

THE WHISPERER

for

Call of Cthulhu,
Mythos CCG
& things
Lovecraftian

Issue One
Summer 1999

© *ARRICK*

£3.50



Opening the Way

The dark figure shuffled across the street towards the doorway, unmindful of the oily rain that thundered down from the heavens. Gingerly, the figure reached for the ancient doorknob. Leprous fingers curled tightly and pushed.

A faint smell emanated from inside that reminded the stranger of a distant memory, now long since eaten away by time and worms.

Cautiously, the figure entered in to the gloom. Nearly there now. Hands reaching for the box that lay on the dusty work surface. An evil cackling sound grew in intensity as feverish hands pulled the box apart to gain access to that which was hidden within....

Welcome to this, the first issue of *The Whisperer* - a fanzine written by and for devotees of the Call of Cthulhu role playing game, Mythos the collectable card game and all things Lovecraftian.

In this issue you will find articles to inspire and broaden your current or future campaigns. Rik Kershaw-Moore's article on psychic investigators brings the topic bang up to date and is ideal source material for any Keepers running *Delta Green* story lines. 'Acquaintances and Abodes' will be a regular feature detailing an 'interesting' and sometimes unsavoury range of non-player characters and locales which unsuspecting investigators might bump into.

Dark things are certainly afoot in 'The Blanford Horror' - a complete 1920's scenario set in England, in which investigators are called to look into a mysterious theft of a family heirloom.

'A Once and Future King', a Gaslight adventure written by Garrie Hall, is the spectacular final to the campaign begun in Pagan Publishing's *The Golden Dawn*. Part two of this huge scenario will be printed in issue two.

The artwork of Paul Carrick should need no introduction to anyone who has picked up any of Chaosium's recent 'Core Rules' series. Want to know what goes on inside the head of an artist? Check out page 17 & 18 for an interview with Paul.

Keep losing at Mythos? Want to know what makes a deck tick? Read the first part of Danny Bourne's series on improving your game and you could be the next UK Nationals Champion.

Lastly, but not least, we have a collection of news, reviews and, if my heart can take it, the horror that is 'Carry on Cthulhu'.

We want your brains! Well not so much brains, as your scenarios, articles, reviews and artwork. All submissions appreciated. If you have views on what you want to see in *The Whisperer* then let us know. If you like something - tell us. If you don't like something - write something better! The future of this zine is in your hands. Would you like to see a broader range of material - perhaps dark fantasy scenarios or articles about using Cthulhu in SLA Industries? Would you like to read the odd bit of fiction? If you have views let us know.

Can you help? If *The Whisperer* is to survive as long as Dagon (hands up who can remember!) then its going to need your help. Ask you local hobby shop to stock copies of *The Whisperer* - get them to put up a poster. At conventions put the word about. You know it makes sense. Help us to make the stars right.

As the Millennium draws near, so too will the next issue of *The Whisperer*. Due out in November/December 1999, the 'difficult' second issue will contain the next installments of 'A Once and Future King' and 'So you want to be a tournament winner', as well as more 'Acquaintances and Abodes' and reviews of *Cults Across America* and *Beyond the Mountains of Madness*.

Till the stars are Right...

...Mike Mason

Contents

	Page
Opening the Way <i>editorial noises</i>	2
The Voice from the Well <i>news and gossip from the outside world</i>	4
Acquaintances and Abodes: Ephraim Mortimer and Sons	5
The Psychic Powers of Investigators	7
A Once and Future King <i>a Golden Dawn scenario set in 1900</i>	11
Dark Arts <i>an interview with Paul Carrick</i>	17
The Blanford Horror <i>a dastardly plot reaches fruition in 1926</i>	19
Acquaintances and Abodes: Shadrack and Pettifogg	28
Items of Mutual Interest <i>reviews</i>	29
IT's in the Cards <i>so you want to be a tournament winner?</i>	30
Carry on Cthulhu!	31
Acknowledgements and Thanks	32

WIN 'THE COMPLETE DREAMLANDS'

The wonderful people at Chaosium have donated a brand new, very shiny copy of the Revised Fourth Edition Complete Dreamlands sourcebook. With nearly one hundred new pages devoted to new background material and character generation system – can you afford to be without it!

How easy could it be? All you need to do to win this fabulous copy is design a 'Create Your Own Adventure Card' for the Mythos Collectable Card Game. The only stipulations are that the adventure must feature at least one Dreamlands location and an Angry Zoog.

Entries to The Whisperer, 18 Loughton Road, Bradwell Village, Milton Keynes, MK13 9AA, England.

Deadline for entries is 20th September 1999. The winner's entry will be printed in the next issue. Judge's decision is final!

The Voice from the Well

In case you hadn't heard, it's been all change at Chaosium with the company mutating into four separate, but related, companies. So who and what is Chaosium now?

Chaosium Inc. remains the publisher of the Call of Cthulhu RPG and the Call of Cthulhu fiction line. Nephilim, Elric!, and the Mythos CCG also remain owned. Contact www.chaosium.com

Chaosium Southwest (otherwise known as the Leng Embassy) co-ordinates Chaosium and Green Knight (Pendragon line) distribution and promotions.

Green Knight Publishing was founded last year and now owns the King Arthur Pendragon RPG and the Arthurian fiction line created by Chaosium Inc. Contact www.greenknight.com

Issaries Inc. was formed by Greg Stafford to develop and publish the upcoming Glorantha RPG: Hero Wars. Contact www.glorantha.com

Finally there is Wizard's Attic Publishing Services, now a separate company which deals with direct to customer catalog sales. Contact www.chaosium.com

"But enough about the company...what about the games?" came the mocking voice from the well...

The Ithaqua Cycle is a chilling collection of thirteen tales related to Ithaqua, the Wind-Walker, collected together for the first time. Includes stories by August Derleth, Brian Lumley, Algernon Blackwood, Joseph Payne Brennan, and others.

Nightmare's Disciple

Chaosium's first full-length Cthulhu Mythos novel is said to contain "a wealth of terror and Lovecraftian flavor". Written by Joseph Pulver, Sr., the story tells the tale of an insane cultist bent on freeing a monstrous goddess from her imprisonment beyond the stars. Opposing him is a detective searching for a twisted serial killer and a pair of horror-store owners with a deep interest in music and the occult. The story is set in the modern day, in a world where perhaps H. P. Lovecraft is more prophetic than anyone dares believe. For mature readers only.

And at last comes the long and eagerly awaited **Beyond the Mountains of Madness** Call of Cthulhu campaign. At over 400 pages with seventeen narrative chapters this looks to be awesome. Stung by the deaths occurring during its initial exploration of Antarctica and perplexed by supposedly credible reports from the survivors, Miskatonic University launches a larger and better equipped expedition to plumb the mysteries of the icy continent. New, surprising, and ingenious obstacles and

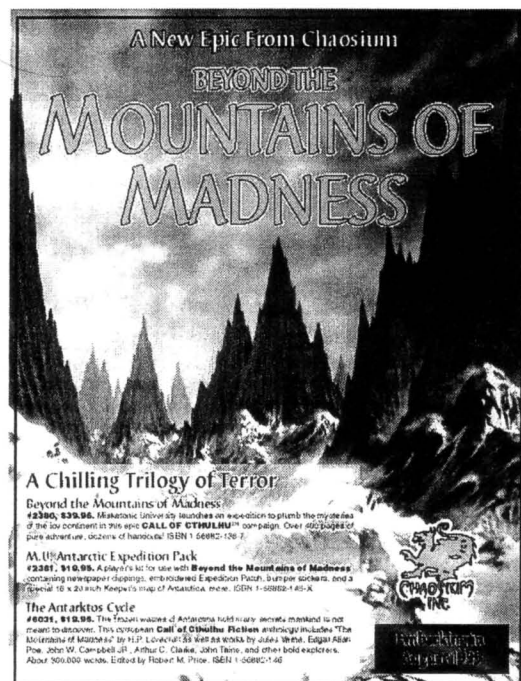
crises abound before the final terrible secret makes itself clear. Contains considerable source material on the Frozen Continent, the equipment of the time, and even expedition planning.

The players participate in a new expedition, the Starkweather-Moore, as mentioned in 'At the Mountains of Madness'. The expedition is large enough that many roles are available to the players. A few chapters are set in New York and on the high seas, but most of the adventure occurs in Antarctica, especially at Lake's Camp and the City of the Elder Things.

The authors have carefully included a wide variety of tasks and goals for the player-characters, and they frequently face a bewildering number of choices for action. All the important questions posed in Lovecraft's original story are answered in this massive book. As the players' understanding grows, they find themselves facing unexpected challenges, some physical, some psychological, and some ethical.

Hot on the heels of Beyond the Mountains of Madness comes the **Miskatonic University Expedition Pack** – a players kit for use with the new campaign, containing newspaper clippings, embroidered expedition patch, car bumper stickers and a 16 x 20 inch Keeper's map of Antarctica.

The Whisperer will be bringing you a review of Beyond the Mountains of Madness next issue – and just maybe you will be able to win your own copy too.



Ephraim Mortimer and Sons

By Andrew Bennison

"Tradition, sobriety and respect are the watch words of this long established and well respected family business. For four generations we have solemnly cared for the loved ones of the discerning with our unique and reverential service."
Ephraim Mortimer and Sons Brochure

"Death – it's our bread and butter!"
Roger Mortimer

Background

Ephraim Mortimer and Sons is the most revered, exclusive and expensive undertakers in town serving only the most wealthy or influential customers. There is a certain something about a Mortimer funeral. Joseph Mortimer, the current head of the family, meticulously plans and runs their funerals with military precision. The staff are particularly well dressed and sombre. The antique horse drawn hearse and immaculate floral tributes add to the impressive atmosphere of a Mortimer funeral. The Mortimers *know* about death. Joseph Mortimer and his younger brother Roger currently manage the firm.

Joseph Mortimer is every inch an undertaker. He is tall, thin, sober and detached. He has a quiet and reserved demeanor that fits his occupation. Many residents know him by sight, but few can remember his voice. His character is somewhat cold, but with a dignified air of refinement. People talk in hushed whispers about his unfortunate wife, Agnes. Joseph seems to carry his pain without complaint. He is a highly respected, if somewhat avoided, member of the community.

Agnes Mortimer is in her late forties. For the last three years she has been resident in the local sanatorium where her dutiful husband visits her every week. No one knows the cause of her debility, but it is rumoured that she sits alone in her tiny room constantly washing and cleaning everything in sight.

Steven Mortimer, Joseph and Agnes's troubled teenage son, does not want to be a part of the family business. His relationship with his father has deteriorated since his mother's confinement. He is frequently in trouble with the police. Malicious gossips insist that he was responsible for a local girl's pregnancy last summer. These gossips insist that it was Steven's Uncle Roger who paid off the girls family and arranged for her to go 'on holiday' for a few months.

Roger Mortimer is the public face of Ephraim Mortimer and Sons. He deals with all of the family and relatives of the deceased and makes all the necessary arrangements. While Joseph organises the actual ceremonies, it is actually Roger who really runs the business. Roger is talkative and over-friendly, especially

with the ladies. His appearance is against him; his skin is pockmarked and his teeth protrude. Despite his young years (he is only twenty-four), Roger is already out of condition and over weight. His ill-fitting wig makes a mockery of his fine clothes and expensive after-shave. Roger is an eternal bachelor who enjoys the company of others.

The Truth

The Mortimer family are ghouls. They use their business to conceal their true identity and to provide them with a regular supply of food – their customers. They do not see themselves as evil, just different. They would certainly never kill to get food. They don't need to. The local inhabitants provide an abundant food supply. They are happy to remain in the background and not draw attention to themselves.

There is an extensive tunnel system that links the Mortimer House with the local cemetery. Below the town are dozen of ghouls who rely on their ancestors for sustenance.

Agnes Mortimer discovered the secret and it drove her mad, but her husband still loves her and cares for her. Roger Mortimer is already beginning to change. He wears voluminous clothes to hide his increasing physical deformity. The after-shave is an attempt to mask his natural smell.

Introducing the Mortimers

The Mortimers should be gradually introduced into a campaign. For example, they could be used to bury an NPC or relative of the player characters. Ideally, they should be used once or twice as brief encounters within wider unrelated adventures. If this is the case, the actual revelation of the Mortimer's true nature will be all the more disturbing.

Roger Mortimer is a comic character who could be used to brighten up a scenario. He could easily become a friend of the players and useful source of information. Being a garrulous, not to say nosy sort of chap, he knows much about local history and local gossip. Roger Mortimer could become a worthwhile ally. His personal library contains many books on occult practices,

including a particularly battered copy of *Cultes Des Goules*.

Following are two sample adventures that throw a light on the reality of the Mortimer's 'unique and reverential service'. They are both ongoing story lines. The players may pick up hints from local newspaper articles or from local gossip. Their actions may cause the events below to change. Both scenario ideas will require work by the keeper to integrate them into their campaigns. Ideally, they should run parallel to other stories.

Feast of Steven

Over the Christmas period of a particularly harsh winter an epidemic hits town. The ground is too solid for graves to be dug, the Mortimer family generously allows their mausoleum to be used to house the over-flow of bodies.

At this time Steven Mortimer will discover his true heritage, and break into the family vault...

Are you lonesome tonight?

Forty-nine years ago, Abel Cooper married Edith Mortimer, sister to Joseph and Roger. It wasn't he best of matches for the Mortimer family, but Edith couldn't afford to be too choosy. Joseph said his sister was 'homely', but Roger preferred the term 'pug-ugly'. Abel was an itinerant manual labourer who had no money little prospects, but Edith doted upon him.

