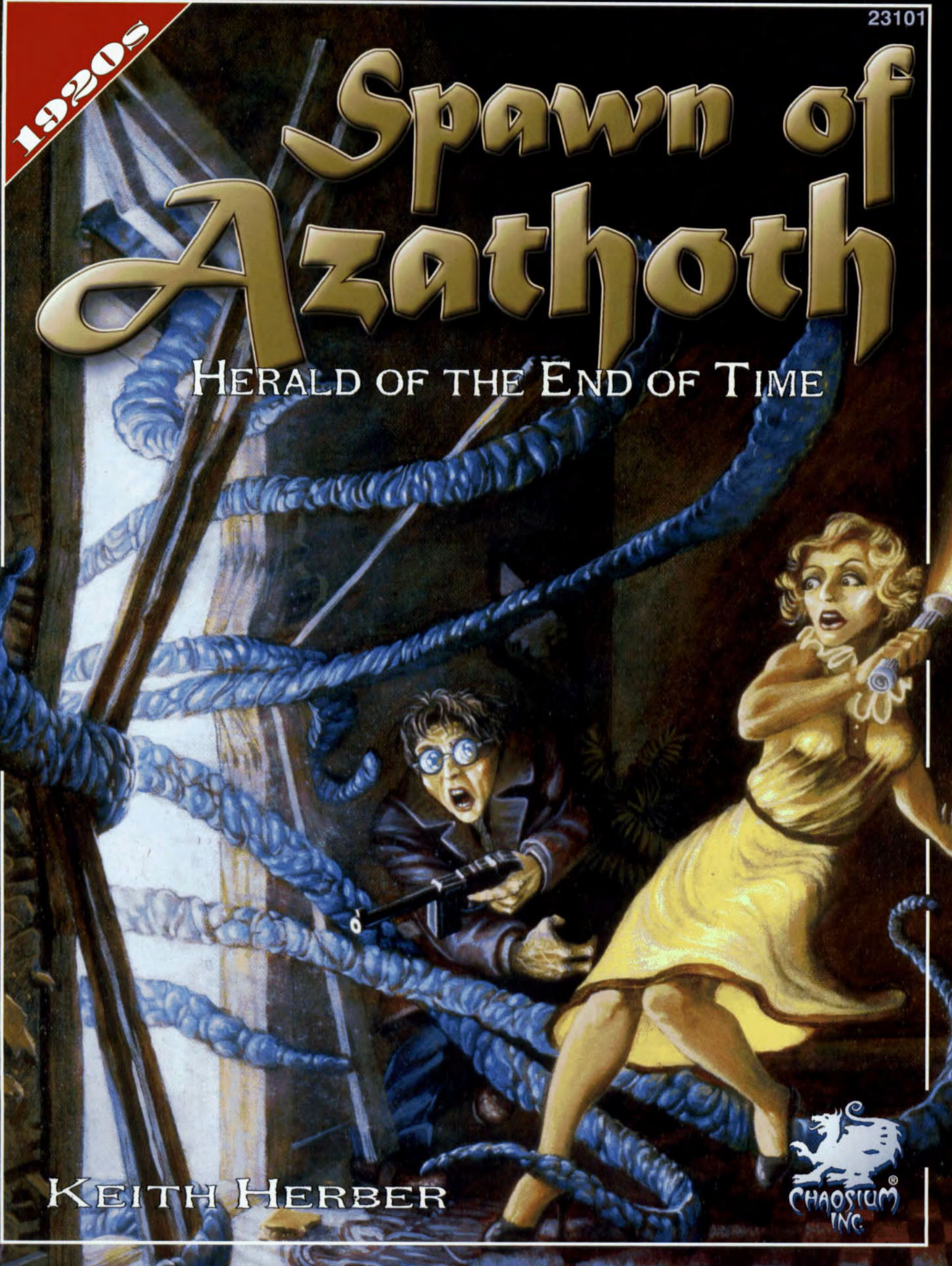


1920s

Spawn of Azathoth

HERALD OF THE END OF TIME



KEITH HERBER





Spawn of Azathoth

HERALD OF THE END OF TIME





Providence ✠ Garrison ✠ St. Augustine
Andaman Islands ✠ Dreamlands ✠ Tibet



Published 2005

Originally published in 1986





H. P. Lovecraft
1890-1937



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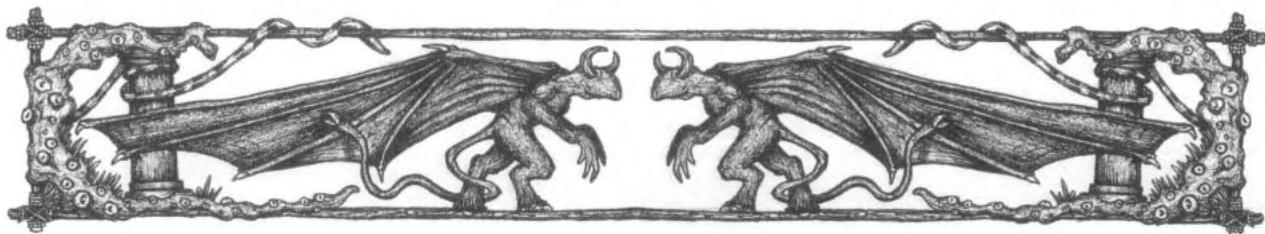
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Spawn of Azathoth

HERALD OF THE END OF TIME



by

Keith Herber



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new maps and plans: David Conyers, often based on
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additional text: David Conyers, Don Coatar, Jeff Carey, Steve Hatherley

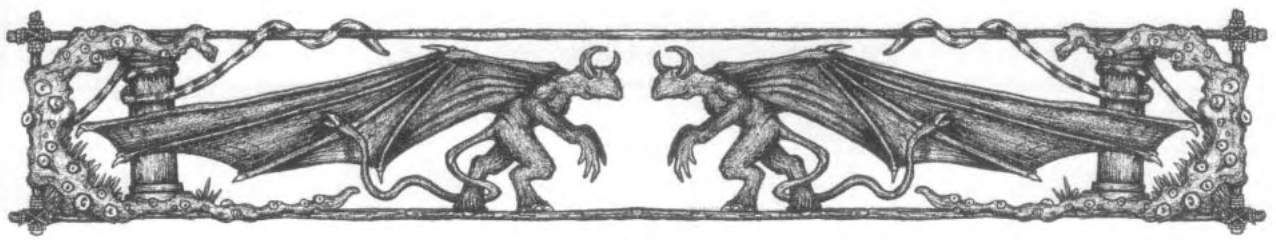
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& various odd critters

2005





Clear Credit

Keith Herber wrote *Spawn of Azathoth*. Additional material and editorial work was provided by Sandy Petersen and Lynn Willis. The first edition appeared in 1986.

This is the second edition of *Spawn of Azathoth*, revised with additional material, edited by Lynn Willis. In second edition, Lynn Willis added the tables of evidence. David Conyers wrote most of the sidebar geographical notes and essays, described the *Palencia*, and characterized information for encounters.

The *Palencia* description includes excerpts about the *SS Gabrielle* by Michael Blum in *Beyond the Mountains of Madness*, as a whole copyright by Charles and Janyce Engan. The text on altitude sickness also originates in that fine book.

Diving and associated underwater hazards were adapted from "Crash Dive" by Steve Hatherley. "Ulthar" is based on information in *H. P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands*, fifth edition by Chris Williams and Sandy Petersen.

The cover was painted by Tom Sullivan. The interior art from first edition is by Kevin Ramos, now leavened with dozens of new illustrations by Milet Michel. Besides numerous new maps and plans, those by David Conyers are partly based on first edition maps by Carolyn Schultz.

Hail Yog-Sothoth!

Playtesters

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West Coast Dream-testers: Joe Coughlan, Sean Coughlan, Harry A. Robson V.

Dedication

H. P. Lovecraft 1890–1937

This work is respectfully dedicated to the thoughts, dreams, and writings of H. P. Lovecraft.

Special thanks go to Kerie Campbell for making the *Dreamlands* a reality and to Sandy Petersen for making the whole thing possible to begin with.



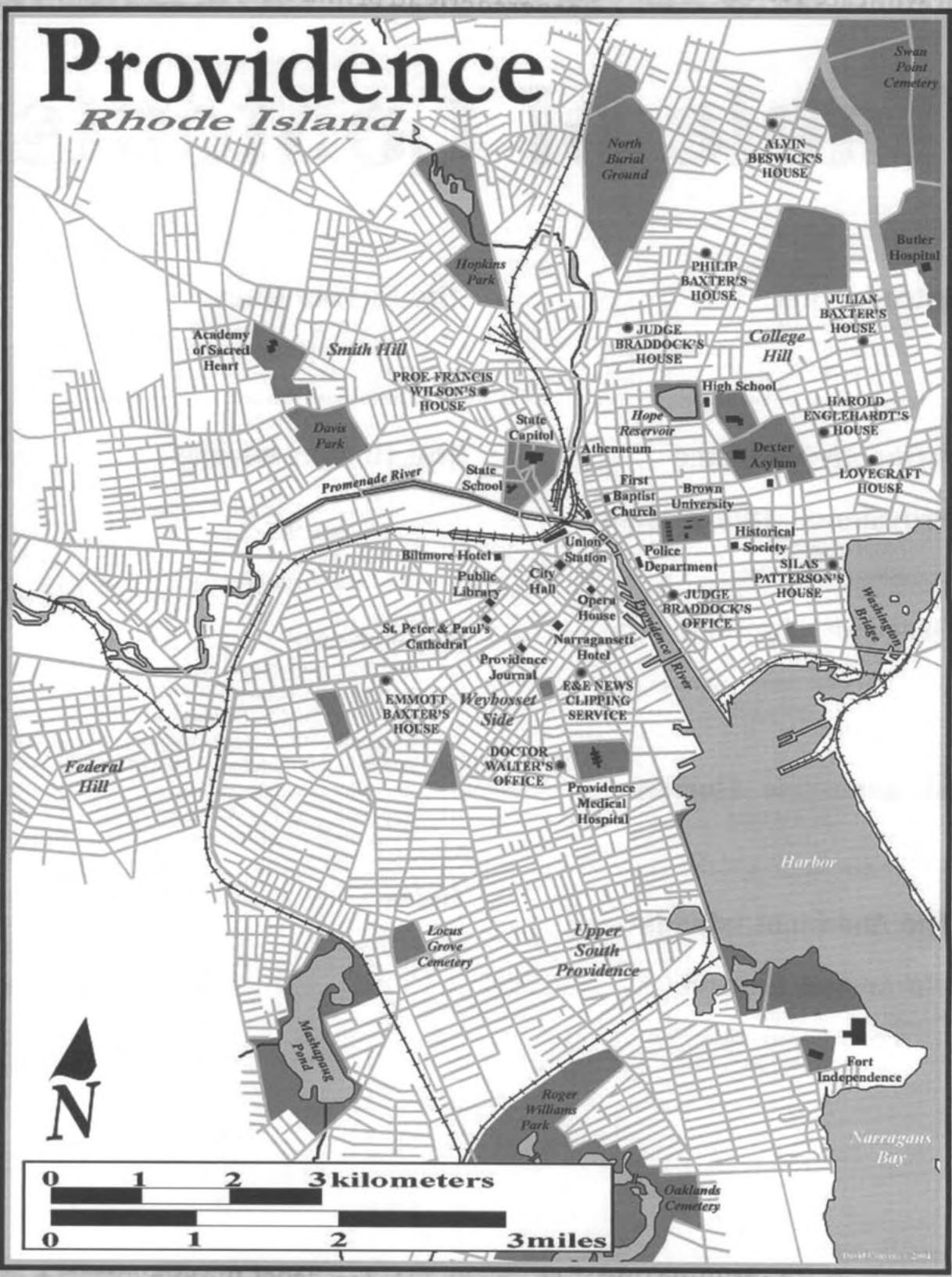
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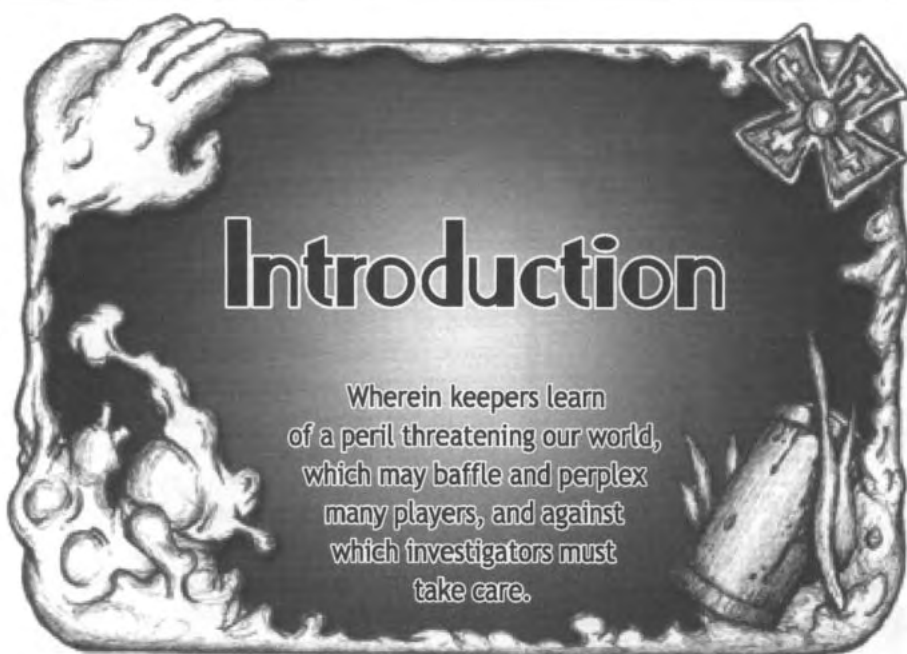
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Providence

Rhode Island





Introduction

Wherein keepers learn
of a peril threatening our world,
which may baffle and perplex
many players, and against
which investigators must
take care.

Spawn of Azathoth is a moderate-length *Call of Cthulhu* campaign intended for four to six investigators. The suspicious death of a former teacher begins the adventure. Following clues, the player characters find themselves caught up in events of cosmic import. Nine to a dozen sessions may be needed before the materials in this book can be completely played through.

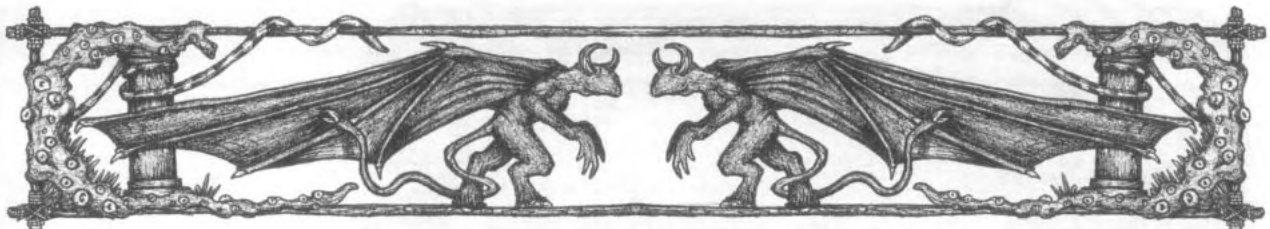
Keeper's Synopsis

The action starts in the bedroom of one of the investigators, when a ghostly apparition awakens him or her. Not long after, the player characters learn of the sudden death of Philip Baxter, a past teacher of the investigator visited by the apparition. At Baxter's funeral, the investigators meet friends and family of the deceased scholar. They are also invited to the reading of Baxter's will; the investigator who once was Baxter's student receives a small bequest from him. The packet contains a letter from Baxter, plus his dream journal: entries in the journal lead wise investigators to suspect that Baxter did not die from natural causes.

In the first general portion of this book—consisting of “A Ghostly Presence” and “Providence”—Philip Baxter's life in Rhode Island is traced. These are the areas in which the player characters' encounters begin. They interview Baxter's friends, and search public records and private residences to learn what really happened to the man. Many of the characters they meet seem suspicious. The investigators likely fail to solve the mystery of his death before a second person falls victim. Regardless of just what they learn, the player characters will accumulate leads they naturally will want to follow. A number of the Providence residents they meet can help them.

The second general portion consists of six adventures. As they choose, the investigators themselves determine the order in which these six are met, except that “The Tibetan Interior” must come last. The first scenario as printed is “Garrison, Montana”. Garrison is the site of a private astronomical observatory. This observatory, manned by its designer, Dmitri Passelov, was constructed with funds raised by a small group of scientists, the Tuesday Night Academy, of which Philip Baxter was a founding member. The observatory is attempting to locate a mysterious stellar object, something like a brown dwarf. The investigators likely will suspect Passelov's motives, but the man is innocent of Baxter's death. In the mountains around the observatory lurk the real villains, fungi from Yuggoth. These mi-go have come for a “seed of Azathoth”, a herald of the approaching star. The seed recently fell nearby.





St. Augustine, Florida, was the last known address of Colin Baxter, the youngest of Philip Baxter's three children. After locating Colin in St. Augustine, the investigators can take part in an undersea treasure hunt that leads to the discovery of ancient sunken ruins, perhaps a remnant of Atlantis. Upon their return to shore, Colin Baxter is jailed for murder. In attempting to clear Colin's name, the player characters may uncover a cannibal cult in the city.

In "Andaman Islands", Cynthia Baxter, Baxter's only daughter, is a missionary living in that primitive archipelago in the Indian Ocean. Evil Tcho-Tcho magic has enchanted her. Reclaiming Cynthia will be difficult, but the player characters also may learn more about the approach of the strange star.

As evidenced by his dream journal, Philip Baxter had been exploring the Dreamlands. The investigators may follow his trail in "Ulthar and Beyond". Here they meet Baxter's dream self, held prisoner in a hidden city.

In "The Eternal Quest", a light-hearted scenario, the dreaming investigators aid a band of ghouls attempting to rescue their princess. They also meet the mystic Walker of the Stony Desert, who offers them a gift.

It is unnecessary to possess a copy of *H. P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands* in order to play through the two Dreamlands adventures, though owning a copy would

be quite useful. A short sidebar at the beginning of "Ulthar and Beyond" summarizes some pertinent rule changes and concepts.

"The Tibetan Interior" is the final chapter of the campaign, and takes the player characters to the roof of the world. The investigators arrive at the valley of the seed and have the chance to affect the course of human history and save the world.

The third general portion of the book is the "Azathoth Papers". It begins with four sets of optional play aids. These contain additional handouts for the keeper to use as he or she sees fit, perhaps as special rewards or as red herrings. The sets are "Quotations from Mythos Tomes", "Gleanings from Historical Research", "Insane Insights", and "Selected News Clippings". None are necessary to play; some may well be useful; a few are obviously red herrings. Following them are copies of all the handouts referred to in the seven adventures of the campaign.

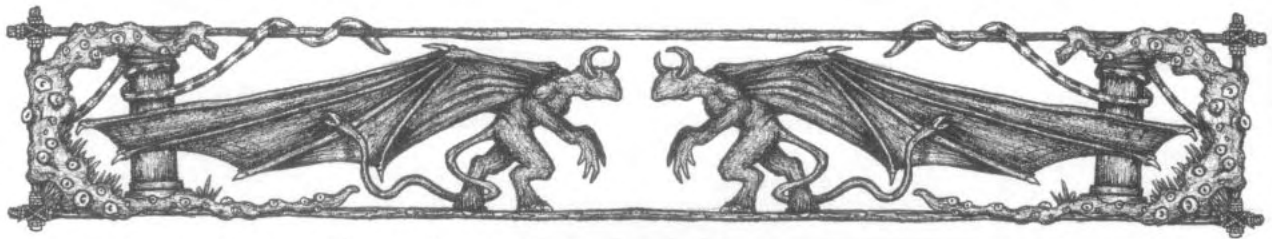
The final portion is the "Appendices" section, which provides additional historical, environmental and general background information relevant to the campaign.

That Which Passeth in Darkness

At the center of the universe, deep within a self-created abyss past time and space, dwells the blind idiot god, Azathoth. Mindlessly the Daemon Sultan casts off small star-like objects—spawns of Azathoth. Once launched, these strange bodies, the size of small stars, hurtle through time and space forever. Sometimes they pass near ordinary stellar systems and wreak havoc, colliding with worlds or suns, or awakening into full life.

A billion years past, one of the spawn of Azathoth—call it Nemesis—encountered the solar system. It clung to it, slowly weaving around the larger, brighter Sun. Although rarely nearing the orbit of Pluto, on these occasions the gravitational pull and malign psychic energy of Nemesis can cause great physical destruction and alter the evolution of life.

Like its progenitor, pieces of Nemesis sometimes break free, falling into orbits around the Sun or into the Sun. These appear not much different from comets. If a piece contains a seed of the demon-star, and it strikes a planet, it can melt into the world's interior and there



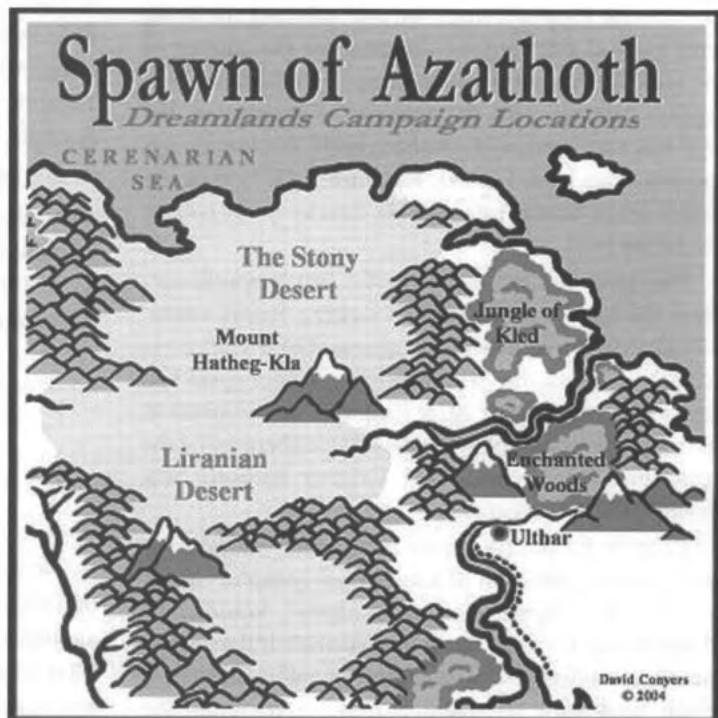
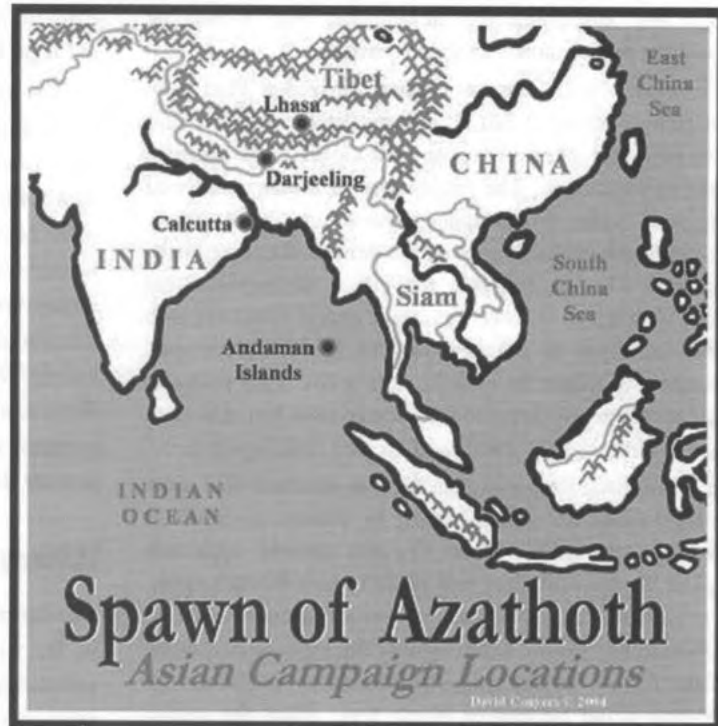
prosper immensely, eventually forming a new spawn which emerges from the broken planet like a snake from the egg. Our solar system's original fifth world was so parasitized. Its remnants compose the asteroid belt.

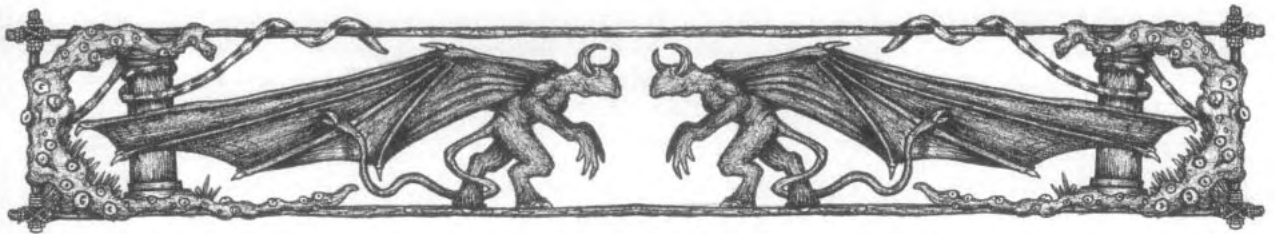
Random seeds could take root on Earth at any time, but the Father Ghost (see below) and the mi-go have systematically protected the planet more recently. In any case, the odds against a successful seeding are high—only one planet in this solar system has been seeded in the last billion years.

For millennia, astronomers have seen comets—"hairy stars", the random seeds of Nemesis—as approaching disaster and ill fortune. In ancient books, passing comets have been blamed for such things as the revolt of the shoggoths against their creators, the doom of the dinosaurs, and the fall of the serpent folk empire. Certain tomes hint that close encounters with Azathoth-the-son (Nemesis) have been responsible for the destruction of Hyperborea, the sinking of Atlantis, and even the two ages of chaos that struck early Egypt.

The most recent dramatic effect of Nemesis took place in central Siberia, June 30, 1908, when a tremendous explosion rocked much of the continent. Witnesses described a sizzling fireball that darkened the light of the sun, followed by a pillar of fire. The shock waves were powerful enough to knock down horses four hundred miles away. Many survivors suffered mysterious burns on the parts of their bodies that had been exposed to the blast.

One of those who lived through the disaster was a *staretz*, a Russian term for an unusually pious man. His name was Grigory Efimovich Rasputin. Rasputin had foreseen the event, and had traveled to Siberia to witness it. He knew of the approach of Nemesis from an old rabbi, Eleazar ben Zekai. Among the rabbi's ancient manuscripts was a copy of the *Livre Ivonis*. Its fragile pages dimly told the story of Eibon, a Hyperborean wizard, who viewed the future through special portals





and who discerned the devastation that would be brought by the dark star's next passing.

Crazed by his visions, Eibon devised a mad plan whereby man need not pass from the Earth but could live forever, locked in a perpetual Golden Age without fear of extinction. The great sorcerer constructed vast spiritual webs across space. The snares were strong enough to halt the passage of the demon-star, Azathoth-the-son. Though trapped, the power of Nemesis was such that left to its own devices it would burst the web and free itself to journey on. But Eibon's great spell would also freeze time itself, ending the star's progress and its potential threat to the human race, but also temporally freezing the Earth and all who lived upon it.

Horrified, Rasputin and Eleazar resolved that time should move on and humanity be allowed to fulfill its destiny—no matter that Nemesis should approach again. To this end, they laid plans to halt Eibon's agent, the Father Ghost, a mysterious embodiment created by Eibon to defend the Earth against the seeds of Azathoth. That figure, more importantly, must perform the ancient ritual needed to freeze time when the spawn swings close enough to be captured in the webs. That moment is at hand.

Rasputin traveled to the site of the next seed's predicted fall. There he found an old albino waiting. Recognizing him as the Father Ghost referred to in the *Livre Ivonis*, Rasputin surprised and subdued the being with magical aid. He then prepared for the coming of the seed. But Rasputin's metaphysically heightened perception betrayed him, for the true appearance of the seed was a replication of Azathoth itself. The horror was too much to bear. Crazed, Rasputin fled, leaving the Father Ghost bound where he lay, directly in the path of the falling seed.

The 1908 seed fall was powerful, but Rasputin survived the blast and returned to western Russia where, though driven to madness and obsessed by his failure to avert the evil's passing, he was sure that Eibon's plan had been thwarted. But, in 1916, Rasputin was stunned to learn that the ghost still walked, perhaps liberated by the explosion. Three weeks later, Grigory Rasputin was assassinated in Petrograd.

In 1922, Rasputin's papers purportedly found their way into the possession of an informal group of elderly scholars, the "Tuesday Night Academy", founded by Philip Baxter. Curious about the astronomical evidence the papers offered, and bolstered by other evidences which their own far-reaching minds uncovered, the

academy's scholars invested in an observatory equipped to locate faint stellar bodies with large proper motions.

The group's actions have come to the attention of forces intimately aligned with Azathoth. One, a Tcho-Tcho priest, learned of Philip Baxter's connections with Azathoth-the-son's approach when his path crossed with Baxter's in the Dreamlands. The priest saw to Baxter's death in the waking world, and his mindless imprisonment in the Dreamlands. Others involved with the Tuesday Night Academy are also at risk. Eibon's Father Ghost still stalks the land, tirelessly scanning the skies. And the mi-go wish to ensure the uninterrupted progress of Nemesis, which they know will eventually destroy the Earth and its pesky inhabitants.

When the Stars Are Right

Astronomers theorize that our sun might not be alone in its journey around the Milky Way galaxy. An unknown second star of dim radiance in a far-distant orbit could accompany it. This second star, so far invisible from Earth even with the twenty-first century's finest optics, would periodically pass closely enough to our solar system to disturb components of it. It might stir up the somewhat hypothetical Oort Cloud, far out in what is nearly interstellar space, or the closer Kuiper Belt—a known salvage yard of would-be comets, tumbling mountains, and icy planetisimals of which Yuggoth, though closer than the rest, is so far the largest example.

Once bent upon collision, these hurtling comets and asteroids have been catastrophes for Earth, causing mass extinctions and terrible climatic changes. Astronomers termed this hypothetical companion Nemesis, after the Greek god of divine vengeance.

*I have seen the dark universe yawning
Where the black planets roll without aim,
Where they roll in their horror unheeded,
Without knowledge or luster or name.*

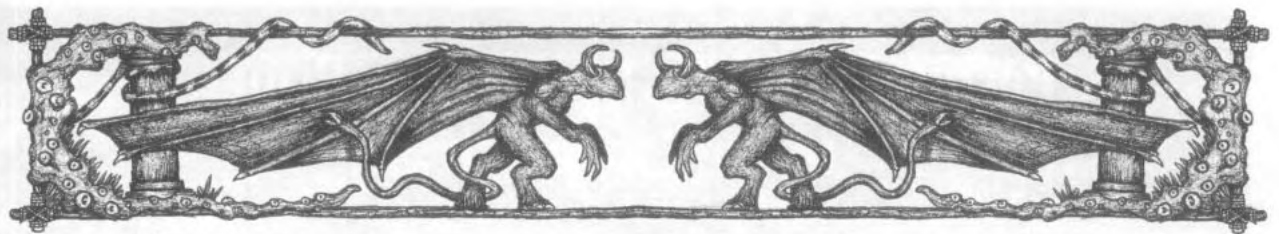
— H. P. Lovecraft, "Nemesis"

No one needs to hold his or her breath—the spawn of Azathoth will not begin to affect our solar system for another seven hundred years. Perhaps investigators will want to start helping Dr. Robert Goddard in his rocketry experiments.

Pertinent Events: Chronology Prior to the Campaign

- 1863 — *Jan. 3:* Julian Baxter born in Providence.
— *June 12:* Mortimer Braddock born in Providence.
- 1865 — *Aug. 15:* Philip Baxter born in Providence.
- 1867 — *Apr. 14:* Dmitri Passelov born on family estate near Moscow, Russia.
- 1870 — *Apr. 2:* Francis Wilson born in New York.
- 1872 — *Oct. 21:* Silas Patterson born in Boston.
- 1873 — *Feb. 11:* Angela Miralotto born in Milano.
- 1883 — *Jun. 4:* Philip Baxter enrolls at Brown U.
- 1885 — *Jan. 28:* Philip Baxter marries Ellen Bankes
— *Jul. 18:* Cynthia Baxter born to Philip and Ellen.
- 1887 — *Jun. 4:* Philip Baxter graduates from Brown U.
- 1889 — *Dec. 22:* Emmett Baxter born to Philip and Ellen.
- 1890 — *Apr. 2:* Vasilij Kalyetka born in Russia.
— *Jun. 28:* Julian Baxter departs for missionary post in Peru.
- 1892 — *Sep. 30:* Angela and husband Armand Vincenzo arrive in America, soon settle in Providence.
- 1893 — *Mar. 13:* Colin Baxter born two months premature; Ellen dies two days later; Philip Baxter leaves Pompeii dig site for home.
— *Jun. 15:* Armand Vincenzo killed in factory accident.
— *Sep. 30:* Angela Vincenzo hired as housekeeper by Philip Baxter.
- 1897 — *Jul. 18:* Cynthia Baxter, while on a family picnic, is bitten by a spider and left in coma for most of a week. She recovers, and thereafter begins to accompany Angela to Sunday mass.
— *September:* Angela twice catches Cynthia teasing Emmett with live spiders. She reprimands the girl and forgets the incidents.
- 1899 — *August:* Extraordinary meteor shower said to have occurred in the area of Garrison, Montana.
- 1902 — *Mar. 27:* Julian Baxter returns home to Providence.
— *September:* With Julian's help, Cynthia enters college and begins medical training.
- 1904 — *May 18:* Julian Baxter accepts new missionary post in the Belgian Congo. There he befriends Silas Patterson.
- 1905 — *Aug. 8:* Silas Patterson leaves Africa for New Guinea.
- 1908 — *Jun. 30:* Rasputin faces and defeats the Father Ghost in Siberia.
- 1910 — *Apr. 4:* Colin Baxter, after an arrest for burglary, joins the Merchant Marine.
- 1911 — *April:* Sylvia Englund purchases Montana property.
— *Jun. 8:* Emmett Baxter graduates from college and goes to work for Judge Braddock.
- 1912 — *Feb. 1:* After an argument with a local witch doctor in Africa, a crippling disease strikes Julian Baxter. He returns to Providence and retires.
- 1913 — *Aug. 30:* Cynthia Baxter becomes a missionary in the Andaman Islands.
- 1914 — *Spring:* Dmitri Passelov arrives at Harvard.
— *Apr. 15:* Colin Baxter discharged from the Merchant Marine.
— *Jun. 1:* Philip Baxter meets Francis Wilson when the latter visits Providence.
- 1917 — *Jan. 12:* First meeting at Philip Baxter's home of the nascent Tuesday Night Academy.
— *May 2:* Julian Baxter attempts suicide by slashing his wrists.
- 1918 — *Aug. 28:* Cynthia Baxter kidnapped and briefly held captive by the Tcho-Tchos.
- 1919 — *Jun. 2:* Emmett Baxter argues with Philip and quits his job with Judge Braddock.
— *Oct. 11:* Silas Patterson and Cynthia Baxter briefly meet in the Andaman Islands.
— *Dec. 24:* Judge Braddock assaults wife in home.
- 1920 — *Feb. 14:* Braddock obtains a divorce from his wife.
— *Jun. 11:* Silas Patterson retires from active fieldwork. He meets Philip Baxter.
- 1921 — *Mar. 13:* Emmett Baxter opens a newspaper clipping service with partner Edward O'Donnell.
- 1922 — *Jul. 10:* With the aid of Philip Baxter, Patterson secures a teaching post at Brown U.
— *Aug. 30:* Dmitri Passelov joins the Tuesday Night Academy.
— *Nov. 1:* Complaint lodged against Silas Patterson by Oscar Hodge; additional complaints made on 2/15/23, 3/21/23, 6/1/23, 10/14/23, 12/11/23, and 2/13/24.
— *Dec. 14:* Vasilij Kalyetka, a Russian refugee, shows up at the home of Dmitri Passelov.
- 1924 — *Apr. 1:* Edward O'Donnell, partner of Emmett Baxter, found murdered.
— *Jun. 12:* Colin Baxter settles in St. Augustine, and soon marries Anita Lindsay.
— *Jun. 21:* Fire tower completed near Garrison, Montana.
— *Jul. 22:* Silas Patterson is forcibly retired from Brown University. Patterson quickly contacts local undertaker Alvin Beswick.
— *Aug. 15:* Patterson signs rental lease for the farmhouse of Barney Tyrell.
— *Aug. 29:* Passelov purchases land in Montana.
— *Oct. 29:* The Tuesday Night Academy decides to construct a Montana observatory.
- 1925 — *Oct. 19:* Colin Baxter borrows \$5000 from his father and with a partner forms a salvage company.
- 1926 — *Nov. 2:* Colin Baxter's wife runs off to Texas with Colin's partner and the company assets.
— *Nov. 26:* Charges of unprofessional conduct filed against undertaker Alvin Beswick by the distraught parents of a young girl recently dead from pneumonia.
- 1927 — *Feb. 3:* Shipment of coconuts containing deadly spider sent from the Andaman Islands.
— *Apr. 25:* Coconuts arrive in Providence, but are mistakenly delivered to 498 Angell Street.
— *May 1:* Philip Baxter pronounced dead by heart failure. The body is taken to Beswick's Funeral Parlor. That night, Patterson uses the hearse to take the corpse to his rented farm.
— *May 2:* At midnight, Patterson begins a cannibalistic ritual, causing Philip Baxter to wake from his coma. Two minutes later, Baxter truly dies. The next morning Patterson shows up at Providence General with a cracked rib. He says he fell down.
— *May 3:* The funeral of Philip Baxter.
— *May 5:* The reading of the last will and testament of Philip Baxter.





The Life and Death of Philip Baxter

Philip Baxter was born and raised in Providence, R. I., with an older brother, Julian. As a boy, Philip became a close friend with Mortimer Braddock, developing a life-



Philip Baxter

long friendship. After high school, Baxter attended Brown University where he received degrees in archaeology. He married a local girl, Ellen Bankes, and began a career of archaeological excavations across the globe. When his wife died, leaving him with three small children (Cynthia, Emmett, and Colin), he returned home and accepted a

teaching post at Brown. Soon after, he hired Angela Vincenzo as live-in housekeeper.

In 1897, a spider bit Baxter's daughter, Cynthia, while on a family picnic. The girl had an allergic reaction, became comatose, and was hospitalized for several days. The effects of this bite lingered in the girl's soul, to re-emerge when she traveled to the Andaman Islands and was introduced to an ancient spider-cult. In 1915, with his children grown and gone from the house, Baxter founded what became known as the Tuesday Night Academy, a small informal group of scholars and scientists who met bi-weekly at his home to discuss social issues and scientific discoveries. Though this group may appear suspicious to investigators, it is innocent.

In the last year of his life, Philip, aided by a drug supplied to him by his brother Julian, discovered the Dreamlands. Baxter made several journeys through this strange realm but, unbeknownst to him, he was being watched. On the other side of the world dwells an evil Tcho-Tcho priest who also visits the Dreamlands. Through Baxter's daughter, Cynthia, the Tcho-Tcho learned of the Academy's plans to detect the approach of Nemesis and, fearful of their intentions, attacked Baxter in the Dreamlands. At the same time, Cynthia shipped to her father a crate of coconuts containing a deadly prehistoric spider.

Baxter was bitten in his sleep, and simultaneously his dream form was incarcerated beneath one of the

sleeping palaces in the Jungle of Kled. Baxter might have been rescued from his dream-imprisonment but, mistaking the venom-induced coma for death, his body was shipped to a local funeral parlor, operated by Alvin Beswick.

Silas Patterson, Baxter's friend, a member of the Tuesday Night Academy, and a noted anthropologist,



Silas Patterson

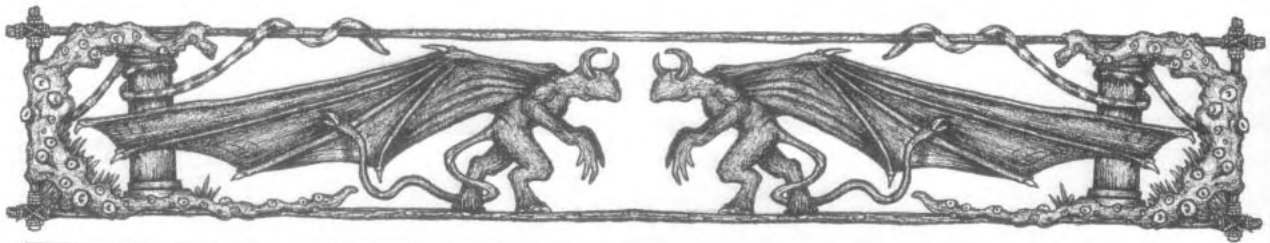
secretly is a cannibal—he eats human and other primate brains. Fired from his position at Brown for his theft of laboratory monkeys, Patterson was forced to make other arrangements to satisfy his base desires. For some time Beswick the undertaker, a man of low integrity, supplied him with human corpses. When Baxter's body was delivered to Beswick, Patterson picked it up and took it to a

rented farmhouse where the anthropologist always consumed his forbidden feasts.

When Patterson removed Baxter's cranium and exposed the brain, he made the horrible discovery that his friend still lived. Baxter, half-conscious from his coma, actually rose and stumbled around the garage for a few moments before succumbing to his terrible wounds. Shaken, Patterson hurriedly returned the body to the undertaker and reported to the hospital for treatment of his own injuries.

Philip Baxter was thereby lost to this world. His dream-self might be found by the investigators and made whole. Other ways to speak with the dead man are available. Whether or not they solve the Baxter mystery, save Angela from the spider that still lurks in the house, or bring Patterson's crimes to light, the investigators will still be drawn into the great mysteries of the spawn of Azathoth.





Using These Adventures

“A Ghostly Presence” contains discussion and short introductory scenes intended to set the stage and mood. Once “Providence, Rhode Island” begins, the player characters may travel as they please. They begin in Providence and, should they stay there for a while, they may save Angela’s life. Later they may travel wherever the clues lead them, even in following up on Philip Baxter’s trips in the Dreamlands. The choices are up to the player characters. When the keeper feels that the players have sent their investigators upon a sufficient number of death-defying missions, he or she may send a telegram (*Azathoth Papers* #35) which signals the final phase of the campaign, the events that occur in “The Tibetan Interior”.

Providence can be a home base. The story begins here, and while investigating Philip Baxter’s death, the player characters are likely to befriend a number of helpful non-player characters.

The scenarios “Garrison, Montana”, “St. Augustine, Florida”, and “The Andaman Islands” constitute adventures in themselves, each lightly linked in turn to form the campaign’s core. A chain of events is set in motion whenever the investigators arrive at one of these loca-

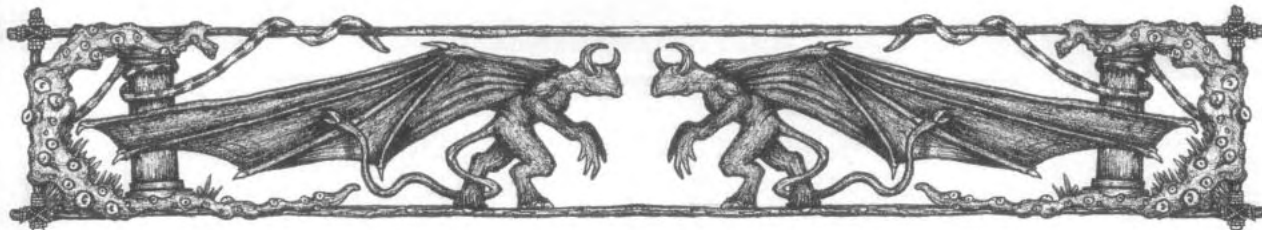
tions. Philip Baxter was a dreamer and two scenarios take place in the Dreamlands. “Ulthar and Beyond” probably takes place first; the player characters can experience it by following clues Baxter left in his dream journal. The second dream, “Eternal Quest”, cannot occur until a package sent to Philip Baxter falls into the investigators’ hands.

Events and Plot Devices

Some events have been pre-selected to take place in sequence. Descriptions of these events and when they happen are found below but this schedule is flexible. Keepers are encouraged to alter this list as they need.

Week One

At the end of the first week after the reading of Philip Baxter’s will, Angela Vincenzo is attacked in her sleep by the large spider dwelling in the attic of the Baxter house. Bitten at night, the morning finds her in a coma, but still treatable by a hospital. That evening, if she is left helpless, baby spiders hatch and flow down out of the attic to cover her body. The next morning she is completely covered by inch-long arachnids feeding hungrily on her body fluids. Seeing this costs 1/1D6 Sanity points.



- If Ms. Vincenzo is rescued and hospitalized, she recovers in a week. If she is not saved, the next day the bloated spiderlings abandon her desiccated corpse and find places in the house in which to hide and molt. The sight of her withered corpse costs 0/1D6 Sanity points.
- If the house remains undisturbed for a week after this, the spiders swarm and fill the house. Just peeping in through a window costs 1/1D6 Sanity points.
- The neighbors panic when the little crawling horrors are seen on the outside of the house. Then the authorities are notified, the house is investigated, the hopelessness of the situation is realized, and the house is ordered burned immediately.
- If the investigators save Angela from her creepy fate, award each 1D6 Sanity points.

Week Two

The end of this week finds the investigators contacted by Judge Braddock. He has been unable to locate Colin Baxter and asks the investigators to travel to Florida in search of the young man. Colin has not yet been informed of his father's death or of his inheritance. Braddock offers to pay an adequate fee plus expenses if the investigators take the job. Braddock supplies them with a photo of Colin Baxter and the address of the rooming house where he used to live.

Week Three

At the end of this week, Silas Patterson disappears. He may not be seen again. His suicide note (*Azathoth Papers #19*) is found in his study. Apprehending Patterson for the death of Philip Baxter before this brings a reward of 1D6 Sanity points. If his involvement in the tragedy is discovered only after his disappearance, there is no Sanity point award.

- If the investigators fuse the reflection of Philip Baxter and Silas Patterson in the Dreamlands, Patterson returns to Providence insane but with Philip Baxter's soul.

Week Four

A mysterious package from New York City arrives in the Baxter mailbox. If Angela Vincenzo is alive, she immediately notifies the investigators of its presence. If she is not alive, a reliable postman delivers it to that local non-player character the keeper finds convenient. For details concerning this package, see "The Eternal Quest", pages 122–134.

Week Five

At the end of this week, the player characters learn that the observatory at Garrison, Montana has been completely destroyed in a violent explosion. Dmitri Passelov was killed. His assistant, Vasily Kalyetka, lies in a coma in a Helena hospital. This occurs either before or after the investigators have visited Garrison, and may prompt a return or an immediate first visit.

- The Father Ghost caused this destruction. He has grown suspicious of the Academy. Using dynamite stored at the observatory, he leveled that building and heavily damaged some outlying structures. Kalyetka was gravely injured.
- Searching the site may turn up scorched fragments of Passelov's papers, plus an intact wall safe. Other items, such as Kalyetka's crucifix, may be discovered among the ruins.

The Father Ghost

Rasputin's "white savage" is a figure which Native Americans call the Father Ghost. He is a magical agent of Eibon, possibly some manifestation of Eibon himself or of one of Eibon's apprentices, or possibly he is entirely a magical construct. The Father Ghost can travel great distances in short periods of time. He may decide to spy on the investigators at any time the keeper chooses, appearing suddenly in the distance and then just as suddenly disappearing again. He may even decide to speak with the player characters. Though he gives the impression of human-ness, the Father Ghost is not human. The Father Ghost is a wild card, to use as you see fit.

To use the Father Ghost as an adversary at the campaign's climax, you must design statistics and powers in keeping with the strength of the investigators. No such information exists in this book—only your own campaign gives the clues for the proper values of the Father Ghost. He is committed to freezing and concluding the progress of time, saving man from the destruction foreseen by Eibon. The Father Ghost's adversaries have traditionally been the fungi from Yuggoth. In their lunar colony and on dread Yuggoth itself, protected by powerful magic, they await the coming of Nemesis, which heralds the time when man shall die.

Over the centuries, Father Ghost has enlisted individuals to help him to defeat the schemes of the mi-go. Presently, the mysterious albino acts alone.

As the investigators learn more about Nemesis and Eibon's scheme, they are led to a decision. They may find themselves sympathetic to the cause of the Father Ghost and wish to aid him in sending the world into



frozen time. Reflection should prove to them that mere preservation is an unkind and unwise gift to humanity. Thus the investigators must seek to prevent the Father Ghost from completing Eibon's great web, or find a way to destroy or dispatch Nemesis itself.

While it is easy to generate sympathy for the Father Ghost—who, after all, isn't malign—wiser investigators

will realize that the Father Ghost is attempting to thwart man's evolution, fate, or destiny. No one wants to hide from the future, least of all intrepid investigators of the Mythos, who already have been able to eke out victories against formidable foes. Humanity must face its destiny, even if it means alliance with Azathoth, Rasputin, and the mi-go all at once.



The Father Ghost, Eibon's Deputy





A Ghostly Presence

Wherein the campaign begins. An investigator goes to sleep one night, wakes up with much more than a start, and is ineluctably drawn into realms of metaphysical terror.

This encounter may occur to a single investigator or may involve two or more. The apparition appears only to individuals who once were students of Philip Baxter, however briefly. If only one player character was Baxter's student, then the keeper must choose which investigator is the appropriate one to experience the following vision. The rest of this subsection assumes that only one character is visited.

It is late at night. The chosen player character sleeps in bed. A soft shuffling sound from the far side of the otherwise silent bedroom wakes him or her. Opening his eyes, he finds the room bathed in a soft green light emanating from a faceless human specter. It gibbers and gestures at him from the foot of the bed. This costs the character 0/1D4 Sanity points.

As the investigator watches, terrified, a large portion of the apparition's head suddenly disappears, as if bitten away by an invisible beast. The specter stumbles and thrashes about the room as more of its head is eaten away until it is completely headless. With a sudden lurch, the phantasm goes rigid and then fades, plunging the room back into darkness. If the character checks the time, it is 12:02 A.M.

If he examines the room, the investigator finds no trace of the manifestation, save for a lingering muskiness that proves unidentifiable. Have **that investigator's player roll D100**. No matter what the result, tell him or her that the player character intuitively recognizes the apparition as that of Dr. Philip Baxter, a former teacher, even though it is faceless.

A call to Baxter's home puts the investigator in touch with Baxter's housekeeper, Angela Vincenzo, who sobbingly informs him that Professor Baxter passed away just yesterday. The local paper carries a short notice of his death (see *Azathoth Papers #1* on page 17).

Any investigator receiving a successful **Occult roll** recalls that the type of visitation experienced by the investigator usually takes place at the moment of death, not a day later, and usually where the death occurred, not at some distant place. These two conditions may leave room for doubt concerning the identity of the ghost.

The Funeral

The morning is overcast. By the hour of the funeral, rain is falling. The investigators come upon the funeral quickly, a small cluster of black-garbed people. (Drawings of each person can be found in "Providence, Rhode Island", pages 26–51.) Let the



player characters provide their own reasons for being at the ceremony. "Former student" is immediately accepted, but "receiver of visit from beyond the grave" takes more explanation.

Once introductions are made, an elderly priest, Julian Baxter, reads Bible passages from his wheelchair. A successful **Medicine or Know roll** identifies Father Baxter as a stroke victim.

Standing quietly in the rain, the player characters have the opportunity to study the mourners. Nine people stand at the graveside, dressed in black and huddled beneath umbrellas shiny with rain. Behind the priest, holding an umbrella over him, stands a younger man, Matthew White, over six feet tall and dressed in the gray uniform of a chauffeur, complete with tall black boots and cap. He stares straight ahead, hardly blinking. Near the priest stands a short plump woman, Angela Vincenzo. Her veil hides her face, and her sobs punctuate the reading of the Scriptures. On her left, his arm around her shoulders, stands a man in his early thirties. He is Emmett Baxter, balding and portly. A slight scowl seems permanently etched on his face.

Next to this pair stands a gentleman in his sixties who is also overweight. This is Dr. Douglas Walters, the Baxter family physician. At Walters' left is a tall man with thick gray hair and a look of robust health. This is Silas Patterson, anthropologist and member of the Tuesday Night Academy. Patterson has a look of impatience about him. A successful **Psychology roll** suggests that his apparent impatience is due to profound nervousness. A **Spot Hidden roll** points out that he constantly glances across the open grave to Harold Englehardt.

On the other side of the grave stand three men. One, a large stout fellow in his later fifties, is Judge Braddock. He continually glances at his pocket watch, as does his companion, Francis Wilson. A little apart from them is a slightly younger man, Harold Englehardt, an administrator from Brown University, who waits patiently in the rain.

A successful **Psychology roll** affirms that Englehardt is the source of Patterson's nervousness. A successful **Spot Hidden** establishes that Englehardt is keeping an eye on Patterson, as well as the other way around.

Standing slightly apart from the rest of the mourners is a middle-aged man wearing a look of practiced solemnity; this is Alvin Beswick, undertaker and driver of the hearse. The ceremony soon concludes. The mourners want to get out of the rain. Requests must be necessarily short.

The attendees separate into groups as soon as the service is over. The following paragraphs list how they react to requests for interviews.

- Angela is pleased to talk with the Professor's former students. She invites them to visit her at the Baxter home in the next few days.
- Emmett, who accompanies her, is abrupt with the player characters: he thrusts one of his business cards at them and hustles Angela into the front seat of his car. (For the card, see *Azathoth Papers #3*, below.)

Baxter, Braddock, and Wilson apologize as they rush away, White pushing Baxter's wheelchair. They explain that they must get Wilson to the station in time to catch his train to Boston.

- Julian Baxter consents to an interview at home later in the week.
- Braddock declines a personal meeting, though he promises importunate investigators that they shall receive a telegram tomorrow about it.

Azathoth Papers #1: Philip Baxter's Death Notice

Notice of Death

BAXTER, Philip Alexander. Age 62, died at home from a sudden illness. Born Aug. 15, 1865, and married to the late Ellen Bankes in 1885. Family members include a daughter, two sons, and a brother. Professor Baxter taught at Brown University for many years. Services will be held tomorrow morning, 10 A.M., at Swan Point Cemetery in Providence.

Azathoth Papers #3: Emmett Baxter's Business Card (O'Donnell's name is crossed out by hand)

E&E News Clipping Service

Serving New York and the World

Emmett Baxter ~~Edward O'Donnell~~

851-A Bee Street, Providence R. I.

ATwater 2212



- Wilson says he has no idea when he'll be back in Providence, but agrees to meet with them then.
- Matthew White barely acknowledges the investigators' existence, simply nodding expressionlessly and turning away. Julian Baxter explains that he is mute.

Three attendees leave singly.

- Dr. Walters consents to an interview, but he warns that he is not at liberty to discuss private medical matters.
- Harold Englehardt agrees to an interview in the next few days, although he openly wonders what the investigators could possibly learn from him.
- Silas Patterson proves to be the friendliest of the lot. He explains that he lives nearby, and asks the investigators home for tea.

The Reading of the Will

Probably only one investigator has been invited to the reading of the will. You already know which investigators knew the deceased. Regardless, whoever witnessed an apparition in his or her bedroom now receives an identical telegram from Judge Braddock on May 3. See *Azathoth Papers #2*, below.

Judge Braddock keeps an office in downtown Providence. His place of business is splendidly appointed, paneled in dark oak and smelling of wood and leather. Judge Braddock is the executor of the Baxter estate. Rising from behind his huge carved desk, Braddock greets the investigator and introduces him or her to the others present. The investigator probably has met all of them already.

- There is Julian Baxter, an aging Catholic priest and brother of Philip Baxter. Julian is confined to a wheelchair. The towering man behind him is his mute attendant, Matthew White.
- Also present is Mrs. Angela Vincenzo, a small plump woman in her fifties. Emmett Baxter, elder son of the deceased, accompanies her.
- In a corner of the room is Silas Patterson, a friend of the deceased, and member of the Tuesday Night Academy.

As Judge Braddock, read the will aloud.

"I, Philip Alexander Baxter, being of sound mind and body, do will and bequeath the following:

"To Mrs. Angela Vincenzo, who has faithfully helped me all the years since the departure of my beloved wife, and who helped to raise my three children, I bequeath all properties associated with the house at 711 Houser Street, along with a small fund detailed in Appendix A of

Azathoth Papers #2: Judge Braddock's Telegram

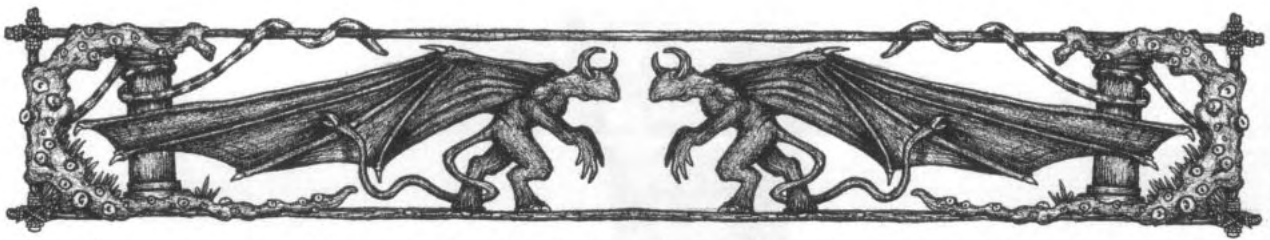
World-wide Telegraph
The Globe in Seven Minutes

CAIRO
VANCOUVER
HONOLULU
MEXICO CITY
LONDON
MELBOURNE

PROVIDENCE
 AT THE REQUEST OF THE LATE PHILIP ALEXANDER BAXTER YOU
 ARE INVITED TO THE READING OF HIS LAST WILL AND
 TESTAMENT STOP SEVEN THIRTY PM ON THE FIFTH OF MAY AT MY
 OFFICES STOP ADDRESS SIXTEEN PROSPECT AVENUE IN
 PROVIDENCE STOP BRADDOCK

SAN FRANCISCO
HOME OFFICE: NEW YORK
CHICAGO

WWT makes good-faith effort to receive, transmit, and/or deliver all communications, but can share no responsibility for incomplete, inaccurate, stolen, misconstrued, missent, or missing communications, whether by negligence, mistake, conspiracy, error, war, or act of God.



my will, to maintain the said property. Upon her death, this property is to revert to my surviving children.

“As for the rest, insurance policies, bank accounts, and other residue, I give half of the total to the Tuesday Night Academy, and the remaining 50% to be divided equally among my three children, Emmett, Colin, and Cynthia. Cynthia’s share is to be given, as per her request, to the Catholic Widows’ Relief Fund.”

As the reading ends, Emmett Baxter—unable to contain himself—explodes, shouting at Patterson, “You doddering imbeciles! It’s not bad enough that you wasted my father’s money while he was alive, now you’re taking the rest now that he’s dead!” Julian and Angela attempt to calm Emmett, but it is not until Judge Braddock points out that he himself wrote Baxter’s will that Emmett realizes the pointlessness of his outburst. Consigning himself to silent misery, Emmett collapses back into his seat.

Braddock continues, “That is the substance of the will, except for legal and financial details in various articles appended to the document. A few days before Philip’s death, he stopped by my office. He had prepared two packets, informing me that in the event of his death,

I was to deliver them to their addressees. Francis Wilson has already received one packet. The other I have here.”

Braddock hands a sealed 8 by 11-inch manila envelope to the investigator who saw the apparition. There are three individual items in the envelope, *Azathoth Papers #4a*, *Azathoth Papers #4b*, and *Azathoth Paper #4c*. The first is a note to the investigator from Philip Baxter. The second is a small brown leather-bound book, showing little wear, in which Baxter recorded his dreams. The last is a sketch map titled “The Route to the Jungle of Kled.” For copies of them, see pages 20–23.

Braddock then thanks everyone for coming and they are shown out. If the investigator present wishes, he can attempt to arrange interviews with one or more of those present. All of the attendees will make appointments.

Now the player characters have met most of the major non-player characters who live in and around Providence. Baxter had a bad heart, and so none of Baxter’s family and friends (with the exceptions of Silas Patterson and Emmett Baxter) suspect foul play. The investigator who witnessed the apparition is the only one with a clue to Baxter’s actual demise.



Selected Connections for “A Ghostly Presence”

Paper #	Clue or Lead	Obtained from	Leads to
—nightmare visiondreamrecalling Philip Baxter
#1notice of deathnewspaperPhilip Baxter’s funeral
—introductionsgraveyardFrancis Wilson, Harold Englehardt, Silas Patterson, Alvin Beswick, Angela Vincenzo, Emmett Baxter, Julian Baxter, Judge Braddock, Dr. Walters
#2telegramJudge Braddockinvitation to the reading of Philip Baxter’s will
#3business cardEmmett Baxteraddress and phone for Emmett Baxter
#4anote from Philip BaxterP. Baxter’s willBaxter’s dreams
#4bPhilip Baxter’s dream-journalP. Baxter’s willmention of a Dreamlands place name
#4csketch map from Ulthar to Castle of Sacred FountP. Baxter’s willlocations in the Dreamlands





The Packet

Further clues exist in the manila envelope given to the investigator at the reading of the will. Opened, the packet contains a short explanatory letter from Philip Baxter, a sketch map showing the way to the Jungle of Kled, and a short dream journal kept by Philip at the request of his brother Julian. If the character has any points of the **Dream Lore skill**, reading the dream journal raises the reader's Dream Lore by 4 percentiles but also costs the reader 1D4 Sanity points.

A reader who studies the dream journal (**Psychoanalysis, Psychology, or Occult required**) realizes that Baxter's recent dreams carry a premonition of impending death. Most of the dreams are followed by short comments, written in another hand and initialed J. B. Because of the casual style of these entries, it would seem that the elder Baxter failed to realize the significance of the dream-pattern. The final entry (never shown to Julian) is the most mysterious. Unless the player characters have points of Dream Lore, a successful **Cthulhu Mythos roll** is needed to recognize even a few of the place-names mentioned by Baxter.

Azathoth Papers #4a: Note from Philip Baxter

Dear _____

It may seem odd that I have chosen after all these years to contact you, especially since you will be reading this after my death. The contents of this packet will be strange to you; in fact as I look at them now, they seem strange to me.

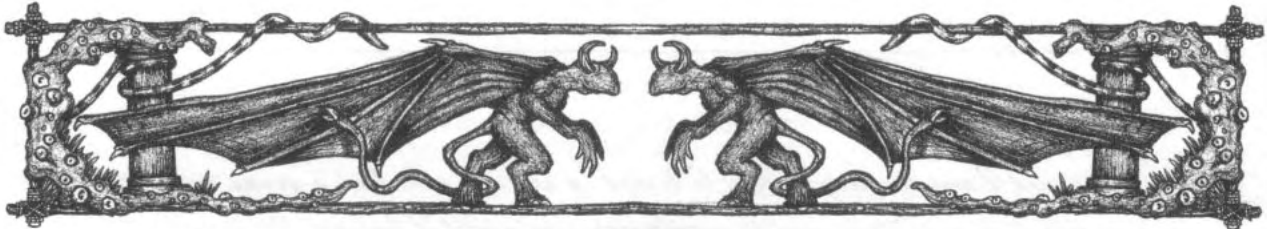
The book is a record of dreams that I kept over a short period of time at the request of my brother Julian, who is involved with that sort of psychological research. I'm afraid I don't put much stock into that sort of thing, but the final dream in the journal was so different from any other that I've had, that I never did show it to Julian for his annotation. I seemed to have learned more from that dream than I would have guessed possible, and have decided to attempt it again, although I feel that great hazards are involved.

Because I believe the risks are great, I leave this envelope in the care of a trusted friend to be delivered to you in case something should go wrong. I have chosen you to receive this strange bundle because it was you whom I saw in that strange city that I dreamt of, and I have taken this to be a sign.

What you will think of all this, I have no idea, but take it and do what you will.

*Your friend,
Philip Baxter*

PS — I don't know what to tell you about the enclosed map. All I can say is that it was shown to me by a friend and drawn from memory upon awakening. PAB.



Azathoth Papers #4c: Map of the Route to the Jungle of Kled

April 2

I dreamed I was teaching a class. I looked up and saw a student, a young man with a particularly poor attitude, reading a pulp magazine whilst I lectured. Incensed by this breach of conduct, I stepped from behind the podium, intent upon upbraiding him, only to discover that I had forgotten to wear my trousers that day. Naturally the class took this opportunity to laugh loud and long at my predicament.

A common sort of dream usually rooted in some type of insecurity. Do you have a particularly difficult class coming up? I would suggest that you research and prepare your notes well. J. B.

April 9

Flying. All I remember is flying high in the sky and when I looked down I could see all of Providence below me.

Flying is very common. It could mean anything and this early into the analysis I hesitate to say anything definite. J. B.

April 11

Again flying. As before, only this time it was nearing nightfall and the sky was growing darker while I flew.

Let's wait some more on these flying dreams. J. B.

April 12

I'd have to say that this one truly frightened me. I found myself standing in a shop—a china or crystal shop—and there was a horse there with me. The horse tried to turn around in the aisle and, in doing so, upset one of the display cases which toppled over on the distraught beast, cutting him badly with the broken shards of glass. This panicked the animal and in trying to get away, it overturned another of the cases, injuring itself even worse. By this time the floor was slippery with the horse's blood. The animal's eyes were bulging with fear. Then it turned and, seeing the large window at the end of the shop, galloped forward and leaped through the glass to freedom. I ran forward and as I was nearing the shattered window, I realized for the first time that the shop was not on the ground floor. I looked out the window to the street three floors below to see the broken animal lying in a pool of blood. That's all I remember.

This is an odd one, but don't let it upset you. It may only mean that you are getting ready to chase away some old, useless problems. J. B.

April 15

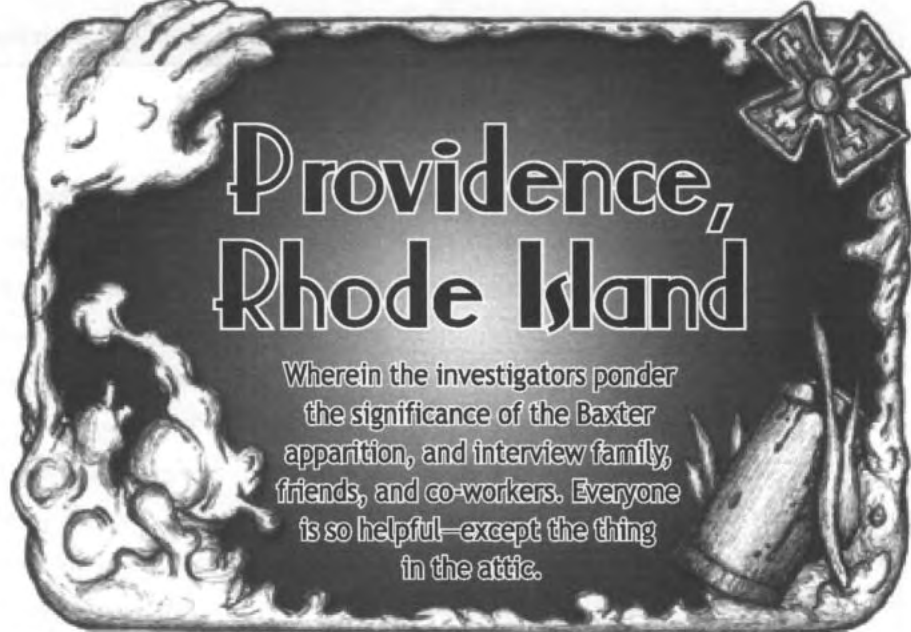
The first thing I remember is standing in a mist that suddenly parted to reveal a great archway, carved of red and gold stone and pulsing as though alive. Drawn toward it, I entered and found myself walking down an old stone stairway and somehow entering a chamber inhabited by two men—garbed as though of ancient Egypt and standing before a great fire. I remember speaking with them but I don't know what was said, only that I soon found myself descending another set of stairs that took me even deeper. After what seemed to be a very long time, I finally reached the bottom of these stairs and passed through gigantic doors of silver to find myself standing in a weird faerie-wood. I stood there a moment listening to the strange rustling sounds I could hear coming from deep in the wood (and viewing the even stranger fungi that was so prevalent) when I was surprised by the sudden appearance of a man walking toward me upon the very path on which I stood. I was a little frightened of him at first, but I cautiously extended my hand and introduced myself. He was very friendly and offered to show me the way to a small pleasant city some miles away and across a river, the name of which I cannot recall.

Leaving the wood by a path that my new friend said traveled south, we eventually reached the town called Ulthar where we stopped at a warm friendly tavern for food and drink. This fellow told me much about the place I had suddenly found myself in and I remember asking him many questions. He seemed quite knowledgeable and I was sorry when he said that he had to go meet someone else. I spent some time walking around the town, where there were many cats. Thankfully my allergy seemed little bothered.

Eventually I came to a library and decided to visit. I remember looking at a great number of very strange volumes but one (named I think Cthaat Aquadenen) had information about Ged, who lived somewhere in a jungle and could answer any question that was asked of him. I don't remember anything else in particular but when I left I thought I saw a dark, evil-looking little man lurking some distance behind me in the crowd. He followed me quite some time before I managed to shake him and it was only then that I remembered seeing him when we first entered the city—working with that shady carnival show in the garish tent.

Not long after my adventure with the dwarf, I felt the urge to leave and taking the same gate out of Ulthar I was soon again at the wood. Remembering the password taught to me by my friend (he said it was the name of his cat) I was careful to pass through the darker parts of the forest as quickly and quietly as I could, never straying from the path. I next remember climbing many, many stairs and then I was awake again. I've never had a dream like this one before. Could it have been the drug?





Providence, Rhode Island

Wherein the investigators ponder the significance of the Baxter apparition, and interview family, friends, and co-workers. Everyone is so helpful—except the thing in the attic.

With this scenario, the campaign is fully underway. The investigators are asked to unravel the bizarre circumstances behind Philip Baxter's death. Little violent action occurs; the investigators mainly conduct interviews and do research. The investigators should be able to approach and interview any of the characters described below. Guidelines are given for these characters but you, as the keeper, must convey their varied reactions to the investigators.

Most of the residences listed contain clues. Some clues may be discovered while visiting the premises; others might only be found through breaking and entering. Be sure to acquaint yourself with the timeline and other support material in "From Beyond the Grave".

The Facts Behind Baxter's Death

In brief, a strange spider shipped to him by his daughter, Cynthia, bit Philip Baxter. This spider was hidden in a crate of coconuts sent by her from the Andaman Islands. Baxter put the unopened crate in his basement, but the spider escaped and bit Baxter as he slept, sending him into a state of nearly complete paralysis.

Mistaken for dead, he was sent to Alvin Beswick's funeral parlor where the unscrupulous undertaker contacted the cannibal Silas Patterson. That night, Patterson took the body to his rented farmhouse outside of town and there began to perform the rites of brain eating upon Baxter's corpse.

The pain of the ritual awakened Baxter. Though fatally wounded, he attempted to escape, wounding Patterson. Patterson, horrified, and without finishing his feast, brought his friend's body back to the funeral parlor and told Beswick what had happened. The two men agreed to cover up the incident. Baxter was embalmed and then buried on the following day.

Only these two men know how Philip Baxter really died. Keepers may want to note that Baxter's actual death was at the same moment that the ghostly apparition appeared in the investigator's bedroom.

Mrs. Angela Vincenzo

Angela Vincenzo was Philip Baxter's housekeeper for many years. She served as surrogate mother to his children. She was born in Italy in 1873 and came to America in 1892. When her husband died a short time later, she hired on as Baxter's house-



Providence, Rhode Island

Points of Interest

Capital of the State of Rhode Island, this town of 250,000 people is probably best known for its numerous historical buildings, particularly Colony House where the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776. Providence is also famous as the home of Brown University, one of the most prestigious centers of higher learning in the United States.

Providence was founded in 1636 by Reverend Roger Williams (1603–83) when, as a result of expressing his belief that all people should have freedom of conscience and religion, he was ejected by the Puritans from Massachusetts Bay. The city later became an important and wealthy port founded on maritime commerce. Even later, ironically, trade began in slaves, and later yet, in goods from China.

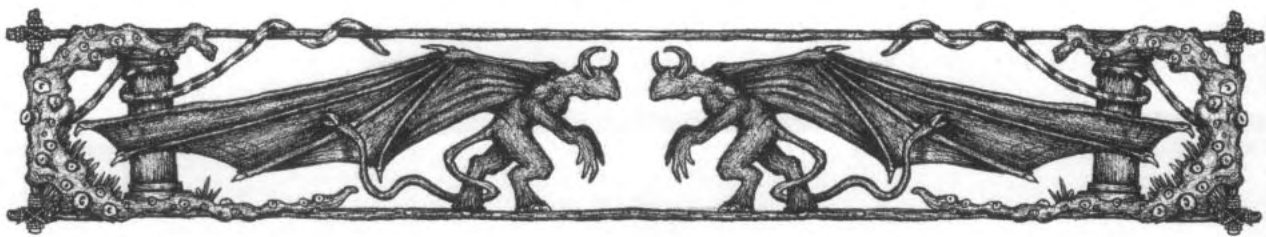
By the 1920s, Providence possesses an extensive harbor where large quantities of petroleum are imported. Principle manufacturing industries include jewelry, tools, and locomotives, but these industries did not bring prosperity and Providence faces economic decline and poverty. Only 45 miles southwest of Boston and 150 miles northeast of New York, many residents seeking work have moved to these neighboring cities.

The geographic center of Providence, known as Weybosset Side, is dominated by public buildings, businesses, light industry, and shops. Recently locals have referred to this part of town as Downcity. To the west is Federal Hill, a working class industrial neighborhood home to numerous immigrants, particularly those of Irish and Italian ancestry. Many of them sell wares in street markets. To the east lies College Hill, the first area of settlement in Providence, and now home to middle and upper class families. Their residents are almost exclusively white and they like to keep it that way. The Smith Hill neighborhood to the north is home to numerous immigrants from Eastern Europe and Ireland, many of whom work in the milling and rail industries common to the area. Most Smith Hill residents live in cramped rooming houses and tenements. Upper South Providence is a heavily industrial neighborhood and the center of Providence's jewelry trade; it is a mix of lower middle class families and the poorer black communities.

Providence for a time was H. P. Lovecraft's home. He set several of his tales here including "The Haunter of the Dark," "The Shunned House," and "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward."

Points of Interest

- **Athenaeum:** The Providence Athenaeum, founded in 1753 as an independent membership library, is the oldest such association of its type in Rhode Island. Membership requires a successful **Credit Rating** skill roll and proof that the applicant resides permanently in Rhode Island. The collection includes a copy of *Thaumaturgical Prodiges of the New England Canaan*.
- **Biltmore Hotel:** This modern hotel has all the luxuries any investigator could ask for, including private bathrooms. Established in 1922, the hotel is comfortable but fails to command the class and style afforded by the Narragansett Hotel. Rates range from \$5 per night for the smallest rooms up to \$35 a night for a spacious room.
- **Brown University:** Founded in 1770, it is the third-oldest college in New England and the seventh-oldest in the United States. Brown was the first college in the nation to welcome students of all religious affiliations. In 1891 the school founded a Women's College. It presently boasts the only Egyptology Department in the United States. Brown's motto is *deo speramus* (In God we hope).
- **City Hall:** The current mayor is Democrat James E. Dunne (1882–1942), well liked by the townfolk. When the Great Depression hits Providence, Dunne will gain further respect by introducing his own work-relief projects that keep many citizens employed.
- **Dexter Asylum:** Founded in 1822 this institution was established to care for the poor, aged, and mentally ill, and it currently holds some one hundred patients. The staff are well meaning, but cure rates are low.
- **Narragansett Hotel:** This old and prestigious Providence hotel was founded in 1828. It requires a **Credit Rating** skill roll to gain a room for the night. Rates range from \$10 per night for the smallest rooms up to \$75 a night for a top floor suite. Regardless, the service is impeccable, and investigators who stay here for more than a week gain a 1D6 percentile increase on their Credit Rating from hotel patrons and staff.
- **North Burial Grounds:** One of Providence's oldest graveyards. Ghouls are sometimes seen late at night prowling between its tombstones.
- **Opera House:** Built in 1871 this was the original City Hall and the site of a funeral oration for President Abraham Lincoln.
- **Public Library:** Established in 1900, this sizable collection is open to the public and accessible to investigators. However, researchers often discover that many texts referenced in this collection refer to more insightful manuscripts held only at the Providence Historical Society or the Athenaeum.
- **Providence Historical Society:** Founded in 1822, this organization is dedicated to collecting and preserving Rhode Island's history. The society maintains a library and a museum including numerous seventeenth-century manuscripts documenting the beginning of European settlement in the state. This is the ideal collection for researching Providence and its history.
- **Roger Williams Park:** A spacious park with lakes, woods, lawns, a boathouse, and a greenhouse.
- **State Capitol:** Modeled in part on St Peter's Basilica in Vatican City.



keeper. She has lived in his house ever since. Small, dark, and plump, she is a friendly woman in her mid-fifties who still speaks with a robust Italian accent.

She is saddened by the loss of her employer and gladly cooperates with the investigators however she can. She would mistrust them only if she learned that they had committed some cruelty or obvious crime.



Angela Vincenzo

If Cynthia's near fatal spider bite is mentioned, Vincenzo provides further details. She tells the investigators that several times thereafter she caught young Cynthia tormenting her brother Emmett by holding him down and dangling spiders over his face. She also knows about the crate of coconuts sent by Cynthia and now stored in the basement.

Angela Vincenzo has no secrets, nor does she suspect anyone of anything.

Mrs. ANGELA VINCENZO, age 54, Housekeeper for Philip Baxter

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 08 INT 10 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 07 SAN 62 HP 09

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: none.

Skills: Accounting 20%, Art (Singing) 45%, Bargain 35%, Cook and Clean 75%, Credit Rating 35%, Fast Talk 79%, Persuade 35%, Psychology 60%, Spot Hidden 65%.

Languages: English 45%, Italian 55%.

The Philip Baxter House

This roomy three-bedroom bungalow style home is where Baxter raised his three children, and where he died. It is now in the care of Angela Vincenzo, and will be until her death. She will gladly let the investigators explore it, since she keeps it clean and orderly. She has not changed it one bit since Mr. Baxter died. Ten years from now it will look just the same.

It has three bedrooms upstairs. The ground floor consists of a kitchen, dining room, living room, and a parlor converted to a study. Kitchen stairs lead down to

a basement. A cramped attic can be reached via a hole in the ceiling of Philip's bedroom closet.

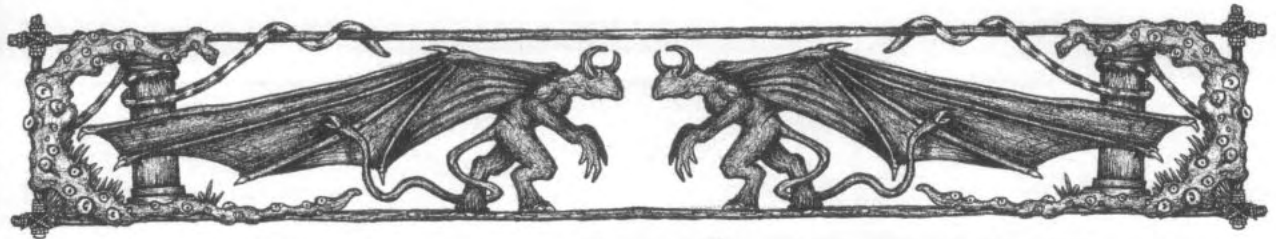
Baxter's large study is the only room on the ground floor that holds secrets. This was the meeting place for the Tuesday Night Academy. A wall of shelves contains numerous books. Many are place-marked with paper slips. A large desk stands in the middle of the room. If the marked pages are looked at attentively, the investigators see that they all seem to refer to dreams and dreaming.

- If a player successfully rolls **Spot Hidden**, he or she notices two volumes authored by Silas Patterson; see *Azathoth Papers #15a* and *#15b* on page 34.
- Atop the desk is a notebook containing the minutes of the Tuesday Night Academy (*Azathoth Papers #21* on page 37).
- In a desk drawer is a letter from Cynthia Baxter (*Azathoth Papers #22*, page 36).
- In the same desk drawer is a letter from Colin Baxter (*Azathoth Papers #23*, page 38)
- In the basement is stored the crate of coconuts sent by Philip's daughter Cynthia. The tag states that it was shipped from the Andaman Islands on Feb. 3, 1927. The spider that traveled to Providence with the coconuts is now in the attic of the Baxter house.
- In Angela Vincenzo's upstairs bedroom, between the pages of a Bible kept near the bed, is a yellowed newspaper clipping, the story of her husband's death; see *Azathoth Papers #11* on page 32.
- In Philip Baxter's upstairs bedroom, on the nightstand is a stack of tattered *Whispers* magazines, each containing a poem by Edward Pickman Derby. Derby's name has been circled on each table of contents.
- In the nightstand's bottom shelf are more than a dozen volumes of Philip Baxter's diary, one per year. For excerpts, see *Azathoth Papers #25* on pages 30–31.
- The attic is reached through Philip's closet. The overhead entrance consists of a wooden panel that must be lifted up and set aside. Once the panel is out of the way, the investigator sees a dark, cramped air space, packed with boxes and criss-crossed by dusty spider webs. Without a chair or a boost from a friend, a successful **Climb roll** is needed for the character to hoist him- or herself into darkened attic.

Once in the attic and peering into the dark, a **Spot Hidden roll** reveals a black and green spider crouching in a shadowy area near the peak of the roof. The spider is the size of a man's hand, and its hairless abdomen is

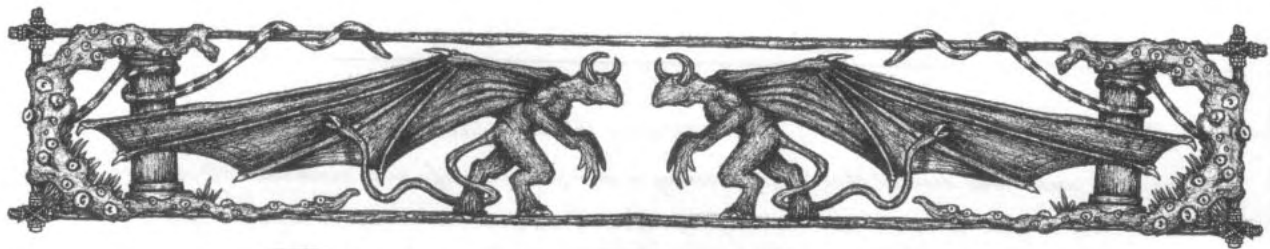
(continued on page 32)





Selected Connections for "Providence, Rhode Island"

<i>Paper #</i>	<i>Clue or Lead</i>	<i>Obtained from</i>	<i>Leads to</i>
—	.Cynthia Baxter's spider biteAngela VincenzoCynthia tormented Emmett with spiders; recently she sent a gift crate of coconuts
#15a, #15b2 anthropology books by Silas PattersonP. Baxter library (Angela Vincenzo)marked passages about cannibalistic rituals
—living mesozoic spiderBaxter House (attic)Cynthia Baxter's gift
#21minutes of Tuesday Night AcademyBaxter House"Look to the Future," Garrison, Montana, Bryan Slim
#22letter from Cynthia BaxterBaxter HouseCynthia glosses over her kidnap
#23letter from Colin BaxterBaxter HouseColin Baxter as shipowner
#11newspaper clippingAngela Vincenzodeath of Armand Vincenzo
#25Philip Baxter diaryBaxter Housedream analysis by Julian
#20Eibon's plan for Man from <i>Book of Eibon</i>Home of Julian BaxterMan reigns forever, without change
—keys belonging to "F. Wilson"Braddock's officeentry to Wilson's house
—Colin Baxter fileBraddock's officeColin Baxter joins merchant marine rather than go to jail
Colin Baxter fileBraddock's officeColin gets \$5000 loan for small salvage ship
#24Tuesday Night fileBraddock's officeland purchase in Montana for observatory site; relations with Passelovs
Silas Patterson fileBraddock's officeleases isolated farmhouse
#26a, #26bEmmett Baxter fileBraddock's officeEmmett arrested, then released as innocent of O'Donnell's murder
—lease on deskPatterson's homePatterson's farmhouse
—notes for new bookPatterson's homebook about cannibalism
—possible disguisePatterson's homegray hair-dye
—basement floor is freshly paintedPatterson's homepaint covers animal bloodstains



Selected Connections for "Providence, Rhode Island" (contd.)

