



SUPPORTING CAST

Tri-Eye

A Voice from the Wilderness for Modern-Day *Call of Cthulhu/Delta Green*

by J. Edward Tremlett

"Some of you listeners might think I'm paranoid. Let me tell you -- perfect paranoia is perfect awareness. There IS an enemy out there. It IS out to get you. And now that you know about IT, it knows about YOU!

"So like it or not, you're part of the revolution now. The Machine knows that you know about it. And it will herd you if it can, and cull you like sheep if it can't. So are you going to get EMPed for nothing, or will you take some of its bastards out with you?"

Broadcasting in the dead spaces between stations in the hot, Los Angeles night, the pirate radio crank known as "Tri-Eye" works to expose the evil of The Machine. But is he really onto something, or is he just another deluded conspiracy theorist?

As an NPC with a rather . . . *interesting* way of looking at the world, Tri-Eye could be a real eye-opener for *Call of Cthulhu* or *Delta Green* investigators. He could also just be another nut in a world full of them, too. The Keeper can decide for himself which is true, and some ideas for Mythos crossover are also given.

Background

Joshua Clay Jackson was born in Los Angeles and brought up in San Pedro, the son of an industrial electronics salesman. Fat and unathletic, he found solace in science fiction and making his own electronic toys. He probably got that from his dad; They always said he got a lot from him. Josh's dad was a little weird. He was always looking over his shoulder in public. He wouldn't let anyone come into the workroom when he was in there; He had "secret projects" to make.

When Josh was 12, his father "went away." Two years later, his mother told him that there'd been an accident, and his father was dead. There was a funeral, but no one wanted to talk about what had happened. He was never told where his father had been, or how he'd died.

In spite of the tragedy, Josh went on with his life. He was accepted to Cal-Tech and started working on a Bachelors in Electrical Engineering. And then, towards the end of his senior year, he got the letter that changed everything.

An envelope was lying in his apartment's mailbox. It had no return address, and his address was typed on the front. It also had no stamps or postal markings of any kind.

Inside was a typewritten letter:

MR. JACKSON, JOSHUA CLAY:

WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT YOU CAN DO.

GREAT REWARDS ARE GIVEN TO THOSE WHO CAN TEND
TO THE WORLD.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO WORK FOR US, SEND A
POSTCARD WITH YOUR RETURN ADDRESS ON IT, AND
THE WORD "YES" WRITTEN IN THE MESSAGE SPACE, TO
THE ADDRESS ON THE BACK OF THE ENVELOPE. PUT THE
POSTCARD IN A PUBLIC MAILBOX.

DESTROY THIS LETTER. TELL NO ONE ABOUT THIS.

There was no address on the back of the envelope, so he figured it was a stupid prank or pyramid scheme. All the same, he couldn't get the letter out of his head. There was something almost hypnotic about its simplicity, and he couldn't get "GREAT REWARDS ARE GIVEN TO THOSE WHO CAN TEND TO THE WORLD" out of his head.

A few days later, inspiration hit. He put the envelope an inch away from a naked lightbulb, and as the paper warmed, an address began to show up. It was a PO Box in Langley, Virginia.

So he got a postcard, wrote 'YES!!' on it, and sent it away the day before finals started. Grades came along, he graduated, and found a job working as an engineer for IBM. Before long he forgot about the letter, along with the rest of the junk mail offers he'd replied to and heard nothing more from.

A year after starting on the job, he started feeling like he was being followed. Black, nondescript cars were seen on his way to and from work. Fellows in black suits and sunglasses invariably appeared when he was out shopping. It was a bit unnerving, but he figured it was just coincidence; He'd read Robert Anton Wilson's stuff and found it boring.

But then the headaches started -- really bad headaches. His vision became peppered with distortions and his nose started bleeding. His doctor said they were migraines, and told him not to sit so close to his computer, but Josh knew it couldn't just be that.

And then, one night, he got a phone call.

"Jackson, Joshua Clay," a flat, crackly -- almost buzzing -- voice on the other side declared: "You were supposed to have reported for training."