For six years they were happy, then Edith came down with a fever. At the time Abel was unemployed and had limited means, but Joseph was ever the dutiful brother-in-law. He paid for an out of town doctor to care for Edith. One evening Abel returned home from trying to find work, to discover that his beloved wife had died. He never saw the body. Joseph told him that it would be too distressing.

Abel never quite got over Edith's death. He took a job of groundskeeper and gravedigger at the local cemetery, so that he could tend her grave every day. Little did he suspect that his wife wasn't actually dead. Like many of her family, Edith had become a ghoul.

Abel's house is a tumbledown affair next to Mortimer family Mausoleum. It gives him an excellent view of what he believes to be Edith's last resting-place. Abel is well past retirement age, but the town council hasn't the heart to force him into quitting.

Newspaper reports begin to tell of someone who has been seen prowling in the graveyard in the early hours of the morning. One night it will be discovered that someone has attempted to break into Abel's home, while he was asleep. Nothing was taken, but there was a certain *odour* about the place. Two days later another

break-in will occur, but the intruder will leave a rose on the mantelpiece. The smell will be stronger.

Edith still loves her husband. Their fiftieth wedding anniversary will be falling soon. Edith will attempt one last visit to her darling husband. The shock of seeing what remains of Edith would be too much for Abel's weak heart. Then Edith and Abel can be together again – in the only way she knows how, *by joining him in a final meal*.



Continued from page 9.

A 100mg dose increases the psychic's POW by 2, Magic Points by 4, and STR by 4 whilst reducing SAN by 1d6, Hit Points by 1d4, and permanently reducing CON by 2.

A 150mg dose increases the psychic's POW by 3, Magic Points by 6, and STR by 6 whilst reducing SAN by 1d8, Hit Points by 1d6, and permanently reducing CON by 3.

At 200mg DIME increases the psychic's POW by 4, Magic Points by 8, and STR by 8 whilst reducing SAN by 1d10, Hit Points by 1d8, and permanently reducing CON by 4.

A 250mg dose increases the psychic's POW by 5, Magic Points by 10, and STR by 10 whilst reducing SAN by 1d12, Hit Points by 1d10 and CON by 2d4, and permanently reducing CON by 5.

DIME is highly addictive, with users becoming hooked after 1d4 doses. Addiction means the user will rapidly degenerate into madness followed shortly by death. However, an addict gripped by DIME will be a very deadly opponent indeed. Finally, DIME is by far the cheapest of the active drugs available and costs around £150 per 100-mg phial.

The Psychic Powers of Investigators

By Rik Kershaw-Moore

Introduction

ESP has oddly enough been a sadly neglected set of abilities with Call of Cthulhu. I suppose there are a number of reasons for this, the greatest being that Lovecraft himself did not write about the subject to any great detail and so is considered non-canon by many Lovecraftians. However the actual definitions of the abilities that make up the list of recognized ESP talents are nebulous in the extreme, and then how to handle them in a gaming environment provides the Keeper with certain challenges. This is my attempt at defining the various psychic abilities; there are others on the Internet so if you do not like mine please feel free to seek them out.

What 'Causes' ESP?

According to neuroscience, only about 10% of the human brain capacity is actually used which means there is a lot of spare capacity just sitting there. One theory is that psychic abilities are held somewhere within this unused area and that everyone has the potential to use these abilities, if only they knew how to access them. Another theory builds on this idea, and says that ESP is nothing more than an atrophied extra sense that was once necessary for survival, a bit like the sensory equivalent of the appendix.

There is a fair amount of research both within the government and private institutions to not only understand the physical processes that make up ESP, but also to harness it for their own ends. Current thinking seems to indicate that ESP is nothing more than the conscious control of the electromagnetic energy field that surrounds us. If this is the case then by simply altering this field you could quite easily cause objects to move (telekinesis) or even in extreme cases ignite (pyrokinesis). Alternatively, if you could tune your brain to act as a passive receiver you could thereby pick up the thoughts that are broadcast by other people's minds (receptive telepathy). Work carried out by Dr Alan Frey in the early 1960s showed that by using modulated electromagnetic energy waves he could project voices into people's minds, an effect the pentagon calls Synthetic Telepathy.

Generating a Psychic Character

Any player who wishes to have a psychic investigator must declare their intention during character generation. The Keeper should then ask the player to roll a d100. If the roll is less than or equal to the investigator's POW then that character has a latent psychic ability. It is then up to the Keeper whether he lets the investigator have these psychic powers fully developed or whether they are lying dormant ready to be triggered by some as yet

unforeseen event. The latter option is probably better since it allows for a greater depth and range of character, and can give an investigator a personal goal to pursue. If however the player rolls $\frac{1}{4}$ POW or less on a d100 then that character is said to be an active psychic.

Investigators who fail their POW roll may still be able to gain psychic powers, but the means may be more extreme than those who are proven psychics. Whereas a person with latent powers might develop his talents through merely touching some powerful Mythos object one without his mental powers so close to the surface might have to study for years. The psychic power that the investigator can have can either be rolled up randomly via the following table or the Keeper can choose the talent that best suits the investigator. In the case of NPCs, the Keeper should be careful to pick the most appropriate talent.

To choose the investigator's psychic ability roll 1d8 and consult the following table:

<i>Roll</i>	<i>Ability</i>
1	Precognition
2	Telepathy
3	Empathy
4	Telekinesis
5	Pyrokinesis
6	Clairvoyance
7	Remote Viewing
8	Sensitive

Psychic Abilities

Precognition is the ability to foresee future events. These future events are often considered to be 'visions'. Precognition tends to be something of a double edged sword, since the possessor of such a skill rarely has control over what they see or when they see it. Those people who wish to 'rend the veil', so to speak, need to make a POW x 2 or less roll. A successful roll will allow a glimpse into their immediate future, be it an object a place or something more sinister, at the discretion of the Keeper. If the roll fails, then the seer will either see nothing or something entirely misleading. Whatever the roll, be it failure or success, the investigator will use 2 Magic Points. Since this ability is so powerful it needs to be used sparingly and the Keeper should be careful exactly what he reveals to the investigator.

Telepathy is usually known as mind reading, and literally means distant feeling/perception. It's generally considered to be an energy transference between

sentient creatures. A telepath can try to read the surface thoughts of a target by rolling 2 x their POW versus the POW of the target on the resistance table. If they are successful then they will be able to pick up what the target is thinking. This costs the telepath 1 Magic Point per thought. This could be a very useful skill in a combat situation. To probe deeper into the target's mind to perceive deeper thoughts or memories than a straight POW versus POW resistance roll is required. This will cost the telepath 2 Magic Point per thought or memory. To implant thoughts or memories into a target's mind then a ½ x POW versus Target's POW resistance roll is required. This will cost the telepath 4 MP per memory or thought. To telepathically take control of a target requires a ¾ x POW versus Target's POW resistance roll to work. This will cost the telepath 8 Magic Points per five minutes of control. If the targeted individual has some paranormal ability or is indeed a latent psychic, or can successfully roll under their Occult or Cthulhu Mythos skill, then they may recognize the subtle prodding in their brain as some sort of psychic probe, assuming that the telepath either read their thoughts or unsuccessfully tried to broadcast a thought or action to them. If the psychic is totally successful at sending thoughts then there is nothing that the target can do since these thoughts or actions will appear to be totally natural to them. If the target is also a telepath then they can actively resist contact. To do so, simply double the target's POW scores on the resistance table. Finally telepathy costs one MP per kilometre or part thereof, whether successful or not; this range cost is added onto the total Magic Points used.

Empathy is the ability to sense strong emotions from other people, animals and even from inanimate objects. No roll is required to merely detect that some strong emotion such as love or anger is present, but the investigator must make 2 x POW roll to determine what kind of emotion is present; this does not cost any Magic Points. An empath can also try to influence the emotions of other living things if they can make a successful POW versus POW resistance roll. This effect will last for one round per Magic Point used by the empath. However human emotions have little or no meaning to most Mythos entities and would therefore have little or no effect. Only one person can be targeted at a time with this skill. The empath's range is equal to the investigator's POW in metres e.g. an investigator with POW 10 could not receive or transmit emotions beyond 10 metres.

Telekinesis or psychokinesis is mind over matter, and literally means distant motion. This not only includes moving objects with the mind, but also disrupting or affecting the molecular composition of an object. Levitation and spoon bending are common examples of what constitutes the category of telekinesis. To lift or manipulate an object requires a successful 2 x POW roll. It costs a telekinetic 1 Magic Point to manipulate a 200-gram object or move the same object up to a metre.

Telekinesis may be used to hurl objects as weapons. In such a case, the investigator's chances to hit are equal to their Throw roll. A hit will do normal impact damage for the object thrown minus 1d4. The telekinetic's range is equal to their POW in metres. For example, if a telekinetic wishes to spend 4 Magic Points, they could move an 800-gram object 1 metre or a 200-gram object four metres.

Pyrokinesis is a sub-category of telekinesis, and is a trait or ability that allows the spontaneous combustion of objects (which may include other people) whether at the pyrokinetic's will, or not. To set fire to something, the object must be in full view of the pyrokinetic and a successful 2 x POW roll needs to be made. Each Magic Point used will increase the temperature of the target object by 20°C, if the roll fails it still costs 1 Magic Point. An object cannot be heated up too swiftly with this ability. A pyrokinetic may spend only 2 Magic Points per round so that the target material will heat up at a rate of 40°C / round. Only one roll is required, but if the pyrokinetic's concentration is broken then the process will be stopped.

Clairvoyance is used to see from afar and literally means clear seeing. If it was purely auditory, it would be called clairaudience, and the combination of the two may be called clairsentience. This is not to be confused with telepathy, as clairvoyance is basically the same as an 'Out of Body Experience'. Some mediums and certain psychics consider this the means of communicating with the "other side," or the afterlife. To conduct a séance requires the psychic to do a successful 2 x POW roll to enter the 'spirit' world, and costs 5 Magic Points per hour long séance or part thereof. The contacted spirit will speak through the psychic who will not remember what was said. The spirit does not have control over the medium's body which will remain in a trance like status for the entire time. If the psychic fails the POW roll spectacularly then the psychic will contact either the wrong spirit or a malevolent spirit that will do its best to mislead the other investigators.

Remote Sensing - A subset of Clairvoyance covering apparent information transmission as though it were the result of visual perception. The perception can appear externally - either replacing the normal visual scene (as in visions) or being incorporated into it (as could be the case with apparitions) - or internally, in the form of mental imagery and intuition. Remote sensing works by the psychic sending their mind to the location they want to look at, but before they can do this they will need to have some sort of foci to establish where it is they are going. Such foci could be a map of the area, a photograph, or even a soil or rock sample. Also the point needs to be within the psychic's range. Under normal circumstances this is POW x 200 kilometres. A successful 2 x POW roll and 4 Magic Points will allow the psychic a hazy view of the desired location, enough to gain important information but not enough to receive a

clear picture. If the psychic manages to roll a standard critical, 98 or higher, then the Psychic's mind has become trapped on the astral plain. If this happens, the psychic must for each hour they spend being lost, roll less than their POW on a 1d100. If the roll fails, then the psychic will lose 1 point of POW permanently. If the roll succeeds then they are reunited with their body. Once the psychic's POW reaches 0 then the body will die. The psychic's body will remain in a catatonic state until the wandering mind returns to it, or the psychic's POW is reduced to 0 when it will start to decompose.

Sensitive. A sensitive is a person who has no overt psychic abilities but can pick up 'vibrations' and feelings from people, places and things. Whenever a sensitive comes into contact with something charged with spiritual or emotional energy or when they enter an area where a very good, evil or violent act took place, they can try to roll 2 x POW or less on a 1d100. If the roll is made, then they will feel either an unnatural cold or warmth emanating from an object. In the case of an area where a good or bad action occurred they will either feel comfortable or uncomfortable. In areas where there is great good or evil then the sensitive will feel a feeling of love or hate for the area. If a spirit or entity haunts an area then the sensitive will probably get a collection of different feelings at the Keeper's discretion.

Boosting Psychic Power

All the above powers can have their effect increased by outside sources such as:

A circle of power - formed when a number of people join their hands in a circle with a psychic. In this way, the psychic can draw on the Magic Points of the others in the circle. The psychic is however limited to taking 4 Magic Points from each member of the circle, up to a maximum of 24 extra points per each psychic session. These donated points are regenerated in the normal fashion.

By the use of specialized psychic-enhancing drugs which will raise not only the number of Magic Points but also the number of POW points available to the psychic. However this gain is not without its loss since the drugs work by refocusing the life force or intelligence of the user. Drugs can also be used to awaken the latent psychic abilities of investigators. Below are listed a number of psycho-enhancement drugs that could be used by investigators or NPCs in the course of a scenario.

5-hydroxy-indolethylamine (5MODMT) - This is an extract of a rare Amazonian toad venom that has been collected for centuries by the shaman of certain tribes. The venom is extracted by gently squeezing the toad until a milky white fluid is expelled from the parotid neck glands. The active dosage is very low [between 20-30 milligrams]. 5MODMT should be taken orally and never injected, as this would prove to be a STR 35 poison.