<i>Paper #</i>	<i>Clue or Lead</i>	<i>Obtained from</i>	<i>Leads to</i>
—Patterson noisyPatterson neighbors police reports
#19suicide notePatterson's homedeception by Patterson
—tire tracksPattersonfarmhousetracks match Alvin Beswick's hearse tires
—garage floorPattersonfarmhousehuman bloodstains, plus many other clues in garage
—complaint aboutAlvin Beswickpublic recordcremated body without family permission, 1926
#5aabout TuesdayNight Academyletter from P.Baxter to Wilsonmentions Rasputin diary,large astronomical body
#5b4 fragments fromRasputin diaryEnglish trans.mentions Father Ghost,Tunguska fall of 1908
#34Chinese marginaliaEnglish trans.mentions Yibb-Tstll andthe <i>Pnakotic Manuscripts</i>
#6copy of hospitalrecordDr. Waltersmedical fileCynthia B. ill from insectbite, 1897
#7copy of hospitalrecordDr. WaltersJulian B. "accidentalwound" attempted suicide
#9Brown U. Trusteecommittee reportEngelhardt'stestimonyS. Patterson stole anddevoured lab monkeys
—brain taken,prob. spider biteexhumationspider venom left P.Baxter alive at mortuary
#8Patterson injuryhospital recordPatterson injured samenight as Baxter bodyprepared for burial
#10J. Baxter a missionarynewspaperBaxter leaves for Peru
#12C. Baxter in hospitalnewspapersnakebite possible cause
#13C. Baxter a missionarynewspaperleaves for Andamans, 1913
#14J. Baxter accidentnewspaperserious accident, 1917
#16J. Baxter accidentpolice reportBaxter thought possiblesuicide
#17Braddock assaultedMrs. Braddockpolice reportall charges dropped
#18neighbor complainsof animal screamspolice reportsunable to find evidenceof animal abuse



APR 4 1912 — I, Philip Baxter, a widower with three grown children now more or less on their own, have decided that I am entering a new phase of life and, commensurate with this, have decided to record the events of my life and my personal thoughts in this, my diary.

MAY 2 1917 — A very upsetting day. I know that Julian has been deeply troubled by his sickness and subsequent retirement but I would never have thought it to come to this. How could he have done such a thing? I suppose he will be all right after a time, but I cannot decide whether to tell Cynthia. She is so fond of her uncle and has so much respect for him that I'm afraid the shock of his actions would be too upsetting. Perhaps I shall not mention it at all. Maybe when she returns home some day I will tell her about it in person.

NOV 7 1918 — I am so very worried I find it nearly impossible to think. I received a letter today from a Commissioner Talbot in the Andaman Islands stating that he believes my daughter has been abducted by savages! He says there is no reason to think that she has been harmed, but I know the tales that have been told of these primitives. I hope to God that she will be delivered back to us.

NOV 12 1918 — Rejoice! My daughter is safe. A letter came today from her, telling me the good news. My mind is relieved.

JUN 3 1919 — Had a terrible argument with Emmett last night. He accused me of showing favoritism to Colin of all things. I assured him that I've always made an effort to treat all of my children equally, but he would hear none of it and stalked out of the house, saying that he was moving out. I called the judge's office this afternoon to talk with him, only to learn that he had quit. He told the judge that he was going to open his own business. How do these things come about?

FEB 18 1927 — Have not been feeling well lately and visited Dr. Walters to have my heart checked again. He said everything seemed fine and there was no reason to worry. Nonetheless, I still feel tired and vaguely uneasy. This most recent plague of nightmares has kept me from getting all the rest I feel I so urgently need these days. Perhaps I should speak to Julian about it. I know that ever since his accident he has been making a study of dreams and the like.

MAR 28 1927 — I finally went to visit Julian today and told him of the most recent spate of nightmares and he seemed genuinely interested in my problem. He has suggested that, upon awakening from a dream, I immediately try to set down the events on paper, in a book. Afterwards, he will read the descriptions and comment upon the dreams. Julian has told me that this procedure could take some time, but that it has proven useful in other cases that he has read about. I think I shall have to give it a try.

APR 16 1927 — I had the strangest dream last night, unlike any I've had before in my life. It seemed too vivid and real, and I can still remember too much detail. Names,

characters, places. I even glimpsed some old students whom I had not thought about in years. It was so strange that, even though I have written most of it in my dream-journal, I feel uneasy about even showing this to Julian for fear he would think me mad. I cannot help but believe that this dream was somehow caused by the drug that he prepared for me. I slept far too soundly and longer than is natural, and the intense reality of the dream was too frightening. Although Julian means well, I feel that perhaps this dream analysis may not be the answer to my problems. I'm left with only the problem of telling Julian without hurting his feelings. Whilst dreaming, I most vividly remember reading a strange book of secrets. In this book someone had written, in the margins, notes in what looked like Chinese. When I awoke, I tried to write down what I remembered they looked like and the result looked so real I just had to give it to Francis to see if he could translate it.

APR 18 1927 — A bad day. While in the classroom, I chanced to spy one of my students reading a magazine while concealing it behind his book. I confiscated the magazine and reprimanded the student harshly.

APR 20 1927 — Spoke with Francis today. It seems my dream-Chinese was the real stuff. Somehow I'm not all that surprised by these things anymore.

APR 22 1927 — Disappointment. I went to visit Julian today to see if I could persuade him to compound some more of the sleeping powder for me. I lied and told him that it had helped me sleep more soundly but did not tell him of the strange dream. I think he may have suspected me, for he told me that he was not sure of the side effects of the drug and did not want to prescribe for me anything he was not sure of. I still don't know whether I should tell him the truth or not.

APR 27 1927 — I must get another supply of Julian's drug. I have a key for his home and I have only to wait until he and Matthew have gone out somewhere. I can then enter the house and, in his lab, find where he keeps his pharmaceutical records. Somewhere there should be the formula for the drug he gave me.

APR 28 1927 — Eureka! I now have the formula. It was easier than I had thought and I'm sure that I was not even seen by Julian's neighbors as I entered the house. The records were easy to locate and I copied the simple formula from his book. It is now left only for me to properly blend the ingredients.

APR 30 1927 — Tonight is the night. I have a proper supply of the needed drug in hand and after taking it, I will return to bed early to see if I can return to that strange world I once found. This could be dangerous, but I cannot again pass up the opportunity to explore and learn. Tonight I go in search of a world of dreams, to the Temple of the Elder Ones in hope of finding the secrets that control man's destiny.



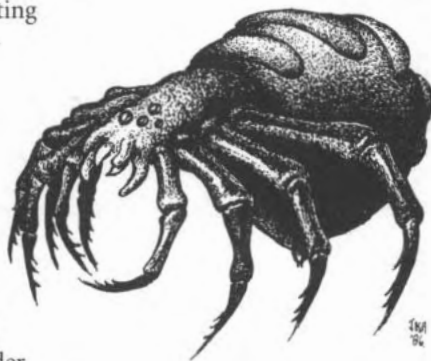


wrinkled but shiny. Next to the spider, attached to the wall with sticky gook, sits a leathery sack the size of a small grocery bag. Seeing the spider crouched in the corner costs the investigator 0/1D2 Sanity points.

For more about the spider, see the subsection "An Ancient Arachnid", below.

If the investigator does not notice the spider immediately upon attempting to climb into the attic, the arachnid, disturbed by the intrusion, jumps from the ceiling and, landing on the unfortunate investigator, attempts to bite. The attack of the thing costs 1/1D4 Sanity points.

The spider's species proves unidentifiable, but a successful **Know roll** suggests that the spider might be like something prehistoric. A paleontologist could confirm it as being from the Mesozoic.



An Ancient Arachnid

This strange arachnid has a squat, segmented abdomen and long powerful legs built for jumping. The species does not spin web-snares. It uses its silk only for egg sacs and draglines. Resurrected by a Tcho-Tcho priest from a fossil found in the Andaman Islands, the spider, then much smaller, was hidden in a crate of coconuts by his daughter and sent to Philip Baxter. Crawling out of the crate at night, the thing found its way to Philip's bedroom and bit the man on his scalp. This caused him to fall into a paralysis mistaken for death by the authorities. The spider then found its way into the attic where, nourished by occasional forays outside to feed on rats and pigeons, it has laid its eggs and begun to wait.

If it encounters a nosy investigator, it attacks instinctively to preserve its eggs, which shortly will hatch. The spiderlings will need food. If the spider is not destroyed before this event, it goes forth in the night and finds the sleeping Angela. Once she is bitten and paralyzed, only a day or two remains before the hatching.

During this time, the player characters might discover the unconscious woman and save her. If not, the eggs hatch and the thousands of baby spiders follow their mother to Angela's bedroom. Swarming over her unconscious body, they feed on her, completely covering her with their crawling bodies. After a few days they will drain her completely, leaving only a dried husk upon the bed. The spiderlings then leave to swarm throughout the house and molt. If left undiscovered, they eventually find their way outside, frightening the neighbors and involving authorities who will, after a quick investigation, burn the house to the ground.

The venom of the spider is POT 20. Match it against the victim's CON on the Resistance Table. If the victim resists, he or she merely becomes nauseous for 1D6 hours. Failing to resist, however, the victim grows dizzy and then falls into a death-like stupor. Left alone, the victim recovers, gaining consciousness in less than a week. However, it is the habit of the spider to return to its victim to feed, again injecting venom and keeping the unfortunate victim captive and alive as long as possible. If an investigator is bitten by the spider, and his or her comrades realize that death has not come, the investigator eventually recovers.

ACCIDENT KILLS MAN

An accident this afternoon at the Campbell Warehouse in the waterfront district has cost the life of a worker employed there.

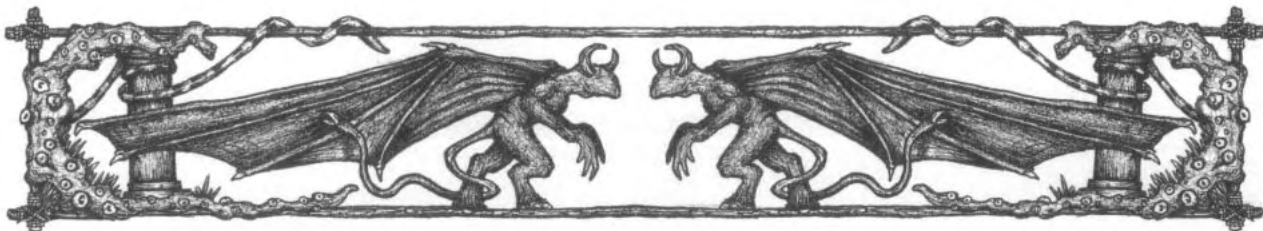
According to testimony, Armand Vincenzo, recently immigrated from Italy, had complained earlier in the day of dizzy spells. It is thought that he improperly applied the clutch for the hoist he was using, and then walked beneath the suspended cargo net, containing hundreds of pounds of crated canned fish.

Vincenzo was pronounced dead at the scene. Stan Hendricks, a representative of the company, stated that after investigation, all related equipment was found to be safe and in good working order. The coroner's office ruled the death an accident, the result of worker error.

Funeral arrangements have not been announced.

— yellowed news clipping, *Providence Journal*, June 16, 1893.

Azathoth Papers #11



THE SPIDER, Resurrected Killer from the Mesozoic

STR 02 CON 02 SIZ 01 POW 01
DEX 15 MOV 06 HP 02

Damage Bonus: -1D6.

Weapon: Bite 80%, POT 20 venom

Armor: none, but its dexterity and small SIZ subtracts 30 percentiles from an attacker's chance to hit.

Skills: Defend Spiderlings 45%, Jump* 60%, Stay Alert 80%.
* Can spring up to six feet.

Sanity Loss: varies. Seeing the inside of the Baxter house crawling with thousands of spiderlings may force a loss as high as 1D10 Sanity points.

Julian Baxter

Born in 1863, Julian, Philip's older brother, grew up to attend medical school and then went on to become a Catholic missionary. His first post was in Peru. In 1902 he returned home to help his niece Cynthia to get into medical school. Shortly after, he left for a new post in the Belgian Congo, where he made the acquaintance of the anthropologist Silas Patterson. In 1912, after a run-in with a witch doctor, Julian fell victim to a mysterious crippling disease. He returned home, to be confined to a wheel chair for the rest of his life.

A few years later, Julian attempted suicide by cutting his wrists in his own living room. He was rescued by a strange youth, a milkman's helper, who had been passing by. After his recovery, Julian adopted the mute, homeless boy, naming him Matthew White. Seemingly rejuvenated, the elder man embarked upon a study of human psychology and psychoanalysis. He was interpreting his brother's dreams and prescribing a sleeping drug for Philip Baxter at the time of Philip's death. Most who know Julian describe him as eccentric.

Julian is friendly with the investigators, but he has two secrets he is not normally willing to discuss. Learning those secrets requires a successful **Credit Rating**, **Fast Talk**, or **Persuade** roll. Solid evidence of foul play regarding his brother's death also prompts Julian to tell all he knows.



Julian Baxter

Like Angela, Julian remembers Cynthia's spider bite but does not think to mention it unless the matter is brought up. He thinks that the Tuesday Night Academy is a well meaning but misguided group of old men.

JULIAN BAXTER, age 62, Elder Brother of Philip

STR 05 CON 07 SIZ 09 INT 17 POW 16
DEX 03 APP 08 EDU 25 SAN 65 HP 08

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Weapon: none.

Skills: Accounting 20%, Anthropology 45%, Archaeology 15%, Astronomy 15%, Bargain 55%, Biology 40%, Botany 25%, Credit Rating 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 08%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 95%, Geology 10%, History 65%, Law 25%, Library Use 95%, Listen 45%, Medicine 75%, Occult 55%, Persuade 55%, Psychoanalysis 55%, Psychology 85%, Spot Hidden 65%, Zoology 25%.

Languages: English 88%, Greek 55%, Latin 75%, Spanish 65%, Quechua 40%.

Julian's Secrets and Strengths

Julian has two secrets. One is his suicide attempt, which he is naturally reluctant to discuss. His other secret is a feeling of guilt, for he fears that the sleeping draught he prescribed for his brother may somehow have contributed to Philip's death.

If he is properly befriended, Julian's Psychoanalysis can be used to interpret events in the investigators' Dreamland adventures. Additionally, Julian is a learned scholar who can provide player aids from "Curiosities from Historical Research" on pages 153-154.

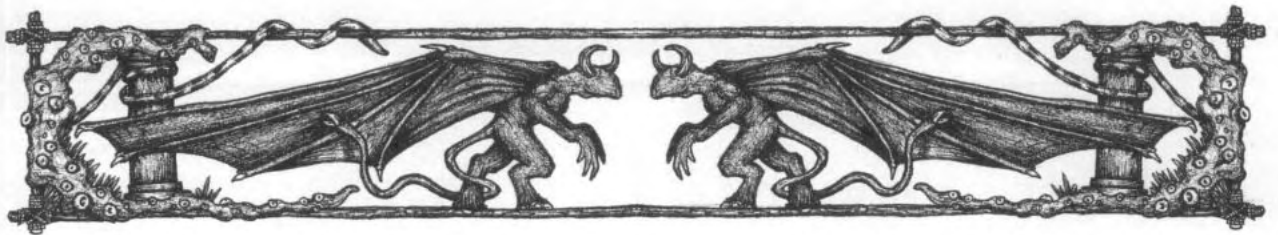
Julian is also the emotional conduit for the mysterious mute, Matthew White, who has very different strengths. (For more about Matthew, see his own section after this one.)

Julian's House

Julian's is a smaller, older house than Philip's. It consists of a downstairs living room and kitchen, and two upstairs bedrooms. The cottage is very messy, with papers and books scattered everywhere. The rugs are marked by the tracks of Julian's wheelchair. Matthew White, Julian's companion and chauffeur, also occupies the home.

In the living room, a successful **Spot Hidden** notices a large faded stain on a carpet. A **Know** roll tells the user that it is an old bloodstain (evidence of Julian's suicide attempt). A successful **Psychology** roll or **Fast Talk** roll prompts Julian to explain its significance.





The living room also holds Julian's library, which is extensive but so disorganized that Library Use rolls are halved unless aided by Julian or Matthew. Anyone perusing the books and succeeding with **Library Use** discovers the *Book of Eibon* in an English manuscript version.

- **BOOK OF EIBON**—in English, trans. unknown, c. 15th century. A flawed and incomplete translation. Eighteen copies by various hands are known to exist. *Sanity loss 1D4/2D4; Cthulhu Mythos +11 percentiles; average 32 weeks to study and comprehend.* **Spells:** Call/Dismiss Azathoth, Contact Formless Spawn of Zhothaquah, Contact Deity/Kthulhut, Contact Deity/Yok Zothoth, Contact Deity/Zhothaquah, Create Gate, Create Mist of Releh, Eibon's Wheel of Mist, Enchant Brazier, Enchant Knife, Levitate, Wither Limb.

If read, in addition to the normal benefits and penalties, a specific passage is noted early on; that passage is given in modern English as *Azathoth Papers #20*, on page 35.

Azathoth Papers #15a:
Marked Passage in a Book

Almost all of the tribes indigenous to southeast India display remnants of the ritual cannibalism that seems to be a common factor in all the cultures examined so far. Most of these take the form of symbolic acts upon the death of a friend or family member. On occasion the ritual is actually performed, the body of a monkey or an ape substituted for that of the human.

Of particular interest is the brain-eating custom often encountered among the primitives. This is accomplished by piercing a hole (or simply slicing off the top of) the skull of a monkey. The feaster then eats the still warm brain directly from the skull. Certain tribes perform this ceremony with a live animal. One elderly native told me that he had often seen apes kill other, smaller monkeys, feasting upon their brains in a similar manner.

— Silas Patterson, *Beliefs of Primitive East Indians*, 1925.

Azathoth Papers #15b:
Marked Passage in a Book

Besides mythological concepts, many other similarities may be drawn between the negritos of Asia and the aborigines of Australia. Additionally, certain parallels can be seen among the tribes to the west, already discussed in my previous book, *Beliefs of Primitive East Indians*. In particular, many of the tribes indulge in the eating of monkey brains.

A legendary tribe known as the *Chaucha* or *Jocha* has also been described to me as possessing racial similarities to the negritos, and this tribe is universally reviled for their episodic rites of cannibalism.

— Silas Patterson, *Primitive Belief in Southeast Asia*, 1925.

Matthew White

Matthew is chauffeur and companion to Philip's crippled older brother, Julian. Matthew, who at the time worked for a milkman, saved Julian's life in 1917. The boy was a mute, and his past a mystery, but not long after, Julian adopted him and named him. The young

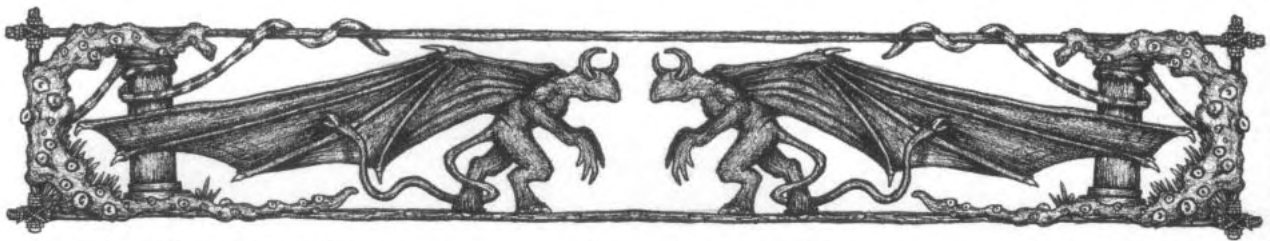


Matthew White

man has lived in Julian's home ever since. He is intensely loyal to his foster-father. A successful **Psychology roll** shows that Matthew is slightly retarded and extremely withdrawn (autistic). He knows no sign language. Though he can follow simple directions or orders, the investigators find him almost impossible to communicate with.

Unless he is contacted in the Dreamlands, Matthew's feelings toward the player characters always exactly parallel Julian's. Matthew knows nothing about Philip's death.

Matthew White lives a double life. He is an avid dreamer and, in the Dreamlands, is one of the city council of Ulthar. If, in their dreams, the investigators



recognize and speak with him, they may arrange for him to help them in the waking world. Aside from his obvious size, strength, and fighting ability, Matthew is a storehouse of Power, and has a high Sanity rating.

MATTHEW WHITE, age 24, Mute Companion to Julian, Avid Dreamer

STR 16 CON 18 SIZ 17 INT 10 POW 26
DEX 14 APP 13 EDU 03 SAN 85 HP 18

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Head Butt 95%, 1D4 + 1D6

Grapple 95%, special

Sword and Shield 80%, damage 1D8 + 1 + 1D6

Fist/Punch 75%, 1D3 + 1D6

Kick 45%, damage 1D6 + 1D6

Skills: Climb 75%, Cook/Nurse/Valet 60%, Dodge 65%, Drive Auto 80%, Electrical Repair 35%, Jump 65%, Listen 95%, Mechanical Repair 65%, Spot Hidden 40%, Throw 75%.

Judge Braddock

Braddock was the life-long friend of Philip Baxter, his personal attorney, and executor of his estate. Born and raised in Providence, Braddock attended Harvard Law School, eventually to return home and open a practice. He became a judge in his mid-forties and served with distinction before he retired. A respected member of the community, the Judge is now divorced and spends much of his time hunting and fishing.

Braddock does not trust the player characters, resenting them as interlopers no matter how well intentioned. A successful **Credit Rating roll** or **Law roll** will get him to grant some information. Evidence of foul play in the death of his friend certainly causes him to open up.

Although Braddock feels a certain sympathy for Angela Vincenzo, he is unfriendly to the living Baxters. He considers Julian a crank, while Cynthia's religiosity leaves him cold. Colin's frequent run-ins with police as a youngster have left a bad taste in Braddock's mouth. Emmett once worked for the Judge, but he quit after an argument, and now both parties bear grudges. Braddock thinks little of the Tuesday Night Academy or its projects, but knows and respects individual members (particularly Passelov, whom Braddock once took hunting).

The Judge holds all of Philip Baxter's financial papers, along with numerous other documents.

A few years ago, Braddock went through a messy divorce. He used his influence to cover up most of the

unsavory details. If the investigators learn of the divorce and are foolish enough to try to use it against him, he reacts angrily and it proves impossible to befriend him from that time on.



Judge Braddock

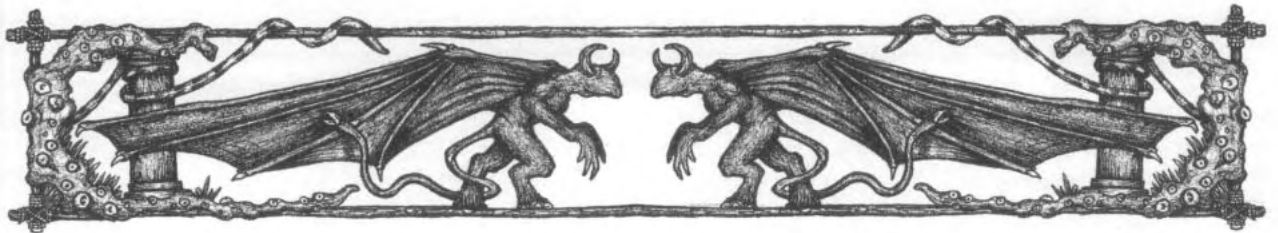
Nemesis), and Braddock believes that Soviet agents are in this country searching for him. In this he is mistaken, however.

The Judge exercises considerable local influence. A phone call from him can obtain documents otherwise unavailable to the investigators. He can get them released from police custody, provided the charges are reasonably minor. Of course, the Judge only helps out if he is given reason to suspect foul play in Philip Baxter's death.

... And through the window so constructed, I witnessed the destruction of Man and all he will be. I saw the power that would bring this about, as it had wrought so many other changes in forgotten aeons past. Using this power I constructed two great webs, to slow and even stop the Being. Once halted in its path, my magic would avert the destruction foretold, ending all time and crystallizing all space around our sun and our world. The Golden Age of Man would reign forever, safe from the careless ruin wrought by gods.

—Early Passage from the *Book of Eibon*.

Azathoth Papers #20



- When the investigators try to contact Judge Braddock, there is a 30% chance that the Judge is on a camping trip for 1D3 days.
- The Judge's residence contains no clues. Among the file cabinets and desks in his office, however, there are a half dozen or more interesting pieces of evidence. See the subsection "Judge Braddock's Office", below.
- The 1910 trial of Colin Baxter on charges of breaking and entering. The arrangement with defense counsel shows that Braddock offered Colin the choice of military service or nine months in jail. Colin Baxter joined the Merchant Marine, serving four years.
- The arrest record of Emmett Baxter in New York, in 1924. Emmett was charged with murdering his business partner, Edward O'Donnell. For more, see *Azathoth Papers #26a and #26b* on page 40. Braddock knows that Emmett keeps this part of his past a secret; admirably, Braddock has never mentioned it to anyone.
- A loan of \$5000 made to Colin Baxter by his father, Philip. Papers in the file show that the money financed the down payment for a small ship by Colin, via a bank in St. Augustine, Florida.

MORTIMER BRADDOCK, age 61, Important Local Judge

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 15 INT 15 POW 13
DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 22 SAN 65 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fly Rod 88%, hooks only trout
.30-06 Bolt-Action Rifle 57%, damage 2D6 + 4
20-Gauge Shotgun 55%, damage 2D6 / 1D6 / 1D3

Skills: Accounting 50%, Bargain 55%, Climb 65%, Credit Rating 75%, Dodge 44%, Drive Automobile 65%, Fast Talk 75%, Hide 40%, Jump 45%, Law 98%, Library Use 95%, Listen 65%, Natural History 50%, Navigate 35%, Persuade 85%, Ride Horse 55%, Sneak 35%, Speak Until Lunch 61%, Spot Hidden 75%, Swim 65%, Throw 65%, Track 55%.

Languages: French 17%, Latin 25%.

Judge Braddock's Office

Braddock won't allow the player characters free access to his files. He will retrieve particular documents for their perusal if he is convinced that the need is important. Scofflaw investigators may wish to break in at night to search the joint. There may be a night watchman, if the keeper wishes it.

In the office, Braddock's desk is kept locked, but a successful **Locksmith** roll opens it in seconds. Inside is a set of keys tagged with "F. Wilson" and a Providence address. These keys are to Francis Wilson's house, entrusted to Braddock while Wilson is out of the country.

Two four-drawer file cabinets are marked "Trial Records" and arranged alphabetically. The drawers of two more file cabinets are only arranged alphabetically, and contain financial and personal records. A successful **Library Use** roll is needed to find each piece of bulleted information described below.

Andaman Islands

Sept. 8, 1918

Dearest Father,

I am writing this letter to let you know that I am safe and sound, and all is well.

I am sure that the letter from Commissioner Talbot was upsetting, but he did not completely understand the situation. Although my abductors were extremely primitive (even more so than my flock), I never felt in danger at any time. I was able to converse with them in a language similar to the one I already know and stayed with them for four days before returning to the mission.

It was during this time that the Commissioner Talbot wrote you about the incident. Have no fear, I was allowed to leave unharmed and have even been promised by some of them that they will occasionally stay in touch by visiting the mission.

Your loving daughter,

Cynthia

Azathoth Papers #22: Old
Letter from Cynthia Baxter

JAN 12 1917 -- Resolved this evening by all present that the aforesaid members, from this day on, shall be considered one and the same with the Tuesday Night Academy, sworn to meet with each other the first and third Tuesday of every month until an individual shall see fit to discontinue the practice.

JUN 11 1920 -- a prospective new member, Silas Patterson, attended the meeting this evening. A well-known anthropologist, Mr. Patterson proved an amiable guest and it was decided by the end of the evening to permit him membership. He was quite pleased to be invited and thrilled us with many exciting stories from the field until well after midnight.

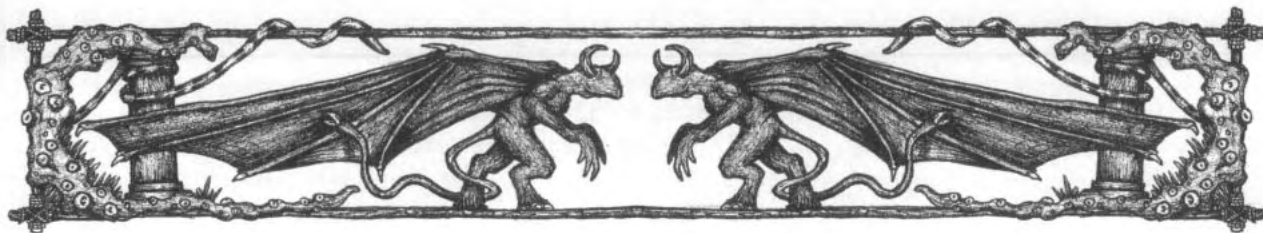
AUG 30 1922 -- The Academy was graced by the presence of a very special guest, Professor Dmitri Passelov, formerly of Moscow, and a well-known astronomical theorist. Passelov, unable to return to his home country, is thinking of settling in Providence. He proved to be quite a friendly, fascinating individual. The Academy voted to invite him to join the group as a welcome source of knowledge and inspiration.

DEC 14 1922 -- We enjoyed the presence of a surprise guest tonight--a Mr. Vasily Kalyetka, freshly arrived from Moscow. Apparently Kalyetka was a friend of Passelov's family prior to the Revolution. Kalyetka brought with him certain documents. Although Dmitri, the only member competent to read the documents, was unclear on the details, the papers seem to discuss the discovery, or possible discovery, of a large heavenly body, previously unknown. Both Dmitri and Wilson are studying the papers, and Wilson has promised to make a translation so that the rest of us may read for ourselves what is written.

APR 12 1923 -- So far the Academy has supported Dmitri's efforts to show to the world what he's found. Though baffled by certain things mentioned in the Russian papers, I still feel that Dmitri is on to something. Tonight he invited a Mr. Bryan Slim from New York City. It seems that Mr. Slim runs a business called the "Look to the Future Society," a sort of success school or training facility for businessmen. Though Dmitri had hoped to interest Slim in investing in the observatory, it seems Slim was more interested in gathering new recruits for his Society. He felt that the Society might be able to help us more than we could imagine, but of course the fees were high. The Academy was unswayed by Slim's arguments, and I for one was repulsed by the man. After Slim had taken his leave, Dmitri was reproached by the members of the Academy who asked that in the future he be more careful of whom he invited to the meetings. Dmitri apologized and said that it was only his earnest desire to begin construction of the observatory that had caused him to consider Slim a potential supporter.

OCT 29 1924 -- It was voted tonight by the members of the Tuesday Night Academy to begin the financing and construction of an experimental astronomical observatory in Montana. It was further decided that each member would seed the fund with a donation of \$2000. Other investors, promised by Dmitri, are to add to the fund later. Land for the observatory already has been purchased by Dmitri using monies provided by patrons mentioned previously. Dmitri has explained that due to his precarious public position, our benefactors have asked to remain anonymous.





- Entered under "Baxter, Julian" are papers regarding his successful adoption of Matthew White.
- A fat folder is marked "Tuesday Night Academy." This contains the Academy's financial records, including the Montana real estate purchase for an observatory. Sylvia Englund sold the parcel, and apparently still owns a large acreage nearby; see *Azathoth Papers #24* on page 39.
- Other records in the Tuesday Night Academy folder deal with cash donations to it. A successful **Accounting roll** shows that over \$100,000 has been spent on construction of an observatory. A **second Accounting roll** establishes that most of the cash can be traced to a single bank account in New York City, belonging to Dmitri Passelov. Given a successful **Credit Rating roll**, informal consultations with the INS in Washington D.C. reveal that the money was actual-
- ly part of the Passelov family fortune, which Dmitri Passelov spirited out when he fled from Russia.
- A file marked "Patterson, Silas". In it are papers relating to his purchase of a house in 1922 and a lease for a farm property signed in August, 1924. The farm's address is given. A sneering annotation in Braddock's hand on one sheet says, *He says he wants peace and quiet to write a book!*
- In Braddock's personal papers is an original of a statement by Braddock's ex-wife made to police. She relates how Braddock beat her up just prior to the divorce. A successful **Accounting roll** sorts through Braddock's financial records for the period, and shows that he paid his ex-wife a generous settlement, apparently to keep the matter quiet. On the same day, there is also a smaller check made out to the Police Benevolence Fund of Providence.

St. Augustine, Florida

Oct. 19, 1925

Dear Dad,

I know we've had our differences in the past and I know that I haven't had much contact with you since I got out of the service but I need some help. I hope you won't refuse. I think I've found a business that I would be good at, and have a partner who is able to organize and run it. Using some of the things I learned in the Merchant Marine, I think the two of us could open a marine salvage business that would make us some good money. There are a lot of shipwrecks in this area and I think the insurance companies could provide us with a way to get rich quick. There are also supposed to be a lot of older wrecked treasure ships from Spain to be found.

Dad, what I need is \$5000 right away to help make a down payment on an old ship that we've found for sale. Please think about it and let me know soon.

Love,

Colin

● The last piece of evidence in the file cabinets are papers sent by the U.S. Department of State, granting asylum to a Russian citizen named Vasilii Kalyetka. The papers are dated 1922.

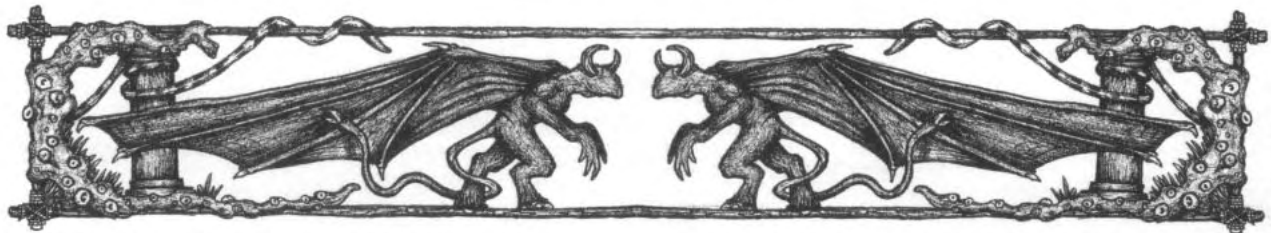
Silas Patterson

Patterson was a friend of Philip Baxter's, a past professor at Brown University, and a member of the Tuesday Night Academy. Patterson, a retired lecturer in Anthropology, had authored two books on his subject. In 1904, he met Julian Baxter in the Belgian Congo and they became friends. In 1905, Patterson traveled to New Guinea and, in 1919, to the Andaman Islands where he briefly met Cynthia Baxter, Julian's niece.

In 1920, Patterson came to Providence, where through Julian he met Philip Baxter and joined the Tuesday Night Academy. Philip Baxter soon helped secure him a teaching position at Brown University. In 1924, Patterson was forced to retire from Brown because of a "nervous condition."

Patterson has recently announced to all his friends that he is now working on a new book, his third.

Azathoth Papers #23: More
Recent Letter from Colin Baxter



The anthropologist is one of the friendlier suspects in the case, and is likely to invite the investigators to his home for tea. However, should they begin to suspect him, Patterson becomes increasingly difficult to talk to.

Patterson knows not only his role in the death of Philip Baxter but is reasonably sure that Cynthia was involved. Although he would like to reveal her role, he cannot as he feels he would convict himself as well. Patterson feels himself guilty of the death of his friend, and a successful **Psychology roll** suggests his depression.

Silas Patterson received instruction from a Tcho-Tcho priest in New Guinea, and now practices a form of ritual cannibalism he learned there. This religious ceremony involves the eating of the brains of recently slain primates, including humans. Properly performed, this ritual endows the celebrant with extended life.

Patterson was dismissed from Brown when it was discovered that he had been stealing laboratory monkeys and taking them home. University officials asked Patterson to resign because of his theft of lab animals. The officials remained unaware of his actual use of the poor creatures.

His monkey brain supply abruptly cut off, Patterson made arrangements with a local undertaker of low moral character, Alvin Beswick. Beswick had a steady supply of fresh corpses in all states and conditions; he was glad to promise those marked for closed-coffin ceremonies or cremation, for Patterson's ritual left the cranium badly damaged.

When Patterson learned of Philip Baxter's death, he was quick to get hold of Beswick. Using the parlor's hearse, Patterson drove the body to his secret farmhouse outside of town. While preparing the body, he noticed the two small bites on Baxter's scalp. He did not realize their significance until he had trepanned his victim and started to ritually devour the exposed brain. Baxter suddenly regained consciousness and began to struggle, awake and terrified. With the heavy wooden table still clamped to his head, Baxter tried to escape while blood and brain tissue spilled from his open cranial cavity. Seconds later,

poor Baxter died, but not before his thrashing had dented the hearse and left Patterson with broken ribs.

SILAS JAMES PATTERSON, age 50, Anthropologist and Tcho-Tcho Convert

STR 13 CON 15 SIZ 11 INT 16 POW 13
DEX 12 APP 13 EDU 18 SAN 06 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: none.

Skills: Anthropology 80%, Archaeology 35%, Astronomy 25%, Biology 35%, Botany 20%, Climb 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 14%, Dodge 45%, Jump 35%, Library use 75%, Listen 35%, Medicine 25%, Navigate 55%, Persuade 55%, Occult 25%, Pharmacy 15%, Psychology 35%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 65%, Swim 75%, Throw 45%, Track 25%, Zoology 20%.

Patterson Present and Future

Patterson secretly plans to leave for Africa again. Not only is he still distraught over the death of his friend, but it is increasingly difficult to hide his youthful appearance with gray hair coloring. Large sums withdrawn from his

Azathoth Papers #24: Letter to Judge Braddock

Helena, Montana

Dear Judge Braddock,

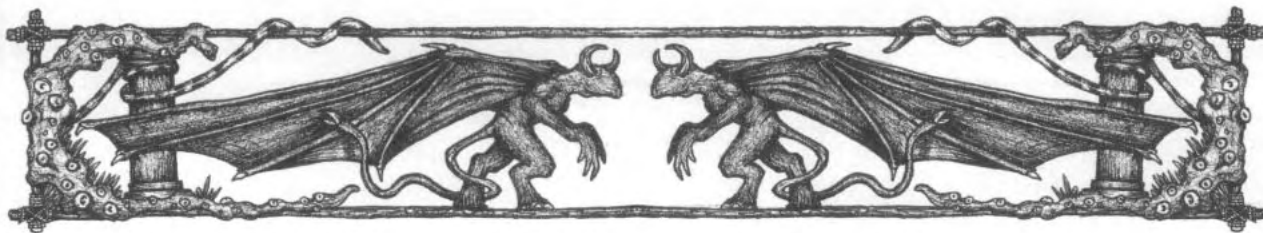
In regard to the request of your client, Mr. Dmitri Passelov, to purchase land owned by one Sylvia Englund of Garrison, Montana:

I have spoken with Englund, and let me assure you, she is every bit the crank that you had heard of. With a little effort it was easy for me to find out that she has been suffering financial difficulties, and I was able to secure her signature agreeing to the land purchase you required. I hope my work has proven satisfactory and perhaps I could aid you again in future business dealings in this part of the country.

Sincerely Yours,

David Haddock

Attorney-at-Law



bank accounts might alert the player characters to his plan (bribery and **Fast Talk** would be two ways to get this information).

If Patterson is confronted and accused of eating his best friend's brain, his mind snaps (current SAN is 6 points) and he falls into a near-cataleptic state. He must now be institutionalized. If someone can succeed with **Psychoanalysis**, he regains his senses for a moment and Patterson can answer one or two questions before slumping unresponsively. Patterson knows as much about the Tcho-Tcho people and the worship of Atlach-Nacha as anyone alive (65% chance to know the answer).

If Patterson's dream self can be located (this can be done in the "Eternal Quest") and fused with what is left of Philip's dream self ("Ulthar and Beyond"), Philip Baxter can continue his existence in the Dreamlands, though his waking self is gone forever. If this occurs, Patterson's personality disintegrates, leaving him a gibbering imitation of Philip Baxter.



Silas Patterson

Azathoth Papers #26b:
Providence Police Report

Officer: Detective Jakob

Homicide Arrest

4 5 2 4

Suspect **Emmett** was released from police custody on his own recognizance. **Baxter** is no longer considered a likely suspect in the murder of Edward O'Donnell. Recent investigations have shown that the deceased was heavily indebted to a New York gambling boss, **Bugsy Wexler**. Condition of O'Donnell's body (when removed from a trashcan) was similar to that of several other murder victims found in four-state region around New York. All have been shown to have ties to the aforementioned **Bugsy Wexler**.

Azathoth Papers #26a:
Providence Police Report

Officer: Detective Jakob

Homicide Arrest

Date: 4224

Arrived at the apartment of suspect **Emmett Baxter**, approximately 6 p.m. Suspect claimed to know nothing of whereabouts of one Edward O'Donnell, thought to be the business partner of **Emmett Baxter**. Suspect at first refused to accompany the officers for questioning at the precinct, but then agreed.

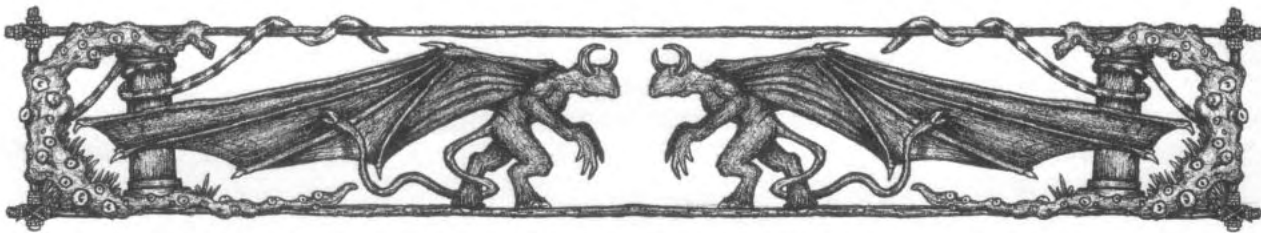
Silas Patterson's City Residence

Patterson has two homes. His city residence, a small retirement house in Providence, is known to all. This home contains some intriguing clues. If the investigators search Patterson's house in Providence before he flees to Africa, they discover two helpful clues in the man's upstairs study.

- On his desk is a copy of the lease for the farmhouse, including its address.
- There is also a sheaf of notes for his next book. His new book will concern itself with cannibalism. A successful **Psychology** roll while reading these notes suggests that Patterson's zeal for cannibalistic ceremonies is the behavior of an emotionally unbalanced man.

Four more clues can be found in the house and the surrounding neighborhood.

- In the bathroom, a small bottle of gray hair-dye sits on a shelf. The bottle is half-empty.
- In the basement, a successful **Spot Hidden** determines that the floor has been recently painted. This was done to cover



up bloodstains from Patterson's monkey sacrifices. The damp basement air causes the dark stains to bleed through the paint; Patterson frequently resurfaced the floor. With a little scraping, though, the stains emerge. Lab work and successful **Chemistry or Medicine rolls** identify the staining agent as blood, but not human blood.

- If the investigators search the house after Patterson's fake suicide, his notes, the lease for the farmhouse, and the bottle of gray hair-dye have all been burned in the fireplace. Pinned to his desk is a suicide note; see *Azathoth Papers #19* on this page. The player characters might or might not notice that Patterson uncharacteristically signed his note using his middle name.
- Patterson's closest neighbors are an elderly couple. They are cautious, and will speak with the investigators only after a successful **Credit Rating or Fast Talk roll**. They can tell the player characters that several times between 1922 and 1924 they were forced to call the police to investigate loud noises and screams coming from the Patterson house at night. The police never found anything. The noises stopped in the spring of 1924.

Patterson's Rented Farmhouse

Patterson also rents a farmhouse ten miles outside of town. (See the map on page 42.) This refuge is known only to himself, Alvin Beswick (the mortician), and Judge Braddock. It is a small, dilapidated, one-story frame house. A locked shed big enough for two automobiles stands next to it. Behind the house is the rubble of a collapsed barn. Inside the house are a few sticks of furniture and no clues. There is no bed or cooking utensils, nor desk or writing materials.

A successful **Spot Hidden roll** notices tire tracks in the dried mud in front of the garage. After the first week of investigation, the rains wash away these tire marks. If casts are made, they are found to match the tires of Alvin Beswick's hearse. Patterson does not own a car.

The garage doors are locked. A **Locksmith roll or a Mechanical Repair roll** opens the stiff old pad-

lock. Inside, the player characters find a mess on the cement-floor building. Bloodstains smear the interior. Bits of broken glass litter the floor.

- A heavy wooden circular table, with a hole in its center, lies overturned on the floor. Next to it is a huge broad-bladed knife and a broken alarm clock—the time on the clock shows 12:03. In the lab, a successful **Biology, Chemistry, or Medicine roll** identifies the blood as human type-O, Baxter's blood type.
- A successful **Spot Hidden roll** also locates a small patch of blue silk. The patch was torn from Philip Baxter's pajamas. There is no way to know this unless the investigators think to ask Angela Vincenzo or Alvin Beswick what Philip Baxter wore the night of his death, or to obtain the police report concerning the death. Baxter's torn pajamas have since been destroyed.
- The strange table has a number of metal clamps attached to it and surrounding the largish oval hole, roughly eight inches wide and about a foot long. Blood stains and dried tissue fragments coat the top. A successful **First Aid, Biology, or Medicine roll** identifies the dried tissue as possibly brain matter. For more, see just below.

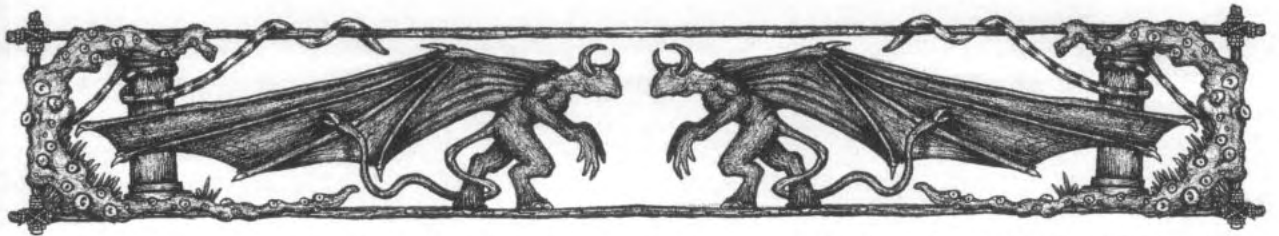
Azathoth Papers #19:

Patterson's Suicide Note in His City Residence

To Whom It May Concern:

I am afraid there comes a time when all things must pass, and I feel that perhaps now is my time. In my life I have had the opportunity to do a good many things denied to others and I have experienced much. I regret little and leave no one to grieve for me. A few friends, maybe, but that is all. My present nervous condition does not allow me to pursue a career in the educational field and I'm afraid I'm growing too old and tired to finish the third book on my field researches. Too bad. I have chosen to dispose of my notes, so I guess that the experiences will be lost forever, but somehow I don't feel it can be that way. I will walk to the water's edge now and cast myself in. Do not worry, God takes care of all.

Silas James Patterson



- A successful **Anthropology** roll identifies the knife and special table as similar to those used in a Borneo cult rite. A monkey is clamped under a round table; the crown of its head extends through the central hole. A knife is then swept across the table, lopping off the top of the skull and exposing the monkey's brain. However, the present knife and table are much larger than those reported upon in anthropological journals. The knife and table in the garage are big enough for an anthropoid ape—or a human.



Alvin Beswick

Alvin Beswick

Beswick is an unscrupulous mortician who has been supplying fresh corpses to Patterson for some time. If interviewed by the investigators, initially he is friendly, but if they question him about Philip Baxter, he clams up. He knows that if Baxter's death is checked out, he faces not

only loss of his mortician's license, but jail. Beswick will not willingly tell the investigators anything of impor-

tance. A successful **Psychology** roll only establishes that his replies are unusually cautious.

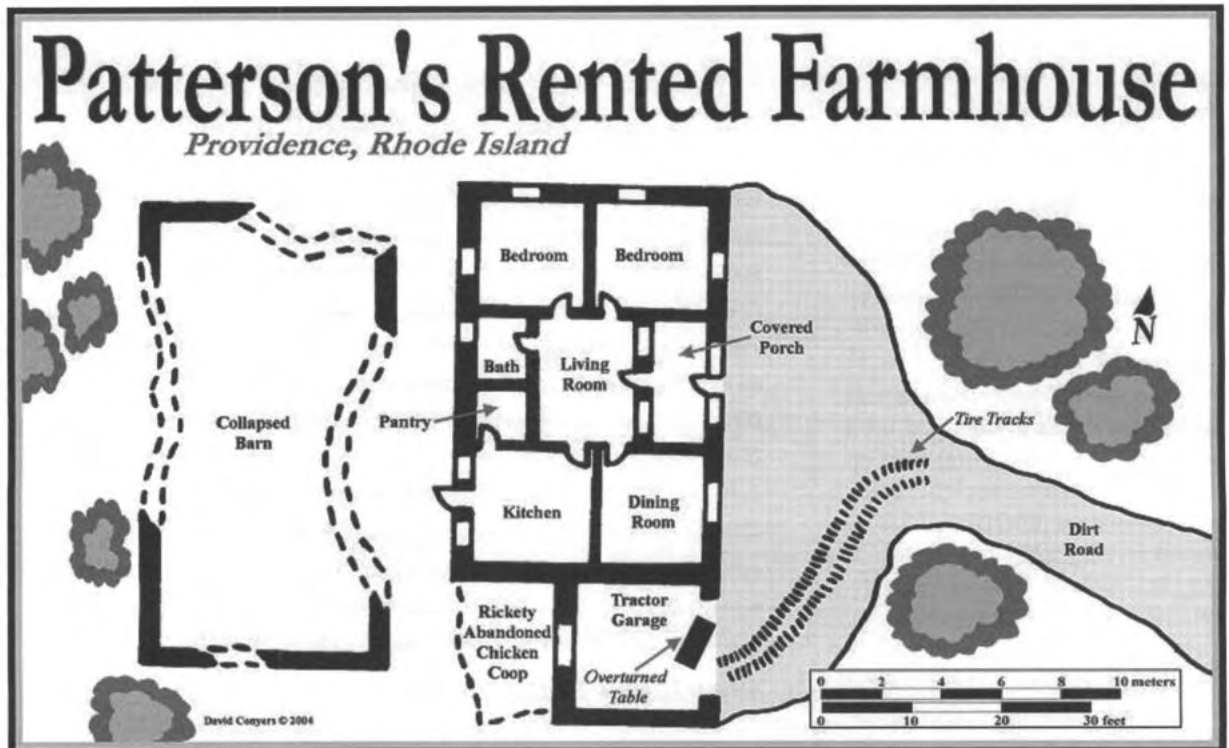
Patterson told Beswick that he uses the bodies for experimental brain research, but lately Beswick has begun to suspect the truth behind Patterson's secrecy.

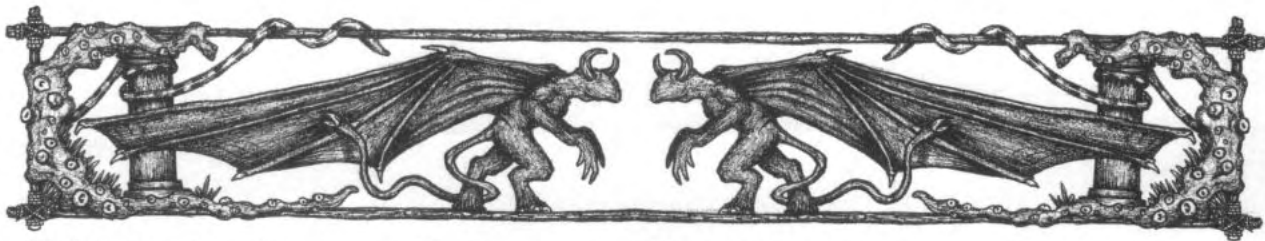
- If the player characters investigate Beswick's background, perhaps with Judge Braddock's aid, they learn that a complaint was filed against him in 1926 by the family of a young girl. They charged that Beswick cremated the body of their daughter without their permission. Originally they had planned to cremate, and Beswick gave the girl's corpse to Patterson. A day later the family changed their minds and desired an open-casket ceremony—but Beswick cremated the body anyway, because of the condition in which Patterson left it. Beswick was ordered to pay restitution to the family, but no other action was taken against him.

Professor Wilson

Francis Wilson was a friend of Philip Baxter. He is also a member of the Tuesday Night Academy. Like one of the player characters, he was given a large manila envelope at the reading of Baxter's will.

Wilson is a professor of Oriental languages. Immediately after Baxter's funeral, he left the country.





He does not reappear in this campaign until its final chapter, "The Tibetan Interior".

Wilson owns a house in Providence. It is locked and the key is in Judge Braddock's desk. The only items of interest in Wilson's house rest upon Wilson's desk.



Francis Wilson

One is a large manila envelope, similar to the one received by the investigator at the reading of the will. Its contents are scattered across the top of the desk:

- Among these papers is a short letter from Baxter to Wilson; see *Azathoth Papers #5a* below.
- There are four fragments hand-written in Russian and translated into English; see *Azathoth Papers #5b* on page 45.
- On the desk, there is also a scrap of paper and what appears to be a translation into English attached to it with a paper clip; see *Azathoth Papers #34* below.

Dr. Walters

Baxter's personal physician is friendly and helpful, but he did sign Philip Baxter's death certificate. He was then and still is convinced that Baxter died of a weak heart.

Walters knows a little about the background of the Baxter family, but nothing of real importance. Depending on his attitude toward the investigators, he may open up to three of his files to them, given a separate successful **Credit Rating roll** for each. If the player characters search

Azathoth Papers #34: Marginal Notes in Chinese Translated into English

There must be more information regarding Yibb-Tstll. Propitiation must be made, but how? Perhaps this can be found in the Pnakotic manuscripts? I shall check the copy held at the Temple of the Elder Ones on my next journey. Lang-Fu, 1834.

Azathoth Papers #5a: Letter from Philip Baxter to Francis Wilson

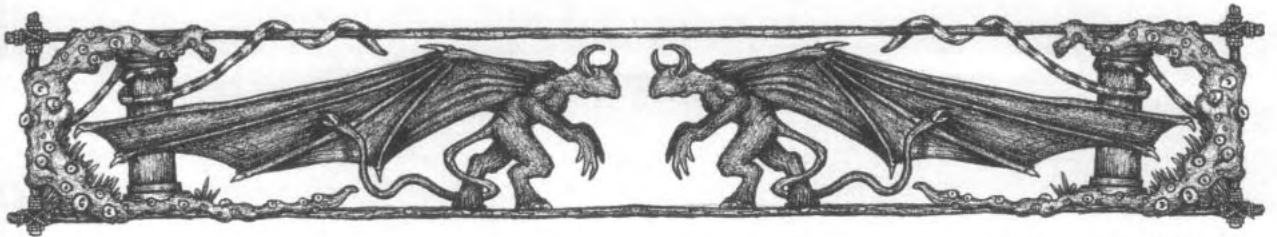
Dear Francis,

If you are reading this it means that my fears have been realized and so, in my capacity as secretary of The Tuesday Night Academy, I return to you our most valuable object, which began all of this, the accursed diary of Rasputin. Not only have I most likely lost my life, but other, more horrifying possibilities exist for those of you still living. I can't reveal the source of my information but there may be something more to what we have been searching for than a mere minor comet or asteroid. Somehow you must learn more of what that mad monk knew. The only other evidence I can offer is that Oriental writing I could reproduce—you know well I know nothing of Oriental languages so even if the text seems meaningless, the way I obtained it is not.

Please, consider our long friendship when you judge my words.

Your old friend,

Philip



Azathoth Papers #8:
Providence Hospital Record

May 2, 1927

Patient: Silas Patterson

Physician: Andrew Colin

Mr. Patterson was admitted to the Emergency Room at 11:30 a.m. complaining of a sharp pain in his left side. He said he had fallen on the stairs of his home and examination showed a number of contusions in keeping with the accident described. Further examination revealed evidence of at least three fractured ribs. Patient was bandaged and released.

Azathoth Papers #7:
Providence Hospital Record

May 2, 1917

Patient: Julian Baxter

Physician: Douglas Walters

Middle-aged male as admitted at 8:32 a.m., unconscious and suffering from extreme loss of blood. The physician on duty immediately applied pressure bandages to the wounds in both wrists, stopping the bleeding. These wounds were then sterilized and cleansed of glass fragments before being closed by stitches. Patient regained consciousness later that afternoon but will remain hospitalized for several days until strength is regained. Patient claims wounds were accidental.



Doctor Walters

his files surreptitiously, finding each of the first two files takes **separate Library Use rolls**. Record storage may also provide these documents; see the sub-section "Providence General Hospital" on p. 48.

● This is a copy of the hospital's medical record concerning Cynthia Baxter's spider bite in 1897; see *Azathoth Papers #6* on page 45.

- This is a copy of the hospital's medical record concerning Julian Baxter's suicide attempt in 1917; see *Azathoth Papers #7* on this page.
- As his personal physician, Dr. Walters also maintained a fat long-term medical file for Philip Baxter. Reviewing the file for half an hour and a successful **Medicine roll** convinces the investigator that Baxter's heart did not kill him, and that Baxter was in better than normal physical condition. Philip Baxter died for no known reason.

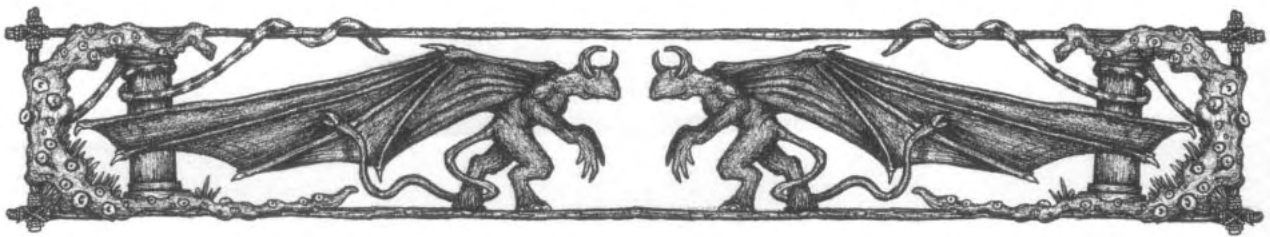
Emmett Baxter

Emmett is Philip Baxter's oldest son. Emmett has a sour disposition and shows it at every turn. His father favored the younger son, Colin, and Emmett grew up resentful and angry, fully recognizing the bias of his father. Emmett Baxter owns a newspaper clipping service located in Providence.

A busy man, Emmett Baxter has little time to talk to prying investigators. If they can show him evidence of foul play in his father's death, he provides all the aid he can muster.

The older Baxter son was long convinced that the Tuesday Night Academy was part of a con game by Passelov to steal Philip Baxter's money. Emmett may go so far as to accuse Braddock of aiding the Russian in this endeavor or to hint that his father might have been murdered for his money (remember, Emmett and Braddock are feuding).

He has no use for his brother Colin, and never writes or hears from his sister. The only people for whom Emmett shows concern are Angela Vincenzo, the woman who raised him, and his Uncle Julian, whom he respects.



Azathoth Papers #5b: Four Hand-written Cyrillic Fragments Translated into

... And it was because of these things, learned during my stay in Jerusalem, that I came to the Jungus of Siberia in the summer of 1908 to meet... and beyond that, learn more of its plans.

The ghost came first, as Eleazar ben Zekai had predicted. I halted his advance and... later I showed him the stone given to me by the Rabbi and which I had mounted in the holy crucifix. The Jew said it would make no difference, but I knew that for me it would let me set one on one on one.

The pale savage seemed apprehensive but subduing him proved easy, it was though he almost wanted me to stop him before... when it appeared I fled in terror, leaving him to his fate. My faith failed me when the shrieking thing came and the mountains shook, I lost my mind.

... I witnessed the great blast and survived. I failed my task, but believe the only one who could stop things now would be the man who most surely died in the explosion.

Azathoth Papers #6: Providence Hospital Record

July 18, 1897

Patient: Cynthia Baxter

Physician: Douglas Walters

A 12-year-old female was admitted at 8:32 p.m., complaining of fever and nausea, and was rapidly losing consciousness. She was put to bed and ice was applied to control fever. At 11:30 or thereabouts, the patient lost consciousness and slipped into a coma. Treatment was continued and the patient was examined for evidence of snakebite.

JUL 20 — Cynthia's condition continues without change. Snakebite has been ruled out but puncture wounds, evidenced by the infection that set in after them, were found. It is now thought that the patient fell victim to the bite of some unidentified insect.

JUL 24 — After six days of fever and hallucinations, the patient's condition returned to normal this morning and, although tired and weak, she is sitting up in bed and cheerful. Unless symptoms return, the patient should be released in two days.





At Julian's suggestion, he is considering psychoanalytic treatment. His worst problems stem from the torments he was subjected to as a child. Delivered by sister Cynthia, these began shortly after her spider bite, and are events buried in his subconscious. He does not consciously recognize their importance. For the investigators to uncover this, he would have to submit to psychoanalysis by one of them or by Julian. Emmett only agrees to submit if shown evidence of foul play.

Known only by Judge Braddock, Emmett Baxter was once a suspect in the murder of a former business partner, a man named Edward O'Donnell. He was later cleared when the notorious Bugsy Wexler was implicated, but the experience was an embarrassment to Emmett and he never told anyone about this. He does not know that Braddock knows about this, nor that the Judge is preserving his secret.



Emmett Baxter

● If Emmett decides to aid the investigators, he can supply them with newspaper clippings of specific interest from "News Clippings," on pages 155-157.

EMMETT BAXTER, age 37, Elder Son of Philip Baxter

STR 07 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 10
DEX 09 APP 09 EDU 17 SAN 35 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: none.

Skills: Accounting 85%, Bargain 75%, Credit Rating 50%, Drive Auto 45%, Fast Talk 25%, Law 25%, Library Use 95%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 15%.

Harold Englehardt

Englehardt is an administrator at Brown University, the past employer of Philip Baxter. He is an educated man who has long known Philip Baxter and Silas Patterson.

Contacted, Englehardt proves amiable and suggests meeting the investigators at his university office. He tells the investigators that Patterson retired early due to a nervous condition, and that Baxter was due to retire after the end of the next academic year. Unless a **Persuade or Credit Rating** roll succeeds, which convinces Englehardt of the matter's importance, he relates nothing of real interest.

If one of the rolls succeeds, however, the administrator reveals that Patterson's early retirement was requested when it was discovered that he was stealing laboratory animals from the University. Taking a report from a

Azathoth Papers #9: Findings of the Committee for the University

Report of the Committee formed 12/2/23

Made March 5, 1924

In accordance with the task given this committee by the Trustees of Brown University, to wit, to investigate charges against Professor Silas Patterson regarding illegal removal and use of University property, this committee finds:

That Silas Patterson is guilty of the unauthorized removal of University property. At least three primate specimens were taken, and the specimens were not returned to the University, nor was restitution made or attempted. As Professor Patterson admits no guilt, we recommend that he retire for reasons of health and, if he does so, that the Trustees honor their contract with him and pay him through the end of this semester, at which time the matter can be closed gracefully.



filing cabinet, he shows it to the investigators; see *Azathoth Papers #9* on page 46.

Englehardt states that Patterson told him privately that he had been conducting scientific experiments on his own time. Englehardt has his own suspicions. If the investigators pry deeper, he declares that all the evidence shows that Patterson was eating the monkeys he had stolen.



Harold Englehardt

Important Places

Swan Point Cemetery

The player characters may wish to have the body of Philip Baxter exhumed for examination or possible autopsy. For this, they'll need a court order. Braddock could help here, as would a successful **Law roll** plus a request from a relative. Desperate investigators might attempt to exhume the body illegally (digging up a corpse in the dead of night costs 1/1D3 Sanity points).

- A quick examination of the body shows that the crown of the scalp was sliced off and then crudely sewn back on. If that and the top of the skull are removed, it can be seen that Baxter's brain is partially missing.

FATHER BAXTER'S NEW POST

It was learned today that Father Julian Baxter, life-long resident of Providence, has been assigned to a missionary post in the South American country of Peru. Father Baxter will serve as teacher, priest, and physician to several hundred impoverished Indians living on the mountain slopes of the West Coast. The position was formerly held by the late Father Dougherty of Boston, who died several weeks ago of an apparent heart attack.

— June 2, 1890.

Azathoth Papers #10

- Given a successful **Spot Hidden**, decent lighting, and time for an examination, two swollen punctures are found on the scalp. A successful **Medicine, First Aid, Biology, or Zoology roll** determines that a spider or other sort of insect, or perhaps a small bat, caused the punctures.

If the body is removed for a careful medical examination, a report is made available to the investigators in less than a week. It states that traces of a paralyzing agent—possibly spider venom—were found, but that no conclusions can be made. Clever investigators (or those with successful **Idea rolls** if no one thinks of it on their own) may realize that Philip Baxter might still have been alive when he was pronounced dead on the morning of May 1.

Providence General Hospital

Investigators lacking a court order could use a successful **Credit Rating, Fast Talk, Persuade, or Law roll** (one only, and only one try) to get past the nurse in charge of records. Alternately, a licensed physician (**Medicine roll**) could ask to browse through the inactive records as part of some research project. Regardless, it takes an

PERILOUS ILLNESS FOR CHILD

Twelve-year-old Cynthia Baxter, daughter of Professor Philip Baxter of Brown University, is in critical condition at Providence General Hospital.

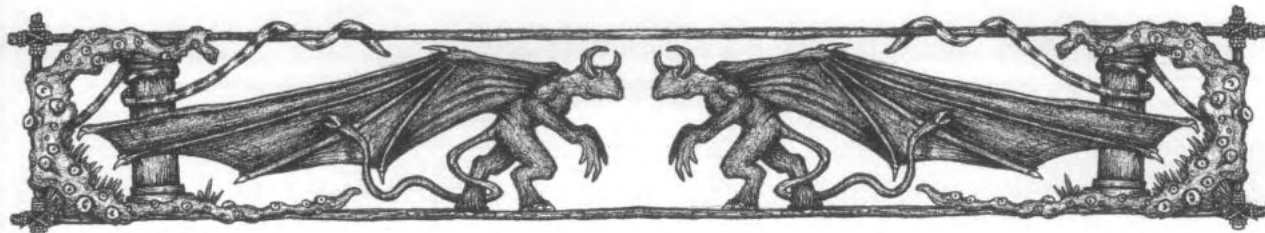
Her physician, Dr. Douglas Walters, announced that while fevered and still unconscious, the young girl is in stable condition. The girl first complained of nausea and a headache while attending a family picnic and by the time the group had returned to Providence, she had slipped into a coma.

It is now believed that she was bitten, most likely by a snake, while playing with her brother in the meadow. The young lad, Emmett, told his father that his sister complained of something that bit her on the ankle while the two children frolicked in the tall grass.

The Baxter girl is presently receiving treatment for this type of ailment and seems to be responding.

— July 20, 1897.

Azathoth Papers #12



Azathoth Papers #13

Miss Baxter's Appointment

Miss Cynthia Baxter has announced that the archdiocese has granted her request for a missionary post in the Andaman Islands, located in the Indian Ocean. In accepting the post, Miss Baxter follows in the footsteps of her paternal uncle, the well-known Dr. Julian Baxter.

Miss Baxter will focus her work among the native population. Her term of stay is indefinite, and it may be some years before she returns.

All here at the *Providence Journal* wish her well and may God speed.

—August 30, 1913.

Azathoth Papers #14

Accident Strikes Clergyman

Dr. Julian Baxter, prominent local clergyman, has been hospitalized upon sustaining a severe accident in his home.

Baxter, confined to a wheel chair, was apparently cut by a broken glass and was unable to summon aid before losing consciousness due to loss of blood.

Fortunately a passing milkman's helper saw the crippled man through the front window of his home, unconscious and surrounded by a pool of blood. This young man was able to force open the front door and carry Baxter to the milk wagon. The owner of the wagon quickly conveyed the injured man to Providence General Hospital where he was treated for shock and loss of blood.

Dr. Baxter has spent much of his life as a missionary. First in Peru, then later assigned to the Belgian Congo, where Dr. Baxter contracted a wasting disease that caused him to return to Rhode Island and enter retirement. The respected doctor is doing well and will return home in a few days.

—May 3, 1917.

investigator twenty-four hours to search the huge files and a separate successful **Library Use roll** is needed to find each of the following reports.

- Cynthia Baxter's spider bite in 1897; see *Azathoth Papers* #6, on page 45.
- Julian Baxter's suicide attempt in 1915; see *Azathoth Papers* #7 on page 44.
- Silas Patterson's recent broken ribs; see *Azathoth Papers* #8 on page 44.

The Providence Journal

In back issues of the *Journal*, in addition to births, deaths, etc., mentioned on the timeline of events prior to the campaign, other relevant stories also may be found.

- An issue from 1890 contains a story about Julian Baxter, leaving for a post as missionary in Peru. See *Azathoth Papers* #10 on page 47.
- An issue from 1893 contains a story relating the death of Armand Vincenzo. See *Azathoth Papers* #11 on page 32.
- An issue from 1897 contains a story about Cynthia Baxter's spider bite. See *Azathoth Papers* #12 on page 47.
- An issue from 1913 contains a story about Cynthia Baxter's acceptance of a missionary post in the Andaman Islands. See *Azathoth Papers* #13 on this page.
- An issue from 1917 contains a story about Julian Baxter's "accident" (actually his failed suicide attempt). See *Azathoth Papers* #14 on this page.

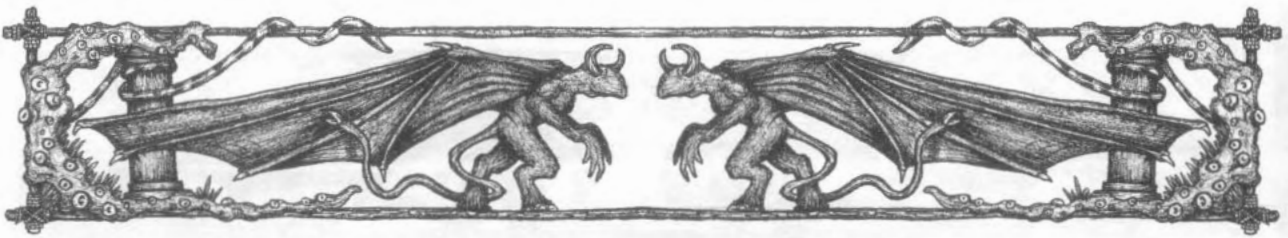
Libraries of Providence

Both the public library and the library at Brown University contain copies of the two books written by Dr. Silas Patterson. For excerpts from them, see *Azathoth Papers* #15a and #15b on page 34.

Providence Police Department

The clues available from the police are all records on file. Judge Braddock can easily clear the way for the investigators, but lacking his aid a player character needs a successful **Credit Rating or Law roll** to gain admission to the files. One of the following clues is found for every successful **Library Use roll**.

- Colin Baxter's arrest record. This file begins in 1906 and contains several entries, most of a minor nature. The last arrest, in 1910, charges breaking and entering. The file



Azathoth Papers #18: Providence Police Report

Disturbing the Peace; Non-Domestic Animals

Officer: Herlihy and others

Date: 11122

Arrived at the home of one Silas Patterson at the complaint of Oscar Hodge, a neighbor. Aforesaid neighbor complained of loud animal noises or screams issuing from the basement of the Patterson residence. The complaint was conveyed to Patterson who was found to be anthropology instructor at Brown. He explained that he was practicing native songs for demonstration to a class he was giving tomorrow and was extremely sorry for any disturbances. He did admit that he had brought a cage home from the University, but it was empty.

FEB 15, 1923 -- Complaint lodged by Oscar Hodge against Silas Patterson, similar to above. Investigation brought similar explanation of noises. Patterson was warned against further noises.

MAR 21, 1923 -- Third complaint of loud noises or screams. Hodge claims that Patterson keeps monkeys or apes in the house, bringing them home in cages from somewhere. Wife corroborates testimony. Patterson is again warned. Investigating officer asked if he could look around the inside of the house. Defendant refused to admit officer without a warrant.

JUN 1, 1923 -- Officers investigated complaint by Hodge. Knocking brought no one forth and nothing could be seen through any windows. We waited two hours before Patterson emerged from side door carrying a large metal cage. We approached and questioned the man about loud noises. He denied that any noise came from his house and accused the Hodges of senility. He apologized for not answering our knocks and explained that he was taking a nap. When asked about the animal cage he explained that he occasionally brought damaged cages home from the biology department to repair and clean them. Claims he is a bachelor and needs to keep busy. Patterson is again asked if his home can be entered and explains that he is late for a class, inviting us back the next day. Investigation the next day showed nothing unusual except that the walls of the basement had been freshly repainted and were still wet.

OCT 14, 1923 -- Complaint of loud noises followed up. Nothing suspicious found.

DEC 11, 1923 -- Complaint of loud noises. Nothing suspicious found.

FEB 13, 1924 -- Complaint of loud noises. Nothing suspicious found.



states that in lieu of a jail sentence, young Baxter agreed to join the Merchant Marine.

- Police investigation into Julian Baxter's near-fatal "accident" in 1915 finds no evidence of foul play by a second party. See *Azathoth Papers #16* on this page.
- On Nov. 17, 1917, Emma Braddock, wife of Judge Mortimer Braddock, charges him with assault. The charges are later dropped at the request of the plaintiff. See *Azathoth Papers #17* on this page.
- From 1922 into 1924, a succession of complaints made against Silas Patterson by a neighbor. See *Azathoth Papers #18* on page 49.
- A two-part report. One contains information regarding the arrest of Emmett Baxter on a charge of first-degree murder; the second part clears Baxter of the charges. See *Azathoth Papers #26a and #26b*, appearing on page 40.

The Lovecraft House

The address is 498 Angell Street and H. P. Lovecraft's two aunts, Mrs. Franklin Clark and Mrs. Edward (Annie) Gamwell presently occupy the home. Their nephew is currently living in New York City, married to Sonia Greene. Both of Lovecraft's



Azathoth Papers #16:
Providence Police Report

Suicide Attempt

Officer: O'Rourke

Date: 5317

Possible suicide attempt reported by staff of Providence General Hospital on May 2, 11:30 a.m. Interview with patient's personal physician revealed victim to be crippled and confined to wheelchair. This was given as the cause of accident and is considered sufficient evidence to drop any possible charges. Patient is said to be recovering well.

Azathoth Papers #17:
Providence Police Report

Assault and Battery

Officer: Macklin

Date: 11171917

Arrived at the home of Mortimer Braddock at 10:35 p.m. in response to telephone call from same address. Caller identified herself as Mrs. Mortimer Braddock and claimed that her husband was beating her. Upon knocking, front door of residence was opened by Mortimer Braddock who invited both myself and Officer Smith inside. We asked to see Mrs. Braddock and she appeared from the other room holding a wet rag or washcloth over her right eye. She apologized for the call and said that a neighbor must have made it. She wished to press no charges and denied that her husband had assaulted her.

aunts are reluctant to speak at length with strangers, but promise to pass messages along to Howard. They won't provide his address in New York.

Of the mis-delivered coconuts, the ladies say that they saw right way that the box was not meant for them.

"It was smelly."

"The crate dripped dirt and old leaves."

"We left it on the porch."

"We insisted the postman take it away the very next day."

While the investigators chat with the two women, a small black cat can be seen prowling about the porch, rubbing indiscriminately against the legs of both investigators and aunts. If the cat is commented upon, the women mention that the cat belongs to Howard, but he is unable to keep it with him in his New York apartment. The cat's name is Bubastis.



This concludes
the Providence portion of
The Spawn of Azathoth. Your players
may encounter any of the remaining
adventures in any order, save that the
chapter “The Tibetan Interior”
should be last.





Garrison, Montana

Wherein the investigators understand anew that the Wild West is so called because the inhabitants thereof are in no wise tame. Magical and alien interference hampers investigator researches.

This is the site of the experimental astronomical observatory erected by the Tuesday Night Academy. Located just north of the Anaconda Mountains, the observatory occupies a southeast slope about ten air miles northeast of the small town of Garrison, itself forty miles west of Helena. Helena is approximately 2700 miles from Providence. Due to numerous stops and switches, the train ride via Cleveland, Chicago, and points west takes five days and costs \$31.00 per passenger, not including meals.

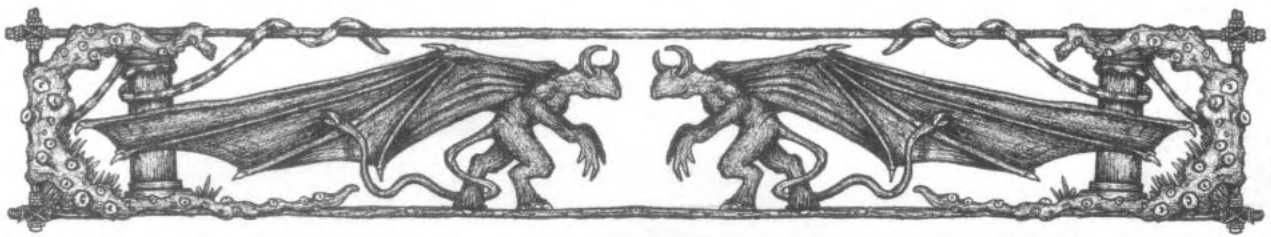
The investigators can conclude their ride on the Northern Pacific line at Garrison or at Helena, a larger town where horses, autos, and rooms can be rented. They can also hitch a ride on the occasional produce or stock truck headed for Missoula via Garrison. Once in Garrison, they find a general store and a selection of barns to sleep in. The last mile of the narrow rocky road to the observatory is accessible by foot and horseback.

Keeper Information

Unknown to the local humans, these mountains harbor beings who lived here long before the coming of Native American tribes. Named *sasquatch* by Native American tribes along the Pacific Coast, these shaggy mountain creatures have taken upon themselves the responsibility of guarding a seed of Azathoth recently fallen to Earth. One managed to drag it into a nearby cave and there it remains, hidden. These humanoids are not highly intelligent, but they instinctively sense the malignance of the seed.

Since these creatures are easily understood and are not at all Lovecraftian in treatment, keepers might be poetically imprecise in their descriptions. They are shadowy, and leave no signs of passage. They move silently, like smoke or ghosts. Their calls echo up canyons and across lakes, but caller and listener are never seen.

One human resident knows of them. She is Sylvia Englund, owner of a bankrupt horse ranch and former owner of the land upon which the observatory is built. Englund often visits the pride after sunset, to offer them vegetables and fruit. She communicates with them only in a rudimentary way, but the emotional bond between her and the humanoids is strong. She has never hinted their existence to anyone. She goes to great lengths to protect them from the outside world.



Keeper's Guide to this Adventure:

Montana

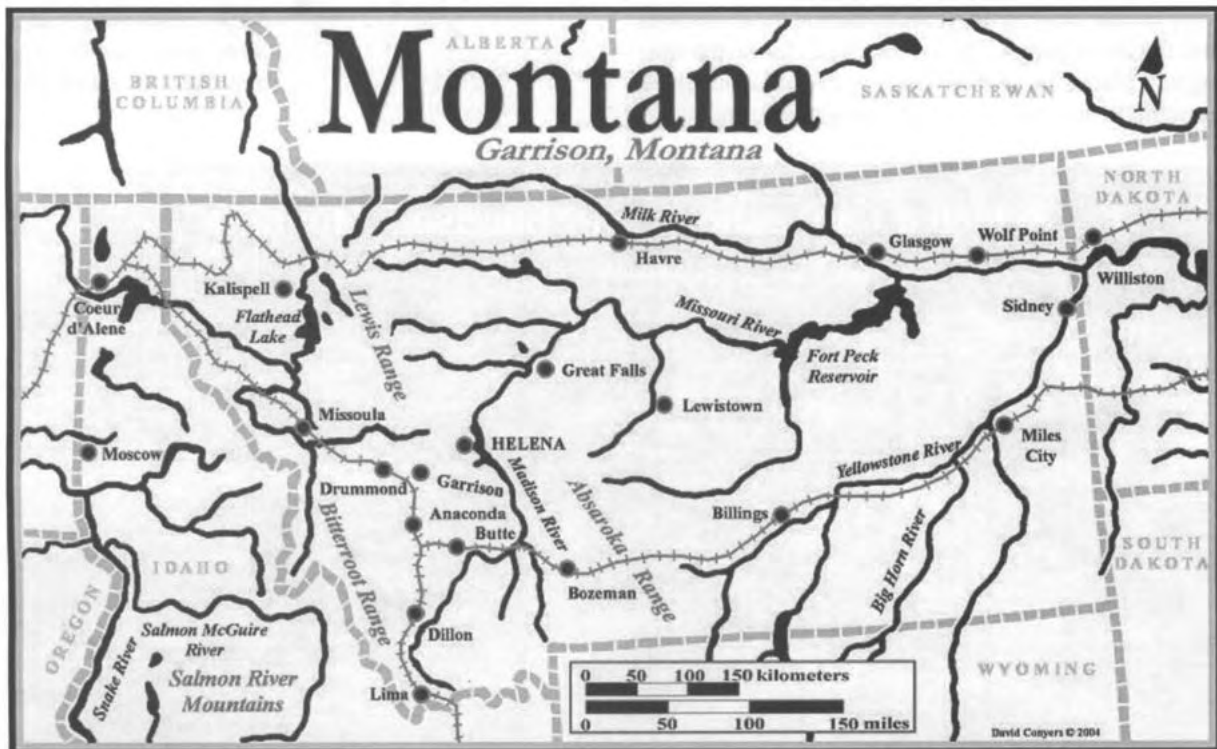
A west central state of the United States, Montana was organized as a territory in 1864 and became a state in 1889. Helena is the state capital. Butte is the largest city. Montana covers an area of 146,997 square miles and is home to 530,000 people.

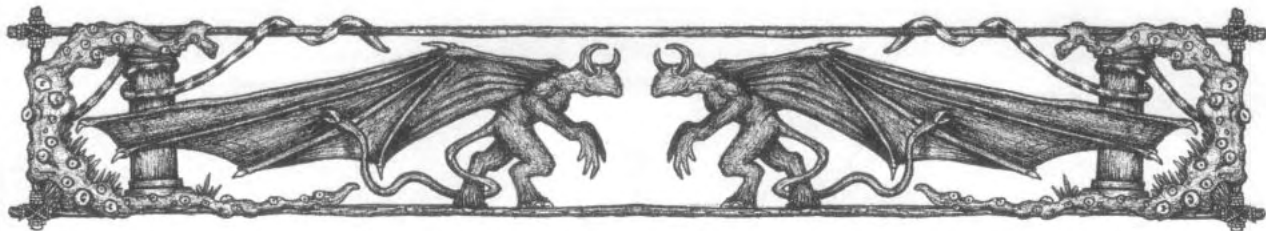
Montana derives its name from the Rocky Mountains which cross the state in the west. Those peaks reach 13,000 feet. Prominent features include Glacier National Park and a portion of Yellowstone National Park. The east incorporates the Great Plains as well as a great river, the Missouri and its tributaries. Montana is home to numerous wild animals including bears, wolves, pumas, moose, elk, bison, and deer. The rivers and lakes teem with trout and salmon. Land not given over to sheep, cattle, hay, cereals, and sugar beet are covered in tall coniferous trees, particularly in the mountains. Despite the large agricultural base, mining remains the most impor-

tant industry—copper, silver, and zinc mines dot the state.

Montana is also famous for its Native American history. Particularly memorable are the Sioux and Cheyenne who fought hard to defend their hunting grounds against the depredations of white settlers. They won several victories such as the legendary Bighorn battle of 1876, but were unfortunately soon defeated by United States troops, promoting unhindered white settlement.

Montana is a rural state — very different than the big cities familiar to investigators. Locals enjoy taking their time with everything they put their mind to. In the 1920s Montana is suffering a severe drought which is ruining the livelihoods of many farmers, so many citizens are grouchy and unfriendly.





She is beset by financial problems. To maintain ownership of the land encompassing the range of the sasquatch, she sold a small acreage to the Tuesday Night Academy, on which they built their observatory.

Soon after the investigators arrive in Garrison, the mi-go also appear, seeking the seed of Azathoth they observed falling to earth in this area. Seeds of Azathoth can, among other things, generate tremendous amounts of energy, and the fungi plan to take the object to their lunar colony.

Aware of the seed's presence, knowing of its value to the fungi but not that the sasquatch have moved it to another location, the Father Ghost observes the fungi activities. He knows that he and the mi-go are at odds concerning the future of Nemesis.

Several locals, including the Russian astronomers at the observatory, have seen the Father Ghost. Both the fungi and the Ghost know of the Academy's observatory, but discount any importance to it in their conflicting plans. The eventual violent destruction of the observatory may lead the player characters to suspect either or both the Father Ghost and the mi-go.

The Chain of Events

The fungi have come from their colony inside the moon in search of the seed of Azathoth that has just fallen. They initiate a series of events enfolding local residents and the investigators. The keeper must choose the timing and placement of these occurrences, adjusting them as useful to ensure a smooth-running adventure.

- DAY ONE—Investigators arrive in Garrison.
- DAY TWO—Fungi arrive, and take over the fire tower.
- DAY THREE—Fungi install weapon and slaughter passing animals.
- DAY THREE—Fungi visit the Academy's observatory.
- DAY FOUR—Fungi locate seed, slay sasquatch, destroy fire tower, flee.

Garrison

This small town, like many others in Montana, traces its origin to a mining camp established in the latter half of the nineteenth century. It has a population of about 200 residents. The investigators find little here beside a few

score residences, a combination general store and post office, and a boarding house, presently filled.

