

FOR
Call of
Cthulhu
1920s

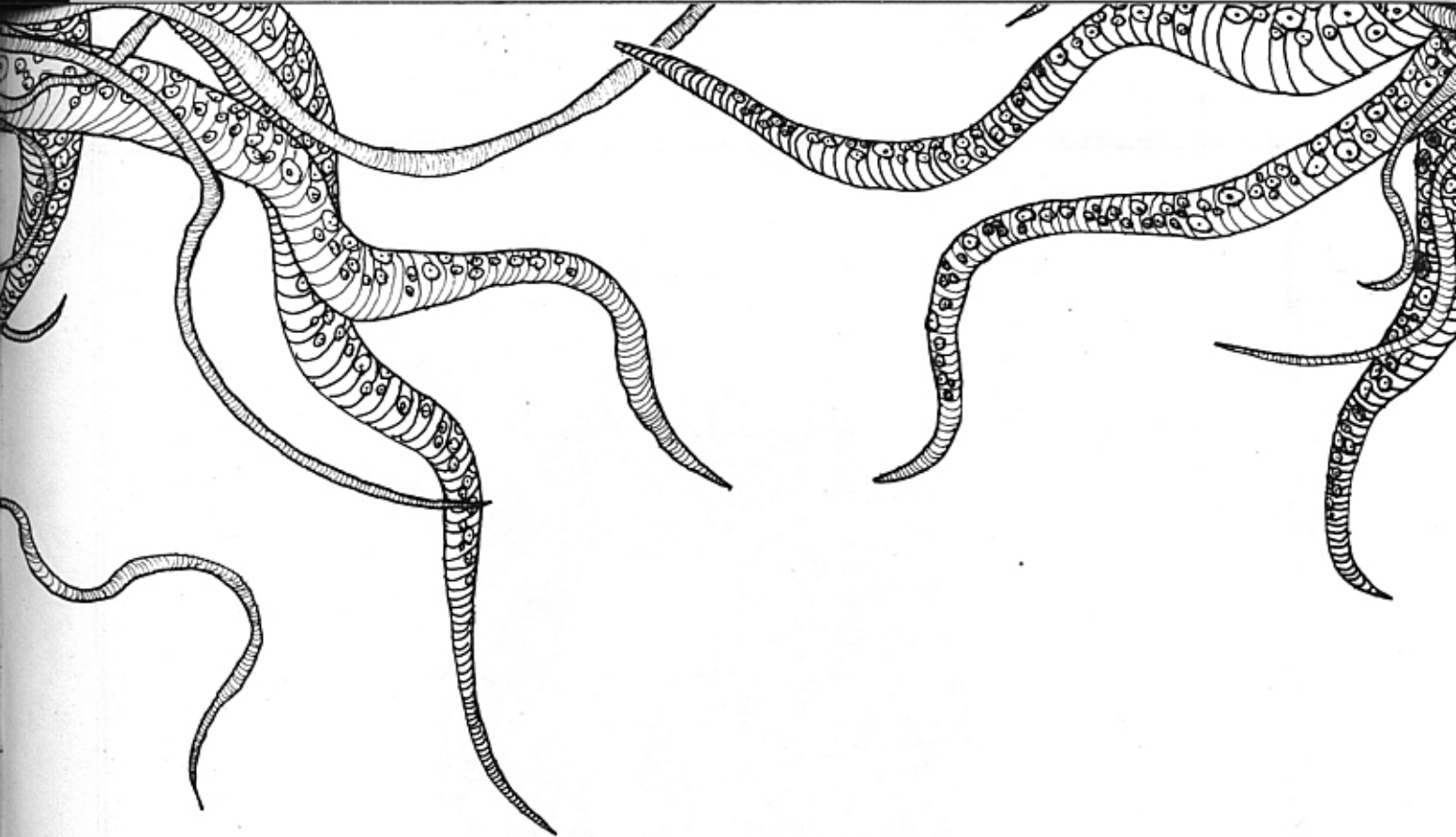
Mansions of MADNESS



*Five Frightening
Adventures in Dark
and Deserted Places*

Behrendt
DeWolfe, Herber
Martin, Morrison
Gibbons, Aulisio
Triplett-Smith, Inabinet





Mansions of Madness

Five Frightening Adventures in Dark and Deserted Places



Howard Phillips Lovecraft
1890-1937

H.P. Lovecraft Centenary
1890-1990

Mansions of **MADNESS**

Fred Behrendt

Michael DeWolfe

Keith Herber

Wesley Martin

Mark Morrison

cover painting Lee Gibbons

interior illustrations Janet Aulisio and Sam Inabinet

maps Carol Triplett-Smith

editorial and additional material William Dunn and Keith Herber

layout and more good ideas John B. Monroe

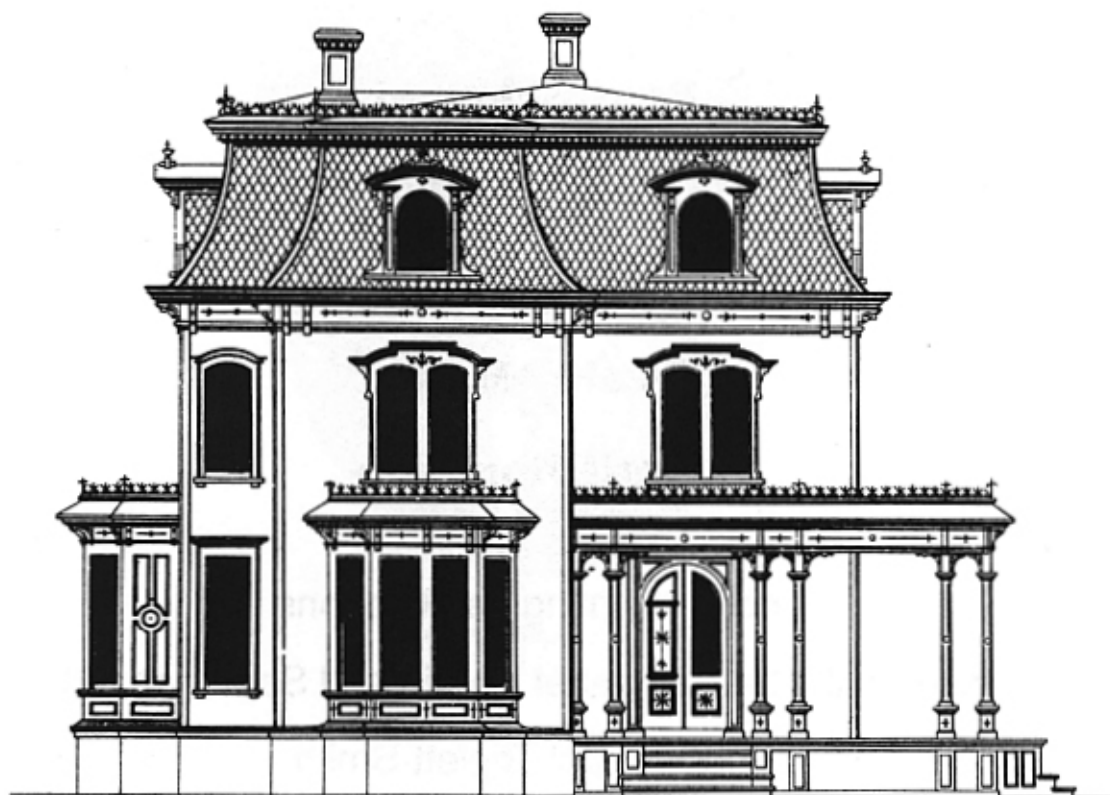
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1990

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Mister Corbitt

In which the investigators get to know their neighbor and his family a little better than they would like.

This scenario is designed for play with one or more investigators. One investigator must live in his own home in an expensive upper-middle class or better residential neighborhood. Across the street from this investigator dwells a kindly widower, Mr. Corbitt.

Player Information

The scenario begins on a Sunday evening in the home of the selected investigator. Either he, or possibly his guests (other investigators), are sitting around a dinner table or living room. One of them, looking out the window, notices the neighbor, Mr. Corbitt, park his automobile in front of his house across the street. Unaware he is being watched, Corbitt exits the car and pops open the trunk, withdrawing from it two canvas-wrapped objects. One of the objects is small and round, the other approximately the size and shape of a small baseball bat.

Carrying these to the front door, Corbitt holds them both under one arm while struggling with the stubborn lock. The larger of the two packages slides loose and falls to the front porch with a resounding plop. The canvas folds fall open and the watching investigator catches a glimpse of something white and cylindrical lying in the gloom. If the investigator can make a successful Spot Hidden roll he will see at one end of the object what looks to be the hand and fingers of a small child! (Lose 0/1D3 points of SAN.) Glancing around quickly to assure himself no one is watching, Corbitt quickly wraps the item up, then, after successfully unlocking the door, disappears into the tightly-shuttered house. A moment later a light appears in a basement window quickly blunted by a hastily drawn shade. If anyone should quietly approach this window and make a successful Listen roll he will hear gurgling noises and the crackling of electricity.

As far as the investigators know, Bernard Corbitt has always seemed a quiet, inoffensive, and normal man. His only oddity is a touch of absent-mindedness. As mentioned previously, he lives on a large, well-kept estate across the street from one of the investigators, with whom Corbitt has

a nodding relationship. He is one of the more respected and prominent businessmen in the area and his habits and mannerisms are known to most of his neighbors.

Years ago Corbitt would often leave home for long periods of time, traveling out of the country to attend to his business. However, the last few years have seen him spending more and more time at home. He maintains regular hours, working five days a week in his downtown office.

Corbitt's membership in the local businessmen's club sometimes keeps him out late, but other than that, he seems to have very little social life, not an unusual pattern for an over-forty widower. During weekends he usually stays at home quietly but he regularly goes out in the late afternoon on Sunday, usually returning home before dark. If the neighbor investigator can make a POW x2 roll he has noticed that Corbitt's late-afternoon weekend excursions always take place on Sundays between the hours of five-thirty and seven or eight. Failing this, investigators will have to keep an eye on Corbitt's comings and goings in order to recognize the pattern.

Today, the Sunday on which the adventure begins, is no different from those previous, except for the strange and sinister items Corbitt seems to have collected on this evening's excursion.

Mr. Corbitt's personal history is also well-known in town. Born locally, Corbitt is the son of the late Theodore Corbitt who founded the small but very successful Corbitt Importers of America, now owned and operated by Bernard. Bernard took over the business fourteen years ago when the elder Corbitt was accidentally killed while the father and son were hiking in the mountains of India.

Once married, Corbitt is presently a widower and lives alone. His investigator neighbor will know that his wife has been dead at least a dozen years.

Local people, including the investigators, all know Corbitt to be a kindly and gentle individual. At one time a medical student, Corbitt has often provided neighbors with small bits of medical assistance. Two years ago his timely first aid was credited with saving the life of a youngster hit by a truck. He sometimes regrets having left medical

school to take over the family business but he is quick to say that he has no complaints about his life.

Corbitt is an avid gardener and the neighbors, including the investigator, are often recipients of the fruits of his bountiful vegetable patch. In a greenhouse off the back of the house he raises orchids and other exotic flora.

Keeper's Summary

Corbitt, a servant of Yog-Sothoth, has been indefinitely insane since witnessing the terrible death of his father on a windy mountaintop in India some fourteen years ago at the hands of Ramasekva, a multi-limbed manifestation of Yog-Sothoth. The experience caused Bernard to lose a large amount of SAN and left him with a split personality and partial, somewhat selective, amnesia.

He shortly thereafter married a young girl and then allowed Yog-Sothoth (who took the form of Bernard Corbitt) to father a pair of twins upon his bride. When the children were born nine months later it caused the death of both his wife and the more nearly normal of the two twin boys. The surviving son, a grotesque creature, has been kept for years in a secret basement room, fed and surgically modified by Corbitt to meet Yog-Sothoth's unfathomable demands. Growing at a progressively increasing rate, the creature will soon be ready to fulfill its destiny, to the pride of its foster father and the horror of the sane world.

The currently immature form of the creature is not hard to kill, nor is the cautious and confused Mr. Corbitt likely to present much of a problem to ruthless investigators. The adventure does present a roleplaying challenge in that Corbitt is a neighbor, not a stranger, and thus might retain some right to being treated fairly and humanely.

Also, the well-to-do investigator who is the neighbor of Mr. Corbitt should be reminded that there might be a lot of questions if he and his friends simply blew up Corbitt's house with dynamite, or blasted it with long-range gunfire.

The Yog-Sothoth Connection

Fourteen years ago Bernard Corbitt was called to India by his father, an amateur student of the occult. The elder Corbitt had happened upon a remote mountain village that worshipped Yog-Sothoth in the form of a multi-legged, multi-armed Indian demon called Ramasekva. Making use of certain hallucinogenic drugs manufactured by the cultists, the father had worshipped with the tribe and seen the manifestation of the god.

Yog-Sothoth, after reaching out to read Corbitt's thoughts, commanded the man to bring his son before him, promising the elder Corbitt power beyond imagination and eternal life for the both of them. Believing that he was doing something wonderful for his only child, Theodore Corbitt despatched a telegram to America urging Bernard

to join him immediately in India. Bernard left medical school, never to return.

In India, Bernard followed his father into the mountains and there, after ingesting the drug, was confronted by the Ramasekva manifestation of Yog-Sothoth. Bernard's father was destroyed and consumed by the god who then reached out and touched the terrified young Corbitt. Impressed by the young man's intelligence and force of will, the god spared the youth to be his servant. Since that time Bernard, his mind warped by the god, has lived to serve Yog-Sothoth. On his chest he bears an ugly burn scar nearly two inches wide, a mark that resembles the outline of the multi-limbed Ramasekva and would prove Corbitt was touched by the god to any expert student of Indian occultism.

Returning from the mountains, Bernard explained the disappearance of his father by telling the authorities the man had slipped and fallen into a deep ravine while the two were being pursued by bandits. The disheveled, haggard appearance of Bernard went a long way toward convincing the magistrate that his tale was true. Upon his return to America, Bernard quickly made arrangements to take over the family business. His mother, broken by the death of her husband, soon lapsed into early senility and was supported by Bernard in a New York nursing home until her death three years later. Since the demise of his mother, Bernard has been sole owner of the firm.

Less than a year after his experience in the Punjab, Corbitt met and married the young Lynn Meyers. Yog-Sothoth soon reached out to Corbitt's mind and demanded the right to father children upon the woman. Using his own supply of the drug, distilled from the hallucinogenic plants now cultivated in his greenhouse, Corbitt called forth Yog-Sothoth. While the young man cowered in the basement, an avatar of the Outer God, in the perfect resemblance of the husband, bedded Corbitt's wife.

Mrs. Corbitt, unaware that her pregnancy was caused by something not human, went the full nine-month term before delivering, at Corbitt's insistence, in their own home. Corbitt was the only person in attendance at the birth, but a private nurse, Mona Dunlap, hired by Corbitt to help care for his wife, was attracted by the shrieks of the delivering woman. Opening the door to the room, she was unfortunate enough to witness the birth of the horrible second twin. Driven permanently insane by the sight of the thing, she was hospitalized in a near-comatose state in the local public sanatorium, to eventually die there eight years later.

Corbitt hurriedly hid the surviving twin in a specially prepared room in the basement, then notified the authorities of the death of his wife and infant son. The condition of the nurse he was unable to explain, theorizing the poor woman must have suffered an untimely stroke while attempting to deliver the child. He himself — as Corbitt was quick to explain to the police — was not present at the time

LOCAL BUSINESSMAN KILLED IN ACCIDENT

It was learned today that Theodore Corbitt, owner of Corbitt Enterprises of America, is dead, victim of a tragic accident while vacationing in India. Corbitt, while in the company of his son, Bernard, died in a fall while the two were traveling through the high mountains of the Punjab.

According to authorities, the two men were on a hiking trip when they were set upon by a group of bandits known to frequent the area. While being pursued down the mountainside the elder Corbitt apparently lost his footing and fell to his death. His son managed to escape, eventually making it to safety. The elder Corbitt's body has not yet been located and authorities fear that it may be lost, possibly consumed by the wild dogs that roam the mountain.

Theodore Corbitt is survived by his wife, Elaine, and one son, Bernard. At this time it is not known if Bernard Corbitt will take over management of Corbitt Enterprises.

— (dated 14 years ago)

— The Corbitt Papers #1

of the birth and had only just returned home from his office to make the grisly discovery. The police, unable to see any reason for foul play, believed the story.

At the urgings of Yog-Sothoth, Corbitt began preparing to equip the creature in his basement for life on this plane of existence. As it lacked limbs as well as lungs and other organs, Corbitt acquired the necessary parts through the agency of an unscrupulous hospital orderly named Randolph Tomaszewski. Tomaszewski, bribed with drugs supplied by Corbitt, saves certain desirable body parts from incineration and puts them with the regular hospital trash, which is eventually hauled away to the town dump. Corbitt makes twice weekly trips to this dump, Wednesday and Sunday evenings, and searches the fresh trash for any treasures sent his way by Tomaszewski.

In order to perfect the techniques needed to modify the child, it was necessary for Corbitt to spend many years experimenting with the organs and limbs sent his way. Using a combination of modern surgery and arcane magic, he created a number of living and semi-living "experiments," most of which can be found buried in his vegetable garden. Once sure of his procedures, he began by grafting lungs to the incomplete creature. Other organs were later added and then came the limbs — many limbs.

The child is to be called Man-Bagari, a grotesque parody of its multi-limbed father Ramasekva. It is destined to become the Bridge, a necessary part of The Opening of the Way. After many experiments, Corbitt has recently begun

attaching numerous arms and legs to the child-thing, with excellent success. Parts deemed unsuitable have been used in other experiments or fed to the ever-hungry Man-Bagari, who eats only uncooked flesh. Parts that are totally unusable are buried, along with Corbitt's many dead experiments, in the vegetable garden where they fertilize the ripe, red summer tomatoes the neighborhood so much enjoys.

Corbitt presently finds the nearly matured Man-Bagari's growth to be increasing at a disturbing rate, necessitating more and more small limbs. Also, its appetite has become almost insatiable. Corbitt, a good foster father to the child-thing, has pressed Tomaszewski to provide him with more and more parts. Tonight, Corbitt will feed a partially decayed spleen to the growing creature and will add the near-perfectly preserved left arm of a young girl to Man-Bagari's ever-growing collection of appendages.

Corbitt goes about his life, respected by his neighbors and giving no outward sign of his connections with Yog-Sothoth or with the horrors he keeps in his basement. Care must be taken by the keeper so that Corbitt does not expose himself. He will not reveal his magic abilities unless he is in fear of his life or is sure there will be no surviving witnesses. Yog-Sothoth takes little interest in the situation, and if the Outer God senses that the investigators are interfering with his needs, he will rely on Corbitt to take action against the characters rather than taking any action himself.

Corbitt is likely to regard any threat to his pampered child-thing as an attack on his "family". He is loyal to Yog-Sothoth and solicitous of the thing's welfare, and will do whatever is necessary to preserve the creature's life. But he will refrain from using more force or violence than is necessary; he actually is a gentle man (remember that so far, he has neither wounded or killed anyone, though he certainly has accepted several killings by Yog-Sothoth without question). One obvious tactic for Corbitt is simply moving to another quiet residential neighborhood in another town. Calling the police on the investigators is more risky, but possible. His experiments with exotic hallucinogens have brought him a knowledge of obscure plant-derived toxins and hallucinogens which can be used as indirect attacks against the investigators. Some of these substances must be ingested and Corbitt will inject them into food or use them to lace a drink. Others are airborne and Corbitt might apply these to a dusty rug that he beats when the investigators walk by. His compounds cause the victim to experience intense hallucinations. Anyone failing a resistance check against Corbitt's hallucinogens will suffer from illusions of horrifying monsters, cataclysms, etc. The effects last 2D4 hours and will cost the victim 1D4 SAN points. Corbitt's poisons are so unusual and so subtle that current forensic science is unlikely to detect their presence (25% chance of success).

As a last resort, Corbitt will call upon Yog-Sothoth himself to destroy the investigators. Yog-Sothoth, should



Bernard Corbitt

he condescend to respond, will then attack the characters with his bolts of silvery fluid energy. The keeper is warned against bringing such an awesome being as Yog-Sothoth directly into the adventure without proper ritual and need.

Corbitt's damaged mind retains little or no memory of day-to-day events, especially if they

are Mythos related. Since becoming aware of this problem, Corbitt has kept a daily journal (see below). Even so, only if cured of his insanity will Corbitt be able to fully comprehend all of the unspeakable acts he has committed or allowed to happen over the last fourteen years.

BERNARD CORBITT

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 17 POW 19
DEX 13 APP 15 EDU 15 SAN 22 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none

Skills: Anthropology 70%, Astronomy 90%, Botany 97%, Chemistry 80%, Conceal Untraceable Poison 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 31%, Drive Automobile 55%, Fast Talk 55%, First Aid 80%, Geology 45%, History 70%, Occult 45%, Pharmacy 85%, Speak French 60%, Speak Punjabi 30%, Speak Spanish 35%, Spot Hidden 80%, Read/Write Chinese 55%, Read Sanskrit 40%, Unorthodox Surgery 87%, Zoology 60%.

Spells: Call Ramasekva, Contact Ramasekva, Dread Curse of Azathoth.

Investigations

Local Newspaper Stories

If the investigators check the back issues of the local newspaper, either at the newspaper's offices or at the local library, they may find several stories of interest [see The Corbitt Papers #'s 1, 2, 3]. A successful Library Use roll will be necessary to find each entry, and in the case of the Tomaszewski story, they must know of this man's existence in order to notice the article.

The Hospital Connection

Corbitt was directed to seek out someone who could procure the necessary limbs and organs. Contemporary medical procedure calls for removed body parts to be first wrapped in canvas (to keep anyone from seeing what they are) then disposed of in the hospital incinerator. Occasionally, specimens are saved for hospital and medical school experiments.

Corbitt has found an orderly, Randolph Tomaszewski, who is willing to select and save certain items he is in need of. Tomaszewski has the unpopular assignment of cleaning up operating rooms and disposing of the rubbish found therein. Instead of following normal procedure, he simply puts some of the organs in with the unburnables and lets

LOCAL MAN ARRESTED IN ANIMAL SLAYINGS

Police today announced that a suspect has been arrested in connection with the recent rash of pet kidnappings in the southwest part of town. Although released later for lack of evidence, Randolph Tomaszewski is considered the prime suspect in the recent disappearances of nearly a dozen dogs and cats from the homes and yards of the neighborhood surrounding Central Hospital. Tomaszewski is employed at the hospital as an orderly.

It will be remembered that many of the missing pets have been discovered later in parks, usually mutilated or partially eaten. Public outcry over the atrocities has been strong and police hope that they have uncovered a lead that will eventually allow them to close this case.

— (dated 3 months ago)

— The Corbitt Papers #2

OBITUARIES

CORBITT, Lynn Anne Meyers, aged 22. Died in childbirth, in her home. A graduate of the Pierpoint school, Mrs. Corbitt was married to local businessman, Bernard Corbitt, two years ago. Funeral services for both mother and child will be held Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Corbitt is survived by her parents, Edward and Shirley Meyers, and her husband, Bernard Corbitt, president of Corbitt Enterprises of America.

Nurse Hospitalized After Accident In Patient's Home

Professional nurse, Miss Mona Dunlap was admitted to Central Sanitarium yesterday following an accident that took place in a patient's home. Her condition was diagnosed as serious.

Miss Dunlap, hired by Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Corbitt to help with Mrs. Corbitt's confinement, apparently suffered a stroke while attempting to deliver the Corbitt's baby unassisted. Mr. Corbitt returned from his office Wednesday afternoon to find Nurse Dunlap unconscious and his wife and infant son dead due to complications of birth. Doctors at the sanitarium say the woman has yet to regain consciousness and it may be some time before the full extent of her injuries are known.

— (both articles dated 12 years ago)

— The Corbitt Papers #3

them be hauled away to the dump. The dump site itself is mainly unsupervised and located in an uninhabited area.

When dealing with Tomaszewski, Corbitt is in his near-possessed state and most of the time remembers almost nothing of his relationship with the orderly. Traveling to the hospital during his lunch hour, Corbitt usually takes Tomaszewski groceries, vegetables from his garden, and hallucinogens from his greenhouse. All of these, Tomaszewski greatly appreciates.

Tomaszewski is a deranged, deluded worshipper of Satan who uses the mild drugs supplied him by Corbitt in fruitless attempts to "contact the dark master." He believes the organs are being fed to wild animals so they can develop a taste for the flesh of children. He expects these beasts will then be possessed by his evil lord, and go on a rampage. Tomaszewski is paranoid, sadistic and masochistic. He lives in a one-room apartment on the fourth floor of a downtown building, the place filled with the paraphernalia of his misguided beliefs. If the characters are able to track Tomaszewski down and confront him, he'll panic, attacking the nearest character and then attempting to escape by running through the halls. Such an encounter will most likely take place in the hospital — or his home — and several floors up. Tomaszewski will use the nearest window to attempt an escape, only to fall screaming to his death. A search of his body, his apartment, or his locker at the hospital will turn up samples of Corbitt's drug as well as objects used in the man's satanic beliefs.

RANDOLPH TOMASZEWSKI, Hospital Orderly

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 13 APP 8 EDU 8 SAN 15 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Dodge 40%, Hide 50%, Occult 65%, Sneak 30%.

Spells: None

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, 1D3

Kick 40%, 1D6

Grapple 75%, damage special

Switchblade 45%, 1D4

The Sanitarium

If the investigators learn of the existence of the nurse, Mona Dunlap, and track her down to the local sanitarium, they will be told the woman died six years ago without ever regaining consciousness. The attending physician still works at the facility and if the investigators can make a Fast Talk, Oratory, or Debate roll, the doctor will be willing to talk with them. He can tell them little about the woman's case the investigators don't already know, but he will reveal that, just moments before her death, the patient did regain consciousness. Her last words were: "It was awful! It didn't have any arms or legs or hardly a face! It should have died! It should have died along with the other one!"



Randolph Tomaszewski

Garbage Hunts

If the investigators follow Corbitt on one of his garbage hunts they will have to make two Drive Automobile rolls to keep sight of their quarry while lagging far enough behind to keep from alerting the suspect. If either roll is unsuccessful, the wary Corbitt detects them and turns down an alternate road leading them on a merry, but slow, chase that lasts almost three hours. The trip seems more like a Sunday drive through town than an evasion.

If the investigators are able to escape detection, the unsuspecting Corbitt leads them to the city dump. Birds circle the closed-up place, and the investigators may watch while Corbitt slips through a hole in the chain link fence. Once inside, Corbitt makes his way to one or two specific piles of junk and from them extracts several canvas-wrapped objects. He opens each and either discards the object if the part is too mutilated or decayed, or keeps it if it seems whole and useful. When he has one or two bags, he will sneak back out. Investigators watching him from the fence will have to make two Hide rolls to avoid being seen while those following him into the dump will have to make two Sneak rolls. Modify these according to the investigators' actions, but any unsuccessful roll will indicate that Corbitt has spotted someone. It is probable that Corbitt will ignore the investigators' presence, pretending he has not seen them. However, he will now suspect the group and begin laying plans to distract or mislead them.

Confronting Corbitt

If the investigators later visit Corbitt and question him about these happenings, he discloses only that he has been gathering bark and foliage samples for his studies. If his frequent trips to the garbage dump are mentioned he explains that the dump is the best place to gather certain mold specimens important in his research into special plant fertilizers. He will go so far as to offer to give the questioners a tour of his greenhouse should they express any interest in "the gentle science of botany" (See the section "The Greenhouse" below.)

If the characters choose to confront Corbitt at the dump, he quails at their approach. He will not willingly reveal the contents of his packages and fumblingly claims they are tree branches bearing certain types of fungi he has been searching for. If the investigators take the packages by force Corbitt will try to escape to his automobile and drive home. Corbitt only reveals his magical abilities if faced with death or immediate incarceration. One of Corbitt's packages contains a human liver (0/1 SAN loss) and the

other the mangled leg of a ten year old boy (1/1D3 SAN loss).

Corbitt's Trip

If Corbitt's actions fail to arouse the interest of the investigators, he one day comes to the neighboring investigator's home and knocks on the door. When the investigator appears, Corbitt explains he is going on a week-long business trip to New York and asks if the investigator would mind keeping an eye on his place and collecting his mail. In return, Corbitt offers the investigator a basket of fruit and vegetables freshly picked from his garden — a token of his appreciation. The gift is benign and delicious (or at least previous such gifts from the genial Corbitt have proven to be so).

If the investigator asks what type of business trip, Corbitt replies, "Oh, don't you remember? I'm in the importing business, Corbitt Importers of America. I have to make arrangements with the Customs dept. regarding the quarantine of a special shipment I'm expecting soon."

If the investigators have had past dealings with Corbitt, he asks, "Anything you want? Anything I can hunt up for you? I expect to be in contact with some associates just

returned from the Orient." If the investigators make a request, Corbitt says he'll try his best. After the investigator agrees, Corbitt gives his thanks and departs.

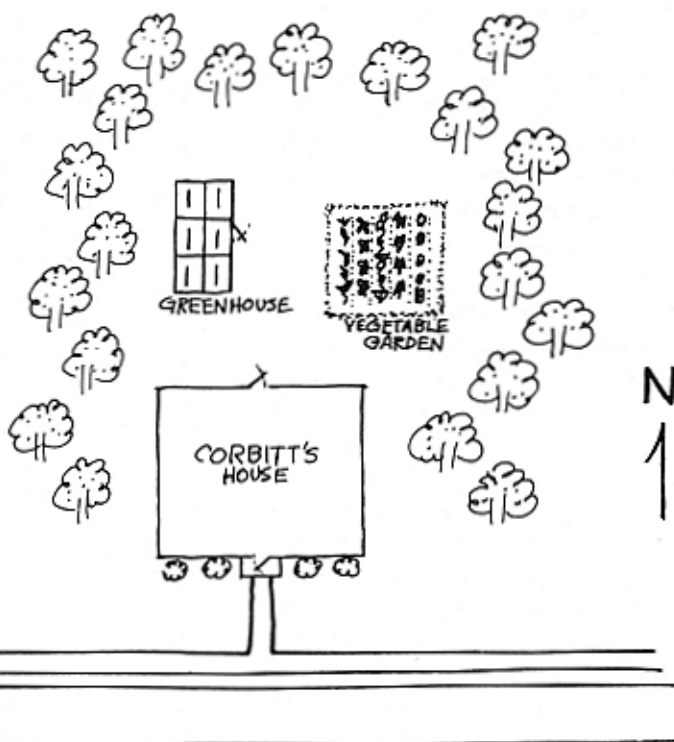
If Corbitt suspects the investigators have been watching him, the gift he offers will be laced with a hallucinogen POT 16. If an investigator can make a Spot Hidden roll at -10% he will notice the small needle holes in the bottoms of the fruits and probably avoid ingesting the drug. If the fruit is consumed the investigator will have to make a successful resistance roll or suffer the effects of the drug. These effects include hallucinations of monsters, fits of screaming, profuse sweating, and loss of control of basic bodily functions.

If the neighbors have any question about an investigator's current state of mind, seeing him running down the street in soiled trousers, screaming at the top of his lungs about horrible monsters chasing him, ought to convince them the character is in need of a long rest.

Corbitt's House

In the following section the yard and interior of Corbitt's house is described. This is an expensive and respectable neighborhood, and if the investigators are spotted breaking

Mr. Corbitt's Property



and entering by a neighbor or a passing motorist, it is likely that the police will be called.

The Greenhouse

The back of Corbitt's extensive grounds is his greenhouse. Here he raises a number of dangerous and exotic plants along with a few harmless orchids. If Corbitt is giving a tour, he will allow the investigators only a few minutes in the greenhouse, explaining that the plants are very delicate and sensitive to the slightest change in their environment. The investigators will be allowed no more than fifteen minutes in the building. If the investigators enter on their own they can of course spend as much time as they like. Every fifteen minutes of investigation allows one Botany roll. Each roll reveals one of the following (in this order):

- 1) many of the plants are unusual specimens found only in the remotest parts of Asia, Africa and South America;
- 2) aside from Corbitt's orchids, most of the plants contain powerful narcotic chemicals or toxins, and the collection includes such things as coca and cannabis bushes, foxglove and fly agaric plants, and deadly nightshade.
- 3) Two of the plants show no resemblance to any earthly species and are of unimaginable origin.

The Orange Vine: One of the dangerous alien growths in the greenhouse is a vine sporting large orange and blue leaves. If one of these waxy, bitter-tasting leaves is thoroughly chewed, the chemicals it contains stimulate the pineal gland allowing a character to see objects outside of this reality. Unfortunately it also allows the character to be seen by the creatures who inhabit this 'outside' world. It can happen randomly (make a POW x 1 roll) or be brought on with concentration (successful POW+INT roll) any time within three hours after ingesting the chemicals.

Such delvings into another reality last POW+1D10 minutes and reveal to the investigator a dark, rock-strewn landscape decorated with crystalline growths and occasionally lit by flashes of rose-colored lightning. An investigator can 'explore' this new world, moving about simply by exerting his will. Anyone who explores this new world for at least ten minutes will increase their Cthulhu Mythos score by 1D4%. For every ten minutes spent exploring there is a 50% chance of being noticed by one of the denizens of this world. The first intimation an investigator will have of this is the sight of a scuttling spider-like form advancing across the landscape directly toward him. Seven feet tall and emaciated-looking, the scuttling thing hungers for human blood. It will attack without hesitation and unless the character can escape this alien dimension (with a successful POWx3 roll), he will have to fight with the creature. Investigators who have not chewed the leaves are unable to see the monster and will watch helplessly as their companion's clothing and flesh are torn away and large quantities of the

victim's spurting blood sucked away into nothingness. Seeing this event will cause a SAN loss of 1/1D6.

DIMENSIONAL BEING

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 19 INT 7 POW 10
DEX 16 HP 17

Move: 10

Weapons: Claws (x2) 65%, 1D8+1D6 damage.

Sanity loss: 1/1D8

The Purple Flower: The second alien plant in the greenhouse has spiky blue-green leaves and a large, fleshy, white and purple flower. Sensing mobile lifeforms by their vital energies, the plant attempts to kill the lifeform and turn it into fertilizer for itself. After an investigator has been in the greenhouse 40 minus (POW+CON) minutes, the plant turns silently turn toward the character. The character will only notice the slowly moving plant with a Spot Hidden roll. If the investigator remains unaware of the menacing growth it attacks by emitting a cold, cloudy gas that does not immediately kill the character but rather sets in motion a rapid decomposition of the victim's flesh.

Should the investigator inhale the gas before managing to flee the greenhouse (by failing a CON x4 roll), he will, within sixty seconds, begin to rot, losing 1D3 hit points every round thereafter. The victim will suffer an intolerable amount of pain as his flesh blackens and splits open like rotting fruit. This process continues until there is nothing left but a brown mush along with whatever metal objects the investigator may have been carrying at the time. Investigators who witness this will lose 1/1D6 points of SAN.

The Vegetable Garden

Should the investigators hit on the idea of digging up Corbitt's large vegetable patch they will be quickly rewarded with the discovery of the grisly remains of the madman's many experiments. Rotting ribcages, decaying heads, and, most frightening, the grafted atrocities created by the insane Corbitt can all be found here. Headless corpses with legs where arms should be, a human trunk with six human feet growing from the ribs, numerous limbs and other indefinable lumps of mud-coated human anatomy will cost the diggers a cumulative 0/1D4 SAN.

Entering the House

Eventually, the investigators should get around to peeking into the house itself. At the very least they will have to visit it in order to collect the absent importer's mail. When nearing the house, the investigators hear the crash of breaking glass and the rattle of furniture coming from the front basement window. If they look through the window, into the basement work room, they see something vaguely manlike flash into view for a split-second before jumping into the shadows. To all appearances, it seems as though a burglar is afoot. If the players think to call the police, suggest they

may not get there in time to apprehend the thief before he makes his getaway.

Corbitt's Early Experiment

In order to perfect his strange surgical/magical arts, Corbitt practiced for years on early collections of finds. Some of his experiments died and others eventually had to be killed. One that he's found particularly amusing over the years Corbitt has kept around the house. This creature is a thing made from discarded parts of humans and consists of a woman's head with two arms sprouting from where there would normally be ears and a single human leg attached to the neck. The thing is nearly mindless, its brains replaced by a rudimentary digestive system. The experiment, allowed the run of the basement while Corbitt is at work, hops and scampers about, behaving for all the world like a housebound cat.

The basement windows are shut but not locked; a STR versus STR of 8 will open any of them. As the investigators crawl into the house, the door to the next room slams shut, as if the thief has just fled. If the investigators pursue, the experiment, terrified by the intruders, will make its way up the stairs and attempt to batter-in the lightly-latched door (STR 5). If successful, the thing will flee to the upper floors of the home, leading the investigators on a merry chase. If cornered, the thing hisses and spits in a threatening way, its semi-human face twisted with fear.

SCAMPERING WOMAN-THING, Early Corbitt Experiment

STR 9 CON 9 SIZ 5 INT 5 POW 5
DEX 9 HP 7

Weapons: Charge 30%, special. The creature can charge people if scared and trapped. If it succeeds with its attack, match its STR versus a target's DEX. If the creature is successful, the investigator falls and takes 1D3-1 damage. With the scampering thing kicking and charging at him, it will take the investigator 1D3 rounds to stand up.

Move: 9

Armor, Spells, Skills: none

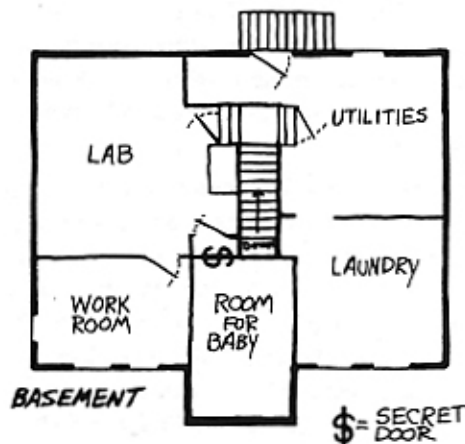
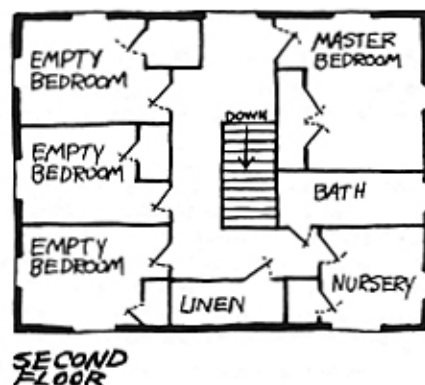
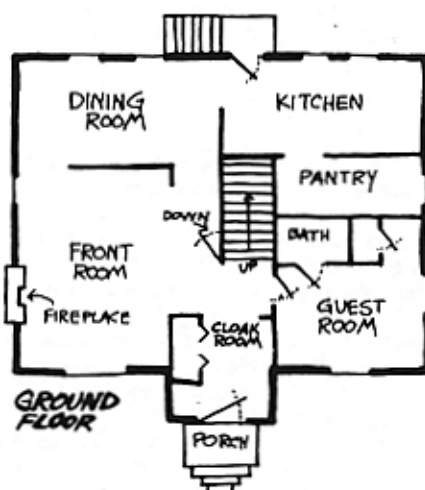
Sanity Cost: 1/1D6

The Ground Floor

The only room of special interest on the ground floor is the front room, which contains several important items.

Front Room: This room is used by Corbitt as his study. Above the desk is a collection of books standing on a single shelf. The four most interesting books include an Arabic copy of the Koran, a copy of *Twenty Experiments in the Occult* by the charlatan Dr. Arthur Turnley (no Mythos or spell bonus), a well-worn copy of *True Magick* by Theophilus Wenn (+6%, x2 Spell Multiplier, -1D8 SAN), and a large, crudely-fashioned book bound

Corbitt's House



Corbitt's Journals

Some notable excerpts are listed below; Journal One is from fourteen years ago and Journal Fourteen is for the present year. Entries not listed are very mundane, with statements like "Nothing occurred today," or "Purchased new suit in my afternoon off."

Journal One

September 10 — Another embarrassing memory lapse today. This journal should help me deal with the problem.

September 13 — I have had Mother sign the last of the legal papers that transfer ownership of Corbitt Importers of America from her to myself. She seems to be doing well in the new nursing home and I hope they can give her the treatment and attention she needs. I'm afraid her condition continues to decline rapidly. The death of Father seems to have unhinged her mind. If she knew my role in his death, although I don't in the least feel responsible, I'm sure it would kill her. She would never understand the power of my new lord, Ramasekva. Could she have but experienced those moments on the mountain when HE appeared in all his terrible magnificence! He spoke with me and left his mark upon my breast. Then he took hold of my father and the two became one with each other. Before devouring him, Ramasekva tore my father's head from his shoulders....

October 29 — Have met a charming young woman at a social gathering, her name is Lynn Meyers. I have arranged to take her to the pictures next week. My lord, I think, would approve of her.

December 12 — Spent thirty hours in ceremony, have located Ramasekva. He wants a bridge to the world, and needs my help. I have agreed. My studies have shown that Ramasekva is an obscure Asura, an East Indian demon. The Asura are said to be older gods, the ones who ruled before the coming of Shiva. Certain things spoken of in Wenn's book lead me to believe there may be a link to a being called Yog-Sothoth.

Journal Two

January 10 — I found myself wanting to make Lynn my wife and have sealed the thought by proposing to her. She accepted and we have set the date of marriage for March 9 of this year. Ramasekva assures me the time is right.

March 13 — Have returned from our honeymoon. Lynn and I have decided to keep the family place as it is excellent for raising children. In May, all being well, Lynn will accompany me on my trip to Ceylon for a new herbal tea supply. This may be my last trip out of the country for a while. A man who plans a family must be willing to settle down a bit.

April 1 — Had to send Lynn to visit her mother while I cast the ceremony. I don't believe she is ready to understand yet. Ramasekva has told me he wants a union of flesh. He demands the union be made with my wife. I am to await thirteen days, cast another, easier ceremony, and then wait. Ramasekva is to take my place.

April 14 — Cast the ceremony in the morning and Ramasekva came. I waited in the basement while he visited Lynn for several hours. She seems to suspect nothing.

July 19 — Have told my wife to remain in bed throughout the day, as she has taken ill from her pregnancy. I took the day to contact Ramasekva. I am to deliver the child myself, at home. My master has directed me to raise this child as if it were my own.

November 21 — Horror of horrors! My life is ashes. Poor Lynn went into labor today and in the course of giving birth to the child she expired, despite all I did to save her. Nurse Dunlap blundered into the room at the wrong moment, and when she saw the child, took leave of her senses. In trying to take care of her I may have neglected Lynn at a critical moment. At any rate, she is gone and I blame only myself. A second child, a boy, was born dead, and I have turned both bodies over to the funeral home. The child of Ramasekva I have hidden in the basement. The thing is limbless and appears to have trouble breathing. I don't think it can live for long.

(continued next page)

in cobra skin, called *The Key and the Gate*, written in Sanskrit. There are also fourteen leather-bound annual journals dating back to the time of Corbitt's first encounter with Yog-Sothoth, complete up to the current year. A black looseleaf binder holds Corbitt's notes regarding his botanical experiments.

If an investigator can read *The Key and the Gate* he will learn about Yog-Sothoth and his manifestation in the form of the multi-limbed demon Ramasekva, who splits worlds apart and devours the survivors. Reading this book adds 5% to an investigator's Cthulhu Mythos, but costs him 1D6 points of SAN. It contains the spell Call Ramasekva. The spell is fairly complete and can be learned with an INT x3 roll. Casting this peculiar version of the Call Yog-Sothoth spell does not involve building a stone tower, but does require the use of a drug Corbitt manufactures.

The journals describe the life of Bernard Corbitt since India. It will take ten minutes to leaf through a single vol-

ume; in-depth reading makes for boring fare and takes a half hour per journal: see the boxed section "Corbitt's Journals" nearby [see *The Corbitt Papers* #4].

Corbitt's complicated botanical notes, somewhat soiled and faded, can be comprehended with a Botany roll and will tell about Corbitt's experiments with drugs derived from the plants growing in his greenhouse. Investigators will learn that Corbitt uses fly agaric, along with extracts from several other of his plants, to produce the drug he calls "Soma," a necessary ingredient in the calling of Ramasekva. Using this drug to elevate his state of mind, Corbitt can then successfully contact Yog-Sothoth in his Ramasekva guise.

This potent drug can be correctly compounded by an investigator with a Pharmacy roll. A supply of the drug is hidden in a carved Indian box under a sofa in this room. The drug can be identified as a hallucinogenic by a compe-

November 25 — The funeral of Lynn and the child was held. Her parents were heartbroken and felt pity for me. I later consoled them and promised to stay in touch.

November 26 — The ceremony of Ramsekva brought him forth to explain the child. He said the thing would live and that I am to spend the next ten years preparing for a time when it would need me. When the time comes, I am to equip it for life on Earth. It will be given limbs and lungs. I am not to contact Ramsekva until ten years and a day have elapsed.

December 14 — I have found someone to help me, a man named Randolph Tomaszewski. He works at the local hospital and assures me that he can supply me with the parts necessary to the experiments I need to conduct over the next few years. He is an unsavory type but I need his help. I have agreed to supply him with a small amount of the drugs he desires and he, in return, will try to fill my needs. Perhaps through association with myself, he will find a way to better himself. He seems a particularly irreligious and bitter man. Next week I will make my first trip to the dump and see what my confederate has been able to find for me. The experiments should prove a challenge, but I have every confidence that I can learn, especially with my lord Ramasekva's guidance.

Journals Three Through Twelve

Nothing of importance to this scenario is included in this time period. The journals cover three trips to the East, acquisitions of unusual orchids and other botanical curiosities, the meeting of several old friends, work matters and various accounts of mundane purchases and such. "Experiments" are occasionally mentioned but Corbitt does not elaborate.

Journal Thirteen

November 25 — The child grows large, and the time has come. Entered the ceremony with Ramasekva. He told me that when Spring has arrived that I am to search out fresh limbs and organs to be added to the creature — the time of experimenting is over. As the thing is still a child, I will use only the limbs and

organs of children. My experiments show that the more youthful parts adapt much better than older ones. Any parts that are unusable I am directed to feed to the child. Ramsekva wants it to develop a taste for such things and says that it is now the time for growing.

Journal Fourteen

March 19 — Tomaszewski says I am asking too much of him and claims that he is having difficulty supplying me with parts. The needs of the child increase all the time and I have boosted again the strength of the drug I give the man, hoping that it will entice him to be more cooperative. I fear however that the drug simply exacerbates his derangement.

I must admit to feeling guilt — aiding and abetting his false beliefs somehow seems wrong. However, to try and tell him the truth would, I'm afraid, serve only to further unhinge his mind. I will continue the pretense of believing in his 'Master.' I value the services Tomaszewski renders too much to risk further damage to his grasp on reality.

Most of the child's organs are now in place and a few limbs have been attached. The grafts heal nicely. My years of experimenting are paying off.

March 28, April 8, April 11, April 19, May 14, May 25 — These dates contain similar statements to those above. The increasing growth rate of the child-thing, necessitating increasingly frequent trips to the garbage dump, is a source of surprise (and pleasure) for Corbitt.

Added Entries

If Corbitt has reason to suspect that the investigators were plotting against him, he will include his thoughts in his journal. If he knows the investigators have followed him to the dump or broken into his home, he will leave an entry that reads: "I am being followed. If I cannot find a way to deal with them myself, in the next ceremony with Ramasekva, I will be forced to ask for their destruction." Another entry mentions the possibility of sending Tomaszewski to deal with the investigators.

— The Corbitt Papers #4

tent analyst, and if ingested, costs the user 1D4 SAN from the cosmic visions it reveals.

A second successful Botany roll will allow the investigator to learn about the two alien species of plants kept by Corbitt and perhaps allow them to avoid their respective dangers. Their true origin is obscure but Corbitt claims the seeds were gifts from Ramasekva.

Elsewhere in and around the desk there is nothing of particular importance. Four expensive dictionaries sit in a drawer: Ancient Greek to English, Sanskrit to English, Chinese to English and Russian to English. The other drawers contain envelopes, paper, pens, ink bottles and a supply of paper clips and elastic bands.

The Second Floor

Master Bedroom: This is the room of Bernard Corbitt; it is relatively well kept, the closet only a third full of clothing. A framed photograph of Corbitt's late wife has a prominent place atop the nightstand next to Corbitt's bed. There is

nothing of particular importance here (unless the characters enter at night while Corbitt is asleep).

Nursery: This room was intended for Corbitt's child; it now sits empty but for a dusty crib. Nothing out of the ordinary will be found here.

Empty Bedrooms: Spare bedrooms used by previous generations of Corbitts. They sit unfurnished and empty.

The Basement

Laboratory: One end of the lab is filled with various chemicals stored in jars along with numerous beakers, retorts, mortars and pestles, and balances. Several dried plant specimens litter the table. On the other side of the room can be found Corbitt's surgery. Scalpels, catgut, needles, rib spreaders, clamps and other implements are all stored in a large metal cabinet.

When nearing this cabinet, the faint sound of an electric compressor can be heard and it might be noticed that the lowest drawer gives off a faint draft of cold air. If opened,



the investigators discover a host of refrigerated human nerves, tendons and blood vessels, all carefully stored for what looks like future use (lose 0/1 SAN). In another part of the lab are bottles of glucose and saline solutions. The place is slightly confusing as it seems to serve a surgeon, a chemical manufacturer, and a plant breeder. The investigators may wonder at the cost of all this equipment; several thousand dollars is more than most men are able to spend on their hobby.

The Creature's Room: The closet in the south of the lab is empty, but anyone opening this door will immediately notice the fetid, unidentifiable smell that pervades the closed space. Anyone who investigates and makes a Spot Hidden roll will see the back wall is a false panel which can be easily removed. If this panel is disturbed, the investigators will hear a faint, plaintive, gurgling from the other side. When opened and light is produced, the investigators can see the "child." The horror stumbles out of the room, making its way toward the investigators. Thinking they are his father come to add more limbs and organs, the as-yet undeveloped Man-Bagari reaches for the characters with its multiple little arms, whimpering for food.

The creature's body looks like a huge, dense mucus with the consistency of an overcooked pudding. An interior skeleton can be seen poking through the body from time to time while three great vents, closed by wrinkly lips, rhythmically aspirate the monster with puffing, wheezing sounds. Ten human legs, all children's, though of various colors and sizes, rim the lower part of the body, providing it with locomotion, while the fifteen chubby little arms encircling the upper side of its body writhe about, grasping at nothing.

The thing is quite featureless except for a wet circular mouth located on the creature's underside that gurgles and coos softly, in a way that resembles the sounds a human baby makes. The creature frequently stops to squat and scour the floor with wet sucking noises, searching for food.

The thing's waste products are passed out of its digestive system via a sphincter opening atop the center of the monster's body, much like that of a sea urchin. A near continuous stream of foul-smelling brown goo issues from this hole.

The whimpering child-thing will follow the intruders about the basement, looking for food. If fed (and the creature will only accept raw flesh) it will prove somewhat tractable, if clumsy. However, at its current stage of development it requires regular feedings and if denied food for more than twenty-four hours it will turn vicious and attack and eat any investigator that comes near it.

If Man-Bagari sees an open door, it attempts to escape the house, running down the street with great curiosity and enthusiasm, grabbing at things and trying to evade any attackers. However, it can recognize its foster father, Mr.

Corbitt, and will obey his commands as long as they are simple and clearly stated.

MAN-BAGARI, the Child-Thing

STR 25 CON 50 SIZ 25 INT 8 POW 22
DEX 9 HP 38

Move: 9

Weapons: Fist 50%, 1D3+2D6 damage. The Child-Thing can make up to three Fist attacks per round, on three separate targets. Grapple 50%, special. The Child-Thing can make only one such attack per round, and no Fist attacks that round.

Bite/Suck: only if victim is grappled or prone, 80%, 1D8 damage.

Armor: None.

Skills: Dodge 20%, Sense Food 90%.

Magic: None (yet). However, if the investigators take too long killing the hapless creature, it could turn out that it has a chance to call upon its father for help in its hour of need....

Sanity Cost: 1/1D10

If the investigators try to keep the thing alive and happy they will find it requires at least three pounds of raw meat per day to keep its appetite satisfied. These demands increase by 10% per week, its growth rate accelerating in a like manner. If the investigators are crazed enough to nurture the monster as it grows, they each lose 1 SAN per week of such folly. They soon notice disturbing changes taking place — the creature's immature arms and legs grow larger and stronger, its size increases, and it begins to talk to them.

In only a year's time from the beginning of the adventure the creature reaches maturity and calls itself Man-Bagari, the Bridge. All its characteristics are doubled and it possesses 10 points of armor. It cannot fly, but will be capable of jumping up to 200 feet in a single bound. In adult form it can grab hold of a lifeform, burning it and draining energy from it, 1D4 CON per round, converting these points into hit points for itself; a side effect causes a 1D2 loss of APP for each CON loss. Seeing the thing at this stage of its development costs 1D3/1D20 SAN.

Any affection the thing may have felt for its keepers is long gone and investigators will be viewed as so much potential food. Man-Bagari will be able to summon Yog-Sothoth simply by calling the Outer God's name (in a thunderous voice) and expending 8 magic points. It will be able to leave this plane at will. The creature serves as the son of Yog-Sothoth, herald for the eventual Opening of the Way and the coming of the Outer God.

Resolving The Adventure

There are various ways to resolve this scenario and a number of things that can happen to the investigators. If the characters are discovered meddling with Corbitt's plans he first attempts to intoxicate them with one of his hallucinogens, causing in the victim the symptoms of insanity. More

drastically, he tries to separate the investigators and then murder them either with poison or magic. If the investigators have waited until the child is near maturity, Corbitt may simply release his creature on them, knowing the time for it to leave is drawing near anyway.

If Corbitt is unsuspecting of the investigators, but they know of the monster, they have a choice of destroying it or leaving it be. Destroying the creature will bring an award of 2D6 SAN simply from the knowledge that the horrible thing is gone. If they fully understand the thing's link to Yog-Sothoth and its role in the eventual Opening of the Way, the SAN award will be increased to 2D8+2 points.

If Man-Bagari is destroyed, Corbitt's remaining shreds of sanity will dissolve, leaving the man in a near-hopeless condition. The investigators may turn him over to the authorities, but if they realize that Corbitt's mental state keeps him from taking responsibility for the things that have happened, they may choose to try and help him get his life back together. Successful rehabilitation of Corbitt will bring an additional SAN award of 1D4 points.

Should the investigators allow the creature to escape, they will eventually hear stories of horrific sightings and people disappearing. Strangely burnt and shriveled corpses will begin to turn up. These stories will go on for two weeks, 1D10 stories in all, and will be broadcast across

radio stations and printed in the newspapers. Each time an investigator hears one of these stories he will suffer an additional SAN loss of 0/1D2 points.

If the investigators choose to not deal with the monster themselves and instead notify the authorities, the police will arrive and enter the house. When they find the creatures, one police officer will faint and another run screaming from the basement. The police will then contact the United States Bureau of Investigation (renamed the FBI in 1935) who will, after arriving on the scene, kill the creatures, confiscate Corbitt's books, notes, and medical supplies, and order the house burnt down. The government will then track down Corbitt (if he still lives) and arrest him on some obscure charge. He will not be seen or heard from again. Hint to the investigators that certain people within the government are aware of the Mythos threat and practice a policy of misinformation to avoid creating a panic among the public. A statement will be issued claiming the house was infected with a contagious disease that required immediate and drastic control. It was decided that burning the property was the most expedient method of dealing with this threat to the public well-being. Allowing the police and federal government to take over the case will award the investigators less SAN, 1D10 if they do not understand the link to Yog-Sothoth and 1D10+3 if they do. ■

The Plantation

In which the investigators search out the secrets of a swamp in the Deep South, and descend into the lair of a being of passive disposition, but exhibiting an insatiable hunger.

This adventure is intended for investigators who have had at least some experience with the Cthulhu Mythos. Although scholarly skills may prove helpful, violent confrontations with cultists, zombies, venomous snakes and evil serpent people should be expected. Good weapon skills are almost essential.

The beginning of the story is nominally set in Arkham but at the keeper's discretion it could begin in almost any city in the United States as long as there is a college or university nearby. One of the leading characters, Professor Albert Gist, teaches at this school. Even this may not be

necessary. Gist's profession could be altered if the keeper so chooses.

Keeper's Information

The investigators are about to become the unwitting pawns of Yig, the Great Old One and god of the serpent people. Yig has been angered by an ancient serpent woman sorceress who for ages has been absorbing the energy of magical sacrifices and rites properly intended for Yig. This depraved and bloated snake woman dwells in an ancient

underground temple beneath a backwoods swamp in South Carolina. Yig has suffered enough from this interloper and intends to use both the investigators and a serpent man sorcerer as the tools of his revenge.

The investigators will be drawn into this adventure by a young boy from South Carolina named Joe. Joe has traveled to Arkham in search of Albert Gist, brother of Caleb Gist, owner of the plantation where Joe's sharecropper family works and lives. The evil Caleb has kidnapped Joe's older sister and intends to sacrifice her in an upcoming ceremony to Yig. Caleb and his cultists disguise their Yig ceremonies as rites to Dambala, the serpent god of Obeah. The rites of Obeah are a practice which, to some degree, are tolerated in parts of the South. Caleb has so far managed to fool the local authorities but he himself has been duped by the serpent sorceress. All the energies of his rites to Yig are sucked off by the serpent woman and used by her to sustain herself. The sorceress, much like a god, has taught Caleb a number of secret magicks in exchange for the rites he performs and Caleb honestly believes he has been dealing with Yig.

Although the investigators may at first believe the solution is to simply do away with the nefarious Caleb and save Joe's sister, they will soon learn their task is much more difficult. Either by way of the Messengers of Yig or through the serpent man the investigators will learn the true purpose of their visit to the plantation.

The adventure is presented in five parts, as follows:

Part I: Strangers Meet

The adventure begins with a near traffic accident: the investigators are driving in crowded afternoon traffic when a small boy (Joe) suddenly darts in front of their vehicle. The child is slightly injured, probably not seriously, and asks the investigators to help him reach the residence of one Albert Gist, who lives not far from Arkham. Helping the boy find the place, they meet the seemingly innocent Albert Gist then become involved in a shootout when cultists trailing Joe lay siege to the house. Drawn into the story, the investigators will be led to South Carolina.

Part II: The Journey South

Whether the investigators choose to travel by rail or auto it will make no real difference to the cultists on their tail. A huge zombie will be sent against them — a foe they must face and defeat.

Part III: South Carolina

Arriving in Charleston, the investigators will probably have at least an evening and part of a day to research local sources (libraries, newspapers) before the arrival of Professor Gist's friend, Elihu Winsworthy. Winsworthy will give them a ride to the plantation. On the way to the plantation they have time for stops in the small town of Walterboro and at the Gist Country store, meeting two possible allies:

Colleton County Sheriff Virgil Trucks and the Reverend Isaac Hilson.

