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LEAGUES OF CTHULHU



LEAGUES OF CTHULHU

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INTRODUCTION: WHAT IS THE MYTHOS?

*“The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown” —H.P. Lovecraft, *Supernatural Horror in Literature**

The Lovecraft Myth Cycle (henceforth referred to in this work simply as the Mythos) is predominantly the work of H. P. Lovecraft (1890-1937), an American writer of weird fiction. A complex and troubled man, and one whose views on race would make him a pariah among civilized folk today, his work was unacknowledged during his lifetime, appearing only in pulp magazines. Since his untimely death, he has inspired generations of artists, authors, and gamers.

ELEMENTS OF THE MYTHOS

The Mythos includes a number of recurring elements. The first of these is the Great Old Ones. Alien beyond imagination, and often existing in dimensions beyond mankind’s understanding of time and space, these vast and loathsome horrors are the gods of the Mythos. Some of these deities make actual appearances in Lovecraft’s tales, but most exist only in references to blasphemous idols or as a name invoked in a ritual.

Lovecraft used a variety of names for his monstrous gods, including Great Ones and Outer Gods. For the sake of convenience, we’re sticking to just the Great Old One title.

The next element is the variety of monsters

that appears in a large number of tales. Many of these monstrosities are aliens, creatures who descended from the stars billions of years ago. Others are born of this world. They vary immensely in size and motive, but none have any particular goodwill toward humanity.

Worshipping the Great Old Ones are various cults and lone madmen. Lovecraft himself detailed just three (see **Chapter Three**), though he makes vague references to others. Lovecraft often attributes cultists with being degenerate, of low-breeding, and, in keeping with his views on race, non-White. While we have retained the first two elements, we have refrained from degrading any culture or element of humanity.

The fourth element is that of arcane literature and forbidden tomes. While Lovecraft invented the most famous of these fictional tomes, the *Necronomicon*, he made reference to others imagined by his literary peers and friends. Penned by madmen and scholars, these vile tomes contain magical rituals (used by antagonists) and knowledge mankind was never meant to explore.

Finally, there are the locations. Lovecraft set many of his tales in and around New England, an area he knew well. Rather than use real locations (though they do get a mention here and there), he created fictional towns and places in which to set his work. The most famous of these are Arkham and Miskatonic University.

A second type of location is concerned with the beings of the Mythos—the brooding

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ruins of ancient cities raised by elder beings in distant epochs, frozen plateaus that may or may not exist in our reality, and islands that erupt from the seafloor, only to disappear back beneath the waves just as quickly.

While the Mythos as a whole contains each and every element numerous times, individual tales do not. The *Call of Cthulhu*, for instance, makes use of a Great Old One, the god's cult, and the fictional location of R'lyeh. Conversely, *At the Mountains of Madness* features elder races and the ruins of a bygone age.

Gamemasters are encouraged to copy this when creating scenarios, and use a varying handful of elements per adventure, rather than trying to cram every aspect into every scenario.

WHICH MYTHOS IS THIS?

The Mythos is not a formalized codex, nor did Lovecraft make any attempt to impose a rigid grip on its development, though he provided guidance. Dozens of authors, even in Lovecraft's time, have added to the collective Mythos or borrowed elements for their own weird tales. Lovecraft himself was no stranger to borrowing from others when writing his stories.

The American theologian Robert Price split the Mythos into two distinct stages—the first being the work produced in Lovecraft's lifetime, though not necessarily by him, and the second dawning with August Derleth's work.

There are some notable differences between the two. The Elder Gods and the association of various Old Ones with elemental forces, for instance, are the invention of August Derleth (who coined the phrase Cthulhu Mythos). Likewise, Derleth added more hope to his stories in contrast to the bleakness of Lovecraft's work. In modern times, weird fiction tales are sometimes branded under the Cthulhu name, despite many having little association with the original stories. Cthulhu comes in many flavors and there is something to suit every taste.

Given the wide scope of material already published, both in fiction and gaming, where exactly does *Leagues of Cthulhu* fit into the picture?

We could not include every aspect of the Mythos, nor have we attempted to do so. We have deliberately chosen to focus on Lovecraft's original tales and their recurring themes of forbidden knowledge, science advancing without moral guidance, and dangerous secrets.

The majority of his stories are set in New England, but those early stories also include elements of history and exploration, themes already core to *Leagues of Adventure*. Additions we personally dislike, such as the elemental nature of the Great Old Ones, have been quietly ignored. Equally, there are now dozens of gods and hundreds of monsters out there. We have chosen to be selective in which ones we have included.

Some of you may have been introduced to the Mythos through the *Call of Cthulhu* role-playing game—it's definitely how this author found his way there. It is important to note that this volume is not a conversion of that game. The Mythos presented in that body of work is the view of Chaosium. What appears in *Leagues of Cthulhu* is our interpretation.

All in all, it's the flavor we most like, and we hope you will as well, as we put the love back into Lovecraft.

A GUIDE TO USING THIS BOOK

Chapter One: Characters provides new Mythos-related options for player characters, including Skills, Talents, Flaws, Leagues, and weird science devices.

Chapter Two: Magic & Manuscripts describes how magic works in the world of the Mythos. It also adds new rituals and relics.

Chapter Three: Where Darkness Dwells describes a number of Mythos sites around, and inside, the world.

Chapter Four: Gods, Monsters, & Cults lists the Great Old Ones, a range of profane entities, three sinister cults, and a number of potential allies for the globetrotters.

Chapter Five: Handling the Mythos provides basic advice on how to run adventures involving Things Man Was Not Meant To Know.

Now you know what horrors await, read on and delve into the Mythos of the *Leagues of Adventure* universe!

CHAPTER ONE:

CHARACTERS

“It is only the inferior thinker who hastens to explain the singular and the complex by the primitive shortcut of supernaturalism.”

—H. P. Lovecraft, *The Temple*

Most characters who will have their lives altered and comforting truths shattered by encounters with the loathsome and unfathomable horrors of the Cthulhu Mythos are ordinary people—artisans and historians, scientists and military officers. These men and women are utterly unaware of the terrible truth that lurks on the edge of sanity. Such characters can be created just using *Leagues of Adventure*.

Others might already have knowledge of the occult, though the creatures they have faced are but children compared to the blasphemous Great Old Ones. Characters who have glimpsed beyond the thin veil of reality can be created using the additional material in *Leagues of Gothic Horror*.

This chapter introduces new options for creating characters. Given the focused nature of many of these additions, it is suggested they are not made available for non-*Leagues of Cthulhu* globetrotters.

NEW SKILL

ELDER LORE

Specialized Skill (see all notes below)

Base Attribute: Intelligence

This Skill covers knowledge of all things connected to the Great Old Ones and their lesser kin. It is a subject known to very few, and those who delve too deep into its forbidden depths inevitably tumble headlong toward insanity. The Skill Aptitude Talent cannot be applied to this Skill, nor can the Skill be used untrained.

Your character must focus on a specific Discipline:

- * Artifacts: Knowledge of magical, mundane, or technological artifacts associated with the Great Old Ones

- * Creatures: Knowledge of the lesser monsters and servitors

- * Great Old Ones: Knowledge of the great and terrible Great Old Ones

- * Locations: Knowledge of geographical locations associated with the Great Old Ones

- * Tomes: Knowledge of writings connected to the Great Old Ones

IMPROVING THE SKILL

During character generation, the Game-master may permit a globetrotter to learn **one** Level (and no more!) in Elder Lore, but only with the caveat the character has very good reason to have learned or acquired it in their background story. Otherwise, the Skill cannot be learned or increased through Skill points or normal Experience points.

Through the various methods described below, a globetrotter may gain Eldritch Experience points during play. A character cannot



refuse to accumulate Eldritch Experience points—exposure to the horrors of the Great Old Ones gradually increases his knowledge and lowers his Sanity, whether they like it or not.

Eldritch Experience points should be recorded separately from standard Experience points, as they can be used *only* to improve the Elder Lore Skill or purchase a new Discipline. Once a character earns enough points to improve a Skill by a Level, they must do so *immediately*. The Gamemaster may also insist the globetrotter learn a new Elder Lore Discipline if it is appropriate. The player may, with the Gamemaster's permission, devote 3 Experience points to acquiring or improving a Specialization, but may do so only once per Discipline possessed.

EARNING ELDRITCH EXPERIENCE POINTS

Exposure: Following an adventure centered around matters relating to the Great Old Ones, their alien servitors, or their human followers, the Gamemaster may grant the players *one* Eldritch Experience point. This is separate from their normal Experience point reward.

Forbidden Books: Reading certain tomes can advance one's knowledge of the Great Old Ones (see p. 57). Regardless of the result of his Investigation: Enigmas roll, the first time a globetrotter successfully studies a tome describing matters concerning the Great Old Ones he gains a number of Eldritch Experience points equal to the book's Mythos rating. Books with no Mythos entry are unconnected to the Great Old Ones and thus grant no Eldritch Experience points.

Rereading the same book again grants no additional Eldritch Experience points. Similarly, no Eldritch Experience is ever gained from skimming a text.

Madness: A character whose Sanity drops to 0 or lower because of an encounter with a creature, event, or location directly associated with the Great Old Ones may gain an Eldritch Experience point toward increasing this Skill.

Roll one die. Success earns the hero *one* Eldritch Experience point. No further rolls to acquire Eldritch Experience points in this manner are made until the globetrotter's Sanity first increases above zero again.

THE PRICE OF KNOWLEDGE

Strong-willed individuals who delve into the sanity rending lore of the Great Old Ones might be able to resist becoming permanently insane, but their nerves will forever be fragile. For most, advanced knowledge of this most forbidden lore leads only to unending madness.

For each Level gained in the Elder Lore Skill, the character's Sanity rating is automatically and *permanently* lowered by one point. Each Level in a Specialization also automatically and *permanently* reduces the globetrotter's Sanity by one point. Current Sanity is lowered by a similar amount as the shock of the revelations hits home.

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Example: *Sir Giles (Intelligence 3) is thankfully oblivious to the existence of the Great Old Ones. He successfully studies an occult tome with an Elder Lore rating of 2. This earns him two Eldritch Experience points.*

Since it costs two Experience Points to gain a Skill at Level 1, Sir Giles erases the two Eldritch Experience points and adds Elder Lore: Great Old Ones 4 (Intelligence 3 + Level 1) to his character sheet. He also lowers his maximum and current Sanity rating by one point.

Already slightly unbinged from reading the dread book, Sir Giles' current Sanity drops to zero from the new and terrible lore. As the Sanity loss was directly Mythos related, Sir Giles rolls one additional die to see if he gains yet more insight. The fates are against him and he scores a success! Sir Giles' player writes down 1 Eldritch Experience point on his character sheet.

LIMITED KNOWLEDGE

Normally, when a character reaches rating 10 in any Skill he is a world leader, there being little he does not know about his chosen field. Elder Lore is different. The repertoire of the profane, mind-rending knowledge is so vast that no mortal, and perhaps not even the Great Old Ones themselves, can fathom its infinite depths and cruelty.

With success on an Elder Lore roll, the globetrotter might be able to identify a creature related to the Great Old Ones or gain some insight into its abilities, recall a vague legend about a location, recognize a specific ritual or recalls in which blasphemous tome it might be found, or link a strange name to a particular deity. No matter how high he rolls, though, he should never be given every fact.

NEW TALENTS

Family plays a role in several of Lovecraft's stories, though rarely for the better. Physical or mental deformities, extracts of forbidden lore, and accursed ancestors are the norm among certain ancient families.

The Bloodline Talents below represent

membership of certain notable families within Lovecraft's mythos, albeit a lesser branch to those described in his tales. Each is slightly more powerful than a conventional Talent. That is because each family has one or more skeletons in the closet. These hidden flaws are not described here—while the Gamemaster has information on them, a globetrotter gains knowledge of his family's ancestral banes only through investigation or experience.

A globetrotter can only have *one* Bloodline Talent.

It is worth noting that while a character may belong to a specific bloodline, he might not actually carry that name. This is especially true in instances where a globetrotter traces descent through the maternal line. Indeed, while the player knows his character's heritage, the globetrotter may actually be utterly unaware that her family is anything unusual—at least until she begins to dig a little deeper into her origins.

BLOODLINE: CURWEN

Unique; Only available at character creation

Prerequisites: None

Their fortunes may have waned down the centuries, but the Curwens remain a family with strong ties to mercantile matters, with business contacts across the globe.

Benefit: The globetrotter begins play with Bureaucracy 0 and Streetwise 0. Also, you may pick one from Contacts 1 (Business, Equipping, or Transport). These are in addition to the regular four 0-level Skills and two 0-level Resources all characters receive.

Normal: Your character receives no additional free Skill or Resources.

BLOODLINE: DELAPORE

Unique; Only available at character creation

Prerequisites: None

Once English landed aristocracy, the last scion of the family fled to the fledgling colonies of North America in the early 17th century. Family lore has never revealed the whys and

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wherefores, though it is believed he had been branded a murderer before his self-imposed exile to the distant Colonies.

Although no longer wielding a noble title, the American branch of the family has prospered, throwing its energy into the establishment of mills or plantations.

Benefit: The globetrotter begins play with Bureaucracy 0 *and* Intimidation 0, and either Status (Respected citizen) 1 *or* Wealth 1. These are in addition to the regular four 0-level Skills and two 0-level Resources all characters receive.

Normal: Your character has no additional 0-level Skills or Talents.

BLOODLINE: JERMYN

Unique; Only available at character creation

Prerequisites: None

Much misery has befallen the Jermyn line, with madness seemingly a hereditary trait. Despite their misfortunes, many scions have gone on to follow the family's interest in anthropology and exploration.

Benefit: The globetrotter begins play with one from Acrobatics 0 *or* Athletics 0, and one from either Anthropology 0 *or* Expeditions 0. The globetrotter receives Status 1 (Notable family). These are in addition to the regular four 0-level Skills and two 0-level Resources all characters receive.

Normal: Your character receives no additional free Skill or Resources.

BLOODLINE: MARSH

Unique; Only available at character creation

Prerequisites: Athletics 0

An old and leading family from Innsmouth (Massachusetts), the Marshes have seen their fortunes rise and fall several times. The sea has long flowed through the veins of the Marshes, their ancestors working as fishermen, or mariners on merchant and military vessels.

Benefit: Your character is at home in water. He gains the Swim Talent for free.

In addition, your character can hold his

breath for two minutes per point of Body rating, or two turns per success on a reflexive Body roll during combat.

Normal: Your character must purchase the Swim Talent. He can hold his breath for one minute per point of Body rating, or one turn per success on a reflexive Body roll during combat.

BLOODLINE: PICKMAN

Unique; Only available at character creation

Prerequisites: None

Originating in Salem, Massachusetts, but with branches now scattered across the Western hemisphere, many Pickmans have displayed great artistic talent. Some have become poets or authors; others have invested their skill into painting or sculpture.

Benefit: Your character begins play with Art (Pick one Discipline) 1 and Fame (Artist) 1 for free. These are in addition to the regular four 0-level Skills and two 0-level Resources all characters receive.

Normal: Your character receives no additional free Skill or Resources.

BLOODLINE: WHATELEY

Unique; Only available at character creation

Prerequisites: None

The Whateley family comprises two main branches. The largest, found in and around Dunwich, Massachusetts, is a sorry affair, its members cursed with low-intelligence and blanketed with aspersions of cruelty and perversity. The smaller branch, having spread out from its ancestral lands to the extent that there is at least one branch in Great Britain, has retained its intellect and reputation. This is the globetrotters' bloodline.

Benefit: Whateleys of good reputation have long ensured their scions are well-educated, sparing no expense to send them to prestigious universities.

Your character may pick two 0-level Skills from: Academics (Any), Anthropology, Linguistics, and Science. These are in addition to the regular four 0-level Skills all characters receive.

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Additionally, if he meets the prerequisites for the Well-Educated Talent then your globetrotter receives the Talent for free.

Normal: Your character has no additional 0-level Skills, nor does he receive any free Talents simply for meeting the prerequisites.

ESCAPE ARTIST

Prerequisites: Acrobatics 4

While monsters are likely to kill globetrotters out of hand, cults may capture and restrain them for use as sacrifices. Alternately, a globetrotter confined to an asylum may need to escape to warn others of the cosmic horrors that lurk just beyond sight. Your character can wriggle out of tight spaces, slip out of wrestling holds, or escape from shackles.

Benefit: Your character can attempt to escape from her bonds by contorting her body. Make an Acrobatics roll versus the difficulty of restraints. Escaping from reasonably snug ropes around the wrists is Difficulty 2. Squeezing through the bamboo bars of a cage is Difficulty 3 (or Difficulty 4 in the instance of iron bars). Wriggling free of a straitjacket is Difficulty 5.

This Talent does not assist in picking locks, so your character might be able to slip free of handcuffs but could not unlock her friends, nor would this Talent help free her from a locked room.

Additionally, your character can substitute an Acrobatics roll to free herself when being grappled.

Normal: Your character cannot use Acrobatics to escape bonds. Your character must make an opposed Strength roll to free herself when being grappled.

Advanced: You may purchase this Talent up to three times. Your character gains a +4 escape bonus at second level and a +8 bonus at third level.

NEW FLAWS

SOCIAL

Morbid: Whether a trait inherent in your family, the result of some childhood experience, or simply a corrupt nature, you display

an unhealthy interest in unpleasant subjects, most notably death. You earn a Style point whenever your character's abnormal interest causes them or their allies serious problems.

NEW LEAGUES

The two Leagues below are unusual in that the majority of globetrotters will not be able to begin play as members.

THE AEON CLUB

Requirements: Elder Lore 4

Few are those who have witnessed the terrifying power and abysmal presence of the Great Old Ones and lived. Fewer still are those who care to discuss what they have witnessed with the unenlightened. Those who have survived an encounter with eldritch horrors can find refuge in the Aeon Club, a network of fellow survivors. Founded in the town of Arkham under the guise of an exclusive antiquarian society, it has clubhouses in Cairo and London.

The Club does not advertise its existence. Many members boast notable professional, academic, or scientific status, and to speak of alien gods from beyond time and space would invite open ridicule and scorn, not to mention loss of position. Instead, members pay attention to scientific papers, newspaper reports, and word of mouth stories concerning odd events. If the information appears to relate to eldritch horrors, and the person or persons involved appear genuine, they are invited to join the Aeon Club.

Many members enroll simply so they can speak openly about their experiences without fear of ridicule or being sent to an asylum. Others understand that these horrors must be fought—not with guns, but with knowledge. They scour the world for objects and lore relating to the Great Old Ones, studying it at the risk of their own sanity so that others might be fully prepared, and stealing artifacts that others might seek to misuse for safe storage.

Starting Skill List: Pick two from Academics: History, Academics: Occult, Academics: Philosophy, Academics: Religion, Anthropology, Art (Any), Investigation, Linguistics

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THE HOUNDS OF NODENS

Requirements: Elder Lore 4

While certain members of the Aeon Club are prepared to study eldritch lore in the hope of one day finding a means to combat the Great Old Ones, others demanded more immediate action. When their superiors refused to sanction overt action, they founded a new League.

Unable to take on the nigh immortal Great Old Ones themselves, members content themselves with hunting down and defeating their cults and lesser minions. Largely unable to rely on the police for support, and placing little faith in the courts to cast appropriate judgment, the only solution is lethal force. Many of their targets are human, making members murderers in the eyes of the law. Although this can rightly weigh heavy on members' consciences, eradicating the mortal worshippers of the hideous deities is the lesser of the two evils.

The League takes its name from that of Nodens, a powerful deity resident in the Dreamlands who hunts the servants of the Great Old Ones.

Starting Skill List: Pick two from Academics: Occult, Athletics, Firearms, Intimidation, Investigation, Stealth, Streetwise

MUNDANE GEAR

CLOTHING

Straitjacket: Invented in the late 18th century, the straitjacket is designed to restrain individuals who pose a danger to themselves or to others. Fastening a character into a straitjacket requires one combat turn if the intended wearer is cooperative. Otherwise it requires one person to grapple him into submission and another to force on the jacket.

Such is the jacket's design, that no character can hope to slip free without special training or unusual natural abilities (see Escape Artist above). Brute strength is an option for freeing oneself, though it requires a Strength x 2 roll against Difficulty 7. Only one roll is permitted.

Cost: 4s; *Weight:* 4 lbs.

NEW WEIRD SCIENCE

This section details new weird science devices designed to serve those who must face the horrors of dread Cthulhu and his inhuman ilk.

ELECTROTHERAPY ENGINE

Artifact 2

Leagues: Society for the Advancement of Science and Technology, Society of Metaphysicians

The use of electrical shocks to treat mental disorders (electrotherapy) is not new, having first been employed in 1744. The crude methods used back then have since been refined by inventors and alienists.

The control panel is quite simple to operate, having a lever that regulates the amount of voltage and a single dial so it can be accurately measured. Used in a modern city, the panel can be wired directly into the electrical mains. A portable version exists for field use, but it fills two steamer trunks—one for the heavy-duty voltaic cell and one for the control apparatus.

The patient is attached to the device by wires that connect to his temples and his wrists. Through the control panel, the operator can induce shocks of varying voltages and durations. Due to the convulsions induced by the current, the patient should also be held or strapped down to prevent accidental harm.

The Electrotherapy Engine gives a skilled alienist 4 bonus dice and an unskilled operator Alienism: Psychotherapy 4.

Enhancements: Skill: Alienism: Psychotherapy 4 (+1 Enhancement)*, Talent: Skilled Assistant 2 (+4 Enhancements)

Limitations: Exhausting: 1N (-1 Enhancement)**

* *Because the device affects only one specialization, it has a reduced Enhancement cost.*

** *Affects the patient, not the operator.*

NERVE TONIC

Artifact 3

Leagues: Any

Revelations concerning the Great Old Ones can rapidly render one mentally impaired. This powerful tonic rapidly restores mental

CHARACTERS

function, though it does nothing to cure the underlying madness.

When imbibed by a globetrotter disabled by horror (Sanity zero or lower), the tonic enables him to attack, defend, and move in the same turn, as if he was not disabled. No Sanity is restored, and the character suffers a penalty to all actions equal to his negative Sanity.

Each batch contains five doses. Once imbibed, the effects last for the remainder of the current combat or scene.

Enhancements: Special: Restores actions (+6 Enhancements)

PRE-NERVE TONIC

Artifact 1

Leagues: Any

Unlike conventional nerve tonics (see above), which are taken after a shock to steady the nerves, this formula is taken in advance to fortify the nerves against mind-shattering horrors.

A single dose increases a globetrotter's Sanity by two points. Unfortunately, it has no effect on those already at zero Sanity or lower—fortifying a mind that has already snapped is a fruitless exercise. Similarly, imbibing multiple doses produces no cumulative effect.

Each batch contains five doses. Once imbibed, the effects last for the remainder of the current combat or scene.

Enhancements: Increased Attribute: +2 Sanity (+2 Enhancements)

PSYCHOANALYZER

Artifact 0

Leagues: Society for the Advancement of Science and Technology, Society of Metaphysicians

The human brain is a wondrous but fragile organ. It is also extremely complex—when it goes wrong, repairing it can be a lengthy process for both the victim and the treating alienist.

The Psychoanalyzer consists of two parts. The patient wears a metal helmet covered in wires and valves. A cable connects the helmet to a wooden box of similar size to a small suitcase covered in dials. By asking questions, the alienist can immediately see how various parts of the patient's brain are responding, allow-

ing him to probe further down a given line or switch to a new track.

Although the device itself does not speed up recovery, it allows the alienist to find the root problem with greater efficiency and determine whether his methods are effective. With trial and error, even a person with no experience of alienism can attempt psychotherapy. The Psychoanalyzer gives a skilled alienist 2 bonus dice and an unskilled operator Alienism: Psychotherapy 4.

The Psychoanalyzer and Electrotherapy Engine can be used in conjunction with each other. A trained alienist using both devices gains a total of 6 bonus dice. An operator with no knowledge of alienism has a rating of 6 dice in Alienism: Psychotherapy.

Enhancements: Skill: Alienism: Psychotherapy 4 (+1 Enhancement)*

** Because the device affects only one specialization, it has a reduced Enhancement cost.*



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BOOK DEALER



"ALL COPIES OF THIS BOOK WERE THOUGHT BURNED BY THE INQUISITION. I KNOW PEOPLE WHO WILL PAY A FORTUNE FOR THIS. I THINK THE TIME HAS COME FOR AN AUCTION."

Archetype: *Academic*; **Motivation:** *Greed*;
Style: 3

Primary Attributes: Body 2, Dexterity 2,
Strength 2, Charisma 3, Intelligence 4, Will-
power 2

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 4, Percep-
tion 6, Initiative 6, Defense 6, Stun 3, Health
4, Sanity 5

Skills: Academics: Literature 6 (*Occult Tomes*
7), Bureaucracy 5, Con 6, Diplomacy 5, In-
vestigation 7, Linguistics 7 (*Translation* 8),
Streetwise 5

Talents: Calculated Defense (Use Intelligence
in place of Dexterity in Active Defense)

Resources: Followers 0 (Cracksman), Rank 0
(Bibliophile Society; +1 Social bonus), Status
1 (Literary scholar; +2 Social bonus)

Flaws: Poor Vision (+1 Style point whenever
her poor vision gets her into trouble)

Weapons: Punch 0N

CHARACTER BACKGROUND

While I have a great interest in rare books, I have no desire to actually collect them. Some collectors, such as the Bibliophile Society, reprint the volumes and make them available to others, but just as many prefer to lock them away in private libraries and deny access to anyone. Maybe it is the smell of history that attracts the latter to collecting books, the flattering of one's ego by possessing something others do not, or brinkmanship toward rivals. Perhaps being surrounded by volumes that have withstood

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the passage of centuries provides some grain of comfort to men who know their years are short. Of course, it might simply be a love of books and a desire to preserve them for posterity. My clients motives are likely quite varied, and I have little interest in discerning them.

As crass as it might sound, and while I appreciate the beauty and history of what I briefly hold in my hands, to me such books are simply a means of making money. Few owners truly understand the value of every volume they possess, especially when they have inherited a collection from a distant relative, and potential buyers are prepared to spend a small fortune to gain possession of those same works. It is simple economics that requires me to buy low and sell high. So long as both parties are satisfied with the results, how much I earn is irrelevant.

Buying and selling rare books is not my sole profession. On occasion I am tasked to investigate whether a volume a client desires is genuine, or at least undamaged, before any money changes hands. Other times I might be asked to track down a particularly rare work so that a client may then approach the owner with an offer.

I am also a renowned scholar of literature, and one well versed in many languages. I am much sought after by libraries and museums for my expertise and am frequently consulted to verify manuscripts, advise on their preservation, or value them for the purpose of insurance. Such work can be rewarding in its own right, but it pays very little compared to my other work.

Some works are known only in writing or in fragments, the original complete work having been lost or destroyed, the latter by deliberate actions, accidents, or the passage of time. While many date back to the time of Classical Greece and Imperial Rome, there are more modern lost works.

Finding a complete copy of one of these would be the discovery of the century and earn me a fortune, for there are many who would pay a king's ransom to lay their hands on these works. Such quests as I have been charged to undertake have so far proven ultimately fruitless, but I am drawn to accept their undertaking both by money and the desire to

unearth a work thought lost to mankind for all time. Regardless of what my client would do with such a find, I would be able to peruse it beforehand.

In the course of my work I have handled everything from papyrus scrolls written by Egyptian priests who died thousands of years before the birth of our modern age to 18th century volumes of poetry. Among the many works there are those of which I am reluctant to speak openly. Most of these I have handled on behalf of museums, but in rare instances a private collector has bade me to acquire one of these works.

Invariably they number among the rarest of volumes. A small few are printed, but many, even those authored after the advent of the printing press, exist only as handwritten manuscripts. Their rarity is not always down to their age—many were deliberately suppressed or destroyed by the Church to ensure their knowledge could not be spread. Others owe their rarity to few copies ever being made.

The nature of the topics contained within their covers ranges from the odd to the downright heretical. I have, on occasion, had cause to peruse their contents to satisfy myself that they were originals, and reading even a few paragraphs of these volumes was enough to turn my stomach. I often wonder what disease of the mind led to their creation, for no sane man could pen such words, and shudder to consider what effect they might have upon the mind of one who studies the entire contents. Still, so long as my clients have sufficient funds to meet my price, I do not judge them for dabbling in what one might call forbidden lore.

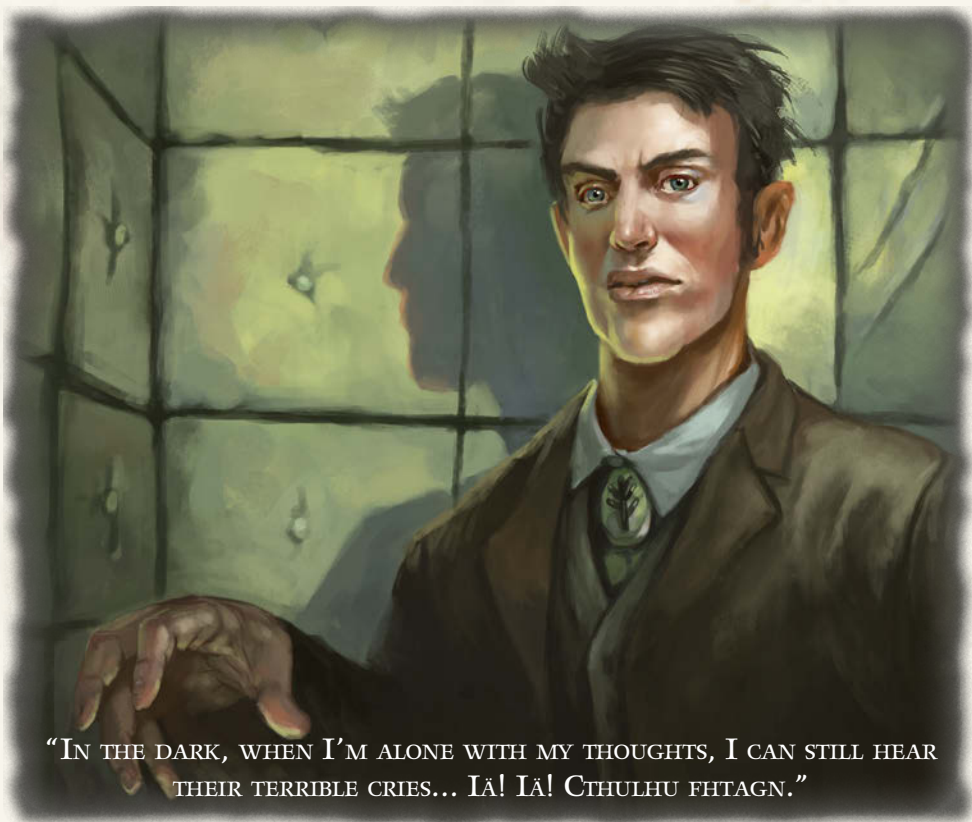
ROLEPLAYING

You track down, authenticate, and trade in old and rare books, both for general sale and to fulfill the specific needs of clients.

Though a respected scholar of some renown, your primary motivation is money. You're not above breaking the law to satisfy your clients, though such actions are always a last resort—most potential sellers can be swayed by money, and your clients have plenty of that to spare.

LEAGUES OF CTHULHU

FEARFUL ACADEMIC



"IN THE DARK, WHEN I'M ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS, I CAN STILL HEAR THEIR TERRIBLE CRIES... IA! IA! CTHULHU FHTAGN."

Archetype: *Academic*; **Motivation:** *Mystery*;
Style: 3

Primary Attributes: Body 3, Dexterity 2, Strength 2, Charisma 3, Intelligence 3, Willpower 2

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 4, Perception 5, Initiative 5, Defense 5, Stun 3, Health 5, Sanity 2

Skills: Academics: Occult 5, Academics: Religion 5, Anthropology 6, Elder Lore 4: Artifacts, Empathy 5, Firearms 4, Investigation 6, Linguistics 5

Talents: Run (Double normal running speed), Rank 0 (Society of Antiquarians; +1 Social bonus)

Resources: Followers 0 (Alienist), Rank 0 (Society of Antiquarians; +1 Social bonus)

Flaws: Highly Strung (+1 Style point each time he loses one or more points of Sanity)

Weapons: Punch 0N, Light revolver 6L

CHARACTER BACKGROUND

When one suffers misfortune it is part of human nature to look for others to blame. I shall not do so, for I know without trace of doubt my woes are of my own making.

A student of anthropology, and one only casually interested in matters society labels esoteric or occult at that time, I had long been fascinated by the myths of ancient and isolated cultures, not to mention the pagan religions of Northern Europe.

Despite the gulf of untold centuries and

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countless leagues, they had so many similarities that I made it my goal to find the common and immeasurably ancient source that forged these now mostly forgotten links. Oh, what folly comes from the pursuit of knowledge!

My quest, which I perceived would cement me a most worthy reputation among my peers, carried me far and wide. With hindsight, I question whether some of the places I had cause to visit were truly of this world, such was their strangeness. Libraries, you see, hold only what facts learned men want others to know, and rarely is that the whole truth. In my pursuit of understanding I visited fakirs and shamans, made conversation with men of such degenerate nature, bearing, and beliefs that to call them human is to insult our species, and gazed upon idols that were not carved by the hands of sane men.

Was I successful? Oh yes, I learned the link behind the myths, but it is a truth I would gladly swap for the bliss of utter ignorance, for the mind of man is not equipped to handle such loathsome knowledge. Alas, knowledge once learned cannot easily be forgotten, even if one desires nothing less in all the world.

There exists a race of powerful beings, gods if you will, from beyond time and space. In an age before the advent of civilization, or at least civilization as we recognize with our limited grasp of history, they visited our world, riding through space when the stars were in the correct alignment.

Here they were worshipped by our distant and ignorant ancestors, who formed cults that have withstood the passage of eons and continue to thrive unseen in our modern era. Some of these alien visitors eventually left for other worlds that lie untold miles beyond the influence of our sun, but many chose or were forced to stay.

Do not for a moment think of these Great Old Ones, as they are known by those who call them master, as benign entities bestowing wisdom and gifts upon mankind. Abominable beyond words in appearance, they are of mind so alien compared to that of our species that any attempt to fathom their thoughts would itself lead to madness. To them we are but insects, beneath notice, beneath contempt,

beneath compassion. The words they whisper into the minds of men are those of chaos and destruction, for in these they revel.

I am not the first to learn of their existence, nor have knowledge of their myriad cults. Throughout history there have been many attempts to eradicate their worshippers, but the crazed cults survived, adopting new guises along the way. You think the witch cults of Western Europe worshipped Satan? No, they gave praise and sacrifice to something far more tangible and unholy.

I will not speak its name even in daylight, and no longer will I trespass into woods after sunset, for it is no coincidence witches held their black sabbaths amid dark and ancient boughs.