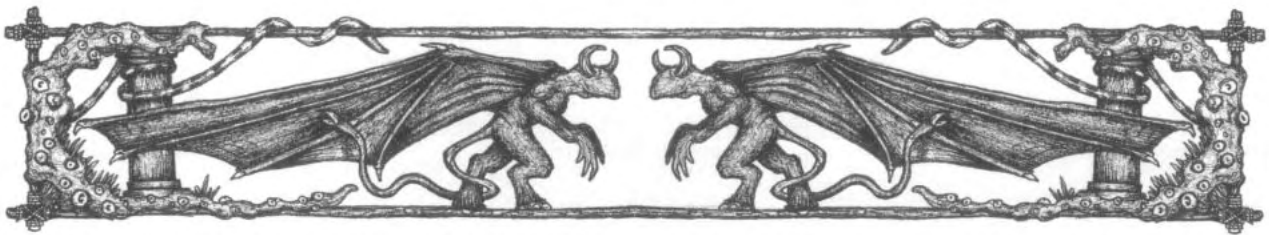


Hank Buffington

The proprietor of the general store is Hank Buffington, one of the few life-long residents. Hank is open and friendly, and enjoys lengthy conversations with customers, and with those just passing through. If asked the

Selected Connections for "Garrison, Montana"

Paper #	Clue or Lead	Obtained from	Leads to
—town talkH. Buffingtonobservatory, Father Ghost, 2-legged beasts, Sylvia Englund
—Passelov, KalyetkaTuesday Night AcademyMontana observatory
#31aunusual meteornews clippingglowing green meteor falls near Helena, 1927
#31bunusual meteornews clippingglowing meteor falls near Arkham, 1882
#32found if Spot Hidden succeedsLetterSylvia Englund, sasquatch, Father Ghost, hint of the mi-go



right questions, he can supply some useful information to the investigators.

He is a tall fellow, about six feet, rangy with a small potbelly, redheaded, and beginning to bald. He has a quick mind, not a profound one, but plays a wicked game of checkers.

HANK BUFFINGTON, age 42, Proprietor and Postmaster

STR 15	CON 14	SIZ 12	INT 12	POW 11
DEX 10	APP 10	EDU 08	SAN 55	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: .30 Lever-Action Carbine 65%, damage 2D6
 16-Gauge Shotgun 60%, 2D6+2 / 1D6+1 / 1D4
 Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3 + 1D4

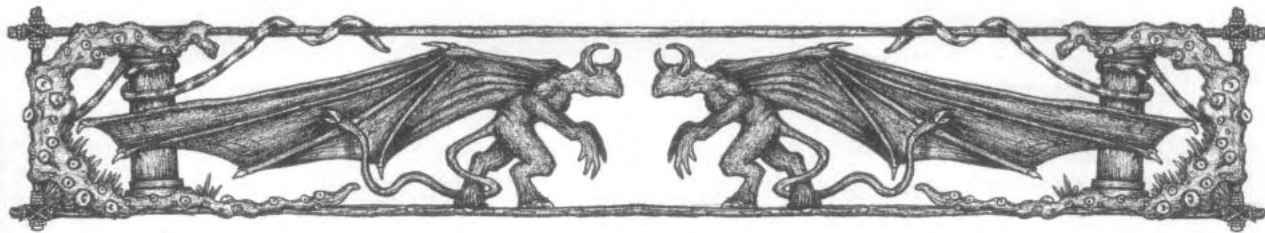
Skills: Accounting 15%, Astronomy 10%, Bargain 60%, Climb 45%, Credit Rating 65%, Dodge 37%, Drive Auto/Horses 40%, Fast Talk 50%, First Aid 40%, Listen 40%, Locksmith 25%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Navigate 25%, Postal Laws 30%, Psychology 44%, Ride 55%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 50%.

- If the investigators ask about the Russian astronomers, Hank says, "A lot of folks thought they were Bolsheviks or Wobblies at first, and there was some talk of running them out of town. But we began to like them right away. They paid cash, and didn't ask for credit. And near two dozen folks around here got hired to move supplies and build that telescope house. Them Russians ain't such bad fellers at all."
- If the player characters ask about strange lights in the sky, or other supernatural-seeming phenomena, Hank tells them, "There's a tale been told around here, about the ghost of an old Injun brave. Some say it's the ghost of Chief Joseph, him what led his tribe through here to try to get to Canada. Most of the Nez Perce were caught not far north of here. Many around here say that Joseph is scouring the mountains looking for the spirits of his people who died in Montana, so he can take them home. Everybody in town knows this story, but I reckon no one believes it, leastwise not in the daytime!" This story has nothing to do with the Father Ghost, though any recent sightings of Chief Joseph can be attributed to the Father Ghost's presence.
- If the investigators ask him about sasquatch-like creatures hereabouts, he replies that "Some people do say there's big shaggy beasts on two feet livin' in the mountains. I've heard

tell that people in Oregon and Washington have seen 'em too. But there ain't nothing. Lemme tell you, I've lived here for forty-two years, and never seen nothin' like what they talk about. What folks see is one of three things: a bear in the bushes; a mountain-man (also in the bushes); and boys in the bushes again, all of 'em makin' fools of folk."

- If the player characters ask Hank about Sylvia Englund, he says, "She moved here from the East just before the big war began, about nineteen and thirteen. She ran a horse ranch for a long time, but lost her money and ended up selling most of her stock. Her ranch is about ten miles north of here, up in the mountains. She's pretty friendly, but a little strange. She rides into town ever' week to buy groceries. She don't buy much meat, but she gets a lot of vegetables and fruit when she can. She might be one of them vegy-rotarians. I asked her about it once, but she says she breeds eatin' rabbits at the ranch. I never seen any there. I guess she were embarrassed to admit she were a vegy-rotarian. Be okay if she was, though. I don't care what religion a body be, so long as he's a good Christian. 'Cept Baptists. Got cheated by a Baptist once. But Miss Englund's a fine woman, even is she is a little strange. Maybe it's 'cause she lost her money. I guess that does something to a person."
- Hank knows how to get to the observatory, and is happy to draw a map for the investigators. If they give him an hour, he can arrange for riding horses for the investigators to rent. He wants \$3 a day per horse, but might be **Bargained**





down. The player characters must promise to take good care of the horses—feeding them and currying them down each day.

- Buffington has a short-wave radio in the store. He's glad to allow the investigators to talk over it for no charge. If nothing else, he can raise the telegraph office in Helena, and send a telegram charged against Hank's general store account.

At the Observatory

Five or six miles up a winding, rocky slope, the road forks. The right branch passes the Englund Ranch, and leads on an additional eight miles to the observatory. A left branch winds north through the mountains to a high fire tower, visible in the clear Montana air for many miles.

If the investigators forget that they are calling on astronomers, who work nights, and approach during the day, they find the site quiet and empty. Dmitri and Vasilii continue sleeping in their bedrooms until the investigators knock, allowing the group to snoop around if they wish.

Whether or not the Russians have been notified of the player characters' visit, they are suspicious of strangers. Awakened, they greet the group with guns in hand. Dmitri Passelov is in a silk dressing gown, monocle in place, and brandishing a Luger automatic pistol. Vasilii Kalyetka wears a nightshirt and cap, and holds a shotgun on the intruders. Depending on what notification the player characters have given to Passelov, he may know their intentions, and they may have bothered to have obtained written references from the Tuesday Night Academy, and perhaps even a letter of introduction from

Keeper's Guide to this Adventure:

Astronomy in the 1920s

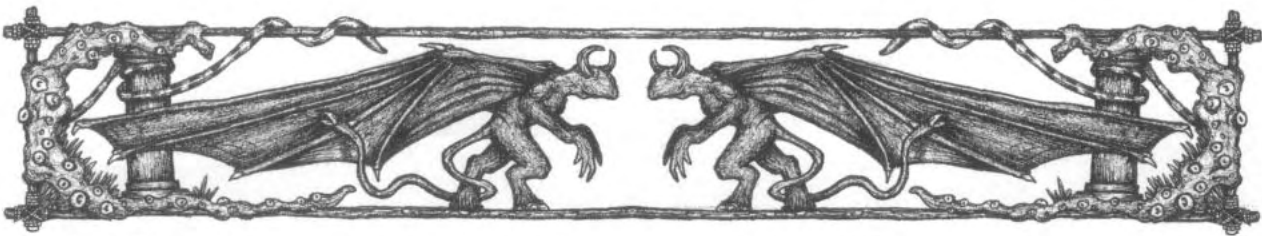
The study of the heavens is the oldest science known to humankind. Before 2000 BC, the Babylonians, Chinese, and Egyptians sowed their crops according to calendars calculated from the regular motions of the sun and the moon. Later Greeks and Arabs made detailed observations and recordings of the motions of the stars, but mostly this was achieved for the sake of accurate horoscopes and other forms of astrology. It wasn't until 1543 AD when Copernicus suggested that the earth orbited around the sun and not the other way around that the science of astronomy was revolutionized.

Sixty-six years later Galileo used the first telescope for astronomical purposes, discovering numerous celestial bodies previously invisible to the naked eye, such as the moons of Jupiter. At the same time Johann Kepler published a book on the laws of planetary motion which Sir Isaac Newton would use in 1687 to derive the Three Laws of Motion and thus propose the notion of gravity, the major force behind all celestial motion.

In the 1920s most astronomical observations were conducted with the use of telescopes using lenses and mirrors to magnify images and to collect more light than the unaided eye. Some telescopes were huge, built high on the tops of mountains where atmospheric interference was minimized. As an example, the Lick Observatory had a

refracting telescope 55' long, with a 36" refracting lens. Photographic techniques for the recording celestial objects were also highly advanced by this era, but radio astronomy was still to be discovered—accidentally—by Karl Jansky in 1932, when he discovered that the interference in a telephone system he was testing originated not from earth but from radiation beamed from outer space.

In the last few decades astronomy has undergone significant changes. In 1905 Albert Einstein published his Special Theory of Relativity. Before then the notion that when we looked into space we were looking back in time was too strange to comprehend. In 1923 Edwin Hubble showed that some nebulae were in fact external galaxies, which led to the understanding that the size of the universe was almost infinitely larger than previously understood. In 1930 Hubble went on to discover that the universe was not only huge, but expanding, and the beginnings of the Big Bang theory were being postulated. Calculating backward now placed the age of the universe in the billions of years, challenging more previously held concepts. In the same year Pluto was discovered by Clyde Tombaugh at the Lowell Observatory in Arizona. He saw no Fungi from Yuggoth. Concepts such as black holes, neutron stars, pulsars, quasars, and string theory are still unknown, and would be considered just as weird as observations of the Great Old Ones and their minions.



Hank Buffington. Passelov's reactions may vary from "cautiously friendly" to "surlly and ready to shoot."

Dmitri Passelov

Passelov was born near Moscow in 1867. He gained a good reputation as an astronomer before coming to Harvard in 1914. After the October Revolution, Passelov, a landowner, feared to return to Russia, and chose instead to remain in America, supported by money that he had transferred to American banks before the war. He met Philip Baxter and soon after became a member of the Tuesday Night Academy.

Passelov once enjoyed a solid academic reputation, but in recent years his espousal of some radical theories has alienated him from conventional scientific circles. In 1922, an old family retainer, Vasiliy Kalyetka, who had fled the Russian Civil War, contacted Passelov. Kalyetka carried with him certain documents attributed to Rasputin, describing the approach of Nemesis. Fascinated by the thesis, Passelov retired to private life to study the documents and to make astronomical calculations based on them.

Later in the same year, the Tuesday Night Academy undertook the construction of an astronomical observatory in the mountains of Montana. The location was chosen because it offered good viewing and because it extended privacy and security. The other members of the Academy were told that the money to build the observatory was



Dmitri Passelov

donated by investors who preferred to remain anonymous. In truth, the money was drawn from Passelov's personal accounts, with the collusion of Judge Braddock. Passelov wished to keep his wealth secret; both he and his assistant fear reprisals from the Soviet Union, and are always wary, expecting assassins at any time. Their paranoia is unfounded, however—the Soviet secret police have so many enemies that petty nobility means nothing to them.

Passelov possesses a copy of *De Vermis Mysteriis*. He has an inkling that the approach of the mysterious Nemesis is a portent of doom. Passelov won't discuss this

unless an investigator, in conversation with him, receives a successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll.

DMITRI PASSELOV, age 60, Astronomer, Exiled Wealthy Russian Noble

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 17 POW 15
DEX 12 APP 14 EDU 21 SAN 50 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Rapier 80%, damage 1D6 + 1 + 1D4

Luger Pistol 70%, damage 1D10

Thompson Submachine Gun 65%, damage 1D10 + 2

Skills: Anthropology 10%, Archaeology 15%, Art (Song) 45%, Astronomy 95%, Credit Rating 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 14%, Electrical Repair 35%, Geology 20%, Library Use 85%, Mechanical Repair 65%, Occult 14%, Persuade 60%, Photography 80%, Psychology 25%, Ride 75%.

Vasiliy Kalyetka

Kalyetka was born in 1890, the son of servants, on land belonging to the Passelovs. The Kalyetkas had served the Passelovs for generations. After most of the Passelovs fell in the civil war, Kalyetka fled the Motherland. Penniless, he got passage to Canada and, after sneaking across the border, found Dmitri Passelov. Passelov felt responsible for the man he remembered as little more than a boy, and took him in. Soon thereafter, Passelov obtained Braddock's help in gaining asylum for Kalyetka. Kalyetka is good-natured, loyal to Passelov,

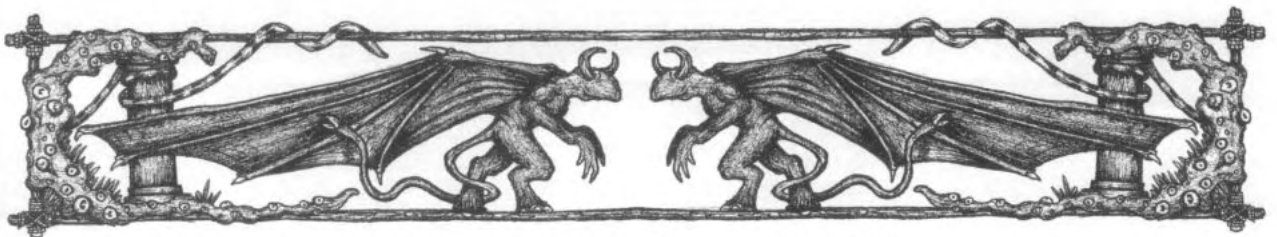
and he will show exactly as much hospitality to the investigators as Dmitri does.



Vasiliy Kalyetka

Strong and stocky, Kalyetka does the work of two men. He cooks, cleans, maintains the electrical generators, cares for Trotsky the mule, and acts as an observatory assistant for Passelov. The younger man is also very superstitious. Only

a week ago, around sunset, he saw what he claimed was the ghost of an Indian. He called Passelov, but the apparition vanished. Dmitri assured him that it was a trick of the light and told him not to worry. Vasiliy dropped the subject, but if asked questions that might



lead to this incident—and if he trusts the player characters—he tells them what he saw.

A few days ago, Passelov also saw the mysterious figure, but he has not admitted this to Kalyetka.

VASILY KALYETKA, age 37, Photo Tech, Hereditary Servant to the Passelovs

STR 17 CON 17 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 05 SAN 40 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Head Butt 85%, 1D4 + 1D4

Fist/Punch 65%, 1D3 + 1D4

12-Gauge Semi-Auto Shotgun 60%, damage 4D6 / 2D6 / 1D6

Thompson Submachine Gun 55%, damage 1D10 + 2

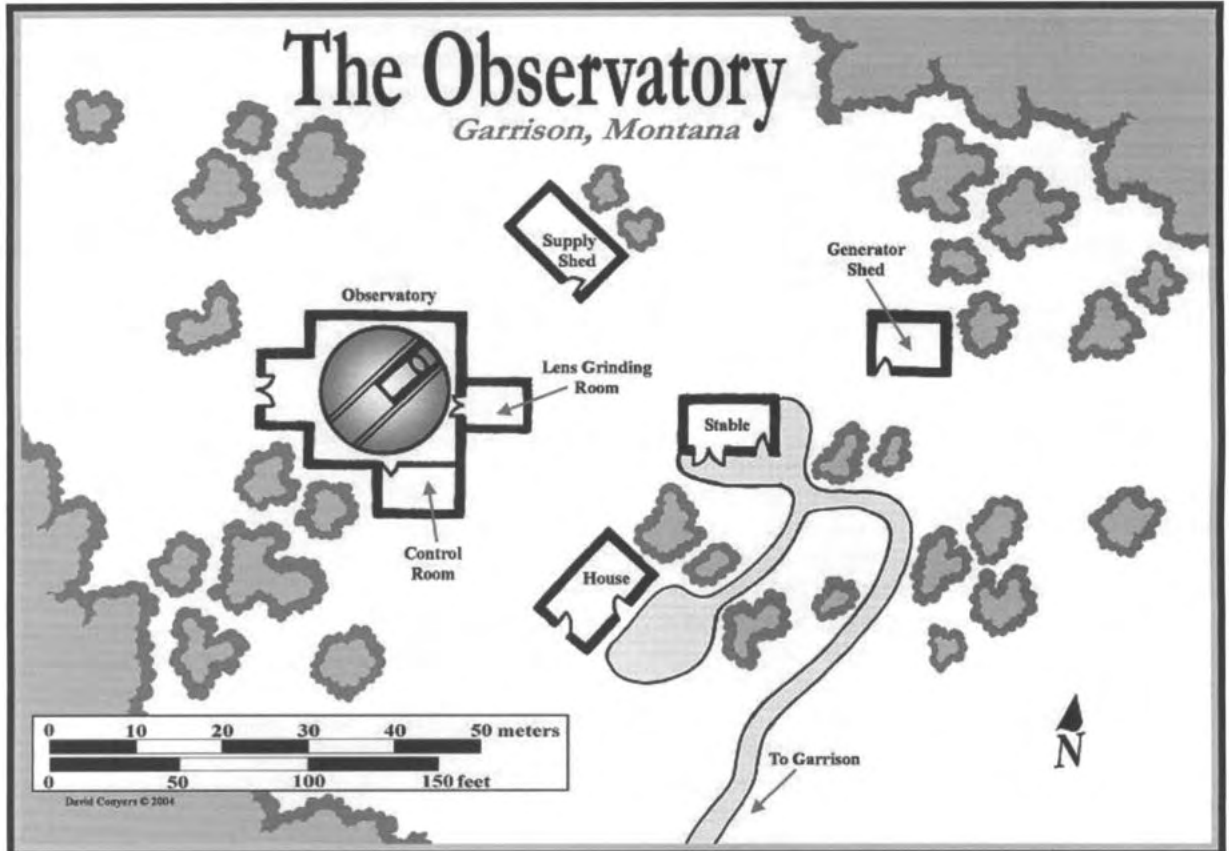
Skills: Art (Song) 25%, Astrographic Camera 75%, Astronomy 20%, Blink Comparator 70%, Clean Worm Gears 70%, Climb 70%, Credit Rating 10%, Dodge 65%, Electrical Repair 35%, Heavy Machine 45%, Listen 50%, Mechanical Repair 75%, Occult 15%, Photography 40%, Ride 35%.

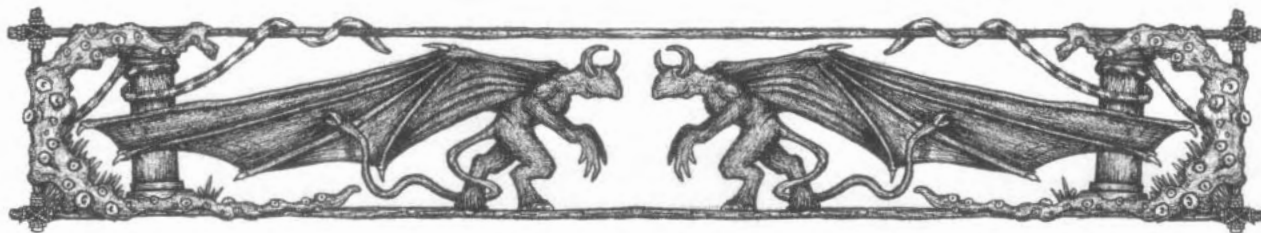
The Generator Shed

This steel building houses two gasoline-powered generators which supply electricity to the observatory and house. Wires strung on fence posts carry the current. Only one generator at a time is used; the other is a back-up. At the end of the working day (about an hour before sunrise), they are rarely restarted until the following evening. The double doors are secured with a heavy padlock. Turning on a generator requires the user to have at least **one percentile of Electrical Repair**. No roll is needed.

The Stable

This building is big enough to shelter ten animals. It was built to house the draft animals that pulled the construction material and equipment from Garrison to the observatory site. Now the only resident of the stable is Trotsky the mule.





The House

A low building with a central kitchen/living room divided by a counter, and four small bedrooms, two at each end of the house. The outhouse stands a short distance away. The house's interior is incomplete—plastered, but unpainted. The floors are bare concrete. (A short-wave radio, with emergency batteries, sits near the fireplace; Vasiliy routinely uses it to place orders with Hank Buffington.) The two southerly rooms are Dmitri's. One is his bedroom, and the other a study and library. Vasiliy sleeps in one of the northerly rooms.

If the investigators are invited to stay, they are given the vacant room across the hall from Vasiliy. If there are more than two investigators, Dmitri's study/library is also opened to their use. Before anyone is allowed to move into the library room, however, Dmitri collects his notes and papers. This takes only a few minutes. After informing the player characters that the room is now available, Dmitri carries his notes to the observatory and locks them in the safe. He'll leave them here while the investigators are visiting, removing them only rarely to consult something or add to the notes. Within the library room, the investigators have as much time as they like to look over the texts on the shelves.

Azathoth Papers #27:
Translation from *De Vermis Mysteriis*

Many times this great body has passed our home, but invisible it goes undetected. Great disaster and catastrophe have preceded its coming and followed in its wake and many are the sorcerers or astrologers who have foretold its coming by the sign of hairy stars. The passing of the time of the serpent people is but one of the disasters recognized and brought home. Mighty Eibon perhaps learned his wonders from the remnants of these destroyed peoples, yet knew but a tenth of what they had learned. And they did learn the secrets of He Who Passes in Darkness.

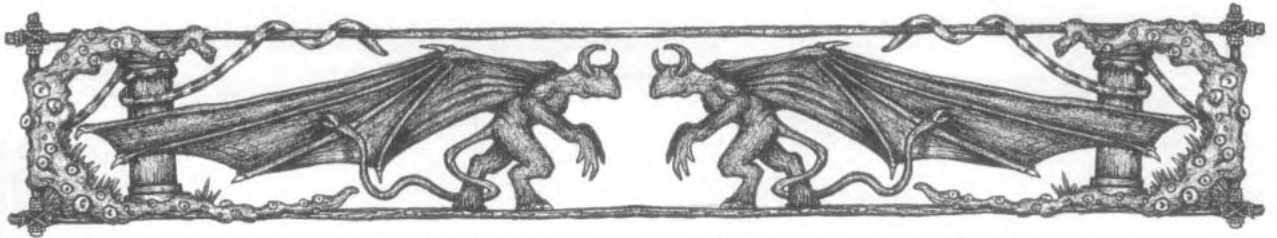
● A successful **Spot Hidden** performed while making a comprehensive search of the books uncovers an unmarked, recently-rebound edition of *De Vermis Mysteriis* (in Latin), with a black ribbon marking a pair of pages in the text. Reading only the marked pages causes no Sanity point loss. See *Azathoth Papers* #27, below.

● A **second successful Spot Hidden** finds, fallen on the floor behind a desk, a sheet of yellowed paper written upon in German. This is part of Dmitri's notes, left behind when he cleaned up the room. It is actually one of the papers Vasiliy brought from Russia; a successful **German roll** is needed to translate the inscription. For the English translation, see *Azathoth Papers* #30 on page 61.

If the player characters take an opportunity to prowl around in Vasiliy's room they find only a bed and small dresser. His shotgun leans in a corner, loaded and ready. Within the dresser, besides clothing, the investigators find a manila folder containing some documents and a small heavy object wrapped in a piece of velvet. Examining the papers with a successful **Law roll** tells the

Azathoth Papers #28:
Translation of Russian Language
Notes Found in Dmitri's Bedroom

A number of combinations of distances and refractions have already been tried with the aim of bringing the supposed invisible object into view. This task is complicated both by the fact that the exact location for the object is as yet unknown, along with the difficulties associated with the aberrations caused by the strange prisms. This makes accurate spotting of the instrument almost impossible. At this point I feel that the lenses and prism are of proper design. The remaining problem is to discover the proper combination of angles and distances that are needed. Hopes are high for a startling discovery, and very soon.



user that Vasily entered the country illegally but is now protected until a ruling is made in his case. Even without a Law roll, any investigator can recognize the "Application for U. S. Citizenship" form. The object wrapped in cloth is a small gold crucifix studded with a single dull stone.

- This crucifix is an important artifact. It once belonged to Rasputin. The stone mounted on it contains identical powers to the dream-gem of the Walker of the Stony Desert. See the adventures "Ulthar and Beyond" and "The Tibetan Interior". This crucifix was smuggled out of Russia by White Russian aristocrats. The stone is unidentifiable. Even if the buildings are destroyed, keepers may want to have this powerful artifact blown or thrown clear, or otherwise preserved and accessible.
- Dmitri's room contains a few notes written in Russian; see *Azathoth Papers* #28 on page 59. There is also a handful of letters from Philip Baxter; see *Azathoth Papers* #29 below.

Azathoth Papers #29:
Letter From Philip Baxter

April 27, 1925

Dear Dmitri,

Just a short letter to let you know that I may have come upon an amazing discovery regarding the search that we all have been involved with for so long.

Although I am as yet unable to give you any details, I have found a source of information about what we seek. I am presently trying to arrange a second chance to get at this source, but have run into trouble regarding transportation.

Never fear, though, I can be very resourceful.

Respectfully Yours,

Philip Baxter

The First Night at the Observatory

The first evening the investigators spend at the observatory, while on an after-dinner stroll, they notice a distant bobbing light. It is accompanied by a soft, high-pitched sound floating up the slope on the evening breeze. A successful **Know roll or an Art (Song) roll** identifies the song as the "Lord High Executioner," from the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, *The Mikado*. Sylvia Englund, of the Englund Ranch, is the singer. She is not particularly watchful; any investigator receiving **both a successful Hide and a successful Sneak roll** can follow her and Jules, and avoid detection.

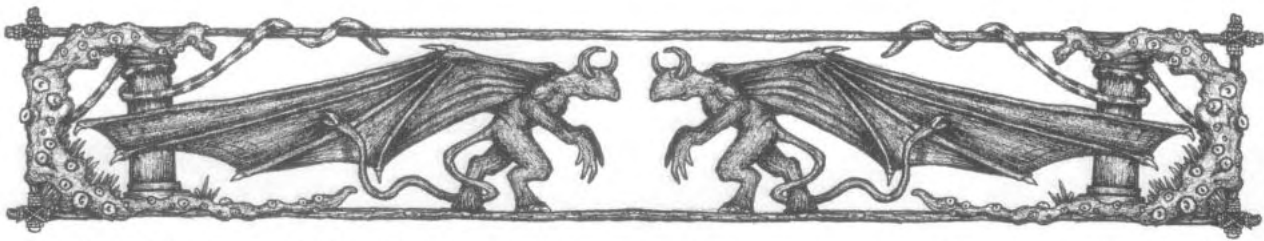
The Observatory

The main room houses a 40-inch telescope of advanced design mounted beneath a rotating dome. The roof includes curved panels that roll back to reveal the sky. A successful **Astronomy roll** tells the character that the telescope is a Cassegrain of unusual design, with special provisions for photographic survey. Lengthy inspection of the main telescope suggests that it incorporates some puzzling optical principles. A wide-angle 12-inch reflector piggybacks on the 40-inch, along with a 5-inch refractor guide scope; an 8-inch refractor on a separate wheeled mount completes the major observatory equipment.

The control room contains a panel of switches and levers allowing Vasily Kalyetka to aim the gross tracking of the scope. Passelov sits in a small cage on the side of the 40-inch telescope and keeps fine control of the scope's motion by manual control, visually tracking a guide star. At a different position, Passelov can sit at the base of the main telescope and guide it himself.

The exposed photo plates form mosaics of likely areas of the sky. Much of the observatory's lower floor is given over to photographic darkrooms and supplies, and files of negative plates of the stars. Passelov and Kalyetka also spend much time here using the blink comparator. This optical device superimposes photos of the same stellar field taken at two different times. Done quickly, a rapidly moving image seems to *blink!* from one position to the other against an unchanged stellar field background.

In a large room at the rear of the building are grinding and polishing facilities that Passelov employs in his continual attempt to recreate certain special lenses hinted at in the papers brought him by Kalyetka. Mounted in the wall and obvious to anyone entering the room is a small key-operated safe. Passelov possesses the only



key. Anyone trying to pick the safe's lock finds that its fine workmanship effectively **lowers his or her Locksmith by 20 percentiles.**

- In the safe are Dmitri's notes plus a number of newspaper clippings. The notes mostly consist of numbers and equations. A successful **Astronomy** roll informs the character that Passelov is systematically searching the constellation Taurus.
- These clippings all report sightings of shooting stars, bolides, and comets, but only two pertain to this campaign. One recent clipping is from a Helena, Montana newspaper; another is dated much earlier. For these two clippings, see *Azathoth Papers #31a* and *Azathoth Papers #31b*, on pages 61 and 62, respectively.

The Supply Shed

This building has a pair of wide double doors, secured with heavy padlocks. It contains left-over construction materials (cable, lumber, sheet metal, half-inch steel plate,

Azathoth Papers #30:
Translation of German Handwriting
Found in Passelov's Library

And despite earlier predictions that have proven false, I am convinced that the appearance (s) of the god or goddess is due before the beginning of the next century is long past. It will appear in the east, its second coming to announce the time of changing. With this the child will come to power, the one who can control the forces soon to be unleashed. I have searched the night skies for the coming of Xoth and it has recently appeared, although but briefly. The stars are right! The time is near! All shall crumble before the might of Azathoth to rise again from the ashes. Hail Yog-Sothoth!

wiring, concrete, etc.), 20 five-gallon cans of gasoline, three cases of dynamite, a welding set-up, blasting caps, a third (still crated up) electrical generator, and an entire bulldozer with a blade and an enclosed cab.

The Englund Ranch

The ranch is seven or eight miles north of Garrison. It sits in the foothills of a great mountain range that looms beyond. Near the house stands a large barn, a pair of smaller sheds, and various corrals and stock chutes.

The barn is empty except for a dozen cats and an old horse named Franklin. The sheds are stocked with hand tools and gardening and canning supplies.



Sylvia Englund

Sylvia Englund

Healthy and tanned by years of outdoor life, Englund looks a decade younger than her actual age of 67. She is a pleasant person, and usually accompanied by a medium-sized, too friendly dog named Jules. She moved here from Detroit, and used her savings to purchase the property and stock needed for the ranch. Several bad winters followed and this,

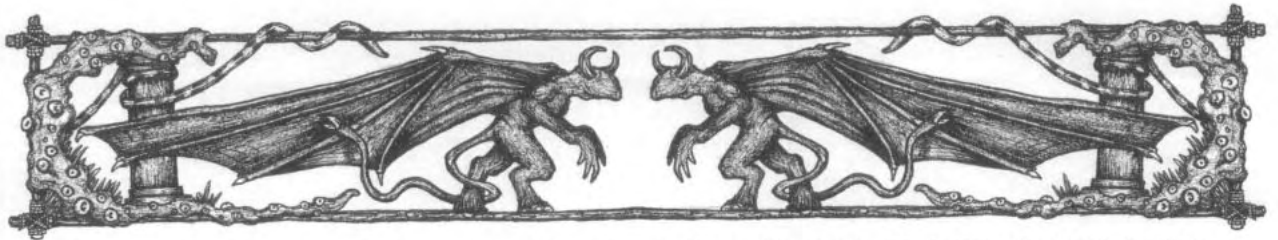
Azathoth Papers #31a

Unusual Meteor Seen Soon After Sunset

Several residents this morning reported seeing a strange shooting star last night. All placed the meteor above the mountains north of Garrison.

Eyewitnesses uniformly described it as a glowing green object hurtling to earth at around 10 P.M. Several searches were initiated early this morning, according to those in town to shop, but so far nothing had been found.

— Helena (Montana) Star, 1927.



added to a catastrophic business investment dreamed up by a hare-brained nephew, left her nearly bankrupt.

She did not sell her land and move away because, in her first year in Montana, she had discovered a small colony of sasquatch living in a secluded valley. She has befriended the sasquatch and often brings them fresh vegetables. Their favorite is carrots.

Fearing intrusions, Englund has kept their existence secret. At dusk, she fills a creel with vegetables, grabs a fly rod, and she and Jules leave the ranch house and head north. Once out of sight of the ranch, she turns and heads for the valley of the sasquatch. See the earlier subsection, "First Night at the Observatory," if that portion of the narrative has not already been played through.

SYLVIA ENGLUND, age 67, Rancher and Friend to the Sasquatch

STR 11 CON 15 SIZ 09 INT 14 POW 14
 DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 14 SAN 70 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: 12-Gauge Shotgun 65%, damage 4D6 / 2D6 / 1D6

Azathoth Papers #31b

**METEOR DISCOVERED
 NEAR ARKHAM**

The discovery of a strange, glowing meteorite was announced today by Professor Hargate of Miskatonic University. A team of scientists examined the object, which had fallen upon the property of Nahum Gardner. Samples were taken from the mysterious stone and returned to the university for testing.

No conclusions have yet been drawn about the strange meteorite. Professor Hargate noted that the substance of which the meteorite is formed seems to evaporate over time, leaving no trace. No doubt further discoveries about the mysterious object are forthcoming.

— Arkham (Massachusetts) *Advertiser*,
 1882

Skills: Art (Song) 85%, Climb 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 04%, Electrical Repair 35%, First Aid 60%, Gardening 75%, Hide 25%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Medicine 15%, Natural History 35%, Ride 75%, Track 70%.

The Fire Tower

Several years ago, President Warren G. Harding declared this area a National Monument, and a watchtower was built and manned to protect the area against trespass and fire. Located on a mountaintop about seven miles

west of the observatory, the tower can be seen at twice that distance in clear weather. The tower rises fifty feet above the mountain. To reach the top of the tower, one must climb five flights of stairs criss-crossing back and forth within the framework, emerging through the balcony that surrounds the small one-room spotter quarters at the tower's top.



Robert Marshall

From this vantage, one can see for miles in all directions. At present the room contains a spotting table, a short-wave radio with batteries, field glasses, a .30-06 rifle and cartridges, a bunk, supplies, blankets, and personal gear.

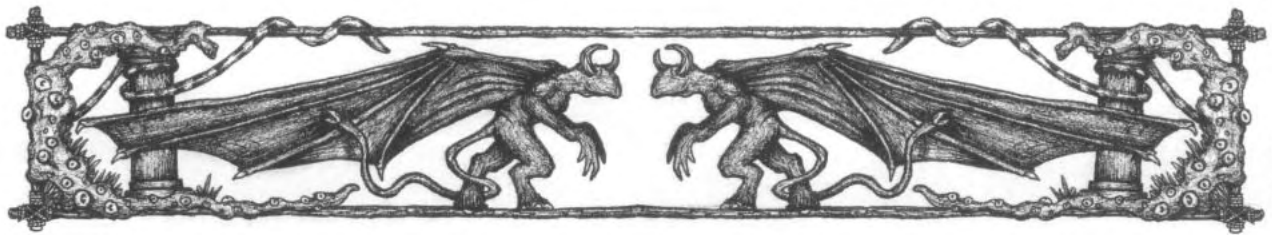
ROBERT MARSHALL, age 30, Park Service Veteran

STR 15 CON 17 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 15
 DEX 14 APP 14 EDU 14 SAN 70 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Caliber .30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 85%, damage 2D6 + 3
 Fist/Punch 80%, damage 1D3 + 1D4
 Caliber .45 Revolver 75%, damage 1D10 + 2
 Sheath Knife 75%, damage 1D6 + 1D4

Skills: Anthropology 20%, Botany 50%, Climb 80%, Conceal 85%, Credit Rating 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Dodge 75%, Electrical Repair 25%, First Aid 70%, Geology 35%, Hide 90%, Jump 80%, Listen 85%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Medicine 35%, Natural History 65%, Navigate 85%, Pharmacy 30%, Ride 55%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 85%, Swim 85%, Throw 65%, Track 95%.



Azathoth Papers #32: Letter from Ranger Marshall to Ian Coleridge

Dear Ian,

Well, it's been some time up here and I've yet to get a good glimpse of the things that we're looking for. I've followed Sylvia Englund several times, but they seem to know when I'm around and stay away from her. I don't think she suspects, though.

She is innocent enough and seems to have the same general motives as we. As agreed, I have not yet broached the subject with her. I've found more spoor and had two more chance sightings, but little else to report.

Have you heard anything from our friends in Canada?

One thing I have seen, and I'm a bit embarrassed to mention it, is what I imagine is "Chief Joseph's ghost." He's no ghost, just some old mountain hermit, I suppose, since he's white. Perhaps he lives in a cave somewhere, which would explain why his skin is so pale. I've seen him twice now, walking through the woods, but when I approach him, he quickly disappears. He knows this area like the back of his hand. No wonder I can't find him!

Some of the folks in Garrison have seen him too, so I know I'm not losing my marbles (ha-ha). I'm heading into Garrison tomorrow and I'll drop this in the mail to you. Sorry there's nothing more to report.

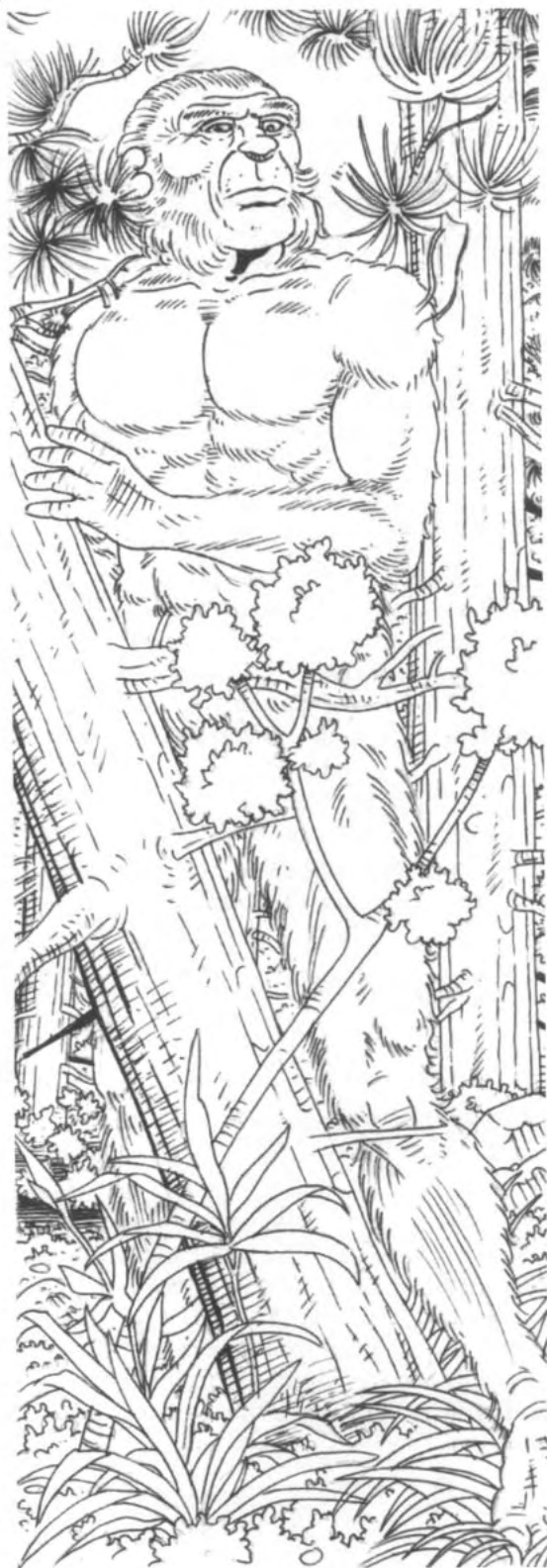
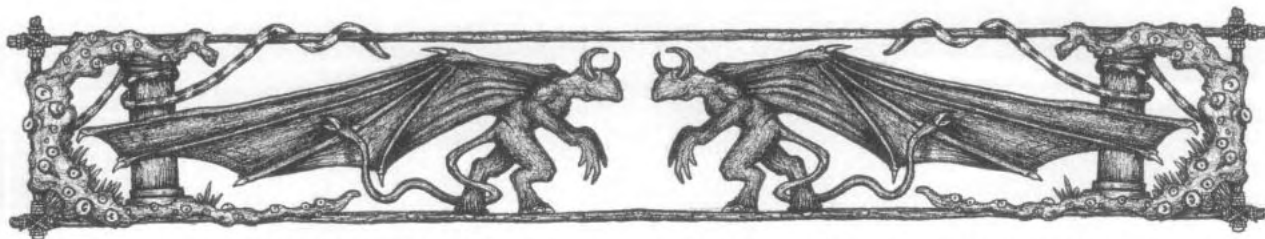
Your friend,

Robert Marshall

Next Day -- Thought I'd better add some news to this before I stroll into town to mail it and pick up some needed supplies.

I don't know what was going on out in the woods last night, but it scared the hell out of me. About ten o'clock I had just finished reading some Robert Service and had turned the lamp down when I heard a voice calling from the edge of the woods. It was weird, Ian. It buzzed horribly and I swear to God that it called my name. I don't know what it was, but I didn't go outside to check. I peeked out the window, but whatever it was stayed out of sight. It doesn't seem like much of a problem here in the sunlight as I write, but I'll be sleeping lightly tonight.

- R. M.



A sasquatch

Robert Marshall, a ten-year Park Service veteran, has manned the National Monument's fire tower for three seasons. Though his job is generally to stand watch for fires or poachers, recently he has been on the lookout for signs of sasquatch. He caught his first glimpse of the beasts just after the snow melted this year. Since that time he has made three or four positive sightings and is presently preparing a report for the Park Service. He hopes that Congress will declare the area a National Park and that universities will come to study these amazing creatures.

Except for dedicated poachers, almost all the residents of Garrison like Ranger Marshall. He often stops by the observatory or the Englund ranch to visit. However, Marshall is destined to be attacked by the fungi from Yuggoth early in this adventure; investigators may never meet him, nor will he finish his report to the Park Service.

- If the investigators explore the fire tower after his death, they find it in ruins. With a successful **Spot Hidden roll**, a player character finds a letter from Marshall written to a friend; see *Azathoth Papers* #32 on page 63.

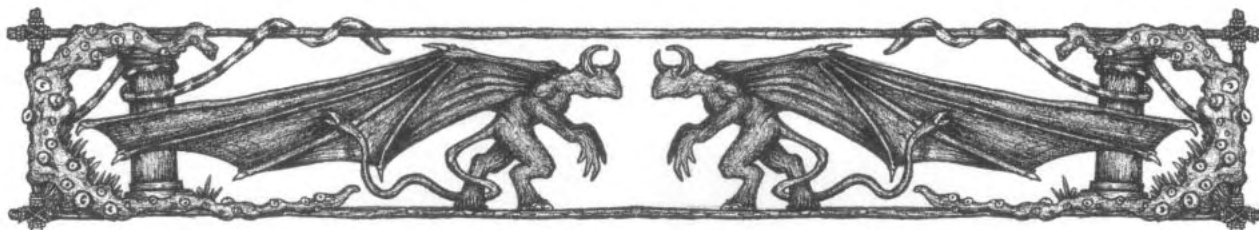
Lair of the Sasquatch

A sasquatch clan of seven members lives in a ravine choked with blackberry vines. The tangle of thorny vines and fresh green leaves is up to fifteen feet high. This briar patch is impassible much of the year unless the way is hacked open with pruning shears or machetes, or unless the carefully disguised trail of the shaggy hominids is noticed and followed carefully.

The vines and underbrush shield the mouths of two caves. A successful **Track roll** leads to the sasquatch cave, as will **two successful Spot Hidden rolls**. The second cave is harder to locate.

Sylvia Englund knows about this location, but always meets with the clan at a spot about a quarter mile south of here. Once she entered the ravine, but was immediately driven off by the sasquatch. She now respects this area. She imagines that their actions bespeak a territorial instinct. Actually, the sasquatch are hiding a secret in a second cave. Sealed within it glows a seed of Azathoth, the fragment of Nemesis that recently fell to earth. The sasquatch, instinctively fearing the object, dragged it to a nearby cave and blocked up the entrance.

Investigators entering the ravine can quickly spot the sasquatch den, but a successful **Geology roll** is needed



to detect the smaller, concealed cave on the other side of the ravine.

The Family Cave

The family consists of three males, an elderly female, an adult female, and her young twins. Their cave contains only offal, except that toward the rear of the cavern is a strangely designed and constructed nest of sticks. It has a curved bottom and easily rocks back and forth at a touch.

The Hidden Cave

The entrance to this second cave is concealed by heaps of stone. The males guard this place with their lives, and if the investigators wish to explore here while the guardian creatures live, the creatures must be subdued or frightened off.

The large rocks piled here by the humanoids require two men to move. In an hour, enough stone can be removed to nearly unseal the cave. At this time, as two people pull away a large rock, an intense shaft of sickly green light shoots out of the opening across the valley where it strikes the hillside, instantly withering the vegetation into pulpy masses which run down the slope in rivulets of liquid putrefaction.

The Effect of the Beam

Call for **two Luck rolls**: only if a player misses both rolls does the beam strike his or her character for half damage. If either character moving the rock receives two failing Luck rolls, then the beam is deflected, striking the hand or foot of the character for 1D6 hit points.

A character hit by the full scintillating beam emitted from the seed of Azathoth must match **POW vs. the seed's POW 15** on the Resistance Table. Those failing the match undergo a sudden physical alteration—his or her body changes horribly while twisting under the radiation from the cave. The

stricken person melts before everyone's eyes. The skin turns slimy, the facial features slough off, and then the bones dissolve. The unfortunate player character collapses into a festering living puddle. Witnessing this costs 1/1D8 Sanity points.

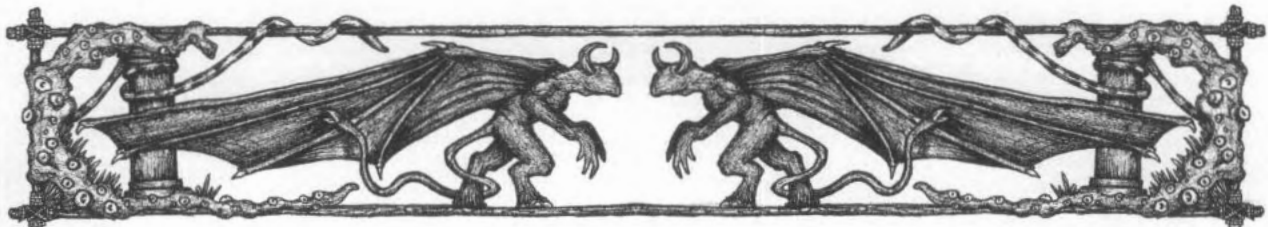
If the individual succeeds in resisting the seed's effect, the horrible experience costs 2D6 Sanity points, 1D6 CON, and 2D6 hit points. The victim adds 12 percentiles to Cthulhu Mythos, and also adds 1D3 POW.

Further, over time the effects of the radiation begin to show. The unfortunate investigator begins the painful devolution described above, but it is now one taking weeks or months to run its course. The player character retains full INT, and should be encouraged to continue the adventure. The investigator may have to stay veiled or be kept out of sight, shielding people against his or her terrifying appearance. Eventually, however, the player character becomes no more than a pulsing blob of protoplasm. The keeper may wish this event to coincide with the climax of the campaign.

If the investigator successfully resists the rays and enters the cave, foolishly imagining that he or she is invulnerable to the seed, within is seen a small irregular cave, blackened from the horrible effects of the radiation. In the center, on a stone, rests the seed—a grotesquely irregular object about the size of a human child. It seems made of a substance like amber or plastic, but its shape and color shift vaguely and uneasily, as though the light was reflected from a pool of oil. There is no Sanity cost for seeing this thing. The terrible radiation is soon punishment enough.

THE MOUNTAIN CREATURES

	Male 1	Male 2	Old Male 3	Young Female	Old Female	Child Twins
STR	.21	.17	.19	.15	.17	.06
CON	.13	.19	.13	.13	.11	.10
SIZ	.26	.20	.24	.19	.15	.07
INT	.06	.07	.06	.06	.04	.04
POW	.14	.15	.12	.08	.08	.11
DEX	.12	.12	.08	.05	.10	.05
Armor	.03	.03	.03	.03	.03	.01
HP	.20	.20	.19	.16	.13	.09
MOV	.08	.08	.08	.08	.08	.08
1D3 Fist	.60%	.80%	.65%	.90%	.35%	.15%
Damage Bonus	+2D6	+1D6	+2D6	+1D6	+1D4	-1D4



The Spectral Being

Hiding in the rear of the cave lurks a spectral being. It can be seen only if an investigator receives a successful **Spot Hidden** before entering. This being is the transformed spirit of the sasquatch who sacrificed himself in carrying the seed to this place. If the seed is removed, the spectral being dies within the week, unable to leave the cave and doomed without its primary source of energy. It mindlessly descends upon anyone entering the cave and attempts to feed off his or her life force.

It appears as a wispy cloud of shifting white mist and becomes visible as it envelops its victim if it has not been spotted before. The being drains 1D6 hit points from its victim, plus the victim is stunned into unconsciousness unless the investigator's player succeeds at a roll of **CON x5 or less on D100**. This continues each and every round until the victim dies, whereupon the being leaves the corpse to attack another victim.

There is no way to really harm the spectral being, but if an attack victim leaves the cave, the cloud quickly detaches and returns to its lair. The thing will not voluntarily leave its cave.

If the investigators arrive after the fungi have located the seed, they find the cave already opened and the seed of Azathoth gone. Within the cave are many mi-go tracks.

Fungi from Yuggoth

The four fungi in this scenario have flown down from a large colony located beneath the surface of the Moon. They have come to locate the fallen seed of Azathoth, the fragment from Nemesis. The keeper must decide what day the fungi begin their activities but, once they start, they proceed with terrifying swiftness.

- First the fungi murder Ranger Marshall and, occupying the fire tower, use the structure as a base of operations.

The Second Day

- The next morning, they spray a nerve-tissue solvent over the surrounding area. The first victim of the sprayed mist is a grizzly bear, whose brain is short-circuited by the spray—the bear goes mad. The insane bear roams the area, attacking any humans on sight. It may be encountered at the keeper's discretion.
- The next victim is Jules, Sylvia Englund's dog. As Jules passes near the fire tower, he walks through the deadly mist, and he too is struck with severe brain damage. The mad dog runs off, to show up in the vicinity of the observatory late

that day. Snarling and foaming at the mouth, Jules does not attack, but runs twitchingly into the woods, not to be seen again. Although Jules outwardly seems to be suffering from rabies, an investigator receiving a successful **First Aid, Medicine, Natural History, or Pharmacy roll** realizes that something else is prompting these symptoms.

- Also on this day, when the investigators are gone and the astronomers are sleeping, the fungi come to inspect the new observatory, leaving numerous tracks to be discovered by the Russians or the player characters.

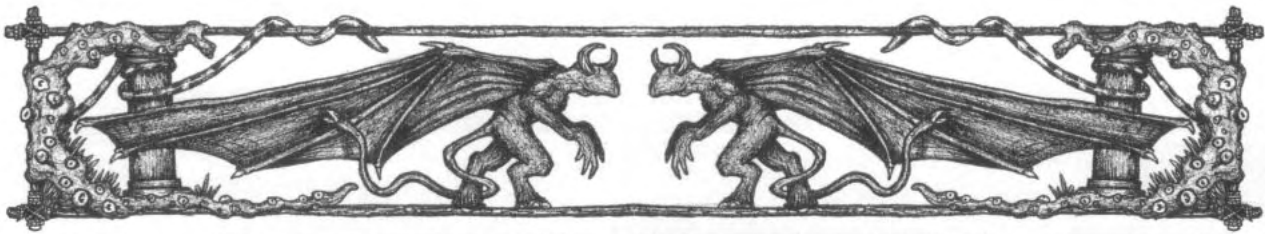
The Third Day

- On this day, the fungi capture Sylvia Englund near her ranch. They de-brain her and hide the body in the root cellar beside her house.
- Toward the end of the day, the mi-go move on, to take the seed of Azathoth for which they have come. When the sasquatch attack, the fungi kill some and scatter the rest. Since they are impervious to the radioactive beam, they simply unseal the cave and remove the glowing fragment.
- They fly with it across the night sky to the fire tower. Here they drop an explosive to destroy the tower, then fly up into the night sky with their glowing fragment, taking with them in metal cylinders any human brains they acquired during their brief visit.

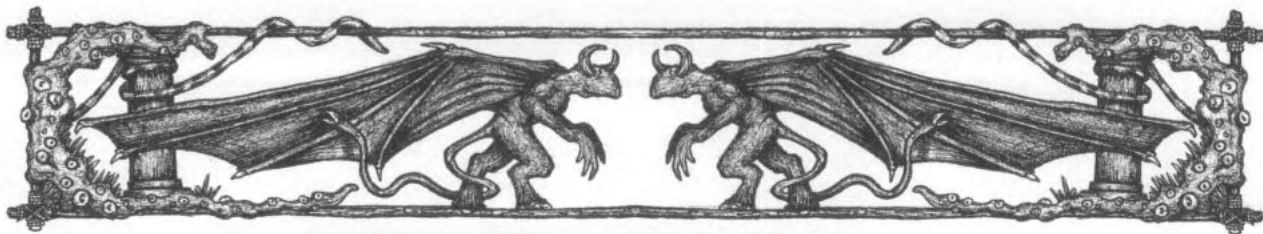
On the evening of the third day, many local residents witness the flight of the mysterious green object across the sky. It is mistaken for everything from a ghost to a burning dirigible. If an investigator sees it and peers at it through a telescope (or even a pair of binoculars), he or she can resolve the four winging mi-go burdened with the glowing object (0/1D6 Sanity loss).

Weapons of the Mi-go

- Each fungi from Yuggoth carries a small machine like a silver whorl which can emit a beam of deadly radiance. The beam eats blackening holes in whatever it touches at any range, 2D6 hit points of damage per round. Each whorl contains 37 charges, which cannot be renewed by human technology. Each mi-go arrives on Earth carrying one such device, each fully charged.
- The mist sprayer mounted on the fire tower has a range of about a mile, but the range is greatly affected by the direction and strength of the wind, which varies as the keeper needs. The mist sprayer cannot be moved from where it is installed. Any earthly animal engulfed by the mist it spreads suffers severe brain damage: human damage per



The mi-go attack the fire tower



FOUR MI-GO FROM THE MOON

	Fungi 1	Fungi 2	Fungi 3	Fungi 4
STR	.07	.08	.09	.14
CON	.11	.11	.13	.08
SIZ	.07	.12	.16	.08
INT	.12	.09	.12	.11
POW	.12	.09	.13	.15
DEX	.12	.13	.14	.12
HP	.09	.12	.15	.08
MOV	all 7/9 walk/fly			
Whorl Gun (2D6)	.60%	.90%	.50%	.55%
Nippers (x2)	.55%	.35%	.25%	.30%
	.1D6 - 1D4	.1D6	.1D6 + 1D4	.1D6
	+ grapple	+ grapple	+ grapple	+ grapple
Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a mi-go from Yuggoth or anywhere else.				

exposure to the mist is 1D6/1D20+2 Sanity points, as well as permanent loss of 2D6 INT. This device weighs 250 pounds and has enough spray to soak the land around it three times.

- The four mi-go have also brought three black tablets, each the size of a human fist. These are explosives powerful enough to completely destroy the tower, its mist sprayer, and anything else it contains.

Defeating the Mi-go

The fungi have two objectives. First, they wish to remove the glowing seed of Azathoth from the sasquatch cave and bring it to the Moon. Secondly, they wish to acquire human brains. They package these in shiny metal cylinders and transport them to the Moon for unknown purposes. This second objective seems to be a more general one, as the mi-go seem to victimize only those encountered in the search for the seed of Azathoth.

The mi-go mist sprayer cannot penetrate airtight containers. It is possible that the player characters, using the observatory's bulldozer plus other materials also kept there, could fabricate some sort of armored vehicle with which to assault the fire tower.

Aftermath

Some time after the player characters have finished with the Garrison adventure, the Father Ghost reappears in the area. If the observatory is still in business, he destroys it with dynamite, probably killing Passelov and Kalyetka, depending upon

how cruel the keeper feels. The investigators read of its destruction in any major newspaper. If they phone or write to local residents they have befriended, they get news that the Father Ghost was seen again just before the explosion, hanging around the observatory.

Sanity Rewards

If the investigators save the life of Robert Marshall, they each gain 1D4 Sanity points.

If the player characters save the life of Sylvia Englund, they each gain 1D4 Sanity points.

If they prevent the fungi from taking the seed of Azathoth, they each gain 1D8 Sanity points.

If the sasquatch are saved as a family, the player characters each gain an additional 1D3 Sanity points.





Founded in 1565 by the Spaniards, St. Augustine is generally agreed to be the oldest city in the United States. A large number of historical buildings exist, among them several churches and the remains of the old city gate. The city's population in 1925 was only 10,458, but due to the influx of vacationers to the state in recent years, St. Augustine has begun to feel the effects of tourism. The population is rapidly growing and a real estate boom is beginning. A number of tourist attractions operate in the city, among them an alligator farm and an underground spring supposedly mistaken for the Fountain of Youth by Ponce de Leon. A number of historical attractions are also open to the public, the largest and most impressive of which is a centuries-old Spanish fort that overlooks city and ocean from a hill to the north. It is named the Castillo de San Marcos, built over a previously existing monastery.

Keeper Information

St. Augustine, Florida is the last known address for Colin Baxter, the youngest child of the late Philip Baxter. Here young Baxter formed his deep-sea salvage company, and here it failed. The investigators are drawn here to find the missing Colin—perhaps on their own initiative, perhaps at the behest of Judge Braddock, who wishes to inform Colin of his father's death, and of his own inheritance. If Braddock sends the investigators, the Baxter estate pays them all reasonable expenses and a daily per-person fee of \$75.00.

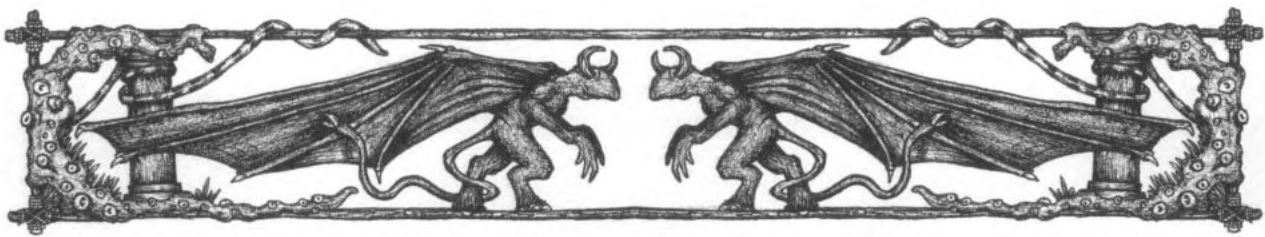
Braddock can give the investigators Colin's last known address and the name of Colin's landlady (Charlotte Johnson), plus a photo of Colin. It shows him more than ten years younger than he is at present, wearing a neat suit and a fresh curiosity about the world.

Colin is Philip Baxter's youngest child. His mother died giving birth to him, and it was for this reason that Philip Baxter returned home in 1893. Philip spoiled Colin. He grew up lacking a sense of responsibility, as evidenced by his police record in Providence. At the age of 17 he was arrested on serious charges, and Judge Braddock gave him the opportunity to join the Merchant Marine where he received training as a diver.

Discharged in 1914, he bummed around the South Pacific for a while before settling down in St. Augustine in 1924. A year later Colin and a partner opened a deep-sea salvage firm. One night Colin returned home to find that his partner had absconded with Colin's wife and the company assets. Shortly later, the company

Selected Connections for "St. Augustine"

Paper #	Clue or Lead	Obtained from	Leads to
—whereabouts of Colin BaxterC. Baxter's ex-landladySpitz's Grocery speakeasy
#38map locates wreck of <i>La Rosario</i>in Father Jorge's old journalsunken treasure galleon off Bimini
#39attests that the Korsky brothers killed Father JorgeEsmeralda's notein court, can clear Colin of Father Jorge's murder
—tin alligator pin covered by the mudmurder scenelinks alligator farm to murder of Father Jorge
—if opened, bottom of Father Jorge's grave collapsesmurder scenebottom opens into maze of ghoulish tunnels
—"George Packard" on Duty Roster is M. Packard's nephewpolice stationMorris Packard learns of inquiry about "Packard," starts preparing ambush
#40a"Grisly Find at Alligator Farm"news clipping 1927connects alligator farm with unexplained death
#40b"Historian Disappears"news clipping 1893mysterious disappearance
#40c"Grave Robbers in St. Augustine"news clipping 1890potential link to ghouls
#40d"Vandals Desecrate St. Augustine Cemetery"news clipping 1926two recently buried bodies stolen; link with ghouls
#41a2 French heretics held in local monasteryreport dated 1571writer ignores their devolution into ghouls
#41b <i>La Rosario</i> sinks with considerable gold and silver, and her crewreport dated 1597map shows Bimini location for <i>La Rosario</i> wreck
#41cCastillo construction steadily progressingreport dated 1641connects catacombs and a French heretic of great strength
#41dimprisoned French heretic still alivereport dated 1662horrifying conversion into ghouls continues!
#41eFrench heretic escapesreport dated 1682heretic fled into old earthen tunnels. His exit was mortared and sealed.
#41f"Secrets of St. Augustine"magazine article dated 1892author found secret passage leading into a labyrinth of tunnels
#41gauthor says that a dark and ancient evil is present herereligious pamphlet dated 1792ghoul-like creatures seemingly abroad in St. Augustine
—back room used to show movies of various kindsCamera Storethree films show cannibal- istic rituals in the vaults of the Castillo; includes faces of cultists
—Mother Thorton may show her ghoulish faceThorton's homecould alert police, but that will take some luck
—cells holding two degenerates easily foundCastillocell walls hold important words and symbols; also a tunnel connects to vault room shown in 3 films



went bankrupt, and in January 1927 Colin was thrown out of his apartment for non-payment of rent. He has lost contact with his family, and knows nothing of his father's death. Presently he has no fixed address. He is most often in the company of a drunken ex-sailor named Billy Wolff.

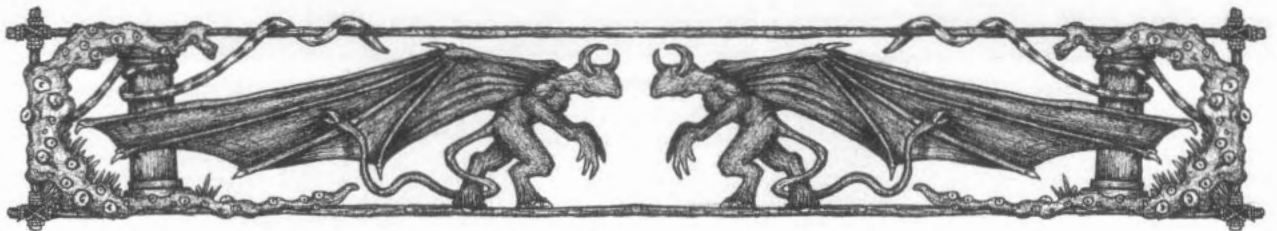
Player Information

Colin Baxter is easily found. Getting him alone and sobered up is more difficult but, once informed of his

father's death and of his own inheritance, the young man begins to act quite rationally. After a hurried visit to his father's grave he returns to St. Augustine. He believes that his big chance is at hand: he plans to seek the hulk of a sixteenth-century Spanish galleon believed to have gone down with an immense amount of gold and treasure. His inheritance is not enough to cover the cost of the venture, so he invites the player characters to invest in the project.

Should the investigators choose to return home rather than invest, Colin raises the money he needs by





other means, and proceeds with his plans. A few weeks later, Braddock receives a telegram informing him that Colin Baxter has been arrested and jailed for the murder of an elderly priest. If this does not draw the investigators Braddock hires them again—to investigate the charges against the younger Baxter son.

Charlotte Johnson's Rooming House

This is Colin Baxter's last known address. The landlady claims to know only that Colin Baxter owes her \$12.00 for two weeks rent. If anyone gives her the \$12.00, she'll direct those asking about him to Spitz's Grocery a couple of blocks down the street.

Spitz's Grocery

The small sign for Spitz's Grocery is not readable until the player characters come close to it; the hot sun and the



Harry Spitz

humid air have made the sign's paint peel. The sign eddies and twitches in an uncertain wind. The front of the building serves as a small grocery and produce store, but in the rear is a small speakeasy. Harry Spitz, who owns the building, runs the operation. Spitz's is strictly a small time establishment, one nonetheless protected by modest police bribes.

As long as there is no trouble at the place, Spitz operates without fear of arrest or interference.

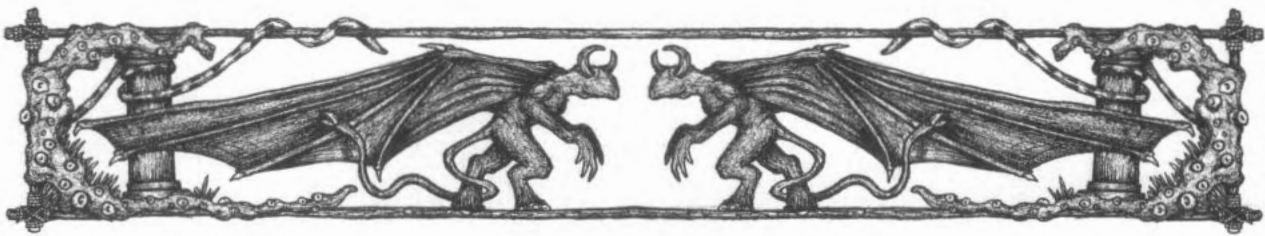
Inside the store, high shelves line all the walls of the room. Cans and bottles are crammed onto the shelves; the clerks wield mechanical pickers or a sliding ladder to pull down items from the higher shelves. Bare counters defend the shelved goods from customer reach; every order is individually wrapped at the counter. Varieties of dry weight beans, flour, cereals, meats, cheeses, fresh produce, etc., are underneath the counters, protected by thick glass windows at knee level. Many items can be retrieved and cut or measured to order by a clerk, checked on one of several scales, and then charged for as calculated by paper and pencil. There is one cash register. A large glass jar of hard candy flanks it.

If asked about Colin Baxter, one of the teenage boys points to a door in the back. The lad actually is supposed to get a password, but the fact that the investigators asked for Colin has confused him.

The Speakeasy

Stepping through the indicated door, the player characters find themselves in a small storage area with a padlocked refrigerator leading off to one side, and a closed door labeled *Knock* leading off to the other side. Past this door is a small, stuffy room decorated with a makeshift bar and three small tables. Behind the bar stands Harry Spitz, the owner, an ill-shaven man of 45 with a perpetual sneer and an unlit stub of cigar. Before the bar sit two men (Colin Baxter and Billy Wolff). Behind them, seated at one of the tables, is a





young woman in her mid-twenties (Esmeralda), her eyes and hair very dark. All the visible beer bottles are Cuban brands. A small supply of bottled liquor is visible behind the bar, mostly rums. A locked door leads to the back alley.

As strangers, Spitz eyes the investigators suspiciously. If the group is smart, they'll order beers before asking questions. In any case, Colin Baxter looks much the same as he does in the photo, but he is now worldly-wise. They recognize him the moment they walk in. His clothes are rumpled and dirty, his hair uncut. Colin's eyes are thick with a glaze brought on from a long binge. His younger companion, a tall burly man with broad shoulders, wearing dungarees, a dirty white sleeveless undershirt, and a watch cap, is in a similar state.

Speaking with Colin in his present condition is difficult and the investigators make no headway in the conversation until one of them clearly mentions the inheritance. Then Colin's attention moves away from the beer in front of him. Any other attempt to speak with the



Colin Baxter

man is ignored or answered with a grunt. If the investigators try to speak with Baxter for any length of time without eliciting a worthwhile response, the equally drunken Billy Wolff decides that these people are bothering his friend, and he tries to pick a fight with the investigators. If a fight does break out, Colin and Esmeralda join in.



Billy Wolff

Once the fight is over, unless Colin or one of his friends has been killed or seriously injured, Colin Baxter is still willing to listen to reason, and becomes friendly to the player characters upon hearing of his inheritance.

COLIN BAXTER, age 34, Down-and-Out Legatee

STR 16 CON 15 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 14
DEX 15 APP 15 EDU 11 SAN 70 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Fist/Punch 85%, damage 1D3 + 1D4

Skills: Accounting 18%, Astronomy 20%, Bargain 55%, Climb 80%, Conceal 45%, Diving 65%, Dodge 65%, Drive Auto 60%, Electrical Repair 85%, Fast Talk 65%, First Aid 45%, Hide 60%, History 30%, Jump 85%, Listen 55%, Mechanical Repair 90%, Navigate 75%, Oceanography 60%, Operate Heavy Machine 35%, Sneak 65%, Spanish 45%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 95%, Throw 95%, Track 20%.

BILLY WOLFF, age 27, Just Down-and-Out

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 16 INT 11 POW 09
DEX 13 APP 09 EDU 06 SAN 33 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, damage 1D3 + 1D4

Switchblade* 85%, damage 1D4 + 1D4

Kick 65%, damage 1D6 + 1D4

* Billy only brandishes his knife if one of the investigators resorts to a blade or a firearm.

Skills: Climb 40%, Diving 55%, Dodge 48%, Electrical Repair 25%, Jump 45%, Locksmith 40%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Operate Heavy Machine 75%, Pick Pocket 35%, Small Boats 55%, Sneak 25%, Spanish 25%, Swim 35%, Throw 45%.

ESMERALDA PASCAL, age 26, Good-looking Gal

STR 10 CON 14 SIZ 09 INT 14 POW 14
DEX 15 APP 15 EDU 05 SAN 65 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

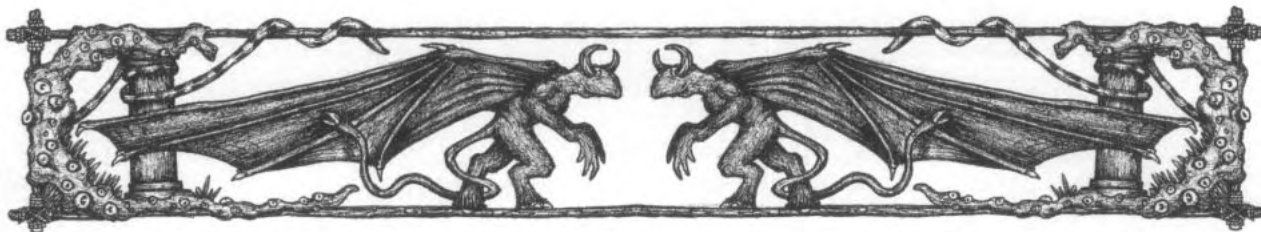
Weapons:* Grapple 55%, damage special
Woman's Shoe with Stiletto Heel 50%, damage 1D3-1

* If a fight starts, Esmeralda sits out one round before deciding to join in the fun. With women investigators present, she chooses one and attempts to Grapple. If all investigators are male, she jumps on the back of the handiest and begins denting his head with her shoe.



Esmeralda Pascal

Skills: Accounting 55%, Bargain 85%, Craft (Chanteuse) 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 04%, Dodge 45%, Fast Talk 65%, Hide 60%, Hustle Drinks, etc. 55%, Jump 55%, Listen 55%, Pick Pocket 45%, Psychology 35%, Sneak 55%, Spanish 65%, Spot Hidden 45%.



HARRY SPITZ, age 45, Minor Entrepreneur

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 09 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 11 APP 11 EDU 08 SAN 25 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Baseball Bat* 45%, damage 1D6

* Harry hides behind his counter if a fight breaks out. If anyone damages furniture or breaks unsold bottles, he pulls out his baseball bat and wades in after the bad actor.

Skills: Accounting 23%, Bargain 30%, Climb 49%, Conceal 35%, Credit Rating 53%, Dodge 40%, Drive Auto 40%, Fast Talk 60%, Hide 35%, Jump 15%, Listen 40%, Persuade 25%, Sneak 30%, Spanish 10%.

Colin's Treasure Hunt

Though his inheritance helps, Colin Baxter still needs financial assistance to reform his salvage company. He offers the investigators a chance to invest in his latest project for only \$2000. In return, the player characters get 50% of the profits.

Baxter knows of an old map that pinpoints the location of a Spanish treasure ship at the northwest tip of Bimini. This ship was carrying a large quantity of gold and jewelry to Spain, but a sudden storm drove her into shallow water where she broke up. If the player characters demand no proof of this map's existence, Baxter offers none. If they insist, though, Baxter takes them to an old Spanish church north of town.

If the investigators simply choose to depart, now that their task of locating Colin Baxter is accomplished, then Baxter goes ahead with his plan, and events proceed as outlined in the introduction to the campaign. If the player characters agree to the treasure hunt, they are drawn into a rather marvelous string of events.

The Old Spanish Church

A single priest, Father Jorge, occupies this 200-year-old building. He serves a poor rural parish beginning a half-mile north of the Castillo de San Marcos. As the investigators approach, Esmeralda emerges from the front door, waving goodbye to someone inside. As she passes Baxter and the player characters, she greets Colin

and smiles at the rest. Then she goes on her way. Colin leers, "Esmeralda knows everyone!"



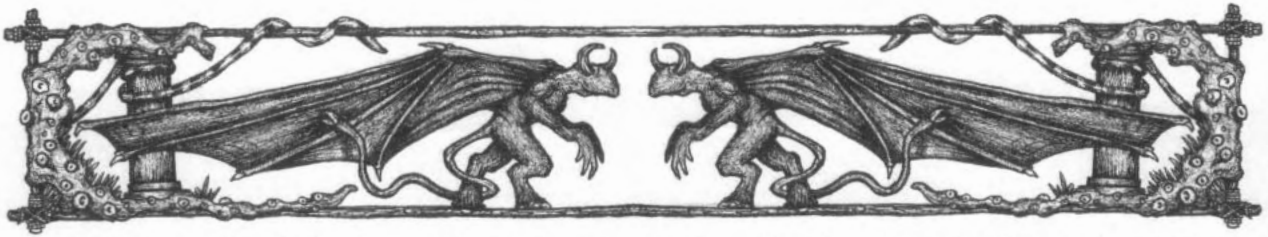
Father Jorge

Father Jorge greets the group at the entrance. With a friendly smile and a heavy accent, he asks Baxter why he never comes for confession. Colin laughs and tells him that he

hasn't sinned in a long time. He then makes introductions all around. When he explains that he and his

Azathoth Papers #38: English Translation from an Old Spanish Journal

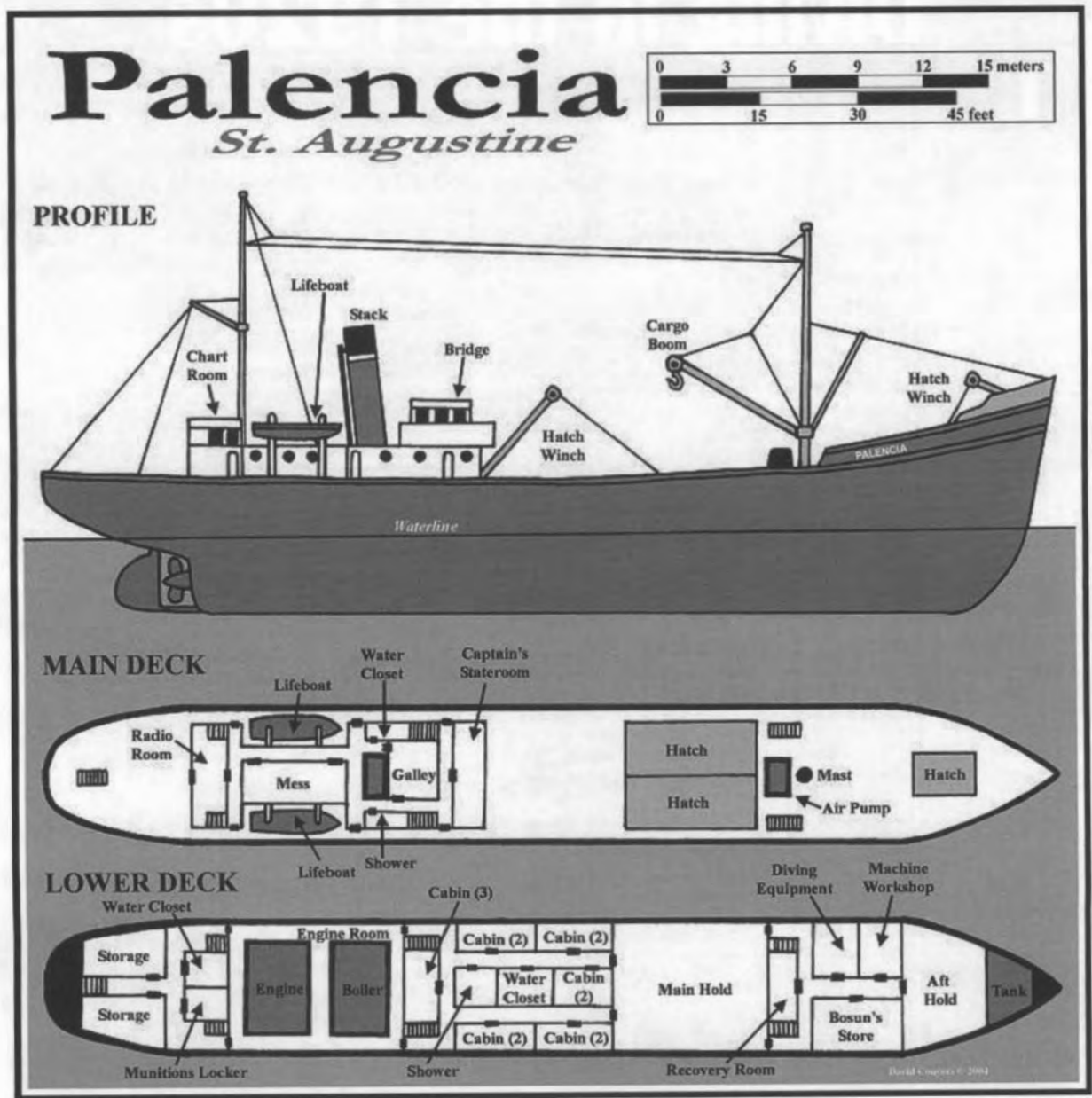
... And so we landed on the shores of St. John's River, Anno Domini 1566. Captain Alverado Diaz took an armed contingent of men and, accompanied by myself, went in search of the French heretics. Soon we came upon them, naked, and leaping about in the swamp. Led by captain Diaz, we assailed them with musket and sword. Many French fled to the swamps but more fell beneath the holy onslaught. Soon fifty of the blasphemers lay dead. Most were French and some Indians, but all bore with them the taint of their unholy lives. Some were cursed by Satan to have animal-like features and one, the child of a succubus, was so deformed that the men burnt it where it lay. We did take two prisoners, who will be maintained in the cells beneath the monastery Diaz plans to have built. This record is being written to prove we killed the colonists not because they were French, but because of their horrible religion.

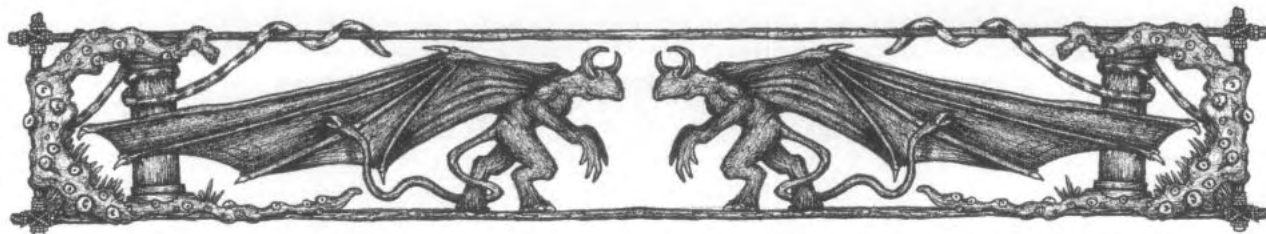


friends have come for a look at the map, the priest, smiling at Colin's "treasure hunting", leads the group down a short hall and into a small room holding centuries of records and journals. He takes down an old hand-bound volume. Inside is a folded piece of parchment. Colin takes it and opens it up to expose an old hand-drawn map with notes in Spanish, dated 1601.

The map was drawn expressly for locating the wreck of the treasure galleon *La Rosario*, which went down in

1597. Nothing here proves that the map is accurate or even authentic, and neither Baxter nor the aged priest have even bothered to read the volume into which the map has always been tucked. A successful **Spanish roll** yields the quotation translated as *Azathoth Papers #38*, an excerpt from a journal of the period (see page 74). If no investigator reads Spanish, Father Jorge could help if the player characters will stake him to a new pair of bifocals.





The Voyage of the Palencia

The *Palencia* is Colin Baxter's decrepit steamer, refitted to handle large-scale salvage operations. Winches and cranes are mounted on the deck. Pumps, diving gear, buoys, rope, and even a welding rig fill the hold. The

old ship is dirty, rusty, and in need of paint. Two somewhat unreliable oil induction engines give her good headway whenever the engineer can get the two to run at the same time. Baxter suggests that the investigators sleep aboard ship that night so they can sail with the early morning tide, yet not have to get up until later.

Keeper's Guide to this Adventure:

Diving in the 1920s

These brief rules are designed to reflect the complexity of a diving operation, not to accurately simulate a real dive. For much more about the perils of diving, see "Appendix 3: Underwater Dangers" on pages 160–161.

Diving 01%

With the Diving skill, the character understands diving equipment and how to use it. The diver also knows the hazards of diving and how to avoid them. In calm, routine conditions, required diving rolls may receive multipliers of 2x to 4x, depending on the situation. A routine diving roll is needed for the descent, for every half hour on the bottom, and for the ascent. Failure indicates a minor problem, such as a snagged line, corrected with a second Diving roll at the same multiplier. A failing result of 96–00 represents a serious problem—a torn suit, leaking helmet, severed air line, or improper ascent or descent rates.

In the 1920s, the limits of normal diving are not deeper than 160–165 feet for a period not more than 40 minutes. Emergency dives may be made at greater depths but for shorter periods; conversely, longer dives may be made at shallower depths. Each atmosphere increase in water pressure (every 33 feet of water) represents a stopping stage for ascent or descent. Conventionally air lines and safety ropes would be marked off to reflect these distances, so that no mistakes could be made. This sort of arrangement is easy to remember, but the keeper may use any system convenient.

An investigator who spends a day training with Colin Baxter or Billy Wolff, and who receives a successful Idea roll, gains percentiles of the Diving skill equal to the total of his or her INT + DEX.

The Diving Suit

The suit takes time to put on, and requires the assistance of another person. The suit consists of three parts, the

one-piece diving dress, the breastplate (or corselet), and the helmet. The dress is put on first, and is open at the neck and wrists. It is made of layers of a tight-woven twill, with an intermediate layer of pure rubber.

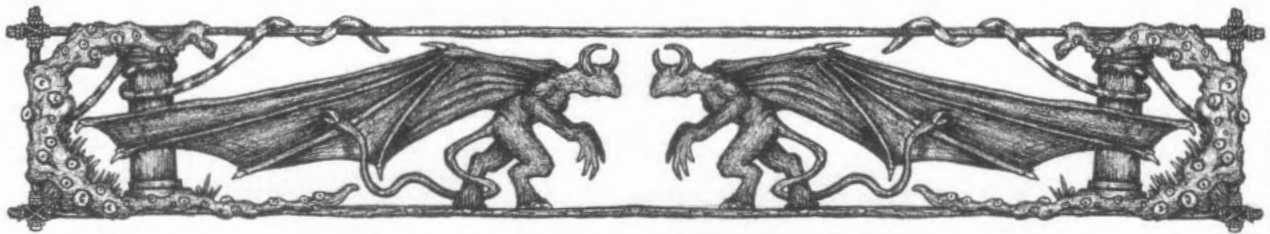
The breastplate then goes on. The breastplate rests on the shoulders, spreading the weight of the helmet to come. The wrists are sealed by flexible cuffs, while the neck of the suit is sandwiched (and thereby sealed) between the breastplate and the helmet. The helmet goes on last, locked to the breastplate.

To achieve negative buoyancy in the water, weights are added in the form of heavy boots (about 16 pounds each) and chest weights, of another 35–50 pounds. The chest weights are tied so that they may easily be discarded in an emergency. The heavy suit halves DEX while out of the water, and makes difficult both stopping and starting to walk under the water. All physical and perception skills are also halved while underwater. Since there is no oxygen to ignite firearm cartridges, firearms do not function underwater.

Air is supplied through valves in the helmet by a manually-operated compressor requiring two- or four-man teams. (For the sake of simplicity, in this adventure the *Palencia's* compressor can be operated by a single individual.) Motorized compressors are available, but are rare and felt unreliable compared to trained human crews. In either case the compressor needs to be able to supply two divers, since diving in pairs is a standard safety technique.

The divers' link with the surface is a rope attached to the helmet or breastplate: sharp tugs from either end serve as signals. The diver is also hauled up with this rope, usually attached to a winch. The surface crew must be careful in the rate at which they allow divers to descend and at the rate at which they pull the divers up, to prevent nitrogen narcosis or decompression sickness.

Diver to diver communication is either through hand signals, or by touching helmets. The latter allows sound to pass through the metal and the divers can speak freely.



For much more about the *Palencia*, see the extensive sidebar and a copy of the deck plan in the appendix at the back of this book, on pages 158–160.