Part IV: The Plantation

The investigators will be able to stay overnight at the decaying Gist family mansion. They will meet the owner, Caleb Gist, his mistress Elly, the evil overseer Rafe Bodeen, innocent sharecroppers, Yig cultists, and finally, an ancient and deadly serpent man sorcerer, brought here, like the investigators, to perform Yig's bidding.

Part V: The Night of Yig

The perverted ceremony will probably be held the night after the investigators arrive. They will have a chance to witness the depraved rites and perhaps, be able to prevent the dreadful sacrifice of Joe's sister to an ancient god. During the ceremony the homunculi servants of the serpent woman sorceress will appear, digging up through their muddy tunnels to snatch unsuspecting cultists entranced by the celebrations. These filthy burrows lead back to the buried temple of the sorceress, the lair of the one that Yig has marked for revenge. Two undercover cops from Charleston might be spotted and the investigators might be able to enlist their aid.

Cast of Important Characters (in order of their appearance)

Joe: This 12 year old boy has arrived in Arkham searching for help for his endangered family. Joe is seeking Albert Gist, brother of the plantation's owner, Caleb Gist, in the hope that Albert will help him. Although frightened of both Gist brothers, Joe has been unconsciously led here by Yig in order to involve both the elder Gist and the investigators. Joe will first be met when he is nearly run over by the investigator's automobile.

Joe has lately been the victim of disturbing dreams — dreams brought on by the Messengers of Yig (see boxed text on Yig). Yig wants both Albert Gist and the investigators to aid him in ridding the plantation of the gigantic serpent queen. To this end he has manipulated Joe's dreams to show him the worst possible conclusion — the sacrifice of his sister during the perverted Yig rites planned by Caleb Gist. Joe bears, on his left side, the Mark of Yig and it's possible that during some point in the adventure the investigators will discover the sleeping boy being visited by one of the sacred Messengers.

Professor Albert Gist: Gist, 44 years old, is intelligent and educated, a visiting professor of psychology at Miskatonic University. He is sane but unstable, obsessed with the mysteries of the occult and the hidden powers of the human mind. Having gained an inkling of the true situation at the plantation, he intends to use the investigators as bodyguards and assistants while he determines the facts. Believing Caleb may have made some occult breakthrough, he is

both curious and jealous. Although he will pretend to be interested in the welfare of the sharecroppers, they are actually of little importance to him. He shares the legacy of the Gist family and, like his brother Caleb, wishes deeply to make contact with what he calls "the outer forces". Albert may try to replace his brother as the leader of the upcoming Yig ceremony.

Special Note: Although Albert will be required to make SAN rolls and have points deducted from his SAN total, he will not be subject to insanity caused by any manifestation of Yig or his powers. His overriding obsession to make contact with Yig is practically an insanity in itself.

Big Rafe Bodeen: This is the new overseer at the plantation, recently hired by Caleb Gist. A huge, hulking brute, the 28-year-old Bodeen will first appear in Massachusetts, attempting to kidnap or kill little Joe. If Bodeen is not killed or arrested, he will return to South Carolina, showing up at the plantation to further trouble the group.

Sheriff Virgil Trucks: The Colleton County Sheriff is headquartered in Walterboro, along the route to the plantation. Trucks is quite aware that Caleb Gist is up to no good, but hesitates to make a move against the man. Caleb is a long-time landholder in a tradition-bound South and wields considerable local influence. The large masses of worshippers that have lately shown up at the plantation, ostensibly to worship Dambala, also deter the Sheriff from actively involving himself. His small force of men would be no match against such a large and well-armed group should the cultists decide to resist. However, the recent murder of a Charleston detective has aroused the Sheriff's ire. The Sheriff's role is undefined and he may be used as the keeper sees fit. His presence in the area will serve to prevent both the investigators and Caleb Gist from committing overt acts of violence against each other prior to the ceremony.

Reverend Isaac Hilson: A black Baptist preacher with a strong faith and almost magical healing abilities. A strict Christian, Hilson decries all pagan religions, especially the practices that have been going on at the Gist plantation. Like the Sheriff, his role is undefined and it is up to the keeper to make use of this character. He may secretly contact the investigators looking for aid, or he may show up at the last minute with a horde of torch-bearing, hymn-singing Christians, intent on wiping out the nest of evil. If necessary, they can arrive just in the nick of time, pulling the investigators' fat out of the fire if it looks as though all is lost.

Caleb Gist: Albert Gist's less respectable brother and owner/operator of the plantation. Caleb, 41 years old, has, like all the Gists, been long obsessed with the mysteries of the occult. He has for many years been under the influence of the hidden serpent sorceress, mistakenly believing her to be Yig. Caleb unknowingly serves the queen and, in return,

he and his mistress, Elly, benefit from what she teaches them. The sorceress greedily absorbs all the magical energies released by Caleb's celebrations of Yig.

Caleb hates his brother, Albert, and will not be happy when he shows up, especially since he is towing along a bunch of nosy investigators from up North. Highly suspicious of their intentions, Caleb would prefer to murder the whole bunch of them and dump the bodies in the swamp. But the time of the big ceremony draws near and Caleb doesn't wish to have the local Sheriff breathing down his neck. He will try to make the investigators as uncomfortable as his southern hospitality — and the law — allows, hoping fervently they will fall afoul of some 'accident' while prowling around the house or swamp. Caleb knows the secret of creating zombies and both he and Elly can charm poisonous snakes. If the investigators survive these threats and still insist on staying on through the night of the 'Dambala' ceremony, Caleb will strongly warn them away from the place of the rites, claiming that white men "are not welcome there." He will then sneak out of the house and join the cultists.

Although Caleb will be cautious about harming his guests, he will make a definite effort to eliminate little Joe as soon as the opportunity arises.

Elly: This young black woman works as a maid at the plantation house but, more importantly, she is Caleb's mistress and high priestess of the Yig cult. She is cunning, crafty, and capable of brewing both poisons and love philtres. She can charm snakes and will work with Caleb to make sure the investigators do not disrupt the upcoming ceremony. Elly, as an opponent, may prove to be more dangerous than Caleb.

The Serpent Man: The Serpent man encountered in this adventure is magically disguised as a voodoo priest and, like the investigators, has been brought here by Yig to help punish the bloated serpent queen. He knows what Yig expects of him and serves the god, but only because he feels he has little choice. It is very likely the investigators will find themselves in uneasy alliance with this serpent mage.

The serpent man has presented himself as a friend and ally of Caleb Gist and has helped him make 'corrections' in his rites. These corrections are supposed to finally allow the Calling of Yig, something the Gist family has tried to accomplish for nearly a century. He despises Caleb — as he does all humans — and is merely making use of the plantation owner to achieve Yig's demands. There never has been anything wrong with the various Gists' attempts to call Yig — only the presence of the leaching sorceress has kept the Callings from being successful.

The serpent man has included a human sacrifice in the ceremony, claiming it to be an essential part of the rite. This is a falsehood, the serpent man has included it only to amuse himself. He is counting on Caleb to lead the cere-

mony (although either Elly or himself could suffice in a pinch), and to this end will help to protect the man against unruly strangers. Nevertheless it is likely that the serpent man will inform the investigators of what is really happening (to a degree) and recruit them in the fight against the serpent queen. He can explain to them that, like himself, they have been manipulated by Yig and that there are few alternatives to helping the Great Old One achieve his godly ends.

The Human Cultists: The cult of Yig worshippers pose as followers of Obeah and claim to worship Dambala, the serpent god. In truth, the cultists worship Yig, a far darker being than Dambala. They have been lately holding large ceremonies at the plantation four times a year and are well organized and violent. Like Caleb and Elly, they are the dupes of the hidden serpent queen. Caleb has invited a horde of over 150 of them to attend this latest attempt to Call Yig.

The Serpent Sorceress: Unknown to anyone save the serpent man, beneath the swamp lives a great and powerful being, an ancient and gigantic sorceress of the serpent people, S'sruaxxa. This foul being, guilty of crimes too vile for even the serpent people to contemplate, has dwelt for millions of years within her ancient temple, imprisoned there eons ago by others of the serpent race. She lives eternally, half awake, half asleep, preserved by her magicks and tended to only by her servant homunculi — beaked, man-sized reptilian beings created of her own flesh and blood, and capable of burrowing to the surface to hunt food

for their mistress. These homunculi are the cause of the 'hell-holes' which some locals claim unexpectedly open up to swallow dogs, livestock, and occasionally, even people.

Thousands of years ago the sorceress sensed the coming of sentient beings — humans — and contacted these primitives by way of their dreams. Wrongly believing her to be a god, these early humans worshipped her and eventually erected a stone altar above the ground where she was entombed. In the past century the worship of the sorceress has passed from the hands of the local Indians to the Gist-led cultists of Yig. The sorceress 'feeds' off the magical energies generated by these rites.

Yig's Role: Yig, offended by the sorcerous queen and her felonious leaching of the magical rites intended for him, is manipulating fate. Using his Messengers of Yig he has lured to South Carolina the serpent man sorcerer and now attempts to draw in the investigators, planning to use all of them as instruments of his revenge.

Putting self-interest first, like any sentient beings, both the serpent man and the investigators may prefer not to be Yig's agents of punishment. Once in South Carolina, however, it should become evident that the investigators have but little choice. Brought here by Yig, they will be expected to fulfill their role in the Great Old One's plan. Both the serpent man and Yig's sacred snakes will work to prevent the investigators leaving the plantation before the sorceress is uncovered and punished. Yig's plan is to use his newly-recruited agents to attack or somehow distract the sorceress during the Call Yig ceremony. With the serpent woman's

Yig

Although one of those referred to in ancient texts as a Great Old One, Yig is one of the least dangerous of these alien and terrible beings. For centuries, primarily in the North American southwest and the Andes region of South America, Yig has been worshipped by various Amerind tribes going as far back as the pre-Incan Huari tribes. The Toltecs, Mayans and Aztecs also paid homage to Yig (under names such as Quetzlcoatl and Kulkucan) as did many of the more primitive tribes of North America. With the coming of the white man and the destruction of Indian civilizations, Yig has been forgotten by many of the tribes and is worshipped only sporadically, if at all.

Despite his semi-benevolent reputation, those few Indians who still honor Yig know his true character. In the months of August, September, and October, Yig's reptilian hunger overcomes the god and he stalks the North American plains and deserts in search of food. It is said that during these nights certain learned members of the Pawnee, Wichita, and Caddo tribes hold nightly tom-tom rituals intended to drive the ravaging god away from them, keeping their people safe.

Yig is served by his Children, the sacred snakes of Yig. These are large snakes, always of a poisonous variety indigenous to the area in which they're encountered. These specimens are always much larger than a normal member of the species and are easily identified by a white crescent on the back of the head. Their venom is far more potent than that of their kin,

and a bite from one of Yig's sacred snakes always results in a swift, painful death. The sacred snakes exhibit intelligence and cunning far beyond that of normal snakes and additionally serve as Yig's Messengers. These messengers are sent directly by Yig and bring to chosen humans (and others) dreams and vague insights into future events. Messengers silently approach sleeping humans and, by inserting their tongues into the ear of the individual, induce the strange dreams. Experiencing one of these dreams costs a human 1D3 points of SAN and leaves the sleeper with what seems to be a certain precognition about events and people. These half-remembered dreams do not predict an exact future but only one of many possible futures. Yig chooses a future that will most likely cause the dreamer to act in the manner Yig desires. Yig can only 'dispatch' his Messengers from an area that is sacred to Yig, which is why he has not contacted Gist and the investigators more directly.

Occasionally, certain individuals are chosen to be 'blessed' by Yig. These individuals bear the mark of the white crescent, usually hidden beneath an arm, and share a special rapport with the Yig. Those who bear this mark are immune to normal snake bite, nor will the sacred Children of Yig, unless sent by Yig himself, attack a person bearing the mark of Yig. In return, the person becomes a servant of Yig and cannot act against the interests of the Great Old One. Yig can force these individuals to serve him anywhere or anytime, contacting the person by way of his dreams. Any servant of Yig who refuses will immediately be tracked down by Children of Yig and slain.

attention diverted, Yig will be able to take advantage of the Call Yig spell and through it, enter this world and exact his vengeance.

Snakes: Normal snakes, both wild and magically-charmed, play a large roll in this scenario. For an extensive treatment of this subject, see the appendix at the end of this adventure.

Part I: Strangers Meet

It is a sunny afternoon and the investigators are in their automobile going somewhere (library, school, work). When a small black child suddenly darts out into the street, the driver of the car will barely have time to hit the brakes. If a Drive Automobile roll is made the driver is able to stop the car just as it strikes the lad, knocking the boy off his feet onto the tarmac for 1D2 points worth of scrapes and bruises. If the roll is failed the boy will be hit much harder and knocked flat to the ground for 1D6 points of damage (a roll of 6 HP means his arm has been fractured and requires a cast). In either case the boy will need some type of medical aid and only the most heartless of investigators will refuse to help. If they choose to ignore the child, a policeman who witnessed the event will show up on the scene. The officer starts to talk about filling out accident reports, making trips to the station, future court dates, etc. Investigators wishing to avoid long entanglements should offer to take the boy to a nearby doctor or hospital, and possibly provide some first aid on the scene. The policeman will be satisfied by these efforts and, providing they take the boy with them, allow the investigators to leave.

They will spend the next hour or so with the injured youngster, and during this time have the opportunity to learn something of why he is in Arkham. Joe has a distinctly southern American accent and investigators may wonder what he is doing so far north, and by himself.

"My sister's in a peck of trouble," the boy explains. "I was hopin' to find Master Gist up here. Somehow I just know he'd be willin' to help".

As the boy's tale unfolds the investigators are amazed to learn that the boy has traveled, all alone, from his home far away in South Carolina, in search of Albert Gist. Most remarkably, Joe has covered the 950+ miles by train, car, and on foot, in little more than a week. Investigators notice that his bare feet are torn and cut. If asked how the boy knows that Albert Gist lives in this town (Joe apparently doesn't even know the name of the town he's in) he merely shrugs and answers: "I don't know. I just sometimes get these feelin's and sometimes the feelin's come true."

A Psychology roll allows an investigator to notice that the boy seems upset when talking about his sister. If pressed on the issue, Joe is reluctant to answer. "Somethin' bad's goin' on back home. I have to see Master Albert right away. Master Caleb's up to no good."



Joe Know roll they recognize the name the boy has given them.

Gist is presently in Arkham as a visiting professor at the University, where he teaches psychology. This investigator can learn where Gist lives by visiting the school's administration building. Otherwise, a quick check in the phone book will show a listing for a Professor Albert Gist. He lives a short distance southwest of town, about eight miles from downtown Arkham. Only the most callous investigators would refuse to offer the injured boy a ride.

Meet Professor Albert Gist

(Keeper's note: during this encounter the investigators will be given numerous opportunities to involve themselves in Joe and Albert Gist's problem. First, there is sympathy for the boy they've injured. Then, they should also be intrigued by what they learn of the activities of Caleb Gist, Albert's brother. Next, the investigators will be involved in a shoot-out — Caleb's deranged cultists trying to kidnap Joe — an event that might make them feel a need for revenge, especially if one of them is wounded. Lastly, failing all else, Gist will finally offer them money in an attempt to persuade them to accompany him and Joe to South Carolina.)

Finding Professor Gist's rented farmhouse would be difficult for someone not familiar with the rural area southwest of Arkham but Joe exhibits an uncanny ability to 'home in' on the place. At least once, he is able to immediately inform the driver that he's made a wrong turn. Following Joe's directions, the investigators soon find themselves at the modest, rented home of Albert Gist.

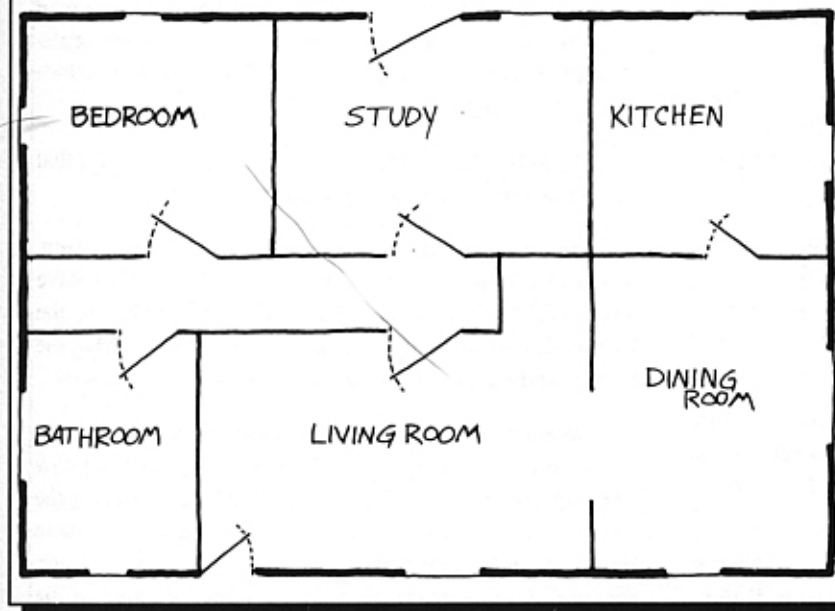
Gist answers the door, a look of puzzlement on his face when he sees a group of strangers standing on his front porch. Then he notices little Joe, and recognizes him instantly.

"Joe!" exclaims Gist. "What are you doing here?"

As Joe begins to spill his story, Gist gives the boy's injuries a cursory examination, questioning the investigators and learning how the boy was hurt. He accepts their explanation and asks politely: "Would you care for some coffee? Tea? It's quite a long drive out here and I want to properly thank you for helping little Joe here." The investigators notice that, although Gist's accent is more refined, it is similar to Joe's.

The professor ushers the investigators into a large, book-lined study and goes to prepare the refreshments. Any

Professor Gist's House



investigator who checks the bookshelves will notice among the works on psychology are a preponderance of occult titles but nothing particularly interesting from the viewpoint of the Mythos.

After Gist returns with the coffee he asks Joe to tell them what has happened.

Joe's Tale

Joe, standing in the center of the room, surrounded by seated white people, begins nervously: "It's Master Caleb, Sir. He's been messin' around with a new mojo man come to the plantation from down south somewhere. Master Caleb and this man been doin' somethin' secret and now there's talk of holdin' a special ceremony down in the swamp by the old Obeah stone. They got my sister, Master Albert. They came right into the house and grabbed both her and my ma. Now he's holdin' 'em prisoner. They tried to catch me, but I was too fast for 'em. I lit out across the swamp and didn't stop runnin' till I hit the highway."

Joe pauses for a minute, and the investigators notice Albert Gist's face has turned pale and tense.

"Thank you, Joe," he finally says. "Please go wait in the kitchen." Joe turns and leaves the room.

Once Joe is gone, Gist apologizes to the investigators: "I'm sorry you've had to hear about this. Judging from what Joe has told me it sounds as though my younger brother, Caleb, has committed some grave errors of judgement." Gist turns thoughtful a moment and the investiga-

tors will have an opportunity to question him. If they don't, he continues.

"My brother has for a long time amused himself with the study of ancient forms of magic, a study that until recently I've not taken seriously. Caleb, although an unscrupulous sort, never seemed to show more than an amateur's interest. Now I learn this."

"The Gist plantation has been owned by my family for generations, Joe and his family work there as sharecroppers. My brother Caleb, after a dispute we had years back, lives there by himself running the plantation — at little or no profit, I might add. I visit the place usually once a year, but relations between my brother and I are, shall we say, strained, and I do not stay very long."

"For the last year or so I've heard rumors about Caleb's behavior but now I'm convinced something is amiss. I don't know about the things little Joe's said — his people are a

superstitious lot and you can't always believe everything they say — but certainly Caleb's foolishness and bad management have gotten entirely out of hand. It seems almost certain that Caleb is terrorizing the sharecroppers for his own amusement and, worse yet, has gotten himself involved in some sort of unsavory religious practice. I've even heard rumors of trouble with the police."

He stops and takes a deep breath. "It's time someone put a stop to Caleb and I suppose it's my responsibility."

As the sun sets, Gist stands and calls to the kitchen, telling Joe that he should be ready to leave for South Carolina in the morning. Joe peeks out the door (he's been listening the whole time) with a pitiful look in his eyes. "Are these people here gonna help us?" he asks imploringly.

Telling the boy "No, I'm afraid not," Gist then apologizes for the boy's forwardness and again thanks them for their help. "I'm sure these nice folk don't want to get involved in our problems."

Just then there is a knock at the front door. "Probably one of my students," Gist explains. "They're in the habit of stopping by unannounced." Excusing himself, he goes to answer the door, leaving the investigators and the young boy alone in the room.



Albert Gist

A Vicious Attack

Meanwhile, outside the house, four cultists sent by Caleb Gist have positioned themselves to open fire on the rear of the house. These cultists are led by Caleb's brutal overseer, Big Rafe Bodeen and are here to take Joe back to South Carolina.

The cultists are not particularly effective, and the group has arrived too late to stop Joe from talking. But they do intend finish the job. They have already been paid half the fee agreed-upon by Bodeen.

The keeper must make sure that events occur suddenly in this scene, without giving the players a chance to talk over their actions or tactics. It is suggested the keeper do a countdown while the players give statements of intent. Players who hesitate too long get no action for the round.

The cultists' attack is a ruse intended to make little Joe panic and run. This is the plan of Bodeen who, once things are underway, will slip away from the scene to avoid arrest or danger.

Before the gunfire erupts, the investigators hear Albert Gist arguing with the caller at his front door. Gist is disputing something with his visitor. "Somethin' bad's gonna happen," Joe says softly, a look of panic creeping over his face. If anyone can make a successful Listen roll they will

be able to hear the stranger's voice well enough to recognize the man's southern accent.

If any of the investigators peek out into the front room they see a very large, brutish-looking man standing in the front doorway, arguing loudly with the professor. The man is badly dressed, and claims to be a sharecropper at the plantation. He insists Joe stole money from him and he's come "to get my due."

"Ah know he's in there," the man growls. "Bring that bo' out here now, before ah gits mad."

The man arguing with the professor is Rafe Bodeen, Caleb Gist's new overseer. He and Professor Gist have never met. Joe is innocent of any crime, but he knows the foreman's evil reputation and is justly terrified of what the brute will do to him if he should get his hands on him.

Joe makes a sudden bolt for a nearby window or door, intent on escape. The second the boy reaches the window or opens the door, gunshots ring out, bullets shattering the windows and thudding into the walls. Little Joe, by some incredible luck, avoids injury and falls back on the floor, scrambling underneath the sofa. Any investigators in the path of the bullets, including anyone who attempted to stop Joe's exit, have to make luck rolls to avoid being hit by a stray shot for 1D6 points of damage.

Obeah and Dambala

The beliefs and practices brought to the South by West African slaves are sometimes called Obeah and sometimes called Mojo. These beliefs are significant to the background of the adventure, although the hideous ceremonies performed herein bear little resemblance or relation to conventional Obeah rituals, and only superficial connection to normal Dambala worship.

Obeah is a general term. The worshippers of the religion are Obeah, the religion itself is Obeah, the world is Obeah. Obeah is all that is. It includes the material as well as the spiritual. Obeah has many spirit entities or gods, some good and some bad, and some both good and bad. Obeah is neither good nor evil, it is neutral or amoral. It is the person who is good or evil, depending upon the use the person makes of Obeah.

Many blacks in the South are not rigidly opposed to Obeah, unlike the Reverend Isaac Hilson (a dogmatic Christian minister encountered in the adventure): however, they know that there are dangers in Obeah that must be avoided, dangers that plantation owner Caleb Gist has ignored in his headlong pursuit of power and an escape from his poverty.

For example, they know that an Obeah spell improperly done carries a shock in return. The Obeah priest (also called a *Houngan* or *Mojo man*) who stumbles or strays is subject to painful correction by the gods. This fact may be known to any investigators familiar with Obeah.

Bad Obeah arises from an intention to do harm: to blind, deafen, paralyze, even to kill. Its rites are often conducted in cemeteries in the dead of night, attempting to attract the attention of long-forgotten elder gods. Bad Obeah calls up the dead to serve as zombies and summons monsters from other planes. Monsters so summoned will do the bidding of the Houngan:

however, they must be fed frequently upon human flesh. If they grow too hungry, they will turn upon the Houngan and eat him.

Good Obeah is a way of ironing out the minor difficulties of life. Its spells bring love to the unloved, forgiveness to the unforgiven. Much of good Obeah is an attempt to ward off harm done by evil gods. This is accomplished by spells, amulets, charms. Such charms can be twisted to selfish ends, as the black maid and priestess, Elly, does in a later part of the adventure.

Obeah does not usually involve human sacrifice, though it frequently involves animal sacrifice.

Most Obeah people in the South regard Christianity as an part of Obeah. Christian paraphernalia — crosses, pictures of Jesus, Bibles — are often used in good Obeah.

The two aspects of Obeah, good and bad, make one whole, and it is not always easy to distinguish between them: however, in the adventure, there is no doubt that the cultists are practicing the darkest kind of Obeah. Any investigator making a successful Occult roll realizes the repulsive practices of the cultists are a loathsome perversion of Obeah.

The Gists and Obeah

From the time he first explored his grandfather Findley Gist's books, Caleb Gist moved steadily down the dark Obeah path laid out by Findley. In the beginning, Caleb attracted many other Houngans, of both the light and the dark ways: however, the Houngans of the light quickly left him, and when the ancient serpent man showed up, even the Houngans of the dark departed in terror.

The Gist Family Fortunes

The impoverishment of the Gists, like so many other members of the Southern cotton aristocracy, began immediately after the Civil War. The Gists lost almost everything when the Southern Rebellion (the term Professor Gist prefers to use) failed.

By the 1900's the Gists were eking out a living renting their land to sharecroppers. The house in Charleston was sold. The education of Albert and Caleb used almost the last of the family's capital.

During World War I, high prices for cotton brought a return of prosperity to the plantation. In the 1920's, however, prices for farm products plunged to an all-time low. Worse yet, the boll weevil invaded South Carolina and devastated the cotton crop. It is said in the South that "The twenties may be roaring for the rest of the country, but they are groaning for South Carolina farmers."

Since the falling out with Albert, Caleb is the only Gist now living on the family plantation. Even though life there is not prosperous, either for Caleb Gist or the sharecroppers, it is remote and provides Gist the privacy he desires.

The Current Situation

The routine at the Gist plantation has never been as placid as that on neigh-

boring plantations, although poverty has been, if anything, even more grievous due to the insanity of many of the sharecroppers. Long before Findley Gist's discoveries, the plantation held a reputation for having been the site of foul rites conducted by degenerate Indians. The altar to Yig in the swamp, ignored by the original Gists, has been in sporadic use lately, although local authorities have occasionally threatened to shut down the 'services'. Most everyone in the area is well aware that dark magic and things even worse are practiced there, although educated, upper-class whites consider such talk simply superstitious hysteria.

Since Caleb Gist's successes of the last year, the plantation has been dominated by terror and black magic. A few of the sharecroppers on the plantation have packed up and left, but most remain. Unable to find work elsewhere, fatalistic and superstitious, they persevere as best they can. The worst of them have become cultists. Even the white overseers, like the new foreman, Big Rafe Bodeen, have been corrupted.

Caleb Gist and Obeah

Like many farmers of the time, the twin blights of low prices and the boll weevil have brought Caleb Gist to the verge of bankruptcy. Caleb believes, however, that he can return the Gists to prestige and power through Yig worship.

While Albert, after his disagreement with Caleb, lost interest in the traditional family focus on Yig and moved north to eventually pursue other occult paths, Caleb persevered. Last year he was contacted by a strange Obeah man (the disguised serpent sorcerer) who has been helping Caleb with one of the spells in Findley's notes; the powerful ritual, Call Yig. Findley himself had tried this spell on several occasions, but to no avail. Now Caleb intends to attempt the rite using the modifications (including human sacrifice) taught him by the Obeah man. On the upcoming Night of Yig Caleb will perform a human sacrifice and, with the aid of over 150 fanatical cultists, attempt to Call Yig. For this feat Caleb feels sure he will receive exceedingly great rewards. The serpent man has selected a young sharecropper girl as the victim.

Even if Yig confers no heaps of gold or other special boons upon him in return for the sacrifice, Caleb hopes that the summoning of Yig will permit him to terrify and dominate all the sharecroppers in the area, increasing both his work force and the level of profits gleaned from the land. With any luck, he figures to gain enough power to extort money from other landlords, and eliminate the annoyance of the county sheriff once and for all.

If the investigators rush out the back door they are met by a second barrage of pistol shots. Framed in the lighted doorway they are easy targets and their assailants all fire at +20% for that round. Worse, since the investigators must go immediately from a well-lighted room into darkness, they are partially blinded, and their chance to hit is halved for the first round of combat.

The cultists are about 30 yards from the door, and have clear fields of fire from their positions behind trees or shrubbery.

If the investigators extinguish the lights and/or fall to the floor rather than immediately attacking, the assailants fire for one more round then escape into the darkness, reloading as they go.

There are four cultists in the backyard, each armed with concealable short-barreled .38 revolvers. The leader has, in reserve, a sawed-off shotgun hidden under his overcoat. Each cultist has a fresh \$10 bill in his pocket, paid to them by Bodeen.

Rafe Bodeen flees the moment he hears shots, running in the opposite direction from the cultists. Professor Gist,

aghast at the violence occurring in his back yard, makes no attempt to stop the fellow.

If any investigators are at the front door, they may pursue the overseer. Bodeen has the getaway car waiting for him just around the corner, loaded with three more armed cultists and a vacant-eyed zombie. If he gets away, he will double around to pick up the other cultists escaping on foot. (See the statistics at the end of this adventure for information on Rafe Bodeen and the cultists.)

If the investigators wish to chase Bodeen, they will find their automobile has been tampered with. It will take ten minutes and a successful Mechanical Repair to get it running and Bodeen will be long gone before they ever get it started. Gist's model T is nearby but has suffered the same sabotage as the investigators' auto.

Aftermath of the Attack

Everyone is likely to be shaken up after this scene. Gist is particularly upset, as is poor Joe. Whether or not the investigators notify the police, officers show up at the farmhouse in 3D10 minutes, called by anxious neighbors who over-

heard the noisy gunfire. Any cultists taken prisoner refuse to answer questions and, if possible, attempt suicide.

If asked what the man at the door wanted, Professor Gist says "He claimed little Joe stole money from him and wanted to see him. I wasn't about to let the ruffian in, of course, obviously was a part of some vile plan. Lord help poor Caleb."

Professor Gist has no idea how the man could have tracked Joe down and is very concerned that events are moving too fast for him to handle alone. "I had a feeling that I'd need help in any dealings with brother Caleb," he says quietly. "After this disaster, I'm sure of it. Thank God you were here, or we might have been killed."

The police will sooner or later arrive and reports must be written and depositions made. Injured investigators must be cared for. Asked by the police, Professor Gist describes the man at the door as best he can. Little Joe states that he is sure the man was Big Rafe Bodeen, overseer at the Gist plantation back in South Carolina.

The investigators are required to stay in Arkham overnight while the police conduct their investigation. The next morning it is learned a large group of badly-dressed men with thick southern accents, one answering to Professor Gist's description of his caller, arrived in at the Arkham train station the night of the attack. Apparently they were responsible for the automobile that was stolen from in front of the station.

What Albert Gist Knows

If and when the investigators begin to question Professor Gist, he inquires if they are familiar with the worship of the Obeah god, Dambala. The investigators must make successful Occult to remember any information about this religion (see boxed text). A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll allows them to realize that there may be a remote connection between Dambala and the far more primitive and dangerous cult of Yig. Any investigator with actual experience involving Yig need not make a roll.

Gist will tell the investigators his brother has apparently been seduced by the primitive Dambala worship and now is driven by it to commit criminal acts.

Further Information

The professor is happy to give a somewhat edited version (no mention of Findley Gist) of his family history and that of the plantation. The keeper should read the boxed sections nearby and give out whatever information the players request, as long as it does not reveal the full extent of occultism and insanity in the family. Albert knows full well Caleb is trying to raise Yig and, jealous of his brother's actions, would like to make the attempt himself. This he will not tell investigators.

Nor will he display, while in the investigator's presence, his prejudice against the black sharecroppers. He at-

tempts to present himself as an unselfish scholar and libertarian, a friend to all men. Once Gist has finished answering questions, he remarks that it was surely a stroke of luck that an illiterate black child, who had hardly ever been off the Gist plantation, should have found his way almost 1000 miles north to this backwoods farm in Massachusetts — and in just a few days' time. "I can only assume that divine providence has played a hand in this meeting," he says, patting little Joe on the head. A Psychology roll allows investigators to notice that Joe flinches slightly when patting. He seems to instinctively distrust Albert Gist.

What Will the Investigators Do?

If by now the investigators have still not decided to help the pair, Gist will appeal to their honor, stating that the boy's family is in grave danger and that Caleb must somehow be stopped.

Little Joe will add his tearful pleas. If necessary, the boy can ask the biggest or meanest of the investigators if he can borrow their gun. "I don't blame y'all for being scared, mister, but ah'm the only man in the family. I'm gonna get them fellas that took my sis an' my ma if it's the last thing ah do," he says, a harsh expression darkening his youthful face.

If all else fails, Gist will offer them money. His savings are meager but he is willing to give all he has (\$1100) in an effort to persuade the investigators to help.

Researching the Situation

Before leaving town, investigators may wish to do a little research. In Arkham, the famed Miskatonic Library provides the most comprehensive catalogue of books and publications. A study of the history, religions, and economics of South Carolina is a possibility and information on Obeah and the cult of Dambala can confirm what Joe and Professor Gist have told them. No information on the Gist family can be found.

Asking around campus will turn up nothing unusual regarding the habits or personality of Professor Gist. He seems a typical, if somewhat reclusive scholar.

Checking Up On Gist

If the investigators make any local inquiries into Albert Gist's character, neither the police nor the University will turn up anything negative about the man. However, at the university they may learn that Gist's psychology teachings refer often to the occult.

Part II: The Journey South

The journey to South Carolina can be made either by rail or auto but the train is quicker and far more restful than a car

Low Country Weather

In the days before air conditioning, Low Country summers were so hot, humid, and pestilence-ridden that wealthy Charlestonians often fled the city in July and August for the milder climate of the upstate. If the investigators are not accustomed to the climate, they will be most uncomfortable in South Carolina in the summertime. If the investigators insist upon prolonged physical activity during the heat of the day, heat exhaustion, heat cramps, and even heat stroke are real possibilities — depending upon the CON of the investigator. CON rolls at x5, then x4, etc., may be appropriate at the keeper's discretion, particularly if the investigators are fighting or clambering through the noisome depths of the swamp. Failure indicates significant fatigue, with reductions to skills around -10% to -20%.

If your players are good roleplayers, the summer heat will so drain the energy of the investigators that by the afternoon they will be willing, even eager, to take a nap in the shade.

It should also be noted that any wounds received will not heal as quickly in the heat and dampness, and a greater chance of infection exists.

trip through the back roads of the South. No matter which form of transportation the investigators choose, they will find themselves harassed by the cultists.

The cultists who made the attack on Gist's house have been ordered by Caleb to delay his brother and any companions on their journey south. The survivors of the assault on the house will be aided by several additional cultists, some female, on the lookout for Gist or little Joe at both the Arkham and Boston train stations. Rafe Bodeen (or, if he is dead or in prison, another one of the cultists) is to return home immediately and report to Caleb. The remaining cultists are to telegraph the results of their encounters back to Charleston.

The harassing cultists are accompanied by a large zombie, created by Caleb Gist with magic taught to him by the serpent queen.

If the investigators go by train, the cultists and the zombie will be on it. If they go by car, the cultists will steal cars for themselves and attempt to follow them, making several night ambushes, attacking when no witnesses are around, or unleashing the zombie at an appropriate time.

In the 1920s the basic means of transportation from Boston to Charleston was the railroad. The train ride takes little more than a day and a half; by comparison, the automobile trip is much slower and more susceptible to unexpected delays. Gist informs the investigators that he has a reliable friend (named Elihu Winsworthy) in Charleston who owns his own car. He can provide transportation for the group from Charleston to the plantation itself.

If the train is taken, see "The Train" below. If they take a car or an alternate route, see "Other Routes."

The Train

Sometime after boarding the train an investigator making a successful Spot Hidden roll notices a man who seems to be watching them. The man is only watching; he takes no action against the investigators. If confronted, the stranger denies everything. If the investigators make a scene or threaten him, he calls the conductor and attempts to have them put off at the next stop. (A successful Fast Talk or Credit Rating roll dissuades the conductor). The investigators will know that the man is a Southerner by his accent, and probably assume (rightly so) he is a cultist.

The watcher has a zombie on the train with him, hidden in a coffin that was loaded onto the baggage car. It stays hidden here until the cultist awakes it by rapping on the coffin three times in a particular rhythm. The zombie then breaks its way out of the coffin and awaits its orders. The zombie will obey any one set of simple commands given to it by the cultist. Once these orders are fulfilled the undead thing wanders away in search of its grave.

The watcher may try to lure the investigators to the baggage car or, if this fails, will send the zombie against them while they sleep. The zombie smashes its way into the investigators' compartment late at night and, after breaking out the window, begins throwing the investigators from the train (see the rulebook for a diagram of a Pullman railway coach). The watcher's thinking is straightforward. He does not need to murder the investigators. He needs only to delay their arrival at the plantation until after Yig night.

After completing its mission, the zombie will jump from the train and disappear into the darkness. If someone on the train thinks to pull the emergency stop cord, the train will stop and return for the investigators.

Falling from a moving train is not necessarily fatal; the territory they happen to be traveling through is soft and swampy. The investigators' clothes will certainly be soiled beyond redemption but if they make a successful Jump roll, they lose only 1D4 hit points. Failure to make a Jump roll

Detective Murdered

The mutilated body of missing Charleston Police Detective Jasper Galloway was discovered early yesterday morning by local fishermen. The body was found under a tangle of cypress roots in the Edisto river just south of the estate of Mr. Caleb Gist. Officer Galloway had been looking into rumors about a Satanist church operating in Charleston. He had been missing for several days. An inquiry by Colleton County Sheriff Virgil Trucks included a search of the Gist land but no evidence regarding the detective's death was discovered. Sheriff Trucks has stated that he believes the detective must have been murdered in Charleston and the body later dumped in the river. Officer Galloway was unmarried and is survived by his father and mother.

(or an unexpected push from behind followed by an unprepared fall off the train) costs them each 1D8 hit points.

If the train does not stop, investigators who are thrown off can tramp along the railroad to the next station and catch another train south the next day — provided they are decently clothed and have money for tickets. Alternatively, they can hitch a ride on a freight train. In order to do this the investigators must wait until a train slows down (going up a hill) and then run and jump on. To succeed the investigators need to make a Jump roll at +25%. Once one investigator is aboard he may help the others to hop on. In the freight car the investigators encounter five to ten surly hoboes. If these hoboes are antagonized — and any sort of critical remark will antagonize them — they will attempt to throw the investigators from the train. If the investigators are overpowered by the smelly bums they must yet again make a Jump roll or lose 1D8 hit points.

Other Routes

The only alternative to the train is private automobile and the cultists naturally attempt to follow and slow the investigators. The keeper may wish to refer to the Automobile chase rules in the latest edition of the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook. One likely event on the trip is a series of shotgun blasts from a passing car along a lonely stretch of road, directed at the tires. If the investigators stop along the route at a hotel or other rest stop, and have not lost the cultists, the zombie is then released, with orders to kill. Meanwhile the cultists will take care to sabotage the investigators' vehicle(s).

Part III: South Carolina

Charleston

One way or another, the investigators ought to arrive in Charleston, population 75,000. If the investigators still

have an automobile, the cultists take advantage of the stop in Charleston to blow it up or set it afire, once and for all eliminating the investigators' private transportation. They do not, however, attack the investigators themselves.

While in Charleston a successful Spot Hidden reveals two watchers, neither of them familiar. If confronted, the watchers attempt to run away. If caught, they deny everything. They are poor, white, uneducated, and loyal to their faith. No amount of persuasion or non-lethal violence will cause them to reveal anything, although their unstable psychology and fanatical religious beliefs will be obvious to any observer.

Professor Gist indicates that his friend Elihu, their driver, will arrive in the morning, and so the investigators have the remainder of the day and that night in Charleston. Professor Gist at some point remarks wistfully that "once the Gists kept carriages in Charleston to drive guests out to the plantation, but no more."

Local Rumors

If the investigators should talk to the locals they will hear that the area around the Gist plantation is "bad juju". Several people will mention the "hell holes" which appear suddenly, dragging victims screaming into the earth then soon after closing back up.

Research either in newspaper offices or with the police confirm that people and large animals are reported missing in the area of the Gist plantation about four times a year. The police claim this is normal for an area as extensive and poverty stricken as the Gist plantation. "Between the snakes, the 'gators, and the quicksand, I'm surprised we don't lose more."

Newspapers

The only newspaper in the city with files worth examining is the *Charleston News and Courier*. A search of these files produces one recent article on the Gist plantation (see the Plantation Papers #1). The article is dated roughly two months ago. If an idea roll is made an investigator may wonder, if the detective was murdered in town, why wasn't the body dumped in the more convenient Charleston harbor?

If the investigators pursue their researches and make successful Library Use rolls, they may find an additional article of interest, much older than the first (see the Plantation Papers #2).



Elihu Winsworthy



Virgil Trucks

— July 6, 1825

Voodoo Rituals Uncovered

A raid led by Captain Pearson of the Charleston town constabulary disrupted a Voodoo Ritual being held in the swamps to the south of Walterboro on property owned by the Gist family. Interrupted was a slave ceremony involving non-Christian practices of worship. All participants in the primitive ceremony, escaped into the swamp. Several of Captain Pearson's men were wounded in the assault.

The raiders discovered odd paraphernalia including swords, flags inscribed with undecipherable runes, and human skulls.

The Plantation Papers #2

The Next Day

Professor Gist's friend, Elihu Winsworthy, is late (after all, he is a dilettante). He arrives around noon in a large, new automobile, immediately suggests lunch, and will not leave without it. Thus, it will be late afternoon before the party finally leaves Charleston. During lunch, Winsworthy comments with amusement on any unusual items of baggage that the investigators have brought, such as elephant guns, folding boats, or odd occult paraphernalia. He is not pleased to have little Joe in his fine new car, but any firm comments from the investigators will shame him into silence.

Winsworthy is a handsome, well-dressed white male with refined Southern manners and expensive tastes. He is independently wealthy and a dabbler in the occult, having accompanied Albert on several of his minor endeavors. He is overbearingly chivalrous towards any female investigators, considering himself to be a bit of a Casanova, and a generally boring conversationalist.

Winsworthy has assisted Professor Gist in earlier investigations of palmistry and witchcraft, and once, to his thrilled terror, actually saw a ghoulish prowling an ancient cemetery. He is eager to assist Gist again. Albert has sworn him to secrecy regarding their previous occult investigations. How Winsworthy will react if the unbalanced Albert take over the rites to Yig, is unpredictable.

Winsworthy is particularly proud of his automobile. In the 1920s most South Carolinians who could afford a car drove a Ford Model T. Winsworthy, however, drives an Anderson, an expensive touring car manufactured right in South Carolina. He is inordinately pleased with this vehicle, and its origins, and will talk about it at length to the investigators.

Next Stop, Walterboro

The investigators travel west from Charleston into Colleton County, either chauffeured or led by Elihu Winsworthy, who reveals himself a slow and cautious driver. The first stop is Walterboro, the seat of Colleton county, some 50 miles away.

Once in Walterboro, Gist insists they stop and visit the County Sheriff's office. Not trusting Caleb, Albert wants to make sure the local lawman, Sheriff Virgil Trucks, is aware that they are in the area and visiting at the Gist plantation. The investigators will have a chance to meet Trucks and possibly question him. They find him to be tight-lipped regarding recent events around the Gist plantation and he will not mention his suspicions about Caleb's activities. He is distrustful of northerners. If asked about the 'hell-holes' he will brush them off as "simple superstition." "More'n likely just quicksand, if you ask me," he says. If the investigators can later bring him some evidence regarding the murder of the Charleston police detective, Trucks may prove more amenable.

Back on the Road

Leaving Walterboro, investigators will find traveling good for about 10 miles before Winsworthy turns south onto a dirt road that seems to grow narrower by the mile. Soon after, the investigators find they are passing through a vast area of swampland, the road only slightly elevated above brackish water. Giant cypress trees shrouded with gray, hairlike spanish moss tower up out of the water to overshadow the road. The air is humid, fetid, and many soft, odd sounds can be heard over the muted rumble of Winsworthy's expensive car. Winsworthy mutters to the investigators that it has been years since the last time he was out here. "Blasted road sinks deeper into the swamp every year, ah swear," he says.

After roughly an hour, they come to an intersection with another dirt road. A cotton gin stands on one side of the intersection. On the other side stands a large, tin-roofed building. The building is rectangular, wooden, unpainted, with a large porch. To one side of it two white men wearing overalls are playing horseshoes. In front stands a gasoline pump with a glass reservoir. On the porch there is a crank-operated kerosene pump.

"We had better stop here," says Winsworthy. "This is the last chance for gas."

"The Gist general store," explains Professor Gist. "Been here for years." Then, turning to the investigators, he says, "And that is the Gist cotton gin. It's not far to the plantation now."

Once the car has stopped, little Joe jumps out, and nervously thanks Professor Gist and the rest of the group for their assistance. "It's best I not be seen comin' into the plantation — Master Caleb's men be looking out for me, sure enough," he tells the investigators. "Muh house, it's the one with the blue-painted door. Ah'll be lookin' out for yuh."

Unless they forcibly stop Joe, he will depart, promising to contact the investigators later this evening or tomorrow. Some sort of signal or arrangement should be agreed upon at this point. If one of the investigators offers the boy a gun or other weapon, he'll take it. "I sure hope you folks can do something to stop Master Caleb an' save Cassy — I'll help all I can," Joe whispers as he slips off into the woods.

The Country Store

The country store in the 1920s provided "necessities and notions" to farmers. It was a combination bank, store, post office, and marketplace. The store sold everything from cradles to corsets to coffins, and had a mail order catalog from which customers could order merchandise not kept in stock. Most stores charged high prices, provided year-long credit at high interest and, at harvest time, insisted that debtors pay in cotton.



Rev. Isaac Hilson

After the church, the country store was the chief social center of the rural South. Since it was the only store around, it was, of necessity, racially integrated. Everyone in the area eventually stopped by the country store to gossip, whittle, chew tobacco, or play checkers and horseshoes.

Assuming the investigators decide to enter the store, they have the opportunity to purchase various useful items. Or they may wish to return here later for such things as snake-bite kits, weapons, or boats. The keeper should limit the available items to what sharecroppers of the '20s could afford and use; tools, clothing, staples, small boats, etc.

Isaac Hilson

Inside the country store the investigators encounter a number of men and women who stare curiously at the strangers. Sitting to one side of the counter, talking quietly with several sharecroppers is a tall, cadaverous black male of indeterminate age. He is wearing overalls, a well-worn but clean white shirt, steel-rimmed spectacles, and a straw hat. He carries an enormous bible. The other persons in the store, white or black, treat him with obvious respect. His name is Reverend Hilson.

Albert Gist and Isaac Hilson know each other from years back, and do not get along particularly well. Considering their respective attitudes toward magic it could hardly be otherwise. Hilson's opinion of Professor Gist's brother Caleb is, of course, even more negative.

If they meet in the country store, Professor Gist politely introduces Isaac to the investigators as "a preacher of local fame." Hilson is cordial but the investigators feel the chill in the room. The two men are obviously not close.

If Rev. Hilson realizes that the investigators are on their way to the Gist plantation, he harshly warns them about the place. "Don't go to that pit of Satan, in God's name! There are things being meddled with there that ought not to be awakened. Some powers are best left alone, should a man value his soul." His eyes flash toward Albert.

If pressed further about these things, he becomes tight-lipped and only mutters, "The things of the Evil One don't work for people. Never have and never will. Caleb Gist ought to know that." If asked, he will explain that the "hell-holes" are just another example of what can be caused by people tampering with "evil things that should not be awakened."

Rev. Hilson knows much about Obeah, but will have nothing to do with it because he believes it is tainted by the Evil One. He is convinced that the plantation now belongs to the Evil One and will not set foot on it except in the most dire of circumstances. His attitude is not the usual one.

Reverend Hilson's Healing Ability

Hilson has a magic-like ability, Faith Healing. He will pray, read appropriate passages from his bible, and lay on hands. 1D3 points of damage will be healed at the cost of 1D3 MP. Hilson knows no actual spells, nor will he use any. He feels that they are inconsistent with his religion.

Faith healing requires that the recipient, as well as the one who administers it, be of strong faith, as evidenced by previous conduct.

This ability is occasionally encountered among devout religious persons. Faith healing never works upon persons antagonistic to the religion practiced by the healer, even under duress or in life-threatening situations.

A faith healer can heal minor injuries through the force of his will, working in combination with the willing faith of his subject. The religious rituals appropriate for the culture are performed.

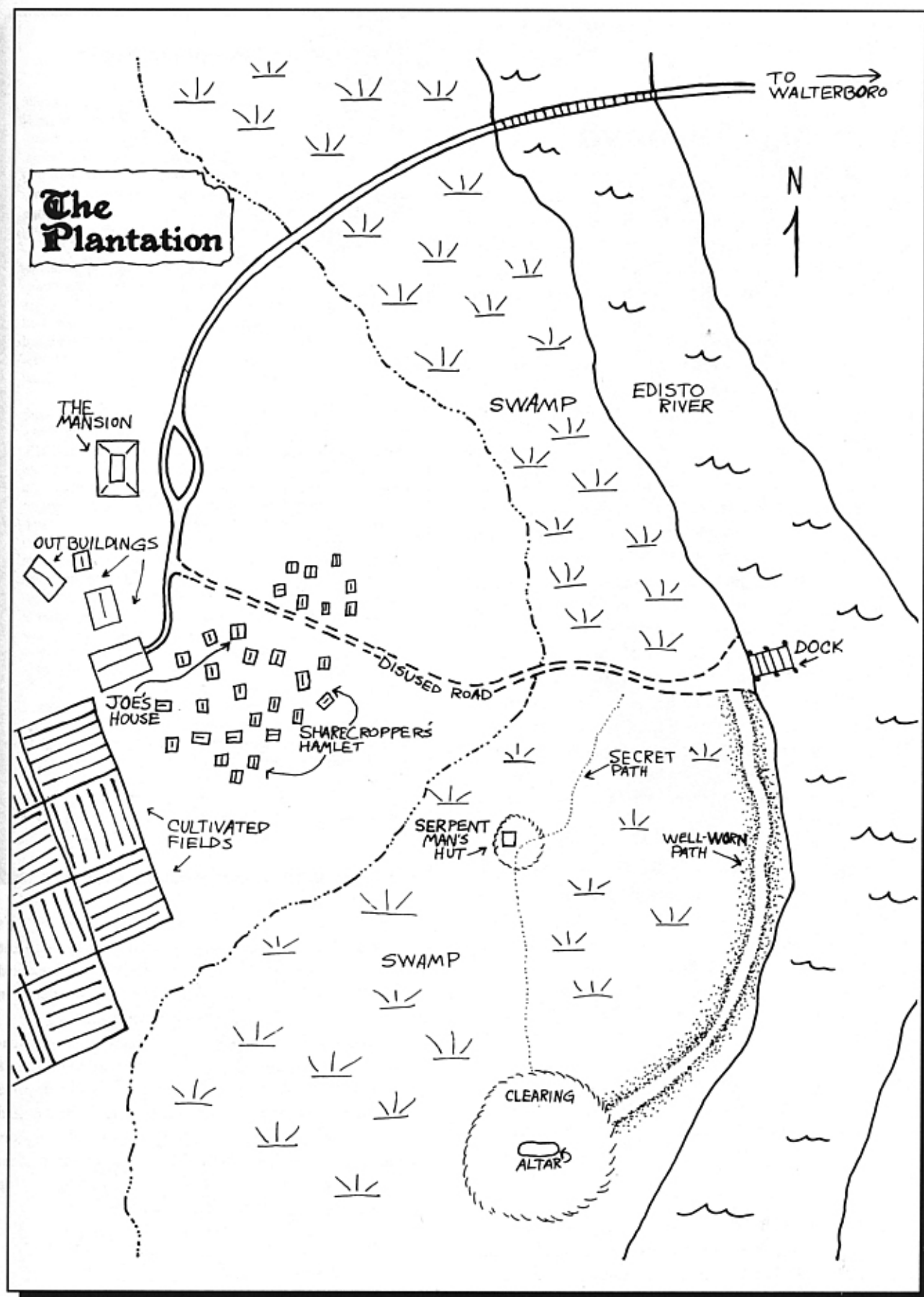
Extensive injuries or other physical problems, such as lameness, shock, broken bones, and minor diseases, may be healed after several successive treatments. The effectiveness of such treatments on investigators will have to be adjudged by the keeper but they will take at least a month of time to administer.

Most Christian blacks of the time saw nothing wrong with practicing both Obeah and Christianity. Of course, Hilson is half-convinced Caleb Gist is practicing something darker than simple Obeah.

Hilson is a graduate of a segregated Charleston high school and a black seminary. He is intelligent, well-educated, but a proud and obsessively religious man. Over a lifetime spent in the Low Country, Hilson has seen certain things unexplainable by science. These experiences have confirmed his belief in demons and the works of Satan. Hilson has no knowledge of the Cthulhu Mythos, but may be willing to help the investigators against Caleb Gist should they approach him seeking aid against Satan's works.

Hilson can be a powerful ally for the investigators. His fanaticism has given him the ability of Faith Healing. He also has great influence in the area. Finally, he has a fist like a mule's kick. It is easy to keep in communication with him, should the investigators so desire. Any of the black sharecroppers at the store can be relied upon to deliver a message. Of course, he warns the investigators that most blacks in Caleb's household are not trustworthy. Even if the investigators reject his aid, Hilson can appear at the last minute, at the head of a brave group of Christian sharecroppers, and save the investigators.

Hilson does not use his powers casually, or upon those of little faith. Should the investigators be wounded, it may require a Debate roll to convince him to aid them. Fast Talk will not fool the preacher. A donation to his church will, undoubtedly, help.



If the investigators have been unsure about what to do with little Joe, and have not let the boy run off yet, then Hilson is willing to take care of him.

Another Ambush

When the investigators resume their journey, they drive about a mile or two before they sight the broad, murky Edisto river. A large plank bridge can be seen ahead. It appears to be wooden, crudely assembled, but quite sturdy. Professor Gist remarks quietly, "Here's the old bridge. When we cross the river, we are on the plantation. Be on your guard."

As the car approaches the bridge, Winsworthy halts. Everyone can see that several planks have been removed from the center of the short span. The planks are lying by the road on the investigators' side of the river. They look to be easily replaced.

"Why in the world..." Winsworthy mutters. Then he shrugs and says with an amiable smile, "The locals must have been doing some work on the bridge." Winsworthy gets out of the car. "Simple enough matter to put them back, I suppose," he says, looking around for help.

A shot suddenly rings out and slams into the side of Winsworthy's car, narrowly missing the man. Winsworthy yells: "Hell's bells!" and dives face first into the mud. The shots continue and the investigators should be allowed only a limited amount of time to decide what they wish to do.

The sniper is hiding in bushes about 25 yards off the road to the left of the car. He will fire four shots at the party before his gun goes silent. The first shot hits Winsworthy's car and the rest are aimed at random individuals and fired with a skill of 45%. The weapon is a .22 rifle causing 1D6+2 damage.

Regardless of the investigator's actions, the gunman will fire no more than four shots then go silent. If the investigators have returned the fire they may assume that they have hit their adversary — but there is no way of telling without approaching the stand of bushes where the sniper was firing from. Upon checking they find the body of a lower-class white man lying upon his back, his gun fallen by his side. If the investigators reach this spot reasonably soon after the firing stops they will be startled to see a very large water moccasin crawling away from the already dying man. The snake is a Child of Yig (Cthulhu Mythos to identify) and bears upon its head the telltale white crescent. If left alone the Child will make no attempt to harm the investigators and passively crawl away. Spotting a Child of Yig so suddenly, without warning, costs investigators 0/1D2 points of SAN.

If they wait longer before approaching the sniper, the Child is gone and they find only the dead man. A quick check shows no bullet wounds and it will require a Spot Hidden or Treat Poison to find the snakebite on the man's

The Land and People of South Carolina

The Southern half of South Carolina, or Low Country, is only a few feet above sea level. The rivers, navigable by small boats, flow sluggishly between low banks, or extend themselves beyond their banks into the thickly wooded swamps. The water in the swamps is generally only one to three feet deep, but certain areas, called "holes" by the locals, may drop off as much as 20 feet. These rivers and swamps extend all down the coast where they form a bewildering maze of sea islands.

In the 1920's, due to the difficulty of bridging combinations of swamps and rivers, adjacent South Carolina counties were almost like different countries. These counties were composed of farms and small communities that had little or no contact with the outside world. The majority of these populations was black — although whites owned most of the land — and they had almost no economic or political power.

The Southern sharecroppers of the 1920's, who were mostly but not all black, were not much better off than they had been under the plantation slavery system prior to 1865. Sharecroppers were illiterate tenant farmers who paid as much as half their crop to the landlord. Since the soil of the Low Country had been exhausted by a generation of cotton growers, and given problems with procuring effective fertilizer, sharecroppers got little reward for their labor — even before the arrival of the boll weevil. Whole families were crowded into dilapidated shacks that leaked rain in the summer and cold air in the winter. Plumbing was little more than a rumor. It was a common saying that the sharecropper's bleak existence consisted of five "M's": meat, meal (cornmeal), molasses, mules, and monotony. Foreign visitors to the Low Country at the time reported that Southern sharecroppers lived much like serfs in Czarist Russia in 1900.

Since the landlord depended upon the sharecroppers, if all or most of the sharecroppers had a bad year, he was not much better off than they were. Moreover, many landlords were simply "land poor." They owned large tracts of useless land from which they derived little or no income. Caleb Gist falls into this category. Of course, the trackless wetlands around his plantation have not been entirely useless, since they are sacred to Yig, the god Gist wishes to Call.

left calf, just above his boot. The virulent poison of Yig's Child will already have blackened the flesh around the wound. In 24 hours' time the entire leg will have blackened and swollen to the bursting point. Any local resident can then easily identify the cause of death as snakebite.

This trap was not intended to be lethal to the investigators or to brother Albert. The gunmen was ordered to fire a half dozen rounds then flee. It was hoped it would slow the investigators down a bit and demonstrate to them the kind of the power Caleb wields. He does not want the visitors around and hopes that actions like this will drive them away. However, he did not count on his efforts being thwarted by the serpent man who is serving Yig.