Of these Great Old Ones we have little to fear directly, for most of those who remain seem imprisoned or in torpor. Do not ask why, for I have yet to fathom anything other than it has something to do with the patterns of the stars. Perhaps this is why man has always held an interest in the stars, constructing zodiacs so that he might accurately plot their heavenly dance and so prepare for the day when they align in terrible formation.

What we need to fear are the Great Old Ones' hellish minions, of which there are a great variety. Less powerful, for sure, but no less sanity-destroying in their appearance, they are summoned from outside our earthly realm by cultists, and for purposes one's thoughts should not tarry over for too long. I know, for I have seen them in the flesh.

Now, doctor, I suggest you release me from your care. I am all that stands between humanity and madness! Every second longer you detain me brings us closer to utter destruction!

ROLEPLAYING

You have delved into the dark places where sane men are not welcome and you have paid the price for the forbidden knowledge you have uncovered.

Though the memories of the eldritch and unwholesome things you have witnessed still give you nightmares, you know that you must face them, must fight them, in order to protect the rest of humanity.

LEAGUES OF CTHULHU

QUESTING MARINER



“DAMN THE FOG AND ICE! THE CHART WE PURCHASED IN SHANGHAI SAYS SOU’EAST AND WE STEER THAT COURSE. FULL SPEED AHEAD!”

Archetype: *Explorer*; **Motivation:** *Faith*;
Style: 3

Primary Attributes: Body 3, Dexterity 3,
Strength 2, Charisma 2, Intelligence 3, Will-
power 2

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 5, Percep-
tion 5, Initiative 6, Defense 6, Stun 3, Health
5, Sanity 4

Skills: Anthropology 4, Athletics 5, Brawl 4,
Diplomacy 4, Expeditions 5, Firearms 4, Lin-
guistics 4, Pilot: Nautical 6, Survival 5

Talents: Direction Sense (Always know direc-
tion)

Resources: Contacts 0 (Equipping; +1 bon-
us), Followers 0 (Mechanic), Rank 1 (The
Mariners Club; +2 Social bonus)

Flaws: Fanatical (Find the island; +1 Style

point whenever his devotion causes harm or he
converts someone else to his way of thinking)

Weapons: Punch 4N, Light revolver 6L

CHARACTER BACKGROUND

My father was a strange man, caring in his own way, but very distant. He took great pains to avoid social engagements, and disdained the newspapers. More than once I caught him staring intently at a map, quietly repeating words in a most peculiar, and somewhat disturbing, language.

Had my mother not died when I was very young she might have been able to tell me of his past, but as it was all talk of such matters was firmly dismissed. All I knew was that my fa-

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ther had been a ship's captain but had avoided the sea for many years.

It was not until I approached the age of becoming a young man that I raised the matter with him. With a grave look and a heavy sigh that held an air of both reluctance and relief he sat me down in his study, entrance to which had until then been strictly forbidden me. Indeed, even to venture near the door, which was always locked, earned me a stern rebuke. After locking the door, he told me a bizarre and terrifying tale.

While sailing in the South Pacific his vessel was driven off course in a storm of unparalleled ferocity. Through a queer mist that rose without warning and carried with it a foul odor of decaying mud and seaweed, they spied an island. While they were able to calculate their approximate coordinates before the mist rose, they gleaned little about the land ahead, for it appeared on no charts. Intrigued, they anchored off the muddy coastline and set forth in the long boat to investigate. There they found ruins of immense size; the work of giants of old, father said, for no man could construct an edifice of such size and peculiarity. Father spoke no more of the island, save to reaffirm that its architecture was not conceived of in the mind of man, and whisper in broken tones that only two men from the landing party made it back alive to the ship. Of them, he alone held any grip on sanity. Though many questions begged to be asked, the trembling of his large hands and quavering pitch of his voice as he recounted his tale cautioned me against pushing for more details.

The ship limped to Wellington, New Zealand, where father was treated for mental distress, though not before being questioned by the authorities at length. Despite the disappearance of all but one of his fellow mariners, no charges were brought against him. After several months he was released and returned home. Although pressured to tell his tale to his club and his employers, father remained tight-lipped. Information was duly requested from the Peruvian authorities, but the report shed no light on the matter beyond what he had revealed to me.

While none publicly accused my father of

any wrongdoing, his reputation for being a skilled mariner and loyal captain of many years experience was quickly forgotten. His friends of old rejected his company, while the newspapers openly questioned the fate of the crew, of whom father would not speak, insinuating that he should be called upon to testify in court at a public enquiry. That was all father ever had to say on the matter.

It is commonly said that time heals all wounds. Believe me when I say that this is not always true, especially when the injury is of the mind. The day came when father could take the insinuations and sideways looks no longer. Placing me with relatives until I reached my majority, he sold our house, bought a yacht, and set sail to find the island once more, this time to return with physical proof of its existence and his innocence. Twenty years have passed and no word has been heard. Although the insinuations have not been repeated since his final sailing, they lurk just beneath the surface—mere mention of my name is enough to ensure startled looks and hurried excuses of having to be somewhere else rather than engage in conversation.

A man of the sea like my father, I shall complete his quest, redeem his name, and perhaps find his bones so they may be laid to rest. Alas, father left me very little to go on. The position of the island father recalled was erroneous, for I have sailed those waters more than once and sighted naught but empty ocean, and he left no meaningful papers. There are many obscure myths that tell of such an island, though, and perhaps one of them holds the key to unlocking its true location.

ROLEPLAYING

Despite a lack of hard evidence, you firmly believe your father's story about the mysterious island and its inhuman architecture. You wish to clear his name with regard any to wrongdoing toward his former crew and for that you must have hard evidence. The quest is slowly consuming your life. For now your reputation remains intact, but your devotion to what others consider a fool's errand is threatening to have you labelled as a crank.

LEAGUES OF CTHULHU

SAMPLE HENCHMEN

ANTIQUARIAN

Follower 0

Primary Attributes: Body 1, Dexterity 1, Strength 1, Charisma 2, Intelligence 3, Willpower 1

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 2, Perception 4, Initiative 4, Defense 2, Stun 1, Health 2, Sanity 3

Skills: Academics: History 5, Anthropology 4, Expeditions 4, Linguistics 4

Talents/Resources: None

Flaws: Boring (+1 Style point whenever his boring persona causes him or his allies trouble)

Weapons: Punch 0N

ART HISTORIAN

Follower 0

Primary Attributes: Body 1, Dexterity 1, Strength 1, Charisma 2, Intelligence 2, Willpower 2

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 2, Perception 4, Initiative 3, Defense 2, Stun 1, Health 3, Sanity 4

Skills: Art: Paintings 5, Art: Sculpture 4

Talents/Resources: None

Flaws: Condescending (+1 Style point whenever he proves someone else wrong or establishes his own superiority)

Weapons: Punch 0N

DOCTOR OF MEDICINE

Follower 0

Primary Attributes: Body 1, Dexterity 2, Strength 1, Charisma 2, Intelligence 2, Willpower 1

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 3, Perception 3, Initiative 4, Defense 3, Stun 1, Health 2, Sanity 3

Skills: Medicine 5, Science: Biology 4

Talents/Resources: None

Flaws: Aloof (+1 Style point whenever his business-like attitude causes him trouble)

Weapons: Punch 0N

EGYPTOLOGIST

Follower 0

Primary Attributes: Body 1, Dexterity 1, Strength 1, Charisma 2, Intelligence 3, Willpower 1

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 2, Perception 4, Initiative 4, Defense 2, Stun 1, Health 2, Sanity 3

Skills: Academics: History 4 (*Egyptian* 5), Anthropology 4, Investigation 4, Linguistics 4 (*Deciphering* 5)

Talents/Resources: None

Flaws: Honest (+1 Style point whenever his honesty causes problems)

Weapons: Punch 0N

LIBRARIAN

Follower 0

Primary Attributes: Body 1, Dexterity 1, Strength 1, Charisma 2, Intelligence 3, Willpower 1

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 2, Perception 4, Initiative 4, Defense 2, Stun 1, Health 2, Sanity 3

Skills: Bureaucracy 4, Investigation 5 (*Research* 6), Linguistics 4 (*Translation* 5)

Talents/Resources: None

Flaws: Absent-Minded (+1 Style point whenever she overlooks a critical detail or forgets something important)

Weapons: Punch 0N

REPORTER

Follower 0

Primary Attributes: Body 1, Dexterity 1, Strength 1, Charisma 2, Intelligence 2, Willpower 2

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 2, Perception 4, Initiative 3, Defense 2, Stun 1, Health 3, Sanity 4

Skills: Art: Photography 3, Art: Writing 4, Investigation 4

Talents/Resources: None

Flaws: Curious (+1 Style point whenever her curiosity gets her or her companions into trouble)

Weapons: Punch 0N

CHAPTER TWO:

MAGIC & MANUSCRIPTS

“The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents... some day the piecing together of dissociated knowledge will open up such terrifying vistas of reality, and of our frightful position therein, that we shall either go mad from the revelation or flee from the light into the peace and safety of a new Dark Age.”

—H. P. Lovecraft, *The Call of Cthulhu*

This chapter details the changes made to various mechanics introduced in *Leagues of Gothic Horror* so as to represent the unique flavor of Lovecraft’s stories. It also introduces new rituals, tomes, and artifacts connected to the Great Old Ones and their followers.

HORROR MECHANIC

The Horror mechanics are a vital part of *Leagues of Cthulhu* and both the letter and spirit of the rules should be strictly applied. For the most part, the rules remain unchanged from *Leagues of Gothic Horror*. There are, however, a few small tweaks for representing eldritch horror.

HORROR CHECKS

Although no character can hope to understand every aspect of Things Man Was Not Meant To Know, and while learning forbidden lore reduces a globetrotters’ Sanity, knowledge

of the profane can serve as a buffer against further mental degradation. After all, when one knows of the existence of entities beyond definition and cults that have survived since the dawn of humanity, lesser evils can pale in comparison.

When making a Horror check, a character can substitute his Elder Lore rating for his Willpower x 2.

HORROR CHECK DIFFICULTIES

Encountering a werewolf or vampire is terrifying, but the feeling is nothing when compared to facing one of the blasphemous horrors of eldritch lore. Few have the mental fortitude to cast their gaze upon a Great Old One and not end up residing in an asylum for the rest of their days.

To emulate the horror of unraveling forbidden lore that speaks of things from before the stars ignited, and of encountering profane creatures whose existence laughs maniacally in the face of conventional science, Horror ratings have changed. In place of the old 1 to 5 scale, Horror ratings now go as high as 10.

Few earthly horrors warrant a rating higher than 5. Watching an invisible fiend tear a friend or colleague limb from limb might deserve a 6, but generally the higher ratings are reserved only for the most unnatural entities of the Lovecraft Mythos.

Although Great Old Ones do not have general statistics, they do have a Horror rating. This is listed with their description in **Chapter 4**.

LEAGUES OF CTHULHU

ELDRITCH MAGIC

Magic is an established aspect of Lovecraft's stories. It is not, however, the same as the magic presented in *Leagues of Gothic Horror*. This section explains how magic is handled in *Leagues of Cthulhu*, as well as introducing new rituals.

MAGIC SKILL

Eldritch magic uses a different paradigm from conventional magic. The system presented in this chapter should not be used in conjunction with the standard rules.

The Magical Aptitude Talent, Magic Skill, and magical traditions do not exist in *Leagues of Cthulhu*. Since a magician has no levels in the Magic Skill, the Rank of a ritual is irrelevant, serving only as the Difficulty for Horror checks (see below). Put another way, any globetrotter can learn any Rank of ritual.

Anyone who understands a ritual can attempt to invoke magic. All references to the Magic Skill in the rules on casting rituals should be replaced with a Charisma + Willpower or Elder Lore roll (caster's choice). This is referred to as the Casting roll in this setting.

CASTING & SANITY

Casting magic is not for the faint-hearted. Every casting of a ritual requires the caster to make a Horror check with a Difficulty equal to the spell's level. Success may bring with it further Horror rolls with a much higher Difficulty, such as when summoning entities.

TEAMWORK

Ripping open the dimensions or awakening entities from an aeon-old torpor is no mean feat. Few sorcerers, even those prepared to offer the blood of innocents, have the strength to summon deities on their own.

In *Leagues of Cthulhu*, whenever a magician is invoking Call (Deity), Commune (Deity), or Summon (Horror), allied characters within 50 feet can voluntarily take one point of nonlethal

damage in order to grant the sorcerer a +1 bonus to his next Casting roll.

The maximum bonus that can be gained in any round by this means is +10. In the case of rituals marked "(R)," the bonus applies only to a single die roll, not the entire casting process.

This transfer of energy requires concentration (and often chanting) and counts as the donor's attack action for that combat turn.

Unless a magician invoking a complex ritual wants to have his minions collapse exhausted, it pays to have plenty around so as to provide a steady stream of bonus dice.

BANNED RITUALS

While Gothic Horror stories can be dark, there is always light. In Lovecraft's mythos, what light exists is a faint flicker, a minute glimmer of hope found only in the hearts and souls of men prepared to face the eldritch horrors. Humans are little more than insects in a universe that cares naught for them.

What magic exists is far above simple tricks, and is learned only through perusing worm-ridden tomes that dwell on topics sane men should avoid, consulting with long-lived sages, or taught by ancient cosmic entities through tormented dreams.

In order to maintain the right atmosphere, the following spells from the *Leagues of Gothic Horror* line should not be used in this setting:

Leagues of Gothic Horror: Augury, Beast Speech, Calm the Troubled Mind, Empower, Healing, Levitate, Rewind Time, Stage Magic.

Guide to Black Magic: Track.

LEARNING RITUALS

Any character can learn rituals in *Leagues of Cthulhu*. Rituals can **never** be learned solely through the expenditure of Experience points, though. In order to learn a ritual, a globetrotter must use one of the following methods.

Whatever method they use, the globetrotter must pay 3 Experience points to master the ritual.

* Learn from another magician. This takes a number of weeks equal to 7 - the student's In-

MAGIC & MANUSCRIPTS

telligence rating (minimum one week). At the end of this period, the student must make an Intelligence x 2 roll (or Elder Lore if better). In order to learn the ritual, successes equal to or greater than the ritual's Rank must be rolled, otherwise nothing is learned. The process may be repeated, however.

* Use the Commune (Deity) ritual below.

* Study occult and/or eldritch books, as explained in *Leagues of Gothic Horror*. The globetrotter may cast rituals from books he has studied, as normal.

NEW RITUALS

The following rituals should be added to campaigns that include the Great Old Ones. Certain rituals detailed below replace rituals found in *Leagues of Gothic Horror*.

This might involve nothing more than a change of name to better fit the genre. In such instances, we have repeated the relevant text to save the Gamemaster from flipping between books. Other rituals may be a complete revision of how the original works. Regardless, the rituals listed in this work take precedent in a *Leagues of Cthulhu* campaign.

Where spell names have an element in parentheses, it indicates a general type of spell. Each of the various rituals must be learned separately. For instance, a globetrotter who learns Summon Deep One has no capacity to summon any other creatures.

CALL (DEITY) (R)

Replaces Summon Horror

Rank 5

Whereas the Commune (Deity) ritual (see below) allows a magician to forge a metaphysical link with one of the deities of the Mythos, this ritual calls one to appear in the world. As such, it is used only by insane priests and the most desperate globetrotters.

Contrary to the arrogant statements of some magicians, this ritual does not summon a deity. No matter the sorcerer's mastery of the arcane, no Great Old One is compelled to respond to a summons from a mere mortal. When a deity

USING THE SYSTEM

A glance through the rituals from *Leagues of Adventure* or introduced below should quickly reveal that many require either 20 successes to activate and/or have large penalties. This makes invoking them both slow and difficult. Without assistance, globetrotters may find certain rituals to be all but impossible to cast successfully.

The reason generations of cultists conduct their rituals in the same mold-ridden house or shadowy groove, atop the same lightning-blasted hill, or around the same weather beaten stone circle is not out of familiarity. These sites stand on ley lines (see *Leagues of Gothic Horror*) and it is a foolish worshipper of the Great Old Ones who ignores such locations.

Likewise, cultists attempt the most complex and powerful rituals only when gathered in large numbers.

deigns to appear in response to this ritual, it is because it has chosen to answer the call.

Not every deity can attend in person. Dread Cthulhu, for example, slumbers in R'lyeh, and no mortal can hope to awaken him ahead of the stars being right. Others, while possessing dim curiosity as to what a lowly worm wants of them, choose not to appear in the flesh, so to speak. Whether bound, or above appearing in person, these deities instead answer the call by sending an avatar, a nebulous shadow of their true potency. As a rule of thumb, Azathoth, Cthulhu, Ghatanothoa, and Rhan-Tegoth *always* send avatars. The other deities respond as the Gamemaster desires.

When the deity appears, everyone who witnesses its arrival must make an appropriate Horror check.

Unless he has a ready supply of human sacrifices lined up, no lone magician can hope to produce enough magical energy to catch the attention of a Great Old One. As such, the ritual is most commonly invoked during cult gatherings, when insane worshippers can lend support to the cult leader.

Unlike with lesser horrors, a Great Old One has only a weak grasp on the physical world. It

LEAGUES OF CTHULHU

remains only until the end of the current scene, at which time it is automatically banished to whatever hellish domain it calls home.

Summoners need to be very wary—the Great Old One is under no obligation to obey commands or answer questions, but the caster may be able to bargain by offering sacrifices.

Call (Deity)	Modifier
Attracting deity's attention	-20
Retrying a failed attempt	-2

COMMUNE (DEITY) (R)

Replaces Premonition

Rank 5

Commune (Deity) is used by insane priests to make contact with their chosen god. Unlike other rituals, the Horror check for this ritual is made only when the deity establishes a connection with the caster.

Assuming the ritual is successful, the deity in question responds in a number of hours or days determined by the Gamemaster. The deity always responds through a dream.

By making a Casting roll, the caster may gain prophetic insight into her current situation. In general, the more successes you roll, the more specific the information the caster gets. This information is at the discretion of the Gamemaster. Visions are often cryptic, but can be invaluable if one can decipher their symbolism.

Instead of receiving a vision, the caster may opt to learn a new ritual from the deity. This requires the expenditure of 3 Experience points as normal. As beings of vast knowledge and supreme power, a Great Old One can impart any ritual the caster desires.

ELDER SIGN

Replaces Arcane Shield & Arcane Ward

Rank 3

The Elder Sign is a protective ward. Invoked as a hand gesture, it serves the same function as protection against the evil eye or crossing oneself—comforting, but ultimately without benefit.

Carved into something solid—rock, glass,

wood, or even precious metal—enchanted with magic, and worn openly, it provides a defense against the minions of the Great Old Ones. Once it is empowered, the caster may gift an Elder Sign to anyone.

The Elder Sign conveys the magician with a bonus to his Defense against all physical attacks from such entities, including ranged and area of effect attacks. The bonus also applies when a ritual targeted at the wearer allows some form of resistance. The bonus may be applied to any applicable Attribute, as indicated by the ritual. For instance, it would provide a bonus to Body rolls against the Harm ritual, whereas it would boost the user's Willpower rating if he were subjected to Sleep.

The enchantment lasts for the duration of the combat or until the end of the scene.

Contrary to the belief of certain deranged scholars, the Elder Sign does not ward passages against the trespass of unearthly entities. Likewise, it provides no protection against the Great Old Ones, who created the sign for their own unknown purposes. Without research into the Elder Sign, globetrotters are likely to find these limitations out the hard way.

The Elder Sign ritual is subject to the following modifiers:

Elder Sign	Modifier
Minor sign (+2 bonus)	+0
Major sign (+4 bonus)	-2
Superior sign (+8 bonus)	-4
Per currently active Elder Sign	-2

GATE

Rank 3

For all our fascination with the heavens, humanity is thankfully woefully ignorant of its true extent. That there may be other planets circling other stars seems impossible. For all our scientific endeavors, humanity does not yet know its sun exists in a galaxy, yet alone that there may be other galaxies.

This ritual allows mortals to travel to other worlds not only in our solar system, but the worlds in galaxies far, far away.

Before he can use a gate to travel between

worlds, the caster must learn of the destination they plan on visiting. Typically, this requires lengthy research: 10 to 20 successes on an extended Investigation roll while browsing collected Mythos tomes or a library with occult resources. Each roll takes an entire day.

Following a successful Casting roll, the gateway remains open for a number of minutes equal to the caster's number of successes. During this time, the gate is visible and can be accessed from either side. No matter how distant the destination, passing through a gate takes a single heartbeat.

Globetrotters should note that the ritual does not guarantee protection against conditions on the other side—stepping onto a frigid, airless world without adequate protection (such as a Lunar Exploration Suit from *Weird Science Compendium*) will result in a quick death.

The Gate ritual is subject to the following modifiers:

Gate	Modifier
Destination is the Moon	+2
Destination is Mars or Venus	+0
Destination is elsewhere in the Solar System	-2
Destination is in our galaxy	-4
Destination is in a nearby galaxy	-6
Destination is a distant galaxy	-8
Destination is an alternate dimension	-10

SUMMON (HORROR)

Replaces Summon Horror

Rank 4

This ritual may either summon an entity from another world by tearing a hole in the fabric of reality and creating a portal into another dimension, or call a creature already resident on Earth.

The caster must make a Casting roll, with the Difficulty increased by the power level of the entity (see chart). More successes than the entity's Willpower rating must be rolled.

Entities residing in other dimensions appear immediately once the veil is torn asunder.



Creatures already present

on our world walk, fly, crawl, swim, burrow, or slither, as appropriate. They may take hours, days, or even weeks to reply, depending on the location of the magician in relation to the creature's natural habitat. In certain circumstances, they may not respond at all, despite the ritual being a success. Deep Ones, for instance, are most unlikely to journey far inland.

When an entity appears, everyone who witnesses its arrival must make an appropriate Horror check.

However it makes its appearance, the entity is compelled to remain for the duration of the scene. If the caster rolls more successes than twice the creature's Willpower, it remains until released, or until another caster performs the True Name of Azathoth ritual.

Summoners need to be very wary—the entity is under no obligation to obey commands or answer questions, but the caster may be able

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to bargain by offering sacrifices. Exactly how a given monster reacts to being summoned is detailed in its description in **Chapter 4**. This information is for the Gamemaster's eyes only!

Summon (Horror)	Modifier
Make mental contact with a Mythos horror	-10
Each Ally, Follower, or Patron level for the creature or entity	-2
Retrying a failed summon attempt	-2

TRUE NAME OF AZATHOTH

Rank 5

It is said time and time again by the authors of forbidden texts that to whisper the true name of Azathoth, the Daemon Sultan who resides beyond the boundaries of conventional time and space, is to invite madness. Such is the power of this single, near unutterable word, that not only can it dispel the avatars of the Great Old Ones, it can also banish their corporeal forms to whatever nether regions of the universe they call home.

Although it must be pronounced loudly and clearly, the True Name of Azathoth is heard only by the caster and a single target of their choosing.

The magician makes a Casting roll with a Difficulty equal to the target's Willpower rating. For this purpose only, Great Old Ones are treated as having Willpower 8.

When the target is a lesser being of the Mythos, which includes cultists for this purpose, the Gamemaster determines the effect of a successful casting. A powerful creature might instantly turn and flee, with otherworldly fiends disappearing into their native dimension in a bid to escape. A weak being is likely to simply drop dead on the spot.

Great Old Ones always suffer the same fate on hearing the True Name of Azathoth—whether their form is illusionary or physical, they are driven back to their native domain. Banished deities do not lumber off across plains and mountains. Instead, they fade away to nothingness, seemingly explode in a cloud of cloying, noxious vapor, get sucked into a

whirling maelstrom of maddening light, and such like.

Note to Gamemasters: At first glance, this ritual may appear as a get out of jail free card. In many respects, that is correct. Many monsters cannot be harmed by mundane weapons, and no earthly force known to Victorian scientists can hope to inflict injury on a Great Old One.

Given the high Difficulty, not to mention the Difficulty 5 Horror check (likely on top of already witnessing an unholy deity flopping mindlessly and scooping up sacrifices), this ritual is unlikely to be used frivolously. More commonly, it will be reserved for its rightful place in an adventure—the climactic struggle to save the world from an alien being of unimaginable power.

VOORISH SIGN

Rank 1

Not all creatures associated with the Great Old Ones are visible to the naked eye. Some are so alien that they do not register in “normal” light; others occupy the same space as mankind but in a higher dimension. The Voorish Sign enables the caster to extend his vision into wavelengths beyond normal human limits, thus revealing things hidden to others. This is not always desirable, of course, for it exposes the caster to Horror checks.

Rolls to detect and then attack an invisible opponent are subject to a -8 penalty. Depending on the exact gesture made with one of her hands during the casting, a Voorish Sign allows the caster to negate some or all of this penalty.

The enchantment lasts for the duration of the combat or until the end of the scene.

The Voorish Sign ritual is not subject to any Range modifiers. It is, however, subject to the following modifiers:

Voorish Sign	Modifier
Minor sign (cancels 2 points of penalties)	+0
(Major sign (cancels 4 points of penalties)	-2
Superior sign (cancels 8 points of penalties)	-4

ELDRITCH BOOKS

Occult works are notoriously hard to fathom, but texts relating to the Great Old Ones take this obfuscation to a much higher level. The authors of these volumes either had a fragile grasp on reality or had already descended into permanent insanity when they put pen to paper. The contents of these books are man's attempt to describe entities and explain concepts far beyond the understanding of the rational mind. All told, these factors result in Mythos books having a higher complexity than might otherwise be expected.

New rituals presented above may be added to conventional occult books, but as these are lesser works compared to those detailed later in this chapter, they should contain no more than two of the rituals in this chapter. Such books should be given a Mythos rating of 1, and the Horror rating should be increased by 1.

Example: *Confessions of Witches (Horror rating 2) relates to European witchcraft. Nyarlathotep is often worshipped by witches in his guise as the Dark Man, and thus the volume might contain the Commune Nyarlathotep ritual. Call Shub-Niggurath and Summon Spawn of Shub-Niggurath are also appropriate.*

The Mythos version of the book would have ratings of Horror 3 and Mythos 1.

NOTES

This section highlights important changes to the standard rules for occult books with regard to Mythos related works.

Mythos Rating: Every volume has a Mythos rating. How this works is explained on p. 6.

Tradition: Mythos books belong to none of the standard magical traditions and thus have no Tradition entry.

Translations: Entries prefixed with an asterisk are translations of the first unmarked volume above their entry. These versions replace the usual rules for translations of occult books.

Skimming: Skimming a volume never grants Eldritch Experience points.

OPTIONAL: AZATHOTH!

In Lovecraft's stories, Azathoth is a pseudonym, a name, or perhaps title, used to conceal one that even the Great Old One's fear. Not that uttering its more common name is suggested—in *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*, it is stated "... the boundless daemon sultan Azathoth, whose name no lips dare speak aloud..." Gamemasters who want the full cosmic horror of the Lovecraftian Mythos in their campaigns should introduce the following simple rule.

Any globetrotter who mentions the name Azathoth, even in a dread whisper, must make a Horror check at Difficulty 3. Even if he lacks any knowledge of the Mythos, the forbidden name resonates through him on a subconscious level, conjuring unbidden images.

Hearing the name spoken by others has no effect unless the listener has at least one level in Elder Lore. Aware, if only in the vaguest sense, of the awesome might of Azathoth and the insane chaos he represents, the listener must make a Horror check at Difficulty 2.

The various entities of the Mythos suffer no harmful effects for uttering or hearing the name of the deathless deity—it is the name they use when worshipping the Lord of All Things.

SAMPLE ELDRITCH BOOKS

The following books contain knowledge pertaining to the Great Old Ones and other horrors, though not in equal measure.

AL-AZIF

Language: Arabic; **Author:** Abdul al-Hazrad (aka Abd al-Azrad); **Published:** c. 700; **Complexity:** 5; **Horror:** 5; **Mythos:** 5; **Contents:** Call Nyarlathotep, Commune Azathoth, Commune Shub-Niggurath, Commune Yog-Sothoth, Elder Sign, Fear, Greater Hex, Harm, Lesser Hex, Summon Black Winged One, Summon Dimensional Shambler, Summon Shoggoth, True Name of Azathoth, Voorish Sign

Arguably the most damnable document

LEAGUES OF CTHULHU

ever penned in the history of humanity, the *Al-Azif* was authored by Abdul Alhazred. Little is known of him. It is claimed he was a mad poet, native to Sana'a in Yemen, and that he explored Arabia's trackless deserts in search of a city with no name. Likely he was a hashish addict, though this is purely scholastic supposition.

If the stories are to be believed, he was seized and devoured by an invisible monster in 738. Some scholars argue that his death was the result of nothing more malign than a violent epileptic fit, but there are those wise in forbidden lore who take the tale at face value.

The *Al-Azif* concerns matters and entities beyond the understanding of sane men. It speaks of elder gods and spaces between reality, of insidious words that can drive men to madness, of lost cities inhabited by creatures that defy the laws of nature, and of a time be-

fore time when terrible things walked upon the earth and swam in the sea. It is a book from which a magician might acquire great power, if he is prepared to pay the terrible price.

* NECRONOMICON

Language: Greek; **Author:** Theodoras Philetas; **Published:** 950; **Complexity:** 5; **Horror:** 5; **Mythos:** 4; **Contents:** Call Nyarlathotep, Commune Azathoth, Commune Yog-Sothoth, Elder Sign, Fear, Greater Hex, Harm, Lesser Hex, Summon Dimensional Shambler, True Name of Azathoth, Voorish Sign

No original copies of this translation are thought to exist, for it was immediately suppressed and burned by Patriarch Michael of Constantinople. The last known copy was destroyed in Salem, 1692.

* NECRONOMICON

Language: Latin; **Author:** Olaus Wormius; **Published:** 1228; **Complexity:** 5; **Horror:** 4; **Mythos:** 3; **Contents:** as above

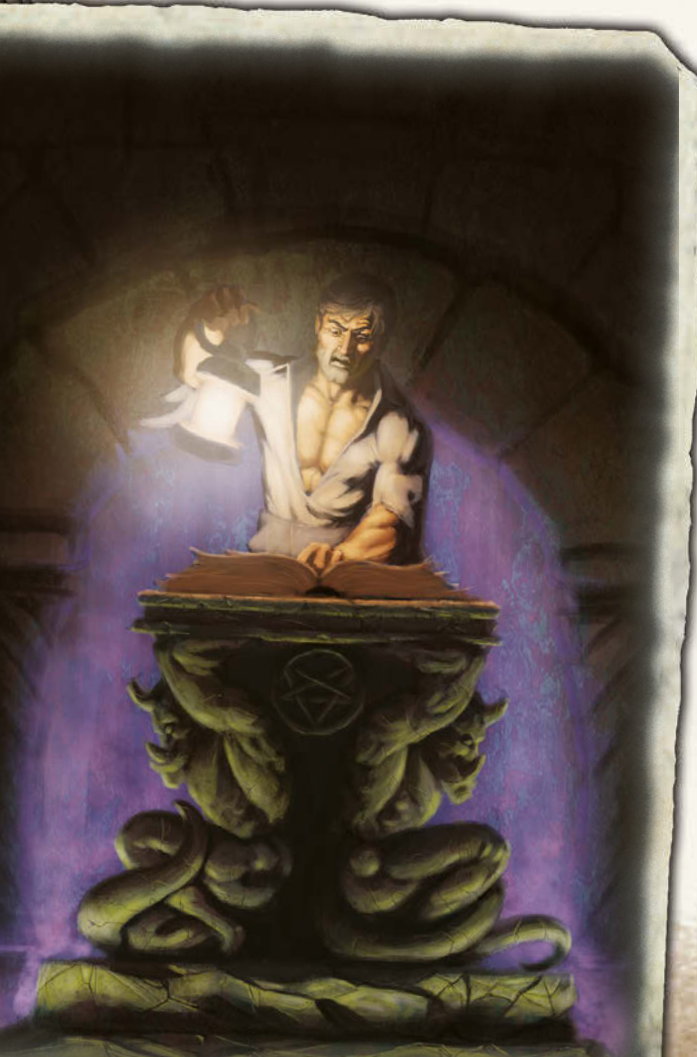
Considered by many occultists to be the definitive surviving version, the Latin *Necronomicon* was banned by Pope Gregory IX within four years of its publication.

Originally produced in manuscript form, it was printed in 15th century Germany and 17th century Spain. Five copies of these later printings are believed to exist. They are located in a British Museum Library, the Bibliothèque nationale de France (Paris), Miskatonic University (Arkham), University of Buenos Aires, and Widener Library (Harvard).

* NECRONOMICON

Language: English; **Author:** Dr. John Dee; **Published:** 1586; **Complexity:** 4; **Horror:** 5; **Mythos:** 4; **Contents:** Commune Yog-Sothoth, Summon Black Winged One, Summon Dimensional Shambler, Voorish Sign

Poorly translated by Dr. John Dee, this version of the Greek text was never printed. Three manuscript copies are said to exist, but none are totally complete.



MAGIC & MANUSCRIPTS

THE CTHONIC MANUSCRIPT

Language: Latin; **Author:** Unknown; **Published:** 1482; **Complexity:** 4; **Horror:** 4; **Mythos:** 3; **Contents:** Call Tsathoggua, Commune Tsathoggua, Fear, Lesser Hex, Nature's Embrace*, Summon Black Spawn of Tsathoggua

This vile manuscript was so feared by the Vatican during the Middle Ages that only a handful of copies survive. Had it spoken about known cults and deities it might perhaps have survived persecution, but the unnamed author discusses powerful entities that dwell far beyond the realm of sanity. These "Old Gods," as they were called, are utterly alien and totally hostile to mankind. Such was their foul physical form that even to glance at one was to risk total and permanent insanity.

Worse, some of these mindless, elemental creatures of chaos and destruction were, so the author claims, already on, or rather under, the Earth. Slumbering deep underground in caverns measureless to man and held captive behind potent magical wards set in place by elder priests and magicians who lived in the age before the Deluge, they can be released only for short periods by those who know their dread names and who have the willpower to summon them.

** This version transforms plants into slimy black tentacles. How the spell looks has changed, but how it works has not.*

CULTES DES GOULES

Language: French; **Author:** Francois-Honore Balfour, Comte d' Erlette; **Published:** 1702; **Complexity:** 3; **Horror:** 4; **Mythos:** 3; **Contents:** Call Shub-Niggurath, Channel Dead, Fear, Summon Nightgaunt

Denounced by the Church on its publication, this text graphically exposes the vile arts of necromancy, necrophagy, and necrophilia practiced by a cult in France.

THE DOOM THAT CAME TO SARNATH

Language: Ancient Greek; **Author:** Unknown; **Published:** c. 8th century BC; **Com-**

plexity: 2; **Horror:** 2; **Mythos:** 1; **Contents:** Commune Bokrug, Fear

Written sometime in the 8th century BC in the form of a play, this largely forgotten work tells the tale and eventual fate of the great city of Sarnath, which stood in the land of Mnar nine millennia earlier.