The effect of taking 5MODMT is to boost the taker's Magic Points by 2 and their POW by 4 but it temporarily lowers INT by 4. This lowering of INT lasts for 1d4 days. The other effect is to reduce the taker's SAN permanently by 3. Finally the drug is highly addictive with the users becoming hooked after 6 - 10 doses. Addiction means a spiral into imbecility where one point of INT is reduced every time the drug is taken until the user is left as a vegetable. 5MODMT was heavily researched and developed by the CIA during the 1980s. It is available on the black market in several countries including the UK where it costs upwards of £5000 per 250-mg phial. The street name for MODMT is Fray.

CZ-alpha-bufoteniene (CZAR) - This is another traditional psycho-enhancer, which is traditionally prepared by the Evenk Nomads of Siberia. The active ingredient CZAR is contained in a species of mushroom sacred to the Evenks. CZAR is released by mixing it with urine which allows it to form into a solution. The refined drug is considerably more powerful than 5MODMT but has far more dangerous side effects, and is normally administered by injection.

The active does is superficially larger than 5MODMT at 40-50 mg. The effect from taking CZAR is to increase the taker's Magic Points by 4 and their POW by 4, but once the drug wears off it will permanently remove 2 points of POW, 5 points of SAN and 1 point of STR. On the up side, CZAR is non-addictive. CZAR has been refined by the KGB's Special Department 8 and has recently come onto the market since the break-up of the USSR, and at £2000 dollars a 100-mg phial has started to be used in various research laboratories around the world.

10-dimethyloxy-harmalate (DIME) - This drug is a more powerful analogue of the naturally occurring harmala alkaloid present in the pineal gland of both humans and several animals. 10-dimethyloxy-harmalate is a by product of the oxidation of adrenoglomerulotropine and malatonin, normally present in the pineal gland although in minute quantities. DIME was initially synthesized by the in-vitro incubation of serotonin in pineal tissue during the 1970s and has been used in a number of psychic research establishments around the world. DIME is an extremely powerful drug and is highly toxic if taken in doses larger than 250 mg where it should be treated as a STR 30 poison. While DIME normally comes as a yellow crystalline powder it is normally administered by mixing it with water to form a pale blue liquid. The effect DIME has on a psychic is wholly dependent on the dosage level, yet whatever the dosage taken the effects only last for 1-2 hours at a time.

At 50mg DIME increases the psychic's POW by 1, Magic Points by 2, and STR by 2 whilst reducing SAN by 1d4, Hit Points by 1d3, and permanently reducing CON by 1.

Continued on page 6.



A ONCE AND FUTURE KING

by Garrie Hall

Introduction

This scenario, set in April 1900, is the culmination of events set in motion in Pagan Publishing's *"The Golden Dawn"*. In *"Hell Hath No Fury"* the investigators encountered signs of strange events relating to Randolph Northcote and the mysterious St. Michael's Chapel. The attack on St. Pauls in *"Sheela-na-gig"* will have given them an insight into just what extent Arthur is willing to go to in order to make, what was for all intents and purposes, a symbolic gesture. In this scenario these events come to fruition.

Like *"Sheela-na-gig"* this is a lengthy text for a relatively short amount of game time, but again the main villain of the piece is Arthur Pendragon and in this scenario his plans are well laid, a maze of intrigue that the investigators can either stumble their way through blindly or follow through each twisting path. Alongside this the Golden Dawn is entering its twilight, something that will influence events throughout but is inevitable no matter what else happens. A new century is dawning and the investigators have an opportunity to help shape the future fate of mankind.

Keeper's Information

This scenario takes place a year after the events detailed in *'Sheela-na-gig'* and, depending on the success, or otherwise, of the investigators the consequences of the outcome have either been dire or relatively minor. It is for the Keeper to adapt what follows to fit into the history of their campaign.

For several years now Arthur and Randolph Northcote have been building a political power-base for the resurrected king. Since the demise of the unfortunate Northcote, Arthur has bided his time, slowly gaining influence over powerful men who would in turn exert his influence over England -- when the time was right.

That time is now. Arthur's infiltration of various areas of power within England is complete. He has used magic to sway the minds of his "New Round Table", so that now they follow his every wish, or nearly so. Soon he will bring about a terrible act which will not only put one of his own pawns into the Prime Minister's seat, but will also put him once again on the throne and awaken England - and mankind - to the threat of the Cthulhu Mythos. Arthur's callous summoning of a hunting horror, and the raising of a terrifying insurrection is the ultimate act of his conspiracy, and one the investigators must prevent.

The Beginning of the End?

Towards the end of April 1900 a constable arrives at the home of each of the investigators and asks them to

accompany him to the Imperial College, London University, at the urgent request of Chief Inspector Cleveland. The constable is curiously reticent and fends off any questioning by simply inviting them to follow him and all will become clear.

At the Imperial College's library and museum, just south of the Kensington Gardens of Hyde Park, it is obvious that there has been a break in. A large ornamental window has been smashed and a ladder lies discarded beneath it. The building itself is enormous and on entering the ironbound oak doors the investigators find themselves in the University Library.

The ground floor is a single high-ceilinged room filled with towering bookshelves. Their footsteps echo as they walk down the aisles, past books of all ages. The last quarter of the room is a museum containing artifacts from every period of English history. A wrought-iron spiral staircase leads up to a much smaller second floor. A sign on the now-splintered door upstairs proclaims it to be "Restricted Access Only".

Inside is total chaos - bookshelves are knocked over, exhibit cases shattered, glass and artifacts strewn carelessly about. Here a grim-faced Inspector Cleveland awaits them and he does not look happy to be renewing the acquaintance. He leads them through the maze of debris to the far corner.

Lying on a pile of unscathed books, are the half-charred remains of a human being. His hands are clenched in blackened bony claws, his mouth opened in a last silent scream. With an Idea roll, an investigator recalls that the deadly "Current of Will" threatened against transgressors of the Golden Dawn oath leaves its victim "blackened as if struck by lightning". In any case, viewing the grisly corpse costs the investigators 1/2D3+1 San loss. There is no sign of fire elsewhere in the room.

This was, indirectly, Arthur's doing. A minion was to steal some of the artifacts and make it look like an art theft. Unfortunately, his entry into the building was spotted by the late working Librarian. A confrontation followed and a struggle ensued with the upper hand going to the older but fitter Librarian. The assailant finally caught the Librarian with a lucky punch and, fearing recognition, let loose a Shrivelling Spell at the stunned man, killing him instantly.

Cleveland is understandably baffled, both by the murder and by what has followed it. For his superior, Superintendent Fotheringham, has asked him to enlist the aid of the investigators. A Psychology roll reveals his resentment of what he regards as Masonic interference

in his work. (By asking the right questions in the right quarters the investigators can confirm that the Librarian, one Martin Giles, and Fotheringham were members of the same lodge. Surprisingly, he was also a Neophyte member of the Golden Dawn).

This should not be necessary as Cleveland is more than happy to verbalise his resentment of the situation and the investigators involvement in it. However, he begrudgingly asks the investigators to work with him. He has little choice in the matter.

The Police

Chief Inspector Martin Cleveland, Scotland Yard CID

Inspector Cleveland is tall, thickset, and not a little overbearing. His bushy reddish sideburns and moustache fairly bristle when Cleveland is upset, which is often. He is untiringly dedicated to his job, and carries his revolver at all times.

A hard-working and dedicated policeman, Cleveland has a short temper, and tends to overreact against those who get in his way. His gruff manner is an outward expression of his fierce determination to bring his quarry to justice. Due to his obstinacy, all efforts to Persuade him are halved.

While Inspector Cleveland is generally irritable and uncooperative, his confrere, Sergeant Craig, is his most trusted associate. Craig often smoothes over the feathers ruffled by Cleveland.

Inspector John Craig, Scotland Yard CID

Unlike his partner, Craig is a pleasant, good-natured policeman. He is in his mid-40s, athletic, and clean-shaven. A rough and tumble sort, Craig doesn't shy from a fight: he was present at the Bloody Sunday riot in 1887, then working as a constable. He too carries his revolver at all times.

While not possessed of the dogged determination of his friend Inspector Cleveland, Craig is devoted to his job.

Inspector Craig is more likely to listen to the investigators' theories than his superiors. Craig won't break the law to aid them, but if the investigators can substantiate their claims he even listens to occult explanations. Thus, if befriended Craig can serve as an intermediary between the investigators and the fiery Inspector Cleveland.

Cleveland does little to disguise his smug satisfaction as he assigns the investigators their first task: once the Librarian's body has been removed, they are to tidy up the place and find out if anything is missing. This takes the rest of the day but with separate Spot Hidden rolls by late evening they are able to discover the following:

1) The Museum Ledger. This lists every exhibit in the museum and identifies those that were designated "Restricted Access". Without this the investigators suffer a -10% modifier on their Library Use rolls (see below).

2) There are three damaged display cases in the museum. Two are long and thin, running horizontally against the wall. One is square and stood in the corner of the room.

3) Mixed in with the pile of books on which Gile's body lay is the business card of Bonham's Auction House, bearing a handwritten date three days hence.

From the ledger, the contents missing from the display cases can be determined. Unfortunately the descriptions are somewhat vague. Each display case requires a separate Library Use roll to find its listing.

1) "Pre-Roman" (the small, square case). Contents: Arrowheads (5), Comb (1), Brooch (2), Axe (1). The 2 brooches are missing.

2) "Roman". Contents: Coins (10), Short Sword (1), Bottle (1), Goblet (2), Spear head (1). The coins, goblets, and spear head are missing.

3) "Early Christian". Contents: Sword (1), Celtic Cross (2), Manuscript (1), Dagger (1). All of these items are gone. But for the nature of Gile's death, this would appear to be a straightforward case of burglary. All the items stolen were historical and priceless, but there is always a price for an unscrupulous collector. Ignoring the burglary motive, the obvious suspects are Golden Dawn members. If this suspicion is voiced Inspector Cleveland has little time for the investigators' "cock and bull" stories of magical lightning bolts.

By questioning other Golden Dawn members the investigators will be made aware of the events at Blythe Road and Mather's subsequent casting of the 'Current of Will'. What no one can give any insight to is why should it only affect one lowly Neophyte, but several are made more than a little nervous by the manner of his death.

The Funeral

Two days after his murder, should the investigators choose to attend, Martin Giles is laid to rest in a small churchyard in Lower Norwood. A chilly drizzle falls on the surprisingly large gathering. Among those present are a handful of minor Golden Dawn members; several fellow professors from the Imperial College; and a number of prominent gentlemen whom the investigators may recognise from academic and Masonic circles. It would seem Martin Giles had many more friends than one might expect. Oddly, Superintendent Fotheringham is not present.

The service passes uneventfully, though the investigators may feel oddly alone, now that their confederates within the Order have their hands full trying to wrestle control of the Golden Dawn out of the hands of Mathers.

About the Missing Objects

A search of the University's financial records and an Accounting roll reveals that the Roman spear head and the early Christian sword were donated to the University by an eminent 18th century Archaeologist, Sir Isaac Fielding, in return for an Honorary Fellowship.

A pair of Library Use rolls unearths Fielding's memoirs in the University's private archives. The memoirs confirm that two weapons were found on the same unnamed site, at the same level of the dig.

The Auction

Researching the business card found at the site of Gile's murder, the investigators are directed to Bonham's Auction House, in Oxford Street just north of Soho. There is to be a large art sale on the date scrawled on the card.

If the investigators decide to attend the sale, they are handed a catalogue and motioned inside. The sale is mainly of works of art by talented unknowns. Quaint village scenes and fishing boats bobbing on calm blues seas abound, but there are also a few portraits and "novelty" pieces for those with an eye for something more distinctive.

The catalogue is crammed with descriptions of the sale items, and much of it repeats itself even when referring to different paintings. However, halfway through the auction, after the fifth consecutive "English Country Landscape", the auctioneer announces the sale of "The Death of Arthur" by Melinda Pryce. The investigators may recall the artist's name from their experiences several years earlier in Beck Green, Derbyshire (in "*Hell Hath No Fury*") and once displayed, they will recognise it as to have been the same painting that once hung in Northcote's home if they visited after his 'death'.

The bidding is quite slow at first, but steady. Each new bid is matched and bettered by a man in his early fifties sitting on the opposite side of the room. He is rather thin, hawk-faced, sporting a military looking moustache and monocle. The investigators will recognise his companion Johnathon Freeman, antiques dealer and another familiar face from "*Hell Hath No Fury*".

A Psychology roll reveals just how intent the man is on buying the painting and should they bid against him he doesn't give up easily. The auction house does not expect the Pryce painting to go for more than 80 Pounds at the most, but the man is willing to take the bidding up to 300 Pounds.

Should the investigators outbid him for the painting, he approaches them after the auction. He is most anxious to purchase the painting to complete his collection. Should the investigators wish to negotiate, they can find him at his club.

If they do not bid against him it is Freeman that approaches the Investigators. He has been enjoying his companion's hospitality at his Club for the week while on a stock buying visit. He returns to the Midlands this evening but is pleased to bump into them again.

The tone of the reunion will depend very much on what occurred in "*Hell Hath No Fury*" but he will formally introduce Captain Nigel Simmerson on the basis that they all share a mutual acquaintance, the late Randolph Northcote. Simmerson served under Northcote in India, where the two found that they shared an interest in the Arthurian Romances.

He and Freeman began their acquaintance some months ago when Freeman was approached to handle the purchase of two Pryce paintings from the Northcote estate. At the time he was only able to secure the painting of St. Michael's Chapel as today's lot had already been sold but as luck would have it he had been given notice that the Pryce would be at the auction.