"What?" Josh asked.

"Jackson, Joshua Clay. You were supposed to have reported for training."

Josh's blood ran cold. His heart skipped a beat.

"Okay . . ." he stammered: "What's going on here?"

There was a click on the other end, and the call was ended.

Josh hit *69, but, for some odd reason, the service didn't work. He called the operator to try and get the number, but the operator said Josh would have to talk to his supervisor, tomorrow between the hours of 9 and 5. . . . privacy and all that. Frustrated, John gave up for the evening, but planned to call the next day.

He never got the chance, though. The next morning his boss called him on the carpet for "improper use of company computers." Josh denied it, and yet, on his computer, there was a folder named "toys"; it was full of adult material. Josh protested that he'd never seen it before, but no one listened. And he was fired.

Three days after that he received an audit notice from the IRS. He'd always been careful about his taxes, but they had him for things he'd never even heard of; he wound up owing an amount that just happened to match his checking account balance.

And then, Josh came back to his apartment to find an eviction notice on his door. The building was going to be torn down to make a Quickie-Mart. He had one month to comply.

No job. No money. No place to live . . . except with his mother. He sighed and flopped down in his easy chair, wondering why the world was crapping on him.

Just then, the phone rang.

"Jackson, Joshua Clay," said the same strange voice from before.

"Who the hell is this?" Josh demanded.

"Do you understand, now?"

"Understand what?"

"Do not pretend to be stupid, Mr. Jackson."

"You did this to me?"

"Those who will not tend the herd are either herded or culled. You have just been herded. Whether we cull you depends on one small thing."

Josh's heart froze in his chest: "W . . . wh-what?"

"Do you understand?"

"Yes . . ." he said, feeling as though he were being surrounded by great, invisible walls: "Yes . . . I . . . I think so . . ."

"Be certain, Mr. Jackson. There is so much more we can do. Do you require another demonstration?"

"No!" Josh screamed: "I'm . . . I'm certain! I understand! Just . . . please . . . stop it!"

"Good," the voice said: "Remember -- the Machine is everywhere."

The line went dead. Josh held the receiver in his hand, then dropped it. He sat there for a long time,

alternating between wanting to cry and wanting to break something in utter, total rage.

While moving back into his mother's house, Josh pulled himself together. His father once told him that he should never let anyone push him around, no matter what. So he decided to research this "Machine," at least to find out why it had picked him.

His search took him to libraries' "occult" shelves, the paranormal potpourri sections of used bookstores, and the crazier lengths of the internet. He immersed himself in the works of Alex Constantine, Jeff Rense, Saucerwatch, Lyndon Larouche, Harlan Ellison . . . anyone and everyone who could tell him anything about what he was up against.

Before long a clear picture emerged. Crop circles, the men in black, the technology fetish of the modern world, flying saucers, religious cults, designer drugs, the Nazis -- they were all a part of some ancient, terrible plot to enslave the world under the will of something worse than the Devil, Himself.

And at the center of this web of manipulation was a mechanical demon, wired into the world and controlling the whole thing. It had a million ears, a million eyes. It could follow you everywhere through its cameras, TV screens, computer monitors and automated tollbooths. It was Gog. The Primal Difference Engine. The Avatar of the Telephone. The Tick-Tock Man. The Beast.

The Machine.

Josh knew he had to tell people. But how? Computers hooked up to the Internet were all a part of The Machine. Television was its main tool to keep the population under control. It even put secret marking numbers on photocopies . . .

A chance rewatching of *Pump Up the Volume* provided the answer. He knew how to do pirate radio, and figured it would be the best way to get the word out without being caught. Maybe someone would hear him, and maybe no one would . . . but he had to tell the world. He wasn't going to go down quietly. Not him.

So he got a job at a fast food place -- one that paid a workable wage, along with free food and a 401K plan. He got a cheap apartment in the sort of place where no one but the poor or crazy would live. He traded in his compact car for an old, beat-up, dark green van. He went to a few nondescript junk stores to buy cheap electronics, always paying cash and never visiting the same place twice.