ELTDOWN SHARDS

Language: Unknown; **Author:** Unknown; **Published:** Unknown; **Complexity:** 5; **Horror:** 2; **Mythos:** 1; **Contents:** Summon Great Race

Named after the site where they were unearthed in southern England in 1882, the shards of clay tablets that form this collection caused a short-lived furor among antiquarians and linguists.

Discovered in a pre-carboniferous strata (over 60 million year old), the shards have an artificial shape. A few scholars proclaimed the markings on them to be the product of intelligent hands, though they were soon silenced by an outcry of derision from a great number of erudite thinkers. Attention soon switched to other finds, and the shards were consigned to a drawer in the basement of a museum, where they remain to this day.

Translating the markings requires an Elder Lore: Tomes roll, as opposed to a Linguistics: Translation roll. Once done, the globetrotter learns that the shards speak of an alien race native to a planet called Yith, who were capable of transmitting their minds across time and space.

THE KING IN YELLOW

Language: English; **Author:** Robert W. Chambers; **Published:** 1895; **Complexity:** 2; **Horror:** 2; **Mythos:** 1; **Contents:** None

The *King in Yellow* is a forbidden play. Its name is well known to actors through hearsay and gossip, yet few have ever seen a copy. Even so, it is greatly feared among thespians. Written in two acts for three characters, Cassilda, Camilla, and the King in Yellow (a malevolent supernatural figure of mysterious origin), merely the act of reading the play can cause



madness or despair. The author is supposed to have committed suicide after finishing it, but as no one knows his identity this may be an apocryphal tale.

The madness comes not from the words, for while there are odd terms and names they are quite mundane. Reading the words opens one's mind to influence from another dimension—the realm of the King in Yellow—a dimension that is utterly alien and hostile to mankind.

MY JOURNEY TO THE INNER WORLD

Language: English; **Author:** Jeff Combos-Tower (editor); **Published:** 1871; **Complexity:** 3; **Horror:** 1; **Mythos:** 1; **Contents:** Commune Tsathoggua, Summon Black Spawn of Tsathoggua

Published by the Hollow Earth Society and edited by Jeff Combos-Tower, this slim volume takes the form of a travelogue. According to the preface, the author was a 17th century Spanish explorer named only Diaz.

In the narrative, Diaz seeks shelter from a storm in a cave somewhere in Oklahoma. Delving ever downward after being trapped by a rockfall, he speaks of a vast cavern inhabited by a strange race of people who are not quite human, ancient ruins long abandoned, and dark and terrible elder things that dwell in caves deeper still. While many members of the Hollow Earth Society claim the narrative is historical truth, scholars dismiss it as a work of fiction.

* NAMELESS CULTS

Language: English; **Author:** Unknown; **Published:** 1845; **Complexity:** 4; **Horror:** 4; **Mythos:** 3; **Contents:** The translation of the rituals is appallingly bad. For each ritual the reader wishes to learn, the Gamemaster should roll three dice. Two successes are required for the ritual to be intact enough to study.

Published by Bridewell in 1845, twenty or more copies of this unauthorized translation exist in collections around the world. The translation was amateurish, and few copies contain any usable rituals.

VAN DER HEYL MANUSCRIPTS

Language: Latin; **Author:** Claes van der Heyl; **Published:** 1580; **Complexity:** 4; **Horror:** 2; **Mythos:** 1; **Contents:** Call Yog-Sothoth, Commune Cthulhu, Fear, True Name of Azathoth

Penned in barbarous Latin, these two manuscripts are required in conjunction to make use of either, for each acts as the translation key to the other.

Written as a form of diary, the manuscript tells of the author's visit to forgotten and forbidden cities, where he learned the true genesis of the world from masters whose lifespan has been measured in centuries. The book speaks of Shamballah, a city constructed some 50 million years ago, of beings from Venus who came to our world before the first cellular life was spawned, and of the cult of great Cthulhu.

MAGIC & MANUSCRIPTS

The only set of these terrible diaries lies in Attica, New York, in the abandoned mansion of the van der Heyl family.

VÉRENDRYE RUNESTONE

Language: Unknown; **Author:** Unknown; **Published:** Unknown; **Complexity:** 3; **Horror:** 2; **Mythos:** 1; **Contents:** Call Nyarlathotep, Commune Nyarlathotep, Summon Flying Polyp

No mention of a runestone is made in the official records of French Canadian explorer Pierre Gaultier de Varennes et de La Vérendrye (1685-1749), one of the first explorers to go west of the Great Lakes. The only mention of it occurs in the writings of Pehr Kalm (1716-1779), a Swedish explorer (among other things) who met with the explorer in 1749.

So the story goes, Vérendrye discovered the inscribed tablet on top of a solitary menhir. When questioned, the local Indians replied that the tablet and stone had stood on the same spot since the dawn of time.

Kalm insisted that the tablet was hurriedly sent to Quebec for translation by Jesuit priests. After a brief examination, they transferred the slender slab to the Comte de Maurepas, who was then the French Secretary of State. At this point it disappeared from history.

Although the Jesuits stated the inscriptions were in “Tatarian,” the language of a Turkic people native to the Mongolian plateau, they are in fact in a language far older than man. Translating the markings requires an Elder Lore: Tomes roll, as opposed to a Linguistics: Translation roll.

VON UNAUSSPRECHLICHEN KULTEN

Language: German; **Author:** Frederich William von Juntz; **Published:** 1839; **Complexity:** 5; **Horror:** 4; **Mythos:** 4; **Contents:** Call Nyarlathotep, Call Shub-Niggurath, Commune Cthulhu, Greater Hex, Raise Dead, Summon Deep One, Summon Fungus from Yuggoth, Summon Spawn of Shub-Niggurath

Written by Friedrich Wilhelm von Juntz (1795-1840) and published in 1839, the tome (also known as the Black Book) details a number of vile cults from various parts of the world.

Some appear fictional, their existence being placed at a date before the accepted creation of the first civilizations. Others concern more recent, yet no less barbaric, organizations.

Von Juntz was regarded as a master of the occult. A member of countless secret societies, he had perused a great number of private arcane libraries and spoken with many alleged masters versed in the elder lore of the hidden world. The scholar was found dead inside a locked room in 1840, the imprint of a taloned hand around his crushed throat. At the time he was working on a new manuscript. Its contents shall never be known, for the unfinished papers were burned by von Juntz’s close friend Alexis Ladeau, who then slit his own throat.

Never printed in large numbers, few original copies remain—von Juntz’s death caused concerned owners to burn their copies. Foreign editions are badly edited, poorly translated, and heavily censored.

WEBB EXPEDITION REPORT

Language: English; **Author:** Professor William Channing Webb; **Published:** 1863; **Complexity:** 2; **Horror:** 1; **Mythos:** 1; **Contents:** Commune Cthulhu

Published only in limited numbers by Princeton University, this slim volume is a field report of the Webb Expedition to Greenland in 1861. Much of the contents are of interest only to geologists and explorers, though there is a small section that might attract the notice of anthropologists.

Webb speaks of a degenerate Inuit tribe who worship a repulsive deity known as “Tulu.” Amid the description of the foulness of the tribe, there are approximate transliterations of sentences he heard the tribe mutter during their rituals. The original language is not an Inuit dialect, and has thus far defined linguistic analysis.

WINKELGLEICHUNGEN ZUM QUEREN DER DIMENSIONEN

Language: French; **Author:** Patric Götz; **Published:** 1856; **Complexity:** 4; **Horror:** 3;

LEAGUES OF CTHULHU

Mythos: 1; **Contents:** Call Yog-Sothoth, Commune Azathoth, Gate, Summon Dimensional Shambler, Summon Hound of Tindalos

Götz's earlier works on mathematics elevated him to academic stardom. He was proclaimed a genius, a scholar decades ahead of his peers. When he announced a new treatise on a previously ignored branch of mathematics, the scholastic world held its collective breath. That breath was expelled not in a gasp of wonder, but in a quavering cry of disbelief.

Although the text (entitled "Angular equations by which one may cross dimensions" in English) began in the conventional staid manner so beloved by scientists, it quickly devolved into a rambling mass of equations that defeated the most competent of Götz's peers.

Interspersed among them were disjointed discourses on the existence of other dimensions, which, the author claimed, could be reached by reciting the correct mathematical formulae or drawing certain shapes. Frequent mention of "gates," "keys," and something called "Yog-Sothoth" abounded through the later part of the book.

Götz was quietly packed off to an asylum in the Black Forest, his last published work left to rot on the shelves of his colleagues. Götz disappeared in 1864, leaving no evidence of his vanishing act save a complex mathematical equation written in blood on the wall of his cell.

ELDRITCH RELICS

ESSENTIAL SALTES

Artifact 3

Leagues: Aeon Club

Means exist by which a corpse can be rendered into its "essential saltes." This fine powder varies in color from bluish-gray to pinkish-white, though most occupies the middle ground of dull gray. The powder can be utilized in two distinct ways.

First, a single dose burned as part of invoking the Channel Dead ritual negates all penalties for how long the subject has been dead.

The downside to this is that only the person whose essential saltes are being used can be channeled.

Second, no matter how much time has passed, the deceased can be reformed from its essential saltes. This requires a minimum of three doses used in conjunction with the Raise Dead ritual. If using just three doses, the subject counts as being severely decayed (-4 penalty). Four doses equates to decayed (-2 penalty), while five doses incurs no penalty. All doses must come from the same corpse.

Unlike conventional zombies, the animated corpse does not return to an inanimate state—the unnatural thing remains active until destroyed through physical injury. Unfortunately, they are not bound to the will of their creator. Indeed, they are filled with an inner rage and seek only to destroy and feast on living flesh.

A single corpse is enough to create five doses of essential saltes.

Enhancements: Special: Negates penalties (+6 Enhancements)

POWDER OF IBN GHAZI

Artifact 0

Leagues: Aeon Club, Hounds of Nodens

First created by an Arabic alchemist remembered only as Ibn Ghazi, this fine gray powder, when blown or thrown into the air, reveals the presence of invisible things to the naked eye. As well as monsters, it reveals ley lines.

Blown from the hand or through a straw, the dust rapidly expands to blanket an area of 10 feet radius. Adding more doses increases the radius dramatically. A second dose expands it to 10 feet, a third to 25 feet, a fourth to 50 feet, and a fifth to 100 feet.

Unless blown with supreme force, such as through a pressurized tube, or poured into a glass jar and thrown, the range of the powder's effect begins at the end of the user's fingers.

A batch contains five doses, each of which is good for a single use.

Enhancements: Extra Sense: See invisible things (+2 Enhancements), Increased Area of Effect: 5 ft. radius (+2 Enhancements)

Limitations: Reduced Duration: 1 combat turn (-4 Enhancements)

CHAPTER THREE:

WHERE DARKNESS DWELLS

"It is absolutely necessary, for the peace and safety of mankind, that some of earth's dark, dead corners and unplumbed depths be left alone; lest sleeping abnormalities wake to resurgent life, and blasphemously surviving nightmares squirm and splash out of their black lairs to newer and wider conquests."

—H. P. Lovecraft, *At the Mountains of Madness*

That certain locations feature in Lovecraftian Mythos stories and are therefore part of the official canon should not in any way stop you, the Gamemaster, from using them in your campaign. In the same way that the globetrotters in a conventional game might reach the South Pole far ahead of the historical reality, so they might also explore Mythos related locales before the events ascribed in the stories. Indeed, being able to explore these festering regions is one reason for placing the Mythos back in the Victorian era.

Another advantage of ignoring the canon is that players who have read Lovecraft's work or played other Mythos-related games have no idea of what to expect. What the globetrotters might find in Cyclopean ruins of baleful antiquity is no longer bound by Lovecraft's imagination—they belong to you.

Gamemasters who intend to make use of Lovecraft's Mythos as part of, or the entire focus for, their campaign should not worry that there are very few specific official locations below—Lovecraft and later authors set most of their stories in the early decades of the

20th century, and used a fictionalized version of New England as the focus for many tales. Rather than confining globetrotters to a small geographic area, *Leagues of Gothic Horror* remains a game of globetrotting.

Much of the work for using different locations has already been done for you—*Leagues of Adventure* and its various supplements are chock full of historical sites, events, and mysteries. With a little imagination, almost any location or historical personage or event already detailed can be worked into the Mythos.

We've already discussed using Persepolis in *Leagues of Gothic Horror*. In that volume we told how the army of Alexander the Great succumbed to madness and razed the city to the ground after unearthing a nest of vampires. In *Leagues of Cthulhu*, though, the army stumbled across statues of Old Ones or ancient texts that spoke of these unwholesome gods and the rituals demanded of their followers. Or maybe they discovered something terrible living beneath the great palace or temple. Fearing what this represented, or driven mad by the forbidden knowledge they had unwittingly discovered, the invaders destroyed the city before fleeing.

Similarly, history is replete with vague facts that can be twisted to form the basis of a Mythos adventure. An adventure seed in the *Globetrotters' Guide to the Old World* mentions that Cardinal Richelieu ordered the roof of the cave of Mas-d'Azil destroyed. This is historical fact, though no one knows why he undertook such a strange action. Did the roof portray the im-

LEAGUES OF CTHULHU

age of a Great Old One? Was the destruction to remove an inscription taken from a forbidden work of eldritch lore? Since history has left a blank, anything you decide can fill the void without fear of being contradicted.

Eerie Atmosphere: Introduced in the *Leagues of Gothic Horror Expansion*, this optional modifier applies to Horror checks made in the location. See the aforementioned work for more information.

MYTHOS TALES

Lovecraft rarely spent much effort describing his monsters—they were, after all, largely indescribable in the minds of his protagonists. When it came to locations, he was more verbose. The descriptions below are overviews, not the entire picture. For Gamemasters who want to read a longer description, or see how Lovecraft used a specific location, this entry indicates the story in which the location is detailed or mentioned most prominently. Where no author is attributed, the story was written by H. P. Lovecraft.

AFRICA

Africa. While it will be decades before Africa is acknowledged as the cradle of humanity, there are those who already suspect that its history extends far back beyond what is recorded by recent scholars. For every Egyptian pyramid or temple that can be dated by inscriptions or architectural style, there are a dozen ruins whose blank Cyclopean walls defy categorization and fit uneasily into historians' proposed timeline of civilization.

Lines and colored patches on maps tell only one part of the story. The European powers may claim most of Africa as their rightful possession, but the territory actually visited and mapped by explorers and truly administered by bureaucrats is minute.

As Europeans push deeper into the interior of the continent in search of converts on which to impose their faith and culture and natural resources to exploit, they find the bright light

of civilization they carry so proudly rapidly receding in the face of tribes who continue to prostrate themselves before carved pagan images of hellish antiquity and enact bloody rites.

In their centers of power, these men beat their metaphorical drums and loudly espouse the benefits of colonialism. Here they are kings and high priests, afraid of nothing except displeasing their masters back in Europe. Remove them from their comfortable surroundings and place them in the wilds, where the call of the Great Old Ones still reverberates through jungles and deserts, and they are reduced to frightened children, jumping at every shadow and whimpering at strange sounds.

SUB-SAHARAN AFRICA

At this time the term “Dark Continent” is synonymous with Africa, however, it actually relates only to the Sub-Saharan portion. This is the realm of European exploration and adventure literature, a vast area covered by dense steaming jungle, endless arid deserts, towering white-capped mountains, mighty raging rivers, and flat, tree-dotted grassy plains.

This is the true heart of Africa, and it beats to a rhythm unknown to most Europeans—a rhythm laid down eons ago by the Great Old Ones. Here the colonizer is a true outsider, his modern civilization shunned by the degenerate tribes whose gods demand appeasement through bloody sacrifice.

Despite the above, one should not see the region as being inhabited only by inbred cultists looking to turn globetrotters into sacrifices. Many of the Sub-Saharan peoples revile and war against those who cling precariously to the old ways of their most distant ancestors. In the same vein, while Africa has plenty of room for prehistoric ruins, one should not expect to stumble into a Mythos site every few miles.

CITY OF THE WHITE GOD

Mythos Tale: *Facts Concerning the Late Arthur Jermyn and His Family*

Location: Congo Free State

WHERE DARKNESS DWELLS

Eerie Atmosphere: -1

African folklore has many tales of cities ruled by white men or intelligent apes, but in the City of the White God the two factions collide in horrific form.

The existence of a lost city is first mentioned by Sir Wade Jermyn, an early explorer of the Congo who wrote several papers on the native fauna and tribe.

Jermyn had long conjectured that deep within the jungle existed a prehistoric white Congolese civilization, and had duly set out to prove his claims. Though he faced much ridicule from his peers, he published a book on the subject—*Observations on the Several Parts of Africa*—on his return. This did not go down well with the scientific and early globe-trotting community. Sir Wade was incarcerated in a lunatic asylum in 1765 as a result of a severe nervous breakdown.

In his book, Wade spoke of a great city constructed with immense walls and gigantic pillars, the likes of which were more redolent of ancient Rome than sub-Saharan Africa, of dark catacombs and treasure vaults carved deep beneath the city, and of creatures that were neither men nor apes, but some terrible hybrid the likes of which a Medieval bestiary might shun from including.

Some of the stories told by the indigenous Kaliri and Onga tribes concerning the city are disturbing. They speak of the denizens and builders of the ancient, vine shrouded city as white apes, similar in general appearance to gorillas. A white god came from the West many generations ago. He married the ape-princess who ruled over the city, with whom he later sired a son before the family departed the city. The god eventually returned, for his wife had died, and he desired she be buried among her people. In order that she might rest among her people (so to speak) and be remembered, her body was mummified, whereupon it became an object of intense veneration.

Wade did not name the city, nor does any native folklore ascribe it a name—its title is provided only for the Gamemaster.

Adventure Seed: Word has reached the globetrotters that the unnamed city has been sacked and its ape inhabitants slain to the last

THE JERMYN FAMILY

The Jermyn family has suffered much calamity and misery since the time of Sir Wade. His son, Philip, joined the navy, but disappeared off the coast of the Congo.

Philip's son, Robert, was a famous anthropologist who visited the African interior more than once. He murdered all three of his children, one of whom was said to have been deformed in mind and body, and never seen in public. He also killed a visiting explorer before attempting suicide. He died of apoplexy in jail.

Alfred, Robert's grandson, was beaten to an unrecognizable pulp by a gorilla in a travelling circus of which, despite being a baronet, he was a member.

The last scion of the direct familial line, Sir Arthur (b. 1870), is a poet, and has so far avoided the untimely fate of his seemingly cursed ancestors.

by the belligerent N'bangu tribe, which has taken the ape-princess mummy as a trophy.

Their plans for it remain unknown, but there are Leagues who are convinced this is an ideal time to visit the Congo and examine the creature first hand so as to finally lay the myth to rest.

UGANDAN RUINS

Mythos Tale: *Winged Death* (H. P. Lovecraft & Hazel Heald)

Location: Ugandan Protectorate

Eerie Atmosphere: -2

Despite the arrival of British explorers during the 1860s and missionaries a decade later, it was only in 1890 (Uganda would remain independent until 1894), when the British created the Uganda Protectorate as a means of expanding its eastern Africa trade network.

With British-ruled settlements located on the shore of Lake Victoria to the south and along the proposed route of the Ugandan Railway, much of the interior remains a mystery.

Few Europeans have ever set foot inside the eastern jungle. Partly this is from a lack of interest, and partly because no amount

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of money can convince the locals to venture inside. The pools of stagnant water, clouds of miasmal vapors, and ferocious crocodiles are bad enough, but it is the voracious insects whose bite means a slow and agonizing death they fear the most.

Within the pestilential jungle stand Cyclopean ruins that even the guides recruited from neighboring lands avoid. In hushed whispers they tell that the stones predate mankind and were raised by beings they refer to as "The Fishers from Outside." Here, they continue, the ancient ones gave praise to Tsadogwa (Tsathoggua) and Clulu (Cthulhu), evil deities whose worship has been forbidden since long before Europeans came to central Africa. In these ruins, they claim, live vast swarms of "devil-flies."

Adventure Seed: The advent of the Ugandan Railway has led to an influx of Europeans to the Protectorate. Through them, rumors of previously unknown flies have filtered back to the Leagues of Adventure. The Royal Geographical Society is seeking volunteers to form an expedition to return live specimens.

Alternatively, the Railway Club, which is sponsoring the Ugandan Railway, is funding a fact-finding expedition to see if the flies pose any threat to the railway's construction.

EGYPT

Although it will be another three decades before the discovery of Tutankhamun's tomb, an event which catches imaginations across the globe and awakens an interest in all things Egyptian, tourists have walked the dusty streets of its cities and marveled at the majestic ruins since the time of the pharaohs.

Much has been written about the land of the pharaohs over the centuries, and yet scholars have only scratched the surface and there is much they have misunderstood.

While artists sketch animal-headed deities inscribed on tomb and temple walls, the thought that such fantastic creatures might have actually walked the earth never dawns on them. That the ancient Egyptians worshipped deities far older and unimaginably fouler than

those named on papyri or detailed on walls warrants no imagination, for such never occurred.

Truth, though, is stranger than fiction. Dig a little deeper and the knowledge one uncovers may cause one to shun the burning sands and subterranean tombs forever. Dig deeper still, and one may embrace madness.

When discussing Egypt, imagining time can be difficult. Rightly numbered among the earliest civilizations (as conventional reasoning decrees, anyway), Egypt's history can be traced back as far as 5000 BC. Its pharaohs sat upon thrones of gold and ivory for three millennia, twice as long as the Roman Empire existed.

By the time Ramses II ascended the throne, the pyramids at Giza had already stood proud for over 1000 years. In all likelihood, the origins of these early monumental structures were as much a mystery to the king as they are to modern archaeologists.

THE LIGHTLESS CRYPT

Mythos Tale: *The Haunter of the Dark and The Outsider*

Eerie Atmosphere: -2

While the name of Nephren-Ka is whispered by Egyptians, it is largely unknown to modern Egyptologists. Those who have heard the name dismiss him as a figment of the imagination, for there is no mention of him save in certain occult texts (whose claims cannot be held to historical scrutiny) and the now largely discredited reports of Professor Enoch Bowen, an American Egyptologist and occultist.

The tales told in the back streets of Cairo speak of Nephren-Ka as an insane pharaoh. He constructed a temple, beneath which was a lightless crypt. In the darkness was housed the Shining Trapezohedron (see p. 80), an artifact of non-terrestrial origin that was dragged from the ruins of Atlantis by a Minoan fisherman before finding its way into the pharaoh's hands.

Within the dark confines of the crypt, the pharaoh and his followers carried out all manner of fell rites. The temple was eventually destroyed, the name of the Black Pharaoh erased from the list of kings and queens, and all statues and inscriptions bearing his name

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smashed. What fate befell Nephren-Ka is not recorded in any tale.

Professor Bowen began excavating in the remote valley of Hadoth in 1842. The following year, he claimed to have unearthed the tomb of Nephren-Ka, though the evidence he presented did little to satisfy his critics. He had planned a full presentation, but in 1844 he abruptly closed the dig, burned many of his records, and returned to America, where he founded the Church of Starry Wisdom (see p. 80) later that same year.

Adventure Seed: A fragment of Bowen's burnt papers has fallen into the hands of the Osiris Club. It makes a passing mention to the Shining Trapezohedron, but also speaks of "other artifacts that I dare not touch." While most members refuse to accept the paper as anything but the ravings of a man affected by sunstroke, others are more willing to accept it at face value. They are planning an expedition to find the tomb, and seek volunteers.

QUEEN NITOCRIS' TOMB

Mythos Tale: *The Outsider and Imprisoned with the Pharaohs* (H. P. Lovecraft & Harry Houdini)

Eerie Atmosphere: 0

Both Manetho and Herodotus make mention of Queen Nitocris as the last pharaoh of the Sixth Dynasty (c. 2345-2181 BC), and yet physical evidence concerning her remains elusive—no texts from the period mention her name, nor are there any statues of the queen. This may be a result of her actions in life.

Herodotus claims she ascended the throne after her brother, Merenre Nemtyemsaf II, the pharaoh before her, was murdered. Historical records confirm that he ruled for less than a year, but mention nothing of his death. Vengeful and of cruel heart, Nitocris had a huge subterranean chamber constructed. During the inauguration ceremony, at which the conspirators who deposed her brother were present, Nitocris had the chamber sealed and flooded. Her vengeance complete, Nitocris committed suicide soon after.

Manetho tells a different story. The historian tells that Nitocris constructed the third pyramid

at Giza. Whether he is speaking of the smallest of three monuments (which modern scholars attribute to Menkaure, a Fourth Dynasty pharaoh) or another structure is unknown. Manetho speaks of an underground chamber, but in his version it was where Nitocris worshipped dark gods from an earlier epoch and engaged in fell rites involving the consumption of human flesh. In his history, Nitocris did not commit suicide. Fearful of the fell deities with which she conversed and the unwholesome courtiers of strange countenance she welcomed into her present, her people entombed her alive in the sacred chamber.

Neither chronicler reveals exactly where she was buried, and thus her tomb has yet to be discovered. One story, repeated only in a repulsive tome of elder lore, makes mention of a pyramid, a structure the Egyptians avoided on certain phases of the moon. Whether this is the same as the "third pyramid" raised by Nitocris remains unknown.

Adventure Seed: A renowned Egyptologist has recently returned from an expedition. Though a previous report claimed he had unearthed the tomb of Queen Nitocris, he insisted he had found nothing of interest. Since then he has withdrawn from public life. His daughter contacts the Leagues several months later.

Her father has become a different man—he speaks of Nitocris in the present tense, and she has often heard him conversing with someone in his study late at night, though her father had no visitors. The Osiris Club would also like some answers—it invested heavily in the expedition, and suspects the Egyptologist is holding back treasures.

THE SPHINX

Mythos Tale: *Imprisoned with the Pharaohs* (H. P. Lovecraft & Harry Houdini)

Eerie Atmosphere: 0 (-2 in catacombs)

For how long the Sphinx, its blind eyes forever gazing in the direction of the rising sun, has existed remains a point of contention between occultists and academics.

Until 1857, antiquarians and scholars alike mocked the notion that the Sphinx

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predated Pharaoh Khephren, its supposed builder. Talk of greater antiquity had existed for centuries, but only in unpleasant tales of dubious origin. In that year, Auguste Mariette (1821-1881), digging in the vicinity of the Sphinx, discovered the Inventory Stela. The inscription on the stela clearly states that rather than building the Sphinx in his own image, Khephren found it buried beneath the sand.

The Sphinx may now bear a human head, but its small size in relation to the body has led some to argue that the original visage was reworked by Khephren. Antiquarians remain keen to ridicule such statements, but why do Egyptians refer to the innocuous monument as Abu al-Hul—The Terrifying One?

Egyptian guides freely retell stories, handed down through their family over generations, of subterranean passages beneath the Sphinx so

deep that sunlight would exist to any denizens only as a legend. Tourists hand over a few coins to hear such tales of mystery, but there are uncommunicative Egyptologists who refuse to discuss why certain passageways in the lowest levels of the great pyramids have been sealed up in modern times.

Despite the best efforts of Egyptologists, a handful of narrow tunnels and stairwells descending deep below the surface of the Giza Plateau have escaped attention. Brave is the explorer who dares to delve deeply.

In colossal caverns never touched by the sun, stand columns of titanic proportions chiselled with towering hieroglyphs. Through passageways, which echo faint music and chanting, shuffle creaking parades of animal-headed mummies. Beneath the Sphinx, a cavern of stupefying dimensions serves as a temple, where each night the specters of Khephren and Nitocris offer sacrifices to an abomination that dwells within a huge aperture from which blows noxious air.

In here dwells the monstrosity upon which the carved Sphinx was based, a being so vast that a single yellow, five-toed, shaggy-haired forepaw rivals a hippopotamus in size.

Adventure Seed: As well as the usual reports of meager archaeological discoveries in Egypt, the newspapers casually mention the murder of three Europeans in Cairo. Such news would be of little interest to the Leagues, were it not for the fact that only the victims' heads were found. The macabre deaths are the work of the living Sphinx's cult.

THE AMERICAS

European settlers may have brought with them the taint of witchcraft, but this was not the first evil to blight the Americas. From the northern wastes of Canada to the southern grasslands of Argentina, the Great Old Ones have been worshipped by many cultures and peoples throughout the ages. The twin blankets of civilization and Christianity may now coat large swathes of the Americas, but the old religions are far from forgotten.



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MEXICO

While little evidence of the worship of the Great Old Ones remains in North America, its presence in Mesoamerica is widespread, albeit concealed from overt attention.

According to traditional thought, pagan beliefs should become more anthropomorphic over time. That is, images of monstrous supernatural beings gradually lose their horrific appearance in favor of something more recognizably human as time passes. Equally, sacrifices change from those of actual blood, whether human or animal, into symbolic offerings, such as dolls carved to represent people, or plant matter.

Before the arrival of the Conquistadors, Mesoamerican religion was seemingly taking the reverse route. The Olmecs, regarded as the mother race of the region by Victorian scholars, certainly worshipped deities with the aspects of dragons and fish monsters, but few of these supernatural beings existed and no evidence of human sacrifice has yet been unearthed.

Among the many Mayan gods was Chaac, a rain god clearly depicted as a non-human squamous entity. Itzamna, the creator deity, is often portrayed with the head of a bird, though it takes little imagination to picture it as draconic. Instead of becoming more human in shape and nature, evidence suggests the gods were becoming more monstrous. Nowhere is there more clearly apparent than in the advent of human sacrifice.

The Aztecs, meanwhile, offered prayers to gods such as Tezcatlipoca ("Smoking Mirror"), whose various epithets include names such as Titlacuan ("We are his Slaves") and Tloque Nahuaque ("Lord of the Near and the Nigh"). Tlaloc, a rain god, had bulging eyes and fangs, more redolent of a serpent than a human. Even deities depicted in human form were decorated in cruel fashion, with cloaks of flayed skin or belts of skulls. In place of the original eight gods of the Olmec, the Aztecs honored a pantheon numbering in the dozens. The Aztecs' propensity for human sacrifice humbled even the excesses of the earlier Maya.

One recurring entity that features throughout Mesoamerican culture is that of the feath-

ered serpent. Nowhere is he more represented more than on the Temple of the Feathered Serpent in the monumental city of Teotihuacan.

It requires no imagination to see why the devout Conquistadors slaughtered the inhabitants of the accursed cities in their thousands and put untold bundles of religious documents to the torch. The invaders were thorough, but they could not hope to extinguish the flame of a perverse religion that had burned for over 2500 years.

Countless ruins remain hidden in the dense vegetation of the Yucatan and in the hills that run down the western spine of the country. Most are deserted, forgotten even by the Indian tribes who still occupy the area. Others, though, are not only remembered, but remain in use as places of offerings to the Great Old Ones.

WHICH GODS ARE GREAT OLD ONES?

Although we have inferred the peoples of Mesoamerica worshipped the Great Old Ones, we have left exact comparisons between real beings (in that the ancient inhabitants believed in them) and fictional ones (in that they appear in Lovecraft's stories) deliberately vague. This we have done not to vex the Gamemaster, but to give him free rein. With a little research, a myriad of relationships can be formed.

For instance, Yig, Father of Serpents, shares many physical details with Itzamna, the Mayan creator god, and the Aztec Tlaloc. Viewed as a link between earth, the realm of man, and the sky, home of the gods, surely the Feathered Serpent is none other than an avatar of Nyarlathotep, Messenger of the Gods? Perhaps the garb of the Aztec elite eagle warriors depicted not birds of prey, but the black winged beasts some occultists refer to as byakhee.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

With its bustling cities linked by thundering railroads, it is easy to forget that the United States is not only a young country, but that

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much of the interior remains only sparsely settled and scarcely explored.

Yet it is not in these parts, far from the bright gaslights of the urban landscape, that the cults of the Great Old Ones are strongest. Their strength is found among the throng of humanity in the slums that blight the growing cities and among the descendants of the original colonists who inhabit the wilds of witch-haunted New England.

ALASKAN RUINS

Mythos Tale: *The Horror in the Museum* (H. P. Lovecraft & Hazel Heald)

Eerie Atmosphere: -1

In the far north of Alaska, where the snow lies heavy for long months and the ground is as hard as rock, there exist antediluvian ruins. The Inuit know of the city, but they consider it accursed and refuse to venture close. Globetrotters seeking to explore this remote wilderness will need to hire bearers from the prospecting town of Nome.

Globetrotters expecting to find a complete city are in for sore disappointment, for little remains but ice-cracked, toppled stones and vague outlines where colossal blocks have been weathered to dust by the passage of three million years and blown away on the frigid wind. Covering many acres, the gigantic, ice-encrusted remnants radiate outward from a central pile, of which only its pylon remains intact.

Beneath the broad, stone pylon, just visible through the ice, is a stairwell descending deep beneath the iron-hard ground. Even with dynamite, excavating the passage will prove a lengthy and arduous endeavor.

The steps, too large to have been made for human feet, lead down through three levels. Scattered here and there are bones, the remnants of beings who trod the passageways before man's ancestors had learned to walk upright, let alone fashion tools.

The stairs end at the entrance to a large chamber, its walls inscribed with signs both geometric and occult. In the center stands an ornately carved ivory throne. Here is revealed the greatest horror, for seated on the throne is the physical body of Rhan-Tegoth (see p. 59).

Adventure Seed: Lost in a storm, a prospector stumbled across the ancient site. Although lacking the resources to conduct a full investigation, he recognized enough to deduce the site was of great antiquity. Returning to civilization, he promptly contacted several of the Leagues. Intrigued, several of them are planning to map the site during the short Alaskan summer.

ARKHAM

Mythos Tale: *The Dreams in the Witch House* and *The Unnameable* (among others)

Location: Massachusetts

Eerie Atmosphere: 0 (-1 at night)

Founded in 1692 by escapees from the insanity gripping Salem, Arkham has never managed to shrug off the taint of witchcraft.

While richer citizens may repress an involuntary shudder as they pass certain locales, the poorer live in terror of the unseen things that prowl the rooftops at night and the strange noises heard at curtained windows once the sun has set. On May Eve (April 30) and Hallowmass (October 31), they usher their children indoors and securely fasten their doors and windows in the hope of safeguarding their scions from disappearing like so many innocents before them.

Reporters from the Arkham Gazette frequently hand stories of strange events to their editors, but very few ever enter print. Those that do only add to the strange atmosphere of witch-cursed and legend-shrouded Arkham.

Adventure Seed: After being repeatedly knocked back by his editor, Eliot Robins of the Arkham Gazette mailed a series of reports concerning strange happenings to members of the Leagues of Adventure. So far, none have been interested in his fanciful tales. Should the globetrotters (one of whom receives a bundle of handwritten reports) investigate further, they quickly learn that Robins has not been seen in several weeks.

- MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY

Eerie Atmosphere: 0

Founded as Salem Academy, Miskatonic University is a prestigious center of education. Here, the scions of Massachusetts' old families

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study anthropology, biology, chemistry, history, physics, and zoology, among other topics. A short walk from the main campus is the university's medical school.