If questioned neither man claims to know anything of Gile's murder, though a Psychology roll deduces Simmerson's nervousness regarding this subject and he leaves soon after it is brought up. Freeman will gladly hand over Simmerson's card showing his London address, a gentlemen's club in St. James called the Raj. Gloriously ignorant of the fact that it was he who was the unfortunate pawn who murdered Giles, Freeman will return home to a life plagued by nightmares, always accompanied, on waking, by the smell of burning flesh.

About the Artist

Seeking information regarding the artist in a library requires a successful Luck roll from the investigator with the lowest POW. If successful the library has some books that may possibly contain a reference to this minor artist. A Library Use roll then unearths the nearby boxed information in a book called "Classical English Landscapes" (1895 Auction Press).

Questioning the auctioneer, Geoffrey Bonham, proves to be more immediately fruitful. He also knows all the information from the nearby box, having learned it from the previous owners. Bonham divulges this information if an investigator makes a Persuade roll. Under no circumstances will he reveal the previous owners' identity.

He does however remember selling another Melinda Pryce picture some years ago. He goes through the ledgers and finds that "St. Michael's in the Wood" was sold to one Major Randolph Northcote twelve years ago.

About Melinda Pryce

Melinda Pryce was a late 16th century painter. She was also Sir Edward Black's sister-in-law (his wife's sister). She painted portraits and landscapes as a hobby, and for the Blacks' aristocratic friends. When Melinda's husband died she came to live with the Blacks at Oakwood Manor. Though heartbroken, it was said she continued painting there. Less than a month after Sir Edward Black sentenced Black Annie to the flames, Melinda and most of the Black family were killed in the fire that destroyed the manor.

Today only a few of her works remain, valuable more due to their antiquity than because of any mastery in their execution. Among her more renowned works are a series painted in the Lake District and a later Arthurian series.

"The Death of Arthur"

Melinda Pryce's dreams were terrible things, eyewitness views of all manner of carnage wrought by Arthur, the last of the pagan warrior kings. Her more subtle works - "The Chapel in the Wood" and "The Death of Arthur" among them - were sold and handed down from owner to owner for 400 years. Her masterpiece, however, never left Oakwood Manor. This was the dreadful fresco she painted of Arthur's half-dead army battling against his Christian enemies. The distraught painter eventually created a new work overtop of the darker scene in the hope that it would also blot out the dreams she had of things past and yet to come. Unfortunately the fire that destroyed the Manor and the Black family also took Melinda Pryce's life -- but the half-ruined fresco remained.

The painting from the auction, "The Death Of Arthur", is from the same dream-inspired period. In it a handful of Arthur's knights are desperately fighting off Mordred's overwhelming army; a few of the former seem to be fighting in spite of lost limbs, while the latter wear armour adorned with Christian crosses and holy symbols. In the foreground of the painting the two leaders do battle for the final time. Mordred's mouth is foaming as he drives the shaft of his spear into Arthur's side, a look of sheer determination on his face as his very life blood flows away. Arthur grips the hilt of Excalibur with both hands, driving it deep into the breast of his mortal foe. A Spot Hidden roll notes that while the wounds of both men are drowned in blood, the weapons seem immaculately clean -- almost shining in their purity despite the carnage they have caused.

A Twist to the Tale.

Their investigation into Gile's death has not gone unnoticed by the hierarchy of the Golden Dawn. The arrival of a flustered William Wynn Westcott comes out of the blue. This is something of a surprise as recently Westcott's employers have been made aware of his involvement in the Golden Dawn and in order to protect

both his position as Chief Coroner and his professional reputation he had severed all but his most covert links to the Order.

The man is clearly worried about something serious or he would not risk such a public meeting. If the investigators are not aware of the circumstances surrounding his withdrawal from Golden Dawn activities he will elaborate for them. A Psychology roll will indicate a tendency towards paranoia but if his story is to be believed then it may be justifiable.

He believes that whoever betrayed him to his employers is now attempting to discredit him further. Over recent months the city has had a problem with Ressurrectionists, grave robbers that exhume recently deceased corpses and sell them on to the more unscrupulous members of the medical profession. The police have been baffled by the rapid increase in incidents of this crime with no apparent increase in demand from those that are the suspected of being customers.

A number of bodies have been taken from mortuaries directly or indirectly under his control and he believes that someone is laying a trail to his door. What has prompted him to risk this meeting is the news that the latest grave to be robbed is that of Martin Giles.

This will leave the investigators with a dilemma. Do they follow up their leads to Northcote or pursue the defilers of their friend's grave? Either way all roads ultimately lead to Arthur.

The Raj Club

Overlooking St. James Park, the Raj is one of several pristine buildings in the area housing gentlemen's clubs. As its name suggests, to become a member of this exclusive club the applicant has to have spent time in the Queen's service in India.

Entering the club is like stepping onto another continent. It resembles an Ambassador's Residence rather than an English Townhouse, with its white walls and potted tropical plants. A tiger skin is laid out in front of a huge fireplace and several animal heads adorn the walls, including tigers and rhinos. There is also a wide variety of ivory ornaments and several whole tusks from unfortunate elephants.

The theme is continued throughout the ground floor, along with numerous painted landscapes and hunting scenes. The occasional display case contains smaller examples of Indian wildlife such as insects and birds. One eye-catching display has a stuffed cobra and mongoose locked in Kiplingesque battle.

Club members sit in quiet conversation or read the Times while turbaned Indian boys in colonial attire ferry drinks from the bar to their tables. Several of their elders,

similarly attired, see to more arduous tasks such as carrying suitcases to the apartments upstairs. The whole of the servants' activities are orchestrated by an ex-Sergeant Major.

As the investigators enter, the servants merely bow respectfully. They are formally greeted by ex-Regimental Sergeant Major "Dark Satanic" Mills. Despite his lack of a uniform there is no mistaking his former rank. He has an air of menacing superiority about him and a chest full of medals that gleam, like his boot leather. Spit and polish are most definitely order of the day.

He is a battle hardened veteran with a fiery temper and an unhealthy obsession with his bayonet, which he calls Daphne (after his first wife). He does not agree with the "kid gloves" approach to man management and rules those under him with an iron hand. His courage is legendary in both his Regiment and the Raj Club and he is regarded with a strange mixture of fear and respect.

If he learns they are here at Simmerson's invitation, Mills gives the investigators a brief guided tour of the Club. His commentary as they move through the floors is less than descriptive but is functional and comprehensive.

The ground floor is as described above, while the basement houses the kitchens and the servants' quarters; there is nothing of interest there. The kitchens are clean and well stocked, the servants' quarters are spartan but comfortable.

On the first floor are the apartments. These are all locked, a gentlemen's luxury home away from home. Breaking into one serves little purpose, as the contents are quite mundane.

The second floor stairway is hidden behind a large curtain at the end of one of the corridors. The door at the top of the stairs is unlocked. The door opens into what at first glance appears to be a conference room. Laid out as if for a business meeting, the furniture is plush but functional. The walls appear to be decorated in much the same manner as the ground floor, with more animal heads and ethnic art.

The Secret of the Raj

After a few seconds the investigators see the room for what it is. The heads on the wall are monstrous, half-canine and half-human in appearance; the fact they have been embalmed and mounted does little to detract from this. Seeing these gruesome trophies costs the viewers 0/1D4 points of Sanity. A Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the trophies as ghoulish heads.

The artifacts are equally grotesque. Most are stylised representations of the heads on the wall, while others are more serpentine in aspect. Viewing these relics costs another 0/1D2 Sanity points.

At the end of the room is a locked glass-fronted bookcase. Inside are numerous books on folklore and the occult from every corner of the Empire. Several texts catch the investigators' eyes, among them the Pnakotic Manuscripts, the Ponape Scripture, and Cultes des Goules.

Slowly a wall partition slides back and Nigel Simmerson steps forward. Behind him sits a wrinkled old Indian snake charmer, his grey hair starkly contrasting with his brown skin. Coiled in front of him like a loyal pet is a huge King Cobra. On its hood and forehead is a white crescent mark. A Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies it as a Sacred Snake of Yig.

"Good day gentlemen, how may I be of service to you?" Simmerson has been looking into the investigator's activities and backgrounds. He knows things about them that they had thought to be secret, including their activities within the Golden Dawn. The keeper should feel free to include anything that will unnerve the investigators and give the encounter a real sense of paranoia.

Choosing to attack Simmerson at any point in the club brings the investigators into conflict with Mills, four manservants and Simmerson himself. Should the old snake charmer be present they must also face the Sacred Snake of Yig. If the battle spills over into the ground floor the investigators are quickly overwhelmed by the other club members. If captured this publicly they are lucky, as they are merely turned over to the police.

Their meeting with Simmerson should, however, give them a chance to question him, rather than physically assault him. Simmerson does not wish to harm the investigators unless he has to, as they are potentially useful to his organisation at the Raj -- and he wishes to divert their attention away from Gile's murder. More killings would only focus unwanted interest on both him and Arthur.

Simmerson's Story

Foremost, he has always been a soldier. In the 1880s his Regiment was posted to India, and it was there that he first encountered the forces of darkness inhabiting the Earth. He was second in command of a small squadron of men sent to investigate the disappearance of some travelling dignitaries in the remote hills of his garrison's province. The locals in the tiny scattered villages they encountered were unwilling to talk, even under "persuasion", so he suspected some local bandit chief was behind it all.

If only it had been as simple as that. They had eventually traced a trail to a cave network, which they proceeded to search. It was then that they discovered the true nature of their adversaries: foul subhuman things like those whose heads adorn the walls. The ghouls knew the caves intimately and one by one Simmerson's men were

massacred. Only four survived: Simmerson, Major Randolph Northcote, Mills and their guide (he nods in the direction of the snake charmer) escaped to tell the tale, returning later with the rest of the Regiment.

The battle was fierce and bloody, but eventually the well-prepared soldiers overwhelmed the abominations. Searching for survivors, the men came across sights that should never have been witnessed by human eyes. He came to realize that there were dark forces every where, threatening all that he held dear. Queen, Country, Empire - everything.

Simmerson founded the Raj Club in order to combat these forces of darkness in whatever form he found them. With the new millennium almost upon them, they must be on their guard against those who would thwart England's finest hour!

A Psychology roll reveals that Simmerson is an obsessive, manifesting itself through his patriotism. Nothing can shake his resolve that all he does is for his country and his closing words are all but a call to arms. "Will the investigators join him to help protect the Empire from the forces of evil and dire sorcery? Is it not their patriotic duty to serve their country as best they can?"

Any attempt to bluff Simmerson about non-existent connections with India ultimately fail. He is well-connected with the Foreign Office and can check any credentials they care to supply. In fact, while touring the Raj a Know roll identifies several V.I.P. members: a cabinet Minister, high ranking Civil Servants and members of the Judiciary, even Superintendent Fotheringham.

If the investigators decide to join Simmerson he tells them that he does not need their help yet and they need only observe the workings of the Golden Dawn for signs of plots against the state (the chance that the Investigators may still discredit the Dawn is the only reason Arthur has not acted against them).

He continues to deny any knowledge of Gile's murder. If continually pressed or outright accused of the crime, he throws them out and immediately begins taking subtle actions against them, as discussed in "Fair Warnings", below. The police are unwilling to act against Simmerson, due to a "lack of evidence" (not to mention the influence of Fotheringham). No one else at the Raj is a party to the murder. Even Mills is unaware of Simmerson's true association with Arthur. The members of this club have been through a lot together. They would certainly make good future allies for the investigators. However, they will rally around Simmerson unless confronted with hard evidence of his crimes.

Simmerson is a very persuasive man and is more than willing to discuss his plans for the future. His plan amounts to all out war against those who seek the return

of the Old Ones and the foul beasts that aid them. What may worry the investigators is his talk of "acceptable losses" and "civilian casualties", of which his estimates are extremely high, but be able to Persuade the investigators to come around to his way of thinking, at least for the moment. Mills' opinion is a little more down to earth. "He may be a total bastard but I'm a soldier at heart, fighting is what I do best."

The Investigation is Terminated

The day after their visit to the Raj Club, Inspectors Cleveland and Craig arrange a meeting with the investigators. Surprisingly, it is not at Scotland Yard but in Hyde Park. Cleveland is fuming. He is off the case and so are the investigators, by the order of the Superintendent himself. They don't need a Psychology roll to see that he is not pleased with the situation, but making one reveals that Cleveland is also anxious and confused.

He can be Persuaded to voice his concerns. When Giles was first killed the Superintendent had been full of concern and funny handshakes: a brother Mason had been murdered and all the stops were to be pulled out to find his killer. Now there's been a total change of heart. There were more important cases to work on apparently and Scotland Yard did not need the help of charlatans! Not only that, but the bastard had the nerve to tell Cleveland he was pulled off the case because he was making no headway with it!

Cleveland can't quite put his finger on it, but all this doesn't ring true -- he'd stake his career on that. He's been involved in Masonic conspiracies before, he didn't like it then and he doesn't like it now.

So that's it. The investigators are on their own, but officially off the case. He warns them not to come to him for help unless they've got irrefutable physical evidence to back up their story. As he puts it: "Find me a man with blood on his hands in a locked room with a body, ready to sign a confession -- then we'll talk."

Part two of A Once and Future King will be printed in Issue two of The Whipserer, available Autumn 1999.

Dark Arts: An Interview with Paul Carrick

If you have a copy of the latest *Call of Cthulhu 5.5 Rulebook*, or if you have ever cast your eyes over *The Creature Companion*, *The Investigators Companion* or the scenario collection *Secrets*, then you will have seen the dark brooding artwork of Paul Carrick. Have another look at the front cover of this zine to see what I mean. By the wonders of email I managed to ask Paul a few questions about his work, life and thoughts on Lovecraft and gaming in general.