Tri-Eye's first public broadcast was conducted from the back of his van a few miles from town. He's been an underground legend in the valley ever since. Hordes of conspiracy theorists, people in need of a good laugh and -- of course -- the FCC tune in every three days to see what Tri-Eye has to say.

It's been years since his first salvo against The Machine, and somehow he manages to stay one step ahead of its minions. But how long can his luck stay good?

Using Tri-Eye

Tri-Eye is a perfect aid and foil for Investigators in a modern-day, conspiratorial *Call of Cthulhu* game. If you need to slip your investigators a red herring, or give them a jumpstart, you can have them catch one of Tri-Eye's rants. He might also hear of their exploits, mistake them for the enemy, and expose them on the air.

An amusing *Delta Green* scenario could have the investigators allied with the FCC in their "day jobs" to try and catch him, only to find out that what he's saying has a lot to do with their last night at the opera.

They might also have cause to wonder how he's getting away with something like this for so long. Does Tri-Eye have a "guardian angel" in the FCC who keeps leading the investigation astray? And, if so, why?

Mythos Connections

How much Mythos knowledge Josh actually has is up to the Keeper to decide. He seems to have seen the surface edges of MJ-12, the Mi-Go, and the Karotechia, and extrapolated from there. But has he put enough pieces together to truly see the elephant for what it is, or is he just stumbling past the truth in favor of his delusions?

What happened to him -- provided it wasn't a delusion -- could be the work of the Mi-Go. They are well-known to experiment upon mankind, and both Josh and his father could have been regents in a long-term case study as to the fragile mental state of humans. Who -- or *what* -- spoke to Josh on the phone? What caused those headaches?

As for "The Machine" . . . remember that Nyarlathotep does have an avatar known as the Tick-Tock Man (*Creature Companion*, pp. 88-89). Is the Crawling Chaos playing another one of His sick games with mankind, using Josh as a playing piece? And, given the nature of one of Nyarlathotep's other avatars, can it be mere coincidence that Josh chose to call himself "Tri-Eye" . . . ?

Name: Joshua C. Jackson (aka: Tri-Eye)

Born: 1965 in Los Angeles, California

Age in 2002: 37

Occupation: Fry-slinger by day, pirate radio host by night

Degrees: Bachelors in Electrical Engineering from Cal-Tech.

STR 12 **DEX** 15 **INT** 16
CON 11 **APP** 11 **POW** 13
SIZ 14 **EDU** 19 **SAN** 35

HP: 12

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Bargain 40%, Chemistry 25%, Computer Use 60%, Conceal 50%, Credit Rating 20%, Cryptography 40%, Cthulhu Mythos (variable) Dodge 40%, Drive Auto 60%, Electrical Repair 70%, Electronics 60%, Hide 40%, Law 30%, Library Use 60%, Mechanical Repair 65%, Occult 55%, Persuade 20%, Photography 35%, Physics 50%, Trust No One 99%

Spells: None

Tomes Read: None (unless Alex Constantine's onto something after all . . . ?)

Weapons: Fist/Punch, 60%, 1d4 + db; Contact Taser, stun, 65%

Mental Disorders: Keeper's choice -- anything from justified paranoia (if he's right) to outright Schizophrenia (inherited from his father, no doubt)

Description: Josh looks about 25, with a flabby, zit-marked face and nervous, twitchy brown eyes. He's overweight and doesn't dress well for it, preferring to wear tight but nondescript t-shirts, a baggy hunting jacket and sweat pants. His brown hair is curly and unkempt, spilling out from beneath the LA Dodgers' baseball cap he always wears when he's not working -- even when asleep. The inside of the cap is lined with tin foil.

Items Carried: Wallet with no ID whatsoever, homemade taser, small radio for detecting "bugs," spare sheets of tin foil.

Income: \$15,000 a year from working at a fast-food restaurant.

Savings: \$5,000 in a trust fund his mother won't let him touch until he's married. Everything else is squandered on rent, burgers, tin foil and new equipment for his crusade.

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