Miskatonic is renowned for its library, especially its occult section, which boasts a well-thumbed copy of the *Necronomicon*. Open access is restricted to faculty and students, though private citizens can obtain permission to browse the collection through the office of Dr. Henry Armitage, the chief librarian.

Adventure Seed: Several rare occult books have vanished from the university. None were signed out—they are simply no longer on the shelves. With the police investigation drawing a blank, the chief librarian has turned to the Leagues of Adventure for assistance.

– THE WITCH HOUSE

Mythos Tale: *Dreams in the Witch House*

Eerie Atmosphere: –1

Externally, this gambrel-roofed structure, its beams sagging with the weight of centuries, appears little different to any other in witch-tainted Arkham.

Its walls once provided sanctuary for Keziah Mason (see p. 87), whose name is known in folklore for her unexplained disappearance from a cell in Salem Gaol while awaiting trial for witchcraft in 1692. Talk of a small, white-fanged furry thing by the insane gaoler and rumors of blood smeared symbols have only added to her sinister reputation.

For long years the house has been divided up and individual rooms let. Whereas the outside appears quite mundane, the interior can only be described as odd, with few level surfaces and walls that meet at strange angles.

Letting rooms on a long-term basis has proven troublesome for the owner, a Polish man by the name of Piotr Kowalski. Around the time of May Eve and Hallowmass, residents invariably report hearing childish cries and strange tittering, not to mention a putrid odor drifting down from the attic.

Weighed down by sleep, the residents dream of distorted sounds, weird lights, altered dimensions, and unusual gravitational effects. Come the dawn, some awaken to find their flesh marked

with the indents of small, irregular human teeth. The latter may be the work of a long-haired rodent with unusual features, a creature reported by more than one tenant over the years.

Keziah Mason practiced her arcane art in the eastern attic room. Casting rolls made there for the Call Yog-Sothoth and Commune Yog-Sothoth rituals receive a +2 bonus. Attempts to activate the Gate in the attic room receive a +4 bonus.

Adventure Seed: A friend of one of the globetrotters, having heard the various stories of the so-called Witch House, rented a vacant room for a month. Until May Eve, he sent regular reports on how he felt and the nature of his dreams. His last missive, hurriedly scribbled and dated April 29, speaks of growing terror. No word has been heard from him since.

CABOT MUSEUM OF ARCHAEOLOGY

Mythos Tale: *Out of the Aeons* (H. P. Lovecraft & Hazel Heald)

Location: Boston, Massachusetts

Eerie Atmosphere: 0

Located in the Beacon Hill district of Boston, the privately-funded Cabot Museum of Archaeology specializes in displaying objects from unknown civilizations. Acknowledged as an institution of high standing among antiquarians and anthropologists, it is little known to the public.

Its mummy collection, which is housed in the west wing, is the largest in America. Here are displayed specimens from across the globe and throughout the ages. Early ancient Egyptians metaphorically rub shoulders with 8th century Copts, plaster molds of the victims of Pompeii stare bank-eyed across the aisles at the withered husks of Inuits found in the Aleutian Isles. Its prize specimen is also the museum's latest acquisition.

The mummy was unearthed in 1878 by the crew of the freighter *Eridanus*, captained by Charles Weatherbee. According to official transcripts housed in the museum's library, Weatherbee spied a previously uncharted island while sailing from New Zealand to Chile. Slime and weed indicated the island had been long submerged, having risen recently likely through volcanic activity. Among mundane stones toppled from a truncated volcanic cone

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by recent earth tremors were found pieces of archaic masonry that were undoubtedly artificial. Weatherbee commented that he had seen similar workmanship on the island of Ponape (see *Leagues of Adventure*).

Repressing shudders brought on by the realization of the great antiquity of the site, the crew ventured further inland. In the corner of a building recently thrust up from beneath the earth, they spied a crouched mummy clutching a metal cylinder. Reluctantly, and with much muttering of how the unnatural should be left to lie in peace, the men obeyed their captain's orders and carried the figure back to the ship. A year later, the Cabot Museum purchased both mummy and cylinder.

Weatherbee also spoke of a trapdoor in the center of the "mummy chamber," but the crew lacked the necessary resources to lift its immense weight.

As noted above, the mummy was found in a crouched posture. Nothing of its ilk had ever been witnessed before. The figure was a man of average dimensions, but of no known race. His face is half-shielded by claw-like hands, partially covering a visage displaying a look of absolute terror. Most unusual is the physical substance of the mummy. Although scraps of rags were still visible, the actual mummy was half leathery and half stony to the touch.

Many members of the staff cannot bear to gaze upon it, for it carries an air of antiquity that induces repulsiveness.

Adventure Seed: According to Captain Weatherbee, the next time he passed through that same stretch of ocean the island had vanished, pulled down beneath the waves by the same geological forces that had birthed it.

Suspecting he was mistaken as to his true location, the Cabot Museum is raising funds to fund an expedition. Globetrotters are being sought to both secure funding and partake in the great adventure.

The cylinder has proven equally baffling. Barely four inches long, it is constructed of a metal that has, thus far, defied all scientific analysis. Inside was found a scroll, a neat roll of bluish-white membrane worked so thin as to be almost transparent. Written down the center is a line of hieroglyphs that continue to perplex experts in archaic languages.

DUNWICH

Mythos Tale: *The Dunwich Horror*

Location: Massachusetts

Eerie Atmosphere: -1

Take the wrong turn off the Aylesbury Pike in north central Massachusetts and one finds oneself on narrow road bordered by trees that look too big and weeds that rise too high. Swallow the growing sense of claustrophobia and one eventually breaks free of the menacing tunnel into a landscape of barren fields. Dilapidated buildings of rank squalor dot the landscape, but of inhabitants there is little sign. In the distance rise symmetrical mountain peaks crowned with circles of towering stones. Travel further, through a dip in the road that passes through a dank marsh then crosses a covered bridge, and the weary wanderer reaches the village of Dunwich.

Whatever grandeur the settlement might once have boasted is long gone. The buildings are of great age—the newest being the mill raised in 1806—and threaten to collapse at the faintest gust of wind. Most are deserted, so casualties will fortunately be few. The church, its steeple broken in a terrible storm decades ago, has been converted into the village's only store. It has little to attract outsiders, for its shelves are mostly bare and what goods can be found there are of poor quality.

Not that Dunwich attracts many visitors—talk of witch-cults and an unholy presence in the surrounding forest are enough to keep strangers away.

Like other settlements in the area, Dunwich owes existence to families fleeing the madness at Salem. In 1692, the Bishops and Whateleys staked their claims to virgin land, thus founding Dunwich. It did not bother either family that other colonists who had thought of settling in the region but moved on were already speaking of dark rites performed by the local Indians and reporting strange noises from the woods.

In 1747, the Revered Abijah Hoadley, a recent incomer to the village, spoke fervently against traffic with Satan and his imps, who he felt lived beneath the gloomy boughs. Hoadley vanished soon after.

Isolated from the wider world, the residents of Dunwich have fallen to excessive inbreeding,

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leaving them physically and mentally degenerate. A superstitious people, they fear to tread upon nearby Sentinel Hill, atop which is an altar or table stone dedicated to an unknown god. They fear the cry of the whippoorwills, believing they can steal souls. Few will walk upon the Devil's Hopyard, a bleak hillside where nothing grows and from which strange odors emanate at certain times of year.

The various stone circles have attracted some investigation, but no scholar has visited in many years. All agree that the circles are of great antiquity, though no firm consensus as to their exact age has been agreed. According to the local Indian tribes, the skulls and bones unearthed nearby indicate these are the burial grounds of their ancestors. Anthropologists, however, are convinced the skulls are far more recent, being of Caucasian origin.

Adventure Seed: Armitage Hoadley, a distant descendant of the Revered Hoadley, intends to visit Dunwich in the hope of solving the mystery of the clergyman's disappearance. Being a friend of one or more globetrotters, he invites them along for the adventure.

INNSMOUTH

Mythos Tale: *The Shadow Over Innsmouth*

Location: Massachusetts

Eerie Atmosphere: -1 (-2 on north side)

Surrounded on the landward side by wide salt marshes across which runs a narrow causeway scarcely wide enough for a road and single railway track, and divided in twain by the Manuxet River, the isolated town of Innsmouth is a pale shadow of its former glory.

Innsmouth was founded in 1643. Records of exactly which families arrived here first are nonexistent, but the Marsh, Eliot, Gilman, and Waite families, all of which survive to this day, are of great antiquity. Before the Revolution it was noted for its shipbuilding and rose to prosperity before the War of 1812, at which time it was considered a major port and bordering on becoming a city. The need for sailors during the War of 1812 stripped Innsmouth of many of its men.

When they failed to return after the con-

THE MARSH FAMILY

The Marsh family have long held an important position in Innsmouth, being one of the oldest families.

Captain Obed Marsh, father of Onesiphorus Marsh, the current town elder and owner of the Marsh Refinery, mastered three trading ships—*Columby*, *Hefty*, and *Sumatry*.

Much of his trade was plied in the spice-rich East Indies and the remote islands of the Pacific. His vessels regularly returned not with casks of spices, but with gold and jewelry of a queer nature. That was until 1838, when his source apparently dried up.

His trading empire reduced to a single vessel, Obed maintained a crude living until 1846, when the refinery was reopened and fish once more grew abundant in the waters off Innsmouth.

Obed founded the Esoteric Order of Dagon and served as its high priest until his death in 1878.

Rumors in surrounding settlements hint at Obed being involved with black magic. Stories of him selling his soul in return for wealth and bringing an army of vile imps to Innsmouth are commonplace, though utterly unfounded.

Onesiphorus and his son, Barnabus, are seldom seen in public. Both, so it is rumored, suffer from a disfiguring skin disease.

flict, either killed in battle or lured away to the life of privateers against the hated British, the town's economy collapsed. While there is a meager living to be made from the plentiful fish and lobsters that swim in the harbor, the only business of any note confined entirely to the land is the Marsh family's gold refinery.

Rumors of devil-worship swept the surrounding settlements in 1845, with grisly stories of human sacrifices commonplace. In 1846, plague struck the remote community.

Hard facts are difficult to come by, but several papers make mention of the high death toll (as much as half the population) and unexplained riots. It was a disaster from which Innsmouth has never fully recovered. Following these incidents, the folk of Innsmouth turned

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away from conventional religion, instead joining the Esoteric Order of Dagon (see p. 83).

With the end of industry came the cancellation of train services. The line still exists, but it is overgrown with reeds, the rails rusting under the constant assault of salty spray.

With no outside investment and little opportunity to earn money, Innsmouth has fallen into decay. This is most notable on the northern side, where many buildings have been abandoned to the elements. They are hideously decayed, as are the wretched souls who live among the abject squalor. This is not to say the entire town is a slum—the mansions of the old families are in excellent states of preservation, and boast manicured lawns and carefully tended gardens.

The old families carry a strange taint in their blood. Many exhibit a queer, narrow head, with a flat nose and bulging eyes that never seem to fully close. Their skin is rough and scabby, while the flesh on the sides of their necks are oddly creased. Those with the worst afflictions cause revulsion in outsiders and arouse hostile reactions from animals. The few outsiders who have visited the town in recent times refer to this hereditary trait as “the Innsmouth Look.”

The taint is apparently cosmetic, for it has not affected their stamina. Regular swimming races are held, the competitors aiming to be the first to reach Devil Reef, which lies some 1.5 miles from the mouth of the harbor.

Adventure Seed: While perusing a small museum, the globetrotters come across a collection of unusual bones. Little is known about them—the bones were donated to the museum by the nephew of an American antiquarian and were supposedly discovered by a fisherman off the coast of a small town called Innsmouth. The bones are the remains of a Deep One.

- DEVIL REEF

Above water for much of the time, the slick rock of Devil Reef is a familiar site to the natives of Innsmouth. Not large enough to truly be labelled an island, the Reef takes its name from the belief the caves in its surface are inhabited by imps summoned there by Captain Obed Marsh.

It is certainly true that Marsh would occasionally visit the reef at night and engage in weird chanting for hours on end. One popular rumor is that the mariner was searching for pirate loot, though few repeat the story with any conviction.

K'N-YAN

Location: Oklahoma

Mythos Tale: *The Mound* (H. P. Lovecraft and Zealia Bishop)

Eerie Atmosphere: -1

Originally part of an expedition in search of Cibola (see *Globetrotters' Guide to Miscellanea*), Panfilio de Zamacona Y Nuñez (1512-?) elected to push on when the main party called an end to the fruitless search. In 1541, beneath what is now Oklahoma, he discovered the blue-lit cavern of K'n-yan.

The once myriad passageways leading to K'n-yan have been reduced to a scant handful. Of the others, some were blocked by geological processes, but most were deliberately sealed, either by surface dwellers or the denizens of K'n-yan. Those that remain exist only to provide a steady flow of air.

Evidence of other entrances is clear for those who know the signs. Many a rural community knows of cave mouths and doorways that can be found at the bottom of deep, steep, wooded ravines, and of the strange and disturbing images carved on the lintels. Not that the locals care to search for such things—since the days before settlers arrived, there has been talk that those who venture too deep into the tunnels never return.

The lengthy tunnels leading to the cavernous land descend steeply and have widths varying from majestic caves to routes so low one must crawl like a worm for hundreds of yards. On occasion one may witness side-passages, but these have invariably been blocked off. For the most part, the descent appears to be through natural fissures in the rock. Here and there, though, is evidence of intelligent design—smoothed walls and carvings of strange gods being the most common.

After several days, the hardy explorer emerges high up on a range of towering, bleak hills. Thousands of feet below, blanketed in si-

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lence and bathed in pale blue light radiated by the air itself, stretches a great plain. Even from this lofty vantage point, one can spy clusters of towns and isolated buildings following the remains of an ancient road.

Though the ruins tell of civilization, all are deserted save one—the great town of Tsath. The capital city of K'n-yan began life as nothing more than a small town, albeit one favored by the gods. As it prospered it grew, attracting people from the plains. Before long, the land of K'n-yan was deserted save for this one outpost of decadent civilization.

Located on the downward slope of a hill, the only occupied settlement in K'n-yan sits amid a patchwork of fields neatly dissected by narrow canals, over which stand bridges made of basalt or gold. Tending the fields are humanlike entities who toil with mechanical ease and seem never to pause for breath or to take sustenance.

Approaching closer, one passes through the suburbs, an area of small farms, scattered temples surrounded by groves, and amphitheaters. At the center are enormous towers whose combined outline mimics that of a mountain.

Within dwell an advanced, immortal race of alien origin (see p. 74) who have long mastered mentalism and technology—though they have mostly forsaken the latter. They know means of biologically altering subdued foes and reanimating the dead to serve them as slaves.

The natives have no wish to deal with surface dwellers. Those who reach the subterranean realm are treated as determined by their intellect. Those deemed to be of lower intelligence are condemned to become slaves, while those of a higher standard are invited to become part of the ruling class. Regardless of where they are placed in society, outsiders are forbidden, on pain of death, from ever leaving.

Adventure Seed: Zamacona Y Nuñez did not return from K'n-yan. Though at first he enjoyed his stay, the behavior of the natives gave him cause to flee. As punishment, he was transformed into a zombie-like slave and set to guard the entrance he formerly found.

Although the Spaniard never made it back to the surface world, he managed to leave a written message near the entrance. Discovered

several months ago by prospectors, the text has since made its way to a London auction house. The Hollow Earth Society is keen to acquire it, but knowing the presence of members will likely inflate the price, it seeks outsiders to purchase it on the Society's behalf.

– YOTH

Eerie Atmosphere: –2

K'n-yan is but the uppermost layer of caverns descending into the very bowels of the earth. Immediately below it is found Yoth, whose vast chambers are bathed in red light.

Like K'n-yan, Yoth was once inhabited. Today, all that remains are pythonic ruins of former cities. The strange men of K'n-yan had long explored the ruins of the great city of Zin, wherein they unearthed a handful of manuscripts and carvings. From these few vestiges, they learned that the inhabitants of the tumbled city were reptilian in nature and had dwelt beneath the earth for many millions of years. Decadent beyond measure, they grew wise in the art of biology, mastering how to artificially create life. Such was their perversity that they sculpted the flesh of their creations as a form of art, putting on public displays for their peers.

The civilization of Yoth fell not to war, disease, or famine, as might the empires of surface men, but to the anger of their god, Yig. Having discovered statues of Tsathoggua in a deeper realm, the serpent people forsook worship of their ancestral deity, and for this transgression they were duly punished.

– N'KAI

Eerie Atmosphere: –4

Below Yoth lies the lightless cavern of N'kai. Its existence was first revealed to the men of K'n-yan by writings found in the Yothian city of Zin. The reptilian scholars spoke of the realm with a mixture of fear and awe. Here they discovered ruins of onyx and basalt, as well as statues of the Great Old One Tsathoggua. The presence of structures and idols perplexed the explorers, for they found no sign of life.

All known routes to the accursed realm were sealed long ago. Fascinated by talk of yet

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an earlier civilization, the men of K'n-yan sent explorers to plunder the dark depths. Either the reptilian Yothians were mistaken in their claims of a lifeless realm or something had entered N'kai after their visits, for the men of K'n-yan discovered a black, formless ooze that worshipped before the altars and statues of Tsathoggua and killed without hesitation.

LOUISIANA SWAMP

Mythos Tale: *The Call of Cthulhu*

Location: Louisiana

Eerie Atmosphere: 0

Even by the light of day, the swamps of Louisiana wear a malevolent shroud and shun the incursion of civilization. Scattered homesteads, often occupied by folk of good nature but low intellect, are the limit of man's expansion into the ancient domain.

These hardy woodsmen, some of them the descendants of the privateer Jean Lafitte's men, know the swamps like the back of their hands—but there is one place even they fear to tread.

Provided with strong alcohol to loosen their reluctant tongues, they talk quietly of a lake unseen by human eyes. Within its calm water lives a monstrous thing, formless and white, with immense luminous eyes. Once the sun sets over the site of evil repute, bat-winged devils emerge from nearby caverns and circle up into the night sky to give praise to the abominable, amorphous horror.

With a final swallow of throat-searing drink they warn to stay away from the lake, for to see its occupant save in tortured nightmares sent by the thing itself is to guarantee death.

Adventure Seed: A globetrotter receives an urgent summons to the clubhouse. Another member, also a keen amateur anthropologist, has seemingly gone missing in Louisiana. Given that his father is both highly respected and a major donor to the League, the chairman wants him found and returned with all haste.

MARTENSE MANSION

Mythos Tale: *The Lurking Fear*

Location: Catskills, New York State

Eerie Atmosphere: 0

The Catskill Mountains are an ancient range, formed some 350 million years ago as rocky crags but now weathered into rounded humps by the relentless flow of wind and rain and the irresistible caress of glaciers. Due to the frequent thunderstorms that center over its summit, one of these peaks is known as Tempest Mountain.

Here, far from the primitive tracks that serve as roads, and nestled deep in the unusually dense primeval forest dotted with grass-covered hummocks, stands a grove-circled stone house and its attendant overgrown graveyard.

The nearest neighbors, for the most part squatters inhabiting lone cabins or ramshackle communities, have shunned the house for over a century. Among their oral traditions are stories of demons who murder wayfarers and steal their souls, and of bloody trails that lead toward the mansion. They have little fear of the night, even when the moon is veiled, but none have the courage to venture out at night when thunder echoes through the mountains. The building they dread is the Martense Mansion.

It was constructed in 1670 by Gerritt Martense, a wealthy merchant native to New Amsterdam (now New York City). Disliking the changes being imposed by the British, who had just taken over management of the settlement, Martense purchased a parcel of land in the remote mountains.

Aside from a few innocuous details, little more is known of the businessman or his descendants. They appear to have been raised to abhor the British and thus had little interaction with their wealthy neighbors, and shared a hereditary trait—one of their eyes was brown, the other blue.

It is widely accepted that the Martense were always clannish, but as time passed they ceased trying to intermarry with folk of similar social class. Instead, they married into the menial servants who serviced the estate, and eventually their own kin. When the family grew too large for the mansion to support, scions moved across the valley to marry impoverished natives, thus becoming the ancestors of the squatters who now shun their heritage.

Ask any old-timer and they can relate the story of Jan Martense, a scion of the family

who left to join the colonial army in 1754. He returned six years later but was shunned by his kinsfolk as an outsider. Such was their rejection of him that he was murdered in 1762. No arrests were ever made, but the resulting public scandal forever tainted the Martense name.

Sealed off from all outside contact since that day, lights were seen flickering in the mansion until 1810. A group of hobos broke into the house in search of shelter (and items they could sell for a few dollars) in 1816 and reported it deserted. What became of the Martense family remains a local mystery.

The aforementioned hummocks are not natural features. They are spoil heaps, the earth excavated by the descendants of the Martense family. Barely human and with a fondness for human flesh, they move unseen across the mountain be means of low tunnels excavated in the damp earth.

Adventure Seed: The Prospectors Club has been hired by an American businessman to survey an area in the remote Catskill Mountains where he hopes to unearth mineral resources. Other Leagues are being offered the chance to join the expedition so as to minimize costs.

THE SHUNNED HOUSE

Mythos Tale: *The Shunned House*

Location: Providence, Rhode Island

Eerie Atmosphere: -1

Until 1763, the land on which the now abandoned house stood was a burial ground. Desperate for new land on which to construct homes for their growing town, the council had the corpses moved to a new cemetery.

The house, a farm before later residential expansion covered the neighborhood, was first occupied by William Harris, a prosperous merchant engaged in trade throughout the West Indies, and his wife Rhoby Dexter.

In 1764, only months after its construction, two of the four Harris children died. A year later, William went to his grave. Further strangeness occurred, leading to the house developing an unsavory reputation. In 1815 and 1845, the occupants, both ladies, attempted to bite physicians treating them for symptoms of wasting illness while screaming and cursing in

French, a language of which they had no extensive knowledge. Over the winter of 1860-61, four residents died of anemia.

What is not common knowledge concerning the house's history is that there was an early structure on the location. It belonged to the Roulet family, Huguenots fleeing religious persecution. Aside from being French, little is known about them. If folklore is to be believed, the entire family was killed during a riot sometime in the 1730s.

It has been casually suggested that their son, Paul, was engaged in the dark arts and the family had ties to Jacques Roulet, a child murderer and supposed werewolf in their native France. Whereas other graves in the area were later removed, the coffins of the Roulet family were never disturbed.

Now boarded up, the shunned house lives up to its name. Locals who speak of it scoff at



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the suggestion it might be haunted or the lair of a vampire (as was suggested in the late 18th century). In their eyes, the name is merely an unlucky one, best avoided by sensible folk.

While the whole house smells of damp and mold, the aroma is more concentrated in the cellar (which is partly above ground due to the local topography). In addition to the smell of rot and decay, the cellar is home to a peculiar white fungus. At times, the growth takes on strange shapes, suggestive of a human form, and emits a yellowish vapor.

Residing in the house for any extended period is not recommended—those who do quickly develop symptoms of anemia or mental strain. Remain there too long, and the condition ultimately proves fatal.

Adventure Seed: A French globetrotter, known to the heroes as a comrade or friend, has gone missing while researching his ancestry. A clue had apparently led him to Providence, where he was last seen in the public library. A search of his lodgings revealed nothing untoward except the last entry in his diary—"The blood! It is in the blood!"

THE VAN DER HEYL HOUSE

Mythos Tale: *The Diary of Alonzo Typer* (H. P. Lovecraft & William Lumley)

Location: Attica, New York

Eerie Atmosphere: -1

Raised in 1760, the house predates the village of Attica, now its nearest neighbor.

It was the ancestral home of the van der Heyls, a Dutch family resident in Albany, New York until 1746. An old family, its roots descending deep into European history, the taint of evil has always hung heavily over them. This is especially true of the American branch, who settled first in Salem and left Albany under a suspicion of conducting witchcraft.

Never ones for socializing, they remained aloof from the inhabitants of the surrounding cabins and hamlets. Those few who had, or created, reason to visit found no white servants at the house. Those few witnessed were of African descent and spoke little to no English. To the last, the van der Heyl children were educated in Europe.

Within a few years, the house attracted Indians and renegades of the lowest kind. The settlement they formed, named Chorazin, remains there to this day, though there are far fewer occupants these days.

The house has always been spoken of in dread tomes. Starting in 1795, stories began to circulate of strange chants and cries echoing from the house. These ended in 1793, when the van der Heyl family and their servants disappeared.

Between 1873 and 1890, three unexplained deaths, five disappearances, and four cases of sudden insanity occurred among successive owners and interested visitors residing there. The current owners are the Shields family of Buffalo, New York, who purchased the house in 1890 with the intention of leaving it to rot.

Behind the shanty village rises a steep hill, its summit crowned with a circle of standing stones. Dirty yellow at the top and merging into a nauseating shade of green near their base, the stones are cold and clammy to the touch, regardless of season. Near the central stone is a stone-rimmed hollow, suggestive of a well. On quiet nights, noises ranging from shrill piping to sibilant humming echo forth from the dark shaft.

Adventure Seed: A Dutch businessman contacts the globetrotters seeking assistance. A distant relative of the van der Heyl family, he has recently learned that the American branch of the family possessed a magnificent library. Attempts to contact the Shields family have proven fruitless, so, having received assurances from his solicitor that his plan is legal, he is hiring the globetrotters to travel to America and return his birthright.

What do the globetrotters do when they learn the family library comprises books on forbidden lore? Does their patron know what he has inherited? Is he even related to the van der Heyl family?

VERMONT

Mythos Tale: *The Whisperer in Darkness*

Location: Northeast United States

Eerie Atmosphere: +0

Vermont is a sparsely populated state dominated by forest-swathed, domed mountains. Folklore tells of a hidden race of monstrous

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beings who haunt the dense forests that cloak the remote hills and dark valleys fed by streams whose sources explorers have yet to fathom.

Talk of strange footprints; circles of stones with a track worn around the exterior as if by the passage of countless feet; of voices that speak with a buzzing resonance; and of caves whose blocked entrances are not the work of nature are all too common.

These unseen beings are collectively referred to as “those ones” or “the old ones.” To the Puritan settlers who came to Vermont to enjoy religious freedom they were imps brought forth by Satan to torment the righteous. To the colonists of Scottish and Irish descent they were malign faeries seeking to lead the unwary to their doom. The Indians, whose ancestors had occupied the land since time immemorial, had many tales concerning the invisible creatures. On many aspects they disagree, but there was a consensus the beings were not from this planet.

The mysterious entities that frighten the locals so are the alien Fungi from Yuggoth. Here they mine certain minerals found only on earth but that are essential to the cultivation of the bulbous fungi they grow on distant gloom shrouded Yuggoth (see p. 56).

Adventure Seed: A colleague of one of the globetrotters has just returned from a vacation in Vermont. Since his return he has inspired feelings of revulsion in others, though none can say why they feel so in his presence.

ASIA

Europeans have been fascinated by Asia for centuries. Explorers such as Marco Polo may have opened the path for exploration and mercantile activities, but much of the continent remains a mystery.

Here are found the tallest mountains in the world, ragged peaks supposedly inhabited by mysterious beings and housing cities populated by immortals; deserts littered with pillars that were old when Romulus suckled at the she-wolf's teat; and steaming jungles in which stand temples dedicated to entities not native to this world, places of worship raised by hands that belonged to no human.

THE NAMELESS CITY

Mythos Tale: *The Nameless City*

Location: Arabia

Eerie Atmosphere: -2

Known in the campfire tales of the Bedouin long before Mohammed preached in the desert, the city is of such antiquity that no storyteller recalls its name. The Bedouin have no interest in seeking out the city without a name, for it is the haunt of genies and naught but madness and death await those who seek it.

All that remains of what was arguably an enormous city are the faint outlines of streets, traces of masonry that might once have been walls, and buildings nearly covered by sand.

One side of the city nestles against a low cliff. Carved into the base of the incline are a series of structures. Their interiors are vast, redolent of cathedrals, yet of such height that a man can barely kneel. The low structures once served as temples, but in an age when the city sat not in the interior of a barren desert, but on the shore of a great ocean.

Whereas the smaller structures lead to carved caverns, the largest permits access to a natural feature. The movement of air can be felt from the deepest recesses of the chamber, an indicator that there lies a more distant region beyond. Carved into the living rock at the back of the cavern is a doorway. Beyond this, steps lead down into darkness. Descending the stairs is no easy task. Aside from an absolute lack of illumination, many of the passageways are extremely low. Many hours later, one reaches a long corridor with ample room to stand and light provided by some unknown means of subterranean phosphorescence. Stacked along each wall are cabinets of wood and glass, each housing the mummified remains of a strange creature.

Similar in size to a small adult, they possess forelimbs vaguely reminiscent of human hands. Their bodies are reptilian, their hideous heads adorned with protuberant foreheads of enormous size, and small horns. That these might be animals, offerings to unknown gods by a race of man now long extinct, is made void by the fact the beings are clad in expensive fabrics adorned with gold, gems, and shining metals of unearthly origin.

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Beyond, another passage is inscribed with images of the unnatural inhabitants. In an age before Africa had risen from the primeval waters, the city was a flourishing coastal metropolis trading with races and cities now consigned to oblivion by the changing face of the world. As epochs passed, the sea gradually receded, the fertile valley mouth at which the nameless city sat gradually turning to sand. Isolated, the primordial race succumbed to decadence.

Finally, one reaches a set of enormous brass doors. As thick as the span of a human hand and lavishly engraved in bas-relief, the doors permit entrance to an even deeper realm.

Far too heavy to move by human muscle alone, the doors open and close automatically in response to the sun. At dawn, they swing closed with a clang that reverberates across the arid sands. At dusk, there is an immense influx of air, drawn down from the surface world, as the doors silently swing open. At both times, a gust of air howls through the lower passages, emerging into the world of men as a stiff breeze.

Adventure Seed: A colleague of one of the globetrotters believes he has discovered the location of Iram of the Pillars, a lost city mentioned in the Koran. Alas for those intent on following him on the expedition, his research has led him to find the site of the nameless city.

PNAKOTUS

Mythos Tale: *The Shadow Out of Time*

Location: Australia

Eerie Atmosphere: -2

The Great Race of Yith (p. 71) fled the destruction of their home world by transferring their minds to a species unknown to modern science that dwelt on Earth in the distant past. After hundreds of millions of years, they were once again forced to abandon their civilization, this time relocating their minds far into the future, to an age in which mankind had come, gone, and been forgotten.

Deep in what is now the Great Sandy Desert lie the ruins of one of their ancient cities—Pnakotus, the Library City. Though today the city is lost, consumed by the sands, it was known

to men in the age before the Deluge. From its long-deserted halls were gathered the Pnakotic Manuscripts, volumes that detailed the early history of the Great Race, and which still serve as the teachings for secretive cults.

Little remains of the city—fragments of oddly shaped granite and sandstone masonry, wind scoured of any inscriptions or carvings. Deeper down, the blocks begin to show traces of symbols of immense antiquity. Exploration of the surface ruins is hampered by the wind, for it reveals and conceals masonry with alarming frequency.

Deeper down than casual analysis of the sprawling site would ever reveal, is an entrance to the city. Despite the passage of millions of years, the city has withstood the relentless and uncaring onslaught of time with remarkable fortitude. Lower areas show evidence of having been torn apart by the immense forces of earthquakes, but much of the upper galleries are in the same condition as when the metropolis was finally abandoned by its inhuman occupants.

In the gloomy darkness are Cyclopean corridors; gigantic chambers decorated with odd curvilinear symbols redolent of writing, boasting machinery even the greatest scientific mind could not begin to understand, and housing metal shelves protected by complex locks not shaped for human hands; and sloping passages in place of stairs that spiral down to deeper levels.

On the lowest level are metal-banded trapdoors. Beneath them lie caverns of inky darkness unfathomable to man, whose feet have never walked its floors and whose hands are yet to caress the walls. It was the Great Race that sealed these entrances, for even they, with their highly advanced technology and mental powers, greatly feared what lurked in the darkness—flying polyps (see p. 68).

Adventure Seed: Aboriginal legends speak of a forbidden city that once stood in the desert. Until recently, the stories were dismissed as mythological fiction. A prospector recently returned to civilization has brought with him a fragment of stone of great antiquity. The Leagues are abuzz and several expeditions are planned.

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SARNATH

Mythos Tale: *The Doom that Came to Sarnath*

Location: The land of Mnar

Eerie Atmosphere: -2

Mentioned in just a single occult tome, the story of Sarnath, which stood in the land of Mnar, is largely unknown to academics.

The legend relates that the land of Mnar existed 10,000 years ago. Its people, originally shepherds, were great intellectuals and merchants, rulers of a prosperous empire. Having expanded their domain, the people (whose culture is never named) migrated to the shores of an immense green lake in the heartland of Mnar, where they constructed a mighty city—Sarnath.

Sarnath was more impressive than anything built since. Its walls rose 450 feet and were wide enough for chariots to drive two abreast at the top. Statues of gold and ivory decorated its many palaces. Gardens in which grew flowers found nowhere else provided space for citizens to gather. The king's throne was carved from a single piece of ivory, though none knew from which beast such a massive tusk might have been taken.

From here, they waged war against the people of Ib. Located not from far Sarnath, Ib was an older city, said to have descended from the sky in a green mist, along with its inhabitants. The text speaks of the denizens of Ib as voiceless degenerates, with skin of green hue, bulging eyes, flabby lips, and curious ears, who worshipped a strange god, Bokrug.

Ib was destroyed, its people slaughtered and disposed of in the lake, and the great idol of Bokrug taken as a trophy. The next night, as the citizens of Sarnath celebrated victory, the idol vanished from the temple where it had been placed. The high priest of Sarnath, Taran-Ish, was found dead beside the temple altar, into which he had scrawled a single sign—DOOM.

Doom did indeed come to Sarnath, but not for a full millennium. On the day of the 1000th celebration of victory over Ib, the waters of the lake rose to consume the city. Of the survivors, many had been driven insane. Some claimed the

strange denizens of Ib, though dead a thousand years, were seen in windows of the tall towers. Others refused to say anything, though the fear in their eyes spoke of a great terror.

Scholars who have heard of Sarnath claim it is nothing more than a vague memory of the Deluge, or perhaps Atlantis. The facts, they claim, support a rational explanation for the stranger elements.

The supposed time in which the city stood is similar to that of fabled Atlantis. The war against the strange inhabitants of Ib is likely allegory for conflict between the city dwellers and a foreign tribe who spoke a different language (the claim they were voiceless might easily be translated as “not understandable”) and favored a pastoral life. Like Atlantis, the population of the great city eventually slid into decadence, and their mighty city sank beneath the waters of the lake due to earthquake or natural subsidence.

Adventure Seed: A faction within the Old Testament Society believes Mnar may in fact be the Land of Nod, where Cain fled after his punishment from God. Sarnath could thus be Enoch, the first city ever constructed by the hands of men. Finding it may be tricky—aside from the lake, the stories mention no other geographical details.