Elly the Maid



Ambush Aftermath

Surely one or more of the investigators notes the snake's attack on the cultist is not normal behavior, particularly for a cottonmouth, which is usually fairly cowardly (allow a Zoology or EDU x1). All investigators who realize the strangeness of the snakes' actions lose 1 SAN if they fail a SAN roll.

Unknown to both Caleb and the investigators, this whole scene has been carefully observed by the serpent man sorcerer who has come to the plantation at the bidding of Yig. Though usually disguised as the mysterious 'Obeah man,' the serpent man has presently dropped this illusion and appears in his true form. If any of the investigators explore past the immediate area of the body they find themselves at the edge of the swamp. Far away they see a large animal of some kind, swimming quickly away with a sinuous, serpentine motion. The serpent man is too far away to be identified without binoculars or a Spot Hidden roll. Anyone who does positively identify the creature will lose 0/1D6 SAN points. If fired upon, the serpent man will duck underwater and, in any case, soon be out of sight around a nearby spit of land.

Catching him will be difficult. If the investigators bought a folding boat at the store, they may be in luck. Or

they may attempt to follow him on foot across the swamp. If the keeper rules their efforts to be successful, see the section below, "The Lair of the Serpent Man."

Part IV: The Plantation

After the binding of any wounds — and much genteel cursing from Winsworthy — the expedition can reconstruct the bridge and continue on across the river. The road now bends due south, following the riverbank through even more desolate areas of swamp, occasionally inhabited by a cleared patch of farmland. The investigators pass several crude shacks and rotting sheds, some with a thin black woman or child sitting outside. Professor Gist comments pedantically on the unfortunate lack of attention to proper nutrition and hygiene that prevails in the South at this time.

Soon the investigators arrive at a slightly higher section of ground. Before them, the investigators see a large riverside plantation, dominated by a house on a low hill. "Here we are," says Winsworthy, slowing the car.

The house was obviously once a magnificent example of Southern plantation architecture. Two storied, a large screened porch completely surrounds the ground floor. The peeling white paint is splotted in many places with gray



mold and the porch screen is riddled with holes. From the roof, several lightning rods reach toward the sky and it can be noticed that many shingles are missing. Four gigantic oaks surround the house, but they are dripping with spanish moss and appear nearly dead.



Caleb Gist

About 200 yards downhill from the house is a small but sprawling hamlet of shanties and tin-roofed farm buildings. Most are in poor repair, and some have collapsed. A cluster of sharecroppers, mostly women and children, are gathered in the hamlet, staring up at the recently arrived strangers. Most are black but a few are white. Joe's shack, with its blue-

painted door, can easily be seen. Four armed men guard the entrance.

Little Joe (if the investigators have dragged him this far), now panics and leaps out of the car, bolting toward the nearest woods.

Meet Caleb Gist

The group arrives at the plantation late in the afternoon of a typically warm, humid summer day. Caleb, aware of their

impending arrival, awaits them in the house. They are met at the front door by an aging black man dressed in antiquated butler's garb who ushers them politely into the house. "Master Caleb's waitin' fo' you folk on the back veranda. Follow me if you please," he says in his deep voice.

Caleb Gist, a tall, tanned man in somewhat worn white riding clothes, greets the group. He is handsome — in a disreputable sort of way — with dark, lustrous eyes and a commanding manner. "Welcome to the plantation," he says with an elegant bow and a handshake like a dead fish. "Brother Albert, it's been a long time." Professor Gist gives a stiff little bow in return.

If the investigators are polite and look unthreatening, Caleb says, "Please introduce me to your associates, brother."

If the investigators are surly or hostile, or if anyone is displaying an obvious weapon, he bows again and says with a smile, "The police are already taking an interest in the affairs of this plantation, gentlemen, so I hope there won't be any trouble. The sheriff tends to look very harshly on unnecessary gunplay in his jurisdiction."

Caleb's Household

Only four people occupy the rotting Gist mansion; Caleb and his three black servants. Until recently, there was a fifth member of the household, the ancient serpent man who stayed in a now-locked upstairs bedroom. Aware of the investigators' impending visit the serpent man has lately withdrawn to the swamp. But evidence of his stay in the mansion can be discovered.

The person in charge of keeping the dilapidated mansion running is old Bess, the cook, seamstress, and housekeeper. Bess is an elderly black lady who was "nanny" to both Albert and Caleb. She is not subservient to either one of them and still regards them as the children she raised. They call her Aunt Bess. If engaged in conversation, Bess regales the group with tales of Albert's and Caleb's childhood. ("Albert was quiet. Caleb was "always into something.") Over the years Bess has become more loyal to Caleb than to Albert, and she reports anything she sees or hears directly to him. She is too old to engage in violence of any kind, although capable of cooking up some dangerous poisoned dishes if asked to.

The maid, Elly, is young and very pretty. She seems unusually assertive and self-confident for a black woman in her position. Professor Gist remarks that she must be a recent addition to the household. Winsworthy snidely comments about "Southern gentlemen and their black mistresses."

Elly's duties as a maid are not demanding, and she accepts them until such time as the power of Yig will let all people cast off their mundane burdens, and live, love, and die as the Great Old One commands.

Caleb Gist is extremely jealous regarding the girl and has warned her not to try any of her tricks with their guests. How far she will go to seduce one (or more) of them depends on how much of a threat they seem to be, and not on Caleb's orders. She is a proud woman and a free agent, with

rank in the cult equal to his. If the investigators do nothing but read books, she will consider them harmless. If they injure Caleb or any cultists, or demonstrate the ability to use magic, she will consider them a far more serious threat.

Elly is always armed with a straight razor (1D3 plus impale), and hidden somewhere in her clothing lurks a small, deadly coral snake. She also knows how to use magic. The local folk are more terrified of Elly than of either Caleb or Rafe Bodeen.

With her potions and remedies, Elly is a good healer. She can also concoct deadly poisons and powerful love philters. If convinced that a male investigator is a serious threat to the Night of Yig, she may attempt to give him one of these philters. She will attempt to befriend or seduce her victim first, then offer the brew under relaxed and unsuspecting circumstances.

The fourth member of the household is Old Ben, the elderly black butler who greeted the investigators upon their arrival. He is a quiet and dignified man, and has been with the family as long as Bess has. Although sane, Old Ben is used to the occult shenanigans that go on around the plantation, and is, in fact, an initiate of the Yig cult. Should the investigators be at desperate risk, Ben might help them leave the plantation rather than allow them to be killed before his eyes. He would never defy Caleb directly, however, and he is too feeble to be of much help in combat situations.

The Investigation Begins

The butler and the maid will deal with the group's luggage which includes Professor Gist's and Winsworthy's small trunks. There are a number of bedrooms upstairs, all of them musty and badly kept up. Albert will take his usual room, to be shared by Winsworthy, leaving the investigators to choose between the two vacant ones. One room is locked and unavailable to the guests.

There are a couple hours to kill before dinner and nightfall and the investigators may feel that they would like to immediately begin prying around. However, Caleb will do his best to distract them; first by playing the part of the gracious host, and then with the offer of a guided tour of the plantation.

If they turn down the offer (or some turn it down) they will be allowed to roam pretty much where they will but the sharecropper cultists will keep a close eye on their movements.

A Guided Tour?

Caleb Gist offers them a drink — iced tea or mint julep, depending upon his visitor's preference — then begins showing the investigators around the plantation. "After all," he smiles, "you have come nearly a thousand miles just for the chance to see a real Southern plantation."

If any investigators are polite enough to agree, Caleb wastes as much of their time as he can. During the tour, Caleb explains that nearly every task on the plantation is still done by hand: milking cows, churning butter, picking

Elly's Love Philter

Brewing this philter costs 2 magic points and requires an hour's time. It is nearly flavorless (POW x1 to successfully notice its subtle, bitter-mint flavor) and can be added to any refreshment. If drunk by a human male (no effect on females), the victim becomes susceptible to the charms of the first female he meets. This female must make a roll of POW x5 or less (whether she intends to charm him or not). If successful, the man will become completely enchanted with the woman for the next 1D6+1 days. For that length of time he will be so completely in love with her that he will fulfill almost any demand she should make excepting those that would cause him to leave her indefinitely or do harm to himself (example: "go away and die" will not be obeyed). If properly manipulated, this character will even act against his friends. Any sort of insanity, temporary or permanent, will neutralize the effects of the love philter.

The Gist Library

In the library of the Gist mansion can be found the following titles:

The Cult of Kukulcan

Language Spanish, + to Knowledge 6%, Spell Multiplier x3, SAN loss 1D6.

This large, tattered volume in archaic Spanish is one of the few surviving copies of the rare sixteenth century work by Father Juan Martin. It faithfully describes the worship of Central American primitives.

Father Juan Martin was an early Franciscan missionary to the New World. In the course of his attempts to convert the primitive Indians, he made a study of the worship of their snake god Kukulcan (Yig). Though the good father dismissed the worship practices of the Indians as "the work of the devil," he was an accurate observer. The last chapter of the book is a word-for-word record of the liturgies of Kukulcan, and includes the spells *Summon/Bind Child of Kukulcan*, *Contact Kukulcan*, and, most dangerous and powerful of all, *Call Kukulcan*. Other minor spells concerning Kukulcan are found scattered throughout the book, such as *Bless Meal*.

Cult of Kukulcan

(translation of the above work by Findley Gist, in longhand)

Language English, + to Knowledge 4%, Spell multiplier x2, SAN loss 1D6.

In Findley Gist's literal and wooden translation of Father Juan's work the spells are underlined, and an annotation in the margin adds "Same as Papa."

Papa Shapo

Language English, + to Knowledge 9%, Spell Multiplier x2, SAN loss 1D10.

Books three and four are both brown untitled volumes. On the first page of each is written in Findley's large cursive, "Papa Shapo." These are Findley's transcriptions of the lessons of his teacher, the West African Yoruba tribesman who was a powerful Houngan of the left hand path. This is the blackest of black magic and refers to Yig as Dambala. Papa Shapo is two volumes treated as one work.

Findley Gist's Journal of Experiments

This foul work describes a series of ineffectual but lurid occult experiments performed upon unlucky slaves. There is no gain from reading the journal, but anyone going through it methodically loses 1 SAN.

New Spells

The volumes above contain the following spells in various slightly different forms.

Command Serpent

The caster can hypnotize any snake to do tasks that are within the reptile's ordinary physical capability, such as moving and biting. This spell is used by Elly to create her charmed snakes.

To perform this spell the caster must be within sight of the snake. The caster must overcome the snake's POW with his own on the resistance table. Casting the spell costs 1 SAN and a number of magic points equal to twice the SIZ of the snake. Once the snake is charmed, it will follow orders giving mentally by the caster, as long as the caster stays within sight of the snake. If the orders are completed, and no more are received, the snake will go back to carrying on its normal activities until new orders are received. Duration of obedience is equal to the number of magic points expended in hours. The spell may be cast several times on several different snakes, in order to prepare a group of snakes for the caster's purposes.

Send Sacred Snake of Yig (Dambala/Kukulcan)

This spell can only be cast in an area consecrated to Yig by a priest of Yig. The victim's actions, description, and name, if known, must be repeated out loud several times during the casting process. The process costs the user 1D4 SAN and 9 magic points.

The sacred snake is always a huge example of whatever type of snake is dominant in the area of the victim. For example, a victim being attacked in the American West would be attacked by an enormous rattlesnake. The sacred snake

always has a large white crescent on its head. Other than size, the sacred snake's only unusual feature is the virulence of its venom, which is magically powerful, enough to kill the chosen victim immediately upon being bitten.

The snake appears and immediately strikes on its DEX rank. The victim is automatically hit unless he succeeds in a luck roll. If the sacred snake misses, it pursues its victim, striking repeatedly. The victim must make Dodge rolls to avoid the snake's bite. The bite of a Sacred Snake is always fatal.

Call Yig (Dambala/Kukulcan)

This dangerous and obscure spell summons Yig, Father of Serpents. The spell may only be cast in an area well-suited to snakes, such as a desolate swamp, jungle, or desert. A number of snakes (or serpent men) must be present at the site, with a total combined POW of at least 100. The spell, as described, makes no mention of human sacrifice.

See the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook for the details of Call Deity spells.

Casting Call Yig costs 1D10 SAN and 8 magic points. Like all Call Deity spells, the spell to dismiss Yig is contained within the Call spell.

Chant of Warding

The chant described is one of a number of variations on the same spell. This one is commonly used by certain Indian tribes of the American Southwest. Properly performed, the chant protects the caster (and his domicile) from both Yig and the Children of Yig.

The chant must be repeated thrice daily. Once at sunrise or upon awakening, once at midday, and again at sunset or before retiring. The chant must be recited for approximately three minutes and 4 magic points expended. If performed faithfully, the individual will be protected from harm caused by Yig or his sacred serpents. This spell affords no protection from normal snakes, either wild specimens or ones that have been enchanted by another sorcerer. Neither does it offer protection against serpent men.

cotton, feeding livestock, cutting wood. "We tan our own leather," he says, "shoe our own mules, grind our own cornmeal, make our own soap. The plantation is a totally self-sufficient enterprise." He does not add that at the moment the enterprise is almost broke. He points with pride to the windmill, saying that he had it constructed during the period of prosperity of the Great War. The windmill pumps water to his house and to the barns (but not to the

sharecropper's houses). The investigators see mostly cotton fields and deteriorating farm buildings and are mostly bored, which is Caleb's intention.

At some point during the tour the investigators will notice the old dirt road leading into the swamp. If they ask about the road, which appears to be in good repair, Caleb answers: "It goes down to an old dock on the river, but it's no longer used and all grown over. The swamp quickly

reclaims its own." He warns them to stay out of the swamp: "Snakes and 'gators, you know."

Private Explorations

If the investigators go off on their own they are watched at all times. In the house, the three black servants keep a constant eye on them, while outside, the sharecropper/cultists dog their footsteps. Investigators can choose to explore "The House," "The Sharecroppers Hamlet," or "The Swamp."

The House

All the rooms downstairs are well furnished but most contain nothing of interest to the investigation. The study, however, is filled with the journals and books of generations of scholarly Gists. Many titles are difficult to read without close examination and the few the investigators can easily spot appear to be mostly about farming, hunting, and fishing. There is also a wide selection of late nineteenth century novels by notable authors.

The study is one of the places Professor Gist will wish to examine first. If anyone is with him they will see the professor go directly to the far side of the study and begin

closely examining the books contained on a particular shelf. He leafs through each page of every volume, searching carefully. Once finished, he seems disappointed and, if his brother is present, says, "Well, I see you still have our collection intact, Caleb." He sits down on one of the moldering armchairs and thinks quietly for a moment.

Professor Gist is disappointed because his expectations were raised by Joe's descriptions of the magical doings at the plantation. Professor Gist expected to find a new book or books that would account for what Joe seemed to be describing and is disappointed when he does not.

The five books that Albert was interested in all have similar covers brightly labeled *Minutes of the Colleton County Agricultural Society*. An investigator making a Spot Hidden notices these covers seem to fit their books somewhat loosely. Inside, the books are wholly different than the titles.

If Albert, Winsworthy, or an investigator begins reading one of these books in Caleb's presence, Caleb will walk over and remove the other four books and place them in his room. Otherwise, Caleb remains uninterested.

The books are as follows (for further details see the nearby box: Findley Gist's Books and Spells).

Denizens of the Swamp

Generally speaking, visiting the swamps of the Deep South in the summertime is not a happy experience. The investigators will be made miserable by hordes of stinging, biting insects: mosquitoes, flies, fleas, ticks, mites, chiggers, lice, and scorpions. If the investigators dare to venture into the swamp's waters, they will be frightened by alligators and bitten by leeches. The most serious natural threats in the swamp, however, are bees, wasps, hornets, spiders, snapping turtles, and of course, snakes, particularly cottonmouths, which are common to the area.

The keeper may find it useful to distract the investigators with occasional minor attacks from creatures on this list, rather than constantly inflicting the investigators with snake and alligator attacks.

Minor Denizens

Hordes of mosquitoes are a fact of life in the South Carolina Low Country. In houses where windows had to be opened to let in every breeze, screening and netting were necessities. Mosquitoes are more than an annoyance. They sometimes carry malaria and yellow fever. In the 1920s both of these diseases were treatable and death was unlikely. Malaria, however, once con-

tracted, can be reoccurring. An individual so infected will suffer from occasional bouts of the disease, its fevers and chills, for the rest of his life.

Ticks are also a problem. Ticks sometimes transmit Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever, which can be fatal. Millions of other insects — flies and fleas and mites and lice and chiggers — combine to make life miserable for swamp dwellers.

To ward off all of the above, it was customary to wear lots of clothing in the swamps: long-sleeved, cotton shirts, overalls, boots, and straw hats. If they were going outside at night, "swamp folk" would smear small amounts of kerosene on exposed skin, and sit in the smoke of campfires. Natural nostrums were also used, some of them quite effective.

If the investigators run wildly through the swamp, some small chance exists that they will encounter swarms of bees, wasps, or hornets. Multiple stings of these insects are dangerous and may be fatal.

Two types of poisonous spiders lurk in the swamp: the brown recluse and the black widow. The black widow, marked with a red hourglass, is a menace. Her bite will certainly cause sickness and perhaps death. The bite of the brown recluse, while less often fatal will still

incapacitate an individual for up to two weeks.

The sting of the swamp scorpion is painful, but not fatal. Scorpions tend to hide in clothing, shoes, and bedding. Investigators should be warned to check for scorpions before getting into bed or putting on shoes and clothes. If they grow careless, they should be punished with a painful sting.

Leeches live under water and attach themselves to the exposed skin of swimmers and waders. If an investigator tears off the leech, it will create a nasty little wound. The traditional method of removal is by applying a lighted match to the leech.

Alligators are the meanest-looking denizens of the swamp, but normally they never attack adult human beings (but small children and dogs can be in some danger). However, the serpent man has a charmed 'gator that he can turn against intruders.

Snapping turtles usually have shells covered with swamp growths and are hard to see. They will bite any toes, feet, fingers, or hands that come within range of their beak. Normal snappers can easily nip off a digit, while the gigantic alligator snapper has been known to remove a hand at the wrist.

- 1. A translation by Findley Gist of Father Juan Martin's *the Cult of Kukulcan*.
- 2. Father Martin's original work in Spanish.
- 3. A brown untitled volume. On the first page is written in Findley's large cursive Papa Shapo.
- 4. Also a brown untitled volume. It is volume 2 of Papa Shapo.
- 5. A diary of certain experiments conducted nearly a hundred years ago by Findley Gist. The experiments are so horrible that reading the book costs the investigator 1 SAN.

Upstairs

The only unusual room upstairs is the former quarters of the serpent man, presently unoccupied and locked. Upon learning of the approach of the investigators, Caleb asked the serpent man to temporarily move out to a remote shack in the swamp.

If the investigators attempt to enter this room they need a successful Mechanical Repair or Locksmithing roll to open the door with minimum noise. If all else fails, the door can be broken in (STR 9).

Once inside, the investigators encounter a noxious odor; a successful Zoology or EDU x1 roll identifies it as reptilian. The smell is disturbing and unexpectedly strong, reminiscent of the snake house at the zoo. If the investigators have entered at night, only starlight through a window illuminates the room. In one corner squats a strange, low shape, far too broad and short to be a human being (it is a wadded-up bundle of bedclothes). The keeper should request Spot Hidden rolls. Any investigators who fail are uncertain as to what the shape is. If the keeper begins a countdown at this point, one or more of the investigators, in apprehensive terror, may open fire upon it. If instead they whisper to each other, the characters who made their roll can reassure their comrades.

If the room is lit, the investigators see a double bed stripped of its covers (which are rolled into a ball in a corner), a desk and chair, and a chest.

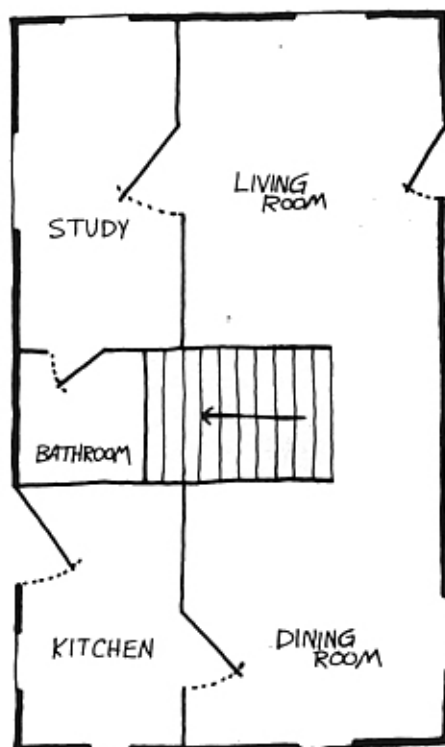
The desk holds nothing of interest. The chest is unlocked and contains herbal remedies, several glass bottles of strange and useless potions, a human skull, a beaver hat, a long black coat, a flag covered with unidentifiable markings, a large bottle of wine, a box of cigars, and a saber (old and rusty). An Occult roll indicates that these items could be useful in Obeah ceremonies (this trunk belonged to the former Obeah man who was driven off by the serpent man).



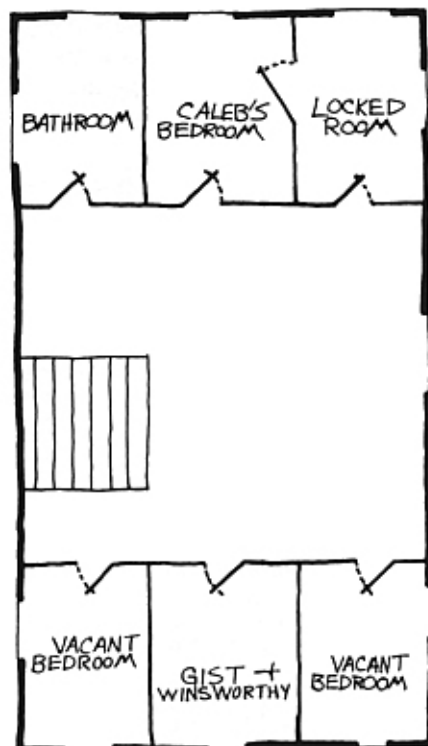
Rafe Bodeen

On the floor, just inside the door, lies a ragged piece of what appears to be a parchment-like

The Plantation House



GROUND FLOOR



UPSTAIRS



The Obeah Man

material roughly a square inch in size, noticeable with a Spot Hidden roll. It is stiff and crinkly stuff, and if bent or handled with much force, breaks and crumbles away. It is snake skin, but only a Zoology or EDU x1 roll will reveal this. A Cthulhu Mythos roll further identifies it as serpent man skin.

The Sharecroppers' Hamlet

The hamlet is a sorry sight. Starved dogs and skinny, scabrous children lurk in the shadows. Questioning the inhabitants will prove difficult. Many of the sharecroppers are cultists and are rightfully suspicious of the investigators. Innocent sharecroppers will avoid the investigators out of fear of reprisals by the cult. It is also nearly impossible for the investigators to tell innocent sharecropper from evil cultist. The most likely thing they might learn is the 'Obeah man' (the serpent man) who was formerly staying in the plantation house has recently moved out to somewhere in the swamp. It is obvious from the attitudes of those questioned the man is deeply feared.

Guarding Joe's shack, the one with the blue door, are four surly sharecroppers, two white, two black. All have 12-gauge shotguns and plenty of ammunition. They will chat with the investigators, particularly if any are women, but not let them look inside the shack. "We got some bad folks inside, no visitors allowed." See the statistics section at the end of the adventure for the guards.

Inside the shack is Joe's sister, Cassy. She is guarded by three large copperhead snakes (enchanted by Elly and Caleb) that lurk under the floorboards. They have been commanded to bite any human who passes through the door. Caleb has already disposed of Joe's mother.

If Big Rafe Bodeen, Caleb's notorious overseer and right-hand man, survived the first encounter with the adventurers, he lurks around the hamlet, heavily armed and ready for trouble. If none of the investigators have actually seen Bodeen, a successful Linguist or idea roll identifies the man's voice as the one the investigators heard arguing with Professor Gist that night back in Arkham. If questioned, both Bodeen and Caleb deny that Bodeen has ever been out of the state. Albert Gist however, if he accompanies the investigators, will quickly identify Bodeen as the culprit that argued with him at his front door.

The Swamp

If the investigators go outside the house during the day, they are allowed to roam about freely and will discover the old road leading down to the swamp. While traveling along the road or well-worn path in either direction, a successful Spot Hidden discovers the faint trail leading to the hut of the serpent man.

The Altar to Yig

If the investigators follow the well-worn path all the way back into the swamp they will eventually be led to the ancient stone altar. A huge, table-like rock almost five feet high, the altar is covered with very worn, unidentifiable symbols, carved here by the primitives who thousands of years ago gave worship to Yig. It is impossible to accu-

The Serpent People

The serpent men have been enemies of the human race since Pleistocene times when they actively plotted against the human kingdom of Valusia. Even then the serpent men were known to use supernatural means to disguise their true appearance, taking the form of men in order to infiltrate human society. Many of these serpent men posed as priests and used their position to try and introduce the worship of their dark snake god into mammalian culture. Although humans considered the serpent people's disguises the product of sorcery, it was a form of hypnosis natural to the serpent man species, trained to a high degree and only augmented by magic. This ability was so powerful that once a full-blooded serpent man ruled over Valusia, disguised as a human king. A variety methods of

casting this kind of illusion are known to exist.

In the last century and a half a great number of ancient serpent men have re-emerged from their age-long hibernations and now move secretly about and within human society. It is possible that their reappearance has to do with the prophecies found in "The Pnakotic Manuscripts" and repeated in the "Necronomicon".

"in the time of the last troubles even the great serpents shall come forth, crawling from their resting places beneath the earth..."

This prophecy was long interpreted by the serpent people to predict a return to power by the ophidian race. Most serpent men alive today believe in this interpretation and work toward its fulfillment.

Serpent Man 'Club'

This strange weapon hangs from the belt of the Obeah man and is not disguised by the illusion. It is made of a strange alloy and is oddly curved, suited to the differently structured arm and shoulder of serpent men. Degenerate serpent men living in Britain (and perhaps elsewhere) still make use of this weapon although these cruder versions have stone heads and wooden handles.

Used properly, these hammer-like weapons are capable of inflicting 1D8+2 points of damage, with the possibility of impaling. Humans who try to use this weapon will find it difficult. The strange weight and balance of the hammer requires an odd, sideways swing. The initial skill of an investigator unused to the club will be half their normal Club skill. Like any other weapon, an investigator's skill can increase with experience.

rately identify or read these writings. Dried blood stains the top of the rock but whether animal or human the investigators will be unable to tell (it is animal). A Cthulhu Mythos roll will positively identify the altar as dedicated to Yig.

The Lair of the Serpent Man

Deep in the swamp is the lair of the serpent man who, at Yig's bidding, has come here to seek vengeance on the serpent queen. Getting to the lair will take time and a certain willingness to suffer. Rapid movement through the swamp is impossible, except on paths and roads, due to the miry ground and thick undergrowth. Huge, misshapen trees rot amidst the treacherous pools. The odor is foul. Strange noises lurk at the edge of hearing; the buzz of huge insects, the dripping of oily water, the slither of a snake, the croaking bellow of a distant alligator. In the gloom, who knows what strange enemy lurks around the next corner?

Other problems may present themselves. The serpent queen's horrible homunculi have been keeping watch on the lone serpent man and while they hesitate to attack the sorcerer, they will feel less compunction about grabbing one or more of the investigators, or an accompanying non-player character, and dragging him down into the subterranean tunnels.

Should this happen, the other investigators can either write off their friend and continue their investigation of the serpent man lair, or they may choose to immediately follow the tunnel down into the temple/prison of the sorcerous snake queen (see The Queen's Lair). The investigators will have to act quickly as the tunnel will collapse in 1D2+1 hours (a Geology or INT x1 roll will tell them that).

Drawing nearer to the serpent man's lair the investigators see a small hut set atop a low rocky hill rising up out of the swamp. In front of the hut, burning smokily, a small fire blazes amidst a circle of large stones. A black man, the Obeah man, sits in front of the fire, staring into the flames. He is wearing a black coat without shirt, a top hat, and from his belt hangs an odd metal hammer, a weapon of some sorts (see boxed text nearby).

The man the investigators see sitting in front of the fire is merely an illusion created by the serpent sorcerer who watches from nearby, concealed behind a large cypress tree. The investigators may have good reason to suspect the Obeah man and will have to decide what to do: approach and speak with him, or simply open fire.

If the investigators choose to shoot at the Obeah man the illusionary priest will slowly look up from the fire, grin at the investigators, then dissolve into thin air (the serpent man will have collapsed his illusion). Judging the investigators' mood at this point, the serpent man may either flee through the woods to take refuge in the swamp, stay in the area to spy on the group, or attempt to approach them, seeking their aid in destroying the evil serpent queen.

If the investigators openly approach the illusion and speak to it, it will, as before, dissolve while the serpent man (in the guise of the Obeah man) appears from behind his cypress tree. He will address the group in a commanding, but non-hostile manner. He may or may not choose at this time to reveal to the investigators what is happening at the plantation or about Yig's plans. At any rate it is unlikely that he will reveal all he knows about the situation. Although he may believe the investigators' aid is essential, he neither trusts nor likes the humans. He may or may not reveal his true identity.

If the investigators have a chance to search the hut they can find a fine metal box, made of some odd and ancient material, locked by a mechanism of peculiar design. The box is about 10 inches long, and triangular in cross-section. It is strong but not bulletproof (STR 18).

Inside are a number of thick, triangular metal tablets with incised writing on them. A Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies them as 'books' of the type favored by the serpent race. If an investigator can actually read the language of the serpent folk, he finds the tablets are an extensive journal of scientific observations concerning various contemporary human cultures of North America. The observations, apparently made over the last five or ten years, are in an insultingly contemptuous tone.

Should the serpent man have reason to fear for his life he can silently call upon several Children of Yig (water moccasins) that will encircle the investigators in a threatening manner. A huge alligator, charmed by the serpent man, also lurks nearby, ready to attack at the sorcerer's command. The serpent man will hesitate to kill the investigators if at all avoidable. He needs their aid. He prefers to use his reptilian helpers as a threat — an exhibition of his powers.

The Charmed Alligator

STR 25 CON 20 SIZ 24 POW 10 DEX 8
HP 22

Move 6/8 swimming

Weapon: Bite 50%, 1D10+2D6 damage
Tail Lash 35%, 1D6+2D6 damage

Armor: 6-point hide

Skills: Hide 75%, Sneak 65%.

Caleb's Actions

If Caleb somehow discovers the investigators prying around the house, especially if they have forced their way into the serpent man's bedroom, he bursts in on them, pistol in hand, and puts on a show of moral outrage, telling the thieves that they must be off his property within the hour (or at first light) or he will send for the sheriff.

The keeper should give the investigators an opportunity to think of some appropriate excuse for their behavior. If they can think of none, Professor Gist (if present) says they heard sounds in the room and thought something was wrong. Caleb will grudgingly let the matter drop, but warn

the investigators against further transgressions. Since Caleb wants no trouble with the authorities, he will not fire unless fired upon. Should, however, Caleb wound or kill an investigator, no charges will be filed against him. He is, after all, only a homeowner defending his property.

On the morning following the investigator's arrival, Caleb begins a determined effort to convince Professor Gist and the investigators to leave by peaceful means. If any investigator assures him they will be gone by nightfall, he is mollified. If not, the warmth of his Southern hospitality cools almost by the minute. This behavior should make it clear to the investigators that the fateful night of sorcery mentioned by Joe is this very night.

At breakfast Caleb says that they will enjoy the historical sights of Charleston much more than "this swamp of a farm" and suggests that they leave shortly. If his suggestion is rebuffed, he stomps out of the house saying "Some people have work to do. Excuse me." If followed, the investigators see him march off into the swamp.

When Caleb returns at noon and finds that the investigators have failed to depart he comments pointedly upon the uselessness of wasting food and bed on "freeloading tourists." He inquires sarcastically into his visitor's sources of income, particularly those who dress stylishly or expensively. It is assumed that the investigators ignore what Professor Gist calls his brother's "boorish manners."

Elly's Actions

If Elly accidentally discovers the investigators breaking into the serpent man's bedroom (with a Listen roll) she attempts to Sneak up on them. A successful Listen roll by the investigators allows them to hear Elly's footsteps on the stairs. If they ignore her requests that they desist, or threaten her, she calls out the nearest window for help, which soon arrives in the form of 1D6 nervous and unusually well-armed sharecroppers. (See the Statistics section at the end of the adventure.) She does not hesitate to question any investigator she catches in the midst of suspicious actions.

Once suspicious of the visitors, Elly attempts to isolate a male investigator (or Winsworthy) and with erotic promises trick him into ingesting a love potion. She knows better than to try to deal with brother Albert and will attempt nothing with him.

To allay her victim's suspicions, Elly can drink the philter with her dupe, since it has no effect upon females. Alternatively, with the help of Bess, she can insinuate its ingredients into the lemonade, or some other part of the lunch. If she is successful, she commands her victim to remain inside the house that night and insists he force his friends to remain inside as well.

If an investigator avoids the philter and returns to the group, she lets him go, seeking another victim when the opportunity offers itself.

If Elly notices the investigators talking about magic or mentioning Yig by name, she becomes convinced that they are here to interfere and steps up her efforts to the maximum, regardless of Caleb's wishes. When the opportunity presents itself, she attempts to entice a male investigator into her surprisingly large and luxurious room. Once there, she does whatever is needed to get him to drink a love philter.

The Serpent Man's Actions

The serpent man, like the investigators, has been lured here by Yig to perform a service for the Great Old One. The serpent man knows that if he, or the investigators, try to flee, Yig does everything possible to destroy them. The investigators will be forced back by Children of Yig who spring up in numbers to block the investigator's path. Alligators attack at Yig's command and even the serpent man will try and stop them. If all else fails, the escaping investigator will find himself suddenly attacked by hordes of poisonous snakes either pouring up out of the ground or from within the seats and floorboards of Winsworthy's car. Even should someone successfully escape the plantation, Yig's wrath follows them and they may find themselves forced to live in some completely snakeless part of the world (Greenland? Antarctica?).

Unless one or more of the investigators has been visited by a Messenger of Yig it is quite unlikely that they will guess why they are here. Stopping the sacrifice of a young girl is probably their main goal and the disguised serpent man will be a prime suspect. At some point the serpent man will probably be forced to meet with them and outline the situation. This could take place at the serpent man's hut or, failing this encounter, the serpent man will visit the investigators around the plantation grounds or even in the house. In any event, he does it in a way designed to keep the meeting a secret from both Caleb and Elly. Albert Gist and Winsworthy may be included among the confidantes.

Play this encounter for all it's worth. The Obeah man himself commands vast amounts of respect and if the investigators suspect he may also be a serpent man the tension should be heightened even further. Keep in mind the serpent man is, in most measurable respects, far superior to the mammalian humans he now finds himself amidst. Their odor alone offends him; a much more pungent smell than the faint reptile scent that surrounds him. He is far more intelligent, more educated, vastly older, and the product of a civilization that lasted for millions of years. His actions and attitudes toward humans are like the intolerant Winsworthy's, should he suddenly find himself forced to sit down and treat with a group of illiterate black sharecroppers.

The serpent man will tell the investigators only as much as he feels they need to know in order to accomplish the task at hand — no more. He does not trust them in the least

and does not care at all what eventually happens to them. He only needs them to fulfill certain tasks required by Yig. At the first sign of treachery on the part of an investigator he will kill and/or escape as the opportunity presents itself. His poisonous bite is swift and deadly, and pushy investigators may need to be reminded of how dangerous this individual is. The serpent man's venom kills almost instantly and his bite is far quicker than any human drawing a gun.

Sitting across the table from the investigators, the serpent man will tell them what needs to be done. At some point the investigators will notice his serpent shadow, or he will drop his illusion momentarily revealing the snake man behind it. Perhaps just flicking out a long, forked, serpent tongue will be enough to make his point. Any of these events, if sufficiently startling enough to the investigators, cost 0/1D3 points of SAN to witness.

The serpent man tells them that they have been lured here by Yig to accomplish a task for him. Beneath the swamps, in a long-buried temple, lives an ancient sorceress, a serpent woman. For untold ages she has dwelt here in an area consecrated to Yig, and greedily devoured the magical energies from ceremonies and rituals properly intended for Yig. Yig wants this being punished and, as the serpent man sees it, the investigators have little choice but to cooperate with the god.

The Serpent Man's Plan: The investigators are told they will have to find the sorceress's lair and slay her. They will probably not be able to locate her until the ceremony is held. He explains that the "hell holes" the investigators may have heard about are caused by this being's servants who, attracted by the rhythmic poundings of the Yig ceremonies, burrow upwards to snatch unsuspecting cultists and carry them back to their evil mistress. He tells the investigators that unless they can convince Caleb they are active Yig cultists (quite unlikely by this time) they will have to sneak down to the ceremony after it has begun and observe from the sidelines. If they obtain the proper clothing, they can disguise themselves as white sharecropper observers, fringe members of the cult. There will be over 150 worshippers in attendance and the investigators should be able to melt into the background. When they see one of the hell holes open up they are to plunge below the ground, seek out the sorceress, and slay her. If the investigators express concern about the girl to be sacrificed, the serpent man assures them he will not allow it to take place (a lie — he planned it and is looking forward to it as a compensation for having to spend so much time among the despised humans). He makes it very clear that escape is nearly impossible and that blocking the ceremony will only serve to anger Yig — an almost certain doom.

The Serpent Man's Secrets: The serpent man does not tell the investigators the underground sorceress is of gigantic size, nor does he give any indication of her great magical powers. Although he leads the investigators to believe they

are supposed to kill the being he is quite sure they are incapable of such a feat. The true purpose of the investigators' attack is to distract the attention of the evil sorceress allowing the magical energy of the ceremony above to be used by Yig to enter this plane. Keeping the queen distracted for three rounds will be long enough for the accumulated energy to open the door for Yig who will not hesitate to step through into this world. Yig will then seek out the queen and take revenge into his own hands. Although the serpent man cares not one way or the other, Yig's appearance underground may be the investigator's only hope of survival.

Once the ceremony has continued for one hour, Yig can appear at any time as long as the queen's attention has been distracted away from the magic rites. Among the things Caleb has not been told is that Yig will make his appearance via Caleb's own body, a painful and debilitating experience.

With this knowledge in hand the investigators may find themselves forced to change their plans. If they are bound to fulfill Yig's wishes (or suffer the consequences) they have to be sure the ceremony takes place (unless they can discover and kill the serpent sorceress ahead of time, without the help of the Great Old One). This means that if Reverend Hilson or Sheriff Trucks should show up intending to put a halt to the proceedings, the investigators may have to take steps to stop them.

Albert Gist's Actions

The professor is intensely jealous of his brother's magical prowess and may, on the sly, approach the serpent man. If the keeper decides it is okay, the serpent man will agree to throw over Caleb in favor of Albert, who will then lead the ceremony and conduct the sacrifice. The serpent man may even suggest that Caleb be offered up as sacrifice in addition to, or instead of, the young girl. Albert may agree. Winsworthy may or may not be told about this change in plans. The investigators will certainly not learn of it.

Little Joe's Actions

Little Joe has not let any of the sharecroppers know he has returned. He skulks around the outskirts of the hamlet, hoping against hope the investigators can do something. By late morning of the second day, he will get up enough nerve to try to contact them. He knows he will have to avoid Bess, old Ben, and the deadly Elly to do so. A whisper through one of the investigator's windows is the best tactic. See his skills in the Statistics section at the end of the adventure.

Joe tells the investigators that although he is sure Cassy is being held prisoner in the hut, he has been unable to learn anything regarding the whereabouts of his mother. "No one's seen nothin' and no one's talkin'," says the boy. "I'm worried powerful about my ma."

At some point during the investigator's meeting with Joe, the boy's mother will return — as a zombie. Mercilessly slain by Caleb and turned into the living dead, she is under orders to find and kill little Joe. The keeper must arrange this encounter. It will not occur while Caleb or Elly are present as they will wish to deny any connection with Joe's death or disappearance. The zombie may attack outdoors, from behind a tree or building, or wander right into the house in search of her prey. If the investigators destroy the zombie they will save Joe and gain 1D4 points of SAN in addition to what they receive for killing the monster. Joe, confronted and attacked by his vacant-eyed, undead mother will suffer a loss of 1D10 points of SAN.

The zombie mom will attempt to grapple the boy and carry him off to the swamp to drown him, after which she will return to her secret muddy grave and never be seen again. Caleb will then turn Joe himself into a zombie. Zombie Joe will put in an appearance during the ceremony to Yig, either aiding in the performance of the rites or wandering about the crowd looking for investigators to attack and kill.

Part V: The Night of Yig

As the afternoon wears on, the homunculi below ground prepare themselves for the anticipated ceremony. The serpent sorceress, always aware of the astrological conjunctions, anticipates the festivities planned by the Yig worshippers. Like snakes, S'ssruuxa's homunculi are very sensitive to vibrations transmitted through the ground. They can accurately judge the number of people at a large gathering and choose likely victims, all while lurking in their muddy tunnels.

Farm work seems to be neglected this afternoon. As the sun sinks low, many of the sharecroppers gather in front of the mansion, and begin setting up crude tables. Old Bess and some of the sharecropper women begin setting out simple food and drink, enough for a very large group.

If little Joe is still alive and about, he may again try to contact the investigators. He has no plan, but is desperate for action.

The Night of Yig

On the supposed night of Dambala, all the Yig cultists of the area, over 150 in all, begin to arrive. There are many women and children as well as men. They arrive in beaten-up trucks, or on bicycles, or muleback. They are greeted boisterously by the locals, with much singing and festivity.

Given such a huge ceremony, one planned for many weeks previously, the police have had time to get going. Two of the cultists are actually Charleston police agents investigating the recent murder of the police detective. This

should not be revealed to the investigators unless they are specifically looking out for such persons. If they are, a Spot Hidden indicates that two young white men look suspiciously well groomed among this shabbily-dressed bunch, and are wearing oddly clean-looking ragged clothes. The two men will avoid contact if the investigators approach them openly, but they are competent and reasonably intelligent. With discretion on the part of the investigators, they will agree to join forces. See the Statistics section at the end of the adventure.

The cultists gather in front of the house at around sunset, light their torches, and march into the swamp, chanting and singing. Caleb tells the investigators that this is some kind of backwoods religious rite and that outsiders, himself included, are not particularly welcome. He says that they should respect the religious beliefs of others and remain inside tonight. He suggests that fearful things may happen to them if they do not. Caleb says he is going to retire early and suggests that the investigators do likewise.

Caleb retires to his bedroom, locking the door behind him. He immediately crawls out the bedroom window, and drops to the ground, following the crowd into the swamp. If the investigators are attempting to detect what Caleb does, a Listen roll will let them hear him scrabbling across the porch roof. A successful Spot Hidden allows them to see him crossing the yard, just before he disappears into the darkness of the swamp.

The Last Ambush

An armed group waits outside, determined to keep the investigators in the house. If the investigators openly march out of the mansion armed and ready, they will be shot by Bodeen and his men. They may get a hint of what's in store for them when, just before they open the door, old Ben and the housekeeper suddenly find reasons to hurry down into the cellar.

Bodeen and his men are in covered firing positions and will snipe at the investigators while they are silhouetted against the lights of the mansion. Investigators will need to make Spot Hidden rolls in order to pinpoint the sniper's positions. Investigators will fire at half their usual skill due to the darkness. Rafe and the boys will also suffer from this penalty if the investigators turn off the lights or get away from the house.

Although the investigators may at first find themselves trapped, after a few rounds the firing stops and then the frantic shouts of the snipers will be heard, then silence. The ambushers will be found dead of snake bites, their bodies already starting to swell and blacken. Atop Rafe Bodeen's chest is curled a huge copperhead with a white crescent on its head.

The Cultists

Meanwhile, down at the dock, several boats have arrived including one filled with Charleston cultists. They are greeted by the plantation's inhabitants with handshakes, hugs, slaps on the back, and laughter. All await at the dock until Caleb arrives. When he comes down the road, a shout of exultation goes up. He leads the group to the great clearing in the swamp. There the Obeah man awaits.

The early portions of this version of the Call Yig spell are performed entirely by the Obeah man and Caleb. The cultists sit or stand in small groups around the altar area. They are silent but not particularly attentive to the two in the center, knowing that their time will come later. Since all the cultists know each other and the area is well lit by torches, any investigator attempting to slip through the crowd toward Caleb will probably be recognized.

Balancing the Adventure

If the keeper feels that the investigators have had too easy a time up to this point, Albert Gist and Winsworthy are both available to cause trouble. They can disrupt the investigators' plans in many ways, ranging from simply making a noise at some inopportune time, all the way to actually taking over from Caleb in the ceremonies.

Also, remember that Elly, the maid and high priestess of Yig, may have had a chance to seduce one of the party. It is possible that Winsworthy, unbeknownst to the investigators, may have fallen prey to her potions and wiles.

It is possible that Sheriff Trucks in charge of a band of armed deputies, or Reverend Hilson leading a crowd of fanatic Christians, will show up intent on stopping the rites. The investigators will be forced to find a way to neutralize this threat. Unless they have already found some way to destroy the serpent queen it is imperative that tonight's ceremony take place — it is the only way to find a path to the serpent queen's lair. If they fail, they will have to (eventually) face Yig's anger. Of course, it is likely that they will also be concerned for the life of Joe's sister. This is an additional wrinkle in the problem.

The Rites of Yig

The rites begin around 10:00 P.M., and will culminate at midnight with the sacrifice. Preceding the sacrifice will be various rituals and ceremonies, followed by a full hour and a half of chanting and orgy.

In the light of a score of smoking torches, the huge open area around the altar fills with whispering, half-naked cultists, many of them armed with crude weapons such as machetes. If it is truly an Obeah ceremony, a surprising number of the cultists are white.

Many of the worshippers are wearing bizarre costumes, mostly made of snake skin. Some carry crude instruments,

such as reed flutes, drums, or gourd rattles, with which they now begin to produce an odd, rhythmic cacophony.

Several of the women in the crowd are very beautiful, particularly a tall, laughing girl in a queenly headdress who carries, wrapped about her, two massive, sleek diamond-back rattlesnakes. The girl is treated with great respect and adulation as she mingles with the crowd. It is Elly, Caleb's mistress and the high priestess of Yig.

Strange Sights

The first unnatural thing the investigators notice is the ominous appearance of thousands of snakes, many of them rare and poisonous species, crawling out from under bushes and out of the swamp. These snakes writhe among the cultists, crawling up their legs, and coiling into heaps that are often several feet high. This sight costs 0/1D3 SAN. Another shock is the sight of the ancient serpent man now undisguised and peacefully mingling with the worshipful cultists.

Neither the snakes nor the serpent man seem to be biting or annoying the cultists in any way. If anything, they are excessively cozy together. Some cultists fling themselves to the ground before the ancient serpent man, begging to be blessed.

The Rituals Begin

Caleb Gist, dressed in an odd, shimmering scarlet and green robe, begins the rites of Yig Night by lighting several small fires around the altar. The drummers set up a soft, steady beat that echoes eerily through the humid air of the swamp.

Caleb, Elly, and the ancient serpent man go to each fire, carrying between them a large caldron that contains a mixture of oil, kerosene, and stranger substances. They ladle this mixture on the fires, causing them to leap up, throwing off sparks high into the night. When the caldron is empty, they then walk through the flames to prove that they are true Houngan.

At the conclusion of these rites, Caleb and the ancient serpent man turn to the assembled cultists and raise their arms high in the air. The initial preparations are over. The drummers begin a new and faster beat.

As the drums thud, members of the crowd fall one by one to the ground, writhing oddly. As the investigators watch, the cultists begin to slither bonelessly about the clearing like snakes, their sweating bodies twisting and contracting in ways that no normal human being could hope to duplicate. The three high priests (Caleb, Elly, and the serpent man) begin a new chant, Calling to Yig.

The sounds and smells rising from the writhing revelers during the serpent ceremony are disturbing. A waft of reptilian stench, mixed with the fumes of the torches and the odor of unwashed bodies, drifts over the swamp. Weird moanings and whisperings fill the night. Deep bellowings



(alligators calling out) echo out from the darkest depths of the swamp.

As the ceremony degenerates into a horrible reptilian/human orgy the investigators must make SAN rolls against a loss of 1/1D6. Any investigators suffering from ophiophobia will lose 1/1D10 SAN. Witnesses to the rites will also receive 1D4 points added to their Cthulhu Mythos knowledge.

One possible result of temporary insanity at this point is that a mad investigator might strip off his or her garments and join the appalling rites, his body writhing like a great snake across the stained ground. Any investigator who does so adds an additional 1D2 points to his Cthulhu Mythos knowledge.

Any noise other than gunshots (screaming, etc.) during the snake ceremony will go unheard. However, anyone who is nervous or acting with hostile intent toward the cultists is likely to be bitten by several ordinary snakes.

The Hell Holes

At this point some of the hell holes will start to open up as the horrible homunculi of the evil queen burrow up to drag off hapless worshippers. It is up to the keeper to decide whether the investigators see a hell hole appear in the distance or have one open up under their feet. Winsworthy, standing just a few yards away, is a good potential victim; one of the young detectives is another possibility. Whoever the victim(s) may be, to successfully conclude this adventure some of the investigators will have to enter the tunnels.

The Sacrifice

The ceremony will continue even while investigators are underground looking for a way to reach the serpent queen. Hopefully they will have left one or two of the party above ground in order to stop the sacrifice of Cassy. If they do not, she may well die unless Reverend Hilson or Sheriff Trucks shows up in force. The two Charleston policeman might try to put a stop to it but they number only two and it is quite likely that the cultists will turn on them, literally tearing them to pieces before horrified investigator eyes (lose 1/1D4 SAN).

If the cultists go unchecked, the unfortunate Cassy is carried through the crowd. If no one has contacted little Joe by this point in the adventure, and he has not been killed and turned into a zombie, he ambushes the guards in the midst of the swamp, bringing down two of them before he is killed in front of his screaming sister. Any investigators observing this tragedy without taking action to halt it lose 1 SAN.

If Cassy is quietly rescued, without disturbing the ceremony, then another sacrificial victim will be prepared and killed after only a short delay. The net result will be the same. However, the investigators gain 1D4 SAN for rescuing Joe's sister as they probably promised they would do.

The new sacrificial victim will more than likely be a (semi) willing cultist and investigators will lose minimum, or no SAN when the insane worshipper goes to meet his much deserved fate.

If no one makes the rescue, poor Cassy is placed on the altar, to the cheering of the crowd. As the terrified girl is prepared for the sacrifice, Caleb and the serpent man speak certain passwords and make horrifying secret gestures. Elly holds her snakes high above her head. Assuming there are no interruptions, Caleb raises the cutlass, then brings it down viciously. The crowd roars, and any investigators present must lose 1/1D6 SAN for witnessing and permitting the sacrifice of an innocent human being.

The Lair of the Serpent Queen

In order for the investigators to find the sorceress's lair they must follow one of the homunculi's tunnels (or be grabbed and dragged off). This can occur either while exploring the swamp or during the ceremony to Yig.

The beaked homunculi of S'ssruuxa are expert burrowers. They attack their victims by tunneling up beneath them, then seizing them by their ankles and pulling them down into the muddy ground, feet first. The homunculi are swift and a character so grabbed can only jump away with a successful Dodge roll. If the roll is failed the victim is pulled quickly beneath the surface and out of sight. With both ankles firmly grasped and pulled along at a brisk rate, there is little they can do to free themselves. The tunnels are so narrow as to allow no possibility of firing a gun down at the unseen assailant and, in fact, the character's arms will be drawn up over his head and useless. Not until the victim is dragged into the underground temple complex will they be able to take action against their assailant. The victim will have 1D6 rounds in which to kill and escape from his attacker before he will be set upon by the rest of the homunculi who are waiting in the central chamber.

If someone attempts to follow a victim into one of the hell-holes they will find it necessary to crawl into the muddy burrow headfirst, wriggling their way down into the bowels of the earth toward an unknown destination.

The going is uncomfortable but the slippery mud makes it easier to accomplish. After 3D10 minutes of crawling and sweating, the investigators will find the tunnel opens up into a larger space. Hopefully they have brought a light source with them.

The Hall of the Serpent Queen

If the investigators have spoken with the serpent man or in some other way learned of the serpent queen's existence they will recognize they now stand in one of the eight spoke-like galleries that radiate out from the sorceress's

great central chamber. A barrel-vaulted roof, supported by massive columns, arches overhead, most of its features obliterated by the layers of limestone that have formed over the countless millions of years since the structure was first built. The columns themselves are near completely concealed by the drippings. The place so closely resembles a cave interior that only the abnormal symmetry belies its artificial architecture. The reptilian stench is unmistakable.

What the investigators first find down here depends on whether they have followed a recently kidnapped victim or entered a hell hole that has been open an hour or so. Whether the Gist ceremony to Yig is in progress or not will also define the situation in the serpent queen's lair.

- If it is prior to the Yig ritual and the investigators have followed a victim down here, they will hear screams issuing from the central chamber some 200 yards away. This is the sound of the recently taken victim being attacked by the homunculi.
- If they have come down a hell-hole that has been open for some time that victim will by now be dead and devoured, and the hall will be silent.
- If the investigators have come here while the ceremony is in progress there will probably be more than one victim suffering the attentions of the homunculi and the screams of more than one person will likely be heard. In any case, the investigators will be able to approach the central chamber unmolested.

If the investigators are in pursuit of a recently kidnapped victim (and this victim has not managed to escape his attackers) they will hear horrible shrieks coming from the direction of the central chamber. In the central chamber the investigators find the victim pinned to the floor by the homunculi who take turns pecking at the victim's eyes, ears, nose, and tongue. How many of these organs are already torn away is up to the keeper; each organ lost indicates the victim has taken 2 points of damage. S'ssruxxa herself lies curled up in the center of the hall watching and waiting while her sexless children finish their snack. When they are through she will swallow the probably still-living victim whole. Investigators may attack or make a run for it while there is still time. The homunculi may follow but it is unlikely they will pursue up through the burrows.

If the investigators have crawled down a discovered hell hole that has been open for an hour or so, and have come here before the Yig ceremony has taken place, the serpent queen is aware of their coming and prepares for them. The hall is almost vacant. In the center of the room, seated upon a stone chair atop the circular dais, facing the investigators, is a beautiful woman dressed in a radiant gown. She smiles beneficently upon the investigators and it will seem to them that she is surrounded by a faint, glowing aura. Perhaps she is a goddess?

A voice will sound in the heads of the investigators, the voice of the beautiful woman although it can be seen that her lips are not moving. The voice beckons to the investigators, asking them to come forward, she wishes to speak with them. If any of the investigators comes within ten feet of her, the serpent queen attacks with her bite and swallow. Even if she successfully attacks and swallows a victim, the beautiful woman illusion will be maintained. The investigators will see their companion somehow swallowed whole by this strange woman who may actually be smaller than the prey. SAN loss for seeing this is 1/1D6. S'ssruxxa, if undisturbed, will continue to maintain her illusion and attempt to persuade other investigators to approach. Only if they open fire on the serpent queen, or otherwise attack her, will the illusion disappear allowing the investigators to see for the first time their adversary. The homunculi, until now hidden behind the nearby columns, will move forward and attack. The serpent queen will remain where she is, using her magic against the intruders.

If the investigators should come here during the Calling of Yig there will probably be several victims (kidnapped cultists) suffering the tortures of the homunculi. S'ssruxxa herself will appear in her gigantic serpent form and will be poised in the center of the room, her head held up, drinking deeply of the magical energies being released by frantic Yig cultists above. Neither S'ssruxxa or her homunculi will notice the investigators presence and if they act quickly and quietly, the investigators will be able to make one complete round of attacks before either the homunculi or the queen are able to react.

Dealing with the Queen

S'ssruxxa is a huge specimen of serpent person and weighs in at several tons. Unnaturally large, the result a combination of her great age and of her delvings into evil and potent magicks, the evil serpent queen is now quite mad, the result of her long confinement within this structure. Her limbs, through disuse, are atrophied and hang limply from her sides. What little movement she is still capable of is accomplished by a slow and painful crawling. S'ssruxxa, attended to by her servant homunculi, sometimes remains in the same spot for decades. Her eyes are filmed by cataracts and her vision weakened but her bite is still swift and she has a command of ancient magic perhaps never excelled by the anyone of the serpent race, living or dead.

Unless the party is equipped with powerful explosives (possibly dangerous to themselves in this ancient, cracked and crumbling structure) it is unlikely they will be able to defeat this powerful adversary. Unless the Calling of Yig is underway, the best alternative for the party is to run for their lives.

If the calling of Yig is being attempted, then it is only necessary for the investigators to distract the attention of

the serpent queen for the space of three rounds. After this period of time the magical energies being released by the above ground ceremony will be utilized by Yig to bring him into this plane of existence. Once Called, Yig will waste little time seeking out and punishing the sorceress.

Yig Appears

Yig will enter this plane by occupying the body of whoever is presently leading the Call Yig ceremony. Most likely this will be Caleb Gist, Elly, or Albert Gist. The serpent man will avoid this role at almost any cost. To be possessed by Yig is a painful and mind-shattering experience. Although most survive the possession, the individual loses 1D20 points of SAN and suffers 2D6 points of damage, assessed against the character after Yig has left the body.

An investigator who remains above the surface and witnesses the possession sees Caleb (or whoever is leading the ceremony) begin to breathe rapidly and the color drain from his face. As Yig pours into this plane the recipient starts to change, swelling and growing to accommodate the form of the Great Old One. All during this time thousands of snakes pour out from beneath the altar, covering the ground. Images of Yig's reptilian head fade in and out, alternating with the terrified visage of the one he has possessed. Clearly seeing the Great Old One is particularly difficult and his face and form continually shift and shimmer. The SAN loss is 0/1D8.

Yig will immediately head for the underground temple, magically transporting his form through the ground to appear in the Queen's lair. Investigators locked in battle with the serpent woman will be first made aware of Yig's coming when, a round before the Great Old One appears, the floor of the underground temple is suddenly covered with a writhing carpet of living snakes. These snakes will not harm the investigators unless the investigators attack them. Anyone who does attack them is immediately bitten dozens of times and within the space of a round or two is completely covered with squirming, venomous snakes that bite their victim repeatedly. Death will come within a minute or two. SAN loss for the carpet of snakes is only 1/1D3 but any character who goes insane when the snakes are present is quite likely to attack them, thereby forfeiting his life.

Yig will appear during the next round, his form still shimmering, shifting first from the image of the unfortunate host to the Yig form, and then to the form of a gigantic snake every bit as large as the bloated sorceress. SAN loss is 0/1D8. S'ssruuxa, spying the approaching Yig, stops attacking the investigators and turns her attention to this latest enemy. Her homunculi leap forward to engage the new invader.