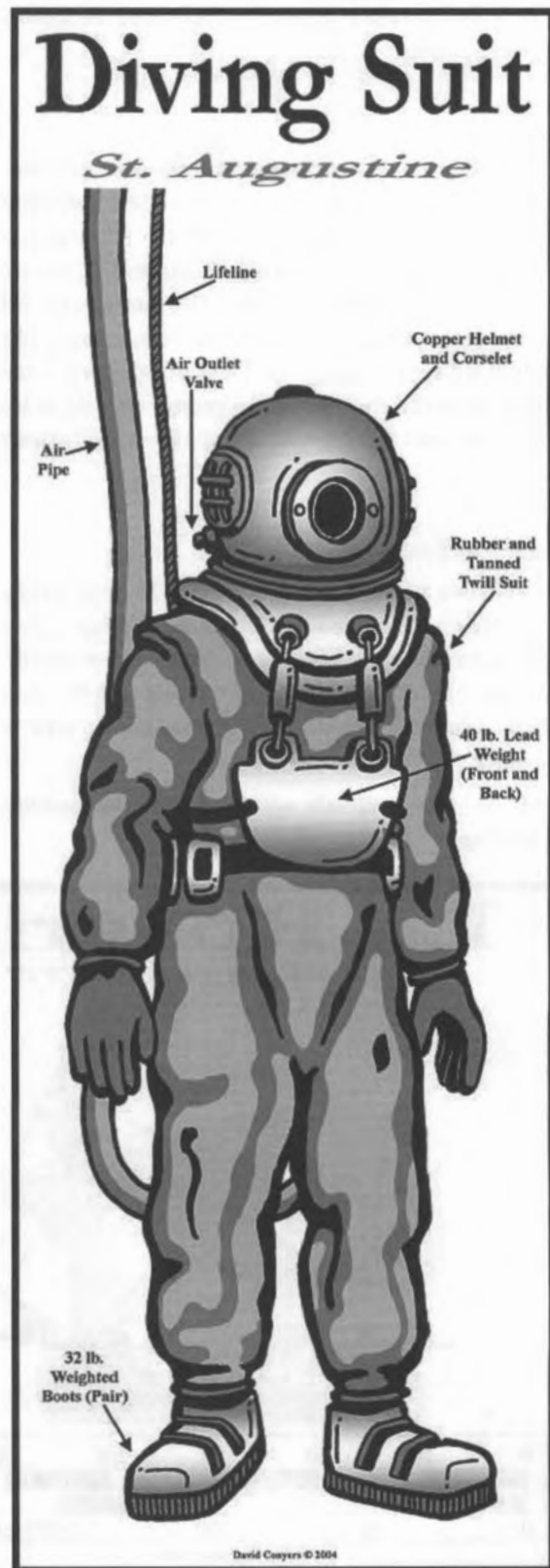
Bimini is a small island about 300 miles south of St. Augustine and sixty miles due east of Miami. The island is the westernmost part of the Bahamas, a sleepy British colony. The voyage takes less than twenty-four hours, an easy trip in placid, sunny seas. Investigators can roam the ship at will and speak with the crew if they wish. Cubans and black Americans mostly comprise the crew; none have information significant to the adventure at hand. Colin is more than happy to instruct the investigators in the use of diving suits, if any wish to learn. Wolff operates the complex pumps capable of supplying air to two divers, but does not dive himself. Baxter prefers to dive with a partner; he asks for volunteers.

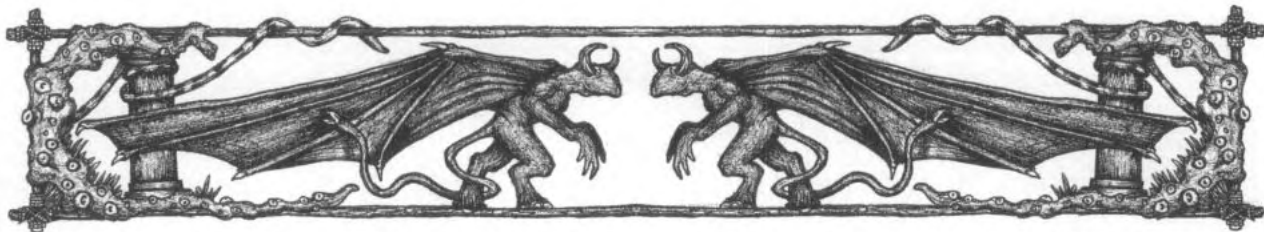
The Wreck

The Bimini map gave instructions for finding the treasure by lining up and triangulating significant trees and rocks on shore, but centuries of storms and tides have changed everything. Baxter is baffled for a time, but faces up to his bad luck. When the light is good, he selects a likely spot and begins to set out marker buoys. The time passes quietly. Colin and any investigator who is bold enough to go with him firmly attach their heavy helmets and descend into the water. Around noon, Baxter's luck changes. He and the volunteer investigator stumble over an old Spanish cannon, its muzzle sticking up out of the sand. He marks the spot with another buoy, and the pair continue to explore the sands and reefs.

Less than ten minutes later, Baxter tugs his line twice, and then twice again—the signal that he has found the wreck. The two divers return to the ship shortly. Baxter states that the wreck is lying on its bottom, on the edge of a reef. The ship is in only fifty feet of water, but the reef drops off sharply on one side. Baxter begins to make plans to explore the wreck, with whatever investigator will accompany him. The air pump is only strong enough to support two divers, no more.

The water here is particularly clear, and the reef is well lit. White sand covers most of the collapsed hull that rests flat against the bottom. Coral growths and sea grass have buried much of the wreck. The wreck of the *La Rosario* is at thirty feet depth, and the water temperature is 70°F / 22°C—no pressure or temperature difficulties.





Numbers on the map on page 79 refer to the following three entries.

Location One

This large outgrowth of coral is rock-like in its firmness. A portion of it is the lair of a large moray eel. Any diver poking around this mound provokes the eel to attack. The creature has eight hit points. It has an 85% chance to hit with a Bite attack that does 1D6 damage; the eel can impale, representing a deep slash from its knife-like teeth. If a diver is bitten, both divers must return to the surface immediately—the victim because of leaks in his diving suit, and the other for fear the blood will attract sharks.

Location Two

This portion of the *La Rosario* appears to be as solidly grounded on the reef as is the rest of the ship, but a diver walking on the deck here breaks loose rotten boards, and may tumble off the edge of the reef into the dark chasm below. The keeper can choose among various remedies.

- A successful **Jump roll** will get clear of the tumbling wreckage.

- If the Jump roll fails, the player can **roll DEX x3 on D100** to catch hold of the reef while beginning to fall.
- If the DEX x3 roll also fails, the player may attempt a **Luck roll**. If it succeeds, the sturdy safety line halts the diver's fall in ten feet, without damage.
- If the Luck roll fails, the diver falls off the edge and the safety line snaps: his air line is dragged over the sharp coral and punctured, dooming the diver to a quick death by drowning. See *Call of Cthulhu* rules for drowning. Meanwhile the body drops two hundred feet to the bottom where it will be eaten by crabs.

Location Three

Colin Baxter heads for this location, the captain's cabin. After some careful digging, he turns up a heavily encrusted strongbox, a large one much too heavy to lift by one or two people. After a day of effort, it is freed of the wreckage and hauled to the surface by a crane. There its rusted iron straps are pried apart and broken.

Inside the strongbox are twenty-two forty-pound silver bars, and a single piece of gold jewelry. The silver bars are worth \$9856. The piece of jewelry is an odd-shaped plaque of solid gold, weighing a bit more than a pound, chased with strange figures and inscribed in Latin. The small figures depict dreadful combinations of human and animal forms that seem to be celebrating a great meteor or comet, the tail of which extends forever. A successful **Latin roll** translates the message of the plaque as *At the approach of Azathoth, the throne will rise*.

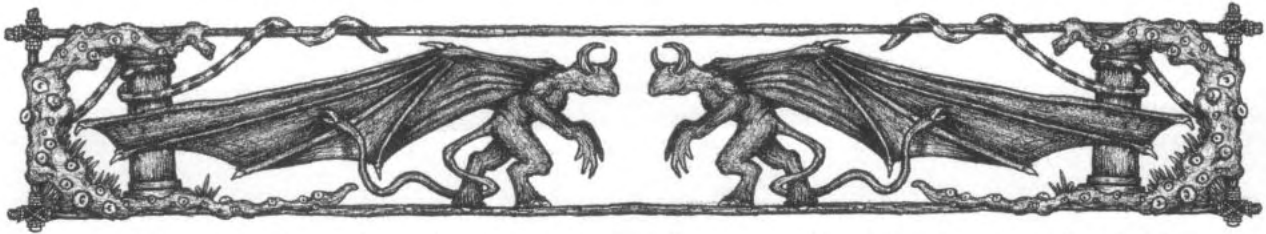
The piece of jewelry was taken from the French cannibals massacred by the Spaniards. Since that time the cult has degenerated from a secret society of occultists practicing ceremonial cannibalism to a gang of ghoulish grave-robbers.

Though the *Rosario* did not contain the heaps of treasure dreamt of by young Baxter, Colin persists in exploring the wreck for several days. The lucky investigators should have made back their \$2000 investment, plus a little more, and Baxter now has some operating capital.

The Ruins

If the keeper uses this sub-section, he or she must decide what it means, and to what its exploration might lead.





As the *Palencia* weighs anchor and gets underway, one of the bridge crew calls out. He has spotted, just a few hundred yards away, the submerged ruins of great stone buildings. Perhaps they are what *La Rosario* originally struck. Baxter, still frustrated by the relatively small value of the ship's treasure—he had expected at least \$50,000 in gold—decides to check out the structures.

At least two divers should go down. If Baxter is uninjured, he will dive unless Wolff is unavailable to monitor the air pumps. In that case, Colin is the only one aboard who knows how to run the pumps and mix the proper air supply for the divers. The undersea ruins are at 70 feet depth and water temperature of 60°F / 15°C—conditions here are slightly more challenging than at the *La Rosario*.

Waterproof hand-held floodlights are broken out for the divers to use while exploring the opening distinguishable in the center of the ancient structures. Once among the ruins the divers find little of interest aside from some broken, algae-covered monoliths. The opening in the center of the ruins is an arch located at the bottom of a large, semi-circular depression. As the

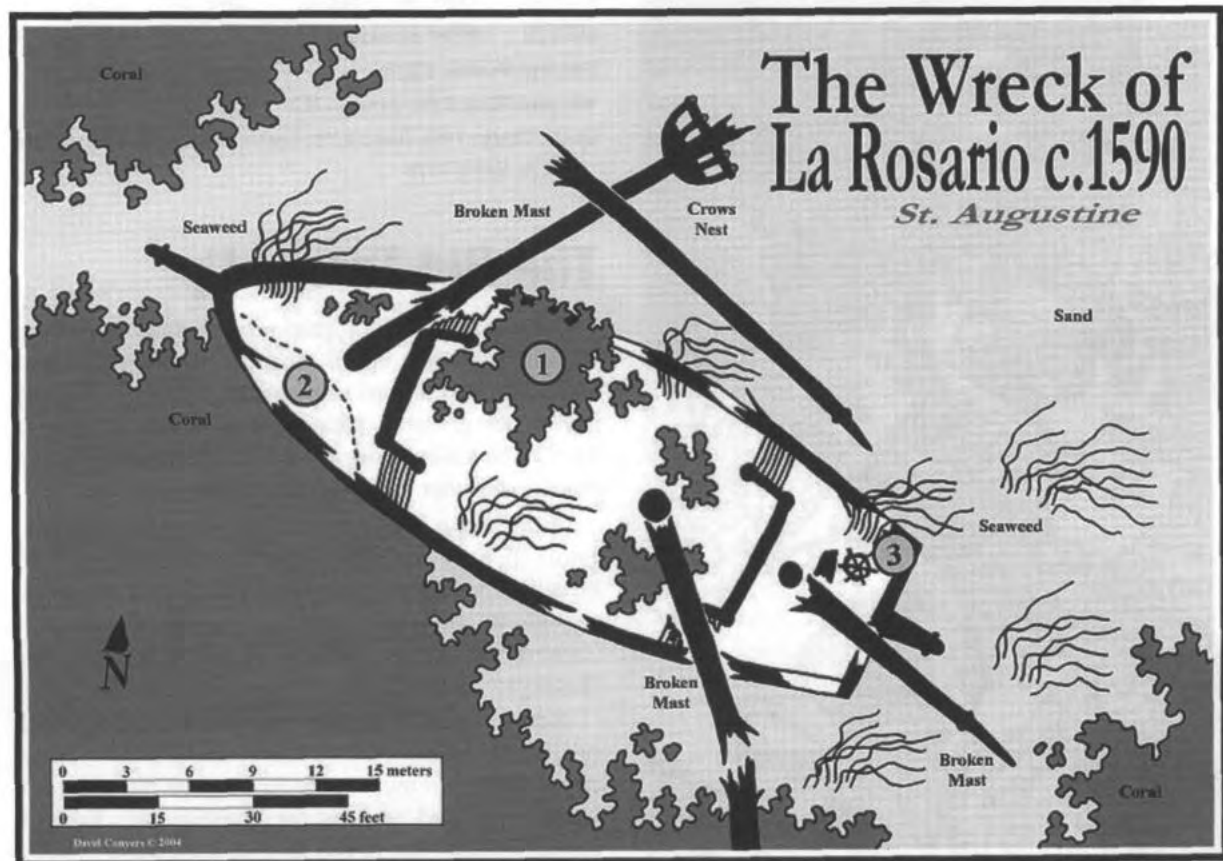
divers descend into this bowl, they realize that they are proceeding down a flight of gigantic curved steps, covered by coral and growth.

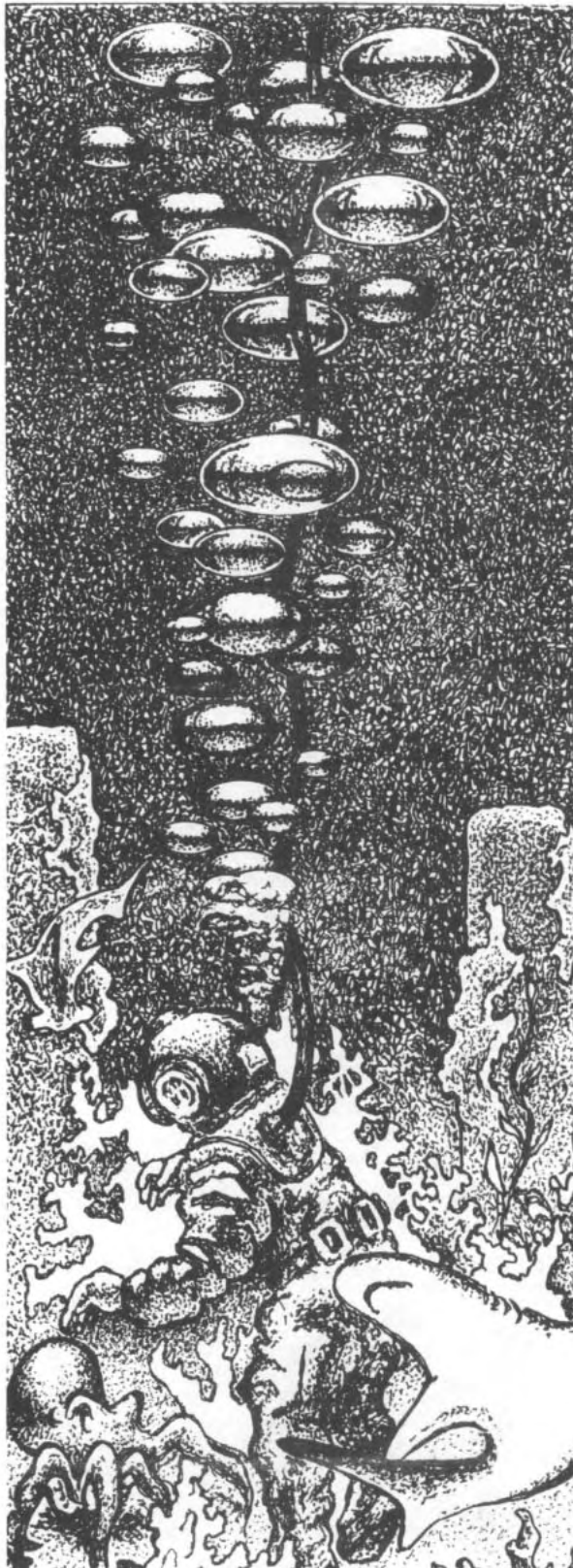
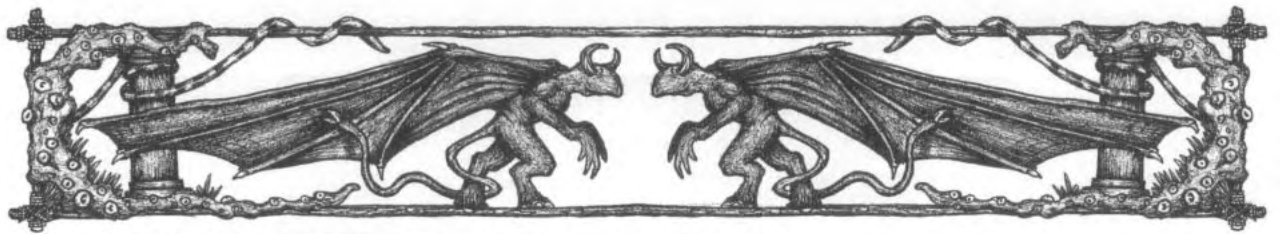
Passing through the arch, they enter a trapezoidal underground room nearly a hundred feet across. Crabs and octopi scatter as the divers approach. Growth on the interior walls is sparse due to the absence of direct sunlight.

The walls are of mosaic tile depicting human figures in exotic garb. Vertical bands containing untranslatable hieroglyphics separate the figures. The mosaics can be read in different ways, but seem to depict some terrible disaster.

At the rear of the room is a square pit, forty feet across and surrounded by a four-foot-high wall coped at the top with slabs of polished obsidian. The pit seems a bottomless abyss. When the divers stand near its mouth, they feel a powerful downward current. (See the map on page 81.)

In front of this dark abyss is a strange sculpture or control. It consists of a polished metal shaft, remarkably clean and corrosion-free, that protrudes up through a





polished column of stone, and supports a globe of polished stone upon its apex. From a slot around the equator of the globe extends a metal rod supporting a faceted jewel intended to orbit the globe.

At the base of the metal shaft is a housing for three ornate metal pointers that indicate various symbols carved around the top of the short column. All three points are very close to pointing in the same direction. If one of the divers touches this device, he is amazed to feel the faint grinding of slowly turning gears. The mechanism is still running!

While the divers examine the strange device, one of them notices a movement in the darkness near the huge pit. Shining a light in that direction, they see a bottle-nosed dolphin floating motionless above the abyss. Without warning, this normally peaceful cetacean suddenly rockets forward and rams one of the divers at full speed. It turns and continues these attacks until the divers leave the building or it is killed. If the divers leave, they see the dolphin swim back to the pit and then dive out of their sight into its darkness.

A KILLER DOLPHIN

STR 20	CON 16	SIZ 22	INT 12	POW 12
DEX 20	MOV 12 swim			HP 19

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapon: Ram 85%, damage 2D6 + 2D6

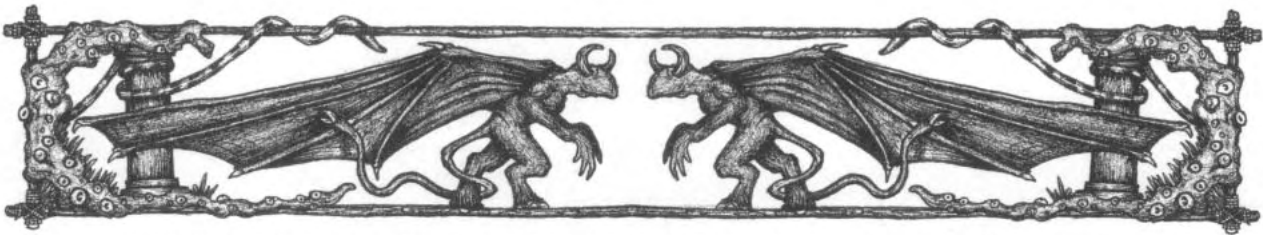
Skills: Dodge 79%, Jump 80%, Listen 65%, Scent 75%, Sneak 50%, Swim 95%.

The Big Frame-Up

The ship returns to St. Augustine on a muggy afternoon. As the *Palencia* ties up, all aboard her notice police cars and uniformed officers assembling. As soon as *Palencia* lowers her gangway, plainclothesmen swarm aboard. They arrest Colin Baxter and Billy Wolff (if alive) for the murder of Father Jorge, the aged priest.

If the keeper feels a need for it, one or more investigators may also be arrested on the same charge. The keeper should be careful to assemble a case believable enough to make the investigators squirm and feel uncomfortable, even though their players know the charges are "mistaken".

Baxter and Wolff are being framed. A secret cannibal cult, headed by Detective Morris Packard, is covering up one of their own murders by pinning the rap upon the adventurers (and perhaps the investigators). Packard has verified that Baxter and the player characters visited



the priest early in the day, plus he found some lowlifes willing to perjure themselves and testify that they saw Colin (and anyone else the cult has seen fit to frame) very drunk on the night of the murder, and headed toward the church. The case has plenty of holes in it, but Packard is working hard to manufacture additional evidence to prove his case.

The investigators might possibly defeat the cult themselves, but it may be wiser for them to take what evidence they discover to the Florida State Police in Jacksonville. Too much snooping around upsets the cannibals, and they set up an ambush in an old cemetery.

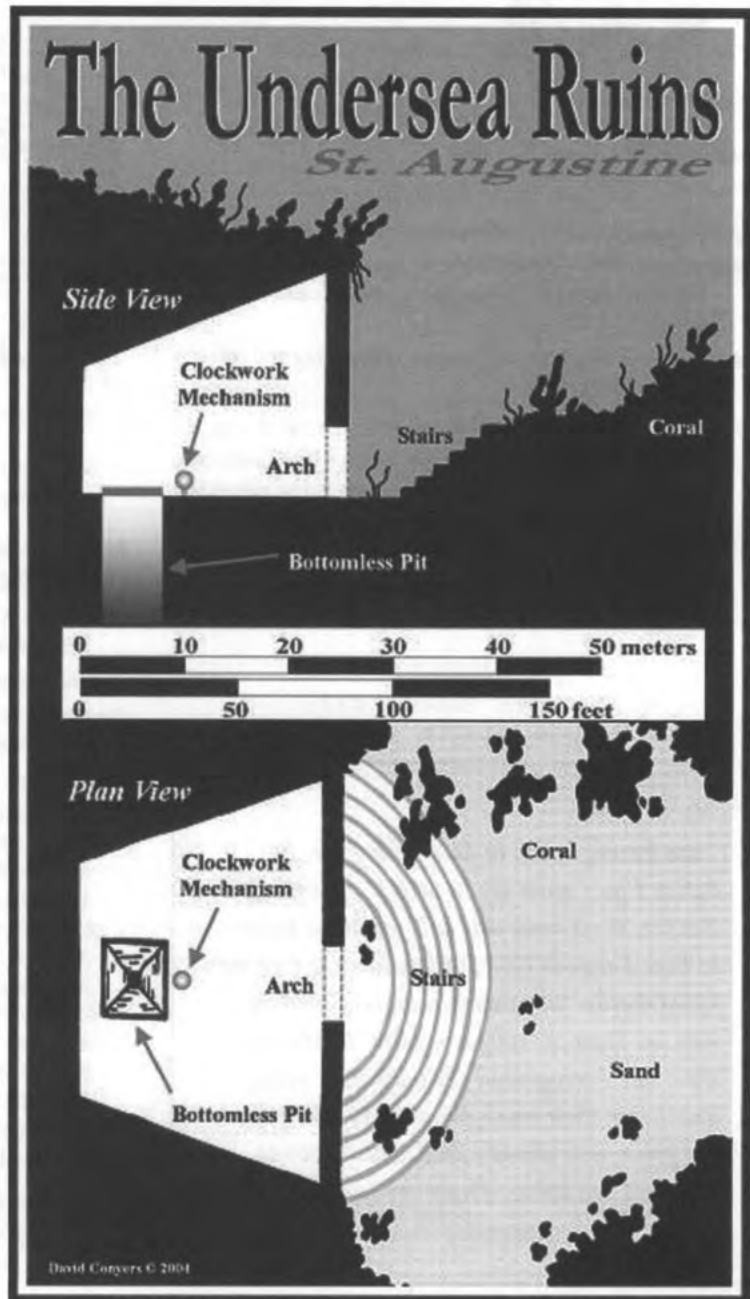
If within seven days the player characters have not exposed the cult, Colin Baxter is discovered dead in his jail cell, hanged with his own belt. Similar fates await those jailed with him. The cult murders them to prevent future complications.

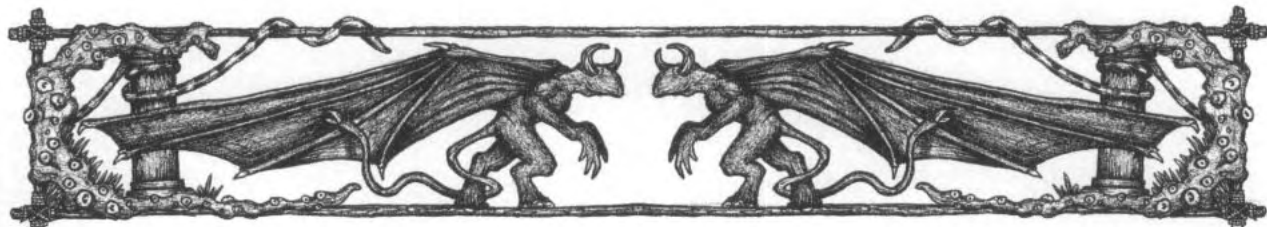
The Truth About the Murder of Father Jorge

The evening before the *Palencia* set sail for Bimini, Maynard and Del Korsky, two members of the cannibal cult, visited the old churchyard cemetery north of town in search of a body for a cannibal ritual. They arrived late at night but were surprised in their foul activities by Father Jorge. Del caved in the back of the priest's head with a shovel, killing him instantly. Panicked, the two drove their truck back to town and telephoned fellow cultist Detective Packard. Packard went to the scene, planted evidence, and ransacked the basement records of the church in an effort to frame Colin Baxter. Packard also keeps a close eye on the player characters.

However, Father Jorge had company that night, which is why the old man was awake so late. Esmeralda was there to make a late-night confession. She witnessed the murder, saw Del clearly, and recognized the voices of the two men. She

also heard Maynard's truck pulling away after the good father was killed. Esmeralda quickly assured herself that nothing could be done for the priest, slipped away, and did not see Detective Packard arrive an hour later. Esmeralda plans to leave town, but first she sends a note to the investigators telling them what she knows. See *Azathoth Papers #39* below for an English translation of what she wrote in Spanish.





Cannibal Cult Members



Mother Edna Thorton

MOTHER EDNA MAY THORTON, age 60,
Leader of the Cult,
Nascent Ghoul

STR 12 CON 12
SIZ 09 INT 11
POW 14 DEX 12
APP 04 EDU 12
SAN 0 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Claws 30%,
damage 1D6
Bite 25%, damage 1D6
.32 Caliber Revolver 20%,
damage 1D8

Spells: Dread Curse of Azathoth, Gray Binding, Shrivelling.

Skills: Climb 75%, Credit Rating 04%, Cthulhu Mythos 16%,
Hide 30%, Listen 35%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 75%, Spot
Hidden 55%.

Sanity Loss: seeing Mother Thorton without her veil costs
0/1D4 Sanity points.

- This woman rarely leaves her house, and never during the day. When she does go outside, she wears a long black dress and heavy veil, and walks stiffly with the aid of two canes. Mother Thorton is the matriarch of the cult. Her transformation to ghoul is nearly complete, and the group expects her to leave them forever quite soon.

Azathoth Papers #39:
Esmeralda's Note

My Friends:

I am leaving town in fear for my life, but before I go I must try to help my friend, Colin Baxter. He is innocent, and you must believe in him. I was in the church when the two men killed Father Jorge with a shovel. The two men are from the alligator farm. I didn't see them but I recognized the ugly one's voice, and I saw their truck drive away. The poor old priest was already dead when I got to him, so I ran away. Please try to help Colin.

Esmeralda Pascal

WILLIAM THORTON, age 41, Son of Mother Thorton

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 12
DEX 09 APP 11 EDU 12 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3

Kitchen Knife (kept in glove compartment) 30%, damage 1D6

20-gauge Shotgun 30%, damage 2D6 / 1D6 / 1D3

Spells: Dread Curse of Azathoth.

Skills: Credit Rating 27%,
Cthulhu Mythos 08%,
Drive Auto 55%, Hide
30%, Jump 35%, Spot
Hidden 25%.

- Mother Thorton's son is the owner of a camera store near the Castillo de San Marcos. William is balding, has a pencil-thin mustache, wears glasses, and usually sports a Panama hat. He drives a



William Thorton

Ford flivver. He and his mother live just south of King, on the first block west of Cordova.

MORRIS PACKARD, age 40, Detective and Acting Chief of Police

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 14 APP 13 EDU 14 SAN 0 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, damage 1D3 + 1D4
.38 Caliber Revolver 75%, damage 1D10

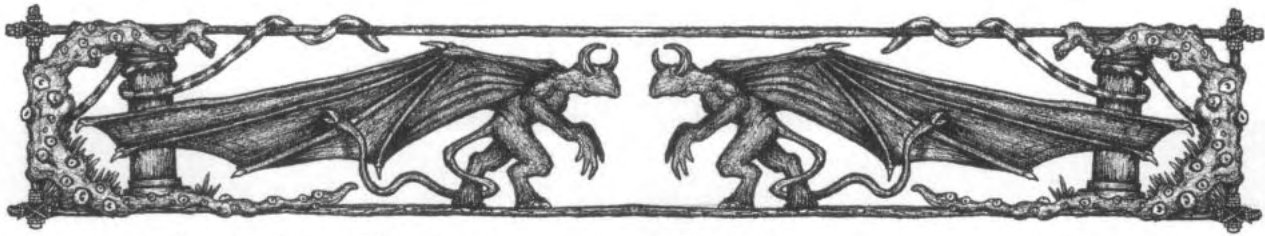
Spells: none.

Skills: Blackmail 35%, Climb 65%, Conceal 45%, Credit Rating 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 08%, Dodge 45%, Drive Auto 55%, Fast Talk 65%, First Aid 55%, Hide 80%, Jump 65%, Law 35%, Listen 75%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 55%, Sneak 80%, Slap on the Cuffs 88%, Spot Hidden 85%, Threaten and Cajole 60%.

- Detective Packard is the arresting officer in the Father Jorge murder



Morris Packard



case, and will make efforts to follow the progress of the investigators as well; if he feels sufficiently threatened by them he engineers their ambush. He is acting head of the St. Augustine police force (22 officers and men). Police Chief Anderson is on extended medical leave, and has been for most of a year. No one else on the force is connected with the cult, and Packard is not popular, but the other cops obey his orders unless they are asked to do something blatantly criminal or are shown evidence of Packard's perfidy.

MAYNARD KORSKY, age 38, Owner of an Alligator Farm

STR 16 CON 16 SIZ 16 INT 13 POW 10
 DEX 13 APP 10 EDU 08 SAN 0 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Spells: none.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 80%, damage 1D3 + 1D4
 12-gauge Shotgun 65%, damage 4D6 / 2D6 / 1D6
 Hunting Knife 45%, 1D6 + 1D4

Skills: Conceal 85%, Climb 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%,
 Dodge 65%, Drive Auto 55%, Hide 85%, Jump 65%,
 Listen 75%, Pick Pocket 35%, Sneak 65%, Track 75%.

- Maynard Korsky owns a 'gator farm two miles south of the city. Korsky is big and mean looking. He usually wears a khaki coverall and high rubber boots. His truck can often be seen parked around town, usually in front of the San Marcos Cafe. He is thought by many to be an affable, friendly man. Pinned to Korsky's lapel at all times is a big tin alligator with *See the Alligator Farm* printed on its side. Maynard has a brother, Del, who is also in the cannibal cult.



Maynard Korsky

DEL (DELBERT) KORSKY, age 34, Younger Brother of Maynard Korsky

STR 17 CON 16 SIZ 17 INT 09 POW 09
 DEX 15 APP 06 EDU 08 SAN 0 HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, 1D3 + 1D6
 12-gauge Shotgun 80%, damage 4D6 / 2D6 / 1D6
 Hunting Knife 55%, 1D6 + 1D6

Skills: Climb 90%,
 Conceal 85%, Credit Rating 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Dodge 65%, Drive Auto 65%, Hide 90%, Jump 85%, Listen 55%, Pick Pocket 55%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 85%, Track 80%.

- Del Korsky is Maynard's younger brother. He also works at the alligator farm, but due to his grotesque appearance he rarely ventures into public view. Three years ago, while poaching in a nearby swamp with his brother, Del's shotgun went off while he was carelessly climbing into their boat. The blast removed Del's chin, along with most of his tongue. Not only is Korsky terribly mutilated but, naturally enough, his speech is a confused gibber nearly impossible to understand.



Delbert Korsky

MONA DURHAM, age 37, Senior Waitress at the San Marcos Cafe

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 14 POW 14
 DEX 13 APP 13 EDU 10 SAN 0 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Kick 30%, damage 1D6
 .25 Caliber Revolver 25%, damage 1D6

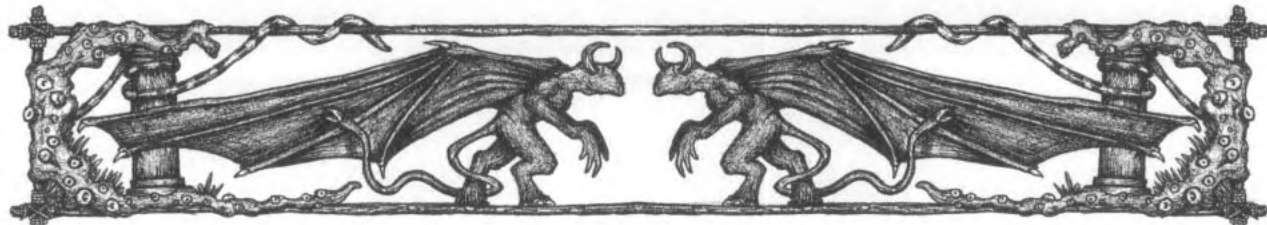
Spells: Dread Curse of Azathoth, Gray Binding, Shrivelling.

Skills: Credit Rating 12%, Cthulhu Mythos 11%, Hide 65%,
 Listen 45%, Pick Pocket 45%, Psychology 55%, Spot Hidden 45%.

- Mrs. Durham's husband died some years ago under suspicious circumstances. Since then she worked at a small diner in the northeast part of town. Mona Durham has a friendly, open demeanor at work that gains her a lot of tips, but she is sullen elsewhere. Mona Durham is preparing to become the new cannibal matriarch when Mother Thorton passes over into ghoulish-dom.



Mona Durham



KENNY DURHAM, age 16, Alligator Farm Worker

STR 13 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 16 APP 14 EDU 10 SAN 0 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: .22 Caliber Rifle 65%, damage 1D6 + 2

Skills: Climb 90%, Credit Rating 01%, Cthulhu Mythos 04%, Dodge 65%, Drive Auto 25%, Fast Talk 25%, Hide 90%, Jump 75%, Listen 55%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 55%.

- Kenny is the illegitimate son of Mona Durham. Not long ago, he got his driver's license, quit school, and received final initiation into the cannibal cult, all in the same week. When Eli Simpson was fired from the 'gator farm, Kenny took his job. Young Durham might be seen around town, having lunch at the diner or perhaps riding his bicycle. Kenny wears the khaki overalls and rubber boots common to employees of the alligator farm.

Investigating the Murder of Father Jorge

Nearly all of the headings in this section offer evidence or clues connected with the murder of Father Jorge. The investigators can take up these connections in whatever sequence they happen to occur, but the keeper should strive to give the players a chance to learn from each subsection. They are, in no special sequence, the Murder Scene, the Police Station, the St. Augustine *Herald*, the Jacksonville *Sentinel*, the St. Augustine Historical Society, Patrolman George Packard, the Thorton Camera Store, the Thorton home, the Korsky alligator farm, Eli Simpson's home, the Castillo de San Marcos, and Spitz's speakeasy.



Kenny Durham

The Murder Scene

If the player characters check out the old north graveyard where Father Jorge was killed, a successful **Spot Hidden** roll turns up one of the tin alligator pins used as promotional items by the alligator farm. This pin fell off

Del's shirt and was trampled into the mud, then was overlooked by the police.



Alligator Pin

exhumed. If the player characters want it done, they'll have to dig it up at night, on the sly. This costs each participant 0/1D2 Sanity points.

If they do dig up the coffin, after they've removed only a couple of feet of soil, the bottom of the grave suddenly collapses. Those standing on the edge suddenly fall into an opening to the deeper network of tunnels that twist beneath the cemetery. Those who fall lose 1D3 hit points each. The tunnels, manifestly clawed out of the earth by hand, lead in all directions. There is no sign of coffin or corpse, but a successful **Spot Hidden** roll detects the drag marks of something like a coffin on the earthen floor.

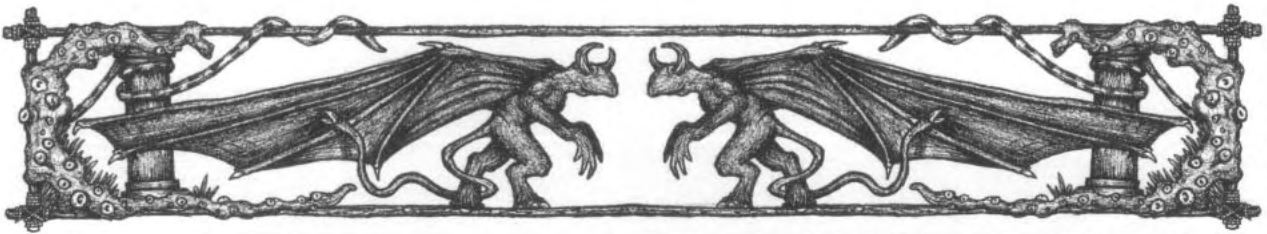
Given a successful **Track** roll, these drag marks can be followed for a half-mile before losing the way at a juncture of a dozen tunnels. One of the junction tunnels is clearly freshly dug. If the new tunnel is followed, it leads some 500 yards in a straight line before ending at an ancient stone wall. A sledgehammer can break through this stony wall. On the other side of it is the secret room of the cannibal cult, hidden below the Castillo de San Marcos.

This tunnel was dug by true ghouls, who have tired of competing with the human cultists for food. They plan to massacre their rivals the next time the cannibal cult holds a ceremony.

The Police Station

The investigators can learn only what is on the public record by speaking to the desk sergeant. If one of them examines the big duty roster chalked in behind the desk, and the character's player rolls **Spot Hidden** successfully, the investigator notices the name "Patrolman George

Father Jorge has been buried here. If the investigators examine his burial place, they will see that the ground is quite sunken in. The sandy soil and high water table could account for this depression, but the investigators may find it significant, or even suspicious. Packard blocks any attempt to get a court order to have the body



Grisly Find at Alligator Farm

St. Augustine police made a shocking discovery today at Korsky's Alligator Farm when a severed human foot was found in one of the large crocodile pools.

The police were summoned by Eli Simpson, an employee of the popular tourist attraction when, arriving early in the morning, he saw a shoe lying at the bottom of the pool. This shoe was found to contain a human foot.

No identification was found. Police theorize that the shoe belonged to an indigent who, seeking refuge for the night, sneaked into the farm and accidentally stumbled into the pool.

No charges against owner Maynard Korsky have been made.

— Jacksonville *Sentinel*, May 1927.

Azathoth Papers #40a

Historian Disappears

Noted writer and historian Donald A. Houlton of New York City has been reported by his wife as missing.

Mr. Houlton reportedly left their hotel room at 9:30 P.M., telling her that he was meeting a contact for an interview. At 1:00 A.M., Mrs. Houlton notified police.

St. Augustine police have instituted a search of the town.

Donald Houlton is noted for his authoritative works on American history. Mr. Houlton visited St. Augustine last summer and wrote a series of articles about the city, published in *American Journey* magazine.

— Jacksonville *Sentinel*, January 1893.

Azathoth Papers #40b

Grave Robbers in St. Augustine

A rash of vandalism has swept two cemeteries in this small city. The latest incident, an exhumation and theft, has been the most shocking.

"This is a new type of crime for us," said Chief Bunsen, head of St. Augustine's police department. "Till now we've had simply a problem with overturned stones and vandalism. The offenders will be dealt with severely."

Bunsen acknowledged that he had as yet no suspects or leads in this disturbing crime.

— Jacksonville *Sentinel*, February 1890.

Azathoth Papers #40c

Vandals Desecrate St. Augustine Cemetery

Last night persons unknown entered an old cemetery north of this city and stole two recently buried bodies. Father Jorge, priest of the nearby church, found the opened graves and immediately notified police.

Both graves had been occupied by indigents who had been buried at the city's expense. No motive for the bizarre theft has been offered.

Azathoth Papers #40d



Packard" on the board. Morris Packard of course arrested Colin Baxter.

If the investigators inquire, the desk sergeant tells them that the patrolman is Detective Packard's nephew. The investigators' visit to the station and their interest in George Packard is quickly brought to Morris Packard's attention. Within two days of the visit, the detective sets up an ambush for the player characters.

The St. Augustine *Herald*

The local paper is a weekly, a small newspaper dedicated to advertising local businesses and expanding the tourist trade. If the investigators visit the office downtown, they can talk to the owner/editor in person, Fred Boswell.

Boswell bought the *Herald* three years ago. Rather surprisingly, the former owners burned all their files and back issues before they left. Since Boswell took over, he's printed little real news; the paper's stories are mostly interviews with local bigwigs, prepared copy praising certain brands of cigarettes and soft drinks, and photos and stories about local team sports.

The Jacksonville *Sentinel*

This newspaper is sold on newsstands alongside the *Herald*, but the *Sentinel* is a real newspaper, not a shopper. Its offices are located in Jacksonville, a two-hour drive up the coast, or 45 minutes by occasional trains.

The *Herald* ignored a prime local story concerning a human foot found at Korsky's alligator farm, but the *Sentinel* ran the story on page one. If the player characters read this article, they may wish to talk to the reporter who covered the story, Sheila Winslow.

She has nothing to add, since so far the story has gone nowhere, but she does mention that she is writing a piece on rum-running through St. Augustine. She feigns disinterest in whatever theories the investigators advance, but makes sure they get access to the clipping morgue kept the *Sentinel* office. She also provides them with the address of Eli Simpson, the former employee at the 'gator farm who discovered the human remains.

Winslow's interest is piqued by the investigators' stories, and she begins poking around St. Augustine on her own. After their first meeting, the keeper may play her as seen fit. She may cooperate with the player characters, act as a rival, or even hinder them with false leads.

Gaining access to the *Sentinel*'s back issues is simple with her aid, but if the investigators do not make her acquaintance, they must use **Bargain, Credit Rating,**

Fast Talk, or Persuade to be allowed to peruse them. The local libraries' collections are discouragingly incomplete. The daily files of the *Sentinel* date back to 1878. Successful **Library Use rolls** turn up the items keyed as *Azathoth Papers #40a, #40b, #40c, and #40d*; see the relevant excerpts nearby.

SHEILA WINSLOW, age 27, Ambitious Jacksonville Reporter

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 09 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 14 APP 12 EDU 16 SAN 65 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Cane Blade (Machete) 42%, damage 1D6
20-Gauge Shotgun (pump) 55%, damage 2D6 / 1D6 / 1D3

Spells: none.

Skills: Bargain 55%, Dig Up Story 60%, Drive Auto 60%, Dodge 35%, Credit Rating 16%, Fast Talk 60%, Flirt 75%, Library Use 49%, Listen 45%, Make Deadline 92%, Photography 15%, Pilot Single Engine Aircraft 35%, Psychology 58%, Sneak 56%, Spot Hidden 50%, Swim 65%, Typewriter 79%.

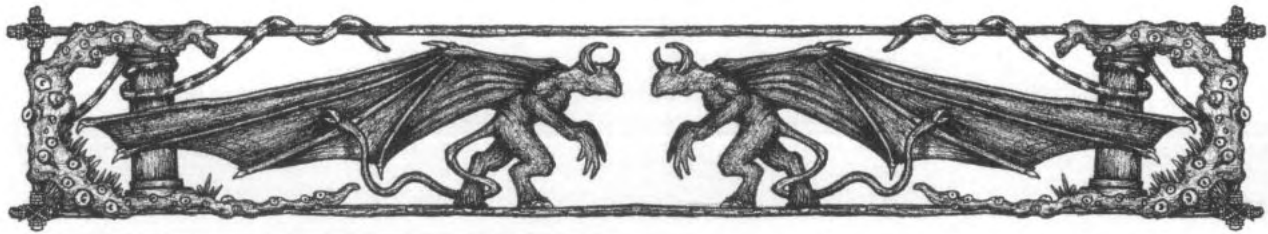
Languages: English 89%, Spanish 22%.

- Her father is a U.S. Senator from the Peachtree State, but her Georgia connections—though many—are something she rarely uses. Her dream is a big story that will, on its own, give her full admittance to the world of New York journalism. She has a charming southern accent when she wants to use it, and big, big eyes if she finds someone susceptible. At the *Sentinel* offices, she talks as quick and as flat as a linotype.

The St. Augustine Historical Society

This organization has existed in one form or another for over a century. The Society has taken upon itself the reconstruction and refurbishing of several local historic structures. Due to the tourist trade, the Society has become influential in the city.

The Society's historical records are kept in its offices on Charlotte Street and are open to the public. The librarian is Ida Mears, a white-haired old lady with a pleasant disposition and a faulty memory. Successful **Library Use rolls** turn up *Azathoth Papers #41a, #41b, #41c, #41d, #41e, #41f, and #41g*, one per success. Most of the documents are translations into English from Spanish.



Written by Father Belando Tortulla of Toledo, Spain, Anno Domini 1571, to report to the Church and the King on the condition of the French heretics now held in the vaults beneath the monastery.

With my own eyes I saw the degeneracy of the prisoners. Their habitation is clean and receives regular fresh air. The stench of the heretics was so abominable as to drive me from them. But while I remained, I saw that their wasting disease was destroying them gradually. Neither prisoner had any toes left and both limped badly, skulking about their cells, trying to avoid the light of the torches we carried. I believe that these heretics should be left here to suffer the punishments wrought against them by God and that plans to transport them to Spain for examination should be forgotten. I further believe that intensive interrogation of the prisoners may expose the Inquisition officials to the disease.

Azathoth Papers #41b: A Spanish Record [Yellowed Paper]

The galleons La Rosario and Niño sailed from St. Augustine in the spring of 1597, bearing treasures from the New World. Only the Niño completed the voyage as the La Rosario sank in shallow water when both ships were struck by a sudden storm. Records state that considerable gold was lost along with the entire crew and a heretical prisoner of French extraction.

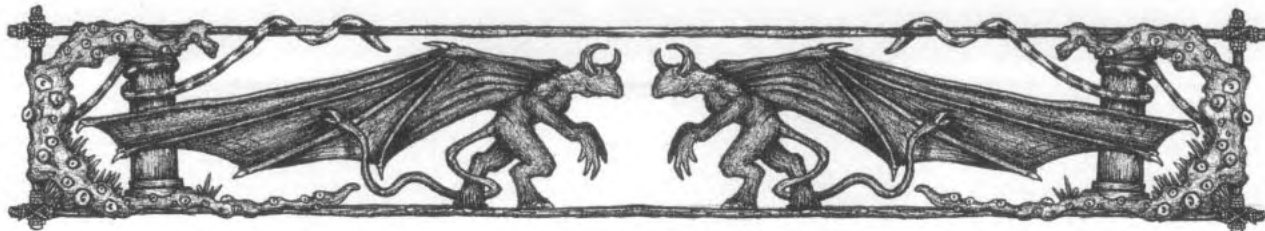
Azathoth Papers #41c: Spanish Document Dated 1641 [Yellowed Paper]

Work progresses steadily but slowly on the construction of Castillo de San Marcos. The walls are completed and most of the catacombs of the monastery have been incorporated into the fort. An attempt to transfer the French prisoner brought difficulty. Three soldiers were required to drag out the man, but one soldier, Jose Garcia, was thrown against a wall, bloodying his head and leaving him unable to walk steadily for three days. We have decided to keep the prisoner in his present cell rather than risk transfer to the new one.

Azathoth Papers #41a: Translated Report on French Heretics [Yellowed Paper, in Spanish]

Azathoth Papers #41d: Spanish Original Written in Quavering Hand [Yellowed Paper]

I, Father Cedrico of Aragon have witnessed, Anno Domini 1662, the monstrous condition of the prisoner held within the catacombs of Castillo de San Marcos at St. Augustine. Details do not bear repeating, but his jailers do not exaggerate their reports. It is no wonder that it is difficult to force anyone to feed or tend this prisoner. It is my recommendation that this prisoner be secretly kept until its tortured soul is released from this earth.



Patrolman George Packard

This young policeman has been a patrolman for two years. He joined the force with the help of his Uncle Morris and the young man has responded by doing some favors for his uncle. Detective Packard always makes sure that his nephew is assigned to the night beat near the fort on the evenings that the cultists wish to use it. The detective has a set of keys to the gates, and his nephew looks the other way when the cultists arrive and leave.

George Packard is an honest cop. If he knew of the cult's activities, he would be appalled. His uncle has told him that the band is a small fraternal organization that holds its monthly meetings in the cellars of the fort. Young Packard has felt no qualm in helping out. Fortunately for the investigators, Packard is of moderate intelligence and naive—if **Fast-Talked**, he can be tricked into revealing his uncle's secret.



George Packard

GEORGE PACKARD, age 23, Police Patrolman and Nephew to Morris Packard

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 15 INT 09 POW 09
DEX 12 APP 13 EDU 12 SAN 45 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Nightstick 65%, damage 1D6 + 1D4

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

Caliber .38 Revolver 30%, damage 1D10

Skills: Climb 55%, Credit Rating 30%, Dodge 45%, Fast Talk 05%, Hide 45%, Jump 35%, Law 25%, Listen 55%, Sneak 25%, Spanish 25%, Spot Hidden 35%, Track 20%.

George Packard is blond, with a square jaw and an amiable countenance. He is muscular and well trained for encounters on the street.

The Camera Store

This establishment is owned by William Thorton and located on Avenida Menendez within sight of the Castillo de San Marcos. Thorton sells small box cameras and film to fit them. He does his own developing and processing in the back of his shop. This back room is not open to the public.

The camera store is open from 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. six days a week. Thorton is a prompt man, arriving at 9:45 a.m. every morning to open up, entering through the back door. After starting coffee, he opens the front door at 10 a.m. At 4:30 p.m. he closes up and heads home to prepare dinner for himself and his mother.

For investigators attempting a break-in, both the front and back doors are only lightly bolted and easily forced open. The alley door, of course, affords more privacy.

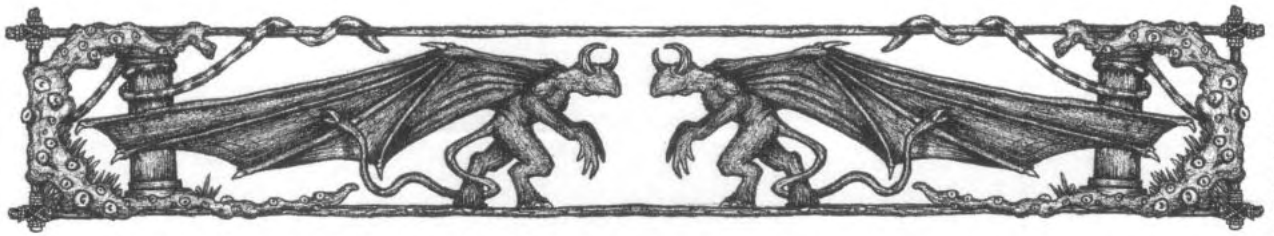
The interior of the store is unremarkable with the exception of the back room. This room not only contains Thorton's photo-processing equipment, but also a small theater set-up. Four folding wooden chairs sit before a motor-driven 16mm projector, which is aimed at a movie screen on the opposite wall. A dozen cans of film sit next to the projector on the table. If the film cans are checked, they have Spanish titles translating like *Rita's Phantasy*, *Carlos and Celia at the Beach*, and *Naughty Senioritas*. These pornographic films are smuggled into the States from Cuba, by the same gang who sell booze to Harry Spitz. Each film runs about twenty minutes.

The Three Films

Also present in the room is a locked metal cabinet, one easily pried open. In it are three more cans of 16mm film, unmarked except for dates written on pieces of tape stuck to their sides. These dates are all within the last six months. If the investigators watch the films, either here or on another projector, they discover that the three are similar, though they record different events. All begin with a hand-held shot taken in a cut-stone room without windows, with an ancient bronze cannon to one side. A successful Idea roll permits the user to deduce that it must be the interior of the old fort.

In the center of the scene, illuminated by bright floodlights, are a group of black-robed people huddled in a circle around a figure seated on a chair and mostly obscured from the camera. To one side of this group, seated upon another chair, is an old lady dressed in black, her face hidden behind a heavy veil (Mother Thorton). She leans forward on a pair of wooden canes and watches intently as the group dances and capers about the object of their attentions.

After a minute or two of this, the old woman stands up and, with a wave of her arm, halts the clumsy dance. The robed worshipers separate and back off, and the figure tied to the chair is now seen to be a rotten corpse, at least two weeks old (costs 0/1D3 Sanity points to real-



ize). Holding herself erect with one cane, the old woman pulls out a flask of liquid and pours it over the decaying mass.

Then she begins what can only be the casting of a spell (remember, this is a silent film), her stiffly outstretched arm describing cryptic symbols in the air between her and the bound corpse. Five minutes into this, the bound corpse begins to twitch, relax, and then, with a jerking motion, comes to violent life. Although its arms are tied at its sides, the legs kick and the head wobbles from side to side. Its blackened tongue sticks out straight and stiff and its eyeless face grimaces (viewers lose 0/1D6 Sanity points).

After admiring her handiwork for a moment, the old lady pulls aside her veil to reveal a dreadful half-ghoul visage costing 0/1D4 Sanity points. Then she leaps upon the animated corpse, sinking her long stained teeth into its rotting head and knocking the chair and its captive over backward onto the stone floor.

Azathoth Papers #41e: Spanish Original Written with Vigorous Hand [Yellowed Paper]

I, Father Cedrico of Aragon, while on a return visit to St. Augustine, Anno Domini 1682, have investigated the cell of the prisoner formerly held beneath Castillo de San Marcos. The captain reported that the prisoner evidently vanished several months ago. The cell was found empty and devoid of any sign of habitation other than the rats which usually plague such areas. Opening the cell and entering, we were distressed to find, in the back wall, several stones removed and an old, dark tunnel leading down into the earth. The captain immediately ordered his men to fill this small passage with stones. The blocks of the wall were then replaced and re-mortared, sealing away forever the fate of this terrible Prisoner.

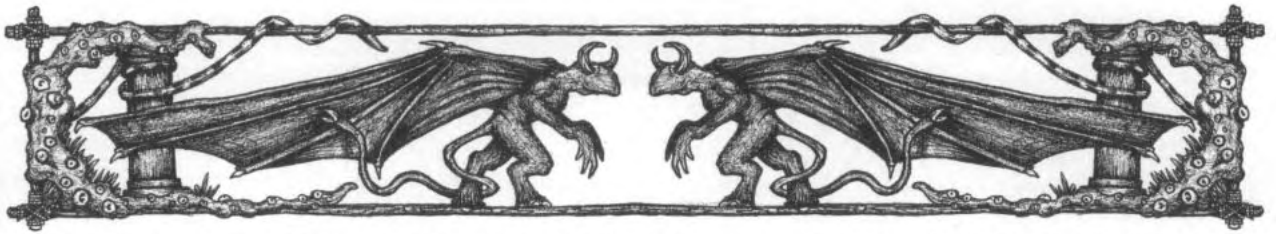
Azathoth Papers #41g: Crumbling Religious Pamphlet Printed in St. Augustine, Anon., 1792

A dark and ancient evil, unloosed by Satan, is among us. They live by night and feed upon corruption. They are inhuman but walk like men, taking their place among us. They have long dwelt here, and their evil is most monstrous. They grow stronger, threatening all that is holy and righteous. To hide themselves and their activities, they assume the mantle of righteousness. Many officials of this city, both in the past and the present, belong to this secret Godless faith. I name no names, nor do I reveal my identity, lest their evil befall me and my family, but the truth must be spoken and the people of St. Augustine be warned of the lurking danger.

Azathoth Papers #41f: Excerpt, Magazine Article by Donald Houlton,

In this interesting old city, I took the opportunity to visit the historic Castillo de San Marcos. When exploring the catacombs beneath the structure, I found a secret passage concealed by a door hidden as a section of wall. With pressure, the wall pivoted easily, opening to reveal a set of tunnels seemingly unknown and undisturbed since the days of the Spanish occupation.

With visions of pirates and smugglers, I crept in. Sadly, all I found was a row of empty cells, most of which appeared never to have been occupied. One cell contained evidence of having once held a prisoner. The remains of French writing could be discerned, as could graffiti in the form of spirals and geometric figures, interspersed by animals and capering horned humans. The ceiling held images of shooting stars or comets streaking across the heavens. The cell wall was beginning to deteriorate and in many places the binding masonry had crumbled and fallen from between the stories. I notified the local historical society of my find.



Taking this as a signal, the rest of the cultists pull off their black hoods and jump at the struggling corpse, each greedy for his or her portion of the feast. The cameraman moves in for close-ups and investigators continuing to watch the gruesome feast can clearly see the faces of Maynard Korsky, Del Korsky, Mona Durham, Kenny Durham, and Detective Morris Packard. William Thorton is operating the camera and not seen. Those who watch the feast also lose an additional 1/1D4 Sanity points. After a few minutes more of this, the film abruptly ends.

Thorton discovers the break-in the next morning, and he reports the incident privately to Detective Packard. The investigators instantly become prime suspects, especially if the cannibal films have been disturbed. Packard lays plans to ambush the investigators that night.

The Thorton House

Anyone arriving after 4:45 p.m. has a good chance of finding William Thorton at home. If the player characters visit earlier in the day, their knocks go unanswered. Nonetheless, the front door is unlocked, so that a person could walk in and prowl the household as wished.

The house has two stories and no basement. Upstairs, in the back bedroom, waits Mother Thorton. She never answers the door to anyone but fellow cultists.

- If she hears her home being invaded, she'll wait quietly upstairs in a chair, hoping for the intruders to leave.
- If the investigators come upon her seated in her bedroom, she sits motionless, pretending to be asleep.
- If an investigator lifts the veil or disturbs her violently, she leaps from her chair, throws off the veil and blanket, and attempts to escape the house. The sight of her horrid, animal-like face and the sound of her horny feet clattering across the wooden floor costs everyone 0/1D4 Sanity points.
- Mother Thorton only attacks if her escape is blocked by one or more of the investigators, and she'll devote all her effort to reaching the street below. Once on the street, she lopes down the sidewalk, scattering the screaming citizenry, and eventually reaches the swamps north of town to make good her escape.

This incident or gunfire in the house causes the neighbors to telephone the police, who arrive within five minutes. If the player characters are still there, they are arrested and charged with the woman's disappearance.

They are arrested even if Mother Thorton's hideous corpse is found with them—the police assume that the despicable investigators have not only killed an old woman, but a deformed and crippled old woman at that!

If the investigators get away, though, the cultists lay plans to ambush them that very night.

The Alligator Farm

Talking with Maynard Korsky or Kenny Durham elicits no useful information except that it alerts the cultists to the investigators' intentions. Del Korsky declines to talk with the investigators at all, simply pointing to his brother if they are importunate.

Eli Simpson

Simpson's address is available to the investigators through Sheila Winslow at the Jacksonville *Sentinel*. If he is contacted, he'll cheerfully consent to interview the investigators at his home. Eli can add little to the information given in the newspaper story other than verifying the fact that a human foot was found in one of the concrete 'gator ponds and that it was he who called the police. Korsky was furious at his action and fired him, ostensibly for taking action without notifying him first. Simpson claims it wasn't the first time he'd discovered odd pieces of meat in the ponds. Once he pointed out a chunk to Korsky, but was told it was only beef and not to worry. The human foot was unequivocal. He says the police fished the foot, still in its shoe, out of the pond and took it away. He doesn't know what became of it. (Detective Packard destroyed it.)

The Castillo de San Marcos

This monumental construction, built of *coquina* (mortar and small seashells), was begun in 1638 and not completed for over a century. The above-ground structure is open to the public seven days a week during daylight hours, but the cellars and catacombs have been declared hazardous and are sealed off with padlocked plywood doors. The hasps on these doors can be easily pried loose but not replaced, and members of the historical commission, who will inform the police, immediately notice evidence of such tampering.

If the player characters sneak into the fort at night, they must break or pick the lock on the outer entrance as well. If the outer lock is obviously broken or the gate is left ajar, Patrolman George Packard, passing on his



beat, notices the discrepancy and investigates, probably discovering the investigators in an area closed to the public. Packard will try to arrest the investigators for damaging city and federal property.

The investigators should be able to easily locate the cells that contained the two degenerate prisoners described in Father Rolando's manuscript found at the historical society. Both cells contain writings on the walls, a sort of pidgin-French impossible to decipher. Crude drawings depict shooting stars and other weird symbols. Pictures of spiders and the word "Azattott" can also be found. The furthest cell is the one from which the prisoner supposedly tunneled. The repaired section of the wall is clearly visible.

If the wall here is closely examined, the character will see that one of the stones in the wall can be pulled away to reveal a narrow tunnel, sloping downward. The tunnel is low and those using it must crawl on hands and knees for about fifty yards until the tunnel opens into a stone hallway eight feet high and wide. This tunnel and the room that it leads to are partial remains of the Franciscan monastery that predated the fort. Portions of this sixteenth century structure are still extant, and form part of the fort's arsenal building (located on the south side of Avenida Menendez). The hallway leads to a square monk's cell, which is unremarkable except for the two wooden chairs, the black robes hung on wooden pegs, and the small bronze cannon hauled down here for some unguessable purpose. If the player characters have seen William Thornton's three films, they'll recognize this room.

Spitz's Grocery

The only clue here is in the backroom speakeasy. There, in a locked metal cash box, Spitz keeps his current receipts and bills, and records of his daily cash income. Among these papers are a number of receipts in Spanish for rum, beer, and other alcoholic beverages that Spitz buys from a Cuban named Esteban. A couple of these bills also note charges for motion pictures delivered with the liquor.

Exposing the Cannibal Cult

The fact that the head of the local police force is one of the cultists makes it necessary for the investigators to

either wipe out the cannibals themselves, or to call in outside help. The most logical source of help is the Florida State Police post, thirty-seven miles north in Jacksonville. Convincing the State Police to investigate the cult requires evidence.

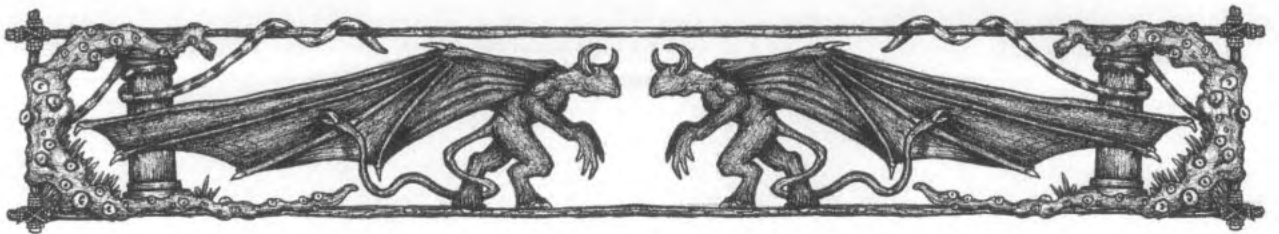
The player characters get one chance to convince the State Police to investigate. This is rolled as a percentage. For each piece of circumstantial evidence (e.g., the stamped tin alligator found at the murder scene, the incident in St. Augustine with Mother Thornton, etc.) the investigators accumulate ten more percentiles toward their final chance to convince the State Police. Hard evidence is worth more points, varying from 30% for the hapless Spitz's bills for rum, or Father Jorge's missing coffin, to 60% if the investigators produce the films of the cannibal rituals. If the player characters fail to gain State Police cooperation, Packard soon learns of their attempt, and he decides to ambush the investigators that night.

The Ambush

Morris Packard plans to lure the investigators out to the cemetery by Father Jorge's now-deserted church. He does this by kidnaping Esmeralda, Sheila Winslow, or even Eli Simpson, whomever Packard feels that the player characters are most likely to trust. He forces his victim to telephone the investigators. She wants them to meet her at the graveyard at 11 p.m., where she can present evidence to the investigators proving Packard's involvement with the cult. The caller hangs up before the investigators can question her further.

The normal entrance to the churchyard is from the road to the south. If the investigators drive up, the lurking cannibal bushwhackers see them. If the investigators park some distance away and walk in from another direction, they'll need successful **Sneak rolls** to approach the cemetery without alerting the cultists. A successful **Spot Hidden** made while approaching from any direction but south reveals the alligator farm truck parked and concealed just north of the cemetery. If the investigators reach the cemetery unseen, each may attempt a **Spot Hidden** to notice the ambushers, who lie in wait behind trees and headstones, guns trained toward a lone figure seated upon a headstone.

If the investigators approach normally, they see, as they round the church, their contact, sitting quietly on a headstone in the center of the cemetery. The moonlight is bright enough to identify the person as their contact, but a **Spot Hidden** is needed to notice the slight trace of



blood seeping through the front of her blouse. (By now the cultists have murdered her.) The cultists hope that the investigators approach the body, so the cultists can get the drop on them without any shooting. If the investigators get suspicious and attempt to leave before the cultists have exposed themselves, the cultists open fire, pursuing any investigators who escape.

If the investigators win the gunfight and drive off the ambushers, they'll have plenty of evidence to interest the State Police who proceed to move in and clean up the problem, keeping the whole thing as quiet as possible so as not to discourage the budding tourist industry.

If the investigators lose, the cultists take as many as possible alive, and gleefully accept their surrender. The prisoners are then trussed up, knocked on the head, and transported in the alligator farm truck back to the Castillo de San Marcos. They revive a short time later, tied to wooden chairs in the ancient secret room beneath the fort—they will soon be the next victims of the cult. Unless she has fled town, Mother Thorton leads the ceremonies. If she is missing, Mona Durham takes her role. One at a time, the investigators, still tied to their chairs, are dragged to the center of the room where the cult leader intones a short chant (she doesn't cast Gray Binding, though) before the cannibals leap upon their hapless victim and devour him or her alive.

Investigators witnessing this horrible fate lose 1/1D6 Sanity points.

The Escape

Even as the cultists finish devouring the entrails of the first player character, the sound of furtive clawing and

digging becomes clearly audible to everyone within the room. Before the cultists can react, a portion of the wall caves in, and a loathsome swarm of at least a dozen raving, slobbering ghouls sets upon the panicked cannibals. (The sight costs 0/6 Sanity points—maximum loss is exacted since so many ghouls are visible.) The monstrous ghouls quickly overcome the flabby cannibals, mangle them, and then scurry out through the gaping hole in the wall. The investigators being still alive, the ghouls ignore them.

The player characters are still tied to the chairs in the secret room, but they can escape by tipping themselves over on top of one of the fresh corpses, grasping a knife from the body's belt, and cutting themselves free.

Conclusion

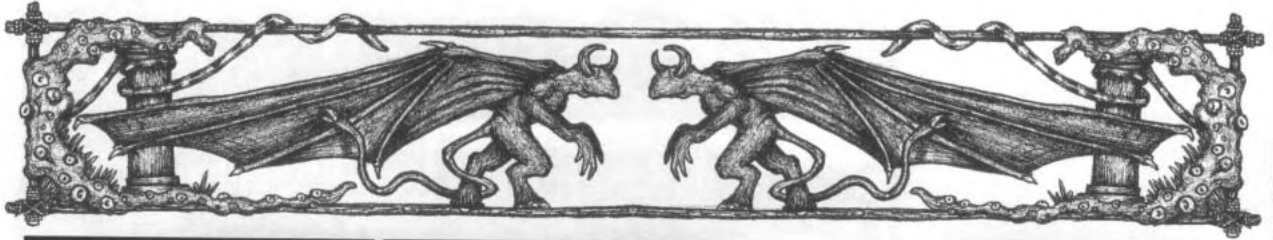
If the investigators were involved in the destruction of the cult, they receive 2D6 Sanity points each. If the ghouls stage the final destruction, the Sanity point award drops to 1D10 Sanity points.

The cult's destruction also leads to the murder charges against Colin Baxter (and any others) being dropped.

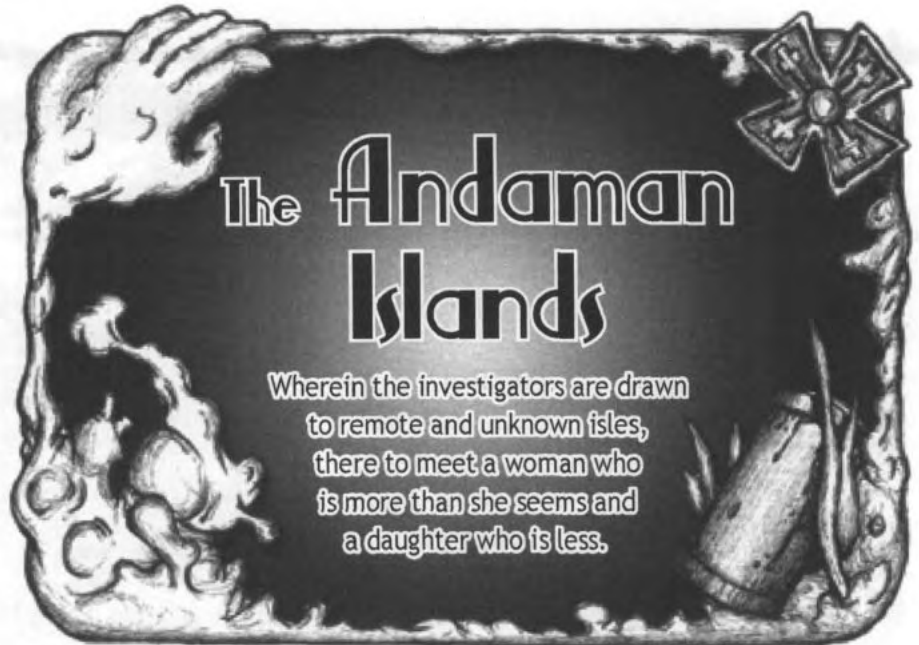
If the investigators fail to destroy the cult and Colin Baxter apparently commits suicide (actually murdered in his cell by Morris Packard), they lose an additional 0/1D3 Sanity points.

If the investigators have not yet made the trip to the Andaman Islands, the ship and crew of *Palencia* may be made available for their use. This is definitely the case if they saved Colin Baxter from a murder conviction.





ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA



The Andaman Islands

Wherein the investigators are drawn to remote and unknown isles, there to meet a woman who is more than she seems and a daughter who is less.

Read the following passages aloud to the players, or photocopy it and hand it out, or interpolate it into the narrative as you see fit. This is background that any competent investigator should know.

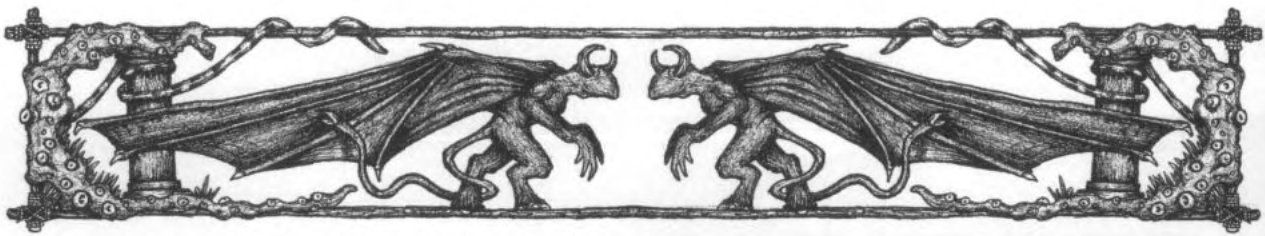
The Andamans are a narrow chain of islands, 219 miles long and up to 32 miles wide. They are 120 miles south of Burma and 590 miles southeast of India, located in the Bay of Bengal. In the 1920's, this island group (along with the more southerly Nicobars) is under the jurisdiction of the Viceroy of India. Big and small, the Andaman Islands number 204, of which five large, closely-linked islands form Greater Andama, separated from Little Andaman by the 32 miles of water of the Duncan Passage.

Greater Andaman consists of a mass of hills enclosing very narrow valleys, all covered with dense jungle. The highest point is Saddle Peak in the east, at 2400 feet. By contrast, Little Andaman is practically flat. Neither island group benefits from rivers or even perennial streams. Treacherous mangrove swamps line their shores.

Large predators are absent but the investigators are sure to see all manner of bats, rats, spiders, turtles, *dugongs*, small wild pigs, and even a breed of native cat. They will also see two-lined monitors, the second largest living members of the lizard family, which reach lengths of eight to nine feet. Insects, both crawling and flying, are ubiquitous. The temperature is mild (average yearly range is 64–92°F), and the annual rainfall is 135 inches, about three times that of New York City. Except for the months of October and March, the islands are hit by daily monsoons.

The native residents of these islands are somewhat primitive Negritos, short of stature, believed to have dwelt here since the Pleistocene. Uniquely among modern man, they have no knowledge of building fire, and must keep their fires continually burning. They are divided into twelve tribes, each speaking variations of a single basic language which is related to no known tongue. Andaman islanders have long held reputations as vicious killers and cannibals. For centuries, sailors shipwrecked on these shores were systematically slain. However, the islanders consistently deny the untruthful charge of cannibalism. A persistent policy of conciliation has partly tamed these peoples, so that by the mid-1920's stranded travelers need no longer fear the Andamanese except in the most remote parts of the islands.

In 1789, the British formed a colony they called Port Cornwallis at the present site of Port Blair. This colony failed badly, and within seven years the colonists were recalled to India. In 1839, a German doctor was killed and later, in 1844, two British



troop ships were wrecked here. The islanders killed many stragglers. After the Indian Mutiny of 1857 was quelled, Port Blair was established near the site of the first colony, but this time a good distance from a salt marsh believed to have been a source of pestilence. Since that time, Britain has used the islands as a penal colony—transported criminals were forced to live and work here. Those sentenced to long terms were sometimes allowed to send for their wives and children. In 1921, this transportation of convicts officially ceased, though occasionally criminals are still sent here.

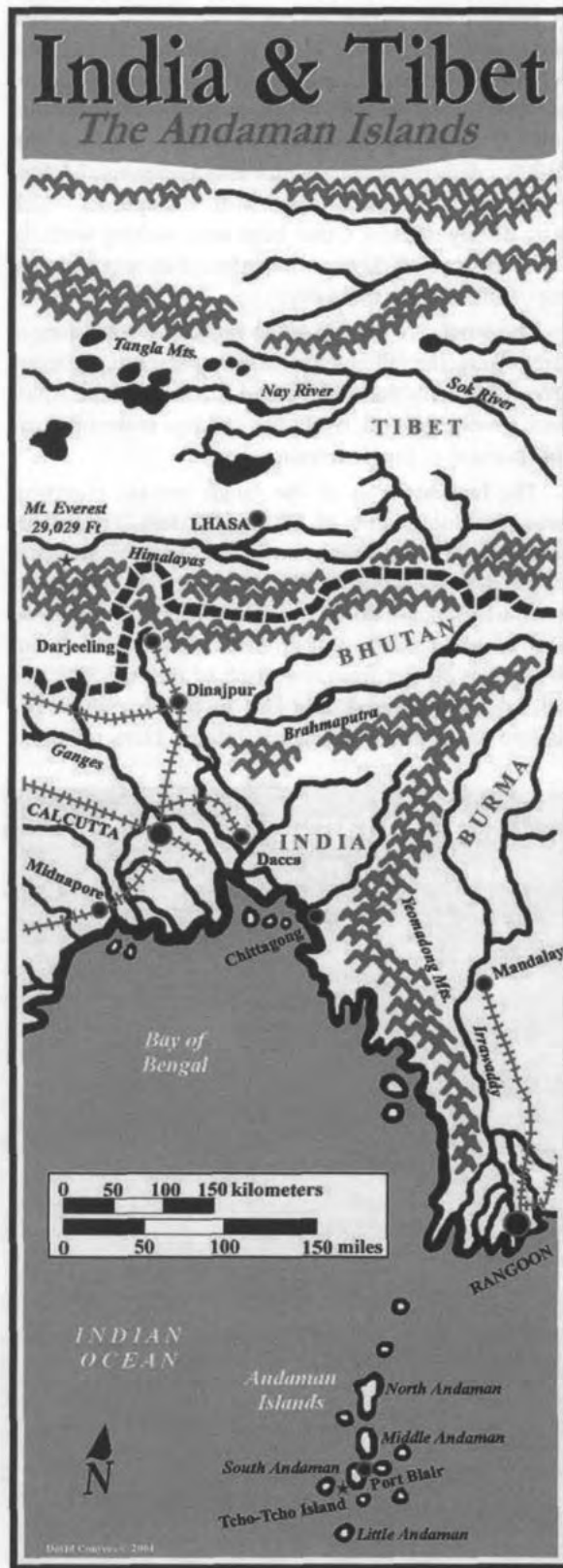
The present convict population numbers 7,000, including wives and children along with a number of free-borns. There are also a few immigrants from Natal and a batch of Karens who work in the forests harvesting trees. All of these people live in close proximity to Port Blair and rarely venture far from the colony.

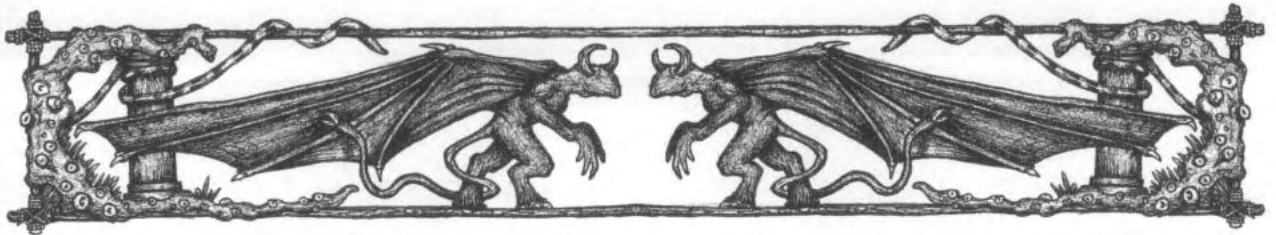
The present economy involves the exportation of exotic lumber such as zebrawood, red padouk, and satinwood. Crops of coffee, cocoa, tea, and coconuts are also grown and exported for sale. All trade is overseen by a British commissioner residing at Port Blair, who has full responsibility for the administration of both the Andamans and the Nicobars, and personally commands a staff of Europeans and a garrison of British and Indian troops. A small battalion of Indian police handle security.

The Andaman Islands are nearly halfway around the world from the East Coast of the United States—a distance of over 10,000 miles. If the investigators are given use of Colin Baxter's ship in St. Augustine, they can get to the Andamans in three to four weeks. If they have to find other means of travel, they'll need to sail to Calcutta first, as most shipping to and from the islands is carried on through this port. Here the player characters can book passage on a freighter for a voyage of 1D6+1 days, varying with how many stops the ship must make.

Tropical Asian Jungles

The jungles of Asia include tropical forests, monsoon forests, and coastal mangrove swamps which stretch from the Indian Empire, Siam, French Indochina, China, and the archipelagoes of the Federated Malay States and Dutch East Indies. The word jungle itself derives from the Hindi word *jangal* which means "impenetrable forest". The jungles of the Andaman Islands are no different.





For humans, jungles are one of the most inhospitable environments on earth. Many an explorer has perished beneath green jungle canopies. It is an environment of hot humid weather with temperatures hovering around 80°F (27°C) during the day and only slightly less at night. Rain is a daily occurrence which falls as torrential downpours. The air is always thick with mosquitoes which carry deadly malaria. Other bugs leave welting wounds. Open cuts can quickly become infected since it is almost impossible to keep them dry.

The jungle is a mass of green vegetation consisting of three layers, the tall emergent trees at the top, the ever-green canopy in the middle, and the forest floor. Apart from muddy ground, rivers and swamps make up a sizable portion of jungle terrain.

The highest levels of the jungle are tall emergent trees reaching heights of 200 to 230 feet. These trees have straight trunks with few or no leaves or branches for much of their height. Their bases consist of buttress roots, which curve down from the trunk to form lateral roots which run at or near ground height spreading out as much as 30 feet from the trunk of the tree. The tree tops are cauliflower-shaped crowns that rise above the canopy where there is bright sunlight. Here tempera-

tures are hotter and drier. This is the realm of bats, hornbills and other birds.

The next layer is the forest canopy, prominent at heights of 80 to 150 feet above ground level. This is the true roof of the jungle with crowns of the trees ranging 20 to 24 feet. Such trees grow thickly, blocking as much as ninety-eight percent of all sunlight that might otherwise reach the forest floor. The canopy also lessens the impact of heavy rainfall and high winds protecting the more delicate flora and fauna under the canopy. Many of the animals that live in the forest canopy are invisible to explorers on the forest floor but life is here in abundance, for this is the home of orangutans, gibbons, flying tree snakes, birds, bats, termites and ants, bees, frogs and pythons.

At ground level there is the forest floor where thousands of species of plants compete for light to grow. Beneath the earth are the infertile soils; it is the rotting vegetation just above it where nutrients build, feeding the ever-present new growths. Fungus grows in decaying matter, lichens and mosses are common, and epiphytes (air plants) sprout on the trunks and branches of larger trees. On the mainland the forest floor is home to mammals such as tigers, elephants, deer and tapirs. In all Asian jungles smaller ground dwelling animals such as lizards, caterpillars and worms are abundant.

The final layer of the jungle is where water collects, such as in stagnant ponds, swamps and rivers. Due to the huge amount of rain that falls in the jungle, there will always be water dripping from higher layers keeping the jungle wet. When this water reaches the earth, it drains into streams that form rivers outputting vast amounts of fresh water that finally makes its way to the ocean. On sheltered tropical coastlines or on river estuaries, deep layers of mud and silt accumulate, creating mangroves. Oxygen in the water is poor here, especially in salt water, so roots are often exposed to the air to counteract this effect. Living in the fresh water rivers are thousands of varieties of fish and floating plants. Joining them are amphibians, tortoises, and frogs and, in larger bodies of water, alligators and crocodiles.

The Andaman Islanders

Andamanese are small. The average male is 4'10", and the average female 4'6". The men are considered quite handsome by Western standards, but not so the women, who are described as rather prognathous and coarse-featured. The islanders lack the means to create fire, and so carefully tend fires started by lightning or other natural means. The men craft and carry beautiful hunting bows, and most are excellent shots. A widow advertises her available status by wearing the skull of her deceased husband on her shoulder.

The Onge (an Andamanese people) living near Baxter's clinic have all been received into the Catholic faith. (The islanders giggled throughout the ceremony.) However, they are a superstitious lot who protect themselves from spirits by covering their bodies with white clay and red paint, or by scarification. Rituals include group dancing and weeping.

TYPICAL ANDAMANESE MALE

STR 09	CON 12	SIZ 07	INT 13	POW 12
DEX 13	APP 12	EDU 01	SAN 60	HP 10

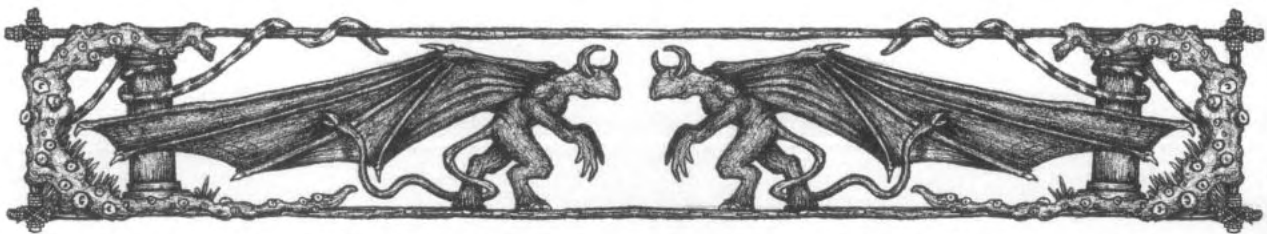
Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Weapon: Hunting Bow 85%, damage 1D6 + 1 - 1D2

Skills: Climb 85%, Conceal 80%, Dodge 65%, Hide 90%, Jump 75%, Listen 85%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 85%, Track 90%.

About Cynthia Baxter

The Andaman Islands are home to Cynthia Baxter, daughter of the late Philip Baxter of Providence, Rhode Island. She has resided in the Andamans for many years and is one of the few foreigners to have lived among the islanders for any length of time. Whether the investigators already suspect that she was connected to the death



of her father depends on the clues they have discovered in other chapters of this campaign.