How did you get started as an artist?

That's a long story. In a nutshell: my father was an artist, my mother is a writer and my brother is an aspiring actor. I grew up in an environment where creating is what one does during their existence. I can't even imagine being alive and not be actively creating. Sometimes I try to imagine having an office job, I'd go insane (Lovecraft style) in about three minutes. I really can't think of anything else I would want to be that isn't somehow creative.... other than a rock star (which is still in the arts). So, I guess the answer is, "I have no choice".

Have you had formal training?

Yes. Surprisingly my father never sat down and taught me anything directly about art. I assumed that when I was ready for it, he could teach me. I missed the boat on this one because my father died of cancer when I was seventeen. I did, however, learn from him indirectly, simply living around artists for seventeen years will affect your view on life. Meanwhile in high school I took all the art courses that were available. I loathed high school, so the art classes put some sugar in the poison that was high school. After that, I attended the Rhode Island School of Design for four years. It was a little strange creating Lovecraftian paintings literally blocks away from where many of these stories happened. In two minutes I could've been standing in front of the Charles Dexter Ward house.

Can you describe the creative process - do you do a lot of research?

No. Just kidding. Sadly, much of it is affected by time limitations; deadlines are a big factor in the life of an illustrator. I generally spend a few days just mulling over the images in my head. Depending on the time constraints, I will either paint straight out of my head or combine gathered reference material with photographs of models and do a series of sketches. I just got my first computer, which has helped speed up the planning process, especially designing color schemes. I also have many of files of photos in various topics (reptiles, mountains, motorcycles, old men etc.), sometimes you need reference photos of unlikely things at two o'clock in the morning. I tend to stiffen up a bit when it comes to historical accuracy, I know there's someone out there who will have a problem with how I depicted some little detail. When you only have a few hours a piece you can't hunt down things like 1920's socks. My solution is to remove as much of this as possible, so to avoid problems. I do try to portray the creatures accurately as

possible, I feel that is the most important. In the context of Lovecraft, this is almost impossible. Many of his descriptions are very vague and nebulous, using adjectives like, "indescribable". How can I paint something indescribable? By painting it, I have just limited it (unless it is shrouded in mist, a fantasy artist's favorite...God bless mist!) Many of his creatures would cause instant insanity just by looking at it. I shouldn't be saying this, but I don't think any of his creatures should be portrayed. They'll never match up to the ever-changing abstract movie in our heads while we read. I feel, in this case, he really took full advantage of the strength of text. Check out some of the adjectives he uses in descriptions, they are perfectly intangible yet vibrant.

Which other artists do you admire?

For the most part, my favorites are contemporary fantasy illustrators such as Simon Bisley, Brom and Frank Frazetta. I tend to gravitate towards 'thick atmosphered' with a real tangible air. I appreciate artists who have their own unmistakable niche, you can tell that they are very passionate about their own vision. I don't believe that I've come close to this yet. With few exceptions (such as J. W. Waterhouse), older periods don't spark my interest as much as I would like them to. I feel like I am suppose to cite the old masters in order to be a 'real artist'. To be quite honest, they just don't spark inspiration, which is all that should matter.

What's been your favorite project or piece of work to work on?

That's a toughy. Generally speaking, the assignments where I have total freedom tend to yield the higher quality. This allows me to be more personal, which makes me care more about the finished product. Some art directors don't seem to know what their artists' strengths and weaknesses are. They will ask the artist to produce an image in a field they just don't excel in, generally producing a crappy image. To get to the question, a few of my (Chaosium) favorites are: the Cthulhu Cultist (see the front cover - ed.), the Cthulhu Statue, the Cthonian, the Autopsy and the Mi-Go Larvae.

What was your first work for the gaming industry?

My first gaming illustrations appeared in the *Unspeakable Oath* #11. The column headers are altered photos of yours truly.

How did you get involved with Chaosium?

Persistence. I sent their editors samples of my artwork a several times. Finally they broke down and gave me a shot.

Do you play role playing games like Call of Cthulhu?

Yes, but not as much as I used to. I used to create giant campaign worlds and invest a lot of time into their conception. I simply don't have enough time anymore to do that. Now and then I play some war games because they involve very little prep time (aside from painting a few hundred miniatures). I think call of Cthulhu is one of the few games that really has its own feel. Many other games are either too generic or are rip-offs of other games.

What do you think of H.P. Lovecraft's stories?

I bet in the 20's they were truly avant-garde. However, he has been imitated and recycled for the last 80 years. Without knowing his history, his work would seem purely cliché today. I have to remind myself of its true context, he is the unsung originator. With this in mind, it is amazing. I like the way he puts humanity in such an insignificant role. I also appreciate his descriptions (as stated above.) I love the passion of his characters, great role models for us all!

I particularly like Cthulhu Cultist used in the new edition of the Call of Cthulhu Rulebook, how did the illustrations for the new rules come about?

The editor gave me some very loose ideas for each chapter. This allowed me to have a lot of freedom. I wanted the cultist piece to be simple, yet striking. I like the stark moon framing him. The mask was later made by a leathersmith friend, I wore it at a performance. People in the audience started chanting 'Cthulhu'!!!

If you would like to contact Paul or have a look at some more of his fantastic work, his website can be found at www.mindspring.com/~nightserpent Alternatively mail him at PO Box 15281, Boston, MA 02215, USA.



The Blanford Horror By Gary Smith

This scenario occurs during 1926, although it could easily be moved to a Gaslight period without much effort. The majority of the events occur in the village of Towscombe, just north of the main Gloucester to Oxford road. Towscombe is 30 miles north west of Oxford and lies between Andoversford (3 ½ miles to the west) and Northleach (5 miles to the east).

The investigators are contacted in writing by Lord Robert Blanford – see **Player Handout One**.

Researching Lord Robert Malcomb Blanford

The following information about Lord Robert can be found prior to travelling to Blanford Manor.

1. (Know or Library Use) Lord Robert is the only child of Lord Malcomb and Lady Margaret Blanford.
2. (Library Use) Lord Robert was born on Wednesday 17 May 1893.
3. (Library Use) A newspaper article dated 10 December 1919 reporting the admittance of Robert Blanford to the Sandhurst Nursing Hospital following his return from Kenya. The reporter states that the trip was cut short when Robert Blanford suffered a sudden nervous breakdown due to heat exhaustion.
4. (Library Use) Newspaper dated Thursday 27 May 1920 which reports that Lord Blanford has been released from Sandhurst Nursing Hospital and that he is retiring to Blanford Manor for rest and recuperation.
5. (Know or Library Use) Newspaper dated Monday 18 May 1925 reports that Lord and Lady Malcomb Blanford together with the crew of the hired yacht May's Charm, were killed on Sunday 17 May in an accident which occurred off the Cornwall coast. Survivors include Lord Robert Blanford and two members of the household staff - Simon Jefferies, valet and Jennifer Conway, maid.
6. (Know) The Blanford family fortune was amassed by Lord Robert's father from shipping.

Further Research

Sandhurst Nursing Hospital

Investigators may gain access to the hospital in person with a successful Credit Rating, Medicine or Persuade roll, allowing them to see Dr Albert Roland – the physician who oversaw Lord Blanford's treatment.

Dr Roland may be suspicious of the investigators questions, fearing them to be muck-raking journalists, and may at any point ask them to leave. Physicians in the party may receive a greater degree of respect. Dr. Roland will relate that Lord Blanford suffered a severe nervous breakdown whilst on expedition in Kenya. Following a six month period of care and intense treatment at the hospital, Blanford recovered and was sent home.

A Psychology roll indicates that Roland is holding something back. A successful Persuade or Fast Talk roll gets Roland to admit that during the early stages of treatment, Blanford, had a fever and often raved about monsters. Roland will say nothing further.

Simon Jefferies and Jennifer Conway – Survivors of the Yachting Accident

Searching through national newspapers (Library Use) or contacting the Cornwall Coast Guard will uncover that Simon Jefferies was admitted to the Plymouth Nursing Hospital following the accident. Simon Jefferies became insane following the Deep One attack on the yacht. Blanford paid for Jefferies to be institutionalised at Plymouth Nursing Hospital, where he still abides hopelessly insane. Jennifer Conway returned to her parent's home in Penzance following the accident.

The investigators can confirm that Jefferies is still a patient by contacting the hospital, however little more information will be given over the telephone. A visit can be more rewarding, Persuade, Medicine or Credit Rating success getting the investigators an interview with Dr Jonathon Smithe. Smithe confirms that Jefferies is quite insane and utterly incurable following the accident (details of which he knows nothing about). Jefferies is delusional and intermittently claims that 'sea monsters' caused the accident.

A further Medicine or Credit Rating roll persuades Smithe to allow the investigators to see Jefferies. Surrounded by other 'incurables', Jefferies looks gaunt, straggly hair hangs from his head and his eyes are vacant. At the mention of Blanford or the accident he will begin ranting about sea monsters and 'fish-men'. A psychoanalysis roll will calm him down a little.

Note that Dr Smithe will inform Blanford that the investigators have visited Jefferies.

Jennifer Conway was unbalanced after the accident and soon returned to live with her parents. Six months later she committed suicide. If contacted by the investigators, George Conway, Jennifer's father, will relate that his daughter was never the same on her return home. She suffered terrible nightmares about creatures from the

sea coming to take her away. In the end she could take no more. George Conway holds a grudge against Blanford and may turn on the investigators if they happen to mention that they are in the Lord's employment.

Arriving at Blanford Manor

Blanford Manor lies just north of the village of Towscombe. A 15' high brick wall surrounds the Manor's grounds. The main gates normally stand open during the day and are closed and locked at night. Within the grounds are the Manor house, a newly built garage, the gardener's shed and a kitchen garden also accommodated with its own shed.

Albert Jenkins, Blanford's butler, will greet the investigators. Jenkins is a portly built 63 year old with greying black hair. The party will be shown into the waiting room whilst Jenkins informs Blanford of their arrival. Ten minutes later, Jenkins returns and leads the investigators to the living room where Blanford awaits them.

Lord Blanford is 5'7" tall with sandy brown hair and dark brown eyes. He offers the party a drink and asks them to sit down. Blanford will relate the following information:

The first threatening letter arrived on June 7th. Four further letters followed, with the theft of the heirloom occurring during the evening of June 19th. Blanford apologises for the fact that he has thrown the letters away, but he does remember that they were post-marked with an Oxford stamp. The letters each described valuable items owned by Blanford and carried the message that Blanford would get hurt if he did not hand over the said items.

Blanford describes the stolen heirloom as a very old book that was taken from the library. He believes the thieves would have taken more if they had not been interrupted by Jenkins the butler who was fetching a drink from the kitchen at about 1.15am. Jenkins heard noises near the library and went to investigate only to see a man fleeing out of the front door. Jenkins can only describe that the thief was about 6' tall and dressed in dark clothing.

Police Constable William Lightfoot of the Towcombe police has begun an investigation into the incident.

The stolen book is a sixteenth century bound manuscript. Blanford has never read the book himself, but knows it has long been in the family and that it is probably worth quite a bit of money. Psychology rolls will suggest to the investigators that Blanford is lying.

Blanford believes the burglar is near by, probably in Towcombe. Blanford also suspects that more than one individual is involved as the tone of the letters suggested a group of some kind.

Blanford asks the party to investigate the break-in, recover the stolen book and to protect the manor at night against further intrusions. To assist the investigators, Blanford has prepared a map of the manor and grounds and has also asked his gardener and general handy man, Matthew Barrat, to be available should the party need assistance.

Blanford can arrange to have any of his staff available for interview. A description of the household staff follows.

Albert Jenkins, butler. Jenkins is a faithful retainer who has been with the Blanford family for many years. Jenkins's wife, Sarah, worked as a maid until her untimely death of tuberculosis four years ago. Their 30 year old daughter, Mary Jenkins, lives on her own in the village, working as a cleaner for old ladies. Jenkins has told everyone that Mary is currently 'on holiday'. In fact, Mary has been kidnapped by the African cultists to force Jenkins to steal back the G'harne Amulet. The cult's leader, Morris Richardson, is currently holding Mary at the old Pembridge Farm.

When asked about the break-in, Jenkins will say that he was getting a drink of water at about 1.15am when he heard noises coming from the library. Quickly grabbing a large knife, Jenkins ran to the hall to discover a dark figure running out of the main entrance in to the grounds. Jenkins gave chase, but the culprit must have disappeared over the wall.

A successful Psychology roll indicates that Jenkins is holding something back. If he is confronted with the note from the kitchen he will admit to stealing the book, saying that he had to do it to protect his daughter. A further Persuade roll will get Jenkins to explain that four men met him the other Friday night. The men's faces were covered with scarves. The one who did all the talking had a definite British accent and appeared to be very well educated. Jenkins knows the men are still in the area because they want him to steal a golden amulet from Blanford. So far Jenkins has been unsuccessful.

Should the investigators ask Jenkins about Lord Blanford, he will say that his master is a private man who can sometimes be a little withdrawn. In his younger days, Lord Blanford was a bit of a wild child, but ever since he returned from Kenya he has been a quiet and studious man.

Matthew Barrat is the 29 year old gardener and handy man; 6' tall with blonde hair and crystal blue eyes. Barrat has worked on the manor for the last three years, where he has been very happy.