YIAN-HO

Mythos Tale: *The Diary of Alonzo Typer* (H. P. Lovecraft & William Lumley)

Location: Unknown

Eerie Atmosphere: -1

Mention the name Yian-Ho to the most erudite Western scholar or travelled explorer and one will be met with blank stares, for very few have ever heard the name. Even in Asia, mention of the name is met with frantic shakes of the head, though in these cases out of fear rather than ignorance.

Even those versed in elder lore know of it only in whispers or veiled writings, or as half-remembered glimpses in fevered dreams. Some of these academics believe Yian-Ho lies in the frozen wastes of Tibet or the endless expanse that is China. Others hint that it stands on the Plateau of Leng, or lies beyond our

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dimension, where only through supplication to Yog-Sothoth can one gain access.

The city is said to be vast and ancient, built of mammoth stones of immense size and occupied by deathless scholars wise in secrets far beyond the ken of normal men. Here, it is whispered, live the masters of dread Cthulhu's enduring cult.

Adventure Seed: An archaeological dig in northern India unearths a shard of tablet bearing not only the name of Yian-Ho, a city previously unheard of in academic circles, but also vague directions. Many Leagues would desire to be the first to unearth a lost city, and in order to spare expense and manpower a joint expedition is funded. Does the tablet really lead to the elder city or is it a more mundane ruin of similar name?



EUROPE

The leprous scourge of witchcraft that so blighted New England in the 17th century may have originated in Europe, but in truth it was but one of many diabolical cults descended from earlier, more bloodthirsty faiths.

One prime forerunner was the druidic religion of Gaul (France) and Britannia (Great Britain), whose clerics, while purporting to be wise and learned men, willfully slaughtered innocents to appease their dark, ravenous deities. Little surprise, then, that the emperors of Rome unleashed the legions against this malignant cancer festering in open sight in the heart of Celtic society.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

One of the world's leading powers, Austria-Hungary cannot throw off the supernatural shackles of a more superstitious age. This is especially true in the east, where talk of vampires and werewolves has the uneducated peasants huddling in fear once the sun sets. The courtiers in Vienna may dismiss the citizens as degenerate oafs, but their terror is not entirely unfounded.

THE BLACK MONOLITH

Mythos Tale: *The Black Stone* (Robert E. Howard)

Location: Hungary

Eerie Atmosphere: -1

To the untrained eye, the village of Stregocavar looks little different than the others scattered around the surrounding high mountain valleys. Those with an eye for architecture, or who are versed in the colorful folklore of the region, know that its architecture is of a later period than its neighbors.

In days of yore, the villagers were an unwholesome people, interbred and subject to perverse desires. History records that the Turks, incensed by the depravity of the inhabitants, burned the village to the ground and slaughtered every last denizen in 1526. Following the

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withdrawal of the invaders, more savory citizens from the lower valleys rebuilt the settlement.

High atop a nearby cliff stands a solitary black stone of unknown age. Sixteen feet high, its lower portion is chipped and scarred by the blows of heavy hammers. Above the demarcation of wanton destruction, the stone is deeply incised with hieroglyphs. Following this early attempt to destroy the monolith, one ruthlessly thwarted by the hideous death of all those who took hammer to its inky black surface, the villagers now try their best to ignore it.

The modern-day villagers do not choose to linger long in the vicinity of the stone. Folklore claims that any who slumber near it are forever cursed to suffer torturous nightmares, nocturnal visions that involve whirling fires, tongues of flame, and the ceaseless beating of a black drum. Those who sleep there on Midsummer Night invariably go mad.

Few know the truth behind Stregoiavar. Before the coming of the Turks it was known as Xuthltan. The villagers were members of a terrible fertility cult, one whose power threatened to topple the kingdoms of Europe. Although they did not raise the monolith, they performed bloody rites at its base.

Adventure Seed: A renowned, if somewhat eccentric, archaeologist has hit upon the notion that the monolith is actually the tip of a buried structure, possibly even a pyramid built by Egyptian colonists! He seeks assistance from intrepid globetrotters who want to become part of history.

GREAT BRITAIN

Center of the druid cult that so reviled Rome, and later the aberrant witch-cult whose malignant influence stretched across the Atlantic Ocean, Great Britain is no stranger to the shadowy influence of the Great Old Ones. From as far back as the Stone Age, worshippers have danced around and sacrificed at groves and circles of standing stones to appease their alien masters.

Despite having been consigned to history for almost two millennia, druidism is undergoing something of a revival in Victorian Britain. Is this an innocent interest in matters past, or are the Great Old Ones gaining new followers?

BLACK MUSEUM

Mythos Tale: *The Hound*

Location: England

Eerie Atmosphere: -2

Founded by two utterly bored and emotionally dead gentlemen, the Black Museum houses a private collection. Concealed deep underground, it contains blasphemous and terrifying objects. At first the pair took to buying specimens from collectors, but they have now sunk to robbing graves.

The collection is truly hideous. Secured within the dread vault, its walls hung with black tapestries decorated with occult symbols marked in vibrant red, are craven idols of winged demons, cases of mummies from the dawn of civilization interspersed with corpses prepared by taxidermy, gravestones taken from the world's oldest cemeteries, books bound in human skin, and macabre paintings, not to mention various items of tomb-loot.

Adventure Seed: The globetrotters may come across the owners of the collection in one of two ways. First, they may be called in to investigate instances of grave robbing. For a more direct hook, perhaps a globetrotter with a prized if grisly possession has been robbed. Second, they might hear of two men bidding high amounts for grisly objects at auction.

EXHAM PRIORY

Mythos Tale: *The Rats in the Walls*

Location: England

Eerie Atmosphere: -1 (-2 in cellar)

Exham Priory has been abandoned since the reign of King James I of England (1566-1625). Folklore speaks of the death of the master of the house, five of his children, and many servants, a tragedy which has never been satisfactorily explained and the memory of which still causes locals to shudder. It was soon after this macabre event that Walter, 11th Baron Exham, the last scion of the de la Poer family, the masters of Exham Priory, fled to the Americas, where he began a new family. Today, the property is part of the Norrys family estate, though it remains unoccupied and shunned by the residents of the nearest

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village—Ancester—among whom it has a sinister reputation.

The modern structure is of Gothic design, and dates from 1261, when the land was granted to Gilbert de la Poer, 1st Baron Exham. By 1307, the family had developed a reputation that would stay with them until modern times.

The previous building to stand on site was Romanesque in style, and belonged to a powerful and mysterious monastic order who had acquired the land in 1000 AD. What happened to the monks is not known. By all accounts the Priory was abandoned by the time the de la Poer family gained possession. Its origins actually stretch much further back in time than the end of the Dark Ages, for the foundations on which the time-worn edifice sits are the remains of a prehistoric temple predating the Celts and Druids.

Folklore mentions nothing of the early deities worshipped here, but it hints that the rites were adopted by the Romans, who built a temple to Cybele on the site of the original temple, and Saxons, whose building the monks later occupied. The rites evidently caused much fright among the local populace, for it is said the monks cultivated extensive gardens and yet had no need of an outer wall to deter hungry thieves. Stories of a legion of bat-winged devils kept fed by the large garden (which was far larger than the small number of monks required) still circulate, and the tale of the ravenous rat horde that burst forth in the days after the de la Poer massacre is as fresh in the minds of the locals today as it was three centuries ago.

Though uninhabited and in poor repair, the site is well known to scholars, who come to study its crumbling architecture. They have no idea what horrors lurk in the caverns reached through yet undiscovered secret means, for if they had even an inkling, the Priory would have been hastily erased from the landscape.

Adventure Seed: The globetrotters, being persons of good reputation, are contacted by Arthur Delapoer, an American and a direct descendant of Walter. He has grown curious as to his family and their ancestral seat, and desires to learn more. The globetrotters are hired to thoroughly research the Priory's history and undertake a detailed photographic recording of the structure.

KILDERRY BOG

Mythos Tale: *The Moon-Bog*

Location: Ireland

Eerie Atmosphere: -1

The history of County Meath is an old one. Here, the High Kings of Ireland, whose ancestors came from the sea, once held court, dispensing justice and wisdom to their followers. Long before they reigned, men of forgotten ancestry erected great mounds inside which they conducted strange ceremonies.

On an islet in Kilderry Bog squat ruins of uncertain age and origin, having no architectural relation to other ruins in Ireland. Local folklore says the bog is haunted by white wraiths, which drift over the stagnant water at night accompanied by odd piping sounds. Another tale speaks of dancing lights that appear after sunset, in the manner of will-o'-the-wisps. On certain nights, when the moon is fat and the air is still, a city of stone can be glimpsed beneath the swampy surface. To attempt to drain the swamp, as some landowners tried, is to bring down a curse on one's family.

Adventure Seed: The Society of Antiquarians have received permission to examine the ruins on the islet. Before they can do this, they must drain the surrounding water. This is when the "accidents" start, events that ultimately attract the interest of the globetrotters.

ROGERS' MUSEUM

Mythos Tale: *The Horror in the Museum*
(H. P. Lovecraft & Hazel Heald)

Location: England

Eerie Atmosphere: 0 (-2 in the "adult alcove")

Located in Southwark, a part of London lying immediately south of the murky River Thames, Roger's Museum is a little known waxwork collection. It is the work of George Rogers, an employee of Madame Tussaud's larger and more conventional museum until some minor incident led to his removal, but now a businessman in his own right.

Whereas his rival focuses on the rich and famous, Rogers has a more fantastical and macabre eye. The main gallery, dimly lit to invoke

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the necessary atmosphere, boasts images of murderers and serial killers that thrill tourists.

Concealed in a curtained alcove into which only adults are permitted, are effigies of creatures of myth—cyclops, chimeras, dragons, and the like. Worse still are the horrors connected with the Great Old Ones—the blasphemous waxwork of Cthulhu, the squat toad-like form of Tsathoggua being just two. Most horrific of all are pieces described in no worm-ridden grimoire, creatures which exist only in the warped imagination of Rogers.

Adventure Seed: Rogers has travelled far and wide in search of inspiration for his collection and knows something of the Mythos. Unable to be everywhere at once, he also hires discrete agents of dubious character to return him photographs, and preferably intact bodies, of strange entities. When one of these hirelings, a friend of a globetrotter, goes missing, the heroes are drawn into an investigation.

FROZEN LANDS

Modern man has traversed throat-burning deserts, hacked a path through steaming jungles, and conquered the endless grasslands of the steppes in the twin names of discovery and colonialism. For all his achievements, there are lands where his presence is both extremely recent and markedly limited—the frozen realms of the north and south poles.

LOMAR

Mythos Tales: *Polaris* and *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*

Location: Greenland

Eerie Atmosphere: -1

Lomar, like Atlantis, Lemuria, and Mu, is a realm known only through stories of great antiquity. Founded by refugees fleeing south in the face of the advancing ice, Lomar is said to have risen from the sea in some distant epoch. Likely, it was a volcanic island, though until it is explored this cannot be proven. Here dwelt the Gnophkehs, a race of hirsute cannibals the new settlers were forced to eradicate before they could lay down new roots and raise their new city—Olothoë.

Olothoë, which stood proudly on Sarkis, a plateau located between the hoary peaks of Noton and Kadiphonek, was a magnificent city, its walls, columns, towers, domes, and pavements being of highly-polished marble. Lining its wide streets were pillars, their tops carved to resemble bearded men of stern countenance.

Two stories exist concerning the fate of Lomar. In one, the civilization was destroyed by a squat, yellow-skinned race of invaders known as Esquimaux, who appeared out of the unknown west. If true, these were undoubtedly the ancient ancestors of the Inuit peoples. The second tale states that the Gnophkehs were not completely destroyed, and eventually regrew to such numbers that they rose up against the people of Lomar. Both tales suggest Lomar ceased to exist around 24,000 BC.

Adventure Seed: A scholar, renowned among the Leagues for his spurious claims, has suggested that Lomar is an archaic name for Greenland. He seeks volunteers to join an expedition to scour the frozen landscape for evidence of an advanced antediluvian society.

MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS

Mythos Tale: *At the Mountains of Madness*

Location: Antarctica

Eerie Atmosphere: -2

Antarctica is the last great wilderness. Mankind's forays into the vast, barren, ice-shrouded wastes have so far been confined to coastal regions. What lies inland remains a mystery, and is subject to much conjecture among the Leagues concerned with exploration and geographical discovery.

Far inland rise a range of mountains whose highest peaks dwarf those of the Himalayas. Across the ridges and deep inside the mountain's stone bodies lies a city of immeasurable age. At a time before indigenous life of any sort walked upon the Earth, a race known to crazed authors of certain ancient texts only as the Elder Things made their homes in the mountains. Visitors from another world, the Elder Things' experiments gave rise to the first terrestrial biological life forms, from which man would later evolve.

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The hieroglyphic murals of this archaic race tell their story, of how they created and tamed the shoggoths to act as their servants, how they battled and feared other things from beyond the influence of the Sun, and how, at last, they abandoned their city for one beneath the ocean. More startling, from a mundane point of view, is the suggestion that beyond the mountains they called home rose a range even more titanic in size. Even the Elder Things dreaded these peaks, and they give no clue as to what horrors instilled such terror in them.

The city is not totally abandoned. Mindless shoggoths, creatures not thought to exist on earth, lurk in the dark recesses, sating their hunger on giant penguins, blind and albino after eons of captivity, that stumble through the echoing halls.

Adventure Seed: The globetrotters happen across a message in a bottle. The text, written by a shaking hand, is a diary. The author states he is a balloonist, a member of the Ross Expedition (1839-43).

Blown off course by a freak wind, he recounts spying a range of towering mountains, though only from a great distance. His last entry tells of another wind, this time blowing from the mountains and carrying him back toward the ocean. Historical records indeed indicate the Ross Expedition launched a balloon, and that its lone occupant was swept inland by a storm of fearsome proportions.

ISLANDS

Islands feature in several of Lovecraft's stories. Some are the focus, places to be explored by the soon-to-be-insane protagonist. Others exist only as a backdrop, somewhere when objects concerned with the Great Old Ones were unearthed.

The notion of previously uncharted or lost islands is not restricted to fiction. Throughout history, storytellers and mariners have told tales of islands where none are marked on charts and blank spaces on maps where they have spied islands.

Do not fall into the trap of thinking that talk of appearing and disappearing islands

are restricted to earlier civilizations who lacked navigational tools or were possessed of more fanciful minds—the Nimrod Islands were recorded in 1828, while Jupiter Reef was “sighted” in 1878. Despite several expeditions, neither landmass has been spied since its initial “discovery.”

ISLE OF DAGON

Mythos Tale: *Dagon*

Location: South Pacific

Eerie Atmosphere: -1

Periodically, an island of black slime rises from the ocean floor, propelled upward by geological forces governed by the patterns of the heaven-hung stars.

At first, the island's surface is too spongy to support any meaningful weight, but within a few days of exposure to sun and air the cloying filth forms a hard crust.

The only feature of note is a mound surrounding an immense pit or valley. This lies at the center of the island, forcing explorers to walk across the rugged terrain, all the while bathed in the noisome stench of decaying fish. Deep down can be heard the sound of waves breaking gently against rock.

Descent is far from treacherous, for the sides of the valley are rough and littered with suitable hand holds. At the bottom, its base lapped by the ebb and flow of seawater, is a towering monolith. Carved in some distant epoch, its surface is covered with unknown hieroglyphs and images of aquatic life. Among the recognizable creatures cephalopods, crustaceans, eels, fishes, and whales can be deciphered. Interspersed around them are things which the eye of man has never witnessed and his tongue has never tried to describe.

Images of men can be found on the monolith, but they are of no race yet studied by anthropologists, having webbed hands and feet, bulging eyes, and webbed limbs. They appear grossly out of proportion to the other images. One, for example, is depicted in the act of slaughtering a whale scarcely larger than the humanoid figure.

A magician receives a +2 bonus if casting the Commune Cthulhu or Summon Deep One

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rituals on the island. Invoking the Summon Dagon ritual receives a +4 bonus.

Adventure Seed: The globetrotters' voyage across the Pacific is interrupted when the ship's captains bring the vessel to a halt. Ahead is an uncharted island. Volunteers to explore the island are requested.

R'LYEH

Mythos Tale: *The Call of Cthulhu*

Location: South Pacific

Eerie Atmosphere: -4

The unusual name appears only in a handful of medieval texts of dubious authenticity and works long argued as the ravings of madmen. The precise location is vague, for it is variously placed off the coast of California, in the Baltic Sea, or in the Indian Ocean. Two sources, however, agree that it lies in the South Pacific, very close to the Antarctic Circle.

R'lyeh is the prison and mausoleum of Cthulhu and others of his kind. Except when the stars are right, the island cannot be located by surface explorers, for it is fully submerged. When the heavens align, though, it rises from the dark, cold water, for at this time great Cthulhu is temporarily released from his imprisonment.

The island is no place for sane men. Its weed-covered masonry speaks of dimensions separate from those of men and of builders who towered above the tallest giants; the geometry of the structures defies Euclidean logic, leaving explorers at risk of becoming lost within a maze that should not exist and unable to document their discoveries with any degree of accuracy. Its atmosphere whispers of ages so remote that the mind of man cannot imagine them without risking madness.

Adventure Seed: The Society of Aquanauts has acquired an archaic map detailing an island in the South Pacific where none is known to exist. It seeks volunteers among scientists, reporters, and explorers to partake in a grand expedition. The Cthulhu Cult, however, has learned of the planned endeavor. It has no desire to allow outsiders to trespass in the home of their living god, and thus intends on thwarting the globetrotters.

OCEAN FLOOR

While humanity can arguably be declared overlord of solid land, we are an uneducated stranger to the world beneath the waves. Equipped with diving bells, diving suits, and submarines, we have begun to take our first steps into a realm more mysterious than they can ever hope to fathom.

Modern folk may dismiss talk of Atlantis, Lemuria, and Mu as fables, but far below the rolling waves, in places structures have no earthly right to exist, lurks evidence of forgotten civilizations.

THE SUNKEN TEMPLE

Mythos Tale: *The Temple*

Location: Southern Atlantic Ocean



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Eerie Atmosphere: -1

No matter how many times one sails to the point halfway between the Straits of Gibraltar and the eastern coast of the United States, one will see nothing but a vast expanse of turbulent water. That is not to say there is nothing of interest here.

On the ocean floor, on the bottom of a narrow, shallow valley, stand ancient ruins carved from marble blocks only the Titans could have moved. Bridges indicate a river once flowed through the city, while seawalls mark it as a maritime location. Paved plazas bordered by isolated temples, villas of the rich and powerful, magnificent arches, and broken columns lie scattered over an immense area. No writings or earthly remains exist, though scavengers can find existence of inhabitants in sculptures and coins on the seabed.

The only intact structure is a grand temple. HOLLOWED from solid rock and partially recessed into the valley wall, its exterior is adorned with pastoral scenes. Lording over the scene, and redolent of the remotest ancestor of the Greeks, is a laurel-crowned god of radiant appearance.

Despite being raised in an age before mankind watched the ancient Nile flow northward to the ocean and when the ancestors of Europeans still trembled in caves, the temple does not seem to be entirely abandoned. From within its open doors flows a strange phosphorescence, and chanting, unfettered yet intoxicating in its beauty, carries forth, unheard by human ears for untold generations.

Adventure Seed: Conducting an experiment using underwater apparatus to listen to whale song, the Society of Aquanauts has inadvertently detected something much odder—a faint chanting. Unable to explain the interference, they plan to launch a grand expedition beneath the sea.

OTHER WORLDS

Humanity has yet to set foot on our nearest celestial neighbor, the Moon, but already they have theories concerning the geological nature of Mars and Venus and the biology of their denizens.

As far as science is concerned, the universe comprises eight planets (possibly nine, as astronomers are still debating whether Vulcan lies between the orbit of Mercury and the Sun) and myriad stars. The notion that there might be other galaxies, each hosting countless billions of stars, is a topic still under discussion.

That other worlds beyond those humanity has spied through telescopes might exist, worlds inhabited by beings that bear absolutely no resemblance to us in thought, appearance, deed, or ambition, would surely reduce humanity's collective mind to a quivering mass.

YUGGOTH

Mythos Tale: *The Whisperer in Darkness*

Location: Beyond the orbit of Neptune

Eerie Atmosphere: -4

Although their telescopes have scoured the heavens for over 40 years since the discovery of Neptune, astronomers have yet to find a ninth planet. Far beyond the newfound sphere (Neptune was discovered only in 1846), in a realm so distant the sun appears as naught but another twinkling dot in the sky, there exists a nightmarish world.

It is mentioned only in eldritch tomes of the sort sane men do not peruse. In these forbidden works it is called Yuggoth. Here, in the blackness of space, mighty cities of terraced windowless basalt towers rise high over the lead-gray surroundings, while bridges arch gracefully over rivers of pitch.

The dark world is inhabited by the Fungi from Yuggoth, who mine certain metals found nowhere else from beneath its surface and cultivate enormous areas of sickly fungus for their consumption. The alien beings are not native to this world, neither are they the first beings to inhabit its sunless surface. How many races have occupied this distant sphere at one time or another cannot be estimated.

Adventure Seed: A renowned astronomer announces that he has discovered a new planet and intends to reveal all at a lecture for the scientific community. Unfortunately, he never gets to prove his theory, for he is found dead in his cottage. What truly troubles the authorities is that his brain is missing.

CHAPTER FOUR: GODS, MONSTERS, AND CULTISTS

"It lumbered slobberingly into sight and gropingly squeezed its gelatinous green immensity through the black doorway into the tainted outside air of that poison city of madness. ... The Thing cannot be described—there is no language for such abysses of shrieking and immemorial lunacy, such eldritch contradictions of all matter, force, and cosmic order."

—H. P. Lovecraft, *The Call of Cthulhu*

This section details a number of monstrous alien foes, redoubtable mortal enemies, insidious cults, and brave allies related to the Lovecraft Mythos.

GREAT OLD ONES

Although they might be referred to as gods or deities by fervent cultists or drug-addled dreamers, these entities are in fact cosmic horrors of immense power.

Whether they are present on earth or summoned from beyond our understanding of time and space, none of these creatures have full statistics. Not only would it take thousands of bullets to inconvenience one, but such is their alien nature that death is merely a passing moment. In the story *The Call of Cthulhu*, for example, the titular monster is rammed by a steamer. His body dissolves into foul-smelling mist, only to reform, completely unharmed, moments later.

Instead of violence against Great Old Ones, globetrotters need to defeat them through magic (such as the True Name of Azathoth

ritual), cunning (using a ship to ram one), or simply by running away—the Call ritual has a finite duration.

Attempts to battle them as conventional monsters are doomed to failure. The Game-master should not hesitate to declare dead globetrotters deemed within the reach of immense arms, crushing claws, constricting tentacles, or hungry maws. No attack rolls from the Great Old One, no defense rolls—just dead.

With that in mind, the entities do have one statistic should a globetrotter catch sight of one, the Horror rating. At the Gamemaster's discretion, this can be lowered if the globetrotter's exposure is veiled in some manner, such as through fog, or if only a small portion, say a single limb, is spied. On no account should the rating ever drop below 5—the sheer presence of a Great Old One in the vicinity is enough to shatter weak minds.

AZATHOTH

Horror Rating: 10

To speak the name of Azathoth is to invite temporary madness. To utter its true name risks damning oneself to permanent insanity. In order that they can praise Azathoth, cultists and entities of the Mythos alike speak of it as the Lord of All Things and the Daemon Sultan. No descriptions of Azathoth exist. Those few authors who have dared to even mention Azathoth tell that it is the ultimate evil, too horrific to describe even in vague terms.



Azathoth exists outside of our universe, in a realm where even dreams cannot reach. Seated upon a black throne, he is the destructive nuclear chaos at the center of existence. Blind and idiotic, he twitches and writhes to the unearthly piping of mindless amorphous flutists, while his courtiers, blind and voiceless, dance wildly around his throne.

Cult: Azathoth has never had a cult on earth. Witches sign their name in his fabled Black Book, but this is carried by his messenger, Nyarlathotep. Some cultists regard Azathoth as the ruler of time and space, and invoke it (through one of his titles) during certain rituals.

BOKRUG

Horror Rating: 7

A monstrously-sized, green water-lizard,

Bokrug spends much of his time sleeping. Worshipped in deepest antiquity only by the humanoid Thuum'ha ("Voiceless Ones") of Ib, who once inhabited the land of Mnar (see p. 49), it is a vengeful creature. Even the smallest slight is taken to heart and remembered, festering for years, decades, or centuries until Bokrug finally unleashes destruction upon the offender.

Cult: The water-lizard's cult has long ceased to exist, though Deep Ones may offer him sacrifices to make amends for any unintended offense they have caused. Save for the occasional mortal beseeching him to slaughter an enemy, Bokrug's sleep is undisturbed.

CTHULHU

Horror Rating: 9

Imprisoned on R'lyeh after it sank beneath the waves, yet spared death by powerful spells of its own devising, Cthulhu waits dreaming for the correct realignment of the heavens to raise its prison-home from the ocean floor and for its cult to remove the terrible wardings that keep it dormant. Then dread Cthulhu will take its rightful place as master of the world.

Images and statues are commonplace, Cthulhu's form being imparted to its worshippers through dreams. Cthulhu is an enormous entity, a living mountain of alien flesh that towers into the sky. Vaguely anthropomorphic in shape, it shares features with both octopus and dragon. Atop a bloated, squamous, green torso is an octopus-like head covered in writhing feelers. Six eyes, arranged in two sets of three, gaze unblinking from the alien visage. Narrow rudimentary wings, perhaps used to fly through the nothingness of space but useless on earth, protrude from its back. Its four limbs end in wicked claws of enormous length.

Cult: Cthulhu's cult has not only endured, it has spread across the globe. See p. 81 for full details of this deathless organization.

GHATANOTHOA

Horror Rating: 10

Patron of the Elder Things, Ghatanothoa was

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imprisoned in crypts buried deep beneath Yaddith-Gho, a mountain on the now submerged continent of Mu, by the Fungi from Yuggoth.

No written descriptions of the god exist, nor are there any idols in his form. To view even a glimpse of him, even in the form of a perfect carved image, brings down a terrible curse. The flesh and bones of the victim become as hard as stone with a texture not unlike leather, but the brain continues to live on through eternity.

Half-glimpsed in nightmares that brought the sleep close to death, Ghatanothoa has been described only in singular terms—gigantic, wallowing, tentacled, octopus-eyed, semi-amorphous.

Cult: Ghatanothoa requires regular sacrifices to keep him imprisoned. A cult in his honor, albeit one which existed only to ensure he remained passive, was formed for this very purpose. Surviving the sinking of Mu, the cult spread to Atlantis and Leng, to the subterranean realm of K'n-yan, and through Egypt and Persia into China, Africa, and finally the New World. The cults purpose remains today as it has since its inception—to feed Ghatanothoa sacrifices.

His fragmented cults know him by a variety of names—G'tanta, Tanotah, Than-Tha, Gatan, and Ktan-Tah being but a few.

NYARLATHOTEP

Horror Rating: Varies by form

The Great Messenger, Father of the Million Favored Ones, the Crawling Chaos, Soul of the Other Gods—Nyarlathotep has as many names as he has physical forms. Nyarlathotep resides in the court of Azathoth, from where he carries messages to the other gods and spreads chaos among the worlds of mortal beings.

The god is frequently honored by the witch-cult, which knows it as the Black Man. In this guise he (for the form is definitely male) is tall and lean, utterly bald with skin of deepest black. Clad in a shapeless black robe, he is a mute and expressionless witness to the wild cavorting of his followers.

Another form is that of a slender, swarthy man with a sinister appearance. A master of science both conventional and weird, this seemingly benign avatar seduces others with

technical knowledge, and then guides them to construct weapons of mass destruction.

Few are his human guises, though. Most are maddeningly insane. Take, for instance, its aspect as the Haunter of the Dark, as worshipped by the Church of Starry Wisdom. In this form it is a swirling cloud of sickening smoke, with black wings and a burning, three-lobed eye. This form cannot abide light. While street lights or torches can keep it at bay, a sufficiently bright light (something only a weird scientist could produce) can banish it back to the nether realm it calls home.

Cult: Nyarlathotep has more worshippers than Cthulhu, but its cults are highly fragmented. Nyarlathotep is said to possess an infinite number of guises, and each cult worships just one aspect of the deity.

RHAN-TEGOTH

Horror Rating: 8

An amphibious being originally native to distant Yuggoth, Rhan-Tegoth came to earth some three million years ago. Rarely is its name mentioned in elder lore, and its reason for travelling to a new world remains a mystery.

Vaguely spherical in shape and approximately 10 feet tall, Rhan-Tegoth walks upon six limbs, each of which ends in a claw similar in design to those of terrestrial crabs. A secondary globule emerges from the upper end. Serving as a head, it has three, fishlike eyes arranged in a triangle, a long, flexible proboscis, and gill-like slits. Covering the god's body is a plethora of slender filaments with a mouth at the end. The covering, which resembles fur at a distance, is thicker on its head.

Worshipped by a now vanished race in what has become Alaska, Rhan-Tegoth sits upon a throne beneath the surface of an eon-dead city, silently waiting for the taste of blood to awaken him for his long slumber. What force might have imprisoned him, and who or what wielded it, can only be guessed at.

Cult: Although the original people who worshipped Rhan-Tegoth are long dead, his small cult continues. While they search for the lost temple in which their living god is

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entombed, they offer him sacrifices of blood to feed his ravenous, lethargic spirit.

SHUB-NIGGURATH

Horror Rating: 9

More commonly hailed as the Black Goat of the Wood with a Thousand Young, Shub-Niggurath is a hellish fertility deity. Her form is a pulsating, festering globule whose matter is neither entirely plant nor entirely animal, and neither entirely terrestrial nor entirely alien. Sprouting from her hideous body are pendulous sacs that constantly weep a thick, milky, mutagenic sap.

Undetected by academics and folklorists, the name of Shub-Niggurath has nevertheless been praised by humans since the dawn of time. As far back as 35,000 years ago her un-

dulating form was depicted as crudely carved figurines. Had modern science but an inkling of what these idols represented, it would hastily disavow them of the name "Venus figurines." Later, she would hide among civilizations under names such as Astarte, Isis, Magna Mater, and Eostre, and persuade the druids to conduct orgiastic ceremonies and bloody sacrifices.

Some scholars of the occult have argued that Shub-Niggurath and the Black Goat are separate entities, the latter being the entity through which Shub-Niggurath is worshipped. Evidence to support this theory is sorely lacking, though this does not prevent it being true.

Cult: Honored in many forms around the world, her fertility cults, though widespread, lack cohesion. Cultists can be found in remote tribes in parts of the world as yet unseen by Western explorers and in the tranquil rural villages that dot the green and pleasant pastures of Great Britain. Each honors her in its own way, though all do so through her one name.

TSATHOGGUA

Horror Rating: 8

Tsathoggua does not hide in the folds of time and space, nor is it imprisoned in some earthly jail until the stars are right. Tsathoggua lives in N'kai, in caverns where light is alien.

Although it lives, Tsathoggua spends much of its time asleep, dreaming of things that would tear apart the minds of men were they even to contemplate such horrific notions.

Shrouded in eternal darkness, there it squats, amorphous and toad-like, its globular eyes covered by half-closed lids, the tip of its tongue hanging limply from its toothy maw. Save for the flow of wind that caresses its fur, Tsathoggua remains dormant.

Cult: Although worshipped almost solely by formless black things commonly referred to as its spawn, Tsathoggua once boasted a true cult. Among the people of K'n-yan it rivalled the old cults of Yig and Cthulhu; those temples were torn down and the idols smashed when the men of that subterranean realm learned of the twisted monstrosities who served it.

From there the cult spread to the surface, first



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among the people of Lomar and later to other corners of the world. Aside from a few twisted individuals, the name of Tsathoggua is rarely spoken by human worshippers these days.

YIG

Horror Rating: 7

Known as the Father of Serpents, Yig possess two distinct forms. The first is that of an abomination that is half-man and half-serpent. The second is a monstrous serpent of scintillating hues with bat-like wings that bear it aloft.

Yig both gives and takes. To those who offer him praise and spare his children, the serpents, he gives blessings. To those who offend him or who harm snakes, he may transform them into a writhing serpent or send vipers to bite at their flesh while they sleep. Yig's memory is long, and while he may not strike immediately, no wrong is ever forgotten.

Cult: Yig's cult is strongest in the Americas, though he has adherents as far away as the Indian subcontinent and the jungles of Southeast Asia. In the United States, Yig grows especially ravenous between August and October, when the corn is harvested. Whatever their faith, farmers hire Indians to keep Yig and his children away through the raucous din of whistles, rattles, and drumming.

YOG-SOTHOTH

Horror Rating: 9

The Necronomicon describes Yog-Sothoth as "the gate, the key, and the guardian of the gate." An entity from beyond man's conceptualization of time and space, Yog-Sothoth is said to see all and know all. Through him sorcerers can receive visions of the future, converse with slumbering deities, and construct gates to other realms. He also has the power to animate the dead. As such, his name is frequently invoked with casting rituals.

Yog-Sothoth appears as a jumbled mass of iridescent globules, its form ever shifting.

Cult: Widely called upon by magicians as part of unholy rituals, and gladly accepting

sacrifices made in its name, Yog-Sothoth has no cult of its own, nor does it desire one. It is quite content to watch and listen, and think its malignant thoughts.

HORRORS

Detailed below are a number of horrific entities from Lovecraft's stories. Whereas the Great Old Ones operate in the background, acting almost entirely through their cults, the creatures in this section may be summoned to act as servitors to those insane worshippers or have grand schemes of their own.

BLACK SPAWN OF TSATHOGGUA

Also referred to as Formless Spawn in some texts, these profane creatures are amorphous lumps of black, viscous slime.

They may be distantly related to Shoggoths, for they share similar properties. Whereas Shoggoths form only proto-limbs, however, the Spawn of Tsathoggua are capable of altering their mass into the shapes of other creatures. Their natural form is serpentine and supported by dozens of short legs. Their plasticity allows them to flow through the smallest of gaps.

Possessed of minimal intelligence, they answer to the dream orders of Tsathoggua, in whose name they have carved images and erected basalt temples. Their primary motive seems to be that of protectors of Tsathoggua's holy places. Although more than capable of smothering and suffocating victims, the monstrous beasts much prefer to create tentacle-like appendages. In addition to bludgeoning foes, they can alter the shape of their limbs to be razor thin and sharp enough to slice clean through flesh and bone.

Most Black Spawn are confined to the sunless caverns of N'kai, where they continue to serve their living god. Others are found in lesser subterranean temples dedicated to Tsathoggua. If certain students of elder lore are correct, this most terrible of races even lurks in the tunnels man has excavated beneath his cities.

Reaction to Summoning: Lacking intel-

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lect and having no capacity for language, Black Spawn can nevertheless deduce the rudiments of instructions. The great danger of dealing with them is that they enjoy killing, and that includes their summoner. Idle threats mean nothing to this abominable race. Unless the caster can prove his ability to destroy the Black Spawn, it will turn on the magician instantly. Once cowed, it can follow basic instructions.

