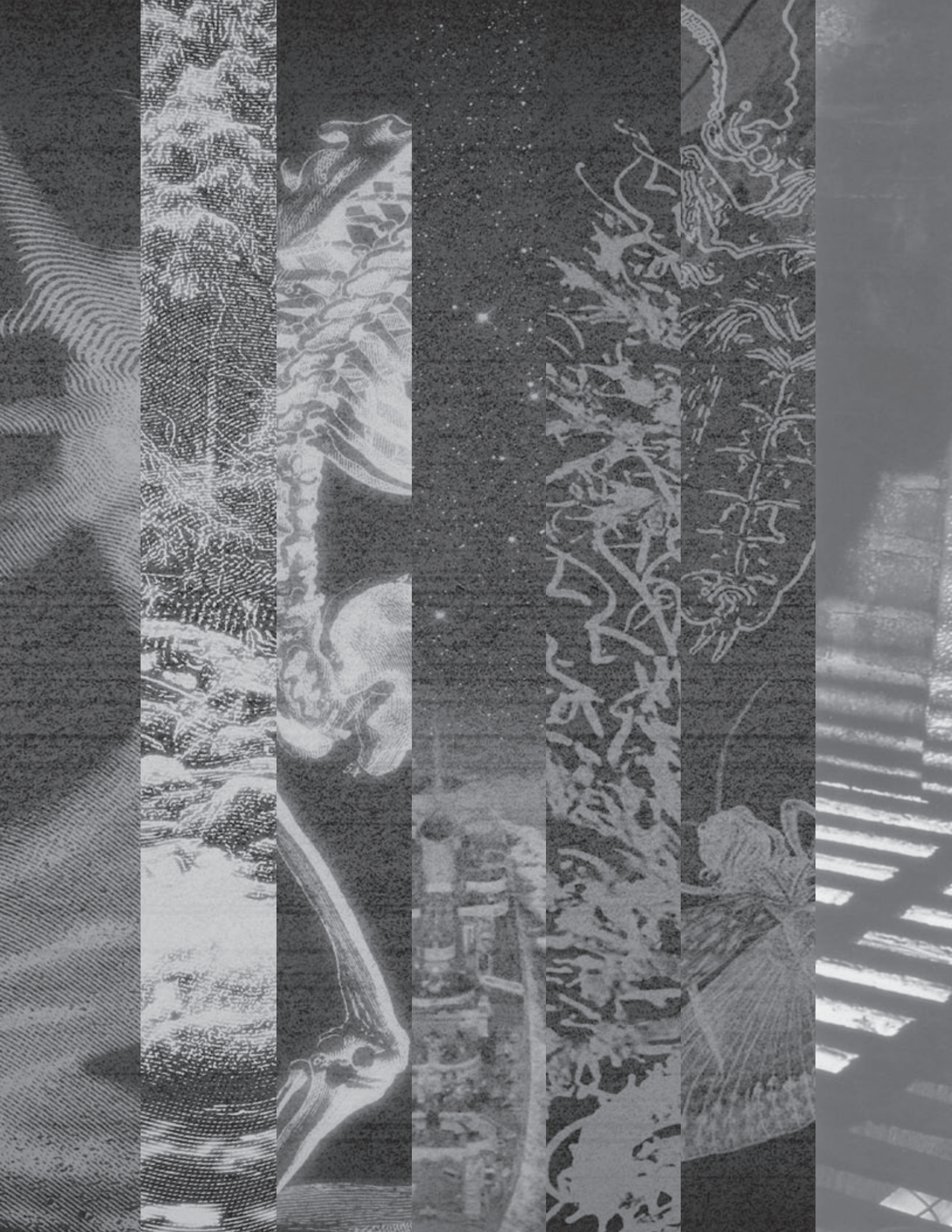
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CASE NUMBER: 78134

DATE: October 24, 1994

AGENTS: Cyrus, William, and Thomas

SUMMARY: Report on Johannes Knepier and the Church of the Impaler

CASE STATUS: Open

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The following report was developed after Johannes Knepier was identified as a suspect in the murder of Sarah Filey and the theft of a rare occult text, Vol. XII of The Revelations of Glaaki (see Case No. 67483).

Johannes Knepier was born 2FEB47 in Lake Charles Louisiana, to Hillary and Karl Knepier. Few records exist of Knepier beyond birth certificate, high school grades, and a few tax returns and traffic tickets. A few months after graduating high school Knepier became a kind of itinerant preacher, moving from community to community. On 15APRIL75, he and an indeterminate number of followers purchased an abandoned church outside Hackberry, Louisiana, about 15 miles south of Lake Charles. There the group established "The Church of the Impaler," an unaccredited and unlicensed church.