Barrat knows nothing about the break-in other than being woken up by Jenkins cries at 1.20am. If asked about Jenkins, Barrat will state that he saw him leaving the house last Friday at 11pm. Jenkins looked very suspicious because he was trying to make no noise.

Barrat is a useful ally who is happy to assist the investigators wherever he can.

Alison Turner, 23 year old maid, brunette with brown eyes. Turner has worked for Lord Blanford for four years. She also knows nothing more about the break-in. If asked about Blanford, she will state that she is only allowed to clean his rooms under his direct supervision. Turner does think this is odd, as there is nothing special in the rooms.

Mrs (Gladys) Barlowe, 57 year old cook, grey hair with green eyes. Mrs Barlowe has been at the manor house since she was the former cook's apprentice (about 40 years ago). She was woken by shouts the night of the break-in, but can add nothing more. She believes Lord Blanford to be a quiet, reserved man.

Blanford will also point out that the landlord of The Travellers Rest, James Tanner, could be a useful source of information.

At the conclusion of the interview, Jenkins will show the investigators to their rooms.

The Truth about Lord Robert Blanford – Keepers Background

Lord Robert Blanford was born on May 17th 1893 to Lord Malcomb and Lady Margaret Blanford. Now 33, Robert Blanford is a handsome man (5'7" tall) with sandy brown hair and deep brown eyes.

In 1919, after a private education and military service in the Great War, Robert was provided a job in the Civil Service. However, he soon grew tired of the daily routine and decided to hand in his resignation and travel to Kenya with friends.

Whilst on safari in Kenya, Robert suffered from bouts of insomnia. One night, to alleviate his sleeplessness, he left the camp late in order to take a walk. After walking some distance, Robert happened to witness the Matabi tribe's ceremony to honour and summon Great Shudde M'ell. The incident destroyed his mind. A search party found him collapsed about a mile from the camp the following morning. Soon after he returned to England.

Press reports stated that Lord Robert had suffered a nervous breakdown due to severe exposure to the African heat. Once back in England, Robert was committed to the Sandhurst Nursing Hospital where after six months he convinced his doctors that he had made a full recovery.

Robert Blanford, now 27 years old, was completely insane. Over his period of hospitalisation, Robert began to gain insights in to the alien mind of Shudde M'ell and as a consequence, he started to revere and worship the Great Old One.

Instead of returning to his job at the Civil Service, Robert retired to the family home to research his newfound interest in the 'occult'.

At the age of 31, Robert grew more and more furious with his mother and father's interfering with his life and their badgering of him to return to employment. Travelling to Cornwall, Robert performed a ceremony to contact a group of Deep Ones living off the coast of Newquay. In return for certain sacrifices, the Deep Ones agreed to solve Robert's problem by murdering his parents whilst the family were vacationing in their yacht at a lovely spot just off Newquay a month later. Robert and two household staff were the only survivors of the savage attack.

With is father's shipping fortune at his disposal, Lord Robert Blanford, delved deeper into his researches, driven by a insane desire to gaze upon the visage of Shudde M'ell once again. Finally, in 1925, he had the final key to unlock his plan – he had possession of the G'harn Amulet which, combined with certain passages from the Necronomicon, would allow him to call Shudde M'ell to England.

The G'harne Amulet has, however, brought trouble with it. Lord Blanford employed a group of thieves to steal the amulet from its rightful owners, the Matabi tribe in Kenya. Unfortunately for Blanford, the thieves did not cover their tracks well and the tribe, with the assistance of Morris Richardson (a British diplomat working in Kenya and devout worshipper of Shudde M'ell), have followed the amulet to England and the Blanford Estate.

With Blanford's refusal to acquiesce to their threatening letters, the cultists kidnapped Mary Jenkins, Blanford's butler's daughter in an attempt to get Albert Jenkins to steal the amulet on their behalf. So far Jenkins has only managed to steal Blanford's copy of the Necronomicon and is at a loss as to where the amulet is.

Blanford has hired the investigators to find the Necronomicon and unmask the culprits. Blanford needs six human sacrifices to undertake the summoning; for which the investigators are extremely suitable. Without the hideous tome, Blanford cannot call forth Shudde M'ell and therefore cannot achieve his demented desire.

Timeline

1893, May 17th, Robert Blanford born.
1919, September 23rd, Blanford travels to Kenya.
1919, November 19th, Blanford witnesses Matabi ritual.
1920, May 27th, Blanford leaves Sandhurst Nursing Hospital.
1925, April 29th, Blanford makes deal with Deep Ones.
1925, May 17th, Blanford's parents killed by Deep Ones.
1926, May 13th, Blanford obtains G'harne Amulet.
1926, June 7th, Blanford receives first threatening letter.
1926, June 14th, cultists kidnap Mary Jenkins.
1926, June 20th, Albert Jenkins steals Necronomicon.
1926, June 22nd, investigators receive Blanford's letter.

The Manor House and Grounds

The Grounds

A quick check of the grounds identifies a newly built garage with Rolls Royce Phantom within, an outdoor shed, ornamental fountain and pond, a well maintained kitchen garden and a garden shed.

Ground Floor

The Ground Floor consists of an entrance hall, waiting room, living room, dining room, library (see below), kitchen (see below), larder and the servants quarters.

Any investigator who peruses the contents of the library may notice (Occult roll) copies of *The Key of Solomon*, *Oracles of Nostradamus* and *Der Hexenhammer* (Malleus Maleficarum) – serious stuff indeed.

A Spot Hidden success whilst in the kitchen reveals a small scrap of paper discarded by the stove – **Player Handout Two: Note found in Kitchen.**

First Floor

Both the maids and the gardener's rooms are situated on the first floor, thus forming the servant's wing at the rear of the house. Other rooms include the games room (with full billiards table), linen store, Blanford's study and bedroom (see below), and the guest bath and bedrooms.

Blanford's Study

The door is always locked. Inside are a bookshelf, writing desk, easy chair with side table and several paintings and antiques.

The bookshelf contains mostly texts on geology and geography. Various writing materials are on view on top of the desk, however the desk draws are locked (requires Locksmith roll to open or the draws could be forced open (STR vs. STR 12 on Resistance Table). Within the draws are Blanford's journals, which require a Read English roll and five hours to read all five volumes that span the last six years. The information is as the **Keeper's Background on Blanford**. A quick perusal of the latest journal provides insight into Blanford's reactions to the recent disturbing events.

Note: if the journals are discovered more than one day after the investigators arrive, the last entry will pertain to their arrival and states very clearly that Blanford is duping them.

Also with the desk drawers are Blanford's accounts. A successful Accounting roll, and ½ hour, will show that the accounts are all in order. The only odd thing being a regular monthly payment made to the Plymouth Nursing Hospital.

Blanford's Bedroom

To all intents and purposes a normal bedroom. A Spot Hidden roll will uncover an empty box hidden at the

bottom of one of the cupboards. The box is 3 feet square and inscribed with an unusual pattern of arcane symbols. This is a Gate Box, stepping through will transport the hapless investigator to the Cthonian tunnel that runs nearby the cellar. Activation of the Gate Box costs 1 MP and 1 San each trip. A Cthulhu Mythos roll confirms that the box is a kind of gate.

Note: if Blanford is in the Cthonian tunnel when the investigators enter his bedroom, the Gate Box will be out on the bedroom floor. Blanford is normally within the tunnels between 12 midnight and 1am every night.

The Attic

Junk filled and musty. There is nothing up here of value to the investigation.

The Cellar

Consists of a main room, cool larder, a well equipped workshop and equally well equipped wine cellar.

Cthonian Tunnel

Within the tunnel is Blanford's altar to Shudde M'ell, carved from local stone. Atop the altar lies an enchanted iron knife (+50% to Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler) and an enchanted cane (contains 57 MP).

Blanford keeps his most precious mythos tomes in the tunnel since the break-in. Books include The Book of Eibon (San Loss 1d6/1d10, +10% Cthulhu Mythos, Spell Multiplier x 2 and contains the spell Call Shudde M'ell [new spell]) and the nine tome version of the Revelations of Glaaki (San Loss 1d6/2d6, +15% Cthulhu Mythos, Spell Multiplier x 3).

Also hidden here is the Amulet of G'harne (+50% to Call Shudde M'ell), a 3" circular tablet of gold attached to a gold chain. The amulet is engraved with a mass of twisting tentacles.

Note: If Blanford feels the need, he may have any or all of the above items with him. Particularly if he feels the investigators are on to him.

Following the tunnel in a southwest direction for about two miles brings the investigators to a warren of similar tunnels that all begin to slope further downwards. There is a 10% chance per hour while the investigators are in the tunnels that the single Cthonian summoned by Blanford will appear.

Going northeast along the tunnel brings the party to a cave-in (about ¾ mile from the Gate Box). Clearing the way takes 30 man hours and requires proper mining equipment. Beyond the blockage is Blanford's Cave (see next section).

Towscomb and Surrounds

Towscomb is a small, quiet village in the Cotswolds. Other than the manor house, the only other place of note is The Traveller's Rest, a large Victorian public house and inn owned and run by James Tanner.

Tanner has heard all about the break-in and thinks it's all a bit mysterious as he can think of no one who would harbour a grudge against 'old Lord Blanford'.

Current guests at the inn include:

Professor Henry Matthews who is undertaking geological research in the local area on behalf of Edinburgh University. The Professor is 6' tall, with blonde hair and blue eyes.

When asked about the research work, the Professor will explain that it is actually a survey of sediment flow in the streams of the area. An investigator with a high Geology skill will detect that Matthews is remarkably unread for a professor, leading the investigator to presume that this man is not who he says he is. A telephone call to Edinburgh University will confirm that they do have a professor named Matthews who is currently on sick leave and most definitely not on a field trip.

If asked about the break-in, the Professor will deny knowing anything about it – a successful psychology roll indicates that he is lying. The truth is that Professor Matthews is actually Morris Richardson, an initiate of the Matabi cult. If the investigators follow the Professor on one of his 'surveys', he will lead them to the old Pembridge Farm.

Major Reginald Winstanley who is in the middle of a countryside tour, having recently retired from the military. His valet, Simon Bradley and nurse, Enid Smythe, are accompanying the Major on his trip.

The Major is a portly 57year old with a huge grey handlebar moustache. He spends his days walking and evenings drinking.

The Police

The village police constable, William Lightfoot, operates out of his home, which has a police sign hanging above his front door. PC Lightfoot is 37 years old, 5'9" tall and is particularly distinguishable due to his bushy brown beard.

If asked about the break-in, Lightfoot will confirm that Matthew Barrat awakened him at 1.50am, and accompanied him to the manor house. Since the burglary, Lightfoot has been interviewing local residents but has uncovered no leads. Blanford has provided Lightfoot with a description of the stolen book.

Lightfoot is aware of the guests staying at The Traveller's rest, but has no evidence to suggest that any of them are involved. Also, it has not occurred to Lightfoot to check out the old Pembridge Farm.

Lightfoot will not move against Blanford unless there is *strong* evidence to suggest that the Lord is up to no good.

The surrounding countryside hosts three nearby farms – the Andrews' Farm, the Selby Farm and the old abandoned Pembridge Farm.

The Pembridge Farm

Surrounding this 'abandoned' farm is a 8' high stone wall. The wall is mostly intact, however there are sections that have fallen down. Rusty iron gates hang precariously on ancient hinges and creak as the wind catches them.

The farmyard consists of the main farmhouse (still in good repair), a barn (falling down), an old collapsed well, a brick shed built against the perimeter wall and weed-ridden and long-overgrown kitchen garden.

The farmhouse is the temporary home of nine Kenyan cultists who are holding Mary Jenkins hostage. The cultists are from the Matabi tribe, who have long worshipped Great Shudde M'ell. Morris Richardson may also be encountered at the farm if the investigators have followed him here. Richardson was converted to the cult's deviant ways whilst he was working as a diplomat out in Kenya. Richardson saw, in the worship of Shudde M'ell, a potential for great personal power and quickly allied himself with the cult, learning their ways and using his position to further the cult's evil network.

Inside the Farm

Ground Floor

Living room – the Head Kenyan cultist resides here, a makeshift bed lies in one corner. Hidden (Spot Hidden) near to the bed is Blanford's stolen book – a copy of the Necronomicon. A quick glance at this tome detects that a certain page has been marked with a piece of card (see **Player Handout Three: Underlined and Annotated Passages from the Necronomicon**).

Kitchen – recently cleaned-up and made functional.

Larder – sparsely stocked with a variety of vegetables.

Dining room – a pile of junk has been thrown into the corner, and the table is clear and cobweb free.

First Floor

Landing – two cultists stand guard here at all times.

Main bedroom – a lookout utilises the south facing window to keep watch, whilst three other cultists use the room to rest and sleep.

Bathroom – empty and non-functional.

Linen Closet – Mary Jenkins is trapped in here.

Bedroom 1 – contains one resting cultist and another lookout using the northwest window.

Bedroom 2 – contains one lookout using the northeast window.

Statistics for the cultists can be found in the end section.

Blanford's Cave

This cave is situated ¼ mile northeast of the manor house. The cave was used by Blanford to summon the Cthonian to make the tunnel that now runs near to his home. Once the tunnel had been made, Blanford placed the second Gate Box there and had the Cthonian collapse the tunnel wall, thereby blocking it off from the cave entrance.

Investigators who make a successful Geology roll can determine that the cave-in is recent and not a natural phenomenon.