Quickly sweeping aside and killing the attacking homunculi, and unaffected by any magic attacks made against him by the sorceress, Yig will close and grapple with the great queen, leaving the investigators to witness

the titanic struggle between the two monstrous serpent beings. The investigators may flee at this point, escaping to the surface through one of the mud burrows, or stay and watch the fight. Those who choose to stay will be shocked when after a couple of rounds it becomes plainly obvious Yig intends not to kill the sorceress but instead intends to mate with her!

Viewing this horrifying scene will cause a loss of 1/1D4 SAN points. Plus, regardless of the SAN roll, each investigator will find themselves feeling faint, soon after collapsing into a dream state.

The Dream

The investigators find themselves sharing a common dream wherein they all stand about, observing the coupling between the two monstrous serpents, chanting softly a long-forgotten ritual of the serpent people. The dreamers are dressed in long, dark robes and hold before them candles that glow with an unearthly light. They maintain the chant until the coupling is complete, then watch in amazement as Yig, a few moments later, slashes open the belly of the sorceress and withdraws from it a single glowing egg nearly three feet long. Yig turns to the group and, without speaking a word, begins to distribute 'the blessing'.

Yig will speak to the dreaming investigators, telepathically, and the investigators may respond. Any investigator who willingly did what Yig expected of him without complaint or vacillation receives the favor of the Great Old One. This investigator is given 1 point of POW and taught the spells Summon/Bind Child of Yig and Call Yig. He is called a Son of Yig and now carries the Mark of Yig — a white crescent, similar to a faded birthmark, underneath his left arm. A Son of Yig is invulnerable to any and all normal snake venom and has the ability to communicate with blessed snakes, the Children of Yig, including those sent against him by an enemy. As long as the marked investigator is not actively working against Yig's desires, this ability to communicate with the blessed snakes will make him effectively immune to attacks by these creatures.

Lesser favored investigators will receive the additional POW point but nothing else. Recalcitrant servants of the Great Old One will receive nothing. The worst will be saved for those investigators who did not want to help Yig but now, after it is all over, throw themselves at the Great Old One, trying to suck up. Yig will not be deceived and these characters will receive the 'supreme blessing'. Yig will transform them into blessed snakes, Children of Yig that will crawl off into the tunnels to never be seen again. They will remain the permanent servants of Yig and do his bidding. After the blessings have been distributed, Yig, and the glowing egg, will fade from view as the investigators regain true consciousness.

They will awake on the floor of the cave, the slowly expiring sorceress lying nearby, dying from the gaping

wound in her belly. The investigators may dispatch her or, if convinced she is bound to die anyway, abandon her to her fate. In either case the investigators will gain an award of 1D10+4 points of SAN plus an increase of 1D6 to their Cthulhu Mythos percentage (if they took part in the dream-like mating ritual). If they hurry, they will be able to crawl out of this place before the narrow mud tunnels begin to collapse in upon them. There is an additional SAN award of 1D8 points if they helped to save Cassy. If the girl was saved without any help from the investigators, they will still receive 1D4 points of SAN to learn she was not lost.

Little Joe, fugitive from evil

STR 8 CON 13 SIZ 7 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 15 APP 11 EDU 4 SAN 62 HP 10

Damage Bonus -1D4 damage

Weapons: Fist 65%, 1D3

Skills: Camouflage 75%, Climb 75%, Dodge 65%, Hide 85%, Listen 80%, Sneak 70%.

Professor Albert Gist, Student of the Unusual

STR 9 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 16 POW 16
DEX 8 APP 10 EDU 20 SAN 25 HP 11

Damage Bonus 0

Weapons: Fist 45%, 1D3 damage

Spells: Contact Ghoul

Skills: Anthropology 50%, Archaeology 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 6%, Hide 45%, Latin 65%, Library Use 90%, Occult 85%, Hide 45%, Psychology 75%.

Rafe Bodeen, Evil Overseer

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 16 INT 9 POW 8
DEX 11 APP 8 EDU 5 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 80%, 1D3 damage

Kick 70%, 1D6 damage

Head Butt 90%, 1D4 damage

.38 Revolver 55%, damage 1D8 damage

Whip 75%, 1D3 plus entangle

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 3%, Drive Automobile 55%, Hide 60%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 60%, Track 75%.

Ten Terrible Cultists

	STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	HP
1	14	11	12	9	11	12
2	10	13	15	11	10	14
3	7	12	11	9	15	12
4	15	14	16	9	11	15
5	11	10	12	11	10	11
6	13	12	11	13	9	12
7	9	15	14	10	10	15
8	16	15	17	12	13	16
9	11	16	12	11	14	14
10	10	12	15	10	11	14

Weapons: Fist 55 +1D20%, 1D3 damage

Kick 25 +1D20%, 1D6 damage
Head Butt 20 +1D20%, 1D4 damage
Clubs 25 +1D20%, 1D6 damage
Pistol (usually a .22 or .38 Revolver) 20 +1D20%
Shotgun (12- or 16-gauge) 35 +1D20%

The Zombie

STR 16 CON 15 SIZ 14 POW 1 DEX 8
HP 15 Move 6

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Grapple 65%, damage 1D6 plus hurl out window
Maul 40%, damage 2D8+1D6

Armor: None but impaling weapons do only 1 point of damage.

SAN Cost: 0/1D6

Elihu C. Winsworthy, dilettante

STR 7 CON 9 SIZ 11 INT 11 POW 9
DEX 8 APP 15 EDU 13 HP 10

Damage Bonus 0

Weapons: walking stick or cudgel 35%, damage 1D6

Skills: Credit Rating 50%, Drive Automobile 55%, English 65%.

Virgil Trucks, Colleton County Sheriff

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 8 SAN 77 HP 15

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: .38 Revolver 65%, 1D8 damage

12-gauge Shotgun 85%, 4D6 damage

Fist 75%, 1D3 damage

Kick 80%, 1D6 damage

Head Butt 80%, 1D4 damage

Skills: Accounting 25%, Camouflage 55%, First Aid 55%, Law 65%, Listen 55%, Psychology 65%, Spot Hidden 60%, Track 75%, Treat Poison 65%.

Isaac Hilson, preacher

STR 17 CON 15 SIZ 16 INT 15 POW 19
DEX 14 APP 11 EDU 15 SAN 90

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapons: Fist 80%, 1D3 damage

Spells: Hilson has a magical ability, Faith Healing (see earlier boxed text).

Skills: Bargain 40%, Botany 40%, Christian Theology 97%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Debate 65%, Diagnose Disease 40%, Fast Talk 40%, First Aid 60%, Forecast Weather 50%, Occult 90%, Oratory 91%, Ride (mules) 40%, Sing Bass 75%.

Caleb Gist, plantation owner

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 18
DEX 13 APP 14 EDU 14 HP 13

Damage bonus +1D4

Weapons: .38 Pistol 70%, 1D10 damage

Saber 70%, 1D8+1 damage

Spells: Call Yig, Charm Snake, Create Zombie, Curse of Azathoth.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 13%, English 70%, Listen 50%, Sneak 50%, Spanish 60%, Spot Hidden 50%, Treat Poison 30%

Elly, high priestess of Yig

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 9 INT 14 POW 19
DEX 12 APP 17 EDU 5 SAN 0 HP 10

Damage Bonus 0

Weapons: Straight Razor 85%, 1D3 plus impale

Spells: Shrivelling, Charm Snake.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 13%, Listen 85%, Occult 60%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 90%, Treat Disease 50%, Treat Poison 50%.

Elly's Sacred Coral Snake

STR 1 CON 10 SIZ 1 POW 5 DEX 17

Weapon

Bite 50%, damage 1 + Venom POT 14

Skills: Hide 95%, Sneak 90%.

Ben, Butler of the Mansion

STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 11 POW 11

DEX 10 APP 11 EDU 6 SAN 20 HP 11

Bess, the cook

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 12

DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 5 SAN 25 HP 14

The Serpent Man (The Obeah Man)

STR 12 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 16

DEX 15 HP 14

Damage Bonus +1D4 (hand held weapons only)

Weapons: Serpent Man Hammer 80%, damage 1D8+2 plus impale

Bite 65%, 1D8 damage plus 16 POT poison

Armor: 2 points of scales.

Spells: Call Yig, Contact Yig, Summon/Bind: Child of Yig/Nightgaunt/Byakhee/Hunting Horror, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Shriveling, and possibly others.

SAN cost: 0/1D6

Jeremiah Monroe, undercover police detective

STR 14 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 12 POW 11

DEX 14 APP 8 EDU 12 SAN 66 HP 11

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: .45 Automatic 65%, 1D10+2 damage

Skills: Fast Talk 65%, First Aid 55%, Hide 80%, Jump 75%, Law 70%, Spot Hidden 75%, Track 65%.

Elias Crawford, undercover police detective

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 12

DEX 12 APP 7 EDU 12 SAN 70 HP 14

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: .45 Automatic 55%, 1D10+2 damage

Skills: Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 65%, Hide 75%, Jump 65%, Law 75%, Listen 50%, Occult 20%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 55%.

S'ssruuxa, the Serpent Sorceress

STR 42 CON 45 SIZ 50 INT 29 POW 30

DEX 12

Hit Points: 48

Move: 1

Weapon: Bite and Swallow 90%, swallows up to 20 points of SIZ whole.

Armor: 12 points of muscle and fat.

Spells: S'ssruuxa has a working knowledge of almost every spell found in the Call of Cthulhu rulebook.

SAN Cost: 1D4/1D20

The Homunculi

Description: These are man-sized, beaked servants of the serpent queen created of her own flesh and blood. They can dig through the ground at a rate of 5 yards per turn, leaving behind them a tunnel which, due to the nature of the swampy ground, collapses after 1D3 hours. When slithering through an existing tunnel their normal movement rate is 12.

HOMUNCULI

Characteristics	Average
STR 3D6+2	12-13
CON 3D6	10-11
SIZ 3D6	10-11
INT 2D4	5
POW 2D4	5
DEX 3D6	10-11

Hit Points: 10-11

Move: 6/12 - in burrow

Weapons: Grapple, 75%, hold

Peck with beak 85%, 2 points of damage plus the loss of an ear, eye, or tongue.

Armor: 3 point scales and skin.

Spells: None

SAN Cost: Seeing one of the homunculi costs 0/1D6 points.

SNAKES

MUCH OF THE ACTION in this adventure involves the threat of snakes, both natural and magical. The human Yig cultists are no more effective than cultists usually are, but large and poisonous natural snakes, magical snakes, and serpent men of three types are all present to terrorize the investigators. At the conclusion of the adventure, a giant snake or even Yig himself may appear.

Roleplaying Notes

Highly knowledgeable investigators initially should be skeptical of the danger presented by snakes in the South Carolina area. They are probably aware that no snake preys on man, and that snakes normally bite only when threatened or molested. However, the snakes in this adventure are often controlled by malevolent magic. Investigators will soon learn to be cautious of any situation in which a snake could be hidden, such as an ill-lit library or hollow log.

Characters taking severe injury from snakebite, or witnessing magical or unnaturally horrible sights involving snakes, should suffer *Ophiophobia*: fear of snakes. This will offer excellent opportunities for roleplaying.

Fighting Snakes

Chances of hitting these slender, agile targets with handguns or rifles are reduced by half as long as the snakes are moving at full speed. Shotguns function normally. Melee weapons that depend upon a stabbing attack (like sword canes) also have their chance to hit reduced by half.

The keeper must remember that snakes can only attack at very close range. Thus snakes will attack from ambush, from behind or from the side, whenever possible. Once the creatures are spotted, remember to double the characters' chances of hitting at point blank range (their DEX in feet).

Snakebites

Most of the common snakes in South Carolina swamps are not poisonous. Luckily for the keeper, several are: coral snakes, copperheads, diamondbacks, and water moccasins (cottonmouths).

The investigators will learn that some snakebites are deadly serious injuries. Although a snakebite may be less immediately harmful than a bullet or knife wound, allowing the bitten character to run around for a while, the ensuing effects can be even more horrifying. Thus we suggest that keepers exploit the snakebite procedures and information below.

1) Check for Successful Bite

On the snake's or serpent man's DEX rank, roll for its Bite skill. If it is wrapped around the victim already, or the victim is immobile, the snake hits automatically.

If the snake or serpent man is more than a few feet away, it cannot attack this round but must move forward, or wait for its victim to move closer, which the victim may do later in the round.

If the victim is aware of the snake, he or she may Dodge. Parrying a snake's attack simply means that the parrying limb is struck.

Even a small snake's bite is powerful enough to penetrate human skin. However, if the victim is wearing heavy clothing or protective garb, the bite may not penetrate. A Luck roll may be in order to see if the clothing saved the victim.

2) Check for Resistance

If the snake or serpent man uses its bite attack successfully and penetrates any boots, clothing, etc., that may be in the way, a resistance roll must be made using the venom's potency (POT) as the active characteristic and the victim's CON as the passive characteristic.

If the venom overcomes the victim's CON, he takes full damage equal to the venom's POT. If the poison fails to overcome the victim's CON, he resists, taking half damage (half POT).

Once resistance is determined, roll secretly for POT. Record the amount of damage (either the full amount rolled, or half) that the victim takes on a piece of scrap paper.

3) Apply Damage Gradually

Snakebite damage is delayed, and the symptoms are very different from those caused by weapons. Between 5-30 minutes elapse before a snakebite victim feels the effects of the venom, with suffering increasing from then on. So the character may continue to take actions once bitten. He may also be unaware that he has been bitten. With luck, even fatally poisoned characters can dictate a will, shoot a last monster, or otherwise act heroically before death occurs.

The keeper may have the effects of snakebite manifest themselves at a dramatic moment. This is the simplest way to handle delayed damage. Simply announce that damage from the snakebite is setting in, and tell the victim to cross off a few hit points. Later in the adventure, ask the victim to lose a few more, and so on till all damage is suffered.

It may be necessary to roll randomly to determine the actual onset of damage. 3D10 minutes gives a realistic range of time for snakebite effects to begin. Alternatively the keeper may as-

sign a percentage chance, say 10%, and check for onset of damage as the adventure progresses. Or a CON roll could be requested. Each subsequent roll, or failed CON roll, means the character takes more damage, until the character had taken the entire amount of damage rolled by the keeper (and possible fallen unconscious or died).

If a snakebite victim is foolish enough to undertake activity that increases the circulation of blood greatly, such as running or fighting, effects may be felt sooner and lethality may even increase. Such penalties must be handled by the keeper.

4: Describe Actual Symptoms (Optional)

The keeper may wish to accurately describe the strange and gradually worsening symptoms being suffered by the hapless victim, in order to increase the horror of the story. Even tough detective characters, used to taking bullets or knife wounds, may panic as the effects of a coral snake's bite become evident. Also, these symptoms may limit characters' actions in game terms.

What are the actual symptoms of snakebite? Of the snakes encountered in this adventure, only the rare coral snake and serpent men produce neurotoxic effects, which cause mental agitation, loss of vision, dizziness, and shortness of breath. Respiratory failure will occur in cases where damage equals or exceeds the victim's hit points. Long term effects of severe neurotoxic damage on a survivor might involve a permanent loss of INT and/or DEX.

Copperhead, cottonmouth and diamondback bites all produce blood poisoning effects, which manifest themselves as pain, swelling, cramps, and mortification in the areas near the wound. The worse the bite, the further from the wound such effects occur. Death from these bites is unlikely, and is usually caused by various unpleasant complications, such as gangrene, or in the case of a severe bite, by heart failure. These kinds of wounds take as much as a year to heal. During that time the victim will not have the full use of the bitten part of the body.

The severity of the above symptoms increase as damage increases in relation to the victim's hit points. Thus a healthy but small woman might resist damage as well as a large man of equal CON, but would suffer more greatly once actually affected by poison damage.

Snakebite damage equal to 2/3 hit points or worse ought to inhibit a character's movement rate and reduce skills.

Magical Snakebites

The bite of Yig or any of Yig's sacred snakes means certain death. No resistance or POT rolls are made.

SNAKE STATISTICS

Here we give general information and statistics for the four types of snakes that the investigators will encounter during the adventure. Serpent men statistics are given elsewhere.

Any investigators with knowledge of snakes would be aware of the following facts. Note that this knowledge will make the vicious behavior of the enchanted snakes in the adventure all the more frightening.

Note that two aspects of snakebite lethality, toxicity and quantity injected, are combined in terms of POT for the statistics below. Also remember that snakebites, while not always lethal, can knock characters unconscious or make them ineffective combatants.

COPPERHEAD

These common, aggressive snakes are responsible for most of the reported bite incidents that occur in North America. Neither large or unusually venomous, their bites are rarely lethal. But they can be a serious annoyance.

STR 1D4 CON 2D6 SIZ 1D3

POW 1D6 DEX 3D6

Weapon: Bite 50%, venom POT 1D10

Move 7

Hide 80%, Sneak 90%

EASTERN CORAL SNAKE

Unlike the other poisonous snakes of the area, the Eastern coral snake injects neurotoxic venom similar to that of the king cobra, death adder, and other dreaded snakes. Luckily, the eastern coral snake is one of the least dangerous of the cobra family. It has little ten-

dency to bite, and its bite can be survivable. There is roughly a 10% fatality rate once a victim has been bitten. On the other hand, most victims are off their feet for several days. And antivenin for coral snakes bites is not easily obtained in the Charleston area during the 1920s.

Perhaps the most diabolical feature of neurotoxic snakebite in *Call of Cthulhu* terms is that the bite wound may not be visible or even painful, and there are normally no local effects. So in the heat of action during the adventure, a bite from a coral snake may not be noticed until too late.

Coral snake venom acts quickly. The keeper should reduce the delay between bite and damage, compared to the other snakes in this adventure.

STR 1D3 CON 2D6 SIZ 1D2

POW 1D6 DEX 3D6

Weapon: Bite 30%, venom POT 2D8

Move 6

Hide 80%, Sneak 90%

WATER MOCCASIN OR COTTONMOUTH

A large, dangerous-looking snake, its venom is actually comparatively weak and its bites are rarely lethal. The cottonmouth swims well, and it especially loves the swamp. It is often seen basking on branches and logs along the sluggish streams. Usually it retreats if disturbed, but it may stand its ground, holding its mouth wide open in a threatening gesture. The inside of its mouth is white, hence the name.

STR 1D8 CON 2D6 SIZ 1D6

POW 1D3 DEX 3D6

Weapon: Bite 40%, venom POT 2D6

Move 6/4 swimming

Hide 70%, Sneak 80%

EASTERN DIAMONDBACK RATTLESNAKE

The Eastern diamondback is the largest of all rattlesnakes, and aggressive. Lengths up to nine feet are possible. Bites are often lethal — the amount of venom injected can be massive. Luckily for the people of the South, it is very rare.

STR 2D6 CON 2D6 SIZ 2D4

POW 1D8 DEX 3D6

Weapon: Bite 50%, 1D2 + venom POT 3D6

Move 7

Hide 70%, Sneak 80%

Dealing With Snakebites

First Aid: If done successfully, before the poison takes effect, First Aid reduces rolled damage by 1D3. Snakebite first aid involves pressing or sucking out venomous blood, applying a tourniquet if possible, and getting the victim into a relaxed posture and situation. First aid of snakebite during a combat situation is thus less effective than under peaceful circumstances.

Treat Poison: If done successfully before the venom takes full effect (see above), and *only* if antivenin is available, Treat Poison purges the victim's system of 2D6 damage.

Using this skill with no antivenin available is useless. Antivenins first became available around 1896, and antivenins to each of the snakes common in the area of the adventure are available in the city of Charleston. General antivenin for viper bites (diamondbacks, cottonmouths, copperheads) is available locally, but only neutralizes 1D8 points of damage.

A previously-prepared snakebite kit containing antivenin adds 20% to the chance of success in addition to permitting the venom to be neutralized.

The Crack'd And Crook'd Manse

In which the investigators explore the usual sinister house, only to find a distinctly unusual resident.

The Fitzgerald Manse — Sixty Years Ago

Johnny came marching home, hurrah, marching home from the war. He'd been out there protecting the family honor. His brother Billy didn't come marching home though, Confederate grapeshot hit him in the guts at Bull Run and that was the end of him. Not that Johnny got off scot-free, he copped a bullet in the head at Appomattox: didn't bring him down but it sure messed him up. Most folks reckon that's why he came home, cleaned his rifle, shot his family and then himself. Hurrah.

The Fitzgerald Manse — Thirty Years Ago

It crouched in the dark, comforted by the nearness of that which it cradled in its arms. Murmuring happily, it traced a finger along the blade still slick. Absently it put its finger in its mouth and licked. Spat. Made sightless by the darkened room, it paused to listen, head cocked to one side like an animal. No sounds. They had gone at last. It chuckled. It did not think they would find it, not in here.

It could still remember the gasps when they discovered its handiwork in the kitchen...and the dining room...and the bedroom...on the walls, and over the furniture, and on the ceiling...it chuckled again. Serves them right, trying to trick it with that woman, and those children...little brats. How they squealed. Another chuckle, a hollow sound in its parched throat.

Time to go. It stood up, stretched, listened again. Nothing. It felt for the panel, searching for the crack. It should be here, just here. Where was it? Where was the gap? The false wall behind the fireplace, it should be here...Gone! They'd taken it away! No! It was trapped no food, no water, no light, no no no no. It swung the weapon, splinters flew. Trapped, no no no no, it wildly swung the axe again, the handle was slick with brains, it flew off into the darkness. Must get out...must use hands...no no no...after all they had done to it, now this...must...dig...out...

Oblivious to the splinters driving in under its fingernails, it howled as it scabbled at the walls.

The Fitzgerald Manse — One Month Ago

The man flung the bedroom door open and rushed in, his dressing gown flapping crazily, his slippers slapping on the wooden floors. Hurriedly he knelt down and emptied his pockets, the shotgun cartridges tumbling out onto the hearth. Quickly he started scooping them out. The solution was finally within his grasp. For the first

time in months, he was truly happy; soon he would be free. He whistled as he worked at emptying the shells, sitting on the bricks of the cold fireplace. He was so engrossed he did not hear the soft gurgling behind him until it was too late.

The Fitzgerald Manse — Today

The house is now dark and quiet, except for the occasional creak and twinge as the plaster loosens and drifts to the floor. For the moment, no people live there. The house is dark and quiet, and waiting.

The Crack'd and Crook'd Manse was originally used as a tournament module at Phantasticon '84 in Melbourne, Australia, and was then published in *Multiverse* issue 3 (1984). It has been substantially revised for this appearance.

The scenario is nominally set in February, 1925 (this can be changed, although 1925 ties chronologically with previous events in the area in 1895 and 1865). The setting is Gamwell, a fictitious Massachusetts town. It lies west of Boston, about half-way between Boston and Albany.

Keeper's Introduction

Outside of Gamwell stands the Fitzgerald Manse. Two previous tragedies stain its history; the third is in progress.

The house was built in 1805. The original owners and builders were the wealthy Fitzgerald family; their time here finished abruptly in 1865 when young John Fitzgerald, returning home from the Civil War bitter and psychopathic, killed everyone in a fit of rage, and then committed suicide.

The place was purchased by the Ainsfield family in 1866, who lived there until 1894, when mounting debts forced them to sell out and move.

The next owner was Arthur Curwen, who moved in that year with his young family. Curwen had moved to the countryside from New York after making his fortune there, with the intention of bringing his children up in an idyllic rural setting. However, Curwen adjusted badly to the loneliness and quietness of the place after the bustle of the city, and in 1895 he became first irritable, then paranoid, then

schizophrenic, and finally psychotic. He murdered his family and, evading pursuit, concealed himself in a monk-hole on the second floor of the house. He was unable to get out again, and his remains still molder there.

After this the house stood vacant for three years, until in 1898 an elderly couple bought it, the Franklins. Martha Franklin died in 1911, and Henry outlasted her by seven years, dying in 1918.

Arthur Cornthwaite, a brilliant and wealthy archaeologist, purchased the place in 1919. Here he spent many a happy hour researching for what he planned to be his greatest expedition to discover the final secrets of a lost tribe of South America. Once again the cloud that hangs over the house waited, then struck, this time in a strange way that brought the Mythos into the story.

The solution to this adventure doesn't rely on special skills or magical knowledge, so the scenario would be well suited for beginning players. Any number of investigators can tackle the situation.

The Cornthwaite Mystery

The missing archeologist has met his end at the hands of a strange and cunning creature from the blackest jungles of South America, a creature that still lurks in the walls and foundations of the Fitzgerald mansion, hungrily.

Investigators' Introduction

Out of the blue, a letter arrives one cold day in early February, 1925. The recipient investigator is ideally a private detective in the New England area. The letter is from an attorney, and included with the letter is an interesting newspaper clipping. See nearby boxes [also see The Manse Papers 1 and 2.] Research into the Dodge brothers yields no information of note: the firm is tiny but respectable. Research into the missing Cornthwaite's background reveals that the man was respected in his field, and highly successful, but had an obsession for lost tribes and civilizations that made him something of a recluse.

The Disastrous Expedition

After extensive preparations, Arthur Cornthwaite departed for the jungles of South America in 1923, fully sane and expectant of great revelations. His expedition travelled deep into the jungle, and set to work searching for the huge stone structure which was the lost tribe's temple. The team was constantly harassed by the present-day natives of the area. Undaunted, Cornthwaite pressed his men on.

They reached their goal. Covered in creepers, ancient, dark, forgotten, the domed temple still stood, silent. Inside, great carvings gave the history of the missing civilization, a people who worshipped the earth with passion and fervor. According to the carvings, they had raised this temple to the earth-mother, and their efforts to entice their god to manifest herself and live amongst them were detailed in the glyphs. This apparently came to pass, but here their story abruptly ended. The last chiselings were hasty sigils of unknown meaning, clearly warnings of some sort, ringing the building.

The Secret of the Lost People

Millennia before the first white men arrived on the continent an impressive culture of great magical force grew and

Dodge Brothers

Attorneys at Law

14 Main Street, Gamwell

January 30th, 1925

Dear Sir:

I have been referred to you by a mutual friend. As his attorney, I am very interested in locating the missing Mr. Arthur Cornthwaite and our associate mentioned your name as being one skilled in locating missing people, particularly those of Mr. Cornthwaite's persuasion. Thus I have taken the liberty of contacting you.

I am a partner of an established legal firm in Gamwell. Mr. Arthur Cornthwaite is one of our clients, and as his attorneys we hold certain documents in trust for him. It would appear that Mr. Cornthwaite has departed without notifying us of his movements. This leaves us in a quandary as to how to manage his estate in his absence without his authority on such matters. We would like you to locate Mr. Cornthwaite, and obtain from him his wishes in respect of this matter, or better still request that he contact us. If it should, heaven forbid, transpire that Mr. Cornthwaite is no longer with us, then we will need some evidence of same to proceed with his wishes as outlined in his Last Will and Testament. Hopefully this in an unnecessary contingency, but one which we must nevertheless consider in the light of Mr. Cornthwaite's mysterious departure.

I hope that you are free to give this matter your immediate attention, and would like to extend an invitation to you to attend an interview at our offices as soon as is convenient, to discuss both the details of the situation and your professional fees.

Anticipating a prompt reply,

Yours faithfully,

Walter Dodge

Encl: article from Gamwell Gazette

GAMWELL MILLIONAIRE ABSENT

Gamwell's most prosperous son, Arthur Cornthwaite, will not be seen at church over the next few weeks. Mr. Cornthwaite has apparently left the area for a time, possibly for a vacation, or in relation to his studies.

Some mystery surrounds Mr. Cornthwaite's departure, as it came without notice. However, an inspection of his mansion and grounds by Sheriff Whitford has revealed no cause for alarm. The last person to speak to Mr. Cornthwaite was his attorney, Mr. Walter Dodge, on the 7th of this month. At that time he gave no indication of his imminent departure, but according to Mr. Dodge he did seem quite preoccupied, no doubt with his travel plans.

We all know well that besides being a Gamwell landowner, Mr. Cornthwaite is also a millionaire, a scholar, a philanthropist, and an explorer. He may well be off laying the groundwork for some future exciting expedition, or perhaps just relaxing for a time in New York. Gamwell citizens will no doubt remember fondly Mr. Cornthwaite's numerous generous donations to local charities and to the town library, and join with us in wishing him a safe and happy journey.

—From the *Gamwell Gazette*, January 17th, 1925

—The Manse Papers #2



Arthur Cornthwaite

Some of the expedition were caught by it; some gladly threw themselves into it, preferring death rather than acknowledge the existence of such a thing in a rational world; some escaped to be killed in ambushes laid for them above by the local natives, who were desperate to keep the terrible secret unknown in the world of men; some perished in the trackless jungle; one alone reached civilization again, Arthur Cornthwaite.

He left the horror far behind him, locked his exploring gear away in a chest in the attic, and vowed never again to travel south of Mexico. In time, the memory receded.

The explorer had returned safely, but he had sowed the seeds for his own doom. In his clothing he carried the thing's spores. In the sheltering darkness of the attic its spawn woke, grew stronger and expanded, until a tiny monster crawled into the walls to search for food.

Soon meat and other foodstuffs began to be missing from the kitchen. As the thing rapidly grew, insects, rats, and mice were its first kills, graduating up to small animals on or near the property. Its size increased again, and its slow and patient hunger. Soon a local pet was missing. One day the gardener took a nap under a shady tree and was not seen again; thus it fed on its first human. After that it stealthily hunted them, striking at night or from ambush.

At first believing that the gardener and the servants' mysterious disappearances had some normal cause, the archeologist quickly realized otherwise when he noticed the strange cracks and areas of moisture and mold appearing all over the house. But warnings came too late: by New Year's Day, 1925, Cornthwaite was the only one left. His failure to protect his people drove him to despair. He dared not leave the house even briefly for fear that the creature would escape in the meantime, and he dared not enlist aid for fear that more would die because of his actions. He resolved to stay and fight to the end.

He and the thing played cat and mouse, until purely by accident he discovered a weakness in it, an aversion to salt. Before he could exploit this, it ambushed him, snatching him through the fireplace in his bedroom with slimy coils.

All has been still for some time now. The thing, well-fed, has grown huge. It lives in the cellar and the wall cavities of the Fitzgerald manse, shifting its noisome bulk around to search for nourishment. The old house is rotting with damp, cracking and listing, gradually being worked asunder by the horror which lurks within.

Any food which entered the house has left while the creature was still flowing up to investigate. The supply of bug, rats, field mice and other small creatures in the area of the house has been used up. Already it has begun venturing

flourished in the deep jungles of the continent. On a dark day the proud shamans of the jungle people attempted to summon the forces of primal nature, in the form of their naive vision of the earth-mother. Sadly, this resulted in their calling up Shub-Niggurath, to the horror of all.

Many died or went mad, but the mightiest shamans of the tribe managed to temporarily seal the foul goddess into the bottom of the great temple with potent wardings. Then the tribe fled, dispersing in the jungle never to return.

Unable to chase them, the Black Goat of the Woods eventually dematerialized and departed, leaving behind her foul spoor and waste. This obscene by-product gradually built up its own sentience, and grew in the darkness down through the centuries, feeding on local life, the entire area avoided by the terrified descendants of the accursed tribe.

Cornthwaite's Fate

Cornthwaite's expedition paid the warnings in the carvings no more heed than one would to any quaint local legend, and ventured deeper into the bowels of the temple where he encountered the spawn of Shub-Niggurath, an unearthly mass of gelid consistency and enormous size, a huge pulsing pool of corpulent organic horror. Strange mouths and black eye-like organs formed and dissolved amidst its squirming bulk.

further afield when hunger gets the better of its caution (recently it has taken a drowsy horse from a nearby field). It still hopes that food will again appear in its lair. Enter the investigators.

The Creature

The creature moves slowly but insidiously. It may remain utterly motionless for hours, even days, as needed to stalk its prey. It is cunning, not rash. Make the most of the mystery; spin it out. Let creaking walls and spreading dampness puzzle the investigators until the thing strikes. The material below gives you all you need to present the house, but it is up to you to decide when the slime strikes, and shifts the scenario from brooding unease to gushing horror.

The Town of Gamwell

Gamwell is out of the way, a place you might perhaps stop in to buy an ice-cream on your way somewhere else, but that's about all. Large properties sprawl across the landscape in a pleasing rustic vista. The town itself is smallish, and primarily exists to serve the needs of the gentlemen farmers that own most of the land for miles around. Town services include a boarding house, a town hall, a police station, a fire station, an attorney's office, a newspaper office, a town library, and several shops.

The Boarding House

This neat and scrubbed building is run by a friendly couple, Hank and Edith Haggarty. It is a clean place: no chewing tobacco, no alcohol, no smoking, no unmarried couples, and no nonsense. The investigators can get rooms here, but any nocturnal comings and goings will soon see them asked to leave. The Haggartys are a great source of local information, including people, history, picnic sites, etc. They know Mr. Cornthwaite as a thoughtful and generous gentleman, who has been slightly ill for a time, something he contracted in South America which he can't seem to shake off (this was Cornthwaite's telling of it: he was not physically ill, but his nerves were shot to hell). They of course know the history of the Fitzgerald place, but don't relish talking about it. An Oratory could be used to appeal to their usual garrulous nature.

The Dodge Brothers' Office

Reginald, Walter and Herbert Dodge, three respectable gentlemen, are Cornthwaite's representatives. Three washed-out looking little men in washed-out looking little grey suits, they are fundamentally timid. They have called the investigators in so they won't have to look into Cornthwaite's disappearance themselves. That way, if anything is amiss they can safely wash their hands of the matter and sell the old mansion for a handsome profit. They are anxious to find him, although they're so pathetic they

haven't actually set foot inside the house, just stood out front calling "Anybody home?"

The Dodge brothers have two goals for the investigation: first, establish Cornthwaite's current location, or satisfactory evidence of his death; second, keep damage to Cornthwaite's valuable estate and property to a minimum. Pulling apart the mansion or digging up the grounds extensively in order to find a body is a last resort. It is essential that the investigators meet both these goals in order to be paid. *

The Dodges keep Cornthwaite's books, accounts, and will for him. Ethics prevent them from disclosing the contents of the will, but the investigators are free to inspect the ledgers. These detail his income and his outgoing expenditure, both in running his property and organizing his trips abroad.

Looking at income, an Accounting roll will confirm that Cornthwaite is indeed a wealthy man, and likely to remain so, with many sound investments to bolster up his already healthy financial reserves.

Under outgoings, an Accounting roll will reveal that his last major expedition was to South America in 1923. Entries record the hiring of men and the transport of equipment, but an Idea roll will note that passage for only one person was booked coming out of South America.

The ledger for domestic expenses does not include staff; the Dodges will explain, if asked, that Mr. Cornthwaite liked to manage the staff of the estate himself, and they simply made available a payroll which Cornthwaite distributed himself. He invariably hired people from out of town.

Another interesting fact to be found in the ledgers, spotted through either an Accounting or a Spot Hidden roll, is the very last entry: on January 7th Cornthwaite requested that a dumptruck full of salt be delivered to his property. The order was not filled (the Dodges were still lining it up when Cornthwaite disappeared). If the investigators ask for the instruction to be carried out, and can persuade a Dodge brother with a Fast Talk or Debate roll, it will be grudgingly provided. The Dodges point to this request as a sign that their client had become unbalanced, and request that it be hushed up if possible.

They may ask Reginald Dodge about the last meeting with Cornthwaite, but he can't add much more than was in the newspaper. He seemed tense, and stressed; Reginald was too polite to ask why.

The investigators will be given two keys to the Fitzgerald Manse, front and back door. They are welcome to sleep out there. In the meantime, accommodation will be arranged for them (and paid for) in the local boarding house, until they are ready to move out to the mansion. While in



Walter Dodge



Stan Artemis

residence, they should take care not to do any damage to the house, which is in poor repair but still valuable.

The Dodges are willing to pay the investigators \$100 to locate Mr. Cornthwaite, with a \$100 bonus if they have the answer within the week. A Bargaining roll may be used to drive them up in price by up to another

\$100.

The Gamwell Gazette

The office of Gamwell's weekly ("Gamwell Gazette: Established 1887") is small and cluttered. The editor is Stan Artemis, a gregarious, overdressed man in his late forties. He is wearing a bright red-and-green check suit and a panama hat. He is a nauseatingly friendly person, and will gladly chat to the investigators, while trying to wheedle what tidbits he can out of them for next week's edition.

Two people work at the Gazette, Stan, who sets the type and puts the newspaper together, and Joe Virelli, who does the reporting and photography. Joe is out gathering material at present.

The investigators are welcome to look through back-numbers of the paper these are kept in ratty cardboard boxes. In them are constant references to Cornthwaite, stretching back to his arrival in 1919; opening fetes, attending tea parties, donating to the church, winning at bridge nights, giving books to the library, and so on. If they look back further though, with reference to the Fitzgerald estate, with a Library Use roll they will find a clipping from 1895. See The Manse Papers #3.

Graveyard

Some odd compulsion might lead the investigators out here. All of the house's previous owners are here, so the investigators can walk among the headstones of Elma Fitzgerald (1865), Albert Fitzgerald (1865), Simon Fitzgerald (1865), Grace Fitzgerald (1865), Gloria Curwen (1895), Harold, Sarah and Susan Curwen (1895), Martha Franklin (1911), and Henry Franklin (1911). Fresh flowers are laid on the childrens' grave the year round. Murderer John Fitzgerald is here too, but in an unmarked grave.

Sheriff's Office

Sheriff Whitford is the man here, a lean old conservative. Some spark went out of him in 1895 when he saw those murdered Curwen children. He does his job, but not in an overly friendly fashion. Folks respect him though. Whitford doesn't like anything to do with the Fitzgerald manse, so he didn't like Cornthwaite, and he doesn't like the investigators. He resents their intrusion on his jurisdic-

GAMWELL FAMILY SLAIN IN TERRIBLE ATTACK

Mother and Three Children Killed

Police Seek Missing Father

A tragedy of awful proportions unfolded today in Gamwell when Mrs. Gloria Curwen and her three children (Harold 5, Sarah 3, and Susan 2) were found brutally murdered on their estate north of Gamwell, the well-known Fitzgerald Manse.

Deputy Whitford of the Gamwell County Sheriff's Office made the grisly discovery while making a routine inspection. "I've never seen anything like it," the brave but shaken deputy told this reporter, "They were all dead." The family had indeed been brutally and cowardly slain, struck down by repeated blows from an axe. Not even little Susan was spared from this hideous fate.

No murder weapon has been discovered, and Mr. Arthur Curwen, the children's father, is presently missing. He is wanted by the police for questioning, although fears are also held for his safety.

— From the *Gamwell Gazette*, May 17th, 1895

— The Manse Papers #3

tion, and will warn them to stay within the law. He has a lot of power to make life difficult for them.

He will be gruff and resentful in discussing Cornthwaite, and an Oratory may be needed to get him to open up. He's had a quick look around in the house, but the fellow obviously isn't there. There's no indication of violent kidnap, or any foul play. The man had fired all his servants one by one in the weeks preceding (all out-of-towners, Whitford sneers); he was obviously planning to take off for a while. He has the money to do such a thing, and he hardly needs to hold his lawyer's hand to ask permission. The whole business is ridiculous.

A Psychology roll on Whitford will reveal the man's obvious distaste for the Fitzgerald Manse. If the investigators ask him about the Curwens, his lips will stretch into a thin line, and he will mutter that he hopes that Arthur Curwen is still alive somewhere, because he's looking forward to shooting him down like the dog that he is. Something wild in Whitford's eyes at this point suggests to the investigators that it might be time to go.

During the whole interview he is obviously preoccupied, and is typing up a report when they enter. At some stage he will begin to ask them where they were last night, and whether they have witnesses. If pressed on the point, with a Debate roll or similar (he really doesn't like these people), he will state that a local farmer, Seb Watkins, lost a horse last night. It was a valuable animal. Whitford knows it was taken sometime in the night, as there was a

particularly heavy dew on Watkins' property this morning, lasting well past midday, and any tracks would have been easily seen in it. Watkins and his dogs heard nothing. If the investigators think to ask, they learn that Watkins' property adjoins the Fitzgerald grounds. (The creature took the horse. The "heavy dew" was its trail of moisture.)



Sheriff Whitford

Town Hall

A wooden edifice, here council meetings are held, and records are kept. A Law roll will be required to convince the dusty little clerk of their worth, but once they have negotiated him they may have access to any legal documents that might be kept here.

These include Birth and Death Certificates, and the Title Deed for the Fitzgerald Manse. The latter is resting on a high shelf, tied with a fading red ribbon, and is home to a large but harmless furry spider, which will crawl out to check out any disturbance (down the arm of the investigator who reaches for it). The deed records the house's original owners and builders, the Fitzgeralds, in 1805, and the subsequent transfers: Ainsfield 1866, Curwen 1894, Franklin 1898, Cornthwaite 1919. There is no plan of the house.

Town Library

A small but crammed wooden building. The librarian is Mrs. Susan Arwell, a fairly helpful person. There's not much in the way of books about Gamwell, although she will modestly say that she had thought of writing one.

The library has a scattering of books on all types, but a disproportionate amount are about anthropology and archaeology. The librarian will explain that these were donated by Mr. Cornthwaite, and represent only a fraction of the books he has given; the rest are in storage, with no room to put them. Oddly enough, he came in and borrowed one of them in November: it's now overdue, but she didn't really consider it diplomatic to mention it to him. The book is *The Missing People*, by Thomas Pratt. An Anthropology roll will reveal that Pratt is usually on the fringe of accepted science.

A Library Use roll in here will not turn up anything in particular, although there are some pencilled notes in the margins of many of Cornthwaite's old books, which infer that he was involved in a complicated search for a "great dome" described in native South American legends.

The Fitzgerald Estate

After they have followed the leads mentioned above, there's nothing much more they can learn without actually going out to the place. The house is situated ten miles out of Gamwell, in a peaceful but isolated district. The house is surrounded by a tangled garden, which in turn is bordered by a high stone spiked wall. The property covers twenty acres. As they drive towards the house, black and grey clouds scud across the sky, and a chill wind picks up.



Susan Arwell

Neighboring Estates

The Fitzgerald estate is located away from town. Several other large mansions are the nearest neighbors. Inquiries about Cornthwaite at any of these gains no useful information except that he seemed a nice, intelligent sort of man, but had been looking rather ill since his return from South America.

The only unusual event of late is the disappearance of a horse belonging to one of the less wealthy estate owners. If the investigators spend an afternoon searching the many acres of ground between the two estates, they find several large bones, oddly crushed. A Zoology roll identifies them as belonging to a horse.

The Gate

The iron gate which gives access to the driveway is padlocked; the Dodge brothers neglected to give the investigators the key. They can pick the lock on a half-chance Mechanical Repair roll, or they can try to break the STR 30 chain. Failing that, they'll have to leave their vehicle parked outside the property, and move in on foot (after a Climb roll to get over the gate). Or they can go back to town and get the key.

A wide driveway leads towards the house, while other ill-defined paths lead off into the rambling garden. A Spot Hidden will note the house ahead; another Spot Hidden will glimpse the roof of a shed through the trees to the righthand side of the drive.

The Ornamental Garden

The estate includes an extensive garden, with stone benches, planters, and even a fountain. Trees include several exotic varieties such as willows. Untended for months, the garden has become a wild expanse of runaway foliage, overgrown, threatening. A Cthulhu Mythos roll might link, for a paranoid investigator, the exuberant growth with the

unholy influence of the Black Goat of the Woods. It's a dark place, dank, green, and dripping.

Anything could be concealed in here, so they should mount a search of the garden. Several strange occurrences transpire while they wander around. Someone is tripped up by a tree root, which they swear was not in the way when they put their foot down. Someone is struck in the head by an overhanging branch, for which there seemed to be enough clearance. At one point a huge fungi-encrusted hollow log has fallen over the path in a particularly damp area, which they will have to clamber or jump across (and probably get their clothes filthy). In another place there is a huge and slippery mud patch, for which a DEX x 3 roll is needed to avoid sprawling full length.

The garden is essentially harmless, but the keeper should make it out to be as menacing and mysterious as possible. At the very least get the investigators good and muddy.

A Botany roll will reveal all to be quite natural here, except for a certain number of plants rarely encountered outside the tropics (also see the wood collar, below). A successful Idea roll will detect a total absence of bird and animal life, unusual for such circumstances.

The Sinister Shed

The windowless garden shed is small, wooden, peeling green in color, and the door is slightly ajar. Puzzle and frighten the investigators here: tell them that they sense something sinister, almost evil, about the little building.

Within is darkness, and there is a litter of leaves and detritus on the floor. There are many tools: rakes, a wheelbarrow, shovels, some hedge-clippers, a pick, a saw, and so on. Many have fallen to the floor. All are disused, a little dirty, some a little rusty. There are no axes to be found, although a Spot Hidden will discern an empty rack for one.

If searching the crowded tool shed, a person failing a DEX x5 roll bumps into various tools — they might receive a cut in the shin from a shovel, a slash to the cheek from a rake, stub their toe on a roller. If they panic, they'll only collide with more things. In the poor light, with the wind whistling through the shed, rustling the dead leaves, it will seem almost as if the implements are moving with a murderous life of their own. If a Spot Hidden roll on the tools is failed at this point, the viewer must roll SAN or lose 1 point.

Outside the House

The house is silent, shuttered, brooding; cobwebbed by ivy, masked by trees, caressed by the wind. It is large and well-constructed, with high ceilings and thick, substantial windows, walls, and doors. From the outside, a suspicious (or imaginative) observer will note that the entire edifice presents a strange, slightly skewed, or tilted appearance. The foundations seem solid enough when viewed closely, but the house itself is oddly crooked.

The house has two floors, with doors front and back. The front door waits atop a short flight of steps. The door is carved oak, the fine brass knocker cold to the touch. It opens into the hall. The back door is less assuming, and leads into the kitchen. The windows are also points of entry, although they are shuttered. The only other way in is down: a pair of wooden hatches that give access to the wood cellar (see entry 22, below). A Track roll will discern wheel marks near this area (trucks would pull up to unload wood and coal). One of the hatches has a hole in it, and a few odd vines protrude through.

Inside The Fitzgerald Manse

Feeling Right At Home

This place is to be the investigators' home while they conduct their search. Encourage them to move some stuff in. When they get here they'll be tired and hungry. They'll also probably be very nervous. Encourage this feeling.

It is best if the investigators sleep here. If they insist on living in town, the creature will have little hope of catching them off guard, and may prefer to make more depredations in the neighboring estates. However, if the investigators camp in the garden, the keeper's job is easier: the thing can sneak quietly across the lawns and surround one or more of them at the climax of the adventure.

Things That Go Crack

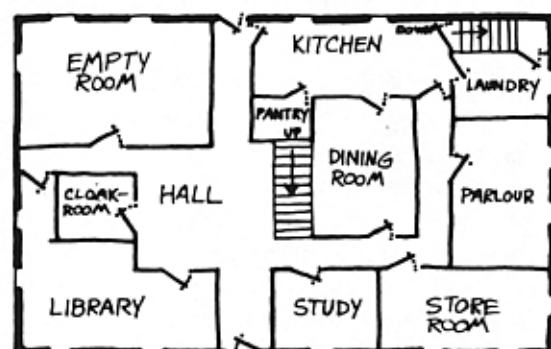
The mansion appears to be in a state of bad, and worsening, disrepair. Entering the house, one can see that large cracks have appeared in the walls, and are slowly widening. Water damage is noticeable in many rooms, although the roof seems to leak very little when it rains that night. Loose plaster, sometimes in chunks, sometimes in drifts, covers the floor at the base of the walls. The wallpaper sags in places; pictures hang at odd angles; the curtain rails do not run parallel with the floor; the floor dips in places; it's a renovator's nightmare.

When the investigators first enter, the downstairs floors do not creak; the upstairs floors do, loudly. (This is because beneath the floorboards of the lower story lurks the creature.) This peculiar point will only be noted by an investigator achieving success in both a Listen and an Idea roll.

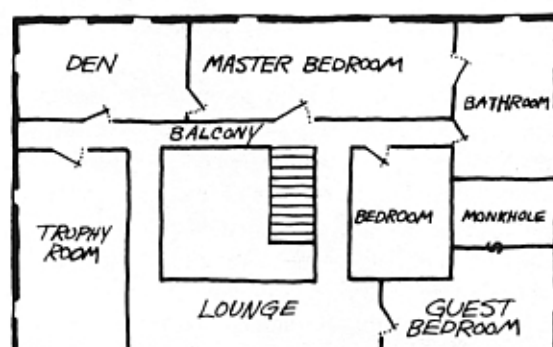
Judging by the evidence, Cornthwaite left suddenly (or is still here), for his personal effects are much in evidence. See the individual room entries for more information.

With all the shutters closed, the house is dark and dingy throughout. A moldy, wet smell is slightly noticeable.

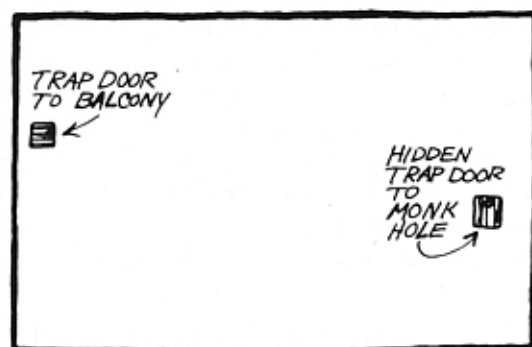
The Fitzgerald Mansion



DOWNSTAIRS



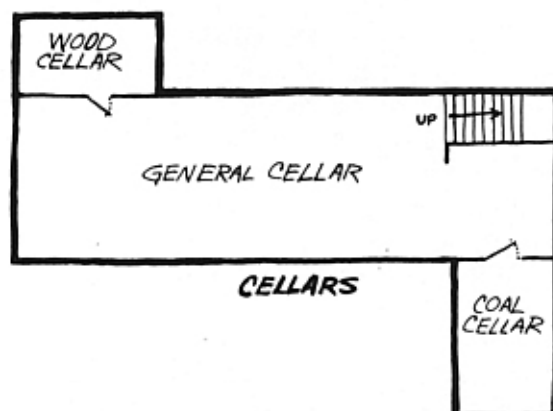
UPSTAIRS



ATTIC

\$ = SECRET DOOR

☐ = TRAP DOOR



CELLARS



Joe Virelli

Things That Go Bump

Make this place menacing. The investigators don't know where Cornthwaite is, or why he's vanished. For all they know, the house may be haunted, or cursed, or sentient. Build up as much atmosphere as you can. Some suggestions for spooks and false starts are given in the brief room

descriptions below.

House Calls

The investigators receive several visitors during their explorations of the house. The timing of the introduction of these unexpected guests is left to the keeper.

Sheriff Whitford will stop by to make sure that these foreigners aren't misbehaving. He will enter the house unannounced, with gun drawn. He hates and loathes this building, but since his interview with the investigators he has become pathologically convinced that they're up to no good. He will sneak up on them to check them out; his sudden appearance will make them jump. (Roll SAN against 0/1.) If he's satisfied that no property damage or theft is taking place, he'll slink away, muttering dire warnings. If not, he'll insist that they leave at once. An Oratory or Fast Talk may be needed to convince him otherwise.

Joe Virelli, the lanky local reporter, will also drop by. Stan has sent him out here to see what's going down. He's not too happy about this; the place gives him the creeps. He has a look around the garden first, and finds a rusted axe in the bushes — thinking it may be important, he picks it up. (It's not. Some gardener just left it there.)

Eventually he will come creaking up the steps (a Listen from within the house will detect this) and nervously pound on the door, hard enough to rattle it in its frame and shake some plaster loose above it. As an investigator opens the door, a sudden gust of wind blows it wide open and standing outside is a large figure with an axe! (Roll SAN, losing 1 point if missed.) What do they do? Any sudden violent attack will be greeted with great dismay by Joe, who will fall off the steps in surprise. If they pick him up out of the rose bushes and apologize profusely, he might be persuaded to join them. His further involvement in the events is up to the keeper. A good use is as a first victim to show how the monster works.

One final visitor doesn't come into the house, but is perhaps glimpsed through a window walking in the garden: a figure walking stiffly, wearing a blue uniform, and carrying a rifle. It walks around the side of the house, out of sight. It will not be seen again. If they search the area it was walking, a Tracking roll reveals no tracks. Anyone suc-

ceeding in a Tracking roll must also make an Idea roll. If the roll is made, then the investigator knows for a fact that there should be tracks here, but there obviously aren't; this costs them 1 SAN point. Johnny Fitzgerald, cold and lonely in his unmarked grave, still comes marching home....

The Thing That Goes Creak

The investigators are being stalked, very, very slowly. The predator is patient, and oddly cunning; it knows its trap, the house, well; it knows how to hide from its prey, waiting for the right moment. It is an alien abhorrence, part slime mold, part fungal growth, part slug, an abomination which is not of this earth. Grown from the spores of the larger version of itself in South America, it has been bred in the bowels of the Fitzgerald Manse, and has adapted well to its environment.

It is enormous, bloated. At its center float the bodies of its most recent prey, horribly liquescent and slowly digesting, their bones crushed and dissolved into slime, or excreted. It has no nucleus or outer wall. Its mass is moist and wet, and leaves traces of moisture wherever it goes (thus the mysterious water damage that is found in various random areas of the house). Less noticeable is a translucent slime trail that dries quickly, and is not easily observed.

By nature it is clever, but timid. Its intelligence is alien, and its only understandable goal is to feed and grow.

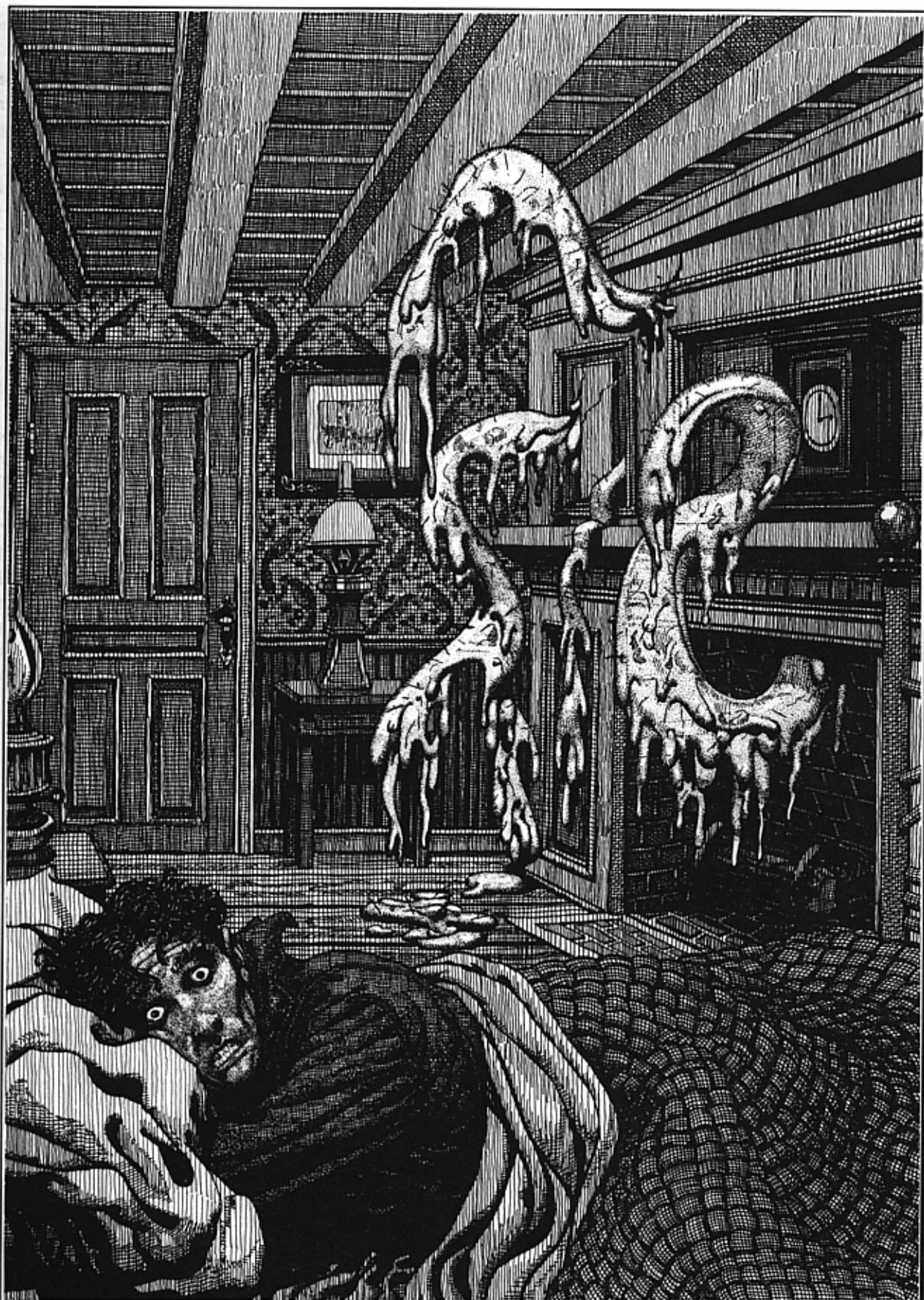
Habits and Behavior: When dormant, the creature follows the pull of gravity and pools in the main cellar, filling it entirely, with smaller pseudopods infesting the first floor of the house. But in moving it can stretch itself out, covering an enormous area. It can monitor the entire house if need be, or thinly cover many acres of ground. It prefers not to move outside the house, but of late this has been necessary, and may be again if the investigators do not sleep in the house.

It leaves only at night, oozing slowly and silently out of the basement and across the ground. In this manner it surrounded and caught the horse mentioned above.

It prefers to stay out of rooms, lurking in the cavities between them. By quietly oozing into the gaps in the walls, and sliding along under the rafters, and flooding itself under the floorboards, and pouring itself into the plumbing, it can access, and if necessary fill, any room in the house.

The creature attacks its victims with powerful pseudopods, allowing it to grab prey even in the middle of rooms.

It can form hideous mouth-like organs as well, mouths that are strangely similar to those of the Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath. If an investigator should see a mouth, a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll reveals this odd resemblance — the only clue to the creature's origin. The mouths are simply for display: boneless and soft, like all of the monster, they do no significant damage.



A sleeping victim awakes as the creature oozes softly into his room.

Evidence and Observations: Its movement affects the house. Plaster is loosened. Patches of moisture and slime trails accumulate. Doors which were once operable jam shut. Doors previously stuck fast swing freely. Occasionally its passing will knock something over (a Listen success will permit an investigator to notice the distant crash).

Anyone in a room it is exploring will sense the walls and ceiling very gradually swelling and shuddering; this is a subtle, almost hallucinatory experience, and a SAN roll is required. Failure costs one point.

Tactics for the Keeper: The creature moves slowly, but it knows its food. Its food is quick, dangerous, and loud, but always tires eventually. Sooner or later its food's guard relaxes, and that's when it's ready for the kill.

During the investigators' exploring, the creature is still sizing them up and will be extremely cautious. There may be many small aural manifestations of it, but no sightings of the main mass of the creature. Should they spot a small portion of its bulk through a crack in the walls or in a room, they will see only an odd film of moisture, or at best, what appears to be an unmoving puddle of slime, not a monster.