Baxter is a large woman, big-boned and slightly overweight. Her mouse-brown hair is kept short and mostly hidden by her pith helmet. This, along with her boots, knee socks, and khaki skirt and shirt, gives the impression of a down-to-earth individual. Her voice is high-pitched and squeaky. She is very near-sighted and always wears small rimless spectacles.

Born July 18, 1885, she was only seven years old when her mother died in giving birth to a premature son, Colin. After her recovery from a near-fatal spider bite at the age of twelve Cynthia, with the encouragement of her Uncle Julian, began to regularly attend Catholic Mass and for a time considered becoming a nun.

The idea was short-lived, however, and with her uncle as inspiration she began to plan a medical career. She entered college in 1903 and was able to finish her training due to Julian's intercession on her behalf, as he used his influence to ease her path and eliminate pitfalls. For this, she was deeply grateful. She decided to please her uncle by becoming a medical missionary, carrying modern medicine and the word of God to poor ignorant savages.

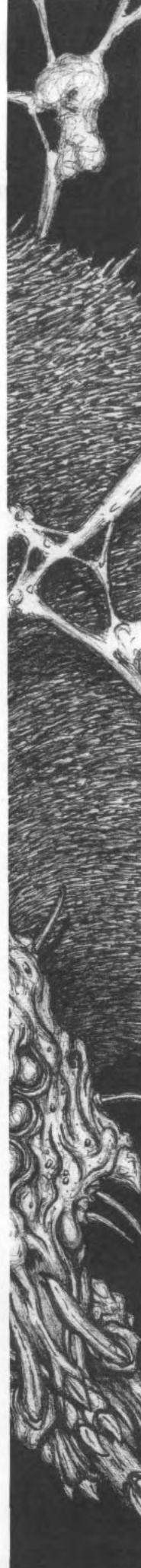
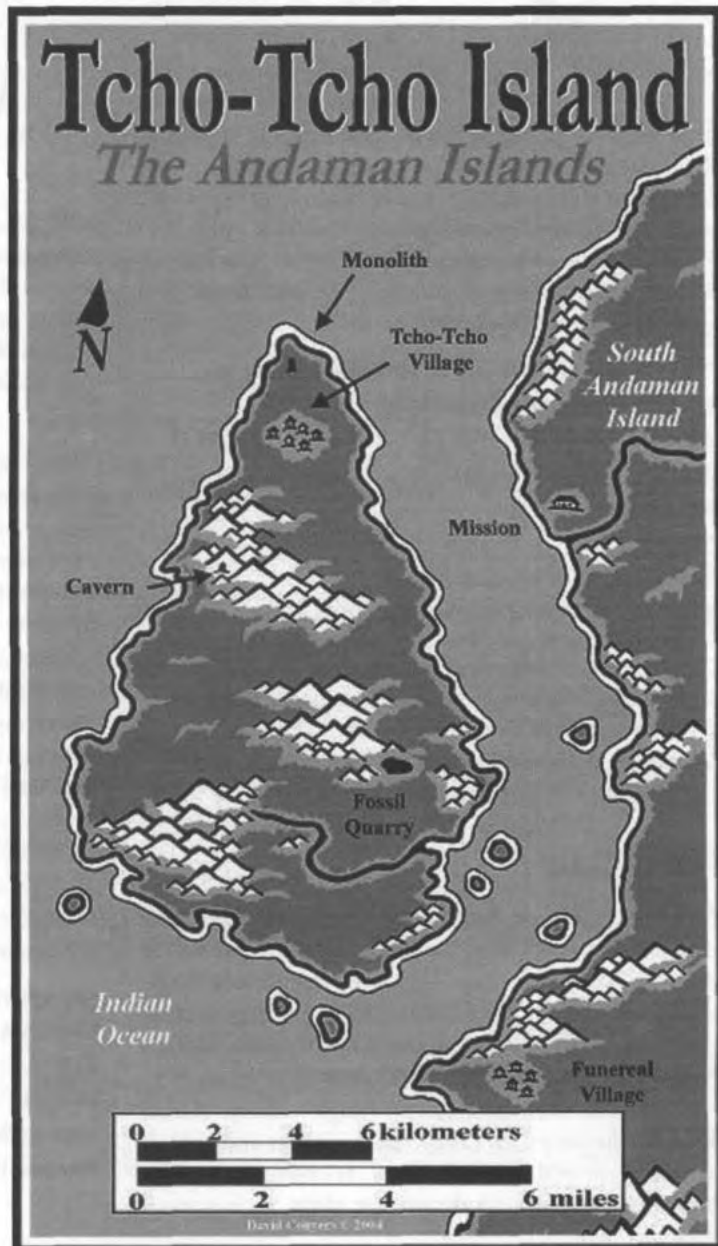
She left for the British-controlled Andaman Islands in 1913, and soon established a small clinic on South Andaman. Offering gifts of food and medicine she was able to establish friendly relations with the natives, and soon convinced a number of them to either travel to Port Blair for baptism into the Catholic faith, or to do so when a priest next visited the mission.

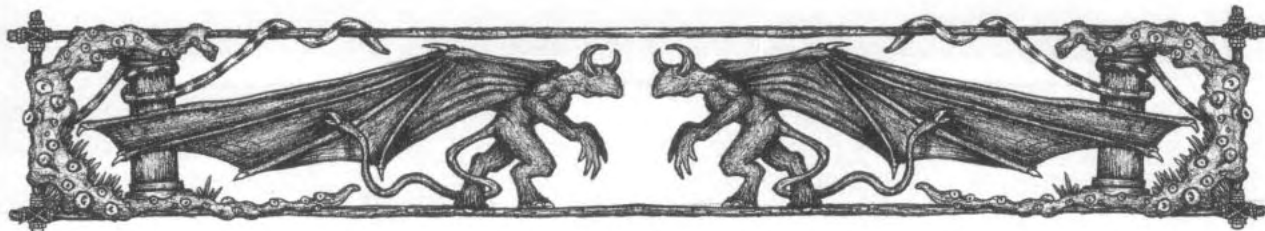
In 1918 Cynthia Baxter was kidnapped and held captive by loathsome Tcho-Tchos who dwelled on a small island across the narrow strait from the mission. The Tcho-Tcho priest perceived that Cynthia bore the mark of the spider. During and after the abduction, she fell from her faith. He trained her in the nature and doctrine of Atlach-Nacha, one of the Tcho-Tchos' terrifying gods, and she was brainwashed and converted to the worship of the spider god.

The Tcho-Tcho priest knew the Dreamlands well (his dream-self was a terri-

ble dark dwarf). In the Dreamlands, Philip Baxter and the Tuesday Night Academy's activities came to his attention. Threatened by their discoveries and potential for further discovery, the priest tried to halt the work of the Academy, using Cynthia as an intermediary. It was he who had her ship the coconuts and deadly spider to her father.

Cynthia Baxter presents herself to visitors as the dedicated servant of God, on a mission to save the savages. She won't hint about the Tcho-Tchos or the





Cynthia Baxter

approach of Nemesis, but she will be quite suspicious of strangers who have traveled so far just to see her.

She is truly dedicated to the service of Atlach-Nacha. The only person who might turn her from her course would be her Uncle Julian, an unlikely visitor to the Andamans.

If her brother Colin makes the trip, he does so to little effect. She is as cold and brusque to him as she is to the investigators. In private, she taunts Colin's sinful ways and his failure to make his way in the world. He is morose after emerging from their talk. After sailing so far, he is now eager to leave. If he is captured and present after her transformation, she will mock him again and then eat his brain.

CYNTHIA BAXTER, age 42 or 43 (born July 18), Secretly Worships Atlach-Nacha

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 16 POW 18
DEX 12 APP 08 EDU 20 SAN 0 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: none.

Spell: Dread Curse of Azathoth.

Skills: Anthropology 25%, Astronomy 10%, Bargain 25%, Biology 30%, Botany 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dodge 24%, First Aid 60%, Geology 10%, Hide 60%, Library Use 75%, Medicine 45%, Persuade 25%, Pharmacy 65%, Psychology 35%, Swim 75%, Zoology 15%.

Languages: Andamanese (various dialects) 45%, English 58% (much has been forgotten) Latin 15%.

Port Blair

Port Blair is also on South Andaman Island, but many miles further south than the Baxter mission and on the other side of the island. The port offers a safe deep-water anchorage in the islands. Unless the keeper rules otherwise, even if the investigators are on Colin Baxter's *SS Palencia*, they must disembark here.

Port Blair itself is a sleepy jungle colony, beaten down by the perpetual rains. There are bars and restaurant-bars, several general stores, boarding houses, a good hospital, fuel oil depots for ships, a few small

docks and machine shops, a few fishing boats, and dozens of short wave radios mostly tuned to the BBC.



Major Ashley Nichols

Major Nichols

The island commission is Major Ashley Nichols, a British Foreign Officer who has been stationed here for four years. Nichols has met Cynthia Baxter only twice, as she rarely travels to Port Blair, and he has never traveled that far north.

He is happy to make the acquaintance of civilized Westerners and will place his services and those of the British Government at their disposal. If the investigators have letters of recommendation or other convincing documents, he will allow the party access to the unclassified section of his office's records. A successful **Library Use** roll yields *Azathoth Papers #42*; see it on page 100.

Two Helpful Guides

If the investigators request, Major Nichols provides the group with a pair of Indian guides (transported convicts) who can lead them through the jungle to Baxter's compound. The guides that Nichols chooses are Sikander and Mahbub.

Nichols states that the Andamanese are sometimes unfriendly, and makes a point of telling the player characters that a pair of recently escaped transportees are believed to be hiding out in the north. Nichols expects that they'll soon return to Port Blair to turn themselves in, but he warns the investigators that the two were convicted of murder and should be considered dangerous.

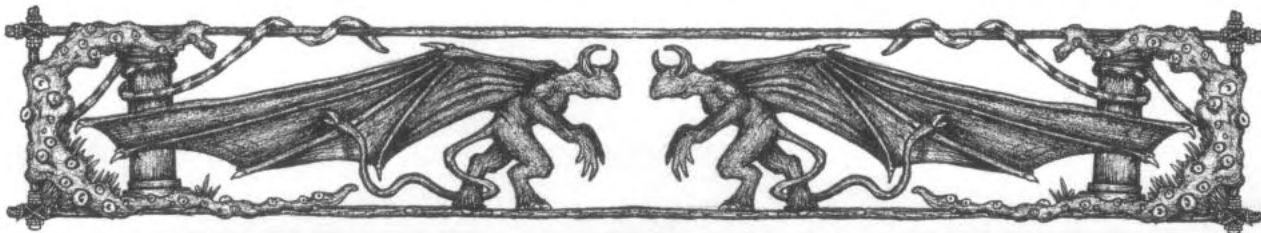
The keeper may use these villains as desired; no statistics for them or other references exist. For statistics, rename Sikander and Mahbub.

SIKANDER, age 32, Loves His Wife and Three Children

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 09 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 13 EDU 06 SAN 45 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Butcher Knife 45%, damage 1D6



Selected Connections for "St. Augustine"

Paper #	Clue or Lead	Obtained from	Leads to
#42	missionary kidnapped	Commissioner's Report, 1918	Cynthia Baxter went voluntarily with the tribespeople and was returned unharmed
#33	chronology of events	Mission Journal by Cynthia Baxter, 1916, 1917	taught by tribespeople, Silas Patterson visits, Yog-Sothoth topic

Skills: Bargain 15%, Climb 75%, Dodge 65%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 35%, Jump 45%, Listen 45%, Pick Pocket 75%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 55%, Swim 50%.

Languages: Andamanese 15%, English 35%, Hindi 55%, Onge 08%.

Sikander is a Hindu whose wife and three children live with him on the island. He has been here for eight years and speaks better English than Mahbub. He was transported from India because he stole a horse. He is basically trustworthy, but if the chance is offered, Sikander will steal one of the investigators' firearms and hide it in the jungle, returning at a later date to retrieve it. Possession of a weapon is against the law, but there is no malign intent in his actions. He wishes to protect his family from other convicts.



Sikander

Languages: Andamanese 35%, Arabic 20%, English 15%, Urdu 40%.

Mahbub was transported from Delhi more than twenty years ago for the jealous murder he committed. In the past he endlessly plotted escapes from these islands, but the spark has gone out of him. He speaks less English than Sikander, and is neither garrulous nor energetic. He practices no religion.

Through the Jungle?



Mahbub

Cynthia Baxter's mission is located on the western side of South Andaman about forty miles northwest of Port Blair. If the keeper has let them have their own ship or has allowed them to rent some sort of craft at Port Blair, they can sail around the tip of the island and up the coast in less than a day, anchoring not far from the mission.

If not, the group must go overland. The journey by foot takes three or four days. For £3 per investigator, Sikander and Mahbub strike a deal to do all the work of renting and handling horses, finding the way, setting up and breaking camp, building fires, and preparing food for everyone. (If they can hire saddle horses, the trip to the mission takes two days, and the cost is the same.)

First the party travels timber roads, then footpaths. Before the first day is over they find themselves strug-

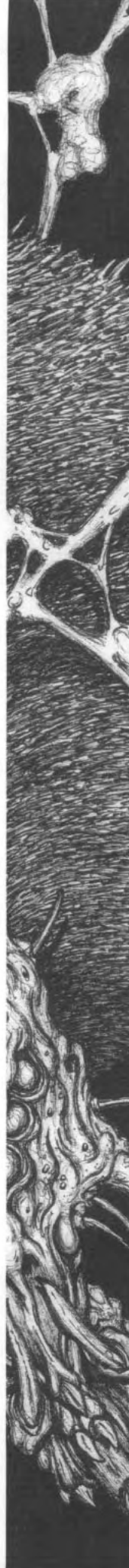
MAHBUB, age 41, Convicted Murderer and Lone Wolf

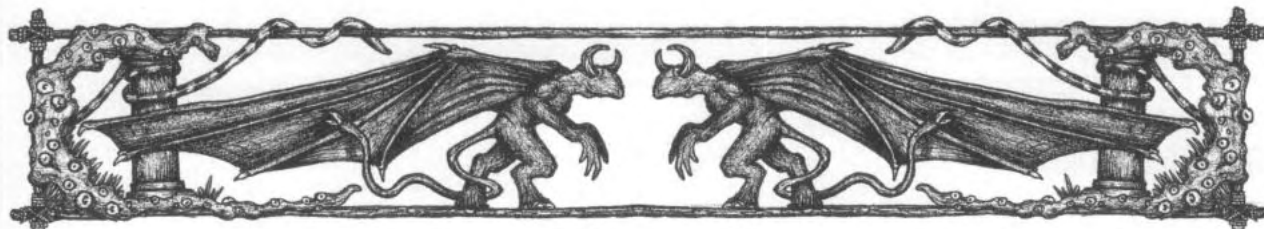
STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 11 POW 09
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 04 SAN 40 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Butcher Knife 85%, damage 1D6 + 1D4

Skills: Bargain 20%, Climb 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 06%, Dodge 45%, Hide 55%, Jump 35%, Pick Pocket 25%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 55%, Swim 05%.





gling through thick growths and shallow swamps. The keeper can gleefully discuss leeches when a stream must be forded, and the ever-presence of deadly snakes. Did everyone shake out the poisonous insects from their boots before putting in their feet?

On the last day of the trek, about two hours after the expedition has broken camp, the investigators notice a small clearing in the jungle about fifty feet ahead. From it, a loud buzzing sound emanates—like a huge insect or many smaller ones. If they approach the clearing, they find the remains of a tiny village, which Mahbub identifies as Andamanese.

The buzzing sound emanates from a nearby tree where, about twenty-five feet off the ground, the group sees what appears to be a six-foot-square platform built of tree boughs. A terrible stench of decay as well as the buzzing sound comes from this platform. A player character wishing to investigate the platform needs a successful **Climb** roll to reach the platform and look around.

Although the Andamanese normally bury their dead, if a particularly revered chief dies, they wrap the

corpse in leaves and place the body high in a tree. Then they abandon their village for at least three months. Atop this platform is a rotted human form, the whole mass undulating with the movement of the thousands of insects that swarm to devour the corpse.

This was a campsite of the Jarawas, another Andamanese tribe. Jarawa hunters return occasionally to check on this body, that of their chief, and if they find the platform disturbed, they will track down the player characters and try to kill them. The Andamanese easily recognize the shoe prints of the investigators and have little trouble discovering their whereabouts.

As long as no one actually disturbs the body, however, the Jarawas make no reprisals. A few hours past this camp, the investigators arrive at Cynthia Baxter's mission clinic.

The Mission

The mission is about a hundred yards from the sea, on well drained ground, and the area is kept cleared of veg-

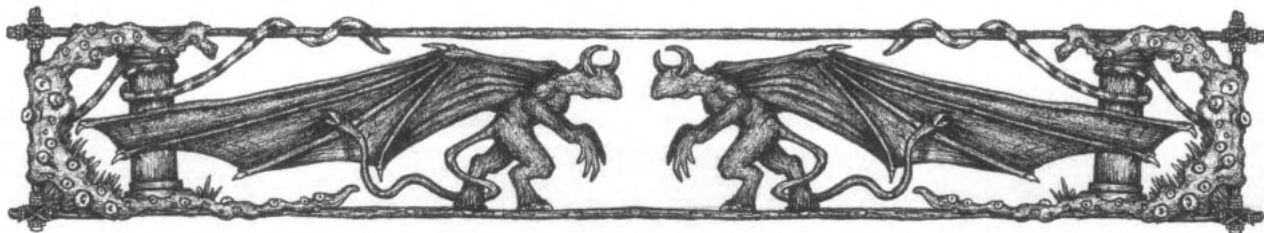
Azathoth Papers #42

Records of His Majesty's Island Commissioner for the
Andaman Islands

Tales reached me recently claiming that Cynthia Baxter, a medical missionary, had been kidnapped by a tribe of islanders living near her mission. The local natives say that these other tribespeople are not true Andamanese, for they speak a different language and also differ in appearance.

A patrol was sent to investigate. Upon questioning the Onge tribesmen who live near the mission, the patrol received quite a different story. According to the local witch doctor, Miss Baxter was at first unwilling to accompany the Tcho-Tchos but after discussion with their headman, she agreed to accompany them and voluntarily entered the canoe. Miss Baxter returned unharmed the next day.

--Col. Leslie Talbot, Aug. 31, 1918.



etation. Across nearly a mile of water the investigators see an island, six to eight miles long and covered with dense jungle.

Baxter's mission consists of a single wooden building raised on stilts, surrounded by a number of the islanders' simple huts. About two dozen Andamanese belonging to the Onge tribe live here as well. When the investigators arrive, most of the Andamanese are present as well as Cynthia Baxter, who may or may not have known that the group was coming.

The missionary Baxter welcomes the visitors and ensures that they have a proper place to pitch their tents. She introduces them to some of the Onge, a few of whom speak halting English. If the investigators get the opportunity to search her quarters, they find, stuck away in a cabinet, Cynthia Baxter's journal, dating back to her arrival in 1913; see *Azathoth Papers* #33 below.

The keeper can draw the player characters and Colin Baxter onto Tcho-Tcho island in one of several ways. An Onge can tell the group that Tcho-Tchos have taken Cynthia to the island. Or perhaps Cynthia arranges for Colin to be seized and taken for sacrifice. If a player char-

acter stands guard while the party ransacks Cynthia's mission, then that person could be seized along with Cynthia, and so on. Remember that Cynthia goes here to achieve transformation—any player character taken is at most fuel for Cynthia Baxter's metamorphosis.

To reach the island, the investigators probably will have to negotiate with the Onge who reside at the mission. The Onge have large canoes that they use when fishing. Sikander and Mahbub each know a little Onge, and can converse very well in Andamanese. If using their Onge, they may inadvertently agree to something during negotiations that the investigators will not find to their liking, if only they knew it. This shoe waiting to drop might range from giving the Onge all their weapons, to group marriage, to chopping down trees to replace canoes lost at Tcho-Tcho island. The one thing all the Onge refuse is paper currency. They have heard about this stuff, and it seems ridiculous.

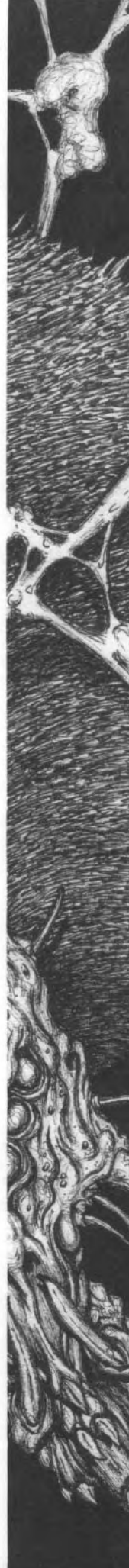
Though an Onge will happily dance on a Tcho-Tcho's grave, all the Onge know the Tcho-Tchos to be tough opponents in a fight, and that frequently Bazz the leader can launch terrifying magic. Consequently,

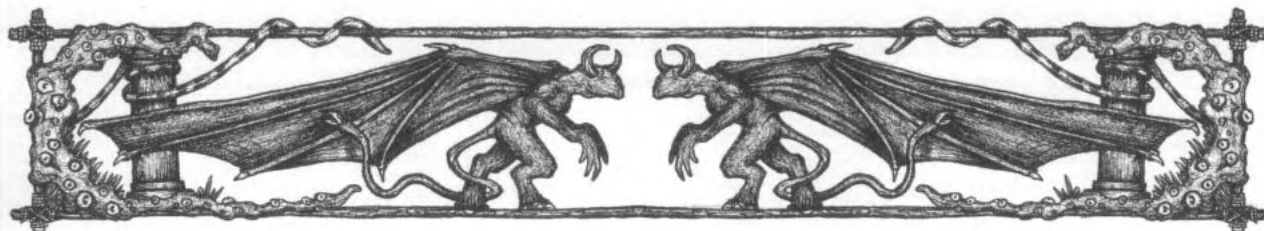
Azathoth Papers #33: Excerpts from the Mission Journal of Cynthia Baxter

SEPT. 3, 1916 — The most extraordinary event has taken place. I visited the island across the strait. For so long I have wanted to reach the people living there and teach them all my college-trained wisdom. Now I am the pupil. They taught me new things, and helped me remember old things—events that took place in my childhood but had been all but forgotten in the delusions I have suffered these past years. The truth will be soon known to all. A new sun shall appear in the sky.

OCT. 11, 1917 — We had a visitor, a strange little man named Silas Patterson who claimed to be an acquaintance of Uncle Julian. He is an anthropologist and he stayed here at the mission for several days studying the Onge, but it was clear he was more interested in my friends across the strait. He wanted to borrow a canoe to visit them, but decided against it when we told him how vicious the island people are when aroused. I suppose he's harmless enough, but I feel better now that he's gone.

NOV. 12, 1917 — Today I visited the island people. Learned about Yog-Sothoth.





the Onge abandon the player characters whenever a fight with the Tcho-Tchos seems likely. To melt into the forest or to paddle away without a word is simply good business. They'll do it in the wink of an eye.

Tcho-Tcho Island

This small jungle island is across the strait from the Baxter mission. The investigators probably won't have time to check out this place before Cynthia is "kidnapped". If your player characters do decide to visit the island, you may need to adjust the situation.

The Tcho-Tcho village is a huddle of rude shacks inhabited by ten Tcho-Tcho males, six females, and three children. Racially, they superficially resemble the Andamanese. However, their skins are much lighter, and their features more Asian. On sight, the Tcho-Tchos attack any investigators they meet on their island. If they find a trail left by investigators, they'll try to track down the party and ambush them, to capture the player characters for sacrifice.

The Tcho-Tcho Priest



Bazz, the
Tcho-Tcho Priest

The eldest of the Tcho-Tcho colony in the Andamans. In combat, he hangs back to cast spells while his comrades fight and die. If a battle goes against him, he'll try to escape to the quarry, where he casts Summon/Bind Child of Atlach-Nacha to resurrect fossil spiders to send against his foes. After Baxter's metamorphosis, the priest wears her molted skin. Witnesses

to this disgusting sight lose 1/1D6 Sanity points each.

TCHO-TCHO PRIEST, "Bazz," age 70, Priest and Clan Leader

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 08 INT 15 POW 26
DEX 15 APP 07 EDU 0 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Hunting Bow* 75%, damage 1D6+1 + poisoned arrowhead POT 12

Leather Scourge** 75%, damage 1D3

* Arrow points are dipped into POT 12 narcotic poison, to be matched against **victim CON on the Resistance Table**. Failing the match, the victim falls into a deep sleep in 1D6 minutes, and he or she cannot be awakened by any means for 1D3 hours. If a victim resists the poison, reduce his or her CON by 6 for purposes of resisting further doses of this poison.

** Tcho-Tcho scourges are essentially bullwhips laced with bamboo splinters and soaked in a bitter alkaloid venom. Anyone losing a hit point or more to one of these whips loses an extra hit point each 1D6 rounds after the initial blow until the wound has been cleaned with a successful **First Aid roll**. The weapon's lash varies from five to eight feet in length, as the owner prefers.

Spells: Contact Atlach-Nacha, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Summon / Bind Child of Atlach-Nacha, Wither Limb.

Skills: Climb 55%, Conceal 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 22%, Dodge 35%, Hide 90%, Hypnosis 65%, Jump 45%, Listen 90%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 65%, Track 70%.

AVERAGE TCHO-TCHO HUNTER

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 07 INT 12 POW 12
DEX 15 APP 08 EDU 0 SAN 0 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Hunting Bow 80%, damage 1D6+1 + POT 12 arrowhead

Leather Scourge 75%, damage 1D3 + alkaloid venom (see Priest stat)

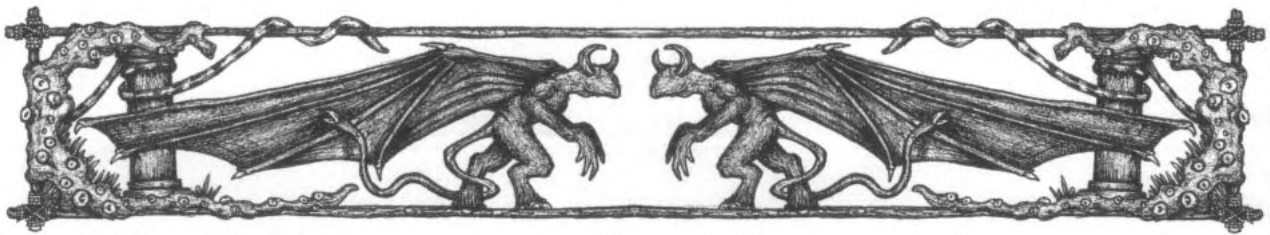
Spells: none.

Skills: Climb 80%, Conceal 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 65%, Hide 80%, Jump 65%, Listen 80%, Sneak 85%, Spot Hidden 75%, Track 90%.

The Obelisk

In a clearing near the village rises a black stone monolith, a twenty-foot needle carved from a single block of stone. Though time has weathered it, most of the carvings covering it still can be read. Most sections of the obelisk are covered with precise geometric designs that disturb the eye: If the needle is looked at from the corner of the eye, these geometries seem to whirl and pulse, though the action ceases when stared at directly. Additionally, if anyone puts an ear to the stone, a slow rhythmic throbbing is apparent, costing the listener 0/1D3 Sanity points.

Large round stones, which look as though they are of much earlier make, are placed about the obelisk. Most bear crude figures, rude depictions of spiders apparently hunting and feasting upon tiny humans, while comets and shooting stars can be seen in the heavens above.



The Metamorphosis

On the night of Cynthia Baxter's transformation, as soon as it is dark, two Tcho-Tchos leave their island by dugout canoe and by arrangement, meet Cynthia Baxter on the shore. She boards the canoe and is quickly rowed to the island. The trio disembark at the north point of Tcho-Tcho Island, then follow a trail to the site of the obelisk.

Flaming torches light the obelisk and its clearing. Preliminary ceremonies have already taken place. Bound to a wooden stake near the obelisk are the two escaped prisoners about whom the investigators were warned in Port Blair, along with any male investigators who have been captured. These unfortunates are to be ceremonially wedded to the future Daughter of Atlach-Nacha, then eaten by her.

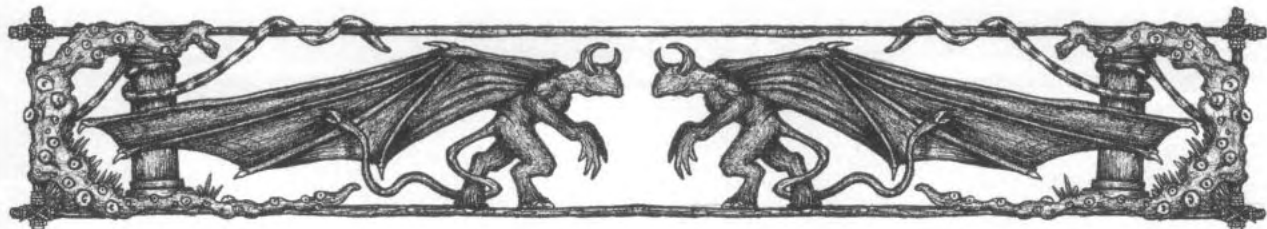
Female investigators who have been captured are securely bound with vines and kept in the village until the ceremony ends. Later, they are to be gruesomely slain and ceremonially eaten by the Tcho-Tchos.

Almost immediately after her arrival, Baxter removes her clothing and strikes a stance in front of the obelisk. As the priest chants, her body sways in rhythm to the Tcho-Tcho's song. She then slowly bends forward. Anyone can see that the woman's back has swelled incredibly. Suddenly the skin along her spine splits wide open, revealing a shiny black surface that pulses horribly. From this opening, a wet slimy form begins to emerge—Cynthia's new self. This huge spider is almost completely black except for the swollen, pulsing abdomen, which is streaked with green and gold.

As the wrinkling, empty skin of Cynthia Baxter is pushed forward, multiple legs spill out from the discarded molt, waving feebly as the spider-thing pushes its way clear. The Tcho-Tcho priest dons Cynthia's discarded husk and continues



Cynthia Baxter's Transformation



to wear it throughout the rest of this adventure. Witnessing Cynthia's metamorphosis costs 1/1D8 Sanity points.

DAUGHTER OF ATLACH-NACHA, the Former Cynthia Baxter

STR 22 CON 18 SIZ 18 INT 09 POW 12
DEX 10 MOV 05 HP 18

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapon: Bite 75%, damage 1D10 + POT 20 venom*

* If the venom overcomes the target's CON, he or she is immediately numbed and remains so for 1D6 hours.

Armor: 5 hit points for the spider's hard shell.

Sanity Loss: Costs 1/1D8 Sanity points. Seeing Cynthia's molt costs an additional 1/1D8 Sanity points.

By dawn, Cynthia Baxter's new form has hardened properly, allowing her to move freely. In the meantime, she occupies herself by feeding on the sacrifices. Helped by the Tcho-Tchos, she drags herself from victim to victim, to sink her curved brown fangs into the backs of their necks. Her venom paralyzes the victim almost instantly, and the former Cynthia proceeds to devour the flesh of the victim's head and eventually—via the now-empty eye sockets—to suck out the victim's brain. Each feast takes about twenty minutes. As the captives are dispatched one by one, the Tcho-Tchos untie the bodies from their poles and allow the skull headed corpses, still animate but now mindless, to wander off into the jungle.

When the sun rises, Cynthia's transformation is complete. She begins a trek across the island to the cavern of Atlach-Nacha, where she enters to join her father in the weaving of the great web. This journey takes her about three hours.

On the way, hordes of small, indigenous spiders crawl with her and around and over her. If the investigators attempt to follow the thing she has become, the hordes of tiny spiders in the surrounding jungle are clearly visible to them, too. All through the trek, spiders drop from tree limbs onto the player characters' shoulders, sneak up their skirts, and dangle on silk lines from their arms and ears. Any investigator who panics is bitten, perhaps many times. The spider bites are painful, and may cause swellings and local ulceration, but are not dangerous.

The Fossil Quarry

This is a small gorge near the center of the island, where sedimentary rocks have been uplifted and broken. A close inspection of the rift reveals dozens of fossils, mostly of prehistoric arthropods—scorpions, milli-

pedes, and even spiders not unlike the one the investigators may have discovered in the Baxter home. A successful **Geology or Paleontology** roll identifies the strata as early Mesozoic.

Most of the specimens are small, ranging from thumbnail-sized to huge specimens almost a foot across. One huge fossil is an extremely large spider. This horror out of time is almost six feet across (SIZ 14) and, if possible, will be resurrected by the Tcho-Tcho priest and sent against the investigators. The priest cannot activate a damaged specimen, so if the investigators choose to break up the exposed fossils (the large one in particular), they become useless to the priest.

The Caverns of Atlach-Nacha

Here is where the transformed Cynthia travels in search of her father, Atlach-Nacha. The mouth of the cave is at least twenty feet across, and it faces west. A thick growth of foliage, easily pushed aside, surrounds the cave mouth. Inside, the passage twists downward into the earth. If the investigators follow the Daughter, they can clearly see the fresh tracks of the crawling spider-thing in the floor of the cave.

Having followed Cynthia this far, the party can continue to track her into the inner cavern, or break off. At some point she will become aware of their pursuit, and decide to wait in ambush for them.

If the investigators explore the cavern on their own, they wander for nearly an hour before coming upon a vast chasm nearly filled with huge, ropy webs. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll identifies these webs as connected to a Great Old One. Their continued activity in these caverns alerts Atlach-Nacha himself, who comes to investigate.

Atlach-Nacha superficially resembles a huge and hideous black hairy spider with a strange remotely human face and little red eyes rimmed with hair.

ATLACH-NACHA, Great Old One, the Spider God

STR 30 CON 75 SIZ 25 INT 15 POW 30
DEX 25 MOV 15 HP 50

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Bite 60%, penetrates any armor and injects POT 35 paralyzing poison.

Cast Web 80%, damage entanglement with STR 30 web.

Armor: 12 points of chitin and fur. If hit points reach zero, it flees across its complex web to a secret lair where it heals.

Spells: all Contact spells.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D10 Sanity points to see Atlach-Nacha.



Encounters on Tcho-Tcho Island

Investigators who go to the island are likely to be discovered and attacked by the Tcho-Tchos on the island. Travel on the thickly forested island slows to a mile an hour. For the Tcho-Tchos, who know the island well, the rate is three miles an hour.

Every hour the investigators spend here gives a 15% chance that either they or their tracks are noticed by a Tcho-Tcho, who returns to the village and informs the tribe. Arming themselves, the Tcho-Tchos lunge into the forest, picking up the investigators' trail in hopes of attacking them. The time required for this depends on how far from the village the player characters land.

After Cynthia metamorphoses into the Daughter, there is an additional 15% chance per hour that the investigators encounter one of the skull-headed bodies released by the Tcho-Tchos after serving as food for the Daughter. Mindless and stumbling, these bodies topped with lolling, empty skulls can be seen staggering through the jungle. Crashing into trees and occasionally falling to the ground, the blood-soaked clothing and the white grinning sightless head cost viewers 0/1D6 Sanity points to see.

The skull-heads do not recognize or even perceive the investigators. Though they may seem to stumble toward the player characters at first, they pass right by the investigators as if in a daze. These bodies remain animated for 1D6 days, after which time they collapse and rot where they fall.

The Rescue

A distinct possibility exists that most or all of the investigator party will be captured by the Tcho-Tchos and bound to wooden posts to witness Baxter's transformation. Then, one by one, all would be sacrificed to the spider-thing's terrible appetite. Of course, the loss of many player characters need not prove fatal to your campaign. Your players may have back-up characters waiting in Boston or elsewhere to take on the struggle.

If the keeper needs to organize a rescue, or if one or more characters have not been caught and they wish to organize a rescue, it does not prove difficult to alert the Onge clan back at the mission. The Onge have no qualms about murder, especially the murder of Tcho-Tchos, and would be particularly pleased to be led in a vicious attack by a well-armed investigator. If the loathsome Tcho-Tchos have captured all the investigators, and the keeper feels kind, perhaps the Onge could send a rescue party on their own initiative, in a misguided attempt to save Cynthia Baxter.

If the Onge attack the Tcho-Tcho priest immediately orders the ceremony abandoned, and all the Tcho-Tchos flee. Before the Onge arrive see to it that the Daughter eats at least one or two investigators. The Onge quickly cut loose all surviving player characters.

Meanwhile the Tcho-Tchos (all but the priest) help the Daughter to the cavern of Atlach-Nacha to join her father. If the tribe sees that they are followed, many of them lie in ambush to attack pursuing player characters from the shadows of the trees. The investigators may wish to pursue the Tcho-Tchos and the Daughter, but the Onge refuse to pursue them into jungle that they do not know.

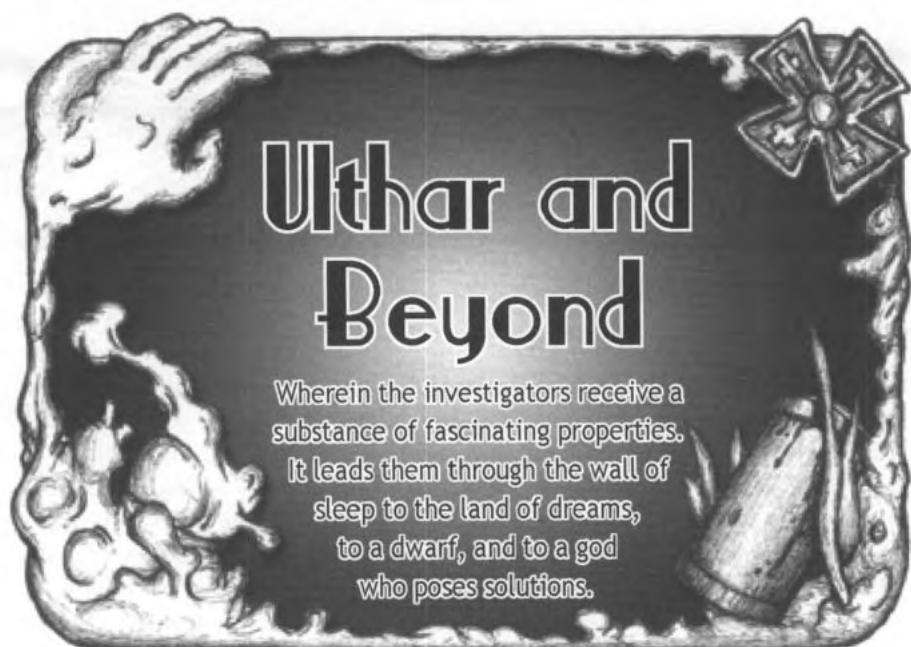
The priest travels alone to the quarry, to resurrect the giant fossil spider and set it against the investigators.

Conclusion

Aside from clues and information regarding the approach of Azathoth and the murder of Philip Baxter, the investigators have Sanity points restored for breaking up the Tcho-Tcho colony—2D6 Sanity points each for all who set foot on Tcho-Tcho island.

If the player characters somehow prevent Cynthia Baxter's metamorphosis into the Daughter, and bring her back to civilization, she'll eventually respond to psychiatric or psychoanalytic treatment and recover her true identity. This brings an additional reward of 1D8 Sanity points.





Ulthar and Beyond

Wherein the investigators receive a substance of fascinating properties. It leads them through the wall of sleep to the land of dreams, to a dwarf, and to a god who poses solutions.

Presumably the investigators have a little Dreamlands experience and, from reading Philip Baxter's dream-journal, understand that he, too, has discovered the place. Further clues in Baxter's diary reveal that he had intended to visit the Dreamlands again on the night of his supposed death. The dreamers should be able to find their way to Ulthar, where there are further clues to Philip's fate.

If the keeper is unfamiliar with the sourcebook *H. P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands* published by Chaosium, a nearby summary "The Dreamlands and Its Effects" supplies the most important information for Dreamlands play.

Only player characters whose Sanity and Cthulhu Mythos percentiles total at least 75 can enter the Dreamlands. Nonetheless, the keeper may allow to pass into the Dreamlands whomever he chooses for the purpose of play. If a player introduces some character who will not do, then he or she must nominate another character, or must create a new player character.

If a player character passes the keeper's inspection, but has no points in Dream Lore or some other useful skill, the keeper would not be wrong to add 1D10 percentiles of Dream Lore. "After all, you already dream, don't you?"

The Dreamlands and Its Effects

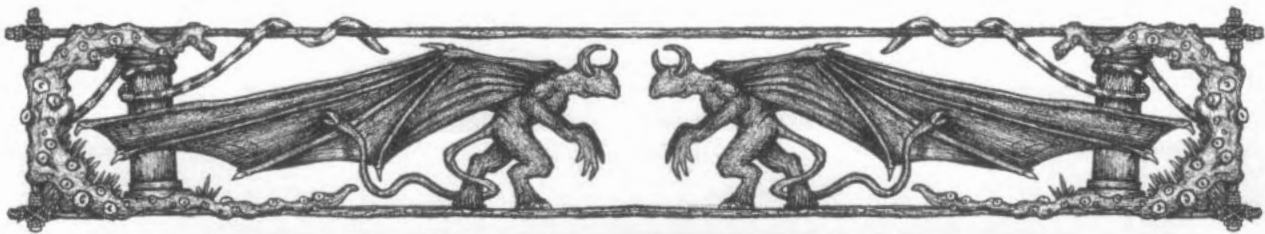
This section summarizes lengthier material found in the *H. P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands* book. If possible, also consult that book.

In general, those who are sleeping can enter the Dreamlands if the keeper wishes it. If a sleeper's Sanity added to his or her Cthulhu Mythos totals 75 or more, then the player character can be admitted. If not, then the investigator never enters, no matter how many the attempts or how helpful the drugs.

A player character managing to enter the Dreamlands is referred to while there as a dreamer. In the adventures "Ulthar and Beyond" and "The Eternal Quest," investigators are referred to in both fashions.

A dreamer enters the Dreamlands naked. He or she is given a robe, food, and a dagger if requested. The body which is clothed, fed, and armed is the player character's *dream body*; his or her earthly body remains asleep in bed.

While in the Dreamlands, a day passes for each hour spent asleep in the waking world. Both time and space are elastic in the Dreamlands, as befits the state of dreams. Time and distance tables do not work in the Dreamlands.



Selected Connections for “Ulthar and Beyond”

Paper #	Clue or Lead	Obtained from	Leads to
#4b	describes the Library at Ulthar	P. Baxter’s dream-journal	<i>Cthaat Aquadingen</i>
#43, #34	slimy, bloody magical volume	<i>Cthaat Aquadingen</i>	book opens to quote #43, along margins is a second quote in Chinese, #34
—	consult the Temple of the Elder Ones for two more books	<i>Cthaat Aquadingen</i>	<i>Pnakotic Manuscripts</i> and 7 <i>Cryptical Books</i> ; see quote from #44
#44	the Place of Yibb-Tstll	<i>Pnakotic Manuscripts</i>	“the great mystic reversal their god can bring to those who face it”
—	barker	at the carnival	the dwarf once here has since gone to Kled
—	ivory castle with pool	street inquiries	Palace of Sacred Fount

A player character can lose Sanity points in the Dreamlands as in the waking world, but the loss of at least 20% (but not all) of his or her Sanity points in a single encounter causes a *nightmare effect*. All such effects are specified in the adventures where the effects are called for.

Two new skills, Dreaming and Dream Lore, are defined in the *Dreamlands* book. For the limited purposes of the two Dreamlands scenarios in the *Spawn of Azathoth* campaign, the keeper should ignore the existence of those skills unless *H. P. Lovecraft’s Dreamlands* is at hand.

Ordinarily, an investigator exits the Dreamlands by waking up in the waking world. It is impossible to will oneself awake. The keeper controls player character exits from the Dreamlands. Once awake in the waking world, a player character’s memories of Dreamlands events are hazy and confused unless the character receives a successful **Idea roll** upon waking—then dream experiences and discoveries are recalled clearly.

Changes in Sanity points and Cthulhu Mythos points are always recorded, whether waking or dreaming.

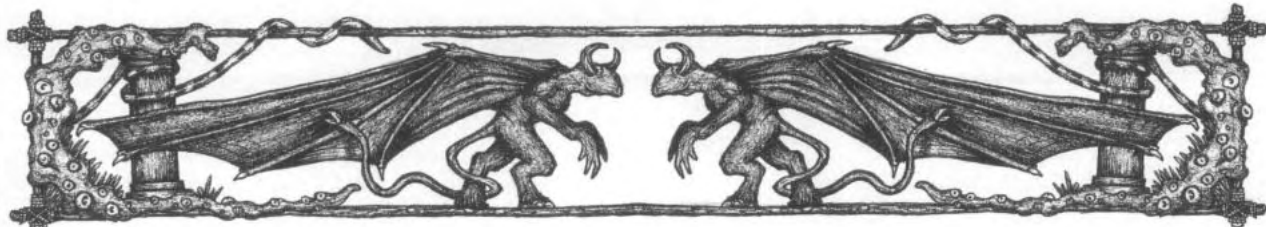
The Dreamlands are frequently horrifying, but also whimsical, beautiful, and aesthetically satisfying. Settings draw from Europe’s romantic, medieval, renaissance, and classical eras. Many other eras and settings could be used as well. In general the Dreamlands are anachronous, behind the waking world by four to five hundred years or more.

The darkly malevolent forces of the Cthulhu Mythos in the waking world are much less imposing in the Dreamlands, which are frequently kindly and sunlit, and without Mythos taint.

The City of Ulthar

A feudal-type city of tradesmen and farmers, Ulthar is the largest of the three towns of the Skai River Valley, and is the terminus for many caravans which come to the Valley from Dylath-Leen by the Southern Sea, or Cuppar-Nombo in the desert. The suburbs of Ulthar are a mix of small cottages and neatly fenced farms. The town itself is built on several hills which stand on the banks of the river Skai. The houses here have peaked





Cats of Ulthar

roofs and overhanging upper stories. The narrow streets are cobbled and well worn. The town divides into two sections, the Old Town which is many thousands of years old and surrounded by a great stone wall, and the New Town which has grown up over the last few hundred years consisting of lower buildings on flatter ground, some

of which are not fortified. Ulthar is home to a frequent presence of cats, and according to a very ancient and significant law, here no man may kill a cat. On occasions at nightfall the cats can be heard singing a song of praise to the moon.

Points of Interest in Ulthar

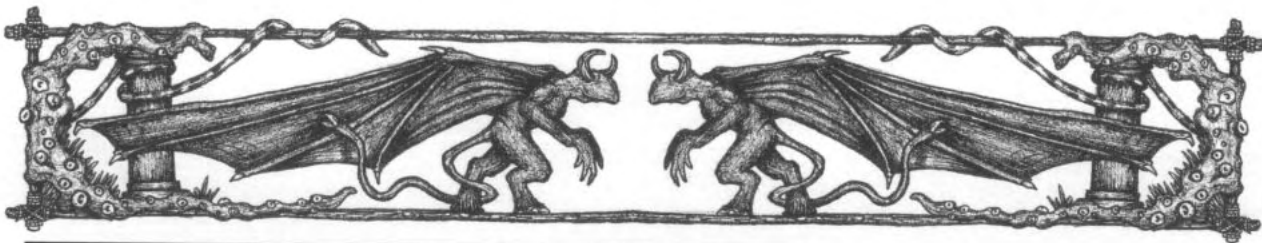
Further background for this town can be found in H. P. Lovecraft's tales "The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath" and "The Cats of Ulthar".

- *Bridge over the River Skai*: A great stone bridge, into whose central buttress the masons sealed a living human sacrifice when they built the bridge thirteen hundred years before.
- *Burgomaster's Palace*: Home to Old Kranon, the Burgomaster of Ulthar. His mighty palace, constructed of finest marble with golden spires and ornate roofing, is situated upon a high hill exceeded only in height by the Temple of the Elder Ones. Kranon's royal guard consists entirely of women armed with curving scimitars and halberds.
- *Caravan Terminus*: Two such terminal grounds are located just outside the city walls at the North and South Gates, which are home to numerous transient merchants who trade from their brightly colored tents by day and sleep there at night. Pens for elephants, camels, zebras, and yaks are aplenty, the normal beasts of burden for most of these merchants.
- *Gordian's Knot*: A small tavern with comfortable lodgings. The food is excellent and their vineyards produce the best red wine in town. Most clientele are scholars, city officials, and the wealthier amongst Ulthar's citizens.
- *Harbor*: On the edge of Ulthar's Market, many of the merchants docked here transform their ships into stalls and even taverns. Because of the ominous and dreaded nature

of the black galleys that frequent the port of Dylath-Leen (south, at the mouth of River Skai), no ship of that color is ever permitted to dock in Ulthar, whatever her flag or allegiance.

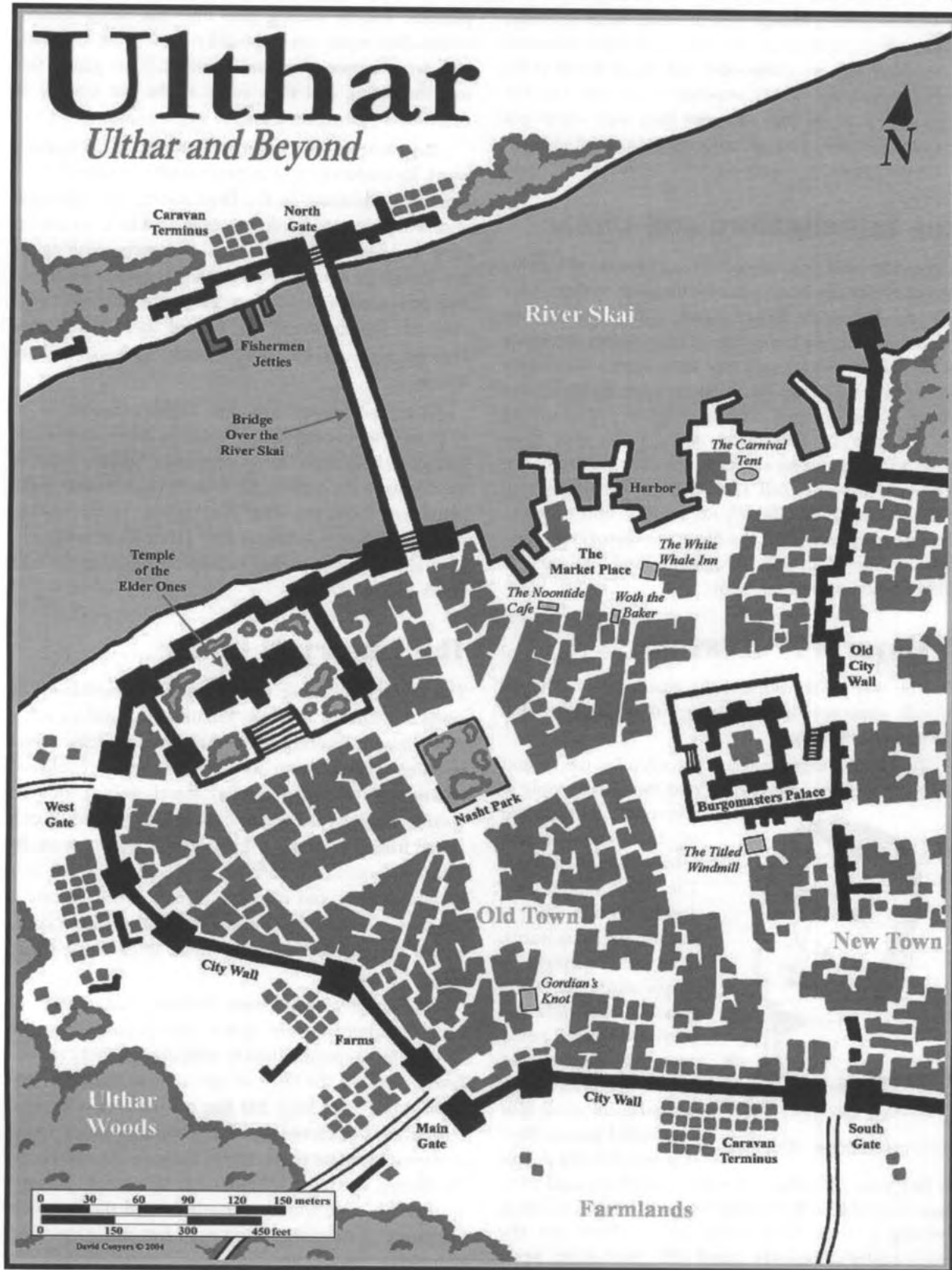
- *The Market*: Hundreds of tent stalls fill this open-air market where almost anything can be bought. The market is most renowned throughout the Dreamlands for its fortune tellers and brightly colored beads sold as jewelry. Apart from material goods, fire dancers, jugglers, sword-swallowers, clowns, performing monkeys, and acrobats compete daily for the attention and the spare change of strolling customers.
- *The Noontide Café*: The most run-down and the dirtiest of taverns, its rooms are meager and its prices are cheap. Although the bar is safe and friendly, it gleefully counts among its patrons a variety of criminals, particularly expert thieves and pick-pockets.
- *Temple of the Elder Ones*: Perched on top of the highest hill in Ulthar, it is the only such temple in the Valley of the Skai. This temple is one in which Nasht is revered as a god. The priests of the temple keep incense burning in the left ear of his image at all times, so as to confound his senses lest he perceive that his worshipers are sinful and become wrathful. Prayers to Nasht are offered up to his right ear. Kaman-Thah, although not worshiped, is highly revered. He is considered to be the avatar of Nasht.

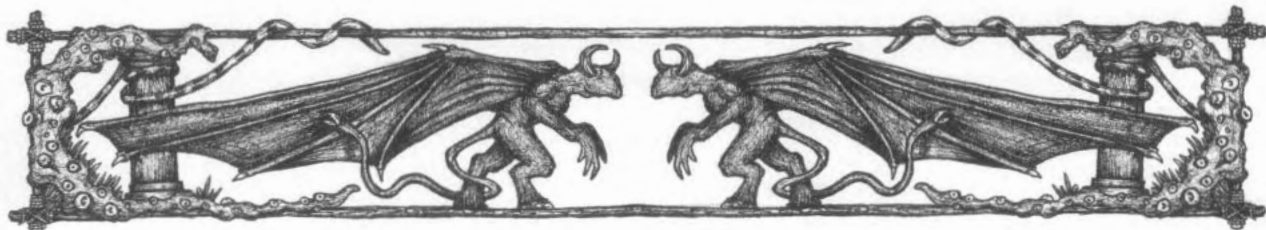
Nasht is not the only god worshiped at this temple; all of the Great Ones have shrines within. Worshipers can offer up prayers to Ariel, Zo-Kalar, Tarnash, Karakal, Lobon, N'tse-Kaambl, Nodens, and Nath-Horthath. Hagarg Ryonis also has a shrine here, but it is kept hidden from the sight of all save a select few of the priesthood. The temple library includes the *Book of Barzai*, the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*, and the *Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan*.
- *The Tilted Windmill*: The name of this tavern derives from two sources, the first being that the building was once a windmill, and the second that it was built on a slope and so over the years uneven settlement has tilted the building ever so slightly. Doors, windows, and furniture all lean with the tilt. To maintain this orientation, the owners also hang paintings at the same slight angle. Rooms are of good quality.
- *The White Whale Inn*: This rowdy inn is decorated throughout with mounted fish, whale bones, and sailing motifs. Rooms are of modest quality except one lavish suite. Every night patrons are asked to perform for the guests with a song, dance, storytelling, or feats of physical wonderment. The one who wins the crowd's admiration wins a night in that suite for no charge.



Ulthar

Ulthar and Beyond





- *With the Baker:* Although there are many bakers in Ulthar, this one is special as it is also the home to the Cat General of Ulthar, supreme commander of all the cat armies in the Dreamlands and widely respected by all cats. The Cat General is an old Tom with scars from many campaigns including a shortened tail, half a missing ear, and a limp in his front paw.

The Investigators and Ulthar

Any moderately experienced dreamer knows of Ulthar. Any passerby can direct a novice dreamer to that pleasant city. Unless the dreamers are quite familiar with Ulthar, finding the library that Philip Baxter mentions in his dream-journal may take some time—the library is magical, and moves from time to time. To find it, the player of the dreamer with the highest POW among the party must **roll D100 equal to or less than POW x1**. If the player succeeds, his character finds the library. Otherwise, **roll 1D6** and consult the nearby “Ulthar Encounters Table”. Repeat this entire procedure as congenial until the library is discovered, then turn to the “Mayoral Procession” and “Library at Ulthar” sections not far below.

A Mayoral Procession

On the way to the library, the group hears a happy tumult approaching. People begin to shout, “Hail Burgomaster Kranon!”

The good Burgomaster is preceded by the distant blare of trumpets and cheers from the townspeople as they come rushing out of their homes and shops to see the parade. The first thing the dreamers see is a bright row of long brass horns, hung with banners of purple and gold. Young girls who strew rose and chrysanthemum petals over the cobblestones follow the trumpeters. Behind them stride four blue-robed priests, blessing the cheering people as they pass. After them march a row of armored men, their faces hidden by brightly lacquered helmets and each bearing a long be-flowered pike. These are the Burgomaster’s honorary guard. His royal guard never



Burgomaster Kranon

parades. Twelve smiling girls bear the Burgomaster’s sedan chair upon their shoulders and, from this vantage, wise Kranon waves to his people. More guards follow the sedan, and then come at the last a score of drummers beating time for the whole procession.

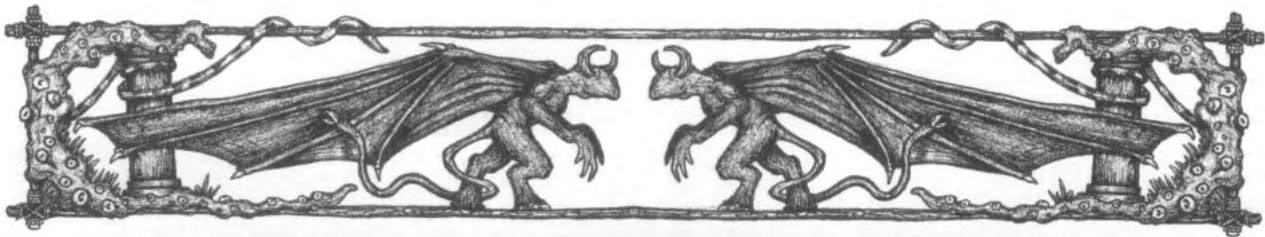
Any dreamer who has met Matthew, Julian Baxter’s ward, immediately and incongruously recognizes that Kranon is Matthew. In the Dreamlands, his emotional and mental handicaps do not exist, and he is an intelligent and sensitive individual. Dreamers wishing to speak with the Burgomaster must get past his doorman. **Two consecutive Fast Talk or Persuade rolls** must succeed or the dreamers are turned away. They may attempt to meet the Burgomaster again, in a later dream.

Once they meet with and explain themselves to Kranon (mentioning Julian would be wise), he is quite willing to help them. He cannot leave Ulthar, but here the dreamers can explain the situation to Matthew, make plans with him, etc. After they return to the waking world, Matthew remembers their talk with him vaguely, as in a dream. He’s willing to help there, too, to the best of his ability.

The Library at Ulthar

The Library at Ulthar is enchanted. It simultaneously exists at Ulthar, Thorabon, Hazuth-Kleg, and six other sites. Anyone entering the library from one city always re-enters that city upon departure. Hence one could not unwittingly (or intentionally) travel from Ulthar to Hazuth-Kleg via the library, though one could meet a friend from a distant city by previous appointment. Its location is unstable even in the places in which it is known to exist, and it seems to move when no one is watching, so it must be hunted down. You cannot come across the enchanted library—you must actively and diligently seek it.

This great circular stone building has existed for ages. Entering from the street, visitors pass through a short vaulted entrance hall to walk down a flight of nine broad steps to the floor of the central rotunda. This open dome is at least 200 feet across, and is studded with dozens of carved wooden tables and chairs, many occupied by intent readers from the nine cities served by the library. The room is illuminated by sunlight pouring in through wide windows overhead and the dreamers see many oil paintings, hung eight feet above the floor, completely circling the room.



Ulthar Encounters Table

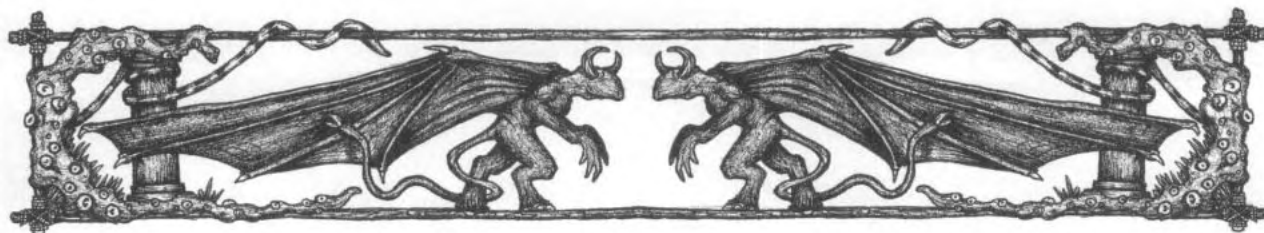
1D6result

- 1The Cats of Ulthar
- 2Dancing in the Square
- 3A Tavern
- 4The Father Ghost
- 5Philip Baxter
- 6A Merchant's Stall
- 7A Cabbage Seller
- 8A Sword Dealer
- 9A Wine Salesman
- 10Fried Somethings
- 11A Fruit Seller

Each time the Encounters Table is used, add 1 more to the D6 roll.

Explanations of the Encounters

- 1 – *The Cats of Ulthar*: This roll indicates that the dreamers chance upon a mob of 2D100 cats of varying colors and types, sunning themselves atop walls, arbors, public statuary, and other objects.
- 2 – *Dancing in the Square*: With this roll, the dreamer is suddenly dancing with an unknown partner. The partner is delightful. The dreamer may dance long, as long as he or she wishes. When the dance is ended, that partner can never again be found, no matter how one searches.
- 3 – *A Tavern*: The taverns of Ulthar are small, dark, warm, and cozy. Most patrons are amiable, but not talkative. Tavern owners are generally helpful, always willing to aid travelers. For purposes of play, Ulthar boasts four—Gordian's Knot, the Tilted Windmill, the White Whale, and the Noontide Cafe. The lazy librarian, Nodar, frequents Gordian's Knot. He is easily spotted by his white robes (with "Librarian" printed on back and front) and is found asleep, his chair tilted back against the wall. If he is awakened, he'll be glad to lead the dreamers to the library. Once inside the library, Nodar introduces the dreamers to his co-worker, Tukor, and then wanders off to a shadowy part of the rotunda to quickly fall asleep in a chair.
- 4 – *The Father Ghost*: He is sighted at a distance, passing through the crowd. Try as they will, the dreamers cannot catch up with him.
- 5 – *Philip Baxter*: He is seen some distance away also, staring intently at the group with a questioning look upon his face, as though he is not really sure of what he is seeing. If the dreamers approach Baxter, his head suddenly dissolves into bloody mist, then his body vanishes, and he is not seen again.
- 6 – *A Merchant's Stall*: This is a tiny portable stall set up by a small trader visiting Ulthar. The merchant stands and shows his wares from inside the stall and deals with his customers over a wooden shelf that folds up at night to seal the place from thieves. Several types of merchants are listed below—feel free to add others as you see fit. Purchasing items from one of these merchants requires payment in kind or in coin. Exact prices vary tremendously, and are left up to you to determine. One stall you notice is a knife grinder: he makes and sharpens knives of all kinds.
- 7 – *A Cabbage Seller*: This vegetable grows well around Ulthar and is a major export.
- 8 – *A Sword Dealer*: Several lengths and weights of fine scimitars are sold here.
- 9 – *A Wine Salesman*: He imports wines from all over the Dreamlands—some good, some mediocre, but never bad, since bottles are too heavy to move without reward. He has one bottle left of moon-tree wine. It is very expensive.
- 10 – *Fried Somethings*: In a large shallow pan of hot oil, small oddly shaped lumps resembling small rodents or large beetles are being quick-fried by a stout woman in a dirty brown dress. If asked what the things are, she only laughs, shrugs her shoulders, and offers to sell them to the dreamers, promising satisfaction. Eating one finds them sweet and crunchy, in flavor vaguely resembling Baked Alaska.
- 11 – *A Fruit Seller*: He sells exotic fruits from all over the Dreamlands. The fruits sit in beds of fresh ice that never melts, even in the hottest sun. The merchant is willing to sell his magic ice, too.



Like spokes of a wheel, a full fifty-two hallways lined with bookshelves radiate outward from the central room. These halls are lit by guttering lamps and slope downward steeply. In the center of the rotunda sits a man in white robes, his desk stacked with cards, reports, and loose files. The dreamers can look around the library all they like. So long as they do not cause a disturbance or try to steal books, the librarian (Tukor) ignores them.



Tukor the Librarian

If the dreamers examine the paintings, they find various subject matters. Some are portraits of unknown men and women, while others are bizarre—panoramas of endless cemeteries; huge, twisted trees hung with countless skulls, human and otherwise; thunderous dinosaurs stalking ancient cities. One portrays an older man, obviously a scientist or physician, painted in the grisly act of dissecting himself. In his right hand he holds a scalpel, while with his left he places a glass slide beneath the lens of an antique microscope. The wooden table beside him is covered with pieces of his own organs and the entire scene is splashed with blood. A metal bucket, on the floor beneath the painting, catches the occasional drops of blood that congeal from the portrait and drop to the floor.

Taking a moment to scan the room, the dreamers' attentions are doubtless drawn to a figure seated at the other side of the rotunda, bent over a large heavy volume. He wears clothing typical of northeastern Native Americans, but his skin is remarkably pale and his long hair is snow-white. (This is the Father Ghost.) If the dreamers approach him, they find when they get within ten or fifteen feet of the Indian that he, without looking up, disappears in the blink of an eye. Looking around, the dreamers see him seated at another table, somewhere else in the enormous room.

If the dreamers explore the halls that contain the books, they find the halls dark and narrow, the downward slope continuing onward as far as the eye can see. These halls are endless. They connect with each other every hundred feet by circular hallways that run at near right angles to the bookshelves. These halls give the

whole complex the form of a great underground spider web. Individual hallways are marked by signs indicating the topic contained, but the order of the books on the shelves is mostly random. The one exception is that the further down a hallway one travels, the older are the volumes on the shelves. The convenient oil lamps are only kept full and lit for the first hundred yards or so down each hall.

If a dreamer decides to explore a hall for a great distance, bringing his own light, he finds that after several hundred yards the parchment scrolls and conventional books become interspersed with wooden, stone, clay, or metal plaques carved in cuneiform or painted carefully with hieroglyphs. A few hundred yards more, and even more bizarre methods of information-storing appear, formed from crystals, ghosts tamed and trained to repeat specific lore, huge bottles of sinister-looking liquids which must be sipped to obtain the intelligence they contain, and so forth. Books, scrolls, and stone tablets, however, never cease, though the languages engraved, brushed, or printed on them become more alien as the dreamer heads further and further out. If a bold dreamer presses on, he or she may see a serpent man or even less pleasant denizens of these outer fringes, perusing some nameless book for lethal lore.

To answer a specific question about the Dreamlands, a dreamer must rely on his **Library Use** skill. Sadly, because of the disorganized nature of the library, this skill takes much longer to properly apply—1D3 full eight-hour days per search. The various aisles contain diverse topics, geography, philosophy, grammar, theology, zoology, and so forth. As a general rule, no information about or reference to the waking world is herein.

Tukor, by the way, is no magician. He was appointed by the city council of Thorabon to tend the library, and the other cities approved. He has an Ultharian assistant, Nodar. He has no idea where the library originated, nor how its magic is maintained. Through long experience, he can always find the library every morning, no matter where it has moved, and he knows where the most important books are located. He has at least a fair idea of the location of almost every book within a hundred yards of the rotunda.

Philip Baxter's dream-journal mentioned the *Cthaat Aquadingen*, and the dreamers may wish to read this particular book. Tukor's aid is needed to locate the volume. Once his help is asked, he rises from his desk, ready to guide the player characters to the shelf but then, making a gesture of remembering, sits back down.



"Quite surprising," Tukor says. "You're the second today to ask me for that book. I'm sorry, but it's presently in use. You must wait for that gentleman over there to finish with it." He points toward a pale figure in buckskins across the room. Tukor turns back to his paperwork.

The Indian takes several hours to finish with the book and then he immediately stands up and walks down one of the halls, the large volume tucked under his arm. If the dreamers hurry to the spot down the hall where he disappeared, they get there soon enough to see him, some fifty feet away, replace the book on the shelf. He then turns down a convenient side aisle and disappears from sight again.

Rushing to the spot where they saw the Indian place the *Cthaat Aquadingen*, the dreamers can search as they like but cannot locate the volume among the many other tomes stuffed and stacked on the shelf. Even Tukor cannot find it. "Just like this morning," he grumbles. "I looked and looked until I finally gave up and asked Nodar to help me. I wonder where he's gotten to?"



Nodar the Librarian

If the players found Nodar in Gordian's Knot (the inn), and had him take them to the library, a few minutes search of the building turns him up, snoozing in a dark corner. If not, Tukor confides that his assistant often sneaks off to a local tavern, Gordian's Knot, to waste the entire day drinking and sleeping. Nodar seems to be the only one who can locate this book. If the dreamers really want to read it, they must find the tavern and Nodar. Tukor has no idea where Gordian's Knot is located—he lives in Thorabon, after all.

Once Nodar is found, he'll accompany the dreamers back to the library where, in a sleep-befuddled daze, he walks directly to the appropriate shelf and, without hesitation, pulls down the *Cthaat Aquadingen*. Handing it over, he strolls back to the rotunda to his dark, comfortable corner.

The Cthaat Aquadingen

This heavy volume is bound in soft human skin, still pliable and always moist with perspiration welling from its

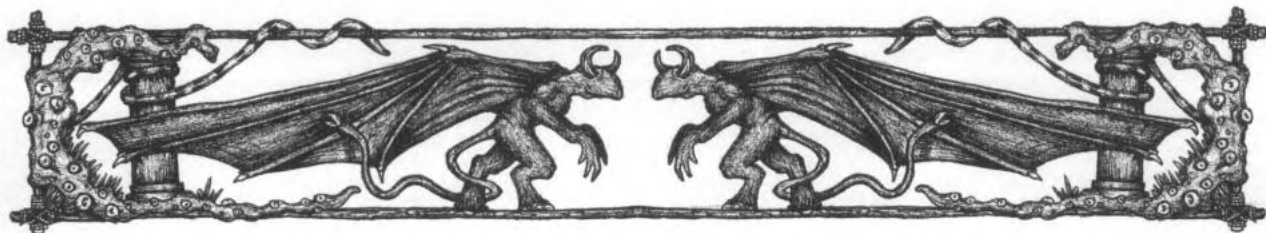
pores. Simply handling the book is creepy. If the book's reader suffers from a nightmare effect, the book suddenly begins to wriggle in the dreamer's hands. With a lurch, it slips from his grasp and falls to the table with a wet plopping sound. It tries to crawl away from the reader, softly whimpering. If the reader manages to grab it before it gets away, and opens it up, it squeals and splits open. No pages are visible within, only coils of intestines, pulsating internal organs, and rapidly pooling blood.

The dreamer can never read the *Cthaat Aquadingen* again in the Dreamlands without this same effect. And if he ever encounters the work in the waking world, this memory will linger: while he tries to read the book, it will occasionally twitch in his hands, or he might hear a faint whining sound. Each time he consults it, he'll lose 0/1D3 Sanity points. The excerpt below, *Azathoth Papers #43*, is what the reader immediately gleans.

On the same page as the quote are some marginal notes made in Chinese. As mentioned in the "Providence" chapter, these marginalia were copied by Philip Baxter after dreaming them, and then translated into English by Francis Wilson. The dreamers may have seen them previously, and might recognize the characters, given a successful **Idea roll**. A previous dreamer from China wrote the characters in the book decades ago. The signature is "Lang-Fu", and the marginalia refers to information contained in another book, one possessed by Atal at the Temple of the Elder Ones. The

Azathoth Papers #43: Quote from the *Cthaat Aquadingen*

*Deep within perfumed Kled,
where life turns to death. He of
the green-cloaked horrors. He who
waits in the glade. He who turns
and watches. He who sees and
knows all. waits for the time of
coming. The stars fall. the beast
bred of stone rampages. and a time
of great change comes. The
Watcher in the Glade knows the
time and place of the coming.*



copied quotation appears as *Azathoth Papers #43*, and the translated marginal notes appear below as *Azathoth Papers #34*.

The Temple of the Elder Ones

The temple is a modest circular tower covered with ivy. The temple's high priest is the learned Atal. Although the temple contains many ancient records, only the *Pnakotic Manuscripts* and possibly the *Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan* should be of great interest to the dreamers. Gaining admittance to the records requires Atal's

Azathoth Papers #34: Marginal Notes in Chinese Translated into English

There must be more information regarding Yibb-Tstll. Propitiation must be made, but how? Perhaps this can be found in the Pnakotic manuscripts? I shall check the copy held at the Temple of the Elder Ones on my next journey. Lang-Fu, 1834.

Azathoth Papers #44: Quotation from the Pnakotic Manuscripts

Before journeying to the Place of Yibb-Tstll, the priests of the Ivory Blade must be prepared for the great mystic reversal their god can bring to those who face it. They meet at that great pool that fronts the palace. Thence, groveling on hand and knee, they approach their terrible god.

A marginal note in Chinese accompanies this. Translated to English, the margin's characters say "Look for the stone arch."

personal permission, which can only be obtained with a successful **Persuade** roll—in a pinch, a **Credit Rating** or **Fast Talk**. If the player characters think to bring a bottle of moon-tree wine with them, they may add fifty percentiles to their chance for success.



High Priest Atal

If and when the investigators gain access to the hall of records, they can easily find and read the *Seven Cryptical Books of Hsan* and the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*. The *Seven Books* have no immediately useful information and reading them proves to have been an unnecessary risk. However, the *Pnakotic Manuscripts* contain an important tidbit about approaching the Watcher in the Glade. See *Azathoth Papers #44* nearby.

Leaving Ulthar

The dreamers chance upon a pink and white carnival tent as they prepare to leave Ulthar. The dreamers' attention is drawn by a strong voice that carries far.

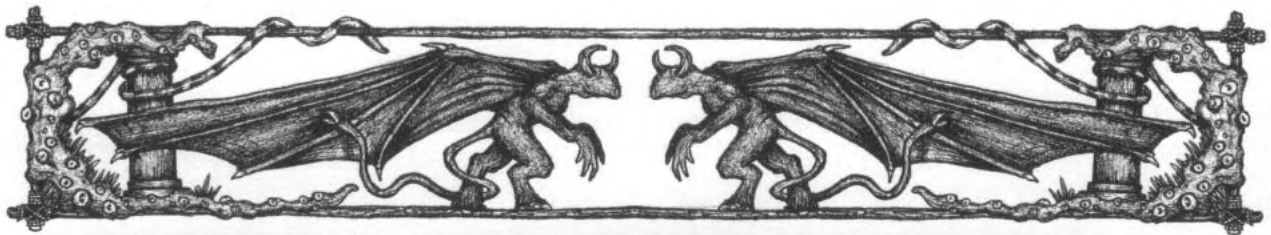


The Barker

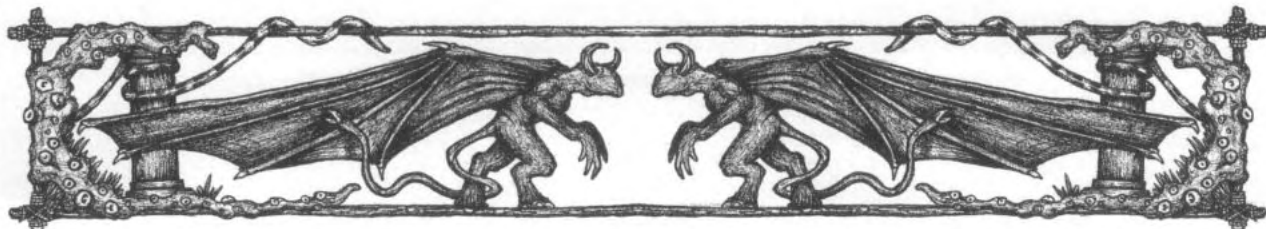
"Come one! Come all! Gaze upon the greatest wonder of the natural world." Heading for the crier, the dreamers see a straw-hatted fellow in a white suit. In clear tones he exhorts passersby to enter the tent set up behind him, while continually brandishing a bamboo cane.

"Step right up!" he invites. "For the nominal price of one thin dime, you can see the only captive specimen . . . the only living example south of the Cerenarian Sea! None other than one of the colossal purple spiders from the distant North!"

With his cane, he gestures toward the tent flap. If the dreamers choose not to enter immediately, they may watch as a young couple approach and, paying the fee,



The thing in the cage



enter the tent while the barker holds open the flap. Seconds later, the dreamers hear the girl scream, rapidly followed by the sight of the frightened couple bursting from the tent. They are scared but giggling, and soon disappear into the crowd.

Should the dreamers choose to enter the tent, they must have the price of admission. Though the barker actually calls for a dime, he accepts almost anything of value—a fresh duck egg, a cheap ring, a scarf, etc. The barker allows a maximum of two people in the tent at one time.

Inside, several lanterns dimly light the tent. They hang from the support poles holding up the canvas. The interior is much larger than the outside dimensions would suggest.

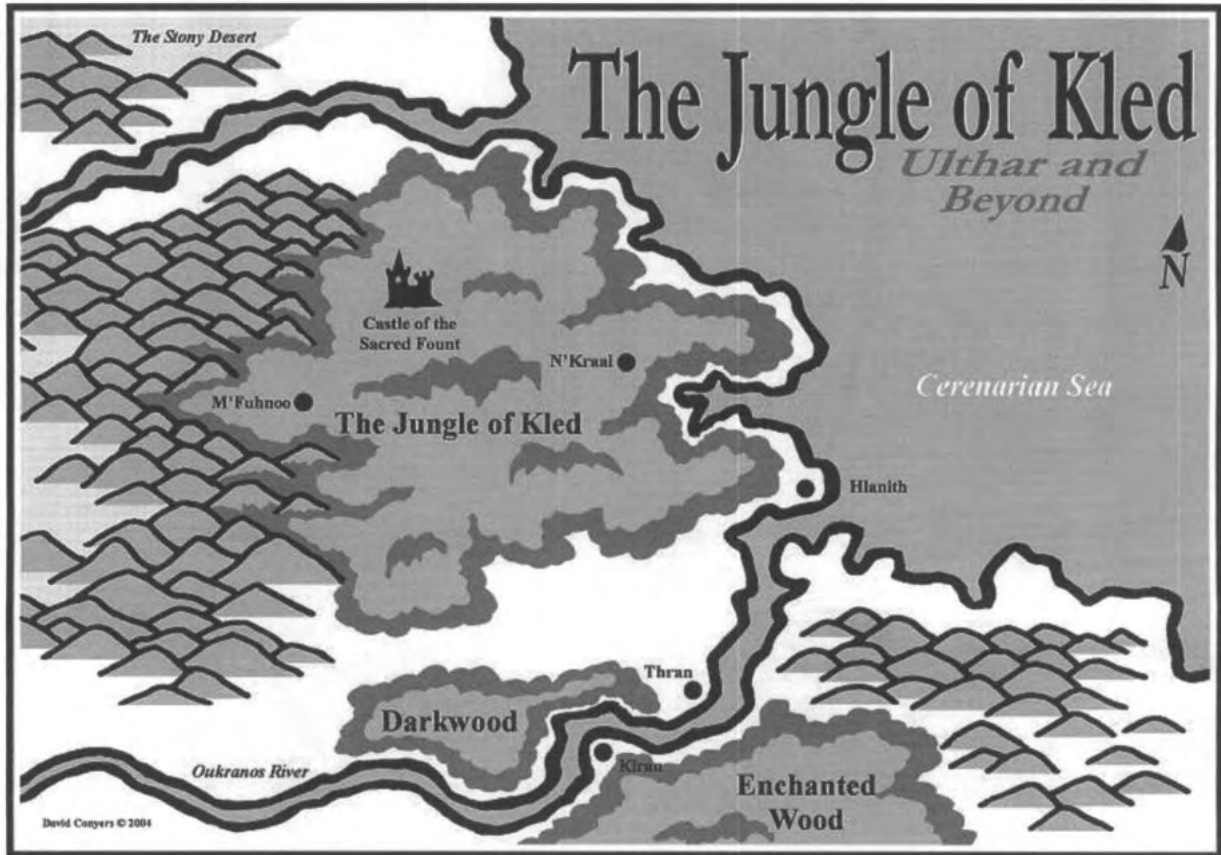
Something bulky twitches in the barred cage at the back of the tent. If the dreamers approach it, they discover that the barker did not lie. Crouched in the corner, an arachnid the size of an automobile squats on multiple legs, swaying rhythmically from side to side. Thick bristles sparsely cover its bruise-purple abdomen, and between its pedipalps it grips the desiccated body of a

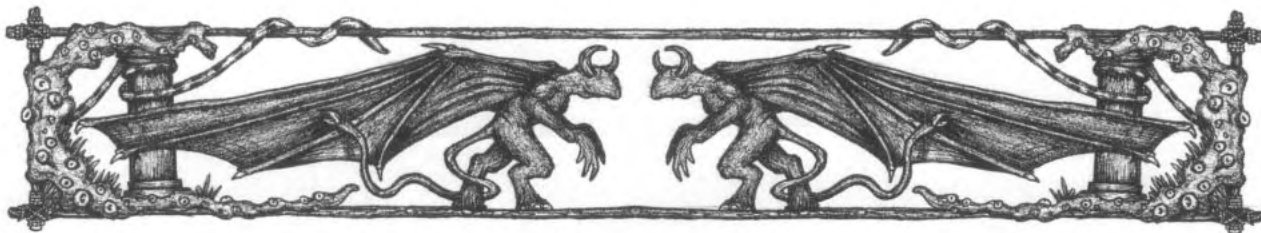
sheep. Seeing this thing costs 1/1D10 Sanity points. If a dreaming investigator suffers a *nightmare effect*, the spider drops its prey and scuttles toward the dreamer, as the front of the cage dissolves! The spider then attacks the dreamer.

Assuming no nightmare effect, if anyone tries to talk to the spider, it answers back in a thin dry voice. It is fully intelligent, but its answers are not useful. If the dreamers question it or talk more than just a few seconds, it hisses—and the barker comes running. He quickly escorts the dreaming investigators outside. If a dreamer offers money to let them speak further with the spider, the barker wanly smiles and says, “It’s not up to me, you see.”

Just as they leave the tent, they hear the spider’s dry voice in conversation with the barker. With a successful **Listen roll**, the dreamer understands these words: “After all, I am the master here.”

The barker is too busy and too fearful of his loathsome master to converse extensively with the dreamers. If they ask the barker about the dwarf who once worked with him, the barker responds, “Yes, he was once here,





but he quit some time ago. I think he was headed for Kled.”

If one of the dreamers disappeared while in the tent (eaten in a nightmare effect), the barker shrugs and says, “He paid his admission, no?” If the dreamers press him, he says, “Go on in, then. Look for him.”

THE THING IN THE CAGE, a Leng Spider

STR 30 CON 17 SIZ 33 INT 15 POW 12
DEX 20 MOV 06 HP 25

Damage Bonus: +3D6.

Weapons: Bite 35%, damage 1D3 + POT 17 poison
Web 55%, entangle with STR 17 web

Spells: none for this scenario.

Armor: 6-point integument.

The Journey to Kled

In going from Ulthar to the Jungle of Kled, the best way is overland, perhaps by elephant caravan. Within this jungle is a sleeping palace of ivory containing the sacred fount. Also in the jungle is a magical Gate. It connects to the dismal world in which exists the rotting clearing of the Watcher in the Glade.

Several ivory palaces are laid within the Jungle of Kled. If the dreamers inquire in Hlanith, Ogrothan, or Thran about the mysterious ivory castles therein, and the investigators mention a pool, one of the grizzled mahouts tells them that they must be referring to the Palace of the Sacred Fount—one of the less-feared sites, though still avoided. The mahout can give exact directions to the palace, or they can hire him or another mahout to take them there, though no mahout will draw too near the palace.

As the dreamers near the Palace of the Sacred Fount, they begin to notice a lingering muskiness pervading the area of the sleeping palace. This scent is easily recognized as that noticed in the investigators’ bedroom right after the appearance of Philip Baxter’s ghost. (See the initial chapter of this campaign, “A Ghostly Presence”.) The palace has been preserved through the ages against decay, but the building is devoid of furnishings and the floors thick with windblown dirt and leaves.