BLACK SPAWN OF TSATHOGGUA

Follower 1

Archetype: *Alien*; **Motivation:** *Survival*;
Style: 0

Primary Attributes: Body 5, Dexterity 4, Strength 3, Charisma 0, Intelligence 1, Willpower 2

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 7, Perception 3, Initiative 5, Defense 9, Stun 5, Health 7, Horror 5

Skills: Brawl 10, Stealth 9

Talents: Skill Aptitude (+2 Brawl rating)

Resources: —

Flaws: Bestial (Cannot speak or use tools)

Weapons: Bludgeoning tentacle 10N, Slicing tentacle 10L, Grapple 10

Amorphous Nature: The plasticity of the Black Spawn, coupled with their lack of vital organs, makes them hard to kill. They suffer no damage from weapons of any kind. Rituals (such as Harm), acid, electricity, and fire are harmful to them, however.

Hold and Slice: Once it has successfully pinned an opponent, a Black Spawn typically alters its shape. In place of thick, binding tentacles, it becomes a myriad of sharp, slicing blades. Each combat turn it maintains a pin, it inflicts 8L damage on its opponent. The victim may resist using only his Passive Defense.

BLACK WINGED ONE

Neither crow nor vampire bat, mole nor ant, buzzard nor decomposed corpse, the Black Winged Ones are an unearthly hybrid creature. Their name, as one might deduce, comes from their membranous wings, which enable them to fly not only through air, but

through the ether of outer space. When on the ground, they flop along on a pair of webbed feet and use their wings for support.

A few occult scholars have attempted to link these creatures to the byakhee mentioned in forbidden books of elder lore. The evidence for this is tenuous at best, being based on the ravings of a solitary lunatic.

Reaction to Summoning: Black Winged Ones accept being summoned by mortals, but serve only as mounts. Incapable of speech, they nevertheless understand all human tongues.

BLACK WINGED ONE

Follower 1

Archetype: *Alien Animal*; **Motivation:** *Survival*; **Style:** 0

Primary Attributes: Body 4, Dexterity 3, Strength 3, Charisma 0, Intelligence 0, Willpower 2

Secondary Attributes: Size 1, Move 6 (Fly 12), Perception 2, Initiative 3, Defense 6, Stun 4, Health 7, Horror 3

Skills: Brawl 6, Stealth 6*

Talents: Fly (Doubles flying speed)

Resources: —

Flaws: Bestial (Cannot speak or use tools)

Weapons: Bite 6L

* *Black Winged Ones have a -1 Size penalty on Stealth rolls.*

Unnatural Senses: Black Winged Ones suffer no penalties for poor visibility or darkness.

COLOUR OUT OF SPACE

On occasion, objects from the cold vastness of space survive passage through our atmosphere to land on earth. Most are rocky, polished smooth by friction. Some, however, are soft and glow at night.

Scientific study of these mysterious meteorites proves extremely difficult. Extreme heating releases no vapors, and it resists immersion in water, acids, and alkaloids. After a few days exposed to air, the outer covering becomes brittle and cracks open, releasing its deadly cargo—a hatching Colour Out of Space.

As the name suggests, Colours (to use

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its shortened name) are native to the vast expanse of nothingness between the stars. At some juncture in their unfathomable cycle of life, they eject embryos encased in a protective shell. Riding the solar winds, these seeds drift through the heavens until ensnared by a planet's gravity.

The first stage, the hatchling, begins life as a small globule some 3" across, its form as tangible as a soap bubble, its surface a swirling dance of indescribable color. At this stage the Colour is extremely vulnerable to harm—the slightest touch causes it to burst.

Whether Colors Out of Space are sentient is open to debate. They are certainly creatures of great instinct, as evidenced by the hatchling. Once released, its first thought is to find a lair, preferably somewhere underground and, better still, under water.

Once settled, the Colour begins to feed. Over the course of a year or so, it warps and mutates the surrounding countryside. At first, vegetation, especially fruits and vegetables, grows unusually large and looks promisingly succulent. Alas, the bounty is a false harvest, for to take even a nibble leaves one with a disgusting aftertaste that takes hours to fade. Later, animals begin to mutate, starting with small specimens such as mice and rabbits.

By this stage, the Colour has developed into its adolescent form. It is a being without form, visible as a kaleidoscope of indescribable hues that cannot be classified within the visible spectrum to which mankind is attuned.

Later, plants, animals, and even humans resident in the Colour's chosen domain begin to radiate phosphorescence. Allowed to grow unhindered, the growing alien starts to drain the life from biological matter, drawing it out to feed its ravenous appetite. Animals and plants turn gray, bloat to enormous size, and turn brittle, even while alive. Eventually, total cellular disintegration causes them to crumble to fine powder.

The fate of humans is perhaps the cruelest of all. Exposure to the feeding of a Colour Out of Space slowly drains the life and sanity from those living in its vicinity. Instead of escaping the area once the sickness manifests and their skin begins its transformation toward lethal brittleness, victims prefer to remain. Like

a flame to a moth, the Colour manifests an insidious, ultimately destructive hold over its victims' minds.

As with all creatures, the Colour eventually reaches maturity. Unable to survive for much longer on a planet, it propels itself skyward into the starry sky. In its wake it leaves behind a barren and blasted circle of land around five acres in size in which nothing will ever grow.

Reaction to Summoning: Unable to survive on a planet, adult Colours Out of Space cannot be summoned through magic. The ritual might, however, cause one of their seeds to be drawn toward the planet.

COLOUR OUT OF SPACE

Ally 2

Archetype: *Alien*; **Motivation:** *Survival*;
Style: 1





Primary Attributes: Body 3, Dexterity 6, Strength 2, Charisma 0, Intelligence 1, Willpower 4

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 8 (Fly 16), Perception 5, Initiative 7, Defense 9, Stun 3, Health 7, Horror 3

Skills: Brawl 11, Stealth 10, Survival 6

Talents: Agile (+1 Dexterity rating), Finesse Attack (Use Dexterity with Brawl)

Resources: —

Flaws: Alien (Cannot speak or use tools)

Weapons: Disintegration 2L (see below)

Alien Form: The nebulous form of a Colour Out of Space renders it completely immune to all forms of physical attack.

Disintegration: A Colour Out of Space can focus its alien energy to burn through any substance. To burn an opponent, it makes a Brawl

touch attack. If its attack succeeds, it inflicts two points of lethal damage.

Feeding: The feeding of a Colour Out of Space is slow and insidious. For each month spent within a few miles of a Colour Out of Space, victims must make a Body x 2 roll or lose one point of Health. The Difficulty varies with the creature's stage of life.

While it is a hatchling (3-6 months), the Difficulty is 2. Once it reaches early adolescence (6-12 months), the Difficulty increases to 3. As it nears adulthood (12-15 months), the Difficulty rises to 4. While they remain close to the Colour, victims cannot recover lost Health by any means.

The Health loss begins as continual fatigue, the victim starting to grow visibly gaunt and drained once his Health rating drops to 2. When Health becomes negative, the victims' skin becomes colorless and brittle. When death finally occurs, the victim collapses into a pile of dust.

Mesmeric Hold: This functions as above, except the victim must make a Willpower x 2 roll. Instead of suffering physical harm, the victim refuses to leave the area, inventing feeble excuses while they must remain.

DAGON & HYDRA

Venerated as deities by the Deep Ones and a few rare cults, such as the Esoteric Order of Dagon, Father Dagon and Mother Hydra, as they are more commonly addressed, are actually Deep Ones, although ones of immense proportions—each stands over 20 feet in height.

For how long these vast monstrosities have existed shall never be known. It is conceivable that, like the lesser Deep Ones, they are effectively immortal, being immune to the ravages of age. It is possible, though currently unproven, that Dagon was worshipped by the Babylonians. Known to them as Oannes, he was shown in inscriptions as being part-human and part-fish.

Reaction to Summoning: Worshipping something as a deity does not make it a deity. Father Dagon and Mother Hydra can be called

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forth using the appropriate Summon (Horror) ritual. Typically both entities arrive together.

They expect sacrifices of live humans before even considering to undertake a task for their summoner. The more odious the task, the more sacrifices must be presented to earn compliance. While Dagon remains behind to perform the requested task, Hydra descends back beneath the waves, the offerings clutched in her clawed hands.

Whether the sacrifices are later consumed or forced to mate with Deep Ones is unknown. Certainly none have ever been seen again.

DAGON & HYDRA

Ally 3

Archetype: *Aquatic Humanoid*; **Motivation:** *Survival*; **Style:** 2

Primary Attributes: Body 6, Dexterity 3, Strength 7, Charisma 0, Intelligence 2, Willpower 4

Secondary Attributes: Size 2, Move 10 (Swim 20), Perception 6, Initiative 5, Defense 7 (10)*, Stun 6, Health 12, Horror 5

Skills: Athletics 12, Brawl 12, Intimidation 9, Stealth 6**

Talents: Fearsome 2 (Can temporarily frighten opponents within 10 feet), Skill Aptitude (+2 Intimidation rating)

Resources: —

Flaws: Primitive (-2 penalty on any Skill roll related to modern technology)

Weapons: Bite 12L, Claw 12L

* *Dagon and Hydra have +3 Passive Defense due to thick, scaly skins.*

** *Dagon and Hydra have a -2 Size penalty on Stealth rolls.*

DEEP ONES

Short of physical violence, Deep Ones are an immortal race. One member of their species is reliably reported as being at least 80,000 years old.

How long they have lived in the cold depths of our world's oceans is recorded in no tome of forbidden lore, nor do the Deep Ones have recollections of their most ancient

history. Perhaps they descended from the stars with great Cthulhu in antiquity, or maybe their ancestors were mortals corrupted by worship of that dread Great Old One.

Deep Ones are predominantly gray-green in color, with bellies tending toward white. Their skin is shiny and slippery, except on the back, where it is rough and scaly. The bulging eyes that adorn their fish-like heads never close.

Underwater, they are agile swimmers, effortlessly propelling themselves along using powerful, webbed limbs. When moving on land, they shuffle or perform short, irregular hops, sometimes on two feet and sometimes on all four limbs. Deep Ones are amphibious, breathing on land or water by means of gills.

Whereas most servants of the Great Old Ones are incapable of meaningful speech, Deep Ones can converse in a multitude of human tongues in croaking, baying voices. They also speak the inhuman language of Cthulhu and his minions.

Deep Ones are capable of mating with humans. Any resultant offspring start life fully human in appearance. As they age, so their features transform. It is this metamorphosis that produces the so-called "Innsmouth Look."

While they lack any interest in the modern technology so coveted by mankind, they are capable of feats of magnificent workmanship. In their submerged cities they carve coral, gold, and metal man has yet to discover into strangely shaped but very desirable jewelry. This they trade with human worshippers in return for living sacrifices.

Reaction to Summoning: Deep Ones have long dealt with humans and are not adverse to aiding them. In return, they demand live human sacrifices. These unfortunate souls are carried beneath the waves to await their fate. Unless the site of the summoning can be reached by river (subterranean or surface), Deep Ones do not care to travel far inland. Unlike most other creatures, Deep Ones may send a small party in answer to a summons.

DEEP ONES

Follower 1

Archetype: *Aquatic Humanoid*; **Motivation:** *Survival*; **Style:** 0



Primary Attributes: Body 3, Dexterity 2, Strength 3, Charisma 0, Intelligence 2, Willpower 2

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 5 (Swim 10), Perception 4, Initiative 4, Defense 5, Stun 3, Health 5, Horror 3

Skills: Athletics 6, Brawl 6, Stealth 4, Survival 4

Talents: Swim (Doubles swimming speed)

Resources: —

Flaws: Primitive (–2 penalty on any Skill roll related to modern technology)

Weapons: Claw 6L

DIMENSIONAL SHAMBLER

Native to a dimension unknown to mankind, the monstrous beings known as Dimensional Shamblers are servants of Yog-Sothoth.

Few have seen a Dimensional Shambler and lived to tell of the experience. They are said to be larger than men, though vaguely similar in form. A blasphemous cross between ape and insect, with a loose, wrinkled hide and only a rudimentary head, is the closest analogy yet presented. Utterly devoid of facial expression, Dimensional Shamblers nevertheless radiate intense malignancy. Their forepaws end in talons designed to slice easily through the flesh of other beings.

Reaction to Summoning: Dimensional Shamblers have no interest in serving the petty whims of humans. They exist only to kill. Lest one can cow a Dimensional Shambler through a potent display of injurious magic (such as Harm), the best a magician can hope for is to be torn limb from limb.

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DIMENSIONAL SHAMBLER

Follower 2

Archetype: *Alien*; **Motivation:** *Survival*;
Style: 0

Primary Attributes: Body 6, Dexterity 2, Strength 5, Charisma 0, Intelligence 1, Willpower 3

Secondary Attributes: Size 1, Move 7, Perception 4, Initiative 3, Defense 7 (8)*, Stun 6, Health 10, Horror 5

Skills: Brawl 9, Stealth 6**, Survival 6

Talents: Flurry 2 (Can make two attacks on the same opponent at no penalty)

Resources: —

Flaws: Bestial (Cannot speak or use tools)

Weapons: Claws 10L

* *Dimensional Shamblers have +1 Passive Defense due to their thick hide.*

** *Dimensional Shamblers have a -1 Size penalty on Stealth rolls.*

Dimensional Shamble: As an attack action, a Dimensional Shambler can fade into another dimension.

If the Shambler has grabbed or pinned an opponent of up to Size +1, the Shambler can attempt to bring its victim with it through dimensions. In order to succeed, the creature must make a Willpower x 2 roll with a Difficulty equal to the victim's Body. A full pin gives the Shambler a +4 bonus. Should the roll fail, the Shambler fades away, leaving its intended victim behind.

Victims transported into alternate dimensions in this manner are instantly slain or rendered permanently insane. Either way, it is time to generate a new globetrotter.

ELDER THING

The alien race known as the Elder Things (sometimes also as the Old Ones), have been resident on earth for as much as two billion years. Such is their antiquity, that when they descended from the stars there was only an endless, unbroken ocean. Settling under the sea to construct their cities, some eventually chose to migrate onto land as the continents slowly rose.

The Elder Things may have been the first

race to populate the earth, but they have been forced to defend their communities against later invaders.

Following a cataclysmic war in some distant epoch, the Elder Things forged a pact with Cthulhu. The dread Great Old One and his minions would control the new lands, while the Elder Things retained control of the ocean and the first lands they settled. Aside from the great city in Antarctica, their surface abodes were abandoned following a war against the Fungi from Yuggoth.

Their last great war was not against another alien species, but against the race they had created as servants—the Shoggoths.

Physically, the Elder Things resemble nothing native to earth. Measuring some six feet tall, they are barrel-shaped entities, with a girth of approximately three feet around the center, tapering down to one foot at each end. Five thin arms branch out from the torso, each limb further sub-dividing into smaller branches. Arrayed horizontally from the top and base are five thick arms, their tapering triangular shape arranged equidistantly into a star formation. From their back sprouts a pair of membranous wings.

A bizarre hybrid of plant and animal tissue, they are a remarkably tough and resilient species. The crushing pressure of the deep ones does not bother them, nor does the vacuum of deep space.

They are carnivorous by nature. Those members of the race who remained under the oceans eat their food raw, while those on the surface prefer their meals cooked. Both raised herds of livestock and hunted game to keep their larders stocked.

Scientists and scholars, though ones with morals and ethics incomprehensible to mankind, the Elder Things were responsible for creating all life on the earth. First came the Shoggoths, created to serve. Later they experimented with other organisms, creating some for food and some for servitude. Species that proved troublesome to control were exterminated without hesitation.

Few Elder Things exist these days. Those who survived the terrible conflicts, geological upheavals caused by an ever-changing world, and freezing of their Antarctic homeland live

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in the southern oceans, in scattered communities no further north than 50 degrees south. Of these, most are hibernating, passing the millennia until their race is ready to conquer the world once again.

Elder Things cannot verbally communicate with humans, but it is possible a human might translate their writing—which comprises patterns of dots—and thus enter a written dialogue. While they know little about tools of human construction, their potent minds are capable of quickly deducing their purpose then manipulating them.

Reaction to Summoning: Elder Things can only be summoned in the southern portion of the world. Even then, it may take many weeks for a member of the species to answer.

Elder Things are highly intelligent, but they are also utterly alien. Much has passed them by while they slept, and they are keen to study new technology and organisms. Summoners are seen as potential specimens to dissect and study, not fellow intelligent beings with whom to converse.

ELDER THING

Ally 3

Archetype: *Alien Scientist*; **Motivation:** *Survival*; **Style:** 2

Primary Attributes: Body 4, Dexterity 2, Strength 4, Charisma 0, Intelligence 4, Willpower 4

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 6 (Fly 12), Perception 8, Initiative 6, Defense 6 (10)*, Stun 5, Health 10, Horror 4

Skills: Academics: History 6, Art: Murals 6, Brawl 6, Elder Lore 5, Investigation 6, Medicine 6 (*Dissection* 7), Science 8 (*Biology* 9), Stealth 4, Survival 6

Talents: Iron Jaw (+1 Stun rating), Robust (+2 Health rating), Well-Educated (Treat Science as a general Skill)

Resources: —

Flaws: Alien (Cannot communicate; uses human tools with a -2 penalty)

Weapons: Punch 6N

* *Elder Things have +4 Passive Defense due to their tough hide and alien tissue.*

Tentacles: Elder Things use their head

tentacles, not their spindly arms, when forced to engage in physical violence. They have a maximum reach of 10 feet.

The tentacles can exert tremendous pressure. With a successful pin, an Elder Thing inflicts its Strength rating in damage each combat turn after the first that the pin is maintained. Victims can resist only using their Passive Defense.

FLYING POLYP

Six hundred million years ago, an alien race, one which had already colonized three planets in the solar system, reached earth. Here they constructed enormous structures similar to those they had already raised on Yuggoth—towering, windowless spires of basalt. Driven underground by the Great Race of Yith, their numbers eventually recovered to a point where they outnumbered their hated enemy. A writhing swarm returned to the surface, defeating and scattering the Elder Things before descending once more into the comforting blackness of their new homes.

The so-called Flying Polyps are a race so alien that the Great Race of Yith, a species which has touched the minds of countless alien races, fears them above all other creatures.

They are monstrous to the eyes, temporarily fading into invisibility before appearing once more to assault the senses with their suggestively polypous form. Their form is only partially material, rendering them virtually immune to harm. About their only weakness is electricity.

The globular entities have the power of aerial motion, despite lacking any obvious means of propelling themselves through the air. They can also move in a more terrestrial manner, shuffling their grotesque form around on appendages that serve as legs. These ghastly limbs leave circular prints made up of five toes. No matter how they move, they are accompanied by an eerie, tuneless whistling.

Members of the species have the capacity to generate tremendous winds, though whether this is an innate ability or a form of unique ritual is an enigma few care to investigate.

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Reaction to Summoning: Save for a bizarre means of committing suicide, there is little reason to summon one of these hideous entities. Their alien nature is all-encompassing—there is no means to discern what one may want in return for service, nor how it is liable to react once it arrives.

A powerful wizard *might* be able to force one into service by proving he could destroy the creature, but the near-impossibility of communicating with so alien a creature remains. He also needs to be very sure his weapon of choice will kill the Polyp quickly—a wounded Polyp will attack with its full force.

FLYING POLYP

Ally 3

Archetype: *Alien*; **Motivation:** *Survival*;
Style: 2

Primary Attributes: Body 7, Dexterity 2, Strength 7, Charisma 0, Intelligence 2, Willpower 4

Secondary Attributes: Size 2, Move 9 (Fly 18), Perception 6, Initiative 4, Defense 7, Stun 7, Health 13, Horror 5

Skills: Brawl 10, Intimidation 7, Stealth 4*, Summon Wind 10, Survival 6

Talents: Skill aptitude (+2 Intimidation rating), Skill Aptitude (+2 Summon Wind rating)

Resources: —

Flaws: Bestial (Cannot speak or use tools)

Weapons: Tentacle 10N, Wind Blast 10L

* *Flying Polyps have a -2 Size penalty on Stealth rolls.*

Alien Senses: Not only can Flying Polyps see in all spectrums of light (negating all penalties for poor visibility), but they can see through solid matter.

Alien Tissue: Flying Polyps suffer only one point of damage from physical attacks. Electricity inflicts normal damage on them.

Control Wind: Flying Polyps can make a Summon Wind roll to create winds of varying strength. Modifiers are as per the Control Weather ritual (see *Leagues of Gothic Horror*). Winds raised in this manner last until the end of the current combat or scene. Multiple creatures can marshal their ability to create greater force than a single Polyp through the Teamwork rules.

AGENTS OF THE FUNGI

The Fungi from Yuggoth make use of a wide range of human agents. As a rule of thumb, they are rarely important individuals. Ideally, the Gamemaster should create these as Follower 0 or 1 characters.

Regardless of gender or occupation, the mechanical surgery that converts a human into an agent imbues the victim with both Telepathy (which they use primarily to communicate with their masters over long distances) and Mind Control (which is used to “persuade” outsiders to move away from the area the Fungi call home.

In addition, a Flying Polyp can use its mastery of wind to blast opponents with a scouring spray of loose particles or small objects. For each five feet the target is from the Polyp, the monster’s attack roll is reduced by one.

Lapses of Visibility: At the start of each turn, roll a single die. Success means the Flying Polyp is invisible (-8 to rolls to detect and attack the creature). Failure means it is visible to human eyes.

FUNGI FROM YUGGOTH

The Fungi have existed on earth for millions of years, having come here to mine rare minerals. They have little desire to interact with mankind, but are prepared to use physical force to defend the territory to which they have staked a claim. Those who venture too close to their furtive operations may be kidnapped, while humans who try to construct homes close by find their property destroyed.

Despite their reluctance to engage in meaningful dialogue, the Fungi sometimes have need of human minions. Their minds altered through scientific means, these virtual slaves act as spies. On occasion, they kidnap learned men in order to keep abreast of human development—having mankind advance too far in the sciences might pose a threat to the Fungi.

Fungi possess a large brain capacity and are

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talented craftsmen and scientists, constructing objects ranging from the mundane (by their standards) to the macabre (such as vocal cords so they can speak with humans). Humans they find interesting may have their brains removed and placed in special containers. In this manner, the Fungi can return them to their primary base on Yuggoth for questioning. The process is, of course, irreversible.

Light red in color, the closest terrestrial animals to which Fungi share any resemblance is the humble crab. The Fungi measure around five feet in length. Where one would expect to find a head is a roughly ellipsoid knot of ropy material covered in a multitude of short antennae.

Several pairs of articulated limbs, which end in saw-toothed pincers, serve as arms and legs as required. When walking, the Fungi typically ambulate only on their rear most pair of legs, thus enabling them to carry or manipulate objects. When in a hurry, they use all their limbs for movement.

Jetting from the center of their back is a pair of enormous batlike wings. Ideal for flying through the void of interstellar space, the wings are too clumsy to be of much use of earth. A small few have mastered earthly flight, but most use their appendages only to glide short distances.

While certain Fungi can communicate with humans in buzzing voices, they have no audible language of their own. Communication between members is achieved by the antennae on their heads, which change color.

The biological make-up of the Fungi is most definitely alien. More vegetable than animal, the closest earthly approximation is that of fungus. Due to the way light interacts with their flesh, the image of Fungi cannot be captured in photographs save through special plates (see *Etheric Glass Plates in Leagues of Gothic Horror*). When injured, they leak a foul-smelling green slime. Upon death, they dissolve into nothingness within a few hours.

Reaction to Summoning: Present on every continent except Antarctica, Fungi from Yuggoth send a human agent to first meet with any magician who summons them. Once satisfied the magician is no threat, they dispatch a member of their race to negotiate.

FUNGI FROM YUGGOTH

Ally 2

Archetype: *Alien*; **Motivation:** *Survival*;
Style: 0

Primary Attributes: Body 3, Dexterity 2, Strength 3, Charisma 0, Intelligence 4, Willpower 3

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 5 (Fly 10), Perception 7, Initiative 6, Defense 5, Stun 3, Health 6, Horror 4

Skills: Athletics 4, Brawl 6, Craft (Pick one) 6, Empathy 5, Linguistics 5, Medicine 6, Science 7, Stealth 4

Talents: Weird Science (Can construct gadgets), Well-Educated (Science is a general Skill)

Resources: —

Flaws: Animal Antipathy (+1 Style point whenever it suffers a setback due to an uncooperative or belligerent animal), Fanatical: Protecting mining operations (+1 Style point whenever its devotion causes harm)

Weapons: Pincers 7L

Bright Light: The Fungi from Yuggoth suffer no penalties for darkness. They are highly irritated by light, however. The visibility modifiers for glare, bright light, and blinding light (see *Leagues of Adventure*) should be rigorously enforced.

Non-terrestrial Biology: The alien fungal biology of the Fungi makes them difficult to harm. Non-magical melee and ranged weapons have their damage factor reduced to zero. Thus, a light revolver would inflict 0L damage.

GNOPH-KEH

The stark beauty of the Arctic has proven an irresistible lure to explorers and scientists. Were these men of learning and reason to set aside their prejudices and actually listen to the stories of the Inuit, rather than dismiss them as the superstitious ramblings of a primitive people, they might just avoid one of the many dangers of the frozen wastes.

Beyond the lands of the Greenland Inuit are the hunting grounds of the Gnoph-Kehs. In the blinding glare reflected from the snow

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and ice, it is easy to mistake a distant Gnoph-Keh for a large polar bear. Only as one nears can one make out the tell-tale signs that one has encountered something far older and far more vicious than a bear, for the Gnoph-Keh has a sharp horn protruding from its forehead and six legs.

Gnoph-Kehs are carnivorous, hunting seals, polar bears, and Inuit who stray too far north with impunity. During lean times, they have been known to range as far afield as Canada.

Students of elder lore will undoubtedly be aware of the Gnophkehs (no hyphen). An extinct race of humanoid cannibals, the relationship between beast and bestial man is not fully understood. Unless an isolated pocket of these foul evolutionary throwbacks still exists, it shall perhaps never be known.

Reaction to Summoning: Gnoph-Kehs are not especially intelligent, but they can understand the gist of simple commands. In order to earn their support, a magician must feed them at least one sacrifice. Human flesh is a delicacy, but any meat satisfies their immediate hunger.

GNOPH-KEH

Follower 2

Archetype: *Animal*; **Motivation:** *Survival*;

Style: 0

Primary Attributes: Body 6, Dexterity 3, Strength 5, Charisma 0, Intelligence 0, Willpower 3

Secondary Attributes: Size 1, Move 8 (Run 16/24*), Perception 5, Initiative 3, Defense 8 (10)**, Stun 6, Health 10, Horror 3

Skills: Brawl 10, Stealth 9***, Survival 5

Talents: Alertness (+2 Perception rating), Skill Aptitude (+2 Stealth rating)

Resources: —

Flaws: Bestial (Cannot speak or use tools)

Weapons: Horn 10L, Claw 10L

* *Gnoph-Kehs double their pace when running on four legs and triple it when running on all six legs.*

** *Gnoph-Kehs have +2 Passive Defence due to their thick fur and dense fat.*

*** *Gnoph-Kehs have a -1 Size penalty on Stealth rolls.*

GREAT RACE OF YITH

By utilizing technology far beyond the imagination of even the greatest minds of the Temporal Society, the Great Race can not only send their minds backward and forward through time, they can swap their consciousness with other entities.

Billions of years ago, the Great Race (also referred to as Yithians in some tomes of elder lore), unable to physically escape their dying world, sent their minds a billion years into the future and across the vastness of space.

There they found new homes for their consciousness, a cone-shaped race inhabiting our world. Taking possession of the cone-beings, the Great Race forced the minds of that unnamed race back in time to perish when Yith died in the cosmic cataclysm.

With a near infinite array of beings inhabiting the universe, the process of transferring intellects is prone to temporary side-effects. For instance, while the Yithian adjusts to the biological nuances of a different form, its movements may be clumsy and its speech archaic or strangely patterned.

This exchange of minds is undertaken solely for the benefit of the Great Race, who crave knowledge. For around five years, the typical period of mind transference, they study the art, folklore, history, language, and science of their host's species at that juncture in time.

During this time, the mind of the victim inhabits the body of the Yithian. A prisoner yet treated with compassion and understanding, the victim is gently probed for information concerning his race, thus giving the Yithians a secondary source of knowledge.

Having no wish for other races to know of their existence, nor the process by which they transfer minds, any knowledge the victim has gleaned of the Great Race is erased by means of mechanical hypnosis before he is returned to his body. Occasionally, though, glimmers of strange vistas and alien beings manifest in fevered dreams.

Physically, the current bodies of the Great Race resembles iridescent ridged cones some ten height tall. Four flexible, thick cylindrical limbs extend from the cone's apex. Of these

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arms, two end in claws used to manipulate tools. From the end of the third sprout four red, trumpet-like appendages. The fourth arm terminates in a yellow orb with three eyes around its circumference and eight dangling tentacles or antenna. These four limbs can extend to a distance of ten feet. Movement is achieved by means of expanding and contracting a viscous layer on the cone's base. Their blood is a thick, green ichor.

This form is not immortal, but it is exceptionally long-lived. By avoiding violence or disease, a Yithian can expect to enjoy a life measured in thousands of years. Yithians do not engage in sexual intercourse. When a member believes it is time to reproduce, he does so through spores or seeds. These can develop only underwater, and thus Yithian cities are dotted with special birthing pools.

In their current form, the Great Race communicate with each other by clicking their claws. When conversing with other beings, including minds trapped in Yithian form, they employ telepathy. This is different to the Telepathy Talent, being merely a means of communication, as opposed to reading or probing minds.

Instances of members of their own species fighting each other are but distant racial memories. Despite a proclivity for peaceful interactions, the Great Race has never forgotten the threat of near-extinction brought about by the return of the Flying Polyps. To this day, it maintains a large standing army. When forced to fight, Yithians prefer to employ powerful electrical guns, though their claws serve equally well against lesser threats.

Reaction to Summoning: The Great Race no longer exists on earth, at least not in the current era, having been driven off by the Flying Polyps. That said, they hear the echo of a Summon Great Race ritual echo through time and space. Unable to appear in person, they arrange for the caster's mind to be exchanged with a Yithian volunteer.

This is very much inconvenient for the caster. While he might be housed in Yithian form for only a few hours, having his mind erased defeats the purpose of questioning one of the scholarly aliens.

Once returned to earth, the caster must make a Willpower x 2 roll (Difficulty 3) to recall any information gleaned from the Great Race. The more successes he scores, the greater the clarity of his recollection. Recalling information may take several days and is always imparted during dreams.

GREAT RACE OF YITH

Ally 1

Archetype: *Alien Academic*; **Motivation:** *Wisdom*; **Style:** 0

Primary Attributes: Body 5, Dexterity 2, Strength 4, Charisma 0, Intelligence 4, Willpower 2

Secondary Attributes: Size 1, Move 6, Perception 6, Initiative 6, Defense 6 (9)*, Stun 5, Health 8, Horror 4

Skills:** Academics (Pick one) 6, Anthropology 6, Art (Pick one) 6, Brawl 5, Elder Lore 6, Firearms 4, Investigation 9, Science (Pick one) 6, Stealth 4***

Talents: Intelligent (+1 Intelligence rating)

Resources: —

Flaws: Curious (+1 Style point whenever its curiosity gets it or its companions into trouble.)

Weapons: Claw 5L, Electricity Gun 10L

* *The rugged hide of the Great Race grants them +3 Passive Defence.*

** *The listed Skills are for a Yithian who has been inhabiting a human for a year or so. One nearing the time to return to its native form might have the Well-Educated Talent. It should certainly have more Levels and Disciplines in Academics, Anthropology, Art, and Science.*

*** *The Great Race have a -1 Size penalty on Stealth rolls.*

Alien Senses: The Great Race's current form possess a wide range of vision. They ignore all penalties for poor visibility.

Body Swap: When in the body of another being, a member of the Great Race retains its Intelligence, Willpower, and Skills. Its other statistics are based on its host's body.

Lightning Gun: Shaped vaguely like a camera, these fearsome weapons emit a powerful stream of electricity when fired. The guns have the following statistics: Damage 4L caustic, Strength 3, Range 100 ft., Rate 1, Weight 20 lbs.

GODS, MONSTERS, & CULTISTS

HOUND OF TINDALOS

Space, as perceived by mankind and backed up by his mathematical equations, is curved. That space might also be angular is known only to a handful of madmen. Little of use to science can be gained from the muttering of these unfortunates, though their words may be of interest to philosophers. Space split at the beginning of time into curved and angular space. This ancient division may echo through mankind as a form of genetic memory, and give birth to the notion that the gods (celestial powers) are good or evil, or that there is a heaven and hell. Rather than good and evil as understood by moralists, curved space, from which the universe we know was formed, is pure, while angular space is foul. Lurking in the angles of space, though far back in time, are dread abominations known as Hounds of Tindalos. Ever-hungry and formed from angular space, they are concentrated evil, existing only to hunt and kill.

Creatures who seek to peer through the veil of time, whether by means of drugs or weird science, may be unfortunate enough to attract a Hound's attention. Having detected its prey's scent, the Hound follows it through time to the present.

Being creatures of angular space, Hounds can manifest in our curved universe only through angles, such as the point formed where walls and ceilings meet. One might smooth such corners, existing as a prisoner inside a sphere, but ultimately there is no escape—angles exist everywhere.

The name "Hound" is misleading, for these monstrosities bear no resemblance to canines. Rather, the name relates to their method of hunting by scent over great distances. A Hound first enters our universe as a stream of oily blue smoke emanating from an angle. A few seconds later, the creature fully materializes, bringing madness and death to all who witness it.

Hounds do not consume flesh—they require blood, which they suck up through their hollow tongue.

Hounds of Tindalos lack enzymes, effectively rendering them immortal. Although

they can be slain by physical violence, they have a remarkable resistance to matter created in curved space. Should a victim discover a means of harming a Hound, it will forgo the hunt and return to its own place in space and time once seriously injured.

Reaction to Summoning: Not even a lunatic would seek to summon a Hound of Tindalos. They cannot be bargained with or cowed by displays of power. They exist purely to hunt and their chosen prey lives in curved space.

HOUND OF TINDALOS

Follower 2

Archetype: *Creature from another dimension*; **Motivation:** *Survival*; **Style:** 0

Primary Attributes: Body 4, Dexterity 3, Strength 4, Charisma 0, Intelligence 1, Willpower 3



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Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 7, Perception 6, Initiative 4, Defense 7, Stun 7, Health 7, Horror 5

Skills: Brawl 9, Stealth 8, Survival 6

Talents: Alertness (+2 Perception rating), Mobile Attack (Can attack and move simultaneously)

Resources: —

Flaws: Bestial (Cannot speak or use tools)

Weapons: Claws 10L, Tongue 11L

Alien Physiology: Beings from a dimension alien to mankind, Hounds of Tindalos are immune to mundane weapons. Only magic, which draws on angles and curves, can harm them.