They may well suspect the house of hiding some evil, but the keeper should hint at a ghostly presence pervading the house, not at a physical threat. Insist that the various peculiarities of the house itself are caused by settling. Age, rotting wood, mold, and water in the foundations are causing these things, not a monster.

If they actually expose part of the creature, they will undoubtedly take samples and perhaps burn or eradicate the area exposed. At first the cunning creature will accept such indignities and remain unmoving as long as its surface is exposed to light. It can lose much of itself without harm. Analysis of the material removed indicates a plant growth of a kind not easily identified by science. Successful Biology rolls indicate that the material is similar to fungus, but in fact is far closer to a slime mold in many ways.

Once the investigators begin looking for moisture and slime in the house, they will find traces everywhere. But the beast initially will retract its body and pseudopods as fast as it can whenever aggressively approached. If the investigators realize where its main body may be and chop down a door it is lurking behind (e.g. the cellar), or suddenly punch through a wall it is currently sliding behind, then it will respond by attacking. If the investigators have not prepared for this, and don't know its vulnerability, they will probably be killed, with any luck while separated from each other. Ordinary weapons are of little use against it. Ideally the body will be dragged down the chimney or even down the side of a wall outdoors, so that it will seem that the investigator has vanished. Note that the creature's method of killing does not leave much blood.

Remind the investigators of the value of the mansion: though cracked and sagging, the Dodge brothers still be-

lieve it can be repaired and sold for a good price. So removal of walls or other major surgery is not acceptable.

The moment of realization (that the moist areas and masses of slime seen in the house are actually the trail and pseudopods of a gigantic creature) requires each investigator to make a SAN roll against 0/1D4 points.

More details on the creature are found below, in the General Cellar (entry 23), and in the Statistics section.

Detours to South America

It is possible that the investigators will consider leaving the house immediately and retracing Cornthwaite's tracks in central South America. One solution to this divergence from the adventure is the fact that the Dodge brothers will not accept it. "Surely you gentlemen do not intend to gallivant off to a foreign land and be paid for it?" one of them mutters angrily when informed. "Leave the job and you're fired!" Neither Oratory or Debate rolls will convince the attorneys that a trip to South America is necessary. If the investigators are willing to lose the job, fine. The sheriff will make sure that they are evicted from the house immediately (he never did trust them). The creature will search further afield for its food, slowly growing. Perhaps years will pass before it is discovered.

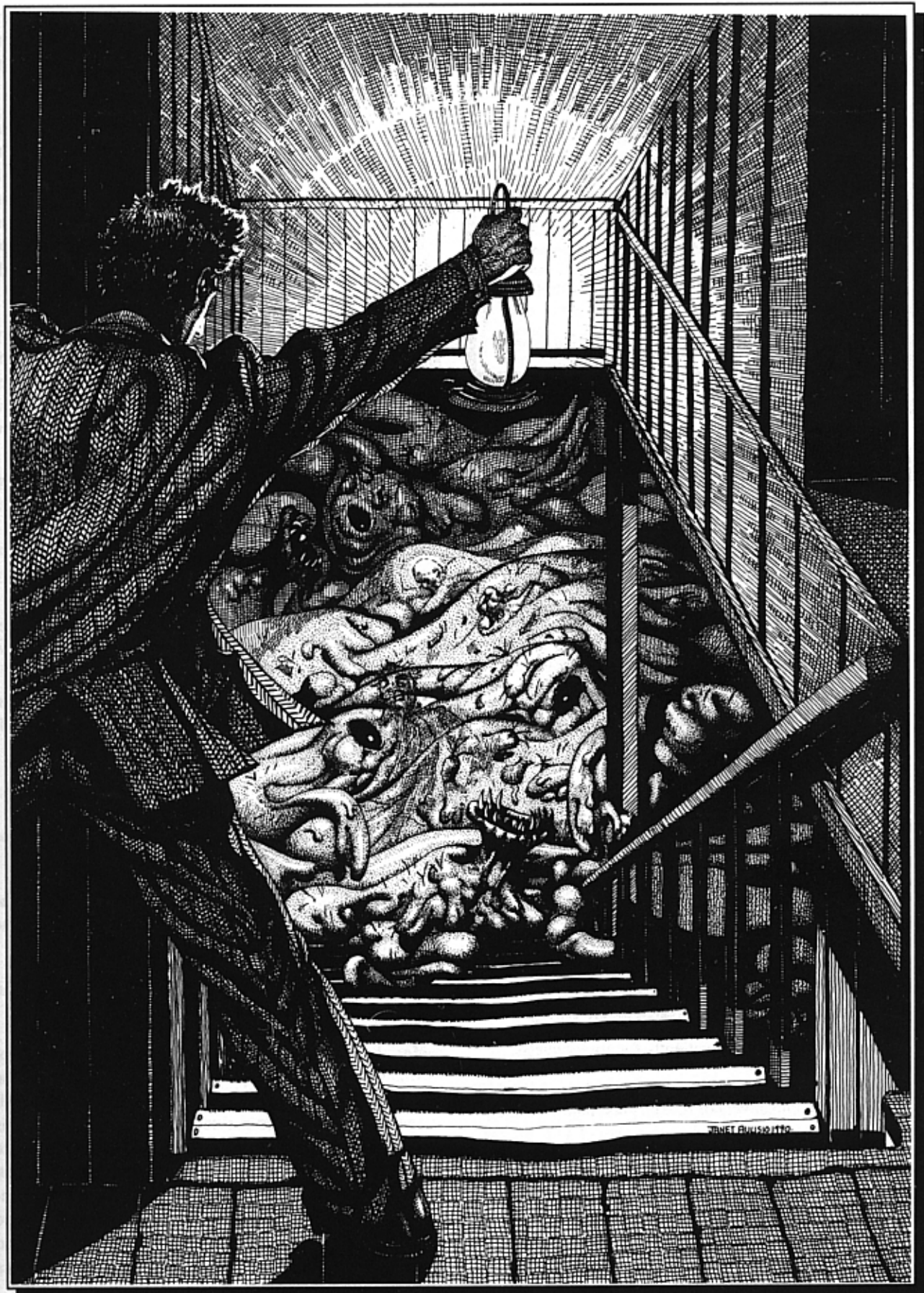
The House

Following are room descriptions, keyed to the map. These have been kept to the minimum, where things in the room either add color or relate to the plot; the keeper can add extra realistic detail where needed to fill the place out.

The doors of the mansion are very solid, and built with heavy locks of top quality. Decorations and furnishings are extensive.

The investigators will be looking for a hidden body. Although the manse is large, the walls are too thin to hide the body of an adult, unless, of course, it had been dismembered. However, an undismembered body will eventually be found: the Monkhole (see below) does in fact hide a body, though not Cornthwaite's. The room's presence can be deduced by a competent architect or by means of several hours' careful study and measurement.

Other than the monkhole, the only rooms of special interest are the Master Bedroom where Cornthwaite was grabbed, and the preferred home of the creature, the General Cellar, which is large and contains few objects (see below).



The creature in its lair in the cellar

THE MISSING PEOPLE*The Tribe That The Jungle Swallowed*

by Thomas Pratt

Published in 1913, Oxford, England

Summary: This book concerns a South American tribe in ancient times, whose existence is testified to by various ruins, but of whose demise nothing is known. The book is based on legends of the tribe and archaeological discoveries. Pratt makes note of the tribe's religious fervour, and conjectures that they may have been wiped out in civil holy war. He mentions in particular a "Great Dome," depicted in carvings and art. He believes that this was an actual stone structure, that it probably still stands, and may well house the last secrets of the missing people.

— The Manse Papers #4

Downstairs

The Hall. As the investigators step through the door a huge wet chunk of plaster shivers off and gently showers them. The whole ceiling is moist and dark.

Cloakroom. There is a huge dark figure with an axe in here — no, it's just an overcoat.

Kitchen. There is a series of metal canisters on the shelf above the stove flour, sugar, tea, coffee. It is obvious from a gap in the line that one is missing (the salt; an Idea roll might suggest this if the players can't guess it). The door to the cellar (entry 23.) will not budge (the creature is shored up behind it). A Tracking roll in here will reveal a line of white crystals (salt) along the base of this door. The taps on the kitchen sink don't work (the pipes are blocked).

Empty Room. A large area, devoid of furnishings, with a polished wooden floor. (It's a dance floor.) Water damage is visible on the floor edges.

Pantry. A terrible rotting meaty smell comes from in here. This is from food decaying in the icebox.

Laundry. Empty disused tubs with odd sediments. There is a linen closet; an investigator opening it will suddenly be showered with towels, bedding, etc. Again, the taps in here don't work. Water damage is present on the ceiling.

Parlor. Comfy chairs wait patiently for absent guests.

Dining Room. There is a silver service laid out, a table for one. There are thin slivers of broken glass on the floor here the remnants of a pepper shaker. (No sign of a salt shaker.) The walls are cracked and moist.

Store Room. Filled with junk, boxes, barrels, crates, and so on. A large area of mold and moisture can be seen in the center of the floor. The patch of weak floor will give way under any inquisitive investigator, dumping them suddenly into the Coal Cellar. Damage is 1D6 for the fall, halved if a

Jump roll is made. Any light will be extinguished, and the investigator is sprawled in total darkness, possibly with something terrible moving closer, jaws slavering...roll SAN, or lose 1 point.

Study. Lying open on the rolltop desk is a book, *The Missing People: The Tribe That The Jungle Swallowed*, by Thomas Pratt. The book is in poor condition, the binding is cracked, there are odd stains, and some pages are loose (Cornthwaite read it a little feverishly). It can be skimmed in an hour or so with a Read English roll (missing the roll indicates imperfect comprehension), or read thoroughly and carefully in three hours. See The Manse Papers #4.

Library. This has books on exploring, archaeology, history, anthropology, and more. There are many gaps on the shelves though, and a Library Use combined with an Idea roll will indicate that there are no books whatsoever about the South American continent here (Cornthwaite threw them all out or gave them away after his return).

A Spot Hidden in the Library will reveal an oddly bulging knothole in the wood panelling. They can slip this out with a DEX x3 roll; inside is a tubular hollow into which a yellowed piece of paper is stuffed. The paper is covered on both sides with closely-packed scrawl. It has aged badly, and is almost illegible, except for the signature: A.C.

A Psychology roll while investigating the page will detect a severe imbalance in the author. (These paranoid ravings were the work of Curwen.)

Mold and moisture are noticeable among the books, although few have been made unreadable. Water damage is present on the walls and ceiling.

Upstairs

Balcony. A weak rail here might cause trouble to anyone leaning on it.

Lounge. Huge windows afford a wide view out over the garden, except that they are shuttered at present. Some moisture is visible at the edges of the walls.

Guest Bedroom. The back of the fireplace is false, and can be pushed in to reveal the Monkhole.

Monkhole. Curled up in here are the pitiful remains of Arthur Curwen. The corpse has no toes, nor fingers on the left hand. An old axe lies in the corner, the dents in the wall signify his attempts to get out. SAN loss for this scene is 1/1D4. The fireplace door is sprung in such a way that once you're in it is impossible to get out. This realization (trapped in the dark with a corpse and the same fate awaiting you) will cost 1/1D3 SAN. The actual means of exit are via a trapdoor in the roof, leading up to the attic. Curwen starved unaware of this, the way to freedom just above his head.

Bedroom. Tiny black handprints dot the floor in here. A Tracking roll shows them to lead under the bed. A Listen roll will discern furtive scratching. Underneath the bed is a horrific black beast, two feet long, with red-rimmed eyes and humanlike hands. A SAN roll is needed, costing 1D2 points if missed. If made, they recognize it as a raccoon that obviously fell down the chimney. If the investigators don't rescue it, it will be eaten by the creature sooner or later.

Trophy Room. This room is locked at present. Inside, gathering dust, is loot from tombs the world over. Pots, vases, statuettes, carvings, musical instruments, idols, and more. Some leer and snicker at the investigators, seemingly. One or two fall off the shelves for no readily apparent reason. Some have already been smashed into unrecognizable fragments. All stare with painted outrage, flat eyes hostile to the men who removed them from their ancestral homes. The keeper should be able to whip up a feeling of a curse emanating from in here, perhaps something Cornthwaite dug up and brought home, but should have left in the ground. An Archaeology roll will identify most of this stuff as South American, many of them funerary artifacts.

Bathroom. The investigators will probably be pleased to see this large, luxurious bathroom if they have been out rolling in the garden, but will be disappointed when no water comes from the taps. (The creature blocks the pipes. It may well issue forth from the taps on the washbasin and the bath, from the plugholes, and from the toilet, when the keeper is ready to get tough; preferably after the players have an idea of what they're up against).

As they look at themselves in the mirror, they notice writing across their face traced in the dust of the polished glass. Someone (Cornthwaite) has scrawled a message. Written hastily on the bathroom mirror are the letters: "NaCl" which any person with a smattering of chemistry knows is the formula for salt (make a know roll).

Den. A shotgun hangs above the mantelpiece in here. There is a crumpled piece of paper in the grate (Spot Hidden to notice). The investigators can smooth it out if they rescue it. See The Manse Papers #5.

Master Bedroom. This expensively-furnished room contains much in the way of clothing and personal effects, but little in the way of clues. Several valuable objects, such as a gold-plated cigar case or a diamond tie pin, could be lifted by unscrupulous investigators.

The ceiling of this room is moist, and water occasionally drips soddently from the center. The fireplace also shows moisture around the edges.

Scattered near the fireplace are nine partially disassembled shotgun cartridges; the powder and shot has been scooped out, and separated into neat little piles. Directly in front of the fireplace are a pair of fluffy blue men's slippers. A Spot Hidden roll in the room will note a line of white

Crumpled Note (found near fireplace)

To whom it may concern,

I am writing this statement in the event of my joining my staff and my expedition members in death. I, Arthur Cornthwaite, being of sound mind and body

No time for formality or legalisms. It is the thing I must tell you of. What is sanity, when faced with this? I thought I had fled from it in that foul green place, that accursed temple, yet somehow it has followed me here. I know the signs, there can be no mistake. It is with me. It is a thing so clever, so terrible that

MELODRAMA! What's the point! Notes to myself in an empty house! Whoever reads this knows, or will know, of it, but what you must also know is that it has a weakness so simple, so [the note ends here]

—The Manse Papers #5

crystals (salt) along the bottom of the doors, and across the windowsills (all the points of entry). A Spot Hidden on the fireplace will reveal a translucent stain. A second Spot Hidden near the fireplace will pick a crystal salt shaker under the hearth rug (this was taken from the dining room). Another Spot Hidden in the room detects the missing salt bin from the kitchen, empty, tossed under the bed.

The Attic

This open space contains lots of junk, from each of the families who have lived here. There are old chests, a rocking horse, a broken mirror, a locked wardrobe, a tailor's dummy, odd bits of furniture. There is a small wet area near the south wall, but no significant water damage structurally speaking.

The investigators notice a trunk which has been absolutely flattened outwards, burst as if an explosion had taken place in the interior. Inside are items of jungle clothing, a pith helmet, a compass, a .45 revolver, a machete, etc. A further Spot Hidden will show that one pocket of the trousers has been violently split open. Furthermore, everything in the trunk seems a little bit shiny and reflective under torchlight, yet the items are dry to the touch (this is the track of the creature, who travelled to America in Cornthwaite's pants).

If they turn the flat trunk over, the stickers and labels identify it as belonging to Arthur Cornthwaite, and show that it's been to South America and back again.

There is a trapdoor in here, covered with dust (Spot Hidden to see), and weakened with age. If anyone steps on it they crash through the floor, taking 1D6 damage (1D3 on a Jump roll) and plummeting into the dead embrace of Arthur Curwen in the monkhole below. Encountering the corpse in this manner costs 1D2/1D6 points of SAN.

The Cellars

Coal Cellar. Full of black coal. The door leading out into the general cellar is locked and will not budge. It can be broken (STR 18). Water damage is noticeable here.

Wood Cellar. Access is gained from the outside via wooden hatches. Inside is a great mound of wood and sawdust, on which unusual vines and creepers grow. A Botany roll will reveal these to be South American in origin, and furthermore that they should not be growing in this climate, let alone thriving.

The door leading into the general cellar is locked and cannot be opened. This whole area looks damp: the water damage is quite serious (again, the track of the creature).

General Cellar. The door to this cellar is not unusually heavy for this house, but is locked, and worse, is normally held shut by the creature. The door has a STR of 18.

Normally this room is filled with the huge, bloated mass of the alien horror (see the nearby illustration). Assuming it is home, its noxiousness fills the place from wall to wall, a sickening soup of translucent gel in which swirl the liquified, boneless bodies of its victims: rats, birds, and other animals, the raccoon from upstairs, the horse, the servants, and the late Arthur Cornthwaite, still partly clad in his dressing gown, the look of surprise still discernible on his half-dissolved features.

The cellar door cannot be opened unless the thing wills it. Its mass shores up the door and holds it fast. The door is also locked. Determined investigators can take the door off its hinges or chop through it in several melee rounds (an Idea roll will remind them that the Dodge brothers were anxious to avoid any damage to the property).

If the investigators assault the door at the beginning of the adventure, the cautious creature will retreat into the walls and foundations immediately, leaving intriguing but not conclusive evidence of its presence behind. In the room are oddly crushed bales of old magazines, severely rusted tools and several valuable-looking pieces of antique furniture, now cracked and waterlogged. There is water damage everywhere. The creature's translucent trail coat the walls, and bones of previous victims may be found in the corners. Remnants of the creature's slime itself can be found with a Track or Spot Hidden roll. The entire floor of the cellar has cracked and sagged, obviously due to water damage.

An excavation into the foundations of the mansion might be possible, taking 1D3 hours for a thorough check. Naturally the beast will have long since oozed outside or up into the house.

The sheriff will be impressed by the strange nature of the damage found in the cellar, and the bones are certainly evidence of foul play. But the murderer has obviously escaped, he says.

Later in the adventure when it is less cautious, the creature can choose to create an air bubble around the door,

making it easy to open, and wait poised to flow forwards. Once it has its food, it will close the door again. The best thing for the investigators to do, once they've opened the door and looked in long enough to see the creature, is of course to slam the door shut immediately, which they can easily do on a DEX x5 roll before the monster oozes itself forward. But if they want a fight, they'll get a fight.

The Climax

Below is a suggested outcome, which might work if the investigators play into your hands. If not, it should still give you some ideas.

They'll probably search the upper floor after the ground floor, a natural progression. There they should find more of the evidence of the lurking horror, and learn about its peculiar weakness, salt. When all the pieces are in place, a single investigator is quietly ambushed by a pseudopod of the creature. Hopefully the victim will not prevail against the thing, and will mysteriously disappear, just as Cornthwaite disappeared. Joe Virelli is an ideal first victim ("the last time I saw him, he was sitting near the fireplace, writing down notes...")

However, if a vigilant watch is kept, and the thing fails several ambush attempts, it will become too ravenous for further caution. It constantly pops out at them from cracks, fireplaces, walls, water pipes, vents and so on, often in many places simultaneously. It is probably too much to handle unless they have prepared a major salt attack. Remember that the creature can have simultaneous access to the grounds and to every room of the house!

The investigators may flee rather than fight. If they head downstairs to escape, the scene is set for a truly horrible experience. Expecting downwards movement, the creature has flowed up and now fills the entire ground floor of the house to a height of about 4-6 feet. Investigators missing both their SAN roll and a DEX x5 roll helplessly tumble down the staircase in shock. Splash. The only way out is through the upstairs windows, after smashing open the shutters.

If they try to climb down slowly and carefully, it squeezes out through the ground floor windows and flows up the walls to meet them. The only way down now is to jump. If they made a Climb roll, they managed to get a bit closer to the ground, and falling damage is 1D6 (1D3 with a Jump roll). If not, they fall the full distance, taking 2D6 damage (1D6 with a successful Jump). Anyone smart enough to aim to land in a bush, and making a DEX x5 roll for targeting, takes halved damage (1D3/1D2, or 1D6/1D3).

It will pursue them across the garden, but slime molds are pretty slow. Naturally no one will believe the tale the survivors tell in town, and the cellar will be empty when they and the police return.

If they want to finish the thing off, they'll return very quietly and wait, hopefully with lots and lots and lots of salt close at hand. Eventually, the thing will relax its vigilance and become dormant in the cellar to digest any victims it has taken (Virelli at least).

The best plan at this point is to suddenly back a dumptruck of salt up to the wood cellar doors, blast the door between the wood cellar and the general cellar open, and dump the lot in. Even so there may be a bit of fight left in it.

When the final climactic confrontation takes place, when the investigators rain hails of stinging salt down on the creature, it thrashes and rages. As the titan shakes and surges, huge fissures are rent in the walls, roof tiles fly off, boards are showered outwards, shutters flap and bash wildly, furniture is slung through windows, glass shatters, timbers crack and list. Anyone in the area takes 1D8 damage from flying debris, halved if a Dodge roll is made.

If the monster is fatally injured, in its death throes it hurls rubble hundreds of feet into the air, burying any vehicles or slow-moving investigators, and finally the house and the creature collapse inwards as a spray of salt, steam and smoke blossoms outwards.

For locating and defeating the creature, each investigator gains 4D6 SAN. They are unlikely to get the promised fee though, as not only have they apparently blown up the mansion, they can't go to the lawyers and tell them that their client was eaten by a South American fungoid monster. The Dodge brothers will of course attempt to prosecute them with the full weight of the law for their inexcusable vandalism. Sheriff Whitford keeps out of it as much as he can, as he's secretly happy to see the place laid low. With a few shrewd Law or Debate rolls, the investigators might be able to provide a feasible explanation (perhaps faulty gas pipes blew the place up).

By hook or by crook, the surviving investigators hopefully leave it all behind them. But some things never end. Down in South America, under the forgotten ruins, the original creature still lurks. And that spring in Gamwell, the bees find a strange new pollen in the wreckage of the crack'd and crook'd manse....

Statistics

WILL WHITFORD, County Sheriff

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 9
DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 12 SAN 30 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, 1D3 damage
.45 revolver 50%, 1D10+2 damage

Skills: Law 55%, Listen 60%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 70%.

JOE VIRELLI, Reporter

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 18 INT 11 POW 11

DEX 10 APP 14 EDU 14 SAN 55 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Rusty Axe 20%, 1D6 damage

Skills: Fast Talk 25%, Listen 45%, Photography 20%, Spot Hidden 30%.

THE CREATURE, Alien Slime Being

Description: A nightmare pool of abhorrent corruption, a bubbling morass of translucent greenish gel in which swirl air pockets, sickly pus-like matter, and the bobbing, decomposing, boneless cadavers of its recent prey. Ghastly pink mouths and bloated black eye-like organs slowly form and dissolve out of the amorphous mass of the creature (see main illustration and cover painting). The mouths and eyes crudely mimic those of its related horror, Shub-Niggurath. The eyes see the world in an inhuman way, but have some small ability to recognize hidden victims or traps.

Notes: Two forms are given below, for the main body and for individual pseudopods. Pseudopods are used when it is trying to get at victims in the house, while the main body statistics apply when they are face-to-sludge with the thing's entire mass.

The beast once preyed primarily on small creatures like insects or rats, in which the amount of salt in the corpse was too small to affect it. Large animals like pets, horses, or humans are bad for its digestion, but have proved extraordinarily nourishing, as one can tell by its enormous size. The creature takes weeks to digest such prey, and will retreat to a safe place once it has gained even a single such victim for its "larder."

To attack, it first uses its quick-moving pseudopods to locate warm, resting prey. The only warning to the sitter or sleeper is a soft gurgling as the creature slurps itself through cracks in the floor or wall. It first flows its pseudopods or body over a victim, grappling should the victim be active rather than asleep. Contact with the creature is not harmful for several minutes: its digestive acids aren't unusually powerful. But its attack is gruesome nonetheless.

In the first round of being engulfed, the victim must roll CON x5 to hold his breath as it squirms all over his face. A STR versus STR roll is needed to break free. Investigators cannot combine STR (it's too slippery). It probes into the ears, eyes, nose, and mouth of the victim once it has a good grip. In subsequent rounds the roll is CON x4, then CON x3, etc.

Once the CON roll is missed the victim weakens or relaxes for a moment, and the thing pulses down the throat and into the body, into which it violently and powerfully expands (much like a root's expansion, vastly accelerated), slowly crushing internal organs and bones, eventually leaving nothing but an oozing sack of skin and flesh ready to be absorbed. Death is slow and agonizing, until the victim goes unconscious due to lack of oxygen. Bones too strong to crush are excreted. The sight of a victim killed in this manner costs any witnesses a SAN roll, losing 1D6 SAN if the roll is failed. Once the prey is still, it pulls back out of the interior of the corpse, and immerses the food entirely in itself. Enzymes slowly go to work in breaking it down and extracting the harmful salt. Feeding takes weeks.

THE CREATURE, Main Body

STR 110 CON 60 SIZ 120 INT 13 POW 15
DEX 1 HP 90

Damage Bonus: not directly applicable due to the soft, fluid, boneless nature of the creature. However, it is strong: note its pseudopod Grapple attack below.

Move: 3 (when moving outside, the creature may flatten itself out to a remarkable extent; from a distance it might appear to be only a pool of water. Maximum height without an enclosed area to fill is about 4 feet.)

Main Body Engulf Attack: 75%, Dodge to avoid, suffocates if not avoided (note the *Call of Cthulhu* drowning rules if a victim is rolled over and smothered by the beast, or falls into its mass).

Pseudopod Attack: may form 1D6 Pseudopods per round up to a maximum of 10; see below for pseudopod statistics. These may be extruded to a maximum length of 10 yards.

Armor: All weapons do minimum damage.

The creature dislikes light, and will avoid fire if possible. Fire does normal damage if brought into direct contact with the creature, but anything short of a flame-thrower will be quickly extinguished by the creature's moistness. A medium-sized torch would do about 1D6 for one

or two rounds before it was damped out. However, lighting fires inside an old but valuable mansion is not the ideal solution here.

The creature is susceptible to salt and fears it. A line of salt may deter its movement. Below are damage results for varying quantities. When slinging salt at the thing from a distance, a Throw roll is needed, otherwise it only takes half rolled damage. Of course, a truckload cannot fail to hit, as long as it is set up effectively.

Pinch: 1 point.

Salt Shaker: 1D4.

Handful: 1D8.

12-Gauge Shotgun loaded with salt cartridges, 2D6.

Shovelful: 3D6.

Bucketful: 6D6.

Truckload: lethal within minutes.

Skills: Sense Light and Warmth 95%, Sense Movement 80%, Spot Hidden 30%

SAN cost: 1D3/1D20

THE CREATURE, Sample Pseudopod

Description: A flexing, dripping, snaking coil of moist, dripping, darkly translucent gel, forming and reforming with loathsome plasticity. See nearby illustration.

STR 18 CON 20 SIZ 8 POW 11
DEX 3 HP 14*
Move 8

* Also subtract damage taken to a pseudopod from the main body's hit points above.

Damage Bonus: +1D4 (useable only for constricting and crushing)

Weapons: Pseudopod Engulf special (see above), must grapple successfully if victim is active. Suffocates and crushes from the inside out (see above), 1D6+1D4 damage per round plus Drowning damage.

Grapple 50%, special

Armor: All weapons do minimum damage. Fire does normal damage; a medium-sized torch would do about 1D6. Highly susceptible to salt (see above).

Skills: Sense Light or Warmth 50%, Sense Movement 50%
SAN cost: 0/1D6

The Sanatorium

A few days visit with an old friend on an offshore island seems like the ideal way to relax, but not all vacations turn out as one would wish.

This adventure is set on a small island off the coast of New England, the site of an exclusive sanatorium catering to the rich. The asylum was founded by Dr. Aldous Brewer, a brilliant medical doctor with a reputation for unorthodox theories about human psychology.



Dr. Henry Tiller

Dr. Brewer has invited the investigators to visit the island. There can be a number of reasons for this. If one of the investigators is a medical professional they could be a former classmate or colleague of Dr.

Brewer. Possibly one or more of the investigators are journalists or free-lance writers and have been invited here by the doctor to do a story on his work. Another possibility is that one of the investigators is simply a friend or relative of Dr. Brewer and has been invited for a vacation on the remote and beautiful island. The other investigators can be the guests of the invited party.

Although not essential, the skills of Psychology, Psychoanalysis, Diagnose Disease, and Treat Disease can be of considerable value in this scenario. If the keeper wishes, the investigators can be accompanied by a non-player-character psychoanalyst: Dr. Henry Tiller has excellent skills in these areas; his statistics appear at the end of this adventure.

Excerpts from a letter from Dr. Brewer

Dear

So glad to hear you could accept my invitation to visit. I am looking forward to showing you the latest developments in my research.

I'm also anxious to bring you up to date on my experiments. There's been several more exciting developments since the publication of my article in the "Journal of the American Psychological Society" a few months back (I trust you've read it). There will be a few surprises, too — you can count on that.

My isolation is quite tolerable. The staff and I think of ourselves as a family. Old Ebenezer (you'll meet him on the ride over) is always ready to ferry one of us over to the mainland if we should feel the need to touch base with civilization. This summer we've been blessed with a regular dinner companion in the form of Mr. Shelly, a graduate student from Princeton. He is camped on the north beach of the island, conducting some sort of bird study. I'm sure you'll find him witty and pleasant.

Looking forward to seeing you,

Dr. Aldous Brewer

Excerpts from Dr. Brewer's Article

If we accept for a moment the theory that the collective unconsciousness is the source of all myth, we have to ask if it is not possible to consciously tap the source? Experiments with hypnosis, sometimes combined with powerful new drugs, have shown some evidence to support this.

Subject A showed little response to any treatments, but B was quite positive. Not only were unsuspected areas of knowledge revealed during these sessions but at times the subject demonstrated an entirely different personality. This personality, on the few occasions that it was observed to emerge, used archaic, almost biblical syntax, perhaps indicating that a true archetypal form may have been reached. This personality was very powerful and almost compelling, causing one to wonder if phenomena such as this is not the explanation for the "possessions" of the Middle Ages and, in more recent times, of the voodoo cultists in the Caribbean.

While never reaching the archetypal content of B, subject C was nonetheless of interest. Numerous personality types were brought to the surface, one claiming to have lived during the time of the Egyptian pharaohs. Surprisingly enough, the subject did display a fairly thorough knowledge of the history of that long-dead civilization (though later research showed much of it to be pure flights of fancy).

All three showed a certain commonality of mythic form, although admittedly much was difficult to decipher.

— The Sanatorium Papers #2

Investigator Information

Give the players the letter of invitation (The Sanatorium Papers #1). The investigators know Dr. Brewer has operated the North Island Sanatorium for seven years. Financially, the enterprise has done well. The facility's paying patients are from rich and well-known families, most of them placed here in order to keep their ailments — and their sometimes embarrassing behavior — away from the prying eyes of the public and press. The large fees charged these people has allowed Brewer to take on several charity cases, of whom he's been testing experimental psychotherapies. The results of these experiments — some of them published in a recent professional journal — have brought him criticism.

One or more of the investigators may have read Brewer's article. Any character who is a medical professional may roll an EDU x5; others roll EDU x1. With a success give the players The Sanatorium Papers #2 — excerpts from Brewer's article. In the article, Brewer talks of the obscure but fascinating myth-patterns that emerged from the subconscious of certain patients. Although supported by some, Brewer's article has also received scathing rebuttals.

Having packed for the five-day visit, the investigators begin the adventure aboard a small motorboat piloted by

Ebenezer Waite, bound for North Island (see "Sailing for the Island" below).

Keeper's Information

The investigators are sailing into a nightmare. Arriving at the island in darkness, Ebenezer points them up the cliff toward the warm lights of the sanatorium while he remains at the dock tying up the boat. The sanatorium looks inviting, but when the investigators knock on the door they are greeted not by the doctor, but by the inmates, one of whom immediately attacks the party. Inside they soon discover that most of the staff, including Dr. Brewer, has been horribly murdered and that all the inmates are roaming free. At the same time, Ebenezer is murdered and the boat — the only way off the island — set adrift and sunk. A homicidal maniac — the only surviving member of the sanatorium staff — roams the island with an axe, searching for sacrificial victims while an embryonic horror grows and plots in an abandoned lighthouse.

What has Taken Place

Soon after opening North Island Sanatorium, Dr. Brewer began his personal studies in earnest. Several charity patients, culled from state homes and even jails, were brought to the facility and have undergone intensive treatments designed by Dr. Brewer. The mythic traces that have turned up under his therapy are connected with the Cthulhu Mythos, and Brewer eventually obtained an obscure tome, *The Castro Manuscript*, to aid him in his research. His published article reveals only a little of what he suspected. One of Brewer's charity patients, a poet named Allen Harding, was bedeviled by voices that talked to him and was also subject to horrible visitations in his dreams. This patient last night, under the instruction of the voices, used his own blood to construct a Gate on the wall of his cell. Through this Gate came one of the creatures that had been contacting Harding for so long. At the sight of this being, Harding's sanity snapped and he could only gape and babble as the being flowed and bubbled through the Gate into this world.

The creature emerged as a semi-solid being composed of luminescent bubbles. It wishes to reside on Earth for a short time, feed on the life forms it finds here and then, when it is ready to transform to its next stage of development, take its leave of the planet.

Although capable of feeding directly upon life forms, the creature is very sensitive to the elements of this planet and to hide from sunlight and salt air it prefers that a 'servant' commit ritual sacrifices to it, allowing it to feed directly upon the life force (POW) of the dying victim. To this end, the creature has possessed a staff attendant named Charles Johnson, and now uses this pitiful wretch to hunt down and sacrifice the humans it desires.

Therapy

The word 'therapy' in this scenario denotes the different treatments the sanatorium's patients receive.

This can take the form of Psychoanalysis, or drugs, or a combination of the two. Psychoanalysis may or may not be augmented by Hypnotism, a skill described nearby. If the investigators are to take advantage of the clues the inmates can provide, it will be necessary to determine the proper therapy for each patient. Investigators may first use Psychology to determine the patient's mental state (delusional, manic/depressive, suicidal, etc.) Sometimes these conditions are the result of a physical problem (senility, alcoholism) and this can be determined with an additional Diagnose Disease roll. These facts can also be determined by studying the individual patient's records kept in Brewer's files.

The creature's intended servant, Harding, turned out useless, his mind completely broken by the sight of his new god. When Johnson, a huge man possessed of great strength, entered the patient wing to investigate the strange noises he heard, the sight of the creature drove him mad and he instead became the slave of the creature.

Johnson committed the gruesome murders the investigators soon discover. After killing co-workers and nurses Bobby Birch and Catherine Ames, he went upstairs to overpower then sacrifice Dr. Brewer in the prescribed manner, to the satisfaction of the malevolent alien.

The creature had meanwhile crawled out of the basement, looking for a way out of the building. The maid, Melba, terrified and cringing in the laundry area, was accidentally touched by the passing creature. It casually sucked most of the life from her lower body before tearing down the back door and escaping into the night. Outside, the creature moved north to the abandoned lighthouse, a place where it sensed shelter. As it moved, it drew in the escaping life force of the slowly-sacrificed Dr. Brewer, glowing warmly as it fed. It now resides on the second floor of the abandoned lighthouse, awaiting its next meal.

Johnson, after murdering Brewer in his office, released all the patients from their rooms. Then, still wearing his blood-spattered hospital whites, he fled the house, taking with him a wood axe stolen from the shed. Johnson now hides in the woods, waiting for darkness to come when, under the command of the monster, he will go forth in search of more victims.

What Will Happen

The investigators probably soon discover that Ebenezer has been murdered and that the boat, their only way off the island, has been set adrift and scuttled. There is no radio on the island. The investigators are, for the time being, trapped. The Coast Guard eventually shows up, but not for several days.

The night of their arrival, Johnson sacrifices the young bird watcher, Shelly, who is camped on the northeast shore. The investigators probably hear the hoarse chants of the ritual and listen to the death screams of the victim. Johnson then turns his attention to the sanatorium, the only source of victims on the island. The inmates trust Johnson: if the investigators do not stop him, he begins luring them out or forcibly kidnapping them, sacrificing them to the alien creature. Given the opportunity, he attempts to capture an investigator and sacrifice him. He prefers killing strangers to his old charges.

Johnson should prove not too difficult to kill or capture, but then the real horror begins. Fearing the sunlight, but hungering to complete its form, the creature waits until dark before issuing forth from the lighthouse window. Making its way across the island, it devours whatever life forms it finds before surrounding the sanatorium, trapping whoever is inside.

Ways exist to destroy the creature. If it isn't stopped it continues to feed until satisfied, then begins changing into

Hypnosis, a new skill

The ability to Hypnotize the inmates of North Island Sanatorium will be an asset to investigators. If the keeper wishes to allow the use of hypnotism by his investigators, check to see if they have this skill. Any character in the medical profession has a chance equal to EDU x5 of having a Hypnotism skill of 30+1D20%. Other characters will have a chance of EDU x1 of having a skill of 15+1D20%.

To successfully hypnotize someone, the target must be willing and the hypnotist must receive a successful Hypnosis roll.

Hypnosis is useful only against a single individual at a time. The target must be physically close to the hypnotist. If a Hypnosis roll fails, the hypnotist is never able to hypnotize that particular subject; if the initial Hypnosis roll succeeds, the hypnotist can hypnotize the particular target whenever the target agrees.

Hypnosis can be used in several ways.

As an aid to Psychoanalysis: if an investigator has 10 or more percentiles of Psychoanalysis, and can first hypnotize a subject, add 25 percentiles to his or her Psychoanalysis skill when treating that patient thereafter.

As a post-hypnotic suggestion: causes the target to perform a single particular action without apparent volition. The target will not accept a suggestion contrary to his or her normal behavior and desires.

As an aid to memory: fragmented or buried memories can sometimes be dredged up through hypnosis. someone who went temporarily insane from the sight of something moving in the bottom of a dark well will probably not remember what he saw. Hypnosis can bring these memories to light but also (in cases where Sanity was lost) cost the individual additional SAN through reliving the incident.

To alleviate: hypnosis can ease or temporarily erase the symptom of pain in a patient, but the pain itself makes the target more difficult to hypnotize: require a POW-against-POW resistance table roll as well as a skill roll for success in this case.

THE PATIENTS

Brewer's charges reside on two floors of the sanatorium. The paying patients reside on the ground-floor patient wing in comfortable rooms. These patients are 'normal', suffering from diagnosable disorders. The basement houses the 'special' patients — indigents or hopeless cases on which Brewer has tried experimental therapies.

The patients may be played as the keeper sees fit. Anytime the keeper needs more action or complications, an inmate might attempt to flee the sanatorium, attack an investigator or fellow inmate, or even attempt suicide, as befits their individual descriptions.

Normal Patients

These are housed on the first floor and all are from prominent, monied families. If properly treated these patients usually pose no problem but do require care. If neglected at all they are quick to let their displeasure be known. As to be expected, most have low SAN and, should they actually see the creature, they may be driven mad.

Blanche Goddard Richmond, pedicide

Blanche is in her early sixties and about five feet tall. Her hair is gray and frizzed, standing out from her head in all directions. She always dresses in a shapeless, faded, print shift. Blanche is talkative and friendly. She has rarely caused problems at the sanatorium and for years has been given free run of the house and grounds during the day. If locked up for any length of time she grows angry and vocal, then very quiet.

Blanche is quite paranoid and she may, for no apparent reason, begin to think the investigators are her enemy. She may lie to them or even attempt to kill them. She talks incessantly about her three grown children (two sons and a daughter) and accuses them of "keeping her locked up in here just so they get their greedy hands on my money". In truth, as Blanche's records show, she murdered all three of them on Christmas Eve, 1922.

Found legally insane, she was remanded to the care of Dr. Brewer. Her bills are paid by a trust fund set up by the family's attorneys.

Blanche knows the hospital routine. If she chooses to help the investigators she is capable of cooking, organizing cleaning crews and, in general, taking care of a lot of chores that would otherwise present additional problems for the investigators. If, however, she feels that the investigators don't listen to her, or treat her improperly, she withdraws to her room and sulks, refusing to help. If left untreated she becomes paranoid and begins to believe the investigators are her adult children in disguise, come to kill her. She will seek to reenact the terrible murders she committed several years ago. Blanche, who has never given Brewer the least cause for worry, is allowed to keep keys to the cabinets and closets that contain cooking and cleaning supplies, including the knives.

Blanche also knows the combination to Dr. Brewer's safe but will not reveal this unless pressed by the most dire of circumstances; or while under the effects of therapy.

Psychology: she subconsciously denies the deaths of the staff, and is harboring some darker secret of her past.

Psychoanalysis: Blanche witnessed neither the monster or the murders. The first successful treatment with Psychoanalysis only makes her realize the staff is dead, not sleeping. Further Psychoanalysis brings out the truth about her children's deaths. This skill can be used to talk her out of her murderous sulks.

Diagnose Disease: Blanche is healthy as a horse.



Blanche Richmond

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its new form. Survivors on the island will then be in danger of being killed by the violent transformation.

The keeper should use the frequency of the sacrifices to help pace the game; one or two a night should be all that Johnson can reasonably commit. The design intention is that the investigators spend at least three or four days on the island wrestling with the problems presented them before the climatic scenes take place.

The Inmates

The staff are dead or missing; the inmates wandering the sanatorium. Beyond sorting through the various clues and corpses, the investigators need to care for Dr. Brewer's charges. Records in Brewer's office describe the patient's conditions and the treatments prescribed. Some inmates are dangerous, some are not. Some can provide help, while others need regular medication to keep them out of trouble. All of them, shocked by the violence that has taken place, tend to deny that anything is wrong. Dead people are

'sleeping', or working somewhere, or visiting the mainland. Getting them to reveal anything about last night's events will be difficult, requiring proper therapy. Besides being the only witnesses to the events that took place inside the house, one of the inmates, the young woman named Darlene, can reveal even deeper secrets. The inmates are a major source of information.

Sailing for the Island

The investigators are ferried to North Island aboard a small motor launch piloted by Ebenezer Waite. Ebenezer is in his eighties and has spent nearly all his life in and around the sea. In his youth he traveled the globe and has seen many strange things (or so he says). He is semi-retired now, performing a number of handyman type chores around the sanatorium. He lives on the grounds.

If asked, Ebenezer has nothing but good things to say about Dr. Brewer, the staff, and the hospital. He is well-paid and well-treated and has no complaints. Ebenezer

Henry Adam Barber III, heir and sociopath

Henry, 28 years old and heir to the Barber Paper Company fortune, grew to be such a problem for his father that the elder Barber was forced to have his son committed to Brewer's care. Henry is a manic/depressive transvestite with suicidal tendencies. If this is not enough, Henry exhibits a whole raft of antisocial tendencies. On rare occasions he can be "concerned and caring" but most of the time he is tightly wrapped up in his own problems and treats everyone as though they were dirt under his feet. He is not, however, dangerous to anyone but himself. If he should lose too much SAN he attempts suicide; either by throwing himself off a cliff or by feeding himself to the creature.

Psychology: Barber is a manic/depressive with suicidal tendencies.

Psychoanalysis: makes him realize the staff has been murdered. It can also be used to bring him out of a suicidal state of mind.

Diagnose Disease: Other than being underweight from bad eating habits, Barber seems healthy.

Treat Disease: mild sedatives are of value but, if he is in a suicidal state, must be administered every four hours.

Colonel Crandall Billings, old warhorse

Colonel Billings is 92 and a veteran of the Civil War. The Colonel suffers from advanced senility and has been placed here



Henry Adam Barber III



Colonel Crandall Billings



Mrs. Carla Randolph

by his grandchildren. He is not really treatable and in his case the sanatorium provides care similar to that of a nursing home. Colonel Billings poses no problem but must be spoon-fed his meals, etc. He can barely walk and, mostly wheelchair-bound, almost never leaves his room. He is so senile that seeing even the creature itself has no effect on his SAN.

On occasion the colonel relives Bull Run and comes charging down the hallway in his wheelchair, brandishing a non-existent saber and screaming "Death to the rebels!"

Psychology: no deep trauma.

Psychoanalysis: is of no use.

Diagnose Disease: the old man suffers from advanced senility. There is no treatment for his condition other than keeping him clean and fed.

Mrs. Cecil (Carla) Randolph, wealthy socialite

Mrs. Randolph is the 48 year-old wife of a well-known newspaper tycoon. A long-time alcoholic, she suffers from intense hallucinations and is usually kept sedated. If her medication is not administered at the proper times she hallucinates and screams horrible monsters are crawling around the room, are flying past the windows, are living under the floorboards. After a couple of these episodes the investigators may disbelieve her even if she actually sees the creature.

Psychology: she suffers from intense hallucinations brought on by severe paranoia.

Psychoanalysis: although of some value, when the session is over she quickly reverts to her normal, hallucinatory state.

Diagnose Disease: a victim of severe alcoholism.

Treat Disease: needs regular mild sedation, administered every four hours.

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hints about strange things he's seen while at sea or in foreign ports. Encouraged, he spins tall tales that start out like Mythos-oriented stories but turn out to have (relatively) mundane explanations. "Mermaids" that start out sounding like they might be Deep Ones turn out to be real mermaids; a long grueling trek through torturous jungle in search of a "fantastic temple, filled with gold and inhabited by a god" turns up a simple trader's hut located in the midst of primitives who believe the trader to be of divine origins. Ebenezer is long-winded and can easily talk his way through the entire two-hour boat ride.

It should be noted that Ebenezer wears, underneath his many shirts, a small Elder Sign (carved from sea shell) suspended from a chain around his neck. Ebenezer knows nothing about its powers; it was a gift from an old sailor friend (see *The Sanatorium Papers* #9, found in Ebenezer's shack). The small charm is in no way noticeable and Ebenezer will not mention it.

Arriving at the Island

Ebenezer maneuvers the boat up to the dock smoothly and flawlessly. Nimbly springing ashore, he ties the boat up fast enough to be able to help his passengers step up on the dock. It is near dusk and a light fog rolls in, as it does every night this time of the year. The shore rises up steeply from the end of the dock and the sanatorium, its lights warmly aglow, can be seen high above. From its vantage point atop the southern cliffs of the island, the huge Georgian Revival house seems safe from sea and storm.

Ebenezer apologizes for not escorting the party, explaining the boat needs to be placed in the boat house. A flight of stone steps cut into the steep hill lead to the sanatorium. The stonework is recent and makes for a safe, though tiring, climb. Ebenezer offers to carry up the investigator's luggage later if they wish to leave it here for now.

The Special Patients

These patients were the basis of Dr. Brewer's controversial researches. They have been gathered from various state institutions and, in one case, a local jail. Ostensibly they demonstrate Dr. Brewer's charitable side but, as noted, they have also been guinea pigs upon which he could experiment freely. All three suffer from Mythos-based delusions and possess definite psychotic tendencies.

Allen Harding, possessed poet

Harding is a poet, an alcoholic, and a drug abuser. It is this man that has provided Brewer with his most significant findings and the man who opened the Gate. Harding was discovered by Brewer in 1923 and has provided much of the impetus for Brewer's present research. Harding suffers from intense dreams of horrifying aspect and hears voices in his head. On several occasions, while actively undergoing therapy, Harding has seemed 'possessed', taking on odd mannerisms and speaking in a voice distinctly unlike his own. He has also demonstrated violent tendencies while in this state. Harding is completely insane by the time the scenario begins and remains this way.

Psychology: Harding is hopelessly deranged.

Psychoanalysis: although this patient is insane, the skill may be attempted once per day. Each success provides the investigators with one cryptic clue, as follows:

#1 "I didn't let it in! I wouldn't do it! I called it, and I made the door but when I saw it I couldn't stand to help it anymore. The other one's helping it now! It's all his fault! Now we'll all die!"

#2 "He doesn't want to stay here but he has to 'feed' before he can leave. He wants you, and you, and you, and me!"

#3 (If Johnson has been killed) "You think you've stopped him but you're wrong! Now it will be worse — worse for all of us!"

#4 "He's coming! He's coming!"

The keeper should use these as he sees fit, following the development of the adventure. Feel free to invent clues or provide answers to Mythos questions using Harding's skills.

While actively undergoing therapy there is a 40% chance Harding will be possessed by the mind of the alien being. It then speaks directly to the investigators, threatening them with certain destruction, boasting of its deathless strength. Before leaving Harding's body it demonstrates its power by destroying Harding before the investigators' eyes. The mad poet's skin bubbles and scorches while his abdomen begins to swell. Internal organs, swollen and blackened, burst forth from Harding's body in a shower of gore and blood. Anyone witnessing this loses 2/1D6+1 points of SAN.

Diagnose Disease: Harding suffers from debilitating drug and alcohol use.



Allen Harding

Treat Disease: only the strongest of sedatives are effective. When administering these drugs, a successful Pharmacy roll must be made to avoid accidentally overdosing the patient. Failure could result in the death of the patient, as the keeper wishes.

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The Sanatorium

The Front Door

A knock at the front door elicits a response from inmate Blanche Richmond. "Hold onto your horses, I'm comin', I'm comin'," she cries. As Blanche, gray hair standing out on end, opens the door, Leonard Hawkins, who has been lurking around the north corner of the building, comes running full bore and attempts to Grapple one of the investigators — a female if possible. Leonard is a pitiful fighter and if he should succeed in the Grapple, he does little or no damage before the investigators manage to subdue him. If any of the investigators make a successful Listen roll, they hear Leonard coming and can take some kind of action against him. Any aggressive act by the investigators stops Leonard in his tracks. If the roll fails, Leonard will not be noticed until the last instant and there is little chance of stopping him from tackling one of the party.

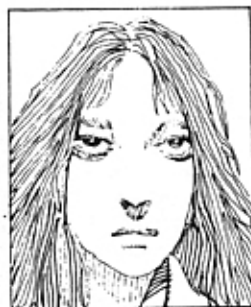
Leonard should be easily subdued and Blanche will scold him severely before formally welcoming the group to the house. "Dr. Brewer's taking a nap upstairs. I'm in charge right now," she explains. "You can wait in there." She points to the library, then marches Leonard off toward the patient wing. At the door leading to the patient wing she turns and says: "Please stay out of the living room. I'm afraid we've had a little accident in there." If no one moves to stop her, Blanche then disappears, with Leonard, into the patient wing, shutting the doors behind her.

The Ground Floor

The Foyer: beautifully tiled with a chandelier suspended from the second floor ceiling. Two sweeping staircases wind sinuously up to the second floor in best Federalist style. The walls throughout the house are decorated with high set plaster friezes displaying garlands, festoons, and medallions. The high ceilings and broad mantels are similarly ornamented.

Darlene, woman with many pasts

Darlene is an indigent taken off the streets of New York. Her last name is unknown. She appears to be in her late twenties and is reasonably pretty. She actually witnessed the coming of the



Darlene

creature but her mind has blocked the memory. Darlene speaks rarely. Under proper therapy she reveals evidence of having lived former lives. A supposed Egyptian princess is the most interesting of the bunch. This personality (the Princess Annephs) has faced things like the Creature before and knows how to defeat it. See "Contacting Princess Annephs" for further details.

Psychology: suffers from deep, perhaps irreversible, amnesia.

Psychoanalysis: admits the staff is dead and allows her to reveal what she saw in the basement. Treated with the proper drugs, or successfully Hypnotized, she regresses through her former personalities, eventually the Egyptian princess, Annephs, can be reached. The proper drugs, and dosages, can be learned by studying Brewer's notes.

Diagnose Disease: she's quite healthy.

Leonard Hawkins, prophet of doom

A former accountant who, after suffering a head injury, began experiencing messianic delusions. He soon lost his job, then his family. On the street, he was eventually arrested for assaulting a police officer and jailed. His wife committed Hawkins to the care of Dr. Brewer. Since then, while experiencing intense psychotic episodes, he has several times threatened to kill his estranged wife. Leonard is the most violent of all the inmates and female investigators are especially prone to his hostility.

He saw the creature as it crept past his cell, an event which has further unhinged his mind. He may turn violent at any time (at least every time he misses a SAN roll) and upon reaching 0 SAN remains dangerous permanently.

Psychology: suffers from messianic delusions and is paranoid to the point of violence; his misogyny is readily evident.

Psychoanalysis: brings him to understand what has gone on, so that he can reveal what he witnessed from his cell in the basement. Although this skill can quell Hawkins' violent tendencies, he reverts to his normal state of mind 2D4 hours after the treatment.

Diagnose Disease: Hawkins' suffers from a weak heart, probably the result of persistent stress. His old head injury also is evident.

Treat Disease: mild sedatives, administered every four hours, quells his violent tendencies.



Leonard Hawkins

Dining Room: formal, with a long table and enough chairs to seat twelve.

The Kitchen: facilities large enough to cook for more than a dozen people. All utensils are kept in a locked wooden cabinet (remember, Blanche has a key).

The Pantry: lots and lots of food.

The Library: numerous books line the walls and it is comfortably furnished. On a couch sits Darlene, engrossed in an illustrated version of Dante's *Inferno*. If spoken to, she curtly replies: "Shhhh! We're in the library," and refuses to say any more.

The Living Room: more nice furnishings. The investigators immediately notice that objects have been knocked from tables. Extending from behind a couch are two white-stockinged legs, toes turned down.

The legs belong to Catherine Ames, whose body lies face down on the floor. A large puddle of coagulating blood stains the carpet in the area around her head but the cause of her death is not immediately evident. Only after she is rolled over do the investigators see the shiny scissors handle protruding from her left eye socket. Lose 1/1D3 points of SAN.

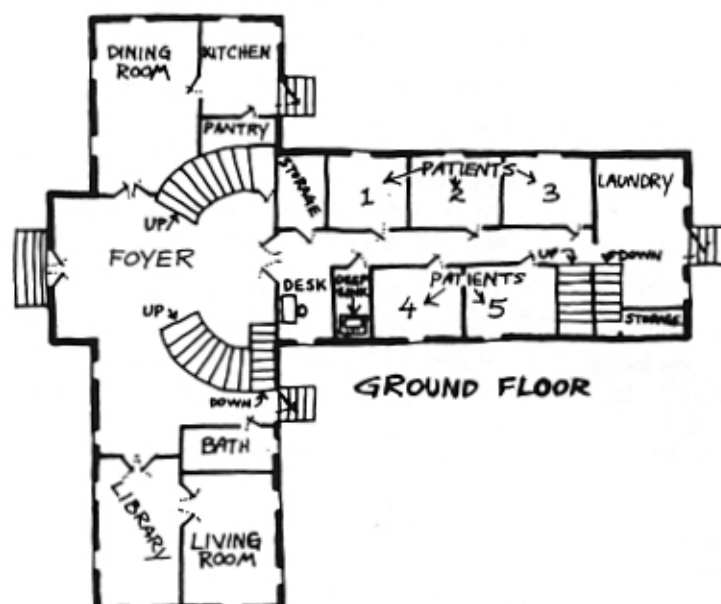
The First Floor Patient Wing

Storage: this is a large walk-in closet that is used to store blankets, linens, paper goods, etc.

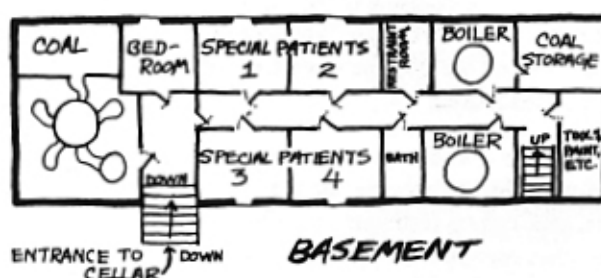
Desk Area: this is a wooden desk and chair used by patients and staff alike. Presently it is occupied by the corpse of Bobby, the male nurse. The body slumps in the chair and the head is twisted around to face backward. It hangs down at an awkward angle. No skill roll is required to recognize a broken neck. Lose 0/1D3 points of SAN.

Deep Sink: cleaning supplies, mops, etc. Attached to the inside of the door is a work schedule. All capable patients are expected to pitch in with cleaning and cooking chores.

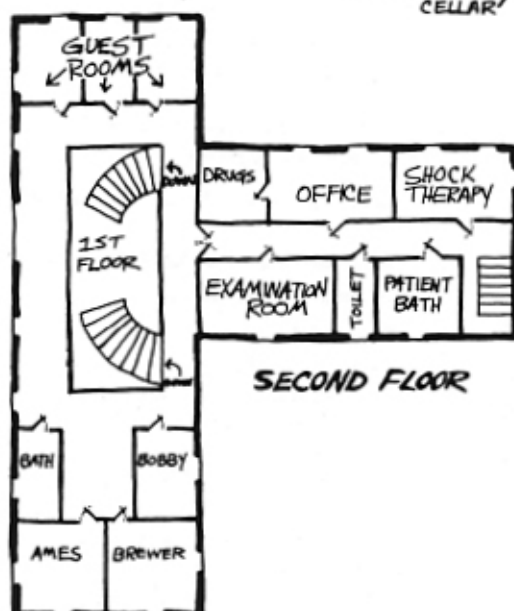
Patient Rooms: these are spacious and comfortable. Each is equipped with its own toilet, sink, and bathtub. Most of the inmates have brought their own furnishings, sometimes including works of art, as well as their own clothing. Although allowed the run of the house during the day, the patients were usually locked in their rooms at around 10 PM. The rooms are sealed by heavy doors (STR 22) with large wire-reinforced windows. Each room has a window overlooking the grounds, strengthened by heavy bars (STR 40). If the patients should require something during the



GROUND FLOOR



BASEMENT



SECOND FLOOR

North Island Sanatorium

night there are buttons in each of the rooms that will ring a bell in the basement bedroom of attendant Johnson as well as in Dr. Brewer's bedroom upstairs.

- #1-This is Blanche's room.
- #2-The residence of Colonel Crandall Billings. Mr. Billings rarely, if ever, leaves his room and is here now.
- #3-Vacant.
- #4-This room belongs to Henry Barber. He's presently taking a nap on his bed.
- #5-Mrs. Randolph. She is sitting in an armchair by the window staring out across the sanatorium grounds. Upon seeing the investigators she leaps up and begins babbling to them about bat-like creatures flying by her window. She is past due for her medicine and she becomes hysterical if not attended to soon.

The doors closing off the patient wing to the foyer and the laundry facilities are of heavy construction and set with strong locks (STR 20). The door closing off the stairs leading to the second floor is of similar design. When the investigators arrive they will find the door between the patient wing and the laundry area locked.

The Laundry: this room contains a large commercial washer and dryer and a locked storage cabinet (STR 12) containing strait-jackets, canvas restraints and other equipment. The rear door has been blown off its hinges and lies buckled on the ground outside.

Sitting on the floor, propped up against the big washer, is Melba the maid. Her eyes stare blankly in front of her, her mouth frozen wide open. Her upper body seems healthy but her feet and legs are withered brown sticks — dried dead limbs split open like old and rotting leather to expose the bones within. There is little or no blood on her injuries, the vessels cauterized shut by the burning action of the creature's attack. Anyone seeing this unprepared for the sight loses 1/1D4+1 points of SAN or, if forewarned, 1/1D2 points. Melba was accidentally injured by the creature as it fled the sanatorium into the night. She will die before morning without uttering a word. If a Psychoanalysis roll succeeds, Melba screams incoherently about "It! It!" then dies of cardiac arrest.