The front hallway of the palace is an atrium. Rain falls from the roof to collect into a rectangular pool in the center of the hall. At the far end of the pool, on a pedestal made of a single massive cube of porphyry, hunches the jade statue of an evil-looking hyena, its

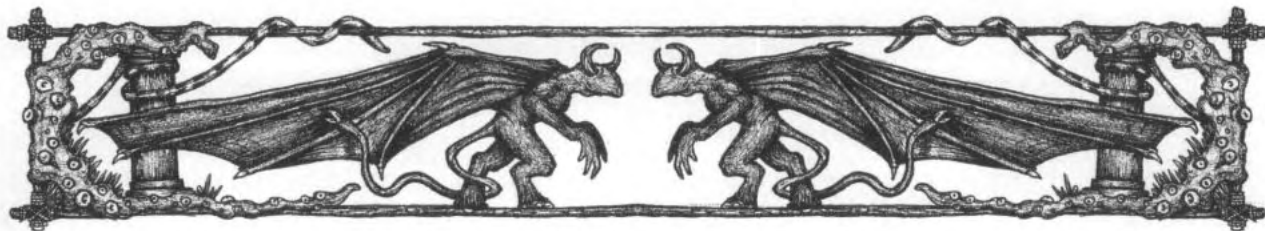
gaping jaws leering over the liquid. The water is dark and filthy from rotting leaves; a peculiar oily scum covers its surface. A faint bubbling from some unseen water supply ripples the surface. Despite its loathsome appearance, nothing lurks beneath the surface, nor is the water itself dangerous. The pool has no apparent bottom.

Any dreamer receiving a successful **Listen** roll hears a distant cackling coming from a nearby stairway that leads down beneath the palace. Following this stairway down many flights of steps, the dreamers come to a long hallway lit by flickering torches. A hundred feet away, at the end of the stone hall, a heavy wooden door stands ajar. The chamber within is lit by a ghastly moving phosphorescence. The weird cackling emanates from this room.

If the dreamers draw closer, they see a large iron key thrust into the door’s lock. The cackling continues, and the dreamers now hear scuffling sounds. Should they peer within, they see the partially headless figure of a glowing man staggering mindlessly around the small cell. The figure suffers a merciless shower of blows lev-

Azathoth Papers #4c: Philip Baxter’s Map (full size version on page 21)





eled by a cackling dwarf. The assailant is hunched and misshapen, and has a terrible, inhuman face. Its lips are drawn into a snarl that bares a row of three-inch fangs. Its eyes are glowing pits of red. The dwarf is nearly noseless, with only two ragged openings in the center of its face. The hopping, laughing creature showers blows upon its victim with a large human femur. Any dreamer witnessing these attacks loses 0/1D6 Sanity points.



The Terrible Dwarf

This entity is the currently mindless spirit of Philip Baxter. The dreamers can elicit no information from the phosphorescent figure, whose head is missing great chunks of flesh and bone. The player characters may choose to lock it in the room or bring it with them, but even if the door is left open, the body cannot find its way out of the cell.

The inhuman dwarf refuses to give any information to the dreamers, no matter how he is threatened. If they lock the dwarf in the cell, he simply screams and gibbers through the door at them.

If accosted or threatened, the dwarf tries to escape up the stairs and into the jungle, but first he tries to kill at least one of the unfortunate witnesses to his actions.

When accosted or threatened, the dwarf tries to escape up the stairs and into the jungle, but first he tries to kill at least one of the unfortunate witnesses to his actions.

THE INHUMAN DWARF

STR 16 CON 30 SIZ 04 INT 15 POW 26
DEX 15 APP 01 EDU 08 SAN 0 HP 17

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Bite 90%, damage 1D10
Thigh Bone 90%, damage 1D8

Skills: Climb 70%, Dodge 85%, Hide 75%, Jump 85%, Sneak 90%, Swim 60%.

The Path to Yibb-Tstll

Within a few minutes, the dreamers can see that the jungle behind the Palace of the Sacred Fount is different—there the growth becomes stunted and twisted, the tree trunks are bent at odd angles, and a general sense of disease pervades the growth. As they go deeper into this area, they begin to notice alien foliage—twisting weird

ferns and quivering fungi are now interspersed with vegetation more natural to Earth's Dreamlands.

Soon they come to a great stone arch in the middle of the jungle, surrounded by dead trees. If they peer through the arch, they see another jungle, an alien one, evidently on a far-off world or from some strange dimension. This arch is a Gate connecting Earth's Dreamlands and the place wherein Yibb-Tstll dwells. For more about Gates, see the *Call of Cthulhu* rules and the spell "Create Gate".

If the dreamers pass through the Gate, they are in the midst of the alien plant and animal life. Swollen insects swoop ominously from deadly-looking blossoms. Flying horrors with veinous wings swoop high above the evil-looking flora. The sky is dark and starless.

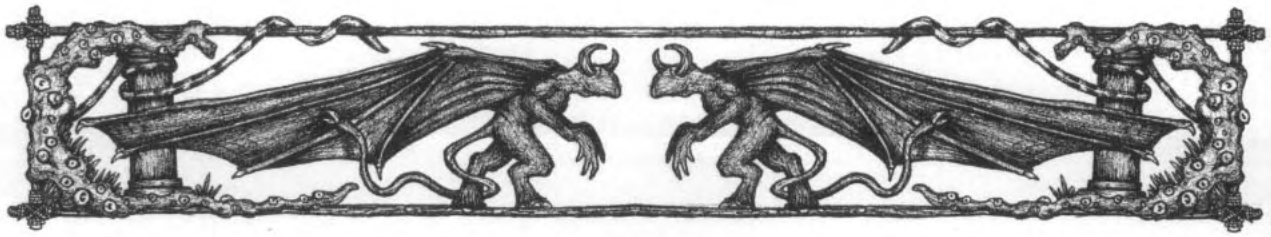
Not far away, a wide clearing is visible, at least a mile across. Its soil is sere and black. If the dreamers have read the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*, they should be prepared to meet Yibb-Tstll, and crawl slowly forward across the clearing on hands and knees, faces pointed toward the lifeless soil. If they have no idea of what lies in wait for them, they step right into Yibb-Tstll's loathly presence.

Any player who immediately states that his or her dreamer throws himself to the ground may do so with a successful **Jump roll**. Those who hesitate or whose rolls fail must subtract 1D6/1D20 Sanity points from their respective player characters. The sight of the slowly turning monster god has transfixed them.

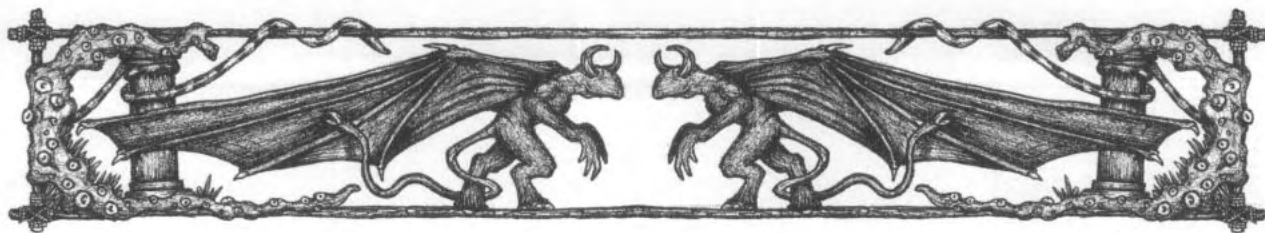
Yibb-Tstll's Answers

The voice of the outer god echoes telepathically within each character's mind. Each petitioner's player should attempt to **roll his or her dreamer's POW or less** on D100. Failure means that the outer god has ignored that dreamer. A failure of 96–00 indicates that Yibb-Tstll has reached out and touched that dreamer, commonly causing some sort of drastic loss to the dreamer.

If Yibb-Tstll responds to a dreamer, its mastery of time and space is demonstrated by its answering of the dreamer's questions before it is asked—if you, the keeper, know what your players plan to ask. Yibb-Tstll only discourses on subjects of the Cthulhu Mythos and other topics of cosmic import. It may impart some knowledge of Nemesis. A single helpful response is all that can be reasonably expected of a god. The dreamers will find that asking Yibb-Tstll more questions or asking for explanations can be dangerous—they should be thankful if they even survive this encounter.



Yibb-Tstll and a minion



A typical answer from Yibb-Tstll might go: "As the child of Azathoth marks his voyage across time, so go the moments of Man. The web is spun, but before completion, a ghost forces the weaver to consume his work. Thus the cycle must be completed before finally ended by a holy man and those who follow him."

If the dreamers already have gathered enough clues to deduce some or all of this, provide the players with clarifications of what they already know. Dreamers making it this far definitely should be rewarded.

Knowledgeable dreamers may bring non-player characters with them to confront Yibb-Tstll, hoping that the god's presence affects these individuals.

- If the cackling dwarf (the dream-form of the Tcho-Tcho priest) is brought here, Yibb-Tstll puts forth his hand to the face of the now-fearful dwarf, and effects a *reversal*. The Tcho-Tcho's form in the waking world becomes that of the hideous dwarf; his form in the Dreamlands reverses to that of the slim hybrid Tcho-Tcho racial stock.

Yibb-Tstll, Outer God

"... Huge and black with writhing breasts and an anus within its forehead, a black-blooded thing whose brains feed upon its own wastes. . . . As he drew closer across the crumbling and scabby ground he saw that *The Thing* was turning, slowly turning about on feet hidden from his view by a great green cloak, a cloak that bulged and jerked and writhed as it fell from just beneath the—head? . . . He screamed voicelessly as the blasphemous cloak billowed out more violently than ever, parting to permit the dreamer one mad glimpse beneath its green folds. There, about the pulsating black body of the Ancient One, hugely winged reptilian creatures without faces cluttered and clutched at a multitude of blackly writhing, pendulous breasts! . . . Those awful eyes—those red eyes that were not fixed in their places—the eyes that moved quickly, independently—sliding with vile viscosity over the whole rotten surface of Yibb-Tstll's pulpy, glistening head!"

— Brian Lumley, "The Horror at Oakdeene."

This horrible deity sees all time and space as it slowly rotates in an alien and unfathomable place of its own creation. A Gate is known to connect this place with the Jungle of Kled in Earth's Dreamlands; other Gates likely exist.

- **Cult:** in ancient times Yibb-Tstll was worshiped as the god Yibb, but now he has no known cult. Individuals often approach Yibb-Tstll. They are usually sorcerers craving the use of Yibb-Tstll's multitudinous servitors, the nightgaunts, or else seeking his beneficent *touch*. (Some classify Yibb-Tstll as an elder god, because of its connection with nightgaunts.)
- **Other Characteristics:** Yibb-Tstll's blood, known as The Black by sorcerers, can be summoned and can take independent action, appearing as soft dark flakes that adhere to the body of a target, accumulate to great mass, and amount to enough after 1D3 rounds to begin

to suffocate the target. Use the rulebook drowning rules. After a few minutes, The Black dissipates, taking with it the victim's soul as a prize for Yibb-Tstll. Large quantities of moving water (such as a stream or river) dilute The Black and leave it ineffectual. Merely splashing the target with buckets of water achieves little, but a fire hose could be a lifesaver.

- **Attacks and Special Effects:** being touched by Yibb-Tstll usually causes a drastic loss or reversal of state, one chosen by the keeper. It might be the immediate loss of all Sanity points or a quick death from fearful convulsions, or choosing to run forward and suckle from the thing before being ripped to shreds. Changes might be physical. A smallish fraction of touches prove of some use to characters. For instance, victims already insane may have their Sanity points restored.

YIBB-TSTLL, Outer God, the Patient One

STR 40 CON 48 SIZ 52 INT 60 POW 65
DEX 16 MOV only rotates HP 50

Damage Bonus: +5D6.

Weapons: Touch 100%, drastic loss, reversal, or cryptic answer to question
The Black 100%, damage is suffocation

Armor: 12-point cloak, and regenerates 5 hit points per round. Loss of all hit points dispels Yibb-Tstll, but the god can reform or reappear somewhere else.

Spells: Call Yibb-Tstll, all Contact spells, all Contact Deity spells, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Summon The Black, others as desired.

Sanity Loss: 1D6 / 1D20 Sanity points to see Yibb-Tstll.



- If Philip Baxter's headless ghost or the ghoul's Page from "The Eternal Quest" is brought, Yibb-Tstll only deigns to act if both are present at once. In that case, the god touches both, and the two are combined into one. Philip Baxter is returned to normal existence in the Dreamlands.
- When the investigators return to the waking world, they discover that Silas Patterson has gone mad. He now is no more than a gibbering imitation of Philip Baxter's personality. Theoretically, Patterson/Baxter might be psychoanalyzed back to sanity, but the project would require many years of effort.

Clues and Sanity Awards

If the dreamers were unable to translate the Chinese marginalia in the two Mythos volumes, a successful **Idea roll** for a dreamer who intently studied the Chinese characters permits him or her to remember them accurately enough to transcribe them after returning to the waking world. Philip Baxter used this method to produce the copy now found in the home of Francis Wilson.

Many minor aspects of this dream have a bearing on the waking world. Many competent investigators would

discern the following. If no player among yours makes these connections, have the players attempt **Idea rolls** for their investigators. Each success gains one or more of the following points.

- Kranon of Ulthar is the dream-reflection of Matthew, Julian Baxter's ward and companion.
- The albino Native American is the same as the one seen in Montana. He may be entering the Dreamlands physically.
- The painting of the man dissecting himself is Julian Baxter.
- The cackling dwarf is a reflection of the Tcho-Tcho priest perhaps encountered in the Andaman Islands.
- The headless phosphorescent body tormented by the cackling dwarf is that of Philip Baxter.

Sanity Awards

Discovering the spirit of Philip Baxter gains the dreamers 1D3 Sanity points each.

If at any time the dreamers re-unite Philip's spirit with the Page from the adventure "Eternal Quest," they each receive an additional 1D6 Sanity points.





The Eternal Quest

Ghouls will be ghouls. Three friendly ones come to the investigators to enlist them in the rescue of a Very Important Princess. Friendly investigators get more than ghoulish gratitude.

The investigators' first opportunity to experience this dream comes in the fourth week of the campaign, when a small package addressed to Philip Baxter arrives at his home. Angela Vincenzo opens it to find a small, filthy bottle filled with a thick fluid. A friendly note written in a spidery hand accompanies the bottle. A copy of the note appears nearby as *Azathoth Papers #36*.

If by now the investigators are friends of Angela's, she contacts them about the package at her earliest opportunity. If she is dead or if the house has been destroyed, Judge Braddock possesses the package and gets in touch with the player characters.

An old Cajun woman in New Orleans concocted the potion. The bottle holds six doses—or as many as the keeper requires. Investigators of scientific bent may wish to sacrifice one dose to chemical analysis. The successful analysis reveals water, considerable sediment (swamp mud), animal and vegetable proteins (chicken blood and herbs), unidentifiable alkaloids (more herbs), and many, many bacteria. The potion is not particularly dangerous, though the fluid may be less appealing to drink now than before the contents were summarized and understood.

Swallowing the potion, light-headedness and disorientation immediately follow. Deep sleep occurs in 1D3 minutes.

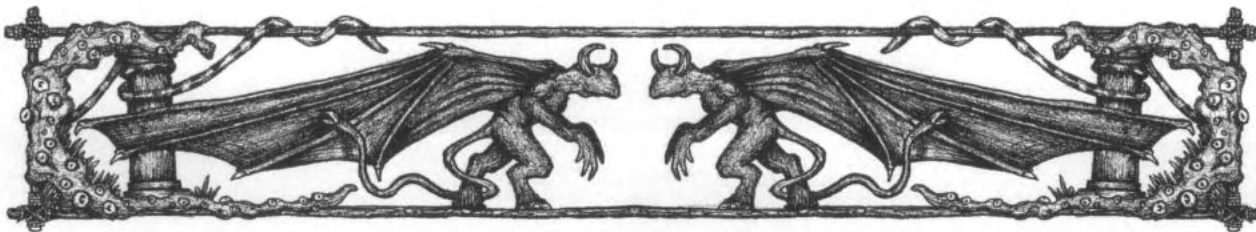
Entering the Dreamlands

Player characters who drank the potion find themselves awakened by furtive tugs at their shoulders. Looking up, they are startled to see three leering ghouls staring down curiously. The creatures reek of death and decay, and their stinking breath costs each dreamer 0/1D3 Sanity points, but they do nothing that seems dangerous.

Investigators who did not drink a swallow of the potion have been grabbed from behind by the ghouls, who pull them along. Ghouls have a way of slipping between the Dreamlands and the waking world, and they can tug along humans as they go.

"Hurry! Hurry!" nag the ghouls. They shove and drag the disoriented dreamers across a cemetery. "Time is short! Time is short!" As can happen in dreams, the player characters feel the great urgency conveyed by the ghouls, and hasten to follow without understanding why they do so.

They round a large mausoleum and enter an area of ancient plots and crooked headstones. One grave has been opened. A terrific stench issues from the gaping hole and from the moist, freshly turned soil that surrounds it. Peering into the



grave, the investigators see a narrow twisting tunnel leading down from the bottom of the hole. Rotten bits of wood, fabric, and bone are scattered about the floor of the grave and stomped into the dirt.

If investigators do not take the ghouls' invitation to hop in, the ghoul trio begins bodily thrusting the player characters down into the grave as if trying to plug a hole in a dam. "Hurry! Hurry! Dawn comes soon!" They gibber and meep if a player character hesitates, and soon they leap past remaining player characters, scramble into the grave, and disappear down the gloomy tunnel. Investigators lingering at the entrance see the walls buckle at their feet—they recognize that the way into the tunnel soon will be blocked. "Hurry, hurry!" Their echoing shouts are final: The ground trembles and the walls of the grave collapse. The tunnel has been sealed.

Those down in the tunnel see the twisting tunnel collapse behind them. No amount of digging can return them to the waking world. They must follow the ghouls.

A Gaggle of Ghouls

Like all ghouls, these three are disgusting and foul smelling but, unusually for ghouls, they treat the dreamers with great respect. As the group moves through endless passageways the ghouls offer the player characters the choicest pieces of food that they carry, and always ask the investigators their opinions concerning each decision. In contrast, among themselves they quarrel over the slightest issue or sinew, and constantly bicker.



Grath

They treat their Page despicably. He joins the group at the other end of the tunnels—at the fringe of the Dreamlands. The other ghouls constantly subject this poor being to abuse, ordering him with kicks and blows, and berating him with terrible insults and humiliations. If the dreamers ask why the Page is treated so cruelly, the ghouls apologize, but explain that such is the proper method of training a Page.

GRATH THE GHOUL, Leader of the Pack

STR 18 CON 14 SIZ 16 INT 17 POW 15
DEX 15 MOV 09 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Sword 55%, damage 1D6 + 1 + 1D6

Buckler 35%, damage parry only

Claws 30%, damage 1D6 + 1D6

Teeth 30%, damage 1D6 + automatic worry

Skills: Climb 85%, Hide 75%, Jump 75%, Listen 70%, Spot Hidden 55%, Sneak 85%, Tunnel 70%.

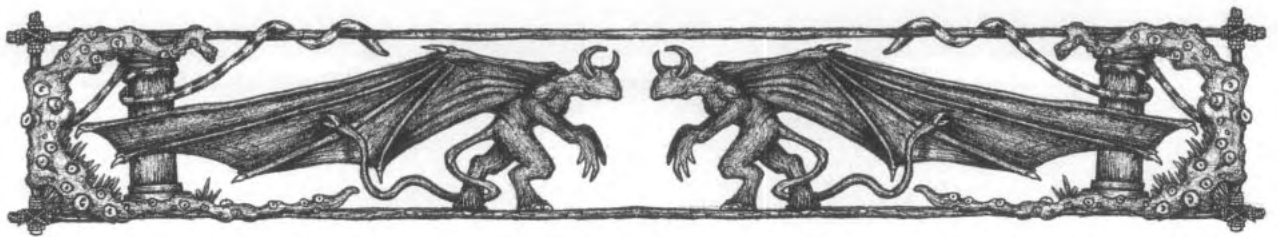
Young and handsome by ghoul standards, Grath leads the band. He most often speaks with the dreamers. On his right arm he wears a small buckler and in his left hand he clutches a rusted short sword. Once he had a riding zebra, but the ghouls grew hungry and devoured

Azathoth Papers #36:
Unsigned note to Philip Baxter

Dear Philipus,

As promised, I have contacted my Aunts in Providence and they have sent to me, by post, the strange bottle of fluid that I had told you about. It seems to be still well-sealed and little, if any, of the contents appear to have been evaporated over the time it has been in my possession. LeGrasse assures me that the old woman from whom he obtained it has a reputation for curing sickness and disease with arcane treatments. Though I've not yet tried it myself, I assume it to be safe and if all LeGrasse has told me is true, it may well aid you in your dream research. Supposedly this potion is only effective if those who take it spend the night sleeping in a graveyard at least 100 years old. Some stuff, eh?

Best of luck



most of it some time ago. If the dreamers desire weapons, Grath willingly provides his, since he can fight just as well with tooth and claw. Grath often wrings his hands and bemoans his fears for the fate of the kidnapped princess, beautiful Horella.

MAIRPL THE STRONG

STR 21 CON 16 SIZ 17 INT 11 POW 12
DEX 14 MOV 09 HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Club 75%, damage 1D8 + 1D6

Claws 35%, damage 1D6 + 1D6

Teeth 35%, damage 1D6 + automatic worry



Mairpl the Strong

Skills: Climb 80%, Hide 75%, Jump 65%, Listen 80%, Spot Hidden 45%, Sneak 80%, Tunnel 60%.

Mairpl is the largest of the trio, and considerably less talkative than Grath. Under his arm he carries a huge helm that he dons at the first sign of danger (he is wearing it when he awakens the player characters). He also carries a gnarled wooden club to which is affixed an iron spike. Like Grath, Mairpl voices his fears for the fate of the princess.

UG THE HUNGRY

STR 19 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 08 POW 10
DEX 13 MOV 09 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Teeth 60%, damage 1D6 + automatic worry

Claw 55%, damage 1D6 + 1D4

Skills: Climb 70%, Hide 60%, Jump 50%, Listen 80%, Spot Hidden 65%, Sneak 50%, Tunnel 60%.



Ug the Hungry

The most degenerate of the three, this ghoulish creature speaks no human language and spends most of his time on four legs. Ug keeps a distance between himself and the dreamers, since he doesn't feel comfortable with

humans. Occasionally, a dreamer might notice Ug squatting on his haunches and staring in the dreamer's direction. Once spotted, Ug quickly looks away, folds his paws, and looks off into the distance, pretending to be lost in thought. He poses no real threat to the dreamers and would never attack them without reason. However, Ug does like to fantasize. He possesses neither weapons nor clothes. Unlike Grath and Mairpl, he only exclaims the princess's name occasionally, moaning "Horella! Horella the Beautiful!"

The Page

This silent figure stands patiently at the far end of the tunnel when the ghouls and their now-dreaming companions emerge. Wrapped in a dirty brown cloak, the Page's face is hidden by a hood. His body is bent forward



The Page

by the weight of an enormous tombstone chained to his back. The stone weighs hundreds of pounds, and the silent, suffering Page staggers with every step. In addition to this, the ghouls expect the Page to perform dozens of menial tasks for them; and the Page is often the butt of vicious practical jokes.

If the dreamers attempt to communicate with the Page, that being does not reply. Dreamers who lift up the cowl to peek at the Page's face are surprised to see Silas Patterson's face. His face is translucent, seemingly part immaterial, and he shows no signs of recognition. If a dreamer thinks to read the tombstone's inscription, it is *Philip A. Baxter, 1865-1927*. The Page is, of course, the dream reflection of Silas Patterson. He suffers from the guilt brought upon him for his involvement in the death of his friend.

If the dreamers get the Page away from the ghouls by hook or by crook, they might take him to the Palace of the Sacred Fount where is kept the faceless, glowing figure that is Philip Baxter. If the Page and Baxter are together presented to Yibb-Tstll, the outer god touches them and brings about a reversal. The Page, with a horrible distant wailing sound, dissipates into a mist that swirls about the faceless figure. As the mist enters the glowing figure, it assumes the persona of Philip Baxter. Baxter is still dead, but this reassembled existence allows him to



continue life in the Dreamlands. This action causes complete insanity in the waking-world Silas Patterson, and there he assumes the habits, mannerisms, and memories of Philip Baxter to an insane degree.

Dining With Ghouls

Before too many hours pass, Grath suggests to the dreamers that they all take a short break for nourishment. He assures the dreamers that he has brought enough provisions for the entire party. Squatting down, the ghouls begin to rummage through the stained sacks that they carry.

Vaguely familiar cuts of raw meat, slightly tainted green with mold, are drawn forth and offered to the dreamers. There also are bottles of sour wine. A successful **Know or Idea roll** relates the gruesome source of these semi-edibles. Wise dreamers turn them down. No other sort of food seems to be available. A dreamer who eats this loathsome provender loses 1/1D6 Sanity points each and every time he has such a meal. Should he suffer a nightmare effect, the piece of flesh comes alive in his hands and attempts to squirm free.

The ghouls like their meat well aged and, out of respect to the dreamers, offer the oldest pieces to them. The dreamers may notice (with a successful **Spot Hidden**) some fresher cuts in the bag. They are the remains of Grath's unfortunate zebra. If the player characters request this food, the ghouls are more than happy to make the exchange, and eat the older, tastier pieces themselves.

Conversations

At some point the dreamers will want to know more about the reason for their journey, how long it will take, why they have to rescue the princess, etc. Grath and Mairpl caution that all will become clear when they near her. Meanwhile, they offer platitudes like the following. Ug nods and snorts in agreement whenever the other two ghouls speak of the princess.

- The Princess has been kidnapped and must be rescued.
- Everybody knows of the Princess's plight.
- The Princess smells wonderful.
- Do not make the Princess angry.
- The Princess has jewels and beautiful clothes.
- Everybody knows the beauty of the Princess.
- Happy are the subjects of the Princess!

Journey to the Stony Desert

The tunnel from the waking world graveyard leads to the Underworld. Somewhere along the way, the dreamers, who have been physically transported to the Dreamlands, find that any objects they carry which could not normally exist in the Dreamlands have been converted to their medieval or renaissance era equivalents. Guns are replaced by scimitars or maces, flashlights by candles, and so on. Such metamorphoses take only a few seconds. There is no Sanity point cost to observers, but seeing the change is startling.

Once in the Underworld the ghouls quickly find a tunnel leading upward through the center of a huge mountain. Trudging up the tunnel takes three or four days. Many other tunnels branch off the main path, and only their stalwart ghoul guides prevent the dreamers from being lost forever.

Water oozes down the rock walls. If the dreamers don't mind eating bloated fungi, pallid foot-long cave crickets, and eyeless carnivorous rats, food is also plentiful. Light is not however, unless the dreamers have brought some, but the ghouls can see the way in the dark and lead the dreamers.

This tunnel connects to the Vaults of Zin by a roundabout route. Once or twice in the trek the dreamers might encounter ghosts, or worse. **Roll 1D4 three or four times** on the nearby Underworld Encounters Table. Ghosts, formless spawn, and serpent folk are further discussed in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules.

The giant cave centipede is a one-of-a-kind creature not covered in the rules. For more about it, the keeper will have to do the creating.

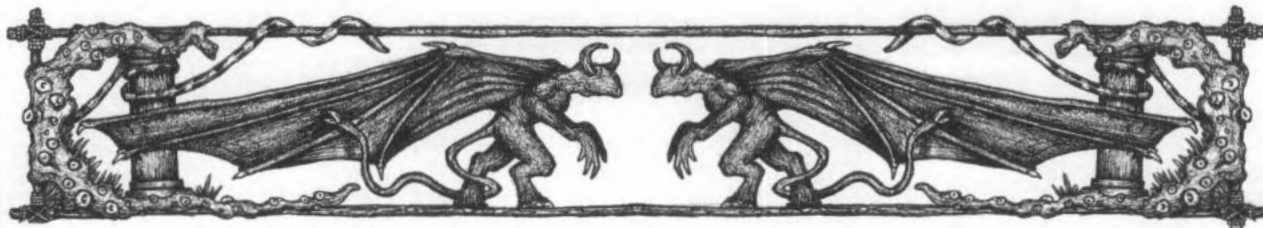
Underworld Encounters

1D4result
11D4 ghosts
21 formless spawn of Tsathoggua
31D2 serpent people
41 giant cave centipede

Ghosts

A group of ghosts trudges through the tunnels. They believe there is nothing in this section of the tunnels that can threaten them, so they don't care that they are making a lot of noise. The ghouls hope to avoid the ghosts





Ghast

and will hide from them if they can. If the ghouls see the ghouls or investigators, they instinctively attack even though they are not hungry. Investigators can stand and fight or—if they flee and succeed in a **Spot Hidden** and a **Luck roll**—they find a tunnel that will only allow in creatures of SIZ 18 or less, allowing an escape

from ghouls, who are too big to reach the player characters.

Ghasts

	#1	#2	#3	#4
STR.....	28	26	20	23
CON.....	15	12	16	18
SIZ.....	30	29	34	26
INT.....	02	03	04	04
POW.....	13	10	11	13
DEX.....	15	10	09	11
HP.....	23	21	25	22
MOV.....	10	10	10	10
Dmg Bonus: ...	+3D6	+2D6	+2D6	+2D6

Weapons:* Bite 40%, damage 1D10
 Kick 25%, damage 1D6 + db
 * each may Bite and Kick once per round.

Armor: 3 points of skin.

Skills: Sneak 70%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D8 Sanity points to see a ghast.

Formless Spawn of Tsathoggua

At some point the investigators begin tripping over objects that aren't loose rocks. Shining a light reveals the source—many broken bone fragments identified by an automatically successful **Medicine skill roll** as belonging to humans and ghouls. All of the bones appear to be partially digested.

As the group progresses, the bone fragments become more prevalent and take on a strong acrid smell. The ghouls want to press on, since this is the quickest route to the surface and to take another route now would add a day to their journey time. If investigators are concerned about what may lie ahead and do not wish to

proceed they will need to **Persuade** the ghouls of the folly of their current course.

Continuing on this path for an hour or so eventually brings the investigators to a small circular chamber carved from the rock. Bas-reliefs depict humans and ghouls bowing down, offering gifts or sacrificing themselves to a half-toad, half-bat-like monster which is identified with a successful **Cthulhu Mythos skill roll** as Tsathoggua. In a stone well in the center of the chamber is a large pool of black oily liquid. Of course nothing is what it seems: the pool is in fact a formless spawn which rears itself threateningly as soon as somebody enters the chamber.

At the other end of the chamber there is a path leading on, but to get to it requires battle with the formless spawn, not an easy task if the investigators aren't equipped with enchanted weapons or in command of offensive spells. Investigators who kneel down and profess their devotion to



Formless Spawn

Tsathoggua will not be harmed, but they will not be allowed to pass either. In order to pass unhindered, the investigators must offer a sacrifice. A blood sacrifice of one of the party would be ideal but not really fair or a nice thing to do, prompting high Sanity losses. It is not necessary, either. If each party member leaves

behind an item of personal value to him or her, to be offered to Tsathoggua, they can go forth unhindered. The ghouls might leave behind their best cuts of meat or favorite bottles of sour wine. Trinkets and items of little value to the investigators are ignored by the formless spawn—it wants something of value to *them*, even if that is a portrait of a lost loved-one, a family heirloom, or a favorite weapon which might hold no intrinsic value. Leaving old shoes, spare oil lanterns, or a length of rope that the investigators can do without won't be enough for this formless spawn.





The Formless Spawn

STR 25 CON 12 SIZ 24 INT 15 POW 10
 DEX 21 MOV 12 HP 18

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Whip* 90%, damage 1D6

Tentacle** 60%, damage 2D6

Bludgeon 20%, damage 2D6

Bite*** 30%, damage special

* May seek to Grapple rather than do damage; range is 24 yards.

** May strike at 1D3 opponents in a round, and may seek to Grapple rather than do damage; range equals 24 yards.

*** Instantly swallows victim. Each round thereafter the victim takes 1 point of damage, the damage done per round progressively increasing by 1 point. The poor victim is doomed unless freed by her or his friends. The Spawn may swallow up to 24 SIZ of people at one time. The Spawn is unable to move while digesting a victim, so if forced to relocate, it will disgorge what it has swallowed.

Armor: The spawn is immune to all physical weapons. It can be harmed by spells as well as fire or chemicals.

Spells: Contact Tsathoggua.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D10 Sanity points to see a formless spawn.

Two Serpent People

Investigators given a successful **Listen roll** or **Spot Hidden** become aware of a noise and a light up ahead. **Sneak and Hide rolls** allow them to approach without being seen, spotting two serpent people and their naked human slave, chains about his neck, ankles, and wrists.

The two serpent people have discovered strange writings on the walls of this section of the cavern and are attempting to translate them. To record their findings they are using their slave as their parchment. So far almost all the slave's body is covered in text, still bleeding where the alien words have been carved into him. He endures this pain, numbed by a drug earlier administered by his serpent masters. Witnessing this scene costs 0/1D6 Sanity points.



Serpent Person

If startled or otherwise made aware of the investigators, the serpent people attack, going to great lengths to protect their human slave. If overwhelmed the serpent

people flee, but they will not leave without their slave. If they are defeated and the slave is rescued, he is thankful, and tells his story. His name is Charu from Dylath-Leen. A year ago he was kidnapped by moonbeasts and held in their slave pits on the Moon. Recently he was sold to these two serpent people and brought to the Underworld. As to what the serpent people were translating, Charu only knows that it has something to do with a throne, a sultan, and the reversal of time. He'd like to journey with the group to the surface, hopefully to return home to his family. He is very weak, and will need to be carried in order to have any chance of reaching the surface.

Unfortunately Charu is already doomed. A couple of hours after the encounter with the serpent couple, Charu begins to scream and thrash in pain. There is nothing the investigators can do to help him. Touching him establishes that his skin is unusually wet and reddening. Then it starts to peel away. Within the space of a minute Charu's skin sheds off his body and dries quickly, becoming a parchment made from skin, while his skinless body dies of shock. The serpent people were planning to bind Charu's skin into a book once the potion's effects had come to an end. Witnessing this horrible death costs 1/1D8 Sanity points. The language on the skin is unknown to the investigators and proves impossible to translate. The ghouls on the other hand are ecstatic over this unfortunate turn of events: they have fresh meat!

Serpent Man

STR 16 CON 15 SIZ 09 INT 16 POW 13
 DEX 13 MOV 08 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Bite 35%, damage 1D8+1D4 plus POT 15 poison
 Sword 20%, damage 1D8 + 1 + 1D4

Armor: 1 point scales.

Spells: Cause Blindness, Chant of Thoth, Clutch of Nyogtha, Consume Likeness, Contact Yig, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler.

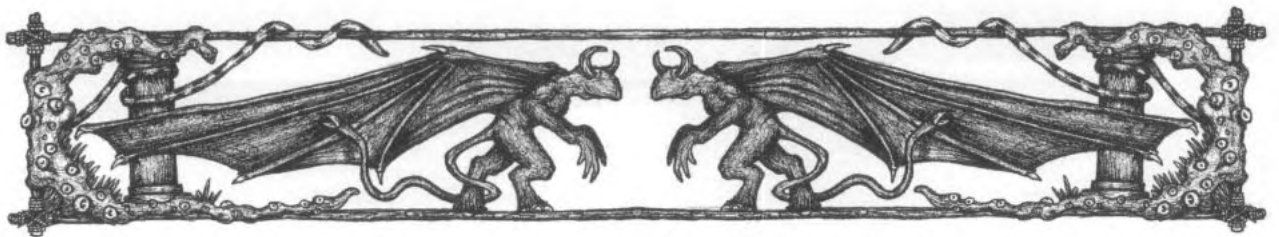
Skills: Astronomy 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 35%, Dream Lore 80%, Dodge 40%, Geology 70%, Library Use 90%, Listen 35%, Medicine 80%, Natural History 70%, Occult 20%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Languages: Aklo 90%, Hyperborean 75%, Serpent Dialects 80%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 points to see a serpent person.

Serpent Woman

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 06 INT 14 POW 12
 DEX 14 MOV 08 HP 10



Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Bite 35%, damage 1D8 plus POT 15 poison
Sword 20%, damage 1D8+1

Armor: 1 point scales.

Spells: Baneful Dust of Hermes Trismegistus, Brew Space
Mead, Consume Likeness, Contact Yig, Deflect Harm,
Mesmerize.

Skills: Astronomy 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Dream Lore
90%, Dodge 50%, Library Use 70%, Listen 45%,
Medicine 70%, Natural History 80%, Occult 40%, Sneak
30%, Spot Hidden 60%.

Languages: Aklo 85%, Hyperborean 85%, Serpent Dialects
90%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 points to see a serpent person.

Charu of Dylath-Leen

STR 07	CON 06	SIZ 09	INT 10	POW 08
DEX 08	APP 07	EDU 07	SAN 03	HP 08

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Listen 30%, Endure Pain 99%, Spot Hidden 30%.

Giant Cave Centipede

The investigators discover this albino centipede feeding on small grubs which in turn have discovered a nice patch of fungus to consume. The centipede is blind, so if all the ghouls and investigators succeed with **Sneak rolls** they can walk past it without being noticed. Any noise alerts the centipede to the group, and so it gives chase, desiring to eat the adventurers' fresh flesh. Anyone who fails a **Sanity roll** here doesn't worry about remaining quiet, and flees screaming.



Cave Centipede

Grath, Mairpl and Ug are all rather fond of centipede meat, and will try to convince the investigators to aid them in killing it. The trick, they say, is to turn the creature on its back and stab at its soft undersides. To do so requires someone at the centipede's head to distract it by making a noise, while the others grab its numerous legs and throw the centipede on its back. The legs, say the ghouls, are harmless; it is only the pincers at the mouth that they have to worry about.

Grabbing the centipede requires a successful **Grapple roll each round** to maintain a hold. Each round that the group manages to hold the creature allows a combined **STR of successful participants versus the centipede's STR** to flip it over. Doing so leaves the centipede stranded and incapable of protecting itself for 1D4 rounds before it is able to flip itself over again, during which time the ghouls will frantically attempt to kill it.

The centipede's poison is rather nasty, causing a victim's veins to become prominent, glowing just beneath the skin as if tainted with an eerily green fluid, and costing 0/1D6 Sanity points when the victim first sees the effect. Other symptoms include shortness of breath, fever, and dizziness. Anyone overcome by the poison literally suffocates to death.

If the centipede is killed, the ghouls feast, suggesting that the investigators at least try this delicacy. If they do, investigators discover its revolting taste, best described as a combination of moldy cheese and spoiled peanut butter.

Giant Cave Centipede

STR 30	CON 30	SIZ 30	INT 03	POW 06
DEX 10	MOV 07			HP 30

Damage Bonus: +3D6.

Weapons: Pincers 60%, damage 2D6 plus POT 10 poison

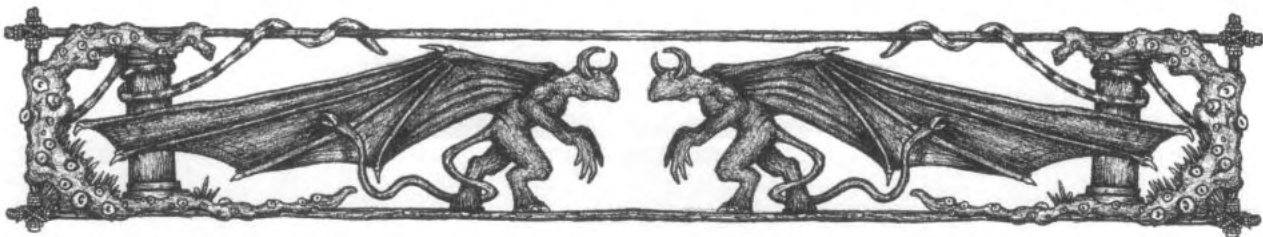
Armor: 8 points of segmented carapace except on its underbelly which is unarmored.

Skills: Listen 80%, Spot Hidden 0%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 points to see this abnormally large invertebrate.

Eventually the group reaches the top of the tunnel, opening on the western border of the Stony Desert. Grath claims that the journey eastward across the Stony Desert should take only a few days. When they can clearly see Mount Hatheg-Kla in the distance, they'll turn south and head for it. There, on that sacred mountain, is said to dwell a holy man who knows the fate of the fair Princess Horella. The desert is a bleak and barren waste, dull gray in color, and lit by a glaring sun. Huge slabs of shattered stone lie everywhere. No sign of life is visible.





The Walker of the Stony Desert

A few days' journey across the desert, the dreamers see a man leading a horse in the distance. He travels toward the party. They will meet in approximately an hour. The ghouls have no idea who this fellow is.

As the travelers near him, they see that the man must be of enormous size. He towers over his horse. If the horse is an ordinary one, then the man is at least eight feet tall. Massively built, his weight exceeds four hundred pounds. His all-black clothing and wide-brimmed black hat lend him a sinister appearance.

His horse seems old and tired, and it lags behind the man. He patiently pulls it along with a rope halter.

The dreamers may choose to hide among the rocks while the strange pair pass. If they do, they are not molested. If they stand in the middle of the path, man and horse simply walk around them without a glance. The horse proves to be an elderly nag with a swayback. Cataracts film both eyes.

If the dreamers hail the passer-by, he nods in acknowledgment but does not slow his pace. If the dreamers wish to speak with him, they must catch up and walk beside him while they talk. The ghouls are terrified of the man, and won't approach nearer than thirty feet.

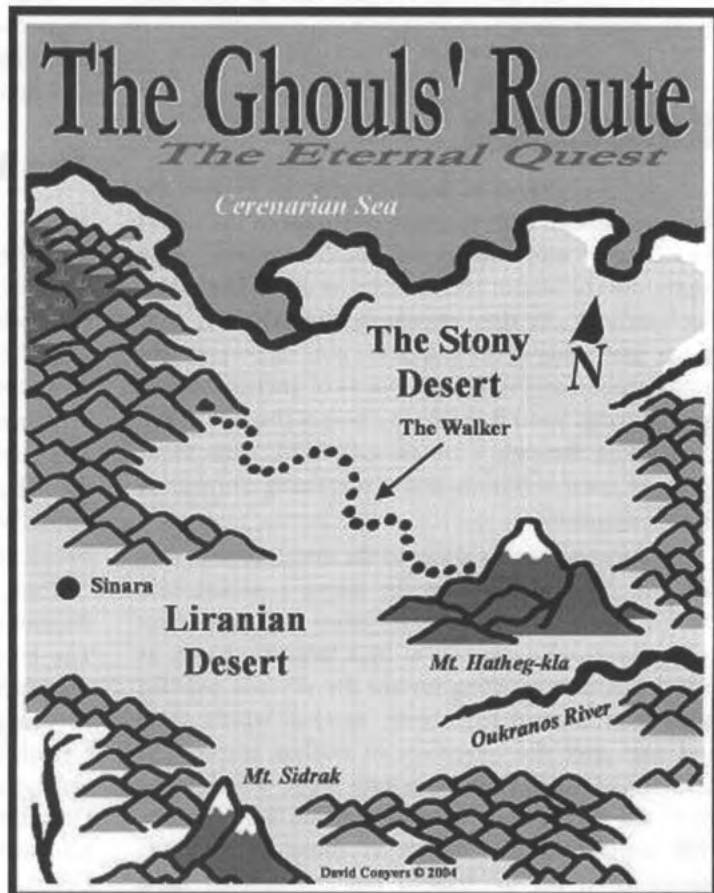
This being is a dream-form of Eibon the Hyperborean wizard. Like the spell he has cast to entrap Nemesis, he is bound to travel back and forth across the Stony Desert. How many times he has done this, he does not know. A legend says that one day he shall find a pathway out of the Stony Desert. On that day, the horse shall become healthy and full-sighted, and the man shall ride the horse rather than lead him. Whither he knows not, for thenceforward the horse shall be master.

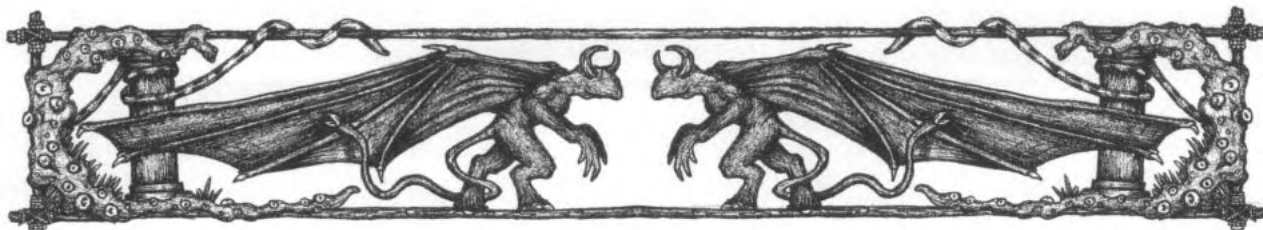
Those who converse with the Walker find his responses disconcerting. With considerable graciousness, Eibon responds to all questions about his journeys across the desert, but always in oblique and allusive answers. At the keeper's discretion, Eibon may also answer questions connecting Nemesis and the waking world Cthulhu Mythos.

If the dreamers waste his time by asking him questions about the Dreamlands, the ghouls' quest, Philip Baxter's death, or other trivial matters, the man turns upon his ragged horse, draws a truncheon from his pocket, and proceeds to beat the animal cruelly. The horse flinches and shies, but keeps walking.

This encounter with the dream-Eibon is an opportunity for the player characters to increase their knowledge of the campaign, but the clues should not be giveaways. Eibon can tell them fragments of his story, but let the dreamers figure out the rest. Eibon offers the dreamers the following information:

- If asked about Eibon's spell he says, "Once I knew Eibon was right. Now I know otherwise. Eternal stagnation is worse than eternal damnation."
- If asked about Nemesis he says, "The dark world rolls onward. Its spirit shall appear to mortal man soon, where the web of Eibon shall enthrall it, and doom all the Earth."





- If asked about the Father Ghost he says, "He is not a man any longer. He exists solely to foster the great web of Eibon."
- If a dreamer mentions anything at all about the coming of Nemesis or Eibon's spell, the walker looks intently at that dreamer and says, "I have something for you. I know Eibon. I know Eibon very well. Nemesis must not be delayed." Whereupon he plucks a large, shining jewel out of the air and hands it to the surprised dreamer.

This jewel glows with an internal flickering light. It is of no use until the climax of this campaign, when it can act to free Nemesis. The Walker merely says, "This is the mate to that of the monk. All brave souls shall know what to do."

Attacking the Walker

A dreamer foolish enough to attack the Walker finds that any weapon used to assault him dissolves permanently into a flaccid, diseased-looking mass just as the dreamer tries to use it. This also happens to the dreamer's hand or foot if he tries to punch or kick the Walker. However, the dreamer's hand or foot returns to normal in the waking world.

Hatheg-Kla

A day or two after their meeting with the Walker, the dreamers notice that the slabs of stones in the desert have become more numerous. Grath turns the group south, toward Mount Hatheg-Kla, its tip visibly looming overhead. As they approach, the dreamers may notice that many of the stones are now turned upright in the ground and some bear traces of ancient carving or engraving. Soon it becomes obvious that the group is traveling through a titanic graveyard, with thousands of ancient burials and a surprising number of fresh-dug graves.

As the group draws closer to the towering peak they see, two thousand feet up the slope, a gaping cave mouth, flanked by two colossal statues. A thousand feet below grows what appears to be a large dead tree, its naked branches reaching toward the sky and perched upon by numerous large birds, more of which wheel and soar over the mountain in endless circles. The branches of the tree are hung with many white globes. From the desert floor it takes separate **Spot Hidden rolls** to identify the statues as those of ape men (sasquatch if the investigator has encountered these

beings), the birds as byakhee, and the white globes as human skulls.

Mairpl assures the dreamers that this is the only path to the holy man and asks which dreamers will accompany him. It becomes clear that the other two ghouls do not plan to climb the mountain themselves. However, at least one of the dreamers must climb up to talk with the holy man. Grath reminds the player characters to ask the holy man where Horella is held.

The climb is steep but not particularly difficult. Each dreamer must receive a successful **Climb roll** to make it safely to the top. If the roll fails, the dreamer gets an immediate second chance—to grasp some hold to keep from falling. If this roll too fails, the dreamer falls to his doom. Sadly, Mairpl fails both rolls. The rest of the party sees Mairpl's body plummet toward them; they may try to dodge the falling body but if they fail to state that they are ducking behind rocks or tombstones, each loses 1D6 hit points from bone shrapnel. Their comrade hits the jagged rocks at incredible velocity and splatters into a thousand pieces.

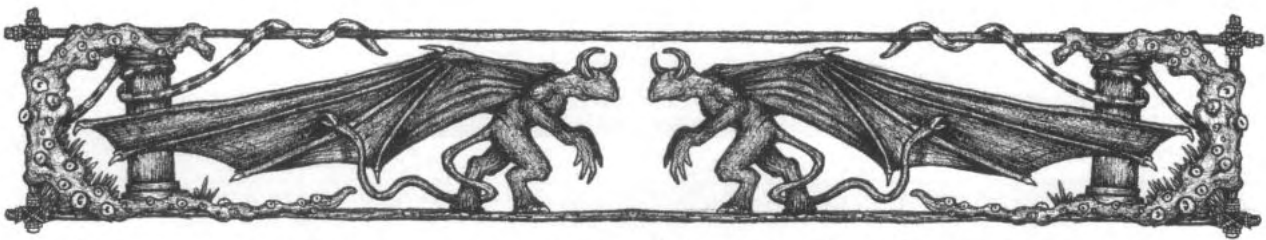
Grath and Ug, after a show of remorse, gather up the larger Mairpl chunks and place them among the provisions. The descent of Hatheg-Kla is easier and requires no Climb rolls.

The Man on the Mountain

Near the skull tree, atop a heap of corpses plundered from the desert cemetery, the man of the mountain sits, dressed in a yellow robe. He deftly hacks tidbits of bone and flesh from the pile beneath him and then flings the dripping gobbets above his head. There the circling byakhees swoop, to snatch the morsels from the air.

The monsters perched in the great dead tree scream and chatter loudly as the intruding dreamers near them, but the holy man atop the corpses pays them no mind. Witnessing this bloody free-for-all costs 0/1D4 Sanity points.

From far below, Grath and Ug howl, urging the dreamers to ask the man the whereabouts of Horella. The holy man does not look at the dreamers when approached, but continues feeding the flying horrors swooping and screeching. If he is hailed by a dreamer, he looks up and smiles warmly at the stranger. This man can answer any reasonable question about the Dreamlands, including where the fair Horella is being held—the castle of Bombel, in the hills east of the Stony Desert.



The dreamer may ask the man as many questions as desired, and all replies are made fairly and honestly. Knowledge does have a price, however, for as soon as the question is asked, with a deft flick of his wrist, the holy man hurls his hatchet at the dreamer, which instantly slices off the dreamer's left hand. As the hand flies from the dreamer's wrist, one of the croaking beasts above zooms down and snaps it up. Simultaneously, the holy man politely answers the question and retrieves the silver hatchet by yanking the long silver chain attached to its haft.

The chopped arm spurts no blood, and the pain vanishes in a moment or two. The dreamer loses 1D6 hit points and 1/1D3 Sanity points. The holy man is happy to answer questions so long as the dreamer wishes to ask, but for every question, he removes another appendage or portion of appendage, as the keeper chooses.

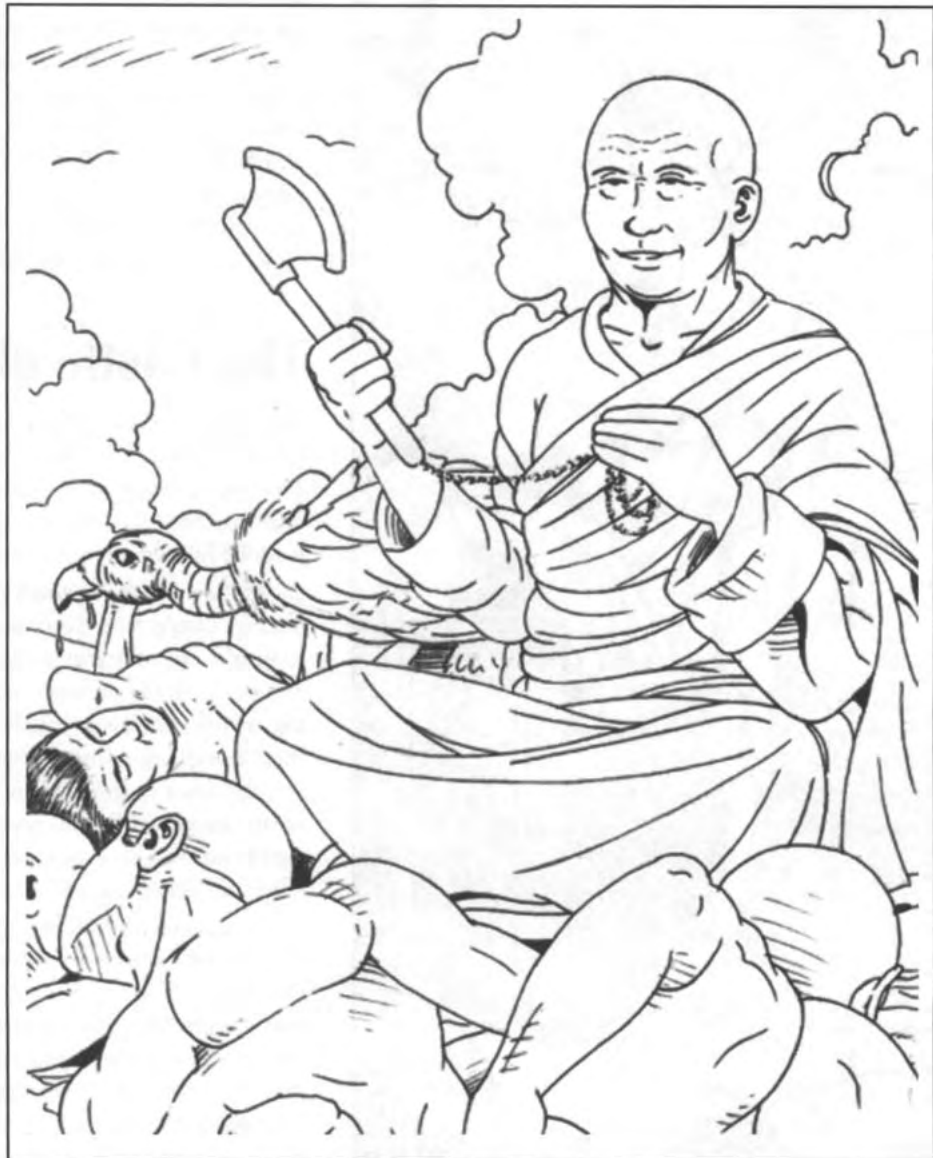
When the maimed dreamer returns to the waking world all missing parts are restored, though they are tender and sore for a few days. However, the next time the dreamer visits the Dreamlands the part or parts are missing! The injury can be restored by use of the Dreaming skill between visits. If not, then when in the Dreamlands the dreamer is permanently crippled.

Anyone choosing to attack the holy man finds dozens of byakhee defending him. They lift the offender high into the sky and rip him to shreds. The

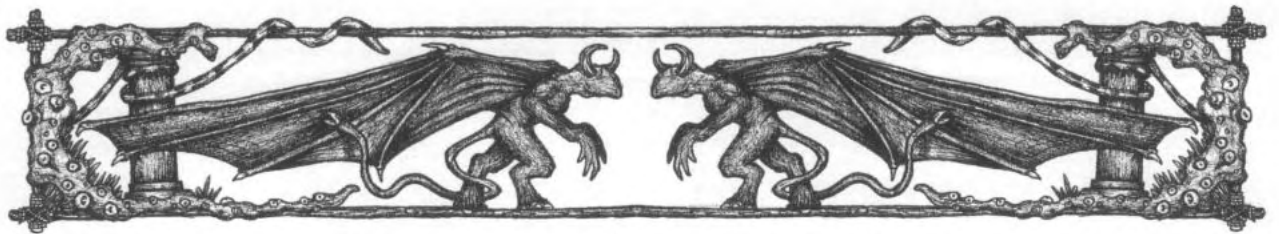
holy man never bothers to stir from his pile of decaying corpses.

Behind the holy man and the tree of skulls, the sheer face of Hatheg-Kla rises another thousand feet to the dark, mysterious cave mouth. Carved into the face of the mountain are a terrifying succession of steps, criss-crossing the cliff face at least fifty times before reaching the yawning cave above.

The holy man of the mountain makes no effort to stop any would-be climber. Though the byakhee swoop about the dreamer the whole time he or she climbs the



The Holy Man on the Mountain



Bombel the Gug

stairs, they make no attempt to interfere. As the dreamer climbs nearer the mouth, a sound like that of a gigantic infant crying echoes down the mountainside.

Child of a God

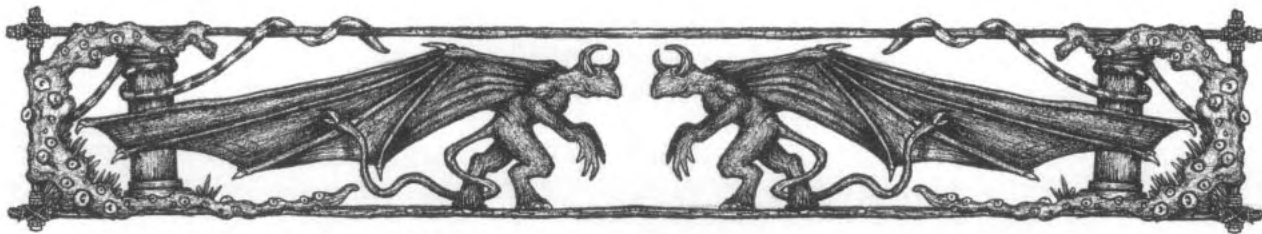
At the mouth of the cave, it is clear that the statues that guard it are at least two hundred feet tall. From within the impenetrable gloom of the cave comes a soft sobbing, interspersed by occasional suckling noises. If the dreamer enters, his companions below see him step into the darkness and disappear from sight. A few seconds later, horrifying screams of agony echo from the cave, accompanied by sucking, popping sounds and a soft, cooing voice. The screams continue for over a minute before they are choked off by a gurgling, bubbling sound, followed by a huge spray of blood that splashes and trickles partway down the cliff. After this, silence reigns. No matter how long the dreamers wait, their companion does not return—he or she has been killed by whatever is being kept in the cave.

The Castle of Bombel

The team has learned that Horella is being held in the castle of Bombel, in the hills east of the Stony Desert. This trip is made with little difficulty. After a few days crossing the desert, the investigators reach dark, heavily wooded hills wherein the castle is supposedly found.

As they wander through the forest, their players can attempt **Listen rolls**. Success allows the player characters to hear a low, muttering voice behind a copse. Carefully approaching, the dreamers come to the edge of a clearing, within which is the castle, a rude tower of stone only three stories high, with a single window at the top and a wooden door at the bottom. This door is far too small for the huge gug who sits nearby on a boulder, chin in all four hands and his eyes staring gloomily off into the distances on either side of his head.

Because of his bulbous side-mounted eyes, Bombel sees in every direction and cannot be surprised. At the first sign of the party, Bombel leaps up from his boulder and charges. Dreamers need **Sanity rolls**, but the ghouls do not. Shortly after battle is joined, Horella appears at the tower window. From this vantage, the scaly ghoull princess hurls the most loathsome imaginable insults plus a number of large stones (pried from the floor of her cell) at the back of the head of the battling gug.



The ghouls are cheered by the sight of their princess and fight the more valiantly, but anyone succeeding in a **Listen** roll realizes that, though Horella is certainly insulting the gug, she is exhorting him to destroy her would-be rescuers. The rocks she flings so accurately cost only 1D8 hit points, no more than a bruise to the gug, but the dreamers can see that Bombel's skull bears a number of older bruises.

BOMBEL, the Gug

STR 48 CON 31 SIZ 59 INT 10 POW 10
 DEX 12 MOV 10 HP 45

Damage Bonus: +6D6.

Weapons: Bite 65%, damage 1D10

Four Claw(s) 45%, damage 4D6 each (no db)

Stomp 25%, damage 1D6 + 6D6

Spells: none.

Armor: 8-point skin, hair, and cartilage.

Skills: Grapple 25%, Listen 30%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D8 Sanity points to see a gug.

The Fight at the Castle

The dreamers, assisted by the two remaining ghouls, should eventually overcome the gug by wearing him down. Casualties are likely if they try fighting the gug hand-to-hand. A safer strategy is to call the gug offensive names and then retreat into the trees when he charges indignantly.

Waking world magic usually works in the Dreamlands; if the dreamers are novices, they probably have no Dreamlands magic. Dreamlands magic does not work in the waking world unless the spell's summary specifically says it does.

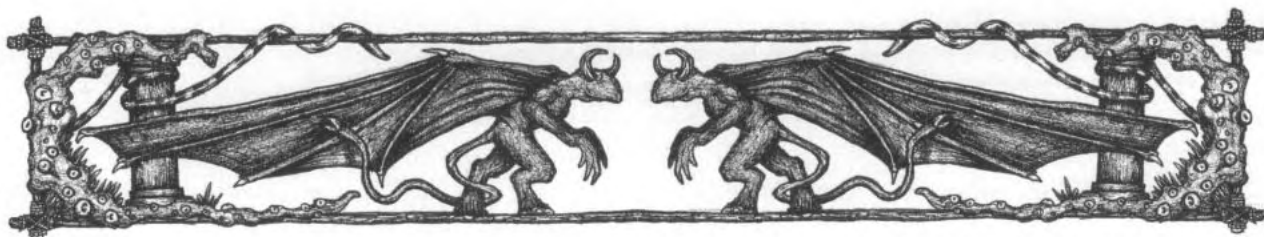
Once the gug loses or becomes too tired to continue the fight, Horella immediately directs her insults and rocks at her victorious rescuers. Her Throw skill is 75%; fortunately she has run out of large rocks.

Drawing a length of heavy chain from his sack, Grath (or whatever ghouls survive) bellows, "To the rescue!" and charges the tower door. Flinging it open, the ghouls mount the interior stairs, scrambling to the top of the tower. During this climb, Horella has time to hurl three more rocks before the party reaches the head of the stairs. There, Horella's deliverers throw themselves atop her and attempt to Grapple. Though she fights tooth and nail, the ghouls, with the aid of their chain, eventually subdue her without serious injury.

Dragging her down the stairs, the ghouls meet with the dreamers one last time and inform them that they



Fair Horella greets her rescuers



must part. They thank the dreamer heroes for all they have done.

If the dreamers check out the tower interior, they find that it is just as rough within as without. If they climb the stairs to Horella's former room, they find the walls decorated with universally comprehensible dream-symbols. Thus the walls tell a story which the dreamers can read without difficulty, except where portions of the text were damaged by the removal of the stones thrown by Horella. *Azathoth Papers #45*, below, is a translation of what was written.

At this point, if the dreamers eloquently ask the ghouls using a successful **Bargain, Fast Talk, or Persuade**, the ghouls give them *The Page* as a gift.

Azathoth Papers #45: Translation
of the Dream-Symbols

*Father who dwells at the center
of . . . in darkness. His sons that
mark the growth and pace of the
spheres . . . that spin and turn in
darkness. He, the millennial spirit
of the desert, who must . . .
marking and remarking his path
until. . . .*

Leaving the Dreamlands

The dreamers must find their own route out of the Dreamlands. Their most obvious course, and the one the ghouls suggest, is to retrace their tracks. Your players might be pardoned for not being enthusiastic at the idea. Experienced dreamers will know that they leave the Dreamlands by waking up.

Inexperienced dreamers may take the ghouls' suggestion, or the ghouls can alternately scratch their heads and guess that, from their present location in the hills, traveling directly east would lead the dreamers to the

Jungle of Kled, where they might be able to find an elephant caravan. Or the vegetable-eaters could travel south, toward the Oukranos River, the Enchanted Wood, and Ulthar. No matter how the investigators try to leave the Dreamlands, when they awake they find themselves in the graveyard from which they began, climbing up out of the same open grave they crawled into. No trace of the ghouls' tunnel remains.

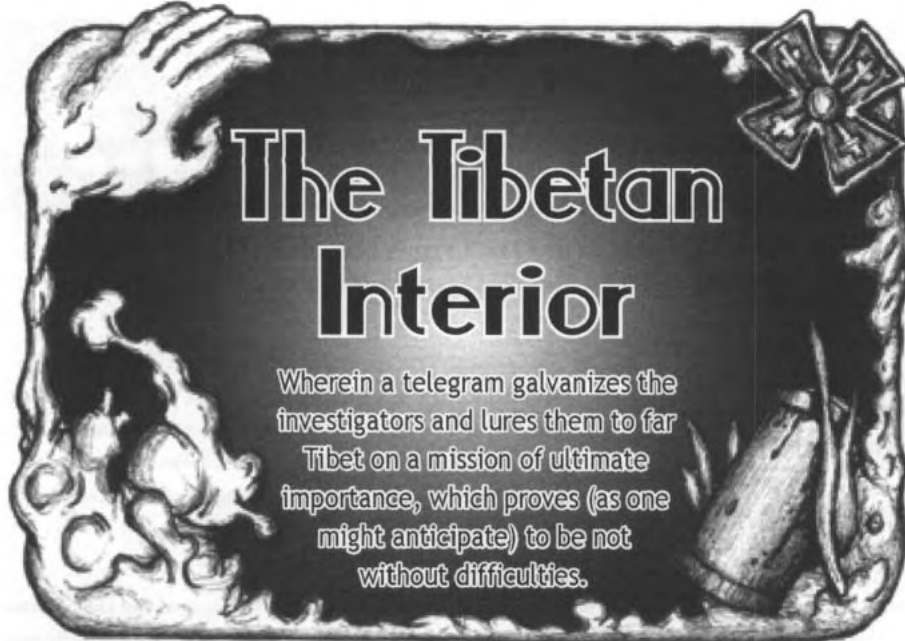
If at all possible, one of the dreamers should have been given Eibon's strange jewel. The possessor finds that it retains its existence in the waking world, though not in appearance as spectacular as it was in the Dreamlands—in the waking world it is a dull brown rock. All objects they took into the Dreamlands which were altered by physical entry do not change back—pistols remain scimitars, flashlights are still oil lanterns, zippers are buttons, and so on.

Useful Information

Competent investigators could discern the following items of information. If your players fail to make these connections, they can attempt **Idea rolls** for their characters to do so now.

- The Page is the reflection of Silas Patterson suffering from the knowledge that he has killed his friend, Philip Baxter.
- The Walker of the Stony Desert is a dream-form of Eibon, wandering aimlessly back and forth across the desert awaiting his release through the failure of his ancient spell.
- The jewel which the Walker gave to an investigator is the Dreamlands version of the jewel in Vasilij's crucifix in Montana.
- The holy man at Hatheg-Kla is the reflection of a man in Tibet that the investigators have yet to meet. He is an undertaker, and while he helps the party in their quest, he extracts a high price for his aid.
- The giant anthropoid guardian statues at Hatheg-Kla are modeled on sasquatch.
- The child-thing in the cave is the dream reflection of the Seed of Azathoth that resides in a hidden cave in Montana.

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This adventure is the climax of the campaign. It begins when the investigators receive a telegram from Francis Wilson, asking them to meet Huntley, a contact of his, in Darjeeling, India. The telegram appears on page 136 (*Azathoth Papers #35*).

If the investigators are in the Andaman Islands at this time, they can sail to Calcutta and then take the train two hundred miles north to Darjeeling. If the investigators are elsewhere, they must plan their own route.

Darjeeling to Lhasa

Huntley provides British documents that permit travel in Tibet. Wilson is at the British legation in Lhasa, Tibet's capital. Lhasa is some four hundred miles from Darjeeling, high in the mountains, and the only available mode of travel is by foot or by animal-back. The route is heavily trafficked by pilgrims, traders, smugglers, and Soviet and British spies. The journey takes weeks, and is alternately terrifying, boring, fascinating, cold, and misery-making. The time spent offers excellent chances to develop side adventures, take advantage of player suggestions for their investigators, and generally finish off loose ends in the campaign.

The section "Himalayan and Tibetan Plateau Encounters" will be found a little later in the text. By intention, incidents and beings in that section can be presented on the trail from Darjeeling to Lhasa or on the trail from Lhasa to the Temple of Hastur, as the keeper desires.

Lhasa

After a time, the party arrives at what in the 1920's is to most Western peoples still a mysterious temple city. The British legation, established in 1921, is on Lhasa's outskirts, and the investigators reach it before entering the city proper. From here the investigators can view sprawling, squat Lhasa. No building, with the exception of the Potala (the residence of the Dalai Lama), is permitted to have more than two stories. The Potala itself is a bulky stone structure. It is far from beautiful, but its size and vantage make it imposing.

Lhasa, which means "the dwelling of the gods", is the sacred city of Tibetan Buddhism and political capital of Tibet. With a population of 20,000 people, it is situated in the wide fertile Kyi-chu Valley at an attitude of 11,900 feet, amongst even





higher sterile mountain ranges. Lhasa is linked by numerous caravan routes which trade in tea, spices, silk, gold, and various articles used in Buddhist rituals. The spiritual heart of the city is the *Jokhang*, Tibet's most sacred and active temple. The *Jokhang* is located in *Barkhor*, the holiest portion of the city and the central commerce district, with crowded narrow streets, market stalls, meditating monks, street performers, pick-pockets, and beggars. Tibetan Buddhist temples are found everywhere throughout Lhasa and beyond. Pilgrims walk almost silently in a clockwise direction when entering temples and investigators who go against the flow will find the weight of numbers against them. On the edges of Lhasa wild dogs can be dangerous, attacking mercilessly.

Points of Interest

- *British Legation*: Effectively a British consulate to Tibet. The building is one of the few western-style structures in Lhasa. It has electricity, running water, and lots and lots of pressing paperwork administered by the civil servants manning the Legation.
- *Government Guesthouse*: Managed by the British Legation, this comfortable, if basic, apartment building contains rooms with electricity and running water for foreign guests

of the British government. Francis Wilson ensures that the investigators receive rooms here for the duration of their stay.

- *The Jokhang*: The most revered holy structure in all Tibet. Originally built in 639 A.D., little of the original structure remains. The interior contains numerous chapels, each dedicated to various incarnations of Buddha and other deities. Golden prayer wheels, gongs and Tibetan bowls, butter lamps, mandalas, pilgrims, lamas, and monks are everywhere.
- *The Norbulingka*: The summer residence of the Dalai Lama contains numerous lakes and gardens, and three different palaces.
- *The Potala*: This is the winter residence of the Dalai Lama, a many storied red and ochre structure crowning a rocky outcrop situated high above the city. The Potala was built over three hundred years ago. The two largest buildings inside the Potala are the Red Palace and the White Palace, the most imposing of all Lhasa's buildings.
- *Tibetan Hospital*: Established in 1916 to train Tibetan doctors, investigators in need of medical treatment will be directed here. Treatment is somewhat different than conventional Western medicine, with the doctors examining a patient's symptoms and then providing holistic traditional

Azathoth Papers #35: Telegram from Francis Wilson

Ww

World-Wide Telegraph

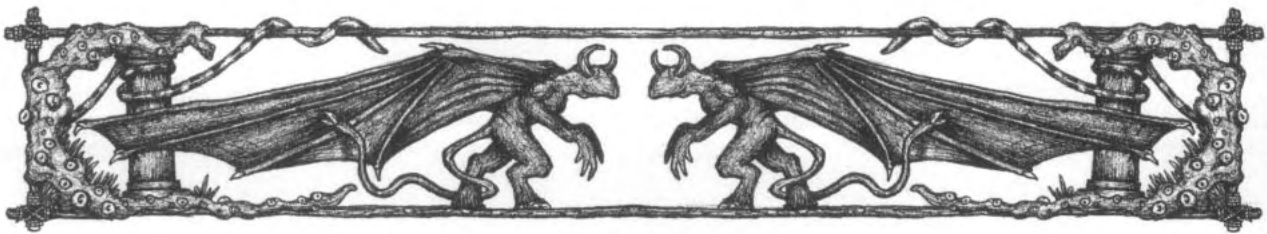
The Globe in Seven Minutes

CAIRO
VANCOUVER
HONOLULU
MEXICO CITY
LONDON
MELBOURNE

BERLIN
ROME
BUENOS AIRESCAPE TOWN
NEW DELHI
MANILA

SAN FRANCISCO
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remedies to restore imbalances, which may involve the use of herbs, meditations, and rituals as well as Western medical techniques.

Francis Wilson

At the British Legation, the investigators are quickly shown to Dr. Wilson's quarters. Francis Wilson is thinner and more haggard than he appeared at Baxter's funeral. He is a master of Oriental languages, a friend of Philip Baxter's, and a member of the Tuesday Night Academy. Like the player characters, he has been on the trail of Nemesis since the funeral.

Though he tells no one as yet, Wilson possesses a severed hand in a box that is important to the Nen-mka ritual to come. And, if the investigators somehow have lost the jewel from the Walker, Wilson can have arranged to have on hand Vasiliy Kalyetka's crucifix, usable in exactly the same way as the jewel.

FRANCIS WILSON, age 45, Intellectual and British Intelligence Agent

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 15 POW 13
DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 19 SAN 54 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Luger Automatic Pistol 70%, damage 1D10

Skills: Anthropology 25%, Astronomy 20%, Climb 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 13%, Hide 25%, History 35%, Jump 30%, Library Use 65%, Linguistics 65%, Occult 12%, Photography 40%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 60%.

Languages: Burmese 40%, Cantonese (Chinese) 45%, Hindi 70%, Japanese 55%, Korean 50%, Mandarin (Chinese) 75%, Russian 70%, Sanskrit 44%, Siamese 50%, Tibetan 75%.

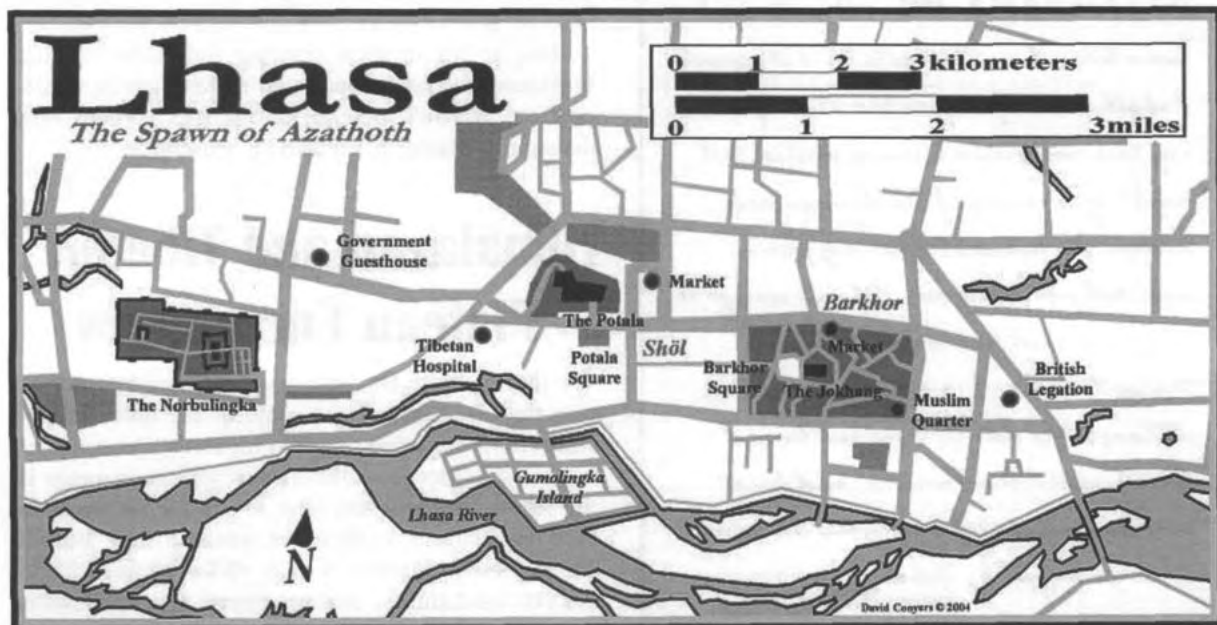


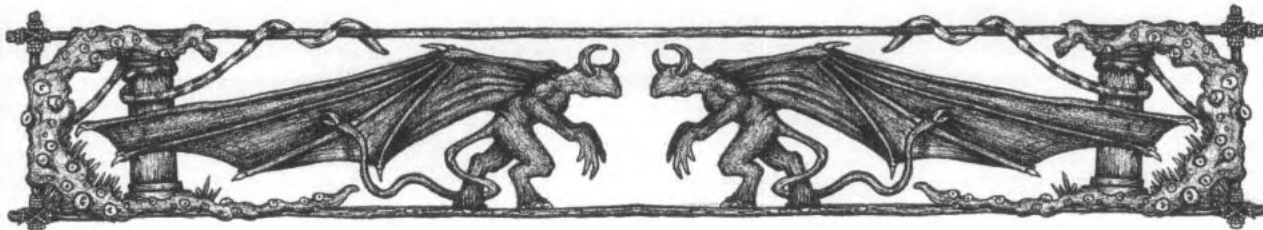
Francis Wilson

After piecing together bits of evidence, Wilson illegally entered the Soviet Union and managed to steal parts of Rasputin's journal. He then fled, and made his way into Tibet via Mongolia. He has translated relevant portions of Rasputin's journal for the investigators (see *Azathoth Papers* #37, on page 138).

Lha-bzang

Wilson believes that Eibon's plan must be thwarted, that man should go forward, not end in mindless stagnation. He thinks that the next seed fall will be in Tibet, about three hundred miles north of Lhasa. The Father Ghost surely will be drawn there, as he has been to all the other falls. Wilson plans to travel there with a certain Lha-bzang, a native Tibetan. Lha-bzang was trained in a secret mystic religion in his childhood. The monastery in which the boy was raised stood quite near the estimated





site of the seed's arrival, and the cult survived for centuries before its suppression by the Tibetan government in 1911, due to unimportant Chinese connections. Wilson tells the group that Lha-bzang is a *domden*, a man who tends the dead.

A successful **Anthropology** roll tells the character that Tibetan funeral rites involve the corpse being hacked to bits by the axe-wielding domden, and then fed to the ravens and vultures that roost in the mountains. This ceremony is conducted with utmost reverence and is often accompanied by a drum beaten by a second domden.

LHA-BZANG, age 61, Tibetan Domden and Mystic

STR 11 CON 08 SIZ 09 INT 14 POW 14
DEX 06 APP 07 EDU 12 SAN 50 HP 09

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Ceremonial Axe 88%, damage 1D6 + 1

Skills: Anthropology 25%, Art (Drum), Bargain 55%, Climb 10%, Cthulhu Mythos 16%, English 45%, Jump 05%, Mandarin 15%, Listen 55%, Occult 65%, Spot Hidden 60%, Tibetan 75%.

When Lha-bzang was a young boy, bandits killed his parents. He was taken to the Nen-mka (Tibetan for "sky") monastery, which was known to purchase slaves. Eventually, Lha-bzang was initiated into the Nen-mka

rites, whereupon he realized that the Nen-mka Way was not Buddhist and, at the first opportunity, fled.

In 1911, the Dalai Lama expelled all Chinese from Tibetan territory. Several of the staff at the Nen-mka monastery were immigrant Chinese. When Tibetan soldiers forcibly broke up the institution, they expelled the Chinese and killed many Nen-mka monks. The mysterious Nen-mka temple was actually dedicated to He Who Is Not To Be Named. Lha-bzang plans to bring the investigators to the ruined temple site. He still remembers the ceremonies taught him by the Nen-mka monks, and he intends to use this power to learn for the group and for himself the truth about the seed fall and the approach of Nemesis.



Lha-Bzang

Almost incidentally, Lha-bzang has also sold out Francis Wilson and the investigators to a Soviet agent, Ivan Ivanovich Daryev, who has been skulking about the country ever since Wilson slipped through his grasp in Mongolia. Lha-bzang has arranged for the agent to meet them at the ruins of the Nen-mka temple. The agent has agreed to take no action till Lha-bzang has performed his oracle. Daryev then intends to capture Wilson and murder the investigators. Lha-bzang has been paid well for his part in this.

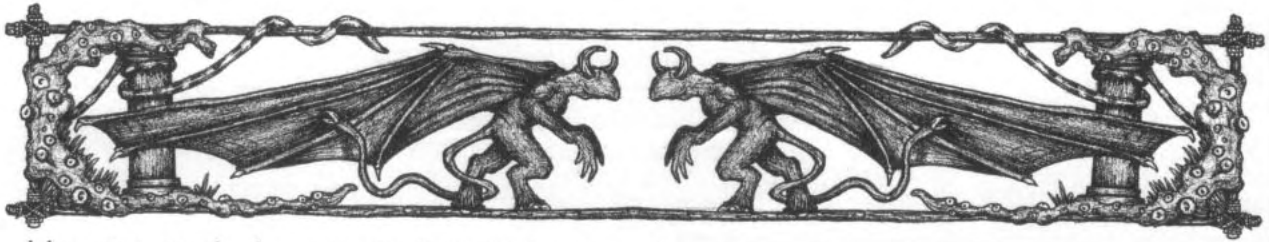
Despite his mystical training and understanding, Lha-bzang has not grasped that there might be significance to Wilson's presence on the trip. Perhaps early devotion to Hastur has dulled his sensibilities.

Azathoth Papers #37:
From Rasputin's Diary

DECEMBER 2, 1916 — I write and leave behind me this note in Petrograd. I shall leave life before the New Year, my task unfinished. I was visited last night by a vision of the strange pale savage. He acknowledged my power and did not mock me. Eibon's savage is very wise and he showed me many things to come. I saw my own death, although the details were unclear. I have warned the Tsarina, and have sent her my crucifix set with the sacred stone given me by Zekai.

Himalayan and Tibetan Plateau Encounters

The journey from Darjeeling to Lhasa and beyond will take the investigators into some of the most isolated and remote wilderness regions on earth. Not only will the investigators cross the highest mountain range in the world, they will also have to survive for weeks by their own means as they trek across a high-altitude frozen desert. Interior terrain varies between rocky deserts, sand dunes, massive frozen and open water



lakes, vast grasslands, snowcapped mountains, ice fields, snowfields, and the occasional woodlands. Daytime summer temperatures on a clear sunny day might be a comfortable 70°F (22°C) but at night the temperature drops dramatically to well below freezing point. Winter conditions are much worse. Such a long journey will not be without its own unique experiences and complications.

For the expedition, Lha-bzang organizes several mules to carry their packs and provisions; see statistics for horses in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules.

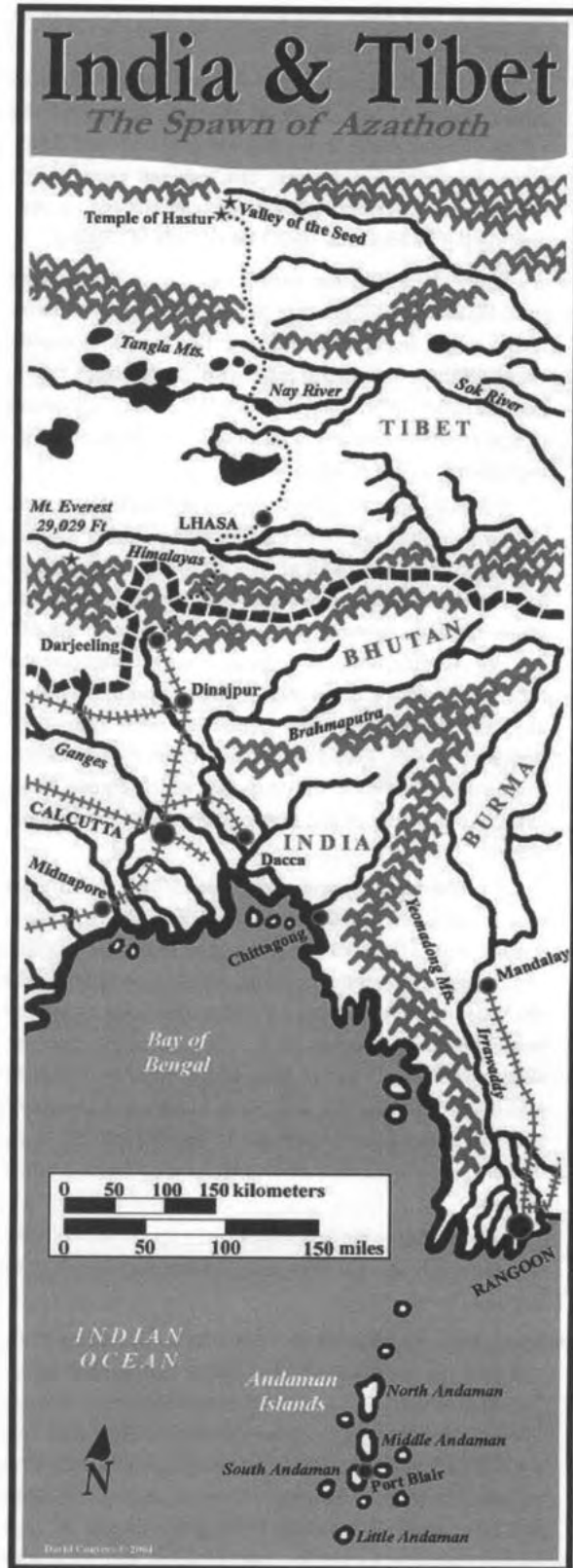
While journeying from Darjeeling to Lhasa, keepers should choose from the first six encounters or **roll 1D6** on the following table every day or so. From Lhasa into the Plateau of Tsang choose from all listed encounters or **roll 1D12 daily**. Some encounters will only occur once, as noted.