#### The Church of the Impaler

Little is know about the church's activities. Rumor has it that they were deeply involved in faith healing. The investigation by the Louisiana State Police in 1977 revealed that all forty-six members of the Church of the Impaler suffered from untreatable terminal illnesses, including Johannes Knepier, who was diagnosed with stage 3, slow-grading, non-Hodgkin lymphoma in November 1974. Without treatment Johannes Knepier would likely have died within three years.

On 20JUNE77 all forty-six members of the Church of the Impaler disappeared from Hackberry. The disappearances were not reported to the Cameron Parrish Sheriff's department until 22JUNE77 due to the fact that the members of the congregation were highly insular and did not mix with the local population. The Parrish Sheriff conducted a search of the church and the congregation's residences. No sign of violence was found, but their cars and boats were missing. On 23JUNE77 deputy sheriffs discovered vehicles belonging to the cult on the eastern shore of Black Lake at a boat ramp. The empty boat trailers found at the ramp led to a search of the shore.

On 26JUNE77 searchers discovered a mass murder/suicide site on the western shore of Black Lake. Forty-four members of the cult were found impaled. These were not traditional impalements, insofar as they were not conducted the way impalements typically were in Eastern Europe, with vertical stakes and penetration through the lower gastrointestinal tract. The Church of the Impaler cultists were impaled through the torso, the wooden stake driven in through the chest and out through the back. Stakes were placed in the earth at a 30-degree angle and it appears that the cultists variously hurled themselves onto the stakes, or were forced down on top of them. Many had lost fingernails or had splinters of wood under their nails from the effort of trying to pull themselves deeper onto the stakes.

Predation by scavengers badly damaged many of the bodies, but two members of the cult were completely unaccounted for. One was Johannes Knepier. The other was Susan Hexton. Forty-six impalement stakes were prepared, and two did not show any signs of being used. Some police officials speculated that the two of them did not die in the mass murder/suicide and escaped despite the hazards of hiking through a minimum of five miles of swampland.

Our research on Susan Hexton reveals some unusual facts. First, it appears she was deeply involved with Knepier and was his first convert to the Church of the Impaler. There are birth and death records in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania for a Susan Hexton, born 40CTOBER55, died 3JANUARY56 of what may have been sudden infant death syndrome, known at the time as crib death. There are no other records for her until in 1974 Susan Hexton applied for a driver's license in the state of Maryland using her birth certificate. The paper trail indicates that this is the same Susan Hexton who later moved to Louisiana and became the first member of the Church of the Impaler. Whoever assumed Susan Hexton's identity has not used the identity again. A driver's license photo was recovered from the Maryland Department of Motor vehicles but so far no match has been made. (See attachment A.)

### The Present Day

Our team visited Hackberry, Louisiana, and visited the site of the church. It no longer exists, having been burned to the ground shortly after the mass impalement in '77. It is an abandoned lot now. A thorough examination of the lot revealed nothing. Interviews in the area turned up few witnesses old enough to have been in residence during the time the Church of the Impaler was active. Those old enough to remember the events were particularly taciturn. The general opinion of locals was that the Church members were devil worshippers who got exactly what they deserved.

Our team also visited Black Lake, west of Hackberry. We were only able to locate the mass sacrifice site with the help of a retired Cameron Parrish deputy sheriff, Oliver Keen. All the impalement stakes have rotted away. The swamp had pretty much consumed the crime scene. Nevertheless, Agent Cyrus reported uncomfortable sensations during our visit to Black Lake. Deputy Keen reported similar sensations, saying that this visit was the first time he'd returned since 1977.

New Iberia is the home of Knepier's only relative who was alive at the time of the mass suicide/homicide, a cousin named Jacelyne LeRoux. She was twenty-three at the time of the incident, and claimed that she didn't know much about her cousin after he graduated high school except what she's read in the papers—that Johannes Knepier was a "psycho" who murdered a bunch of people and probably killed himself. Her contact with him prior to high school was, in her opinion, normal. Johannes Knepier had been, as far as she could tell, a normal child with loving parents. She says that her parents never wanted to talk about their infamous nephew, but that it was an open secret that he was dying of lymphatic cancer, and that hope of a spiritual cure may have drawn him into fringe religions.

### Conclusions

The mass impalement at Black Lake seems consistent with the worship of the entity known as Glaaki. The murder of Susan Filey in Chicago is also consistent insofar as the impalement was through the chest and used a wooden implement.

Our team has concluded that Knepier certainly survived the Black Lake mass impalement in 1977 and is still involved in the worship of Glaaki. Based on his medical diagnosis and his failure to treat his lymphoma between 1974 and 1977, it seems unlikely that Knepier could have survived to the present without the intervention of preternatural phenomena.

No conclusions have been drawn as to the reason for the mutilation of the corpse of Susan Filey or what Knepier's interest is in the 12<sup>th</sup> Volume of the Revelations of Glaaki.

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