Close inspection and Spot Hidden rolls reveal a faint trail of scorch marks on the doorway, floor, and stairs, left by the passing of the monster. If the investigators move outside see "Sanatorium Complex".

The Basement

This floor contains large boilers, storage areas, patient cells, the facilities to care for Dr. Brewer's special patients, and the unoccupied bedroom of the now-insane attendant, Charles Johnson.

The Patient Rooms: these rooms are not quite as nice as the ones upstairs (they do not have private toilet facilities for one thing) but they are still more than adequate and far better than any state institution.

- #1-The room of Allen Harding, failed poet and madman. Harding was the one who, instructed by his dream voices, made the Gate that opened the way for the creature and in the process lost his mind. After the creature passed through into this world, Harding defaced much of the Gate, clawing his fingertips to the bone in a frantic effort to close the way. He presently huddles in the corner, streaked with blood from his injured hands as well as from the earlier blood-letting used to construct the Gate. He has lost 4 HP and needs medical attention. Infection will soon set in.

There are clues in the room. Minute scorch marks made by the Creature might be found with Spot Hidden rolls. A successful Cthulhu Mythos or Occult identifies the remains of the bloody symbol on the wall as some type of Gate. (If an investigator has had experience with Gates, he automatically recognizes it.)

- #2-This room is vacant.
- #3-The room of Leonard Hawkins. Hawkins, watching from his own cell, witnessed the creature when it appeared in the Gate and then watched in terror as it crawled through into this world. After Johnson freed all the inmates, Hawkins escaped out the back door of the sanatorium. He did not roam far but stayed near the grounds until the investigators arrived.
- #4-Darlene's room. From this spot she could not witness the construction of the Gate but she did see the creature when it crawled past her door.

Restraint Room: a padded cell for extreme problem patients. There are cobwebs in this room.

An Unfinished Letter atop Brewer's Desk

Dear Editor,

In response to the letter from Drs. Hagen and Allen that appeared in your June issue I must say that I would have expected better from two so highly regarded in our profession. Disagreement I take no exception to; my work is highly experimental and any results, as I specified clearly in my article, are, at this time, purely speculative in nature. I make no claims but only observations.

Since the time that article was written I have conducted further experiments that seem to uphold my earlier observations. However, I will not again go to print until I have proof positive; proof that will convince even the most fossilized of skeptics. I would not lower myself to....

Excerpts from Darlene's Files

She was initially brought to the state home by the police who had found her wandering naked in a downtown Boston Alley. Repeated attempts over the years have failed to identify her and her last name is still unknown. She is now probably in her late twenties.

Traditional therapies seemed incapable of reaching her but under hypnosis, or the influence of the compounded drugs listed below, she seemed to open up. Repeated treatments brought forth what was at first thought to be Darlene but, under questioning, the individual claimed to be a woman named Fanny and said she lived in Ireland. Oddly enough she also claimed that the year was 1862.

Over the course of treatments even more personalities emerged and, at last count, the list numbered twenty-seven; although some of these have appeared only once and were never reached again. The oldest, and perhaps most interesting personality is Annephs who is, if she's to be believed, a princess of Egypt who has been dead for over 3000 years. When in this personality Darlene has exhibited a startling knowledge of Egyptian history, including a number of facts that I have been unable to verify by any amount of research. Perhaps most mystifying was Darlene's prediction of the finding of King Tutankhamen's tomb. She made this prediction after reading in the newspaper the expedition's plans to explore the area.

Much of the odd mythology that 'Annephs' speaks of brings to mind the possessions experienced by the patient Harding and seems hinted at in the occasional ravings of Hawkins. This possibly indicates a root mythic form common to all men and would go a long way toward supporting the theory of the collective unconscious mind.

— The Sanatorium Papers #5a

Excerpts from Allen Harding's File

About the time of publication of his first (and only) book of poetry, Harding dropped out of sight and his whereabouts for the next six months were never established. It is thought that most of this time he spent in a drug and alcohol-induced stupor, this being the condition he was found in.

The deteriorated condition of Harding's mind seems to make drug therapy unnecessary, if not useless. He is, however, quite susceptible to hypnosis. He has not revealed the multiple personalities of Darlene but reverts always to the same one. This personality speaks in a deep, intelligent voice; very commanding and quite unlike Harding's own. Sometimes the personality does not speak but the changed face and expression of the subject belie its presence. It almost seems to be observing, contemplating. When finally induced to speak it will usually prefer to not answer any questions but simply makes statements. These statements are usually of the darkest sort, predictions of doom, and the coming of "He Who Waits".

— The Sanatorium Papers #5b

Excerpts from Leonard Hawkins' File

Leading a fairly normal and secure life until the sudden breakdown. Hawkins was unconscious for more than a week and upon awakening displayed signs of intense paranoia. He was unable to recognize even his wife for the first few days, although most of his memory seems to have returned over the next two months.

Not long after returning to his job (an accountant with a major firm) he began displaying signs of a religious conversion and before long joined an obscure sect of ultra-conservative Baptists. His wife and children were, against their wishes, also compelled to join. Not long after, he was reprimanded by his supervisor; his continued proselytizing on the job was beginning to irritate the other employees. Two weeks later Hawkins quit his church, accusing them of stupidity and began to preach on the streets. His family was completely alienated and he soon after lost his job. He moved out of the house and several months later was arrested for assaulting several police officers.

A hatred of his wife, ostensibly stemming from her committing him to North Island, with overt violent tendencies. He will not talk about the source of his knowledge of the "coming of those who wait" but continues to preach his faith in his vision.

— The Sanatorium Papers #5c

Charles Johnson's Bedroom: there are no clues here other than Johnson's large-sized clothes and his personal items. This may be the investigators' first hint of Johnson's existence.

The Second Floor

This floor contains the bedrooms of most of the staff as well as Dr. Brewer's office and examination and treatment rooms.

Excerpts from Brewer's Journal

If those asses, Hagen and Allen, could hear what I've heard I'm sure it would shake them loose from their high perches. I don't know yet what I'm on to but the sheer power of H's voice while under the effect of that personality is astounding. Jameson in London has found a book — an old one — that he says contains references similar to many of the things mentioned by both H and D. He promises to send it along following his last letter. It is supposed to be a copy of a transcription made by a 15th century Spanish monk. It contains the ravings of a madman condemned to death by the Inquisition.

The book arrived yesterday and I spent some time with it. Most of it was incomprehensible, seeming nonsense, but Jameson was right. Those pages he was kind enough to mark seemed definitely linked to many of the things referred to by H and D, and, on occasion, Hw as well. Reading those select pages gave me an eerie chill. It was as if I was hearing H's voice all over again — a thing that never fails to leave me affected.

— The Sanatorium Papers #4

Guest Rooms: these three rooms were intended for the visiting investigators. They have been freshly dusted and the linens changed. Welcome to North Island.

Nurse Catherine Ames' Bedroom:

there is little of interest here.

Nurse Bobby Birch's Bedroom: nothing to be found here.

Dr. Brewer's Bedroom: there is nothing of obvious interest but taped under the bottom of the top dresser drawer is a slip of paper with the numbers "32-46-21", the combination of the safe in Brewer's office. Also, with a properly directed Spot Hidden roll, the investigators might find a crumpled up pair of womens' step-ins crumpled up under the bed. These belong to Nurse Ames.

Dr. Brewer's Office: this room contains the mutilated corpse of Dr. Brewer, sacrificed by the attendant, Johnson, to feed the hunger of the creature. The furniture has been pushed back against the walls and Dr. Brewer apparently staked out on the floor hand and foot. An unidentifiable cryptic symbol is painted on his forehead and it appears his arms and legs were removed one-by-one with the bloody bone saw now lying on the floor. The doctor has also been disemboweled and a huge pool of blood soaks the expensive oriental rug on the floor. Lose 1/1D6 points of SAN.

Atop Brewer's desk is an unfinished letter, addressed to the editor of the *Journal of the American Psychological Society*, the magazine that recently published his article (see *The Sanatorium Papers* #3). If the desk is pulled away from the wall and the drawers checked the investigators find Brewer's personal journal in which he reveals his innermost fears and mentions the Mythos tome kept locked in the safe (see *The Sanatorium Papers* #4). In the other drawers can be found a full set of keys for the sanatorium and a loaded .38 revolver with a box of 50 shells.

There are quite a few books on the shelves (mostly professional works, none with any bearing on the adventure) but investigators who take time to look (and make an idea roll) note a preponderance of volumes dealing with ancient Egypt. None of the books contain any clues themselves but if they are perused a newspaper clipping will be found (see *The Sanatorium Papers* #8). Among the rest of

Excerpts from the Personnel Record of Charles Johnson

Dear Dr. Brewer,

I can recommend Mr. Johnson whole-heartedly. His work at this institution has been exemplary and I'm sure you would find him more than satisfactory. Perhaps his own years spent in an institution developed within him a special sympathy. I have seen him handle even the most violent patients always in a way to minimize injury. Of course, I needn't mention that his size and strength also stand in his favor.

— *The Sanatorium Papers* #6

A Marked Page in the Castro Manuscript

And it was said when "Those Who Wait" came unto the land of pharaoh they laid waste to the country and were not stopped until faced and destroyed by the priestess Annephs of the Temple of Bast. They moved by night, fearing Ra, and shunned also the rushing water. And the stones were made by her and they, carried by the priest, drove the creatures into the Nile which took them to the sea and there they were destroyed. Annephs died of her injuries and, so it is said, died the secret of the stones. She was buried in a tomb in a place which has yet to be discovered.

— *The Sanatorium Papers* #7

the books might be found (with a Spot Hidden) a slim volume of Allen Harding's poetry. Reading this book will cost an investigator 1D3 points of SAN and add 3% to his Cthulhu Mythos score. There are also a large number of issues of "The Journal of the American Psychological Society" including several copies of the issue containing Dr. Brewer's article (see *The Sanatorium Papers* #2).

A four-drawer filing cabinet stands in the corner. In the cabinet can be found the patient records as well as those of the employees. The records are very complete and filled with notes from the patient's sessions. It takes at least three hours to read each patient's file and requires a roll of INT x5 or less to understand Brewer's scribbled shorthand notes (medical professionals can understand them without a roll). The records of the normal patients tell the investigators very little except to provide them with some background on these NPCs and, in Mrs. Randolph's case, inform the investigators she requires regular doses of sedatives. Those of the special patients reveal information pertaining directly

A Newspaper Clipping Found in Brewer's Office

CAIRO — An unusual archaeological find was reported today by the privately funded Huntsford expedition. Operating some twenty miles west of the Valley of the Kings the expedition has uncovered the ruins of a temple and several colossal statues. It is suspected that this find may answer a number of questions about Egyptian history.

One of the first pieces uncovered was a broken stela originally raised in honor of a Princess Annephs. Unknown until now, Annephs, around 1400 BC, was apparently responsible for the routing of an enemy that then threatened the Egyptian people. The enemy is not identified on the stela but it is speculated that perhaps they were Hyksos raiders or perhaps even the mysterious Sea Peoples mentioned in other records.

Work at the site is expected to continue for at least another two years, or longer.

— *The Sanatorium Papers* #8

The Castro Manuscript

This book is thought to have been written by a 15th century Spanish monk (name unknown) and is the transcript of the ravings of a madman (Castro) condemned to death by the Inquisition. Castro was thought to have been possessed by the demons but was in fact a victim of multiple personality disorders and amnesia, much the same as the patient, Darlene. Much of the book is incoherent but a page has been marked by Dr. Brewer. This page can be read without incurring a SAN loss but if the whole book is read (it has been translated to English from the Latin) it adds 5% to the investigator's Cthulhu Mythos knowledge and costs 1D6 points of SAN. Within its pages are the instructions for constructing an Elder Sign (6 hours plus INT x2 to learn).

A Letter Found in Ebenezer's Shed

October 13, 1896

Dear Ebenezer,

I'm leaving this letter with friends at port and I'm sure you'll get it when you return home. I'll probably be gone by then and don't know when I'll see you so I'll wish you good luck now.

In this envelope is a small present. It's a good luck charm given to me by one of those Kanakys we ran into in the islands. I don't know if it's any damn good but I always wore it, especially anytime I was around those islands. It's been said that some of the ships that sailed out of Innsmouth had something similar attached to their bottoms. I don't know what my address will be but after I get to Cincinnati I'll write to let you know.

Your friend,
William

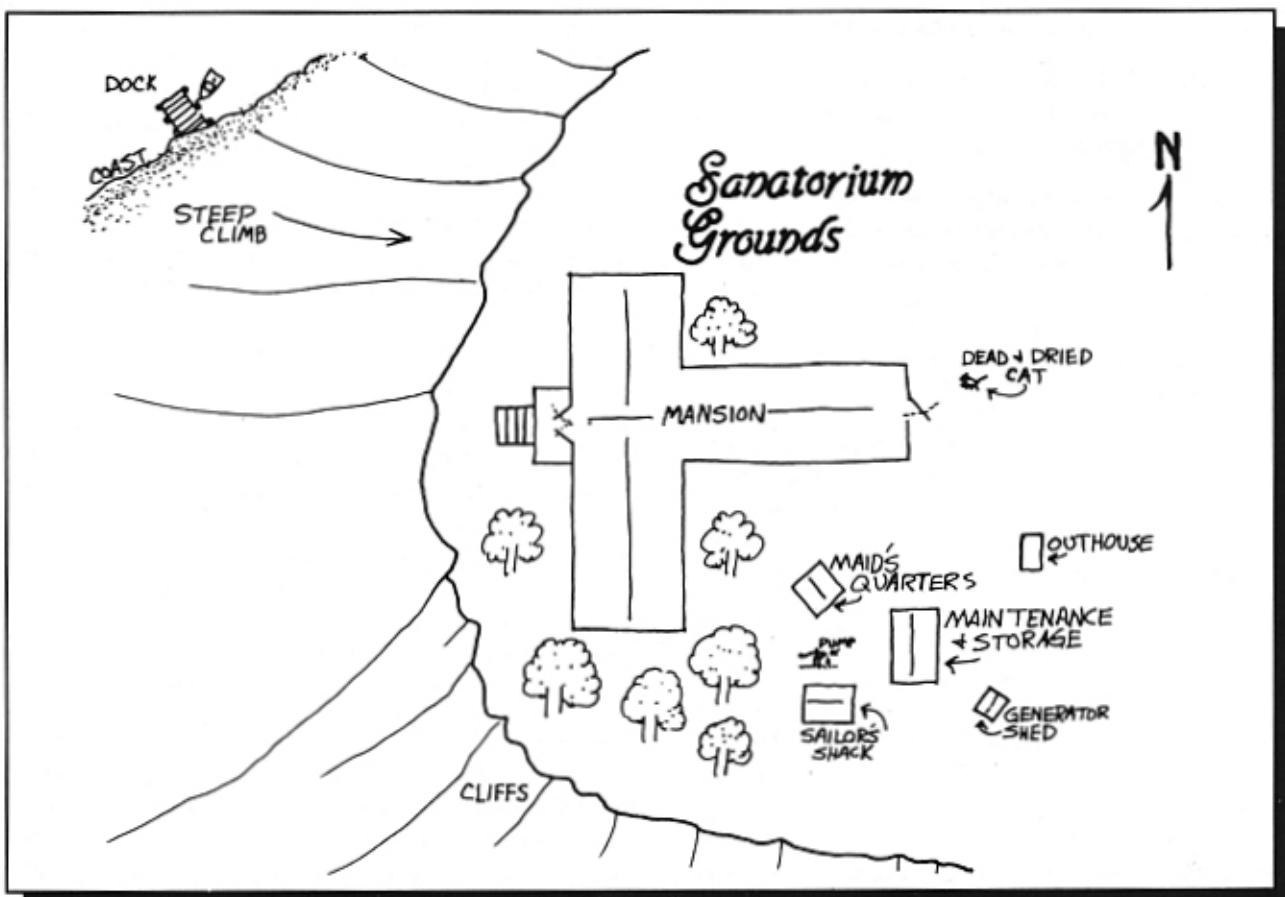
— The Sanatorium Papers #9

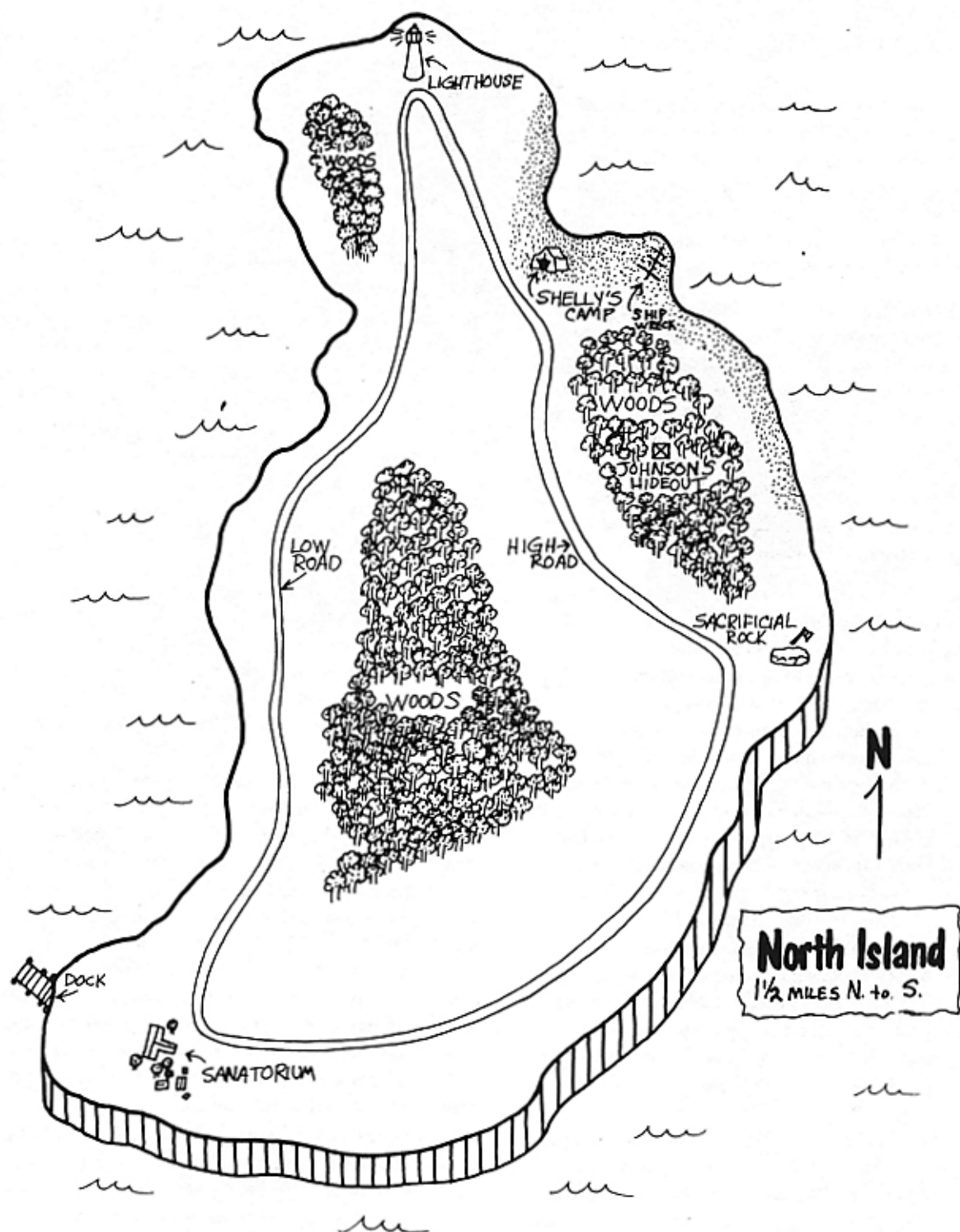
to the adventure (see The Sanatorium Papers #s 5a, 5b, and 5c).

The employee records represent the staff as competent and professional. An Accounting roll shows them to be well-paid and the books well-kept. Checking the employee records reveal the existence of Charles Johnson. His file may be of particular interest to them (see The Sanatorium Papers #6).

There is also a safe in the corner, locked and probably unopenable (unless the investigators are exceptionally creative). The combination to this safe is found on a piece of

paper taped to the bottom of a dresser drawer in Brewer's bedroom. The safe contains legal papers, contracts, invest-





the weight of the sand. A part of the forward keel now protrudes about a foot and a half above the surface of the beach and if the investigators dig down in this spot for a couple of hours they will find an Elder Sign carved on a lead disc. This plate was attached to the keel below the water line and supposedly helped protect the ship on its voyages.

The Sacrificial Rock: an abomination. This flat rock has been chosen by Johnson to use in the ritual to feed the creature. It is over seven feet long and table-like, perfect for the job. It is soaked with blood while various portions of human anatomy litter the scene. Insects, birds, and small mammals have been attracted in great numbers. Seeing this place will cost 1/1D4 points of SAN.

Johnson's Hideout: Johnson is hiding out in the woods in a low spot, dark and dense with pines. He moves only by night and remains here all day. He does not sleep. His mind has been touched by the creature and by the terrible murders he has committed, and is now permanently insane.

Johnson appears dirty and disheveled and still wears his hospital whites, covered with dirt, gore, and spattered blood. Since being touched by the creature he has been imbued with increased attributes including improved night vision and extra-sensitive hearing.

The Lighthouse: the creature is securely ensconced on the second floor of the lighthouse (the third floor contains the inoperative light itself). A stair on the ground floor leads to a trap door. Anyone trying to open this will find it wedged shut with a resistance of 14. If an investigator manages to force the door up he finds himself confronting the alien creature. If the character does not lose his sanity give him an opportunity to Dodge; if successful, allow him to fall off the narrow stairway, avoiding certain death. He takes 2D6 points of damage, 1D6 if a Jump roll is made. If the Dodge roll fails, the creature attacks with a pseudopod to the face. The captured investigator is dragged screaming, legs kicking, up into the aperture. This investigator is lost.

The creature is naturally a liquid/gaseous state, but it can alter its mass and constitution for short periods of time, assuming a granular, blob-like consistency with which it exerts force, reaches out and captures victims, etc. It used this ability to knock down the back door of the sanatorium. It doesn't need to alter its entire body, only that portion needed to accomplish the task.

In daylight, the creature appears as a slowly roiling mass of gassy spheres, nearly transparent but with a shifting, oily iridescence. Prowling by night, the creature is nearly invisible except for small red veins of light that flicker through its mass as it feeds upon the life energies of small insects and animals.

Only semi-material, the being moves by stretching out like a gigantic slug. It is itself silent, but an investigator making a Listen roll detects its approach by the slight

crackling and popping sounds made as the creature consumes the small life forms in passing. It can assume a hemispherical shape nearly sixty feet across or form almost any other shape, including a ring surrounding the sanatorium.

While still in this embryonic form the creature is susceptible to damage from fire (2D6 points per five-gallon can of gasoline), exposure to sunlight (6D6 points for every hour the creature spends in the direct sun), or immersion in seawater (nearly instant death). It is also vulnerable to the Elder Sign and although it suffers no damage from touching it, it avoids coming into contact with such a symbol at all costs.

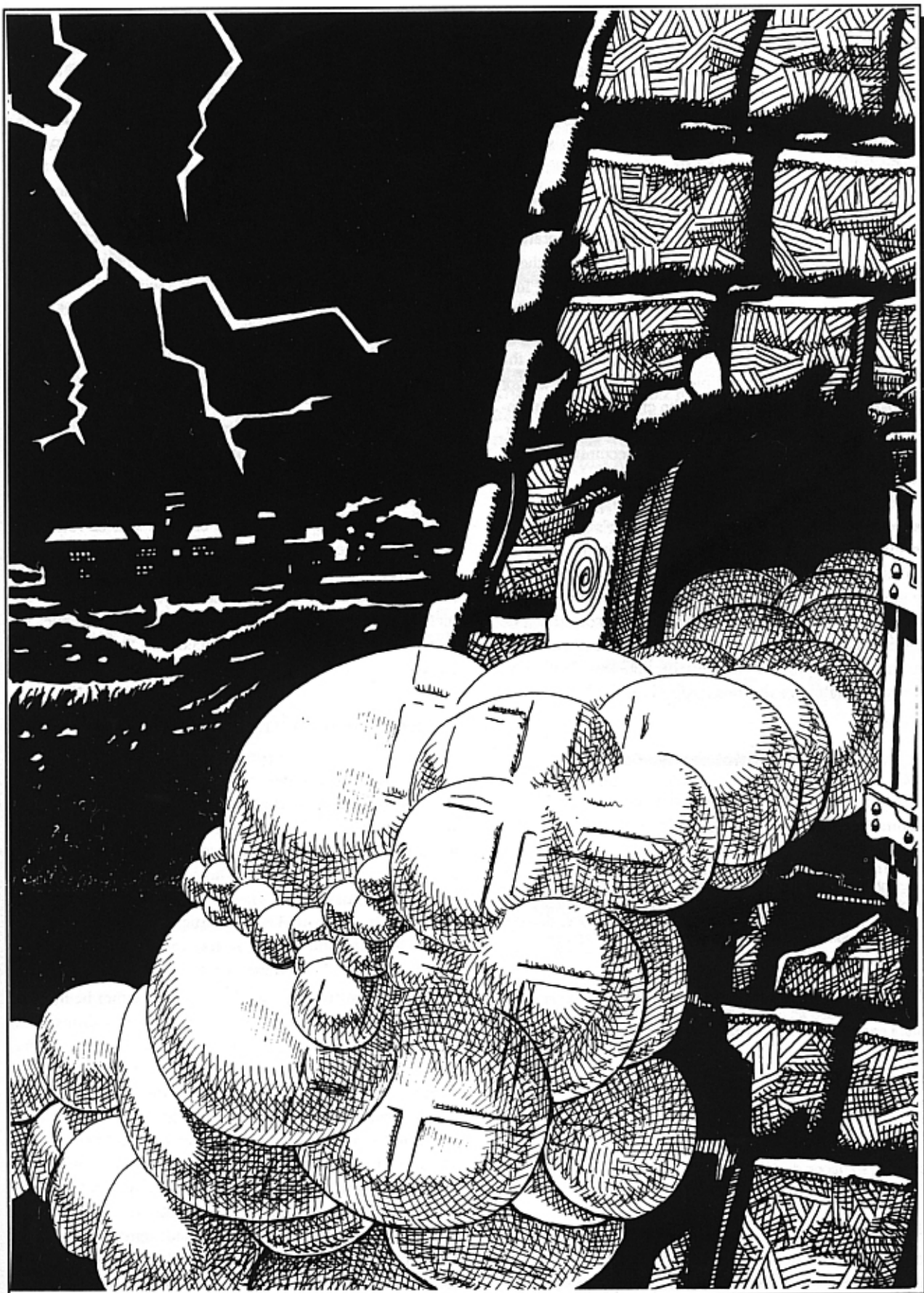
A Likely Chain Of Events

Some time during the night of the investigators' arrival (just about the time they have all the inmates nicely settled down and quiet) human screams float over from the eastern edge of the island. It is the beginning of another sacrifice. Accompanying the human screams is Johnson's nearly inhuman voice, intoning the horrible chant that must accompany the ritual. This event lasts approximately ten minutes. Listening to the agonized cries of the innocent victim costs the investigators 1/1D3 points of SAN. If an investigator can make a Listen roll followed by a Cthulhu Mythos roll, he is able to understand some of the chant and recognize it as a ritual intended to accompany the 'feeding' of something. If a character makes a successful Spot Hidden roll while scanning the rest of the island, he or she detects a soft red glow coming from the distant lighthouse. The red glow is a sign that the creature is feeding. It is unlikely they will reach the sacrificial rock before the victim is dead and Johnson long gone.

These sacrifices continue, one or more per night, until the investigators find and stop Johnson. Johnson only moves by night and the investigators may find him more than a match in the dark and fog. Their oil lamps (the sanatorium has plenty) highlight their movements in the dark. Johnson can follow them, launching deadly sneak attacks with his axe. But with any luck, the investigators should be able to track him down in his lair and subdue him. Johnson is sane enough that he surrenders if the situation is hopeless. Upon capture he suffers a complete breakdown and, if returned to the sanatorium, requires restraints to keep him from injuring himself. Stopping Johnson brings a SAN reward of 1D8 points.

During the day, forcing the creature out of the lighthouse can probably be accomplished by setting a huge fire on the first floor. The heat forces the creature to flee through one of the narrow windows to the ground outside. Unless somehow stopped it heads for the nearest dark forest to escape the sunlight.

Once Johnson is subdued, getting the creature out of the lighthouse is easier. As soon as darkness falls, the monster, knowing it has lost its servant, creeps forth. It attacks and



drains the life from anyone it meets on its way to the sanatorium. Reaching the sanatorium, it surrounds the building and makes attacks at anyone standing too near a first-floor or basement window.

People inside the sanatorium, once they realize the danger, should be able to avoid the creature simply by staying away from basement and ground floor apertures. The creature then turns its attention to inmates locked in their rooms, reaching through the windows and killing them in their cells. These individuals are trapped and the creature, once it senses their situation, makes short work of them. Investigators listening to the cries of the victims will lose 1/1D2 points of SAN for each person they allow to be killed in this terrible way.

Other inmates may lose their sanity after seeing the monster and do something stupid like running out a door and prostrating themselves before the creature in a demonstration of submission. The monster, although capable of it, hesitates to enter the building, fearful of becoming trapped inside.

In order for the creature to transform to its next stage, it must consume the life force of 9-12 (keeper's choice) victims, either sacrifices or characters it takes itself. If it cannot obtain its victims easily enough (or if it chooses to) it may attempt to possess a character (POW vs. POW struggle on the resistance table) to act as its agent. This could be one of the inmates or an investigator. The possessed character then attempts to provide food for the monster. How long the creature maintains this possession is at the discretion of the keeper.

The Creature from Another World

STR 40 CON 40 SIZ 32 INT 5 POW 38
DEX 16 HP 36 Move 6

Weapon: Pseudopod 95%, 1D8 damage plus 4 points of POW per round*

Armor: The monster is impervious to all attacks save fire, electricity, sunlight, and seawater. It regenerates 6 HP per round. Fire causes damage at the following rates: torch 1D2, 5 gallon gas can 2D6. Electricity: 120 volts AC does 4D6 points per round. Sunlight causes 6D6 points per hour. Seawater causes 8D6 points per every round the creature is immersed.

Spells: It can possess a character and bend him to its will if it wins a POW vs POW struggle on the Resistance Table. The possessed person can be used as a servant or as a mouthpiece by which the creature can speak directly to the investigators.

Skills: Hide in Dark 90%, Sneak 80%.

SAN Cost: 1/2D6

*Once the victim is struck the monster holds on with STR 40 while it sucks the life energies of its victims. The victim quickly blackens and shrivels as bolts of red, electric-looking energies flow from the dying investigator into the body of the creature. Witnessing someone die this way for the first time costs the viewer 1/1D6 points of SAN, thereafter 0/1D2.

Destroying the Monster

Fire is the investigators' best friend. Although the monster can quickly regenerate most fire damage, it always seeks to escape the flames. It may be difficult to actually destroy the

Creature with fire but it may be used to force it out of the lighthouse or the dark woods. If properly trapped, the investigators might use a circle of flame to force it off one of the cliffs into the sea. A burning circle of flame, if maintained, could possibly keep the monster trapped in the sunlight long enough to kill it. Luring it into the sanatorium then setting the building ablaze is another possibility. Seawater is near instant death for the alien creature and the surest way of destroying it. With an Electrical Repair roll, an investigator might figure a way to rig an electrical grid powered by the generator. Once on the powered grid the creature begins losing hit points at the rate of 4D6 per round and is unable to move from the grid. A second Electrical Repair roll must then be made, failure indicating the grid is overloading and shuts down in 1D6 rounds when the circuit breakers blow. The creature may or may not be destroyed by this time. This failure does not damage the generator and later attempts may be made.

The creature is also vulnerable to the influence of the Elder Sign and can not cross a threshold guarded by such a sign. If a person can hold forth one of these symbols and win a POW vs POW struggle, the creature will be forced to avoid the character. More than one character can join in this POW struggle, adding their POW to the contest, but each must be bearing a separate Elder Sign. By using this method, with multiple characters cutting off its avenues of retreat, the creature could be forced into the sea and destroyed.

Contacting Princess Annephs

One of Darlene's many personalities is the Egyptian princess, Annephs, a priestess of the cult of Bast. Around 1000 BC Annephs was the head priestess of the Temple of Bast. It was Annephs who stood against the mysterious invaders and turned back the horrors that came upon Egypt, that race of beings referred to only as "Those Who Wait." Praying to her goddess, Annephs learned how to destroy the creatures and, with the help of Bast, constructed many Elder Signs with which she and her followers drove the creatures into the mouth of the Nile where they perished.

To contact the princess, Darlene must either be hypnotized or treated with a special combination of drugs. She then regresses through a number of personalities until the princess is finally reached. If unable to hypnotize the woman, the investigators might try the combination of drugs listed in her file. Brewer experimented with several different formulas before hitting upon the right one and the scratchy, often modified notes are difficult to decipher. To successfully understand the drug formula requires either a Pharmacy or INT x1 score. Medical professionals may roll EDU x3 if they wish. The roll is not made until after the drug has been administered and if it is failed, the patient slips into a coma for 2D4 hours. If failed with a 95-00%, Darlene dies of an overdose.

Annephs, if contacted, is more than willing to help the investigators defeat the creature. She can give them information about its habits, its few weaknesses, and she can construct Elder Signs to help defeat it. The personality regression lasts about four hours, just long enough for her to make one Elder Sign. Annephs can only be brought forth once per day.

Failure to Destroy the Creature

If and when the creature begins its transformation there is little any investigator can do but flee for his life. The transformation lasts two to three minutes and is very destructive. The air begins to turn a sickly shade of yellow and, if it is daylight, the sun begins to dim. As the creature begins to swell and solidify, a great dark sphere suddenly forms in the sky above the creature, creating a sonic boom that knocks any character failing a DEX x5 roll to the ground for 1D2 points of damage. The ground begins to heave and buckle as bits of the creature tear loose, rocketing upward toward the dark sphere. Tree branches snap, flying skyward and huge rents open in the ground. If the metamorphosis takes place near the sanatorium, the building starts to sway and creak ominously. It soon collapses and anyone inside takes 2D6 points of damage if a luck roll is made and 3D6+2 if it is failed. Surviving investigators will suffer additional SAN losses of 1/1D2 for each inmate left trapped in their locked rooms.

As the ground heats up and the earth continues to crack, huge goutts of red light race skyward, accompanied by a horrible smell, and the investigators notice that the air temperature is steadily rising. Anyone fleeing the scene across level ground is subjected to 2D6 points of heat damage when the creature suddenly explodes upward and, in fragments, rockets toward the dark sphere. It appears as a huge red ball of pulsing energy and witnesses suffer an additional 1/1D6 SAN loss. Investigators fleeing down the stairs to the dock suffer only 1D6 points of heat (plus the SAN loss) but the eruption causes the cliff face to crack and fall. If a Luck roll is failed a huge section of the cliff face falls toward the character. A successful Dodge roll will have to be made or the character will suffer 3D8 points of damage from the hurtling boulder. Anyone attempting to save themselves by diving off the 100 foot high cliff suffers no heat damage or SAN losses but has to make a successful Jump roll to survive the dive and a successful Swim roll to avoid being swept out to sea by the current.

Awards for Success

Destroying the creature before it manages to transform gives the investigators an award of 1D10+4 SAN points. Whether successful or not, any surviving investigator who witnessed the transformation will receive 1D6 points added to their Cthulhu Mythos score.

The Blessing of Bast, a new spell

This spell was known to the high priestesses of Bast in the days of dynastic Egypt. The spell costs 4 magic points to cast and simultaneously heals 1D6 HP and replaces 1D6 SAN points. However, the recipient of the spell must successfully pray to Bast. This prayer can be easily learned from Annephs but the would-be recipient must make a POW x5 roll or less to convince the goddess of his or her worthiness. The spell itself is only available to consecrated priestesses of Bast and cannot be learned by investigators.

Statistics

Blanche Goddard Richmond, loving mother

STR 8 CON 11 SIZ 8 INT 13 POW 11
DEX 11 APP 7 EDU 14 SAN 25 HP 10

Damage Bonus -1D4

Skills: Cook Well-Balanced Meal 85%.

Henry Adam Barber III, rude young man

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 8
DEX 11 APP 10/6* EDU 15 SAN 12 HP 14

*In woman's garb

Damage Bonus +1D4

Skills: Debate 75%, Flounce 75%, Speak in Insulting Tones 85%.

Colonel Crandall Billings, senile patriot

STR 5 CON 6 SIZ 8 INT 7 POW 5
DEX 5 APP 9 EDU 14 SAN 11 HP 7

Damage Bonus -1D4

Skills: Holler Loudly 95%, Navigate Wheelchair 15%.

Mrs. Cecil (Carla) Randolph, alcoholic wife

STR 7 CON 6 SIZ 9 INT 9 POW 5
DEX 10 APP 7 EDU 14 SAN 12 HP 8

Damage Bonus -1D4

Skills: Botany 55%, Complain Annoyingly 90%, Make Unreasonable Demand 85%, Sing 20%, Sneak 65%, Speak Haughtily 85%.

Allen Harding, mad poet

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 9 EDU 14 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus +1D4

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 22%, Recite Yeats 95%.

Darlene, woman of mystery

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 14 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 10 SAN 35 HP 11

Skills: Answer Question Obliquely 80%.

Princess Annephs, long-dead priestess of Bast

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 16 POW 18
DEX 12 APP 14 EDU 22 SAN 85 HP 11

Spells: Blessing of Bast, Create Elder Sign, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt.

Skills: Anthropology 55%, Archaeology 65%, Astronomy 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 14%, First Aid 65%, Hide 65%, History 65%, Occult 75%, Oratory 80%, Sneak 85%, Spot Hidden 65%.

Leonard Hawkins, angry accountant

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 10
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 14 SAN 19 HP 14

Damage Bonus +1D4

Skills: Accounting 90%, Hate Women 90%.

Charles Johnson, insane Attendant

STR 18 CON 17 SIZ 18 INT 7 POW 9
DEX 12 APP 6 EDU 6 SAN 0 HP 18

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapons: Wood Axe 75%, 1D8+2+1D6

Fist 55%, 1D3+1D6

Grapple 35%

Skills: Climb 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 3%, Dodge 25%, Hide 65%, Jump 20%, Listen 35%, Pharmacy 15%, See in the Dark 85%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 80%.

James Shelly, an unlikely encounter

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 13 EDU 15 SAN 72 HP 13

Weapons: Pistol 45%.

Skills: Archaeology 20%, Botany 25%, Hide 55%, History 50%, Library Use 65%, Spot Hidden 75%, Zoology 75%.

Dr. Henry Tiller, a useful non-player character

STR 9 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 15 POW 13
DEX 10 APP 13 EDU 20 SAN 70 HP 11

Skills: Chemistry 65%, Credit Rating 85%, Debate 55%, Diagnose Disease 80%, English 80%, First Aid 90%, Hypnosis 50%, Latin 25%, Listen 45%, Pharmacy 80%, Psychoanalysis 80%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 55%, Treat Disease 80%, Treat Poison 65%.

Mansion of Madness

Wherein the investigators visit the house of a wealthy art collector, and find his collection of paintings to be odd but intriguing. Do they they offer a hint of things to come?

The investigators will be drawn into this adventure when they are asked to look into the matter of a missing Boston businessman. Andrew Keetling has been kidnaped by his lover, Josephine Garsetti, who holds him captive in her childhood home in Muskrat Rapids, Pennsylvania. She intends to sacrifice him to a strange being from the Dreamlands known as The Thing Hanging in the Void. Meanwhile, Zeke Crater, a Boston gangster, is trying to track down Garsetti. She has a magical object, the Dark Stone, which belongs to him. He wants it back. Unable to achieve this himself, he will probably prevail upon the investigators to help him, offering them a hefty fee for the return of the object. Both Garsetti and Crater are insane and the investigators will probably discover that they don't want the Dark Stone falling into either of their hands.

This adventure is presented in three parts:

Part One: The Investigation

This portion of the adventure is set entirely in Boston. Beginning at the Keetling house, the investigators follow a long chain of clues which may require visits to the police station, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Boston Univer-

sity, a speakeasy known as the Sailor's Club, and the newspaper files of the Boston Globe. They have a chance to meet with Josephine's ex-best friend, Andrea Pentargon, as well as the mysterious gangster, Zeke Crater.

Throughout this portion of the adventure the investigators may several times meet up with a mysterious dream-figure, part-ghoul and part-human, who alternately helps and hampers the investigation (see the section entitled "The Dream Ghoul").

Part Two: House of Dreams

Following the clues they find in Boston, the investigators travel to Muskrat Rapids, Pennsylvania, the hometown of artist Josephine Garsetti. With any luck, they rescue Andrew Keetling and either kill or capture the insane Josephine Garsetti.

Although they may recover the Dark Stone, they will probably not have it for long. Crater has sent some of his men to the area and they will attempt to buy back (forcibly, if necessary) the Dark Stone that their boss so desires. If the investigators somehow get rid of the gangsters and retain

The Dark Stone

The Dark Stone is a six inch long lump of polished dark brown crystal carved to vaguely suggest the form of the Thing Hanging in the Void. It was constructed in prehistoric times by a priest of Lemuria whose dreams had been touched by the Thing Hanging in the Void. The Stone, once impregnated with the proper number of human souls, will allow the Thing to draw nearer the real world where it can feed upon the human souls it relishes. Discovering the hideous plan of the priest, the Lemurians murdered him and buried the stone deep in the ground, erasing all records of the object and all records of the priest. This stone lay buried for millennia until late last century when it was accidentally uncovered by an amateur archaeologist and later sold to a collector living in France. Upon the death of the collector the piece, along with a number of other objects, was willed to the Miskatonic University but by accident fell into the hands of Zeke Crater. It is now in the possession of Josephine Garsetti. The Thing Hanging in the Void, after a wait of thousands and thousands of years, is now attempting to finish its plan.

The Dark Stone is filled with POW, very nearly pulsing with the magical energy stored within it. This can be sensed by almost anyone. Because of this, seeing the object for the first time causes a loss of 0/1D2 SAN.

Any investigator making a Cthulhu Mythos roll can identify the Dark Stone by name but unless they have read *Kingdom of Shadows* they will know little about it.

The Dark Stone's Capabilities and Powers

The possessor of the figurine can harness special powers. Exact knowledge of these abilities can only be gained by reading the book, *Kingdoms of Shadows* or possibly by experimentation (although vague ideas will filter into the possessor's mind within a few hours of picking up the thing).

First, the possessor's POW and magic points are increased by 10, whenever the figurine is on his or her person.

Relinquishing the stone becomes difficult after possessing it for a time. A strange feeling of reluctance will come over anyone who tries to put the stone down. Any investigator possessing the stone for more than 24 hours must roll less than their POW x(5 minus the number of weeks they have had the stone) to give the object up. If the stone has been possessed for less than 24 hours, an investigator will only feel a mild unwillingness to relinquish it — which is easily overcome. To break the hold the stone has on a person it must be clearly given away. Simply placing it in a safety deposit box or some such thing does not constitute giving up possession and the stone will continue to work its effect on the person. Donating the item to Miskatonic University or similar place may be the safest bet.

The stone cannot be destroyed by any science known in the 1920s.

Finally, the holder of the Dark Stone has a certain immunity to the awful gaze of The Thing Hanging in the Void (but at the cost of becoming receptive to its dream sending ability).

Because the Thing Hanging in the Void now dwells so near the real world, an investigator in possession of the Dark Stone is in extreme danger. Within a day or two the Thing will begin making nightly attempts to "send" dreams to the investigator. These dreams will always convey a sense of well-being, centering around a conversation with an odd but friendly animal-headed person in a safe, comfortable place such as a quiet forest glen or well-lit sidewalk cafe. The type of animal will be whatever the investigator's innermost preferences indicate to the Thing's insidious mind probing: a tabby cat, a bright-eyed deer, a cute little white rabbit. In these conversations the dream being will always urge the investigator to "extend the invitation to the One" (i.e. invite the Thing to take up residence in your home).

Anyone who experiences such a dream can refuse to "make the invitation" by rolling POW x(5 minus the number of weeks the Stone has been possessed) or less. Failure to make the roll means the Thing Hanging in the Void appears in the investigator's house in whichever room it chooses.

The Dark Stone Spells

These spells become known to the possessor of the Stone only by reading *Kingdom of Shadows* or by having intimate contact with the Thing Hanging in the Void. The Thing will only teach an investigator these spells after it has moved into the character's home and driven his SAN to 0.

Drain Youth: Cost: 8 MP, 1D6 SAN. This spell allows the caster to permanently remove 2D6 points of CON, STR, or APP (caster's choice) from the spell's target. A successful magic point struggle must be made in order for the spell to take effect.

Drown Mind: Cost: 4 MP, 1D3 SAN. For each additional MP spent, an extra target may be affected. The target of the spell falls unconscious for 1D20 x10 minutes, assuming the caster can successfully overcome the target's MP. The victim awakes suffering the effects of nausea as described below. If the target successfully resists the attack of the spell, he stays conscious but feels as if he is falling into a bottomless well and is afflicted with the nausea for 1D4 x15 minutes.

The effect of the nausea is to temporarily reduce all physically related skills by one half. Each target of the spell can resist separately.

possession of the Dark Stone, Crater sends other, more alien, henchmen to obtain his goal.

Worst of all, while in Pennsylvania, the investigators will probably stumble upon the Thing Hanging in the Void which now is dwelling so near the real world that it can be encountered in one of the rooms of the house.

Part Three: Tracking Down Crater

In this final chapter, the investigators return to Boston to deal with the Boston crime lord, the depraved and insane Zeke Crater. More than likely they wish to retrieve the Stone, or simply attempt to revenge themselves for some-

thing that Crater has earlier done to them. The final secrets and horror await the investigators in Crater's dark and (almost) deserted mansion.

Three Villains

This scenario revolves around the wants and needs of three different antagonists: Josephine Garsetti, Ezekiel Crater, and the Thing Hanging in the Void.

Josephine Garsetti: Born and raised in an isolated house outside of Muskrat Rapids, Pennsylvania, Garsetti, as a young girl, was contacted, then taken over by the hideous Thing in the Void. Swayed by the Thing's desires, Garsetti

eventually moved to Boston, attending art school but at the same time blindly seeking a mysterious powerful object, the Dark Stone, whose existence the Thing could but dimly perceive from its home in the Dreamlands. Garsetti eventually located this object and, with the use of sinister magic, wrested it away from its owner, the gangster Zeke Crater. Garsetti then began a series of human sacrifices, bathing the stone in the blood of her victims. These rites were intended to allow the Thing to draw closer to the real world.

Betrayed by her friend, Andrea Pentargon, Garsetti's cult was broken up by police, who captured or killed almost every member. Garsetti escaped and fled back to her childhood home in Muskrat Rapids, taking with her her present lover, the near-helpless Andrew Keetling. Very soon Andrew will be sacrificed to the frightful Thing in the Void.

Zeke ('the geek') Crater: Zeke is a long time Boston gangster and bootlegger who heads a fair-sized operation out of a waterfront speakeasy called "The Sailor's Club." Crater, a couple years ago, accidentally took possession of the Dark Stone and discovered at least one of its powers. Although long known as a dapper womanizer, under the influence of the Dark Stone, Crater's appetites noticeably increased and soon it was rumored that he was staging wild orgies in his isolated mansion on the coast.

Josephine Garsetti, subconsciously seeking out the Stone, began attending these parties, gradually maneuvering herself closer to the crime lord. When a private liaison was finally made she used the opportunity to cast a spell upon the gangster which, while it did not kill him, caused a terrible alteration in his physiognomy. Horribly altered, Crater now keeps himself locked away in his now lonely and near-deserted mansion, moving only at night, keeping himself hidden as much as possible under the folds of a voluminous cape. He thinks he has discovered a way to reverse his affliction but needs the power of the Dark Stone to effect the transformation. Garsetti keeps herself magically protected from Crater so he will attempt to use the investigators to retrieve the Stone for him.

The Thing Hanging in the Void: This strange and malign being is mentioned in few Mythos tomes. A dweller in the Dreamlands, the Thing feasts upon, and in fact is composed of, human souls. The site of the Garsetti house in Muskrat Rapids is the place in the real world nearest to the home of the Thing. The Thing managed to enter into the dreams of the teenaged Josephine Garsetti and, after a time, took possession of her life. This monstrous being has subtly controlled the woman ever since and used her to seek out the Dark Stone. The human sacrifices Garsetti has committed over the stone have brought the Thing much nearer the real world. Soon it will be close enough to enter the dreams of the residents of Muskrat Rapids and touch off a night of madness and murder, a feast of human souls that the Thing would greatly enjoy.



Sarah Keetling

The Stone is now blooded and bound to the Thing. If the Thing wishes, it can follow the Stone anywhere in the real world and appear in its near vicinity. If Crater gains possession of the object, before long the Thing will show up in his house, taking up residence in a spare bedroom and seizing control of the already insane Crater. If an investigator takes possession of the Stone for any length of time, he may himself be the unwilling host to the Thing Hanging in the Void.

Investigator Information

Andrew Keetling, 28 year old Boston businessman and patron of the arts, has disappeared. The police have been unable to uncover any leads and his sister, Sarah, fears foul play. She has contacted the investigators in the hope they can find her missing brother.

The investigators might be friends or former classmates of either of the Keetlings, or might be introduced to Sarah by a mutual friend.

The investigators know that Boston's Keetlings have a long-standing reputation as a quiet and conservative family. Other than as supporters of local charities and sponsors of civic events, they are rarely mentioned in the society pages.

Part One: The Investigation

The Keetling Residence

This large townhouse is located in one of the city's finer sections. Formerly the home of Andrew and Sarah's parents, since the death of their father and mother several years ago it has been solely inhabited by the sister and brother. The investigators are met at the door by Sarah (there are no full time servants) who welcomes them in.

Sarah, a somewhat plain woman in her mid-thirties, plunges into her narrative without preamble. Andrew, she says, has always been a quiet, responsible individual — at least until lately. A few months ago, he began associating with a group of young artists and before long was spending much more time with them than he was at home. At first, Sarah thought little of it, expecting her younger brother would soon lose interest in the bohemians and settle back into his normal lifestyle. However, as time went on, Andrew was more and more away from home and Sarah began to suspect he had fallen in with "a bad crowd."

Note Hidden in a Book

My darling Andrew, please meet me at the Sailor's Club tonight at eleven. Do not fail. I really must speak to you. An important time for both of us draws near. — Love, J.G.

— The Mansion Papers #1

"I think Andrew's been writing some very large checks, made out to people whom I don't know," says the suspicious Sarah. When she confronted Andrew with this he grew angry and refused to discuss it. "Later he apologized and explained the money had been spent on some paintings with which he intended to decorate his study." When he later brought the three paintings home, Sarah's suspicions grew. They were all by an unknown and certainly did not warrant the amount of money he had spent on them. "The three pieces were quite atrocious," Sarah complains. "Not only were they executed by a complete unknown, the subject matter is simply ghastly. Hardly the type of thing you would want seen hanging in your home, or even in a gallery."

"We had quite an argument about it but Andrew was vehement about their quality. He told me that one day this Garsetti person would be recognized as a modern-day master and that the three paintings would be worth a small fortune." A few days later, Andrew went out one evening and never returned. That was two weeks ago.

Sarah has notified the police but they have uncovered nothing regarding Keetling's disappearance. The officer in charge of the investigation is Detective Sergeant Patrick Devlin. Sarah is sure he is not doing a proper job.

She supplies the investigators with a recent photograph of her missing brother. It shows a thin man in his early thirties with regular features and sandy hair.

Sarah will add that she thinks Andrew met the creator of these "works of art" at the Boston Museum of Fine Art, where he is quite well known. She knows nothing more about the paintings or the Boston Museum.

Andrew's Study

Andrew's small study is dominated by three large, expensively framed paintings. They are clearly the focus of interest. One of the paintings hangs above the desk while another is suspended from the edge of a bookshelf covering most of the books beneath. The third painting hangs on the wall opposite the bookshelf.

Each of the three paintings is identified by a small silver plaque engraved with the title of the work. In the lower right hand corner of any of the paintings the investigators can find the artist's signature, "Garsetti."

First Painting: Entitled *The Dweller in the Void*, this painting depicts a large humanoid figure suspended in a distorted field of color. The figure is thin, malformed, its features murky. It appears mummified, decayed.

The eye is irresistibly drawn to the hanging figure. As one begins to pick out the details it becomes obvious that the thing is composed of twisted and tortured faces. Unless the person viewing the painting can make a roll of POW x4 or less, he suddenly sees his own visage among the tortured faces composing the figure. An investigator viewing his own face in the painting suffers a 1/1D3 SAN loss.

(This is a picture of The Thing Hanging in the Void.)

Second Painting: Entitled "Sylvan Night", this painting depicts a beautiful blonde-headed woman sprawled nude across a great rough-hewn stone. In the dark background can be seen pine trees, silhouetted against the sky. Above the treetops, seemingly forming from the very air, is a dark swirling mass, identity unknown. Something is very disturbing about the woman's sultry expression and a first time viewer loses 0/1 SAN.

(This is a self-portrait of Andrew Keetling's lover, Josephine Garsetti.)

Third Painting: Entitled *The Watching*, this painting shows a solitary building, a large mansion on the coast. Anyone viewing the painting notices tiny red points of light in each of the building's numerous windows and cracks. Increasingly, as the viewer continues to look at the painting, these red points become the most significant feature. A roll of POW x4 or less is required to look away at this point. If this roll is failed, the viewer no longer sees a building, but the multi-orbed visage of some titanic being, each red dot of light another staring, searching eye. Viewing this painting costs an investigator 0/1 SAN.

(This building is the near identical image of Ezekiel Crater's dismal mansion.)

Other Items: Investigation of the bookshelf will turn up travel guides, some books on geography, and a few tracts on ship-building. There are also many art books; about twenty large volumes containing reproductions of the works of well-known masters. There are no occult works to be found.

Investigators examining the bookshelf and making a Spot Hidden roll notice a few slips of paper sticking out between the pages of a volume of pre-Raphaelite plates. Pressed between pages 22 and 23 of this book are several letters written in a woman's hand. They are love notes written by Josephine Garsetti (see The Mansion Papers #1). None of the letters are dated.

If Sarah is questioned about the letters, it becomes obvious that she knows nothing and, in fact, is genuinely surprised to learn that Andrew was seeing a woman. Sarah implores the investigators to remember that Andrew is

The Dream Ghoul

The Dream Ghoul appears in this adventure at the whim of the keeper. It is a semi-corporeal dream projection of the kidnapped and temporarily insane Andrew Keetling. A product of the man's subconscious powered by the close proximity of The Thing Hanging in the Void, the Dream Ghoul treads unsteadily between the Dreamlands and the waking world. It shadows the investigators and when Keetling's personality dominates, tries to help them. Later on, when the Thing has taken more control of the Dream, it attacks and tries to kill them. As the adventure wears on, the Thing gains more and more control over the Dream Ghoul and the spirit-like entity becomes progressively more dangerous. Unless the ghoul is attacking, any violence against it on the part of the investigators will cause it to turn transparent, shimmer, and fade from view.

Encountering the Dream Ghoul

The party, on foot, after dark, becomes aware they are being followed. They notice that whomever is tailing them is preternaturally quiet (an investigator can never hear the shadow, even using Listen) and that the dark figure exercises little or no guile when it comes to hiding from sight. Whenever an investigator turns back, the figure is a block away, half in shadow, half in light. The brim of the person's hat casts a deep shadow over the figure's face, obscuring it. He wears a suit and an expensive looking overcoat.

If a player makes an idea roll, he notices that the shadowy figure seems to vaguely resemble the photograph of Andrew Keetling shown to them by Sarah. Even the clothing is similar. Without an idea roll they only notice that the shadow's gait is very stooped, and the feet don't look quite right.

If the investigators decide to confront the shadow, they find it can be easily cornered in an alley or doorway. Trapped, the shadow remains silent, except for a periodic snuffling, and stands relatively still. It allows an investigator to approach and remove its hat. Underneath is a wickedly smiling ghoul's face with whiskered, rubbery, gray flesh and smoky lambent pits for eyes (lose 0/1D6 SAN). If, after a moment's examination, they realize that the features are a distorted travesty of Andrew Keetling's face (idea roll), they lose an additional 1 point of SAN.

After the ghoul is revealed, it giggles insanely, snatches back its hat, and, knocking any intervening investigators aside, runs to a nearby manhole. There it turns into a silvery mist and disappears down through the small vent holes in the cover. Any attacks against it will cause it to disappear as described.

Questioning the Dream Ghoul

The next place the Dream Ghoul appears is on the door step of one of the investigators. The first sign of the ghoul's arrival is a penetrating charnel reek emanating from the area of the front door. A knock will follow. If the Dream Ghoul can get inside the house or apartment (and past a party of paranoid investigators) it passes into one of the investigator's rooms, sits down and removes its hat.

If the investigators ask the Dream Ghoul any questions, it answers in a hoarse whisper punctuated by ragged sniffing noises. The Dream Ghoul always speaks in an allusive way. Some typical questions and responses are listed below:

Q: Who are you?

A: "I am the dream of my mistress's lover, part myself, part Keetling-thing, and part something greater than us both."

Q: What are you doing here?

A: Keetling wants your help; the One in the Void wants your soul; I know not what I want."

Q: Who is the One in the Void?

A: "The One who waits. The One who hungers ever so long."

Q: Where is Andrew Keetling?

A: "In the dark, thinking of kisses, thinking of death."

Q: Why would you help us?

A: It pauses, the creature's eyes roll wildly, and a gurgle emerges from its throat, as if struggling with itself. "Am I a dreaming thing dreaming I am a man, or a man dreaming I am a dreaming thing?"

Q: Where is Josephine Garsetti?

A: "She is in her true home, obeying the One in the Void, dreaming of the future day."

Eventually the thing refuses to answer further questions, stands up, and, after turning pale and silvery, drops through the floor.

Fighting the Dream Ghoul

At some point, probably while the investigators are traveling to Muskrat Rapids, the Dream Ghoul turns hostile. The Dream Ghoul's sudden appearance and attack is unpredictable. If questions are shouted at it the creature wails and clutches at its head, then redoubles its attacks.

If the investigators are traveling by train it attacks them in their sleeping berths. If the investigators choose to travel by car, the Dream Ghoul attacks whenever they stop to rest for the night. If the investigators intend to drive straight through to Pennsylvania, the Dream Ghoul attacks them inside the car, possibly leading to a fatal automobile accident.