NPC Statistics

Matthew Barrat, handy man and gardener
STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 18 DEX 13 APP 12
INT 16 POW 9 EDU 17 SAN 43 HP 17
DMG Bonus +1d6
SKILLS:

Climb 55%, Dodge 32%, Drive Auto 47%, Electrical Repair 43%, Gardening 75%, Hide 30%, Jump 45%, Listen 30%, Locksmith 25%, Mechanical Repair 60%, Operate Heavy Machinery 15%, Spot Hidden 49%.

WEAPONS:

Fist 70%, DMG 1d3 + 1d6

Garden Shears 60%, DMG 2d6 + db (impaling weapon)

Police Constable William Lightfoot

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 15 DEX 14 APP 17
INT 13 POW 8 EDU 15 SAN 39 HP 14
DMG Bonus +1d4
SKILLS:

Accounting 45%, Climb 45%, Dodge 55%, Drive Auto 43%, First Aid 45%, Law 45%, Listen 52%, Locksmith 15%, Psychology 30%, Ride Bicycle 70%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 40%, Track 30%.

WEAPONS:

Truncheon 65%, DMG 1d6 + 1d4

.38 Service Revolver 55%, DMG 1d10

Morris Richardson, Shudde M'ell cultist
STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 15 DEX 13 APP 8
INT 15 POW 17 EDU 20 SAN 0 HP 13
DMG Bonus +1d4

SKILLS:

Bargain 30%, Cthulhu Mythos 40%, Geology 10%, Drive Auto 35%, Hide 30%, Listen 40%, Other Language – Matabi 75%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 30%.

WEAPONS:

Fist 55%, DMG 1d3 + 1d4

.32 Auto 42%, DMG 1d8 (Browning M1910)

SPELLS: Summon/Bind Byakhee, Contact Cthonian, Contact Shudde M'ell.

Matabu Matabi

Matabi cult leader
STR 13 CON 15 SIZ 12 DEX 13 APP 10
INT 12 POW 15 EDU 4 SAN 0 HP 14
DMG Bonus +1d4

SKILLS:

Cthulhu Mythos 24%, Other Language – English 10%, Listen 30%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 30%, Throw 40%, Track 30%.

WEAPONS:

Tribal spear 50% (40%), DMG 1d8 + 1d4

Tribal knife 30%, DMG 1d4 + 1d4

SPELLS: Contact Cthonian, Contact Shudde M'ell, Call Power of Nyambe.

Nine Matabi Cultists

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP	DB
#1	9	8	8	9	7	8	-
#2	11	13	13	12	9	13	-
#3	10	9	9	13	18	9	-
#4	13	11	14	10	14	13	+1d4
#5	11	11	15	11	14	13	+1d4
#6	11	6	12	14	11	9	-
#7	11	8	14	11	16	11	+1d4
#8	14	13	11	9	6	12	+1d4
#9	16	16	14	10	7	15	+1d4

SKILLS:

Hide 30%, Listen 35%, Spot Hidden 45%, Throw 55%

WEAPONS:

Tribal spear 40% (55%), DMG 1d8 + db

Tribal knife 60%, DMG 1d6 + db

Richardson's Byakhee

	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	DEX	POW	HP	DB
#1	24	7	23	3	15	4	15	+2d6
#2	15	10	14	7	15	12	12	+1d4
#3	23	15	24	9	17	14	20	+2d6

WEAPONS:

Claw (x2) 35%, DMG 1d6 + db

Bite 35%, DMG 1d6 + db + blood drain (1d6 STR loss per round until dead).

ARMOUR: 2 point fur/hide

SKILLS: Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 50%

SAN LOSS: -1/1d6

Lord Robert Blanford, insane worshipper of Shudde M'ell

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 14 DEX 16 APP 14
INT 18 POW 21 EDU 20 SAN 0 HP 15

DMG Bonus +1d4

SKILLS:

Accounting 50%, Anthropology 50%, Art-Sculpture 30%, Bargain 50%, Climb 45%, Conceal 35%, Credit Rating 57%, Cthulhu Mythos 34%, Dodge 40%, Drive Auto 15%, History 30%, Library Use 40%, Listen 55%, Occult 57%, Other Language-French 30%, German 25%, Persuade 40%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 53%.

WEAPONS:

Fist 60%, DMG 1d3 + 1d4

Enchanted Cane 67%, DMG 1d2 + 1d4 + drains 1 POW per 30 second contact.

SPELLS: Call Shudde M'ell, Call Power of Nyambe, Contact Deep One, Contact Cthonian, Enchant Cane, Make Gate Box, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler.

Dimensional Shamblers

	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	DEX	POW	HP	DB
#1	18	16	20	4	12	12	18	+1d6
#2	18	21	19	9	9	13	20	+1d6
#3	18	16	16	7	12	10	16	+1d6
#4	21	22	21	7	15	13	22	+2d6

WEAPONS:

Claw (x2) 30%, DMG 1d8 + db.

ARMOUR: 3 point hide.

SAN LOSS: 0/1d10

The Cthonian, underground horror

STR	CON	SIZ	INT	DEX	POW	HP	DB
50	43	75	16	10	23	54	+7d6

WEAPONS:

Tentacle (1d8 attacks) 75%, DMG 3d6 +db + CON drain

Crush 80%, DMG 5d6 + db

Human Telepathic Control – POW vs. POW (see Rulebook p.135)

ARMOUR: 5 point hide, regenerates 5 HP per round.

SAN LOSS: 1d3/1d20

New Spells

Call Shudde M'ell

Caster must be in possession of the G'harne Amulet. Prior to the summoning, the caster must attune the amulet with a sacrifice of 6 MP per night for six weeks (a week for each of a Cthonian's life cycle). The spell must be cast within a Cthonian made tunnel, where a sacrifice of six people must be offered. Following this, the caster may spend 1 MP per 1% point of success to summon Shudde M'ell, plus a loss of 1d10 SAN. The Amulet of G'Harne adds a 50% bonus to the chance of success.

Contact Shudde M'ell

Can only be cast in Africa. For each attempt, the caster must sacrifice 1 POW and 1d6 SAN. The chance of success equals half of POW x 5 (round up). A success means that Shudde M'ell appears, bursting up through the earth.

Player Handout One: Blanford's Letter to the Investigators.

Dear

I am writing concerning a matter of some urgency. I recently received a series of threatening letters, culminating in a break-in at my family home and the theft of an old family heirloom.

The police are aware of the break-in but, to date, they have uncovered nothing. I have neglected to mention the threatening letters to the police, as I fear press involvement.

I understand from friends that you and your associates are the cream of your profession and I am assured that your discretion is second to none. I would, therefore, ask you and your associates to journey here to Blanford Manor to assist me in the recovery of the previously stated heirloom and hopefully put an end to this most distressing matter.

I would be grateful if you could contact me in advance so that I might have rooms prepared for your stay.

Yours sincerely

Robert Blanford

Lord Robert M Blanford

Player Handout Two: Note found in Kitchen

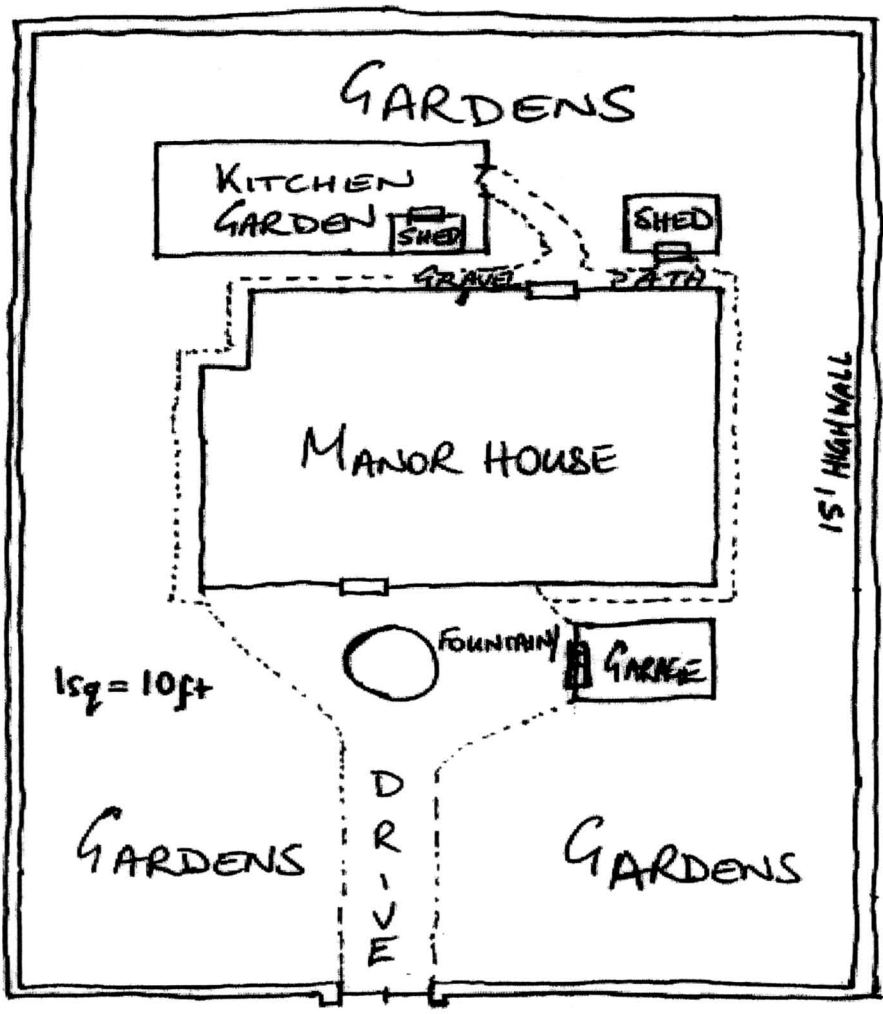
IF YOU WISH TO SEE YOUR
DAUGHTER ALIVE AGAIN, MEET US
TO THE EAST OF THE VILLAGE ON
THE OXFORD ROAD FRIDAY NIGHT
AT 12PM.

Player Handout Three: Underlined and Annotated Passages from the Necronomicon.

...and let it be known that he who possesses the amulet and fragments of G'harne shall receive the power to call forth the Great Burrower..

these will allow me to see him again at last. G'harne Fragments written by Wendy Smith –must have older source to the in the Necronomicon?

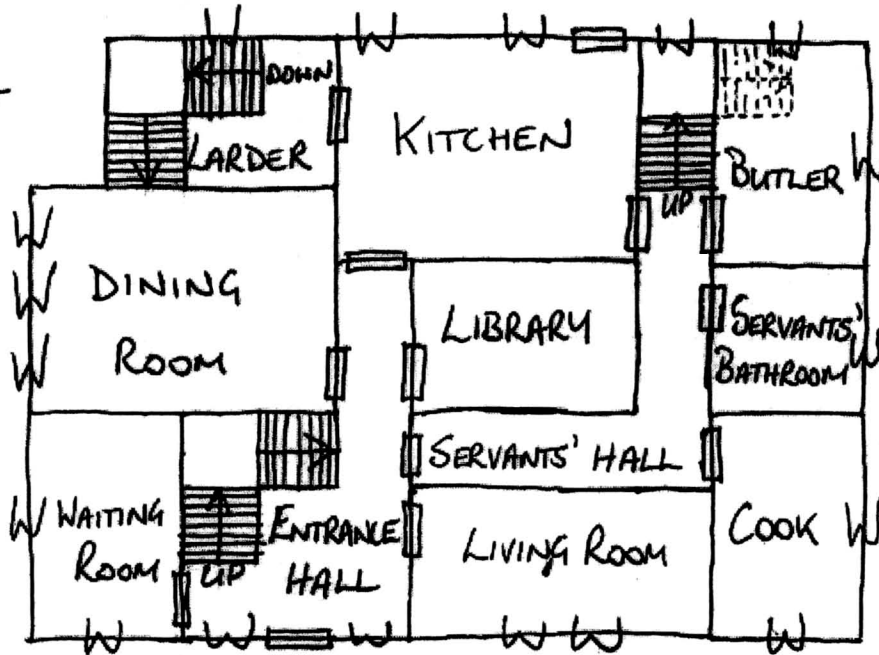
...and let it be known that he who possesses the amulet of G'harne and speaks from Eibon's Book shall call forth the Burrower... At last I might call upon him once more!



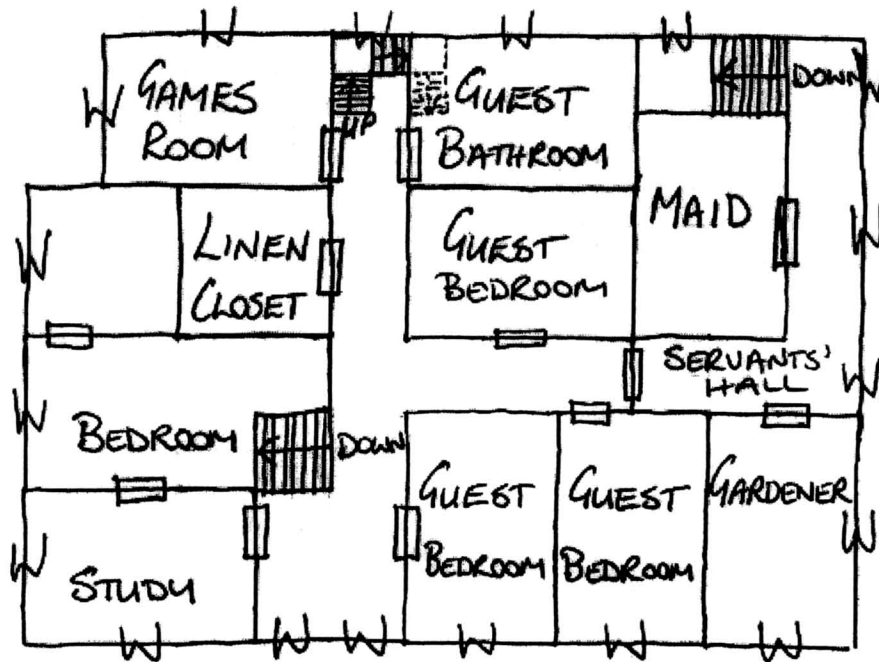
BLANFORD MANOR



1 SQ = 5 FT



GROUND FLOOR



1ST FLOOR

Shadrack and Pettifogg: Solicitors and Estate Agents

By Andrew Bennison

No one remembers the first time they saw Mr Pettifogg walk to the office and arrive at exactly 10.00am. No one can even recall ever seeing Mr Shadrack, but the offices of Shadrack and Pettifogg have always been there. The windows are so dirty you can barely see the faded photographs and descriptions of properties for sale or rent. No one except Mr Pettifogg and the never-ending line of temporary secretarial staff actually enter the premises, but Shadrack and Pettifogg are still in business.