A Hound reduced to zero Health abandons the hunt, returning to its proper position in space-time through its next Move action.

Pus: Hounds of Tindalos are covered in vile smelling bluish gel. Any character who passes within 10 feet of a Hound or one of its victims (which are found covered in the goo) must make a Body x 2 roll (Difficulty 3) or be stunned for one combat turn.

Time Travel: Although the Hounds can travel through time, the journey takes time. The exact time is determined by the Game-master, but at minimum victims should have several days to prepare for a Hound's arrival.

MARTENSE KIN

A century or so ago, the Martenses (see p. 44) were a respectable if rather insular family. Insularity led to inbreeding, inbreeding to degeneracy, and degeneracy to cannibalism. Today, they are more beast than man, having forgotten how to speak and use tools.

Dwarfed and deformed to the last, covered in filthy white hair, and with sharp yellow fangs, they are more ape than man in general appearance.

Having abandoned their ancestral mansion, the descendants of the Martense family lurk in a network of tunnels they have excavated for miles around the estate. When thunderstorms roar overhead, they silently slip out of their warrens in great packs and hunt for human flesh. The cannibals are excellent hunters, moving through undergrowth with supernatural silence.

Reaction to Summoning: For all their

bestial nature, the Martense Kin are human, and thus cannot be conjured through the Summon (Horror) ritual.

MARTENSE KIN

Follower 1

Archetype: *Degenerate Everyman*; **Motivation:** *Survival*; **Style:** 0

Primary Attributes: Body 3, Dexterity 2, Strength 4, Charisma 0, Intelligence 1, Willpower 2

Secondary Attributes: Size -1, Move 6, Perception 3, Initiative 3, Defense 6, Stun 3, Health 4, Horror 3

Skills: Athletics 5, Brawl 6, Stealth 8, Survival 5

Talents: Skill Aptitude (+2 Stealth rating)

Resources: —

Flaws: Bestial (Cannot speak or use tools)

Weapons: Bite 7L, Punch 6N

* *Martense Kin have a +1 Size bonus on Stealth rolls.*

MEN OF K'N-YAN

Although they are the ancestors of certain Indian tribes, the men of K'n-yan are not native to earth. Rather, they were brought here by their master—great Cthulhu. Here they constructed cities on the surface world and interacted with humans in between glacial ages, until a global deluge forced them underground.

In the early days of their isolation, they turned to science to provide what they needed. Despite making great strides, including conquering death, they ultimately abandoned science, finding it a futile exercise. Instead, they began to enhance their mental powers. Among the abilities common to the race are the capacity to reanimate the dead, communicate telepathically, and read minds.

The Men of K'n-Yan consider themselves a master race. They do not toil in the fields or work in factories to produce essential goods. Such odious tasks are the responsibility of their slaves. Of these, some are the descendants of enemies conquered in ages old wars. Most, though, are animated corpses, their bodies shaped and molded to suit the task they have been assigned.

The Men of K'n-Yan consider themselves the superiors of humans and yet they share at least one of mankind's base yearnings—a love of gold and silver. Not just restricted to personal jewelry, the inner walls of temples are covered in sheets of beaten precious metals.

With no need to work, and with poverty nonexistent, the masters turned their efforts to a new endeavor—discovering new sensations to relieve the tedium of eternal life. As a result, they have become highly decadent. Their art, for instance, lacks both depth and emotion. In packed arenas, master body-sculptors warp the flesh of slaves into grotesque forms for the amusement of the crowd.

Originally followers of Yig and Cthulhu, the Men of K'n-Yan experimented briefly with worshipping Tsathoggua, whose slumbering mass they discovered in the darn caverns of N'kai. Having discovered the truth behind his abysmal servants, they hurriedly abandoned the faith and returned to honoring their traditional deities. Today, all mention of Tsathoggua's name is forbidden on penalty of death.

Reaction to Summoning: No Summon (Horror) ritual exists to conjure the Men of K'n-Yan.

MEN OF K'N-YAN

Ally 1

Archetype: *Decadent Everyman*; **Motivation:** *Duty*; **Style:** 0

Primary Attributes: Body 2, Dexterity 2, Strength 2, Charisma 2, Intelligence 4, Willpower 3

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 4, Perception 7, Initiative 6, Defense 4, Stun 2, Health 5, Horror —

Skills: Academics (History) 6, Connoisseur 6, Diplomacy 6, Empathy 5, Investigation 5, Linguistics 5, Medicine 8

Talents: Mentalism (Telepathy, Mind Control)

Resources: —

Flaws: Blasé (+1 Style point whenever one's indifference causes harm), Sadism (+1 Style point whenever one is needlessly cruel to their friends or enemies)

Weapons: Punch 0N

Spark of Life: All Men of K'n-Yan have the



ability to reanimate the dead and sculpt flesh. In game terms, this is handled through the Spark of Life Talent. Instead of taking a week of work, each die roll during the design and construction phases takes just one hour.

NIGHT-GAUNT

Only those skilled dreamers who know how to reach the Dreamlands, or innocent sleepers who have strayed too close to its borders with the world of the wakeful, have seen a night-gaunt. Native to the realm of Hypnos, where they serve the ghouls as war steeds and scouts, night-gaunts are found on earth only when summoned by magicians.

Night-gaunts are tall and thin, with black, whale-like skin that is smooth and oily to the touch. With their batlike wings, horned heads,

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and barbed tails, they are the archetypical image of devils. Indeed, their appearance in the fevered dreams of pious prophets and holy men of old may have given birth to belief in satanic imps.

Night-gaunts are mindless in the same way as mundane animals might be labelled such. Whether they understand speech or the emphasis behind speech is much debated by dreamers and students of elder lore. What is certainly without doubt is that night-gaunts can utter no sounds. Neither can they make facial expressions, for the visage of a night-gaunt is totally blank, lacking even eyes (though their vision is not impaired by this apparent infirmity).

Reaction to Summoning: Night-gaunts make ideal servants, for they ask nothing in return for service. They are capricious creatures, though, and a firm hand is required when dealing with them.

NIGHT-GAUNT

Follower 2

Archetype: *Alien*; **Motivation:** *Survival*; **Style:** 0

Primary Attributes: Body 4, Dexterity 3, Strength 6, Charisma 0, Intelligence 0, Willpower 3

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 9 (Fly 18), Perception 5, Initiative 3, Defense 7 (9), Stun 4, Health 7, Horror 4

Skills: Athletics 7, Brawl 10 (*Grapple 11*), Empathy 5 (*Intuition 9*), Stealth 8

Talents: Alertness (+2 Perception rating), Strong (+1 Strength rating)

Resources: —

Flaws: Bestial (Cannot speak or use tools)

Weapons: Claws 10L, Barbed Tail 10L, Grapple 11

* *Night-gaunts have +2 Passive Defence due to their rubbery bodies.*

Grab & Carry: In order to carry an unwilling passenger aloft, a night-gaunt must first grab it. This is achieved by making a grapple.

Hydrophobia: Night-gaunts have a fear of flying over water and refuse to do so unless coerced. This requires an Animal Handling or Intimidation roll with a Difficulty equal to the mount's Willpower rating.

Tickle: Night-gaunts are frequently tasked

with carrying passengers. Unwilling passengers, or willing ones who struggle out of fear, find themselves subjected to a perverse tickling.

The night-gaunt makes a Grapple roll. If it scores successes in excess of the victim's Body rating, the passenger is stunned for a number of combat turns equal to the excess successes. If the night-gaunt scores more than double the victim's Body rating, the duration is increased to one minute per additional success.

RAT THING

Created by Nyarlathotep from cultists who have failed him and given to favored witches to serve as familiars, all that separates Rat Things from conventional rats are their faces. In place of rodent features, they have the visage of bearded humans of evil countenance. Although animals, Rat Things are highly cunning.

Reaction to Summoning: Rather than answering a summons itself, a Rat Thing is let loose by Nyarlathotep. The Crawling Chaos has no cares about whom the Rat Thing will temporarily serve, nor about what services it may perform. Once a magician realizes the benefits of having a Rat Thing familiar he is likely to crave a permanent servitor, and that means making a deal with Nyarlathotep in person.

RAT THING

Follower 0

Archetype: *Familiar*; **Motivation:** *Duty*; **Style:** 0

Primary Attributes: Body 1, Dexterity 3, Strength 1, Charisma 0, Intelligence 2, Willpower 2

Secondary Attributes: Size -4, Move 4, Perception 6, Initiative 5, Defense 8, Stun 1, Health 0, Horror 3

Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Stealth 8*

Talents: Alertness (+2 Perception rating)

Resources: —

Flaws: Bestial (Cannot speak or use tools)

Weapons: Bite 4L, Claws 4L

* *Rat Things have a +4 Size bonus on Stealth rolls.*

Familiar: A Rat Thing within five feet of its master grants the magician a +2 bonus on all Casting rolls.

SHOGGOTH

Created by the Elder Things to serve them as beasts of burden and laborers, Shoggoths' natural form is that of an enormous sphere (around 15 feet across) of black, faintly luminous, multi-cellular protoplasm—a seething agglutination of horrid jelly that has no right to exist in an ordered world.

At first the Shoggoths were docile servants, molding their plastic tissue into a variety of temporary organs and limbs only under the mental command of their creators. More often than not they were used for their great strength, lifting vast blocks of stone to construct the Elder Things' sprawling cities.

Over time, the Shoggoths developed rudimentary intelligence. Far from sentient, they could nevertheless mold their flesh, if such abhorrent material can be called such, of their own volition. Rising up against their overlords, the Shoggoths engaged them in a lengthy and bitter war. Although defeated and enslaved once more, they were never again trusted by the Elder Things.

Abdul Alhazred, the insane author of the malignant *Necronomicon*, took great pains in ensuring future readers that Shoggoths have never existed on earth. In that regard, he was greatly mistaken. When the Elder Things abandoned their surface cities, they left their tame Shoggoth servants behind to act as guardians. Others, having already earned their freedom during the rebellion, continue to lurk in the deep caverns and ocean trenches they have made their home.

Shoggoths are equally at home on land or in water and are immune to the effects of pressure and cold.

Unlike the Black Spawn of Tsathoggua, Shoggoths do not bother forming temporary limbs to fight. Instead, they simply flow over their opponents, using suction to pull them limb from limb. They take great delight in sucking the heads from their victims. Whether this is a source of nutrition or merely a tactic invented in the war against the Elder Things is unknown.

Reaction to Summoning: It takes a brave summoner to conjure a Shoggoth. A mindless creature that exists only to kill, they see magicians as just another meal.



The only hope one has of survival is to communicate with it mentally (through the Mind Control Talent or a weird science or occult device producing the same effect). In this way, the Shoggoth's deep-seated, but not forgotten, loyalty to the Elder Race is rekindled.

SHOGGOTH

Follower 3

Archetype: *Alien*; **Motivation:** *Survival*;
Style: 0

Primary Attributes: Body 8, Dexterity 3, Strength 9, Charisma 0, Intelligence 0, Willpower 4

Secondary Attributes: Size 4, Move 12 (Swim 12), Perception 4, Initiative 5, Defense 7 (11)*, Stun 8, Health 16, Horror 6

Skills: Brawl 13, Stealth 0**

Talents: Quick Reflexes (+2 Initiative rating),

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Skill Aptitude (+2 Brawl rating), Strong (+1 Strength rating)

Resources: —

Flaws: Bestial (Cannot speak or use tools)

Weapons: Grapple 13 (see below), Trample 13N

* *Shoggoths have +4 Passive Defence due to their amorphous bodies.*

** *Shoggoths have a -4 Size penalty on Stealth rolls.*

Obscene Stench: Any character who passes within 10 feet of a Shoggoth or one of its victims (which are found covered in black slime) must make a Body x 2 roll (Difficulty 3) or be stunned for one combat turn.

Suction: A Shoggoth simultaneously attacks every living within a 15 feet diameter circle with a grapple attack. Once a victim is grabbed, the Shoggoth automatically inflicts its Strength damage each combat turn. Victims grabbed may use their full Defense (being able to twist and turn). Those pinned may only defend using their Passive Defence.

SPAWN OF CTHULHU

Cthulhu, worshipped as a god by an insane cult, did not descend from the stars alone. With him came an army of creatures sometimes known as Star Spawn, beings similar in appearance but of much reduced stature—they stand only around 50 feet high. Whether Cthulhu is their king or, as some texts suggest, a high priest of the Great Old Ones, or the progenitor of the species, is a mystery best left undisturbed.

Most of these so-called Spawn of Cthulhu were trapped in R'lyeh when it sank, saved from death by the powerful rituals invoked by Cthulhu as the waves rose over the strangely shaped buildings. Others survived the deluge, seeking sanctuary in remote parts of the world. A small few dove into the deep trenches of the sea, cloaking themselves in spells of slumber to await the return of Cthulhu and spells of protection to safeguard their sleeping hulks from the environment.

Reaction to Summoning: Compared to the Spawn, man is as insignificant as an insect is to mankind. Indeed, the needs and wants of

humans are as meaningless to these monstrous star beings as the desires of amoebae.

SPAWN OF CTHULHU

Ally 4

Archetype: Alien; **Motivation:** Survival; **Style:** 3

Primary Attributes: Body 13, Dexterity 3, Strength 13, Charisma 0, Intelligence 4, Willpower 4

Secondary Attributes: Size 8, Move 16 (Swim 32), Perception 8, Initiative 6, Defense 8 (14)*, Stun 12, Health 26, Horror 6

Skills: Athletics 15, Brawl 17, Stealth -3**, Survival 4

Talents: Skill Aptitude (+2 Brawl rating), Sweep 2 (Ignores up to 4 points of penalties when performing a sweep), Swim (Doubles Swim speed)

Resources: —

Flaws: Alien (Cannot speak or use tools)

Weapons: Claw 17L, Trample 17N

* *Spawn of Cthulhu have +6 Passive Defence due to their thick hides and dense muscles.*

** *Spawn of Cthulhu have a -8 Size penalty on Stealth rolls.*

Non-terrestrial Biology: The alien biology of the Spawn of Cthulhu makes them difficult to harm. Non-magical weapons have their damage rating reduced to zero. Thus, a light cannon would inflict 0L damage, instead relying solely on the firer's Gunnery Skill to inflict harm on the fiend.

Regeneration: The bizarre biology of Spawn allows them to heal at supernatural rates. At the start of each combat turn, the Gamemaster should roll four dice. Each success heals the Spawn of one wound, starting with any nonlethal wounds.

Spawn reduced to -5 Health or lower are slain. They dissolve into nothingness, removing all evidence they ever existed.

SPAWN OF SHUB-NIGGURATH

Despite her name occurring in many rituals and chants, Shub-Niggurath remains something of an enigma. Discussions concerning her

GODS, MONSTERS, & CULTISTS

“Thousand Young” often lead to confusion, for there are two separate entities that serve in this purpose. Each is described separately below.

SPAWN OF SHUB-NIGGURATH, SATYR

The first spawn are goat-legged, satyr-like entities, though in place of hair they have tiny tentacles and their phallus is an enormous writhing, red tentacle. Their eye sockets are empty, their eyes being attached to the end of the horns that sprout from their heads. Rather than being rigid and fixed, the horns are pliant, able to rotate in any direction.

The title “spawn” is somewhat misleading, for these entities were not birthed by Shub-Niggurath is any traditional sense of the world. Most were once human, sacrifices forced to consume the deity’s mutagenic sap. Others are cultists offered the chance for immortality and eternal servitude through consumption of the same fluid. Regardless of their former status, their new form is always male and has black skin.

These vile horrors are capable of leaping prodigious distances in a single bound, and may be responsible for the so-called Devil’s Footprints (1855) and the creature known as Springsheeled Jack.

Reaction to Summoning (Satyr): Magicians most often summon these entities to partake in ritualistic orgies. The union of a mating between one of these abominations and a human is always monstrous in appearance but favored by the cult of Shub-Niggurath. The satyr spawn are not fussy about with whom, or what, they mate. In return for a sexual partner (willing or not), they will undertake most any task offered them.

The “seed” of these monsters is sometimes collected by cultists for spreading on the fields or orchards. This ensures the next harvest will be especially bountiful.

Follower 2

Archetype: *Alien*; **Motivation:** *Survival*;
Style: 0

Primary Attributes: Body 5, Dexterity 3, Strength 3, Charisma 0, Intelligence 1, Willpower 3

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 6, Perception 4, Initiative 4, Defense 8, Stun 5, Health 8, Horror 4

Skills: Athletics 6, Brawl 7, Stealth 6

Talents: Jump (Jumping distance is doubled)

Resources: —

Flaws: Bestial (Cannot speak or use tools)

Weapons: Punch 7N, Kick 7L

SPAWN OF SHUB-NIGGURATH, THOUSAND YOUNG

It is the second type of spawn for which the Thousand Young are truly named. An unholy amalgam of many forms of insect life, the black, biting, stinging insects can kill a human in seconds. Not every swarm is identical—some bite, consuming human flesh like hungry locusts—while others riddle their prey with thousands of painful stings that cause the victim to bloat hideously and ooze green pus.

Reaction to Summoning (Swarm): Always truly mindless, the swarm can intuit the commands of a magician. Unless ordered to slay a nominated victim, the swarm quickly turns on its summoner.

Follower 0

Archetype: *Alien Swarm*; **Motivation:** *Survival*;
Style: 0

Primary Attributes: Body 0, Dexterity 5, Strength 0, Charisma 0, Intelligence 0, Willpower 4

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 5 (Fly 10), Perception 4, Initiative 5, Defense 5, Stun 0, Health 12, Horror 4

Skills: Brawl 5, Stealth 6

Talents/Resources: —

Flaws: Bestial (Cannot speak or use tools)

Weapons: Bite 13L

Swarm: Only attacks with an Area of Effect inflict full damage on a swarm. All other weapons inflict a maximum of one point of damage per hit.

CULTS

Described below are three cults devoted to the Great Old Ones. The Mythos Tale entry de-

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notes in which of Lovecraft's tales the relevant cult is most heavily featured.

CHURCH OF STARRY WISDOM

Also known as the Starry Wisdom Cult, this sect worships the Haunter of the Dark, an aspect of Nyarlathotep summoned through the Shining Trapezohedron. In return for unspeakable sacrifices, the Haunter of the Dark imparts a sliver of its seemingly omniscient knowledge of the universe to the cultists.

Unlike many cults associated with the grotesque and maddening deities of the Mythos, the Church of Starry Wisdom is modern. The brainchild of Professor Enoch, it was founded in 1844 after the archaeologist returned from Egypt, where he was excavating the Lightless Crypt of Nephren-Ka (see p. 34).

At first the Church was largely ignored as yet another esoteric order in a society fascinated by such matters. When people began to disappear,

suspicion began to mount among the locals that the organization was far from wholesome. Despite the growing antagonism toward it, the Church managed to attract some 200 members. Eventually the Church closed down and left town in 1877, along with 181 citizens.

Cryptic rumors hint that none of the cultists actually made it beyond the city limits, but were instead dealt a punishment more befitting their crimes. This might hold a grain of truth, for the church building used by the cult was abandoned with its collection of occult tomes still in place.

The Church may have been dealt a blow, but it did not die out. A second branch existed in Chicago, though it ceased to exist after the Great Fire of 1871. For the entire 1880s, the Church operated in Yorkshire, England. Today, it exists in the hedonistic city of Paris.

PIERRE DEVEREAUX

A painter, hedonist, and deviant, well known in certain decadent quarters of Paris



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but shunned by polite society at large for his disturbing images, Pierre Devereaux is a leading member of the newly founded Paris branch of the Church of Starry Wisdom.

Though the primary passion, one might say mania, of this cultured and educated young man is painting tableaux concerning locations beyond the time and space of humanity's limited grasp of reality inspired by fevered, opium-fuelled dreams received from Nyarlathotep (in his guise as the Haunter of the Dark), Devereaux is a keen collector of occult tomes.

He has been investigated by the French police concerning the disappearance of prostitutes, but no evidence exists to link him to any crime. Devereaux does not shy away from these accusations or attempt to deflect questions. Indeed, he frequently makes mention of his various brushes with the law.

Patron 2

Archetype: *Artist*; **Motivation:** *Truth*;
Style: 2

Primary Attributes: Body 3, Dexterity 2, Strength 3, Charisma 3, Intelligence 3, Willpower 4

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 5, Perception 7, Initiative 5, Defense 5, Stun 3, Health 7, Horror —

Skills: Academics: Literature 5, Academics: Occult 4, Art: Painting 6, Elder Lore 6, Linguistics 5, Magic: Black Magic 8, Performance 5, Streetwise 6

Talents: Natural Leader (Can boost Allies as if it were a Talent)

Resources: Fame 1 (Artist; +2 Social bonus), Rank 1 (Church of Starry Wisdom; +2 Social bonus)

Rituals: Astral Projection, Contact Deity: Nyarlathotep, Empower, Harm

Flaws: Fanatical (+1 Style point whenever his devotion causes harm or he converts someone else to his way of thinking)

Weapons: Punch 0N

TYPICAL MEMBER

Though many cultists associated with the Great Old Ones and their ilk are degenerates from the lowest classes of society, those of the Church of Starry Wisdom are usually more intel-

ligent and learned. Indeed, it is their craving for knowledge, and through knowledge power and status, that lures them to the insidious cult.

Ally 1

Archetype: *Academic*; **Motivation:** *Truth*;
Style: 0

Primary Attributes: Body 2, Dexterity 2, Strength 2, Charisma 2, Intelligence 2, Willpower 2

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 4, Perception 4, Initiative 4, Defense 4, Stun 2, Health 4, Horror —

Skills: Academics: Pick one 4, Bureaucracy 4, Diplomacy 4, Elder Lore 4, Linguistics 4

Talents: —

Resources: Rank 0 (Church of Starry Wisdom; +1 Social bonus), Status 0 (Prominent academic; +1 Social bonus)

Flaws: Fanatical (+1 Style point whenever his devotion causes harm or he converts someone else to his way of thinking)

Weapons: Punch 0N

CULT OF CTHULHU

When the stars are right, the Great Old Ones can move between the stars. Alien beings of unimaginable power, the Great Old Ones descended from the darkness of the celestial void before mankind's most distant ancestors crawled from the sea and drew in their first faltering breath.

Much later, they spoke to the men of the first civilization, that of forgotten Hyperborea, imparting wisdom through dreams and mental images. When R'lyeh sank beneath the waves, communication between Cthulhu and his favored minions ceased. What faint memories the priests retained became the foundation of a cult that still exists.

Cthulhu is trapped in R'lyeh, dead but not dead. Entombed within its own city, it lies and dreams, aware of all that transpires in time and space but unable to act. One day the stars will realign and R'lyeh will rise from the ocean floor. When that day nears, the cult will hear the call of Cthulhu and its members will travel to R'lyeh to break the great seal on Cthulhu's sepulcher.

Exactly when the call may come is not en-

LEAGUES OF CTHULHU

tirely clear. In the minds of some cultists, the stars must be right. That is, they must form the correct patterns in the night sky. Others hold that Cthulhu will stir from torpor when mankind transcends to the level of the Great Old One. Devoid of all notations of good and evil, of limiting morals and laws, men and women will dance freely of all burdens.

When the day comes, Cthulhu will rise to reclaim the world. On this day only the cultists will be spared, for while Cthulhu burns the world, the chosen will dance and revel and kill in new and ecstatic ways. Until that distant time, the cult must maintain the ancient traditions and protect the secret of Cthulhu.

The cult is far-reaching. From savage Inuit tribes in the frozen wastes of Greenland to the dank swamps of Louisiana to the sinister ports of the Far East, its members conduct similar rites. Their dances and chants are not untainted, though—much of the elder lore is lost to them, and elements of voodoo and shamanism have been added to fill the void.

The center of the cult is said to lie in the trackless deserts of Arabia, perhaps in Iram, the City of Pillars, which no man has dared to disturb save in his dreams. Others suggest Yian-Ho, the forbidden city in China inhabited only by mystics and madmen.

Although it has existed for eons, knowledge of the cult is extremely limited. It shares no heritage with the witch-cults of Europe, nor does any tome of lore make reference to it. Outsiders who learn of the cult's existence have a habit of dying in "accidents" or suddenly succumbing to death by "natural causes."

CAPTAIN JAN MATTHIAS

Sentenced to five years in a jail in French-Indochina for smuggling weapons, Dutch merchant captain Jan Matthias was packed into a filthy cell with dozens of other inmates. Among these was an elderly Chinese man.

Day after day, the man just sat there, muttering the same strange phrase over and over. Matthias' fellow inmates warned against talking to the "priest," who they said worshipped the devil, but the Dutchman was drawn to the slight figure. So it was that Mat-

thias learned of, and joined, the cult of dread Cthulhu.

That was 15 years ago. Since then, Matthias has resumed his career as a merchantman. During that time he has hired his ship out to numerous archaeological and exploratory expeditions. Save for a passing interest, the captain feigns no interest in his passengers' destination. In truth, he aims to learn if they pose any threat to the widespread cult.

While the captain might occasionally order his mangy crew, all cultists of Asian or Polynesian origin, to destroy a map or steal an artifact from passengers to thwart their research, he avoids violence—Matthias wants no stain on his reputation as a trustworthy captain. Anyway, deaths can be arranged through local branches of the cult once the passengers have safely disembarked.

Patron 2

Archetype: *Everyman*; **Motivation:** *Greed*; **Style:** 2

Primary Attributes: Body 3, Dexterity 3, Strength 4, Charisma 3, Intelligence 2, Willpower 3

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 7, Perception 5, Initiative 5, Defense 6, Stun 3, Health 6, Horror —

Skills: Athletics 5, Brawl 5, Con 5, Elder Lore 4, Expeditions 4, Firearms 5, Intimidation 5, Linguistics 4, Pilot: Nautical 5, Streetwise 5, Survival 4

Talents: Block (Performs the Block maneuver as a reflexive action), Vigorous Defence (May be attacked twice without penalty)

Resources: Rank 1 (Cult of Cthulhu; +2 Social bonus), Status 1 (Ship's captain; +2 Social bonus)

Ritual: Summon Deep Ones

Flaws: Inscrutable (+1 Style point whenever he is misunderstood or his mysterious motives cause trouble)

Weapons: Punch 5N, Heavy revolver 8L

TYPICAL MEMBER

Typical members are what society might refer to as degenerates—men and women of low intellect and breeding, often from a primitive culture or background.

GODS, MONSTERS, & CULTISTS

Ally 1

Archetype: *Everyman*; **Motivation:** *Duty*;
Style: 0

Primary Attributes: Body 3, Dexterity 2, Strength 3, Charisma 1, Intelligence 1, Willpower 2

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 5, Perception 3, Initiative 3, Defense 5, Stun 3, Health 5, Horror —

Skills*: Athletics 4, Brawl 4, Stealth 4, Survival 4

Talents: —

Resources: Rank 0 (Cult of Cthulhu; +1 Social bonus)

Flaws: Fanatical (+1 Style point whenever his devotion causes harm or he converts someone to the cult's way of thinking)

Weapons: Punch 4N

* *The cultist has 3 Skill points to assign. These should be used to add Skills relevant to the cultist's culture or occupation. For instance, a mariner might have Pilot: Nautical 5, whereas an Inuit hunter would have Melee 5 or Expeditions 4.*

ESOTERIC ORDER OF DAGON

During the 1830s, Captain Obed Marsh of Innsmouth traded extensively among the islands of the South Seas. On an unnamed island east of Tahiti, Marsh discovered ancient ruins similar to those discovered on Ponape (see *Leagues of Adventure*) and colossal carved heads reminiscent of those on Easter Island.

Living among the ruins was a primitive tribe. They were well fed, seemingly having inexhaustible stocks of fish, and wore bracelets, armlets, and tiaras of finely worked gold. After much persuasion, their leader, Chief Walakea, revealed to Marsh that their wealth came from offering young men and women to a race of beings that lived in the sea.

In typical Western style, Marsh traded worthless knickknacks and gewgaws to the natives in return for their gold. Eventually, Marsh learned for himself how to summon the “devil fish,” as the inhabitants of neighboring islands called them. In 1838, Marsh returned to the island to discover its population butchered, slaughtered by other tribes fearful of their strange ways.

With his source of wealth now lost, Marsh had to take drastic steps. On returning from his final voyage to the South Seas, Captain Marsh founded a new faith in Innsmouth—the Esoteric Order of Dagon. A mishmash of Christianity and pagan beliefs, it quickly attracted many adherents, drawn to the religion by the promise of gold artifacts and fish, the latter being greatly desired in the poverty-stricken fishing town.

The riches were gifts from Deep Ones, who had long inhabited Devil Reef, a small outcropping off Innsmouth harbor. Having established communication with them, Marsh and his inner circle began offering human sacrifices.

Not every resident accepted the cult's presence. The pastors of the conventional churches spoke out against the growing cult, but either quit in fear or were hounded out of town. Those sent to replace them, all former mariners, were already servants of Dagon.

By 1845, rumors of devil worship, and worse, circulated as far afield as Arkham. In early 1846, Marsh and his cronies were arrested and thrown into the town jail. According to the newspapers, Innsmouth was struck by plague and riot that same year.

Neither disaster actually occurred. Angered at the loss of sacrifices, the Deep Ones resident off the coast of Innsmouth swarmed out of the sea. Marsh was released, and residents who sided against the cult were slaughtered. Today, the Esoteric Order of Dagon is the *de facto* religion in Innsmouth.

Members must swear a series of oaths. The first is one of secrecy, forbidding members to speak of cult matters to outsiders. The second oath is one of loyalty, forcing a member to come to the aid of the cult or any of its members. The third, the most sacred, is to take a Deep One as husband or wife and sire children.

Despite its name, the cult also honors Mother Hydra and Cthulhu.

LARRINGTON WILKINS

Born and raised in Innsmouth, and a devout member of the Esoteric Order of Dagon, Wilkins rose rapidly through the ranks. Such was his faith that he was chosen to start a branch outside of Innsmouth. After much thought, Wilkins

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elected not for any of the great American cities, but for the heart of the civilized world—the mighty metropolis that is London.

A master of vocal trickery and able to spout lies with the same sincerity as when telling the truth, Wilkins has succeeded in gathering together a motley collection of sailors, longshoremen, and tramps, promising them material wealth as well as spiritual succor. Wilkins is a frequent visitor to Whitby (on England's northeast coast), where he hopes to start another branch of the cult.

Patron 1

Archetype: *Clergyman*; **Motivation:** *Faith*; **Style:** 1

Primary Attributes: Body 2, Dexterity 2, Strength 2, Charisma 4, Intelligence 2, Willpower 3

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 4, Perception 5, Initiative 4, Defense 4, Stun 2, Health 5, Horror —

Skills: Academics: Religion 4, Con 8, Elder Lore 3, Empathy 6, Intimidation 5, Medicine 4, Streetwise 5

Talents: Confusion (Works as Captivate, except it uses Con) Rabble-Rouser (Can boost Followers as if it were a Talent)

Resources: Rank 1 (Esoteric Order of Dagon; +2 Social bonus)

Rituals: Commune Cthulhu, Control Weather, Fear, Summon Dagon, Summon Deep Ones

Flaws: Secret (+1 Style point whenever he is confronted with the truth or goes out of his way to protect the secret)

Weapons: Punch 0N

TYPICAL MEMBER

Typical members of the Esoteric Order of Dagon are ordinary members of society—fishermen and craftsmen, husbands and wives, rich and poor. Unlike members of other cults, they have no wish to evangelize and draw in new recruits. Instead, they seek to keep foul practices unknown to the world at large.

Ally 1

Archetype: *Everyman*; **Motivation:** *Duty*; **Style:** 0

Primary Attributes: Body 2, Dexterity 2, Strength 2, Charisma 2, Intelligence 2, Willpower 2

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 4 (Swim 8), Perception 4, Initiative 4, Defense 4, Stun 2, Health 4, Horror —

Skills: Athletics 4, Brawl 4, Craft: Pick one 4 or Pilot: Nautical, Stealth 4, Survival 4

Talents: Swim (Doubles swimming speed)

Resources: Rank 0 (Esoteric Order of Dagon; +1 Social bonus)

Flaws: Disfigured: Innsmouth Look (+1 Style point whenever he is rejected because of his appearance), Secret (+1 Style point whenever he is confronted with the truth or goes out of his way to protect the secret)

Weapons: Punch 4N

NOTABLE PERSONS

The following entries can serve as allies or enemies of the globetrotters. Few of those intended as allies begin play with any knowledge of, or interest in, elder lore. Likely this will change during play.

As always in *Leagues* products, Rank, Refuge, and Status Resources are typically applied outside of the usual limits imposed by the person's Ally, Follower, or Patron level. Note that villains have no Sanity score. Many are already unhinged to a greater or lesser degree, and none suffer madness for witnessing the entities of the Mythos or for casting rituals. Further, all have the Well-Educated Talent for Elder Lore.

ANGELL, GEORGE GAMMELL

Fascinated by the early civilizations of the Middle East from an early age, Angell has devoted his life to studying their languages. Professor of Semitic Languages at Brown University, Providence, his help is frequently sought by museum curators and archaeologists. He is very much an indoors person, content to sit in the comfort of his office or study while others seek fortune and glory unearthing archaeological relics.

ANGELL, GEORGE GAMMELL

Patron 1

Archetype: *Academic*; **Motivation:** *Preservation*; **Style:** 1

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Primary Attributes: Body 3, Dexterity 2, Strength 2, Charisma 2, Intelligence 3, Willpower 3

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 4, Perception 6, Initiative 5, Defense 5, Stun 3, Health 6, Sanity 5

Skills: Academics: History 5, Bureaucracy 4 (*Academia* 5), Diplomacy 5, Empathy 5, Investigation 5, Linguistics 7 (*Semitic Languages* 10)

Talents: Skill Aptitude (+2 Linguistics: Semitic Languages rating)

Resources: Contacts 1 (Museums; +2 bonus), Status 1 (Professor; +2 Social bonus)

Flaws: Skeptic (+1 Style point whenever he proves an assertion wrong or convinces someone else to question their beliefs)

Weapons: Punch 0N

ARMITAGE, HENRY

Henry Armitage, A.M. Miskatonic, Ph.D. Princeton, Litt.D. Johns Hopkins, is the head librarian at Miskatonic University. He is regarded as a skilled linguist, though more renowned as an expert in the ciphers used by occultists during the middle ages to obfuscate their writings.