During the dream attack the investigators move with a leaden slowness. They melee at half the normal rate while the ghoul fights normally, always getting the first attack in every round.

If 'killed', the body of the defeated Dream Ghoul shimmers and fades, grows insubstantial, then flows downward into the ground. As the body fades from sight, Andrew Keetling's agonized voice rises from the spot where the Dream Ghoul disappeared, pleading with the investigator's to release him from the "Thing's" power.

After the ghoul is defeated, wounded investigators find the damage they suffered to be far less than they thought and hit point losses are reduced by one half (round up fractions). Visible wounds quickly fade and disappear, remaining only as tingly patches. Any character knocked unconscious or 'killed' awakes with 3 HP. First Aid is not useful for treating the decidedly non-normal wounds caused by the Dream Ghoul.

Every few days after this, the attack may be repeated. The attacks do not cease until the investigators find and rescue Andrew Keetling. Once the young man is taken from the Garsetti house, his ghoulish dreams end.

THE DREAM GHOUL

STR 20 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT 11 POW 11
DEX 12 HP 12

Move: 9

Armor: None, but firearms do half damage.

Weapons: Claw 30%, damage 1D6+1D4*

Bite 30%, 1D6+1D4* (Worry, STR vs. STR to break hold)

* All damage is halved after awakening from the attack.

SAN Cost: 0/1D6 (+1 if recognized as Andrew Keetling)



Patrick Devlin



Detective Flannigan



Madelaine DuMort

properly retiring and rather shy around members of the opposite sex. She's never heard of the Sailor's Club.

Most of the drawers of Andrew's desk are unlocked; they contain stationery and writing supplies (pens, ink, nibs), but nothing of interest.

The lower right-hand drawer, however, is locked (STR 8). Sarah does not have a key but if an investigator makes a Mechanical Repair roll at +25%, he can spring the lock without damaging the hardware. The drawer contains Keetling's ledgers and a cursory examination of them reveals that he has most recently been importing Icelandic wool, canned European cuisine, and foreign language books. Further investigation of the ledgers requires the use of Accounting. If successful, the investigator finds the books to be in order with the exception of several large checks written to a person named "Josephine Garsetti."

If questioned about the Sailor's Club, Devlin will give them directions to the establishment located on Boston harbor. The place is well known to police and is protected by payoffs to the department. Devlin will feel compelled to warn them the Club is operating an illegal business.

If asked about the raid on the Sylvan Night, Devlin grows noticeably more serious and close-mouthed. He hesitates to discuss the details with strangers and merely recounts the story as it was reported in the newspaper. Only if the investigators succeed with a Debate, Oratory, or Law roll (or otherwise establish a rapport with Devlin) will he reveal the darker details of the cult and the numerous murders they are suspected of. He knows that the leader of the cult, Josephine Garsetti, escaped and he believes she is hiding out somewhere in the Boston area. Unless the investigators inform him of the facts, Devlin has no idea that Garsetti might be involved in the Keetling case.

Devlin possesses grainy photographs and detailed field sketches of each of the six victims in the case; these are not for the faint-hearted. Captions detailing the victim's name, where the body was found, and other technical details are noted on the back of each photo or sketch with a black grease pencil. Each lists the cause of death and all read the same: "Dagger wound to throat, followed by post mortem mutilation by human bites."

Devlin also has the assumed name and new address of Andrea Pentargon, the former cultist who turned police informant. She is under police protection and it's unlikely

The Boston Police

The officer in charge of the Keetling case is Detective Sergeant Patrick Devlin, a harried looking officer in his mid-forties. He is a big man with a doughy face and thinning hair, his forehead dotted by small beads of sweat. Devlin usually wears a plain light-colored suit one size too small for his bulky frame. A wrapped bandage on his left hand covers a wound he received while recently leading a raid against the Sylvan Night cult.

It is Devlin's opinion that Andrew had finally had enough of life with his domineering sister and ran away from home. "He'll turn up when he wants to," says Devlin. A successful Psychology roll indicates Devlin truly believes this.



that Devlin, who is responsible for her security, will readily divulge her location. However, it should not be beyond the abilities of the investigators to eventually acquire this information. If they can convince Devlin that Pentargon's help might locate Keetling, the detective reveals where she now lives and her new name, "Myra Smith."

If asked about Zeke Crater, Devlin can tell them the gangster heads up a big drug and alcohol business, probably headquartered out of the Sailor's Club. Devlin has heard that Crater's taken sick lately and underworld rumors say he is dying. Devlin doesn't know if there is any truth to this rumor or not. He can tell the investigators that Crater's underworld nickname, 'the geek,' stems from the wild parties he used to throw in his mansion somewhere up the coast.

Zeke Crater has many policemen on his payroll not the least of which is Detective Dave Flannigan. Flannigan's desk is quite near Devlin's; close enough to hear almost everything the investigators say. Once they have visited the station, the investigator's interest in the Keetling and/or Sylvan Night cases will soon come to Crater's attention.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts

This museum is located on the upper part of Huntington avenue in downtown Boston. Founded in 1870, it has occupied the present building since 1909. It displays, as the nucleus of its collection, works formerly found in the Boston Athenaeum. Perhaps its most famous works are the Stuart portraits of George and Martha Washington. Besides paintings, the museum also boasts a large number of statues, busts, and casts; a very noble tapestry museum; a fine collection of oriental pieces; and extensive collections of ceramics and metal work. The museum is open free to the public.

The Museum's director, Mr. Bradley Carrier, recognizes Keetling's name but can offer little information. He directs the investigators to Madelaine DuMort, an exhibit director and one of his assistants. She works out of an office near the back of the building.

Madelaine is an attractive woman of medium height. She has red hair and is usually dressed in a conservative, but stylish manner. She sits behind a desk littered with photographs of paintings, gallery schedules, pen nibs, small objects d'art, and several art magazines. Her Boston Brahmin accent is considerably less pronounced than the Director's.

Madelaine is already aware Andrew is missing and seems quite concerned. She tells the investigators she first met Andrew about a year ago while he was visiting the Museum. She was attracted to him when she found him looking with great appreciation at one of her favorite paintings, an Impressionist piece by Degas. After getting to know one another the two, at least once a week, would lunch together then spend the afternoon strolling through

Kidnap Victim Dies During Police Raid on Occult Ceremony

Pitched Gun Battle Ends in Multiple Deaths

Earlier today, proceedings of a secretive Boston religious group known as the "Sylvan Night" were raided by local police. Led by Detective Sergeant Patrick Devlin of the Boston Police Department, the heavily armed force of men surrounded a wooded area several miles north of the city, then closed in. Authorities had been unaware of the cult's existence but were tipped off to their activities by a former member of the group.

When police arrived on the scene, members of the cult were apparently in the process of performing a "black magic ritual." This shocking rite apparently was to include the brutal sacrifice of a young girl recently abducted from Boston's Chinatown. The kidnap victim was unfortunately killed during the course of the raid. According to Officer Devlin, who was himself slightly injured in the battle, twelve cult members were killed, two captured, and one believed escaped. The woman who escaped is thought to have been the leader of the cult and is still at large. The public is warned that she may be armed and should be considered dangerous. City Councilman Bradford Tibbins has assured the press that accusations of police brutality will be dealt with during the inquest scheduled for next week. Police have refused to divulge the identity of the deceased and captured cultists pending further investigation.

— May 22

— *The Mansion Papers #2*

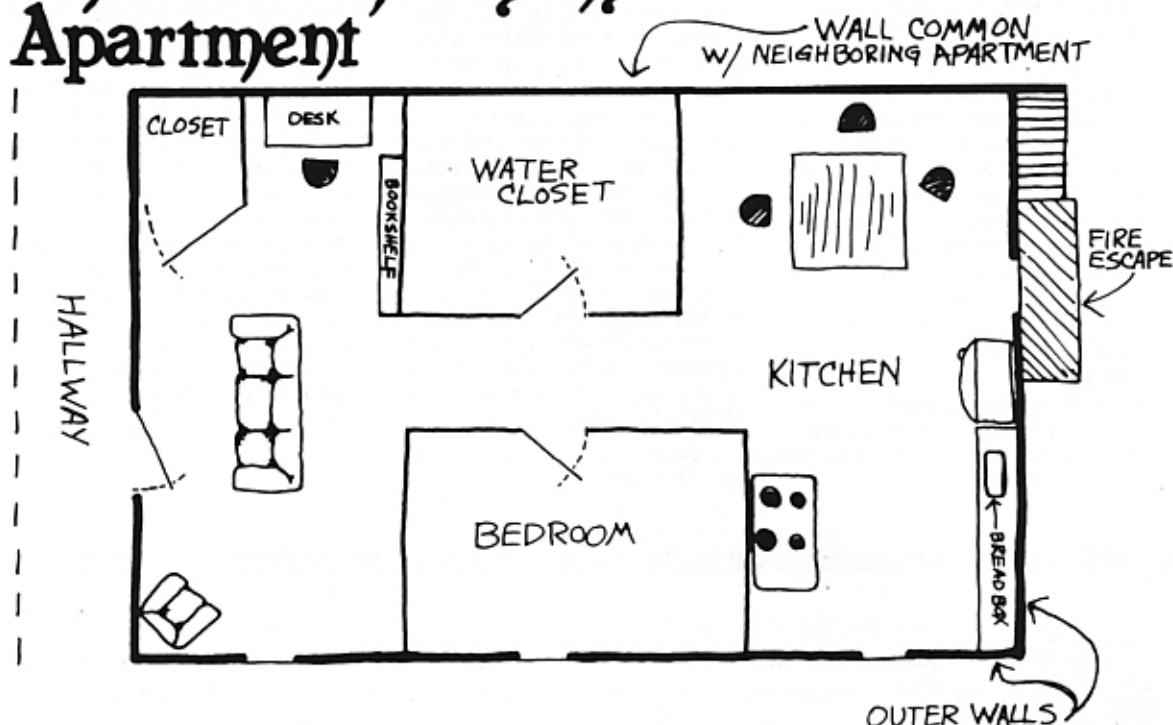
the museum. As far as Madelaine knows, these soirees were the only time Andrew allowed himself away from his work.

A couple of months ago Andrew began seeing a woman named Josephine Garsetti, a local artist who often visited the museum. Madelaine thinks Andrew met Josephine one afternoon when she was late for their regular lunch date. Madelaine discovered the two of them chatting together in the main gallery. After that, Madelaine's meetings with Andrew began to taper off. Madelaine believes Andrew was spending more and more time with Garsetti. (A successful Psychology roll informs the investigators that Madelaine is very fond of Andrew and is jealous of the attention he was giving the Garsetti woman.) Madelaine later heard that Andrew and Garsetti had taken to frequenting a disreputable speakeasy known as "The Sailor's Club." She does not know where the place is.

Madelaine believes Josephine is a drug addict and has drawn Andrew into the habit. To Madelaine's knowledge, Josephine's paintings have never been shown in Boston and adds that they would never hang in this museum. "They are grotesque and frightening," she complains.

Madelaine can tell the investigators that Josephine studied painting at Boston University, a fact she learned from an artist's resume Garsetti once sent to the museum. If

Andrea Pentargon's Apartment



the investigators ask to see the resume, Madelaine tells them she long ago destroyed it.

Boston University

The admissions office at BU can inform the investigators that Josephine Garsetti enrolled in school two years ago at the age of 18. She is an Art Major and her tuition was paid for by a competitive scholarship she won while living in her hometown of Muskrat Rapids, Pennsylvania. If the investigators try to dig a little deeper into her history (and make a Fast Talk roll), the admissions clerk will reveal a rural route mailing address in Muskrat Rapids, listed as the home of Josephine's parents.

Newspaper Research

Back issues of the Boston Globe can be found at either the offices of the newspaper or in the archives section of the Boston Public Library. In either place a successful Library Use roll will turn up a recent article of some interest (see The Mansion Papers #2). The event occurred just two weeks ago. The investigators' attention might be drawn to the name Patrick Devlin or the reference to the Sylvan Night.

If, spurred on by this find, the investigators continue to search the recent papers they find a related story printed a

few days later. It reports the deaths of the two captured cultists who died in their cells as the result of a fire. Oddly enough, although the two victims were charred beyond recognition, the bed-sheets and blankets were not even scorched.

Special Information: If the investigators seek out and talk to the reporter who wrote the Sylvan Night story, (and make a successful Fast Talk roll), they are told that during the raid several policeman apparently lost their nerve and panicked, allowing the leader of the cult to escape. If the investigators accuse the reporter of not printing all the facts, he tells the investigators the police have been pressuring him to keep this embarrassing aspect of the raid out of print.

The reporter's notebook lies on his desk. If anyone can make a successful Pick Pocket roll, they may sneak the notebook away for later perusal. Its contents reveal the unspeakable nature of the recent spate of murders and mutilations. In every case the faces of the victims were bitten and chewed. The bites were apparently inflicted by humans.

Andrea Pentargon

Andrea Pentargon is a short, dark-haired woman in her mid-twenties. Her face is finely chiseled, and would be

Passages from Scriptures of the Riven Valley

"Many stories of the area seem to have their basis in old Indian legends regarding a being that dwelt somewhere in 'the shadow land of the hills.' This 'god' could contact those it wanted through their dreams and command them. Often, those who would dream of this being would be driven mad. These unfortunates would end up being expelled from their tribes and forced into the wilderness to make their way on their own. The area was taboo to the tribes of the area but occasionally, one seeking wisdom or knowledge would, regardless of the risks, sleep in these dark and forbidding hills.

"An old woman told me a story about a neighbor who once, after suffering a particularly terrible series of nightmares, slew his entire family with an axe before hanging himself in his woodshed. The old woman told me that the man had always been a good husband and father but apparently lost his mind. She remembers her uncle telling her that old Martin Garsetti was a good man until they moved out of town into the new house he'd built for his family on the slopes of the mountain. This house was built in that area shunned by the local Indians. The house still stands and is presently occupied by other members of the same family, although none of them seem to have been afflicted by any form of madness.

"The Gunderson party was among the first whites to make a home for

themselves in the area and, despite the warnings of local Indians, built their first rude settlements among those hills the Indians so assiduously avoided. Although the early settlement seemed to prosper for the first year it was not long before tragedy struck. Apparently during the long winter one of the settlers lost his mind. When they were discovered by visitors from nearby Pittsburgh all the miners and their families were dead, apparently killed by wolves, their faces terribly bitten and chewed. Only one man's death was caused by other means, a single bullet wound to the forehead — an obvious suicide. Oddly enough, the marauding wolves did not see fit to ravage this body as they had the others.

— *The Mansion Papers #3*



Andrea Pentargon

beautiful, but when the investigators meet her they see dark circles under her eyes and a look of wild anxiety tightens her otherwise fine features. She also displays a number of unpleasant nervous tics.

Andrea was friends with Josephine for several years and knows of the woman's occult/cthulhoid dealings. She witnessed many of the human sacrifices conducted

by the Sylvan Night and turned informant only after breaking with Josephine and leaving the cult. Although she is under police protection (i.e. they have given her a place to live, and a new name), the authorities do not realize the extent of her danger. Andrea is insanely afraid of Josephine, but feels (wrongly) she has little to fear from Zeke Crater.

Andrea Pentargon lives in a run-down section of Boston's waterfront district under the assumed name of Myra Smith (this information can only be provided by detective Devlin). Her apartment can be found at the end of a darkened hallway on the third floor of an aging building. If the investigators knock she opens it only far enough to allow her to peek through the narrow crack. The slack, down-hanging loop of a door chain (STR 14) is visible near her hand. Pentargon fears for her life and the investigators must use Oratory or Fast Talk to convince her to let them in. Invoking the name of Detective Sergeant Devlin adds 35% to their chances. If the investigators attempt a violent entry, Pentargon attempts to call the police.

If asked about Garsetti, Andrea says she has known Josephine for a long time and up until recently they even shared an apartment together. They first met at Boston University where they were fellow art students. Both women shared an interest in the occult and both led what could politely be described as a "fast" lifestyle.

One night, while visiting a speakeasy called "The Sailor's Club," Andrea and Josephine met a man named Zeke Crater. Crater invited the two women up to his house "for a party and a good time." Soon they began attending Crater's orgies regularly and the two even staged a competition of sorts, both of them attempting to have sexual liai-

Scriptures of the Riven Valley

Copies of this book can be encountered in Andrea Pentargon's apartment and if missed there, in the Garsetti home.

Scriptures of the Riven Valley, by Flan O'Leary

Printed 1902 (first edition)

English

+5% to Cthulhu Mythos Knowledge

x1 Spell Multiplier

-1D6 SAN

O'Leary was a well-known anthropologist and author of several books. *Scriptures* is a study of the cultures of the hill people of central Pennsylvania, Virginia, and West Virginia. His last published work, *Scriptures* was an unusual departure from his normal scholarly approach and cost him much in the way of credibility among his colleagues. Of most interest to the investigators is a section that deals with a series of legends, based on old Indian tales, prevalent among the hill peoples around Muskrat Rapids, Pennsylvania.

Excerpts from a Diary

This document is found in Andrea's bead purse. Note: only those entries with direct interest to the investigation are given here.

June 30, 1916

Dear Diary,

I don't know how to write about it but my dreams have been so strong the last few nights that I'm actually scared. It seems that I was in a big cave, all filled with glowing lights and then I heard a voice. A big voice, but it made noise only in my head. Like someone else's thoughts were there, racing around inside my skull. I can almost still hear it, whispering to me even as I write this. For some reason I am afraid. But it was, after all, only a dream.

August 28, 1916

Dear Diary,

I keep having the dreams about the voice. It says it wants to teach me things but somehow it makes me be afraid. I want to tell mother about it but somehow I feel she wouldn't understand.

As winter arrives, entries referring to the dream voice become more common; but Josephine remains undecided about listening to the mysterious voice. All her diary entries, however, adopt a darker tone.

January 28, 1917

Dear Diary,

I tell you I cannot stand this house. The walls are pounding in on me. I cannot get the dreams about the voice out of my head and even now I can see that strange cave. I hate my mother and I wish I could pass from this house into the warm darkness of the ground.

The entries retain this tone throughout the winter and spring of 1917. Pages at a time are free of words but are covered with intricate, convoluted cross-hatchings. At first glance the patterns only show a good sense of texture but at times faces seem to resolve themselves out of the dense layers of crossed lines.

June 29, 1917

The teachers at school seem so amazed by the things I draw. Some of them say I have real talent and should go to school somewhere to learn how to draw

better. I tried to tell them that I only draw the things I see in my dreams but I don't think they really believed me. Mother says the pictures are no good but I think she's wrong. The voice in my dreams says I could draw better but that I must get away from here. I want to leave this house as soon as I can. Mr. Matthews says there's a contest coming up in Pittsburgh. The winning entrant will be given an art scholarship to Boston University. I'm already starting on a picture I think will win.

June 30, 1917

The voice came again last night while I was dreaming. It told me that if I would listen to it and do as it says that I will have everything I ever wanted out of life. For the first time I opened my eyes and then I saw the voice and what it was. It was blurry so I couldn't see much but I know that it's awfully big. It showed me something I could draw for the contest and told me that if I did a good job I couldn't help but win. I think the voice really wants me to win and go to Boston. I hope it happens. I can't stand my mother much longer. I swear, she makes me so mad that sometimes I think I'll kill her.

— The Mansion Papers #4

sons with as many of the men as possible. Crater, Andrea says, was a wild man and, at the beginning of the orgies would make a point of killing several chickens and pouring their blood over a small dark stone that he always seemed to keep close to him.

Crater seemed attracted to Josephine and the two began seeing each other away from the regular parties. Then Crater suddenly dropped out of sight. Josephine told Andrea that she wasn't seeing the gangster anymore and wanted to start her own 'club'. She asked Andrea to join. Andrea claims she declined the opportunity and did not attend the early meetings of the 'Sylvan Night' club but Josephine eventually convinced her to "come along and give it a try." She and Josephine, along with about a dozen people from Crater's old group, met in a dark wooded area several miles north of the city. Andrea says she was shocked when, at the height of the festivities, Josephine ruthlessly murdered one of the other cult members. She then used the victim's blood to wash the same small dark stone that had formerly belonged to Crater. Andrea says this horrified her and she quit the group and moved out of the apartment she had been sharing with Garsetti. (A successful Psychology roll shows this to be a fabrication. If the truth is ever learned, it will be

found that Andrea was in on the activities from the beginning and only after several meetings did she grow fearful and go to the police.)

Should the investigators ask Andrea about Josephine's paintings, she gets a wistful, almost enraptured look on her face and says she thinks they are marvelous. "Despite the things that Jodie might have done, I still think they are the most true paintings I have ever seen. They really show things the way they are." If the investigators mention the painting entitled *The Dweller in the Void*, Andrea says quietly, "Jodie told me she painted that one from memory. She claims to have really seen it in a dream. Incredible, isn't it?"

If Andrea grows to trust the investigators she may reveal her deepest fear: "You know I took an oath to die for the Sylvan Night rather than ever betray it. I remember thinking at the time that it was thrilling to say something like that and really be with a group of people who all believed in the same kind of things I did. But now I'm just afraid of what it really means. I'm really afraid they're going to somehow make me die."

If Andrea becomes friendly with the investigators, she may accompany them to the Sailor's Club, a place where she and Josephine (and others) spent many an evening together.

Depending upon Andrea's reaction to the investigators she may or may not divulge the following bits of information:

- Josephine was born and raised in Muskrat Rapids, Pennsylvania. The exact address is found in a tattered pocket address book kept in Andrea's purse.
- If questioned about the book, *Scriptures of the Riven Valley* (found in Pentargon's apartment), she says that Josephine lingered over the passages in the book that dealt with secret rituals practiced in the Pennsylvania hills.

Clues in Andrea's Apartment

On a shelf in the front room is a Boston University yearbook from the last year. The book contains portrait photos of both Pentargon and Garsetti as well as a picture of them posing with other members of the Art Club. Andrea will show these to the investigators if they ask for a picture of Josephine.

Among the other books on this shelf is a copy of *Scriptures of the Riven Valley*, by Flan O'Leary. This is a Mythos tome and will only be noticed if an investigator makes a Cthulhu Mythos roll or takes the time necessary to plow through the thirty or forty books on her shelves. Published in 1902, this book details the practices of several rural American religious cults, some of which are said to be in areas adjacent to Josephine's home town (see *The Mansion Papers* #3).

Andrea's Purse

In this purse is a dirty and dog-eared address book. Inside is found a mailing address for a Jane Garsetti. This is Josephine's mother. In the event the investigators learn that Josephine has probably returned to her home, this address should come in handy. Also in the purse is a tattered diary written by Josephine when she was a teenager (see *The Mansion Papers* #4). Andrea stole it from Josephine, along with the copy of *Scriptures of the Riven Valley*, when she moved out of their shared apartment.

The gangster, Zeke Crater, seeks revenge not only against Josephine Garsetti but also Andrea Pentargon, the only other surviving member of the Sylvan Night cult. If Crater is aware of the investigators' actions, some of his thugs will have followed them to Pentargon's apartment. The first evening that she is left alone Crater comes to pay her a visit. The next morning her landlady, noticing the woman's door is ajar, discovers Pentargon's mangled body, limbs torn loose from the trunk and internal organs draped around the apartment like gory holiday garlands. The woman's head is missing.

As soon as Devlin learns of Pentargon's death he comes looking for the investigators, perhaps even suspecting them of the murder. It is unlikely that there is enough evidence to bring charges against any of them but Devlin, until he learns better, remains suspicious and apprehensive of the investigators.

The Sailor's Club

The Sailor's Club is a popular speakeasy located on the shore of Boston Harbor. It is frequented by a wide variety of people from many different social circles. Within its walls an investigator may well find a rum-running underworld type seated right next to a thrill-seeking debutante from uptown.

The dark structure housing the club squats on a muddy bank overlooking the harbor. A nearby run-down wharf is used to receive smuggled alcohol coming in from Europe and the Caribbean. The club opens around 8 PM and closes at 3 AM, seven nights a week.

The bar and stage area is a broad L-shaped room decorated in a seedy nautical style. The bar, seen immediately upon entering the door, is decorated with ancient, torn fishing nets draped with cobwebs. A large ship's wheel with several missing pins leans in one corner and the floor is coated with a thick gray-green mulch of beer-soaked sawdust. Alcohol is served in chipped porcelain tea cups.

Tending the bar is Randolph Smith, a young man of medium height. He has light brown hair, cold dark eyes, and a brusque manner. If any trouble starts, Smith draws a sawed-off double-barrel 12-gauge shotgun from beneath the bar and, in a loud voice, threatens to use it. Smith's skill with the shotgun is 65% (damage 4D6). He has 12 HP.

Smith has almost absolute control over the muscular club bouncer, Albert "Wiggles" Pantucci. Wiggles always asks investigators entering the Club to hand over any weapons they may be carrying. No firearms or knives are permitted within the walls of the club. Pantucci is quiet and stupid. His job is to enforce the strict "no weapons" rule. He comes by his nickname from the pleasure he gathers watching violators of the rule wriggling against the wall while he squeezes the air from their throats. He has become adept at catching victims in a crippling strangle hold (see below).

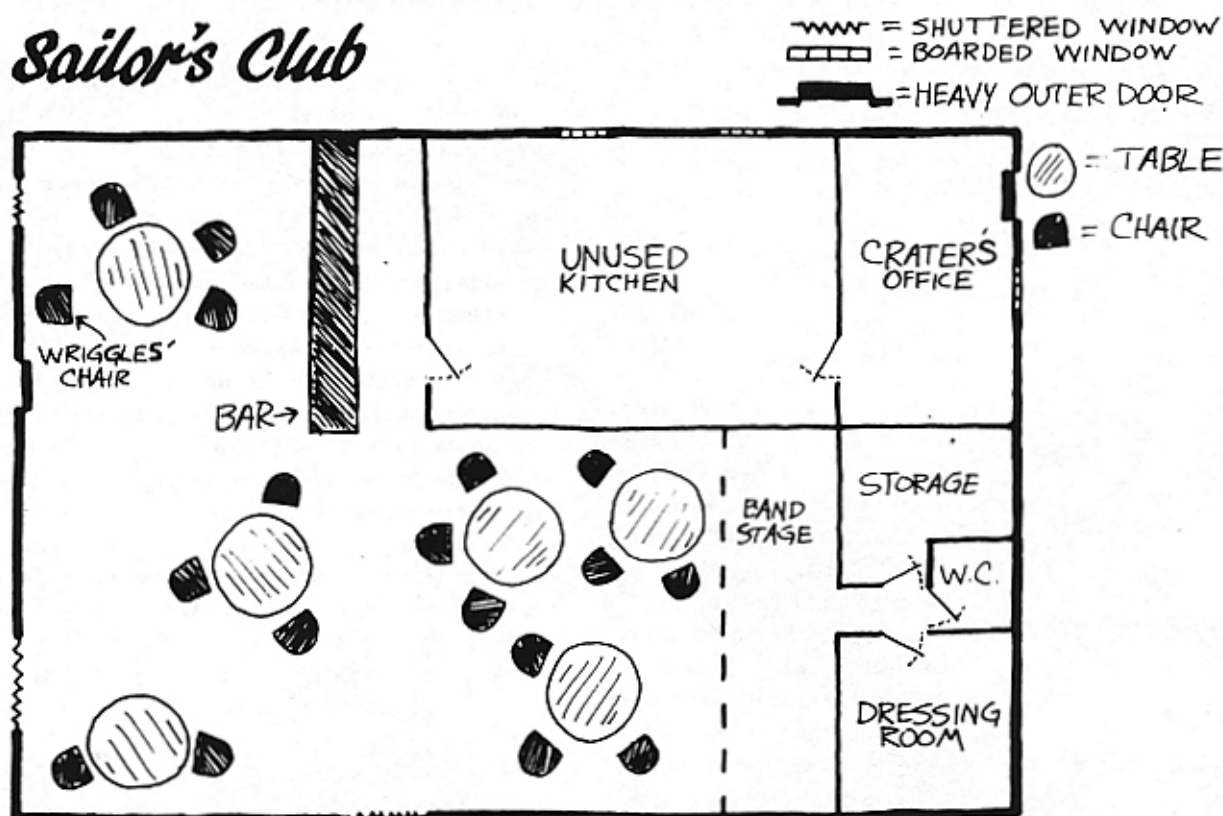


"Wiggles" Pantucci



Zoots Candlemar

Sailor's Club



"WRIGGLES" PANTUCCI, Bouncer

STR 19 CON 17 SIZ 16 HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Strangle Hold 70% (may be dodged or parried), lose 2 HP per round until victim surrenders or loses consciousness. Hit points lost are recovered within 1D3 hours except for one quarter of the points which remain as actual injuries.

Fist 75%, 1D3 damage; Kick 55%, 1D6 damage; Head Butt 65%, 1D4 damage; .45 Revolver 65%, 1D10+2 damage

The keeper may wish to determine whether investigators become intoxicated while at the Club. Beer at the Sailor's Club should be considered to have a POT of 9 and gin a POT of 13. These are checked against an investigator's CON. Start making resistance checks after the second drink has been consumed. If a character fails to resist, reduce perceptual and agility based skills by 10%, and by an additional 10% for every drink thereafter. It takes about 1D4+2 hours to shake the worst effects of the alcohol.

The Band Leader

A lively jazz orchestra performs here Wednesday through Saturday, starting around 10:30 PM. The performance continues, with ten minute breaks every 45 minutes, until 2:30 AM. The orchestra leader is a tall thin black man with graying hair. His name is Zoots Candlemar and he's a sax player.

If approached politely, Zoots will prove amicable. A successful Psychology roll indicates that Zoots is merely a nice guy, and has no ulterior motives.

Zoots' Clues: If the investigators ask about Josephine Garsetti, Zoots remembers her from her constant patronage of the club. Zoots says Josephine used to come here with a girl friend and then later used to meet with a certain group of about a dozen people — people with whom she was obviously very friendly. A couple months ago she started showing up with a young man, whom Zoots describes as tall and sandy-haired, and with an uptown manner (Andrew Keetling). If her other friends were in the club at the time they acted as if they didn't know each other.

The Gangsters

Two men are seated at a table near the corner of the bar. They are wearing dark pin-striped suits and fedoras. Casually studying the room, they alternately drink from chipped tea cups and pick lint from their lapels. The two are members of a rival gang, here just to check up on Crater and make sure he does his business by the 'rules'. Gang wars have been infrequent as of late and these two men are here just to make sure Crater's operations are on the up and up. Crater, and members of his gang, all recognize the pair and ignore them, knowing why they're here. If the investigators



Bobbie The Flapper

can somehow approach this pair and talk to them, the taller, darker of the two (named Vince) might respond. This guy has blue-black hair and a dark rime of five o'clock shadow on his face. The other man at the table is silent and will not respond to direct questions. Vince doesn't volunteer his surly companion's name (Eddy).



Roger Cross

Vince's Clues: Vince has been in the business for years and knows the full story of Zeke Crater — or at least the most common rumors and speculation. "Zeke", he tells the investigators, "was always a party kind of guy. Always dressed to the teeth, usually with a babe on each arm. Zeke would go out almost every night, drinking champagne or

just whorin' around. Then, after he got big and went out on his own, he bought that old house up the coast and started throwin' some really wild parties. All kind of shit was supposed to be going on up there and Zeke — well, Zeke was always one to party to the limit. One guy who went up there said Zeke was roaring like a madman, biting the heads of chickens and swiggin' expensive champagne right out of the bottle. That's when he got his nickname 'the geek'. Then, a few months ago, Zeke just sort of drops out of sight. Nobody sees him for almost a month. Then he shows back up, not looking too good and sort of hobblin' around. He's still runnin' his business but he don't get out like he used to. Don't hardly ever see him with women anymore either. Some of the boys think that Zeke's real sick and'll probably die soon. Myself," Vince says, "I don't really care one way or the other." Then he laughs.

The Flappers

Seated at a table near the foot of the stage are three young flappers. They are jamming with the orchestra and guzzling gin from coffee mugs. They are easy to approach. One, a tall, lanky girl who calls herself Bobbie, will, if shown his photo, remember Andrew Keetling.

Bobbie's Clue: She remembers Andrew but even more remembers his female companion and the way she dressed. "Her clothes were all weird and fancy like she was rich or from Europe or something, you know what I mean honey?" (Bobbie bats her eyelashes.)

A Shabby Individual in a Trench Coat

Roger Cross is a down on his luck private detective hired by the family of one of Josephine's earlier victims. His face is pale and thin, a dark stubble of three day beard shows in severe contrast to his unhealthy, translucent skin. He usually dresses in a rumpled and dirty light gray trench-coat and tan fedora, its wilted brim smudged with grime.

Although skillful in some areas of investigation, Cross is so beset by character flaws he has never achieved any notable success, either as a private investigator or as a man. Cross is an alcoholic and at times he may become completely vacant and inarticulate. He is addicted to cocaine and constantly sniffs while holding a crumpled handkerchief under his nose. If the investigators observe his actions, Cross sits quietly until shortly after 11 PM. He then stands up and, crossing the room, says something to the bartender. He waits impatiently while Smith disappears through a door behind the bar. After a moment the bartender reappears and nods to Cross who then steps through the door. After five minutes, Cross emerges from the door and re-seats himself at his table, taking a heavy nasal drag on his handkerchief.

If any of the investigators are also Private Investigators, they will recognize Cross with a know roll of EDU x5. Others will recognize him only with a roll of EDU x1 or less.

If the investigators befriend him, or lend him the \$10 he says he needs, Cross will share what he knows.

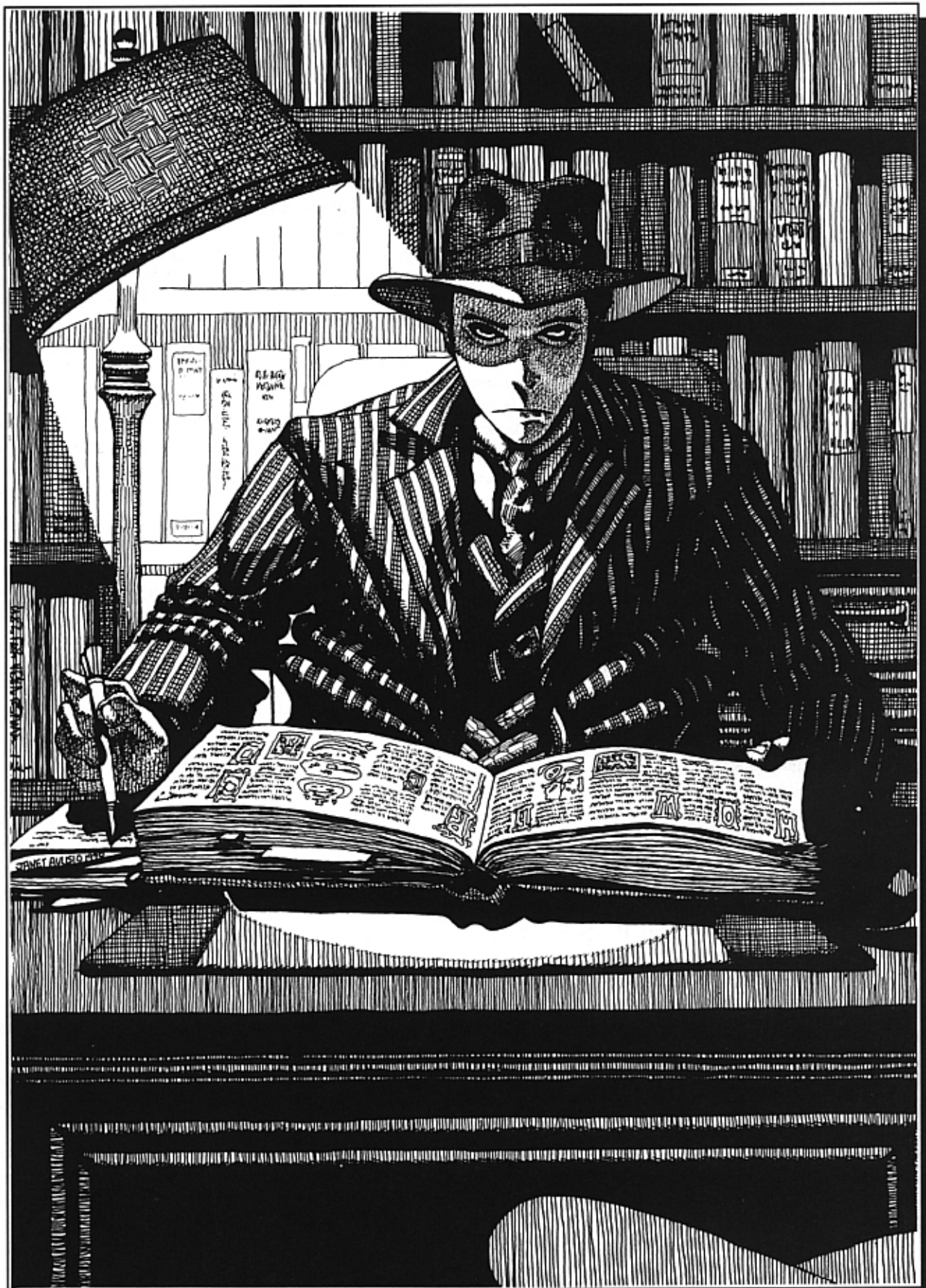
Cross's Clues: Crater is the crime lord of the wharf area surrounding the Sailor's Club. Anyone who has ever tried to horn in on his district has quickly and quietly disappeared. All drugs and bootleg liquor sold or distributed within a half mile of the Club pass through Crater's hands. He has been long known as a man with a large appetite for food, drink, and sex, but has for the last couple months been leading a much quieter lifestyle.

Two weeks ago Cross spotted Josephine in here with a sandy-haired man dressed in fancy evening clothes. Cross does not remember much more about that night, however, as he got too drunk to really keep an eye on the couple.

Unfortunately, Cross has not been able to make much progress in finding Josephine. He does know that Crater leaves the Club, without fail, every night at 3 AM. He has never followed Crater home.

Zeke Crater

If the investigators have made a visit to the police station there is a good chance that Crater already knows of them and what it is they are up to. The investigators will probably be unaware of this and in an effort to meet with Crater, may attempt some sort of ploy. They can pretend to be drug purchasers, or prospective alcohol wholesalers, or criminals offering to sell Crater some information. The keeper



Ezekiel Crater in his office

might require they make a Fast Talk on Smith before getting in to see the gangster. Crater does not usually check into his office until 11 PM.

If successful in their attempt, the investigators will be escorted through the door behind the bar, through an abandoned kitchen, and into Crater's office. (The abandoned kitchen is used to store crates of smuggled alcohol and other contraband, all kept covered under dusty drop-cloths.)

Entering the office the investigators find Crater seated behind a large desk covered with scraps of paper and soiled ledgers — Crater's business receipts. He is reading from a large book and hurriedly scratching down notes with a fountain pen.

He wears a wide-brimmed hat shadowing his features and an expensive suit barely visible beneath his flowing black cape. He seems in excellent health, judging by his remarkably smooth, unblemished complexion. An idea roll allows the investigators to wonder why a man Crater's age (supposedly in his forties) would have such a youthful appearance. What can be seen of Crater's features are waxen, and oddly immobile. His eyes are unblinking, large, and mostly inky black pupils. The skin on his hands is pale in color, and, like his face, is also smooth and glossy. His motions are quick, but seem oddly stiff and a bit clumsy. Oddest of all are several unsightly bulges under the crime lord's suit coat, around the area of his ribs. If any of the investigators impolitely ask questions about Crater's strange appearance he tells them that he suffered a number of serious injuries in the Great War and that they never fully healed.

Any investigators who are still suspicious may make a Spot Hidden roll (not everyone, just those who state clearly that their investigator is nervous and suspicious). If successful, they must make an idea roll. A failed idea roll suggests that Crater's odd appearance must be due to inferior cosmetic surgery, complicated by a profligate lifestyle spent mainly indoors. The bulges under his suit must be concealed knives or other weapons. However, if the idea roll is successful, the investigator realizes that Crater's skin is actually some kind of rigid, insect-like carapace, and that the strange bulges appear to be, not weapons, but body parts of some sort, which occasionally twitch and writhe! The keeper must write a note to the player(s) whose investigators gain this awful knowledge, and instruct them to make a SAN roll against 0/1D3.

Unclothed, Crater resembles nothing ever seen on this Earth. His skin is the shiny, off-white carapace of an insect (it will turn blows from knives and cudgels, and deflect the main strength of gunshots as well). His chest and back are banded with rib-like strips of chitin, with deeply shadowed depressions between. Folded tightly against his sides are four extra appendages much like jointed whips ending in sharp, bony hooks. High on his ribbed back are two small

projections, the stumps of the wide, membranous wings which Crater sawed off in order to pass as human. Below, his legs each have an extra joint. His feet have two long flexible toes and clawed heels.

As the investigators enter, Crater closes his book and puts it away in a briefcase on the floor. (Anyone who can make a Read Latin roll at -20 percentiles discerns the title of the book: *Kingdom of the Shadows*. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies it as a 17th century tome of great rarity.) He greets the investigators civilly but warily. Standing up from his desk, Crater bows politely to the group then sits back down. His voice is deep and rich, and his polite style of speaking indicates an intelligent and at least partially educated man. Apparently possessed of great self-control, Crater never smiles or frowns, no matter what the investigators say or do.

Crater will not introduce himself, and, at first, only asks what kind of "merchandise" the investigators are interested in procuring (or selling). If the investigators mention Josephine Garsetti he listens carefully to their questions. Crater studies the investigators closely during the interview and gently encourages them to explain everything they have discovered about their quarry thus far. He volunteers nothing himself until they finish.

Crater grows suspicious if any of the investigators volunteer that they recognize his book for what it is. He slyly suggests that they visit his estate some day soon to discuss the rare books and other antiques that they both seem to share an interest in. The investigators may be rightly suspicious of this invitation.

Crater's Clues: Once Crater has determined that the investigators are interested in Josephine and not him, or if the investigators reveal an interest in occult items, Crater launches into a story concerning an object that Josephine stole from him. "Yes, I know the woman, and she has stolen something from me that I would very much like to recover," he says. He goes on to say that, for obvious reasons, he prefers to not involve the police. The object in question is a small dark stone about six inches long, carved from a very valuable brown translucent crystal. Crater offers the investigators a reward of \$2500 if they will track down the Garsetti woman and recover the object. Once they have it in their possession he would like it shipped to him immediately. This, he says, is for their own comfort, as viewing the stone for any length of time can have an unsettling effect upon the mind. He would rather not subject the investigators to such an experience.

Crater cautions the investigators further by telling them Josephine is an insane murderess, responsible for the ritual slaughter and mutilation of at least a half dozen people. She was the leader of the cult known as the Sylvan Night.

Crater says that Josephine is hiding out from the police, trying to rebuild her base of power now that the cult has been broken. He is not sure whether she is even still in

Boston and tells the investigators, rather pointedly, that she may have fled back to her hometown of Muskrat Rapids, Pennsylvania.

Crater does not want to seem like he knows too much about Josephine, so he will not volunteer any specifics about her and the cult. He understands enough about the protective magic Garsetti uses to believe that if the investigators go after her while working directly for him, they will probably not be able to get near her. Crater will, however, make every effort to point them in the right direction. If not already known to the investigators, Crater can provide the following leads:

- Josephine had a friend, a young lady named Andrea Pentargon, with whom she shared many secrets. The girl seems to have left town, with no forwarding address. Crater believes she may know something of Josephine's whereabouts.
- Josephine attended Boston University; perhaps they can uncover some of her background there, if they can avoid making the staff suspicious.

Crater must convince someone to retrieve the Stone for him, as Josephine has erected several powerful Bone Totems (see the following chapters for more information) around her house to prevent him, or any who directly serve him, from entering the area. Given that the investigators want to find Josephine anyway, he feels they will be the perfect tools to realize his plans.

If the investigators should threaten or attack Crater, he cries out, bringing to the rescue the bartender, Randolph Smith, who appears in the doorway after two combat rounds, followed shortly by Wiggles Pantucci. Smith is

armed with his 12-gauge, double barreled sawed-off shotgun. He asks the investigators to surrender before firing. If the investigators surrender they are escorted to the door and never permitted within the walls of the Sailor's Club again.

If they actually manage to wound Crater, he flees out the boarded window of his office, which opens on concealed hinges. The only thing that could force him to fight would be the theft of his book.

Crater's Secrets

It was three years ago that Crater accidentally took possession of the Dark Stone. Found in a shipment of goods intended for Miskatonic University (mistakenly hijacked by some of Crater's men), the Stone was part of a small estate willed to the University by an alumnus who had lived in Europe. Crater at first viewed the crate's contents as useless but after reading the cover letter he found, he explored the items more thoroughly. One book found among the many in the crate was a copy of the *Book of Eibon* (English version). Within its pages Crater found a description of the Dark Stone and hints as to how it could be used. With some experimentation Crater found that if he kept the stone close to his person, his strength and endurance seemed to be increased, particularly his sexual potency. Further experimenting showed that if small animals (usually chickens) were killed in the presence of the stone that these feelings of power were increased even further. Shortly after, Crater began staging weekend orgies in his isolated mansion.

When Josephine showed up on the scene Crater had no idea that she had been led there by some supernatural being and no idea that she was out to take from him his precious Dark Stone. A few months later Crater met with Josephine in their fateful assignation. When Crater was at his weakest moment, Garsetti, aided by the Thing Hanging in the Void, cast a terrible spell upon the gangster, a magical curse that deformed him horribly. The spell would have killed most men but Crater was simply too tough to die. He somehow managed to make it back home and there lay near death for two months, slowly recuperating.

Crater spent much of his recovery time researching the mysterious *Book of Eibon*, looking for some way to change himself back to the man he once was. Although Eibon contained a little information about the Dark Stone, it only hinted at some of its potential. It was in the translator's introduction that he found a reference to an older book called *Kingdom of Shadows* which purportedly contained much information on the Dark Stone. Using his money and criminal contacts, Crater located a copy of the book in New York and arranged to have it stolen from its owner, a private collector. It was not until the book was in his hands that Crater discovered it was written in Latin, a language with which he was quite unfamiliar. Determined to find a way to cure himself, Crater bought text books and began to slowly teach himself to read the ancient text.

Excerpts from *Kingdom of Shadows*

Using the power of the Dark Stone one can wreak many changes, on both the world and one's self. Great are the promises of the Dark Stone and of The Hanging One, but great also are the dangers. It is said the user can stand transmogrified before the power held captive within, sickness cured and madness dispelled.

...The Dark Stone, of fiery Power and promise! The Stone was cleverly crafted in Elder Days by The Secret Messenger With One Thousand Faces (using hands not his own) to burn a hole between daylight and dreams. A passage by which the One Who Hangs in the Void could reach out and touch this world.

...Beware lest the Stone take the soul of the impious thief, though it may bring Power beforehand.

...Not only power can be obtained through the Dark Stone but other talents can also be learned. Secret are their ways and mysterious the callings, but great are these talents in the hands of the user who would know.

...The Stone was made to last forever and no known power on Earth can destroy it. It possesses those who possess it and it rules their lives.

He has, up to this time, faultily translated only small portions of the tome but believes himself on the right track. He has already learned considerably more about the Stone than he knew before and feels sure that the object contains the secret of returning him to his former self. He carries the tome, his notes, and his two Latin/English reference books with him wherever he goes. It is possible that the investigators might obtain Crater's book, either here, or later at his mansion (see *The Mansion Papers* #5). The book is in Latin but the following portions have been translated to English. If the investigators obtain the book at the Sailor's Club, only the first excerpt will be found in translated form.

To obtain the other clues, the book will have to be read by an investigator with skill in Latin. If the investigators get hold of the book at Crater's Mansion, all of the following clues will be found in English translation. Reading the *Kingdom of Shadows* requires at least three days time and a successful Read Latin roll. It increases an investigator's Cthulhu Mythos knowledge by 8% and costs 1D10 points of SAN. It has a spell multiplier of x3. If Crater's notes are read, it takes a successful Read English roll to decipher his scratchy handwriting.

Breaking Into Crater's Office

The investigators may want to break into Crater's office. He does not leave, typically, until 3 AM. The reinforced door at the back of the club is especially heavy (STR 22). The well-thumbed copy of *The Kingdom of Shadows* is not present. Crater carries the book with him wherever he goes.

Part Two: House of Dreams

Introduction

Josephine Garsetti, fleeing both the Boston police and the gangster, Zeke Crater, has returned to the place of her birth, a large isolated house a few miles outside the town of Muskrat Rapids, Pennsylvania. The destruction of her Boston cult, the *Sylvan Night*, is the first time in her life she has suffered a real defeat. Distraught and paranoid, she has murdered her mother and presently holds Andrew Keetling prisoner in an upstairs bedroom. The Thing in the Void wants her to complete this final sacrifice (Andrew Keetling) allowing it to institute its plan but Garsetti now hesitates, fearing that to do so might cause her harm. The Thing continues to urge her, by way of her dreams, but still she hesitates. If the investigators visit the property but do not rescue Keetling, Josephine, panicked, will probably commit the sacrifice that very night, unleashing the Thing upon the innocent dreamers of Muskrat Rapids.

Zeke Crater's two stooges are in town, sent here by the gangster to try and retrieve the Dark Stone. Garsetti (with

the aid of the Thing in the Void) has magically protected herself against Crater and his minions and they cannot draw near the house unless the bone totems are disturbed or Garsetti killed. Once this has happened they will be free to move in and attempt to take the Dark Stone away from the investigators. If the gangsters fail their mission (or if the keeper wishes) one of Crater's insectile 'children' will show up and attempt to steal the object. In either case, the investigators will probably wish to track down Crater and recover the Dark Stone.

Muskrat Rapids, Pennsylvania

Muskrat Rapids, founded in the first years of the 19th century, is a small community but growing rapidly due to the ever-expanding Pittsburgh steel industry. Most of the town consists of small, slapped-together housing intended for mill workers and their families. These houses are built haphazardly up and down the steep hills rising up either side of the Muskrat River. During the week the streets are filled with women and children on errands but on weekend evenings the men take over the town, crowding into The Pelt Trapper's Tavern, an illegal, but patronized establishment.

A general store and a three-story boarding house are also located on Main Street as well as a doctor's office. A dull shingle, hung on a leaning post, reads "Anthony Pritchard, MD". His medical abilities are at least average and he can tend to any normal injuries the investigators might suffer. The investigators may also want to bring Andrew Keetling here, should they successfully rescue him.

The Law

The County Sheriff's office, located next to the Pelt Trapper's Tavern, is manned by Sheriff Anson Varley and his five deputies. The steel industry has been attracting workers from all areas of the country, pay is good, and times are fast. The sheriff's office can sometimes get pretty busy.

Sheriff Varley's primary concern is pleasing the owners of the local mills, not aiding a group of outsiders against a local girl who may or may not be a criminal. Unless the investigators can convince Varley something is definitely amiss up at the old Garsetti place, it is unlikely he will respond favorably to their demands for help (Debate or Law rolls are at -20).

The sheriff will become involved if he witnesses a criminal act committed by Josephine, or if the investigators can show him evidence of foul play (such as a body). In such a case, Varley is willing to help, but also wants to keep any mysterious doings under wraps.

Inquiries anywhere around Muskrat Rapids soon turn up the location of the old Garsetti house. However, after giving directions, the face of whoever the investigators are talking to suddenly clouds with concern. "By the way, Mrs. Garsetti hasn't been seen in town for almost two weeks

now, stranger. Do you know anything about the old lady that the Sheriff ought to hear?" They glance suspiciously at the investigator. Further inquiries into Mrs. Garsetti's mysterious absence reveal only that no one in town has gone up and checked at the house. Privacy is a valued commodity here.

One old man might tell the following rambling story about less recent goings-on: "That pretty young Josephine was always a strange one, — you could tell by lookin' at her she was just plain wicked. She lit out of here after finishing high school and after foolin' around with just about all the menfolk in town. She caused a bit of trouble with some of the wilder local boys when she got to be a young woman. Most folks around here were real glad she went off to Boston or wherever it was she went. She just wasn't like the rest of the folks from around here."

The Strangers

Crater has already sent two of his men down here to try and retrieve the Dark Stone, a task they failed due to Garsetti's magical bone totems. They are now under orders to hang around town and wait for the investigators to show up. The two East Coast hoods, dressed in pin-striped suits and fedoras, stand out like sore thumbs among the semi-rural blue-collar locals. If the investigators spend any amount of time in town, they are sure to notice this pair.

The two gangsters have already visited the Garsetti home but when they tried to approach the place they were beset by an unreasoning fear and ran away. Chagrined, they phoned the boss and lied to him, telling him that they been out to the place and found nothing, neither the woman or the stone. The angry, frustrated Crater, knowing the investigators were sure to show up there sooner or later, told his two gunzels to stay put and to keep an eye out for the characters. They are under orders to not interfere with the investigators until such time as they have the Dark Stone in their possession. Once the investigators get their hands on it the pair of gangsters is supposed to "relieve them" of it and whisk it back to Boston.

The two goons will follow the investigators out to the house and observe their actions from a safe distance. If the investigators uproot even one of the bone totems, the field of protection will be broken. The gangsters will be aware of this, suddenly noticing that they are no longer fearful of the place. They may choose to move in closer.

Two Tough Goons

Chuckie the Rat

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 15 APP 12 EDU 8 SAN 40 HP 13

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Fist 65%, 1D3 damage

Kick 35%, 1D6 damage
.45 Automatic 75%, 1D10+2 damage.

Skills: Dodge 55%, Drive Automobile 65%, Fast Talk 65%, Hide 75%, Pick Pocket 65%.

Big Al

STR 17 CON 16 SIZ 17 INT 8 POW 10
DEX 10 APP 10 EDU 6 SAN 30 HP 17

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapons: Fist 55%, 1D3 damage
Head Butt 75%, 1D4 damage
.38 Automatic 45%, 1D10 damage.

Skills: Dodge 35%, Drive Automobile 45%, Hide 65%.

The Garsetti Property

Following the directions learned in town, the investigators find themselves on a narrow, seldom-used road screened on both sides by a dense growth of brush, hedges, and trees. The Garsetti house is surrounded by tall unkempt hedges and a number of hoary oaks.

The Bone Totem Barrier

A Spot Hidden at -30 reveals the presence of one of the bone totems hidden in the hedges, carefully camouflaged with leaves and vines. Their bases are driven deep into the ground and resist uprooting with a STR of 18.

There are four of these very powerful objects hidden amidst the hedges and trees surrounding the Garsetti house. They are located at the four cardinal points of the compass and were erected by Josephine using knowledge provided her by The Thing Hanging in the Void.

Each of the totems, which resemble small vaguely humanoid figures, are between two and four feet in height and composed of carefully gnawed and shaped human bones. The bones are bound together with various odd materials including sinew, old twine, knotted rags, dried intestines, and an unidentifiable adhesive substance that gives off an nauseating stench. Close examination of a totem leads the investigator to discover these disgusting details and requires a SAN roll against a loss of 0/1.

The field of protection created by the totems is effective against only Crater and his minions. Although the field is invisible, the use of such things as the Powder of Ibn Ghazi reveals the area of protection as a dark zone of shadow.

Dry Well: This old brick well to the south of the house is boarded over with heavy, rotting timbers, STR 8 for purposes of breakage. A quick insertion of the nose will detect an immediate, and overpowering stench of rotting flesh. The body of Josephine Garsetti's mother lies at the bottom. Her throat is cut and what's left of her rotting face still shows signs of the bite marks inflicted by her insane daughter. If someone enters the well and finds the corpse they lose 1/1D4 SAN points.



Josephine Garsetti

Josephine Garsetti

Unless the keeper has other ideas, Josephine hides within the house, slyly watching the investigators from a curtained window. She is a reasonably dangerous opponent but probably outmatched by most groups of investigators. Josephine has no real wish for a fatal confrontation with the armed investigators but a dogged group should be able to track her down and force an end to her depraved activities. She always keeps the Dark Stone on her person and she will never voluntarily surrender it.

Josephine Garsetti is slightly more than five feet tall, has strawberry-blond hair, prominent blue eyes, and is possessed of a very slender build. Her clothing is of the latest style tastefully displaying just a hint of provocative decadence.

Suggested strategies for Josephine: Josephine will cast the Drown Mind spell over investigators she discovers in and around the house, then take Andrew and hide in the woods in the vicinity of the house and wait for them to go away. Dragging the nearly unconscious Andrew through the grass leaves a trail of crushed vegetation. A successful Track roll allows the investigators to discover and follow this trail into the woods. If followed, Josephine will use her more

potent spells (such as Drain Youth) in an attempt to drive away the persistent investigators.

If the investigators find Andrew and take him from the house without encountering the villainess herself, Josephine will hide in the woods until they are gone. Unless the investigators hunt her down and stop her, Josephine will, after a few days, emerge from hiding, kidnap the first available adult male, and complete the "Assumption of Night" ritual (described below).

The house itself is suffering from slow neglect, graying under a peeling coat of paint. The back door is spiked shut with ten-penny nails, giving it a resistance STR of 22, the front door kept locked. An investigator making a Spot Hidden roll on the back door notices the nails, and also that the wood surrounding the nails has been recently scarred indicating the nails were driven in not long ago.

The front door, if opened, sticks badly, and makes a loud shuddering and creaking sound, unless a successful Sneak roll is made. The door opens into a large foyer with several pegs for coats. A woman's coat is hanging on one of the pegs and with a Spot Hidden roll a crushed man's hat can be spotted laying in a dark corner.

Living Room: Like the rest of the house, a layer of dust coats everything. The house, though nicely furnished, seems lately ill-kept.

Dining Room: This contains a fine wooden table and six wooden chairs with scrolled arms. A single place at the table has been cleared, and kept very clean.

Storage: The storage room contains a few pieces of old furniture, apparently awaiting repair, and several boxes containing old clothes.

Kitchen: The kitchen is masked by a layer of recent filth including spilled food, half-empty cans of vegetables, and piles of unwashed dishes. Several plates have been wiped clean, and non-perishable items of food have been stacked on a shelf above the sink.