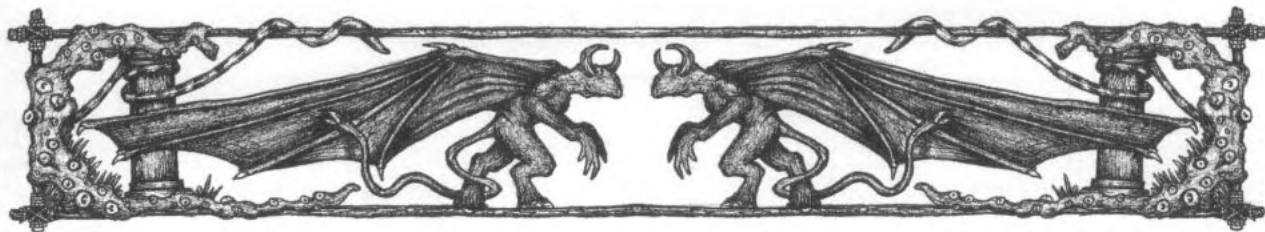
roll 1D6 or 1D12 as per above paragraph

01. Narrow Gorge
02. Icy River
03. Heavy Snow
04. Snow Leopard (once only)
05. Abominable Snowman (once only)
06. Buddhist Monastery
07. Dust Storm
08. Tibetan Gazelles
09. Yaks
10. Nomads
11. Disturbed Grave (once only)
12. Chinese Soldiers (once only)

- **Narrow Gorge:** The expedition proceeds through a narrow gorge with steep edges beneath snowcapped peaks. The guide warns the investigators to tread carefully and quietly since loud noises might start an avalanche. Call for a **Luck roll** for everyone, and if anyone fails they create a noise through a minor mishap such as sneezing, falling over, tripping and then cursing, or anything else that the keeper can devise. If the noise is loud enough, give the responsible player another **Luck roll**, and if he or she fails, then an avalanche does indeed begin—a huge wave of snow pounding down the side of the mountain. This is a terrifying event prompting a loss of 0/1D3 Sanity points.

Each investigator has 1D6 rounds in which to find suitable cover under overhanging rock, found only with a successful **Hide roll**. Those succeeding lose 1D3 hit points when the avalanche hits, while everyone else loses 2D6 hit points. Then the trouble really begins. Investigators who are without cover are in danger of being buried, and the best way to avoid this is to **Swim** through the snow. The avalanche will carry trapped investigators for 1D4 rounds,





and during each round they must make a successful **Swim roll** to stay on the surface.

Once the avalanche is over, surviving but buried investigators begin to take drowning damage. Because of the weight of snow above them, they are unable to free themselves. Surviving investigators can seek out their buried companions, determining their whereabouts with a successful **Spot Hidden** and then **1D6 rounds** of digging.

- **Icy River:** The expedition encounters a wide, fast-flowing river. Water temperatures are close to freezing so to swim across might prove fatal. Because the terrain is mostly grassland there is no wood from which to fashion a raft. A journey either up or down-river for **1D3-1 days** is required to find a suitable crossing; a result of a zero locates a crossing a couple of hours later.

A crossing may be either a rope bridge built by farmers or monks, or a naturally formed ice bridge. Either form of crossing commands a **STR of 40 + 4D10 which is matched against the cumulative weight (SIZ) of the people and mules crossing** (assume each mule with packs has a SIZ 30). For example, if the investigators cross a bridge one at a time, match their individual SIZs one at a time, but if they all cross together, sum their SIZs and match against the bridge or ice STR. Keepers may assume that each investigator carries a rucksack with supplies which equate to an extra 1 or 2 points of SIZ over and above their own body weight.

If a crossing does break, investigators have **1D3 rounds** to scamper to the end before they fall. Give each investigator and mule a **CON x5 roll** each round until they succeed, resulting in a successful crossing. Those who fail fall into the water and lose 1 hit point per round from hypothermia. They must succeed with a **Swim roll** to reach the shore and then get out of their cold clothes immediately and into something dry and warm to have any chance of survival. Mules automatically die if they fall into the river, and are lost immediately as they are quickly washed down stream.

If investigators remain trapped on opposite shores after this encounter another **1D3-1 days** of travel are required to find another crossing.

- **Heavy Snow:** For the next **12 + 1D12 hours** heavy snow falls from the sky. Investigators can travel at half normal speed, but those whose players fail a **CON x5 roll** start to develop hypothermia, losing 1 hit point per hour. Only shelter and a warm fire allow these investigators to recover. Visibility is reduced significantly, halving and quartering **Spot Hidden** and other vision-based skills. If the group presses on, give each investigator a modified **Spot Hidden**, and those who

fail miss a step, and fall. This minor accident costs **1D6 hit points**.

- **Snow Leopard:** A snow leopard has detected the scent of the expedition, and because it has not eaten in many days now, due to a lack of grazing herds in the region, it hopes to kill one of the investigators, one of their guides, or a mule for food. For the next two days, make a **POW x1 roll for each investigator**. With a successful roll the appropriate investigator senses that he or she is being watched.

The snow leopard is an expert hunter, and until it decides to approach for the kill, it will only be seen with a successful **Spot Hidden** . . . and if the snow leopard fails its **Sneak roll**. The predator will decide to attack the expedition's camp at night, taking the smallest sleeping investigator or guide (normal **Spot Hidden** or **Listen rolls** to hear its approach), or the smallest mule. If investigators have *fresh gazelle or yak meat in their camp or deliberately leave some food as bait*, the snow leopard will take that instead and will leave unseen never to bother the group again.

The first attack is with both claws simultaneously followed by a bite at half DEX ranking. If both claws hit, the leopard hangs on and rakes with its hind claws on the next round while continuing to bite. It flees if wounded. If losing more than half its hit points the snow leopard does not have the strength to hunt, and dies a few days later. Perhaps the investigators discover its corpse a few days later.

SNOW LEOPARD

STR 18 CON 14 SIZ 16 POW 13
DEX 23 Move 12 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapon: Bite 35%, damage 1D10

Claw 65%, damage 1D6 + 1D6

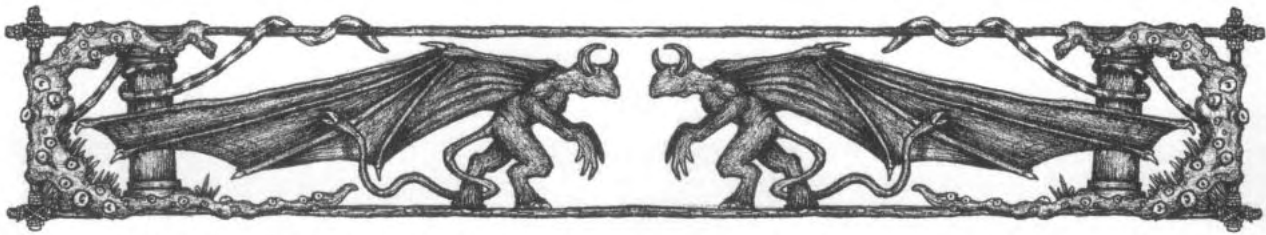
Rake 80%, damage 2D6 + 1D6

Armor: 1-point fur.

Skills: Climb 80%, Hide 80%, Jump 90%, Sneak 90%.

- **Abominable Snowman:** The investigators stumble across what at first appears to be tracks of a large bear leading off towards a mountain. A successful **Anthropology, Track, or Zoology roll** reveals that the imprints are those of a human, but one who would be nearly ten feet in height and weighing about twice as much as a normal man. Following the tracks for half a day takes the investigators to the lower slopes of a snow-capped peak and a cave. It is dark inside and smells of rotten meat. Those who brave the interior discover the eaten remains of a yak. A **second Track roll** reveals that the large footed man carried the yak here to eat it and then moved on, implying great strength.

As the investigators depart they have one chance to look back, spotting a figure off in the distance covered in what



appears to be ochre colored fur, not quite as an ape and not quite a human. This is an abominable snowman, prompting a Sanity loss of 0/1 Sanity point if the roll is failed. This creature is only seen for a moment before vanishing forever.

- **Buddhist Monastery:** The expedition nears a remote Tibetan monastery situated on a high rocky outcrop, home to a dozen or more monks. Entering the courtyard the investigators discover several monks in deep meditation. They will remain this way for 1D3 hours before completing their meditation and finally acknowledging the investigators. The monks only speak Tibetan. Providing the investigators do not behave in a threatening manner, they will be offered food and lodging for the night. Food consists of dough made from roasted-barley flour, yak cheese, tea and vegetable noodle soup, and no meat whatsoever. Accommodation consists of dark chambers where the investigators sleep on the floor on beds of straw. Their fire for warmth and light is fueled by dried animal dung.

In the morning investigators are asked to join in a meditation. Those investigators who accept and succeed in a **POW x1 roll** find the experience very relaxing, and for one time only recover a single point of Sanity.

- **Dust Storm:** More prevalent in the flat drier regions of Tibet, a dust storm blows up out of nowhere for 12 + 1D12 hours. Everything becomes clogged with sand, the malfunction numbers for firearms triples, and investigators who do not properly protect their faces get sand in their eyes, causing abrasion and possible infection. Investigators need successful rolls of **DEX x5 or less** to avoid this injury, otherwise all their perception skills drop to a quarter normal chance until their eyes have had a chance to heal after 1D4 days rest. A successful **First Aid roll** halves this healing time.
- **Tibetan Gazelles:** A herd of these majestic creatures are spotted on a wide grassy plain. Even if the investigators don't think of it themselves, Lha-bzang sees this as an opportunity for fresh meat. At their current range from the herd, investigators with rifles have a quarter normal chance to hit one of the beasts. A single successful **Sneak roll** to quietly approach the herd provides half normal chance, and a **second Sneak roll** offers normal chance as they get even closer. If a Sneak roll fails, the herd panics and flees, escaping out of range in 1D4 rounds. In their panicked state halve again the chance to take down an individual with a rifle. A successful shot at any time brings down a gazelle, enough meat to feed the entire party for several days. Kindly keepers may award an extra hit point healed for anyone who has lost them and partakes of this hearty meal.

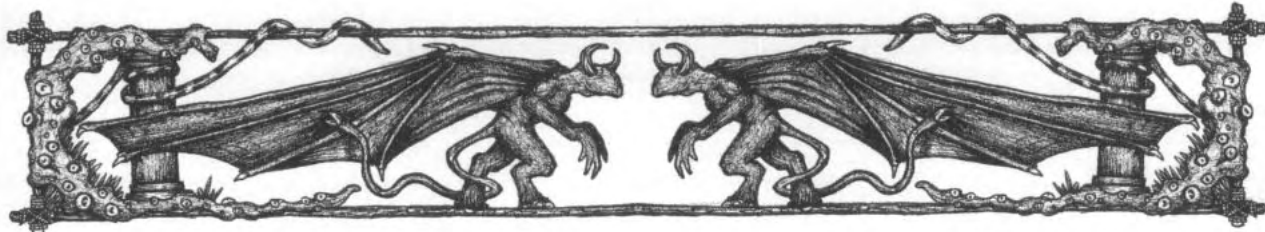
- **Yaks:** Although a common domesticated animal of the Himalayas, in the 1920's over a million wild yaks still roam the Tibetan Plateau. They are impressive creatures over six feet at the shoulder, weighing over a ton, and with horns spanning a yard wide. A wild herd of yaks can be dangerous, but their meat makes a good meal. The guide would rather lose a day going around the herd, because the creatures panic easily and may stampede. They also struggle to stay close together when panicked, so if they do stampede in the expedition's direction, all will be trampled for sure. The yaks are too fast to outrun.

If the investigators attempt to hunt or walk close to the herd to avoid delay, give the player of the investigator with the **lowest Luck a Luck roll**. If the player fails the roll, the group startles the herd. Firing a gun automatically startles the herd. Once the herd has panicked, give the investigator with the **highest Luck score a roll** and, if he fails, the herd stampedes in the direction of the investigators. The player characters get one chance—to **Dodge** the stampede; to **Climb** to a high vantage point; or to **Jump** out of the way. Declare intentions before making rolls. Failing the roll costs 1D6 hit points to the investigator, and 1D3 random pieces of equipment are destroyed by the trampling herd. Several mules and their supplies also are lost in this stampede. Fumbles result in 6D6 points of damage as the herd runs right over the top of an investigator.

- **Nomads:** Locally known as *Drokpas*, Tibetan nomads wander the vast Plateau of Tsang with their herds of yaks, sheep, and goats. Nomadic groups normally consist of twenty or more families. Each family lives in a single large tent fashioned from yak hair. Because of the poor grazing a group may space their tents long distances from each other. During the day men herd their animals while women and children weave baskets and tan sheep skins. Most nomads collect salt from the north which they trade in the more populated southern regions for grain.

A nomad tribe will be cautiously friendly to investigators. They may be willing to trade food for items such as gold, weapons (particularly knives), and prayer wheels. They speak only Tibetan. Keepers should consider what would be a practical trade for a nomad, since what is important to an investigator may not be important to nomads. For example, binoculars might be a good trade because they would make it easier for a herdsman to watch his animals, but a compass would be ignored since these men know this land like the back of their hands and almost instinctively know where they are.

During communications, if an investigator does succeed in a **Tibetan language skill roll**, one nomad tells them that their astrologer has foreseen that their expedition is



being followed, and by more than one group. Investigators should turn back, because if they don't violence and death awaits them.

- **Disturbed Grave:** In the middle of an inhospitable and dry region the investigators discover a hastily dug grave bearing an uncharacteristic Christian wooden cross. Although the grave appears very old it also seems that it was disturbed not long after the burial, for a skeleton of a man is scattered about the area. A **Medicine roll** identifies the bones of a Caucasian male, and that the bones themselves have been here at least twenty years. The bite marks on the skeleton are identified with a **Natural History or Biology skill roll** as those belonging to a man, but a man with teeth twice the size of a normal human's (this corpse was uncovered and eaten by an abominable snowman shortly after he was buried).

An **English language roll** deciphers the weathered carved text on the wooden marker as *Daniel Reece Ellington, 1854-1913*. If checked the corpse's surviving possessions include a fob watch, a belt buckle, and some American coins dated between 1905 and 1912, all rusted. Investigators who succeed in a **History, Archaeology, or Anthropology skill roll**, or who have read one of Harold Hadley Copeland's books, recall the accounts of the Copeland-Ellington Expedition of 1913 which saw Ellington die of red-water fever only a few days out from their advance station. Little is known about what the expedition uncovered but it is known that Copeland, the only survivor, was discovered in Mongolia three months later, raving about the things he had seen, things that were apparently disturbing enough for him to slit his throat three years later.

- **Chinese Soldiers:** This encounter is likely to occur as the investigators are nearing their destination at the Temple of Hastur, which is close to the border of the Chinese province of Sin-Kiang and the Tarim Desert. A Chinese army garrison situated here recently received intelligence that a Russian spy (Ivan Daryev) is operating in the area, and so have sent a small team to find, apprehend, interrogate, and finally execute this spy.

These soldiers led by Lieutenant Chang Tzu speak no other language other than Mandarin and a smattering of Mongolian. They cannot tell a Russian from an American, so if they encounter the investigators they will presume that their superiors got it wrong—there is more than one spy! They'll plan to capture or kill all the investigators but one, to keep alive for later interrogation. Any captured investigators are likely to be tortured for a few days, and when it is finally realized that they are the wrong people, they are executed by a beheading (bullets are too expensive

to squander on a firing squad). If instead the soldiers are captured or killed, investigators find in the possession of Lieutenant Chang Tzu papers written in Mandarin. These are orders which explain the soldiers' mission, although they do not mention Daryev by name. Chang Tzu is a zealot for his country, but his men are too cold, too hungry, and paid too little to care too much about the defense of the state out here in this wasteland, so if their leader is lost they flee back home leaving the investigators alone to complete their own mission.

Lieutenant Chang Tzu, Chinese Army Officer, Age 22

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 10
DEX 11 APP 15 EDU 10 SAN 50 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Fist 60%, damage 2D3

Kick 60%, damage 2D6

Knife 40%, damage 1D4+2

8mm Semi-Automatic Pistol 40%, damage 1D8

Skills: Dodge 30%, First Aid 35%, Hide 40%, Listen 30%, Martial Arts 60%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Psychology 35%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Languages: Mandarin 60%, Mongolian 10%.

Chinese Soldiers

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7	#8
STR	.12	.14	.10	.09	.10	.11	.11	.12
CON	.13	.10	.14	.15	.08	.09	.10	.13
SIZ	.10	.10	.10	.09	.11	.10	.13	.12
INT	.12	.16	.14	.12	.10	.09	.13	.11
POW	.16	.15	.09	.10	.10	.11	.12	.11
DEX	.13	.10	.08	.09	.10	.09	.13	.13
APP	.12	.10	.14	.10	.09	.15	.12	.10
EDU	.08	.08	.08	.07	.06	.12	.09	.08
SAN	.80	.75	.45	.50	.50	.55	.60	.55
HP	.12	.10	.12	.12	.10	.10	.12	.13

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Fist 50%, damage 1D3

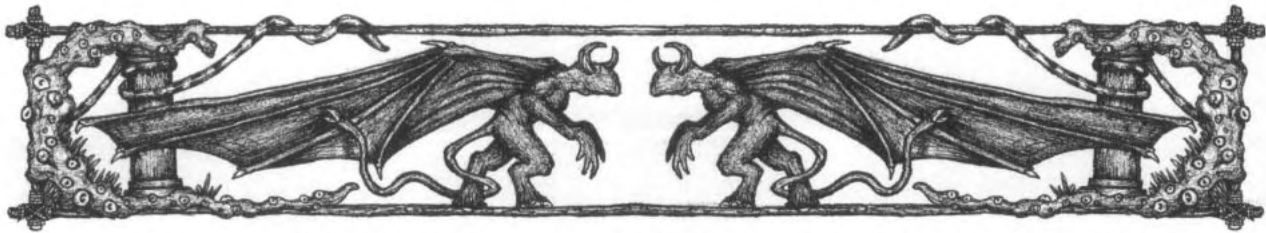
6.5mm Bolt-Action Rifle 30%, damage 2D6+2

Skills: Dodge 30%, Hide 20%, Listen 30%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 30%.

Languages: Mandarin 60%.

The Ruins of Nen-mka

Lha-bzang leads the group three hundred miles north through a tangle of steep mountain passes, brackish lakes, and arid valleys. Along the way they encounter yak-herders, small mountain monasteries, mountain



farms, and footprints of the abominable snowman. Special encounters to liven up or characterize the trek can be added as desired.

About two weeks into the trip, while camped for the night, the expedition experiences a minor earth tremor that shakes everyone awake. At the end of the third week, the group arrives at the ruined foundations of the Nenkma temple, sitting on the slopes of a mountain.

Windswept and covered by a light coating of snow, all that remains of the monastery is a tiled floor, some low walls, and the cylindrical fragments of once-enormous columns, now toppled and scattered. Above this site, on a small plateau, are several huge upright menhirs. (The Soviet agent, Daryev, is camped among these.) A successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll tells the user that such menhirs were used to summon Hastur. A successful **Geology** roll notices evidence of recent earthquake activity here.

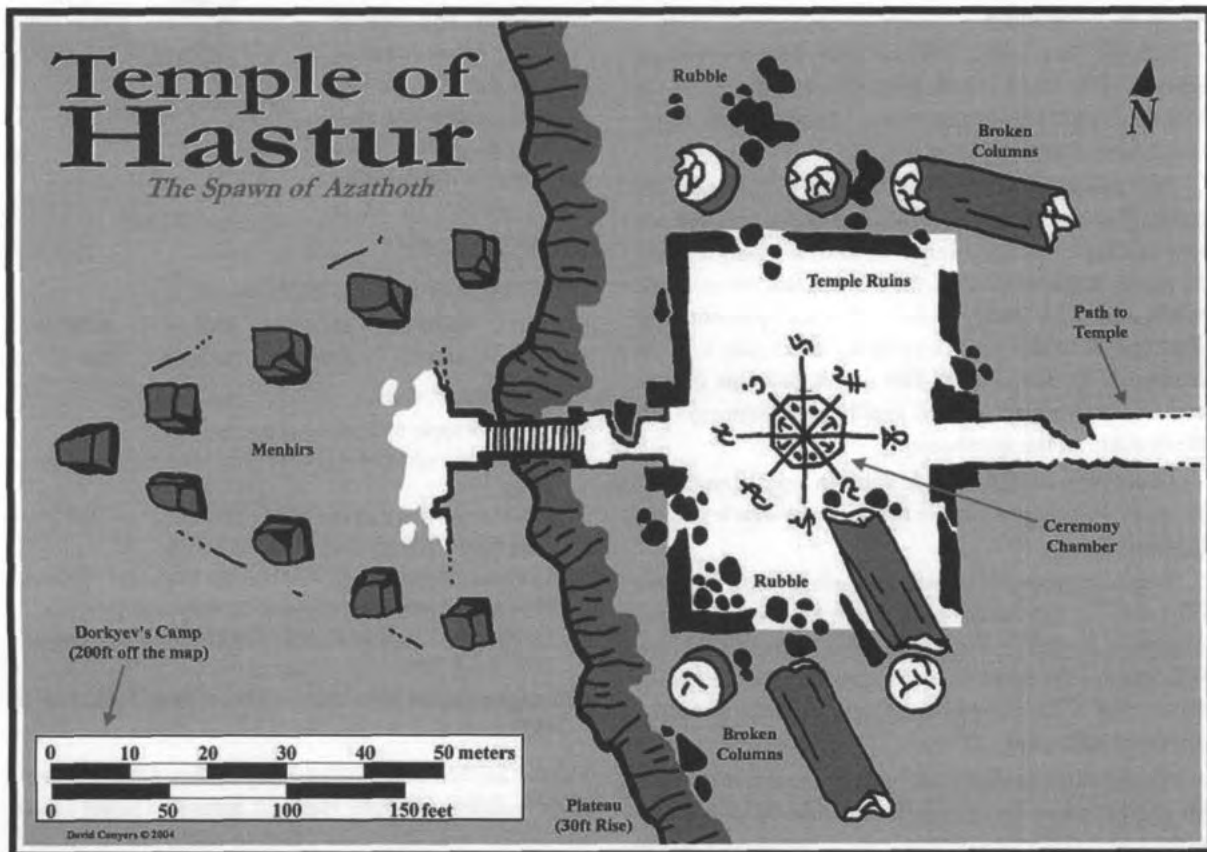
After puttering among the ruins for a while, Lha-bzang locates what was once a circular chamber fifteen feet across. He begins to clear this area of debris and invites willing investigators to assist him. The job takes

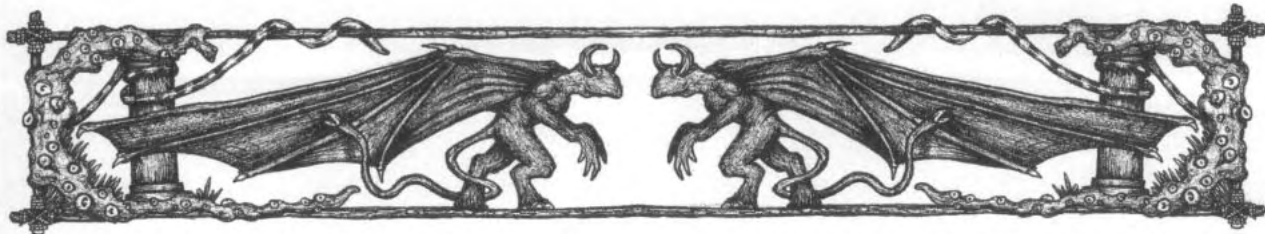
an hour or two, and exposes a surface of inlaid stone covered with obscure symbols forming a broad circle within the chamber. Using the symbol-floor and Wilson's relic of the severed hand, Lha-bzang intends to divine the cosmic mystery that waits.

The Ritual

After midnight, Lha-bzang instructs the group to sit around the perimeter of the cold stone symbol-floor. He stands due north and withdraws, from a belt pouch, a long clay pipe and a gray, tarry substance wrapped in rice paper. Warming the sticky ball with a match, Lha-bzang places a fragment of it in the pipe's bowl, and ignites it with a second match. He draws deeply on the pipe, then passes it to the investigator on his left. The pipe travels around the circle in this manner until it returns to Lha-bzang, who taps out the ash and returns the pipe to his pouch. He then begins a droning wail.

His wailing continues for about half an hour, though it seems to last an eternity. When it ends, Lha-bzang nods and Wilson rises from his spot on the floor. Carrying a small wooden box before him, he walks to





the center of the room, kneels down, places the box on the floor, and withdraws what appears to be freshly severed human hand. Although no blood flows, the hand's flesh appears firm and healthy.

After this Wilson takes out a knife and cuts deeply into the palm of his own hand, which bleeds profusely. He smears the blood over the severed hand, then binds up his wound with a handkerchief and hands the knife to the investigator at his left, indicating that player character should do likewise. If any investigator refuses to cut his or her own hand, Lha-bzang signals to that character to back out of the prayer circle.

Once everyone left in the circle has bled on Wilson's strange severed hand, it suddenly twitches, flexing itself, and then turns toward Lha-bzang. Witnessing this costs all viewers 0/1D4 Sanity points.

Then Wilson says, "Where will Eibon's deputy appear?"

The hand then begins crawling toward a random investigator; before reaching the investigator, however, the hand halts atop one of the mysterious symbols set in the floor and taps its middle finger. Lha-bzang looks at Wilson and says, "That symbol, interpreted, indicates northeast, a few miles."

Wilson then asks, "When will Eibon's deputy appear?" The hand crawls to another symbol on the floor and taps. Lha-bzang states, "That symbol, interpreted, indicates tomorrow."

The investigators are then invited to question the oracle. The oracle can only answer questions that are both of cosmic, mystical importance and which relate to the Earth. A question costs the investigator three magic points and 1D4 Sanity points. At each question, the hand crawls to the proper symbol, which can only be interpreted by Lha-bzang. The monk does his best to read the answers accurately, and honestly conveys the information to the questioner.

All answers are but a single word in length, and there are only 171 symbols on the floor, so the oracle cannot be effusive.

If an inappropriate question is asked (such as "How will I die?" or "To where have the deep ones taken our kidnapped friend?"), the hand crawls to the symbol for *void*, which may mean that the question has no meaning, or that it has no answer. Magic points and Sanity points are still spent.

The investigators may ask what questions they wish, but at the end of the ritual they should be aware that something terribly destructive is about to happen. It will

occur at noon on the following day, in a valley ten miles off. If the investigators fail to obtain this critical information, Wilson and Lha-bzang shall learn it.

Ivan Ivanovich Daryev

Hidden on the mountainside, unknown to all save Lha-bzang, lurks Ivan Daryev, the Soviet OGPU agent. This dogged man began pursuing Francis Wilson in Leningrad and followed his trail all the way to Tibet. Daryev is over six feet tall. He dresses in the tattered robes of a yak-herder. Beneath the robes he wears two pistols, a sheath knife, and a bandolier holding plenty of bullets.

OGPU stands for *Ob'edinennoe Gosudarstvennoe Politicheskoe Upravlenie*, or United State Political Administration. By the late 1920s, the OGPU held power over many aspects of Soviet life. Not only did the OGPU function as an intelligence agency and secret-police network, it also controlled the Soviet Union's labor camps, border patrols, coastal defenses, and censorship offices. Its agents were powerful, implacable, and ruthless in their service to the state.



Ivan Ivanovich
Daryev

IVAN DARYEV, age 41, OGPU Agent

STR 15 CON 17 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 15
DEX 16 APP 12 EDU 14 SAN 65 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Grapple 85%, damage special

9mm Automatic Pistol (Daryev has two) 85%, damage 1D10

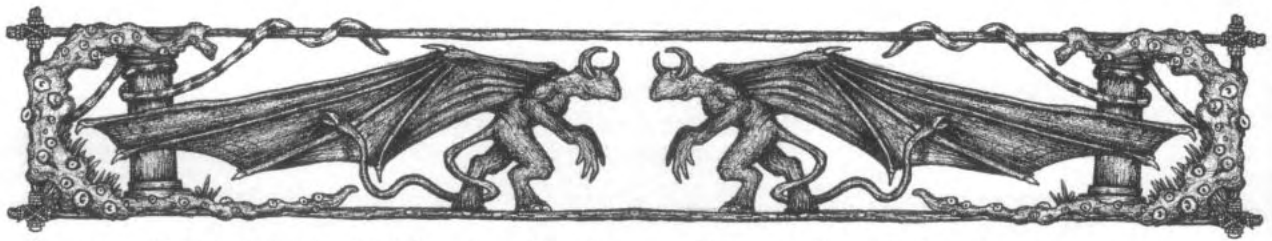
Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3 + 1D4

Long Knife 65%, damage 1D4 + 2 + 1D4

Skills: Climb 70%, Conceal 65%, Dodge 55%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 65%, Jump 55%, Listen 45%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 25%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 65%, Throw 55%, Track 30%.

Languages: English 25%, Kazakh 35%, Russian 75%, Tibetan 45%.

Daryev arrived at the ruins a day earlier, having taken a slightly different route. He built himself a small campsite up the mountain. He plans to capture Wilson after



the group finishes their ritual. He'll wait amidst the rocks, watching until the first rays of dawn. Then he'll slip quietly down the mountain and apprehend his long sought quarry.

If any investigators have chosen not to attend the ritual, or have left the ritual early, they probably wait nearby. If awake, Daryev tries to **Sneak** up on them. If he succeeds, he'll try to take them alive, brandishing his weapons to awe them into submission, then handcuff and gag them (he's brought along cuffs and gags aplenty). If Daryev's Sneak roll fails, conscious investigators not involved in the ritual hear sliding rocks on the slope above them. It is still dark, and Daryev can avoid being spotted given a successful **Hide** roll. If the investigators seek out the source of the noise, the Russian tries to ambush them. Otherwise he waits a few minutes, then continues as planned.

After the Ritual

Daryev waits until the ritual of the oracle is well under way before he attempts to subdue any investigators outside the circle. Once he has accomplished this, he waits until the ceremony ends, then steps into the center of the floor.

The groggy investigators who were looking forward to sleep after finishing the ritual are no doubt shocked. Imagine the sudden appearance of a shaggy-looking stranger brandishing two pistols, and commanding them in heavily accented English to stand and put their hands over their heads! Daryev has the drop on them.

He'll keep his advantage by instantly shooting down any investigator making sudden or suspicious moves. He orders Lha-bzang to bind the investigators' hands behind their backs. He demands of the investigators all items pertaining to the notorious criminal Rasputin, and strips all of them of counter-revolutionary documents, books, and personal items.

Daryev plans to take Wilson back to the Soviet Union. Wilson, in a good cause, has nonetheless broken dozens of laws there. Daryev has no knowledge or understanding of the seed fall to come, of Azathoth, or of any supra-Marxian reality.

The OGPU agent has no use for prisoners other than Wilson. The keeper must decide his character as well as the needs of the campaign. Though it seems unlikely, perhaps Daryev sees no reason for murder, and will leave the investigators to free themselves, or he may kill everyone on the spot.

If Daryev allows the investigators to live, it is with the promise that they return to Lhasa as soon as their business at Nen-mka is finished. Daryev does not believe their story and imagines (from what he knows of Lha-bzang) that the group's remaining purpose here is to perform another superstitious and perverse ritual. He plans to leave with Wilson via the valley in which the seed fall will occur.

If he lets the party survive, he kindly has them sleep in the smoke of the yak-dung fire, so that they do not freeze.

By the morning, Wilson has communicated to the investigators that they must proceed to the valley and attempt to subdue the Father Ghost.

Valley of the Seed

The conclusion to *Spawn of Azathoth* can be customized to suit the style and mood of your campaign. The severity of failure by the player characters might range from minor injury to their utter destruction to the complete freezing of the local spacetime continuum.

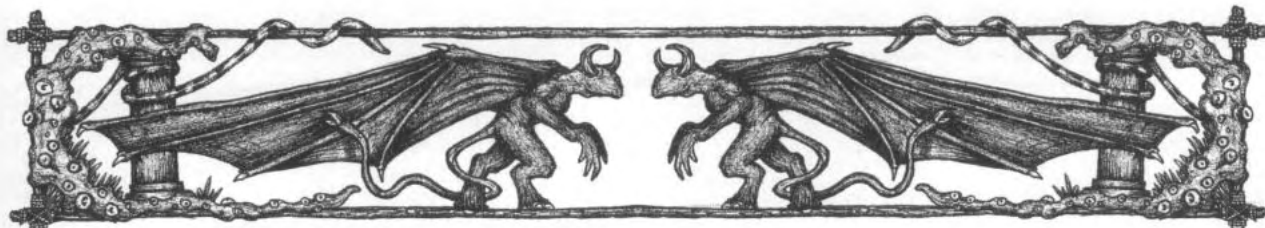
The rest of this chapter assumes that Daryev and Francis Wilson follow the investigators into the valley of the seed, and that Daryev allows Wilson to help deal with the Father Ghost.

The morning is bright and sunny. It takes less than three hours to reach the site. The Father Ghost arrives in the valley first, not long before the investigators and Lha-bzang. The Father Ghost plans to find and destroy the new seed when it falls.

Allow the investigators to get close to the Father Ghost, the albino Indian, who is totally absorbed in silent gesticulations toward the sky. Even Daryev's mouth falls open as he looks upward through the clear air. A gigantic halo is forming in the sky, like those that sometimes appear around the sun or moon, but this halo surrounds nothing visible yet. Within it, the light is flat and oily, and its color melts through various shades of yellow and green as though a great liquid prism has been embedded in the sky.

Daryev is thunderstruck. He and Wilson exchange frenzied comments in Russian. Lha-bzang vomits briefly, then panics and stumbles away—in the wrong direction, as we shall see.

All present in the valley feel every hair on their bodies stand on end as the halo in the sky darkens and takes on a dull gunmetal hue. The slight wind disappears. It



becomes so quiet that each investigator can hear the beating of his own heart.

A realist to the end, Daryev swears desperately and frees Wilson. It is now safe for the investigators to talk to Wilson. If the player characters hang back because of Daryev's twin 9mm pistols, Daryev and Wilson come to them.

As the sky darkens, waves of fear and panic grip even the sternest investigator. Everyone loses 0/1D4 Sanity points.

Now is the time to do what Rasputin once accomplished. If the investigators have the jewel which the Walker in the Stony Desert gave them, or if they have the crucifix of Rasputin (brought by Vasiliy Kalyetka to the Montana observatory), they can now touch either to the Father Ghost and subdue that entity without struggle. Once either stone touches him, his motions stop and he sits as if frozen.

Now everyone hears high above them a quiet sizzling that grows in intensity and volume until a shriek and a thunderous blast knock over everyone, costing every investigator 1D3 hit points. Further, for the blast and the hideous scream preceding it, roll D100. On a result of **CON x3 or more**, those present have a permanent hearing loss of 15 percentiles subtracted from their Listen skills. This also means a permanent Listen skill cap of 85%.

The ground buckles and heaves as a second tremendous explosion occurs. Everyone senses that a blinding light has ripped across the sky and buried itself in the valley. Getting to their feet, the investigators can make out—through the smoke, dust, and ozone—a twenty-foot-wide crater where none had been before. Hideous green rays reach out from the pit.

Those garnering successful **Idea rolls** understand that the crater, 150 yards distant, is near to where Lhabzang was running. Inspection shows this is the case: the pulverized corpse of the treacherous domden sprawls forty feet from the crater mound.

The Sacrifice

"Quickly!" Wilson shouts. "We must place the Father Ghost on the seed!" This is as much of the procedure as Wilson knows. He only knows that this must be done, and he does not know what will happen when seed and Father Ghost are conjoined, nor does he know about the seed's terrifying radiation. (Wilson is disoriented by the mind-shattering situation. Can he always to be relied

upon? Offer the investigators as much control as they wish to take.)

If the investigators have experienced the seed in the Montana cave, Wilson's words should take them aback. Exposure to the radiance of a seed means death, either a sudden one or a lingering foul disfigurement leading there after lengthy suffering. Be sure to make this clear, and remind them of any fellow investigators who fell before the power of the first seed. If any investigators were exposed in that earlier encounter, then they are logical volunteers for this task—they are doomed anyway.

If there are no obvious volunteers, and if the investigators are markedly reluctant to volunteer, and if they have no other plan, then Daryev can swear and say he will do the deed. He sneers at the cowardice of people who profess to believe in matters of the spirit, and who yet fear to sacrifice their mere bodies. He, an atheistic communist, will walk firmly into death!

To his credit, Daryev makes the attempt. The crucifix or the Walker's stone is securely fastened or bound to the Father Ghost. No one blames Daryev if his fingers tremble a bit. Then the Soviet agent lifts the Father Ghost, mutters merely that the creature is light for its size, and walks up the lip of the steaming crater. Daryev is consumed immediately.

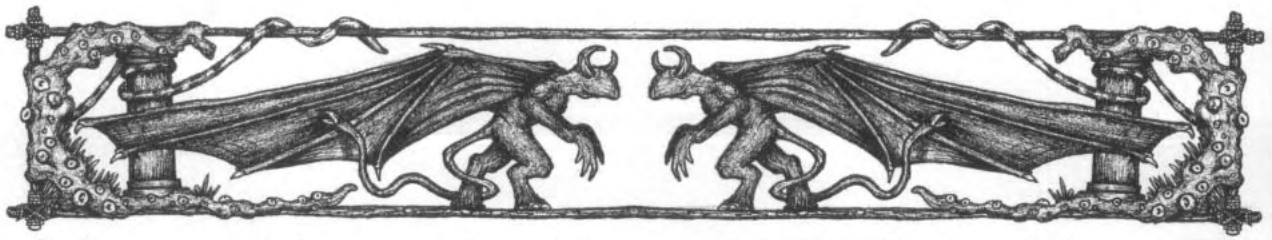
Screaming, he melts into a puddle before the horrified eyes of the player characters (each witness loses 1/1D8 Sanity points). Dropped, the Father Ghost rolls down the inside of the crater and out of sight.

Smart investigators can crawl to the rim of the crater and use mirrors to see inside without any risk. Within, the terrible green radiation has begun to blacken the sides of the crater. At the bottom they see the strange whirling colors of the irregular seed, suggestively animate and yet not living. A loud crackling and sizzling, and a certain puddling of nearby stone suggests the enormous power of the seed.

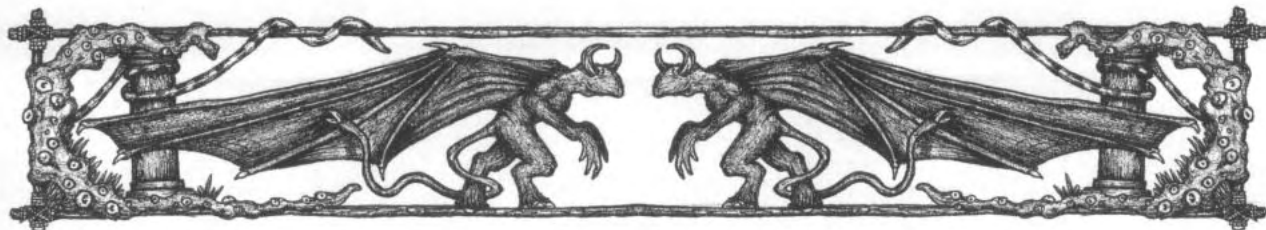
There is no Sanity cost for seeing the seed. Only about a foot of distance separates the seed and the Father Ghost, motionless and taking the radiation without visible effect. A successful **Spot Hidden roll** reveals that the Walker stone or Vasiliy's crucifix is still bound to Eibon's deputy.

Daryev's effort failed. Wilson adamantly refuses to try (he too dissolves if pushed into the rays), so the investigators must choose a sacrifice from among themselves. Presumably Daryev's sacrifice is not in vain.

If the investigators still shirk their responsibility, cause the seed to give a sudden powerful lurch, with the strength of an earth tremor. When the investigators look



The Fallen Seed and Daryev's Death

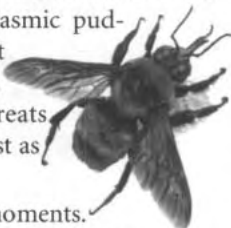


into the crater to see what has happened, they see that the seed has begun to sink into the earth. If they do not act now, the seed of Azathoth might sink to the core of the world, germinate, and emerge as a monster, leaving the Earth behind like a broken eggshell.

If the investigators still refuse, then the seed sinks into the earth, leaving a steaming pathway open behind it or causing the tunnel to collapse behind it, depending upon the effect you want to achieve. At this point either the campaign concludes, or a new major adventure—the pursuit of the seed—opens. Either choice has implications.

The Eye to Azathoth

Surely the investigators include a volunteer who manages to resist the POW 15 of the seed with his own POW on the Resistance Table. (For more about the beam, see the Garrison chapter, “The Effect of the Beam,” on page 65.) If volunteers are scant, assume that this seed has POW 10. The doomed hero or heroine slides down the slope, discreetly avoiding protoplasmic puddles, and props the Father Ghost against the irregularly shaped, child-size seed—then likely retreats back over the lip of the crater as fast as possible.



Nothing happens for a few moments. Then observers see both seed and Father Ghost shimmer, wrinkle, and then disappear with a sharp *pop!* If the investigators do not watch, they still notice that the green rays pouring from the crater have almost stopped. A feeling comes over the group that the day has become a normal, happy one.

Peeping into the crater, the player characters see that a tunnel has appeared, that the seed and Father Ghost no long can be seen, and that the green radiance has ceased.

If the player characters approach the tunnel, call for a **Spot Hidden roll**. If any rolls succeeded, the investigators notice that the Walker stone or Vasilii's crucifix rests on the ground next to the tunnel entrance. If everybody misses, call for an **Idea roll** to have the investigators look for the stone or the crucifix. The items' usefulness still has not been exhausted.

The tunnel has not been waiting all these years. Anyone who receives a successful **Cthulhu Mythos roll** recognizes it as a dimensional Gate, keyed to who knows where or when. The tunnel into which the Gate opens is

made of polished dark marble, arching twenty feet overhead, and is nearly twenty feet wide.

Entering the tunnel, any individual possessing either the stone given the investigators by the Walker of the Stony Desert, or holding Rasputin's crucifix in which is mounted a similar stone, feels the stone's weight suddenly increase to about ten pounds. If examined, either stone has changed form and now appears as a strange, fist-sized ovoid that glows and pulses with an unearthly rhythm.

A steady breeze passes into the interior. The tunnel soon darkens. Perhaps the investigators can make torches, or perhaps their lanterns or flashlights still work. If necessary say that there appears to be a disk of light far ahead, so that fears of hidden pits and slaving monsters are somewhat assuaged.

Once in the tunnel, the investigators travel in a straight line for about 150 yards before emerging into a large hollow place at least 250 yards across. With a successful **Idea roll**, they notice that the shape of the chamber's interior is identical to the surface of the strange oval jewel the investigators possess.

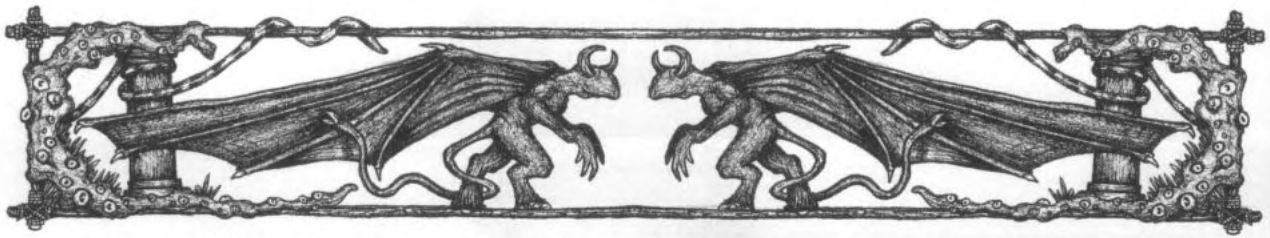
At the far end of the chamber a ledge, cut from the dark marble, runs across the width of the chamber at a height of fifty feet. A broad smooth ramp, beginning near the chamber's entrance, climbs steeply to the center of this high balcony.

The Portal

The center of the ledge is dominated by a portal in the wall of the chamber through which the investigators can see vast darkness, at the center of which floats a nebulous glob of light. The portal is four yards across. It, and the air around it, is webbed by weird, half-seen lines that seem like nearly transparent crystals. A successful **Occult or Cthulhu Mythos roll** suggests that the webbed lines might be space that has somehow crystallized—the vision is something like a fine cross-hatching of laser beams, but they are lines which start and stop in the air without projection or reflection points.

The breeze has become a howling gale, and seems to have its destination in this opening. When the exterior Gate is open, air from the Earth's surface is being sucked into Nemesis' maw.

The weight of the pulsing gem now increases again when the holder steps into this chamber, to approximately one hundred pounds, possibly tearing through the pocket holding it, or causing the holder to drop the jewel. The gem's shape and size does not alter. Everyone



can see, as the jewel nears the web, that the crystallized space begins to whirl and pulsate in unison with the gem.

Anyone who was ever struck by the green radiance of either seed now feels a strong suicidal urge to jump into crystallized space. Those so doomed hallucinate anything in keeping with their personalities, perhaps a mother or friend calling, "Come home! Come home!" This urge can be resisted with a successful **Know roll**. Failing that, other investigators may hold back the player character if their total **STR successfully matches against the victim's** on the Resistance Table.

If the victim does hurl himself into the opening, he races up the ramp assisted by the powerful wind which buoys him up. As he reaches the region of crystallized space the weird lines suddenly swim into a different pattern, and fasten on him as though he is now the focus rather than it being the opening toward which he yearns.

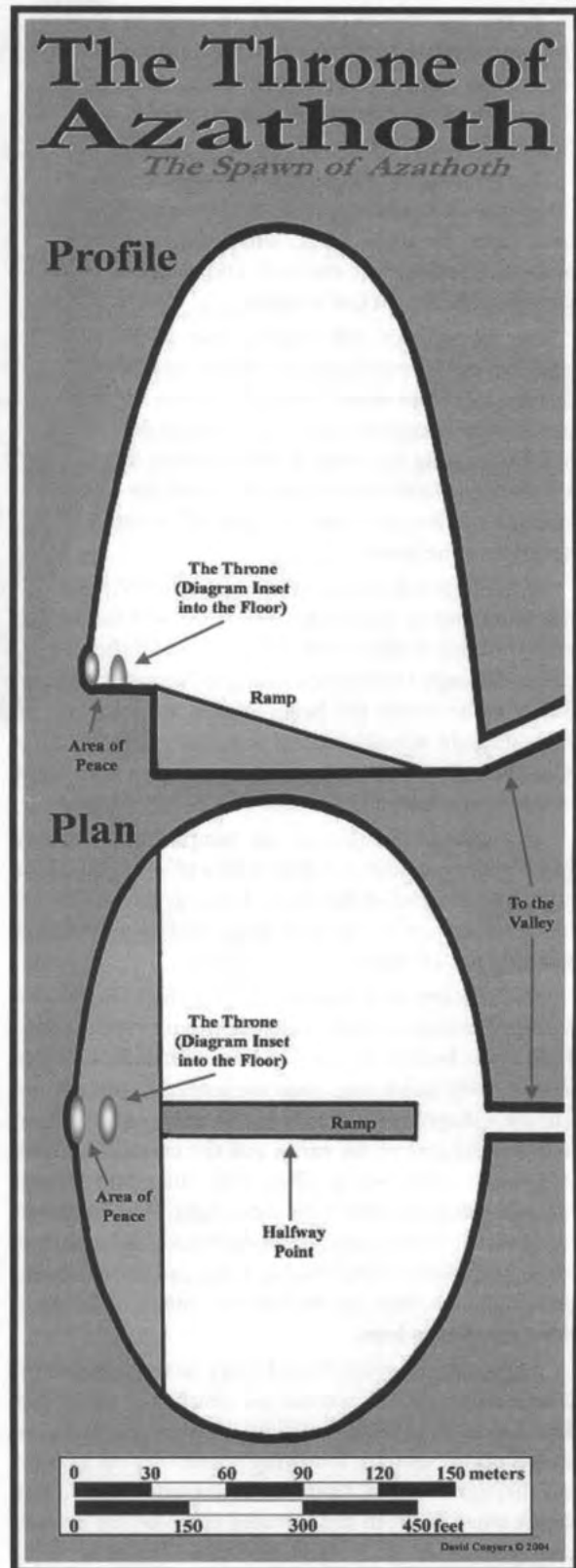
The web of lines do not seem to hinder his movement but, as he moves through them his mutated form dissolves and his original self begins to return. By the time he reaches the portal, he is completely his old self.

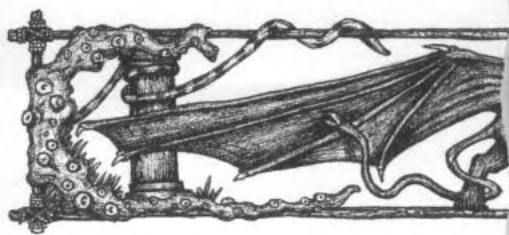
But the inexorable forces of crystalline space and the powerful wind suck him though the portal and he falls, twisting up into space toward the glob of light beyond. His form once again changes and begins to dissolve. The pattern of crystallized lines follows him through the portal.

Wind, Ramp, Jewel, Gates

The investigators might have time to inspect the great chamber. Anyone ascending the ramp toward the portal feels the pull of the strong wind being drawn away. Progressing beyond the half-way point on the ramp, the suction increases to STR 5. Call for a **Resistance Table roll** for such investigators, matching the STR of the wind against investigator SIZ.

Any character receiving a failed Resistance Table roll is pulled forward, off balance, and begins to tumble and bounce up the smooth ramp toward the portal. While passing the portal, the investigator may try to grab the edge to hang on there (**D100 equal to or less than DEX x5**). If the roll fails, the investigator spins end over end, and he is sucked screaming to his doom, tumbling through the Gate to join with Nemesis. He can be seen, in a multi-image, kaleidoscopic form, to spin through a dark infinity of space, sucked toward the disk of light far beyond the portal.





If the investigator succeeds in resisting the wind, again he must try resisting it at the top of the ramp, where it has increased to STR 12. If he fails to resist it, matters proceed as described above.

An investigator clinging to the edge of the portal may pull himself up and around back onto the main ledge, where he can brace himself against the wall and floor to keep from being sucked in again.

An investigator still lugging one of the now-extremely heavy gems up the ramp finds that the increased weight helps, by adding the gem's weight (equivalent to SIZ 8) to his own SIZ for resisting the wind. If the character loses a Resistance Table match with the wind, he can attempt a STR against gem weight roll to retain his grip on the jewel.

If the STR roll succeeds, he retains his grip on the jewel, but of course his hands are not free to grab the edge of the portal to save himself when he passes through. Off he goes, falling to Nemesis. If the roll fails, he drops the heavy object, negating any value it might afford him, and he is sucked up the ramp. The gem rolls off the ramp (or ledge) with a loud crash, but does not break.

If a gem is brought to the ramp, the crystallized space fixes on it, just as it does with a physical alteration caused by the seed of Azathoth. If two gems are brought to the ramp, two foci form in space, and the lines twitch around both of them.

Investigators may compensate for the wind by first fastening a rope to their comrade mounting the ramp. Held at the bottom by companions with sufficient total STR, the trip is risk-free. Atop the ledge, the investigator can see a diagram cut deeply in the stone ledge halfway between the end of the ramp and the crystal lens. This diagram is oval, but is filled with lines and strange hieroglyphs, and glows with inner light. If an investigator makes it to this spot, he finds himself in an area of peace and silence. The terrible wind cannot reach this protected area. Nor can he hear the advice or admonitions shouted to him.

Within the diagram he is, in fact, in the focus of the crystal space, and from it can see clearly into the portal. This special gate, constructed by the great Eibon, opens always upon Nemesis, following it endlessly on its journey through the void. There the investigator hears a thin shriek emanate from the tortured ether before he realizes just what it is that he sees. Then he loses

1D10/1D10 Sanity points to the vision of the hell-star, which in his tortured sight is the same as that of the daemon-sultan Azathoth.

If the investigator does not lose all his SAN, this image wavers and melts into the shape of a human face—dark, strangely handsome, compelling. Seeing this image costs no Sanity points, but the face speaks, commanding him to break the bonds that bind the Son of Azathoth.

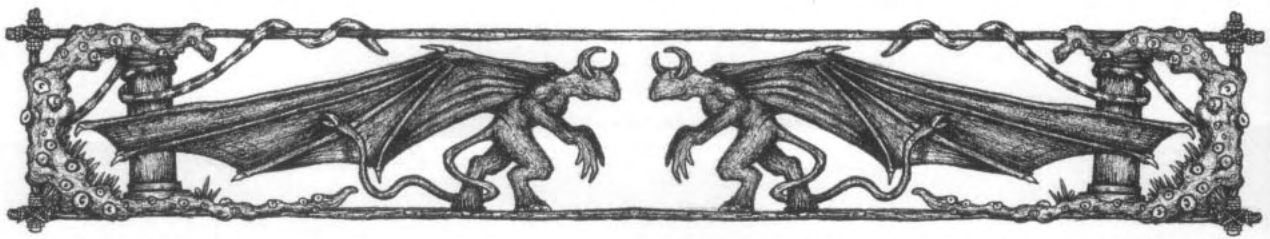
The Web Broken

If the investigators have not realized how to break Eibon's web, the powerful voice of Nemesis now demands it of them, requiring the sacrifice of one of the gems. Failure to appease the being causes it to repeat the demand over and over. If and when the proper sacrifice is offered, the magical bond of Eibon breaks, assuring the survival of the investigators.

As the gem or human passes through the portal, the zone of crystallized space is pulled with it. The wind ends and the vague disk of Nemesis begins to enlarge, and to pulsate weirdly and more and more brightly. Minutes later, a burst of flames and magical energy flows through Eibon's interior gate and explodes into the chamber, killing anyone still standing on the ledge. It also claims 3D6 hit points from anyone on the floor of the chamber, and does 1D6 hit points to anyone headed down the tunnel toward the outside world. Shortly thereafter the outer gate dissolves, and the chamber is lost to the present.

If the investigators have succeeded in their task, they return to the outside world to find things returned to normal. They must be haunted by the existence of Nemesis, and surely further researches will show that the doom of Earth is only seven centuries distant. But that is enough time even for the most cautious investigator to figure out ways to save our planet. They should trudge back from the heights of Tibet in happy and secure states of mind.

If this scenario conclusion seems too easy for your players, you may wish to assume that Eibon originally protected his chamber with a guardian monster or two, who of course still linger. Whatever you decide, it should reflect the style and taste of the campaign as you have presented it.

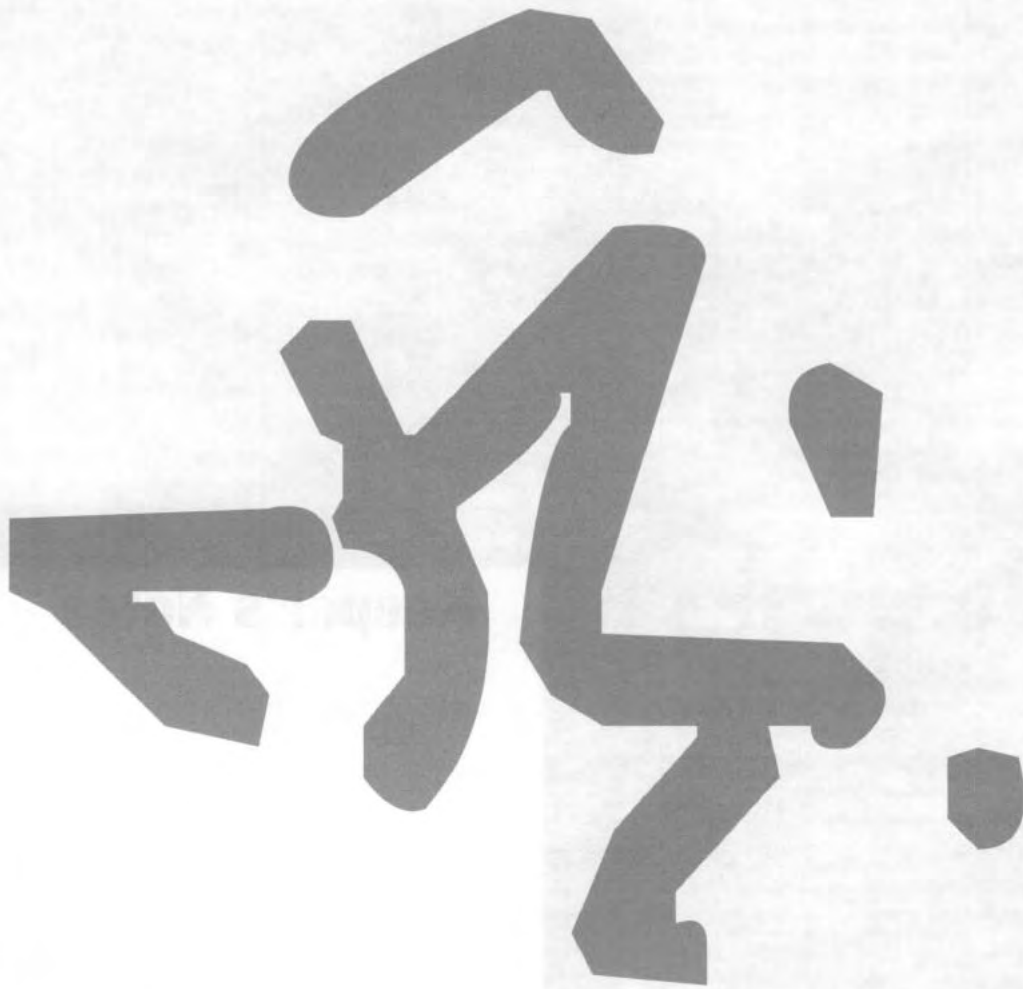


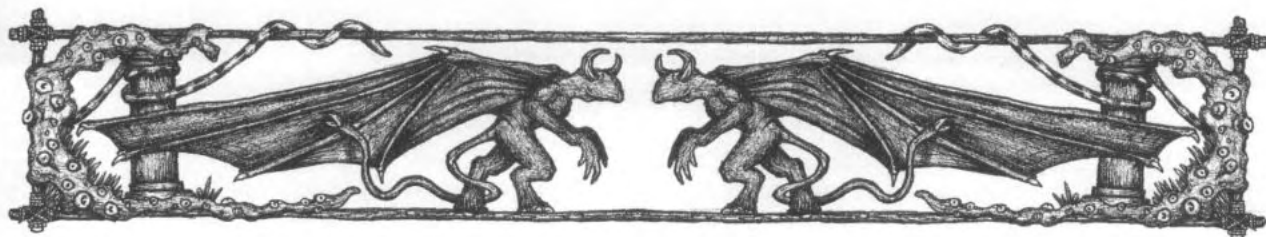
Rewards

- If Eibon's plan is halted and the explosion is avoided as well, all participants gain 2D10 + 10 Sanity points. Saving Wilson grants an additional 1D6 Sanity points.

As the investigators stagger back toward Lhasa, they encounter a Tibetan herder who politely and helpfully escorts them for twenty pounds sterling—equal to his expected income for the next ten years—through the southern passes. There they can reenter Sikkim and the wider world beyond.

The End





Keeper's Guide to this Adventure:

The Azathoth Papers

Events and Plot Devices

Some events have been pre-selected to take place in sequence. Descriptions of these events and when they happen are found below but this schedule is flexible. Keepers are encouraged to alter this list as they need.

Week One

At the end of the first week after the reading of Philip Baxter's will, Angela Vincenzo is attacked in her sleep by the large spider dwelling in the attic of the Baxter house. Bitten at night, the morning finds her in a coma, but still treatable by a hospital. That evening, if she is left helpless, baby spiders hatch and flow down out of the attic to cover her body. The next morning she is completely covered by inch-long arachnids feeding hungrily on her body fluids. Seeing this costs 1/1D6 Sanity points.

- If Ms. Vincenzo is rescued and hospitalized, she recovers in a week. If she is not saved, the next day the bloated spiderlings abandon her desiccated corpse and find places in the house in which to hide and molt. The sight of her withered corpse costs 0/1D6 Sanity points.
- If the house remains undisturbed for a week after this, the spiders swarm and fill the house. Just peeping in through a window costs 1/1D6 Sanity points.
- The neighbors panic when the little crawling horrors are seen on the outside of the house. Then the authorities are notified, the house is investigated, the hopelessness of the situation is realized, and the house is ordered burned immediately.
- If the investigators save Angela from her creepy fate, award each 1D6 Sanity points.

Week Two

The end of this week finds the investigators contacted by Judge Braddock. He has been unable to locate Colin Baxter and asks the investigators to travel to Florida in search of the young man. Colin has not yet been informed of his father's death or of his inheritance. Braddock offers to pay an adequate fee plus expenses if the investigators take the job. Braddock supplies them with a photo of Colin Baxter and the address of the rooming house where he used to live.

Week Three

At the end of this week, Silas Patterson disappears. He may not be seen again. His suicide note (*Azathoth Papers #19*) is found in his study. Apprehending Patterson for the death of Philip Baxter before this brings a reward of

1D6 Sanity points. If his involvement in the tragedy is discovered only after his disappearance, there is no Sanity point award.

- If the investigators fuse the reflection of Philip Baxter and Silas Patterson in the Dreamlands, Patterson returns to Providence insane but with Philip Baxter's soul.

Week Four

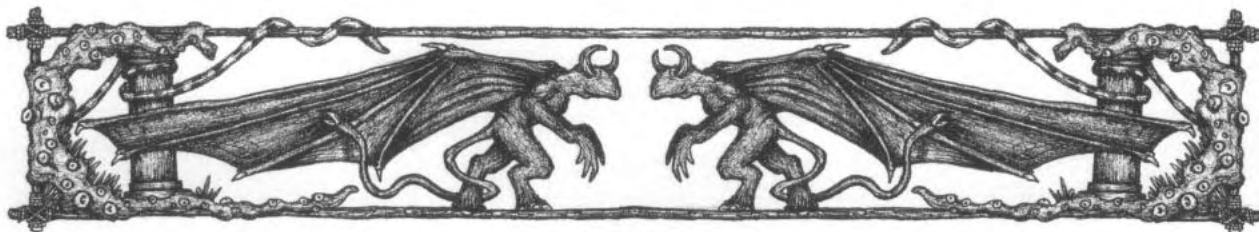
A mysterious package from New York City arrives in the Baxter mailbox. If Angela Vincenzo is alive, she immediately notifies the investigators of its presence. If she is not alive, a reliable postman delivers it to that local non-player character the keeper finds convenient. For details concerning this package, see "The Eternal Quest," page 122.

Week Five

At the end of this week, the player characters learn that the observatory at Garrison, Montana has been completely destroyed in a violent explosion. Dmitri Passelov was killed. His assistant, Vasiliy Kalyetka, lies in a coma in a Helena hospital. This occurs either before or after the investigators have visited Garrison, and may prompt a return or an immediate first visit.

- The Father Ghost caused this destruction. He has grown suspicious of the Academy. Using dynamite stored at the observatory, he leveled that building and heavily damaged some outlying structures. Kalyetka was gravely injured.
- Searching the site may turn up scorched fragments of Passelov's papers, plus an intact wall safe. Other items, such as Kalyetka's crucifix, may be discovered among the ruins.

Keeper's Notes



Appendix 1: Optional Play Aids

These play aids include quotations from Mythos tomes, quotations from historical research, insane insights, and many random news clippings.

Keepers decide when or if to use these supplementary props. Provide any of these items as you wish, when it suits you. None are keyed by the text. Note that there are no copies of these materials in the narrative. Keepers should photocopy these play aids if they feel there is a chance that they might be useful to play.

Quotations from Mythos Tomes

These quotes can be supplied to investigators reading or studying certain titles, as noted below. In addition, quotes from *Book of Eibon* and *De Vermis Mysteriis* appear in the narrative.

So many of the finer merchants and even officials of Paris are of this inhuman cult. Meeting in secret places beneath the city, they feast in blasphemous ceremony. Many have become like beasts in form as well as spirit. Many have been arrested and jailed and we live in constant fear of discovery and seizure by the police. A great group, under the guise of colonists, sailed to the New World.

—*Cultes des Goules*.

Hail Azathoth! Hail the sphere that conjoins! Thy children await the new sun to signal the time of coming. The stars spin in the heavens though the earth stands still. Azathoth and his children shall reign!

—*G'harne Fragments*.

Beyond far Yuggoth, in the distant sky, yet not so distant as is safe, whirls the foe of Earth. The Old Ones knew it when the shoggoths turned on them. The Black Ones knew it when their cities fell on them. The Serpent Men knew it when they were driven underground by cataclysm. And races yet to come shall know it.

—*Pnakotic Manuscripts*.

The black land of the ocean has risen now seven times, each rising accompanied by a standing sun that burns strangely over a silent sea.

—*Ponape Scripture*.

When He Who Passes in Darkness comes again, the wall shall shake. The illusion shall crumble. Man, cringing in terror, shall destroy himself rather than face the gods in battle.

—*Revelations of Glaaki*.

Curiosities from Historical Research

Ancient Greek Beliefs

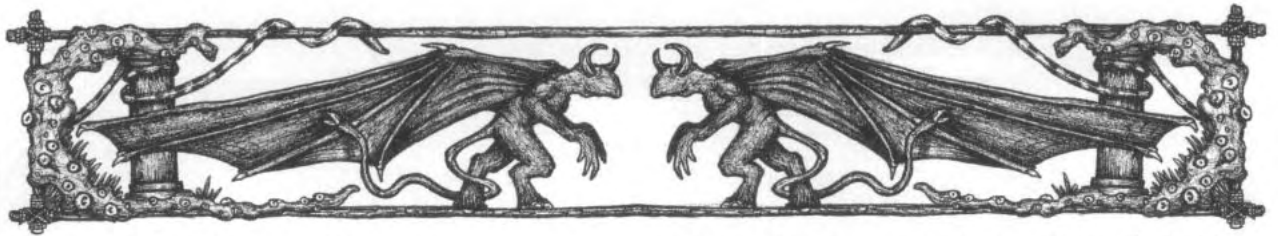
A Greek tradition exists concerning a cycle completed when all the planets return to their original position. This is followed by the *kataklysmos* (deluge) and *ekpyrosis* (combustion). Heraclitus taught that this cycle was one of 10,800 years, while Aristarchus of Samos believed in a cycle of 2484 years. The Stoics also believed in periodic conflagrations.

Great Ages

Hesiod believed in four expired ages of man. This corresponds with certain beliefs still extant on the shores of the Bay of Bengal and the highlands of Tibet. Similar references in the *Zend-Avesta* of Zoroaster speak of seven world ages while like beliefs are found among the Aztecs, Mayans, and Incas of the Western Hemisphere. Each age is ushered in and out by great cataclysms heralded by all sorts of astronomical and other phenomena. Ancient rabbinical tradition holds that the firmament collapses every 1656 years, while the Arabic and Armenian traditions offer different durations.

Sun Age

Many myths indicate the advent of a new sun at the closing or the opening of an age. This is found in the Mayan beliefs as well as the Buddhist text *Visuddhi-Magga*, which states, "There are three destructions: the destruction by water, the destruction by fire, and the destruction by wind. When this second sun appears, there is no distinction of day and night, [but] an incessant heat beats upon the world." The Sibylline books teach a cycle of destruction and regeneration and state that we are in the seventh age of nine, a belief reflected by certain aboriginal tribes of North Borneo.



Suspension of Time and Space

"And he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Anjalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. Is not this written in the book of Jasher? So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day" (Joshua 10:12–13). About the same time, in the Western Hemisphere, the Mexican *Annals of Cuauhtitlan* from the sixteenth century, speaks of "a time long ago when time stopped and the night did not end for a long time."

Comets and Meteors

"Grit, stones, up to boulders as large . . . as mighty trees on the hilltops . . . all the mansions on earth [are destroyed] when worlds clash with worlds." (*Visuddhi-Magga*, Buddhist text). The Mexican *Annals of Cuauhtitlan* talk of cosmic catastrophes in which the sky rained fire and red-hot stones, similar to the Hebrew tradition. Pliny associates comets with evil doings as do the ancient Egyptians, while Hevelius wrote of a great comet sighted at the beginning of the Hebrew exodus. The hairy stars of the Middle Ages were said to foretell disaster and misfortune. In Flanders, the peasants say upon seeing a comet: "The sky is going to fall. The earth is turning over!"

Nostradamus

The sun being in the 20th of Taurus, the earth shall so quake,

That it shall fill and ruin the great theatre,

Their air, the heaven and the earth shall be so obscured and troubled,

That unbelievers shall call upon God, and his saints.

Insane Insights

Investigators who go insane get insights into the Cthulhu Mythos. The following nine are tailored for the *Spawn of Azathoth* campaign. These insights are not repeated in the text—be sure to photocopy them if you want to retain copies.

Stimulus: *Strange spiders are found in the Baxter House.*

Insane Insight: "There were awful spiders at the Baxter House? Did anyone check to see if Philip Baxter was bit-

ten? Shouldn't we exhume the body? Yes, let's dig him up, dig him up, dig him up!"

Stimulus: *Reading Baxter's Dream-Journal.*

Insane Insight: "If Baxter actually arrived in another dimension while dreaming, perhaps others have gone or could go there, too. Did Baxter learn something?"

Stimulus: *Learning that the Tuesday Night Academy sponsored an observatory.*

Insane Insight: "There were great upheavals in the past. Suppose something periodically causes great disturbances on Earth. Something with a very large orbit around the sun could create great cycles of destruction. Perhaps that's why the Academy was so interested."

Stimulus: *Glimpsing the Father Ghost.*

Insane Insight: "The albino figure in Montana also might be the 'white savage' Rasputin wrote about. And something fell in Montana, and something fell in Siberia!"

Stimulus: *Seeing the seed of Azathoth.*

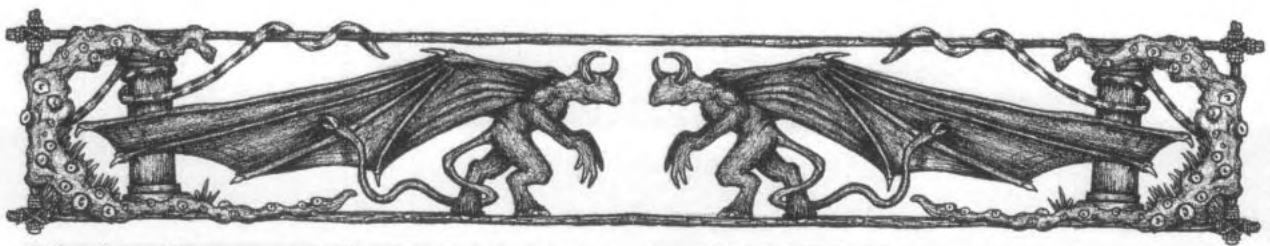
Insane Insight: "This thing is powerful. If it is like the one in Siberia, then many must have fallen, since it is unlikely that we know of the only two. But if many have fallen, then in so long a time, others must have worked against the seeds. Is the Father Ghost such an entity? Does he arrive after every comet-fall? He must be magical to know when and where to go."

Stimulus: *Being given a jewel by the Walker of the Desert.*

Insane Insight: "The Walker must have had good reason to give us that jewel. It should be me, so that I could be careful with it, and carry it always, so that it is ready to use."

Stimulus: *Seeing Vasiliy Kalyetka's Crucifix.*

Insane Insight: "The single stone in the crucifix fascinates me. I must go to Montana (or wherever the crucifix is) to see it again, and protect it, and carry it with me wherever I go, so that it is ready to use."



Stimulus: *After encountering the Father Ghost.*

Insane Insight: "The albino must protect itself somehow from the ravages of the seed. Perhaps we could learn from it, or perhaps prevent it from acting. Perhaps the stone could defeat it, or could defeat the Father Ghost."

Stimulus: *After reading Rasputin's diary.*

Insane Insight: "Perhaps he did not know that the seed would have such deadly radiance. Or perhaps the jewel controlled the Father Ghost, who in turn controlled the seed? Is that what he means, to set one on one on one?"

News Clippings

The following articles may be interesting or amusing to your players. Some have significance for the campaign; others are red herrings. All appeared in New York City's daily *Pillar-Riposte*. Date them as useful.

TRAGEDY IN PERU

LIMA — More than 80 people, mostly Indians, lost their lives when a local but violent earthquake struck their small village some 100 miles north of Lima, destroying the church in which they huddled.

The group, who comprised almost the total population of Anaharpta, took refuge in the church following an infestation of snakes, apparently driven from their lairs by the approaching tremor.

A witness stated that a huge crack formed in the earth and that the entire building dropped almost straight down, carrying its screaming occupants with it. The crack then closed, leaving no trace of the victims.

Rescuers thus far have found neither bodies nor survivors.

Paleolithic Discovery

ARKHAM, MASS — Archaeologists from Miskatonic University who explored an extensive cave system near Quaffeldorf, Germany, announced an important discovery of fine Paleolithic paintings.

The art was found in a small circular chamber far within the caves. The walls and dome of the chamber were decorated with numerous drawings while small heaps of bones and rocks were placed about the room in ceremonial fashion.

Photographs show small human stick figures, fleeing from comets that arch overhead. Animals were also depicted in the scenes.

The exploring team has announced that investigation of the chamber will continue next summer with possible excavation of the floor coming next.

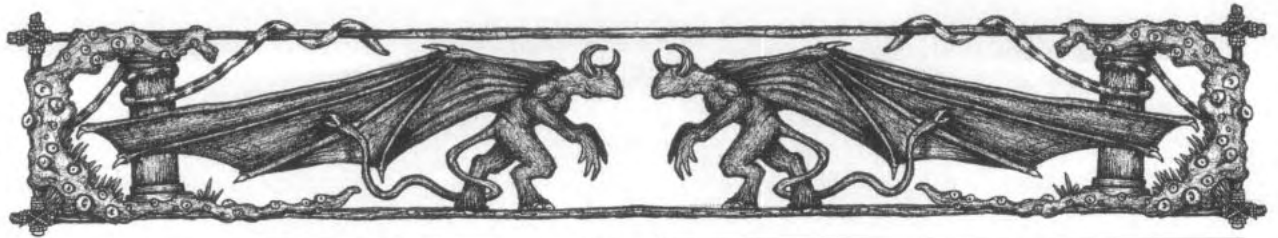
Mysterious Activity

SINGAPORE — A small island, 600 feet long and no more than ten feet at its widest has been seen to rise and fall several times in the past 72 hours.

The area is at the eastern side of the Sunda Straits, the passage separating the islands of Sumatra and Java.

Although reports vary, the maximum number of rises and falls has been quoted seven, as witnessed by fishermen who were in the vicinity at the time of the first rising. The island apparently rose and fell in a regular cycle of seven hours. It has not appeared since it sank for the seventh time.

It will be remembered that the Sunda Straits were the site of a tremendous volcanic explosion in 1883 that caused great damage and loss of life. Scientists speculated that the upheaval might indicate a renewal of volcanic activity.



TERRIBLE ACCIDENT

NEW ORLEANS — An accident at the city zoo today cost the life of one visitor and left a zookeeper severely maimed.

Police Captain William Pringle, 15 year veteran of the force, died when he fell into the crocodile pit at the New Orleans zoo. Witnesses report that before Pringle could scramble to his feet, a huge reptile—of a length reportedly 4–6 times the height of a man—seized the unfortunate man in its great jaws.

Keeper William Ash entered the pit and attempted to drive off the beast with a large pole. The crowd included Pringle's wife and three young children. While they watched in horror, the crocodile bit off Ash's arm, then returned to Pringle and devoured him.

Its vicious attack completed, the animal returned to the pool and submerged, allowing rescuers to attend to the maimed zookeeper. Zoo officials declared that the vicious crocodile would be destroyed as soon as investigating police allowed.

Child Found

WINSLOW, ARIZ. — A well-dressed white girl about six years of age was found wandering in Canyon Diablo yesterday.

Unable to tell her name, the child appears to suffer amnesia. She repeatedly asks as to the whereabouts of her father. There are no clues to her identity as yet.

When found, the child's hands were bloody from digging at the stone floor of the canyon, actually a vast rocky pit. Canyon Diablo, also known as Coon Butte, is a circular depression nearly a mile across and up to 550 feet deep, located 19 miles west of Winslow.

Some think the geographical feature is the result of a great meteor that fell to earth 50,000 years ago. The area is mostly uninhabited open range.

Suicide Pact

SAN FRANCISCO — A shocking discovery was made early this morning in Marin County. A passing motorist, attracted by smoke from a campfire, discovered the corpses of six high school boys of good family, apparent victims of a group suicide pact. The youngsters belonged to a church group which often camped in the area. Their names were withheld.

Odd People Department

ASTRONOMER LOSES PLANET!

Harry Lambert, a Westchester County stargazer, vehemently swore today that his tales of a planet that appears and disappears were true.

Lambert, who has constructed his own observatory and large telescope, told of glimpsing a strange red-glowing planet that brightened and dimmed irregularly. The amateur astronomer stated that he "had been experimenting with some novel prisms," and that perhaps peculiarities of their design led to his success where professionals had failed.

Members of the Astronomy Departments at Columbia and Princeton Universities were not content to take Lambert at his word. "The essence of science rests in the repetition and confirmation of observation," declared Astronomer-Emeritus Hiram Longley of New York's New Academy. Several professional stargazers, who declined to allow direct quotation, hinted that the air in Westchester County was perhaps better suited to drinking than seeing.

Lambert nonetheless pleaded that astronomers everywhere turn their telescopes toward the constellation Taurus and send him any news.



INSANE MURDER

TOLEDO, OHIO — A bizarre murder story unfolded today when the partial remains of a middle-aged man were discovered in his brother's home in downtown Toledo.

Police charged Ezra Collins with murdering and subsequently devouring his elder brother Joshua Collins.

Police were called when neighbors complained of screams coming from an upstairs window. Witnesses stated that the younger Collins was crying for food, complaining of hunger, and shouting that his brother had abandoned him.

When officers searched the residence, they found in the basement a clean-picked skeleton, tentatively identified as that of Joshua Collins. Beside the corpse was a collapsed tunnel in which police hypothesized the accused may have intended to conceal the remains.

Collins, who weighed 80 pounds at the time of his incarceration, claimed that he had not eaten in the three weeks since his brother "left."

Inspector Davis of the Toledo Police Department said that the younger Collins at first maintained that he was the deceased, Joshua, and accused Ezra of theft and ingratitude.

Ezra Collins has been transferred to the Morgan Adams State Hospital.

Indian Heresies

SALT LAKE CITY — Isolated bands of Indians in Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming reportedly have abandoned God and reservation churches, and resumed practice of the so-called "ghost dance," first preached in 1870 by the Indian prophet Wodziwob.

Inspired by the completion of the transcontinental railroad which he called a "web of time," Wodziwob proclaimed that a coming cataclysm would swallow up all the white men and that all the ancestors of the Indians would return, accompanied by a great whistling sound.

When the vision went unfulfilled, the movement died. Wovoka, son of Wodziwob's assistant Tavibo, later renewed it and claimed to have ascended to Heaven during the solar eclipse of January 1, 1889. That revival was quashed at Wounded Knee.

In an interview at his home in Walker Lake, Nevada, Wovoka had no knowledge of the new prophet but claimed to have foreseen that such a messiah eventually would come to his people.

Wovoka, once described by regional office holders as a sleight-of-hand artist, now publicly preaches for his people to work hard and make peace with the white man.



Appendix 2: Colin's Steamer and Crew

This old steamer from Boston was built in 1908 as an exploration ship. When Colin Baxter obtained the *Palencia* he refitted it to conduct salvage operations. Today the steamer is registered to the Port of St. Augustine. The *Palencia* is 145 feet in length, and displaces 300 tons. The single shaft vertical triple expansion 400hp engines provide a speed of 14 knots (16 miles/hour) while maximum fuel supplies allow for a cruising range of 8,000 miles. Three decks make up the steamer; the Bridge, Main Deck, and Lower Deck, all of them rusty, dirty, and in need of a good painting. Fire extinguishers are located throughout the ship, but only 50% of them will function when required to do so.

The crew consists of Captain Colin Baxter, Chief Engineer Billy Wolff, Helena the cook, and a crew of mostly Cubans and black Americans. (There are no stats for any crew members except Baxter and Wolff.) Juan the pilot is a Cuban. Two black engineers from New Orleans, Mack and Philippe, aid Wolff with the engine. Victor is the radio operator and Hernando is the navigator, both from Cuba. The two other crew members are Samson and Tate, two blacks from Jacksonville who work as general deck hands.

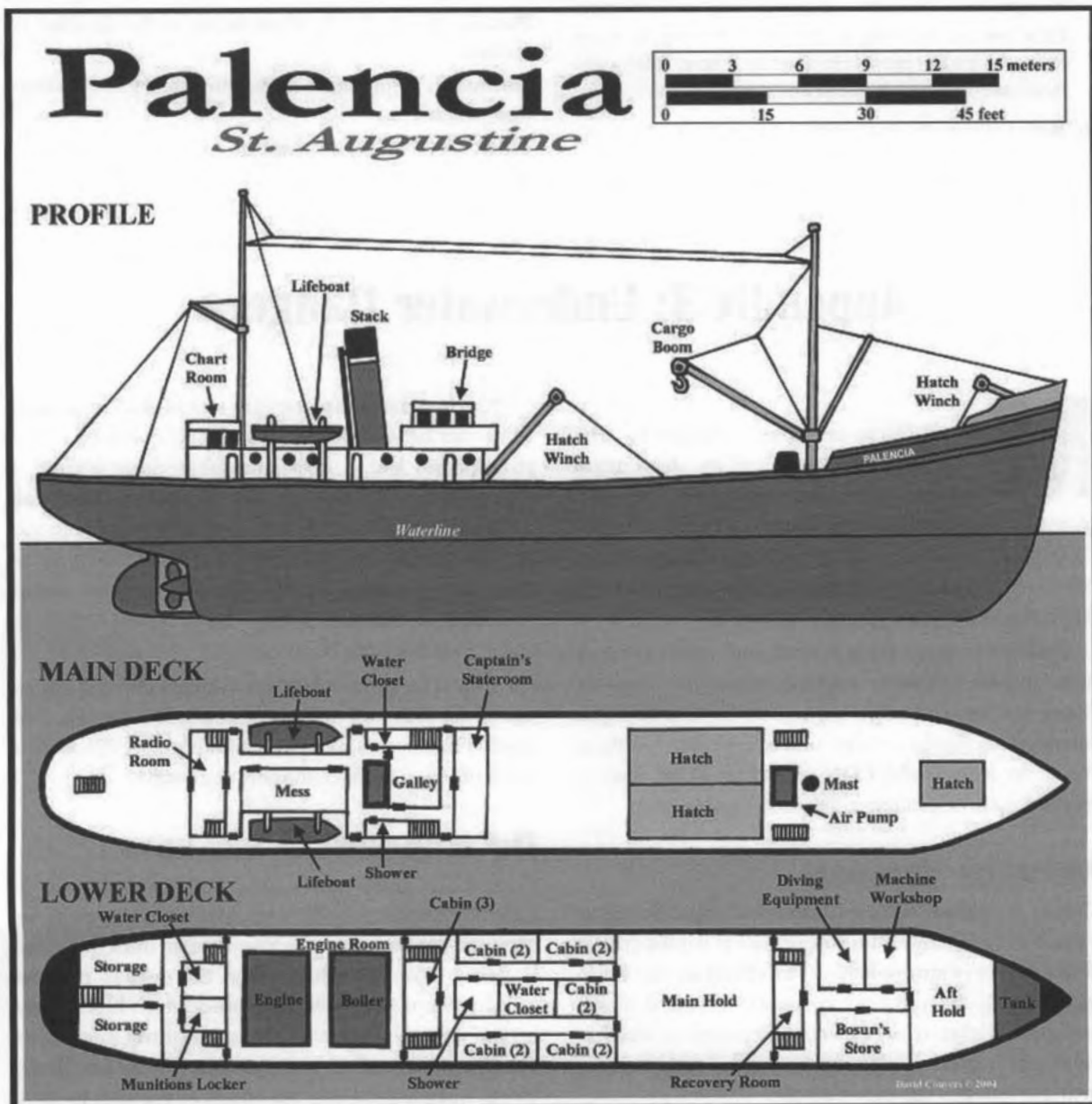
- **Aft Hold:** Mostly this area contains junk collected by Colin and Billy over the years. There are spare sleeping rolls here for investigators if there are not enough bunks in the remaining cabins.
- **Air Pump:** For pumping fresh air to the divers, one individual must continuously operate the pumps for each diver.
- **Bosun's Store:** Contains various equipment including cluster lights, electrical extension cords, ropes, blocks, canvas, tools, lumber, and spare fire extinguishers.
- **Bridge:** Ship's foghorn, whistle, and navigational lights are operated here, as well as the ship's wheel, compass binnacle and a depth-sounding machine good to 25 fathoms (150 feet). Equipment kept here is the ship's log, signal flags, national flags, flares, hand leads for measuring depth, binoculars, flashlights, and fire extinguishers.
- **Cabin (2 Persons):** Three of these cabins are occupied by the crew; Billy Wolf and Juan in one room, Victor and Hernando in the next and Samson and Tate in the last. Two spare cabins are available for investigators. Any female

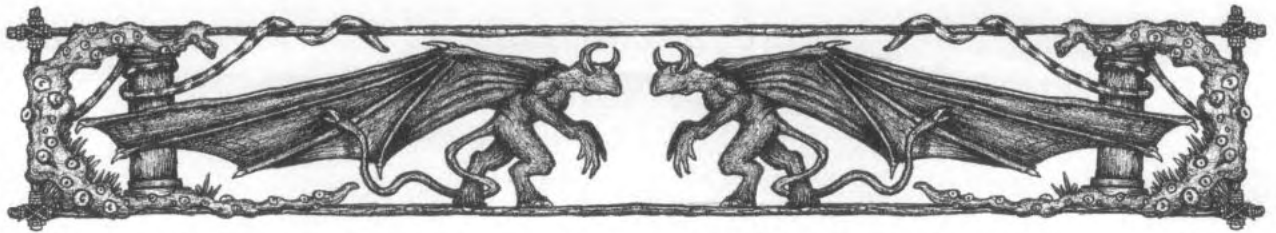
investigators will share a room, or if there are an odd number of females, one will receive a cabin of her own.