Mr Ernest Pettifogg is well beyond retirement age. He constantly wears the same faded brown checked suit. Tall and thin, there isn't an ounce of spare flesh on him. Mr Pettifogg looks like a skeleton with skin stretched over it. Despite his shabby appearance, there is something about his eyes; a constant alertness and inquiring stare. He speaks with a quiet, refined and above all precise voice. Mr Pettifogg is a stickler for detail, a pedant who insists upon correct English (written and spoken), good time keeping, attention to detail, manners and courtesy. He is very particular about with whom he does business and will only deal with properties that interest him through their age, design or history.

The properties that Shadrack and Pettifogg deal with are odd.

The office is crammed with filing cabinets. Documents are stacked into a maze of teetering towers that look like they are going to tumble at any minute. In reality they haven't moved for decades. There is a layer of dust and a mustiness that hangs in the air. Visiting the office is like walking into a Dickens novel.

Introducing Mr Pettifogg

Players investigating an empty property see his board outside the building. With an address and telephone number on display, you would think that contacting Mr Pettifogg would be a simple matter.

Miss Warren, Pettifogg's new and totally disinterested secretary, answers all telephone calls. She will happily take messages which Mr Pettifogg is usually too busy to return. If asked to make an appointment, she will offer a date at least two weeks distant. Mr Pettifogg's timetable is such that he only sees clients on Wednesday mornings between 10.00am and lunchtime. Mr Pettifogg is a creature of habit and strictly adheres to his routine.

Mr Pettifogg's Timetable:

Monday - Telephone the office at 10.30am and 5.30pm. Stay at home.

Tuesday - Telephone the office at 10.30am and 5.30pm. Visit properties.

Wednesday - Arrive at the office 10.00am. Leave at 2pm. Visit library.

Thursday - Telephone the office at 10.30am. Arrive at 2pm. Leave at 6pm.

Friday - Telephone the office at 10.30 am and 5.30pm. Stay at home.

Players may attempt to speak to Mr Pettifogg as he arrives or leaves work. A successful Fast Talk roll will be required before he even stops to listen. Then he will insist that any prospective clients should make an appointment with his secretary.

Mr Pettifogg is intensely irritating, but he is a useful (and unbearable) source of background information and rumour. He has an almost infallible memory and his records go back almost fifty years. He hates brashness and vulgar behaviour. The best way to ingratiate yourself with Mr Pettifogg is by being polite and respectful. This politeness includes suffering his interminable legal anecdotes and his constant corrections of grammar and logic.

Another way to keep Mr Pettifogg sweet is talk to him about his hobby. Mr Pettifogg has an extensive collection of butterflies, moths, spiders and insects that he has caught, mounted and catalogued over the years. Making a successful Natural History roll will engage his interest, but a second roll is required to deal with the necessary barrage of supplementary questions and technical terminology.

Mr Pettifogg is wildly sceptical of the supernatural and will not entertain the notions of the Cthulhu Mythos. His mind can only grasp the rational and the scientific. Babbling about ghosts, ghouls or the Great Old Ones is a simple way to end an interview.

The Client

Alternatively, players could be hired by Mr Pettifogg to find a rational explanation to a mystery surrounding one of his properties. This could include finding missing beneficiaries of a will or disproving spectral myths about a house that are preventing it's sale.

If Mr Pettifogg is difficult to cope with as an information source, he is impossible when he is your employer. He will insist on constant, detailed reports of actions and expenses. He will insist that as representatives of Shadrack and Pettifogg the players conduct themselves impeccably throughout any investigation and will fail to pay them if they do anything to harm his reputation.

ERNEST PETTIFOGG, Age Unknown, Solicitor

STR 9 CON 11 SIZ 15 INT 17 POW 11

DEX 11 APP 13 EDU 18 SAN 51 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none

Skills: Accounting 45%, Bargain 70%, Credit Rating 82%,

History 66%, Law 95%, Library Use 55%, Natural History 65%



Items of Mutual Interest

The Flowers from the Moon and Other Lunacies By Robert Bloch, Arkham House 1998 (\$22.95)

What makes a Cthulhu Mythos tale? It's a question that has kept fandom arguing for years. Do you need a New England setting, a library full of old books and a Ghrung'Ka-Phutung – "He who should not be smelt"? The current thinking seems to be that atmosphere is what is important, not all the accompanying paraphernalia. This posthumous collection of twenty early Bloch tales proudly proclaims to contain four Cthulhu Mythos stories. Most are from the pages of *Weird Tales* or *Strange Stories*. Many appear here in book form for the first time.

The stories are printed in chronological order and this enables the reader to observe how Bloch's style changed and matured. The collection kicks off with *The Druidic Doom*, certainly the most Lovecraftian piece in the book, told with little dialogue and an imitative style. (Bloch was only nineteen when this was printed.) The Mythos connection is a passing reference to 'Old Ones'. This is typical of the Cthulhoid influences present in these tales. None are crucial to the story, with Tsathoggua, Chaugnar Faun and De Vermis Mysteriis all making guest appearances. If you know what you're looking for, it raises a mild interest, if you don't, then it doesn't affect your enjoyment. This is how it should be.

There is an interesting mix that includes horror, sword and sorcery, science fiction and Bloch's own style of shaggy dog stories with a gruesome ending. Bizarrely, my favourite, *Be Yourself*, doesn't fall into any category. It's about an author who creates a flamboyant alter ego, F. Thatcher Van Archer, to enable him to write his books. One day F. Thatcher Van Archer appears in his study and wants the author thrown out. Other highlights include *Power of the Druid*, *The Dark Isle* and the wonderful *The Man Who Told the Truth* that reads like it's come straight out of an issue of *House of Mystery*.

The only real let down is *He Waits Beneath the Sea*, with a hackneyed plot and cardboard characters. Half way through the story I came across the following line:

"It's too awful," Jean whispered faintly. "Let's turn back David. I can't bare more of this."

I had to agree. This must have been one that Bloch wrote for the rent.

Whether or not these really are Cthulhu Mythos stories is beside the point. It's whether they are interesting stories that's important. *Flowers of the Moon* is perfect for a nostalgic evening read. What more could you want?

Reviewed by Andrew Bennison.

IT's in the Cards

So you want to be tournament winner? By Danny Bourne

Anyone can play in a Mythos tournament, indeed one of the best things about tournament play is the fact anybody can and does play. However, it's one thing to play in a tournament, but actually winning is quite another. It is possible to win a tournament through luck, but to win, or at least place consistently, takes skill, knowledge and the ability to 'read' the game you are playing in. Hopefully this four part series will give you some pointers as to how to improve your game so that you can take on people like Chris Rudram (the current UK National Champion) and beat them. (Unless they've read this series too, of course, in which case it will be draw!)

It would seem sensible to suggest that the first thing anyone should do for a tournament is build a deck to play with – obviously you can't win without one – but that would be a mistake. Before entering a tournament you have to consider the tournament itself as this can have a profound influence on the type of deck you should play. The first thing you must master is what is known as the *Metagame* which will prepare you for the actual fun part that is deck construction.

Metagame means 'beyond' the game; the parameters and unique circumstances that should be taken into consideration before you even sit down and draw your first hand. Make mistakes in the metagame and you've already lost before play begins. Anyone who can master the metagame will dramatically increase their chances of success at a tournament.

There are a few simple rules you should follow:

1. What format is the tournament using? This may sound obvious, but you don't want to spend hours tuning your killer Standard deck only to find you've entered into a Dreamlands only or GOO based theme tournament.
2. What's the level of the tournament? This can be very important when deciding on the type of deck to play. There's a huge difference between playing in a local 'fun' tournament where the play will be relaxed and a higher percentage of fun decks compared to, say the UK Nationals, where you'll be likely to encounter more competitive players with highly tuned decks. The general rule of thumb is the larger the tournament, the better your deck has to be to stand a chance of winning.
3. What is my strategy for this tournament? Once you've followed the first two rules, this is the obvious next step. Different tournaments call for different game strategies. A New Aeon sealed competition will have a very different game dynamic to a standard constructed format. The former is far more prone to the 'interference' method where there may be single cards a player needs to complete an adventure than the latter where you should expect

no one card to be vital for the deck. Therefore, do you decide to approach a tournament with a 'heads down' attitude, or do you opt for the 'run interference' method? If you decide for the former you'll be looking to construct a deck using as high a percentage of cards that directly contribute to your chosen adventures as possible, leaving little, if any, room for cards that might interfere with other players. The reasoning behind this method is that any cards you draw will directly help you in completing adventures and so you are looking to win by getting adventures as quick as possible, hoping that you beat your opponent in a straight run for the line. The second method produces a slower deck, but gives you more control over the game you play. Not every card you draw will be directly useful to the completion of your adventures, but you will have more cards to use to slow or halt an opponent. This is a trickier style to play but a well-timed 'interference' card can completely shut down a speed deck if played at the right time.

4. Accept there are going to be factors beyond your control. This is the most important 'karmic' factor. No matter how good a player or deck you have, there are always going to be times when you come up against the wrong deck, types of players or your cards simply decide to hate you for a day. A case in point is this: two people in a tournament played basically the same deck, with the same adventures and investigator. The player who won the initial die roll to see who played first ended up winning every round he played against his opponent by one card lay. This doesn't mean you've necessarily got a bad deck, it's just one of those things that happens. You cannot design these factors out of a deck. No one deck is unbeatable and you've got to be prepared for Fate to deal you a bum hand occasionally.

With the first three rules (and a passing nod to Zen regarding the fourth), in mind we then move on to the most complicated and fun part – building your deck.

Part two of how to win at tournaments will be the next issue of The Whisperer.

“Carry on Cthulhu”

By Messrs. Smith, Smith and Crabb

Top Films from R'lyeh

Things to do in Dunwich when your Dead

Beauty and the Byakhee

The Good, the Bad and the Formless

Desperately Seeking Shrub-Niggurath

The Three A-Migos

Good Bye Mr Shiney

Look Who's Gibbering

2 Deep Ones for Sister Shoggoth

Polyp Fiction

Reservoir Dholes



EUROLOG

European League of Gamers



Call of Cthulhu, Mythos, Elric!, Pendragon,
AD&D, Runequest, ME:TW, SLA Industries,
Cyber Punk, Quake II, Carmageddon II,
Deadlands, Great Rail Wars, Traveller,
Paranoia...

...just some of the games being run through
Eurolog at GenCon UK 1999 and
Battlemasters 2000

Want to get involved? Want to play?
Want to run games?

Contact Chris at Kaget@computer.com
or
Mike at masonm@mk-chamber.co.uk

Acknowledgements and Thanks

The Whisperer, Issue One was brought to you by Severn Valley Press. Special thanks go to Liz, Adam, Gary and Mark for their sterling support and also to Paul Carrick and to Dustin Wright at the Leng Embassy, Texas.

All contents are © 1999 by their respective creators. All art, except on pages 29 and 31 is ©1999 Paul Carrick and is used with his kind permission. Art on pages 29 and 31 is ©1999 Andrew Simmons.

Call of Cthulhu is the registered trademark of Chaosium Inc.

Delta Green and The Golden Dawn are owned by Pagan Publishing, ©1996 Tynes Cowan Corporation

Writers credits:

Andrew Bennison, Danny Bourne, Mark Crabb, Garrie Hall, Rik Kershaw-Moore, Adam Smith, Gary Smith, Mike Mason.

Artists credits:

Paul Carrick, Andy Simmons.

Chaosium in the UK

Local support for convention and tournament organizers, including promotional material for prizes etc., is available from Alan Glover (email: servitor@chorazin.org.uk) or write to Alan Glover, Chaosium UK Liaison, PO Box 459, Cambridge CB1 9QB. Please include an indication of the size of the events as well as details of which Chaosium games will be featured.

Writers and Artists Wanted!

Articles, scenarios (long & short), black & white illustrations will be welcomed with clutching tentacles – free copy of The Whisperer if your submission is published.

Pre-Order Issue Two of The Whisperer Now

The next jam-packed issue should be ready in time for the Millennium, so to ensure that your copy doesn't suffer from the Y2K bug send £3.50 made payable to M. Mason to the address below.

Contact The Whisperer and Severn Valley Press

At 18 Loughton Road, Bradwell Village, Milton Keynes, MK13 9AA, England or via email: whisperer@starrywisdom.freeserve.co.uk