ARMITAGE, HENRY

Patron 1

Archetype: *Academic*; **Motivation:** *Truth*; **Style:** 1

Primary Attributes: Body 2, Dexterity 2, Strength 2, Charisma 3, Intelligence 4, Willpower 2

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 4, Perception 6, Initiative 6, Defense 4, Stun 2, Health 4, Sanity 5

Skills: Academics: History 5, Academics: Literature 5, Bureaucracy 5, Diplomacy 5, Empathy 5, Gambling 5, Investigation 7 (*Research* 8), Linguistics 7 (*Codes* 10)

Talents: Skill Aptitude (+2 Linguistics: Codes rating), Total Recall (Never forget anything)

Resources: Status 1 (Academic; +2 Social bonus)

Flaws: Curious (+1 Style point whenever

his curiosity gets him or his companions into trouble)

Weapons: Punch 0N

CHAMBERS, ROBERT

Born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1865, Robert William Chambers was educated first in America and later (1886-1893) in Paris. Initially favoring illustrations, Chambers suddenly begins writing weird fiction shortly after his return from Europe. His friends put his sudden change of career down to "foreign influences," little realizing that Chambers had been drawn into the haunting world of strange, alien gods after discovering a forbidden play, long thought lost, while in Paris.

Unable to reveal his knowledge openly lest he be thought a mad man, Chambers pens *The*



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King in Yellow, a prose version of the play, as a work of fiction in 1895. In doing so, he unwittingly creates a mental link between the realm of men and the utterly alien realm of the King in Yellow, a link that can be activated simply by reading the story.

Between then and the end of the century, Chambers pens a further dozen stories, each concerning the twisted lore of which he cannot help but dream each night.

CHAMBERS, ROBERT

Patron 1

Archetype: *Artist*; **Motivation:** *Truth*; **Style:** 1

Primary Attributes: Body 2, Dexterity 2, Strength 2 Charisma 3, Intelligence 3, Willpower 3

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 4, Perception 6, Initiative 5, Defense 4, Stun 2, Health 5, Sanity 5

Skills: Academics: Literature 1, Art: Drawing 5, Art: Writing 6, Diplomacy 5, Elder Lore 4: Tomes, Empathy 5, Investigation 5, Linguistics 5

Talents: None

Resources: Contacts 1 (Mysticism; +2 bonus), Fame 1 (Author; +2 Social bonus)

Flaws: Fainthearted (-2 to Horror checks; +1 Style point each time he must make a Horror check)

Weapons: Punch 0N

CLARENDON, DR. ALFRED

Medical director at San Quentin Penitentiary, Clarendon has earned a noted reputation as a physician and biologist, the latter for his work in the study of diseases.

A frequent traveller to Asia, from where many outbreaks of pestilence originate, Clarendon discovered a previously undocumented disease on his last voyage. After much study, he has deduced the disease is not of terrestrial origin.

Driven by the desire to be remembered for eternity, Clarendon is deliberately infecting patients with the disease. His hope is that, having studied the infection, he can devise a cure. After that all he has to do is start an outbreak, announce his find (following a few deaths, of

course), and embrace the glory he expects to receive. He is, naturally, quite mad.

Clarendon has a poor bedside manner, being more interested in whatever disease is ravaging a patient's body than the well-being of his charge. He has an intense dislike of authority figures, especially those who dare to interfere with his work.

CLARENDON, DR. ALFRED

Patron 2

Archetype: *Scientist*; **Motivation:** *Glory*; **Style:** 2

Primary Attributes: Body 3, Dexterity 2, Strength 3, Charisma 3, Intelligence 4, Willpower 3

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 5, Perception 7, Initiative 6, Defense 5, Stun 3, Health 6, Horror —

Skills: Brawl 4, Con 5, Craft: Pharmacology 6, Intimidation 5, Investigation 6, Linguistics 6, Medicine 8 (*Diagnosis 9, Diseases 9*), Science: Biology 8

Talents: Lifesaver (Improved healing ability)

Resources: Fame 1 (Biologist; +2 Social bonus), Refuge: Equipment 1 (+2 to Medicine rolls)

Flaws: Aloof (+1 Style point whenever his business-like attitude causes him trouble)

Weapons: Punch 4N

HUTCHINSON, EDWARD

In the wild mountains that curve protectively around eastern Transylvania there stands a castle, one of many in the region. Situated on a high crag overlooking the forested landscape below, the castle has a poor reputation among the superstitious locals. No particular legend is attached to the weather-worn structure—those who have ventured near report feelings of great unease, though, as if some malignant presence was studying them.

The castle, as far as the world is concerned, is home to Baron Ferenczy, a reclusive nobleman. In the eyes of the locals, the baron is merely an odd man with strange customs. In truth, he is far older, and far stranger, than they could ever imagine. The “baron” was born

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Edward Hutchinson in Salem, Massachusetts. A sorcerer, Hutchinson disappeared sometime before the infamous witch trials commenced. Through perverse and arcane means, Hutchinson has endured for over 200 years.

HUTCHINSON, EDWARD

Patron 2

Archetype: *Occultist*; **Motivation:** *Survival*;
Style: 2

Primary Attributes: Body 4, Dexterity 2, Strength 2, Charisma 2, Intelligence 4, Willpower 4

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 4, Perception 8, Initiative 6, Defense 6, Stun 4, Health 8, Horror —

Skills: Academics: History 5, Academics: Occult 8, Academics: Religion 5, Con 7, Diplomacy 4, Elder Lore 6, Intimidation 5, Investigation 6, Linguistics 6, Melee 4

Talents: Parry (Can Parry as a reflexive action), Skill Aptitude (+2 Academics: Occult rating), Skill Aptitude (+2 Con rating)

Resources: Refuge: Size 3 (Small castle), Refuge: Equipment 1 (+2 to Casting rolls)*, Status 1 (Baron; +2 Social bonus)

Rituals: Commune Nyarlathotep, Elder Sign, Greater Hex, Harm, Spirit Binding

Flaws: Secret: Immortal sorcerer (+1 Style point whenever he is confronted with the truth or goes out of his way to protect the secret)

Weapons: Punch 0N, Arming sword 7L

* *Bonus from his Refuge: Size Resource.*

MASON, KEZIAH

Jailed in 1692 under charges of witchcraft, Keziah vanished from her cell, leaving behind only a gibbering jailer and strange symbols smeared on the cell wall in blood.

Keziah, an uneducated woman by any traditional definition of the word, knew what certain mathematicians are today only beginning to speculate upon—that space is comprised of curves and angles, and that by aligning them in the correct manner one can travel outside the confines of conventional space. How she came by this knowledge is not recorded, though it

seems likely it was a gift from her hellish patron—Yog-Sothoth.

Nigh on two centuries have passed since her disappearance, but time has not yet laid claim to Keziah Mason. She lives still, travelling through dimensions in her quest for power, and visiting her native realm only occasionally to partake in rituals held by witch-cults. Accompanying her on her sojourns is Brown Jenkin, her faithful Rat-Thing familiar.

Keziah's appearance has not changed. In many ways she is the archetypal image of a witch, having a bent back and long nose. When she deigns to speak, it is in a croaking voice.

MASON, KEZIAH

Patron 2

Archetype: *Occultist*; **Motivation:** *Power*;
Style: 2

Primary Attributes: Body 3, Dexterity 2, Strength 2, Charisma 2, Intelligence 4, Willpower 5

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 4, Perception 9, Initiative 6, Defense 5, Stun 3, Health 8, Horror 2

Skills: Academics: Occult 8, Athletics 4, Elder Lore 7, Intimidation 9, Linguistics 5, Science: Mathematics 9

Talents: Fearsome (Can temporarily frighten opponents), Fearsome Attack (Uses Intimidation when making unarmed attacks), Skill Aptitude (+2 Intimidation rating)

Resources: Follower 0 (Brown Jenkin)

Rituals: Call Nyarlathotep, Commune Nyarlathotep, Commune Yog-Sothoth*, Drain Life, Elder Sign, Fear, Gate*, Harm, Nightmare, Summon Dimensional Shambler*, True Name of Azathoth

Flaws: Bad Reputation (+1 Style point whenever her bad reputation causes problems)

Weapons: Nails 5L

* *Keziah uses her Science: Mathematics as her Casting roll for these rituals.*

ORNE, SIMON

A native of Salem, Orne managed to survive the period of the New England witch trials without attracting undue attention. By 1720,



though, people were beginning to question his youthful appearance, for he had not aged a day, despite the passage of many decades. Orne vanished a short while later.

Nothing was seen or heard of him until 1760, when Jedediah, his supposed son (a man who resembled his father to a remarkable degree), came to Salem to lay claim to his father's estate. This scion did not tarry long, selling his "father's" estate with all haste and vanishing into obscurity once more.

Orne had good reason to hurry, for the good folk of Salem were still wary of his family and many recognized the face of Simon Orne.

As some locals suspected, father and son were the same man. An occultist and chemist, Orne had discovered a means of prolonging his life indefinitely. Unfortunately, his method

requires the use of human fluids in quantities no one person could provide.

Having changed his name to Josef Nadek, Orne has resided in Prague for several decades. Although he has never been charged with any wrongdoing, his evil demeanor has led to him developing an unsavory reputation in his neighborhood.

ORNE, SIMON

Patron 1

Archetype: *Occultist*; **Motivation:** *Survival*;
Style: 1

Primary Attributes: Body 2, Dexterity 2,
Strength 2, Charisma 2, Intelligence 3, Will-
power 4

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 4, Percep-

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tion 7, Initiative 5, Defense 4, Stun 2, Health 6, Horror —

Skills: Brawl 4, Con 4, Craft: Pharmacology 5, Investigation 5, Linguistics 5, Science: Chemistry 7

Talents: Weird Science: Chemistry (Can create chemical gadgets)

Resources: Refuge: Equipment 1 (+2 Science: Chemistry bonus)

Rituals: Astral Projection, Commune Yog-Sothoth, Drain Life, Raise Dead

Flaws: Bad Reputation (+1 Style point whenever his bad reputation causes problems)

Weapons: Punch 4N

ROBINS, ELIOT

Of Polish stock (his grandfather's surname was Kolchak), Robins is a reporter for the Arkham Gazette. Born and raised in a poorer part of Arkham, Robins grew up immersed in stories of witches and other strangeness.

Robins is well aware that Arkham is far from ordinary. The taint of the centuries old witch-cults has never gone away and there are narrow streets and out of the way places where sane men do not walk after sunset.

Robins has documented several instances of the supernatural, but none of his stories have ever been published. Partly this is due to a lack of reliable witnesses, partly because Robins is a terrible photographer (his photographs of witches and other entities are always blurry), and partly because while the residents of Arkham know their town is cursed they don't want to be reminded of this on a daily basis.

One thing Eliot has in abundance is natural charm. What he lacks in diplomacy he more than makes up for with a smooth tongue that could convince an Inuit to purchase ice.

ROBINS, ELIOT

Patron 1

Archetype: Reporter; **Motivation:** Truth; **Style:** 0

Primary Attributes: Body 2, Dexterity 2, Strength 3, Charisma 4, Intelligence 3, Willpower 2

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 5, Percep-

tion 5, Initiative 4, Defense 4, Stun 2, Health 5, Sanity 6

Skills: Art: Photography 3, Art: Writing 4, Athletics 4, Brawl 4, Bureaucracy 4, Con 7 (*Fast Talk* 8), Firearms 4, Investigation 5 (*Interview* 6)

Talents: Charismatic (+1 Charisma rating), Run (Doubles running speed)

Resources: Rank 1 (Press Club; +2 Social bonus)

Flaws: Weirdness Magnet (+1 Style point whenever he ends up involved in supernatural events through no fault of his own)

Weapons: Punch 4N, Heavy revolver 7L

TYPER, ALONZO HASBROUCH

Educated at the universities of Columbia (New York) and Heidelberg (Germany), Typer has long been fascinated by the occult and the idea of alternative history. An explorer as much as an author, Typer has spent long months in Nepal, India, Tibet, and French-Indochina, questioning mystics and exploring ruins. In 1899, as part of an expedition arranged by the Society of Antiquarians, he spends much of the year on Easter Island studying the enigmatic stone heads.

TYPER, ALONZO HASBROUCH

Patron 1

Archetype: Artist; **Motivation:** Wisdom; **Style:** 1

Primary Attributes: Body 2, Dexterity 2, Strength 3, Charisma 3, Intelligence 3, Willpower 2

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 5, Perception 5, Initiative 5, Defense 4, Stun 2, Health 4, Sanity 4

Skills: Academics 6, Anthropology 4, Art: Writing 6, Athletics 4, Brawl 4, Bureaucracy 4, Diplomacy 4, Elder Lore 4, Investigation 5, Linguistics 4

Talents: Well-Educated (Treats Academics as a general Skill)

Resources: Contacts 1 (Mysticism: +2 bonus), Rank 1 (Ghost Club; +2 Social bonus)

Flaws: Independent (+1 Style point whenever his insistence in doing things on his own or rejection of help causes trouble)

Weapons: Punch 4N

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WHATELEY, LAVINIA

Born in 1878, Lavinia is the only child of Old Whateley (see below). Fate has dealt her a cruel hand, for she is an ugly, physically deformed albino. An odd child shunned by her neighbors, Lavinia wanders alone in the thick woods that surround her home in all weathers, muttering quietly to herself and dreaming of terrible things of which right-minded children should not be aware. The girl has not an ounce of formal education, but she has knowledge in disjointed aspects of elder lore, having been read many of the accursed books owned by her father.

WHATELEY, LAVINIA

Ally 1

Archetype: *Everyman*; **Motivation:** *Survival*;
Style: 0

Primary Attributes: Body 2, Dexterity 2, Strength 1, Charisma 1, Intelligence 3, Willpower 3

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 3, Perception 6, Initiative 3, Defense 4, Stun 2, Health 5, Horror —

Skills: Academics: Occult 6, Athletics 4, Elder Lore 5, Empathy 5

Talents: Direction Sense (Knows direction)

Resources: —

Flaws: Albino (+1 Style point whenever she suffers harm or discrimination due to her lack of pigmentation), Disfigured (+1 Style point whenever she is rejected because of her appearance)

Weapons: Punch 0N

WHATELEY, OLD

If Old Whateley has a given name, no one, perhaps not even the man himself, knows what it is. Likewise, none can say exactly how old he is, for there is no paperwork concerning his birth and he has appeared elderly for decades.

This may be an age of scientific advancement and reasoned thought, but among the backward folk of rural Massachusetts Old Whateley is regarded as a black magician and secretly accused of many foul deeds. He was suspected of murdering his wife in 1890. Her

death was certainly violent and brutal, but no charges were ever pressed.

Old Whateley is indeed as foul as his neighbors believe. A dedicated worshipper of Yog-Sothoth, the crazy old man is attempting to have the Great Old One impregnate his daughter, Lavinia. To what hideous purpose is perhaps mercifully best left unwritten. Whateley owns a small library of books concerning elder lore, but they are in poor condition, being eaten by worms and covered in mildew.

The Whateley farm is neglected to the point of near collapse, yet Whateley does not want for money. Indeed, on the rare occasions he visits town for supplies, he pays in archaic gold coins. Where he acquired these is subject to much speculation, but none has the courage to poke around the remote farm.

WHATELEY, OLD

Patron 1

Archetype: *Occultist*; **Motivation:** *Power*;
Style: 1

Primary Attributes: Body 3, Dexterity 2, Strength 3, Charisma 1, Intelligence 2, Willpower 4

Secondary Attributes: Size 0, Move 5, Perception 6, Initiative 4, Defense 5, Stun 3, Health 9, Horror —

Skills: Academics: Occult 5, Athletics 5, Elder Lore 5, Intimidation 6, Stealth 4

Talents: Robust (+2 Health rating)

Resources: Artifact 0 (Powder of Ibn Ghazi), Refuge: Equipment 0 (+1 to Elder Lore rolls)*
Rituals: Call Yog-Sothoth, Commune Yog-Sothoth, Voorish Sign

Flaws: Bad Reputation (+1 Style point whenever his bad reputation causes problems), Elderly (+1 Style point whenever his age slows him down or he is taken advantage of because of it)

Weapons: Punch 0N

* *Should the globetrotters somehow gain possession of Whateley's collection of elder lore tomes, they are too degraded to provide Mythos Experience points or allow the learning of rituals. Instead, they act as a Refuge: Equipment bonus, providing +1 to Elder Lore when used in conjunction with that Skill.*

CHAPTER FIVE:

HANDLING THE MYTHOS

“Atmosphere, not action, is the great desideratum of weird fiction. Indeed, all that a wonder story can ever be is a vivid picture of a certain type of human mood. The moment it tries to be anything else it becomes cheap, puerile, and unconvincing. Prime emphasis should be given to subtle suggestion—imperceptible hints and touches of selective associative detail which express shadings of mood and build up a vague illusion of the strange reality of the unreal. Avoid bald catalogues of incredible happenings which can have no substance or meaning apart from a sustaining cloud of color and symbolism.”

—H. P. Lovecraft, *Notes On Writing Weird Fiction*

So how does the Gamemaster handle cosmic horrors, alien entities, and sinister cults in scenarios? For a start, don't panic if you're new to the weird fiction genre. Sure the monsters are bigger and weirder, and the risk of going insane is greater, but weird fiction and Gothic horror are cut from the same cloth. There are differences, but Gamemasters will get plenty of mileage from the advice laid out in **Chapter 5** of *Leagues of Gothic Horror*. Advice specific to Cthulhu and his alien ilk is given below.

The best piece of advice we can give you is to read Lovecraft's work. Not every tale is a masterpiece in any sense of the word, but as the creator of the Mythos no-one understands it better. Even a couple of short stories will give you an idea of how to piece together your own adventures of cosmic horror.

STYLE OF PLAY

The first thing you need to do is establish what style of campaign you want to run. Lovecraft's stories emphasize the utter insignificance of mankind on the cosmic scale and ultimately the futility of existence in an uncaring universe. Protagonists frequently die or go stark raving mad, and never do they end their descent into elder lore as the victors. That said, as with any roleplaying game, there is no one way to play *Leagues of Cthulhu*.

Rather than repeat them verbatim, we point Gamemasters to the four campaign styles suggested in *Leagues of Gothic Horror*—they apply equally well when dealing with cosmic horrors. True Gothic Horror, hence renamed True Cthulhu for the purposes of this work, mirrors the original literature, with men and women being ordinary people drawn into encounters with sanity-shattering entities and inadvertently unlocking the secrets of the true history of our world.

DEFAULT STYLE

The default setting for future works in this line is Dark, with weird science and rituals both permitted for globetrotters. Naturally, the magic rules from *Leagues of Cthulhu* are used over those from *Leagues of Gothic Horror*.

Adopting this style does diminish the physical and mental threat from Mythos entities, but only slightly. What is more important is that the characters are more rounded (due to hav-

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SKELETONS IN THE CLOSET

Listed below are the hidden costs of having a Bloodline Talent (see p. 7). Where a bloodline has a Corruption entry, the Flaw manifests the first time the globetrotter gains five points of Corruption. Rather than receiving a Flaw chosen by the Gamemaster, the globetrotter automatically gains a predetermined Flaw.

CURWEN

Joseph Curwen, the originator of the tainted line, developed a perverse fascination with necromancy. Those who carry his blood in their veins and who succumb to corruption awaken the same yearning in themselves.

Corruption: The globetrotter gains the Obsession: Raising and communicating with the dead Flaw. This is permanent, even if the globetrotter removes all his Corruption points.

DELAPORE

Formerly known by the name de la Poer, the accursed aristocratic ancestors of this family once occupied Exham Priory (see p. 51). Followers of a forbidden faith, they regularly engaged in cannibalism.

Corruption: The globetrotter gains the Addiction: Human Flesh Flaw. This is permanent, even if the globetrotter removes all his Corruption points—the globetrotter must learn to live with the unholy hunger passed down by his ancestors.

JERMYN

The Jermyrn bloodline is heavily tainted, its scions prone to degenerate tendencies due to the interbreeding of their most illustrious ancestor with a female white ape.

Corruption: After the character gains his first Corruption Flaw, the number of Corruption points required to gain a second Flaw is reduced by one (typically to 4). After gaining a second Flaw, this drops by another point, and so on down to a minimum of 1 Corruption point.

ing more points to spend) and will survive for longer (again, only slightly). Combined, these should make a campaign where death and madness lurk in every shadow more fun for your players.

PLAYERS AND THE CANON

Lovecraft's stories have been in print for 70 years and gamers have enjoyed Cthulhu-based roleplaying for over three decades. Odds are that someone in your group is conversant with the Mythos. Gamemasters new to the Mythos may think this puts them at a disadvantage, especially if you plan on using locations from **Chapter 3**. Fear not, we have you covered.

As mentioned in the introduction, *Leagues of Cthulhu* is set in the 1890s, three or four decades earlier than most of Lovecraft's tales. Events in Lovecraft's tales should be treated as possible futures, not fixed references that must occur. What happens in your campaign and how you use the gods, monsters, and places is entirely up to you, the Gamemaster.

For instance, it may be the globetrotters rather than members of the Miskatonic University Expedition who have the dubious honor of being the first humans to tread the echoing corridors of the Elder Things' city in Antarctica. Maybe the city is not the home of Shoggoths, but of the Spawn of Tsathoggua, who have oozed and slithered up from cracks deep in the earth and turned the abandoned city into a temple to their toad-like deity.

In order to avoid unnecessary arguments or discussions during the game, make sure your players are fully aware before the campaign begins that everything concerning the Mythos post 1890 is non-canonical.

A GAME OF INVESTIGATION

In the same way that *Leagues of Adventure* focuses on exploration, *Leagues of Cthulhu* is first and foremost a game of investigation.

More than one author has commented how Lovecraft's tales are arranged like the layers of an onion. That is, solving one mystery leads

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not to the conclusion of the adventure, but to a deeper layer and a new mystery to solve.

One story that does this extremely well is actually a recent addition to the Mythos—*The Cthulhu Casebooks - Sherlock Holmes and the Shadwell Shadows*, by James Lovegrove. Just when you think the protagonists (Holmes and Watson) have unmasked the villain, you discover they are but a pawn dancing to a more sinister villain's tune.

Leagues of Cthulhu adventures should be constructed in this same manner, with clues leading to other clues and apparent endings leading to new beginnings as the globetrotters are drawn deeper and deeper into the ever evolving story. Each layer of the onion should equate approximately to one adventure scene.

HANDLING CLUES

In order to proceed through the story, the globetrotters need to uncover and piece together clues. Unearthing them may require pouring over forbidden tomes in a musty library; questioning people who have witnessed unearthly terrors or have something to hide; searching property for letters, idols, bloodstains; or examining what remains of horribly mutilated corpses.

While an essential part of the game, clues can be problematic. What happens, for instance, if the globetrotters miss a vital piece of evidence that furthers the story? We'll get back to that in a moment. First, you need to decide how you will handle clues.

The Gamemaster should decide the triple nature of clues—that is, what the clue is (e.g., a letter), where it can be found (such as, in a bedside drawer), and to where it leads (e.g., an art collector).

One school of thought says clues vital to the plot should automatically be uncovered. For instance, if the globetrotters state they are searching the bedroom of a recently murdered explorer then it is only logical to assume they will open the bedside drawers.

Where to draw the line is something the Gamemaster must decide. For instance, does "searching the house" automatically imply ripping up floorboards or tapping walls in the

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MARSH

Although the globetrotter shows no overt signs at the start of play, he carries a tainted heritage in his blood, for the Marsh family (see p. 41) has interbred with the Deep Ones (p. 65) for several generations.

Corruption: The character gains the "Innsmouth Look." This is represented by the Disfigured Flaw. This is permanent, even if the globetrotter removes all his Corruption points—the tainted blood, once awakened cannot be rendered dormant.

PICKMAN

Descended from witches tried and hung at Salem, the Pickmans' artistic renown conceals a deep-seated fascination with horror.

Corruption: The globetrotter gains the Morbid Flaw (see p. 9). This is permanent, even if the globetrotter removes all his Corruption points—the globetrotter must learn to live with his dark and disturbing curiosity.

WHATELEY

Respectability among the more social branch of the Whateleys is a thin veneer, and one easily eroded to reveal the rot beneath. Prone to wicked acts, they are easily corrupted. The globetrotter gains a new Flaw for each 3 Corruption points, instead of the usual 5 Corruption points.

Given that a globetrotter must be retired once he gains a number of Corruption Flaws in excess of his Charisma rating, having a lower Corruption threshold is a rather serious family flaw.

As balance, and in keeping with the family's ancestry, once a Whateley globetrotter gains his first Corruption Flaw he also gains +2 to all rolls to invoke rituals.

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ADJECTIVES

Lovecraft made heavy use of adjectives in his writing. Below is a list of useful adjectives you can use to pepper your descriptions of ancient ruins and foul horrors.

A: Aberrant, abhorrent, abominable, abnormal, abysmal, amorphous, ancient, angular, antediluvian, antique, arcane

B: Baleful, bilious, blasphemous, bloated, blubbery, bulbous

C: Cadaverous, cancerous, cellular, colossal, congealed, corrupt, croaking, cyclopean

D: Dank, deathless, debased, debauched, decomposing, deformed, degenerate, depraved, deranged, despicable, detestable, diabolical, discordant, diseased, disfigured, disgusting, disordered, distasteful, dreadful

E: Elastic, endless enveloping, excruciating, extended

F: Fearful, fecund, festering, fetid, fibrous, flowing, fiendish, fish-like, flabby, foaming, fungous

G: Gangrenous, ghastly, gargantuan, ghastly, gibbering, globular, glutinous, gory, grasping, greenish, grim, grisly, grotesque, gruesome

H: Hateful, heaving, heinous, hellish, hideous, horrible, hybrid

I: Ichorous, idiotic, immaterial, immense, incoherent, incomplete, incongruous, infected, infernal, infested, irrational, irregular, iridescent

J: Jaundiced, jellified

L: Leprous, liquefied, loathsome, lumbering, lunatic, lurking

cont'd on next page

hunt for secret compartments, or is it confined to opening drawers, checking under furniture, and rifling through bundles of old paper?

The second school of thought is that players should roll dice. Success, while far from guaranteed when randomness is involved, gives a sense of accomplishment, and also rewards a player who has invested points in appropriate Skills. In the case above, a successful Investigation: Search roll unearths the letter.

The *Ubiquity* system, with its Average Suc-

cesses neatly allows for both options. A globetrotter whose Investigation: Search meets or exceeds a Difficulty assigned by the Game-master automatically finds the clue, while those who don't must either roll the dice or nominate a specific location to search in order to be successful.

In either case, clues can be missed or misinterpreted. Maybe they don't actually search the house, or their Investigations rolls are dire. Perhaps the globetrotters fail to recognize the letter from the art collector as the lead they need to progress in the investigation.

In order that your adventure doesn't fall flat on its face at the first hurdle, you should ensure that any clues have built in redundancy. That is, if the globetrotters fail to find a particular piece of evidence they have a chance to discover the information from a secondary source. Similarly, a friendly NPC can nudge them in the right direction.

For example, when discussing the explorer's death with someone the victim knew (maybe a servant or fellow League member), the globetrotters are informed that he was acting rather strangely in the days before his death and kept muttering about having to consult an art dealer. Exactly which dealer he decided to call upon can be unearthed through roleplaying, meeting Contacts in the art world, or Streetwise rolls.

KEEP THE MYTHOS LEAN

Over the decades, the number of deities and monsters added to the original Lovecraft Myth Cycle has increased immensely. Likewise, some Cthulhu-based roleplaying games have introduced a plethora of spells. *Leagues of Cthulhu* deliberately focuses on a small number of deities and monsters and uses relatively few magical rituals.

The notion of dozens of godlike alien beings descending from beyond time and space to visit earth, not to mention the number who have become trapped here takes the idea that our world and its inhabitants are utterly insignificant specks of dust in the eyes of these truly monstrous creatures and transforms

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it into something more akin to Scooby Doo, with its “monster of the week” approach. Any sense of impending horror may be dampened by players instead wondering what new monstrosity their globetrotters might encounter in this week’s adventure.

Far more terrifying than an army of alien entities, at least in this author’s eyes, is the notion that there exists only a handful of Great Old Ones, but ones whose insidious and perverse cults are not only found in every corner of the globe, but have endured since before the advent of recorded history.

THE HORROR! THE HORROR!

Rather than making you jump out of your skin with cheap shocks, weird fiction and Gothic horror gradually builds up the tension until the final act, when the true magnitude of the menace is revealed in all its abhorrent malignity. This is especially true in Mythos tales, where newly uncovered details grow more horrific the deeper the protagonists dig.

Ideally, a *Leagues of Cthulhu* adventure should begin with an utterly mundane hook—a murder most horrid, a disappearing heiress, the theft of an archaeological find from a museum, or even an invitation to join an expedition in search of a lost city. An especially devious Gamemaster may not even reveal to his players that he is using *Leagues of Cthulhu* until the adventure is well under way.

Rather than throwing a hideous fiend at the globetrotters early in the adventure, hint at the existence of something unearthly through various means—a trail of slime, a disgusting odor, a rendered corpse, unearthly piping drifting on the night wind, and maybe even a vague suggestion of a shadow. Tease the players in this manner and not only do they remain largely ignorant of the true menace they face, but the eventual reveal will be much more exciting for them.

The big bad should make an appearance, of course, but this best occurs during the dramatic climax, where the fate and sanity of the heroes hangs precariously in the balance as the Thing That Should Not Be lumbers its unholy mass toward them.

ADJECTIVES CONT'D

M: Malevolent, malicious, malignant, membranous, menacing, mildewed, mindless, monstrous, monumental, morbid, mottled, moldering, mucous, murmuring, mutilated

N: Nameless, nauseous, nebulous, necromantic, noxious, numbing

O: Obscene, odorous, oily, oozing

P: Pagan, pallid, palsied, parasitic, perverse, plastic, prodigious, profane, protoplasmic, protuberant, puckered, pulsating, pustular, putrescent, putrid

Q: Quivering

R: Rancid, reeking, repellent, repulsive, repugnant, rotten, rubbery, rugose

S: Sacrilegious, scabby, seething, sepulchral, shuffling, shadowy, sickly, slimy, slithering, sluggish, spectral, squamous

T: Tentacled, terrible, thrashing, throbbing, transparent, tremulous, tubular, turbid

U: Ugly, unclean, undigested, unearthly, unripe, unseen, unspeakable, unutterable, unwholesome

V: Vague, vaporous, vast, vile, viscous, voluminous, vomiting

W: Wailing, warped, waxen, webbed, withered, work, worm-eaten, wretched, writhing

When it comes to Horror rolls, start low and work your way up the scale. A trail of faintly luminous slime (Difficulty 1 or 2) might cause the globetrotters to involuntary shudder, whereas a mangled corpse risks Sanity loss (Difficulty 3). Not only does this represent the globetrotters’ gradual exposure to Things Man Was Not Meant To Know, but it gradually scratches away their Sanity points, leaving them vulnerable to traumatic shock when the monster is finally encountered.

DO WE NEED A MONSTER?

Although it may seem counter intuitive, what with this being a game about elder gods and terrifying entities, but not every adventure actually needs a monster. Certainly the

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appearance of a Great Old One should be an extremely rare event, with one perhaps only materializing at the conclusion of a long campaign.

One of the great things about the Mythos is the various cults. We've touched on just three examples from Lovecraft's stories, but there are many more just waiting for the Gamemaster to think them into existence.

Humans are capable of great evil without the direct intervention of cosmic entities, and thus make ideal antagonists. A campaign whose ultimate goal is to thwart the machinations of a sinister cult might feature only one or two monsters, entities summoned by the cultists to protect them from the heroes.

Alternately, if you want something supernatural without unleashing the full horror of the Mythos you can use a mundane animal, such as a guard dog, and alter it. Maybe its tongue is a writhing tentacle with a lamprey-like jaw at the tip (Add a Tongue 2L attack, Horror 2), or the dogs are skinless, revealing slick, glistening muscles as they move (giving them Horror 3).

How do such beasts come to exist? You don't need to worry about such trivial details in a game that includes cosmic monstrosities that mock our laws of physics, and vast and terrible cities built before life on earth existed—just use your weird and wonderful ideas to tell a great story and let your players come up with possible methods.

DEATH & MADNESS

No matter how careful the globetrotters are in their approach to dealing with the mysteries of elder lore, death and madness are constant companions. A poor die roll or two can send even the strongest mind into a spiral of insanity, while many horrors of the Mythos can slice a globetrotter in two without breaking a sweat.

While the Gamemaster should never contrive to have a globetrotter die or go mad, neither should the dice be fudged to ensure continued survival—the world of the Mythos is a harsh place and the horrors the heroes face are beyond comprehension.

NAMING RITUALS

As mentioned in *Leagues of Gothic Horror*, rituals have deliberately been assigned names that spell out their basic effect as an *aide de memoire*. The suggestion is that the players should always use a ritual's given name, while their globetrotters use a more atmospheric one. *Leagues of Cthulhu* players should not have this luxury.

In the campaign world, rituals are learned only from worm-eaten books written by authors of dubious sanity and the ravings of self-proclaimed wizards who have seen things that should not exist. Both sources use archaic sounding names, ones intended to invoke flavor rather than game mechanics.

For example, Summon Blacked Winged One clearly tells a player he can summon a flying creature. A player with previous experience of the Mythos might even be able to describe the beast from memory. Until he has paid his 3 Experience points to master the ritual, however, it should be referred to only by its assigned in-game name. Exactly what name a ritual goes under is for the individual Gamemaster to determine.

Being generous, the Gamemaster might tell the player the ritual his character is mastering is called "Bring Forth the Star Rider." It's pretty revealing as to what it does, yet retains a proper flavor. However, were it called "A Means of Traversing Great Distances through the Sky," the player may well be left wondering exactly what the ritual does. Does it summon an entity? Is it a ritual that permits teleportation or flight?

Although it might seem trivial in the grand scale of things or cruel to the players, the same ritual may have a different name when found in a different source. The Fear ritual, for instance, may be known as Howl of the Deep Void in one tome, but By Which a Wizard Might Cast the Eyes of his Enemies into the Abyss in another. The in-game mechanics of the ritual also vary with the source.

If your campaign is using the Dark or True Cthulhu style, this should be the standard method for presenting rituals. That a globetrotter might end up wasting 3 Experience points mastering a ritual he already knows under a different name is just tough luck—the universe is an uncaring place.

CTHULHU DREAMS NO LONGER IN HIS HOUSE AT R'LYEH

Beyond the world of mortal ken lies another, a nightmare world of profane alien gods, blasphemous terrors, nightmarish tomes of eldritch lore, bloodlines tainted by elder secrets, and forgotten places whose very existence makes a mockery of established history.

Welcome to that world.



Peer behind the veil of sanity you call reality and inside you'll find:

- ✦ New options for characters prepared to stand against the horrors of the Lovecraft Mythos.
- ✦ Dread rituals for summoning alien fiends and communing with ancient gods.
- ✦ A tour of the many places spoken of in Lovecraft's tales.
- ✦ A bestiary of monsters whose existence tear down the walls of sanity.
- ✦ Advice for playing in the Lovecraft Mythos.

Leagues of Cthulhu is powered by the Ubiquity game engine and requires both *Leagues of Adventure* and *Leagues of Gothic Horror*.



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