- **Cabin (3 Persons):** This slightly larger cabin is occupied by Mack and Philippe with a spare bunk if required by a male investigator.
- **Captain's Stateroom:** Shared by Colin and Helena, this is the cleanest room on the ship, thanks to her. Shelves contain numerous books with topics mostly on diving, salvaging, and maritime history. Crew pay sheets and accounting ledgers are found in the desk drawers while a combination lock safe (STR 35) secures a .45 revolver and smaller valuables recovered from salvages.
- **Cargo Boom:** With a STR of 250, this boom is used for lowering and retrieving divers in and from the water, for lifting artifacts from the ocean bottom, and for loading and unloading cargo to and from ports.
- **Chart Room:** Contains books and papers on navigation and maritime law, plus ten-year-old Geodetic Survey charts of most of the world's seas and oceans. First aid equipment sufficient to treat numerous serious accidents is kept here.
- **Diving Equipment:** Storage for the diving suits and associated equipment.
- **Engine Room:** This pair of unreliable steam engines have been poorly maintained through their life and now each requires a successful **Heavy Machine skill roll** daily to keep them functional, otherwise a day's work and a successful **Mechanical Repair and Electrical Repair skill roll** is required to get them going again. With only one engine functional the *Palencia* is restricted to 7 knots (8 miles/hour). With two down the ship is dead in the water.
- **Galley:** With a coal-burning range the galley holds enough food to feed a full complement for five weeks, although the current stock is nothing special, mostly tinned food. Helena keeps the galley clean and locks it when she leaves it; she knows that some of the crew steals food.
- **Hatch Winches:** Used to open and close the Main Hold and Aft Hold hatches.
- **Lifeboats:** Although dirty and with frayed ropes, these two lifeboats are sufficient to hold the entire crew and passengers should the need to abandon ship arise.
- **Machine Workshop:** Various tools, mechanical apparatus, and workbenches here are used to repair shipboard equipment, and to conserve or dismember salvaged artifacts.



- **Main Hold:** Mostly this deck is empty for those rare occasions Colin discovers something big worth salvaging, such as an occasional decorative figurehead from an old sailing ship, which he will store here.
- **Mess:** One mess for all the crew and passengers, which also defaults as a meeting room when the need arises, or as a general area for social activities such as playing cards, practicing guitar, or listening to the gramophone.
- **Munitions Locker:** Kept locked (STR 35) at sea or when docked. Colin, Wolf, and Helena hold keys. The munitions locker holds ten .30-06 rifles and four .38 revolvers, plus miscellaneous weapons belonging to the crew. Colin insists that any investigator weapons must be locked in here during sea voyages. Other miscellaneous equipment is also stored here, mostly in the form of long ropes.
- **Radio Room:** Long and shortwave apparatus are contained here plus several large lead-acid batteries which will provide several hours of emergency power for communication





should the need arise. The master telephone is located here, with lines to the bridge, the captain's cabin, the engine room, mess, and the chart room.

- **Recovery Room:** This room is locked (STR 50). Here Colin keeps valuables recovered from his salvage operations, such as gold or artifacts that are too big to keep in his personal safe. There are also two metal containers filled with seawater used to preserve artifacts that would otherwise deteriorate if exposed to air, such as wood or paper.
- **Showers:** With one or more stalls.
- **Storage:** More miscellaneous junk of little use to the crew. These two rooms, being at the rear of the ship, have low ceilings so it is not possible to stand up in here. Rarely used, these rooms are now home to numerous rats.
- **Tank:** Contains the fuel to power the steamers.

- **Water Closets:** Functional. The one downstairs used only by the men is in need of a good clean.

A Few Nautical Terms

Aft: Rearward, toward the stern of a ship.

Amidships: In the center of a ship, midway between bow and stern.

Fore: Forward, toward the bow of a ship.

Lee, Alee: The side of a ship or solid object which is away from the wind.

Line: Rope.

Port: To the ship's left, when facing in the direction of motion.

Starboard: To the ship's right, when facing in the direction of motion.

Tiller: The steering mechanism.

Appendix 3: Underwater Dangers

Most problems associated with diving arise from increasing pressure on the human body as the diver descends. Pressure increases by one atmosphere for every 33 feet of water descended. Pressure at the surface equals one atmosphere, at 33 feet depth equals two atmospheres, at 66 feet equals three atmospheres, and so on.

Difficulties occur when cavities, such as the lungs or inner ear, are unable to ventilate because of illness or injury, and the trapped gas expands as the diver surfaces. Investigators should not dive unless in perfect health, as shown by a successful **CON x5 roll on D100**. Even a blocked-up nose can prove disastrous underwater.

Nitrogen Narcosis

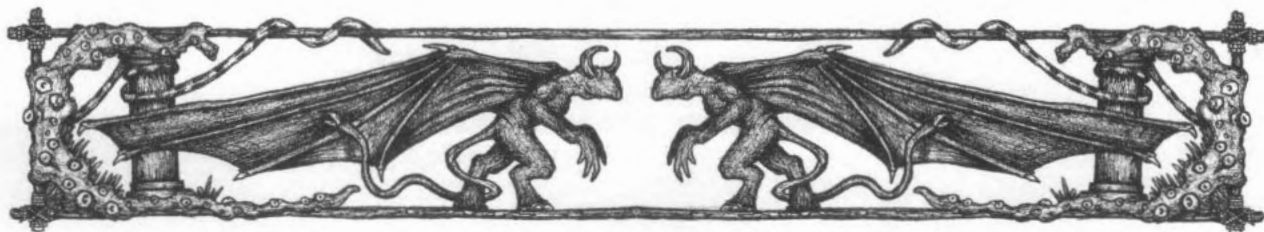
Commonly called "rapture of the deep," this develops as a result of breathing air under pressure at depths greater than 100 feet (4 atmospheres). The effects are similar to intoxication, and can lead to serious disregard of job and safety. Other symptoms are hallucination, idea fixation, and impaired judgment. Combined with phobias, nitrogen narcosis can prove deadly.

Nitrogen narcosis worsens as rate of descent increases. It can be avoided by descending cautiously. At 4 atmospheres and at each atmosphere-stage beyond, a rapidly descending diver needs a successful **CON x2 roll** or he or she may become disoriented or befuddled, losing 1D3 effective INT. If effective INT reaches zero the diver falls unconscious. An **Idea roll** with a suitable multiplier determines if the diver completes his tasks and avoids behaving dangerously.

A diver recognizes his own nitrogen narcosis with a successful **Idea roll and a successful Diving roll**. The remedy to this narcosis is to ascend until the effects have worn off, then to descend more cautiously.

Decompression Sickness

Commonly called "the bends"; otherwise known as Caisson's disease. As a diver spends time under pressure, nitrogen dissolves into the bloodstream until the blood becomes saturated. Then, when the outside pressure reduces, the nitrogen forms bubbles which block arteries and veins. To prevent the bends, the diver must pause during ascent to allow body pressure to equalize. In the 1900s, investigation into the effects of pressure by John



Scott Haldane (1860–1936) resulted in the publication of diving tables, correlating depths and stopping times.

The longer a diver spends under pressure, the longer his stopping times must be upon ascent. It is impossible for a diver to quickly ascend from the deep without suffering decompression sickness. If deep ones are in pursuit, the hapless diver can run sideways, but not up, at least not up very fast.

For gaming purposes, judge decompression sickness by the depth of the dive. At 33 feet there is no need for decompression. Below that, a diver not ascending in accordance with the tables loses 1D6 hit points for each atmosphere in excess of two, rounded up. Damage is gradual, and each 1D6 of damage is inflicted at intervals of CON x2 minutes. For long dives or for extreme pressures, double the damage. Recompressing (going back down into the water to the proper depth) prevents further damage. The stoppages in ascent actually mostly occur at depths of 50 feet or less, but we suggest a stop of 2–4 game minutes at each interval of 33 feet. Extend the time at each stop according to the greatest depth of the dive.

Example: Ed (Diving 43%) and Joe (Diving 38%) are exploring an undersea temple in 150 feet (6 atmospheres) of calm water. After twenty minutes, and ever mindful of shoggoths, Joe decides to rise. The Diving roll x2 for Joe succeeds, and he is hauled up in stages. Meanwhile Ed uncovers what he fears is a shoggoth, and panics. He drops his weights and shoots to the surface, his suit quickly expanding. His player fails the Diving roll (under the circumstances the keeper allowed no multiplier) and poor Ed loses control, passing the helplessly watching Joe. At the surface, Ed (CON 14) suffers 4D6 hit points in four doses of 1D6, at 28 game-minute intervals.

Suit Problems

A ruptured suit, severed airline, or broken helmet might be indicated by a failed Diving roll result of 96–00. A torn suit is not necessarily a disaster, as air pressure prevents the diver from drowning. The main problem with tearing the suit is the likely onset of hypothermia. A torn air line or broken helmet is more severe. Without assistance, the diver probably drowns.

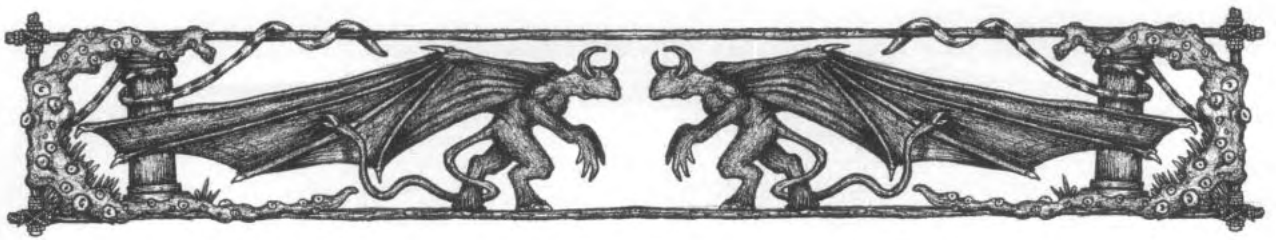
Hypothermia

Lowered body temperature is a major problem for divers. Woolly undergarments are usually worn as insulation beneath the suit. While in the water a diver's player must successfully roll **CON x2 or less**, or the character takes 1 hit point of damage. The frequency at which the CON rolls need to be made depends on water temperature. Note that water temperatures also decrease as the diver descends.

<i>Effective water temperature</i>	<i>frequency of rolls</i>
60°F / 15°C	per hour of game time
50°F / 10°C	per 20 minutes of game time
40°F / 4°C	per 5 minutes of game time
30°F / -2°C	per minute of game time

Wearing an intact, closed diving suit adds 20°F / 11°C to the effective water temperature.





Appendix 4: British India in the 1920's

The famous catch-phrase of the British during their global reign was that the sun never set on their empire, and they had good reason to claim this. By the 1920's the British Crown possessed nearly one-quarter of the land surface of the world, controlled dozens of countries across five continents, and ruled over 470 million people, of which only 70 million were whites and 350 million were Indians. India was their richest colony, and so it wasn't a surprise then that this country was the prize of their colonial conquests spoken of as the "brightest jewel in the British crown."

Britain has been in control of India since 1639, initially through the establishment of trading posts founded by the East India Company on the west coast in Surat. From there they insinuated themselves across the sub-continent by playing off one local ruler against another. The Indian Mutiny of 1857 saw almost all of north India revolt against the East India Company, and so the British government stepped in to maintain law and order. Britain then took control of the country for itself. In 1877 Queen Victoria became Empress of India, further cementing Britain's claims.

In the 1920's British India is generally divided into British-ruled and Indian-ruled (referred to at the time as "native-ruled") states, the latter being about one-quarter of India. As a whole the country is administered from London by the Secretary of State for India, and under him the Viceroy of India in Delhi. During their time the British constructed over 43,000 miles of railway, established cross-country postal, telegraph, and wireless facilities, and made fortunes mostly through the exportation of agricultural products such as tea, cotton, leather, rice, wool, and wheat. Recently the growing support for the Indian Nationalist Party, and the orations and non-cooperation campaigns organized by Mahatma Gandhi, has led to growing dissent throughout the country. The British Colonial Army present everywhere is trying to maintain control, and for the moment they believe that they do. In twenty years time this will lead to the end of the British reign and independence for India, but until then riots and protests will be common sights in the streets of large cities such as Delhi, Bombay, and Calcutta.

India itself is predominately a Hindu country with a sizable Muslim population. Hindus worship Brahman and his various forms such as Vishnu, Shiva, Kali,

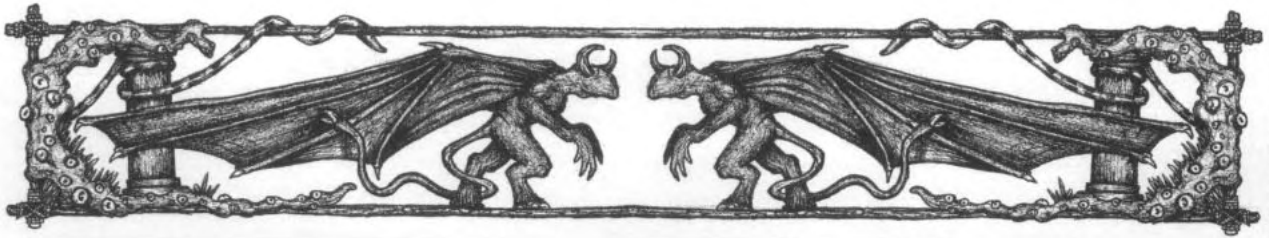
Sarasvati, and others. They believe in reincarnation and karma, that the good deeds they do in one life will determine their position in the next. This has led to the caste system of social classes consisting of four ranks, and the "untouchables" who are outcasts or the lowest ranks.

Calcutta

Calcutta will leave the investigators with a severe case of culture-shock; the city is hot, humid, dirty, smelly, and overcrowded. Beggars are everywhere. Many more Indians live in squalor and poverty, mostly untouchables and lower caste Hindus. Yet despite these inequalities, those who know how to make money make it here as well, because Calcutta is a major trading center where fortunes are made. Many railway lines terminate in this city, and the Hugli River can allow in numerous sea-faring ships because it has a draw of up to 30 feet, easily allowing the *Palencia* to dock here despite Calcutta's position 80 miles from the coast. Goods from the Ganges and Brahmaputra valleys are brought to Calcutta keep the docks busy all year round. Warehouses everywhere export jute, tea, raw cotton, rice, and silk in large volumes.

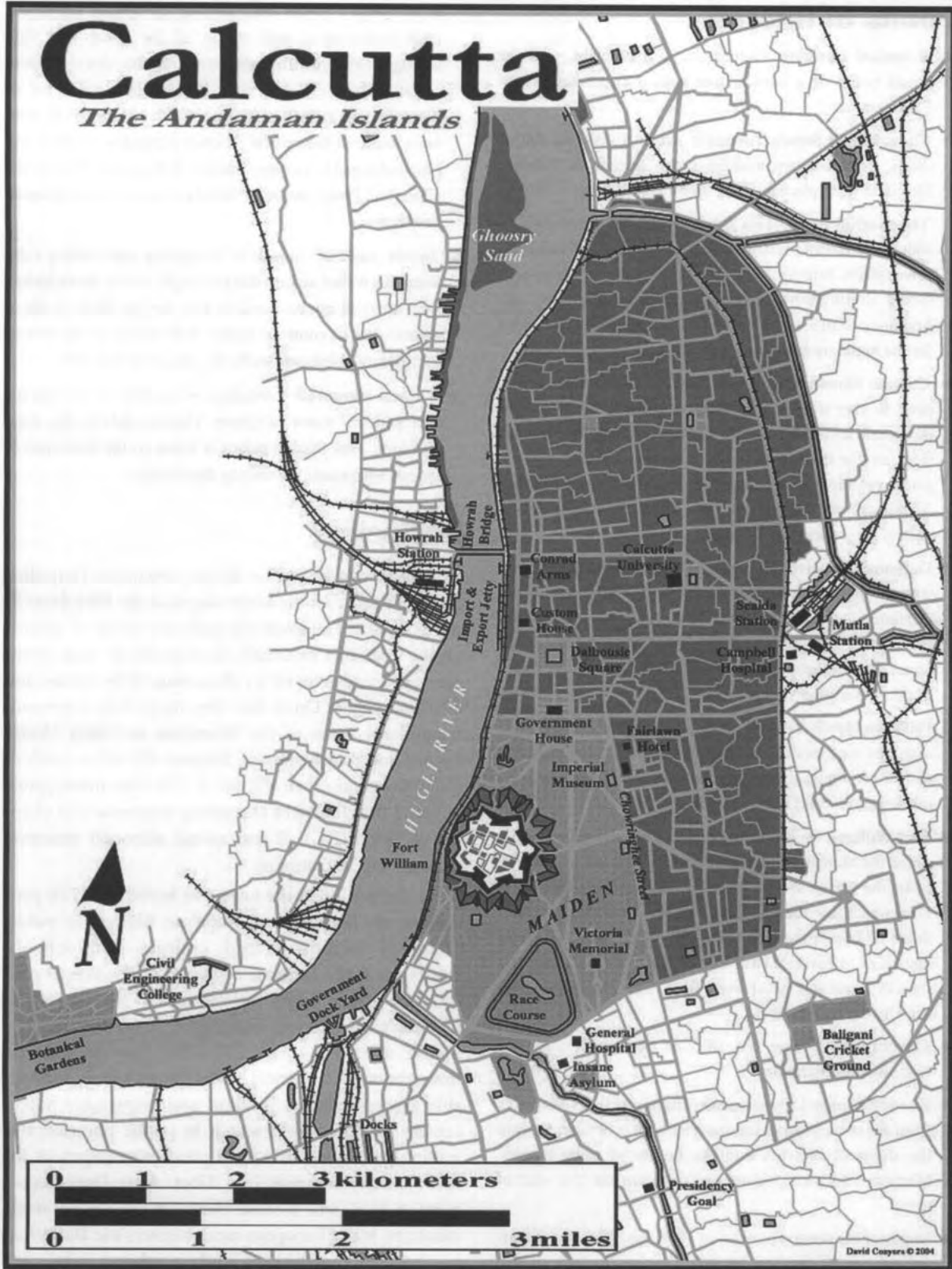
Many of the buildings in Calcutta have been built by the British since 1696 onwards, shaping the city to their own colonial designs including cricket grounds, great sprawling parks, a botanical garden, the University, and Government House. Calcutta is the capital of the Bengal presidency and until 1911 was the capital of British India, when the seat of the Supreme Government was moved to Delhi.

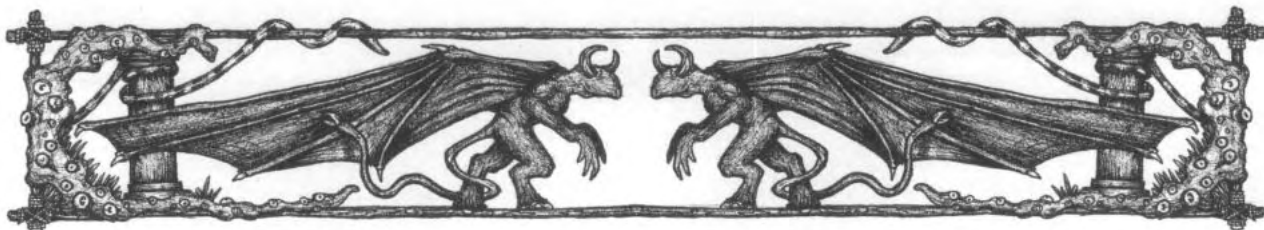
Approximately 1,250,000 people live in Calcutta with a small but sizable community of British expatriates. Languages are predominately Hindi, Bengali, and English, in that order. Enough English is spoken that the use of this language alone is sufficient to get by. Currency is the British pound, equivalent to four United States dollars. Transport within Calcutta is difficult unless investigators have the time and constitution to take long walks in the heat. Many expatriates own automobiles and can offer lifts, but the most common form of transport are the man-powered rickshaws, which will take investigators to almost anywhere in the city for a few shillings. Regardless of the transport use, streets are always overcrowd and jostling. Weather is always hot, worst in April and May leading up to several months of monsoon rains from June and July onward. Investigators will always sweat here.



Calcutta

The Andaman Islands





Points of Interest

- **Botanical Gardens:** Picturesque and pleasant, and the proud home of a banyan tree with a circumference of 1,300 feet.
- **Chowringhee Street:** The main street of Calcutta full of shops, stalls, beggars, and cows, the animals of Hindus. This is an ideal place to stock up on supplies.
- **The Conrad Arms:** This British style pub open only to whites is a favorite watering hole for traders and travelers. Investigators hoping for a few tips on the conditions at future destinations such as Darjeeling, Tibet, or the Andaman Islands would do well to ask around here. Rooms for the night are basic but clean, from £3 to £8 per night.
- **Custom House:** This is the first place investigators will need to visit if obtaining visas to enter India. If players don't roll successful **Credit Ratings**, investigator possessions and/or the *Palencia* will be searched. British investigators get more leniencies. Permits to visit the Andaman Islands can be obtained from this office, for a fee of £2 per person for a period of 28 days.
- **Dalhousie Square:** The center of British colonial administration, here investigators will find the Post Office, Currency Department, Town Hall, Telegraph Office, and the Writers Building which formerly housed clerks of the East India Company, today home to British Government clerks performing similar tasks.
- **Fairlawn Hotel:** A colonial style hotel offering all the comforts and niceties of the Continent. Rooms range from £10 to £30 per night, depending on how luxurious a suite an investigator would like.
- **Fort William:** Built in a huge open expansion of Calcutta called the Maiden, this second Fort William was constructed by the British shortly after the "Black Hole" uprising of 1756 which saw the first Fort William destroyed and hundreds of Europeans killed. This new fort was built in an open area to ensure a clear line of fire, but since that day a shot in anger has never been fired. The fort is currently used by the British Army.
- **Government House:** The office of the British Governor and his administration.
- **Howrah Bridge:** Ugly and stark, this bridge leads west away from the more prosperous eastern districts of Calcutta into the slums of Howrah and the homes of untouchables. Muggers and pick-pockets are common on this side of town.
- **Imperial Museum:** Founded in 1875 this collection is considered one of the best in Asia. Displays include superb

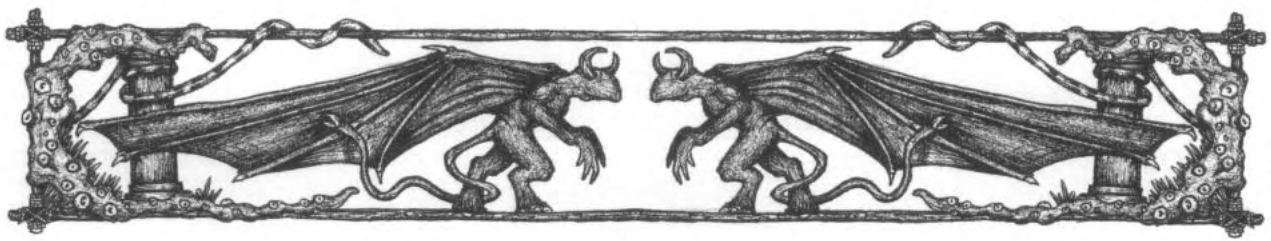
archaeological pieces from all over the Indian sub-continent including a gold statue of the Great Old One Chaugnar Faugn with a plaque stating that this is a representation of the Hindu god Ganesha. In a room full of meteorites is a small meteorite which is reputed to have been found at the central Siberian explosion of 1908, and once belonged to Grigory Efimovich Rasputin. Neither the Chaugnar Faugn statue or Siberian meteorite has magical properties.

- **Insane Asylum:** Sounds of screaming and wailing echo from this walled asylum day and night. Insane investigators sent here will not be cured; in fact they are likely to die of disease and to continue losing their minds at the rate of 1D3 Sanity points per week, the place is so horrible.
- **Victoria Memorial:** Completed as recently as 1921 with a 'not amused' statue of Queen Victoria outside the main entrance. This marble palace is home to the Governor of Bengal with suites for visiting dignitaries.

Darjeeling

Famous the world over for its tea plantations, Darjeeling is a small town on the lower slopes of the Himalayas in north Bengal. The town was built as a series of terraces on the slope of a mountain, surrounded by over a hundred thousand acres of tea plantations, hilly forests, and fern-clad ridges. On a clear day Darjeeling commands magnificent views of the Himalayas including Mount Everest and Kanchenjunga. Situated 400 miles north of Calcutta by train at an altitude of 7,000 feet, investigators will find the climate of Darjeeling temperate and pleasant at 70°F (22°C) all year round, although monsoon rains are not uncommon.

In the late 1920s the town was home to 22,000 people, mostly Bengalis and Nepalese. Numerous public buildings include several colleges and schools. Darjeeling is the summer residence of the Bengal government and a major operation for the East India Company who harvest and export Darjeeling Tea. The British maintain a colonial office here as they do throughout most of India. Investigators will find affordable accommodation in clean and respectable hotels, centers to undertake research in public libraries, and trading posts from which to purchase equipment for their journey onwards into Tibet. After Darjeeling—many a local will remind them—there are no more comforts. Many European mountaineers use Darjeeling as a base before setting off on their arduous treks.



Appendix 5: Additional Handouts

Calendar for 1927

Included with the calendar for the year 1927 are the phases of the moon, as appropriate to various cultist ceremonies and for general atmosphere while trekking through exotic lands. N = New Moon, F = First Quarter, M = Full Moon, and L = Last Quarter. Eclipses of the Moon occur on June 15 and December 8, although these are unlikely to be casually observed.

January

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3(N)	4	5	6	7	8
9	10(F)	11	12	13	14	15
16	17(M)	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26(L)	27	28	29
30	31					

February

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2(N)	3	4	5
6	7	8(F)	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16(M)	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24(L)	25	26
27	28					

March

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3(N)	4	5
6	7	8	9	10(F)	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18(M)	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26(L)
27	28	29	30	31		

April

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2(N)
3	4	5	6	7	8	9(F)
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17(M)	18	19	20	21	22	23
24(L)	25	26	27	28	29	30

May

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1(N)	2	3	4	5	6	7
8(F)	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16(M)	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24(L)	25	26	27	28
29	30(N)	31				

June

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7(F)	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15(M)	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24(L)	25
26	27	28	29(N)	30		

July

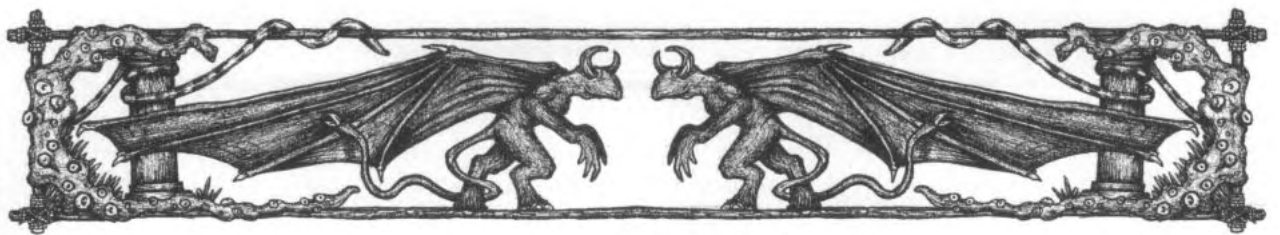
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7(F)	8	9
10	11	12	13	14(M)	15	16
17	18	19	20	21(L)	22	23
24	25	26	27	28(N)	29	30
31						

August

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5(F)	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13(M)
14	15	16	17	18	19(L)	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27(N)
28	29	30	31			

September

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4(F)	5	6	7	8	9	10
11(M)	12	13	14	15	16	17
18(L)	19	20	21	22	23	24
25(N)	26	27	28	29	30	



October

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4(F)	5	6	7	8
9	10(M)	11	12	13	14	15
16	17(L)	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25(N)	26	27	28	29
30	31					

November

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1(F)	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9(M)	10	11	12
13	14	15	16(L)	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24(N)	25	26
27	28	29	30			

December

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2(F)	3
4	5	6	7	8(M)	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16(L)	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24(N)
25	26	27	28	29	30	31(F)

Headlines of 1927

During the course of the campaign keepers may wish to remind players, despite their own pressing concerns, that world politics, cultural events, and changing economies continue on without them. The headlines are adapted from real events of 1927. They can be used as conversation starters or topics of discussion when investigators interact with non-player characters, or as newspaper headlines the next time an investigator decides to read one.

Providence is catered to by the *Providence Journal* and the *Providence Telegram*. Florida newspapers include the *Miami Herald*, *Orlando Herald* and *Tampa Tribune*. Most major newspapers in Montana will be those from other states. In India and Tibet those newspapers that the investigators will be able to buy are controlled by British publishers. Calcutta has two newspapers, *The Englishman* and *The Statesman* while the rest of the country is serviced by *The Civil and Military Gazette*, *The Madras Mail*, *The Pioneer* and *The Times of*

India. Once investigators head inland to Lhasa and the Tibetan Plateau, access to newspapers becomes increasingly rare and when they are found they are woefully out of date.

Spawn of Azathoth is nominally set during the middle of the year 1927. Following are some newspaper headlines dominating the world's press from the campaign's commencement in May through a four month period.

1 May

PUBLIC SPEAKING BAN ON HITLER LIFTED
Nazi Party Holds Meeting in Berlin

4 May

INTERVENTION IN NICARAGUA
United States Requested to Supervise Local Elections

9 May

NEW AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT HOUSE
Seat of Government Moved Inland to Canberra

20 May

KINGDOM OF HEJAZ RECOGNIZED
Britain Signs Treaty with Abd al Aziz ibn Saud

21 May

FIRST SOLO TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT
Captain Charles Lindbergh Touches Down in Paris

26 May

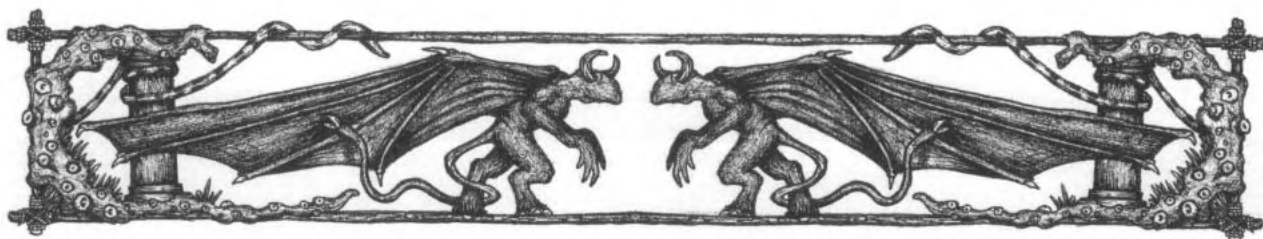
BRITISH DIPLOMATIC LINKS WITH USSR SEVERED
Claims of Russian Espionage and Subversion

27 May

BEIJING UNDER SIEGE
Japanese Troops Block Chinese Advance

5 June

NEW POLITICAL POWER IN JAKARTA
Indonesian Nationalist Party (PNI) is founded



23 June
GENERAL STRIKES OUTLAWED
UK Trades Dispute Act Restricting Trade Unions

15 July
NATIONALISTS ACQUITTED OF MURDERING
TWO SOCIALISTS
General Strike and Riots Follow in Vienna

20 July
DEPORTATION OF GERMAN CITIZENS FROM
SAMOA

Complaints by Native Chiefs against New Zealand Run
Administration

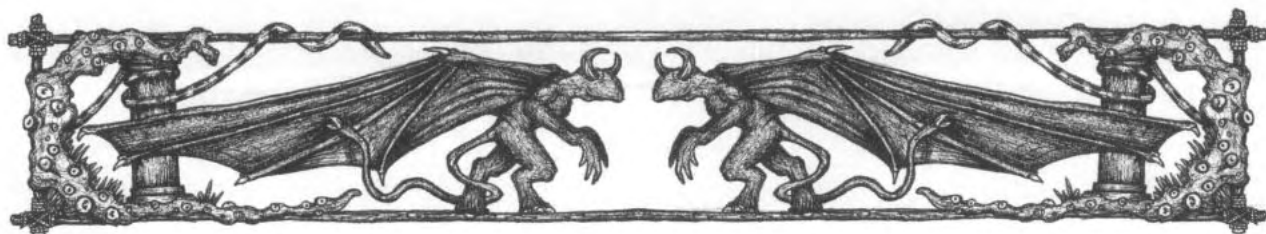
7 August
INTERNATIONAL PEACE BRIDGE OPENED
New Link between Canada and the United States
Established

12 August
AGREEMENT IN THE IRISH FREE STATE
Republicans Takes Their Seats in the Dail

Appendix 6: Altitude Sickness

Altitude sickness is a very serious complaint affecting the chemical makeup of the blood. It is brought on by going too quickly to high altitude without acclimatizing. There are two forms. The mild form is characterized by breathlessness, nausea, and headaches. Ignoring the symptoms is risky, and may lead to complications. The severe form develops as the mild form, but the patient's condition soon worsens as either his lungs fill with fluid and he drowns, or the brain swells, leading to coma. In either case, death occurs within a few hours of onset. The only effective treatment in either case is to descend immediately to lower altitude (a descent of 1,200 feet is sufficient to alleviate the condition, but descent to the 12,000 feet level is the only recommended treatment). If this is impossible, oxygen may buy the victim more time. After a severe attack, the victim should not re-ascend above

12,000 feet for at least 14 days, but there is no evidence that a bout of altitude sickness makes someone more susceptible to future problems. The danger is reckoned to start at about 12,000 feet. Modern theory suggests that the risk is minimized by ascending no more 1,200 feet per day over this height, and by spending at least a week at 12,000 feet before attempting to spend a night at 16,500 feet. The best way of acclimatizing is to make several short trips to high altitude, returning to 12,000 feet the same day. Have every investigator make a CON x5 roll every time they ascend too rapidly. A failure would lead to slight headaches, a fumble would result in the mild symptoms, while a roll of 00 would result in the severe condition. Investigators who suffer the mild form should be penalized by halving all skill levels, while those suffering from the serious form are rapidly incapacitated.



Appendix 7: Player Handouts

As the investigators discover them, give these handouts to the players. The page numbers reference the handout reproduced in the scenario text.

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Azathoth Papers #1: Philip Baxter's Death Notice (p. 17)

Notice of Death

BAXTER, Philip Alexander. Age 62, died at home from a sudden illness. Born Aug. 15, 1865, and married to the late Ellen Banks in 1885. Family members include a daughter, two sons, and a brother. Professor Baxter taught at Brown University for many years. Services will be held tomorrow morning, 10 A.M., at Swan Point Cemetery in Providence.

Azathoth Papers #3: Emmett Baxter's Business Card (O'Donnell's name is crossed out by hand) (p. 17)

E&E News Clipping Service

Serving New York and the World

Emmett Baxter ~~Edward O'Donnell~~

851-A Bee Street, Providence R. I.

ATwater 2212

Azathoth Papers #2: Judge Braddock's Telegram (p. 18)



World-Wide Telegraph

The Globe in Seven Minutes

CAIRO VANCOUVER HONOLULU MEXICO CITY LONDON MELBOURNE

BERLIN
ROME
BUENOS AIRES

PROVIDENCE

AT THE REQUEST OF THE LATE PHILIP ALEXANDER BAXTER YOU ARE INVITED TO THE READING OF HIS LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT STOP SEVEN THIRTY PM ON THE FIFTH OF MAY AT MY OFFICES STOP ADDRESS SIXTEEN PROSPECT AVENUE IN PROVIDENCE STOP BRADDOCK

CAPE TOWN
NEW DELHI
MANILA

SAN FRANCISCO

HOME OFFICE: NEW YORK

CHICAGO

WWT makes good-faith effort to receive, transmit, and/or deliver all communications, but can share no responsibility for incomplete, inaccurate, stolen, misconstrued, missent, or missing communications, whether by negligence, mistake, conspiracy, error, war, or act of God.



ACCIDENT KILLS MAN

An accident this afternoon at the Campbell Warehouse in the waterfront district has cost the life of a worker employed there.

According to testimony, Armand Vincenzo, recently immigrated from Italy, had complained earlier in the day of dizzy spells. It is thought that he improperly applied the clutch for the hoist he was using, and then walked beneath the suspended cargo net, containing hundreds of pounds of crated canned fish.

Vincenzo was pronounced dead at the scene. Stan Hendricks, a representative of the company, stated that after investigation, all related equipment was found to be safe and in good working order. The coroner's office ruled the death an accident, the result of worker error.

Funeral arrangements have not been announced.

— yellowed news clipping, *Providence Journal*, June 16, 1893.

Azathoth Papers #11 (p. 32)

... And through the window so constructed, I witnessed the destruction of Man and all he will be. I saw the power that would bring this about, as it had wrought so many other changes in forgotten aeons past. Using this power I constructed two great webs, to slow and even stop the Being. Once halted in its path, my magic would avert the destruction foretold, ending all time and crystallizing all space around our sun and our world. The Golden Age of Man would reign forever, safe from the careless ruin wrought by gods.

—Early Passage from the *Book of Eibon*

Azathoth Papers #20 (p. 35)

Azathoth Papers #15b:
Marked Passage in a Book (p. 34)

Besides mythological concepts, many other similarities may be drawn between the negritos of Asia and the aborigines of Australia. Additionally, certain parallels can be seen among the tribes to the west, already discussed in my previous book, *Beliefs of Primitive East Indians*. In particular, many of the tribes indulge in the eating of monkey brains.

A legendary tribe known as the *Chaucha* or *Jocha* has also been described to me as possessing racial similarities to the negritos, and this tribe is universally reviled for their episodic rites of cannibalism.

— Silas Patterson, *Primitive Belief in Southeast Asia*, 1925.

Azathoth Papers #15a:
Marked Passage in a Book (p. 34)

Almost all of the tribes indigenous to southeast India display remnants of the ritual cannibalism that seems to be a common factor in all the cultures examined so far. Most of these take the form of symbolic acts upon the death of a friend or family member. On occasion the ritual is actually performed, the body of a monkey or an ape substituted for that of the human.

Of particular interest is the brain-eating custom often encountered among the primitives. This is accomplished by piercing a hole (or simply slicing off the top of) the skull of a monkey. The feaster then eats the still warm brain directly from the skull. Certain tribes perform this ceremony with a live animal. One elderly native told me that he had often seen apes kill other, smaller monkeys, feasting upon their brains in a similar manner.

— Silas Patterson, *Beliefs of Primitive East Indians*, 1925.

April 2

I dreamed I was teaching a class. I looked up and saw a student, a young man with a particularly poor attitude, reading a pulp magazine whilst I lectured. Incensed by this breach of conduct, I stepped from behind the podium, intent upon upbraiding him, only to discover that I had forgotten to wear my trousers that day. Naturally the class took this opportunity to laugh loud and long at my predicament.

A common sort of dream usually rooted in some type of insecurity. Do you have a particularly difficult class coming up? I would suggest that you research and prepare your notes well. J. B.

April 9

Flying. All I remember is flying high in the sky and when I looked down I could see all of Providence below me.

Flying is very common. It could mean anything and this early into the analysis I hesitate to say anything definite. J. B.

April 11

Again flying. As before, only this time it was nearing nightfall and the sky was growing darker while I flew.

Let's wait some more on these flying dreams. J. B.

April 12

I'd have to say that this one truly frightened me. I found myself standing in a shop—a china or crystal shop—and there was a horse there with me. The horse tried to turn around in the aisle and, in doing so, upset one of the display cases which toppled over on the distraught beast, cutting him badly with the broken shards of glass. This panicked the animal and in trying to get away, it overturned another of the cases, injuring itself even worse. By this time the floor was slippery with the horse's blood. The animal's eyes were bulging with fear. Then it turned and, seeing the large window at the end of the shop, galloped forward and leaped through the glass to freedom. I ran forward and as I was nearing the shattered window, I realized for the first time that the shop was not on the ground floor. I looked out the window to the street three floors below to see the broken animal lying in a pool of blood. That's all I remember.

This is an odd one, but don't let it upset you. It may only mean that you are getting ready to chase away some old, useless problems. J. B.

April 15

The first thing I remember is standing in a mist that suddenly parted to reveal a great archway, carved of red and gold stone and pulsing as though alive. Drawn toward it, I entered and found myself walking down an old stone stairway and somehow entering a chamber inhabited by two men—garbed as though of ancient Egypt and standing before a great fire. I remember speaking with them but I don't know what was said, only that I soon found myself descending another set of stairs that took me even deeper. After what seemed to be a very long time, I finally reached the bottom of these stairs and passed through gigantic doors of silver to find myself standing in a weird faerie-wood. I stood there a moment listening to the strange rustling sounds I could hear coming from deep in the wood (and viewing the even stranger fungi that was so prevalent) when I was surprised by the sudden appearance of a man walking toward me upon the very path on which I stood. I was a little frightened of him at first, but I cautiously extended my hand and introduced myself. He was very friendly and offered to show me the way to a small pleasant city some miles away and across a river, the name of which I cannot recall.

Leaving the wood by a path that my new friend said traveled south, we eventually reached the town called Ulthar where we stopped at a warm friendly tavern for food and drink. This fellow told me much about the place I had suddenly found myself in and I remember asking him many questions. He seemed quite knowledgeable and I was sorry when he said that he had to go meet someone else. I spent some time walking around the town, where there were many cats. Thankfully my allergy seemed little bothered.

Eventually I came to a library and decided to visit. I remember looking at a great number of very strange volumes but one (named I think Othaat Aquadonen) had information about God, who lived somewhere in a jungle and could answer any question that was asked of him. I don't remember anything else in particular but when I left I thought I saw a dark, evil-looking little man lurking some distance behind me in the crowd. He followed me quite some time before I managed to shake him and it was only then that I remembered seeing him when we first entered the city—working with that shady carnival show in the garish tent.

Not long after my adventure with the dwarf, I felt the urge to leave and taking the same gate out of Ulthar I was soon again at the wood. Remembering the password taught to me by my friend (he said it was the name of his cat) I was careful to pass through the darker parts of the forest as quickly and quietly as I could, never straying from the path. I next remember climbing many, many stairs and then I was awake again. I've never had a dream like this one before. Could it have been the drug?

APR 4 1912 — I, Philip Baxter, a widower with three grown children now more or less on their own, have decided that I am entering a new phase of life and, commensurate with this, have decided to record the events of my life and my personal thoughts in this, my diary.

MAY 2 1917 — A very upsetting day. I know that Julian has been deeply troubled by his sickness and subsequent retirement but I would never have thought it to come to this. How could he have done such a thing? I suppose he will be all right after a time, but I cannot decide whether to tell Cynthia. She is so fond of her uncle and has so much respect for him that I'm afraid the shock of his actions would be too upsetting. Perhaps I shall not mention it at all. Maybe when she returns home some day I will tell her about it in person.

NOV 7 1918 — I am so very worried I find it nearly impossible to think. I received a letter today from a Commissioner Talbot in the Andaman Islands stating that he believes my daughter has been abducted by savages! He says there is no reason to think that she has been harmed, but I know the tales that have been told of these primitives. I hope to God that she will be delivered back to us.

NOV 12 1918 — Rejoice! My daughter is safe. A letter came today from her, telling me the good news. My mind is relieved.

JUN 3 1919 — Had a terrible argument with Emmett last night. He accused me of showing favoritism to Colin of all things. I assured him that I've always made an effort to treat all of my children equally, but he would hear none of it and stalked out of the house, saying that he was moving out. I called the judge's office this afternoon to talk with him, only to learn that he had quit. He told the judge that he was going to open his own business. How do these things come about?

FEB 18 1927 — Have not been feeling well lately and visited Dr. Walters to have my heart checked again. He said everything seemed fine and there was no reason to worry. Nonetheless, I still feel tired and vaguely uneasy. This most recent plague of nightmares has kept me from getting all the rest I feel I so urgently need these days. Perhaps I should speak to Julian about it. I know that ever since his accident he has been making a study of dreams and the like.

MAR 28 1927 — I finally went to visit Julian today and told him of the most recent spate of nightmares and he seemed genuinely interested in my problem. He has suggested that, upon awakening from a dream, I immediately try to set down the events on paper, in a book. Afterwards, he will read the descriptions and comment upon the dreams. Julian has told me that this procedure could take some time, but that it has proven useful in other cases that he has read about. I think I shall have to give it a try.

APR 16 1927 — I had the strangest dream last night, unlike any I've had before in my life. It seemed too vivid and real, and I can still remember too much detail. Names, characters, places. I even glimpsed some old students whom I had not thought about in years. It was so strange that, even though I

have written most of it in my dream-journal, I feel uneasy about even showing this to Julian for fear he would think me mad. I cannot help but believe that this dream was somehow caused by the drug that he prepared for me. I slept far too soundly and longer than is natural, and the intense reality of the dream was too frightening. Although Julian means well, I feel that perhaps this dream analysis may not be the answer to my problems. I'm left with only the problem of telling Julian without hurting his feelings. Whilst dreaming, I most vividly remember reading a strange book of secrets. In this book someone had written, in the margins, notes in what looked like Chinese. When I awoke, I tried to write down what I remembered they looked like and the result looked so real I just had to give it to Francis to see if he could translate it.

APR 18 1927 — A bad day. While in the classroom, I chanced to spy one of my students reading a magazine while concealing it behind his back. I confiscated the magazine and reprimanded the student harshly.

APR 20 1927 — Spoke with Francis today. It seems my dream-Chinese was the real stuff. Somehow I'm not all that surprised by these things anymore.

APR 22 1927 — Disappointment. I went to visit Julian today to see if I could persuade him to compound some more of the sleeping powder for me. I lied and told him that it had helped me sleep more soundly but did not tell him of the strange dream. I think he may have suspected me, for he told me that he was not sure of the side effects of the drug and did not want to prescribe for me anything he was not sure of. I still don't know whether I should tell him the truth or not.

APR 27 1927 — I must get another supply of Julian's drug. I have a key for his home and I have only to wait until he and Matthew have gone out somewhere. I can then enter the house and, in his lab, find where he keeps his pharmaceutical records. Somewhere there should be the formula for the drug he gave me.

APR 28 1927 — Eureka! I now have the formula. It was easier than I had thought and I'm sure that I was not even seen by Julian's neighbors as I entered the house. The records were easy to locate and I copied the simple formula from his book. It is now left only for me to properly blend the ingredients.

APR 30 1927 — Tonight is the night. I have a proper supply of the needed drug in hand and after taking it, I will return to bed early to see if I can return to that strange world I once found. This could be dangerous, but I cannot again pass up the opportunity to explore and learn. Tonight I go in search of a world of dreams, to the Temple of the Elder Ones in hope of finding the secrets that control man's destiny.

Andamar Islands

Sept. 8, 1978

Dearest Father,

I am writing this letter to let you know that I am safe and sound, and all is well.

I am sure that the letter from Commissioner Talbot was upsetting, but he did not completely understand the situation. Although my abductors were extremely primitive (even more so than my flock), I never felt in danger at any time. I was able to converse with them in a language similar to the one I already know and stayed with them for four days before returning to the mission.

It was during this time that the Commissioner Talbot wrote you about the incident. Have no fear, I was allowed to leave unharmed and have even been promised by some of them that they will occasionally stay in touch by visiting the mission.

Your loving daughter,

Cynthia

Azathoth Papers #22: Old

Letter from Cynthia Baxter (p. 36)

St. Augustine, Florida

Oct. 19, 1975

Dear Dad,

I know we've had our differences in the past and I know that I haven't had much contact with you since I got out of the service but I need some help. I hope you won't refuse. I think I've found a business that I would be good at, and have a partner who is able to organize and run it. Using some of the things I learned in the Merchant Marine, I think the two of us could open a marine salvage business that would make us some good money. There are a lot of shipwrecks in this area and I think the insurance companies could provide us with a way to get rich quick. There are also supposed to be a lot of older wrecked treasure ships from Spain to be found.

Dad, what I need is \$5000 right away to help make a down payment on an old ship that we've found for sale. Please think about it and let me know soon.

Love,

Colin

Azathoth Papers #23: More Recent

Letter from Colin Baxter (p. 38)

Dear _____

It may seem odd that I have chosen after all these years to contact you, especially since you will be reading this after my death. The contents of this packet will be strange to you; in fact as I look at them now, they seem strange to me.

The book is a record of dreams that I kept over a short period of time at the request of my brother Julian, who is involved with that sort of psychological research. I'm afraid I don't put much stock into that sort of thing, but the final dream in the journal was so different from any other that I've had, that I never did show it to Julian for his annotation. I seemed to have learned more from that dream than I would have guessed possible, and have decided to attempt it again, although I feel that great hazards are involved.

Because I believe the risks are great, I leave this envelope in the care of a trusted friend to be delivered to you in case something should go wrong. I have chosen you to receive this strange bundle because it was you whom I saw in that strange city that I dreamt of, and I have taken this to be a sign.

What you will think of all this, I have no idea, but take it and do what you will.

*Your friend,
Philip Baxter*

PS - I don't know what to tell you about the enclosed map. All I can say is that it was shown to me by a friend and drawn from memory upon awakening. PAB.

Azathoth Papers #7: Providence
Hospital Record (p. 44)

Azathoth Papers #26a:
Providence Police Report (p. 40)

May 2, 1917

Patient: Julian Baxter

Physician: Douglas Walters

Middle-aged male as admitted at 8:32 a.m., unconscious and suffering from extreme loss of blood. The physician on duty immediately applied pressure bandages to the wounds in both wrists, stopping the bleeding. These wounds were then sterilized and cleansed of glass fragments before being closed by stitches. Patient regained consciousness later that afternoon but will remain hospitalized for several days until strength is regained. Patient claims wounds were accidental.

Officer: Detective Jakow

Homicide Arrest

Date: 4224

Arrived at the apartment of suspect Emmett Baxter, approximately 6 p.m. Suspect claimed to know nothing of whereabouts of one Edward O'Donnell, thought to be the business partner of Emmett Baxter. Suspect at first refused to accompany the officers for questioning at the precinct, but then agreed.

Azathoth Papers #26b:
Providence Police Report (p. 40)

Officer: Detective Jakow

Homicide Arrest

4 5 2 4

Suspect Emmett was released from police custody on his own recognizance. Baxter is no longer considered a likely suspect in the murder of Edward O'Donnell. Recent investigations have shown that the deceased was heavily indebted to a New York gambling boss, Bugsy WeXler. condition of O'Donnell's body (when removed from a trashcan) was similar to that of several other murder victims found in four-state region around New York. All have been shown to have ties to the aforementioned Bugsy WeXler.

Azathoth Papers #39:
Esmeralda's Note (p. 82)

My Friends:

I am leaving town in fear for my life, but before I go I must try to help my friend, Colin Baxter. He is innocent, and you must believe in him. I was in the church when the two men killed Father Jorge with a shovel. The two men are from the alligator farm. I didn't see them but I recognized the ugly one's voice, and I saw their truck drive away. The poor old priest was already dead when I got to him, so I ran away. Please try to help Colin.

Esmeralda Pascal

JAN 12 1917 -- Resolved this evening by all present that the aforesaid members, from this day on, shall be considered one and the same with the Tuesday Night Academy, sworn to meet with each other the first and third Tuesday of every month until an individual shall see fit to discontinue the practice.

JUN 11 1920 -- a prospective new member, Silas Patterson, attended the meeting this evening. A well-known anthropologist, Mr. Patterson proved an amiable guest and it was decided by the end of the evening to permit him membership. He was quite pleased to be invited and thrilled us with many exciting stories from the field until well after midnight.

AUG 30 1922 -- The Academy was graced by the presence of a very special guest, Professor Dmitri Passelov, formerly of Moscow, and a well-known astronomical theorist. Passelov, unable to return to his home country, is thinking of settling in Providence. He proved to be quite a friendly, fascinating individual. The Academy voted to invite him to join the group as a welcome source of knowledge and inspiration.

DEC 14 1922 -- We enjoyed the presence of a surprise guest tonight--a Mr. Vasilii Kalyetka, freshly arrived from Moscow. Apparently Kalyetka was a friend of Passelov's family prior to the Revolution. Kalyetka brought with him certain documents. Although Dmitri, the only member competent to read the documents, was unclear on the details, the papers seem to discuss the discovery, or possible discovery, of a large heavenly body, previously unknown. Both Dmitri and Wilson are studying the papers, and Wilson has promised to make a translation so that the rest of us may read for ourselves what is written.

APR 12 1923 -- So far the Academy has supported Dmitri's efforts to show to the world what he's found. Though baffled by certain things mentioned in the Russian papers, I still feel that Dmitri is on to something. Tonight he invited a Mr. Bryan Slim from New York City. It seems that Mr. Slim runs a business called the "Look to the Future Society," a sort of success school or training facility for businessmen. Though Dmitri had hoped to interest Slim in investing in the observatory, it seems Slim was more interested in gathering new recruits for his Society. He felt that the Society might be able to help us more than we could imagine, but of course the fees were high. The Academy was unswayed by Slim's arguments, and I for one was repulsed by the man. After Slim had taken his leave, Dmitri was reproached by the members of the Academy who asked that in the future he be more careful of whom he invited to the meetings. Dmitri apologized and said that it was only his earnest desire to begin construction of the observatory that had caused him to consider Slim a potential supporter.

OCT 29 1924 -- It was voted tonight by the members of the Tuesday Night Academy to begin the financing and construction of an experimental astronomical observatory in Montana. It was further decided that each member would seed the fund with a donation of \$2000. Other investors, promised by Dmitri, are to add to the fund later. Land for the observatory already has been purchased by Dmitri using monies provided by patrons mentioned previously. Dmitri has explained that due to his precarious public position, our benefactors have asked to remain anonymous.

Dear Francis,

If you are reading this it means that my fears have been realized and so, in my capacity as secretary of The Tuesday Night Academy, I return to you our most valuable object, which began all of this, the accursed diary of Rasputin. Not only have I most likely lost my life, but other, more horrifying possibilities exist for those of you still living. I can't reveal the source of my information but there may be something more to what we have been searching for than a mere minor comet or asteroid. Somehow you must learn more of what that mad monk knew. The only other evidence I can offer is that Oriental writing I could reproduce—you know well I know nothing of Oriental languages so even if the text seems meaningless, the way I obtained it is not.

Please, consider our long friendship when you judge my words.

Your old friend,

Philip

Azathoth Papers #8: Providence
Hospital Record (p. 44)

May 2, 1927

Patient: Silas Patterson

Physician: Andrew Colin

Azathoth Papers #34: Marginal Notes
in Chinese Translated into English
(p. 43)

There must be more information regarding Yibb-Tstll. Propitiation must be made, but how? Perhaps this can be found in the Pnakotic manuscripts? I shall check the copy held at the Temple of the Elder Ones on my next journey. Lang-Fu, 1834.

Mr. Patterson was admitted to the Emergency Room at 11:30 a.m. complaining of a sharp pain in his left side. He said he had fallen on the stairs of his home and examination showed a number of contusions in keeping with the accident described. Further examination revealed evidence of at least three fractured ribs. Patient was bandaged and released.

Azathoth Papers #24: Letter to Judge Braddock
(p. 39)

Helena, Montana

Dear Judge Braddock,

In regard to the request of your client, Mr. Dmitri Passelov, to purchase land owned by one Sylvia Englund of Garrison, Montana:

I have spoken with Englund, and let me assure you, she is every bit the crank that you had heard of. With a little effort it was easy for me to find out that she has been suffering financial difficulties, and I was able to secure her signature agreeing to the land purchase you required. I hope my work has proven satisfactory and perhaps I could aid you again in future business dealings in this part of the country.

Sincerely Yours,

David Haddock

Attorney-at-Law

Azathoth Papers #19: Patterson's Suicide
Note in His City Residence (p. 41)

To Whom It May Concern:

I am afraid there comes a time when all things must pass, and I feel that perhaps now is my time. In my life I have had the opportunity to do a good many things denied to others and I have experienced much. I regret little and leave no one to grieve for me. A few friends, maybe, but that is all. My present nervous condition does not allow me to pursue a career in the educational field and I'm afraid I'm growing too old and tired to finish the third book on my field researches. Too bad. I have chosen to dispose of my notes, so I guess that the experiences will be lost forever, but somehow I don't feel it can be that way. I will walk to the water's edge now and cast myself in. Do not worry, God takes care of all.

Silas James Patterson

... And it was because of these things, learned during my stay in Jerusalem, that I came to the Tungus of Siberia in the summer of 1908 to meet... and beyond that, learn more of its plans.

The ghost came first, as Eleazar ben Zekai had predicted. I halted his advance and... later I showed him the stone given to me by the Rabbi and which I had mounted in the holy crucifix. The Jew said it would make no difference, but I knew that for me it would let me set one on one on one.

The pale savage seemed apprehensive but subduing him proved easy, it was though he almost wanted me to stop him before... when it appeared I fled in terror, leaving him to his fate. My faith failed me when the shrieking thing came and the mountains shook, I lost my mind.

... I witnessed the great blast and survived. I failed my task, but believe the only one who could stop things now would be the man who most surely died in the explosion.

Azathoth Papers #6: Providence Hospital Record (p. 45)

July 18, 1897

Patient: Cynthia Baxter

Physician: Douglas Walters

A 12-year-old female was admitted at 8:32 p.m., complaining of fever and nausea, and was rapidly losing consciousness. She was put to bed and ice was applied to control fever. At 11:30 or thereabouts, the patient lost consciousness and slipped into a coma. Treatment was continued and the patient was examined for evidence of snakebite.

JUL 20 — Cynthia's condition continues without change. Snakebite has been ruled out but puncture wounds, evidenced by the infection that set in after them, were found. It is now thought that the patient fell victim to the bite of some unidentified insect.

JUL 24 — After six days of fever and hallucinations, the patient's condition returned to normal this morning and, although tired and weak, she is sitting up in bed and cheerful. Unless symptoms return, the patient should be released in two days.

Report of the Committee formed 12/2/23

Made March 5, 1924

In accordance with the task given this committee by the Trustees of Brown University, to wit, to investigate charges against Professor Silas Patterson regarding illegal removal and use of University property, this committee finds:

That Silas Patterson is guilty of the unauthorized removal of University property. At least three primate specimens were taken, and the specimens were not returned to the University, nor was restitution made or attempted. As Professor Patterson admits no guilt, we recommend that he retire for reasons of health and, if he does so, that the Trustees honor their contract with him and pay him through the end of this semester, at which time the matter can be closed gracefully.

FATHER BAXTER'S NEW POST

It was learned today that Father Julian Baxter, life-long resident of Providence, has been assigned to a missionary post in the South American country of Peru. Father Baxter will serve as teacher, priest, and physician to several hundred impoverished Indians living on the mountain slopes of the West Coast. The position was formerly held by the late Father Dougherty of Boston, who died several weeks ago of an apparent heart attack.

— June 2, 1890.

PERILOUS ILLNESS FOR CHILD

Twelve-year-old Cynthia Baxter, daughter of Professor Philip Baxter of Brown University, is in critical condition at Providence General Hospital.

Her physician, Dr. Douglas Walters, announced that while fevered and still unconscious, the young girl is in stable condition. The girl first complained of nausea and a headache while attending a family picnic and by the time the group had returned to Providence, she had slipped into a coma.

It is now believed that she was bitten, most likely by a snake, while playing with her brother in the meadow. The young lad, Emmett, told his father that his sister complained of something that bit her on the ankle while the two children frolicked in the tall grass.

The Baxter girl is presently receiving treatment for this type of ailment and seems to be responding.

— July 20, 1897.

Miss Baxter's Appointment

Miss Cynthia Baxter has announced that the archdiocese has granted her request for a missionary post in the Andaman Islands, located in the Indian Ocean. In accepting the post, Miss Baxter follows in the footsteps of her paternal uncle, the well-known Dr. Julian Baxter.

Miss Baxter will focus her work among the native population. Her term of stay is indefinite, and it may be some years before she returns.

All here at the *Providence Journal* wish her well and may God speed.

—August 30, 1913.

Accident Strikes Clergyman

Dr. Julian Baxter, prominent local clergyman, has been hospitalized upon sustaining a severe accident in his home.

Baxter, confined to a wheel chair, was apparently cut by a broken glass and was unable to summon aid before losing consciousness due to loss of blood.

Fortunately a passing milkman's helper saw the crippled man through the front window of his home, unconscious and surrounded by a pool of blood. This young man was able to force open the front door and carry Baxter to the milk wagon. The owner of the wagon quickly conveyed the injured man to Providence General Hospital where he was treated for shock and loss of blood.

Dr. Baxter has spent much of his life as a missionary. First in Peru, then later assigned to the Belgian Congo, where Dr. Baxter contracted a wasting disease that caused him to return to Rhode Island and enter retirement. The respected doctor is doing well and will return home in a few days.

Assault and Battery

Officer: Macklin

Date: 111719

Arrived at the home of Mortimer Braddock at 10:35 p.m. in response to telephone call from same address. Caller identified herself as Mrs. Mortimer Braddock and claimed that her husband was beating her. Upon knocking, front door of residence was opened by Mortimer Braddock who invited both myself and Officer Smith inside. We asked to see Mrs. Braddock and she appeared from the other room holding a wet rag or washcloth over her right eye. She apologized for the call and said that a neighbor must have made it. She wished to press no charges and denied that her husband had assaulted her.

Suicide Attempt

Officer: O'Rourke

Date: 5317

Possible suicide attempt reported by staff of Providence General Hospital on May 2, 11:30 a.m. Interview with patient's personal physician revealed victim to be crippled and confined to wheelchair. This was given as the cause of accident and is considered sufficient evidence to drop any possible charges. Patient is said to be recovering well.

Disturbing the Peace; Non-Domestic Animals

Officer: Herlihy and others

Date: 11122

Arrived at the home of one Silas Patterson at the complaint of Oscar Hodge, a neighbor. Aforesaid neighbor complained of loud animal noises or screams issuing from the basement of the Patterson residence. The complaint was conveyed to Patterson who was found to be anthropology instructor at Brown. He explained that he was practicing native songs for demonstration to a class he was giving tomorrow and was extremely sorry for any disturbances. He did admit that he had brought a cage home from the University, but it was empty.

FEB 15, 1923 Complaint lodged by Oscar Hodge against Silas Patterson, similar to above. Investigation brought similar explanation of noises. Patterson was warned against further noises.

MAR 21, 1923 Third complaint of loud noises or screams. Hodge claims that Patterson keeps monkeys or apes in the house, bringing them home in cages from somewhere. Wife corroborates testimony. Patterson is again warned. Investigating officer asked if he could look around the inside of the house. Defendant refused to admit officer without a warrant.

JUN 1, 1923 Officers investigated complaint by Hodge. Knocking brought no one forth and nothing could be seen through any windows. We waited two hours before Patterson emerged from side door carrying a large metal cage. We approached and questioned the man about loud noises. He denied that any noise came from his house and accused the Hodges of senility. He apologized for not answering our knocks and explained that he was taking a nap. When asked about the animal cage he explained that he occasionally brought damaged cages home from the biology department to repair and clean them. Claims he is a bachelor and needs to keep busy. Patterson is again asked if his home can be entered and explains that he is late for a class, inviting us back the next day. Investigation the next day showed nothing unusual except that the walls of the basement had been freshly repainted and were still wet.

OCT 14, 1923 Complaint of loud noises followed up. Nothing suspicious found.

DEC 11, 1923 Complaint of loud noises. Nothing suspicious found.

FEB 13, 1924 Complaint of loud noises. Nothing suspicious found.

April 27, 1925

Dear Dmitri,

Just a short letter to let you know that I may have come upon an amazing discovery regarding the search that we all have been involved with for so long. Although I am as yet unable to give you any details, I have found a source of information about what we seek. I am presently trying to arrange a second chance to get at this source, but have run into trouble regarding transportation. Never fear, though, I can be very resourceful.

*Respectfully Yours,
Philip Baxter*

Azathoth Papers #27: Translation
from De Vermis Mysteriis (p. 59)

Many times this great body has passed our home, but invisible it goes undetected. Great disaster and catastrophe have preceded its coming and followed in its wake and many are the sorcerers or astrologers who have foretold its coming by the sign of hairy stars. The passing of the time of the serpent people is but one of the disasters recognized and brought home. Mighty Eibon perhaps learned his wonders from the remnants of these destroyed peoples, yet knew but a tenth of what they had learned. And they did learn the secrets of He who Passes in Darkness.

Unusual Meteor Seen Soon After Sunset

Several residents this morning reported seeing a strange shooting star last night. All placed the meteor above the mountains north of Garrison.

Eyewitnesses uniformly described it as a glowing green object hurtling to earth at around 10 P.M. Several searches were initiated early this morning, according to those in town to shop, but so far nothing had been found.

— Helena (Montana) Star, 1927.

Azathoth Papers #28: Translation
of Russian Language Notes Found
in Dmitri's Bedroom (p. 59)

A number of combinations of distances and refractions have already been tried with the aim of bringing the supposed invisible object into view. This task is complicated both by the fact that the exact location for the object is as yet unknown, along with the difficulties associated with the aberrations caused by the strange prisms. This makes accurate spotting of the instrument almost impossible. At this point I feel that the lenses and prism are of proper design. The remaining problem is to discover the proper combination of angles and distances that are needed. Hopes are high for a startling discovery, and very soon.

Azathoth Papers #30: Translation
of German Handwriting Found
in Passelov's Library (p. 61)

Azathoth Papers #31b (p. 62)

*And despite earlier predictions
that have proven false, I am
convinced that the appearance(s) of
the god or goddess is due before the
beginning of the next century is long
past. It will appear in the east, its
second coming to announce the time
of changing. With this the child will
come to power, the one who can
control the forces soon to be
unleashed. I have searched the night
skies for the coming of Noth and it
has recently appeared, although but
briefly. The stars are right! The time
is near! All shall crumble before the
might of Azathoth to rise again from
the ashes. Hail Yog-Sothoth!*

METEOR DISCOVERED NEAR ARKHAM

The discovery of a strange, glowing meteorite was announced today by Professor Hargate of Miskatonic University. A team of scientists examined the object, which had fallen upon the property of Nahum Gardner. Samples were taken from the mysterious stone and returned to the university for testing.

No conclusions have yet been drawn about the strange meteorite. Professor Hargate noted that the substance of which the meteorite is formed seems to evaporate over time, leaving no trace. No doubt further discoveries about the mysterious object are forthcoming.

— Arkham (Massachusetts) Advertiser,
1882

Azathoth Papers #38: English Translation from an Old Spanish Journal (p. 74)

... And so we landed on the shores of St. John's River, Anno Domini 1566. Captain Alverado Diaz took an armed contingent of men and, accompanied by myself, went in search of the French heretics. Soon we came upon them, naked, and leaping about in the swamp. Led by Captain Diaz, we assailed them with musket and sword. Many French fled to the swamps but more fell beneath the holy onslaught. Soon fifty of the blasphemers lay dead. Most were French and some Indians, but all bore with them the taint of their unholy lives. Some were cursed by Satan to have animal-like features and one, the child of a succubus, was so deformed that the men burnt it where it lay. We did take two prisoners, who will be maintained in the cells beneath the monastery Diaz plans to have built. This record is being written to prove we killed the colonists not because they were French, but because of their horrible religion.

Azathoth Papers #41a: Translated
Report on French Heretics
[Yellowed Paper, in Spanish] (p. 87)

Azathoth Papers #41c: Spanish
Document Dated 1641 [Yellowed Paper]
(p. 87)

Written by Father Rosendo Tertulla of Toledo, Spain, Anno Domini 1571, to report to the Church and the King on the condition of the French heretics now held in the vaults beneath the monastery.

With my own eyes I saw the degeneracy of the prisoners. Their habitation is clean and receives regular fresh air. The stench of the heretics was so abominable as to drive me from them. But while I remained, I saw that their wasting disease was destroying them gradually. Neither prisoner had any toes left and both limped badly, skulking about their cells, trying to avoid the light of the torches we carried. I believe that these heretics should be left here to suffer the punishments wrought against them by God and that plans to transport them to Spain for examination should be forgotten. I further believe that intensive interrogation of the prisoners may expose the Inquisition officials to the disease.

Azathoth Papers #41b: A Spanish
Record [Yellowed Paper] (p. 87)

The galleons La Rosario and Niño sailed from St. Augustine in the spring of 1597, bearing treasures from the New World. Only the Niño completed the voyage as the La Rosario sank in shallow water when both ships were struck by a sudden storm. Records state that considerable gold was lost along with the entire crew and a heretical prisoner of French extraction.

Work progresses steadily but slowly on the construction of Castillo de San Marcos. The walls are completed and most of the catacombs of the monastery have been incorporated into the fort. An attempt to transfer the French prisoner brought difficulty. Three soldiers were required to drag out the man, but one soldier, Jose Garcia, was thrown against a wall, bloodying his head and leaving him unable to walk steadily for three days. We have decided to keep the prisoner in his present cell rather than risk transfer to the new one.

Azathoth Papers #41d: Spanish
Original Written in Quavering
Hand [Yellowed Paper] (p. 87)

I, Father Cedrico of Aragon have witnessed, Anno Domini 1662, the monstrous condition of the prisoner held within the catacombs of Castillo de San Marcos at St. Augustine. Details do not bear repeating, but his jailers do not exaggerate their reports. It is no wonder that it is difficult to force anyone to feed or tend this prisoner. It is my recommendation that this prisoner be secretly kept until its tortured soul is released from this earth.

Azathoth Papers #41g: Crumbling Religious Pamphlet Printed in St. Augustine, Anon., 1792 (p. 89)

A dark and ancient evil, unloosed by Satan, is among us. They live by night and feed upon corruption. They are inhuman but walk like men, taking their place among us. They have long dwelt here, and their evil is most monstrous. They grow stronger, threatening all that is holy and righteous. To hide themselves and their activities, they assume the mantle of righteousness. Many officials of this city, both in the past and the present, belong to this secret Godless faith. I name no names, nor do I reveal my identity, lest their evil befall me and my family, but the truth must be spoken and the people of St. Augustine be warned of the lurking danger.

Azathoth Papers #41e: Spanish Original Written with Vigorous Hand [Yellowed Paper] (p. 89)

I, Father Cedrico of Aragon, while on a return visit to St. Augustine, Anno Domini 1682, have investigated the cell of the prisoner formerly held beneath Castillo de San Marcos. The captain reported that the prisoner evidently vanished several months ago. The cell was found empty and devoid of any sign of habitation other than the rats which usually plague such areas. Opening the cell and entering, we were distressed to find, in the back wall, several stones removed and an old, dark tunnel leading down into the earth. The captain immediately ordered his men to fill this small passage with stones. The blocks of the wall were then replaced and re-mortared, sealing away forever the fate of this terrible Prisoner.

Azathoth Papers #41f: Excerpt, Magazine Article by Donald Houlton, 1892 (p. 89)

In this interesting old city, I took the opportunity to visit the historic Castillo de San Marcos. When exploring the catacombs beneath the structure, I found a secret passage concealed by a door hidden as a section of wall. With pressure, the wall pivoted easily, opening to reveal a set of tunnels seemingly unknown and undisturbed since the days of the Spanish occupation.

With visions of pirates and smugglers, I crept in. Sadly, all I found was a row of empty cells, most of which appeared never to have been occupied. One cell contained evidence of having once held a prisoner. The remains of French writing could be discerned, as could graffiti in the form of spirals and geometric figures, interspersed by animals and capering horned humans. The ceiling held images of shooting stars or comets streaking across the heavens. The cell wall was beginning to deteriorate and in many places the binding masonry had crumbled and fallen from between the stories. I notified the local historical society of my find.

Records of His Majesty's Island Commissioner for the
Andaman Islands

Tales reached me recently claiming that Cynthia Baxter, a medical missionary, had been kidnapped by a tribe of islanders living near her mission. The local natives say that these other tribespeople are not true Andamanese, for they speak a different language and also differ in appearance.

A patrol was sent to investigate. Upon questioning the Onge tribesmen who live near the mission, the patrol received quite a different story. According to the local witch doctor, Miss Baxter was at first unwilling to accompany the Tcho-Tchos but after discussion with their headman, she agreed to accompany them and voluntarily entered the canoe. Miss Baxter returned unharmed the next day.

--Col. Leslie Talbot, Aug. 31, 1918.

Azathoth Papers #33: Excerpts from the Mission -Journal of Cynthia Baxter
(p. 101)

SEPT. 3, 1916 - The most extraordinary event has taken place. I visited the island across the strait. For so long I have wanted to reach the people living there and teach them all my college-trained wisdom. Now I am the pupil. They taught me new things, and helped me remember old things—events that took place in my childhood but had been all but forgotten in the delusions I have suffered these past years. The truth will be soon known to all. A new sun shall appear in the sky.

OCT. 11, 1917 - We had a visitor, a strange little man named Silas Patterson who claimed to be an acquaintance of Uncle Julian. He is an anthropologist and he stayed here at the mission for several days studying the Onge, but it was clear he was more interested in my friends across the strait. He wanted to borrow a canoe to visit them, but decided against it when we told him how vicious the island people are when aroused. I suppose he's harmless enough, but I feel better now that he's gone.

NOV. 12, 1917 - Today I visited the island people. Learned about Yag-Sothoth.

Azathoth Papers #43: Quote from the Cthaat Aquadingen (p. 113)

Deep within perfumed Kled, where life turns to death. He of the green-cloaked horrors. He who waits in the glade. He who turns and watches. He who sees and knows all. waits for the time of coming. The stars fall, the beast bred of stone rampages, and a time of great change comes. The Watcher in the Glade knows the time and place of the coming.

Azathoth Papers #44: Quotation from the Pnakotic Manuscripts (p. 114)

Before journeying to the Place of Yibb-Tstll, the priests of the Ivory Blade must be prepared for the great mystic reversal their god can bring to those who face it. They meet at that great pool that fronts the palace. Thence, groveling on hand and knee, they approach their terrible god.

A marginal note in Chinese accompanies this. Translated to English, the margin's characters say "Look for the stone arch."

Azathoth Papers #34: Marginal Notes in Chinese Translated into English (p. 114)

There must be more information regarding Yibb-Tstll. Propitiation must be made, but how? Perhaps this can be found in the Pnakotic manuscripts? I shall check the copy held at the Temple of the Elder Ones on my next journey. Lang-Fu, 1834.

Azathoth Papers #36: Unsigned note to Philip Baxter (p. 123)

Dear Philipus,

As promised, I have contacted my Aunts in Providence and they have sent to me, by post, the strange bottle of fluid that I had told you about. It seems to be still well sealed and little, if any, of the contents appear to have been evaporated over the time it has been in my possession. LeGrasse assures me that the old woman from whom he obtained it has a reputation for curing sickness and disease with arcane treatments. Though I've not yet tried it myself, I assume it to be safe and if all LeGrasse has told me is true, it may well aid you in your dream research. Supposedly this potion is only effective if those who take it spend the night sleeping in a graveyard at least 100 years old. Some stuff, eh? Best of luck,

Dear Ian,

Well, it's been some time up here and I've yet to get a good glimpse of the things that we're looking for. I've followed Sylvia Englund several times, but they seem to know when I'm around and stay away from her. I don't think she suspects, though.

She is innocent enough and seems to have the same general motives as we. As agreed, I have not yet broached the subject with her. I've found more spoor and had two more chance sightings, but little else to report.

Have you heard anything from our friends in Canada?

One thing I have seen, and I'm a bit embarrassed to mention it, is what I imagine is "Chief Joseph's ghost." He's no ghost, just some old mountain hermit, I suppose, since he's white. Perhaps he lives in a cave somewhere, which would explain why his skin is so pale. I've seen him twice now, walking through the woods, but when I approach him, he quickly disappears. He knows this area like the back of his hand. No wonder I can't find him!

Some of the folks in Garrison have seen him too, so I know I'm not losing my marbles (ha-ha). I'm heading into Garrison tomorrow and I'll drop this in the mail to you. Sorry there's nothing more to report.

Your friend,

Robert Marshall

Next Day -- Thought I'd better add some news to this before I stroll into town to mail it and pick up some needed supplies.

I don't know what was going on out in the woods last night, but it scared the hell out of me. About ten o'clock I had just finished reading some Robert Service and had turned the lamp down when I heard a voice calling from the edge of the woods. It was weird, Ian. It buzzed horribly and I swear to God that it called my name. I don't know what it was, but I didn't go outside to check. I peeked out the window, but whatever it was stayed out of sight. It doesn't seem like much of a problem here in the sunlight as I write, but I'll be sleeping lightly tonight.

- R. M.

DECEMBER 2, 1916 — I write
and leave behind me this note in
Petrograd. I shall leave life before
the New Year, my task
unfinished. I was visited last
night by a vision of the strange
pale savage. He acknowledged my
power and did not mock me.

Eibon's savage is very wise and he
showed me many things to come. I
saw my own death, although the
details were unclear. I have
warned the Tsarina, and have
sent her my crucifix set with the
sacred stone given me by Zekai.

Father who dwells at the center
of . . . in darkness. His sons that
mark the growth and pace of the
spheres . . . that spin and turn in
darkness: He, the millennial spirit
of the desert, who must . . .
marking and remarking his path
until. . . .

Ww

World-Wide Telegraph

The Globe in Seven Minutes

CAIRO
VANCOUVER
HONOLULU
MEXICO CITY
LONDON
MELBOURNE

BERLIN

AM AWARE OF YOUR ACTIVITIES RE AZATHOTH STOP HAVE
INFORMATION OF GREAT VALUE STOP NEED HELP STOP LEAVE
IMMEDIATELY FOR DARJEELING INDIA STOP MEET COLONEL HUGH
HUNTLEY OF BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE STOP HAVE FAITH STOP
FRANCIS WILSON

CAPE TOWN

ROME
NEW DELHI

BUENOS AIRES
MANILA

SAN FRANCISCO
HOME OFFICE: NEW YORK
CHICAGO

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Grisly Find at Alligator Farm

St. Augustine police made a shocking discovery today at Korsky's Alligator Farm when a severed human foot was found in one of the large crocodile pools.

The police were summoned by Eli Simpson, an employee of the popular tourist attraction when, arriving early in the morning, he saw a shoe lying at the bottom of the pool. This shoe was found to contain a human foot.

No identification was found. Police theorize that the shoe belonged to an indigent who, seeking refuge for the night, sneaked into the farm and accidentally stumbled into the pool.

No charges against owner Maynard Korsky have been made.

— Jacksonville *Sentinel*, May 1927.

Azathoth Papers #40a (p. 85)

Historian Disappears

Noted writer and historian Donald A. Houlton of New York City has been reported by his wife as missing.

Mr. Houlton reportedly left their hotel room at 9:30 P.M., telling her that he was meeting a contact for an interview. At 1:00 A.M., Mrs. Houlton notified police.

St. Augustine police have instituted a search of the town.

Donald Houlton is noted for his authoritative works on American history. Mr. Houlton visited St. Augustine last summer and wrote a series of articles about the city, published in *American Journey* magazine.

— Jacksonville *Sentinel*, January 1893.

Azathoth Papers #40b (p. 85)

Grave Robbers in St. Augustine

A rash of vandalism has swept two cemeteries in this small city. The latest incident, an exhumation and theft, has been the most shocking.

"This is a new type of crime for us," said Chief Bunsen, head of St. Augustine's police department. "Till now we've had simply a problem with overturned stones and vandalism. The offenders will be dealt with severely."

Bunsen acknowledged that he had as yet no suspects or leads in this disturbing crime.

— Jacksonville *Sentinel*, February 1890.

Azathoth Papers #40c (p. 85)

Vandals Desecrate St. Augustine Cemetery

Last night persons unknown entered an old cemetery north of this city and stole two recently buried bodies. Father Jorge, priest of the nearby church, found the opened graves and immediately notified police.

Both graves had been occupied by indigents who had been buried at the city's expense. No motive for the bizarre theft has been offered.

— Jacksonville *Sentinel*, October, 1926.

Azathoth Papers #40d (p. 85)

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It was always a very bad time in Arkham..."

—H. P. Lovecraft

Arkham is a small town along the Massachusetts coast—the setting favored by author Howard Phillips Lovecraft in his tales of monstrous horror. All in all a quiet place, Arkham is best-known as the home of Miskatonic University, an excellent school becoming known for its esoteric and disturbing volumes residing in its library's Restricted Collection. These tomes form the foundation of all current efforts to thwart the dire desires of the Mythos legion.

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Those among the Whateleys came to know dark secrets about the world, and they fell into the worship of unwholesome creatures from other times and places. Retreating to the hills and forests surrounding the town, they betrayed their uncorrupted kin.

Prosperity fled, and a dark despair seized the people. What remains is a skeleton town, mills closed, its citizens without hope or future. However, secrets of the Mythos survive, to be discovered by brave and enterprising investigators.

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H. P. Lovecraft's Kingsport

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"In the morning, mist comes up from the sea by the cliffs beyond Kingsport. White and feathery it comes from the deep to its brothers the clouds, full of dreams of dank pastures and caves of leviathan. And later, in the still summer rains on the steep roofs of poets, the clouds scatter bits of those dreams, that men shall not live without rumor of old strange secrets, and wonders that planets tell planets alone in the night."

—H. P. Lovecraft

Kingsport is a coastal town located a morning's stroll from Arkham. Draped in mists and fog, it is home to artists and fishermen, sailors and dreamers. Here dreams and reality mingle to an unsettling degree.

Some find solace in such dreams; others find only terror and death. Charles Baxter's dreams drove him to despair. He took his own life, throwing himself into the sea. The only clues to his demise: a water-soaked collection of poems.

Horrors exist in the real world of Kingsport as well, remnants of an ancient witch-cult that once infested the town. Unspeakable things crawl through their burrows beneath Central Hill and lurk in the fog off Jersey Reef, preying on fishermen and unsuspecting tourists alike.

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SPAWN OF AZATHOTH

Spawn of Azathoth

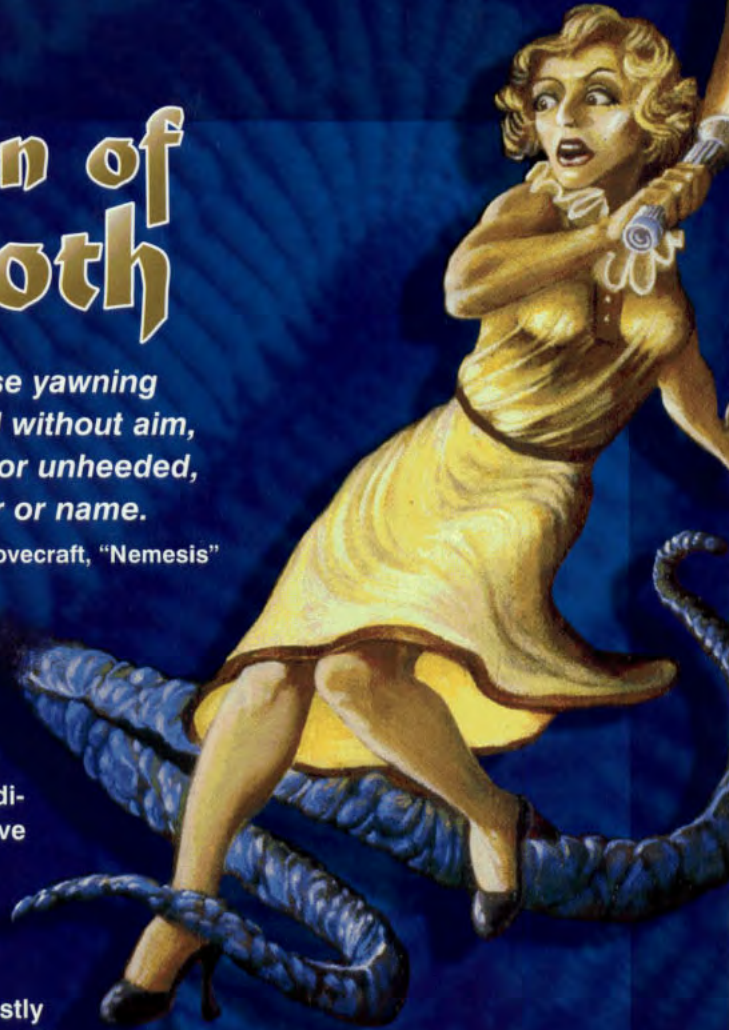
*I have seen the dark universe yawning
Where the black planets roll without aim,
Where they roll in their horror unheeded,
Without knowledge or luster or name.*

— H. P. Lovecraft, "Nemesis"

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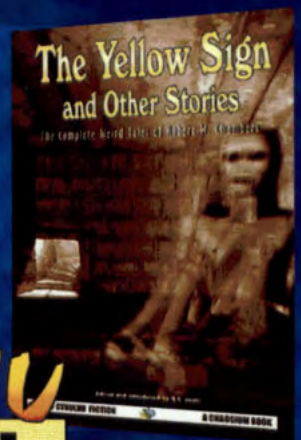


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