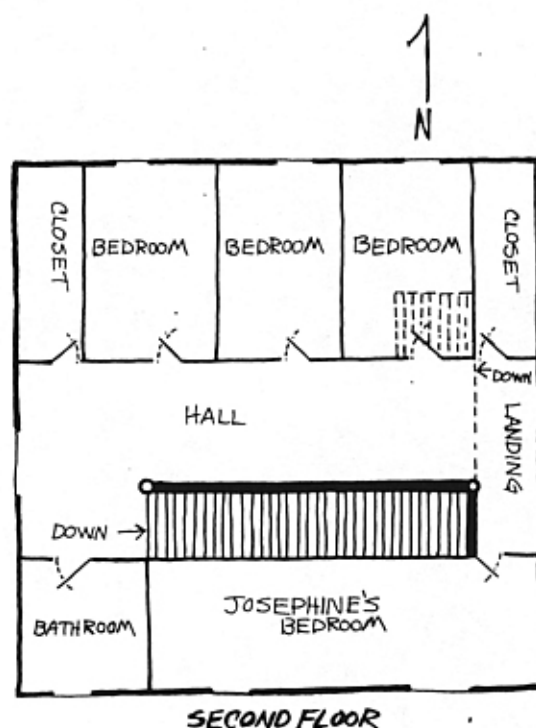
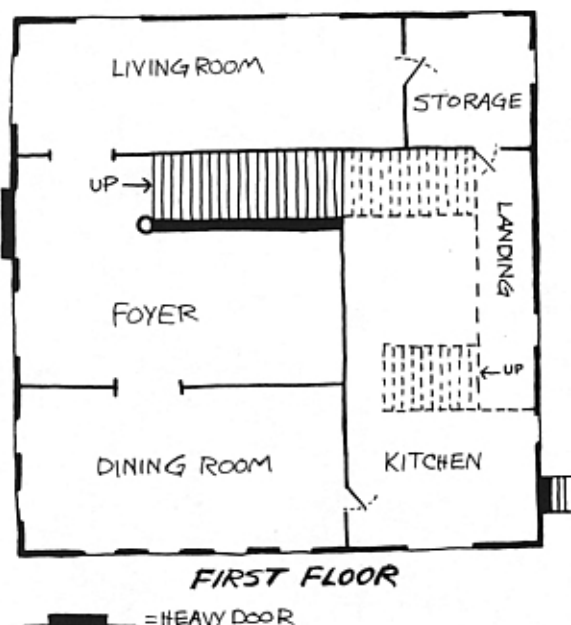


Andrew Keetling



The Thing Hanging in the Void

Garsetti House



Josephine's Bedroom: This is the only room in the house that shows much sign of upkeep. The bed appears to be slept in, and is left unmade. There are some fresh apples in a paper bag on the floor. A shallow closet contains attractive and stylish women's clothing.

Hidden beneath the pillow of the bed is a copy of *Scriptures of the Riven Valley* (described earlier).

Guest Bedrooms: The bedrooms on the north side are usually unoccupied but right now Josephine is entertaining guests. The east and west guest rooms are both tenanted while the center room is furnished but vacant.

The west bedroom is Andrew's cell. Unless Josephine has sacrificed him in the Assumption of Night ritual, this is where the investigators find Andrew Keetling. He is bound, gagged, humiliated, and very hungry. For the last two weeks Andrew has been lying in his own filth, and has been fed only sparingly and infrequently. His hit points are reduced by 6 and he is suffering from temporary insanity, leaving him weak and irrational.

The east guest room seems at first to be vacant but within seconds after the door is opened the ceiling begins to silently quiver and buckle in a wholly unnatural fashion.

An unearthly light spills down into the room. Any investigator who looks up witnesses a mind-wrenching sight. The apparently solid ceiling splits open to reveal a field of shifting colors within which a single tiny point can be seen, moving closer and closer to the investigators. Flickering lavender and green witch-fire dances upon the surface of the moving thing, obscuring its nature, and its shape.

Any investigator who looks up must make a SAN roll. If failed, the investigator stands dumfounded, unable to move and watches the slow advance of the Thing Hanging in the Void. Once it has approached to a point where it can be seen clearly (this takes three rounds), charge watching investigators a SAN loss of 1D6/1D20 depending upon whether or not they made their earlier SAN roll. An investigator who is holding the Dark Stone is relatively unaffected (at least on the surface), and can gaze calmly at the advancing shape with no apparent ill effects.

Wise investigators will act now. The Thing does not manifest any physical attacks, but it does exude a sense of menace. Any who are not stupefied by the sight of the advancing shape can flee, attempting to overpower and carry away their less fortunate comrades. As an alternative,

any spell which creates an opaque magical wall or barrier might save the investigators from the scrutiny of The Thing Hanging in the Void. The final effectiveness of these type of spells is up to the keeper.

If the investigators fail to act, those who are stupefied find they are unable to look away. The field of colors stretches out in all directions, enfolding the investigators until they appear to be standing on the bare rocky summit of a jutting tor. Dimly swirling below are huddled noisome shadows; above, only chaos and the Thing.

Hanging over the investigators is a vaguely humanoid shape, dark in color but wrapped in light. The lower the initial sanity of the investigator, the more horrifying and immediate the sight seems. To those of rigid sanity it seems a simple lifeless mass of stone or crystal. To those of less strength of mind it is much like a mummified body. To even less sane individuals the shape may appear almost appealing, remote and innocent as a newborn baby, hanging curled and fetal in the rippling colors. To those with the least sanity the form will be immediate and maddening; it is a blending, twisting cacophony of mewling faces barely inches from the horrified eyes of the investigator.

Any investigators stupefied by the sight of the Thing are in great danger. If the Thing Hanging in the Void can overcome their magic points with its own on the resistance table, the soul of the investigator will be drawn upward to join the twisting mass of screaming faces and be lost forever. Each of these attempts costs The Thing Hanging in the Void five magic points. It will continue to absorb souls until no stupefied investigators are left, or until it runs out of five point blocks of magic points.

The Thing Hanging in the Void will suck up the souls of all stupefied and immobile investigators. This seems to the unaffected investigators to take about ten seconds, then The Thing withdraws. Investigators ignored by the Thing can wait until it is gone, at which time the real world reforms around them.

The Fate of the Dark Stone

If the investigators remove the Stone from the area protected by the totems, or kill Garsetti, Crater's two goons show up on the scene. They tell the investigators they are there to collect the Boss's Stone and offer the characters \$2500 in cash, brought with them for just this purpose. If the investigators refuse, the gangsters attempt to take the object by force. They really want no trouble in this backwoods place so they hesitate to use more violence than necessary. They will tie up the investigators rather than kill them, notifying the local authorities of their whereabouts a few hours later. Regardless of how they obtain the stone, the gangsters will give the investigators the \$2500 promised them.

If the investigators foil the two hoods and leave Pennsylvania with the Stone in their possession, Crater sends

one of his bug-like Children to retrieve the item. This monster will strike at the moment it deems most likely to bring it success; at night probably along some deserted stretch of road. It has no compunction against killing the investigators but once it has an opportunity to escape with the Stone it will flee. If unsuccessful in this attempt, Crater will send more of these creatures to harass the party. They shun the daylight and will usually only be encountered at night or in dark places.

Crater's Child (Adult): This tall, manlike creature resembles Crater but the head is narrow and insectile, with a cluster of large curved mandibles protruding from the snout. Bands of small bulb-like eyes run from front to back all along the upper surface of the head. The shintar has wide delicate-looking wings reminiscent of those found on bats. The membranes are translucent, milky in color, and supported by long "finger-bones" that emerge from the membrane in fine, curved points.

A CRATER CHILD (Adult)

STR 17 CON 17 SIZ 20 INT 7 POW 11
DEX 15 HP 19
Move 9/25 flying

Armor: Carapace absorbs 10 damage points.

Weapons: Whip Claws 70%, 2D6 damage, 2 attacks/round
Mandibles 55%, 2D6+4 damage

Chances are Crater does not trust his two goons to get the Stone back safely and so he sends his monstrous offspring to retrieve it from them. The gangsters will defend themselves admirably but the encounter will end with the gangsters dead and the Child winging its way back to Boston. The investigators, while returning to Boston, may stumble upon the gangsters' abandoned car and discover the mutilated corpses (0/1D3 SAN).

The Assumption of Night

If the investigators fail to retrieve the Dark Stone from Josephine Garsetti she will make all haste to complete this magic ritual. A single sacrifice is needed to complete this rite which was begun months ago with the first sacrifice committed by the Sylvan Night. If Andrew Keetling is still Garsetti's captive, he will be the victim. If rescued by the investigators, Josephine will lure one of the Muskrat Rapids men out to the house and sacrifice him. This sacrifice must be made at night and once completed, the Thing Hanging in the Void will begin to invade the dreams of the sleepers in Muskrat Rapids.

Over 100 sensitive people will be affected by the Thing in the Void and, driven mad by their dreams, embark upon a night of terror. The insane individuals will begin by murdering their families in their beds then pour out into the streets to randomly slay innocent victims. The Thing Hanging in the Void will feast upon these slain souls.

The investigators, if they happen to be in the area, are not affected by the madness, but have to live through a night of mayhem. They are attacked by madman in their rooms, on the streets, or in their cars. Living through the night of terror will cost each investigator 1D6 SAN, charged to them in the morning after most of the horror is over. If the characters are out of town by this time they will read about it in the papers and lose 1D3 SAN if they realize they are at least partially at fault.

Josephine Garsetti will be one of the murderous maniacs gunned down by the Sheriff's stalwart deputies. If she dies in this manner she has left the Stone back at her house, possibly thrown down the well. Crater will probably retrieve it before the investigators.

The effects of the ritual last only for the one night. To effect this again requires that 100 POW again be given to the Stone by means of human sacrifice.

Part Three: Tracking Down Crater

Chances are by this time Crater has regained possession of the Stone. If he has the Stone than the Thing has paid him a dream visit and has since moved into an upstairs bedroom in Crater's mansion. It is now directing Crater to begin another series of human sacrifices similar to Garsetti's. It wants to again enjoy the feast of The Assumption of Night, this time feasting on Boston souls. Even if the investigators have retained possession of the Stone they probably want to visit Crater's house for reasons of curiosity, or possibly revenge. They may want Crater's copy of *The Kingdoms of Shadows* in order to learn more about the Dark Stone. If none of these reasons apply, see the next section.

Another Missing Person

Upon returning to Boston the investigators are approached by Bobbie, the flapper they saw and may have talked to at the "Sailor's Club." She says that one of her friends has disappeared (the keeper should tell the investigators they remember Bobbie's friend from their visit to the club). Bobbie says that the missing woman, on a dare from her friends, went into the back room of the speakeasy and never came back out. They questioned the bartender about it but he claimed to have never seen the missing girl and told Bobbie and her friends to get lost. The police have been unable to help and they think something horrible has happened to their friend.

Finding Crater

Finding out the exact location of Crater's mansion should not prove difficult. His address is known both to the police and the press. Randolph Smith, the bartender, will tip the

investigators off for \$100. Following him home from the club is another possibility.

Crater's Mansion

Crater's house is located on the Massachusetts coastline, several miles north of Boston; a crumbling two-story house on a high hill overlooking the sea. The grounds have been left unattended for some time and the hedges and gardens have run wild. Thick dark vines climb the outside of the house. An observant investigator notices that one room in the front of the second floor has its windows boarded up.

The First Floor

Hallway: The front door is left unlocked at all times. If Crater is home at the time of the investigator's visit, his voluminous cape is seen hanging on a hook to the left of the door. The inside of the house is in even worse condition than the exterior. Furniture is overturned and smashed, paintings ripped, curtains torn and stained. Crater in the last few months has near completely lost his mind and the condition of his home, as well as his actions, are a reflection of this.

If Crater becomes aware the investigators are invading his house he sends one of his brood to wait in this area and greet them. The creature will immediately attack anyone who enters through the front door. If the investigators sneak in by another entrance the monstrous child will find them within ten minutes. If the party of investigators is large, and the keeper so desires, Crater may send more than one of his adult children.

A GUARDIAN

STR 16 CON 16 SIZ 22 INT 8 POW 12
DEX 13 HP 19
Move 9/25 flying

Armor: Carapace absorbs 10 damage points.

Weapons: Whip Claws 70%, 2D6, 2 attacks per round
Mandibles 55%, 2D6+4 damage

SAN cost: 1/1D6

Dining Room: This room contains a long wooden table collapsed at one end. Several frames without paintings hang crookedly on the walls. If anyone disturbs the table in the slightest, the still supported end of the table collapses and falls to the floor with a resounding crash, alerting Crater.

Kitchen: Upon entering this room the investigator are assailed with a terrible odor. Rotted food lies scattered about and a strange fecal matter, unidentifiable to the investigators, squelches under their feet.

Pantry: The door is locked with a padlock and hasp arrangement which can be opened at normal percentage using Mechanical Repair (assuming the presence of adequate tools). The locked door has a STR of 16. The windows

are boarded over in a haphazard fashion, leaving many gaps. During daylight hours random beams of dusty sunlight vector into the room. There is one of Crater's brood curled up on the floor in a fetal position in the southeast corner of the room, and requires a Spot Hidden roll to identify it as an animate creature. If investigators enter the room the creature responds to their presence and attacks after about two combat rounds. Its statistics are the same as the Guardian described above.

Holding Room: The west door of this room is shut with a large padlock and hasp. Bolted across each of the windows are stout iron bars. Several sets of manacles have been attached through holes in the plaster to joists in the wall. The padlock on the door can be opened using Mechanical Repair at normal percentage. If the investigators choose to force the door, it has a STR of 18. The iron manacles within the room have an integral STR of 28, but can easily be opened using Mechanical Repair at +15. Any investigators who might have been kidnaped by Crater are found chained up in this room. Each hour a prisoner is under the care of Crater and his creatures 1 point is subtracted from his INT until it reaches 2, at which point the investigator begins to lose POW. Once POW reaches 2 the investigator is reduced to a mindless, soulless husk which no amount of medical or psychiatric care can restore to humanity. Examining the prisoner reveals numerous patches perforated by thousands of tiny bloodless pin-holes. These perforated areas are totally numb and cannot be used for 1D6 months after rescue.

Until an investigator reaches the point of no return (i.e. POW drops to two), lost characteristic points may be recovered at a rate of 1D3 for each month spent in total convalescence at a medical institution. Effected characteristics can never be restored above their original scores -2.

The Second Floor:

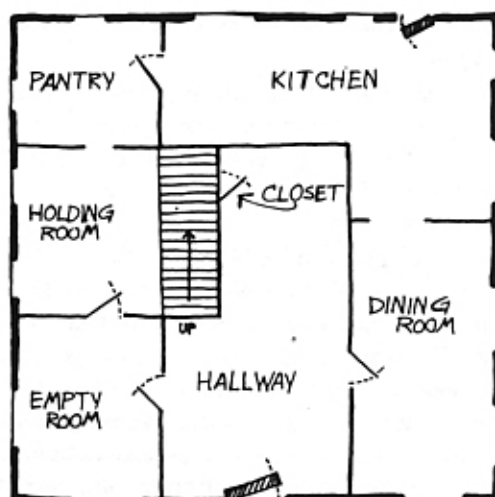
Storage Area: The main contents of this room appear to be broken and empty crates. The ladder to the attic is recessed between two joists near the back of the room. A careful search or a Spot Hidden roll reveals the presence of the ladder.

If the investigators spend any time searching through the mostly empty crates they find one with a shipping label indicating that it was originally intended for Miskatonic University. The label states that the shipment originated in France (this is the crate that held the Dark Stone).

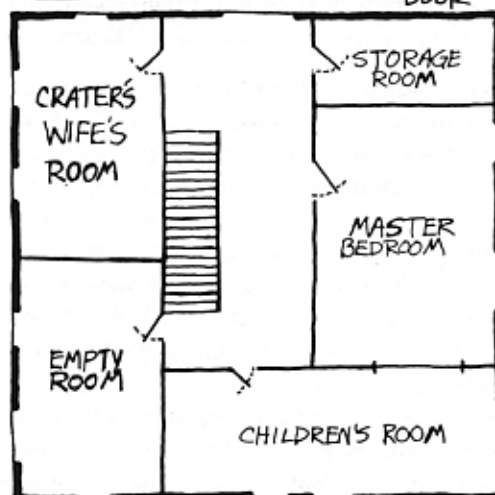
Empty Room: This appears to have once been a guest room but is now mostly unfurnished. If Crater has 'invited' The Thing Hanging in the Void into his home, it will be encountered here in the same manner described earlier.

Crater's Wife's Room: This well-appointed but dingy bedroom is where Crater has been keeping the women he has lately been luring to his home; healthy young women kidnaped by the insane gangster and used for his own horrible

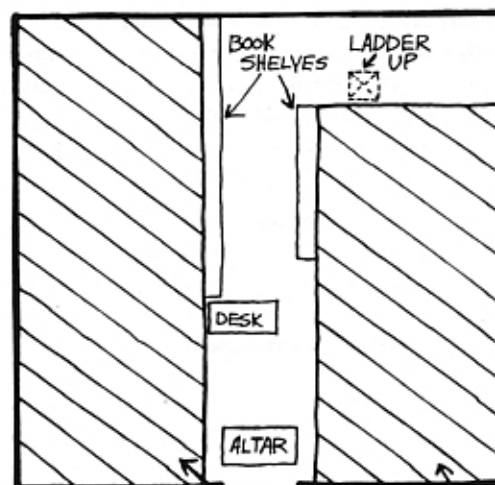
Crater's House



FIRST FLOOR



SECOND FLOOR



ATTIC

purposes. His present mate lies on the bed, securely bound and gagged. Her hands and feet have been amputated to keep her from escaping and the stumps neatly cauterized (lose 1/1D2 SAN). The investigators notice that the woman appears pregnant.

This is Bobbie's friend, the girl the investigators may have been asked to find. She has gone completely insane and if the investigators untie her and remove the gag, she will merely scream, drool, and moan incessantly. She can give them no information.

This poor young woman has been impregnated by Crater and is about to give birth to a horde of his brood. In fact, the excitement of being rescued by the investigators will bring on her first labor pains. The young woman suddenly begins to shudder and choke, then falls to the floor, writhing in agony. As the investigators watch, her belly starts to heave and quake. Then, with a scream, she gives birth to a dozen or more of the gangster's offspring; little bug-like Crater-things, that chew and bloodily scramble their way out of the womb to scuttle across the floor and disappear into cracks and crevices. Witnesses lose 1/1D8 SAN.

The Nursery: The door to this room is heavier than the rest on this floor and is shut with a large padlock. The door has a STR of 18. This room is where Crater tries to keep and raise some of the distorted travesties born of his unfortunate "wives." If the investigators force the door, six scuttling shapes, about the size of dogs, retreat into the shadowed corners. If the investigators enter the room, the "children" attack, following the party into the hallway, even to the first floor and out onto the grounds until they or the investigators are dead.

These "children" are the immature form of the monster that the investigators may already have met. They have the general appearance of infants but upon closer examination it is noticed that their bodies are bone white and have gleaming chitinous areas on the back and chest. Their "faces" are merely chitinous shells with ridges and bumps that resemble human features. For every five points of STR, assume the creature has an extra whip-like appendage that ends in a sharp bony hook, and provides the creature with extra attacks (note the differing multiple attacks listed with the creature's statistics above).

An observation window of thick glass is set into one of the walls. Through it the investigators can see a wooden armchair and beyond it, the interior of the master bedroom.

Crater's "Children (juveniles)"

	1	2	3	4	5
STR	12	10	15	11	15
DEX	14	11	15	10	6
CON	15	8	16	10	13
APP	5	4	3	1	3
SIZ	6	8	7	6	5
INT	5	6	6	4	7
POW	10	17	17	16	16

HP	11	8	12	8	9
A armor	4	4	4	5	5
Attack	50	50	50	50	50
Damage	1D4x2	1D4x2	1D4x3	1D4x2	1D4x3
Move	4				
SAN Cost	1/1D8				

The Master Bedroom: This is a normal bedroom except for the thick observation window in the western end of the room.

The Attic

Bookshelves: These contain many books, most of them ledgers pertaining to Crater's illicit business interests. From them could be compiled a list of Crater's customers which the police would be pleased to possess. There are also many occult books, most of them useless frummery but two of which are significant: The first is *Musings of the White Witch* by Olga Hatcher, which increases Occult knowledge by 6% if studied for two weeks. Another book, *New World Rituals*, offers a 2% Occult increase with only an overnight perusal needed to read it. Also on this shelf, held together with wheat paste and strips of plaster tape, is a decrepit copy of the Golden Goblin Press edition of *Nameless Cults*. Unfortunately, most of the pages are loose in the binding and many are missing. Its Cthulhu Mythos bonus is only 3%, its spell multiplier x1, and SAN cost 1D4. If Crater is presently in the house his copies of *The Book of Eibon* and *Kingdom of Shadows* are also found here.

The Desk: Crater does the bulk of his studying at this desk. Here the investigators find Crater's translated notes from *Kingdom of Shadows* (see the Mansion Papers #5). Also in this drawer is the inventory list from the crate of goods intended for Miskatonic University. This lists the Dark Stone, the *The Book of Eibon*, and several other books and items of lesser interest. These other items can be found by looking around Crater's mansion.

The most hideous discovery will be a log book of the breeding experiments Crater has been conducting downstairs the last few weeks. Included in this record are average gestation periods (two days), rate of fertility (over 90%), growth rate (reach full size within 8-10 days) and the average life span for one of his unholy offspring (less than two weeks). The book also contains diagrams and records of dissections performed both on his offspring and on his hapless "wives." Studying this book in detail for a week or so, will add 5% to an investigator's Cthulhu Mythos skill, and chip 1D6 off his SAN.

If Crater is at home, the Dark Stone is in one of the drawers.

Altar: The sole window in the attic looks out on the sea, and a crude stone altar, Crater's imperfect attempt to reconstruct something described in a book, is placed before it. The altar is darkened by blood stains. If Andrea Pentargon

has been murdered, the woman's missing head will be found atop the altar, mounted on an iron spike, rotting and infested with maggots (lose 1/1D4 SAN). Mounded at the altar's base are dried heaps of offal, bones of various descriptions, strips of flesh, and various severed body parts. These are the remains of Crater's "wives", sacrificed by the mad gangster in futile attempts to return him to normal.

Strategies for Crater: Crater will not let intruders go unpunished. Upon discovering investigators in his home, Crater is 50% likely to attack immediately, first using spells until all of his magic points are gone, then wading in with his claws. If the keeper prefers, Crater lets the investigators escape, then sends a sufficient number of his adult children to attack them in their homes.

Consequences and Rewards

If the investigators rescue Andrew Keetling, award 2D6 SAN; if they also kill Josephine or otherwise prevent her from enacting the Assumption of Night award an additional 1D6. If Andrew is sacrificed in the Assumption of Night ritual, it costs each investigator 2D4 SAN.

The investigators may wish to capture Josephine with the intention of curing her insanity. She will prove incurable and will be plagued by dreams sent to her by the Thing Hanging in the Void. The attempt is still worth 1D3 if they capture her alive.

If the investigators manage to eliminate Zeke Crater award them 1D10 SAN.

If the items that belong to Miskatonic University are gathered up and handed over to the school, the investigators receive no money but a small plaque bearing their names will be mounted over the items chosen to be displayed in the University's Exhibit Museum.

If the investigators rescue Keetling he is likely (80% chance), to reward the Investigators handsomely for their efforts with \$1000 apiece. If the Investigators pursue further information about Keetling, about six weeks after his rescue they see an announcement in *The Boston Globe* regarding his engagement to Madeline DuMort.

Statistics

ANDREA PENTARGON, police informant

STR 6 SIZ 7 CON 10 INT 13 POW 9
DEX 15 APP 16 (10) EDU 14 SAN 30 HP 11

Damage Bonus: -1D4

Weapons: none

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 6%, Draw 75%, Drive Automobile 30%, Fast Talk 65%, Library Use 40%, Occult 35%, Seduce 65%.

ROGER CROSS, alcoholic detective

STR 13 CON 15 (9)* SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 11

DEX 14 APP 7 EDU 12 SAN 40 HP 15 (13)*

*These scores should be used for Cross unless the investigators can keep him from using cocaine for a few weeks, and get him to dry out.

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .38 Revolver 75%, 1D10 damage (Roger does not presently have a gun; he pawned it for money to purchase cocaine).

Fist: 80%, 1D3 damage

Skills: Library Use 40%, Pick Pocket 60%, Psychology 50%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 65%.

EZEKIEL CRATER, waterfront kingpin

STR 18 CON 24 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 14

DEX 12 APP 7 SAN 0 EDU 13 HP 20

MOVE 7

Weapons: .45 Revolver 50%, 1D10+2 damage

Whip Claws 70%, 2D6 damage, 2 attacks per round

Armor: Carapace (skin) absorbs 8 damage points per strike.

Spells: Shriveling, Voorish Sign, plus the spells contained in the Dark Stone.

Skills: Accounting 75%, Credit Rating 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 8%, Drive Automobile 65%, Fast Talk 55%, Hide 75%, Latin 25%, Law 40%, Occult 33%, Pharmacy 45%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 65%.

SHERIFF ANSON VARLEY, disinterested sheriff

STR 16 CON 14 SIZ 16 INT 13 POW 10

DEX 11 APP 9 SAN 50 EDU 12 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .38 Revolver 65%, 12-gauge Shotgun 85%.

Skills: Chew Tobacco 85%, Drive Auto 65%, Law 65%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 45%, Track 75%.

FIVE STALWART DEPUTIES (all identical)

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 11 POW 10

DEX 11 APP 11 SAN 55 EDU 8 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Pistol 40%, Shotgun 65%.

Skills: Drive Auto 50%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 35%, Track 35%.

JOSEPHINE GARSETTI, artist and cult leader

STR 10 CON 8 SIZ 7 INT 17 POW 16 (26)*

DEX 12 APP 17 EDU 16 SAN 5 HP 8

* Score in parentheses indicates POW (and MP) when Josephine has the Dark Stone on her person.

Weapons: Small knife 60%, 1D4 damage

Spells: Drown Mind*, Voorish Sign, Drain Youth*, Gate, Lace Curtains of Hish**, Maws of Pandemonium**.

*Spells contained in the Dark Stone

**Dreamlands Spell

Skills: Draw 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Library Use 45%, Occult 70%, Oratory 65%, Spot Hidden 50%.

ANDREW KEETLING, Boston businessman

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 7

DEX 11 APP 14 SAN 35 EDU 15 HP 12

Weapons: 9mm auto 25%, 1D10 damage

Cane 45%, 1D4 damage.

Skills: Accounting 85%, Bargain 75%, Credit Rating 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 2%, Drive Automobile 60%, Library Use 50%.

THE THING HANGING IN THE VOID, living nightmareSTR 25 CON 29 SIZ varies INT 21 POW 22
DEX 31 HP 29

Move: N/A

Armor: None, but physical weapons cannot harm it.

Attacks: Soul Drain

SAN Cost: 1D6/1D20

CRATER-CHILD (Adult), Awful Offspring

Description: Between eight and ten feet in height, this creature is vaguely insectile. It has four primary limbs, and four secondary, whip-like appendages ending in bony hooked blades (whip-claws). The two primary limbs located near the narrow head are equipped with fifteen jointed hook-like fingers. The lowermost legs support most of the weight of the creature and end in splayed claws. The head is banded with gleaming rows of bulb-shaped eyes and it has large curved mandibles endowed with great strength. It has wide, delicate-looking wings that account for much of its size: the wings are reminiscent of a bat's, but the membranes are translucent and

milky in color. The creature carries itself upright, like a man, but occasionally leans on its lower set of whip-claws for additional support.

TYPICAL ADULT CRATER-CHILD

characteristic	average
STR	4D6+3 17
DEX	3D6+4 14-16
INT	2D6 7-8
CON	3D6+6 16-17
SIZ	4D6+3 17
POW	2D6+6 11
HP	17

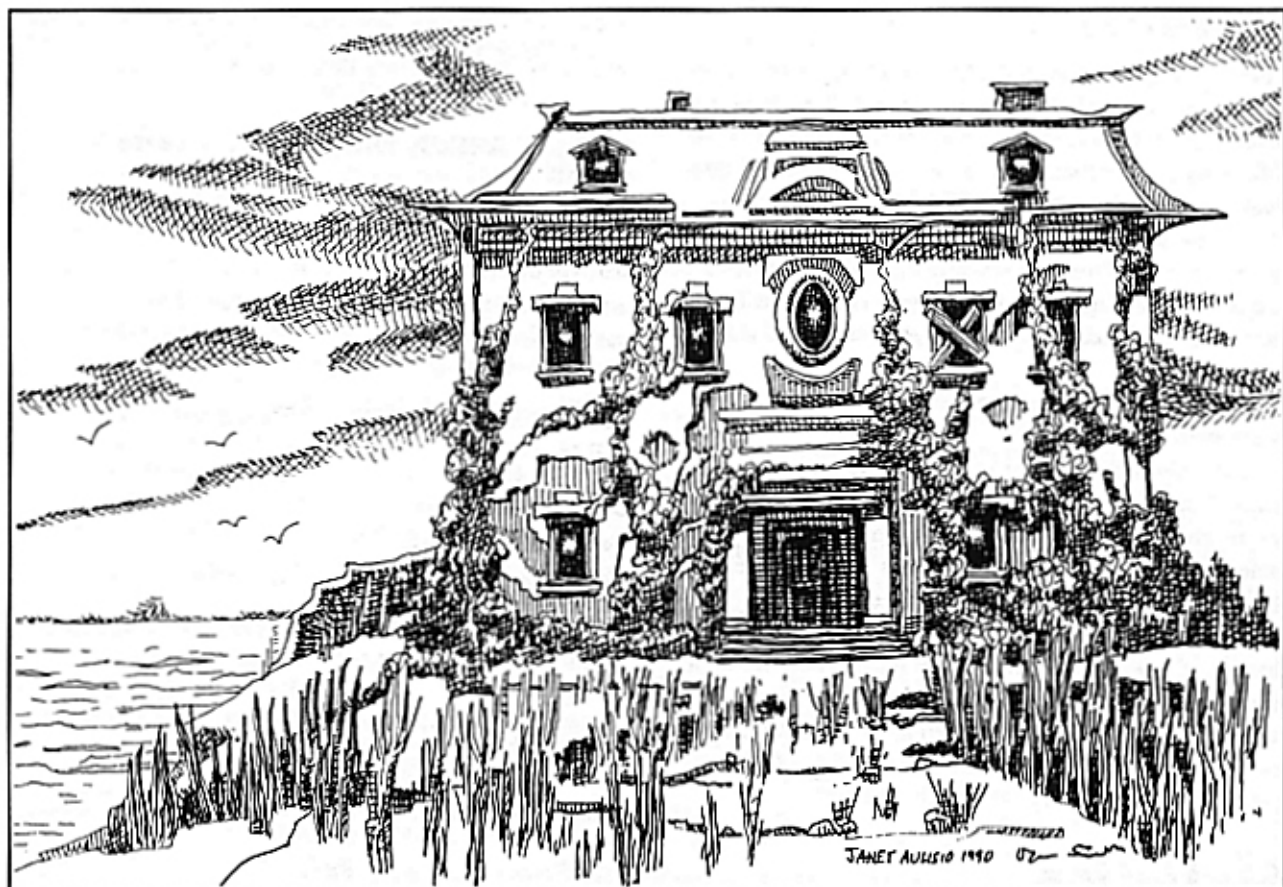
Move 9/25 flying

Armor: Carapace absorbs 10 damage points.

Weapons: Whip-Claws or Claws 70%, 2D6 damage, 2 attacks per round.

Bite 55%, 2D6+4

SAN loss: 1/1D6



The Mansion of Madness

LOCAL BUSINESSMAN KILLED IN ACCIDENT

It was learned today that Theodore Corbitt, owner of Corbitt Enterprises of America, is dead, victim of a tragic accident while vacationing in India. Corbitt, while in the company of his son, Bernard, died in a fall while the two were traveling through the high mountains of the Punjab.

According to authorities, the two men were on a hiking trip when they were set upon by a group of bandits known to frequent the area. While being pursued down the mountainside the elder Corbitt apparently lost his footing and fell to his death. His son managed to escape, eventually making it to safety. The elder Corbitt's body has not yet been located and authorities fear that it may be lost, possibly consumed by the wild dogs that roam the mountain.

Theodore Corbitt is survived by his wife, Elaine, and one son, Bernard. At this time it is not known if Bernard Corbitt will take over management of Corbitt Enterprises.

— (dated 14 years ago)

Corbitt #1

Detective Murdered

The mutilated body of missing Charleston Police Detective Jasper Galloway was discovered early yesterday morning by local fishermen. The body was found under a tangle of cypress roots in the Edisto river just south of the estate of Mr. Caleb Gist. Officer Galloway had been looking into rumors about a Satanist church operating in Charleston. He had been missing for several days. An inquiry by Colleton County Sheriff Virgil Trucks included a search of the Gist land but no evidence regarding the detective's death was discovered. Sheriff Trucks has stated that he believes the detective must have been murdered in Charleston and the body later dumped in the river. Officer Galloway was unmarried and is survived by his father and mother.

Plantation #1

— July 6, 1825

Voodoo Rituals Uncovered

A raid led by Captain Pearson of the Charleston town constabulary disrupted a Voodoo Ritual being held in the swamps to the south of Walterboro on property owned by the Gist family. Interrupted was a slave ceremony involving non-Christian practices of worship. All participants in the primitive ceremony, escaped into the swamp. Several of Captain Pearson's men were wounded in the assault.

The raiders discovered odd paraphernalia including swords, flags inscribed with undecipherable runes, and human skulls.

Plantation #2

LOCAL MAN ARRESTED IN ANIMAL SLAYINGS

Police today announced that a suspect has been arrested in connection with the recent rash of pet kidnappings in the southwest part of town. Although released later for lack of evidence, Randolph Tomaszewski is considered the prime suspect in the recent disappearances of nearly a dozen dogs and cats from the homes and yards of the neighborhood surrounding Central Hospital. Tomaszewski is employed at the hospital as an orderly.

It will be remembered that many of the missing pets have been discovered later in parks, usually mutilated or partially eaten. Public outcry over the atrocities has been strong and police hope that they have uncovered a lead that will eventually allow them to close this case.

— (dated 3 months ago)

Corbitt #2

OBITUARIES

CORBITT, Lynn Anne Meyers, aged 22. Died in childbirth, in her home. A graduate of the Pierpoint school, Mrs. Corbitt was married to local businessman, Bernard Corbitt, two years ago. Funeral services for both mother and child will be held Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Corbitt is survived by her parents, Edward and Shirley Meyers, and her husband, Bernard Corbitt, president of Corbitt Enterprises of America.

Nurse Hospitalized After Accident in Patient's Home

Professional nurse, Miss Mona Dunlap was admitted to Central Sanitarium yesterday following an accident that took place in a patient's home. Her condition was diagnosed as serious.

Miss Dunlap, hired by Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Corbitt to help with Mrs. Corbitt's confinement, apparently suffered a stroke while attempting to deliver the Corbitt's baby unassisted. Mr. Corbitt returned from his office Wednesday afternoon to find Nurse Dunlap unconscious and his wife and infant son dead due to complications of birth. Doctors at the sanitarium say the woman has yet to regain consciousness and it may be some time before the full extent of her injuries are known.

— (both articles dated 12 years ago)

Corbitt #3

Corbitt's Journals

Some notable excerpts are listed below; Journal One is from fourteen years ago and Journal Fourteen is for the present year. Entries not listed are very mundane, with statements like "Nothing occurred today," or "Purchased new suit in my afternoon off."

Journal One

September 10 — Another embarrassing memory lapse today. This journal should help me deal with the problem.

September 13 — I have had Mother sign the last of the legal papers that transfer ownership of Corbitt Importers of America from her to myself. She seems to be doing well in the new nursing home and I hope they can give her the treatment and attention she needs. I'm afraid her condition continues to decline rapidly. The death of Father seems to have unhinged her mind. If she knew my role in his death, although I don't in the least feel responsible, I'm sure it would kill her. She would never understand the power of my new lord, Ramasekva. Could she have but experienced those moments on the mountain when HE appeared in all his terrible magnificence! He spoke with me and left his mark upon my breast. Then he took hold of my father and the two became one with each other. Before devouring him, Ramasekva tore my father's head from his shoulders....

October 29 — Have met a charming young woman at a social gathering, her name is Lynn Meyers. I have arranged to take her to the pictures next week. My lord, I think, would approve of her.

December 12 — Spent thirty hours in ceremony, have located Ramasekva. He wants a bridge to the world, and needs my help. I have agreed. My studies have shown that Ramasekva is an obscure Asura, an East Indian demon. The Asura are said to be older gods, the ones who ruled before the coming of Shiva. Certain things spoken of in Wenn's book lead me to believe there may be a link to a being called Yog-Sothoth.

Journal Two

January 10 — I found myself wanting to make Lynn my wife and have sealed the thought by proposing to her. She accepted and we have set the date of marriage for March 9 of this year. Ramasekva assures me the time is right.

March 13 — Have returned from our honeymoon. Lynn and I have decided to keep the family place as it is excellent for raising children. In May, all being well, Lynn will accompany me on my trip to Ceylon for a new herbal tea supply. This may be my last trip out of the country for a while. A man who plans a family must be willing to settle down a bit.

April 1 — Had to send Lynn to visit her mother while I cast the ceremony. I don't believe she is ready to understand yet. Ramasekva has told me he wants a union of flesh. He demands the union be made with my wife. I am to await thirteen days, cast another, easier ceremony, and then wait. Ramasekva is to take my place.

April 14 — Cast the ceremony in the morning and Ramasekva came. I waited in the basement while he visited Lynn for several hours. She seems to suspect nothing.

July 19 — Have told my wife to remain in bed throughout the day, as she has taken ill from her pregnancy, I took the day to contact Ramasekva. I am to deliver the child myself, at home. My master has directed me to raise this child as if it were my own.

November 21 — Horror of horrors! My life is ashes. Poor Lynn went into labor today and in the course of giving birth to the child she expired, despite all I did to save her. Nurse Dunlap blundered into the room at the wrong moment, and when she saw the child, took leave of her senses. In trying to take care of her I may have neglected Lynn at a critical moment. At any rate, she is gone and I blame only myself. A second child, a boy, was born dead, and I have turned both bodies over to the funeral home. The child of Ramasekva I have hidden in the basement. The thing is limbless and appears to have trouble breathing. I don't think it can live for long.

November 25 — The funeral of Lynn and the child was held. Her parents were heartbroken and felt pity for me. I later consoled them and promised to stay in touch.

November 26 — The ceremony of Ramasekva brought him forth to explain the child. He said the thing would live and that I am to spend the next ten years preparing for a time when it would need me. When the time comes, I am to equip it for life on Earth. It will be given limbs and lungs. I am not to contact Ramasekva until ten years and a day have elapsed.

December 14 — I have found someone to help me, a man named Randolph Tomaszewski. He works at the local hospital and assures me that he can supply me with the parts necessary to the experiments I need to conduct over the next few years. He is an unsavory type but I need his help. I have agreed to supply him with a small amount of the drugs he desires and he, in return, will try to fill my needs. Perhaps through association with myself, he will find a way to better himself. He seems a particularly irreligious and bitter man. Next week I will make my first trip to the dump and see what my confederate has been able to find for me. The experiments should prove a challenge, but I have every confidence that I can learn, especially with my lord Ramasekva's guidance.

Journals Three Through Twelve

Nothing of importance to this scenario is included in this time period. The journals cover three trips to the East, acquisitions of unusual orchids and other botanical curiosities, the meeting of several old friends, work matters and various accounts of mundane purchases and such. "Experiments" are occasionally mentioned but Corbitt does not elaborate.

Journal Thirteen

November 25 — The child grows large, and the time has come. Entered the ceremony with Ramasekva. He told me that when Spring has arrived that I am to search out fresh limbs and organs to be added to the creature — the time of experimenting is over. As the thing is still a child, I will use only the limbs and organs of children. My experiments show that the more youthful parts adapt much better than older ones. Any parts that are unusable I am directed to feed to the child. Ramasekva wants it to develop a taste for such things and says that it is now the time for growing.

Journal Fourteen

March 19 — Tomaszewski says I am asking too much of him and claims that he is having difficulty supplying me with parts. The needs of the child increase all the time and I have boosted again the strength of the drug I give the man, hoping that it will entice him to be more cooperative. I fear however that the drug simply exacerbates his derangement.

I must admit to feeling guilt — aiding and abetting his false beliefs somehow seems wrong. However, to try and tell him the truth would, I'm afraid, serve only to further unhinge his mind. I will continue the pretense of believing in his 'Master.' I value the services Tomaszewski renders too much to risk further damage to his grasp on reality.

Most of the child's organs are now in place and a few limbs have been attached. The grafts heal nicely. My years of experimenting are paying off.

March 28, April 8, April 11, April 19, May 14, May 25 — These dates contain similar statements to those above. The increasing growth rate of the child-thing, necessitating increasingly frequent trips to the garbage dump, is a source of surprise (and pleasure) for Corbitt.

Added Entries

If Corbitt has reason to suspect that the investigators were plotting against him, he will include his thoughts in his journal. If he knows the investigators have followed him to the dump or broken into his home, he will leave an entry that reads: "I am being followed. If I cannot find a way to deal with them myself, in the next ceremony with Ramasekva, I will be forced to ask for their destruction." Another entry mentions the possibility of sending Tomaszewski to deal with the investigators.

GAMWELL MILLIONAIRE ABSENT

Gamwell's most prosperous son, Arthur Cornthwaite, will not be seen at church over the next few weeks. Mr. Cornthwaite has apparently left the area for a time, possibly for a vacation, or in relation to his studies.

Some mystery surrounds Mr. Cornthwaite's departure, as it came without notice. However, an inspection of his mansion and grounds by Sheriff Whitford has revealed no cause for alarm. The last person to speak to Mr. Cornthwaite was his attorney, Mr. Walter Dodge, on the 7th of this month. At that time he gave no indication of his imminent departure, but according to Mr. Dodge he did seem quite preoccupied, no doubt with his travel plans.

We all know well that besides being a Gamwell landowner, Mr. Cornthwaite is also a millionaire, a scholar, a philanthropist, and an explorer. He may well be off laying the groundwork for some future exciting expedition, or perhaps just relaxing for a time in New York. Gamwell citizens will no doubt remember fondly Mr. Cornthwaite's numerous generous donations to local charities and to the town library, and join with us in wishing him a safe and happy journey.

— From the *Gamwell Gazette*, January 17th, 1925

Manse #2

THE MISSING PEOPLE

The Tribe That The Jungle Swallowed

by Thomas Pratt

Published in 1913, Oxford, England

Summary: This book concerns a South American tribe in ancient times, whose existence is testified to by various ruins, but of whose demise nothing is known. The book is based on legends of the tribe and archaeological discoveries. Pratt makes note of the tribe's religious fervour, and conjectures that they may have been wiped out in civil holy war. He mentions in particular a "Great Dome," depicted in carvings and art. He believes that this was an actual stone structure, that it probably still stands, and may well house the last secrets of the missing people.

Manse #4

GAMWELL FAMILY SLAIN IN TERRIBLE ATTACK

Mother and Three Children Killed

Police Seek Missing Father

A tragedy of awful proportions unfolded today in Gamwell when Mrs. Gloria Curwen and her three children (Harold 5, Sarah 3, and Susan 2) were found brutally murdered on their estate north of Gamwell, the well-known Fitzgerald Manse.

Manse #3

Dodge Brothers

Attorneys at Law

14 Main Street, Gamwell

January 30th, 1925

Dear Sir:

I have been referred to you by a mutual friend. As his attorney, I am very interested in locating the missing Mr. Arthur Cornthwaite and our associate mentioned your name as being one skilled in locating missing people, particularly those of Mr. Cornthwaite's persuasion. Thus I have taken the liberty of contacting you.

I am a partner of an established legal firm in Gamwell. Mr. Arthur Cornthwaite is one of our clients, and as his attorneys we hold certain documents in trust for him. It would appear that Mr. Cornthwaite has departed without notifying us of his movements. This leaves us in a quandary as to how to manage his estate in his absence without his authority on such matters. We would like you to locate Mr. Cornthwaite, and obtain from him his wishes in respect of this matter, or better still request that he contact us. If it should, heaven forbid, transpire that Mr. Cornthwaite is no longer with us, then we will need some evidence of same to proceed with his wishes as outlined in his Last Will and Testament. Hopefully this in an unnecessary contingency, but one which we must nevertheless consider in the light of Mr. Cornthwaite's mysterious departure.

I hope that you are free to give this matter your immediate attention, and would like to extend an invitation to you to attend an interview at our offices as soon as is convenient, to discuss both the details of the situation and your professional fees.

Anticipating a prompt reply,

Yours faithfully,

Walter Dodge

Encl: article from Gamwell Gazette

Manse #1

Deputy Whitford of the Gamwell County Sheriff's Office made the grisly discovery while making a routine inspection. "I've never seen anything like it," the brave but shaken deputy told this reporter, "They were all dead." The family had indeed been brutally and cowardly slain, struck down by repeated blows from an axe. Not even little Susan was spared from this hideous fate.

No murder weapon has been discovered, and Mr. Arthur Curwen, the children's father, is presently missing. He is wanted by the police for questioning, although fears are also held for his safety.

A memorial service will be held in Gamwell for the Curwens on Thursday morning at 10:00 am.

— From the *Gamwell Gazette*, May 17th, 1895

Manse #5

Crumpled Note (found near fireplace)

To whom it may concern,

I am writing this statement in the event of my joining my staff and my expedition members in death. I, Arthur Cornthwaite, being of sound mind and body

No time for formality or legalisms. It is the thing I must tell you of. What is sanity, when faced with this? I thought I had fled from it in that foul green place, that accursed temple, yet somehow it has followed me here. I know the signs, there can be no mistake. It is with me. It is a thing so clever, so terrible that

MELODRAMA! What's the point! Notes to myself in an empty house! Whoever reads this knows, or will know, of it, but what you must also know is that it has a weakness so simple, so [the note ends here]

Manse #5

Excerpts from Dr. Brewer's Article

If we accept for a moment the theory that the collective unconsciousness is the source of all myth, we have to ask if it is not possible to consciously tap the source? Experiments with hypnosis, sometimes combined with powerful new drugs, have shown some evidence to support this.

Subject A showed little response to any treatments, but B was quite positive. Not only were unsuspected areas of knowledge revealed during these sessions but at times the subject demonstrated an entirely different personality. This personality, on the few occasions that it was observed to emerge, used archaic, almost biblical syntax, perhaps indicating that a true archetypal form may have been reached. This personality was very powerful and almost compelling, causing one to wonder if phenomena such as this is not the explanation for the "possessions" of the Middle Ages and, in more recent times, of the voodoo cultists in the Caribbean.

While never reaching the archetypal content of B, subject C was nonetheless of interest. Numerous personality types were brought to the surface, one claiming to have lived during the time of the Egyptian pharaohs. Surprisingly enough, the subject did display a fairly thorough knowledge of the history of that long-dead civilization (though later research showed much of it to be pure flights of fancy).

All three showed a certain commonality of mythic form, although admittedly much was difficult to decipher.

Sanatorium #2

Excerpts from Brewer's Journal

If those asses, Hagen and Allen, could hear what I've heard I'm sure it would shake them loose from their high perches. I don't know yet what I'm on to but the sheer power of H's voice while under the effect of that personality is astounding. Jameson in London has found a book — an old one — that he says contains references similar to many of the things mentioned by both H and D. He promises to send it along following his last letter. It is supposed to be a copy of a transcription made by a 15th century Spanish monk. It contains the ravings of a madman condemned to death by the Inquisition.

The book arrived yesterday and I spent some time with it. Most of it was incomprehensible, seeming nonsense, but Jameson was right. Those pages he was kind enough to mark seemed definitely linked to many of the things referred to by H and D, and, on occasion, Hw as well. Reading those select pages gave me an eerie chill. It was as if I was hearing H's voice all over again — a thing that never fails to leave me affected.

Sanatorium #4

Excerpts from a letter from Dr. Brewer

Dear

So glad to hear you could accept my invitation to visit. I am looking forward to showing you the latest developments in my research.

I'm also anxious to bring you up to date on my experiments. There's been several more exciting developments since the publication of my article in the "Journal of the American Psychological Society" a few months back (I trust you've read it). There will be a few surprises, too — you can count on that.

My isolation is quite tolerable. The staff and I think of ourselves as a family. Old Ebenezer (you'll meet him on the ride over) is always ready to ferry one of us over to the mainland if we should feel the need to touch base with civilization. This summer we've been blessed with a regular dinner companion in the form of Mr. Shelly, a graduate student from Princeton. He is camped on the north beach of the island, conducting some sort of bird study. I'm sure you'll find him witty and pleasant.

Looking forward to seeing you,

Dr. Aldous Brewer

Sanatorium #1

An Unfinished Letter atop Brewer's Desk

Dear Editor,

In response to the letter from Drs. Hagen and Allen that appeared in your June issue I must say that I would have expected better from two so highly regarded in our profession. Disagreement I take no exception to; my work is highly experimental and any results, as I specified clearly in my article, are, at this time, purely speculative in nature. I make no claims but only observations.

Since the time that article was written I have conducted further experiments that seem to uphold my earlier observations. However, I will not again go to print until I have proof positive; proof that will convince even the most fossilized of skeptics. I would not lower myself to....

Sanatorium #3

Excerpts from Darlene's Files

She was initially brought to the state home by the police who had found her wandering naked in a downtown Boston Alley. Repeated attempts over the years have failed to identify her and her last name is still unknown. She is now probably in her late twenties.

Traditional therapies seemed incapable of reaching her but under hypnosis, or the influence of the compounded drugs listed below, she seemed to open up. Repeated treatments brought forth what was at first thought to be Darlene but, under questioning, the individual claimed to be a woman named Fanny and said she lived in Ireland. Oddly enough she also claimed that the year was 1862.

Over the course of treatments even more personalities emerged and, at last count, the list numbered twenty-seven; although some of these have appeared only once and were never reached again. The oldest, and perhaps most interesting personality is Annephs who is, if she's to be believed, a princess of Egypt who has been dead for over 3000 years. When in this personality Darlene has exhibited a startling knowledge of Egyptian history, including a number of facts that I have been unable to verify by any amount of research. Perhaps most mystifying was Darlene's prediction of the finding of King Tutankhamen's tomb. She made this prediction after reading in the newspaper the expedition's plans to explore the area.

Much of the odd mythology that 'Annephs' speaks of brings to mind the possessions experienced by the patient Harding and seems hinted at in the occasional ravings of Hawkins. This possibly indicates a root mythic form common to all men and would go a long way toward supporting the theory of the collective unconscious mind.

Excerpts from Allen Harding's File

About the time of publication of his first (and only) book of poetry, Harding dropped out of sight and his whereabouts for the next six months were never established. It is thought that most of this time he spent in a drug and alcohol-induced stupor, this being the condition he was found in.

The deteriorated condition of Harding's mind seems to make drug therapy unnecessary, if not useless. He is, however, quite susceptible to hypnosis. He has not revealed the multiple personalities of Darlene but reverts always to the same one. This personality speaks in a deep, intelligent voice; very commanding and quite unlike Harding's own. Sometimes the personality does not speak but the changed face and expression of the subject belie its presence. It almost seems to be observing, contemplating. When finally induced to speak it will usually prefer to not answer any questions but simply makes statements. These statements are usually of the

darkest sort, predictions of doom, and the coming of "He Who Waits".

Excerpts from Leonard Hawkins' File

Leading a fairly normal and secure life until the sudden breakdown. Hawkins was unconscious for more than a week and upon awakening displayed signs of intense paranoia. He was unable to recognize even his wife for the first few days, although most of his memory seems to have returned over the next two months.

Not long after returning to his job (an accountant with a major firm) he began displaying signs of a religious conversion and before long joined an obscure sect of ultra-conservative Baptists. His wife and children were, against their wishes, also compelled to join. Not long after, he was reprimanded by his supervisor; his continued proselytizing on the job was beginning to irritate the other employees. Two weeks later Hawkins quit his church, accusing them of stupidity and began to preach on the streets. His family was completely alienated and he soon after lost his job. He moved out of the house and several months later was arrested for assaulting several police officers.

A hatred of his wife, ostensibly stemming from her committing him to North Island, with overt violent tendencies. He will not talk about the source of his knowledge of the "coming of those who wait" but continues to preach his faith in his vision.

Sanatorium #5a, 5b, 5c

Excerpts from the Personnel Record of Charles Johnson

Dear Dr. Brewer,

I can recommend Mr. Johnson whole-heartedly. His work at this institution has been exemplary and I'm sure you would find him more than satisfactory. Perhaps his own years spent in an institution developed within him a special sympathy. I have seen him handle even the most violent patients always in a way to minimize injury. Of course, I needn't mention that his size and strength also stand in his favor.

Sanatorium #6

A Newspaper Clipping Found in Brewer's Office

CAIRO — An unusual archaeological find was reported today by the privately funded Huntsford expedition. Operating some twenty miles west of the Valley of the Kings the expedition has uncovered the ruins of a temple and several colossal statues. It is suspected that this find may answer a number of questions about Egyptian history.

One of the first pieces uncovered was a broken stela originally raised in honor of a Princess Annephs. Unknown until now, Annephs, around 1400 BC, was apparently responsible for the routing of an enemy that then threatened the Egyptian people. The enemy is not identified on the stela but it is speculated that perhaps they were Hyksos raiders or perhaps even the mysterious Sea Peoples mentioned in other records.

Work at the site is expected to continue for at least another two years, or longer.

Sanatorium #8

A Marked Page in the Castro Manuscript

And it was said when "Those Who Wait" came unto the land of pharaoh they laid waste to the country and were not stopped until faced and destroyed by the priestess Annephis of the Temple of Bast. They moved by night, fearing Ra, and shunned also the rushing water. And the stones were made by her and they, carried by the priest, drove the creatures into the Nile which took them to the sea and there they were destroyed. Annephis died of her injuries and, so it is said, died the secret of the stones. She was buried in a tomb in a place which has yet to be discovered.

Sanatorium #7

Note Hidden in a Book

My darling Andrew, please meet me at the Sailor's Club tonight at eleven. Do not fail. I really must speak to you. An important time for both of us draws near. — Love, J.G.

Mansion #1

A Letter Found in Ebenezer's Shed

October 13, 1896

Dear Ebenezer,

I'm leaving this letter with friends at port and I'm sure you'll get it when you return home. I'll probably be gone by then and don't know when I'll see you so I'll wish you good luck now.

In this envelope is a small present. It's a good luck charm given to me by one of those Kanakys we ran into in the islands. I don't know if it's any damn good but I always wore it, especially anytime I was around those islands. It's been said that some of the ships that sailed out of Innsmouth had something similar attached to their bottoms. I don't know what my address will be but after I get to Cincinnati I'll write to let you know.

Your friend,

William

Sanatorium #9

Kidnap Victim Dies During Police Raid on Occult Ceremony

Pitched Gun Battle Ends in Multiple Deaths

Earlier today, proceedings of a secretive Boston religious group known as the "Sylvan Night" were raided by local police. Led by Detective Sergeant Patrick Devlin of the Boston Police Department, the heavily armed force of men surrounded a wooded area several miles north of the city, then closed in. Authorities had been unaware of the cult's existence but were tipped off to their activities by a former member of the group.

When police arrived on the scene, members of the cult were apparently in the process of performing a "black magic ritual." This shocking rite apparently was to include the brutal sacrifice of a young girl recently abducted from Boston's Chinatown. The kidnap victim was unfortunately killed during the course of the raid. According to Officer Devlin, who was himself slightly injured in the battle, twelve cult members were killed, two captured, and one believed escaped. The woman who escaped is thought to have been the leader of the cult and is still at large. The public is warned that she may be armed and should be considered dangerous. City Councilman Bradford Tibbins has assured the press that accusations of police brutality will be dealt with during the inquest scheduled for next week. Police have refused to divulge the identity of the deceased and captured cultists pending further investigation.

— May 22

Mansion #2

Excerpts from a Diary

This document is found in Andrea's bead purse. Note: only those entries with direct interest to the investigation are given here.

June 30, 1916

Dear Diary,

I don't know how to write about it but my dreams have been so strong the last few nights that I'm actually scared. It seems that I was in a big cave, all filled with glowing lights and then I heard a voice. A big voice, but it made noise only in my head. Like someone else's thoughts were there, racing around inside my skull. I can almost still hear it, whispering to me even as I write this. For some reason I am afraid. But it was, after all, only a dream.

August 28, 1916

Dear Diary,

I keep having the dreams about the voice. It says it wants to teach me things but somehow it makes me be afraid. I want to tell mother about it but somehow I feel she wouldn't understand.

As winter arrives, entries referring to the dream voice become more common; but Josephine remains undecided about listening to the mysterious voice. All her diary entries, however, adopt a darker tone.

January 28, 1917

Dear Diary,

I tell you I cannot stand this house. The walls are pounding in on me. I cannot get the dreams about the voice out of my head and even now I can see that strange cave. I hate my mother and I wish I could pass from this house into the warm darkness of the ground.

The entries retain this tone throughout the winter and spring of 1917. Pages at a time are free of words but are covered with intricate, convoluted cross-hatchings. At first glance the patterns only show a good sense of texture but at times faces seem to resolve themselves out of the dense layers of crossed lines.

June 29, 1917

The teachers at school seem so amazed by the things I draw. Some of them say I have real talent and should go to school somewhere to learn how to draw

better. I tried to tell them that I only draw the things I see in my dreams but I don't think they really believed me. Mother says the pictures are no good but I think she's wrong. The voice in my dreams says I could draw better but that I must get away from here. I want to leave this house as soon as I can. Mr. Matthews says there's a contest coming up in Pittsburgh. The winning entrant will be given an art scholarship to Boston University. I'm already starting on a picture I think will win.

June 30, 1917

The voice came again last night while I was dreaming. It told me that if I would listen to it and do as it says that I will have everything I ever wanted out of life. For the first time I opened my eyes and then I saw the voice and what it was. It was blurry so I couldn't see much but I know that it's awfully big. It showed me something I could draw for the contest and told me that if I did a good job I couldn't help but win. I think the voice really wants me to win and go to Boston. I hope it happens. I can't stand my mother much longer. I swear, she makes me so mad that sometimes I think I'll kill her.

Mansion #4

Excerpts from Kingdom of Shadows

Using the power of the Dark Stone one can wreak many changes, on both the world and one's self. Great are the promises of the Dark Stone and of The Hanging One, but great also are the dangers. It is said the user can stand transmogrified before the power held captive within, sickness cured and madness dispelled.

...The Dark Stone, of fiery Power and promise! The Stone was cleverly crafted in Elder Days by The Secret Messenger With One Thousand Faces (using hands not his own) to burn a hole between daylight and dreams. A passage by which the One Who Hangs in the Void could reach out and touch this world.

...Beware lest the Stone take the soul of the impious thief, though it may bring Power beforehand.

...Not only power can be obtained through the Dark Stone but other talents can also be learned. Secret are their ways and mysterious the callings, but great are these talents in the hands of the user who would know.

...The Stone was made to last forever and no known power on Earth can destroy it. It possesses those who possess it and it rules their lives.

Mansion #5

MYTHOS
H.P. Lovecraft
EDITION

Mansions of MADNESS

*Five Frightening Adventures in
Dark and Deserted
Places*



*"'Tis a grove-circled dwelling
Set close to a hill,
Where the branches are telling
Strange legends of ill;
Over timbers so old
That they breathe of the dead,
Crawl the vines, green and cold;
By strange nourishment fed...."*

—H.P. Lovecraft

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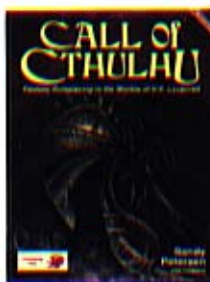
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